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PART 1

P-Money and “Everything” featuring Vince Harder plays as The *Guy* enjoys a beer after a day at the office. He sees the Windows Live Messenger icon flash, and then the pop up says it’s NYC. He clicks on their web cam and sees they’re watching him, and he restarts P-Money on YouTube, and says, “CAM.”

The window he maximizes shows Lazoo and John Reyer in the last booth. Both raise their bottles. “Here’s to a Spectacular System made possible by an amazing Network of dedicated hearts and minds,” Lazoo says and then he takes a drink. “Here’s to the All Whites, NZ,” says John Reyer, managing a pretty convincing Kiwi accent.

“It’s been a pretty good time for you, hasn’t it?” John Reyer remarks to The *Guy*. Then he adds, “Who else could fit one of his heroes into a story that takes place over ten years before the fact, ah?” John Reyer laughs at how The *Guy* writes in one of his sporting heroes from two-thousand and ten into a story set in the late nineties. Lazoo laughs as he adds, “And make everyone believe you’re the originator.” John Reyer catches Lazoo’s uncontrollable laughter, but he has to pause before he carries on. “No, but seriously, dude, that’s some spectacular fucking shit.”

“I like the bit about Metofeaz wanting everyone named James—that’s mean, man. On Facebook, I hear they poke people virtually. In The *Guy*’s book you poke ’em in the eye...” Lazoo cracks up laughing so loud The *Guy* has to turn down the volume.

“Serious note now!” John Reyer holds up his beer. “Serious, like ‘Visiting Death Row.’” He coughs as he breaks into further laughter.

Lazoo puts his arm out across John Reyer and says, “Serious note.” Then he pauses to regain his breath. “Serious like “Guinness Book of Records for longest time eating with plastic cutlery.” Lazoo’s laughter becomes a whimper as he loses his breath. “Wait!” John Reyer manages to shout. “Wait!” He looks at Lazoo and straightens himself. “Question is,” he begins as he lowers his voice, “What was the record for using the same plastic fork and knife without washing them?”

The *Guy* ignores what he knows to be just ribbing about his work on rewriting LAZOO, the novel about the illiterate, which gave LMLA-ink their platform to deliver their message.

“Anyways, how’s the new job? You look like you’re enjoying it. Good environment to expend energy in?” John Reyer still smiles, but he hits the mark on the head. “The

Network has everything covered; your interests are our interests. Everyone trusts you'll keep everything in perspective, and when you're ready to take your mantle, that won't be a problem. None whatsoever." Somehow *The Guy* believes the person lampooning him in another country as he nods his head and then places his chin on his left shoulder.

Now Lazoo leans forward, "Metofeaz has resurfaced," he points to the ThinkPad, which John Reyer reaches for as another screen pops up.

On screen, Metofeaz Litigatti writes, and when John Reyer taps a few keys, a wider shot is seen, where Metofeaz in a cook's uniform writes on a docket he slides back to a waitress who reads it, and then she folds the note, and sticks it in her bra.

"Yep, some things never change..." Lazoo looks at John Reyer who chooses not to comment...

PART 2

Metofeaz closes the door of the cooler. He takes his black cook's hat off and takes a look at himself in the stainless steel. The grey hairs are the only real visible signs of all the shit he's been through. He smiles and the lines that intersect what use to be dimples are gone. He stops the smile by rubbing the growth that covers his jaw.

He hears her heels on the floor, and then, "You sure you don't feel like coming?" Her accent is plain, unlike what he would like to do to her right this minute.

He sees her reflection on his left shoulder, and he takes a minute to sum up how he will only pop the question once, for what he feels like doing.

"I feel like coming, but not in a crowded place." He smiles to cover his Freudian slip, which apparently works, as indicated by the way she places a hand on his shoulder.

The new waitress who started that morning is wearing her new dress, which they had gone shopping for during their three-hour break in between lunch and dinner....

PART 3

In one window, *The Guy* watches Rocol sit in the last booth with her arms folded. The ThinkPad is on and the blue light from the screen dances all over her face with a blank expression.

The Guy clicks on the window behind the one featuring Rocol. Meanwhile, Metofeaz holds the waitress' hand and kisses it one more time as she tries to put her other arm around his neck to embrace him. "I'll pick you up for breakfast, promise!" says Litigatti, forcing a smile to assist him.

The *Guy* moves the window so both windows are side by side. In one, an unimpressed Rocol Récene, the real boss of LMLA-ink, has obviously found out that Metofeaz, whom she believed to be dead and buried is alive and kicking. In the other, the scribe still recklessly lives a meaningless life...

At 5:55 a.m., John Reyer goes to unlock the door, but it's already unlocked. He steps inside the offices and sees the reflection from the machine in the mirror down at the last booth.

He recognizes Rocol's shiny black hair, and then he notices her folded arms stance, which means something doesn't quite add up. John Reyer braces himself for the rough session ahead of him.

The *Guy* takes a sip of his beer as he concentrates on watching and listening to how John Reyer will handle the scene he has just walked into...

The next day after work, The *Guy* brings up the window to the offices. His arrival is noted as his window is an icon. He selects from his favorites Beck's "Missing."

He sees Rocol's head is bowed. John Reyer writes on the ThinkPad as Lazoo operates the coffee machine behind the bar. Missy places an arm around Rocol, who begins to sway, as John Reyer calls out, "More Serum Serif!"

"Language Fail, majorlee," Rocol mumbles as she puts out a hand for another drink. "You're so easy to read," John Reyer comments, as he checks to see whether she's okay and Missy makes a face at him to stop it.

"Coffee is coming." When Lazoo reaches for the bar for support, as he almost loses his balance, it reveals the truth about what this lot have been up to while The *Guy* has been fulfilling his daily commitment to the straight and narrow.

"Le Mac's coming to town!" Lazoo shouts and then he calls out, "Turn it up, Cobber! The Barbie has wheels, and Ken Doll is Tool!" And then at the top of his lungs he screams "CHAHOOOO!" He grabs one of the coffees he has spent a decent amount of time creating and throws it back like a shot of Tequila. His reaction is instant! "FICK!" he gasps as he holds his mouth.

The *Guy* looks at his beer before he takes another swig of it. Then he restarts Beck, making Rocol sway. She tosses her head back and the dark hair falls from her face; she places her head on John Reyer's shoulder. He continues to write until she wraps her arms around his arm. "Where were you?" she asks, closing her eyes. "Early eighties, when I fell in love?" She bites her lip, and then she stands to her feet. "I want to dance, and since I am the boss, you have to dance with me..."

Beck says, "I prayed heaven today / Would bring its hammer down on me / And pound you out of my head..."

John Reyer looks at the hand held out to him. Then he looks at The *Guy* on screen and then at Metofeaz's Facebook page as he lets his shoulders drop to relax. He closes the machine. Missy nods her head; then she has a smile for when Rocol looks around to see what John is looking at...

The *Guy* reads the email from John Reyer, "*End Chapter 9 of LAZOO 2010. That'll be it for LAZOO 2010 Book 1. Get ready for GO3.*"

The *Guy* is surprised because they had planned for Book 1 of the LAZOO Kindle edition to have twelve chapters. He takes his time to absorb the news that he will get to write another GUIOPERA.