

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

**Spotlight on MAYNARD as he plays his records.
GINNY is asleep. He watches her as he listens to
music and talks to ROSCOE the Dummy.**

MAYNARD

She does have a pretty face, though, doesn't she, Roscoe?

Faces. Fucking faces. Can't trust 'em.

I remember the first face I ever really looked into, other than my parents. The first time I ever saw someone else's, that's when I knew all was not right in the really-real world. I was seven, he was nine. He was the neighborhood bully, and he always used to thump me on the back or stick his bubble gum in my hair.

He trapped me in the park one day when I was in the sandbox. He jumped on top of me and pinned my arms down with his legs and laughed in my face. He then would spit slowly, letting it dribble out of his mouth in one long pendulous strand and let it hang over my face, and at the last second he would suck it back up. "Say you're a pussy, tell me you're a pussy an' I'll let you go," he said. I squeezed my eyes shut tried to hard not to cry, I would not cry, then he started getting mad. He picked up a blade of grass, held it before my eyes and told me that unless I informed him just how big a pussy I was, he would take the blade of grass, stick up my nose and tickle my brain with it. I struggled in silence and up my nose went the blade of grass. I started to cry. I got one hand free and I grabbed his wrist. I felt his pulse flash blood into mine. Then it happened.

I looked up into his face and I saw his entire life mapped

out before me. I saw his birth, I saw his first words and his first steps. I saw all the little frogs and birds he's tortured in his back yard, I saw the smokes he stole from his mom. I saw the girl with braces he would impregnate, marry and abuse. I saw the dead-end job he'd have and the in-laws he hated. I saw the barmaids he would screw around with and all the Budweiser's and boilermakers he would drink. I saw his son on a tricycle that he would ignore and later lose. I saw the day he would put the working end of a shotgun into his mouth and take his own life, I saw it, saw it as if I were there. I knew he would die at thirty-nine, and I stopped crying. He looked at me as if he knew, and he hit me twice in the face until I bled and then ran away. He stared at me from the other side of the park and I looked over and said "You're a pussy," and then he ran home. He never bothered me again. I went home with blood on my face and shirt, but no one noticed, my mother slept the Valium sleep and my father watched TV with the King of Beers, so it was just me in my room looking in my mirror with my bloody face and it was then, in that mirror, that I first saw the black dogs on the wall. As I closed my eyes an angel child whispered an obscenity into my ear and then I did start to cry, really really cry. I cried tears of blood.

That was my first time.