

We're Gonna Get Stupid

Sometime in the early 90s:

**"Yeah, we're gonna get stupid
on the Brooklyn Bridge tonight.
I said, we're gonna get stupid
on the Brooklyn Bridge tonight.
We're gonna get so goddam high,
we might even get in a fight"**

(Chorus of We're Gonna Get Stupid by the Burnin S.T.D.s)

The chorus of Dicky's song de jour boomed out of his Bose speakers as he poked through the fridge for a Pepsi to accompany his morning cig. His mom Stella had left for work hours ago, so he was the king of her late 70s, split level ranch, castle, until she returned at four to knock him off the throne. But even the king couldn't smoke in the house. Stella had an uncanny nose and could sniff out cigarette smoke many hours after the butt had been extinguished.

He was wandering out the toward the back-deck door, buttoning his shirt, when he detected movement out of the corner of his eye and flinched so bad, he almost dropped his Pepsi. It was some chick. Big, long dark hair, and good lookin. But the expression on her face did not convey that she was out for a good time. She seemed damn serious. Almost cop like, which caused Dicky to flinch again. She glared at him like he was a foolish child and motioned for him to come outside. He thought about turning and running back into the kitchen but remembered that his propensity to run from hairy situations rarely ended well. So, he opened the door and stepped out onto the back porch.

“I’m Stephanie Fitch” the tall good-looking woman stated, proffering an official looking ID. “I’m an inspector with the Health Department. We have a report of a family living in your back yard, in a tent. As in that green dome tent right over there. Due to the recent influenza epidemic, we are cracking down on illegal habitation.” “Uh, it’s actually my mom’s place.” Dicky responded lamely.

“I’m guessing it’s not you mom’s friends camping out back there. Is it?”

“Uh, no.”

“Then make sure they and the tent are gone when I come back tomorrow to check.”

“Sure. OK. Yes ma’am.” Dicky immediately felt ridiculous for “ma’aming” a hot chick that was only a few years older than he was. But he just wanted to get her off the porch (he had correctly guessed that she probably did not want to come in and party) and get on with his now shitty day.

After she left, he got on the phone and woke up his cousin Mike, who never appreciated getting woken up before noon.

“What the fuck?” Mike growled in his smoky baritone voice.

“We got a problem cuz.”

“Like what?”

“Some health inspector chick was just here and she says that Larry, and his old lady, and the rug rat gotta vacate the back yard. And she’s comin back tomorrow to make sure that they’re gone. Can they come crash at your place for a while? We gotta protect our investment man.”

“Then let em crash *in your* place.... MAN.”

“No good Mikey. My mom hates rug rats. Guess she had a bad experience with me.”

“I told ya to quit callin me Mikey, fuckface.”

“OK, OK. But can they come over for a few days.?”

“Let me wake up and think about it. I’ll call ya back in about an hour.”

After he had his cigarette and Pepsi on the back porch, Dicky went into the attached garage to rummage through some stuff he had never unpacked after moving back in with his mom six months ago. And there was cute little blonde-haired Amy (he thought of her as Larry’s old lady even though she looked about sixteen) and the rug rat, whose name was Lu Ann. She looked about two but didn’t talk much. On the rare occasion when Larry wasn’t around, Amy always seemed to kinda flirt at him with her baby blues.

“What’s up?” he asked.

“Nothin, just hangin out. Larry said to leave him be. He doesn’t feel good today.”

“Oh”

“I’ve been wanting to get to know you better anyway” she said as she sauntered up to him, never breaking eye contact”.

“Oh” he meekly responded, while taking a gulp of air.

By now she was rubbing right up on him while putting her hands on his hips. This caused him to get an instant boner.

“Would you like to kiss me?” she whispered.

“Sure”

As she stood up on her tip toes so she could lay one on him, he was inexplicably aware of tiny Lu Ann toddling around the garage and briefly wondered if there was anything dangerous, she could get into. But as soon as their lips made contact, any thought of the rug rat evaporated.

