

A photograph of the Statue of Liberty on Liberty Island, New York. The statue is green and stands on a stone pedestal. The sky is blue with white clouds. A crowd of people is visible on the island in the foreground.

Two Guys, in a Car, *Getting* COFFEE*

By **MARK GILCHRIST**
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INTRODUCTION

This series of “*The Time I Met*” essays is my attempt at being clever. I don’t know whether anyone else likes them, but I really enjoy writing these little fantasies about meeting famous people, doing interesting things with them, and having fun!



The closest I ever got to Jerry Seinfeld was in the summer of 1998 on my “True America” motorcycle tour. While in New York City, I wandered over to the Ed Sullivan Theater, and waited by the backstage door along with a few hundred other people. I watched as he emerged after taping; “*Late Night with David Letterman*.” I doubt he remembers me.

For my other “*Time I Met*” stories, please visit the last page of this book.

** Every single word of this story is absolutely true, except for the part about meeting Jerry Seinfeld, (and the coffee – yep, total lie.)*

So, I'm riding my bicycle around Central Park when my **phone rings**. I see that the caller is "Jerry Seinfeld" – even has his photo there. Well, that's bogus enough, so I stop and answer it just to see who the prankster is.

"Hello, it's Mark," I say. "You're the tenth caller."

"What?"

"Haha, what's up? Who is this?"





“Hi Mark, it’s Jerry Seinfeld. Wanna go get some coffee?”

Hoo-boy, that’s funny – I engage the prankster.

“I’m sorry, what is a Seinfeld?” Some kind of sausage?

“Very funny! I’ll pick you up. Where are you?”

“Whaa... C’mon, Jerome. Who is this?”

“You already asked that. Where are you?”

“You already asked that. What kind of joke is this?”

“Oh, please, I’m not joking. You’d know if I was joking, because you would be laughing – I am a professional.”

Have you ever just lost your balance just a little, but were in an awkward position, like around a bicycle, so you fall right over? Well, that’s me, right there in Central Park.

“Whaa... umm...”

“C’mon, Mark. Seriously,” Jerry says. “I got a whole crew waiting on you, just standing around. You know what this is costing me? A lot more than coffee!”

“I’m... near... Strawberry Fields?”

“You’re asking me? I’m asking you!”

“I can’t... – who... the hell are you?”

“You crack me up. Okay, I’ll meet you at the Dakota.”

“Where Lennon was...”

“Yeah, yeah. Ten minutes, okay?”

“Uh...”

It wasn't the voice that had my attention – I mean, it definitely sounded like Jerry Seinfeld, but my prankster friends could easily pull that off. No, it was something else... But then, no, it just couldn't be...

So I hang up and get up, head spinning. What was that sound I heard below the guy's voice? Couldn't be... yet, I swear it was... It was the distinct sound of a four-cylinder, aspirated 1969 Volvo P1800 engine. I've had a crush on that car since high school! But no, it couldn't be... It couldn't! I mean... why? What?

So I walk my bike over to West 72nd and the Dakota Hotel, and wait a few minutes. I hear that sound again, and I believe I see what I just cannot believe I see. A racing green, Volvo P1800S turning off Columbus Avenue and heading right toward me!



SHOW TIME

I hear the efficient snarl of that B20E engine, and then I recognize the grill! I'm stunned as it stops in front of the Dakota – and right in front of me – with a polite tap of the horn.

The street is quickly filled with cars, people and cameras, as, yep, Jerry Seinfeld steps out of the Volvo, and...

Okay, so this is where I've lost you, right? Do I actually believe that you will actually believe that I actually had coffee with Jerry Seinfeld?

Who cares!

Anyway, Jerry walks over to some guy, a real producer-looking type, and they talk, waving hands and pointing a lot. A few cop cars pull up.

The producer talks to the police. There's some head nodding, and the cops start directing traffic around the Volvo and crew. I'm at the front door of the Dakota, and Jerry, (yeah, we're on first names already...) looks at me and nods. Guys with cameras get into position as the producer runs up to me.

“Hi, Mr. Gilchrist?
How are you? Okay,

Jerry's gonna greet you, and show you the car. This is our big reveal on every show, okay? So, try to act surprised and excited, okay?"

"Act?"

"What? Okay, in three!"

