

## 9. IMPURE THOUGHTS

“What are you looking at?”  
 “You have a pretty smile.”  
 “You’re giving me a weird stare.”  
 “Maybe it’s my face. I don’t mean anything by it.”  
 “You have one of those looks that said that you’ll really hurt someone if you don’t get what you want.”  
 “What makes you say that?”  
 “A feeling!”  
 “How are you going to act on that feeling?”  
 “I’m not sure. You do give me the creeps.”  
 “I don’t mean to be so strange. I am a nice guy.”  
 “That’s good. So be nice enough not to interfere with my life.”  
 “I don’t want to piss you off. I just thought that we might be friends.”  
 “That may be asking for too much.”  
 “Does it hurt to ask?”  
 “A little.”  
 “I can look, but I can’t touch.”  
 “I even feel weird about you looking.”  
 “OK, I’ll close my eyes while I talk to you.”  
 “That sounds permissible.”  
 “Seems like a good beginning.”  
 “All you need is an excuse.”  
 “Are you willing to give me one?”  
 “That’s asking for a little much.”  
 “I’ll just have to make my own way.”  
 “I figured that you were going to do that anyway.”  
 “What do you think about that?”  
 “I’m not willing to be a part of your fantasy if that’s what you’re asking.”  
 “If it’s a fantasy, how can you stop me?”  
 “By messing with your head.”  
 “Is that what you intended to do all along?”  
 “I have my own plans.”  
 “We could be friends.”  
 “That’s not how I make friends.”  
 “You are harsh.”  
 “I can’t help the way that I am.”  
 “I’m not asking you to. Maybe you could work with me.”  
 “You’re already trying my patience. Is this how you usually get away with this kind of shit.”  
 “I’m not trying to get away with anything. I’m just trying to make friends.”  
 “You’re trying too hard. You’re starting to bother me.”

“Do you want me to go?”

“That might be a good idea.”

She stares at a store window. There is wig on a mannequin. She admires the hair and imagines wearing it herself. Perhaps, she would try it on if the store was open at this time. She runs her fingers through her hair to match the style of the wig. She can barely see her own reflection in the angle of the window.

Sometimes it's just the hairstyle that gets a guy looking. They'll all deny it. But that look is sufficient to turn them on. She shakes her head with an air of confidence. This is not really her manner, but this could be a sign. A new beginning.

She walks along the deserted street. Another time and she would have been surrounded by admirers. At this moment, she is unencumbered.

A while later, someone might pass the shop and think about the wig. What kind of girl would get inspired by this image? He would try to make the girl come alive just by staring into the window.

He is almost like a hound. He picks up on her scent as he traces her path. Is it the perfume that lingers in the air or something more potent? Her essence. What can that possibly be? He has no idea why he is traveling this direction. He feels driven to make the journey.

He has already gone out of his way without any apparent reason. Suddenly he has lost the trail. He's not sure in what direction that he should go.

When he finally makes it home, he wonders what has happened. He has followed a wild hare. And it has taken him to the edge of nowhere. This is not like him.

“You're giving me that look again.”

“I just want to get to know you.”

“You know me too well already.”

“What does that mean?”

“You can imagine the heat of my body. Your eyes follow my contours. Your desire completes the picture.”

“Don't you think about it?”

“Not with someone that you don't know.”

“You don't have fantasies.”

“We all have fantasies. But you a strange way of acting out these fantasies. It's almost as if you're going to get violent if you don't get what you want.”

“It wasn't like that before.”

“Weren't you following me?”

“Nothing like that.”

“Tell me what you were doing lurking in the shadows.”

“I happened to pass by the same spot that you did. I didn't even see you.”

“How do you know that I passed by the same spot.”

“I saw you. But I was going somewhere. And we made eye contact.”

“I had this feeling that you were following me.”

“I wasn't!”

“You just ran into me by accident.”

“You gave me that look that said that you knew me.”

