

Proem

It was said, when I attended all black Benjamin Banneker Junior High School in Washington, D.C., 1950, 51 and 52, that Jeepy Wallace, a fellow student, could beat grown men. Ah, someone great to hero worship, even emulate, I thought, without knowing the full story. I fantasized that maybe he was another young Joe Louis in the ghetto, before it was called that, back when the last thing you dared call anybody "colored", was black. He was a sepia Alan Ladd, "Shane" type, on the hill in northwest D.C., walking five foot ten and a half, at least, down Georgia Avenue, mornings on his way to school.

Jeepy didn't carry books and he never carried a lunch. His tan facial features were chiseled subtle and easy going as not to obscure his brown tiger-eyes, awake, alert and ready for the whole wide wicked world. He was combatively compact and husky with broad shoulders, not too broad, but just formidable enough without obvious, deliberate, bulging muscles to receive complete peer veneration. He wore an army surplus, marine green and/or khaki army field jacket in winter, and I only saw him then.

When you saw Jeepy, you saw all heart and you experienced pure soul. His taciturn, inculpable impressiveness inspired us young boys to walk taller and be manlier in his prizefighter like presence. Jeepy had noble instincts and stayed straightforward, brave and true to his code. He was a street warrior of peace, a cunning role model, the full-length mirror of manhood, a soft-spoken, introspective, playground gladiator, and the strong silent leader of youth in my neighborhood. When he answered your calling his name, "Jeepy," he'd look at you, say, "Hey man," while keeping his steady, cocksure stride on the cement sometimes, red brick sometimes sidewalk. He was ever confidently looking ahead into the future, coming fast then, as jet planes roared and soared overhead in the fabulous fifties. Your day was made sunny, as the natural sound of his voice, male bonding back at you, became a keepsake, and you felt essential and made whole by his casual acceptance of your shared existence on this blue planet.

Grown-up mentally in his mannish, boyish ways and physically beyond our young years, he was out there somewhere in the night and up late, I imagined. And as I had a strict curfew, seldom broken then, I daydreamed he even smoked cigarettes openly and had a beer at his kitchen table with whomever he pleased. I also thought he must have a job ideally suited to his interest, something that he liked after school, with enough money paid a week to make him independent. He could have even supported his mother, brothers and sisters, or even his own young wife and baby, because he was a man trapped in a boy's age.

I never saw him fight, but it was known by all he was the best pound for pound and better even than Randolph Massey, whom I saw in action once down on the big Banneker ball field after school. So very impressive was Randolph, over a hundred kids watched his bare knuckled fist, rendering a pitied, smaller, but brave opponent to the ground with one punch. And then this beautiful, dark-skinned, purple gummed girl with womanly ways, body and straightened short-stylish hairdo, helped the lucky fallen fellow up and home.

I never saw Jeepy dance like Feebie (Leo Griffin), who ran in brand-new brown chukka boots across the hardwood gym floor at an afternoon school dance, and got the first belly rub with the prettiest, sexy Nettie Gray, to the Orioles recording of, "It's Too Soon to Know." Unlike the two most popular boys in my class, Henry Wedlock and Donald Wines, Jeepy avoided the glaring spotlight of school social life. I never knew his grade; I was in the seventh at the time, perhaps he was in the ninth.

Many of the boys and girls he knew were protected by him, as an older big brother would do. He was known to be a post-puberty paladin in the days when fist were fast and hard to the jaw, up against brass knucks and switchblades, to knock these audacious atrocious aggressive adversaries unconscious, in front of a bloodthirsty mob of gawking, cheering, jeering, acned beast, leering and screaming at the struggle to win the fight.

It was the time of argyle: as in red, white and black socks, worn with (beltless), creased, charcoal gray flannel swag slacks with a buckle in the back, while sporting a hint of handkerchief, hanging out of hip pockets. These pants lightly touched shiny pointed-toed black, brown, tan FootJoy and/or Stetson wing tipped dress leather shoes, suede shoes, loafers, white bucks, desert boots, fashion leather boots. Then Oxford dress pink roll, ala Billy Eckstein collar shirts, button down collars or pen-tab collars and red ties with blue or black diagonal

stripes, golden cuff links, and tie pens; cashmere v neck sweaters (all shades), turtlenecks, sporty vest, from plaids to solid red, green and yellow satins, plus, every other imaginable, fancy, silky patterned design; wool bib caps, push-button umbrellas, silk scarfs, leather kid gloves, Dobb stingy brim felt hats, (tweed) raglan overcoats, plain tan raincoats, English style trench coats and those who could afford them had black and or brown three quarter length leather jackets, along with three-piece dress suits in charcoal gray, blue serge, herringbone, brown and tan gabardine; also snazzy sport coats and blazers galore of every color, weave, thread and texture, in vogue, adorned the black teen-age boys of Washington, D.C. in the early 1950's. Some wore wool three-quarter length, tailor-made, white club jackets with insignias and the name of the social club (The Mad Lads) in broad colorful lettering. And apropos to all the above, a high school instrumental jazz group called themselves, The Gentlemen of Modern Dexterity.

At Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, I met my wife and inspiration, Janice Marie Lewis, and I began to write love songs and sing them to her, words and melodies that evidently made her the future mother of my five children: Michael, Tony, Steven, Jennifer and Gregory. Across Quebec Place where I lived in the seven hundred block, Mrs. Hughes, a music teacher, transcribed my first song, "I See You," which would be written today in a vanity license plate style as ICU.

I See You

*I see you
I see you
I see you
And I love you too*

*I see you
I see you
I see you
All my whole life through*

*I see you
In ev'ry sweet melody
Too bad it's not reality
When I see you*

*I see you
My dear
And it's so very clear
It's almost as if you were here
Here with me*

*I see you
Right before me
But I know this isn't true
Happy the day when you tell me
That you share my point of view*

*I see you
Dressed in a gown snow-white
And now I step into sight
And you hold my hand*

*I see you
With me in a house for two
My dreams would all come true
If you could see me too
(Like I see you)*

_____TOP_____

When it was finished and played on the piano by Mrs. Hughes and sung by me, we both laughed out loud at my melodically, half plagiarized, standard form, thirty-two bar ersatz effort, note for note "Fools Rush in (Where Angels Fear to Tread)" by Johnny Mercer and Rube Bloom. I copyrighted it anyway, as it was my first lead sheet, and my future wife liked the lyric . . . I've re-written and copyrighted the melody since then, and I vowed never to steal again.

I got the beating of my life by my father, earlier on, when I was eleven because I touched the neighborhood bully on the block's ten year-old daughter's labia, and she squealed. Then later, at sixteen, I thought I'd made pretty Delores Brown pregnant.

My good girlfriend, Eleanor "the great" Holmes, now Norton, the democratic District of Columbia's nonvoting delegate to Congress, kept me informed by mail about the best professional singing groups' recordings, while I was away at summer camp in Vermont one year. And when I was at Cardozo High, she told me about a talent show at her high school, Dunbar, featuring the best amateur singing groups in the city, thereby, introducing me to the most superlative significant soulful sounding singers of my day.

Jeepy probably married early, had a family, worked a real job, stand up guy that he was: paid rent, had problems, bought groceries, changed diapers, provided, protected, failed, won battles and took care of business. Quality was his essence, God was his conscious, and he was blessed with beige good looks, in addition to, good old fashion home trainin' from a wise soulful mother, no doubt. Just to see his rugged individualism displayed on the street, with his no nonsense attitude expression, set a difficult, but fair pattern for us young hard heads on the hill to follow.

Bump Joyner's athletic prowess on the football field (full back) at Armstrong High, was equal to his apt assertive appearance in his cadet officer's uniform with sabre. He made an indelible impression and reminded me of Paul Robeson. E-boy at Park view playground was a human dynamo in all sports, like Jackie Robinson. But the most memorable and oddest character I ever saw back then, must remain anonymous, or it could be misconstrued that this book is fictively based on his antagonistic enigma.

I give high praise to the teachers, principals, Sunday school teachers: Mrs. Leak, Mr. Buck, Mrs. McGinnis and my pedantic Presbyterian pastor, Dr. Halley B. (for butter-colored) Taylor. Jesus himself would have to go to the dictionary and decipher his harping holy homilies. When I was awake, his meek and mild lofty academic vocabulary aroused me agnostically, if atheistically, to think abstractly.

And here's to Mr. Bullett up the street, who liked Amos Milburn's, "Bad Bad Whiskey", and let me throw my favorite amateur vocal group, the Spoons, a party. Last but not least, the school kids, my friends, Washingtonians from the heart; all doctors, dentists, judges, lawyers,

government pencil pushers, administrators, musicians, educators, preachers, business people, architects, accountants, scientists, engineers, artist, dancers, shadow senator, ahem . . . composer/author, recording artist, record producer, music publisher, electronic racist escapist entertainment entrepreneur, etc. The above list of accomplishments was possible thanks to the most responsible and valiant bunch of parents any great generation on earth in the history of mankind could produce.

Jeepy was a wholesome, clean-cut, streetwise, mature by-product of all the above too. Did he as I like: the Orioles, the Clovers, Billy Ward's Dominoes, the Five Keys, the Swallows, the Flamingos, the Moonglows, the Spaniels, Dells, Midnighters, Drifters, the Five Royales, etc.? I never saw him backstage at the Howard Theater, although I believe he was at the midnight live stage shows, when those great vocal groups crooned and doo-wopped to the pretty, young, cute schoolgirls, who swooned vociferously. Or, he was in the house when these same girls sat in the first rows at a Saturday stage show matinee, popping gum or crunching popcorn, while screaming to hear Lloyd Price field holler, "Lawdy Miss Clawdy"? I was there then, in flesh and spirit, and so was Jeepy.

This refined, bright n' beauty pageant of classy D.C. girls' crowning glory straightened hair styles, was created by (Grace) La Savage, beautician, mistress of the dark and light-skinned, lovely, raving beauties, she called `Dahling`, who wore: multicolored pleated wide skirts, cotton blouses, wool sweaters, and cotton white socks, snug around cold creamed, shapely pink, brown, tan, chocolate, high yella, amber ankles in penny loafers, oxfords and patent leather, sling shot flat shoes; then dressed up ballet, long limber ladylike lovely legs in silk stockings and high heels, with bouncing blossoming beckoning, but becoming breasts in brimming bras, sometimes in summer shorts, showing sexy subtle tender tempting thighs, dancing hip shaking voluptuous bubble buttocks bursting pedal pusher pants, inviting lipstick mouths, laughing eyes of femininity, blushing, gushing, sweet teasing, pleasing, main squeezing, teenaged girlicious sexuality, fresh and virginal before AIDS; as Ruth Brown's, "Mama He Treats Your Daughter Mean", the Clover's, "One Mint Julip", and Billy Ward's Dominoes clarion call of "Sixty Minute Man", swayed them ever to thoughts of the rite of spring eternal in loins longing with post-erotic pubescent urges for the Five Keys, "Glory of Love."

These heuristic happy, adolescent hearts were smiling and braving the atomic age, while living in the first target of Communist Russia and China, for a potential hot nuclear World War Three. If Jeepy went to war, it was Korea. Then, he was as Audie Murphy, a stone hero, or he could be a decorated decayed dead Unknown Soldier now as I write, damn it.

Maybe he moved to another part of town, no not him, another city, not likely. He was D.C. from the heart. Did he know me, but only vaguely by sight when I spoke to him? Did he know my name? Did he ever hear me sing at talent shows? Could be he worked the main post office. I did, as a mail handler. . . . No, I don't think so. Maybe he attended Howard University . . . nah. Possibly, he worked in one of the government department buildings as a messenger, many did, back when green and white street cars ran on the nation's capital streets, way back when I had a paper route, The Washington Post. Back then I carried groceries at the Safeway for tips, and I rode my bike to my girlfriend's house and took her to Rock Creek Park and French kissed her after playing sports until dark. I played softball fairly, basketball badly, football better, but I boxed best.

I had my first sexcruciatingly, testicle wrenching, thunderstruck orgasm, thanks to sexy Bessie Robinson, trading funny books at twelve. I just wanted to sing to the girls and belly rub romantically with the best slow dancers on the hill: in order to objectify, digitally dittle, then passionately penis penetrate, gyrate and torque with some girls feminine curve, activated adolescent abdominal muscles, big legs, mature pubis synthesis, fully developed breasts, peach-shaped posterior, and old-fashioned 1950's coke bottle contoured torso. But most important, then as now, I lauded brains, sexy eyes, a pretty face and a harvest of good and/or pressed hair.

Jeepy was superior, physically and mentally, I feel, and much more focused than anyone I've met or seen since, streetwise or otherwise. He was a rock in the day when independence of character driven personalities and poor proud strength of purpose people ruled. I can't conceive of Jeepy having po'lice problems ever, although he was in no way a namby pamby, goody two shoes, square John. Jeepy was built solid as a jeep, but not overly big, back in the way day, when guys didn't show much muscle and girls didn't mind, I thought. We all just grew up wiser, richer, hopefully slimmer and better looking for class reunions.

He wore a combat boot (shined or brushed clean) type foot fashion, and underneath his army field jacket, he could have worn a sweater or just a sport shirt with his big pocketed, army fatigue pants. The "khaki kraze" in the 1950's Washington, D. C. area was started by something like this. Some guy, a young guy, was discharged when they discovered his true age was, let's say fourteen. Now the kid can go home and keep his fatigues and dress army issue clothes, shoes etc. . . . everything but the rifle.

A parade of khaki wacky, army surplus style wearing guys like me, marched to school in military field jackets and pants. We wore these tan dress slacks with a sharp crease, no cuff, or maybe a neat one, and sporty bright cashmere v neck sweaters, white and/or dirty bucks shoes, but mainly I loved sporting my favorite long leather, hard heel and sole, slick, shiny black Stetson shoes. Unfortunately, as a footnote to this natty dress code, I might add the bad taste styles existed side by side with the good, as in plain Buster Brown square Boy Scout shoes or double stitched soled shoes, like aircraft carriers on guy's feet with wide white clean stitches, cleaned with bleach, and be very careful not to stain the shoe leather on the sides, as I did. Then stiff corduroy and/or countrified rust colored pants, high water pants, nor overalls, cheap chartreuse shirts, sissified pink windbreakers, with morbid mismatched maroon sweaters and lastly, rip torn, raggedy, dirty, smelly anything.

I never saw Jeepy dressed other than the way I first described him, and I didn't see him in class or in school activities. However, he was there, maybe in wood shop or electric shop or even sheet metal shop, as he was practical, you see? Then there was his secret girlfriend, a beauty queen I bet and smart. Who knows who she was, so many gorgeous girls were there, that now she remains as he, a mystery to me. He could have had his pick of pretty girls, prince among us guys that he was, for we were all growing under his shadow, and by his powerful male example, steered stalwart, as a Denzel Washington character is bold and honorable to a fault today in movies.

Jeepy was the mental image I saw when confrontations spectre menacingly materialized and began savagely attacking me. He was the real man syndrome, protagonist paradigm I strive to be then as now, a handsome featured middleweight, cool calm and collected preeminence of the species. I still don't know his real first name or how he got his nickname. He did not attend, as I, the straight college preparatory academic classes: science, math, English, French, history, physical ed. etc.

Jeepy was no thug; he walked tall and didn't perturb others, and no one had the insanity to get in his way. He was no libertine trust me on this. He was human, however, so his heart was broken at least once. He was rejected by a fool, disappointed surely, some, got fired, but it wasn't his fault, and maybe he quit a jive job. Then there's a good chance he cursed when he was angry, but when he was mad, did he murder a man or a woman in a rage, I doubt it. He had master control, seemingly, so he handled his adversaries, male and female with discipline and aplomb befitting his implicit demeanor. I never saw him smoke anything, or do drugs, nor imbibe, unless he drank some beer in private, but not ever cheap wine on the corner, as he was better by far than that, given to his strong street stature and honorific standing in our red lined community.

I'm sure he played sports like football and was the quarterback who won the game. I pictured him playing hard ball, pitching a no-hitter and switch-hitting humongous three hundred and four hundred foot home runs out into the street, then scoring on the outdoor basketball court, with fast breaks, hook shots and masterful ball handling in the evenings, after we all went home for dinner and TV. It's then I believe he played tackle football in the fall and hardball in the spring with the biggest and best older guys on the hallowed baad ass all black Benjamin Banneker ball field. He looked fast and agile as an acrobat on his feet, so he could easily join a track team and become its star sprinter.

Was he religious? I think so, deep down a Baptist, Catholic, Methodist maybe, not an atheist or agnostic though. What was his weakness you ask in disbelief? Nothing that I ever saw as I contemplate here. Although complete and constant, he was not an angel, saint and certainly not an extraterrestrial. Good qualities shone fairly in his earthy eyes without a trace of treachery, insincerity or hectoring. He was always man to man, victorious and never the fool, buffoonish clown or self-absorbed strutting, false bravado, egomaniacal screw up.

If a fire broke out in school, he'd never panic; he'd save a life. If somebody was drowning, he'd swim and rescue them, phobias be damned. He swam in the pool I'm sure, or he'd be weakened in the eyes of the others swimming and lose some of his edge. He was never contrite to anyone because he never abused relationships, or borrowed money. More overall, he stayed healthy and was always punctual. He could say he was sorry, surely, but as he was ever blameless. It never happened that he apologized, I hope. If he had dark secrets, he mastered them and stood his ground as always.

He walked to school every day, either because he was too young to drive, or he could not afford to get a car. He'd never sneak around town and try to put one over on traffic cops, as being above juvenile delinquency kept him out of trouble. Not because he was an overly law abiding obedient type so much, but that it was beneath him and petty to lie period; therefore, he wouldn't cross the criminal line. Holier than thou, no way, steadfast and moralistically vulnerable, surely, as we all wish we were not. His perfection was something else again; an air of unbridled truth and action adventure surrounded him.

These extremely rare men have rules, you see. They embrace the gift of greatness through intuitive knowledge they possess. They take responsibility for the awesome burden of that sterner stuff which encompasses men of such fine caliber, men who look everyone in the eye, as they have nothing within reason to hide or fear. Even when faced with stark terror, they behave ever brave and overcome fierce adversity.

What did he become? Where is he now? He could lead America today. He'd only be in his sixties. Search for him readers; he has the mandate to lead via references I've written here. Make Jeepy leader: if his life and spirit are still pure, if he did not err, if he hasn't lost that salient solid citizen stance and step, or failed the test of `time is money´ in this lucre loving world, if he isn't just an average Joe who owes a mortgage, gambles incessantly, dissipates, has rotten or false teeth, bad eye sight, is overweight, suffers hair loss, has an incurable disease, is cripple, blind . . . crazy, dodges bill collectors with a tortured vengeance, comes up short in general, lost his small business, got beat up on psychologically by bullies and ran away a sniveling craven coward.

*Then that ain't the Jeepy I knew
 That ain't what Jeepy would do
 Jeepy is in me and you
 The man few boys grow up and into*

Jeepy kept coming down the hill on Georgia Avenue, treading the hit and miss red brick and cement sidewalk. He walked under steel gray, fall and rainy winter skies, past row houses and small black-owned shops, where District Grocery Stores (D.G.S's), green and orange painted Jewish owned street level, corner stores, were frequently underneath two and three floors of small African-American apartments. Then he passed more attached row houses and other small businesses located on both sides of the street. All the way down, past black residential cross streets, he came. Where he came from, I don't know and still have no idea. I didn't know his address, just that the section of northwest he came from, was the same white flight community as mine.

Guys spoke respectfully to him and moved from his path promptly as he acknowledged them with a word and/or glance while continuing his steady pace to school. He was never in a hurry, never worried, never daunted, taunted or challenged, but always at ease and confident, walking beside and through traffic, crowds, bunches and gangs of young and older working people, some rushing to work and others to red brick and plaster, D.C. Teacher's College and Howard University, across the street from his destination, Benjamin Banneker Junior High.

In the early eight a.m. he heard and saw the mighty rolling roar and rumble of street cars, clanging and ringing on the tracks, jammed with morning rush hour passengers headed for alabaster stone white government buildings built by slaves: the monuments, shrines, temples and museums of and to Mr. Charlie's marble majesty downtown. He heard shopkeepers' shouts at bread trucks, milk trucks, and supply trucks for businesses along the way, which added greatly to the din of the day, as 20th century civilization's capitalism competition cacophonies concert, rang in his ears.

Unflappable, he continued his impervious imperial gate, nodding at those who spoke, looking for assurance from his gaze, a signal that it was ok to be there and continue laughing raucously, jiving insidiously, instigating idle kicks and sinfully playing hooky, getting nookie, teasing roughneck and recklessly having a hellava good time, growing up

black, in white racist America. They stopped only at the sight of him, so close he could catch them, if they dared disturb his steady stroll to segregated school with stupid fatuous foolishness. He never sought a soul out that I saw. But adoring cutie pie, junior high girls ran up to him and whispered secrets, coquettishly coaxing him to speak softly and reassuringly to them as he strode; then they departed giddy and giggling at the warm pleasure of his tender, but tough company.

Jeepy marched down the street like a hip soldier in army surplus, or better yet, souvenir hand-me-downs from a veteran of World War II, probably his dad, maybe a big older brother, or his uncle. Who the hell knows why he was dressed that way, and headed to the school chain link fence, in full sky view of orange crimson, gray streaked bluish cumulo-nimbus clouds, floating against the golden, silvery city skyline, high on the hill with scads of students, mingling and running back and forth, gossiping, talking and having a last minute sunburst of fun before the bell rings and empties the side streets surrounding the red brick building; three stories, as I remember, with white steeples of wood framework on the roof, and as I recall a clay earthen playground with a rusty bent backstop for softball, at recess and gym.

Then after school, he ventured on down past the basketball courts on the left and tennis courts on the right, towards the Olympic size swimming pool and recreation center main house on the left, continuing down an esplanade, to the concrete bleachers and the great ball field, where the best black athletes played hardball, softball, football and ran track in season across from Jim Crow (no black pro-ballplayers allowed yet) Griffith Stadium, while simultaneously inhaling the delicious aroma, wafting from the Wonder Bread Bakery.

Jeepy was here, durable, maneuverable, fast on his feet, surefooted, a sturdy, powerful, formidable performer as smooth as his namesake; that famous World War II vehicle that rolled in triumph over Europe and Asia, carrying our valiant, enlisted fighting forces, muckety muck officers, military police, and such. It was a four-wheel perfect likeness and comparison to Jeepy's character, leading the way to a win-win victory for world freedom. Ah, but if his prototype could be cloned, and his essence manufactured in Michigan factories and rolled out by the thousands, then no civics and/or social problem we face today would go unsolved. But alas, he is only one, and therefore the more unique: setting the standard, roughing the road, paving the way, charting the obstacle course, leading quiet as it's kept in a modern, intelligent, personal way.

Maybe Jeepy drove a jeep and chauffeured the big brass asses around the base, and he was damn good enough to earn his nickname. Unfortunately, they discovered he was fourteen and underage. Now a year later he's out and back in school again, enrolled via the G.I. Bill, in an independent study and special program the schools had then for older mature fellows wanting to finish their education, after a stint in the armed services. If this is the case, Jeepy could beat grown men because he was one. Hell, when I first saw him, I was thirteen and he could have been an army or marine, seasoned, experienced sixteen. So although I know and you know now what would've happened in those innocent old school days back then, to a big black, funky foul mouth fightin' mad, lean and mean, foolish, waaay crazy, full grown guy, who stood toe-to-toe with Jeepy, broke bad and snapped lame and loud, "Hey Jeepy, yo' mama wears combat boots!"

Segue now to a darker, grimmer year 2000 updated version of this same type, but much more treacherous and life threatening scenario today, when two male jurors, one white, the other black, on a vicious street gang trial case dubbed, "The Sodomy Set" by the press, went in on a break during recess to use a toilet in a downtown D.C. courthouse. The white man went in a stall and sat down to do his business, while the black man stood at the urinal to do his. Suddenly, the lights were turned off, as four (previously searched scanned and unarmed uncaught unconfessed unconvicted criminal, home invading, gang related, sodomizing/rapist of women and men alike) gang members in expensive sneakers, dark flannel shirts with black baseball caps worn backwards, entered the windowless room and locked the only door. Then the black ghetto gangster quartets vile voices sang a sadistic song of sodomy, mockingly laughing out vulgar and violently in the pitch darkness, intentionally ignoring the frightened white man's question. "Hey guys, what are you doing, turn on the lights?!" A knell of frozen fear fell upon the man frantically flatulent, defecating, wiping and flushing in the stinking stall, as four metal zippers, one at a time, were heard unzipped in the disquieting silence, sliding down and opening flies on gang bangers, thuggish, low slung, hip-hop baggy pants.

A few proud brave men would die fighting, while many others would sadly submit to this, the lowest of insults, man-to-man, anal and/or oral gang rape. But Jeepy would triumph in spades, leaving all four dead, dying and/or wounded badly on the floor, before he turned the lights back on and unlocked the toilet door to leave.

There was an article in the local D.C. paper that said two men escaped such a fate, after which the formidable fist-fighting hero, Y2Koed the lot of 'em and miraculously walked away, unharmed, saving another fellowman: reputation ruination, extreme embarrassment and pestiferous pain for life. When I read this piece, I knew at once who the courageous black man was, by the lucky rescued man's alarming assiduous account, even though the interviewing reporter misunderstood misconstrued misquoted and misprinted Jeepy's name, as G.P. Wallace.

House of Louse

by

Leeeway

. . .

Chapter One

Selective Memory Lane & a Half

Herman sicked a tamed, old, spray painted white, full mane, male African lion onto the Kaizen movie studio lot in Covert City, California, in the middle of a busy August the first, Monday morning. While he and the lion's trainer waited in a van and watched, this unferocious feline was on the prowl and growl to frighten Japanese executives and anybody else out there away. Leo's roar sent the back lot into a predicted panic. Pandemonium would have been preferable to the riot that spilled into the middle of Covert and Yen Boulevards. Screaming and shrieking filled the air, sirens came from every direction at once; confused men charged with fear, spirited about shouting incoherently. Brave men with the serious anticipation of an encounter with savage claws and fangs, reluctantly did their duty and searched the lot for the marauding king of beast. Herman told the trainer to blow his Masai lion whistle and Leo lumbered, laggard that he was, back into the van, leaving Kaizen Corporation of America terrified in the streets.

The next day, Tuesday, August the second, Herman decided on a reverse action, and he was off to a wild reserve, Jim Hannibal's Cannibal Animals Reserve by the Sea in Big Sur. He was after another cat this time, a male lion cub, and at half price, if he acted quickly. Herman was taken to the nursery where three lion cubs squirmed and wiggled cute and cuddly as Koala Bears. Little Leo, as the cub he picked was named, was fed zoo formula, sprayed white and petted all day.

That Wednesday morning, August the third, the White Lion Plaza people, who discovered the lion cub purring and biting the air at the VIP entrance of the White Lion/2A/KKK main office, in a blue bassinet with a six-pack of lion cub formula and a big, red bow ribbon around its neck, spoiled Little Leo again. Graphically innocuous as both stunts were, Kaizen America and the LAPD were not laughing. So even though no one was hurt when large Leo was on the loose, the stage was set, and Herman had made his mysterious mischievous move.

That same morning, Randolph Nathan Randall, a recondite, sixty something, proud to be a sexagenarian suigeneris cocks man, received an injection of Sojourner Truth Serum. He's so preoccupied with sex, he talks in his sleep, private and personal while the gossip wheel rolls out his pornographic psyche in whispers to the world, presenting him

as a self-professed sex partner of Marilyn Monroe, the most paramount motion picture platinum blond, white, great glamour goddess, 20th Century Fox flesh pot. Thus, the six foot even, strapping one hundred eighty pound, magenta eyed, amber teeth, hair of iron, flesh of stone black man, with ichor in his veins, sporting Hissself Brand Black Men's Wear tailor made attire, ramrod fist fixer, troubleshooter, full sot satyr stud, ex-pimp hustler, devout believer and rank practitioner in the ardent argot art of profanity, senior V.P. of American corporate affairs, Kaizen Entertainment, began this taboo transcript.

Randolph: "Shit, it smells like lily white peeps up in here." Randolph is as an analysand, undergoing hypnosis and a polygraph test with Kaizen security agents, plus, a psychiatrist and his staff in a bare-bones secret office, on the Kaizen lot in Covert City.

Psychiatrist: "Ahem . . . testing one, two, three . . . ok? Randolph Nathan Randall, inquiry X17501 rolling. Good morning, Mr. Randall, or can I call you Randolph? To start off . . . I'd like to chance a test question for our files please . . . eh, your rumored sexual encounter with Marilyn Monroe, is it true? Did you have sex with her, or did you fantasize the whole thing?"

Anonymous agent: "The Brentwood cottage . . . ask was he there when she died . . . hell, did he kill her?"

Psychiatrist: "Well Randolph, did you have sex with Marilyn Monroe and were you in her cottage when she died? Did you kill her?"

Randolph: "Shit, even in slavery days, some house nigga got the massa's woman's pussy. Who's to say different? Hell, it was a deathbed kept secret. So yeah, I got a call about three a.m. eastern standard time on the Sunday morning she passed. She was singin' in my ear, `I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid´ over and over, see? She was doin' a line from lyricist Eddie Jefferson's take on alto/tenor saxophonist James Moody's `Moody's Mood for Love´, as sung by King Pleasure and a broad (Blossom Dearie) she heard before on my hi-fi. She sang it some more, and then she talked a bit about stuff with me and her being all screwed up and over 'cause of race and this and that. She sounded woozy and I told her to get some air, but she went back to singin' the song in a whisper. `Oh baby, you make me feel so good, let me take you by the hand´. She loved that part of the song. She told me 'bout them two Kennedy flings (J. F. K. and Bobby) at ka-ching bada Bing's (Crosby) and Sweeter Peter (Lawford's), but she said that won't jack see, 'cause he (the President) had a bad back, unlike me, man, and his

brotha was just frontin' and a friend. I said I'd come out west if it was cool, but she was out of it, and the phone went dead just like that. She must of died and/or was assassinated right then. I never told a soul about it, but maybe I shoulda called somebody: the studio, the hospital, even cops, I guess. Although I didn't, see? I figured she'd come around and come down, most do. More to the point, I thought it would be better for her sake kept private, ya dig?"

Anonymous agent: "Sehr gut! Sehr gut! Great scandalous schwarz response, now go to the subversive subterfuge subject while he's still loose liver lips . . . schnell!"

Psychiatrist: "Randolph, tell us about Herman Louse."

"Herman Louse, shit yeah, he was on the hill in D.C., about 1952 to 1955 or so. I guess he went to big badass purple & white Cardozo High in fifty-two with me. Shit yeah, I remember him, a fuckin' party crasher, not real dark skinned, but a dark aura, unless you knew him, and I never wanted to know him that well; it would of ruined the relationship, distant as it was. (Randolph displays one of his abysmal abstruse absurdities and continued on.) I disliked the veil of mystery and suspense surroundin' the mothafucka. Ev'ry time he crashed a goddamn quarter belly rub (a twenty-five cent per person slow dance party), we laughed at the fool givin' it; and we laughed at their drunk ass, low level government employed relatives and dumb ass, minimum wage, common nigga neighbors and friends. We even laughed way more at the sidditty black bourgeois parents, if they let Louse in. He was a colossal fuckin' joke on the hill.

"Herman Louse . . . shit, he could dance his fuckin' dick off, fast and slow. However, I saw phat hoochies turn him down, refuse his urgin' and walk away in fuckin' disgust. But Herman was determined as a Nazi fuckin' German. So he'd just corral another hot prospect, the prettiest fucker he could find. He'd keep at it until he decided to leave for another weekend high school party somewhere else on the hill. Many par-tay playas (party givers) held their breath until they were sure he wouldn't come.

