Personal Writing: After “Casino” Essay, Research Paper

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I was outside the movie theater waiting for my usually late friend Ryan

to meet me there. I noticed two guys and a girl in the parking lot drinking beer.

They seemed pretty drunk but I thought nothing of it as they walked into the

theater. Finally Ryan arrived and we decided to see “Casino” a story about the

mob in Las Vegas.

After the movie we walked out and sat on Ryan’s car to have a cigarette

while we imitated the gangsters from the movie. I noticed one of the guys I had

seen before the movie over by my car urinating on the bumper. Being in the mood

that I was from the movie I confronted him by saying “hey, you f\*#kin’ pissin’

on my car?” He denied it and pointed out that he had in fact missed the car,

which was true. Just then his buddy from inside the car asks me if I have a

problem. I say no I don’t but I would if there was pee on my car. What? He says.

I said it’s cool, there’s no pee on my car, it’s pretty damn disrespectful to be

pissin’ on someone’s car.

And with that it was over I walked away with Ryan (who had joined me)

back to his car. On the way over to his car I mentioned to him how I wouldn’t

have had that attitude with they guy if we hadn’t seen that type of movie.

I guess the fellow in the car still thought I had a problem because he

pulled his truck up, got out, and got up in my face. What were you sayin’ to

your friend just now? You talkin’ sh\*t? Listen man, I said, it’s cool, there’s

no pee on my car! Well I think you two still gots a problem over here. With that

he proceeds to throw one of their empty beer bottles on the ground and then one

at my car. We argue some more and then his friend gets up in Ryan’s face. Just

when I think this guy is calmed down he goes over to my car and pushes a

shopping cart into the right rear quarter panel.

By this time I had lost it, this guy was going down. I went to my car

and started to get my baseball bat out from the back seat. I was ready to smash

his brains in, or his car. They took off and headed out of the parking lot. Ryan

yelled for me to chase them and I was ready.

It took a few extra seconds for my 1977 chevy caprice to start but I was

soon speeding behind Ryan in pursuit of the two drunks. We followed them at a

high rate of speed for some time until they pulled into an apartment complex.

They made a right turn at a small divide in the complex and stopped by a mailbox.

Ryan, who was still in front of me went left and I pulled up to the stop sign.

When they saw us they exited the car and started running towards me. I could

think of nothing else to do but hit the gas, so I did. The boys jumped out of

the way and kicked my car on either side as I sped by. Now I was really pissed,

I looked behind me and saw that they were coming again. Noticing that the driver

had left his door open when he had hastily gotten out of his car, I took off for

it. Boom whack. The door was bent around the opposite way. I hit small streets

of the complex and exited out the back so my drunk friends wouldn’t see me.

Thinking that Ryan would have also made a quick departure from the scene I

headed for his house, but he was not there. I waited for minute and then left

for my house.

Pulling up I expected to see a police car waiting for me but there was

no one. I pulled into the garage and closed it while I checked out the damage on

my car. Not a scratch was visible, just a lot of blue paint from the guy’s door.

I realized I should probably get a hold of Ryan to see when happened so I paged

him several times with 911’s following my phone number.

After about an hour of waiting in front of my window expecting the

police to show up I get a call from Ryan. Apparently when he saw them running

towards my car he thought they were going to beat me up. He had driven to the

nearest gas station and called the cops. I didn’t think that was a good move

because of the fact that I was the one who did the hit and run, or was it. The

fact that we called the police made it look more like they two guys were

harassing us. When the police arrived there were several people outside

complaining about the noise that the boys had made after I hit their car. They

were put in hand cuffs and told to be quiet, but they weren’t. The police

finally put them in the car and gave them both failure to obey an officer

charges among several others. Ryan had to drive back to the parking lot of the

movie theater and show the police the puddle that the guy had made and that gave

him a further charge of urinating in public. In the end I never saw the police

and never got in any trouble. I did however see a blue Ford ranger pickup with a

nice big dent on the side driving along greenway parkway.