

Home Wrecker

Well, I can tell ya this, this Springer thing was a total fuckin' fiasco from its inception. It all began about two or three weeks ago when my girlfriend, Carla, responded to an advertisement on the television asking for any interested individuals who happened to be single parents working in the sex industry. Well, she just so happened to be such a person and she called. Three days ago the phone rings and it's Jerry Springer's program coordinator, Allison. Turns out she's now lookin' for people who work as female escorts and have sex for money. A far cry from what my wholesome little girlfriend had in mind. Upon mentioning it to me, I'd have to say I felt a little bit intimidated since I had been working on this type of publicity myself without such opportunities fronting themselves so easily in my direction. About an hour after she related the call to me I was at her house to eat lunch with her. A buddy of mine, Todd, called me and related the message that this Allison chick was looking for guys also. Todd and I worked for the same stripping agency for about the last two months and had also worked for the same one for six months prior to that. Never escorted, but knew we could convince this babe in Chicago that we had.

By seven o' clock that evening, Todd and I had booked a date for ourselves in Chicago for the Jerry Springer show at the end of February, two months away. Not satisfied, I returned another call to Allison. She told me they were looking for male escorts who had extraordinary stories to tell to their nationwide audience. I told them that Todd and I had been working as male escorts for almost two years a piece and that we had former clients who would be more than willing to come on the show with us. Told her our girlfriends would come and tell what a catastrophe our relationships had become as a result of our still escorting, but not for sexual gratifying purposes either on the part of the client or the performer. They just didn't believe the shit, ya know? Anyway, she was led to believe that me and Todd both could provide a number of former clients who just couldn't wait to tell about how they had paid us to fuck em'. Now why would anyone who really paid for such a thing want to come on national television and say such preposterous things about themselves? To make it worse, this Allison chick wanted girls who were young and pretty. Well, no problem I told her. Yeah right!!! At least I didn't think so as I was tellin' her.

Came to find myself in quite the bind. Had 'till eight o' clock the next morning to get our people together and have them ready to take a flight to Chicago's O'Hara Airport by nine. Now what? Talk about havin' some serious shit to do and quick. I was scrambling like a motherfucker. Todd and I were the only ones at first who were really interested in doing it. Todd's chick, Cre, quickly picked up on it and said hell yeah. Mine, of course hated the idea now and wanted nothing to do with it, but conceded to say that she would since it meant alot to me. It would simply be a matter of finding a couple of girls to go along with our current story and be willing to say the dirty shit about themselves in our

behalf.

Todd and Cre incidentally got to go to the NBC studios in Chicago only two days previous to this to do a show about women who wanted to pose nude and Todd's role was to object to it and tell why. Turned out they got there too late and they missed the chance to get on the show but their experience with the show and its staff and organization did make the effort in putting our show together seem more exciting having an idea as to what we were getting into.

I thought of a girl I knew who had worked for me at Sensations Entertainment. This was a stripping agency that I ran out of my apartment until the police, or should I say a multi-district task force, came in and heisted all our shit telling us that our business was under investigation for possible promoting prostitution. Anyway, this chick's name was Chastity. A totally unreliable, but perfect person to play such a role. She is cocky, arrogant as a bitch and proud of it. She's got no shame and I just knew she could easily tackle the phone interview with the show's producer, Sheila. I called Todd who gave me a friend of Chastity's pager number. This chick, her name was Mercedes, gave me a number for Chastity and I called until I got her acceptance to call the show. By eleven o'clock that evening, this was the second day since the original phone call, Chastity had called and eased through the interview. Todd had met another girl that day in a hair salon who also conceded to going on the show with a less profound story. She was Sara and she was a real wuss. However, the producer wanted her after all and said it was better than nothing. She wouldn't admit to any sex, only legitimate escort services on the part of both Todd and myself.

Everything became set in stone, so we thought. I was supposed to have Todd, Cre, Sara, Chastity, Carla and myself ready to go the next morning at six a.m. I stayed up with coffee, Dimetadrine and aspirin the whole night calling and trying to relocate Chastity and Sara who had managed to get away without leaving adequate means for getting ahold of them. I was a complete fuckin' basket case by the morning. At six o'clock I was the only one there. No calls. Nothing! My pager was buzzin' like a hoard of bees as the producers and coordinators of the Springer show bombarded me with the where are your girls questions. Why did you let them out of your sight? Do you have any more? The pressure they were putting me under was ridiculous. You'd think it was the Robert Burck show.