He turns and says; "Two, one, and... action!"

Jerry, surrounded by cameras, looks at me and gives a big, goofy, Seinfeld smile and a 'whaddya think?' pose. Yeah, damn right I'm surprised, (but still waiting for 'Three...')

"Jerry! How did you know?"

"How'd I know? I know, right? I know!... C'mon, let's go get some coffee!"

"I... okay, great! Um, say, what about my bike?"

"Oh, just leave it here! No one will bother it!"

"Jerry, that's hilarious – New York City, right?"



Everyone goes quiet. I mean, I even think traffic stopped. Jerry goes into a huddle with the crew. I watch them discuss the iceberg they just hit, and then I go to the back of the car, a station wagon, (or "Shooting Brake" as Volvo once liked to call it.) I lift the glass hatchback, take the front wheel off my bike and slide the whole thing in – easy! Everyone is still going on and on about whatever, and so I walk up to the

driver's door and reach...

That did it.

The Huddle turns and swarms toward me. Above the; "No! Nos!" I hear; "Insurance!" Jerry sprints and I'm thinking he's gonna go all Kramer on me.

"I'll drive, Okay?" Jerry says. "That's how this works, Okay? You just watch me drive and answer questions – I'm the host!"

"Okay, sure – but it has been my dream..."

"And that's the beauty of it," (Big Seinfeld Smile...) You get to keep dreaming!"

We roll out of there and are soon in Central Park for a beautiful drive. GoPro cameras are mounted all around us inside the car, and in front of us, a guy in the back of an opened mini-van has a camera on us. At least two vehicles follow.

"So, Jerry – I'm sorry, may I call you Jerry?"

"Sure, may I call you Mark?"

"Ahh why did..."

"Okay, Mark, let me tell you what's gonna happen, here, 'off the show,' okay?" Jerry says. "We'll ride around..."

"You mean, you're not recording?"

"We're always recording – it's too damn hard to shut all this stuff off. But we won't use this part. Got it?"

"Ahh, okay. Great. Can I ask you why..."

"Then, since it's so late – I couldn't find you! – we'll just go right to a pizza joint on the West Side for lunch, then take a walk on the High Line, where we'll grab a coffee. Sound good?"

"What if it doesn't?"

"Haha, you are so funny! Look, I'm buying, so it sounds very good, right?"





“I will go wherever you take me... in this car.”

“Speaking of going, where are you staying?”

“Staying?”

“Your hotel. Or are you ‘on the street’ this time?”

“Ha-ha, funny. Grand Cove Marina in Jersey.”

“What? On a boat?”

“No, a submarine.”

“Hey, that’s funny! Right?...”

“Speaking of me,” I said, “why me?”

“Why you? Whaddya mean, why you? Why not you?”

“Well, for starters, I’m not a stand-up comic...”

“So, you’re a funny, stand-up guy, Mark!”

“Whaa?...”

“You. Are. A. Funny. Guy! I’ve read your stuff – hilarious!”

“My... what have I written that’s funny? I mean...”

“Oh, c’mon, it’s all funny! You’re dry, very dry, that’s all – hilarious!” He downshifts into second and revs the little four-cylinder, opening up the twin Zenith-Stromberg carburetors, and bringing to my ears memories more than four decades old of that sweet little car that got away.

“Be nice,” I say, “she’s but a gentle beast.”

“Haha, you’re funny! See? So, tell me your favorite joke.”

“What? Ahh, you mean, one I made up, or just of all ti...”



“Don’t ruin the moment, Mark, just say something funny – this is a comedy show.”

“Well, you know, funny thing...”

“Now you’re talking!”

“I actually was thinking, see, if Larry David was also here, I just might call you Larry and him Jerry – or both of you Dave – first out of, well, panic, and then because I somehow think it’s so darn funny. And then I’d just keep doing it until you guys threw me out.”

“That’s a gag, Mark, not a joke, and are you sure it’s funny?”

“Positive.”

“I’ll check with Larry.”

“Tell him I said Hi.”

“Now that’s funny!”

What you can’t see is that Jerry is, (fake?) cracking up this whole time, flashing that Big Seinfeld Smile. I’m dead-still because I’m scared stiff.

As we pull out of a light, I decide to explore his demons.

“Does it bother you...”

