

A heavy sweat warms the traveling tube Perryman sits in. The tan walls are dimly illuminated, bouncing a greenish hue into the eyes. Perryman avoids the surrounding eye contact and finds grey clouds to stare at before entering back underground. Passing light comes to a slow halt and the doors open as bodies collide entering in and out. Perryman looks to the screen in his hand. The navigation shows 8 minutes. He pulls up his messages and taps Pony. *Hey should be there in about 10!* He flips his hand over and looks forward. A small girl sits stuffed between bodies. Little aliens grow from her curled and braided hair. Her face sweats and Perryman smiles. The tube moves and he looks back to his screen. *All good! Here's my location. See you soon. Dope.* Perryman looks up to his left at the bodies standing down the tube. They jiggle and shake as the overcast sky comes back into view. He turns forward and looks to the small girl as she picks at her fingernails. The aliens grow, pulsing slightly in size wrestling with one another. A man standing in a grey hat looks down and scoffs at the battle happening in her hair. He walks off next to the door as the tube comes to a halt. Perryman shakes his head and looks to his screen. *One more stop.*

Perryman stares down the long sloping sidewalk full of walking bodies as the tube he left travels overhead. He looks to grey clouds then the faces before him as his feet move along the concrete. He taps on his screen *About 5 mins away. Could you send me your location?* He looks ahead, a pair of passing eyes scan him. He looks to his right at passing traffic. His screen buzzes. *Sure thing! We're right next to a burger joint if that helps. Cool I see it.* He puts his screen in his pocket and puts in ear buds. Wind enters his lungs as he calmly exhales. *The world is silent. Rushes of cars pass. Bodies buzz of energy. Building's stand. Bridge's hold. Here we are on this ball. Alone. Determined. Focused.*

He stands at a cross walk waiting for cars to clear and then crosses. *Will anything come from this? Probably not but it's good to try. Keep trying.* He crosses another road and sees the burger joint, called burger joint with a big burger on the roof and smoke steaming from behind. *It's an actual burger joint.* Perryman chuckles and looks to his screen. *They must be close.* He scans his head and sees a black van and four people unloading furniture. *Must be them.*

"Pony?" He asks, turning the corner of the open black van door. A tall, glasses wearing llama looking young man stares at him and then moves on. *Hmm.*

"Perryman?" A voice asks. He turns around.

"Hey, yeah," he smiles. "Pony, right?" He reaches out his hand.

"Yep!" She smiles and shakes it with her olive-skinned hands. "Good to meet you. \*\*\*\*\*'s told me so much about you." Her teeth shine. Perryman chuckles.

"I'm sure he has." Their faces connect. "So, what's the shoot?"

"It's a student short with one of the universities here. I know it isn't paid but I really do appreciate you here and at least there's some free food!" She laughs.

"That's always good," Perryman grins. He turns to the inside of the van, small retro pieces of furniture clutter inside. "Just start bringing it in?" Perryman asks.

"Definitely! Norf and Bildry can give you a hand." The llama boy returns with a smaller woman. *He's Norf.* The llama boy's glasses reflect white sunlight. "And it's just right through that door," Pony points.

“Sweet,” Perryman says and grabs a small wooden table.

Entering inside, Perryman walks between white cement walls, as a dusty aroma lingers through the air. He adjusts his hands on the table as a bleached hair elderly woman passes. They slightly make eye contact, and she goes to speak though Perryman continues. *That was definitely a speaking cue.* He turns a corner and sees a dorm like room scattered with furniture. He looks back and sees Bildry and Norf turn the corner and he then proceeds in, setting down the table. *Okay.* He scans the room. *Two bunk beds an empty bed frame three desks a kitchen area. Must just be a single scene.* Bildry and Norf enter in as he passes by them with a smirk. *This is such a waste. They don't know my power. When will it be my turn?* He passes the bleached hair woman again who gives an agape stare.

“I’m shooting with them.”

“Ahh,” she grins. “Are ya’ll gonna be much longer?”

“I’m really not too sure.”

“Well, I’m leaving soon. That door locks. I just wanted to let you know.”

“Gotcha,” Perryman looks to it.

“So, with me gone nobody’s gonna be here to open it.”

“Yeah, I understand.” Pony walks through it. “Here,” Perryman notions to Pony. “You should ask her. Pony,” Perryman says to her. “She has a question.” Pony smiles and approaches the woman as Perryman continues down the hall, out to the truck.

*What to get what to get what to get...* he analyzes the furniture piled up. *Something easy but not visually easy.* He looks. *Ah!* He reaches and grabs a long-standing lamp. He pulls it out and holds it. *Smells like iron.* He licks it. *Shit.* The bottom half falls off. *Fuck.* He holds the two pieces together like a broken pencil and walks towards the door. *It was like this already it had to be.* He moves down the hallway balancing the top piece into position. *It’ll hold.* Inside the room he sets it down on the white tiled floor. He looks around to the others moving things around as the lamp stands bent, hanging on by a lip. He turns to the door.

“So, Perryman.” He turns back. Pony stands before him.

“Yeah,” he smiles.

“Do you know what we’re shooting?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Here,” she holds out her screen and swipes it. “Here’s the shot list and boards.” *I see.* Perryman’s eyes move with her finger. *Basic. Simple. Boring.* “And like I said since it isn’t paid you don’t have to be here, but the help is nice.”

“Yeah,” he says stepping back. “I wanna just kinda be around it ya know? See how it is here. I’ll try to come the next few days, but I’m looking for work.”

“Nice! Well, it’s good to network and meet people. That’s what I keep telling \*\*\*\*\*.

Perryman nods.

“That’s what he tells me.”

“Yeah, he’s silly like that.” Pony turns and walks towards an empty bed frame. Perryman follows.

“I actually got interviewed for a job, just kinda waiting on it.”

“That’s exciting, what is it?” Pony asks.

“Umm it’s at this studio, not really sure what I’d be doing but it’d be a steady check for now.” She turns back.

“That’s amazing.” *Really?* Perryman nods.

“I hope I can get it.”

“Yeah, that’d be really good,” Pony, says.

“Yeah...”

“What’d you want to do?” She asks.

“Write and direct my own stuff. I’ve already written quite a bit.”

“I see. Well just keep at it.” *Totally*. Perryman turns back and sees Norf struggling with a small bookcase. Bildry assists and the two eventually get it in as Norf falls over it. Pony stands and looks, speaking in a foreign dialect. Perryman watches on as Norf speaks back. *We’re done aren’t we?*

The back and forth continues for a few more moments, then Norf and Bildry walk into the kitchen, grab two bags of food and leave with the door closing behind them. Pony resumes working on the bed.

“Everything in here?” Perryman asks.

“Yeah, it’s all good, just need to set it up.”

“Gotcha.” Perryman moves to.

“So, we’re just setting up this bed in this corner, we need to set up that desk,” she points at it sitting across from the bed frame “and then put black curtains over these windows,” she points. Perryman nods.

“Cool.” He surveys the room. Chairs sit around, other desks are scattered. “I’ll start just putting things back for now.”

“Okay sounds good. \*\*\*\*\* should be here soon and he can help.”

“Cool,” Perryman moves to a table and pushes it into place.

“You two met on a feature, right?” Perryman stares into the black wood grain glue onto the wooden table. He chuckles.

“Um, yeah...”

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