

I Killed Chuck

I just f-in' killed Chuck. I think. I mean, he's just laying out there. He's not moving. I don't think he's breathing.

I mean, there I was just up on the roof with Marissa – talking, laughing, having a great time. I tell her she reminds me of Sandra Bullock. I tell her I loved “Hope Floats.” Who knew those would be the magic words? Next thing I know her clothes are off and we're loosening roof shingles like there's no tomorrow. And then there's biting and kissing and touching and suddenly someone starts beating on me, I mean, just pounding on me and growling. Yeah, growling. And I look up and there's Chuck. And I'm like, “What's the problem?” and he says “The problem is, dude, you're fucking my girlfriend.”

So I look at Marissa and I'm like “You're someone's girlfriend?” And she says “No.” Then it comes out Chuck just wishes she's his girlfriend but actually she's his cousin or something, so he's got these feelings of guilt about wanting her...and then he starts crying.

So that ruined the mood. Marissa puts her clothes on, and she goes back down through the window, back into the party. And I'm left with Chuck. Blubbering, whining, crying Chuck.

And he starts in on how he's just this total screw up and maybe he should just throw himself off the roof. And for a split second I'm thinking “YES! Throw yourself off the roof! Do it!” But I don't say that. I say I “You're gonna get a girl, buddy, just maybe not your cousin, huh?” And then I give him a friendly pat on the back. A nice manly slap on the back. And he looked heavy, I mean, who knew he'd go flying.

Who knew he'd go flying right off the roof?