

God vs. Marco H2O

The Character of Marco H2O: A Single Trilogy

A Bedtime Story for The Rebel's Child

By, Hopeton

Dedication:

So many times The Game threatened to break me and so many times it almost did

Yet, some thing kept on saving me

Until now, from THAT SOMETHING I hid...

You must overstand 'twas the situation of This Disenfranchised Man

That led to his voracious appetite for INFORMATION

The Farmer of The Greens will reap what he sows

The New Man from St. Ann chose to never again understand, choosing instead to

Overstand The Entire Plan...

This is dedicated to The Rebel and the alter ego(s) that rule(s) us all

There are the sad many that will be confused by our tale

If questions follow during or after reading this adventure

The Author will not turn layman for you

Hopeton's autobiography is a simple read, but for those as SICK as HE

If you have difficulty reading this tale he wants you to know

"I love you, but I pity you"

This single-trilogy seen through the rebel's lens was birthed for the alert, alone

These days I do nothing for the ignorant, but wish them an expeditious trip HOME...

This is the author's final attempt to kill The Dunce Populous

And further alert The Suspicious Few

Again, Elizabeth's 1st will not explain himself

If you don't get The Play you don't get to play

A Preface Acknowledgement:

Hopeton here...

Mr. Dickens your preface to 'A Christmas Carol' (**Scrooge**)

I must use

I'm not asking; I'm telling you

I have written My Own Preface, several actually

But all left 'my audience' confused

A few added liberties have been made in adjusting your words

Don't worry; I'll do a cool remix of your nouns and verbs

Lucky for your ego I was always very clever w/my 'add libs'

Do **The I** a favor, will you?

While on **The Other Side** if you see **Marcus Garvey** or **Peter Tosh**

Inform the two there is **1** among the masses who overstands what they were trying to
accomplish...

Mr. Dickens you will really love 'my modern day play'

How could you not?

You wrote its preface in **1843**

A Dickens of a Preface (The Remix):

I have come from Endeavor District, Gibraltar P.O. with this Ghostly little book

To raise the Ghost of an Idea which shall not put my readers out of humor with

Themselves

With Each Other, with The Game or with The Seasons

Think whatever of the author; He could give A Flying Fuck, really

The Imagination Re-Activator makes up his own rules

Check out what happens after the semi-colons in his stories

Fuckin' Blaspheme; CAPITAL LETTERS WHEN HE FEELS

Who the fuck does he think he is?

AND THE WAY HE SPEAKS TO GOD

What the fuck does HE think he's doing?

May this book haunt their coffee tables and no one wish to lay it

Their faithful thorn and fellow bastard...

Hopeton, '2008'

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God vs. Marco H2O

(On a large northern stage screened

*Of **The Most Beautiful Green** the absent audience hears 53 seconds of*

Morrison's Petition

*The Green Curtains separate and this sound bite begins **HIS INQUISITION...***

*The Main Character's ability to see into the past and future is **HIGHLIGHTED** this day*

H2O w/giant headphones and his Green tinted aviators fly center stage into

The Green Spotlight as Morrison fades

*The audience hears a sound bite of **H2O's Headphones** as he briefly takes them off and
looks around at these, absent ones*

The instrumental 'In The Morning of The Magicians' now swells

And is taken away by H2O when he puts his phones back on...

Now The instrumental 'In The Morning of The Magicians' begin a smooth swell for all

*Marco and The Lady's early morning argument is not heard over the music, but
displayed*

The absent audience observes the first scene from God vs. Marco H2O

His Third and Final Play...)

On the stage H2O observes and on the staged screen we cut to a previous scene, from _

The Intermingled Timeline Feed

Old Man:

...Every attempt at the lonely road has failed

It's awfully cocky of you to think you'll win

No one has ever defeated God Marco H2O...

(Gentle fade to A Green Screen

The Instrumental 'In The Morning of The Magicians' transitions loud up until

The fade-in introduction of the next scene...)

Reducing H2O, I:

(Cut to the echoed silence of the staged screen:

'Agent Double 'O' Soul' plays low

The Lady argues and points @ Marco while he is on

The Information Box

*This scene finds Marco H2O grabbing **HIS FAVORITE BLAZER***

And leaving their Vancouver lair to be alone in his loneliness

Inside The Cold-Blooded he rides on a silent tour of Vancouver City

*He stops at **Blenz Coffee** on the corner of Granville Street and Davie*

Staring out the giant window and periodically sipping a large ice coffee

It becomes obvious to the absent audience how much the depression owns him

He exits the coffee shop after some time and walks to Granville and Nelson where

The Cold-Blooded is parked

Marco drives to a hotel, parking his car in the underground car park

He rides the elevator up to the lobby where he checks in...

The passing of time sees him without his blazer and Green collared button down shirt

halfway undone

A mound of cocaine with a razor inserted, a straw and credit card inserted, a bottle of

White Rum

A bag of weed and **a bag of mushrooms** rest on a low table in the center of the room

There are lines chopped and a joint half smoked

We see him examine several mushroom spores followed by consumption

We see him repeatedly walk to the washroom and examine his face

He kneels at the table of consumption with eyes closed

'Agent Double 'O' Soul' comes to a close and THE VOICEOVER speaks before

Marco/H2O does...)

Of Elizabeth's 3 children

I am The Cold-Blooded 1

I'm the 1 that challenged Re-Legions and still do...

Marco/H2O:

(A Low & Raspy whisper on bended knees w/his Head bowed and eyes closed as is

The Process)

This is my altar and pulpit combined

Witness my Revelations won't You, this one time?

If You force me against **Your System** I will destroy it

I know I'm no SHAMAN, but *I need to reach You...*

Maybe I should use the Old Man's lingo; I need to 'chit' with You...

Jah

Chit with me a while

Then You will see why

The No. 20 down Hastings

Is my favorite ride

(He opens his eyes, snorts a line and relights his joint

Smoke fills **The Screened Vancouver Suite** when his dialogue w/Gods begin)

The Lyrically Criminal Literary:

*(At his smoky altar and pulpit of nothingness he snorts another line and snuffles a bit
before HIS VERBAL MIME begins)*

I

**The Lyrically Criminal Literary searches the heavens, still
For answers different than those of religious (Soul/Sole) corporations
Zeus and His Army ‘they’ say live in the skies and command our lives
The masses are guessing at faith he long realized
The Kid M often rhymes, but he does not know why...
In tHis storied competition for souls The Main Character remains neutral
Buddhist Tendencies are thought too timid for his purpose and
The Christians led The Crusades...
H2O grows stagnant and unimpressed with himself, but mostly creation
The Big Bang Theory and The Six Day Supposing were never enough to
Convince HIM of The Origin
His depression envisions a planet’s brilliant end of days
Memories come in blotches these now permanent nights
One could blame the drugs, but we know the drugs have always been innocent**

Marco remembers a voice; “Seek to be a legend, but build your legend in secret”,

the voice said

The boardroom type, never

Yet knowing in their ways

The Earth grew Trees from His Blood as A Bwoy, but then I was brought to

The New Roman Empire

There I lost touch with who I was for too many years

There is no Fresh Sugar Cane in Cleveland or New Rome, just Cane...

Slight laughter, but still

I need you to remember that

II

I was made a worshipper of skyscrapers

You must overstand my great rebellion now...

‘They’ taught me their history and professed my African features not the norm

Everyday ‘they’ carved me out of myself

All, but one day...

One day I awoke with uncompromised vengeance and clarity in my soul...

The Old Men all told, remember the worst moment of their lives, but not I

One would be foolish in denying this event as the worst

There is no memory of this moment because there is no memory of my first moment

Even the mildly alert among the masses must overstand said statement...

Elizabeth and The Aristocrat gifted me *An Almost Photographic Memory*, but none
of My Redeath

It is because of this lost memory I have always felt

Something was off with this planet

III

Why erase the beginning of a history with language trickery?

This Main Character certainly knows THE COMPOSITE LANGUAGE was forged

By *crude, smooth and crooked* Ancient Slicksters called WORDSMITHS

Some of these 'SMITHS were called Lawyers

Some were called Clergymen

And during THIS FORGING 'they' worked hand in hand...

I was taught to *BEWARE THESE WELL READ MAGICIANS*, but

respect their talents

Their LINGO is quite amazing if one can decipher it

In boyhood and manhood I felt obligated to study everything, so to fix everything

I studied, even You...

The Common Entrance Training/Wiley Middle School

(Cut to a country school and our young hero in the front row of an open air classroom

The Boys in Khaki and The Girls in Blue)

The Common Entrance Approached for Kay and I...

The Island Teachers created Math and English Competitions for the students daily

We all thrived on the daily war of numbers and words; Jamaicans love to compete

I need you to remember that

Most hands went up when Ms. Spence asked a question

He loved beating the others, but they too were quick brained, so they too beat him

@ rare times

He hated losing, so he would give dirty looks to anyone Ms. Spence called on that

wasn't him...

(Cut to children racing on the track @ lunch time)

When he found out on a lunch time dare that he was faster than most

He decided to run TRACK

And loved beating the others

All except Doyle; Well I did beat him four times, twice in competition

But mostly placed second when I raced him; I can beat him now

That DUDE was too fast to be 9

(Cut to the corner of Fenwick and Cedar

Our hero exits The Public Library with more books than he is allowed to carry, some in

his back pack, some in his hands

“Mommy, look... The Librarian said it was cool to use all these books because

I live across the street”)

In the varying times of his new Roman Empire life he always felt compelled

To study the different books, the different bibles and different music

Marco came to America late, so there was much catching up to do with

his age group

He was especially mad about missing THE 80’s; His Uncle on The Hill told him

stories of THE SNOW DECADE

There was no catching up to be done mentally w/his age group

He was an advanced child, skipping entire grades

The Island prepared him and Kay well w/their Passing of The Common Entrance

before he came to America

And was again subjected to The Sixth Grade, even though he dominated

Their Entrance Tests

They all complimented him on it, but a system where a child skips,

“In Heights, oh no, we can’t do that”

I later found out they did skip kids, but those children were Melanin Challenged

so it was ok, fucks

...His boredom with Old Material and suspensions for fighting saw him in

The Sixth Grade again

Back then he was extremely confrontational; It took but a look to anger him

I'm afraid he's back again

To survive his youth he went inside himself and quelled the angry ghosts

Three times on the sixth grade stage however, made him despise Elizabeth and later,

Her Decision, HE did respect...)

Elizabeth:

(That Sarcastic Tone of Hers as

*She reads a paper from **The Mind Polluters** which in my opinion, then and now*

They EMBELLISHED

The so called Necessary Reprimand of The Cold-Blooded 1)

Summer School huh?

Ok Wizard,

How will you pay for it?

Young H2O:

What?

I'm in the sixth grade, **mommy**

Elizabeth:

(That Cold-blooded Smile of Hers w/a slight chuckle HE remembers)

Correction

You are in the sixth grade, Again...

Congratulations and have fun this time...

Look at it this way

Atleast you are now with your age group

Young H2O:

(That Cold-blooded look of His)

The work is still for **dumb dumbs**; I am not, doing it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You're gonna have a terrible life because you're a mean person

Elizabeth:

(That cold-blooded chuckle of Hers w/those sarcastic sighs of Hers)

Too late Marco; I have to go to work now, bye, bye

HIS thirst for information was not quelled by HIS Repeating

He practiced his Kung-Fu with the older children daily and realized that

they too were not well read

He found it difficult to talk to them because most of them thought about nothing

'cept Kung-Fu, so that's all he did with them

He later practiced his Kung-FU with The Old Men instead

They woke up early to practice, which he was use to

Now and back then he figured the older you were the more you knew

After Kung-Fu The Old Men would school him on random things, but all of which

HE needed to live

They never judged him, even when his product fell out one night

@ *THE RANDALLWOOD INDOOR DOJO*

While practicing Kung-Fu with them

As a message to whomever dropped *the rocks that stone our people*

TIM, TIM and TONE made us watch as they flushed My *Randall* Park Mall Money

down a white hole

They knew it was HIS, but they believed in second chances and stared him down,

but never accused him

We continued with our Kung-Fu matches that evening, but the eve was far from

o'er for The Young 1

Knowing the crack was his, without saying a word to each other or to him

They punished him for the remainder of the eve's Kung-Fu matches with

The Hardest Fouls

But he was raised tough, on a farm, so he never complained about fouls

Unless disrespectful and then HE takes you out

Ask anyone that ever practiced Kung-Fu w/him

He learned his lesson that night and sold only weed after that, well except

that one time after and that other time, but that was it

Now HE's done and only writes his story and the stories of others like him

His Kung-Fu Style

(Behind The Church he and The Old Man put up the chain link net

So to practice his Kung-Fu punches @ night afetr work

Behind The Church Punching *is where this scene finds HIM)*

HE still knows he can score through anything or anyone

That kind of attitude got him scholarship offers for Kung Fu, many of them

He decided to get better after touching THE ROCK for the first time in

The Wiley Gym

But later, Wrestled instead when He didn't make The Team

I remember he went home excited

Young Wiley Marco:

(Running in to tell Mommy the news of his first day @ Wiley)

Mommy;

They play a game called basketball w/a ball and a net, no **FOOTBALL** today

But there is a FOOTBALL TEAM

I'm joining and I'm joining The Wrestling Team

But I'm not good enough for the basketball team, yet

But I will be; I will try out any how

Cut to a character of his earlier self The Author calls Curious Boy
 The Others' Kung-Fu was better than his in the sixth grade II, so he used
Their Skills as a gage to better himself
 He watched the moves they made and incorporated their moves into his game
 Later, he came up with his own moves
 After practicing every afternoon @ Bud, Biss, Chris, and Ski's House HE soon
 became better than a lot of the others
 He was the 1 Omar Cleveland saw shoveling the snow @ Cain Park, so he could
 practice his Kung-Fu
 And on his way home he noticed unshoveled driveways on Antisdale,
 So he hit 'em all up and cleaned up
 Both sides of the street
 He was always a hustler, not by choice really, just something innate
 However he had not yet mastered the political games like the others had, so
 the level of his Kung-Fu, no one knew
 In Cleveland he found his Kung-Fu time was limited, but in New Rome City
KUNG-FU MASTERS LOVED HUSTLERS
 New Rome was different
 If you could do it they let you do it and encouraged you, strange

Old Head Kung-Fu Star:

(Laughing and talkin' shit to the losers as he approaches Teenage Marco)

Yuh **Tillary Park** Nigguhs always takin '**Ls**' when I come through

Don't even call me by name nigguh

Jus call me 'UNDEFEATED'

Tillary Park Old Head:

(Whatever)

Fuck yuh nigguh

Go back across da bridge nigguh

Don't nobody like yuh ass in **Brooklyn**

Yuh peoples live in **Da Village** nigguh; Yuh think nigguhs don't know

Wit yuh gay ass

Old Head Kung-Fu Star:

(Walking toward Youngsta)

Arright Youngsta; I see yuh got some shit out there

Where yuh from man?

