

Marco H2O: The Philosopher

The Character of Marco H2O: A Single Trilogy

A Bedtime Story for The Rebel's Child

By, Hopeton

Dedication:

You must overstand 'twas the situation of **This Disenfranchised Man**

That led to his voracious appetite for information

The Farmer of The Greens 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 I** will only be disgusted

This is an update for the alert and a 'fuck you' to **The Purposeful Dunce**

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

These days **Hopeton** does nothing for the ignorant, but wish them an expeditious death

He has grown impatient of most

This is a premeditated attempt to kill The Dunce Populous and

Educate The Suspicious Few

Again, the author will not explain himself

If you don't get the play

You don't get The Play

A Preface Acknowledgement:

Charlie Old Boy

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 Garvey or **Nat Turner**

Tell the two there is one among the masses

Who overstands what they were trying to accomplish...

Charlie, you'll really like '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 Man Not Often Moved 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?

May this book haunt their houses pleasantly and no one wish to lay it

Their faithful thorn and fellow bastard...

Hopeton, '2008'

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Marco H2O: The Philosopher

A Meeting On The Intermingled Timeline:

(In Somewhere, America

Two men are seated in a loft across from each other

One has a notepad and pen)

Marco:

(Smiling Glare)

...We are to speak only to the alert

Doc:

(Curious smile)

Who are they?

Marco:

(Smiling stare)

People like you and I Doc, who else?

The rest of them can find their own voice

(The First Stage- 'The Absent Audience' observes our hero fly from 'The Intermingled Timeline' to share his lines

In this the story of his life...

Cut to a projected short limo, we see a tall and dark black man in a hooded black sport coat

We see through his dark Red tinted aviator sun glasses into his open book

A Blunt is lit; It's a fat blunt, so it's the Tits

The voiceover speaks as he reads and does not stop until He decides)

The Voice of Waters Deep:

(Still Black Hooded

The Dark and Condescending Figure comes from stage right, center

An 'old school mic' awaits him under a lone Red spotlight...

He clears the throat to project His Tone, but first The Main Character says...)

I

Of Elizabeth's 3 children

I am The Cold-Blooded 1

I'm the 1 that got over His Fear of The Dead

And later, Flew w/Them...

The Movement never ended

We were rebuilding, in secret

Traitors beware; An example was made of My "800"

'They' wish you all in a state of panic

Do not be impatient

The time spent RESTUDYING THE SITUATION will not be in vain

Soon The Robotic among you will find themselves without place

This is The Pledge of The I

The pretentious tone heard is very real...

II

This is the vague tale of a controlled and conceited Schizophrenic

His words are deliberate and most of his actions cold

In his story lies The Intermingled Truth of Time

His realities are left for you to decipher

Marco H2O is secretive by nature

And in the descriptions of his estranged family, enemies and friends

“Even the worst of us need anonymity”, he says

III

Here is the story of a man with few friends, but desirably so

He is a super hero in secret, desirably so

Marco H2O comes to you through ‘the rebel’s lens’; A new format fore mocked by

His arch enemy, The Evil Professor Nothing...

Our hero’s Educations will prove A Seduction

The First Person/Third Person Maniac will rise from these scripted and outlined

pages to your mind’s reel

There The Main Character’s knowledge will be revealed

This scheduled meeting of Hopeton’s Autobiography

And his super hero alter ego approach...

We must begin in Cleveland to fully assess these characters...

Kid Cleveland:

*(The staged screen is still black---Music creeps in
The bass line to Bone Thugs-n-Harmonys' 'For The Love of Money' is introduced to
The absent audience as loud as humanly possible
All the while an emerging graphic of two boys along with many others at an outdoor dojo
practicing their Kung-Fu [Screened]
The two boys take the same path home, laughing most of the way as the voiceover
remembers)*

I

**In the beginning stages of my chosen career path there was Kid Cleveland, who
became my instant friend
“Don’t forget my number”, he said
216.831.5555, he said**

**The two of us at our young age mastered a game that I now regard as a necessity
It was Kid Cleveland that introduced me to his super hero older brother
Hazy still, but I think, with white racing stripes, his ride was Neptune Blue
A Swivel Seat on the driver’s side**

**They took me in to Their Family, no questions asked...
GSlick knew what Kid Cleveland and I were doing and he jokingly said to us on
more than one occasion in the hallways passing (In so many words)**

GSlick:

Kid Cleveland and Black

I know what you young niggahs is doin' ovuh dere

You some rich mothafuckas by now

Let yuh boy Slick hold somethin

II

(Graphic of The Monster chasing him out the door with his aluminum bat)

Each time The Monster released me Kid Cleveland's Mother took me in

I had a home to dwell for as long it took The Monster to calm

In these, the early stages of my educations there wasn't a book that crossed

The Kid M's path which he did not inhale

Information was the key to winning

I felt that then; I know it now

The King will be realized at the end. He will have a plan to save us all

He will be the man with the most information. He will be the most alert...

Back then I saw the drug dealer as an obvious target in My Section

From conversations with The Old Heads I overstood why drugs were sold

But I never knew why drug dealers wanted to get caught

I was in The Drug Game at my young age, but I didn't know about

The Game Being Played...

I didn't overstand facing the enemy like Kid Cleveland did

Shamefully, it has taken this long to fully know The Whoring

III

My approach was different than that of ‘the obvious ones’
 Whom I now regard as Super Heroes; That had to be stated
 I became a student for the first time in a while
 My fatigues were different with my pants at waist’s height
 “A Magic Trick is always needed”, said the secret book

(Graphic Anglo- attire)

I began taking Kung-Fu seriously and excelled, to later become
 A Kung-Fu Summer Camp Invitee

(The Herds, I came to call The First Kung-Fu Camp

That’s when I realized I was just a number; They gave me one on arrival

*That’s when I decided to own myself and later realized how poor I would be as a result
 of This Independence*

But a True Man hasn’t choice in wanting his complete freedom

REGARDLESS THE PENALTIES)

Kid Cleveland and I took a different approach

But I know we remained the same person

We had separated ourselves from ‘the block kids’

“Let them have the block”, I said; “It will always be on fire”

It served no purpose to us other than fame

Deciding on delivery we went to the blocks only when necessary...

In time however Kid Cleveland grew impatient and wanted the entire world’s cash

He went back to the fire and stayed...

(Cut to the echoed silence of what he called The Choices, back then...

Next to each other The Library and The Kung-Fu Dojo (outdoor and in)

And Across The Street The Crack and The Syringe and Meth now, I bet (I was selling

ONLY EIGHT BALLS then...

LATER OUNCES, BUT NEVER GOT BIGGER...I TREATED DEALING AS A PART

TIME JOB, REALLY, Extra Money...

The absent audience observes Kid Cleveland on The Block as Young Marco practices

his Kung-Fu skills @ The Outdoor Dojo across the street

Young H2O sees him, but does not engage in conversation w/his friend

HE practiced his Kung-Fu a lot in those days,

3000 Punches:1000 in the mourning, 1000 mid-day and 1000 in the eve)

IV

Soon Kid Cleveland made the decision to attend school with less frequency

But school became a necessary cover for me

I had always sought only a percentage; That has never changed...

The separation of friends saw me excel

Everyone was unaware I had kept up my old ways

It was only Kung-Fu and Books they thought

(We cut to the youngster's lunch w/Frankie 9)

Frankie 9:

*(Thanks to Kid Cleveland and Frankie 9 **Too Short** was INTRODUCED on*

His Cleveland Timeline...

Our young hero flies to a restaurant with super hero, Frankie 9 also flying...

Frankie 9 buys the boy lunch and schools him in the night's echoed silence,

keeping eye contact the entire time

He 'sons' the young hustler)

In two semesters The Kid M had an undeniable clientele and a new supplier

The voice said to him, "Search for a better and bigger supplier"

This new super hero was Frankie 9

Frankie 9:

The Game is cold tonight

Where's yuh coat Youngsta?

Young Marco:

What?

Frankie 9:

Yuh'll get it...

Frankie 9's advice guided him through the early stages of the game being played

While Kid Cleveland's brother was a gentleman

I knew to be successful one had to start applying business rules

Frankie 9 saw the potential in my eyes and lyrics

"You be cool genius; Hit me up when you get done with that one, alright"

"ALRIGHT 9"

There were deliveries to what I described then as 'warped friendships'

I delivered to them so much

I began to feel responsible for them, but of course this situation was warped

One such friend was the young mother with the baby girl always on the bed

Karma hunts me for them, still

I remember praying for them,

"god, if you're there save her and the little girl

I'm sorry, but you made me and gave me free will

In three weeks I'll stop selling to her"

Three weeks was always my time table for retirement

"It is my fault god

If you give them life again I'll capitalize your name from now on and use more

T's in my writings"

After two more visits and the prayer I never went back to see her

My hope is that God listened...

(Cut to the youngster waking up and playing Marley while readying for 'school')

The Image:

(Kid Cleveland introduced him to E-40 around this time

The Kid M's montage of dress, class room participation and Kung-Fu practice)

I

The Kid M honed the ability to blend in or out of a crowd

The fame of it all was unattractive then and now

Some rebel films played the farce of a potential happy ending

There was always the feeling within me that knew nirvana was possible,

Yet I have always known and accepted that I could end at any moment

My image must be secured for this eventual event

There is my permanent disdain for humans, but I want them to look at me

W/the utmost respect

That's what I now overstand about Rappers and Diamonds

The diamonds serve as Highlights of Wealth, much like Tattoos are

Highlighted Birthmarks

The elite respect money the most, so THE RAPPERS wear the most expensive

HIGHLIGHTS...

You see diamonds and hip hop gear; I see 'a perennial fuck you'

Regardless of that overview I had to switch my style

II

Some of the young blacks around me were getting drug charges

I felt a necessary change emerge

I did the work of the gangster, but went unnoticed

‘The animals’ would wave to me on my way to and from school w/that Kung-Fu Ball
in my hand

I laughed everytime; *“If only they knew”*

“Dey will see what you show dem”, Frankie 9 had earlier told him

The Kid M had to become a cliché, but if I was to make the monies I knew existed
they couldn’t see me coming

I had to build my legend in secret. *(Graphic/Attire change)* I began to dress unlike
‘the others dark’

Sensible shoes, slacks and button polos were the new attire

Kung-Fu shoes became sacrilege outside The Dojos

This was all a part of my plan for acceptance. It worked *to perfection...*

As with all things, know that one’s reign is temporary

The Kid M believes in his perfected habit of ending things suddenly...

There was a filthy rat involved...

(Graphic/The Monster scolds our young hero, but by then he didn’t give a fuck)

After ‘the kidnapping’, The Monster claimed I had put the family to shame

(The Monster claims our young hero from ‘the animal station’)

The Mock Military Script:

(The Monster is witnessed in the echoed silence speaking to an animal

While both periodically stare at the young and emerging super hero

The boy wears an untouchable grin

Our young hero arrives at a dark and green institution by bus w/other disgruntle youth

We see his 'processing')

With the help of an over zealous animal

The Monster arranged my departure to the place it had threatened for so long

(Graphic) **On one's arrival to such an institution 'the breaking' begins**

They were directly in my face, screaming obscenities and

Throwing derogatory spears

There were repeated requests for push-ups and the most unreasonable of demands

This is designed to release hope from our systems

I saw such hope however. They were deprived of everything in 'the mock military'

The niche market was unlike any other

My talent for supply and demand would be perfected there

The trips home would see me return with duffels full

Once 'the breaking' was done we could talk business

They went at the frosh for two weeks

Once all that was over I proposed a plan to the guards

“I can get you anything you want from New Rome every weekend: new movies,

whatever, porn...Martial Art Flicks, whatever you need

If, you let me sell the rich kids product, plus I'll give you 25% of all profits

I plan to have a lot of product and a lot of profits

They agreed

The Locker of Goodies:

(Picture a locker of goodness in a school hallway

On the timeline our young hero sold corporate goods back to the corporate

children/Sometimes there were line ups

Those sometimes caused him to move the operation to the basement of the school)

The contraband list included everything from Cheeseburgers to Shampoo

All bags coming on campus were checked for such contraband, all except mine

Soon the entire campus knew me

I had requests for Cds, food snacks: butterfingers, red vines, iced tea, potato chips,
chocolate

Water, tuna, gum, batteries, soda and batteries, did I mention batteries?

Mostly fast food

All requests made were granted

When the guards squeezed me for a higher percentage (35%) I didn't stop

I raised my prices across the board and kept my profits high

The market research attained in those years has remained priceless

I know what the masses will do before their first thought

I have thorough overstanding of their addictions and that's all inclusive

For instance, the forever high school age boy and girl will buy nonsense repeatedly

But you already knew that

School became fun. Here was The Selling Man in his element

The beauty felt in those times I attempt to recreate still...

(Fading into the future we see a lecture hall of students

Glass and Shankar's 'Meetings Along The Edge' is Our Super Hero's theme

and it begins a smooth swell from the middle of its timeline

We see H2O hover into the class as the other students are almost completely seated...

Professor Nothing's Class---

Marco is sitting next to The Dominican Rebel—a mutual introduction is witnessed

*(Cut to a graphic of The Filth being arrested, interrogated and freed/The Eliminator
waits, then stalks)*

SOUTHERN H2O:

(Underground car park: H2O and Driver are loading the final books into the trunk of a

Lincoln Town Car

‘Jump and Jive’ creeps in as the drive begins

We see the hazy image of a Chrysler 300 being loaded in the background

Next to it is a hazy is a pair of Red, Gold and Green Nike shoes

When the ride begins the music is blaring, a brick is partially opened, so a bump is taken

Black hood w/black sport coat and red tinted aviators)

I was in rear form

“Jump and jive, then you wail

You gotta jump and jive and then you wail away”,

With great redundancy and clarity

Cocaine causes redundancy in repetitive overtones...

Back then, My Favorite Troubadour from The Grid remarked as a rule on

His Final LP

“Never get high on yuh own supply”

I took no heed to his lesson this day...

“I was on my way” as an old friend would say, delivering to THE SOUTH

H2O had been up three days on Ideas and Cocaine

My driver for this mission was a friend from the Midwest

We had met some years before

Usually I was solo for my missions, but this was too much to go alone

A great runner must go all out at least once in their career

The loads carried several life sentences, for the drivers too

The trunks were packed

The music I insisted, must be loud

Certain Drugs decipher certain lyrics at high decibels...

“Jump and jive, then you wail, you gotta jump and jive, then you wail away”

What was this man trying to tell me?

(Graphic---Lines, lines, lines)

(Cut back to the underground car park and the hazy image of Town Cars)

Troubled Waters:

(Graphic-exiting the loading area- 10+ hazy Lincoln Town Car shapes/trunks open)

I was nervous, more nervous than usual

The trunk was packed

If you've known a book runner you'll know that life can be a constant tension with

Rapid spending

They've dubbed you a criminal and there is nothing you can do to

Change their minds

Most times feel like the ending

Every trip is the final trip

The runner is in A Constant State of Revelations

My 'criminal' record all the while impeccable had the custom agents, bus security,

Border animal, plane security, train security

And the city bores suspicious when I approached

But they hadn't any proof of broken laws

The Law can be beneficial to both sides if played correctly

With 'Anglo-Saxon attire' *(Graphic Flashback)* and

A mocking diction my pigment was made obsolete

The utter respect I craved came with a sport coat

It was divine intervention however, that kept me untouchable

No matter what the religious sects claim God protects The Book Dealer

Because nothing else explains my existence...

