

TABLE FOR ONE

A one-act drama

by Elizabeth Poynter

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SAMPLE



**POYNTERVIEW
PLAYSCRIPTS**

Two hundred years ago if a woman was forty plus and unmarried, she devoted herself to good works or became an unpaid babysitter for the rest of her family. Nowadays there are so many options, life is easy ... or is it?

Cast

MARTIN	any age between early 30s and 50 Owns a 2 nd -hand bookshop in York.
URSULA	early 40s, educated Yorkshire. Works in the bookshop. Not particularly attractive, wears clothes for comfort not fashion, no makeup, ?glasses
MIRANDA	60s or 70s A customer. Rather eccentric, which should be reflected in her appearance.
CALVIN	early 40s, southern accent. Ursula's friend.
MEL	younger than Ursula. Her best female friend.

Scene

There are two settings: the BOOKSHOP and URSULA's KITCHEN. If the stage is big enough, a split stage, otherwise mix the two. Entrance to the children's literature room of the bookshop R (the front door, another room and MARTIN's office are all off R) and to the kitchen from the rest of U's house L. The essential furniture is:

BOOKSHOP a table piled with books, some change in a jar and a ledger, and one chair to sit on (could be a stool);
KITCHEN table with two chairs, worktop with kettle and mugs.

Time winter

Soliloquy 1

MARTIN (*He is in shirtsleeves*) The thing about working in a bookshop is you feel safe. Well, if you're a card-carrying Guardian reader you do. Mum was a primary school teacher and read you Beatrix Potter and Winnie-the-Pooh, and dad was a head teacher, or a doctor maybe, or in my case a solicitor, and you lived in a nice suburban house with a bit of a garden where he pottered on Sundays, and glass-fronted bookcases in the living room with all the classics and a dictionary. Very important, that, for doing the crossword. No Google in those days, of course.

Anyway, books are normal. Being surrounded by books is like getting back into the womb. That's what my wife doesn't understand. In her house they watched telly. She's always nudging me to get a proper job, have a career. There's no money in second-hand books, apparently. When you've just paid 250 quid for a first edition of 'Biggles Looks Back' that sounds like a laugh, but she's right, really. The problem is I don't care about the money. The books are enough.

When I met Jenny I was just finishing my PhD. She was one of my tutees, plodding towards a 2:2. I suppose she expected me to take my doctorate and fly to the stars. It took me quite a while to work that out, quite a few years of little weary sighs and snide comments. Unfortunately by the time I realised that what she really wanted was a husband who could provide an executive home and a BMW the boys had come along, and we were kind of stuck with one another. I know it's not fashionable nowadays, but I believe in making the best of a marriage, not bailing out at the first sign of trouble. We manage, like most people.

But it would be nice, sometimes, to have a wife who understood about books. Like Ursula. Not that there's anything like that between us, you understand. Absolutely not. Matter of fact, when Jenny heard I'd taken on a woman assistant, she came and looked her over and decided right away here was no rival, and she was right. Except about the books.

He steps back into the bookshop. Ursula enters R, carrying a hardback. She is humming.

Scene 1 THE BOOKSHOP

URSULA You haven't priced this.

MARTIN (*searching on the table*) Have you seen my specs?

URSULA Not recently. Have you tried your desk?

MARTIN First place I looked. God, this is really annoying! Sorry, what did you say?

URSULA This Conan Doyle. It's not in very good nick. A fiver?

MARTIN Right. I need to check the emails and I can't see a thing.

URSULA Jacket pocket? (*She is writing a price in the book, in pencil*)

MARTIN Looked there. I have an awful feeling I left them on the table at home. Damn!

URSULA Well, I can do the emails. Just give me a few minutes to finish sorting this lot.

MARTIN Hang on, did you say a fiver for the Conan Doyle? No, I paid nearly that. Make it six.

URSULA (*sighs, erases the price she has written and writes another*) OK. Why don't you call Jenny and ask her if your glasses really are on the table?

MARTIN It's her yoga morning. She'll probably have left.

URSULA (*glances at her watch*) No, it starts at ten. You'll just catch her.

MARTIN Right. (*He fishes in his pockets for his mobile and fails to find it*)

URSULA Jacket?

MARTIN Jacket. (*Exit R. Ursula continues to look through the pile of books on the table and resumes humming. The shop doorbell rings off. MIRANDA enters. She always carries a large shapeless bag.*)

URSULA Hello, Miranda. Haven't seen you for a while.

