05. Happy, Page 23

HAPPY, *moving about with energy, expressiveness:* All I can do now is wait for the merchandise manager to die. And suppose I get to be merchandise manager? He's a good friend of mine, and be just built a terrific estate on Long Island. And he lived there about two months and sold it, and now he's building another one. He can't enjoy it once it's finished. And I know that's just what I would do. I don't know what the hell I'm workin' for. Sometimes I sit in my apartment--all alone. And I think of the rent I'm paying. And it's crazy. But then, it's what I always wanted. My own apartment. a car, and plenty of women. And still, goddammit, I'm lonely.