Unmentionables — they must have entered through the cellar door.

A shame — a delightful array of tarts, exotic fruits and pies, all sadly soiled by blood and brains.

We ought to take off their heads, lest they be born to darkness.

I don’t suppose that you’ll give me the honour of dispensing of this unhappy business alone?

I should never forgive myself if your gown was soiled.

The honour is all yours, Mister Darcy.

Oh God — he’s beheading the staff!

Forgive me, Miss Bennett — urp!

There is no denying Mister Darcy’s talent as a warrior —

— if only his talents as a gentleman were their equal.