

Celebrity Dreams (I)

I met Mister Eisner at a party. I was immediately struck by the intensity of his gaze. We shared twenty minutes of light conversation, and then his cell phone rang. He excused himself, and I watched him leave the party with two men.

Approximately one hour later I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to find Mister Eisner smiling at me. His dilated pupils and rapid breathing indicated that he was under the influence of some substance. He apologized for his absence. He explained that his work frequently interrupted his social life.

After more conversation, during which Mister Eisner made frequent allusions to sexual matters, he invited me back to his apartment. I glanced at his wedding band and asked if his wife would mind. He replied that he was a widower. He said that his wife had recently died of cancer. I believe he told me that three months had passed since his wife's death. I agreed to return to his apartment with him.

Mister Eisner and I left the party together. We were met at the door by the same two men I watched him leave the party with earlier. He motioned for them to stay, and they returned to the party.

Mister Eisner was driving a Mercedes convertible. The convertible top was down. I followed him back to his apartment building. He parked in his assigned spot, and I parked in the visitors parking area.

Mister Eisner and I rode the elevator to his penthouse apartment. During the elevator ride he complimented me. He told me that I have a beautiful face. I followed him off the elevator and into his apartment.

It was at this time that Mister Eisner's behavior began to grow threatening.