Some time ago I deciphered Free Will and fully realized

I was neither criminal nor gangster, but a rebel

(Mushroom Deciphering/Graphic flashback)

I dubbed myself A Facilitator of Mind Experiments

The books will appear with or without me; This is fact

I became A Modern Day Shaman touring the country side and

Setting the minds of the corporate slave free

With me you will get great books. With me you will get the best quality

With me you will get words of honor, hence consistency

A late book dealer is a sloppy book dealer

No man, woman or teen can ever accuse H2O of tardiness

I was there when promised; Often times I was early

(Cut to The Main Character/He is seen getting coffee at [Starbucks](#) and riding his [E-Glide.com](#) electric skateboard. He and an unfamiliar looking Old Man enjoy their coffee outside)

The glamorous life portrayed in the movies represented fantasy

Fancy cars I thought were for the birds to shit on

My money was invested in dirt, literally (Graphic of [The Dirt Bank](#))

More than money Marco H2O craved information

He was willing to ask all the questions necessary and analyze all the answers given...

On an [Inland Empire](#) mourning over [HASHISH](#) and a [Starbuck's Coffee](#)

[Haile Salisi's Student](#) gave me [THE GREATEST LESSON](#):

"To rule the universe one must be open to all its knowledge

A Man who knows the most and can materialize this knowledge will be the richest"

Books and The Green combined made him invincible...

This was the period on The Intermingled Timeline when

Marco H2O mastered flight...

MY CONNECTION:

(A remix of Shankar and Glass' 'Meetings Along The Edge'

A deep hip hop bass-line fused in...

This will be the theme of 'The Main Character, within'

Something of a Southside West Beat...

In my head it sounds cool as if fused with the blues...

Cut to H2O riding by The Southern Kids in a short limo on his way to the future...)

The South always felt different to me

Take it from a man that walks with the dead

Down there the old slaves walk with you

(Graphic of Old Southern Slaves eying

H2O as he eyes their present day ancestors from his car)

The air and sounds are different in The South

Music television tried to capture it, but not quite

The Southern Kids know the war is STILL WAGING

That's why their music is so raw and their swagger on edge

They're still angry about slavery and I love them that way

Never forget Mr. Smith is Black because Mr. Smith was White

Fuck every dunce on Earth that wants to forget

Here are the victims of a mass kidnapping, Tricked

They know the promise of 'indentured servitude' was a lie

And EVENTUALLY THEY WILL BURN IT TO THE GROUND

SO PROMISES THE I...

(They pull up to a gated yard...The driveway will be long and winding with many trees)

When approaching his gate I always felt a great curiosity about the

Town Car (I was in)

Male Gate Operator:

(Voice Transmitter)

Do you have 'the key'?

H2O:

(Spouting the words to Driver with a slight smile looking down)

Minnesota is at its best in Spring and Summer, but I love **Its Fall Colors...**

Driver:

(Slight smile throughout the dialogue while speaking into the receiver)

Minnesota is at its best in spring and summer, but I love its fall colors

H2O:

My old friend from **Buffalo** enjoys the blooming of the lilacs...

Driver:

My old friend from Buffalo enjoys the blooming of the lilacs

H2O:

Winters are spent in **Northeast** and our summers on **Lake Calhoun...**

Driver:

Winters are spent in Nordeast and our summers on Lake Calhoun...

(THE GATE OPENS. Driver smiles mocking the Minnesotan dialect, 'Minnesota')

"Minnesota"

H2O:

(As the gate opens he smiles at Driver in the rear view)

It's a good place Minnesota, good people

*(They drive the winding way of trees to **The Old Man's House**)*

The Old Man: *(A long and winding driveway)*

I

His name is not important

History, impressive

**In the dark days when a majority of southern hustlers sat waiting he and one other
created networks around the country**

All the while intending to rule only the south

“Don’t be greedy; Only demand a section of the world”, he once told me

His section became the outpost for the two main imports

The ‘dark drugs’ he said, when we parlayed, “keep them away from here

When you bring the satanic drugs here, it’s not the animals you have to fear, it’s me

Laboratory drugs were a mistake”, he said. “I’m not in the business of enslaving

I leave the business of slavery to Big Business, namely big pharmaceutical

They’ve mastered it. Drugs should help with meditation, not destroy it

Heroin is definitely not allowed here SON

The weed and ‘cream soda’ are my business with no plans of ever branching out,

OVERSTOOD”?

He taught me of ‘the native shaman’ and their permanent tune to the universe

“They OVERSTAND a direct connection with God, Marco

You can learn from the Shaman, son” *(Books, Graphic)*

I considered him an honorable man

He could match wits

I was subject to many a dunce in my life

These were the people too terrified to challenge their surroundings

They made me nervous about structure. The Old Man detested ‘the structure’

“If this was organized”, I thought parlaying, “There must be no real answer”

That social commentary made the Old Man my instant friend

(We flash back on the intermingled timeline and witness The Old Man school H2O)

II

(Cut to The Town Car pulling up to an impressive estate house/A garage opens)

On my first visit to see him he explained the constant surveillance of his property

He assured me there was nothing to worry about. I believed him because I could

Here was a true rear breed for his profession

He had been in business so long the raids of his property were scheduled and the

news coverage, non-existent

He taught me the schedule so there would never be conflict

“The curiosity is always there Marco, pull up with the windows closed

You’ll never be harassed in this place You’re with me now”

Years ago he became a silent partner in a limo company based in several states

His top guys got the service

I hated being popular, so much, that I made sure

The Old Man knew never to introduce me to anyone

“I have my own connections”, I told him,

“and I’m not interested in new ones or new friends”

He always made sure there was no one there when I came around

During my visits to the Old Man my face was never seen

We both shared a mutual hate for fame

Pulling into the garage there he was to greet me as usual

As to how I met the Old Man, let’s just say,

One connection led to another and another and so on...

(Tone of Conversation-cordial)

(Cut to the garage door closing. When it drops the Old Man emerges from a door

Stepping out of the car H2O and the Old Man exchange a left hand salute

The driver exits almost simultaneously. In the garage they chit briefly)

Driver:

(Constant smile throughout scene)

How are you sir?

Old Man:

(Constant smile throughout scene)

Good, how's the city?

Driver:

(Smiling)

Still the best city in the Midwest sir

Old Man:

(Smiling)

The best huh?

I have some friends east of you that would say otherwise...

H2O, how are you my boy?

H2O:

(Removing aviator sun glasses and observing entire garage. A smile emerges)

A Little ***Coked Out***, a little nervous

I'm hungry, really hungry and sleep is needed I'm sure

But I'm too up for sleep

How are you sir?

Old Man:

(An endearing smile for H2O)

A lot better now that you're here

It's great to see you son... The two of you come in, come in

(They trail the old man to the kitchen)

I'll make you a tofu Panini sandwich

That's all I've been eating lately, put a little pesto, tomatoes and garlic flavored tofu,

grilled of course

It was a bit of a long night

I was up until 11:45 *(Smiling at Driver)* You two are young

You both overstand I'm just pretending to be young

(Smiling...)

This sandwich will bring the dead back to life

Hey hun do you need anything?

(H2O and Driver smile a curious smile @ each other then toward Old Man)

Driver is now sitting at the kitchen counter watching the Old Man

The Old Man notices her constant sniffles)

Driver:

No thank you sir; I'll be leaving shortly

(Sniffing while looking at a pre-occupied H2O)

H do you need me anymore?

H2O:

(Pre-occupied with the Old Man's giant painting)

May I think about that for a second?

Old Man:

(Smiling)

Well mam you've cheated yourself out of the best sandwich on Earth, on Earth

You sure?

Last chance

(A sniffing Driver and the Old Man exchange a curious smile)

That's too bad; it's awfully delicious

Driver:

(Sniffing and smiling)

Thank you sir, but I'm good right now

Old Man:

(Smiling and sniffing)

Take a sandwich for the road then, make an old man feel good

Driver:

(Smiling laughter)

I'll take one, thank you sir

Old Man:

(Smiling)

You'll see. It'll change your life

H2O:

(Still pre-occupied with paintings, no eye contact)

You're really sellin' that thing, so I'm sold; I'll take six of them, no mayo

That must be some sandwich sir

Old Man:

(A quick and heavy bellow at H2O's comment)

Come here my boy, how was the trip, any problems?

(Looking at a spaced out H2O)

No more soda for you Marco, just food

Just received a shipment of some of that Carthage Green you like

Its NEON green

(Graphic of Carthage Green)

You still love THE HERBS I hope

(Looking at H2O)

It surprised me when I saw it; I didn't know weed could be that green

(Still looking at a spaced out and curious H2O)

Have you been '**Rock Starring**' the entire ride Marco?

Marco!

H2O:

(Smiling)

Huh?! Only three quarters of the way

I WASN'T COMFORTABLE, NEITHER ONE OF US WAS

It all seemed too good to be true, you know?

The ride was smooth though

We stopped for an hour to catch a tail, but nothing; I feel happy sir

It's very strange for me, but I feel really happy, fuckin' content

I think I might even go see The Old Lady

I have to go see someone. What a nice house; I always forget how nice it is down here

(To Driver)

Driver I'm not gonna need you for the rest of the night

You have the hotel info; We have to be here for a while catching up

Pick me up tomorrow uh, at 4 alright?

Unload the car before you go please

Driver:

(Flirting smile)

Alright, anything else?

H2O:

Nope, that be it miss

Old Man:

(Brings her a sandwich at the counter)

Here you are darlin', enjoy and try to eat it before it gets cold

Driver:

(Smiling)

I will, thanks again sir

(Smiling glare for H2O and the Old Man)

H I'm gonna unload the car; I'll see you tomorrow evening, then

You two behave

(H2O and she exchange the left hand salute and a smile

After Driver exits they begin to chat...The Old Man smiles at H2O

H2O approaches the counter and sits on a stool

The Old Man stands across from him in the kitchen)

Old Man:

You should feel proud my boy, not many men accomplish in a lifetime

What you just did in three weeks...

You should be beyond happy...

Stay a while get your thoughts together

I know your brain must be going crazy trying to figure out your next move

Go and take care of your friends and then come back if you like

How many summers have I been trying to get you down here?

Its home if you want it to be son

Make sure your family is taken care of

That's the most important thing; that's the first thing you do Marco

H2O:

Thank you sir, but I'm on the road for now

My family is good at taking care of themselves

Old Man:

(Slight laughter)

That face; there you go with that face

H2O:

(A shrugged facial expression)

WHAT FACE?

Old Man:

(Smiling and pointing at Marco)

Since I've known you Marco...every time family comes up, you give me that face

Marco:

("Poker face")

You're imagining things sir, my face maintains the same expression

Vegas rules remember?

Don't get read

Who taught me that?

Old Man:

(Slight laughter)

Alright, I'll stop...

How've you been kid?

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile)

I've been doing decent, with a bit of hypocrisy thrown in for good measure

Old Man:

(Smiling)

...You've been as well as 'governments' my boy

The Old Man knew my family history, yet he would push me to talk about them

I pretended not to overstand the push. They were in the past

I wanted them to stay there

Never get too close. I found talks of family unnecessary

This was a different kind of business

The Old Lady's brain could end up in the street

The rest of the family can die, but not the Old Lady

She's A Dying Super Hero...

The Legend of Ms.Vera:

(We see a strong old lady working hard in the field

A young boy mimics her every move. She cooks their meal in the field as the young boy

Hands her ingredients for the cast iron pot

They ofcourse eat and proceed to working again, under the pretentious tone of H2O)

I

The rice she would cook was somewhere between al dente and a flood

But I loved her far too much to ever say...

After years of being the supreme matriarch, her final days are spent in a piss

smelled nursing prison with dunces as caretakers

And the family she gave life and opportunity visit her often;

I am The Non-Visitor when it comes to My Grandmother...

It was her that preached the bible as a boy. Then I questioned the bible, as I do now

Why would an all powerful god leave free will to such simpletons?

It was her that gave me a sip of Red Stripe Beer

When the realization of America as The New Roman Empire occurred

She challenged me to find The New Carthage

“It is all in the bible and The Other History Books”

They are repeating themselves. Revelations is upon us”, she said

The Old Lady’s education sprang from

The Old Testament and Field Work on the island

But she knew these things to come; These things now current

Once I thought it mere talks of ‘fire and brimstone’
I’ve looked around me, as you now must
I see what The Old Lady was readying me for
In The Independent The Environmentalist said it best,
“Time’s up”, The Old Lady knew this
Call it failing polar ice caps, call it God’s will
But whatever you call it know that we will end
Sooner than they thought
This is the information she dispensed to me at a young age,
So to spend her final days with dolts and a piss aroma is
An insult to Ms. Vera’s Legend

II

I blame only The I

My hustle was inconsistent and selfish

I had to go back... The Old Man was right

She was the only blood family that prayed and did not judge

She knew on my brief returns

I had been in opposition of the governments' drug laws

And still she prayed for me

Knowing fully what I had become she prayed for me; I had to go back

(Cut to The Consumption Graphic-Old Man and Marco eating and drinking)

Reacquainting with the Old Man was always the same:

A bottle of White Rum, Hemp Ale,

An ounce of Bubba Kush, an ounce of Sour Diesel

Depending on His Blood and The Mood of The Night

In our states we would banter back and forth

He doing most of the talking and I nodding with the occasional line in between

Old Man:

Family is not all bad Marco; I left home long ago myself

It's only now that I'm talking to family again...

Head home whether you feel the need or not

Home can't be that bad, if you go to war with yourself, you'll always lose

(The two begin eating @ the counter)

H2O:

(Eating)

I'm not at war with myself; I'm at war with family

Old Man:*(Eating then speaking)*

You're at war with your blood line, denying their existence and subsequently denying

Your own self...

You're using the road to hide your gifts my boy

Stop some place a while. You love Minneapolis for some crazy reason

That might be the place for you; you said you had a friend there, right?

Call him up; I bet he hasn't forgotten you

You don't have to stay there forever, just a while

I bet not one random person that has met you have forgotten you

The only thing you know about yourself is that you can do anything

To the simpletons that might be enough...

What you're about to do with your life is impressive when I picture it

I don't see limits for you Marco

You succeeded where I've failed; you're not famous

Fame is a disease son; I wish you never inflicted...

You won't be complete until you go home and find out who you are though

Trust me on that. Its not just brains and money, but you already know that...

Think about this; what kind of man doesn't want to meet anyone?

You can't do life alone son...

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...

The Old Man said things like that
His entire purpose it seemed was to evoke thought
Our conversations rarely garnered business. That's why I loved going to see him
He knew things about me without prior knowledge
He had seen someone like me before
He made me realize there was no one like me left
Despite all his giving of knowledge The Kid M kept his mystery
Marco H2O must build his legend in secret. I would dispense very little about myself
That's the game as I was taught
People needn't know intimate details, not even the closest people
The less known about the drug dealer even in drug dealing circles, the better
Those that find issues with this secrecy have no place playing
The Rappers refer to them as 'sensitive thugs'
A man's mystery is his own
This is the practice of business with cordiality and limited personal facts
This is The True Politician in Training
My connections had the ability to do thorough background checks
All they ever needed to know about me was my inability to betray
If that wasn't good enough for them a goodbye was in order

(The Old Man ushers H2O to his living room)

The two sit opposite each other with Buddy Guy lowered in the background

A short time later H2O walks to the bar to fix a drink)

Old Man:

You've just made a lot of money Marco

The smart thing to do and I know you've thought about it; quit for a while

Remember the game can be reassessed, but once you're in there is no out, but I don't

have to tell you that, do I?

You know the game; you overstand the ups and downs and the luck of it all

You just got extremely lucky. Take it as a sign; you've just made a lot of money kid...

