

The Monologue Therapy of Marco H2O

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

Hopeton will only be disgusted by them

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

These days I do nothing for the ignorant, but wish them an expeditious death

This is a repetitive 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're being played

A Preface Acknowledgement:

The I again, Charlie

Your preface to **A Christmas Carol (Scrooge)**

I must use, again

I'm not really 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 **Tosh**

Tell the two there is **1** 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 (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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The Monologue Therapy of Marco H2O

H2O's American Lair:

(Picture layered)

With Books protecting the walls from tyranny

Fourteen feet was the roof that kept the pain out

The books rose ten feet

'The new HP Invent Reference Catalogues' or 'Information Books'

Sat in a corner with speakers attached

H2O detested clutter then and still

The seating was of course sectioned in corners

The center of the room remained deliberately empty

And around the room potted plants

The kitchen stood behind red encyclopedias: A simple setup clean and green with

refrigerator, broad counter and a single sink

The bedroom and bathroom stood behind the middle wall of books

The bathroom had two entrances, one from the bedroom and one from the library

The bed was elevated six inches with rugs on each side

(A book stand, a reading chair, a wall attached television, two giant plants, a wall

attached stereo and a mammoth window)

The washroom was blue with plant life owning it

This was H2O's American Lair

The Disease of Internalization:

*(Exiting his lair Marco/H2O is trapped by a voiceover on his way to 7-11
He rides his E-glide.com electric skateboard. The voice over begins in mid ride)*

Of Elizabeth's 3 children

I am

The Cold-Blooded 1

I'm the 1 that snuck into The Graveyard to play

While the tiny town slept the night away...

Something was off with my environment

It had reached a point where my city of residence was unimportant

These were the days sarcasm owned me

Every action and thing brought to light a playful hate

I needed only walls now

Marco H2O was in hiding from himself

There was the finding of a lifetime

The bug I thought would never inflict me now owned My Nervous System

Her name is not important

At present she cannot be named or justly described

For the sake of character development we will call her

‘The Composite Lady’

She is the transformation you and I envy
She simply, changed
It was her that revealed my reckless ways
I thought my antics smooth and clever, but my love for her revealed a man in chaos
For the first time help was sought
The Voice became far too persistent
I wanted to better myself for her
She was doing the impossible in getting to know The I
The more revealed of myself I came to realize
I was no longer built for 'the outer world'
I needed resuscitation
These people had become warped, but she was so different
She too overstood and questioned the hypocrisy of it all
She was a reluctant graduate of the streets that overstood my mission and never
judged
I vowed to wage war for her if need be
She companied the lonely man and received a personal mercenary
The Lady was with me now

*(He exits [7-11](#) and we see him on the [E-glide.com](#) electric skateboard returning to his
lair under the voiceover still)*

For some time I considered mental health a personal battle, but my self evaluation
had repeatedly failed

I accepted the fact outside help was needed

My great conceit was of no benefit

Confiding in a stranger was necessary...

The Lady eradicated my false walls of self sustainability and left me vulnerable

There was the overwhelming burden on the shoulders of The Kid M

The obligation to do right by this woman was powerful enough to send me
searching for mental stability, crazy

She had joined me after the murdering of souls

She knew of my former business and agreed to help me reform

Reformation was never sought before; It sounded too boring and long

There was an obligation to Deal Books, but for her I knew change was necessary

“Books more than drugs will get you in trouble”, The Old Man said

We needed each other

The Kid M was no longer H2O

He was again Marco Waters

He was now part owner of an art gallery in The Midwest

Marco was searching for the lie of happily ever after

Therapy for me was about the banter. I never bought into psychiatry

The professionals involved were just as fucked up, if not more so than I

My method for finding one of these professionals was off keel

We went to the bottom of the list

**“The Rebel lies dormant in all professions
So Beware the man atop his profession”, The Old Man once said**

“The world is dark and to win you must sell your soul

Beware the man atop his profession

He has scaled the backs of the weak to gain his position”

*(The absent audience gets a tour of Marco’s lair as he cleans. Cut to H2O in the
bathroom mirror)*

Marco:

What are you lookin’ @?

What are you up to, is it good...?

A Phone Interlude: Doctor Daniel Kutchin's Office

(Cut to Marco in his loft

He dials Doctor Daniel Kutchin's office; A woman picks up

Marco has a sarcastic smile for this phone dialogue as he does for most dialogue)

A Woman:

Dr. Kutchin's office, how may I help you?

Marco:

Yes, is the good doctor in?

A Woman:

Yes he is; may I ask who is calling?

Marco:

A potential patient, Marco is my name

A Woman:

Oh, good

Hold on Marco I'll get him for you

(After a brief wait the doctor speaks)

Doc:

This is Dr. Kutchin

Marco:

This is Marco, Dr. Kutchin

My mental state needs definition

Will you help me?

Doc:

Well Marco, maybe I can help you with that

Marco:

All I get is a maybe, no guarantees?

Doc:

Well I can't make guarantees, but we could try and get you some definition

Marco:

I need you to make a house call

Do you do those?

Doc:

I don't unless my fee is doubled

Give my secretary your information and she'll coordinate our first session

Your name is Marco, like Marco Polo?

Marco:

I'm just Marco I'm afraid and I'll call you Doc or, Kutch if you don't mind?

Doc:

That's fine; Kutch is actually my nickname

Marco:

Really?

Do you know Doc that Marco Polo knew exactly where he was going?

Its propaganda and politics that mock him as a navigator

Doc:

I didn't know he got lost

Well I guess that would make sense given the nature of the game

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

How long have you been married Kutch?

Doc:

What?

What uh, makes you assume that I'm married?

Marco:

That was your wife that answered the phone, yes?

Doc:

No, that was my secretary

Marco:

Who happens to be your wife

I know because she sounded far too nice to be a secretary and she said "I'll get him"

Secretaries page their bosses and wives get their husbands

Doc:

(Stern tone)

Marco I'll pass you off to my secretary and she'll schedule you an appointment

See you soon, ok?

Marco:

Yes

Thanks Doc

See you soon

A Woman:

Marco is it, when is a good time for you?

Marco:

How's tomorrow afternoon?

A Woman:

Afternoon is fine, around what time?

(We fade to the inside of The Loft as a key turns outside the door)

The Lady and The Groceries:

(A familiar looking woman walks in with groceries during an obvious late evening

She begins her search for the antagonist/protagonist)

The Lady:

(Projected tone)

Baby, can you help me?

(She puts the bags down in the kitchen and projects her tone searching for

The Depressed Super Hero)

Marco, are you here?

(She takes the weed stash from a drawer

She rolls and smokes a joint while unpacking the groceries

She does a brief tidying up of the studio

We fade out to Marco rolling a joint in the kitchen during a late afternoon)

The First Session: Weed and the process of...

(Snoop Dogg's 'Message 2 Fat Cuzz' plays in the highest decibel

This loud there is no chance of misinterpretation by The Absent Audience

Marco smokes a joint in the kitchen prior to the doctor's arrival---

There is a knock at his door; Marco let's the doctor in)

Marco:

(A slight grin as he examines the good doctor)

Doc, thanks for coming

Doc:

Marco?

(Marco extends his hand)

Marco:

Nice to meet you Doc

Doc:

Likewise

Marco:

Enter, feel free to explore...

(Talking while headed to the kitchen)

I have some stuff in the kitchen I have to finish up

Give me a minute, will you?

(In the kitchen Marco smokes his joint)

Doc:

(An impressed look on his face)

Take your time. I'll take a tour

This is a very nice place

It's very eclectic in here

Marco:

Eclectic, ok. I love that word

(He peeks from the kitchen with a strange expression toward Doc)

Would you like something to drink: water, juice, cocktail?

Doc:

Do you have bottled water?

Marco:

I do

Make yourself comfortable in the back

Over there

We'll talk in a second

(Corner information box) (Marco in kitchen: one more puff)

Doc:

(Projected tone)

Why your house and not my office Marco?

Marco:

(Projected tone from kitchen)

Why did you come?

On the phone you said you didn't do house calls

Doc:

You doubled my fee

You do know that right?

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

I know Doc

Good

I thought you'd try to bullshit me on why you were here

I chose my home because I felt my environment will help you analyze me better

Doc:

Fair enough

Are you some kind of book dealer Marco?

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

No

Doc:

An avid reader then?

Marco:

(Smiling and walking back into the room with supplies)

Yes, avid; I am an avid reader, the best description really

And You Doctor Kutchin

Are you an avid reader?

Doc:

(Slight smile)

Once upon a time

Marco:

(A cynical smile)

University I bet

You read everything they gave you; I'm guilty of it too

A man has to read through out his life

Reading activates the imagination

If you can consistently formulate visuals from words

People will have a tough time competing with you

Doc:

(Cynical smile)

What kind of books do you like?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Silly question coming from a man at the bottom of the list

Doc:

(Curious smile)

A man at the bottom of the list?

Explain that

Marco:

(Slightly excited)

In the 'reduction book' you were at the very bottom with just one line that said

Other Psychiatrists...

All you had listed was your name and number

That moved me

Fuckin' brilliant, I thought

Your counter parts had fancy advertisements and pictures of themselves

The reason I chose you is because I suspected why you were at the bottom of the list...

Doc:

(Writing on his pad)

I don't think that has anything to do with what kind of doctor I am

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile)

It has everything to do with what kind of doctor you are

You haven't compromised your principles for riches, yet

On the phone I asked you about family because I knew you had one

Guys at the bottom of the list usually have children and a wife or they did once upon a
time

They know what it takes to get to the top, but they're not willing to compromise integrity
for success

Seeing you in person you definitely strike me as that kind of man

Doc:

(Slight smile)

Interesting theory, but what if business is just slow right now?

Marco:

(Curious smile w/a slight chuckle)

In the new Roman Empire?

If you live on Earth you're mentally ill

By choosing your profession you become part of a permanent niche market

These people are fucking sick and you know it

You see them

You don't want their problems, so you do the minimum just so you can avoid most of
them

I'm willing to bet you have the amount of patients that pay your bills

no more and no less

Work rarely interrupts **FAMILY TIME**

Your wife is a good woman that cooks

She works full time as your secretary

Your children play sports

You and the wife do the PTA and all the other school clubs they've conned you into
joining

You sir live the hypocrisy daily

Doc:

(Serious smirk)

And what of you?

You live here with the rest of us, aren't you a part of the hypocrisy?

Marco:

(Smiling)

I never excluded myself

I use to

I now know, I'm the worst of you

I know all the things wrong with the world, but I'm only trying to save me

I'm working on a plan to save myself

Don't ask about it

I tell that plan to no one, not even my woman

I'm here living the lie everyday

The only difference between me and the great majority of people is that I don't lie to
myself, anymore

There will be no convincing me of harmony

This place is fucked

Doc:

(Serious blank)

Do you judge everyone you meet?

It seems as if you've thrown the world into sections Marco

Marco:

I didn't section the world, people did

So ofcourse I lump them into their desired categories

The Sheep and The Informed are all that exist in my version of the world

There are the few that know of their 'governments' abuse of power

My favorite of these few 'they' call gangs

Rebel Armies:

(This scene rolls to 'a new the same')

Doc:

(Slight smile)

What do you call them?

Marco:

(Half smile)

Gangs need to know what they truly are

Currently the governments defeat them through invisible wars, but setting them against

themselves won't be so easy in the near future

They'll realize their power with time and combine for a street war unlike anything we've

ever seen

Call the National Guard if you like, but it'll be too late

That'll be when The Blood reaches the boiling point

Gangs are going to kill everything in their path

Coast to coast gangs will burn government houses to the ground

Doc:

(Serious smile)

That's quite the scenario Marco

Do you really believe gangs will topple governments?

Marco:

(Under breathed laughter)

No

Gangs will finish what corporations started

I feel it coming, so do a lot of others

‘They’ feel it everyday

Like gangs have, the rest of us must now discover the many hidden meanings in the play
of life

Some thing is off with this place, but the clues are provided to decipher it all

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PAY ATTENTION

I’m uncomfortable on Earth and I know I’m not alone

The faces on the streets are filled with uncertainty

The perpetual question keeps being raised and still no one has an answer or even close...

What is my life about?

Freedoms are disappearing and the people’s natural instinct is rebellion when pushed too
far

At present fear owns us

But when the simple allowances finally go absent

And they will

Chaos will own us then

Doc:

What makes you think that future will ever exist?

People are smart enough to control their own environments

The government will never let that happen

Marco:

The Governments don't exist Doc

Sorry to break it to you

(Smiling with an overly sarcastic tone)

Doc I think you like my voice

You're lettin' me monologue away

Tell us about yourself: Your dreams, your hopes, your aspirations

Doc:

(Smiling)

This is about you Marco, all about you and you alone

Marco:

Fair enough

You don't really believe in the government do you?

If you believed it you would have said it with more conviction

People are lazy and scared

That's a bad combination for mass revolution

That's why gangs will have to finish it

Gangs are the only ones I see with the motivation

The Regular Folks are too lazy to save their own asses

Doc:

(Looking at his notepad then Marco)

Hmm, before we get ahead of ourselves

Why did you call **The Yellow Pages** 'the reduction book'?

Marco:

(An impressed smile)

Ooh, I thought you might've missed that

Everyone is reduced to a title in that book

"This is what you do and get paid for

This is the section you belong

This is your class and who you are"

Doc:

(A smirk)

What do you do for a living Marco?

Marco:

I'm not in that book

(Brief staring smile)

I own a private art gallery and this serves as a private library

Members only kind of thing

No charge for membership

We only charge for product

Doc:

(Smiling)

I love art, what kind of art?

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile)

Art, Kutch, You can't section art
Anything the artist wants to display I will help
Artists of all kinds need a forum
They are the rebels among us you know?
Artists are in constant need of an audience
Most of them just need the courage to display their work
That's where I come in
The great ones deny conformity to the end
I like them the most

Doc:

(Sarcastic)

Are you one of the great ones?

Marco:

(Sarcastic chuckle)

I still paint
I ceased being an artist some time ago
Art is strictly therapy for me now, not to share with those assholes 'out there'
I'm more of A MIDDLE MAN these days

Doc:

How's business in the art world?

Marco:

(A reminiscent smile)

I've seen better days

They'll come again and then they'll go again

(Hand gesture perpetuating time, followed by slight laughter)

And so on and so on

Corporate even downsized **Artistic Integrity**

Pretty soon 'they' will take art away

Doc:

(Looking down with a slight smile and scribbling down on his pad)

Why do you love art?

Marco:

(Smiling)

ArT iS EveRyTHInG

After I reduced everything, myself and everyone else

ART was all that remained

Doc:

(Shaking his head and smiling)

So your life is art?

Marco:

All of our lives

Everything we do, everyday

Some of it ugly, but necessary

Crazy shit really

One of the unanswered questions is

If everything on Earth is art, who's The Artist, or The Artists?

That's the big question

That's where I'm at in my life

(Smiling laughter)

What the fuck is goin' on in the world, you know?

Doc:

(Smiling)

Life's eternal query; that's a big subject Marco

Men have gone mad...

Marco:

Lately Gangs have been on this mind the most

Doc:

(Soft smile)

Why gangs?

Marco:

(Marco stares at Doc smiling)

Because I finally overstand what gangs are

Exactly

Doc:

(Hand gesture)

Well?

Marco:

Gangs are **Rebel Armies**; It's so simple

It was in my face the entire time; It makes me laugh a little

I knew that all along, but now it finally makes sense

It makes sense that I truly know that now

Lately I feel like we are all heading toward a REVOLUTION

I don't know if it's the end of days or just a new world order

But I feel like something is happening in worldwide government and just overall attitude

I feel cultural acceptance coming, but it will be forged out of **The Great Tragedies...**

The people are about to be forced to pay attention, I think...

Doc:

What do you mean exactly?

Marco:

(Smiling)

I mean looting in the streets

Burning entire city blocks, political assassinations

Wild Animals Heading for Higher Ground

Revolution Doc

The unword, revealed

A Gem greater than any diamond will be revealed in **The Future Turmoil**

I don't know really

I just feel a change approaching

Maybe it's only a personal change

Who knows?

Doc:

(Smiling)

Where are you from Marco?

Marco:

(Curious smile)

We'll get to that

Doc:

(Smiling)

I thought we just did

Marco:

(Still the curious smile)

We didn't...

When ‘They’ Push Buttons:

(Scene same; Dialogue change)

Doc:

(Smiling and projecting a calming tone)

Alright, what do you want to talk about?

Marco:

(Serious sarcasm)

Well we were talking about rebel armies until you spoiled the mood

Now I want to talk about ‘animals’

You call them cops or **police**

Doc:

(Smiling)

Why do you call them animals?

Marco:

(Serious)

Police start off human

End up something else

That job sucks and most of them aren't built for it

Most of them grow up seeing it on T.V. and think its cool to be an animal

That's a job I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy

The bad ones are quick on the trigger

They harass and shoot who the advertisers tell them to

Animals are a bunch of racist fucks trained to hate the very people they're sworn to
protect

Fucked up ain't it?

After being spat at, slapped, knifed, repeatedly having to listen to domestic abuse stories,
shot at and gunned down

The shell of the policeman hardens

The sickest part about animals is that they'll do what they're told

As long as the unnatural laws allow it

Doc:

(Smiling)

You hate cops Marco?

Marco:

(Guarded smile)

Just a little

They guard a system designed to fail

Policing an inevitable failure would turn anyone into an animal

Doc:

Have you had many run-ins with the law?

Marco:

Just the average

‘You Fit The Description’

It still happens

My favorite is getting pulled over while riding in the passenger’s seat

That’s happened six times, to me

Doc:

(He laughs and Marco looks at him with a surprised smile)

I’m sorry that was uncalled for

That was um...

Marco:

(Surprised smile)

Don't be

That, that was the correct reaction,

It's so fucked up its funny, right?

Doc:

(Smiling)

Did all your run-ins seem like they were picking on you?

Marco:

They all were

All animals get told whom to mess with

Before the law is broken they know who broke it

'You fit the description' is an obvious statement

It means,

'You fit the description of whom I was programmed against'

It's true

The entire thing is a setup

The animals are just some of the buttons being pushed

They defend the farce of 'the American dream'

Doc:

(Serious smile)

I've never heard The American Dream called a farce before

You'd better have some kind of proof

A lot of people believe in that dream

A lot of people come to this country just for that dream

Marco:

(Serious stare)

Those people need to wake the fuck up

This place is on fire Doc

It's burning all around us, but I must be fucked up in the head

Because I Love every second of it

Doc:

(Serious stare)

What if you're just having a tough time with life at present and The American Dream is

possible

And because of your current struggles you can't see it?

Marco:

Doc these realizations are not new

This is old shit

‘The Dream’ is about money

I’ve always made money and taken breaks from making money

All I’m doing is regurgitating old news,

‘The people in the box’ and ‘the people outside the box’ are at war, but the people inside
the box don’t know it

These are the dunces that respect borders, when in fact there are no borders

There are no working governments

There can’t be because The Earth doesn’t come with lines

I need this place to restart so **The Nomad** can re-emerge

I’m sick of stating the purpose of my visit

The boxed in people are at war with each other over resources, religion and whatever the
fuck else

Those outside the box try to educate the boxed in

The war being waged is an information war

If you’re outside the box you’re losing because you have too much information

People like me are losing

You can have all the information in the world, but you’ll be lonely

People don’t want to know much

Boxed in people are satisfied with their pollution and their ignorance

They don’t mind being stuck here in this depressing movie

Doc:

What resolve do the people outside the box have?

Marco:

What resolve?

None, there is what I call 'the great convincing'

It's a future prospective

That will come when the first ice cap is directly in front of them or chaos

We will never listen

The wars will wage, unnecessary poverty continued, my air polluted and stupid

politicians elected

That's how we like it

What the fuck can you do about it?

Revolution is another resolve

Burn it to the ground and give power back to nature

The American Sixties Kids... were the closest to a real revolution in America, in the
world for that matter

'They' got bought off with drugs, stock portfolios, **MURDER** and stuff

All it took for them to cut their hair was **STUFF AND DRUGS**

(Smiling laughter)

Fuckin' brilliant...One could also make sport of them

I've brought people to their knees with sarcasm alone

Grown men lose themselves for sake of wanting in on the joke

Doc:

The great convincing or chaos, which do you hope for?

Marco:

The sooner we finish the sooner our replacements can rebuild

Doc:

(Curious stare)

What do you mean our replacements?

Would you care to elaborate?

Marco:

(Smiling stare in and out of eye contact)

Well

I am The Main Character in this movie

Who better to explain it, right?

The human will be here after it's all said and restarted with robots doing most of the

rebuilding

Another future war by the way

These machines are gonna rip men's limbs apart; I can't wait

My vision is a warped version of the human

One that has adapted to an almost depleted ozone layer

Nuclear war and biological terror and my favorite, **The Electromagnetic Pulse**

Doc:

(Smiling)

What a future

Explain the electromagnetic pulse

Marco:

The pulse will be the final piece to the ensuing chaos

The books and the funny papers must be saved because if we go completely electronic

Information can be rid with the push of a button

Governments or terror groups, I'm not sure where it will come from first, but it will come

Information Doc

That's what it'll come down to and the electromagnetic pulse can control the flow of info
or destroy it

Doc:

What is the electromagnetic pulse, exactly?

Marco:

An electromagnetic pulse can be one of the results of a nuclear explosion
I'm supposing individual machines used by 'governments' to stop the transmitting of
information

The Electromagnetic Pulse proposes the death of all communication devices
The electromagnetic pulse will be our final defense against the robots trying to kill us

That's a ways off

We mustn't forget the robots and mutants

Doc don't let me forget the robots and mutants

I won't forget

I'll never forget **That Night**

Doc:

(Smiling)

Robots and mutants?

Marco:

I'll just tell you now

The Sci-Fi Writers were all correct

I couldn't see the future they envisioned until a few years ago

It's all coming down to 'futuristic shit'

Fuckin' 'star trek shit', no joke

That's funny to me

Doc:

1984 in the 21st century?

Marco:

(A surprised smile for Doc)

Yes, you did read

Doc:

(Cynical smile)

The robots aren't really a secret Marco

Everything around us is run by robots: traffic lights, **TRAINS**, **Television Stations**

The mutants might be a bit of a secret

How do you suppose they'll enter the culture?

(Cut to a rolled scene of the previous...)

Mutants Came to Play and Stayed:

(Scene same; Dialogue change)

Marco:

(Smiling)

I struggled with that part of sci-fi the most
How the hell will mutants play a part in ‘the new future’?

I now know

By the way, they’re already here

It’s *the food* Doc

(Shaking his head with the occasional smiling laughter)

It’s the fuckin’ food

Already we have what I call pre-mutants. These are the parents of the mutants we saw in
the cartoons

This is global shit Kutch

I know they already exist, but that’s government shit and **Secret Organizations** for right
now

On the level I’m thinking anyway

Mothafuckas are building Mutant Armies as we speak

Look at the people around you; Do they look normal to you?

Eventually we’ll be let in on the secret because kids in school will start doing weird shit:

Breathing way too long under water in swim class, HIGH SCHOOL HIGH JUMP

RECORD smashed and re-smashed@ every meet

The two minute mile consistently and a myriad of other unexpected talents

They'll be celebrated at first and tortured when we realize what they are

If I'm correct we have one generation, possibly two before the truly powerful mutants
emerge

Mutants will actually be the first to prove how real **TELEPATHY** is

We'll fully experience it with the first truly powerful **MUTANT TELEPATHS**

The food has unnatural elements these days. The sterilized fruit seeds will be our undoing

The rushed hormones in our **MEATS AND VEGETABLES** will be our undoing

Tampering with the plants' process of photosynthesis will be our undoing

There are little eight year old girls with tits now; I swear. I've seen them with their
parents in the malls; **STRANGE DAY**

That's weird

That's not natural progression

I call these products 'dirty foods'

The 'dirty foods' combined with different genetics and a now unnatural sun is
readjusting our genetics

The ozone layer is serious shit

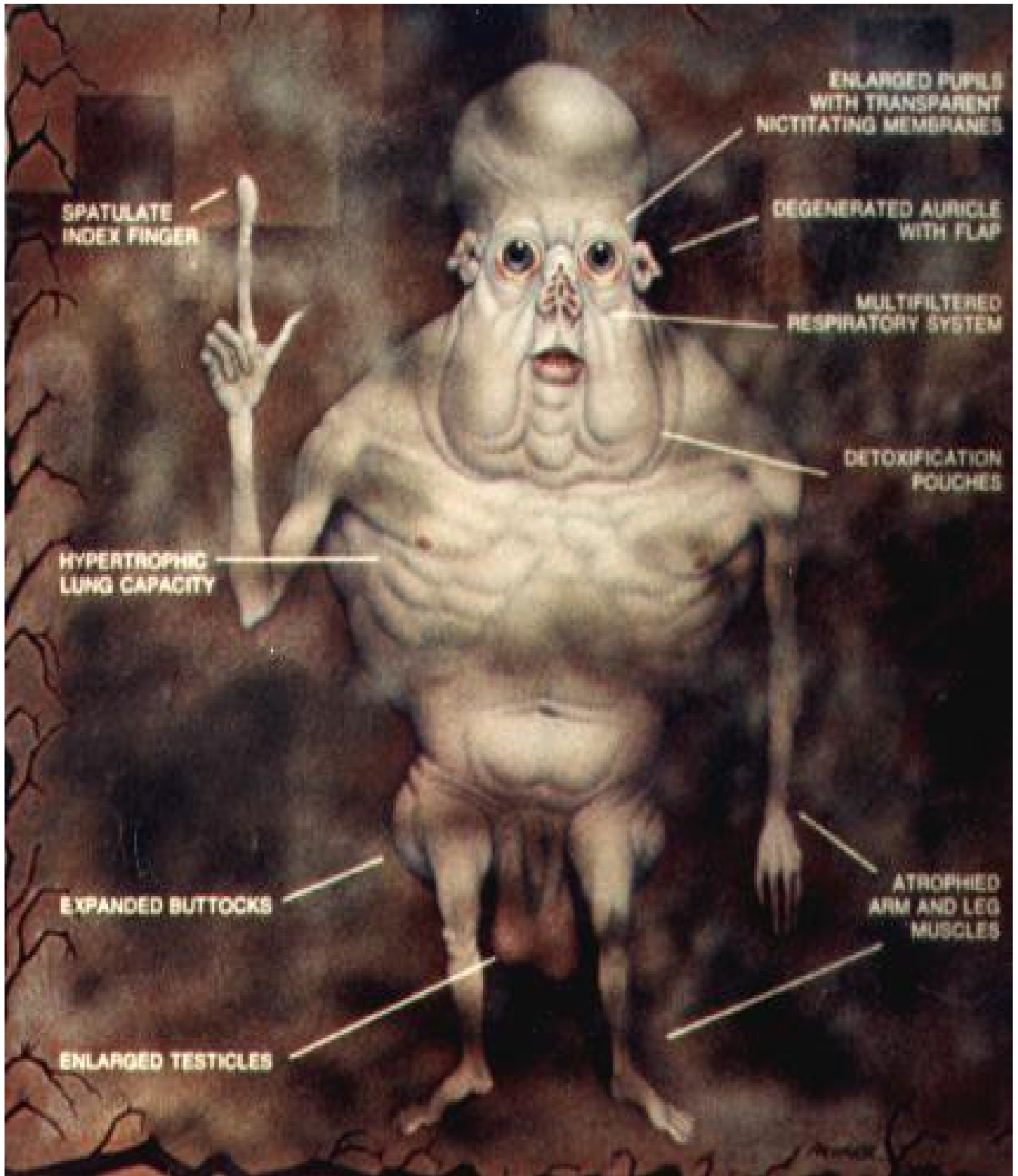
When we copulate the result will be a new future spawned

That word Doc, spawn, not born

There will be no births in the new future, only **SPAWNINGS**

Same process though, you fuck and wait nine months or maybe less, given their new
mutant status

(Gets up and shows Doc a picture on 'the new reference catalogue')



(Marco now addresses the absent audience with a screen and a pointer)

Look at this thing

There is this professor at an Ivy League school

He came up with this fucked up composite of the future human

Wait, wait...Look at those things. It might not be completely true, but I like its possibilities

I love that life will go on no matter what form the human takes

After we're gone there will be a different kind of human or several different kinds

Each time I have that thought it makes me happy, ***fuckin' corporate babies*** everywhere

I actually can't wait

I fully intend to team up with them

Doc:

That is interestingly, gross

(Sarcastic tone)

Thank you for showing me that

(Looking at the picture with a curious grin)

What of coexistence with mutants or will we all look like this?

