

SEX AND
SENSIBILITY

BY Sarah Quick & Letitia Thornton

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SCENE ONE

The two actors share the following dialogue

There are suggestions that are made to us within this game of life

Get a decent education, and then become a wife.

Have a job, have children, have a cottage by a lake

But whilst you're doing all these things **have FUN for goodness sake!**

But what if you weren't good at school, or kids really aren't your thing

Or you want to travel continents before you wear a ring.

What about the prejudice towards the girl who waits

Has the strength to go against the rules society dictates.

And just the same we can't complain at all of those we meet

For whom it's marriage and their children that has made their life complete

There are many paths that we can take and none are right or wrong

You have to do what's right for you and make decisions strong

You need a strength of character and support from those around

You need to know what hopes and dreams are waiting to be found.

And to those who try to block our way, the ones we must ignore

Let them speak now or hold their peace, For now And Evermore....

M: (Wistful and Austen like) " This is the true nature of home. It is the place of peace, the shelter, not only from injury, but from all terror, doubt and division..." (not Austen like as she address the audience) whoever said that obviously never had to live in Manchester.

Sixty-seven Mansfield Road, Manchester...my nirvana (*sarcastic*) What a lovely morning to go and find some cobbles to play on or some factories to draw ...oh! No, no actually my fault..you'll never guess...its raining..again! The North of England..if it doesn't rain it bores! I can't even go and amuse myself by buying the most calorific product in the local Safeway because everyone's so bleedin' friendly.

(*as neighbor*) I 'aven't sin your face round 'ere before luv. Are you new t'ut area? Mansfield Road! Oh, that's a lovely part o' town, just next to the park...my Declan and meself used to court up that way, in fact that's where our Brendan was conceived..that's why we call 'im Parky – used to tell 'im it were coz e were a right nosy parker but it's

not! (*smoker's laugh*) 'ey you'll have to meet him, its good to see a new lady in town eh! He likes the ladies does our Brendan....

Yes, but are the ladies quite so fond of Brendan!! And does he speak like he's got a sack of coal in his mouth...luv.

Elinor enters

E: Actually if it's the Brendan that helped me mend the fence yesterday I imagine you would want to meet him; he's a right charmer...and he's got an Irish accent like his dad 'ahh sure, its no problem helping you out, two young ladies like yourself, and where is that beautiful sister of yours....' I reckon he fancies you... and he's got those sort of rugged lived in looks that'd make you want to swim the Irish sea just to pour him a pint of Guinness.

M: Oooh, has somebody got a little crush!?

E: Oooh, no somebody hasn't, somebody doesn't have time to have crushes, somebody has got enough to do sorting this place out and trying to earn enough money to live. I thought maybe, you'd be interested_or have you decided_to raise your standards to more than "must have a pulse and like football"...

M: Saint Elinor has spoken! Just because you make the Virgin Mary look more like the Madonna with a singing career rather than the one with child, we can't all live by your rules...I happen to believe that monogamy isn't natural.

E: It isn't natural to brush your teeth or use a toilet when you shit but we do it because we're civilized...anyway, the way you're behaving I'm surprised anybody would look at you twice, you've done nothing but moan since we moved up here.

M: I can't stand it, it's so embarrassing. They give us an idyllic childhood, nice holidays, decent home in LONDON and just when you start to feel like you might actually have an alright existence it's "sorry sweetheart we can't help you buy a flat here, there's no money left"

E: Mum and Dad did their best

M: Your dad's firm isn't doing great, it's the recession, it's affecting everybody"

E: There was nothing he could have done

M: Well it's not affecting the sodding software millionaires. If he'd invested in the World Wide Web rather than the High street Hairdressers then we wouldn't be in this mess and we wouldn't have to live in the arsehole of nowhere!

E: Actually this magazine says that Manchester is the coolest place in England right now, so we're just going to have to get out there and discover it!

M: Oh yeah, I've got just about enough money to paint the town a light shade of pink. I am never going to fit in here. You can take the girl out of London but you can't take London out of the girl.

E: You can always go down and get a top up once in a while!

