Yeah I Know - Ep: 61

Lizzie Bennet
https://youtube.com/watch?v=rlZ86QA9Qro
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/rlZ86QA9Qro

Lizzie: Wait for it...

Charlotte: Oh. My. God

Lizzie: I know.

Charlotte: Darcy just--

Lizzie: I know.

Charlotte: And then you--

Lizzie: I know.

Charlotte: Oh my God.

Lizzie: My name is Lizzie Bennet, and as you can see, Charlotte is without words.

Charlotte: Oh, I have some words.

Lizzie: Oh yeah? Like what?

Charlotte: I totally knew it.

(Intro plays)

Lizzie: You knew it? Knew what? You knew nothing.

Charlotte: I knew he liked you. Or that it was a definite possibility. Well, maybe it was just an inkling but come on, you must have had some suspicions!

Lizzie: Uh, no, I really didn't.

Charlotte: What about when he danced with you at Bing's party and no one else?

Lizzie: Uh... you weren't at that party.

Charlotte: I was at the Gibson wedding.

Lizzie: That was a cruel twist of fate.

Charlotte: Or love at first sight. Um, or how about all the times he happened to be at Carter's when you were there?

Lizzie: (scoffs) He was just wingman-ing for Bing.

Charlotte: Wingman-ing, really? That's what you think? I'm pretty sure the guy read Tolstoy for you.

Lizzie: (scoffs) Even if that's true, the virtues of reading Russian literature are far outweighed by the fact that he disinherited George. Oh yeah, and he broke up Bing and Jane!

Charlotte: You don't even like George anymore.

Lizzie: That doesn't mean he should've lost his future. I have a hundred more reasons to dislike Darcy than he has to like me.

Charlotte: Well, I don't think you have to worry about him liking you much longer, since you told him to watch the videos.

Lizzie: Yeah... not my finest moment.

Charlotte: You haven't exactly been easy on him.

Lizzie: Easy on him? He could sue me for some of the stuff I've said about him, not that it's untrue.

He's a really successful businessman. Really successful businessmen sue people. A lot. So I'm told. God, do we know any lawyers?

Darcy: I'm not going to sue you.

Charlotte: I'm going to go... do something work-related... (to Darcy) Regardless of your position of authority over me, I don't like what you did to Jane.

Darcy: May I sit down?

Lizzie: Sure.

Darcy: You're filming again.

Lizzie: Yes.

Darcy: You're quite prolific.

Lizzie: You... watched my videos.

Darcy: It was illuminating. You called me a robot. And a Newsie.

Lizzie: Yeah, that probably wasn't the best descriptor, I only saw you in the hat once, I just ran with it.

Darcy: It's fine. I don't care about that. Will you do me the favor of reading this?

Lizzie: What is it?

â€‹Darcy: I sometimes have difficulty explaining myself. Just read it. Please.

Lizzie: O-Okay.

â€‹Darcy: I'm sorry, if I made your visit here awkward or... unpleasant in any way.

Lizzie: Is this hand-written? And wax-sealed?

And it's in cursive! I don't think I've had to read cursive since they taught it in the 4th grade. Well, forget about it. Nothing that he can say can change anything. Nothing.

Out of sight, out of mind.

So, what else can we talk about?

Well, I've been working on my thesis and um... fine.