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TRANSLATED BY
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MAMA'S BOY GAME OVER

THE FINAL
VOLUME OF THE
MAMA'S BOY
TRILOGY



MAMA'S BOY GAME OVER

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OPTIMISM

Craziness isn't a mental illness, it's a sign of intelligence. I'm batshit crazy. With a batshit crazy hard-on too, which makes the nurses uncomfortable. Right now, three nurses and some massive security dude are trying to attach me to the restraint bed. I'm bare, butt-naked, greased with margarine from head to toe, flailing around like an epileptic fish in a rowboat. Getting my day's exercise. Fling my weenie here, bang my head there, and bingo, I manage to bite the fat little nurse's thumb. There's shouting and threats, and blows flying every which way. I'm having so much fun!

Occasions for enjoyment are rare at the Philippe Pinel University Institute of Legal Psychiatry. Deprived of alcohol, drugs, and porn, we fall back on meds and violence. Humans are naturally creative, and I'm very human. I'd collected all my Seroquel tablets over the previous week and ground them up on the sill of the barred window in my cell. I watched Montreal bathing in its smog, I promised myself I'd wreak havoc out there one day, and I sniffed the whole lot up my nose in a single snort. *Raaaaah!* There's no denying that the pharmaceutical industry makes excellent psychotropic drugs. I needed to act fast before

I collapsed or fell into toxic psychosis. If it interacted with those intravenous tranquilizers they had me on there might be some nasty surprises in store.

I'd caused this ruckus in my cell by way of introducing myself. I demanded to see the psychologist, promised to calm down as soon as I was allowed to talk to her, pleaded that she alone could soothe me. And then I stripped and buttered my body, exhilarated. It was exciting, in the erectile meaning of the word. One last grand gesture before my final departure.

With a kick at the red-headed nurse's mouth (she wasn't even sexy) and an elbow in Godzilla's stomach, I had the upper hand again. *Bof, bam, thwack!* I like to add in a soundtrack when I fight. I was out of control. *Whack!* I even managed to grab the female intern by her hair. *I've got you, you ugly bitch!* Nothing personal.

The misbehaviour management specialist had fallen into my trap. I'd been sweet-talking her for nearly a year, asking for her advice, faking anxiety attacks, validating her role as a helper, while deep down she was about as much use to me as a panful of bacon to a vegan. Suspecting nothing, she demanded access to my cell and started heading down the hallway before she'd even so much as looked at what was happening in my dungeon. Epic fail! As soon as I heard the latch sliding, I pushed open the door and thrust my tumescence at her. *Well, hello!* Total joygasm: her intern was with her—a beautiful plump brunette who was overendowed in the mammary department. And *bam*: in three steps I was flattening the student to the ground and gripping one of her breasts in both hands. Just to torment her.

This is the bitch of an intern whose ponytail I'm holding right now. Her compassionate smile gave way to a grimace of hatred. She hadn't stopped mooing since I groped her on the corridor floor. Sometimes she begged for help, sometimes she exhorted someone to kill me. Her screams drowned mine out,

but I held tight to her mane of hair with both hands and didn't let go. Mike Tyson in the security guard's uniform forced me to let go with a swift right hook to the nose. It's been broken so often; I keep hoping that one day a well-aimed blow will set it straight again.

In the meantime, I blocked the charge of the badly paid moron who was preventing my escape from the solitary confinement cell. The sweating nurses were finally managing to strap me down. I fought back, but they succeeded in tying down my legs while Hulk Hogan overpowered me with a mix of jabs and uppercuts. The intern carried on providing the scene's soundtrack, presenting with one of the first symptoms of acute stress and soon-to-be PTSD. *Aaaaaaagh! Aaaagh!* Her supervisor was trying to calm her down, reassuring her that it should never have happened, that it wasn't her fault. While I collected my wits, the three uniformed bitches managed to tighten the leather strap around my left arm.

I like constraints, both in sex and in literature. They make you more creative, arouse your imagination. But you have to know when to stop, to respect people's comfort zones. And nobody was respecting anything here now, those chicks were yanking on the restraints with all their strength while my B-list Muhammad Ali carried on hammering away at my face with his knuckles. He didn't even need to—I was already tied up like a string of sausages. He would pay for this one day; even Ivan wouldn't seem especially terrible compared with my vengeance. Crack! One final right hook to my temple. The show was nearly over, my hard-on was fading.