"He stood like a phantom on the corner at times, up or down the street from the party he intended to crash. Mom and pop patrols were sent out into the night to try and spot him. Fathers and mothers worried when they heard of him from other perturbed parents, party victims of the weekend before. The kids themselves were the worst. Some felt hurt when he got in, and ashamed when he left early, goin' on to some other party with such inspired abrupt abandon, that many kids followed him.

"It was widely rumored Herman lived in `Goat Alley` (worse than 7th St. in the black section) and he stank. But this was pure fabrication on the part of people with time on their hands to spread lies. Herman did wear a tan pull over wool sweater with a tear in the sleeve. Once in school I noticed this: he wore swag charcoal gray wool slacks (trousers made without belt loops), expensive black dress Footjoy shoes, a long blue, gray and brown tweed raglan overcoat and a dark felt Dobbs hat with a little red feather stuck in the band. He was tall and gangly, although smooth gated and deliberate, and he danced fast this way also. He danced ev'ry dance, even when no other guys dared. He broke the ice. But he never had time for small talk, so no one talked with him. Oddly, the parents at RSVP parties answered the door when he rang the bell and let him in with no invitation. He didn't even know a name at the house. He just showed up, got in, and we laughed like hell.

"I went to New York City and never looked back, so I don't have a clue after 1955 about him. Oh yeah, Butler and I, a kid in my neighborhood, laughed a lot about him while we worked at a Quaker farm and wilderness summer camp in Vermont. Funny cat, Louse, I can still see him stalkin' a house by creepin' up quickly on the street. If you didn't let him in, he wouldn't turn surly and mean, he'd just stand in front of your house and all the kids would stay inside and keep askin' if he was still out there in the dark . . . and did he have a knife or a gun and was he crazy? Then they'd say call the police!

"I never took any classes with him, but I knew him. I don't even really know if he went to my school or not. But he was the bogeyman of high school dry humpin' belly rub parties on the hill in northwest Washington, D.C., in the early fifties. Wait, I remember the mother of a girl I knew stoppin' Herman at the door and askin' him if he had a tie on under his overcoat; and Louse walked away to the corner, bummed a tie, put it on and returned to the `Faked 2 da Moon` mom, who stood aside, as he sauntered by her, showin' off his tie, while goin' downstairs to join the belly rub party in progress, wall-to-wall, in a decorated, knotty pine recreation room. We laughed 'til we cried.

These exclusive parties, I might add, were held at the Dunbar High School elite kids' attached and detached homes. Usually both parents worked and were homeowners or rentin'. You could tell more about a kid by the way his family gave a party, and especially how they acted when face-to-face and toe-to-toe with Herman Louse . . . Awright, ok, I remember one more thang, it just came to me. The party I had, well Herman and I got into a fist fight and turned it out."

The psychiatrist guffaws.

"Don't laugh, man . . . I told my mother not to keep that old milk bottle box I made in wood and sheet metal shop at Banneker Junior High on the front porch because it was a tacky piece of junk; but she was overbearin' and oppositional, threatening to make me cancel the party at the very last minute. Yeah, call ev'rybody that instant, one hour before they were to arrive, or she would have me tell each guest at the door, the party was canceled. She would have delighted in my explanations, kids reactions, and even their parents' reactions, as they would drop the kids off sometimes. Well, I conceded like before and the monstrosity of a milk box, twisted and battered, still sat on the porch signifyin' all manner of thangs disparagin' about my family and me.

"I was down in the dumps, depressions whippin' boy when Herman rang the bell, and I heard my mother sayin' `How can you come to a party when you don't even know the host's name?´ I rushed upstairs from the rec room, prayin' no one else had picked up on the sorry scene developin' at the front door. Herman was sullen and dressed, as before, and I felt my blood run cold because a friend of mine named Cornelius was usin' the hall phone, and then it started. Cornelius laughed so loud, the door to the basement was flung open, and the whole party was in my front hall, gawkin' and laughin' so much, even my mother started laughin'.

"Herman smirked and that did it, I lit into him. He was taller by a head and older by a year or so and surprised at the attack, as we went off the porch and landed in the hedges. My mother scolded me, and I smashed his face with my fist. We rolled on the frozen lawn, as it was January and my sixteenth birthday. He hit me harder than I'd ever been hit on my shoulder blade. It was like metal, maybe iron, `Oh shit´, I yelled, `brass knucks!´ I fell back on the top steps, reached behind me for balance, and came down with that ugly, bent up, old wooden tin covered milk box, flush on top of Herman's nappy head. His Dobbs hat had blown down the street, and he was bleedin' and

unconscious. My father poured ice water on him and brought him to, as a big knot rose on the top of his oblong head. I haven't seen him since and now this. But this is somethin' he'd try and do. Intimidation and intrigue were his stock and trade. I heard the kids mockin' laughter, their hauntin', teasin', humiliatin', loud boisterous out of control gutty laughter, is what I remember most of all about Herman Louse. Now he's stalkin' Kaizen and scarin' the big brass and personnel out of their minds, by settin' a full-grown lion loose in broad daylight on the lot. He must be nuts; somebody could've died a horrible death. Then there's the cute little lion cub he left at White Lion. What does it mean? Who the hell knows? He's kind of crazy; he'd do anythang once he made up his mind to do it. Herman determined as a Nazi German in the Gestapo, Louse. Louse is what we called him. We emphasized Louse's self-deprecatin' last name.

"Louse was no recluse, but he cut people loose. Louse never laughed, cursed or talked out loud in public. He was private and reserved, but not introverted or shy. He was always alone, a tall, dark, loner mystery man, and a specter on the hill ev'ry weekend after nine at night. Sundays, he bummed money from us when we went to the movies."

Psychiatrist: "You gave him money?"

Randolph: "Oh yeah . . . once or twice, I can't remember now."

Psychiatrist: "How much?"

Randolph: "Petty cash, you know chump change. He was bummin' outside the Lincoln Theater when the kids came out after ev'ry show. I never saw him talkin' to anyone, but the pretty girls he danced with, and the guys he hit up for money."

Psychiatrist: "Did he pay you back?"

Randolph: "Hell no, I never asked for it back. He was walkin' in the street when I saw him, usually in cold weather. He wore this long overcoat and hat like I said. I'd pass him and snap `Louse´, and he'd mumble a one syllable unintelligible somethin' like . . . `man´, I guess."

Psychiatrist: "Is he nuts?"

Randolph: "Shit, I still don't know. He went to Cardozo High School, I think. It was a business high school, and if he did, he took a typin' course, ev'rybody did at that school. I transferred after the tenth grade, so I only saw him at parties and on the street."

Psychiatrist: "And at your house?"

Randolph: "Oh yeah, that one time."

Psychiatrist: "What did he say after you hit him on top of the head with the milk box?"

Randolph: "Say, hell, he said what all cats say when they get beat. I didn't pay him any attention, I was way pissed off."

Psychiatrist: "What were his exact words, if you remember?"

Randolph: "Aw, somethin' like, pay back's a mothafucka, shit, you know, the standard wolf ticket guys go into after battle, when it's over. . . ."

Psychiatrist: "So, pay back's a Micky Ficky is all he said?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Psychiatrist: "Did you see his eyes when he said it and did you think he was serious?"

Randolph: "He was a high school character. I wasn't impressed that he was a bad ass, so I forgot about it."

Psychiatrist: "Did you see him again?"

Randolph: "I think . . . yeah, I remember singin' in a group, you know, a cappella in the hallway at school between class or lunch. Anyway, Louse came over to the group and started movin' to the sound and snappin' his fingers, and near as I could tell, he started singin' bass. I stopped singin' first, the bass singer split; the other three guys started talkin', and we broke it up. Louse just stood there, bobbin' n' singin' to hisself, then we booked."

Psychiatrist: "Was he hurt by your actions again?"

Randolph: "Man, I don't know how he felt, he was always where he didn't belong. Naw, he didn't really expect to sing with those guys, they were the best harmonizers in that school."

Psychiatrist: "How did he sound?"

Randolph: "Like shit, he couldn't sing, he was a wannabe, like now, he wants to be famous. He's jivin' you, he's doin' the same shit he did at Morgan's."

Psychiatrist: "Morgan's?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Morgan's Pool Room on the hill, some of the cats would hang out there, shoot some balls, bull shit, brag, you know."

Psychiatrist: "He played pool for money?"

Randolph: "Well, nobody had big bucks, just nickel n' dime shit. He thought he could beat Bump Joyner. Nobody ever beat Bump. Bump was the best pool player on the hill and the star fullback of the Armstrong High School Football Team. Bump was a big cat, built, cockstrong mothafucka, didn't take no shit. Bump had a sense of humor, he and Earl Morgan, the owner of the pool hall were the funniest two cats on the hill. So they laughed at that Louse shit. Playin' Louse was a fuckin' joke."

Psychiatrist: "Did he lose money?"

Randolph: "Louse didn't have shit, it was a joke, a stupid ass joke, man."

Psychiatrist: "And you haven't had anything to do with Herman Louse in forty some odd years?"

Randolph: "Forty-eight years or so, yeah he's the past, man."

Psychiatrist: "The past for you maybe, but he's installed himself into our present, and idiotic as it seems, he wants to subvert our future."

. . .

King Kaizen Y2K has three thousand six hundred titles in its acquired film catalogue and over fifteen thousand hours of TV programming to date. The Klan's triple `K`, as Randolph jokingly refers to any such word grouping starting with the letter `K`, is in this instance, `The King Kaizen Karaoke Music Box` DAT/DVD machine, an invention from Japan, that mimics all and any music with motion pictures in eleven styles, transcribes instant sheet music of your selected format, arranged and in the key desired for: aspiring singers/rappers, songwriters, entertainment at parties, schools, choirs, church, etc., or it may simply serve as your own personal interactive instrument at home or in your car. It easily adapts the proper orchestration you program it for, such as: piano accompaniment, guitar, big band, full orchestra, small combo, trio, (even a `oo` and `ah` simulated back-up voices sound), featuring the music styles of: R & B, rap/hip-hop, country, pop, blues, disco, gospel, rock n' roll, show tunes, jazz and folk, which ever you want. The music box produces this music video in a MTV simplistic synthesized sampled form, and it sells for the same price as your old average table model color TV set.

Kaizen has been operating in America ten years, creating the biggest explosion ever in the electronic consumer sector of the entertainment industry. The Kaizen `Party Hardy` smaller, compact portable Karaoke machine is digital and uses the DAT/DVD configuration also. It sells retail for as much as the competition's old `Boom Box`, and business boomed in the first year upwards to sixteen trillion yen, the equivalent of one hundred twenty billion bucks, American! In that banner year alone, eighty-five per cent of American households owned a unit.

The world's music fans followed America's mania for the miracle music machine of the millennium. And the protectionist economy in Japan escalated, then soared, with the advent of: the King Kaizen Kombo, combination music box, DAT/DVD recorder, a laptop 3-D computer, a DAT computer perfect sound, including a new computer Internet down loader standard, then Handy Dandy (a hand held e-book reader, wireless phone, plasma TV, satellite radio, DAT player and recorder, plus a MTV type video product maker), computer chips and a sorely needed anti-copying device to thwart pirate digital uploading and downloading, when paid by a fifty dollar minimum music Kaizen credit card. So Kaizen bought the big famous movie lot in Culver City, California, for a fortune from the previous owner, changed the name to Covert City, all because of its penchant for top secrecy, with the

manufacturing of its modern miracle `nicest, precise, lowest prices security devices`, surveillance equipment unit, which has been operating here secretly for seven years as the master of miniaturization. These new business and private, espionage techniques drove sales sky high as America, and the world listened in and watched each other, using Covert City's clever `Ear Shot` and `Spy Eye` audio and video over the counter constricted craftsmanship.

Kaizen added an inspired gimmick to the mix. They commissioned an unknown pop singer-songwriter, Baba Uhuru (or Fatha Freedom as he was lovingly called) to compose a catchy little sing-a-long ditty with easy words and an adaptable melody all people could potentially get into. That song swept the nation, and the world followed Kaizen's lead, as did all the other electronic consumer goods companies, and the audio configuration of the day was changed from CD's to DATs. There were many copycat DAT/DVD companies to compete with on the open market, and it was flooded with their Music Boxes. Although inferior to Kaizen's, they created a gratuitous greedy gung ho glut.

To combat the competition, Kaizen had a worldwide contest and offered a one hundred million dollar grand prize. Each customer contestant in the eleven music categories, using King Kaizen's Karaoke Music Box for the best DAT/DVD demonstration of Baba Uhuru's fifty million units selling song `Ev'rybody Loves Music, Making Merry Music in my Mind` (Medley), won ten million dollars. This human stampede to stores kicked off another sizzle in retail sales. But now a year later the fading fad was a fizzle, and a new commercial creative hit production was needed fast.

***Ev'rybody Loves Music
Making Merry Music In My Mind
(Medley)***

*Ev'rybody loves music
Ev'rywhere
Ev'rybody loves music
Fill the air*

*Ev'rybody loves music
Night and day
Ev'rybody loves music
Let the music
(Let the music play)*

*Asian people love music music
Indian people love music music
Spanish people love music music
White people love music music
Black people love music music
All people love music music
The whole wide world loves music music
Let the music
(Let the music play)*

*In my mind
In my mind
Making merry music
In my mind*

*Top of my head
Tip of my toes
Making merry music
Ev'rywhere I go*

*I make this world
A happy place
Whenever I see a sad face
Standing out
And pouting
In a crowd*

*I just sing my
Little song
And pretty soon
They'll hum along
And in the end
They'll wind up shouting
It out loud*

*Songs of love
Peace and love
Ev'rybody needs a tune
So I think of
Melodies
Constantly
And I whistle them
Whenever I please*

*Ev'rybody loves music
Ev'rywhere
Ev'rybody loves music
Fill the air
Ev'rybody loves music
Night and day
Ev'rybody loves music
Let the music
(Let the music play)*

Good people love music music
Bad people love music music
Rich people love music music
Poor people love music music
Young people love music music
Old people love music music
People period love music music
Let the music
(Let the music play)

In my heart
In my heart
Making merry music
In my heart
Ev'ry night and ev'ryday
All along my merry
Way
You're the song of
Love I sing
You're a symphony
That brings
Happiness I've been blessed
As a robin in the spring

In my soul
In my soul
Making merry music
In my soul
Deep inside
I can't hide
And the magic of the music takes control

*Even in my dreams
Sweet and clear
When you say the words
I long to hear
Right away
Merry music starts to
Play*

*Ev'rybody loves music
Ev'rywhere
Ev'rybody loves music
Fill the air
Ev'rybody loves music
Night and day
Ev'rybody loves music
Let the music
(Let the music play)
Let the music
(Let the music play)
Let the music
(Let the music play)
Let the music
(Let the music play)*

White Lion/2A on the other hand is a merger of two once emerging, diverging, mutually exclusive companies, both specializing in motion picture, TV and music production. The two companies have three thousand titles and over ten thousand hours of TV programming between them to date. Ten years ago, White Lion produced the number one and two top rated shows on American primetime television.

On Sunday nights, the number one show in the nation, a live taped half hour show; `The Little White Lions´ was the rage. It was produced entirely in South Africa, complete with a real pride of white lions in the wild, mating, hunting, killing, fighting, etc., using human character actors' voices, doing dialogue to original music of the white lions and all the other animals these white beasts encountered, speaking on the reserve.

The number one song sung by ex-Kaizen superstar, Baba Uhuru and the Beachy Blvd. School, sixth grade (triple `K`) Kalifornia Kids Khorus was a super smash. Baba left Kaizen after contractual disputes settled out of court and combined forces with White Lion/2A and their school kids chorus. He also wrote this, his unbelievable second fifty million units, super selling theme song for the show.

The Little White Lions

*The little white lions
Three snowy white cubs
They all have brown noses
And cat yellow eyes*

*The little white lions
Glow in the dark
They have soft paws
Without claws
And pink lips with
No jaws*

*The little white lions
Born free in the park*

*Timbi and Tombi
Then Numa was born
That's Zulu for hope
Girl beginning
That's hope for the world*

*All from the same father
They continue to come
From the king of the
Jungle
Agamemnon
The little white lions
Three clouds in the sun*

*The pick of the litter
The pride of the pride
The miracle of Timbavati
Found by Chris McBride*

*One lion's in the
Jungle
Two placed in a zoo
They inspired a book
And a movie
And this song for you
The little white lions
An old dream come true*

*The little white lions
Three clouds in the sun
The little white lions
Born free in the park
The little white lions
With cat yellow eyes*

White Lion/2A only had this one mega hit recording from the TV show, and to date, it has sold over fifty-five million DAT/DVDs worldwide. But even with all the money and status amassed in the ten-year period following its release of this unprecedented hit recording, White Lion has been unsuccessful at every attempt hence to repeat success in the music industry. And since Baba Uhuru vanished from the scene taking his tremendous talent with him, its record label `Lil Leo´, is now considered costly and calamitous.

‘Flop House’, the number two rated sitcom/reality based show in the country, was about the escapades of a filthy flop house in the Bowery of New York City. It's a sidesplitting situation comedy that aired with guffawing, slaphappy, hilarious half hour episodes. A warning was given at the beginning of the TV show and flashed on and off during it, as a reminder of the danger of viewing it with a weak heart. People had heart attacks laughing at Swartz, Trevor Swartz, the flatulent desk clerk who runs the skid row flop house. They fell out of their homes into the streets in stitches when his sight gags and recurring lines, "I don't see or smell nothin'". And, "You brought that rat in here with you from the shelter," caused uncontrollable laughing spasms to break out loud in every city and town in America, Thursday nights at 8 p.m.

The biggest belly laugh was when a drunken sailor on shore leave left his pet, Jocko, a capybara, as a secret surprise in the flophouse. It's the world's largest rodent from South America, four feet long and two feet high with a very short tail, and it appears in the dimly lit hallway, a giant rat that lives in the empty broom closet, inspiring Swartz to crack a, "We ain't usin' it anyway", broom closet joke. And since capybaras are aquatic, Jocko occupies the only bathtub in the flophouse.

Wine Head, a black character, thinks he's seeing things and caused a laugh riot America talked about and repeated along with imitating his comic antics for weeks after each show.

Other stand out funny bits occurred when Horace Hines, a board of health inspector visited the flophouse. The frightened inspector's idiotic idiosyncrasies caused many viewers to choke on their snacks. So, when watching Flop House, the surgeon general soundly warned against eating food.

There's the Dumphies, a family of thirteen homeless people, who live on the street every day, except the one day a week that they come to the flop house for their own private dollar room, but never quite raise the whole dollar.

Then there's Earlene, the prostitute, who brings derelict johns to her room for fifty cents sex sessions. The show also features a disinherited black sheep, Harold Biggs Harrison III, whose father is a mean monster slumlord in the big rotten apple and the suspected owner of the fleabag flophouse.

Gerard Badou is a mad scientist who is studying vermin and looking for a cure for anything. America howled when he said to Wine Head, "Wine Head, the roach is extant, it is the oldest winged insect, dating back more than three hundred million years."

And Wine Head said, "Yeah, that's the last time Swartzzy changed the sheets up in here."

Last but not least, and nightmarish for little kids, are the whispering, gleaming red-eyed, ravenous rats in the dingy dark dank cellar and the scary secret something or others orgy of odors in the busted boiler room. All this along with the other heavily censored riff raff, clearly seen mouthing FCC deemed, silent obscenities, when you read their lips, caused great gusts of giggles and guffaws. They came as tenants in transient and formed a have-not uproariously laughable life style, unlike any other ever on TV. Now the great show has run its course for ten years and is in syndication as the funniest sitcom ever. The theme song was sung by Daddy Leeway, an obvious rip-off of Baba Uhuru's Swahili name, which translated in English is, Fatha Freedom. Thus, this rank raw risqué recording, bleeped for its ineffable Anglo-Saxon four-letter word, sold only a little over ten million DAT/DVDs.

I'm Gon' Git My Shit Together

*Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya
Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya
Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya Ya
Ya Ya Ya Ya*

*I'm gon' git my
Shit together
Until it smells as
Sweet as heather*

*I'm gon' git my shit
 Together
 Until it's gentle as
 A feather
 I'm gon' git my shit
 Together
 They make my feces
 Tough as leather*

*I'm gon' git my shit
 Together
 Git off the pot
 It's now or never
 Lord Jesus I ain't
 Done squat diddley
 My human waste is
 Gettin' raggedy
 Welfare ain't number
 2 to me
 Before they flush me
 In the sea*

*I'm gon' git my
 Shit together
 (O O O O O O)*

*I'm a doo-doo stain
 Upon the wall*

*I'm gon' git my
 Shit together
 (O O O O O O)*

*A stinkin' stool full
 In the stall*

*I need the laxative
Of love
Some angel prune juice
From above
A BM BS enema
In the bowels of
This city*

*I'm in the outhouse
Of mankind
With world raw
Sewage
On my mind
Green punishing bile
I'm in a bind
Red diarrhea is a
Pity*

_____TOP_____

*I'm gon' git my
Shit together
Down in the bed
Pan of forever
I'm gon' git my shit
Together
In life's latrines
I will endeavor*

*I'm gon' git my shit
Together
They constipated
Clever Trevor*

*I'm gon' git my shit
Together
Because it looks like
Crappy weather*

*The people need my
Defecation
Excrement spread
Cross the nation
By doing my business
On the streets
Unsanitary pay
Toilet seats*

 TOP

Chapter Two

. . .

Extreme Yellow Old School Bus

(Randolph's office at Kaizen America, in the Geisha (artist) Pictures administration building, on Thursday morning, the fourth of August)

Randolph: "No more psychiatrist, polys, (polygraph test) Sojourner Truth Serum, (Sodium Amytal). Vernice call my house."

Vernice Moody: AKA, Skinny Minnie, size three, brown skinned black woman, twenty-three year old college grad, (UCLA), five foot six, ninety pounds, big brown intelligent friendly eyes, bifocals, curly hair, cut short, long flowered ruffled dress, and sandals, is the best private secretary at Kaizen.

Vernice: "She called while you were under . . . I'll get her."

Randolph: "Good."

Vernice: "Pick up one, it's Gwen."

Randolph: "Thanks."

Gwendolyn Esther Randall is a smart, proud, size eleven, thirty-two year old, college graduate, part-time home economics teacher, writer of religious contemporary stories, homemaker, honey brown complexioned, five foot ten, long thick black Princess Pocahontas Indian hair, soulful, expressive brown eyes, tempting tasty red lips, big confident sweet smile, with a most full-chested, forty-four D ample bosom, and no back pain, black woman. She's an understanding (sometimes), tolerant and supportive (a lot), true, faithful (always), loving, virtuous wife.

Randolph: ". . . Hey, nice nosh-nipples. Look, I got a problem. This guy I use to know in D.C. is back juggin' in my life."

Gwen: "He called here this morning."

Randolph: "No shit?"

Gwen: "Yes, Herman Louse from D.C."

Randolph: "Oh man, goddamn . . . I don't believe this shit."

Gwen: "I told him to call you at the office, and he said he'd call you."

Randolph: "What else did he say?"

Gwen: "Nothing, he hung up. Is that his real name, or is he using a pseudonym?"

Randolph: "Hell no, that's it, a bitch ain't it? Ok look, I'll be in late, kiss, kiss."

Gwen: "Ditto . . . Ran, be careful." Randolph hangs up.

Vernice: "R n'R, pick up three . . . Herman Louse."

Randolph picks up. "Herman Louse from D.C.?"

Louse: "Yes, how are you, Randolph?"

Randolph: "What the fat fuck can I do for you, man?"

Louse: "Help me communicate with your bosses. Be my go between, I trust you."

Randolph: "Help you, how, man? If the law knew about you right now, they'd haul your crazy ass to jail for that stunt with a lion you pulled Monday. Man, you must be fuckin' nuts doin' shit like that for publicity."

Louse: "The lion was old, toothless, declawed and very tame. He was with a keeper, and he answered to a whistle when called."

Randolph: "Shit, man, he could still scare a guy with a weak fuckin' heart to death."

Louse: "The whole thing took fifteen minutes tops."

Randolph: "Hey man, you've fuckin' changed. Hell, I didn't even know you could talk."

Louse: "I talk. It's been forty-eight years since those high school days."

Randolph: "Why do you want to fuck with Kaizen, man? This is a serious mistake, nigga."

Louse: "Not to me, I want the back lot back they bought from Sony. I'm referring to the old MGM lot, before Sony bought it and sold it to Kaizen, moving on as MGM did, to higher ground on a bigger lot in Conejo Valley, California, due to untold yields from movies, music, malls, casinos, flat-HDTV and 3D, DAT/DVD software and hardware, featuring video games so imaginatively intriguingly interestingly interactive; whole families play at home religiously at \$29.95 a pop. MGM is back stronger than ever with music, movies and TV shows that lead the pack and sells there over the counter stock successfully on Wall Street, at one hundred dollars per share and rising."

Randolph: "What the fuck, nigga, are you high?"

Louse: "White Lion/2A/KKK is my real target. They hacked it to pieces, so I'm putting it back together; it's my life's one ambition."

Randolph: "Man, you way crazy, White Lion is a three and a half billion dollar done deal, and then ya only get the fuckin' logo, shit; they gave ev'rythang else away."

Louse: "No, they sold everything away, don't forget that. They sold it off in increments; they even sold it to the Klan the last time. And because of this NAACP class action suit and pressure from the Justice Department, the Klan's going to have to sell it again this year."

Randolph: "Ok man, where you gonna cop that kinda scratch? Shit! Last time I saw you, you was raggedy as a bowl of yak and bummin' quarters on the street from strangers."

Louse: "I bummed a lot of quarters."

Randolph: "You sayin' you got that kinda money? Shit, nigga, only Reg Lewis (deceased leading black entrepreneur) had that kinda juice and he's dead an-a-mothafucka."

Louse: "I knew Reg, we talked; we had a deal and made some money in the eighties, before TLC Beatrice Foods."

Randolph: "You bull shittin', you knew Reg? You mean you read 'bout Reg. You heard shit maybe, but you never dealt with the main mothafucka. I gotta call you a . . ."

Louse: "He was very good, Harvard man and all that, but I showed him a deal he couldn't pass up."

Randolph: "What deal, nigga?"

Louse: "I can't say yet, statute of limitations, and a promise to Reg I'd wait twenty years."

Randolph: "Sucka, are you tryin' to tell me some dirty shit on Reg?"

Louse: "No, it was strictly legit and I'm legit. However, although a promise is a promise, if you stop being so cavalier, and admit your romp with Marilyn Monroe, I'll confess my deal with Reg."

Randolph: "You punk ass, jive . . ."

Louse: "I'd like to meet with you at Cerulean Blue (a blues joint in Hollywood). You won't regret it, say ten tonight."

Randolph: "Meet me, what the fat fuck for? I've got a life, I don't need this . . ."

Vernice cuts Randolph off and interrupts Louse, "Pick up line five, R n' R, it's Pearson."

I.G. Pearson, beady-eyed, medium height, wiry, balding white male, fifty-five or sixty, won't tell age, ex-CIA and FBI agent, now spiffy suit and tie wearing security chief for Kaizen America on the Covert City lot; rumored to have a cyanide capsule concealed in the shit heel of his shoe and a loaded German Luger pistol stashed in every major port city in the world.

Randolph puts Louse on hold. "Hold on mothafucka . . . Yeah, Pearson."

Pearson: "Don't miss this appointment, Randolph. Meet with him and don't insult him. Call him Herman. Let him tell us, rather tell you, his reasons for attacking us."

Randolph: "Yeah . . . Look Pearson, I don't like you listenin' to my phone . . . Pearson?" Pearson hangs up and Randolph continues his conversation with Louse. "Look Louse, I don't like no late ass meetin's, so this better be real deal tip shit, man."

Louse: "Your bosses are on this line listening. I'll tell you in person, come alone."

Randolph: "Hey Louse . . . Herman . . . shit. He hung up, Pearson, you there? Vernice, ya got a I.D. on that call?"

Vernice: "Yes, 301-568-7435."

Randolph: "Call it up! Check it out! Ask for Herman Louse . . . well, whatzup?"

Vernice: "I'm waiting, it's ringing . . . Herman Louse . . .? Oh."
Vernice calls the number and gets a stranger on the other end.

Randolph: "Whatzup?"

Vernice: "Public phone."

Randolph: "That piece of Goat Alley shit, I gotta go upside his big nappy head, again."

Vernice: "Pearson on five."

Randolph picks up: "Yeah."

Pearson: "Randolph, we've got to handle this quickly; it's in your hands tonight. Don't hit him or anything; get all the information you can. We were hurt big-time by that lion stunt. He must be deranged thinking he can get this lot back. He could be working for a rival of ours out to devalue us. Look, stop insulting him be more conciliatory. We need to know . . ."

Randolph: "Know what, he told you what he wanted, White Lion/2A/KKK. He's nuts, he's out of his fuckin' mind, man. He ain't got that kinda scratch, ain't no nigga got that much. Kaizen's safe, man; White Lion/2A/KKK is too. Man, this cat is smokin' some Hitler shit, he's . . ."

Pearson: "Der Führrer almost won the war! I'm the chief of security, and I don't take anything as real as this for granted! Herman Louse is on our case for whatever the reason, and we must stop him, schnell!"

Randolph: "Naw, Hitler was Nazi-nuts like you, man! He slaughtered six million Jews; he was a stone stupid sucka! He should've included 'em in his plans to work and fight. Hell, many woulda stayed in Germany and served his crazy cause, shit. What a waste of great people power. If the mothafucka had to kill, he shoulda just killed his worst war military enemies, goddammit. And goin' into Russia sucked Auschwitz death camp, dead dicks in a pile! Given an either or situation, he shoulda attacked Moscow, not the Russian oil refineries in the Caucasus Mountains. Man, he fucked waaay up!"

Pearson coughed in convulsions and gagged almost as if being gassed with Zyklon B!

Randolph jokingly refers to Kaizen's security as the S.S., meaning skinhead sissies in private, "I'm goin' to meet him tonight; so if he's all that, I'll know. I oughta kick his black bony ass for implicatin' me up in that lion shit . . . Pearson, hey, damn . . . that gestapo mothafucka hung up. . . . Vernice, coffee!"

His hot line rings and Randolph picks up.

Randolph: "Yeah, whatzup?"

Lobby Receptionist: "A box of animal crap."

Randolph: "What?"

Lobby Receptionist: "We have a large box . . . it was gift wrapped and hermetically sealed. Security unwrapped and opened it, and the box was full of --it."

Randolph: "Why the fuck ya call me, Miss?"

Lobby Receptionist: "It had your name written on it, and security said to tell you."

Randolph: "Wait, I'm comin' down . . . chill. Be cool, wait, shit. Vernice, where's that fuckin' coffee. . . ? Oh, ok thanks." Vernice hands Randolph a steaming cup of her popular Norma Shearer coffee: brewed coffee, poured back through the grounds and served. "Umm, hot! Look, I got a box of way strange shit down in the lobby with my name on it. You believe this shit?"

Vernice: "Herman Louse again?"

Randolph: "That nigga's Nat Turner nuts, Skinny Minnie; he's a fuckin' mental case an-a-half. When I hit 'em with that milk box, he fuckin' lost it, man."

Vernice: "You hit him with a milk box?"

Randolph: "Yeah, back in the way day, you know, high school shit, when Louse was a lane. We called cats lanes, hard heads and deep in the hat niggas, way back when a sky was a hat and a ride was a short and a kiss was a slob. Vernice, cancel all my shit for today; I'm way implicated up in this puppy now."

Vernice: "Is Pearson being Hitler white again?"

