

Dead Girls outline

by Matthew Temple

Research the guy who did *Daisy's Destruction* snuff film and do a snuff film-related book that's truly dark—not just shallow and stupid like Nicholas Cage in *8mm* (that's merely a revenge film..just stuff we do to help ourselves sleep better, but it doesn't make the world a better place). Probably, in my book, the creator of the film is the main character. Maybe he performs a DIY vasectomy from a kit he found on the dark web. Title: *Dead Girls*. He leaves behind fields full of dead girls aged 5-16, brutally raped, detailed, mutilated—they're all just there in this land that no one ever goes to, not even buried, in various states of decay. He catalogues them in his mind like Lacy catalogues the dead people by their graves in *The Drowning Pool*. Montana? Make the book so dark that it causes people who read it to have mental health issues. "Not every human is born equal." (Justifying torture rape and murder.) "Not all humans are equal, for some of them were born superior to others." (Use this as the book's front quote! From a deep webmaster. Wow. But I think that cuts to the heart of it. And give him a backstory that for him justifies this perspective on people.) The torture trailer from that New Mexico murder couple where a man and woman, older boyfriend and younger woman, kidnapped, tortured, killed scores of women. And their bodies were never found, probably buried in the desert or at the bottom of the [salt?] lakes near that town.

..

You will see such pretty things.

(engraved/written somewhere the girls can see it once they're captured? like in the torture trailer? or a card he leaves for them anonymously before they are captured..I like this last idea)

..no..it's what they see, in text, in a script font, when they wake up in the torture trailer..and he imagines, for a whole section, what it must be like for them to wake up in that room and see that, read

that, go through phases of confusion and fear and loneliness and terror, have to go to the bathroom on a cold steel table, think of their family members and know they're never going to see them again, hope, then lose hope, then despair, all the while facing this phrase: *You will see such pretty things.*

..

forcing girls to masturbate while I kill them (cutting their heads off with a tree-cutting saw (bow saw?)), and at the threat of death..telling them to make themselves cum or I'll kill them, with a gun to their head, in their mouth, in their pussy, in their ass..girls who have never cum before..trying to get them to cum right at the moment of death..did you cum? (she nods) I shoot her in the head.

..

putting them on ecstasy and other drugs to increase the sexual experience for them as they die, they feel amazing and horrible at the same time..not ecstasy, but crystal meth..I want to create conflicting feelings in them, that's a type of torture that gives me joy.

..

forcing little girls to use vibrators on themselves, jamming too-large dildos into their tiny little cunts, tearing their pussies so they bleed

..

making a little girl cut her own clitoris off with a razor blade at gunpoint and then making her eat it..she bleeds and cries and cries while she chews and swallows her own clit..like a four year old..the whole thing done in the way that an adult would talk to a four year old to make her understand

..

attribute the front quote to Matthew Temple, as if I am the murderer and I actually said that and believe it..as I've done in a couple of books, use my own name as the protagonist to cause disease, increase realism..maybe just quote it "—ME"

..

making little girls suck off grown men at gunpoint, shooting them in the arms and making them keep going until the guy ejaculates in

her mouth, then shooting her in the head and she falls over

..

bringing in a little boy and getting his dick hard and making him fuck a little girl and taking pictures, telling the boy if he ever tells anyone I'll show the pictures to his parents and they won't love him anymore..making him fuck her harder and harder and getting myself off watching them, then telling the boy to get the fuck out and go back to town or I'll kill him

..

peeing in/on girls mouths/vaginas/butts/faces to get myself hard

..

staple gun and nail gunning a little girl to death

..

why would someone be like this? give me a backstory and or experiences and or DNA to reverberate with the present-day killings

..

stoning a bitch to death while reading to her from the bible about stoning whores..the rocks hitting her face and just destroying her skull, brains hanging out and she's still alive

..

the plot is psychological, within me, not melodramatic..it's about me trying to get something out of these girls that I lack/want..but something that cannot be gotten from them, hence the continued killing..mirroring addiction..using the wrong tool for the job and becoming addicted to the tool itself, and losing touch with the problem you're trying to solve..getting lost in the world of the tool/addiction/killing so that I forget what I was trying to fix about myself in the first place, and that never gets fixed?

..

forcing girls to kill each other..with electricity, guns, saws, .., that becomes a real enjoyment, making someone innocent into a killer, destroying her innocence without ever touching her..maybe a favorite girl that I corrupt this way, making her into someone who will do anything I say, even without a gun to her head..destroying

her mind (a girl I keep for years, from age 5 to 16)..in the end she tries to kill me but it doesn't work, and I betray all her loyalty by killing her, and that ends my spree..I just didn't have it in me after that, so I fucked her dead body until it was decomposing, professing my love for her, until finally I was fucking maggots and bones. Then I left Montana. And I never went back.

..

sedate a girl to unconsciousness and rape her..enjoy looking at her almost dead face and controlling her completely..fucking her clean little red ass..cumming inside her mouth..filling her pussy with cum so full it spill out around the edges of my cock

..

once his favorite girl is older she becomes his accomplice..helps him get teens by inviting them to come with her for threesomes with her dad, etc.

..

and when he kills his favorite girl after she turns on him, he doesn't mess around, he doesn't hesitate, he just shoots her in the neck and listens to her last words and fucks her while she dies

..

I want to be as close to them as possible, to know what their experience is while dying..that is my form of intimacy, to escort someone out of their life..forcing them to describe what/how they feel as they die, and recording it..asking them questions..what do you see?..what does your pain feel like?..and the girls dead/poetic descriptions of their agony, their torture

..

start with the kidnapping of his special girl..the whole story is arc'd around his conversion of her into a killer and his destruction of her conscience..and end with her death..but add a layer of his childhood [abuse, probably]..so perhaps start with a description of his perfect girl as he sees her before he kidnaps her, what he imagines she's like in private with herself and how he imagines they would be together..?

..

He has, they have, rules, procedures, to make them overcome their emotional responses and do the right thing..*If she tries to run, kill her instantly..etc...*they practice the rules together, repeating them over and over, and saying them to themselves (in italics) right before executing them..when she betrays him at the end, *she* says the rule to him, that he must follow, that means he must kill her, she says it out loud, and it's something like *If your partner puts you in danger, then there is no longer a partnership.* She puts him in danger, he discovers it, she says this rule out loud to him, reminding him what he must do, and instantly he does it, he shoots her in the neck and holds her, listening to her last words as she bleeds out.

..

I want to impregnate someone right now.

..

When I killed {my partner}, the killer went right out of me. I was fifty-eight. I'm not saying there wouldn't be a handful of other worthy kills in my life, but as with sex, and to a lesser degree with romance, the desire goes away after a certain age. It's a mind-body thing—the mind of course sees a young girl and wants to fuck and kill her, to show her what pain is, to show her what it is to really live—but the *body*..well, as they say, sometimes the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. The heart of it went out of me when {partner's name} was killed.

..

Key to my past is that I never got to have sex with a virgin when I was a child. My girlfriend died a virgin and we were going to lose our virginities together but we were playing between train cars in a factory switching yard when the cars unexpectedly coupled and she was cut in half. Like Humbert, like Gatsby, like everyone, that's the moment I'm trying to relive differently, to remake in the only place I can..the present. And make my memories of it simple, horrifying, and recurring.

..

"The dead are gentle."—(https://twitter.com/Fou_Co/status/664220897277030400) Is it a Foucault quote? Might be useful

somewhere here.

..

Did you know that the collarbone is the strongest bone in the body? {check that fact} {I enjoyed breaking a person down, removing their skin, all their muscles, organs, insides, the starting in on the bones with a hammer, breaking down the skeleton into dust, totally taking a person apart, and I would always start with the collarbone, once it came down to the bones.

..

{I put a dog in a cage and shot it.}

..

The special main girl's name is Celexa. Make the first sentence something like, "I met Celexa on June 10th, 1985. I remember it was 1985 because that was the year I got laid off from xyz.. I remember it was June because .. And I remember it was the tenth because it was xyz's tenth birthday, on the tenth of June, and I never could take my eyes off her."

Have the little girl and her mom be in the diner, the little girl comes up to me, pulls on my pant leg, says, "it's my birthday!", mom pays the check, comes over, and while we were talking in walks Celexa. Describe Celexa.

..

I'm obsessed with knowing if someone is a Christian and I ask everyone I meet. I especially enjoy having sex with Christians and the innocent, to fuck that innocence right out of them.

..

ch15::I make a pretty girl called Anya stand up for three days. When she squirms her legs together 'cause she has to pee, I shock her pussy with a wire. If she tries to sit down, I shock her pussy with a wire. I love to see a pretty girl under strain. And I love to shock a girl's pussy with a wire. {describe Anya's hair..blonde curls..natural blonde, not from a bottle}

ch15::I think the thing I liked most about Anya was lying her face down on the metal workbench and spanking her. Then I would

shock her pussy with a wire and make her pee. If I touched her in just the right place and alternated spanking her red ass with shocking her pussy with my wire, I could get that girl into a kind of rhythm and she didn't know whether to scream or cum or pee so she did all three. Then I would hold that wire in just the right place in her pussy and it would make her pee come out yellow all over the work table. I would hold that wire on her until all her pee came out. I love making a girl pee with my wire, because it embarrassed her—I control the pee, *she* doesn't—and that's what I like about it the most.

..

I close my eyes and what I see is a child playing with a dog. The child is about three years old. The dog is as tall as the child, and twice as long. The child is petting the dog and then the dog turns his head sideways and grabs the little boy by his abdomen and bites down and the boy screams and the dog shakes him like a rag doll as the boy cries out for help but no one hears him—no one comes to help. That's what I see when I close my eyes.

..

"Do you have any children?"

"I don't think I'd do too well with children. I'd prob'ly mutilate 'em and run 'em over with my truck, just grind 'em into the pavement so all they looked like was dog guts and if copper Mike came by I'd say, 'Oh, don't worry, them's just dog guts,' and I don't think copper Mike is gonna give the time of day to some truck-flattened dog guts."

"I think you'd be a great father."

"Celexa, you are too young to have kids so *cool it*. No more baby talk. You're starting to act too much like a woman."

"I *am* a woman."

Then she starts touching my leg.

..

I come in and Celexa is on her back, legs spread, asshole visible, shooting heroin into the wall of her vagina, the needle going into the bottom of the inside of her hole.

~~..top of the inside of her hole.~~

~~Why don't you shoot closer to your clit?~~

~~Hurts too much. I tried. That's not how heroin works anyway.~~

~~You have to shoot it into your vein.~~

~~Then why are you doing that?~~

~~It's called bumping. You shoot a tiny bit under the skin and it feels good. The vagina is only sensitive for a few inches, did you know that? So I just put a tiny amount..inside the top of my vag..and my puss feels good for hours.~~

~~..~~

~~memory of my mom keeping the bleached white bones of my older brother in the cradle they bought for their first child..she would get angry if I touched them or rocked the cradle even slightly and then she'd meticulously arrange the bones to be in the exact right shape of a boy~~

~~..~~

~~Stockholm Syndrome, I think it's called? But these girls come to love him and his girl..they come to like what is being done to them, they come to love the torture and the pain.~~

~~..~~

~~It's evil like a slave owner..not evil like a sociopath. They're not sociopaths..they just get the idea in their heads that some people have less rights than others.~~

~~..~~

~~<http://www.fraglit.com/impassioned/quotations/aphorisms/cioran-fs.htm>~~

~~Use interleaved as his actual thoughts (with credit in the fine print at the beginning, of course), or use one, italicized, at the beginning of each chapter..not with an attribution, but just the aphorism alone, and have one attribution in the fine print at the beginning)..at least think along these lines and model this character on some of this darkness.~~

~~..~~

~~5) A story (it's more complicated than this with the backstory) but a story about a man who tortures and kills women in the badlands of~~

South Dakota (with a female ally). I don't generally think serial killers are psychologically interesting but I saw some videos from the "deep web" that made me want to tell a killer story. I'm still sketching it out but it'll be based on a couple of real-life torture murdering couples that are *way* beyond the Ted Bundys of the world. These people weren't sociopaths. They find intimacy with each other through their owning of these women's last weeks, days, seconds of life. When I watch Ted Bundy interviews, they are the most boring thing in the world—because he has no emotion!! So I would never write about that type of personality, because what is there to say? Anyway, some of the real-life stories that I've seen/read, of couples who kill, strike me as being potentially more essential to human nature than being born/made a sociopath. Because some of these killers are not sociopathic, but they have arrived at the belief that *not everyone has equal rights as a human being*. Like slavery. The slave owner isn't a sociopath, in most cases, but they have bought into a dangerous idea which makes it ok in their mind to torture and kill their peers.

