

The Sober House Files



Episode #1 Act 2 Scene 1

Featuring: Chance Champlin

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Chance was angry that morning. It was the 15th of November and he was at the Tires Planet off Hennepin and Lake St. with his '04 Mustang. It was supposed to be a simple swap to winter rims and tires. It was a gray morning as it always is down on Lake Street. They broke his car like they always do down on Lake Street. "You stupid motherfucking cocksuckers!", he raged at the service manager behind the desk. "How could you fuck up that bad." Chance was meticulous with the old Mustang. It was a silly car to drive in Minneapolis in the winter. Too much horsepower, light in the ass and rear wheel drive. He had her raised two inches with his own two hands added posi-traction and 300 lbs. of sandbags in the trunk. He grew up in northern Minnesota. He knew winter.

Every autumn he went in and had his aluminum rims and highway tires replaced with his second set of "steelies" and winter tread tires. This time they came back and informed him that they had sheared off two of the studs and could not mount the wheels. Another \$426.50 they said.

Chance was flummoxed. He had to get back to the murder situation at the Pillsbury mansion. He had just watched the paramedics wheel the body of a friend down four flights of stairs and toss casually into the back of a board ambulance like it was garbage. Robin's OD was very suspicious and he wasn't going to let it go unchallenged. He didn't have time for this. He resorted to his secret weapon. He pulled out his phone and called **Heather Norton**: Assistant District Attorney for Hennepin County. He had met her a few nights ago at Liquor Lyle's off Lyndale while hanging out with MPD Lt. Todd James. In the midst of Jaeger bombs she had extended a business card. He eyed the title and pocketed it as potentially "useful." It was.

He called the number and she picked up. "This is DA Norton". Chance; "Yea, okay this is Chance from the other night at Lyles." Heather; "I have no idea who you are." Chance; "We smoked a blunt in my

Mustang in the alley behind Lyle's with Lt. Todd James." "uhh..." She said.

Chance clicked off from that phone call. He saw the service manager receive another call. He saw what he perceived to be an "ass chewing". His car was fixed and he was out of there in 20 minutes. He headed back to the Mansion on Pillsbury Ave. Time to deal with an actual murderer. There was no way that 30 year old just happened to OD on his god-damned birthday. Especially with all of that now missing cash.

Damian Wyldacre 2025

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