

Squeak

Randy Gunn had a gun. Had plenty of them actually and he wished he had one now. He would put it on the bar between himself and Fred just to let his customer know how annoyed he was getting. Instead, he squeaked the glass he was cleaning.

Squeak. Squeak. Squeak.

Fucking asshole Fred. Fred was any male customer. All the female customers were Sally. He called them all Fred or Sally to their faces to make sure they understood his contempt for them. They whined about it often, especially the regulars who all wanted to think they were friends. Like this Fred.

This Fred was going on and on and on like they all did, but he was going on and on one *on* too many. *Squeak. Squeak. Squeak.* Randy had his head cocked now and was giving him *THE EYE* major big time. It was a terrible *EYE*, an *EYE* from Moses on the Mountain, an Ahab-to-Moby *EYE* that you would have to be a complete fucking idiot to ignore. But it went over this roly-poly motherfucking Fred's head like so much mist. *SQUEAK.* Fred kept prattling on, oblivious and somehow immune to the fire and brimstone now erupting from *THE EYE*.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Randy had variations on the *squeak* for every situation. Waiting in line, it was the *tap tap tap* of his Doc Martens, in the car, of course, the horn. He had no use for people who *didn't* use the horn, because he knew for a fact it worked.

He used keys, coins, knuckles—whatever it took—to beat out the Morse code of his impatience. Always building...building...*building*. As his signals grew in urgency he always felt certain the offenders would soon amend whatever behavior was interfering with Randy's agenda. Invariably though, the Freds and Sallys of this world just would not *listen!*

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

"So what do you think I should do?" Fred asked finally at the end of a long, sad sigh.

Randy almost groaned with relief that Fred had given him an opening.

"What do I think?" asked Randy, slowly pulling himself up to his full 6' 4" height and then going even further, arching a bit backwards for added effect. At the same time he put both his hands on his waist and spread his feet apart, glaring down as if he were a pirate captain and the other eye had a patch on it. He could almost hear the parrot squawking on his shoulder as he bellowed:

"I'll *tell* you what I think, Fred. First of all, I think you should take a fucking bath. The boozestink coming off you is so bad I'm ready to piss on the bar just to freshen things up. Secondly, I think you should shut your fucking yap long enough for me to turn on a tape recorder so you could listen to the endless mumbo jumbo I have to put up with from the minute you plop your fat ass down on that stool at four o' fucking clock in the afternoon till closing time. I *think* you should go home and stick your dick in something... *anything*...that would keep you from coming in here for just *one fucking night!* But most of all Fred, I think you better get it through that fat, fucking melon on your neck that when I start squeaking this glass that means it's time for you to put a tip on the table and wobble out the door or *SHUT THE FUCK UP!*

"That's what I think, Fred."