



John “Mr. Pitiful” DeBellis started as a stand-up comic at Catch A Rising Star and the Improvisation in New York and worked clubs all across America and Europe, which included England, Ireland, Paris, and Amsterdam, getting a few laughs, less money, and frequent rejections from every denomination of waitress possible (even after performing on three episodes of “Make Me Laugh.”) Out of desperation he turned to writing for stand-up comics such as Rodney Dangerfield, Johnny Carson, Joan Rivers, David Letterman, Gabe Kaplan, Elaine Boozler, Billy Crystal, Joe Piscopo, and Jenny Jones, before joining the writing staffs of “Saturday Night Live,” “The Tonight Show,” “Politically Incorrect,” and many insipid sitcoms. By then he had gotten married and became the head writer for the critically acclaimed political satire “D.C. Follies” and the supervising producer of the ACE Award winning “Joe Piscopo Special” on HBO. John produced what the competing networks, said was the best special ever done about stand-up comedy, “Comedy Club Super Stars” on ABC. John has written and directed *The Last Request* a feature film starring Danny Aiello and T.R.Knight due in the theaters later this year. He is currently working on “The Neurotic’s Handbook,” a

project he feels that, other than his friend Larry David, he is the most qualified person in the world to write. John has since divorced. His wife claimed he was cheating on her when she caught him being distant to another woman. When John told Larry about the divorce Larry didn’t shell out false sorrow and conciliations like most of his friends, instead he quipped. “Really, how did you do it, I’m jealous.” Larry is happily married and John has finally stopped blaming himself for his breakup. John realizes now that his wife had control issues when she stopped talking to God, because “He” couldn’t take criticism.

## “Money Can’t Buy Me Sex”

Right now, in New York City, every day, millions of people are having sex. And it makes me feel good to know that I’m personally bucking the odds.

You see, sex has always been a difficult issue with me. It was at its worst right after my divorce. I ran an ad in a local paper, that read, “Single White Male seeks attractive female with low self-esteem, poor eyesight, and enjoys hearing the words, ‘I’m sorry this has never happened to me before.’”

It was a scary time. In fact, I had briefly thought about having a homosexual experience. I figured this way at least one of us would have an erection. But I was always very attracted to women and more than anything it was my shyness that got in my way. I was far too shy. If I was a necrophiliac I’d probably wait for the corpse to make the first move.

So I was now single again in a city with the most beautiful women in the world and I couldn’t even get to first base or out of the batter’s box when Larry David, co-creator of “Seinfeld” and star of HBO’s “Curb You Enthusiasm,” took me out for lunch because my birthday was coming up. I met Larry some twenty years earlier when we were both starving stand-up comedian’s, and we remained close friends despite my continuous pursuit of favors.

“So John, are you seeing anyone?” Larry asked.

“Are you kidding? The last time I had sex Michael Jackson was still sleeping with kids his own age.”

“I should buy you a hooker for your birthday,” he snickered.

But I couldn’t do that, the reasons filling

my mind’s eye with nude pictures of myself. My skin never quite fit me properly. I looked as if my birthday suit was bought off the rack. When I’m naked, it’s the one time I’m sure God is not watching.

We ended lunch and each went our separate ways. Him in his finely tuned driving machine and me in a machine that, when tuned, I can barely drive without getting a fine.

A little later in the day, I found myself at a fellow comic’s apartment surrounded by a few of my unsuccessful peers. I told them about Larry’s offer and that I had turned it down. What I said must have had an impact, because they barely had enough time to stop talking about themselves before they responded angrily.

“You got to do it.”

“Come on, do this for us, for all the starving comics.”

“We’re never going to get this opportunity again.”

“It won’t be just you in there with that girl, it’ll be every comic in America.” Not exactly what I considered an enticement, but if I didn’t agree I’d never shut them up, which is near impossible anyway. Do you know how to keep a dying comic alive? When he’s on his deathbed hand him a microphone.

Now, I’d never been with a hooker before. You can’t count that one-time years ago that I tried to pick up a hooker near Times Square. It turned out to be one of

the guys I went to high school with. Anyway, when I told Larry I was going to take him up on the offer, he was surprised. “I was only joking” he replied.

Before he had a chance to take the hooker offer off the “night table,” so to speak, I explained to him that I talked it over with my comic peers who pressured me into taking the plunge. LD, never forgetting his stand-up roots, understood my dilemma and wished me luck.

