

Life in a Small Town - Heatwave

by David Carner

Sadie, Summer. It's been hot. And Big Mike's deputies have been....well...themselves. Come on in and see for yourself.

Rated: T · Genre: Humor, Romance

A/N: Whoooo doooogies! Has it been WARM! I mean fry an egg on the pavement warm. I mean warmer than a bug, in a rug, in love, warm. I mean hotter than a red-headed roofer in July, warm. Hotter than a two-dollar pistol even. And mugggggyyyy...We've been drinking our oxygen.

The ice cream truck done melted and it is hotter than hell's front porch. And see, that's the trouble. People do stupid stuff in the heat. Now, I'm not saying there are stupid people in Sadie, but sometimes...they do odd things, and people will do even odder things when hot.

To make matters worse, gas has gone up, and with some folks on a limited budget...well....let's just say some of Sadie's more peculiar folks got some ideas...

Sit down, have a piece of chocolate silk ice box pie and I'll tell you all about. Honestly, if I hadn't of seen it with my own two eyes I'd of never believed it.

Disclaimer: I don't own Chuck

Chuck walked into Lou's, holding Stephen, with Sarah right behind him. He stopped as he saw Fred sitting at the counter, drinking coffee, and sitting right beside him was Big Mike.

Chuck came over, sat down beside Big Mike, and Sarah beside him. Before Chuck could do anything, Lou plucked Stephen from his arms and headed toward the back of the restaurant with her tea pitcher for refills, Stephen propped up on her hip.

"She's good at that," Sarah said.

"She always said she was the perfect aunt," Chuck told Sarah. "Spoil them, and love them, but when they get mad or cry, send them back home."

Chuck looked over at Big Mike, just drinking iced tea. "Fred, how do you drink coffee in this heat?"

"Been told I have a cold heart and need the coffee to keep it beating," Fred said.

Sarah pulled her chin back, shocked by that answer. "Who told you that?" she asked.

"Lou," Fred replied. "Of course it could be I'm the only person drinking coffee and she had to make some just for me."

"They have such an interesting relationship," Sarah said, shaking her head.

Fred looked over at Big Mike, who was calmly sipping his tea, staring off into space. Fred leaned back behind Big Mike. Chuck did the same. The two shared a look and they both leaned forward. "I hear Lou has a couple of ice box pies," Fred said casually. "Peanut Butter or Lemon. How about I get one slice, and you get the other, Big Mike and we can split half of each so we both get to try some."

"Not hungry," Big Mike said. Chuck's eyebrows about shot off of his head.

"Okay, this is a medical emergency," Fred began, turning to Big Mike.

"Dad blast it, man, I just want to drink my tea and be away from those idiots for five seconds," Big Mike said, shaking his head. "I've done lost fifteen pounds because of those three."

He turned to Chuck and Sarah. "You know the worst of it is, of the three, Jeff is best of the bunch."

"The same Jeff that joined NutrientBoom?" Chuck asked. "Yes," Big Mike said, nodding.

"What is NutrientBoom?" Sarah asked.

"Oh, a multi-level marketing scheme," Big Mike said. "Jeff swears it's not, he says its a, 'conical-tiered, multi-flow-through medical marketing entity'."

“Isn’t that the same thing?” Sarah asked. “Thank you,” Big Mike replied. “The fool has put five thousand dollars of his own money in as of now. He’s currently in some exotic location-”

“Is Minneapolis really exotic?” Chuck asked. Big Mike gave him a flat look. “Sorry,” Chuck muttered.

“Like I was saying, he’s currently in some exotic location, at a seminar called, Bathing in the Frequency of Your Own Potential,” Mike told them.

“That’s....” Sarah began. “Those are words.”

“And this is what the top of the class can come up with, huh?” Chuck teased. Sarah swatted him, grinning.

“There were two others he considered,” Big Mike continued. “How to Gain Instant Success by Lowering Your Standards.”

Fred tugged on his earlobe a few times, thought about saying something, and thought better of it. “And, Crying Efficiently in Executive Boardrooms,” Big Mike concluded. “When is he in Executive Boardrooms?” Sarah asked. “He’s not, that’s why he decided not to go to that one,” Big Mike explained. “And he’s the best of the bunch?” Fred asked. “Jesus.”

“Lester decided he was too hot,” Big Mike began, looking like he was fighting off a migraine. “So, in his mind, what he needed was a fan blowing down on him, and he decided the best way to do it was a drone with the blades, blowing air down.”

