

From “*Jegger and Malone*” by Chloe Whitehorn

JEGGER:

I'm not the type of guy you need. You think I'm this tough... this tough guy... this like kick the shit out of anyone who pisses me off kind of guy and... and that's just... It's not who I am. And that's what you want me to be. That's the type of guy you need. *(pause)* There was this guy today... he whipped out a baton. Like one of those... those collapsible ones. Just a flick of the wrist and flack! Long hard weapon. So he flicked his wrist and then he... he started ... he started hitting this other guy. Right in front of me. Just, beating the crap out of... There was blood flying everywhere. Flinging off the baton onto the wall. It looked like, like a horrible horrible Jackson Pollack painting. I didn't... I didn't know what to—I mean I always thought, you know when you fantasize, well not fantasize but you know, like ponder that sort of situation. Like what would you do? And I always assumed I'd be like, like some superhero type, step in and save the victim and punch the guy out and... and... And I just stood there. Completely still. I couldn't move. I couldn't scream. I couldn't... I didn't do anything. I didn't do anything. That guy could've died, right in front of me. And I would have just let it happen. If it hadn't been for... Well, let's just say, I'm not the man I thought I was. And I don't know how to ... I just... I don't think I can do this. I don't think I can be the guy you want. The guy you need.