

14. THE ENEMY NEXT DOOR

In dangerous times like these, we can't take chances on our neighbors.

–What the hell is going on?

–I have no idea. There have been police cars here since last night. They blocked off the alley way. And now they have the street closed off.

–Are we in some kind of danger?

–No if we remain inside.

–I feel as if we've been invaded.

–You should feel that way.

–*Suzi needs a doll.*

–*I don't need a crying kid.*

–*Learn to blend in.*

–*You're going to have to set up a body shot. The head shot won't do.*

–*I just want to get off.*

–*You really think that you have a film career.*

–*I've learned the technique in the dark. There is always going to be a need for my services.*

–I'm not coming out until you tell me what you're going to do with me.

–You have to come out for the safety of your neighbors.

–You're not going to shoot me.

–You just show yourself. Show us that you don't have a weapon. And we won't hurt you.

–I don't feel as if I can trust you. You pulled your guns on me. You chased me in here.

–One of our officers reported that you took out a weapon.

–That's not true.

–OK, if you don't have a weapon, you have nothing to be afraid of. We won't hurt you.

–I'm supposed to believe you. You're the ones with weapons.

–Our officers just wanted to protect themselves. And there's also a safety issue with your neighbors. We advise you to put down any weapon that you may have, and just surrender yourself.

–I told you that I never had a weapon. Your officers were threatening me. Since I never had weapon, there was no reason for them to do that. So I don't feel safe coming out.

–You're going to come out one way or another.

–Am I?

–There are a number of officers out here who are prepared to come in there. But we'd like to do it the easy way. It's up to you.

–I don't want to go to jail.

–We didn't say anything about jail. We just want to talk face to face.

–You're not going to let me walk away now. You're going to send me to jail.

–*We have one of our men in that neighborhood.*

–*Do they even know a thing.*

–*I think that they are pretty unaware of what is going on.*

–*Is he in any danger?*

- They believe that he is a suspect.*
- You have to get him out of there.*
- I realize that.*
- Does he realize what is going on?*
- We tried to reach him. But he’s been out of range.*
- You have to send in someone to get him out.*
- The police have the whole neighborhood surrounded.*
- Shit, shit, shit.*
- They may not give him any options.*
- What are you saying?*
- That he may challenge them.*
- They have the firepower.*
- But this is like a game to him.*
- They are still going to get him.*
- Not before he takes out a few of them.*
- It’s not as if the police don’t have a few marksmen of their own.*
- That’s not what we’re talking about. He is more than ready to go.*
- The police have location on him. He’s boxed into an apartment. They just have to block the exits.*
- He’s got the windows.*
- A clear shot. He has to surrender.*
- He’s not the type. And we can’t let anyone know how close we are to him.*
- You’re going to let him rot in there.*
- Do we have a choice?*
- You put him in there. I don’t want him to hang in the wind. I don’t see that there is much that we can do.*
- Send some civilian in there.*
- The police aren’t going to let anyone near the location.*
- Create a distraction.*
- I don’t want to make this worse. This guy is like a machine. Nothing gets to him. And if there’s a way out, he’ll find it.*
- What about the other apartments in the building?*
- If the police are doing their jobs, then they are all evacuated and occupied by now.*
- The noose is tightening.*
- He could lead them in a false negotiation. Get them in the door. Start an explosion.*
- That is what I am really afraid of. He could set the whole neighborhood up.*
- They’ve turned off the electricity so that reduces his options.*
- I can’t figure out why he retreated like this. He gave them all the cards to play with.*
- That’s what doesn’t make sense to me either.*
- There are some options left.*
- For him or for us.*
- We could take care of the matter ourselves.*
- He’s one of our best men.*

