

## #rudeAF

Saturdays usually always start the same: driving with Molly through the graffiti stricken brick walls and ancient trees of a local neighborhood on our favorite road cruising and burning in Riggins. Riggins is her charming, rundown car and our preferred method of transportation to anything worth doing in town. We're listening to a mix I made for these exact situations; trap music starts to play as I pass Molly the joint and ask what our plans are for the night.

"Whatever. Anything and everything," she says followed by giggles. She could never hold her weed well. Okay, that's not completely true; she can handle it if need be – such as being pulled over by the cops – but Molly is the type of person who really leans into a high: dive into it without abandon. Honestly, I find it admirable.

"All right then, I can already tell no matter what we do, I'll be the one drinking and driving later."

"Thank you, as always," she chimes as she takes the next turn a little too fast. She's like a small finch: fluttering pleasantly, ready to fly off to the next great adventure in an instant.

"So if I'm driving, can you *try* not to vomit out the car window again?" Talk about conspicuous.

"We're going to the party at the Estate?" Molly says while deftly avoiding agreeing or disagreeing with what I've just said. God, I adore her. I check out the surrounding mess in the car and spot at least 3 grocery bags and 4 red cups for when the vomiting commences so I don't have to pull over or worse, it goes out the car window. I'm satisfied with our options.

"Yea, why not?" I remark. "Free drugs, decent music, and dark corners. Sounds like the 'whatever' you're looking for and I'll never turn down a chance to destroy some dumbasses in pool." I chuckle; I just love making men feel inferior.

"Doesn't hurt that you never go home alone when we go to the Estate either," she says with some sass.

"Hey," I say feigning offense. "I never take them home. That's what the condoms in my bra are for." I obnoxiously wink at her.

Molly pulls off the road and slowly inches closer to the trees and their dark coverage. She pulls out a small baggie and holds it out to me; I toss the smoldering roach and take a deep inhale of the crisp, fall air coming in through the windows. I take the bag and with darkness protecting me, I key two large bumps and hand it back to Molly who does the same. I breathe deeply waiting for the chemical drip to slide down my throat but nothing.

“Are you sure this stuff is even good, hun?” But right as I ask, I lean my head back in a huff and it hits me: my eyes pop open, heart quickens, and a smile I can’t help spreads across my face. I look at Molly and she has the same smile.

“Are you sure this stuff is even good?” She mocks me. “Yea, I’m sure,” she says with a laugh as she turns up the radio, pulls back onto the road, and guns the engine narrowly missing a late night runner.

Two hours later, I’m attempting to drive Molly’s car without showing my intoxication while she hangs out of the passenger window screaming obscenities at random pedestrians on the city streets surrounding us.

“Molly! Molls! What the fuck?” I yell over the wind and bumping music as I try to pull her back into the car. She falls back into her seat cackling.

“What? I’m just getting some air,” she says casually. I smile despite my worry and shake my head.

“You mind putting your seat belt on?” She sticks her tongue out at me in response but does what I asked. “So we’re picking up Lucas on the corner of Broadway and Marsh?”

“Yup!” Molly lights another cigarette and offers me a drag. Less than a minute later, I pull up to a busy street corner and stop in the middle of traffic much to the chagrin of the honking vehicles swerving past.

“Yo bitch! Get in the car!” I bellow past Molly through her window to the short, brunette young man using a parking meter to steady himself. He perks up immediately and skips towards the backseat where he promptly stations himself in the middle, so he can see both of us clearly.

“Hello, brothers in arms. How are we this fine evening?” Lucas asks as he touches both of our upper arms and slides his hands down slowly. Simultaneously, we slap his hands away.

“Stop being a creep, Lucas. We’re doing you a favor picking you up and the last thing I need right now is having to deal with your quest to fuck one of us,” I say without any remorse. I already had to deal with one dude who didn’t understand the notion of ‘no means no’ earlier this evening. It was nothing a little public humiliation couldn’t handle though.

“Well, I won’t share my goodies with you then,” he says with a pout. The way he references his drugs as goodies is plain off-putting.

“Goodies!” Molly exclaims. In an instant, she’s hopped into the back seat and they’re discussing his Ecstasy.

“That shit is going to kill you,” I say as I hook a left and head back towards the party we left to grab him.

A couple minutes later I'm approaching the party, but there are now three police cars parked out front with their lights on. I keep driving. I park down the street and check my phone to see if anyone has texted me. A handful of friends are asking for rides, but one text stands out specifically: 'Dude, remember that guy you told to fuck off? Yea, he attacked a chick.'

*Well, fuck. Aren't I the luckiest of assholes?*

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