Darcy Wickham Drama - Ep: 44

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

Lizzie [whispering]: Hi everyone. So we're back from Carter's, and my parents are asleep, but I couldn't wait to tell you about the major drama that happened. And for once, Lydia had nothing to do with it. My name is Lizzie Bennet, and there is weirdness afoot!

(Intro)

Lizzie: I swear, I'm not being overly dramatic, in spite of it being the dead of night and whispering.

Nor am I drunk. When one takes their crazy baby sister to a bar they limit themselves to one drink, lest said baby sister sneaks away and starts dancing on table tops.

[Jane enters]

Lizzie: Is she asleep?

Jane: Yes. I had to promise Lydia that she could be the lead singer of our new girl band.

Lizzie: Is that wise? Lydia is uncanny about remembering promises when tipsy.

Jane: I promised her she could be in it, I never promised we would form one. Can you imagine?

Lizzie [pointing to the camera]: Well, now they can.

Jane [talking in a normal volume]: Oh, and we don't have to whisper anymore, Mom and Dad actually aren't home.

Lizzie: What? Where are they?

Jane: There was a note on the counter; Dad took Mom to dinner.

Lizzie: It's two in the morning.

Jane: Yes, but Dad said that in order to get Mom's mind off of recent troubles, he was going to take her to dinner on the coast, at that hotel.

Lizzie [slightly disgusted]: Oh, okay. Let's not think about that. But the upshot is I can tell you about the major drama at a normal volume.

Jane: It was not that major.

Lizzie: You didn't see it! Let me set the stage. We're all at Carter's Bar, George Wickham is off fetching us drinks.

Jane: Which was very gentlemanly.

Lizzie: And had the added benefit of keeping Lydia away from the bar, or as she likes to call it, "her stage". Anyway, so, as expected, in walks Caroline and Darcy and-[Lizzie turns to Jane] where was Bing? I thought he was coming?

Jane: Yeah, Caroline said that he had to fly out early for an interview. I got an apology text a few hours ago. I miss him.

Lizzie: Yeah, especially tonight, as you were drawing the eyes of several charming young gentlemen.

Jane: Yes, but my eyes are only for one. I'm sure he knows that.

Lizzie: But I did see you chat with several of your suitors at the bar. You hussy.

Jane: I was just being nice.

Lizzie [resuming the story]: And, just as Jane, like clockwork, was being nice, Darcy was just as reliably being Darcy.

Jane: Lizzie, if you're going to tell this, you need to tell it fairly.

Lizzie: Such as?

Jane: Such as...[she puts on the Darcy costume theater hat and speaks in a lower voice] I was actually trying to be really nice to you.

Lizzie: Here we go again.

Jane [as Darcy]: Oh, hi Lizzie, it's so good to see you.

Lizzie: See, you do it with your niceness. Darcy doesn't have any niceness.

Jane: This is verbatim.

Lizzie: It's his...tone. Whatever, continue.

Jane [as Darcy]: So, I was thinking about what you said about how Tolstoy thought that Shakespeare was a poor dramatist.

Lizzie: And this is where we interrupt this attempt at civility to bring you the major drama. Because what happened next was...George Wickham came to the table.

Jane: And then?

Lizzie: And then Darcy just *left.*

Jane: I'm sorry, that just doesn't sound very dramatic to me.

Lizzie: Well, let's let the viewers decide.

[Lizzie takes the Darcy costume theater hat and Jane puts on the Wickham costume theater goggles.]

[Lizzie as Darcy and Jane as Wickham slowly turn their heads to stare at each other in disgust]

Lizzie [as Darcy]: I'm sorry. I have to go. [She leaves.]

[Jane takes off the costume theater]

Jane: See? Not that dramatic.

Lizzie: Oh come on, the tension. There's got to be a deep, dark back story there. George and Darcy know each other, and what's more, they hate each other. Proof that George is an excellent judge of character.

And, when I asked George about it, he said they had a "history".

Jane: What kind of history?

Lizzie: He wouldn't say.

Jane: Okay, that's a little dramatic.

Lizzie: Do you know if Bing knows George?

Jane: Not that I'm aware of; he's never mentioned him.

Lizzie: So, a history so shameful, Darcy hasn't even confided in his

best friend Bing. The secret gets deeper and darker.

Jane: I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation for everything.

Lizzie: What do you think it is? Maybe George has incriminating photos of Darcy. [Lizzie gets increasingly excited] Maybe George has videos of Darcy in a boy band!

Jane: Maybe someone's getting a little punchy.

Lizzie: All right, maybe I am letting my imagination run wild. I just really want to know the story behind tonight's dramatic staring contest.

Jane: Lizzie, don't be nosy.

Lizzie: It's not nosy, it's investigative. They didn't call me, "Lizzie the Spy" in middle school for nothing.

Jane: Okay, Lizzie "The Spy" Bennet, don't let it bother you. [Jane gets up to leave.]

Lizzie: Okay. Goodnight.

Jane: Goodnight.

[Jane leaves and Lizzie turns back to the camera.]

Lizzie: I'm totally going to find out and it's totally going to be good.