

Dewey vs. the U.S. Army

When we last saw our hero, Dewey, he was surrounded by soldiers and was pointing a gun at a federal agent.

Dewey lowered the gun. The parties were at a standoff. There was the defiant Dewey, standing with his arms folded, royally pissed off, and ready to take on the world. The armed soldiers stood around, shuffling their feet, waiting for an order. Their commanding officer stood with his hand on his chin, trying to look thoughtful. The two black-suited agents and the “Freda” clone stared into space.

“What are yew going to do with me? Yer helicopters can take off, but they can’t land ‘cause I shot out their tires. The black-suit boys’ car is wrecked,” Dewey said.

As if to answer Dewey’s question, the first truck of the motor convoy pulled up. A tired-looking officer slowly got out of the truck and walked over to the commander of the helicopter troops. Everyone continued to stand around while the two had a whispered conversation.

A long black limousine came flying down the road, pulled onto the rough land where the agents’ car had landed, and slid to a halt. The front passenger-side door flew open. A tall, gray-haired man jumped out of the car. Wearing a dark gray suit, he walked quickly over to the military commanders. He showed them some type of identification, and briefly talked with them.

“Stand down!” both commanders bellowed. The helicopter unit commander ordered, “Everyone into the trucks! We’re getting out of here! Now!”

The soldiers hustled over to the trucks and crammed themselves into them. The trucks roared off, leaving Dewey, the two agents, “Freda,” and the gray-suited man. The man in the dark gray suit walked slowly over to the black-suited agents and the “Freda” clone.

“You let some hick from Tennessee crash your car, cripple two helicopters, and make two military commanders sweat. You call yourselves field agents? You’re a joke! See if that car will run and get your asses back to the base. If the car won’t run, hitchhike! Do you hear me?” he bellowed.

The humiliated agents ran off toward the car. The man turned toward Dewey and stared at him. Dewey, ever the polite one, said, “I’m Dewey Webster. Who’re yew?”

“I’m the idiot who wanted you recruited!” the man yelled. “You were supposed to go along peacefully. We were going to train you for a special mission and then ...”

“Yew were going to do whut?” Dewey asked.

“No one would expect you to be carrying a top secret package. You were to transport one of our nation’s most important assets to its ... destination. It seemed like a good idea at the time,” he said.

“Who are yew calling a Tennessee hick? I’m Dewey Webster, actor, writer and firearms collector. I don’t take no crap off no one. I wuz minding mah own business when those two clowns of yours kidnapped me. And that woman? What’s the deal there? How long has she been pretending to be mah girlfriend? Heck, if I wrote this thing and turned it in to my editor, he’d only pay me C grade money – and that’s if he even accepted it?”

“Dewey, please, come with me,” the man said. “I promise – no more handcuffs, no more blindfolds. We’ll tell you what’s going on – promise!”

“And what about her,” Dewey said, pointing at the “Freda clone.”

She walked toward him slowly. Speaking with a Russian accent, she said, “Dewey, I’m not Freda.”

I'm Irisha Iminov. I work for the government."

"Which government? Yew sound like a Russky," Dewey said.

"I proudly work for the United States government," Irisha said. "I defected from Russia some time ago."

"Well, what the hell happened to Freda?" Dewey asked.

"Ah, Dewey," the man in the gray suit said. "She *is* Freda. She was in disguise since the moment you met her."

"Yew mean that yew was trickin' me? I thought ah had found someone who truly loved me. It was all an act! Why did yew do this ta me?" Dewey shouted.

"Dewey, it was part of the plan to get you to Huey, and then to us", Irisha said. "You needed an excuse to take a trip. I provided it. I also was there to protect you in case anyone learned about your mission," she said.

"But what about all of our good times? The talkin', the kissin' the ..." Dewey trailed off.

"It wasn't totally an act," Irisha said. "You're kind of likeable Dewey, in your own way. I enjoyed our time together. It was so heroic of you to rescue me at the Bates Motel. Now, if I had been attacked, I would have killed the attacker. I'm an expert in hand-to-hand combat. Still, you were sooo courageous!"

Dewey bowed his head. "So, ah still don't have a girlfriend. You played me. I don't like any of this. Ah didn't think mah government did stuff like this."

The gray-suited man said, "Dewey, give us a chance. Your country needs you. Your mission is vital to our national security. Please come with me."

"Do yew have a name?" Dewey asked.

"Just call me Mr. Phelps," he said.

"Well, awright, Mr. Phelps, ah'll go with yew. Ah don't seem to have much choice," Dewey said.

Dewey hopped in the back seat. He and the mysterious Mr. Phelps hurtled down the highway to Dewey's next destination.