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PULP ALIBIS

by

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**Pop. 7 Million**

Sherrif Fuhrman swung his massive hairy fist into the gut of the unsuspecting tramp--some bottled-blonde nancy-boy he had picked up for vagrancy--and felt it connect with the man's backbone. Stepping back with a neat practiced motion to avoid the spew of vomit from the unshaven hobo, Fuhrman began to laugh.

"Told ya that cheap wine wouldn't agree with ya, Kato old son!"

Leaving the crippled bum to wallow in his own filth, Fuhrman swung shut the cell door, twisted the key in the lock, and moved across the tiny jailhouse to his desk. Seated with his booted feet up, a pint of whiskey opened for chugging, he ran through some pleasant options for how to spend the rest of his day.

After he visited the Cowlings ranch and delivered the foreclosure papers, he might take a spin up to ol' Marcia's house. The purty lady lawyer should be home today--warn't nothing scheduled down at the county courthouse--and maybe--hell, no maybes about it!--for sure he'd feed her a little raw turkeyneck. Most days she didn't need no convincing anyhow, being randier than an Okie roustabout fresh from a three-week stint in the oilfields with his pocket full of pay. After that little interlude, he could head out to Dogtown, see what action he could stir up among the niggers, Mexes and white trash who lived there. It had been too long since the last lynching, and there was danger them halfbreeds and coons might be getting uppity. No sense letting things get to the point where he'd have to call the Klan up. Most of the boys were getting too old to ride anyhow, and they mostly took queen-size sheets for their robes.

Dropping his feet to the floor with a satisfying thud, adjusting his holster, Sherrif Fuhrman once more thanked his lucky stars for making him the only law in this two-bit town.

Lord knows, it was a dang sight better being on this side of the nightstick than t'other!

**O.J. of Melnibone**

From behind the golf clubs in the closet, Stormbringer called insistently to him.

“Blood,” whined the cursed devil sword in its eerie voice only Prince O.J. of Melnibone could hear. “I need blood!”

Huddled on the couch, hands cupped to his ears, Prince O.J. strove with every ounce of his royal strength to resist the call. Why had he not destroyed the evil instrument of chaos when he had last had a chance, back at the End of Time? Was it his destiny always to lose those he loved to the insatiable maw of the black sword? For days now it had been demanding souls to drink. Preferably the souls of those most beloved by its owner. How much longer could even one of such deep superhuman strengths as he possessed resist the foul urgings of the sentient nigrescent blade?

Concentrate, he must concentrate!

As the last heir to the glory that once was the faroff, exotic kingdom of Melnibone writhed on the couch, the phone rang, shattering his single-pointed psychic resistance like a battering ram against a castle’s gates.

“Argh!” yelled Prince O. J.. “Curse you, Arioeh!”

Fumbling the phone off its cradle, Prince O.J. bellowed, “What the fuck is it!”

“Uh, sorry to bother you, sir. This is the limo service. We just wanted to confirm your appointment--”

“Yes, damn you! Eleven tonight!”

Prince O.J. slammed the receiver back down. Then he moved to the closet, opened the door, roughly pushed aside the golf bag.

There lay his sweet doom.

“Ah,” whispered Stormbringer in its oily voice, “my old friend. Do we feast tonight?”

Prince O.J. grabbed the sheathed instrument of carnage and strapped it on. Instantly a thrill as of his veins filling with pure essence of poppy surged through him. Once more he knew why he could never part with Stormbringer. Filtered through its presence, the world assumed a clarity of purpose and vision.

“We will feast,” agreed Prince O.J.. “I have someone in mind--someone quite *special*.”

“Perhaps there will even be another with her,” the sword said greedily.

“Naw, I got that bitch so scared she don’t *dare* date.”

## **She**

At the ornately carven, vine-cloaked entrance to the abandoned temple, O.J. Simpson paused. Pushing back the pith helmet that had protected him from the African sun for the seemingly endless months of his trek into the unexplored interior of the Dark

Continent, he stopped to contemplate what he had achieved. No civilized explorer had ever penetrated this far during recorded history! O.J. Simpson was about to become a legend. His name would stand in the history books as a shining example of the heights a man could reach if he followed his dream.

