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About: Janine & The Poet Soldier  
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## PART 1

Google returned the Sinatra track “That’s Life” when The *Guy* searched on Frank Sinatra. He replays the events of the week just gone and thinks about the coming week, including his remembering his sister’s birthday is in a couple of days. He tells himself he must text her on Monday, as the song plays:

That’s life  
That’s what people say  
You’re riding’ high in April  
Shot down in May  
But I know I’m gonna change that tune  
When I’m back on top in June...

At his machine, a message from John Reyer pops up on screen: “Metofeaz wants in on Pt 2 of SB rewrite, thanks...” The *Guy* thinks about where he is at in the rewrite, which has been ordered by John Reyer, of one of the stories from the STORYBOOK. He decides he’ll go to the gym and think about where and how he’ll slip Litigatti in, which is most likely a test to find out where the whimsical one is at knowing John Reyer.

The *Guy* likes the idea that the story could easily be adapted to cloak operations during the Cold War as John Reyer pops up again, “Part 3—Litigatti’s...he’ll do it the minute he walks through the door...no choice!” The *Guy* is satisfied that the person running around as him is who he would’ve chosen anyway if he had been given a say in the matter....

## PART 2

Litigatti stands on the corner; he doesn’t dare look up at the lights in case he gets an urge; he has repressed the previous urges and pushed them back to somewhere he hopes they will stay as he prepares to make a return to the crew he had helped to bring together for a purpose rather than for the insurmountable dream and its sometimes nightmarish side effects he has given up on.

The purpose, a vehicle that is faster than any other, carries a message which is exact in its delivery, without the fuzziness and murkiness that turn other ideas into rubbish because the distribution mechanism often clouds the essence.

The *Guy* seems to be a decent enough character with good focus, and he has already proven himself to be dependable. John Reyer, and the control he took, is still a problem for Litigatti. But the pluses far outweigh the minuses, and as he has told himself time and

time again, without John Reyer's firm grip on the reins and Le Mac's structured and careful approach to everything, this crew would be like every other band of merry men.

Lazoo's commitment and immovable character speaks for itself, and his work during and after the Tongue Murders, which Litigatti has maximized for his own benefit, is enough to cement the ideas guy's place in Metofeaz's mind.

He feels good about how he sees everyone as he looks up at the lights that turn red. He looks back at the other side of the intersection when he reaches the other side, and then he looks ahead where he can see the offices. He looks across the street, where the web cam is mounted, and then he looks sideways at his reflection in the shop window; he is glad he decided against dying his hair black...

As he nears the window, he hears a familiar tune, "The Girl from Ipanema." The song reminds him of the Poet Soldier's Chapter Four of the STORYBOOK, in which the writer goes to Rio to interview a famous Bank Robber of the time, and ends up falling in love with The Girl from Ipanema.

When he sees the door is open, he pipes down his body language to enter into the place where he feels he will have to prove himself, after having designed the *Fundamentals* and *Foundations of etfiction* with John Reyer Afamasaga.

The welcoming party is thin. He cannot see Lazoo, or Rocol, or for that matter any of the crew, just staff and John Reyer down the end booth behind the ThinkPad.

On screen, the quiet one, The *Guy*, works on the latest STORYBOOK Chapter by the looks of things, hence the samba song he heard.

"Debrief," comes to mind. Metofeaz Litigatti always dreaded the term. The staff make him feel welcome by the way they ignore him, as opposed to the way they gathered around the screen to eavesdrop on him a day or so ago.

The ThinkPad is already sliding toward him, and the handshake will follow, a sign that John Reyer is genuine about what he's up to, as the staff now begins to exit the scene.

"Just JPS's trip to South America, and a quick update on pivotal matters from your POV, while you were gone," John Reyer is laidback about his request.

"Hey, Feeaz, good to have you back..." The *Guy's* message on Facebook is short and sweet as Litigatti sees the last of the staff exit the front door.

"Coffee?" John Reyer gets up as Litigatti quickly responds to The *Guy*. "Great to be back; now I just have to try and step up to the new level...thanks for the welcome...BTW, where do you want me to begin?"

John Reyer sees that Litigatti is in a good frame of mind as he reads The *Guy's* response to where he believes Metofeaz will take over from him.

“Janine is back in NYC, where she and JPS meet up again coincidentally...” Litigatti reads the brief, and then another one comes as he was about to ask the question, “‘50s ‘60s, ‘70s up to you, about a year or less before Janine Elton is born...”

“No politics; just key figures in the minds of consumers, and anchor the story on Lazoo and Polina, bearing in mind we’ve agreed to tell the whole story in full in 2020,” John Reyer places a cup in front of him, and then he adds, “Actually, tell John to have a few weeks off, and you’ll take over from where he’s up to in Part Two.”

“Done...” The *Guy's* response appears on screen....

