

Just Not That Into Her

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Marjorie McPhee had a thing for Tim Whalen. Quite a few girls did at her school. Marjorie wasn't quite content to just let it go like most high school crushes go. She was bound and determined to become his steady chick, not a side piece. She was definitely not side piece material. Her friends told her to just let it go. She was not Tim's type....and Tim definitely had a type.

She thought he was the ultimate bad boy, a thug with manners. He was a jock, she was a cheerleader. He wasn't a particularly gifted athlete and she wasn't a particularly gifted cheerleader. In the four years of high school, they had exactly two very brief, very unremarkable conversations. After all, they were two very brief and very unremarkable people. Tim wasn't a bad boy, he was simply a screw-up. Bad boys at least know they're bad, Tim didn't quite have enough gray matter between his ears to know any better. Had Marjorie been a little more *seasoned* in these delicate affairs of the heart, she would have been able to see this and see right through Tim's bullshit.

Marjorie did have one very remarkable talent though. She could bend and distort her body in the most amazing and *downright terrifying* positions possible. The medical community calls it *hypermobility*. Marjorie wasn't simply double-jointed, she was triple jointed. Indeed, it seemed as if the girl had no joints at all. The entire gym class stopped in the middle of a basketball game to watch her bend and contort herself into a pretzel. Jaws dropped. People stopped and stared as if she were the main attraction in some turn of the century freak show carnival.

"Damn, that girl got some skills." said one student.

"She's a freak." said another.

"Alright.....show's over. Let's get back to it," said Mr. Cross, the gym teacher as he blew his whistle.

"Tim, did you see that shit?"

"Yeah.....that was weird. I didn't know bodies could bend like that."

"Just imagine what she could do in bed." said one of his friends.

Just like that, the seed was planted in Tim's fertile, delicate mind. He could bend her like a blow-up doll. He was not in any way attracted to her, but the thought was just too tempting. Still, he had too many girls and not enough time. He was determined to leave this one-horse town immediately after graduation and head to the big city and finally start to make a name for

himself. Small town farm life was not his cup of tea. Tim had a very simple motto. It was pretty much his only motto.

If you ain't living your best life, then you really aren't living at all.

Tim decided to approach one of Marjorie's Amigas and get a feel for where she was at.

"So, is she like seeing anyone? Like a boyfriend?" he asked while sipping his diet coke.

"Tim.....she's into you. She follows everything you do. Like that time you and your brother went snowmobiling and he got his foot caught in a bear trap. She was glued. I probably shouldn't be telling you this, but she's like.....really, really into you."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Look, she's a nice girl. I mean, I think she's like a virgin. At least I'm pretty sure she is. Just don't break her heart okay. She's innocent and sweet. She sleeps with stuffed animals."

Tim was hearing none of this. He was just thinking about what he was going to do to her once they were naked and most importantly, what she was going to do to him. He felt like he was dating a superhero.

"Tim.....please, go easy on her. She has a very innocent heart," said Marjorie's amiga.

"Of course. Momma didn't raise me to be pig now," he said as he finished his coke.

Marjorie was elated beyond words. This was like 9.5 on the teenage-age girl Richter scale.

"He wants to go out with me? Are you serious?" she asked, almost giddy with excitement.

Marjorie and her friends decided it would be best just to lay low for a couple of days and act like she wasn't sure if she wanted to go out with him.

"Best to just let him simmer for a while. You don't want to appear too desperate." said one of her friends during lunch.

"But, I am desperate. I've never even kissed a boy. What if I screw it up? Everyone in the whole school will know I'm a bad kisser." said Marjorie eating her chicken salad sandwich.

"No pressure." said her amiga.

"What should I wear? I don't even have anything sexy. I don't even own heels or anything." said Marjorie.

"Marj.....you're not going to have sex with him, right?" asked her bestie, Judy.

"Well, no. I mean, we'll just have to see where the night takes us I guess," she said.

"It better take you back home before curfew or your parents will never let you go out again," said Judy.

He sent her a text after his game and asked her to meet him behind the bleachers to talk. Marjorie waited for almost an hour to respond. The wait nearly killed her. She told him that she only had a few minutes. That's what a cool girl would say, something to that effect.

She met him under the bleachers. He looked so hot in his baseball uniform. She was dating the hottest guy in the school and maybe the hottest guy ever. She had him on the line, she just had to be careful when reeling him in. She didn't want the line to break and he gets away. He was probably a nice guy, deep down, where no one could see it. It was up to her to bring it out of him. She was not going to be a dork anymore. She was officially over that life and all its trappings. She was about to step into the big leagues and Tim was her golden ticket. She just hoped he didn't want to have sex behind the bleachers. Even desperate people still have some dignity.

