

LOVE IN A GLASS JAR

Nancy Harris

EVE:

Because you know, I'm sorry if some of the things I said before were a bit - or if any of the questions, you know, about your - marriage, seemed sort of invasive. (*Silence*). It sounds like you've been through quite a lot. (*Silence*). I think it's a shame that things didn't work out for you with your wife, I really do. Or with that girl with the shellfish allergy. It's never easy, but, you know, maybe feeling pain is better than feeling nothing at all. (*She makes a face wondering if she's saying the wrong thing*). I wasn't - meaning to be cold earlier on. I was trying to do things by the book. Not that there is a book on this sort of thing. Well, there are lots of books actually, but you know what I mean... I always hoped that I'd be in a hotel room like this with a man. With a real man. Of course you are a real man, but a man who I was in love with, you know. Not that there's anything wrong with being here with a cup and a catheter by the way. I don't agree with you about that. It might seem sad to some people but I actually think we're lucky to live in an age where women like me have that choice. I suppose men don't have a choice yet do they? A man wanting to conceive a child on his own, I don't know how people would react to that, but you never know. Some day. Modern technology. Beat. It's funny because in England there's this whole shortage of sperm right now. They're practically begging guys to give it away because they changed the law, so children of donors can trace their fathers now. And most men don't want that, obviously. Most men find that a horrifying prospect. Yeah. (*She paces*). My sisters don't know that I'm here. With you. They're married, all three of them. One of them works. Well, I say she works, she makes these little porcelain animals - pigs and goats and stuff and her friend sells them in her shop - so it's not really a job job. I'm the one with the great career. That's what they like to say, 'You're the one with the great career.' That's sort of a code for saying I haven't got a boyfriend. Which is sort of a code for saying I'm weird. They try to be nice. They used to do a lot of breastfeeding, my sisters. They used to do a lot of talking about breastfeeding too. And actually for a long time I thought that the three of them had been mentally retarded by childbirth because they couldn't seem to talk about anything else. But now I see it was just because it was all so very consuming. Which is what love is, isn't it? (*She listens for a response*). I don't think I'd want them to know about this. I'm not ashamed. I just - think they'd feel better if they thought I got drunk and shagged a stranger. Much more natural. (*Beat*). You were wrong about me being in sales by the way. And you were wrong about my persuasive skills. But it was nice of you to say.