Teenage Marco:

Jamaica, by way of Cleveland

Old Head Kung-Fu Star:

Oh shit, yuh Jamaican?

Remind me not to get on yuh bad side nigguh

Yuh mothafuckas don't let shit go

My homeboy Uptown, he Jamaican

Young Marco:

Yuh can dunk really good

Old Head Kung-Fu Star:

Yuh hear dat niggus, I can dunk really good!

Can yuh Brooklyn Niggus dunk really good?

Tillary Park Young Nigguh:

(Practicing his punches in jeans)

Ey man, yuh ain't gon' disrespectin' our shit

I don' give a fuck who yuh are nigguh

Dis my hood nigguh

Old Head Kung-Fu Star:

Arright hood star, ain't no need to be sensitive young nigguh

Tillary Park Young Nigguh:

Ain't nobody sensitive nigguh

Old Head Kung-Fu Star:

(Turning his back on Tillary Park Young Nigguh to address our hero)

Yo son

Yuh what 6'3, 6'4 and yuh can push da rock like dat?

Play wit us fuh da Summuh man

We was lookin fuh a tall guard

We got a game @ *FIT* in a hour, if yuh down

We play like 6 games a day sometimes, yuh down?

He knew how good he had become

So he had taken The Aristocrat's offer to move to New Rome City and found

HIS PEOPLE via The Many Dojos of New Rome City

Won many trophies and got flown to camps, but ask The Aristocrat about

him in those days

He knew he could always improve, so he through his many trophies away

Things were looking up for The Kid M, but some thing about him then

made him give less of a fuck each day

The puzzle of The Set-up was unraveling and at the same time confusing him

He began to wish he never found The Gem on Fifth Avenue
 He began to wish he never read those books or investigated anything,
 but I digressed, again...

@ The Kung-Fu Dojos in New Rome City no one really complained about fouls

They just practiced hard and shut the fuck up most times

There were arguments over fouls, but so few when we played

Old Man Sherman, Old Man Shawn, Old Man Habib and Uncle Leo schooled him

And Two Others at The West Fourth Dojo everyday after school

HE remembered all their lessons, but the main lesson remembered:

Uncle Sherman:

Yuh young mothafuckas wanna come out here and run!

Yuh ain't gon' be complainin' and stoppin' da run all da damn time!

Yuh mothafuckas gotta learn to stop complainin so fuckin' much!

*I knew that lesson before I knew them, but The West Fourth Dojo Masters
 reinforced it within*

Because of HIS Previous Kung-Fu training under Senses like Marshall and Ross

The New Rome Kung-Fu combined w/The Cleveland Style made

The Horse unique and marketable, a few said

Many Schools came and many schools wrote to his

New Rome and Cleveland Addresses

After The Camp and Tournament Pamphlets were filled in

But he detested all of them because they pitched him with

Kung-Fu alone and bitches

He was still too clever then for White Corporate Colleges

The Lady from Bald Knob had inspired him to be much more than a number

All the white schools were telling him he was a number, in so many words and

she didn't like the way they treated him

He decided on moving west for college...It was a white school, but it was sunny

so he said, "Fuck it"

It was My New Rome Summer League Senses that hunted

Kung-Fu scholarships for him

He had fucked off his senior year, for a 40 plus lady friend

She educated him in exchange for preservation

His past grades carried him through

Well there was Night School @ Washington Irving

Algebra and Physics, prerequisites New Rome City required for graduating

And I had previously skipped those classes for Pizza and Clitoris

Kung-Fu kept calling him, but so was Morocco

One particular Sense called him with a new school almost everyday
A call from this Summer League Sense w/something black cancelled

The West Trip...

SLS on the phone:

Can't please you, huh Marco?

Arright; I think I might have somethin for yuh

Now yuh might not like it, but we're runnin out a time and options

Unless you still wanna go out west?

Marco on the phone:

I'm thinkin about it

Or I might go to Africa for the year and start my freshman year next year

My Step-Mom The Super Hero says it's cool if we can figure out the money by end-
 summer

We gotta talk to my father, but I'm sure it's cool

SLS on the phone:

The leagues over there aren't really good Marco

Marco on the phone:

What?

Who the fuck said anything about fuckin' Kung-Fu in fuckin' Africa?

I'm not goin' over there to play w/a fuckin' ball...

Whatever man; I don't know if I wanna go to school man

What the fuck, the leagues aren't good?

SLS on the phone:

Yuh gotta do something about that attitude

Stay then

Come on, it's a full ride

Marco on the phone:

Yeah; what's the school?

SLS on the phone:

Talladega College, Alabama

Marco on the phone:

Alabama, really?

Civil Rights, Alabama?

I could get into that

That's a great state, but I never heard of Tallawaga College

SLS on the phone:

Talla dega; It's a black school

Marco on the phone:

Really, all black people?

White people allow that?

Let me check it out first, what's the name again?

SLS on the phone:

Talladega College

Hurry up Marco

Not that long before school starts...

After talking to The Lady from Bald Knob and researching Talladega College

He decided to attend The House that Tarrant and Savery Built

**The Lady from Bald Knob had gone to Grambling and spoke so highly of it being an
HBCU**

His cousin MJ, who lacks melanin was attending Morgan State University

He would make three for The HBCU in the family

I couldn't help but think I'd been guided to my own HBCU, TC

The Old Lady had said to him once,

"Your life is already planned, so pay attention and follow the clues provided"

HE is great at Clue Spotting

The Black Cleveland Family Spun thought he had thrown it all away to be

Righteous ...

“You could’ve played D1, well it’s still a full scholarship, right?”

The Not So Spun Sister said

Two semesters later they would hate his next decision even more...

“Why would you leave a full scholarship Marlon?”

I don’t give a damn if you’re a number, just be the number one”, SHE said

When HE abandoned The Black School and his scholarship and told P Hudson

Of A plan having to do with him alone, that he didn’t quite understand,

But he knew he had to go find out what it was, and he couldn’t do it from

New Rome or Cleveland or Alabama

P Hudson responded,

P Hudson:

Do what yuh gotta do man

Yuh motha worries about yuh all night sometimes, you know?

Just be careful out there and Call Home

She later said, *“Even if I’m dead don’t come to my funeral...”*

You’ll never amount to anything, but A Simpleton”

SHE said, *“Leave and never come back”*, so he left and...

Later, He Realized

HIS MOTHER BUILT HIM

III

(Cut to the young studious I in a library early mourning with books surrounding)

**He continued to read The CD-ROM Encyclopedias at Wiley Middle Library in the
mornings before school started**

**Dr.Simon and Cleveland Sherman said it was ok for me to use
the computer in the mornings before school started**

And I was allowed to read or rent any book as long as I brought it back

And He enjoyed walking to school with Beautiful Bianca

**Because of all the different sects in the states he thought it made sense to know their
different faiths**

**Subsequently leaving HIM jaded w/religion after realizing early
the promotion game religions were playing...**

**As a young man illegally @ night in Savery Library it made him laugh for days
when he discovered for himself that The Old Heads had not lied to him**

And that we were all in fact Sons of Abe

The ghosly students studying him, studied him strange when he cackled

**His repeating bothered him but never stopped him from researching
different information**

Or having discussions w/ The Old Heads, his favorite

Every new thing he was unsure of HE researched

HE read books about Telepathy, Mathematics, Magic and many other subjects

Most of which He will never share with you; Be glad for his secrecy

Some of it sounds too crazy and HE's Carzy
 Unless you make it into HIS Secret Inner Circle of Komrades
 this book is all you will know of him
 All the studying of the various subjects contributed to his schizophrenia

IV

HIS is the feeling of knowing through the heart
 It is not psychic phenomena, but rather a permanent tune with
 The Universal Satellite
 It is 'the curse of awareness'...
 There was a time I wanted company in my 'misery of knowing'
 That time has passed almost a half score plus six
 I have come to enjoy that the masses challenge nothing
 With said enjoyment I also came to know
the weak must exist for the strong to flourish
 I need You to remember that
 This lonely school often bores me
 So now and then I play with the toys provided

A Toy @ the Airport Blenz Coffee

*(Cut to our hero on stage at a coffee counter with planes in
view outside the screened window)*

Marco/H2O:

(Taking a sip of his coffee before the dialogue begins)

On a stool three from Random we see Marco/H2O protect his smart case at his feet

He speaks to the stranger w/ a false excitement)

Oh yeah, how old is she?

Random:

(Picture from his inside jacket pocket... He walks to show Marco H2O)

She's three months new... look at that smile, huh?

Marco/H2O:

(Shrugged head smiling)

Yeah, that is uh; That is some smile

Random:

You got any kids fella?

Marco/H2O:

(Slight laughter)

No... No, I don't

Random:

(A heavy smile still looking at the picture and then Marco/H2O)

Friend le' me tell ya

It is the single most fulfilling experience any one can have

Strategic words

No doubt pieced together by

The Great Madison Avenue Executive in the Sky

My friend Sarah Minneapolis warned me of THE CON

I didn't overstand her resistance to procreation

Until my composite of Random Persons met on The Grids...

'Babies are good for you, so get one'...

"That's Our New Spring Campaign

Put it on t-shirts and see if it flies

Run it by the folks at Young and Rubicam

Make sure you tell them you knew *SOMEONE* Human once

It's all about who you knew in this business"

Marco/H2O:

(Sarcastic smile sipping his coffee)

I guess I just haven't found the right woman, yet

Random:

Don't worry fella, you will; I got a good feeling about you

(Admiring his daughter's picture then raising his head from the photo

To address Marco/H2O)

By the way, what's your name stranger?

(Extension)

I'm Random, Random Persons

Marco/H2O:

(Sarcastic smile trailing off with a slight laughter)

Nice to meet you Random

(Extension)

I'm Marco Waters

Random Persons:

(Smiling curiously and moving two stools closer to Marco)

...Marco Waters, Marco Waters...

(Looking at Marco/H2O smiling, pointing at him and then sitting down)

Marco H2O

Marco/H2O:

(Semi-serious smile)

Yes, Marco H2O; That is my name

Random Persons:

(Smiling)

It just came to me

Marco/H2O:

(Smiling at Random)

Did it?

How about that?

It's amazing how that happens

Its almost like telepathy is real, or something

(Sips his coffee w/a staring smile at Random)

(Random looks at him with a perplexing stare. H2O only smiles after his statement)

(We fade back to the hotel suite and him still smoking his joint)

Sunday Afternoon Prayers

Denying Procreation, Prayer I of IV:

(Smoking a joint at his mock altar our hero dialogues again)

Neither masturbation nor contact **COITUS** ease my depression or
release the tension

Bodily fluids are found somewhat disgusting now

You are The Greatest Comedian and sex is Your best joke by far:

A penis and a vagina with a brain that gravitate them toward each other
fuckin' brilliant

I've fucked so many of Your women dreaming of family life with few

It is only now that I've permanently, permanently, permanently
decided against procreation

I am certain now...

This Déjà Vu ends with I...

The final release brings momentary pleasure, but what I love is THE HUNT

"Give me the hunt and take back the cunt", I always say

I've made Your women climax with mere verbal play

I use to fuck your feminine creations once or twice and sometimes thrice...

My motto was clever, huh?

Admit it

“Sing it again Sam, for old times’ sake”:

“Give me the hunt and take back the cunt”

I’ve decided not to play in Your Little Game of Procreation

You’re sick and I want only to serve my time and leave

Bring someone here, though I hate this place?

I’m trying to be less of a hypocrite, you sick fucks...

The one thing about You i respect at times is your ability to show up

not nearly enough

I have felt your presence at times

You prefer to hide when I curse you

You masturbate to my hate; I know you do

Cursing You is feeding the fire kerosene

I feel it building, but God the fire threatened by

the shady ministers mean nothing to H2O...

I’ve come to detest the way you run Your Show

I’m curious about the other guy, you know?

Maybe the negatives on his character are propaganda

Maybe you’re the bad guy...

No response, typical God

Who are ‘The Proverbial They’, Prayer I of IV cont.:

(A slight smile rests on his face

*Takes a deep inhale of his joint and then readies and snorts a line and then a gorgeous
voiceover says...)*

I have a great question for You

Maybe you’ll answer this

I think You are involved with ‘they’ somehow, so who are ‘the proverbial they’?

Are ‘they’ SECRET ORGANIZATIONS that secretly run the world in secret?

I’m investigating ‘they’ by the way; I’m close to finding out, I think

I know ‘they’ are real; I can feel ‘they’

That’s fuckin’ bizarre to say, but I really do feel ‘they’ presence everyday

‘The proverbial they’ gave me February as a jest disguised as gesture

‘They’ mocked me on TV, those fucks

Stereotype My Unwillingness to have my tongue twisted by

The Queen’s English, those fucks

This foul language on My Amharic Tongue must end with haste

What did you think would happen?

Did you really believe I would forgive and forget?

Make a slave culture of me, those fucks?

The world can keep dancing for You and ‘they’, but not I

Or haven’t you heard?

(Flashback on a staged screen to ‘shuck and jive’ - Script 2, The Monologue Therapy)

“I don’ts sings ‘o’ dances no mos boss”

(Maniacal laughter as he lights and smokes his joint)

I know The Gray Race are also your slaves

From their inception they destroyed people and things

Everywhere conquered they left New and Sophisticated Diseases

And yet, The Grays were chosen to usher in the end of days

You’re making me think THIS had to end

No one screws up things quite like THE GRAYS, so I get what You are doing...

Still, I must tell YOU how diseased I have become

I’ll confess JAH

I’m jealous

Why them and not US?

The Grays are the mere five percentile

And decreasing all the while...

We had a great time throughout history didn't we?

Those were some of the best times...

Who could forget Ancient Egypt, The River Nile or The Old Man's description of

The Ethiopian Sky

Why not let the good times roll some more for The I?



Bring us Black to the good old times



Those RAS MCKONEN days saw The Black Man's head high

Addis Ababa is black with beauty I'm told; Rewind us to how good it use to be to be

You're telling 'the minority' his time has passed and all HE gets are memories and

a vicious end of days...

