

Total Recall: The Adventures of Stan and Kyle -- Joker

The following Joker Tale is fictional. The scenario is not meant to portray actual events or people. If any of the characters resemble actual people, it is coincidental.

Stan was busy playing Call of Duty 3 on his X-Box 360 when he heard a knock on his bedroom door.

“Yo, come in.”

It was Kyle, a lifelong buddy since grade school.

“Man, what are you doing here? Frank is looking all over town for you?” Kyle said. “You’re supposed to be getting signatures. He’s going to be pissed.”

Stan shook his head. “I know man. He’s been calling for the last two hours. Thank God he doesn’t know how to text. I’ve only got five today. I met a creepy homeless dude at the Citylink stop near the Kroc Center. He signed it Lord Emperor of Pangea.”

Kyle laughed and picked up a controller and started to play.

“Dude, I thought you were still on suspension,” Stan chirped over the machine gun fire coming from his TV.

“Kyle, are you kidding me. Suspension? These guys are so desperate. They only docked me an hour’s pay. I promised to do better.”

Stan grinned and said, “I heard you on that tape. You sounded like a total tool. What do you know about property taxes anyway?”

“Ahh man, I got some bad intell. I was listening to one of those old bats down at the office. I swear that’s what they said. What kind of jerk tapes a kid making \$9 an hour. It’s so lame.”

“Did you bring the weed?” Stan inquired.

Kyle nodded and pulled out a red, white and blue bong and loaded the marijuana, lit it, and took a hit, inhaling deeply.

He exhaled a green cloud, “Oh yeah, I feel like voting this as the best weed ever.”

Stan pressed pause on the game and took an equally sized drag of the American flag bong.

“I recall some better pot last summer,” Stan giggled. “Down at McEuen.”

“We need to get some signatures. Did you take the clipboard to school?” Stan asked.

“Yeah, yeah...” Kyle replied. “I got a Becky to sign it. She is tight. I wonder if she’s doing anything this weekend.”

Stan laughed, “She’s dating one of those baseball players. You got no chance. She’s only 17. How did you get her signature?”

“I told her that it was for building a new baseball stadium near Cherry Hill,” Kyle.

Stan, “Sweeet. Was her friend Jessica there? I like her.”

Kyle, “Nah man. She was out.”

Suddenly Stan’s phone started buzzing to alert a new text message and Stan looked at it and frowned.

“My mom says Mary has been calling her at work and she is on her way to pick us up.”

“WHAT!” Kyle said. “That lady is so angry. I am outta here. Tell her I am downtown.”

Stan: “Don’t leave dude. We won’t answer the door. We just have to keep really quiet.”

Kyle: “Ok, but I am hungry. What do you have to eat around here?”