

RAY-RAY'S PICTURE BOX

There's five members in The Five-Carat Soul Bottom Bone Band: me, Goat, Beanie, Bunny, and Dex. Dex actually counts as one and a half when you include his little brother Ray-Ray. Ray-Ray ain't a full member. He's like a half member. He don't play nothing. He bangs on the cowbell and hoots and hollers mostly. He's more like a mascot. He's a brown-skinned boy with a clean, short haircut. He's only nine, two years younger than us, but he likes Kool and the Gang songs. Him and Dex is like night and day. Dex is serious and quiet and plays the guitar. Ray laughs and talks loud all the time. He likes to please. Ray-Ray will do anything for ice cream.

When we was little, Dex had to take care of Ray-Ray all the time. When they walked to school together, he'd tell Ray-Ray "Walk behind me," and Ray-Ray would walk a half block behind. I understand. I made my sister Sissie do the same thing when me and Dex went to school together. Sissie wouldn't bother with Ray-Ray. She'd walk a block ahead of him and make Ray-Ray walk another block behind her by himself, so he was actually two blocks back behind everybody. Of course, he'd get in all kinds of trouble being by himself, on account of his marbles wasn't all there. Like the time he got Hate Whistle mad. Hate Whistle's a drunk from The Bottom. His real name ain't Hate Whistle. His real name, somebody said, is Herbert. But mostly he's called Hate Whistle.

I never seen Hate Whistle take a drink. He's a happy drunk. He staggers around The Bottom all the time, smelling like whisky and laughing at nothing. Sometimes he plays baseball with us when we ain't got enough people and we don't mind because Hate Whistle's funny, plus nobody wants to play on our team, since we can't play nothing but music. Hate Whistle likes to dance on the sidewalk outside Mr. Woo's when we practice upstairs. Just look out the window and see him down there dancing in the street, he's just so happy and dancing around, and who don't like an audience?

The only thing about Hate Whistle is . . . well, you guessed it. Ray-Ray hit Hate Whistle's button one morning on the way to school. Me and Dex was

walking to school that day and heard a lot of hollering and turned around and seen Hate Whistle chasing Ray-Ray around, so we had to go back and get Ray-Ray, and we was all late for school on account of Ray-Ray.

Dex said to me, "I didn't even know he could whistle." Then he said to Ray-Ray, "From now on, just walk next to me and don't say nothing."

Ray-Ray done that, but he was never quiet on them walks to school. He was always asking questions to Dex. Ray-Ray asked a lot of smart questions for someone who's supposed to be not all the way there, like "Why do a bicycle have two wheels instead of five?" or "If Martin Luther King is dead, is we gonna be adopted?"

And Dex would say, "I don't know. Be quiet."

Sometimes Ray-Ray would complain, too. He'd say, "Dex, there's noise in my head. Can't you hear it?"

Dex would say, "It's the ocean, Ray-Ray."

"Where is the ocean?"

"It's far away, Ray-Ray."

"If I can hear it, why can't you?"

"I don't know, Ray-Ray."

Them two was raised by their daddy, Mr. Ernest. He was a short, heavysset man from down south. He never waved or talked too much to kids. Mr. Ernest was quiet like Dex. He went to work every day like clockwork, some kind of construction job because he always came home dirty, wearing concrete-type construction boots and a work hat. Dex said his daddy was from Alabama, but he never talked to me too much about him. His daddy was strict. I once went by Dex's house to pick up Dex for rehearsal and just before I turned in the gate I heard some talking on the side driveway and peeked over there and seen Dex outside talking to Mr. Ernest. I was too far off to hear what was said, but Dex said something to Mr. Ernest, and after he said it, Mr. Ernest grabbed Dex by the collar and slapped him across the face. Didn't say a word, just slapped him again and again, "slap, slap, slap," like that. Dex never cried or yelled. He stood there and took it.

I never did ask Dex what Mr. Ernest said or what it was about.

I never seen Dex's ma. I heard somebody say she worked at the post office in Falls Point. I never asked about her, 'cause it was kind of a secret, about Dex and Ray-Ray's mom. Whatever it was, it was probably gonna come out in The Bottom one way or the other anyhow. Dex being my best friend, I wasn't the type to ask him about that kind of personal thing. But one afternoon me, Ray-Ray, and Bunny was playing handball—it was mostly me and Bunny playing while Ray-Ray runned around laughing and fetching the

ball for us—and after a while we set down to rest along the grate fence there and Bunny said, “Ray-Ray, where’s your ma?”