“No.”

“Wait, I didn’t...”

“Doesn’t matter, I’ll just say no.”

“When people expect you to be funny?”

“Ahhh, a little,” Jerry says. “Yeah, okay, you got me.”

“I mean, are you supposed to be ‘on’ 24/7?”

“You know, you invite a surgeon to a party, you don’t expect him to suture anything, but a comedian? Yeah, we’re on call.”

“And of course you do oblige, you kind soul.”

“Ha, yeah, well... But, you know what’s better? I don’t try to be the funniest guy in the room.”

“No? So, you’re the, ah... serious-est?...”

“Hey, that’s funny! Or not... No, here’s what I do. I try to make other people funny.”

“What? So you’re a magician?”

“No, no – are you even listening? If I try to be the funniest



guy, I'll never exceed anybody's expectations. But people love to feel good about themselves, so if I can somehow help them enjoy their own comedy, be pleased with themselves, they go away happy."

"What? Hello? Is this really Jerry Seinfeld?"

"Huh?" We pull into a parking lot.

"C'mon, who kidnapped the arrogant, pragmatic comedian that we all love, and put you here? – Ha! I knew this was all a dream. The damn car is real, though. Man, she is gorgeous!"

"Well enjoy it now, 'cause we're about to leave her." He turns the ignition off and pulls the parking brake. We wait.

"Sorry about that arrogant thing," I say.

"You mean your attempt at flattery? Ha-ha. Okay, we'll let the crew get into position, then we'll go into the restaurant." He looks across the parking lot to the producer, and pulls a two-way radio from under his seat.

"Niner-niner, good buddy," he says into the radio. "Smokey got his ears on?"





The crew all laugh as if the boss just made a joke and they have to laugh. “Give us the sign when you’re all ready.”

LUNCH TIME

A few minutes pass as we discuss New York, John Lennon and boats, until the producer announces; “Ready on set!”

“Let’s go,” Jerry says. We get out of the car, and Jerry is all knee-slapping laughing, like I just said something really funny. “Oh, that’s a good one! Just great...” I smile and play along. I notice his trademark, fancy sneakers.

“If I had known,” I say, “I’d have worn my slippers, haha!”

“That’s not funny.”

“Yeah, I’m not a professional...” We walk into the restaurant, and, of course, everyone is expecting us. Nobody shouts; “Hey, Jerry!” In fact, he circles the dining room and greets the other din-

ers as the producer repeats; “Please ignore us, okay?” We settle into a corner booth, surrounded by lights, gear and crew, and we pretend that none of it is there. I start off with a zinger.

“This is the best meal I have ever had!”

“You mean, the one we haven’t even ordered yet?”

“Yeah, well...”

“Actually, you’re right,” Jerry says. “This place serves the best pies in New York City.”

“I don’t like pies.”

“I don’t like you.”

“You already said that.”

“Some things are worth repeating. You do know, Mark, when I say ‘pie,’ I mean ‘pizza,’ right?”

“Oh... right... I’m kinda new here.”

Again, what you can’t see is that we’re both smiling. I am because I am beyond thrilled to be alive today, and Jerry, because,





well, I think he's terrified to see how this bomb may explode. He stares at the menu as if looking for an escape.

"You know why your job stinks?" I ask.

"Excuse me? My job?..."

"Well, okay, not stinks, I mean, but it's well... challenging."

"Like, all day? Thank you, 'Ensign Obvious!'"

"Yeah, yeah, so I'm just comparing a comedian to a singer or an actor."

"Not a surgeon? Now, that stinks!"

"Am I allowed to be serious for a moment?"

"Mark?"

"Yeah?..."

"This is a comedy show."

"You already said that. Thing is, you have to be fresh and new all the time, every day – well, every tour, at least. You can't go to the same city next year and do the same bits – they'll kill you!"

"You're darn right!"

"Singers, meanwhile, have one hit song, and they





dine out on that for decades!”

“Oughta be a law!”

“People actually demand that singers play their old stuff!”

“I don’t know if I could sing “*Feelings*” for the thousandth time,” Jerry says.

“Or the tenth, even! And actors, sheesh, they don’t even have to perform! Just make a movie and live off the royalties, eh?”

“Those... Rotten... Actors!”

“C’mon, out of singers, actors or comedians, which one would you most rather be?”





