

So I meet with this Headhunter. Nice offices, down on the Wilshire Westwood area. It's 11:00 am on Tuesday and there all these happy people dancing through the crosswalks. Happy People who don't work during the day. Happy People I hate with every ounce of envy in body. I check the size of the rocks on all the women on the finger adjacent to the fuck you finger. They're big. Lips are just a size larger than luscious.

Diner Root Black Hash Browns over easy.

I didn't want to cough for valet... so I walk five blocks in a French suit. This suit looks good on me.. I look really good... top of my game, maybe even a little svelte. Women stare at me with the "I am not interested" blank expression.

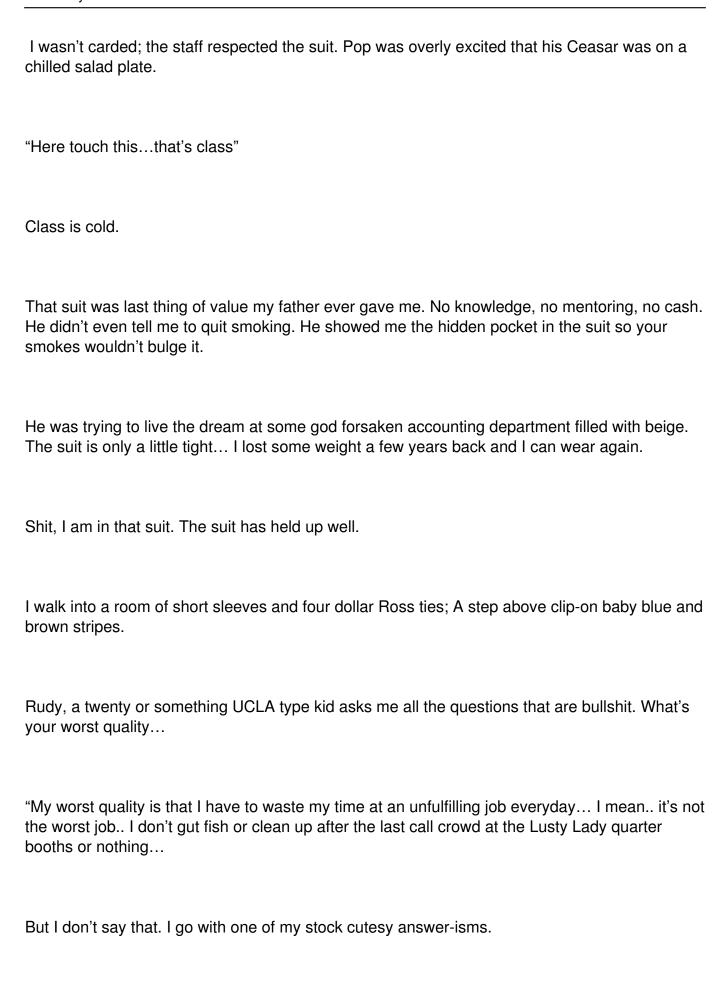
I've lived in Los Angeles for 12 years and today I finally understand the language. I wink cocky back because I am finally on to their bullshit. At this moment, there is no way you couldn't be in to me. Hey Beautiful.. just smile at the suit. I'll have you know, Lisa Dorales Head Cheerleader, gave it up for this suit.

That's when it hits me. Shit, I am in THAT suit. I am in a 20 year old suit. It's held up remarkably well. Good lines... I'd been in a hurry sneaking away from work and just picked that one in a rush in between scrubbing off the cigarette smell and realizing every other suit was a press job away from an interview.

It was the suit that my Pop bought for me on Market Street, next to the Mitchell Brother's knockoff theater, the Market Street Theater. We winked and elbow ribbed nudged when we saw it.. but I was only 17 and they were carding that day. He bought the suit, I wore it out and we had beers at lunch at that place with the bricks on the inside with the train that went around. It was called something long and Irish. O'—Something.

## **Beer at Lunch**

Written by Dave Howard



## **Beer at Lunch**

Who gives a shit? I am looking for another job I will hate six months from now.
that pays more.
And it hits me this little boy interviewing me hates his job too. So we have something in common. And he wants me to be just as miserable.
We're jagovs at the diner. We're jagovs at the trough.
And we're dying for a new beige opportunity that pays just a little more.
Just like our fathers
And I have a beer at lunch.
And a Caesar Salad,
sans chill.
In that suit.