Ending his reverie, pushing aside some vines, O.J. stepped through the ancient portal--

And was snared!

Natives of a peculiar degenerate type (myths O.J. had never countenanced till now referred to them as "mediamen," an apparent reference to their status midway between beasts and humans) quickly bound him up, lifted him off his feet and carried him through torch-lit tunnels deep underground.

In what appeared to be a throne room of sorts, he was deposited still bound in a stone chair. Weird drums and flutes began to play. And from the shadows stepped--a woman!

But what a woman! Clad only in diaphanous silks and ropes of pearls, she was femininity distilled into its purest essence, regal, imperious, seductive. Moreover, she was a white woman, although bronzed by the sun.

Most strange to find one such here in Africa's heart of darkness.

"So," said the queenly figure in a not unkindly tone, "you have returned to me at last."

"Returned? What do you mean?"

"Ah, my dearest one, don't you recall how, in another life long ago, you were Prince O-ren-thal, and I was your lover, Princess Fay-res-nik. How we pledged eternal troth, even unto death--and beyond! And now here we are, reincarnated and drawn together by the stars."

"Lady, I don't know what you've been smoking, but I don't buy all that New Age hooey."

The woman reared back violently. "Sacrilege! You dare to defy me? Don't you know the name the natives use for me? She Who Must Be Obeyed! I shall possess you, body and soul, even if I must reduce you to my slave! Hmmm, let me see. I shall set you a task, one even repugnant to your noble nature, in order to prove the folly of resisting me. What shall it be, what shall it be-- Ah, I have it! A murder!"

O.J. fought his bonds without success. He could feel an occult narcotic haze wrapping his normally lucid thought processes, drawing him deeper and deeper into a whirlpool of damnation--

One from which he would be incredibly lucky--even with the assistance of the most highly paid lawyers--ever to emerge.

### **The Hornet's Sting**

One lovely June night Britt "O.J." Reid, crusading editor and publisher of *The Daily Sentinel*, summoned his faithful manservant, Kato, to his side. Reid sat in the parlor of his mansion (paid for by the honest sweat of his brow and his paper's lucrative advertising income) drinking a healthful glass of that fine California fruit juice, an "addiction" to which had earned him his jocular nickname.

"Kato, have you finished polishing the Black Beauty yet?"

"Yes sir! She's fueled and ready to go!"

"Let's don our costumes and hit the road then! I have news of a malignant sore upon the body of this fair city that needs some of our special kind of surgery!"

"You got it, Boss!"

Soon the Green Hornet--none other than Reid himself; and how his buddies would have been surprised by his transformation!--accompanied by his martial-arts-trained sidekick, Kato, were seated in their astonishing crime-fighting vehicle, a customized ebony Ford Bronco dubbed "Black Beauty."

"So as not to attract undue attention, and also obey the relevant traffic laws, what say I drive us to our destination at approximately ten miles per hour, Boss!"

"Good thinking, Kato! I'll direct you!"

After approximately an hour of easygoing travel, the pair found themselves parked inconspicuously outside a familiar locale.

"But Boss--can this be right? Isn't this your ex-wife's place?"

Emerging from the car and checking his various weapons--gas gun, "stinger"--the Green Hornet replied, "Indeed, Kato. It is with sincere regret that I must spring a perhaps shocking surprise on you. My former wife has seen fit to tread the path of the world's oldest profession. Out of sheer greed, not content with my generous stipends, she has started soliciting weak-willed males for sex. I have no doubt, in fact, that we shall find one such here tonight. In the words of the street-wise, she's now nuthin' but a goddamn 'ho! And we're going to bring her to justice, much as it might hurt us personally. Unfortunately, lawless times require that we masked avengers take justice into our own hands! Now, here's my plan. I want you to render my wife and any of her 'johns' we discover to be with her unconscious with your dazzlingly swift karate moves. Then leave the rest to me!"

Kato's expression--never that of a brilliant man--now reflected a puzzled acquiescence. "Sure, Boss. Whatever you say."

"Okay! Let's move!"

Within seconds, Nicole Simpson and an unidentified male lay quiet on the stone walkway.

