

The book cover features a close-up photograph of a man and a woman. The woman is lying down, looking up at the man who is leaning over her. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows, creating a sensual and intense atmosphere. The background is dark and out of focus.

HUBERT SELBY JR

author of

**LAST EXIT TO
BROOKLYN**

'Brutally seductive'

Guardian

**REQUIEM
FOR A
DREAM**

Requiem For A Dream, now a major film by cult director Darren Aronofsky, is a modern-day fable set in New York. Lonely widow Sara Goldfarb nurtures fantasies about appearing on prime-time television, while her son Harry, along with girlfriend Marion and buddy Tyrone C Love, plans his break into big-time drug dealing. Their eyes fixed on an impossible future they move blindly onwards, contorting their lives into coils of self-deception as they struggle to keep their dreams alive.

'Selby's *Requiem For A Dream* clearly marks him as a major American author of a stature with William Burroughs and Joseph Heller'

Los Angeles Times

'An American masterpiece' *The Nation*

Requiem For A Dream stars Jared Leto (*American Psycho*, *Fight Club*) as Harry Goldfarb and award-winning actress Ellen Burstyn (*The Exorcist*, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*) as Sara. Directed by Darren Aronofsky from a screenplay by Aronofsky and Hubert Selby Jr. Distributed by Momentum Pictures.



Hubert Selby Jr.'s other books include *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, *The Demon*, *The Room*, *The Willow Tree* and the short story collection *Song of the Silent Snow*. His most recent novel, *Waiting Period*, was published in 2002.

Hubert Selby Jr. died in April 2004 at the age of 75.

£7.99

Marion Boyars Publishers
24 Lacy Road, London SW15 1NL

www.marionboyars.co.uk

Author photograph: Stefan Walter
Cover design: Eleanor Rose

ISBN 9780714530871



9 780714 530871

went into the bathroom and got off and got ready for another evenings work.

Visiting his mother didnt seem like such a good idea when the time came to leave, but a little taste makes all things possible. He dressed in a sharp new pair of slacks and sport shirt and casual shoes. He checked himself out in the mirror again then asked Marion how he looked. Handsome. Really handsome. You look like the son every mother has been looking for. What are they doing looking in places like that? and he chuckled then checked himself out again. Okay, guess I/d better split. See you later baby. Marion kissed him, Just relax. Its going to be just fine. Your mother isnt a barracuda like mine. Maybe that would be easier. Okay, later. Harry left and stopped at a bootblack by the subway and got a dazzling spit shine on his new shoes, then gave the kid a couple of bucks and hailed a cab.

After two weeks on the pills Sara was accustomed to their effects. She almost enjoyed the grinding of the teeth, and even if it annoyed her a little from time to time it was worth the slight inconvenience to feel so good and to see the weight dropping off. Each morning and evening she tried on the red dress to see how much closer it was to fitting and each time the back came closer and closer together, she could tell. She cut back to only one pot of coffee in the morning and drank tea the rest of the day. Sometimes her eyes felt a little bulgy, but what was the big deal. She mentioned some of these things to the doctor and he told her that that was a normal reaction and not to worry about it. Youre doing just fine. You lost ten pounds the first week. Sara beamed and

forgot everything else. Ten pounds. Such a good doctor. A real crackerjack. She went each week, got weighed, a new supply of pills, signed the Medicare form and went home. Who could ask for anything better. When she joined the other women getting some sun she gave them all a treat and let them look at her gorgeous figure before sitting in her special spot. But she wasn't sitting too long. Every now and then she got up to stretch, to walk, to do something in addition to talking. Her tongue got so much exercise that the rest of her needed some too. And every day it was already the same thing with the mailman: They're all looking at him as he's walking up the street and he's grinning and shaking his head and telling them not today. When he sees it he'll be wavin' it all ovah, ah mean all ovah, and he would go in the building to distribute the mail he did have. But there was something that was different . . . her refrigerator didn't talk to her anymore. He didn't even seem to sulk. He was still there but had lost his personality. He was just an ice box. At first she missed being able to antagonize him, but soon she didn't give it any thought and just went about her business as quickly as possible in the kitchen and then joined the ladies getting some sun.

