

nervous assface gangster remix
by brandon scott gorrell

one

Dr. Dre breaks up with his boyfriend Ice Cube on the way to the airport. Ice Cube screams. Dr. Dre thinks his face is somehow stretching into a face longer than his face. Ice Cube pulls the car over. He is breathing heavily and crying hard. Dr. Dre worries about missing his flight to Holland. He looks at his shoes. He has a mental projection of his luggage in the trunk. He is afraid of having to maintain emotional control if Ice Cube begins to hyperventilate. "How can you do this to me," Ice Cube says. He makes a loud noise. "I don't know," Dr. Dre says. "I'm just going to Holland," he says. He looks at his shoes and wishes that they turn into laser beams that enable murder. Ice Cube hugs him. The stick shift presses uncomfortably against Dr. Dre's thigh. Dr. Dre's hand accidentally touches Ice Cube's penis a little. Dr. Dre makes a low sound. "The stick shift," he whispers into Ice Cube's trembling brown ear.

two

Dr. Dre has gotten a job at a Dutch marketing agency in Amsterdam, writing advertisement copy for their clients in the United Kingdom. As he walks to work, he notices that he has forgotten his wallet. Dr. Dre feels unable to control his facial muscles. His facial expression becomes complex. He bites his hand. Dr. Dre turns around to walk back toward his flat.

Inside his flat, Dr. Dre can hear his flatmate in the bathroom. Dr. Dre starts running. He gets into his room and can feel a white sphere of energy inside his stomach. It is a scream. He picks up his wallet. He runs out of his room and runs away from the bathroom and down the stairs and into the street. A group of bikers speed by and the white sphere of energy comes from his face loudly. His body falls over. It lays there. Dr. Dre thinks about Ice Cube's sex sounds. He stands up and walks to a bench overlooking a canal and some water is coming from his eyes. He can not control his emotional balance. Dr. Dre is slapping his face a little. "I'm unable," he thinks. Dr. Dre is pressing his palm into his eye.

three

Dr. Dre is on the tram. It turns a corner and he can see his two flatmates—a couple—standing at the approaching stop. Dr. Dre has a feeling that this is supposed to be funny. He decides to ask his flatmates if this situation is ironic. The tram stops and its doors open. Dr. Dre forms a small grin. He bites his lip to keep from laughing. Dr. Dre watches his flatmates standing in line to get on the tram and is unable to control his facial muscles. Dr. Dre's face does a huge grin. He is very excited. The first flatmate gets on the tram, looks at Dr. Dre for a second, and sits down. The second flatmate gets on the tram, doesn't look at Dr. Dre, and sits down next to the first flatmate. "No," Dr. Dre thinks. The tram accelerates away from the stop. Dr. Dre doesn't know what to do. He feels afraid. Dr. Dre slips down, so that the small of his back is resting on the seat, and rides this way until his stop comes.

four

Dr. Dre is smoking marijuana by himself at a coffee shop. An obese man sitting next to him says something. "English," he says. "Is everything ok?" the obese man says. "Great," Dr. Dre says. The obese man writes something on the back of a receipt and hands it to him. Dr. Dre looks at it. "What am I supposed to do with this?" he says. "I don't know," the obese man says. The obese man gives Dr. Dre his email address. His email address is "biggesmalls@gmail.com". Dr. Dre tries to look unaffected while mentally projecting his face looking very excited. Dr. Dre smiles a little. He has feelings of victory. He thinks about feeling victory and has feelings of defeat.