Now it was time for me to find a hooker-slash-call-girl, but I didn’t have the slightest idea where to look. It was time to ask a friend, but who? Then it came to me. I had a friend who had to know where to find a hooker, after all he was a serious jazz musician. I was wrong about one thing, he didn’t know any hookers, but he was a serious jazz musician. He offered to set me up with his girlfriend’s identical twin sister, a four hundred pound knock out. I’d forgotten that this guy liked his women on the obese side, his last girlfriend was blamed by Stephen Hawking for the expanding universe.

The next guy I called was a hundred percent sure bet to know all about hookers; After all he was a comic, an alcoholic, and a degenerate gambler—The Hooker Trifecta. Unfortunately, my timing was off; the only hookers he knew were now back in Texas and members of the House of Representatives (due to last minute redistricting as payback for the many contributions to the Republican party).

My next call was out of desperation. I would give it one last try before throwing in the Kleenex. In order to make this call it took every ounce of my control. I had a

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*“I should buy you a hooker for your birthday,” he snickered.*

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comic friend, who frankly was not much of a comic, but inherited tons of money from his deceased parents. Yes, myself and my comic brethren were very envious of him. After all he had what most struggling comics dreamed about: a large inheritance and dead parents.

Money in the hands of most men acts as an aphrodisiac, but in the hands of a comic it only enables you to get rejected by a higher class of woman.

He had to be the one, the one who could find me my birthday hooker. I popped the question, then held my breath, and squeezed the phone so hard parts began to pour out of the little holes in the receiver like chop meat through a grinder.

Did he know? Was I going find an actual in the flesh (but hopefully not too fleshy) hooker? His answer squeaked through the receiver. And I yelled, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" — the elation lasting longer than most of my sexual encounters. Usually women only have time enough to scream out my initials. In fact, the only time I'd ever heard my name being yelled during sex it was quite loud and followed by, "Get your father an ashtray!"

My mediocre comic friend had told me a fail-safe sure-fire way of finding my wet-dream girl. All I had to do was buy a certain weekly newspaper, and I'd have my pick.

And he was right... there were hundreds of them! Too many, mostly highly trained experts specializing in whips, chains, masochism, sadism, S&M, WD40, and other acts so low even agents and managers wouldn't even consider representing.

But where were the average all-American hooker-next-door types? That's what I wanted, what I needed, what my fellow comics thirsted for. Then, I turned to the last page and found it, pictures of several naked beauties, many with black rectangles over their eyes. I deduced that they must be ashamed to show that they wore glasses.

After an hour or two of hormonal debate, I selected the picture of an adorable brunette, her right hip thrust poetically sideways as she leaned against the open lip of an overflowing trash can. I called her and when she quoted me a price her voice seemed pleasant and rather sexy. I was surprised that a woman of her spectacular qualities could be so inexpensive. At her rate I could afford two hours of her company, where I would show her my stand-up tape which would sweep her off her feet and then of course she would spend the night at no extra charge.

It wasn't easy waiting a whole day for my date with the next Mrs. Pitiful. Of course,

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*But where were the average all-American hooker next door types?  
That's what I wanted...*

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I was playing out the comic fantasy of my manly charms causing her to change her life, marry me, produce my films (with her saved up hooker money), while raising our children and managing to change my sheets every couple of months.

With a hooker coming over, it was only right that I spent the day cleaning my apartment, picking out my outfit, and choosing a wine with an expensive-looking label. The man at the liquor store was not the most cooperative. I guess that could be blamed on the difficulty he had dialing 911, which was caused by the bullet hole he received from his last customers. After I paid him he was even less caring when he put my wine in the bag. I felt he should have at least wiped the blood from the twist off cap.

I was pacing nervously deciding whether the music I had chosen was hooker appropriate when the bell rang. She was here. To cut my nervousness, I took a huge swig from the wine bottle. There's no sense dirtying the wineglasses yet, especially after I just dusted them off.

At the door, I thought of Frank, Dean and Sammy, and tried imagining their coolness soaking into my body. Then, I suavely flung open the door which caught on the mat and opened about an inch. It pressed against her nose which was sticking through the opening like a carrot on a melting snowman, and I could feel my heart skip several beats and my pulse rise, as I wrestled with the mat. Finally, I just tore it off, ripping it in two. I hoped it was an omen that the only letters remaining on the mat spelled the word "come."

