

The man opens the door to a house and walks in. The house is simple but well-designed. It consists of a single room, and in the middle of the room there is a couch and not much of anything else. The floor is painted blue, made to look like the ocean, and it is covered in fish, and the fish all look very sad. There is: an angler, a bat ray, some betta fish, a hog sucker, a chimaera, two blue sharks, a stone loach, a snook, three mahi-mahi, six herring, two ladyfish, a grouper, nine permits, a barracuda, a snapper, salmon, scamp, pinfish, two croakers, five bank seabass, a menhaden, jumping mullet, a searobin, spadefish, little tunny, a varden, halibut, hāpuku, mackerel, kahawai, two warehou, three crappies, a bass, yellow perch, five tarpon, a zander, two seven-figure pygmy goby, a redfish, an orange roughy, nine barreleye, a few cobias, a sailfish, swordfish, a Mexican golden trout, several shortfin mako, a flashlight fish, a two stripe damselfish, a Modoc sucker, five hickory shad, a pompano, two flounder, eight grey triggerfish, a knobbed porgy, an alligator, a Chinese algae eater, a blind cave fish, a megalodon, Nile tilapia, a kaluga, six agatha, a mandarinfish, two wahoo, a basking shark, seventy-three doctor fish, a giant trevally, European plaice, a Japanese amberjack, tambaqui, Arctic grayling, steelhead, eight stingray, three oscar fish, a Death Valley pupfish, a spot, three seahorses, half a rice eel, a silver arowana, a goldfish, a ram cichlid, common carp, paracanthurus hepatus, a worm eel, a zebra fish, twenty-seven koi, an Atlantic tarpon, a green sturgeon, an ocean sunfish, a cookiecutter shark, zander, five candiru, an Atlantic mackerel, pterophyllum scalare, two beluga, argyrosomus regius, a flathead grey mullet, a basa fish, a doctor fish, twelve anchovies, a vampire fish and, scattered about the room in various places, seventeen pilot fish. The rest of the house is pretty much empty. There is also a woman and a man wearing a bathrobe.

MAN: May I sit?

The man wearing a bathrobe stands off to one corner of the room. The song "Watermelon in Easter Hay" by Frank Zappa is playing from somewhere in the sky.

MAN IN BATHROBE: You may sit.

The man sits.

MAN: I am sitting.

The woman takes her time and walks over and shuts the door to the front of the house and walks back toward the couch. She is careful not to step on any of the fish. The couch where the man is sitting is in the middle of the ocean and when something is in the middle of the ocean, it floats very slowly. She says this to herself multiple times.

WOMAN: *[to herself]* ...when something is in the middle of the ocean, it floats very slowly.

MAN: *[sitting on the couch]* The couch is not floating. *[flicking some dry paint off the cuff of his Drôle de Monsieur jacket]* And this is not an ocean, *[pointing to the hāpuku on the floor]* this is just blue paint on a hardwood floor.

The woman keeps walking toward the couch, even more slowly, still repeating her mantra.

MAN IN BATHROBE: *[to the man sitting on the couch]* If that couch is not in the middle of the ocean, then this woman is not my wife.

The woman eventually reaches the couch. She sits down with a sigh.

WOMAN: *[sigh]*

MAN IN BATHROBE: *[still to the man sitting on the couch]* I am the husband.

In Andalusia, Pyramid Man kills himself and the man they call Gideon points to a circle in the sky and says a few words. The circle transforms into something yellow and the two men disappear, forever.

MAN: No you're not. You're not the husband. And this, again, *[pointing to the floor]* is not an ocean. I'm sorry but *[now disappointed]* I'm just not impressed by any of this.

Nearby, Godzilla happens and people die like they did at Lake Mercury.

MAN IN BATHROBE: *[in a deadpan sort of way]* I am not trying to impress you.

MAN: Yes, you are.

WOMAN: *[to the man]* We are not trying to impress you.

The man closes his eyes and blinks pictures of pyramids—a world of pyramids, everywhere. A world where a performance artist does a show behind a ranch house and transforms into a pyramid and floats up into the sky, disappearing, forever.

MAN IN BATHROBE: *[pointing to the woman sitting on the couch]* Do not say anything. And you are not my wife.

MAN: *[looking at the woman sitting on the couch]* Yes, she is.

After 100 million years, the men arrive at Mega Fortress 9 and the sky is a sherbet orange.

MAN IN BATHROBE: *[pause] [to the man]* My half sister.

WOMAN: *[interrupting the argument between the*

man and the man in the bathrobe] There is something in our walls and it just won't leave.

The sun goes down and the man with the mask stands in the shadow of the house. Something in the wall makes a sound. The man is now afraid. And the sky is pourpré.

MAN: *[jumps a little, and then, to the woman]* Do you have any idea what it could be?

Somewhere else, four men—García, Bolaño, Saramago and Márquez—ride through the desert at night. It's hot instead of cold. A wormhole appears. García, who claims to have dealt with this kind of thing in the past, speaks to the entity and his voice comes back garbled: a foreign tongue. García fires a round at the cosmic manifestation but this does nothing. Eventually, the hole swallows Saramago and the rest of the men flee.

MAN IN BATHROBE: *[pointing to the wall]* We think it's a woman.

MAN: *[pause]* What kind of woman?

Something in the wall makes a sound [again]. The Hell Priest appears, somewhere in the desert, one last time again.

MAN: *[to the man in the bathrobe]* What if it's a man?

WOMAN: Je suis devenu un magicien noir.

The desert is endless. Scorpions evaporate and become one with the air. The house in the middle of the desert is not a house but a vessel. There is a totem outside, near the house, made of sticks and wood and mud and tears and flesh. The woman outside, she tells the explorers, "They took him to a place in Algiers because he refused to fight." They drink the coffee and eat the meal made of figs and dates and raisins. They bash her head on a rock. One of the explorers says to the other explorer (the one who bashed the head of the woman onto the rock) "Why did you do such a thing?" The explorer responsible for committing the violent crime, the one with the asthma, traps an insect in one of the coffee tins and stuffs it into his pack. There is silence, and then, finally, "Because I have forgotten what it feels like to mean."

MAN IN BATHROBE: *[looking at the woman]* No. *[talking to the man]* We actually think it might be some sort of mythical creature. Something from the classics. *[to the wall]* Why don't you figure it out?

The man is now confused by the man in the bathrobe so he repeats the phrase to himself.

MAN: *[to himself]* Some sort of mythical creature. From the classics.

MAN IN BATHROBE: No, a mythical creature. *[pointing to the wall]* In our walls.