She was sitting in her special spot when Harry got out of the cab. He adjusted the waist of his slacks and faced the phalanx of women, his mind trying desperately to think of some way to out flank them, but a lifetime of experience proved that that was impossible, so he girded his heroin strengthened loins and walked directly toward his mother. Sara stared for a brief second, her stimulated mind instantly computing everything the senses transmitted: the cab door closing, Keep the change, the new clothes, the relaxed attitude, the smile, the expressive eyes that were filled with color. She jumped up, Harry, and wrapped her arms around him almost knocking him off balance. She kissed him and he

kissed her and she felt so excited she kissed him again and again, Hey, take it easy ma, youll crush me, and he gave her a quick smile then adjusted his clothes. Come, come inside Harry. I'll make you a pot of coffee and we'll make a visit. She took his arm and started walking toward the entrance, Your chair ma, you forgot your chair, and he went over and picked it up and folded it while saying hello to all the women who have known him since almost the day he was born already, and some since before he was born when he was only some smoke in his fathers eyes, and they told him how good he looked and told him they were so happy he was doing so well and he nodded and was kissed and squeezed and finally escaped their clutches. Sara made a pot of coffee immediately and bustled around and about getting cups and saucers and spoons and milk and sugar and napkins, And how are you Harry youre looking so good, and she checked the coffee to see if it was ready and asked Harry if he wanted something to eat, a little nosh maybe or a cake I'll go get some if you want, but I dont have anything in the house but Ada will have something, a cupcake maybe, and Harry watched and listened to his mother, half wondering if he was in the right house, and finally the coffee was ready and she filled the two cups and asked Harry again if he wanted anything to eat. No ma. Nothing. Sit. Sit for krist's sake. Youre making me dizzy. She put the coffee pot back on the stove and then stood in front of Harry and smiled, You notice something? Harry blinked, still a little dizzy from all the activity. You notice Im slimmer? Yeah, yeah, I guess you are mom. Twenty five pounds. You believe it? Twenty five pounds. And thats just the beginning. Thats great ma. Thats really great, Im really happy for ya. But sit down, eh? Sara sat. Harry was still a little bewildered and his head seemed to be ten yards behind him. Im sorry I havent been around for a while ma, but Ive been busy, real busy. Sara kept nodding her head and smiling.

at Harry as she clenched her jaw, You got yourself a good job? Youre doing good? Yeah ma, real good. What kind of business? Well, its sort of a distributor like. For a big importer. O, Im so happy for you son, and she got up and gave him another big hug and a kiss, Hey ma, easy, eh? youre killing me. Krist whatta ya been doin, liftin weights? Sara sat down, still grinning with her jaw clenched, Who you working for? Well, Im sort of in business for myself. Me an another guy actually. Your own business? O Harry, and she started to get up again to hug him and Harry pushed her down, Hey ma, please, eh? Your own business, O Harry I knew when I saw you that you had your own business. I always knew you could do that. Yeah, ma, you were right. I made it, just like you said I would, and he smiled and chuckled. So now maybe youll meet a nice young jewish girl and make me a grandmother. I already met one—Sara squealed and squeaked and started to jump up and down in her chair and Harry held his hands up in front of him, Jesus krist ma, dont go ape shit, eh? O Harry, I cant tell you. I cant tell you. Im so happy. Whens the wedding? Wedding? Hey, cool it, eh? Just relax. Plenty of time to worry about getting married. Is she a nice girl? Whose her parents? What— You knower ma. Marion. Marion Kleinmeitz. Remember, you— O, Kleinmeitz. Of course. I know. New Rochelle. Hes got a house in the garment center. Yeah, yeah, hes big in womens undies, and Harry chuckled but Sara continued to grin gleefully as she anticipated the big wedding with all her friends watching her son get married, Harry and Marion under the canopy, the rabbi, the wine, the grandchildren . . . She was so excited she couldnt sit still so she got up and refilled the coffee cups and sat down. Before you go bouncin all over again and make me forget, what I want to tell ya is that I got you a present and— Harry, I dont want a present, just make me a grandmother, and she continued to grin and

