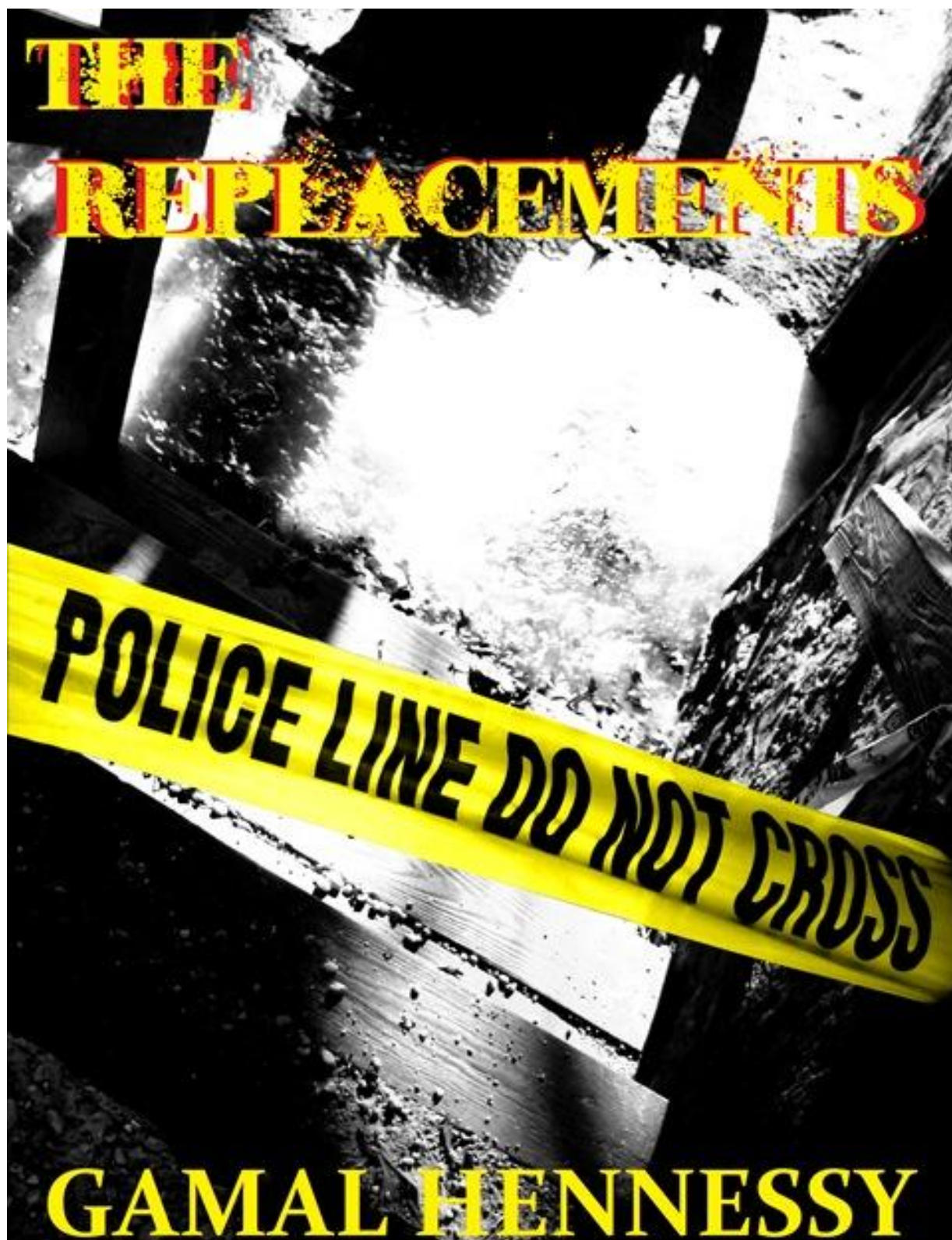




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The Replacements

A Sex and Violence Story

By Gamal Hennessy
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Dedicated to the Short List and the Work Wives...

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The Replacements

An old newspaper rode nomadic gusts of autumn wind through the narrow alley and collected near the boys. Mark, Bryan and Chad waited between these oppressive, blackened walls and fought to suppress the gnawing fear growing inside them. They leaned up against their car, making painfully strained attempts to look dangerous.

They hoped their juvenile posturing would scare off anyone who might decide to split open their heads with a steel pipe, rip out their teeth with a hacksaw, or any of the other terrible things they had heard might happen to kids who were stupid enough to come out here. In high school, they were the jocks, leaders of the championship football team. They were the strongest animals in that jungle.

But this wasn't high school. This was downtown. The mayor tried to destroy crime in the area with zoning ordinances and quality of life laws but it wasn't destroyed. It couldn't be destroyed, because it wasn't a physical place; it was a state of mind. The crime simply crept deeper into the dark.

The boys came into the dark to meet their dealer. They thought that the purchase they were planning would erase the shame of recent days and satisfy their hunger.

This is the story of their last few moments together.

Chad was the smallest of the group and the most nervous about being there. He paced around his stepfather's Mercedes like a frightened gazelle. "She's not gonna show. We should go back home and hook up with the girls. Maybe if we just asked again..."

Mark spat. "I'm not going back to her on my knees! They're never gonna give it up so

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fuck 'em! Let them die with their legs closed." Mark was the angry one. He spent a lot of time and money on his girlfriend; Claire. They'd been together ever since he joined the varsity football team and she became captain of the cheerleading squad. He thought he deserved some sex in return for his investment. If she wouldn't give it to him, someone else would.

Last week, the three boys had taken their girlfriends out to the beach. They were looking for a little sexual motivation to help win the big game coming up. But Claire didn't want to be known as the team slut and if Claire said no, the other girls would follow. A huge fight ensued and Mark stormed off, saying he was going to get some, one way or the other. Bryan and Chad followed Mark because they didn't know what else to do.

The team lost the big game, but over shots of Jager with Bryan's brother, they came up with another idea. It was that idea that led them to the alley.

Chad was beginning to whine. "Yeah, but why don't we just get a hooker? A guy at my dad's office says..."

"This is better, son." Bryan was the oldest of the group. He spoke with the false confidence that came from being left back twice. "A hooker is only for a night. With our plan, we can get some anytime we want. It's all planned out. We pick her up here, bring her to my brother's place and we never have to pay for it again. It's simple."

"But slavery is illegal!"

Mark's fear fed his temper. "So what?! Listen son, you didn't have any problem going online and skimming the cash from your mom's IRA account. That's illegal. I called my uncle to score the drugs. That's also illegal. The way I see it, it's way too late to think about not breaking the law!"

"What if she tells someone or tries to blackmail us?"

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Bryan waved Chad off. "Why hurt a paying customer?"

"Yeah, besides, we can always take her instead!" All the boys started to laugh when they were suddenly bathed in headlights.

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