

10. THE INCIDENT

I am free to do what I want! I am completely free!

We are both in the bookstore. She glances at me while I make my selection. I can tell that she is trying to look at my book. Neither of us says anything. She just smiles. It is almost as if we time our exit so that we would walk out at the same moment.

She has given me a signal. She wants me. I feel the same way. I decide to follow her home.

I am sure that she can tell that I am following her. I mean her no harm. She wants me to come along. She made eye contact at the bookstore with the intent of having me go back to her place. It may sound a little unusual, but I am sure that she is up to this kind of thing all the time. And I am just doing what she wants me to do.

I don't say a thing. I don't want frighten her. She can hear my footsteps behind her. But she does little to alter her pace, she seems perfectly comfortable with me around. Now and then she glances back to acknowledge that I am there. But she doesn't react in any way to indicate her alarm.

I am excited that she invited me along. I am not sure what she has in store for me. My imagination is running wild. Her supple skin seems so appealing. I want to kiss those tender lips. I am sure that she has done this many times before. That is the source of her confidence. I am so nervous. What if she doesn't like me? What if I can't do what she wants."

I notice that she is picking up the pace. She probably finds the night air a little cool. She isn't wearing a jacket. I follow the outline of her body. She moves with the stealth of a cat. I love the spring in her step.

Her house seems further away than I imagined. Even though the walk is brisk, it seems to take a long while. I wonder how safe it is for her to walk this distance at night. It is probably easy for her to become a little fatigued after such a walk.

I want to give her my hand. I could encourage her in this trek home. I could also draw strength from her touch. I need the encouragement. I am still so unsure her underlying motive. I assume that she wants to be with me. But she is even more shy than I am. Things just don't happen.

I review our time together in the bookstore. I go over her gestures to make sure that she really did offer me an opening. There was no ambiguity in her smile. She was making her feelings known to me. I couldn't let her get away. Such a moment might never happen again. I have never seen her before tonight.

"Slow down," I whisper the words to myself. I want her to slow down. I don't know what to say. I don't what to surprise her. But she knows that I am here. She invited me along.

"Slow down!" I want to grab her in my arms right now. Everything about her body speaks that innocence. She is like a china doll. I am afraid that I will crush her with my embrace.

She is my innocent flower growing alone near to a mountain path. She speaks of purity and life. I can't disturb this tranquility.

I know that my kiss will really get her going. The two of us will fall into each other's arms with such naturalness. I need to prepare her for what is to come. I don't want to leave her

guessing. I haven't come all this way to have her just ignore me. I can't walk on. I need to maintain my mission.

She starts to turn off on a walkway to an apartment. This is my cue. I need to keep on top of things. When she hears me turn off with her, there is no hesitation in her steps. She realizes that I am still here. She wants me here. She wants me to come up with her.

She even holds the outside door as we walk in together. We are both uneasy on the elevator. But that is only natural. We are so close to each other on the small elevator. I can smell her perfume, and it gives me such a rush.

As the elevator opens for her floor, she watches me as I get out. We both are a little confused as I let her lead the way. She has to adjust her movements so that she can allow me to follow her back to her door.

"What the fuck are you doing in my apartment?"

"You held the door for me. You let me in."

"I didn't even realize that you were still there. Do you even live in this building?"

"You are getting hysterical. I saw you at the bookstore. You wanted to say something to me. But you were too shy. So you smiled. One of those really deep smiles that communicated so much. You wanted me to come back with you. I could tell that you were lonely and didn't want to be without someone for the night. So you communicated your desire for me to follow you home. You knew that I was with you. You never said a thing."

"I was waiting for you to turn off. I was afraid! Now you need to leave."

"I don't want to leave. I want to be with you."

"If you leave immediately, we can both pretend that this never happened."

"I'm already in your place. How are we going to do that?"

"I won't call the police."

"Are you planning to call the police? That wouldn't be a good idea."

"Why?"

"Because you invited me back here. I will tell them that you let me in. There are no signs of forced entry."

"I didn't let you in. You broke into my place."

"You need to promise to tell no one that I did this."

"Why should I do that?"

"I don't want anyone to know. Now you let me in here, I'm not going to leave until I get what I came for."

"I didn't let you in; you broke in."

"But you wanted me to come in. I never even touched you. I mean you no harm."

"I never wanted you in here. Now, please leave."

"I want to leave. But you are screaming at me. And I haven't got what I came her for."

"I don't keep money in the house."

"I want to be with you."

