

Dead Set Legend

A Rock 'n' Roll Crime Comedy

Stuart James Orr

AKA Stu Easy

AKA The Big Stu Easy

AKA Mr. Stu-Jitzu

AKA Mr. Orrsome

AKA TBSE

AKA BEST (*acronyms baby!!*)

Free Chapters
Chapter 2 (+1.a and 2.a)

and then...

**...then we skip in the action to Chapter 11 “Voodoo Gods”
(that’s when things are REALLY heating up!)**

Please enjoy responsibly :)

Chapter 2

‘The flyer’

STU’S HOUSE. 1997

Day 1. The day “it” all started.

In the year of 1997, Stu Easy lived with his younger brother Bobby Easy, Loose Change and Justin Case - the other three members of the rock band ‘The Fairy Penguins’. Because they played and practiced all day, every day, it was super convenient that they all lived together too.

They had just started renting a house in a nice, middle-to-lower class, suburb, along with Stu’s best friend from school, Pradeep. They called it the ‘Jam-House.’

Pradeep didn’t play any musical instruments, but he did serve well as the band’s number one mascot, hype man and roadie.

To have random girls at the house was becoming more and more the usual. Today’s two random girls were dressed in denim overalls, doc Martin boots and had nice thick/bushy eyebrows emulating their hero - the 1990s singer Mariah Carey. They also both absolutely insisted on insisting that they weren’t groupies.

Yeah, right! That’s what they all said!

Thus, all seven of them were crammed into the skanky lounge room of the ‘Jam House’, which was filled with horribly mismatching, stained and damaged furniture. Whenever they ran out of dope, they would forage through the broken and missing parts of the couches and chairs to look for weed—usually to some well-received success!

In the corner of the room was a small TV with a large VHS video player and a stack of four stolen car stereos. The small TV had two coat-hangers wound together and jammed into the top of it to be used as a makeshift antenna. This was particularly smart of the boys, as the makeshift antenna would also make a perfect tool to stoke their bong, if - and when - they got clogged up and needed cleaning.

And on the other side of the lounge room was a ridiculously large sound system with over-the-top components and buttons.

Everything in the room was stolen. Or as Stu Easy used to say; *“acquired with minimal resistance.”*

A small coke-bottle-and-gardenhose bong, and an elaborate, multi-chambered bong were being passed around and smoked. Everyone in the room was very stoned and very happy.

Blaring from the huge stereo, the tape player was offering up some loud, thumping rock music! Someone had scrawled ****DEMO TAPE**** on the cassette in thick black pen.

“Wait! Press pause for a second! Did you hear that?” a young Stu questioned the entire room.

Pradeep hit the pause button and the cassette slowed to a halt.

“You’re just paranoid, man,” Loose Change said to the young Stu Easy.

“Nah. My perfect ears definitely heard something weird,” whispered Stu, while intently listening.

Everybody in the room followed Stu’s lead and listened. Even the bongos stopped getting smoked.

They then heard a muffled voice, along with a loud banging.

“Turn the music down!” Justin Case said loudly from outside, while banging on the front door.

Confused, everyone looked around at each other.

“Please let me in! I’ve locked myself out again!” Justin Case called out loudly again from outside.

In unison, everyone in the room laughed at Justin’s predicament. The play button was pressed and the cassette soon wound up to full speed and volume, as bong smoke filled the room once again.

Stu looked over and motioned to Loose Change.

“Loose, it’s your turn to let ‘Head-Case’ in,” said Stu Easy, laughing at Justin having locked himself outside yet again.

On command, Loose Change left from the lounge room, laughing and shaking his head. He walked down the hall to the front door, as Justin kept on banging and begging to be let in.

Loose saw Justin Case through the window to the side of the front door, but didn’t pay him any attention at all.

“Come on, man. I’ve been out here for ages,” pleaded Justin Case from outside.

Loose moved off to the side of the door, crouched down, and then looked up suspiciously towards the peep hole.

Waiting to be let back inside, Justin saw what Loose was doing and instantly became annoyed.

“Really? Not the finger swipe thing. You do this every time, Loose! Just let me in!” he pleaded.

With an OCD-like action and routine, Loose Change swiped his fingers over the peep hole multiple times.

“Just let me in! Hurry up, man,” said an increasingly anxious Justin Case.

“I’m going as fast as I can!” yelled Loose Change from inside the front door.

“Please?!” begged Justin Case from outside.

“I’m trying!!!” yelled Loose Change.

“*MEDIC!!!*” yelled back Justin Case for seemingly no reason.