"Very good, Kato! Now, you just go back to the car and polish the headlamps a bit, okay? And oh--make ready the Hornet Handiwipes! I have a feeling I'll be needing them!"

### **The Dream Life of Ronald Mitty**

Driving through the evening after his boring, dreary job was over, Ronald Mitty began to indulge himself in his favorite pastime. The mental cinema of which he was script-writer, director, projectionist and sole audience member started to play.

*I'll walk up her front path, suave and cool, pretending I'm not impressed at all by such a fancy place. She'll probably think I live in such swell digs myself! I'll ring the bell, straighten out my uniform-- Oh, heck, this uniform! But I had to come straight from work or miss my big chance! Well, the heck with it, all the girls say my butt looks cute in my waiter pants. Where was I? Oh, yeah, right. The door opens, I smile, she says hi, I say hi, then I hold up the sunglasses, maybe twirling them a little on my finger, and say, "Do these look familiar, Mrs Simpson?" No, wait, that's wrong! How dumb can you get! Miss Brown, that's what I'll call her. Or should it be Ms Brown-Simpson? Oh, rats! I'll just go with Nicole. "Do these look familiar, Nicole?" "Why, yes, they do! However did you find them? You must be an extremely smart and observant fellow! I'd be absolutely lost without them! Glare of publicity and all, don't you know! Now, how can I possibly reward you?" So I say, "Well, a ginger ale would go down nice about now," and she invites me in, and then we--*

The images in Ronald Mitty's brain acquired that peculiar vaporish insubstantiality imposed by the Hays Code at the most interesting moments in the narrative. Forcing himself to concentrate on his driving, Ronald Mitty began to whistle a sprightly tune from the current Hit Parade, congratulating himself all the while on his most excellent good fortune.

### **Condo of the Damned**

The children--if *children* they still were--had been tucked into bed for the night.

But that didn't mean they were *safe* .

Or that anyone was safe from *them* .

Armed with a glass of Perrier to soothe her nerves and wet her nervously parched throat, Nicole Brown Simpson, mother of Sydney and Justin, curled up on the couch in her condo at 875 South Bundy, and prayed that she would survive the night.

Once more, for the umpteenth time, she racked her brains for anything she could have done differently since that fateful morning in Cancun, when her world had come undone. But as always, she could come up with no alternative paths to the ones she had taken.

How *could* she have known on that day--when the children (then still blessedly normal) had come running to her where she lay sunning her lissome form on the beach, happily babbling of their mysterious find--that her life and theirs were about to undergo a precipitous change for the worse?

Sydney and Justin had been so thrilled with their sandy find--a small gold casket, encrusted with barnacles and draped with seaweed--that Nicole had never imagined that anything *dangerous* could be lurking inside it. Then, when her two beautiful youngsters--the beloved products of the wonderful marriage between Nicole and her worshipful, adoring O.J.--had finally cracked the casket open and that horrid cloud of green noxious gas had enveloped them, causing them to fall unconscious for a full twenty-four hours--only then had she shrieked and pulled her darlings away.

But too late. Much too late.

Nicole didn't *care* what the doctors said. The children were *different* now. And not in a pleasant way. Thank God that she had managed to isolate O.J. from the worst of their bizarre new behavior, thanks to the ruse of pretending she wanted to maintain a separate household.

Of late, Sydney's and Justin's unchildlike demands and veiled threats had become nearly overwhelming--

"Mother, we need to talk."

Nicole screamed and launched her non-alcoholic drink in an arc across the room.

Beside her, having crept up quietly as dust, stood the children.

Their eyes glowed in the dimly lit room. Liquid pools of golden fire, the orbs seemed to spin hypnotically in the eye-sockets of their once-pleasant mulatto faces.

"Wha--what do we need to talk about?" stammered Nicole.

"Opening the way," said Sydney, age nine, in a voice resonant as a tomb.

"So that more of us may come through," explained Justin, age six.

"It requires blood, you see," Sydney continued. "The blood of a relative and the blood of a stranger."

Before Nicole could deny this horrifying request, the doorbell rang.

“And there’s the stranger,” said little Justin. “Just in time.”