Dr. Dre goes home and emails the man. "Are you Biggie Smalls?" he writes. Biggie Smalls replies two weeks later with two paragraphs about a wedding, a trip to the United Kingdom, a kitten, and an international DJ. Dr. Dre feels very excited. Dr. Dre wants to wait two weeks to reply, but he emails Biggie Smalls immediately after reading the email, which he notices is 43 minutes after Biggie Smalls sent his email. Dr. Dre writes things about kittens, then asks if he wants to get coffee tomorrow. Biggie Smalls replies a month later. "You should call me," it says, with an American cell phone number. Two weeks later, Dr. Dre text messages Biggie Smalls, "I'll call you soon." After that Dr. Dre avoids all means of contact with Biggie Smalls.

five

Kanye West is on Dr. Dre's chair, typing on his laptop. Dr. Dre is staring at him. He is covered in blankets on his bed. His bed is in the corner. "Am I dreaming," Dr. Dre says. "Wait," he says. He moves his hand in front of his face. "What is this?" he says. "It's okay," Kanye West says. "Oh, okay," Dr. Dre says. "Ice Cube has a new boyfriend now," Kanye West says, smiling. "His name is Justin Timberlake. The media's spinning it as a progressive, alternative relationship that's driven a spike in the gay marriage abolitionist movement. Justin Timberlake has also become a very successful artist. In his most recent exhibit, he took close-up photographs of a tear coming out of Ice Cube's eye and then used Photoshop to make the photographs high contrast so that his skin looked like a zombie. The zombie face symbolized meaningless existence, or being undead, and the tear symbolized the human element of meaningless existence, or the feeling of hope in the face of nothingness." "Oh, okay," Dr. Dre says. "Sometimes," Kanye West says, "Justin Timberlake smears paint all over Ice Cube's naked body, tells him to look at the camera with a worried facial expression, and then photographs him. They are beautiful photographs. Justin Timberlake also wrote a novel. I read the manuscript last week. It is forthcoming at Melville House." Dr. Dre pulls his blankets over his mouth. "It probably has him sucking a penis in it," Dr. Dre says. Kanye West looks afraid. "Look who has the power now," Dr. Dre whispers, shaking a little.

six

Dr. Dre is at work, sitting alone in the conference room, waiting for Bone Thugs N' Harmony, Snoop Doggy Dogg, and Ludacris. Fifteen minutes pass and they never come. Dr. Dre waits fifteen minutes again and they never come. Dr. Dre is thinking "SHITHEAD." He bites his hand. Dr. Dre leaves the conference room.

Dr. Dre walks to Bone Thugs N' Harmony's office. Bone Thugs N' Harmony are eating bananas and focusing hard on a paper. Dr. Dre tries to make his facial expression neutral. Dr. Dre decides to walk into the wall behind Bone Thugs N' Harmony's desk. "Just for fun," he thinks. Dr. Dre stops walking. Dr. Dre tries to make his face appear lighthearted, amiable, and stoic while mentally projecting himself putting Bone Thugs N' Harmony in a powerful headlock and punching their faces repeatedly. He imagines Bone Thugs N' Harmony's faces turned blush red, doing silent, gaping screams of severe discomfort. "Do you want to have our meeting," Dr. Dre says. Bone Thugs N' Harmony looks up from the paper. "Where are the others," one says, his mouth full of banana. "They never showed up," Dr. Dre says. Suddenly Ludacris is running toward Bone Thugs N' Harmony's office. Ludacris looks afraid and reminds Dr. Dre of a large brown bear, doing long, floating back flips through outer space. Dr. Dre wishes he could teleport to outer space. Or he wants to teleport to Tokyo or Rwanda. "Someone teleport me to the Third World," he thinks. Ludacris looks at Dr. Dre and says, "Can I see you in the other room for a minute?"

Dr. Dre goes into the other room with Ludacris. "I'm leaving," Ludacris says. Dr. Dre looks at him. "I'm leaving in fifteen minutes," Ludacris says, "and working from home." "Okay," Dr. Dre says. "I'm going to leave at five exactly," Ludacris says. "I'm leaving at four fifty eight," Dr. Dre says, "tentatively." "Ping me later," Ludacris says, "I'm packing up." He leaves the room and walks briskly toward the elevator lobby. "What does that mean," Dr. Dre calls out. "I don't know what 'ping me later' means." "I want bananas," one of Bone Thugs N' Harmony yells, from their office, "with little chocolate sprinkles and whipped cream." "Have a good night," Dr. Dre yells to Ludacris. "Have a good night," one of Bone Thugs N' Harmony yells, "dream of stuff." "Have nightmares," Dr. Dre yells. "I had a sex dream the other night," Ludacris yells from the elevator lobby, "but I didn't feel anything. I just saw my penis with her vagina. . . There was no sensation!" Bone Thugs N' Harmony runs out of their office. "I once had a dream that my penis was detached and inside a baguette," one yells. "I didn't want the penis baguette to become stale or go bad, so I put it in a portable cooler. I was walking around and I got lost, and really hungry, so I had to eat it!" The elevator dings and Ludacris does an army salute thing as the elevator door closes in front of him.

