



The car stops. "This your stop?" Perryman looks *I think so*.

"Yeah, this is good." He gets out, as does the driver.

"Have a good day," the driver says, handing over the luggage.

"Thanks, you too." The car drives off and Perryman looks to a beaten wall of small brick apartments. A loud tube rumbles the cold metal overhead. Languages shout in the distance over the endless sound of passing cars. *This is it*. He pulls his luggage forward and finishes his tea. He tosses it in a garbage can next to 8 other garbage cans and walks up a small staircase.

"Hey, I'm here," he says.

"Okay, one moment." He puts down his screen and waits. He turns and looks to the gas station across from him. He breathes and exhales.

Suddenly the red door opens.

"Hey, buddy," Perryman smiles.

"Hello," tiredly says The Worm. Perryman squeezes through the closing door, and then through another. They walk down a small, dingy hall with red carpet. A smell sits in the air, not bad, though not good. *A smell that sticks in the nostrils and stays with the mind*. They approach a door, crammed next to two others at the end of the hall.

"This it," says The Worm, as he opens. *Please be somewhat big not too small*. They walk into a 3-foot wide by 6-foot kitchen. *Oh god*.

"Take off shoes."

"Okay, okay," Perryman, says, sliding them off as his luggage drags through the closing door.

"Here, put those on." Perryman looks to a pair of small slippers.

"Oh I already have some."

"What?" The Worm, remarks.

“Slippers, I brought some.”

“Oh.” The Worm opens the door to the room. A bed sits, filling most of the area, with a cluttered desk next to a window with a steam heater beneath it. To the bed’s right is a four-foot futon, and a plastic table. *How am I going to sleep?* “This room,” says The Worm.

“Yeah,” Perryman nods. “Does that go outside?” He points to a door.

“No, idiot,” The Worm opens it to a narrow bathroom. Perryman looks in.

“I see.” *I’m getting my own place and I’m getting work. I have to.* Perryman looks around the ten by ten-foot concrete box he’s entered.

“I told you, studio, not big.” *I didn’t think it was going to be this small. A month? There’s no way. I’m not going back though. I can’t. I can’t.*

“Can I set my luggage here?” He lets it stand still between the end of the bed and desk. *Kinda have to.*

“Sure. Put coat here. We can put clothes in here.” The Worm opens a closet door. *The fuck am I supposed to fit in there?*

“It’s okay, I can just leave it in the luggage.” The Worm looks at him confused. It’s chunky face and piercing dark eyes blankly stare. “It’s cool, it’ll be good,” Perryman adds, as he takes off his backpack and sets it on the futon. The worm gets back into bed and looks to its 16’ inch TV. A woman speaks a script into a camera. Perryman sets some things down and then sits on the futon.

“Good seeing you, it’s been a while,” Perryman smiles.

“Yes,” The Worm says, eyes stuck on screen.

“I’m wired, I haven’t slept yet.” The Worm looks over.

“Why no sleep? That’s stupid.”

“The flight, I had to get up at 2 so I never really slept.” *Fuck my eyes burn.*

“So, what’s plan?” The Worm asks. Perryman sits up.

“Well like we kinda talked about, I come here for a month or so, test it out, work a bit, network, find something, maybe look at some places while Sivva’s here, and go from there.” The Worm nods. “You said I can stay here while I get on my feet.”

“Yes, you stay here.”

“Okay, cool. I really appreciate this,” Perryman says. The worm nods and looks to the screen. Perryman examines the room. *It’s small. One month. I gotta find something else. I have to.*

“We’re going to like meet people, right? The studio from the last project?”

“Yes, yes. I show you around. Find you work. Then you find path. Find destiny.”

Perryman smile. “Well, I go to gym soon, you can rest here,” says The Worm motioning to the bed.

“Okay, cool,” Perryman, says.

“Cool, cool, is that all you say?”

“I guess,” Perryman smirks. The Worm grins, as they look in each other’s eyes.

POP

POP

POP

POP  
POP

POP

The Worm readies to go to the gym and Perryman lies on the bed.

“Light here,” The Worm says, pointing behind the door. Perryman doesn’t really notice as he sits inches from the TV screen. “Also, I only have key, so you stay.”

“You don’t have an extra key?”

“No.” *So I’m stuck here.* “So, when I leave you have to stay, or you wait for me some place when you go out.”

“Got it.” Perryman exhales. “So, what’d you work out? Are you getting big?” Perryman asks.

“Just squats.” Perryman laughs. *This nebu crazy.*

“Why just squats?”

