

# Sleep Starts

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Danny: Miles, like me you are a man of science and like me you are able to appreciate the intimate beauty of this phenomenon. Just a month ago Santa Mira was still a city like any other, full of people with a thousand problems... When the incredible thing came true: seeds that had wandered in space for years ended up in a field nearby. These seeds yield pods that give the power to reproduce any form of animal life with absolute fidelity.

Miles: Their origin... is the sky...

Danny: Your new bodies are now growing in there: they are reproducing you cell by cell, organ by organ. You will not feel bad, while you are immersed in sleep they will absorb your mind to make you reborn in a peaceful world, without problems.

Miles: But where everyone is equal.

Danny: That's right.

Miles: Poor humanity. Becky and I aren't the last ones left. The others will destroy you.

Danny: You won't want it tomorrow. Tomorrow you will be like the rest of us.

Miles: I love Becky. Will I love her tomorrow as I love her today?

Danny: It's not necessary, love.

Miles: No love, no feelings, just the instinct of self-preservation: you can't love or be loved, can you?

Danny: You say it like it's a monstrosity, but it's not at all. You have been in love before. But it didn't last. It never lasts. Love, desire, ambition, faith: without all this life is much simpler.

Miles: I'm not interested in life like this.

Danny: You forget something, Miles.

Miles: What?

Danny: You have no other choice.