

## You Don't Know Me

Alexandre Spinelli

*You think I'm a good guy. You say I'm nice. But you don't know anything about me. If you knew what I can do...*

"You're so quiet today. What's going on?"

"Nothing."

"You don't wanna talk?"

"I'm just tired."

*If you knew me I'm sure you wouldn't be here so calm, so stupid.*

"Something about your job?"

"No."

*You never asked me the questions that really matter.*

"Are you thinking of someone?"

"No."

*You don't ask the right questions about my past. Just silly women questions, how many, for how long...*

"Something with me?"

"No."

*What's the matter if I had one or twenty girls before you? That's not the point, bitch.*

"Are you sad for some reason?"

"No."

*You should ask about their smell, their taste, their moan. You should be interested in how many seconds they needed to get me read; you should ask me about how many times they savored my taste, that one you think that is nasty.*

“Babe, you look so serious.”

“I’m just thinking.”

“Will I stay here alone during the whole trip?”

“Turn the radio on if you need someone to talk to you.”

*You whore, please, don’t make me speak today. It’ll be better for you. Trust me.*

“You never talked to me like that. What’s wrong?”

“Please, let’s be quiet for a couple minutes.”

“You’re acting strange today since you picked me up.”

“I’m okay.”

“That’s not nice, babe...”

“Sorry...”

“Look, it’s my favorite song. I’ll sing it to you, babe. I’ve got sunshine on a cloudy day...”

*If you knew how your voice irritates me. You are tuneless, your voice in falsetto is annoying, please shut your fucking mouth.*

“My girl, talkin’ ‘bout myyyy giirl. It’s beautiful, isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is.”

*My girl, are you singing “my girl” to me? For less than this I opened the door and threw that bitch of Anna out of my car. You’re stupid. You never asked me how I finished my relationships. You believe in my easy answers, it wasn’t working anymore. Actually you don’t*

*care. You need numbers. You wanna know if they were more beautiful than you, if they were hotter. Sure, I lied. You are beautiful, basically a doll, but you're fake, don't you see this? You are just worried about other's opinion, you wanna look like hot, but you're semi-frigid. You drive me crazy.*

"Money for nothing, tickets for free... do you like that? This is from your time."

"Yes."

*My time... in my time girls weren't so empty mind.*

"It's Dire Straits, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Are they from Australia?"

"No."

"No? Where are they from then?"

"UK"

"You're monosyllabic today."

"No. I mean, yes, I am."

"Wow! Now you talked a lot!"

"Okay, silence for the next thirty minutes."

"George, please, stop being so rude. This doesn't fit on you. You are such a sweet person."

"I'm sorry... sorry..."

*Anna was lucky. I just threw her out of the car. I guess she didn't even break anything. She deserved to break at least one arm. She never called me again. Probably someone told her*

*some lie about me. That whore insinuating that I have some problem. What problem? Some sexual problem. Some sexual problem!? Are you kidding me? You have a sexual problem. Your father is a little fag, you slut! You know, I'm regretted. She deserved more. I don't care if she had the best mouth ever and knew how to use it like nobody else. At least one good kick... I could spit in the face of that sucker and kick her mouth until see her fucking blood.*

*"Uhuuu! Yesterday... all my troubles in so far away..."*

*SEEMED, all my troubles SEEMED so far away, asshole. My problems don't seem so far away, they are right here by my side. Maybe tomorrow I'll join to Paul McCartney to sing, but not tonight.*

*"Oh, I belieeeeve in yeeesterdaaay...how long it will take to arrive there?"*

*"I don't know, maybe one hour."*

*"Elton John! I love him. It's a little bit funnyyy."*

*"Please...stop changing the stations... stop singing..."*

*"Okay, okay, I'll be quiet, I promise."*

*The problem with Katie was that smell of kerosene that came from the basement of that abandoned house she had found for us to stay alone during the holiday. I didn't intend to go that far. It was just to scare her a little bit and make her respect me. But that smell reminded me when I worked as security in the airport. That gate that was used for access for cargo transportation was too close to the runway and, in hot days like that one, the smell of kerosene drove me crazy. I imagined someone hanging out of the plane being dragged during the take-off. It'd be a great scene.*

*"And you can tell everybody this is your song."*

"Please..."