Start a business. Settle down in a slow town and live a slow life...

Not everyone gets caught Marco. Remember, impatience reveals the rebel. I've been

caught and now I'm in bed with those animals

I'm paying those assholes protection money

If not for the bribery they would want me to hand over

The futures of young men such as you

Now tell me H2O who's the gangster in that scenario?

The Game is Polluted Marco H2O

The Game was never like this when I was your age and if it was I didn't know about it

I can't even look the big bosses in their faces

I don't know who is in bed with the animals

That's the reason for all the secrecy

The Game has been polluted by cowards from atop the pyramid. The animals don't
belong on our side and we don't belong on theirs

Some bosses have forgotten that...

I thought I'd seen the best in my first partner, but at this rate you will be the best; You get
how important information is

That means nothing to a snitch or a slight mention in a questioning and that's what it
comes down to

That thing you're going through now could be worse

I heard the plan. I like it, but it could be much worse. Some 'piece of filth' cops a plea
and you're gone

It matters none what you've done for your friends

When you get caught for our thing 'they' 'spin you famous' and then you can't be the
best

But you know all this already...

I'm going to give you A Bit of The Game Early,

Everything you do now, all all of it has to do w/ a better you, figure it out fuh yuhself,
yuh're quick

Good, you've got that hunger in your eyes still, but take a break, go blow some cash...

A great man once said to me, after you have conquered the world

All that's left is finding peace

Until the war starts again that is

You just conquered the world; find peace Marco...

H2O:

(Smug smirk while lowering his head)

No such thing Old Man, but you already know that, don't you?

I leave tomorrow afternoon...another drink?

Old Man:

(Smiling, the Old Man points to his glass half full)

I know when you leave H2O...

Never less than a day, never more than a day

When my man H2O comes to play

(Followed by slight laughter)

H2O:

You're more than a poet sir

(Slight laughter as he sits opposite Old Man)

Old Man:

(A nod accompanies a sarcastic smile)

Thank you, Youngsta

(We fade into another H2O monologue...)

The Road and The Kid M: (Graphic/H2O and Friends)

(The absent audience sees H2O fly from town to town under the pretentious voiceover

During his flight he picks up and drops off packages for a tall Asian man and a tall

Jewish Man

His final delivery is made to the Old Man on the intermingled timeline

For this scene our hero goes without transit

He is transit; He simply flies to be 'scene')

Here is the best of the best for any quick fix

Marco H2O has risked his freedom to bring this best to you

I hope You enjoy tonight, the fruits of the cycle...

The lives of my connections didn't interest me much

The immediate meeting, catching up and

Expeditious conduction of business were all that mattered

The quicker my exit, the better

The Old Man was my main employer

I would always stay twenty four hours after arrival and not leave his compound

During this time he would rarely leave my side

His goal was to convince me of the benefits to his permanent employ; He never did

No matter the excitement of a town nothing can keep me there once business ends

I wouldn't spend the night most times

The road screamed for my return; The street people needed their 'misguided angel'

I could hear their voices crying out for me. Only I knew their pain

My books healed them, while BIG PHARMACEUTICAL enslaved them

(In the final part of this scene we see him landing in front of a brownstone flat

He wears a heavy smile glaring at the door)

The Old Man and this one other witnessed my presence the longest

Maxine:

(We cut back to H2O's conversation with the Old Man)

H2O:

I'm gonna go see the Old Lady, I think...

(Slight smile while looking at the Old man)

Maybe

Old Man:

(Sarcastic smile)

Well I hope you do the right thing

H2O:

(Smiling)

Alright please, no more talk of these things

This is my last trip...

Old Man:

(Slight laughter)

My boy this calls for a celebration of such magnitude, that we must involve women

H2O:

(Smiling)

If we must we must

(The Old Man reaches for the phone and dials on speaker)

If I enjoyed nothing else about my life as a runner I enjoyed the dichotomy of events

H2O could switch from talks of family to whores with effortless ease

With the Old Man every celebration involved women

(Graphic flashback to cocaine, two women,

H2O and The Old Man on The Intermingled Timeline—H2O my boy!!!

---Cut to---Why do they call you H2O?

--- BECAUSE I GET INTO EVERYTHING

-- What does that mean?

--- YOU'LL SEE...

---Cut to--- "SHE SAW"---Cut to--- 'THE SHOWER')

Old Man:

We must my boy, oh we must...

(A woman says 'hello' in the echoed silence. The banter is flirtatious)

Maxine, my dear

Maxine:

Hey 'Hun', how you doin'?

How the hell you been baby?

Old Man:

(Smiling)

Good and how about your fine self?

Maxine:

Would you mind if I came over?

I want to see you daddy. It's been a while

Oh, thanks again for helping with that thing...

Old Man:

(Smiling still)

You always treat me good baby

I only did what you would have done

Your smile is thanks enough pretty lady

I would love to see you mam

Right away alright and I have a friend here also...

Maxine:

Any particular type of friend, for your friend?

H2O:

Surprise me!

Old Man:

(Slight laughter pointing at H2O)

You heard him?

Maxine:

I heard him

What are yall up to tonight?

Y'all partyin' over there?

Old Man:

(Smiling)

Not yet my dear; we're waitin for you, so we can begin

Maxine:

Alright 'Hun', we'll be there in thirty or less

Old Man:

(Slight laughter)

I hope it's still hot

Maxine:

(Slight laughter)

Aright daddy sees you in a bit

Vagina made the Old Man giggle like a school boy and forget his diction

I enjoyed seeing him like that

It made me happy to see him happy

H2O:

(H2O gives the old man a peculiar smile. He sips his drink)

There is a place you know

Where all the women of the world unite to fuck us raw

No disease, no condoms

In this place women obey our every command without analysis

Old Man:

(Curious smile accompanied by slight laughter)

Where?!

I'll book a flight immediately, all the women, are you sure?

I am in H2O; I am in, where is it?

You can't keep that kind of place secret Marco

(Slight laughter)

Share it with the Old Man; where is this **Vagina Shangri-La?**

H2O:

(Slight laughter while chopping a line)

Heaven

Old Man:

(Heavy laughter and then his face turns worried when H2O begins snorting, followed by

An immediate dicing of another; This one giganormous)

That's good; do you know how cool that would be?

No chance of disease, no condoms, that is heaven; I never thought of it, women, holy shit

my boy

Plain and simple; women are heavenly creatures

Let's smoke some of this Carthage green

Yuh roll it; you've got that island touch

(The two smile to an fading scene. The Old Man picks up a container with weed and

hands it to H2O)

Rebel Eggs and Hookers:

(Cut to the Old Man cooking eggs after observing H2O DO A GIGANORMOUS LINE)

The Old Man is smoking a joint putting more eggs on H2O's plate)

(Graphic/Rebel eggs)

I was full from the sandwich, but he wanted to 'de-coke' me

Every great rebel I've known loved and made great eggs

Not just eggs, but rebels love breakfast

That observation is about nothing 'cept the late hours kept, but it is true...

We were readying ourselves for 'The Vaginas'

They had always gravitated toward me

The whores came to me in my late teens for sexual gratification and advice

But mainly because Gods sent them to me in droves

Back then I was very interested in deciphering women

Sex played a part when I realized I was just as fucked in the head as they were

Some women however must stay platonic. Sometimes you can see the trouble in a

woman's eyes and you want no part of it

(Split Screen/Graphic)

My pretty friend was one such woman

She would come to my underground lair beneath the sign shop

And a hand would not be laid on her person

Her eyes were too dark with abuse, so H2O stayed her friend

The sweetest of vaginas I have come to know, have the most baggage

There was a natural connection with these women
Throughout my life I counseled more than fucked them

(Cut to security calling the Old Man when the vaginas arrived

They were then escorted in

H2O and the Old Man stand on their arrival inside

H2O is now eating scrambled eggs and toast standing

Maxine entrance is cordial and loud. She smiles and laughs for the entire dialogue)

Maxine:

(A Screaming, heavy and bellowing laughter upon sight of the Old Man

She runs into his arms)

Hey Daddy!!!

Look at you

You look all thin

Sticking to your diet I see

Old Man:

(Hugs Maxine tight and gives her cheek an extended kiss)

How you doin' baby

Mmm, mmm, you look good baby; let's go talk in the other room, and leave these two

alone to reacquaint

Maxine:

I thought we were gonna party, baby

Old Man:

Oh we will baby, whose house is this?

Maxine:

Your house daddy

(Noticing H2O in the background she says hello to the familiar young man)

How you been sugah?

H2O:

(Stops eating, smiling while wiping his mouth)

Good, how about yourself?

(H2O exchanges a smile with a beautiful dark woman steps behind Maxine)

Maxine:

(Smiling at our hero)

I've been alright

Ok, sugah...

Surprise you huh?

I knew who you wanted to see

High priced hookers are usually very smart and very funny

I always liked her

She seemed very strong

(The dark woman moves closer to the smiling First Person/Third Person Maniac

The Old Man and Maxine exit the room, but not before H2O and the Old Man exchange

A smiling left hand salute)

The Hooker Becomes The Lady:

(The dialogue between the two see hints of familiarity, they've met before)

I was now left alone with My Woman for the evening...

Hooker or not the ice had to be cracked...

The conversation between The Two took the tone of a familiar and comfortable flirt

H2O:

(Serious expression)

Are you into leather and handcuffs?

(Slight laughter followed by a studious stare of her beautiful face)

What's your name tonight?

NA:

(Smiling)

N/A

I still like your name; will you tell me how you got it now?

H2O:

(Curious half smile)

Would you like to know my real name, N.A.?

N/A:

(Smiling with her head down)

Yes, but if you wanted me to know you would have said it already and besides 'NA' isn't
my real name...

I like H₂O; water is in everything you know?

(Smiling laughter)

H₂O. I like it

H₂O:

(Smiling laughter)

Water is everything; Are you in school yet, NA?

(Walking to the kitchen and putting his plate in the sink and then washing his hands. He
directs her to the settee)

N/A:

Not right now, but in the fall

Maybe

H₂O:

(Sipping the last sips of his drink)

The fall is a terrible time for school yuh know?

N/A:

(Smiling)

When do you think I should go?

H2O:

The Spring

Everything comes back to life including The Minds, in The Spring

N/A:

(Sarcastic smile)

I'll go in the spring then, maybe

H2O:

(Serious sarcasm)

Do you have enough cool for school?

If not I can sell you some

N/A:

(Shrugged smile followed by a slight laughter)

You are so weird

I have enough cool, thank you... I know we're here to fuck and all...

H2O:

(Sudden interjection with a smiling curiosity)

And all, what's that?

Fuck the fuckin' 'and all' sounds better

N/A:

(Flirtatious laughter)

Let me finish

H2O:

(Smile)

Please

N/A:

(Smiling while looking at the inconsistent eye contact of H2O)

I know we're here to fuck, but I want you to know I really wanted to fuck you from the
moment I walked in

I love the way you always look at me and you stood up when I walked in the room

You even stopped eating, so basically what I'm saying is...

What I'm saying is I really like the way you look @ me

It makes me feel good

I decided then to continue treating her as a lady...

H2O:

(Smiling. He moves toward the bar)

Those are very kind words N

Would you like something to drink, N?

N/A-The Lady:

(Perky 'yes' smiling)

Yes, what are you having?

H2O:

(Smiling eye contact)

White rum, neat

The Lady:

(Looking away shyly immediately after eye contact)

I'll have the same

H2O:

(Smiling at her bowed head)

You're not bothering me, whatever you want I'll make

The Lady:

(Slowly raising her 'shy head' smiling)

Rum is fine, really

H2O:

(Smiling)

Alright rum it is

I'm leaving tomorrow; Let's make this a great night lady

The Lady:

Where are you going?

H2O:

(A suspicious smile)

To a place

The Lady:

(She gets up and walks to the bar smiling. Marco hands her the drink)

Excuse me; I forgot who I was talking to

Well, to a great night and a great flight, to wherever you're going

*(The two **Toast**. She looks at him with a seductive smile as she sips her drink)*

Are you ready?

Because I'm very ready

H2O:

(Surprised smile)

You're ready now?

(Surprised smile turns to smile)

I didn't get a chance to seduce you with my brilliance

You must find me very attractive

N/A-The Lady:

(Smiling laughter)

That or I'm a high priced hooker getting paid a lot to fuck you

H2O:

(Sarcastic smile with a slight laughter)

So I did seduce you?

The Lady:

(Smiling laughter)

Yes, you did

(‘Shoots’ the rest of her drink. She stands w/an unbelievable stance crippling our hero)

Take me to your room H2O

(He reaches for her hand and they walk to his room. Once there she gives him a licking

kiss to his neck and...)

End Scene...

The Cleanly Scorning:

(We fade to the after glow's stage and our couple cuddled w/candles spotlit red)

The Lady:

(Smiling curiosity resting her left hand on his chest. Her back is exposed

One of his hands probe her lower back and the other strokes her hair)

Where are you from, you can tell me that, can't you?

I'm just all of a sudden curious about where a person like you comes from

H2O:

(Sarcastic smile)

A person like me?

Do tell

The Lady:

(Slight laughter. She is now perched on her stomach resting her arms on his chest

With her flailing legs out of the sheet)

You say stuff like 'do tell'

I know gangsters and not once have any of them said "do tell", but I see it in you

You're definitely a gangster, but you don't want anyone to know...

You're playing both sides; gangsters aren't smooth like you...

You went to college I bet and you didn't like what you found, did you?

(He smiles a dirty smile at her removing her arms from his chest

He walks to the washroom)

This is the part our story when you leave her in bed and take a shower

She has attempted to use the afterglow to devour your secrets

(Cut to the shower)

Scrub her from your skin...

Here is the woman scorned and as for the impending fury

H2O will kill any threat to his existence

Until Next Time Youngsta:

(The mourning appears

The true ladies of the night always leave early morning

Maxine and The Lady were no different...

Upon their exit we see H2O in the living room watching Television

The Lady and he lock eyes as she prepares to exit)

H2O:

(Standing up after they lock eyes; He smiles and walks half way toward her)

...I am from The Island; I lived there for the first 11 years of my life

I grew up in University Heights, Warrensville Heights

Cleveland Heights, New Rome; I live in Lost Angeles, Minneapolis

I do adult things, but I like to play mostly; I like to play a lot actually

And I go to Santa Barbara to think and reassess my failures

I guess you could call Santa Barbara **My Bat Cave** w/a lot of white people

The Climate feels familiar

And sometimes I visit Vancouver on an extended stay; I plan to live there

Sometimes I visit Europe on an extended stay; I have a friend there

One day I'll introduce the two of you...

You and I should disappear there for a while

And I'll be going to Africa soon, I think...

(Slight laughter)

It was very nice to see you again and I would like to see you again...

(N/A-The Lady smiles at him then exits)

She turns around halfway down the stairs smiling heavily then signaling to him

'Call me' upon her exit

H2O smiles back, then sits and resumes watching TV with a puzzled smile)

(The afternoon appears... The Old Man and H2O are saying their goodbyes as

Driver is pulling up and parks

The two are standing on a walkway in front of the mansion)

Old Man:

The Filth got out today

I heard he didn't get very far

Don't worry the rest will go smooth

Like I said the only one they don't have much on is you

This was your plan, so finish it

All the surveillance will be trashed. The hard part is done

Now you just have to meet your new best friend

He'll be on the plane next to you. I would only trust you with something like this...

