Staff Spirit - Ep: 59

Lizzie Bennet
https://youtube.com/watch?v=PVz6o7x_OTs
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/PVz6o7x_OTs

Lizzie: It's been three days. Three days since Fitz told me that Darcy broke up Bing and my sister and three days since I have said anything about it to anyone. Not even Charlotte, because Darcy is Charlotte's boss's boss's consultant or something and I can't let her hate him the way I do. And I do. Hate him. More than ever. I didn't even know that was possible. My name is Lizzie Bennet, and I can't hold it in anymore.

(Intro plays)

Lizzie: So for the last few days Charlotte's been swamped with Ricky Collins' latest brainchild: Staff Spirit Development! Basically this involves not mandatory but highly encouraged goofy office events like 'Mustache Day' and 'Wear Plaid Like It's 1992 Day', culminating in tonight's Halloween party at the restaurant across the street. The upshot of this is Charlotte's been too busy to watch, let alone edit, my last few videos, so she remains blissfully ignorant. I don't think she could stand to be in the same room with him if she knew. I know I can't. Part of me wants to yell in his face and tell him he's a jackass, but I'm afraid that if I did I'd end up trying to wring his neck. Which would be bad, considering he's Charlotte's something.

(Charlotte knocks on the door, enters, dressed as a bottle of ketchup)

Charlotte: Hey Lizzie, you ready? Where's your costume?

Lizzie: I don't think I'm gonna make it.

Charlotte: Wait, why?

Lizzie: I have a headache?

Charlotte: Oh come on. If I'm forced to go as a giant condiment, the least you can do is be a cat for five minutes. Please?

Lizzie: I just don't think I can manage dressing up and making small talk right now.

Charlotte: Ah. Darcy. Avoiding him really isn't the best way to-

Lizzie: Charlotte, please don't press me on this.

Charlotte: Okay. It's no big deal, I'll make your excuses.

Collins (running in, dressed as a bottle of mustard): Oh Miss Lu! We must retreat immediately across the boulevard! The employees have gathered and are eagerly awaiting the announcement of which costume has won the $25 gift certificate to the fast food franchise of their choice! Miss Bennet, are you not ready?

Charlotte: Oh, Lizzie's really tired, uh, delayed jet lag. She's going to sit this one out.

Collins: Oh but Miss Bennet, you couldn't possibly-

Charlotte: The time, Mr. Collins! We can't be late for our own announcement!

Collins: Oh, right as always, Miss Lu! Feel better, Miss Bennet!

(Collins runs out, Lizzie mouths 'thank you', Charlotte leaves)

Lizzie: Charlotte's right about one thing. I am really tired. Tired of having my life overshadowed by a cloud of misery named William Darcy. Who is he to have such influence over my life and the lives of the people I love? Just to torture myself, I decided to reread all the postcards, emails, and texts that Jane has sent me since she moved to Los Angeles, and you know what, Darcy? She's not happy. Here's the one from the care package she sent me:

"I haven't seen Bing yet, but I'm sure he'll get the message I left him. He works so hard."

"New job is great, hoping to make friends with my coworkers, it can get lonely out here."

"Saw Caroline finally. She says Bing is so busy with a new study partner he can't even answer her emails. We were then supposed to meet up for lunch earlier but she forgot the day. Oh well."

You know, in hindsight, I would've thought that if anyone had a stake in who Bing dated it would have been Caroline doing the influencing. After all, she does have to be sister to whoever Bing ends up with, and that does explain why she dropped Jane like a hot potato. But why in the hell should Darcy care? I guess that's the point: He doesn't! He doesn't care who he hurts, or what damage he causes. If he doesn't like you, if he thinks you are somehow less than him, he will toss you aside. It's probably a good thing that I am avoiding him because if I did try to strangle him right now, I could probably finish the job. So for his own sake, if I never see that slimy, unfeeling, sociopathic robot again, it'll be too soon!

Darcy (knocking on the door): Excuse me, Lizzie.

Lizzie: Darcy. (to camera) what.

(Outro plays)