

21. JACKED IN HEAVEN

It's easy to plot the way to paradise. You just need an obliging partner.

"Have you made it all the way to paradise?"

"Almost but not quite!"

Your new account is ready for use. Enjoy your purchases. And use your credit responsibly.

"I need more credit. Can you increase my credit line?"

"This is a special promotional offer. We can't give you any more credit."

"What are my options?"

"Get by with spending less. Decrease your debt load."

"I'm having trouble keeping up the way things are. I need to enhance my image."

WHAT YOU MUST DO!

I need to keep up with everyone else.

"These are the RIGHTS that you expect if you are to assume your role as a citizen: the right to salvation. A disciplined pursuit should guarantee the right to salvation."

The pursuit of salvation!

"Are things really that desperate?"

"The guarantee to satisfaction!"

"She is just that. The Queen of the Underground. She'll give you everything that you need."

"How much do I have to pay?"

"Do you have a machine? It duplicates all the states of closeness that she can provide."

"How much do I have to pay?"

"How much have you accumulated up to this point?"

"Enough to initiate desire. I am already past the point of fatigue. I am stimulated."

"This is where the story begins. She likes to have sex. It is the measure of her personality."

"She can never get by like that. What does she do to keep herself together?"

"She gets by on the kindness of men."

"She sells her love."

"Not quite. She has a job. But it's not enough."

"Then she has credit!"

"She has dreams."

"Does she have savings?"

"She'd have to work another job to save. And she needs the time off, the time to play so that she is not reminded of the toil of her everyday life. Even sleeping with some guy has its pluses and minuses."

"She gets high to enhance her pleasure."

"Or love-making gets her high."

"If sex is such a dominant turn on, then she organizes her life to enhance that pleasure. That means that her credit option needs to be elected to guarantee the same level of satisfaction each time."

“She realizes that and does what she can to enhance her own image. She needs to let guys know what she’s after. That way she gets the pick of the litter.”

“So there are rivals for her affection!”

“Of course, the price is steep. It’s almost a struggle to the death to get close to her.”

“And what does she expect?”

“Something permanent. Although she may not be that good at articulating her dreams.

“I bought you a house.”

“That would have been enough when I was nineteen. But look at it now. It’s a fucking mess here. I go to work, and I come home to this. There are loads of guys who’d give me a lot more.”

“I thought that we were in this together.”

“We were. But you don’t seem to be pulling your weight.”

He is involving her in a familiar story. Their desire eats away at their principle. The credit situation is unstable.

“You are going to need to divest some of these securities. That is the only way to maintain the payments on your debt. You’re not going to get more credit. You could work more

When he is with her, he has these illusions about his future. One kiss, and he imagines himself rolling in cash.

“She has a way of affecting guys that way.”

He gives her a big open mouthed kiss. The motion mimics contact with the sex organ.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“More intense physical contact. A loss of control.”

“Does he lose his credit position?”

“She helps him come up with a new scheme.”

“He’s going to lose it in the morning.”

Her naked body reminds him of being with her.

“Don’t we know each other. Didn’t we hook up?”

“We might as well.”

He won’t be able to resist.

“Is this a tale of treachery.”

It brings out the best in the viewer. If they think that she is of low moral character, then she seems more accessible.”

“I can save you!”

“How valid is his offer? His credit position is unstable. How can he really involve her in his scheme?”

“When I see a girl like you, I just lose myself. I can’t even express to you how I really feel.”

“This is where the story comes in. His situation is unstable. But he still can command a sufficient degree of cash to effect her plan. She plays the part of the princess so well. She doesn’t have to really command the forces that the princess engages. Her illusion has to proceed at a faster rate than he can detect her deception. That way his meager offering has time to accumulate.”

“If enough people caught on, she’d be helpless.”

She knows what it takes to attract customers.

“Her scheme works for the time being.”

“Does she *have it*?”

“Yes!”

She needs a rest. She has become too caught in the game. It just burns away her excess energy.

She realizes that she still has it. She just needs a break.

“She attracts customers. Her tips increase. But there is a ceiling for this increase. At a certain point, her needs continue to be greater, but she is limited in her ability to earn as much. She is always tired. She can’t put on the super lovely face. She still smiles. But the glow is gone.”

“She needs to invest while she still has the glow.”

“The only way that she can remain as chipper is with some kind of supplement. Like a vitamin, but better.”