grin—
got, eh
Krist,
well .
search
his fac
a cigar
is that
best se
Please
interr
such a
grinne
chang
sorry a
I dont
them.
kindd
you to
be de
squeal
and sh
her ja
her en
father
poor,
takes
guaran
for wh
line. Y
He kr
to ma
laying
stretch

grin— Later for that, eh? Will you let me tell you what I got, eh? will ya? Sara nodded, grinning, grinding, clenching. Krist, youre really something else today. Look, I know . . . well . . . Harry rubbed his neck, scratched his head, and searched for words and could feel the embarrassment flushing his face so he lowered his face and drank some coffee, then lit a cigarette and started all over again. What Im trying to say is that . . . well, he shrugged, well . . . I know I aint been the best son in the world— O Harry, youre a good— No, no! Please ma, let me finish. I/ll never get it out if you keep interrupting me. He took a deep breath, Im sorry for being such a bastard. He stopped. Breathed. Sighed. Breathed. Sara grinned. Clenched. I wanta make it up. I mean I know I cant change anything thats happened, but I want ya to know Im sorry and I love ya, and I wanta make it right. Harry, its— I dont know why I do those thing. I dont really wanta do them. It just sort of happens, I guess. I dont know. Its all kindda goofy somehow, but I really do loveya ma and I want you to be happy so I got ya a brand new TV set. Its gonta be delivered in a couple a days. From Macys. Sara was squealing again and Harry warded her off by raising his hands and she sat back down and grinned at her son as she clenched her jaw and ground her teeth, her happiness vibrating from her entire being. O Harry, youre such a good boy. Your father would be so happy to see what youre doing for your poor, lonely mother. I got ya a five year service contract that takes care a everything after the guarantee runs out. Its guaranteed for five years and one year. I dont know which is for what. Its a long time. Its the best they got. The top of the line. You see that Seymour? You see how good our son is? He knows how lonely his mother is living all alone, no one to make her a visit even th— Hey ma, come on, eh? Dont go laying any heavy guilt trips on my head, eh? Saras eyes stretched even wider than they were as she clasped her hands

to her breast, I wouldnt do a thing like that to my son. Never. I swear I want nothing but the best for my son, I wouldnt want him to feel bad for— Okay, okay, ma, lets just cool it, eh? I just wanted to give ya the set and tell ya Im sorry and I want ya to be happy, okay? and Harry leaned over the table and kissed his mother for the first time since he couldnt remember when. He hadnt thought of it, hadnt planned it, it just seemed to happen as a natural result of the conversation somehow. Sara beamed and blinked her eyes as her son kissed her and she put her arms around him and kissed him back and he kissed her again and put his arms around her and found a strange feeling going through him, a feeling something like a high, but different. He couldnt identify the feeling but it was a good feeling. He looked at his mothers smiling, beaming face and the feeling increased, flowing through him with an unexplained power and energy making him feel sort of . . . yeah, I guess thats it . . . sort of whole. Harry, for a brief moment, felt whole, like every part of him was united with and in harmony with every other part of him . . . like there was just one big part of him. Whole. The feeling lasted for the briefest moment as he sat there blinking at his mother and his own actions and feelings, then a feeling of puzzlement seeped through him and he found himself trying to identify something and he didnt know what it was he was trying to identify, or why. O Harry, Im so proud of my son. I always knew youd make good and now youre making— Harry heard her words but his mind was completely preoccupied with the question of identifying something. Then it slowly started to come to him. He had been bending over his mother, kissing her, when he heard a familiar sound . . . yeah, thats what it was he was trying to identify, that sound. What in the hell could it be???? Your father and I used to talk so long about you and how he wanted you to be happy— Thats it! Thats what that noise