Eventually, Loose opened the front door and then collapsed in a heap on the floor. Justin burst in holding a huge stack of mail, leading them both back towards the lounge room.

“Why do you have to do a weird routine before literally everything you do?” Justin Case asked, as he helped Loose up to his feet again.

“Just checking if you’re the bad guys,” Loose Change replied matter-of-factly.

“If you’re the bad guys?” questioned an astonished Justin Case turning around.

“You’ve got problems, Loose! With all that banging and tapping you do? I saw you take nearly an hour just to brush your teeth the other morning,” said an annoyed and confused Justin Case.

With their little spat over, Justin and Loose entered the lounge room with Justin seemingly puzzled as he hastily handed Bobby Easy all of the recently delivered mail.

“I’m the lead singer,” said a gruff sounding Justin Case acting like a spoilt brat.

Both Justin and Loose were each welcomed with a bong to smoke as Stu turned the music down to a background volume so he could address all in front of him.

“This is an awesome demo tape guys!” Stu Easy congratulated everyone in the room.

“And that’s why we’re the remaining!” Stu continued.

Everyone in the room cheered! (except for Justin) “YAY!!”

“Defending!” Stu said triumphantly.

Everyone in room cheered with him again! (except for Justin) “YAY!”

“Outstanding?” Stu said, not sure if it was the best choice of words.

Another smaller cheer arose from those in the room (except for Justin) “Yay.”

“And sexiest College *Battle of the Bands* champions ever!” Stu Easy declared in a cheesy over-the-top game-show-host voice. “YES!!”

Stu received a very decent laugh from everyone in the room (except for Justin), as Bobby sorted through the mail.

“Bill... Bill... Another bill!.. An overdue bill!.. Another overdue bill!?” Bobby Easy moaned disappointedly out loud.

“That competition was years ago, Stu Easy. Before *you* got us all kicked out of college,” said Justin Case.

Stu flashed an offended face towards Justin while breathing bong smoke out.

The disrespect!

Chapter 1.a

‘The car dealership (present day)’

- Mike Smitten Motors -

Present day.

The Big Stu Easy was now seated at his office desk, with Thomas and Lucy sitting in the seats facing him on the other side of the desk.

“Oh yeah,” said Stu Easy.

“I probably should introduce the band first. That would make more sense.”

Lucy jiggled and giggled.

“Oh, I’m loving this story already,” she said.

“Keep it in your pants, doll-face,” said Stu Easy discerningly.

Thomas looked over at Lucy with embarrassed shock written all over his face. She was obviously flirting with Stu, right in front of him! Big Stu recognised that Thomas was utterly dismayed and floored that she didn’t care about flirting in front of him at all.

Heh heh heh, S’Too Easy.

The Stu-Jitzu master himself - *aka First Resort* - noticed this changing dynamic between the two, and grinned his famous ‘Stu Easy’ grin. He then continued to hypnotise Thomas and Lucy with his story, like the charming bad-ass-mother-fucker he was.

“Now, there was me, The Big Stu Easy, on bass guitar, saxophone, percussion, drums and vocals. Fuck I was good! I could dunk a basketball, run the one hundred meters in twelve seconds, defeat anyone at cricket, tennis, table tennis, and was arguably the greatest musician on the planet. All I did all day -

every day - was play music, train like a crazy person, play street ball with the intent of complete domination and fuck someone's girlfriend or wife until exhaustion every night."

"That last bit was a bit graphic," complained Thomas.

"It's important to the story! You have to know. I was in elite physical shape! No one was going to be better than me at anything!"

"You kept fit from fucking girls like me... for cardio reasons?" quizzed Lucy.

"Yes, honey. And that was after working and working out all day long too," answered Stu Easy.

"That's so hot," murmured Lucy unintentionally.

"Because I could bang out good girls like you, Lucy, while pretending that you're sluts for sometimes hours at the end of a long day... I truly felt I could beat anyone, at any thing, at any time, in any realm.

"OK, now I can see the importance. That's actually impressive," conceded Thomas.

"So you were the star of the band?" gushed Lucy.

"Let me tell you my story, and you be the judge," said Stu Easy trying to get his tale back on track and under his control.

Stu Easy took in a deep breath before continuing.

"And joining me in the band was my younger brother Bobby Easy. Everyone called him B Easy and everyone knew us as The Easy Brothers. *'It's going to B Easy because it S'Too Easy!'* was our catch phrase and we thought it was pretty cool. B Easy played drums, keyboards and also sang vocals. Sometimes all at the same time! He wasn't quite as good of a musician and entertainer as me. But he was still pretty fucking good!