MIRANDA (*she speaks like the heroine of a 1920s girls' school story*) No, I've been frightfully busy. An old chum came over from Australia, and she's another EJO fan so of course I had to take her down to Cleeve Abbey. She was absolutely thrilled, but I'm exhausted. The roads are just so awful nowadays. You can't get down to Somerset without using the M6, not easily. Those lorry drivers!

URSULA Scary, aren't they? I'm glad your friend wasn't disappointed. Sometimes when you visit these places they've changed out of all recognition, or some Philistine has put a blo – blooming great supermarket next door or something.

MIRANDA No, Cleeve is still fairly untouched. I knew I was safe there. You can still imagine Jen and Joan and Joy folk dancing on the garth.

(*Martin has re-entered. He and Ursula exchange raised eyebrows*)

URSULA Well, are you looking for anything in particular or shall I leave you to browse?

MIRANDA Oh, yes, I'll just have a look and see what you've got in since I was last here. (*She moves off and Ursula crosses to Martin*)

URSULA Did you catch her?

MARTIN Who? Oh, Jenny! I wondered who I'd been chasing! Yep. They are there, so that's a pain, but at least I can stop looking for them. What's the old bat on about?

URSULA Oh, the Abbey Girls books. Elsie J Oxenham. She lives and breathes them. Other stuff from the period too, but those especially. And don't sneer, I read them myself

sometimes. I love those old stories for girls. Very moral, very innocent, the perfect escapist literature.

MARTIN Give me old Agatha any day, if you want escapist. Or better yet, something like Rider Haggard, trekking through the jungle to discover a lost city ruled by an unimaginably beautiful princess.

URSULA Or two, in 'Allan Quartermain'. One dark, one blonde? Can't remember. Yes, but that's completely unbelievable. The point about girls' books is they were quite solidly rooted in the reality of the time. Except everyone's slim and pretty, of course. And the only men are kind husbands and fathers with walk-on parts.

MIRANDA (*chipping in*) Quite right too. Keep 'em in their place.

URSULA (*to Martin*) Which is generally to father large numbers of children, mostly daughters and frequently twins, who can then go on to become the heroines in the next generation.

MARTIN Great!

MIRANDA A great pity men nowadays aren't so accommodating.

MARTIN (*grinning*) Hey, hang on! I've done my best. It's not my fault both my kids are boys.

MIRANDA That isn't what I meant at all, young man. Men nowadays seem to expect to share everything with women. Talking about their feelings, watching their wives give birth, even videoing it, dreadful. Getting in touch with their feminine side, isn't that what they call it? When I was young, men didn't have a feminine side.

URSULA Well, if women want to be treated equally, get good jobs, run things, and so on, we can't really exclude men from our traditional spheres, can we?

MIRANDA I don't see why not.

MARTIN I think I'll go and make some coffee. (*exit*)

MIRANDA (*spotting an old hardback on the table/ on a shelf*) Oh, you've got 'The Secret of Vairey'! (*looks at the price*) Ah!

URSULA Yes, sorry about that. It's really rare. We haven't had one in for ages. There was only ever the one edition.

MIRANDA Oh, I wish . . . No, I really can't.

URSULA We've got some new Girls Gone By stuff in. There's a Gwendoline Courtney – you like those, don't you? Hang on a minute. (*She gets a new book out of a box*)

MIRANDA Oh, yes, I haven't got this. Haven't even read it. And I'll take these two as well. (*She has already picked up a couple of old paperbacks*)

URSULA Right. That's two and three and sixteen – let's call it twenty.

MIRANDA (*getting out her purse*) I hope I didn't offend your boss.

URSULA Oh, no, it takes a lot more than that to offend Martin. Do you want a bag?

MIRANDA No, no, I'm fine. They'll go in here. He seems a nice young man.

URSULA He is. You mind how you go, now. (*She puts the money in the jar on the table, and makes a note in the ledger of what she has sold. Miranda exits, and Martin reappears carrying two mugs of coffee*)

MARTIN Well, that told me! Here you go.

URSULA Martin, how long have you known me?

MARTIN I dunno. Five years is it?

URSULA So how come you still don't know I don't drink instant coffee?

MARTIN Sorry. Wasn't thinking. Actually I was thinking about the sale on Wednesday. I'd like to go down Tuesday night. Can you cover Tuesday afternoon?