..

The idea of killing a chinchilla for its fur. We don't mind because we're smarter than the chinchilla. The idea that aliens are abducting us, experimenting on us, raping us, injecting us to make us cum, with little regard for us. They probably feel fine about it, like us using a mouse for a science experiment, because we don't feel that the mouse has much of a life to lose..we feel it is inferior, and so it we feel it should serve us with its life..and maybe it should.

..

[Maybe in his first conversation when he meets his partner in the diner] he says: I believe that killing is part of life. But I believe in respecting what you kill.

Like the Native Americans?

Exactly. I'll eat a hamburger but you don't see me wearing a fur coat or having a chinchilla cover for my iPhone or anything.

[they talk, he brings her home, and she is the next of his victims..it's

new for us like it's new for her, though, but we have his past knowledge too, he is the protagonist, he rapes and almost kills her, but can't bring himself to in this case, he keeps her alive..this should take at least 1/3 or up to 1/2 to the book to unfold]

..

With his protoge, while she's captive, he never actually fucks her. When she becomes his partner, she wants him to, but he never shows that kind of interest in her, even for torture, now that she's free.

..

"Why are you doing this?"

"There is always, only, ever, one answer to that question: because I can, and because I want to."

..

xx-no-xx (Ending sentences? In a new paragraph:)

My name is Matthew Temple. I am a serial killer.

..

ch15::she asks him to sing her a song

not just any song

but the song her father sang her when she was little

to sing her to sleep

and he sings to her

and she falls asleep

in this torture chamber

to the voice of her captor

..

Ch3

Takes her to a spot where she can get a view a vista since he knows she's going to be contained. He tells her the history of the area settlers and shit

He says I want to show you something if you can wait on those eggs she says sure he says there's an apple in the glove compartment she takes it out it's not poison is it? You want me to take the first bite nah you're not taking me somewhere to rape me are you? No. Are you scared? A little. See in that glove

compartment under the AA big book there's a gun you hold onto that is it loaded oh yes unroll your window and fire a shot. She does. You hold onto that, I don't want you to be scared. You're sober? Yeah. For how long? He gives the number in days. So there's no alcohol at the house. Later she sees him shoot up crystal meth maybe to her too..I thought you said you were sober. I am. Right before that he traps her, leaves her, lets get watch the welcome movie, and brings her eggs and bacon, which he feeds her. You didn't think I forgot, did you?

At the canyon, he sees her eyes, her laughing, smiling eyes..eyes which contain a smile without the help of any other feature

Her eyes will become a thing, how they transform

After shooting into the canyon, She asks how many bullets are in the clip. A lot he says. Doesn't law enforcement set limits on the clip sizes for civilians? Do you /see/ any law enforcement around here? during the canyon view she asks his name..he says Matthew.

Matthew what? Matthew Simple. I think you're lying to me about your name. Well I think you're lying to me about yours. It's not Angel. But you have good reason to lie. You just met me. I could be dangerous. You don't want me to be able to use your name to track you down. But I'm an old man. You'll soon see where I live. What reason would I have to hide my name from you? Or from this town? Everyone here knows my name is Matthew Simple. I just don't trust you—I don't think that's your name. Well, Angel, are you an intuitive person? Yes. Then I advise you to follow your intuition!

..

For the rest of your short life

How long are you gonna keep me alive

For as long as I'm having fun with you, I guess. I mean, think of a cat, playing with a lizard. It isn't a matter of hours and minutes for the cat, is it? He just plays with her as long as she's fun to play with—or until she dies, whichever comes first. And let's be honest. Just because the lizard dies doesn't mean playing with it stops being fun for the cat. My cats will play with a lizard /long/ after

she's dead.

Stop!

Is what I'm saying bothering you?

Are you gonna fuck me after I'm dead?

Probably. A couple of times. While you're still warm.

..

I can't take no more!!!

..

If you feel it, let it happen.

..

What?

Never..felt like this..before.

..

ch15:She wants a mirror to see herself. He denies this but uses it as a way to control her..if she's good she'll get the mirror..and he does give it to her eventually and let her put makeup on which he buys.

..

What do you think about being fucked by a fifty-year-old man?

I've been fucked by a fifty-year-old man before.

Oh really? Who?

My father.

Oh! He like his little girl, huh?!

..

I loved a girl and lost her. You're helping me process that loss.

How many girls have helped you process your loss so far?

Oh..about a hundred.

How many more is it gonna take??!!

Well, I'm fifty four. I figure sixty five is a good retirement age. Of course, I have to ask my doctor if my heart is healthy enough for sexual activity. But I figure a hundred more.

..

See I'm not really a criminal.

Then what are you?

I'm a creator. I'm a psychopomp. Do you know what that is?

She shakes her head.

Well remind me to tell you about it sometime. It's a fascinating class of myths.

..

Why don't you have padding on the walls?

You mean sound-retardant foam like in a recording studio?

Right.

So no one will hear you scream.

Right.

Because. There's no need. Did you notice on the ride in here how far we are from anyone else? Audio-dampening panels would be a waste of time. The closest people out here are those bike-rodeo meth heads, and they're *six or seven miles* from here. If *somehow* they *did* hear you scream, they'd just go back to smoking meth and playing with flame throwers.

..

His audio for his "movie" plays over stock footage of nature scenes..when he comes back with her eggs he explains that he did not take the nature videos, wanting to make sure that he didn't get credit in her kind for them

..

He tells her he's drafted many versions of the script..its intended to have certain psychological effects..I'm not a psychologist. I mean I have no formal training in the field. I'm more of a *craft* psychologist.

..

At the end of ch5?:

(He's like all talk and no action)

So are you gonna fuck me?

Oh yeah, I'm gonna fuck you real good.

..

I haven't been fucked since I was in the cage.

I think it's time for you to go sleep on the couch.

..

If you ever cum I will kill you

..[Cum!]

You said you were going to kill me if I came!
I know! I am! Cum and then I'll kill you! Cum! Cum!
[describe the turmoil in her eyes]

..

So you hid my earrings, but my clothes are crumpled on the floor,
right in front of me, where I can see them. Why.

Because. If you see your clothes there, you'll believe that someday
you'll wear them again, get out of here, and go back to your life.

So you want me to have hope.

Yes.

Why.

Because. I want to watch it slowly drain away.

Well put 'em away.

Why would I do that?

Because I don't have any hope.

Sure you do. Let's talk about it.

..etc

In three days I'll lock your clothes in one of those drawers.

Can't you do it now?

I'll do it in three days.

Do you leave them out for everyone for three days?

Yes. It's a procedure. I do it the same exact way every time.

So you have OCD?

Following a procedure is different than having OCD. I follow the
procedure because it works.

But you do have OCD.

..

You don't seem like a violent person.

I'm not.

Then why are you doing this?

Because I can. And because I want to.

..

ch15:::cleaning up their fluids etc

After a while, I came to love the smell of each girl's particular shit.

..

[after the movie]

Why do you have to make a movie? Why can't you tell me yourself?

Because you deserve to hear it with a straight face. And I think it is absolutely *hilarious* that you will die, and absolutely *hilarious* that I will do it. So there's no way I could get through all that without laughing. See, it's hard for me to keep the proper tone required to tell you what I have done to a hundred some girls and that you are about to join them.

I would think you would remember the exact number.

No, you forget.

Don't you keep a count?

No. I kept a count for the first twenty, twenty five. After that it's not really about the number.

..

I'm playing a psychological game with you that you do not understand.

What? To break my spirit?

No. Something much worse.

{the complicity he wins in her, which makes her want to die in the end}

..

EEG?...subtly testing her to see if she can be his apprentice/
replacement/protégé

If you shake these off of your head, I'm gonna have to clamp your neck down. So:

..

..than what we are.

What are we?

Serial killers.

Baby, we're not serial killers.

Then what are we?

We're slave owners..no cool-off period, etc..we're a factory!

..

his mystic description of things worse than them

..

In act two they sleep with the Glock in bed between them and he's like you can shoot me at any time, I've lived a full life, nothing you can do can scare me

..

He reverse-psychologizes her into killing their captive..that's how he ultimately owns and controls her

..

Is this a joke?

No it's not a joke I'm going to torture you and then kill you.

..

She sees him preparing a crystal meth shot.

I thought you were sober.

I am. This is for you.

I don't want to do crystal meth! I don't want to become addicted!

That's not your choice anymore.

..

What, are you an out of work gynecologist or something?

(I ball gag her and do something to her pussy that makes her scream, like a hot torch or something)

I ball gag her and eat the rest of her breakfast in silence as she goes mmm mmm!

..

was she crying mascara earlier? was that in something else?

maybe start ch7 with her black mascara running and him removing the ball gag and suggesting they be quiet for a while and he cleans her face

..

LAERTES w/ Ophelia

O heavens, is 't possible a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.

..

I take a shit in her mouth and make her call me god.

Then I clean her with the hose. Spray nozzle.

..

I heard her crying because throughout the night..had taken the ball gag off..the lights always stay on in the crate..she called my name but I did not go to her..she would have to learn to make it through the nights on her own

..

Hey, Angel, can I see that gun?

She hands it to me.

And I point it at her head.

(Then I have Anna give angel the Benadryl shot and it's the first shot she's ever given)

..

ch15::I alternated punishment and pleasure. I fucked her with wooden broom handles..I cut her hair..

..

I didn't take it as flattery. I took it that Anna was finally understanding the nature of our relationship. (god)

..

drill bit spinning slowly in the pussy..you know I could tear your pussy up right now

..

he pees in her mouth in an intimate moment to give her something to drink in the morning

..

fucking her with the Glock, talking about shooting her up the puss, idly playing with her pussy with every instrument possible

"What are you doing?"

"Desensitizing you to the value of your pussy."

"What does that mean?"

"It means, by treating it casually, I'm making you think less and less of it, until you see it as an object, like I do."

"Doesn't telling me that defeat the purpose?"

"Not really. Repetition. Repetition. Repetition. That's what we used to say."

"Where you used to work."

I hesitate.

"Yes."..

..

fucking her perfunctorily to get rid of his morning wood, feeling
the scars from the lightbulb tear off

..

As she dies

Dammit, Anna, why did you make me do this to you?

..

When they first sleep in his bed

The Glock between them

If you want, kill me at any time. If you kill yourself, do it in the
crate. I hate messes. If you kill me, I don't have to deal with the
mess, so you can shoot me right here, as I sleep. If you kill yourself,
I'll have to deal with the mess, and I don't want a fucking dead
body in my house. So do it in the crate, ok?

..

You must be starving.

Yes!

