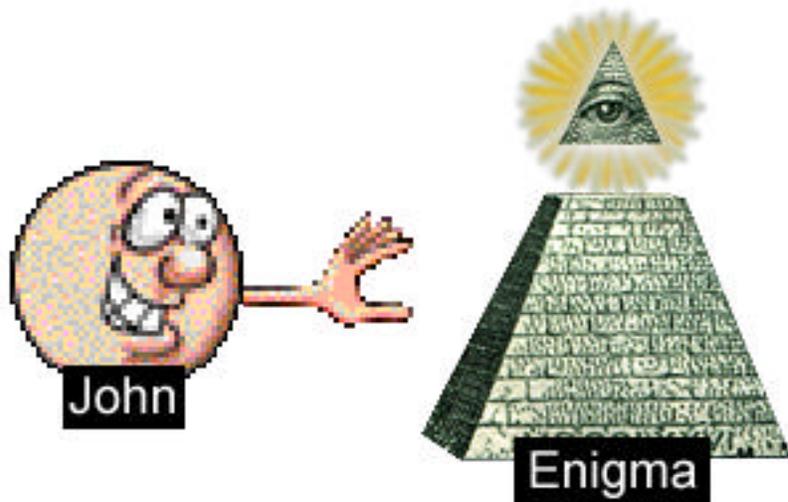


alt.sex

Electronic Press Kit



Contact:

Eric Bickernicks

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website:

www.altsexmovie.com



alt.synopsis

"*alt.sex*", and offbeat comedy, is a surreal look at the world of dating, computers and the Internet.

When John breaks up with his domineering girlfriend Irene, his friends step in to help him recover and move on. Complicating things are a hacker who's disrupting his company's server, voyeuristic co-workers and a new office computer with its migrating cache of smutty pictures.

When his buddies' advice backfires, John sets out to find the perfect mate. With his furry pooch and an enigmatic online friend for support, John's search takes him through misleading, badly-worded personals ads, lubed-up urban rednecks, a disgruntled, balloon-delivering clown and more than one fishnet-clad leg.



alt.production.info

The story was written by [Eric Bickernicks](#) and is based on many true-life situations that he experienced during his own search for a partner. The story deals with technology and the Internet to find that perfect someone, and how they can help or hinder in that search.

The first feature length project written and directed by Eric Bickernicks, "*alt.sex*" is an Internet experience in every sense of the word. Not only does much of the action take place on the Internet, the production was created almost exclusively via the Internet. The original casting call was done online and the initial interviews were done through e-mail. The Super 16mm camera used to shoot the film was purchased online through E-bay, and the first 20 rolls of film were found on the usenet newsgroup [alt.rec.movies.cinematography](#). Most of the music used in the film was found online through music websites such as [mp3.com](#) and [IUMA.com](#). With a fast Internet connection, Eric was able to screen hundreds of potential artists and songs. He then contacted the artists online to secure permission to use their music.



Cast and crew ponder fora moment during production.

Eric kept a detailed [online journal](#) of his experience at the film's website ([www.altsexmovie.com](#)), together with hundreds of production photos uploaded from his digital camera. This allowed actors and crew to easily check continuity between shoots and gave a user a glimpse of what it was like behind the scenes of an indie film.

The film was shot in and around Boston, Massachusetts, over the period of a year and half, with 38 shootings day, most of them weekends. The film, very independent in nature (i.e., very low budget), was done completely on a volunteer basis. None of the cast or crew were paid, all locations were donated, no permits were issued or insurance taken out. The final budget of \$32,000 covered mainly the camera purchase, film costs and food for cast and crew.

At the moment, the film is in submission to various film festivals around the country in hope of finding a distributor.