“Gee-let-me-think-okay-comedian...”

“Wow, kinda harsh! Just being empathetic...”

“You mean pathetic? Actually, the only one I haven’t been is musician, so I’ll take that one – a rock star!”

“The only one? You’ve acted?”

“Uhh, yeah! *SEINFELD*? Remember the ‘90s?”

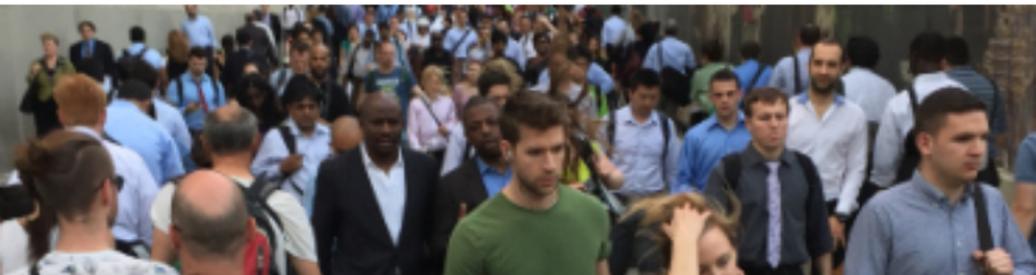
“Oh! Yeah, but that wasn’t acting.”

“Waitress? Check, please.”

“But, we haven’t ordered...”

“Yep, are you finished? Who’s paying for this meal; I AM? A little respect...” (Still both smiling – I swear it.)

“I mean, you were just being yourself, right? Umm, your acting was so good I didn’t notice? Umm... should we go Dutch?”



And so, yeah, that's when the fire alarm went off and the kitchen exploded.

"What the..?" Jerry's already out of his seat.

"Let's get out of here!" The crew is scurrying, and three of them surround Jerry like he is the President, leaving me like a stray dog. I follow them outside and we stand in the parking lot, watching the scene unfold.

A small blaze on the stove had set off the fire suppression system, a few tons of baking powder or something, which sounded to me like an explosion, so there's that. Anyway, it is all harmless and exciting enough for us to stand on the curb and crack jokes.

As things calm down, and the director is finally happy with our reaction shots, Jerry signs a ton of autographs for every firefighter, paramedic, and even the brother of Jesus. Then we get into the Volvo and take off.

Yeah, seriously, it was Jesus's brother, at least that's what he kept insisting – the "other" twin son of God.

New York, crazy place.

"Let's hit the High Line," Jerry says.

"You owe me pizza?" I say, and I say; "pizza?" like it's a question because, really, I'm scared stiff...

"Calm down, I'll get you a slice."

"A slice? But, I'm hungry!"



“I’m hungry for humor – say something FUNNY!”

“The kitchen exploded, that’s pretty funny.”

“Only because no one was hurt. If someone got hurt, that would be tragic.”

“Speaking of funny, we’re almost there, right?”

“Whaa? Yeah, no, you’re right, I’ll just take a left, right here and then go ahead and back ‘er up.”

“Wow, three in a row! Fun! Let’s duet that.”

“What? Duet?”

“We’ll be a team – it’ll be fun! Okay, Yeah...”

“No...”

“You’re right.”

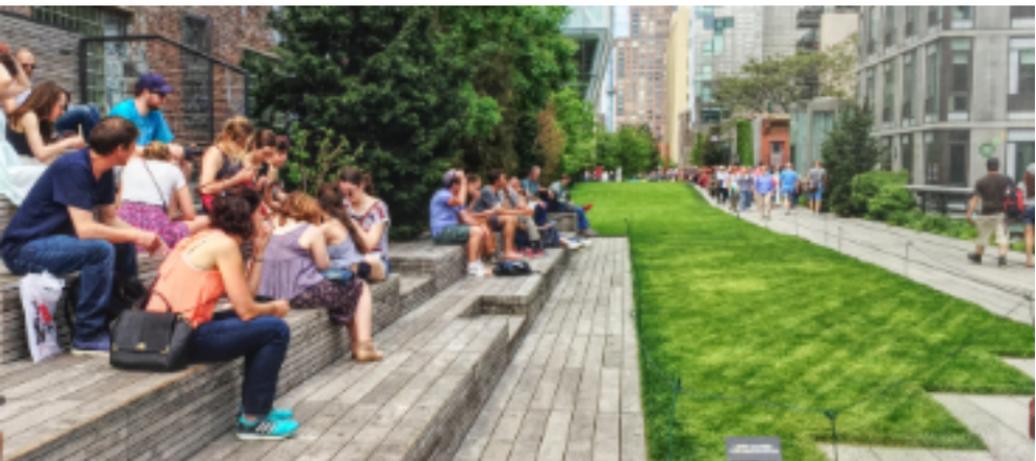
“Okay... just take a left...”

