

Your Point Is? / Adam Rucci

“I burnt my fucking mouth.” *Kyle is the impulsive type. He just dives into everything before he’s ready for it.*

“I told you not to drink it right away,” *Me, always the voice of reason.* “You should heed my warnings every now and then.”

“So, Derrick, what’s with you and Megan anyways?” *One thing you should know about Kyle, he thinks about three things: Drinking, Girls, and Drinking more. Oh, he also is doing, right at this moment, this spoon twirl in his coffee that I think we all know and despise. It’s the type of action that if he wasn’t your friend you would feel compelled to slap his hand in hopes of not only knocking the spoon free, but spilling the hot coffee on his lap.*

“What do you care?”

“Healthy subject of conversation.”

“Oh...right, when I become the healthy subject of conversation, I think we know we’ve collectively become that much more boring.” *I’m actually not one to talk about myself...wait, what am I saying. I love the subject of me because I’m the only thing in this world that I find interesting,* “Who knows what’s going on with that. I’m sick of her type as it goes anyways.”

“How do you mean?” *He’s doing the look. The “I’m immensely into intruding upon your life” look.*

“You know full well what I mean because of the Emily episode. She’s the type of girl who’s into you, is openly wanting you, but yet when the subject of a possible ‘us’ comes up she clams up.”

“Ouuu...the chase. I like that sort of thing.”

“Give me a break, Kyle, you turbo-bitched your way through April and May because Emily didn’t know what the hell she wanted.” *As much as I’m into the conversation, my gaze is being snared by a couple that had obviously included into their prenuptial a collective lifetime supply of twinkies, and I can’t help but wonder...in a divorce, who would get them?*

“But in the end Derrick, wasn’t it worth it for me?”

I can tell by the look in his face he’s expecting the same response I’m giving, “Yes, Kyle. We both know. We know all about it. I had to spend a night listening to the conquest of Mt. Saint Emily. At one point, I actually had to wonder if hiking boots were involved because noises were streaming up my wall into crevices I had no idea humans could crawl into. Please...stop me when I’ve embarrassed you enough. Oh, you’re silent so I continue. Do you realize my monitor almost shook off my table stand? At one point I actually had to get up and place my A-Rod autographed baseball back onto my stereo speaker and it wasn’t because the bass had knocked it off.” *Really, I could stop telling this same exact story anytime I want, but every time I talk about it, Kyle gives me this extremely embarrassed look that is just too priceless.*

“Are you finished, Derrick?”

“I...oh, I almost forgot...just for FYI purposes, I also know that afterwards Emily said she was highly unimpressed...and then she left. High class, Kyle, high class.” *Ok, so maybe that part didn’t happen but improvisation is funny at times too.*

“How...how did you know about that?”

“WHAT!” *I was lying, “I was lying!” Now this was a reaction. This was the “I almost knocked my own coffee onto myself and wouldn’t have cared because I’m way to floored” reaction.*

“How did you know? I mean...that’s not like common knowledge, something I told others, or something you should have heard!” *Kyle has that look in his eyes that if he could, he would fold himself like a piece of paper and hide in the crack of the booth seat we’re at.*

“Kyle, I was kidding...I couldn’t hear that well. Wow, so you’re that bad?”

“End of conversation...” *Seeing Kyle hiding down in his medieval wall of coffee and arms is a sight in itself, but seeing his red face afterwards, “you should have heard the shit she wanted to do anyways.”*

“I did, Kyle, and you’re a brave man.”

“Am I? Could have improved my stock a little if I had gone that far I think.”

“Ok, bro she wasn’t that hot to go that far. I mean...well...that quarter dollar thing might have been something to see...wait, what am I saying, you’re a brave man period and it’s better she’s not in your life anymore...dinky winky.”

“You did hear way too much...don’t ever call me that.”

Taking a good laugh from the conversation that has just passed, the two of us glance into, well, nothingness. We’re just struggling to find something to talk about between two friends who have seemingly talked about everything already.

“And with that Derrick, where do you stand with Megan?” *I don’t blame him for asking this again. I mean, it’s not like we have anything else to talk about so I might as well humor him for a moment.*

“Basically, she’s with Amonte again.” *Little background, Amonte is Megan’s ex-boyfriend who cheated on Megan and subsequently had his eye socket broken, courtesy of an obviously drunk me. In between the times of his blatant apologies and facial reconstructions, and a small court proceeding, guess who was involved in that, I came into Megan’s life and we struck up a friendship. It was something that developed the first time she was with Amonte, but for obvious reasons nothing happened. Then she was single and for not so obvious reasons nothing...happened. Anyways, she’s now back with Amonte and all is right. Cue the angelic hymn.*

“Seriously? Even after...”

