

Session: 100018255

Approx Date: 07/07/2001

Location: LMLA-ink Offices – Chinatown NYC

Project: STORYBOOK Rewrite

Story: Illicit Blade of Grass

About: Metofeaz Litigatti walks out on LMLA-ink

ISBN: 978-0-9803486-4-4

The Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five elaborate with the infectious and unforgettable Message; the double hit on the kick plus the monumental bass they feel deep within their mo. The already synthesized riff is osculated and then reverberated, and now Le Mac de-phases the early eighties signature hook as the three members of LMLA-ink await their writer.

Afamasaga scrolls through the pages of work he will have to credit Metofeaz Litigatti with as Le Mac tests his mic, “Peace.” Lazoo does his warm up. “One hundred and eighteen,” he counts as he pushes his body up off the dance floor.

The door opens and clad in leather—he in his jacket and she in a trenchcoat—are Metofeaz and Rocol. He has her firmly under his arm, and he also has a smile for the tense men who wait for his arrival, probably for the last time as LMLA-ink’s writer.

As usual, he shows no awareness of the immediate situation he is in. He places a kiss on Rocol and calls out as he takes his jacket off and then slides into the last booth. “Thought you’d never see me again, ah?” His smile, wider than ever, lasts a lot longer than usual as he takes the machine John Reyer pushes in front of him.

Rocol’s behaviour changes as she seats herself next to him to face the person she believes should be the writer.

Le Mac lifts the needle off the record; it makes Metofeaz freeze as he’s about to type his first word. Metofeaz stretches his neck as Le Mac leaves the stage and goes behind the bar. “Tequila, champagne, or boxed wine?” Afamasaga watches Metofeaz stretch his neck in the opposite direction. Le Mac calls out again, “Cheap wine or the good shit?” Metofeaz pushes the machine he was about to begin playing on from in front of him and gets up from the booth and heads for where Le Mac is checking glasses in the light. He enters behind the bar. Le Mac has his back to Metofeaz as he checks for dirt in a champagne flute; he puts the glass close to the pin spot in the bar. In a voice audible only to Metofeaz, he asks, “Why the fuck did you come back?” Metofeaz looks at the ground with a weary look on his face. “Because I want to be a part of it.” Le Mac places the glass down as he picks up the next one. “Ain’t no love story anymore. Ain’t no room for fucking up. Next time you’ll be on the slab; no John Doe’s from the morgue. Your girlfriend will serve you up herself.” Metofeaz is tightlipped as he puts his head to Le Mac’s ear. “I brought you the POEMBOOK. I fucking brought us Lazoo, and for that fucking matter the STORYBOOK too.” Le Mac lines up the glasses as he uncorks a bottle. “You stole the POEMBOOK from Horroh.” “He took it from JPS.” Metofeaz shakes his head as he places his hands on his hips as Le Mac continues, “All the freaks go

to work, even Polina and Missy, and you do nothing. Doing away with Clariss the other two freaks fronted. Hell, even dropkick Alfario was there.”

Metofeaz is irritable to say the least as Afamasaga turns up at the bar. “Feeaz, time to go, mate.” Le Mac pats the guy now leaving the bar on the back as he stares down John Reyer who reaches over and finds a tray he begins to load with the glasses. “You place no value on your life, so you do the same to others.” Le Mac looks him in the eye, which he avoids as he replies, “Le Mac, go play music and when it’s time to do what I want you to do, do it. I fucking gave you the name Le Mac. I’ll fucking take it back.” Le Mac looks at him and shakes his head and then smiles. “Feeaz is dead. You want to be the one to do it?”

Afamasaga watches Le Mac square his shoulders before he leaves behind the bar. His lieutenant’s perspective becomes clear to him, but he is concerned with the body of work which he was entrusted to finish and distribute. JPS, and going by recent events, also Metofeaz Litigatti, will not be the one to pen the remaining saga. Jon Le Mac’s heart was in the right place, something he takes comfort in, and Lazoo had cemented and already validated himself in the story and will do what’s asked of him to ensure the story continues to evolve. Polina and Missy were already TRUFUNK and learning their roles as future tellers of the story. But the entry of Rocol as both an entity with node on the F3quenZor and financial investor with ties he did not wish to believe existed was a puzzle he must figure out. Metofeaz’s plight he believes he can rewrite. As he turns to face Rocol and Metofeaz, with tray in hand that he holds up in the air with a smile, he says, “Bubbly for the spirits, and the lovely couple, ah?” Rocol looks at him as if he has said something wrong.

Minutes later...

Lazoo coughs as Le Mac lets the record go, “Feeaz, for old times sake, ah?” Le Mac manages to smile as Lazoo looks up at the screen for Metofeaz’s mark. Metofeaz calls out, “If only you could read some of this shit, Maestro,” as he begins to tap.

“Jon Pierre Solomon a Pacifican he likes to explain leans against a wall as he swaps the cigarette in hand for a pencil...”

Metofeaz begins to lose himself in the text. Le Mac offers his point of view as Lazoo begins to cast doubt upon Metofeaz’s direction, and then he throws in plot twists and elements that contrast, straightening and bending the storyline at the same time. And in the end, LMLA-ink produces the type of story it wants.

“By the time she reaches him he has already turned.
“Bonjour,” he manages...”

Rocol takes small sips of her champagne as Afamasaga watches her. “Wake me when he’s done with the French whores,” she says. Afamasaga lifts his glass toward her.