“Right here.”

“And then go ahead...”

“And back ‘er up. Ha, that was fun!”





“Fun, maybe, but hardly funny.”

HIGH TIME

The crew is waiting for us in a taped-off parking lot, and we get out and marvel at the scenery as we climb stairs up to the park. If you haven't heard by now, the High Line is a brilliant idea sparked by two men in 1999, and it took a decade to turn their dream, (inspired by projects in Germany and France,) into reality, an incredible commandeering of abandoned elevated railway lines, metamorphosing them into a beautiful park visited by some eight million people





each year...

“Hold it right there!” Jerry says, with classic, mock irritation. “Whoa...”

“What?”

“Fancy-schmancy words, there! You can’t...”

“What are you doing?”

“I’m correcting you along the laws of comedy, Mister! You can’t use the word ‘metamorphosing’ without making it funny. It’s not...”

“What ARE you doing?”

“You asked that already.”

“I wasn’t talking to you!”

“Who were – what were you doing?”

“I was narrating, talking to the

audience.”

“But your mic isn’t on. Stu, is his?... Nope, you’re not on.”

“I was narrating to MY audience, not yours. Is that okay?”

“Well, I guess so, but if you’re going to double dip, I’m not paying you scale.”

“Just buy me a slice, willya?”

Jerry holds up two fingers as we pass a pizza vendor, and the guy nods wildly, as if he’s part of the show. Up slide two massive slices of cheese pizza on paper plates. I fold my slice in half and dig in.

“Okay, what about the pizza?”





Jerry says, smiling through his clenched, chewing teeth, (what an actor!) “Say something about the pizza! Isn’t it the greatest?”

“Just a sec, please, I am masticating.”

“In public? Eww!”

SECRET TIME

The High Line is mobbed today, and Jerry and I have to grind our way through crowds, using five crew members with cameras and gear as a plow.

“What’s your secret to success?” I ask Jerry.

“Can’t tell you.”

“Why not?”

“Won’t be a secret then.”

“Haha, just make something up for me.”

“Okay, how about; ‘Always Be Entertaining.’ I like that one.”

“Always...”

“Be Entertaining, that’s right! Just three little words.”

“I love you?...”

“Them are big words,” Jerry says. “All right, so here it is, ready?; No matter what you are doing, you





should always entertain people.”

“Like right now? How?”

“Comedians, are always what? Entertaining! Sometimes we’re funny, but all the time, we entertain. So, if you have a long joke to tell, you may not be funny the whole way through, but do entertain, so when you pull off that punchline, you still have ‘em.”

“Okay...”

“Giving a lecture or a news report? Give the facts, but keep them entertained. Why?”

“Why?”

“Good question! Because if you don’t, the next guy will, and you’ll be out of work.”

“Work? I’m retired...”

“I was literally using that word figuratively! Keep entertaining. At a party? Telling stories? Entertain. Complaining about something? Entertain. In line at the DMV? Filing taxes? ENTER-



TAIN! People will be much happier to see you, they will be in a much better mood, and you are more likely to get your way! – it’s simple MATH!”

“Okay, you’re using word-caps like crazy, here...”

“Emphasis! It’s just...”

“Oh, okay, I got it now.” Jerry is pretty good at acting frustrated, and the crowd is thick around us now, like spectators at a cock fight. I can see people on the highrise balconies, looking down at the mob below, swarmed around a park bench with two men fake-arguing.

“So, all those times I stuttered through asking girls out...”

“Yeah...”

“I should have just been more entertaining?”

“Possibly, Mark, but I can’t work miracles.”

“At a store? Restaurant?”

“Always...”

“Interviewing someone?”

“Be...”