The contact was immediately intense as she backed him up against the vintage garage ping pong table. He turned her around and lifted her up on it, hoping that the table wouldn't collapse, then slithered onto it with her. He had always thought Amy was kind of quiet and shy but she sure didn't seem that way today. Matter of fact she was rubbing his crotch so enthusiastically he was afraid he might cum in his pants. So, he slowed her down a bit. Then she rose up a little and stuck her ample tit right in his face. That actually made him smile and relax. This hot little chick was really into him and it looked like he was going to get "into" her right on the old ping pong table. That feeling of euphoria lasted all of about three minutes. That was when he realized that his girlfriend, Marlene, was standing a few feet away watching. She looked equal parts astounded and pissed.

"Uh, Marlene, uh what are you doing here?", he gulped.

She didn't move, speak, or change her daunting facial expression. Amy turned, saw Marlene, and crawled off the ping pong table as unobtrusively as was possible in such an awkward situation. As Amy backed away, Marlene started walking straight toward Dicky who was still prone in the ping pong zone. When she got right up to him, neither was sure if she was going to punch him in the face or jump his bones. After thinking about it for a few moments she chose the

latter. She climbed right up on top of him and stuck her tongue down his throat. His dick was getting whiplash going from soft to hard to soft then back to hard in the space of a few minutes. But he wasn't complaining.

Dicky still had his eyes open and noticed that Amy had halted her retreat and was taking in the scene with obvious lust. After a few more minutes, Dicky gestured for her to come closer, which she did until she was right up to the table. Dicky's dreams of having a threesome had always been unrequited, (Dicky would not/could not have used that word), but it looked like that might change. He reached over and grabbed Amy's hand and drew her into Marlene and himself. Marlene noticed what he was doing, stopped what she was doing, and stared at Amy with that fifty-fifty look that she had adopted a couple of minutes before with Dicky. Then she shrugged and pulled Amy up onto the table with them. The table groaned and so did Dicky.

To say that Dicky was not wise in the ways of pleasing women would be an enormous understatement. So, when it came to pleasing two women, he had not a clue. He initially tried to rotate back and forth, giving them both equal attentions. But it didn't take long before he was focusing primarily on Amy due to the fact that he had been banging Marlene (or had she been banging him?) for almost a year. And although Marlene

was still pretty, sweet little Amy was fresh meat. Marlene got tired of that real quick and pulled back. When Dicky failed to notice, she punched him hard on the left side of his head which was fastened to Amy's face. The blow unfastened them. Dicky scooted further up on the ping pong table to avoid getting hit again while Amy hopped off, gathered up Lu Ann, and skedaddled out of the garage. Marlene yelled a few choice words that included "Why am I wasting my life with a loser like you?", stalked out, slammed the door, got in her car, and drove away.

When Mike called back, Dicky was sitting at the kitchen table with a bag of frozen peas on the side of his head, drinking a second Pepsi, and boldly smoking an indoor cigarette, although he did have the stove vent fan on and a window open.

"OK, here's what we're gonna do Dickless" Mike's voice rumbled through the phone. "Bring em over here."

"You know my car ain't working."

"Get Marlene to drive".

“No can do Mikey.... Uh, I mean Mike. She showed up here this morning and caught me messin around with Amy right after I called you. Don’t think she’d be up for it.”

“Jesus, what a genius. You’d fuck up a wet dream.” Then chuckling a bit. “I guess you kinda did. Alright, shit. I’ll be over in about two hours. Have them packed up and ready to go. I don’t want to run into aunt Stella. And put your thinkin cap on, if you even own one. We got to figure out a way to speed up the payday.”

“But you know Larry ain’t gonna do nuthin until we come across with the ten grand.”

“Shut the fuck up. Don’t talk about it on the phone.”

“Alright Mike. See you in a couple of hours.”

When Mike showed up at two, there was still an angry fist sized red welt on the port side of Dicky’s face but the gang was packed and ready to go, in the kitchen. Except for the fact that Larry was vomiting into the waste basket.

