

Pissed before Bernie Mack live!



Sometimes, I *had* a knack for speaking out loud and expressing the things that I like, made me happy or otherwise tickled my fancy. I especially expressed these thoughts to females I dated, not selfishly but in a sharing way. Even though they could have been misconstrued that way and maybe those were not the kind of things she wanted to hear. But this issue lends its inner, warmest softness to another story, or issue(s).

This issue; something I did not actually pay attention to as I spoke my mind, and, by the way, women should be given the credit with paying attention to small details, whether they were meant to be taken as small talk or something that was a must say, at the time is what led me through a moody night with Bernie Mack, in a Dorchester theater where I barely laughed at the Mack mans jokes, was pissed enough to be enraged and could not enjoy the show, no matter what I did or the joke Bernie said.

I had to give it to her because women always have a way of doing those things, like small things, that men should also do, which make their significant other happy with laughter.

The female I was dating, for the past three months, and who was not only my date for the Bernie Mack comedy show but was very attractive and she surprised me with the date night show, which I had become very excited about and could not wait until show time.

Apparently, this all transpired because of one of those times I spoke out about some of the things I like, which I was grateful for.

Bernie Mack was a natural to me. Aside from Richard Pryor, Bernie was the man. Bernie was hilariously funny. I even thought his charcoal black/gray (in the stage light) skin was funny and as dark as his 3/4 inch length double-breasted blue suit jacket he wore against a white shirt that night. But I couldn't even laugh at that.

Everything went smooth the whole day. Attitudes were great and both myself and my date could not wait until show time, even though, I think she was more happy for me than anything else. She may have wanted to go somewhere else but I did not have the



notion at the time to ask. I did not want to spoil my chances of seeing Bernie Mack live, for the first time, incase she did want to go or be somewhere else.

I was trying to contain myself, as we drove from Mattapan to the theater in Dorchester. For some reason, I thought I was going to get a special backstage invite from the Mack man- I don't know why I was tripping that far out.

I was nervous about leaving my car on a side street because I'd had one stolen like that before but, for that night only, to hell with a car. We were within a couple of blocks from the theater and if my car was stolen by the time we got out of the show, we would just have to catch a cab.

I had a beautiful female by my side, money in my pocket and the night air was great. What more could I ask for? I did not ask that last part out loud but *what more* would soon reveal itself to me in an ugly way.

A block from the theater, well shit, I'll be damned. That's where the shit out of a horse's ass hit the fan for me and splattered all over my damn face.

My beautiful, naïve date just flipped the script on me in mid-stride. I was in total disbelief at what took place next, shocked even, hurt, mad, betrayed, outraged. I mean, in my damn face? R U serious?

A guy standing in front of a sub shop called out to my date. I know he was not talking to me because I did not know him, nor did I recognize him or what he was insinuating, until she responded.

It is said a feeling or feelings, come before anger rise; humiliation, frustration, confrontation, etc. I'm sure all of those things took place but I'm positive anger was on the forefront of it all.

Now I get that females have friends from the opposite sex, especially before they met the guy they were dating but, from my personal experience-not good. Not good at all. There is always *something* and this was it-maybe.

"What's up with that?" the guy ask.

My date immediately held up her left hand and wiggled her fingers, indicating she was without her wedding ring (because she was separated from her former husband) and have a new man-me, . . . this only encourage the guy.

I imagine this guy was waiting in the wings for my date to get a divorce so he could have his shot at her. Once she gave him that indication that she was no longer in that former union, the man immediately jumped right in and gave his spill.

"Hold on. Don't go anywhere. Let me go write my number down. If you need *anything* or just want to talk, call me, ok?" and he was off.

Now, I found it hard to digest what went down in a manly, adult-like fashion.

Maybe my date felt our relationship was only three months old and she was open to *exploring* but if that was the case, I feel that I should have been informed of this because, as far as I was concerned, we were in a good relationship.

I felt infuriated because I was being treated like I was transparent and I do not recall having the ability to turn invisible.

"Well," I began, in a calm but pissed off voicey manner, "If you continue to stand here and wait for that guy to come out and actually hand you his phone number, I am out of here. Let him drive you home because obviously you do not respect what we have or it could be me. We haven't been in this relationship long enough to have a fight but this is borderline."

Needless to say, I saw Bernie Mack and I am sure he was funny as hell but I just could not find anything to laugh about that night.

I got myself a dog after that.

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