To learn more about the film, [view the trailer](#), and learn how to make a movie for the cost of what Hollywood normally spends on lunch, go to the film's website at [www.altsexmovie.com](#).



alt.flippant.director.bio

Throughout high school, Eric was another one of the hordes of young people wielding a Super 8 film camera, taunting anyone within filming distance, experimenting with stop-frame animation while creating the obligatory sequence of himself as the driver of an invisible automobile.

After high school, Eric managed to avoid a descent film school, opting instead for a stint at Framingham State College where he did well in the school's budding TV production department. After two years, however, he flunked out due to "lack of sleep and interest."

He then floundered in local access television, producing many original and (according to his employers) annoying programs. He was one of the first people in this country to use a Sony 8mm video camcorder, a prize he won through the 1985 'Visions of US' video festival for a comedy short called "Scrambled Eggs."

In 1986 he won a Cable ACE award for a collection of comic video shorts, and made a brief appearance on "The Today Show" with his co-worker Mark Gallagher as the real life equivalents of "Wayne" and "Garth" from Saturday Night Live's "Wayne's World."



Eric as the clown director

Together the team created such shows as "The Really Relentless, Irrelevant and Redundant Program Show" which featured a core group of filmmakers tearing around shooting live footage with a Hi-8 camera mounted on a mini Steadicam. Using actors posing as eccentric locals, they wreaked havoc on the residents of Dedham, Massachusetts, by broadcasting what were supposed to be "live and unscripted" chance encounters. Another show, "Klownhare", was a live program featuring John Horrigan ("Todd" of "alt.sex") as a talking head superimposed on random, surreal

images while his voice was manipulated to sound as if he had just inhaled helium. Most callers were confused and just wanted to know "what the hell we were doing down there" [at the station].

In his 30's Eric started his own video production business, shooting corporate and industrial videos, an activity he refers to as "perpetually recreating what I did for my clients the year before." In 1998, he began writing his feature film, to be called "alt.sex.", financing it solely from his video work. If Eric's film fails to attract attention, he says he "might have to hurt someone during my next corporate training video."

Despite the film's financial and scheduling difficulties, Eric is grateful that no committees, corporations or grants were on hand to interfere with his creative process. And although he acknowledges that is project may be perceived by some as 'weird or unconventional', he nevertheless has the satisfaction of being able to state that 'alt.sex' is 100% originalthe embodiment of what is truly independent film.

alt.additional.info. (click on hotlinks to view online data)



The Patriot Ledger - May 13, 1991
Eric Bickernicks' comedy is grabbing attention



The Boston Phoenix - December 6, 1991
Broken Cable



The Daily Transcript - December 6, 1991
Cable TV renegades were not afraid to take risks.



The Patriot Ledger - November 26, 1991
Program director fired over content.



Written and Directed by: [Eric Bickernicks](#)
Produced by: [Dan Bridges](#) & Eric Bickernicks

John MacLeod	John
Lauren Verge	Irene
John Horrigan	Todd
Phil Rectra	Chip
Juliet Bowler	Amanda
Darby Duffin	Rob
Robin Frank	Janet
Dan Bridges	Dan
Geoff Briggs	Geoff
Andy Ihnatko	Dr. Frank Osirin
Jim Barron	The deranged gunman
Eric Scott Bloom	Woodrow T. Justice (Coffeeshop folk singer)
Sparky Schneider	Mr. Disgusting
Cara Maria O'Shea	Melissa
Christine Treglia	Jill
Adrienne Gum	Jills friend
Terry Fuentes	Robs nightclub date
Beth Lahr	Debby
Julie Hoffmen	Byte Me Dating worker
D.B. Cooper	Tammy
Tony Annesi	Tony
Sinead Medeiros	Transmission shop receptionist
Steve Paluso	Transmission shop owner
Therese Branton	Shelly
Matt Branton	Earl
Tammy Twotone	Terry
Kim Lannon	Johns escort
Dave & Paula Chubet	Amanad's parting guests
Jonah Shue	The violinist on beach
Eric Bickernicks	The pissed off clown on beach
Brian White	Mongo
Emery & Brandon Bond	Hacker twins
Martin Hanley	Mr. Williams
Lara Scheidner	Mr. Disgustings date
Gabriel Polonsky	Melissa's psuedo boyfriend
Mei-Li	Johns dog
Paka	Cat with underwear
Dunkin	Deranged gunman's dog