Chuck and Sarah shared a look. “Okay, it’s not the worst idea he’s had,” Chuck admitted.

“That’s a LOW bar,” Sarah replied.

“I mean, let’s be honest, if it was on the ground, it would probably be out of reach for Lester,” Chuck admitted.

“It worked...ish,” Big Mike continued. “Until Emmett decided he needed cooling off as well.”

“Oh, boy,” Sarah muttered. Chuck looked over at her. “What? I’ve been in Sadie long enough to know.”

“Know what?” Chuck asked. “You know,” Sarah told him.

“I do?” Chuck replied.

“That’s how we got Stephen,” Sarah replied, batting her eyes.

Chuck turned back to Big Mike, his ears red.

“Son, you are so far out of your league,” Big Mike said, and clapped him on the back.

“So the two idiots fought over the controls, not realizing what they were doing to the drone. It crashed on top of the Library, and the roof door is rusted shut.”

“Catherine has been bringing that issue up for years in the city council meetings,” Fred said, nodding.

“Has anyone thought about doing something about it?” Chuck asked. Fred shook his head. “Why did I ask?”

“You knew better,” Sarah told him.

“You really did, Son,” Big Mike agreed.

“Let me guess, Lester went to the armory to get some weapons to blast the door open,” Chuck said. Big Mike looked impressed. “Wait...” he looked over at Sarah and then back to Big Mike. “You’re serious?”

“Oh, yes,” Big Mike said. “I’m not for sure what was funnier. What happened, or the thought of Lester being on that stairwell, with the tactical shotgun, pulling the trigger, and getting thrown down the stairs from the kickback.”

They heard a snort and turned toward Sarah, who was crying and nearly choking she was laughing so hard.

“Really?” Chuck asked.

“I’m sorry, I still remember that little creep when he ambushed us at our house early on in our relationship,” Sarah replied.

“So you said that part didn’t happen,” Fred pointed out, trying to get the story to move along. “What did happen?”

“Lester walked to the library, and Catherine met him at the front door, and told him that under no circumstances could he use that gun on or near the library, because it was a historical landmark,” Big Mike explained. “Lester tried to insist it was a police emergency, and Betsy countered, it was not, and the only way he could was if he came back with a court order.”

“Serves him right,” Sarah said, finally recovering.

“And then she hit him with a late charge of forty-seven dollars and nineteen cents for an overdue library book,” Big Mike continued, sipping his tea. Sarah lost it.

“I told that boy to return that book,” Fred muttered. “So, that’s not the worst?”

“Nope,” Big Mike said. “The worst, just happened.”

“Oh, boy,” Sarah said.

“So, you know gas is a little expensive,” Big Mike began. Chuck nodded. “Well, Emmett’s momma has cut off his allowance.”

“Wait, what?” Sarah said. “Emmett is a grown man!”

Big Mike nodded.

“He has an allowance?” Big Mike nodded. “What did he do to get cut off?”

“He won’t say,” Big Mike said shrugging. “So, he’s broke and needs gas money.”

“What about his salary?” Chuck asked.

“He said, and I quote, ‘that’s money for me,’ endquote,” Big Mike explained.

“I see,” Sarah said.

“So, Lester came up with the idea that if he’d take 10 or 12 car batteries and hook them up to an old motorcycle-” Big Mike began.

“Wait a minute,” Fred cut in. “Wait a daggum minute.” Big Mike looked at Fred with the expression of, “now do you see why I have a migraine?”. “Won’t this cost money?”

“Facebook Market Place,” Big Mike said taking a sip of his tea.

“Oh,” all three said at the same time.

“Exactly,” Big Mike replied. “They decided they could remove the motor on the motorcycle and hook up all the batteries. Then they’d have an electric motorcycle.”

“Hang on, there’s a flaw with this,” Chuck began.

“Just one?” Sarah asked.

“Well, let’s take them as they come,” Chuck told her. “You said they.” Big Mike nodded. “Who was going to drive it to work?”

“Emmett was going to drive it, and pick up Lester every morning,” Big Mike told them. “And before you ask, they asked Jeff if he wanted to be in on it, but he said he thought the idea had flaws.”

“Good lord,” Fred muttered. “Didn’t Lester learn his lesson when he got the baptismal tank on Facebook Market Place and turned it into a baptismal tank hottub?”

“WAIT! WHAT?” Sarah asked.

