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Writing Sample
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This is the opening of a longer piece I am currently working on. It is a first person narrative and I think reads like an extended monologue. Oddly enough, it's a vampire story, but that's not apparent in this excerpt.

MAX CLANCY

Jeez, it was cold. 45 degrees of wet cinder blocks and me staring into a palmcorder trying to choke down a soggy cheeseburger – jalepenos no onions. Things were a little hotter on the palmcorder. The Seahawks were doing their best to ruin a 4 point spread by making a lame if annoying comeback against Denver in the 4th. The game, however, was not the purpose of having the palmcorder. I may be many things, but I do not squat in the cold in the dark and in the rain to watch the Seattle Seahawks, thank you.

With my thumb I could manipulate the camera and pan across the cheap motel room sitting on the other side of the aforementioned cold wet cinder blocks and watch Ellie give head to a man we shall refer to only as John. As good as Ellie was at her job, the game was more interesting if only for the novelty of seeing Seattle come close to winning. There was nothing novel about what John was close to.

Ellie, God love her, was a true professional. She was also a Seahawks fan, which was why the television was on and tuned to the game. Either John didn't mind or he didn't notice that while Ellie's mouth may have been on him, her eyes were on the game. One can with enough practice become accustomed to anything. And, so it was that I sitting outside in the rain and a beautiful young girl in a room were more interested in Denver blowing a lead than the fact that she had a man's privates in her mouth.

There are comforts to be had in ritual. Rhythm's cadences, repetition. There was, if not comfort, then, security in the ritual in which Ellie and I were engaged. Others might call it a scam, I felt I was doing God's work - and if it wasn't God's work I was reasonably certain it wasn't the other guy's, and that was good enough for me. This was, of course, before I knew for a fact the other fellow existed.

John – a married man - picks up a hooker. The two go to a motel where the *transaction* goes down. I tape the proceedings, with a fiber optic feed. After, the door opens and the man emerges. I follow.

“Hey, buddy,” I say.

“Me?” he asks. At this point I make sure to take special note of the man's eye's. The money's in the eyes. If they're darting about as if he's afraid his preacher will come walking up to him in the middle of the night in a seedy party of town in a motel with hourly rates, the price doubles. If he's cool, things get trickier. Doable but trickier.

“Yeah. You like movies?” I smile here. You have to smile.

“I have to be going,” or “No,” or “Fuck off,” usually comes next. John then tries to leave. “I got one right here. A real hot one.” OK, that’s too corny to be uttered with a straight face, and I don’t. Still, it is surprisingly effective.

John’s pace slows. He turns slowly as it dawns on him, and says, “What?”

“Seems the missus been wondering about all these late meetings you been takin’.” PI’s talk like this in the movies so I feel obliged. I have to switch up this last bit, though, depending upon the John. “Meetings” is for those who wear a coat and tie or expensive slacks and button downs. “Double-shifts you been pullin’” or “Drinkin’ with the guys” for those who are earthier.

“She asked me to look in on you.” What’s most important at this point, though, is to have the volume on the recorder turned up so that the man’s moaning is audible. Smacking sounds are an added bonus.

John finds himself moving in my direction, mouth gaping open. There’s nothing the poor idiot can do about it. It is an autonomic response. “But, you seem like a nice sort. So, maybe we can cut a deal.” Smile again, here, but not too friendly.

“A deal?” he asks. “What kind of deal?”

“You want to argue or save your marriage?” On screen, Ellie does her bit to his. Nine times out of ten, he mentions money first. This gets him a big smile, maybe even a pat on the back.

That night, it was a pat on the back and \$1,500 from the nearest ATM. He was the most grateful man you ever met in your life. Even offered to show me pictures of his kids. I passed. Ellie earned herself an extra hundred that night – for leaving the window open. The Seahawks cost me \$200, and I headed back to club.