

MARION NARRATION

To sum up the four hours of discussion that followed, it's not easy being in a relationship much less to truly know the other one and accept them as they are with all their flaws and baggage...Jack confessed to me his fear of being rejected if I truly knew him, if he showed himself totally bare to me. Jack realized after two years of being with me that he didn't know me at all, nor did I know him. And to truly love each other, we needed to know the truth about each other, even if it's not so easy to take.

So I told him the truth, which was I'd never cheated on him and I also told him that I'd just seen Matthieu that afternoon. He did not get mad at me because nothing had happened, of course. I confessed to Jack that the toughest thing for me was to decide to be with someone for good. The idea that this is it, this is the man I'm going to spend the rest of my life with. To decide that I will make the effort to stay and work things out and not run off the minute there is a problem is very difficult for me. I told him I could not be full with just one man for the rest of my life. It was a lie but I said it anyway. He asked me if I thought I was a squirrel, collecting men like nuts to put away for cold winters. I thought it was quite funny. Then he said something that hurt my feelings. The tone changed drastically. Then I misunderstood what he was saying. I thought he meant he didn't love me anymore and that he wanted to break up with me.

It always fascinates me how people go from loving you madly to nothing at all, nothing. It hurts so much. When I feel someone is going to leave me, I have a tendency to break up first before I get to hear the whole thing.

Here it is. One more, one less. Another wasted love story. I really love this one. When I think that it's over, that I'll never see him again like this, well yes, I'll bump into him, we'll meet our new boyfriend and girlfriend, act as if we had never been together, then we'll slowly think of each other less and less until we forget each other completely. Almost. Always the same for me. Break up, break down. Drink up, fool around. Meet one guy, then another, f-k around. Forget the one and only.

Then after a few months of total emptiness start again to look for true love, desperately look everywhere. And after two years of loneliness, meet a new love and swear it is the one, until that one is gone as well. (long pause) There's a moment in life where you can't recover anymore from another break-up. And even if this person bugs you 60 percent of the time, well, you still can't live without him. And even if he wakes you up every day by sneezing right in your face, well, you love his sneezes more than anyone else's kisses.