

Chapter 10

Wednesday morning, June 29
Ina May's home in Colorado Springs

Heather and I spent of the morning doing chores for Ina May. Then we got groceries at Safeway. Heather noticed that a Blockbuster Video store was near Safeway so she and I rented a movie that featured Bruce Lee.

Later this morning we cleaned the bathroom and waxed the kitchen floor. For the moment Heather is brushing her hair and I'm lying on my tummy and watching TV.

I went with Heather to a hair stylist yesterday. Heather realized her dream to have blonde hair. She looks gorgeous. Though I told her she didn't need to do it Heather bleached her eyebrows and shaved her bottom. She and I are now sporting similar hairdos. I have a mini braid to the left of my forehead. It reaches below my chin. Heather has little braids hanging down on each side of her face.

“There you are,” said Ina May as she walked into the girl's room. I want to pay you for cleaning house.”

“You don't need to do that,” said Heather.

“I want to.”

Lindsay rolled over and got off the bed.

Ina May is good natured. She has blue eyes and gray hair. She's about sixty five. Heather and I love her. She got us a ride up to Pikes Peak with relatives and all of us spent a day in Manitou Springs. We've played cards and dominoes together almost every evening.

"I'll be playing bridge this afternoon at Priscilla Mackey's home. Here's her telephone number."

Heather reached out and took the memo from Ina May.

"You are nice young ladies, but I think you work too hard. Maybe you would like to see a movie at Tinsel Town."

"Where's that Aunt Ina May?" asked Lindsay.

"Take Uintah to Circle Drive. After you drive under a highway Tinsel Town is on the left. It's across from Car Toys. The ice skating rink is to the left of tinsel Town."

Ina May pushed a five dollar bill into Lindsay's bag.

"Thank you," said Lindsay.

"Would you like a sandwich, Ina May?" asked Heather.

"No. I'll eat shortly at club. Good bye."

"Bye," said Heather.

"Bye," said Lindsay.

"If you go out be sure to lock the doors, girls."

"We will," sounded Lindsay.

"Shall we eat a sandwich?" asked Heather.

"You're always hungry," said Lindsay as Heather approached her.

“What shall we wear?” asked Heather.

“Maybe we should dress up.”

Lindsay walked to the closet.

“Why don’t you wear my short mauve skirt and something like my white pinstripe tailored shirt?”

“That’s a hot combo,” said Heather with increasing interest. I’m glad we’re the same size.

Heather took off her jeans and tank.

Lindsay noticed Heather was wearing an expensive-looking yellow thong.

“Where did you get the thong?”

“Victoria Secret. I have another one. Want to wear it?”

“Okay.”

Heather picked up her suitcase, put it on the bed and opened it.

“Here,” she said as she handed Lindsay a new thong.

Lindsay felt the rich lined material.

“I like it. It has rhinestones in the back as well.”

She removed the price tag.

“It cost you fifty bucks?”

“I got two for fifty on sale,” explained Heather.

Lindsay took off her clothes except her black bra. She put on the thong.

“I love it.”

Heather grinned.

Lindsay put on a short fuchsia skirt and a light pink shirt with two third sleeves.

“Here’s some cuff links for the sleeves.”

“I’ve never used cufflinks before,” said Heather.

Lindsay put on diminutive earrings that had dainty gold chains that were extremely sensitive to movement.

Heather put on her cultured pearl earrings.

“We can put on red lipstick after we eat a bite.”

“We’re going to attract one hell-of-a lot of male attention,” said Heather with a wide grin.

“I know.”

Lindsay hurried into the kitchen. She sliced up some left over roast beef and made two sandwiches.

Heather poured milk into two glasses.

“Do you think true love is a myth?” asked Heather as she chewed on a bite of sandwich.

“I think it’s rare. I think you and I will have to compromise.”

“I don’t want a man who cheats.”

“Don’t rush into marriage.”

“How would you categorize Fred Halstead?”

“I’m sure that if he had not moved we would have married after high school,” said Lindsay dreamily.

“Your mom may have been relieved to see him go.”

“I don’t know. A lot of water has flowed down the Yellowstone River since then.”

“I’d say!”

When we have our master’s degrees, maybe more, we’ll be looking for different men than we would settle for now.”