“I’m leaving you.”

“Why?”

“You can’t keep up.”

“Yeah, I was with another man. He just couldn’t satisfy me. He made me these promises. But after a few years, I’d come home and just feel as if I was dead. Our home seemed more like a tomb. And he expected me to do all the work.”

“Did you have a job?”

“I worked part-time. And I did everything around the house. He could have helped me a little.”

“I found your address in the student directory. I wanted to see you.”

“You’re a couple of months too late. I really liked you. But we lost touch. We were supposed to meet. You weren’t there. And he came along. He may not be the best lover. But he gives me what I need. We live together. I’m not crazy like I used to be. I can’t go back to being the way that I was.”

“I really messed up with my life. Just hold me. Kiss me.”

“You need to face yourself. You just can’t keep using sex to make up for something that you’re lacking in your life.”

“I was like that when we were together. That’s why I screwed up things. I slept with your friend. I thought it would cure my longing. It only made me feel worse.”

“You never said anything about that to me.”

“I couldn’t. I knew that you’d be mad at me.”

“But we broke up anyway!”

“She just seems a little more stable than most girls that I meet. Look at her.”

“What are you going to say to her? I bet that she doesn’t even like the movies that you like.”

“She could adapt. She could learn. Everyone likes romantic comedies.”

“This is a farce. You have nothing in common. She’d expect you to go house-hunting with her. And you can’t even afford to pay your phone bill.”

“Things are going to get better. I’ve got dreams.”

"You've got a great smile."

"You're not the first person who said that to me. Maybe it's my hair."

"What do you mean?"

"I just had it dyed. It highlights my face more."

"I got to hating myself. No matter what I did, it didn't make it any better. I changed my image. Switched jobs. Moved to a new city. It was all the same. I felt that I had to go the other way. Just do something so rotten that I seemed beyond forgiveness."

"That's a very dour way of looking at life."

"But it was so real."

"How does it feel?"

IT!

"I want to do it again. It's all that I think about."

"We just need a way to tap all that energy of yours."

"Quit teasing me. You're pretty good on your own."

"I guess that's why I got into degradation. I felt that my shame would propel me to a new understanding of myself. I never realized how deep my hurt was, I did a little. I just wanted more."

"I guess that I like things pure, I don't like to waste time. I've had success in my life. I'd be crazy to risk it all."

"If you're in the shit, go double or nothing. What do you have to lose?"

Prosperity and growth!

"If someone is winning, you got to know someone is losing."

"You've got a TV. You really can't complain."

"You have to complete the story in the reader's mind."

"But what does that mean in your life?"

"Hanging around with her, waiting for our dreams to come to fruition."

Her husband should love her!

"You weren't there. I don't mean you any harm. Just run along."

"I can't be silent anymore. I can't let you get away with this. You'll just do it again."

"Just call it a mistake. I'm very sorry. I promise that I won't do it again."

"You just don't understand how to link these stories together. Her charming personality. Her history. His commitment to his own success. Risk-averse. But she blows his whole plan out of the water. And he still won't give up on her."

"There's more to it than that. She still believes in herself. She knows how to enhance her assets like any good entrepreneur. She moves on to the next level."

"With him or without him?"

"His only refuge is convincing her of the same feelings of worthlessness that haunt him."

"She could find a million guys. Why him?"

"The sex is just so careless. She loves the spontaneity. He controls those minute details of time."

"I don't know why I just don't leave him."

"You've tried that. Either he finds you. Or you come running back to him."

"There's a story here. They need money. Loads of it. She finds this guy. An innocent

type. He believe in his own success. As limited as it is. But he can put his hands on even more money. Part of his responsibility at a bank. She knows how to push all the right buttons. He feels sorry for her. And she makes him want so much more for himself.”

“We’d hate each other if I stayed around.”

“We could make it better. Go traveling.”

“You just bought the house. You’re having difficulty trying to afford it.”

“There are ways to get more money. Be patient!”

“I can’t wait!”

“That is the story. She wants the pay off immediately. He realizes that he is going to have to compromise his dreams.”

“I wish that I had a girl like that.”

“We all do. She’s fatal with her charms.”

“She has to look the part.”

“And good with clothes and make up.”

“Ruby lips!”

“What about when he sees her in the morning light.”

“She has to remind him of sex. She’s an angel at night and a little devil in the morning.”