- Even if they don't kill him. You're not going to be able to get him out of custody.*
- I don't want him to talk.*
- He's one of those.*
- Not at all. I just don't want him to say anything.*
- Then he has to be taken care of.*
- I'm not entertaining that alternative. I'd like to figure out a way to have him escape.*
- If he gets them to come in, he could create diversion.*
- They've got to have a hundred cops there now. They are going to be covering the exits even if they send in a force.*
- He could get a cop uniform when he takes out a charging officer.*
- Even in the confusion, he is not going to have the time. Assume that he can reduce visibility. Use smoke or something like that. There will be so many bodies in there, that he'll have nowhere to go.*
- He is by himself.*
- No hostages.*
- How did it get that far?*
- He was deep. His mission top secret.*
- Shit. National security. We have to do something.*
- What are you going to do? I'm out of ideas.*
- I could try to pull some strings.*
- It's all in the open by now.*
- I know some people in Chicago.*
- What are they going to do? Lose him. It's all over the news.*
- Invent a cover story. Find a double. Alter his file.*
- If you have an idea, I'm game.*
- I still think that you have to take care of him. When the police take him out, you have a shooter on a rooftop. They're not expecting anything like that.*
- Why don't we let the Chicago cops do it for us?*
- All you need is for them to hear some gun shots.*
- Is that how you want to do it? It seems pretty random. And it could backfire. What if he surrenders beforehand.*
- I don't think that he wants to surrender.*
- How did he get himself in this mess?*
- He was working alone.*
- Then let him twist in the wind!*
- That's easy for you to say. He's not one of your kids.*
- They can trace him to you.*
- No, they can trace him to you.*
- Are you kidding?*
- What do you think?*
- Then you better get him out of there.*
- I'd sort to like him to talk.*
- Huh?*

- Let him sing. Sing all night long.*
- He doesn't know about the program.*
- He is the program.*
- We have to find some way to break this deadlock.
- Shoot him out. Just bomb the place. And kill the fucker.
- It's not as if he's done something that's a capital offense.
- Selling drugs. He deserves to die for that.
- They should arrest the owners of the distilling plants if that was the criterion.
- I like a drink now and then. But this creep is a real curse on the neighborhood.
- Then let the courts take care of him.
- I think that we should just go in there and take him. Just bomb him out.
- I'm sure that you're well qualified to do that.
- Don't put it past me.
- Go tell the cops that you are ready to help. They'll send you back to Police Academy.
- This isn't a joke. I've watched this guy from the minute that he moved in here. There was something wrong with him.
- You can't say that for sure.
- He had people coming by at all hours of the night. He was obvious. It would have just taken one shot then.
- One shot, one kills.
- I'm not kidding.
- Well, put down the beer. And go take care of it.
- I'll let the cops do their jobs.
- I'm glad that they have you on their side.
- I'm a good man!
- I'm sure that you are.
- Then let me do your job.
- Get me a beer while you're in there.
- Fuck off!
- Get me a beer, please.
- I'm going to charge you for it.
- The local beer dealer!
- And the cops are going to arrest us for drinking outside.
- I think that we are the least of their worries.
- This is pretty entertaining when you think about it.
- A stray bullet could hit a kids. That would really be funny.
- Like I said. We should just kill this guy right off.
- I am with you on this one!
- Then let's take care of what has to be done.
- Get me a beer so that we can plan this out.
- You've got it.
- Just what the cops need. Two drunk guys to help.
- Did you say something?

–I was just thanking you for the beer.

–I'm getting some paper so that we can plan this out.

–We can throw beer cans at him.

–You're not speaking loud enough.

–I said that it's time to do what we have to do!

I hate my neighbor. He is a creep. I want to hurt him. I want to crush the worm beneath my feet. I want him to suffer.

He is stretching my patience to the breaking point. I promise that I am going to do something about him.

I wish that I could get the police to take care of him. I watch him to see if he steps over the line. But he is the most careful person that I know. I have got to figure out some way to make him play his cards.

I could try and get him angry. He has done a great job at irritating me.

I spend all day thinking about what I am going to do to him, this is not idle thought. It is as if I am really there. And I am torturing him. My whole body gets involved. I never thought that I was a violent person like this. But he has pushed me to the limit.

It is not enough to have these feelings. I am going to have to act them out. That way I will release all this pent up anger. It's not good to hold it in. I hate being frustrated. And I have a target for my bad feelings. I will take a special satisfaction in beating the shit out of this fucker. I will crush the rat. Squeeze, squeeze.

I am going to firebomb his place. I don't want to give him the chance to elude my grasp. I am screaming out loud.: I am going to get you.!