(The two exchange a sinister smile)

Until next time youngsta

Remember to wait and they'll come to you; They need you

It's already too late for them. Finish this H2O

The paper work, the recordings, the films and the pictures will burn

(The Old Man pulls him in for a semi-long hug and releases him before speaking again)

Any ideas you get call me; anything except That California Thing

Medical Marijuana is a fantasy; **The Spin** will eat them alive

Most people around the country have been programmed against

the weed's healing powers

They've been made too dumb to get it

Besides you now have enough money to go to California and start

A Medical Marijuana Clinic of your own

H2O:

(Smiling)

I tried already and my own friends proved to me how dirty The Game is

They close to me turn their backs when I refused slavery

Now I have a secret plan that includes...

When I finish it I'll bring it to you

I'll see you again sir, one of these TOMORROWS

(He extends his hand)

(As H2O approaches the car the Old Man calls out to Marco)

Old Man:

Marco! Go home son.

Go home and see your bloodline

You're a great talent for whatever you touch kid, but that's not enough...

Get out of this thing for a while and go home

People miss you at home

I promise you

(The left hand salute is exchanged. H2O enters the car as Driver exits car to say goodbye to the Old Man.

This brief dialogue is cordial with a mutual smile)

Driver:

(Smiling)

That sandwich was unreal; I'm a new woman today

Old man:

(Smiling)

I'm glad you enjoyed it; take care of my boy for me

Driver:

(Smiling)

I will and you take care of yourself sir

(The two exchange a short hug and prolonged eye contact as she enters the car

She waves goodbye to him

Driver enters the car and Counter Part of H2O's pulls up. He and his driver exit a

Chrysler 300

He is wearing Nike Red, Gold and Green shoes and Nike outfit. H2O's window is

rolled down and he nods to Counter Part

The nod is reciprocated. The Old Man's eyes are fixated on H2O's departure while

exchanging pleasantries with the

Counter Part of H2O's. They ride down the long driveway

Before reaching the airport they go through a drive-thru Starbucks

Driver drops him at the airport. A hug and a kiss to the hand from H2O

We fade in to H2O settling in on the plane with his laptop

This is shortly followed by a flashback: A Brief Summation of H2O)

The Reflective Plane: a brief summation of H2O

(H2O is on a shared private charter with 6 other passengers, 3 male and 3 females

All are wealthy and dressed well

One male passenger takes a studious interest in him

The voiceover will speak after his goodbye to Driver and cease with the ringing of a cell)

In the interest of further character development the story of

Marco H2O will be briefly surmised...

The after glow query of H2O began with the question he had long avoided:

“Where are you from?”

Coupled with N/A-The Lady and the Old Man’s badgering

The Kid M,

Marco H2O reveals himself...

*(Emerging graphic of the Old Lady and the graveyard boy returning from the field
Tosh plays low)*

I was born Marco Waters next to the graveyard in the old English slave town

‘They’ once burned, beat and hung people here

Here is where The Monster sent The Kid M into The Hurricane and he survived

While zinc sheets flew inches above his head

In the graveyard, the hills and caverns I roamed as a boy

Stops were made after school to pick fruit from trees in season

Even at present ackee and salt fish, guavas, cho-chos, beef patties, ginnups

And sour sop juice are craved daily...

The Kid M was with The Monster for the beginning years in

The Beautiful Edgewater Projects of Kingston

I was an advanced child, skipping entire grades

The Monster gifted me a forced thirst for knowledge and

The scar between my eyes...

The hazy memories become clear at age three

This was the age The Monster taught me to annunciate and read

*(An angry looking woman with a giant shadow looms over a small boy, dripping acid
inches from his feet*

*She points angrily at words in a dark book, hitting him while holding the book firm
The boys face swells w/anger)*

The Monster:

(Dripping acid from its mouth as it loudly shrieks)

Simple **PHONICS**, Marco

Yuh a bombo clawt stupid pitny, ino...

Yuh a dumb dumb?

Mi naw raise no dummy ino...

(Punching his face repeatedly)

Yuh see you, yu naw amount to nuttin

(A punch to the boy's face)

Learn dummy

*(Front stage left we see Marco H2O under a red spotlight/Center stage we see an old
lady smiling in his direction under a green spotlight*

She yells out Marco! across the stage, but H2O ignores her as her spotlight fades

We fade in to an Old Lady and a young boy working in the fields on their knees

She shows him how to plant potatoes and a pretty smelling tree)

It was the Old Lady that brought me back to life...

I remember her smile made me happy

She instilled CHARITY within me. She overstood that if one has one must give

She fed the town

If they were passing by from work or times were tough

People knew her kitchen was open

She served as council to them

Strangers took long donkey rides to seek her advice

I witnessed and retained it all

In the fields daily we worked

She could outwork any man and often did

The Graveyard Boy and The Old Lady:

(Cut to A West Indian Countryside: A smiling old lady and a smiling young boy pick

Corn with a graveyard and a church over the rock wall

As the Old Lady and Little Marco return from the field

'3Children' perform a trailing and harmonizing chant in A-Minor/Acapella:

"Graveyard Bwoy, Obiah Lady"

The Haiku Song of '3Children'

(These raspy voice children perform a trailing and harmonizing chant w/creative voice

effects---vocal rules out

A purposeful short of breath chant)

Look pon di Graveyard Bwoy and di Obiah Lady (3Xs)

Graveyard Bwoy, Graveyard Bwoy

Obiah lady, Obiah Lady

Graveyard Bwoy, Obiah Lady

Graveyard Bwoy, Obiah Lady

Graveyard Bwoy, Obiah Lady

Graveyard Bwoy, Obiah Lady

Graveyard Bwoy, Obiah Lady

Graveyard Bwoy, Obiah Lady

(Little Marco's head sinks beneath his shoulder at the sounds of the chant

The Old Lady smiles for the entire dialogue

She has A West Indian Accent and a soft comforting tone)

Old Lady:

(Looking at a dejected Little Marco)

Marco ignore dem stupid pitny de.

(Left side (sinister) smile at 3Children singing, still...

We see her anger build and she steps toward them and says...)

Unu go a unu yawd!!!

(The tree children scamper, laughing and the Old Lady the same)

Go wash your hands Marco

Little Marco:

(Shrugged look with his head down)

The graveyawd is bad; I don't like it

Old Lady:

(After washing and drying her hands she picks up the boy's head with her fingertips,

Smiling at him)

The graveyard has spirits that protect you Marco
 These spirits will walk with you the rest of your life
 You can call upon them and them upon you
 When you get older I will show you how
 All the places you will go, so will the dead
 The Spirit World will always guide you
 I need you to remember that

Little Marco:

(Dim smile)

Will I be here the rest of my life?

Old Lady:

(Slight Laughter)

God will take you all over the world Marco

Little Marco:

(Excited smile and tone)

Will he, where, tell me, tell me Old Lady
 Where will God take me?

Old Lady:

(Smiling heavily at the eager young boy)

Anywhere you want to go...

(Marco smile broadens; He reaches for an apple. The Old Lady intercepts his hand)

Old Lady:

No Marco, wash your hands.

(Little Marco smiles at her then run to wash his hands)

(The Absent Audience sees the Old Lady's routine as described by the voice over.

She wakes she cooks she works in the field she sleeps and does this routine)

After her old man died there is no recollection of a knight at her door

If there was she kept him secret. She gave herself to god, family and work

This woman sacrificed herself to be disrespected with a piss aroma nursing prison

so close to her end...

The same victim of colonial-inflicted poverty stands before you now with

Contempt in his reflections

The goal now is to help you destroy it all

The talks of God stated on

Sunday mornings and afternoons across the land are false

I have known the holy and though I am not one of them I know their movements

The great majority of us move in filthy circles

Sunday mornings and afternoons will not save us

I judge us filth in reference to the Old Lady's character

If our faith in hell and heaven is indeed devout we will surely reside in hell

Only one among the masses stayed true to God and piss aroma is her thanks

Her reward must be heaven for she was a true sufferer for her master

Even at her end

*(We cut back to the plane and H2O on his laptop still being studied by
a potential new friend)*

The Animal:

(His cell phone rings and he hangs with a disappointed look

We see him make an immediate call after he hangs up

His frown is mended

H2O on the plane after 'summation' with an open laptop he occasionally fiddles with)

North:

(Dirty smile)

You look stressed plane buddy...

Fiddling with my Virgin Mobile phone I barely acknowledge him

"Mmm, mmm", I said

I'll never forget that sick half smile on his face when I looked up

After walking with the dead for so long it was only a matter of time before

I began talking to them

These animals thought themselves so clever, but I was waiting for him

Here was the greatest accidental meeting of all time

H2O on a plane with the pills you're not supposed to have sex on

My connection at the time was a flunky rich kid, as most of them are

I needed things to go smoothly because I had just completed the deal to end all deals

These were bi-products of a well supplied friend

In the middle of the ride an 'unexpected' text was received

Before looking I knew

Call at the beginning, call at the end. This is proper business etiquette

Moving them now posed a small problem, but a phone call and

Some price adjustment and they were gone...

Then, 'a chance conversation'...

H2O:

(Shrugged expression fiddling with laptop)

I just called my wife and she said **The Milk Man** is fuckin' her, in the ass

While I was on the phone, she made me listen

Before I hung up she said he was about to pour his milk all over her

Between you and me, I don't think she was talking about actual milk

(He whispers and looks North in the eyes)

I think she was talking about his sperm...

(Mutual extension)

I'm H2O and you?

North:

I'm North. H2O, that's a cool name

How did you get it?

H2O:

(Cynical smile)

A Random Persons gave it to me

I don't know you well enough to tell you that story

North:

(Cynical smile reciprocated)

That's cool... I can help you kill this milk man

We'll cut the fucker up and eat him while he's alive

Do you know what it does to a person to see their leg eaten in front of them?

It fucks you up

(Maniacal laughter)

To the timid this kind of talk is blasphemous

I however am a believer in future events...

...Back a while listening to The Man from Hibbing

While WEED high Nosaj and I realized...

Eventually the locusts will consume themselves

They will consume themselves

Immediately I liked North...

Cannibalism in casual conversation, how could I not make him friend?

The more we talked the more

I realized his lingo was uncommon for just a mere traveler

We had too much in common...

He was into reduction. I was into reduction

He practiced Kung-Fu; I practiced Kung-Fu

“This place needs less stuff”, he said to me

Remember kids, TRUE connections are made through common interests

He was a commoner in thought so I grew uninterested

He began to smell filthy

North:

When something doesn't taste good going down the gag reflex kicks in

The same thing happens with EARTH

All these natural disasters happening and the ones to come, fuckin' throw-up

There are wars going on, us against each other, but the biggest war is us against the
planet

H2O:

(Smiling)

When people don't measure up to what they claim the same can be said, agreed?

North:

(Shrugged expression)

“Uh”, yeah I suppose so

‘The uh’ is a sure tell

Many animals have been realized this way

It is worse than the stutter

The stutter suggests nervousness or a natural speech impediment

His response was less than clever

**Regardless of his true position the EARTH needed DEFENSE by the good and the
animals**

H2O:

(Genuinely interested half smile/direct eye contact)

So what do we do?

We know the planet is being ass-raped

Do we join up with the tree huggers, get Save The Earth Posters,

WEAR HEMP?

What do we do North?

North:

(Serious eye contact)

Hells no, fuck 'em all

These assholes don't care about shit, not the environment, not me, not you

Fuck 'em and their kids

You can't save people that don't want to be saved

H2O:

(Brief pause nodding his head then accompanied by a smile)

What do you do for a living North?

North:

(Sarcastic grin)

I uh, I'm in supply and demand

Recycled rubber, how about you?

H2O:

(Cynical smile)

I'm in pharmaceuticals

Good business, recycled rubber?

North:

(Shrugged face)

Not the best year, but next year is promising

H2O:

(H2O's face turns to a cynical smirk)

'The uh' revealed him once more

The Dance was upon us

The rebels I have known through out my life warned of this

"They will come; it's only a matter of time until they arrive", said Frankie 9

Where the rebels known would've backed away, H2O stepped up

There was the thorough overstanding of the history of governments and their rebels

The gangsters need to overstand what they truly are

You are deemed a criminal by ungodly laws, but I know you to be rebels

My friend Kid Vancouver is one such rebel

The future will see him a legend when the drug laws are made obsolete...

In the time of the hunt I came to know what I and my associates represented...

We were Paul Bogle, Peter Tosh and

The Argentinean Doctor combined and aligned against

A government that forced our hands

With limited numbers we too could defeat TYRANNY

These laws are ludicrous from the bill stage to their inception

They ignore the people and the other species by setting

Laws that dictate life cycles...

Some will not be eliminated

(The Dominican Rebel appears next to H2O in class)

Professor Nothing's political science course revealed the law makers as

The Law Breakers

They came to take my life. My hand was forced

Their brains belonged in the streets

The investigation would be thorough, but I was willing to hunt as many animals

As it took to win THE REVOLUTION

People were going to end

As a boy I hung from the sixty foot cliff

(Graphic of ghost boosting our young hero)

The ghosts saved me then and I was conscious of them again

H2O had come into his manhood

The 1993 Epic dubbed my favorite character 'the worst nightmare'

But he killed his own. I was a different breed of terror

I needed a direct war with the real enemy

I needed their families begging my mercy

There was the balance of the streets and the books that gave me all the cool

No one could take that away

And no one would

North:

(With great passion and disgust)

I hate all these people; fuck them all to hell.

(Cut to The Filth and H2O sitting in a car sometime in Somewhere, America)

Flashback-H2O and The Filth:

(On the intermingled timeline H2O admires The Filth's new car from inside)

North had done his interrogating homework on H2O

The Filth had betrayed me and lost his good name

Very few in New Rome knew me. I kept it only business on my returns

Not even visiting Old Friends

(Split Screen 'convo' w/the Old Man)

The Old Man's New Rome connections revealed The Filth as My Brutus

His life after his release would be short

**This was a man I had resuscitated after his family of nobility grew tired of his
dependency**

I pulled him out of the trenches and nursed him as if my child

No matter, dead men cannot confirm affidavits

(The Filth's Jail exit/Graphic)

My friend, whose name will never again be spoken,

Must have been unusually nervous upon his exit from the animal house

The Eliminator was sent

The Filth:

(Smiling admiration for his car as H2O looks on in the passenger seat with a snide smile)

H2O, my man!

I'm always gonna be dipped in **Bucket Seats** baby

From here on out nothin' but bucket seats for me baby

Coincidentally, he died in those bucket seats

(H2O nods approving The Filth's crushed leather interior)

Cut to a now dead The Filth in his bucket seat missing his face)

An Animal Tried to Seduce Him:

(Cut to the screened stage--- The Eliminator under the voiceover

He is witnessed putting the body in a double bagged industrial sized garbage bag

He then cleans the brain matter from the plush interior

Cut to The Eliminator placing the body in his trunk

Cut to him in a house Somewhere dicing and grinding The Filth to a Red fade-out

We now see North and H2O walking through the terminal talking under

The attractive voiceover...)

North knew me well

He too had an equal hate for all races, just like I did

The FILTH must have talked for hours. He knew nothing of me however

All he knew was what I told the FILTH

You must overstand H2O was a character forged in secrecy

I sold The Filth product and an image

Our conversations included my political stances and that's all

Nothing of my business was discussed

That was my business

Never get intimate; Do your business and leave

This animal was smooth

I was quite impressed with him; Too bad he was victim to a spin

He stuck to the script as I had spouted it to The FILTH

He did not miss a detail. I too hated the darks and the lights

The talls and the shorts, the fats and the skinnies

He too overstood this hate

He overstood the hypocrisy of the GDP

Yet he defended it

For this and his animal status I craved his blood

The FILTH must have described me as politically

Over- zealous with a fucked up sense of humor

It seemed all his topics from our introduction were based on politics or rigid jokes,

or The Rigid Joke that is Politics...