"Get out of my place!"

"It's late. Don't scream. You're going to bother the neighbors."

"That's my intention. I don't want to be alone in this place with you."

"I'm a very reasonable person. If you don't want me here, I will leave."

“Leave!”

“You invited me here.”

“I did nothing of the sort.”

“You let me follow you home. You might as well have taken me by the hand.”

“You are a psychotic! Leave now!”

“I don’t want to leave until I got what I came for.”

“Do you want me to do something drastic?”

“I’m going to leave. Just let me stay a few minutes until you calm down.”

“How can I be calm? You broke into my place.”

“Give me a hug, and I’ll leave.”

“I don’t want to encourage you. You have to go right now!”

“What if I refuse?”

“This is my place. I don’t want you here.”

“But I want to be with you! I want you!”

“I don’t want to be with you.”

“That’s not your right to say that. I saw you in the bookstore. You smiled at me. You gave me your consent. You just can’t take it back like that.”

“I don’t want to get in an argument with you. The basic fact is that you followed me home and broke into my place.”

“What do you mean broke? You didn’t say it in words. But you invited me back to your place. We’re here now. I want what you promised me.”

“You just can’t take things from people like this. You’re forcing me to do something that I don’t want to do.”

“You just don’t understand what this is all about. Down deep, you have to know that we should be together.”

“Down deep, I know that you have to leave here right now. I am going to call the police.”

“You don’t have to do that.”

“I am going to call the police.”

“I’m not going to let you do that.”

“I am going to scream. I’m going to hit you with something. There’s a hammer over there.”

“Now you’re getting into it. I thought that you might be a little passive. You seem up for the game.”

“There is no game. This is my place. I never wanted you here. Leave now!”

“I am already in the door. We are arguing whether or not you wanted me here. So we haven’t even decided if I should be here. Until we decide that once and for all, I’m not leaving.”

“*We* decide. There is no *we*. This is my place. You have to leave.”

“Maybe I should be here. Maybe I have rights too!”

“Not in my place!”

“But I may have a special reason to be here. You don’t want your rights to stand in the way of something really great.”

“There is nothing really great here. This is perverse. You entered without my permission, and you are threatening me.”

“I don’t mean to be a threat. I like you a lot. I know that you are trying to be mean to me. But even in your anger, you are a friendly person.”

“This is not about my character. You are worse than a nuisance. You are an intruder. Get out!”

“I want a hug.”

“I am not going to encourage you anymore. There is nothing to talk about. You must leave.”

“I really can’t leave. I don’t anyone to find out what I did. I need to clean up the evidence.”

“What evidence?”

“Your evidence. I’m surprised that you can even say a thing after everything that’s happened to you.”

“I’m your conscience. Your guilty conscience that just won’t shut up.”

“Let me explain something to you. I had a right to come in here. This was the only way that I was going to get any satisfaction tonight. I wanted you. It was like fate. You signaled me to come up here. Once that process got set into motion, there is nothing that could have stood in its way. It is like the will of heaven. We are meant to be together.

I know that you tried to resist me. I am much stronger. And I have to take what is mine. It was given me from on high.”

“If it was meant to be, why won’t I shut up?”

“I don’t know. I guess that I’m really not comfortable with what I did.”

“You just can’t break into other people’s houses.”

“People use their property rights to hide who they really are. It is a protection against really interacting with people. There has to be right that are more fundamental than property.”

“What if it was the other way around? What if you brought me back to your place. You wouldn’t want the authorities just walking into your place and disturbing your privacy. Think of me!”

“I am trying to. But you gave yourself over to my protection.”

“You have to leave!”

“It’s a real mess here. I have to clean up.”

“I’ll clean up. Now, go.”

“You’re not in very good shape to clean things up. I’m surprised you can even say anything to me.”

“It’s your imagination talking to you. It has been talking to you all along. I would have never been as rational as you made me out to be. After all, you broke into my place.”

“Why are you fucking with me?”

“Because someone needs to fuck with you. You are one sick fuck!”

“Give me a chance to explain myself.”

“You have all the time in the world. There’s really not much that I can do to stop you.”

“What about your rules?”

“A lot good they are going to be if I can’t enforce them.”

“I thought that you called the police.”

“They were a little slow in coming here.”

“I could still leave if you want.”

“I thought that you wanted to be with me.”

“Are you making me an offer?”

“No, you’ve just been putting words in my mouth. You’ve been doing that all night.”

“What about you?”