Then Demontigny, another giant from the security team, showed up in the doorway, out of breath. *Too late, you cunt!* Even so, counting the psychologist, the intern, the nurses, and the security guy, I'd mobilized seven employees in one fell swoop. If I hadn't been firmly cinched to the bed, I'd have been strutting

around with pride in my ability to unify the civil service.

Before Ginger closed the door, I noticed her gaze lingering on my prominent muscles, which gleamed with vegetable oil. Despite the blood flowing down my face, I flashed her my most beaming smile and a wink. Women are sensitive to the non-verbal language of virile men in a vulnerable situation. It's well-documented.

The noise of the metallic locks rang out, the light went out, and once again I was plunged into darkness in myself. Cut off from the world.

If you're going to be alone, you might as well be in isolation.



Following Little Miss Piaf's example, *je ne regrettais rien*, absolutely nothing. Not the weeks of stealth it had taken me to gather up all those little packets of margarine, nor the relatively consensual caressing of the intern, nor the epic battle and the multiple bruises that came along with it. The end justifies the means, especially when you're taking on the big guys. I no longer had anything to lose except for a couple dozen books; they force-feed us pretty well at Pinel.

This period of confinement was going to allow me to set in motion Operation Final Jerk-Off. I'd spent too long vegetating; all my senses were going numb in these sterile corridors. But it would soon be over. I'd mobilized every scrap of lucidity to fine-tune my escape plan. My furry tongue could already taste the sweet brioche of freedom, my return to civilian life, and the first step in my reunion with Mama: jailbreak time!

Any day now I'm going to be with Mama again. She doesn't know it yet, but she's going to have something to be very happy about. It's crazy how much we're going to love on each other, sitting around in pyjamas sipping our marshmallow-smothered

hot chocolates as we tell each other our life stories, snuggled up together on a super-expensive big leather sofa that I'll have bought for her despite her kindly protestations: *No, son, you shouldn't spend so much money on me, I don't deserve all this love and loyalty you're showing me when I couldn't help being an absent mother...* I will comfort her with a long kiss on her old, wrinkled, single-parent forehead and then let her continue *...but now I'm going to spend every minute of my life with you, my protector of whom I'm so proud, because you are handsome, generous, and so intelligent. Thank god you finally escaped and you found me again to shower me with the warm devotion that all mothers, all over the planet and ever since the dawn of time, have dreamed of...*

And I would clasp her to my heart, and she would spill a little now not-so-hot chocolate on my pyjamas and we'd burst out laughing together, our eyes sparkling as our family blossomed. How sweet dreaming is when the dream is readying itself to break reality's chrysalis.

But dreaming is a muscle that can get tired. Hours were ticking by, the Seroquel euphoria was slowly fading, and I was starting to nod off. I desperately tried to fantasize about my outside life, but I was having trouble inside. I'm too smart to let myself daydream too long. With all my strength, I hung on to positive thoughts and the strength of will, but my mind was focused on the tribunal, mired in resentment, and still fixated on the witnesses at my last trial. Lubricated by all my held-back tears, hatred and pain mated in my wounded soul.



My weaselly lawyer had argued for a trial in front of a judge and jury even before the charges against me had been laid. He assured me I needed to plead insanity, that I was an ideal case. I didn't let his compliments go to my head, but I just wasn't convinced

he was right. Rumours were rife at Donnacona Prison, some of my fellow inmates even claimed that Pinel was worse than jail; they actually injected us with prison bars there instead of locking us behind them. The most alarmist even went as far as saying things were better in jail, where you just had to put up with some animal messing with your ass instead of a psychiatrist messing with your head. But if these allegations came from the most dishonest criminals in the country, could I trust them? Ratface, looking neckless in his gown, said no. The expert opinion of those nutbars wasn't worth anything, I'd be treated better in a psychiatric hospital than in a prison, and murdering Butterfly and my so-called sexual assault could be the keys that opened the door to a better life. Every cloud has a silver lining. Without flinching, the old charlatan promised me that the detention conditions would be less severe, that it would be easier to get released, that I'd have access to a bigger library. I could keep books and dictionaries in my room. *Even anatomy textbooks?*

Even anatomy textbooks! He'd found my soft spot, although I'm not as sensitive as I look.

I was resistant: a trial in front of a jury would mean more media coverage of the whole thing. I was afraid people would lie about me, tarnishing my image, or that Mama would stumble across a newspaper article and believe the whole violent-rape story. I can justify the murder, but violent rape isn't quite so socially acceptable. And those bastard prosecutors upheld that I was a "dangerous pervert," even though "rejected suitor" would have been a way fairer description. I felt as though they were preparing me to be torn apart on the stand, that they would totally wreck my image. But old ratface assured me that, quite the opposite, the trial would be my chance to defend myself and—the deciding argument—to see Edith again. It didn't take any more than the prospect of laying eyes on Edith for me to get back in the saddle, brandish my noble knight errant's fist,

and charge ahead. No precipice could stop me.