Randolph: "Naw, he's doin' his fuckin' job; he's characteristically a goddamn Neo-Nazi spy, shit. But I don't get this nigga Louse; he'd better make sense tonight. . . I ain't losin' my gig over this shit."

Vernice: "Is Gwen still substitute teaching?"

Randolph: "Aw, she teaches in a school for little pricks from time to time."

Vernice: "Oh, a nursery?"

Randolph: "Naw, microphallus mothafucks and hermaphrodites only . . . home ec courses and shit."

Vernice and Randolph laugh at the infantile penis joke and in unison say the campy cliché, "Teen y weenies."

. . .

(Kaizen's main lobby)

Randolph: "Let's see that shit . . ." Pearson holds the box up for Randolph. "Whoa, it stinks! That did it, that's it, that's all, and that freak wrote my name on it, shit!"

Pearson: "Take it to the lab, analyze it and report back to me on your findings immediately." Pearson snaps an order at one of his shit heel-clicking agents.

1st Agent: "Yes, Mr. Pearson."

Randolph: "Pearson, we got a lunatic usin' me to drum up trouble. He's got a grudge or some shit, 'cause I can't buy that other junk he's talkin' 'bout, ownin' Kaizen and White Lion/ 2A/KKK."

Pearson: "Randolph, this is his second attack on this company in four days; so even if he's deranged, he's hurting us. We had to close the lobby, we hired fifty more guards, we moved film projects around, switched schedules of post-production, and we're losing time and money. . . ."

Randolph: "I oughta bitch slap this mothafucka on sight tonight."

. . .

(At Bitch Ho's cottage, off the 405 Freeway in Westwood)

Randolph: "Bitch Ho . . . yeah gimmie some, uh-huh, sweet soul sugar."

Sharon Urethra Baker is a size eight, twenty-eight year old, Jada Pinkett-Smith, waaay pretty, carmel coffee-colored, late, great, luminous Lisa `Left Eye´ Lopes likeness, ultra-smooth, peachy sweet, intoxicating Beyoncé-type singer/actress, creative nihilistic cross between a genius and an idiot savant, musical manqué, autodidact, rapper specializing in writing hip-hop a cappella, words and melody. Then again, she's a meretricious, garrulous, uncouth unctuous drug dealing, five foot four of feminine frippery, with yellow blonde hair wigs, belly button and nose rings, tongue pearl pierced poetess with tattoos. Stays in shades, stays high, heroin, cocaine, crack, weed, you name it. She's a sexy as sin, shapely brown temptress, part-time prostitute, full time freak, formerly the pride of the Bounty Hunters, a Blood street gang, representing Nickerson Gardens Projects in the bottom of Watts.

Bitch Ho: "I oughta get ghetto on you, dawg. I been waitin' up in here on yo' black ass, my nigga."

Randolph: "That's all I need, a monogamous ho. Whatzup?"

Bitch Ho: "My T-cells . . . just shittin'."

Randolph: "Ya better be, up in here smellin' like Patti La Belle, and me smellin' like Michael Jordan. You all made up like Halle Berry in a ripped off Christian Dior black ass shortie gown."

Bitch Ho: "Ya left out your misogyny tattoo."

Randolph: "I ain't got no tats n' pieces or ink on me. I'm a totally unscrolled ex-sailor, Bitch Ho."

Bitch Ho: "It's on your brain."

Randolph: "Fuck you, misogynist huh, massage this." Randolph grabs his copious cocky crotch where an obvious protracted protuberance appears.

Bitch Ho: "Ran, you look out of it, shit, and you got cable, gettin' hard as a menial job."

Randolph: "Yeah, I got a rouser n' da trousers and some unfinished business with this guy from way back up in high school, I mentioned him Monday."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, Louse . . . somethin', right?"

Randolph: "Who could forget that fuckin' name, Herman Louse."

Bitch Ho: "That's it, I remember, you couldn't fuckin' believe it. So what's he done beside that lion thang?"

Randolph: "He sent a box of animal shit to the main lobby at Kaizen with my name on it."

Bitch Ho: "What, no shit?"

Randolph: "Probably more like lion shit."

Bitch Ho nonchalantly fires up her hookah, while relaxing on giant purple cushions and pillows, in the thick-carpeted conversation pit. "This mothafucka is obsessed as your trouser rouser, Ran. I mean what's with this fuckin' white lion mania he's up into? He's way whacky, man, shit." Bitch Ho takes a long toke and the scent of burning opium catches Randolph's attention, as he eases down beside her, more protracted and protuberant than ever.

Randolph: "He's bein' symbolic, a pride of white lion's is the logo of White Lion Pictures and Louse wants White Lion/2A/KKK. Gimme a hit of that shit, girl." Randolph takes a stronger, longer toke.

Bitch Ho: "Whoa . . . is this a nigga? How the fuck does he expect to pay for it? Ran, he's fuckin' nuts, watch ya back, man."

Randolph: "I talked to him today, and he didn't sound nuts to me, although I said so to Panzer Pearson. This cat was way fuckin' cool, Bitch Ho, you know, like he's holdin' a phat pat hand, and shit."

Bitch Ho: "I gots a phat pat hand too, shit. Dig on this N.W.O. (New World Odor) smart stank bomb my crew, `Nigga Noise Maker´ dropped on my ass last night. I wrote all the ching ka-ching, bling blingin' words and melody, like a mothafucka."

Randolph unleashes his adamantine, big black dick army, gang of genitals, led by his pesky protruding penis package. He piles his heap of deep dark wood, followed by the team of tremendous testosterone teeming testicles trophy, proudly upon the purple pillows. Bitch Ho clears her throat and plays the demonstration DAT/DVD. She removes the short nightie in favor of flaunting her own mocha brown nakedness, then they go at each other like ravenous wolves in heat, to the gangsta hip-hop beats, blasting on her King Kaizen Kombo DAT/DVD machine elite.

Stink Look

Part I

(Victim)

Youth gangz

Foul air

With fear

Some young

Az 11

187 Crime fumez

Stink to high

Heaven

(Gangsta)

*Sucka what'cha doin'
 Givin' me a stink look
 Sissy I'll bust
 A cap in your behind*

*Don't funk your face
 Or turn your nose up
 Grin ear to ear
 You lost your mind
 You think I farted
 Givin' me a stink look
 'Cause I got wack
 Breath
 And way B.O.*

*I'd kick your punk
 Azz
 Back in the day
 Right now I'll pop you
 And your bitch ho*

*(Victim)
 The hood iz nasty
 The hoodz so filthy
 The garbage truckz
 Don't wanna come
 Them welfare low lifez
 Live in the butt crack
 Of poot sac city
 Deep in the ghetto
 Slum*

*Now I was shoppin'
 With my Mrz.
 We just bought uz
 Some groceriez*

*When a young thug
Came walkin' over
On the parkin' lot
With 2 tough friendz*

*Stinkin' mean
Stinkin' dirty
Stinkin' scary
Stinkin' black*

*He had his right hand
In hiz waist band
Intimidated
I dropped my plastic
Sack*

*He whispered
Stink look
Muthasucka
Then he pulled
A tech 9 out*

*He shot my wife
And me for lookin'
He took my wallet
Car keyz
Crippled me
Snatched her purse
And stole her life*

*Stink look
Don't diz me
Muthasucka
That'z what they say
Now
Out on the streetz*

*The streetz of Venice
Long Beach and L.A.
Avert your eyez
Or face defeat*

*They made a stink look
At the crime scene
And scared eye
Witnessez
So they won't talk*

*The police come
Gang memberz
Stand there
Him and hiz homiez
Don't have to run*

*Another stink look
When we got in court
The judge iz helplezz
He let'z them go*

*They Bogart me
For testifyin'
Say I'm a lyin'
Mutha so & so*

*You made a stink
Look
Muthasucka
That'z what they
Say now
Out on the streetz
The streetz of Detroit
D.C. and New York
Chicago B D'z
I don't wanna meet*

Stink look
Yo token niggaz
That'z what they
Shout now
Out on the streetz
The streetz all over
Urban America
Expensive sneakerz
On their toe jammed
Feet

What'z up with
Stink look
That'z a no no
Like spittin' in a
Gangbanger'z face
Now heed my wordz
Inhuman turdz
Society frownz
At toxic waste

(Gangsta)
You don't have the
Right
To disapprove
Starin' at me
What'cha see

Why you stink lookin'
Me
Sidewayz
Peepin'
Twisted law n' odor
Expressionz
Let me know

*You think you too
 Good
 For me
 Smarter hipper
 Richer better*

*You try and put me in
 My place
 I don't play
 My 9 m.m.'z pointed
 In your face*

*There goez your nose
 Up in the air
 Don't squint your
 Eyez*

*I'm king of these
 Streetz
 My stink look
 Can't be beat
 You sniff a whiff
 Of hoodlum tension
 You smellin' a felon
 My aroma'z hot n'
 Burnin' atmosphere
 Yeah I likez my
 Powerful smell*

*(Bystanderz' chant to victim)
 You made a stink
 Look Mr.
 You made a stink
 Look man
 Your stink look killed thiz sista
 Her blood iz on your handz*

(Victim to all)
I made a stink look
People
That'z what bystanderz
Said
I just saw my sweet
Ol' lady
Stink lookin'
Gang banged dead

(Gangsta to all)
If I could take stink
Through a needle
I would shoot it

If I could take stink
Through the nose
I would snort it

If I could take stink
Through my pipe
I would smoke it

I'm stinkin' good
N' strong
Between my legz
And under my armz
Stinkin' iz my
Strength n' charm

(Gangsta to victim)
Stinkin'z why you
So afraid
Of my nappy dredz
And braidz

*Don't check me out
I'm crazy
Don't scope me
I'm mad
Don't probe me
I'm cold-blooded*

*I smoked
10 Godfatherz
3 Bluntz
1 Splif
I'm a mean muthasucka
Don't gimmie no lip*

*I smoke PCP
And freebase too
I'm a baad muthasucka
And I'll smoke you
I rob armored
Truckz
And city bankz
I'm the slammin'
Muthasucka
In the criminal rankz*

*Take down big casinoz
Just for luck
Jacked Las Vegaz
For a million buckz*

*You made a stink
Look
Slick popz
You funk'd your
Face at me*

*You made a stink
 Look
 Big-time
 You frowned your
 Face
 Ugly*

*B.S. n' jive house bama
 Uppitty Uncle Tom
 Siditty white man'z
 Flunky
 I'm a rollin' dope
 Smokin'
 Stink bomb*

(Victim)

*Black on black
 Black on black
 Black on black
 Black on black*

*Unsavory flava
 Rotten sour
 Behavior
 On the elevator
 Of life*

(Gangsta)

*I'm a F.U. gangsta
 No wannabe
 Pranksta
 Hitman kid killa
 With O.J.'z knife*

*You the fumigator
 Odor eliminator
 I'll stink thiz
 Mutha
 I don't wipe*

*You my odor-eater
 On the odor-meter
 My arm strong
 Cockstrong
 Killed your wife*

*You don't have the
 Right
 To disapprove
 Stink look at me
 And kill my groove
 Watch what'cha see
 Stink lookin' me
 I'm in the house
 You be a mouse*

*Stink look
 Hey - - -
 Yeah in your book
 I'm a baby fresh crook
 Sweat me and make my
 Toejam cook
 Don't ever let our eyez
 Hook
 Ev'rythang I got
 I took*

*You think you too
Good
For me
Smarter better
You smell dead rat n'
Wino pee
A scum bag full
Thiz sociopath
Don't take no bath*

*There goez your nose
Up in the air
Don't squint your eyez
When you see me
Standin' here*

*Stink look
Out on the street
Don't try to I.D. me*

*Stink look
I ain't no video
On a MTV show*

*Stink look
Don't trip on me
When I'm chillin'
I still be killin'*

*Stink look
I'll smoke you
For some stuff
Like that
Have your raw gutz
Spillin'*

*Stink look
P.U. crook
In your book*

*Stink look
I took 'n
Stole your mama's
Pocketbook*

*Quit givin' me that
Stink look
I'm from the hood
I got you shook*

*You better smile
At thiz juvenile*

*Stink look
Stop shootin' daggerz
At my world
Sell out*

*Stink look
If lookz could kill
You'd murder
Gangsta boyz n' girlz
No doubt*

*Stink look
I'll get all y'all
Studyin' in school*

*Stink look
Pull the trigga
On you niggaz
Cool n' cruel*

*So we better not have
No eye contact
I'm a pit bull dog
And I'll attack*

*I got hollow head bulletz
Don't mizz my markz
I'd beat stink lookz
Off Rosa Parkz
I don't go to no
Pizz pussy school
I blow brainz out
Chump snot nose fool*

*So tell your face
I don't play that stuff
Stop twistin' squintin'
And frownin' up*

*In my bucket ride
I reek
Of 40 ounce
Don't make me freak*

*If I see a stink look
On a face
When I'm hangin' n'
Slangin'
In some strange place*

*I'm gonna pull my
Glock 10 out
And waste somebody
When they pout*

*Don't stop n' stare
Gaze off elsewhere
If a gangsta'z
Standin' there*

*I give my neighborz
Such a scare
Make 'em mezz
They underwear*

*When I'm in public
Y'all beware
Don't go eye to eye
Nobody dare*

*Stink look
O-o-o-w
You think I'm just
A funky skunky crook*

*Stink look
O-o-o-w
I snatched your mama'z
Empty pocketbook*

*Stink look
O-o-o-w
I'm from the hood
Where pryin' spyin'
Eyez don't hook*

*Soon young gang
Memberz
Under 10 n' 12
Be runnin' posse'z
By theyselvez*

*My stink iz spreadin'
All around
Soon I'll come
Stinkin' up your town*

*You'll know me
By my baggy pose
Just put a clothez pin
On ya nose*

*My scent could skunk
Out
10 bloodhounds
I'm husky musty
Black n' brown*

*I been to prison
I been to jail
Son of a bitch
I'm goin' to hell*

*Goddamn y'all work
From 9 to 5
If you wanna live
And stay alive*

*Better keep your
4 eyez
In your head
Don't stink look me
Hear what I said*

*We 3'z a gang
Ain't no gang truce
Tall dark n' handsome
Just like Juice*

*Football hero
 Movie star
 Deodorizer in hiz
 Car*

*We think O.J. iz
 Innocent
 It'z a racist frame-up
 Izn't it*

*We think O.J. iz
 Innocent
 Caught in a web
 Of circumstance*

*We think O.J.
 Iz innocent
 In spite of all
 The evidence*

Part II

*(Victim to gangsta)
 Now go to the mirror
 Experience
 A stink look
 First hand*

*Repeat after me
 I ain't no angry
 Young black man*

*Say Yummy won't no
 Angel
 Black disciplez
 Have a devilish
 Smell*

*Yeah Chicago haz the
Youngest baby killaz
Hired gunz to sell*

*Yummy smoked
A little school girl
He'z the stinkiest
Dead pee wee
That thiz stinkin'
Old world
Iz ever gonna see*

*Now curse that lame
Named Skipper
For beatin' Rosa Parkz
In her home
Lord I'd be Jack
The Ripper
If I could get him all
Alone*

*Crack head Marion Berry
D.C. better worry
The power of the pipe
Can carry
Grave resultz
Makin' him mayor
Was a stink Insult*

*Say O.J. ain't no hero
32 ain't zero*

*If he killed those
 People solo
 Like they say
 And hiz blood matchez
 The murder scene
 Blood DNA
 Then right iz wrong
 And wrong iz right
 Today*

*May gang victim ghosts
 Of ghetto'z
 Haunt you
 And taunt you
 Pounce upon you
 And drive beside
 Your ride
 Drive by
 With innocent eyez*

*All the onez you
 Gunned down
 Young n' old
 A parade of lost dead
 Soulz
 Obituariez come to
 Life*

*All of those buried
 Are comin' back from
 The grave
 To stink look you
 With my wife*

*Don't check me out
I'm crazy
Don't scope me
Now I'm mad
Muthasucka
Don't probe me
I'm cold-blooded
With stinkin'
Despisin' eyez
To punish you*

*You'll see the biggest
Stink look
Will come from me
When I vote for
The death penalty*

*If I have to run for
Office
I'll campaign
'Til you're found guilty*

*Then I'll watch 'em
Execute you
With a smile
Though you're young
And only a gangsta
Ghetto child*

(Gangsta to all)
Give the gangz them
Good jobz
And we won't have to kill n'
Rob
Don't stink eye me ya
Snob
Then at funeralz you
Won't sob
You don't want no crime
Mob
So turn open that door
Nob
Quit actin' like Bourgie
Bob
A Cripz a crab and a
Bloodz a slob
And put a father back
In the home to make
A family

(Victim to gangsta and all)
Not just Afghanistan n' Palestine
Need liberation
What about our inner
Citiez
Send in the marinez

Occupy the projectz
Place all gangz under
24-hour surveillance
Via The Anti-violence
Alliance
I started thiz grazz rootz
Organization
When you killed my
Spouse

*We are angry
Strapped and dangerouz
We're self-righteouz
And indignateouz*

*We'll put you offensive
Typez away
Position the National
Guard
On the roof topz
Ev'ryday
Keep 'em posted on the
Streetz
Have patrolz all night
In carz
Fly chopperz in the
Air
Install manned metal
Detectorz
Ev'rywhere
Oh yeah*

*Legalize the drugz
Buy back all the gunz
All the smokin' gunz*

*Lockup anyone
Under the sun
Who aimz to pull
A trigga
And callz his brutha
Nigga*

*Then when your putrid
Stench subsidez
The good folkz won't
Have to hide*

(ALL)

*We'll pass love
Air freshenerz
All around*

*Spray love fragrance
In ev'ry town
Run outlawz clean
Out of bounds
Dance sing n' shout*

*Deodorize thiz land
People huggin' n' shakin'
Handz
Stink eyez never
More
Peaceful shore to
Shore
We're distinctly free
God gave uz
Instinct to see
That stink lookz
Can be
Extinct
And defunct
History - - - - -*

*Stink look - - - -o-o-o-w
No more stinky funky
Gangsta crookz*

*Ain't no more
Stink look - - - - o-o-o-w
To jack my mama'z
Gucci pocketbook
Gucci Gucci Gucci*

Stink look - - - - o-o-o-w
I'm from the hood
A clean upz all it
Took
Incense n' flowerz
Make skid row
A perfumed
Shady nook

Stink look - - - - o-o-o-w
Ev'rybody'z
Distinctly free
We don't need a

Stink look - - - - o-o-o-w
Thank God for the
Good instinct to see
They'll never be a

Stink look - - - - o-o-o-w
We know now all
Stink lookz can be
Defunct n' extinct
And forever more
History

Stink look - - - - o-o-o-w
All acrozz this sweet
N' blessed land

Nobody getz a
Stink look - - - - o-o-o-w
Ghetto people
Huggin' n'
Shakin' handz
Nobody givez a

*Stink look - - - - o-o-o-w
 It'z peaceful in
 The projectz
 East coast to west coast
 You'll never see a*

*Stink look - - - - o-o-o-w
 That killed
 My wife
 And terrified black poor peepz
 Stink looks are wiped
 Out
 Now n' forever more
 Stink look - - - - -
 O-o-o-w*

Randolph: "Yeah."

Bitch Ho: "Shh." Bitch Ho springs to her feet, runs to the bathroom, returns refreshed and dressed in slouchy short, orange cargo pants, green running shoes, a worn backwards black bibbed-cap over her long braided blonde wig, green belly shirt and shades. She then hands him a wet warm towel, turns up her new music on the King Kaizen Kombo DAT/DVD machine and gestures for Randolph to follow her.

Randolph: "What . . . where you goin'?"

Bitch Ho: "Shh . . . quiet." Bitch Ho leads Randolph by the hand outside and closes the front door.

Randolph: "What you come out here for?"

Bitch Ho: "Let's go to the beach house; we can't talk here."

Randolph: "Why?"

Bitch Ho: "You said Pearson, right? I worked security for three years, remember?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I know you worked for him, so?"

Bitch Ho: "He don't leave shit undone; the mothafucka will probably follow us. I know he's bugged every room up in here by now, and he probably saw us suckin' n' fuckin' back, too. Covert City, California specializes in high tech transistor, `nicest, precise, lowest prices security listening devices', video cameras, camcorders and small cameras, tracking technology, descramblers, debugging equipment and bugging equipment of every kind and size, hidden tape recorders, metal detectors and the latest rage, business and personal, `Ain't it the Truth' lie detectors with Sojourner Truth Serum. They excel in the manufacturing of top of the line secret tools for home and workplace security systems. And because the Japanese are world leaders in the consumer covert espionage business, twelve Japanese and American companies now manufacture and distribute this hardware and software paraphernalia worldwide here, making Covert City and Kaizen, king of the upgraders, featuring the `Ear Shot´ listening device and the `Spy Eye´ video camera craze, preferred in homes and businesses today!" Bitch Ho takes a big breath after her spontaneous sententious solicitous spirited soliloquy.

Randolph: "That Himmler head Hess honky was on my line listenin' to me and Louse, so he'll be there tonight when I meet Louse."

Bitch Ho: "Where?"

Randolph: "Cerulean Blue."

Bitch Ho: "Whose idea was that?"

Randolph: "Louse's."

Bitch Ho: "Pearson is a concentration camp cocksucka, and he'll try to punish yo' black ass if ya fuck up."

Randolph: "Fuck Pearson and Kaizen, shit . . . I gotta see Louse for my own reasons now."

Bitch Ho: "You don't wanna blow your job. Bitch Ho acts servile, imitating slaves with chain gang antics and motions for Randolph to get into the passenger seat of her red Lexus Jeep."

Randolph: "They know some shit I don't know. They ask me questions and shit, you know, sodium yamma-all (Amythal), a lie detector, and a shrink hypnotist, ya dig?"

Bitch Ho: "You let white fucks put you under!"

Randolph: "Fuck you, go on drive, bitch."

Bitch Ho: "They could've programmed your big dick, black ass, Ran."

Randolph: "Mind control, huh, you worried they still workin' my brain in a post-hypnotic state?"

Bitch Ho: "Shit yeah, some dude can snap his finger, and you won't know shit, nigga, 'cause you be in a mothafuckin' big bro brainwash trance."

Randolph: "You way crazy, Bitch Ho, and a oversexed junkie."

Bitch Ho speeds away. "Why the fuck is this so important, nobody got hurt . . . did they?"

Randolph: "Yeah me, and I'm a hurtin' nigga right about now. Watch out, girl. Where you learn to drive, in drunk drivin' school?"

Bitch Ho gets her swerve on, barely missing an empty, extreme yellow old school bus. "Hang on Ran."

Randolph: "Hey, shit!"

Bitch Ho: "I'm takin' a faster route. I thought I saw a car behind us followin' us, shit." Bitch Ho takes the 405 Freeway instead of the surface streets.

Randolph: "Lose 'em then, shit. Pull over on the shoulder, I'll drive."

Bitch Ho: "No, I don't see 'em now."

Randolph: "Be careful, girl, I got thangs to do."

Bitch Ho: "So do I."

Randolph: "Damn, I wanna fuck again."

Bitch Ho: "Nah, big n' nasty, I'm gonna give my bootay a rest. We have time for that. Listen up . . . I have an idea."

Randolph: "What?"

Bitch Ho: "You better get a lawyer, you better hire somebody they can't buy and be ready to sue Kaizen, if they try to dump you after they get Louse. Right?"

Randolph: "Louse ain't stupid. He knew they'd listen in, so the nigga used a public phone."

Bitch Ho: "Hell, we gotta good hustle outta this if we play the game."

Randolph: "What game, I don't know shit, I'm in the dark."

Bitch Ho: "Louse wants you in, so go along, see where he's comin' from; listen to him, if he likes to talk and feel White Lion big; if he's an egotist, ya know what I'm sayin'? If he wants to git off on hisself and front, nigga, you white lionize him."

Randolph: "Then what, he used my name; he wants to get back at me for bustin' him upside the head."

Bitch Ho: "No, not so, I don't think that's it at all from what you told me. This lion stuff is about the White Lion/2A/KKK logo, you know? Suppose he's bein' backed by the `Buy Black Think Tank Bank`?"

Randolph: "Naw, they ain't got that kinda scratch. Louse said he had a deal with the late, great Reg Lewis, but he couldn't talk about it; he said he promised Reg to wait."

Bitch Ho: "Reginald F. Lewis, goddamn, you mean he's into junk bonds and shit?"

Randolph: "Hell, I don't know."

Bitch Ho drives onto the Pacific Coast Highway, and they both admire the ocean view until they reach Malibu and the beach house driveway.

Randolph: "Pull in and park around back, behind the palm tree. Yeah, use your key go on in. I'll look around. (After a cursory check) Nothin', all clear I guess. Help me open the windows. Damn, it's close up in here. Hey, I got mail . . . oh shit."

A small package wrapped in brown paper is lying on the floor under the mail slot. Randolph sees the same scrawl that was on the package of animal dung he got before at Kaizen.

Bitch Ho: "What'cha got?"

Randolph: "I recognize this handwritin'."

Bitch Ho: "Louse?"

Randolph: "Yeah, this nigga is way out of his depth; he's over his head."

Bitch Ho: "What is it, lemme see that shit, Ran?"

Randolph: "It's just a P.O. box number and a key, no message, no signature, nothin'."

Bitch Ho: "Call the post office and find out where that box is before they close."

Randolph: "Naw, the main post office is my best bet. That's where Louse put it, I'll drive."

. . .

(In Bitch Ho's red Lexus Jeep, back on the 405 Freeway, on the way to the main Post Office, downtown L.A.)

Bitch Ho: "That stinkin' male patterned, bald head bastard." Bitch Ho belittles Pearson's glimmering pate.

Randolph: "Who?"

Bitch Ho: "Pearson . . . I.G. Pearson."

Randolph: "What you sayin', girl?"

Bitch Ho: "He ain't gonna let you walk tall on this shit. He's gonna diss your ass with Lord Ashton in the mornin', Ran."

Randolph; "Why?"

Bitch Ho: "You bought him time to be a hero. He knows Louse now, and in his mind he thinks he's superior, and he thinks you and Louse are stupid and inferior 'cause you're both black. That's his take on this, so it's a dumb nigga versus whitey protectin' the Jap thang to him."

Randolph: "How you figure?"

Bitch Ho: "White Lion/2A/KKK is just a logo now, call the Ku Klux Klan, they own it. They'll tell you it's up for grabs, on the block, and ripe for take over."

Randolph: "I likes yo' braided blonde hair wig down ya back like that and those thighs are killa, baby." Randolph attempts a sexual non sequitur and puts a move on Bitch Ho by stroking a black butterfly tattoo hidden high on the inside of her crotch and thigh.

Bitch Ho: "No, you'd better hook up with Louse on this one, man; he's scarin' 'em shitless. He's hot n' a-mothafucka, somethin's up with this move he made. I know Pearson; he won't make waves unless his job is on the line. Kaizen is in deep shit, from a fire, electronic glitches, bombs, whatever. Louse could bring 'em down. All them Japs are gonna lose; check it out. They don't supply nothin' in this culture, but the money and copied technology. They're way over there in Japan, and this black guy sees their weakness. That's hip, man, this Louse is a fuckin' genius. He won't let 'em pull that Pearl Harbor shit. He'll make 'em surrender, just like Heroshima and Nagasaki. Yeah Ran, he's the best hustle; we gotta hook up with him. And you're the perfect one to help him."

Randolph: "Where you figure he can get that kinda scratch? Shit, girl, White Lion/2A/KKK cost big-time, the KKK wants billions for that fuckin' lion logo alone. Naw, he can't raise that in cash from niggas, so where? Maybe he's frontin' for some white drug cats, even yella drug cats or African drug cats. Look, ev'rybody's gonna try and rip off that logo. Shit, it's worth . . ."

Bitch Ho: "Not as much, shit, 'cause White Lion/2A/KKK ain't happenin' in the trades, so I'd say not over three billion bucks, shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, they use to be up in it to win it. They were for real. We talk about 'em at Kaizen sometimes in meetin's, you know, we know they're there."

Bitch Ho: "No, Ran, Louse knows these Klan fucks can't hack it, and he's usin' black power sabotage to bring Kaizen down too. Oh shit, just the word sabotage alone kicks major ass. What a great fuckin' idea, sabotage the Japs and run 'em out of the business; take over and restore our traditional African-American technicolor talent without the KKK! Bring it back as the greatest motion picture company, the goddamn world has ever seen, but to a grander glory and even bigger better black business!"

Randolph: "With no scratch, impossible, Bitch Ho. Hard cash is the only way Louse could pull it off. A half ass hustle don't mean shit, girl. You backin' the wrong horse, Louse is fuckin' dreamin'. I know a list as long as my dick . . . I mean my arm."

Bitch Ho: "Same difference, nigga."

Randolph: "Anyway, I know of a lot of niggas who didn't get paid for fuckin' with Kaizen. The three most famous rules in the recordin' industry are: number one, the company must remain greater than its artist, no matter what; and second, don't trust a white boy with a guitar, and last but not least, never trust a nigga with a briefcase."

Bitch Ho: "Oh, you got the good job, but he's got the great idea, even a plan. They pay you for your contacts and knowledge in and of the black entertainment industry. But he's got 'em runnin', Ran. I bet they hired a small ass army to protect the Kaizen lot. Kaizen's runnin' scared of somethin' we don't know about, but Louse knows . . ."

Randolph: "Knows what? You just think he's the man. Hey, what you doin' so tight with a nigga like Louse? You don't even know what he's really pullin' here. He could just be bull shittin'! And don't forget he dropped my name from the gitgo without any provocation or promptin'. He's on my case 'cause I went upside his wooly head. Yeah, all I see is an old head wound actin' up and a nervous Nazi, Pearson."

Bitch Ho: "He stinks, literally, he's a shit bag, I know." Bitch Ho remembers the flaccid, flatulent and incontinent evening she spent with an unpeerless Pearson, who although wearing a white shirt, actually became a Nazi Brown Shit, rather Shirt from stool soiled stains, right in her turd tainted, feces fouled face and excremented in eyes.

Randolph: "How you know so much 'bout Pearson, girl, talk to me?"

Bitch Ho: "I was his receptionist and secretary for . . ."

Randolph: "I'm hip to that shit, but such passion, whatzup, girl?"

Bitch Ho: "He's shitty, Ran, and Louse is clean, well oiled n' powdered baby fresh. Like tonight, he's ahead of the game, and I bet he won't show. You oughta blow Mr. Louse off and get him nervous. Ran, this is big."

Randolph: "How big?"

Bitch Ho: "Billions. Maybe Louse is a leader first, and he wants to make a major film studio available for blacks. You know how that minority affirmative action shit flies in the face of antitrust. White guys are on thin ice, 'cause if somebody blows the whistle on they illegal monopoly, niggas own this entertainment shit, from the big ass music companies, all the mothafuckin' movie and TV shit, pornography in San Fernando Valley, to boxin' and Pay-Per-View. Ran, this is waaay fuckin' big! All the technology shit Kaizen's into can suffer P.R. wise and be replaced by others easily. The Japs just . . ."

Randolph: "I know, Japs just make shit smaller and cheaper; export/import it and get rich."

Bitch Ho: "No, it's more than money with Louse. It's . . ."

Randolph: "Louse, Louse, Louse! Shit, I hear that filthy fucked up name comin' outta your sexy mouth again . . ."

Bitch Ho: "No, he's not for me, but he's got over on a big ass hundred billion dollar per-year company. I mean he reamed 'em security wise. Ran, he can run 'em out of America."

Randolph: "I heard ya, fires and floods, dynamite, poison, a full mane, wild male, white lion. Sabotage, I heard ya."

