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zhang moxi went to the desert

This office is in a low building, next to the viaducts of Sihuan /4th Ring Road. At this moment, under the bridge, two tricycles slightly collided. One man got out of the vehicle with a hammer, his other hand holding up a silicon caulking gun; he wanted to grab more things but there was nothing else. He shouted in anger, "Get out, get out!"

I could stay around in front of this low building for a bit; I wanted to see what would happen next, but I went into the building because I had seen this too many times. If the other side gets out, then the hammer would be hitting him in the shoulder blade. If he doesn't, then he would have to walk away defeated, go home, watch his kid drop a few grains of rice at their meal and give the kid a few slaps.

I came to meet a director named Zhang Moxi; it was a pseudonym. Maybe he thought this pseudonym makes him sound like an artist. Like Zhang Moxi, I'm also a director, and I also have a very artist-like pseudonym. In fact, ~~in fact~~ not only are we not artists, we are also doing something quite opposite. Every year we produce a large amount of visual garbage, and there are always people who are willing to watch these visual garbage, so we are doing not so bad. His little company in the city would prove that. Every day we think about how to produce some garbage, but we are doing not so bad.

The office is divided into two parts, the interior floor is covered with Turkish carpets. If you ~~feel~~ look at your home and feel like something is missing in an area, please be sure to put on a Turkish carpet, because people who see it will compliment something

like "this carpet is beautiful" because they also have Turkish carpets in their home.

The woman at reception walked towards me in barefoot and said, "Director Zhang will be here in a moment. Have some drinks first." She put a bottle of Jianlibao (orange soda sports drink thing) in front of me. I touched it, it was not refrigerated, it was room-temperature. If this ~~were~~ happened a few years later, I would definitely throw the drink in her face, then push her onto the table, lift up her skirt and (have a shag). But there was no rush, it would happen in just a few ~~fe~~ year. I was guessing that Zhang Mixi must have done this because there were scratches on the floor from the table legs. And I would be starting a small company like this in a few years.

On the cabinet facing the door there are trophies and awards. certificates
Zhang Moxi has won some awards, I have also won some awards.
Because every year, there would be four hundred something directors in this city, taking the garbage they ~~fi~~ had filmed to participate in the competition for twenty awards. If someone knows a few more people this year, they can take the trophy home, put it somewhere that others will see when they first enter the door. Some people put it somewhere that others will see at second glance, it doesn't mean anything, it just means that they are more hypocritical.

I sat there for ten minutes before Zhang Moxi entered the door. He's about 1.75m tall and weighs more than 90kg. I noticed him glancing at the trophy on his cabinet, he was worried that I wouldn't it. Zhang Moxi must have timed his entrance; he made me wait ten minutes because he couldn't be sitting in the room waiting for me,

otherwise he would feel like he had been struck with a hammer.

"Was the traffic alright?" Zhang Moxi said.

"It was okay." I said.

✓ He dragged a chair over and sat across from me.

He said: "I've seen your films, they are very well shot."

Understood, I smiled and said, "I have also seen your previous films, they are incredibly well shot." ~~Among~~ ^{Between} these four hundred directors, if anyone were to compliment you, you must compliment them in return, otherwise there is a chance that you will get yourself into trouble.

"I asked to meet with you because I came across/have a script that I think matches your style." He had his assistant make him a cup of tea.

"Then we should definitely collaborate." I said.

"Definitely, haha." He laughed and said, which made me feel like a piece of garbage that had been classified. He continued, "I have too many projects on hand, if I had to direct and write every one of them, I'd die from exhaustion, so I picked out the most thoughtful script and I plan to find a thoughtful director." He peeked at me. I've heard these words many times, and I will ~~also~~ also be saying them to others in the future. It means that shit's ridiculously bad, ~~but~~ and they don't want to work on it anymore; but the effort cannot be in vain/ go to waste.

"Let me read the script first." I said.

He walked to the table on the carpet, grabbed a stack of print-outs, and sat back down.

But instead he said, "I'll read it to you."

✓ I quickly said, "No need, no need, I can just read it myself. I'm a very fast reader."

He had already opened the manuscript, "I will read it to you, then I can also deliver the feelings to you."

Rattled, I said, "Really, I can just read it myself, I can get the feelings."

He paid no ~~mind~~ to me at all.

attention

Zhang Moxi adjusted his posture and sat upright in the chair. He held out the scripts as if he were a conductor, and he felt that way himself. He cleared his throat and shouted, "I want to live!"

The airflow he spat out ~~shook the paper~~ shook the paper, and the voice made the can of Jianlibao vibrate. I was already in shock, but that assistant of his still sat at the table with scratches at the legs, didn't seem to hear anything.

"In this desert, the daughter knelt on the ground, shouted at the robber. # She shouted once again, I really want to live!" Zhang Moxi was devoted in the reading of the script, clenching his left hand into a fist and holding it up in the air.

"Next scene, desert, ~~sun~~ day, ~~outside~~ doors. The father walked along the sand path, his lips chapped, looking like he was about to die of thirst." Zhang Moxi read it as if he was about to die of thirst.