Nicole made to leap up and flee, but was stopped by the paralyzing touch of her possessed daughter.

“Now,” said Sydney, “you’ll walk outside and pretend nothing’s wrong. Keep him talking. We’ll be right with you--as soon as we visit the kitchen for the tools we need.”

Helpless, silently screaming inside, Nicole did as she was programmed.

Beyond the door stood Ronald Goldman. “Hey, Nicole--do these look familiar?”

*Run!* Nicole tried to yell. *Save yourself!* But instead of the warning, all that emerged was foolish talk of the dinner she had just enjoyed and her unfelt gratitude for the return of her meaningless property. Moving her visitor outside with talk of not wanting to wake the children (!), Nicole admitted to herself at last that she was a dead woman.

*But oh*, she selflessly thought a few seconds later as the knives wielded by the small but capable hands of her own children struck and struck again, *how will my poor darling O.J. ever manage all alone?*

### **Elementary, My Dear Cowlings**

“Allow me to recapitulate,” said Sherlock Simpson in his familiar ratiocinative, brandy-mellowed, erudite tones. “Then perhaps you shall finally begin to grasp what is so patently obvious, Cowlings.”

Seated beside his mentor and friend in a slow-moving horseless carriage now cruising down the turnpikes of southern California, Dr Cowlings replied in his hearty, bluff and game manner, “Why, I’m always absolutely thrilled to listen to you, Simpson. You know that, of course, as you know everything! I’ve been carefully recording all your deductions and adventures for years now. Why, perhaps there’ll even be a book composed of them someday!”

“All beside the point, Cowlings, although I do appreciate your hound-like loyalty. The matter before us now is to ascertain the motives and probable destination of a certain party, based on the contents of his ‘getaway’ vehicle. We can see, first off, that he has made certain to obtain approximately ten thousand dollars in U.S. currency. A rather large sum, wouldn’t you say, for a simple ‘visit to the cemetery’? In addition, he carries a weapon, his passport, a map of Mexico, a fake beard, and a year’s supply of anti-venereal sheaths. Left at home is a maudlin ‘suicide’ note plainly intended to send the authorities--so tiresomely blindered, as always--on a wild goose chase. Very well--given all this, what conclusions can you draw, Cowlings?”

Cowlings crinkled his brow in deep cogitation before finally blustering out with a guess. “Why, by Jove, I should say the bounder and cad was fleeing directly for the border and planning never to return, all to avoid prosecution and sentencing for a foul deed he most surely committed!”

“Oh, bravo, Cowlings! Well done! Now, step on it!”

### **O.J. Stover at Yale**

It was the twenty-sixth reunion of the Class of ‘68, held as always in the month of May, so that the “alums” could witness another perennial graduation: in this case the sterling Class of ‘94. From far and near the old schoolchums had assembled behind the gates of their beloved alma mater, there gleefully to reminisce and gaily disport themselves. It was a sparkling assemblage, for the Class of ‘68 had done well by themselves, fulfilling their youthful promise. Present were lawyers and doctors, judges and politicians, greying executives and their young wives. Yet even amidst such a stellar crowd, one couple stood out.

That former Big Man On Campus, the star Negro footballer who had led Yale to their finest four seasons and innumerable trophies, repository of so many hopes and fond memories: Orenthal James Simpson, accompanied by his beautiful second wife, the Caucasian Nicole Brown Simpson.

These days “O.J.” and his wife lived in exotic California, far from the sites of his old East Coast triumphs. Seen constantly on “television” and in the moving picture palaces, his face featured on the covers of national magazines, “O.J.” had never been far from the minds and hearts of his old chums. Clustered around this handsome couple now stood a crowd of adoring compatriots offering what amounted almost to worship.

“Can I get you another drink, Nicole?” one gentleman now considerately asked Mrs Simpson.

“Sure, Sweetie,” replied “O.J.’s” spouse in a charmingly slurred voice perhaps in vogue on the West Coast.

“No, she’s had enough,” interpolated “O.J.”. “Haven’t you, dear?”

“Fuck, no!” countered Mrs Simpson. “In fact, I’m ready to do a few lines! Who’s holding here? C’mon, don’t be selfish!”

