Bing Lee and His 500 Teenage Prostitutes - Ep: 4

Lizzie Bennet

https://youtube.com/watch?v=2KjOskZJEAc
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/2KjOskZJEAc

Lizzie: My mother has been freaking out! (I wonder how many of these videos will start with that exact same sentence...). So what was she freaking out about? That Jane has to default on her student loans AGAIN, even though she has a full time job? Nope. Or the fact that I have mid-terms coming up that will probably shape my entire future? Not even close.

No, my mom freaks out about Bing Lee, some rich, successful, going-to-be-a-doctor who she's never met who's apparently destined to marry one of her daughters. My name is Lizzie Bennet, and this is all about Bing Lee.

(Intro)

Lizzie: According to the news, a.k.a. 2.5 WPF social media chatter, the mysterious Mr. Bing Lee is currently being whisked away to the airport by his driver. His driver, he has A DRIVER! I wish I had a driver, that would be awesome! As I was saying, Bing Lee is currently on his way to the airport, to return with an entire harem of women, according to my mother.

Lizzie: [dressed as her mother] 500 women! There are prostitutes and teenagers and probably not-so-distant cousins!

Lizzie: And you want me to marry this guy?

Lizzie: [as her mother] Have you not been listening to me? He's rich, handsome, and SINGLE!

Lizzie: And what makes you think there are 500 teenage prostitutes?

Lizzie: [as her mother] I just happened to be driving by his house, you know, 5 or 6 times, spoken to his neighbors, stolen his mail… completely normal things!

Lizzie: Right! Of course.

Lizzie: [as her mother] And anyway, you, my dear, are missing the point. Those are now 500 women with a better chance of marrying that man than any of my hopeless, pathetic, single daughters.

(Lydia enters and hits Lizzie's hat off)

Lizzie: Hey!

Lydia: Wow, you have seriously lost your mind. (clicks tongue) You do need some man-action.

Lizzie: Well you've got plenty to spare.

Lydia: Hey! You should be nice to me because I know something you don't know.

(Lydia goes to leave)

Lizzie: Wait, Lydia! Wait!

(Lydia is sitting next to Lizzie)

Lizzie: Okay. Now tell me. (silence) Oh my god, tell me or get out!

Lydia: Okay, so Mom paid me 10 bucks to drive by Bing's on my way home from Marie's and he only brought back one girl. So I talked to Marie, who texted Ben who called his cousin—

Lizzie: Lydia!

Lydia: Um, she's just his sister. The girl he brought back, just his sister! Holla!

Lizzie: Alright, well at least Mom will be thrilled. So wait, you saw him. Is he actually cute?

Lydia: Nah, just the back of his head. I tried! He's like a ninja. His sister was beautiful, though. Totally gorgeous. So he's probably at least passable. Although, sometimes good genes tend to skip a sibling…

Lizzie: Alright, time for you to leave!

Lydia: Wait! I'm not done, there was someone else, another man.

Lizzie: Wait. Like, frolicking in the meadows, holding hands, another man?

Lydia: No, dumbass! He brought a friend back with him. An incredibly hot, incredibly rich piece of man-cake friend. I heard they went to school together.

Lizzie: That doesn't mean they weren't frolicking in meadows.

Lydia: Oh my god, stop it, they are too hot and single to be gay!

Lizzie: Does your infinite chain of sources know this ambiguously sexually-oriented "man-cake"'s name?

Lydia: Darcy.

Lizzie: Darcy? That's it? Is that his first name or his last name?

Lydia: I don't know, I just heard them call him Darcy.

Lizzie: Wow. That's an awful name.

Lydia: I think it's a great name. Isn't that, uh, Colin Firth's name in that chubby Zellweger movie?

Lizzie: I do love that movie.

(Lydia leaves)

Lizzie: Darcy. It's like he's a dubstep DJ. Wub, wub, wub, rrrrrrr.

(Lydia throws a shirt at Lizzie)

Lizzie: Lydia! Oh my god!