

CONTINUED:

DAVID

A Victoria's Secret model -- just slumming between law school and running her family's Vastly Endowed Foundation for Tragically Sad-Eyed Children?

The crowd laughs, David changes tone.

DAVID

Okay, good, you see Lacan's point. Fantasies must be unrealistic. The minute you get something, you don't, you can't, want it anymore. To exist, desire needs absent objects. So desire supports itself with crazy fantasies...

The over-dressed Sexy Grad Student enters loudly from a side door, out-of-breath and discombobulated. The crowd laughs at the timing. David pauses.

STUDENT

Sorry.

He animatedly gestures to the seats, waits a beat as she moves towards them.

DAVID

This is what Pascal means when he says the only time we're truly happy is when day-dreaming about future happiness.

The Sexy Student sits, adjusts herself.

DAVID

Or why we say, 'The hunt is sweeter than the kill' or 'Be careful what you wish for.'

A guy behind the Sexy Student taps her on the shoulder, she turns and he hands her letter from the registrar's office. It's from a girl friend two rows back. The girl friend mouths, "It came today?"

DAVID (O.S.)

Not because you'll get it, but because you're doomed not to want it if you do. Think about it next time you're at a wedding.

Laughter. The Sexy Student turns back around, throws the letter in a book.