By ten o'clock that morning I reached Todd. He came out and began to help me put this damn thing together. He assured me Cre was excited and couldn't wait to go. Carla did at least the same for me less the real heartfelt enthusiasm. Where the fuck Chastity and Sara had disappeared to I had no clue. Inconsiderate fuckers could have at least called. Anyway, Todd and I were calling and paging every bitch we could think of. Trying to find either the girls who apparently bailed out or some different ones. We kept on telling the Springer people that we still had Chastity and Sara and not to panic but they wanted to talk to them before they booked out airline tickets. Our flight would not be 'till the following day as a result of our losing our girls, Chastity and Sara, so we had 'till now the following day to put this shit together. Frustrated as hell, I called Carla.

Now what? Well, she now feels that doing the show might put her custody of her daughter in jeopardy. What the hell is this shit at the last moment? I lost it; went crazy so to speak. Slammed her pager against my bedroom wall, punched and obliterated the glass in two different pictures in my room and then proceeded to scream at her in the receiver without realizing that the cord had become disconnected as I hurled my body in sink with my hollering. My pager was buzzin' again from the producers in Chicago who wanted still to know where the girls were. Why haven't you got Chastity and Sara yet? With pressure abounding, I left in my car and sped like a son-of-a-bitch to Carla's trailer. I was so fuckin' hot it was scary. I was movin' out like a madman. Breakin' every traffic law known to man 'till I skidded up to her trailer having come in way too fast. Started bangin' on the door and no one's answering. I was just about to explode when I heard her holler that she was coming. Good deal, I thought.

So she gets to the door and lets my ass in and I'm like so hot I could have just knocked her fucking head off. Phone rings and guess who it is? It's those fuckin' Springer people. My pager had gone off even on the way over to her trailer. These people were relentless as hell. It was unbelievable the stress they had me under. Carla had apparently already talked to them and they said it would be OK if she wanted to go incognito. What a good idea now that I had royally pissed her off, broke her pager and a lot of my own shit. She said she'd do it but that our relationship was over. Whoops! The Springer producers heard me screamin' at Carla and asked me to please take it easy on her. Said, "You don't want to screw up your show." My show, I thought. This bitch must be psychotic or something. She said that she didn't want to see us fighting or to ruin our lives or anything. Yeah right, wait 'till ya hear the shit they ran us through.

I found it imperative to get the fuck out of Carla's trailer as the neighborhood children began screaming to leave her alone. I was upset as a motherfucker. Went by my friends' house, the Simpsons, then my mom's, dad's and grandmother's. I mean to tell ya nobody was home anywhere. I was hurtin' something awful. I could feel blood pouring outta my heart in places it wasn't supposed to and shit like that. I assumed, at this point, that the whole damn show was put together less our fictitious chicks who'd say they paid us for sex but I was still sure that either one of the two previously mentioned or some new ones would come to mind.

Finnally giving up and returning home, I found it to be nearly twelve-thirty in the morning. That sucked. I had to find them some chicks to make the show work. Three hundred dollars became the incentive and I was becoming more and more of a lunitune as the Springer people just continuously pounded me with pages 'till about three o'clock a.m. They had intentions of sending us to Chicago the following afternoon and had to be certain that all was in sink. Well, it wasn't.

As it had been trying to get a girl to a show at Sensations when I owned it, it was all the worse now. What the fuck was I thinking? These were the same bitches that forced my intellect to sell the fuckin' business. Inconsiderate fuckers who only saught their own self gain. Like they were gonna do something for my ass now. Can't get one bitch to a show without giving me ulcers and now I'm trying to get two, or three even, to the same

place at the same time in another goddamn state. Come on!!! Todd was gone when I got my frenzied, manic-minded ass home. So, as usual, when the job's completion is counted on, I was up all night paging these same bitches and as many others as I could fathom might be interested. The tally went up to five hundred dollars a girl as I called all of the other stripping agencies in the Yellow Pages. Two different girls from the same agency, Extasy, said they would come out in the morning by six a.m. and help me put it together. Said they'd call the show and go. All they needed was themselves. The Springer show had outfits and all the food and lodging taken care of. We'd be treated like royalty if we just got the fuck there. Being only two hours 'till six, I retired in my living room chair and thought of all the possibilities for a great show without saying anything that would hurt Carla's feelings on the show. She was going to play a fictitious character named Jennifer who would be unrecognizable to anyone except those she wished to tell of its happenstance, but she was still completely unsatisfied and insistant that I not cross her stringent boundaries. Yeah right, and she's going on the show to do me a favor?

The next morning the Springer people were paging me by seven. You guessed it, no girls had arrived. Todd came out by six and was ready and willing to do whatever it took. But that's just the crux of the problem; what to do was not in sight. I told Allison that all was under control adding more weight to my already overburdened shoulders and back. By eight I told the fuckers that both girls had bailed.

"What? You mean to tell me you don't have them now?"

I mean come on. What in the fuck do they really expect me to do? I couldn't really stay with them on a twenty-four hour surviellance and shit. I really figured that they would come. How was I supposed to know and why the fuck was it my goddamn responsibility? I was pushing like a son-of-a-bitch. Trying just as hard as their asses. They weren't foolin' me.

