Make way

on the bridge!

Battle arms, engage!

It is a truth

universally acknowledged

that a zombie

in possession of brains

must be in want

of more brains.

Never was this

truth more plain

than in the recent attacs

at Netherfield Park,

in which an entire househod

was slaughtered

by a horde of the living dead

during a whist party.

Who goes there?

Who goes there?

Darcy.

Colonel Darcy.

No zombie bite marks

on this pristine, young body.

Father.

How were you able to discern that the

wound on my rib was from fencing?

Been at this

a long time, my son.

I have no wound.

Lovely bid, Mr. Kingston!

More sherry for

Mr. Kingston please!

Mrs. Featherstone.

I'm afraid Mr. Darcy's here

to see you, ma'am.

Darcy?

Carry on.

We have absolutely

nothing to hide.

Please, everyone. Enjoy.

Mr. Darcy.

Colonel Darcy,

Mrs. Featherstone.

I'm here on

official business.

There's been a report that

somebody here has been bitten.

Surely not.

There hasn't been

a zombie incident

in Hertfordshire

for over two years.

I assure you,

we've taken every precaution.

A newly-infected zombie

is almost impossible

to detect.

Until they've ingested

their first human brains,

at which point, the transformation

accelerates with every subsequent kill.

Yes.

We are all well aware

of how it works,

Colonel Darcy.

Well, are you

quite satisfied?

Quite.

Might I play a hand?

Of course.

Good evening.

So, shall we?

A potion?

Flies, ma'am.

I beg your pardon?

Carrion flies.

They are in possession

of but one truly enviable talent.

The ability to detect

dead flesh.

Well, I've won the trick.

Very crafty play,

Mr. Kingston.

I dare say, the buzzing

is frightfully loud.

It's not the buzzing that should

concern you, madam.

But rather, when

the buzzing stops.

Oh, dear.

One-nil, Darcy.

I'm going to be faint.

Is there anyone else present

whom he would have had

the opportunity to infect?

A family member, perhaps?

Good evening.

Who would dare

just leave a zombie head

in the middle of the floor?

It's his head!

Get it away from me.

But Mr. Kingston's

niece is here.

There was no need

to put that girl

through Mr. Darcy's

interrogation!

Cassandra, come back!

Annabelle?

Where are you?

Annabelle?

It wasn't always

like this, my dear daughters.

As the century began,

Britannia was rich with the

fruits of worldwide trade.

From the colonies there cae

not just silks and spices,

but a virulent and

abominable plague.

Naturally, many suspected

the French were to blame.

Definitely the French.

- Are you surprised?

- No.

Once bitten,

the newly-infected were filled

with an insatiable hunger

for the brains of the living.

Millions perished,

only to rise again as legions

of implacable undead.

So certain did it seem

the end of days had come

that even the Four Horsemen

of the Apocalypse

are said to have

ascended from Hell.

To protect the living,

the Grand Barrier was buil,

a 100-foot wall

encircling London.

Then excavation began

on the Royal Canal,

a vast moat 30 fathoms deep

surrounding both

the city and its walls.

The land twixt the two

fortifications became known

- as The In-Between.

- The In-Between.

At this time,

it became fashionable

to study the deadly arts

of the Orient.

Japan for the wealthy.

China for the wise.

In the Second Battle of Kent,

one of the bridges across the

Royal Canal was breached.

Ravenous zombie hordes massacred

every villager of The In-Between.

It was said, the sight of this

slaughter drove young King George ma.

When the battle

was finally won,

he ordered the destructin of

all the bridges, save one.

Hingham Bridge,

which to this day,

remains the only means

by which to cross

the Royal Canal.

There's Lady Catherine.

Many believed the enemy

was finally vanquished.

The gentry began to leave the safe

confines of London's defenses

for their newly-fortified

country estates.

But vigilance is still

of the essence.

Remember this, keep your

swords as sharp as your wit.

For the ultimate battle between

the living and the undead

has yet to be staged.

Mr. Bennet!

Mr. Bennet!

Mr. Bennet, have you heard

that Netherfield Park is occupied again?

By a Mr. Bingley.

A young, single man

of large fortune.

Mrs. Long says his income is

four or five thousand a year.

He is attending

the village dance tonight.

How does this concern

our warrior daughters?

Oh, how

can you be so tiresome?

You know I mean for him

to marry one of them.

Daughters do not dance well

with masticated brains, Mrs. Bennet.

You, sir, have already put them

at a decided social disadvantage

by insisting they do their

combat training in China

as opposed to Japan!

The Chinese deadly

arts have no equal.

I, for one, would trade nothing

for my Shaolin training.

You mustn't speak

like that, Lizzy.

I should like to

go to the dance.

Do you think Mr. Bingley's handsome?

With his income, Lydia, you'd think him

handsome if he had half a zombie face.

Sorry.

You'll make me

very, very happy.

Well, I suppose,

if we all go...

No! I don't care

to be paraded

like a herd of heifers

at a farm auction.

That's because you're the

cow who's least proficient

in the art of tempting

the other sex.

Moo.

Do not mistake my indulgence

for a relaxation in discipline!

They must find

husbands, Mr. Bennet.

For as you know too well, they shall

inherit nothing when you pass.

Their immediate survival

is my present concern.

Pish.

Well, I'd say you're easily

five times as beautiful

as any other woman

in this room.

Stop it, Liz.

It's true.

These girls

don't stand a chance.

They say Mr. Bingley brought a tribe

of London dandies with him.

Smile, Liz.

I will later.

There's the handsome

new master of Netherfield.

Oh!

Where?

It was my understanding that Captain

Bingley was in want of a wife.

Oh, he is.

Those are his sisters,

Caroline Bingley and Louisa Hurst.

They say he inherited

nearly £100,000.

What a magnificent

husband he'd make.

Charlotte Lucas,

do you think of nothing else?

Zombies or no zombies, all women

must think of marriage, Lizzy.

I shall never relinquish

my sword for a ring.

For the right man,

you would.

The right man

wouldn't ask me to.

Mr. Darcy.

Rather an imposing presence.

