The Insistent Proposal - Ep: 39

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

Lizzie: So I've been home with my mother for about two weeks now, and already I'm thinking fondly of the days when I was overstaying my welcome at Netherfield. My name is Lizzie Bennet, and my mother has taken nuts to a new level.

[Intro plays]

Lizzie: So the problem is that ever since Mr. Collins came over for that first dinner and complimented my mother's cooking, no matter what I say, or hint, or cajole, she lets him in at the drop of a hat. HIM! It's like he has my mother under some kind of voodoo spell...

[cut to Lizzie dressed as Mrs. Bennet]

Lizzie [as Mrs. Bennet]: Oh my goodness, now THERE'S a sensible young man! Lizzie, don't you think he's a remarkably clever, good sort of man, one that you may consider.... partnering with?

[cut to Lizzie as herself]

Lizzie: Of course, mom is thrilled any time a young man comes to visit one of her daughters. She seems to have forgotten he's engaged. I suppose it is partially my fault for proposing to him when I was seven. [laughs] But he can't still be thinking about that. But as soon as I get up in the morning, my mother says he's called. It's like he knows when I've been sleeping. He knows when I'm awake. He's like an evil Santa! A stalky, annoying, talkative, evil Santa! Stalking might actually be better because then at least I could get a restraining order. He's not... bad, he's just... Ricky. And he won't leave me alone.

[frantic knocking at the door, Mr. Collins comes in without waiting for a response]

Mr. Collins: Good evening, Miss Bennet!

Lizzie: Oh, good god!

Mr. Collins: Oh, don't be alarmed, I garnered your mother's permission to visit with you.

Lizzie: Oh, yes, because that is all that's required to enter my bedroom.

Mr. Collins: I'm here for a private audience with-

Lizzie: Well I'm recording a video, so if you can't say it to the entire internet-

Mr. Collins: Oh, you are a bold one, Miss Bennet! And you do well to infer that what I've come to propose deserves an audience.

Lizzie: I do? No, I mean, I don't do.

Mr. Collins: How do I begin? Your efforts to impress me have not gone unnoticed, and actually add to your many qualities-

Lizzie: You know I think that my mom probably needs me-

[She tries to get up but Mr. Collins grabs her hand and pulls her back down. Lizzie looks apprehensively at him holding her hand]

Mr. Collins: You're nervous, of course, my intentions have been too obvious. In fact, when I saw you again, I knew that you would be the one-

Lizzie: You can't be serious...

Mr. Collins: To share the most important part of my life.

Lizzie: Oh my god!

Mr. Collins: Elizabeth Bennet, would you become my new business partner?

Lizzie: What?

Mr. Collins: I'm offering you a partnership at my company. It would be very lucrative.

Lizzie: You're offering me a...job?

Mr. Collins: I should inform you of my reasons for seeking a business partner. Actually, that was my original intent in attending VidCon! First of all-

[cut to]

Secondly-

[cut to]

And thirdly-

[cut to]

And finally, my VC, Katherine De Burgh strongly suggested I have a stalwart partner with a vivacious personality.

Lizzie: Oh, no, but she can't possibly approve of someone who's still in grad school...

Mr. Collins: Oh, no, she is sure to approve of you. And I can easily compensate for your lack of connections or business acumen.

Lizzie: ...good?

Mr. Collins: Of course, you will have to abandon your studies... it is a great personal sacrifice, but I am willing to make it. I had envisioned a colleague with a higher degree, but in any case, this should more than take care of your needs. I'd like to start w-

Lizzie: I haven't accepted the offer.

Mr. Collins: Negotiating, of course. You're just proving I made the right choice. Allow me to sweeten the deal with...[draws out an envelope] extended benefits!

Lizzie: Um, no, I, I'm not negotiating, I just, I don't see myself making instructional videos...I'm saying no.

Mr. Collins: Amazing. Such a shrewd and calculating individual like yourself, I should have expected this... and indeed I did! I know what you require. A generous... signing bonus! [produces another envelope]

Lizzie: Oh, god, Ricky, you just don't get it!

Mr. Collins: Please! Mr. Collins...

Lizzie: No! no! I'm talking now. Me. Let me talk, just shut up! I-I'm not negotiating, I'm not being shrewd, or calculating, or, or any four-syllable word you can think of. I mean it with all due respect that I possibly have left when I say I don't want to be your business partner!

Mr. Collins: I am well-connected, funded, and offering you a respectable position. As charming as you are, you are unlikely to ever be offered anything comparable with your connections and

degree.

Lizzie: Okay. [grabs his arm and yanks him up] Out you go. [escorts him from the room and slams the door]

What the eff? There are no. Words. I guess that's the kind of present an evil Santa would give. And I get to tell my mother that I turned him down... it just gets better and better.

[Outro plays]