M: Thank you, but I don't want to be British Rail's customer of the year just so that I can have regular sex (begins to exit)

E: I didn't think you liked regular sex

M: I was referring to the frequency of it...now if you'll excuse me, I think that God has the same idea about this place as I do.. if anyone needs me I'll be in my room designing my ark.

Elinor addresses the audience

E: Mariah, My little sister, when she was 14 I thought she was such a pain in the arse I used to tell the other kids at school I was an only child, its amazing how things change! I'd be lost without her now even though we are very different people. She's always been the dramatic one, she can never go on an ordinary thanks very much that was a great evening date – it always has to be “oh Eleanor that was the worst night of my life”, or more likely “oh Elinor it was amazing I've never felt like this before!” Whereas of course I've always had to be the sensible one, 'specially now.

Mum, bless her, is just like Mariah, Dad's business is practically folding and all she can do is go 'Johnnie why don't we go on a nice little holiday to Greece just to lift our spirits huh!' And let's just say dad is rather digitally operated (*makes under the thumb gesture*) and genetically modified by mum never to say no.

To me a Sunday smearing of cheesecake on my boyfriend's body is....ooh.....really quite a nice thought actually....you know, a bit adventurous, a little kinky, but to Mariah that's like a Sunday morning in church, she tells me things she's got up to that make my eyes pop and she includes me in the conversation as if I understand what the hell she's talking about!

Perhaps I should take a leaf out of her book, you know what they say, its better to have loved and lost than never to have had sex at all! And my mission should I choose to accept it is a bloke I like called Eddie. He teaches at the same school as me and ever since our eyes met across the staff room we've got on really well. But so far not even a hint of any snogging! Not that I'm a great one for helping the situation...I tried to encourage him once, I stopped talking suddenly like they do in the movies and gazed seductively at him only instead of sticking his tongue down my throat he rushed to get a glass of water coz he said it looked as if I was about to throw up....!

So, here I am. 67 Mansfield Road, Manchester – my nirvana – well, it has to be. I'm here now. It has to work. I really think I'm going to love it. The flat's great, and everyone I've met up here so far has been ever so friendly....

M: Ellie, I have to get out of this place, I've just bumped into a string of quaint northern folk at Safeways led by Mrs. Bloody Brendan, again! – I'm never going to be able to buy any sodding food at this rate – people don't need to go to the gym or get a personal trainer....“revolutionary way to lose weight, just get your own Mrs.B, on special offer, hurry while stocks last!” Aaaaaaaargh!

E: what did she say to you?

M: She frightened the life out of me. I was in my own little world trying to weigh up the merits of cheese Doritos as opposed to chilli ones when there's a tap on my shoulder “Oooh hello young Mary.”

“Mariah.”

“Right. Are you havin' party, getting all them fancy nibbly things luv? d'you know I'm not a great fan of them meself and my Declan says they make him blow more hot than cold if you catch my drift... have you invited our Brendan? He's over there is our Parky, by the cheese counter... always makes a soiree go with a swing and I don't think he's got anything on tonight...so to speak!” (wheezing smoker's laugh)

Anyway, she went on and on and on and I think she must have brainwashed me with harsh vowel sounds because...erm....we're having a party.

E: I think that's an excellent idea!

M: I thought you might...I bet you're in collaboration with the old bag.

E: When are you going to have it?

M: We are having it tonight.

E: What!?

M: I was confused!.....I felt like one of those hostages being interrogated in a foreign language.

E: Well we'll have to ring round some people...I'll have to Hoover...have we got enough food? What about drink?....(panic)....oh my god!....
(thinks...relaxes)...oh....my....god....I could invite Eddie!

M: Yeah, that's a great idea, then all the guests would fuck off early before they all died of boredom.

E: Don't be horrible, I find Eddie very interesting to talk to actually.

M: Yeah but he's not exactly the diet coke bloke, does he make your heart jump when you see him?

E: yeah, I like him.

M: Like him?

E: Really like him. He's dead nice.

M: Nice! Nice! The teachers at school always told us never to use that word and now I know why. I mean, is he so nice you want to lick him all over?...exchange bodily fluids? Grab him by his pert arse and sink your teeth into the firm flesh?....

