

Under the Stars outline

by Matthew Temple

- I am very reflective and very positive, I view this as an adventure..an adventure that sucks sometimes, but one I accept as my reality, there is nothing passive about me, I am exploring, mentally and physically, I am alert, I am active, I am a whole and deserving person, I'm not anything what you think of homeless people like..I'm smart, engaged, working, deeply spiritual
 - in this world, everyone is corrupt; no one is fair; no one is sensible; it is a world of maniacs and cheaters, including me—but especially the business owners, they are corrupt—but I'm corrupt too because I drink on the job and do drugs
 - lonely story; I am alone
 - consider that I was manic during this time
 - working two jobs, little sleep, heightened senses, unreasonable ideas about own capabilities (like getting out of the homeless hole), abusing drugs and alcohol
 - I carry and stash my backpack everywhere I go
 - It's about me, so we want to have my commentary, thoughts, opinions, views..that stuff is me..my opinions on the quality and nature of my employers, for example..but in a broader sense, we want the commentary, the editorial
 - Torn between this and {observe without judgment}..I think observe without judgment.
 - reflection but not editorial, I think I'm doing
 - genius in trouble
 - mentally ill person in trouble
1. Riding the train to New York from dad's house with my new medicine in my hand/system
 - a. Start with "I get on the train."? the train trip to NYC

for my new job, new life with maxwell interactive, with my first bipolar medicine flowing through me, thinking about where I'd come from, living with dad, almost homeless before that in LA and had called my parents for help while living in a crack motel

- b. went from being an A-B student to an A-F student
- c. how going to film school had been a reach of something to do after being fired from a software job for accusing my boss of lying, of taking credit for my idea; give brief job / drug history before that..perfect code reviews at SIG, unique monitoring tools at LN..I always looked for a job that would take me places, that would grow with me, but I found static environments, dead ends..as good as most people would find those jobs, they were dead-end jobs to me..history of living in Tucson on saved money and writing my first novel, for which I couldn't find a publisher
- d. how I had been doing coke in LA with Mick, and then meth again..describe the last meth night in la, fake vagina baby powder, getting sexual with the guy I bought the meth from, having my hand on his cock, him being on the edge of homelessness, with all his stuff packed inside his room at the crack motel, and him just selling meth as a way to keep living in the hotel, his last place to go; mention the other time I had a cock in my mouth, on meth
 - i. working on CA stuff / Dayton cocaine weekend
- e. Mention having gone to NA meetings in Delaware
- f. lying in bed in dad's basement remembering the feeling of getting high off coke..having it so vivid in my mind that I could all but feel it again..could get little rushes of high just thinking about it
- g. having the money I had just gotten from eBaying a

- computer monitor and having Mick pick it up from my old job and ship it..describe that job, no windows, I had gone in on coke the first day..and my dad wanted some of the money from the monitor sale
- h. most people wouldn't allow themselves to do something that made them homeless; that is part of why I am crazy, and they are sane
 - i. name change, perhaps another reason to think I'm nuts, explain that during the time of this story people would have been calling me Inhaesio Zha, but for your simplicity I'm using my birth name in this book
 - j. getting into drugs, Rebecca dying
 - k. OU, dropping out, living with Dad after the divorce, getting kicked out, sleeping in my car in the winter when Dad was living by himself in a four bedroom house, being an emotional support for Dad re: the divorce
 - l. being the star student of masterman, where you had to apply twice to get in..and I mean the star student..highest grade in the class, perfect scores on standardized tests
 - m. then of course going to Colonel White and giving up on school when it had nothing to offer me
 - n. start with getting on the train, end with getting off in Penn Station, middle is reflection on where I've come from
 - o. blah blah blah to start my job at maxwell interactive
2. Psychopathic boss who doesn't pay employees (my last day at work)
 - a. My last day was four months later
 - b. collecting a cactus a week from the Union Square market and putting it on my desk, as a reminder of Arizona and also the harsh/ridiculous working environment at Maxwell Interactive
 - c. Maxwell doesn't pay (at least) me and the receptionist

girl; he wouldn't hire me, he put me on a probationary 1-month trial period instead, so I have no health insurance, 401k, or other benefits..the catch is the trial period never ended

- i. but you're supposed to "act professional", even when being treated like this..unprofessionalism, not lack of integrity, is the ultimate hit in these environments
- d. fraudulent project with a charity
- e. talentless people doing database design, self-styled DBAs
 - i. I was used to working at a classy software development shop like LexisNexis, this was a cheesy marketing firm, no software development knowledge
- f. boss tells client not to listen to me, to my suggestions, I have a colorful talk with the boss about this
- g. taking my bipolar medicine secretly at work, afraid of the consequences to my job if anyone found out
- h. playing extra games on the foosball table just to show the boss he can suck my cock
- i. neck pain from sleeping without a pillow in Suzanne's bed, hurting at work, going to the hospital and getting vicodin, taking a day off work lying in the apartment high on vicodin with neck pain
- j. one night leaving work and going to Washington Square and meeting a semi-homeless black dude and going to the porn shop with him and doing cocaine and then riding with him up to his apartment in Harlem and smoking crack with a bunch of black dudes, quitting my job the next day (by just not showing up)..the black dude thinking we were friends (because we had such good conversation and I listened to him and was friendly to him) and giving me his watch, which I left on a Q train to Queens; it

was just a way to get away from the hell of work, the prison of work, of no-imagination, fraudulent, soulless motherfuckers like I'd been working for/ with all my life

