My Name is Lizzie Bennet - Ep: 1

Lizzie Bennet
https://youtube.com/watch?v=KisuGP2lcPs
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/KisuGP2lcPs

Lizzie: "It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune... must be in want of a wife."

My mom gave each of us one of these last Christmas. I have yet to wear it. Ever.

Who am I? I'm a 24-year-old grad student with a mountain of student loans living at home and preparing for a career. But to my mom, the only thing that matters is that I'm single. My name is Lizzie Bennet, and this is my life.

[intro plays]

Lizzie: So my mom belongs to a class of parents I like to call the 2.5 WPF club. What's the 2.5 WPF club? It stands for "home with 2.5 kids and a white picket fence". Which, I know, actually sounds pretty nice, but it's really annoying when it's all your mom talks about 24/7. Not only is my mom a member of the 2.5 WPF club, she's probably the president.

How do I know? Ladies and gentlemen, I present again... exhibit A. Universal truth? Really?

I'm sure there are a great number of rich, young, single men who aren't looking for wives. In fact, let's examine the percentages.
Sleazeballs and scumbags.
Incapable of escaping current dead-end relationships.
Sailing around the world trying to find themselves.
Focusing on work, or skills, or hobbies, or whatever it is that rich guys do when they're young.
But no, according to my mother, every rich single guy is put on this planet to impregnate her daughters.

To illustrate my point, I'll need a little help.

Charlotte: What are you doing?

Lizzie: Um, sit here. This is my friend Charlotte, and she's going to help me with this demo.

Charlotte: No, I'm not. Where is this from?

Lizzie: Here. Okay, your lines.

Charlotte: Who wrote this?

Lizzie: Shakespeare.

Lizzie: [imitating her mother] Honey, did you hear the house in Netherfield sold the other day?

Charlotte: [awkwardly imitating Lizzie's father] Did it now?

Lizzie: [still imitating mother] The large mansion with the white picket fence and plenty of space to raise 2.5 grand kids.

Charlotte: [as Lizzie's father] Mmhmm.

Lizzie: [as her mother] Emily Lute told me, she said the deal was for three million dollars. But it's not the price that matters, but who bought it.

Charlotte: [as Lizzie's father] As you say, my dear.

Lizzie: [as her mother] He's a well-mannered young man from Harvard, working to become a doctor. I hear his family has quite the fortune. How perfect for our girls.

Charlotte: [as Lizzie's father] How so?

Lizzie: [as her mother] Well my dear husband, can't you imagine him with one of our daughters?

Charlotte: [as Lizzie's father] I find that rather difficult, since I have yet to meet this young man.

Lizzie: [as her mother] Then you must go meet him at once! Welcome him to the neighborhood. I will bake a pie. Let him know about our three eligible young daughters who are in desperate need of a rich single man.

Lizzie: [no longer imitating mother] Look, I'm all for rich, single guys, but who's my mom to tell one of us who to marry? What if he's gay? What if he's a serial killer? What if he's a gay serial killer? I've got other things to worry about. It's not like we're all going to put our lives on hold because some rich single guy dropped from the sky.

Lydia: Lizzie! Did Mom tell you about who just bought that mansion in Netherfield?

Lizzie: Haven't heard a word about it.

Lydia: So this-- What, what're you guys doing?

Lizzie: Making a video. Everyone, this is my sister Lydia.

Lydia: Anyways, so this guy, his name is Bing Lee and he is rich, hot, and...

Lizzie: Lemme guess, single?

Lydia: Jackpot, right?! Whuuut!

Lizzie: No.

Lydia: Whuuut. Yesss.

[outro plays]