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PART 1

“Where’s Metofeaz?” Rocol asks. Lazoo and Le Mac pass the rugby ball. “Hold it along the seam at either end and then rotate it as you pass it, with the point aimed at the target,” says Lazoo as he teaches Le Mac how to pass rugby style.

“He didn’t feel he could add any value to the meeting,” says John Reyer, shielding his eyes from the sun.

John Reyer has agreed to meet the interested party in the park and not in a boardroom so he can gain some knowledge of whom they may end up working with in the long run.

When Rocol tells him the sum on offer, John Reyer shrugs his shoulders. “That’s nice, but do they know that one person makes all the decisions? We’ll listen to what they want, but if it doesn’t gel in the end-to-end saga, it doesn’t work!” Rocol muses over the response she expected from the person who has already turned down offers in the hundreds of millions to buy his Intellectual Property; he had refused to put it up as part of the company back when Rocol bought in for a few million dollars, back when he had not a cent to his name, which is still fairly much the status quo with the leader of LMLA-ink.

“Virtual Agency,” a throwaway idea by the crew, which Rocol had mentioned to someone at a cocktail party, is what the woman who heads toward them is here to try and acquire on behalf of a consortium, of whose participation John Reyer is not sure Rocol is aware.

John Reyer listens to the woman with a background in law and biotechnology fronting for a group predominantly made up of media conglomerates. “If you want a second meeting, we would like to see a spread in industries involved, and a board that reflects the range of interests for the global community, including Third World countries. The Chairman has to be someone whom we like....”

“Governments and their agencies are default members when enough businesses in that country sign on,” John Reyer laughs as he calls out to the woman walking away with Rocol. Rocol looks over her shoulder at him tight-lipped. The look on her face meaning he should shut up. “One flag for every five Fortune 100 companies. The U.S. gets a star for every five,” he adds for good measure.

“Well done, mate. Now people know not only that we are illiterate, but also that we can’t count,” says Lazoo, doing his best Russell Crowe impersonation.

PART 2

“LV on O-four-O, seven-two-O, one-O,” Le Mac says. The rig set up in the park brings a crowd made up of their extended family, tourists, the audience, and families passing by who stop and drop into the LMLA-ink ATMOS. Behind the grill, Metofeaz lassoes the sky with his tongs; he’s so happy he’s back in the fold.

John Reyer and Polina Rada discuss the session, in which the about-to-be-famous author rubs shoulders with her fans from the “New American Dream,” which happened accidentally when a young fan spotted Ms. Rada playing touch rugby with Lazoo, Litigatti, John Reyer, and the Hotel Mogul Jon “Da Hood” Le Mac.

Rocol and Genisis prepare the food Lazoo serves up to anyone who is lined up in the queue that reaches up to twenty meters long, made up of people who love the crew from World-Wide-Web on a late summer’s day, West Coast Style in the Big Apple on the East Coast of America. “Throw your hands up—So come one, ’n come all, ’cos I’m a genius, keep’n it real...”

Arley Evon arrives with Missy. They get behind the table to help serve the fans.

“The *SystemSpectacular*—this year’s GUIOPERA will be make or break for us. I’m sorry to lump you with the sum of how far we’ve come, but it is...” John Reyer’s words register for POLINA RADA the entity, now in her twenty-first year in this shell, as the third pillar of the F3quenZor of their Semi-System in the MindMorph Dimension.

John Reyer’s real talent is being able to make someone see the significance of his or her part, no matter how insignificant it may appear to be in the bigger picture. Not that Ms. Rada’s role as the lead in a book—a book yet to be written, which LMLA-ink will scribe over three months with no going back on what is said on its pages, and one they’re already claiming will be a bestseller—is by any means a small feat.

“Just ask Lazoo—the “New American Dream” was fixed, but still the work to front it was harder than trying to create a flood in the Sahara, or one in Antarctica for that matter...”