3. last big meal in New York at UNO's before leaving the city, drinking a bottle of wine, reading Kay Redfield Jamison's book *Touched With Fire*, and enjoying the rattlesnake pasta
 - a. going to a sporting goods store and buying a hiking backpack and warm sleeping bag and a tent
 - i. thinking sleeping in Courtney's back yard would be an option..as I had done in Shringara's back yard years before in Tucson..thinking this when buying the tent..not having Courtney's contact information, but being sure I would find her
 - b. being greeted by the staff like I'm one of them
 - c. having sat in this seat in this restaurant many days, having written a play here
 - d. thinking I should move to a place where I could be homeless, as if that's the only option, and picking Tucson as a warm place I had lived before
 - e. using the last of my Depakote, throwing away the empty bottle in a bathroom in the UNOs restaurant; obviously having no way to refill my prescription (with no health insurance)
 - f. reading through the signs of mania and wondering if I have signs of them..<http://www.webmd.com/bipolar-disorder/guide/hypomania-mania-symptoms>)
4. Conversation with Summer and Suzanne about leaving New York. Saying it's going to be a good thing
 - a. packing my things in my backpack, getting rid of stuff
 - b. the tiny apartment
 - i. used to masturbate with their vasoline in the bathroom in the few moments I got alone in

that apartment

- c. had been sleeping in the same bed as my sister, she was so graciously welcoming to her crazy brother
5. Staying in New Orleans a couple nights..flying into town and sleeping in a park in the French quarter after drinking and listening to jazz then calling Tatiara saying I'm in the French quarter, their messy smelly house
 - a. when I arrive in New Orleans my bag isn't there..it's been lost/ delayed; everything I own in the world is missing
 - b. doing jello shots with the shot girls in this one bar
 - c. bugs all over me while I sleep
 - d. just wanting to sleep outside..having enough money for a hotel, still, but wanting to sleep outside, maybe part of me wanted to be homeless, to see what it would be like
 - e. they're just barely holding it together, above homelessness, after Katrina
 - i. she asks where I stayed last night and isn't surprised or shocked at the answer or judgmental
 - ii. getting my bag delivered to the house by van, I finally have my stuff
 - f. walking to the bus station in New Orleans, cutting myself on my razors I had packed in my backpack
6. Staying in the crack motel—The Paradise Motel—in Tucson when I first moved there
 - a. riding the bus into Tucson, getting in late, taking a cab from the bus station to the Super 8, staying a night in the Super 8, just needing a rest and a nice place to stay
 - b. walking into town from the Super 8 with my pack on my back, spending the next day in coffeehouses looking for software jobs, of course confident I'd find one
 - c. then moving into the Paradise, knowing I needed to

save money

- d. remembering dropping Rishi off here, that she had lived here for a while
 - e. unpacking all my things on the bed and repacking them, taking account of everything I own
 - i. laptop
 - ii. Box with passport, SS card, name change documents
 - f. calling Ash..guess what, I moved to Tucson. you did what?? I never know where you're going to be calling from/ where you'll move next.
7. Having big plans in the laundromat of making a film in Tucson, thinking it would be a snap to get work at that mcdonalds and live in the crack motel; applying at the McDonald's after doing laundry; walking into the grill and asking about a job; conversation with Bahir on the street (outside a coffeehouse) to get the grill job; being in love with the desert and mountains; going back to the Grill later and drinking glass after glass of wine in a booth and pulling my laptop out and working on a play
8. a few days later, [I call my friend Sarah], or "a few days pass. I do many things, including some temporary work which I'm going to tell you about in a minute. I call my friend Sarah.." Meeting up with girl I used to live with (?) Sarah, we lived together briefly with Shringara, she's moving to Seattle and we meet at the pizza place/ coffeehouse Time Market; optimistic about living in Tucson, telling her about a contract software job I met with the guy about the other day, with the Tucson Historical Society; also telling her about my get out the vote job, where I hid in bathrooms and in a pipe underneath the road to avoid going door to door in a Tucson suburb
- a. I describe how I felt, alone and scared, on the political job, saying I don't think I can make myself do that kind of work..maybe that makes me privileged, but

that's who I am..I didn't go back for the second day's work even though I needed the money, the money at that rate wasn't enough to do me any good..but going door to door, politicizing to strangers, is not something I can do..reminds me of one of my first jobs selling computers in the mall..boss didn't like me because I wouldn't sell families more than they needed..and I quit that job after one day, too