Principle cast goes "TA-DA!"



alt.crew.and.music

Cinematography & Editing..... Eric Bickernicks
 Nightclub lighting..... Paul Norton
 Location Sound..... Emery & Brandon Bond
 Sound Effects & ADR..... Eric Bickernicks
 Graphics & Avatars..... Eric Bickernicks
 Computer screen animations..... John MacLeod
 End Titles Montage..... John MacLeod
 Stunts..... Tom DeLucia

Prominent Songs:

Fuzzyhead..... [Fernachur](#)
 Blue Rinse Poodle..... [Satsuma](#)
 Nothing So Ordinary..... [Zoux](#)
 Back Where I Belong..... [Dumptruck](#)
 Lonely Hearts..... [Atlantics](#)
 Ty Cobbs Filthy Athletic
 Supporter..... [Eric Scott Bloom](#)



Eric Scott Bloom a.k.a. Woodrow T. Justice

Background Songs:

First Class on the Mother Ship.... [Hand Floyd and the Swerving Headlights](#)
 Coffeeshop Girl..... [The Cautions](#)
 MOS Groove..... Music by: Eric Bickernicks
 Words by: Juliet Bowler
 The Rubber Ass Song..... Music by: Eric Barao
 Words by: Phil Rectra & John Macleod
 This Trash..... Eric Scott Bloom
 Wake Up Everybody (I'm In Love) Eric Scott Bloom
 Sandy Duncans Glass Eye..... Eric Scott Bloom
 I Loved You..... Fingle Bunt
 Who's House? (Dave's House).... Fingle Bunt

All other music..... Eric Bickernicks
 Publicity..... Dick Dahl

Thanks to:

Prominent Extra..... Karen Morrison
 Primary Office Space..... Steve Shannon
 Additional Office Space..... [Geoff Briggs/Productive Media, Inc.](#)
 The Wonder Bar..... Neil Carey
 Sophia's Nightclub..... Vincent Ciriucive
 Lee Myles Transmission Shop.... Steve Paluso
 Mongos Motorcycle..... Bill Wagner



alt.production.stills

These are some thumbnail images of hi-resolution production stills from the film 'alt.sex'
Click on the hotlinks to download the images.



John, Geoff & Phil prepare for an out - door keg party .

Image: 1600 x 1200 - Size: 452k
altsexmovie.com/presskit/cow_keg_party.jpg



Eric directs a scene with Phil, Dan, Robin and John Horrigan

Image: 1024 x 768 - Size: 175k
altsexmovie.com/presskit/eric_directs.jpg



Rob (Darby Duffin) finds a mysterious package on his desk.

Image: 1024 x 768 - Size: 175k
altsexmovie.com/presskit/robs_bomb.jpg



Eric Bickernicks as the clown director .

Image: 1600 x 1200 - Size: 257k
altsexmovie.com/presskit/clown_director.jpg



John with the Byte Me Dating worker . (Juliet Hoffmen)

Image: 1600 x 1200 - Size: 277k
altsexmovie.com/presskit/byte_me_dating.jpg



John MacLeod and Lauren Verge screw around during production.

Image: 1600 x 1200 - Size: 253k
altsexmovie.com/presskit/john_hammer.jpg



John meets his expensive computer date. (D.B. Cooper)

Image: 1600 x 1200 - Size: 246k
altsexmovie.com/presskit/money_dress.jpg



Juliet, Phil, Robin, John & John Horrigan react to a hidden webcam.

Image: 1600 x 1200 - Size: 286k
altsexmovie.com/presskit/office_cast.jpg



Lauren Verge, Jonah Shue & John Macleod screw around on set.