Bitch Ho: "But did you feel the power, Kaizen's on high alert? Pearson's a post-war, neo-heil Hitler Holocaust type at heart, but he's weak, I know. I . . ." Bitch Ho gags, recalling the night she tried to wash her crap covered self, head-to-toe: eyes, hair, mouth, nose, body, feet, nightgown and slippers, then best bed sheets and bedspread, a

scatter rug, pillowcases and towels; finally, burning all the above after an impotent, incontinent, humiliated and contrite, defecation smelling Pearson said, `auf wiedersehen`, and left when she said, `You thought like Lit . . . you thought you farted, but ya shit!` "Schickelgruber sell-out."

Randolph: "Why you say that shit, you knockin' jack boots with him or somethin'? Naw, you just excited over that old militant nigga dream, kill whitey, almighty whitey shit. We need whitey, we can't kill 'em, we gotta hook up, that's . . ."

Bitch Ho: "Nooo, we gotta have free expression. We gotta own broadcastin' and film companies, plus, publishin' and record companies with distribution and manufacturin'. We gotta own, we only work as flunkies, you know? No offense, but what would happen if a guy like you owned and ran a giant conglomerate like Kaizen? Hell, you could support blacks in the business world with a real financial base. Now I ain't talkin' political and social shit, I mean money power. Shit, you'd have the right to use the system in our favor."

Randolph pulls into the main post office parking lot. The two go inside the post office, find the post office box, and open it.

Randolph: "Ok, we got a empty P.O. Box and it's five-thirty. I gotta take a nap, shower, dress and . . ."

Bitch Ho: "No, go to Gwen, she's not stupid; we've been together since two. Don't push your luck go home, I mean it. Don't leave anything to chance."

A short, well-dressed black man Randolph's age comes over grinning with a Kaizen `Da Bomb Box` (a satellite radio/DAT/DVD recorder/player), containing a practical joke, Louse can't wait to play.

Man: "I'm from D.C. and I play the Spoons."

Randolph: "Naw, that's wack Ted Mack Amateur Hour shit, Jack."

Man: "No, I'm a D.C. deejay and I play the Spoons vocal group you love so fuckin' much."

Randolph: "I knew a singin' group called the Spoons back in the day, 'round the way . . . Little Joe, Buck, Tenor . . ."

Bitch Ho: "Tenor?"

Randolph: "Yeah, that's the nigga's name, shit. Baad ass second tenor, then the best goddamn baritone was Sailor. Buck was the monster bass man and Little Joe was the kick-ass first tenor."

Bitch Ho: "Sailor, no shit, Ran?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah, Sailor, Robert Hooks the actor."

Bitch Ho: "You jivin', shit."

Randolph: "Naw, he sang a boss baritone like a mothafucka."

Man: "He's a helluva black actor."

Randolph: "Naw, nigga, a great actor."

Man: "Yeah, well I'm here to play your favorite group from the fifties only record, `Fake 2 da Moon`."

Randolph: "I'd pay to hear that good shit soon. They sang in the hallway and on the school playground at recess when I went to Benjamin Banneker Jnr. High. . . . I remember that rich, low-boomin', deep down, dark resonate, solid, rumblin' rock bottom bass and strong steady secure baritone, crooned smooth and full with a healthy, whole vibrato, melodious, cocksure croonin' second tenor, sweetened by the melismatic mellifluous mellow, sexy sound of the first tenor, as the handsome hip hot, slick ladies man, lead singer wets girls' pants . . . shit! The Spoons were my cool career inspiration."

Bitch Ho: "Ran, when the Spoons sang, `Fake 2 da Moon`, did they sing it in tune?" Bitch Ho loves the opportunity for inner city play and rhyming spontaneity and she really gets into it as Randolph reminisces.

Randolph: "Hell yeah, sexy, the Spoons could way fuckin' croon. They made the ho's and bitches swoon."

Man: "Well, man, I'm deejay Tom Roone."

Randolph: "Tom Roone, you my ace boon coon, if ya got `Fake 2 da Moon` by the mothafuckin' Spoons, shit."

Tom Roone: "I gots the magical masterful mystical lead singin' vocal stylizin' of one Sammy Hawkins, along with that quiverin', tremblin', frolicsome fresh feverish falsetto first tenor, Little Joe, blowin' ever so sweet harmonic curlicues, analogous to an orgasm, into a blend of Buck, the deep ass bass, with soulful, distinguished baritone, Bobby Hooks, and Tenor, the experienced, self-confident soundin' second tenor, all fittin' snug like a manicured hand in a Corinthian leather kid glove, singin' all about love . . ."

Randolph: "Crank it up, nigga, shit."

The bogus D.C. deejay pushes the play button on his Kaizen DAT/DVD `Da Bomb Box`, and a marble hallway is filled with good old, mid-twentieth century, black vocal group, doo-wop singing, perfect straight harmony once again.

Fake 2 Da Moon

*Fake 2 da moon
I'm heartless and
Immune
I ain't blue
I'm singin' a happy
Tune
I lied I never cried
A Rangoon monsoon
I'm over you*

*Now when I look up
At the distant stars
I wanna maroon
Your cheatin' ass on Mars
I faked you out
You sexy sneaky flirt
I made you think
That I was hurt*

*I played an actor's part
 I let you think
 I loved you
 Theatrics
 From the start
 When all the while
 You didn't know
 I'd sit at home and smile*

*Fake 2 da moon
 I'm heartless and immune
 I ain't sad
 I'm singin' a happy tune
 I lied I never cried
 A Rangoon monsoon
 I'm over you*

*Because you thought
 I was your fool
 When I kissed you
 You were cool
 You left me for another
 Lover
 You meant to be cruel*

*Fake 2 da moon
 Love crazy as a loon
 I laughed all night
 'Cause I'm no such buffoon
 Fake 2 da moon
 I'm no love sick baboon
 You thought a fox
 Could trick an insensitive
 Raccoon*

Fake 2 da moon
I'm heartless and immune
But if you wanna
Try again real soon
Ha ha ha
Ho ho ho
Fake 2 da moon
I'm over you
I'm over you
So over . . .
Fake 2 da Moon

Randolph: "Bull shit, that ain't the goddamn mothafuckin' Spoons, shit. The Spoons sang, `Crazy 'Bout My Honey Dip` by the Cap-tans. . ."
Randolph begins to snap his fingers and sing:

Gee feel so necessary
Gee found me a brand-new baby
Gee feel so necessary
Crazy 'bout out my honey dip

"Shit, them niggas sang, `Will You Be Mine` by the Swallows . . ."
Randolph sings again as Bitch Ho pops her fingers in time with the tune.

Will you be mine
As you were once before
I've always been the same
Oh my darlin' who's to blame
Am I a fool
What's this thang all about
Did I do wrong
Or are you in doubt

*I do nothin' but wonder
 (Wonder)
 Hopin' you'll come back
 I can't stand it much longer
 (Longer)
 Darlin' this is no act*

*I'll pray 'til then
 But you could say sometime
 I'll ask again
 Can and will you be mine*

Randolph stops singing and Bitch Ho applauds wildly with shrieks of approval, and the false deejay leaves the `Da Bomb Box` on the floor and runs away as Louse's loud laughing voice on the tape says mockingly . . . " Fake 2 da Moon, Randolph!"

. . . .

Bitch Ho drives Randolph back to her place to pick-up his taupe 1986 Mercedes Benz 190. On the way she plays a demo DAT/DVD tape of these songs she composed, as performed by Schoochie Moochié and his oscillating Big Oooh orchestra.

Accursed

*It's accursed in this land
 All the riches known to man
 Ain't nobody gotta goddamn
 Plan*

Repeat

*My scabs n' wounds won't
 Heal I'm told
 Black n' angry
 On the dole
 As Clinton's
 Fond n' friendly
 'Round the eyes*

*But when it comes to
 Farrakhan
 An exotic pragmatic
 Islam man
 Praises Allah Akbar
 Five times a day
 He made a million kneel
 N' pray
 But it won't one million
 So the white man say*

*It's accursed in this land
 All the riches known to man
 Ain't no mothafuckin'
 Plan
 It's accursed in this land*

*My scabs and wounds
 Won't heal I'm told
 Black and angry when
 I'm old
 Lord we don't worship
 Satan anymore
 We lick salvation crumbs
 Right off the floor*

___Repeat___

*Down degradations path
Of sin
The road to utter ruin
There ain't no unfought
Freedom
In this world*

Oh o o o o o (Scat)

*It's accursed in this land
All the riches known to man
Ain't nobody gotta goddamn
Plan*

*It's accursed in this
Land
All the riches known
To BROTHAMAN
(Scat)*

*It's accursed all the time
I can't hardly make a dime
It's accursed day n' night
It's accursed black n' white*

*It's accursed as it reams
 In a Jesus kinda dream
 Burn a cross
 They burn the church
 God don't leave us in the
 Lurch
 Some ain't got enough to
 Eat
 Others dwell on E Z street
 All that money that they
 Make
 Is only for the master
 Race*

*If they gave some to the
 Poor
 It would open freedom's
 Door
 The masses need a helpin'
 Hand
 It's accursed in this land*

Reneged Refrain

*I want my fair share
 I lost
 Stacked against me
 Under the table
 Playin' poker
 With a joker
 I suspect
 Called America*

*Bet'cha I'm losin'
 'Cause you cheatin'
 That last pat hand
 You dealt
 Ain't legal
 You're double dealin'
 From the bottom
 Of the deck*

*I'm black as the ace of
 Spades
 My credit card's a king
 (MLK)*

*Call a spade a spade
 My callin' card's a queen
 (Rosa Parks)
 My marked business cards
 A jack (Jesse Jackson)*

*In a trumped up game of
 Life
 My ten race card
 Is a Goat Alley
 Switchblade knife*

*You just reneged
 You're a reneger
 You slammed the door
 In my black face*

*So welfare rolls will
 Get bigger
 A mind's a terrible
 Thing to waste*

*If you renege
 You're a reneger
 White campaign promises
 N' lies*

*When you renege
 You're a reneger
 With hateful hearts
 We'll rob the game
 Steal the pot
 Beat you with wild
 Clubs for diamonds
 Watches rings
 & hock ev'ry crooked
 Thing you got*

*Lady Luck don't mean
 A thing
 You reneged
 You're a reneger
 You can't prevail on
 Dr. King
 As to the stigma of my
 Enigma
 We're Mother Earth's first
 Human beings
 You reneged
 You're a reneger
 Lord*

*You just reneged
You're a reneger
You didn't follow suit
You didn't tell the truth
Itchy finger hairy
Trigger
We're a royal flush
The way I figure*

*If you renege
You're a reneger
Then the real deals fixed
N' rigged
When you renege
You're a reneger
By Robert's Rules n'
Regulations
Accordin' to Hoyle
In ev'ry nation
You reneged*

Cyberspace Confession

*O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
Was on a home page
Called the Bleedin' Edge*

*O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
They can't prove it
They only allege*

*Are the hackers
Hauntin' /website
The ghosts of Nicole/Ron
The white Bronco's backed up
To Bundy
'Cause this was posted on
The Internet*

*O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
I never ever wanted 'em dead
O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
A cyberspace confession said
O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
In drippin' graphics bloody red
O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
The kids were sleepin' in the bed
O.J. was her/ex-husband
/lover/mentor/hero/best friend
Did O.J. love her too much
To ever/her throat*

*Thus was the crime
 Of the century
 The Akita Kato
 Saw the deed
 Where is the double
 Murder weapon
 I'm surfin' the/clue
 We need*

*O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 I didn't mean to do it
 O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 When they kissed hello I blew it
 O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 Ear to ear before I knew it
 O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 I didn't mean to screw
 It . . . up*

*O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 Crazy over you
 O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 What else was I to do
 O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 So in love with you
 O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 You thrilled me
 Through and through*

*O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 I never ever wanted 'em dead
 O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 A cyberspace confession said
 O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 In drippin' graphics bloody red
 O.J./Nicole/Ron.com
 The kids were sleepin' in the bed*

Feel My Eel

*Feel my eel
(Baby)*

*Feel my eel
(In the mornin' time)*

*Feel my eel
(In the evenin' time)*

*Feel my eel
(In the midnight hour)*

*Feel my eel
Glowin' in the dark
Feel my eel
Rub it 'til I spark*

*Megawatt I overload
Megahertz me I explode
Gigabyte my eel it
Growed
To a jiggawatt episode*

*Feel my eel
In your aquarium of
Love*

*Feel my eel
In your fish tank I
Dream of*

*I'm caught in your
Fishnets
Between yo' Amazon
Thighs*

*I zap n' zing
A moray's thing
In yo' bootay and make
You squeal*

*Electrocute your body
Supercharge your very
Soul
Electric slide into your
Panties
With my power utility
Pole*

*Blow a fuse no jellyfish
Can sting a bigger bolt
Give you such a mighty
Jolt
Hotter than a million volts*

*Feel my eel (Feel my eel)
In the hot tub of your
Heart*

*Feel my eel (Feel my eel)
Stroke my scaly spine
For shock*

*Feel my eel (Feel my eel)
In the shower
Be so bold*

*Touch my eel (Touch my eel)
Touch my fishy fin
Control*

*Dynamo in your
Fish bowl
Cop a feel*

(Feel my eel)

*Early in the mornin'
(Feel my eel)
At the crack of dawnin'
(Feel my eel)
Stretchin' and a yawnin'
(Feel my eel)
Fresh as water
I was born in
(Feel my eel)*

*Make ya hair go back
Make ya cheek teeth
Chatter baby
(Feel my eel)*

*Wet electric blanket
Drive ya mad as a hatter
Crazy
(Feel my eel)*

*From electron matter
Inhibitions scatter maybe
(Feel my eel)*

*Grip my tail
And feel about
Smooth my whiskered
Feelers out*

*Feel me up
Without a doubt
Feel my eel (Feel my eel)*

*Beard the lion
In his den
Charm the cobra
With a grin*

*Smell the skunk
And don't run then
Cop a feel
(Feel my eel) Feel my eel
(Feel my eel)*

*Feel my eel
Shock absorb my sex
Appeal*

*Feel my eel
Pet it or someone else
Will*

*Feel my eel
Save on your electric bill*

*Cop a feel
Feel my eel
Take a
Tranquilizer pill*

*Cop a feel
 Feel my eel
 Fondle flanks as
 Hard as steel*

*Cop a feel
 Feel my eel
 Breathe love fire in
 My gill*

*Cop a feel
 Feel my eel
 Run fingers down my
 Shaft until*

*Cop a feel
 Feel my eel
 Place your hand where
 It can heal*

*Cop a feel
 Feel my eel*

*(Feel my eel)
 In my 'lectric
 Automobile*

*(Feel my eel)
 Zany zig zag
 Zip n' zeal*

*(Feel my eel)
 Turn my ignition switch
 Lucille*

(Feel my eel)
See what neon eyes
Reveal

(Feel my eel)
My fishy sperm will
Splash n' spill

Make ya hair go back
Make ya cheek teeth
Chatter baby
(Feel my eel)

Wet electric blanket
Drive ya mad as a hatter
Crazy
(Feel my eel)

From electron matter
Inhibitions scatter
Maybe
(Feel my eel)

*Cop a feel
 Feel my eel
 From a river in Brazil*

*Cop a feel
 Feel my eel
 An anaconda's
 No big deal*

*Cop a feel
 Feel my eel
 I zonk piranha
 At my heel
 Cop a feel
 Feel my eel*

*(Feel my eel)
 My shock therapy's
 Tranquil
 (Cop a feel)
 See me shed my skin n' peel*

*(Feel my eel)
 Grab my lightin'
 Rod real deal
 Cop a feel
 Feel my eel*

Enslaved

*Enslaved
 Emancipated love slave
 You make me behave
 Like a twenty-first century
 Love slave*

*Enslaved
Third millennium sex slave
New Age
Minimum wage slave
Shackin' up in
Sojourner Truth's
Enclave*

*I ain't never been loved
Like this before
Ravaged by a savage
One woman gang whore
Roots, The Color Purple,
Glory, Gone With the Wind
Kissin' sweetly Phylliss
Wheatley
Your Beloved lips again*

*Enslaved
You captured and gave
Love lashes I crave
'Til I'm dead and buried in my grave
Baby I'm just your love slave*

*On the lover's auction block
No shackles chains or whips
'Twas a passive aggressive
Soul sista
Thrusting Amistad bubble hips
King jack knight pawn
President knave
Thomas Jefferson lust lynchin'
Long Tall Sally
In the home of the free and the
Brave*

_____TOP_____

Randolph gets his car, leaves Bitch Ho and takes Westwood Blvd. to Sunset Blvd., all the way out to Sunset & Vine, where he calls Claudia Charles, his yellow rose: a beautiful size seven, mulatto mystique with flashing light eyes, proud Roman nose, a Venus physique, high intellect technique, keen observation traits, femininely unique and the most accomplished woman on the social ladder in Randolph's secret seraglio, bootay boutique.

Claudia: "Yes."

Randolph: "I wanna see you at Viv's tonight, it's gotta be before nine-thirty." Viv's is an upscale, seafood supper club located atop a skyscraper with a panoramic view of the city, where Randolph likes to hold forth nightly with his intimates and cronies.

Claudia: "I'll meet you at eight-thirty, good enough?"

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, later." Randolph showers and changes into a Himself Brand summer electric slate blue monochromatic ensemble, at his hideaway hacienda in the Hollywood Hills.

. . .

(Viv's)

Claudia is stunning as a goddess, dressed in a white and black native South African kente cloth garment, a matching majestic African head wrap and zebra Zulu boots.

Randolph: "You look like a South African queen envoy?"

Claudia: "No silly . . . U. N. envoy to South Africa."

Randolph: "Whatever you say, pretty lady. How the hell ya been since we last . . . "

Claudia: "We ended up in the air, R n'R. But I've been reading about the trouble you're having, so I'm here for you."

Randolph: "Yeah, Kaizen's got me by my bigness. Some asshole I use to know put me in deep shit. I'm meetin' with the sonovabitch tonight. I oughta beat blood outta that faggot, but securities hot to coddle 'em. For some reason they think those pranks he's playin' have a deeper meanin'."

Claudia: "What do you think?"

Randolph: "I think it's all a croc of lion shit. This guy ain't no fuckin' threat to us. He's . . . damn C.C., you lookin' waaay fine, make a nigga slobber. I missed ya, mama. Let's set up a love suite tomorrow." Randolph's lascivious libido is loosed and aroused, lusting at the stunning creature before him.

Claudia: "Hold your bigness, one thing at a time. I agree with your security. This man has a plan to be a thorn in Kaizen's backside. What does he want from you guys?"

Randolph: "The whole fuckin' lot in Covert City by sabotage, can you believe it?"

Claudia: "Sabotage works, R n'R, I'm in South Africa, remember?"

Randolph: "Yeah, when you goin' back?"

Claudia: "Next week for a month."

Randolph: "Look beautiful, order somethin'. I gotta meet this scum bag tonight at ten."

Claudia: "Who is this guy, is he serious or is he nuts?"

Randolph: "Both, shit, he wants to buy White Lion/2A/KKK. Plus, put the whole thang on the Kaizen lot. Then the nigga scopes me out, all because he knew me before in high school, and I'm in the Kaizen organization."

Claudia: "Why Covert City, I don't follow?"

Randolph: "Oh, that's the old MGM back lot. Hell, the studio plant was out there. They use to call it the `Iron Lung`. You know, L.B. Mayer, that fabulous cast and stable of stars, Gable and bitches up the ass. They had the best lookin' broads in Hollywood. Shit, the real deal 20th Century foxes worked there, name 'em and they were under contract then. Coincidentally, that's the covert consumer goods, economic espionage capital of the world now, and Kaizen's the top company in the electronics security surveillance equipment game."

Claudia: "You mean this is a big business buyout deal of sorts, Y2K style? How much would it cost? Does this guy have that kind of money?"

Randolph: "Hell no, this niggas a walkin' wolf ticket; don't fall for his shit, it's fake. I told 'em he's a bogus loser, but they made me volunteer to take a fuckin' lie detector test 'cause the fuck dropped my name."

Claudia: "You took a poly? Did you take a Rorschach test too and swear on the lives of your children?"

Randolph: "Fuck you, and I ain't got no kids."

Claudia: "Did he communicate with you by phone?"

The waiter comes to the table.

Randolph: "Naw, this nigga's cute, he sent a fuckin' slick e-mail to security with my name on it. Try the shrimp, eat somethin', you ain't even drinkin'. Yeah man, I'll have a Bloody Mary, and slice up a lime."

Waiter: "And for the lady?"

Randolph: "Naw, she's thinkin'. She'll eat later, maybe. More water, man."

Live fish, turtles and Randolph's favorite, one isolated lone electric eel from South America, swimming in an enclosed wall aquarium, surround Randolph and Claudia.

Claudia: "What about the competition, or maybe it's a publicity stunt?"

Randolph: "Naw, he's fuckin' alone, and I don't believe anybody with any goddamn smarts would be caught dead hookin' up with this sucka."

Claudia: "Nobody?"

Randolph: "Just me, I'm the only victim so far. He ain't even gonna show tonight. He's fuckin' over me again and makin' me the fall guy."

Claudia: "Then he's callin' the shots and Kaizen's jumpin' through hoops to get their hands on him tonight."

Randolph: "They can have what's left when I . . . "

The waiter comes back to the table with a cordless phone.

Waiter: "Phone call, sir, will you take it here?"

Randolph: "Oh shit, it's probably Pearson."

Claudia: "Who's he?"

Randolph: "Head of security at Kaizen . . ." Randolph answers the phone. "Yeah, whatzup?"

Louse: "Randolph, I'm calling off tonight's meeting."

Randolph: "Louse, ya sissy ass fuck, what you pullin' sucks black boogers, nigga."

Louse: "I've got a hot tip for you."

Randolph: "You pussy face mothafucka, I'll kick your ass bloody on sight. Get off me, nigga, I ain't playin'."

Louse: "I smell smoke, Randolph, and I think it's coming from a fire sale in Covert City." Louse hangs up.

Randolph: "You maniac mothafuckin', cocksuckin,' narrow ass, piece of crap bastard. If you drop a match, hey! Hello . . . shit!"

Claudia: "He hung up?"

Randolph: "Yeah, look, I gotta split; don't forget tomorrow night at the Peninsula . . . six or seven?"

Claudia: "Seven."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, damn that fucked up basket case, spooky, cunt face arsonist."

Claudia: "R n'R, arson is dangerous; people could get killed."

Randolph kisses Claudia. "Yeah . . . ummm, you taste good as you look and smell, baby. Later."

. . .

(Kaizen Covert City back lot at 10:30 that night)

Pearson: "Randolph, we've got arson in our satellite systems warehouse on the lot, and it looks like Louse is the torch."

Randolph: "Aw shit, that dick face depraved nigga. I'll beat that mothafucka to . . ."

Pearson: "No, get any clue, any evidence, he must have made one mistake. When did you talk to him last?"

Randolph: "That's why I'm here, he said he'd drop a match. He called and canceled tonight, that garbage mouth cocksucka."

Pearson: "We risked millions, in addition to bad P.R. and recalled this product. We were settling with customers, now this. He must be caught."

Randolph: "Shit."

Pearson: "Chief Inspector Edwards, Fire Marshall Thomas, this is our troubleshooter, Randolph Randall." Two fire department officials on the case working with Pearson are standing together observing the totally torched, scorched scene. Each man is white, over fifty and in full dress uniform.

Randolph: "Yeah."

Fire Chief: "Mr. Randall, you say you talked to this maniac?"

Randolph: "He called me in a restaurant, probably from a pay phone. He must of got the number from . . . beats me? I'll check out the leaks. Anybody hurt?"

Fire Marshall: "No, so far so good in that department. But I need to know anything that will help us catch him."

Randolph: "He just said he'd drop a match in Covert City, so I headed straight out here, that's it."

Fire Chief: "I understand you know him, and so far he only talks to you. Right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, far as I know just me, chief, but he won't meet me yet. I'm waitin', ya dig?"

Fire Marshall: "Sounds suspicious."

Randolph: "Look guys, I've been at it all fuckin' day, I'm beat. I'll be back tomorrow mornin', bright and nine a.m. on the job."

Pearson: "Randolph, I'll brief you as to our findings then. So yes you go; I'll need you fresh. Mr. Louse will probably want to gloat, and I want you where he can reach you."

Randolph: "Later."

. . .

Randolph is driving on the 405 Freeway, and he's curious as to the rest of the contents on the `Fake 2 da Moon´ DAT/DVD audio portion, he has in his pocket from the post office, so he pops it in his Kaizen dashboard DAT player. Louse is clearly in charge of the recording session on the tape, as producer in the studio. His artist is Daddy Leeway, the copycat wannabe clone of the great ex-Kaizen, ex-White Lion/2A superstar, Baba Uhuru.

Deadbeat Daddy

*Awright y'all
Listen up
I know you know
I just got out of jail
And you awready got
A warrant out on me
Don't be callin' the
Po'lice on me
You gettin' on my reserve
Nerve now - - -*

*I'm a dead beat dad
I treat my family bad
I'm happy gettin' high
They starvin' in the pad*

*I'm a dead beat daddy
A big ol' funky
Middle age fatty
Dead beat daddy
Drive yo' mama
Nuts n' batty*

*I'm a dead beat daddy
Runnin' in the street
My wife n' kids
Ain't got no heat*

*I'm a dead beat daddy
A cockroach
Infested ratty*

*Dead beat daddy
Spend yo' welfare
Check
On Patti*

*Dead beat daddy
They call me
Dead broke Bob*

*Dead beat daddy
I ain't never held
A job*

*Dead beat daddy
 Drink up all the rent
 Smoke up the utilities
 I ain't worth a cent*

*I'm a pimp n' hustler
 Kinda guy
 My children wish
 That I would die
 I'm a dead beat daddy
 I ain't workin'
 Nowhere steady*

*I'm a dead beat daddy
 Abuse yo' ass
 When I git ready*

_____Break_____

*Awright now
 Listen up again
 Don't look at me
 Like that
 This is my house
 Yeah I'm back
 I'm the man of the
 House now
 You know I don't play*

*Boy you got to bring
 Some ass
 To kick some ass now
 Gimme some of
 That marijuana
 Is that crack*

*Look at your sister
Wearin' a dress
Like that*

*Woman don't stand over
There lookin'
I told you to start
Cookin'*

*You better get my
Dinner
On the stove
You know I'm a
Hungry man*

*Dead beat daddy
(3 times)*

*Gun n' knife
Rob steal drug deal
Ghetto life*

*Baby I know
I do you wrong
When I gamble
All night long*

*I'm a dead beat daddy
Bitch n' ho named
Hattie n' Mattie*

*I'm a dead beat daddy
I drive a Eldorado
Caddy*

*Mack daddy dead beat
Daddy*

*King Kong dead beat
Daddy*

*A big ol' funky
Fatty*

*Cool papa dead beat
Daddy*

Liquor and Poker

*Liquor in the front
And poker in the rear
Now
Liquor and poker*

*Prostitution's common
On the road
Scarlet women ev'rywhere
Converse in slang and
Code*

*I found a truck stop
Lady of the night
Hot natured as a forest
Fire
I asked her for a light*

*As we went upstairs
To bed
Yellowstone's big sky
Was red
Then quite innocently
She smiled and said*

*Lick her in the front
And poke her in the rear
Now*

*Drinkin' and gamblin'
Is not for me
And I could contract
AIDS
From oral and anal
Sodomy
So freaky intercourse
Can never be
And what millions
Of Frenchmen do
Is not my cup of tea*

*But she kept right on
Implying
Innuendos in my mind
Then she said try it
Just one time*

*Lick her in the front
And poke her in the rear
Now
Oh yeah
Poke her in the rear now
Hmm
Lick her in the front
And poke her in the rear*

*At a notorious bar
On the border of Montana
There's a saloon inside
And a honky tonk piano
Where truckers cowboy's
And bikers
Near Malfunction
Junction
Shoot pool
And break rules
Of ev'ry kind of no no*

(Singin')

*Lick her in the front
And poke her in the rear
Now
I didn't speak the
Language of the streets
But the woman kept on
Talkin'
To me between the
Sheets*

*She said that I could
Have myself a ball
Then she went on and on
To make the worst
Request of all*

*That's when I heard her
Say
If I wanted her to
Stay
And never ever go
Away
Lick her in the front
And poke her in the rear
Now
Oh yeah
Poke her in the rear now
Hmm*

*Lick her in the front
And poke her in the rear
Now*

*Is it just a simple
Play on words
Or what I think I hear
Now*

*Lick her in the front
And poke her in the rear
Now
That's the story of my
Life
She cried
Since I've been workin'
Here now*

*Lick her in the front
And poke her in the rear
Now*

*Downstairs I read
A sign that spelled out
Her words I comprehend
Now*

*Liquor in the front
And poker in the rear
Now*

*I misunderstood her
Meanin'
She meant booze and
Cards
It's clear now*

*Liquor and poker
I guess I'm the joker
Liquor and poker
To think I wanted
To choke her*

Mild Bill

*Today Mild Bill
Plays saxophone
As the Nation sings
Along
In mellow tone
President Mild Bill
Seems like the man
To get the country
Rock n' rollin'
American*

*He loves cheeseburgers
 And hot French fries
 Then he goes off joggin'
 With government guys
 He's got a soulful smile
 Y'all and that ain't all
 He sounds sincere
 In a southern drawl*

*Mild Bill
 Met JFK
 When he was sixteen
 He knew he would
 Go that way*

*Rhodes scholar
 Mild Bill
 Graduated Yale
 And ev'rybody knew
 That he would never
 Fail*

*He'll kill the recession
 We'll buy more possessions
 And live by the code
 Of the west
 We know he's the baddest
 We know he's the fastest
 We know he can pass
 The best test*

*We held a national election
 Displayed our affection
 And Bill shot the loser
 Right down*

*We got a brave new marshall
 Who shall be partial
 To putting us to work
 All around*

*Blacks and whites
 And rich and poor
 And homeless and gays
 And far right
 And liberals and
 Pros and cons and
 Environmentally
 Young and old
 That's Social Security*

*Mild Bill
 Gets people's goat
 Long as he shoots
 Straight from the hip
 He's got my vote*

*Arkansas Mild Bill
 Has Hickok's poise
 I hope he acts fast
 As the scout from
 Illinois*

_____Solo_____

_____Chorus_____

Cuttin' and slashin'
Budget deficit taxes
Texas shoot out
Tomahawk cruise missile clout
Taken on Congress
Blastin' at the Senate
Battle for health plan
Challenging Republicans

Mixin' it up
With angry men
Hand to hand fightin' those
Opposed therein
Standin' up for us
Guardin' freedom's door
With high ideals
And justice to the core

Ridin' shotgun for the
Whole free world
Inspiration for ev'ry
School boy and girl

They call him names
Just to bring him shame
But he sets his sights
Sharp shootin' fair game

Mild Bill
Shouldn't give an inch
When troubles standin'
In the way
He ought not flinch

*His words his bond
 Relied upon
 In the saloon of life
 He reigns top gun and
 Knife*

*To welfare's ghost
 Let's drink a toast
 And form a line dance
 Of good folks
 From coast to coast*

*He drew a bead
 On liberty
 I hope he hits what
 He aims at
 For you and me*

*I'm singin' Mild Bill
 I'm talkin' Mild Bill
 I'm singin' bout Mild Bill
 I'm talkin' bout Mild Bill*

*The lurid taboo
 The myth and the true
 The folklore and fact
 Historic sex act
 The golden frontier
 The space age pioneer
 The present and past
 Together at last*

Angelino

Angelino
You made a coward
Angelino
Hero macho
With love

Angelino
Although we don't know
What our fate
Is gonna be

Angelino
I will brave
The big one gladly
Wreck n' ruin
If I'm doin'
It with you

Angelino
I'll come speeding
On the freeway
To your rescue
My love

Angelino
For a beautiful
Tomorrow's
Sun I see

*The city skyline's
On the horizon
So there is no
Danger zone*

*In the valley
At the beach
Any haven that we
Reach
Is home*

*Angelino
Long as there's snow
Covered mountains
We'll live on
For love*

*Angelino
Our L.A. is not a
Hazzard
Fear is gone*

*If all should crumble
Cascade and tumble
Into the bottom
Of the sea*

*Angelino
Lord above knows
All is not lost
If you still love me*

*Angelino
Lord above knows
All is not lost
If you still love me*

Tom's Liquor

*The cops harangue
A gang
And bicker
Around the corner
From Tom's Liquor*

*T.V. helicopters
Record the action
As the plumes of smoke
Got thicker*

*A riot erupted
In the street
A car and trucker
Tricker
Heroes helped the
Fallen
To the closest
Red Cross sticker*

*God help the victim
Who felt the ghettos
Vicious pricker*

*For the one's that cried
The one's that died
The one's that keep us
Terrified*

*The one's that tried
The one's that lied
The one's that kept
Us all supplied*

*The one's that hide
 The one's that spied
 The one's that cannot
 Be denied*

*The one's that chide
 The one's that bide
 The one's that commit
 Homicide*

*Urban pyromaniacs
 Cat and mouse
 Who died that night
 In your house*

*Looters fill baskets
 Made of steel wicker
 And toast the gang
 At Tom's Liquor
 The fire department
 Cannot fight
 Mecca burning
 Fraught with fright*

*A man's praying in
 The street
 Like a vicar
 As Molotov cocktails
 Are mixed
 At Tom's Liquor*

*Irony is a funny thing
 When you think
 Two men named King*

*One a leader for
Civil Rights
The other bludgeoned
With racist might*

*The first one died
For equality
The second suffered
Police brutality*

*The jury's verdict
Won't seem slicker
Unless you live
Near Tom's Liquor*

*Where arsonist
Anonymous can't
Avoid each phantom
Camera clicker*

*As trigger fingers
Guerrilla style
Vent hatred with a
Sniper's snicker
(Heh heh heh heh)*

*Conservatives and
Status quo
Shake their heads
'Cause they don't know*

*Why these people act
This way
And will a Nero inferno
Destroy L.A.*

*Is this a disease
In the land
Or a have-not
Scorched earth policy
Plan*

*To take the streets
Revolt and be
A patriot for anarchy*

*No song can say
No poem rhyme
The wisdom or
The fool
This time*

*There's no control
The town's aflame
If there's a leader
What is his name*

*If there's a voice
Then let her speak
The words of love
And liberty*

*Before the angry mob
Gets sicker
Intoxicated by
Tom's Liquor*

*Hire the vandals
And the thugs
Employ all the ones
On drugs quicker
Welfare moms
And dead beat dads
Politicians don't
Dare dicker*

*Pay the gangs plus
Homeless folk
And any immigrant
Fruit picker*

*Don't let Dr. King's
Dream fail
Fade and flicker*

*So when you rebuild
L.A.
Just don't rebuild
A bigger better
Taller wider
Stronger
To last longer
Tom's Liquor*

Randolph grinned at this, his first glimpse into the glorified glamorized ghettoized House of Louse, parked his car behind Tom's Liquor, smoked a blunt with street gang members there and headed across the street to Melanoma's, baked stoned to the bone.

