

Cheap Date ©

JK Savoy

“Shelly, not everyone agrees with the two of us and Bo Derek on what is the most passion filled musical piece known.”

“Anyone that doesn’t can’t know shit from Shinola. What else can compete with *Bolero*’s rhythmic and fiery build-up that draws one’s emotions along toward climax? You ought to know. You were just there. Wait a minute, Henry; are you saying that you know of something better?”

“Not me but Bart, my college room-mate said that he did.”

“Okay wise guy! Are you going to come out with it, or is there a punch line if I ask; ‘what piece of music could that possibly be?’ So, what is it?”

“Bart told me about an instrumental that more than rivals *Bolero*. ”

“Hard to believe but go on.”

“Okay, Shelly. He said, *Love Rain O’er Me*, by “The Who” from *Quadraphenia*, was the most intense musical accompaniment for every stage of the sex act, from foreplay to post ejaculation energy dissipation and every phase between. The cut’s last minute of thunder, and Keith Moon’s drumming, was like the world exploding inside and all around you. If you were lucky enough, you explode right along with it.”

“Did Bart speak from personal experience?”

“Well kind of ...”

“Kind of? Alright already! I give up. So, what’s the punch line here, Henry?”

“Well, it’s not really a punch line as much as it was typical ‘Bart-line’ as we called it back at the dorm. You

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see, Bart never had much money. But as a future lawyer, he always had a good line of bullshit. He never even had enough ready cash to finance a date, even if it were just grabbing a cup of coffee.”

“So how does a loser like him get laid, never mind fade-out to a muffled cymbal?”

“Bart got this brainstorm that he could meet girls at AA meetings.”

“That’s weird. It takes grabbing drinks before bedtime out of the equation.”

“Right you are, Shelly. So, since they can’t drink, Bart figures that there could be a cheap date in his plan.”

“Henry, short of raping her in an alley, where’s the plan in this?”

“They always serve coffee after AA meetings, so there’s no need to go to a Starbucks before heading to his place.”

“That takes one-stop shopping to new heights. Hey! Since he was your roomie for four years, what surprises am I in for? Which of you was the alpha-male back then?”

“As you know, I’m a doctor: Bart was pre-law. Social shit wasn’t my thing. To make a long story short, Bart actually did this and he did meet someone at a meeting.”

“It seems like sobriety is highly overrated.”

“Sober as a judge, he was so confident that everything would go according to plan that before he went to the local AA meeting, he stacked his turntable only with amorous cuts, the last of which was *Love Rain O’er Me*. Leaving the meeting, one thing led to another and they wound up at his place and straight to the sack with the music playing away.

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Bart thought that Mother Nature had seen fit to make it a night to remember when a gigantic thunderstorm came up with the most incredible lightning and thunder blending right in with “The Who’s” tumultuous sounds. Shortly before the big moment in the song when Roger Daltry belts out, *‘I need a drink of cool, cool rain!’*, the loudest thunderclap ever shook the house, causing the record to repeatedly skip at, *‘I need a drink! - I need a drink! - I need a drink...’* It didn’t stop, but she sure as hell did!”

“Go on, Henry!”

“So, she pushed Bart away and ran to his kitchen. He covered his head with his pillow, hearing the sound of her slamming cabinets and knocking stuff over. Of course, since Bart was so cheap, there was nothing in the apartment to drink except fermented orange juice. She grabbed her clothes and left Bart to slapping at the turntable, then slapping at something else before going to sleep.”

“You see Henry, I was right!”

“How can you be right? You didn’t know Bart. He’s just a story to you.”

“Okay. Have it your way, I don’t know him. But with every story, there’s a moral. In this case, and why *I’m* right is, if he chose “Bolero,” true, the thunderclap still would have made the record skip but wherever it did, it wouldn’t have mattered because there are no lyrics to mess with your mind.”

“Okay Shelly, you said there was a moral to this.”

“You’re right. I did, didn’t I? The moral is, your friend doesn’t know Jack-shit about picking a piece of anything.”

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