

Mrs Thompson



American Collectors (1968) by David Hockney

213 x 304 cm Art Institute of Chicago

Mrs Thompson

It is 2h36 pm, the sun is washing over everything. The pool's water is reflecting in my face and it feels good to see that the summer's finally coming. Did I think to call Madeline about my osteoarthritis? Well, I don't know and I don't care. William can do it for me. Besides, where is William? Who is William exactly? Oh he is, if I remember correctly, my dearest friend and my butler. I really love him, actually. For a moment, I thought I loved him. But I don't. I just wanted to know what it feels like to love someone. I've never loved anyone. Anyway, where is William?

- Williaaaaaam? Where are you? I need a cup of iced tea and Madeline's number!
It's so hot I'm losing my mind!

No answer.

That's weird, usually William always replies when I scream his name all over the house. Maybe he's bored of me. Maybe he finally left. Oh well, I hate William anyway. He spends all his time whining about having too much work in this house. Unbearable! I will go get him.

Mrs Thompson wandered around her house for a long time. It's true that her house was big, there were not many rooms but all of them were huge. She had decorated it with many things all as weird as each other. In the garden is the swimming pool, tiny but comfortable. Everything was tiny in her house. Anyway, it is not useful to have a giant pool for an old woman who can't even swim. The truth is that Mrs Thompson has a pool because all the wealthy people have one, and since she is rich, she must have one. Still in the garden, Mrs Thompson had put all sorts of things, like a totem, or a false rock golem. It was strange, but it represented her personality well. After having done a full tour of the garden she went inside, she looked at the living room. Empty. She looked at the kitchen. Empty. She finally looked at the last room of the ground floor, the dining room. Empty. Whatever. There was a little sound all over the room. Just like a little click.

- It's coming from the door! She said to herself.

Yes, Mrs Thompson was often talking to herself. She was a little bit crazy. Just a little. She walked towards the thing, the dresser. Click, click, click, the dresser was going. She opened the little door and discovered a hand, a leg, then a foot and finally she saw William's face. William was dead. But what was that sound? I don't know, she doesn't know either. And I think she didn't care about that sound at this moment. Because William was dead. Maybe it was the shock that inhabited her because the fact is that Mrs. Thompson did nothing. She was there staring into space. As if she was not surprised. She looked at William for ten minutes. Just in space, standing in the dining room. It was the shock, for sure. Or the denial. She couldn't believe that her "dearest friend and butler was dead, murdered, cut into pieces and hidden in the dining room dresser. Who could have done that? When? And where is he now? Well, the thing is that Mrs Thompson was living in California's hills so there was nobody less than a kilometer away. When, maybe during the night, or in the morning, when Mrs Thompson was still recovering from her hangover. We don't know and we don't care because there was a problem with the old lady. Because after ten minutes of waiting, she went to the kitchen, took a glass of red wine, turned on her favorite music- *Ne me quitte pas* from Jacques Brel. She sat down on the couch that she had moved from the living room to the dining room. And she drank her glass while watching William rot in the dresser. What was wrong with her? Was it heartache? Maybe she had actually loved someone in her life.

- No, it was not my fault William. It is still not. You are the one who has a problem! IT IS YOU! I had no choice! You were going to start talking. You talk too much, William! I had no choice!

You know the stories that we see in the movies but that no one ever hears for real? Like Split! That was it, exactly. Split. Mrs Thompson did not know what had happened and yet she did. Because the thing is that Mrs Thompson, as I said was crazy, but not just a

little. They were many actually many Mrs Thompsons. Three exactly. One of them was the Mrs Thompson that everybody knew. It was the Mrs Thompson that Madeline had on the phone. The Mrs Thompson with whom the postman was talking when he brought a package. But there were two other ones. There was the Mrs Thompson who was madly in love with William, her, their butler. It was certainly this one who appears after she discovered the body. And there was the last one, the worst. The Mrs Thompson who was appearing only from time to time. The Mrs Thompson who actually hated William. Who wanted him dead.

This was the one who appeared last night, who went to look for the gardener's axe in the little cabin, who went to William's little room and suffocated him with a rag from the kitchen, then cut him into pieces and hid him in the dresser in the dining room. No one really expected Mrs. Thompson to act, not even William. That's why, the first Mrs Thompson, after having resumed her place on discovering the corpse, thought it was not possible anymore. So she got up, wept, picked up all the pieces of William, put them in a bag, buried them near the tomatoes, wept again and returned inside her house.

She took one last bath accompanied by another glass of red wine, after all, it was not really her who had benefited. She ate some French cheese. Yes, she loved everything that was French. William had a French father for that matter.

Then she went up to her room, a cute place. Everything was in warm tones.

She opened a blue box with small flowers on it, took the small thing which was in it and suddenly was no longer with us.

Poor William, Poor Mrs. Thompson... by the way, her name was Georgia. Definitely, this lady looked quite adorable.