“The key to the narrative is that she has to have **ACCESS** to his accounts. Once he makes the transaction, the money has to be available to her. In whatever form, she needs proximity to his wealth.”

“Why this tale? It’s all about betrayal.”

“I guess that it mutes her power, real or imagined. She is still subordinate to her lover who waits in the shadows. And she lives off of her looks. That makes her even more vulnerable.”

“But she is worth it!”

“More than that. I guess the body really does have its secret power.”

“When I get turned on, I’ll destroy everything in my path!”

He starts off with impressionable girls. That is his weakness. Does that mean that he really can’t have that much to offer in the first place. If he is so drawn to young women, what kind of power does he really bring to the table.

“I just like their young tight bodies.”

“Whenever I get tempted, I just put this on and parade around my living room.”

“Maybe you could use on audience.”

“One man does not make an audience for me.”

Fucking your way to the heart!

“It is never going to work.”

“She gets me turned on. She has to feel the same.”

“She is only giving you a little slice of her heart. You are ready to surrender your worth.”

“I don’t have that much to my name.”

“She’s going to see through you and make some cheap excuse.”

“I just need a little more to get in the game.”

“I’ll help you out.”

You have a gig. You just need a sucker to clean out.”

Each time we shed our blood, we end up owning the land where our blood is spilled.

“How else do we extend property rights? Our efforts have to pay off with a proper reward. There has to be a give and take here.”

“I want you to tie me up!”

“What is this all about?”

“Losing control. You have to know how to lose control.”

“How does that happen?”

“It’s like turning a switch. After that I can’t help what I do. The situation just dictates what happens next!”

“Does that happen often?”

“All the time!”

“One day her husband just drove his car through their picture window.”

“What was that about?”

“He hated the way that she had arranged things in the house. But he never said anything. One day he couldn’t find his office pen. He had dropped it somewhere behind the seat in his car. But he blamed her. He lost it. He barreled around the corner and just slammed into their picture window.”

“Things that used to be the reward for hard work now seem like a crap shoot. Home ownership in some areas of the country is prohibitive on the average family’s salary. They just need little boost.”

“She is looking elsewhere.”

“They met in college. They were both studying English Literature. They were a great pair. Each completing the other’s sentences. He got his teaching certificate. She intended to do the same. But she dropped out of school to begin working. They were already living together and ended up buying their first home. They even had a child. Allison. She tried to make it happen. But she was getting more and more frustrated. They used to party in college. Now his drinking seemed obnoxious. He wasn’t violent. She just needed an excuse.

She found her talents more recognized by a younger man. He made her feel that she could still live out her dreams. They started seeing each other on the side. Allison was already five or so.

It became obvious to her that she couldn’t keep on with the lie. She decided that she needed a divorce. Her new husband was much better off financially. They got a new home in the suburbs. Part of a spanking new subdivision. Allison started school in the county. A world of privilege. Her mother didn’t need to work any more. Her frustrations mounted. But she lived her dreams through Allison.

As Allison grew older, she became more independent. She aspired after the lifestyle of her parents. She rejected the glib discipline from her step-father. Matters became worse when she was thirteen. In a mood, he pushed open her bedroom door to find her masturbating. He was full of shame and attraction. He never saw himself as a pervert. But to deal with his feelings, he became even more of a disciplinarian. He imposed the most restrictive curfews on the girl. This only added to her hatred of her step-father, and her desire to rebel against him.”

“I am sorry for this unusually LONG delay. You are important to us. Please stay on the line, and we will get to you as soon as possible.”

“In high school, I was a bit of a loner. There were all these guys who wanted to get into my pants. Just these perverts. And then the guys that I really wanted never knew that I existed. It was easy to doubt myself.”

“Who are you? Really, I can’t remember who you are.”

“You told me that I was important to you.”

When she jumped in the water, she felt the chill run all through her body. She braced herself as she started to stretch out. She began to stroke rhythmically. The water opened up to her pace.

“Im trying to hang on. But a girl can’t live on promises.”

“You are hot, girl.”

“You’re a loser. Now just step aside.”

“I have all these dreams about you!”

“You have to risk something if you expect her to be interested in you.”

“How can you ever get a reader interested in this kind of thing if you only give little snippets of the story.”

“The snippets are meant to expect the actual alienation of the reader. And he can fill in with his spare hand.”