“Hey, ‘O.J.’,” queried one rascal, “where’d you get this slut?”

“Any more like her at home?” chimed in another banterer.

“Slut?” echoed the furious “O.J.”. “Who’re you calling a slut?” The burly expigskinner now thrust his hand between Mrs Simpson’s legs so as to cup her loins. “See this! This belongs to me! This is where my children come from!”

In a similar joshing manner, Mrs Simpson now tossed the contents of her glass in her husband's face. "Pig! Bastard!"

Displaying the same gridiron panache with which he had broken through many a defensive line, "O.J." silenced his wife with a deft backhand, knocking her to the floor. Bending down as if to raise her, he ejaculated sotto voce, "You shamed me, you whore! Just wait till we get home! You're gonna pay bigtime!"

Mrs Simpson only whimpered.

### **U.F.O.J.**

Blissfully asleep in his home, O.J. was snared by the tractor beam of the mothership. Drawn through his bedroom window and upward through the night sky, his pajama-clad form rigid as a board, he would have presented an incredible sight to any witnesses--save that the Men in Black make sure there are *never* any witnesses to such abductions.

Through the opened iris of the saucer-shaped ship ringed with multicolored lights he was guided, finally to rest upon an examination slab, the focus of scores of mysterious instruments. Attenuated, nakedly grey-skinned, big-eyed forms emerged from the depths of the ship to cluster excitedly around their captive.

Now the various probes were inserted and samples taken. The ET's huddled together, examining holographic displays, twittering musically. Returning to their patient, they proceeded to make the *changes* .

After a time, when O.J. had been sealed up again, he was levitated off the slab, out the port, and back to his bed, all while it was still dark.

In the morning he awoke normally and stretched vigorously. "Damn, that was a solid night's sleep! But those dreams! Crop circles, man! Never dreamed of no crop circles before! Hell, I even think there was something in there about about cattle mutilation!"

### **The Limo Driver Always Rings Twice**

Paula Barbieri, widowed owner of a little jukejoint halfway between LA and Vegas known as the Playboy Lounge, sauntered into the kitchen where her hired hand, a young naive lad known as O.J. Simpson, was busy sweeping the floor. It was June, the desert brutally hot, and Barbieri's thin cotton dress was pasted to the wicked curves of her sweaty body like the shirt on a drowned man's chest. She fanned herself with a sheaf of fifty-dollar bills, licked her lips and purred, "What's a girl to do with herself when there's

no customers in sight for miles, it's so damn hot all you can do is lie naked in bed, and the only person with her is a handsome stud?"

O.J. stopped lashing the floor with the corn bristles and regarded his employer grimly. "Miss Barbieri, I wish you'd tone down your language and lewd ways a trifle. I can't be responsible for my actions much longer, if you keep on torturing me this way."

Flinging the wad of cash aside, Barbieri hurled herself at the boy. With her arms draped around his neck, grinding her nubile form against him, she raved like a madwoman. "*Don't* be responsible! Take me! What do I have to do to break down your honest and moral nature? Oh, damn the day I ever fell in love with an ethical man!"

O.J. unpeeled the temptress from him. "Ma'am, you know I didn't have no ulterior motive in taking this job. It was the only one I could find, times being so tough and all. And I need it! I'm trying to support an ex-wife back home--"

Barbieri jumped away from her prey like a tiger in reverse, vehemently spitting out, "So! That's it! You're still in love with her! Admit it!"

O.J. glanced shyly at the floor, blushed and dug the tip of one shoe into the boards. "Well, maybe a little..."

"But if she were out of the picture," Barbieri continued, musing out loud, "then I'd have you for myself!"

O.J. came alert. "Nothing better happen to that sweet little girl, or I swear--"

"Do you know, honey," cooed the viperish Barbieri, "the penalty for rape in this state? All I have to do is lodge a complaint, and your ass is grass!"

O.J. fell to his knees, wailing, "Oh, Lord, what have I gotten myself into?"