“Yes, after everything Amonte did to her.”

“Wow, wonder how he won her back.” *Kyle is genuinely perplexed as how it could have happened. Just the way he goes to his coffee with his eyebrow half-raised and a slight hunch in his right shoulder display his questioning ticks.*

“With a brand new leather jacket.” *This snaps Kyle to attention which is in nice contrast to my not really caring.*

“Shut up...I never figured her for the materialistic type.”

“Yeah, well what are ya gonna do. Plus, that doesn’t even really compare as to what she gave him the day they got back together.”

“How do you mean?”

“I think the conversation went something like, ‘Well, Derrick, I let him fuck me in the ass last night.’”

“What!”

“You heard me!”

“She...”

“Let him do that, yep.” *It’s amazing how the combination of the five words fuck, me, in, the, and ass can have on a conversation. I mean, you should seriously just try it on recommendation from me. It opens up all sorts of conversation avenues.*

“Damn...so...you know...how did she say it was?”

“It? What’s it?”

“You know what I mean.”

“I know, I just like trying to get you conservative Midwesterners to say something to shock and leave people with mouths agape sometimes. Even though I know it’ll never happen. Anyways, she couldn’t walk for a few days.”

“Seriously?”

“Mmm hmm, I saw her that same day. It looked like she had been riding a horse for a week.”

“That’s too funny...too funny.”

“Damn straight, I haven’t yet stopped making fun of her for it,” *And the cell phone rings,* “Sorry man, got to get it.”

“No problem.” *So I take the call and it’s none other than...*

“Huh, that’s weird.”

“What?”

“Kyle, that was Megan.”

“Only in our world could timing be so damn good.”

“Yeah, she’s on her way...keep a straight face!”

“What are you talking about, I’m not going to say anything.”

“Kyle, I mean it...not a word. I wasn’t supposed to say anything.” *Those infamous words. I always seem to say that, yet I have a severe problem keeping my mouth shut. Like anyone else would have kept that information to themselves anyways. So what, I’m a bad friend when it comes to secrets, but everyone seems to find out everything eventually anyways, right?*

“Derrick, I’m not the one who can’t keep his mouth shut, and no I will not say a word.”

“I’m trusting you.”

“You...can...trust...me.”

“Good.”

“Great.” *Excellent, one-word responses means we again have nothing to talk about. I find that interesting about friendships, sometimes it’s those you hate the most that you can talk to, well, argue with for hours on end, yet even with your best friends you run out of things to say frequently. Yet...with your best friends, sometimes you don’t have to say anything and you know what each other is thinking. It’s kind of like a mental conversation.*

“Derrick, it isn’t that we can’t think of anything to talk about, it’s we don’t need to talk about anything.”

See what I mean, “I know, I just needed an introspective moment with myself. Thank you for invading my space.”

“Seriously though D, when it comes down to it, you know our conversations can be divided into one category, and that category is...”

“Sex, I know that’s what you’re going to say, but I can’t say I see your point.”

“Take today’s conversation, it started with me burning my mouth which lead to you telling me once again how wise you are, reminding me about your support...if you can call it that, during my Emily saga and then things just went down hill.”

“Right, but that’s one day. You’re summing up a six year friendship down to one day.” *He makes a point, but we seriously can’t just talk about sex or at least end up there. We’re guys and that’s just weird.*

“Derrick...you can’t be serious. We met because we fucked the same girl.”

“Ah yes, Brittney Winters. She was a piece.”

“Yes, she was, but see, our friendship started because of our sexual practices...or at least choice in women.”

“And on that note...” *Enter Megan*, “What’s up girl?”

“Hi Kyle.”

“Hey Megan.”

“Why hello Derrick.”

“Megan, take a seat.” *Megan is still a beauty in my eyes, no matter who she’s with. It’s just a shame she’s not with me. The only thing I’m not cynical about is her and our friendship...yet I can’t help but to be bitter that it was that nipple head Amonte, and not me who fucked her in the ass. I won’t hold it against her though, she can still have the seat next to me.*

“So Kyle, I let Amonte fuck me in the ass.”

