

CLAUDE MONOLOGUE

CLAUDE – Head Waiter

No, I'm sorry, I can't. I've spent half my life serving food, Monsieur, I cannot simply wait.

Your life story is, I'm sure, quite riveting. If I weren't distracted by the prospect of watching your bones poke through your flesh, I would listen with rapt attention. But imagine what it's like for us, knowing once you've finished, the only thing left is to stand in silence while your suit goes baggy on your body. As Gaston said, our purpose in life is to feed, to nourish, sustain, satisfy, gratify ... delight. To watch you staring at an empty plate would be torture.

Wait a second With all due respect, Victor ... I have a proposal.

While you relate your final story, Gaston will prepare a sumptuous meal Course by course. Dish by dish. Over a series of empty platters.

Empty. A feast of adjectives and adverbs. To serve our purpose in life. Think of it as ... a last request. A full seven courses -soup to nuts! Make way for chapter one!

A wild game consomme with poached rabbit quenelles. First, the little bones meticulously roasted till golden brown, then nestled in the oven with doves of garlic, Welsh leeks, plum tomatoes and fresh herbs, then deftly simmered and delicately strained through a fine chinoise. Second, the rabbit meat, lovingly pureed, tenderly folded with goose egg whites and heavy cream, then elegantly spiced with gossamer sprigs of tarragon.

It's waiting in the kitchen, piping hot.