“I don’t know,” Ray-Ray said, “but I got naked pictures of her.”

Bunny’s eyes got big. “Butt naked?” he said.

“Yep.”

“Where at?”

“In a picture box in my basement.”

Bunny plays sports good and fights the best on our block and he got the nicest house and the prettiest ma, so he’s kind of the leader of The Five-Carat Soul Bottom Bone Band, even though he don’t play guitar that good. Dex plays guitar way better than him. Bunny said to Ray-Ray, “If you bring me that picture box, I’ll get you some ice cream.”

Ray-Ray rocked from side to side when he talked, standing on one foot and then the other. He rocked from side to side a little bit, thinking, then looked at the sky and said, “Where’s Dex?”

“Don’t worry about him,” Bunny said, “I’ll get you a big ice cream cone if you bring me that box. What kind ice cream you like?”

That done it. Ray-Ray liked to please, and Bunny was leader of The Bottom Bone Band, and Ray-Ray loved himself some ice cream. “I like banilla,” Ray-Ray said. He said everything that starts with a V as a B. Like “banilla” for vanilla, and “Bincent” for “Vincent.”

“Vanilla it is.”

Ray-Ray runned to his house and come back with a shoebox. He gave it to Bunny, who placed it on the ground along by the fence in the park and opened it up.

Whether it was really Ray-Ray and Dex’s mom in them pictures, I don’t know, for there was a lot of different women. I can’t say really who it was, but when Bunny opened that box of pictures, my world kind of come apart. Nothing in my life put me ready to look at them pictures. It put girls in a whole new light. I never seen girls like that before. There was all types of girls, doing all kinds of things. Bunny flipped through ’em so fast and wild, he wouldn’t hardly even let me get a look. He pushed through a few of ’em and finally tossed ’em in the box and stood up. “I’m gonna make me some money,” he said.

“Where’s my ice cream?” Ray-Ray said.

“I’mma get it for you.”

Bunny headed out and we followed him to Mr. Johnson’s grocery store on the Boulevard. Once we was inside there, Bunny drew some money from his pocket—Bunny kept hisself some money, always had a quarter or fifty

cents some kind of way—and brought Ray-Ray a giant vanilla ice cream cone. Then he said, “You go on home, Ray-Ray.”

“What about the box?”

“I’ll give it back in a little while.”

“But I got to bring it home.”

“Lemme make my money back first,” Bunny said, and he headed off and me and Ray-Ray followed him along the Boulevard. But instead of turning back to our street, he crossed over the street and headed straight to the Cool Out Spot.

The Cool Out Spot in The Bottom was on the other side of the Boulevard behind some railroad tracks and bushes near an old soft drink factory that’s been closed down for years. You can hide behind the bushes there and sit on an old wood fence near the old factory and drink beer without no grown-ups seeing you. That’s where all the kids from The Bottom hung out, like The Six, boys from two blocks over who is our main competition in sports. The Six wasn’t just six of ’em, by the way, it was a bunch of ’em. But they beat us in everything: baseball, football, Halloween fights, fistfights. They was older and cooler but they didn’t have no band. But what they did have was Bo, Lightbulb, Chink, Junior, Amuneek—that was his real name, “I’m Unique”—Poogie, Toy Boy, and his older brother Tito. Tito was the leader of them Sixes. He wasn’t too bad, but his little brother, Toy Boy, he was rough. All them Sixes was a little rough, but we got along okay. At the Cool Out Spot you was mostly safe from them anyway. It was kind of an agreement. No gangs from anyplace in The Bottom could beat up on you at the Cool Out Spot, so long as you had beer or brung soda or cakes or something to trade or share. It was a peace spot. Even some of the real bad ones that come around later, The Black Spades and The Seven Crowns—some of them was full-out bad—if you was at the Cool Out Spot it was mostly okay.

