

## **Of Paramount Importance**

By Eric Walters

Jacob was clearly intrigued by the atmosphere of the Paramount lot. I tried to explain to him why it was called a lot, but he wasn't that curious. We were looking for Stage 25. "It's up that-a-way," Jacob pointed out. Then he paused. "Do you think we'd get in trouble if we sort of walked around first? Maybe we'll see someone famous!" he exclaimed. I shrugged. With our luck, we'd probably meet Adam Sandler's brother.

"Let's just get to where we need to be." Jacob guided us using the studio map on his phone.

Eager to explore, Jacob approached the door to Stage 30. He didn't notice the red light outside the door, and even if he had, I'm not sure he knew what it meant: that a show was taping inside. In other words, DO NOT DISTURB. Before I had a chance to warn him, Jacob opened the door to the sound stage; an alarm sounded. He was immediately almost tackled by two security guards. An important-looking studio executive followed the guards out the door.

"What's wrong with you?" she yelled.

Jacob only stuttered for a response. He slowly backed away from the door and returned to my side. "Well, I won't do that again," he said in his own defense.

Jacob asked if he could go look at some of the plaques on another nearby studio. He promised not to open any doors.

I turned to see one of the studio tour golf carts stopping near me. About six giggly teenage girls got off. The tour guide was explaining how Dr. Phil had filmed a show on deadbeat dads on one of the soundstages earlier. Now was the perfect time for my temporary tattoo payback.

The girls were snapping photos of anything that was remotely Instagram-worthy. I approached the tour guide, flashed my official visitor pass, and suggested a celebrity was in close proximity. The tour guide whirled her head around. "Where?" she asked.

I pointed in Jacob's direction and simply stated, "Timothée Chalamet."

A collective shriek went up from the girls, and in record time, the small gaggle nearly assaulted Jacob. It was a record number of selfies. One girl shoved an autograph book in Jacob's direction. Another almost pulled out a lock of his hair. I held my phone up and recorded the entire incident. I'd have posted it on Instagram if I actually had an account.

The faux celebrity encounter lasted almost five minutes before the tour guide managed to get the girls away from Jacob. He stumbled in my direction, dazed and confused.

"What the hell?" he asked, trying to fix his Chalamet hair.

I started laughing. Jacob scowled. “Jerk,” he asked, whacking me in the arm.

“Classic,” I replied.

“Be careful, dude,” he warned me. “You’d be surprised what sons can teach their dads.”