Dr. Dre goes back into Bone Thugs N' Harmony's office and sits down in front of his desk and nods his head continuously and writes things on a piece of paper and says

"Yeah," "Yes," "Oh totally," "Right," "Yeah, I think I see what you're saying," "Oh okay," "Definitely," and a number of other thematically similar affirmations.

seven

Dr. Dre answers his cell phone. "Bye," Ice Cube says. "What do you mean?" Dr. Dre says. "What do you mean?" Ice Cube says. Dr. Dre feels confused. "What do you mean?" Dr. Dre says. "I'm going to bed," Ice Cube says. "I love you," Dr. Dre whispers. "Thanks," Ice Cube says. "You're welcome," Dr. Dre says. "Are you even interested in what I'm doing at all?" Ice Cube says. "I'm interested," Dr. Dre says. He pulls his blankets above his mouth. "What are you doing?" he whispers. "I don't want to be on this earth any more," Ice Cube says. "I wish there were many earths, and that I had a choice between them," Dr. Dre says. "I think I would be happier if there were many earths," he says. There is silence for fifteen seconds. "Let's destroy the earth," Dr. Dre says. "Everything sucks," Ice Cube says. "Are you going to kill yourself?" Dr. Dre says. "You are such a piece of shit," Ice Cube says. Dr. Dre moves into the closet, crouches, and tries to cover himself with the dirty clothes in there.

eight

Dr. Dre is at a pub with Snoop Doggy Dogg. A girl says something to them. "English," Dr. Dre says. The girl asks for a cigarette. Then she asks what they are doing. Dr. Dre looks at a wall and Snoop Doggy Dogg shrugs his shoulders. Dr. Dre secretly wants to touch the girl. "We're sitting over there if you want to join us," the girl says, pointing at a table in the corner of the bar. "Okay," Dr. Dre says. The girl goes to the table in the corner of the bar and sits across from another girl. Snoop Doggy Dogg orders a beer. Dr. Dre tells Snoop Doggy Dogg that they should go sit with the girls. Snoop Doggy Dogg rubs his face. "I don't know," Snoop Doggy Dogg says. "She invited us over there," Dr. Dre says, "we could have sex or something." "Let's go over there," Snoop Doggy Dogg says. "Wait," Dr. Dre says. Snoop Doggy Dogg looks at him. "I can't go over there," Dr. Dre says. "You go first and I'll go to the bathroom and then come out and you will be there and it will be easier for me to go there because it will look more natural." Dr. Dre says. "Okay," Snoop Doggy Dogg says. Dr. Dre goes inside the bathroom and looks at the toilet paper. He starts to count to thirty and then forgets he is counting to thirty because he has a mental projection of Kanye West. He washes his hands. He wishes that there was a secret porthole that lead directly to a black hole where, he imagines, intense density would first stretch his entire body into a flesh-string the size of the Grand Canyon and then compact his entire body into an infinitely small sphere of white energy. Dr. Dre leaves the bathroom and goes to the table with Snoop Doggy Dogg and the two girls. Dr. Dre introduces himself as he sits down in a chair next to Snoop Doggy Dogg. The girls are Flor and Nina. "What are you guys up to?" Nina says. "We were reading Nietzsche earlier," Dr. Dre says, feeling afraid. "What did it say," Nina says. "I don't know," Dr. Dre says. Dr. Dre feels uncomfortable. "So," he says to Nina, "you're drinking a martini." "It was Flor's martini," Nina says. "Oh," Dr. Dre says. "Should we get another drink," Flor says. "I don't really want another drink," Nina says. "Just one more," Flor says. "Okay," Nina says. Dr. Dre looks at Snoop Doggy Dogg. "Should we get another drink," Dr. Dre says. He feels stupid. "I don't really feel like it," Snoop Doggy Dogg says. "Let's get a beer," Dr. Dre says. "Ok," Snoop Doggy Dogg says. "I'm going to get another drink," Nina says. "I'll go with you," Dr. Dre says.

