

SWITCH UP

By

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Jane stashed cash down her bra and pants. “Loose those cops, now!”

The Beetle popped as Joe shifted gears and sped through the rocky roads of Maine.

“Hang on.”

Jane pulled off the blonde-colored wig and winced as she peeled off the mustache and tossed it back. “Look out, Joe!”

Joe yanked the wheel and turned into a damp, foggy forest. He rammed over down tree limbs and leaves and busted into a pile of pine needles. He sped down a long slop, dodged a herd of deer then he swiped a tree. The impact caused him to do a 360 and dangle from a cliff. The front stopped just over the edge of a cliff while the back decided whether to join its other half.

“Whoa, the police are coming let’s jump!” said Jane.

“That’s rough...,” said Joe. The back side of the car swayed.

“Now!” said Jane.

The manager approached the register They sloshed water trails up and down the aisle in a corner mall outlet. Rambled through items confused, and in shock. "Is this a nightmare?" said Jane. Starred deep into a lava lamp.

"Maybe this was all a bad mistake," said Jane. Her neck, face, and hands were covered in purple dye. "I reached into the money bag, and it exploded everywhere." She backed away from the purple lava lamp.

"Do you talk to lamps now?" asked Joe. He wrung the excessive water from his ripped skirt, as the heels from one of his shoes finally gave out and toppled into a rack of clothes.

Joe grabbed Jane by the hand, she was still blabbing. "Jane, damnit snap out of it!"

Customers nodded their heads and rolled their eyes.

"She, I mean he is just a little mental today," said Joe.

They are staring at us; you think they heard us talking?" asked Jane.

"Maybe. You were talking to the lamp loudly," said Joe. Observed the surroundings. "I mean look at us." He patted down his skirt for his wallet. "Wait the mo...!"

"Where's the car at?" asked Jane.

"Did you hit your head during the wreck or something?" asked Joe. Frantically looked for his wallet. "The car is hanging from a damn cliff!"

"My wallet, the money!" said Joe.

"Oh, don't worry about that...see," said Jane. She pulled out a wet wad of Grover Cleveland's from her black tuxedo pants. She placed her soggy tie on

the shelf. "That tie made me feel manly." She grabbed a white silk dress from its hanger. "You still have lipstick smeared on your face. Your skirt's ripped."

"You don't look so bad yourself, Mr. Jane, and wait...Is that purple dye all over the cash?" said Joe.

"Well..." Jane said.

"Oh shit! Customers heard us," said Joe.

"How do you like this sunflower rose dress?" asked Jane.

A kid about five approached them. "Hey, mister?" He yanked on Joe's wet skirt. "Did you go for a swim?"

"Ignore him. Let's go. Let's get out of here fast!" said Jane and dashed between the clothes racks, grabbing everything in sight.

At the check-out lane, Jane slammed everything on the counter, and the line built up from behind.

"Does anyone know where a motel is?" Joe asked.

Customers nodded their heads no.

Jane slapped Joe in the back of the head. "Will you shut up!" She paid the clerk wet money.

"Damnit you are expensive!" said Joe.

"Don't make me regret this," said Jane.

The clerk walked away with the money and talked to the manager nearby. The manager pointed and stared at Jane. Customers huffed and puffed impatiently as they waited.

"What do you think they are talking about?" asked Joe.

“Don’t look so suspicious now,” said Jane.

“I think he noticed,” said Joe. Whipped away his lip stick but smudged it on his cheek. “Is this some waterproof permanent lipstick or what?”

Jane’s heartbeat fast and her face flushed red. She was tempted to run. “Shut up Joe. Focus. Let me talk.”

, smiled at Jane. “Next time please make sure the bills are shorter.”

“I am guilty,” Jane said. She swallowed her pride, glanced at Joe.

“What?” asked Joe.

“Keep the damn change Joe, it’s over,” said Jane.

Jane proceeded to the exit, grabbed her money out of her pants pocket, and tossed it everywhere.

Customers stunned and scrambled to retrieve a large sum of cash from the floor.

Jane put her hands up in the air. “I have to confess here, my name is not Joe, it’s Jane!”