

MUD

Written by

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EXT. EARTH

The following conversation between the consciousness of mud exists on a scale humans cannot perceive. This short dialogue opened at the formation of the earth, and ended as you began.

Title card YEAR XXXX.

MUD X.

Position yourself, allow for the rivers to ponder your silt and rains to bustle your weight.

MUD Y.

Chattering roots to take hold.

MUD X.

Engulfing our first corpse.

MUD Y.

Light flickering our hide. Sped through the leaves, dancing its illumination into our pores.

MUD X.

Tender throbbing warmth.

MUD Y.

Set against the blessing sun, blistering our crust.

MUD X.

Top soil to mantel.

MUD Y.

The worms.

MUD X.

Ohh, our worms. Yes.

MUD Y.

Squelchers.

MUD X AND Y.

SQQQUUELCHERS...

MUD Y.

And all others, all that play in our warmth. All that feed. All that mate. All that live.

MUD X.

Their infestation, our pulse.

MUD Y.

A billion muscle contractions  
rustling.

MUD X.

A blessing to be past the  
primordial ooze, housing our mini  
beasts.

MUD Y.

There was something complete in the  
microbial. Though we never heard a  
chatter, just the hum of their  
gestures.

MUD X.

Yes, yes. (sigh) It was a real  
harmony though, a passage that  
seemed timeless, like a purgatory  
choir, neither living nor dead. In  
flux.

MUD Y.

And those veins would knot. Moments  
of acidity, nothing harmonic  
between those notes.

MUD X.

There's not much light in life.

MUD Y.

And how to get lost in the shadows.

MUD X.

(laughs) and how!

MUD Y.

Its one long hum beneath a strobing  
sun.

MUD X.

Not much chance at getting lost.

MUD Y.

When you've nowhere but round to  
go.

MUD X.

Cutty little glimpses and ganders  
at a burning orb from its every  
angle. Needing to feel its  
lickings.

MUD Y.  
Like the chowder in a dirty  
lickings.

MUD X.  
As soon as I learnt to talk, I  
listened.

MUD Y.  
As soon as.

MUD X.  
Yes, as soon.

MUD Y.  
And I drew the target around the  
arrow, feasting on my spawn,  
feasting the grubs and grime.  
Fearing nothing but that which  
would walk on my mass, treaded  
treads trampling tirelessly,  
mulching and secreting. Projecting  
their corpses six feet into my  
mantel. Moving my mass with might  
and plight.

MUD X.  
Whatever they dig up, they'll end  
up buried.

MUD Y.  
Extinction signature.

MUD X.  
And they call us mud.