"He must save his daughter, he thought, so he puffed his chest up and continued walking towards the boundless desert." Zhang Moxi straightened his back.

I couldn't listen to it anymore, said, "This is awesome! Let me take a look." I grabbed the script, didn't give him any time to

react. He saw the script leaving his hand, looking ~~±~~ reluctant to part with it.

He took a ~~gulp~~ gulp of tea down his throat and said, "This is a story about revenge; a father's daughter was abducted into the desert, so the father went looking for her," he held down the script to stop me from reading it, then said, "Guess what happened at the end."

I said, "The daughter died and the father killed the kidnapper."

"I knew you were the right person! I knew it!" He said ~~with~~ in exultation. Just like this, all four hundred directors in this city were thinking of this same ending; yet everyone is still complacent and feels different from everyone else. I started studying film in 2006 and it has been eight years now; ~~and it has been three years.~~ and I've been facing this kind of situation for three years. What Zhang Moxi showed me was just that, and that has always been the case. What's really important is the pseudonym he gave himself, which is only different from mine in surname. My name is Li Moxi.

So after he repeated how I was the right person a few times I decided to take on this film. The scratch marks from the table legs on the floor, as if carved onto my forehead, I have been paying attention to them constantly since I entered the door.

"I can take this on." I said.

"What are the terms? We can discuss the pay." He said.

"I want to ~~g~~ go to the desert tomorrow to see the scene."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, otherwise I won't take the project."

He hesitated for a moment, said, "Ok, tomorrow it is." He asked

his assistant to book the flight. I didn't expect him to agree to it so decisively, so maybe this provided him with some convenience.

After he, his female assistant, and I arrived in Xinjiang, we rented a jeep near the airport without hiring a local tour guide; The three of us could take turns driving.

In the morning, the female assistant drove, departing from Urumqi heading southwest. In the afternoon, Zhang Moxi drove. In the evening, we had Dapanji (food) at a service station restaurant, after that, I drove.

A hundred kilometers from Urumqi you can see the desert. As I was driving the jeep, we were already three hundred kilometers away from Urumqi. So as the sun was about to set, I parked the car on the side of the road. The assistant looked at the sun above the sand dunes in distance, said, "It's so beautiful!"

Zhang Moxi got out of the car holding his phone; he took pictures of the sunset, then took pictures of the female assistant.

I said, "Doesn't it look beautiful?"

Zhang Moxi said, "It looks beautiful."

I said, "What's beautiful about it?"

He turned his head, looked at me and said, "You see the sky, and the clouds, all red."

The female assistant opened her arms and stood on the other side of the road. She walked towards the sand dunes. There were thorn plants on the roadside, so it was considered a desert; she wanted to get closer to the ~~setting~~ setting sun.

"What do you see?" I said.

"Nature, vast desert, roads." Zhang Moxi said.

"What about this for the scene? Is it something you want?" I said.

"We can keep going, there's a hotel about 80 kilometers down the road, we'll stay for a day. We can look for another day, there may be something more suitable ~~tomorrow~~. ^{tomorrow}

I tucked a hammer I found under the seat in my belt; before renting the car, the first thing I did was go to the hardware store and buy a hammer. In fact there are a lot of places selling knives in Urumqi, but ~~they sell them the price~~ they sell to Han people for ~~is many times higher~~ much higher prices, and they are the lowest tier of knives.

"You didn't get what I meant." I said.

He looked confused, said, "What you meant?"

"What I was asking is that, first, what did you see? Second, is what you saw the place you're seeking?"

"I already answered it; I saw desert in nature, and we'll decide on the specifics after tomorrow." He started to sense something was off.

"It seems like you really don't get it at all." I leaned against the car and said, looking at the both of them.

The assistant's shoes were laid by the roadside. She took a few steps towards ~~to~~ the west and stood in the sand, carefully avoiding sharp stones on the ground with her toes.

Zhang Moxi shouted at her: "Get in the car, it's getting dark."

The assistant cautiously walked back to the roadside, bent down to pick up the shoes; she wiped the sand off her feet with her hands.

"When we were little, we would walk into the sand in slippers, and all the sand would get in between the toes. It was really uncomfortable." I said.

"Yeah yeah, it was uncomfortable, you would have to wash them off with water." Zhang Moxi looked at the female assistant and said.

"Are you married?" I asked.

"Yes." He said.

☞ "So, you booked two rooms, I stay in one, you and she stay in one." I said.

"How else would it be?"

"You agreed so readily because the two of you also rarely have the chance have an affair."

~~Zh~~ Zhang Moxi chuckled and said, "That's not the case."

The female assistant has come over; the sand was still very harsh on her feet; she stumbled.

I said: "You go lick it clean."

He turned around, looked at me and said: "What?"

"Her feet are covered in sand, I don't want the sand to get all over the car." I said.

"You're so funny, more interesting than me." Zhang Moxi said smiling.

The assistant must have heard it too; her cheeks turned red and she smiled.

Zhang Moxi is fat, but there's still a bone bulging from his shoulder. That was where I hit him with the hammer. He let out a wail.