Image: 1600 x 1200 - Size: 286k
altsexmovie.com/presskit/violinist_beach.jpg



The Boston Globe Magazine

March 4, 2001

Celluloid

dreams

Eric Bickernicks wanted a legacy. So he made a little film. And he's not the only one: Boston's indie scene is popping.

By DICK DAHL

February 13, 2000. Today is the day when Eric Bickernicks's dream stops being just a dream.

He's the athletically built guy who's looking through the viewfinder of a super 16mm movie camera at two men seated at a desk. Geoff Briggs and John MacLeod are actors, and the donated office space in the Cummings Center office complex in Beverly is serving on this blustery Sunday as a movie set. Bickernicks glances at a black-and-white monitor showing the actors' images in the precise dimensions of the film that Bickernicks will soon begin to shoot. He's added a video device called a tap to the new movie camera as a cost-cutting tool. Using the tap, a VCR, and the monitor, he and the actors can run through scenes and iron out visual kinks before using actual film, which costs \$30 per minute of running time.

Bickernicks is the director, producer, screenwriter, cinematographer, and casting director of a movie he's calling *alt.sex*, and today is the first day of shooting.

Despite its name, *alt.sex* is not porn. It's a light, somewhat lowbrow comedy. Think Woody Allen meets the Farrelly brothers (*There's Something About Mary*). It's also Indie. Very indie. Like thousands of other movie nuts inspired by such success stories as *The Blair Witch Project*, which has generated hundreds of millions of dollars on an outlay of \$40,000, Bickernicks has decided to dig into his own pockets, and maybe those of a friend or two, and make his own movie.

Unlike the people who cash in their savings or max out their credit cards to finance their movies, Bickernicks had a bit of money available, but not much. The owner of Biksko Media Services, a small video production company in Marlborough, Bickernicks has allocated \$10,000 to make his movie. This is a low figure, even by indie standards, but he already owns much of the film equipment he will need: lights, sound equipment, and, most significantly, a computerized editing system of the sort that most independent filmmakers must rent for hundreds of dollars a day. Bickernicks estimates that if he had had to rent the equipment, the price tag for *alt.sex* could have been \$40,000 or more.

Bickernicks entertains no illusions about his movie's chances for success. The odds that people will actually pay money to see *alt.sex* and its cast of unknowns are slim. Although he obviously wants that to happen, Bickernicks says the real reason he's making the movie is because when he's an old man, he wants more to show for his life's work than a stack of corporate training videos.

He's dreamed of this day for a long time.

Now 38, Bickernicks began to act on his mid-life crisis two years ago by studying the craft of screenwriting and beginning the script, for *alt.sex*, a simple tale of an average Joe who loses his girlfriend, Irene, and seeks, through the well-intentioned assistance of his pals, to find true love - or at least a date - in the hellish world of middle aged matchmaking. (The title refers to several computer-related sub themes dealing with Internet chat

rooms and a running bit about pom sites popping up at embarrassing times on characters' workplace computer screens.) By late 1999, Bickernicks had put out a casting call and was deluged by actors willing to work for nothing.

Briggs, 40, and MacLeod, 38, are ready. Bickernicks's rookie sound crew, 17-year-old twins Brandon and Emery Bond, who are friends of MacLeod, are also ready. Bickernicks gave them their first lesson in the craft of boom-mike holding and tape-console operation just this morning. Bickernicks's girlfriend, 46-year old Therese Chase, who has a small role in the movie but is here today to help out, holds the slate, with its diagonally striped black-and-white arm, in front of Briggs's face.

"Scene 10, roll one, take one," Bickernicks announces. The sound of film clattering along the camera's sprockets is Chase's cue. Hearing it, she clacks the arm down.



On location at The Wonder Bar

MacLeod, playing the protagonist, John, slides into an office chair next to Briggs and speaks his lines: "I just got totally spammed! My e-mail account frozen. Can you check it out?"

alt.sex is off and running.