E: Mariah! (thinks about it) No! I mean, yes well, I would...but Eddie's not like that – he's a gentleman.

M: Boring you mean.

E: No – not boring.

M: (impersonates Eddie) “ what a beautiful flat you have here Eleanor – simple and cosy...just like its occupants...oh!....beautiful I mean...not simple or erm...cosy....oh dear!”

And the bloke's supposed to support Manchester United. He goes to every game! EVERY game! I mean, he's a real fan – you should hear the lengths grown men go to, to get tickets for those games...but is he passionate about it? Is he bollocks.

E: Mariah, a twenty stone, sweaty alcoholic with a proclivity for the c-word would look ladylike compared to you at the football.

M: At least I have passion!

E: For 22 throbbing examples of testosterone, yeah!

M: For the beauty of the game.

E: and I suppose it has nothing to do with making it easier to chat up lads?

M: Actually you'd be surprised. That Adrian that I was seeing took me to watch a match last weekend with his mates.

E: 'Was' seeing?

M: Erm, yeah.

E: What happened?

M: I'm pretty certain you don't want to hear.

E: Try me.

M: Well they made me feel well left out, kept on insinuating I was only interested in the player's bodies "what about his thighs then love?", then one of them swears " that Shearer's a fucking wanker....oh sorry love, forgot it wasn't just the lads." Now I know at this point I should have just looked shocked and demure and then I'd still have a boyfriend, but something just clicked –

E: What did you do?

M: I chose that moment to rebel against stereotypes and empower myself and my sex.

E: Of course...

M: I said "yeah, what a wanker the only time he shoots on target is when he's reading a porno mag, fucking tosser!" Then I erm, downed my pint and erm..

E: What?

M: Then I belched!

E: Mariah! No wonder he doesn't want to see you again.

M: Oh. No we are seeing each other again. The lot of us are going to an away match at Newcastle next Saturday. I'm one of the lads now, he wants to see me he just doesn't want to sleep with me anymore!

E: There you see, men don't like seeing women behave like that.

M: But that's so unfair.

E: Maybe, but life's like that and I don't think its ever really going to change...there are always going to be double standards. Men are allowed to drink pints, have one night stands, scratch their arses in public and fart when they have nothing funny to say. Maybe it would be easier to say " why would we want to?" rather than trying to join in.

M: Bloody hell, Ellie you're so sensible!

E: Yeah well it isn't easy being sensible all the time but somebody has to be. I just worry about you. I want you to settle down with someone decent.

M: Like?

E: Like... /Brendan.

M: /Brendan ...God Ellie, I find it insulting that anyone would even contemplate me with him, he's so old, way past the age when you should be thinking about sex...he must be at least 40!

E: He's 38.

M: Exactly! And he's not even married I mean there has to be something seriously wrong with him.

E: There is nothing wrong with him. Mrs. B just says that he had his heart broken years ago so he's always been a bit wary of settling down.

M: Well, we agree on something then.

E: You're twenty-four years old, you're going to have to start deciding what it is you want from life, make some decisions, think about settling down.

M: Listen if I'm with a bloke the only decision I want to be making is if I'm going to spit or swallow... or gargle. Anyway...Hello?!....you're twenty-eight and I don't see Mr. Right mowing the lawn or two point four brats painting the walls. So what's your stance on this decision making process – What do you want?

E: What?

M: What do you want.....from life?

E: I don't know.

M: What do you mean you don't know? Have you never asked yourself?

E: Well yes, I suppose but...well I've never actually had to answer myself. I generally do what other people want and that's what makes me feel good

M: But surely you've got things you'd like, like everybody should

E: Well I guess my perfect man would be a really decent guy

M: Well miracles might happen and pigs might start to fly

E: There are some decent guys out there, just not the ones we meet.

M: Who have all got tiny brains and yet deceptively large feet.

E: I'd like to be with someone who was generous and kind.

M: You mean you get to use his credit card and he doesn't even mind?

E: I mean a generous character , somebody like Ed

M: Whose only claim to fame would be he'd bore you into bed!