Alright! I'm going to make you a steak with asparagus and then
we're going to find something else to stick up your vagina—and
also something up your ass—and then we're going to do another
week like that except this time the movie's going to be *Clueless*.

Anna looks at me, careful not to complain.

I'm just kidding, I chuckle.

..Are you really gonna cook me a steak?

Yeah.

She starts crying..thank you god, thank you.

..I bet you're hungry

I could eat anything

Would you eat my shit?

She looks at me, silent, then says Yes.

Good girl. But we're having steak.

She is quiet.

You don't trust me anymore, do you? You never should have
trusted me in the first place.

I know.

..

In basic training

You were in the army

No

You took basic training

No

You taught it
I taught harder things
But I've studied us army basic training and many similar programs.
Then he tells her about the red, white, and blue phases of us army
basic training
And how it's the opposite here
He tells her of a man he knew a soldier and friend
Who told him the story of the sledgehammer and the spindle
Then he sets a hammer down on her abdomen
She freaks out what's that for etc??!! The hammer bouncing on her
stomach, its handle between her breasts
Where's the spindle? She says. I blow across her nipple and it
hardens.
She yells no no freaking out at him!! she screams Rape me! do
anything you want! you can do anything you want! don't you
want to cum in me!! Fuck me!
It's not rape if you're asking me to do it.
Look *fuck me till I bleed* I don't care.
Mmm! That does sound fun. But no.
..I'll make you a deal. If you come up with something worse than
the hammer and the spindle then we'll do that instead.
Ok, fine, put slugs inside me!
Slugs?
Leeches!! Put fucking wasps on my clit.
Anna. Wasps on your clit? The hammer is better—better for you, I
mean. A hammer versus *wasps on your clit?*
But won't the hammer do permanent damage?
You're still talking like someone who's going to be alive in 15 or 20
days.
Ok. I read this in a medieval torture book, she says. You put honey
on someone's head—or wherever—and then let the ants eat them
just please anything but the hammer.
I like your imagination. You're something else, Anna. I'm gonna
miss you.
Please no..[etc..she protests..I'll give you this I'll give you that].
..alternating breathing on her clit and striking it with a
hammer..just one detailed description of that and then say simply
that is worked on her for half an hour, then let the poor girl rest
..

in the night she's screaming for a shot of crystal meth to help the pain

I say are you sure?

She nods

I say ok

I put a portable heart monitor on her and overdose the shit out of her for hours until she's hallucinating balls then I sit beside her periodically checking the heart monitor (set a timer) and reading bookmarked sections of the *First Folio*—she was hallucinating about {xyz} and {it was chasing her, sniping her from “an elevated position” (some shit she heard on the news) but I was so deep into my favorite parts of the Shakespeare that I hardly heard her screams.

..

ch19:

[they give Kimmie some crystal before she comes out of zombie..I say Here, you wanna give a shot? Give her this?] then:

I get out the heart monitor and start attaching the red, white, and blue leads to Kimmie's chest and abdomen.

Oh, you're gonna give her a super dose and have her hallucinating shit she'll never forget in her entire goddamn life that's worse than her worst nightmares?

No, you're gonna give her the dose. And it's not just one super dose. It's timed, around the hour, and she'll be fine—I just want to break down her mind a little bit.

Do we have to break down her mind? Can't we give her a normal dose?

I look at Anna like she's crazy.

“What's the fun in that?”

[we were up all day and half the night and I showed her how..]

[then, in bed:]

can I have a shot of the crystal?

if you're my partner you have to stay sober. no crystal. no alcohol. do you do any other drugs?

That was the first drug I ever did.

Well now it's your last. If I catch you shooting that shit I'll kill you on the spot. Ok?

Ok. I get it.

You do?

Yeah.

~~Ok. Good. You're a good girl, Anna. Do you have the Glock?~~

~~Yes. It's right here.~~

~~Do you remember the rules?~~

~~Yes.~~

~~Ok. Goodnight. We need our sleep for tomorrow.~~

~~..~~

~~Well that's the thing with people, right? We are—as they say—gods and monsters.~~

~~..~~

~~I'll cut your head off. I'll slice you up your vagina with a chainsaw. You like my vagina too much.~~

~~I don't like your vagina.~~

~~(She cries)~~

~~You have to get over the idea that you're special, Anna. You're not. There's a thousand girls in a thousand cities who have just that vagina. The exact same one. I've seen your vagina a hundred times and I wouldn't hesitate to put a chainsaw to it if you fuckin' talked sarcastic to me a second time. You're a dead girl—and no one cares about a dead girl's vagina.~~

~~..~~

~~For the second act, he doesn't tell her the full plan, he just takes her to the diner and has her help him pick out the next girl..he assumes she'll go along with him, hands her the syringe in the truck, tells her what to do, ..~~

~~..~~

~~ch15::He gives her a bath (in the chair) as she comes out of the meth trip..wiping her vagina like you would a baby's, with no special attention.."lift your arms" and he gets her armpits..washing her with watered down rubbing alcohol~~

~~..~~

~~just a thought: scopolamine aka The Devil's Breath..I could use that on Anna in Betsy's Diner the day of the transition..??? She helps me get the next dead girl into the chair, fuck with her a bit (or a lot) and Anna wakes up in bed next to me that night with the Glock between us? :: or is it better without that type of coercion, but just psychological coercion? :: if I do use it, use the prostitute's trick of plugging your nose with cotton and sniffing the other person to get them to sniff you back :: or use the scope on the new girl unbeknownst to Anna, have her inject the new girl with a syringe of saline solution but make her think she's complicit in the~~

drugging of the girl, so I have the psychological victory over Anna while Anna remains non-complicit (technically, even though in her mind she is) :: idk :: the new girl walks into the crate at my suggestion, I tell her to take off her clothes and she does. Now take off your panties. Anna freaks out screaming about how she's complicit in this. No you're not, I say, don't worry, and take the cotton plugs out of my nose with surgical gloves and tweezers, setting them on the workbench. "Don't touch that," I say. Then I tell the new girl to lie in the chair and lock her ankles in, then her neck, and I explain to Anna that she's not complicit, I used Devil's Breath on her. She's like what's Devil's Breath? Scopolamine? You never heard of it? She shakes her head. That's the problem with Americans: you think roofies is the worst thing that can ever happen to you. But the world is full of plants, and chemists, and hustlers of all kinds, and you'll never learn, on a trip to Target, what kind of elements are operating *just under your nose* without you having a clue about them. Hey hey hey! Don't touch that! That is not a recreational drug! What kind of drug is it? It's evil shit, Anna. You know me—you know what gets me off, right? Well I think that is evil—like I'm an atheist saying that drug is evil shit, ok? So just don't touch it. What does it do? Tell her to do something. Tell her to do *what?* Tell her to do anything you want. Ok, scratch your nose. She does it. Now tell her to do something interesting. Anna looks at me. I nod. Bite your tongue until it bleeds. The girl is seen to be struggling with her lips closed and then a stream of blood comes out from between her lips. Now tell her to do something *really* interesting. Rip your fucking nipple off, bitch. The girl's hands go for her nipple. I rush in and pull them away. Don't rip your nipple off, ok? Did you ever use that on me? No. No, I promise. But if you tell her to let me rape her, she'll agree. She'll be perfectly ok with it *as if it was her own idea—that's why I said this shit is evil.* And when it wears off, she won't remember a thing. Betsy's Diner, that's the last thing she'll remember. What is the fucking shit with the cotton up your nose? Something I learned off a South American hooker. Were you tryouts no to kill her? No, she was trying to kill me, actually. What did I inject her with? Benadryl? I shake my head. Saline solution. Colored to look like Benadryl. I wanted to see if you would go along with it. Anna comes to me and she starts beating my chest. Look what you did to me! Look what you made me *do!* You know

~~I'm not your fuckin' student on some island in the south Pacific. I never asked you to be my mentor!! I know, I say, and hold Anna's head in my hands. I didn't choose mine, either—that's kind of how this works. .. Angel. Your name's not Angel. Ok it's Kimmie. .. The later I'm like Kimmie, Angel, no, don't scratch off your nipple. ..then would the scopo come into play at the end of the second act, too? (like maybe we put Kimmie on scopo and make her mutilate herself, kill herself..Anna does, under my supervision) ..when I holds her head in my hands, she says that she wanted to give Kimmie the shot. Don't worry, I say, you'll get your chance.~~

..

~~Why are you doing this?~~

~~Why do you think? Come on, Anna, the smartest person that I've never killed!..~~

..

~~I told you before. Because I want to. And because I can.~~

~~But why do you want to?~~

~~Because I can.~~

~~No! I don't believe that.~~

..

~~When the second girl takes her panties off at either my or Anna's command, Anna is freaked out like, What. The fuck. Kind of evil is this. Do you two know each other. [no] Am I hallucinating? You are the fucking *devil*.~~

~~Calm down. You're not hallucinating. I'm not the fucking devil.~~

~~And I met her the same time you did. Betsy's Diner. An hour ago.~~

..

~~(After I explain the drug)~~

~~Is that *real*?~~

~~Yes. It's a plant. It grows in Columbia. Very beautiful flower.~~

~~Oh yes I'm sure it has a very beautiful flower.~~

~~You were sarcastic to me once before. Do you remember what happened?~~

~~Ok, so it has a very beautiful flower.~~

~~It does. I'll show you pictures later.~~

~~I don't want to see *pictures*.~~

~~?~~

~~Too bad 'cause it's very beautiful.~~

~~Yeah you mentioned that.~~

..

But I don't believe that some people have more power than others.
No? Some guy who's trying to fuck you—you believe that you and
he have equal power in that situation?

But I don't believe he's *less of a person* than me!

You don't? You don't make fun of him with you girlfriends and
assert that *his sexual desire* is less important than yours?

Yeah but if he *rapes me* then the tables are turned!

Exactly and in each situation there is a master and a slave.

..

She sees my vincit tattoo in the shower and asks what it
Means. I wash her. Her clit is healing up nicely—everything heals.

..

Why are you still doing this? Aren't you *retired* from your former
work?

Yes, but—

So why are you still doing it?

Because..it's like the guy who works as a computer programmer all
his life and then when he retires, he gets a part-time job as a
computer programmer. This is what I *do*.

This is what you *like* to do.

It's just *what I do*, you know, forget about like or not like,
it's..just..what I do.

..

(after I explain some drug)

You're like an encyclopedia of drugs.

Well. I read a lot.

But you don't *do* drugs yourself.

I used to.

And?

I got bored. Look, the best drug in the world—well the best drug in
the world is an orgasm—but the *second best* drug in the world? It's
the high you get after a run. Any kind of cardiovascular. That's
good enough for me.

Like fucking?

A good enough girl, yeah.

..

takes 2-3 minutes for scopo to take effect? colorless, odorless

..

I don't believe that evil will win.

What you call evil, Anna, is just a difference in power.

I just don't believe that power is the most important thing, she said.
The future, my little friend, is a future of psychopaths, I said, and
the conversation dropped.

..

This girl is five years old.

I don't kill young girls anymore.

I'm only 24.

Yeah. Well. By 24 you've had your chance.

..

How's your pussy?

It's better.

Good 'cause I have morning wood and I'm going anyway.

(I fuck her..narrate about her pussy qualities?)

..

(Anna says) "I'm scared."

"What are you scared of?"

"Don't be mad..the devil."

"I'm not mad at you. Just because I don't believe in the literal devil
doesn't make him any less scary to you."

"I'm afraid the devil is gonna get me for what I'm doing."

"Like he can see you? And he's judging you?"

Anna nods.

"You know what you do then? You say, I ain't afraid of no devil—
you know why?"

"Why?"

"'Cause *I am* the devil. Say it. Say it."

"I am the devil."