John Reyer’s other talent, which he also does with minimal fuss, is making people believe in something he envisions. And giving people the belief that they can *realize* what he *visualizes*.

John Reyer looks at the young woman, who could easily be anything she wishes to be: a lawyer to go with her Harvard Law degree, or a model with her standout looks, but yet she works at Charley Stevonsen HQ in the legal department as a clerk.

“I’m doing this as a favor remember,” her kind voice, still with a hint of her native accent, is as genuine as the smile that comes across her face, which is how she lets John Reyer know she’s going to try to enjoy the experience, which will bring her face to face with Alexvale Rokov, the English Superstar who was once her pen pal.

PART 3

Missy, Polina's twin sister—who completed her internship as a graduate in Charley Stevonsen's marketing department on Friday, and is considering an offer from John Reyer to join him and Lazoo, the *Guy*, and now Metofeaz as a writer, following her work on last year's GUIOPERA—considers the offer seriously as Metofeaz tips a tray of ribs onto the foil dish she holds out for the man who made her want to become a copywriter.

“It's the sauce, Missy.” Litigatti pauses as he tips the dish to let the barbeque sauce run all over the food, and then he shakes the pan. “The negative space, what you're suggesting and not the obvious, that people really want when they choose to watch an ad. And not the product.”

Missy lays her head against her mother's shoulder, on her other side. Litigatti looks around Missy to catch Arley's attention, “‘Tactful’” brings accolades, and friends; ‘Assertive’ brings sales. A mix of both is what the GUIOPERA is, Missy.” Litigatti makes sure Missy's mother can hear him since the mother is dead-set against the idea of her daughter working for the crew she has been a member of for most of her life. “Don't you mean ‘Lie-ful’ and ‘Aggressive,’” Arley puts the back of her hand to her forehead.

Litigatti notices John Reyer, who motions with his head that he wants to speak to him. As he hands Missy the tongs, Lazoo and Le Mac also get the message.

“The *Guy* doesn't think the conditions are conducive down under. And bearing in mind, we have people in the field who need the debriefing; I'm saying we do it here.” John Reyer tells them what he feels is best as Rocol and the woman from earlier in the day show up.

Polina Rada hears John Reyer's suggestion, and she makes her way toward Rocol, who is heading toward John Reyer and the guys.

Lazoo sees Polina take Rocol by the arm and turn her in the direction of the food. “Stability and sound judgment is what everyone needs now.” Lazoo smiles at the woman looking over her shoulder at the group as she and Rocol are being led away by Polina whose chatter Lazoo can hear.

Lazoo continues, “Imagine we're big enough that our every action can lift people's hopes, and therefore, install optimism, and create upward momentum. Now is the time to lift ourselves and the world...” Lazoo places a hand on John Reyer's shoulder, and then Metofeaz's.

Le Mac looks at the person whose motives he has never doubted as Lazoo looks back at him. “Le Mac,” Lazoo pauses. Le Mac places a hand on Lazoo's shoulder. “We need you here for this one—all four of us—for Polina, and for my brother.”

Lazoo doesn't have to say another word. He has let them know his motivation for this year's GUIOPERA in which LMLA-ink will debrief its fans about Ms. Polina Rada's complete story, and about how Lazoo's twin, John Page AKA PAGE1, was instrumental in its creation.

Le Mac looks around the park at the people around them; among them he sees three boys: one African American, one Chinese, and the other, Santana San Fé's little boy. They feed a squirrel who plays up to the young lads. "I'll stay on one condition," says Le Mac. John Reyer waits for his demand, as Litigatti, who first had the idea of the GUIOPERA back in 2001, although the crew did not introduce it until 2008—while he was away—smiles at the thought that he will get to write his first GUIOPERA with his four pals.

"The squirrels get in." Le Mac's hint of a smile turns into laughter and then hysterics from the rest of them as Metofeaz takes his chef's hat off and places it on Le Mac's head.