URSULA Sure. If you let me go home early tomorrow. I've got Mel coming for dinner.

MARTIN Deal. Oh, God! It's your birthday, isn't it? Mel told me, last week, but you know how it is. Is it tomorrow?

URSULA Today, in fact. Don't worry about it. I don't exactly celebrate birthdays these days.

MARTIN Yes, but still. I meant to get you a card, honestly.

URSULA Martin, if you remembered my birthday it would really freak me out! Anyway, I think I'm done here so let's go and sort out those emails.

Scene 2 THE KITCHEN

Ursula is folding a serviette to put in a glass; the table is laid for two. An opened bottle of wine stands next to the kettle. There is a knock at the door, and she goes to answer it, returning with MEL.

MEL (*off*) Happy birthday!

URSULA Thanks. (*she comes back carrying a wrapped present and a bottle of wine*)

MEL Well, another year gone.

URSULA Thanks, that really makes me feel great!

MEL Happens to us all, kid. Hey, I was scanning some old photos on to my PC the other day and there were some of my 21st. God, we all looked young. Unbelievable.

URSULA Wine, or a G and T?

MEL Oh, wine, I think. (*Ursula fetches the open bottle and pours them each a glass.*) I was with this bloke, Gary his name was, who I had **completely** forgotten about! Scary.

URSULA (grins) Well, when you've had so many ...

MEL Come on! At least I'm one at a time. Not like Suzi, for instance. What's her record? Four on the go at once?

URSULA I think it was five. No, I wouldn't call her good at relationships. Good at juggling.

MEL She'd have to be! Well, congratulations on surviving another year. (*They clink glasses*)

URSULA Dinner will be about 20 minutes. Everything's in the oven. Shall I open this? Hmm. Feels like a book!

MEL Coals to Newcastle, I know. But this is **new**.

URSULA Right. (*She unwraps the gift*) You've been talking to Calvin. This is supposed to be fantastic. (*she hugs Mel thankyou*)

MEL I hope so. He reckoned you'd like it. (*she sips her wine*) My sister's pregnant again, did I tell you?

URSULA No. Bet your mum's thrilled to bits.

MEL Oh, absolutely! I had a blow-by-blow account of Sal's morning sickness the last time we spoke. From mum, I mean. What really gets me is she doesn't actually say it. I mean, ask me when if ever I'm going to contribute to the gene pool. Just talks endlessly about Daniel, like she used to about my Auntie Jean's grandkids, before she had one of her own. Not my real auntie, mum's best friend.

URSULA I think I met her at your mum's once. Small and fair?

MEL Right. Both her kids married in their twenties, they're still married to the same people, they have 2.4 kids and a Range Rover and a dog. Waah!

URSULA Your mum should talk to my mum. She hasn't got any grandkids, after all.

MEL Well, it's not . . . (*she thinks better of it*)

URSULA Too late? Yes, it is. When I hit 40 – well, it had been obvious for a good while I suppose, unless you believe in immaculate conception – but 40 just set the seal.

MEL Yeah. I'm sorry. As you know, I really don't like kids, but ...
(slight pause)

URSULA I'd better check the oven. *(If there is no oven on set, she goes slightly offstage)*

MEL Everything OK? It smells good.

URSULA Yep. Another 10 minutes or so. How's your drink?

MEL I'm all right for a bit. Better pace myself if I'm driving.

URSULA You can stay over if you like. I should've said.

MEL Maybe. I'll see how it goes. How's life, anyway?

URSULA Oh, chugging along. Martin lost his car keys this morning. We had the whole place upside down. That's the second time this week.

MEL He's not as bad as Alan. You remember him?

URSULA Mm. He was a sweetheart. I could never understand why you ditched him.

MEL He was lovely in public but at home he never lifted a finger. He'd just sit and read while I vacuumed round his feet and cleaned the fridge.

URSULA Mel, there are things growing in your fridge that would win prizes in a Spot the Alien competition! Scientists who risk their lives trekking up the Amazon to discover new species should just look in your fridge.

MEL It's not as bad as that! Anyway, if it had been left to Alan, the whole house would have been covered in mould and under six inches of dust, like Miss whatsis in Great Expectations.