"I am the scariest, most evil, darkest, most invincible thing in the
world. Say it."

"I am..the scariest..most evil..darkest..most invincible..thing in the
world."

"Good girl. Now keep saying that to yourself until you believe it
and you won't be scared of anything."

..

when they come back from getting Kimmie at the diner, there's a
Coke with a ribbon on it, tied in a bow, on a table in the
house..Anna's interaction/reaction with/to it

..

The technology exists..you may see the devil in your lifetime.

There's no such thing as the devil.

Oh yes there is.

And I know you're not so egotistical as to call *yourself* the devil.

Oh no. I never said it was me.

..

ch15::~~She knows it's her last night. Just as I was gonna say some fucked-up shit about how this was her last night in the crate, she goes, It's been 30 days, hasn't it? I kept count.~~

~~..etc..~~

~~And I turned off the Quartz-halogen (?) floods and let her sleep in the dark.~~

..

ch15::How'd you sleep?

Like a baby.

That's what most girls say: last night of their life, they slept like a baby?

Do you turn the lights off for everyone?

~~/Everything/ around here's procedure. Everything.~~

..

ch15::~~Since the chances of you figuring out a way to escape with each day I keep you in this crate, I've been staying up all night to watch you.~~

~~Is that hard?—Staying up all night? Are you using drugs?~~

~~Yes.~~

~~I thought you were straight.~~

~~I'm drinking coffee and Red Bull. That's kind of where I draw the line, these days. And I prefer not to do those.~~

~~I'm sorry I got you off your routine.~~

~~No, no. It's part of the job.~~

~~The job. That's me. The job.~~

..

ch15::~~Look at it this way: if there isn't an afterlife, you'll never know you died..only that you're *about* to die. And if there is an afterlife, then presumably once you get there, your pain will end.~~

..

~~I tell her about the Columbian hooker—black—who I learned the cotton trick from.~~

~~Did you ever use that shit on me?~~

~~No. I promise. I didn't. Anyway it causes long-term memory damage and I wouldn't want to do that to you.~~

~~But you don't mind doing it to Kimmie?~~

~~Kimmmie is a stupid ho. You are not a stupid ho. Do you want me to continue this line of explanation?~~

~~No. Thank you, by the way.~~

~~You're welcome, Anna—don't think of it.~~

..

~~about scopolamine:~~

~~You never used that shit on me, did you?~~

~~No, no, I promise.~~

~~Well. How would I know?~~

~~Because you'd wake up not remembering what just happened to you? Did that ever happen to you?~~

~~No.~~

~~Then you know. If I used this shit on you, you'd be missing time. Like you'd come to and your last memory would be eight hours ago. Shit like that. I fucking promise. I never used this shit on you.~~

..

~~I passed your test! I passed your test!~~

~~Nobody's ever passed my test.~~

~~But I did, didn't I?~~

..

~~Are you gonna turn me in?~~

~~No. I'm gonna fucking kill you.~~

~~You're gonna kill *me*? How would you even begin?~~

~~I've learned..by watching you.~~

~~..lock eyes~~

~~I hope you never kill anyone.~~

~~Why not?~~

~~Because it would probably ruin your life.~~

~~It didn't ruin yours.~~

~~How do you know?~~

..

~~I take them all to [the gorge] and give Kimmmie the Glock and say why don't you shoot Anna in the face? And Kimmmie bows to the suggestion and Anna is shocked and right before Kimmmie does it, I take the gun away and Anna is looking at me like what the fuck is going on.~~

..

~~Are we ready to go home now? I said.~~

~~Anna asked: Is it going to be less of a *fun house* there?~~

Not necessarily, I smiled.

..

[After I briefly describe how I gave her the drug and what it will do to her]

Is that shit real?

Yep, it's real. It's called scopolamine and it comes from Columbia. Columbian mafia uses it. They give it to a guy and three minutes later they say, *Hey, dude, why don't we go to your apartment and empty out all your valuables into my truck.* So the dude goes and he *helps* them rob himself. Wakes up eight hours later in an empty apartment with absolutely no memory of what happened. Least interesting application I can think of, honestly.

Yeah, you would use it to rape people.

What can I say? Psychological power is more interesting to me than monetary gain.

[did you ever use that shit on me..]

..

[Kimmie has the Glock pointed at Anna]

[Anna is scrambling around in the dirt trying to avoid the shot]

You know her, right? You knew her before and you planted her and now you're going to have her shoot me.

I didn't know her before. Kimmie, how long have we known each other?

Forty five minutes? says the girl.

Then why are you pointing the fucking Glock at me, bitch?

Why are you calling me 'bitch?'

Why don't you point the gun somewhere else and I'll call you whatever you want!!

Ok.

Kimmie lowers the Glock.

Anna looks at me, scrounging in the dirt, pleading with me.

What the *fuck* is going on here??!

Girls, why don't you come with me to the house. And Anna..I'll explain everything. Kimmie, gimme that.

Kimmie hands me the Glock and I head toward the truck.

Kimmie slides in next to me.

Anna says, No, I am not riding with you two like that. I sit in the middle. You take the outside.

And Kimmie gets out of the truck like she's following orders.

She lets Anna in.

And I start the truck and we head down to X Lane.

..

Something was itching me up my nose and I scratched it carefully.

..

[in bed]

~~How did your wife die?~~

~~How do you know she died? Maybe she left me. Anyway, remember? Day one. I agreed not to ask you what you were running away from and you agreed not to ask about my wife. So what is this, women's intuition? How do you know she died?~~

~~I just know.~~

~~I didn't kill her.~~

~~I know.~~

~~How do you know she died?~~

~~'Cause. You know how there's always one piece of a puzzle missing? I can do that. Like. I can look at a conversation or a person or a relationship and see the missing pieces.~~

~~And?~~

~~And she's yours.~~

~~So?~~

~~So how did she die?~~

~~She got cancer. She loved to drink. Loved to smoke. Thought she had a toothache, went to the dentist—it turned out to be jaw cancer.~~

~~You can die of that?~~

~~In some cases.~~

~~I'm sorry.~~

~~It's ok. It didn't kill her. It disfigured her. Horribly. And she couldn't get it through her head that I loved her anyway—I didn't care what she looked like. I was in love with this woman's *soul*—you know what I mean?~~

~~Anna brushes her hand along the top of my arm.~~

~~Anyway she couldn't handle looking like a supernatural *ghoul* so she shot herself in what was left of her mouth..with my favorite gun..the Glock lying in front of you, and I came home and found her on the kitchen floor and I was like *God damn, woman—I needed you* but she couldn't hear me due to the *bullet* that stopped all her beautiful little bits of neural functioning from doing their thing.~~

~~Was this in this house?~~

~~No, this was a long time ago.~~

And Anna was smart, 'cause she stopped asking me there, and left me to twist myself up so I didn't know if I wanted to kiss her or kill her or make love to her like I loved her..and I settled on doing none of the above. I stayed awake a long time and listened to Anna's breathing and somehow that comforted me.

..

We can't be killing girls forever.

Anna says, "Why not?"

"Do you know what *missing white girl syndrome* is?"

"No."

"Well, it's working against us, given my preferences. So enjoy Kimmie, 'cause we might have to wrap up this little dog and pony show and move to like Uruguay or something."

..

I sit on the edge of the chair next to Kimmie.

You are high..on a drug called scopolamine..and it'll make you do anything I tell you.

I know.

You do?

Yeah, you guys have been talking about it. I'm sitting right here listening.

You look like you got your pussy off real good.

I did.

So do you *feel* aware right now?

I *am* aware.

Yeah that's wild. 'Cause you don't have free will right now.

I know.

You do?!

Yeah, I can tell.

So you know that anything I say, you'll do.

Yeah, it's wild.

Does it make you feel uncomfortable or self-conscious at all?

No, not at all. I feel like I've known you two forever.

Does it bother you that you won't remember anything about this conversation?

I won't?

Nope.

Yeah that bothers me a little.

Don't think about it, then.

Ok, I won't!

Kimmiie smiles.

I'm gonna stick my fingers in your pussy now. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

Oh yeah!

She moves my hand down to her cunt.

Why don't you lock up your right hand using your left hand—you see that clamp?

Kimmiie does exactly what I say. Then I lock up her left hand.

..I touch her then ask if she knows what would make her feel even better..what?..crystal meth..you want to do crystal meth, don't you?.. Then Anna gets a chance to give her the shot... Go in my chest and get that heart monitor

..

[Anna comforts Kimmiie coming out of her hallucination]

Pulls at your heartstrings, doesn't it?

Yeah. Does it pull at *yours*?

Of course it does.

Then why are we doing this?

I learned to deal with that contradiction long ago. Just because something hurts me doesn't mean I can't do it. Just because something scares me, I still move forward. You may be new to this concept.

..

We wake up to Kimmiie screaming

I throw off the covers and see Anna sleeping in her underwear.

If you want to wash your clothes..laundry's in there.

What am I gonna wear while I wash them?

I point to the cabinets opposite my bed.

Sweatpants. T-shirts.

..

The scopolamine has obviously worn off.

What the fuck is scopolamine?

Don't worry about it, it doesn't concern you.

..questions from Kimmiie

Actually I have an audio file I like to play for new residents. Would you like to hear it now?

New residents??

I hand Anna the remote control.

I'll show you how to get it started, then you and I can have some coffee while she listens.

~~..Anna pressed play and it started, the same recording I played for all my girls.~~

~~[first couple sentences of it from before in italics]~~

~~..~~

~~You've fucked her seven times today. Maybe that pussy needs a rest.~~

~~No. A pussy like this?..doesn't need a rest. I'm giving this pussy a *workout*. This shit is like a race car..you can run this thing all day and all it needs is a couple of pit stops and the occasional oil change. No I'm going for eight, nine times before I give this pussy a rest.~~

~~So I gratified myself on that 17-year old pussy a few more times and when I came I made sure I came deep in her to get the full sensation.~~

~~Kimmie looked at me like an animal you're taming—she just slowly accepted that her pussy was gonna get fucked and there was nothing she could do to change that fact. Every time I put it in, she winced, 'cause she was good and tore up by then, bleeding from the wall of her vagina..but it didn't make any difference to me. She had the kind of pussy I wanted to take a sample of and look at under a microscope to see all those little tendrils and fibers and bulbs of nerves.~~

~~If you've never looked at the inside of a pussy under a microscope, I highly recommend it. Each one is different. Each one is beautiful. And don't Google it—take your own sample and examine that. Give yourself the full experience.~~

~~..~~

~~I tell her she reminds me of the first girls I fucked when I was a kid I give her some stories~~

~~she tells me I'm disgusting~~

~~I tell her she's disgusting to me too, in some ways, but I'm just going to have to try to cum in her anyway~~

~~..~~

~~[Anna holds Kimmie's hand while I'm raping her]~~

~~Kimmie looks over and says, Thanks for being my friend.~~

~~Anna says solemnly, I'm not your friend.~~

~~But she keeps holding her hand until the fucking ends.~~

~~..~~

~~Jesus, how come you never fucked me that many times?~~

~~I did. You're just blocking it out.~~

~~Oh, I thought it was because she had a better pussy than me.
Anna, don't ever doubt your pussy—it's wonderful.~~

~~..~~

~~Kimmie, close your mouth so your teeth are together and your
tongue is inside them. Got that?~~

~~She nods.~~

~~I reach up and punch her in the face as hard as I can. The hit
knocks her out instantly.~~

~~Why did you do that?~~

~~So I can fuck her and pretend like she's dead.~~

~~Then I put my cock in that beautiful girl's ass and two minutes later
there was cum pouring out of it. The whole time I was looking at
Kimmie's face, motionless, totally unaware of what was happening
to her.~~

~~What do you think of that? That I'm some kind of sicko?~~

~~Other than worrying about her brain damage, I'm just thinking—
That I'm too sick to be around, right? You're done? You're gonna
leave?~~

~~No I was thinking you're a man who knows what he wants.~~

~~You're a cool girl, Anna.~~

~~Yeah, I'm lucky you found me and drugged me and raped me for a
month so we could finally get to know each other.~~

~~I look at my accomplice.~~

~~You wanna get me some morphine? I wanna totally put her under
so I can fuck her like a corpse for the rest of the day.~~

~~Anna just turned to the tool chest and got the supplies.~~

~~..~~

~~[tossing and turning]~~

~~What's wrong?~~

~~I haven't had a woman in my bed in ten years and all I want to do
is cut you up.~~

~~Am I going to wake up with you shocking my pussy to make me
cum?~~

~~Don't worry I never torture anyone in my house. But if you want
me to shock your pussy, go into the crate and I'll oblige you.~~

~~You want to cut me up?~~

~~Yeah, in little cubes. I want to take your head off with a hacksaw.~~

~~While I'm still alive?~~

~~Would you like that?~~

~~It's making my pussy wet.~~

What is?