"We were both good kids generally. We just needed a little direction. Any direction actually! But hey, that's another story, which I'll save for when you two come and buy your *next* car from me," Stu Easy said while nodding and smirking at the young couple.

"And on guitar we had Loose Change. Even though he was the only guitarist in the band, we had to call him 'the lead guitarist' for some fucked up, egotistical reason. His real name was actually Louis Change. But his Sicilian grandmother, who looked after him, could never say Louis properly. *'Loose? Loose? Time to go play outside now Loose,*'" mimicked Stu Easy.

"And because of his weird OCD tendencies, it stuck. Even the teachers all throughout school called him Loose Change."

"Wow. He sounds weird," commented Thomas.

"You have no idea. And then, on lead vocals, we had Justin Case," announced Stu Easy, sternly.

"Now that *was* his real name. His dumb-ass parents just didn't think it through enough. They should have named him 'Head Case' though, if you ask me," he continued.

"But again, that's another story. And just like his parents, he wasn't too bright. But heaven help me he was gorgeous, and one heck of a singer too!

“And to round things out, we had my number one best friend from high school, Pradeep. Pradeep was our unofficial hype-man and roadie. I never did know Pradeep’s last name. It just never bothered me to ask! My three other close friends from school were ‘Gunna’, ‘Moga’ and ‘Bones’. And to this day, I *still* don’t know what their real names are either! Anyway. I digress. Back to 1997...”

Chapter 2.a

‘The Flyer’

STU’S HOUSE

1997.

“Seriously, Stu, got any new gigs for us? Has literally *anyone* replied to that advertisement you put in the newspaper?” questioned a very somber Justin Case.

“Pfft! Do I have gigs? Do I have gigs?” he answered Justin.

“Actually? Do I have any gigs?” Stu then genuinely asked, laughing at himself.

Everyone laughed, except for Justin. Justin never laughed.

Ever.

Bobby Easy finished sorting through the mail.

“Over-due bill. Way over-due bill,” he muttered away to himself.

Bobby then saw the ‘1997 NATIONAL Battle of the Bands’ flyer.

“Stu, check this out! A flyer for the National Battle of the Bands competition. National?!? That’s the whole country!” Bobby Easy said with glee.

“I know what national means, man,” said the young and gorgeous Stu Easy, breathing out the smoke from the tightly packed bong hit he just smoked.

Bobby continued reading the flyer out aloud, “Winner takes all, full album recording, distribution, air time and a closing spot at this year’s Music Festival!”

The whole room got really excited by that news, as if they had already won the Battle Of The Bands competition.

“Show it to me,” Stu Easy said to his younger brother.

As Stu read the flyer, everyone gathered around him, also reading what now seemed like a ‘magical’ flyer of ‘mythical’ importance.

With everyone assembled around him, Stu took on an inspired, inspirational persona.

“Oh, we can win this thing. And win it we shall!” Stu Easy said triumphantly.

“But to get there, it’s a big fucking drive. And to drive that big fucking drive we’re going to need some sweet fucking wheels! And there’s only ONE MAN that can get us a sweet ride at such short notice.”

“It better not be who I’m thinking of,” Bobby Easy snapped at his brother.

“Oh, yeah. You know it is,” grinned Stu Easy while slowly nodding and with a glint of mischievousness in his eyes.

“But we haven’t seen him since we were babies,” said Bobby Easy.

“And?” said Stu Easy dismissively.

“And?” Bobby was shocked by Stu’s response. “Didn’t he die? Like twice?”

Stu continued to talk over his brother, “Mum and dad always said that if we needed anything quickly, anything at all, to always call Danny Dollars.”

“Danny Dollars!” exclaimed the whole room!

“That’s not his real name. It’s Danny Dickhead or something,” said Stu Easy flippantly.

“Why on earth do they call him Danny Dollars then?” asked Pradeep.

“Got dropped on his head or something, and now he’s an idiot? You know? He’s a few dollars short of... a few dollars!” said Stu Easy while knocking on the side his head.

“He’s a harmless knucklehead. He’ll open his arms to us with nothing but harmless, knucklehead, love, baby.”

“It’s going to B Easy!” Bobby cheered.

“Because it’ S’Too Easy!” Stu answered.

The Easy Brothers rule!

“Now, let’s smoke the rest of this choof and get the bus over there!” ordered a commanding Stu Easy.

Alright... enough of the origin story. Let's skip ahead to where everything goes completely fucked...

Chapter 11

‘Voodoo Gods’

12 minutes later...

