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Carter C

In The Movies

My name is Jackson Arthurs. I live in a 1 bedroom apartment in new york city. I had finished a long day of work at the publishing company that I've worked at for a year and a half. For the past 5 months, I've started to write mystery novels. I began to show family and they quickly took an interest too, so I decided to pursue it. I had gotten into the habit of going to M.D.'s pub, grabbing a drink and trying to think up a new Idea for the crime novel I'd been working on. I got out of my black Mazda and shut the door. M.D.'s was a stunningly small pub. When you entered through the doors you could see the bar lining the back left corner, booths lining the side of the wall on your right, and one wooden table on the left next to the window. The store owner (Murry) had built the business with his friend Daryle. In it's third year, when they were starting to really make a profit, he just walked out one day after work and quit. It was a surprise to Murry but they never got along that well to start with. I walk over to the pub and take the seat nearest to the back of the restaurant, three seats down from Randol.

Jackson: Hey Murry. What's new?

Murry: The new kid Lenny ain't too bad. He's got some good work ethic ya know.

Jackson: I told you he'd be good for the job.

Murry: What can I get you?

Jackson: I'll just have water for now thanks.

Randol: How's the novel coming? (He says in a raspy voice.)

Jackson: Could be better. Still looking for the perfect way to kill the victim.

As I talked to Randol I pulled out my briefcase with my journal and folders. Randol was an older man who rode a Harley and had tattoos covering both arms. He was bulky and had wide shoulders. As I picked up my pen to start writing, Ben and Al come in. Ben is a lawyer, and Al is a realtor. They both wear the same things consistently. Al wears dress shirts with black pants and brown leather shoes, and occasionally a fedora or suspenders and Ben wears the same 'men in black' suit. They both gave me a slight head nod as they walked in. They both carried their individual black cases stuffed with papers. Ben clumsily clipped the table by the window with his case. A small scrap of paper fell onto the seat. They kept walking and occupied the booth farthest from the door directly behind me. I put my pen to paper and started writing notes about how the people plotting a murder would communicate through little sticky notes that seemed to be left around randomly. I was often able to come up with great inspiration as I sat

here in the pub looking around. I had only been writing for another 20 minutes before Mr. Robinson entered the pub and took a seat behind Ben and Al. Mr. Robinson was a local police officer. He was a regular here. He wasn't really a drinker but he liked talking with everyone and getting something to eat. He wore his uniform but with his cap on the table and his short black hair a little messed up. By this time it was about 7:30. I started developing interesting characters with cool names and personas and giving them each a setting. Choosing which to go more into depth with or keep mysterious was a tough decision. I had hit a bit of a block in my writing when Cathy and Sandra entered and took a seat at the table by the window. They ordered some appetizers and drinks. While they were talking Cathy picked up the piece of paper that had fallen out. This gave me a great idea to use this form of communication not only for the people planning the murder but also for ransom, or even blackmail. As I started to form a plot, Cathy walked behind me to use the restroom or take a smoke on the patio. Five minutes later Al picked up his phone and walked out to the patio. I decided to get a coffee because I hadn't accomplished nearly what I'd hoped to and I was still going to be here for a while. Lenny walks out from the kitchen and starts bussing tables. Lenny walks over to the table that Sandra is sitting at as Cathy returns and sits down. He finishes wiping their table and jots down some notes on a pad of paper and heads back to the kitchen. A perfect way of disguising a conversation. The most innocent way to give instructions or important information without looking like you have any personal connection to the recipient. This is great. The story is starting to tie itself together. I'm just finishing the rough draft. I take the last gulp of my coffee and wipe my mouth and then continue. The next time I look up Lenny slides me a glass of Coca-Cola with some ice over the counter after he sees my coffee is finished.

Lenny: It's on the house.

Jackson: Thanks.

I get back to work. The drink reminds me of a riddle I heard in college. Two guys walk into a McDonald's. One guy orders some orange juice and a Big Mac, the other orders a Filet O' Fish and a Pepsi. As they are walking out, the guy who ordered the Filet O' Fish and Pepsi dies. Why? Obviously, because the ice in his drink was poisoned and it needs time to melt where there was no ice in the orange juice. Classic, but it's kinda boring. I push the Coke aside for a bit. Kind of a weird combo with nothing in my stomach yet. An hour later, Mr. Robinson the police officer, gets a phone call and walks towards the door. He goes outside and stands back to the window. He shoots a couple of glances back into the pub with an intriguing expression. He starts walking back to the door when Al walks around the side of the pub and pulls Mr. Robinson aside. They talk for a while until it escalates to yelling and ends with Ben storming off and Mr. Robinson pacing back and forth. I take a couple of gulps of my Coke and scratch my head, thinking about behind the scenes of a murder case, all the meetings that they don't show you in movies. The planning before the good guy is lured and attacked. Ben picks up his and Al's stuff and leaves looking at me with a completely blank cold stare before getting into his car and driving off. Mr. Robinson walks back into the pub and comes over to the bar and asks for a

shot of vodka. He takes it and swallows it quickly. Not making eye contact, he starts speaking to me.

Mr. Robinson: There's something I need to talk to you about.

Jackson: Sure what is it? Is my car going to be towed?

Mr. Robinson: Let's take a walk outside.

I get up and walk with him to the door. I open the door and take one step forward. My leg folds under my weight. I collapse to the ground. My throat starts to feel like it's burning and I feel it swell. I feel involuntary jerks from my arms and legs. My vision spins and I drift out of consciousness. I wish I'd written it first...