~~Imagining waking up with you cutting my head off.~~

~~You are a sick little girl, Anna Miller.~~

~~I was raped by my father, remember?~~

~~I don't think you can blame it all on that.~~

~~No?~~

~~No. I think there's a personality element.~~

~~As shaped by my early experiences?~~

~~No, as shaped by your DNA.~~

..

~~I wake up. Anna is crying.~~

~~Anna, what?~~

~~Why do I love you? After what you did to me?~~

~~It's actually a very natural reaction.~~

~~She sobs.~~

~~It is?~~

~~Yeah it happens in war all the time. It doesn't mean anything is wrong with you.~~

~~'Cause it's really weird!~~

~~I know. I know. Come here.~~

~~And I held her, and comforted her, and it was weird for me, too— because I loved her.~~

..

~~[fucking kimmie with a black belt looped around her neck tightening saying who's your master? tell me who your fucking master is or I'll pull this belt tight enough to kill you you're my master~~

~~who?~~

~~you're my master~~

~~who?~~

~~you!~~

~~who!!~~

~~you, ok!!~~

~~I came in that bitch like a freight train~~

..

~~[Anna is asking me what I'm getting out of this]~~

~~I didn't bring you here to be my therapist.~~

..

~~Anna, get her some food.~~

~~What should I get her?~~

What do you want? You have any favorite foods?
Cheese, Kimmie almost whispers. And olives.
Cheese and olives?
Kimmie nods.
What kind of cheese?
Any kind.
What kind of olives?
Green.
Cheese and green olives?
Yes, she almost asks.
Is that good together?
It's my favorite food.
Ok, I think we can hook you up. Both of those things are in the fridge.
Anna leaves the crate.
Those are bold flavors. I think that says something about your personality.
I thought you hated me.
No, I don't hate you. You just have something I want.
Kimmie looks down at her cunt.
No, not that that.
Then what do you want from me?
I just want to own you for a little while.
..
That night in bed, Anna and I spooned. She snuggled me off, pulling my cock inside her purple panties and giving me a panty job without my ever going inside her. When she was done she never said a word, but went to sleep almost instantly, and I pulled my cock out of her panties, both of us covered in cum.
..
I'm sitting on Kimmie with her hand unclamped, hand on my cock. Gun pressed up against the bottom of her cheekbone.
"Fuck with my cock I'll shoot you."
"Ok."
"Ok?"
"Yeah. What do you want me to do? Get your cock off or something?"
"No just hold it."
"Are you kidding?"

~~“No, I like it when a 17 year old holds my cock. It does something for me. It’s hard to explain.”~~

~~..~~

~~she says she wants me to stop
I say I can’t~~

~~I say I have to move soon
start over in a different town (after Kimmie)
she says she wants to come with me~~

~~..~~

~~Anna would put her toes inside Kimmie’s pussy while she smoked her cigarettes. She would rub her toes on the younger girl’s clit. That feels weird.~~

~~I know. I want you to feel weird. Is it weird like right and wrong at the same time?~~

~~Yeah.~~

~~Yeah. That’s what I want you to feel.~~

~~And Anna would do this to Kimmie for hours while chain smoking Parliaments.~~

~~..~~

~~[Anna’s expressing worry about them getting caught]
Don’t think that. You’ll make it more likely to happen.
Who are you, Deepak Chopra?~~

~~You know what they teach Navy SEALs, first day in the program?
What do they teach Navy SEALs?~~

~~Ok this is combat—just a basic combat class. They teach them not to think about possibilities in a fight that they don’t want to happen *because thinking it makes it more likely to happen*. That’s not Deepak Chopra. That’s the US government. And that’s just Navy SEALs—which, believe me, is like the school crossing guard of military commandos—you’ve just never heard about the rest of them.~~

~~I didn’t realize it was all so spiritual.~~

~~It’s *all* spiritual. The whole fucking program is spiritual.~~

~~That’s what you were, a Navy SEAL?~~

~~No.~~

~~Let me guess, you *taught* Navy SEALs.~~

~~No. I *stalked* Navy SEALs. Snuck up on them in the night in the middle of the jungle and scared the shit out of them. Put a knife to their neck and said, “Gotcha.” Then we meditated for nine hours. I just never imagined Navy SEALs mediating.~~

The whole *program* is meditation. All of *life* is meditation. Don't go meditating us into prison by imagining it so. Imagine the outcome you want to happen..please..because it does make a difference.

What else did you do in those programs?

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

Let's find out.

Time travel. Meeting with interdimensional beings. Creating ad-hoc portals with our minds—something we've forgotten from our bipedal cousins who we share the planet with to this day—

Anna laughs.

I said you wouldn't believe me.

I just thought..the US military..was about atomic bombs and drones and counterterrorism..shit like that.

I don't know. I never worked for the US military. But I'm telling you: think positive or you're going to have FBI agents swarming the motherfucking house. Imagine yourself on a beach or something. I'm serious. Whatever your favorite geography is—imagine yourself there. And imagine yourself free. And don't ever, ever think of something that you don't want to appear in front of your face. Because it will.

..

You should start meditating. An hour a day.

I'm not going to meditate an hour a day—I don't care what you say.

Well ten minutes for every cigarette, then.

Cigarette smoking *is* a meditation.

Have you ever thought of burning Kimmie with those?

Kimmie looks at me, wide-eyed.

Anna says, Where?

Wherever you think it will hurt her the most..in her mind.

Her nipples?

That's what I was thinking.

No, you too. You two, no, Kimmie said.

But Anna was already going toward the 17-year-old's exposed body with her lit Parliament.

..

[I put the mind-control video on loud in the crate]

[Kimmie asks how a mind-control video works]

[I tell her about the confusion induction, Anna listens]

Why are you trying to break into my mind, Kimmie says.

Who says I'm trying to break into your mind? Maybe I'm trying to break into Anna's. Maybe I'm trying to break into my own. Maybe I'm not working alone—did you ever consider that? Did you ever think that everything I do to you, every day, comes from someone who's giving *me* orders? Maybe all three of us are being watched, and if I do the wrong thing, *I'll* get killed. You gotta think outside the box, ladies. Anna asked me how I knew only to carry three milligrams of scopolamine instead of the usual *four to eight* when we came to meet you. Anna asked me how I knew you'd be small and I said, "Good guess." But how unlikely is that? How unlikely it is that the first day Anna and I left the house, we found you? I had been sitting at Betsy's for a month before Anna came to me. Did you ever consider that *someone might have been on that bus*, watching you, telling me about you, for *three states* before you finally got off in Pain?

Is that true?

"I'm not saying *it's true*—I'm saying *did you consider it?* You remember in *Se7en*, when Detective Somerset says, 'If John Doe's head splits open and a UFO should fly out, I want you to have expected it?' Remember that? That's how *you* should be thinking. That's how *you* should be thinking."

You're brainwashing us right now, Anna says. You played the confusion induction, now you're planting all kinds of scary ideas in our heads like you're working with another person and that *you're* being controlled, too—when in reality only you're doing the controlling. This is mind control right now.

I snap my fingers and point to Anna.

That's why *you* are walking free and *she* is clamped to a fucking gyno chair.

I unpauses the video and exit the crate.

Anna locks the door with us both on the outside.

Kimmie can be heard saying, "Fuck you, fuck you," and then crying quietly.

All the while in the background the crazy cartoon plays.

..

[Why do you like it here so much?]

[Anna] I wanted to escape. I have.

..

Do we have to sleep with the Glock between us?

If you want to move it, move it.

..

~~[she says she likes him]~~

Anna, I'm gonna have to snap you out of this trance you're in.

Remember who I am.

I'm not in a trance.

Who ~~[tortured you in this way]~~? Who ~~[tortured you in that way]~~?

I don't care. ..

..

I don't even know what your name is. Matthew Temple? Matthew Simple?

My name is Matthew.

Your last name isn't Simple or Temple, is it?

Let's not go by last names.

Anna puts her head in her hand.

I just want..to know you.

..

I want you to teach me.

What exactly do you want to learn?

To do what you do.

You just put cigarettes out on a woman's nipples—what exactly do you think I can teach you?

You know like stealth stuff, mind control, how to do all the crazy stuff you do.

Some things, Anna, no one can teach you—they're things you teach yourself.

So that's a no.

No. It's a yes. I understand your desire. I have the same desire.

What is our desire?

To be the monster in the dark so scary that no monster in the dark can scare us.

I don't think I could have stated it that eloquently, but yes, I think—something like that.

I can teach you what I know—and I will—but know one thing: I can't change your nature. You brought that with you and it was formed long before either of us knew you in the sense that we might know you now.

Why are you saying this?

Because I don't want you to blame me—

You don't want me *to blame you*..for changing my nature?

I nod.

~~I want to tell you something I learned about myself when I was in that chair. I learned I could kill you. I learned I wanted to. I learned I wouldn't feel guilt about it if I did. That last part is something I didn't know about myself before you clamped me in. So why haven't you killed me?~~

~~Anna punches me in the shoulder.~~

~~Because I like your company.~~

~~And we left it at that.~~

~~..~~

~~You don't mind teaching me?~~

~~I love to teach.~~

~~..~~

~~When Anna came into the crate the next morning, I was licking Kimmie's butthole.~~

~~Look what I found! It makes her cry!~~

~~Anna looks at Kimmie's face and the 17 year old's face is strewn with tears.~~

~~Have you ever had your asshole licked before, Kimmie?~~

~~Kimmie shakes her head.~~

~~Her pussy is leaking white liquid.~~

~~What's the matter, those anti-hippie assholes you lived with afraid of licking a little b-hole?~~

~~..~~

~~[Anna offers to make bacon.~~

~~great!~~

~~She brings the greasy bacon pan in and sets it on Kimmie's stomach.~~

~~It sizzles]~~

~~Kimmie screams and writhes, almost knocking the pan off her body~~

~~Anna! I say. Does that seem safe to you?~~

~~She picks the pan up and there's a red circle on Kimmie's stomach, already pussing up.~~

~~Anna sets the pan down on each of Kimmie's breasts and the dead girl screams.~~

~~You people are fucking /crazy!!/~~

~~Can you please go out, put that on some styrofoam plates, and come back in here with safety in mind?~~

~~Anna storms out, smoking, showing off her ass in those crazy purple panties. She wasn't wearing anything else.~~

~~I hear her slam the pan down on the stove.~~

..