“We should wait?” asked Heather seriously.

“Ideally, yes.”

“There’s something I want to say about experimentation.”

“What, Heather.”

“I would rather face the consequences of being raped and left for dead than doing something that might damage our friendship.”

Lindsay looked at Heather.

“I agree. I cherish our friendship too.

“If we made love even the tiniest conflict could erode it.”

Heather got up from the kitchen table.

Lindsay got up stepped to Heather and hugged her lovingly.

“You mean very much to me,” said Lindsay. “I have a prescription for both of us.”

“What,” said Heather with tears streaking down her cheeks.

“We need to get laid in high fashion.”

“That will be the day,” voiced Heather.

When they finished cleaning the plates and silverware they went to the bathroom and applied lipstick.

It was two o’clock when the young women left Ina May’s home.

“Lindsay unlocked the Subaru and stepped inside.

Heather got in and closed the door.

“There’s something on the windshield, Lindsay.”

“Shit,” voiced Lindsay. “I hope I didn’t get a ticket.”

Lindsay opened the door and got out. She was happy to see that the item taped to the windshield wasn’t a ticket. It was a small manila envelope. She removed it from the windshield and used her new acrylic nails to unseal the parcel. Lindsay found two movie tickets and a note. It read:

Go to the movie “Million Dollar Baby” at Tinsel Town today. Sit close to the screen in the wide aisle. I will contact you there. Wilbur. 6-29-05.

Lindsay almost bit her lip when she saw Wilbur’s name on the unusual note. She put everything back in the envelope, walked to her open car door and got in.

“What was it?” asked Heather.

“See for yourself,” said Lindsay as she gave the envelope to Heather.

Lindsay shut the door and started the engine. She smiled when she heard Heather’s low throat sound.

“How does Wilbur know we’re here?” asked Heather. “What is Wilbur up to? Do you suppose Wilbur is a murderer? Who does he think he is?”

“I don’t know. Are the tickets any good?”

Heather looked at the tickets.

“Yes, the tickets are good for any adult for today’s matinees,” voiced Heather.”

Lindsay put the auto in gear.

“Wait, Lindsay. There’s something in Ina May’s mailbox.”

Lindsay turned of the ignition.

Heather got out, walked to the mailbox and picked up the parcel.

“What’s in it?” asked Lindsay excitedly.

“I don’t know yet,” voiced Heather as she stepped inside the auto.

Heather opened the packet and looked inside.

“What the heck?”

“Let me see,” said Lindsay.

Heather dumped the contents of the folder in her lap.

“Well, I’ll be.”

Lindsay couldn’t wait any longer. She scooted close to Heather.

“These are passports,” said Heather as she looked them over.

“Here are two Police ID cards,” said Lindsay, “but I don’t see our photos.”

“How come we got police ID cards?” asked Heather.

“Everything is typed neatly for you and me!”

“So are the passports.”

Lindsay looked at a note card from Detective Denise Richards. It read:

I commend you ladies for acting quickly to save crucial evidence in the murder of Mark Brown. I find that you have reached maturity. I remember the day you signed on as junior crime stoppers. I want to personally extend to you an opportunity in law enforcement. I will send you to police school and detective school. You will be the youngest and brightest detectives on the

force. I hope you will consider this offer. The police ID will expire in October, so hurry. Best wishes, Denise.

P.S. Get your pictures taken and find someone to attach them and laminate the ID. If you have any tidbits I'll see that it gets into the paper.

"Everything is complete including our birth places and dates. Oh, Lindsay! Denise thinks we turned twenty one."

"You mean to tell me we have legal IDs for twenty one?"

"That's right, Lindsay."

When it looked like Lindsay was through with Denise's note Heather took it out of Lindsay's hand so she could read it.

Lindsay fired up the Subaru and drove the car onto Uintah.

Lindsay stopped at a red light on Circle Drive and Uintah.

"We can buy some wine," said Heather."

They giggled hilariously.

"I feel like we're being sucked into a murder investigation," said Lindsay.

"We don't really know that," voiced Heather. "You remember Detective Williams told us not to intercept Wilbur."

As Lindsay drove under a highway she looked to her left. When she had the chance she turned left.

