

Rusty Does Wyoming (Auto Erotica)
by Cody Weathers

TITLE CARD:

Three things you need to know about Rusty:

1. He has great big buggity googly eyes.
2. He can make --bar none-- the most realistic engine revving sounds you have ever heard.
3. He is full of crap.

RUSTY: You guys ever been to Wyoming? This one time, I was drivin' through there and I tell you, it is *nothing* but a flat line from end to end. So you just *know* what I'm goin to do. I do it *every damn day*. BWWWWWWP I open 'er up. And I'm goin 210, 220, just nice and steady, just flyin' buddy. You see, when you know how to drive like Rusty, there ain't much to it. Now you wouldn't want to do that in your little Datsun, right? Because I got safety features better than your average vehicle, see? 5-point restraint, roll cage. Not that your little Datsun could do it even if you wanted. See, I got me a 454 Chevy with a GMC supercharger, breathers up to here. Rod. Built it myself. Cost me 45 grand. I can build you one, too. You get tired of your poo-poo platter Datsun, you give me 30 big and I'll build you something nice -- no questions asked. Car like I'll build you --car like I got-- you got to let that big cat roar. You got to open 'er UP, buddy. You would not waste that flat line. BWWWWWWP. I'm lettin' it out nice and loose. Then BWWWWWWP these headlights come right up behind me, and I'm like huh? What'chu want man? Let's see you fly with me now. Kick it over BWWWWWWP 230. BWWWWWWP he's right behind me and I'm thinking whoa, now you got my attention real serious, OK because that is not something you should do. That shit'll get you killed on the street. I'm not happy about this, not one bit, buddy. You know? So what do I do? You know it. Kick it on over BWWWWWWP 240. Mutha-fucka! BWWWWWWP. Oh, you didn't. He's right up behind me. All right, all right turkey, let's see who you are. You got me lookin' now. There's a sign for a rest stop so I start gearin' it down. BWWWWWWP kick it BWWWWWWP. He's right behind me. I pull off, he pulls off. I reach down under the seat and put my .45 on my hip 'cause I'm not sure what this joker's about yet, right? This is serious business. This ain't no Datsun business, OK, so maybe you don't know, but someone pulls up behind you at 230, 240 like that, that is some **serious** cowboy pucky, OK? You don't want no water pistol, situation like that. So I get out, he gets out. We circle, real wary, I'm not sure what he's about yet. I nod to 'im, you know, real calm. Let 'im know I ain't gonna get pushed around. "Nice ride," I says. "Nice ride," he says. Yup. Sizin it up, could go either way here. "Who are you?" he says. Uh-uh. "Who are **you**, huh?" And then he pulls out the badge OHHHHH maaaaan! You got me! Just write the ticket, sir! I just put my hands on the hood, but he just waves it off. "Nah, I ain't gonna write you no ticket. Ticket's for punks don't know what they're doing. You, well, you're the best I ever seen. Sure, you're fast. But you're safe. See, you know what you're doing out there, and I got no problem with that. It's a real pleasure to see someone like you, a real professional, come through here, cause I don't think I have to tell you there's a lot of punks out there like to think they know what to do. You, you're a special breed, and it's a honor to share your road. A honor." So I'm like "hey, you're not so bad yourself. What you got under there, anyway?" He says, "It's classified. Look, I'm gonna go in that bathroom, and I'm gonna leave these keys right here on this hood while I'm gone." OHHHHH! You can't **do** that to Rusty! I just got to. I just got to look. I pop the hood. He's running an Interceptor with a 502-inch Ford with full NOX --that's nitrous. Before he comes back, I just gently close the hood down and put those keys right back where he left it. He comes back and picks up the keys and you know, gives me a look. How do they say, we share a look. And he says, "come on, let's ride." So we're runnin' that big flat line. Dancin. 240, 250. Speed like that, you got to be real precise. You hit a grain of sand with your little Datsun, it'd be like a boulder, OK. He leads, then I lead. Two guys who know what they're doin' gettin' the most out of some road, you know? Then we're about 10 miles from the state line and he pulls around me, and I'm like whoa, hey there, then suddenly he drops the switch on the nox and and BWWWWWWP..... Holy hmmm! His taillights just POW disappear. Must've been 360, 380. Sweet ride. Anyway, 30 big, I can get you in the game, buddy. I can GET you in the game! No questions asked.