Owns half of Derbyshire.

£10,000 a year, at least.

What?

Back to your own family,

Charlotte Lucas.

Now, Liz, you

look very nice.

Well, thank you.

Don't act so surprised.

Out, out.

Out. Smile.

Welcome, dear friend.

How are you?

How are you, Charles?

I'm very well. How was the

journey from Derbyshire?

Fine.

Good.

So this is Meryton?

She's the most beautiful

creature I ever beheld.

She smiles too much.

She...

She's an angel.

Oh, my word.

Charles Bingley, pleased

to make your acquaintance.

Mrs. Bennet. We've heard so

much about you, Mr. Bingley.

My daughters,

all of impeccable character.

Well... May I introduce my friend,

Mr. Darcy of Derbyshire!

Are you enjoying Hertfordshire,

Mr. Bingley?

Very much.

I've heard the library at

Netherfield is one of the finest.

Library? Is it?

Miss Bennet, may I be so bold as

to request the next two dances?

If you are not

otherwise engaged.

I am not engaged.

Good for you,

Mr. Bingley.

You chose the loveliest

of my daughters.

Mother!

Well...

I consider dancing to be the first

refinement of polished society.

Don't you agree, Mr. Darcy?

No.

Every savage can dance.

Why, I imagine even zombies could

do it to some degree of success.

Good evening.

You know, I love

to read, too, actually.

I have read.

Please don't forget

our next dance, Miss Bennet.

Darcy, I hate to see you just

standing there. You must dance.

Oh, you know I detest it when I'm

not acquainted with my partner.

Oh, well...

Darcy.

You are dancing with the

only handsome girl here.

Oh, but one of her

sisters is also very pretty.

Dare I say,

very agreeable.

Well, she's tolerable but...

Tolerable?

Yes, tolerable.

But not handsome

enough to tempt me.

Nor any other man here,

apparently.

Darcy, your standards, my dear fellow...

Oh, that is unfortunate.

What a lack of grace.

Mr. Darcy, you're

an insufferable prig.

Fitzwilliam Darcy?

I quite detest the man.

So high and so conceited

that I can't endure him.

Indeed.

I wouldn't dance

with him if he were...

Mrs. Featherstone?

You're undead.

I've come to tell you...

What happened, Lizzy?

I narrowly

saved her life.

From Mrs. Featherstone?

From an undead

Mrs. Featherstone.

I found her to be

exceedingly tolerable.

Well done, Darcy.

Very heroic.

She was trying

to tell me something.

A recipe, perhaps?

Laugh as much

as you choose.

But you shall not

laugh me out of my opinion.

She posed no threat.

We are under attack!

Ladies!

Her face is rendered

uncommonly intelligent

by the beautiful

expression of her dark eyes.

And I'm forced to acknowledge her

figure as both light and pleasing.

And that her arms

are surprisingly muscular,

yet not so much

as to be unfeminine.

Oh, Lizzy, I never saw

such happy manners.

So much ease with

such good breeding.

I give you leave

to like him.

You've liked many a stupider person.

He's just what

a young man ought to be.

Good-humored,

lively, handsome, and...

Quite rich, which a young man

ought likewise to be,

if he possibly can.

Not as rich as Darcy.

I saw how you

looked at him

when he first

walked in the dance...

As if I hated him?

As if you liked him.

Until his manners

gave me disgust!

He acted as if he were above our

company and above being pleased.

Admit you

find him handsome.

Handsome is as

handsome does.

Mr. Darcy is therefore

a very ill-looking man.

Girls, you will

knock the house down!

Never have I encountered a

man so consumed by his own pride!

One cannot wonder

that so very fine a young man

with family, fortune,

and everything in his favor

should think

highly of himself.

If I may so express it,

he has a right

to be proud.

I could easily

forgive his pride,

if he had not

mortified mine.

Pride is a very common failing,

I believe.

Vanity and pride

are different things,

though the words are

often used synonymously.

A person may be proud

without being vain.

Pride relates more

to our opinion of ourselves,

and vanity to what we would

have others think of us.

A letter for

Miss Jane Bennet.

He saved you

from a zombie.

Mrs. Featherstone

was quite civilized.

Yield!

Never!

She was a zombie, Lizzy.

Thank goodness he was there.

Lizzy!

No, Lizzy!

No, no, no! Stop it,

Lizzy! That's not fair!

Lydia!

The Bingleys have

invited me to tea.

- Lydia, come on.

- Well, of course they have.

Yeah. Down there.

What?

Truly, I'd much rather

go by coach.

You had much better

go on horseback,

for it seems

likely to rain,

and then you must

stay all night.

That would be

a good scheme

if you were sure they

would not send her home.

Mother, I really

would prefer the carriage.

Jane, Mr. Bingley

undoubtedly likes you.

But in nine cases

out of 10,

a woman had far better show

more affection than she feels.

Enough.

Go quickly now. The zombies

spring easily from the wet earth.

Merciful God.

This cannot be.

Where is she?

She must be

closely monitored

and her room locked

at all times...

That is

a little excessive, Darcy.

Miss Elizabeth Bennet.

Did you walk

all the way here?

Yes.

How is my sister?

She was feverish

and slept ill last night.

I fear she has the flu.

Or worse.

I detest illness. It keeps one in

a continual state of inelegance.

Quite.

May I tend to her?

Of course. Edwin,

show Miss Bennet the way.

Thank you.

I will not make

the same mistake I made

at Mrs. Featherstone's

whist party, Bingley.

Oh, Janey.

Miss Bennet.

The physician has arrived.

Please.

She got caught

in the downpour?

Yes.

The wound, Doctor.

Her musket backfired.

I see

no indication of a bite.

That was never

in question.

I believe that

these belong to you.

Darcy, old bean,

you almost seem disappointed.

Louisa, you shouldn't have

played that spade.

I won! I won!

How is she?

She's fast asleep.

I'm sure she'll be quite well.

Please join us, Miss Bennet.

Thank you, but I'll

amuse myself with a book.

You prefer reading

to cards?

I prefer a great many things

to cards, Mr. Hurst.

