Tale of Two Gents - Ep: 38

Lizzie Bennet
https://youtube.com/watch?v=6RDFZij8zuw
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/6RDFZij8zuw

Lizzie: Hi everyone. So today- [text message ring tone]
Hello, everyone. I apologize for not exactly being on the ball today, but Charlotte can just edit this out.

Anyway, I have, admittedly been a little distracted lately, um, but I wanted you to know- [text message ring tone] You all keep asking in the comments anyway, so um...

My name is Lizzie Bennet, and George Wickham is texting me.

[intro music]

Okay. So, if you recall, George Wickham was in town a couple months ago, for the week-long swimming competition of hard bodies and weak beer. Normally, I avoid the water logged swim jocks, but he's not a college kid, he's an instructor, and he's pretty charming. Especially his shoulders. They are incredibly charming. Well, George and I have been messaging back and forth for the last few days. Even if he is a couple states away, it's nice to engage in witty, intelligent conversation with a member of the opposite sex.

Lydia: The rest of us call that flirting.

Lizzie: I'm not flirting.

Lydia: Mmmmhmmm. Let me see.

[mocking Wickham and Lizzie] "Keeping cool so far this summer?" "Not all of us have a career in water sports. Some of us have to settle for mall air conditioning." "Ouch, well at least some stores have those massage chairs" "I would reply indignantly but it's difficult from this massage chair, winky face?" Ugh you even flirt lamely! Reason number 12 as to why Lizzie Bennet is perpetually single.

Lizzie: Seriously, is there actually a list?

Lydia: Hello, he left you like a gazillion openings! "I am so hot right now, come over and give me a swimming lesson."

Lizzie: Ew, that's just gross.

Lydia: Actually, that's just sent.

Lizzie: What?! No. You- gimme, gimme that.

Lydia: Only if you promise to sit next to Ricky Collins at dinner tonight.

Lizzie: Wait, he's coming over again?
Lydia: Yeah, I think he might like you, you should probably jump on that train before it leaves the station

Lizzie: He's engaged.

Lydia: Engaged ain't married, am I right?

Lizzie: Give it to me, give it-

Lydia: PROMISE!

Lizzie: Fine! Fine, just give it to me. Wait you didn't- you didn't send anything...

Lydia: Sucker no backsies!

Lizzie: Still dealing with the Ricky Collins situation. He's over here every day and he wants to talk about work all the time and its so exhausting. Yesterday he had me helping pack up some of his mother's things and somehow, that turned into a treatise on his company's financial earnings and quarterly projections. Is it any wonder that I'm enjoying the virtual company of George Wickham over the actual company of Ricky Collins? Oh, come to think of it, hold on a second!

To lay out exactly why I prefer the virtual company of George Wickham to the actual company of Ricky Collins, I have brought in the lovely Jane.

Jane: Hi everyone, it's so good to see you. Well, not that I can actually see you-

Lizzie: They know. Let's begin.

Jane: Okay. So first category, their topics of conversation.

Lizzie: Well, George likes to talk about his passion for swimming, and nurturing young athletes.

Jane. Awwww, that's so noble of him. And, what about Ricky?

Lizzie: Uh, Ricky, as far as I can tell, is passionate about saying lots of words.

Jane: He certainly is very... loquacious. What has George done to pursue his life's passion?

Lizzie: Well George is pursuing his life passion come hell or high water. No pun intended. But making a living by pursuing my passion is pretty much my life goal.

Jane: So you both have that to talk about. And, what about Ricky?

Lizzie: He's gotten some rich woman to give him lots and lots of money?

Jane: All things being the same, money is nice to have.

Lizzie: I'm not disparaging money, I'm disparaging his intent to use it to make bad reality T.V.

Jane: Okay, so how about manner of communication.

Lizzie: Well, George is texting me from hundreds of miles away,

Jane: Aw, you're still on his mind.

Lizzie: While Ricky communicates to our mother how lovely her home-cooked meals are, while simultaneously insulting my life choices.

Jane: No, I don't think he means it that way. I think he's being polite to her and being constructive to you.

Lizzie: Are you defending him?

Jane: Just trying to give him the benefit of the doubt.

Lizzie: You have the benefit of the benefit of the doubt. While you're off "carpooling" with Bing, I'm the one stuck babysitting Ricky.

Jane: Lizzie...

Lizzie: I know. I should be nicer. Let's continue.

Jane: Okay, how about charm?

Lizzie: Well George has those really...charming shoulders... But

seriously, I doubt he'll ever bore me with financial earnings projections. TO be fair, Ricky is gainfully employed, but, so is George, and he gets to travel. And I still have no idea why Ricky is here!

Jane: So, looks like George Wickham is the winner!

Both: Yay!!!

Lizzie: Not like it was a competition. As if I'd ever want to spend time with Ricky even if he was the last man on Earth.

Jane: Lizzie...

Lizzie: I know, I'm just, I'm a little cranky. There is so much tension in the house right now. Do you know that Mom actually counts the hours that you and Bing are apart?

Jane: Well, that's our mother. Oh, I have to actually take her to the bank. Are you going to be okay?

Lizzie: Is that for-

Jane: Yes, just try not to think about it. Okay, bye everyone!

Lizzie: So, yeah. Mom going to the bank probably has something to do with Dad's mortgage meeting last week. He didn't tell any of us about it, but I saw it in his calendar. Sometimes it just, it feels like too much. And you know what, forget it! As Jane said, I'm not gonna think about it. [text message ring tone] Oh! Oh my god.

DAMN YOU AUTOCORRECT!

[endscreen music]