

[Walking through a square in Vienna]

Jesse: You know what drives me crazy?

Selene: What?

Jesse: It's all these people talking about how great technology is, and how it saves all this time. But, what good is saved time, if nobody uses it? If it just turns into more busy work.

Selene: Yeah.

Jesse: Right, I mean, you never hear somebody say, "Well, you know, with, uh, the time I've saved by using my word processor, I'm gonna go to a Zen monastery and hang out." I mean, you never hear that.

Selene: Time is so abstract anyway. Were you looking at this girl?

Jesse: What?

Selene: Nothing.

Jesse: Do you want to go in here? [indicating a bar/club]

Selene: What?

Jesse: Do you want to go in here?

Selene: Yeah. It's a club, no?

Jesse: Yeah.

Selene: Wanna go?

Jesse: Yeah.

Selene: [to doorman] Hallo.

[Doorman says something in German.]

Selene: [to Jesse] 50 shillings.

Jesse: [taking out money] 50 shillings.

Selene: Each.

Jesse: I got a hundred. Here, I got it.

Selene: I'll buy you a beer. [to doorman] Thank you.

[They enter the club. Live music is playing by a musician with an acoustic guitar. He finally stops, and says something to the audience.]

Jesse: You gonna buy me a beer?

Selene: Yeah.

Jesse: You think Old Milwaukee's a little expensive here?

[Still in club. Playing pinball. Selene is playing, and she loses her ball. Both are drinking beer.]

Selene: [hitting the machine] Merde!

Jesse: [taking over, and starting playing] Well, um, we haven't talked about this yet, but, are you dating anyone? You got a boyfriend waiting on you back in Paris, or anything like that?

Selene: No, not right now.

Jesse: not right, but you did! [he loses ball, she takes over]

Selene: We broke up about six months ago.

Jesse: Six months ago.

Selene: Yeah.

Jesse: I'm sorry. I mean, I'm not that sorry. But, uh, tell me about it.

Selene: Ah, no. No, no way, I can't. It's really, really boring.

Jesse: Come on. Tell me about it.

Selene: Okay. I was really disappointed. I thought this one would last for a while. I mean he was very stupid, ugly, bad in bed, alcoholic, you know.

Jesse: Real prize-winner.

Selene: Yeah. [laughs] I was kind of giving him a favour, but he left me, saying I loved him too much, and, you know, I was blocking his artistic expression, or some shit like that, you know.

Selene: But anyway, I was traumatized, and became [she loses ball. They switch.] and became totally obsessed with him. And so I went to see this shrink, you know, and it came up that I had written this little stupid story about this woman, trying to kill her boyfriend, and how she was gonna do it, you know, with all the intricate details, of, you know, how to do it, and not get caught, and...

Jesse: She was gonna kill her boyfriend? [loses ball. Switch]

Selene: Yeah. Yeah, she was. I mean, it's nothing I would do, but it was just some writing, you know.

Jesse: Alright, no, no, I understand.

Selene: But anyway, this stupid shrink believed everything I was telling her, and it was my first time seeing her. She said she had to call the police.

Jesse: She had to call the police?

Selene: [loses ball. Switch] Yeah. She was, merde! she was totally convinced I was really gonna do it, you know, even though I'd explained to her it was just some writing and stuff. You know. she said, looking deep into my eyes, "The way you said it, I know you are going to do it, the way you said it." She was totally out of her mind. It was my first and last session.

Jesse: Yeah, so what happened then?

Selene: I totally got over him, you know. But now I'm obsessed that he's gonna die from an accident, or, you know, 1000 kilometers away, I'm gonna be the one accused. Why do you become obsessed with people you don't really like that much, you know, I mean.

Jesse: I don't know.

Selene: So, how about you?

Jesse: What?

Selene: Are you with anyone?

Jesse: Umm, it's funny how we managed to avoid this subject for so long, isn't it?

Selene: Yeah, but now you have to tell me.

Jesse: Well, I kind of see this all love as this escape for two people who don't know how to be alone, you know, or, uh, you know it's funny. People always talk about how love is this totally unselfish, giving thing, but if you think about it, there's nothing more selfish.

Selene: Yeah, I know. So, who just broke up with you?

Jesse: What? [loses ball, switch]

Selene: You sound like you've just been hurt, or something.

Jesse: Do I?

Selene: Yeah.

Jesse: Alright, um. Big confession, you know. I should have told you this earlier or something, but..... You know, I didn't come to Europe just to hang out and read Hemingway in Paris and shit like that, you know. I saved up my money all spring to fly to Madrid and spend the summer with my girlfriend, who has been on this...

Selene: Your girlfriend? [she loses ball. They switch]

Jesse: My EX-girlfriend, who has been on this asinine art history program for the last year.

Jesse: Anyway, I got here, right. And now we're re-united, at long last, and we went out to dinner, our first night with six of her friends. Pedro, Antonio, Gonzalo, Maria, Suzie, from home, you know. She pretty much managed to avoid being alone with me for the first couple of days we were there, and I stuck around for a while, just to kind of let it really sink in that she wished I hadn't come. So I bought the cheapest flight out of Europe, this one leaving out of Vienna tomorrow. But it didn't leave for a couple of weeks, so I bought

this Eurail pass. You know what's the worst thing about somebody breaking up with you? It's when you remember how little you thought about the people you broke up with, and you realize that that is how little they're thinking about you, you know. You'd like to think that you're both in all this pain, but really, they're just, "Hey, I'm glad you're gone." [They switch]

Selene: I know. You should look at bright colours.

Jesse: What?

Selene: That's what the shrink told me, you know. I was paying her 900 francs an hour, to hear that I was a homicidal maniac, but I could shift my obsession if I would concentrate on bright colours.

Jesse: Yeah, did it work?

Selene: Well, [loses ball, switch]

Jesse: Didn't help your pinball.

Selene: Well, no. Yeah, well, you know. I haven't killed anyone lately.

Jesse: Not lately? Well, that's good. You're cured, then.