Adhering to the well written script I invited him to a place I was sure he had been

The enemy's last hours must be monitored

I need you to remember that

I couldn't afford him talking to his friends as of yet

My name had to remain with him until the destruction of their intelligence

I would release him when it was time

I knew he would follow me or have me followed once we parted ways

So I invited him to tag along for the night

Closely watching his person for any transmitting device

I was to meet with my partners and settle up later that night

(The two exit the airport together where a car awaits H2O)

The two stop in front of the car)

H2O:

(A smug smirk)

You should come with me new friend; That's if you have the time

North:

(Smiling)

Sounds good man. I'm meeting up with my friends later

H2O:

(Same smug smirk)

Alright, we'll hang for the night and I'll drop you off later

North:

(With excited haste)

Cool with me man. My meeting isn't until tomorrow

*(After completion of his reflection and introduction to North a driver holds a sign upon
their exit from the airport—H2O*

The two enter the car and a short time later they arrive at The Sphinx's brownstone)

The Sphinx and The Kid:

(We arrive in front of a previous brownstone from the timeline intermingled)

My favorite New Rome connection, The Sphinx, had been reached

It was obvious

Feeling ashamed she refused me eye contact. I knew she hadn't given me up

She was The Essence of rebel lineage

Her father and mother were killed when she was fifteen

They were shot down with large amounts of something 'illegal' and guns

Accompanied by so much gun powder that their bodies disintegrated in thin air

(Graphic 1guns and Graphic 2drugs)

Her husband The Phoenix was also a casualty of the same war...

She was the woman every rebel in the city wanted on his arm

It had to be the reverse with this lady; you needed to be on her arm

The Sphinx was the super hero widow of my best friend

The Phoenix and mother of a prodigy, The Kid

When The Phoenix flew back to the former French hell of 'Haitis'

I assumed responsibility for his family

The Widow did not shed a tear for the masses or her young to witness

She remained strong and assumed control of her husband's business

There was a promise I made to him, swearing to keep her away from

The Business Cocaine

When it came time for the full assumption of his power

I supplied her with cannabis alone and placed an old friend by her side

She became a star in New Rome

She and The Kid became my family away from The Heights

Whatever new toy or educational entity on the market I made sure the boy had

The animals were now threatening that

There was no mercy left in me

They had already taken my best friend

It was now time to kill everything in the path of 1Man

(During this scene with The Sphinx and The Kid the dialogue is friendly and familiar)

Exiting the car The Sphinx is waiting for H2O outside her flat)

The Sphinx:

(Smiling as Marco approaches her with North a short distance behind)

How are you baby?

Marco:

(He embraces her with a smile and then kisses her cheek and then holds her hand)

You look, uh... You look...

Where's that guy?

The Sphinx:

(Smiling, she's always smiling)

He's inside unpacking. We spent the weekend in The Shallows

I didn't tell him you were coming; I wanted to surprise him

(She stares at North behind him with a strange familiarity)

Marco notices the weird eye contact and smiles a cynical smile)

Marco:

(Smiling and still holding her hand while North sneaks up)

How are the white sand beaches of The Shallows?

(Just then North is in the immediate)

Oh, forgive me uh, Sphinx this is my new friend North

The Sphinx:

(Slight hesitation with even shy eye contact)

Hello North; it's nice to meet you

North:

(Dirty smile)

Nice to meet you Sphinx

The Sphinx:

(A confused look for a smiling H2O)

Come in, please

(The trio walks into the flat's living room)

The Kid runs out from a back room with a giant embrace for Marco

For this dialogue The Kid retains an excited smile)

The Kid:

(Smiling and running toward Marco)

Marco!

Marco:

(Kneeling and smiling for the boy)

How are you Kid?

The Kid:

Goooooood

I didn't know you were coming,

Mom did you know?

(She answers with a playful shrug)

Thanks for sending me Splinter Cell

I'm playing it still

Marco:

(The embrace loosens)

You listening to your mom or uh, are you still being a know-it-all?

The Kid:

Ask her I've been good...

(Marco stares him down with a curious yet friendly eye)

Ask her, I'm not lying

(Slight laughter)

Marco:

I believe you

Kid this is North

He's a friend

The Kid:

(Smiling with an extension of the hand)

Hi North

I'm The Kid

North:

(Smiling laughter)

Nice to meet you Kid

How old are you buddy?

The Kid:

(Smiling laughter)

Well, '*buddy*'

(Smiling laughter looking at North and then Marco)

I'm 8 and three

How old are you, '*buddy*'?

The Sphinx:

(Somewhat displeased looking at The Kid)

Kid I need you to go to your room for a while

We have to talk adult talk for a while, ok?

(Marco smiles at The Kid's jeering of North)

The Kid:

(Disappointed expression)

Oh, come on mom Marco just got here

(The Sphinx gives him **A Mom Look** and it lowers his head)

Fine, but Marco don't leave

(Smiling laughter pointing at North)

Nice to meet you, *'buddy'*

Marco:

(Endearing smile)

I won't leave before we talk, I promise

The Kid:

Ok. You guys talk your **boring adult talk**

Kid talk is much cooler though

The Sphinx:

(Stern tone without looking at him)

Kid

The Kid:

(Playful and smiling shrug of his shoulder and face upon his exit

While pointing @ Marco)

Marco

(Marco looks to his direction and the left hand salute is exchanged)

North:

(Shrugged expression accompanied by a half smile)

Cute kid

Knowing fully what North was The Pills were exchanged in front of him

(E-Deal in front of the animal/Graphic)

With a wink and a smile The Sphinx realized what I was doing and what

I had planned to do; She played it cool

I let him in on the plan with all dirty details, a technique learned from

Frankie 9 and A Movie Character Keiser I found inspiring

In my most brilliant moment I decided to let him fit the bill for the entire deal

I increased the amount five fold and why not?

My new friend had unlimited funds. My two friends' money was returned to them

This was homage for the use of their connections

North's money was then split up among nameless friends

They too were briefed of the new plan

(Before leaving Marco keeps his promise to The Kid

The Sphinx, The Kid and Marco sit on the steps of The Brownstone talking and

laughing

North is seen on the phone pacing about the Lincoln Town Car

No doubt conspiring against super heroes

Marco hugs The Sphinx and kisses her hand in parting. He hugs The Kid goodbye and

shrugs his head playfully

Entering the car he pauses for a left hand salute to the two

H2O and North leave passing by a 7-11 then arriving at North's chosen night club with

his dead friends looking on)

Party of The Dead: (Graphic/The VIP stage)

*(Cocaine and weed are inside 'The Dark VIP', so are women of loose morals,
But justified in their pimping/ Also inside H2O, North and his attentive spies)*

"No cell phones" I told him

"I hate cell phones, so listen up"...

*(Which is a lie, because I have a cell phone obsession; I bet I've had more cells than
you, whoever you are)*

The plan as he knew it would take place the following day on an abandoned block in

Somewhere, New Rome

The dirty money would be given back at the night club

I would drop him off at his hotel and distribute it later

In celebration of my new friend's scheduled meeting with god

The Kid M went to the V.I.P.,

Though he was unimportant, but for the nights in THE VIP

The VIP served as a buffer from all 'The Sweaters' in The Nightclub

I had come to hate the social aspect of night clubs

In a distant past I was a promoter

The experience had been saturated after four years and many quitters

At first sight of any crowd my immediate thought had become

"get away to the back"

Where as before it was, "*Promote*"

The club with my new friend was more fun than anticipated...

It turns out he really was that dark and it was not an act

He was as depressed as The I...

The bounty was near all along, under a table in The V.I.P.

After receiving the cash for the plan knowing I was in full view of his friends

I made his drink sweeter with a magic capsule and my back turned to our audience

North:

(Slurring with drink in hand. H2O stares at him with a smirking disgust)

I wanna fuckin' end it all

Just blow the whole fuckin' world to pieces

You can't fake that kind of depression

If you say that you feel the injustice

You must rebel regardless of your side of 'the law'

I felt brief regret, but it was done and there was nothing that could be done

My snorting of the white whore pressured my new best friend

If he didn't follow suit his cover would be lifted. He was a pro...

To the point and to the snort

My thought at night's end, "*I partied with a dead man tonight*"

His end was in progress

I could now release 'my dead friend' to conspire with his cohorts

In a matter of hours these animals would be no more

CREW FINAL: 3 and $\frac{1}{2}$ Wks Ago

(Cut to a short time later on our intermingled timeline...

Scarface's 'In My Blood' introduces the scene

*We see **H2O** meet with the crew members separately and then a group meeting for*

'The Great Convincing')

The assembling of a crew must be done with judicious precision

There must be tenured history with your crew

Find the rear woman that does not over analyze and she can be crew

She is an almost impossible find

She is the rear breed of woman that can be included

But I've only met one such from the second sex

The Kid M had always worked alone, but there were the few

I came across in travel that stayed in mind

When it came time for the final score these were the two I recruited...

East:

(A ride-along for H2O with East spying on a cheating husband)

His name is not important

I liked him because he was an honest salesman, an oxymoron in most circles

But he made it work

Never would he sell what wasn't needed

In all our dealings he never tried to sell me extra product

I considered him trustworthy

There was no deal he couldn't make. He would talk until the salesman was broken

The prices aren't real he taught me, a lesson I've embedded within

He was a technological genius

So all the equipment needed and some we didn't, he would procure

His day job was spying on The Whomevers of New Rome for a large price

With the money he made spying he played the game flying

He had two of the biggest contacts in The New Roman Empire

He agreed to share them with me for this plan

It was he that introduced me to the white lady

At first I resisted, former athlete and all with

The Maryland Terrapin still fresh on my mind

She kept calling me though, so I answered, over and over and over...

(Slight laughter)

For this plan information was foremost and I had the best in my friend from the

East

As to how I met East, one connection led to another connection to another and so on

and so on, etc. etc.

Rome:

(Marco meets his old friend in the back of his bagel shop to pitch his final job)

His name is not important

**Here was all the dinner etiquette and country club attitude rolled into the most
thorough rebel**

(Over rum and coke in back of bagel shop)

Rome:

(Chopping a line, then partaking before speaking)

It's unfair what 'the proverbial they' have done to the Jews and the Blacks

Marco:

(Snorting a line)

It is unfair

One day we'll have to bring 'they' to their knees

(Cut to Penthouse nights/Graphic of Rome)

He ran the city at an early age

He was a sort of, a boy king

He created and ran the weed shop network

Using Madison Avenue Executives as his main clientele he set the city a blaze

And indirectly inspired advertising campaigns, yes, Rome and Weed are to blame

His became a life of high rise condo nights

He smoked with the most powerful people in his section

After becoming bigger than any dealer in the city he needed change

He did not seek fame or a bigger customer base and rarely showed his face

The secretive are needed for giganormous plans

The talkative are the 'scourge of ideas'

He had shared with me in a distant past the magnitude of his operation

There was no one like him in New Rome

His people were the best paid with constant raises

After making giganormous money on

The Game Played he sold it to his second in command and retired or so he said...

As to how I met Rome

One connection led to another connection to another and so on...

He lay dormant in retirement for sometime at the bagel shop, wasting his talent

I knew his cash was stacked; I approached and pitched him

Our history was too beautiful for him to resist

(Cut to mid-conversation in the back of the bagel shop)

Rome:

(Serious tone while smiling)

I thought I was done

I can't see any holes in your plan Waters...

Fuck it; I'm in

I slang fuckin' bagels and lox all day

(Pointing and smiling at his old friend)

Don't even say it you racist bastard

(Smiling laughter)

Marco, I'm so fuckin' bored with this city

(Marco begins to rummage through Rome's fridge)

Marco:

(Slight laughter while searching the fridge)

You have lox flavored cream cheese, right?

Rome:

(Smiling at a rummaging Marco)

New Rome City would have my head if I didn't

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

That was kind of racist

Rome:

(Gets the lox flavored cream cheese from the mini fridge behind him)

Its ok I'm **A Jew** and It's true

You lived here

They'd call **THE ACLU** on me if I didn't have **Lox Flavored Cream Cheese**

Marco:

(Soft laughter as he turns, takes the cream cheese and begins to prepare his bagel)

You guys always make fun of yourselves

I dig that about The Jews

Rome:

(Smiling)

We're all Jews, yuh know... The best of us anyway

It's in our nature to mock ourselves

Here try *the all grain*

(He reaches for a bag and brings it over to Marco)

It's fuckin' unreal this thing

(We fade out to The Great Convincing...)

The Great Convincing:

(On a large patio Downtown Lost Angeles overlooking the city

The trio is in mid-day conversation along

The bordered roof's edge as the voiceover says...)

It was Rome that convinced East to continue

We needed East's connections

When the plan changed from our money to making North fit the bill

East became apprehensive, so H2O refereed

As The Match Between Rome and East became aggressive

East:

(A serious, worried and surprised look)

Are you for real, animal money?

No fucking way, I'm out

No way. No way

Rome:

(Slight laughter)

You're getting all this money back and being offered free money, think!

Fuck this animal; he's a spy...

He has our faces and he won't live long enough to show anyone

I don't fuckin' know

(Marco nods his head, smiling at East)

East:

(Making eye contact with a nodding H2O)

The animals are salivating; this is a big score for them

They know and they're gonna bring big numbers

They'll want their money back

What if the bills are marked?

Rome:

(Slight chuckle with a serious tone)

It's not their money

The money goes offshore the minute we touch it, all bases covered

Marco's people know its animal money

And we're gonna to cook them all at the end anyway

(Heavy chuckle)

What the fuck's the problem?

East:

(A curious raised tone with a cringed face)

So why do you need me?

Rome:

(A serious expression coupled with a firm tone)

You know the plan and if you're not with us, well...

East:

(Looking at H2O and Rome with a smile shaking his head)

Alright...animals are the bad guys, right?

Rome:

(Serious stare at East)

Yes they are; you with us?

East:

(After a brief contemplation with lowered head)

He raises his head and makes eye contact with both men before speaking)

From beginning to end, right?

Rome:

(Smiling and shaking his head)

Yup

Let's make somethin out of nothin brotha

H2O:

(Smiling at both men and nodding his head)

There it is then; We have ourselves a team

East:

(A curious look for his two partners)

What if I hadn't changed my mind?

Rome:

(Exchanging the same cynical smile with H2O)

Brains in the streets, old friend

Brains in The Streets

East:

(Looking at the two w/a disturbed smile)

You two are fucked up individuals

H2O:

(Smiling at both men while heading to the bar)

Yeah, we are!

Rum gentlemen

(He pours three shots as Rome and East approach the bar)

To success

Unison:

(They raise their glasses and cheer)

Success

(Cut to a fancy hotel lobby)

The Plan: (3 days ago):

(In a swanky hotel lobby is where we see H2O

His Virgin Mobile phone rings

His conversation is played aloud for the absent audience after the voiceover, ofcourse)

“There is no need for tricks or complications”

The Old Man in Queens once said to the Kung-Fu Team

“KISS: Keep It Simple Stupid”...

At the time it made me laugh, but

This mantra never escaped me; There isn’t need for flash

Get the job done and go home

A combination of connections was achieved of such magnitude that I am sure

H2O’s plan will not be seen for sometime...