Nina stands up and Dr. Dre follows her to the bar. Nina is taller than Dr. Dre. Dr. Dre feels disqualified. Dr. Dre quickly sits down so height will be less apparent. Nina sits down next to him. Dr. Dre stares at the wall behind the bar. There is an older man to Nina's left, and suddenly Nina is grinning and speaking Dutch to the older man. Dr. Dre is feeling like he is going to have a nervous breakdown, and thinking that he is not going to have a nervous breakdown at all, and trying to say something to Nina, but Nina has her back turned, and the bartender is looking at Dr. Dre, and he has to order a beer, and he gives the bartender his credit card. Dr. Dre watches the bartender run the credit card. Nina continues to talk to the older man in Dutch. Dr. Dre signs the receipt and turns his body so he can look at their table in the corner of the bar. Snoop Doggy Dogg and Flor are smiling and laughing hard. Snoop Doggy Dogg is waving his hands in the air like a crazy

person and Flor is laughing hysterically and falling off her seat and continuing to laugh, face down on the floor, jittering with her eyes closed. And now Nina is touching the older man on the shoulder and talking to him at a high volume. The bartender looks at Dr. Dre with an angry face and says something. "English," Dr. Dre whispers. "Thanks for the tip," the bartender says. "Oh," Dr. Dre says, realizing that he forgot to leave a tip. "This isn't America," the bartender says. "We leave tips in America," Dr. Dre says. "I know this isn't America," Dr. Dre says. Dr. Dre looks over at Snoop Doggy Dogg and Flor and Flor is sitting on the same side of the table as Snoop Doggy Dogg now. They are laughing and touching each other. Dr. Dre looks at Nina and Nina is laughing as the older man looks at Dr. Dre and makes the Dutch language sound very sexual into Nina's white ear. Dr. Dre's facial expression is wobbly, showing a mixture of fear and despair. Inside his head, something is screaming "SHITASS."

nine

Dr. Dre is at a meeting with Ludacris. They are alone in a large room with chairs and a computer. There is a marble conference table. Dr. Dre is mentally projecting renting a crane and using it to pick up the marble conference table and drop it on top of his face and his face smashed and pieces of his brain everywhere with little skull pieces. Dr. Dre is thinking "Something has to happen" and "Little skull pieces" at the same time. A scream is gingerly inspecting the insides of his throat. He moves his wrist toward his mouth and bites it. Ludacris has his hands and arms in the air above and in front of his head. He is saying a lot of things. His fingers are spread apart. Dr. Dre feels unable to focus. Dr. Dre wants to take caffeine pills. Ludacris continues saying things and moving his hands and arms around and writing things with a marker on a white board and Dr. Dre nods a lot and answers affirmatively a number of times. Then Dr. Dre sees Kanye West outside the window with a severe facial expression and his forehead pressed into the glass, mouthing the words "You. . . suck. . . dick. . ." slowly and over and over again.

ten

Dr. Dre is at a pub with Snoop Doggy Dogg again. They are very drunk. Dr. Dre understands that he can not walk straight. Snoop Doggy Dogg is shooting zombies with an automatic shotgun in an arcade game in the corner. Dr. Dre was doing that earlier in a cooperative mission with Snoop Doggy Dogg but died before Snoop Doggy Dogg died, so he went and sat at the bar. He feels defeated. "Fuck yeah!" Snoop Doggy Dogg screams from the corner.