is. He sta
what it r
pieces su
folding in
The nois
wasnt gr
his motio
the truth
obvious s
he was o
blinking
uppers? V
voluntari
Sara was
sudden h
yelling at
looked an
ya lost so
Yeah, sur
For weigh
croaker fo
and blink
croaker, n
shrug, Wh
conversati
he give ya
Doctors g
A purple
what kind
ears, Wha
Harry rol
mean, lik
Doctor Ei
me the pi

is. He stared at his mother at first bewildered not knowing what it meant and then it all started to fit in and a lot of pieces suddenly fell into place and Harry could feel his face folding into an expression of surprise, disbelief and confusion. The noise he heard was the grinding of teeth. He knew he wasnt grinding, he was on stuff, not speed, so it had to be his mother. For many long moments his head fought against the truth, just as it had fought against recognizing the obvious since he had first stepped out of the cab, but now he was overwhelmed with the facts and his eyes were still blinking as he leaned across the table, Hey ma, you droppin uppers? What? You on uppers? his voice starting to rise involuntarily. Youre on diet pills, aint ya? Ya dropping dexies. Sara was completely bewildered and befuddled. All of a sudden her sons voice and attitude changed and he was yelling at her and saying things she didnt understand. She looked and shook her head. On, on, what is on? How come ya lost so much weight? I told you, Im going to a specialist. Yeah, sure. What kindda specialist? What kind? a specialist. For weight. Yeah, thats what I thought. Youre makin a croaker for speed, aint ya? Harry, you alright? Sara shrugged and blinked, Im just going to a doctor. I dont know from croaker, making . . . she continued to shake her head and shrug, Whats wrong Harry, we/re sitting and making a nice conversation and you— What does he give ya ma? Eh? Does he give ya pills? Of course he gives me pills. Hes a doctor. Doctors give pills. I mean what kind of pills? What kind? A purple one, red one, orange and green. No, no, I mean what *kind*? Saras shoulders were hunched up around her ears, What kind? I told you. And theyre round . . . and flat. Harry rolled his eyes back and his head shook slightly, I mean, like whats in them? Harry, Im Sara Goldfarb, not Doctor Einstein. How should I know whats in them? He gives me the pills and I take them and I lose weight so whats to

know? Okay, okay, Harry was fidgeting in his chair and rubbing the back of his neck, So you dont know whats in them. Whered you get this jokers name? From who? From Mrs. Scarlinni, where else? She got it from her daughter. Harry was nodding his head, It figures. Rosie Scarlinni. Whats wrong? Shes a nice girl and such a cute figure. With all the speed that broad drops the weight cant stay on. It shakes itself off. Harry, you confuse— Look ma, does that stuff make you feel good sort of and give ya lots of pep and maybe you talk a little more than usual, though with you *yentas* its pretty hard to do that, eh? Sara was nodding her head and pursing her lips, Well, I guess maybe a little. Harry rolled his eyes back again. A little. Jesus, I can hear ya grinding ya teeth from here. But that goes away at night. At night? When I take the green one. In thirty minutes Im asleep. Poof, just like that. Harry kept shaking his head and rolling his eyes, Hey ma, ya gotta cut that stuff loose. Its no good. Who said its no good. Twenty five pounds I lost. Twenty five pounds. Big deal. Yeah, big deal. Do ya wanta be a dope fiend fa krist's sake? Whats this dope fiend? Am I foaming at the mouth? Hes a nice doctor. He even has grandchildren. I saw the pictures on his desk. Harry hit himself on the forehead, Ma, Im tellin ya, this croakers no good. Ya gotta stop takin those pills. Youll get strung out fa krist's sake. Strung, schmung. I almost fit in my red dress, Saras face softened, the one I wore at your bar mitzvah. The one your father liked so much. I remember how he looked at me in the red dress and gold shoes. The only time he saw me in the red dress. Its not long after that he got sick and died and youre without a father my poor boobala, but thank God he saw you bar mitzvahed and— Whats with the red dress? What does that— Im going to wear the red dress on television. O, you dont know. Im going to be on the television. I got a call and a application and soon Im on television— Comeon, ma,