9. Working two jobs..first days with each job, contrasting the distinct cultures of the casbah and the grill, distinct and opposing cultures, each at odds with the other, and I work for both
 - a. the grill being busy on Friday and Saturday nights, as I had known from living in Tucson before..like packed to the gills
 - b. how I got the casbah job..ate there and washed my own dishes they were so in need of a dishwasher
 - c. of course both jobs just offered me part time and there are no benefits
 - d. Rishi's handwriting being all over the labels in the casbah
 - e. me having a gemenshfelter or whatever glass bottled water in my back pocket as a dishwasher at the casbah and that one kitchen manager dude thinking it was vodka, this before he'd ever known me to be a drinker..and we're all lol it's just water
 - f. the office manager dude calling me into the office, even though he's not in charge, and saying he's glad we're on the same page, all this corporate bullshit, and I just smile and nod; talking about people having the right attitude and being a go-getter and shit; he's praising me in order to assert his domination, and he's younger than me on top of it all
 - g. Jesse yelling at me, just a hint
 - h. going to dinner at the place with the Hari Krishnas

with the future possible roommate and the kitchen manager from the casbah; everyone being on juice fasts; me being very conscious of spending a little money going out to eat

- i. the people at the grill hating on the people at the casbah, even though Bahir's girlfriend works at the casbah
- j. taking a break to sit outside the grill and just look at the stars and be alone

10. Good aunt Susan comes to visit on her way to Sedona to offer me a place to live in Baton Rouge, I know right away that I'm going to say no because I want to be independent, not lean on family, not get stuck in Baton Rouge with no way to get to jobs, etc.

- a. Waking up at the paradise on my day off
- b. Hanging out with some people out front of their room at the paradise, veterans, crackheads, whores..they offer me a beer and I drink it even though I don't drink beer, they're sympathetic to me, sympathetic characters..a homeless guy who doesn't live here he just comes to visit
 - i. they say do you smoke crack, I say no, they say good, don't get started
- c. I take her to the casbah to eat on my night off
- d. it's her first time having chai..Suzanne and I used to make chai for the coffee houses around here

11. leaving the crack motel because I ran out of money—stepping out and thinking, this is it, I'm homeless now, on my way to the shelter; Not being able to get into a shelter because of my job hours; The Historical Society calls me and I tell them I can't do it because the job pays at the end of the contract, I've had to take another job that pays sooner, plus I'm thinking I'm going to have to sell my laptop, they remind me that it'll be hard to find other computer work in Tucson, I say I just can't do it; Phone conversation with a

supportive and out of touch mother where she says it sounds like Tucson is going to be a healthy place for me..maybe he says he's not doing drugs but leaves out the part about drinking

- a. right away as soon as I leave Paradise Motel meeting a homeless kid who asks me how long I've been on the street, and I'm like, five minutes
- b. drinking at a bar on fourth ave, getting food, running into Courtney in the street as she's driving a truck..seeing her with her and Julian's kids at her house, watching part of the princess bride and discussing Courtney's sex life with her boyfriend, then her telling me she thinks it's time for me to leave and her asking if I had a place to go and me just saying yes..after I asked her if I could camp in her backyard and she said no..it being cold outside..that's the end of the chapter, leaving her house and going into the cold
 - i. I've been in this house before..this is where rishi and shringara lived at one point

12. Sleeping at the church; the next morning using the free wifi at that one pizza place and bathing in the bathroom
- a. starting to see the city in different ways, every piece of property becomes a possible place to stay
 - b. hearing people walk by, being hyper aware of noises, not being able to relax in the cold, hard, exposed environment
 - c. when I wake up and am changing clothes, there's a guy opening the door near where I was sleeping, telling me I have to leave and that I shouldn't be sleeping there
 - d. taking a stinky shit in the bathroom and trying not to let anyone see me leave
 - e. Ashley calls, I tell her I slept outside last night, she says come live with us in Phoenix I haven't talked to

Faith but I'm sure she wouldn't mind

- f. seeing Surfer Dan, or whatever his name is, outside Time Market..this 35 or 40 year old dude who makes sculptures with palm leaves, he's one of the established homeless people of Tucson, a signpost, a local symbol, people give him sandwiches from the Market and he collects money
13. Washing dishes at the casbah and taking sanity breaks to go do shots of tequila at the North bar, then going back to wash dishes drunk; Dude I worked with picking me up from North bar after I called him drinking, he let me sleep at his house one night; using tip-out money from the waitresses to buy drinks, the little money I had; he showed me his student films, but I was too drunk to comprehend
- a. Jesse yelling at me over nothings, she just likes to yell, and she yells at everyone who works for her
 - b. Safety meetings with Jesse in the walk in, while I'm already drunk she's getting me stoned to relax me, she thinks I need a safety meeting, it being ok to do your job drunk/high, no one cares about that, but the pot makes me uncomfortable, disoriented, unable to focus
14. Journal writing in the park; Calling rishi from the park, telling her I'm in tucson working at the casbah, she says she thinks it's probably good for me to be working there, he mentions that her handwriting is all over everything still
15. Expecting a check from my last job, planning with a Casbah co-worker to move into an apartment together
- a. I slept in the park that night. I just didn't move. I had a bench and I sat there until it got dark. Then I unpacked my sleeping bag and got into it. Sometime in the night I moved from the bench to the ground ..skip it, he got a room at the hostel..start with being back out on the street after a week at the hostel..waking up outside wherever
 - b. Walking into a coffeehouse (make it Epic) in the

morning asking for a cup of hot water, as soon as they opened, to have a warm place to sit

