COD34

"All this movie talk has got my impulse reservoir overflowing with images of making a movie, right here in this cabin, and I don't mean a flop, but a movie that will get rave reviews and many chickens, or foxes, or jellybeans, or tortillas, or ginger snaps, or chili peppers, or whatever the current rating images are these days. I don't really know."

Everyone was stunned by this extraordinary, if not singular display by Owl Man. No one seemed to know what to do or what to say. The silence was interminable until Heron Man spoke up, in a barely audible whisper.

"You can't be serious, Owl."

"Not only am I serious, but I insist on it. Now the first task is to come up with a title."

"Hey, Paco," Russ called out. "Is this what they call a cliff-hanger, or a turning point, or someething like that?"

"No matter, Russ." Paco stroked his chin, as if it were a lamp Aladdin might call up. "All these literary names, are they really useful? It's the writing that matters, not what we or anyone else calls it. So, let's get on it. You got a title, Owl Man?"

"You bet your bottom bippy, I do!"

Owl Man's manner and his way of talking led everyone to wonder what he was "on."

"I heard that," Owl Man shouted.

"We didn't hear anything," everyone else chorused.

"Of course not," said Owl. "That was one of those authorial intrusions the critics go on about. It's trickery, of course, and besides, who is the author here, anyway?"

"I admit it was me." Russ tipped his cap to those present. "But what I am interested in, really, is what title the Owl has in mind. No secrets, Owl. Tell us."

"OK guys. It came to me in a dream."

For some reason, Owl Man fell into a silence and turned his back on the crowd. Everyone held their breath and waited for the revelation.

"The title, according to the dream is *Not in My Nightmare*. And, according to the dream, we must write it as a script, not as a novel."

Paco said, "Let's do it!"

Heron Man said, "I'm in!"

Russ said, "Me too!"

Owl Man said, "OK, then, it is settled!"