“At a funeral?”

“Entertaining!”

“Okay! But... at a funeral?”

“Well, subtly. Mark. There are cool ways to be entertaining.”

“God, I hope so.”

“And, do you know why?”

“Why... entertain?”

“Yes! Because, the audience is incredibly selfish.”

“Oh, talking about me now!”

“The listener always, always wants to know; ‘what’s in it for me?’ They will just kneecap you if you don’t give up something, and that something is always either entertainment or something actually useful, cleverly wrapped in entertainment.”

“I get it. Always...”

“Be...”

“Entertaining! Got it!”

We walk along the park, surrounded by a moving throng, like a crawling amoeba, when, somehow, we are nearly back to the Volvo, and in no time, that Swedish wagon is taking us on a tour through Central Park again.



RAY TIME

The road is actually pretty quiet. It's pretty beautiful, but with all the trees, and sunbathers and joggers, it's pretty distracting. I don't even see the Dodge Dart because I'm watching the kid on a bicycle, who is about to swerve right in front of – "Jerry, the bike!"

"Whaa? Yikes!" Jerry swerves and slams on his brakes, and the next moment happens in such slow motion, I can describe every detail for you. We miss the bike completely, but veer right into the path of a...

"Dodge Dart!" I scream, "Nineteen-sixty-four!" I yell because the car is, I mean, it is pristine! "Please don't hit!" We slow from about 45 miles per hour down to six – maybe seven – and Jerry, yelling as loud as me, has the nerve to correct me.

"Sixty-three you idiot!" And, crunch! Not a big wreck at all, but the crew acts in a big way. The minivan jumps a curb, and all



doors fly open before the wheels stop. Then, the radio.

“Jerry, Jerry, stay in the car. You okay?” We both wave thumbs up as the crew starts directing traffic around us and the director runs to the driver of the Dart. It’s a beautiful, black convertible and the driver is some old...

“OH. MY. GOD.”

“Mark, you okay?”

I try to speak through the shock. “Magliozzi...”

“Mally-what?” Jerry says. “I gotta see...” and he opens his door and gets out. I get out and take a look at the damage. Just a broken headlight and rim on the Volvo, and, yep, hardly a scratch on the Dart.

They say that the best thing to do at this point is to just shut the hell up, but Jerry, of course, will not shut the hell up.

“I’m sorry! I just... I didn’t see the kid, and then I did, and then I, oh God, I hit a beautiful, classic, nineteen-sixty-three





Dodge Dart! A convertible! Look at that, it's beautiful!"

"Uh, sir?" Tom Magliozzi says.

"Mark, look! It's a sixty-three! Can't you tell? Not a sixty-four! I mean, THE TAIL LIGHTS!"

There he goes with the caps again – and how the hell could I see taillights on an oncoming car? Jerry is delirious, sobbing, and the director is trying to shut him up, and a producer is already on her phone to the lawyers, and it's all quite a scene.

Ray Magliozzi doesn't seem to mind so much, as his car isn't damaged, but Jerry is in tears. "So... beautiful!" We step onto the grass while the crew parks the cars.

"Sir, I am so, so sorry," Jerry says.

"Jerry, do you know who this man is?" I say.

"You're..."

"This is your next guest. You guys should go for coffee!"

"Whaa?"

"I'm Ray Magliozzi," Ray Magliozzi says, and offers his hand. Jerry shakes it, practically pumping it.

"You sure are. Why you... are... Wait a minute!... You're



Click... or Clack?”

“Nobody really knows,” Ray says, grinning. Then Jerry looks at me.

“He’s my next guest? But, I...”

“Of course!”

“Well, I mean, no offense, Mark, but he’s...” he turns to Ray. “You’re not a comedian!”

“No?” I say. “He and his brother were only the funniest guys on NPR for three decades.”

“Not Garrison?”

“That was MPR.”

“Oh... right.” Ray, of course, looks bewildered.

“C’mon, Jerry, he’s funny, and he talks cars. You know; “Car Talk...”

“Right... right!” He turns to Ray.

“I was so sad when your brother passed. You guys had a great show, and I could tell you really loved each other. Your humor



wasn't contrived; you just seemed to have a fun time for an hour each week!"

"We did," Ray says. "We had a blast on every show."