- c. changing clothes in the bathroom of Epic on the DL
- d. looking for apartments online and on the cork boards/magazines
- e. using their internet to look for jobs—looking for software jobs—but being dismayed..I need a place to live in order to have a software job..have to show up to work looking showered, so I view getting a place to live as a requirement for then getting a software job; and feeling frustrated that it seems the only way I can make it in the world is doing software..why can't I get by on a minimum wage job?..but you can't.
- f. Someone remarks that [I'm—or she..some other girl, is] too attractive to be homeless..(homeless people are never that attractive, they look beaten down)
- g. finally getting paid again at the casbah—it being less than half of what even a cheap rent would be—there's no way you could make it on just one job, and you can barely make it on two
- h. talking with the coworker Kat in my off time at the casbah about it, we're going to start looking at places together
 - i. she's living in a shared house, bad roommates, has to get out of that situation
 - ii. I kind of fudge on what my living situation is, embarrassed to tell her the full truth
 - iii. the excitement of having a place to live! within walking distance of the casbah and grill, it would be ideal!
- i. another coworker asks me if I think it's a good idea to room with a coworker, and a female one at that; that coworker is Andrew, the one who asks

16. Drinking wine in the burger place bathroom; Washing dishes drunk on wine at the grill, taking little naps in the employee

closet, taking my shift meal and discussing Pynchon with another employee, someone (Bahir) throwing a dish at my head..>>or it being discussed at least that he did that with the last dishwasher<<..this last, and it's the threat that it will happen again

- a. buying the wine, remembering old times with the funky jester when I lived in Tucson and lived well without working

17. Sleeping in the parking lot..the police cars pulling up to confer and me hiding, thinking they might arrest me if they saw me, freezing my ass off, listening to people talk on their way home just over the wall

- a. Ash calls, middle of the night checking in on me, figuring I'd be up, I say I didn't want to call her and burden her, she says you're not a burden, I tell her where I am and she says she was thinking, why don't you come to live with me and Faith in Phoenix, I talked to Faith and she said it's ok, I say I'll consider it, she says her friend knows some people in Tucson I could stay with for a few nights, and can I give them your number?

- b. the fear of being arrested or shot, the hardship of sleeping there, the fear of being discovered by passers by, the shame of maybe being seen by a date couple walking home, but also a sense of strength, that this isn't killing me, that if I can make it through this I can do anything

18. staying with that one dude's friends for three nights..they welcome me, show me the bathroom and the couch, and I creep in in the middle of the night after my grill shifts and sleep with a blanket over my head so no one sees me, and after three nights, I leave without a word said

19. washing the oven at the Casbah for extra cash, alone, on Thanksgiving

- a. the owner having given me the key

- b. fucking up my hands with the chemicals because I didn't wear gloves—I didn't know to!
- c. remembering family / thanksgivings and being really lonely
 - i. knowing that lonely is a dangerous place for me to be..remembering being really lonely at film school, after a fight with Rishi, and doing crystal meth with my neighbor, and getting so sexual, so friendly with him that we were sucking each other's dicks (or me sucking on his and him never doing mine, rather) and going to fuck but we decided not to and my asshole was too small anyway..standing with my hands against the wall in my apartment feeling so sexual, so feminine, it was the best feeling in the world..and masturbating for hours without cumming to hardcore rape child porn and loving it, feeling like I had become a maniac, and not-cumming on crystal being better than cumming normally
 - ii. feeling lonely at work, at LexisNexis et al, around people I couldn't relate to and who couldn't relate to me..they're geeks, I'm smarter than them but not a geek..feeling alone because of my talent, I worked with people with far less talent
 - iii. feeling alone at OU..I didn't drink, everyone else did..they were stealing quarters out of Coke machines, I was writing philosophy..my hall mates ostracized me and thought I was gay when I wasn't..thought I was masturbating in the shower when I wasn't (I like to masturbate lying down)..the teachers weren't teaching anything, I didn't think
 - iv. Go all the way back to the second grade,

reading books on hypnotism in the library
instead of getting chased by girls

- v. when everyone in my family moved out of Dayton and Ohio and I was left alone
 - vi. feeling alone academically in school..it's nice to be the smartest person in the class but then who are your friends?
 - vii. feeling alone when we moved from Dallas to Philadelphia and we went from a predominantly-white academically-ok school to a predominately-black academically-retarded school..listening to the teacher teach these stunted "lessons" and being stuck in that classroom and that being one of the scariest, loneliest things I've ever felt
 - viii. going all the way back to the first grade, when I sliced my head on the pipe toy when I was chasing that girl..and suddenly she wasn't there anymore and it was just me, bleeding, in a huge construction pipe some designer saw fit as a toy..do this one last. I put my hand to my head. I looked at it. It was covered in blood.
 - ix. feeling alone in the family when Dad yelled at me and no one came to my defense
 - x. during the oven washing, the thing about talking to stuffed animals..and what if that is your life, what does it mean for how you live your life?
- d. just sitting out front of the casbah afterward, with no one on the streets, being alone
 - i. smoking cloves I had picked up a pack of
 - e. when she paid me, she paid me less than we agreed on