“Son of a fucking bitch” Mike exclaimed. “You didn’t tell me about any puke fest.”

“He wasn’t puking when I talked to you. At least I didn’t see him anyway.”

“Fuckin great. You. Me. Garage.” Mike ordered.

When they got out to the garage, Mike said. “We got to move this shit along. When are we getting that life insurance money?”

“I don’t know. Mom filed the claim over a month ago. She said it was all official, in grandma’s will and everything.”

“And we’re getting five grand apiece, right?”

“That’s what mom said.”

“Any way we can borrow against it now?”

“Beats the shit out of me.”

“I’d like to *beat* the shit out of you.”

“Hey, what did I do? If it wasn’t for me, you wouldn’t even know about Larry and the reward money.”

“Yeah, the *golden* ‘reward money’. Are we even sure that the rug rat is the kid on the milk carton? You just met these people in the park a week ago and dragged them home like a kid with a found puppy. Then a couple a days after that, this guy Larry comes up with a story about his kid and a reward.”

“You saw her picture. It’s dead on. Plus, Larry’s last name is Armstrong and the missing kid is Lu Ann Armstrong like it says on the milk carton. And a thirty-five thousand dollar reward, also just like it says on the carton. So instead of us each having a lousy five K, we end up with twelve and a half each and are heroes, after we front Larry his ten.”

“Yeah, I still don’t get that part. How is Larry gonna spend his share when he is in prison? And why do we got to give him the money up front?”

“He says that it isn’t really kidnapping cause he is the kid’s biological father. And that his rich former in-laws are just

making a big stink and offering a reward because now that their daughter, Lu Ann's real mom, is dead from an OD, the rug rat is all they have. And he says that if we don't give him ten grand up front there is nothin to stop us from keepin the whole thirty-five, once we turn him in for the reward."

"OK, I guess that sounds legit" admitted Mike. But we still got to figure out a way to speed this up. Especially if they are going to be crashing at my place. I don't even have a spare room. And Larry is blowing major chunks."

"OK, when mom gets home, I'll ask her if there is any news about the insurance money and if she can call and find out if there isn't."

"Alright Dickless but don't fuck this up. Which reminds me, how much does your pissed off girlfriend know about this caper."

"Uh...uh, I guess she knows some stuff."

"This is turnin into a fuckin shit sandwich. I should have known better than to get involved in any scheme that you came up with."

“Just hang in Mike. Wait and see what mom says when she gets home. And if the check isn’t in the pipeline yet, I’ll ask her if we can borrow against it.”

“Whatever.”

With that, Mike shepherded the little band of the sick, the kidnapped, and sweet Amy out to his van and drove away, burning a little rubber as he pulled out.

“Damn it Richard. You just can’t wait to get your hands on that insurance money so you can piss that away like you have everything else.” Stella complained. “Twenty-two years old, back livin with your mother, no job, and no running car. If it wasn’t for Marlene you’d have nothing going for you. She is such a great gal. I don’t really understand what she sees in you. How come she hasn’t been around lately? Do I smell smoke? You haven’t been smoking in the house, have you Richard? And why do you have a red lump on the side of your head?”

“Geez mom. Thanks for the vote of confidence. I want to get the money so I can *buy* a car and *get* a job. And Marlene is

working nights now. That's why you haven't seen her. She did stop by today and said to say 'hi' to you, Dickey lied. So can you check on that insurance money?"

After a quick phone call from her bedroom, Stella returned.

"They said that you and Michael should have your checks in two to three weeks."

"Did you ask if we could borrow against them?"

"Don't even go there Richard. Besides they wouldn't handle that. You would have to go through some shady lending service that would take a huge chunk. Just wait the two weeks. You've already been out of a job for six months. If you really want to put in some applications ride your damn bicycle. Or maybe Marlene will drive you. I've got to get out of my work clothes so I can go downtown and have a couple of drinks with Wanda."

