Leftovers - Ep: 68

Lizzie Bennet

https://youtube.com/watch?v=DRmtO2R4IIQ
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/DRmtO2R4IIQ

Lizzie: Thanksgiving break is over. Although the leftovers are not. In spite of the fact that we didn't have any extended family over this year, my mom still bought a thirty pound turkey.

"Why?" you ask? I used to wonder that too but I have recently developed a theory. It's actually a very subtle ploy. Mom thinks that if she continues to cook more and more food, eventually we'll have to bring husbands and grandchildren over to help eat it all.

But I have foiled her plan. Charlotte is on her way over and I happen to know I can get her to take home at least a gallon of turkey soup... every year, never fails.

My name is Lizzie Bennet and I will not be outfoxed!

[intro plays]

Lizzie: So, Charlotte . . .

Charlotte: Lizzie . . .

Lizzie: How was your Thanksgiving?

Charlotte: Great! How was yours?

Lizzie: Fine.

Charlotte: You invited me over so you could trick me into taking home turkey soup, didn't you?

Lizzie: Trick you? I would never trick you. No, I---

Charlotte: Do this every year, but, that's fine. In fact I will take home not only a gallon of turkey soup, but also a Tupperware full of stuffing.

Lizzie: That's great!

Charlotte: Just as soon as you tell me what Darcy's letter said about George Wickham.

Lizzie: What makes you think that Darcy's letter was about George?

Charlotte: *Please*. Everyone watching knows the letter was about George.

Lizzie: That's an interesting hypothesis, but if I haven't discussed this with you or my sisters or anyone in private, what makes you think I'm going to share it on the internet?

Charlotte: Because, if, hypothetically, you have new information, you really should share Darcy's side of the story.

Lizzie: No, I think what we've learned from all this is that I really shouldn't. I can't be sure I have the whole story.

Charlotte: Okay, and what proof did you have when you shared George's side?

Lizzie: To be fair, I didn't share George's side. I shared a story, a hypothetical story!

Charlotte: Sure . . .

Lizzie: Fine, but I'm only doing this in the interest of fairness.

Hello, boys and girls, once upon a time there were two little boys who grew up together. One was called Darvid and the other was called Batman.

Before Darvid's father died, he promised that he would pay for Batman to go study at a far-off cave when he grew up, and when the time came for Batman to go to the cave, he asked Darvid for the money that he had been promised. Darvid offered to pay the cave directly, but Batman said he preferred to handle his own money, so Darvid let him.

And then Batman went off to the cave where he . . .

Charlotte: Was not a very dedicated spelunker?

Lizzie: Yes, and also he spent all the money that was supposed to last him four years in less than one.

Charlotte: Less than a year?! I-how would someone even do that?

Lizzie: Hypothetically speaking, I wasn't given details, but I gather they were not very spelunky?

Charlotte: So, when Batman ran out of money, he asked Darvid for more?

Lizzie: Right! And when Darvid wouldn't give him anymore, Batman started telling everyone that he had been denied what was rightfully his. The end . . . hypothetically.

Charlotte: That would explain Darcy's reactions to George.

Lizzie: If true! I mean, this is also the guy that admits to breaking up his best friend and my sister.

Charlotte: Well, that's the key, isn't it? He admits to what he did to Jane and Bing.

Lizzie: Doesn't prove anything. Honest people sometimes do dishonest things and even liars tell the truth sometimes. I have told both hypothetical sides of the story and now I am done with it. This video is officially a Darvid and Batman-free zone. Now let's go!

Charlotte: Go-go where?

Lizzie: Pack up your soup and stuffing! Come on!

I'm not sure if that was a fair trade. My dear bestie may have pulled a fast one on me, but it still might be the right thing to do.

At Thanksgiving, you're supposed to think of all the things that you're grateful for and as awful as this whole situation is, I think- I think I am a little bit grateful for Darcy's letter. It ended up being . . . illuminating.

Is that a Darcy-ism?

[outro plays]