whos
cont
one,
wher
on th
sch
was r
Your
on te
happ
what
fa kri
giggle
weigh
you. I
I know
How
Harry
lieve r
pills. J
off alr
ma yo
hurt a
like th
your b
going
be pro
on tele
krist's
televisi
Who?
vision.
know
Thats

whose pullin ya leg? Leg, schmeg. Im telling you Im being a contestant on the television. They havent told me yet what one, but when Im ready theyll tell. Youll see, youll be proud when you see your mother in her red dress and golden shoes on the television. You sure someone aint puttin you on? On, schmon. I got an official form. Printing and everything. Harry was nodding and shaking his head, Okay, okay. So its official. Youre goin to be on television. You should be happy Im going on television. All the ladies theyre happy. You should be happy too. Im happy ma, Im happy. Look, Im smilin. But what does that have to do with takin those goddamn pills fa krist's sake. The red dress shrunk, Sara was smirking and giggled slightly, and its a little tight, so Im losing some weight, what do you think? But ma, those pills are bad for you. Bad? How can they be bad? I got them from a doctor. I know they are ma, I know. How come you know so much? How come you know more about medicine than the doctor? Harry took a deep breath and almost sighed, I know ma, believe me I know. And theyre not medicine. Theyre just diet pills. Just diet pills. Just diet pills. Those just diet pills took off already twenty five pounds and we havent stopped yet. But ma you dont have to take that shit to lose weight. Sara was hurt and perplexed, Harry whats wrong? Why you talking like this? All I want is to fit in my red dress. The dress for your bar mitzvah. Your father loved the dress Harry. Im going to wear that dress. I/ll wear it on the television. Youll be proud of me Harry. But ma, whats the big deal about being on television? Those pillsll kill ya before ya ever get on fa krist's sake. Big deal? So who do you know thats been on television? Who? Harry was shaking his head in frustration. Who? In the whole neighborhood whos been on the television. Whos even been asked? You know who Harry? You know who the only one whos been even asked. Sara Goldfarb. Thats who. The only one in the whole neighborhood whos

been even asked. You drove up in a cab— Harry was nodding and shaking his head, Yeah, I drove up in a cab— You see who had the sun seat? You notice your mother in the special spot getting the sun?—Harry was still nodding and shaking— You know who everybody talks to? You know whos somebody now? Whos no longer just a widow in a little apartment who lives all alone? Im a somebody now Harry. You see how nice my red hair—Harry blinked rapidly and muttered a holy shit under his breath. Her hair was bright red and he hadnt even noticed. It still didnt make much sense but he figured that her hair must have been a different color before, but he couldn't remember what it was—so guess how many of the ladies are going to get red hair? Go ahead, guess? Ma, whatta my goin to guess? Six. Six ladies. Before I got red hair people on the street, little kids, maybe they say something, but now they know, even little children, Im going on the television and they like the red hair and they like me. Everyone likes me. Soon millions of people will see me and like me. And I'll tell them about you and your father. I'll tell them how your father liked the red dress and the big party he made for your bar mitzvah. Remember? Harry nodded, feeling defeated and worn out. He didnt know what was defeating him, but he sensed it was something he could not cope with, something that was far beyond his power to control or even at this point in time comprehend. He had never seen his mother so alive, so involved with anything in her life. The only time he had ever seen anybody so enthused and excited was when somebody told an old dope fiend about some good shit and he had enough money to cop. His mother had a light in her eyes when she talked about the television and her red dress that he couldnt remember seeing there before. Maybe when he was a little kid, but he couldnt remember back that far. Something in her attitude was so strong that it simply overpowered him and made any continued resistance or attempt to