Whew! That felt good. I am ready to pounce. Here I go!!!

It's the neighborhood welcoming committee. And we've brought you a care package! Spew!

The hatred is pulsing through my veins. It is shaking my bones. I love letting loose of all my anger. This is good. I pound the walls. I stomp on the floors. I shake my fists. I pound the air. I am going to beat this rotten little monster.

Look at me! Are you afraid? Be afraid! I am coming for you.

–I've got a present for you!

–Go away.

–I want to be friends.

–I don't need another friend.

–I want to be your one and only. I'm coming in!

I go over alternative scenarios. I plan my entry. All of this is too subtle. I just want to beat the shit out of him. I can wait until he leaves for work. Or I can meet him when he comes home at night. His arms will be full of groceries.

–Can I help you?

I'll just knock him to the ground. Kick him. And toss the vegetables on his bruised body.

–Get up so that I can knock you down again.

I am kicking him like a madman. I feel great.

I crush a fly on the screen. I watch the blood spread out. It is a man's blood. The flies will gather all over his body. They will feed on his flesh. All that will be left is the bones. I will

chew on his bones.

–I warned you. You kept acting like a prick. There is only one word for this. This is justice pure and simple.

I am coming over for dinner. And I am going to feast on you. I have the butcher's knife ready.

What has driven me to this point. I have tried to be tolerant. But he has pushed all my buttons. This is horrendous. I can't help myself.

–Has he called you?

–Called me. Why should he call?

–We could come up with a background story.

–What are you telling me?

–If we just dump you in the neighborhood, that will only draw more suspicions to you. Our only hope is if we make people think that you're one of them.

–What are they going to do? Give me a job as a local mechanic.

–We are thinking about giving you a family.

–A wife and a kid?

He nods.

–That's all that I need. A crying baby.

–It will be good cover. You don't want the police coming down on you.

–I can cover my own ass.

–I don't want you becoming the crying baby if this doesn't work out.

–I'm not a newcomer to this game.

–But you're going to be alone in new territory for a little while.

–It's not as if I'm heading into no man's land.

–You've got to think of everyone around you as an enemy.

–How long are we going to be able to keep operating domestically?

–You know the answer to that. As long as our mission lasts.

–And you want me to hide out in some Chicago neighborhood. To what end.

–Your instructions will follow when the time is right.

–After my kid starts the first grade.

–It's not going to be that bad. We've got a real cute kid for you.

–I don't do other people's kids.

–Think of him as part of the family.

–I'm having enough trouble thinking of myself as part of the family. So do you have a movie star for my wife?

–We have someone who looks appropriate for the part.

–And I feel just as appropriate about her.

–We can't give you a wife who's going to stick out like a sore thumb.

–You could at least give me some hot momma.

–This is not about your fantasies. We can't have someone who's going to cause trouble with the rest of the men in the neighborhood.

–That sounds terrible. I'm less and less happy about this idea.

–You're going to have to do it for the team.

–I have never worked like this. I'm not an undercover agent. I'm an enforcer pure and simple. If you wanted a nanny, you could have put out classified ad.

–We're not looking for a wife for you. We have woman to do the job.

–No way, no time. She is only going to get in the way. And the kid will end up in some hostage situation.

–We need this taken care of.

–I'll do the job. I'll even hang out in the neighborhood. But no family.

–We could link you up to a local gang.

–I thought that you wanted low profile.

–Then no one would ask why you were in the area. It would seem as part of the day to day.

–Give me a fucking apartment. And I'll wait for you instructions no questions asked.

–I don't know why we're even wasting our time. In Afghanistan we would bomb the whole fucking block and move on.

–I think that we should get an evacuation notice for the area. Wait until a time that those hipster suburban kids are at work or at some freak festival and just bomb the whole place. Who else is going to be in there. Some crying kid. He's just going to grow up to be a crack whore or a drug dealer.

–That's what we have now because we didn't do the job when we had the job. All this treating these people with kid gloves.

–God should get rid of a place like this. It's not fit for human habitation.

–Murph, doesn't your brother-in-law live a few blocks from here.