Reaching for the sarcasm in the depths of every thing that is me

I thank You for the memories

*(Cut to the near future as A Dred Speaks on a South Central Stage of
RED and BLUE FLAGS/ we witness RAS B's PLEA to Marco Htwozeezee...)*

Ras B and The Ghetto Ambassador:

**Black in 'the time of hate' does not bode well w/The I
Talks of Black Kings w/The Rastas moved me as a child and as A Man
but not enough to make me other than I am,
A Loner with a pen for a gun and A Literal Gun, son
The Most Alert will overstand This Loner
Ras B appointed me The Ghetto Ambassador, a position met with refusal
Because Marco H2O was still trapped in his selfish mode**

Ras B:

(A serious tone, which was unlike him most times)
You move in alotta circles Ras; You gotta tell all the different people you know

What be goin on in da hood

The only way its gon' evuh change is if somebody **speak on it**
Ras you gotta be **DA Ghetto Ambassador Ras**
They nevuh stopped killin' us
They got new ways to kill us now, like da food they sell ovuh here
You don't see dis **shit food** in white neighbuhhoods
And these kids in da hood don't even know they **bein' poisoned**...
That's **Cold-Blooded Ras**; Everybody know
You need **GOOD FOOD** to learn

(We fade back to HIS alter)

**This was and is The Mostly Introverted School Boy
That researched thoroughly The Heroes and decided another was needed
So HE added himself to The Great List; Yes, He is that conceited
Well first HE added Peter Tosh, but Tosh was conceited too, so HE'd get it
You can also call ME The Other Hero**

Cut to The Heights

**After exploring All The Heights
Nothing in The Heights moved HIM 'cept the libraries and the dojos
So HE rarely left the Cleveland Heights basement unless to practice his Kung-Fu
He loved all of New Rome
So, HE did explore all THE POINTS with his friends The Reaper and Jy G.
He knew something was terribly off with the world. Later he would recount his life's
tales in this same solitude
No high school parties for this student, but not for lack of popularity or shyness, just
lack of interest in most
However he did attend MANY EVENTS**

Marlon:

(On The Phone w/ a teenage asshole's tone and his little sister Patrice in the background)

No thank you

Maybe next time, ok, ok, ha, ok, alright, haha, ok...

Hahaha, that was funny in the hallway today, hahaha, see you tomorrow...

(Hanging up the phone and staring down N. Hudson)

FUCKIN' VAMPIRES!

Listen **Patrice!!!**

How are they getting this number, are you giving people the house number

where we live?

OK, for future reference, anyone that calls for me, I'm not here

Tell them whatever you want; just don't tell them I'm here

Ok?

OK, I'm back to the basement; Don't bother me

I'm working on something very important and not masturbation

Before the interruption I think I might have figured out **Time Travel**

But w/out the quantum mechanics of it all,

well maybe some quantum theory will sneak in

(Laughing maniacally as Patrice looks @ him as if HE is crazy)

It was staring me in the face the entire time

Alright Goodbye, you rotten, motha...

(Going down the stairs as Patrice laughs at him)

No phone calls **Patrice!!!**

Christie Italiana and The Greatest Comedian, Prayer II of IV:

(Flashback to Heights' School Courtyard

A young and pretty Italian Girl is seen smoking by a sign saying Height's School

Her name is Christie Italiana and our young hero approaches from the courtyard

The Voiceover speaks as they begin to)

His curiosity about 'the puzzle' owned him in his young years and so did

the focused pursuit of Stacy Versatile

After Kung-Fu practice it was to THE BASEMENT or to

The G Train to The E Train w/The Reaper to study them,

FUCK W/THEM and, or write about them

Business Plans were coming to me out of thin air

Telepathy was involved; I promise you

With no power I felt invincible in my solitude

I was too busy revealing my universe to socialize much, but I had short term women

Like A Star he more than liked, but couldn't keep the promise to her and he knew

it, so he purposely blew it

And The Manhattan Socialite, 40 plus, Ms. Brown and Donna Columbiana

Kung Fu kept me social, but that became all I wanted to give of myself

These were slaves in a free society

"A master must not lower himself to the level of slaves"

They came with dreams and no aspirations

The alert among you will overstand said statement
The Kid M was shy never, but in him grew an impenetrable unwillingness to play
with 'the others' in 'the sandbox'
Corporations fascinated me then
This was around the time 'they' were running from Cleveland and Michigan
one after another
I remember the press conferences w/rich men fumbling their diction
Their speeches revealed to a Young Student 'they' were mimicking WORDSMITHS
The Corporation Fascination took me over for some years.
I constantly felt a need to overstand their inner workings
When some corporate inner workings were revealed
Cleveland and New Rome appeared as slave towns...
Timeline Intermingled outside the courtyard on Cedar and Lee
Christie Italiana explained it all to me

Marco:

(Exiting The South Dojo and seeing one of his favorite hallway acquaintances

She smiles and waves, so does he; He approaches her, asking...)

Why do you skip school so much Christie Italiana?

Christie Italiana:

(Her young lips take a drag from her half smoked cigarette; She exhales laughing slightly

and says...)

I don't skip school that much; I'm goin to work...

(Still laughing slightly as Marco smiles at her jeeringly)

I don't know, School just... I don't know; something's just not right here

(Still laughing slightly...)

Everyday feels like a set-up, yuh know?

It's the same day everyday and none of our classmates notice

...I guess that's why I skip school so much Marco Waters

(Still laughing slightly as the young boy looks @ her with a smiling amazement

You see, HE thought HE was the only one

She takes another drag staring the audience off into Cedar Space)

(The absent audience fades back to his altar and pulpit

They see him take a toke and fill the air w/Sour Diesel Smoke

A voiceover even spoke...)

HE ran away from Cleveland and New Rome visiting both in brief stays

People were content in both towns, even the poor

Not many people truly attempted flight

Seeing that satisfaction with one's station in life for all those years, forced HIM to
leave them alone

"Do not awake them to what you know. Do not tell them the reason they are in school

It is not your place to alert the masses to their training

The truth is an awful thing and some should be kept from it

Study them instead", the voice said

"Learn from their disease of regularity

Where Cleveland and New Rome have given up you will succeed

Fight to be great until your dying breath Marco"

The voice also told me of 'the great compromise made before time'

It was A Smoking Walk through Cain Park when the secret was entrusted

Apparently, You and the Devil are in it together; I suspected as much

I decided never to awake the people. Fuck it if they're asleep

Good for them, I thought...

I once told My Pretty Friend from Edina that I wish to be transformed to
 ‘a regular man’

Unknowing and satisfied with gods and governments

I wish to pet the dog and cradle the cat without hint of sarcasm

I wish to go absent of clichés, I told Molly Hustle

A regular Guitar Joe R I wish to be

But I’m cursed by curiosity and still I rhyme

Not knowing why

Christie Italiana sings her revelation in my ears

When the reduction ceases and readies itself again

Why did her commentary stick with me all these years?

It was You perhaps, but we know You don’t care about The Dark Man’s Plight

You place the dark man’s black against the wall and give him ultimatums to fight

You put The Dark People in slums and punished our races across The Earth

You let the missionaries replace our religions and dilute our cultures

‘They’ are killing entire tribes with Rock and Roll T-Shirts

You are the director of ‘a perverse documentary’...

The new future has been ushered in and my tribe is absent

That’s fucked up Lady...

You've placed new technology away from Our Mother

I want Her to be treated with respect; She is the oldest, you know?

Her children need to overstand megabytes and gigabytes to compete against

The Now Well-Disguised Fascism

!!!Fuckin' Fascists!!!

Forgive me, but I've always wanted to *Scream @ The Fascists*

...Where was I?

I'm excited more than any about THE HUMANOIDS

The first actual races of robots are here... I was angry about it once, but no more

I get what you're doing

You're setting them against themselves to prove a point

A harsh lesson You're attempting to teach Lady

One hopes they can learn it in time, but THE I has to walk the streets with

These Machines

Despite despising the eradicating technologies I still think robots are cool

These *brilliantly lazy fucks* however, are in such a hurry to be advanced without any

Awareness of Revelations

This moment Christie Italiana sings her familiar song to me...

Recognizing that You are indeed The Greatest Comedian

The Anglican Trained Jamaican applauds Your Brilliance

Until he curses You again...

*(Fade out from the suite to a time along the intermingled timeline The Author calls
Before The Storm is Over...)*

A Time Ago, Ghost Face Killah Introduced Each The Episode:

*Ghost Face Killah was on the road with
THE PILLS YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SEX ON,
The Weed, The Cream Soda, The Mushrooms and so on
All in The Sexy Car Regal and once on The Dark Chariot after
The Iron Men ejected...*

There was a time when The Man of Iron started each episode
3 of his Albums were stuck in the CD Changer for some
months of back and forthing...

In these albums He often spoke of switching up his Styles and Accents

You see, very few people get it, But I know Regionalism tells
the history of everything

To know a history is to break down The People's Slang

It was staring us in face the entire time

Most think, "It's just English", but some know that English is
a combination of all languages

Some would say it is 'the stolen language'

Some would say it is 'the unoriginal language'

'The caveman's language', some would say

One Mourning when I turned the ignition The Iron Men ejected themselves

so I sold The Sexy Car that evening

I'm that superstitious

The Cds ejected, so The Runs were done, forever then

Simple Math, in my head

H2O:

I'm not gonna make it for two days

That might mess yuh shit up, but that's the best I can do

...The fuckin' car broke

...Yeah, Sexy broke down

My Extended Family:

(Marco is reading his email in his AOL Inbox

The Sphinx sending her email from the Hotmail Inbox)

The Lettered Email:

(The Sphinx's beautiful face is explored as she types and speaks her record)

Marco H2O you've flown away from us

I hope you fly to the south soon

There are things that come to mind when I see you and disappear in that instance

You must know these things

My husband loved you. My son loves you and I love you

Two out a three ain't bad baby

The Phoenix was your best friend and mine. I know his passing was tough for you

I know you stayed away because you were trying to avoid his memory

You're family no matter how distant you attempt to stay

I love you Marco and so does The Kid

I'll say it again because I know you need to hear it

I love you Marco...There is nothing you can do about that

When I love a man I love him even in death. It makes us very sad that you've gone

so far away

A piece of me rests in Vancouver BC

There is no other man on this planet I want in our lives

The Kid never had the opportunity to really know his father
So you became his hero
When you leave we await your return
When He died I was so scared and then you came to stay with us
Those were some of the best times of our lives Marco
In our mourning you made us smile
I wish I could've provided what the road gave you
I wish I could've loved you enough
After The Phoenix passed I never thought I could love another man
Thank you for making me love again. Thank you for your kindness
When you told me about your lady friend I must admit my jealousy, but I love you
enough to only want you happy
Your bed for sometime has been a revolving door and I was hoping
she was one of your toys
So much time has passed and I realized
you have been gone from our lives far too long
Since you've flown away from us we will fly to you
You're a true gentleman Marco and I want my son raised as such
He's like his father and you. He's eager to learn everything
The only thing left to say has been said and must be said again...
I love you Marco H2O. I love you so much

The Sphinx

A Wizard's Waltz/The Arrival of The Beauty and Son:

(After re-reading the email Marco and The Lady engage...

Some time into the waltz of promised love Marco super-imposes The Sphinx in their bed

The repeated chant of "I love you" is coming from what appears to be The Sphinx's lips

This interlude sees the antagonist/protagonist avoid eye contact with The Lady

He climaxes with her back turned and her hair in hand

A look of self-loathing is about The Main Character at waltz's end)

(Staged/At the airport terminal screened)

The arrival of My Extended Family to Vancouver saw the two women in my life act

uncivil toward one another

There were overtones of 'cat-like' remarks, but no physical actions

I was witness to uncomfortable telepathy and mocking banter at times

The Sphinx was a beautiful and caring woman, but not my woman

The line had been crossed with a kiss and more once before

Respect for my dead friend and an urge to show the boy his father was irreplaceable

witnessed me ignoring her love

The boy needed me; I sensed it in his tone whenever we spoke

My job was to make this orphan of a super hero great, but to do so I would have to

hide my favorite game from him

A promise was made: "I beg you keep him safe from what we've done, Marco"

His was now a teaching to be re-taught by self in The Future, Later

**I could teach him about the world, but it was he that had to decide his own
character and faith**

They came to see me in Vancouver B.C.

Vancouver was brimming with the promise of the future

Finally a place felt like the final place before heading to the island

Here The Super Hero was allowed limitless flight.

This was North America's healthiest city

I could literally feel the people's energy

Of all the North American cities The Telepathy is strongest in Vancouver

Despite the moniker 'Raincouver' there was no place that made more sense for me

These rains were washing my dirty life clean

Vancouver was the final home before Going Home to The Island

(Fade back to airport)

The Silent Re-Meeting w/ terminal sounds

The Lady and Marco see The Kid on the other side of the baggage claim out of sight

On her phone mid air The Sphinx hovers behind Marco and The Lady

The Sphinx pockets her phone, smiling arguably one of the prettiest smiles known to man

She lands and creeps up behind Marco and The Lady

She taps him on his shoulder and he turns to find her smiling at him; That always

weakened him and she knew it

The two embrace. The Lady's expression turns to a cold smile as

she examines the embrace

Smiling, The Kid runs to Marco and his mother and wraps his arm around both of them

him upon sight

Marco holds his mother in one arm and tilts the boy's head back looking into his eyes

We see his father *(The audience alone sees an animation of his father in the boy's*

eyes...)

The Sphinx notices The Lady and leaves Marco's embrace to hug her

Pleasantries are exchanged with judging eyes. The Lady greets The Kid with an honest

smile and a clasping handshake

After the meeting their baggage are claimed. Marco takes The Kid's back pack and
makes him haul his big bag

The Sphinx frowns at Marco when he attempts to carry her large suitcase. He turns his
back and begins to walk

The Lady looks at Marco with some disdain as the boy is subject to the weight of the bag
Marco keeps walking. She helps The Kid with the bag

They arrive at the Vancouver lair. Marco pulls into the car park

The Lady opens the door

Marco pops the trunk and puts The Kid's duffel on his shoulder

The foursome walks in

The Kid and The Sphinx seem awestruck at the sight of the studio

The Carthage Lair:

(The lair is picture layered)

A place of The Lady's design was our Vancouver lair

The only compromise allowed was the large square

The Ego that is Marco H2O could not survive in a small space

He was not allowed any say in the décor and he was pleased with that

His home for the first time had hints of a woman's existence

A floor plan that showed all was how they stayed

The ceiling is twenty feet from the ground and from the lofts' floor the height is ten

feet to the ceiling

The walls are multi colored and aligned with big art

Sectioned in the four corners were the sleeping quarter lofts

Underneath each was a different station

Underneath section one's loft was a leather settee with a side table and coffee table

centered

Underneath loft two was a library with two portable information boxes and a

speaker system

This loft is where The Lady and Marco slept

Under the third loft was a TV lounge

**Under the fourth loft was an office equipped with the necessary machines required
for world domination:**

**Fax, computer with 24 inch monitor and speakers, portable headset telephone, a
small book shelf of computer manuals and books**

And a small TV permanently tuned to the stock market ticker

An oak desk with drawers for paper work housed all the effects of the office

The Kitchen was centered on the wall in between loft one and three

Directly across from the kitchen was the spacious bathroom void of clutter

The middle of the room saw cloth settees in a square on a giant circular rug.

Many pillows are in this lounge area

The floor is wood through out

This was their Carthage lair

Flight of The Kid:

(Marco heads to the library under his loft while The Lady and The Sphinx explore the spacious lair.

