

Session: 100018253
Approx Date: 05/07/2001
Location: LMLA-ink Offices – Chinatown NYC
Project: STORYBOOK Rewrite
Story: Lilies, lilac, and lavender — Little Lazoo
About: Metofeaz the Fall Guy
Lead in: PART 2
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Down in the last booth, John Reyer is being questioned by Rocol over claims from a publisher that the manuscript they submitted cannot be validated.

At the bar, John Lazoo and Le Mac discuss the timeline of the story while Metofeaz seems edgier than usual about something.

The retelling of “Lilies, lilac, and lavender—Little Lazoo” brings back memories for the whimsical one.

It is a carefully hidden fact that without Litigatti, LMLA-ink’s members would not be the weird and wonderful weavers of stories they have become. The idea that their existence as LMLA-ink is only relevant due to Lazoo being James Elton, whom they found in NYC through an ad for ex-cons, who then was accused of murder and then miraculously walked away from it, could have easily been replaced by Litigatti’s own story.

But with the writer’s blessing, Lazoo’s story reigns supreme with emphasis on the illiterate meeting with Genesis Jones the graduate in Central Park. The meeting sparked a chain of events that changed the storyline dramatically, casting an entirely new complexion upon the end-to-end saga. This new complexion Litigatti shades with his own experiences, offering depth to parts where Lazoo is alone, lonely, and depressed as was the case when he arrived in New York and when he and Genesis split during the murder trial.

Today, Metofeaz cannot help but indulge in his own misery.

“Rocol, validation is a filter. When you signed up, I really believed you’d pull this operation together. I still insist we form our own publishing vehicle geared for the New Global Realm.” Afamasaga dodges her question by shifting the point of debate.

Metofeaz feels Rocol’s eyes on him as he again picks up the phone and looks at it. Last night, she agreed for them to move in together, a knee jerk reaction by Metofeaz to all the wondering about where his relationship with Rocol would end up. In the end, he suggested a quick fix to the situation.

“Before we go supplying solutions for a world that doesn’t exist, what say we deal with reality, ah?” Rocol calmly puts the ball back in his court as she smiles at Metofeaz who now begins to dial a number.

The front door opens and Arley Evon and Missy enter the office. Metofeaz watches the model walk toward his booth. He wills the ring tone to continue, and as Arley sits down opposite him, he presses the red button to stop the ringing.

Arley leans forward as Metofeaz leans back and tries to show a relaxed front by placing his arms on top of the booth. “You can’t change—transmutation, amalgamation; you just fluctuate like sunlight on a cloudy day, Feeaz. No good to no one.” He smiles at his friend and her version of consoling.

“I have found three suitable candidates.” Rocol’s remark brings Lazoo and Le Mac’s heads up from their conversation at the bar. “The first one is a noted ghost writer; the other two are students with exemplary quals,” the business woman continues.

Metofeaz’s body language changes by folding his arms; in the next instance, he’s reaching for the phone.

As he redials, Rocol tries to defend her actions. “The act is great; people love it, but how long can you guys live off Lazoo’s plight? If all four of you were willing to front, we could go with the Rock ’n Roll act, but you’re too bloody precious for that...”

Afamasaga smiles at her as Lazoo makes his way over to the table.

Metofeaz listens to the ring tone as he leaves the booth and heads for the dance floor.

“Hello!” Metofeaz feels the emotion attached to the sound of her voice. He clears his throat, and then he smiles as he inquires, “Love Letters?” The song he hears through the phone carries him away as he begins to relay over international phone lines, “Rozelle stands on the balcony, looking out over the valley. Her eyes trained not to look at the path leading to the house...”

Le Mac quietly takes the record from its sleeve.

Lazoo walks by the writer dressed in black as Afamasaga slowly reaches for the machine.

Rocol is miffed by the activity taking place; eventually, she stops talking as Le Mac lets the Diana Krall rendition go.

Afamasaga, adept at all facets of the process he invented, begins to tap as his friend would.

Lazoo welcomes Metofeaz’s ad-liberations as Le Mac steers them in the right direction. “Rozelle looks to someone looking in to have plenty to be thankful for, but she is missing the one thing we all want. Furthermore, she was led to believe she had that one thing. In PART 2, we discover multiple reasons that could attribute to her current state.”

Afamasaga is already on song as Lazoo chimes in, “The Thinking Creature must’ve bled tears as once again he watches the beautiful woman, solemn, from being alone in a world where she is wanted...”

Rocol watches the leader as he works, and she sees him as Lavenda did.

As the song concludes, the needle stuck at the record’s end is a dominating sound.

Rocol looks at Metofeaz, who has the phone by his side; then she looks at John Reyer, whose face is illuminated by the monitor he stares at. She glances at his words up on the screen above the stage as she bites her lip.

“Who did he call?” Rocol asks.

Afamasaga does “CTRL+S” and looks at his business partner.

Lazoo steps down from the stage as the phone in Metofeaz’s hand rings.

Le Mac watches the goings on and looks through his selection of music as he informs them over PA, “PART 2 is not done; Rozelle has to wake up in the morning and face reality.”

Metofeaz clicks the green button and then the red one on the phone he still holds down by his side, doing away with the ringing as Rocol now turns to him. “Who did you fucking call?”

Arley lets Missy know it’s time to go. “Missy, only one person swears in front of you, and that’s your mother on your life.”

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