Marco:

There will be some coexistence, but the majority of them will be angry and violent

Angry and Violent at us

They'll know what made them and they'll know who made them

An army of mutants that can't be defeated will be upon us, just like the movies

The thinkers among them will be great telepaths and will organize them into an army

Some of us will look the same

I call them **The Organic People**

Those are the only fuckers on the planet eating right, but their lifestyle is fuckin’

expensive

The mutants will never stop coming until they destroy their creator

Doc:

Same with the robots

It’s reasonable to think they’ll destroy humans, eventually

Marco:

(Pointing smile)

Quick, that doesn’t surprise me about you Doc

Different sections eat different foods, so naturally you’ll have different mutations or

Different Powers according to **sci-fi**

All these predictions of the future are fuckin’ bleak and it depresses me, but at the same

Time they excite me

I once thought I was reflecting my own depression on to earth

But this place created my depression

This place forged me and is now attempting to kill me with smog and

Tampon commercials

Doc:

Conspiracy theory or fact?

Marco:

Hmm, Doc when you ask those questions I think you don't belong at
the bottom of the list

I'm a black man in America

My situation has been fucked since they saw my skin

Some of us have abandoned our women and children

I'm different because I don't have kids

If I did when I had nothing, I probably would've left too

Doc:

Because you're black?

The Disenfranchised Runners:

(Scene same; Dialogue change)

Marco:

No Doc I'm being figurative

I'd leave because my opportunities were limited

Doc:

A real man doesn't leave his family, especially one he just helped create

Marco:

A disenfranchised man does

America and the world are actually built for people like you Doc

You weren't going to fail

You were guaranteed a job in this society just because of how you look

You know it's true

Tell me how you worked hard and all that, but I know there are others that worked just as

hard and they're fucked

America has one of the lowest education levels across the board

But they make immigrants go back to school when they get here

This is done to squeeze money out

"Welcome to America we're going to pretend to teach you some shit

Sorry if you're smarter than the teacher, but there's been a shortage of teachers for the
last 20 years

Did I mention the levy failed, so no after school activities?

Let's have a bake sale to raise money for jerseys"

Fuck you and your bake sale, where the fuck is the tax money?

I don't wanna talk about that anymore

That ruins my, uh, situation

Doc:

(Calming tone, smiling)

Your session Marco, what do you want to talk about now?

Marco:

(Smiling after a short pause)

Once upon a time I use to fuck a lot of Rich White Girls and Rich Jewish Girls too
I found that more than the Anglo-Saxon male it hurt the Jewish male more when I would
fuck their women

They would look at me as if I was interrupting their culture or a stealing a soldier from
their army

The looks received from Jewish men while walking through hotel lobbies with Jewish
women

Would've been enough to kill anyone else

I was always far too callous for stares

Doc:

(Curious smile)

Why Rich White Girls and Rich Jewish Girls?

Marco:

(Smiling)

The nicest hotels inhabit Rich White Girls and Rich Jewish Girls and I like nice hotels

Simple adaptation to one's environment, really

I pounds what is around

Doc:

Did you stop sleeping with them because you stopped traveling?

Or because you're truly faithful to your girlfriend?

Marco:

(Smiling)

I'm truly faithful and I came to realize the over-saturation

When I started traveling black women disappeared, black people actually

But then I awoke; I had to awake

When I got a proper dosage of black pussy I was hooked again

Simple Math

When I went back to the black woman I decided never to leave her again, not for too long

anyway; I do fucks with the biracials a bit

But I love The Lady
It felt too perfect to retract
I once wrote on sticky note
The Black Woman needn't fret
We're only expanding the empire, a bit
We'll be home sooner than you think...

I've fucked the planet Doc
Not to be vile, but name any race and I've been inside their women
I've literally cum on Planet Earth
The biracial women came to me the most
I once fucked a half Nigerian, half Columbian
She was overly pretty and insatiable
She would drain me and still wanted more
We fucked for an entire summer...
Now I'm haunted by the women I've loved
I didn't treat most of them well

Doc:

Why not?

Marco:

I was too young and far too virile for one woman

(Smiling)

Honestly, I don't think I knew how to treat them well...

Now I'm just too virile

There was **The Hawaiian Girl** that I loved

I ran her away and told her repeatedly that she didn't really love me

That one hurt for years

It still does a little

Doc:

Why convince her she didn't love you?

Marco:

(serious tone)

I wasn't good enough for Her then

She had all this life and I was always depressed

I didn't want to bring her down

I don't like inviting people into my misery Doc

I'm paying you, so you have to listen

Doc:

Is that the reason you left her, you didn't want to invite her into your misery?

Marco:

Why wouldn't it be?

Doc:

I don't know; could there be something else?

Marco:

I don't want to talk about her anymore

(He smiles at Dr. Kutchin/the good doctor reciprocates)

Doc:

(Curious half smile)

Marco what do you think about African Americans?

Marco:

Left field Kutch

I like that

African Americans, where should I begin?

Fuck, where should they begin?

I first met **The African Americans** in Cleveland

The first one I ever spoke to was this kid **Jerome @ Wiley Middle**

I walked in the class room and he introduced himself to me with a heavy smile

...He later got murdered; The first american friend I ever had

Come to think of it he was my first fight in the states

I remember J The Gay instigated it because I asked him if he was a sissy

J The Gay was great @ Spinning Stories, I remember

She didn't wanna fight me though

I lost to Jerome, but the margin was slim

I had him down, but a late match push saw the radiator assist him...

J The Gay laughed when we were sent to **Mr. Chipoletti's Office**, but I remember my

uncle told me

"Control The Blood

The Blood is Savage and once it explodes there is little hope of control"

So I laughed at J The Gay

Jerome's death fucked me up for a while

We weren't close friends or anything when it happened, but there was always cordiality

unsaid (w/a nod and a grin in the hallways)

I often thought about asking him to fight again

Doc, The Blood hates losing

But we moved from University Heights to Warrensville Heights

And later moved to Cleveland Heights where I saw him again...

He was in his eleventh grade then

Eleventh grade and I was in Tenth

We shared schools again and The Kung-Fu Team, me @ a lower level, being promised

Varsity Kung-Fu elsewhere

But this hero always loved The Tough Road

By then Jerome had gotten insanely big

6'5 230lbs big, I think; I remember seeing him in the hallway at my locker and saying,

"What the hell; you're huge

Are you on the juice?

He laughed and said,

"Naw, me and my dad been workin' out"

I knew his character from conversations we had after our brawl and That Year

Jerome B was always a cool kid, but when I knew him he had a certain sadness about him

In his eleventh Grade re-introduced to him that sadness was gone

He was always smiling when I saw him

Someone with that kind of character re-emerged should be preserved, not murdered...

I'm not gonna talk about that or answer questions about that Doc, so move on

I shouldn't have brought that up...

African Americans, that's where we were, right?

I felt as if I had to study them, all of them

They seemed really cool to me; I found myself wanting to sound like them

I was obsessed with Jamaican History,

But when I came here I also became obsessed with Theirs

African American History is a beautiful and sick one

But I can't picture it being any other way; Well I can, but its boring

I grew up with The Africans and The Jews

A great mix when you *Really Think About It*

I have this t-shirt idea:

Matzo Balls and Fried Chicken---'let's eat together'

On Fridays

Do you like it?

Doc:

(Smiling)

It's, very clever Marco

Marco:

Thank you Kutch

I have a lot of t-shirt ideas

Where was I?

Oh yes,

From childhood African Americans have been inundated with images and a history not
their own

I love that word, in-un-dated

(Slight laughter)

The human brain is easy to control providing one has the time to program it

You can fool anyone, even an entire people

This is what **The Magician**, **The Clergyman**, **The Lawyer** and **The Con Man** know

What better time than an eight hour school day with white history taught all day?

Add after school white super hero cartoons, white radio w/the illusion of color

white ‘funny papers’ and **White Jesus**

You have now pimped a people

Twang dictates The Used

Where the fuck are The African Americans in american media?

‘They’ taught them to hate each other using the evening news to make criminals and
buffoons of them

The Grays polluted black history and reduced it to the shortest month of the year

There was no mention of **Ras Mckonen** or **The Prince of Peace**

Garvey, Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X had to wait until February to be
mentioned

One ‘mind polluter’, that’s a school teacher Doc, once told me to wait until February to
ask those kinds of questions in history class

I’ve never respected the false appeasement of February

Not even as a child

Fuck that month

Fuck February; That's Another T-Shirt Idea; I have a t-shirt idea

I want all twelve months

I don't care who likes it

If you didn't want to learn my history you shouldn't have kidnapped me

Do you overstand what I'm saying?

The African American's History has been suppressed

Who the fuck are the African Americans and what parts of Africa are they from,

do they know?

We are displaced, no trace

All most of us have to go on are instincts and freakish physical abilities

Because of The Diluting

'They' have even convinced the light skinned African Americans to harbor bias against

darker blacks

Do you know how fucked up you have to be to divide the same people?

You have to be really fucked up and exist in the gray...

When I was a kid during one of those 'gifted' Februaries I mocked Marcus Garvey

Thinking back on it, that was one of the lowest moments of my life

I said with a serious face mind you

"Why would anyone want to leave America, that guy was crazy?"

I actually said that

This is a man mentioned in the same breath as Martin Luther King Jr. and **Gandhi**

I now know I was an idiot. Garvey was right

The black man has to go home

I differ from Garvey in my views of Africa

I think the black man shouldn't restrict himself to only Africa

He should show the entire world his melanin

Garvey saw the future and Africa as important for The African Americans to be a part of

in the very near future

The African Americans have been polluted against Africa

Imagine that. The only people in the world that can get Africa back hate it

The reason I say they're the only ones that can get Africa back is because

The African Americans were birthed in the belly of the beast

They've seen first hand what the grays and the corporate forces are capable of

They know what its like to be pawns in a game

All that has built them into something impressive

All our family trees have dead hanging from them

Doc do you know that ***The African Americans are the most promoted single group of***

people on earth?

They don't even have any concept of how important that is

A rapper or 'a black nobody' can go anywhere on the planet and be safe and known

His ancestors earned their keep; He's **The First Man**

His history is everywhere

Every nation on Earth knows the black man's face, face, face...

They need to become international. That's the only thing left for the African American to
truly compete

I'm not talkin' about fuckin actors and musicians

Where are THE REAL BLACK BOSSES?

They have an international face, but only a few voices

The world is sympathetic to the African American's plight, but they'll never leave
America

They too have grown to love stuff

African Americans love it here and I suspect the majority of them don't have the skills to
survive outside The Element of America...

However, there are those among them that can fly

I'm friends with some of these super heroes

I pick my few friends carefully

These are people I will play The Game with for The Remainder

The Circle will only be broken for **The Brilliant Hustler**

No exceptions will be made

Some of my favorite super heroes are The Honest Rappers/Musicians; There are almost
none left

The corporate machine own artists/Grown men are still owned Doc

I've had to use assholes to serve my benefit, but the using was always reciprocated

Some of these troubadours and I use the term loosely, enjoy The Polluted Bed...

Some have been subjected to Lowly Ghost Writing

I can stand independent; I need an Independent Chant Repetitive...

If I see a room of white faces I know I can beat them all, at anything
The Gray Elite have never impressed me enough to set me against my talents
It never made any sense to me that they were all over the TV
They even found a way to be on the black TV stations
That always fucked me up
The only thing impressive about white America is their great ability to promote
themselves
From an ex-promoter's standpoint it's flawless what they've done to other races through
media
They used media to bring entire races to their knees
Fuckin' brilliant
The African Americans need my great conceit
Some of them have it, but very few
Some of them really believe the whites are smarter; I FUCKIN' SWEAR
They need to walk with their fuckin' chests out
Fuckin' black comedians mock Africa like you wouldn't believe

They mimic 'The Clicks and Clucks' for entertainment without realizing they were
programmed to respect the incredible simplicity of English while mocking the
languages of **True Kings**

That shit digs in me when I see a black comedian do that
I'm a hypocrite though 'cause when **JAMIE FOXX** did it I laughed my ass off
It is fuckin' evil, but it's fuckin' brilliant

(Slight laughter)

I mean to convince a people that their culture is worthless, fuckin' brilliant
It's like a Jew claiming Israel isn't a country; It's along those lines
We should burn their fuckin houses
That I'll celebrate

Doc:

(Upset expression)

Why did you do that?

MARCO:

(Smiling)

DO WHAT?

DOC:

YOU USED A JEWISH REFERENCE

I GUESS IT'S TO ILLUSTRATE YOUR POINT, but I find it annoying...

MARCO:

AND TO GET UNDER YOUR SKIN

I DO IT TO ALL THE RACES

DON'T TAKE IT TOO PERSONAL

IF YOU WERE ASIAN I'D PROBABLY SAY SOMETHIN ABOUT YELLOW CAKE OR

SCHOOL BUSES,

FEEL FREE TO MAKE A CHICKEN JOKE OR WORSE IF YUH LIKE

I'M READY FOR EVERYTHING NOW, EVEN WORDS

I DON'T KNOW DOC

JUST SEEING IF YOU'RE AWAKE DOC

I LIKE TO THROW A SMIDGEN OF RACISM & POLITICS INTO THE FIRE EVERY NOW

AND THEN

AND WATCH IT RISE

DOC:

(Puzzled expression)

HOW DO YOU KEEP FRIENDS?

MARCO:

(Slight laughter)

I DON'T

I'M A REAL DEAL RACIST DOC, BUT IN A FUNNY WAY

I HATE ALL PEOPLE, NOT ALL THE TIME

MY PEOPLE ARE THE CURIOUS BECAUSE THEY COME WITHOUT COLOR

IT'S WEIRD THOUGH BECAUSE I STILL HAVE ALLEGIANCE TO MY RACE even

though I've got this out of body thing going

I see things so clearly now; I was taught never to deny The Black, for it is

The Reason for The Clarity

I'VE ADMITTED I'M SCREWED UP and NOW ITS EVERYONE ELSE'S TURN

A LOT OF WHITE PEOPLE THINK THE THINGS I SAY

THEY HAVE SAID *NIGGER* IN THEIR HEADS AS I HAVE WALKED BY THEM

AND I HAVE SAID IN MY HEAD: "*THANKS FOR THE RAZOR BUMPS YOU*

FUCKIN'CRACKER"

Yeah, Crackers did that

You can't say cracka; You have to pronounce it, **CRACK-ER**

Some white people use the word nigger with me in ear shot, still;

"Not yet, let it go. The Blood is Unfinished"

---What of The Blood now Old Man?

-Harness it with slight, always slight

I misled you with hope Marco

For that I apologize, but to continue playing The Game

You needed to believe in The Blood's Perfection

Now you are old enough to know The Truth About The Blood

Because of The Blood's History it will always need to be harnessed with slight

The Blood never forgets and rarely forgives

---Now HE can't ever let it go again

HIS IDEA is now complete, so His enemies will now align,

But HE knew and readied himself

Now, The Blood of HIS Enemies is tasted on the tip of his tongue

Soon He will feast

The Blood can kill an entire room of strangers, so I have to be careful about

My ExplosionS...

I knew Those Crackers meant it... It wasn't enough for them to just think it

They had to say it around me

This was when I teetered on **The Tipping Point of Things** w/The Rich Cunt Biracial by

the sea

It makes them feel good when they think they've made me feel bad, BUT **THAT WORD**

MEANS NOTHING TO ME, OR SO I TELL MYSELF

When they said it they got a blatant buzz on their faces and that made me feel really good

That blatant excitement on their faces was a terrible insecurity revealed

But one has to remain civil when The Blood boils from hate
Knowing that some one is that weak strengthens me
They've always been racist and the unimportance of race has never occurred to them, but
they pretend it doesn't matter
That's PC
Once they realize fully THE UNIMPORTANCE OF RACE we'll all win, but that's a
fantasy
I WISH I HAD MORE ANSWERS FOR THAT...
WHAT KEEPS ME GOING DOC, IS THE ENDING
NOT JUST MY ENDING, BUT THE ENTIRE THING. IN DEATH I'LL BE A GHOST FOR
SURE
I CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL I SEE HOW IT ENDS
WE HAD PLOT
WE HAD A SOMEWHAT SHAKEY, BUT ENTHRALLING STORY LINE
THE PROTAGONIST AND THE ANTAGONIST WERE HARD TO DECIPHER AT TIMES
OUR OBSESSION WITH CRIMINALS LED US TO ELECT THEM
AS FOR FEBRUARY I SUGGEST WE CELEBRATE IT WITH FIRE
BURN THEIR HOUSES TO THE FUCKIN' GROUND FROM THE FIRST TO MONTH'S
END

The Stare

Doc:

Burn whose houses Marco?

Marco:

(Smiling)

The elite of course

Doc:

Why just the elite?

Marco:

‘They’ run the planet and the planet is fucked up

Doc:

(Smiling)

Are the Jews included in your judgment?

Marco:

My judgment, I like that

It's no accident you're here Doc

I didn't choose an Anglo-Saxon because theirs' is an opinion hardened by the conquering
mentality

I'M A HYPOCRITE THOUGH, BECAUSE IF YOU TRACE HISTORY MY
PEOPLE...

The old guard of the white elite were so good at propaganda that their descendants deny
what they are

A perfect example:

My friend from Smalltown, Minnesota once told me his ancestors had nothing to do with
the natives losing their land, but he lived on native land

Apparently his family bought the land after the natives were already conquered, so they
were good guys because they came late

I don't think there is anything wrong w/living on native land, as long as the natives give
you permission

But there was no need for his hypocrisy

That's the logic here on Earth

'If I wasn't there I had nothing to do with it

If I perpetuate the hypocrisy indirectly I had nothing to do with it'

The white elite of the past were so good they've convinced their descendants that the
past was just

They forgot one thing:

Humans are vengeful
Those people robbed all those years ago
Will return with uncompromised vengeance
It's not your land
The Natives will have their revenge
I'm not talking about casinos either, you fucks

They Want The Land Returned

One way or the other they will kill you, from the grave if need be
You might think Ghosts, fantasy
But just you wait and see
When the time comes and it will
The Dead Will Have Their Revenge on The Land and in The Sea
All the guns in the world can't save you from land theft...

(Sudden smile)

But don't worry Doc
Honest hard working people like yourself will be spared
The Angry Wrath of The Dead is reserved for The Wicked

Doc:

(Sarcastic tone)

I'm glad to hear that

For a second I thought ghosts were coming to get me

Marco:

(Smiling smirk at the good doctor)

I need some music

(He goes to the 'information box' and turns on music and twists his head briefly, seated

—Damian Marley-'Hey Girl')

I like you Doc. You had my interest immediately

You're a Jew at the bottom of the list

You're an oxymoron in most circles, do you know that?

I had to meet you

I know you're the man that will help me be decent for her

Doc:

Your girlfriend, what's her name?

Marco:

I ramble a bit Doc

Imagine having so much information in your head that it threatens to drive you crazy,

daily

And sometimes you rhyme not knowing why

Stop me when you want to get a word in

I can keep going

Words are Casual Nothings, infinite like numbers to me

I know how to manipulate them and can even make them sound stimulating

Providing thoughts of the half Black/half White French girl ovulating while pulsating

Sometimes I break words down to their prefix and suffix definitions

“English is a con man’s language”

My Lawyer Friend told me “Be careful it’s all about the wording

English is a foul thing; Read the law books

Your entire life is in them...”

See what I mean Doc?

I can keep going; I have one of the best Mental Time Machines

Doc:

(Smiling)

Like I said Marco this is your session

Talk as much as you like

What’s her name?

The Lady is The Reason:

(Scene same; Dialogue change)

Marco:

Her name is The Lady

She's the woman that makes me unselfish

The person these sessions pertain to is her...

She's helping me make a time machine, don't even ask me what that is

Because the only answer you'll get is

It's an outline of my life to date

That I can travel through

(Doc writes on his pad)

I'm wrestling with demons and I need to know how to quell them so I never hurt her

This one feels perfect

I'd do anything for her and that's coming from someone that never thought he could get

to that point with a woman

I met her at a party that a friend of ours threw

We got close right away

I haven't stopped talking to her since; I can't stop

The first thought when I saw her was "I have to talk to her"

Usually I just wanna cum on their faces, take a shower and go play with my computer,

But I needed to see her again

We were sent to each other

Doc:

You said you didn't want to hurt her, you mean physically?

Marco:

Appear savage do I?

?

I would never harm her physically, but I tend to fly away Doc

I never want to leave her

She's my woman and I can't be without her

(Sad tone)

Marco finally needs someone

Doc:

Why do you always fly away?

Marco:

I feel like I'm on a journey to discover the world and few women get that

I want to take her with me

Nomads are scorned in America

We don't stay around long enough to feed the beast

Every where I go she should be with me

She's cool man

I want to leave with her always

Doc:

Would you like to tell me more about her?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Not really, I've already told you too much, anymore and I'll have to kill you

I will tell you she's cool

We watch sports together

Most women watch sports and think of copulation with athletes

Her only interest is good defense; She loves defense...



I need a break Doc, would you like more water or do you wanna upgrade?

Doc:

No thank you, water is good

Marco:

I have to make a phone call

The bathroom is behind the blue books if you need it

A Smoke Break to Say Hello:

*(Marco pulls out his cell phone and changes the music to Scarface's 'Smartz.' and then
heads to the kitchen*

In the kitchen he lights the joint from earlier and dials The Lady

He walks to the kitchen and begins conversation with The Lady

He packs a back-up bowl from his stash while on the phone

Marco smiles for the duration of the dialogue; Their conversation is a flirtatious audible)

The Lady:

Hi baby

Marco:

Hey mama, how you doin'?

The Lady:

Good, how are you?

Marco:

Good, I'm just finishing up with the shrink

The Lady:

The shrink?

Baby, you went through with it?

Marco:

I told you I would

The Lady:

How's it going? Are you revealing your deepest, darkest secrets?

What's he like?

Marco:

He seems cool. I'm not telling him everything yet

The Lady:

Baby, you're seeing a shrink

Marco:

Do you still find me attractive?

The Lady:

Even more so. Now you're officially dark and disturbed

I dig that

Marco:

I'm gonna fuck you in the ass when I see you

The Lady:

(Laughing)

Alright baby I gotta go; I'm a busy curator you know

I'll be home in a few hours

You're not going near my ass with that thing

Do you need me to bring you anything?

Marco:

Bring some ass

The Lady:

(Laughing)

Alright baby, love you

Marco:

Love you back mama

Don't forget the ass

The Lady:

(Laughing)

Bye stupid

(A smiling Marco smokes his bowl after he hangs up the phone

Marco walks back to his audience with Doc

Marco spies on him grooving to the music playing

(Scarface—Smartz) and checking out Marco's books. Drink refreshed)

Marco:

(Smiling)

You like?

You should take it with you

Doc:

(Nodding at Marco smiling)

May I, really?

Marco:

I insist

Doc:

The beat is hypnotic

Marco:

(Smiling)

No pun intended...

Doc:

(A dunce's smile)

Oh, good one

Marco:

The beats are cool

I give this to you for the words

If you're going to be my doctor you can overstand me better if you hear my music

Doc:

Fair enough

Marco:

Our session has to conclude Doc

My lady is on her way home

Doc:

You live with her?

I didn't know that, so this is serious?

Marco:

Lifetime commitment and all that jive

When can we talk again?

Doc:

(Smiling)

I'm available same time tomorrow, how's that?