“I did no such thing.”  
 “Why are you talking to me now?”  
 “I’m trying to protect myself.”  
 “How are you going to do that?”  
 “You are getting creepy again.”  
 “You’re making it sound as if I’m about to do something to you. I’m not.”  
 “You wouldn’t like to come back to my place.”  
 “I hadn’t even thought about it until you invited me.”  
 “You haven’t thought about making out with me.”  
 “Maybe! Are you inviting me?”  
 “I don’t know. What if I was?”  
 “I don’t know what you want. First, you’re calling me weird. Now, you’re inviting me back to your place. You should get clear what you want.”  
 “What do you want? Or, more exactly, what do you want me to want?”  
 “I’m not sure.”  
 “You want me to ask you back to my place.”  
 “Sounds reasonable.”  
 “Do you think that we have anything in common?”  
 “There’s not much to me. I work. I watch TV. I’m pretty much like any other guy.”  
 “You like movies?”  
 “Action movies.”  
 “Why action?”  
 “I don’t want to have any doubts about myself.”  
 “What does that mean?”  
 “You know those movies which get you questioning yourself. That gives me the creeps.”  
 “What about movies that make you think that you’re some kind of pervert?”  
 “You like that line of questions. What are you trying to tell me?”  
 “Do you like movies where women really have something significant to say?”  
 “I guess so.”  
 “What about a movies where a woman is sick of men?”  
 “That’s a little strange for me.”  
 “Why is that?”  
 “Why would she feel that way? Perhaps, some guy might have dicked her over. But beyond that, that’s too much for me.”  
 “You like a more straight-forward story.”  
 “Yeah.”  
 “Could you understand how I might find you to be a little bizarre?”  
 “Because I looked at you in a strange way. I just wanted to let you know that I was interested.”  
 “What if I said that I could never be interested in you?”  
 “I find that a little harsh.”  
 “It would seem more normal to you if I asked you back to my place.”  
 “I don’t know. I just met you. I don’t even know if we’d get along.”

“Do you think that we might get along in bed?”

“I’m pretty good in bed.”

“It doesn’t strike you as strange to approach women that you don’t know and proposition them.”

“That’s not my style.”

“But you gave me that look. And you probably do the same thing all the time with other girls. Are you really expecting them to go off with you just like that?”

“I’m not expecting it. But it might be fun.”

“And on that basis, you’re going to want to hang out with them again.”

“I don’t know. Maybe. Why are you asking me all these questions. Are you testing me out.”

“Is that what you want? And if you pass the test, I’ll sleep with you?”

“This is too much to think about.”

“Don’t you think that I have to pose all these questions for myself when you give me that look?”

“If it’s so complicated, just find another guy. I’m only saying hello.”

“Are you now? You’ve got me undressed, and you’re already sucking on my breasts. Now, you’d like to say hello and introduce yourself.”

“I wasn’t seeing it so abruptly.”

“No, you were telling me that we could write each other letters. And then later on, you could come by. And we could talk for hours. And finally, I’d tell you that I really liked you, and I wouldn’t mind if you shared my bed.”

“That sounds way too complicated. Either we get on well, or we don’t.”

“What if I invited you back to my place. And the sex was really gentle. And I gave you so much pleasure. And I really blew your mind. But you never called me again. Would that be a little strange?”

“It might. But maybe there was something about that experience that wasn’t right.”

“My body. It was enough to inspire your desire. And you just pumped away like the hero of one of your action films. But when you saw me in the cold morning light, I repulsed you. That you’d really have to be drunk to enjoy being with me again.”

“Are you mocking me? I never said any of this. I’m a good guy.”

“How good?”

“I’d try to make a go of it.”

“Why? Because you don’t want to feel guilty. You’d give me enough rope to hang myself. And when I did, you’d go off on me. And that would be your excuse to leave.”

“I’m not sure that I’m like that.”

“What if I didn’t give you any action at all? Would you just turn the station on me?”

“I’m not that kind of guy.”

“You were staring at my crotch. Did you like what you saw?”

“I wasn’t doing that.”

“Why? Because I caught you?”

