

Megan

Sally Breen

Megan came to see me. We were supposed to be moving in together. But we didn't. We weren't going to. But she didn't know that then. I was the one who thought about it. Every time she sniffed. And I thought about it again when she came to see me. That night.

People can walk in and confirm everything you are thinking. They haven't done much yet. They just walk into you and into the wall. It was the jacket she had on that really did it. Made so much so obvious. I wonder now if that jacket had something to do with it later. I heard she never got it back.

It was pretty bad that jacket. White faux fur. Not a real skinned thing, but a remnant, a reminder of how women get themselves sucked into dead things; things that used to be living in her maybe. She had that look in her eyes. That manner of walking. The anticipatory restlessness she gets when she's ready and I'm in trackies and she wants to go and I don't give a shit.

In the open gaps between the white fluff I can see her exposed stomach. A good stomach always there - no matter what time of day or what the weather is doing. Her rippling six pack, brandished like a medal Cleo or something has given her for surviving childbirth. That's how she wears it. The Gold Coast iconicism of the belly button. But the kid isn't with her now. The kid is never really with her. She's going out. On the town. She's going to get smashed trashed ugly. I could touch her before that happens. She is right there level with my hand. I only have to reach just a little to touch her. My hand tingling because it knows. And then she rolls down, onto her stomach and onto the floor. The feeling passes over me.

She has these shoes on too that are annoying. Patent leather sneakers that say something about drugs and dancing apparently. It's real Simple. She's stoned and wanting to come up to higher substances. And that isn't me. That isn't anybody. I'm her pit stop. Maybe a hopeful recruit but not tonight. Surfers Paradise is something vaguely enjoyable only by accident. I'm pissed with her anyway for falling off the edge of the world. Why am I here half way back while she's still rocking there back and forth? I can't live with this shit. I'm too big for this. I have nothing to say to her.

She helps herself to the stash in my bowl to kill time. Leaves me one cone. Prepares the face it takes to wear nowhere and I know well enough not to be fooled by the prep. She isn't eighteen anymore she's twenty-four with a kid and a fucked up fear inside her that makes her want to stick shit in her mouth and into her arm and it isn't working, not on me. I don't want to go into Surfers and hold her hand until someone else wants to. And all that crap is so annoying and there's nothing I can say. And I don't want to like her enough to care. I just want her to get on with it. To get outta my face. I don't want to see why neurotic people go down on each other in toilet cubicles and why that's so cool. So cool. I call her a cab. 24hrs later I kinda wish I hadn't.

*

*

*

Megan getting in the cab thinking, *he could have fucking drove me*. Getting in the cab with her baby's lunch money in her bag. *Megan, don't get in the cab come back inside I love you baby. Fuck it, she thinks, I'm over it.*

'Where to luv?'

'Surfers.'

'Out for a big one?'

'Maybe.'

Fucking assholes. Always want to talk. Why can't they just do what they're paid for?

'Go the beach road and drop me near Maccas.'

'Right'o. You're the boss.'

You betcha. Megan twisting herself left, looking out the window, away from this guy, cruising through Narrowneck, where the ocean is the road, cruising behind a bus, another cab, a limo. All going the same way. All going the same places. *Gotta find Jimmy. He'll have to tick me. Fuck bobby. Wonder if Chris's still pissed with me? He'd have some for sure. Fucking cabby is going slow.*

Megan giving the driver the lunch money, enough left for a cheeseburger and water. Waiting in line at Maccas toey behind a family. *Not looking at the little girl. Not looking at the little girl.* The Daddy looking at her. The guys that cook the burgers looking too. Nudge nudge wink wink. She doesn't care anymore. Megan eating as she's walking. Strung too tight to sit down and eat where the lights are bright. *Hope that guys on the door.* Walking fast wanting more. Her body moving looking like a sleek line. Like candy. Red hot and hard on the outside. Melting on the inside. Megan dodging the cocks, the pisshead surfer's that leer, jammed outside the pizza bars, making her sick. Coming up to Fever. Getting to the crew she likes. Megan seeing the red sign. Two heads linked.

'Hi Megan you're early, Jimmy's inside.'

'Thanks.'

'Come see me later. Yeah sure.'

Going downstairs, underground. The Door bitch waves her in - just. She pushes back the steel doors and she's in the red zone, doesn't look around doesn't want to look like she's hanging out for someone to see her. Heading for the bar. Someone following her. Someone she doesn't see. Someone she hasn't met yet. She leans on the black shiny bar.

'What can I get you?'

'Nothing for the moment thanks.'

A voice from behind her.

'Anything the lady wants, Paul, on the house.'

Megan turning to check him out.

'Thankyou.'

'It's nothing. My name is Nick.'

'I know who you are.'

He takes her hand. Puts the other around her shoulders.

'I'm Megan.'

'Nice to meet you Megan.'

He takes the liberty of a kiss. She lets him. He pulls back and he's looking her in the eyes, right in the eyes, for too long and he hasn't dropped the hand. He's starting to freak her. And then he drops it slowly down the small of her back. His little golden hand hovering over her arse.

'You have a lovely evening. I'll see you soon huh?'

Megan manages and ok and steps back out of his reach. He signals to the barmen and Megan knows she's on the private line for free. He gives her a small wave and he's away and through a restricted door. Megan takes a breath. The barman looking at her now like she's a slut like he's bored. Like he does this lots of nights to heaps of girls.

'So what do ya want?'

'Stolli Lime and Soda.'

'Of course.'

