

# two dudes talking

*by Peter DeWolf*

“What about this shirt?”

“I didn't know Gap had an ‘approaching middle age pimp’ department.”

“So... no?”

“Yeah. No.”

“Approaching middle age?”

“So...”

“So?”

“Soooooooo...”

“I'm not sure that adding vowels is getting us any closer to an understanding.”

“You and that girl.”

“Yes?”

“Did you?”

“I don't kiss and tell.”

“What about the time you videotaped you and that volleyball player in the motel?”

“First of all she was a basketball player and it was a hotel. And that was you.”

“I know... I just don't think that people bring that up often enough.”

“This shirt?”

“Seriously?”

“Not every guy can pull off fuchsia.”

“No guy should try.”

“You're very helpful.”

“So we are carefully selecting an outfit to impress a girl that you are trying to brush off?”

“We are carefully selecting an outfit so I look good while out in public.”

“You are not going to give me naked details?”

“It might be time to grow up.”

"I don't like this idea already."

"No more things like... mentioning boning mothers."

"Oh..."

"Especially not in Christmas cards you send to my folks."

"Come on... Lois loves that shit. How's she doing anyway? Pilates working it's magic?"

"I need new friends."

"To have grown-up, real conversations with?"

"Exactly."

"Oh. OK. I have one. You know how sometimes, towards the end of the night, just before closing time, you latch on to the first warm female you see? And how you take Shelly or Sheila or whateverthefuck home with you? You do your thing. A couple drinks. A little music. Then she's in your bedroom. Then it dawns on you. Suddenly. Out of nowhere. You fully grasp just how alone we are. How we'll do just about anything to fill that void. How we'll throw morals out the window and discuss So You Think You Can Dance, just to have a woman in our bed. And then you weep. Just a little at first. It's almost unnoticeable. But trying to hide it only makes it worse. Your shoulders shake. She asks what's wrong and you tell her your dog died. You never had a dog. 'Poor little Scamper,' you say. Then you realize that you are thirty-five years old and lying about having a dog. That's no way to live. You cry more. And have you ever tried to keep an erection while crying? That shit ain't easy. So you are sitting on your bed, openly weeping, ShellySheila is trying to console you and you have half a chub on. And you realize, in the clearest epiphany of your life, that you wish you had just stayed in eating cake and watching 13 GOING ON 30 tonight."

(Silence.)

"I think... we should do something extremely manly now."

"Wanna go fishing?"

"I'll dirty my outfit."

"Fair enough. Wii fishing?"

"Beautiful."