Imagine that you have seen her before. Think about what she looks like. The sleek form. The well-formed muscles. The glow!

“I’m doing a photo shoot. Here’s my card. I’d love to take some pictures of you.”

“A little wine. Some flattery. She’s already been posing for me. What’s next?”

“Oh, baby. You’ve got such smooth skin.”

He stares at her sleek figure. She is in heels and tight jeans. What is she doing here by herself? She picks up her phone and makes a call.

“Some guy is here bothering me.”

She checks her messages. No one has called. She look over at a guy checking her out. What a loser! What kind of place is this anyway? The toilets barely work. She is surrounded by youngsters.

“I go for a little more class than this.”

“It’s called roughing it.”

“If I’m on a camping trip, I’ll rough it. But not when I’m in the city. I’ll bet there’s shit on the walls.”

He doesn’t dare look.

She shivers all over as he slides inside her. She feels strange. Who is this stranger who is now part of her. He talked such a good game in the bar. And his caresses seemed so confident. Now he is moving inside her. She gives in to the feeling.

She stops the process in midstream.

“You don’t have enough credit to continue.”

“I am trying to better my position.”

“I really can’t help you.”

He tries to get her interested.

“I’ll do whatever you want. I’ll give you oral.”

“That will benefit you not me. I feel uncomfortable with some guy who I really don’t

know. And you'll off thinking that you're making me feel good.

That's really the most important part of sex. Sensing the vulnerability of the other person. You do something to pleasure them, and they give of themselves to accept such a wonder of feeling. It's more than a mind fuck. You are messing with the core of a person's being. Their soul."

"It's really nothing special to have sex."

"Pull it out, and I'll suck you off."

"Do you want money?"

"I'll just do it for you. I like making guys happy."

"Let me grab your breasts while I do that."

"You sound so formal. Just don't get any on them. Otherwise, I will have to charge you."

"How much if I come one you?"

"I'm not into degradation."

"But if you were."

"I'd have to sell my soul. That would be more than you can afford,"

"What about if we just pretend that you are into degradation?"

"My parent's sent me to this analyst. I used to shock her with all my sexual exploits. I'd get drunk and let some stranger feel me up on the dance floor. I'd let him eat me out in the bathroom stall. My therapist seemed shocked. She tried to counsel me. It only encouraged me. I'd get coked up and meet a couple. We'd go home and have a threesome. I didn't mind going down on a girl. It didn't mean that I was gay or something. I'd let a guy take me from behind while I was eating out his prone lover. It was a real rush.

She tried to moralize about it. The best that I could do was swear off guys for a while. Then I'd just find a convenient woman to do me in the interim. I needed to get off, and I wasn't afraid to use what I have to get it.

I bet that I could give you a woody just by talking to you. If you're hard now, I'll jerk you off the rest of the way."

"Is there no more dignity in life?"

"My stepfather came in while I was beating off one day. I asked him if he wanted some action. The dude crept me out. I told my mom. She didn't believe me, and just told me to lock my door. The next time that I locked my door, she threatened to call the cops."

"Are you doing drugs in there?"

"I'm having a nap."

"It's so easy hiding drugs from your parents. You just don't put them in the obvious places. Like in the closet, under the bed, or in the underwear drawer.

I was having sex by the time that I was thirteen. It was no big deal. I wasn't all that safe. I had a couple of pregnancy scares. I even had a few older guys throwing me some money. It wasn't a straight exchange. But I knew what I had to do to get a little more out of them.

Later on, I realized that you could really get a guy to commit a fortune to you. That was a real turn on. A revelation. I guess that is what marriage is about. You can get the money and erase all the guilt from your past. Most guys don't want to know everything. I'm great at being the angel."

She really expected a good payoff. She just didn't know how to pick the right guys. Always the sort without penny to their name. She even got pregnant by one of them. So sad. It wasn't as if the guy was going to hang around.

"I'll marry you!"

"What for? You'll only be another mouth that I have to feed. If you know what's good for you, you'll leave now."

She eventually settles for someone more stable. She has dreams. But she knows that she is getting older. Maybe she'll go back to school. Get her GED. Go on to community college. There she is in the front row, and all these eighteen years olds have the hots for her.

Her mother cares for her kid. She continues to get lectures from her step-dad.

"You never really learned your lesson. Your acting just like your mother did before I met her."

"A lot of good you did us!"