“Need big butt.” Perryman shakes his head and smiles. “I’ll be back, hour or so.”

“Okay, maybe I’ll come with you sometime.”

“Okay,” says The Worm and slithers out the door. Perryman rolls onto his back and looks to the pale plaster ceiling. A dim light circles at the center. *I need to sleep.* He rolls over and closes his eyes. *Where’s the switch at?* He gets up and looks around. He looks behind the door. *I swear it was somewhere here.* He can’t find it then opens the door to the kitchen and flips a switch. *No not this.* He looks to an orange plug. *That’s not it. Pull it house set on fire. Ha.* He walks back in the room and looks in the bathroom. He flips a light switch off. *It’s not in here.* He turns back. *Where the fuck is it?* He surveys the room and looks at the TV. *Shut this shit off.* He clicks the remote. *Where’s this light switch?* He looks back behind the door and looks up and down the wall of peeling paint. His eyes scan. *What the fuck?* He looks, and eventually sees it. The switch is right in the corner of the two small walls. *Unbelievable.* He switches and looks back to the bed. *I’m not sleeping where he puts his head.*

Under a thin blanket at the opposite end of the bed, though is there a correct end? Perryman tries to rest. *Just sleep and breathe you’re tired. You’re also in this small ass room for a month. A month. Well, that’s the idea. I can’t do this. I need her here. We need our own place.* He turns over. *I’m all alone in this world.*

*All I know is him here.*

*In this proximity. I know nobody. Not a single soul.*

*Though souls should connect.*

*Souls are souls and we all have one.*

*But the*

*mind can be weird.*

*The mind can deceive.*

*The mind can lie. The mind can kill*

*and create and love and hate. The mind can masturbate.*

*I’m not going to for a while. Build some up.*

*There’s no way I’m masturbating in here. No fucking*

*way. Can’t even let him get a scent of me. He rolls onto his belly. Think of nothing and wake up rested. Or hopefully I’ll wake up and he’ll be here.*

*What’s the point though? I should just stay up.*

*Stay up and rest. Stay up and prepare.*

*Prepare? Prepare for what?*

*You’re new life here.*

*Life is life. It’s constant how can it be*

*new?*

*It’s new when we make a change though. But is it?*

*If life is always present the only change, we’re making is in our minds from our past memories and thoughts.*

*But the thoughts will change and our present reality will change with it.*  
*True but it's still always*  
*constant so life will always be life and therefore nothing is new.* He rolls onto his side and rests his  
arm under his head as the other squeezes a small square pillow. *I need my own place that's all I*  
*need.*

*I have to have it. I have to. I do have it. I already own it it's just waiting for me.*  
He kicks his legs and moves under the blanket. *I need to sleep right now that's what I*  
*need in this moment. Sleep rest this mind and sleep. I can't though. At least I'll rest my body*  
*and my body will be rested.*

*You're mind needs it though too. My mind's sharp.*  
*How would you know though? It's only your mind and only you know*  
*it. What's sharp to any mind? How would you know how a*  
*dull mind moves? Because I'm not drooling. That isn't dull that's retarded. That was rude.*  
*I know. How long has he been*  
*gone for? Don't look at the time just sleep. I'm trying. Patience. Shut up.*

*Calmness water flowing*  
*floating in clouds*  
*you are a cloud*  
*you are a dream*  
*you are a dream right now currently in the dream of a god that's in the computer of a creator*  
*dreamed up by another dream.*

*You're dead. Go ahead kill yourself right now and then you'll sleep. That'll be good.*  
*The most successful thing you could do right*  
*now is*

*kill yourself. You got cool things made, kill*  
*yourself and let people see it long from now. That name will be a legacy. He rolls to his*  
*back. Maybe if I just lie on my back and lay calm and breathe I'll sleep. Stoic people*  
*sleep on their back. They must. I'm kinda stoic. Not for you to say.*

*Nothing is for you to say. The judges are all around us. We're nobody. We're only what people*  
*see. Though what people see in us are what they see in their selves so what are we really doing?*  
*Walking mirrors? Is that reality? A finite time on this planet of constant reflection*  
*and perceptions of us*

*that nobody really knows? Does anybody really know their selves*  
*in this grand infinite scheme? What are we doing why can't we just die*  
*now? Perryman rolls over and looks to the door. He's got*  
*to be back soon. His eyes move under his eyelids and he buries his face in the mattress.*

*Quiet...quiet...quiet...quiet...*

*Quiet*

*Quiet*

*Quiet*

*Quiet*

*Quiet*

