



# SEASON 2

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## Rare Violins

Recording 02

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## SEASON TWO

I usually skip Mondays, but today I have a new job.

I'm really late because I had to see Dr. Wells and it's hard to get an appointment.

My baby son is advanced. He goes to a gifted school. He can already read. Jordan, Syl and I are watching a crazy action movie. I know all of the parts and won't stop talking. Syl is preparing for an in-store appearance. She is making a meal. I can't eat the sauce because it has coconut. "Eat! Don't worry about me," I tell everyone. Jimmy carries my groceries into the house and gets the baby for me.

Syl and Steve are evil government operatives in a post-apocalyptic world. They are at the center of a masterful conspiracy. The people of the United States are terrified. I'm not scared because I'm a mutant. I know I can survive. They are my parents.

Sandra Oh pours water on herself on live television to protest the government.

Leaving a post-production meeting in the South Loop. I remember NTS is nearby in Chinatown and I can finally pick up my soccer shorts. I'm an L. They sent an M. I get on my bike and ride across Roosevelt. I try to get on the bike path, but I miss the entrance and end up bouncing on the bridge next to 18-wheelers. As I cross the bridge, I realize I'm going the wrong way. I'm too tired to go back.

On set for Nike. There's no producer. There's no talent. My sister is in it and won't listen to me. I call Telfar and ask him how to make it cute. Natalie calls me and asks if I've ever been to a fashion shows. I'm incredulous. "Only every show for the past three New York Fashion Weeks and past two Paris Fashion Weeks." I'm freaking. I call Sami and yell at him. "Where are the fucking producers!" There are hundreds of people just sitting around. No one is working. It's a disaster. Meg shows up and gives me a gold necklace worth \$90,000. Kahlil shows up and it's tense. Bobby is in the kitchen killing a roach with his shoe. "You can't kill it like that! The eggs!"

The set is full of junk food and bros. Rocket and I leave for the health food store. It's delicious. Grant was making fun of us for being bougie. Now he wants a bite. "Eat your red vines, you fucking asshole."

Rossmore has over six hundred units. Mornings are extremely busy. I'm headed to my personal trainer, but before I go I visit Homer. We lay on the couch and he tells me about his

photographs. I'm tired and he lets me lay my head in his lap. I wake up worried I missed my workout. Homer is gone and there are all these crystals on me. They fall to the ground when I stand. I look for him and discover his apartment is much larger than mine. 6 bedrooms. I wonder how much he pays. Each room is dense with curtains and furniture and objects. We have very different taste. I hear a noise and go back to the living room. His roommates are talking. They stop when I enter and look at me suspiciously. Homer comes back and I tell him I'll call him later. On my floor I have to put up signs so I can receive a delivery of children's furniture. I'm late to workout. Brian Eno is in town and he's meeting me at the gym.

Shooting in a warehouse in San Francisco for Nike. I'm sharing the director title with David Lynch and four other young directors. My scene is last. I'm restless. I drive Daddy up and down a steep street nearby. Only 4 cylinders but she goes. I walk to basecamp, engage in meaningless conversation with strangers, write out my scene and work through the blocking. I watch Nicole's scene. It's well written but the actors suck. Sarah Paulson is good. We run out of time and money. I leave without shooting. Sami tells me I'll still get paid the full amount.

I'm in New York walking through a Steven Meisel shoot. He gives me a hard time. I call him a hack. My friends are down the block. I walk towards them but these Japanese crackheads won't leave me alone.

At the farmer's market and the hummus dude asks me on a date. I say yes.

Several murders to cover up a big bloody one. Wife killed herself too. At the crime scene, Marco's shit is everywhere.

Wandering the streets of Beverly Hills looking for a nice brunch spot. Find one. It has a candy shop next door too. After brunch I take an Uber but the driver takes me the wrong way. "Will it charge me?" We exchange phone numbers in case there's funny business. A friend tells me he's paid \$1000 per appearance on Keeping Up With the Kardashians. We go to the shoot. Fai isn't there but Kendall vaguely remembers me. I don't like being on the show. I want to leave. It's only a thousand dollars. I call to reserve a room at the San Vicente Bungalows. The guy gets my request wrong. The bill is \$8000. I ask him to refund me. It's a whole fucking to-do. "Fine, don't worry about it. I will dispute it with American Express. This is absurd. Completely unacceptable. I travel constantly and I have never been treated this way. Jeff won't be happy to hear from me." Mr. Klein's name is like a bullet.

A murder mystery in terrifying future Los Angeles. The whole city is haunted. A little boy is the killer. I'm picking up shirts from the screenprinter. The guy didn't do the job right. He wants me to come back. It feels like a trick, but I do it anyway. I argue with him but he just keeps flirting.

My son Teishi Peace is trans. I tell him, “You were named after a Japanese empress.”

Liv, Katja, Asma are waiting for me at a house in the hills. I’m with a hot guy. I join everyone dancing in the living room. I grind on the Hot Guy’s younger brother. We’re all going to dinner for Katja’s birthday. Before we leave I sneak over to Milk to buy a cake. I’m flirting with the girl working there. She feeds me a piece of cake. Liv, Asma, and Hot Guy come in and I hide behind the counter. “Shhhh” I say to the girl. Liv picks up her cake and they’re looking for me. Our car is outside. I get my cake and keep it hidden. Hot Guy sees me with his younger brother and they have some exchange about me telling them about each other. I pretend I don’t understand. Dinner is fun. My cake is all wrong. I complain to the girl and kiss her. After dinner we all go on safari. Camels on a steep hill. Mine slips and we fall for ages. I hear the camel hit before I go underwater. I’m scared. I don’t want to feel any pain. I try to die quickly. Eyes closed.

I get a text from Ted apologizing for being evasive. I start to feel weird about responding and remember it’s not real.