She moves out, and moves in with her guy.

"What's the girl's name in the story?"

"Rosie. I think that is her name."

CREDITS

IDENTITY: THE MATCHING CODES

THE MACHINE FOR DESIRE

THE LAW

THE BARBIE LIST

THE COMPLEX

FROM TOUCH to IMAGE to TOUCH equals EXCITEMENT!

Starting point: CREDITS

start with **EXCITEMENT!**

"You already have enough for the matching codes. You can insert your card."

"YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW THAT SHE LOVES IT!"

Last night she was great!

"Everything is back to normal."

"Let me help you get it in!"

She will meet her mystery man.

"How do I know you're the one?"

"A sign. A mark on the skin like a stigmata."

"What else?"

"A tattoo."

"Maybe, but that seems like cheating."

THE SELF

a mark to remember, to get back to the same state of being.

"I can remember it—A PATRON!"

She will get you there faster.

"I need two sponsors for the appeals process."

"Do you want to go to church with me?"

"I'm not sure," he tells her.

“I’m the director of my church.”

“Does that mean that you can get me to heaven faster?”

“It’s not that kind of church.”

His destitute state.

“I need a martyr.”

Determination of stock options.

“Can you stay hard all the time?”

“Meditation gets me high. The rest just happens on its own.

“You just want more than you could ever have!”

“I’m just protecting myself.”

SCENE: She is his wife’s friend who is visiting from out of town. It is late at night, She is taking a piss. He mistakenly walks in the washroom. He gets her to suck him off while she is still sitting on the commode.

He returns to bed and feels guilty about the whole thing.

MEMORY: He feels that there are serious gaps in his memory.

“Is that just an excuse so that you can get away with things.”

CONFESSION: She feels the need to confess about her worst mistakes. “I tried to seduce my friend’s husband.” There is a book about all this.

INCIDENT: “As I am dying, I want you to stimulate me. I want to be jacked when I walk into heaven.”

REHEARSAL: She is trying to be flirtatious.

PERFORMANCE: She has been successful in rehearsal, why not go all the way.

EXPECTATIONS: The harder that she pushes herself, the more that she sees a reward. Her abdominal muscles are tight. When she slinks around, her moves are hypnotic.

IDENTITY: “I can turn her into a star.” He is a Hollywood director who is trying to prove his mettle.

SHAME: She shames him into doing things for her career. They repeat the seduction scene from the bathroom. She bursts in on him while he is in the shower. He can’t resist her tight butt. His wife is asleep in the next room.

NO CONSTRAINT: She feels no limits on her sexual desire. She will do whatever she needs to advance her career.

GUILTY: She is beginning to feel guilty about it all. The stress is too much for her.

THE ACTUAL STORY is a whole lot worse. She surprises him in her bedroom masturbating while holding her panties.

“You’re not going to tell my wife, are you?”

THE REVISED STORY explains how it all got started. She is much, much younger. And he sneaks into her room while she is sleeping. He is masturbating while watching her.

“What’s your excuse?”

“I never touched her/”

“Fortunately I came in while I did!”

Are we free to talk?”

“Of course!”

“Are you ready to recite the Barbie list?”

“Ready.”

“Are you touching yourself?”

“No!”

“What sexual positions have you tried...11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, ..?”

“No comment!”

“Have you ever taken it in the ass?”

“No.”

“Have you ever shoved your fist up a guy’s ass to stimulate the prostate gland?”

“No!”

“Have you ever pissed on a guy?”

“Not intentionally.”

“Have you ever had sex in a public washroom?”

“I masturbated when I was alone.”

“Have you ever had sex with multiple sex partners?”

“No.”

“Do these questions embarrass you?”

“No. I just don’t see the point.”

“It’s all about getting off. Just putting your sex out there, and finding any way to provoke climax.”

“That seems to be a little sick.”

“Just a little?”

“I’m not sure what I would try if I was really fucked up.”

“You might let your flowers be soiled.”

“I’m not sure what you mean.”

“This is sort of like the stations of the cross. The savior finds herself defiled.”

“It all sounds so desperate.”

“I am excited. I know that I’ve got the touch.”

She smiles. He pulls her towards him.”

“I am going to sleep with you.”

“It wouldn’t be right.”

“Just try to get me worked up.”

“I have to leave to make a phone call.”

“I feel free.”