~~With Anna, her wanting her b-hole licked or something
Why are you licking her b-hole? You never licked mine. Is hers
cleaner than mine or something?~~

~~No, it's not cleaner. You were asleep. I was bored. I decided to
play with my toy.~~

~~She's /our/ toy.~~

~~I'm sorry.~~

~~Well just FYI, you can wake me up to lick my b-hole any time.~~

~~I feel like /I've/ become the sex slave around here!~~

~~Anna says, Maybe you always were.~~

~~Hey, smart ass! Can we have some sausage in here?~~

~~What are you gonna do, stick it up her vag?~~

~~I'LL STICK IT WHEREVER I WANT!!~~

~~Hey! You! You don't get to yell at me. I'm a free woman,
remember?~~

~~Oh yeah, you're a free woman. Go ahead, leave. That's why you're
sucking my /dick/ every night! I see you leaving..running
away..calling the police..right?..that's what you're jumping to do at
every opportunity you get! This is your escape from home—I
believe those were the words you used. So go back home..to
Lehighton, PA..and work in a /sub/ shop. See how satisfying /
that/ is after what you've known and experienced here. And /
bring me some fucking sausage!!/~~

..

~~I'm playing with Kimmie's pussy with my electrical kit, adjusting
the electricity to move her from pleasure to that extreme weirdness
you feel when someone's torturing you sexually with electrical
devices. This particular kit I had always held onto because it was
small and had a hard, sort of black/green case with Korean writing.~~

~~Where did you get that, Anna says.~~

~~Uh..I got it off this guy I was with.~~

~~Were you stationed together?~~

~~No..he was torturing me.~~

~~How did you get it off him then?~~

~~I strangled him with my shoelace. Then I took his kit. It's really
cool. See this?~~

~~I turn up a knob and Kimmie's teeth chatter together.~~

~~Was he North Korea or South Korea?~~

~~You know, Anna, politics is a lot more complicated than it seems.~~

~~So he was South Korean and somehow you were set up as his adversary.~~
~~Maybe he wasn't Korean at all. Maybe he stole the kit off someone who was.~~
~~Save it. I'm sick of your cloak and dagger bullshit.~~
~~Funny. I got sick of it too.~~
~~So you found your true passion.~~
~~I press a tiny red button on the kit. This switches from DC to AC power.~~
~~Kimmie looks like her brain is pasta.~~
~~That's right, I found my true passion. Please don't make fun of me —I wouldn't make fun of you.~~
~~I'm not, Anna said, and her sincerity was clear.~~
~~..I put away my kit and brought over some sprigs of aloe and a cool stream of water from the overhead spray nozzle to treat Kimmie's burns.~~
~~I thought it was butter or margarine to treat burns, Anna says.~~
~~No. Margarine traps the heat in. It's cool water and aloe for almost any problem of the skin.~~
~~Don't tell me you were an EMT, too.~~
~~No, but..I've had to deal with lots of burns.~~
~~Like in the jungles..in South America and shit?~~
~~No..like here..when I go crazy like you just did.~~
~~..~~
~~Why did you do that to her?~~
~~I thought she was /our/ toy.~~
~~She is—you can do anything you want to her. I'm asking what is going on with /you/ that you felt the need to do that.~~
~~You're in there electrocuting her pussy with your Korean war box!~~
~~Don't give me a hard time over some second-degree burns!~~
~~Ok. I won't. I just wanted to check in with you.~~
~~I don't need to be checked on!~~
~~I'm not checking /on/ you—I'm checking in with you.~~
~~What's the difference.~~
~~Respect.~~
~~I leave the kitchen.~~
~~..~~
~~I'm not worried about Kimmie—you can cut that bitch up and cook her on the grill as far as I'm concerned—I'm asking about /you/.~~
~~'Cause that was a little out of character for you. Unfortunately we~~

~~gotta be each other's therapist and pharmacist and every other
goddamn thing in this little house.~~

~~I turn and stop.~~

~~I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get in your business.~~

~~I feel Anna's hand on my arm.~~

~~No. It's ok. I need you to watch me. You obviously know this but
when I woke up and saw you electrocuting that bitch's pussy I got
jealous. I can admit that to you. I was jealous. But you give me
everything..well not everything..but almost everything every single
night. Maybe you could bring yourself to get over your fear of
being close to me and cock fuck me sometime. 'Cause I'm the kind
of girl that if she doesn't get cock every day or two..well it's like
you said back there..I go crazy.~~

~~..~~

~~[When I cock fuck her she has me tell her about what it was like for
me when she was clamped to the chair..and that gets us both right
off]~~

~~I was like, I own this little girl.~~

~~You thought of me as a little girl?~~

~~You are a little girl to me.~~

~~Anna moaned and gripped her pussy around me.~~

~~..Then I licked that woman's asshole for an hour.~~

~~..~~

~~[I walk in on Anna speaking to Kimmie in a weird way]~~

~~What are you doing?~~

~~I'm confusion inducting her into believing that she's going to have
a peaceful death, and not resist.~~

~~That's nice.~~

~~I lean in to Kimmie.~~

~~While you're at it, why don't you confusion induct her to believe
that she's a worthless cunt. You know the only value you have to
the world is your pussy, right? Is this going into her subconscious?~~

~~Please, Anna says. I'm trying to do something here.~~

~~Sorry. I'll make breakfast. Good job doing a confusion induction.~~

~~That's..awesome.~~

~~Thanks, teach.~~

~~I give Anna the finger as I walk away.~~

~~..~~

~~[Anna about Kimmie]~~

~~I think I hurt her too much.~~

Make her cum. Orgasm increases pain threshold in women.

It does?

I nod.

What about men?

No. We're fucked. [research this]

[Anna makes Kimmie cum]

[I whip my dick out and masturbate to the sight of it.]

We're all friends here, right?

[Anna puts a finger down and gets herself off too.]

Anna. Can you step into my office?

I thought this *was* your office.

Ok, can you step outside of my office?

[We go into the bedroom and sit cross-legged across from each other and touch each other's genitals and talk about the first item in the quitting/leaving sequence]

..

[Kimmie is giving us her resume: I do yoga, I used to play soccer when I was a kid—I was goalie. I can ice skate. I have a dog named Fluffy.]

Thank you! You can stop with the résumé. I know what you're trying to do. Where did you learn that technique?

The Silence of the Lambs.

"Oh, yeah," I say. "*If he sees Catherine as a person and not just an object—*"

Kimmie says, "*—it's harder to tear her up.*"

Right. Well that's not going to work. We're still going to kill you.

Oh fuck me. Fuck me.

Kimmie shakes her head.

You have a dog named Fluffy?

Yeah.

That's a stupid name for a dog. Here's a résumé in reverse: You are a below-average intelligence, fashion-obsessed, faux-hippie *bitch* with an ugly pussy who doesn't know how to fuck worth *shit*. You're not supposed to just lie there. You're supposed to make it interesting, even if you are my slave. I *barely* enjoy fucking you and do you know how hard it is to make me *barely* enjoy fucking a 17-year-old pussy? It's pretty fucking hard. But you are dumb enough to make it possible. Instead of telling me about your dog, why don't you tell me what *you're* doing to make the world a better place? Do you volunteer anywhere? Teach math to the

developmentally disabled? Feed the homeless? Have you ever even given a sandwich or a bagel to someone sleeping on a sidewalk? Or do you just walk by? I bet you have rich parents, don't you?

What do you mean by rich?

That's a *yes*.

What does me having rich parents have to do with anything? It just makes me hate you more. You must be familiar with that concept—the middle class hating the rich?

How do you know I'm rich?

'Cause you were wearing *Fendi* sunglasses when we picked you up. Sari pants, hemp sandals, and *Fendi* sunglasses. That's a rich girl trying to hide but you prob'ly don't even realize not everyone wears five hundred dollar prescription sunglasses. That would never even cross your mind, would it.

Kimmie says nothing.

I know, it's ok. It's who you are, it's where you're from—it just happens to disgust me. So you wanna tell me why I shouldn't kill you now? Tell me about Fluffy? Did you mention you're an ice skater?

Kimmie nods.

I yell, Anna, can you ice skate?

Anna yells back, Yes.

So can I. Look at that. What other unique traits do you have to offer up? Are you an artist? Do you play an instrument? Do you think I care the answer to any of these questions?

Kimmie shakes her head.

That's right: no.

What if we work out a ransom type situation?

No chance. A) There's no way to collect a ransom without revealing yourself. B) I don't care about money. C) I don't *need* the money—I *have* money, bitch! That I *earned*—I wasn't *born* with it like you. And D) Refer to C, B, and A!

Kimmie turns her head to the side—the only refuge she can get from me.

When you die, your ugly pussy is gonna die with you.

A few tears stream out of the dead girl's eyes.

When you die, your ugly face is gonna die with you.

She closes her eyes, trying to block the tears.

When you die, your ugly, simple little soul is gonna die with you.

She blurts out a sob, then cries full on, but without making a sound. And somewhere in a yard in Eugene, a dog named Fluffy is going to be running around, happy as a fucking helium balloon, having no idea you're dead, and he's never even going to mourn you.

He'll just forget about you and go on being a dog.

I realize Anna is standing in the doorway to the crate, holding onto the corrugated metal with both hands, looking at the situation. She makes a *come here* motion with her finger and I realize she isn't judging me, she isn't mad at me—she's trying to save me.

..

Kimmie says, How many people have you killed? One hundred? Five hundred?

A serial killer with 500 victims? It's only happened a handful of times in human history—and they were all either doctors or nurses. Anyway they weren't—and I'm not—a serial killer. Serial killers have a cool-down period. They kill out of compulsion *to satisfy a desire*. Killing satisfies the desire. Then they stop killing while the desire remains satisfied. Then the desire returns. Then they kill again.

So what are you?

I don't know that there's a name for it, but I would call those doctors and nurses who just started killing patients one day and after that never missed a day until they were caught or died—and me—I would call us *process killers*. A serial killer's MO isn't killing people...it's satisfying the desire—whatever that is. Like Edmund Kemper—have you heard of him?

Of course. I watch Investigation Discovery.

Of course you do. Who did Kemper kill last?

His mother's friend.

And next to last?

His mother.

Right. What was his relationship like with his mother?

I don't remember.

They didn't get along. At all. She was an alcoholic. She critiqued him constantly—in her eyes, he couldn't do anything right. She made him live in the basement from the time he was 10 because she thought he might hurt his sisters if he was allowed near them.

After he killed his mother (and her friend) he turned himself in.

That tells me his desire was satisfied, and all those girls he killed

first we're misdirected anger at his mother. None of those girls was

ever going to *satisfy his desire* because his desire was to *get back at his mother*. One he got back at his mother—boom!—no more killing. He scratched his itch. But those doctors and nurses who killed hundreds and hundreds of people—and look, I'm no criminologist, this is just my theory—I don't think they had an itch. They didn't start out with a problem which murder attempted to fix. They murdered first—probably by accident—and found that they enjoyed the process. (I'm using the word *enjoy* loosely here.) But they began to enjoy or perhaps just become familiar with *the process of killing*.

Kimmie is rapt.

“Here's a question for you: which comes first? Planning or liking?”
I don't get it.

Do you first make a plan to do something which you've never done before or do you like something first and then plan to do it?

I guess..you like something and then you do it.

See I would argue the opposite. The only way to know if you like something is to do it—without first knowing how it will strike you.

Ok, that makes sense.

See, you can *plan* without *liking* but you can't *like* without having first *executed a plan*. You can plan to try a new flavor of ice cream without liking or disliking being part of the plan. But you can't *like* a certain kind of ice cream without having *planned*, at some point in the past, to try it.

What does this have to do with process killers? You lost me somewhere back there.

