The Most Awkward Dance Ever - Ep: 7

Lizzie Bennet
https://youtube.com/watch?v=-SPDX0rOuds
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/-SPDX0rOuds

Lizzie: In my last video some of you thought I went a little... Dramatic on William Darcy. And though it may have seemed a bit harsh, in this video I'm going to tell you a story.

A story of a wedding. A painful wedding. Where a man and a women were forced to dance together because of some stupid binding tradition that should be banned for all time!

So if you haven't guessed it yet. Yeah. I caught the bouquet. And guess what stuck up, pompous, prick caught the garter? Yeah...

My name is Lizzie Bennet and this is the story of the most awkward dance ever!

(intro plays)

Lizzie: So you're all probably wondering, "How did this ridiculous set of circumstances happen?" Oh trust me; I am too. I was standing against the wall, minding my own business. Well, really I was watching Bing and Jane dance song after song. And then watching my mom pump her fists so that everyone else in the world knew of her unbridled success.

Lizzie dressed as Mrs. Bennet: Lizzie, who's that dancing with Bing Lee, the rich, new neighbor, who's studying to be a doctor?

Lizzie: For the tenth time it's your eldest, most perfect daughter Jane.

Lizzie dressed as Mrs. Bennet: This is the happiest day of my life!

Lizzie: What about the day you married dad? Or the days your three daughters were born?

Lizzie dressed as Mrs. Bennet: Nope. It's today!

Lizzie: You see at that point I was okay. I mean not totally thrilled but okay. But then came time for the bouquet toss, or as it is to my mother: her last, best hope to match off one of her single, pathetic daughters. I didn't so much catch it as prevent it from smashing into my face. But I figured my mom probably paid off Ellen Gibson to throw it directly at me. I wonder how much my misery is worth to my mother...

So anyway fast forward. Darcy's standing as far away from the clump of bachelors as possible. To allow for minimal chance of interaction with other humans. Yet somehow mustered the hospitality to catch the garter. After it hit him in the chest.

So there we were, forcing smiles, for the dog and stuck-up pony show. Or should that be the stuck-up dog and pony show.

But that Darcy, what a charmer! Stone, freaking statue. Can't you just imagine fake happiness and force a smile? So there's me, being the lady, following his lead, more like swaying to his sway… It was like he was trying to hear the crickets in the next county. When I asked him if he actually like it here in town…

Lizzie as Darcy: Not especially.

Lizzie: Do you enjoy dancing?

Lizzie as Darcy: Not if I can help it.

Lizzie: Glad to rock your world there Darcy. So the dance ends. I swayed. He snobbed. And he actually thanked me for the dance. So then I head back to my wall, where Charlotte is waiting. I give her the skinny, we laugh, and then we head outside. And that's when I hear him talking to Bing.

Lizzie as Darcy: You were dancing with the only tolerable girl in the room. So stop wasting your time with me. Sure Lizzie's decent enough, but why would I continue to dance with her when no one else does?

Lizzie: I mean it …Who is he to…I mean…I'm not even going to give him the satisfaction. Well Mr. Darcy I hope it's not too lonely on the pedestal you put yourself on. It's safe to say I like you even less than you like me. Lizzie Bennet: Decent Enough.