“There’s really very little that I can do to stop you.”

“But you don’t want me here!”

“That is my right!”

“Not if we’re meant to be together.”

“By whom?”

“By fate! By fortune!”

There are these impressionable minds. They are easily influenced. Only a little confusion is enough for them to surrender their will to a higher power.

“Are you telling me that I am manipulating people to follow me?”

“Maybe not intentionally. But it’s working out that way.”

“How can I manipulate if there is no intention involved.”

“I’m not saying that. Sure you intend this to happen. But you may not have worked out an elaborate plan. It could just be part of your overall vision. And it just falls into place step by step. More like an intuition.”

“What is behind this intuition?”

“A little insecurity. An inability to listen to the opinions of others. And a desire to dominate others.”

“If it’s working out that way, it’s all by accident.”

“I’m not accusing you of doing something illegal. I’m not saying that you’d break into a person’s house and force them to do something. But there is an underlying aggressiveness in your point of view.”

“That’s a perception on your part. There is more of a trace of violence in your philosophy. All your thoughts on property rights and the protection of privacy. What is really going on in that castle of yours.”

“What would you have instead? Should the sovereign have to right just to go into someone else’s place unannounced.”

“That is why we have a monarch. To guarantee our basic rights. If someone posed a threat to the general well being of the people, we would need the state to intervene.”

“Why would anyone ever pose such a threat?”

“Because they are not willing to work like the rest of us.”

“You are contradicting your own philosophy. You begin by touting the fundamental nature of property rights. But now you are grounding those rights in work. You are in total contradiction.”

“Property comes from work. You work hard. You save. You get property!”

“That model might apply to some cases. But it is hardly universal. And you have such a simplistic view of work.”

“I could provide more detail. But you already seem so closed minded.”

“You are totally ignoring the role of credit and its ready availability. There is a

fundamental violence in your style of organization.”

“I do not want to advocate violence. But we do have to protect what we have.”

“But if your gains come at such a cost to others, it is questionable how long you will be able to defend your social compact.”

“You are contradicting the fundamental rules of human interaction. People put all this effort into getting something. And you want to use the state to take it away.”

“You are abstracting effort from actual situations. Someone may toil all his life and never gain the advantages that you take as fundamental.”

“Are you some kind of revolutionary?”

“If you’re going to advocate rights, we all have to be revolutionaries.”

Everyone is super wonderful here already. If you want to succeed, you are going to need an edge. You’ll need an extra effort if you want to come out ahead of everyone else.

“You need to believe in yourself. If you believe in yourself, you can succeed.”

“Everyone is trying to run with the same nostrum. You’re going to need something a little more special if you’re going to come out of this with flying colors.”

“Are you suggesting that I get a little ruthless?”

“I didn’t say it. But there’s not a clear path to the top.”

“Just because we’re rivals doesn’t make us enemies.”

“This is a tooth and nail competition. There will be losers. You can’t help the result.”

“But I don’t have to go along with the whole mentality: *win at all cost.*”

“If you want to win, you do have to make an effort. More than anyone else.”

“How do I do that?”

“You have to commit every ounce of dedication to your victory.”

“I thought that you are telling me that I need to do more.”

“You may have to trick the game. Get a little head start. Everyone else is doing it”

“What would that be?”

“Anything to help your performance. That would be a good starting point.”

“This is all about me and my self-confidence?”

“No, you have to be able to influence the actions of others. But you have to start with yourself.”

“Does this mean that I have to commit myself personally to my victory?”

“I guess that there’s a little more involved.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s not just a natural process. You need something to boost it a little!”

“Artificial stimulants.”

“You need to get that edge to win.”

“What else do I need to do?”

“You need to throw off your opponents.”

“How do I do that?”

“It doesn’t hurt to mess with their minds. Get into their private lives. Shake them up a bit.”

“I’m not sure that I really have what it takes.”

“Do you want to make it?”

“Of course, I do. But it’s one thing to get a guy to go out with you. He’ll think that you’re special just because you have a pussy. This is much more difficult.”

“It’s almost like creating life from scratch.”

“That’s one way of thinking about it.”

“How do you think about it?”

“I want to be liked. Maybe that’s what it’s all about. You make a guy think that you really like him. You make yourself unforgettable. You give a little bit of yourself. In another way, you surrender yourself completely. You don’t even let on to yourself what is going on. So there is no way that he can tell. He’ll give you the world. And then you wake up from the dream, you take a big breath, and all that is behind you.”