–That he does!

–Maybe we could widen the target site.

–I wouldn't mind. We could hit him when he was watching the Cubbies and biting into one of those brats.

–Bingo!

–So what are we waiting for?

–They've got some negotiator in there trying to talk him out.

–Talk, talk. They just need to shoot some tear gas in there, and then just storm the place.

–Doesn't he have a baby in there

–No, he's in there by himself.

–Then what are we waiting for. Just shoot a mortar in the window.

–They want to bring him in alive.

–Why? So he can do this kind of shit again.

–We are wasting department resources coddling types like this.

–I say that someone should have been on to this type long ago. They could have gunned him down in the street.

–If I was captain, I'd have a hit list for types like this.

–The way that you guys talk, you're never going to get promoted.

–We've got a sissy in the bunch.

–The procedure is there for a reason.

–To keep us in our place and make our job harder so that we don't have a chance to

advance any further.

–We have to use our brains.

–Like this cat did. Pulling a gun on a cop.

–Is that what happened?

–I thought that he got stopped while dealing drugs to kids.

–And the officer chased him until he ducked in that building. Then they called for backup, and he started shooting when the second car showed up.

–I never heard anything about any shooting.

–What were they up to last night?

–They were investigating a shooting sight.

–My, how rumors fly.

–OK, smart ass, what happened.

–They went to get him on a warrant. There was already the word out that he was dangerous. They went to serve the warrant. When they came upon him, he pulled a gun on them. Then he ran into that building. And now we're taking it from there.

–They still need to bomb the fucker out of there.

–*What would standard procedure have been?*

–*To use an alternative exit. Maybe bore a hole in the ceiling.*

–*That may have brought the whole thing down. Besides, it would have take too long.*

The apartment is a prison if all the exits are blocked.

–*He could try a window.*

–*Again, they're prepared for that. It's a prison.*

–*So he waits them out.*

–*Or they come on in.*

–*Either way, he is screwed.*

–*I just don't want him talking.*

–*He wants to save his own skin.*

–*Maybe the key is to get them to lead him out, then he makes his move.*

–*From a paddy wagon?*

–*Before that.*

–*There will be cops all around.*

–*He needs an accomplice.*

–*Great, another target.*

–*I am running out of options.*

–*We could take over the operation.*

–*We're not supposed to do domestic. And we don't want to tip out hand too early.*

–*You tell me what to do.*

–*I am open to suggestions.*

–*I thought that he was some kind of super-hero.*

–*He is. But he's trying to take on the army with his eyes closed.*

–*He could go invisible.*

–*Really.*

–*What are you thinking?*

–I am trying to think about the invisible option.

–Why are you even bothering?

–I'm trying to use my imagination; just to come up with a realistic way of springing our man.

–We need to send in a rescue team.

–That is never going to work.

–I guess that it's time to give up.

–He brought this on himself.

–But he needed to do a better job at protecting the mission.

–I guess it be one thing if he was going down on his own.

–But he knows too much.

–How did it ever get this far?

–Those were the conditions of the operation. This is all the more reason that this can't be traced back.

–We are pretty ruthless characters.

–Don't think that he's any different.

–So he's going to shoot his way out?

–Not at all. He's calculated his odds. He's just trying to figure out a better location to make his move.

–Get the fuck out of my way.

–What's wrong? Why are you so angry?

–Where do you think that you're going in such a hurry. I should just fuck you up.

I recently moved into a new apartment. My neighbor gives me the dirtiest looks. I have no idea what is bothering him. I always have a smile for him.

There is the strangest noise coming from his apartment all hours of the night. What the hell is going on in there. Maybe that is the source of his aggression.

When I first moved here I was a little hesitant. I'm different than my neighbors. I wasn't sure if they'd accept me. But they all treated me so well. Except for this freak. He makes me feel as if I shouldn't be here. What can I do to make myself feel more at home.

The other day he tried to run me off the sidewalk. There is such hostility built into one man. I wonder what he is going to do if he doesn't have a chance to really let go. I fear that he will let it all out on me. I am trying to be as well behaved as possible. It's just not good enough for him.