change he
watched an
part of his
I might w
Robert R
Robert R
bewildere
her only
grinding g
and calme
make any
with the a
ing. Its a
reason to f
makes tom
son, What
bed or wa
alone. Sey
but his me
care of. Ac
have? Im
flustered,
with each
what—Its
can I shop
carrot, an
me how ca
thing? No
about the
and you. N
Now that
Me and M
honest ma
her head a

change her mind impossible. He just passively sat and watched and listened to his mother, part of him confused, and part of him happy that she was happy. And who knows what I might win? A new refrigerator. A Rolls-Royce maybe. Robert Redford. Robert Redford? So whats wrong with Robert Redford? Harry just blinked and shook his head, bewildered, and went with the flow. Sara looked at her son, her only child, with a tangible earnestness, the grin and grinding gone, replaced with a plea that softened her eyes and calmed her voice, Its not the prizes Harry. It doesn't make any difference if I win or lose or if I just shake hands with the announcer. Its like a reason to get up in the morning. Its a reason to lose weight so I can be healthy. Its a reason to fit in the red dress. Its a reason to smile already. It makes tomorrow alright. Sara leaned a little closer to her son, What have I got Harry? Why should I even make the bed or wash the dishes? I do them, but why should I? Im alone. Seymours gone, youre gone—Harry tried to protest but his mouth hung silently open—I have no one to take care of. Ada does the hair. Anybody. Everybody. What do I have? Im lonely Harry. Im old. Harry was completely flustered, his head shaking, eyes blinking, hands fidgeting with each other, voice stammering, You got friends ma, what— Its not the same. You need someone to make for. How can I shop when I dont cook for someone? I buy an onion, a carrot, an occasional chicken, a little nosh, Sara shrugged, for me how can I cook a roast? a special . . . special . . . anything? No Harry, I like how I feel this way. I like thinking about the red dress and the television . . . and your father and you. Now when I get the sun I smile. I/ll come visit ma. Now that Im straight, my business is going good, I/ll come. Me and Marion—Sara was shaking her head and smiling—honest ma. I swear. We/ll come for dinner. Soon. Sara shook her head and smiled at her only child, trying hard to believe,

Good, you bring her and I'll make your favorite borscht and stuffed fish. That sounds great ma. I'll give ya a call ahead a time, okay? Sara nodded, Good. Im glad. Im glad you got a nice girl and a good business. Im glad. Your father and I were always wanting only the very best for you. I see on the television how its always alright in the end. All the time. Sara got up and put her arms around her son and hugged him close to her, tears gently caressing her cheeks, Im glad Harry that you have someone to be with. You should be healthy and happy. And have lots of babies. Dont have only one. Its no good. Have lots of babies. Theyll make you happy. Harry did the best he could to hug his mother and allow her to hug him without trying to pull away, and he held on to her with desperation, the reason why completely unknown to him, something impelling him to hold, and be held, for as long as possible, as if this were some momentous event. He felt cramped and crowded, but he hung on somehow against his will. Eventually, just when he thought he would disintegrate, his mother backed off slightly and looked into his face and smiled, Look, Im crying already. Im so happy Im crying. Harry forced his face into a tight smile with the utmost of effort, Im glad youre happy ma. I really love ya. An Im sorry—Sara shook her head and waved away his apologies, tosh, tosh—I really am. But Im goin ta make it up now. You should just be happy. Dont worry about me. Im used to being alone. They looked at each other for a moment, silent and smiling, and Harry thought his face was about to crack open and he moved and looked at his watch, I got to go ma. I have an appointment downtown in a couple a minutes. But I'll be back. Good. I'll make for you. You still have your key? Yeah, I got it ma, showing her his key ring. I'd better hurry. Im late now. Goodbye son, and Sara gave him another hug and kiss, and Harry left. Sara looked at the door for many minutes, time seeming to have no meaning, then poured

herself a
her feel
with ch
wrappin
in the c
he loved
then th
and her
her teet
started t
about h
television
itself int
and then
Harry wa
she'll soo