HE aligned the four main importers to sell to the main distributor

I could’ve gone elsewhere with it

I could’ve moved it in the place of 10-15 thousand lakes, give or take a few lakes

The Man on the Waters was connected; He called me toward The End Fade

(The Man on the Waters/half face/ Graphic)

Man on the Waters:

(Virgin phone...H2O answers his phone

MoWs' face is partially viewed in this split screen dialogue

He is an elderly white man with a semi grayed beard

H2O is almost monotone in his dialogue)

H2O:

Marco

Man on the Waters:

(Friendly tone)

Marco, What about your Midwest friends?

Do something for us won't you?

H2O:

Still friends I hope sir

It just gets a little complicated to include that section, sir

MoWs:

(Smiling)

It's too late huh?

H2O:

It all happened very quickly, sir

MoWs:

Alright Kid, you be careful

H2O:

It's already done sir, without a hitch

MoWs:

(Joyous laughter)

Congratulations youngsta, come and see me when you're settled

You are coming back around these parts aren't you?

H2O:

Thank you sir

I'll definitely come and see you when I'm around

MoWs:

I want in on the next thing, is that enough lead time?

H2O:

That was the last thing for a while sir

I'm done for a while

However, there are some things I'd like to talk to you about

You've always been a gentleman

So I'm sure we can work something out in **THE NEAR FUTURE**

MoWs:

Arright young fella, don't forget about the **Man on the Waters now**

By the way, well done kid

H2O:

Thank you sir, talk to you soon

MoWs:

Enjoy yourself kid

The kind of thing you just did is once in a lifetime

You must lie to even bosses toward the action phase of any plan

I need you to remember that

The meeting was minutes away

There was no nervousness then, only thoughts of flight, “do I really wanna do this”, I

said Inside

This is what the Old Man meant when he told me to think big

I was now in The Stratosphere waiting to break free...

(Cut to H2O taking the elevator up to his suite

Inside Driver is scantily clad in bed

She changes and the two take the elevator down to the parking garage and exit

H2O turns up the music and puts on his hood

Soon they arrive at their meeting where East, Rome and The Big Four await his arrival

Many well dressed bodyguards pace outside the door

Security pats them down outside the room

He enters as she stands by the car)

The Big Four: (3 days ago still):

(7 men @ a Round Table

No faces, 'cept for H2O, East and Rome

Cordialities are exchanged

We witness the reading by all of the four different kinds of books)

The incentive for all included were the connections made

I dubbed these connections, 'the big four'

They got to meet each other

I made sure they knew I was going to sell their services with

Their permission of course

These were real business men. They trusted me

I explained the financial potential and all agreed

I would now get paid on both sides for making introductions

"The Big Four's" introduction to each other set entire cities a blaze

Imagine so much cocaine that entire cities stayed wet for all of the year

Thank H2O for an everyday New Year's Eve

They could chop it three or four times if they felt like the need

It was direct from the boats

This had me confident with the inflation rate I had set for myself

I was right and the Old Man knew of my inflation, but it was such a sweet seduction

That he didn't flinch...

**“Think big” he once said, “that’s how legends are made
Don’t forget tiny details and run through all the scenarios of victory and failure”**
(Graphic-brief flashback of the Old Man schooling him)
**I thought it was too good to be true, so I and
Driver decided to go all out and ‘coke fuck’ for the ride
If you’re faced with the possibility of long term incarceration, get as high as you can
And fuck a woman if available
This is a rule**

The Pitch: ‘The man that introduces friends’

(The conduction Of business is never seen,

Aftermath only, thick smoke, lines are read, drinks

H2O, Driver, East, Rome and The Big Four

Four 4 never speaks

He drinks and smokes putting bumps of coke to his nose)

H2O:

There is something else gentleman

(A sudden and cocky smile)

I have an idea...

As you all know it's my last run

Four 1:

It's a damn shame, too

Four 3:

Real fucking shame H

H2O:

I take it I'll be missed

I've made a lot of friends

In fact because of you four these friends are doing very well for themselves...

Disco is Back, bigger than ever and the people wanna dance

Each time I see these friends of mine what I bring them isn't enough

I trust these men and would like to set up a series of introductions

I'm a business man and would of course expect compensation for said introductions...

Now uh, by consensus do you gentlemen think that's a good idea?

Four 2:

How much are these guys moving?

H2O:

Keys, all keys, unlimited

Well, you know

Four 2:

Sounds good to me and from *The Look* on everyone's face

I'm not the only one

H2O:

So all are agreed?

Well then, to the future we go

Cheers

(All toast

Scene rolls into the limo ride to the Old Man's and fades into H2O's goodbye to Driver

A hug, followed a left hand salute

Time speeds up and we see H2O saying goodbye to North,

Followed by H2O's delivery of checks to partners

We see The First Person/Third Person Maniac enter the hotel)

The Ladies are Waiting:

(East meets H2O at the door with a hug; Rome is at a table rolling a 'European'

Rome left hand salutes and H2O reciprocates

H2O hands each of them a book from his bag and drops one on the table slicing it open

Rome gets up and gives H2O a hug)

Plans of mine are for me alone

If you believe you can trust anyone involved you're an optimistic book dealer and

congratulations

I've always seen this as a life of solitude and nothing has changed

I still wasn't sure if I was really headed to see the Old Lady

The plan was to quit for a while and figure out my next move, but first get rid of the

left-over books and head north to pay my friends

Three of us and my extra cut for delivery...

Three separate off shore accounts and the account numbers to match plus

North's cash gift. That's all I brought back

At this level if you're still dealing with cash, you're not really dealing,

said the Old Man

He could've cheated and the accounts been phony

This of course goes through the head, but if that was the case everything he loved

would be taken away:

Mother, father, brothers, sisters, cousins, friends and pets

The plan was to go back north and settle up on the score. I was point man, so

The Pay went through me

Everyone got exactly what was negotiated prior to the drop

These were some of the last decent friends I knew

The plans were made to meet in luxury, The King's Suite, I said

North had plans to meet us the next day

Walking through the lobby eye contact was met with...

I fucked her on the spot

“Elevator, key entrance son, if you’re still renting commoner rooms for meetings

you’re back tracking Marco H2O”, said the Old Man

Handing them their checks and the animals’ cash I felt IT again, out of nowhere

My Pride came back

East now overstood the importance of using North’s money

He sat with pride staring at zeros, first on the computer screen, then the cash bag

and then on the checks

East confirmed the accounts via satellite

All was in order

East:

(Staring at his computer screen with an uncontrolled smile and laughter)

This is so fuckin' beautiful to me

Rome:

(Finalizing his European)

The ladies are waiting; we should go

H2O:

(Raised eyebrow of curiosity)

What ladies?

Rome:

(Smoking his European)

The ladies, my man

H2O:

East, what ladies?

Rome:

The ladies of the city, the ladies are so pretty

Tonight I did cocaine and smoked the finest green...

(Slight laughter, passing a joint to H2O)

That fuckin' rhymed; you're not the only writer in the room

East:

(Looking at the computer screen)

This is beautiful, H2 fuckin' O

When do we go again?

H2O:

(Serious tone reaching for Rome's 'European' and getting it and dragging)

Do you realize what we have to do tomorrow?

This is the final stage

After this we don't go again

I'm done

My contacts are for sale if you're still in, to be sold not told

We all learned that, right?

Rome:

(Smiling while reaching for his European and getting it)

I'm done too; No. 23 won the game, again

East I'm retiring for the final time

Tomorrow we do that thing, but tonight,

Tonight, ladies for all whom will partake

H2O:

Alright

(Searching the room with a projected tone)

What fuckin' ladies?

Where?

Rome:

(Smoking then passing to H2O)

I made them wait in the lobby

H2O:

(Walking over to East then passing him the 'European')

Everything cool?

East:

(A deep drag and hold)

Yes, yes, except one thing, are you really quitting?

(The exhale)

H2O:

(Smiling)

Oh yes.

How much money does one person need?

I'm done

I thought the ladies were waiting; Let's pleasure these invisible women huh?

(Slight laughter)

Call them up?

(Rome brings over three glasses of rum for the trio to toast)

Rome:

Gentlemen, to achieving the impossible

(A smiling Rome finalizes his drink)

I'll call the ladies

And of course, she was with them; She gravitated toward H2O

Drinks were served before drugs, as was the Protocol

The Kid M carved out a bit of happy

The tension lingered about the coming morning's adventure,

Happy for the moment...

All was lifted

The After Glow's Inquiry:

(Marco getting out of bed with the hooker. He goes to the washroom)

H2O:

(Looking in the bathroom mirror)

I really don't like you

(His cell phone rings. He moves to the bedside to answer it, saying)

I'll be there in a minute...

(He hangs up

H2O walks to the elevator and into the lobby to meet an old friend

Scarface's 'Faith' plays heavily in the background

He exits the room with his laptop

In the elevator the voiceover speaks)

It was on My Mind still, did that animal have time to make me famous?

The plans had come to fruition

They had names, faces and a filthy dead rat

They knew of no intimate dealings

The animals were showing up because they were misled

The giant deal they sought to end had already taken place

For completion alone I needed their ashes

There was no criminal history from my life of crime

Why did 'Man on the Water' call?

That was unlike a rebel

A rebel doesn't call in the supposed middle of a potential deal

With an astrix in the final plan I left it to faith and a well designed plan

Calling upon the words of A Rap Hero whom had been with me from the beginning:

"How can we all sit suspended in space, just spinnin' in place and

Ain't Extended in Faith"?

I just made enough money to make any problem go away

H2O went to war 1 more time

The Dominican Rebel:

(Conversation takes place in the same hotel bar from 'The Ladies are Waiting'

H2O exits the elevator and heads to the bar where his friend awaits)

His name is not important

The Dominican Rebel was the leader of his section and a college educated rebel for

The Republic

As students we shared the same political science class

Politics was always on his mind

It was politics killing his race; I overstood that all too well

'The proverbial they' was always on his mind. I overstood them too little

My friend overstood that true and evident conspiracies threaten the minority, but

The lack of proof leaves us dormant

There was his overstanding about one of the current wars

"The white elite are attempting to eat us", he once said

Again, I overstood that all too well

(The two left hand salute and smile as H2O approaches the bar putting down his laptop

The old friends embrace. We see H2O direct the barkeep for drinks

We join them some moments later for a cordial scene and cocktails)

The Dominican Rebel:

(Passionate frown taking a swig of his drink; white rum, neat

His talks of ‘They’ are so resounding they needn’t quotations)

They have tailored methamphetamines to our genetics, like they did

Crack for the Blacks in the 80’s

In the streets our little people are being used for using

They bust our young people, recycling them in and out of the jails and

bullshit rehab programs

You don’t have to ask twice Marco; I want their blood too

They spill ours everyday; fuck ‘em all man

(Sipping his drink)

Fuck ‘em all...

H2O:

(Opens his laptop to TDR’s view)

I’d like to drop the entire block

May I get more explosives or is that not possible this short notice?

The Dominican Rebel:

(Smiling laughter)

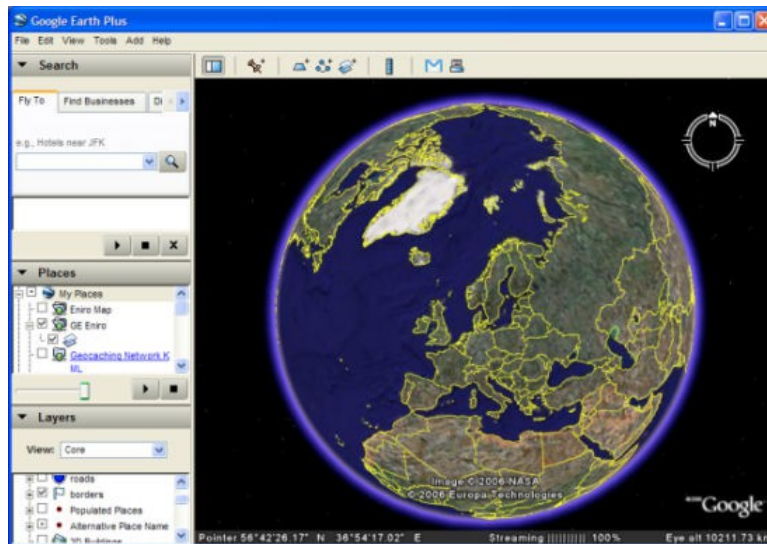
You can get whatever you want man, as long as you are willing to pay and I know you’re

willing to pay

These animals must really be bothering you Marco

H2O:

We'll be ready for morning if you are
 I figure they won't be more than a block away
 I need enough dynamite to take all this out



(Google Earth)

There are no homeless people over there, right?

The Dominican Rebel:

(Shaking his head, No)

Nah, we run that section, nothing over there but trash

Its gonna be a fuckin massacre H2O

H2O:

(Smiling)

I've remained a masochist old friend

I want to wire it tonight. In a couple hours actually

The Dominican Rebel:

Consider it done

I'll round up the boys and meet you over there

H2O:

My guys are upstairs...YOUR SPOT WILL BE HOT AFTER THIS, YOU KNOW?

The Dominican Rebel:

(Serious expression)

IT'S ABOUT TIME. THEY FUCKIN IGNORE US OVER THERE

PEOPLE NEED TO SEE THAT PEOPLE LIVE THERE...

I DON'T CARE HOW THEY NOTICE US, Just AS LONG AS THEY NOTICE

H2O:

THEY WILL WANT BLOOD

THAT'S A OF ANIMALS AWFULLY CLOSE TO YOUR SECTION

The Dominican Rebel:

You've been a great friend to me Marco

Don't worry about a thing

(Raised glasses with a slight fade cutting to Marco going on the elevator

Marco is headed to the elevator as The Dominican Rebel exits the hotel

H2O's phone rings. The audible yet muffled voice says,

"It's done"

H2O hangs up and takes out the sim card and breaking it w/ a replacement ready

Cut to The Eliminator hanging up his phone, standing among dead bodies, bashed

computers, paper work and many pictures of the parties involved

His trademark grin appears when he begins to douse the place and bodies with kerosene

We see The Eliminator walk from the whore house a blaze)

Today's Plan for Better Tomorrows:

(We witness the preparation to the demolition of the ghostly grounds

The wireless video setup with East, Marco and Rome

The explosives are handled by TDR and his crew

When both crews are done they party a little with look-outs posted

When the time comes and it does, the look-outs retract to signal the rest)

East will rig the video over night so we can see the enemy's moves

Once that is done we will wire the block to blow

We would put them where the warehouses were abandoned

Where the DR's lived is where the animals would lie

There was a deal met that's why we were there

They liked me because there was no angle. The true Dominican rebel I have known

These friends of mine didn't go to war with their own

If a problem persisted they killed everything

There was no heir of thugs

They did business. You never saw them coming.

The Dominican Rebel leader was smooth

He was never a loud drunk or an over talkative 'coker'

You could see him soaking up the game

There was his undeniable commitment to family

My friend knew the animals were part of the reason for his neighborhood's troubles

We were going to drop the entire block

I knew in order to truly get rid of the evidence it had to be erased by fire

The block was rigged

North and his friends would be punctual; I was sure

Thirty minutes before the scheduled meeting is when the grounds would blow

Animals show up hours earlier than scheduled to scope or so the movies show

We decided to be there eight hours prior to the phony drug deal:

We smoked a bit, choked a bit, coked a bit, smoked some more and coked more

Waited a bit and laughed a bit too I remember...

That's what we did

(The look-outs retracted and alerted us to the arrival of our enemies

Game faces appeared on the rebels involved)

The early bird kills the animal

There are those of you with stomachs turned at the prospect of

Animals Being Ambushed

You are the programmed masses

Watching them attempt to set us up we decided without words to stop playing with

our food before killing it

We beat them to the punch, that's all

I was reminded of a question I posed to a gangster as a boy:

“Why was the government always right”?

