

The Used Car Salesman

<PLEASE FORGIVE MY NEW YORK ACCENT – IT SUCKS>

<AND PLEASE EXCUSE THE IRREVERANT PREJUDICE OF THE PERSON I AM QUOTING IN THIS STORY>

Shaking my last drop into the urinal of the Ft. Lauderdale coffee shop, I stared straight ahead at a photo advertisement board. Three of the ads were for “gay community” realtors, each assaulting me with a small lap dog, big white teeth, and unquestionable integrity.

But one of these ads was not like the others. The fourth ad read: **“DON’T PISS YOUR MONEY AWAY”**. The capitalized font barked at me like a drill sergeant and splashed across a scowling, bare-chested 40-something year-old man with veins busting out of his buffed arms and the top button of his jeans unsnapped.

I blushed and looked down at the metal drain while zipping up; but something made me look up again:

“Reliable Used Cars for Gays” said the fine print at the bottom, almost like an entrepreneurial afterthought.

I’d been test driving trucks for three weeks with the deluded notion that I could buy a truck AND start a business on my life savings of \$2,000. I was kinda like the woman in that bad 1974 science fiction film “Embryo”...you know, the 28-year old gal that plops into the world after a scientist discovers a method of accelerating her development from a fetus into a mature adult in just a few days. Only I was 37-year-old aspiring SCUBA

diving instructor that was currently being tossed from a glamorously stark and vacant waterfront condo on Las Olas Blvd.

But I digress...the guy in the ad continued to cruise a hole into me with his Raging Stallion circa 2007 hyper-masculine glance, and I quickly jotted his address on my palm. On my way out of the bustling gay café, I dropped off my business cards on the table that happened to be loaded with at least a hundred more smiling realtors.

I rode my yard sale chick bike down Homeless Park Blvd., nearly killed myself bouncing over the train tracks at Crack Avenue, and took a right on a street that made the San Francisco Tenderloin look like a Norman Fucking Rockwell painting.

When I approached the lot, the man from the picture ambled over from between two green Ford Rangers that had my name all over them.

“Hi! I just saw your ad at Cool Beans Coffee Shop” I announced, Embryo-style, “I’m going to start a GAY SCUBA diving business and I need a truck!”

I liked Doug. He didn’t look me in the eye...nor did he pretend to be sincere. Instead, he gave me the once over and immediately started to barrage me with a series of questions in that controlling New York fashion that always makes me weak in the knees.

South Florida in the summer is a smoldering smattering of redneck washouts and abandoned trophy boys, so Doug wasn’t too surprised at the bleakness of my situation. After a quick prognosis, he asked me if I wanted to work for him - washing and selling cars for 10 bucks an hour while I built up my SCUBA business.

“You can buy one of the trade-ins” he suggested. **“These homos take real good care of their cars, you know. They trade in perfectly good ones in all the time and I buy ‘em for cheap. That way you can save your money”**.

“Ya’ know, that sounds like a good idea” I said, tickled to have a new dad.

“When can you start?”

“Um, how ‘bout right now?” I said, realizing that cash inflow would probably be in my best interest.

We walked into Doug’s office, a small yellow building in the middle of the lot. He got out a pen and scribbled down some notes on the back of a loan contract. I wiped the sweat off my legs with a paper towel and waited. Finally he started reading from his spontaneously generated employee manual:

RULE NUMBA ONE: How to keep niggers off the lot

RULE NUMBA TWO: How to keep Hatians off the lot

RULE NUMBA THREE: How to “service” the regular drop-ins in the shed behind the lot

“Service?” asked Embryo.

I really didn’t know anything about car engines. But that’s not what Doug was talking about.

“Here comes one now” he said, without missing a beat. **“See the guy on a bicycle out there just beyond the fat Mexican whore? In about five minutes he’s gonna be circling our lot. He’s kind of retarded – or Australian or something - and he’s got a real big donkey dick that he loves to get sucked. I’ll tell him I have an apprentice waiting in the shed. You ready for this, kid?”**

“Sure!” I exclaimed excitedly.

“Are you serious?” Doug said, looking up at me with one eyebrow raised. Doug’s line of questioning hadn’t reached back far enough in my past to know that prior to being

a wannabe SCUBA instructor, and prior to being kept under lock and key in that sun-splashed snowbird prison, I'd been a seasoned San Francisco hooker; and that "community service" was indeed my middle name.

"I'll be waiting out back" I said as I bounded out the door.

I moved rags and paint cans aside and waited patiently on my knees.

<DROP TO KNEES>

About 15 minutes later, the retarded or Australian-or-something-man walked in, unzipped, and flopped out his big sausage right onto my head.

And while I got busy satisfying my first customer, I looked out the corner of my eye to see Doug jumping up and down and whirling around like the Tasmanian devil. He didn't jump in. I suppose he was self-censoring.

<STAND UP>

Anyway, that was the kick off for my long, hot, glamorous career in the Ft. Lauderdale auto industry.

In a few short weeks, I jumped into a van headed for Short Mountain, where the faeries shaved my head, dyed it blue, and cut little ocean waves into it.

They named me SCUBA out there under a luscious, rain-soaked, canvas of trees.

When I returned to Ft. Lauderdale, I got canned. The used car salesman suspected I'd been using psychedelics when he saw my hair. And since he hadn't taken a vacation in four years, he was very, very angry. Anyway, it was clearly time to move on. I do miss the perks, though. <SCRATCHING CHIN>