REVOLVER

by

Darrell Merrick

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2925 E Windmere Phoenix AZ 85048 (602) 758-1546 A sparse population of bleary-eyed people are slumped under a dense cloud of smoke in a small Manhatten bar. The only two people that look reasonably sober, JOHN MCBAIN and JIM GOSSARD, are sitting belly-up at the bar with half-full pints of beer.

MCBAIN

I got a reprimand yesterday for my
"overaggressive" handling of that liquor store
holdup. Both of the punks were carrying sawedoffed shotguns - what was I supposed to do ... ask
them if they had hall passes? They were to young
to be in a liquor store anyway, they should have
been holding up an arcade or something!

JIM

Yeah, Micky pulled me into his office too. It's like he expected us to personally apologize to the kids' mothers. And then what would I say? "I'm sorry maam, I should have let your nice little boy blow me away so he could go about his business of stealing \$100".

MCBAIN

Well you don't have to care what Micky or any of the bureaucrats think anyway. In another week you'll be sailing for Tahiti, working on your sunburn.

JIM

Yeah, I'm already counting the minutes. You know Mindy will be even happier than me. She started talking me into retirement even before I was eligible - she just didn't want me to be out on the streets one minute longer than I had to. I probably shouldn't have told her about all the close calls we've had. Now she dreads hearing the phone ring - thinking it will be another cop, giving her "the bad news".

MCBAIN

You know, I don't really want you to go, but I'm happy for you, and maybe just a wee bit jealous. I'll just need to make sure nothing happens to you this week, otherwise I'll have the wrath of Mindy on me, and that's the one thing in this world I truly fear!