“I know, Derrick told me.” *What’s happening here!*

“Oh really, Derrick?” *Damn, this is a tight spot.*

“What the fuck Megan, you told me not to tell!” *I know, I know, but I seriously am in a state of shock. She doesn’t really know Kyle so I’m legitimately perplexed at this outburst.*

“Well at least I was right Derrick...I figure I should tell Kyle because one way or another he would have found out. Isn’t that your philosophy anyways Derrick?”

“Well...yes...it is, and plus cowgirl, it was too funny not to tell Kyle. I mean seriously...you’re the first person I know to get it in the pooper and to be completely honest, you’ll probably be the only person. Seems like you and porn starlettes are the only ones not in on the secret that it hurts and not to do it!” *Well I’m right.*

“Please, lets cut the gory details. Believe it or not I really am trying to enjoy my doughnut holes.” *Insert your own ironic quip here. Kyle won’t know.*

“Ok, seriously, it’s out in the open now can we please move on from my ass...plus, it’s still a little sore and I need to eat.”

“Yeah, cause I know I’m up for a hearty breakfast after this engaging ass talk. I think I’m done.” *I really can be gross and go toe-to-toe with anyone based on the crap that comes out of my own mouth on a daily basis, I just can’t eat after it. Speaking of which, I can’t believe I just said crap...*

“Relax Derrick, it didn’t happen to you and besides, I thought you were done fantasizing about me.” *Damn, painted into a corner.*

“Damn, painted into a corner...listen, my fantasies are for me only and you shouldn’t assume that I fantasize about you...with Shakira...”

“STOP!” *Wow...in unison.*

“OK...Kyle and Derrick seriously now...how was the gig the other night?” *The gig she is referring to is the gig with my band...with Kyle...just a night ago. This is a good story, pay attention.*

“Derrick got bit in the ear by some groupie. He fuckin’ bled all over himself and it was great.” *I could have told her that. I can talk.*

“I have no idea how to respond accept, can I see the mark?” *Why? Why does she want to see this...well it’s not that bad, so I suppose I can show her. It’s still gross.*

“See it? How can you miss it?”

“Simple, it’s on the side of your head not facing me, dumbass.”

“Insulting a wounded man, real nice.” *Insults aside, I decide to show her the wound anyways.*

“Ok, now without the bandage ace...hehe...ace bandage...bandage ace...it was kind of funny.”

“No it wasn’t Megan.” *Thank you Kyle for saying that, I wanted to, but couldn’t muster up the mean streak.*

“Fuck off Kyle! Derrick, that is absolutely disgusting. Did you get it looked at?”

“No, it’s only a surface wound.” *Kyle told me to get it looked at, but fuck it.*

“I told him to get it looked at but he’s too much of a man to do that!” *Bastard.*

“It’s nothing really, it’ll heal. It’s only been two days...don’t touch it though. It’s sensitive.”

“Derrick, you look like a fucking rat. You do realize a good chunk of your ear is missing.” *Followed by a dumb Kyle suggestion...*

“Maybe it’ll make for a cool piercing?”

“Doubt it Kyle. You really think I should get it looked at, Megan?”

“I don’t know...I mean, you’re missing part of it, the rest is turning...how do I put this nicely, black and then the rest that still looks alive with blood and puss has ‘stupid shithead for not seeing a doctor’ written all over it.”

“Thank you Megan, you’re such a big help.”

“Yeah well, I try my best to be inspiring now that getting fucked up the ass has knocked something loose...whatever, anyways...HOW did this happen?” *This story isn’t half bad. It’s weird, awkward, and disgusting all wrapped into one.*

“Yeah Derrick, tell us...how exactly did it happen?” *Did I miss when Kyle became the sarcastic asshole? I mean that spot was all mine and all of a sudden he’s taken the title from me.*

“Alright...well...where do I start?”

“From the beginning, dumb fuck.” *Can’t I just tell my story!*

“Kyle, seriously, shut the fuck up. You’re on my last nerve...moving along. I believe we were in the middle of a great cover of ‘Killing In the Name Of’ when I noticed this smoking blonde in the front row totally digging on...Alex...you know Megan, our drummer...”

“Yes I know...remember Derrick, I fucked him once too.”

“Yeah I forgot Megan, you’re a whore.”

