Mr. Bennet's Christmas Train Extravaganza - Ep: 71

Lizzie Bennet
https://youtube.com/watch?v=9q9il_51oZI
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/9q9il_51oZI

Lizzie: Hi everyone! Today is a rather auspicious day in the Bennet household. Today's the day that my father actually puts down his paper and breaks out the train set.

This is no ordinary, single-loop, under-the-tree type scenario. No. This is extreme. Apparently my grandfather rode the rails as a teenager and passed on the obsession. He left my father his entire train set, which is bigger than my entire room. And it just escalated from there!

Lydia: Heads up! Dad's new train whistle just arrived.

Lizzie: Dad got a new train whistle?!

Lydia: 'Kay, Dad, we're ready!

Lizzie: Why do you have headphones?

Lydia: Oh, you might want to cover your ears.

[loud train whistle]

Lizzie: Oh my God! That's so loud! Lydia! You were supposed to help---You were--she was clearly supposed to--why didn't you say anything?

My name is Lizzie Bennet and I think I've gone deaf!

[Lydia snorts a laugh]

[intro plays]

Lizzie: Dad's really outdoing himself this year.

Lydia: I can't believe you didn't know about his new train whistle. It's all he's been talking about for months.

Lizzie: I've been out of town!

Lydia: Oh, that's right, I keep forgetting. I just thought you were living up in your room like the sad, lost soul that you are. But, Dad promises not to set up the new train until he and Mom get back from Uncle Phil's Hanukkah party in Sacramento, which won't be until Thursday. Which means that they're going to be out of town on Wednesday night.

Wednesday! This, Wednesday!

Lizzie: Is it weird to have a mid-week Hanukkah party?

Lydia: No weirder than having a birthday party mid-week. You totally forgot, didn't you?

Lizzie: No. No, I didn't--it's your birthday! Yay!

Lydia: Ugh, December birthdays suck! No one remembers.

Lizzie: Which is your justification for making us celebrate your half-birthday all through high school.

Lydia: I need summer clothes as prezzies too! But this is the BIG 21! I can't believe you forgot!

Lizzie: Yeah! 21! And we are gonna go out and celebrate your 21st the American way. By going to a bar and getting carded and showing your real ID for once.

Lydia: No, that's how we're going to celebrate every day after. Did you not hear me when I said Mom and Dad are gonna be out of town on Wednesday night?! We are going to throw the most awesomest party in the history of EVER!

Lizzie: Ahh, I don't know, aren't we a little passed the age of throwing secret parties when our parents are out of the house?

Lydia: We are never past that age. Never! And it's not a secret. Mom and Dad totally said I could have some friends over.

[cell phone buzzes]

Ooh!

Lizzie: Who are you texting?

Lydia: Everyone that's invited. Cousin Mary, of course, can't forget about her. And then there's Harriet who has been my fourth best friend since the beginning of the semester. All the boys from my Econ class, the cute ones, not the smart ones. Too bad Jane had to go back for work. And of course the entire men's beach volleyball team!

Lizzie: That's *not* a few friends!

Lydia: Aannddd . . . sent!

Lizzie: Can we talk about this? The *volleyball* team?!

Lydia: They're totally hot! And it's gonna be awesome! Happy Birthday to me! Be jealous, untrusting nerdy, older sister.

Lizzie: That's not it at all. Is she more Lydia than she used to be or did being away throw off my sister meter?

Okay, time to appeal to a higher power.

That did not go as expected! Looks like Dad's okay with Lydia throwing a rager too!

Lizzie as Mr. Bennet: I see no problem with Lydia throwing a party. We won't hear the end of it until she does and, at least I'll know she'll be home and you'll be here to watch out for her, and to make sure no one goes into the den while I'm gone. Now, hand me that miniature bridge.

Lizzie: So now I get to babysit too! I foresee a weekend of cleaning the house and filing insurance claims! But what do I know? Maybe Lydia will act maturely for a change and keep the madness to a dull roar. Like Jane said, she's an adult. And with a little preparing, I am sure we could Lydia-proof the place: Tape on the windows, fortify all of the support structures of the house and delete all of Lydia's obnoxious dance music!

I'm just glad I know in advance what to expect. I don't like surprises.

[loud train whistle]

Lizzie: Holy mother that is loud! Why doesn't somebody warn me? Oh my God!

[outro plays]