AUGUST 5. The bright lights, the movie camera, and an actress in a strange outfit have attracted a small crowd on the sidewalk outside The Wonder Bar, an Allston jazz club by night but today serving as the set for the *alt.sex* restaurant scenes. Deirdre Williams, in real life the afternoon traffic reporter on Boston radio station WBMX "Mix 98.5," plays the part of The Computer Date. She is wearing a dress and a hat made out of fake dollar bills.

John has paid \$900 to a dating service. Distracted by the high cost of the service - as well as by a fight in the street - John fails to pay adequate attention to what his date is saying. Computer Date leaves in a huff. The scene

goes well, and when the film stops running, everyone howls with delight.

Spirits are high. Although the crew shot a few scenes here three weeks ago, today's activity is the beginning of the first weekend long shoot since mid-April. Bickernicks had suspended the project because the used movie camera, which he'd bought off the Internet auction site eBay for a mere \$4,800, or about one-fourth the price of a new one, had a slight problem: It often didn't focus properly. Some of the North Shore office shots would have to be redone. He sent the camera to be repaired, and in the meantime took on some more corporate video work.



With cast and crew, Bickernicks watches a playback

During the hiatus, the casts group e-mails became increasingly forlorn. Contrary to the perception that actors are egomaniacs, the alt.sexers had become a happy family. Although all have acting experience, for most, alt.sex is their first film. They all know their chances of making any money are slim, though Bickernicks keeps track of everyone's time, so that if someday someone should buy *alt.sex*, he will be able to divvy up the money. But the excitement and camaraderie seem to be compensation in themselves.

"I thought that [acting in *alt.sex*] would be one of those things where I'd say, 'Oh, this is OK,'" says 32 year-old actress and Attleboro High School teacher Robin Frank, who plays a shy office worker. "I didn't know that I'd be making some of the coolest friends I have. I really miss everybody."

Because it's now the middle of summer and most everyone's skin has darkened, and because the "days" of the story being shot this weekend must correspond to those shot months ago, some of the actors have turned to a laptop computer to help them match their makeup and wardrobe from previous shots. They call up the *alt.sex* Web site, www.alt-sexmovie.com, and inspect photos that Bickernicks and a couple of the actors have placed on the site. The photos accompany Bickernicks's "director's journal." His hero, it should be noted, is filmmaker Robert Rodriguez, who wrote a book, *Rebel Without a Crew* detailing how he made his first movie, the critically acclaimed 1993 film *El Mariachi*, for \$7,000. To many aspiring filmmakers like Bickernicks, the book is a bible. In keeping a record of his experiences, he's following Rodriguez's lead.

Most of the action at this weekend's Wonder Bar shoot revolves around John and his inept efforts at meeting women. After the Computer Date scene, the script calls for our hero to meet someone he's contacted through the personal ads. It turns out to be a rather masculine-looking person wearing a dress. The actor is Tammy Twotone, a real-life transvestite. Needless to say, things go badly.

When that scene is done, MacLeod has yet another one to test his abilities to bumble in front of the camera. His pals, played by Briggs, John Horrigan, and Phil Rectra, goad him into approaching the pretty but aloof redhead sitting alone at another table. That character, Mystery Girl,

is played by Cara O'Shea, a New York actress. MacLeod approaches her as she sits reading *Memoirs of a Geisha*. He proceeds to make clumsy attempts at conversation as she glares at him.

"Um, that's a nice book."

"Are you a real redhead?"

"I can lick my eyebrows."

He's playing with a spoon, fumbles it, sends it flying

"My friends wonder if you've been here before."

A phone behind the bar rings.

"Cut!"

Bickernicks looks down from the camera, shakes his head. The day is growing long, and the interruption is not the first. Unwanted noises - a siren, a squeaking chair, people talking loudly, the air conditioner kicking in - have halted several shots.