Bunny made a lot of friends that day. There was a bunch of pictures in that box, maybe fifty or a hundred—that shoebox was full to the top—and they all gathered around. Bunny announced he was selling the pictures, but mostly everyone was just looking. Somebody asked where he got the pictures and Bunny said, “Ray-Ray here said it was his ma,” and Ray-Ray smiled. He was always trying to please. Some of ’em laughed, but not all of ’em. The Six knew Dex, and they knew Dex would stick up for hisself and was one of the few of our band that could actually really play sports. They stood around them pictures staring and passing ’em around except Tito, he took one look in that box and walked away and sat on the far end of the wooden fence and drunk his soda without saying nothing. But the rest of them Sixes and a couple of them Black Spade boys who was there, they runned through them

pictures with their tongues hanging out. Bunny finally sold a few of them pictures for twenty-five cents apiece.

Ray-Ray was there licking on his ice cream cone the whole time, and dim as he was, he seen trouble. He wanted his picture box back and asked for it a couple of times, but them boys didn't bother with him. They kept sayin', "We'll give 'em back in a minute," flipping through the pictures. So Ray-Ray finally started towards home. Bunny looked up and seen him going and figured Dex would be coming next, so he closed up the box and said, "I got to go," and cut out after him. I stayed where I was, for I figured I was in trouble either way. I had got to thinking about Dex. Dex was my closest friend in The Bottom, and if Dex got mad I wouldn't have no close friends. Plus I never seen Dex mad. I think Dex never did get mad at me once that I could remember, but I seen his daddy mad, and that was enough for me.

I thought about this as I watched Bunny run after Ray-Ray, and I figured I'd better stay at the Cool Out Spot and let Bunny work that out, because it occurred to me by then that Bunny had took advantage of Ray-Ray in a bad way, and hot as them pictures was, I wasn't feeling so good about seeing 'em now. I figured if Dex came at me and I was at the Cool Out Spot, there was others that seen them pictures, and he'd figure it just wasn't worth it to fight all The Sixes and them two Black Spade gangsters that was standing around smoking cigarettes and drinking beer and sodas, and all of them seen the pictures too, so maybe he wouldn't blame me for nothing.

So I stood there trying to be cool and talking to Tito. Me and him always got along because Tito likes music and his aunt goes to my church and likes it when I play organ there.

Well, five minutes later, Dex and Ray-Ray turned the corner and come to the Cool Out Spot in a hurry. Bunny wasn't with 'em. Dex walked up to them boys crowding around their various pictures—I guess about five of 'em still had pictures in their hands they had bought, and some had already gone home with their pictures. He said, "Where's Bunny?"

Toy Boy spoke up. Toy Boy was a tall, thin, light-skinned boy. He was just as bad and stupid as his brother Tito was smart. Toy Boy wasn't worth two cents. He had bought one of them pictures and was holding it at his side when Dex come up. Toy Boy said, "He's gone," and started laughing. Dex stepped up to him, but Tito stepped between 'em and told Toy Boy, "Be quiet," and he said to Dex, "Bunny left out, Dex. He's gone."

"I want them pictures back," Dex said.

Toy Boy didn't want to give his picture back, and neither did the others. But Tito snatched the picture out of Toy's hand and then stepped over and

snatched every picture out every one of them Sixes boys' hands and gived them back to Dex.

"Where's my money?" one of 'em said.

"Shut up," Tito said. Tito was the leader of The Sixes. None of them messed with him.

Dex took them pictures without a word, then spun on his heels and took Ray-Ray's hand and walked back to the block. I followed behind him. I knowed he was mad, so I said, "I ain't had nothing to do with it, Dex."

"Whyn't you come and get me?" he said.

"I didn't know where you was."

I followed him to Bunny's house, but Bunny wasn't there. We doubled back to the Boulevard towards Mr. Johnson's grocery store and sure enough, on the other side of the Boulevard, coming outta Mr. Johnson's store, come Bunny. He was holding a bunch of candy. Spending that money from them pictures he sold, I guess.

Dex crossed the Boulevard and went up to him. I was afraid he was gonna throw a punch and rock Bunny right there on the Boulevard, which wouldn't have been good. Bunny was bigger, plus he was a lefty. Lefties throw punches cockeyed. And Bunny can scrap. But Dex didn't throw. He didn't even look mad no more. He just held up the pictures in his hand that he got back from The Sixes and said, "You got about an hour to put that box back before my daddy gets home from work."

"What box?" Bunny said, for he didn't have the picture box on him. He had hid it someplace.

Dex said, "Tell you what, Bunny. Gimme the box back now and I won't say nothing to my daddy about it."