One half of the world cannot

understand the pleasures of the other.

I don't speak Japanese.

No, of course.

You didn't train in Japan.

China, was it?

The Shaolin Temple

in Henan Province.

It was there that I learned to

endure all manner of discomfort.

May I inquire as to the

nature of this discomfort?

I would much rather

give you a demonstration.

Mr. Darcy, is your sister

much grown since the spring?

She is now about the same height

as Miss Elizabeth Bennet.

I don't believe

I've ever met a girl

who was so extremely

accomplished.

The word "accomplished" is far too

liberally applied to young ladies today,

but my sister Georgiana

does deserve that distinction.

Not only is she a master of the

female arts but the deadly as well.

I cannot boast of knowing

more than half a dozen

in the whole range of my acquaintance

that is thus accomplished.

Nor I, I'm sure.

Then, Mr. Darcy,

you must comprehend

a great deal in your idea

of an accomplished woman.

I do.

A woman must have a thorough

knowledge of music, singing,

drawing, dancing

and the modern languages.

She must be well-trained in the

fighting styles of the Kyoto masters,

and the weapons and tactics

of modern Europe.

Or the term would

only be half-deserved.

And you know

six such women?

I wonder now at

your knowing any.

Are you so severe

on your own sex?

A woman is either highly

trained or highly refined.

One cannot afford the luxury

of both in such times.

Ah...

L'Art de la guerre.

The Art of War.

Have you not read it

in its original Wu dialect?

Alas.

Then you've never read

The Art of War.

I should get back to Jane.

She is one

of those young ladies

who seeks to recommend

themselves to men

by undervaluing their own sex.

Undoubtedly.

I'm not

going to lie...

Oh, my word, girls,

regard how opulently

reappointed it has been.

He must be even more

wealthy than we imagined.

It would have cost

a small fortune, of course,

to get the zombie

blood out of the marble.

Mrs. Bennet,

Miss Bennet,

Miss Bennet and Miss Bennet.

Mrs. Bennet,

I am so glad to see you.

Oh, and sadly at

distressing circumstances.

Are you here

to take Jane home?

- No.

- Yes!

We must not trespass any

longer on your kindness.

Surely, she is too ill

to be moved.

She...

She does look very pale.

Bingley,

I must protest.

Bingley, please.

Carelessness when dealing

with a zombie infection

could lead to your

abrupt demise.

Arrogance

could lead to yours.

Your defect, Miss Bennet,

besides eavesdropping,

is to willfully

misunderstand people.

And yours is to be unjustly

prejudiced against them.

Come on, Eliza. Come on.

Mr. Bingley,

I know just the thing

to break this terrible

tension and...

And lift the spirits

of the county.

A ball at Netherfield.

Out of the question.

The security

arrangements alone...

It's a brilliant idea.

When Jane is recovered you shall,

if you please, name the day.

I should be honored.

All right.

Look at her.

We could've stayed on for

another week in that palace.

I'd risk a cold before

I'd risk Darcy's blade.

Oh, Mrs. Beacham's

orphanage fell.

There will be an addition

to our party for dinner tonight.

It would appear your

health is fully restored.

Quite recovered, Papa.

I know of no one

who is coming.

The person of whom I speak

is a certain gentleman.

Let me see.

Who is it?

"A certain gentleman."

What is that

odious man doing?

He is perusing

his future property.

See, this estate must, by law,

go to a male heir.

Now that "odious man,"

Mr. Collins,

may, the moment

I am dead,

toss you all out of this

house at his pleasure.

Tell me, to which of my fair

cousins do I owe the compliments

of the excellent, and I repeat,

excellent cooking?

My daughters were trained for battle, sir.

Not the kitchen.

Quite, Mr. Bennet.

My patroness is not only

the King's richest subject,

but deadliest.

Singularly dedicated to the

annihilation of the undead.

I assume you have all heard

of Lady Catherine de Bourgh?

She's the most deadly swordswoman

in all of Great Britain.

With the agility

of a black panther.

My humble abode abuts

Her Ladyship's estate, Rosings Park.

Was she ever married?

She has one daughter, Anne, who is

unfortunately of a sickly constitution.

Has Anne been presented?

Oh, no. No, Mrs. Bennet.

Her ill health prevents it.

I told Lady Catherine that

the court has been deprived

of its brightest ornament.

I have a talent, you see, for delivering

these very delicate compliments

with an unstudied air.

It would seem, sir, that all

you lack now is a wife.

I must confess,

Mrs. Bennet,

the fairest wifely choices

be right here in this room.

I declare that I am

enchanted by

your daughter, Jane.

And request to speak

to her alone, if I may.

Oh, dear Parson.

I'm afraid Jane

is already spoken for.

We expect a serious

proposal imminently.

Oh, fuddle.

But Liz is

quite available,

and almost

as fair as Jane.

What?

Is there absolutely

no negotiating over Jane?

The early bird catches the worm, Mr.

Collins. Oh, indeed.

Be mindful of your talent

for the delicate compliment, sir.

Oh, no. Yeah...

Why, yes...

She is almost as fair

as the other one.

Splendid.

Thank you, ladies.

Settle down.

Now, I thought

this morning,

I might read to you from Fordyce's

Sermons To Young Women.

What a treat.

What a treat.

"Chapter One, The Home."

We're walking to Meryton

to visit Aunt Phillips.

So long as Jane and Lizzy are

willing to accompany you.

We most certainly are.

And, er, Mr. Collins,

of course.

Well, I should

be delighted,

but only if Mr. Bennet will consent

to release me from my reading.

With a heavy heart, sir.

Mr. Bennet, I am

susceptible to flattery,

and you, sir,

are very charming.

Come along, ladies.

Miss Elizabeth,

how charming you look toda.

Let us look in the shop

windows of Meryton

and we can buy

some new pots and pans

to take the place

of your swords and daggers.

Oh?

Is there some sort

of trouble?

Oh, it appears

there is.

Penny McGregor's

carriage.

Help!

Someone's trapped inside.

- Jane.

- Please!

There's been an accident!

