

It was Friday night and Steve called his good friend Chris to see if she wanted to go out dancing. Chris, who had just finished a major exam, was eager to celebrate. Steve picked up Chris at her house. As Chris got into the car she noticed that Steve had a beer in his hand. Not wanting to put a damper on the evening, Chris shrugged off her concern of Steve's behavior.

After arriving at a favorite campus hang-out, Chris and Steve began to dance. They were having a great time and were working up a sweat, when Steve suggested a beer, offering to buy. Chris wasn't thirsty, but feeling obligated to pay, she told Steve she would buy the next round.

Chris and Steve saw some friends and decided to sit with them while drinking their beer. The group began to play "quarters" {a drinking game} and Scott, Steve's old roommate, insists that Steve play. Steve, not wanting to drink too much because he was driving, declined. However, Scott continued to hound Steve until he finally gave in and played. Meanwhile, Chris had asked a friend to dance and was unaware of what Steve was doing.

The "quarters" game broke up after 45 minutes and Steve joined Chris on the dance floor. Steve noticed that Chris was really hot and asked her if she wanted something to drink. Chris replied by giving Steve money and sending him for a "liquid refreshment." Steve was beginning to feel the effects of the "quarters" game, but decided that one more beer wouldn't kill him. Steve asked the bartender for two more beers and the bartender, aware of Steve's "tipsy" condition, gave him the beers.

After drinking the beer, Chris told Steve she was ready to go home because she had to get up early the next morning. Chris noticed that Steve had a fair amount to drink and asked him if he was OK to drive. Steve replied that he could drive and had driven in much worse conditions.

Several miles down the road Steve noticed a car following him. He looked in his rear view mirror to see the flashing lights of a police car and pulled off to the side of the road. Steve, trying to keep his composure, reached for his license and asked Chris to get his registration from the glove box. Steve rolled down his window to greet the police officer. The police officer approached the car and asked Steve for his license and registration. The officer recognized Steve as a friend's son and asked Steve if he had been drinking. Steve replied that he had a few beers earlier in the evening and was on his way home. Officer Holiday, knowing Steve was a "good kid" and only a few miles from home, decided to let him go without further questions.

Steve's confidence increased after the conversation with Officer Holiday, and five miles down the road he veered left of center, smashing into an oncoming car.