"Hey, kid. How goes it?" he asked.

"Not too bad, how bout you. I heard you got hit by a pitch," she asked.

"Shit happens. I scored the winning run, so I guess it was worth it. I was just wondering if you were going to Mike's party on Saturday. His parents are in the city and his dad left a keg of beer in the garage."

"Mike....Mike Ramirez? He's having a party?"

"Yup. Going to be the social event of the year. I'd sure like it if you were there."

"Well, no promises.....but I might be able to squeeze it in," she said.

"Cool.....and tell your brother not to lose my weed again. That shit ain't cheap," said Tim.

She immediately texted everyone in her circle of trust. She got invited to a party by Tim Whalen. Not just any party.....*the biggest party in her school's history*. Tim was king and that made her the queen. The school was now their kingdom. She had been without her king for far too long.

Tim didn't quite see things the same way she did. Marjorie was one of the few decent-looking girls in school he hadn't screwed. A virgin who could distort herself into some of the most grotesque positions possible. He was bound to have some good war stories about her.

Then, the unthinkable happened. Two days before the big party, Tim's grandfather had died suddenly while mowing hay. Tim was devastated. His biological father had abandoned him and his mother when he was young and his grandfather had become his father. Tim was not in a mood to party. He wasn't in a mood to do anything but get drunk and get high. He had lost the one man in his life who hadn't turned out to be a complete piece of garbage.

She texted him an hour before the party had started. He had completely forgotten about her. He didn't even want to go, but he was the man of the hour and his presence was expected. She texted him again and asked him to pick her up. He didn't even shower or put on cologne.

Tim Whalen was out of fucks to give at this point. He downed a beer on his way to pick her up.

He texted her and told her he was outside. She responded and asked him to come inside. He finished another beer and walked up the steps.

"*What the hell do these people want from me?*" he thought as he rang the doorbell. Marjorie answered the door. She looked like she was going to prom. She had her hair done and make-up. She was like waaaaaay overdressed for a kegger. Clearly, this was going to be more painful than he thought.

"By mom. I'll text you when I'm leaving," she said.

They drove to Mike's house. It seemed like the entire school was there. Mike was friends with everybody. Cool uncool, queer, straight. It didn't matter. Everyone liked him. Tim found him sitting on his back porch. Mike threw him a beer.

"Hear you brought yourself a date to my party. Isn't that like bringing sand to the beach?" asked Mike.

"It's been kind of a rough week. I was going to bang her, but I'm just not in the mood. Not after what happened to my grandpa."

"Yeah, sorry to hear about that man. I'm going to dedicate this party in memory of Tim's grandfather," he said and raised his beer. Everyone outside raised their drinks as well. Tim hugged him and did his best not to cry. After ten more minutes, he had completely forgotten about Marjorie altogether. An hour after that, he was completely drunk and pretty much out of commission for the evening.

Marjorie on the other was kind of like a fish out of water. Judy had Covid and had to quarantine. The rest of her clique hadn't been invited. She was pretty much on her own. She had one beer and one shot of tequila. She threw up in the bushes outside shortly thereafter. No one at the party really wanted to talk to her, or even seemed to want her there. She was only a sophomore. She just wandered around in hopes of finding her man. She might be a nobody now, but once they saw her and Tim together, things were going to change very quickly. Once the other mean girls saw them making out in the hallway, they wouldn't see her as just this weird dork. She didn't even mind if he told all of his boys in the locker room about their sexual adventures. She wanted them to know. She wanted all of these people to know, she was not a dork. Ever since that day in the gym when she showed off her unusual ability, no one really seemed to want to talk to her. They just didn't know how to handle someone like her. She was going to be the mean girl from now on. She was going to bag Tim one way or another. He was her meal ticket out of this self-induced prison she had put herself into.

She was not going to be a virgin after tonight. No way, no how.

She found him passed out drunk in the garage.

"Hi, babe. I was just guarding the keg."

"I have to be home in half an hour."

"What are you telling me for?"

"You're my ride."

"Oh yeah. Can you just take an Uber or something? I don't feel like driving." he said nodding off.

"Are we going to have sex or not?" she asked. Everyone in the room stopped and looked at her.

Tim suddenly opened his eyes. Marjorie had just thrown everyone a giant curveball.

"Uh, yeah, sure. Whatever you want. Let me get my jacket."

They walked outside to his car. She opened the driver's side door.

"Whoa, babe. What are you doing?"

"You're too drunk to drive. Give me the keys."

"Nobody drives my Camaro, but me. It was my grandfather's car."