Please help me!

Anyone! Please!

Help!

There was a horrible accident,

but I survived.

I survived, Janey.

Not in the traditional sense

of the word.

It appears Miss McGregor won't

be delivering any more lamp oil.

I must confess,

I was unaware that

zombies possessed

the required acuity

to set such traps.

Before we know it, they'll

be running for Parliament.

Come along.

Fantastic. We must try and

make elevenses, actually.

Come along, Elizabeth.

We mustn't dawdle, we can't be late.

Miss Bennet.

Thank you, Mr. Collins.

Allow me.

Gallantry isn't dead.

Come, come now. We mustn't be late.

Keep your eyes

peeled for zombies!

No one walks alone!

This must

be the extra militia

they stationed

here in Meryton.

Oh, Kitty, look at him.

Good day.

How are you?

Kitty. Lydia.

Hi.

Lieutenant Denny!

Who's that with him?

Miss Lydia Bennet and Miss Catherine Bennet.

Lieutenant Wickham,

who has just been assigned

to our Meryton regiment

to deal with

the zombie resurgence.

I bet you're fearful handsome

in your regimentals.

Kitty, Lydia.

Miss Jane Bennet, Miss Elizabeth Bennet,

may I introduce...

George Wickham.

He's a lieutenant.

This is our cousin,

Mr. Collins.

Parson Collins.

Aren't we overdue

at the Phillips'?

Walk us.

I fear I have

a prior engagement.

Mr. Wickham?

Yes. Enchanted.

She is baking,

so we mustn't be late.

Lydia.

I said she is baking.

I was very keen to be on time

because, apparently, Aunt Phillips'

muffins are splendid, you see.

Is that so?

Yeah, and Lady Catherine

herself abhors tardiness,

and actually it's instilled me

with a real sense of order.

Thank you

for accompanying us

and enduring

my younger sisters.

It's my pleasure.

Are you going to be stationed

here all winter, Mr. Wickham?

Well, that depends entirely

on what the manky dreadfuls

have in store for us,

Miss Bennet.

Mr. Bingley.

Oh...

We were just

on our way to Longbourn.

Mr. Bingley,

you promised

you'd throw a ball

at Netherfield.

Are you quite recovered?

She is.

Then I shall begin

the preparations immediately

for the most glorious ball

Hertfordshire has ever seen.

Can

Lieutenant Wickham come?

Of course, an invitation shall be

sent to all my fellow officers.

Excuse me.

Good day, Miss Jane.

There you are,

my beautiful nieces.

Oh!

Please join us, Mr. Wickham.

No. Duty calls, I'm afraid.

Oh...

Um...

I must know, Mr. Wickham,

what is amiss

between you and Mr. Darcy?

Are you much

acquainted with him?

More than I wish to be.

He's been here for

less than a month

and is already the least

popular man in the county.

Yes, it always gives me

great pain to see him.

I have been connected

with his family from infancy.

My father managed

the late Mr. Darcy's estate.

Darcy and I

grew up together.

His father treated

me like a second son.

I cannot begin to do

justice to his kindness.

He bequeathed me with the

best living in his gift.

I had my heart set

on joining the church.

But when he was slain

in the Second Battle of Kent,

Darcy ignored his wishes and

gave my living to another man.

What could have induced

him to behave so cruelly?

Pride.

He thought me too low to be

worth his consideration.

I loved his father dearly,

so, I can never expose Darcy

or challenge him to a duel.

Come now, Lizzy!

We must plan our trip

to the North Country.

I'll be right there.

Well, perhaps I shall see you

at Mr. Bingley's ball?

Perhaps.

I'll be there.

Oh, dear.

Beg your pardon.

Mr. Wickham, you came.

As I said I would.

I feared that Mr. Darcy's presence

would keep you away.

If Darcy wishes to avoid me,

he must go, not I.

I have found you,

Miss Bennet!

Sorry, and you are?

Wickham.

Oh, Mr. Wickham.

I never forget a face,

especially one as angelic

as Miss Bennet's.

I do hope you haven't

forgotten our dance?

Of course not,

Parson Collins.

Oh, allow me.

Thank you, Mr. Wickham.

Lady Catherine herself has praised

me on my lightness of foot.

Wonder, sir, how you

found the time

to hone such delicacy

in your steps.

Flattery will get you everywhere,

Miss Bennet.

Dear...

The dance seems to be

getting away with us.

I think it only right and

proper that every clergyman

should set the example

for matrimony in the parish.

Ah...

This is my favorite

moment of the dance.

And now the party's

in full swing.

Such splendor

in the air.

A parson may

no longer lead

a chaste life,

my fair cousin.

Mr. Collins, please keep

your voice down.

Splendid.

Splendid work, everyone.

Thank you for

your attention.

Everyone did valiantly.

Miss Bennet, it is my intention

to remain very close to you

throughout all the evening.

May I have the next dance?

Yes.

Mr. Darcy,

this is Mr. Collins.

Parson Collins.

Parson Collins.

Your...

Uh... He's my cousin.

Mr. Darcy, I have made

the most incredible discovery...

Nay. Tosh.

An extraordinary discovery, sir.

You are the nephew

of Lady Catherine de Bourgh.

I know.

Well, I know you know.

Allow me to do the honor

of introducing myself...

Please excuse me.

Please excuse me.

I am Parson Collins.

My humble abode

abuts Her Ladyship's...

I predict a wedding

in under three months.

He's such a charming

young man,

and so...

Well, rich.

Jane marrying Bingley is bound

to throw her younger sisters

in the way of other rich men.

And then...

Mother,

it's time to go.

Don't be so impertinent.

What is Mr. Darcy to me, pray,

that I should be afraid of him?

I can't find

Papa or Lydia anywhere.

Papa will be

in the library

and I'll find

that stupid girl.

Edwin, where is dessert?

Ah!

Hello, Mrs...

Hello, Miss Bennett.

Sir?

Sir?

We must find

Darcy immediately.

There's no time.

Mr. Bingley.

Yes.

All the lanterns

have been snuffed out.

Oh, mind your step,

Miss Bennet.