The preparations for the hearings had turned out to be unbearable. My lawyer was trying to get me to say the unsayable, wanting to put words in my mouth. I told him to get lost, but he came back stronger: *At a minimum, you have to admit you mistreated her, you misread the cues or something...*

With the back of my hand, I waved at him to shut his big mouth. *Love isn't a landing strip, you don't have to wave flags. You just feel it inside, you know? And I felt it so strongly. You can't even imagine.*

He pointed out that he had four children with his childhood sweetheart, but I interrupted him, it was irrelevant.

Love is easier to make than to talk about. And we made love and talked about love at the same time, imagine that! Nobody can take that away from us, it's just mine and Edith's.

In spite of my lyrical flight worthy of Molière in his good period, the lawyer just hammered his same theme over and over again: *In court, like everywhere else, it's not the truth that counts, but what you can make people believe.* Recognizing the limits of his competence, he suspected he would be unable to make people believe that Edith had consented, the circumstances were pretty damning. But if we went with the judge-and-jury option, he could fudge things and sell them the idea that I was even crazier than I really am. Then they would have to care for me instead of locking me up.

I had to admit, the old wheeler-dealer had a point. I suggested he get himself a more Anglo-sounding pseudonym so he'd be accepted by his bar colleagues. He sighed and asked if I was anti-Semitic. I replied, almost sincerely, that I have nothing against Jews. I do admit there were some geniuses in the family

tree: the guy that invented the bagel, for example, and whoever wrote *The Diary of Anne Frank*. That was a bestseller, they should totally do a sequel. Maybe even a trilogy.

Underneath his exasperation, he believed in my chances of being judged not criminally responsible. Despite my previous convictions, he kept banging on about how I was the most innocent man he knew. Right from the very start, he'd worked to dress up my image. He bought me shirts and a new pair of pants, with zero concern for my testicular comfort: I have a very delicate scrotum. Even though I told him I was hip-hop in my soul and my style was a way of expressing myself, he wouldn't drop it. I had to dress appropriately and keep my pants crotch in the right place. At the same time, he pressured them to get my teeth fixed, to improve both my pronunciation and my credibility. That was pretty sick: with my new white grillz I could rap away or give talks without any speech impediments.



Edith was luminous, practically phosphorescent. In the shadows of the court I had eyes only for her. Pregnancy made her more beautiful. On the first day of the trial, I'd noticed her increased bust size. She'd gone from barely appreciable breasts to pretty respectable boobs. Nothing to upset me there. And I could get my fill of staring at them without worrying about getting caught, since Edith was avoiding looking at me.

I was kind of in denial, trying to believe that she just felt awkward seeing me again, eight months after our last meeting. I could even have attributed this lack of civility to shame, since she hadn't written me a single letter all the time we'd been apart. But after the third day of the trial, after she took the witness stand, I had to face the facts: she didn't love me anymore. Women are more volatile than the perfume they wear. Some seducer must

have taken my place and messed with her head. Or some fucking community organization of hysterical feminists must have brainwashed her so she would fit their statistics better.

She denied everything about us: it was as if there was nothing left of our great love, as if all our plans for the future had been entirely imaginary. There had never been any ambiguity, she had never led me to believe she could help me or my accomplices escape, she had never consented to a sexual relationship with me.

Liar! I heard you come!

Listening to the judge's vociferations as he threatened to expel me, Edith burst into tears. She was playing this brilliantly. What a cruel innocent.

The judge allowed her a break. I was sure my lawyer was going to seize the opportunity to yell at me. I was surprised to see that he was pleased about my interruption. *It really highlights the level of cognitive distortion we're dealing with here. Don't hesitate to say whatever else you think of.* He would later regret that advice.

Under cross-examination, Edith admitted she was carrying my child. Clearly she was a manipulative bitch but not an unfaithful whore. When my lawyer expressed his astonishment that she would keep the product of what she herself called rape, Edith retorted that her conscience and her moral rectitude forced her to protect this child, and abortion was totally against her values.

