Proposal Fallout - Ep: 40

Lizzie Bennet
https://youtube.com/watch?v=WRR6Ft4uWLI
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/WRR6Ft4uWLI

Lizzie-as-Mom: Oh, hello there everyone! I just wanted to step in for a moment and apologize for my middle daughter, Elizabeth. Her lack of manners, her poor judgment, her personal habits. I'd like to apologize for everything about her, but mostly for turning down a very lucrative proposal from young Mr. Collins, but never mind. Since she has shown herself incapable of speaking rationally, I will be speaking for her from now on. And for my husband, too. He does not understand the gravity of the situation at all. Men. My name is Mrs. Bennet, and y'all just run along, now!

[Intro Music]

Lizzie: Okay, obviously my mother still doesn't know I have a video blog, but if she did? I'm sure she'd show up here, too. She's been trying to speak for me in every other aspect of my life. She actually tried to tell Ricky I didn't mean it when I said I wouldn't take his horrible, high paying partnership. Grown adult here, fully capable of making my own decisions! But when I try to tell her that?

Lizzie-as-Mom: Well, if you're such a grownup, perhaps you should be living on your own. Of course, for that you'd need some form of income. Had any offers of employment lately?

Lizzie: Since when are you so hot on me getting a job?

Lizzie-as-Mom: I'm merely pointing out that if you were settled in an occupation, you might be able to afford your own apartment, and that can only help in your pursuit of a husband.

Lizzie: But I'm not pursuing a husband.

Lizzie-as-Mom: And that is the whole problem. I swear, Lizzie, I don't know what you do with your time.

Lizzie: What do I do with my time? I do plenty, but is it good enough for my mother? No. I thought she was shoving me at Ricky before, but now the entire force of her convoluted plan-making brain is pushing us together at every opportunity. Thank god for Charlotte. She is a total hero, running interference, making conversation to fill awkward pauses, - i.e. all the time. She's out with Ricky right now, in fact helping him pack up the last of his mom's stuff for the mover's. Charlotte, you really are my bestest friend. I mean it.

Jane: You're going to hurt my feelings one of these days.

Lizzie: Oh, please. What have you done for me lately? A truly considerate sister would at least have a spat with Bing to distract Mom for five minutes.

Jane: That would make our carpool so awkward.

Lizzie: For the last time, you and Bing do not have a carpool.

Jane: Yes, we do! For the last week, and it's been going great.

Lizzie: He picks you up, drives you to work, does whatever for the day, and then takes you home again. That's not a carpool, that's a chauffeur.

Jane: But we can use the carpool lane. Ergo, carpool.

Lizzie: We don't have any carpool lanes around here.

Jane: But if we did.

Lizzie: Fine. I'll give you your carpool. But if you're not going to do anything to distract Mom, then Charlotte's going to remain my bestest friend for the time being.

Jane: Mom's still freaking out?

Lizzie: She answers the phone: “Bennet residence, I apologize for my daughter Lizzie who just turned down a very lucrative proposal.”

Jane: She does not say that.

Lizzie: Then it's implied. And thanks for the sympathy, BTW.

Jane: I'm sorry. How about I go downstairs and ask Mom to help me bake cookies for Bing and I's one week carpool-versary.

Lizzie: You'd do that for me? Really?

Jane: Mm-hmm. What are sisters for? Oh, and while she's doing that, you and Dad should go grab a pizza for dinner. She won't want to invite Ricky over if he can't compliment her cooking.

Lizzie: You're the best. Yeah, okay, fine. Even with Mom being nuts and embarrassing me and Ricky moping around, I'm still a pretty lucky girl. Oh, and Charlotte? Still the bestest friend ever.

[outro plays]