

GUIOPERA III *The SystemSpectacular*

Value-Add-Interlude

SESSIONS of LMLA-ink

Session: XMAS20101
Approx Date: 12/12/2010
Location: Multiple
Project: GO3
Story: GO3
About: F3quenZor
ISBN: 978-0-9803486-4-4

PRELUDE

Zealand pulls up next to the Pirate who looks like he's failed rather than succeeded.

Kevin has made it through customs without a finger laid on him—not that he'd ever be silly enough to carry anything he could not declare; it's just that The Zurich Teller normally sets off alarm bells, not in his job, but at airports especially.

Being suspected of a hit on a Russian mobster, who turned out to be KGB, meant Page couldn't go near Red Square. Mr. Businessman and others had done their best to keep Litigatti's kid brother alive, but with the provision that if he ever set foot in that part of the world, he was fair game.

"Lina's getting check-ups with the doctors and nurses; Santina's with her," Zealand says, and then he puts an arm around the kid who made it happen.

"Poet Soldier!" Zealand tries to perk up the kid whom he first met on the streets of Brooklyn, New York after Zealand's family arrived from Germany when both he and the Pirate were around five years old.

"Not quite," Page says in response to the compliment about the storyline the crew followed, which expended nearly ten million dollars of loot that Page now thinks of.

"Shit in, shit out," Page reminds Zoop, a Robin Hood type crim, of what *The Guy* used to remind them of—how important it is that all resources on a project can be itemized. "Pretend we're being audited by Deloitte," he would say.

"Break a heart and the penalty is forever. Break the law, and you'll know about it like that!" Page, the condemned character, tells Zoop as he sees in the distance Ammer approaching.

PART 1

Jon Pierre wipes his boots on the mat as he waits for the orphanage's door to open. It's Christmas, and he's been thrown out of the U.S. One of the ways the Network ensures its operatives are kept under control is by using extreme measures to keep the outlaws they employ in check.

He is here to visit a boy whom the Network has asked him to meet, to see whether he is the next one to write the script for the soldiers to follow.

The door is opened by the Mistress. A boy around five years old stands next to her.

JPS looks at the gates closing as the mistress invites him inside and out of the snow.

Inside the Mistress' office, Jon Pierre sits down on a sofa opposite the quiet boy who waits for the man to ask him a question.

Jon Pierre looks through his diaries at the profiles ranging from Janine Elton, to Page, to Metofeaz, and then he turns over to a new leaf and writes "Afanasy" at the top of the page.

"Cat?" Jon Pierre asks Afanasy.

"Paws with claws that range from a kitten's to cleavers a Lioness has to protect her cubs," the boy responds and then he looks at the ground as Jon Pierre jots down the meaning of the child's interpretation.

"Understands the range of emotions already; knows force from finesse, even at a young age...."

"Dog?" Jon Pierre studies Afanasy's body language as he asks his next question.

"Man's best friend. But look at him; sometimes he's dumb; other times he's selfish. What does that say about his pal?"

Jon Pierre nods his head as he writes down his findings; meanwhile, the Mistress comes into the room and sits down next to Afanasy.

Afanasy looks at the ground, the best place to look when he's not being spoken to. Afanasy is getting used to the continuous testing by the grown-ups. This questioning is easier than most since the person testing him, whom he knows as The Poet Soldier, knows what he's doing, is kind, and hasn't asked for them to be alone in a room.

"Afanasy is a model pupil," the Mistress says proudly, as she puts an arm around the boy, who blushes. But then the Mistress pauses as she sees something in the direction of the door.

"However," she says, and then she calls out, "Silvia?"

Jon Pierre looks around and sees someone, in-between the door and the door frame, looking at them.

“Silvia, I want you to come in and meet Jon Pierre Solomon,” the Mistress calls out again, and then she lowers her voice.

“As I was about to say, since Silvia’s arrival, we’ve noticed a change in Afanasy’s behavior....”

PART 2

“Call me Zoop,” the kid with the blond hair says to Page, and then Kevin taps Page on the chin, making Page touch his chin, allowing Zoop to steal Page’s knife from his homemade pouch.

On the steps of the brownstone, Metofeaz, barely a teenager, is wrapped up in one of Janine’s winter coats that she left behind the last time Page’s real mother, which Page is not aware of came to visit them.

Next to Feeaz, as he is known for taking everyone’s money in the games they play, is Ali Lévon, also wrapped up in one of Janine’s coats.

“You’d look better in this one,” Ali says to Metofeaz, who wears a 1920s style winter coat with a furry animal for a collar.

“I prefer Jackie O’s look; Marilyn was too LA for me,” Metofeaz says in the most convincing queer’s voice, and then he sees one of the wives from across the way as she and her husband come down the steps of their house.

“You better watch it; Mr. knows about you and his Mrs.,” Ali says to Metofeaz.

Page, dressed up in what’s meant to be a Pirate costume, sees the man and his wife walk by; Page looks up at Metofeaz, who gives Page the look not to be so obvious.

“I can’t call you a Pirate.” Page hears Kevin’s funny accent. Page, still looking at the woman in her thirties and then his older brother, asks, “Why not?”

“Because you’re wearing your mother’s black petticoat and her hat and a mask.” Zoop says to his new friend, dressed in his make believe mom’s wardrobe.

Page looks down at his outfit. Janine’s black slip, which he has over his jeans and jean jacket, comes down to his knees; he has one of her thick belts around his waist, onto which Ali sewed his knife pouch. He steps toward a parked car and looks at his reflection in the car window, he sees the fascinator on his head and the Zorro mask he got at Zoop’s

birthday party a couple of weeks ago.

Page feels the slight chill in the air, and then the first snowflake lands on his nose. Litigatti looks up at the sky as he sees that the married couple has made it down to the street's end.

Metofeaz feels the chill as he sees the woman look back at him as they turn the corner.

PART 3

The *Guy* hears footsteps in the orphanage's hallway—they're Lavenda's. It makes him look at the brick in the glass box from one of their projects; his gift to the orphanage is Lina's favorite thing in the world, the mistress has told him.

“Driving home for Christmas,” John Reyer's favorite carol, plays as Ms. Stevonsen appears.

The leggy Scandinavian is her usual cool self, still mad at him after their last job, in which he played up with extras, which he can explain.

“It's chronic, John!” The *Guy* hears her talk about his womanizing. “Or is it sex addiction?” Lavenda lets him have it. “Because if it is we can deal with that...”

The *Guy* knows that if luck would give them the break, he would not so much as think of another woman, but for now, The *Guy* can only make eyes at the woman to let her know a child is about to enter the scene as they hear five-year old Polina coming down the hallway.

Polina smiles as she hears John Reyer's favorite Christmas carol; she can smell Lavenda's perfume, and now Lavenda's voice, “Because we can,” makes Lina smile at the prospect that her new mum and dad have decided to sign on the dotted line.

The thought makes Polina Rada begin to skip as she heads down the corridor to the Mistress' office....