They try again. This time, they succeed.

It's 4:30 p.m., time for the bar to prepare for the evening's business. With help from the Bond twins and a couple of actors, Bickernicks schleps equipment outside and piles it into his car. It was a good day. He's now shot 20 rolls of film, one-third of his projected total.

OCTOBER 7. The sun, sinking toward a bank of dark clouds, is already losing candlepower. In the middle of a modest beach next to Edgewater Road in Quincy, a clown, his face painted white and blue, his nose a red ball, casts anxious glances westward. The clown is Bickernicks, and today he gets himself into his own movie.

After today, only a few more days of shooting will remain. Then a winter of editing. By spring, or maybe summer, a finished 35mm print should be ready for the festival circuit. And then, who knows? Maybe the movie's flavor of oddball comedy will catch a festival committee's eye and become the surprise hit of Sundance 2002.

At the moment, however, the light is rapidly dissipating.

Today's scenes all deal with John's efforts to win back the cold heart of his girlfriend, Irene, played by Boston stand-up comic Lauren Verge.

At the movie's start, they are a couple in the death throes of an office romance. She dumps him for another colleague who is a notorious ladies' man. At the same time that John has been exploring every avenue to get a date, he's also been tying, pathetically, to win Irene back.

Now, John has arranged a meeting on the beach with Irene, because his female co-workers have told him that beaches are romantic. They also have said that balloon-bearing clowns are very romantic. So he hires one. He also hires a violinist, which explains why Berklee College of Music graduate Jonah Shue was standing on the steps of the Quincy Center T station an hour ago. Bickernicks had placed an ad, posted on a Berklee bulletin board, for a violinist willing to play schmaltz for no pay in an indie movie. Shue phoned Bickernicks, said, "Schmaltz? I'm your man," and the two men came to rapid agreement on the terms: Show up Saturday with your violin; it'll be fun. After Bickernicks and Therese Chase pick up the down outfit at a costume-rental store, they swing by the T station to pick up Shue.

Arriving shortly after noon, Bickernicks, the Bond twins, and MacLeod and actor friend Dan Bridges, who appeared in the office shots and is here today just to help out, begin setting up. Even though his appearance will be the day's final shot, Bickernicks, dons his clown outfit and sits quietly as Chase paints his face. Once the shooting starts, there must be no interruptions.

Clown on the beach. It doesn't take long for the exciting news to course along the adolescent grass roots to the neighborhood next to the beach. Soon, small heads are popping up here and there along the sea wall. And

soon, Chase takes on a job she hadn't anticipated: crowd control. The children want to meet the clown. But the clown is very, very busy.

The clown is racing the sun. The scene, at water's edge, calls for John and Irene to be bickering. She had not anticipated that, in agreeing to meet John, she would have to deal with these huge overtures. Shue, the violinist, is following close behind, playing "La Vie en Rose," which annoys Irene. She screams at him to get lost. The sky is mostly black clouds now, but there are breaks between them. Bickernicks holds his camera and waits for Bridges, holding a light meter and reading its numbers, to signal an opening.

They shoot the scene several times during these celestial reprieves. Each is pure Fellini with, perhaps, shades of Bergman: a clown flanked by identical twins, walking backward in front of an arguing, gesticulating couple who are trailed by a violinist in a dark suit, all bathed in deep orange-red light.

Finally, the time has come for Bickernicks's entry into his own film. There's no sunlight left, no gaps in the clouds. But the lab can correct for poor light, so the crew presses on. The clown pulls up in front of John and Irene, breathless from a supposedly long run. To the exasperated Irene, this is the last straw, and she walks off. Whereupon John departs, frustrated, in the other direction, and the clown is standing there with the balloons in his hand. The script calls for him to shrug and release the helium filled balloons. Because he has no backup balloons, this scene must be shot right. A group of small boys whom Chase is holding back have plans of their own, though. When Bickernicks releases the balloons, they race into the scene, trying - without luck - to snatch the balloons out of the air. Bridges, operating the stationary camera, says he thinks the shot is salvageable.

