



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.

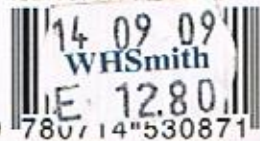
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went into the bathroom and got off and got ready for another evenings work.

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 she sees it she'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

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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

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