“Yeah, but you’ll never touch this.” *Ouch, that kind of hurts...*

“Megan, that hurts...so...we finish out our set and we’re loading the van when she starts to court Alex, but Alex isn’t having it amazingly because he has taken a vow of groupie celibacy so she moves on.”

“To you?” *I wish Megan was right, but...*

“Nope, to me but you know...I’m a one woman type of guy.”

“Kyle, don’t you have like...no one?”

“Megan, you barely know me...I’m diggin’ on someone right now, plus this is Derrick’s story. So I shot her down and...”

“And then she came to me. Now I’m feeling pretty let down that I’m playing third string to my guitarist and drummer, I mean, I’m the fuckin’ lead singer! But anyways, we take off to The Rat.”

“The Rat? Derrick, that’s a rancid bar.”

“Megan, let me tell the damn story please. So we have a few...well...a lot of drinks and we end up in the back of the Blazer, well, going at it...and this is one hardcore bitch. I mean spanking, hair pulling, scratching...”

“And biting fuckin’ ears off! Right Derrick?”

“Kyle...shut...up...I’ll get to it. So we’re in the heat of it, she’s got clumps of my hair in her hands, I got her ass beat red, and our necks are raw chunks of meat when all of a sudden I hear someone yelling ‘Julie!’ She pauses for a moment, but then tells me to continue and we go at it some more, but the fuckin’ calling gets louder. Finally, it’s right next to the Blazer and it’s a deep man’s voice and I’m thinking ‘fuck, this girl has a boyfriend.’”

“Oh Megan, it’s so much worse than that...”

“Kyle...I’ll get to it. So this dick knocks on the door and now she seems to be freakin’ out, but she’s telling me to keep going so I oblige because I’m a guy, and well, you know. So she’s got her mouth firmly around my ear while I’m busy working the lumber section of Home Depot when someone whips the fuckin’ door open. She screams as some dude yells ‘that’s my seventeen-year-old daughter!’ I try to bolt away, but she clamps down on the ear as I’m tearing away and I can feel her take a Tyson-sized chunk right off...well half off. So I’m naked with blood streaming down...well my naked body, she’s got blood splattered all over her face and this guy is just reaming her out.”

“Oh Derrick, you didn’t fuck a seventeen year old? That’s so wrong!”

“Megan, I know this...and I’m not done.”

“Can I interject?” *Why not Kyle, I mean...why even ask! Just butt right in!*

“Whatever, Kyle.”

“I passed on her in all actuality because she’s friends with my little sister. I knew this, but let her in on her own business with Derrick because I thought it would make for a good story later. Had I known it would lead to bodily harm, I would have said something earlier.”

“Kyle, if I had known that earlier...you’d be dead. Count your blessings Megan is in between us right now.”

“Sounds kinky, but that’s why I waited to say something until now. I knew with people around you couldn’t kick my ass.”

“We do live together jerk off.”

“Fuck...”

“Wow Kyle, sounds like you’re in for an ass-kicking.” *Megan is all over my side!*

“Thanks for the support Megan.” *Anyways*, “Back to MY story now. So I’m scared as shit...I mean this is heavy jail time we’re talking about, but she did not and I stress DID NOT look seventeen. I mean, it is close to eighteen. So in the midst of his

tirade, her Dad looks right at me...but with a calm look. He tells me he's not pressing charges and that I should just not see his daughter anymore. Turns out she's done this before...then he says it's lucky I just got my ear gashed. Seems the last time he caught her in the act, she was giving the guy head. That's my sordid story."

"Wow...that tops my story big time. I just got stretch marks where stretch marks shouldn't occur, but you're maimed for life, especially so if you don't get that looked at."

"I'm not fully aware of that."

"So boys...how was the gig otherwise?"

"It kind of sucked ass actually. Derrick couldn't hit one goddamn note."

"Maybe if my guitars could keep time we wouldn't have had a problem. I mean, Alex was fine."

"Alex is ALWAYS fine...he was a great lay."

"Megan, he's my fuckin' drummer."

"I know...but still...mmm...anyways."

"I guess the show went fine, shoulda been there."

"Whatever, you guys don't need any more flesh at those shows. The women that come to your shows are nasty anyway."

"And they bite ears off."

"Thank you, Kyle. Anyways, Megan didn't you want to order something?"

"Yeah, like two pages of dialogue ago."