“Free to fuck?”

“No, **FREE NOT TO FUCK!**”

THE RIGHT OF REFUSAL.

THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY.

THE RIGHT TO GET AWAY.

THE RIGHT TO SLAUGHTER LIVESTOCK!

THE RIGHT TO COERCE MY LOVELY ON MY PROPERTY!

THE RIGHT TO CHANGE MY NAME!

THE RIGHT TO CHANGE MY IDENTITY!

We don’t need the leadership granting us our rights. The people need to be educated to

demand their rights for themselves. At every stage of life, there has to be commitment to politics!

“We are fucking so much that I don’t have time for my work.”

“You have to turn fucking into your work.”

“I think that most accountants do that.”

“Politicians as well.”

“I guess the real test is the desire to do nothing with your time.”

“That right could turn against you.”

Her stomach muscles are tight. Perhaps her navel is pierced. Maybe even a tattoo. She is looking for a dangerous guy.

“Who made me? A model?”

“No, a toy manufacturer.”

“What are they waiting for?”

“What are you waiting for?”

“A sign from heaven. We’ve been through that before.”

She wants to win a contest. It is always the same. One with a big payoff. They will split the winnings, and head to the west coast.

“I had a job to do. I didn’t know that I’d fall in love.”

Her early years were full of such discouragement. She had rheumatic fever and was forced to spend so much time isolated from other kids her age. She was forced to moderate her dreams for her future. In their place, she created a world of magic.

When she finally escaped her limitations, she tried to realize her creativity. It was still difficult. There was so much that she had given up.

“Do you have enough credits to play?”

“I’m not sure!”

“What are you unsure about?”

“If anyone should play this game.”

“Some of us need to play in order to earn our daily bread.”

“Is that enough of a reason for you.”

“I don’t feel like myself.”

“Maybe if you took something to help you out.”

“That’s part of the problem.”

“Drinking problem?”

“Life problem.”

“Are you trying to flatter me again?”

“Isn’t that a way to a woman’s heart?”

“It’s all about your personal history.”

“Sometimes we need to create a new one on our own.”

She got in a fight at a bar. She knew that it was going to happen. She was riding this other girl. The girl deserved it. She was a real jerk. But then it was just so easy to push someone in such a situation.

“I don’t want to pretend that I was innocent. I could have walked away. I stood my ground, and the girl hit me.”

You just need something to ground your speculation.

“I want to be touched.”

A variation on the desire to be loved.

Then there are those who want to revise, turn off, censor, purify, protect, restrict, and avoid restriction. You know who they are. The right to own property.

“I’m not going to share a bed with you.”

Rebirth is necessary to cast off the excess. Or will everything be used in the transformation? And is the final form, the last form?

After so many changes, I can’t keep track.

“You even smell saintly!”

“Have you seen her eye make up?”

“I guess that it’s something to see.”

“Will you even remember enough of this to make a difference?”

“If you ground up the memory material and serve it to me in a cocktail.”

“You are buying for two people now.”

“I am trying to keep my manners while eating a hot dog smothered in mustard and ketchup.”

He pretends that he knows:

“We’ve been outside of her house all day. She still hasn’t shown her face. But we are sure that she’s in there.”

HER SELF-DEFENSE!

“Why are you looking at me like that? I’m not by myself. I’m with someone. And even if I wasn’t, I don’t think that we’d get along.”

Their bodies seem to drift along both dragged down by the forces of gravity.

“I saw her breasts.”

“Did they get you excited?”

“They made me feel that much closer to her.”

“Everyone else got in for free, and they made me pay.”

“You do have an amazing memory.”

“I can remember whole conversations from ten years back.”

“I’ve been trying to your attention all night.”

“I should have waited to find out what you wanted to tell me.”

“In the computer model of compatibility, we would never get along.”

“I could still do anything that you want to make you happy!”

“You couldn’t just do one thing. You would have to do loads of things.”

“Where is your ticket?”

“I lost it.”

“A lot of good we can do to help. Our computers crashed. There is no way that we can find your records.”

“You lost my place.”

“Your ticket was your receipt. You needed to hold on to it.”

“Come back to bed. Through your undies, I can see the outline of your pussy. You are really turning me on.”

“I’m not here to give you answers.”

“There is this pungent smell of mustard and turpentine.

“I don’t want to do this anymore.”

“What will it take to convince you?”