

Flying Into The Danger Zone

by J. Bradley

"Greg, I need to know why you haven't gotten laid in two months."

Before I take on any client, I need to know why exactly you need the services of a professional wingman. It's hard to admit to your failures, especially when it involves your penis.

"Every time I go out, I drink too much and when I drink too much, I either get too mouthy or too limp."

"I see. My rate is \$20 an hour plus expenses. I also get a bonus based on how your night ends because of me. If I completely fail to help you get at least a phone number, your second night on the town is on me. Deal?" After Greg agrees, I give him an address to meet me at later this evening.

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"James, why the fuck are we here?"

"Greg, you never say fuck in a church, especially a megachurch."

Church girls always are looking for a little trouble and the bigger the church, the further away from God the church and the churchgoers actually are. Tonight, it's movie night and they're gonna show one of those Left Behind movies with Kirk Cameron in it. We watch various men and women mingle during the pre-viewing party.

"Greg, look over there. Subtly." We look at a woman wearing a

black blouse and mom jeans standing alone with a blue Dixie cup in her hand. There's a tattoo on her wrist, her left ring finger barren.

"She's not bad. Not what I want, but not bad."

"Greg, you've struck out for two months. Sometimes, you need a bunt before you can swing for a home run. Besides, who doesn't like to be occasionally mauled by a cougar?"

"James, I see your point."

"Get over there and talk to her. Your Bluetooth headset will let me hear what's going on. If you're drowning, I'll throw you a line."

Greg walks over to the woman in the mom jeans and they strike up a conversation. What he doesn't know about the Left Behind series, Kirk Cameron, or this version of Jesus they believe in, I feed him info thanks to my Droid. When the movie starts, I sit next to them. His hand sneaks onto her knee, her hand on his upper thigh. I have a feeling Greg's not going to care once I present him with the bill.