I'll call you in the morning to confirm

Marco:

Cool, cool

It's been a pleasure sir

I thought you might be over me already

Doc:

No, not at all

Most of my patients have no concept of the outside world

It's fun for me to hear someone that has some idea of their surroundings

One thing though

You picked me because I was Jewish and at the bottom of the list

I know that much

I'm having trouble understanding what my religion has to do with your therapy

Marco:

The Jewish repeatedly make themselves neutral characters in 'the play' as do I

I learned it from you guys

It's only fair to assume a Jewish doctor would overstand my individual sect like views

Also I have great history with the Jews

They came to my rescue more than once

'The others' tried to kill me

Don't get me wrong I have firm overstanding that the Jewish collect from

the same whore house we all live

But my history with them let me know I can trust them, to a certain extent anyway

Doc:

(Smiling)

Alright, fair enough

But why not a black psychiatrist?

Marco:

(Smiling)

A black Jewish psychiatrist at the bottom of the list

Is a bit of a tough find, Kutch

Doc:

(Smiling laughter)

This has been interesting Marco

I'll see you tomorrow

Marco do you think you might be slightly anti-Semitic?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Odd question, but not today Doc

I can't promise tomorrow, however

(Extending his hand)

Doc:

(Extends his hand)

You really think We're neutral?

Marco:

(Smiling)

No, I said the Jewish consider themselves neutral

You guys do the same fucked up shit as everyone else...

Tomorrow sir?

Doc:

Tomorrow, Marco...

(Doc shakes his hand and Marco lets him out)

Before and When The Lady Comes Home:

(He cleans up the loft

He even managed to vacuum the time away

The Lady enters when Marco is almost finished vacuuming. She spies over the sound

*Marco shuts the **Dyson** vacuum down. Still she spies without hint of presence*

She closes the door so he can recognize her

Rolling up the last part of the chord on his knees Marco turns and sees her

She sashays toward him

He seems entranced by her. She approaches and he without movement, still

This scene sees the two flirt and smile for its duration)

The Lady:

Baby, you cleaned; you might get some tonight

(HE HUGS HER ON HIS KNEES

STILL. BURYING HIS HEAD IN HER STOMACH

MARCO LOOKS UP AT HER AND THEN STANDS

THE TWO THEN SHARE A SOFT FACE TO FACE EMBRACE)

Marco:

How was your day?

The Lady:

Good

(Curious tone)

You look different

Marco:

You look really good

The Lady:

Thank you, are you hungry?

I could make you something

I bought groceries earlier. I could make you a steak, medium well

I could make you a healthy garden burger

Do you care if I check ingredients by the way?

Marco:

(Smiling)

No

The Lady:

I wasn't sure

All that talk about mutants and the 'dirty foods' I wasn't sure if you cared

Why don't you care if you preach about it so much?

Marco:

I'm interested to see what kind of mutant I help spawn

The Lady:

Ahh, you wanna have mutants with me?

Marco:

Yes, as many as you like

The Lady:

Three ok?

Marco:

That's a great number

I really love that number...

In Chinese culture three is a lucky number...

The Lady:

(A jeering surprise tightening her embrace staring at him)

Oh, is it?

What can I make my man for dinner?

Marco:

You don't have to cook for me

Do you know that?

The Lady:

I think so

You're my man and I don't want you hungry

This subject isn't up for debate

Marco:

Every subject is debatable

You worked all day though

I didn't do shit

I sat here and talked

The Lady:

(Sarcastic shrug of the shoulders)

I work at an art gallery all day, your art gallery

Marco:

Our art gallery

The Lady:

I'll surprise you; let me get my sweats on

How was your session by the way?

Marco:

I'm not allowed to talk about it

After it's done he said you and I can discuss it

But it's too soon in the process to have outside conversations about our sessions

The Lady:

(Curious smile with a slightly projected tone)

'Outside conversations'... 'outside conversations'?

I'm an 'outside conversation', you ass

Marco:

You ass

Listen I can't discuss it

Its confidentiality, doctor and pati...

The Lady:

Whatever, shut up

You're really not gonna tell me; you suck Marco Waters

Fine I won't ask

(SHE WALKS AWAY WITH AN IMMEDIATE TURN TO KISS MARCO

MARCO WATCHES HER GLIDE OFF

HE HEADS TO THE FAR CORNER TO PLAY WITH 'THE INFORMATION BOX'...

SHE SOON CHANGES AND COMES TO THE CORNER WITH HIM

HE HAD THE MUSIC UP

SHE LOOKS AT HIM WITH A SMILE THEN PECKS HIS LIPS GENTLY

REMOVING HIS HAND FROM THE TOUCH PAD OF 'THE INFORMATION BOX'

SHE CHANGES THE MUSIC TO SOMETHING SOFTER)

(SADE'S Lover's Rock)

The Lady:

What, you don't like Sade?

Marco:

I had a crush on her; I still uh...

The Lady:

Really, well I'm not jealous

Marco:

(Smiling laughter)

You should be

I really think I might love her

The Lady:

(Smiling)

Alright lover

(She walks to the kitchen

We fade into later night and Marco's food preparation and reading

Marco is typing on his computer and reading periodicals while drinking

Smart Water

The Lady and He fraternize through 'a couple's montage'. At its end we see them

adjourn to dreams

The mourning comes. A joking couple after their morning frolic

*We see The Lady undress for **Her Shower**. Marco makes breakfast*

After they eat their morning meal She with The Pretty Eyes Brownish Green leaves

After a long hug and a brief kiss

In his pajamas He does the chores he enjoyed as a boy

The work made him feel good

*Marco goes directly to cleaning up the house with **409 and Windex***

*He sweeps the floor and then mops it with a **Swiffer Jet***

He makes their bed, does the dishes, dusts and vacuums

He showers and dresses

Mid afternoon appears and so does Doctor Kutchin

The Second Session: Cocaine and the staged process of...

(We see Marco at his bed-side table chopping up a gigantic line of cocaine

We watch the process to end

We then cut to Marco and Doc seated in conversation in the middle of the loft)

The Soul of Sade:

Marco:

(Smiling)

She changes my music when she gets home

Every night she does it

Doc:

How does that make you feel?

Marco:

Well done

I've always wanted to hear a head shrinker ask that

How does that make you feel?

Doc:

(Smiling)

I've always wanted to be called a head shrinker

Marco:

(Curious smile)

You've never been called a head shrinker?

Doc:

(Smiling)

I've been called a shrink; how do you feel when she changes your music?

Marco:

It's cool; I expect it

I await it and I guess I kind of like it

She is the only lady *left* on this failing planet

I can't be angry at her for too long. An hour is the longest I've been mad at her

She's too cool

She glides across the room instead of walking and I get stuck watching her every time

Last night she played Sade's Lover's Rock

I love that album. Sade puts her soul on paper

I've always wanted to fuck Sade

In the nastiest way, not that take her to dinner and smooth talk her bullshit.

I mean like, pull her panties to the side and fuck her for real

Sade's Promotional Scheme does that to me

Everyone wants to fuck a mystery

Doc:

(Sarcastic smile)

You're a fan of hers?

Marco:

(Smiling)

I love her voice and Their Music is flawless

But there is this sexual energy that comes out of thin air when I hear her voice

Pain attracts me

I can feel it, more than I can hear it

That's perverted but it's true

I would love to fuck her for an entire weekend

You can't fuck to Sade for just an hour or two

That's the kind of woman that deserves a marathon

It's been a long time goal of mine to meet her and bang her

but it's never going to happen

There's something about her that bring out my primal instincts

I don't have to see her ass or tits, just that face and that voice and her subject matter

She writes flawless words, so there is a legitimate need to be inside her

I love my girl, but if Sade was here right now I know I'd go for it

You've seen her right?

Fuckin just, some of God's best work in that woman's music

Doc:

(Slight laughter)

Besides Sade, what other goals do you have?

Marco:

(Smiling)

World Domination, with Sade at my side of course

I don't want to talk about goals right now

I have too many

Marco's Internet Porn Addiction:

(Scene same and The Cocaine really kicks in; Dialogue change)

Doc:

(Puzzled smile)

What do you want to talk about?

Marco:

(Heavy Smile)

My Innanet Porn Addiction

Doc:

(Smiling laughter while jotting on his pad)

How long have you been addicted?

Marco:

I knew you'd write that one down, but I don't know the answer to that...

How long has the internet been around?

Doc:

(Smiling)

Before you and I

What do you think you get out of it, besides the obvious?

Marco:

(Smiling throughout dialogue with slight chuckles here and there)

It did start off with just masturbation and has grown into curiosity with the occasional

Masturbation

I'm on there for hours at a time now

I do it in front of my girl sometimes

She'll be reading a book and I'll be in the corner on the 'information box'

I call it 'pop-up surfing'. It's just a shit load of porn pop-ups

I group the sites

Sometimes I have a group of fifty or more going

Everything from anal to double penetration and my new favorite 'ass to mouth'

Now before you ask, 'ass to mouth' is my favorite because it's the funniest

You stick 'it' in her ass and then put 'it' in her mouth. That's funny to me

Sex is fuckin' comical

I always laugh when people take it seriously

I couldn't imagine asking my woman to do 'ass to mouth'

Not a woman I liked

People you and I know do it, but they keep it secret

Think about that, 'ass to mouth' Doc, that's fuckin' gross huh?

That's the kind of thing you have to do with a woman you secretly hate

How do you look your woman in the eyes after that?

It's not possible; I don't care what anyone says

You can't look at your woman with a straight face after 'ass to mouth'

Well, I couldn't look at her

I also have a theory about porn sales

I think that every time porn sales go up, so does the population

I have no proof of this by the way, but I'm fuckin' sure

One day I'm going to do a research paper on that

The stats are there I just have to put it together

Porn Sales in Correlation to Population Increase

That's a great sociological topic. Porn for me is therapeutic Doc

I don't enjoy sex like I use to

THOSE PILLS fucked me, I think

I've fucked way too much and too many

It's in the low two hundreds by now

Recently I've been feeling very bored having sex with random women

I was single for a long time Doc

When I was single I was privy to The MANY Scenes

In The House Scene I saw what happened to my friend DJ Rob

I vowed at that point to be single for life

I couldn't sacrifice my future for love, no fuckin' way...

(Doc freezes up, blank...

All along Marco/H2O was using his 'super powered words'

To freeze the good Doctor Kutchin

So Marco could backtrack

*For this scene The Antagonist/Protagonist proves to the absent audience he is ill and
splits...*

CUT TO AN ALL WHITE STAGE w/out a curtain:

A Dark and Condescending Figure emerges

He wears dark aviator sun glasses and a Golden Hoody

On the stage there is a spotlit mic reminiscent of old, in which The Haikus below

'The Dark and Condescending Figure' introduced only as 'H2O' will flow...)

The Intermingled Truth of Time

The Intermingled Truth of Time is to be deciphered by the consecutive placement of

The Highlighted Signs...

Come and fly through time with **The I**

Along The Intermingled Timeline we continue to explore

The Intermingled Timeline is a thing to behold, no?

The Conscious Schizophrenic knows it's really an Outlined Time Machine

You too can travel it free; It takes but a memory to fly

Jumbled yet not fumbled, the story will still be 'properly' told

Friends a new have a Place on my timeline as do **Friends of Old**

It's all there in my history

You will witness that things rarely went without a hitch for me

My life has been put on hold so many unfair times

But in the dark's distance there was always a signaling light...

Mrs. Chaitoff, Forget 'the subject & the predicate' in my lines

How do I stop these rhymes?

*(The Main Character is projected on the screened stage in **A Library in The Sky***

In his place on the physical stage a Green spotlit DJ

Still without Doc knowing, The Dark and Condescending H2O

Gives the absent audience a showing of DJ Rob mixing, to a poem)

The Haiku of DJ Rob:

(In The Nordeast Night a DJ mixes on stage under a lone green spotlight)

I

With little and sometimes no cash an artist/lazy drug runner witnessed his coming of age

In A Studio Space

Or He had A Nervous Breakdown, depending on the spin preferred

During this time A DJ named Rob carried said artist on his back

A fire-laced haiku is how The Artist Runner pays him back...

II

...Vagina has faded the best of my friendships

DJ Rob was not exempt from what I've coined

The Curse of The Clitoris...

In his twenty seventh year

DJ Rob met a woman and shared all his telepathy w/her

I watched his talent fade; I told Fred about it

Fuckin' shame actually

Because very few on Earth could match Robert J's Telepathy

For with all DJ Rob's strategic simplicities for his life

There was an overstood complexity in His Mixing Styles

III

DJ Rob out of all the DJs in ‘the house’ always played **The Funkiest House**

For a woman he gave up part of the freedom that made him whole

With her now at his side The DJs’ dream of **TOURING** is now only a part of his soul...

Tonight and all future nights the secretive writer writes

And **The DJ Plays** on a stage alone...

(Gentle fade back to His scene with a thawing Doc)

I’ve been fuckin’ since 11

11 years old I started fuckin’

I don’t enjoy sex with a lot of people anymore

That age was too early I think...

My girl is great in bed

There are these ways that she positions her ass that drive me insane

The ass has to bounce back at me

That’s a prerequisite for a long term relationship with me

If the butt doesn’t bounce back at us we can’t really enjoy it, unless your dick is tiny.

Do you know why most black men love asses Doc?

Doc:

(Smiling)

The Dominance Factor

Marco:

You did read

I tried to explain that to a white guy once

He wouldn't have it; He thought I was being racist

He thought I was trying to insult him

If I want pancakes I'll go to a breakfast spot

But not my woman's ass

Doc as you know The Dominance Factor states that

You are attracted to whom you can sexually dominate

And vice versa for some women, but most women innately want to be dominated

That's where men lose their balance

Most men assume ownership when they can dominate the pussy

I firmly believe in dominating the pussy, so I can share it with my few friends,

SOMETIMES

SOMETIMES YOU GET A VAGINA THAT YOU WANT ALL TO YOURSELF

Now Doc, Big penises need big asses, simple math really

A great number of black men have big penises

What can we do about it?

Its genetics

Doc:

(Sighing laughter)

Question Marco, how do you get in that position to have sex at 11?

Marco:

(Half smile)

I was an advanced child

Doc:

What inspired it?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Magazines

My neighbor through them out all the time

I found them and I decided to sell the pages, but during the sales

I realized that I liked those naked women

I saved the best pictures for myself

The way the boys talked about girls I could tell there was a market

I went to school and asked around in The Locker Room

Sure enough everyone asked was interested. It was fuckin' great

I made thirty bucks that first day

Then some punk got caught and they searched my locker
and Mr. Chipoletti suspended me

When I returned to school I through a compass at the filth

(Laughter)

Chipolleti suspended me for that too...

I was really interested in the expressions on their faces, to this day

They suspended me for selling pages from old magazines

The punishment made no sense then and it doesn't now

I was selling them for a dollar a page and a dollar fifty for the double sided pages

I thought I'd cut 'em a deal

Doc:

How many times have you been suspended from school?

Marco:

I stopped counting

When I got to high school I chilled out

I started smoking mad weed in secret

I was **SMOKING IN SECRET** because

Those guys talked too much

Doc:

What guys?

Marco:

The group of kids I hung around with in high school and The Dojo

I kind a distanced myself from them though

I still practiced my Kung-Fu with them, but I rarely hung out

Outside The Dojo

Doc:

Do you see them anymore?

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

Kind of...

Now I use them as 'composite characters' in my writings and my plays

As 'lone characters' they are too much like everyone else

Doc:

Is that why the distance from them, they reminded you of everyone else?

Marco:

(Smiling with the occasional slight laughter)

I started to read a lot and it consumed me for four years of high school
You have no idea what it was like knowing what they were gonna say before they said it

It was sad

I hung out sometimes, but I was mostly interested in information back then
*Except **Senior Year**; I didn't do much, but party, fuck and practice my Kung-Fu*
*Flirt w/a **Star**, but I knew I couldn't take it too far; I had plans to leave for far*
*She liked me too much and I could tell she thought in terms of forever; **GREAT GIRL***

There was nothing on MY CLASSMATES' minds except pussy
That's around the time I knew for sure that something was wrong
All they thought about was fuckin' or fingerin' some slut, Weird shit

I guess by then I'd been inside 6 women and

I knew there had to be something else to the world

(Laughter)

Some of those guys even had kids in high school, but it wasn't only the guys

The girls were worst than the boys about sex; They got primitive about it

Its like they couldn't control themselves once...

Behind closed doors high school girls did nasty things

Everytime I'd see a friend with The Pregnant Girlfriend they each had that same look on
their faces

Almost like they just got tricked and they were each tryin' to figure out

"How did we let it get so far?"

(Laughter)

All they talked about was pussy

I hunted it too, but not all the time

It was fuckin' weird... Kung-Fu and Reading were my balance

After reading I would practice my Kung-Fu. After Kung-Fu I would read

Looking back on it I wasn't really a horny teenager, just curious

I jerked off and fucked a little, but not a lot, only when I was really backed up

Information was always my obsession, but I love Great Vagina, especially with

The Rising of The Dew

(It was late high school, college and immediately after when

The Sexual Debauchery began)

There was so much info on the internet and even in the limited school library and

the public library

I would read a lot about African History and look at the file footage of

the dogs biting @ black flesh

I'd never seen anything like that

It was like some one was giving me secrets to the world

I started to spot my teachers lying

Only four teachers @ Heights High didn't lie to me: Ms. Simmons, Mr. Chirdon,

Mrs. Chaitoff and **The Third Floor Library**

What I was reading and what I was being taught had so many conflicts and just missing

information

I started realizing **The Black Information** was omitted

High School History Class was a giant spin designed to erase the black man and all

other non-whites,

I would think Such A Spin would upset me, but no

I wanted a chance to compete

If given a shot at any title, fair or unfair odds I knew I could win

Just put me on the field; I'll get IT

I knew I could beat anyone,

It's fuckin' brilliant when you think about it

Us against them even on the high school level, fuckin' brilliant

Everyday they ignored my culture and promoted their own

The history bitch, that's my history teacher Doc, talked about Napoleon like he was

fuckin' Jesus of Nazareth

I remember her face all lit up about THE NAPOLEON

I read about Napoleon;; That guy was fucked up...

There's a midget porn that spoofed him

I downloaded it, you wanna see it?

Doc:

(Smiling curiosity)

No thank you

How many hours a week do you spend on internet porn?

Marco:

(Dirty smile)

At least two hours a day, sometimes more

Doc:

(Weirded smile)

Marco that's a part-time job

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile and laughter)

I know

This dude is a pervert, Doc

(Laughter)

I need to split my time up or start a porn company or something

I'll make you VP in charge of anal...retentive behavior

Doc:

(Smiling)

Clever, so why do you continue if you want to quit?

Marco:

(Jeering smile)

Honestly?

Curiosity

That's the reason I'm still breathing Doc

I see progress

Its one of the only places in the world where the black man is winning

Everything to do with internet porn comes back to the black cock

It's incredible

We fuck everything that moves on the internet

That's the truth

If it has a pussy on the internet the black dick has been in it

That makes me proud

I get kind of emotional just talkin' about it

You have no idea how proud that makes me

I have goose bumps right now

Look

These are goose bumps

Doc:

(Sarcastic smile)

Porn makes you proud to be black?

Marco:

(Jeering smile)

Oh yes

The Black Man has been losing since The Middle Passage

And regardless of what anyone says we've been ending since then

Internet Porn is a warped victory I know, but I'll take it

Internet Porn Doc

Ok, you know how the whites are the majority of television and the internet in America?

Well this small part of the internet that I frequent and a lot of others frequent is

dominated by us

There are porno websites dedicated to all the races

The whites have the same thing, but blacks get the most traffic because our Pollen brings

the most pleasure

That makes me smile and it makes me very proud to be Black

It's the look on the women's faces

'They' love it

Those girls are all fucked up, sexual abuse and whatever else happened to them, right?

I really am sorry for that, but they enjoy the Black dick more than any other

That's a huge compliment considering those girls get a lot of different dick

I've checked on this tracking website that my friend 'Justin from The Bay' showed me

The 'black cock websites' are the most frequented

I feel like we're about to usher in a sexual revolution

The African seed will once again reign dominant thanks to internet porn

That's how you rule the world Doc

You have to fuck your way to the top, literally

Fuckin' your way to the top isn't reserved for Hollywood Starlets anymore

We're all involved in this mass orgy

Procreation is key to a race's dominance

'They' preach The Propagation of a Specie

We should give these locusts what they want

A challenge for the most potent sperm should be the aim to rule

Doc:

(Semi-smile)

Is that what Martin Luther King fought for?

Marco

Whoa, whoa Doc

Doc don't bring The Old Man into this

Easy, alright?

I said it was a warped revenge

Now don't go bringing super heroes into this thing

Doc:

Actually you said it was a warped victory, not revenge

I did choose the wrong example though

I apologize, continue please

Marco:

(Smiling stare)

Did I say revenge?

(The stare)

Marco:

Would you agree we're living in a sexual era, The Sexual Era?

Doc:

I would

People are far more open than they ever were

Shows on television dedicated solely to sex, sex shops are everywhere and pornography

websites are the most frequented

I'd say we were in a sexual revolution

We need some time though for the era to kick in

Marco:

(Surprised smile for Doc, followed by a permanent sarcastic smile for the dialogue)

Yes, with that said

I've noticed the powerful are still pulling out the measuring stick

What if your dick size was put on display in a positive light for the world to see?

That would negate the measuring stick, right?

Those guys are like rock stars showing the black man's attributes to the world.

It doesn't matter if they come off intelligent

They're providing passports for the Black Skin to travel the world and copulate

The planet already knows we have big dicks

What they don't know about is the brain power; It hasn't been promoted enough

It's reasonable to think the first man would know the most

Because of 'the spin' we're still niggers in the eyes of the majority

I've had whites talk down to me since I've been in America

These people can't even compete with me, physically, mentally or otherwise

They might know 'the white elite's' contrived history of the world and that's fine, good
for them

But I'm aware of 'the spin'

(Laughing)

They don't know this, but they've got a violent runaway slave on their hands

Nat Turner came back for round two

He killed 'em from the inside/out this time

He read their fucked up books, lived in their zoned neighborhoods and found out it was
all lies

Nat doesn't appreciate being lied to; Remember what he did last time?

They lumped me in

What they don't know is that I've become dangerous in My New Solitude

It makes sense to me now that The Black Man would reemerge at the end

Everything goes back to the beginning; Maybe I'm crazy

Internet porn might seem overly analytical in terms of starting a revolution

But I promise you it has something to do with the black man winning again

Doc:

Would you rather be white?

Marco:

(Smiling laughter)

That's a fucked up question

Hell no!!!

My lineage is the best one

It's the 1

I wouldn't change that for all the diamonds and rubies in the empire

All that Viking talk is cool, but in me is The Blood of true kings

Doc:

Does slavery really anger you still?

Marco:

Slavery will always anger me

The displaced blacks around the world should go back and claim Africa, so says...

I am MARCUS GARVEY

Do not be unnerved by our past history

I have reassessed somewhat since then

So now I say to THE WORLD'S BLACKS,

Make your home where you are most familiar

But I implore you; All of you

Stake a Claim in The Motherland

It is important for The Black Man's Survival

The Future rests @ The Beginning

So stake a claim for Your Future Generations

Now beginning...

The colonial powers are there as we speak pretending to fix it

When in fact they are working on a new plan to rape her consistently...

They can't 'spin' me anymore

I know what they've done to 'my mother', what they continue to do to her and what they

plan to do to her soon

The Black Man's Mother is **Not For Sale, STATED**

By the way that's one of my t-shirt ideas: the African map and just that statement beneath

The Black Man's Mother is Not For Sale

That's a million dollar t-shirt Doc

Attack on The Holy Land:

(Scene same

The cream soda is wearing off now, but the potency is still prevalent within HIM

Dialogue change)

Doc:

(Curious look)

Marco slavery was a long time ago

Marco:

(Cynical smile)

What!!!

Slavery is now

That shit never ended

Slavery was a part of The Game that got re-adjusted

(Shaking his head in disbelief for Doc's fuckin' ridiculous statement, fuckin' Doc)

Oh man, I don't see you guys letting Israel go?

It's not even your land

(Sarcastic smile at Doc

Doc turns serious

Marco begins to chuckle because he's an asshole)

What?

Did he just say that, What?

Doc:

(A serious Doc)

Easy Marco; lets talk about things you understand

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile)

I overstand that a certain group of people set up shop on some one else's land

Am I wrong?

Doc:

(Serious)

Marco, let that one go

I have cousins that died fighting in Israel and family still there too

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile and slight laughter throughout)

Technically, my cousins died in Israel too and technically my family is still there too

Doc, I overstand that The Chosen People live in the current age of Asians

I wonder what Asians think about being bypassed as The Chosen Ones, even though

They Have The Numbers?

That's a little cocky, no?

Just fuckin' wake up one morning and decide to be 'the people'

I'm not mad or even judging

Fuck, someone has to be The Chosen People or claim to be
I wish us Blacks thought of it
Or maybe we did and the history is somehow *intertwined* or a better word, *tangled*?
That subject is a book unto itself; I'll let that one go, **for now**
Fuck it, good for yall
I always respected the Jews for **That Brash Claim**
That's some big brass balls:
"We are it
Fuck the rest of you, because God said so"
That's fuckin' brilliant
I'll present to you a scenario and you decide its validity:
A country spawns from world wide help and money basically printed over night
Over night is unfair, but so is THE SPIN
There was the constant petitioning/promoting of seemingly justified factions
But we can now see what they were up to all along
The strings have connected, Petitioners
This, country then picks a fight with a neighbor over turf
It must be stated this conspiracy has nothing to do with The Jewish People
It's the Jewish Elite that fucked their own
The separatism of class haunts all races, even yours Doctor Kutchin
They didn't count on this neighbor's resilience. They didn't count on a lifetime war
This Country Realizing the never ending war and what 'they' would give up if 'they' left
the region

They become one of the world's most armed countries with a mandatory draft to continue
said, 'never ending war'

There were those few that knew it would be a lifetime conflict, Jews and non-Jews alike

(Low whisper w/a puzzled glare)

Now ask, why and what?

