

# *Nick's monologue*

transcribed by Jason Creed

Um, good evening...or should I say, good morning. The time is twenty-five to five, and I've been sitting here for some time now, actually...(?) from a party which I quite enjoyed, but you know, it's... One has one's reservations when one has quite enjoyed oneself, but one has to make reservations because, um, the people were particularly interesting. In fact, there wasn't as many people there as I expected there to be, it was, I thought...you know, the Maynard-Mitchells have a big, big 'do', in fact there weren't nearly as many as one might have thought, which was, which was a pity.

In fact, I think I must have drunk a lot, or although it seemed so, at the time I felt myself quite sober, but when I leapt into the car to drive home, after my merry abandon, I found the task extremely difficult. And it was extremely fortunate that, um, there was nothing else on the road because, looking back at it, I seem to remember I had a mental brainstorm, and I didn't realise at the time, and I think I drove the whole way home on the right-hand side of the road...which is something, of course, which comes from driving in France too much, which is what I've been doing recently, as you probably know...driving in France, you know. And in moments of stress, such as was this journey home, one forgets so easily, the lies, the truth and the pain...and so I'm wavering from the point...

What I was trying to say...um, when I sat here I had an extremely pleasant time on the piano actually. I was playing the piano and sort of singing, and I rather fear I may have kept people awake upstairs...one hopes not, but it was pleasant, and it's extremely pleasant sitting here now, because I think there is something extraordinarily nice about seeing the dawn up before one goes to bed, because there's something uncanny about it, when it suddenly becomes light, because one connects darkness with going to bed, surely...um, and when one is still up when it becomes light, and it's a new day, and you still haven't gone to bed, to sleep, because the night equals sleep, so easily, and when one is still up when the new day begins, it is something of an (achieved?) experience, I always find.

I can look out of the window now, and that tree over there is green, whereas before one goes to bed, just when one goes to bed, that tree should be black, surely. Everything should be black before one goes to bed, but that is surely the essence of the romantic.

Anyway, I think I'm straying from the point. I shall probably stop now because, um, if I don't I shall start sort of surrealating on life histories and things, which will be frightfully tedious. So it's here that I'll sort of say good night, you know... Good night.