Mr. Bingley.

You're Mrs. Beacham's orphans.

We were, Miss Bennet.

How did you get in here?

Our new friend

showed us the way in.

Mr. Darcy!

Was he bitten?

Was he bitten?

No.

No, he fell

and hit his head.

Bingley.

Bingley, wake up.

Come on, chap.

Your abilities as a warrior are

beyond reproach, Mr. Darcy.

If only you were

as good a friend.

"Dear Jane, we have decided

to close down Netherfield

"and return to London.

"We are not sure

when we shall return."

The Bingleys just closed

down the house and left?

I don't understand. Why would he

not know when he is to return?

According to Caroline Bingley,

"Mr. Darcy is impatient

to see his sister.

"My brother admires

her greatly already.

"He will now be

seeing her frequently

"and on the most

intimate footing.

"Am I wrong, my dearest Jane,

in indulging the hope of an event

"which will secure

the happiness of so many?"

Obviously, she knows her

brother is in love with you,

and wants him

to marry Miss Darcy.

If Mr. Bingley truly loves me,

nothing can keep us apart.

No one who has ever seen you

together can doubt his affection.

I'm sure Mr. Bingley

will be back soon.

And that there's a good reason

for all this.

Ladies.

Good morrow.

Mr. Collins would like a private

audience with your sister.

Lydia.

What, with Liz?

Out. Out. Everyone out.

Mama, please, he has

nothing to say. He can't...

Jane, please don't.

Please, please...

Ah...

Miss Elizabeth, as soon

as I entered the house

I singled you out as the

companion for my future life.

Oh, no.

I am convinced marrying you will

add very greatly to my happiness.

But, actually, I must add,

I will of course require you

to retire your warrior skills

as part of

the marital submission.

We absolutely can't have

swords in the home.

And now, Miss Elizabeth,

allow me to assure you

in the most animated language

of the violence, the sheer

violence of my affections.

Sir, I am honored by your proposal.

Thank you.

I am,

but I regret, I must refuse.

Lizzy, I insist

you marry Mr. Collins.

No!

Do not

worry, Mr. Collins.

She shall be

brought to reason.

- Oh, good.

- No.

Oh, no...

I'm terribly sorry.

Now, Elizabeth Bennet,

you get back there.

You get back there.

No.

And you face up to your future...

Excuse me. Mr. Bennet!

You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr.

Collins, for she refuses to have him!

Bugger.

Lizzy!

Lizzy, you will

marry Mr. Collins

or I shall never

speak to you again!

You talk to her.

Lizzy!

An unhappy alternative is before you.

Your mother will never

speak to you again

if you do not

marry Mr. Collins.

And I will never speak

to you again if you do.

Who will maintain you

when your father is dead?

No one, Elizabeth Bennet!

You shall become

a poor and pathetic spinster!

Anything.

Anything is to be

preferred or endured

rather than marrying

without affection!

Lizzy.

Lizzy, don't go

into the woods alone!

Lizzy!

I forbid you!

Elizabeth.

Mr. Wickham.

You vanished at the ball.

Yes.

I thought it would've been selfish of

me to seek an encounter with Darcy.

Would've ruined the ball

for anyone who witnessed it.

I am very sorry I lost the pleasure

of dancing with you, though.

Did you happen to see four

gentlemen pass this way?

In top hats?

You saw them?

No, but they were

undoubtedly pallbearers.

This is a cemetery.

Uh, Miss Bennet?

I want to take you somewhere

very special to me.

It's a secret place I've never

shown another living soul.

I stumbled upon it

quite by accident

when I was first stationed

in The In-Between.

But somehow, I believe I was always

destined to find it, Miss Bennet.

You go in. I'll join you

after I see to my horse.

Don't be afraid.

I'm not.

"And I brought

your fathers out of Egypt.

"And ye came unto the sea,

"and the Egyptians crowded their

fathers with chariots and horsemen

"to the Red Sea.

"And when they cried unto the Lord...

"...he put darkness between

you and the Egyptians,

"and brought this upon them.

"He that believeth in me,

"though he were dead,

"yet shall he live."

You're quite rude.

"And Jesus cried

out with a loud voice,

"'Lazarus, come out!'"

No, don't! Don't.

It's all right.

It's all right.

"Happy are those

who are called to his supper.

"The locusts

have no king.

"Yet all of them go forth,

marching in rank.

"What the cutting locust left,

the swarming locust has eaten.

"What the swarming locust...

Brains.

No. They're pigs' brains.

You have nothing to fear.

You see, if they

never consume human brains

they will never fully

transform into zombies.

St. Lazarus is the key

to finally ending

the struggle between

the living and the undead.

We must force some

kind of understanding

with the most advanced

among them.

Well, surely the Crown

will support such a venture.

The war has almost

bankrupted Great Britain.

I know not where to turn.

It's only a matter of time

before they outnumber us.

Rider at the gate!

Attention!

Liz?

Charlotte?

I didn't know

you were coming to visit.

I have some news.

I'm engaged to be

married to Mr. Collins.

You must be surprised.

I'm not. I'm relieved.

I believe that my chance

of happiness with him

is as fair as most

women can hope for.

And that's all you expect?

At 25, it's more

than I expect.

Charlotte, if you're

happy for you, then I am, too.

Well, I am to be

presented to Lady Catherine

and if I am to stay the night

at Mr. Collins' rectory,

I will require a chaperone.

Charlotte... She's said to be

quite an imposing figure.

And the thought of facing her without

you makes me deathly nervous.

So, please?

I'll come, but I have

one stipulation.

Anything.

Now,

when we meet Lady Catherine,

a simple curtsey will suffice.

Maintain eye contact, but don't

speak unless spoken to, please.

Lady Catherine's

famed Black Guard.

They can't move.

Here, look at this, you could

tickle him with a feather. Oh!

Lower the gate!

An extraordinary

sight, is it not? Oh!

Such splendor.

Lady Catherine

Smiting the Undead Lucif.

Majestic. Oh!

Elizabeth Bennet.

The Four Horsemen

of the Zombie Apocalypse.