Why go to war for generations and what secrets do THE MIDDLE EAST hold?

This country and its supporters would like the world at large to believe it's just

A TURF WAR

But I know what's there, so do a few others...

People would flip if they knew the conflict was over a fuckin' fairy tale

I believe this fairy tale by the way, so do The Most Alert among us

Doc:

(Serious)

Would you care to share this fairy tale with the rest of the class?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Not with you or the class

I was told this by the oldest Jew and he advised

I be careful with whom I share this information, Jewish or not

I don't think this info would be good for you Doc

You would probably make a cocktail party conversation of it

Doc:

(Serious sarcasm)

Fine, so am I to understand, the Blacks are to re-populate the world, right?

And the Jews are behind a plan to rule The Middle East?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Something like that

Doc:

That is what you're saying, isn't it Marco?

Marco:

(Sarcastic laughter)

Yes, that is what I am saying

Doc:

What ethnicity is your girlfriend Marco?

Marco:

She's Black w/Red, Gold and Green in Her Blood

She's a dark black too

The blacker the berry and all that jive, you know?

Doc:

(Sarcastic smile)

So the rest of us will only be half black

While you have yourself a pure breed is that right?

Marco:

(Smiling laughter w/a jeering point)

Nazi reference, bad Doc

That's not where I was going with that

I like you; I really like you

Here is what you're misoverstanding

'The Jews and The Middle East thing', your guess is as good as mine and theirs

I've studied all the players for years, on and off

W/no real answers, only opinions from Jews and Non-Jews

When you grow up with Jews they educate you about their culture, constantly

And I was always fact checking everything

Growing up with The Jewish History, The Jamaican History and The African American

History

Made me see how lop-sided **The History Game** really was

There is a History Game being played Doc; Do not be convinced otherwise

Few cultures know their entire origin because of deliberate mismanagement

The 'Theys' calling the shots in **The Israeli/Palestinian Conflict** are guessing too

We're assholes and they're assholes and if we don't calm down we're all gonna end up
fuckin' each other in the ass

My theory is hypothetical and the immediate line above, unnecessary
You gotta admit though something is fishy on the Israel/Palestine borderline, except on
Fridays...

Now as for porn, I see the **Black Internet Porn Stars** as ambassadors for the black dick

Most women watch porn and eventually they'll see some black dick and want some

It's a simple theory Doc and one that shouldn't be challenged

We fuck the best out of all the races

Ask anyone. When more women find out our numbers will increase

I don't care if The Blood is *diluted* just as long as the seed is planted

And as long as I don't have to plant it in her; I'll fuck her, but that's it

It doesn't have to be porn that promotes our propagation

It can be research papers with categories such as stamina, girth, climax time and rhythm

We could bring this to a lab Doc

We will win

Doc:

(Curious smiling laughter)

Marco, win what?

Marco:

(Smiling asshole)

The Population Contest...

I made the word 'DILUTED' racist

Now that's talent, Doc

Doc:

(Shaking his head w/ a slight laughing smile)

No Marco, that's racist

The Population Contest?

Explain...

The Propagation of A Specie:

(Scene same; Dialogue change)

Marco:

(Smiling accompanied by the occasional slight laughter)

The Population Contest is in its early stages, ending

MATHEMATICIANS have been selling out The General Public for sumtime

Now that Mathematicians are Officially For Sale the numbers will climb far beyond 7
billion

You didn't know about The Population Contest?

All the races are doing it. This period in history **The Chinese** are ahead

Currently no one can 'out-fuck' the Chinese

And that million man army of theirs will give someone or some ones a lot of trouble in
the near future

The Mexicans, now they're good, *very fertile people*

Look what they did in California

Fuck, that was impressive

They fucked their way to the top in Cali and now they're in the Midwest

Those whites in Chicago better look out

Their daughters might start coming home with Spanish versions of George

"Daddy this is my boyfriend Jorge"

(Slight laughter)

Not a lot of white fathers can handle hearing those words from his little girl

I was in Chicago a while back and Mexicans were everywhere
The African Americans should take a page from **The Mexican Procreation Handbook.**

p.11

‘mecos siempre adentro’

We blacks can win, but we’re faced with economic hardships world wide
Think about that
No matter your section of the world the dark man is the poorest
Something is terribly off Here
That makes it a little hard to raise the seed after it blooms, too tired from the slave labor
you know?
We’re making a come back though
I can feel it
He’s coming back more intelligent and physically stronger, if you can believe that
A newer black man is emerging
He’s no longer waiting for the false promise of indentured servitude
He’s calculating and unforgiving
He’s in the board room these days with improving numbers, well great numbers for us
The ‘yes sirs’ and ‘yes mams’ come in jest these days
Nat Turner’s spirit lives in him
He’s calculating and unforgiving

Doc:

(Slight smile)

How soon before the take over?

Marco:

Doc I need you to not talk to me like I'm a crazy person

This little conversation did start with internet porn, remember?

My girl doesn't even trip like you

Doc:

I don't trip

(Smiling)

I question some of your opinions

I'm doing my job

Marco:

(Smiling)

You agree with most of what I say or you wouldn't give me an audience

Your ears wouldn't perk up when I talk

You want to hear it. You need to hear it

The same shit is on your mind and a majority of people's

Doc:

(Stern expression)

No, sorry Marco

You pay me to listen to you and people for the most part are thinking about work and

family or lack there of

They're thinking about car payments, rent, mortgages, school

And deadlines are what are on most of their minds

Marco:

(Serious)

That Rhymed

Now Doc is rhyming, fuck...

You see Doc I know that, but you like my opinions and facts

I see people and species 'out there' dying and I know they're being purposely sedated

and eliminated

The trap of the cash escapes everyone

The media caught on that we're sleeping and just feeds us garbage now

You know when something is almost over, how you can feel it?

You see **The Wounded Kung-Fu Star** with seconds left in the match

The urgency in his eyes is hard to hide

I see that urgency in the streets now. These people are scared

That's how I feel about Earth

A while back I was recuperating in Santa Barbara from one of my many failures

While recouping I read an article in the Santa Barbara Independent

In it **The Scientist** said in reference to Earth, “Time’s Up”

A leading scientist and all he had was,

“Time’s Up”

That fucked me up for a while

I wanted to have kids and Grand kids, but do you know what kind of hypocrite I’d be if I

had children?

Knowing this place is fucked to shit

Do you know what kind of hypocrite that would make me?

The Worst Kind, The Human Kind

Doc:

(Somber smile)

There is nothing wrong with children Marco

If you love her you should

You’d be a great father

I can tell you would protect and talk to your kids

That’s all it is you know?

You just have to be there for them. I know you would be

I can tell

Marco:

(Smiling)

Those are kind words Doc, but I don't know if I want to play in the procreation game

Doc:

...How does the girl fit into all this?

Marco:

(In and out of expressions)

She knows all this

We talked about kids already

We want an organic diet for two years if we ever decide to have kids

That's how long it would take to purge all the crap I've been fed in school cafeterias and

fast food restaurants

I'm never having A CORPERATION BABY; Fuck those mutants

Doc the first eleven years of my life I had real food

I've tasted real food

I remember Real Food; I NEED REAL FOOD

ALL THESE FREAKS ARE BEING SPAWNED

IT'S FUCKING GROSS

The current kids being spawned are preludes to mutants

The majority of them will never taste food, just 'edible similes'

Imagine that Kutch

Your children will never taste *real food from real dirt*

Doc:

(Shrugged smile)

We eat pretty well at my house; my wife sees to it

Marco:

(Smiling)

Do you grow your own food in non-chemically enhanced soil?

Doc:

(Smiling)

Do you?

Marco:

(Half smile)

Fuck no, but you overstand

The healthy are being slowly assassinated on Earth

When I'm READING or if on the internet I search for all kind of world issues

Doc:

(Smiling)

In between the porn?

The Great Google Searches:

(Split: A World Wide Web searching montage of Web pages found using The Google Bar

Scene same; Dialogue Change)

Marco:

(Smiling and pointing at Doc)

I look for stuff other than porn

I search for music, lots of music

And only buy music if **It's Brilliant**

If a musician can only give one clever single from an album of 10 or more songs

I haven't any issues stealing that musician's work, but if it is a complete work and time

has gone in; I will pay the full PR

Those sites that sell music for a dollar are Brilliant

Porn does take up some of my internet time, but most of it is spent researching human

behavior in correlation to our history

It's a hell of a cross reference I highly recommend it

I look for food facts a lot; Some of the ingredients have funny names...

If you know what people are eating you know what they're doing

Some fast food places grow hairless chickens in incubators

(Slight laughter)

Whatever, right?

You're still curious about the porn thing, still

My girl knows all about it

Doc:

(Surprised smile)

Really, you told her all this and she's still with you?

Marco:

(Smiling laughter)

You are funny

She caught me

She saw how many windows I had opened

I couldn't lie

So, I just told her right there

Doc:

(Curious smile)

How did she react?

Marco:

She said jokingly that I should get help

She laughed at me for a couple days

Then I told her how many hours a day and she got serious about me getting help

I haven't done it in five days

Doc:

(Serious tone)

What's the longest you've gone without it?

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

You make it sound like I'm on crack,

Five days

That's the longest

The two hours started about a year ago

Doc:

What was it before that?

Marco:

Thirty minutes or so, but never below fifteen

Doc:

(Smiling laughter)

Why the increase

Marco:

I quit my job almost a year ago now and started this place and the gallery

Doc:

What are the requirements by the way, for joining your private library I mean?

Marco:

Only the brilliant and brave will see these walls

Doc:

(Writing on his pad and smiling)

What constitutes brilliance and bravery?

Marco:

Brilliance and bravery is the constant challenging of one's surroundings w/the awareness

to do so

Knowing there is injustice and being willing to fix it

That gets you in here

No cowards allowed, only the brilliant and brave see these walls

(Jeering smile)

This is where My Kind collect their armor

You should come and observe one of these Sundays

Doc:

(Smiling)

What if I wanted to join?

Marco:

(Sneaky smile)

I'll make you a deal

You get me into **THE JCC** without questions and I'll admit you into my club

You're a smart ass Dr. Kutchin

You still don't get me after all my ranting.

Doc:

(Frowned smile)

So explain yourself Marco

Marco:

I'm attempting to inform those few that are not sheep

I care nothing about idiots

I need the alert to know more than they already do

Most are in a cloud, all medicated and dumb. People stopped asking questions

It's as if they think all the important questions are answered

Maybe that's just me, but the great majority seems sedated

We fucked up The Earth (The literal pavement) and now its time to fix the damage

I need clarity, so much fuckin' clarity Doc

They're tired and there is too much on their minds

The only way they know to clear their minds are pharmaceutical

Pharmaceuticals never made sense to me...

A Bit of Marco's Hypocrisy:

(Scene same; Dialogue change)

Marco:

Would you like to hear a bit of my hypocrisy?

Doc:

(Smiling)

Please

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

I've invested in several pharmaceutical companies and in other 'bad guys'

Not much, but I'm beginning to play the game for real

What's fucked up about me is, I don't give a fuck Doc

I never have

My teachers thought it was a constant smile, but it was a 'Fuck You Jeer' the whole time

Being that I don't give a fuck, why wouldn't I **Invest in Pharmaceutical Companies?**

PILLS... help balance The Census; I'm only helping

Doc:

(Slight Laughter)

After all that talk about how bad pills are?

Marco:

Oh yes

I'm a hypocrite that doesn't need the money

But I enjoy the game because I was taught by a great composite of PLAYERS

There is a lot of money in laboratory drugs and I want some of it

Fuck all those slaves too lazy to investigate and use man made drugs *IN THEIR*

LAZINESS

They chose to stay sheep, so I'm gonna help them

They love synthetic drugs and will keep taking them, so fuck 'em

I'm honestly just helping them DOC

My favorite PILL COMPANIES to invest in are the ones WHOSE PILLS HAVE a

tentative **FDA** approval,

Those are the ones with the most side effects

They sell the fastest

I'm going to help these people die

They preach all that pro-life shit, but they're a bunch of fucking liars

Burgers and pills are what they want

I call my stock portfolio 'the anti-life project'

That's another t-shirt Doc

The top ten bad guys are in there: Fast Food Chains, Construction Companies, Oil

Companies, Tech Companies—mixed emotions on Tech

Car Companies, Clothing Companies, A Medical Insurance Company and A Cigarette

Company...

Doc:

(A puzzled and disgusted smile)

Ok, what questions did we stop asking?

Marco:

(Serious tone and expression)

What is the meaning of life, for one?

What are the best energy sources for our planet?

Is there life on other planets?

A very important question by the way

I know EXTRATERRESTIAL LIFE exists

If humans are the best that 'the almighty' can do for spiritual creatures

I'm not impressed

I'm not impressed with me, with you or them 'out there'

Curiosity is dead and boredom runs rampant

The faces I'm seeing are not happy ones Dr. Kutchin

These people suffer from my depression

All of them are in pain, sweet self-inflicted pain

They all lie about it too, faking happy

Doc:

(Curious Smile)

Are you a writer of some kind Marco?

Marco:

(Smiling study)

Of some kind,

Yes

Doc:

Have you been published?

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile)

No, but I have been embarrassed by publishers

Apparently my wording can be *quite crude*

Being published is the criteria for quality, right?

Yes I have been **PUBLISHED...something was stolen, but I'll get it back**

I'm waiting for her fame to decline and then I will collect or kill her

Doc:

Why say no, then yes?

Marco:

Why not?

I tell no one

Doc:

You could've just went on with your denial and that would have ended that inquiry

Marco:

(Smiling still)

The peacock effect

I couldn't help but show off to an obvious intellectual

How do my feathers look?

I wanna talk about my mutant theory

Doc:

(Bashful smile after the comment from the scribe)

So, do

Marco:

(Semi-serious glare)

It's in the food

All those nasty chemicals and man made vitamins

What the fuck is wrong with these people?

Everything to do with the fixing or bettering of human physicality is in the plants

These fuckdiddles know that and still fuck people over while spouting the propagation of
the specie

What kind of people are pro-war and yet protest against abortion?

Fuck

What kinds of people kill species worldwide in promotion of their own?

Something is off, so everyone can go fuck all

That's fucked up shit

I don't want to talk about mutants anymore

I want some different music, you like Buddy Guy?

(Marco gets up and changes the music, Buddy Guy

Matters none which Buddy Guy song)

Doc:

(Smiling)

I'm not really familiar with him

It sounds great though

Marco:

(Slightly grooving to the beat and singing along)

They call his music blues, but it picks you up, you know?

Return of The Graveyard Boy:

(Buddy Guy in the scene same, dialogue change)

Doc:

(Nodding his head to the beat with a curious smile)

Hmm, where are you from Marco?

Marco:

(Three Children sing to him over Buddy Guy before he speaks)

Next to the graveyard in St. Ann

Doc:

The graveyard in St. Ann?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Jamaica, The Island of Revolutionaries

Doc:

(Repeated bowing of his head smiling)

Irie, Mon

Marco:

Don't do that

You mustn't do that

Jerome did that...

Doc:

(Sincere smile)

I should know better than to mimic a stereotype

I apologize

Marco:

There's nothing wrong with mimicking stereotypes

Just not when the stereotype is down on its luck

I do my best to only mock the rich

I find it strange when people mock Jamaica

The HEROIC History is far too beautiful for mockery

Doc:

That wasn't mockery Marco; it was more like uh, homage

Marco:

(Quick)

We should move on

Doc:

Let's

Would you like to tell me about Jamaica, or just move on?

Marco:

(Smiling at the good doctor)

I was born next to the graveyard in a town of about 100 people

And **MANY GHOSTS**

Gives a new meaning to small town

Doc:

(Smiling)

I'd say

How did you end up here?

Marco:

(Slight smile)

God put me here

The truth is I've been trying to go home since I got here

I keep getting stuck in America, like it's a trap or something

ROTH goes to Europe and gets stuck there and then back here again

I never make it to Africa, Back To Jamaica or The Middle East, but I always plan to go

"I'm going to Africa at the end of the summer"

Doc:

Why do you think you never make it to those places?

Marco:

(Somber tone still)

The time isn't right plus on some small level 'the proverbial they' have convinced me

And many others that I and they are where we should be

I'll know when its time to leave. I'll feel it

Doc once I leave North America again I'm never coming back

I've seen the world in visions and this ain't it

Don't get me wrong it's all fucked up, but it's especially fucked in the North

Someone is going to kill the North if there isn't change or the potential for change

Doc:

I stay abreast of world current affairs and Jamaica isn't doing so well

You of course know Africa isn't doing well at all

Why would you go to either?

Marco:

(Small smile)

For the same reason you would go to Israel, if you had the balls I mean.

Doc:

(Shrugged smile)

Hmm

Marco:

(Tired drawl)

Turmoil doesn't intimidate me

I am actually craving it

No one enjoys making Something out of Nothing as much as I do

With THE THINGS I've learned abroad

I'm almost ready to go home and relay

Doc:

(Curious smile)

Politics?

Marco:

(Smiling laughter)

Without the savagery, but not politics

I'll do my best to avoid that whore house

I can feel politics taking me over though

But it's like what someone wise once **Verbally** said

“Try to avoid something and it usually owns you”

Doc:

What's your point of action?

Marco:

(Tired drawl still with his trademark sarcastic grin)

Education

If the people are armed with information they will feel the power that Tosh, Garvey,

Bogle and Marley felt

I'll never speak to the masses outside this Time Machined Outline

Only if they make it to The Secret Inner Circle of Komrades

Will they be taken on the full ride of My Timeline...

You have to let people decipher for themselves...

It's fucked up what 'they' have done in Jamaica
Divided and conquered
'They' have managed to topple the financial structure and the confidence of a people
Jamaica is a dying country Doc
The people need resurrection
I wish I could fix it; Daily, I wish I could fix it
I don't think the answer is money
That's part of it, but the main part is getting The Masses of The Island to feel proud again
Everyone in every country has heard of Jamaica
Jamaica needs a major promotion campaign, unlike anything the world has seen
Jamaicans as a whole don't feel important, but I know we are
My friend from Smalltown, Minnesota said NATIONALISM was bad
I told him The Principle of Nationalism is beautiful
If the people don't feel good about themselves and where they're from that's worse
I'm from Jamaica and for that alone I owe that country
Some how I have to let them know how much that place means to me...
Maybe I'll promote it

The Proverbial They:

(Scene same; Dialogue change)

Doc:

‘They’

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile)

What about ‘they’?

Doc:

(Puzzled look)

You keep saying ‘they’; to whom are you referring?

Marco:

(Semi-serious)

“The proverbial they”

It’s always the same ‘they’, the same ‘they’ we all pretend not to know because everyone

is pussy at this point and time in history

The world is overflowing with cowards. That’s why I’m a rebel with few friends

People just want this fucked-up façade of perfection

I’m powerless in this thing

I can fly now, but I’m grounded here with them

I have to go to space and I’m not coming back

No fuckin way I’m coming back

‘They’ are trying to kill me here and make me more of a slave than I already am

Doc:

Are you one of those people that blame America for world strife?

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

America has a lot of ‘theys’

Yes I do blame America, but only for what America is responsible

Doc:

Do you think America is responsible for Jamaica’s troubles?

Marco:

Do you think they're not?

Doc:

I don't know enough about Jamaica I guess

When The Queen Cums:

(Scene same; Dialogue change)

Marco:

(Cynical smile for this monologue)

The English and The Americans are the biggest culprits, but they have the help of certain
Jamaicans

All the countries that blame America need to know that their troubles start at home with
Their Own

I've decided to erase those Bad Jamaicans and their families if need be

Treason is punishable by death you know?

It's a fucking tag team and what's really fucked up is that The Entire Caribbean is Victim
to the same hardships simultaneously

It's not a coincidence that an entire region of dark people are subject to elimination

'Something is off in The Caribbean Sea'

That's another t-shirt Doc

They are going to attempt **Free Trade**, but first

They must bring The Caribbean to its knees

'The white super hero' will then emerge...

The age of the coincidence is long gone Doc, some would say, it never was

No 1 can convince me otherwise

When 1960 ended The English instead of providing care for The Little Lady it just raped

They scurried away

Colonial Powers love to scurry when ‘they’ have fed full

One would think, they were rodents

Now they hand out English Visas like apologies and I’m ashamed of myself because

I want one

Fuck, I need one...

Would you like to hear a poem about the great monarchy?

It’s one of my favorites I’ve written:

I call it, *When the Queen Cums*

(Clearing throat before reciting haiku)

WITH RICHES INHERITED FROM HER ANCESTORS PILAGING OF DISTANT LANDS

AND A CROWN DRENCHED IN DIAMONDS AND RUBIES

IT IS RUMORED THAT WHEN THE QUEEN REACHES THE HEIGHT OF EXTACY

HER VAGINA DRIPS THESE VERY JEWELS

FYAH pon babylon!!!

FYAH!!!

FYAH!!!

(Doc emits a gentle laughter)

It’s infantile, but the jeer will be received; I promise you

Fuck they all. I haven’t a home anymore Doc

Before you is a man without a country

My little piece of the world in the Caribbean is fucked

I’m not an American

I am not an English Man
Jamaicans probably don't want me; I can't really help them
I'm all talk like everyone else
I talk **That Africa Shit**, but I have no clue how to be an African
I'm not sure I want to go to Africa
I might just move to British Columbia and die there
Fuck it all
I haven't any place to go
Marco was disenfranchised before his birth
Finally knowing that **I Never Had A Chance**, should stop me in my tracks
At this stage in The Game however The Challenges' End is sweeter in My Heart's Mind
I know I don't want to be in America AT THIS POINT IN MY LIFE
I'm sick of this fuckin' planet really, but I can't leave that way
If I could leave for outer space tonight I'd catch the first shuttle to the space station and
still be dissatisfied when I got there
Eventually I'd want to go to **DEEP SPACE**
Why wouldn't I?
Space is where I have to die. I'm going to Space and I'm going to stay there
I'd rather die in the vacuum of space than in this vomit
There is no true honor in death on Earth
I think the whole point is to escape this place
I have to leave Doc
My greatest failure will be drowning in this vomit

Doc:

(Slight laughter)

What are Jamaica's major concerns right now?

Marco:

(Serious, he reaches for a stash in his pocket. He snorts a line

Doc shows no visible concern for Marco's consumption)

Jamaicans are concerned with finding food and jobs, but there are no jobs and little food

Which is weird because The Climate is perfect for growing food and people

The economy has been eaten by deliberate mismanagement

It hurts me that 'the Jamaican elite' sold their own country

'The Con' wasn't even impressive, but

'The Jamaican Theys' sold 'They' country regardless

The People want it back and 'They Jamaicans' that hurt the country 'they' have to die
along with their international cohorts

The People want it back and 'They Jamaicans' that hurt the country 'they' have to die
along with their international cohorts

The People want it back and 'They Jamaicans' that hurt the country 'they' have to die
along with their international cohorts

There is no compromise to be had. I want their fuckin' brains in the streets

I even want their children dead

Their edicts must die with them

Their edicts must die with them

Their edicts must die with them

The Black Man is The Great Philosopher; He is too clever to be 'they'

Even the books 'black theys' have read must be burned

Erase those fucks from history

'They' must not survive the turn of time

Doc:

(Half smile)

What's your direct roll in helping?

You're in America

You're talking about A Revolution in Jamaica

That can't happen from **Your Loft**

Marco:

(Smiling laughter)

You're certainly right about that

Currently I'm an observer collecting information in order to coordinate a brighter future

I know I can't do anything from here

I know that

All I can do now is save money and ready myself

Doc:

(Serious stare)

Marco to change the face of a country is hard work, a lot of hard work

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

If I don't try I'll die not trying and that's no good

Doc:

(Slight smile)

You're very serious about this; do you have a time table on when you're going back?

Marco:

(Blank stare away from Doc at first then eye contact before speaking in a low whisper)

Yes, but I don't share that with anyone

Its part of A Magic Act currently being performed

I can't give The End of The Illusion away

Doc:

(Puzzled)

Not even to your girlfriend?

Marco:

(Head bowed and raising it with a slight smile)

I've invited her

Doc:

(Curious stare)

What was her response?

Marco:

She agreed

(Slight laughter)

And if we decide on children by then

We will raise them in Jamaica

And Africa

And B.C.

And Atlanta

(Slight laughter)

The more People Our Children see the better

The better their appreciation for The Game being played

Doc:

(Smile)

How's the plan coming?

Marco:

Moving along well I believe

I have the greatest of faith in self-manifestation

The human is capable of anything imaginable

I'm calling my future years **The Imagination Revolution**, that's another t-shirt Doc

Not one of my best, but it's a T-Shirt

We exist in a time where anything imagined is possible

The Impossible is being defeated as we speak

'The Imagination Revolution' will be the result of education

No one can prove me different

Would you agree education is key?

Doc:

I would

Information runs the world

How do you plan to use information?

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile with a slight laughter)

Selfishly

I want it all for myself

I'm fuckin' hungry Doc

If people are willing to learn what I know they can come on my journey

If not, fuck 'em, fuck 'em all

This is a puzzle Doc and I feel I can put it together

Maybe not the whole thing, but I can do a great section or sections of it, but only for me

I can't save the world

Doc:

What section do you hope to put together?

How To Kill Your Wife:

(A cigarette burned extension of the previous scene)

Marco:

(Smiling)

The Environment

All the answers are in nature, but I would really love to rid the world of religion

However if religion continues at its current pace

(Slight laughter)

It will undo itself; Marco won't have to lift a finger

Religions are panicked these days

They're getting desperate; We can see it

They're spending a lot of money on advertising

Young people, the cool ones anyway aren't slaves to religion anymore

I see groups of odd colored friends. This is strange because religion is racist

I wish the friendships forevered

But **The Racist** always emerge and childhood friends will become race war enemies

Or so said A Wise Old MAN

Doc:

The environment, religion

You sure don't think small Marco

Is that all you want to fix?