“Why the battery of questions?”

“I just thought that you wanted me to tell you what I really thought. After all, you would

like to get to know me.”

“I am getting to know you. And we really don’t connect all that well.”

“I’m making it easy for you. You don’t have to go through hours of getting to know each other. You can just tell me straight out what you want.”

“You’re taking all the fun out of it.”

“Fun? You staring at my ass until that point that you can hold an image in your brain. Enough to get you going in private.”

“I don’t think like that.”

“You don’t like women.”

“Don’t taunt me. You make me sound like a physician carrying on an anatomy lesson.”

“That doesn’t turn you on. Letting a woman give you a peek of her insides. That doesn’t get you hard.”

“What if it did? This isn’t something that I think about all the time.”

“You don’t stare at some porn on the internet and then try to associate that body with someone that you know.”

“I might do something like that once in a moon. But it’s not an obsession with me.”

“You don’t need that inspiration. You’ve got a physician’s eye.”

“That isn’t what I meant. You have a way of twisting my words. I have the feeling that you’re some kind of cop.”

“Are you afraid of the police?”

“No more than anyone else.”

“Anyone else? Are you saying that we’re all as twisted as you. That we’ve all thought about assault. So you’re all OK.”

“You’re trying to put words in my mind. As if you have these bizarre fantasies. And you’re trying to get me to go along with them.”

“It’s not as if you really want to get to know me. You just want to get to know my body.”

“You seem so different than I thought that you’d be.”

“What do you want me to say? Oh, baby, put it inside.”

“That’s exactly what I don’t want to hear. I’d like you to be a sweet girl.”

“A sweet girl who says: oh, baby, put it inside.”

“I don’t want to put it inside.”

“You don’t like women.”

“That’s not what I mean. I just don’t like women talking like that to me.”

“But you do want to put it inside.”

“I have thoughts. But it’s not like I dwell on them.”

“So you wouldn’t want to say things like that to me.”

“I gave you a look almost to say hello. That I’d like to get to know you.”

“You looked at my body with those eyes. Like a wolf. You were ready to devour me. But you had no desire at all to get to know me. This is me. And I make you uncomfortable.”

“You do make me uncomfortable. You’re just asking all these questions to make me feel creepy.”

“That I am”

“What’s the point?”

“I’m trying to draw you out. I want to get to know you.”

“You only want to know me as some kind of pervert. That’s not me at all.”

“So what inspires those looks.”

“I look a thousand different ways. And you’ve zoned in on one particular look. You’re trying to make me feel ashamed. I’m a healthy guy. I like to look at an appealing female body. But I’m not staring at you. I’m not going to follow you home. I’m not violent.”

“You’re not? What if you get crossed? How do you react to frustration?”

“You’re torturing me.”

“But you dig it. It turns you on in some kind of sick perverse way.”

“I’m not sure what turns me on. I don’t even know why we’re talking about this.”

“You gave me that do-me look. And now you’re denying that. You’re trying to convince me that you’re a bible salesman.”

“I do what I do.”

“You don’t like to think about what you do?”

“Not crazy analyzing myself. I’m not that kind of guy.”

“But you are the kind of guy who’ll detail every aspect of a girl’s anatomy. And you’ll store up that picture ready to go over it with a fine tooth comb.”

“I’m not like that.”

“You can’t use your imagination to see things like that.”

“I’m not naive. I’ve had experiences.”

“And you try to relive them each time that you see a woman.”

“Every guy has desires. But the way that you talk about it, you’re trying to make us all seem like sex criminals.”

“That’s your way of talking about it. But it sort of fits, right?”

“I don’t know.”

“Sex criminal. What’s so different between you and a sex criminal?”

“I don’t do anything that breaks the law. I just do what I do.”

“You don’t get caught?”

“I don’t do anything illegal.”

“What stops you? A conscience. You’ve got a conscience.”

“I’ve got what I’ve got. If I didn’t have to answer so many questions, I’d feel OK about things.”

“That would let you get away with things.”

