

VICTOR MONOLOGUE

VICTOR - Monsieur

Ah, abundance, well. There's a deceptive word. Abundance is never about what you have. It's about what you can't have, ever.

And never's such_ a long, long time. Imagine yourself in the Garden of Eden and somebody tells you that you can have anything. Anything! Except one little apple. You didn't even want an apple, but now you can't have it, and it occupies your mind. You can't stop thinking about it, even while you're sleeping. Especially then. And pretty soon you don't want mangos, or quinces, or chicken Tetrizzini, or anything else you've got in abundance, you want that apple. And anything less is hell.

Consider the worm in a bottle of tequila. He should be ecstatic: He's got all the tequila he can drink, lucky worm. But he doesn't want tequila., does he?

You think a bull is born craving a big red cape? "He only wants what he can't have" ...

I know, I don't care, I was glad to be done with it! So I told the paper where to forward my checks and I came here.

Where I met Mademoiselle. Funny thing about Paris. Seems you meet more Americans than French on the street - dozens of them, mostly trying to be Scott Fitzgerald. She wasn't trying to be anybody. Came here after five years of nursing her mother through a horrible illness - a ravenous disease of the brain that takes your life as slowly and painfully as possible. We met on the street outside the Select - Hemingway's old club. It was packed, floor to ceiling, with ten or twelve people waiting outside to get in. One of them, muffled in a thick red scarf, said her date had slipped in just as they shut the doors, and could somebody walk her home. By the time we reached the Pont St. Michel we were dancing on the bridge in our big overcoats to a band two blocks away playing ".Auld Lang Syne." I said, "You'd think the French would play something subtler on New Year's Eve." And she said, "There's so little music as it is; just dance to the music you get."