E: I reckon he's the one for me, I just wish he felt the same

M: But Ellie he's a teacher, he'd end up driving you insane
He'll have read the Kama Sutra and he'd learn it all by rote
And then if you had a headache then he'd ask you for a note.
You want someone not too ancient

E: But who's old enough to drink

M: Somebody who's manly

E: But who's not the missing link

M: Somebody with sex appeal who isn't really dumb

E: Someone intellectual with a pert Mel Gibson bum
Cruise's hair and Clooney's smile and Patrick Swayze's eyes

M: Keanu's pecs and Arnie's chest and of course Pete Sampras thighs

E: Ricky's hips and Woody's wit

M: And Brando's sex appeal

E / M: If you found a man who had all these then we might just have a deal.

SCENE TWO

E: Where've you been hiding?

M: Well I didn't know if it was safe for me to come in.....you was frightening me with that Hoover.

E: I just want everything to look alright, Eddie hasn't been round since we moved in and you can tell a lot about someone from what their house is like

M: yeah well he's going to think we're a couple of psychotic Swedish sanatorium sisters if you're not careful....mind you he might quite like that....in fact I might quite like that....

E: Well I happen to think that if a job's worth doing its worth doing well.

M: Oh I always thought the expression was if a man's worth doing he's worth doing well! And if Eddie's worth doing it won't be the positioning of our potted plants that he'll be interested in.

E: we haven't forgotten anything have we...

M: only your senses it would seem

E: be serious Mariah, this is important

M: o.k. let's see – we've got beer, more beer and oh yes some beer, we've invited boys, more boys and oh yes some boys, well yes everything does seem to be in order...

E: *(to audience)* How exciting, a party, I love parties, all those new people to meet and talk to.....it's so....exciting!

M: *(to audience)* a sodding party in sodding Manchester, how....howprovincial, boring, ...damp...and not in a good way!

We hear the sound of a phone ringing

E: *(phone rings)* Hello! Oh hi – yes that's me – I mean I'm her, I mean this is Eleanor.....speaking. Oh hi how are you... Erm... so you got my message...great, are you coming.....great, erm,oh sure that'd be....erm.....great, fine, the more the merrier. O.k. well I'll see you later then....bye. yeah. Bye.

Oh my god that was Eddie, oh my god, what am I going to say to him, does this top look all right, oh fuck..... oh shit.....oh my god.....oh my god he's coming!

he's bringing his flatmate

M: hurrah! It gets better and better – will he be as scintillating as Eddie do you think?! and please remember to avoid using the phrase 'lets go on a double date with my sister.'

E: Chance would be a fine thing. Mariah do I look o.k?

M: yes, you look great, he'll fall straight to his knees at first glance of you shouting declarations of love that can be heard all the way to Bolton then he'll rip off your clothes, throw you manfully onto the kitchen table oh sorry I'm getting him confused with someone interesting,

E: Thank you. Right all I need now is some /perfume

M: /condoms!

E: Condoms! don't be ridiculous, we haven't even snogged yet!

M: so...

E: so I'm not planning on sleeping with him just yet then am !!

M: sorry, don't quite follow your point there..

(to audience) Eleanor, my big sister – though it doesn't seem like it sometimes, she's so naïve she thinks a cross dresser is a supermodel with P.M.S.!

I don't know why she gets so worked up about blokes liking her or not liking her, she always gets her knickers in a twist, well what's the point of that unless of course you're with someone at the time - the way I look at it so what if Adrian sees me as one of the lads, there'll be another Adrian, or Alistair, or Anthony along soon enough – you have to go through quantity to get quality - if Eddie hadn't slept with me by now let alone snogged me I'd have well told him to get lost, what's the point of having a steady boyfriend now anyhow – I reckon when you fall in love, truly in love, there's only one other half, one soul mate. People are far too inclined to marry the first person that asks them, and it usually only happens because they've run out of things to say...

girl: Do you think you'll ever get married

boy: What!!

Girl: Marriage , do you think you'll ever want to go there?

Boy: Well...erm...yeah sure

(LONG PAUSE)

What about you?

Girl: What?

Boy: Well ... erm...do you want to get married?

Girl: Oh Yes!!! Yes Yes Yes!! Oh you're sooooo romantic.....