Bunny said, "I don't know what you're talking about. I gave it to Ray-Ray."

"No, he didn't," Ray-Ray said.

"He just can't remember," Bunny said. "You know how Ray-Ray is."

Dex stood there and blowed out his cheeks and waited a minute, thinking it over. He knew Ray-Ray don't lie. I lost a lot of respect for Bunny around that time. Then Bunny stepped to Ray-Ray and said, "Ray-Ray, you just don't remember. I gave it back to you, remember?" Ray-Ray looked mixed up. He shook his head and shifted from one foot to the other, while Bunny was sticking to his lie. Dex stood there a long time while Ray-Ray shifted from one foot to the other, nervous, looking at the sky. Dex weren't no punk, everybody knowed it, but Bunny was the leader of our group and fighting him was like treason almost. He directed everything. He had the best house. The most money. The best parents. His father had a good job wearing a suit and tie

working in the downtown. Bunny was mighty big on our block. He was the roughest. Goat was bigger and faster, but Goat don't fight. Goat wouldn't hurt a fly. Bunny, on the other hand, when he was mad, he was dangerous.

Dex stood there for a moment thinking about it, then he said, "Okay," and he turned to Ray-Ray and said, "Let's go home," and they went back home, and I followed 'em along.

I don't know what all Bunny did later in life, for he left The Bottom when he turned seventeen and joined the Army and I never saw him no more. But that first mistake messed him up. He was never the same. All over a box of pictures. You never thought pictures of girls humping and sucking would make so much trouble.

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THAT EVENING The Five-Carat Soul Bottom Bone Band rehearsed over Mr. Woo's like we done every night with Hate Whistle outside dancing and the customers from Mr. Woo's hollering, "Cut that crap!" like they always did. Bunny didn't come and neither did Dex or Ray-Ray or Pig who used to come with his sax but don't hardly come no more so we threw him out, so we didn't have no guitars or sax. It was just me, Goat, and Beanie—piano, drums, and bass—but we didn't hardly need no drums, for when Mr. Ernest stomped up them stairs with his concrete construction boots like two drum sets put together, the room got quiet. He come into the room with Dex and Ray-Ray behind him, both of them looking like maybe he whipped on 'em. By then Goat and Beanie knowed about the pictures and everybody else in The Bottom did too, for Bunny had sold a bunch of them and the word had got around. Goat was closest to the door when Mr. Ernest walked in, and when he did, Mr. Ernest didn't have to say a word. He looked at Goat, who said: "I don't know nothing about no pictures, Mr. Ernest." Goat pointed at me. "Butter was there when Bunny took 'em to the Cool Out Spot."

Mr. Ernest turned to me, and I punked out right off. "Bunny done it on his own, Mr. Ernest," I choked out. "I was keeping an eye on Ray-Ray."

"Where is this Cool Out place?" Mr. Ernest asked.

"Not far," I said. "Just off the Boulevard."

"Show me."

I wanted to say Dex and Ray-Ray could show him, but there weren't no arguing with him. There wasn't nothing to do but take him there. Me, him, Dex, and Ray-Ray walked to the Cool Out Spot. While it wasn't but a few blocks, it seemed like the longest, worst walk in the world. Mr. Ernest didn't say a word to none of us. He didn't look mad, but he didn't look like Martin Luther King neither.

As we crossed the Boulevard, I was wondering what my ma was gonna do to me when she found out about me being around them pictures. I was more afraid of her than Mr. Ernest.

By the time we got to the Cool Out Spot it was almost night. The population around there always changed at night. That's when I noticed The Bottom was getting worse, by the way, when the Cool Out Spot started getting bad at night. In the old days, when I was eight and nine, it was just us and The Six and maybe one or two Black Spades, and we all come around and tell stories and trade candy and have fistfights about our baseball games and cut out. Then we got thirteen and fourteen and sometimes a few of us drunk beer to be cool, not a lot, just acting like we was drinking. But as we got to fifteen and sixteen, the badder kids from The Bottom had started coming around. Some of those was real gangs, with knives and karate nunchucks and even one or two who was supposed to have guns. The Black Spades, The Seven Crowns, even a few Five Percenters, them types was older and rough. And they come around at night.