Marco:

They seem daunting tasks

I don't fear them

The scientists and the preachers are nervous

Both discovered that this is shit and now both sides wish they could take it back

'They' know time is running out

'The god people' don't care. They just leave it to Gods as usual

"Don't worry; the good lord will take care of it

He always does"

These People exist Doc; I've seen them

The Scientists and The Religious Reich are failing to amass a unified army

Because they mock each other

The Middle Ground is Fucked

Doc:

(Marco pauses briefly gathering his thoughts with a line. Doc curiously smiles @ him)

I'm curious Marco, are you actually a racist?

Marco:

(Smiling laughter)

Left field...

Ok I'll go with it

Oh yes Doc

I am a racist, but really a semi-racist of a different breed

I hate all humans even myself

Our Vessel is flawed

We are all a part of my wished hate

My daily goal is to balance the love and the hate

But what's funny about me is my hate is a fantasy

I wish I could hate them

They disgust me, but The Game is so beautiful to me that I can't even hate The Idiots

Instead I choose to find a purpose for them

I'm A Guide of Sorts

Everyone else runs around either trying to love too much or hate too much
Humans don't have the DNA to love everyone unconditionally unless it's your own
And even then Family Gets Annoying
If you like yourself, you're winning
You'll always love yourself; It's 'the like part' that's tricky
Same rule applies for choosing a spouse
Make sure you like her, but The Game requires you spread your seed
You can fight it, but if the system hasn't neutered you
You're constantly looking for pussy to inseminate
Fuck anyone that tells you otherwise
Telepathy is too powerful to focus on one person for a lifetime
We can tolerate each other for a while
But it's only a matter of time before we start thinking about murder

Doc:

(Curious half smile)

Your conversation went away with you just now...

Murder?

(Laughing sigh)

I disagree

Marco:

(Sarcastic tone addressing the absent audience)

You're married so you have to disagree, but you know I'm right

You can't look me in the face and convince me that you haven't thought about killing

your wife and possibly your children

You've ran through different scenarios

Maybe you thought about taking her and the kids on a boat trip

People disappear all the time on boats or off the side of boats

(Still addressing the absent audience)

How did you plan to kill your spouse?

Doc:

(Slight laughter)

I didn't

Don't you love your girlfriend all the time?

Marco:

(Smiling and short laughter)

No

Sometimes she's a cunt

She is often just in HER CUNTDUM, however

I usually go away for a couple hours and its over

That's our agreement; One of us has to leave and calm down

(Addressing the absent audience)

I'd poison her

No need for all the dramatics of 'the crime of passion'

If I walked in on her fuckin' someone else I'd forgive her, forgive him and wait

I'd wait years. If she had the flu I'd nurse her back to health

If she had cancer I'd stick with her through the chemo

When the years passed and she forgot her deception I'd poison her over a six course meal

I would put it in her dessert

She loves chocolate dipped strawberries

That's almost too easy, but you must send your lover off on a full stomach

Maybe I'd put it in a nightcap

A strychnine cocktail before bed my dear?

Doc:

(Perturbed stare)

What did you fight about?

Marco:

They were fights that had to happen
It was over silly shit, toilet seat or some shit
Dishes in the sink, you know
Woman shit

Doc:

Alright; on the phone you said you needed mental definition
What part of your mental health needs definition?

Marco:

I can't do your job for you Doc
You are being paid double to assess, so assess
I love that word, assess, assess
You used eclectic yesterday
Is it possible to get an eclectic assessing from you?
I don't know if those two work together
Huh?

Doc:

(Smiling stare)

Alright... You're no art gallery owner

You want more, a lot more

And you're having trouble materializing your ideas

I'd say your initiative and focus need work

Marco:

True

All true, but how do you explain the running of two businesses if my initiative

And focus needs work?

Doc:

(Smiling at Marco)

I guess I expect more of you

Marco:

(Playful smile)

Flattery will get you everywhere Doc

Doc:

(Slight laughter followed by weirded stare)

When do you have your meetings here?

Marco:

Sundays

You should come

Everyone is clever on Sundays

TOPICS RANGE FROM THE ECONOMY TO, THE PROPOGATION OF A SPECIE

MY NEW FAVORITE

Doc:

(Smiling)

Before we get completely off topic

What did you do before the art gallery and the library?

Marco:

(Soft smile)

I don't wanna discuss that right now

Doc:

(Serious tone)

Ok, Fair enough

Employment History is an important part of this process

I'll need to ask you again

Marco:

(Jeering tone with a smile)

Fair enough or how about I just tell you when I'm ready?

Doc:

Alright

Marco:

(Curious smile)

You're funny aren't you?

Doc:

(Shaking head, 'no' and smiling)

What would you like to talk about now?

Marco:

(Serious)

My mother

Doc:

(Excited stare and tone at Marco)

Ok, where would you like to...

Marco:

(Slight laughter and the CAPS mimic A Fat American Child)

No not really

You should have seen your face

Saying that to a psychologist is like saying Christmas to a greedy kid

YEAH CHRISTMAS STUFF

MOM AND DAD I WANT STUFF, MORE STUFF, IS THAT ALL I GOT?

MORE CHRISTAMAS STUFF PLEASE

Cocaine Revisited:

(Cut to Marco standing and as Doc speaks his line

Marco begins pacing lines)

Doc:

(Disappointed stare)

So you don't want to talk about your mother?

Marco:

(Sarcastic laughter)

No, nooooo, nooooooooo

Doc:

(Disappointed tone and expression)

Well, the floor is yours Marco

Marco:

(Laughing sigh)

Why didn't you say anything when I did those lines earlier?

Doc:

(Smiling w/a serious tone)

Were you high last time we spoke?

Marco:

(Slight smile, always really)

Ooh, you knew, but you weren't sure on what

I smoked weed last time we spoke

I was alert though. I only smoke sativa, unless it's **McGyver** Kush or Bubba Kush

That **McGyver** Kush looks like purple and green frosted flakes, I swear

Have you heard of Sour Diesel?

It's the best sativa in the world, for me anyway

That's what I smoke

Doc:

Alright

Marco:

(Nodding smile)

I knew you wouldn't trip

You get the drug hypocrisy don't you?

Pharmaceuticals are backed by the ungodly law

Fucked up ain't it?

For our next session I'll be on 'shrooms

I hate the unnatural drugs Doc

Pills bug me

Weed mostly and in reflection only, Cocaine and Mushrooms

Doc:

(Looking down and scribbling on his notepad)

Cocaine is cut with other things, but it does have some healing properties

It is a natural remedy, but it must be taken in careful moderation

Marco:

(He reaches for his stash and takes another bump. Smiling stare then speech)

I'm a professional sir

I respect the drugs and they reciprocate my respect, plus I know what it's cut with

I know the cutter

He forgot to cut this batch

(Offers Doc a bump with a penetrating stare)

Care to fly with me?

Freud would've joined me

But you're no Sigmund Freud

Are you Dr. Elrod?

Doc:

(Slight smiling hesitation)

Uh, no thank you Marco

Will you talk about your father?

Marco:

(Sigh of disgust)

It's been over two hours Doc, we should wrap up

I need some weed now after those lines

Want some weed?

(Sudden and brief laughter)

I feel cartoonish and you look cartoonish Doc; I'll go with it...

Doc:

Marco you're going to have to start giving a little more if you want my help

Marco:

(Sarcastic tone and slight laughter)

You already doubled your fee Doc

That's a lot of giving and by the hour, by the minute really

You guys make a killing on mental health

The Net must be high or is it all Net?

How do I get into that game?

It's still the drug game, just 'prettied up'

What if I told you that by helping me you're helping yourself?

Doc:

(Curious smile)

How is that?

Marco:

(Jeering stare)

Just pay attention and you'll find a piece of you in every line

If you're successful in giving me the definition of self that I crave you'll see in time

Tomorrow?

Doc:

(Putting his notepad in his small bag)

If you have the time I'll be here

Marco:

(Smiling)

I do have the time; See you then sir

Doc:

May I use your facilities?

Marco:

Yeah, go ahead

You see it?

(Marco points to the washroom)

I need some music

Doc:

(Walking to freshen up)

I enjoy playing music during the session Marco, just as long as we can hear each other

Marco:

I love music, especially the rebellious stuff

Next session then, music and mushrooms

Doc:

(Stopping with a smiling laughter for his patient)

After only two days you're my most interesting patient Marco

(Walking to the washroom he pauses)

Do you do a lot of coke by the way?

Marco:

(Stodious stare)

Why, do you want some?

Doc:

No thank you, but do you do a lot?

Marco:

(Heavy smile)

Six or so lines a day for the last 3 months

Doc:

(Studious and serious stare at the washroom entrance)

What happened before the past three months?

Marco:

(Smiling)

I started working late and needed the energy

Its fine Doc I've done it before

When my work is done I'll go back to the weed full time

(Doc goes to the washroom)

Marco rolls a joint from his stash in the kitchen before Doc is threw freshening up

Doc exits the washroom to a cloud of smoke

Marco is now seated in front of his 'info box')

Doc:

(Laughing at the sight of the smoke)

I'll see you tomorrow Marco

Marco:

(Taking a giant puff and exhaling into the air)

How about we switch scenes tomorrow?

My lady has the day off tomorrow

I man the gallery on her off days. We should do this at the gallery

What do you think?

Doc:

(Smiling)

That's fine with me

I haven't been to a gallery in some time

Where is it?

Marco:

Here

(He hands Doc a business card from his pocket)

Doc:

(Reading the card and then looking up to speak)

The London Room, alright see you same time?

Marco:

(Sitting in front of his info box and typing

We hear The AOL Man say,  “You’ve got mail”)

We’ll just hang out

I don’t anticipate it being a busy day

We don’t get that many

Walk-ins. I have two appointments, but that’s early in the day

Same time then?

Doc:

(Smiling stare as he exits the studio)

Alright Marco, I’ll see you tomorrow

Marco:

Tomorrow

One of my happiest moments was confirming the English spelling of ‘tomorrow’

Doc:

(Smiling heavy)

Tomorrow then, Marco

A Buyer's Taste:

(A cigarette burned extension of the previous scene)

A snidely smiling Marco escorts Doc to the exit and the cartoon scene ends

Hands are extended

Marco rushes to shower... We cut to him in a Golden hood on his

E-Glide.com electric skateboard

He rides on a lone road to the gallery

On his arrival The Lady is talking to a customer. He stares through the window a while

HE loved staring at her, especially when she wore that white frill dress

She senses his stare. She waves him in with an excited smile

Entering the gallery he parks his electric skateboard in the left corner by the entrance

He walks to The Lady)

Marco:

(Smiling)

Hello pretty lady

(Kissing The Lady on the cheek)

The Lady:

(Smiling and holding his hand)

This is my boyfriend Marco; Marco this is Buyer

Marco:

(A flirtatious stare. He searches Buyer's eyes and finds something sexy, he thinks...)

Hello Buyer

Buyer:

(The same stare is reciprocated)

Nice to meet you Marco

I love you guys' gallery and I especially love, this piece

Marco:

(Studying The Gold Piece and in his peripheral Buyer studies him)

It's one of my favorites in the entire place

Buyer:

(Desperate search for eye contact)

Which is your favorite?

(The Lady sees another art admirer walk in the gallery)

The Lady:

(Smiling at the two and quickly interjecting)

Will you two excuse me for a second?

Marco:

(Smiling at Buyer he begins escorting her to a blank canvas—‘Slave Nations’)

I’ll show you; Its back here

I must warn you my taste is somewhat morbid...

The Artist calls it

‘Slave Nations’

Whoever they were they died alone and to me that’s life

My life, all of our lives

We came here alone and we will leave as such

(Slight laughter because he’s so funny)

Even **the twins and triplets** will die alone

Buyer:

(Flirtatious smile still)

I agree

I love it

Marco:

You'll have to excuse me Buyer

I have to smoke my herbs now

4:20 is almost upon us

A vicious spin, '4:20' is

Did you know April 20th was Hitler's birthday?

Cannabis Patients celebrate it everyday

Atleast we know **THE SPIN MASTERS** are funny, in a cruel way

Buyer:

(Smiling laughter)

You definitely smoke weed Marco

Marco:

(Smiling)

Oh yes

Would you like to join me?

We'll go to ***The Secret Room in The Back...***

Buyer:

(Ecstatic smile)

Ok

Does your girlfriend smoke?

Marco:

With the best of them

Buyer:

(Smiling search of his eyes)

We should invite her

She was so nice by the way

These places usually have assholes working

Marco:

(Smiling as he takes out his herb kit walking in the back room with Buyer trailing)

Well, we are assholes

The cool breed of assholes though

We are quite rare, you know?

(They arrive in the small secret back room)

Buyer:

(Slight laughter while giving Marco an extended tap on the shoulder)

Oh good, me too

*(Marco is visibly disgusted by her touching/ "Buy the art you cunt and don't touch me",
he says in his head)*

Marco:

(He lights his joint, puffs a few and passes it to her)

You'll like this Buyer

It's called Sour Diesel and it's 'a cure all'

(Speaking to the absent audience while Buyer smokes)

Buyer is a cliché

I have a great hate for her and those that aspire to be her

In her lies the disease of nothingness that threatens to inflict us all

(We see 'a montage' of their 4:20 celebration begin and they are soon joined by The

Lady

Buyer exits the gallery after 'the smoke and purchase montage'

She leaves with the blank canvas. Marco and The Lady close the gallery and drive home

He puts the skateboard in the back of The Cold-Blooded—

This is our first glimpse of the depressed super hero's ride)

The Mourning, Leading up to Session Third:

(The Music plays 2pac's Thug Mansion w/guitar strings, featuring Nas

The Menace goes to work. Followed by the stretch

Marco goes through his weight and callisthenic reps, the breakfast

The shower, the moisturizing. The dressing

The AOL email 1

The kiss goodbye

The opening of the gallery

The meeting 1 followed by a phone call to The Lady

The AOL email again

The meeting 2 and the tofu sandwich for lunch; He promised The Lady he would eat it

But HE cheated and for lunch had a steak burrito w/avocado (Pear on The Island)

The making of the mushroom tea is seen

The good doctor's arrival is witnessed

The sipping of the tea

The conversation of familiarity)

The Third Session Happened @ The London Room Gallery:

Mushroom Tea and the process of ...

(Gladys Knight and The Pips play loud

'You're the best thing that ever happened to me'

Before Doc's arrival we witness Marco's cabinet of natural drugs: weed, cocaine,

mushrooms, assorted natural remedies and rubs

He prepares his kettle and tea strainer with tea bag and mushrooms

Doc arrives and checks out the art while Marco is in the back of the gallery preparing

The Tea...

Marco walks out and sees him jamming to Stylings of Gladys Knight and The Pips

Upon seeing him Doc acknowledges his host-patient over the loud music

Marco finishes setting up the coffee table for tea/Uses the remote to turn down the tune

And opens the gallery door for the spirited evening breeze)

Gladys Knight and The Pips sing to Me:

(Doc walks the gallery floor, finding a seat at the table Marco is setting up)

Doc:

(Smiling and swaying to the music)

I like your music, who is this?

Marco:

Gladys Knight and The Pips

I love the pain in her voice

Pain sounds a lot better from a woman's vocals

On stage The Pips move like silk in a soft wind

You should see Gladys Knight and The Pips

I download their old performances from [Youtube.com](https://www.youtube.com)

They're one of the smoothest and coolest groups of all time Doc

I'm a big fan of harmonies and The Pips have some of the best and most creative

harmonies you will ever hear

Doc:

(Smiling)

You love her voice like you love Sade's voice?

Marco:

(Smiling laughter)

No Kutch

Gladys is a nice piece of ass though

Flawless face, but her voice is strictly for healing

Her delivery is why I listen

When I feel a little depressed I play one of her songs

The pain in her voice makes me feel better

That's kind of sick that her pain heals me

Doc:

What are you usually depressed about Marco?

Marco:

Depression mostly

That's my rounded answer

There is too much to get into a discussion of my depression, please

I take it all in and most of it is fucked up

And that's with **Objectivity** present

Doc:

How often are you depressed?

Marco:

Constantly, immediately and since sensibility occurred

Every waking moment I'm depressed

I manage to carve out fun here and there, but overall I'm sad

I prefer My Sadness

That means I'm constantly feeling

That's more than I can say for most people

I feel like I'm on to something

All those **HAPPY PEOPLE** are lying

It's obvious to me

Doc:

You said, "*Since sensibility occurred*", will you explain?

Marco:

Since I've been able to read people it started

The decisions people make are fucked up

Daily Fuckedupness, I call it

When you can read people there's nothing left

But boredom with them and their fuckedupness

Doc:

What if I told you there are people living functional and happy lives?

Marco:

(Shrugged face)

Functional, what the fuck are you...

Look no one gets permanent happiness

People get small doses of joy and a majority of it sucks

If you're happy on earth you're full a shit

Some people are selfish enough to say fuck everyone

I'm somewhere between those people and a humanitarian, but far from the latter

It's very complicated, but I think I can explain it

I'm more of 'a what' than 'a who'

Yeah; It's very complicated

The most alert know me and they are what counts

They knew I was coming

This planet is fucked and anyone that squeezes consistent happiness out of this place

Good for them

I'm jealous

I can't be happy on Earth; Well I can only do it in small doses

A fucking fantasy is what you sell your patients?

That's fucked up Doc

Medication and fairytales should be illegal

My girl says the same thing

"All these people are slaves

They'll do whatever you tell them, as long as they have meds"

It's fucking sick

Sci-Fi predicted slave nations and rebel armies

Now here we are

That shit trips me out

They knew it would happen and continued to fuck up the future

It has something to do with forced prophecies and secret organizations

The self-manifestation of 'god type shit'

(A sighing laughter)

'They' run the world

Secret organizations with rich mothafuckas as members run Earth

It sounds a little far out and we can't get into details

Doc:

(Curious smile)

Why no details; that's interesting stuff, no?

Marco:

It's fuckin' brilliant *actually*

But any comment on the operation of said clubs is just speculation

We don't know, but it makes sense to me

All the books I've read on the subject and all the 'old heads' I've spoken to

Confirm The Existence of Secret Organizations (and keep it secret)

That's how I want it

That's gansta shit, the ultimate gangsta shit

Terrible trick they're playing though, this has to stop

It's not fun anymore, but I know it will be soon

My curiosity is the only thing that keeps me here, not even my girl can keep me here

I'm enjoying the progression to destruction

I really am enjoying it

Even my own progression to destruction, I think it's cool

It was written...

God is The Greatest Comedian

Lepers, Lepers, Doc

That's fucked up

Why?

Why have leprosy at all?

Fuck...

Only a true comedian can find the humor in leprosy

Doc:

(Studious stare)

Are you suicidal Marco?

Marco:

Ofcourse

Haven't you been listening?

I hate it here

Curiosity and drugs have been my vices

I have nothing else to keep me here

These people force their problems on you

Fuck, you of all people know that
It's your job to listen to fucked up people
Don't worry I'll never kill myself
My daily anticipation of human behavior keeps me trapped here
Everyday they do weirdo shit and I love to watch them
The outside world is my entertainment
While they're watching the six 'o clock news for 'news', I'm watching it for the comedy
of lies

Doc:

How does your girlfriend make you feel?

Marco:

(Surprised smile)

Left field

There you go Kutch

How does she make me feel?

I want her to myself

I don't want to share her with anyone, ever

Doc:

Does she have a lot of family?

Marco:

That's one of the best things about my woman

She's an orphan

She has an uncle she never sees

It's just me and her. I like it that way

If I had an annoying mother-in law I'd kill the bitch

I don't have a lot of friends because I hate adjusting to new personalities

We have some friends, assholes though, except for Kid Vancouver

We like him, but he gets high too much, so we don't see him much

Doc:

(Slight laughter)

Oh, what do you mean when you say you have to adjust to new personalities?

Marco:

I hate having to flaunt my intelligence because of my color

On introduction they demand proof I belong

The topic usually turns political and a dullard poses a question

On economic practices in the Midwest or another dunce talks about homelessness

The adjusting begins then

They want to see what I know and I usually show them

They shouldn't ask about my Kung-Fu Doc

My Kung-Fu is the best it has ever been

Doc:

(Smiling and writing on his notepad)

Is she satisfied with the life the two of you have?

Marco:

She's cool with it

She's tough

It's just me and her

My family is still alive, but that's over

Doc:

Why is it over?

Marco:

Time was up

I out grew them

They outgrew me

Take your pick

Doc:

Is there anyone in your family you speak to?

Marco:

(Smiling)

1...

I make contact with a cousin every now and then

He's cool

He loves white girls

He tried to quit white girls a while back; The fucker went into withdrawals

Like for real, cold sweats, the whole nine

That was a sad day

Doc:

(Slight laughter)

Why him?

Marco:

(Smiling)

He's neutral

Doc:

Neutral

That word keeps coming up

What is it about neutrality you enjoy so much?

(Gladys and her three friends fade out in the echoed silence)

The Essence of The Promoter Within:

(Scene same; Dialogue change)

Marco:

(Smiling)

The ability to avoid people is an art form

I can kill a man without ever meeting him or without ever being in his presence

To fuck someone without them knowing is brilliance unseen

It's an advertising campaign

You can't train that kind of talent

Neutrality is the gift of the alert and...

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

Doc:

(Smiling)

Do you feel the mushrooms yet?

Marco:

(Smiling nod)

Oh yes

I have more if you like

I have **WEED...Sativa (Upper) or Indica (Downer)**

My weed is fresh from the 3rd batch, the last batch, the best batch

Doc:

(Curious stare)

Marco what did you do before the art gallery and the library?

Who was Marco H2O? :

(Marco smiles at Doc. When he recites a flashback plays)

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile as he sips his tea and clears his throat before reciting)

I said we would get to that, and it appears we have arrived

(Clears his throat again and sips his tea...)

The Haiku of Kid Vancouver

I met Kid Vancouver on my way to the future

Coincidentally he was headed there too

He told me in his Grandfather's K-Car of the secret GDP boost...

A CHILD of HATE and Ashberry, his old man raised him without fear

This is a man with the firm decision to oppose the hypocrisy

Repeated arrests are made game

He once told me he enjoyed the ham sandwiches the guards gave...

He sold guns, he sold speed, he sold weed, he sold cocaine, and he sold ghb

HE SOLD EXTACY THE DRUG, BUT MOSTLY THE PROMISE

Replace this friendship?

Never

He's right and I need to help him win...

(Marco sips his tea)

Doc:

(Slight smile of curiosity)

Is that the true story of a drug dealer, Kid Vancouver?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Yes

He's a friend of mine

Doc:

(Curious stare)

Why would you have such a friend?

Marco:

(Sarcastic half smile)

I dealt drugs Doc

Lots of drugs, but mostly weed and coke

Far more weed than coke, however

I have a friend like him because I was like him and in some ways I still am

Doc:

(Curious stare)

In what ways are you two alike?

Marco:

(Smiling stare)

I know the drug laws are part of a bullshit game and he the same

I've changed

I feel like playing a game where God alone is in charge and not corporations

I quit Kid Vancouver's lifestyle because I was too one sided

I hated 'They' too much

I was a danger to myself

Doc:

(Sarcastic smile)

So, you're retired?

Marco:

(Sighing smile)

Retirement for my thing only happens in the movies

I readjusted my hustle

The Rappers rap about it

I write ...SCRIPTS... about it

Doc:

(Writing on his pad)

No enemies looming?

Marco:

(Sarcastic tone ...)

From my life of crime?

I never went too deep with drug dealing circles; I preferred to drop off and leave

When I got my bearings I didn't even touch money

BUT I BLEW A LOT OF IT, OOH OOH OOH, I BLEW A LOT OF IT

After a while I made sure money was taken care of before I even moved

Sometimes before I picked up the phone

That's **A Proper Connect**, Kids

I preferred to freelance to all whom would have my weed, my shrooms and later, **other
stuff**

Independent Flying was much classier

Don't write that down...

No enemies, I worked alone most of the time and moved quickly

So there was little time for friends to turn into enemies

(Slight laughter)

Although, I seem to have made an enemy of myself

Doc:

(Smiling curiosity)

How does that kind of business work?

Marco:

(Smiling)

A second career Doc?

Well, make connections and sell it to them or buy it from them

Whatever it is

It is not at all complicated...

(Doc's expression turns to a curious smile)

We're having a party here tomorrow

Our once a month art party

The rich and snobbish will be here

You should come and represent 'the every man' and bring your wife

She'd be really angry if you cheated her out of a fun evening

Here

(He hands Doc an envelope)

Bring it with you

That pretty face alone isn't enough to get pass my doors

Doc:

(Smiling stare at the invitation)

We invite You

The Good Dr. & Mrs. Daniel Kutchin to our monthly art show

The London Room will play host to three of the cities' young and experimental artists

Mediums range from WATER COLOR and ACRYLIC to OIL

All works are on large canvases

Sounds fun

I'll run it by her

Marco:

(Sipping his mushroom tea)

Have you ever gone to a patient's event?

Doc:

No, I can't say I have

Why do you call it The London Room?

Marco:

(Smiling)

I wanted a name that sounded pretentious

Your wife will want to go and then you'll have to come you know?

Doc:

(Smiling)

You're probably right

We've been meaning to go out more

We get stuck in that house

Marco:

(Smiling)

You're starting to open up

Let's build on that

How's your sex life?

Doc:

(Smiling stare)

Ha,

Tell me a fact about each of your parents

Marco:

(Heavy sigh followed by a smile)

Then will you drop it for good?

Doc:

(Smiling at Marco)

Depends on how good the facts are

Marco:

(Semi-serious stare)

They'll be good

Deal?

Doc:

(Nods)

Deal

Marco:

(Semi-serious stare)

My father is **A SLICKSTER** to the bone

I know because, **I'm A SLICKSTER** to the bone and there is no denying he's my father

His face is in my mirror now

My mother is **A Wordsmith**, fuckin' **certified**

Only the people close to her know of her way w/**Elizabeth's Language** and now...

