

NOTES

This short story is the perfect Prose Interpretation for a mature, male performer. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer where to turn his pages in the manuscript. While this selection does include characters other than the narrator, David, avoid vocal stereotypes for Carol. A falsetto should not be used to perform Carol's dialogue. Simply soften your voice and make Carol appear as honest as possible. Remember, she is a real person. Feel free, however, to be creative while performing *Mr. Trog*. The performer might even want to give *Mr. Trog* an accent. While the use of an accent for *Mr. Trog* is simply a suggestion, his character should be a nice contrast to David and Carol. David should be portrayed with 100% honesty. Think of the *charm* possessed by male leads in romantic comedies, because the *success* of this selection will be determined by the *likability* of the performer.

I'll never forget the first time I saw her. It would be pretty hard *to* forget. Her hair caught fire.

I was sitting in this restaurant, Le Maison Blanc, eating this marvelous goose liver pate, and a couple of tables over there was this girl leaning forward towards the candle with her ear very close to it, as if she was listening to it. Suddenly, whoosh! Her hair caught fire. Instinctively I threw an entire pitcher of water at her, and the fire was out. She gasped and spurted a little.

"Are you okay?"

"Whew! That really wakes you up! Was there ice in that?"

I was staring at her hair, which was now fried and looked uneven.

"I think you're going to need to get it cut."

"Oh, well, easy come, easy go."

So I walked her down to this very fashionable unisex hair cuttery,

The Perfect Love Story

By Michael McClain

and we waited. And while we waited, we talked. Well, she talked mostly. She told me about listening to candles, and why she did things like that. She told me how impressed she was with me, because the last time something like this happened to her...the man hadn't been nearly so polite. I didn't ask about that. And then she babbled on about animal shelters and how she made her own furniture. And I remember as I looked at her, soggy and babbling, that I knew, suddenly and completely, for the first time in my life, without any doubt or hesitancy, that *this* was the girl I wanted to marry.



You see, I believe that life is a search for perfect moments. I think that life should be well-lived, and that all problems are to be traversed subtly and with great sophistication. This is very important to me. And yet, somehow, I would up in a love story with the most *imperfect* person I ever met.



Her name was Carol. She was inelegant, awkward, sometimes obscene, and...I adored her. I adored her so much...that I decided to ask her to marry me.

I picked her up at 7:30, and I took her to the best French restaurant in town. Everything had already been prearranged to a "T." From the moment the maitre d' met us at the car, everything went perfectly, and I had never been happier. The moment finally came. The wine sparkled. Her eyes sparkled. Her cheeks matched the rose in the vase next to her.

"Carol..."

"Yes..."

"Carol, I have something to ask you..."

And then I saw it. There was this little piece of parsley caught between her front teeth. She obviously didn't know it was there. I mean, it was just sort of...*there*, this dark green leaf covering her right front tooth.

"Yes, David?"

"I...I..."