



## THE NOTEBOOK by Jeremy Leven

**LON:** So, the way I see it, I have three choices. One, I shoot him. That way, he's dead, I go to prison, and you're left with nobody. And let me tell you, right now, that doesn't seem like such a bad option. Two, I kick the crap out of him. Which is probably not the best choice, because I'm not much of a fighter. Three, I leave you, call off the wedding, play the jilted lover, and expose your indiscretions to the entire community. But all of it's no good, you see? None of those options give me you. And in spite of everything, I love you. And if you want to work it out, forget that our wedding is in three weeks. Forget what people will say, and they will talk. Believe me, it's started already. Forget everything. This is about you and me. And if you want to work it out, let's go home. I meant what I said when I gave you that ring. Look, it's normal not to forget your first love. I love you, Allie, but I want you for myself. I don't want to have to convince my fiancée that she should be with me.