. . .

(Melanoma's crib in South Central L.A. at Florence & Normandy around 11:30 that same night)

Melanoma: "Who is it?"

Randolph: "Rodney King, shit."

Melanoma: "R n'R!"

Randolph: "In the flesh and ossified, open up."

Melanoma Harrietta Black is a thirty year old, golden brown skin, full figured, size fourteen, adult entertainer. She's five feet nine inches, one hundred and forty-five pounds of sweet meaty, glamorous, cute face, pug nose, all woman, with straight slick back, black, short, cute styled good hair on her head . . . but long luxurious, curly black tendrils of maiden hair strands, ringlets and fleece locks, where Randolph's interest lie. Then she bats big sexy laughing eyes, plus, she's P.H.A.T., an acronym that stands for perfect hips, ass and tits.

. . .

(Soul kissing at the door)

Randolph: "Hmph! Hmph! Hmph!" Randolph squeezes Melanoma's bubble bootay buttocks.

Melanoma: "R n'R, first and foremost, my favorite fellatio flava, how the hell are ya? I just got back in town this mornin'."

Randolph: "Yeah, I called late last night, I figured as much." Melanoma just finished up a two-week stint as the star of a triple x-rated B-way type show called, `Hairs`, at the Jaybird Strip Club in San Francisco.

Randolph: "Melanoma, I got a bitch of a dirty ass mothafucka on my back, a crazy ass, snot nose, turdy nigga who dropped a match on my turf."

Melanoma: "Kaizen?"

Randolph: "Yeah, big-time. He torched a whole fuckin' ass warehouse full of a shipment of satellite systems. You know, recalls, they had some glitch in 'em, who knows? But it's my turf and on my watch."

Melanoma: "Who the fuck is he?"

Randolph: "He's a cat I knew from D.C., shit, forty-eight years ago."

Melanoma: "Why's he on your case, R n'R?"

Randolph: "I conked him on the cranium with a milk box at my birthday party when I was a kid. Anyway, people laughed when I knocked his black ass out, you know? So figure revenge and add way insanity, ya dig? He wants to buy back White Lion/2A/KKK over in Santa Monica, you know, that deal with the Klan. They gotta unload it this year. Shit, some niggas are smokin' anythang out there."

Melanoma: "Does he have the resources for such a fuckin' deal, sounds like billions?"

Randolph: "Naw, he ain't got shit. He's a Goat Alley bum, always was. He never was worth a damn."

Melanoma: "Con artist, huh? Then it's a hustle and pay back at you." Melanoma's jet-black, voluminous pubic hair area fascinated Randolph, and as she was well aware of this, she purposely positioned her see-through peach nightgown strategically sheer enough to give him a glaring glance and glorious glimpse of her ursine pudendum, the excessive big hair on her pelvis and extra long bristling whiskers between her legs.

Randolph: "Yeah sounds right, shit. You look hairier . . . I mean healthier ev'rytime I see ya."

Melanoma: "R n'R, you're a con man too. I'm interested in this, please continue."

Randolph: "Well, the nigga's first trick was to sic a goddamn spray painted white lion on the Kaizen lot in broad daylight."

Melanoma: "Shit, that was him? I saw that story on TV last Monday."

Randolph: "Yeah, it was lucky an-a-mothafucka nobody got hurt. Now he's started a full arson investigation, and I think he's just warmin' up."

Melanoma: "He's got a lot of potential partners out there waitin' to gobble Kaizen up, now that he's declared open season on 'em. Any fuckin' body behind him? This is a hell of a black power playa's plot. I'm interested in his real motive; I believe he's serious, don't you?"

Randolph: "Yeah, dead serious as Aids, I gotta talk him into a meetin' ". "

Melanoma: "Why is he gonna meet you? He seems more the stone sly slick silent type. I mean bullets speak louder than words, you know what I mean?" Melanoma alludes to the problem-solving tactic used in her immediate neighborhood, and Randolph ignores her violent reference.

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm hip, but he'll call again. He's got all my private numbers. He's done his homework well. I'm beginnin' to think too well."

Melanoma: "Ya mean he's got inside help?"

Randolph: "He's into me deep, that's all I can figure now. I told that to Pearson, the security guy on the lot. He's checkin' shit out on that end, yet; he bugs me electronically too. I'm sure he and Louse are on ev'ry fuckin' line I use that they're hip to."

Melanoma: "What about my line . . . what about me?"

Randolph: "I came here double checkin' all the way. I parked behind Tom's Liquor and I didn't see nothin' suspicious. But ya know they got a new bag of surveillance tricks, so who the fat fuck knows . . ." The phone rings.

Melanoma: "This could be one of 'em then, fuckin' speak of the devil, shit yeah . . ."

Randolph grabs the phone from Melanoma. "I'll get it . . . what?"

Louse: "Randolph, I hope by now we understand one another. I saw you at the fire and followed you here. I know Ms. Melanoma Black from her reputation as a . . ."

Randolph: "Look, you diabolical, evil minded, asshole, dwarf brained nigga. This shit is nuts, man; it's time we settle this shit, just you and me, sucka. What'cha say, man to man, outside, now!"

Melanoma: "No, R n'R, talk to him, just talk to him!"

Louse: "Randolph, that's good advice. There's so much you'll never know, unless you calm down. I have another tip for you, check the L.A. Black Dispatch in the morning."

Randolph: "Mothafucka, don't hang up . . . shit!" Louse hangs up.

Melanoma: "What did he say, R n' R, what?"

Randolph: "He said get a copy of the L.A. Black Dispatch in the mornin', ain't that some shit? Nigga thinks I'm his fuckin' paperboy. Shit, I'm they stand up nigga, the number one troubleshooter at that Jap ass mothafucka. When shit gets deep and funky they call me, goddammit!"

Melanoma: "Calm down, R n'R, you'll get him. Just take it easy, relax. He'll make a slip, and you'll nail his ass."

Randolph: "Look, I gotta split, gotta go. I'll see ya . . . when?"

Melanoma: "Tomorrow for breakfast, I'll make ya French toast just the way ya like it, the works!"

Randolph: "Yeah, make that menu for brunch though. I got a security briefin' in the early a.m."

Melanoma: "R n'R, watch your temper, be nice." Randolph caresses the anterior of Melanoma's visible vexatious viscid vulgar and very vicuna vulva. "Hey, don't start what ya can't finish." He finishes, hoisting and holding the one hundred and forty-five-pound, climaxing, hollering woman in the palms of his huge hands, while humping her hairy hole, hard and hammered home to the hilt.

Randolph: "I had to poke your pretty pussy, dammit. You lookin' good an-a-mothafucka, ummm, ambrosia." Randolph licks his fingers.

Melanoma: "R n'R, tomorrow, brunch, good night."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, Melanoma, don't answer ya phone tonight, that nigga's a cocksucka."

Melanoma: "I'll leave it on answer."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Chapter Three

. . .

Hard Row 2 Ho, Sometimes Bro'

On the 405 Freeway, Friday morning the fifth of August and thirty-eighth anniversary of mega movie star Marilyn Monroe's death, Randolph dutifully drives to deliver his favorite flowers, yellow roses, at Pierce Brothers Cemetery and Mortuary in the Westwood Village section of L. A. He stood at Lot 24, thirty-seven times before, a lone lachrymose long lost lover at her crypt in the Corridor of Memories, remembering her charismatic charms, while cautiously watching out for the then living, now dead, all star Yankee center fielder's visits here, that sometimes coincided dangerously with his. Later back on the freeway, he made this call.

Secretary: "Emotion Promotion!"

Randolph: "Yeah, honey, Val Johnson."

Secretary: "Mrs. Johnson isn't in, is there a message?"

Randolph is calling a sexy sounding soul sister siren he has yet to meet in person, and a contact he can call whenever he needs expert advice on business matters and inside tips. Because of the special private nature of the association, he keeps it strictly on the q.t. Val Johnson had solicited him originally, and this is his second call to her.

Randolph: "Yeah, tell . . ."

Val: "R n'R?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Val: "I've got it, Toy."

Toy: "Yes, Mrs. Johnson."

Val: "Hey there . . . what could this possibly be about?"

Randolph: "Do you believe in the power of suggestion?"

Val: "Yes, when used subliminally in a great commercial."

Randolph: "Well, I got some supa special suggestive shit for your sexy soundin' ass, baby."

Val: "R n'R, really!" Val is highly offended by Randolph's abhorrent approach.

Randolph: "Yeah, we can find a solution to my problem, if we work hard together . . . in my bed."

Val: "No more obscene overtures, R n'R, please."

Randolph: "Look, I've got a problem. You know a lot about high finance and shit. I mean Howard University, MBA and all; I figured you could help me with a few facts about a deal this crazy nigga's cookin' up."

Val: "Does it have anything to do with Kaizen's troubles on the lot?"

Randolph: "Yeah, a hell of a whole lot."

Val: "Go on I'm listening."

Randolph: "This chump I went to school with back in D.C. is on my case. He said he wants to buy White Lion/2A/KKK. And dig this shit, the lunatic thinks he can chase Kaizen off the lot and buy it back by startin' fires, burnin' up called back product, gettin' the security outta joint, droppin' my name in the mix, and keepin' hisself a goddamn mystery."

Val: "Is it working?"

Randolph: "Hell naw, I'm on his case too and I'm gonna catch him soon. I've got a briefin' this mornin', but I just need to know how a nigga, you know, a black man could pull off some high finance strange shit like this?"

Val: "Many ways, all money mostly, White Lion is ready to sell. The Ku Klux Klan holds the ownership, but they must unload it by the end of this year because of a class action civil rights suit, and the suitors are bottom fishing. Last I heard Disney was interested. They would've hooked up logos with White Lion in Florida on a theme park, until the Klan got involved. White Lion doesn't own a studio or a great film catalog. They spend big and have big bills."

"The management team is fair, but no really big pictures, dogs really. And those two great TV shows are fading away in re-runs now. So I'd say it would be a sucker's bet, unless this guy has a motive we don't know about. The deal would cost about three and a half billion because of a first time initial major buyout. He'd need lots of cash and/or collateral, the works. How's this guy fixed for financing?"

Randolph: "Shit, I think he's nuts, so I can't figure he's got a fuckin' dime."

Val: "Well, if he wants to be a major player, he could manage it with partners. Or he could be a decoy for a bigger competitor, like a media giant or some hot independent, who wants to pull a stunt like this and scare Kaizen away. Then he could be bank rolled by the Mafia who the hell knows? Blacks are making it today by any and every possible, conceivable and unbelievable tactic known to man."

Randolph: "Yeah, he had a lion, a real wild ass lion turned loose on the lot, scared the shit out of ev'rybody, ya dig? I gotta catch this maniac nut case soon, or I'm in a trick."

Val: "Well, he communicates with you so far, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, the nigga knows all of my private numbers, he . . ." Randolph is interrupted on the line by Val's secretary, Toy. "Mrs. Johnson, there's a conference call on three. He says he should be in on this call, a Mr. Louse, Herman Louse."

Randolph: "That did it, mothafuck!"

Val: "Hold on, R n'R, this could be your answer. Put him through, Toy."

Toy: "Mr. Louse, go ahead please."

"Good morning Randolph. Good morning Mrs. Johnson. I couldn't wait to talk to Randolph, and because of our talks, I thought he'd call you in as an expert on . . ."

Randolph: "Nigga, I don't know how or when, but I'm gonna go ape shit on your black narrow ass."

Val: "Gentlemen please, why don't we talk this over peaceably? I mean if it's business, let's hear the deal."

Louse: "Mrs. Johnson, as much as I'd like to fill you both in, at this time, I can only give clues."

Randolph: "Mothafuckin' ridiculous riddles and shit. Well no damn more jivin', no more slick tricks."

Val: "R n'R, we'd best hear Mr. Louse out. What clue do you have for us?"

Louse: "My pleasure, Mrs. Johnson, it's `something fishy´."

Randolph: "Is that it, you insane freak? When you gonna grow up, you silly dilly mothafucka?"

Val: "Please, we were doing so well. Mr. Louse, Mr. Louse . . . Toy?"

Toy: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Johnson, he hung up. Do you have his number? . . . I'll call . . ."

Randolph: "Yeah, I got his cocksuckin' number."

Val: "That's all, Toy, thank you."

Toy: "Sorry, Mrs. Johnson."

Val: "Well R n'R, `something fishy´ it is. Do you have any ideas?"

Randolph: "Shit no, I ain't no ichthyologist; look thanks, you can bill my office. I'll get back to you. Later."

. . .

On the Kaizen lot that same morning, Randolph goes to costuming, as is his custom whenever the mood strikes, and assumes the role of a character he finds most interesting at that time. Today he changes into a fireman's uniform of broad red braces, tan beltless pants, a dark blue t-shirt, and a black number five yellow helmet with rubber boots, and he wore it smashingly. But as is Pearson's custom, he promptly ignores Randolph's firefighter, cartoonist charade.

Pearson: "Randolph."

Randolph: "Pearson."

Pearson: "We've got major damage from the fire, no clues, just arson for certain."

Randolph: "How much?"

Pearson: "About three or four million as near as inventory can tell without the original data and return slips."

Randolph: "Anybody hurt?"

Pearson: "No, it was late enough, locked up, and the guard was on a break."

Randolph: "Lucky and/or suspicious break."

Pearson: "Yes, we kept it out of the papers and off TV. But look, let's head over to the commissary; I've been here all night."

Randolph: "Yeah, I can dig it."

Pearson: "We can use this golf cart, I'll drive, get in." Randolph and Pearson ride in a golf cart to the commissary.

Randolph: "I talked to the sonovabitch this mornin'; he dropped another geechee ass clue on me."

Pearson: "I'll bet he did, well let's hear it."

Randolph: "He said `somethin' fishy`."

Pearson: "`Something fishy, something fishy`, and that's it?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I don't know what he could mean, man. I don't get it."

Pearson: "Did he sound the same, or was he acting differently?"

Randolph: "Naw, he sounded the same, same smart mouth, educated, sophisticated sissy ass fuck as before. I'll get him, he'll slip, and I'll get him."

Pearson: "We can leave the cart here and walk across. Where and how did he reach you?" Pearson parks the golf cart, and they go into the famous old ex-MGM commissary.

Randolph: "I was talkin' to a business contact on the phone. He found out and set up a conference call and told me this bull shit."

Pearson: "Phone tap . . . I wonder. Well anyway, get what you want to eat, it's on me."

Randolph: "Speakin' of phone taps, you got me bugged, right?"

Pearson: "We've no choice, that product was top-of-the-line security. This is past serious, now it's damn urgent."

They get in the serving line, and Louse is there, dressed in a chef's white hat, coat and pants, while serving the seafood unbeknownst to the two men.

Randolph: "Look, I eat here a lot, but I don't like none of this shit, except . . . these fresh oysters. Yeah, I'll take a dish and crackers."

Pearson: "I love these oysters, Chesapeake Bay, flown in fresh daily, excellent choice."

Randolph: "Yeah, shit, let's sit over here by the window; I might spot the puny rat, low life sucka."

Pearson: "We'll need a sketch artist; now it's time to get as much data on Louse as possible." They sit and immediately begin eating the oysters.

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm on it, let me know what you find out. I'm itchin' to have a look at his face, but I guess he hasn't changed that much. He'd be older; he ain't fat and I'd bet on it. He was lean long lanky and dark brown skinned. Yeah, he had a sly ass kind of look, you know?"

Pearson: "Furtive, yes go on, tell me everything, anything that . . ."

Randolph: "Yeah, I remember a dent in his mothafuckin' big nappy ass head from my milk box. I put it on his head; I'll bet he's still got the scar. No matter how he wears his hair, it's fuckin' there for life, man, deep and ugly."

Pearson: "Good, good, please go on."

Randolph: "He'll probably dress up now in suits, bet the mothafuckas a suit. Yeah, the bastard loved long, slick ass, shiny shoes, expensive shit. We all did then it was the style. I'd know this bum on sight; he knows that, so he'll stay way away for now."

Pearson: "We'll find out all we can, I've got our security force on it: F.B.I., L.A. and D.C. police, Hall of Records, the whole enchilada."

Randolph: "Pearson, I hope you don't keep records of my personal business after this Louse shit is over?"

Pearson: "No way, it's all confidential. My best people are on it, no chance. . . . Ohhh, hey what the . . .!"

Randolph: "Whatzup, man?"

Pearson: "My stomach . . . my gut is wrenching! Ahhh, the pain of death, the pain's excruciating!"

Randolph: "Shit, I don't feel so good neither . . . what the fuck? Ohhh, it's the fuckin' oysters. . . . It's seafood poisonin'! Aw shit!"

. . .

(Dead n' da bed at Bitch Ho's place Saturday morning, August the sixth)

Bitch Ho: "Ran, how you feelin'?"

Randolph: "Damn, I tossed my cookies all night . . . I'm fuckin' dyin' up in here. I can't walk; my head's fucked up; I can't swallow; I gotta spit . . . black vomit! Oh shit!"

Bitch Ho: "How did he pull this shit on you?"

Randolph: "Bitch, how the fuck you think? He had some goddamn nigga help him plant that shit in the commissary."

Bitch Ho: "No nigga, I mean how did he know you'd eat . . ."

Randolph: "Oysters Ho, shit, I don't know. This kitchen help cat was standin', smilin' and dressed like the nigga on a Cream of Wheat box behind the counter. They were on ice special like. We both picked 'em up, oh shit, I'm fucked up."

Bitch Ho: "This is gettin' real fuckin' bad. Can I get you somethin'?"

Randolph: "No Bitch, just keep talkin'. Take my mind off it, shit, I can't sleep."

Bitch Ho: "Shit, I'm glad you didn't fall asleep, 'cause lately you been talkin' 'bout that dead as a door nail movie star, white trash ass, ripped off, fucked over, half-crazy, castin' couch coochie, ho honky you wet dream nocturnal omissions about all the time." (Marilyn Monroe)

Randolph: "She was a beautiful bleach blonde bitch, just like you."

Bitch Ho: "Did you always use a rolla (condom) on her peroxide ass? Or did ya knock her bottle blonde butt up? Shit, she coulda been carrin' yo' black nigga baby and freaked out and shit when she o.d. ed."

Randolph: "Naw, I was cool there, you know me, in the rubber department. I kept a rubber plantation on up in my crib back then too."

Bitch Ho: "Did you call your wife?"

Randolph: "Naw, Ho, I'm dyin' up in here. She knows I gotta go my own way when I'm workin'. I'm gonna get Louse for this shit. I'm . . ." The phone rings.

Bitch Ho: "Damn, you want me to answer the phone?"

Randolph: "No, hell no, let the mothafucka ring. Oh fuck, gimmie. . . ." Randolph feebly picks up the receiver. "Yeah."

Louse: "So Randolph, `something fishy´, right?"

Randolph: "I'll bust you up good for this, Louse, you crawlin', garbage face, evil minded faggot. Don't slip up, man."

Louse: "Well, I think we understand each other. I've got another clue for you and . . ."

Randolph: "Look Louse, you lousy rotten, half steppin' skinny bastard; don't tell me another mothafuckin' thang. I don't give a fat fuck about your shit ass clues. I'm way fucked up . . . I can't even walk, talk and think now."

Louse: "The writer's bloc."

Randolph: "What writer's block, nigga . . . mothafucka, wait! Ohhh, don't hang up."

Bitch Ho: "He hung up, right?"

Randolph: "Bitch, what the fat fuck do you think? I gotta puke and shit, ahhh!"

. . .

(Sunday, August seventh at Bitch Ho's)

The phone rings and Bitch Ho answers.

Bitch Ho: "It's Goebbels." Bitch Ho jokes and Randolph takes the receiver. "Yeah."

Pearson: "I was told you got a call."

Randolph: "Yeah, yesterday, shit, I'm weak an-a-mothafucka. How you doin'?"

Pearson: "The same. Look, this has got to end; we need a stratagem. We figured out the new clue, so meet me on the old residential set around two p.m. today."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm there, I know where you mean, Happiness Lane, right?"

Pearson: "Right." Pearson hangs up on Randolph again.

Randolph: "Hello, shit! Ev'rybody's hangin' up on my black ass."

Bitch Ho: "Bormann's got us bugged, right?" She refers to Pearson again.

Randolph: "Bitch, he's security ain't he, what you think? Louse is triple trouble; he's gummin' up the fuckin' works, so we gotta stop his shit, now, ho."

Bitch Ho: "Don't call me no ho, nigga, you ain't payin' me shit."

. . .

(Happiness Lane, Sunday at two p.m.)

Pearson: "Randolph, down here. This one's open, we can talk in here."

(An empty bungalow on a studio street set)

Randolph: "Yeah, what the fuck did he mean by . . ."

Pearson: "The writer's bloc?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Pearson: "Near as we can tell, he found out about the production staff's idea to use some of these set houses for three of the writers to work in."

Randolph: "So?"

Pearson: "Well, it seems last night, Louse or somebody broke in and took computers, discs, scripts, notes and tapes. You get the picture?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah, I got it."

Pearson: "Well, now he's ruined production on three re-writes and about all of the script work on the next three pictures planned. What a madman to do this, to think it is even crazy."

Randolph: "I'll get him, he's slippin'."

Pearson: "How, how do you figure?"

Randolph: "He's comin' too fuckin' close; I'm not leavin'. I'm stayin' on the goddamn lot tonight. Where was the guard last night?"

Pearson: "He says he was here on duty. This time an investigation of our people is needed. It could be an inside job. Mind you, I'm not saying for sure."

Randolph: "Yeah, check it out, it could be a Judas goat. He's not leavin' us much to go on, but I'll get his ass yet." Pearson ponders the term Judas goat in this instance, thinking Randolph failed semantics and/or he favors a half-ass malapropism.

Pearson: "I know you will. Look, if you wanna stay tonight, I've got an idea. Why don't we let you check out every guard on the back lot tonight? Check both the day shift and night shift. He could be working here as a guard."

Randolph: "If he's fuckin' here, I'll know his sorry ass, anythang else?"

Pearson: "Yes, the sketch artist drawing and your ideas about him in writing, what you said before we ate the oysters."

Randolph: "I remember, I'll describe him as best I can. It seems to me we're dealin' with a fuckin' long lost mind here. I imagine the cost of the break-in last night was astronomical."

Pearson: "Yes, now we have to start all three script re-writes from scratch. He's an evil villain, saturnine heavy and a half."

Randolph: "Yeah, he probably wears a black fedora now."

Pearson: "I've got to be in the administration building all day today, so I won't see you until tomorrow."

Randolph: "Whatzup?"

Pearson: "Top brass from Japan, hell, they would have to be here now."

Randolph: "Oh shit, watch 'em close, man. That's the kinda shit he'd love to fuck up."

Pearson: "I'm sealing it tight as we speak, and they won't eat anything on the lot at my request."

. . . .

Sunday Night

(A public phone on the back lot rings, and Randolph answers it.)

Randolph: "You got a ass beatin' meetin', Louse; be a fuckin' man, call it. Name the place, time, day, you shit hole, I'm waitin'."

Louse: "How'd you know it was me, Randolph?"

Randolph: "You're the only damn fool, cocky enough to call me on a pay phone on the back lot, and figure I'd pick up. You scuzzy sonovabitch, who else?"

Louse: "Hold on now; don't get so mad. I've got a clue for you."

Randolph: "Keep it, ya rotten asshole, lightweight loser, cocksuckin' devil. I don't want it; I ain't no fuckin' sleuth."

Louse: "You'll wonder where the yellow went."

Randolph: "You motha . . . Louse! Hey . . . shit . . . Pearson?"

Pearson's recording and listening to the conversation, business as usual, and comes on the line. "Randolph, what are you up to?"

Randolph: "Louse, up to my ass in that slimy shit head's clues."

Pearson: "You heard from him, I presume?"

Randolph: "Yeah, shit yeah, you'll wonder where the yella went."

Pearson: "Is that the clue?"

Randolph: "That's it."

Pearson: "I don't know. It's an old TV commercial."

Randolph: "Yeah, toothpaste or some shit, I remember it back when I was a kid."

Pearson: "Randolph, I'll put the guys on it. Are you still staying on the lot tonight?"

Randolph: "Yeah, like we said, I'll check each post, and see if the guards are cool."

Pearson: "Ok."

Randolph: "How's the big brass, you hook 'em up yet?"

Pearson realizes the meaning of Louse's folly and exclaims. "Yes, yes it's the Japanese!"

Randolph: "What?"

Pearson: "That's it, it's a racial reference; he's talking about the Japanese owners."

Randolph: "You'll wonder where the yella went."

Pearson: "Why that evil, diabolical depraved demented . . . this calls for a thorough delousing!"

Randolph: "Do you need me at administration?"

Pearson: "No, stay on the job, I'll take it from this end."

Randolph: "What'dya figure he's gonna do?"

Pearson: "He'll pull some prank to run them out of here, but I'll be ready this time."

Randolph: "Good luck, man. I'll drop by in the mornin'."

Pearson: "Right. Oh, Randolph, are you armed?"

Randolph: "Yeah, with my two fist."

Pearson: "Good, see you then."

7-11 Sentry Box Guardin' a 24-7 Phat Hoochie Hottie Box

. . . .

(First guards post at the gate to the studio streets late Sunday night)

The guard is a young black man in his twenties inside a guard shack.

Randolph: "Hey man, whatzup?"

Guard: "Awright . . . you work here, man?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm Mr. Randall. You have me in your data."

Guard: "Wait man, I'll check." The guard types Randolph's name in the computer.

Randolph: "Yeah, ok, do your job, man."

Guard: "Randall, Randall . . ." The guard waits for Randolph's name to appear.

Randolph: "Randolph N. Randall, man." Randolph smells the distinct odor of marijuana coming from the guard shack.

Guard: "Yo, I got it. Yeah let's see. Damn, they say here you fucked Marilyn Monroe, dawg!"

The impressed guard shines his flashlight in Randolph's face, but Randolph snatches it away and keeps it.

Randolph: "Hey man, watch the fuckin' flashlight, shit, it's me!"

Guard: "Ok, ok Mr. Randall, what can I do you for?"

Randolph: "Keep your eyes open and don't let nobody, I mean any mothafucka get by you, and get another flashlight. I'm headed down on the sets."

Guard: "Anything else, sir?"

Randolph: "Naw man, yeah, one mo' thang, don't smoke no more of that shit tonight, ya dig?"

Guard: "Yes sir, no more, sir."

. . .

(In a furnished bungalow on the back lot)

Randolph shines his flashlight in the dimly lit living room, "Hey, who's over there? Come on out, come on. Hey, I'm talkin' to you!"

Woman: "I know."

Randolph: "What'cha doin' up in here this time of night?"

Woman: "Practicing . . . you know, rehearsing."

Randolph: "What?"

Woman: "I'm getting a feel for my part; we shoot tomorrow morning."

Randolph: "Shoot, shoot what?"

Woman: "A TV movie."

Randolph: "Hell, I know that, what movie?"

Woman: "Porno."

Randolph: "Naw, cut the crap."

Woman: "What are you doing here at this hour?"

Randolph: "Are you nuts, woman, I work here."

Woman: "So do I, I'm an actress. Can't you tell?"

Randolph: "Actress, smacktress, I never saw you before. What's your name?"

Woman: "What's yours, mister?"

Randolph: "I'm Randolph Randall, I'm in administration."

Woman: "Oh, a suit huh, I thought so."

Randolph is wearing a dark suit with a black silk t-shirt.

Randolph: "Let's stop B.S.'n, girl. What are you doin' out here, and who the hell are you?"

Woman: "Monika, Monika Spain."

Randolph: "Never heard of you. So, you're shootin' here in the mornin', huh? They hire anybody today. Ok, let's see some I.D."

Monika: "I only have this."

Randolph: "A library card, that's it, damn?" Randolph confirms the woman's name.

Monika: "Yes, I had to go there day before yesterday, and when they closed, I came here to go over my lines and get a real feel for the set, you know?"

Randolph: "You mean you're homeless, right?"

Monika: "No, man, I've got a place. Look, I'll just leave and . . ."

Randolph: "Hold it, I'm not through with you yet. Are you alone out here? Is a guy with you?"

Monika: "No, man, just me, so get your mind out of the sewer. I'm alone like I said. Why?"

Randolph: "I'm checkin' thangs out is why, and I'm lookin' for a guy. Have you seen anybody hangin' around out here tonight?"