The Kid begins to explore the space)

The Kid:

(Awestruck)

Whoa, this is cool Marco

Marco:

(Signaling to The Kid's loft)

You're up there guy and mam you're up there or you could switch

The Lady:

(Gentle smile)

Are you guys hungry?

The Sphinx:

(Ignoring The Lady's query)

Marco this is really nice.

You definitely have taste.

I expected no less.

Wow this is really nice

Marco:

The Lady designed it actually

The Sphinx:

(An overly sarcastic tone staring at a sarcastically smiling Lady)

Really, wow.

This is very cool Lady.

Kid isn't this cool?

The Lady designed all this.

(The Sphinx and The Lady go on their own tour of the lair. The two women study each other during their hateful flirt)

The Lady:

(Sarcastic smile staring into The Sphinx)

If you guys get hungry feel free to eat anything you want, ok?

The Sphinx:

(Half smile looking at her attire and then her)

I wanna cook you guys' dinner while we're here.

What do you guys wanna to do the next couple of days?

What is there to do in Vancouver?

The Lady:

Marco planned a bunch of different stuff

We're going to take you guys on a tour of the city

Eat at some cool places, go to the beach; you know, tourist stuff

The Vancouver Museum of Art has a new exhibit we've been dying to see

We might go there and we definitely have to take The Kid to see Telus Space Center

The Sphinx:

(Excited smile)

Very cool

Mar loves to plan doesn't he?

He said there's a sushi place on every corner up here; I love sushi

We have to go for sushi

*(The Lady smiles at her with some disdain after hearing the pet name for her man
Marco observes their interaction from the library. His face expresses a slight worry)*

The Lady:

Yeah, sushi is everywhere up here.

We should go for sushi tomorrow, maybe

The Sphinx:

I really wanna cook for you guys while I'm here though, ok?

The Lady:

(Sarcastic tone)

You're just a guest I'd feel too bad

The Sphinx:

(Smiling suspiciously at The lady's comment)

We're family, please

Don't even worry about that. I love taking care of my family

And if you're with Marco you're definitely family now

Plus you're gonna help me

The Lady:

Oh, that's cool then.

I don't want you slaving away on your vacation

The Sphinx:

What are we gonna do after our tour here?

(The two walk to the kitchen. The Sphinx admires the design with some visible disdain

They face each other across the kitchen island)

The Lady:

We thought you guys might want to get settled in and then go to a late lunch.

Marco said The Kid loves burgers, so we thought we would go to Feenie's.

They make the absolute best burgers in Vancouver.

Two months ago that's all Marco would eat, for almost the entire month.

Every other day or so, "let's go to Feenie's", "let's go to Feenie's"

It got kind of annoying...

The Sphinx:

(Jeering smile w/a sigh)

Oh God that reminds me of the fish tacos.

I couldn't stop him for months.

Every time he saw me going out he asked for fish tacos. It was cute though.

'Sphinky' can you pick me up some fish tacos?

Ofcourse I'd say yes.

I can never say no to him...

(The Sphinx turns and opens the fridge pouring out orange juice.

While her back is turned The Lady gives her a disgusted half smile)

The Lady:

(A jeering half smile)

He lived with you guys for only four months, right?

(Marco and the boy begin a tour after he joins him in the library

*After walking through the women's conversation several times the two decide to fly for a
tour of the lair*

*After their exploration in the sky The Kid and Marco fly down from one of the lofts to
walk with the two women*

*In mid flight down the Kid spots a basketball and the two begin to play catch in mid air
Marco grows bored of the game and puts the ball back then lands behind the women still
on tour*

The Kid hovers beside him as the group walk. The women notice them

The Sphinx hugs Marco when she notices him behind them

The Lady's face presents a disgruntal smile

*The hug concludes when The Sphinx reaches for The Kid's hand and grounds his
hovering with a smile*

Marco reaches for The Lady pulling her close for a shoulder rub

Her reaction to his touch is somewhere between resistance and jealousy)

The Kid:

(Hovering and smiling beside Marco)

Hi mom

Hi Lady

(The two women turn and smile at the young boy and almost simultaneously at Marco

The Lady notice The Sphinx's flirting eyes and Marco's smiling reception of it

His reception of The Lady's endearing smile came moments too late

She gives him instead a sarcastic smiling glare)

The Lady:

(Smiling)

How are you Kid?

The Kid:

(Elongated speech smiling)

Gooooood and how about you?

The Lady:

Fine, thank you

The Sphinx:

(Looking at The Kid)

Hey baby, you hungry?

The Kid:

(Shaking his head and smiling)

Oh yes, Marco says we're going for the best burgers in Vancouver

The Sphinx:

Are you excited?

The Kid:

Yah, Mom it's the best burger in Vancouver, aren't you excited?

Marco says it's better than 'the burger warehouse' and they have veggie burgers for you

(The scene changes to their arrival at the restaurant

Marco makes the tragic mistake of pulling out The Sphinx's chair before The Lady's

The Lady's face turns savage at her man and he notices, but there is no recovery for such

an error

His attempt to pull out her chair is stopped by The Lady's hand

She gets her own chair

The Sphinx seems pleased with the dramatics

*The Kid gives the absent audience a tour of **Feenie's** with his wandering eyes*

The Lady buries her head in a menu and almost immediately excuses herself to the

washroom...

We fade into the fight and Marco's subsequent flight to the hotel

And then cut back to his staged suite of discontentment...)

A Woman's Boredom, The Fight:

*(H2O speaks about The Composite Lady on the suite's center stage under a Green
spotlight*

The Lady is stage right on a bed reading with a low light and candle light

H2O recites...

In the Mournings I usually reserved two words for her

There were always infinite other words at play

But it made sense these two be for The Lady,

Good Morning...

Our Mournings Would Begin w/her booty gravitating toward The Menace

The Menace was always at His Most Dangerous w/The Rising of The Dew

And of THIS Danger The Lady very well knew,

Good Morning...

Later, Our ages and the stages of our relationship demanded we

Talk of ovulation and copulation; The 'Disgustions' often left me sick

Nothing had changed about The Main Character in reference to

his favorite character description (Of his alter ego)

HE decided to remain A Widener of Birth Canals

And never to be An Inseminator

I win, he often said in his head and sometimes aloud,

After cumming outside of the box, I win

(Cut to Marco at the altar remembering the fight while smoking his herb

Chopping and snorting his lines and eating his mushrooms

In the silent echoed silence The Lady is staged on the intermingled timeline, screaming

She loved Marlena Shaw's 'Woman of The Ghetto', so in this section it plays low

I wasn't there later that day, but I'm sure she also played

Marlena Shaw's 'Go Away Little Boy'

When she sang it to me it annoyed me

Under a Green spotlight in dark aviators The Main Character makes an appearance and

recites to the absent audience above her miming)

Women must disrupt your mood

I need you to remember that

Expect it and await it

Some men enjoy the loud banter back and forth

I have been unable to decipher its necessity

My theory on The Subject states,

"Women argue to feel alive

A world of chaos excites them, so it makes sense that God is a woman"

"Blah blah" is all I heard

She wanted confrontation over jealousy

But I had previously given her my soul... She was not to come to THE FUTURE...

w/me

She screamed like The Monster had so many times before
Most days in my life with The Monster her shriek was in my ears
There was a permanent and echoing scream in that drafty house
I vowed as a boy never to invite such a creature into my life
The Lady showed signs of an eventual transformation to
‘the very thing I had sworn against’

While The Lady rarely raised her voice, when she did men died
After The Sphinx had threatened her I noticed a lackadaisical attitude toward me
When The Sphinx and The Kid left Vancouver hugs were met with shrugs
The Lady went to war about the prolonged smiling eye contact, the slight touching
The hugs and family gatherings without her, so I left her...
She had become like ‘the rushed sheep’, lacking the ability to chill in traffic
And turn the fuckin’ radio up, so I left...

Good Old George Vancouver

(Cut to a stage without an audience

The Mic of Nostalgia is spotlit Green center stage/ 'Marco is projected wandering

Van City briefly in his super hero ride)

(-He watches himself while on stage...---“That makes no sense...

He watches himself while on stage; what do you mean he watches himself on stage?”

-“Sights are ‘scene’ and a haiku is recited as the city’s montage plays”, the voice says

--“The rapid montage of the Van City scene will play now, says the voiceover, twice”

---Says the voice, says the voiceover twice; what are you talking about Mr. Waters?

-“In this scene, a haiku is recited, by a ghost writer I’m told... Enjoy the show”

(Van City is ‘scene’ on the staged screen

Now in the middle

The Haiku is scene when a Green Hooded and dark aviatored H2O walks to The Mic of

Nostalgia and speaks ...)

The Haiku of Vancouver, Carthage

**Vancouver, B.C. is more organized than the rest
 The Old Gangstuh told me,
 “A deal was met for the peace to be kept”
 This agreement was made without ‘government’
The Real Bosses came together and decided it
 LIKE ANY CITY on The Grids
 When lines are crossed examples are made
 But unlike THE SOUTH with their mass displays
 The Cities are divided
 I fully overstand Turf these days
 But in Van City you needn’t fret about good times...
 We live in The High Rise...**

(After said haiku we fade back in recent time to him entering his hotel suite, the now

‘altar and pulpit’

He searches the hall for several moments before entering

Marco’s stage directions read ‘a longing in his eyes’

He was searching for her...

Those moments in the hall he sent an ‘I Love You’ via ‘The Universal Satellite’

His proclamation was so powerful it awoke His Woman miles away...

Cut to the current suite...A mushroom spore he eats)

An Audience is Sought, Prayer III of IV:

*(At the altar he prays, at the altar he questions on his knees, he smokes his soma weed
awaiting a connection to The Universal Satellite Feed)*

Who am I on this Sunday Afternoon?

Rhetorically speaking of course

Of course I'm just a crazy guy cursing at God on a Sunday afternoon

**We know that much, but you won't think I'm so crazy when you hear about my
next giganormous plan...**

Very soon I'm building an army

The Old Man told me it will take an army and more to get God's attention

Well I have 'the more' now I need the numbers to knock down the door

I seek an audience with You

That is all

You and I will fight to the death for souls if You refuse me

The approach is uncivil I know, but such is the place You have imprisoned me

The Great Creator of War must overstand my why

I'm coming for what You owe me; I'm coming for an explanation

You're not gonna answer me are you?

You probably think I'm too high. Well, I am too high

You still owe me an explanation...

Sorry, I did it again; I forgot, again...

“You can’t speak to God as if he’s a friend you’re angry with”, said the Sunday

School Mind Polluter

“God is to be feared”, it said

Next time I’ll remember to have an intermediary present when speaking to You

**The dominant religions warned me not to attempt a direct communiqué, but I won’t
listen**

Professor Nothing will attest I still have issues with authority

So with that, I say fuck the religious majority...

Talking to you directly is impossible that’s why you never answer, right?

(Just then the sexy voiceover ends and Marco proclaims something)

Marco/H2O:

‘They’ say I need a preacher man with a clean heart to ask my questions for me

Is there a preacher man in the audience tonight, with a clean heart, tonight?

Preachers can be shady, but I need one to decipher it all for me

Can I atleast get an Amen?

(Random Persons appears smiling)

Random:

(Heavy smile while walking toward Marco/H2O)

Amen brother, Amen!!!

Marco H2O:

(Slight laughter with a jovial tone)

Hey, Random's back

Random do you know why I represent 'the curious alone'?

Random:

No; tell me friend

Marco/H2O:

The curious have not given up; The rest of them have

The majority has conformed, but the curious still care to know 'the-goings-ons'

Random:

Well I don't know about all that; I think people are still fighting the good fight

Marco/H2O:

(Slight laughter)

What the fuck does that mean?

Fuck off

You shouldn't even be in my room, Random Persons

(Random begins to fade and Marco chuckles at his borderline psychotic imagination)

I'm recruiting old

I'm recruiting young and intelligent women and men

Some of them will strictly be for breeding

We'll need new soldiers constantly

Fertility drugs will be provided, ofcourse

The old will be for wisdom, even if they have lived a slave's life

Someone once said something brilliant about learning from the past

This plan is not confirmed as of yet, but it will be

The main requirement for being in this army is an obsession with the question

The question must haunt you daily

The question must be your first thought awaking, the last before sleep and many

ponderings of it in between

And still live life to the fullest

(Slight laughter)

I hope you witnessed the bullshit in that

'The proverbial they' prefer the curious dead

Don't be too curious about how you've come to be here and why the hell you're here

Random Persons you must follow the rules provided or life will be difficult for you

Just ask 'so and so' how bad it got when he did that thing he wasn't supposed to

I believe

He was excommunicated

(Slight laughing sigh as Random fully fades)

Back to the question at foot

The Question is: What the fuck is goin' on?

Is there anyone in the absent audience with an answer for the question?

Please, anyone, anyone, does anyone know anything, anyone?

My old friend The Phoenix always had the question on his mind

The question eventually erased him from present and future time...

The Haitian Sensation, The Phoenix:

(We fade into Marco/H2O on his back at the altar looking into the ceiling for a flashback

of him and his dead best friend

He finds the past he sought. The Phoenix has a thick New Rome accent

The Phoenix and he are at A Diner by a window

The Phoenix is wearing blue jeans with a black sport coat. The Lion of Judah is patched

over his heart and the Haitian flag on both sleeves

Marco wears a white sport coat with a lime green button down, dark aviators and blue

jeans

Their empty plates have remnants of a large breakfast

The two constantly search outside the window during their convo...)

The Phoenix:

(Slight smile)

Yuh evuh wonduh how everything is so predictable, Déjà Vu, all that shit?

Yuh just seem to know how certain things will happen

And all yuh can do is prepare fuh dem, but yuh usually don't...

I was thinking about dat last night and I realized dat if anything goes down

You're the one that's gonna take care of my family

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile)

Oh yeah, I didn't know that

The Phoenix:

(Slightly serious stare)

Yuh a fuckin' dick; You do know that, don't yuh?

Is that cool or is dat too much pressure for Marco Waters, H.2O?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Fuck, is there no one else?

I'll probably be busy, you know, drug running and all that kind of stuff

The Phoenix:

(Slight laughter while shaking his head in disappointment)

Alright Marco if it's too much to ask, don't bothuh yuh fuckin' asshole

Marco:

(Smiling at his friend)

Well I mean, it goes without saying man, so no need to say it

I would've done it regardless

I just don't wanna talk about that kind of thing

The Phoenix:

(Serious tone and expression)

Well, in case I do go I want yuh to take care of them

I trust yuh with my life man; you and me been in da trenches

I trust only you to see them through the rough times if shit goes down, cool?

(He pulls out his skull dipped in blood and looks at it, so does Marco)

The club already knows when I'm sure; never trust them Marco

To them we're disposable

We made a lot of green for them, but remember their blood is blue

Marco:

(Smiling laughter)

You're really emotional this morning

Is this **A Heavy Flow Day?**

Do you need some aspirin for your vagina?

What the fuck?

The Phoenix:

(Sarcastic smile for his friend)

Why the fuck am I friends with you?