Within a few moments, Bobby, Stu and Justin were back on the multi-lane mega-highway, and had driven up behind a large truck transporting live chickens.

Their front windscreen was completely missing from the shotgun blast, and the wind was blowing everything around. The boys didn't seem to mind though. They just wanted to get home.

The boys just had to talk heaps louder to each other, and to duck or catch the random items that flew through the void the missing windscreen had created.

“Now what, Mr. Stu Easy? This van ain't going to get us to the gig tonight, and we look and smell like dog shit. Let's just give up, man. Rock and roll is just too dam hard!” yelled a defeated Justin Case.

Stu ducked to the side as a live, clucking chicken zoomed past his head and flew into the back of the van, knocking it out cold.

Cluck-Cluck. Cluck-Cluck. Cluck... Bang!

“Guys, it S'Too Easy. All we need to do is to pay a visit to Danny and get a new ride. And then go get some new threads? Sounds simple enough? Doesn't it?” said Stu Easy, yelling over the top of all the noise, and whilst ignoring the KO'd chook.

Justin yelled back.

“Where are we getting new clothes from man? The side of the road? We've got no money, and because of you, we owe Danny Dollars a small fortune. And where are all of our instruments? What are we going to play with? Our dicks?” he shouted above the noise.

“Relax-io. No problem-io. An old work friend of mine that now goes by the cross-dressing name of Sharron Saliva has just opened a clothing shop downtown with her partner Cray-Cray,” replied Stu Easy.

“Fuck that guy! Didn't he rip you off and get you fired from that job? And now what? Now he's a fucking chick?” said Bobby Easy loudly, with absolute distain for Sharron Saliva.

“That's right, he did rip me off. So he owes me. If you've got any better suggestions, then now would be the perfect time to bring them up,” Stu Easy yelled menacingly.

Bobby and Justin couldn't and didn't answer him. They never had any answers for anything. Ever!

Fucking useless cunts.

“That’s right. Now, do not embarrass me in front of these guys or I’ll fucking kill you,” Stu Easy said.

“And get that clucking chicken out of here!!” he ordered.

Justin threw the plump - now awake again - chicken back out through the missing front windscreen. All three watched, in giddy shock and guilty horror, as the loud, painful clucking noises disappeared down the road behind them.

A large thunder-clap boomed above them, and immediately it started to rain through the missing windscreen space. They were so brain-dead and exhausted that they didn’t even acknowledge it and just remained looking straight ahead.

Somehow, through the disturbance of the wind and the rain - and flying chickens - Bobby pulled a bong hit. And then, because he was such a great bloke, he packed one each for the other two as well.

On the other side of town, BOSS’s best and most trusted gangsters, Pauly C, Brutus and D’Nefuè, were all trashing Danny’s office. They were told to ‘wreck it good’ and ‘bring back any valuables’ by a furious BOSS.

“I can’t believe Danny’s in on this?” said Brutus in disbelief while smashing the encased human skull with a hammer into small pieces.

“Danny Dollars is too dumb to steal from anyone! Let alone BOSS,” said Pauly C, while ripping up Danny’s irreplaceable Broadway photo and TV Week cover.

Brutus continued, “BOSS said that if Drug Dealer doesn’t get his drug shipment by tomorrow night, that we’re all D-E-D... dead! And as porno-hot as Penny is, I really don’t want a chick with a bigger dick than mine killing me?” he declared.

“We have to do something smart *and* intelligent to somehow find out where those musicians live. I mean, it’s not like they’re just going to come directly to us now is it?” said Brutus, while burning a box of Danny’s important receipts and tax documents that had ****Important receipts and tax docs of Danny’s**** written in thick black pen on it.

As the boys pulled into Danny’s driveway, Stu, Bobby and Justin could see that there was someone there, inside Danny’s office.

“Looks like Danny’s here already?” Stu Easy said, rubbing his tired eyes.

“How did he beat us here with no car?” asked a woozy Bobby Easy.

The gangsters looked out the window to see Stu, Bobby and Justin getting out of the van and walking down the drive straight towards them.

“No. Fucking. Way!” said Brutus, D’Nefuè and Pauly C all at the same time.

The three gangsters whipped out their huge guns, and started shooting them from inside Danny’s office, blowing out the office windows and parts of the walls and front door in an epic and *way* too over-the-top and unnecessary manner.

The boys saw the gangsters shooting at them and they abruptly turned around and jumped straight back into the van.

While narrowly avoiding the hail of bullets dramatically zinging and pinging all around them, they re-entered the quickest way possible. Via the missing windscreen.