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry, but... I'm so happy, so excited today."

*I hope you don't mind what I'm gonna do. Katie was nice, you know. She was much nicer than you. But I couldn't do anything different. I'm a fair person, I have a name. That whore began to say that I was raping her. What did she mean? She was my girlfriend, mine, do you understand this? I was just making her make her obligation as woman. I never asked her anything more than that. I'm sure that bitch had other lovers. By the way, she lied to everyone because she wanted to; I didn't ask her to say to everybody she was going to visit her friend that lived in Mexico. They are still looking for her body and her car until today. You know, this kind of thing is complicated in Mexico, they never find anything over there. I'd like to have dragged her like I had imagined, but it would have been a mess... I would have a lot to clean... She started screaming too much. She made me nervous. I had to use the kerosene.*

"Let it be, let it beeeee, let it be, let it beeee..."

"Gosh!"

*You are right, you should listen to words of wisdom of mother Mary. By coincidence, it was the day when Emily dared face me that made me think about liberty. For the third time it was on the July 4th. It was a great day to be free of this kind of women. She asked the right questions. Yes, she did. You should know her. That was a real woman. Sometimes I almost regret having met her. But if God put her in my way, he knew what he was doing. Probably something wrong she had done. She was truly a woman until the last moment. Even seeing the knife in my hands she continued looking at me in the eyes without fear. What a woman! She*

*opened her blouse waiting for the knife. I couldn't do anything while I was looking in her eyes. I had to turn her back and cut her neck. After that, I began to believe I liked the taste of blood.*

After some silence.

"Lucy in the sky with diamonds, Lucy in the sky with diamonds...are you going to stay quiet? If you do not talk to me I guess I won't do that thing you like tonight..."

"Never mind. Tonight I don't want it."

"George, this is not like you. You're completely rude today. Where is the kind and gentle George I love?"

"Maybe you don't know me enough. Be quiet, please. How many times have I to ask you?"

"If you promise you'll be different when we arrive there, I'll be quiet for you."

"I promise, I will. I'll be completely different there. Tomorrow I'll be the kindest person ever again."

"Okay, babe. I promise I'll stay quiet."

*Actually I discovered I didn't like the taste of blood when I literally felt it in my mouth. That metallic taste, it seemed like I was drinking iron, it seemed like I had sucked steel wool. Gosh... while Victoria was just resisting to my strength it was really exciting. That image of her body in front of me with her legs opened, and her face against the bed was a stimulus to me. With one hand I kept her legs open and with other I was pressing her body against the bed. I couldn't understand how she took that chair and threw it in my face. She really hurt me; she broke three of my teeth. What a whore! She deserved what she got. I didn't give a shit. She could say I raped her. I did, but she was already dead. I didn't know I was capable of doing*

*that... but I fucked that died body with all the anger I could. I would like she felt my dick there in the hell, where she should be. What a bitch!*

He drove through a dirt road until they arrive at a small house. It was possible to see one yellow light on through the window. He parked his car close to a fig tree.

“Here we are.”

“What place is that, George? You told me we were gonna spend the holiday in a beautiful and special place. I thought it was a hotel.”

“This is my secret place, honey. I’m sure you’ll enjoy it.”

A few minutes later, a few yells later, a few shootings later, George came out of the house. The first button of his pants had not been buttoned yet. There was some blood on his belly and on his hands. With a strange relieved smile he lit one cigarette, closed his eyes and took a deep drag.

Leaning against the fig tree, a shovel was waiting to be used. From inside of the car it was possible to listen to *“She, may be the face I can't forget, the trace of pleasure or regret, may be my treasure or the price I have to pay...”*