Most of The Six squad was gone except Toy Boy, Amuneeq, and Bo. They was drinking beer with a few rough types I never seen. A lot of them setting there probably hadn't even seen Ray-Ray's picture box, now that I think on it, unless Toy Boy told 'em, of course. But they was a rough crew setting there, dressed all cool with dungaree jackets and clean white sneakers; a couple even had gangster drawings on their jean jackets. When Mr. Ernest walked up to 'em in his work shirt and construction boots, all dusty and dirtied up from his construction job, he looked bad. He looked like Hate Whistle, who was a drunk. He was just out of place.

He walked right up to 'em and said, "Good evening, fellers. Some outlaw here done took something that belong to me. And I want it back."

Well, he sounded like an old country bum when he said that, and a couple of them boys in their new jeans and clean white tennis shoes snickered when they heard him talking in his old down-south twang.

"We don't know nothing about it," one of 'em said.

"All right," he said. "I ain't gonna disrespect nobody here. Maybe y'all don't know nothing about it. But spread the word: I want it back. When I come home from work tomorrow, I want what's mine back in my house. Every single one of what was took. So whoever took it, put it back, and I won't trouble nobody further on it."

Well, standing there in them dirty work clothes, he looked like an old country bum talking to them young gangsters. Nobody said nothing, so he said, "All right then," and turned to leave.

Then Toy Boy piped up, "That box ain't 'round here nowhere." He showed his knucklehead side right then and there. Toy Boy's a dummy. If his older brother Tito had been there, he probably wouldn't have said nothing. But Tito wasn't there, and Toy Boy, well, he opened his big mouth wrong that day.

Mr. Ernest had already turned to go but when Toy spoke them words, Mr. Ernest turned around and said, "Who said it was a box?"

Well, that tied Toy Boy up, because nobody hadn't said nothing about no kind of box.

"Whatever it is," Toy Boy said, "I don't know nothing about it."

"How you know it was a box, boy?"

"Man, I don't know nothing 'bout some old pussy pictures!"

Toy was sitting on an old rail fence there when he said that. It was like an old ranch fence that you see in the western movies, except it was all tore up because of us sitting on it. Quick as you can tell it, Mr. Ernest stooped down, pulled a bottom rail off the fence, and rose up and swung it hard across Toy Boy's face in one motion. He hit him so hard the wood railing broke in half. One half flew in the street, the other half still lived in Mr. Ernest's hand.

Toy Boy dropped off the bench like a sack of flour, moaning and groaning and holding his head.

Them boys scattered like flies, everyone to the last except Amuneek and Bo, for they was The Six and stayed with their boy Toy till the end. They didn't move. Mr. Ernest walked up on Toy laying on the ground moaning in pain and stood over him with that piece of plank in his hand and I thought for a minute he might lean over and run the jagged end of that wooden stake right through him. You could see the wide shoulders and the muscles in his back. He wasn't screaming-hollering-mad, nothing like that. He looked just like he did in his driveway that time he slapped Dex about ten times across the face. He didn't look mad that day neither. Just downright dangerous. He stood over Toy and looked about to bust Toy's face apart. Then Ray-Ray called out: "Please, Daddy! I'm sorry! Please, Daddy! It's all my fault," like that, and Ray-Ray started crying.

That broke Mr. Ernest. He was standing over Toy with his back to Ray-Ray, and whatever fury come over him just hissed out his back like a balloon. He loosed the plank and let it drop to the ground. He turned away from Toy and said, "C'mon." He took Ray-Ray's hand and them two walked home, and me and Dex followed.

On the way home, me and Dex walked far behind them, and as we was walking, Dex leaned over to me and said, "I tried to tell Bunny."

"Maybe we can tell him tomorrow," I said.

"It's too late now," he said. "The train done left the station."

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BUT IT WASN'T TOO LATE.

The next day Bunny got busy. He spent the whole day running around The Bottom, hustling around, buying back every single picture that he sold. He collected fourteen altogether. He had to pay triple for some of 'em, because some of them had heard about Mr. Ernest and knew Bunny was in a spot, so they got tough about the whole deal. Bo from The Six had bought two pictures and still had one that he hadn't given back to Tito, and he charged Bunny \$1.50 for a picture he only paid twenty-five cents for. Another boy from The Seven Crowns gang lived up in Falls Point, and Bunny had to go all the way up there and pay him back nine dollars for a single picture, 'cause The Seven Crowns boy had paid a Black Spade kid two dollars for it, and *he* had bought it from Bunny for a quarter.

