

Dreams (nightmares) of a film presenter

transcribed from a note, scrawled with a pencil, sans glasses, beads of sweat still on my forehead.

I'm in the lobby, people are arriving, big night. I realize I am in my underpants (!), had an exhausting day at my day job and clothes are filthy so I took them off. No problem, Laur races off home for my pants.

Boy, this is a big crowd! I duck into the washroom, get into my pants. Lots of buddies, but some ringers, haircuts, suits... The place is full! We ask folks to fill in the empty seats. We should have music. No music! The box isn't there. No problem.

As we are about to dim the lights, I realize NO FILM!! The biggest and best audience ever and I've slipped up. I forgot to pick up the film!

No problem, we'll stall them. I quickly fashion a donation jar with a slot. Pass the donation jar! That'll stall 'em.

I dash off. (This is now a school audience, parents & grads come to see the perfect, topical film - for Easter. The evangelical minister of the school won't shut up.) As I search for my car in the gravel parking lot I see

several that might be mine - up on blocks! COMPLETELY STRIPPED, down to the chassy. I search, more and more desperate as everyone is impatiently waiting. Is that Toyota frame mine? (sadly, even in my dream, I'm driving an '85 Toyota. Would anyone bother to strip an '85?)

Oh, great there's my car, finally, and in one piece.

This is now the hottest of all videos. Will YO Video have a copy?

I squeal off to get it.

I wake up....

