

Double Dribble

The vehicle was cruising nicely along the incredibly desolate Route 22, as the ride from Lancaster was somehow seemingly twenty five miles longer than usual. We were anxious to arrive home, which increased our impatience to get there. Our conversation was loud and crude, inhabited with its usual array of trashy talk and vulgar phrases. Jimi was manning the wheel in his standard reluctant fashion, with Steve awkwardly perched beside him. Stretching uncomfortably in the middle lump was John, with Tim and Spike in the weathered seat behind him.

“How ya doing, Jimi?” John jeered, a few decibels louder than needed.

“Better than you!” was his demeaning response.

“Heeeyyy!” was John’s only reply.

As we continued to drive, Spike, through the corner of his bloodshot eyes, noticed Tim’s agony immediately. His face was twisted, his eyes bulging, and his skinny legs wrapped wildly around each other. The large colony of sweat beads now living on his scarred forehead made it apparent there was a problem.

“Gotta piss, don’t ya?” inquired Spike.

Tim’s painful yelp answered the question without words.

“Sorry gentleman, there won’t be another gas station for at least fifteen miles” Jimi interjected in his silly pilot’s voice.

Crisis.

It was at this point that lack of bladder control became contagious, as John began to squirm a tad himself, as Spike noticed a considerable swelling inside him as well.

“I guess you guys should’ve passed on that last round of Sambuca, ey Johnny” Steve added with a sadistic smirk.

“Pull over!” screamed Tim, his first understandable phrase in minutes.

“It’s against my better judgment” Spike retorted. “I guarantee a cop’ll come by and then w....

“PULL OVER, DAMN IT!” Tim made clear he was serious.

As the van pulled to the cracked shoulder of the highway, the van door immediately swung open, not even waiting for the complete stop. In a ballerina like fashion, Tim, Spike and John leaped from the Menu mobile and headed for an area behind the van they felt was best suited for release. Only a few drops had hit the frozen grass, when over the crest of the adjacent hill climbed a county cruiser. The “oh, shits” were in unison as John managed to put his little friend away and quickly dive back into the van. Quick thinking Tim decided to pull the old “checking the back tire ploy”, which wasn’t to convincing considering his penis was still hanging out. Spike freaking in mid stream tried to remain and look cool, but much to his chagrin, was impossible, mainly due the small stream of urine cascading down the inseam of his jeans. The cruiser pulled next to van, and by some miracle had not noticed we had been using a Lancaster highway as a toilet. Jimi assured the officer everything was fine, and with one long curious stare, proceeded to drive away.

“Wow!” barked John. “That was scary. At least I got finished.”

Jimi pulled the Caravan back onto the road and Tim assured us he was okay as well.

“Must be nice”, Spike said enviously. “I still have a little business to attend to. And since there’s no gas station.....mmmmmm.....how can I?.....where should I.....mmmmmm.....Hand me that cup, Steve.”

We continued to drive and talk amongst each other. But no one looked back.