

# Call 1-900 for Sex

By PARKER COLE

You have all been there before. It's Saturday night, you have finished a long bout of drinking that may have begun twelve hours to two days ago, the pizza has yet to arrive so you turn on the TV.

You flick by Channel 17, and on comes a voice. The voice talks about calling, about telephone calling. You seem to remember how to use a phone, so this appeals to you. Then you realise that the voice has pictures, and the pictures are calling to you too. The pictures are of young, drunken, nubile women that only want to talk a "warm, sensitive man, who likes long walks and also has big muscles and a motor-cycle".

These are the same women who would not pay you any attention at Myron's/ The Panther Lounge/ Island Rock Cafe, except they now seem friendly. Then the mantra that the TV talking head is spouting finally hits home, much like the "Lisa needs braces/dental plan" scene in The Simpsons union episode. The voice is saying, "Get off the couch, pick up the phone and call, you will never be rejected". At this point, this sounds like a great idea, especially since the owner of the phone happens to have found Jesus a minute ago, at the same point where he realised that his liver could only take so much. You step over your vomit covered friend, wake up your other buddy, and following the mantra, you call. This is the story of three such gentlemen, P.J. Beck, Pat Trainor and Johnny O'Reilly. Join them on their fantastic phone sex adventure.

PJ Beck: I'm getting off the couch. I'm picking up the phone. I will not be rejected. This man speaks the truth.

Pat Trainer: Are you sure, it sounds a little pathetic. And besides, it's Johnny's phone bill.

PJ Beck: Does he look like he will care?

Johnny O'Reilly: Arrrgh. Ummmm. (Retching noise). Never again.

Pat Trainer: Looks like you're right. But phone sex is pathetic man.

PJ Beck: It's not phone sex. It's an experiment. They say we will never be rejected, well, you have a mouth that would make a nickle whore blush. Let's play with them. What's the big deal anyway, they will never know who it is.

PJ dials the number, just like the man on the screen told him to.

Party Line Inc.: Welcome to Party Line, where the bottom line is your satisfaction. If you are male, and want to talk to a female, press one. If you are female and want to talk to a male, press 2. If you are male and want to talk to a male press...

PJ Beck: Pat, pick up the other extension. I'm pressing one. Rejection city, here I come.

Johnny O'Reilly: No more draft specials. Arrrgh. (More retching)

P.T.: OK man, it's his nickle.

PJ presses one and waits for rejection.

PJ Beck: Hello. Baby, where are you. I have some plans for you. What's your name.

Party Girl: Just call me Party Girl. What's your name honey.

PJ: You can call me Mack Daddy, describe yourself woman, I ain't got all day.

PT:(Off the phone, to PJ). Woman, I ain't got all day? When did you become

Howard Stern?

PJ: (To Pat) This is their game, they try to keep you on-line. (Into phone) Step on it woman.

Party Girl: Well, I'm 23, tall, blond, and I've been waiting for a Mack Daddy like you to get me going. What did you have in mind. What would a strong man like yourself do if I was there?

PJ: Well, first, I would make you dress in rubber and do the Macarana?

Party Girl: It is the Latin dance of love....

PJ: Shut up. I never told you to talk. Then I would....

Party Girl: There's no reason to be rude, I'm just here to do what you ask.

PJ: Well, I asked you not to say anything. So shut the hell up until spoken to. Now, did I mention the nipple clips.

Party Girl: Nipple Clips?

PJ: That's what I said.

Nipple clips hooked up to a car battery. Just like the scene in Lethal Weapon. Yeah, that's it. Can I call you Mel Gibson?

Party Girl: Maybe you should have pressed three....

PJ: Like it! Now shout out "Who's your daddy." Let me hear it!

PT:(To PJ) Take it easy man.

PJ:(to PT) You shut up too. (To Party Girl/ Mel) So does electricity get you off?

Party Girl: Yeah sure whatever, I'm just trying to pay rent here. "Who's your daddy." Yeah, electricity is..... fun. (Under her breath) This isn't worth \$2.75 a minute.

PJ: You sound familiar.

Party Girl: Yeah, yeah, I'm whoever you want me to be.

PJ: No, you sound really familiar. Oh my god. Mom?

Party Girl: PJ.....

Click.



*Remember, Safe Sex or No Sex*

## Top Twenty Best Places to Have Sex on Campus

20. The telescope.
19. Those single rooms in the library. (They can hear but they can't see.....)
18. The showers in the bathroom of Alumni Gym.
17. Centre Court--Field House.
16. The "secret" computer lab in Duffy.
15. The aerobics room.
14. The Dr. Steele Recital Hall.
13. A roommateless room in Blanchard, Bernadine, or Marion
12. The sunroom, if there's no one around, of course.
11. The soundproof experimental room in the physics lab.
10. The couches in the Panther Lounge.
9. The "Super Quiet Area"--if there's no one around.
8. The Breezeway.
7. The Soc./Anth. Society lounge.
6. The "Super Quiet Area"--if there's people around.
5. The secret underground tunnels.
4. Projecting Room in Robertson Library lecture theatre.
3. Library Room #206. (The room without the window)
2. The Gazebo. (Actual accounts of traumatizing visual sightings obtained from Golden.)
1. The Pit.