

When I Was Bad

Friday night at the Merry-Go-Round was happening. My friends and I had cashed our paychecks and popped in to hear the music, do some drinking, hook up, and if we were lucky, get laid.

Jack Michaelson, a terrible Michael Jackson impersonator and his band were on stage playing already, the music a funky thump we had to scream around. They were going through Michael Jackson's greatest hits, murdering them one at a time.

I left the table and hit on two, that's right, two, ladies at the bar, found out both were from Tennessee and going through nasty divorces and "just wanted to talk." Apparently, they'd come to the Merry-Go-Round for emotional support.

I rejoined my friends and had another beer. I was feeling *good*.

"Hey Ed, you gonna dance tonight?"

"I dunno. Depends."

Just about then the band launched into "Bad." Yeah, I knew I was bad. Maybe...

Go on Ed! Do it! Do It! My pesky inner voice was strong, no doubt increasing exponentially with each beer I consumed. *All right, Ed. This is it. It's time.*

I scooted out onto the dance floor and beckoned to the two, that's right, two, women. They turned around, facing the bar.

So what? *I'm bad.*

I boogied through two couples, twirled around twice, then went into a James Brown style split, ripping the crotch of my jeans wide open. Somebody laughed. Another booped.

So what? *I'm bad.*

I funky chickened my way around the floor, falling into a table, knocking over a pitcher of beer. This drew more boos and encouragingly, some scattered applause. I didn't stop.

That's right, *I'm bad.*

I switched to the Alf, then Freaked for a few seconds, then RoboCop'd up to the two, that's right, two, women at the bar while Gigoloing. Frosty as it was, I now had their attention.

I soon realized that I was alone on the dance floor, my buddies were nowhere in sight, and everyone was staring at me. My briefs and their contents dangled from my now crotchless jeans. The boos intensified.

Oh yeah, *I'm bad.*

The music trailed off. Jack Michaelson muttered something, and the band stopped playing. I dropped face down and did The Worm, bellying my way completely around the floor and up to the two, that's right, two, ladies at the bar. By now the place was eerily quiet.

The beer suddenly caught up with me. I threw up in front of the bar. A glass shattered, breaking the silence. Somewhere, a woman screamed. I was feeling the first tinge of embarrassment. I passed out, woke up hung over and alone in the alley when the next morning's sun poked me in the eyes.

Aw hell.

So what? *I'm bad.*