He didn't get a clear look, but I was holding the hammer in my hand. He leaned against the car window covering his ~~hsea~~ shoulder, and slid down slowly.

I said to the female assistant, "Don't run. No cars will come

here at night. If you run towards the sand you will freeze to death at night."

"What's the matter with you?" Zhang Moxi said.

"There's not much I can tell you, I just hope you know what you're doing, for example with this script of yours. Because your name is the same as mine, I feel ~~like~~ seeing my son grown up. I want to nurture you and tell you what this and that is, what all these are. Maybe I'm not capable of it, but for now, this is very important to me." I said. In fact, I'm very sad. The last time I did something like this, I was very sad. I can't control the sadness, nor can I control myself from doing this.

"Fucking twat." He finally yelled. The female assistant was standing three four meters away from the car, too scared to come closer.

The setting sun left only a sliver of red remained. I squinted my eyes and looked.

I waved at the female assistant, she hobbled over. I looked down at Zhang Moxi, said, "Lick it."

He reached out to grab me, I knocked his wrist off.

So he grabbed the assistant's ankle and took off her sand-covered shoes.

I was watching; I said to the female assistant: "See how much he loves you, still getting a reaction." Zhang Moxi's scrotch swelled up; he looked down while spitting out ~~sad~~ sand, seemed to have glanced at his crotch as well.

The female assistant started crying, she said: "Let us go."

I was ~~amused~~ ^{amused} only we would write lines like "Leave us alone", "let us go", we don't know what to say in this situation.

"Say something different." I said to the female assistant.

"What?"

"Say something~~else~~ else, not something you saw elsewhere, say what you want to say most."

"I don't want to be here." She said crying.

Zhang Moxi was still licking; I don't know if he was listening or pretending to be focused but in fact looking for an opportunity to ambush me.

At this moment, the side of her face was casted in light. She turned back to look; there was a civilian (?) car driving towards us slowly in the distance. I noticed it, said:"Dont talk, and don't move."

I was hoping that the car doesn't stop, otherwise there would be more trouble.

The car started to slow down, then it passed up. The assistant kept her lips pursed, she wanted to shout. I stared at her, but she couldn't hold it in and ran to the roadside to wave.

I said, "See if they stop; if they don't, you're gonna be in trouble."

She gave me a desperate look. Then, the car stopped and~~s~~ start to reverse.

Zhang Moxi showed a hint of relaxation at the corner of his mouth. He rubbed his ~~meu~~ hands on his shirt, they had saliva on them. At the same time, he continued spitting out sand.

The car stopped and the female assistant ran up to it. I didn't catch what they were saying.

A man stepped out of the car, but I heard another woman in the

car saying, "Let's go."

The man walked towards me holding a baseball bat.

I said, "What are you doing?"

"What the hell are you doing?" The man said bluffingly.

"We are good friends." I said.

"We don't know him." The female assistant shouted.

Zhang Moxi also shouted: "We don't know him."

I said, "If we don't know each other, how come we ended up here in the same car?"

Zhang Moxi didn't say anything, the man was wavering.

"That's my wife, they didn't know that I already knew, so I took them out here." I looked into the man's eyes and said.

The female assistant said crying, "He's making it up. We really don't know him. He's making it up."

I sighed and said to the man, "You see."

The man looked at the assistant with disdain, said, "Damn it." He walked back, Zhang Moxi jumped up suddenly, I poked his face with my knee. I said: "Can you be any more shameless?"

The man turned around, said to me in consolation, "Just give them a scare, don't kill anyone."

I smiled and said, "Have a good trip."

The female assistant wanted to get in their car, but the man pushed her away and said, "Move."

‡ The car drove off. I started laughing, holding my stomach.

Zhang Moxi said, "What do you want? We actually don't know each other."

"I'm just bored with life." I said.

"Why does it have to be us then?"

"Because, you guys definitely tried it like Japanese porns and fucked on the desk every day. I can't stand to think of it."

"What does it have to do with you?" He said.

"First of all it makes me sick seeing you; then you invited me to your company, every detail let me know you better, and I ~~fee~~ felt even sicker." I said.

"Okay, okay, I'm sickening."

Lost and wounded, the assistant came over and said, "Let us go."

I said to her, "You're coming with me."

~~Get in the car. I said.~~

I took out a coat from the backseat and threw it to Zhang Moxi.

"Get in the car." I said. In fact, I didn't know what to do.

The assistant sat in the passenger seat.

I was just about to get into the driver's seat when Zhang Moxi saw me switched the hammer to my left hand to hold on to the steering wheel. He grabbed my left wrist and rammed me. I fell on top of the female assistant; she got up, grabbed a water bottle from the car and hit me twice in the head with it. I felt a little hazy.

Zhang Moxi hit me ^{^hard} on the back with the hammer he took from me, then dragged me out of the car.

They got in the car quickly and disappeared into the translucent night, leaving some inaudible words.

I sat on the ground.

It was cold and quiet all around, and the color of the sky was slowly freezing. I rolled up the coat to wrap it around me; I felt warm. The coat bunched up at my chest, except for the little bit of cold air flowing in through the gap, everything around was extremely warm. I haven't felt this warm in a long time.