You're a fuckin' asshole for real

This is a serious conversation you fuckin' dick...

H2O, what a fuckin' joke

(Mocking his friend)

Hi I'm Marco H2O

Your name is Marco Waters you fuckin' asshole

(H2O laughs, so does The Phoenix)

The Phoenix:

(Eating from his almost empty plate)

H2O, fuck you...

(Two men pull up in the restaurant parking lot in a green old school

with gold Dayton shoes

Marco spots them and signals The Phoenix to their arrival)

Marco:

(Smiling admiration for the car outside the window, then looking at the bill in disgust)

The Chi-Town boys came to play to play; I like these guys

They always roll up in something' mean lookin'

Look at that fuckin thing... I'm gonna get a cool super hero car one of these days

The Phoenix:

(Smiling at his friend)

No you're not; you're too fuckin' cheap

If you get it at a discounted price, then maybe

You're making all that money and you're still trying to make sense of a thirty dollar bill.

Alright, let's do dis heuh thang.

You ready politician?

Who's this?

(A pointing and scrounged face impersonation of an old man)

"Di two a unu, no bring no dutty gal a me yawd ino

Unu ramp to much"

Marco:

(Looking at the bill, then at his friend with a slightly sarcastic smile)

That's too easy...

I didn't eat all this, what the fuck is this bitch tryin' to pull?

This **BROAD** is sadly mistaken if she thinks she's gettin' twenty percent...

Tell you what

If you pay this I'll take care of your family when you're dead and gone, deal?

The Phoenix:

(Slight laughter, looking at his ill friend)

You're a sick fuck you know that?

(Extension. The Phoenix then looks at the amount and drops the cash on the table)

Deal

(Face turns serious pointing and looking in the eyes of his friend before they exit)

Take care of The Sphinx in the ways a man has to take care of a woman. I don't wanna

talk about that part

And my boy, I don't want him being taught about what we do

If he finds out on his own, fine

But I don't want him being schooled on this thing

This game fucked my life up too many times

If anything does go down

I beg you keep him safe from the things we've done Marco

(Marco stands in the doorway pondering his friend's words w/head down

The Phoenix pays the bill and exits to say hello to The Chi-Town Boys first

Marco soon follows after

Cut to outside, The Chi-Town Boys exit 'the old school' smiling in dark jackets and

shades

We fade back to the hotel drug altar)

The Cooling of Waters, II:

(Our hero sits at his altar stoned, yet aware, watching Sunday American Football as he

readies

A line and snorts w/a smile)

Marco/H2O:

(A semi-whisper of “fuck you” after snorting a line and rolling a joint

Cut to him screaming at the football game playing in the background)

Never across, laterals are for cowards

Up the middle if you wanna finish strong

(Slight laughter)

Finish strong, shut the fuck up, you fuck

(He lights his joint and fills the room again with smoke)

I could’ve won you know

Retirement is a fuckin’ joke

We’re not built to stop, but we are built to expire

Fuck It; Truer words were never spoken

Fuck It

Where does the soul go when we go?

I should wait and take it from them

(He drags his joint to a heavy sigh)

They don’t deserve it

Another Re-Beginning (In a Distant Past-Promoter/Runner):

(North of The Sunset The Old Man is painting and schooling

*As Marco H2O looks and listens while rolling a **Fanta Leaf Blunt** for the two to puff*

The voiceover plays in the echoed silence)

A small time beginning saw MUCH FUN in between

Sometimes a mule, sometimes a middle man and eventually a solo flyer to be

reckoned with

In this his time of flight

The First Person/Third Person Maniac remembers THE THEFT of THE COOL

From town to town he flew

For a while he believed I alone could release the corporate slave

But each year THE CENSUS POLLS grew

He became out-numbered, hence my sarcasm and disillusionment

The road erased all memories of family

The Secret Legend was being built in darkness

After missions HE found himself in strange towns with strange and unaware people

These people knew not of the outer world nor cared

He decided in those times to destroy the sheep so the strong may flourish

Back then we recall The Old Man said it best of all

(After finalizing the blunt Marco/H2O lights the blunt to a deep drag

He passes it to the Old Man before he speaks)

Old Man:

(Smiling and taking a deep drag and exhale while looking at Marco through the smoke)

...The meek shall inherit The Earth Marco

And when they do

We'll take it from them

(The Old Man laughs a maniacal cackle as Marco smiles receiving the blunt and puffs)

The Blue Blood in His Veins:

(We cut back to Marco/H2O still high and singing 'the cursing song')

It is a song he sung as a boy

He snorts another line and smokes his joint

We immediately cut to a Young H2O in the back of a limo singing

'The Cursing Song' in The Saddest Key

Soon a disturbance will send him to the floor of the car)

Young H2O:

(Singing in A-Minor)

Unu fi ded

Unu fi ded

Balls, Shit, fuck, damn, rawss clawt, cocksuckuh, nut bustuh, balls

Youh mothuh sucks dick, lots of it; She sucks dick and balls

Asshole, bitch made, unu bombo rawss fi ded

Shittin' on youh fuckin' grave, balls, balls, balls

Unu fi ded

Unu fi ded

I hope yuh die again

Fuck yuh and youh fuckin friends and balls, balls and balls, balls...

(There is a loud rat-at-tat-tat after the conclusion of his song

The boy gets low and closes his ears in the car

After a brief while looks out the window and sees

The Aristocrat on the phone floating in the garage

He exits the limo and walks toward the dead bodies

A voiceover then directs him saying...)

It was a trip to New Rome when all was revealed

Rapid fire in the underground car park saw a singing young boy

With nervous excitement when the bullets ceased

When approaching the scene bodies lied still and riddled

The boy found it COOL

A smirking man with a giant gun hovered above the bodies, flying

Seeing Young H2O on the scene The Aristocrat flew angrily picking him up

And transporting him to the limousine

The young criminal only smirks at him

The driver loaded the trunk with briefcases, handing one to

The Aristocrat

The hovering man lands and begins hauling bodies to his trunk all the while

retaining that psychotic smile

Inside the now moving car The Aristocrat continued staring down the young boy

And the boy, only smiles

The boy found even the brevity of the phone call, cool...

The Aristocrat:

(On the phone staring at the boy)

It's done

(Immediately hanging up the giant flip phone)

The man he dubbed The Aristocrat had a persona the young boy would soon steal

In H2O's early adventures he would draw on the words spoken by his father

That Mourning in the car...

The Aristocrat:

(Opening the briefcase to the boy's attention and attempting to stare through him)

This is what I do; This is what I am

The Drug Game is the biggest in the world Marco

I'd be a fool not to play

Young H2O:

(Sarcastic smile looking at **The Cocaine** and then The Aristocrat)

So, you're not a businessman?

The Aristocrat:

(Slight laughter shrugging the boy's head)

Youngsta if that's a serious query you are already a victim of **The Spin**

And you are not ready for **This Thing...**

*(The boy smiles heavily at The Aristocrat and then out the window/Curious smile
directed at the boy)*

You get it, don't you?

(Young H2O nods with a smile and The Aristocrat reciprocates with a heavy laughter)

Young H2O:

(Smiling at The Aristocrat)

Oh yes

I've gotten it for some time...

(Winding down the window while looking out and smiling; The Aristocrat studies him)

*(We fade back to his mock altar and the smoking, the eating of 'shrooms and the snorting
of three lines)*

In Distant Pasts:

(A hazy flashback threatens to play as our hero's face grows blank)

The Depressed Super Hero fades in and out now

Dwelling on the past was never my style, but one must dwell somewhere in time

My present is upsetting and a future, daunting

For answers I find myself back tracking to a criminal's beginnings...

All these memories rooted in distant pasts threaten my ending...

I:

(This scene finds a Young H2O on a series of deliveries and collections)

Cut to his lair where we witness him counting his collections

The Monster's heavy footsteps panic the young boy. He hides the monies in a mattress

slit

We see The Monster's shadow dripping acid in a hallway

The locked door now shakes w/anger

The little man stands w/a smile looking at the growling door...

"Game on", he would state before THEIR BATTLES)

In a distant past I was a 'funny paper' delivery boy

The thought occurred at collection time to keep the monies received

It turns out 'funny papers' were a part of the corporate machine or so I did read

My research concluded that a great amount of the people's news were lies

Elizabeth had to pay them back, so she was not pleased with

my 'corporate' explanation

While finishing my count I heard The Monster's Violent Footsteps approach...

II:

*(Cut to the giant painting of Jim Morrison on Speedway with Marco H2O and his back
pack in the foreground*

*The rapid progression of days sees him in class and the school library studying and
writing*

We witness the booting from the beach side house

***The Rich Cunt** was angry over some thing*

*By the way, I love Rich Bitches; They leave me alone and only want penis,
not **My Forever***

*Broke and alone in 'The Lost City' he chooses to stay in the streets, well the beach
Hunger creeps in and lasts for days*

He knows what he must do to live, but his pride was deeply embedded then

***His Pride** failed him on the fourth day. He studies the eaters and makes the decision that
children carry less disease*

That night he ate what the children resealed and released

*In the middle of eating garbage **A Maniacal Laugh** overtook HIM*

*In his moment of joyous insanity he decided to steal his food from **Albertson***

Until he could afford it

Reenergized Our Hero decides to fight

The continual application for jobs is witnessed by the absent audience

*He sets up a voicemail on **Dialpad.com**, so he can have a number to put on the
applications*

But checking the voicemails we hear, "you have 0 messages"
...The night falls and our hero sits by the beach lonely, but unbroken
After another previously stolen meal
The lights of the Sidewalk Café call him
He enters and asks a smiling man for an application...
The application, the voicemail, the job is seen by the absent audience...
His first day working he sees a dread-locked artist, D.A. English
They would later meet on 3rd Street.)

In a distant past I was a homeless college junior turned Sidewalk Café Host
My Main Man Mike hired me; He loved Jackson Brown more than a wife
He and I took it easy on the right shift, the night shift, where I would write shit
There was music trivia during our down time
I never stumped him once; Mike knew his stuff...

One night An Apple came in on our shift
The Apple's Brother and Their Friends came along
"Her brother worked at the café once", Mike said
Mike confessed to The Apple his love for her "amazing eyes"
I observed, as she found him charming...
The next night at work we laughed about Mike's confession with Squiggy
Squiggy thought it was really funny that Mike said that...

In that same past I met D.A. English, The Artist

And Carey, The Masseusesessesses

Zeus sent me to meet them on the promenade

The two improved my life with knowledge and art

David was a father to me... Carey was a great friend

I would later Disappoint Them...

Yet still holding them dear, but I won't get into That Story here...

I will tell that story, only not here

III:

(Cut to our hero

He sits in a small room on a low bed, perplexed

His cell phone rings and he answers with some visible reservation

We see him dress, exiting to the snow

He stumbles at the steps w/ a small bag. He does not look back after his fall...

At some point on the intermingled timeline 'the secret legend' was being suffocated by

The laziest and most talented bands in the Twin Cities, one in particular

The Poems—Soul Music was always HIS bag, but Joe Freedom's rock band gave him

A Vision of Light that night

Later, HE would realize, The Light witnessed that night had not to do with The Poems

It was HIS LIGHT all along

Marco/H2O awoke one morning to find three years wasted by the lazy and privileged

They used him to book shows, but never planned to be great

Comfort was never our super hero's goal

"This is a twenty four hour job

If not now, then when" he told The Poems, but his words were to no avail

There was always talk and planning, but little will

"Everything must be sacrificed: girlfriends, food and 'all those in your way'

Look at your musical heroes and examine their lives

They sacrificed everything for their art",

but The Poems were just below the elite in status
They had back up plans in family, land and life long friends
Our hero had Nothing But His Dreams
He took the approach of ‘death without success’...
The world he and DJ Rob created was ruined
The Nordeast art studio went because of a tiny fire up the hall
The shady promoter and his tall friend were almost murdered out of desperation...
Marco/H2O lay dormant in Smalltown, Minnesota working construction,
but mostly waiting
A White Smalltown Coworker called him a nigger, indirectly ofcourse, but he made sure
H2O was in earshot
H2O was too poor then, even for His Justified Revenge, in time THOUGH...
Men with nothing must plan revenge carefully
There is a reason the cowboy is a dying breed; They’re not patient enough
H2O felt his wings clipped, yet still attempting growth
Reentering Minneapolis from Smalltown he still felt a hull in his person...
An Old friend had told him to put together a plan, so for months he worked on it in secret
And one morning Without Salutations or Paid Rent our hero flew away
to secure his legend...
You’ve never seen books trafficked so cool...)

(Cut to him drinking in the same outfit

Dejected in his studio as a customer comes by for a bag

Cut to him and a small bag getting in a taxi/airport/some city

Back to the art studio in a taxi)

(H2O Speaks in the Green spotlight center stage)

In a distant past I was a part time book runner

Freelance was my thing

As long as your library had the money I would bring the books

Whatever the books were

I had those connects and if you really wanna know

I can still get any kind of books you want

First Edition

After runs nothing was done, but reading, painting and traveling

I was lazy then

Pay Day was enough and there were no thoughts of 'the flip'

After the money ran out ounces were gotten on fronts; That's how bad it was

But then an old hustler from THE WATERS sat me down on Lyndale Avenue...

"Yuh too clever not to hovuh Youngsta; Get on youh game son"...

After his talk THE HUSTLING began and has not ended and never will...

(Cut to H2O promoting for The Poems w/flyers adorning their band name

He promotes in the snow w/tattered sneakers

Cut to him schmoozing at an event a small time later w/better shoes)

In this same distant past I was a promoter/The Manager

My shows were never big, but my lessons were gigantic

Bouncing in and out of promo groups

the art of manipulation became defined as promotion

Through this art the world's truths were realized contrived...

Everyone was promoting some thing for sale

Often times they were selling themselves

That's what The Poems never overstood

Everyone and everything are for sale, including the four piece band

From atop the pyramid to the bottom the world was revealed as 'a giant guess'

How can we put together a puzzle with no pieces, I thought?

I remember the shady promoter and his tall friend stiffed DJ Rob and I
In my darkest financial hours I was going to kill them over six hundred dollars,
the loss of our hipster hideaway and A POINT
Those with The Blood know the rage felt during The Dark Times and
it's usually not about money, at all...
A man stranger to the two saved their lives
It was after months spent wading in self pity that
I went to see the Old Man for clarity
He begged me to let it go

In A Distant Past III cont.:

(Cut to Marco and the Old Man in the Old Man's art studio. The Old Man is painting as

Marco grinds weed)

Old Man:

(Smiling while Marco watches him paint)

Don't worry about this promoter and his friend

The wind will take them

There are bigger things to kill for my boy; Go back to Minneapolis and devise a plan

Come and see me when you're ready...

Your bloodline is undeniable Marco H2O

We're not going to waste all that talent on shady promoters, are we?