"I don't know where we are," voiced Lindsay.

"I see it," said Heather. "Look at the awesome parking lot."

"Yeah. It's a big theater."

Lindsay found a place to park that was only five rows back from the entrance.

“There’s the ice rink over there,” said Heather as she pointed.

“I see it.”

Lindsay and Heather got out of the car.

Lindsay locked it.

They walked inside Tinsel Town.

“Tickets please,” said a young man.

Lindsay gave him her ticket.

He gave her the ticket stub.

“Where do we go?” asked Heather as she gave the man her ticket.

“To your right. You can’t miss it.”

He gave Heather a stub.

The young women walked into a dark hallway that resembled the theaters in Billings.

“There are so many different movies playing that a person could stay in here all day and never watch the same movie twice,” said Heather.

“Look, Lindsay? The movie is playing in more than one theater.”

“Heather took Lindsay’s hand in hers and led Lindsay into one of the theaters.

Heather followed a path defined by miniature red lights on each edge.”

“I can’t see a thing,” said Lindsay.

“Here’s the aisle Wilbur wanted us to sit in, Lindsay.”

Lindsay followed Heather.

They sat down in the middle of the aisle.

The movie started shortly after they got settled.

As the story of a woman prize fighter unfolded Lindsay forgot about Wilbur's note. When she least expected it the plot turned sad. She cried. Lindsay barely noticed when someone sat down beside her.

"Hello, Lindsay," said Wilbur.

Lindsay jumped.

"Oh, Hello," she whispered.

"Who is the woman you're with?"

"Heather."

"I didn't recognize her with blonde hair. I always thought you were the most beautiful woman in high school. You're also the woman I'd most like to be stranded on a south sea island with."

"Thank you," whispered Lindsay as she turned to look at Wilbur.

Actually, Wilbur isn't hard on my eyes. I didn't meet him at the right age or perhaps we would have been an item.

"Go to Suzie Yao's Massage Parlor. Tell them Wilbur sent you. Suzie will take your photos and laminate your IDs."

Before I could ask Wilbur how he knew about the ID cards and whether he knew who murdered Mark he kissed my cheek and disappeared into the darkness.

Heather didn't notice Wilbur because she was engrossed with the film.

Lindsay saw a policewoman looking around the theater. Another cop joined her. They walked along the aisle and used a flashlight to check who was sitting in the front aisles.

Lindsay had a funny feeling that the cops were looking for Wilbur.

When the movie ended Lindsay was in a melancholy mood.

“That was a sad story,” said Heather.

They watched most of the credits before they got up and walked out.

Lindsay put her shoulder strap on her left shoulder.

As they walked to the main entrance Lindsay noticed that some policemen were checking people. What she saw next sent shivers down her spine. Wilbur was sitting in the back of a police car. He had handcuffs on.

“I have to pee,” said Lindsay.

I really want Heather and me to avoid the police. They might run us in for questioning.

“I’ll go with you,” said Heather.

Lindsay walked back into the area of the theaters.

Heather followed.

As Lindsay approached a side exit she looked to see if there were any cops around.

When two policemen opened the exit door from the outside and walked inside Lindsay took Heather’s hand and pulled on her arm.

“What?” she voiced.

“See the two women over there?” whispered Lindsay.

“Yes.”

“Do as I do,” said Lindsay seriously.

“We wondered where you went,” said Lindsay as she walked up to the woman with dark hair.

The women named Nina and Amber had no idea what was going on.

Lindsay put her arms around the gal and hugged her.

Heather put her arms around the other woman and hugged her.

Lindsay peeked around the woman’s ear to check on the cops.

“Hey,” said Nina. Who are you?”

“Yeah,” said Amber.

When the coast was clear Lindsay broke away from the gal she was with and stepped back.

“Come on honey,” said Lindsay.

Heather broke away from the other woman.

“Who are you?” asked Nina.

Lindsay led Heather to the exit door.

“What if they follow us?” asked Heather.

“We’ll have to deal with them,” voiced Lindsay coolly.

“I think they’re spaced out whores looking for a trick,” said Nina. No telling what diseases they’re carrying.”

“Oh yeah,” said Amber.

“Let’s go to the car,” said Heather.

“Let’s do.”