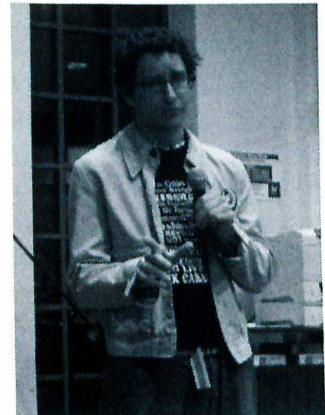


# beware!

Manuscripts open mic night brings Ides of March awareness

To get the word out there about our final deadline, the 'Scripts staff hosted an Ides of March open mic night at Starbucks on March 17, 2009. One of the highlights of the evening was a competition of performances titled "Beware \_\_\_\_." We heard a number of warnings, from lighthearted to serious, and we know now to beware of the imagination, numbers, calendars, skydiving, and talking to Joe Wadlington. Speaking of which, we gave away several prizes and Joe walked away with "Best Overall Performance" for his spring break fable, "Beware of Hookers." As our winner, Joe's piece is included in this year's magazine. Thanks to all who participated, and watch out for another fun prompt next year!



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## Beware of Hookers

Joe Wadlington

I was in Mexico and the air smelled like sea, sweat, and the worm at the bottom of a Tequila bottle. I had just exited El Squid Roe, a three story night club and was standing on the street corner. I left Squid Roe because I wanted to move from one group of friends to the other. Also known as: I am now drunk and alone in Cabo San Lucas.

It was the last night of my spring break and I had grown overconfident of my surroundings. I had wandered off every single night, always with the untrue assurance that, for some reason, people just don't mess with me. I always walk like I know where I am going, so I just get left alone. Also known as: this was the eighth night in a row that I was drunk and invincible.

I was waiting for the traffic flow to stop so I could cross to Martini Jungle, where some of my friends would be. But before I did I made the mistake of looking to my left. A woman in red was dancing down the sidewalk in a very liberated and female way, as if she had just been given the right to vote. She was scantily clad, but it was spring break so that only made her blend in. She had a long red scarf that fluttered in the crooks of her arms as she caught my eyes. She was smiling, so I smiled back, and I'm sure the first word that came to mind was "repollo," which means "cabbage head," which means "I am going to own you."

And she did. The woman - I will call her "Meca" because it means "hooker" - sashayed towards me with her scarf like a nun that had just shredded her habit and was using it as a lasso. When she got close, I could see that she was at least six feet tall and she wrapped me in her sex scarf like a black widow's ex husband and said, "My place, my place. We go back

to my place and have fun, no?" Then she grabbed me. By "grabbed", I mean her quick devil hands. By "me" I do not mean my arm, I do not mean my leg. No, she fondled a much more sensitive extension of my body. That provoked a very scared, somewhat pleased, and extremely shocked reaction from me.

I said, "No, no, no .... NO! NO! NO!" and she eventually recoiled and slithered on down the sidewalk in search of her next fly. I crossed the street quickly, feeling very cheap and alone and told my friends of Meca's transgressions. They too were shocked, and overjoyed that such a thing would happen to me. Then they asked, "Where's your camera?" I felt my pockets, and felt them again, and gasped at nothing but frustrated ambition.

I had been had. Or rather my camera had been had. Apparently Meca had grabbed two packages, but I had only felt one. There was nothing I could do at that point. All of our pictures were gone and it was the last day of spring break. The only thing I can do is offer some advice to you now.

Don't drink.

Don't drink alone.

Don't drink alone in Mexico.

And please,

Beware of hookers.