

## Side 4 Maniac

### Scene 7

( MANIAC OF THE OUTSKIRTS *crosses extreme downstage, then hitchhikes with right arm. He's facing stage left, speaks to imaginary audience; sometimes to his own shadow, cast on wall.*)

MANIAC: You! You think it's possible to hide from me? Have you got any vague notion who I am? Who I'm intended to be? I thought not. Just another vagabond, I suppose. Invisible. Lost through the cracks. Little do you realize— Have you any idea whatsoever who you're dealing with? Where I come from? My powerful lineage? My father— My father, for instance, had one of the largest, most expansive Chevy dealerships in the entire county of San Bernardino! *That* surprises you, doesn't it? Takes you back some. The whole stinking county! Sold more Chevys than ten men over those decades. Those early decades when Chevy was king! Just hitting its stride, with the fins and all. Chrome! You never saw chrome like that! Bumpers flashing, hood ornaments parading, back when steel ruled the universe! Detroit in all its glory! A shining beacon. Passed you by like dust in the rearview mirror, didn't it! Dust! Well, just remember one thing: I am *not* anonymous. I am not going to just crumble away into oblivion. I will live forever! Don't forget that. Don't forget that.