URSULA Miss Haversham

MEL Right. The thing that really wound me up was he could never find his reading glasses, and he used to expect me to jump up and look for them. In the end I put them on a chain so he could hang them round his neck. I felt like his mother – you know, when you were a kid your mum put your gloves on a string and threaded it through your coat sleeves?

URSULA I must try that with Martin. Not the gloves, obviously, the glasses on a string. He has the same problem. Why don't men have a system? I always put things in the same place, so I always know where to look.

MEL That's men for you. And they think they're the logical ones.

URSULA Still, you haven't done too badly. Alan was kind of sweet, really. And Paul was gorgeous!

MEL And he knew it!

URSULA I don't know why you're suddenly dissing every man in your past. You've had some pretty good relationships.

MEL But I've only once made it past the two-year mark. That seems to be a sort of watershed.

URSULA Nobody's ever satisfied with what they've got, are they? You have no idea how lucky you are. There's always someone who wants you.

MEL (*slight pause*) I want you.

URSULA Not what I meant. Look, it's not sex. In my experience sex is vastly overrated.

MEL Hmm. Not necessarily!

URSULA Well, in general. It's not exactly the be-all and end-all. DIY works fine . . . It's not having someone to share things with. It's having to do everything for yourself, from changing a lightbulb to fiddling your income tax. I go on holiday by myself, and when the flight gets cancelled or my hire car has a puncture, I have to deal with it. Worse, maybe, when I see the sun set on Lake Victoria or stand in the temple at Delphi, there's no-one to tell how I feel.

MEL I get it. I do. But you always come across as so independent. Maybe men just don't realise you're looking? You have to make some effort, you know.

URSULA By 'make an effort' you mean doll myself up and hang around in bars? Not really me.

MEL Not hang around in bars, obviously.

URSULA You know, sometimes I listen to other women talking and I feel like I'm from another planet. Men are from Mars, women are from Venus; me, I'm from Pluto.

MEL That's just normal human alienation. It has nothing to do with gender. And I'm serious about making an effort. Relationships don't just fall into your lap.

URSULA Don't they? (*Mel's do. Switching*) Anyway, I don't want relationships. I want one relationship in particular. And I can't have it.

MEL Still?

URSULA It doesn't go away just because I don't talk about it.

MEL I suppose. But it's been so long.

URSULA All the years I've known you, and then some. When did I start working at OUP? I was 25, I think. Look, he's my best friend. I used to see him every day at work and spend half the weekend talking to him. Those two years he was working in Hong Kong, I thought the distance would let it cool off, but . . . he came back. Look, forget it.

MEL Maybe you need to just . . . settle for less?

URSULA Easy for you to say. They're not exactly queuing up at my door, Mel. And don't tell me I don't make an effort, or I push people away. That's a defence against being rejected. Because I always am. Like I said, you've no idea how lucky you are. What's the longest you've ever been without someone? Three months, tops.

MEL Hey, come on. I'm not some sort of wonder woman, cruising through life without problems.

URSULA (*suddenly grinning, lightening the mood*) I can see you in the Wonder Woman outfit, deflecting bullets! Sorry, hon. God, the meal will probably be burnt to a cinder. Let's stop wittering and eat, woman.

Scene 3 THE BOOKSHOP

CALVIN and URSULA, wearing coats / outdoor jackets.

URSULA (*shouting*) Martin! I'm back. (*Takes off her coat and goes offstage R to hang it up*) Well, thank you for lunch.

CALVIN Even if it was the slowest service in Yorkshire, if not England.

URSULA I think they were probably wringing the chicken's neck.

CALVIN And plucking it.

URSULA And roasting it over a slow fire! Question: how can a fire be slow? I mean an oven, OK, but how do you regulate a fire?

CALVIN Don't ask me! You're the history buff. Maybe they used a special slow-burning wood?

URSULA Idiot! It's not how fast it burns, it's how fast it cooks things.

Enter MARTIN

MARTIN I thought I heard your dulcet tones. You were a long time.

URSULA Yes, sorry. We tried that new caff, Ready Roast, and it wasn't.

MARTIN Wasn't what?

URSULA Ready. We had to wait ages. D'you want some time out now? I can look after both rooms.

MARTIN No, I've had a pasty. Hi, Calvin.

CALVIN Hi.

MARTIN (*to Ursula*) I'm just going down to the cellar to fetch up some of those Leslie Charteris.

URSULA Right. (*Exit Martin R*) Are you coming to the committee meeting tomorrow?