Monika: "Hell no, man, I'm all alone, nobody. Who are you looking for? Is it trouble? I mean, am I in danger?"

Randolph: "You should've thought of that before you sneaked up in here."

Monika: "Sneak, oh man, how many times do I have to tell you, I'm working here tomorrow?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I bet, what's the name of the project, and tell me who's on it?"

Monika: "It's a made for TV movie, I told you. Space Grimaldi is the director, and it's untitled as of yet. So help me that's the truth."

Randolph: "Never heard of Grimaldi either. Sounds suspicious, too suspicious. Who put you up to this?"

Monika: "Are you nuts? I'm making my dramatic debut in the morning. I've been actin' for three years, and all I got up to now was porno parts, strip clubs, waitressing and barmaid jobs."

Randolph: "Hey, I don't wanna know your goddamn life's story; I'm just checkin' you out here."

Monika: "Look, gimmie a break . . . Mr. Randall, wasn't it?"

Randolph: "Yeah, that's it, call me Ran."

Monika: "Ok Ran, I'm dramatic that way is all. I like to act; it's my dream come true, my first real role."

Randolph: "What are your lines? Where's the script?"

Monika: "Here, I kept it in the bag because I was learning it by heart."

Randolph takes the script and looks at the cover page. "Uh-huh, untitled . . . oh yeah, your name's here, and directed by Grimaldi."

Monika: "That's what I've been telling you."

Randolph: "So why the hell didn't you flash this motha on me at first?"

Monika: "You pissed me off; you scared me; I got rattled."

Randolph: "You're a strange freak, so I'm still gonna check the shootin' schedule first thang in the mornin'."

Monika: "Oh holy fuck, man, I don't believe this."

Randolph: "Hey, I don't give a shit. I don't trust you . . . come here."

Monika: "Hey man, stop it. Don't touch me. . . . Hey you fuck!"
Randolph gets physical and grabs the woman's bag.

Randolph: "What's this . . . pot, I thought so." Randolph finds a half a gram of marijuana in Monika's backpack.

Monika: "You filthy piece of crap. I have a right I'm not hurting anybody. It's a tool, you idiot, I work with it."

Randolph: "Yeah, seems ev'rybody out here's workin' stoned tonight. You sellin' this shit to my guards, bitch?"

Monika: "I told you my name, you ignorant bully."

Randolph: "That made up phony Mahoney shit don't matter to me. To me you a bitch an-a-ho, ya dig? That's all, a bitch an-a-ho."

Monika: "Screw you."

Randolph: "What's in the knapsack?"

Monika: "Hey, don't touch my stuff . . . quit it, you big . . ."

Randolph: "Yeah, I know, I'm a big ol' burly, black ass nigga, and you a all that, alone, way sexy, pretty little white girl."

Monika: "Don't do that, I mean it . . . you ugly old . . ."

Randolph sweeps Monika up in his arms and kisses her hard on the mouth, and afterwards he licks the lingering lure of her licorice lipstick. "Umm, and I'm also a ugly, old, nasty, stinky, black nigga man, and you a delicious, yum-yum young, phat ass, prize honky ho, huh?" Randolph releases Monika and is consumed by her sexual poseur.

Monika: "Stop, stand back!" Monika pulls a revolver on Randolph.

Randolph: "Oh shit, now you breakin' bad, ya got a piece and shit. Bitch, don't point that mothafucka at me, ho!"

Monika: "Don't try it, mister . . . get back, man, or so help me. Help!"

Randolph snatches the gun away from the frightened woman. "A goddamn starter's pistol." He then pushes her down on the couch and takes amatory advantage of the sexist situation, by forcing himself upon her hot body and pushing his huge penis deep inside her unopened orifices.

. . .

(After chauvinistic cheap callous coitus)

Monika refuses to take a perfunctory attitude, discussing the rape and rages on, "You raped and sodomized me! You took it, you savage bastard!"

Randolph: "No, I didn't baby stuff."

Monika: "You raped me plain and simple, you pig, dirty dog, filthy son of a bitch, you!"

Randolph: "It won't rape, pretty girl, and you fuckin' know it, so don't try that shit."

Monika: "Then what the hell was it, you snake?"

Randolph: "A hostile takeover."

Monika: "Oh yeah, well, Mr. Hostile Takeover, you're gonna need some L.B.O. money fast."

Randolph: "Why, beautiful bitch?"

Monika: "Just 'cause it's right, and so what if you used a scum bag?"

Randolph: "A scum bag, what the . . .?"

Monika: "A condom. I'm still sayin'; it's rape, you big black bully."

Randolph: "Shit, heavenly ho, we was fuckin' back and you know it."

Monika: "You got a giant pair of burnt brass balls on you, you raped me, rape!" Monika lets go a shrill yell.

Randolph: "Hey luscious, don't do that shit again."

Monika: "Then money, hell, pay me, you owe me plenty."

Randolph: "Shit, you should fuckin' pay me, bitch, the way you was haul ass humpin' and rakin' your firm frosted fingernails down the small of my back and hollerin' like a mountain jack's mama."

Monika: "You devil! Look, just because I'm wearin' a bustier and fishnets, it doesn't give you the right to take advantage; so it'll cost you now is all."

Randolph: "How much, ho?"

Monika: "Two hundred dollars."

Randolph: "Shit, you crazy, bitch, I never paid a ho in my fuckin' life."

Monika: "No, no, hell no, you gotta pay! I won't let you do this and get away with it; I'll tell your bosses."

Randolph: "Ho, how the hell are you gonna explain bein' on the set late at night with a starter's pistol, bitch?"

Monika: "Oh, I've got Space Gramaldi for that this morning. He'll vouch for me, the gun was a prop."

Randolph: "Space Gramaldi, who the fuck is . . .?"

Monika: "I told you, the director. We're shooting this morning right here!"

Randolph: "Yeah, that no titled script, huh? You bitches with guns kill me."

Monika: "No, I told you how it was. Don't change the subject; you owe me big-time, you cheesy pervert."

Randolph: "Let's just say I was standin' in for your leadin' man. How's that?"

Monika: "If you refuse, I swear, I'll make more trouble than you've ever had before."

Randolph: "Yeah, and when I finish with you, you'll still be alive, but you'll go to the doctor a lot, bitch."

Monika: "Threaten me, beat me kill me!" Monika begins to become hysterical.

Randolph: "I hate this shit. Dry up ho and don't turn on the water works, 'cause that don't faze me."

Monika: "Then don't cheat me, you rotten gangster. I should at least be paid, and you know it!"

Randolph: "Actress ho, what was that name you made up again?"

Monika: "It's Monika, Monika Spain, and stop callin' me names, you foul turd."

Randolph: "Let's see that pretty face again in the light." Randolph shines his flashlight in the woman's fabulous face. A face cosmetically sculpted and molded into a classic creation of wanton beauty. Monika was a modern twenty-seven year old, size nine, five foot six, one hundred-fifteen pound female Frankenstein, blonde botox bombshell: complete with face lift, a beauty mark, nose job, liposuction, thighs, hips, stomach, saline breasts implants, 36D cup, teeth implants, inlays, bonding and caps; hair, wigs and blonde dye jobs, false eyelashes, false fingernails and toenails, lips, collagen injections, re-constructed eyelids, contacts, eyeliner and mascara, a deep marine layer in and under alluring aqua eyes, scent, perfume, wax and/or lasered legs, underarms, trimmed honey blonde tinted striped pubic area and an all the way as a women can go, designer vagina, while wearing a Victoria Secret, Halston and Fredericks of Hollywood wardrobe, with stiletto heels. Monika dresses provocatively and she's evocative of Marilyn Monroe.

Monika: "No, don't put that light in my face!"

Randolph: "Hey, you got one gray eye . . . and a blue one!"

Monika: "No, you ignorant fool, one's green and the other's blue!"

Randolph: "Still I ain't payin', but I've got an idea if you're interested."

Monika: "What?"

Randolph: "I can get ya in the mail room, that's two hundred dollars easy, what'cha say?"

Monika: "No, hell no, I'm already in this picture. I told you I'm working this morning, but you raped me and I want something now, something back, understand?"

Randolph: "What about a D-girl, you know in development? That's over two hundred dollars a week and steady work, busy, busy, busy."

Monika: "Damn, dammit I can't reach you. You're an impossible savage, and you're so arrogant and amused by this. You had your way, now you're toying with me like a plaything."

Randolph: "Naw, Monika, right? Look, let's try it one mo' time. What about production designer's assistant? Or what the hell, you could make it as a A.D., you know?"

Monika: "Hell, I know, assistant director. You idiot, I'm not interested in work, I have a job, I . . ."

Randolph: "You ever work on the lot before, or are you just another innocent, sultry smarmy, ravishing, ingénue, breakin' your faux naiveté into show business?" Randolph was showing off now, and he recited a line he'd read and rehearsed just for such an occasion as this.

Monika: "I've got more show business in my blood than you, sucker."

Randolph: "Oh, and how do ya figure that?"

Monika: "My great grandma, well she's old and feeble now, but in her day she was great."

Randolph: "Actress, huh, who was she?"

Monika: "No, not an actress, she was a silent film organist for Metro."

Randolph: "Metro?"

Monika: "Yes, the Metro in Metro Goldwyn Mayer."

Randolph: "Shit, that's way before my time. Where is she now?"

Monika: "The Motion Picture and Television Country Home and Hospital in Woodland Hills."

Randolph: "No shit, is she ok?"

Monika: "She's fine, well she's still breathing. Hell, she's ninety-seven years old!"

Randolph: "So you figure since you got the old broad's blood sugar flowin' in your veins, you must be sweet hot shit too, huh?"

Monika: "I'm damn good, I can act, I . . ."

(Voices outside in the distance)

Randolph: "Shhh!"

Monika: "What?"

Randolph: "Listen . . . hear that? Get away from the door, I'll look."

Monika opens the door and sees the film crew's klieg lights. "Somebody's up the street . . . oh, it's the crew, I told you!"

Randolph: "Yeah." Randolph registers his disappointment with a sour scowl and hard grimace.

Monika: "I'm gonna go up by that fire, I'm cold. I love it when they burn the oil drum fires at night on the set."

Randolph: "Look, about what happened here, are we cool?"

Monika ignores his apparent attempt at reconciliation and snaps, "No, we are not, you owe me two hundred dollars, and I want satisfaction!"

Affronted by the turn of events, Randolph forgets, slips and snarls, "Bitch . . . a Monika, I gave you way satisfaction; let's call it even."

This infuriates the astonishingly adorable actress, and she tidies her fleshed colored G-string and growls, "Never, but I'll give you one hour to decide, after that anything goes!"

Convinced he is in a trap, Randolph dramatically empties his pockets, "Hey bitch, I don't need this shit, so here, here, shit, take it. It's all I have on me." Sensing Monika's cold determination, Randolph empties his wallet in her open cupped hands.

Chapter Four

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Ego Trip Gated Community Cul-de-sac Data Data Data

At the administration building, Monday morning, August the eighth, 9 a.m., Randolph is smoking a Cuban cohoba cigar and sporting a stylish double-breasted yellow ochre silk suit, red ochre t-shirt, red wing-tips, cerise-tinted shades and a Panama straw hat with a bright red band around it.

Pearson: "Good morning, Randolph. I believe we're in a better position now. Come with me down to control center, and I'll clue you in on our new data."

Randolph: "Good, I'm ready to get a fix on the punk head sonovabitch."

Pearson: "Oh, Randolph, last night went well, no incidents, or did you see something suspicious?"

Randolph: "Naw, it's cool enough I guess, just a girl is all."

Pearson: "I see, one of ours?"

Randolph: "Yeah, in a way, an actress."

Pearson: "Was she working?"

Randolph: "I'll say."

Pearson punches up the data on his office computer. "Ah, let's see, that would be an untitled picture as of yet, Space Gramaldi's directing. It's a nostalgic theme it says here, you know, 1940's?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I saw the script."

Pearson: "Exceptionally pretty girl, Monika Spain has the lead."

Randolph: "Uh-huh."

Pearson: "She's new, it's her first picture."

Randolph: "A . . . Pearson about last night, I settled it, but thangs got a little nuts and . . ."

Pearson: "No need, we know, it's our job; you had to check her out, it happens."

Randolph: "You guys got it all on tape, huh?"

Pearson: "Kaizen audio and video in vivid Kaizen color."

Randolph: "Shit." Randolph remembers the rape and winces in his mind.

Pearson: "No problem, she's authentic enough, we checked. That starter's pistol gave us a bit of a scare, however, everything worked out satisfactorily."

Randolph: "You mean 'cause I gave her the money?"

Pearson: "The best move you could have made, considering the position you were in."

Randolph: "What, you saw her, you saw how it was, right?"

Feeling more superior at his position now, having inflagrante delicto evidence on Randolph, Pearson enters the elevator with the terse tense troubleshooter following his lead. "Yes, sex is the most powerful force to handle in our work, sex and money. People, all people it seems, will do just about anything to have either or both."

Randolph: "Yeah, but did it look mutual?"

Pearson: "Well, to tell the truth, Randolph, you both put on quite a show. So yes, it was lucky for you."

Randolph: "Shit, hey, why so far down, that's six levels?"

Pearson: "Yes, we are in the most sophisticated phase of counter intelligence that the entertainment world has ever known, and now you'll see why we have to take these extra precautions."

The elevator door opens in the War Room.

Pearson: "Good morning, Inglewood."

Inglewood: "Mr. Pearson, Mr. Randall."

Randolph: "Hey, man."

The control center is a beehive of agents now dedicated to the task of locating Louse electronically and quelling his quixotic quest for Kaizen.

Inglewood: "Sir, we've prepared a brief report on Herman David Louse for your inspection. In time we will know his every move."

Pearson: "Great, let's get to it."

Inglewood: "Yes sir."

Randolph: "David?"

Inglewood: "Yes sir, he's a David, and we're a Goliath."

Pearson: "I don't know as I like that analogy, Inglewood."

Inglewood: "Yes sir."

Randolph: "Show us what'cha got, man."

Inglewood: "Yes, first off his I.Q. is one hundred seventy-five, according to Mensa. But all other data, he deleted from their files. He owns many businesses on the continent of Africa in many countries there. He got his backing from his older sister, Erma Jean Conte, sixty-six. She's a black media expert at Katzberg, Kramer, Roberts and Klein Brokerage on Wall Street. It was through her assistance that Mr. Louse started, `Two Cents´ a news discussion radio and TV show, syndicated in sixteen African countries and also broadcast on the many short wave radios there. He has `X, Y, Zebra´, a TV and radio station with strong and weak signals all over the Ivory Coast: in Nigeria, South Africa, the Congo, Chad, Liberia, Ethiopia, Uganda, Kenya, Zimbabwe, etc. He also publishes a pictorial monthly magazine `Dark Skin´, all over the continent.

"Then there is `Great Spirit World`, his liquor outlets in all African countries, some legal, most bootleg, featuring his Black Panther Psst wine and homemade brewed Zulu beer, now being sold in American ghettos under the table. And `Black Pictures` films, mostly African porno themes, shown all over Africa, along with American porno. He travels with these adult movies and sets up shop wherever the customers pay to see them. Furthermore, he shows them on TV satellite stations in Europe.

"There's also the cigarette company `Royal T`, hand rolled cigarettes, using the names of: Duke Ellington for `Duke's`, `Counts` for Count Basie `Kings` for Nat Cole and `Lady Days` for Billie Holiday. This he does in his convoy that travels throughout the continent, making deals as he goes.

"He supplies crude battery operated, wind-up radios like clocks, where they barely have electricity in the bush; there he simply shows them photos of progressive electronic products and explains their usage and need via translators. His worker and sales force is made up of over one thousand Africans. He's on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange as H.D. Louse, Inc., and uses the gold Krugerrand currency of South Africa, whenever he can, while posing as a black South-African businessman in Africa.

"He formed the Africa-America Financial Alliance. That running ad appeared in Africa and in the L.A. Black Dispatch here a week ago. It reads as follows: there will never be a drought in the black contribution to the entertainment industry. Therefore, I submit that a major investment be made to buy White Lion/2A/KKK insuring that it is owned by my black stockholders in Africa and operated by the black and brown first potential stockholder citizens of South Central, L.A."

Randolph: "What?"

Inglewood: "Yes sir, may I go on?"

Pearson: "Continue, Inglewood."

Inglewood: "Yes sir, his main liaison in Africa and the United States is one Claudia Charles, an American envoy to South Africa."

Randolph: "Say what, mothafucka?"

Inglewood: "Did I say something wrong, sir?"

Pearson: "No, no, Inglewood it's fine. Do go on."

Randolph: "Hold on, ace, you got a picture of this woman?"

Inglewood: "Yes sir . . . there."

A color image of Claudia in a string black bikini, standing on a diving board at a manor in Brussels, Belgium, appears on the big wide screen.

Randolph: "Bitch . . . sexy ho, goddamn pretty ass cunt."

Inglewood: "You know her, sir?"

Pearson: "She's most beautiful and statuesque. Like I said, Randolph, sex and money."

Randolph: "She fucked over me good. Wait 'til I . . ." Randolph starts to leave.

Pearson: "Hold on, Randolph. Don't go running off yet. There's more, right, Inglewood?"

Inglewood: "Yes sir, the Asian Invasion."

Randolph: "What the fuck is that, yella fever?"

Inglewood: "Well sir, it's a cabal of Japanese and Chinese hardware and software, electronic consumer goods counterfeiters, headed by Yo Suke Yamahata and Ro Chow, electronic equipment, black marketers, targeting Africa and competing with every other exporter of electronic goods there. Both men are said to be under the direct manufacturing marching orders of Kuni Ideiyuki."

Randolph: "Kuni?"

Pearson: "Ah, pay dirt, it all adds up now. No one feels Herman Louse is seriously planning a move one way or another that could possibly ruin Kaizen, and buying White Lion/2A/KKK is even doubtful."

Randolph: "Because he's black?"

Pearson: "No, not today, money and sex remember, he could buy it all. Hell, he must be worth . . ."

Inglewood: "Millions, his de facto fortune is upwards to forty-seven million to date, that's our rough estimate."

Randolph: "Shit, you say, goddamn! Not that scrawny, ugly nigga Louse I know, no fuckin' way, man! A picture, show me his fuckin' picture!"

Inglewood: "Sorry sir, no picture yet, we're working on it though, soon."

Randolph: "That fine ass hoochie, C.C., she's so fuckin' sexy. Shit, I don't get it. She fooled my black ass awright, and now I'll hafta bitch slap her sweet ass silly. Then she'll beg me to go with her to wherever Louse is hidin' with Osama bin Laden."

Pearson: "Temper, temper, Randolph. Maybe just maybe she's unaware the man she's seeing is our man."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, right, but she still went and fucked that pussy faced, nappy head, skinny . . ."

2nd Agent: "Mr. Pearson, pardon me, sir."

Pearson: "Yes, Mendelssohn."

Mendelssohn: "We patched in that call you expected."

Pearson: "It's perfect timing; put it on the speaker, Mendelssohn."

Louse: "Randolph and Pearson, gentlemen good morning."

Randolph: "I'll break your fuckin' neck, you rotten smellin', ass faced . . ."

Louse: "Oh, whoa bouncer, enforcer, intimidator, white man's facilitator, studio lieutenant, studio head's nigger."

Randolph: "Ya old wooly headed thinkin', snagga tooth, stinky breath, fonky butt, snot nose, little dick, lame ass Goat Alley sissy! Ya horned in on my woman, one of my bitches, man."

Louse: "Ah, Claudia, the beautiful envoy, I see you've been doing your homework with Pearson."

Pearson: "Yes, Mr. Louse. I've checked you out and your scheme to buy White Lion/2A/KKK also, and it is the profound thinking of the Wall Street opinions we asked for, that suitors of White Lion/2A/KKK would be suckers at this time."

Louse: "I have unregistered stock in White Lion/2A/KKK."

Randolph: "What you say, mothafucka?"

Louse: "You fellows will have to find out about it in the trades tomorrow. It's a done deal. I have one million shares and a brand-new music production deal."

Randolph: "You dirt cheap ass, piece of scum garbage. You're lyin', ev'rybody knows they ain't sellin' stock. They can't, 'cause they subversive."

Louse: "Sez who, Jesse Jackson?"

Randolph: "Yeah, shit yeah, egghead. So, you're a Mensa mothafucka and a big ass nigga in the mothaland, right? Ya way smart and ya got heap big bucks and shit, huh, homeboy, millions I heard, right?"

Louse: "Yes flunky, you heard right. I'm highly intelligent and I live very well, ask Claudia."

Randolph: "Ya dumb ass jive mothafucka. You can have that bitch, but you'll never rule Kaizen's world. I'll bring ya down, way down punk."

Louse: "Randolph, every man should have a plan to rule the whole wonderful wide world of entertainment. Who wouldn't want to be media king of the planet earth?"

Randolph: "Shit head bum, ya talkin' crazy and fucked up. I've been with your queen, Mr. King Shit. Yeah, when we was together, she never acted more enthused."

Louse: "Acted is the operative word, you idiot. Vaunt all you want, errand boy, Claudia has her own mind; I don't own her."

Pearson: "Mr. Louse, what about your last clue, `You'll wonder where the yellow went´? What's that about, nothing's happened?"

Louse: "Kaizen America is looking for twelve billion at least. That's all we, well I that is, need to raise; however, you'll hear about it in your company meeting this morning. By lunch time, believe me, `you'll wonder where the yellow went´, unless you can nip it in the bud." Louse laughs hysterically.

Randolph: "Go `head, ya fuck face nigga, laugh, laugh, shit."

Louse: "Randolph, there's room for you in my organization. So after they go under, come work for me; we'd be great together."

Randolph: "Naw, hell fuckin' no like a mothafucka. We would always be at cross-purposes; we got competin' needs and careers. Then, you're a sack of vile vagrant vomit up in Goat Alley to me, man."

Louse: "Too bad. Well gents, never except a check after banking hours, and never accept a cashier's check on the weekend, if the bank is closed; and never, under any circumstances, accept a certified cashiers check from a stranger, that's the worst."

Pearson: "Mr. Louse, Mr. Louse, is that an aphorism or another clue?"

Louse: "Not really, just sound advice. I'll give you a clue later." Louse hangs up.

Randolph: "Hey, nigga . . . shit!"

Mendelssohn: "That's it, sir, no fixed location. He's on a cell phone and switching his situation somehow."

Randolph: "Changin' cars is all. He's runnin' though, he's fuckin' runnin'." Randolph volunteered one of his most absurd explanations in utter desperation and raw ignorance, from his uneducated, electronic challenged brain.

Pearson: "Yes, he's on the run, but I don't like his confidence about the last clue. I'd better get up to administration."

Randolph: "Yeah, go on, I gotta see a bitch honey about that black bastard."

Pearson: "Ms. Charles?"

Randolph: "You fuckin' got it, buddy."

Pearson: "Thank you, Inglewood. Excellent, Mendelssohn. It was most enlightening, especially the Kuni connection. Kuni makes and sells industrial manufacturing machines that can make anything we sell: King Kaizen Karaoke Music Boxes, DAT/DVD's, `the nicest, precise, lowest prices, security devices´, new plasma TV's, radios, computers, digital cameras, DVDs, DVD players, DATs, DAT players, wireless phones, you name it. And for a price, they will sell you these machines and teach you how to operate them."

Randolph: "Hey man, I'll get him 'cause he's a silly dilly mothafucka, and he'll want to come back and be silly dilly again."

Inglewood: "Well, I hope that demystifies Mr. Herman David Louse, somewhat. We'll have more after lunch; it's coming in steady now."

Randolph: "I fuckin' bet it is."

Chapter Five

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Road Hog Pig Out Repast

On Rodeo Drive, for lunch at Stick 2 Ya Ribs Restaurant where Randolph and Bitch Ho gormandize on swine, often. In bold print the motto on menus and the wall reads: **WE DON'T SPIT IN NOBODY'S FOOD.**

Bitch Ho: "Whatzup?"

Randolph: "Bitch Ho, these some killa chitlin's."

Bitch Ho: "I been thinkin' 'bout ya."

Randolph: "Me too."

Bitch Ho begins to recite her Louse's mantra, sans the KKK, in a rap piece entitled, `Acronym Hymn`.

Acronym Hymn

*I'm Herman Louse
I'm da man not a mouse
In da House of Louse
Cold kickin' slammin'
Hip hoppin' mammy jammin'*

*Fist poundin'
 Hand slappin' gangsta rappin'
 Ya snooze ya lose
 If I catch ya nappin'
 White Lion is my stratagem
 2A I want both of 'em
 Rap scallion rapt vigor n'
 Vim*

*Where the women are svelte
 And the men are slim
 They all eat right
 And work out at the gym*

*White Lion is my acronym hymn
 The greatest studio of all
 It's the crim de la crim
 They think my reach
 Exceeds my grasp
 But it's up for grabs
 And within my clasp
 It's Paramount
 And Universal
 Ask any 21st Century Fox
 Ms. Columbia and Wannabe Bro's
 From Zukor to Zanuck
 One to the other*

*The most familiar trademark
 In the world today
 The greatest producer
 Distributor exhibitor
 Combine they say*

*Like Mr. MGM
I gotta lion Jones
Buy all my vids take 'em
Home
That's entertainment
Sing and dance
Make a mega media merger
Mania
High finance*

*Not M & M's
White Lion*

*Not MIT
White Lion*

*White Lion/2A, Inc.
I'm buyin' both of 'em
I think*

*Not Universal
White Lion*

*Not RKO
White Lion*

*Not REM
White Lion*

*Not S n'M
White Lion*

*Not MBA
White Lion*

*Not Booker T. & the MG's
White Lion*

*Not MCI
White Lion*

*Not MTA
White Lion*

*Not MTV
White Lion*

*Nor NBC CBS ABC
The big T.V. 3
White Lion/2A*

*Not Mr. & Mrs.
White Lion*

*Not M'm! M'm! Good!
White Lion*

*Not MVP
White Lion*

*Not LBO
White Lion*

*Not CEO
White Lion*

*Not CPA
White Lion*

*Not IRS
White Lion*

*Not ATM
White Lion*

*Not AT&T
White Lion*

*Not ATF
White Lion*

*Not CIA
White Lion*

*Not FBI
White Lion*

*Not FCC
White Lion*

*Not BBC
White Lion*

*Not FM-AM
White Lion*

*Not PBS
White Lion*

*Not O.J.
White Lion*

*Not LAPD
White Lion*

*Not NAACP
White Lion*

*Not AFL-CIO
White Lion*

*Not PTA
White Lion*

*Not NOW
White Lion*

*Not ASAP
White Lion*

*Not TLC
White Lion*

*Not TWA
White Lion*

*Not CAA
White Lion*

*Not YMCA
White Lion*

*Not YWCA
White Lion*

*Not NC17
White Lion*

*Not NBA
White Lion*

*Not 501 C3
White Lion*

*Not VIP
White Lion*

*Not NEA
White Lion*

*Not AFT
White Lion*

*Not GM
White Lion*

*Not IBM
White Lion*

*Not AMA
White Lion*

*Not DMV
White Lion*

*Not AIDS
White Lion*

*Not HIV
White Lion*

*Not VCR
White Lion*

*Not N. Y. N. Y.
White Lion*

*Not MF's
White Lion*

*Not B.S.
White Lion*

*Not KKK
White Lion/2A*

*The greatest studio of 'em all
I'm White Lion
Artist-Allied true
That's Louse's mantra
I'm through*

Randolph belches. "Who the fat fuck is Zukor?"

Bitch Ho: "What?"

Randolph: "Zukor, you said Zukor to Zanuck."

Bitch Ho: "Oh shit, Adolph Zukor, Creepin' Jesus, the president of Paramount back in the fuckin' 20's, man. He was the boss then of all this movie shit, ya dig?"

Randolph: "Never heard of him."

Bitch Ho: "That's your problem, Ran, you don't read. Ya gotta check these things out like Louse, shit. He . . ."

Randolph: "Wait, just a goddamn minute, ho. I ain't gotta do a mothafuckin' thang like Louse, ya dig? Except, I'm payin' the nigga back for fuckin' up my gig."

Bitch Ho: "Right, but what did you think of my rhymes? Shit."

Randolph: "Keep hoin', bitch."

Bitch Ho: "Oh yeah . . . well I was printed in the L.A. Black Dispatch this mornin'."

Randolph: "What for?"

Bitch Ho: "For Louse, he was up in there, I read his shit." Bitch Ho refers to the announcement Louse put in the Black Dispatch the week before that runs everyday in the only black nationally distributed daily paper. "So I figure we might hook up . . . now that he knows my head, shit."

Randolph: "Ho, you ain't got a bag ladies chance givin' Louse head, so forget it. The nigga's loaded. He's got Swiss banks up the ass full of loot. We found out this mornin'; he's Mensa an-a-fuckin' millionaire, forty-seven times over."

Bitch Ho: "How, Ran? How'd he do it?"

Randolph: "Howdy Doody, Ran!"

Bitch Ho: "No shit, tell me, whatzup?"

Randolph: "He's in supply and demand like any other rich fuck. He's sellin' counterfeit electronic shit in Africa, all over."

Bitch Ho: "He's a bad mothafucka like I said. Shit, nigga, he's da fuckin' man, I told you, I told you!"

Randolph: "Hold on dammit, not so fuckin' fast. Put ya drawers back on. He's still got a lot of trouble on this end from me and Pearson, not to mention, the LAPD, fire department and the goddamn FBI and CIA; even Interpol can be brought in on his ass too, you know?"

Bitch Ho: "I don't fuckin' care; the nigga's brainy and super rich, and he's helpin' the people, shit. We need a BROTHAMAN, shit, one who's got it together enough to bust that goddamn glass ceilin' and go straight up to the mothafuckin' top on they honky ass."

Randolph: "He's fucked up in the mind though. Shit, with all that scratch, why would he bother with a shell of a company, that's on the block and shit? It's not worth his time. Why's he fuckin' with White Lion/2A/KKK?"

Bitch Ho: "He's got a White Lion/2A/KKK jones, shit."

Randolph: "He's sick, jones my dick. The nigga's got a three and a half billion dollar monkey on his back."

Bitch Ho: "Look Ran, run this shit down some more! Randolph gropes Bitch Ho under the table. "Hey, quit it, we can fuck later. Don't do that shit, I need a bootay rest; stop that shit."

Randolph: "Hey, sweet bitch, it's like I said, he's Mensa and fuckin' loaded, forty-seven huge, and he's hooked up with a Jap distributor and chink manufacturers in Beijing, who've been counterfeitin' and supplyin' his black market shit here in the states and . . ."

Bitch Ho: "Black Market?"

Randolph: "Yeah, this mothafuckin' nip named Kuni's counterfeitin' his yella ass off all over Asia, Europe, South America, and now that he's hooked up with Louse; they got fuckin' Africa on together or some shit like that." (Another wild haphazard hypothesis from Randolph)

Bitch Ho: "You sayin' merchandise only though, right? I mean like: Music Boxes, DAT/ DVD players, flat TV's, satellite radios, digital cameras, memory cards, computers, web cams, cell phones and shit, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, shit yeah and flicks."

Bitch Ho: "Movies?"

Randolph: "Fuckin' A, movies, Louse makes fuckin' porno flicks in Africa. I guess usin' the Africans to shoot 'em, and star in 'em. And hell, he travels in a big convoy spreadin' his wares, goin' all over the fuckin' dark ass continent, payin' off the dictators, kings, chiefs and witch doctors. He . . ."

Bitch Ho: "Wait, hold it! I'd like to see that African porno shit myself. Shit, a tribe in South Africa, called Shunga, I think, got way big dicks, the biggest in Africa, I heard. So . . . you mean he ain't into guns and ammo? He ain't into arms?" The tribe's proper name and spelling is Shangana.