Hurriedly, Stu put the key in the ignition to start the van.

“Come on man. Hurry!” Bobby Easy bellowed at Stu, while packing another bong hit for himself.

Stu didn't respond verbally and just gave Bobby an ‘are you fucking serious?’ look. A look that *only* an older brother could make.

The van started, and Stu reversed out of Danny's driveway as fast as the van would take them. A quick and unnecessary ‘donut’ had dirt flying everywhere and they took off, down the road.

Meanwhile, Bobby paid more attention to packing and passing the bong to Justin.

The gangsters jumped over and through the carnage of Danny's destroyed office, and got in their car to take chase.

“Remember, BOSS wants us to put on our seatbelts,” reminded Brutus.

A few hundred meters down the road, Bobby passed Stu the bong and took control of the steering wheel for him. Stu ripped a bong hit while surveying and contemplating everything that was happening.

“Oh, my, god!” he exclaimed.

“What!?” answered Bobby Easy, steering the van for his older brother.

“Dad called,” Stu said, exhaling the last of the smoke from his lungs.

“What did he want?” asked a puzzled Bobby.

“Um? Can't remember?” replied Stu Easy.

Bobby yanked on the steering wheel and they made a very sharp turn.

Stu, pounded another couple of cones like a champion, and handed the bong back to Bobby. He then casually took control of the steering wheel again.

Looking ahead, they all realised there were some major road works going on ahead, with no way of getting through.

“We're doomed to fail,” said a stone-faced Justin.

Stu Easy did, however, notice a tow truck — with no load — to the side of the road. The rear tray was very conveniently tilted up to the max.

“Pfft. S'Too Easy.”

Stu put his foot to the floor and the van revved loudly, rapidly gaining speed. The van hit the tow truck's tray like it was a jump-ramp, and the van took off through the air.

Bobby looked terrified. Justin had no emotion at all. And Stu looked crazy, excited and thrilled all at once. With no windscreen, the wind blew their hair back majestically.

But, unfortunately for the boys, the van only smashed violently into the rear of the tow truck's cabin.

KA-POW!!!!

Armed with their huge guns, the gangsters exited their car, ran up to the boys destroyed van, and started shooting it up using an insane amount of ammunition.

When they eventually ran out of bullets, the gangsters all looked wide-eyed, crazy and exhausted. D'Nefuè threw the only thing that he had left, a grenade, into the van.

After the explosion, chicken feathers, cigarettes and condoms rained down from the sky all over them.

With wondrous reflexes and perfect timing, Brutus caught a lit cigarette out of the air and took a puff.

“Stop shooting. BOSS said he wants them alive,” said a super cool Brutus, flicking the cigarette away.

All three looked inside the wreck of the van, expecting to pull the boy's dead bodies out, only to see that there was no one inside. Just a couple of dead and now crispy, smouldering, barbecued chickens were visible to them.

They were shocked and confused. No mortals could have possibly survived that ridiculous onslaught.

“Where are those Fairy Penguins?!” shrieked D'Nefuè.

“You mean those Oxymoronz?” corrected Pauly C, looking around for clues.

“Whatever they call themselves now. They gone!” said D'Nefuè.

“Oh, this is just fucking weird! What are we going to tell BOSS?” asked Brutus.

“The truth,” said a spooked-out D'Nefuè.

“That these dudes ain't no musicians. They're voodoo gods!”

Leaving the explosive scene, the gangsters got back in their car and took off to give BOSS the bad news; That the band of musicians had magically vanished without a trace.

Again!

Meanwhile, fifty-odd meters down the road stood a large tree.

A very large tree.

And in that very large tree, three young men, adorned in torn and dirty clothes, were ever so casually hanging upside down in the branches.

They had been catapulted through the empty windscreen, and thrown a long, long way from the accident.

While still hanging upside down, and ignoring what had just happened to them, Stu took command once again.

“Justin Case, I need you to go check on Pradeep and Loose Change. Your job is to make sure that they're good to go for tonight's gig. B Easy? My brother, you're coming with me,” said Stu Easy.

Impossibly, Bobby then took an upside down bong hit and breathed the smoke out, while making a surprisingly realistic Darth Vader-type breathing sound.

“How did you do that?” quizzed Stu Easy.

After blowing all of the smoke out, Bobby eventually answered...

“I don’t know...” was his reply.

If you made it this far, you’re already in. Head back to the main page and grab the full book.

‘ROCK AND ROLL BRUVVA!’

By Stu Easy / Stuart James Orr

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