When I meet mine, it's going to be so perfect. We're going to be able to talk to each other about everything, for hours and hours...and then we're going to stop talking and converse in the language of love , the speech of seduction, the dialogue of devotion, ... have a bit of oral communication...But, hopefully that is way in the future and until then I'm going to have a shagging good time....

E: (to audience) Mr Edward Ferret, Mancunian born and bred, age 31, Teacher of Art at Northanger High School.....Edward.....Eddie. I really have never felt like this before, you know the first day I met him we were sat together during staff briefing and I suddenly got this overwhelming urge to just lean over and stroke him. His face, I mean! I just... I just wish I could be sure that he felt the same way too, I think he does but what if I make an idiot of myself... o.k. right, that's it, I'm gonna do it tonight, I'm going to just

come out with it and tell him how I feel, bugger it if he feels differently, so what, as Mariah says I'll get over it... I think...

E: Oh my god its Eddie, oh my god its him, oh no oh yes, oh my god he's come

M: Elinor please don't start that again, anyway even superman couldn't have got here that quick and I hate to bust your bubble but I don't think Eddie's qualified for his pair of red tights just yet. I'll go shall I. I must say I can't contain myself with the excitement of who might be at that door...

(M goes to 'door', E becomes B)

Oh. Hi. You must be Brendan. So glad you could make it. So promptly.

B: Good evening to you too Mariah, it's a pleasure to meet you at last close up, I've only had rare glances of you up to now, but may I say they've been very beautiful rare glances...

M: Well you know what they say, look but don't touch...

B: And I must say I think you'd look even better in 3D

M: Oh my god, don't tell me, that's the number of your apartment...Jesus your chat up lines are even older than you are.

B: Nice weather for ducks is it not?

M; Oh yeah, I suppose you'd better come in

B: Now I wasn't sure what to bring. So, a bottle of Mr. Jameson's finest and some records in case there was dancing.

M: Records! Er, young people nowadays tend to favour the C.D.

B: Well, and there was me thinking two young things like yourselves would have some decks. There very rare some of these. Hard to find twelve inches.

M: Tell me about it!

B: now, I would like nothing more than to stand here all night talking to your vision of loveliness but will I get us a wee drop of Irish water, to lubricate the vocalizing vessel? Don't go away, I'll be right back; I couldn't stay away from those blue eyes for very long....

M: Better make it a large one if I'm going to have to listen to crap like that all night.

B: We will talk until tomorrow; by then you will have fallen in love with me.

M: Yeah well, we all know tomorrow never comes. And I probably wouldn't either!
Please tell me there's going to be some talent here tonight.

(She comes across Ellie frantically looking out of the window) Elinor.
Are you alright?

E: oh yeah sorry, was that Brendan I could hear, where is he?

M: He went to get a drink and hopefully work on his chat up lines, his current ones would go very well with the ark under construction in my bedroom - I don't know what he's doing out at this time anyhow, he should be at home listening to gardener's question time on radio four whilst the milk for his cocoa boils over. Anyway what are you doing, Sian's in the kitchen and she's already at the rugby tackling stage, we'd better go and rescue the poor bloke....

(El and M come back as El and Ed)

Ed: Thanks Ellie, you both arrived just in time, I always was rather unlucky in a scrum. Great flat, you know you can tell a lot about a person from where they live – this place is really, erm....really, itserm.....tidy.....anderm..... very nice..

E: Nice?

Ed: yeah...yeah...nice....yeah!

E: Oh.

Ed: So.

E: So. Did your flat mate not come?

Ed: Oh, yes, she's in the kitchen

E: Oh right. I didn't know you had a flat mate. How long has... she.... bin living with you?

Ed: Three years. About. Yeah.

EI: Oh.

Ed: Actually she's ..erm...well, she's..erm...my...she's Emma, that is...she's my ex-girlfriend.

E: Oh.... right. Well that's nice. I mean. 'scuse me I've got to go.

M: thank god Ellie where have you bin, I've bin trying to fix Brendan up with some snotty girl called Emma but neither of them are having it, hey what's the matter, are you alright – have you bin at them chilli Doritos!

E: No. and no.

M: what's the matter then, is it Edward....

E: What's Emma like?