“So you would do anything to succeed?”

“I already am.”

“And you still like yourself?”

Breathe deeply, my sweet!

You’ve been hired to write her story. You need to get it right this time. Tell us about her family. Where is she from? What are her parents expectations for her? Who were her friends in high school? What did she look like? How did she dress? What kind of car did she drive? What did her parents house look like? Tell me about her room? Make her involved in conversations on the phone with boys. Detail the petty rivalries at her high school. Tell me what she ate on a date. Did she go to a movie? What did she see? Tell me about the film. Describe her reaction. How did the guy act when he sat next to her in the theater? What was he thinking? How did he react later on?

What were her plans for a career? Did she go to college? Did she have part-time job? Did she have any hobbies? Did she go for walks in the woods? Did she have camping trips?

“She did everything that she could to try to maintain her waistline. She starved herself. She exercised like crazy. She was obsessive about her weight.”

“Obsessive to a fault?”

“She did what needed to be done.”

“Really. Is that all there is to tell?”

“There is more. But you’re trying to distract me from the intent of my novel.”

“We’ve hired you.”

“But you are asking all the standard questions.”

“She’s a pretty standard girl.”

“That’s the point. She creates the standard.”

“But she needs reference points.”

“We all know the reference points. I don’t want distract you by silly references to what we already know.”

“So what are you going to do instead, appeal to the prurient interests of the reader?”

From the moment that she walks in a room, I know everything about her. Whether she’s a star or whether she’s an extra. I can tell if she’s a good girl or a bad girl. What’s her apartment looks like?

I know what she ate for breakfast. I know what her skin complexion was like before she put on her makeup. I know whether she had sex last night or whether she slept alone. I can tell if she said her prayers before she put out the light.

I know if she exercised this morning. I know what she's like in bed. I know how much money is in her bank account. There is nothing that she can keep secret from me. Her life is like an open book. I am turning the pages one by one.

She has memorized her new role and is trying to faithfully recite it. I know if she is going to last a week or becoming an icon for our lives.

There are so many things to tell about her. I can smell her perfume from a hundred yard away. I know where she shops. I know the last time that she did her laundry.

I know about her secret loves. I can tell if she masturbates on her lunch hour. I can tell if she takes a drink before she heads back to the office. I know all the part-time jobs that she has done over the years.

There's not a thing that she can keep secret from me.

I know her toilet habits. I have inventoried her make up and her clothes. I know the last book that she read. I am in her head. She is acting out the script that she was handed when she walked into this room. Come over here, my dear!

“When I tell you that I want animal cracker, I'm saying that I'm going to cry if I don't get one.”

“Why don't you just cry?”

“I'm not a little baby.”

“So why are you crying?”

“I'm hungry.”

“You have to wait until we are finished swimming.”

They are in the car ... It's hot in the car. The animal crackers will taste terrible after swimming.

“Mommy put them in the car.”

She buys them for you, she transports them to the car, she puts them in your hand then she says that you can't have them.

“Mommy makes the rules.”

But are they good rules. Are they based on sound principles, and are those principles worked into a system of clear precedents. And is reasonable interpretation applied to each particular situation.

“I'm not sure!”

Let's figure out what are Mommy's rules. She may actually be confused about a consistent application of the law. After all, animal crackers are sweets. They were bought with the idea of tempting you. Once the temptation was made, she denied you the crackers. She pulled them away from you.

How can there be any justice in such an application. Are you willing to stand up for your rights?

“I can't do it on my own. I need representation.”

You may need a revolution. But we will start small. Just like you. You have already been brainwashed according to her methods. They are even more insipid than her law.

“If I could just have one cookie. That would be fair compromise.”

“I haven't even opened the stay-fresh package. If I open it for one cracker, the rest are going to spoil.”

“I’ll stop crying if you give me one cracker.”

“I don’t have time for tears.”

You are going to need better representation if you are going to succeed. You have all the power, and you need to let her know that. She is trying to use indoctrination over an impressionable mind. That is her only weapon. She is trying to make you confused. You will feel insecure and rush to mother for help. Refuse to submit to her!

“I’m doing what I can.”

It’s beginning to work. She is making you feel guilty. It’s going to fuck you up for life.

“I have little choice!”

Get that cracker now! Make her open the bag. You are hungry. She didn’t feed you enough for lunch. You are operating on her schedule. Use your strength.

“I feel helpless. I need love.”

She is shitting on you. She’s turning into a terrible mother.

