

Des-Neiges

Des-Neiges, a lonely single woman, reveals to the audience her relationship with a brush salesman

The first time I saw him I thought he was ugly...it's true. He's not good looking. When I opened the door he took off his hat and said, "Would you be interested in buying some brushes, Madame?" I slammed the door in his face. I never let a man in the house. Who knows what might happen...The only one who gets in is the paper boy. He's still too young to get any wrong ideas. Well, a month later my friend with the brushes came back. There was a terrible snowstorm outside, so I let him stand in the hall. Once he was in the house, I was frightened, but I told myself he didn't look that dangerous, even if he wasn't good looking...He's always well-dressed...Not a hair out of place...He's a real gentleman...And so polite! Ever since then, he's come back once a month. Sometimes I don't buy a thing. He just comes in and we chat for a while. He's such a nice man. When he speaks, you forget he's ugly...I think I'm in love with him...I know it's crazy. I only see him once a month, but it's so nice when we're together. I'm so happy when he comes. I've never felt this way before. I need someone to love. I need a man.