You'll think of something great; I promise you

Combine all those contacts of yours

Go for the big one if you feel up to it at this, juncture in time

Marco/H2O:

I couldn't even afford it, but that studio and gallery were all I had

Now I owe more money to my partner, because of those assholes

Then they lied and said they couldn't pay us; You told me that's called 'herbing'

Or 'punk ass Herbert', remember?

I should atleast kill them for lying and treating me like a Herbert

Old Man:

(Slight laughter looking at Marco/H2O)

I remember, but

Let it go son, let it go

Insects have a short lifespan Marco; Kings are immortal

Be a King Marco H2O

In A Distant Past IV:

(Cut to an oak room in the sky

4 in black suits, one of them The Main Character

They gather around the bar. He bartends

He serves them white rum, neat

*Before He could propose a toast He is interrupted by a presentation, coming from one of
the gentleman's inside coat pocket...*

He is given a gift he described then as 'curious')

In a distant past I was given an emblem of a silver skull dipped in blood

I told my friend from The Arch City that I found their gift 'curious'

He responded, "We live in the skies because we've chosen to fly

Do you wish to fly Marco?"

With those words I accepted the blood soaked skull...

"The emblem itself is unimportant", he said

It was about the gesture extended and the crew amassed

Ofcourse I knew better

The emblem was left for me to decipher

And when I later came upon its meaning I decided to be crew for life

"There are none like us

Be crew Marco H2O

You won't regret it", said my friend from The Steel City

(Cut to H2O still behind the bar

The three men staring down Marco H2O w/smiles

The Main Character nods his head in agreement smiling at the three men...

He ushers their glasses toward them, saying...)

Marco:

(Smiling)

Do we have **Good Medical** atleast?

(The four laugh and toast and laugh while toasting more, eventually fading to a cut)

The Debacle at Sea, The Call for Help:

(We cut to the hotel altar and pulpit, screened

Running water is heard as the absent audience views the room

Cuts to the antagonist/protagonist washing his face in the suite's washroom

We immediately switch to a familiar scene on a boat somewhere in salt waters

H2O washes his face in a tiny water closet. A conversation is overheard

A deal was being reneged upon

The Main Character cocks his gun over the running waters and a loud cough

*Footsteps are accompanied by diabolical whispering too close not to be immediately
outside the washroom door...*

HE shoots his way out

*Exiting the tiny water closet one lay dead and the other desperately tries to stop the
bleeding from his throat*

*'The first person/third person maniac' watches as this co-conspirator beg for mercy in
blood soaked winces*

But there is no mercy

It was as if HE was walking on both sides

His surroundings suddenly appeared 'almost cartoonish'

After gathering the bounty he searches up on deck for witnesses close

Ten minutes slowed by and still he studies the traitor drowning in his dirty blood

Finally, a bullet to the head eases the culprit's pain. The cleaning begins

The bodies are wrapped in sheets and blood stains are hunted down and neutralized

The bodies are put under the seats in the lower deck

The handsome bounty was secured and our handsome super hero satisfied

The young hero drove the boat to the docks

There a blunt was rolled and a phone call made for help

The Aristocrat and The Eliminator arrive

They fly on to the boat's deck where H2O is now smoking a chillum, kiefed

The two men assess what the youngster's cleanly mess

They examine the boat and both shake their heads with approval for H2O's work

H2O smiles and like he often does when complimented, HE jokingly gloats

The three drive off with The Eliminator driving the boat and The Aristocrat talking to

His Kid M in the silent echoed silence...)

(They arrive at a house somewhere on salt waters unloading then burning the boat)

I found my niche...

The nomad without a determined trade suddenly had one

If you wanted it moved I could move it

You've never seen drugs trafficked so cool...

The Debacle at Sea came quickly

There they lie because they had lied

The Aristocrat was called; He flew to the docks to save His Kid M

The Eliminator flew with him

We saw the slicing, the dicing and the grinding

This was not rebel behavior, but the work of men forced to act like gangsters

There has never been a man such as The Eliminator

He seemed to enjoy his job too much

The Aristocrat, now part of the 'legitimate' business crowd

Could not advise on the whens, the wheres, the whys

And the hows

He took me, now 'H2O' to see The Old Man Crowned

As to how I met The Old Man... I guess you know now

The Aristocrat:

(Slight smile)

If you're going to do this you might as well do it right, right?

...Get in the car...

(The two fly to The Old Man's house)

(We see them flying up the Old Man's long driveway

The Old Man is planting flowers in front of his house

The Old Man witness them land, both smiling at him)

The Old Man:

(Taking off his gardening gloves, smiling)

I must admit I was surprised to hear you were coming

The Aristocrat:

How are you Old Man?

The Old Man:

Good. Good

How about you?

The Aristocrat:

Well;

I'm doing well

The Old Man:

Marco, how are you dear boy?

Marco:

Good sir

How about you?

The Old Man:

(Looking at The Aristocrat and then Marco)

Well

I'm doing well

The Aristocrat:

May we chit a bit?

The Old Man:

We can always chit my old friend

Marco there is a full fridge in there; I'll take it as a personal insult if you don't raid it

Marco:

The last thing I wanna do is insult you sir

(He hustles pass the two men)

The Old Man:

(Looking at The Aristocrat with a studious smile)

How's the business world?

The Aristocrat:

(Sarcastic smile)

Its good; how's business on your end?

The Old Man:

(Smiling)

You mean the business that gave you everything you have?

(Sarcastic stare)

It's good

The Aristocrat:

(A surrendering smile)

Look, I came to talk to you about Marco

The Eliminator probably told you about what happened at sea

I need your help; he needs your help

I don't do what you do anymore, but I know what he's going through

Both of us went through it. I know he won't stop, so I need him to be safe

While he learns **The Rest of The Game**

I need you to guide him for me; guide him for me

I've done all I can up to now...

Well?

(The two stare at each other

Cut to them coming into the house after some time

Marco is seen admiring and putting the finishing touches on a giant sandwich

accompanied by a big glass of juice)

The Aristocrat:

(Slight laughter)

Marco is there any food left?

The Old Man:

(Smiling)

I said you could raid it not empty it

Marco H2O:

(Smiling with his head down)

That's the same thing

There isn't enough

(The two men laugh at the young man's comment)

He raises his head and stares at the two of them

They both share a peculiar look at each other and then at Marco)

What's goin' on?

(Cut to The Aristocrat's limo driver getting Marco's bag from the trunk

The Aristocrat shakes The Old Man's hand

They then stare each other down before exchanging a smile and a left hand salute

Marco and The Aristocrat exchange a left hand salute as he walks to his car

He enters the awaiting open door

The driver closes the door and drive away

Marco heads into The Old Man's House)

(A cell phone rings fading back to our hero's altar and pulpit

The caller ID says 'The Lady'

We rejoin Marco H2O on the hotel suite floor still making lines

And still snorting more

The depression owns him now)

Marco/H2O:

(Blank stare at the walls with a Low & Raspy whispering recant of the 1st line thrice)

No laterals, that's an act of desperation (3xs)

Straight up the middle if you really want to end the game

It's done...

The hazy room revolves rapidly and our hero is lost in his self inflicted storm

The razor he used to dice the cocaine was the one he used to sever his veins

We see him float to the suite's ceiling with his back arched and his neck limp

Blood drips to the floor from his left wrist

Marco H2O is no more...

(The suite door opens and the scene fades rapid black)

Or so he thought to wish...

(The Lady opens the suite door and flies to Marco/H2O with

A silent, but screaming expression)

(A Voiceover calls upon a composite member of the absent audience

Thrice the first line is rhymed and once the second line said:

Line 1- "Keep your eyes on the stage Victoria Elizabeth Barnett" (3 xs)

Line 2- "Whatever you do, Don't look away, Not now" (1x)

The Irrigation of Marco Waters, III:

(The Lady enters the room as Marco is levitating toward The Nether

She flies with haste, retracting Marco/H2O from the ceiling to the bed

She shuts the door in the echoed silence...

With great urgency she checks his pulse

*Her **FACE SHOW** that tears threaten release, but in her moment of necessary strength*

She is focused on his resuscitation...

Cut to The Lady spooning him on the suite's bed

She repeatedly tests his pulse while cradling his head

Her hand is on his stomach gaging his breath

Our hero's left wrist is bandaged with a small piece of a white sheet that is now

*Stained slightly with **Red Blood***

He is conscious with his eyes wet and head turned from her)

Marco/H2O:

(Faint with his eyes wet)

Shouldn't I be in the hospital?

The Lady:

(A loving whimper)

Baby I need you

If you kill yourself I'm next

I'm dead without you **Papa**; you believe me don't you Marco?

Marco/H2O:

I don't wanna talk about it
That's my first failure in some time

The Lady:

(Crying)

Just don't, please don't
I love you so much; baby do you know what I'd...
You can't do that Marco, please don't do that anymore
I'm fuckin' begging you, don't...
You can talk to me about anything...
(She squeezes him close)
Marco say something please

Marco/H2O:

Something please

(Slight laughter)

(The Lady gets up suddenly with a stern look on her face staring him down)

This is not healthy; I don't know what's going on

I don't know how it got this far

How'd you get in here?

You're a locksmith aren't you?

The Lady:

I know how it got to this

You don't fucking tell me or anyone anything Marco

From now on I wanna know everything

If you sneeze twice in a day I wanna know

You just, fuckin', fuck Marco

Marco/H2O:

(Slight laughter while sitting up)

You're not getting depressed on me are you?

The Lady:

(Wiping her tears)

It's a big fuckin' joke Marco; Fuck you, Fuck you!

You made me love you, you fucker

(She picks up the hotel planner and throws it at him)

You fuckin' selfish asshole

(Marco now sitting up, blocks her toss)

Marco/H2O:

(Slight laughter)

I'm pretty sure you're not supposed to throw stuff at the suicidal guy

The Lady:

(Angry tone)

You're not suicidal Marco; you're just a fuckin' asshole

What if I hadn't found you, you fucker?

Marco/H2O:

(Slightly serious staring at her)

How did you find me?

The Lady:

Well, you got your cry for help answered; fuckin' dick

Marco/H2O:

I know how you found me

You just picked the nicest hotel

I could've found me too; I'm glad you found me...

I was a victim of false advertising today...

There was no fuckin' white light; Big fuckin' hype, there was no light

The Lady:

(Reaching into her purse for a pre-rolled joint stash and looking angrily at him)

The drugs or something saved your life, I think...

I think they might have stopped your blood flow

You can't bleed to death if you don't have proper blood flow

Marco's Woman:

*(**Mos Def's 'The Beggar'** begins a low play in the echoed silence*

Cut to The Lady lighting a joint

She takes a few drags still staring him down...

Sashaying the joint to him, she sits behind him on the bed

Marco takes a deep drag and exhales before he says...)

Marco/:

(A Rare, yet Sincere one)

I am sorry

I'm tired of not having the answers, that's all

The Lady:

So we find them together Marco, but don't fuckin' do that baby

And you have to cut down on the coke and the mushrooms, promise me...

Promise me Marco Waters; Fuckin' promise me

Marco/:

(Sighing...smiling)

I promise...

I really love mushrooms though

Baby it's the reflecting drug you know?

I have to reflect

The Lady:

I'm serious Marco...

(She rubs his back)

Whenever you feel like coke or mushrooms we'll fuck, ok, ok?

Marco/:

(Slight laughter)

One addiction for another

I wouldn't have it any other way

(She slides back under the covers with him)

Marco faces her as she burrows her head into his chest

He cradles her head from his chest staring at her face while her eyes are closed...)

Marco Waters:

You saved me...

I thought you were done with me after all that screaming

By the way, don't scream anymore

Please don't

The world is loud enough

The Lady:

Ok, I promise I won't scream anymore

Marco Waters:

(Slight laughter)

You're a liar

The Lady:

(Flirting tone with a slight laughter)

Don't fuck up and I won't scream at you

Marco Waters:

(Slight laughter before speaking)

What do you think about us going to church next Sunday?

The Lady:

I'll go if it'll make you feel better, but do I wanna go?

No

Marco Waters:

I don't know where the urge is coming from

I think it will make me feel better

I remember there was a certain honesty in church when I was a boy

I felt like everyone was there searching for **The Same Thing** together

But then they'd forget, starting **Monday Morning**

Some fucked off as early as **Sunday Night**

(Marco studies her face briefly and begins kissing all over her face ending with her lips)

The Lady:

Alright we'll go next Sunday

Marco promise me you won't do that again, please...

I felt like I was dead when I walked in and saw you like that

You have to really promise me baby

You never go back on your word, remember?

Marco Waters:

(Clasping her head with his hands)

Look at me; I promise I'll never do that again, ok?

The Lady:

(Kissing him and smiling at her man)

Ok, hold me

(Marco Waters cradles her head while gently digging his fingers into her back)

Marco Waters:

(Low tone)

Mama?

The Lady:

What baby?

Marco Waters:

My penis is really hard right now

The Lady:

(Slight laughter)

I know

Marco Waters:

May I put it inside you?

The Lady:

Not yet, rest a little then we'll eat a giganormous meal

And later, I promise you can put it in, all night if you like and I know you like

Marco Waters:

Ok

It's probably for the best

It's the hardest it's ever been

It would probably hurt **Your Insides** if we did it right now

The Lady:

(Slight laughter)

We don't want that...

I'm sure it's for the best...

Baby?

Marco Waters:

What Mama?

The Lady:

Do you wanna to go some place other than Vancouver?

We can always start new some place else

Marco Waters:

Naw

Despite our little episode

This city makes me feel good, but if you wanna I'll go...

(A rapid interjection by The Lady)

(A rapid interjection by The Lady)

The Lady:

(A soft whispering tone)

...No. No

I feel good here too...Tighter baby

(He adheres to her wish)

You should start writing again; you need to baby

So you can get that shit outta your head, remember?

I love you Marco...

Marco Waters:

(A deep whisper)

I love you too Gaia

(The scene rolls into the couple cuddled in a Green cover, Gaia's eyes are closed)

Marco's eyes are open staring into nothing

A sudden smile comes over the face of The Reemerged Super Hero

A monologue/epilogue nears)

End Scene; Fade to Green

The Women You Sent Me, Prayer IV of IV:

(Still in the hotel suite...

Cradling Gaia in his arms there is an inner monologue spouted to Jah)

I:

You created the field

So You Above All know how beautiful The Game is when revealed

It was a woman You sent to school me; She freed the game in all Three Brains

Since then The Kid M has been unable to stop the refrains

HE now realizes it has always been and will always be

Pimps and Hoes for Eternity

Like The Old Heads had said

There is A Thank You due, I suppose

Thank You for the woman that made me think in prose...

There is Your explanation, also due

A person must make sense their trials and tribulations to reach truth

For some time the road of love was disguised

With hate for the whores and the molested You sent me, sometimes combined

I now know what The True Pimps do

Many women young are made old before due

You made me their counsel and lover and as they healed I suffered

I cannot accept the old folks' songs of giving in to your will...