CALVIN I might have to work late. We've got this presentation coming up and I really need to run through it with Richard, but he's in London. Supposed to be back by midday tomorrow, but with the trains in this country, who knows?

URSULA Oh well, I don't think there's anything that exciting on the agenda. Only last time Roy went on and on – I told you – and I didn't really feel I could chip in and change the subject. Kate's the chair, after all. You're better at doing that sort of thing tactfully than I am.

CALVIN Well, even if I can't make it for the meeting, I'll come along for a drink about half nine. If anyone's still droning on, that should encourage them to shut up.

URSULA Especially Roy. I think he's been a bit scared of you ever since last Halloween.

CALVIN Scared of me?

URSULA Well, if you will dress up as the Grim Reaper.

CALVIN I just assumed it was fancy dress. In fact, I'm still convinced you told me it was.

URSULA Not guilty.

CALVIN I went to quite a lot of trouble with that mask, too. **And** borrowed a scythe from my next-door neighbour.

URSULA I wondered where you'd got it from! Why on earth does he have a scythe?

CALVIN She – the other side.

URSULA She has a scythe so she can send people to the other side?

CALVIN That was really pathetic!

URSULA Yes, well, my brain is tired. I've been trying to read that thing about quantum mechanics you lent me.

CALVIN I thought it was pretty well written.

URSULA Oh, it is. It's the clearest explanation I've ever read of how the universe mainly consists of nothing, with a few electrons whizzing round communicating with one another! No, seriously, it is good, but it's still hard work.

CALVIN You're just a lazy cow.

URSULA (*glancing at her watch*) Says he, who has been skiving off work for an hour and a half. You executive types with your 'working lunches'.

CALVIN Shit, is it as long as that? I've got a meeting at half past two. I'd better go.

Enter MARTIN R.

MARTIN You still here?

CALVIN Just off. Thought you'd got locked in the cellar.

URSULA Are those the Charteris you got in Leicester?

MARTIN And a few other things. It was a pretty good haul.

CALVIN OK, honey chile, I'll see you tomorrow night.

URSULA Fail not our feast. Or I'm likely to hit Roy. Oh, and I'll bring that thing I recorded for you.

CALVIN Cool. See you! (*Exit R*)

MARTIN Cool!

URSULA I know, he picks it up from Emi. He just does pick things up. He sounded really southern when I first knew him, but he's got all sorts of Yorkshire expressions now.

MARTIN Can't say I've noticed.

URSULA I thought you liked him? You often have a laugh together.

MARTIN I do like him. I just . . . (*the shop doorbell rings*) Hey, custom! It's been really slow so far today.

URSULA Well, that's Wednesdays for you. (*Exit Martin R*) Yes, Wednesdays and every other day of the week (*her happy mood has dropped away*)

Scene 4 THE KITCHEN

Sunday morning. Calvin is sitting at the table, while Ursula makes coffee in a cafetiere.

CALVIN I knew it wouldn't always be easy, you know? I mean, Tomomi's one thing but her family are really traditional Japanese. They don't like having a foreign son-in-law.

URSULA Your dad's OK, though, isn't he?

CALVIN Oh, sure, and my brother and his family. But Tomomi doesn't really feel comfortable when we stay with them. It's a bit of a drawback that they live so far away; we can't just drop in for an afternoon visit.

URSULA I don't think that's necessarily a cultural thing. I'm not wild about staying in other people's houses myself.

CALVIN It's got better as her English has got better. It used to be such hard work.

URSULA Well, yes. I remember when I did a German exchange when I was – oh, sixteen - I was desperate to go to bed by about 7 o'clock every night, it was so tiring speaking German all day. Or did you mean hard work for you?

CALVIN Both, I suppose. Anyway, when we got together, as I say I knew it could be tricky, but I hadn't thought as far as kids.

URSULA So have these other brats got physical with her, or is it just name-calling? Not that that's really a 'just', is it? It's so insidious.

CALVIN It's just verbal, so far. But that's bad enough. She's been having nightmares for a few weeks now, and we thought it was just a phase, you know? Anyway, on Friday it all came to a head and she refused to go to school.

URSULA Kids can be total little swine, can't they? I got bullied myself, I think everyone who enjoyed studying did. But the racist thing . . . haven't the teachers spotted it?

CALVIN Evidently not. I'm going to have to go and talk to them.

URSULA You didn't go on Friday?