“I’ll tell you all about it later,” Chuck said, shaking his head.

“To be fair, they actually worked on it for three days,” Big Mike told them.

“If there is a way to make or save money, that’s not a real job, Lester is very motivated,” Chuck pointed out. Big Mike nodded. “So, they thought about the motor, they thought about the battery, but they forgot one little thing.”

“This ought to be good,” Sarah said, nearly giddy.

“They didn’t think about the brakes,” Big Mike said.

“Oh, God,” Chuck nearly moaned.

“Yeah,” Big Mike said, taking a sip of tea, and staring off into the distance. “So they got it up and running. They were both on it.” Big Mike blew out a breath. “That thing has two speed, standing still or sixty miles an hour.”

Fred laid his head down on the bar.

“They took off,” Big Mike said. “Now, this is what happened the best I understand it.”

Chuck put his hands on the counter as to brace himself.

“It flew past Jerry, who was walking his cat. Jerry got scared, and let go of the leash. Damien, the cat, ran away, scared,” Big Mike began. “Damien ran NEAR Daisy.”

“Oh God,” Chuck groaned.

“Daisy, took off like a shot, dragging Justin with him,” Big Mike continued.

“So far, not as bad as I thought,” Sarah admitted.

Big Mike turned to her. “Daisy then ran over Bob.”

“Did Bob have on the floral mu’umu’u?” Sarah asked.

“It is a pretty one,” Lou added, having just gotten back with Stephen.

“The polka dot one,” Big Mike said. “Ah,” Sarah and Lou said at the same time, nodding.

“Bob went ass over tea kettle,” Big Mike said, and stopped, because at this point, Chuck was laughing so hard he was crying.

“Where are Lester and Emmett?” Chuck managed to get out.

“They went down Main Street, and you know that porta potty?” Big Mike asked.

“Oh GOD!” Fred said, wincing.

“Well, that’s what stopped them,” Big Mike said. “But not the bike.”

“Where is it?” Chuck asked.

“It made it’s way into the pond, sticking straight up in the air, wheels stilla turnin’, and Darryl has his orange launcher, launching oranges at it, yellin’, ‘I told y’all that motorcycle was possessed!’”

Big Mike took a sip of tea as he wait for everyone to stop laughing.

“Then,” he said once everyone had sobered. “Bob said what happened to him was a hate crime.”

Chuck’s eyes went wide. “Bob?” Chuck asked. Big Mike nodded. “The man that doesn’t believe in Mexicans, the earth is round, or hate crimes...that Bob??”

“That Bob,” Big Mike said.

“What happened?” Fred asked.

“No idea, I came straight over here after I got the report,” Big Mike said.

“Big Mike, you have to get over there!” Fred said. “Fred, when a contraction hits, do you immediately tell a woman to push?” Big Mike asked. “Well, no,” Fred said.

“Why not?” Big Mike asked.

“Because the baby isn’t ready,” Fred said.

Big Mike gave him a look that said, “exactly”.

“But it’s not the same,” Fred argued. “Tell him, Chuck.”

“The timing of us coming over here is perfect,” Sarah said.

“No it’s not, I text him,” Big Mike said.

“He did?” Sarah asked. Chuck handed Sarah is phone before she could ask for it. She looked at it. “All it says is, ‘Sadie. Lou’s.’”

“Because this is Sadie normal,” Lou told Sarah. “If we give it twenty minutes, Lester will have Bob believing Bob actually committed a crime against a law enforcement officer.” Big Mike nodded. “Emmett will call his mother, crying, and to shut him up, she’ll give him back his allowance.” Big Mike nodded again. “Darryl will run out of oranges.” Big Mike nodded a third time. “Jimmy will catch his cat, and Daisy will have passed out from exhaustion.” Big Mike nodded a fourth time.

“And Fred will prescribe some meds for Big Mike’s stomach,” Chuck added.

“God, I hope so,” Big Mike muttered.

“Has anyone told Bob that the John Deere hat and Red Wing boots really don’t go with his mu’umu’u?” Sarah asked.

Chuck absolutely lost it.

A/N: When you’re hot and broke, people do strange things. Do yourself a favor. Stop by Lou’s and get an Ice Box Pie to go. What’s that? You know how to make it yourself? Well, don’t let Lou find out. Avoid state road 94. Lester is out there and he believes for every ticket he gives, he gets a percentage to go toward his gas money.

Y’all stay safe, and take care of each other.