Then I really got myself into some shit. Allison and Sheila sent Carla and Cre their tickets to the Dayton airport and had them in the air by the mid afternoon. I hadn't talked to Carla 'cause we were fightin' and shit and I didn't want to hurt the cause. I told the Springer show bitches that there were plenty of other girls I could call, but had withheld their names because both Todd and I had still been having sex with them and that their appearance would make it obvious because our girlfriends knew damn good and well that we didn't even know these new chicks 'till after we were both going out. Ya see, this would change the whole story in a dramatic way. If these girls were sayin' we had sex for money with them, and we hadn't known em' 'till after we were fuckin' our chicks, well, our geeses would've been cooked. Carla and Cre had done arrived in Chicago. What the fuck was I supposed to do? How else on the spur of the moment was I supposed to get the objective accomplished? Nobody's feelings were exactly in mind. Just job one. This was the only reasonable excuse for why Todd and I would have failed to mentioned our withholding of other possible girls to come on the show.

"That's terriffic! That's perfect! You and Todd can just come clean on the show. It's for everyone's good. Your girlfriends won't be that overburdened by the truth."

Remember these are the assholes who don't want to see anybody's lives screwed up or anything like this. I was seeing right through their bull shit but refused to allow it to present itself as an obstacle to me and the task at hand. I would simply find a way to rectify the situation later when the time came. I'm an expert at that kind of shit. I'm like a professional hustler without the hurt. I sting without pain. I knock ya down and make you forget you're on the ground. A hustlette so to speak.

I was successful in getting more time to find girls. In fact, the Springer people were gracious in their time permitting. I had 'till six p.m. and it was only about eleven a.m. Coffee, efedrine and aspriin in mass doses was again traveling my arteries in rapid form and proportions. Todd, still eager yet unrealistically satisfied. I really didn't have more confidence, just more time to escape the deadlines being fronted me. The story was my real problem now. Even if I could find two willing girls, I couldn't go on the show and change the fuckin' story like I said I would. It would hurt Carla and that was not permittable to my concience. I love the dumb ass for some unknown reason. I'd have internal conflicts that would make the effort unresponsive. At least according to Dale Carnegie and Anthony Robbins. Ya see, I'm a bookworm, and I live by rational thinking as did Einstein.

I kept calling chicks 'till about noon when I finally gave up. Told Todd to deal with the shit. Went to the Old County Buffet to eat and then to tanning at the Greenhills Tanning Salon. Clinically insane, I went back to my apartment by two and found a rambunctous Todd telling me that Mercedes was catching a taxi and would be there in about ten minutes.

"Todd, even if the bitch shows up, which she probably won't, I ain't going."

Now whether I was really intending to not go or whether I was just trying to fit a new found mold of difficulty I don't know. But again the phone was ringin' and I had brought myself to answer it. It was Sheila. Now I don't know if I'm just beyond mankind in its usual demeanor of irresponsibility and accountability disorder or what, but I couldn't bring myself but to tell the cunt that I had it all under control and that a girl named Mercedes was going to call back for an interview within about seven minutes. Mercedes showed up on time and called and booked the show easy as pie. A real good pie. Now we had an hour and a half to get ready and get to the Dayton airport. Mission accomplished, I thought momentarily. I returned to my living room chair that my namesaking grandfather sat in for years before departing to his death. Sat there for about ten minutes and then reiterated to Todd, and Mercedes now, that I was not going.

I love Carla. I can't go on this show and tell them the new story that was not on the program itinerary. I can't, I can't, I can't! Gosh damnit, I can't. I can't even do it to a fictitious, nonexistant character named Jennifer. Betrayal in the utmost nature. Sickening disrespect and damage could only insure for such actions on my behalf. No!!! It's that simple. I cannot do it.

Next thing ya know, Todd, Mercedes and I are on our way to the Dayton airport smokin' a fat ass joint in my car. Todd said to me, hey Rob, quit worrying. We can say whatever we want when we get there. Why I hadn't thought of that myself I have no idea. For a guy with all the answers I had certainly neglected the obvious this time. It's not like these Springer people had done nothing contradictory to what your most revered friends would do to ya. They were trying to manipulate me from the start. They sucked. They didn't care about me anyway. We'd just revert to our original story. We'll say that this Mercedes chick had sex with us before we met our girlfriends and that we're now true blue to them as our original story had been. They thought it was a great story 'till they had a better one. We wouldn't really be fuckin' 'em up too bad. We'd be giving them what they had originally asked for. This would work. Todd, Mercedes and I went over it about fifty times all the way to Dayton and then to Chicago. We got picked up by a limo immediately after our flight and rehearsed it again on the way to the NBC studio. It would surely work.

were simply unapproachable. And the stripping companies that sent out guys to see and dance for othe

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