"Say, what the hell are you doing here? Shouldn't you be in Boston?"

"I get out, from time to time."

"Will you be my next guest?" Jerry says. "On my show? I'll buy you coffee!"

"Who are you?" Ray says.

"I'm... I'm Jerry Seinfeld!"





“Yeah, I know – I was kidding! I thought your show was canceled. Where’s Elaine?”

“Wait,” Jerry says, just a bit annoyed. “First of all, we weren’t canceled, we – I – chose to end “*Seinfeld*” twenty-four years ago,” but I have another great show!”

“Yeah, I know,” Ray says. “I was kidding.”

“Again.”

“Yeah, fun!”

And folks, it goes on and on from there. Jerry and Ray get along famously, and I just know that he will be a fine guest, perhaps too fine, unfortunately.

OVER TIME

Jerry drives me and my bike all the way to Jersey, (“What a guy!” I tell him. “I like to drive...” he says.) And right there, on a dock on the Hudson River, we have a real heart-to-heart chat, which is challenging because one of us is a callous, heartless Hollywood-type and the other is a schmuck.

“Hey, Jerry?”

“Yes, Mark.”

“You weren’t really going to give me the Volvo, were you?”

“Nope.”

“Boy, you’re a real Saint.”

“Roger that, more or less,” Jerry says. Then; “Say, Mark?”

“Yeah, Jer?” (We’re on first-syllables...)

“Ahh, say, listen, buddy, thanks for suggesting Ray for a show – great idea!”

“Yeah, he’ll be...”

“Yes, he will be great, buddy...”

“What are you saying? Please don’t call me ‘buddy’ – that’s never good...”

“I gotta cut you, ol’ buddy. Sorry. That’s breaks.”

“You what? I what? Cut?... ‘ol’ buddy?’...”

“Yeah, listen, we have only so many slots open, and now I have Ray – boy, he’s funny! And I was, well, kinda desperate when I picked you anyway, but...”

“Really... Did you really have to tell me all this? Really?... Buddy!”

“Well, just trying to be honest with you...”

“What the hell does honesty have to do with show-biz?”

“You have a point, sir.”

“So... I won’t be on Netflix?”

“Yeah, no...”

“No TV show with Seinfeld?”

“No. Yeah, that’s another no.

“Bwah!” (That’s a grown man crying.)

“Say, little buddy, maybe this would be a good time for you to start the getting-over-it process, eh?”





“But I told all my friends!”

“Really? When?”

“Well, I don’t have too many, so…”

“Say, how ‘bout I get you a cup of coffee!”

“Aww, Jerry!”

“Yeah, buddy?”

“I don’t drink coffee…”

So, well, here I am, folks, early the next morning, my bicycle stowed between the passenger seat and port gunnel of the “*Stolen Gun*,” my memory of an incredible day is just that; only a memory. I’m cruising up the Hudson toward Canada, without a popular Netflix show to my credit, without any evidence that I’ve even met Jerry Seinfeld, and oddly enough, without a care in the world.

But, then, maybe it is time I take control of my life. I’m thinking about how I should Always Be Entertaining. It really is time I dig in and make some big changes, it’s finally time for some real metamorphosing, and that ain’t funny.

MARK GILCHRIST, 2022

**More great, (*quick!*) reads
in the “*Time I Met*” series...**

Tom Hanks
in India
“*Big Chance*”

We meet on a Himilayan mountainside, and ride into Darjeeling, India, where Tom makes a promise to me that he may not want to keep.

Stephen King
in Maine, U.S.A.
“*9-11; The Call*”

We start the day with a dead man, and then we save thousands of lives. It's September 11, 2001 as it always should have been.

Angelina Jolie
in Cambodia
“*Untouchable*”

I not only meet this miracle of the silver screen in her adopted homeland, but I break her heart – or I don't, you be the judge.

Richard Branson
in the Dominican Republic
“*Knight of the Flies*”

I try to pry business secrets from this wildly successful businessman, but he holds them so close in front of me, I can hardly see them.

Jerry Seinfeld
in New York City, U.S.A.
“*Two Guys in a Car Getting Coffee*”

I'm a guest on his show; “*Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee*,” but I'm not a comedian, I don't drink coffee, and, as it ends up, I'm not on his show?

“THE TIME I MET...”