I thank You for her; I thank You so much

There is no explanation for our love, but Your will

We were sent to each other in both our desperations

A time ago I wandered to know why other men received The Women Untouched

I have come to know it was their souls you sent me to retract

While I do not appreciate being used I see This Woman as my reward

Though her composite self below, was made a prostitute

For me her soul remained intact...

Stacy Versatile...

After The Phone Call I vowed never to speak her name or speak to her again

Being an asshole isn't a new thing for HIM

The first time I and I saw her The I was compelled to ask her name

I remember the scene...

In the hallways at then, Warrensville Junior High, The Final Class

The African four of us:

Marcus, Ellis, Kevin M. and Me decided to skip 8th period African American History

*It was only my third year in America, but I remember seeing Roots The Movie over six
times already*

And they had seen it for a lifetime

*Stacy and her light skinned friend Lisa were walking up the stairs as we were walking
down...*

The Chase began so simple in that eighth grade stairwell

*Chasing Stacy Versatile ended Sophomore Year @ The Whorehouse with A Phone
Call*

Cheryl O...

More important to me than I thought

Cheryl O. separated herself from The Lady in my story

She was the most beautiful young woman of my late teens

Later her face was realized Elizabeth's; I found that realization, somewhat sick

I let the fantasy of her go when I embraced the road

But did I really let The Fantasy of Cheryl O. go?

ADJE...*About Adriana A**It's complicated; San Diego Complicated**Because I made it that way or because I'm vengeful; Take your pick**While my woman and while in Colorado she did something The Old Heads told me**never to forgive**Unless the love overwhelms**And I agree with them**They did tell me to strengthen My Hand from this happening**You can make her think you have forgiven her**After betrayal of the heart**Its ok for the betrayed party to be absent of feeling**Imagine though, taking vengeance while already The Cold-Blooded I**Adje don't like me so much no mo'*

The Curvy One:

There is a time approaching when I will have to call her again
 Some women want marriage w/the first good dick that comes along and refuses to
 go limp
 Baby its sweet, but something in me allows the chase
 HE hates the same face over and over again
 Your face I could take
 Your ass I could take
 But I need some time
 Ask Indra bless me with time travel
 So I may see The Curvy One in the future
 You I could take for a lifetime, so I'm coming to Van City to get yuh baby
 See yuh in a while

Tulse O...

The giving one that I ran away
The regret of her has made me look at me...
We should get re-dos; Fuck it
I'm due a re-do

Lady Thursday...

The monarchy was once out of control, but everything is fine now

They set up Australia as a prison and since then things have been looking up...

She was from A Section B of The Old English Prison

Her section is also known as Brisbane, The Queensland

A lot can happen in four days...

The Impossible happened one night

I'm not sure if it was The Impossible, but in THOSE FOUR

It felt like Georgia in Summer

In learning to appreciate memories

I have come to appreciate the memory of Lady Thursday

Hannah W/The Smile and The Lady Like Ettiquette

The first time I saw her I wanted her

Simple Math, really, so I chased her, called her, but was always on the way out of town

or passing through

People stay in I's Memory for a reason

There is a great reason for Hannah and I know I'm a part of it

She came to My Cave to see My KUNG-FU

I think she was impressed because she came back

Nearing the end of his journey HE will now pause to return for Hannah's Smile

briefly

These were The Hopeful Eight of The Lady Comprised,

but they were fantasies not for me

The Hopeful Eight were too well bred and far too mannered for the likes of me

You made me as an example, alone

Freewill never existed in ME, I know

II:

(Cut to him hovering out of body and bed to assume a 'hand-in-pocket' pose mid air)

This Wizard has always been possessed with respect for The Universal Satellite

But will forever challenge Her Dominance

A subservient life cannot be that of The Anglican Trained Jamaican

He has challenged You far too much to now find solace in cowardice

These permanent nights regret is often felt for the woman that

Guided him through the trimesters

I recall a brief time when her smile was very gentle

The woman I have dubbed The Monster was A Beautiful Young Woman then

To survive we sold potatoes in Brown's Town; No one could get Her Hustle down

The same hustling spirit continued in Cleveland Town as she went to school and

worked all the time

Making sure The Kid M and His Siblings wanted for nothing

If not for The English and A Colonial Circumstance

She would have been civil, sure

While I cannot currently forgive her for the mistreatment of a child

There is the overstanding of her transformation to ‘that thing’

Whether the possibility of reconciliation exists with such a creature, I do not know

This is Your road I travel and only You know...

Teach me lessons more and I will continue to learn

Test me unfairly

And Your planet I will drown

III, Projected Classroom on a stage as the super hero of our tale observes:

(Cut to H2O center stage under a green spotlight w/The Mic of Nostalgia

He watches Marco Waters in class @ The Semester Whorehouse

A smiling Mr. Waters turn a paper in

Watching the staged screen, H2O sings)

“Professor Nothing, your threat of the ‘F’ no longer has meaning to The Kid M”

I did what my nemesis said I could not

For this feat she ostracized me The SEMESTERS

But I was not ashamed of my accomplishments then or now

Every script saw the same style

Every script saw the stage incorporated w/the screen

Every script saw the same ‘F’ and my same sarcastic smile, it seemed...

(After he reads H2O turns to the screen/On the staged screen a tri-series of ugly women

with no sense of presence berates our super hero)

---“*Again Mr. Waters?*

You cannot end your scripts with skits; It's just not realistic”...

---“*Mr. Waters this was supposed to be ninety pages*

There are a hundred and one pages here

Respect, the format, please, Mr. Waters”

(Slight Laughter by the underdeveloped composite character)

---“*What is this suppose to be, a really long haiku or is it a really long rap song?*

Well, what is it?”...

Professor Nothing's hate for my originality made me more than human

So much so that one day

I literally flew away

(Graphic/Flyboy...)

My final story description to the professor rings more true tonight:

“I have found a way professor

For The Pimp, The Troubadour and The Preacher Man to reside in a single body

In harmony

I call it A Single Trilogy...

It's the toughest version of my new style being that you have to write

All three at the same time...

My style?

(Slight laughing chuckle)

Well Prof, my style will be forever known as the rebel's lens ...

Thank you...Thank you all...And Thank You..."

(followed by that maniacal laugh of HIS)

You are always the first to know my stories told

I'll mouth it still though you know...

Marco H2O and his colorful cast of composite characters

Have volunteered to be the first subject of The Single Trilogy

And the newly perfected the rebel's lens

Thank You... Thank You...Thank you all

IV:

(Cut to a low spotlit bed on stage: Gaia alone in bed as

Marco strolls to the side of the bed w/a glass of water

He strokes her hair to awaken her; She once told him she liked being awoken that way

She smiles, waking. Still smiling at him she takes a long sip

Marco moves to the other side of the bed where he gets under the blanket

She puts the water down and a great spooning dialogue begins in Gaia's ear)

The Intellectual Sect change their minds quite a bit

That is because when I reads consistently one is bound to find conflict

In knowing this, I find myself surprisingly conflict-free and conceited

What if one has to do with the other?

Oh well

I didn't pay for most of my information, so for that I'm glad

For that most professional teachers on my timeline didn't like me...

There is nothing Professor Nothing's Kind can teach me anymore
 That regimented façade of learning should have concluded with the sergeants of
 'the mock military'

But again curiosity got the best of me exposing the very worst of me...
 College revealed the world's structure terribly flawed and me powerless, trapped by
 desks and experimental sex

With college girls of The Richest Sect; I still prefer My Flings deep blue rich
 I'm attracted to The High Maintenance Women and The Insane Women
 I often find both in 1's Rich Women

"You must save the women Marco; No one else can save them", the voice

-A hero for women?

—May I think about that for a second?

(Slight laughter)

—No

--No I wasn't, well yes

Yes I was, but in very brief stays...

I chose to be a super hero for self most days...

For this choice there is regret deeply rooted in the years

But still I thank You...

Thank You for the women You have sent me

They instilled a great drive within me...

Sometimes I was not good to them, but a recent realization saw them gifted me

Provide more adventures please, to diminish the constant boredom I feel...

I know a sin was committed against Your System with a knife

But You witnessed my rebirth with the union to my wife

The threat of suicide is gone, for now

You already know I will eventually be submissive

And I will continue to play within 'the elements' and do only what Your laws

allow...

(The Green spotlight fades and a white one emerges center stage on The Mic

A Black Hooded H2O walks into the white and says...)

Talladega College

Stated

Because it must be

Talladega College is not included in the 'semester whorehouse composite'

'Twas in fact my free reign of Savery Library that created

The Idea for this Ghostly Tale;

@ the assembly in The Old Church I pictured A Minister Shady and the character

stuck with me

But no action was taken then; 'Twas too early for reflection, then...

Class bored me then, but history owned me still

So everyday at some point, off to Savery Library I went...

Gman and I would practice our Kung-Fu late night in The Dojo

I remember Alabama Ken. introduced me to what I consider a great R.Kelly album

Zman had a pretty girlfriend that wore SPAGHETTI STRAP DRESSES

Oman and Pman were like A Sitcom; Arguing in their heavy New Rome accents

Rman was a giant African with a good head on his shoulders and a young freshman

girlfriend, Lisa;

"Dirty old man"---My roommate Otman had a freshman girlfriend too

I'm 27 now, but maybe I should get a freshman girlfriend, fuck it; I'll get two

*In one of our first Kung-Fu matches I threw Tman an 'alley 'oop' and in his thick
New Rome accent, he landed and said...*

Tman:

Yeah son, throw dat shit up everytime son

I'll go get dem shits son

Just put dem shits in da air son

Tcountry and Bcountry were laughing country boys w/city cool

I think those two were high all the time

I remember the rest of them, but I'll save it for Future/Past Talladega Time Travel

*I was just A Virgin Freshman, I said, but vaginas in Cleveland and New Rome had
treated me pretty well*

When the girls found out about the new meat, they asked me out

That year @ Talladega I lost my virginity over and over again

It needs to be stated: I was very selective and remained a gentleman

The I even had time to fall in love under a tree by the admissions office

Eating burgers and fries w/Denise

She had another then, but she still made time for me

Another man's woman, I know, but The Game was still Cold Then

Those days and That Night especially

You should've seen Denise...

It got to a point where I needed her sweet voice to sleep...

After leaving Talladega College I never told the whites in the world working

About Talladega College

TC was not for them, so why inform them of Her, I thought

I knows better now

Promotion of The HBCU is Very Important (For Our Survival) ...

When college was done I told them about the other schools I went to

On the many job apps.

You see, The whites don't respect

The HBCU

I spoke to them in depth so I knew Their Black Views

The White World Working do not respect The HbCU because 'they' do not respect Our

History,

only our 'Shuck and Jive History' 'they' like

And in the white world working mostly for myself I played their game and buried my

past, promoting and trafficking books

But Old Ghosts have a way of speaking their minds through the young

I swears to You this truth

William Savery and Thomas Tarrant have a lot to do

W/These Lines of Mine

*End Scene; we fade to **Green...***

*(From the **Green** we fade to the sweltering heat of a Delta Sunday morning*

And a singing choir in the echoed silence

We see Confucius Jones and Youngsta walking a long walkway

With grass on both sides; A small church attired crowd walks ahead of them

A medium sized church with a giant cross looms in the near distance

Confucius is dressed in an overly red suit with red tinted aviator sunglasses

Youngsta is dressed in a bright gold suit with gold tinted aviator sunglasses

The two pimp their strides on the walkway to the church)

The Reverend Benny Shady ☺ ☺ ☺ :

We join an already singing choir and a jovial deacon

Hyping the all black church crowd

He is Deacon G. Clarke and he is one of the only decent representatives in

The Church Fold...

Up the aisle from the back of the church the audience observe as

An elderly black man in his mid fifties

Wearing Green tinted aviator reading glasses

With a bright Green suit HE approaches the pulpit

He smiles at his familiar looking wife Clarissa in the front row

When he loses eye contact with her

His eyes find The Bouncing Breasts of A Singing Young Girl in the congregation

He is The Reverend Benny Shady and he presides over The Church of The Deltas

The reverend's sermons are often met

By many chants of Amen and other sighs of agreement

His wandering eyes find the sexy flock

He has a misplaced southern drawl with a deep voice

His church is hot without air conditioning

So the windows are open, but to a very light breeze

The congregation fan themselves, including his wife

The Reverend Shady has a hand kerchief that he uses to occasionally wipe

His brain waste

The choir sings with synchronized fanning of themselves

Cut to Confucius Jones and Youngsta at the church door about to come in

Taking off their hats before entering

They sit at the back of the church...

When the singing ceases The Reverend Benny Shady will deliver his thesis

Reverend Benny Shady:

(A heavy and guarded smile as the choir winds down)

...Good mornin' all

I hope everybody had a fruitful week

The weather has been a little hot, but it wouldn't be **A Delta Summuh** without the heat

As you all know me and my lovely wife Clarissa did the bake sale/garage sale last week

Thanks to the generous donations of our lovely parishionuhs, that's you folks

We raised enough money for the chuhch fund

We can all rest easy for anothuh month

If there are any ideas for next month's event see either myself or Deacon Clarke

(Directed at the absent audience)

As you well know **The Chuhch** is always open to new ideas

(Redirected to the congregation)

This coming week we ask for volunteers for **Our Youth Program**

The good deacon informs me that we were short three volunteers last week

I needn't remind you

These are the youth and they are **Our Fuchuh**, to quote a famous song

*(Cut to Confucius and Youngsta in **The Back**)*

FU:

(Slight laughter while whispering to Youngsta)

Dat Nigguh is full a shit

(Youngsta emits a slight laughter and we switch back to The Reverend Preacher)

Well, yuh'll look very nice this mornin'; Very nice indeed

There is nothin' wrong with lookin' good for our lord

We **Southuhn Gentlemen** enjoy our ladies in fancy hats ofcourse

Yus suh, and there is no shortage of fancy hats heuh today...

Yus suh, mighty nice indeed

I see yuh Sistuh Connie; Go on now

Yuh go ahead and work that theuh hat

(He wipes his brow and the congregation smiles at a blushing Sistuh Connie)

Now directed at the absent audience)

Aside from that hat, Sistuh Connie also got a phat ass

Let me tell yuh bout it

I first saw that ass at a chuhch social some yeuhs ago and it still got that same

(Graphic/Sistuh Connie's phat ass)

Haught shape after all these yeuhs and all dem chiren

Woman got nine chiren, ain't nobody ever seen da daddies

Little bastards

Just run around The Deltas stealin' from anybody and everybody they catch slippin'

Sistuh Connie herself use to work da tracks sometime ago

I know because I seen huh ovuh theuh, a couple times, a while back

I was ovuh theuh, uh doin' the good lord's work, bringin' dinnuh to the needy

There's a lot a needy peoples by dem tracks

(The congregation smiles at a blushing Sistuh Connie)

(Redirected to the congregation)

Well I'm not gon waste anymore of the chuhch's good time

We'll get right into today's suhrmon

Unless ofcourse Deacon Clarke has uh, something he would like to address

Deacon... No. The deacon has nothing for us

(Directed at the absent audience)

Apparently all **The Chuhch's Issues** have been solved

(Deacon Clarke looks at him in disgust and whispers, "Dirty Ass Nigguh")

Well, it's good to be in the Lord's House on the Lord's Day, ain't it?