Randolph: "Naw bitch, I told you, only electronic hardware and software like . . ."

Bitch Ho: "Kaizen."

Randolph: "Right, right, just like Kaizen."

Bitch Ho: "What the fuck is Goring gonna do about it?" Bitch Ho rancorously refers to Pearson the security chief at Kaizen.

Randolph: "Pearson, oh shit, I'm gonna have to split." Randolph looks at the time on the wall and gets up from the table.

Bitch Ho: "Where ya headed?"

Randolph: "I've gotta keep a brunch date with somebody, I promised. Anyway, I need information, and she's got plenty."

Bitch Ho: "What . . . who?"

Randolph is standing for Bitch Ho's quick questions. "You don't know her. She's goin' with Louse, and I didn't know it. Pearson thinks she doesn't know it's Louse. I told her about him, but she thought I was talkin' 'bout a stranger."

Bitch Ho: "Ya mean she two timed both of ya?"

Randolph: "She didn't, she doesn't know I said, bitch."

Bitch Ho: "Pearson's guessin', Ran. She could be a set up."

Randolph: "Naw, she's cool. I gotta hear it from her, ya dig?"

Bitch Ho: "Who is she? She got a fuckin' name?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Claudia, Claudia Charles. She's the American envoy to South Africa. She works with the Ambassador of . . ."

Bitch Ho: "I know what a fuckin' envoy is, you fuck . . . go on!"

Randolph: "Fuck you, ho, keep your voice down, shit. You get too goddamn excited, collect yo' self. Naw, she's a good woman. Louse said she was free, so won't no chains on her."

Bitch Ho: "Ya mean like me?"

Randolph: "Yeah, free to come and go. Shit, I never asked her to explain herself. You know me, I'm cool an-a-mothafucka." Randolph refers to his open relationship with Bitch Ho.

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, Ran. So go, cool fool nigga; have ya brunch, and fuckin' choke on it."

. . .

(At Claudia's Beverly Hills highrise penthouse apartment)

Randolph: "C.C."

Claudia: "Well finally, much more like late lunch than brunch."

Randolph: "Busy, busy, busy, you know."

Claudia: "If you say so, I'll get the piece de resistance going. Make yourself comfortable won't you."

Randolph: "Yeah, shit yeah, you want a drink?"

Claudia: "I've got white wine. I'm adding it to the pork brains and eggs and I'm sipping it."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'll have a cognac; a snifter will go good now."
Randolph pours a drink at the green glass bar and sits in his favorite Indonesian orange papasan chair, with a thick cotton bowl, rattan pole frame and footstool.

Claudia: "So, what's the skinny on your big case? Did you get anymore clues?" Claudia speaks to Randolph through the open shutters in the kitchen to the dining and living room.

Randolph: "Hell no, but we know way more about our mystery man than when you and I last talked."

Claudia: "Tell me, it's fascinating. What's been happening?"

Randolph joins Claudia in the kitchen. "Yeah, look, I'm gonna come right at ya with this; you know me."

Claudia: "Wow, are you ever intense? What's up, R n'R?"

Randolph: "We got a slew of data in security, and it seems you know this asshole."

Claudia: "R n'R . . . moi, you're kidding, right?"

Randolph: "I don't have his picture yet, so I'll describe him and refresh your memory."

Claudia: "Please do."

Randolph: "Well, as I remember, he's over six feet, about one hundred sixty pounds, dark brown skin. Oh yeah, and right on the top of his knotty by nature head, if he ain't bald now, he's got a ugly bump, a nasty cut, you know, a deep scary scar, right in the middle of his skull . . . Ring a bell, baby?"

Claudia: "Damn."

Randolph: "Ding dong."

Claudia: "Martin, Martin Akata!"

Randolph: "Tell me about him. I know you didn't know, so I ain't jealous, much."

Claudia: "He's a business guy I met. Ambassador Graves introduced him to me. I went out with him; we became friends, and . . ."

Randolph: "You fuck him, C.C.?"

Claudia: "No never, he's a friend, I swear!"

Randolph: "Cool down now, come here. If that's it, I'm glad."

Claudia: "I use his pool in Belgium when I go to Brussels; I visit him and swim. We laugh, talk, he's fun. I like him; he's very rich, one of the richest black men I've ever seen. He must be worth . . ."

Randolph: "Forty-seven huge."

Claudia: "I believe it. He speaks with a South African accent. So if it's the guy who called you at Viv's, I didn't hear his voice. Was that he?"

Randolph: "The same jive ass nigga, sugar."

Claudia: "God . . . oh my God!" They both smell the burning brunch.

Randolph: "Ya burnin', baby, the brunch is burnin'."

Claudia: "Omigosh!"

Randolph: "I'll open the window. Hey, don't sweat it."

Claudia: "It's ruined, it's black, and it stinks!"

Randolph: "Come over here, baby. It's ok, no shit, it's cool."

Claudia: "I really wanted to pull it off, I . . ."

Randolph embraces and kisses Claudia. "Your lips are always sweet, so sweet. You feel so good. I'd rather cuddle up with you anyway. Hell, I ain't hungry except for you."

Claudia: "Me too, it's been a while, R n'R, I missed you terribly. I thought about you in Cape Town; I imagined I saw you in Johannesburg too, walking in the marketplace. Sometimes, when I was performing my duties at the embassy, I'd daydream about us and get very excited, very hot and bothered. So me too, I want to make up for lost time."

Randolph: "Come here, girl. God, you're fine an-a-motha . . ."

. . .

(Ebb Tide)

Randolph: "Ten times better than last time, what about you, baby?"

Claudia: "Oh . . . I never met anybody who could touch you, R n'R. You make love like it's divine and profane all at once. I've never known such complete fulfillment, such peak satisfaction; I almost feel guilty."

Randolph: "Guilty? Why, sugar lips?"

Claudia: "It's so damn good. So good, honey, you know?"

Randolph: "Yeah, we got it goin' to bed, baby, come here."

Claudia: "Again, yes again." The phone rings.

Randolph: "Oh shit."

Claudia: "Let it ring, the machine will get it . . . kiss me."

Randolph: "Naw, baby, you'd better see who it is. It could be for me, shit."

Claudia answers the phone, "Hello."

Louse: "Claudia darling, I hope I didn't disturb you, my lovely love. I wish . . ."

Claudia: "Martin, oh Martin I . . ."

Randolph grabs the receiver from Claudia. "Gimmie . . . nigga, what the fuck you want here? I told you this mornin', don't do this shit no more. I . . ."

Louse: "You crude loud lackey, when do you shut your foul mouth? You're around a lady, you imbecile. Restrain yourself."

Randolph: "Say what ya gotta say quick, sucka. I got thangs to do up in here, and you're fuckin' up real bad now."

Claudia: "R n'R, let me speak to him, please. I want to know from him why he played a game on me."

Randolph: "Here, ask him, go ahead, why not?"

Randolph puts the call on the speakerphone, and Claudia speaks to Louse. "Martin, or is it . . ."

Louse: "Herman, dear, it's Herman David Louse, and I can explain. Please let me say, I never had a chance to do business in South Africa without my guise as a native countryman. I tried once, my heart was broken, and the doors were closed in my face, so I lived one lie, sweetheart, my identity, only my identity. But my heart was ever pure and beating just for you. I . . ."

Claudia: "Herman, huh? Well Martin, Herman, whatever, I hate deception. But you don't owe me anything, we were only friends and . . ."

Louse: "Only friends, oh no, you're my heart. I would never do anything to jeopardize our relationship. I'd never hurt you. I . . ."

Claudia: "You lied to me; I trusted you. I thought you respected me."

Louse: "Respect you, why I worship you, you could be my queen. One word from you and I'd make you the empress of my empire. I still want to marry you. Did you tell Randolph I proposed again and again?"

Claudia: "No."

Randolph turns off the speaker and talks in the receiver. "Louse, give it up, shit face. You ain't got a chink's chance, ass wipe. She's my woman, ya dig?"

Louse: "Randolph, I don't think you understand. This is not a passing fancy. I'm serious, dead serious. My soul goes out to this woman."

Randolph: "Naw, never nigga, she's mine. You may or may not buy White Lion/2A/KKK, but forget C.C., she ain't for sale."

Louse: "I won't dignify that remark, this won't do. We can't discuss this, you don't get it."

Randolph: "I get it, sissy, but get this. Kaizen's sick n' tired of the fuckin' games, see? We don't want no more fuckin' clues now, we know the deal. And tell Kuni it's a motha of a mistake on his part to help you. What'cha got, a deal with him to divvy up the manufacturin' and distribution in America? Or is Kuni just gonna let you hustle Africa and . . ."

Louse: "No, no, no, you ignorant oaf, you never had brains, just brawn. And this time, as usual, you're way off the mark. I'll tell you when I'm good and ready what the deal is and not before."

Randolph: "No, naw nigga, no more tellin' me, show me, punk. Meet me face-to-face, toe-to-toe, man-to-man. Then and only then will I listen, ya dig?"

Louse: "Not yet, but you can tell your crass crude 2 B rude n' lewd, paramour poetaster, I read her . . . poem in the L.A. Black Dispatch today and I'm very impressed. She's on my wave length."

Randolph: "Bitch Ho . . . you talkin' 'bout Bitch Ho?"

Louse: "Whatever, then there's the clue."

Randolph: "I told you, mothafucka, I . . ."

Louse: "I.G. Pearson, what's the I.G. stand for and why?" Louse hangs up.

Randolph: "Goddamn you, no good stinkin' . . ."

Claudia: "R n'R, what is it? What did he say?"

Randolph: "Shit, what the hell's he talkin' about? I.G. Pearson, he's doin' it again . . . mothafuck!"

Chapter Six

. . .

Southern California Urban Character Hairpin Curves

(Back on the lot that Monday evening)

Randolph: "Pearson, we gotta talk in private."

Pearson: "Let's take a golf cart."

Both men get in the golf cart on the parking lot for a short drive to the administration building.

Randolph: "Yeah, I'll drive. Did you hear me talkin' to Louse or what?"

Pearson: "I did, go on."

Randolph: "Naw . . . this one's on you. First off, what the fat fuck does the I.G. stand for?"

Pearson: "Irving, Irving Grant."

Randolph: "Do you know what the fuck that's got to do with anythang, or is this piece of scum pullin' my chain?"

Pearson: "He's inferring that I'm named after one of the founding father's of the motion picture industry, Irving Grant Thalberg."

Randolph: "Who's he?"

Pearson: "He was a 1920's wunderkind, a young guy who ran this lot as production chief. He was the greatest guy who ever worked in the movies game; he died in his thirties. My grandmother had a mad crush on him; she pressured my mother and dad until they promised to name me after him. As far as I know that's it, unless I'm missing something."

Randolph: "Damn, well how the fuck do you figure Louse knew that? Is it public knowledge?"

Pearson: "Yes and no, he might have talked to my mom, or maybe the yearbook, my college yearbook; it's in there, well somewhat anyway. It doesn't matter, unless he's going to do something to me next. I don't get it either."

Randolph: "Watch ya back, man; this crazy creep's up to somethin'. With all his money, I can't quite understand why he would do this shit."

Pearson: "About the figure Inglewood quoted, that was a rough estimate forensic accounting came up with under duress. However, after lunch we got more data."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, run it by me."

Pearson: "Yes, it's more like two hundred thousand dollars or so. It's Kuni with the money, so it was a smoke screen set up by Kuni. He moves his money around like chess pieces and pulled another fast one with Swiss Banks again. This time he used Louse as a financial stalking horse."

Randolph: "A what?"

Pearson: "Never mind, he suckered our accounting. Regrettably, it was a security rush job. Now we know that the market in Africa isn't growing via Louse's salesmanship, and his overhead is tremendous. It seems the despots and warlords there don't want the population of uneducated natives to wake up in the twenty-first century just yet. Every country feels the same, so electronics don't quite hold the same value as arms, and it's arms that Kuni sells. He also counterfeits the electronic industry. Louse buys electronic consumer goods from Kuni, so it's Louse who is mostly into entertainment electronics. He wants to run us out of business, but . . ."

Randolph: "He can't fuckin' run us out. . . . How?"

Pearson: "Subterfuge as best as we can figure. He figures because of the foreign stock and trade limitations placed on our parent company in Japan, we're stifled in America. He sees himself as a better deal culturally. He's set now to manufacture with Kuni's Beijing

machines. He's paid plenty for them. If he wins, he'll fly over his people, operate right on this lot and become a major player, by selling to minorities at first. You know, if he meets with opposition, he can turn it into a black pride business deal, boycott all others, sell stock and stay afloat until he gets a big hit movie."

Randolph: "How can he buy White Lion/2A/KKK with only two hundred thousand dollars?"

Pearson: "Easy, he can deal with the Klan direct, and Kuni will supply him some form of equity; he has the clout. I think Louse may even borrow a million dollars from a U.S. bank and then raise the rest from investors."

Randolph: "How?"

Pearson: "He can get fifty-one percent at least with a minority SBA loan, in a tax free enterprise zone."

Randolph: "Where else would he get money that big in America, he's black?"

Pearson: "I've been thinking about that. There's one way coming up now the press calls Mo-Fo Best. It's the latest popular retreat of corporate America, like the Mogul Fest, and the Predators Ball for power media brokers, financiers and wealthy types in our industry. Moguls will be present; deals will be made of every kind and magnitude. Louse must know this, so he's sure to attend."

Randolph: "Where is this `Carnivore's Convention´ held?"

Pearson: "Idaho, in Sun Baby, at the Allen Henry resort there, it lasts for one whole week."

Randolph: "Then I'd better get my ass to Idaho. Did you ever get a picture of Louse?"

Pearson: "Not yet, we were wondering if Ms. Charles might have one?"

Randolph: "She ain't got one; it's still up to me then. I'm the only one who knows the cunt."

Pearson: "His sister, Ms. Conte in New York City, at Katzberg, Kramer, Roberts and Klein, said he took all of his pictures from her, and said he'd return them at a later date."

Randolph: "What did she say he looked like?"

Pearson: "She wouldn't divulge anymore information."

Randolph: "Shit, well I'll still know that jackass, and he's mine on sight."

Pearson: "Oh, there's one more thing, we feel Louse can only attend with his sister's invitation; so we'll be on the look out. It should be easy to spot him, since no more than a few blacks will be invited."

Randolph: "I'll get in that mothafucka, if I hafta be a goddamn waiter."

Pearson: "We can get you in the Kaizen contingency as a studio rep., no problem. You and I will be in the same lodge. Is that alright with you?"

Randolph: "Yeah, what about the big brass, are they comin'?"

Pearson: "Yes, so it's in our hands because we now know the stakes of the game. We must stop Louse from his megalomaniacal quest."

Randolph: "Is White Lion/2A/KKK goin' to Idaho?"

Pearson: "Yes, the Imperial Wizard, Jamison K. Crowe wasn't invited, but the studio head and three of his top staff were. The studio head is looking to make a deal. He wants to keep his job and maybe own the company."

Randolph: "Can he pull it off?"

Pearson: "We hear he's got a new Klan type picture that's a winner, called the `Original Good Ol' Boyz n' da Hood`. If it is good, he's got a chance; but then you never can tell until these fellows get together. They meet annually to make deals and hype product."

Randolph: "A lotta William Morris ex-mail room flunky's in Brioni suits, huh?"

Pearson: "Somewhat, the millionaires and billionaires will certainly be present, so all we've got to do is mix and mingle until we spot him."

Randolph: "I'll be sure to get him, now that I know C.C. knows him on sight. She can point him out and I'll kick . . ."

Pearson: "This is the only way to tell you, so . . . Ms. Charles is on her way to Vegas, as we speak. She left on a commercial flight an hour ago."

Randolph: "No shit, she told me she was going back to South Africa at the end of the week."

Pearson: "We think she's meeting Louse. How does that affect you?"

Randolph: "Hell, I'm fucked up about it, but you don't know for sure it's Louse."

Pearson: "No, we tapped her phone; however, an e-mail got by us, sorry."

Randolph: "That's cool, but we still don't know it's Louse she's meetin'."

Pearson: "If I were a betting man, I'd say ten grand on it. But I'm not, so I'm going to tell you to meet me at the airport, midnight tonight. Come to the main company hangar, you know where. Lord Ashton will be there. This could be it; we'll stop over in Las Vegas. Kaizen owns the product on display at the Kuter Komputer Konvention, in King Herod the Great, King of the Jews, Temple Mega resort, Hotel and Casino. Coincidentally, Ms. Charles is registered there in the Pontius Pilate Suite, indefinitely, so we'll stay there until she makes her next move and flies on to Sun Baby and the Mo-Fo Best, agreed?"

Randolph: "Sez you."

Pearson: "I hope for your sake I'm wrong, Randolph."

. . .

(In the main Kaizen lounge at sundown)

Monika: "Ran, right?" Monika is standing over Randolph, who is sitting in a recliner and reading a Billboard magazine. She's wearing a tube tie-dye, kiwi colored dress; brown marabou mules (shoes), white-framed Gucci shades, and puce Chanel vamp lipstick.

Randolph: "Oh no, what you want, as if I didn't know?"

Monika: "Ninety-five dollars even, and I'll call it quits."

Randolph: "What's your fuckin' problem? I emptied my pockets on the back lot. I gave you my last goddamn dime, it's enough."

Monika: "No, I said two hundred and I meant it, you've got it. I've never been raped and sodomized before, and I don't want to have to live and walk around with that open wound. Mister, you got a giant cock, so let's be civil about it. My roast beef's showin' down there, sore and bloody raw, dick wipe!" Several people in the lounge began to stare.

Randolph: "You bitch, here ho bag, twenty, twenty, twenty, twenty and twenty, keep the mothafuckin' chump change, ho." Randolph contemptuously pays Monika off.

Monika: "I will if you say so, every little bit helps. I shot my first scene this morning like I told you I would, so I am an actress. But I'll bet you know that don't you? You were wrong about me."

Randolph: "Bitch, I don't give a shit if you're the hottest piece of ass on the lot this evenin'; I'm not fuckin' interested in your career."

Monika: "Did you remember my name at least?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I remember it, so what? You gonna charge me for that too?"

Monika: "No, we're straight now. But if you don't call me names, and you control your temper and stop all the offensive profanity, I'll tell you something you asked me about before."

Randolph: "What?"

Monika: "The man you were looking for . . ."

Randolph: "Yeah?"

Monika: "I saw him."

Randolph: "You shittin' me, girl?"

Monika: "Ran, your French, please."

Randolph: "Well tell me, what did he look like? When did you see him?"

Monika: "He looked in the door just about five minutes before you came, then he closed the door and left." At this revelation, Randolph wondered why Louse's face wasn't captured on tape, since the video cameras were there at the time. Then he thought, Pearson must only want to spy on him, so security turned on the surveillance equipment at that location, only when he, Randolph, entered the set bungalow to question Monika, and missed Louse.

Randolph: "Did you see him good? Can you describe him?"

Monika: "He's tall, about a head taller than you."

Randolph: "Yeah, go on . . . Monika."

Monika: "He's darker than you. He's got a goatee and little beard. He had on dark glasses and he had a gash on the top of his head, big as the one between my legs, when you finished fuckin', rapin' and butt sodomizin' me."

Randolph: "Yeah, yeah, was he fat, thin?"

Monika: "Thin, not big, about your age I'd say."

Randolph: "Did he say anythang at all?"

Monika: "Not then, later."

Randolph: "What'cha mean later, bit . . . Monika." Randolph takes a tender tact with the stacked stunning starlet.

Monika: "He was hangin' around the oil drum fire, you know, warming his hands, fraternizin' and drinking coffee."

Randolph: "And . . . go on I'm listenin'."

Monika: "Well, he hit on me."

Randolph: "No shit, so you talked to him?"

Monika: "He said I was pretty, and he wanted to make me a star, you know, the same ol', lame ol' game. But I don't need or trust agents, managers and such. I'm my own independent, strictly business woman."

Randolph: "Yeah, ok, what else, Money Honey. Think, it's important as hell?"

Monika: "We talked until Space was ready for the scene."

Randolph: "Space?"

Monika: "Yes, Space, Space Grimaldi, the director."

Randolph: "Yeah, I remember, go on. What did he say his name was?"

Monika: "Martin, he's African from South Africa. He had a cute accent. I told him I'd have to think about his interest in me, but he insisted we go away to meet some backers he had set up in Idaho."

Randolph: "Did he give you a number, address, anythang?"

Monika: "No. First, he just wanted me to go to dinner with him after the shoot."

Randolph: "Is he gonna meet you back here tonight?"

Monika: "No, no, I told him no. I don't go out that fast. He's nice, but I just gave him my phone number. He'll have to call a few times, you know?"

Randolph: "I wouldn't know, so, he's gonna call you, huh? Where do you live, gimme your number?" Monika stalls and refuses his request for her private home phone number.

Monika: "What do you want him for? Is he dangerous? What's he done? Is he wanted for a crime?" She sits down on a sofa next to his recliner.

Randolph: "It's way big baad ass business, baby. The studio, your bosses want him. Your fuckin' J.O.B. depends on it, so I want you to do just as I say and ev'rythang is cool, ya dig?"

Monika: "Are you for real, are you serious? What do you want me to do?"

Randolph: "I want you to meet him if he wants a date."

Monika: "Why?"

Randolph: "I'll tell you later, believe me."

. . . .

(Using the car phone in his green Jaguar on Olympic Blvd., thirty minutes later)

Toy: "Emotion Promotion!"

Randolph: "Hey, baby talk, the boss lady in?"

Toy: "One moment, Mr. Randall."

Val: "R n'R, I thought you got over it. I haven't heard a word about your problem."

Randolph: "If you didn't hear anythang, I'm doin' my job."

Val: "What's on your mind?"

Randolph: "Money talk, I'm gonna go to the Mo-Fo Best in Sun Baby, Idaho. Seems this guy we're after is a playa in black market electronic goods. He travels in a convoy all over Africa, payin' off dictators and sellin' as he goes."

Val: "How enterprising. Well, the Mo-Fo Best is a by invitation only major meeting of almost every biggie in the entertainment and communication industries. You really don't need to sweat it, just be yourself. You don't even have to talk, just play it by ear."

Randolph: "Yeah, I wanna know if you think this nigga can run up a score and bag White Lion/2A/KKK at this mogul masturbators meetin'?"

Val: "I told you before, blacks can get in now. The door is ajar, if he has equity with his product, and you didn't say if he had substance or not. It depends on two things: what his deal is, and if he's got financing."

Randolph: "Not color?"

Val: "Not anymore, just green, or the hard potential of green, and with electronic products worth black market billions, he must have great cash connections."

Randolph: "I guess so, he's got a Jap named Kuni, the arms dealer and counterfeit electronic magnate, rippin' us and ev'ry other major electronic firm off in Europe, Asia, South America, and some of his product showed up here."

Val: "What is your job description anyway, R n'R? I never knew exactly what you did?"

Randolph: "Shit, I'm a fist facilitator."

Val: "Don't get testy. I see something of a deal for you if you're interested."

Randolph: "Why?"

Val: "I'm certain you're being cute, anyway, here's the deal: contact the other major electronic firms and set up a fund for yourself."

Randolph: "I work for Kaizen and I go by the book."

Val: "If you catch this guy, you could make a killing. I can set it up, sounds like millions. Too bad, straight shooter, it's a shot you could make with your eyes closed."

Randolph: "Naw, but you can bill my office though, and when somethin' comes up, and it will again, I'll call."

Val: "Just out of curiosity, how many major electronic firms do you think could be the beneficiary of your good deed?"

Randolph: "All of 'em, shit, hell, I dunno, maybe six or so. But ya see, all the pressure is on Kaizen to get him 'cause he attacked us first."

Val: "White Lion/2A/KKK should kick in too; you could pick up millions from them. They want to go public and manufacture software and hardware for and with closet cross burners, agitators of African-Americans and hood n' sheet minded racist, worldwide. This capture might gain support for their legal problems. The Street says the threat of counterfeiters like yours is stopping the investment."

Randolph: "The Street?"

Val: "Yes, Wall Street."

Randolph: "Oh, go on."

Val: "Well, even your beloved Kaizen could get hurt on the big board in Japan and America. Don't miss the chance of a lifetime. If you can get the man who's really behind all of the counterfeits, you could wind up a rich man."

Randolph: "How?"

Val: "As I was saying, catch the black guy, hold him over and then make him a deal to trap the Asian. And if you get the Asian . . ."

Randolph: "Kuni."

Val: "Whatever, this is big business crisis control. Your Kaizen wouldn't need you to get this guy unless they were hurting. They must be losing billions, maybe over two billion in Europe alone. There is nothing wrong with looking out for number one."

Randolph: "If I catch him, rather, when I catch him, how much do you think he'd be worth to Kaizen?"

Val: "Now you're talking, I'll do some research and add everything up you told me. But I can smell a fortune for us, for you that is, so don't do anything rash before you call me back from Idaho. And when you bag your quarry, don't tell a soul but me, and you won't regret it."

Randolph: "What do you call a move like this? I mean, I'm still gonna be legit, ya dig?"

Val: "A ten percent finder's fee, that's all it is."

Randolph: "Later."

Chapter Seven

. . .

Twin Mellow Meat Mountains n' da Rear View Mirror

(At home in Bel-Air that Monday night)

Randolph's significant other Gwen, a top heavy, good-looking southern black Baptist preacher's daughter, in a flowered peignoir, is showing off her prodigious casabas, surrounded by a designer decor in her splendid success symbol dwelling. She has a devout preponderance for pork and is known to have a shoat (a young weaned pig) or snouts in the oven emitting a piquant aroma in her home. Randolph and Gwen exchange passion at the door.

Gwen: "Yes . . . again . . . Mmmm, kiss me again."

Randolph: "Whatzup, honey heapin' handfuls, what's cookin'? Good God-T-a-mighty, it's stinkin' good up in here!"

Gwen: "Pig feet, ears and tails, turnip greens, biscuits, macaroni and cheese, potato salad if you want it, ice tea `Impeach Clinton Cobbler and Breyer's Butter Pecan Ice Cream `." A menu of hard arteries, multi-calories and high cholesterol, Randolph adores.

Randolph: "Ah, a Baptist feast, just for me. But the memory of your mammaries stands out in my mind, your jet-black, stiff nipples, heavin' against my hard hairy barrel chest. Gwen, you've got glands for days, they way ample. I'm amazed at your audacious areolas, like small ebony demitasse saucers. Then ya taut tit tips, juttin' out, pinpointed and punctuatin' a heavy duty rack heavin' bra full of sweet meaty mellow munificent milk shakes."

Gwen: "Hi, I can tell you're going on a trip."

Randolph: "Yeah, it's a big money convention, a lot of companies, mergers, dealin', hypin' n' hustlin' billionaires, millionaires and me."

Gwen: "I always knew you'd be in a crowd like that. So tell me what you've been doing, and I'll fix you a plate?"

Randolph: "No, no baby, I'm not hungry for food, just you. I missed the hell outta ya, come here." Randolph takes her abundant charms in his arms again.

Gwen: "Ran, when this job is finished, let's go to Egypt. You promised we'd go, and I can't wait. I wanna get a house sitter for one month and take off for the Great Pyramids. I wanna float up the Nile and go deep down into a pharaoh's tomb! I can't wait to experience Egypt!" Gwen is dying to become an amateur speleologist (spelunker) in Egypt.

Randolph: "Yeah, niggas was kings and queens and/or slaves in Egypt, but either way, sons and daughters of the Pharaoh. We'll go as soon as I close this case, I promise. Give me some more time, baby darlin', about two weeks or so and we're fuckin' on the Nile, sweetie girl."

Gwen: "You mean it, great, just great! How much time do we have now?"

Randolph: "A couple of hours, then I gotta pick up a witness. Hell, I sound like a goddamn lawyer. Come here, ummm." They embrace again and Gwen breaks away.

Gwen: "Last one upstairs heats the oil!"

Randolph: "Oh shit, hey, you're cheatin', ya big titty, hot curvy ass, pussy puddin', wait up!" Gwen enjoys the look on Randolph's face, when she sheds her apron and dressing gown, unleashes the meaty, pleasingly plump, ripe pineapples of his eye, leaps ever so lady-like in bed, and renders her generous brown sugar double D dumplings to his savage desire.

. . .

(Later that night, back on the Kaizen set at the shoot)

Randolph addresses Space Gramaldi, the director of Monika's made for TV movie. Space just graduated last June from USC School of Cinema-Television and is a fledgling cinematographer. He's twenty-two, white, average height and weight, sandy hair reverse Mohawk, wearing purple sneakers, tan biker shorts, a green polo shirt with cut off sleeves, a Chicago Cubs baseball cap sometimes and a blue-eyed big broad Hollywood smile.

Randolph: "Gramaldi?"

Space: "Yeah . . . who wants to know?"

Randolph: "Randolph Randall, I work here."

Space: "Oh, ok, call me Space."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, Spaceman, where's ya starlet?"

Space: "Monika?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Ms. Spain."

Space points to a blue and white Winnebago trailer. "She's in her trailer, I'll take you."

Randolph: "Naw, that's cool, I'll need a word with you first. I've gotta take her with me for maybe a week, maybe not."

Space: "What!? She's shootin', we're makin' a fuckin' flick here, man!"

Randolph beckons Space behind the camera truck. "Hey, Spaceman?"

Space: "What?"

Randolph: "You wanna work here again?"

Space sees Randolph's balled fist. "Ok, ok, but why, this will ruin everything, man!"

Randolph: "Shoot around her, or get a new girl."

Space: "You're kiddin', shit?" Randolph smashes his fist into his hand and Space decides. "You ain't kiddin'."

Randolph: "Right, all I can say is she saw somethin' security's hot after, and so am I."

Space: "Man, you got credentials, I mean, I gotta call somebody? You can't just step on my set and take my fuckin' lead actor away without me knowin' nothin', but ya fuckin' fist, shit!"

Randolph: "Call then, call Ashton himself go on! Check it out, call your boss."

Space: "Hey man, I fuckin' will . . .! Wait here!" Space storms off past Monika, talking vehemently to himself.

Monika comes from her trailer in a pink chemise and big pink fluffy floppy bedroom bunny slippers. "What's wrong, I heard your voice, Ran? Why is Space so upset?"

Randolph: "I told him I need you to go with me for a few days, maybe a week."

Monika: "Dog shit, he must of flipped!"

Randolph: "Yeah, don't tell him shit. This is Kaizen business."

Monika: "Look . . . maybe I was wrong, I mean I could lose this picture!" Monika, realizing the reality of an impending monster problem, that threatens her movie debut, attempts to recant her story.

Randolph: "You'll lose your career you fuck me out of gettin' the nigga you saw."

Monika: "God, you use profanities like most people use air, please don't."

Randolph: "You won't have to listen long, you just point him out after we get to Sun Baby, Idaho, ho."

Monika: "Ran, I'll have to hear this from . . ."

Randolph: "From a honky. Right?"

Monika: "From someone bigger than you, I want this picture, shit!"

Randolph: "Watch ya language, girl." Randolph teases Monika and laughs affectionately at her cursing.

Monika: "Funny, real funny, I mean it! I want another authentic authorization."

Randolph: "Somebody bigger, higher up?"

Monika: "Yes, someone official, please."

Space returns with a cell phone in hand and hang dog look on his perplexed face. "Here, man, it's Herb Teratino. He's the best I could do; he's my coordinator, my production chief. Hell, I ain't callin' his lordship at this hour."

Randolph: "Why, ya over budget, or scared he'll think about it and put your fuckin' flick in-turn-around?" Randolph resounds with laughter at the pained look on Space's face, when confronted with calling studio head Mark Ashton.