Dickey wasn't sure how to explain the situation to Mike in a way that wouldn't bring more shit down onto his already shit covered noggin. So, he did what he usually did and put it off till tomorrow. He spent the evening getting stoned in the

back yard, then went inside to watch TV. Or more accurately, constantly flip through the hundred and fifty-seven channels on his mom's cable package.

Fortuitously, he caught a quick flash of "GET YOUR SETTLEMENT NOW" and flipped back. There it was. Just what they needed. He scrambled to get a pen and wrote the number on the back of his hand. He uncharacteristically took the initiative and called the 800 number. He found out that they would need proof that the payouts had been approved as well as two forms of government issued photo ID for each beneficiary. Or one photo ID and a certified copy of a birth certificate. He also found out that they paid eighty-five percent, so he and Mikey would get forty-two fifty each, leaving them fifteen hundred short. This cheered him up and he celebrated with some more pot in the back yard. The next morning his cousin called a little after nine. Mike wasn't in a great mood.

"What the fuck Dickless, why didn't you call last night?"

"I was getting everything figured out", Dickey confidently responded.

“Great. I can’t wait to hear this.”

“Mom called and we should get our checks in two to three weeks. If we want to get the money right away, we can go to this place I saw on TV that will give us eighty-five hundred as soon as we show them proof that the payment has been authorized and two forms of ID.”

“OK, that doesn’t seem too bad.” Mike’s mood improving slightly.

“Yeah, but they keep the whole check when it comes in.”

“What the fuck?”

“That’s how they make their money.”

“Fifteen hundred for a two or three week loan? Jesus H. Christ. Then where do we get the other thousand and a half?”

“Your van is paid off, right?”

“Fuck yourself Dickey. I’m not sellin my van. Just forget the whole goddam thing.”

**“You wouldn’t have to sell it Mike. There is this place that will loan you money on the title and you get to keep the van.”
(who says TV isn’t educational)**

“And how much do those assholes take?”

“Only ten per cent on a fifteen-hundred-dollar loan as long as you pay them back within a month.” Dickey didn’t think it would be prudent to mention the escalating interest schedule after the first month.

“So we pay sixteen fifty for moving this thing up by two to three weeks?”

“Right.”

“Let me think about it and I’ll call you back. By the way, I think you were bullshitting me about your little thing with Amy. I made a run at her after Larry quit pukin and fell asleep on the couch. She shut me down flat”, Mike challenged

“Maybe you’re not her type”, was Dickey’s daring response.

“Yeah right, she prefers pimply losers with tiny dicks who live with their moms.”

Before Dickey could formulate a reply, the phone went dead. The rest of the day went by with no call back. Stella came home, changed clothes and went out without giving any additional shit to her only son. Dickey was starting to worry about Mike’s silence and was just about to call him when the phone rang at about seven. Mike’s usual alpha bark had been reduced to a weak keening.

“Fuck dude, I’m sicker than shit. We gotta do this ASAP. I’ve got two forms of picture ID. You get that proof of settlement authorization, your two IDs, and get your ass over here, pronto. Then you and I will get this taken care of. I want these assholes gone.”

“But my car....”.

“Don’t want to hear it. Be here tomorrow before noon.”

For some reason Dicky thought that riding the bus would be so uncool that he actually preferred going to Marlene for a ride instead. Plus, he thought that if he involved her in the plan, she would be less inclined to rat him out. And he knew he would never get everything he needed and be to Mikey's by noon if he rode the dog (Greyhound).

"You want me to give you a ride around the state so you can pull off your little con with that slut Amy?"

"She's not really in on it, Marr. It's me and Mikey and Larry. And the rug rat is the bait."

"Oh, OK, I understand now. Sorry, you're *not* a loser. You're a fuckwit criminal exploiting a small child."

"Come on Marr. I really need your help with this."

"Alright. I'll help. For two thousand dollars."

"Jesus Marlene. This is not a very attractive side of you" whined Dicky, knowing that he could not ask Mike to chip in on Marlene's fee.