The door opened, and she stepped into my den of "inadequacy." My eyes flashed on her face, and then her body, then her face again and then her body.

No!... She was definitely not the girl in the picture! It had to be a mistake! She's probably a scout sent to make sure I was not some pervert who actually read the magazine.

Then, she said it. I'll never forget those words. "Hi, I'm Shane, so what do you think?" What I was thinking was that either you take an amazing picture, or you killed Shane and took all her appointments.

It wasn't that she was so horrible looking; I was expecting some sophisticated woman

you'd imagine stalking only the finest hotels in Manhattan. She on the other hand looked like if she was ever found in a fancy hotel it would be on her knees scrubbing floors with her stringy hair.

When she smiled, I was glad to see that she had teeth, although not all in a row, or the same height.

I tried to find something that I liked about her. Her figure wasn't bad, if you like the melting look. Well, at least her stockings didn't have holes in them. Of course, one was a slightly darker shade than the other with an irregular pattern. Then, I had a few other terrible thoughts. What if they were the same stockings and one of her legs just wasn't shaved or she wasn't wearing stockings at all. I lifted my eyes away from her legs, and back to her face.

Her eyes were large and brown, in fact in the yellow light of the doorway they actually looked like they were paneled. And I think both eyes were the same shade of brown, it was difficult to really know, you could never see them both at the same time. They hung on different sides of a narrow face that wouldn't have a front at all if it wasn't for a flat nose that look like it was pressed against a pane of glass.

Now, if I were a real man, insensitive to the core, I would just send her home. Tell her that she makes me sick to my stomach, and then as she walked out brokenhearted I'd ask what she'd give me for fifty bucks. But unfortunately I'm missing those red-blooded American male genes.

There was only one thing to do... get so drunk I wouldn't care nor would I be able to tell what she looked like. I had a friend who had gotten so sloshed one night he decided to make it with a gorilla. He woke up the next morning and was horrified to find out that he was indeed in bed with a Gorilla. The next day, in the hospital, through what was left of his mouth he swore it was female.

So I proceeded to get drunk. I had bought two bottles of wine. And I had already stuck the corkscrew in the top of the second bottle, so with my back towards what I had hoped would be a high-class hooker wouldn't see me unscrew the top. Unfortunately, this girl had never seen anything that didn't have a poptop on it. When she saw the corkscrew, she got frightened, and sprayed mace at me! Her eyes not being able to see around the corners of her face caused her to miss by several feet, but killed both of my goldfish.

After a few moments, I calmed her down, stirred the tank with a hand-mixer so the goldfish looked alive and I proceeded to get drunk. After several drinks, she saw that I was no longer having the dry heaves at the sight of her, so she asked me for the money. I had seen enough hookers on TV to know part of the process was to put the money in her car.

Over the years, I have finally learned to hold my liquor...I throw up in my hands. When she returned, I tried to suavely catch my oral expulsion with one hand. She wisely grabbed my other hand and then dragged me toward the bedroom.

I tried every stalling tactic I could. In the hall I pointed to pictures of all my relatives, told her their names and correct spellings and then offered to run down to Kinko’s to make laser copies of their pictures, but she was stronger than me. And as I saw her flex her powerful legs, I wondered if it was appropriate to ask a woman if her father was a sumo wrestler.

Once in the bedroom she turned on my “made hastily in Taiwan” stereo and ordered me to take off my clothes. I was drunk, so it took me forever to remove a belt that had been stretched to the point where molecules were barely touching each other. Then, I removed my shirt and pants and was lying there in my brand new underwear that perfectly matched my shoes and socks, not to mention the soon to be opened condom. I was drunk, color coordinated, and ready for love.

She stood before the bed, my ninety-proof Aphrodite, the goddess of numbed inhibitions, and started to remove her clothes slowly like she was either teasing me or hoping she would lose weight before she got completely naked. Truthfully, it did give me a thrill, but it wasn’t from her erotic movements. No, I felt the danger that she might not remove all her clothes before the alcohol wore off.

When she was completely naked, she did the inconceivable — she started dancing. I didn’t mind that her flattened nose made noise as air passed through her deformed nostrils when she swayed from left to right, or the tips of her stiff stringy hair scraped paint off my wall, or the layers of fat wobbled so much she looked blurry. What got me was that she wouldn’t stop dancing.

