

GINNY from 2 VERY DANGEROUS PEOPLE SHARING 1 SMALL SPACE  
TOGETHER by Joshua James

GINNY

This is the first time in three days I've seen you sleep. What goes on in that head of yours? Who are you? I thought that sleeping with a stranger would be quick way to torture myself. You're not a stranger, but I still don't know you. If I knew more, maybe I could tell you more. Maybe we could share really scary things.

Maybe I could tell you more about him and how much I loved him. Maybe I would tell you about this big hole I carry around inside, the one I've been trying to fill with wine and shopping and things and I just can't fill it, I can't.

Maybe I could tell you how ashamed I am, and how I wish I were blind so I didn't have to look at my own face in the mirror and see what a fuck-up I've been, and so I couldn't see everyone at work avoiding me and laughing at me for being such an emotional fuck-up and that's why I dropped out, fuck them, fuck them and their diet Pepsi and Twinkie lives. If that's what it's all about, then fuck them.

And if I told you that, maybe I could tell you how tired I am, tired of my hands, my hair, my feet and my face, tired of everything, too tired to sleep, too tired to breathe, so tired my stomach is ill, and I just want it to stop. Stop. Stop. If I told you stuff. . . . Maybe.

Maybe I wouldn't be this way anymore.

Maybe it wouldn't change anything.

Maybe I deserve to be called a cunt.