“It’s not as if I’m hiding things. I’m not planning anything.”

“You don’t have to plan. You just go with the moment.”

“Things happen. But I don’t give in to every whim on my part.”

“What holds you back? Does she say something to you?”

“It doesn’t work like that.”

“How does it work?”

“I have a lot of desires. I don’t act on all of them.”

“Desires of desires.”

“What does that mean?”

“What jump starts the whole thing. The plan that puts it all together.”

“I don’t plan like that.”  
 “Your body does on its own.”  
 “Are you trying to analyze me?”  
 “I’m just asking some harmless questions.”  
 “You’re not acting like a cop. You’re more like a shrink. What’s your point? Do you think that you can predict my actions?”  
 “I’m only trying to elicit some general tendencies.”  
 “What tendencies?”  
 “Things that could get out of control.”  
 “Out of control. What does that mean?”  
 “You know. How you might get pushed to do something that you don’t mean to do it all.”  
 “I’m not that kind of guy.”  
 “You don’t have a temper.”  
 “Not really.”  
 “What if someone pushes you around?”  
 “I try not to get into that kind of situation.”  
 “You like to get pushed around.”  
 “I didn’t say that.”  
 “If someone pushes you, are you going to push them back?”  
 “I try to avoid that happening.”  
 “You’ll take care of it before it happens.”  
 “Yeah!”  
 “So you’re the one who does the pushing!”  
 “I didn’t say that.”  
 “What are you telling me?”  
 “I don’t like to push.”  
 “What if someone shoved you down?”  
 “That wouldn’t happen!”  
 “You’d knock them down first!”  
 “Don’t put words in my mouth.”  
 “You tell me. How do you feel? Am I pushing you around?”  
 “You are a little aggressive!”  
 “And Mr. Action Man is just taking it.”  
 “I’m trying to be polite.”  
 “Trying but having a lot of difficulty maintaining his composure.”  
 “You are hitting pretty hard.”  
 “And you’re just taking it. What kind of man are you?”  
 “A guy who isn’t taking it so well.”  
 “Are you losing control?”  
 “I wouldn’t say that.”  
 “You just want to lash out. What do you want from me? I’m not going to give it to you. But what do you want? If you could, you’d just take it.”

"I'm not that kind of guy."

"I'm telling you no!"

"I'm going to walk off."

"Just like you'd walk off if some guy was pushing you around."

"I'm not into this kind of talk."

"Talk is cheap. You want action. And if someone is using his words to push you around, you're going to push back. You're going to push him before he pushes you."

"I don't know!"

"Give me a push."

"I'm not that kind of guy."

"You want to fuck me! Let me know."

"I don't want to."

"Go ahead. I'm telling you that it's OK!"

"What makes you so fucked up?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why are you cock-teasing me? What makes you so dark?"

"How's that?"

"Do you have some kind of issues? You get off on guys threatening to assault you."

"You tell me! You give me that look on the street. You want something from me. And then I try to get close to what that is, and you start to blame me. Why do you think that I'd ever respond to your shit? Wouldn't there have to be something really fucked up about me ever to respond to that look of yours?"

"You're freaking me out."

"Why? Because we're finally on equal footing?"

"No!"

"Don't you feel that normal. Finally, you can say what you really feel without being some kind of pervert."

"I feel dirty!"

"Do you now? Everything that you've been thinking. All those deep thought of yours that you nurture. It's all out in the open. You don't have to hide in the shadows. Say it like it is."

"How's that?"

"You can't see a woman any other way. And the only woman who would get off on that kind of thing would be someone who was already messed up. Someone who you'd already messed with."

"I'm not that kind of guy."

"You're the guardian angel who comes to the rescue. You like your women easy. But why would anyone be easy knowing the way that you are."

"I'm a normal guy."

"Are you now? Take a look? Do you like what you see?"

"I'm not a pervert!"

"You want to look for free. Make her do all the work."

"I'm not sure what's inspiring this scenario of yours."



“I’ve been watching you. Don’t think that this is the first time. I’ve seen you.”