All outside The Blood Line haven't a clue of her ability to structure words

ALL think She's A Meek Robot, but her words and timing can be vicious

When I was a boy and she would get me angry, which was quite a bit

I would wait outside her door with a big knife; Back then I was very sick

Truth is Doc I've always been sick

She never came out of the room, not once

Some, thing saved me

I waited outside that door dozens of times...

Satisfied?

Doc:

(Staring nod)

Yeah, I suppose I am

Marco:

Have you ever cheated on your wife?

Doc:

(Assuming stare)

No, have you cheated on your girlfriend?

Marco:

(Genuine tone)

I don't have what it takes to cheat

Doc:

(Curious smile)

What does it take?

Marco:

(Semi-serious)

Lacking word of honor

I don't cheat

I have stolen though, so I guess I have cheated

I've never cheated on a woman

I never will

Once I give my word its final

That's in all things relationship and business related

That's why I don't have many friends

Not many people live by those qualities

Doc:

(Interested smile)

You never go back on your word?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Only when they're behind me

Doc:

Behind you?

Marco:

Signs of selfishness, conman tactics, stealing, lying

These things have been behind me for some time

You have to be extra evil to bring those things into a work relationship or an intimate
relationship

I'm a criminal to the bone, but not the marrow and only when forced

When I see line 1, but I leave with more knowledge than those I left behind

Always more

One of my mottos is 'take the money and give me the information'

They never ask what I need it for; I find that funny

Don't get me wrong I'm after money too, but I'll take facts over cash any day, really
great facts

I can materialize now; I can make something out of nothing

On the highest of levels

I could always hustle

For the most part I always did, but now The Limits don't apply to me

I'm fuckin' with you I hope you know that

Sorry to patronize Kutch, but some people are dumb

I'm building up to something greater than money; I can feel it

I wasn't always like this

I lived with uncertainty for a long time, but now I feel dangerous

I've always been smart, but I never felt like I couldn't be denied

Now I'll take anyone on. I've become the quickest student

I'm life's eternal student now

There's no more wanting of information; I need information for sustenance

Materializing the information has become easy for me

So easy, that I've decided to build a **MENTAL TIME MACHINE** on paper

I'm collecting the most info so I can be king, not of the world, but of my own universe

I use to want all the money

I wanted whatever the masses held dear

If their children or their homes were their most valuable assets I wanted them and then,

nothingness

After I got money, blew money, stole money, got money back, lost money again, owed

money, fucked off on the debts

Paid the debts, fucked off on some other debts, paid those

Made money back

And a lot of **Failed & Bad Business Ventures** and **Some Successful Business Ventures**

in between it all

Lost some of that money, made more money

I now find myself bored with money, but I have a little saved in a special bank

Make no mistake however, I've always known money was a major part of The Game, but

I've never wanted all the money until now

I have ideas and what's cool about my ideas is the download...

MY Source for **The Idea Company** downloads, is the best source

It's a secret source Doc, so don't ask about **MY Source**

(Slight laughter from both from both men)

Doc:

What are you going to do with the world once you have it?

Marco:

Burn it to the ground, without monologue

Fuck the corporations

They don't know what's going on either

But some one, some thing or someones is fuckin' with me

I can feel them

"The proverbial they" is my best bet for any answers on earth, but who are 'they'

Secret organizations are our only hope for gaining any insight into the inner workings of
the planet

If you're still looking for answers in the news you're blind.

(Pausing from another monologue he smiles at Doc)

I go on tangents Doc. I would apologize, but you have to listen

You should come to the show tomorrow

I'll introduce you to the city. There's a doctor that confirmed yesterday

I think he's the head of the hospital psych. ward. Come and meet him

He bought a sculpture five months ago

For some reason his and his wife's face got stuck in my head

The fucking artist was an asshole

You should come and buy something

So I can get some of your ungodly fee back in my pockets

Doc:

(Smiling laughter)

What's the purpose of having these shows with the rich and snobbish if you have such animosity for them?

The Bank Tellers and Broker, Michael Adler:

(Staged-In this flashback scene H2O literally flies to the bank and then his stock broker,

Reed Frankel:

I'm not a criminal Marco

I just see what most people don't

We see him and Reed w/their briefcases open

The two talk at a small round table with a black folder marked, 'project' ...

A while later Frankel flies off w/his briefcase after their semi-brief conversation and a

Left Hand Salute

Marco is faded out at the table looking over the files...

Cut back to Scene same; Dialogue change)

Marco:

I have to know what they know

I'm planning to save myself from the tyranny; Money is a big part of that

In order to get more I have to entertain the rich. I'm one of them now

My bank treats me like one of them

The tellers know my first name, but they've never used it

Its all 'sirs' and 'misters'; there's an overstanding of class

I hover when I'm in the bank, literally

Doc:

(Curious smile followed by slight laughter)

If you don't mind me asking

How much do you keep in your account?

I mean, what gets you that kind of respect?

They barely look me in the eyes in my bank

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

53 grand

I did it so the little teller girls can flirt with me and also treat my girl with respect when

she walks in

It's a joint account

50 grand on paper

Personal and business accounts

The personal has **10 grand** at any time and the businesses **43grand**

It feels good that way

Doc:

What about your stocks and all that?

*(Fade into Marco flying to see his stockbroker Michael Frankel...Michael's Graphic
plays for Marco's Brief Dialogue; As Doc speaks we cut back to the loft)*

Marco:

I have a broker

He's not a crook, but he can get dirty if I need him to

That's why I hired him

No one is smoother than my stockbroker

One of the great things about this country is that you can still wash drug money in the
stock market

It's risky, but what isn't

Doc:

(Smiling)

You don't spend a lot of money, do you?

Marco:

(Smile)

No, I don't

Why the sudden interest in cash Kutch?

Doc:

(Smiling)

Well, you have money to do whatever you want

I haven't met many of those people

I guess I think that's cool

Marco:

No its not

All that shit is boring

Do you realize that it's all the same people?

Every country, the same fuckin' people

How's that for reduction?

Its simple and its true

That's what 'the proverbial they' know

That's one of the ways 'they' break it down

*(He gets up briefly looking at Doc and the good doctor the same...Sitting back down Doc
asks him...)*

Doc:

(Smiling pause)

What's the first music that influenced you?

Peter Tosh is Classical Music:

*(...Cut to Marco's giant Peter Tosh desktop background w/Doc and he in the
Foreground)*

Marco:

Skipped subject to ***Music?***

Money, that was a good topic Doc

I was really into that topic Kutch

(Smiling stare at a blank faced Doc)

Fine...

It was Peter Tosh

It just hit me when I first heard it

Barry G. played it on the radio

I listened everyday after that

Tosh was telling me to pick a fight

I like that Doc, **random questions**

Switching with me like that. I dig that shit

You know I hate structure

I stole all the cool in the world a while back

I'm gonna give you some of it

I usually sell it

You deserve it with that kind of conversational savvy

That topic made you uncomfortable...

Alright, we were discussing Peter Tosh
By the way Reggae is My Classical Music
I choose Marley and Tosh over Mozart anyday, anytime
I kept listening to him because he sounded angry, but he wasn't faking it
He sounded unselfish. I respected that
A man for the people Peter Tosh was
I liked that He Knew how clever he was...
No man can fake pain in my presence
I'm constantly on that 'line', so when Tosh's music came along
I finally knew I was right for feeling like everything was bullshit
The Shitstem has us all in its grip
And we know how to escape the beast's clutch
Revolution is A Grand Word
How does one begin?
Fyah!!!
I'm an expert on the conveyance of anger and pain
I know my kind
And Peter Tosh was angry and Peter Tosh was in pain
A Man can stay aware for a lifetime
Tosh proved that to me

Doc:

Peter Tosh fought for the people, yet you're out for self

There is a conflict

Your hero is the opposite of your aspirations

Marco:

Yes, I am a man on a single mission that's true, but I have great respect for those that
came before

That doesn't mean I have to live my life as they lived theirs or for these people

I say it everyday, these people suck, their children suck and so do their pets

They are satisfied with not knowing and while I can change a few

The majorities aren't interested in how the world operates

Man invented the computer and turned into the robot computer

That's proof enough that we're lazy and stupid; We're so dumb we've replaced ourselves

That's another t-shirt by the way Doc. A picture of a robot with those words underneath

It's just as well; we've outlived our use on this planet

The best thing for this planet is for the human to die

What a plague we are

We are the alien conquerors sci-fi warned against; Egocentric assholes we are.

All 'the freedom fighters of the past' were flawed by their egos, so are today's

LEADERS; I don't know what's right for people

I know what I want for myself and that might not be what everyone else needs

So you see, my mission isn't so much of a selfish Endeavor as it is a conscientious one

Doc:

You blame society for your personal problems Marco

You should look within

Marco:

Just when I think you're paying attention I end up lying to myself again

I don't care about my personal problems

They don't come up

They're not important. Finding out how the world works is more important to me

Once I unravel the inner workings I'll be mended

Doc I'm fine

I'm conscious, now it's everyone else's turn to Awake

Yes I'm depressed. Yes I'm a little strange, but I'm conscious, fuck all. I'm Awake

Everyone has personal problems and will until their death day

And of course society is to blame

They shop, waste and pollute

A sick fuckin' cycle traps us all. Even I'm in it and no matter how much I try to hover

above all their stuff

More stuff comes

Sometimes you get more stuff when you already have enough stuff

It's true; I've seen it happen before

Doc:

What's so strange about you?

Marco:

(Slight laughter, but desperately trying to be serious)

Fuck, you've met me, am I normal?

Do I inspire convention?

There is a firm overstanding of my life and focuses

I want a revolution and I'm serious about that. It doesn't have to be bloody, but if it has
to be motherfuckas will bleed

These are my ideas and I find them strange because I'm a nobody

I'm not really interested in leading anyone into battle

Everyday I fight myself for myself

I feel like I have to fight the evil regimes, but I don't know why

I hate these people most times, so why the urge to help them be free?

Where does that come from?

I'm a **SELF-REVOLUTIONARY**

I'm a loner and that's the way it has to stay. I love being alone with the occasional
company

That's one of the reasons I love my girl
She leaves me alone and doesn't rush in the room to show me some stupid article or some
fuckin' overly emotional woman's show
I enjoy my solitude, so this urge to help these assholes weird me out
Despite my miniscule stature in the world there is the belief within me that I can do
something to better this failing Planet
I can change the world for myself and others, but I don't want to
It's too fuckin' time consuming
Public servants are relegated to slavery when they swear an oath to the people
I won't do it
I should have never left the graveyard

Doc:

What about your own life; what of those changes?

Marco:

Doc I brought you here to talk about Earth

The Planet, Earth

My personal needs are distant and unimportant

Doc:

(Smiling)

What are those needs?

Marco:

(Raising his tone with a serious stare)

Distant and unimportant, Doctor Daniel Kutchin

Doc:

(Smiling while writing on his pad)

Marco I must say you are a vague individual

Marco:

(Piercing stare pointing at Doc)

You think?

You want the entire details of my life so you can go home and talk about me in bed with
your wife

You're sick

You're fuckin' sick

Doc:

Is that what you think?

Marco H2O is a Sexual Deviant:

(Cut to the two---Under a Gold tinted spotlight, staged

Doc and Marco remain at the table talking)

Marco:

(He removes a mushroom w/a spoon and eats it)

... That's what I know Doc

I use to fuck a shrink

She loved anal, but I wouldn't give it to her

She would stick her finger in her ass the whole time I was bangin' her

I fucked a woman in the ass only once and it didn't end so well;

Disgusting and that was the last time I had Anal Sex, but the future looks bright, so who knows?

All that porno watching, you know I had to do it

This Shrink use to love when I choked her

She once said to me "*fuck me like you hate me*", so I did

I left her bruised for a couple weeks

The first time we fucked I threw her off the bed

Just fuckin' came all over her face and pushed her off the bed

She loved it, so did I, we still email each other

She tells me I'm due for a session soon...

Any how, she would tell me about her patients after sex

That doctor/patient privilege went out the window after her vagina juice spewed

Doc:

Have you really been with over 200 women?

Marco:

No Doc

That's disgusting

But I have been with quite a few

I have fucked a lot of women, but I find sex disgusting sometimes

I have fucked a lot of women

I think about just how many sometimes, most of them don't mean anything to me

There are special ones I remember

Doc:

(Smiling laughter)

Really?

Marco:

That surprised you?

Doc:

Well yeah, internet porn and talks of conquests, it is somewhat surprising.

Do you enjoy sex with your girlfriend?

Marco:

Yeah, but I don't go 'all out' with her

I'm **A Kinky Bastard** Doc

Most things I can't even tell you about

If I'm not doing something crazy in bed, I'm bored

One of my t-shirt ideas is: '*anything goes, just stay away from my asshole*'

I don't play that shit...

A time ago I was on a business trip down south

I was fuckin' this 'lady of the night' in the ass, in the dark

Both of us felt really good about what we were doing

(Slight laughter)

After we climaxed, the lights came on

And it turns out we both had a shitty time

Doc:

(Smiling nod)

All out?

Elaborate please, what does 'all out' mean?

Marco:

You are funny

All I get is a smiling nod

That shit was funny, pun intended Doc

Pun intended

Doc:

What did you mean exactly when you said ‘all out’, besides the anal?

Marco:

Fine, you humorless bastard

I’ve been with a lot of women

If I showed all the things I’ve learned it would weird her out

Leather Doc, dog leashes, it gets weird w/me sometimes

I love my women in leather sometimes

I love when a woman drinks my cum while smiling at me

I don’t know if I want my girl doing anything other than ‘the old standards’

Given the things she already does I know she probably knows some crazy shit

I don’t really want to know her sexual history unless it puts me at risk

I don’t really want her to know mine

I only need to know her vagina is clean; I could care less if it’s **EDIBLE**

I make her cum and she makes me cum and I love her

That should be good enough, right?

Doc:

At the same time you can't have a relationship lacking truth and each others wants

Marco:

(Playful, smiling curiosity)

Are you saying I should have my girl drink my cum?

You are a sick fuck Doc

I tell her the truth always, but I can't confess my weird sexual habits

I can do without the sexual deviances, maybe

Doc:

You said your sexual habits were weird, like how weird?

(Sarcastic glare)

Asides from the cum thing?

Marco:

(A wide smile unto himself)

If I'm fuckin' doggy, I like to stick my thumb in their assholes

I love choking women when I fuck them hard

I spit a lot: on my dick, on their pussies, in their pussies, in their mouths

Bound and gagged, I like that too

And if she's wearing a leather dog leash, look out, **THE FREAK GETS LOOSE**

I love beating women during sex, with a belt or an open hand, but never their faces

Let us not forget our safety words or maybe we want to forget them

Or maybe we need to forget **THE SAFETY WORDS...**

I like when women crawl on the floor and come right up to my dick

I love slappin' them in the face with it; Porno shit

I really love to see a sore ass with my hand prints all over it

Sometimes I like to put a woman in a full nelson and fuckin' pound the time away

"NOT TOO ROUGH MARCO; I DON'T WANNA BE IN TURTLE NECKS ALL WEEK"

My favorite is Doggy-Style, right
I've enslaved women like pets with **The K-9 Position** and as for missionary

Well, I am a legend

I thrice dehydrated Her fuckin' missionary
I love reaching all the way inside a woman and watching Her eyes roll back in her head
If I'm going down on a woman my finger is usually in her pussy too

I like to do nasty things Doc

Most of which I can't mention

My attention span with women is short so when I fuck them

It is followed by ignoring them

My Track Record w/women I have been inside is a savage document

I make sluts of them, but this 1 is different

I can tolerate Her The Distance

Doc:

(Slight laughter)

Do you think you might be sexually repressed?

Marco:

(Sarcastic tone accompanied by slight laughter, while reaching for his cocaine and
snorting)

Do you think there is anyone on this planet that isn't?

Even the people that fuck for a living are repressed

Don't single me out Doc

I am the masses...

Tomorrow Doc you won't be disappointed

If you show up

That is

Doc:

(Writing on his pad, Assuring smile)

We'll show up. I told her about it

That's all she's been talking about since yesterday

She reads the art section in the City Pages

She's seen your ads

She showed me the one for tomorrow

The Cool Of The Good Doctor:

Marco:

(Smiling)

You know my favorite thing about art shows?

Doc:

(Smiling)

What's that?

Marco:

The pretension in the air

My shows are especially pretentious

The exclusively rich are on my guest list; It wasn't always like that

I had to leave The Cities to perfect my craft, but I'm glad I'm back...

I even have the best House DJ in The Cities; DJ Rob plays 'The Funkiest House'

You can't fuck around with a thing like that

Music has to be funky, House or Not; Food and drinks are unlimited

If nothing gets sold at least I got drunk, huh?

We always sell something; You and Your Woman have to come

...These mushrooms are making me give you too much information

I need a joint

You mind if I smoke in here?

Doc:

(Smiling)

No; what if a customer walks in?

Marco:

(Smiling while reaching into his coat pocket for his stash)

I'll ask them if they want a hit

How about you Doc, do you want a hit?

Doc:

(Smiling)

No thanks, thanks though

Marco:

(Observant smile followed by pointing)

Ah, two thank yous

Plus the salivating look at my stash

You're one of us

Doc:

(Smiling)

Once upon a time

Marco:

(Pointing still and smiling at a shy Doc)

Once upon a time this afternoon the good doctor smoked before coming to see Marco

Doc:

(A snide smile followed by a stammered laughter)

I wasn't sure if you knew; do you care?

(Marco gives him a shrugged look)

I don't have to before our sessions...

Marco:

(Smiling)

But it helps

Fuckin' knew it

I can spot a Patient

You're too relaxed not to be a weed head

Your wife too, huh?

(Doc nods)

Fuckin' Sweet

Wait 'til you smoke the shit I grow

It's free for you by the way

The weed I grow will improve your life

(Marco lays the grinded weed on the High and Mighty Hemp Papers and rolls one)

Doc:

(Looking at Marco's joint)

Marijuana isn't a bad drug

Its healing attributes are repeatedly proven

(Marveling at Marco's rapid rolling)

You did that pretty quickly

Marco:

(Smiling at his joint and then lighting it)

They have been proven...

Marijuana can cure many things without side effects

(Marco stares at Doc with a blank look)

Doc:

What is it?

Marco:

I think that's a good note to end on

Weed can cure many things without side effects

Until tomorrow night sir?

Doc:

(Smiling laughter)

You certainly are abrupt Marco

That's fine I suppose

(Checking his watch with a slight laughter)

Tomorrow evening I'll see you at the show

What should I wear?

Marco:

(Smiling and taking a big hit of his joint)

Sport coat, button shirt, tie optional

Dress like a hipster

(Doc looks at Marco's hipster attire with a hint of sarcasm. Marco smiles @ him)

Whatever you're comfortable with

That's what the crowd looks like usually

I get bored when I work here Doc

I usually end up reading on the internet after all the promotion is done

I spend three hours per day on promotion.

Doc:

(Astonished smile)

So you only work three hours per day, that's a great life, no?

Marco:

I have the human disease Doc, 'must stay busy'

Like 'the others', I don't even know why

I have a theory on that

(Marco hands DOC THE JOINT. Doc hesitates, holding and examining the joint w/a smile and then... inhaling)

Doc:

(Exhaling; A sarcastic smile beneath the smoke)

Do you now?

Marco:

(Sarcastic smile)

Yeah I do

If everything on Earth stopped for 30 seconds, that's human, animal, machine

Stopped for 30 seconds the humans would go mad, as a whole

We would die from confusion and lack of Our Joint Telepathy

I still have to work out the theory, but you get it right?

Doc:

(Passes the joint)

No, I can't say I do

Marco:

Well, we're all connected

We would sense the inactivity around us and go insane with loneliness

That's providing we could keep everyone locked away somewhere

But telepathy works through walls

I know, believe me

All humans on the entire Earth ceased all activity

Imagine

Doc:

Do you think you're insane?

Marco:

(Passes joint)

No, but you're starting to think I am

I know some of my theories don't hold waters

But I keep trying to make sense of it all

Doc:

(Receiving the joint and smoking, then smiling at Marco/His sentence ends in sarcasm)

That's what we should all do, but most of us aren't afforded the time to be a philosopher

Marco:

(Nodding with a smiling glare)

I am a ***Philosopher*** ...

You remember that Doc

I am a fucked up philosopher, but a philosopher none the less

I still get nervous before these shows

Doc:

Why do you get nervous, haven't you thrown a lot of these shows?

Marco:

(Gets the joint and hits it. Doc refuses it and he outs it)

Yeah, but apprehension is healthy right?

I get nervous I'll be exposed

Doc:

(Curious look)

What exactly do you fear will be exposed?

Marco:

My lack of blue blood I guess

Doc:

You wish to be a blue blood?

Marco:

Until I realized what they were

I still have the urge to gain their respect

Which I think I have, but they could be using us for entertainment

They're always calling us to hang out

We just hang with each other most of the time

Doc:

How often do you see these people?

Marco:

Once every two weeks, maybe

Doc:

When they ask, what do you say your profession was before 'art gallery owner'?

Marco:

(Smile)

‘Struggling artist’

People go to war for the artist

Everyone in the world wants to be an artist, everyone

They just don’t have the balls to do it

When they meet an artist it’s kind of like meeting themselves

It’s weird

If there’s one thing I know for sure

Most people treat themselves great

You get that, right?

Doc:

(Doc nods)

I get it

I agree the artist is in us all

Marco:

(He heads to the information box)

I need new music. I have to put her on

Wait... Track 10

(He heads back to his seat while Sade sings to him)

Is it possible to completely be in love with someone and know how to touch them and

know their temperaments?

But most of all know how to treat them without ever meeting them, touching them or

Even hearing that person Speak?

I've never seen an interview with her, never read an article about her

I never research Sade

That's entering into **The Darkest Realm**

Every time I hear her music I pause and listen to every word

I do that w/very few musicians

That's weird huh?

Doc:

Maybe you just really love her music

Marco:

No; It's far more than that

I LOVE HER PROMOTION MORE THAN ANYTHING

If she gave me an audience I think, I know I could speak to her for a long while

Even without getting to fuck her

Ofcourse I would want to, but her conversation would be enough for me; I swear

Besides, there is always masturbation

I think she's the kind of woman clever enough to overstand what masturbation really is

I think she is of The Most Alert

That's a strange comment from a virile man, but her words and delivery mean that much
to me

I know it came off as only lust before and it is that for sure

I'd love to fuck her, but more than fucking her, I'd love to speak with her

If she's anything like what she writes I could speak to her until my death bed, with ease

She puts her soul on paper

Do you overstand the rarity of that in popular culture?

It's almost non-existent and discouraged

Unless Sade is the world's greatest liar, I hear Their Emotions and feel them

It bothers me that such beautiful, not just physically, but emotionally and spiritually

pretty has been hurt so much

Why would anyone hurt that kind of beauty?

What evil would do her wrong?

Doc:

What about your girlfriend?

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

She can't sing like Sade

I don't know

Sade is a fantasy Doc

My girl is the real thing

Doc:

Do you mind talking about future plans with your girlfriend?

Marco:

You mean like marriage?

Doc:

Ok

Marco:

Not for me

I'm Agnostic

Do You know what that means?

Doc:

Yes, neutral until the end, huh?

Marco:

(Smiling)

Do you know the world is sectioned and has been for sometime?

That sectioning includes religion and the division of religions

Paid slavery is literal

Very few people get to meet slave masters, but they exist today

Marriage is one of beginnings of this sectioning. The institution of marriage is a
whorehouse

Marriage is the combination of two slaves to make more slaves

‘They’ can have it

Secret organizations really do run the planet and they do it in sections

You call those sections continents and hemispheres

I call them turfs

Battles are getting longer and more vicious. There are many stalemates now and to come

Everyone on this planet overstands turf instinctually

Marriage begins the training for war

These people are now willing to die and kill for land more so than before

I’m really high; Mushrooms should be taken in restricted doses

Know your limit...Fuck

Doc:

(Sense of urgency about him as he gets up quickly)

I'm really high too and you did cut this thing short

(He puts his pad in his bag and offers a sitting and confused Marco an extension of the
hand)

Well it's been a pleasure; we'll see you tomorrow evening

Marco:

(A surprised Marco getting up from the chair to say goodbye to Doc)

Now who's abrupt?

I should be getting ready for dinner anyway

I and the misses is goin' outs tonight

(Extension made)

Doc:

Alright Marco thanks for that

This is a great high; what is this stuff?

Marco:

It's called Sour Diesel

I'll give you the rest of it

(He reaches into his stash on the table and gives Doc the remaining diesel)

This is my 'cure all'

From a headache to a back ache Sour Diesel will do you well

That's another t-shirt Doc

With the pic of a giant Sour Diesel Bud

Whatever...

Tomorrow evening sir

Doc:

(Smiling)

Thank you Marco

This is gonna do us well

We'll smoke some before the show tomorrow and some tonight

(Walking toward the door looking @ the herb and smiling)

They shake hands once more as Doc exits)

Thanks again. See you tomorrow evening then Marco

(Marco closes up

He re-lights his joint, shuts down his computer and

The AOL Man says Goodbye, then the

Microsoft Windows chimes

He throws the tea out, but eating the spores from the dregs

We see The Cold-Blooded a short distance from the back door Marco exits

It is under a dim spotlight teasing the car loving audience

He walks toward it and uses the automatic key start)

(We fade into Dinner with The Lady)

Dinner w/The Lady:

(Marco arrives at their loft

The Lady exits the loft

Marco gets out and opens her door

She kisses his lips softly and quickly

He closes her door

We fade into The Sushi Restaurant Scene and find them moments later in a private booth

We see the two of them having consecutive Sake Bombs AND SHOTS OF RUM as is

HIS Process)

The Lady:

(Smiling at Marco after finishing her sake bomb)

You drunk yet?