“Go fuck yourself then Dicky. Find someone else to haul your loser ass around.”

“How about a thousand?” Dicky asked meekly.

They settled on fifteen hundred and Marlene came over first thing the next morning. It was a two-hour drive over to the state capital to get the proof of settlement from the insurance company. Then over to the county seat to get a certified copy of Dicky’s birth certificate to go with his driver’s license. They made it to Mike’s place a little before one.

“About fuckin time”. Mike weekly growled. He was pale and had a few specks of vomit on his Black Sabbath t-shirt. He and Dicky piled into Marlene’s car and she drove them into town to the settlement place and the car title loan place (an additional three hundred out of Dicky’s share). After an additional stop at the bank to cash the checks, they had the ten grand in hand. Then back to Mike’s to consummate the deal.

“OK, how is this gonna work?” Mike asked Larry.

“You drop me and Amy and Lu Ann off at the Holiday Inn over on Decker. I check in as just me and Lu Ann, then we clean up and get a good night’s sleep. In the morning Amy takes the cash and heads over to a friend’s place. I call you from a pay phone and give you the all clear. Then you turn me into the cops. They come and bust me and take Lu Ann back to her grandparents. Then you file your claim for the reward money. I’ll use a little of the ten grand you fronted me to get a lawyer who will get me off as I am her actual legal father.” Larry sounded a lot better.

“OK, that sounds doable. But I want that milk carton right now before I give you the cash. That’s our ticket to ride and I want it hold on to it from now on.” Mike croaked. He did not sound better.

The milk carton with little Lu Ann’s picture (it really was dead on) changed hands at the same time as the ten thousand dollars. Marlene was hired, for another hundred out of Dicky’s end, to drop them off at the Holiday Inn.

After they left it got real quiet. Mike rasped. “This better fuckin work or I will surely kill you with my bare hands. I’ll call the cops right after Larry calls me tomorrow morning. I’ll tell em that I picked up this dude hitchin with a little girl and

dropped them off at the motel yesterday. And that this morning I saw her picture on the milk carton when I was eating my frosted flakes.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Dicky replied with a sense of relief that his part was finished and that Mikey would be dealing with the cops. Although Dicky was great at lying to his mom he tended to stutter and blush when lying to the authorities.

The next day:

“Nope, no” stated the plain clothes cop flatly as he stood in Mike’s living room. “There is no Lu Ann Armstrong in the missing children data base.”

“But what about the milk carton?” Mike pleaded.

“This?” the cop replied waiving the carton at Mike. “You can get one of these made up over at Speedy Printing for ten bucks. You bring in a picture and tell them what you want it to say. They even supply the milk carton. People usually just use them for pranks. You know. They fill them full of milk and stick em in a friend’s fridge. It freaks the friend out when they see a picture of a kid they know, or maybe even their

own kid, listed as missing. But I'm guessing that is not what happened here. Tell me if I'm wrong, but I'd say a person or persons convinced you that they had this 'missing' kid and that you could turn them in and share in the reward if you gave them some money up front. Am I close?" asked the cop, barely restraining himself from laughing in Mike's chalk white face. "Oh, and I checked the Holiday Inn. No Larry Armstrong and no little girl matching the description, ever checked in. I'm not saying it's the oldest trick in the world, but it's been around awhile."

Mike's stomach was plummeting down thru the floor, thru the ground, and into the bowels of hell. He went over the timeline in his head. Dicky meets the homeless family at the park. Dicky brings them to his mom's, and lets them crash in the back yard in Stella's old tent. Dicky surely shoots off his mouth about the insurance money. Then this so-called Larry comes up with the con which costs the guy a lousy ten bucks and ends up costing himself his insurance check and probably his van. Why the fuck hadn't he seen it before? Mike just wanted to grab the gun off the cops belt, blow the smirking pig's shit away, then end his own miserable life. But that would have to wait. First, he had to come up with a slow and exceedingly painful way to kill his cousin.