Bickernicks hopes so, but he's not sure. But he's grumpy now, and the children no longer want to meet the clown.

The following week, Bickernicks sits in front of a Macintosh computer, tying together images and sound and blending them into the illusion that is film. After every weekend's shoots, he sends the film to a finishing house, which processes it and returns a video of the footage. He edits the video on his computer. Pulling up different takes of the same scene, he cuts back and forth and produces a sequence that looks real.

The Quincy beach shots aren't back yet, but he does have the sequences filmed earlier at Sophia's, a Boston nightclub where he shot the movie's wildest footage. It was the first time he had held his camera while filming. It was also the first time he had shot in a crowd. He had put out a call for extras for each of the three days that he shot in the nightclub's basement bar, and each day 12 to 15 youngish, good-looking men and women in their favorite nightclubbing clothes showed up in hopes that maybe someday they would see themselves on the big screen.

Much of this footage is improvised: Bickernicks just wound his way through the crowd with the camera on his shoulder without any sound running, his actors hamming it up with dance moves and come-on lines with the women. The swirl of images has Bickernicks in editing heaven.

With the shooting now nearly finished, Bickernicks is turning his attention to the future. "My dream objective is to find an agent who has all the connections who'll say: 'Great! Brilliant! I'm going to take it right to Miramax and tell them they've got to buy your film.'"

Plan B is to cut a 35mm negative of the movie for purposes of having an actual film for the festival circuit~ where, he hopes, his movie would create a buzz and get noticed by film distributors. That might set him back another \$18,000. Another option, he says, is going straight to video. The Independent Film Channel, for one, buys indie products that never make it to movie theaters.

And then, he says, there's the option of "four walling" - renting a theater



The director discusses the script with actors Phil Rectra and John Horrigan

for one showing of his film, typically dividing the proceeds with the theater owner. He tells a story about four-walling: "Years ago, I did this thing called *The Can*, shot on super 8. I didn't shoot it; I edited the damn thing. We went to the Brattle [repertory film theater in Cambridge] and used a video projector. It was all on video. We got a good write-up in *The Boston Phoenix* from some guy who said this is a wacky, independent thing, and it's gonna be at the Brattle this weekend. We sold out the Brattle. One show. Three or four people got up and left because they didn't like it. We had a little party, da da da da."

After that, they ran an ad in the indie magazine *Film Threat* and sold 50 tapes of *The Can*.

The experience, he says, taught him a lesson: If you're resourceful enough to make a film for very little, you should be resourceful enough to get it seen. And now with the brave new world of the Internet, Bickernicks thinks the challenge of getting your work seen - even if there's no money to be made - will be all the easier. There are indie-film sites now that publicize works deemed worthy. Bickernicks envisions sending free copies of *alt.sex* to them in hopes that they will recommend clicking on his own Web site, which has film clips and order forms.

The "absolute worst case scenario" for *alt.sex*, Bickernicks says, is to distribute it for free on the Internet. Formats already exist allowing the compression of entire movies into downloadable file space. A small clique of people on the Internet has begun trading movies in this format, he says.

Of course, what he really wants is people to watch his movie the old-fashioned way: Sitting together in a dark theater as clean, pure film whirs past a projector bulb.

"I'm all set, literally, to get into a van with my one print of film and take it to each city and do my own fourwalling - even if the film festivals don't take me. I'm planning on giving out a money-back guarantee to people if they don't like my personal, handmade movie."

Bickernicks believes in his little film. He thinks he's got a good script, a good and spirited cast, and that his technical prowess will make it a wacky and watchable entertainment. But he doesn't know for sure. One thing he does know is that when he's 85 years old, he will have something more than some training videos to show for his life's work. He also knows that he will have a story to tell.