20. Calling my dad while homeless and him offering no support, even accusing me of eating in fancy restaurants and

partying

- a. it's the first he knows that I quit the job in New York or am travelling or homeless or anything
- b. him asking why I don't rent a place, I have two jobs—it's not enough

21. Go out for drinks with one of the cooks from the casbah, Andrew, we walk about Andrew's comic book (collaboration); when talking with Andrew, him asking what happened with me moving in with our coworker, I say I never got the check from my previous job, and decided living with her wasn't the best idea anyway; and Andrew tells me to watch out for the darkness..that when sleeping outside, there are forces trying to get me, basically, people trying to hurt me; then Andrew's sister (Alex?) (Alexis) shows up, and I like her and she likes me; Sleeping on porches (the law office whose porch had a raised wall in front of it that I slept right up next to..imagining some employee getting there in the morning and calling the cops..or if they had security cameras I couldn't see)—but being positive..it's hard to sleep in the cold but as long as nobody fucks with me it's not that bad (something like that); and thinking it's crazy I might get in trouble for sleeping here when I had nowhere else to go; Standing in front of the casbah talking with Andrew's sister, us liking each other, each smoking; but there's no way we could ever get together, with me being homeless

22. Crazy meth motherfucker chasing me at night, getting into a cab to escape that night I was freezing unable to sleep squatting in bushes; swearing I'll never sleep outside again without a gun, and if someone chases me, I'll kill the motherfucker; wandering around houses looking for a better place to sleep..maybe I see him earlier smoking meth so I know he's on meth..he offers me some and I decline and move on, then I see him later

- a. hanging out in front of this one pizza shop and

having a nice conversation with this girl who works there about how I can't sit there without buying anything..but she's so polite about it and doesn't want to have to tell me this, it almost makes it ok

- b. so I sit on a wall until it gets dark, watching people go down fourth ave, thinking about the homes they'll go to when they get tired
 - c. squatting in the bushes, sitting upright, just freezing to death and thinking
 - d. peeing in the bushes next to where I was squatting
23. Scraping together enough money to stay in the hostel for a few nights..as soon as I got paid at the Casbah, I rented a room at the hostel for a full week..meeting the girl who slept in parking lots, at gas stations, and loaning her my phone to use as an alarm and me retrieving it from our secret spot in the hostel living room..she had worked as a stripper in her hometown and was at odds with her parents (and maybe has other problems in her hometown..ex-jobs, ex-boyfriends that didn't work out and that haunt her at her every turn) and me finding that attractive; she said she put on all her clothes at night to stay warm in the gas station parking lot
- a. showering at the roadrunner..getting to finally shave my face..and jerking off in the shower
 - b. she needed alarm to catch her bus on time
 - c. snoring party in the dorm rooms..impossible to sleep
24. Sleeping in the back of the casbah having gotten the combination lock that night when dude and his girlfriend went inside and I was sleeping in a box outside
- a. just hanging around in the dark alley behind the casbah by bushes or near in-construction homes (for people with money)
 - i. peeing when no one was coming down the alley
 - ii. I'm better now at looking for secret places.
 - b. sitting in the box waiting silently for the kitchen mgr.

and his gf to go inside, everything being heightened sensorially, everything being perfectly sharp; it was my job to cut the boxes produce came in, and I had left this one uncut and out of the dumpster on purpose

- c. how nice it is to sleep off the ground..how much warmer it is
 - d. sleeping under dusty, heavy rugs to keep warm when my sleeping bag couldn't cut the cold
25. Eating off the dirty plates at the grill when I was hungry
- a. I broke down and ate one meal at a jack in the box, sitting un bathed in the booth, it was the best hamburger I'd ever tasted..had to buy food because I had a few days off from the grill and therefore no shift meals; I determine that I'm going to have to sell my laptop
 - b. But I was very hungry, hence the journey to eating off people's plates..I think about people's food when I bus their tables, when food comes through the dishwashing station, that increasingly becomes good food to me
 - c. pesto tortellini yum! "tortellini pasta" previously
 - d. it's a journey to get here..I think about doing this for a long time before I actually start doing it when no one is looking; I used to consider this food disgusting
26. Getting sick and letting Ashley finally pick me up and take me to Phoenix, after she had been asking over and over to let her help
- a. getting tired of Jesse yelling at me at the casbah kitchen and clocking out, quitting, and telling her she can never yell at me again, and working the rest of the day cooking delightful dishes in the casbah kitchen, (I had been promoted to cook), then leaving and never going back, even to pick up my check
 - i. Jesse's kids come to work to meet her with