Marco:

Please

You need to add some ‘g’ if you want to get in my pants

The Lady:

(Smiling)

Ooh, I haven’t had ‘g’ in so long

Marco:

(Smiling stare)

I know a guy

The Lady:

(Stern tone accompanied by a smile)

Stop it Marco Waters

You know better

I'm getting in your pants tonight, regardless

There's nothing you can do about it

Marco:

(Suspicious smile)

I have to go to the bathroom again

The Lady:

(Low whisper w/a Suspicious and worried stare)

Marco, no more, please

Let's leave baby

Marco:

(Playful smile)

What, I can't piss first?

The Lady:

(Jeering stare)

Piss outside, that's manlier

Whip it out and show these bitches what

I'm taking home

(A now drunk and powder high H2O/We see his eyes gain a deep squint and curious
expression)

Marco:

(Smiling)

You just tried to appeal to my ego, and it worked

(Sigh)

Fine. I'll use the outdoor plumbing

I'll piss on the building

Will that turn you on?

The Lady:

(An endearing smile toward Marco)

Let's go drunk boy

(She extends her hand after getting up. Marco connects.)

Marco:

That could be a movie character, **Drunk Boy**, the inebriated super hero

Naw

The Fighting Movies already used The Drunken Master theme

Our Hero will save you later, but right now he has to drink

The Lady:

His secret power would be vomit

Marco:

(Curious smile for his callous woman)

That was disgusting

I like you

The Lady:

(Playful smile)

Well that sucks

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

Oh yeah?

The Lady:

(Flirtatious smile)

Well yeah, I love you and you only like me

Marco:

(Sighing laughter)

Dick

(He grabs her and brushes the hair from her eyes and just stares at her a while,

Her hands wrapped behind his neck... He lets her go...)

Let's get in one of these cabs

I might even touch your vagina in the back seat

Keep playing your cards right and your vagina will get touched

I promise you

The Lady:

(Laughing smirk)

How am I doing so far?

Marco/H2O:

(Spaced out then re-focused)

Not so well, you're laughing at H2O

I know people; People know me

...For the mockery, no dick tonight

Matter of fact you're banned from my dick, for two weeks

The Lady:

(Heavy, slurring laughter)

Two weeks?

Baby, that's not fair

Marco/H2O:

Beg me, beg me damn it

The Lady:

(Her laughing calms as she wraps her hands behind his neck again

And clenches his bottom lip w/hers)

Alright papa lets go home

Marco/H2O:

(Slurring flirt)

I don't know if want to go

I'd rather stay in the streets

The Lady:

(Smiling)

I can't ever go home without you

(The Lady stares him down with calm eyes)

She signals a cab while holding his hand

H2O admires her; She makes eye contact and pecks his lips

The cab comes. At the cab's arrival she waits for him to open her door

H2O opens the door while beaming his eyes into her back

Before entering the cab he reveals his license plate with the push of a button:

***H2O** is revealed... We fade out to them kissing in the cab...*

We rejoin them leaving home together the following day

She grooms his cringing face briefly

She grabs The Cold-Blooded's keys. A cab awaits downstairs

They arrive at the previous night's restaurant

The cab driver is fixated on the car. The Lady takes the keys from Marco

Marco pays the driver and still the cab driver watches the car

Marco gets in on the passenger's side; The license plate is concealed. They take off)

The Cold-Blooded 1: when H2O flies

**Music interlude for “the setup”—something artsy and overly
pretentious**

(She picks up “The Cold-Blooded’s” Keys/ reverse side)

The Set-Up:

(We see Marco and The Lady arrive at the gallery through the back entrance

Marco opens the front for three artists waiting with work to be displayed.

Two have their work in one van and the other has her work in an SUV

Marco helps her unload and The Lady decides on placement inside

We see the catering company and DJ Rob arrive after the placement of pictures

*The food and DJ are set up Marco, The Lady, DJ Rob, the catering service and the
artists toast to a good show*

*The artists and catering crew disperse to move their vehicles from the front when the
valet service arrives; DJ Rob begins to play the Funky House*

Marco and The Lady go to the office where she takes a coke stash from the desk drawer

She chops lines

The two partake and kiss repeatedly

Some time after the (7) lines Marco’s cell phone rings and The Lady’s seconds after

Marco lights a joint and smokes half way through it

They head to the floor to greet a well dressed couple entering the gallery

The fielding of cell and gallery calls begin after his brief mingling)

Marco:

Marco... still 7, uh we'll go 'til 11 for sure. See you sir

(We see The Lady on her phone steps away-low pitch mutterings)

The Lady:

No, maybe, definitely

Yes, the two pieces on the flyer are still available, 7pm-11, but probably midnight

See you then

Marco:

You look, uh...

(Smiling)

You look edible

The Lady:

(A flirtatious rising of her eyebrows)

I might give you a taste later

*(We fade into the art crowd;
A Unisom reverbed multi tone
“Blah Blah” with the occasional laughter
(We see Marco and The Lady schmoozing with guests
The Lady’s laughter is heard above the “Blah Blah” tones
Marco makes eye contact with her
She winks at him
The two retain eye contact briefly
And blend back into their respected conversations)*

The Hipsters:

(The Staged Screen Gallery is now filled with The Pompous Sect

However there are the cool from Heights' School that came to support the show

In a corner with 3 Big Booty Dimes and glasses of Red Wine is The C Heights 3. By now

they are a platinum selling group

Marco sees them and raises his Glass of Merlot, The Tritet reciprocating...

The C Heights 3 consists of

Kung-Fu Star Ethan Bravo

And Smooth Business Men Sugar Bear Thayne and Grant Coxman

In High School each had pretty girlfriends and to each I posed the same question

"May I have sex with your girlfriend"?

Each laughed and that's one of the reasons I stayed friends with them

My Readings back then led me to ask such questions;

It was @ The Barber Shop on Cedar and Taylor where a man mentioned Iceberg Slim.

so I went on the net and researched him and...

The Tritet of them overstood back then in The Heights Hallways joking, that

it was all Pimpin'

At present I don't know the three of them, but I'm willing to bet wherever they are

They are pimpin'; Especially Grant

He was short heighted, that's kind of like being near sighted, but close to the ground

Being so grounded might explain why he saw The Game so clearly

Clearer than he let on

I studied him, C and D in the lunch room for a month

This Social Experiment required 3

Grant proved the cleverest consistently with The Ladies

(Many phone numbers were received, but did Grant Coxman finish? ---

We may never know)

*He moved like he had The Pimp Red Blood all through his veins and for the art show it
seemed nothing had changed...*

Cut to Marco's convulsation with the well dressed Hipsters

The Hipsters have a nasally tone to their diction

They listen to any speaker of the moment...)

Hipster1:

Hipster 2 you're talking about art as if it's shaping the world

Art is strictly entertainment in the new world

I'm saying that all forms of art are at risk

We consistently choose profits over decency; it's true

It's a truth actually

(Raised voices of Blah Blah)

Hipster 3:

Agreed

Art has never shaped the world and never will

Artists can not start revolutions

They can paint it, sing it or write about it

But few get directly involved

(Slight laughter)

I mean, they're too busy getting high

(Raised voices of Blah Blah)

(Marco has a gentle sarcasm about his face)

Hipster 2:

Neither one of you understood my point

I was merely stating that art: that's music, painting, performance art, sports even

All can inspire change

I know artists are lazy; I'm an artist

We want the world without the work

Because we provide entertainment we feel an obligation to preach and judge

We are, fucked up and selfish individuals

(Toying and applying with her Chapstick in hand with a flirtatious smile at Marco)

Marco you agree with me, right?

(Raised voices of Blah Blah)

Marco:

I think

I think artists are responsible for The Earth's Demise

(The three give him a look of peeked interest. Marco projects a cocky smile)

The reason being, they know the most, but are the most coward and selfish

They were given **The Technology** that deciphers The Riddle

Artists see better than anyone the hypocrisy that surrounds

All that insight drives most of them to cowardice, madness or selfishness,

sometimes all three

When **1** realizes just how fucked up everything is, you often choose, you

The artist is easily defeated

All you have to do shut up most artists is pay them

They'll paint, write or sing whatever you want them to, for money

(Marco spots Doc and his wife at the door. The two walk to the bar)

Most Human Idealism begin noble,

But with any success no matter how minor, that idealism often relegates to selfishness

Worship and pay me for my talent, says the artist and I'm no different

(They look at him with impressed smiles. He smiles at them)

Will you excuse me?

A friend of mine just walked in

(Marco is walking across the gallery toward Doc and his wife)

He stops to grab a drink from a passing waiter and to speak with the absent audience)

I'll confess to you all...
In a distant past I was an artist
I knew then what was best for you
Now I serve exclusively as A Middle Man
These days I prefer to comment on the situation rather than get directly involved
You above all overstand that, or should I say,
Understand?
There's too much work involved in activism
I like to chill and get high
I'd rather watch you people on TV and The Internet
Or read about you in **The Funny Papers**
Will you excuse me?
A friend of mine just walked in
(Raised voices of Blah Blah)

(Marco walks over to Doc and his wife at the bar. Doc sees him approach)

Doc:
(Smiling and looking at Marco then the crowd)
Marco, nice turn out
(Marco makes eye contact with Doc's wife)
Marco this is my wife **Daughter of Cohenini**

Marco:

(Smiling)

They came for the free food and the free booze

Thanks for coming, both of you

(Marco extends his hand to Daughter of Cohenini w/ a flirtatious smile)

Daughter of Cohenini:

It's nice to meet you Marco

Marco:

Your husband is the man

Did you know that?

Daughter of Cohenini:

(Smiling at Doc)

He took his favorite girl out tonight; He's the coolest actually

Marco:

(Looking at the Doc with a smirk)

Yes, yes he is

(Turning to find The Lady in the crowd. He waves her over)

Doc I have something to show you

I hope you don't mind Daughter of Cohenini

But I'll have to steal your husband for a while

Daughter of Cohenini:

(Suspicious stare for Marco and then for Doc)

Ok, just bring him back in one piece

(A smiling Lady hurries over w/a smile and her wine in hand)

And more than a kiss for Marco's cheek)

The Lady:

Hello all

Marco:

Lady this is Dr. Daniel Kutchin and his wife Daughter of Cohenini

The Lady:

(She extends her hand to both. Admiring look at Daughter of Cohenini's blouse)

Nice to meet you guys; that is cool, where did you get that?

Daughter of Cohenini:

There's this new place on HENNEPPIN AVENUE

They have like, all this stuff that you usually see in New Rome boutiques

They have a lot of everything, designers and

(Trails off with a smile)

um, all kinds of stuff

The Lady:

(Smiling)

Huh, I thought I'd raided all of Hennepin Avenue

I guess I missed a shop

You have to give me the address

(Marco looks at Doc who shares the same disgust for the women's banter)

The Doc smiles at him, lowering his head and sipping his drink as his head raises)

The Lady:

(Looking at Daughter of Cohenini's drink)

Let's head to the bar and top you off ; I'll give you the tour.

We'll leave these boys to play with themselves

Daughter of Cohenini:

(Smiling)

Ok, sounds good

(She exchanges an honest smile with Doc. She kisses him on the cheek)

See you in a bit

(She and The Lady walk off with interlocked arms)

(Doc and Marco watch the women walk off with a confused look on their faces)

Marco:

What was that?

It was quick

I feel like we just made a mistake introducing those two

Doc:

It was different

Marco:

Doc I'd like to show you something. It involves taking a ride.

Doc:

You want to leave your own party?

Marco:

Yes

It'll be fine

As long as they're fed and liquored up they don't give a flying fuck where I am

None of them care

Have you studied them yet?

(Looking into the crowd. The "Blah Blah" grows louder)

Look at them

Sheep

(Turning his attention back to Doc)

Just say yes

I have an old friend to give you

I think it's an old friend of yours

I'm usually right about that kind of thing

Doc:

(Puzzled smile)

An old friend, what is it?

Marco:

(A smile and a low whisper)

Cocaine Doctor

Let's get out of here though

These people bore me

Doc:

(Curious smile)

What makes you think cocaine is an old friend of mine?

Marco:

I know my kind

If I'm wrong forget I asked, but with or without you I'm going

It'll help you gain more insight into my character, I promise you

Doc:

(Smirking at Marco)

Alright let me tell my wife

How long will we be gone?

Marco:

(Sarcastic smirk)

We might not come back

Doc:

(Doc looks at Marco with intense sarcasm)

I need a time frame Marco

Marco:

(Smiling)

I thought the Rabbi only took your foreskin

He chopped off your balls too, huh?

(Doc gives him a sarcastic smile)

Fine, 1 and uh, half hours

(Doc nods his head and walks to his wife

Marco watches as he holds her left shoulder gently

Daughter of Cohenini turns to him with a beautiful glare

We see a friendly exchange under the “Blah Blah” tone

He kisses her goodbye and walks toward Marco

We see The Lady left hand salute Marco and him reciprocate

Marco turns before Doc reaches him

Doc follows him out the back door

*They come up on The Cold-Blooded Ride under **A Golden Spotlight***

Marco remote starts and opens the doors)

The Cold-Blooded Ride®

An electrifying vehicle w/style

The Cold-Blooded Ride was my attempt to fly

*A man H2O was that prided himself on his lack of need for the material, but this
machine seduced him with its form*

*It was Hollywood on the 101 riding with Fast Fetty Eddy where it first found me
I knew then she would be my final car*

*The Cold-Blooded Ride had the blackest paint with the blackest rims and no hint of
chrome to be found*

*The darkest black tint is on the windows and a light tint on the windshield
The interior is black with touch screen panel that transforms for night vision driving*

We must not forget The Wood Grain

Please don't let me forget, The Black Wood Grain?

Covert Missions must be embarked upon when driving such a beast

One could play a DVD inside the car and not be seen 'out there'

The option to shut off the brake lights is available in this covert mode

The Jamaican Map is engraved in the middle of the hood

The license plates are concealed and can be revealed with the push of a button

The plates told, H2O

(Doc has a surprised and impressed look on his face

He watches Marco get in and he follows immediately after/ATMOSPHERE'S 'SMART

WENT CRAZY' plays HIGH now

And fades low when Marco says...)

Marco:

(While entering car)

It's open

Doc:

Nice Time Machine Marco

(Marco smiles and reaches in the dash for a container. He pulls out a joint and lights it)

Marco:

(He drives off with a smile)

Thanks Doc

I call it The Cold-Blooded

If you want one

(Passing the joint to Doc)

I know a guy

Doc:

(Smiling while taking a deep drag. He speaks as the smoke is exhaled)

No thanks I'm very satisfied with my

Passat

Why do you call it The Coldblooded?

Marco:

(Smiling as Doc passes the Joint to him)

Look at it

It looks like something a Futuristic Soul Collector would drive

When you change your mind call me

Doc:

(Smiling and admiring the interior)

How much?

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

65

That's a deal

It's a 100 plus usually w/all these gadgets

I can call him right now Doc

Doc:

(Smiling)

I wish I could spend 65 grand on a car

Marco:

You don't question the legalities of the sale do you?

Doc:

(Serious)

Not at all, as long the paper work checks out

Marco:

(Nodding his head, passing the joint)

It does

Doc:

Where are we headed?

Marco:

A secret place Doc

Doc:

(Big puff and pass)

Where though, I have to be able to tell my wife if she calls?

Marco:

*(He opens the sun roof in **The Cold Cold Night** and the smoke escapes*

He passes the joint after a giant inhale)

We're headed to Uptown

Doc:

I love Uptown

You go to Uptown a lot?

Marco:

I don't like artists Doc

Too many of them are concentrated in Uptown

This is where the cowardly artists of The Twin Cities hide themselves and pretend to
provoke change

I leaves Nordeast only because I know most of them are hiding out in Uptown

And I need their art to sell

Plus there's great food up here and some cool galleries

I only come here to recruit artists for shows and to look at **The Pretty Hoes Shopping**

I go to Wazobia when I'm in Uptown

It's a little Nigerian restaurant up on Lyndale and there's also this art studio on Lyndale

I've been working with

They do a lot of cool stuff I've never seen

(Doc tries to pass the joint, but Marco refuses it

Doc searches for an ashtray

Marco pulls out the ashtray before Doc takes another drag and extinguishes the joint

ATMOSPHERE'S 'SMART WENT CRAZY' fades out and ATMOSPHERE'S 'POUR ME

ANOTHER' fades in low)

Doc:

What's the Minneapolis art scene like?

I live here, but I don't really know if there is one

Marco:

I don't think anyone knows

When you think Minneapolis

Art doesn't pop out at you

There is a scene though, but it's the same as the entire world, pretentious and unaware

The people that buy art in Minneapolis buy it based on their home's color scheme

I suppose that's the way its always been

It's the same in New Rome and all over the country

The artist needn't a soul these days, just the talent to be commissioned

Doc:

So you don't like the scene?

Marco:

I like it

It's the only art scene I've seen that's uh, not pretentious

Doc:

(Slight laughter)

Wait, you just said it was pretentious

Marco:

And now you don't know what to think

Don't wish you'd paid attention to the scene instead of listening to some crazy guy in a

stolen Benz

(Slight laughter as Doc shakes his head unappreciative of the mind toying)

...I'm just fuckin' with you Kutch

I like that there is a lot of art in St. Paul and Minneapolis

I hate that the artists here have to compromise for sales

That's not fare to an honest artist, but that's the way it is the world over

If you choose to be an artist you must accept the punishments

(Marco pulls into a view of Minneapolis with his car lights off and in full night vision

mode)

Doc:

This is cool; I feel like a spy

Marco:

(Smiling at Doc)

You're high

I have infrared in the back and front camera, look

Have you been here before Doc?

Doc:

(Smiling laughter while examining his surroundings)

Oh, The Good Old Watch Tower

Me and Daughter of Cohenini use to come up here and smoke pot

That's when we first started dating

It was unlocked then

Marco:

(A cynical smile pointing)

I use to smoke by that tree stump over there; There was a tree there once

*(Marco pulls out a container from the pocket behind his seat
When he opens it we see grinded cocaine. Doc's face turns to a smirk
Marco places it on the middle console and snorts without setting up lines
Doc has an astonished smirk on his face after Marco's Sniff)*

Doc:

(Astonished smirk looking at Marco)

You don't expect me to...

Marco:

(Sniffing and laughing)

Doc, I'm a veteran

Take your time

(Doc retrieves the straw from Marco and greets his old friend)

Doc:

*(After snorting he rubs a bit on his index finger and runs it about his lips and gums
licking)*

Mmm, that is delicious

Wow

The last time was three years ago

That's a good stretch without it, but miserable

Marco:

(Smiling)

I call coke **Cream Soda**

I'm gonna put it on t-shirts one day with different

Cocaine thoughts...

My favorite one so far is:

Cream Soda:

The Government made me do it

Doc:

(Resting his head back with a smirking smile)

I love **The Drip...**

I forgot how much I love the drip

(Laughing)

My wife would be so pissed if she found out I was doing coke without her

Marco:

(Smiling)

Your wife does it too?

The two of you look like that party couple from college

All the boys wanted her, but you won her on sheer intelligence and resilience

I love those stories. Good for you

You went to war to win her didn't you?

Doc:

(Smiling laughter and sniffing with a repeated nod)

You have no idea...

This is, fuckin' great

This car, is fuckin' great

This cocaine is fuckin' great...

The Night is great

(Marco is smiling at a spaced out Doc)

Marco:

I'm headed to space Doc

I can't die here

The Vacuum of Space is where my demise should happen

I can't die by the hands of these people

Doc:

Your outlook on things is so fucked up Marco that it's cool

I mean I know the things you're talking about are **Based In Truth**, but it's so depressing

And you're sure about most of it; That's the scary part

(Smiling sniffle)

You're going to go mad, but if there is anyone that will enjoy madness

I think its you

Marco:

(Confused smile)

Wait, wait, wait

Are you saying you don't think I'm already mad?

Doc:

You're no where near mad

I have mad patients, believe me

I think you have family issues

You do your best to avoid conscious thought of them

Whatever they did to you it's hard for you to forgive them still, but you're not crazy

Marco

(Marco nods repeatedly and reaches for the straw and does another line)

Marco:

I have to admit Doc I wasn't sure about my madness

Thanks; You eased my worry or did I?

MMM?

Don't you love Cocaine Conversations?

(Marco passes the straw. Doc does a line)

Doc:

A lot of people aren't crazy like they think

They just need to talk it out or write it out

When you eat you shit, I mean...

When you take in information, good and bad

You need to shit it out, but reserve your best information for you

Marco:

That's funny

I always say the same thing basically

I say *information is defecation*

(Smiling laughter)

People talk a lot of shit, you know?

Doc:

(Laughing snuffle)

That's funny. That's really funny...

Marco:

Uptown

What a pretentious fuckin' name for a city

They might as well name it

'Fuck You'

Where do you live artist?

FUCK YOU

Doc:

(Smiling laughter)

You and your generalizations Marco are trouble Marco

Marco:

We should head back

By the way your wife is doing coke right now

If she's with The Lady she's partying

That's a fact

Don't worry though

She's in great hands

Doc:

(A curious, but less than concerned look)

How do you know that?

(Cut to a Staged Screen-

A Woman's Seduction to Friendship is scene

Doc sees with Marco's dialogue his wife 'coking', but all the while it was really H2O

prosing---

ATMOSPHERE'S 'POUR ME ANOTHER' fades out and

ATMOSPHERE'S 'GET FLY (What If Jesus Forgot to put You on the Guestlist?)' plays

low in the night

Marco:

My lady can spot her kind too Doc

And it's about that time when she needs another bump or several

She's taking your wife around the party arm in arm and introducing her to everyone

By now they're holding hands and drinking

She's probably kissed her by now in the back room, doing lines

She holds your wife's hair and kisses her neckline as she snorts

That sends a shiver throughout your wife

She looks up at The Lady a little confused, but liking the scene

The Lady will then let go of her hair and proceed to do her lines

Your wife will hold her hair and kiss her neckline
When she's done snorting the two will kiss, not for sexual gratification, but to connect
Drugs help to complete the telepathy
Women make The Strongest Telepaths because they stay in their heads all day long, all
the time,
They're thinking, I mean all the time, you have no idea, you have no fuckin idea, all the
time and it has to do with you if she loves you
Don't worry your woman overstands her role as the matriarch and so does mine
They won't cross the line, so it's nothing to worry about, I think

Doc:

(Slight laughter w/ a stern tone)

Wait a fuckin' second; are you saying my wife is being seduced?

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

Not seduced just uh

Endeared

My lady is like that

She won't go down on her or anything, well maybe

I'm just fuckin' with you Daniel. Don't worry

Some women bond on a weird sexual level

Mostly its just mental w/them; I only proposed a scenario

so who knows what they really did?

My girl is very forth right with her sexuality

Doc:

I believe you

That is strange

(Smiling laughter)

But I really believe you

She does check women out

Marco:

Oh yeah, it's true a lot of women are sexually attracted to each other

They rarely act on it though

Its nothing to worry about believe me

Some women would be grossed out by it

Your wife might be one of those

Who knows?

Doc:

(Semi-angry, smiling)

You just told me my wife is hooking up with your girlfriend

I should be a little worried I think

Don't, don't take my worry Marco

I like my worry

Marco:

(Signaling to the coke and speaking in a calm tone)

Doc relax

Do another line and think about what you're saying

Your wife is not leaving you for my lady, alright?

(Doc gets quiet with a puzzled look on his face

He reaches for the straw and does a line

Marco stays quiet and closes his eyes while resting back in his seat

A moment passes and we come upon a decibel increase at the third minute of 'Get Fly'

H2O uses the smooth musical segway to remember The Pretty Girl M from St.Cloud...

She had whispered in his ear one night

*While he danced w/a slut, but he was far too high and far too drunk to respond to her
muttering*

So he ignored The Pretty Girl M in his vertical stupor

If he could speak to her again

He would say... "Though I am a semi-racist, I would cross-breed with you

I only saw you a few times, but your chest was out

your ass was round and your head was up

The Confident Woman is very necessary for my survival

The Pretty Girl M serves as an extra marker for HIS time traveling

Her face is as A GREAT REMINDER

Doc snorts more coke)

Doc:

I remember studying that very thing in school

I know what you mean

Women do form weird relationships with each other

Especially when there are drugs involved

(Marco opens his eyes and turns the key in the ignition and begins driving back)

Marco:

(Smiling at Doc)

Ready to go back and get your balls out of her purse?

Doc:

(Sarcastic smile)

That's exactly what I did when I walked over and said bye to her

I handed her my balls for safe keeping

Marco:

(Smiling)

Oh yes

"Here honey, uh, hold these for me

I won't need them while I'm out"

Doc:

(Jeering laughter)

Have you always been an asshole?

Marco:

(He looks at Doc smiling)

Since the first day

Do you like Peter Tosh?

Doc:

(Conceited delivery)

Of course

Marco:

(... 'Get Fly' fades/ He selects **TOSH** on his CD changer)

Listen to the words of this song

Doc:

Play it

I haven't heard Tosh in a while

(Marco turns up the music... Moments later he turns it down with a puzzled look)

Marco:

Rastas hate coke you know?

They wouldn't take too kindly to our choice of music in our current state

Doc:

Tosh was a Rasta wasn't he?

Marco:

(Slight laughter)

Yeah

Yeah he was Doc

Doc:

I love Rastas

Marco:

(Smiling laughter)

Why is that?

Doc:

(Smiling)

They're cool

Marco:

(Smiling laughter while pointing to the Red, Gold and Green emblem on his rear view

and his ring with the same colors **RGG**)

I AM A RASTA

Sort of...

I'm astray right now

But in my daily life I try to live **THE RASTA WAY**

Doc:

(Smiling laughter)

You have to explain that one

Marco:

If the war starts tonight I know my side

I shave sometimes, so I can't be a complete Rasta plus I eat meat, sometimes

I'm cuttin' down on **MEAT** though; A lot of fish lately

Tomorrow I'll be Agnostic again, but I'll be Rasta still

Doc:

Why?