Barbieri grabbed her hapless victim's head by his hair and pulled his face against her throbbing loins. "There, there, baby, let Mama handle everything--"

### **The Puppetmasters**

Wandering in its aimless canine way, sniffing the familiar pavements, the Akita named Kato strayed under the low-hanging branches of a tree, little realizing what deadly creature lurked patiently above.

In those branches hung a deadly parasite not of this world. A protoplasmic tendriled mass the size of a football, it was equipped with a cunning intelligence dedicated to the conquest of this new globe.

Now it dropped down with a squishy plop onto the furry back of the dog. Kato yelped and bolted, but it was too late. Tendrils burrowed into its spinal cord, and thence to its brain.

Now the dog was under complete alien control!

Tapping the animal's memories, the Puppetmaster guided it home.  
Standing in the secluded walkway were two figures.  
Not good, thought the Puppetmaster. The humans would never let their dog access the television, computer or phone! And the young Puppetmaster was not yet mature enough to handle a human host.  
No, there was only one solution.  
"Hey, Nicole, shouldn't your dog be inside?" said one of the humans.  
"Why, how did he ever get loose? Here, Kato! Come to Mama!"  
Kato began to trot. When he was within range, letting loose a savage growl, he leaped!  
For their throats!

### **The Wiles of Lance Manchu**

Tied to a chair in the dim, dank basement of a sushi factory in the heart of Los Angeles's mysterious and impenetrable-to-Occidentals Japtown, the valiant O.J. Simpson could only squirm helplessly. Beside him in a precisely identical fix--save for the added fillip of having been beaten unconscious--slumped his sidekick, Nayland Kaelin.

"Drat!" exclaimed O.J.. "If only those thugs hadn't taken my pocket jackknife away, there might be some hope. But as things stand--"

From behind O.J. came a voice rich in Oriental menace to complete his thoughts.

"But as things stand, Honorably Despised O.J.-san, you and your precious friend have reached the end of the line!"

From the crepuscular shadows now stepped that most dreaded arch-villain, bane of the world's law-enforcement systems, perpetrator of innumerable arcane crimes and plots, a figure to strike terror into the hearts of the superstitious--

Lance Manchu!

"Lance Manchu!" ejaculated O.J.. "I knew it had to be you behind this kidnapping! No one else could have been so devilishly clever! Imagine luring the two of us to that hamburger joint with the anonymous tip that offered the promise of breaking up a drug-smuggling ring! What fiendish scheme have you in mind now?"

Rubbing together his long-nailed yellow hands, Lance Manchu smiled like a cream-fed feline, contorting his pitiful facial hair along repugnant leer-lines.

"Oh, not much, my good sir. Simply the end of your career as a thorn in my side. After I'm done with you, you'll perhaps wish I had killed you outright!"

"You demon! What unnatural doings are afoot?"

“Oh, nothing too complicated or bizarre, my old enemy! I have simply sent some highly reliable assassins to visit your wife. And with them they carry your jackknife! With your fingerprints upon it! Some of her blood will find its way back to your vehicle and domicile. A certain detective on the force is also in my pay. With all these factors, I think you’ll be lucky to avoid the electric chair and merely spend the rest of your life behind bars!”

O.J. rocked furiously back and forth in his chair, his enormous muscles straining to no avail against his bonds. Curiously, his first words were not a plea of mercy for his beloved Nicole. “Gosh darn you, Lance Manchu! You won’t succeed! No jury would believe such a circumstantial case in the face of my reputation and character!”

Lance Manchu seemed unfazed by O.J.’s assertion. “Perhaps not. But you’ll certainly spend months and millions defending yourself. At the end, you’ll be a broken shadow of your old self. And I--I shall be unstoppable!”

The insidious slant-eyed underworld mastermind turned to leave. “By the time you and Kaelin succeed in freeing yourself, you’ll be a wanted man!”

With a flourish of his black robes and a peal of chilling laughter, Lance Manchu disappeared through a secret door that closed behind him.

Subsequent to the departure of the evil arch-criminal O.J. seemed to relax, as if dropping a pose. “We’ll see who laughs last, Lance baby!” the redoubtable O.J. exclaimed to the stone wall. “Oh, and thanks for saving me the trouble of wasting the old ball-and chain!” Then, with a smile, our hero settled back to await his freedom.