- Jesse's man and I get to see a different side of Jesse, the mother side
- ii. leaving Andrews drawing book in the office of the casbah with a piece of paper on top that says his name
 - b. going to the grill kitchen where everybody but me is cleaning the place..telling Bahir that I'm quitting, and him just seeing it in my eyes that I need to, and not asking any questions, and wishing me well
 - c. sitting in the U of A mall on a bench just considering being homeless any more than this, and not being able to do it anymore..debating calling Ashley because I don't want to give up and I don't want to ask for help..calling Ashley and asking her to come pick me up..being surprised my phone still works..I haven't paid my bill in a while..but they haven't cut it off yet..have made hardly any progress on my screenplay, feel like a failure
 - d. I sneak a few drinks before she arrives to pick me up at the Grill
 - e. we talk as the lights of Tucson fade and we go up the highway
 - f. talk about how she's my longest friend, the first girl I had sex with, someone who was there when Rebecca died, someone I've had many long talks with and who gives the best blowjobs in the world
27. being sick at Ashley's place, just lying on the floor for days with desert fever, but of course not being able to go to the doctor without health insurance; crying at ash's computer under her bunk bed one day and faith coming in and listening to me, then taking me to work with her; me being attracted to Faith; me emailing Maxwell Interactive and demanding that they send me a check for my last days worked; walking 20 blocks to the grocery store with my bank in it to deposit my check, there being a ten-day hold

because the check is out of state and there being nothing I can do about it

- a. the desert fever fungal infection changing how everything tasted..made wine taste horrible..and it seemed like it was going to last forever; Faith knowing right away it was desert fever, being a native Arizonan
- b. taking a bath, how nice it was to take a bath; I have been living mostly on the street for two and a half months
- c. cooking with Faith and Ashley, our nice home, ashley saying faith had always wanted to do something to help a homeless person
- d. eating with Ashley and Faith and us liking our server so much we got a picture with him/her
- e. picking out a christmas tree with them at walmart
 - i. Faith's consumerism, joyful consumerism
 - ii. fake accident
- f. watching TV with Faith, biggest loser, and crying watching it, and just enjoying being inside, in the warm, with company
- g. selling my laptop on ebay
- h. applying at the nearby Safeway
- i. hiking the mountain behind their house, feeling like I was sitting with god atop that mountain, and looking down at blocky mansions, convincing myself that they can be mine
 - i. thinking about how I think people who work in offices are suckers, they don't get to see all this, they're staring at a cubicle wall
- j. applying to some jobs online and doing phone interviews at the house, pacing around the living room sounding like I know what I'm talking about..applying for jobs in LA

28. my great job interview with the la company, Optimistic

Solutions

- a. Ash taking me to the bus station in Phoenix in the middle of the night, riding the bus to Hollywood
- b. renting a car in Hollywood, driving all the way to westlake, then the interview
- c. really click during the interview
- d. language discussion..boss asks what language I like to work in, I say C, he says that's his choice too, we talk about why it's the best choice even over C++ (you can do everything you can do in cxx in c and c is simpler)..I mention the language mischoice on my last project and he relates, says he's seen that sort of thing happen all the time
- e. we go on to talk about team formation, agile coding strategies, .., and we click on every subject..then the conversation shifts to reality TV, of which we're both big watchers..I contest that house drama is more interesting and less contrived than the contest/ elimination format..he says it's an interesting theory..I talk about the real world and restaurant impossible..he talks about survivor and antm
- f. boss promises they're just about to get health insurance
- g. Getting rear ended while I was stopped in the rental car right before I was about to return it, later getting a bill for \$8,000 from the rental place for some minor fender damage..bill for the cost of the car
- h. staying with Mick in a motel 8 and doing cocaine all night, me being in the bathroom masturbating to some picture of a girl in a magazine (that I stole from a Victoria's Secret I found in the trash at Ashley and Faith's house) while Mick tried to sleep in the other room; we watched Down in the Valley and that amazing sex scene with Evan Rachel Wood and Edward Norton.."..jerk off to some teenager in a

Victoria's Secret magazine I stole from Ashley and Faiths trash.."

- i. being coked out in front of the LA film school
throwing away a pair of my underwear on a wall
there with Mike watching, then he goes in to his job
and I go to the bus station, wondering why the hell I
did coke; the hell of being awake for days
29. Moving into the apartment with Mick, finally having a room
of my own; paying the deposit and borrowing money from
Mick's dad, having just a mattress on the floor with Mick's
old girlfriends period blood on it—but I'm just happy to
have a bed; Mick's dad putting his hand around my neck for
borrowing money from him, pushing me against a wall
- a. getting the job email..me pushing them to decide
 - b. riding the greyhound into LA again and swearing it
would be the last time I rode the greyhound..with my
one bag
 - c. renting a car
 - d. I place my mattress/bed at a diagonal and mike says
"always the free thinker"
 - e. driving to get the ketel one..mick driving crazy
(maybe driving my rental car crazy after he asked to
drive it)
 - f. me and Mike celebrating with a bottle of Ketel One
and reminiscing about the old times
 - i. film school
 - ii. the thesis
 - iii. Rishi sucking my dick in the theater
 - iv. "watch yourself" at home depot
 - g. us broaching the subject of me being homeless, Mike
marveling at that
 - h. Mike's friend coming over and us all doing ecstasy
and oxy, me and mike setting up a joint bank account
in the morning, or trying to, both looking like death,
and mike saying he knows I have a drug problem,

he's never going to put me in that situation again..we run into problems because I am in ChexSystems. The girl goes to check with her manager. [then mike and I talk and he says I look like shit after I take ecstasy, like all the joy is drained from my face, and he's never gonna put me in this situation again, of being presented with the choice, at my apartment, of taking drugs]

