

Richie Fullerton's Bed

By

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Hey

Hey buddy what's happening?

Did you hear about Richie Fullerton?

Yeah, what the hell? So sad!

Well get this. Literally two days ago when Charlotte and me were coming home from Christmas at her parents place at Stockbridge, we were sitting in the airport and there was this dude sitting near me and I swear I knew him from somewhere.

Charlie didn't know where, she didn't really care (tired and stuff), and I just couldn't remember. So familiar though.

But he started looking at us like he knew us as well.

Okay. Weird.

So eventually it's been like 15 minutes so I go over and introduce myself. And he's really nice and we're chatting like just about what's been doing. He said he had been working nearby there. Really nice dude. Asked about my life and stuff as well, as if he knew me, even asked about Charlotte (who was napping by this time). And I was telling him everything! But I still didn't know where I knew him from!

What, he didn't introduce himself?

Well the thing is, he was acting as if he thought I knew who HE was.

But you didn't.

No. But like he didn't feel like he had to introduce himself I think. And it was too awkward to like ask him how we knew each other... because I thought we did.

And, wait... don't tell me...

It was Richie.

Bloody hell!

Right? He had a gross beard and was pretty dishevelled so that's why I didn't pick it up right away. But then the news this morning...

So you didn't work it out until you heard?

No!

You might have gone your whole life having had this interaction with a guy and never working out how you knew him.

Yeah. If he hadn't died, who knows what might have happened?

Dude, been meaning to tell you, I watched all of the Deep Dive movies last night.

Oh my god! All four?

What? I thought there was only three?

No, they did a low budget sequel a couple years ago. He was only there in stock footage. Basically Chuck Carver's son, Charlie, has to investigate terrorists who have infiltrated a European space agency.

It was shitty, they weren't even trying, but Charlie does kick a bad guy out of a spaceship and tells them to "enjoy the view, spaceman" so it wasn't all bad.

I am 100% watching that tonight.

Please let me know what you think! How good was Richie in the originals though?!

So so so good. The first one is a legitimately good movie. The others are okay too!

True that. I found out he was in The Neverman Muders!

He was the first guy they kill!

What? I haven't seen that since uni. Jesus, he was in a lot of stuff wasn't he?

Yeah, pretty prolific dude. I dunno, I mean, I know he was in a lot and he won the Oscar and whatever but I still feel like he had more movies in him. Only 49.

Too right. Michael Caine has made like 50 movies since he turned 80.

Exactly! We've missed out on a Richie version of Alfred.

Or like a *Gran Torino*.

Man! You're making me cry! Seriously though, I've been watching all his movies.

Did you know he got started as an extra in a porno?

Whaaaaaat! No way!

Yep. Not even the main dude. An extra.

Guess you gotta start somewhere... So did you watch the porn as well? Asking for a friend...

Yeah. For science etc. Nothing to write home about.

Very 1980s if you get what I mean.

Ahuh. Maybe I - my friend - isn't that interested after all.

After that he ended up on some soap opera but he literally got written off in a coma and replaced with a different actor.

Wow. Why he was written off?

He was having it off with the main girl and the producer was jelly.

That's our boy Richie!

After the soap opera he got in a few movies and then Deep Dive came along.

**Are you going to give me the complete run down on Richie's life and career?
What did he like to eat? Where was he born? What his favourite colour?**

Soz. I just love the guy.

Nah all good. Everyone does. Did.

Still feels weird to say, doesn't it? So full of life and stuff. Oh and orange, apparently.

Huh?

Favourite colour.

Get this – Work is sending me on a trip next week and the hotel they've booked for me is around the corner from Richie's house.

Oh hey sorry just saw this! Wow!

I think the universe is trying to tell me something. I'm just not sure what.

The universe is notoriously sneaky.

Tell me about it. Weird though.

I was reading last night that they still don't know how he died?

No, they do. Drugs. Overdose. Heroin.

Ah.

The confusion is as to whether it was deliberate or accidental.

Shit hey. Must be tough for his family. Did he have kids?

Yeah, a teenage daughter. She lives with his ex-wife though. Not sure if he really had much to do with the daughter over the years. Apparently he hit the bottle pretty hard, and every now and then hit the needle.

(Is that a phrase? If not it should be)

Why are so many creative types into drugs? Never ends well, does it?