(Dispersed amens throughout the crowd)

Amen; yus it is good to be heuh today

(Dispersed amens throughout the crowd)

Amen indeed...

Today's suhrmon stems from my wife and I's meeting with a young man passing by our

little farm last week

One of the youth fore mentioned

We hadn't seen him in some time, so when we were on our porch

Enjoying **The Lord's Sun** and **Our Evenin' Tea** and we saw the youngsta

We ofcourse asked the boy to join us

He was ridin' by on his brand new bicycle

Showin' off as boys do with their new toys

Now we're olduh folks; Some would call us **Old School**

When a boy comes to sit with us we feed that boy

In this case we fed him melk and cookies

I don't know about you, but I have nevuh met

A school age boy that didn't enjoy melk and cookies,

Including our two boys, **Dwayne and Irving**

As you all know they are attending **The University of Delta**

In their fuhst and second yeuh, respectfuleh...

Well we got into convuhsation with this heuh boy. Asked him how his parents was

He said, fine. Asked him how their farm was doin', he said fine

Now I've known this young man since the day he was born and I've been

preachuh in These Heuh Deltas longuh that

Talkin' to him and seein' how much he had grown it occurred to me that

I've only seen him and his folks in chuhch, a few times each yeuh

Few times meanin' Eastuh, Christmas and maybe one Ash Wednesday a while back,

So I asked the boy what he did on Sundays

He said to me without any resuhvation I might add,

"Me and my daddy watch football all day"

Football, football!

(Dispersed 'mmm' 'mmm' 'mmm's')

I couldn't believe it... Football ovuh the Lord

*(A congregation member says, "Mmm, mmm, mmm" aloud in the now silent and
synchronized fanning audience)*

Lord forgive them for they know nut whut they do

I couldn't believe my euhs chuhch

Now I love my New Orleans Saints; You can ask my wife

Many a Sunday afternoons I done sat on our porch screamin' at that rawdio,

But if it's between the Saints and my Saviuh

I'm picking my Saviuh every Sunday

(Dispersed Amens are heard from the audience)

Now I love football, but this heuh pulpit,

This heuh is My Big Game

(Dispersed Amens and clapping are heard from the audience)

That's our lesson for today

'Our Chiren are Growin' up Unholy'

Some of you are here in chuhch today without youh chiren

They say to you *"mama, daddy I don't wanna go to chuhch, I don't like chuhch"*

And you leave 'em be

Well the lord don't want you to leave 'em be, no suh

The lord wants youh babies to heuh his good word

(A Semi-Unisom Amen...)

I asked the boy,

"Boy how you think you got that brand new bicycle?"

(Cut to Confucius in the back. He casts a high tone)

FU:

Pimpin'!

RBS:

Excu...Whut, whut?

(The reverend examines the flock briefly after Fu's comment;

*Cliché, but cut to **A Fat Black Woman** in front of FU turning to stare him down*

After hearing his comment

Cut to Youngsta begging FU to stop and HE does. We cut back to The Reverend Shady

Recognizing Confucius

The two exchange a familiar nod, with The Reverend's salutation uncomfortable)

As I was sayin

With a straight face, mind you, the boy said,

"My daddy bought it fuh me"

(Dispersed disagreements throughout the church)

Now, I know that God bought him that bicycle and
 You know that God bought him that bicycle but he said,

“My daddy bought it fuh me”

But who is his daddy, I mean **His Real Fathuh?**

(Da question de sweet dem yuh see; The church emits joyous sounds of Amen then,
 so The Reverend continues)

We couldn't believe the blaspheme coming from the lips of this child

(Dispersed disappointment in the boy throughout the congregation)

But I didn't blame this young man

No suh, I did not

I blamed his mama and his daddy

I blamed society and the sex perverts on the TV

I blamed the inconsistency of religion that sets men astray

I blamed the clergy man on the pulpit; I blamed the choir for not singin' loud enough

But, but not uh, our choir,

As yuh'll know we are state champions three years runnin' now

I've also been informed that we are to represent all of Delta in the upcoming state faiuh

So congratulations are in orduh for our choir and our choir leader, the beautiful

Ms. Denise Ovuhton, give huh an individual hand, won't you?

Why on euhth Ms. Ovuhton is still unwed, I do not know, why?

Some One please take this beautiful young lady out for some skrimp and lobstuh

She lives ovuh on Dayton Street and Hubuh Road

She is very lovely and what a talented uh, singuh she is

Now please give Ms. Ovuhton and our rapturous choir

A unified ovation desuhving of champions

(The congregation gives the choir a standing 'O')

The choir and the bashful Ms. Ovuhton stand for a bow

Refocusing on Reverend Shady,

The congregation chuckles a bit at the good reverend's slide from topic)

Yus suh, you can not do **The Lord's Work** without music

I have nevuh seen it done

Yus suh!

(Dispersed Amens with slight laughter and when the crowd calms again he talks)

Now uh, as I was saying, I did not blame this boy...

I blamed the Christian, I blamed the Jew, I blamed the Muslim,

I blamed the Hindu and the Buddhist too

And all the other religions of the world that cast doubts in the hearts,

(Casting his hand over his heart, he puts it over the wrong side

But quickly recovers to the left)

In the hearts of men

I did not forget the Athius or the Agnostic

They have chosen to judge instead of practice, but provide no real answers themselves

(The congregation gives a sigh of agreement/Now directed at the absent audience)

Most of all...

Most of all I blamed you, **The Congregation**

For the lack of salvation in today's society

You are **The Promoters of Faith**

And it is you that have forgotten to spread **The Good Word!**

I remember when we use to spread The News everyday

I was just a boy then

Somewhere between childhood and adulthood we got lost

We now exist in **The Dark Places** and we need to find our ways back home

(Redirected to his congregation he pauses to wipe his brow)

Men, Women and Children did not wait until Sunday

Men, Women and Children did not wait to celebrate the ways of the lord

After six days of iniquities some of you have the nuhrves to show youh face in

The House

You spread the good word today and you kill God tomorrow!

Shame, shame, shame on you!!!

When you leave heuh today remember that boy on that duht road with his brand new

bicycle, ridin' to nowheuh

If you see him give him direction

For he is lost without the saviuh

Tell him to take God with him, whereevuh he may go

He's 'a child of advertising' so remind him of the old **Visa** motto,

'don't leave home without it'

Well I'm tellin' yuh'll 'don't leave home without him'

Put it on a t-shirt if you need to remind youhselves:

'God, don't leave home without Him'... Amen!!!

(The congregation rises with an uproarious cheer of Amen

The Reverend wipes his brow as the crowd calms down)

We now ask Sistuh Ovuhnton and our choir to lead us in what I'm told is

A special rendition of the old spiritual faithful

'We Shall Overcome'

Amen Brothuhs and Sistuhs

Amen

An Individual from The Congregation:

Amen

The Lord is good; The Lord is Great!

Amen, Amen, Amen!

(Raising his hands to the skies and lowering his head before he speaks,

Reverend Shady sighs and says...)

With heads bowed, we sing for you O'lord; You are our rock and our salvation, Amen

(Unison 'Amen' from the congregation)

Amen

*(After Reverend Shady's sermon Winston, the drummer lays the conga beat in the echoed
silence*

Sistuh Ovuhton comes to the forefront of the choir and sings

'We shall overcome'; Ushers take the collection

The Reverend Shady shake hands with a few of his parishioners before heading into

The back of the church pass the choir; Confucius and Youngsta exit the church

We witness the reverend in a small green room rolling a joint

He smiles, blowing the smoke out the back window We soon see Confucius' at the window

*The conga rhythm carries Sistuh Ovuhton's voice to a shot of the church grounds,
children play)*

Reverend Benny Shady:

(Smiling and dancing while smoking his joint. He speaks with a low whisper)

Yus suh, we shall overcome, but first we shall get really high; Amen

(Confucius peaks in to the window and startles The Reverend

"Ey niggah"!

*A surprise inspired and coughing Reverend rushes and opens the back door letting FU
and Youngsta in)*

FU:

(Smiling chuckle)

Whad up Rev, yuh got dat fuh youh boy?

(Slight laughter witnessing the heavy smoke in the room while addressing Youngsta)

Dis nigguh back heuh burnin' down da chuhch down; Yuh a col' moufucka Rev.

RBS:

(A surprised Reverend Benny Shady coughs before he speaks)

Now FU, uh, I, I really wish you wouldn't conduct yuh business heuh of all places...

And Youngsta, what are you doin hangin' out with this, this man?

This is not the right path for a youth to take

FU:

(Shrugged laughing expression for the preacher man)

Start payin' me up front den nigguh and yuh wone ha to see my ass heuh

And nigguh, who da fuck yuh thank yuh foolin wit all dat righteous tawlk?

I see yuh ass on **Dat Path** every othuh Friday nigguh

Don't tell dat young nigguh dat bullllshit

Anyway, I got bunness to tend to preachuh man

So gimme my money nigguh

And no mo credit fuh yo ass; ooh yuh smokin preachuh; le' me hit dat theuh

(FU Takes a deep drag and passes to Youngsta)

Heuh young nigguh, hit dat

(It was FU that taught Youngsta to always share The Mood

Youngsta moves to the corner with the joint and smokes while studying the two men talk

Reverend Shady takes out a wad of cash from his inside jacket pocket giving FU two

one hundred dollar bills

FU quickly takes two more hundreds while laughing at the sight of

The reverend's large fold of cash)

FU:

(Warding off the reverend's grabbing hand)

Damn, nigguh let me get dese extra two

(Laughing)

Yuh a moufucka boy

Yuh a col' nigguh Rev

Yuh **a icy ass nigguh**; don't act like yuh ain't

RBS:

(Shrugged face at the pimp)

Now see heuh Confucius Jones, come on now, don't play wit **chuhch money**

You know who you playin wit if you playin' wit chuhch money

You don't wanna play with His Money, son

Come on now, give it heuh

FU:

(Laughing while looking at the reverend's wad of cash)

Damn, yuh da pimp nigguh

I don' know who yuh tryin' to g-man?

Ain't no chuhch money moufucka

Yuh skimmin' off da top; I don't give a fuck

I'm a pimp too

Jus let a nigguh hol' dis; I need dis heuh

(Smiling laughter at a smiling Youngsta in the corner)

If I had dis job Youngsta I'd be stealin' too, shiit

Prolly have a bigguh wad dan dat

(Redirected to the Reverend Shady slightly laughing)

Nigguh, yuh come down to da track I take care yuh,

I always do, don't I?

FU youh boy Rev...

I jus' got a few unexpected expenses I gotta take care a, yuh dig?

Yuh know how it is; a nigguh can get lost between da fuhst and da fifteenth...

(Slight laughter looking at Youngsta then the Rev)

I ain't pimpin yuh nigguh; I promise

Dis nigguh is stealin' from da chuhch

Boy, my daddy got me in da wrong bunes

Preachin is whut I should a been doin, shiit...

I should be pimpin' **Dese Religious Hoes** wit yuh Rev, shiit

RBS:

(Shaking his head at FU then walking over and taking his joint from Youngsta

The Reverend smokes to several deep inhales while looking at the smirking boy)

Well uh, if you two will excuse me I have to go and tend the flock

Yuh make certain to follow youh heart Youngsta

And don't be lead astray by the misguided

(Walking over to FU w/ a semi-firm stare and a low & raspy whisper)

Now uh FU, uh, that little **Red Bone** I saw thuh othuh night

I'd like to meet with huh in a private prayuh session this evenin around six o'clock

Tell huh to meet me in the old missionary house out back heuh

Tell huh, huh etuhnal soul depends on this meeting

(FU nods preoccupied with counting his money

Youngsta in observance finds the entire scene funny

Going back to the church Reverend Shady pauses at the door to inhale some more

Before exhaling he extinguishes on the floor and raises his tone)

Well...

The Lord be with you my sons!

Fu:

(Putting his money in his pocket with a slight laugh not even looking at Shady)

Yeuh, whatevuh nigguh

Let's hit it Youngsta

(The preacher exhales his last inhale

Youngsta studies him briefly while he and FU prepare to exit the session

The reverend spots the young boy's examination and winks a conman's flirt

With a revealing stare directed at him the boy turns his back to the preacher man and the

preacher man does the same

The congregation has now joined in the singing

The beat of Winston's conga drum and the choir dominate the echoed silence

FU and Youngsta leave out the back door of the church

A tambourine begins to play as the reverend reenters 'the fold'

A heavy smiling Reverend Benny Shady dances and claps down the aisle to the enjoyment

of the congregation)

End Scene; We Fade to Red, Gold and Green...

Formal Apology to The Most Alert

I

We have reached the conclusion of our reading

There are 'the most alert' that will thoroughly

Overstand what they have just read

There is an apology for this most alert needed

I did not want to scribble this tale, but you above all know

These Tumultuous Days

We must make sense of where we have been and why we have been there

Avoiding the cocky nature of my predecessors' formats

I instead created an outline for my life of past and future things

Hoping to bridge the 'gap of happenings' while on a quest to find

The Beings

TRuth, it is somewhat of A Time Machine

And A Work-In-Progress current only for The I

In this scripted and outlined Therapy is his ability to travel through

Time of The Minds

Secret scripts of stories were strategically placed for

His Viewing Alone in order to

Assess My Past and Future more thoroughly

And to challenge the inquisitive among You

I have not met all my goals to date and will not meet

All The Ones Projected

But there is now a permanent record of My Endeavors

Evidence of my failures and victories are now documented

Before You is the stat sheet of my participation in the game

I played my part JAH

II

If you did indeed read then you witnessed my constant resistance

In these overall truthful haiku tales

My love of prose saw me write my life as such...

I thought I hadn't choice in the matter of portrayal, but I fought Her

And came to a Fiction/Non-Fiction Stalemate

W/The Universal Satellite...

III

My life has confirmed the relevance of ghosts

We are all born unto a world where spirits serve as guides

I believe that; I know it true

What I know of The Ghost World is this

Ghosts are the guardians teaching us lessons if we only look and listen

The unseen have never left me

Ghosts have stayed prevalent in all my decisions

They have guided me and continue to do so, still

The future prospective lies in 'the past of the present'

A GHOST WRITER, a character of mine, really

Once called it The Intermingled Timeline...

In this trikaya you will find

There were no predictions made and The Most Alert will agree

Hopeton, '2008'...

God vs. Marco H2O

The Character of Marco H2O: A Single Trilogy

A Bedtime Story for The Rebel's Child

By, Hopeton