30. My first day at the la company, getting there earliest and not having a key, buying a breakfast sandwich from the shop downstairs that plays Fox News and eating it on the balcony, being optimistic about the job..perhaps with a little coda about how the boss turned out to be fraudulent (just say we were using Army/ government money to develop non-Army projects) and the whole company fell apart and laid off [all] its employees two years later (at the end of this chapter)
- *here* .. say: the boss turned out to be fraudulent—using Army money to develop non-Army projects. the company lost its funding and laid off its employees. let the causality be implied.
- a. boss lives near work, on the fancy lake where Judge Judy has a house, most others drive in for an hour or more from the poorer areas where they live, some as far as two hours away
 - b. ego-full presentation from my new tech “lead”
 - i. I won't tell you the details of the project because they would probably sue me.
 - ii. tech lead says his server manages 1024 processing threads..explain that the processor can only do one or maybe two things at a time and the most threads you would want to have is like eight.
 - iii. egomaniacs can't collaborate because they're always feeling hurt when other people have good ideas or do good work..I was cursed at

- this job to work next to an egomaniac tech lead
- c. I was productive the first day, got their new website started within a few minutes of being at my desk, the time away from programming hadn't stunted me
 - d. *here*; they never did get health insurance; none of which I could have predicted, but I could have followed the signs of Jeremy and Paul from the very beginning; reflection that after the tech lead mtg., the best thing for me to do would have been to quit that job on the first day
31. Get first check from new job and it's for way more than I spent/earned the whole time I was homeless..sitting in a rental car in the parking lot of the bank..maybe end it there
- a. but I didn't quit. I didn't want to be homeless again and I wanted to please my dad and pay him back the money I owed him from film school, so I would have worked any job, no matter how insane, and I did, for two years
 - b. renting cars from the airport to use to get to work
 - c. actually getting the check from Rainbow, the office manager
 - d. adjusting to new work, sitting by the lake thinking about where I've come from
 - i. and thinking about the increasing problematicness of working with Jeremy; if I don't get to share my technical skills, and work in a collaborative environment, this job isn't so great after all
 - ii. about how if all I'd wanted was to work and get a paycheck, I could still be at LexisNexis with a house and a car and the comforts of eating out all the time, but I wanted more, work had never been satisfying to me, it had always been a sham
 - e. finding new bar to hang out at, right downstairs and

over from the office, meeting Tiffany, the awesome bartender

f. sitting in the bank parking lot with my first check, reflecting, and about to go into the bank to deposit it..just say I'm sitting there with my first check from Optimistic Solutions. [not to deposit it, as I'll say that at the very end]; perhaps a flash forward to future troubles of a similar nature:

i. how in LA I got into Volvic and Penta water, bought whatever alcohol I wanted whenever I wanted, and filled the grocery basket with groceries..things I could only dream of while homeless

ii. Managed to write a screenplay during my Optimistic Solutions employ; I told myself I had to write, even if I was working a programming job, and I wrote in the evenings, finishing my third screenplay

iii. how my CA work resulted in being scheduled to speak at a Wolfram conference..I get an email while at work accepting my topic as a speech/presentation for the conference

iv. first trip to the mental hospital, formally diagnosed as bipolar; include my suicidal call and manic programming episode that landed me in a mental hospital with my first diagnosis of bipolar

v. One week I just didn't show up to my job because I was in a mental hospital..They just put up with me, though, because I did great work

vi. This isn't a brag but it's the fact that I made stuff for them that nobody else could have made. I made a lot of money for that guy..but ultimately I quit because I thought it was

bullshit

- vii. applying for emergency state health insurance in the mental hospital where I first got my diagnosis, being able to get medicine, then the insurance being cancelled [because I make too much money? /because of red tape? idk], so I can't get my medicine
- viii. I never did drugs when I was homeless—I didn't have enough money. but once I started working again..make that connection for them or leave it to the reader? maybe just say When I had money again, I started doing drugs again. Not right away, but when the stress of work became too much
- ix. maybe that I stole Micks girlfriends adderall and took it recreationally
- x. me high on meth leaving voicemails for my dad angry about the thanksgiving/Suzanne thing telling him I would kill him if he did that again, him filing a restraining order against me; me calling dad on meth and saying I would kill him if he ever failed to invite Suzanne to family events again..and him filing a restraining order against me..I also said I wanted to kill myself on his doorstep to. Get his attention..the restraining order saying "suicidal" as the reason he didn't want me around. what a champion.
- xi. that I ultimately let go of Dad and we stopped talking
- xii. more drugs (the only drug I did while homeless was alcohol..I didn't have money for anything else..but when I started work again, I reconnected with my LA drug dealer); thinking my heart was going to stop, on meth, and

