

The band Brass walked down the scarred concrete hallway of the Tescodero theatre in Erie Pennsylvania, each of them bleeding in his own special way. Tristan, the lead guitar from Canada, held a beer bottle with a hand that looked like ground beef while he smoked a half-but. The lead singer Devon had plasma pooling out of his mouth and into his beard, not sure if it was a beer bottle that had hit him in the face or the ass end of Zack's bass. He swallowed a gulp of blood, followed with a large guzzle of Alberta Premium. He knew that inevitably he would have to chuck his shit. Rory, the moustachioed and shirtless tattooed drummer, and Zack the paunched and greasy longhair bassist had gotten into it at the end of the set. While Tristan had done the fills, Rory had thrown his drum stick at Zack, shattering his sunglasses and cutting up his nose. Zack had broken the drum stick in half and stabbed Rory in the stomach with it. The drum kit was tossed and they had finished the set fist fighting each other. Devon passed the bloody whiskey bottle to Tristan who gulped some down, exhaling smoke out of his nose. Rory blew a snot rocket onto the floor. Zack placed a spliff into a ebony cigarette holder and lit it as they rounded the corner.

Outside the dressing room was a group of locals with

backstage access. Keeners, sceners, the girls, and the guy that knows where to get the good shit. Rory wasn't wearing any shoes or shirt, was drenched in sweat and blood, neither of which were all his, so he went into the dressing room. Devon and Tristan stopped in front of the group and turned their radar on, probing the vibe of the room while trying to keep themselves together. Devon had hooks for any people that just wanted to talk. They were on tour, thats why they bled, to make someone else feel something. Tristan's goals were more tangible: stay on top of the pussy and the payment. Zack withdrew his phone from his pocket and began filming the hallway for a second before entering the dressing room.

Rory was cleaning himself up. Zack went to a musky and rusty old fridge that had CheeseMoreDicks written on it and ripped a a tall boy of Bud from it's six pack. He trained his frame on Rory who was picking splinters of drumstick out of his abdomen with a straight needle and tweezers.

"Jesus. That's another good one." Said Zack downing half the can of beer in one go then taking a puff.

"S'ok. Just gimme a beer." Responded Rory who pulled

another shard of maple from his gut.

Zack got him a beer and sat down in a shredding red leather chair bearing exposed springs. Zack zoomed in as Rory blotted away blood, lit by the neon lights at the sides of the room. Rory spat on the floor.

"I can't fucking believe you do this shit man, you're fucking crazy."

"Turn it off Zack."

"It's what the people want Rory. Just do it. Just go with it. Just...just let it happen." Zack puffed his spliff.

Rory reached into the band's first aid kit, actually a guitar case, for the sutures set. He wiped the stomach gash again and then applied some peroxide. He took a couple huge guzzles of beer and then rested the ice cold can on his wound.

Back in the hall Tristan was talking to the promoter from whom he'd bummed a smoke. His hand continued to bleed onto the ground but he paid it no mind, feeling the flow slow and

thicken.

Behind them Devon had finally swallowed enough of his own blood and was dumping his guts into the recycling bin at the end of the hallway. The enlightened local arts media knew a story when they smelled it and were soon all over Devon, helping him to his feet and washing that bad taste out of his mouth with a warm beer.

"I'm fine" said Devon, and he was.

"I shouldnta given you the two hundred already" said the Promoter.

"Come on Jack, whatchya gonna do? Say, you got a line on anything going on tonight?"

Devon stumbled up to them and took the smoke from Tristan's hand taking a puff.

"We good?" Asked Devon.

"Shit yeah." Said Tristan.

"There's a basement party going on a few blocks away from here, you looking to score?" Said the Promoter in eager response to Tristan's question.

"Always looking to score. Who's party is it, who am I gonna want to talk to when I get there?"

"Nian's party. Find a guy name Atlas man, he'll hook you up. How long you gonna be? You boys are bleedin' all over my fuckin' hallway, probably dressing room too."

Tristan laughed and took his cigarette back, the filter gobbled in Devon's blood. "Look we'll be outta here in a half hour's time, so don't you worry about it. We're professionals Jack." He said winking, then he and Devon turned to the dressing room door.

"Could have fooled me." Said the Promoter, who's name wasn't Jack.

As Devon and Tristan entered the room Rory removed the beer can from his stomach and began the tough work of stitching

himself up.

"So what's the score did we get paid or what?" Asked Zack, transfixed as he watched Rory hold the wound with a pair of pliers and then puncture his own skin with a curved needle drawing catgut.

"Did. But there's a basement party about a block away from here, and I'm gonna be honest with you guys, we all came into this with the understanding that we need drugs and some more booze." Said Tristan.

"And we still have to drive to Pittsburgh tomorrow." Added Devon.

"So I say we put it to a vote, yay or nay. Party, sleep in the van, or wherever we end up, then Pittsburgh in the morning...or we get a motel and watch re-runs, all have showers and get a good night's sleep." Said Tristan, extinguishing his burnt filter in the coagulating blood on his hand before tossing it in a waste bin.

"Fuck me is this even a question?" Said Zack laughing from

his belly.

"Just make sure that they're good drugs." Said Rory only looking up from his tightly synched skin for a moment.

Having detonated with noise not long ago, now they just sat together. Blood brothers, ripped at the seams, patching it all up while cosmically they hurtled on like a fiery explosion from the sky, sent from the gods to decimate everything and everyone in their paths.

Zack pulled a pair of rags out of the guitar case and threw them to Devon and Tristan. "Ok, lets get a move on. Shit's not gonna fuck itself up." He said.

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