When they appear,

the end of days is neigh.

This way, miss.

Parson Collins,

Miss Lucas, and Miss Bennet.

I'm sorry.

Lady Catherine.

Miss De Bourgh.

Lady Catherine.

So you are Elizabeth Bennet.

Um, yes.

I am, Your Ladyship.

This is my daughter.

Well,

it's very kind of you

to invite us over for tea,

Lady Catherine. Really.

Very grateful.

Mr. Darcy?

Miss Bennet.

You know my nephew?

Yes, I had

the tremendous pleasure

of meeting him

in Hertfordshire.

Mr. Wickham.

- Is this the soldier you spoke of?

- Yes.

Miss Bennet

requested he attend,

that he might

confer with Your Ladyship

about a strategy with which

to combat the scourge.

Mmm, a lieutenant? Really?

Indeed.

And tea

is brought up.

Oh! Shall we?

Oh, delighted to.

Please.

I have given you entry to the

wealthiest woman in the kingdom.

The rest is up to you.

Your Ladyship

has perhaps heard

that some of the stricken

have not succumbed

to the urge to feed

upon the living,

and in so doing have

maintained their human ways.

And they have

managed to resist this

most primal of

zombie urges, how?

Their iron-clad constitutions?

Yes, fortified by religious

piety and pigs' brains,

which they receive in communion

as the blood of Christ.

The pig brains quench their

appetite for human brains.

Oh, yes, of course.

The Crown's funds

have been drained.

You're here to

solicit money?

I am here to propose a venture

that would end the war forever.

These new zombies

can be reasoned with.

With the proper funding,

I believe we can cultivate trust

and even goodwill with this

new iteration of the undead,

who seem to possess

an inherent power

over the lower

ranks of their kind.

Zombie aristocrats?

Oh, yeah.

I prefer to think of

them as souls lost in purgatory.

The common hordes

look to them for leadership.

It takes just one of them

to realize their power

and then to lead

the hordes into battle...

The undead are like locusts.

Locusts.

They go forth and destroy.

They have no use for leaders.

Oh, um, except one. Actually.

Hmm?

Oh, well, um, according

to the Book of Revelation, actually,

the Antichrist

shall lead the undead

on the day that shall be

the last day of mankind.

How cheery, Collins.

Thank you, Lady Catherine.

Very generous. Franklin,

are there more scones?

If we could negotiate

with this select group of...

Aristocrats? To what end?

A treaty.

Appeasement?

Never.

Well, then the human

race is surely doomed.

Your Ladyship, the undead

will always multiply faster

than the living can procreate.

Nine months to make a baby,

then 16 years

to make a soldier,

and one raw second

to make a zombie.

You must realize, if they were to

organize, we cannot defeat them.

The only hope is to find a way

to coexist with them,

before they find

their Antichrist.

I have tolerated your presence

here long enough, Wickham.

Guards.

Please do remember

this moment,

and the opportunity

so glibly spurned.

The day of the zombie

has already broken.

Wake and face the light,

or slumber into oblivion.

Mr. Darcy, you are

as unfeeling as the undead.

My word,

you give your opinion very

decidedly for so young a person.

Indeed, Lady Catherine.

Well, I would like to say

how dutifully behaved I think

Lady Anne has been

this morning.

A real credit

to the crest, actually.

Would you like a scone, dear?

I didn't mean

to frighten you.

You didn't.

No. Of course not.

Rosings is the safest place

in England.

You see, that's the problem.

Aristos feel invincible

within their great houses,

but how wrong they are.

Their hubris

will be their downfall.

"Downfall"?

You act as if the undead

had already defeated us.

I think you and I understand

each other, Liz Bennet.

Well, the way you championed

me earlier, I thought...

Mr. Darcy's treatment of you

has been utterly despicable, but...

No more despicable than his

treatment of you and your family.

I don't

understand you, sir.

It was Darcy that persuaded Bingley

to stay clear of your sister

and leave Netherfield.

Why?

Because he believes your sister

be inferior to his friend.

Darcy also convinced Bingley

that she is after his fortune

and doesn't truly love him.

How could you

possibly know this?

Men talk.

Darcy brags about it

with his intimates.

Miss Bennet,

run away with me.

You have crossed

a line, sir.

We're far beyond

lines now, Miss Bennet.

Take heed of the parson,

Miss Bennet.

The day of reckoning

is upon us.

Charlotte?

Charlotte?

Mr. Darcy.

Miss Bennet.

You've finally arisen.

How fortuitous.

There are some words

I must say.

Please do be seated.

Miss Bennet, although I know many

consider you to be decidedly inferior,

as a matter of your birth,

your family, and your circumstances,

my feelings will

not be repressed.

In vain have I struggled.

I have come to feel for you a most

ardent admiration and regard,

which has overcome

my better judgment.

So now I ask

you most fervently

to end my turmoil and

consent to be my wife.

If I could feel gratitude,

I would now thank you,

but I cannot.

I never desired

your good opinion,

and you have certainly

bestowed it most unwillingly.

Might I be informed why,

with so little endeavor at

civility, I am rejected?

You intentionally ruined the

happiness of my most beloved sister.

Do you deny it?

I have no wish to deny it.

I did everything in my power to

separate my friend from your sister.

How could you?

Because I perceived

his attachment to her

to be far deeper

than hers to him.

I believed her

to be indifferent.

Indifferent? She's shy!

Did you suggest

to Mr. Bingley

that his fortune had some

bearing on the matter?

I wouldn't do your

sister the dishonor,

though it was suggested.

By Miss Bingley?

By your mother,

at the ball.

Your character was revealed to

me many months ago by Wickham

as I heard of his scandalous

misfortunes at your hand.

Oh, yeah. Mr. Wickham's misfortunes

have been very great indeed.

You withhold the advantages that

you know were designed for him.

This is your opinion of me?

Then I thank you

for explaining it so fully.

You could not have made

the offer of your hand

in any possible way that would

have tempted me to accept it.

I had not known you a month

before I felt that you were

the last man in the world

whom I could ever be

prevailed on to marry.