- flushing the rest of my powder and thinking about the effect on my little sisters if I die from a drug overdose
- xiii. I was really disrespectful to my boss. Would hang out at my drug dealer's house for days, calling in sick every day, doing coke and meth
- xiv. sleeping with my drug dealer I was that lonely..she and I would just lie on the bed and spoon
- xv. when I finally did make it to work: training Eric and having coke in my nostril
- xvi. But after all that they never fired me. My boss kept me around with the requirement that I see a psychiatrist. And that I program
- xvii. include my meth hospitalization and detox and jumping off the balcony, multiple calls to the ambulance to help me when I was fucked up on drugs
- xviii. and that I had to move out of me and Micks apartment I kicked in his door while drinking and lived with Ashley again in la while I looked for an apartment..when I moved out she and faith found a million little bottles of liquor in my cabinet..and I used to steal their alcohol too, slowly drink all of their rum and have to replace the bottle
- xix. I would steal my best friends Vicodin when I came home drunk one night, try to have sex with her in a blackout drunk and hear her tell me about it the next day, how aggressive I was being, Ashley went to sleep in faiths bed that night
- xx. doing meth again and talking to Rachel while high in the sandwich shop, thinking my heart was going to stop

- xxi. When my boss wanted to meet with me he would call me at the bar..and I would go upstairs and meet with him, drunk, and he liked every minute of it
- xxii. sleeping outside in LA even when I had a place, because I'm wild..in dangerous places, too, just sleeping in the plants at the arc light
- xxiii.being on crystal meth in the mobile home I lived in masturbating for hours
- xxiv.being drunk and high on a ton of my housemates prozac and stealing panties from her daughter and jerking off with them, then going into almost a coma of sleep and waking up days later..holding her gun and being afraid I would shoot myself while I was drunk, high
- xxv. the night I threw my phone in the lake because I was drunk and slept on an anthill under a bush beside the building I work in
- xxvi.talk about the night I called 911 on myself because I was too drunk and spend a night in jail, the cops in the car chiding me saying their eyes were burning from all the alcohol I was exhaling, the night in jail, the long walk home through rich neighborhoods
- xxvii.the night I was drunk and bit a hole in the skin around my wrist and told everyone I was bit by a coyote
- xxviii.getting drunk and sending antagonistic, confessional, and lying emails to my boss; make the connection with my recycle away email that got me fired
- xxix.say that I was one of the few people he kept on, at half salary, but I quit
- xxx. smoking a little crack in Tucson..kissing a guy when drunk in Tucson

xxxi.one night when I lived in Tucson again, seeing a homeless guy on a couch in an alley and going to my apartment to get him one of my two wool blankets, giving it to him

xxxii.AA meetings

xxxiii.include the wonderful drive across the country to moms house..flat tire in the desert, staying in that small town a night, calling mom feeling worried and her encouraging me to calm down and enjoy the night..driving through Utah for the first time and being overwhelmed at an overlook..sleeping in my car at rest stops..more car trouble in Cleveland..Suzanne wiring me money to fix my car, thinking about drinking but not, and finally getting to moms house

xxxiv.trying to be homeless in New York and get set up, lasting one day doing shitty Washington Square Park cocaine and getting rescued by Suzanne—relapsing on alcohol and coke after eleven months sober

xxxv.for the Vermont year, say (which I'll tell you about later) or I'll tell you about that later

1. getting fired from a job and going into the mental hospital after more crack and a suicide attempt

xxxvi.having to move in with family, not being homeless but being disenfranchised once again (give, in brief, the whole story of Tucson to PA to VT, being sure to include the mental health/ bipolar/OCD angle)..then flash back to the present

xxxvii.but starting writing novels during this period of living with family and on unemployment, and getting one published..so

there is some hope there..finally finding work, even though it didn't make money like my job jobs, that I could complete happily without my efforts being ruined by inept coworkers (say it just like that, too—it's part of the character); I won't make much money. I'll make in a year with my books what I used to make in one hour programming, but it'll be work I love
xxxviii.not being able to get disability..them saying I should take less challenging work..but what am I gonna do? I've made upper middle class money, am I gonna go work at Taco Bell? I'm sorry, my mind is too big for that. It's just not possible.

xxxix.when moving in, at the end, with family, say that the whole time I was homeless it never occurred to me that I could / would lean on family..I took it as a matter of course that I had to do it on my own

- g. thinking about buying a new computer to replace the laptop I sold, thinking about going to the grocery store and buying anything I want, thinking about going to eat at that Italian place I like in Hollywood, or getting sushi
- h. getting out of the car and walking toward the bank. I open the door and go inside to deposit my check.