CALVIN No. Tomomi wanted me to, but we didn't get the whole story straight away, and I wanted to be sure of my facts. As it was I had to phone in sick because it was one of Tomomi's hotel days. I took Emi out for a walk and a pizza, just things she likes doing, to try to get her to calm down a bit. I finally got all the details in the evening.

URSULA I don't really know what to suggest. As I say, I got bullied, but I just got stroppy, as far as I can remember. Oh, there was one time, maybe a week, I don't know, when my whole class at primary school refused to speak to me, except my one best friend. I must have felt horrible, but I don't really remember. I never told my mum, anyway. And

when I think about it, the teachers never knew, or surely they'd've done something? It's amazing what kids can keep from adults.

CALVIN Yes, it's a whole different world. For ages I was convinced there was a skeleton in my wardrobe, when I was about – oh, six or seven, I suppose. I never told anyone.

URSULA Why on earth?

CALVIN I don't know. The only thing I can think of is I might have heard the expression 'a skeleton in the closet' and got it mixed up in my head. Anyway I was terrified every night, used to lie awake for hours waiting for this thing to come out and grab me.

URSULA (*half amused*) That's awful. I mean, it's funny now, but it must've been awful at the time. I used to worry there was something under my bed which would grab my legs, and I'd always jump in from as far away as possible. Actually, I still do.

CALVIN Idiot!

URSULA I know, but fear has nothing to do with logic, has it? I mean, I'm scared of ghosts even though I don't believe in them.

CALVIN Hmm.

URSULA Well, I am! Anyway, about Emi, the staff may be able to help of course. It depends what the bullies are like. If they're just really thoughtless, insensitive types, then being told how much pain they're causing could be enough to stop them. That's happened to my friend Rachel's brother. He went to one of those big independent schools with a public school ethos – you know, call the boys by their surnames, push them hard – and he got horribly bullied because he grew so late, he was the smallest in the class for quite a long time. Eventually her mum went and spoke to the form master, who called the boys together and had a word, and when Nigel went back into the classroom they all sang 'for he's a jolly good fellow', and that was that . . . But obviously if they're nasty types who enjoy hurting other people, that approach won't work.

CALVIN And if they're hearing racist stuff at home, they probably just think that's normal.

URSULA It's a bit sickening to realise how much of it there still is. When you don't know anyone personally who'd talk about niggers and chinks and stuff, you kind of assume it's all in the past.

CALVIN Very much not. (*He looks at his watch*) Well, thanks for the coffee and the ear, but I said I'd get lunch, so I'd better get back.

URSULA Right. Well, let me know how you get on at the school, won't you?

CALVIN Sure. (*Exit L*)

Soliloquy 2

URSULA Of course, if Emi were my child, she wouldn't be being bullied, or at least not for the same reason. Every time he talks to me about her, I think about that. If she were mine. If she were mine, she wouldn't be an only child, because I, like him, but unlike Tomomi, would have wanted two. I was an only child and it stunts your social skills. Oh, you get lots of attention from mummy and daddy, but you don't learn how to tolerate someone else in your space. I've never learned that, never had to share my life . . . never been able to share it . . . She's a nice kid, Emi, but there are things I'd've done differently. I suppose I've got used to it now, but when she was a baby I used to ache. Sometimes I couldn't look at her, it hurt so much. He once brought her into work, where we used to work, where I met him, to show her off, and I hid behind a partition and pretended I couldn't hear his voice.

Tomomi's quite nice too. Well no, if she were 'nice' I could despise her. She's actually intelligent and interesting and . . . I tell myself she doesn't have what I have with him, and maybe that's true, but maybe she doesn't want it. I do want what she has!

Sometimes I fantasise about her death. Isn't that horrible? I even thought about killing her myself. All those Agatha Christies, Dorothy Sayers, Ngaio Marshes that we sell: for most people it's just light entertainment. It had always been that for me. And then suddenly I'm thinking and feeling like one of their characters, plotting a murder. I actually thought about ways and means. God!

I wouldn't ever have done it, of course. But actually that's because I knew Calvin before he met her, and he chose her, not me. So if she were dead, why would he turn to me? In my fantasies, fine, but in fact, he wouldn't. He just doesn't see me that way. So I decided not to kill her because I didn't think it would get me anywhere, not because murder is wrong, or any moral bullshit like that. You don't really know yourself until you love someone. And then you don't know yourself at all.

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