I don't know where Bunny got all that money from, probably from his daddy, but he paid 'em all. He got that done—bought back every single picture—and he gave Ray-Ray the picture box plus five dollars to put that box back in his house and tell Mr. Ernest he was sorry. Ray-Ray said he would, but Dex was standing there and he piped up, “You got to apologize your own self,” he said. “Don't leave that to Ray-Ray.”

“I want to say I'm sorry,” Bunny said, “but I'm scared.”

“I understand,” Dex said, “but you got to leave Ray-Ray out of it.”

Mr. Ernest got his box back and Bunny got off clean and never did apologize. Mr. Ernest never spoke to Bunny once about it neither, but the news about Mr. Ernest's nasty picture box traveled fast. That picture box was hot news in The Bottom, even among adults. It put a bad cloud on Dex and his family. Folks started muttering about him and his daddy, and his momma who nobody knew, and how neither Mr. Ernest nor his boys never went to church, and how Dex probably was a bad egg like his daddy. None of that was true, of course. Dex wasn't bad. Dex was different. Dex didn't like baseball or basketball like most of us. He liked ice hockey. He didn't like soul music like most of us. He liked rock and roll. He saved his money to see a white band called Edgar Winter's White Trash. He even played their records for me once and they was pretty good. Dex had his own thing. But that outburst with them pictures put a space between Dex's family and The Bottom. It caused a rift in the band, too. Bunny and Dex was never close after that, and Dex quit when he was fifteen, and then Mr. Ernest moved all of them over to Falls Point.

Falls Point ain't far, it's still part of The Bottom, so I'd see Dex in school or sometimes coming through. He had to walk past my part of The Bottom to get to the bus stop on the Boulevard, and one Saturday morning I saw him standing at the bus stop changing into a white shirt and tie and putting on a

cop jacket that said "Security." I guess he didn't want nobody to see him wearing cop clothes. I went over and said, "What you guarding, Dex?"

"I got a job at an ice cream factory. Don't say nothing to nobody, Butter."

"I won't," I said. "I wish I had a job guarding ice cream."

Dex looked kind of sheepish. "I ain't guarding no ice cream," he said. "I guard the place where they make the cones."

"That's even better. I bet Ray-Ray likes that. How's he doing? I ain't seen him in a while."

"He ain't good. He's sick."

"In the hospital?"

"Naw. He's home."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Don't know. Got something wrong with his head. The doctor says something's growing up there."

"Like what? A brain?"

"Very funny, Butter. They got to operate when he gets older, to get it out, whatever it is."

That made me feel bad, joking like that, so a couple of days later I walked over to Dex's house in Falls Point and gave Dex my forty-five record of Sly and the Family Stone, which he's crazy about. He liked that, and give me a whole row of ice cream cones in a paper bag. Then he said, "You wanna see Ray-Ray? He's upstairs."

We went upstairs, and they had Ray-Ray in the bed, and when I seen him, I was surprised. I almost didn't recognize him. I hadn't seen him in like a year, and in that time he grewed to nearly six feet. He used to be a skinny boy but now he was a tall teenager. He was sleeping under the covers when we come in, and when Dex tapped him he shook awake and seen me and said, "Butter!" He was happy to see me. So I reached in my bag and showed him all them cones Dex had gived me. I said, "You want one?"

"Naw," he said. "I eat 'em all the time." Then he looked at Dex. He looked a little fuzzy, squinting his eyes at Dex. He said, "There's a roaring in my ears, Dex. Just a roaring."

"That's the ocean, Ray-Ray."

"It's so loud, I can't stand it, Dex. Can you hear it?"

"Naw."

"Come closer, Dex. You can hear it. Lissen. It's roaring loud, Dex. Lissen to the ocean."

Ray-Ray reached up his arm, which I noticed was thin and weak looking, and he pulled Dex close to his ear. He put Dex's ear right on his ear. Like maybe he was hoping Dex could hear it, too.

“Can you hear it, Dex? Can you hear it?”

“Naw, Ray-Ray, I don’t hear nothing.”

Dex stayed like that, with his ear close to Ray-Ray’s ear, right up on it, with Ray-Ray talking at him.

“Can you hear it, Dex? Can you hear it?”