At first, I just waved for her to come onto the bed, then I pounded my mattress (which was actually less lumpy than her legs) with both hands, and I even put one

of the matching condoms on over my underwear. Figuring, I’d at least get a laugh. Nothing. She just stood there gyrating like a pillar of moldless Jell-O floating in zero gravity. If she were older, she could have been the model for the first lava lamp. Finally, I got up, sucked in my stomach, which was like trying to make mud in the desert by spitting, and shut off the stereo.

As drunk as I was, I had enough functioning brain cells to know that I was racing against the time clock of alcohol. I told her I was now ready and willing to indulge in her feminine gifts. That was not an exact quote. My use of language at the time was simpler and more to point.

Then, she sprung it on me. She said, and I quote “I only dance.”

I told her I didn’t care if she did the Hully Gully or the Charleston as long as she did it while resting a certain part of her on a very small (hardly used) part of me. That was not an exact quote.

“I am a dancer, I don’t touch you.”

“You think I’m paying you not to touch me? I can get girls to do that everyday for free.” That was an exact quote, and unfortunately very true.

We went on like that for a few minutes before I took out the newspaper. After a difficult time of finding her supposed picture, she pointed out that I had selected her under the heading of nude exotic dancers. She was nude, she was exotic, if you liked the victim of nuclear testing on a tropical island look, and she vibrated to music, so I guess that’s a dance.

When I couldn’t talk her into the benefits of a quick career change, I asked for the half the money back. After all, it was my friend’s money. Now that I look back on it, here I am half-naked arguing with someone who looked like a rodeo clown in drag in order to get a couple a hundred bucks back. But it was the principle. No, in all honesty, it was the alcohol.

She told me that the money was already taken from her car by a courier. I was angry and needed to vent my additional frustration. So I called the service that sends her out, and insisted I get my money back. Like I really had a chance, getting it back from a company that listed itself in a magazine printed on recycled tissues and whose cover was a woman with a mouth filled with at least two other human beings.

The doorbell rang and I remembered that it was my birthday and that it was probably my woman friends, either Lynn

or Amy stopping by to drop off presents. I couldn’t let them find me with a hooker. But then again, I was drunk and told myself to let the girls learn what kind of inadequate man I really am.

I opened the door, and it was not Amy, or Lynn. No, it was a man, a very large man, who had to bend his shaved tattooed head in order to stand in my doorway.

Of course, I knew what he was here for. Again, I repeat that I was drunk and I stand all of five eight when I’m not cowering. I screamed at him, “I want my money back! And don’t worry I’m not going to hurt you!” He didn’t budge. I repeated. “I’m not going to hurt you. Just give me the damn money back!” As I gave him my meanest look which was slightly less menacing than a smile button.

This time he grinned and said in a deep voice that sounded like the rumble of an earthquake, or a lion with serious acid reflux problems, “I can’t. The courier already took it.”

I shot back pointing my tiny finger at him. “Okay, me and you are getting in your car and we’re going to get the money, right now! Now, I said. Move it! Come on, I promise I won’t hurt you.”

When he finally stopped laughing, he turned to the hooker, I mean exotic dancer, who had already gotten dressed, I think the big guy and I were both pleased by that, and told her they were leaving.

I jumped up and said, “No you’re not! I still have one hour left. She’s staying here!”

He looked at me, looked at her, nodded and said, “Okay, but I’ll be right outside.”

When the door closed, it blocked his laughter and she started dancing towards the bedroom. I stopped her and pointed toward the couch. I said, “Sit down. We’re going to watch TV. And leave your clothes on!” I found the worst show I could possibly find. For a few minutes, we watched the *Fox* sitcom about struggling Siamese Twin Hookers (attached at the crotch, which also made bending over impossible, thus limiting their income possibilities) who did tricks to pay for the separation, until she started to laugh. So I now had an even bigger challenge, find something worse than a *Fox* sitcom. So for the next hour we watched my stand-up tapes. She didn’t come close to laughing and for once I was glad that my audience didn’t think I was funny.

The End?

P.S. When I told Larry what had not happened, he said, with more enthusiasm than his character on “Curb Your Enthusiasm,” “This is the best money I ever spent.”