Well they've got too much money haven't they? Might as well buy some drugs. And they have the connections to get it. I wouldn't know where to start if I wanted some crack. I'd go to like a seedy bar and 100% ask an undercover cop and be arrested right away.

Ha, yeah. You're right. It's a different world. But that would be better than being a drug addict I guess. As long as you got a good prison.

I suppose. It must feel good, though? The drugs I mean. Like I'm not gonna do it but if you're gonna destroy your life for a hit, it must be worth it? Is that weird to say?

I get you. I think the problem is when it stops feeling good.

Yeah. Richie started dabbling way before he was famous so I dunno.

I guess he must have liked it.

Yeah, to be honest I've always been pretty afraid I'll love drugs. I mean, I can't resist lasagne. I'd be hopeless against cocaine.

I can see you going on a wild lasagne binge.

It's happened. It was delicious. And fattening. So are you going to take a sticky beak?

At Richie's? Hell yeah I am! I want to see where it happened.

Where what happened?

He died at his apartment. Pretty sure it's not a crime scene anymore.

At the very least I'll be able to see the building.

Ahuh. That's not creepy at all.

Bit weird I know, but I kinda think like... I'm going to be nearby anyway.

Are you going to take a selfie too?

Look, maybe. People go see Elvis's grave don't they?

Yeah I guess they do. But not the toilet he carked it on.

*... I mean, they kinda do. Pretty sure he died at home
and that's where his grave is, right?*

Didn't realise I was talking to an Elvis expert. Is the toilet on display?

Mmm probably not. Fair point.

Nah, by all means, go see Richie's place. It'd be cool. Just a little freaky.

Like the great man himself.

Did you get the photo I sent?

Yeah! Where were you? I thought you were going to Richie's?

I was.

Confused?

Well it was really weird at first, I admit it. I was all gung-ho before I went but once I actually got outside the building it all sort of hit me. This was the place. It wasn't as nice as I thought it would be, pretty scummy actually, but a good location in the city so I guess that's why he lived there. And I was outside just staring at it for ages, not sure what to do. And then I legit did the thing where somebody was coming out and I got the door and went in after them.

That's crazy. Like a spy movie. Richie would be proud.

I hope so. So I'm standing there in the, what's it called, the foyer area. And I don't know where his actual place is so I just went and had a gander to see if I could find

it. There's no sign or anything so I'm not sure where to go. Then I remembered in one of the news stories they talked about someone coming up the stairs and finding him. So I went up the stairs.

Smart. Maybe you should be a detective.

Well you jest, but actually maybe I should be. Because I get to the second floor and there's music coming out of one of the places and people talking and I could see lights on in the others. So I'm thinking, probably not here.

The deduction skills of a modern Sherlock Holmes here.

Laugh all you want but this is where it gets interesting. I got to the third floor, which was also the top floor, and I see it. There's a door right down the end and it still has police tape over the front.

Shit. That's gotta be it!

That's what I'm thinking! So I mosey on down, but before I can get there, this old codger comes out from the apartment next door. And he's staring at me and I've got nowhere else to go. I'm stuck because we're right in the corner and there's no other places, just his and Richie's. And he knows I'm not there for him, so he asks what I'm doing, if I'm lost.

What did you say?!

Well in my head there was a wheel of fortune thing going around with possible cover stories all spinning around. I'm thinking I could be a private eye or a reporter or even, I dunno, a courier or a disgruntled family member or something. Looking back now I could have even made up some story about being there to see him, the old guy, and he would have eaten it up, old people love visitors.

They are always giving strangers their life savings aren't they?

Absolutely. Anyway, here's where I get smart. I decided to double bluff him and just tell him the truth. I said I was there to pay my respects to Mr Fullerton.

Man! You don't tell the truth! Never tell the truth. And he said ...?

He said he totally understood.

You're joshing me.

Nope.

What sort of neighbour is this guy?

Not a great one. Looking back he maybe had some screws loose. But it gets weirder.

He goes back into his place and comes out with a key.

And he opens up Richie's place.

Whaaaat!

Yep. I mean on the one hand, I'm appreciative of this crazy bastard.

On the other... probably a shitty thing to do to your famous dead neighbour.

I think I wholeheartedly agree. At least ask for a bribe or something first. I can't believe it. All because you couldn't think of a good lie.

I think you'll find I double bluffed him good.

Just shows you, being an idiot sometimes comes in handy. So you got inside! Bloody hell! What happened next?