M: Emma? Oh you know the sort.....'blonde, pretty and perfectly formed' why? I don't think she's after Eddie if that's what you mean,

E: yeah right, well she's his bloody flatmate isn't she!

M: so, its not a rule that lodgers always have to sleep with their landlords you know

E: Mariah she's his ex-girlfriend!

M: oh. Right. Well, on the other hand...no.... don't panic, you need to find out if are they still sleeping together, do they share a bed, when did they split up, do they use the bathroom together still and why the fuck did he bring her tonight!

E: how am I going to find all that out? I can hardly say pleased to meet you Emma let me help you to a gin and tonic and by the way when did you last have sex?

M: No, you go back to Eddie and talk to him – properly.

E: O.K. O.K. I'm going!

M: What am I doing here – WHAT the fuck am I doing here! I'm gonna have to get out, surely I was born for better parties than this, my sister is chasing an emotional fuckwit it seems, I'm being chased by a man born in the dark ages....

E: I can't find him....mind you at least he's not with Emma, she's in the kitchen talking to some Adonis

M: What?

E: yeah, is he a friend of yours? You know, kind of gorgeous, tall, dark, deep voice, floppy hair, come to bed blue eyes, bronzed, beautiful.....beautiful.... (*sighs dreamily*) I thought you must have invited him.

M: let me think, no – if I had I wouldn't be in here now would I,

E: nice to see you're playing hard to get as usual.

M: What's the point... if you like someone then they may as well know about it...

E: Well then just use your common sense

M: There is nothing common about having sense. Now, don't forget to talk to Eddie.....

(lights go down and quickly up again as we see the flat after the guests have departed)

E: Yeah, it was a great party. Thanks for coming. See you on Monday...Bye Emma.

M: What an amazing party, must be the best one I've ever had and oh what a magnificent specimen! Definitely the best scenery I've seen since moving up here, a body to absobloodylutely die for . well this is it – I've found him – my other half, my world, my man to utterly love! Shame its come so soon but oh so many wonderful chances now to be sooo shameful! His best mate lives next door to us, number 69...uncannily appropriate! He's a drummer in a band and he says they're going to get a record contract any day now! everything about him is perfect, his looks –, where he lives – Islington – the only place in London to live, even his name – Willie! ... If he launched a sex appeal there'd be donations from round the world...So much better than that geriatric paddy.

Oh bollocks bollocks bollocks, why do I have to sodding well be stuck here, I have to get out of Manchester – I have to see him again... I'm gonna have to do something about it, take control of my own destiny...

The following is an answerphone message

E and M: Hi. Sorry we can't come to the phone at the moment,

M: I'm a little, oooh, tied up at the moment

E: Mariah! Leave us a message and we'll get back to you as soon as we can...I can't believe you said that!

E:(as mum) 'hi sweeties, just wondered if Mariah could do us a teensy favour – Daddy has decided to whisk me off for a little holiday to Greece, complete surprise, what a tinker, thought you might like to come and house sit for a bit, speak to you soon, love you!'

SCENE THREE

M: London! Fuck! I couldn't wait – I did feel a bit bad leaving Eleanor but I knew she'd be alright, she always is, my sister the saint.

Oh London! Land of the luscious! Land of the lascivious! Land of the bloody fucking marvelous!

Sunshine! Sophistication! Wonderful, packed, sweaty tube trains full of, oh, beautiful people! The Millenium Dome! The Wheel!
I swear, I was on cloud ten looking down at cloud nine; I couldn't have been more over the moon; I felt like the early bird, the cat who'd got the cream and the second mouse to arrive at the mouse trap all rolled into one.

E: So I can honestly say the party was a huge success – my sister decides to sod off to London after finding the love of her life, and oh yes, the love of my life turns out to have a love of his life. The first thing she said to me was
” Ellieeee! Eddie's told me so much about you. I think it's great when two people of the opposite sex can be such good friends with absolutely nothing sexual going on between them at all!”...Bitch!
....thenshe....erm....invited me to aerobics. Of course I went.