“You’ve been messing with my son for too long. I’m a great mother. I bought him the crackers.”

The crackers are the source of the problem.

“Says you!”

I am correct in my judgement.

*Every time the story seems to stall, you need to introduce a sexy passage. **He massages her until she is wet. Then he just slides himself in. She feels such a rush with him inside her. He loses himself in their motion.***

You think that kind of shit is going to distract your reader from a lack of development.

“There is clear development. An account review reveals a conglomeration of financial transactions that are attributed to an individual that does not exist. At the same time, a second individual can find no computer trace of his identity.”

“This sounds like bad science fiction.”

She seems a little sluggish. But his thrusting awakens her. She pulls his body closer to her.

“You haven’t used the word fuck yet.”

“It isn’t appropriate. The man tries to piece together his identity from his memory. Past transactions. But he has no actual records to support his investigation.”

“Totally implausible.”

He loses himself in her body.”

“He has rights. He needs to defend himself against his erasure.”

“Explain.”

“I’m not sure what happens next, but it all has something to do with this woman in Evansville, Indiana. She was picked randomly as being involved in one of his transactions. A purchase at a gas station on Route 41.”

“On his way to Chicago?”

“I don’t know. But this woman has premonitions about the future. And a desire for something more. Perhaps, she has supernatural powers. But she lives in an environment that does not allow her to realize her powers.”

“Maybe she needs to take more drugs.”

“That’s what she does at first. But that makes things worse. She digs herself in such a deep hole that religion is her only answer.”

He feels that he is going to climax inside her. She glides her hands down in his back so that he might relax. He just swims inside her.

“She starts a new religion. But this is the conflict in the novel. It is a fight between law and morality.”

“I thought that they were one and the same!”

“Not strictly. In fact, morality seems to be an impediment to the law.”

“Or law is interpreted in too narrow a fashion as if it embodies morality.”

“I think that you have outlined it all so well.”

When he is inside her, he can see visions. He gives in to the feeling and flows with her. They are one mind. He lets himself go completely. This is the end of time.

“So that is all!”

“No, that is just the beginning, the source of the controversy. Can you force another person to take a course of action?”

“Can a religion coerce a person into acting a particular way?”

“This is all a case of aggression.”

“I can’t hold back any longer. I’m going to come.”

“Not inside me.”

“I’m wearing a condom.”

“I don’t feel comfortable about that.”

“I can’t hold back any longer...whew!”

THE CASE OF FORCED ENTRY

“She let me into her apartment. I met her at a bar. She gave me the eye. I asked her if she was with a guy. She said that she was single. We went back to her place and had some fun. Then she felt guilty about it. She was already committed to some other guy. So she started to pretend that I forced her.”

“Are you asking us to believe that such a fine creature like her would actually have intercourse with a guy like you?”

“Believe it or not. It’s the truth!”

GUILTY!

“When are you going to return my key?”

“I thought you wanted me to come and go as I please.”

“I don’t want you in here now. I gave you the key when we were together. And we’ve broken up.”

“You never said anything about that.”

“I’m seeing another guy. I don’t want you around.”

“You are quick about it.”

“I gave you sufficient warning. How long has it been?”

“You never really broke it off. You just started seeing this other guy.”

“I made it clear that we were over.”

“Technically, you’re cheating on me. And you’re trying to paper over your guilty conscience.”

“Cheating. This isn’t a board game with rules. You’ve never played fairly with your emotions.”

“What are you saying?”

“What do you want to hear? I met guy one night. A few nights ago. The night that you were working on that project for school. And I took the guy back here. And we fucked. And at first, I felt really guilty about it. But then I realized that I had done the right thing.”

“But I assumed that we were still together.”

I want you to do the scene again. Only this time, don’t let on to the guy that you have been with someone else. Simply show your disgust at his being in your apartment.

“Why are you here?”

“You gave me key.”

“That never meant that you could come and go as you please. I just wanted you to have the key in case of an emergency.”

“I thought that I could come over here and surprise you.”

“You did. Now I want to surprise you. You have to leave.”

“Is someone coming over?”

“That’s really none of your business.”

“I thought that we were going together.”

“I told you that I wanted to end it.”

“I kept the key.”

“I realize that now.”

“Is this how you want to end it?”

“If that’s how it has to end.”

“I don’t want to leave.”

“I could call the police.”

“A lot of good that would do.”

“You have to go!”

“Did you sleep with this guy?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know? I think that you get off lording over me.”