

GILLETTE. Not as a joke, my dear, but as a game, which is a different thing entirely. Look, we have chosen this mad life of ours, and we'd be insane not to accept it for what it is. Do I go to an office? No. Do I wear a tie to work? No. We're actors. We wear silly costumes. We put on noses made of putty, for God's sake. We don't want to be grownups. We're all Peter Pans and a good thing it is too. I don't want to leave all the fun behind because I've reached some magical age of regret. That's what they want us to do, you know, all those gray faceless accountants, and I won't do it. I won't. I don't treat life as a joke - I treat it as the most glorious game ever invented. Love and heartbreak? Game. Life and death? The greatest game, the biggest adventure. Shakespeare got it right on the nose. Henry the Fifth charging into battle against overwhelming odds and what does he cry? *"Its all a game and if I die, I die!"* So let them praise me, hate me or shoot at me - but at the end of the battle, I will have *lived*, even for a moment. And if you think you need Simon in order to live like their, then take him, by all means! Cling to him! Don't hesitate for a second!.. I will, however, miss you terribly.