A man next to Dr. Dre says something. "English," Dr. Dre says. "Holding a tiny cup in my hand makes me feel like a giant human being that can crush things," the man says. Dr. Dre swallows some beer and moans. "I was in my bedroom silently freaking out and staring at a computer screen," Dr. Dre says, "Kanye West was there." "It's not a freak out unless it's overt," the man says. "Oh," Dr. Dre says. "Is it considered a freak out if you scream logical, rational things that are completely pertinent to the situation?" Dr. Dre says. There is silence for fifteen seconds. "I'm not sure," the man says. More silence. "Today I looked for a plastic thing for two hours," the man says. Dr. Dre has vague images of destroying Snoop Doggy Dogg's face with the automatic shotgun connected to the arcade game in the corner. "I wanted to take a picture of myself with a sad facial expression and I took three pictures of myself and had an angry facial expression in them," he says. The man looks at him. Dr. Dre imagines killing himself by holding a fully automatic assault rifle to his chest and holding the trigger so it sprays his for ten to twenty minutes. "In some strange communication," Dr. Dre says, his voice breaking, "my flatmate made a derogatory remark about my appearance and then asked me where his lunch was. I didn't know what to say to him. I didn't touch his lunch and it was weird that he had a lunch that could be displaced and touched. I just looked at him quietly. Then he asked if I was taking a vow of silence today, and I said 'No,' and then whispered 'I am not taking a vow of silence today.'" The man swallows some beer. Dr. Dre cries a little. "Then I walked around with no aim, and after awhile I couldn't remember having left my house, and then I remembered and went home," Dr. Dre says. "I feel pressure to work from home," the man says. "When I got home, there was old coffee and a novel and some cigarettes on my desk," Dr. Dre says, "and I felt intellectual and beautiful." Dr. Dre looks over at Snoop Doggy Dogg. Snoop Doggy Dogg is achieving victory.

eleven

There had been days before she met Ice Cube – months and years, even – where all Dr. Dre did was sit on his bed in his room, waiting for something to happen. "There's nothing in my reality I want enough to try getting" was the overarching theme of his mindset then, waiting for something to happen on his bed in his room, at the store, buying cans of beer, getting coffee, or walking on the sidewalk. Sometimes Dr. Dre would try to make himself cry by thinking of how bad his life was, how useless and uncontrollable his life and everything was, but then it seemed not to matter, and all that was left was the hard, blunt edge of boredom. Other times, sadness would strike him, coming out of nowhere, and he would hold back the tears, or cover his face with pillows and sob. Dr. Dre often thought, then, that nothing was worth anything, and anything worth something could only be worth something after ignoring so many depressing things. The only thing Dr. Dre could really feel was an apathetic sense of waiting for nothing to happen, because he knew that nothing could ever happen – things that would happen would quickly become the same thing: Dr. Dre sitting on his bed in his room, waiting for something to happen.

twelve

Dr. Dre changes positions on his bed. He gets up, puts on a jacket, and goes to the store. He buys a bottle of wine. When he walks back into his flat, his two flatmates are standing in the kitchen, staring at each other. Dr. Dre puts the bottle of wine on the kitchen table. Everyone looks at it. Dr. Dre begins to feel upset. He wants to hide the bottle of wine. He wants to drink the bottle of wine underneath the kitchen table. Dr. Dre takes the wine from the kitchen table and walks up the stairs, toward his room, slowly. He drinks the bottle of wine.

