

What best friends do

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Submitted: July 11, 2010

Updated: July 11, 2010

Some days we just need our Best Friends to be there.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Tal2/58065/What-best-friends-do>

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1 - What Best Friends Do

Disclaimer: I don't own South Park... or any of its characters... or awesomeness haha. I'm also not the owner of Predator or the AVP series OR Kill Bill... damn...

I hope you like it ^^ Thanks for all the reads and reviews so far everybody 3 They keep me inspired! Love you all!

"-and after the Predator ripped the guy's head off... shouldn't there be blood spraying everywhere?" Stan asked, lying on his bed, staring up to the ceiling.

"Like Kill Bill?" Kyle asked patiently. His voice straining slightly from all the talking.

"Like Kill Bill" Stan assured, nodding even though he knew Kyle couldn't see it.

"Maybe he was a vampire" Kyle said, knowing what that'll instigate.

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"Holy shoot, dude! You're totally right!" Stan gasped. Kyle could hear his friend getting up from his bed and started walking, most likely to the TV to replay said Predator movie. Yep, the oldies version.

"But," the inevitable pause came from the logical-half of the pair of best friends, "... I don't think Vampires really came up... not even in AVP two...".

The orange haired boy grinned, "I'm not too sure... Maybe not vampires, but they definitely wouldn't be real humans" he said, adjusting the phone to his other ear. Hit phone was starting to get heated from being held to the boy's ear since two hours ago.

"How do you figure that?... Hold on for a sec" Stan said. Over the phone, Kyle could hear the phone being put down... He could hear the Snap-Crackle-and-Pop of a DVD-case opening, followed by the inevitable sound of the tray of the DVD-player opening and closing. "Okay, I'm back. So, a theory about that?"

"The non-human theory... or the not-vampire theory?" Kyle asked.

"... It's not the same thing? Uhh... well, the non-human theory, I suppose" Stan said after a minute. At least his voice didn't sound so thick and strained anymore. He sounded much better. Or at least, as good as you could sound after convincing your Best Friend that you had in fact been laughing, instead of crying after they picked up. The scene flashed through his mind... 'It was such a funny joke, Kyle... sorry, I just need to c-catch my breath for a second' the young teen had said and another hiccup followed. Kyle had waited patiently.

"Well think about it... what type of dumb-@\$ human teenager goes outside while the military and police

are crowding the streets? ... I'd stay inside and play World of Warcraft... or just watch The L-Word reruns," Kyle explained with the same self-assurance he managed to keep intact since they had started to be friends.

Earlier the evening Stan had called Kyle up. It was midnight. They had started talking about the same nonsense they would only speak about when either of them wasn't up to speaking about what really happened. It was just something that had evolved since they had become Best Friends so many years ago. No silly movie discrepancies, how entirely gay all love songs are, what colour thongs the girls in their class wear nor how to deconstruct fireworks –without them going off that is- were out of the question. Anything was open for discussion, even things they usually would ignore just because they didn't feel the need to discuss it at all.

But they both knew. They both knew that the other knew. Something was wrong, but nothing could be done about it. So, they just talking about nothing.

"You know what, that sounds like a good idea... ," Stan tried to stifle his yawn "But I think I'm going to have to do that tomorrow"

Kyle checked his watch. It was ten minutes past two. "Oh, okay... I'll come by tomorrow, kay?" he said.

He didn't even have to ask. "Of course! Mom and Dad's out anyway... something about a new 'Book Club' opening" Stan said, his voice starting to show fatigue, "Thanks... I... I'll see you tomorrow, dude". He wanted so badly to thank Kyle for just being there, but he already knew what Kyle would say.

"No problem! See ya" Kyle ended cheerily, sinking back into his soft pillows as he hung up, exhausted. Two hours spent avoiding whatever was the real problem with his Best Friend. But... Stan just needs him to be there. And he just had to let himself be there for his friend. There's nothing else he could do. Let him know that there was still, at least, one part of this world that stayed the same.

Because... that's just what Best Friends do.