This child, she said, not *this girl*. My son was clearly a boy! Given the flood of testosterone pulsing through my body, it wasn't surprising that I was only capable of producing a kid with balls, but I was still moved. And proud too: from a genetic standpoint, this was a great success, the ultimate achievement—reproduction. I shed a quiet tear and asked her what we should name him. The judge sighed and ordered my lawyer to control my impropriety. My lawyer tutted and winked. I hoped Edith would agree to call him Kaeven, Tommy, or Steven.

But right now she wouldn't even say my name. Or look at me. It was a far cry from the days when she used to tell me I could trust her, that she'd be there for me if things went badly. Women are like luck, you always think you deserve them, but whenever you really need them they abandon you.



Things were getting pretty emotional. The last key witness: my "mother." My mother who wasn't really my mother at the end of the day, as the Scots say. With circumstantial proof, cross-checks with social services, and geographical incompatibilities, there was no possible room for doubt: the lady who I used to spy on in Sherbrooke could not be my mother, certainly not my birth mother. You can always find good reasons for being wrong, but I'm humble and I recognize that I was mistaken. It happens to everyone, it's well-documented.

And this poor, insignificant, childless woman had come to snivel in front of the judge so she could relieve her distress and express her *trauma at being stalked and harassed by a murderer*.

She was overdoing it a bit; I had to step in. *This is a courtroom, madame, not a therapy group!*

As per usual, the judge pulled me up for impertinence while encouraging the crybaby to wallow in pity.

I was sinking into self-pity myself when I thought of all that time I'd wasted on a stranger. But since I was a real phoenix prone to compulsive reincarnation, I could see hope being reborn. If this woman wasn't my mother, all the rejection I'd suffered at her hands was nothing to me. My real mother was waiting for me out there somewhere, and I knew she would be happy to welcome me with open arms.



The trial was dragging on. Since I was a defendant who'd been transferred from another prison, my detention conditions were appalling. They wouldn't even let me renew my stock of books, so I had to keep going through Poe, Kafka, and Lautréamont on a loop, which was driving me crazy. I was eager to get settled down permanently, whether with crooks or crazies. I aspired to stability. But my lawyer was extremely thorough, demanding additional expertise, adding witnesses to shine a light on my childhood, which was both disturbed and disturbing, my life in care homes and the whole nine disasters. I'd had an assful of his processes: I was ready for things to end badly as long as they would just end.

To motivate me, he reminded me how important it would be if we could kill two doves with one stone: if we won this trial and I got sent to Pinel, we had a good chance of getting the Butterfly murder charges dropped. We had to gamble everything on my mental alienation. And pray to St. Jude, patron saint of dudes with nooses around their necks. To be sure of the outcome, he encouraged me to interject whenever I felt like it. That would spice things up a bit and bolster his case.



Your Honour, you're a big sucker!

After that second of silence that froze the courtroom, everyone heard my lawyer sighing *Nooooooooo...*

I made the most of everyone's surprise to give the judge another slap-down: *If justice is an apple, you're the worm eating away at it from the inside, Your Honour. I would argue that—*

My lawyer threw himself at me, grabbed me by the shoulders, and begged me to shut my trap. It was the first time I'd seen him turn purple. Against the white collar livening up his ridiculous robe, it actually kind of suited him.

Judge Belkorchia, who seemed more suspect than ever, started banging on his mahogany desk to restore order. With an exemplary air of false professionalism, he advised the jury to not let themselves be influenced by my outbursts and to concentrate on the lawyers' defence speeches, on my criminal history, particularly the second-degree murder, and on his own recommendations. And then he picked right back up where I'd interrupted him, right in the middle of defining "aggravated sexual assault."

I really liked the idea that I'd been armed when I was making love to Edith, but it was purely circumstantial: I had a helicopter to reroute and a mafia boss to get out of prison. Sure, I'd slightly mutilated Edith's face and fractured her jaw before I deflowered her, but there again you had to put it into perspective: I was stressed to the max.

Persnickety to a fault, the judge decreed that the fact I'd given her herpes constituted an aggravating circumstance. In my opinion, you don't share those intimate details in the early stages of a relationship. And it would be seriously out of place in an exciting hostage-taking situation.

It's not like I could get my hands on any rubbers, asshole! Ya think I shoulda wrapped my dick up in an old Skittles bag?

That was one step too far for the decrepit old asshole. The guards took me out of the courtroom so he could finish corrupting the jury in peace. What a jerk. He claimed to be expressing himself in the name of the law, but he was totally disrespecting my right to express myself. I had just enough time to wish aggressive testicular cancer on him before I was dragged with dignity out of the courtroom.