

Not a month later, I am driving through Hollywood with Jason when we get stuck in traffic. Some music event at the Hollywood Bowl has just ended, and there are pedestrians and cars everywhere, the former moving the more quickly. After Jason and I look to our left and see two girls talking in the front of a car and a girl passed out in the back, but fail, before we pass them, to get their attention to recommend they check if their friend is perhaps dead, whom do I see ahead of them in the lane but The World's Most-Immature Man! Yup, he's still in town. Still doing his thing!

After catching my breath, I stare at him for a few seconds. He stares back, then gives me a coy smile. I don't feel like smiling at him, so I don't. But I also don't feel like bringing up what happened in the 7-Eleven parking lot. As my eyes switch from the car in front of me to his convertible, from my lane to the thin TV screen that is on the passenger-side flip-down sunblock/mirror that he sometimes glances at when he seems to get tired of looking for people looking at him, I tell Jason the story. He recommends, eagerly, that I/we say something. I'd thought about posing some precise question that might help me untangle the mystery that is how I helped buy 80% of the vehicle that he is, at that very moment, piloting. Maybe just a "Hey, we met in Studio City. Where? At the 7-Eleven. You must have been in a bad mood at the time, because you yelled at some poor lady for not being receptive to your come-on, remember? I hope you're feeling better now."

But I feel no desire to do that. Because I just feel so bad for this guy. Here he is, probably about 40, cruising around in his attention-begging machine and clearly not realizing how pitiable he appears. An emotionally undeveloped five-year-old masquerading as an adult. And what must he feel? He no doubt feels society's expectations that he go about his life and engage in adult activities, all the time suffering from the emotional void that is any self-sustainable self-respect... On second thought, maybe he's one of the world's most-pitiable men...