Marco:

The Rasta is the first man and so am I; I can feel it

AT THIS POINT IN MY LIFE

I FEEL LIKE I DON'T HAVE TO GIVE AN INDEPTH EXPLANATION FOR THAT

IT'S SOMETHING I FEEL, SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS

I FINALLY TRUST MYSELF, WHOLE, SO

I AM A RASTA AND THAT IS FINAL

Doc:

Fair enough

Marco H2O vs. God:

*(Car scene same, **TOSH** FADES; Dialogue change*

No music plays in this echoed silence)

Marco:

(Turns the music off and looks into Doc's eyes briefly

Then Marco looks away and says...)

I'm going to tell you something that no one else knows about me

I need to know that you'll die with it

Doc:

(Doc looks at HIM with a serious stare)

Ok

Marco:

(He looks at Doc with a serious curiosity)

I'm at war with God and she started it

(Doc expresses a serious nod)

I curse her daily, but I thank her daily

Still, I'm unaware of which one of us is the hypocrite; It's a fucked up relationship

I know I need her more than she needs me

For some reason though I've always thought she needed me

That's how conceited I've had to be in order to survive **The Grid**

Doc:

(Slight laughter)

You sure know how to pick your fights Marco

You can't actually think you're at war with God?

Marco:

You can go to war with anyone Kutch

For me it's about the missing information that people die without

I want that info

It's unfair I don't know the real beginning

The Big Bang Theory and The Six Day Creation Thing never did it for me

So until I get my answers me and HER, are at war

Doc:

(Smiling laughter)

Her?

Marco:

Oh yes; God is a woman

(Doc laughs slightly)

Only a woman could be this cruel for so long

Twenty seven years of cruelty Doc, each year crueler than the last

I've had successes, many successes and many losses too

But no sustainable happiness

Women enjoy that nagging kind of carnage

They heal and destroy in the same breath

That's God

She loves you, to death

(Doc's phone rings-Jewish theme ring. Marco has a wide smile while twisting his head)

That might be her calling now

A woman can tell when you're talking about her

Doc:

(Doc smiles while looking at his Blackberry phone screen)

I downloaded that ring just for you; it's my wife

Marco:

She's wondering if you want your balls back

(Doc looks at Marco with a friendly disdain. Marco laughs softly)

Doc:

(Flirtatious tone answering his phone)

Yes my wife...

We're pulling in right now; see you in a bit...

I want my balls back when I come in there, or else

I'll beat you

(Both men crack a smile)

Marco:

She hung up didn't she?

Doc:

(Smiles)

Yeah,

She sounds like she use to

Marco:

(Tired sigh)

She's high on Cream Soda Doc

Doc:

(Nodding his head)

Cool

The Lady in The Green Dress, Ms. Hannah:

(The two pull into the alley and exit the car. Walking in the art show Marco stops Doc)

Marco:

Our next session might be some time from now
The Lady and I are going on vacation for a while
I don't want to do anything for a while

Doc:

(Surprised expression)

Oh, where you headed?

Marco:

The Great White North

We're moving in a month

I feel defined Doc and so should you

Three days work you did on me

You are the man, The Chosen Man if you will

I feel like I just took A 27 Year Old Shit

I Can't wait for the next one

Doc:

(Smiling Doc)

Are you coming back?

Marco:

I'll try not to

That was the plan all along

We need a change

Doc:

(Begins to smile)

Are you taking the car?

Marco:

(Semi-serious)

Actually no, you want it?

Doc:

(Heavy smile)

Don't screw with my emotions Marco

Marco:

I'm serious

Doc:

(Smiling laughter)

Fuck off

Marco:

(Semi-serious transitions to a heavy smile)

Nah, I'm driving it up

Doc:

That's funny; what about the gallery?

Marco:

Sold

The new owner is over there

She is The Lady in The Green Dress

Her name is **Ms. Hannah**

If you need art in the near future

Tell her you know me

She'll take care of you

Doc:

Good luck with everything man

We have to exchange info before you leave

Marco:

(Smiling stare)

I have your number

(Looking back in the room Marco sees The Lady and Daughter of Cohenini

approaching)

Here come our friends

(The two women are walking hand in hand toward Marco and Doc

The Lady speaks first...)

The Lady:

(Suspicious smile directed at the two men)

What have you two been up to?

Daughter of Cohenini:

(Smiling and looking at Doc w/a curious eye and then Marco)

Where ever they were, I'm sure they were up to no good

Doc:

(Smiling and pulling her close to him)

What have you been up to?

Daughter of Cohenini:

(Guilty smile)

You might be mad at me when you find out

Doc:

(Smiling)

I bet I won't

Daughter of Cohenini:

(A curious smile at Doc and then Marco)

Doc:

I already know

(Slight whisper)

Me too

(The two smile at each other and kiss)

Goodbye Doctor Kutch:

*(The scene changes from the foursome's 're-hellos' to Marco and The Lady
Waiting at the door for Doc and Daughter of Cohenini as the gallery empties
We see him and The Lady saying goodbye to their guests
Doc and Daughter of Cohenini approach the two
This scene shows a friendly exchange between the four)*

Marco:

How was the show Daughter of Cohenini?

Daughter of Cohenini:

(Smiling)

It was great

(Looking at The Lady)

We had a really good time; it's too bad you guys are leaving

(Switching back to Marco)

We must have dinner before you leave, promise

Marco:

(Looking at The Lady and then Daughter of Cohenini, both staring at him)

We promise

(The Lady and Daughter of Cohenini embrace. Marco turns to a spaced out Doc)

Doc it's been a pleasure

Doc:

(Sudden smile for his new friend)

Same here Marco

Marco:

(Smiling)

You have definitely got the cool my man

I don't usually invite Jews into my home, much less my mind

But you're all welcome anytime, and 'the others' can come too, even the new place

Doc:

(Sarcastic smile and tone)

Thanks Marco

I'm sure Jews everywhere are proud that I,

I broke that wall down

We can finally sleep at night, all of us

As a people

Marco:

(Smiling)

Racial humor in parting, civil don't you think?

...Goodbye Doctor Kutchin

Doc:

(Smiling and shaking his head)

I'll see you before you leave...

(Kutch extends his hand

Marco reciprocates

We see The Lady and Daughter of Cohenini exchanging numbers

After the exchanging The Lady hugs Doc goodbye

The two women hug once more

Daughter of Cohenini hugs Marco...

On their way out Doc and Daughter of Cohenini turn around and Marco gives them the

left hand salute

The couple reciprocates)

The Great Spooning:

(Cut to Marco and The Lady pulling into their car park

They enter their lair to a split screen

The Lady puts her bag in their bedroom closet and dresses down in front of her mirror

Still in The Middle of The Loft Marco takes off his shoes

And folds His Favorite Sport Coat over the back of his chair

The Lady is still in the mirror/He then heads to the kitchen where



He washes his hands and gets two bottled Smart Waters from the fridge

As a boy The Old Lady warned him that The family had A History of Diabetes

So As A Man he took the necessary precautions including the water he drank

Cut to The Lady washing her face

She dries after washing and looks in the mirror smiling

Actually, The Lady patted her face dry; She always insisted,

“Wiping kills more skin cells and takes away the necessary oils your face needs”

In the mirror she is happy

(The Split Screen Ends)

Marco comes in and sees her smiling at her reflection

She finds him in the mirror

The two exchange a loving stare

He hands her the smart water, kissing her left shoulder ...

Cut to The Lady in bed staring up at the ceiling with a content smirk

She gets up from under the covers and reveals her Sponge Bob Pajamas

She's goofy like that; Her nightwear always made me laugh

We follow her as she walks to the studio where Marco is on HIS Information Box

From across the room she says...

"You're not looking at porn are you baby?"

Marco responds with a slight laughter while smiling at her, saying...

"No,

I'm building a time machine, mama"

He smiles at his woman, and her the same

He shuts down 'the new reference catalogue' and walks to her

We hear the Microsoft Windows chime goodbye

She grabs his hand leading him to their bedroom

We see them SPOONED in bed

The Lady smiles with eyes closed as

Marco buries his head in her shoulder, cradling her

This ends the scene and begins The Great Spooning

The Monologue Epilogue of The Main Character:

(On a screen of Three Hues each holds a cordless mic

Staged under a metal tree and a Golden spotlight: Marlon, Marco and a distant

Hopeton, but still in The Gold

A Golden Hooded H2O is made observer not to his liking

*H2O watches w/dark aviators from across the stage under a white light, still holding
the old school mic*

His anger or His Telepathy disrespects the voltage of his spotlight.

The distant parlaying of The Three finds H2O beside himself Thrice

He disrespects the voltage of The Three far and gains their attention...

Looking across the stage we see his head down w/mic in hand

*Raising his head, H2O's expression is not so much sarcastic, but a disappointed smirk
with a slight head swivel...*

He speaks to Them almost appealing to their senses, but in a threatening decibel)

H2O:

(A raspy toned growl)

I made you, The Intermingled Three of You

I made you

You can't beat your creator

You read that; You should know that

I might've been too cool to participate, but I was there when The Books were read

I inhaled more of The Secret Book than the three of you did

Hopeton, say something!!!

You alone can fix this!!!

(...Slight laughter)

Behind the semi-colon is me!!!

(Disappointed sigh)

You a-holes don't have The Talent to flow w/such ease

I'm the only truth you know

I'm Fuckin' H2O!!!

(The Three turn their back to H2O)

H2O:

(Heavy laughter...)

You fuckin' unappreciative, piece-a-shit, mothafuckas

A wha di bombo clawt unu a do?!!!

Unu need mi!!!

A me di river flow!!!

A me di sky reflect!!!

Every boddy know!!!

(W/backs still turned Marlon/Marco says...)

Marlon/Marco:

H2O, you know what we're here for

Fuckin' recite it already, so The I can go home...

(Hopeton remains distant w/the sickest of smiles

Marlon/Marco looks at himself w/his back still turned then says...)

...We're trying something new H2O

Do it for the team, won't you?

(H2O straightens up, clears his throat and says to THEM and the absent audience...)

I-H2O

Of the masses only WE know

How I came to be called H2O

Born Marlon Hopeton Higgins he despised all three names

His stay in Warrensville Heights was when the splitting finalized

It was during this time his self-evaluation found him @ The Public Libraries

On Computers and In Books studying The Good Doctors, like MacLean

The Good Doctor's book was too expensive for the libraries to own,

But I read of his work what I could then...

"I am a writer, no matter my name"

HE proclaimed on lined papyrus for none to hear

In those young days he decided on a name change

(The three turn around to witness H2O's frowning flow/H2O lowers his head still

holding the mic though)

II-Marco

'Twas quite clever how it came about

H₂O, just sort of, came out...

I knew The Elements in nature made up The Entire Puzzle

But this man had inner queries that no Earthly Element could unravel

In our self-evaluations we cannot pretend

In times of reflection, projection or casting out of demons

Scribes

Remember your wands

III--Marlon

@ Wiley Middle Science Teacher 1 showed the class The Periodic Table

And since then it's been on my minds

These are The Elements that guide the system

And because I was ruled by them

There was an Idea forged from them

A future prospective query, if you will

What if a man transformed himself into 1 "Element"?

(H2O raises his head with a disgusted smirk and says...)

H2O:

(Slight bellowing chuckle then a raspy and distant tone)

I know what you boys are doing

But do you know with whom you're screwing?

(Laughing chuckle)

You think I'll just leave?

I am the reason for everything!!!

(The Three only stare at him...)

A dejected H2O begins maniacally laughing

Still The Three only stare at him

Disgusted, H2O sighs and says...)

IV-H₂O

--Other questions arose, of course

Why would a man supposedly do this?

Is he some sort of super hero or mad scientist?

How would he come about his element's name?

-The element must come from his current name

A made-up rule, but all the same

It's just a game, right?

--Ofcourse

-The element break down goes like this:

Marlon=M1, Hopeton=H1, Higgins=H1

We now attach the ever prevalent Oxygen (O)

And You now have MH₂O

This element is unstable though

Don't get too close

V1-Marco/Marlon

Despite the successful transformation there was still a problem

MH2O still broke down to Marlon H2O

It is only a first name, but He did not want any one knowing HIM

That's why some parts of the story are Marco and some parts are me

Whoever Me was or Is?

While maintaining His Story's Honesty, He still purposely

Made The Timeline Intermingled w/some Experimental Drug Play

He read books on how to do it, even what dosages to take and when to take them

He used The Natural Drugs to recollect his manuscript and unlike

The People The Drugs did not fail him

And since everything these days must be spun to be overstood HE made his life's story

A Bedtime Story.... everyone overstands bedtime stories

And because The Planet is run on STEREOTYPES, most deserving

He made his analyzer A Jewish Doctor

His favorite subject found from his life recollected were THE CHRISTMASes

He decided not to share those memories this time 'out here', 'cept a smidgen:

Christmas in America was when HE first recognized Greed

EACH YEAR HE FOUND HIMSELF OBSESSED WITH CHRISTMAS *and later*

its corporate history

He will travel The Timeline Intermingled at a later date to collect

His Christmas Memories

(He remembers now Brown's Town and Grand Market Night before

The Great Mourning

Roasted Peanuts and Chicken Jerked, Granville Street w/lights all around

Cedar Road with Wreaths on Posts, The Play House Square, and

The Big New Rome Tree)

HE NOTICED AT YEAR'S END IN ALL THE CITIES

THAT ALL THE PEOPLE CHANGED AND BEGAN TO REASSESS THINGS

This author has rarely reassessed, but has often thought of doing it

IT'S THE BEST TIME TO SELL *and I could see the advertisers knew this*

The Lady from Bald Knob worked in HR for one of the big advertising houses

So she explained a lot of THAT GAME to him and what she left out, he found himself

The Peons were kept at their weakest all the time he found

Hence The Game; Whomever can decipher the best will win the crown

I now welcome all salespeople; My Kung-Fu is now The Best

IT ALL BEGINS ON NOVEMBER 2ND WORLD WIDE

(For past reasons I Suspects)...

V2-Marlon/Marco:

IN MY LIFE there was even help from MAGIC BOOKS

One book was secret w/original scripted penmanship; It appeared to me

My favorite lines in this book went something like,

THE SHAPES of The Paragraphs Define The Insanity

Once the ink touches the scroll the truth will always unfold

The words Reveal The Honesty of The Scribe

If you highlight certain words you can Travel Past or Future Time

THE SHAPES of The Dialogue Tell The Whole Truth

And can dwindle almost tornado like

When The Scribe is tired

This happens whether The Wizard likes it or not...

These spellbinding books taught me

Now do you see?

The question you should now ask is

Who was Marlon H2O?

(Slight chuckle)

I digress...

His alter ego was still incomplete, for Marlon Higgins was still being revealed

Then The Old Man in Riverside told Me the real

Story of Marco Polo that is and my research confirmed Polo

A hero navigator, he was misoverstood and under represented

Eventually falling victim to Vicious Political Spins as is The Process of Things...

I prefer that version of his legend

The other side of the story saw him as selfish and systematic

I like that part of his legend too...

Polo's tortured history felt ideal for The Dark and Condescending Figure

to adopt into his elemental appeal

Marco H2O was approved and concealed for development on

this now toxic papyrus sheet

Our self-edit is almost at a close

Hoes...

(Marlon/Marco step to the dark back of The Red and

Hopeton comes forward and says...)

VI-Hopeton

Once Marlon and Marco split

Marlon was left in the real world thirsty without his names

He needed a specific name back

He knew he was Marlon no more and Higgins was a slave's name

H1 was all Higgins gave, so this BRAND could not be made serious in His Plays...

At his lowest of moments a name he rarely spoke broke down to

how he wished to feel

This name would be the definition of what he needed to be

A Beautiful Young Woman knew he would need this moniker one day

So she left it for him to find at His Most Depressed Stage

...Meanwhile, in the back of his Limbic Mind
A Jewish Analytical Hero
was developing
This figure's race would be of great importance to HIM
Because other than The Main Character's Hued People
The Jews treated him best and HE felt that meant something
'Twas This Limbic Character's purposeful reservation in thought
That allowed our hero's necessary release to transpire
Subsequently creating A Work-In-Progress Format,
For Himself in Manuscript Therapy...
In the middle of The Trikaya
This Doc would serve as a gage for our hero's
Self-Riot on A Minneapolis Lofted Stage
It was in THIS LOFT where The Triune Brain convened to decide
Whether Marlon, Marco or Hopeton would be
The Main Character
In real life...

*(The stage blackens and the house lights come to a slight rise,
Enough for the audience to appear as shadows of themselves and the closed Golden*

Curtains seen

The curtains begin separation

*Our characters are under dueling spotlights: H2O's light is white and dimming in and
out*

Hopeton's light is a mocking bright Gold

H2O looks surprised as Hopeton's monologue ends and nothing happens to him,

So he dialogues cocky to Hopeton and his light strengthens...

H2O:

(Smiling w/a loud tone)

So does this mean I live on?

You were trying to kill me with words just then,

But here I am, Hopeton

Hopeton:

(Disgusted look at the character he created with an ink filled wand)

Don't ever say my name again or your story will end

(H2O mocks Hopeton with a smile)

Hopeton reciprocates his smile appreciating H2O's brashness)

You're not going to escape The Single Trilogy H2O; You have become a monster

You know almost as much as I do

I'll make sure it's not painful; You are after all a part of me

I can't go around hurting myself now, can we?

(A cynical smile adorns H2O's face/The Main Character reciprocates)

*Hopeton walks to The Edge of The Stage and levitates w/ his back turned to
the audience*

HE directs a smiling glare @ H2O

*Just then Shankar and Glass' 'Meetings Along The Edge' begin a smooth well, that's His
Theme Song, you know?*

*Hopeton winks at H2O and turns to the audience, smiles and says,
in the most pretentious of tones...*

“Salutations, ALL”

*The Audience reciprocates and are glad for The Fare Paid
HE flies over a part of his audience purposely and then down the aisle; That’s cool...
He lands at the exit door and bows to the amused crowd; That’s cool too...*

From the stage H2O gives HIM a left hand salute

That gesture, The Main Character does not reciprocate

*Showing H2O his proper place is **The Lone Stage***

HOPETON turns his back to H2O and exits His Own Play, **Effortlessly...** We then...)

End scene to a possible applause

While The Golden Curtain is drawn

H2O sarcastically stares at the audience while pacing back and forth...

From The Gold Curtain we fade to a Screen of black and white to watch

Whitey and The Blackgrounds die

WHEN H2O LEAVES YOU® :(Black & White/Gold)

The Murder of Whitey and The Blackgrounds

(For the 3rd reciting of the 1st line pause after 'time')

The Controlled Schizophrenic will speak to you for the final time this evening (3Xs)

(...Backstage Marco H2O drinks one of The Singers' Mixes:

Hot water, some lime fuh da rhyme, honey, a half clove of grinded garlic,

ginger and a shot of rum for good measure, stirred

Oh, and he smokes a little Sour Diesel too...

In the Echoed Silence of The Intermingled Timeline there is a bebop group with

a gyrating white lead singer

And three black background singers, with short perms

They are called Whitey and The Blackgrounds

The Blackgrounds set up for their show, hauling equipment as they observe

Whitey offstage signing autographs

A familiar looking black boy and his familiar looking mother gets an autograph

from Whitey to the disgust of The Blackgrounds

1 in particular

This same Blackground seems obsessed with the lead mic

The Mic of Nostalgia

Tonight they sing their blues rock' hit 'Othuh Side A Da Delta Tracks'

-AA-BB when he feels)

I

'Other Side of the Delta Tracks'-(harmonies in parenthesis)

Last night I snuck to **da othuh side a Da Delta Tracks**

Last night I snuck to da othuh side a Da Delta tracks

I saw an old man with grey in his beard and soul in his voice

He sung da most beautiful noise (*creative harmony*)

Da people danced graceful on da half mud floor

When it came time to leave dey screamed out, Encore

It was rockin', but it sounded like blues (*blues, blues, rockin' blues*)

The Old Man was movin' so smooth in those blue blue shoes (*blue, blue, dem blue shoes*)

II

Last night I snuck to da othuh side a Da Delta tracks (*low whisper-2*)

The other side a Da Delta tracks, I saw yuh dere Black (*You were there Black-2*)

I heard and saw music fuh da first time

And wanted it to be mine (*'He wanted it to be his' breakdown- a series of cool harmonies*)

This was no ordinary jam session

This band played perfect core progressions

III

Da othuh side a da tracks, da othuh side a da Delta tracks (2)

Sorry Blacks, but you can't get youh music back (*Whisper breakdown*)

Da othuh side a da tracks is wheuh I got my style

(Wheuh he got his style-cool repetitive harmony)

I'm in need a some new material, so I'm goin' back in awhile

The other side of the tracks, the other side...best believe I'm coming back for more

(End on a series of cool harmonies)

H2O's Voice Speaks:

(The set-up for the show continues to go, but H2O must flow...)

For those curious as to who I am

Here is your query answered

Here are a few of the things The Grid has made Me

HE is The Failed Actor that stopped acting and became The Rebel Thespian

whatever that means

The Format Changer accused by his arch enemy

The Evil Professor Nothing, of having a bad attitude

For this and other reasons the professors' character went undeveloped...

Before you stands The Subject Predicate Predator

He has become A Dangerous Element

I am The Depressed Super-Hero in a seemingly endless purgatory

The First Person/Third Person Maniac came to recite the previously recited

Through fire The Black Organism from Warrensville have come

Reversing the teachings of

The Proverbial They and embracing His Own History

Mine was a world void of regionalism for many years

The Paranoid Kabalarian still gets his hands dirty from being flirty with sluts, but

First he sees to the numbers

Pay Attention To The Numbers, I beg you all

The Hipster Killer walks among you now
My body once inhabited The Whore and The Pimp in harmony
Then The Books and The Obvious Lies pimped the whore freeing my minds
The Black Marty McFly traveled to show You his
Accidentally Semi-Rhymed Time Machine
This Necessarily Secretive and Violent Man does not seek your friendship
He seeks your end

(Whitey and The Blackgrounds begin to perform
H2O is revealed dancing and singing as The Center Blackground
Their choreography along w/their harmonies make a crisp performance)

The Hurricane Survivor weathered The Clichéd Storm and brought back
The Sugar
W/Zinc Sheets flying inches above his head
A would be leader of THE REBEL ARMY he must not be called A GANGSTER
All tolerance has been lost for SUCH A SPIN
He was told from a young age “*The Game is cold*”, so he made it a point never to
forget His Mental Coat;
Sorry Old Heads for giving The Game away so freely, but they are way behind in
their lessons, so I had to highlight IT for them

Revelations approach and there is fire in my pen to burn the captures

The Greatest Mistake of 'they' has realized His Reason...

The Main Character soaked up 'they game' and reversed it

He is The Spark Amaru Spoke of...

The pretension in his voice is very real

Though depressed, there is A Great and Mysterious Conceit that drives Him...

(Performing still, H2O's face turns from the contrived happiness to a legitimate frown)

I have now perfect overstanding of my talents

H2O can do and excel at anything he touches

I remain The Antagonist/Protagonist

Hoes...

(An angry H2O stops performing

He takes off The Permed Wig, slowly looking at it in disgust and dropping it to the floor

The music is silenced by a now slowed motion

He draws HIS GUN from his right inside coat pocket

We see and hear him cock his gun over the echoed silence

H2O looks at his fellow Blackgrounds in disgust and pity w/the gun still at his side

The Blackgrounds unaware and still performing, H2O breaks formation and shoots them

In their hearts, but the music still plays... They're too black for the audience to care

He studies Whitey, tapping him on the shoulder and shoots him in the heart

The absent audience only gasps at Whitey's demise
H2O becomes fixated on Whitey's blue shoes in 'The Black & White Scene'

He mouths aloud in a low tone

"Nice shoes Whitey, what size are these?"

He takes the shoes from Whitey's still, shaking body

He then empties the barrel into Whitey

The shaking stops and the ritualistic voiceover track starts, naturally)

The Reaper returns handsome and Black (3xs)

(You chanted said line three for it to be fact)

After some three hundred plus years of absence

I have come to claim the souls of your children

You will pay me what I'm owed

The Exactor of The Conscious-Minded's Revenge have come to slay the sheep...

A Victim of Colonialism made background singer, HE has decided to sing lead

For this, The Final Stanza

(Putting on his long lost shoes H2O mouths in a low tone

'What do you know, a perfect fit, thanks fuh holdin' on to them for me'

When his blue shoes are laced his Gold Blazer is revealed in 'the black and white scene'

He begins mocking the absent audience with the old

' Shuck and Jive'

The absent audience cheers him with a 'clapping sound track' pretending to be a 'live'...

H2O stops abruptly, pointing the gun at the audience to their collective gasp

Then lowering The Gun at his side with that snide smile

Giving them what he calls

'The Fuck and Jive'

He walks to and caresses 'the now bloody Mic of Nostalgia

H2O:

(H2O looks into the blinding spotlight

He reaches inside his left coat pocket taking out and adorning

His Gold tinted aviator sun glasses (Still in the black and white scene)

Thus begins The Imagination Revolution

While holding his mic in the right hand and his gun in the left

He bows to the absent audience holding his gun over his chest...

H2O then exits stage left, flailing the gun to no applause)

End Scene; we Fade to Gold...

Formal Apology to The Most Alert

We have reached the conclusion of this read

If you would like to continue our story there is another section, I believe

There are 'the most alert' that will
overstand thoroughly what they have just read

There is an apology for this most alert needed

The Alert will get it, kind of

I'll never lower myself again by talking to peons, personally or otherwise

I don't have to

Insect Humans do not have a place in my world

The idiots have chosen to be idiots

In MY WORLD, the only complaint is mine and that is fine

I did not want to scribble this tale, but you know the 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 me and continue to do so

Still, the future prospective lies in 'the past of the present'

1 Ghost Writer, a character I created for the not so inspired,

A character I vowed to never re-evoke

He once called it The Intermingled Timeline...

In this, the second body of the trikaya You will find

There were no actual predictions made and *the most alert* will agree

Me, '2008'

The Monologue Therapy of Marco H2O

The Character of Marco H2O: A Single Trilogy

A Bedtime Story for The Rebel's Child

By, Hopeton