“Aren’t they a classier version of what we have uptown? Or are they more real to you, Récene, or is it Mrs. Récene?”

Le Mac finds the feel in a Madonna *a capella*, a NERD named Pharrell provides beats, bringing the writer his rhythm...

Rocol excuses herself and collects her coat as Le Mac mixes in the standards, the ones that make LMLA-ink nostalgic and Metofeaz feel special. She notices his eyes begin to water as his smile becomes strained. He looks up at her and then he looks away from her blank stare. Afamasaga looks at some spot on the table; his jaw is firmly clenched as he too fights with the emotions they have once again managed technically to manufacture in the name of fiction. Rocol shakes her head, and then she walks as quickly as she can without running up the bar and away to leave them to their own devices.

Afamasaga leans forward as the writer’s hands begin to shake. “The Tourist is ready to settle down. Her work is done. You two will do well if you want. She’s there, Metofeaz. Rocol will accept things, in time. But if you can’t make up your mind, Rocol will do it for you. Rocol is no Arley; to Rocol a lie is the same as murder.”

Metofeaz begins to shake his head as John Reyer tries to talk some sense into his friend. “Your work is done. When we sell up or when we build the GUIOPERA, you’ll be paid. Rocol is in charge now. You can write under Feeaz Fontain, or any other name you choose. I’ll even spin it off one of the stories; you say which one.”

“The Poet Soldier is in awe of Rozelle, but he is not one to show this. He’s there as a guest of the older woman, who we must say realizes the inevitable...” Le Mac uses his best golf commentary voice to try and catch Metofeaz’s attention.

Afamasaga reaches for the machine, but the writer brushes his weak attempt aside as Le Mac lets go of another record that brings back memories for everyone...

As Metofeaz is about to start, Afamasaga has something to say. The writer looks at him. “Fucking say it.” John Reyer thinks it through before he eventually gets it out. “I think sleaze is good when the environment or location dictates, or when it’s because of character trait. But when it’s because you think it’s sexy, it’s vulgar, attracting unwanted attention. Our market is changing, brother; porn is freely available. We have to offer stimulation that someone can think of without having to kill it afterwards. Something a person can share with anyone and not be ashamed.” Metofeaz pushes the machine in front of the guy second-guessing his ability. “Fucking hell, man!” Metofeaz gasps. John Reyer’s mood changes as he pushes the portable computer back in front of the guy who now looks around for support. “He fucking thinks I write porn!” Feeaz shouts, making Le Mac turn down the volume. LAZOO hops down from the stage and is already taking his jacket off; when he reaches the table, AFAMASAGA lets him know, “Metofeaz has one last fucking chance, but as usual, he relies on having a fit to distract attention from a point I made as a constructive criticism.” Metofeaz begins to feel small before he senses LAZOO’s intense focus on him. He begins to smile as Le Mac appears. “Feeaz, you ain’t

no freak; you ain't human; you're fucking nothing. Me and the freaks keep trying to help your sorry ass, but in the end, it's a lost cause." The PACIFICAN holds his hand up, then says, "By the time Le Mac gets back behind the turntables and LAZOO is up onstage, I expect you to be ready and willing. Or else one of the freaks will rip your fucking head off and eat your brain for dinner, right here, right now."

Le Mac shakes his head, disappointed. Lazoo stretches his neck, left then right as he tries his best to speak candidly into his mic.

Musicians, actors, magicians from Paris and as far as word had reached converge on the spot blessed by nature's caressing elements; the sun and breeze which carries the scent of ripe grape, and Lavenda and other wild notations to the senses they delight and also arouse...

As Metofeaz begins to tap once again, Afamasaga confirms for himself the pros for letting the guy go—the one who for so many years he believed would be the one who could and would front his Global Attack. He looks up at Lazoo—the trustworthy John Lazoo. And then he glances at Le Mac—the reliable Jon Le Mac—and then he thinks of his process, which he now has to rely upon to get what he wants...

An hour or so later, Metofeaz pushes the machine back as he gets up to leave without saying a word.

Afamasaga takes a look up at the stage where the two remaining members of his crew stand watching the dejected one leave them.

Le Mac cues a track as Metofeaz opens the door and steps out into the night. Da Hood watches Feeaz, the kid with the spray can he had met on the streets all those years ago, go back to where he had come from.

Horroh's chest muscles begin to tighten as he admits to himself the shell METOFEAZ had inhabited had completely taken over the once luminous entity.

By now John Reyer Afamasaga was accustomed to failure. The real and legitimate world and its rules had dealt him loss after loss. Five years ago, the New American Dream at one point felt like it would be a dream come true. Then he believed Lazoo's triumph in the Tongue Murders would roll onto success. But tying up the loose ends of the Dream and the Murder case were a nightmare in the end—with the deaths of Jon Pierre Solomon, Harry Clarenta, Alfred Stone, and Lazoo's lawyer all leaving a stink of which the entrepreneur was well aware.

On a personal level, John Page's passing was still a haunting reminder that he was not any more immune to human emotion and suffering than anyone else. Then there was Lavenda Stevensen.

John Reyer sits alone in the last booth. The machine in front of him lights up his face as the tune makes him want to run from the place where he is right now. He wants to be where he can hear the melody in the air and see the end of it all, and maybe she will be there waiting for him.

Lazoo says, “Lavenda’s there; she waits for Afanasy,” as he takes his mic from the stand. Le Mac turns up the volume as the bass and drummer lament the bed for the melody that triggers his hearts and switches the writer on...

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