Harry
mothers.
aware of
his moth
buttons a
this time
know wh
at her bu
maybe he
confusing
seemed sc
of some k
because h
realized h
thought c
a drag to

herself another cup of coffee and sat at the table nurturing her feeling of sadness. She thought of Harry as a little baby with chunky legs and cheeks and dressing him warm and wrapping three blankets around him when she took him out in the cold weather, and when he started to walk, and how he loved the playground, and the slide, and the swings, and then the coffee started to stimulate the chemicals in her body and her heart started beating faster and she started grinding her teeth and clenching her jaw and a feeling of elation started to pump its way through her and she started to think about her red dress and the weight she was losing and the television—*zophitic, zophitic*—and her face started to squeeze itself into a grin and she decided to finish the pot of coffee and then go out and tell the ladies about how good her Harry was doing with his own business and a fiancée and how she'll soon be a grandmother. It was a happy ending.

Harry felt confused and bewildered when he left his mothers. He was not only confused and bewildered, he was aware of it. He knew he always had a hard time being around his mother, she always seemed to know how to push his buttons and drive him up the wall, but something happened this time that was different and unexpected, and he didn't know what in the hell it was. He didn't feel like lashing out at her but rather he felt like crawling up inside himself. Or maybe he always felt like that. He didn't know. Shit! It was confusing as hell. Red hair. Red dress. Television. It all seemed so goofy yet there was something happening, a feeling of some kind, that seemed to make it alright. Maybe it was because his mother was happy. That was a gasser. He never realized how much he wanted his mother to be happy. Never thought of it like that before. It was just that she was always a drag to be around. But she sure as hell was up today. Yeah,

on those goddamn pills. Jesus, he didn't know what in the hell to do. His old lady on those goddamn diet pills and dyeing her hair red . . . Harry shook his head as the words and thoughts and feelings bombarded him, increasing his confusion and bewilderment. He didnt know what was happening with his mother, but he sure as hell knew that he needed a fix. Yeah, a little taste and everything will be just fine.

For many weeks Tyrone was able to cop that dynamite shit that they were able to cut four times and still put a boss bag on the streets. That safety deposit box was filling up with bucks and they were nosing around to see where they could get a pound of pure. They had to be as quiet as possible so that the wrong people didnt get ideas and rip them off. There seemed to be some new people peddlin the shit and they were the people they were trying to get in contact with because they were the ones putting out that dynamite. They handnt made the contact yet, but they were getting close, real close. And things were going great. Theyd lay off the stuff to the street guys and just lay back and let the business take care of itself. The demand was always there. It was definitely a sellers market and they just waited for them to come to them. They realized they didnt have to sweat it so they dipped a little more into the merchandise. They didnt have to get worried about being strung out when they were the connection, not that that was a real problem. They knew they could stop any time they wanted to. If they should ever want to.

Another couple of weeks passed and Sara still hadnt heard from the television people, but that didnt bother her at all until today. Today she got up and tried on the red dress and

