

Tidbits

Judith Nolan



"I'm thankful to be breathing, on this side of the grass.

Whatever comes, comes..."

~ Ron Perlman

The Conversation Goes On...

"I can't believe we're now sixty-six, can you?" Ron Perlman raised his eyebrows at his quiet friend.

"No..." Vincent allowed slowly. "We have come a long way, you and I."

"It was only yesterday, it seems." Ron waved his left hand. "I used to smoke cigars back then. I miss them." He laughed.

"I don't," Vincent replied honestly. "Catherine always commented my clothes smelled of them. I told her it was the candle-smoke Below."

"Great catch!" Ron grinned, before sobering. "I miss those times, more than I can say."

"I am always here with you..." Vincent heaved a sigh. "Always..."

That Face...

“You can look now.” Rick Baker straightened from his handiwork.

“You sure, man?” Ron Perlman didn’t open his eyes. “I know you can craft a great face, but applying it to this ugly mug...” He waved a dismissive hand at himself.

“Open your eyes, man, and see,” Rick encouraged. “What ya got to lose?”

“My dignity,” Ron countered bleakly. “This all hangs on me pulling off a believable beast. What if it’s all been for nothing?”

“Sit there wondering, then.” Rick shrugged. “Like we’ve got all day.”

“Okay...” Ron grouched. His eyes opened slowly, quickly rounding to disbelieving. “*Hello, Vincent...*”

The Times...

“Hi, Pops, how’re you doing?” Ron Perlman sat in the chair beside Roy Dotrice’s.

“All the better for seeing my favourite son.” Roy beamed. “It has been too long.”

“Yeah, sorry about that.” Ron shook his head. “Time just seems to fly. I’ve missed you.”

“Me too. I miss the tunnel folk. Too many have left us already. Do you see Linda?”

“Occasionally. She is well.” Ron took the old man’s thin hand between his own. “What we had was truly everything, wasn’t it?”

“It was the best of times.” The old man brightened. “Say, do you still play chess?”

~ **FIN** ~