

You Believe Me, Bro?
Or
The Terrific Tale of a College Student, a Drunk and How to
Seduce a Woman

“Hey, bro. Hey man, can I ask you a favor?”

I barely had my car door open, and I could smell the alcohol on the guy’s breath. He looked to be middle age. He was wearing some dirty plaid rags.

“Um, well, I kinda—”

“Yeah, I know bro, but I’m drunk, you know? I just need a ride.”

I couldn’t believe it. I just wanted to sit and sulk and smoke until cancerous lifeforms crawled up out of my throat to converse with me.

“Look, vito, I just live down on Missouri, and I’m drunk bro, I’m drunk. Could I get a ride, bro?”

Vito? Vito? What the hell did that mean? “Oh man, I don’t know...”

“I know, but it’s not far, bro. I’m so drunk.”

I sighed. “All right, get in.”

“Oh thanks vito.” That damn word again. He got in on the passenger side.

“So, where do you live?”

“Just turn left. Hey, thanks bro.” He was holding a cigarette in his hand and stared at it. I handed him a lighter. “Oh, you read my mind, bro.”

“You can roll down the window.”

“Oh, okay, bro. Hey, I didn’t take you away from anything, did I bro?”

“No.”

“I bet you were going to meet your woman, huh?” He mock punched my arm. “Yeah, vito!”

I smiled. “Yup, that’s right,” I lied. I was between girlfriends (in the way that some people are “between jobs”) and I just wanted to sulk. Instead, I was driving some

drunk across town. But hey, I figured it was a good deed or something. It'd suck to be stranded somewhere while drunk.

“Yeah, bro, I’m going to my woman now. And when I get there, I’m gonna get a blowjob! You believe me, bro?”

I nodded, laughing a little. “I believe you. Which way?”

“Just keep going straight. Oh, bro! See that place there? I was there tonight. And I swear, bro, I saw these two guys there, bro, and they were kissing! They were gay! You believe me bro?”

“I believe you.”

“And you know what? I’m not gay, but... I’m telling you bro, if I coulda got a blowjob...”

I restrained myself from pulling the car over. Newspaper headlines — “College Student Sodomized by Drunk and Left for Dead” — screamed through my head. “Yeah, well, here’s Boutz. I turn left here?”

“Nah, bro, go straight.”

“Uhhh, okay.” I rolled down my window and lit a cigarette. “Hey, it’s not too far, is it? I gotta get back.”

“No, bro, it ain’t far.”

A minute later, he had me turn right. Then we drove. And drove. We drove through Mesilla.

“About how much longer?” We’d been driving on the same road for over ten minutes. He didn’t say anything. I looked over. He was asleep.

“Hey,” I said, nudging him. He didn’t wake up. I nudged him again. Then I smacked him in the face.

“Uhhh, just drive straight, man.”

“Here, have a cigarette. It’ll keep you awake.”

“Oh, thanks bro. You know, bro? When I get home, I’m gonna get me some. Yeah, bro. You know how women are, I can tell. And she’s pissed at me bro, she said I couldn’t make it to her house.” Her house? “But I’m gonna go up to her, and I’m gonna be like, ‘I wanna fuck you.’ But the women, bro, you know, they don’t like that, so I’m gonna say, ‘I want to make loooove to you.’ You gotta be romantic and shit, you know?”

And I'm gonna get some, bro! You believe me? Look at me bro," he practically screamed, pulling down on his pant legs with both hands, "I gotta fuckin' hardon, bro! Look at this shit! You believe me, bro?"

I didn't know whether to laugh hysterically or pull over and kick him out. Not flinching once from the road, and in fact conveniently scratching my temple, I replied, "Yeah, sure, I believe you bro. You're uhh, gonna get lots. I mean, hey, with that approach..." Was there anything in the car I could use to whack him in the head with if he got violent or if he couldn't wait for his woman? Or if he actually pulled his fucking pants down? He was drunk. I could probably handle him.

"And I'm gonna get a blowjob! And you are too, eh? I know you are."

"Well, we'll see. At this rate I'll be lucky to get back in town before dawn."

"And then you're gonna get some! Yeah, bro!"

"Do I turn up here?"

"Nah, bro, just keep going straight."

I could barely see the road, even with the brights on. I could see the rows and rows of trees in stunning detail, though. They formed a long, dark tunnel. In the rearview mirror, I just saw more of the same.

We drove for a while longer with only a few brief comments from my passenger about his genitals (which of course was always followed with, "Do you believe me bro?" to which I responded flatly, "I believe you."). Then he shut up and we drove in silence. I don't know how long we drove before I asked him where to turn again. Once again, he was asleep.

There was a barn-like structure off to the right with a parking lot. I pulled in. He woke up.

"What's going on?"

"I'm dropping you off. We've been driving for almost an hour now. I need to get back. Get out."

"Bro, it's not much farther. Just turn left."

"Turn left?!" I shouted, "I can't turn left! It goes straight!"

"Then go straight, bro."

"You said you lived on Missouri. Did you mean IN Missouri?"

He gestured with the hand holding the cigarette. It had long been out. “Just go straight, bro.”

“Jesus Fucking Christ,” I muttered. “Okay, how much longer?”

“Umm, fifteen minutes, bro.”

I sighed loudly. “All right. Fine. But one more comment about your dick, and you’re walking, okay?”

“Hey, thanks bro, I’m so drunk.”

I continued driving. We passed a sign which welcomed us to Vado. A few minutes later, we came to an intersection. Halfway through the intersection, he told me to turn left. Then, just as we were passing a street off to the right, he told me to turn right. I flipped around and turned down that street.

The last ten minutes or so is still a bit hazy. I just remember driving down many dirt roads. I couldn’t even see the lights of Las Cruces anymore. At first, I tried to remember what roads I was taking, but after about six turns I gave up. I decided that after dropping him off, I’d just drive in one direction until I found a gas station. He yammered on about how much action he was going to get. He kept going over his technique, how he was going to seduce his girlfriend.

He eventually directed me to a house. I couldn’t see much of it, aside from the clothesline in front.

“Hey, thanks bro. Here. You gotta pen, bro?”

“Um, yeah.” I opened the glove box. He looked a little shocked by the light that emitted from it, but then realized that most glove boxes do that. I grabbed a pen and handed it to him. He picked up a paper napkin from the floor of the car and scribbled on it.

“That’s my cell phone, ok? Now, tomorrow, you call me bro. You, and me, and my woman and your woman, we’re gonna go get some good shit tomorrow, okay? Nice big meal. We’re gonna have some fun.”

“Sure.”

He opened the door and started to get out, then sat back down. “Hey, why don’t you give me your number, just in case, okay?”

“Oh, yeah. Of course.” I tore off a piece of the napkin and wrote 765-4321 on it. “Here you go, man, but my phone’s always got problems.”

“Okay, bro. Damn, I dunno if I can walk with this fucking hardon, bro.” He got out of the car. “Okay, I’m gonna go fuck her brains out,” he said, thrusting his waist out. “You believe me, bro?”

“I believe you,” I said, reaching over and closing the door.

I don’t know how I made it back, but it only took fifteen minutes. I decided to just go home. When I parked and opened my door to get out, I glanced over at the passenger seat. It was covered with ash.

Joe Lillibridge
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