I'm a mellow guy. I leave everyone alone. There is nothing in my makeup to frighten other people. But he is just a scourge on the neighborhood. He's like a wild dog loose in the streets. Feeding him would not be enough. He is a little off. His only satisfaction would be total annihilation of another human being, me!

I try to keep a low profile. I hide out in my room and hope that he won't bother me. I can stay in here forever. So I make it out and stretch out when I can. I am looking out to make sure that he doesn't get out of his cage.

If he had more friends in the neighborhood, he'd try to turn them against me. As it is, everyone stays to himself. Maybe he has intimidated everyone. They all cower when they see him coming. And they are afraid if he sees them talking to each other that they will be plotting

against him. No wonder he acts like he does. He has become such a threat to community that there can be no sense of public ostracism. He feeds off the general apathy that he himself has engendered.

I want to reach out to everyone and make this monster feel our antipathy. There is no hope since he is so good at extending his wrath everywhere. I wish that he would do something to himself so that we wouldn't have to deal with his bull shit.

People are supposed to help each other. I was surprised how warm everyone else has been. Why does this monster poison things?

I can see that little brain of his storing things up. Where is this all going to lead? Some kind of bloodbath with me in the middle of it all. I am not his sacrificial lamb. Maybe someone can get him help. Someone else, not met. I just want to be done with him. I don't want to hurt him. I only want his craziness to stop.

I am a caring person. My other neighbors see that about me. They watch me get ready for work, and they see how committed I am to making my life better. I am a welcome addition to the neighborhood. We could make this such a great place. We don't need this troublemaker around.

I don't want to move. I have found my home. We are all home here. Except for him. He needs to get out. We are not going to do anything bad to him. But we need to let him know that he cannot continue being the ogre. His fiendishness is putting us all on edge. And this only encourages him more. Oh, Lord. What is happening to me? How did I get in such a predicament?

You are not interested in teaching your kid anything. You just want the sniveling little brat disciplined to your narrow view of the world. There is no real purpose to what you are teaching him. Just thoughts orbiting other thoughts.

I don't want to hear him crying in the night.

–What is happening to me. I am becoming HM. I need a nap.

The President has given his order. He doesn't want this guy escaping. You are going station snipers on the rooftops of two buildings. When they take him outside, you have to bring him down! Period!

You are in a new apartment. Close the doors behind you. Make sure your security system is on. They are trying to take away your identity.

Are you afraid for your family? Your enemies are next door.

–Don't talk to that man. He is a newcomer. He is up to no good.

He has an ID that permits him to spy on his neighbors.

–It is part of my job. I keep order in the neighborhood.

The weight of the world is crushing me. I need to do something about it!

–This is a kingdom of your own making.

–I am trying to set some rules for myself.

–What were the police doing in your neighborhood.

–There was a break in.

–Was that all?

–A party got out of control. One of the guests took it upon himself to make a little more mischief. He took some things.

–Is that all? There were police cars everywhere.
FIRE AT ANYTHING THAT SEEMS UNUSUAL! ANYTHING THAT MOVES!
 –You, there, get out of here.
 –What is going on?
 –Do you want us to kill you? That is our right.
 –You should go to jail for that kind of attitude.
 –We are the police. There is nothing that you can do about it!
 –What the fuck?
 –Get that in your thick skull. No judge will let me go to jail. No jury will vote to convict.
 –You are the criminal. We are instructed to fire first and ask questions later.
 –The alternative is absurd.
 –Who are you to question us?
 –We have one of those terrorists here!
 –You are the clear and present danger!
The judge works with the police to clear out the undesirables.
 –We don't need drug dealers here.
 –No, put them all back in city hall.
 –Tax revenues are getting low.
 –Build some more parking meters.
 –Buy another tow truck.
HM is off on a consultation.
 –My best friends are General Burger and General Chicken Frank!
 –Respect for your elders!
 –You're only here for a short time.
 –I'll press your button if you press mine.
 –Finish it off yourself.
 –I do give the orders.
 –My best friend said...
 –She's so fucked up, no one can help her.
 –I can never care for another person.
 –Fire on my orders!
I did it all for you. I just can't save the world.
I NEED A NAP!