### PART 3

The *Guy's* break consists of watching and learning from the one who penned *Lazoo*, *WIPE*, and *Illicit Blade of Grass*, and who is by no means difficult to work with.

The list of products, brands, and names that will feature in this year’s GUIOPERA is long, which is one of the reasons why they brought Feeaz back, after The *Guy* implemented linking to Youtube, Wiki, and Variety in last year’s GUIOPERA.

Metofeaz’s role on top of his writing duties is to design “Organic Brand, Product, News Information & Entertainment Clustering,” a new concept—OBPNIE Clustering—pronounced Open-E-Clustering. The Lazoo idea, after Le Mac approved it because it will sit nicely over the top of existing marketing models, was then presented by John Reyer to Rocol and the board as a mechanism to control and manage, and therefore, elaborate on The *Guy's* idea from the previous year, packaging it into methodology that can be visualized, realized, and capitalized upon.

Now begins the hard work of designing functional framework, with form-fitting appeal, which Metofeaz finds easy.

*Organic Brand, Product, News Information & Entertainment Clustering* is a framework that groups the mentioned components in complementary clusters so they may be presented in the GUIOPERA in a fashion that is consciously appealing, and unconsciously thoughtful.

The bottom or outer layer of the fabric is the *Story*. The next layer is *Emotion*, in which a Brand is awarded a paragraph to associate itself with the Character or a Moment. The third and final layer defines the channel and the physical items such as Products used in a scene, links to News and Information, and Music Videos, Movie Trailers, and selected TV commercials.

“You’ve used the topology concept of clustering to describe the idea, yet you’ve delivered it as a pipe/channel in the way you break it down.” John Reyer looks at Litigatti, who just shrugs his shoulders. “So you want it as a press release also?”

“I’ll do the PR!” The *Guy* pops up. “Great idea,” Metofeaz says, and John Reyer nods his head.

“STORYBOOK Chapter Four, ah?” Litigatti asks, and then he closes the lid of the machine. “Let’s go out and get some real coffee first, ah?”

The *Guy* pops up again as the other two lead writers head out for some fresh air. “Clustering is the result of requirements: Some kind of logic behind the linking, and parameters creating criteria for the self-fulfilling process which is the use of the GUIOPERA as distribution channel for products, and also for aligning synergetic entities who define the times we live in...blah, blah, bloody blah! Later...”

Litigatti nods as his grin shows what he thinks about The *Guy*. John Reyer looks at the ground. “Let’s get out of here.” His response is evident from how he goes silent, when there is nothing left to say, about something....

Later that afternoon....

*And when the music gives him an excuse to hold her close, he does so with a commitment to the sensual dance that makes her accept as true his words as he whispers, “This is our song; never forget it.” He has to smile as the Robber sits back with a concerned look he covers by raising a glass of MOET to toast him and the woman whom JPS twirls before he can detach from her....*

The words up on the screen are enough proof for John Reyer that Litigatti’s reentry into the GAME was warranted.

Michael Bubl ’s “Save The Last Dance For Me,” the theme to the two paragraphs Litigatti has just delivered—plays.

Genesis Jones is silent, as are Arley and Rocol, who glance over at the booth where they are seated, as the name suggests, LAZOO, METOFEAZ, LE MAC & AFAMASAGA.

In the last booth, on the ThinkPad screen, is The *Guy* as the crew chat about the remaining bits to the fourth chapter of the STORYBOOK, something which surprises Metofeaz. “Told you; we couldn’t do it without.” Le Mac has a peaceful look about him. “MOET and Cartier, with Bubl , nice,” Lazoo says as Genesis comes over to sit down at the end of the booth, causing everyone to move along...

Metofeaz waits for the verdict from The *Guy*, who wakes up a little later than usual today. John Reyer is confident that his two lead writers can work together based on mutual respect, and also from understanding what they have to do, in order to keep

themselves abreast, in touch, or even in front of each other, continuously lifting the bar, and staying ahead of the fast-changing trends they would like to set.

On screen and in front of his cloned machine, “The Old Girl,” behind his AOC monitor, The *Guy* is hard to gauge. But both Metofeaz and John Reyer know that even though he idolizes the “Whimsical One,” if he can better what has been written, or feels that he can lift it, he will either offer to “re-write it” or ask for a “shot” at writing the end of the part that all of the crew are excited about.

The *Guy* selects the theme for the part from his YouTube favorites; it begins to belt out a Latin feel on his Logitech speakers, starting his day on a high note, and then he pops up on Messenger, “Mr Bubble, and LMLA-ink, feat. Litigatti!”

As Bubl  begins to croon for all the hearts around the world that he melts, Metofeaz smiles, and John Reyer feels the relief, as The *Guy* says, “Come on!”, which he does, Metofeaz is already reaching for the ThinkPad....

| “To the end, dude...” The *Guy* signs off so he can get to work. Metofeaz is already tapping his rhythm on the keys...

“So Darling Save The Last Dance For Me...”