Asshole. Megan taking the drink off him not saying thanks. Turning her back on him to scan the largely empty room. One group of thirtysomethings already smashed - here way too early to blend in wasted. Megan picking out the guy the one with the cash. White linen suit pants and a tight in the right places shirt. Flicking the chick who wants him. The one who obviously hasn't done much coke. *Stupid bitch.* Megan downing the drink and another at her arm. Taking the edge of the urge. Megan taking quick sips, not seeing Jimmy. Taking the lime and eating it. She's heard all the alcohol goes into the fruit. And it's going down that

double Vodka to her toes, tingling inside the synthetic, springy on the leopard skin carpet. Megan checking out the entrances as they come. Within five seconds every guy that cruises has got his hands in his pockets. And the women, like preying mantises struggling on their parched legs. Megan thinking they look hot. Like works of art. Hot enough to inspire nervousness. No one dancing yet. Megan looking at the TV's for somewhere to keep her eyes. The models on the screen dancing the men always with something in their hands – a long stemmed rose. Sometimes a gun. Next to her two men sidling like they live here, heavy types with lace up spines. Checking her out.

'Buy you a drink?'

Before she can answer the barmen says, 'No boys she' already been looked after.'

Them backing off fast. Fevers filling. *No Jimmy*. Megan not feeling like moving. *Fuck these Stollis are strong*. Hearing the boys talking about a babe in white knew highs.

'If black knee highs are fuck me boots what are white ones?'

'Alice in Wonderland.'

'Or I want to but I'm not sure how.'

'Yeah man or I have, I do take it up the arse but I'm pretending I haven't.'

Laughing. Megan watching the woman in the 12inch stilettos strut with her less attractive friend out onto the dance floor. Everyone watching. The boys calling her the broken ice. Dancing from her rollerblade thighs up. Fighting to leave herself in her dress. Megan admiring how she makes it a movement. Not realising someone's honed an infrared on her arse. Megan looking at her fourth Stollis on the bar feeling pretty sick. Finally seeing Jimmy over the other side. She can't signal him. Thinking she's too pissed. *But I've only had three!* Her arm won't rise. *I can't lift my arm, fuck why can't I lift my arm?*

'Jimmy!'

She's trying but her mouth won't listen. And Jimmy's not seeing her. Megan slipping down the bar. Megan waking up in a car. Moving fast. Finding her face in someone's lap. But she can't lift it. Can't speak, can't spew but she knows she wants to. And someone's hands down her pants and someone's finger up her arse. Megan passing out again smelling cum and Fahrenheit aftershave.

Megan waking up. Morning. Not seeing straight. Not thinking at all. But feeling someone on top of her. *Seeing him now. Oh god not seeing him now...please not seeing him now.*

'Do you want to fuck with me baby?'

Megan trying to speak. Trying to tell him to get fucked. Trying to tell him to get the fuck off her. But nothing's coming out but rank dribble. Trying to kick him but her legs won't go. And he's got no clothes on and she's got no clothes on. And her nose sticks in his hairy shoulder. Him licking slobbering all over her tits. His hands pulling her legs apart. 'C'mon baby you're so sexy baby.'

Her arms are working. *Yes.* Megan slipping them under his fat and over her pussy. *My pussy.* The tears are starting. The tears are starting. So is the sick. Megan spewing all over him. All over herself.

'Oh you sick bitch, you fucking sick bitch.'

Him getting off her covered in it. Going fucking sick about it. Going away. *He's going away. Gotta get out of here. Oh god I don't believe it. What's he given me? Oh man what's happening?* Megan crying. Making her legs work. Wiping herself on the sheets. Nothing in the room but a bed and an exercise bike. *And my pants yeah need a shirt. Where's my fucking shirt?* Megan getting back into her own pants it's taking ages. *Go faster. Steal that jacket. Fuck! Oh man which way?* Megan with no shoes on the white carpet. Opening up all the doors. Finding empty cupboards. Finding a room that's a wardrobe. *Fuck.* Finding the kitchen. *Oh fuck where am I?* Megan seeing the sea. Going out onto the verandah. The jacket blowing open, her breasts hanging out. Megan so wasted so scared the ground looks close. Seeing people on the beach. Tiny people. Far away from her. Opening another door seeing two people fucking on the floor.

'Hi Megan. Come in,' they say.

No way no way no way. Stumbling through the empty apartment. *Yes. Front door front door front door.* Megan at the lift pressing the gold button. Nick opening out his door. Lift opening up. Nick coming out. Megan finding G. Nick calling out:

'Megan stop.'

Lift closing. Megan going down. Nick banging on the shaft. But Megan down Megan out.

Megan at the cop station two days later she's still wasted. Filing a report with Constable Manning. Manning writing it down word for word. The procedure drags on. Manning looking bored. She has to tell him everything. It takes two hours. Manning saying:

'Just between me and you love, I wouldn't press charges. We know about him. We know what's going on. We've had a few reports like yours. But there's lots of stuff going on too, stuff we want him for. Let it go. We'll get him. We're after him for something bigger. If you press charges he'll probably walk. If we bust him and we will he won't walk I'll guarantee it.'

Megan leaving the station. Manning saying, 'Take care.' Megan walking not stopping walking all the way home. *Something bigger*. Heading along the Gold Coast Highway. Heading home. Turning into Main Beach she can see Nick's Tower out the corner of her eye, like it's moving along with her. Lucky she can't see it from her place there's another in the way.

*

*

*

I haven't see Megan for awhile. I hear she's living at the Legends Hotel with a chick I'm pretty sure is a stripper. I don't want to think about what she's doing to afford it. Funny enough I do miss her.

Exegetical Comment:

Megan has been inspired by interactions I have had with various people while living on the Gold Coast. Much of my creative work is drawn from a fascination with the impact of local or micro cultures on behaviour.