You've said

quite enough, madam.

I fully comprehend

your feelings

and now have only to be ashamed

of what my own have been.

Please forgive me,

and accept my best wishes

for your health

and happiness.

Hello. Good afternoon.

Wonderful to be back.

Oh, heavens.

What happened, Lizzy?

This is an antique.

Irreplaceable.

Lady Catherine herself

delivered this to me.

Mr. Darcy...

It's from the shores of China.

Mr. Darcy came

by the cottage?

Came here?

Fabulous.

This will need

clearing up, Elizabeth.

"Dear

Miss Elizabeth Bennet,

"I am not writing

to renew the sentiments

"which were so

disgusting to you,

"but to address the two offenses

that you accused me of.

"I did not intentionally

wound your sister.

"It was a most

unfortunate consequence

"of protecting

my dearest friend.

"Mr. Bingley's feelings

for Miss Bennet

"were beyond any I had

ever witnessed in him,

"or indeed even

thought him capable of.

"The evening of the dance

at Netherfield,

"after overhearing your mother

coldly state her intention

"of having all her daughtes

marry favorably,

"I persuaded Bingley

of the unfitness of the match.

"If I have wounded Miss Bennet's

feelings, it was unknowingly done.

"As to your other accusation,

of having injured Mr. Wickham,

"no sooner had my father

made clear his intention

"to leave Mr. Wickham

a handsome sum,

"than Mr. Darcy was mysteriously

infected by the plague.

"It was left to me, his son,

to provide a merciful ending.

"Still, I gave Wickham the

inheritance my father left.

"Wickham squandered it.

"Whereupon he demanded

more and more money,

"until I eventually refuse.

"Thereafter he severed

all ties with me.

"Last summer he began a relationship

with my 15-year-old sistr

"and convinced her to elop.

"Mr. Wickham's prime target

"was her inheritance

of £30,000,

"but revenging himself on me was

a strong additional inducement.

"Fortunately, I was able

to persuade my sister

"of Mr. Wickham's

ulterior motives

"before it was too late.

"I hope this helps explan

"and perhaps mitigate

my behavior in your eyes.

"Of all the weapons

in the world,

"I now know love

to be the most dangerous.

"For I have suffered

a mortal wound.

"When did I fall so deeply

under your spell, Miss Bennet?

"I cannot fix

the hour or the spot

"or the look or the words

which laid the foundatio.

"I was in the middle

before I knew I had bega.

"What a proud fool I was.

"I have faced the harsh truth,

"that I can never hope

to win your love in this life,

"and so have sought solae

in combat.

"I write to you

from the siege of London.

"There is now a cunning design

to the zombie attacks.

"I sense a dark

hand is at work here,

"guiding the enemy,

Miss Bennet.

"By taking London, they've increased

their ranks a hundredfol.

Come on, lads!

"Now we endeavor to keep them

trapped within the great wall."

This wasn't the random

act of a mindless horde.

They've struck the Palace

and both Houses.

They cut off our head before

we could cut off theirs.

Keep fighting.

Come on, men!

"If we should fail to contain them

and they breach Hingham Bridge,

"it'll be as if

a great dam has broken,

"and they'll reach

Hertfordshire swiftly.

"And in overwhelming numbers.

"Dear Miss Bennet,

I implore you to be ready."

Lizzy!

Liz!

Jane!

Jane...

Jane, what is it?

Wickham's

run off with Lydia.

She's barely

more than a child.

I never could have imagined

the man to be so improper,

to be such a blaggard.

What are we to do?

St. Lazarus.

I know where she is.

You have a very

small estate here.

And yet we endure it.

I have urgent business

to attend to.

A falsehood of a most scandalous

nature has reached me,

that you intend to be united

with my own nephew, Mr. Darcy.

Is this true?

I do not possess your

frankness, Your Ladyship.

You may ask questions,

I may not choose to answer.

Let me be rightly

understood, Miss Bennet.

Darcy has been promised

since infancy to my daughter.

Well, then you can have no reason

to suppose he made me an offer.

Are you engaged

to him or not?

I'm not.

Hmm...

And will you promise me never to

enter into such an engagement?

I will make

no such promise.

Then I shall protect the

dignity of a far superior man.

Do you dare

to face me in combat?

I do not.

For to take arms

against you, My Lady,

would be to take

arms against England.

Quite right.

My proxy will have

to suffice.

Wilhelm.

Miss Bennet,

do you concede?

I do not.

My courage always rises at every

attempt to intimidate me.

Do you still refuse

to oblige me?

I do!

I do not know which I admire

more, Elizabeth Bennet.

Your skill as a warrior,

or your resolve as a woman.

They've got her

in The In-Between, Papa.

Lydia's honor

is at stake.

Stop him, Liz. He's going

after Lydia and Wickham.

Wait, Papa.

What's right to be done

cannot be done too soon.

But you don't even

know where she is. I do.

I promise you

I won't forsake Lydia.

I'll go with you.

No, you must stay here

to help protect Longbourn.

Ride at once.

Both of you.

I will take the rest of your

family back with me to Rosings.

There's no safer

place in England.

Collect your people.

This bridge

is closed!

It's too dangerous to cross.

All of London's fallen

to the zombies.

We have urgent business

on the other side.

This bridge is rigged

with all the explosives

left in England.

It's to be detonated

tomorrow at dawn

when the last squadron

withdraw from The In-Between.

Our boys can't

hold them much longer.

If the undead of London

take the bridge,

the rest of England

will surely be lost.

Nevertheless,

we must cross over.

Zombie protocols

in effect!

One, seek out and destroy

any remaining undead.

Two, any of the fallen

with intact skulls

must have their brains

perforated or crushed

to ensure they do not

rise again as the undead!

Bloody hell...

Fie, damnable scarf!

Hello, Miss Bennet.

Potter's field.

Yes. Quite.

Pardon?

This.

What we're standing on,

it's an unmarked

zombie graveyard.

Yes. Of course.

Miss Bennet, what possible

cause could the two of you have

for leaving Hertfordshire

and entering into The In-Between?