"I don't care whose car it is. You're not driving."

"I drive better when I'm drunk," he said and pushed her out of the way.

"You better be able to get it up," she said, climbing in the passenger side.

Tim was most definitely not a better driver when he was drunk. He narrowly missed hitting two parked cars and ran a red light. Marjorie knew her window was closing and closing fast. He might not remember they had sex, but it was worth the risk. She began taking her clothes off in the car.

Tim smiled. The night had suddenly begun to look a whole lot brighter.

"Can you bend your arm, like you did that day in the gym?" he asked.

"What? Why?"

"Cause it's fucking hot. I just don't understand how you can move your arm like that and not break it."

"I don't understand how someone can drink a case of beer and not pass out," she responded.

She moved and contorted herself in ways Tim could only dream about. He didn't know it was possible for a human being to do what she did. The more twisted her body became, the more excited he got. She was the freak of freaks.....*and he was loving every minute of it.*

Had not have been staring at her and paying better attention to the road, he wouldn't have swerved into the other lane. He saw the headlights, but it was too late. He turned the wheel just in time to avoid the other car headed right towards them. He only remembers seeing the headlights and feeling the entire world close in around him.

He woke up in the hospital. He had tubes in his nose and throat. His entire body felt as if it were on fire. He looked over and could see his arm was in a cast. His parents were standing over him. In an instant. He knew what had happened. He felt horrible for what he had done. He knew his life was pretty much over. The tears began rolling down his face. His parents didn't have to say anything. The looks on their faces said enough.

"Is she dead?" he asked.

"Tim.....the police are going to want to talk to you. We think it would be best until our lawyer is here with you." said his mother.

"Mom.....is Marjorie dead?"

"No one can find her Tim. Was she in the car with you?" asked his father.

Tim had drifted back to sleep. The pain pills were putting him in an almost constant state of euphoric bliss. He didn't want to wake up. This was the most amazing feeling in the world. Too bad it wouldn't last.

"Tim, we found her clothes in the car. We know she was in there with you. The other driver said he saw two people inside when your car went over the embankment. The problem is, we can't find Marjorie. We had over a hundred people out looking for her body. She might have been alive and stumbled in the river. Maybe her body will turn up. If her body does turn up, you're going to be charged. You do understand that, right?" said the police officer standing over his bed.

"What's the charge?" asked his father.

"That's up the DA. it's not going to end well for you Tim, I can assure you of that." said the officer.

"Why?"

"Tim your blood alcohol was .17. You were twice the legal limit for driving a vehicle on the road. Drinking and driving kills, son" said the officer before he left.

"Why can't they find her body?" asked Tim.

"Just get some sleep, honey. We're going to try and get you home tomorrow." said his mother.

Tim closed his eyes. He knew this was one nightmare he wouldn't be waking up from any time soon.

His life was over before it had even begun.

In the months that followed, Tim was able to recover at least somewhat, so that he could return to school and finish out his senior year. He had only been back to school for a week. Things had changed. Tim was no longer cool. He was a murderer. None of the girls would even talk to him. He was seriously considering just dropping out and getting his GED. He didn't want to stay in this place if he wasn't one of the cool kids anymore.

He was standing outside the classroom, by his locker, popping one of his pain pills when he heard the screams. It was one at first, then another, then another, then just silence.....*complete deafening silence in every direction.*

Marjorie had survived the accident. Sort of. He thought he was looking at a monster. A monster with human features. Marjorie was on a creeper board, crawling and pushing herself towards him. Her head was almost twisted off. Her arms were bent and in positions, he could barely imagine. Only one of her legs was still working.

"*Somebody should put that poor bastard out of her misery.*" he thought as she approached him.

The Marjorie-thing stopped in front of him. Her head was backward, but she was still looking up at him. He felt like someone had just knocked the wind out of him.

"Marjorie.....you're alive.....you're alive. That means I can't be charged with your murder!" he said almost giddy.

"It was worth it. It was all worth it. Now we can be together. We're going to run this goddamn school, just you and me."

"Whatever you want baby. As long as I don't have to go to prison, I'm all in."

"Good. Push me down the hallway to my trig class. I can't believe you're wearing that jacket. I hate that jacket." she said as he got behind her body and began to push the monster down the hallway.

No one said a word as they walked by. The girls were too terrified to scream. Many of them had their hands over their mouths. They were all in shock. None of them knew what to say or do.

"I got my yearbook photo today. Will you help me get ready?" she asked.

"Whatever you want baby. I'm yours forever," he said trying not to look at her. He had never seen anything so disgusting and so erotic at the same time.

Marjorie was a monster.....but she was his monster.....forever.