

“HAPPILY EFFIN’ AFTER”

by

Colin Cohen

Deke pulled his Porsche onto the lot of a crumbling motel and smirked at the teenage punk girl next to him.

“You’ll keep your promise?” Rudi uttered without emotion, and without looking at him.

He didn’t answer. He just checked the gun underneath his waistband and jumped out of the car, before strutting inside the office.

At the same time, a Harley parked behind the Porsche—and a preppy teenager in a football jacket rushed up to the passenger window, and rapped on it with his knuckles.

An angry Rudi turned to him, and she rolled down her window and howled, “What are you doing here?”

“What are *you* doing here?” he howled back.

“This has nothing to do with you!”

“It does! You know it does!”

Just then, Deke exited the office, and quipped, “You here to watch?”

Rudi responded by exiting the car—and growled, “Let’s just get this over with.” She further rushed toward Deke, who unlocked a nearby motel room.

“Rudi, what are you doing?” Tommy cried out.

“I told you, Tommy,” she cried back, “I don’t live in your world. I live in a totally different one!”

“But—”

“—Go home! I’m trash! Go home and forget me!”

Tommy lowered his head, and Rudi stormed inside the room—followed by Deke, who slammed the door closed. He also turned the deadbolt and sauntered toward Rudi, who was standing by the bed shivering in fear—contradicting a face desperately trying to convey apathy.

Deke had waited and waited for this, so he slowed more and more—allowing her fear to escalate.

“Do it already!” she screamed the moment he stopped in front of her—while thinking of how she’d just lost the only thing that mattered. A moment later, as he unzipped his jacket, she swung her right leg toward his groin.

But he caught it before it reached its destination—and he flung her leg into the air, knocking her onto the thin and soiled carpeted floor. Hurriedly, he continued removing his jacket, and didn’t see her sweep one of her legs across his ankles, which sent him onto his ass. She also kicked him in the chest—so hard that two of his ribs cracked.

As he squealed, she dove at him, and threw a punch at his face—something he blocked, prior to throwing his own, which connected with her chin, flinging her backward onto the floor. He further straddled her waist and pummeled her face with his fists.

Defenseless, all Rudi could do was scream and cry out for help. Which excited Deke. It excited him so much that he stopped punching and finished removing his jacket.

Just as the door to the room broke open.

Tommy burst inside, and grabbed Deke—and tossed him into a wall, causing Deke’s gun to fall onto the floor by the bed. Though all Tommy noticed was Rudi, and he knelt beside her and her bloody face—and clutched her hands.

“Oh, my God!” he screeched. “I . . .”

He didn’t get a chance to finish—because Deke got up and slugged him in the kidney. After which Deke grabbed Tommy’s ears and dragged him onto the floor. He also slammed the partially unhinged door closed and straddled the boy’s waist, and started pummeling his face

much as he had done with Rudi’s—only harder. Much harder. Over and over, Deke’s fists flew—and continued doing so long after the boy was beyond resistance.

Watching this, Rudi, while clinging to consciousness, noticed the gun nearby—and reached for it. But it was just beyond her grasp.

Eventually, Deke tired of hitting Tommy, and, wanting to save his strength for something more important, he stopped his punches and spit into the boy’s eyes—eyes that were barely registering.

“And to think she only came because I threatened you!” he bellowed before rising up and slamming his foot onto the boy’s chest. Which is when he added, “You came to watch—and now you’re gonna watch!”

Furiously, he spun toward Rudi, and whipped off his shirt and belt—and, as he unbuttoned his jeans, he hollered, “It’s showtime, babe!”

With everything she had left, Rudi lunged forward—and just grabbed the gun. Which she lifted toward Deke’s head while mumbling, “It’s showtime.”

Then, then she pulled the trigger.