Well the old guy, who I discovered was called Lou, started showing me around!

He was like, this was his kitchen, this was his bedroom...

It was already pretty creepy, but it just got even creepier.

*And then he was like, yeah they found him in the bathroom.
So I'm standing there staring at where it actually happened.*

Hmmmm. Starting to feel not good about this.

Pretty cool right?

Wait wait wait, was that selfie you sent...? That was in the bathroom?

Yep. That was the bathtub where... well...

That's... a bit intense isn't it?

Why? I wanted to remember the place.

Sure but... What did Lou think of this?

He goes shopping on a Thursday so left and asked me to lock up when I go.

Biggest thing I'm taking from this is that Lou is an absolute madman. But seriously dude... I'm still a bit... like this is making me uncomfortable and not in a good way.

Why? I thought you loved Richie too.

**I like his movies and thought he was a cool guy and I was sad when he died.
But...**

But what?

Pretty extreme that you like snuck into his house. There was still tape on the door! The police could have turned up.

I'm still here.

Mate... Don't joke.

I'm lying on his bed.

Okay not sure if you're joking or not but if you are still inside the house then that's pretty disturbing and I think you should leave right away.

I'm not going to move in or anything. I just don't want to leave right away.

Right. I don't think I want to talk if you're going to be like this.

Sure, whatever.

You still being a little pussy about everything?

Depends. You still being a massive creeper?

Real mature. Things got a little out of hand but they're okay now. Do you want to know what happened?

Sure. Why the hell not? I've come this far.

Well this probably comes as no surprise to you but the police did turn up.

What do you mean? I didn't tell anyone?

Sure. Sure mate.

Seriously. Take a look at Moe or whatever his name was. I wouldn't want you to be arrested or anything mate. Honestly.

Well I wasn't arrested. I was still in the bedroom and I heard the door open. First I thought it might have been Lou coming back in but then I heard these two big dudes coming in. So now I'm shitting bricks. I ducked down and hid under the bed.

Shit.

And one of them's taking the tape off the door and the other one goes looking around the apartment. And then they start laughing and joking and I see these shoes from under the bed and I swear the cop's staring at the bed for like five whole minutes. Probably the most terrified I've ever been in my entire life.
And then they go.

God. So did they know you were there or not?

I don't know. At first I thought I had got away with it all. But then I thought – what if they're just waiting outside the door? Or they closed the door and acted as if they left and they're actually waiting in the kitchen with their guns out?

Man. That would be terrifying. What'd you do?

I stayed under the bed.
And the longer I stayed, the longer I had to stay. I couldn't move.

How long were you under there? Don't tell me you're still there.

I dunno. My phone was dead. I might have fallen asleep. By the time I got the courage to leave, it was dark. I guess it was one of those panic attack things. I just,

my legs were stoned. But it got to the point where I was like I'd rather be arrested and sent to jail then die under Richie Fullerton's bed. So I rolled out and ran out.

And I'm guessing you got out okay? Unless you're talking to me from jail now.

No cops outside. Got back to the hotel room safe and sound.

And didn't go under the bed there?

No.

Well of all the ways that story could have ended, that was probably the least insane.

Yeah. Wonder what Richie would have thought?

Probably coulda seen the bright side of it. He was a bit kooky.

Kooky. Yeah.

Hey there, I saw they've made a decision about Richie's death. Accidental.

Yeah saw that too.

Not sure if that's better or worse? Pretty shit either way.

Not gonna bring him back. But they can have the funeral now.

Oh yeah I guess so. Is it a public thing, do you know?

No. Family, close friends only.

Fair enough. And you're not going to go are you?

Ha, no! I'll be stuck at work.

Okay that's good. But if you weren't stuck at work...?

I get it, you're still hung up about the apartment thing. Give it a rest.

**I was just kidding bro. It was just a little strange. I thought we were cool now.
Sorry.**

I learnt my lesson.

Which was?

When to stop talking to toxic people.

Okay mate. Whatever you need to tell yourself.

Hey dude are you okay? I don't know what to do. Do I call the police? Do you have a lawyer? Just get in touch when you can.

Mate. I had to tell them. They were going to find out anyway. Honestly, I'm happy I haven't done anything wrong.

Kinda feeling bad about everything so if you ever somehow see this, hit me up. I know things got out of hand. Anyway, sounds like you might need a friend or two now. Peace.

You disgust me.