The Gate Keeper

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Nobody gets from LaGuardia to Manhattan without seein' me. Some cabbies take the midtown, but any shlong with brains knows his meter takes the Triborough, gives 'em a chance to hunk some hookers down in Harlem. Tourists get a kick out of it—No English spoke in dem places.

Speakin' of Spicks, this Chicano pulls a quarter from his pants the other day, smelled like it grew in his underwear for a week, "Can't touch this," I tell him. With all that AIDS and shit, I bought some of those yellow Playtex gloves like the wife has.

Take 'em off when a limo pulls up. All sorts of stretches too; Madonna came through the other day in a Great White. A champagne fountain in the back seat. Piss me off, flicked her ashes right in my face. Her chauffeur, all decked out in black, offers me Visa Gold and a Washington for my troubles. "Company policy," I tell him, and he peels off without payin'
Cops couldn’t be reached on the phone,  
they’re too busy escorting Gorby  
and troops around town for the weekend.  
The Post said, “Fifty Car Motorcade!”  
I only counted twenty-six. The cop  
told the boss to flash ‘em through,  
city’s picking up the tab.  
Don’t bother me, I’m runnin’ on the clock.  
(But you figure a Commie would wanna pay.)

-Oren Safdie