Dr. Dre rides his bike to a pub where there is electronic music. It is crowded with people who he thinks he can be friends with. Dr. Dre feels drunk. He goes to the bar and orders a beer and quickly swallows a lot. Dr. Dre goes to the dance floor. He likes the music. He tries to look at the people around him while trying to maintain the appearance of being focused on the DJ. He moves his body a little. He worries about Kanye West. Everybody around him is dancing. Dr. Dre feels a strong pressure to dance. Dr. Dre moves his body to the sound of the music and tries to feel and appear absorbed in the music. Dr. Dre tries to appear like he is not feeling the music as much as is possible to make everyone understand that that's why he is not dancing so hard. Dr. Dre feels drunk. He feels in control. He feels happy. He walks to the bar and orders another beer. Dr. Dre is confused about what he is doing for a second, and feels like he is just standing in an empty building alone, feeling confused about his geographic location. Then Dr. Dre sees Biggie Smalls at the bar, talking to a girl. Dr. Dre moves kind of close to Biggie Smalls and tries to think of something he can say. The only thing Dr. Dre can think of saying is "What are you doing," or "You're Biggie Smalls, right?" Dr. Dre wants something to happen. He imagines an earthquake happening and himself saving Biggie Smalls from a falling concrete pillar. Dr. Dre feels ashamed and uncomfortable. He looks at Biggie Smalls. He is five feet away from him. Dr. Dre goes back to the dance floor. He moves around a little. He makes eye-contact with some people. Good eye-contact. Dr. Dre pictures himself dancing and thinks "I look good." He smiles. "I'm having the best time of my life!" Dr. Dre thinks. Dr. Dre starts dancing. Dr. Dre starts dancing hard. Dr. Dre is in the corner by himself. A man moves close to Dr. Dre. Dr. Dre moves close to the man. Dr. Dre is in the middle of everyone now. Everyone is dancing. Dr. Dre and the man make eye-contact and smiles. The man brushes against Dr. Dre and Dr. Dre touches his waist with his hand. They make eye-contact again. Dr. Dre wants to kiss him. Their hips brush against each other, then start moving together, rhythmically. "This is good," Dr. Dre thinks. Their hips start bumping together in a rhythm different than the music. The man quickly moves to another place on the dance floor. Dr. Dre walks briskly off the dance floor. He worries that Biggie Smalls might have seen what just happened. He goes to the bar and orders a Redbull vodka. Biggie Smalls is still at the bar, talking to the same girl that he was talking to earlier. Dr. Dre chugs the Redbull vodka, gets his jacket, walks out the front door, unlocks his bike, and stares at two fluorescent lights. Dr. Dre feels like he has been focusing on the lights for awhile, studying them, sensing their impression on his

eyeballs, and it feels like his arms are getting pricked by needles, and like his wrists and ankles are grasped by cool hands. Dr. Dre hears people talking but he doesn't try to understand them. "You guys are fucked this is fucked I don't want to be here please let me leave I need to go now I need to leave now I need to leave right now I don't want to be here!!!" Dr. Dre screams. "Don't move," someone says. "Fuck let me go I don't want to be here I can't pay for this I don't have insurance let me go please let me go!!!" Dr. Dre screams. Dr. Dre says "This is fucked" repeatedly for what feels like ten minutes. Dr. Dre stops when he feels like he doesn't mean it anymore.

Hours later, a man in blue scrubs comes to Dr. Dre's bed and gives him a yellow sheet of paper. "I can't pay for this," Dr. Dre says, "I don't have insurance." He looks at the yellow sheet of paper. The man in blue scrubs has written on it, "Do not ride bike while drunk." "You wrote 'Do not ride bike while drunk,'" Dr. Dre says. He looks at him and grins. The man in blue scrubs grins. Dr. Dre signs the paper and, after a few more hours, rides his bike home and goes to sleep.

thirteen

Dr. Dre is supposed to meet Biggie Smalls at a pub in fifteen minutes. He is in his bed, underneath blankets. He scratches a scab on his forehead and it breaks from his face. He can feel blood leaking into his eyebrow.

Dr. Dre gets out of bed and puts clothes on. Dr. Dre looks at himself in the full-length mirror. Dr. Dre thinks he looks good. Dr. Dre turns around and walks toward the bed. He stumbles on something. Dr. Dre just lets himself lose his balance so he can fall face-first onto his bed. Dr. Dre's face hits the wall behind his bed and the impact shocks him. Dr. Dre lies on the bed, holding his face. He looks up and a spot of blood is on the wall. He clutches his face. Then he goes to the pub and meets Biggie Smalls.