All I'm saying is I think this theory of planning and liking supports the theory that process killers execute their first killing through being in a circumstance where that killing would happen naturally

—

Due to circumstance:

—Yes. And by executing that plan they discover they like the result of killing or something about the process itself and since there's no itch to scratch, we keep going and going and going with no cool-off period. We're not trying to solve a problem. So the killing never ends. We're obsessed with the *process*. And that's dangerous. It's like being in it *for the journey, not the destination*—if you've ever heard that paradigm.

Yeah, in Sunday school.

Haugh.

Do you believe in God?

Yes, Kimmie says.

So? Are you in it for the journey or the destination?

We're supposed to be in it for both.

Is that what your Sunday school teacher told you?

Kimmie nods.

I guess it doesn't matter, I say.

Why doesn't it matter?

Well, I mean, if you're in it for the journey, your journey's almost over. And if you're in it for the destination..then..you're almost there.

..

Do you really think my pussy is ugly?

In a few days I'm gonna shoot you in the head with a Glock. It's not gonna matter how pretty your pussy is then.

..

You probably wonder what I'm doing in there so much lately.

Oh I know what you're doing.

What is that?

Saying goodbye.

..

"Pretext" sentence..period instead of comma..it's simpler

..

"The full truth" next sentence..>>"obviously not."

..

Autistic people???? >> math to the developmentally disabled???

..

[how many girls]

A thousand as part of my work. But they were rush jobs, batch jobs, so I don't really count them. Just a thousand tiny little learning experiences, one a day, on average, over a period of four years.

Since then, two hundred fifty, that I've been able to take my time with.

Take your time being a month.

Give or take a few weeks, yes. I hope I can do another hundred before I retire.

And you'd retire because you got bored of doing this..or?

No, because my physical strength would wane, and..65 is the typical retirement age, isn't it? After that I would move into a

~~"living community for active seniors," fish, play chess, catch up on my reading..stuff like that.~~

~~Do you believe you'll be judged for what you do?~~

~~No. But if I'm wrong I'm onna have a /lot/ of 'splainin' to do!~~

~~I smile but Kimmie does not smile back.~~

..

[when Kimmie is on scopo, right before she dies.

One of my objectives in life is to always smell like cotton candy.

..

[after Anna dies]

But I couldn't help her. All I could do is be her witness and hold her hand as she crossed into the night.

..

~~[[I just don't see how it can be that easy to erase geographic data from satellites]]~~

~~Have you *looked* at Google Earth lately?—The north pole isn't even there!!~~

~~What do you mean *it isn't there*?~~

~~I mean they covered it up. There's no ice anymore—it's just a bunch of water.~~

~~That's impossible to believe. People would have noticed.~~

~~No. Because they're all watching TV, being lied to by entertainment news. That shit is deadly. I'm serious. It'll leave you worse off than what we're about to do to Kimmie here.~~

..

..And she died.

The life left her eyes and the strength left her body.

I laid her down on the boulder and..

..

[Kimmie is begging for food]

~~"I haven't eaten in *days*!"~~

~~"That's because I don't want anything in your gastrointestinal system when I shoot you 'cause you might shit yourself and I wouldn't want you to be embarrassed while you're dead."~~

~~"Is that true?" Anna asks.~~

~~"No," I say.~~

~~Anna laughs.~~

~~I ask, "Can you feed her?"~~

~~We're out of almost everything.~~

~~What aren't we out of.~~

Peanuts.

Would you please feed her some peanuts?

Kimmie hears this from the other room.

I'm tired of fucking *peanuts!*

Well. Beggars can't be choosers.

I'm not a *beggar*—I'm a *hostage*.

They always get an attitude like this after a certain amount of time," I say to Anna.

You want me to go to the store?

No! We can't be seen around town right now. After we do her we're—

Getting on a plane?

—Fuck no. You think we're going anywhere near an airport?

We're driving.

To Uruguay?

Damn right.

You're not kidding, are you?

I am not kidding.

..

Well. Being smart creates a confusion induction of its own.

Being smart does?

Smart people question their reality—they question what they know.

It's wise to be confused, in a way. Average people don't question their reality, so they're more certain, less confused—they think they know things that they don't really know but at least their conscious mind isn't open to allow access to the deep. But hear what I just said: *their conscious mind isn't open*. That's no way to be. So yeah, being smart, *having an open mind*, is by definition being a little bit confused. Or a lot confused, in the case of—say—a schizophrenic..someone with a *very* open mind.

Let's have no more talk of confusion inductions. Or. Confusion in general. I've had enough.

..

[in bed with Anna]

Has anyone ever tried to mind control you?

I turn over in bed.

Tell you a story. And in telling this story I'm going to piss off some people.

Who?

People who are monitoring this conversation.

Who's monitoring the conversation?

~~All conversations are monitored on this planet.~~

You're sounding a little *X-Files* for me.

Well. You can call it *X-Files* or you can call it old-school spy tech, but every conversation on this planet is monitored, including this one, and when I tell you this story—I'm gonna tell you the story—I'm just saying I'm gonna piss some people off.

Wait. If every conversation is monitored, then don't these people know about you abducting little girls?

Oh. They don't care about that sort of thing. And it's *abducting, torturing, and killing young women and girls*. Give a man his due.

Sorry. Guess I forgot to read the fine print on your website.

So you asked if I ever got mind controlled.

Yes, she says.

Yes, I say. One day a fucking government helicopter picks me up. It's got six meatheads, pilot, plus me.

Where did they pick you up?

Can't tell you that.

Why not?

Because that will *really* piss off the people who are listening to this conversation. I mean there's ways to do things and there's way not to, you know? So anyway, these brick boys are trying to scare me by sitting there outnumbering me with tac rifles—horrible, horrible weapons—people killers—and I'm playing around with them telling them jokes I remember reading off Laffy Taffy when I was a kid. Stupid, stupid jokes—I mean the dumbest puns you can imagine. *How do you communicate with a fish? You drop it a line. What is a parasite? Something you see in Paris!* So I'm cracking my ass off and these guys are sitting there like rocks on a log—I mean it's in their job description not to smile.

“And they're like, ‘If you don't shut up, we're gonna kill you.’

“And I'm like, ‘Yeah right. You pick me up in a helicopter with *six guys* to make sure I don't get away. You have orders *not* to kill me and don't think for a second I don't know it. I could spit in your face and tell you how loose your wife's post-childbirth pussy is and all you would do is *protect me*. Your orders are to take me someplace to talk to somebody with an actual job title and an actual name—even if it is a *fake* actual name. If your orders were to kill me, they would have sent *one guy* and there wouldn't have been a

fucking helicopter. I was born on a Thursday but it wasn't *yesterday.*'

"'You and I are not adversaries,' I tell these thick-neck motherfuckers:

"And they're like, 'Yes we are.'

"And I'm like, 'That may be the way you see it, but trust me, we're not.'

"And they're like, 'You're our prisoner.'

"And I'm like, 'You don't even know who I am. What I am to you is above your fucking *pay grade.*'

"So they bag my head, I keep telling jokes—mostly to entertain myself—and they take me to a room and play this tape and it's a bunch of cartoons mixed forward and backward and quick-cuts of images that didn't make any sense and a modified classical score and I was like, 'Look, if you want to break into my mind, I can give you something that'll work a lot better than this.' That gets their attention. So I tell them the name of a movie that I only watched once—when I was coming down off crystal meth—that really got under my skin..so much so I was afraid to ever watch it again because I didn't want to re-invite those associations back into my head."

"What's the name of the movie?"

"I'd rather not say."

"To protect yourself from whoever's listening?"

"No. To protect myself from you. No offense but you're a sick bitch. Does that offend you?"

"I take it as the highest compliment."

"Further proof that you're a sick, sick puppy."

"Would you like me if I wasn't?"

"Hmm..doubtful. Anyway, I tell these idiots the name of the movie but then I inform them it would be a waste of their time."

"They're like, 'Why?'

"And I'm like, 'I'm already crazy. The natural content of my mind is weirder and scarier than anything your PhD psychologists can remix from Saturday morning cartoons..weirder and scarier than anything in that movie I just told you about..I've already walked through hell..so even if you produce actual *demons from hell* (which they had the technology to do), it's not going to help you break into my mind. Besides, I said, I'm not trying to lock you out. You want inside my mind, have at it. My mind is an open book.

~~Have you read my book? It's in the library. It's in the bookstore. It contains most of the interesting contents of my mind already. So if you want to know what I think, all you have to do is start at page one..and read through page four hundred and fifty one. Then read backwards..from page four hundred and fifty one..to page one—'~~

~~" 'Stop talking!'~~

~~" 'There are letters on each page which you will find entrancing as they are perfect in every aesthetic. The font was chosen a decade ago knowing that you would invite me into this room with you to have this little talk which I am enjoying greatly. Just tell me what you want to know. I'm not bound by the same secrecy agreements as you—I can tell you anything I want. You brought a tank to break into a candy store. All that's in here is purples and greens and blues and—oh, look!—here's the opposite of green and the opposite of blue—'~~

~~" 'Shut up!!'~~

~~"Then I told them that if you look into the mirrors in *Alice in Wonderland*, you see alternate universes, and by that time they pretty much had the helicopter fired up and the guys with the big guns ready to take me back home to where they found me."~~

~~"Did they ever bother you after that?"~~

~~"Oh, they didn't care. We worked together for years. That was their idea of a job interview. I built some really special shit for them—mind control shit—shit you could use to mind control a ladybug."~~

~~"Tell me you're joking."~~

~~"No, you could actually mind control a ladybug."~~

~~Anna says, "That's not right."~~

~~"Of course I'm joking," I say. "Of course I'm joking."~~

~~Anna rolls over and I know she's thinking about that ladybug.~~

~~"You wanna hear another Laffy Taffy joke?"~~

~~"Sure," she says dryly.~~

~~"What did one eye say to the other?"~~

~~"What?"~~

~~"Between me and you something smells."~~

~~"Jesus Christ," Anna says. "Go to bed."~~

~~"What did the egg say to the frying pan? You crack me up!"~~

~~I bust out laughing.~~

~~"Oh. My. God," Anna says. "I don't love you anymore."~~

"Did you ever?" I say.

Complete silence.

Then she says, "I guess the moral of this story is if someone tries to do something crazy to you..be crazier than them."

"Close. The moral of the story is memorize a bunch of Laffy Taffy jokes 'cause no one can stand them. Hey Ann."

"Mmm."

"Promise me something. If anybody ever tries to fuck with you..fuck them harder."

..

fz ch30: use Coeur de Pirate

..

did you know girls pee standing up in japan (add to his interrogation by the agency scene?) lot of the world, actually. right at urinals, just like us. it's funny when you see them spreading those hairy japanese labia with Baphomet fingers and being the educated man you aren't, you know Baphomet has those long purple fingernails with crisscross patterns and a fang on the end of each one..then the girls' dicks reach around from inside their pussies and go inside their own asses to piss..I never knew that about japanese girls before I went there. Have you ever been? Every Japanese girl has *two* dicks, one for your mother and one for your father. Japanese girls..fucking your father..in his mouth..with their left dick. Japanese girls..fucking your mother..in her wrinkly dead asshole with their right dick. Did you know who Baphomet was before I mentioned him? 'Cause that's your mother, too. When I get you alone I'm going to do a little body modification on you where I split your penis down the middle—all the way through—and re-route your urethra so you piss out of the base of your scrotum. 'Course, you'll never be able to fuck that secretary of yours out there so I guess I'll just have to take her to Uganda and have a spiny bush viper eat her pussy out. I know he'll do a lot better job than you're doing. And that'll get rid of the inherent risk of a security man *fucking his secretary*—you don't know who the fuck she is. Did you ever eat a bush viper for dinner? I can have one sent over since you're so interested. It's quite a tasty rabbit as caterpillars go.