“I’m not that type.”

“You don’t have to be. I am zeroing in on who you are. Who you are!”

“Why go to the trouble?”

“I’ve asked myself that question many times. Why would you go to the trouble? But you do!”

“Do what? Sneak a peek now and then. You’re trying to paint me as a wild beast. I take a look. And that is that.”

“Why stop there?”

“Because that’s who I am.”

“I’m willing to give you what you want.”

“And what is that?”

“I can wet your whistle.”

“Will you now?”

“I can do what you need.”

“I really like that!”

“Maybe we just started out on the wrong foot!”

“Are you messing with me?”

“Is that what you want? Is that how I can turn you on?”

“I just don’t want you to put up so much resistance.”

“You want me to think like you do.”

“I don’t know. That would be a good start.”

“You are a nice guy.”

“I’m a lovely guy.”

“Gentle and caring.”

“That sounds like me.”

“You really think that I’m that easy. That I’d let you come on to me all night the way you’ve been doing. Then I’d just hop in the sack with you.”

“You are confusing!”

“You’re never confusing to yourself!”

“I’m not that complex.”

“You’re never ashamed at things you do.”

“Not shame?”

“Regret?”

“I don’t know.”

“If you hurt someone, would you feel bad about it.”

“I guess that I would. I can’t imagine me being like that.”

“You don’t think about it now and then.”

“I’m not a person who hurts other people.”

“You don’t think about it.”

“I don’t.”

“You just do it!”

“You’re trying to put words in my mouth again.”

“So if I asked you to go back to my place, you would.”

“I guess that I would.”

“You wouldn’t wonder for a moment why I would be so responsive to you.”

“No, I wouldn’t wonder.”

“You wouldn’t think it strange if a girl went home with you without really getting to know you.”

“There’s not that much to know.”

“Why? You hide who you really are!”

“I’m not that complex.”

“No, you’re not. And you’d expect a girl to be just as simple.”

“I guess.”

“All she’d have to do is give you a look, and you’d go anywhere with her.”

“That would be strange.”

“But you’d give her that look anyway.”

“I don’t know what kind of impression that I’m giving.”

“But you’d just give someone that look!”

“I don’t know. What are you asking me?”

“It’s not what I’m asking you. It’s more what I’ve figured out.”

“What have you figured out?”

“You want me to tell you. Do you really want me to tell you about yourself?”

“You’ve been making the fuss.”

“I turn you on, right?”

“You do that!”

“Even after all this, I still turn you on.”

“I want to say yes. I’m not sure what you want me to say.”

“If I gave you a script, you could follow it word for word?”

“I’m not some kind of machine.”

“What if it captured your emotions?”

“I could do what needs to get done. What do you want to tell me?”

“I don’t know. What do you need to hear.”

“That you like me.”

“I do like you!”

“Is that part of the script?”

“I thought that you lost the script.”

“I did. But you found it!”

“Keep it going!”

“That is how you like it.”

“I like what I’m supposed to like.”

“This is a little twisted.”

“I’m only following your words.”

“They’re not really my words. I wrote them, but they’re not really my words.”

“But you would like a girl to feel that way?”

“More questions.”

“I could stick to the script. Do you want me to stay with the script?”

“I want you to do what makes you feel comfortable.”

“You make me feel comfortable.”

“Is that part of the script?”

“No one is ever going to read this.”

“Do what I tell you?”

“And if I don’t? Will there be hell to pay?”

“What do you want me to say?”

“I want to please you.”

“How would I know that?”

“You were staring at my body. That made me feel good.”

“Does it now?”

“You tell me. You were staring. Or you weren’t thinking about me.”

“I was thinking about you. I was thinking about how well we would feel together. I want to be with you. I want you to tell me how you feel.”

“You want me to tell you that I feel really good. That I really want to be with you.”

“This is getting confusing. Are you just saying this? Or do you really feel it?”

“If I don’t feel it, are you going to get angry?”

“I could make you feel it.”

“How are you going to do that?”