

Housekeeping

975 words

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Wick rented an office but faked it and lived there. It was a beat up building in an affluent town across the bridge from the city. Wick paid \$850 while a legit studio apartment would have been over fifteen.

The ad in the small print said you'd have 24-hour access. Wick guessed they didn't want to emphasize that and give people ideas, but they also wanted to keep the place rented.

So the guy on one side of him did come in middle of the night because he was doing a taxicab app in Bucharest. The guy on the other side used the office for a recording studio, and usually it was acoustic stuff but once in a while with everything plugged in there was no way, and this is like 3 in the morning.

Both dudes were friendly and assumed Wick worked at night too, so they'd knock on the door to say hi or see if he wanted something to drink and he'd have to pop up like he was just taking a little break on the couch before getting back to his desk.

Not that faking it probably mattered. When he'd go down to the restroom after hours there would be people wandering around the halls. Some of them looked like starving artists. You had to guess there were others besides him pulling the same thing.

Wick had a shit regular job so he tried to side hustle in the evening. He was pretty fit, he'd done some powerlifting, and he was on the juice.

So take the shirt off and organize some no frills exercise videos, pointing out what you're capable of in an office. Wick gave them mostly body-weight stuff, mounted the elastic band gizmos to the wall and demonstrated bullshit sets with those.

The recording studio guy gave him a pirated version of Premiere Pro and his editing skills improved and he ended up throwing 25 videos on YouTube. Though you could use more variety, so he added kettlebells and 1-arm weights to the routines.

One night there's a banging on the door, not friendly tapping like Wick is used to. Guy says his name is Marvin and he's in the office below, and you better not be dropping any more stuff on the floor.

Kinda wild looking dude with a New York accent, and it being 10pm, Wick's assuming *he* lives in his unit too.

Wick tells him you know what, I think I recognize you from Whole Foods. Do you graze?

Guy says he has no idea what you're talking about. But yep, Wick has seen him there, and guy's pissed him off. Admittedly Wick sampled the back bins himself but this dude stuffs his mouth and probably his pockets.

Wick says he'll try to keep it in mind, and the guy stares at him hard and leaves. An hour later Wick wraps up another video and then for good measure stands on the chair with the barbells overhead and lets em fly. And a few more times.

Guy's back. He says if you do that again he'll shoot you. And nods and walks away.

Next day after work Wick goes down. Let's break bread, he says, and get something to eat, I got this. The guy thinks Wick is putting him on but he probably has no money and is hungry all the time, so he gets his coat.

There's one of these shi shi Mexican places that a Mexican person wouldn't walk into in a million years and it's pricey but Wick wanted to try it, so they end up outdoors by this fountain under a heat lamp.

Wick says you and me, how bout we switch offices?

The guy took a while considering it, Wick is thinking what's the issue, and the guy says he appreciates the

enchiladas, they're tasty, but nope--just don't do it anymore. Don't jump, don't drop things. How hard is that?

Wick tells him we're switching offices when we get back.

The guy doesn't say anything more and when they finish and walk out of the place he says when we get back he's calling the police, is what he's doing.

It's about a half mile to the office and still, Wick walks with the idiot. There's a dark stretch, cars parked, including a nice looking Lexus. Wick grabs this Marvin and hoists him head first through the front passenger window.

Wick wasn't sure the window was going to break on first contact but it shattered easily and half of the guy went inside. Then he wasn't sure the guy'd be dazed enough to stay in there, but he wasn't moving a whole lot.

Lotta car burglaries around here so business as normal for the cops (the few that cared) and hopefully they'd think for a while anyway and maybe period that this guy broke in and got stuck.

Even so Wick figured don't dilly-dally and by the time he got back he decided better clear out. Wasn't worried

about the cops so much but maybe this guy, when he got out of ER or the hospital or whatever, might really shoot him.

This type thing typically worked in the past, a statement was made and everyone moved on. That's before Fox News, with people convinced they're a victim now.

When Wick got upstairs the Romania taxi app guy had his door open and said how about a little something and he was pouring some scotch . . . so yeah that sounded okay actually, and let's face it he might be overthinking all this stuff.

No sign of his Marvin overnight. Later they found out he died. Apparently there was a gash in his neck and he bled to death.

Now Wick really did have to scramble, Jeeminy Christmas, and that's probably it for the YouTube channel too, which he was starting to get into.