If adventures will not befall a

young lady in her own village,

she must seek them abroad.

We had no choice.

Wickham has

run off with Lydia.

He has taken her to where

his "zombie aristocrats" congregate.

St. Lazarus.

St. Lazarus?

I know it well.

I saw it razed to the

ground five days ago.

Your sister couldn't

possibly have survived.

I'm profoundly sorry

for your loss.

Colonel Darcy.

We need you at the command tent.

I fear I must depart for

Hingham Bridge immediately.

Of course.

Let's see how

reasonable his aristocrats are

after their appetites

have been whet.

On my mark.

Now.

Dawn breaks

at 5:00 tomorrow.

I'll make it back.

Of course you will, old man.

The order must be given

at first light.

No matter what.

I'll give the order.

I fear I should not have

confided in Darcy.

Fear the hordes of ravenous

unmentionables that are swarming our way.

Liz, London has already fallen and

the Grand Barrier burns as we speak.

Hingham Bridge

is behind us.

London's over there.

Which direction are you looking in,

Mr. Bingley?

St. Lazarus?

Darcy lied...

To spare you.

He'd risk anything

for you, Miss Bennet.

Lizzy!

Don't hang about.

Go on.

Soldiers

wouldn't do that.

Nor would I...

Who would steal the brains

of dead soldiers?

Almighty Lazarus,

to whom all souls are open.

Breathe life into our hearts,

by the insertion of your divine spirit.

"I am the resurrection

and the life.

"He that believeth in me..."

Mr. Darcy...

It's all right.

He said you'd come.

Wickham said you'd come.

Mr. Darcy...

Bastard.

My God,

you're so predictable.

I knew by taking young Lydia,

you'd have to protect the Bennets' honor.

So, come to

kill me then, Fitz?

On the contrary,

I've come to

make you an offer.

The Bennets have authorized me

to offer you a commission

of £10,000

to return Lydia and

leave England for good.

How noble of you to deliver

the Bennets' offer, Fitz,

but I'm afraid

my answer is no.

And is there no

financial inducement

that could convince you to do

the honorable thing, George?

None.

You see, money is of

no use to me now.

Is that your father's watch?

Yes.

Give it to me.

No.

Bloody hell!

Bloody hell!

Mr. Darcy, please!

What have you done, Darcy?

I fed them!

Godspeed, Georgie.

All of you, go to the bridge! Now!

Go to the bridge!

Lydia, listen to me. You have

to get across Hingham Bridge.

But Mr. Darcy,

you have to come.

As long as Wickham lives,

England is in peril. Go, Lydia. Go!

All of you,

Hingham Bridge!

I conquered

London, Darcy.

Did you really think

you could defeat me?

I always have.

You're

a traitor, George.

No, Fitz. I'm a king!

Oh, my God.

Lydia!

Lydia!

It's time, sir.

So it is.

Rider!

Wait!

Lydia,

where are the others?

You fool. I've been

one of them all along.

If I had the living

your father intended me,

I never would have

been in the army,

I never would

have been infected.

This is your doing, Darcy!

Suppressing my

hunger was easy.

They needed God, I had my

hatred of you to sustain me.

The Four Horsemen

have risen from Hell!

The zombie apocalypse

is here.

I am the one the undead

have been waiting for.

The one to lead them.

Every life I take,

every atrocity I commit,

is on your head!

Keep your eyes

peeled, lads!

- We can't delay any longer, sir.

- No!

The undead will have reached the bridge soon,

and then it will be too late.

They're not back yet!

You must wait, Bingley!

Detonate the bridge.

Give the order.

Give the order.

Yes, sir.

Four!

Three!

Two!

One!

Liz!

Liz!

Mr. Darcy.

The very first moment

I beheld you,

my heart was irrevocably gone.

Raise the gate!

Lady Catherine, might I

take this opportunity

to compliment you

on your pantaloons?

And your eye patch. It's very fetching.

Is it function or fashion?

Function.

Your Ladyship.

Guess who's speaking with

Papa in the library? It's...

Mr. Bingley.

Lady Catherine.

This is all rather embarrassing,

but I would like to request the

privilege of speaking with Miss Jane.

Alone.

Mr. Darcy.

My favorite nephew,

who lay unconscious

for so long,

that when we heard

you'd risen, we'd feared

you'd joined the ranks

of the undead.

Any word from the canal?

It's holding

for the time being.

Yes!

Jane said yes.

Would you excuse me?

Quick! Quick, quick!

This is so exciting!

Jane!

Keep going!

Hurry up, Lydia!

Miss Bennet.

Mr. Darcy.

You look as though

you're fully mended.

I am. Thank you.

If it wasn't for you,

I'd have surely perished.

You have saved me

in more ways than one.

What you said to me

on Hingham Bridge...

You heard me?

I did.

It gave me hope.

Of what?

That your feelings towards

me may have changed.

However, one word

from you now

will silence me

on this subject forever.

You are the love of my life,

Elizabeth Bennet.

So I ask you now,

half in anguish, half in hope,

will you do me

the great, great honor

of taking me

for your husband?

Yes.

Yes.

Dearly beloved,

we are gathered here tody

in the sight of God

to join together

this man and this woman,

and this man and this woman,

in holy matrimony.

I now pronounce

you man and wife,

and man and wife.

You may now kiss Mr. Darcy...

The brides.

You may now kiss the brides.

Oh...

Thank you.

Thank you.

Thank you for coming.

I'm so happy!

♪ Ring-a-round the rosie

♪ A pocket full of posies

♪ A-tishoo! A-tishoo!

♪ We all fall down

♪ Walking through the foret

♪ A monster stands before s

♪ Another there, another

♪ They all rise up

♪ Ring around the soul, please

♪ Lift your musket calmly

♪ Bludgeon! Bludgeon!

♪ They all fall down

♪ Ring-a-around to safety

♪ Infection is a pity

♪ Your father or your mothr

♪ They nearly break your pram

♪ Ring-a-round the rosie

♪ A pocket full of posies

♪ A-tishoo! A-tishoo!

♪ We all fall down