25 Douchebags and a Gentleman - Ep:18

Lizzie Bennet
https://youtube.com/watch?v=Z7pGhgm2M60
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/Z7pGhgm2M60

Lizzie: First of all, I would like to say that I love my sister Jane. Breaking news, I know! But ever since she and Bing have been spending more time together, I'm getting this.. vibe off of her. Not a bad vibe, but rather an I'm-so-happy-to-be-with-someone-and-I-wish-you-were-too vibe. She's not as bad as Mom, don't get me wrong, but sometimes it gets... wearing.

And maybe *part* of the reason I went out with Lydia the other night - small part, minuscule - was not unrelated to that. But Carter's during swim week? Let's just say my expectations weren't high.

My name is Lizzie Bennet, and last night was... surprising.

[Intro plays]

Lizzie: So yeah, I went to Carter's with my sister Lydia. And no, I was not wearing that top. And it's swim week, so the swim team's in town! Which team? ALL OF THEM. So, the bar was full of swimmers, all with very nice drinking habits.

Jane: [opening the door] Lizzie? Why is Lydia passed out in the living room?

Lizzie: She's not.

Jane: Um- [leaves]

Lizzie: She's not passed out. I take my sisterly duties *very* seriously.

Jane: [returning] No, she seems pretty passed out.

Lizzie: Sugar crash. I made her switch to energy drinks. [to camera] She was bouncing off the walls. Not pretty.

Jane: You took her to Carter's?

Lizzie: Not took, more like chaperoned. You know how Lydia is.

Jane: That's so sweet of you, did you guys have a good time?

Lizzie: Uh, clearly you've never been to a bar during swim week. It was saintly of me, and uh, fun is not exactly the word I would choose.

Jane: I thought you liked swimmers.

Lizzie: Ugh. Allow me to demonstrate a typical interaction of the evening.

[wearing swim goggles, in a deep voice] How old are you?

Jane: Lizzie, that's not proper.

Lizzie: [as swimmer] I don't care. Do you want a drink?

Jane: Um, sure?

Lizzie: [as swimmer] Cool, give me one too.

Jane: Oh, okay. What do you want?

Lizzie: [as swimmer] (pretends to dump cup on Jane's chest) Aww, my bad, babe. Lemme me get that for you. (pats Jane's chest)

Jane: Lizzie can we please stop?

Lizzie: [as herself again] Is coming off like an ass an elective offered in our schools, because if so, they are acing it.

Jane: Maybe they were just trying to make conversation, I mean, you know how hard it is to meet people.

Lizzie: Jane.

Jane: Too nice?

Lizzie: Waaay too nice. Look, I'm thrilled you've met an awesome someone, but that doesn't mean that my Mr. Right is going to fall out of the sky so we can double date! And he's certainly not gonna fall off a bar stool.

Jane: Every relationship has to start somewhere.

Lizzie: I guess you did meet Bing because Mom was stalking him.

Jane: Nooo, we met at that wedding.

Lizzie: Regardless, I hope my next relationship doesn't start in the gutter.

Jane: So every swimmer in that bar was a loser? Really?

Lizzie: Well, there.. there was one guy.

[jump cut; Jane is dressed as Lizzie and Lizzie is portraying George Wickham.]

Lizzie: [as Wickham] Oh, please don't sit there. Looks like some of these athletes don't mind being up to their ankles in liquids.

Jane: Wow. He did that?

Jane: [as Lizzie] You put your jacket over a beer puddle. I didn't know that happened except in period films.

Lizzie: [as Wickham] Well, it's making a come back. Like, uh, mix tapes and tandem bicycles.

Jane: (looking at her script) Aw, he seems really nice! He asked you what you're studying and he made a joke about a walrus! Aw!

Lizzie: Now you've spoiled the punchline.

Jane: And what was his name?

Lizzie: George Wickham. I think he's one of the coaches. But don't get too excited, I'm still not sure that he makes up for all the others who were staring at my chest all night.

Jane: But you like him.

Lizzie: Not the point.

Jane: It's not?

Lizzie: I'm not saying he's the guy for me! I'm not saying I'm ever gonna see him again I'm just saying he's a gentleman, a rare, rare... (smiling) Okay fine George Wickham is programmed into my phone and he's already texted me today, happy?

Jane: Yaaaaay! Are you going to see him again?

Lizzie: Well, finals are coming up, but, hopefully later in the summer. But regardless, all this goes to show that gentlemen are an endangered species and if we aren't careful, they'll go the way of mix tapes and tandem bicycles.

Jane: But those are making a comeback.

Lizzie: Not the point! The point is that there is no excuse for a guy to be rude, arrogant or stuck-up.

Jane: Oh, that reminds me. Darcy was walking by the house the other day. Weird.

Lizzie: There is no excuse for him. George proves it.

Jane: Is George cute?

Lizzie: Smoking hot.