M: Wonderful Willie, fucking wonderful wonderful wonderfully fucking Willie. The first night in London we went for a walk along the Thames and we got talking about music. He knew all the lyrics to my favourite Lionel Richie songs and we just watched the sun coming up whispering them together... God it was so romantic. I reckon this could be it, I've been making wedding lists in my head and even imaging what our children will look like... I'd imagine what I'd be called after the marriage if only I knew what his surname was...

E: Of course I can see why Eddie would have a girlfriend, he's kind and funny and reliable, men like that are hard to find, especially when you get to my age. Gone are the days when your heart leapt if they arrived carrying an overnight bag... nowadays you're just grateful if the emotional baggage doesn't turn up on the doorstep too. It's not that I'm cynical or bitter... much! It's just that time's flying and I'm not having fun anymore. I can't even remember what it's like to be sweet sixteen and never been kissed... nowadays it's more like sweet 28 and rarely touched with a bargepole!

M: Our first date was amazing, I've never felt like this before. It was just so romantic, we went to the dog races, blimey you seen those greyhounds, the posh spices of the dog world, anyway they was all chasing after this rabbit thing when he turned to me and said 'Mariah, I just have to tell you how beautiful you are..' thanks
'no I mean it, that's a gift from me to you, you must always remember that you are beautiful'
and that's where I should have swooned but being me I laughed delicately, (*laughs loudly*) so I thought, went to brush my hair out of my eyes and knocked into the man next to me upsetting his popcorn all over the poodle permed lady in front, she screamed, the dogs bolted and the race was cancelled. He said I was beautiful.

E: Its true what they say about men and women getting together, its like getting on a bus – you end up on one cos the right number came along at the right time. Now it seems my chances of getting a ride with Eddie are fading fast. I just wish I could stop

thinking about him, after all there are more important things in life than Eddie – I just need to work out quite what they are.

M: I told Willie ‘I love you’ at dinner last night, unfortunately just at that moment he choked on his spaghetti so he couldn’t answer – still – the look in his eyes was...magical..

We hear upbeat aerobics music

E: I got to know Emma very well at the aerobics class we went to – ‘Knightley’s nightly jazzercise’ why do people do it, why couldn’t she have been into something less...bouncy, like yoga or t’ai chi, or maybe just going for a drink? And for some reason she chose to tell me all the intimate details of her private life. Of course I listened.

‘You know I really feel that I can talk to you Ellie, let me tell you something, I know that I may look very together to the outside world, and happy. But I’m not. Oh no. I’m absolutely devastated that Eddie has finished things. You know I don’t think he knows what he wants really and I’m determined to win him back. I think he just needs to realize that I simply can’t afford to move out and when he understands how difficult I find it to cope without him, I’m sure he’ll come round.’

I wished Mariah would be there when I got in, I needed someone I could tell all the intimate details of my private life to. Not as it turned out that she was in a fit state to listen to anyone’s problems.

She plays an answerphone message

M: Ellie, Ellie, Ellieeeeeee, where are you, s’over, that’s it, s’all over – he’s gone. Gone. Dumped me for some..... Lydia, she’s a lawyer Lydia the lawyer thinner richer trendier Lydia lawyer....bitch....bastard...She’s really cheap though, I can tell...All no coat and fur Knickers...
oh god Ellie where are you... ..why can’t I be a lawyer, why can’t I be a lydia.....

E: Oh shit! Oh no! O.K. so it was Miss Cucumber Cool hot into action, or rather it wasn’t, well I could hardly leave school in the middle of the week to go down to London – but she did need someone to be with her.....god knows what she’d do, and then it came to me, Brendan! He was fantastic, he said he’d go down immediately, he found her wondering around in the pouring rain trying to find the restaurant Willie had taken her to on their first date. He bought her home, gave her a shoulder to cry on, an ear to bend, a hand to hold.

I know he loves her. He always defends her and that’s quite strange for me coz I’m usually the only one that does. At the party one snooty cow was heard commenting on how Mariah’s morals appeared not to have joined her at the party and I was really upset when quick as a flash Brendan started going on about how what a breath of fresh air it was to meet someone who lives life honestly instead of worrying about what everyone else was doing. I still can’t help worrying that she’s destroying herself...she’s such a romantic and the sooner she realizes that the world isn’t like that the better.