(Graphic/Frankie 9 explaining Government lies)

‘The government’ has hurt us and the other species

There are the few in my generation that recognize the bullshit

Here is an army of all colors and creeds come to kill ‘the proverbial they’

The Underground Army will now proceed to burn it to the ground

We are the exactors for The Vicious Spin

The murders warrant reason; I know this now

We lay in the bunker (*Graphic/Bunker/The Count*) and

When they reached a comfort zone the thirty minute plan flew away

Scratching the plan was assured in the eyes of my comrades

The animals were not admirers of the old adage

“don’t put all your eggs in one basket”...

The bastards flooded the block. This was too easy, I thought

They reminded me of the ants I set up as a child

We counted a dozen future dead....

All these eggs...

Look at the mess H2O and His Friends have made

(Graphic/The re-count confirmation)

The Block falls

We quick counted the body parts of one dozen dead hogs

And bounced...

The Old Man Speaks:

(GRAPHIC: The Old Man paints in his studio as H2O looks on

THE CREW EXCHANGES GOODBYES

H2O'S DEPARTURE fades

Fade back to H2O's late night partying with the Old Man as he paints

Advice was dispensed)

When THE ANIMAL FUMES clear you must all go your separate ways, forever

The friendships forged with this plan can kill each of you

If by some twist of fate one of them crosses your path in the future, be suspicious

You must not hesitate to do what you must. Stay away from each other

You go back to the semi-pollution free north and your friends go back where

They came from or better yet change their locations for a while

This is a great thing you've done Marco. Finish strong son

You overstand that the gun is not a necessity

Since The Debacle at Sea you haven't carried one

In these times young friend a gun must be at your side

Nothing too obtrusive, but something that will get your point across

If a man's freedom is threatened he reserves the right to protect it

by any means necessary

You once said to me, you wanted a revolution

Here is your great revolt son

The streets will name you a legend without knowing your name

**They'll say years from now, REMEMBER
THE YEARS OF THE GREAT BOOK STORM?**

IT NEVER DRIED UP

IT WAS THE SAME STUFF ALL YEAR; IT WAS TOP SHELF

THE CREW THAT BROUGHT IT IN MUST BE SET for life

I WISH THEY'D COME BACK AROUND

That's what they'll say

I promise you

I said this to you once before: *"The flash is for those who didn't expect the riches"*

They are a fleeting breed. We've chit before

And I know the future was promised to you. Your bloodline is undeniable

You'll be here forever; you have that much talent son

(Cut to Crew Final exchanging goodbyes with H2O/The Old Man speaks throughout)

When it's all done if you haven't a place to go, fly away to Lake Calhoun

I have a house there; you'll be alone to think, just how you like it, right?

Get your head together and decide your next move...

Decide if one big score is enough; decide if you want family

Have several epiphanies, denouncing and accepting each one until you truly know

the stage you want to play

Your paper work must be in order

Remember their true power lies in paper work

None of this is real; 'Tis but a magic trick young 1

The countries are run on paper...

Only a master of numbers and words will win THIS GAME

Do your taxes if you're behind; everyone is traceable

This doesn't apply to your crew from what you've told me of them, but

It must be said regardless

When men make their riches there is the need for completion through

Women and Things

The need for things become almost unbearable

Secretive men are made obvious with money, silly bastards really

You know how to hide even in your extravagance

(Slight laughter)

I've seen that Time Machine you drive around

(Sometimes we cut to because we can/Cut to black fingers on piano keys

The Old Man plays talking to Marco

Cut to Marco landing in front of a 7-11 with the Old Man's voiceover still and now piano

keys playing)

The need for WOMEN becomes unbearable

KEEP A GENIUS WOMAN IN YOUR BED Marco H2O

THERE CAN BE NO COMPROMISE IN REGARDS TO YOUR PERMANENT MATE

**THE BIMBO IS reserved for temporary use, REMEMBER THAT
YOU'LL HEAR IT ALL YOUR LIFE, BUT IT NEEDS TO BE STATED ALWAYS
*YOU CAN'T TURN A HOE INTO A HOUSEWIFE; I KNOW BECAUSE I'VE TRIED***

DO NOT SHARE YOUR SECRETS WITH HALF-WITS

SHE MUST LIKE YOU THE WAY YOU ARE

ANY FOOL CAN FALL IN LOVE, BUT YOU MUST LIKE HER

IN YOUR BUSINESS OR RATHER YOUR FORMER BUSINESS

THERE CAN BE NO HIDDEN TRUTHS WITH THE WOMAN YOU LOVE

THE INFORMATION IS FOR HER SAFETY AND FOR CHILDREN IF YOU FEEL

SAFE ENOUGH to copulate

PROTECT YOUR FAMILY FROM ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE...

I'VE NEVER WORRIED ABOUT YOU MARCO

YOU HAVE MADE SOME OF THE DECISIONS THAT HELPED ME

THAT, your bloodline and your character is WHY I TRUST YOU SO MUCH...

YOU ASKED ME ONCE WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE A BOSS

I ONLY SMILED WITHOUT ANSWER. I WAS A WAITING THIS MOMENT...

YOU'RE A BOSS NOW H2O

YOU HAD WHAT IT TOOK ALL ALONG

YOU'RE A True GENT MY BOY; After this thing

I HOPE NOT TO SEE YOU for some TIME

(A brief stop along the intermingled timeline/ The Old Man left hand salutes Marco

H2O)

It's been an honor Marco H2O

The Nursing Prison: The Coldest of Goodbyes

(We see our depressed super hero flying down Cedar Road and landing at a

Starbucks-A CORPORATE PLUG YES, but HE really starbucks quite a bit

Cut to him minutes later landing in front of the nursing prison with his coffee in hand

Inside he sips his coffee as we witness the coldest of goodbyes

Marco watches the Old Lady sleep and ofcourse the voiceover begins)

The American Midwest had for sometime represented

The greatest of hypocrisies in my eyes

The perfect pictures were painted but yet the highest rate of spousal abuse existed

Some of the most dishonest people I've known came from there

This of course was a later realization

In boyhood there wasn't a place better or safer

I remember walking Staunton Road without fear of incident

I remember Sunday morning ball on Harvard

The Randallwood Outdoor Dojo saw an epic battle with *Ozell*

The game was just unfolding to me then

At that same time family life was falling apart...

The decision was made sometime after age 'teen to limit my image output

If you don't exist in pictures I thought, one can tote the line...

Later I would treat paper work the same, coming up for air at some restaurant or

advertising job for a few months and then goodbye

Until TAX TIME AND THEN GOODBYE AFTER APRIL 1.5.

My neighbors were friendly and caring in the Midwest. The politics escaped me then

I have come to know its all politics, not just the Midwest

But the entire place

The particular new roman state I first resided hated me

I now know the black child should not be there

The black adults were still slaves to the promise of indentured servitude

‘The others’ in that town look at the black man as if diseased

You might think me paranoid, but there was an unnatural movement in their eyes

and body language as Marco Waters approached

I vowed never to return, but there I was. I couldn’t believe I was on that adventure

I vowed never to return, but there I was

The plan was to stay in a hotel close to the nursing prison and then visit

The Old Lady for a week

At the Old Lady’s prison one had to sign in. After doing so, I flew up...

Everyone was ugly there, from the counter attendant to the medical aids and few

doctors. Here was ‘heaven’s fucked up waiting room’

This is where God put the people she had used up

All the residents seemed angry and depressed

It was evident the exit from pain was not soon enough

The Old Lady’s room smelled partly of dried shit and

A permanent ammonia based piss aroma

She was asleep when I arrived

She must be tired, I thought
I had never known her to sleep mid day. An hour went by and still she lay
It was only when I went to the toilet inside ‘the toilet’ that she awoke
There was the smile that healed me once...
“Marco”, she whispered, fading into the stale reality,
“God bless you Marco”
The brief conversation saw H2O hold back waters
Her focus did not exist anymore...
“Lou Gehrig (*Graphic/Gehrig vs. H2O*) you were a baseball player
What business do you have with this woman?
For fuck’s sake she likes Cricket...”
If any among you have seen a legend die before your eyes then you know my pain
She didn’t belong there and I was powerless to save myself from this scene
So in the selfish mode H2O stayed

The situation was analyzed and the decision was made to put

The Old Lady in my past

This was a choice so cold its resonance has never left me

A piece of my heart remains frozen on the Shaker Heights/Cleveland Heights

Borderline

I had no desire to see the rest of the blood line

The Kid M (Little Marco/Graphic) kissed the fore brain of the super hero that

Translated his manhood...

The blood line has died Old Man...

*(Flying out of the building The Monster was seen entering. It had not changed, still the
same evil disposition that haunted me as a boy*

The same acid dripped from its villainous mouth. I stayed clear of it and flew away)

(Cut to Marco/H2O flying with a 7-11 in the distance)

The Courting Scene-Screened Stage

(On a stage screened Marco lands and walks into 7-11 to buy gum and water

The Lady's house is around the corner

Cut to him landing and knocking at her door on stage

When she opens they lock eyes and exchange the same gentle smile for

The duration of the while

The tone for this interlude is a gentle and caring one, with a permanent and gentle smile)

Marco:

(He knocks at The Lady's door and she answers surprised)

Will you come with me?

(She shakes her head before speaking)

The Lady:

(Heavy smile w/a semi whisper)

Yeah

Marco:

Good

The Lady:

(A smiling stare)

Not that it matters, but where are we headed?

Marco:

(Self deprecating)

Far from here, you only need a small bag; I'll take care of you

The Lady:

(Smiling)

I'll take care of you too... Come in

*(A short time later...Inside The Lady's living room (stage) H2O offers her penance in
The Form of Vengeance)*

Marco:

(A disturbed look/Sometimes it happens that quickly)

You know all that stuff he did to you?

I know the memories haunt you daily

Know that I overstand and will always be there when you need me

I thought I should let you know that...If you want him dead Mama I'll kill him for you

(Cut to the end of this scene; We find them on stage with a screened airport

His eyes promise her safety. They look to the sky)

Epilogue Message 1 (Sent Via ‘The Universal Satellite’)

(The stage is completely dark...

We hear scattin on a grainy sounding mic/ A slight white light presents the stage

Stage left a hovering black man is dressed in a black suit and black collared shirt

He flies and sits at a black piano under a Green spotlight

*He is the usually genuine and smiling Kung-Fu star **Kid New Rome***

His Kung Fu style has improved dramatically ovuh the years; His skills find him exactly

*Where **Father New Rome** and **Rman** said he would arrive...*

We redirect our attention Stage right: A light skinned man dressed in all white flies into

The green spotlight with an old school mic, confirming the scatter

*His name is Johnny G or **Jy G** I use to call him*

Jy G knew New Rome better than the city planners themselves; Johnny enjoyed like I did

The Back Alley Ways of New Rome City...

Out of Nowhere KID NEW ROME begins to play Charlie Parker Out of Nowhere and

Center stage a Red spotlight emerges, shining on a free standing old school mic...

H2O’s entrance onto the stage is not seen, but witnessed

A Red Hooded H2O w/dark aviator sunglasses

Flies into the Red spotlight and speaks into, the nostalgic mic?

Kid New Rome acknowledges H2O w/a nod as does Johnny

*H2O gives a proud nod to **The Hard Working Kung-Fu Star** and*

***The Super Hustler** from a distant past*

Johnny stops his scattin and S. ends on a high note; Green spotlight, fadeout

H2O now clears his throat...)

I

You DREAMERS thinking of getting out

'Tis but a thought

It will pass; I promise

You and I know

The Game is never ending

So why the constant pretending?

II

Revolution is so near felt

Bullet proof vests will leave us w/welts (And still, holes)

For now I kill 'they' with a pen, but after I mark my door w/The Red X

I'll be in the streets w/My Guns...

Because of this scribe's diction it was hard for

TWO old friends to picture him with a gun

Now they picture nothing...

Do not be mistaken children

I will put you and your families in the ground; And blame it on My Blood

You should be made aware there is A Cannibal somewhere in this mind

When I think about killing my enemies slowly

I also think about cooking 'they' flesh, softly

(In a pressure cooker, so I can sink my teeth through their bones on

My way to The Marrow)...

III

(H2O watches a screen staged/Graphic of a studious old man and a young boy talking on

A hillside veranda while overlooking a bay...)

My Island Country is HUMMING to me these days

I recall 'twas The Old Head on The Island that released to me

The power of word play

“There is something restless in The Caribbean Blood”, My Uncle on The Hill said

Years later, other men w/The Blood came through the roof and slit his throat Red

And because I promised him to calm The Blood within

I fore went his revenge, but The Grid has made me very vengeful Uncle

(I'll make it back to Discover They that KILLED you)

I know they probably had our skin tone and you warned me not to hurt our own, but

Your revenge by my hands is about The Principle

“The Blood’s restlessness is rooted in its never ending search for reparations”

My Uncle on The Hill said

“The colonial powers did such awful things in The Caribbean

When you go to America,

Remember where you are, who you are and where you're from

The young are easily seduced in America; I know because I was Young in America

This Blood’s resolve can only be revolt, so be cautious with your temper

Do not waste The Blood on Insects

I see how quickly ITS anger swells in your young age

It will only get worse, so learn now to CONTROL your outbursts

Even if you're right...

America is the easiest place to be spun

The African Americans will never be a threat to your success

Because not many of them read

But from a young age The White Elite are fed information in America

Make sure you know more than all of them

I lived among The African Americans in New Rome City for many years

And not many of them ever entered The Jewel on Fifth Avenue

You will be lumped in with them because of your color, but always outwork them

The African Americans are not like us

They tend to get comfortable; They have become comfortable

Study them and you will see what you might have been if not for

A DIFFERENT SHIP

IV

The West Indian Man is in a constant state of rebellion; Stay that way

Once your rebellious nature fades, so do you

America is not like the countryside Marco; Everything in America is setup as

A Gridded Game

Not many escape The Grid, so careful where you play

Beware the whites more than any in America

Don't tell your aunty I said that, because that's an awful thing to tell a child

But when you see what I've seen in America you will understand why

I'm an Old Man Marco and I still want to kill white people

I will never forgive them though I get it now

(Pointing at the boy)

The Blood will not allow me

The Main Whites have convinced most of the people in America of a 9-5 to make

‘The Dream’

But like I have told you to be truly successful in America its 24 hours per day

There is no other way; The Game does not take breaks

(Cut to the boy and a beautiful Old Woman [His Aunt On The Hill] walking the sands...

The Old Head Dred flies into the scene, literally

Dreds can fly you know?

The Dred and The Old Woman are friends)

“History is the key to unraveling the mystery”, said The Old Head Dred

“But be careful where you get your history Young Dred

Most of Black History has been purposely misrepresented”...

“Young Dred, The Atrocities done are not done, but are now disguised in Courses 101”

In me is The Caribbean Blood

In me there is now a fight denying this FUEL

I could organize it into a beautiful papyrus rage

Or succumb to the *‘sea of bitterness’* that was MARLON in past days

“Who the hell cares?”

Some One depressed, once queried

V

Unlike The Troubadours passing through The Grids

I have explored bias-free most times

Where You need to tread...

The Main Character of this story is the same main character in every told story

He wants only to answer to God and not Corporate Versions of Gods...

The All Seeing Eye is forever open, but does She see him?

Careful who you compete with Marco H2O

She has been known to treat her subjects savagely

Some say, she's down right, petty

If She looks anything like Cheryl O, God must be very pretty

One of these days I'll make it back to Ohio

To give a final go at sweeping Cheryl O

This is the best time as any to end a poem

Two women were mentioned in this 'sectioned-haiku' prosing

(H2O flies from the Red as Jy G. enters His Red Light and begins scatting...

