

THE MONSTER NEVER SHOWS UP UNTIL  
THE LAST TEN MINUTES

but as usual we watched from the beginning. There was a rich guy named Van Upton who wanted to find Cueva Muerte, The Cave of Death. But the soundtrack was muddy and it came out Cueva Mueble, The Cave of Furniture, and after a six pack that was good for a short routine about Van Uptours on the trail of some discount sofas.

Raoul the greedy native had just brought the white men to the village and we had just heard the symbolic song from someone who might have been the King of Calypso but was for sure the King of Pleated Pants when we got into the whiskey

which set us up for Mala Powers in her tropics' sweater set which led us into Breasts Of The Past which lasted until ten minutes from the end and sure enough The Slime showed up and crawled all over everybody including Mala where it wisely lingered.

I wanted to switch to Theatre of Horror Classics but Joe wanted to stare into his glass and talk about how rotten marriage was and how he still jerked off to Playboy.

Lucky for me his wife came home; not so lucky for Joe. Why couldn't he fix the kids' bike? she wanted to know. Why couldn't he mow the lawn? Why did he have so many bum friends? And why in God's name did somebody who could have married Leo Rasmussen the big shot ever end up with lazy, ugly Joe?

About that time Joe put both his hands to his face and made this horrible, gurgling sound. That's when I got out.

I've been going to the movies all my life. I knew that whatever was going to happen next, it wasn't going to be good.