..

Against the idea that consciousness is sacred..what if we had uploaded this girl's consciousness to a computer? Do both of them

still matter? If that one never dies, then what difference does it make if this one does? .. Say that the government already has that ability, to upload consciousness.

..

[I explains to her:]

~~“Oh, there are things much scarier than serial killers and torture murderers and so forth because all those things are created by humans and are human in origin. There are things..events..on this planet far scarier than you and I.”~~

~~“Alien abductions?”~~

~~“No.”~~

~~“Why?”~~

~~“Because you know all about them. They don’t challenge your imagination. Think of the thing that challenges your imagination the most..and there..you will have the scariest thing there is.”~~

..

~~I’m forcing her to touch her pussy, to slide two fingers inside herself like an octopus. She’s crying, but doing what I’m saying, and I’m telling her:~~

~~“Good girl. Who’s a good girl for sticking her fingers up her pussy. You look like an octopus with two fingers up her pussy and I like that I like to think of putting my dick inside you just like you put those two fingers..slide ‘em on in.”~~

..

~~“How’s it going, octopus pussy?”~~

..

~~..then would the scopo come into play at the end of the second act, too? (like maybe we put Kimmie on scopo and make her mutilate herself, kill herself..Anna does, under my supervision)~~

..

~~About the killing field..my explanation of how space isn't linear..if you're walking next to a swamp, do you know what's in the swamp? No. It's right there but you can't go in it because space isn't like they present it on a map..just 'cause you can draw a line there doesn't mean you can go there..or that anybody will ever see it~~

..

~~Kimmmie point the gun at your forehead.~~

~~Kimmmie does.~~

~~Now Kimmmie pull the trigger, Anna says.~~

~~Klack!!~~

~~Kimmmie falls over backward on the rock, dropping the Glock.~~

~~I stand and pick up my gun.~~

~~Good job Anna.~~

~~Anna doesn't move.~~

~~Good job, Anna. Now let's go!~~

..

~~But you have your new girl here. Why am I still alive?~~

~~I roll over, sleepily.~~

~~"Cat's still having fun playing with the lizard," I say, and I put the pillow over my head and fall asleep.~~

..

~~end::(the complicity he wins in her, which makes her want to die in the end)~~

..

~~Don't you think these girls you kill *have a soul* like your wife?~~

~~Some of them do, some of them do.~~

~~With the ones that do, don't you think you could love them? Or somebody could love them?~~

~~You trying to put me out of business?~~

~~I just know that you're not a..psychopath or sociopath or whatever.~~

~~Yeah, I know what you mean—they're always changing the meanings of those words.~~

~~I mean you know the difference between right and wrong.~~

~~I look at her.~~

~~Like you know it's wrong to shoot a girl up her pussy and kill her with internal bleeding—~~

~~Tell you the truth, Anna, I don't really think in terms of right and wrong.~~

~~But do you feel *bad* about what you do?~~

~~I don't like to waste my time with useless emotions—guilt, remorse, feeling "bad." What I do makes me feel good. That's why I do it.~~

~~But you know it's wrong.~~

~~I know *you* think it's wrong.~~

~~That's *very* different, Anna says.~~

Yes, I say. It *very* is.

..

But that girl you shot up the vag and watched bleed to death.

Didn't she—

There have been *several* of those.

Well didn't *they* have the same right as you to live?

The same *right*?!!

Yes!

First of all, I don't have the *right* to live. And no, those girls I shot up the vag and watched bleed to death didn't have the *same, more, or less* of a right to live as me. They had no right to live either!

Equal rights is not the same thing as *having a right*. Ok? The fucking *Constitution* guarantees you equal rights to pursue happiness but I think the part you're getting confused about is that all men—or all people—are created equal. Is that what you're thinking? That somehow those girls who I shot up the vag are *equal* to me?

Because they're not. Know why? 'Cause they're dead and I'm still here, lecturing you. So what exactly is equal about us? I have the same right to pursue happiness as a guy with an 80 IQ but *are we equal*? Hardly, Anna, hardly. There's nothing fair about nature. Or culture. Or humanity. Do I have the same rights as a billionaire? To travel? To eat? To own a yacht? No. He has more rights than me and *we are not equal*, regardless of what the Constitution says. You're lucky I don't shoot you up *your* vag right now 'cause you're *pissing* me off. Equal rights.

Haugh.

I swear to god, don't ever say that word to me again or I'll shoot you up the vag and give you this same lecture while you bleed to death.

I'm sorry.

God fucking damn, you really stepped on the dog's tail with that one, woman.

..

At the end where Anna's bleeding out through her neck, and I say {why did you make me do this to you?} She says no, it's better this way, [I can't live with what I just did] [to kimmie] I'm not like you. I didn't mean that as a judgment. I didn't take it as one. And those were the last words we said to each other, me holding her hands in mine and watching the life drain out of her eyes until it was all gone and I was the only one left alive on that plain.

..

[at the end:]

[Anna kills Kimmie at my instruction,
then she can't take what she's done and turns the gun on herself
and says [something—thanks for everything you taught me or just
goodbye or something] and she tries to shoot herself in the temple
but I knock the gun away from her head
but she fires anyway
and hits herself in the neck
and I hold my hand over her wound and we talk for the minute it
takes her to die
and she says look, I'm going to be here among your dead girls
and I say I never had as much fun as I did with you and I don't
think I'm going to be going on
Anna says she doesn't think she's going to be going on either
and she dies
and I'm left in my boulder field, alone, with all my dead girls
don't tell where I'm going or what happens next..just that I'm
standing alone among the corpses of everyone I'd killed in the last
three years and I didn't feel guilt or regret
but I felt very very empty
standing there
in the boulder field
that went on forever
in the plains of South Dakota
all alone
among the corpses
of my dead girls]
[something like that]

..

I realized I couldn't live with myself.
When did you realize this?
Just now.

..

the next day I say yes, she can come

Anna and I plan to move away together after Kimmie
I tell her I'm going to keep doing what I do.
She says she understands and she'll help.

..

~~[show my cruelty and enjoyment and creativity and control increasingly]~~

..

~~What will we do for money?~~

~~I have money.~~

~~How do you have money? All you do is sit around your house and look at girls' vaginas under a microscope!~~

~~Well. I used to execute contracts.~~

~~Execute?~~

~~It's really best not to ask questions, Anna.~~

~~Anna scowls at me.~~

~~Do you want details?~~

~~No no no no no no no. I don't want any details on *contracts* you used to *execute*. I just want to know we're taken care of.~~

~~We're taken care of.~~

~~Good.~~

~~She kisses me on the cheek.~~

~~Then she goes to the crate to check on Kimmie.~~

∴

~~We're gonna have to go soon. The rock field is getting full.~~

..

~~Am I on Devil's Breath?~~

~~No.~~

~~How long have you been planting messages in my subconscious?~~

~~It's what I do, babe.~~

~~Did you mind control me to kill her?~~

~~I shake my head.~~

~~So I told her to do that of my own free will?~~

~~Yes.~~

~~[Anna goes to kill herself]~~

..

~~In her last moment, she asks me to tell her what peonies smell like.~~

~~I tell her, poetically, and say I'm sorry I never got her any.~~

~~Do I really smell like them? she asks.~~

~~Yes, I say.~~

~~[And she dies.]~~

..

~~[killing kimmie]~~

~~[kimkie is freaking out, like before the scopolamine..she asks if this means her life isn't worth anything, if it ever was]~~

Kimmmie, would you be quiet for a second.
She reduces her sound to a series of sobs and snuffles.
You watch TV? I ask her.
Yeah.
You know *America's Got Talent*?
Yeah.
Ok. We /are/ going to kill you today. But this doesn't mean your life isn't worth anything. It just means you didn't make it to the live shows.
Kimmmie goes back to bawling.
Give her the scopolamine.
[Anna blows it in her face off a folded piece of paper]
I pat Kimmmie's knee.
Don't worry, baby. In three minutes you're not going to be worried about anything.
..
Anna hands the Glock to the dead girl.
Now don't shoot us or anything! Anna says.
Don't say that! Don't say that! She's open to suggestion! Only suggest things you want her to do!
I said /don't/ shoot us!
Stop saying that! It suggests the opposite! Kimmmie, we're all friends here. You're just holding the gun because Anna's going a bit crazy and I need someone to keep an eye on her.
Fuck. You, Anna says.
You're welcome. Anyway, Kimmmie, that gun isn't designed to kill people.
It isn't?
No, it just injures them. It's completely non-lethal. But it does sting so please don't point it at anyone or pull the trigger or anything.
..
Later when Anna tells her to shoot herself in the temple, Kimmmie's last words are, This is just gonna sting.
[she drops like a doll]
..
When we drive to the rock field, Anna says, How does no one know about this place.
She sees the endless field of corpses, in various states of decomposition, each lying on her own little boulder.
How is it possible that no one but you knows about this place?

[i explain the thing about space being nonlinear]

What about Google Earth?

Oh, there are lots of things Google Earth doesn't show, Anna.

What, do you put your location on a list and say I have /a hundred/ corpses here can you please clean it up?

Well, no. But there are hidden email addresses, where if you send some coordinates, certain things can happen.

Anna shakes her head and I pull my truck further into the rock field.

So what happens if you look this place up on satellite?

It shows up as a [crop] field.

And all you need to do that is a hidden email address?

Like everything in this world, Anna, what you need is the right relationships.

..

[after she tells kimmie to shoot herself and she realizes she can't live with herself having done that, Anna does a confusion induction on me (I don't realize it)..I thought you were done with confusion..I am now, she laughs..then after I try to stop her from shooting herself, and she shoots herself in the neck and is bleeding to death, before we discuss peonies, she says I did a confusion induction on you, all your subconscious thoughts are open to me now. did you really? yes. so what do you want to plant in my subconscious? that you leave all this behind, and become a happy person..that there are no more dead girls, only living ones..ones you like better than me..no, I say..yes, she says, ones you like 10 times better than me..I don't know if I could ever find a girl like that..do I really smell like peonies?..yes, you really do..Anna laughs..I've never even smelled a peony..[I tell her poetically what they smell like]..and that smells like me, she says, losing consciousness..and I say yes..and she dies]

..

Fix the single quotes within double quotes to be the more modern simply double quotes.

..

When I have her blow the scope in Kimmie's face

Was that scopolamine?

Yes. Is it all gone?

Anna nods, looking at the paper in fascination.

~~Fold it, top side in. Fold it once more. Now drop it. Don't touch it again.~~

~~How much did we give her?~~

~~Eight grams.~~

~~Isn't that a bit much?~~

~~For what we're about to do to her, she deserves a full dose.~~

~~What if it kills her?~~

~~Then she dies a few minutes early.~~

~~Anna looks at me, lost.~~

~~It's not gonna kill her. It's one-third the LD50, remember? It's *not* gonna kill her. It's just gonna make her forget, and that's the greatest gift we can give to her right now.~~

~~How did you know she was gonna be a small girl?~~

~~What are you talking about?~~

~~When we met Kimmie you only had three milligrams of Devil's Breath and when I asked how you knew it was gonna be enough you said *Good guess*. How did you know? Did you have somebody on the bus? Are you psychic or something?~~

~~I didn't know anything. I would have packed three milligrams for anybody. I just didn't want to have that much up my nose. Three milligrams would have worked on Jesse Ventura. I didn't know she was gonna be a small girl. I just said *Good guess* to be funny. It didn't mean anything.~~

~~..~~

~~You wanna make her finger herself or something?~~

~~What's the point? We already had her do everything imaginable.~~

~~..~~