Lost in Auton: Pride and Prejudice in Plastic

by WritingMelon

Summary

What if Autons and the Doctor would disturb the plot of Pride & Prejudice?

Notes

The idea developed out of a typo I made. I meant to write "Lost in Austen". This is the result of writing down the whole idea.

I'm aware that I probably didn't hit the characterisation of Jane Austen's characters.

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single Nestene in possession of good senses, must be in want of the world.

It would have spared her from explanations and professions which it was exceedingly awkward to give; but they were now necessary, and she assured him, with some confusion, of her relationships to Dr. Smith and Mr Darcy.

“Or, in other words, you are telling me he's from out of this world” said her father. He assured that the door was barricaded. For safety, and to his annoyance, his family retreated to his study.

“Technically, I'm also not from this planet either” said Dr Smith while he whistled at the windows. “But that doesn't matter now. This Mr Darcy was never real. He's an artificial construct. If there
was ever a real Darcy, he was copied and is kept somewhere by the Nestene.”

Dr Smith continued to whistle at the windows. Suddenly there was a loud knock at the window. Mrs Bennet and Lydia screamed. Jane Bennets emotionless face appeared in the window.

“It's Jane!” Lydia exclaimed. “But they took her! She must have escaped.”

She was on her way to the window to let her oldest sister in when the doctor stopped her.

“It's not her. It's a mere copy of your sister” he said, ignoring Mrs Bennet's muffled cry. “Don’t worry, Mrs Bennet, Jane is still alive. They need her alive to maintain the copy.” Gently, he placed Lydia next to her mother on the sofa before he focused on the barricade. He nodded to Mr Bennet in approval.

Elizabeth appeared next to him with a fireplace poker in her hand. “Dr Smith, you seemed to be very familiar with these creatures. Tell me, is there a way to destroy them and to save us?”

Dr Smith held her glance for a few seconds. “You are an extraordinary woman, Miss Lizzy Bennet. Quite out of your time.” He gestured towards the door. “There are indeed several ways to destroy them. Heat for example, or a special kind of waves that interfere with their hive mind. The best way is to kill their shared consciousness with anti-plastic.”

Mrs Bennet tried to raise a question but Dr. Smith cut her off in fear she would propose to marry off one of her daughters again. “Listen, I need a distraction so I can go to my... transportation to obtain the anti-plastic. I wish I could avoid placing any of you in danger but my options are limited.” He nervously looked around the room. “So if someone can attract them and then run as fast as they can in the opposite direction and find a place to hide, I would be much obliged.”

Before Elizabeth could react, Lydia volunteered by raising her hand. “I will be of assistance, Dr Smith” she exclaimed. “I know a place to hide nobody else does, not even Jane.”

Elizabeth cleared her throat. “I will assist you, too. After all, you are the only authority to save my sister.”

Quickly, the sisters put the plan in action. Lydia climbed through the window, produced a high-pitch scream and ran into the direction of the village. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet stayed behind in the relative safety of the study. Lydia’s distraction was most successful. Safely, Elizabeth and the doctor left the study.

Dr Smith and Elizabeth made their way to his strange carriage. It didn’t look like a carriage at all. It was a blue garden shed. She held the fire poker in defence while he disappeared in the blue box. Elizabeth wished time would allow her to investigate the odd box but keeping Dr Smith save and by that saving her sister was more important.

Shortly after, he emerged from inside the box again. “We have to go to the church” he said while locking his possession. “I'm sure they are under the church.”
To avoid the road, they paced their way through shrubbery. Soon, they arrived at the church.
“Well, there's nobody there.” Elizabeth said. “At least not on the stairs to the cellar.” She pointed at the narrow stairs which led down under the small church. “Shall we try it?”

Cautiously, she crossed the road and approached the stairs. Dr. Smith followed closely behind. He pointed a stick-like machinery down the stairs. Its top glowed in a strange green light and it made a whistling sound.

“Okay, I think it's safe to go down” he said. “Be careful.”

Close to each other, they entered the cellar. It was dark. A soft light appeared behind Elizabeth. The doctor held a different glowing rod in his hands. They were alerted as they heard something move in the dark.

“Lizzy? Is that you?” Jane's soft voice came out of a corner. They followed her voice and found her frightened in a corner chained to a wall. Next to her were two gentlemen, presumably the original Mr Bingley and Mr Darcy.

Mr Darcy shielded his eyes against the light. After his eyes got used to it, he looked at Elizabeth. The improper appearance of her in her dirty dress and with the fireplace poker in her hands oddly matched the praising description he received from her sister Jane during their unpleasant stay.

The good doctor freed the prisoners. “Please, Miss Lizzy, be so kind as to help them out of here” he said. “I'll make sure that peace is restored to your home.”

Dr Smith vanished into the dark. Elizabeth showed her sister and the gentlemen the way out of the cellar. As she stayed behind, she made sure that her sister was at least protected with the poker. Elizabeth made her way through the dark. Suddenly, she nearly stepped on something. Her fingers reached under her foot. She felt it was a glass vial probably not unlike Dr Smith's vial with anti-plastic. Her fingers felt the untouched cork. She ventured forward and found the doctor's soft light. Next to it, his unconscious body was lying on the floor. She could see his breath in the cold air.

Through a gap in the floor, she could see a moving, gelatin mass. Elizabeth figured she had to pour the anti-plastic in the gap. Her way was blocked by a featureless humanoid creature. Her only option was to throw the precious vial. She took a deep breath and threw it into the gap. She expected to hear the vial break but there was no sound. Did she fail?

Suddenly, the gelatin stirred and screeched. The humanoid figure dropped to the floor. Lizzy covered her ears.

On that day, Elizabeth Bennet saved the earth.
The circumstances of this eventful summer's day bonded the Bennet family together. Furthermore, the relationship between Jane and Bingley grew and soon they got married. Elizabeth herself stayed in correspondence with Mr Darcy who, to the contrary of his alien copy, was very agreeable company.

The mysterious Dr Smith vanished on that day without a trace and within his strange blue box.

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