

Its Not Over Till The Mad Lady Kills

By Chris Zell

I was talking to a friend the other night and she was telling me how unhappy she is with her boyfriend. Knowing her boyfriend as I do, I can totally understand her predicament. He's a jerk. Its not that he doesn't have his good points, its just that no one outside his family can seem to find them.

Its the 90's and he's still striving to become a yuppie. As every post-yuppie (would that be a puppie?) is divesting themselves from the trappings of their past excesses, to the extent of taking themselves off the Sharper Image mailing list to save a tree (and, truthfully, to eliminate the whining that comes from not being able to buy a battery operated back buffer), he's buying things that go straight from the store to storage. While most people are P.C. (Professionally Cloistered) this guy is getting to be more of a USA (pronounced USER Ungrateful Selfish Ass).

As her story unfolded, she told me how stressed he says he is, how no one can understand the pressures he's under and how he makes her feel like its her fault. If she'd just do half his job, he'd have more time for all the half baked projects that he thinks of, like the automatic dog washer that he saw on a Three Stooges episode.

"Those guys were just ahead of their time." He said as he stole an idea from Shemp, the forgotten Stooge.

But she has a full time job and no idea how to become Claire Huxtable. When I told her that, no matter what her boyfriend said, there is no college that teaches Claire Huxtable 101 How to do everything and still smell summer fresh.

When she finally got around to asking me what my opinion was, I told her she had three options:

- 1) Stay with him and never bring the subject up to me again
- 2) Leave him and never bring the subject up to me again
- 3) Kill him

I lobbied for the third option. I reasoned that if she killed him, sure, she'd feel bad at first, but she wouldn't go through that grueling tug of war that happens when you break up with someone.

"Maybe I should have given him another chance." She'd say. "He did have his good points. Damn that evil Chris for putting these horrible ideas into my head."

But if she killed him there'd be no going back, a clean break from the past. Unless something went terribly awry with her personal habits and really starting taking a liking to dead guys. But let's not even think about that. If she killed him she'd have six months of mourning (at the outside) and then she'd move on with her life. If she let him live there'd be years of those late

night silent phone calls and moments of bittersweet memories when she'd hear their song on the radio (I'm not sure, but I think their song is James Brown's 'It's a Man's World').

As I was making my case for murder, she started to see my point and began taking notes, when I told her about this reference book, The Writers Guide to Poisons. I figured if you're going to do something, learn first from the experts.

But she said that she could never even think of doing something like this. Then I reminded her of the time she took a large carving knife from the kitchen and, while he was sleeping, placed it on his face. I'm not making this up, she really did this. And she also reenacted the shower scene from 'Psycho' once. But maybe this is just considered foreplay in their house.

"OK," I said giving her the benefit of the doubt. "Let's say that you're not as much of a homicidal lunatic as your local postal worker. Let's just use the thought of murder to change his attitude."

I went on to explain that all she really had to do was leave the book around the house. Peruse it while they spent a nice, quiet evening at home. Even as self absorbed as he is I'm sure he'd notice a book on the coffee table about poisons.

"Honey," he'd say in his sweetest tone. "What's this?"

"Nothing dear, I'm just doing a little research." She could answer with a demonic little smile on her face. I'd probably have to teach her the demonic smile part but that's a small price to pay for a friends happiness.

I went on to explain that she shouldn't stop there. And I'm not just talking about the simple clues like pistol permits used as placemats, catalogs from knife manufacturers as bathroom reading, videos that teach combat perfected eye gouging techniques. No, those are all too easily explained.

"Sweetums, I'm learning 80 ways to kill an enemy to better protect you, my oogieugums." The problem is that they actually talk to each other like this. If she doesn't kill him with a claw hammer these words of affection will surely give him a seizure. They always send me into spasms.

But I thought that she should be more obvious in her intent. Make it kinda movie like. Have you ever noticed that in the movies a hired killer always has these five things:

- 1) A briefcase with a gun that always gets through the airport metal detector (is there a special frequent killers section they can pass right through?)
- 2) Black gloves
- 3) A face a topographer would be proud of

4) Their family thinks they're a phrenologist or some other type of occupation that is just stupid enough to be real

5) They're always from Chicago

I can explain the first four, but the last one? I don't think that says much for tract house subdivisions in the Chicagoland area. Don't you think that the Chicago chamber of commerce should be doing something about that? At least collect members dues from these killers. They're part of the business community, aren't they?

But what I figured she could do was get a subscription to Soldier of Fortune magazine. I know that if my girlfriend started using this rag as bedtime reading I'd reassess my recent actions.

"Gee honey, I didn't know that you'd get so upset because I tossed out that ratty old teddy bear that's been handed down through three generations of your family." Its the 90's, time to be a sensitive male.

But she shouldn't just get Soldier of Fortune, she should discuss it with him. Make quality time to discuss useful articles such as 'Entrails: A Lovely Wall Decoration' and informative ones like 'Dismembering In Your Kitchen Sink For Fun and Profit.' Then after you suck him in with these engrossing articles, let him skim through it and get to the classifieds.

"Honey," he'll call as all the blood drains from his face. "Why are classifieds for mercenaries circled and my itinerary for the next two weeks copied down?"

"Comparative shopping, dear. You've always told me to be a conscientious consumer." If seeing ads circled in red that read:

'When you're at the end of your rope, put your enemy at the end of his! Thousands of satisfied customers. Guaranteed results! Lingerin, painful death a speciality! This months special: A free leg break with each hit! Call Captain Decapitation at 900-Bump-Off. Will collect and ship trophies. References upon request.'

If this doesn't change his worthless, self centered attitude nothing will. And if that's the case, I guess its time to take the action into your own hands. Yes, I know its painful but it must be done. If you do it quickly it won't be that messy. Yes, you know that you must do it. Leave.