

YOU DUMB SCHMUCK

by Allison Duggins

After the van dumped Catherine's body in Central Park, it made its way slowly out the East 79th Street exit and stopped at the first liquor store they found.

While Bobby and Jack went to grab a six-pack of beer, Sonny found the pay phone in the back of the store and called Mayfair Escort Services.

"Mayfair Escort Services," Molly, the pretty blonde-haired receptionist answered.

"Yeah, Molly, it's Sonny. Let me talk to Mr. Belmont."

"Hold on."

Sonny could hear Molly put the phone down and the clicking sound of her high heels as she went into the other room. Sonny could imagine her slim hips swaying back and forth in the tight mini skirt she always wore. Moments later, Martin Belmont's voice came over the receiver.

"Sonny, where the hell are you guys?" Belmont snapped.

"We stopped to grab a couple beers. Why?" Sonny wondered at the angry tone in his boss' voice.

"What happened tonight?"

"What do you mean, what happened? We grabbed the girl like you asked, roughed her up some, had some fun, taught her the lesson you wanted and then got rid of her."

"YOU DUMB SCHMUCK!" Belmont yelled. "You grabbed the wrong girl!"

"Wrong girl? Nah, no way, boss. We spotted her leaving the party alone after Jimmy called us. We grabbed her like you asked.

"You idiot! Jimmy just called me and told me that Carol and Anna just left with Tom Gunther and Harold Johansson from the Planning Commission."

"I'm sorry, boss. I don't know how we could have screwed it up."

"Where did you get rid of this girl you picked up?"

"We tossed her and her purse out on a side turnout by Cedar Hill and the 79th Street exit. She rolled down a small incline, then we hustled our way out of there. There's no way anyone could find her for a couple of hours, maybe days."

"You better hope they don't find her in time to do anything about it."

"What about the other broad, Carol? Do you want us to try and go after her?"

"We'll have to sit tight for a few days and see if she makes any more noise. All of you lay low 'till I can figure out what to do."

"I'm really sorry, boss."

"Sorry won't mean shit if anyone finds her alive and she can ID any of you."

Belmont slammed the phone down on his desk, then took a swig from the drink he had there.

"Those dumb schmucks really screwed things up. They're good guys but a little dense in the brain department."

After he hung up with Belmont, Sonny made his way to the front, where Bobby and Jack were waiting, each sucking on a bottle of Budweiser.

"Hey, Sonny, what did the boss say?" Bobby asked, as he handed Sonny a bottle.

"Not here, you dope. Outside."

They left the liquor store and then climbed into the back of the van. Sonny opened his bottle of beer and took a slow swig.

"Sonny, what did Mr. Belmont say?" Jack repeated.

"That we screwed up, big time."

"Screwed up? How?" Bobby wondered.

"Yeah, how? We took care of that broad like he wanted." Jack took a swig of his beer and wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

"He says she was the wrong dame." Sonny touched the bottle to his forehead.

"Wrong dame? Is he sure?" Bobby questioned.

"Yeah, Jimmy saw the one we were supposed to grab leaving with two guys, after we dumped the girl." Sonny looked from one man to the other.

"Well, at least we got some *'fun'* out of her before we dumped her," Jack snickered.

"If anyone finds her, we're dead." Bobby looked at Jack.

"No one's gonna find her. That side of the park's usually deserted day or night. Most people stay by the Ramble. No one goes down that side turnout anyway. We just need to keep cool and wait for Mr. Belmont to tell us what to do. In the meantime, go home and keep your mouths shut," Sonny warned them.

"C'mon, let's get outta here."

Sonny climbed into the driver's seat and started the van, backed it out into the roadway and slowly drove down the street, back to the lower east side where they could find some company for themselves.

And we all know what happened next