Will from Out of Nowhere starts to play Charlie Parker again, Out of Nowhere)

*End Scene; We fade to a **Red curtain ...***

*(From the Red Curtain we fade to The Delta night as Confucius Jones observes Youngsta
and then attempts to show him, The Light)*

Confucius Jones♂:

Confucius Jones or FU as he is best known on The Delta Tracks

He is dark and tall, well dressed, smooth talking, smooth walking and

A Blunt Smoking Pimp...

He wears Red Aviator Sunglasses and a red button down collared shirt with the

Buttons undone an eighth of the way

It is a hot Delta night when we are introduced to him...

FU rarely raises his voice. His hoes know the rule:

“FU will beat yuh to teach yuh and if yuh still can’t dig game, FU will release yuh”

He has decided to apprentice a fifteen year old turned pimp

After he sees the boy slap a hoe

FU, the consummate gentleman offers Game after the incident

Fading into da Delta Track Scene the absent audience sees him

check up on and collect from some of his hoes

A small while later He walks over to the familiar looking Youngsta on

His cool looking bicycle

His new student is eager and smiling at the TWANG of his mentor

The young apprentice leans patiently against the graffiti wall and listens to

Every Word The Elder Pimp recites

FU:

(Approaching, smiling and extending his hand to the young man)

How yuh doin' Youngsta?

Nice bicycle

Youngsta:

(Smiling and accepting FU's hand)

Thank yuh suh; I jus got it

Whut's good wit yuh old tima?

FU:

(Studying the boy with a curious smile and a slight laughter)

Old tima?

Damn young niggah

I was jus ridin' my bicycle yestuhday, shiiit

(Slight laughing chuckle)

Yeuh, yeuh, I suppose I been on dese heuh tracks a while now,

So yuh'll listen when I tell yuh

Keep it low and cool, young daddy

Handle yuh buness 'way from da tracks; yuh dig?

Youngsta:

(Cocky stance and tone)

Yeuh, I dig it playa, dat bitch been testin' my hand lately; dat's all dat was

Da situation was bubblin' fuh a few days, yuh knows?

It got out a hand tonight; it's all eggs and grits dough playa

Dat bitch is checked

Believe it

FU:

(Half smiling stare)

Youngsta she **A Mean Broad**

We might have to do a innaleague trade or somethin’

Befoe da playoffs start nigguh, shiiit

Yeuh, yuh got a natural eye fuh talent don’t yuh?

Yuh better put yuh hand down dough ’foe yuh lose dat bitch

Rest assuhd young nigguh, dem othuh pimps saw dat theuh argument

Dem cold-blooded moufuckas is schemin’ on dat young bitch right now as we talkin’

Dat bitch out a line, close to bein’ out a pocket, but nut quite

Yuh put huh back in line and yuh put huh back in line tonight

Yuh othuh bitches saw dat theuh shit

Make an example a dis bitch and quick

Don’t hit huh on dat pretty face. Dat’s huh money makuh young daddy

Punch da bitch in the gut or in da side, but nut too high on da side

Yuh don’t wanna break huh ribs

When yuh become a true pimp yuh won’t even ha’ to touch da bitch

Da bitch need yuh at dat point; Yuh don’t need dat bitch

Yuh can go get anothuh and anathuh and anuthuh

And da game nevuh ends young man

Yuh dig?

Yuh bettuh, shiiit; The Game is a mile a minute

Yuh gotta be wit it ‘o’ quit it

Youngsta:

How do I teach dat bitch to do what I want widout hittin huh?

I don' really like hittin dat bitch FU

FU:

(Confused look w/a slight angry tone)

Whut?

Nigguh, is yuh a pimp 'o' a kidagauten teachuh nigguh?

Moufucka if da bitch need to be beat yuh beat da bitch

Yuh beat da bitch

Yuh, beat, da, bitch...

Repetition Nigguh

Dat's how yuh teach bitches, Repetition

It was starin' yuh in da face da whole time

Remembuh to constantly educate yuh bitches

Dat's whut FU do

Nigguh **My Bitches** been out a pocket too

Not too many times

Ovuh da yeuhs I educated 'em and tested 'em

Taught dem bitches everythang dey know

New bitches see dese bitches lookin' nice and word gets 'round how yuh run buness

I tell all my bitches da same shit:

"FU will beat yuh to teach yuh and if yuh still can't dig game, FU will release yuh"

Youngsta:

What if yuh love dat bitch?

Do yuh still beat huh?

Dat don't feel right FU

FU:

(More confused w/ a slight chuckle)

Niggah, what is wrong wit yuh niggah?

Yuh got da game fucked to pieces my niggah...

Most dese niggahs mistake bein pussy whipped fuh Love; Fuck dem Fuck Niggahs,

dat's who yuh sound like

Dey nut able to think straight cause she drainin' his punk ass of

Fluids necessary to incorporate thought

Dat's dat pimp juice Rappas be talkin about, but

Some niggahs think PIMP JUICE is sperm

Don't be like dem Fuck Niggahs

Create a back up a pimp juice, so a bitch can't make yuh stupid yuh nut

I'm gon' let yuh deciphuh dat one yuhself

Dat's real buiness Youngsta and nevuh share yuh buiness wit' dese bitches

Dese bitches should thank what yuh tell 'em not what yuh show 'em

I call dat theuh provuhbial pimpin

Get a bitch actin' free and trick huh into thankin' she ain't bein' hoed out

Dat's jus 101 right theuh

One of my hoes was out a line once; yuh know whut dat bitch called me,

Right befoe I slapped huh face stupid?

Dat bitch called me 'Confuse Us Jones', not Confucius Jones niggah

'Confuse Us Jones'.

Dat's how bad I had dat bitch in da head

Yuh gotta **own a bitch mind** young daddy

Once yuh own huh mind, ain't nuttin left

Yuh now got yuhself a hole for a lady, h.o.l.e.

Da 'L' gets lost in da streets

Dat theuh is 101 fuh yuh...

Nigguh, I got my **bitches** askin' puhmission to use da washroom nigguh

Dese bitches have to thank what I tell 'em to thank

Dat's how yuh gotta get dat young bitch dependin' on yuh

'Til she can't make a move widout yuh...

I jus play da game's game young nigguh; da rules came befoe me, yuh dig?

A pimp's rule is the main rule, so don't forget when I tell it:

"We run da hoes, da hoes don't run us, evuh"

101...

Youngsta:

(Nervous tone)

It ain't that I don't dig da game, but I don't think I can do dat

I was thankin' 'bout it, but I don't know if I'm gon be able to jus' beat huh

Me and dat bitch been through a lot FU

FU:

(Slight laughter)

All da more reason to discipline da bitch

I'm not sayin' beat huh everyday

Dat would be cruel and FU is nut cruel

But *when a bitch ain't doin' what a bitch should we got a moufuckin' prolem*

Now we got a broken bitch, we gotta fix

Bitches are expensive to fix young pimp, so yuh train 'em right when yuh get 'em

Yuh see, People thank da pimp don't love his hoes, cause Da Pimp slap his hoes

On da contrary young one, Da True Pimp love his hoes and will kill fuh his hoes

But nut fuh da individual hoe huhself

Da pimp defend da principle of protectin' his propuhty

But ain't nuttin' wrong wit feelin' somethin' fuh da bitch, jus be able to discipline

Da Bitch, *Widout bein tenduh 'bout it*

Look heuh, dat's da game right theuh young niggah

Dis shit yuh standin' on is all pimps and hoes

I ain't jus talkin' our immediate placement

On dese heuh Delta tracks dis evenin'

I'm talkin' da whole world young man

If yuh ain't pimpin', yuh gettin' fucked

Moufucka, do you know dat ***all big business is, is Pimpin'?***

Niggah yuh got food pimps, pill pimps, technology pimps,

Construction and deconstruction pimps

If yuh ain't pimpin' Youngsta, yuh gettin' fucked

Where dat lil' bitch at now?

Youngsta:

I sent da bitch home; she should be theuh by now

FU:

(Slight laughter)

Yeuh, yeuh, don't, don't, don't do dat, evuh again

A depressed hoe is **a time bomb**, young nigguh

Widout propuh guidance, dat bitch is liable to explode into

A flurry of dick suckin' and butt fuckin', widout yuh gettin paid...

Never send yuh bitches off alone and mad, 101 young nigguh

Only do dat when yuh hand get so strong,

dat da bitch need **yuh telepathy** to function right

She might be blowin' up another hand right now all confused 'bout youh game

Yuh see, it's yuh fault Youngsta; she jus' a hoe, she do whut she tol'

Yuh control da game she play and yuh ain't coachin' huh right

She was lookin' fuh somethin' to believe in and she found dat somethin' in youh game

When youh game did what it did tonight, dat bitch start to thank she got **'tricked'**

Hence, a time bomb young nigguh

Yuh bettuh call dat bitch; see if she home and go handle yuh shit

Get on it; time is of **da essence** young pimp...

Get on dat

(The Young Pimp dials and speaks in the echoed silence a few yards from his mentor

*FU now curiously focuses on one of his hoes looking, **bored?***

She looks very familiar to the absent audience

Youngsta soon hangs up his phone and walks over to a preoccupied Confucius Jones)

FU:

(Serious expression shouting at a lazy bitch)

Ey bitch, ac' right!

Yuh know da rule bitch!

Check yuh calenduh, yuh lazy bitch, ac'in like it ain't moufuckin' **Friday Night!**

(Pointing at the hoe, now being called 'bitch')

Walk like yuh wan' it bitch

(The bitch puts on her meanest strut as FU studies her)

Yeuh, a nigguh thought so!

(Pointing at the bitch)

Ac' right moufucka, shiiit!

(A semi-low whisper in front of Youngsta while looking angrily at his bitch)

Fuckin bitch must be losin' huh fuckin' mind, **pacin' on da track**

(Disgusted expression looking at the bitch, still with a semi-low whisper)

Lazy bitch

(Addressing Youngsta smiling with a curious tone)

Dat bitch was home?

Youngsta:

(Relief in his voice and expression)

Yeuh, She was at home; dat bitch ain't goin' nowheuh
She make moe money workin' on my website dan she do out heuh

FU:

(Excited, loud and smiling, but laughing when the dialogue tastes sweet on his tongue)

Website?

Whut, young nigguh, yuh got a website?

Shiit!!!

Yuh da moufucka I need to be talkin to...

Man, I got dese two young bitches nigguh, man, nigguh, yo, yo

Youngsta

I knew theuh was a moufuckin' reason I was talkin' to youh young ass

Dat was **Ohganic**; Dat what dat was

Young nigguh, do you know what a **ORGY** is?

I tell yuh 'bout dat at a latuh date; Yuh ain't ready fuh **Da Heavy Telepathy**

But dese bitches I gots, dem bitches is mean Youngsta

Dem bitches, dem bitches change my life nigguh

If moufuckas on da innanet see dis heuh shit, niggus will sell dey soul fuh dat theuh

I even got dis mothuh and daughtuh team

Woohh!

Youngsta:

(Surprised smiling laughter staring at FU)

A mothuh and daughtuh?

Dam FU, you a cold-blooded nigguh and dat's fuh real

FU:

(Semi-serious with a slight chuckle)

Shiiit nigguh, when yuh see whut dese bitches can do, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, oooh!

Jus unafraid a germs da two a dem

I get chills jus thankin' 'bout dem bitches

Youngsta:

(Smiling laughter while surveying the tracks)

Where dey at

Dey out heuh?

FU:

(Smiling while demonstrating a jig)

Oh no, no, no; dis heuh my little **Track Team** dis evenin’

Some diversify in stock portfolios; I diversifies in hoes

Dem othuh **BITCHES, TRICK OUT IN DA SUBURBS**

If yuh fuh real on dis innanet shit, man we can, man...

We can make a killin’ young nigguh

I got bitches twelve months out a da yeauh

I got whut I call a ‘world wide stable’ wit thoroughbreds as fuh as da eye can see

There will nevuh be a shortage a hoes, remember dat Youngsta

Moufuckin’ gas might be short, bread, watuh, but hoes...

Hoes don’t nevuh run out...

Dis Da Deltas nigguh

Ain’t no computers ’round dis moufucka, but we got hoes

I don’t know shit ’bout computers, but if yuh do, we gon eat nigguh, we gon eat

If Yuh for real on dis innanet shit nigguh, I got da hoes if yuh got da time

Confucius Jones is a Hungry Moufucka, so let’s get dis **FOOD** nigguh

Youngsta:

(Slight laughter)

Oh yus, I’m very serious ’bout dat innanet porn FU

Believe it; It’s true

FU:

(Serious tone)

Yuh gotta go home and handle yuh shit

Hit huh ass as soon as you walk through da dough

Don't worry 'bout hurtin' da bitch feelins

She jus' a hoe

Tonight she know she was a bad hoe

She at home waitin' fuh yuh to beat huh right now; I sweuh

Don't feel sorry fuh dat bitch; she chose huh life

When yuh beat huh ***keep yuh hand above huh da whole time***

Make huh see how angry **Yuh Hand** can get; dat theuh is 101 Youngsta

Take it wit yuh...

She a hoe because she ain't ready to be a pimp, yuh dig?

Yuh see, befoe most pimps became PIMPS dey was hoes

I'm not talkin 'bout sellin dey ass in da streets, niggah

I'm talking, dem bein' pimped by a system designed against dem

And den ***decidin' to pimp back*** and nevuh be a hoe again

Yuh dig game Youngsta?

Don't be a hoe

Pimp dese bitches into da moufuckin'ground Young Pimp

On a bitch death bed

Pimp dat bitch 'til huh dyin' breath

Dat's yuh job, Youngsta

Youngsta:

(Smiling and nodding in agreement while looking at his new mentor)

I dig...

Arright FU

I'll prolly see yuh latuh

I'm a go my handle buness ovuh heuh

FU:

(Semi-serious smile)

Don't 'cept no explanation from no bitch

Dat bitch open huh mouth,

Slap it shut, dat's real buness

Go handle yuh shit

(The two exchange a hand shake and the young pimp rides to duty

Confucius calls out to Youngsta yards away on his bicycle. Youngsta brakes and turns...)

FU:

Ey Youngsta!

Make shuh yuh come back nigguh

I wan' no mo bout **Dat Innanet Shit**

If I ain't in sight I'm around, just ask fuh me

Dese niggs and dese bitches know me round heuh

Youngsta:

(Smiling and riding away, he nods)

Arright FU, latuh

(We fade out to Confucius Jones approaching his hoes w/his pimp stroll)

End Scene; we Fade to *A Red Curtain...*

Formal Apology to The Most Alert

We have reached the conclusion of this reading

If you would like to continue there are two stories trailing, this 1

There are 'the most alert' that will overstand thoroughly what they have
just read

There is an apology for this most alert needed

I did not want to scribble this tale, but you know these are tumultuous days

You witnessed my constant resistance in these overall truthful haiku tales

I thought I hadn't choice in the matter

But I fought her and came to a Fiction/Non-Fiction Stalemate

W/The Universal Satellite...

We are 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 stayed prevalent in all my decisions

They have guided My Time Machine and continue to do so, still

The future prospective lies in The Past of The Present

A Ghost Writer Retired, a perverse character of mine really

Once called it The Intermingled Timeline...

In this, the first body of The Trikaya you will find

There were no actual predictions made and 'the most alert' will agree

ME, '2008'

Marco H2O: The Philosopher

The Character of Marco H2O: A Single Trilogy

A Bedtime Story for The Rebel's Child

By, **Hopeton**