she could actually zip the back closed. The last few inches were tucking and tugging, tucking and tugging, with also a little grunting and a lot of deep breathing, but it closed. Soon she would be able to wear it and breathe at the same time. Now she started to become concerned about hearing from them what show she would be on and when. If even they didn't tell her when, if she just knew the show she could watch it and know what to expect, sort of a rehearsal, and she could tell the ladies and she could maybe have them in to watch the show on her gorgeous new set that her son Harry gave her now that he is doing so well in business, his own business, and she wished he would come with his fiancée to dinner and she could make the borscht and stuffed fish that Harry likes so much just like his father who used to always smack his lips and ask for more . . . Sara sighed . . . but Harry called the other day to ask how she was and say hello and tell her again he would soon visit but he couldnt do it now because he was all tied up with business. But couldnt you come? If even for only a little while? Ma, I toldya, I'm tied up. I got a lot of irons in the fire and I have ta be around ta take care a them. Your own mother? Not even a little visit? What did I do Harry that you should not want to see me? Whatta ya talkin about for krist's sake? I aint doin nothin to ya. You could come with your fiancée and let me give her a hug and a kiss. You oughtta lay off those pills. Theyre makin ya goofier than usual. So now Im crazy? Who said anything about crazy? Hey ma, will you lighten up and stop playin those guilt games with my head? Games? What games? Just cool it, eh? I just called ya up to tell ya I love ya and that I'll see ya soon and you start laying guilt trips on me and I dont need it, okay? Okay, okay. I dont know what you dont need, but okay. I guess maybe you dont need me, but okay. Harry breathed deeply and shook his head and squeezed the phone, hard, and thanked God he had sense enough to get off before making

the call, Look ma, I dont wanta hassle you, okay? I love ya an I'll see you soon. Take care. Be well Harry. He hung up and she shrugged and poured herself another cup of coffee and sat at the table waiting expectantly for the coffee to reactivate the diet pills and send that flush of euphoria through her system and soon she was grinning and grinding and went back out to the street to join the ladies and get some sun. And if she didnt hear from the television by Monday she would give them a call.

Harry and Marion were getting off twice a day, sometimes more, and inbetween were smoking a lot of pot and dropping an occasional pill. They looked at Marions sketches of the coffee house they were going to open, but with diminishing frequency and enthusiasm. Somehow there just didnt seem to be time for it though they spent a lot of time just lying around and not doing much of anything in particular and making vague plans for the future and enjoying the feeling that everything would always be alright, just like it was now. When Harry resigned from the business, Marion insisted they would *not* live in the suburbs, and they would *not* live in a house with a white picket fence, and they would *not* barbecue on Sundays, and they would *not*— Hey, wait a second, eh? What *are* we going to do? and he grabbed her by a boob and put his other arm around her and kissed her on the throat and she pushed him away and giggled and hunched her shoulders to cover her neck, Dont, dont, Im ticklish. Okay, so we/re not going to tickle you either. So what else? We/re *not* going to own a Cadillac, and we/re not going to visit my family at Passover, as a matter of fact we are *not* going to have a Passover or even have a box of matzoh in the house. Harry kept nodding his head and rolling his eyes as she counted off another will not, But we will have

a nice place in the west side of the Village, and we will stop in for an occasional drink in a neighborhood bar, and we will shop on Bleecker Street and have lots of nice cheese, especially provolone, hanging in the kitchen, and anything else we want. Harry raised his eyebrows, O, anything else we want? Dont worry about it Harry, we'll be able to have it. He smiled and pulled her close to him, I have it now, and he kissed her and slowly moved the palm of his hand over her ass, you have everything I want. Marion put her arms around his neck, O Harry, I love you. You make me feel like a person, like Im me and Im beautiful. You are beautiful. Youre the most beautiful woman in the world. Youre my dream.

As usual, Sara started her day on Monday with her purple pill and a pot of coffee, but somehow it wasnt doing what she was used to it doing. The weight was still coming off and the red dress was zipping up without too much stuffing, but there was something missing, even after a pot of coffee. She didnt feel the same like she did when she first started taking the pills. It was like they took something out of them. Maybe they made a mistake and gave her the wrong pills? Maybe she should get stronger ones? She called the doctors office and talked with the nurse and asked two, three, how many times, if she was sure she didnt give her the wrong pills? No Mrs. Goldfarb, Im absolutely certain. But maybe you gave me a smaller one the last time. That isnt possible Mrs. Goldfarb. You see they are all the same potency. The change is in the color. All the purple are the same strength, all the red, etc. But something isnt the same. Youre just becoming adjusted to them. At first you may get a strong reaction, but after a while that wears off and you just dont feel like eating. Its nothing to worry about Mrs. Goldfarb. You mean Im—