Space: "Laugh, go on, man, then tell Herb what you said to me, and if he buys it, I'll . . ."

Randolph takes the phone. "Hey man, it's Randolph N. Randall. Call Pearson, Kaizen security chief; then call me back."

Teratino: "Hello, who is this? What's goin' on out there?"

Randolph: "Do as I say, call I.G. Pearson, security chief. Tell him I gotta take this woman, Monika Spain, with me for a week or so, he'll understand."

Teratino: "Well hell, I sure don't understand. Hold on, my girl's gonna get him, security chief, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, a white mothafucka like you."

Teratino: "Cute, cute." The production chief gets on another phone with Pearson and then Lord Ashton himself, while Randolph holds.

Monika: "I don't wanna go; it's not fuckin' fair." Monika becomes petulant and begins to pace in her pink fluffy floppy bunny slippers.

Space: "Hey man, I'm callin' security, somethin's wrong here." Space senses `hair on the gate` (dirt on the camera lens) with Randolph in the picture, but his tenable tempers tamed as Teratino comes back on the telephone.

Teratineo: "I'll never get the way administration thinks. They'd scrap this shoot on your fuckin' word alone."

Randolph: "That's show biz, here's Space." Randolph hands the phone back to a bewildered, angry Space.

Monika: "What happened, what's the decision?"

Randolph: "It's like I said, Money Honey, we're goin' to your place to pack and see if Louse calls." Randolph plays a hapless hunch that Louse is watching and listening, and will follow Monika and/or contact her by phone if she leaves with him.

Monika: "Louse?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Herman D. Louse. We'll see if he calls and then you're gonna pack enough clothes to wear for a week."

Monika: "See if he calls and go away with you for a week! Away from my first picture just like that, looking for some . . . Louse!"

Randolph: "Stop babblin', baby sugar, you'll fuckin' love it."

Monika: "No, no, no!" Monika becomes more agitated and stamps her pink, fuzzy floppy foot in protest.

Space: "Hey, Monika babe, I'll shoot the scenes around you, don't worry. Herb talked to security, the top son of a bitch there, and then he called Lord Ashton at home. Herb says we don't have a choice. This guy is Ashton's right hand man. So your job's cool, and it and me will be here waitin' when you get back."

Randolph: "Listen to the Spaceman, Money Honey, we gotta get in the wind."

Space: "Gimme a big hug, babe . . . it's ok." Monika and Space embrace.

Monika: "It's not alright with me, I'm going but I hate it. You hear, hate it!"

Randolph: "Quit actin'."

Space: "Ok, man, she's all yours, but bring her back . . . no, make that send her back to me in one piece now."

Monika: "I'm not a fuckin' package, dammit. I was an actress just a fuckin' hour ago."

Randolph: "Baby sweets, I'm gonna have to wash your mouth out with soap, let's go."

Monika: "Hold on, this isn't a ruse to get me off the picture is it? If it is, I swear I'll sue, I'll . . ."

Randolph: "She ain't jivin', Space. She gets her scratch, and she ain't hardly playin'. This money grubbin' glamour girl is her own agent, manager, advisor, career counselor and accountant."

Space: "It's cool, Monika, I swear. Here's your backpack with all your things. Go on now, honey."

Randolph: "Get in the golf cart. Be careful; that's it, hang on."
Randolph speeds away to the parking lot.

Monika: "Not so fast!"

Randolph: "Hold on."

Monika: "You drive like you screw!"

Randolph: "Oh I do, do I?"

Monika: "I hope you're not gonna drive to Idaho?"

Randolph: "You think I'm reckless, huh?"

Monika: "You're arrogant, loud, rough, Neanderthal as hell, and a bull in a China shop brute."

Randolph: "Well, them's my best qualities. How do you like my smile?" Randolph flashes a big devilish toothy grin and a half at Monika in jest.

Monika: "You're conceited too, though for the life of me, I can't see why." Randolph squeezes her left breast. "Hey, don't do that! Don't you start with me, I'll scream and wake the dead this time so help me, you deviate devil you."

Randolph: "I don't give a shit if you holler your fuckin' brains out five octaves. You're with me, remember, and I'm the main fuckin' black house dick on this lot."

Monika: "Don't touch me again. I'll run away first chance I get and . . ."

Randolph: "And you'll never work again for Kaizen and all the rest of 'em, if I say so." Randolph's expression is as grim now as Monika's.

Monika: "You don't own me, you satanic bully bastard. I'm not your fuckin' toy."

Randolph pulls up beside his taupe Mercedes on the parking lot. "Get out of the golf cart. This is my car, get in and buckle up."

Monika: "No, hell fuckin' no, you ape, never!" Monica relapses into a deep funk and causes another commotion.

Randolph: "Don't gimme a hard time. We gotta be in Vegas tonight. It's on the fuckin' way, so let's hustle, get in."

Monika: "Fuck you, creep, no!"

Randolph gets in the car, starts it up pushes a button and rolls down the dark tinted window on the passenger side. "Awright, if I pull off without your fine ass, there's a beady eyed, eyeglass wearin', storm trooper mothafucka in your future, and he ain't gonna forget it. I mean he can make one phone call and you're on a shit list to end all shit list. They don't fuckin' play in Kaizen security. You'd better get in the ride and let me run down why this is so goddamn urgent."

Monika reluctantly joins Randolph in the car. "Alright, alright, dammit, I'm in. Here's my address. Do you know it?" She writes it down, hands Randolph her business card and slowly begins to buckle up.

Randolph: "Yeah, put on the seat belt; that's more like it. Now listen up, I ain't goin' over this twice and ev'rythang depends on it." Randolph screeches away from the lot, onto the 405 Freeway, headed for Santa Monica.

Monika: "Do you have to drive so . . ."

Randolph: "I know what I'm doin', you pay attention now. This guy Louse may still want you to go with him to Idaho. I don't think so now. But just in case, I want you to lead him fuckin' on, see, play 'em."

Monika: "Fuck him you mean?"

Randolph: "You ain't gotta go that far. I'm talkin' 'bout phony Mahoney phone sex. If he should call, I want you to meet with him, see? Get him over to your place, or go out and meet him. I'll be around one way or the other, so leave the rest to me."

Monika: "What if he doesn't call? What if he does call and doesn't want to see me tonight, or tomorrow even? What . . ."

Randolph: "He'll wanna. If he calls, just lead him on, not too much now, just enough to hook his black ass."

Monika: "So, I'm bait?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Monika: "I don't like it; it sucks volumes."

Randolph: "It's you or him, you pick."

Monika: "That's not a choice. That's fuckin' the dumb little starlet out of her dignity and pride; it's cat shit!"

Randolph: "Look, you show biz types think you got it bad in the trenches 'til you make it. But even then, shit never quits. There's always somebody who gets on your case; some asshole gets in the way. They try and fuck up the deal for us at the top too. We're the fuckin' company. We gotta make sure we're around tomorrow. This guy

Louse is over in Africa sellin' his jive shit with our fuckin' trademark on it. Others are fuckin' bootleggin' us to death all over Europe, South America and Asia, killin' us with our own shit. They've got machines that copy us to a T. They can duplicate us into the fuckin' ground, see?"

Monika: "This Louse?"

Randolph: "Yeah, he's only part of it though. It's a whole ring after my company, your company too now . . . I mean you wanna work for Kaizen, right?"

Monika: "Right."

Randolph: "This is the biggest fuckin' actin' job you've ever had, so win an Oscar for me, Money Honey. Get me this thievin' cocksucka tryin' to foul up our company!"

Monika: "I didn't know you had such passion . . . for Kaizen that is."

Monika gasps as the sex scene in the set bungalow flashes back in her mind, and she recalls vividly the hard, hot penetration in her unexpected anus, when she was spun around and over onto her belly, propped up on her knees and raped again from the rear this time, up on all fours; so powerful and deep, her very bowels boiled, stirred and loosened 'til she screamed and creamed at being reamed by the mighty thrust throbbing inside her, so internally intimate, full and firm, her bladder broke forth urine.

Randolph: "I wanna keep my gig just like you."

Monika: "Question? How do you know he doesn't have us bugged and watched? He could know about us now."

Randolph: "He could, but then I never worry about the other guy anymore, I just keep comin' 'til I win."

Monika: "Your confidence is reassuring, but he could be waiting at my apartment. Maybe we should park somewhere else, or drive by, you know, check out my place first, right?"

Randolph: "Naw, if he wants you, he'll fuckin' call you. Believe me that's his style, he's a caller."

Monika: "It's two blocks up, the big white one on the right . . . What's in Idaho?"

Randolph: "A lot of rich fucks tradin' lies, buyin' and sellin', mergin' and shit."

Monika: "Oh, big business?"

Randolph: "Yeah, but you just keep a pretty blue or green eye out for him, and when you spot him, tell me, ya dig?"

Monika: "You coming in, you can park here?"

Randolph: "Yeah." Randolph pulls up in front of a five story, palmy white structure on Pacific Coast Highway, across from a park and the Pacific Ocean.

. . .

(Monika's place)

Monika: "Make yourself at home. Are you hungry?"

Randolph: " . . . Naw."

The one bedroom apartment is decorated with hard core, gruesome before plastic surgery, blown-up porno pictures of Monika's exploits in the adult film field. The furniture is brown Naugahyde, an armchair, sofa, ottoman and small bar, end tables with lamps, TV, Kaizen music box. Then a mock Persian rug is on the floor, and the curtains are tacky tan rayon. Randolph is pre-occupied with the x-rated imbroglios he sees of naked men and women in contorted piles, and he can't believe how ugly Monika was before re-construction. Her face was a nightmare then; she was hideous.

Monika: "Fix yourself a drink. I've got gin and tonic, and ice is in the fridge."

Randolph: "Ok, you want one?"

Monika: "Yes, a tall one."

Randolph notices a smiling handsome guy with a halo over his head in a picture on an end table, signed love Joe and asks, "Who's the Holy Joe?"

Monika: "My brother Joe, he's in Michigan."

Randolph: "You from Michigan?"

Monika: "No, right here in Santa Monica, I'm named after it."

Randolph: "Yeah, so that's your real name, huh?"

Monika: "Yes, I know you thought it was made up. But that's me, Monika. I changed the `c` to a `k` after I saw a little black girl on TV, and her Monika was spelled with a `k`."

Randolph: "What?"

Monika: "Never mind."

Randolph: "What about Spain, you have hot Spanish blood or somethin'?"

Monika: "No, no I'm plain ol' Anglo Saxon; that's just the family name."

Randolph: "What about your hair? I didn't see before. Are you a natural blond?" Randolph looks closer at the adult movie montage, before Monika became a hot, beautiful babe and gets his dark, short and curly answer. Then looking closer, he sees her newer nude photos.

Monika: "Real cute, I'll let you think what you wanna think on that one, mister."

Randolph: "Brand-new honey blond stripe now, huh? Check your machine."

Monika: "Nothing, not one call, now what? You make a good Tom Collin's; it's perfect. What now?"

Randolph: "Pack and wear your Sunday best shit; we're goin' on the road."

. . . .

(Back in the Mercedes going east on Santa Monica Blvd.)

Monika is a sight for sore eyes in a Yves Saint-Laurent leopard print cool fabric dress, black stilettos, fake Tiffany black pearls with a diamond clasp, plum lipstick and a real leopard skin evening purse.

Randolph: "I gotta make a stop in Westwood."

Monika: "Ok, are you gonna drive to Vegas tonight?"

Randolph: "Hell no, we're pickin' up this woman I know, and takin' the company jet to Vegas. Then after I unwind a little, we'll hit Sun Baby for the `Cockcheese Convention`."

Monika: "A woman, why . . . who?"

Randolph: "She knows a lot about Louse; she's good people, and I want her with us."

Monika: "Are you fuckin' her?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Monika: "I see. Is she your woman?"

Randolph: "One of 'em."

Monika: "Hell, how many do you have?"

Randolph: "Three or four."

Monika: "What about AIDS?"

Randolph: "I use rubbers always, right? I'm the fuckin' rubber man, remember?" Randolph reminds Monika of his prophylactic prowess.

Monika: "I remember, thank God for that."

Randolph: "Well, I ain't gonna stop fuckin', are you?"

Monika: "No."

Randolph: "You like sex, I know that. You're way sexy and beautiful, that's why I'm takin' you with me."

Monika: "Wait a fuckin' minute, Mr. House Dick. I thought this was about gettin' the goods on Louse."

Randolph: "It is, but he didn't call and we can't wait, so I'll let you hook up with him there."

Monika: "Are you sure women will be at this . . ."

Randolph: "Cockhound Convention", yeah, shit yeah. I'm bringin' the baddest, finest female combo, a red-blooded man, any man can stand."

Monika: "More bait?"

Randolph: "Damn straight, I know what I'm doin', Money Honey, you'll see."

Monika: "I hope so."

Randolph: "You wait here, I'll get her." Randolph parks in Bitch Ho's driveway behind her red Lexus Jeep. Monika fixes her forged face and resorts back to suspicions about Randolph's real intentions. She feels a pang of great loss as her thoughts shift now and focus on the motion picture she gave up to a perfect stranger . . . almost. Anyway, she worried and wondered what would become of her career, now that she was the victim of rape, anal sodomy and cloak and dagger intrigue.

Chapter Eight

. . .

Dog n' Pony Show Road Manager

(At Bitch Ho's Westwood cottage door.)

Randolph: "Bitch Ho, open the door, it's me." Bitch Ho lets him in with a pretend angry grin.

Bitch Ho: "Ran, where the hell you been? I've been callin' your cell phone. I even talked to Vernice, whatzup?"

Randolph: "I've got a woman out in the car. She's goin' to Sun Baby, Idaho with us; she's seen Louse and she'd know him on sight."

Bitch Ho: "How, when did she see 'em?"

Randolph: "Last night on the lot, she's an actress. Louse likes her, and he liked your shit in the L.A. Black Dispatch."

Bitch Ho: "He said that? Goddamn, man, I knew it! I captured his essence; I knew it!"

Randolph: "Yeah, now just come as you are, shit. You always look fly. Pack though; take enough for a week. We gonna par-tay, girl!" Randolph is joking as Bitch Ho is in a Frederick's of Hollywood red negligee.

Bitch Ho: "Shit, well awright, go git the bitch. Bring her ass on up in here, it's cool. I gotta call somebody to keep my baby (Lexus Jeep) while I'm gone."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet."

Bitch Ho: "You drivin' or what?"

Randolph: "Naw, we flyin' to Vegas in the Kaizen corporate jet first, and lay over a taste, 'til some Kaizen business transpires; then we'll fly to Sun Baby."

Bitch Ho: "Oh shit, I'm down with that. Go on; bring her up in here. Don't keep her out in the ride. We gonna ball!"

. . .

(Back at the Mercedes, where an impatient, nervous Nelly Monika is waiting.)

Monika: "I thought you'd forgotten; I got ready to come after you."

Randolph: "Missed me, huh? Come on, I want you to get acquainted with my best friend."

Monika: "It's about time, let's go."

Randolph: "Now I got two way bad blondes."

Monika: "No kiddin', she's a blond? Well, isn't everyone, in spirit I mean?"

Bitch Ho is standing on her porch with a big black blond smile. "Come on in, girlfriend, I'm Sharon, Sharon Baker. Pleased to meet'cha."

Randolph: "Sharon?" Randolph frowns at Bitch Ho's Christian name.

Bitch Ho: "Ignore him, girl. Come in, come on in."

Monika: "Hi Sharon, I'm Monika, Monika Spain, and I'm glad to know you too. What a nice place, you've got good taste. I love this color scheme."

Randolph: "It's early ho house."

Bitch Ho: "Purple and gold, good for the soul."

Monika: "How's Westwood? Do you like it, Sharon? Is it quiet?"

Bitch Ho: "No girl, it swings fonky, I'm in over my head. Go on, Ran, fix the drinks. What'cha drinkin', girlfriend?"

Monika: "He knows, right Ran?"

Randolph: "Yeah, G n'T."

Bitch Ho: "So, we're headed off to the wilds of Las Vegas and Sun Baby, Idaho, girl, millionaires n' billionaires, Uh! Uh! Uh!"

Randolph: "How you know that part about the way rich fat cats?"

Bitch Ho: "Vernice, and I read, a lot."

Randolph: "Well, if you two are acquainted, it's time to get packed and meet that jet."

Bitch Ho: "Nice guy, huh girl?"

Monika: "The best, my hero."

Bitch Ho: "Our hero. Come on, girl, help me pick out some stuff to wear, and you can freshen up if you wanna."

Monika: "Great, I'm getting into the full swing of things slowly but surely."

Bitch Ho: "Bring ya drink, girl, and tell me what you think of our mutual hero?"

Monika: "With pleasure, he is a rough house charmer." Bitch Ho imitates Randolph's walk and the two women break up laughing.

Randolph: "Go 'head, laugh, just git your shit together in twenty minutes." Randolph reads the Black Dispatch as Bitch Ho packs and dresses with the bedroom door wide open.

Bitch Ho: "Well, I'll tell you all I know about Mr. Randolph N. Randall, girl. He's the man; he makes it happen. Most guys talk it up, and don't deliver. This guy always comes through. I mean, girl, we get a crack at the cream of the multimedia industry on this trip, and we can gobble 'em up."

Randolph: "Fifteen minutes and tickin'." Randolph reminds the women to hurry and glimpses Bitch Ho naked.

Monika: "Hang on, big guy. Oh Sharon, that's a killa yellow gown. Oh, and those red shoes with that black satin jacket are gorgeous, and the pink sheared floor length ranch mink, I love it!"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, Neiman Marcus, over twelve grand for that."

Randolph: "Come on now, I ain't jivin'."

Bitch Ho slips into a chartreuse dress and matching three-inch high heels. "Hold tight, man, I'm dressin', I'm packin'."

Monika: "I saw a cocoa brown pant outfit like this in Vogue. I didn't dare look at the price; it was so exquisite . . . and what is that precious perfume . . .? I know that scent . . . what?"

Bitch Ho: "Magnolia . . . it's called Magnolia's Mama." **Bitch Ho** sprays **Monika** with the southern floral fragrance.

Monika: "Yes, yes Magnolia."

Bitch Ho: "Your hair . . . here, I'll show you a trick . . . back like this . . . and a bobby pin here . . . and one here. What'cha think?" **Bitch Ho** makes a high-fashion statement styling **Monika's** shoulder length, honey blond hair.

Monika: "Oh my, my, Sharon, thank you! I didn't think I could ever wear a style like that. I just let it hang down blond, you know?"

Bitch Ho: "I think you've got the perfect aura and face for the glamour girl look; you're hip and sophisticated."

Randolph: "That's it, goddammit. This ain't no fuckin' hair salon, move it!" **Randolph** swallows his second brandy and crushes his cigar in the snifter, as he habitually likes to do.

Bitch Ho: "Ready, come get the bags, mighty mouth. Come on, **Monika**, let's go on out to the car." The women are as A-list trey chic hookers, a hustler's dream dates: traffic stoppers, eye poppers, the most ravishing creatures even the great calcified cocks man, **Randolph**, with all his worldly wisdom could want.

Randolph strutted his patented street pimp walk to the car and chided his perfect choices. "Bitch Ho, you better grab one of these fuckin' suitcases, and you too, Miss Movie Fuckin' Star, and quit laughin' at me, goddammit."

. . .

(Randolph is in the driver's seat, and the two devastatingly pretty women are sitting comfortably in the back seat on the way to LAX.)

Bitch Ho: "Ran, who's comin' with us, his lordship, Mark Ashton?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Mark and probably his staff, maybe some big brass Jap guys, Pearson and . . ."

Bitch Ho: "Oh shit." Bitch Ho grimaces at the mention of Pearson's name and cringes in disgust.

Monika: "What, Sharon, is he bad news?"

Bitch Ho: "I use to work security at Kaizen. He was my boss, and I quit his sorry sieg heil sauerkraut shitty ass."

Randolph: "Why did ya quit, woman?"

Bitch Ho: "Never mind, I've moved on, man. I don't even wanna remember that shit now."

Monika: "Sir Mark Ashton is the studio head." Monika repeated the dropped name she couldn't believe would be there, to assure herself she was truly in the right company and not simply being led astray.

Randolph: "Yeah, head of all of the Kaizen American operations."

Bitch Ho: "He's cool, I met him a couple of times. He likes me and shit, he laughs at my jokes."

Monika: "This is bigger and better than I thought. Why didn't you tell me, Ran? I wouldn't have put up such a fight. I would have understood."

Randolph: "Yeah, I told you when I thought you were ready. I'm the one's gotta work with ya, not Mark Ashton, and don't forget it. You're on my team and we're savin' Kaizen's ass, ya dig?"

Bitch Ho & Monika: "We dig, oh master."

Randolph: "Y'all oughta book that shit and go on the road."

Monika: "We're on the road now, Ran, and you're the road manager."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah baby, we're bump n' grind, the sugar n' spice blond twins of the wild blue yonder, darlin'." LAX is in plain view and lit up like a Christmas tree, with newly added, giant, color changing columns all around them.

Monika: "Yes, yes! God, it's beautiful at the airport at night. I love the lights, I love the rush, all the people hurrying, scurrying to go all over the world at once, turns me on. I love this crap, man!"

Bitch Ho: "And it ain't tourist, honey. This is above first class, or crashin', conked out, can't make a comeback, Concorde. This is private corporate jet heaven, baby! I feel so good, I could rejoin the Mile High Club tonight, girl!"

Monika: "I heard about the Mile High Club. That's when you get it on while an airplane's in flight, right?"

Bitch Ho: "Gettin' it on in the cumulus clouds turns me out, girl. I love fuckin' high in the skies with real fly guys between my thighs."

Randolph: "She's a fuckin' poet, and you a goddamn actress, and I'm the fuckin' road manager." Randolph pulls in front of the main private Kaizen hangar, and the ladies see the company red, yellow, blue and white gleaming Gulf stream V jet plane waiting on the tarmac.

Bitch Ho: "Shit, look at that baad ass mothaship, it's supa fuckin' fine!"

Monika: "So sleek, incredible, a chariot!"

Bitch Ho: "Swing low sweet chariot, darlin'!"

An airport attendant approaches Randolph and waits for instructions.

Randolph: "Yeah, that's `Bird`, we named it after Charlie Parker, ya dig? Hey man, get these bags and park my ride inside. I'll be back when I get back."

Attendant: "Yes, Mr. Randall. Good evening, sir, good evening, ladies."

Bitch Ho: "Hi."

Monika: "Thanks."

Randolph: "Here, man." Randolph attempts to tip the attendant.

Attendant: "Oh, that's unnecessary, we're all taken care of, sir."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet."

Bitch Ho: "Ok y'all, I'm ready to par-tay. Let the fuckin' good times rock n' roll!"

Monika: "This is gonna be a trip to tell our grandkids about, Sharon. I can feel it!"

Randolph: "Yeah, now remember, y'all, we got a job to fuckin' do, so keep your sexy lips sealed about Louse, ya dig?"

Bitch Ho & Monika: "We dig, oh master." The women are festively, joyfully ready for the task ahead, as they sway and swish past four uniformed security guards, with mutual flirtatious leers in their eyes.

Chapter Nine

. . .

The High-End Road 2 Hustler's 7th Heaven

(Boarding the plane)

A mesmerizing, breathtakingly beautiful Hindu woman, size thirteen, greets them, wearing a smart beige form fitting Air India type flight attendant's uniform and matching pumps, with a red dot (bendi) in the middle of her brown forehead, she wears for show, though it traditionally indicates she's married. Her smoldering kohled eyes danced in his gaze, and there was an instant eclipse of souls as he boarded the Gulf Stream V Kaizen jet. He heard Hindustani music, Bhangra sounds, the sounds of Punjabi sitars and dhol native drumbeats, when the kohinoor of womanhood spoke and welcomed them aboard. "Good evening, sir . . . Good evening, Ms. . . . Good evening, Ms., welcome aboard, and watch your step. Please be seated anywhere you feel comfortable."

Bitch Ho frolics aft down a luxurious crimson carpet, that smelled like brand-new money, surrounded by walls and ceilings of inlaid gold and Corinthian black leather seats with pure platinum plated frames, to the perfumed privileged party in progress by the piano bar, where the festivities are in full swing. A piano player is tinkling the ivories of a programmed `Jazz Trio´ miniature baby grand piano, equipped with an electronic, synthesized bass and drum accompaniment, all new from Kaizen, as thirteen formally dressed haute couture happy guests sing old standards, while sipping cocktails and noshing expensive rare delicious delicacies.

Randolph: "Bitch Ho . . . dig yo' self."

Monika: "I don't blame her. I want to run up the aisle too. This red carpet is way plush, I mean this is top notch, Ran. You guys really know how to live!"

Randolph: "Yeah . . . Mark, Pearson, good evenin' ev'ryone."

Pearson: "Ladies, Randolph, good to see you."

Sir Mark Ashton, Bart, sixty-five, white male, the baronet of Gilgrave, England: dashing scoundrel, graying temples, knowing sky-blue eyes, over six feet tall, excellent manners and breeding, a true blue-blooded, wannabe sophisticated international ladies' man, served on board her Majesty's Royal Yacht, the Britannia, as an officer in the early nineteen sixties; came ashore in New York City when his service hitch was completed. He was honorably discharged, stayed in Manhattan, became involved with that street life and met Randolph. Lord Ashton, AKA, Mark, the Great White Shark, is considered a highly ingenious intelligent indubitable head of Kaizen America. And he has the aristocratic assertive aggressive arrogant audacity, in audience, at Buckingham Palace, to call Queen Elizabeth, Betty, and she blushes royally as Prince Philip shakes his crown head.

Mark: "R n'R, you old salty sea dog, get back here and bring those flamin', luscious lookin' ladies with you. Cognac, cigars, champagne for everybody! Let me meet these delightful, raving beauties."

Randolph: "Yeah, Mark, this is a . . ."

Bitch Ho: "Sharon Baker, hi, ya highness! Do you remember me?"
Bitch Ho curtsies at Mark's amusement and hers.

Mark: "Hell yes I do, dear; how the bloody hell are you? You're as pretty as a Geisha Motion Picture. (Geisha is the Kaizen film company name.) I love your hair and your dress, what a fabulous green. You're perfect, how could I forget you, Sharon?"

Randolph: "Mark, this is Monika Spain. She's one of our new actresses workin' on the lot. She's starrin' in and shootin' her first picture for us now. She's sorta on leave for the Mo-Fo Best."

Mark: "Brilliant, R n'R, just wonderful, you old bleedin' bounder, you've still got it, you rutting hound. I'm pleased and pleased to make your acquaintance. We have a warm group on board, Ms. Spain, and I hope you enjoy every minute of the trip."

Monika: "Please, Your Grace, Monika, call me Monika, and you have a fantastic aircraft here, just unbelievable, sir."

Mark: "Ah, and you must call me Mark, as I'm in the process of receiving my dual citizenship papers any day now. (Because of Britain's punitive tax laws) Tell me, Monika, how do you like working for us at Kaizen?"

Monika: "I've never been in a better work or play situation in my life, sir . . . Mark. I'm proud and ecstatically overjoyed to be here."

Mark: "Marvelous, and you Sharon, how the hell have you been, love? And why aren't you still with us?"

Bitch Ho: "Oh Mark, I'll come back to work for you doin' my hip-hop Monday mornin' sharp, just say the word."

Mark: "I'll bet ol' R n'R has something to say about that. But I'll steal you right out from under his big black broad flat nose. Please everyone, a toast, a toast to Kaizen: the finest electronic company in the world. And may this gathering be blessed with all the good things in life. And may my wife, August Holiday, the famous, ravishing screen actress, reconsider, and give me my fuckin' divorce. Drink up, everybody introduce yourselves. Come Sharon, Monika, I'll show you my cockpit, and you can meet the fabulous flamboyant gay crew. I say, Sharon, I can turn on your black box, and Monika, you can play with my joystick." A coarsened cocksure Mark exposes the full erection impression on his thigh for the two women's eyes only, and they respond.

Monika: "Yes, oh great, it's so grandiosely posh!"

Bitch Ho: "It's waay swank, Mark, the baddest bird flyin', man!"

Mark: "I'm in private jet paradise with a lovely blond angel on each arm." Mark and the other gentlemen in his party are formally attired, as dinner jackets are de rigueur. Randolph, however, is wearing black silk Himself brand tailor made suiting, as is his style.

Bitch Ho & Monika: "We're all yours, sir."

Randolph: "I wish the fuck they wouldn't do that shit."

Mark: "Where did you put your sense of humor? I love it, R n'R, they're precious."

Randolph: "Yeah, a matched fuckin' set."

Mark: "Come ladies, we'll let them talk shop, come."

Bitch Ho: "I'm with you, bye Ran."

Monika: "Ditto, see ya later, Ran."

Pearson slithers up behind Randolph's left ear and hisses, "Randolph, Ms. Charles is still at King Herod the Great, Temple Mega resort, Hotel Casino in Las Vegas, and there's no sign of Louse. I'm being kept posted as to her every move. We're on the case this time, and he won't get through undetected."

Randolph: "Well, C.C. must want to see him real bad, though I can't imagine why. Who the hell knows, women?"

Pearson: "I want you to meet the Japanese executive and his staff, so you'll be familiar with each other. By the way, it was a stroke of genius to bring both women. It will play well in Las Vegas and Sun Baby. Ms. Spain is spectacular, and I've met the vivacious Ms. Baker before, when she was my private secretary."

Randolph: "Yeah, she told me. Whatzup with that, why'd she quit, man?"

Pearson: "She didn't tell you?"

Randolph: "Naw, she said she forgot about that shit."

Pearson: "Then so have I. Let me brief you on the main issue. We just want to get Louse and force him to lead us to Kuni, that's our mission. Mark and Nouro Kiwasake agree. Nouro is a top Kaizen Japanese executive, the equivalent of a senior V.P. in America. He's going to brief us when Mark's ready, and that's pretty much the gist of it."

Randolph: "So ya wanna down play Louse and focus on Kuni? What makes you think Kuni's in America?"

Pearson: "He's here, our intelligence in Asia has assured us he's made a move. He's been airborne for two days and he's in the lower forty-eight states now. We don't know where, but he's here."

Randolph: "So what, I mean Louse is the bad mothafucka, he's the one takin' all the risks. He's the one with the ambition driven obsession, and he ain't hardly jivin'. This is bigger than Kuni; he's just a fuckin' supplier, maybe a backer, or even a silent partner."

Pearson: "That's an astute observation, Randolph. However, Mark feels and Nouro agrees we can stop Louse, but Kuni to them is the problem. He's on every continent selling copied Kaizen consumer electronic goods, and he's bought our latest designs. I was just told this. The Japanese are anxious to go more public in the states, but they refrain only because the leak was discovered. The guilty parties were dismissed and punished severely; nevertheless, not just our music boxes, videos and DATs are being duplicated, Kuni's into the number two and number three competing companies under us. He's copying the hottest merchandise, old and new software products they have. He's counterfeiting all of us blind; we must stop him. He's the key to this massive bogus global operation!" The debate explodes and everyone present is listening.

Randolph: "Naw, it's Louse, here's why, man: Louse ain't got no need for Kuni after he hooks up here. I mean, we're his main target, see, and that's all Louse wants. He fuckin' wants to get rid of us, usin' subversion and White Lion/2A/KKK as a P.R. ploy and gimmick, by advertisin' he's relocatin' another lion, that baad ass frolickin' pride of white lion's logo back on our old ex-MGM lot. Kuni can't sell stock, and he can't sell his products in the states, 'cause they'd hafta be legit. So if Kuni wants to come here and make his fake shit legit too, it won't work, because he's wanted by the authorities all over the free world and Louse is not. It's Louse and only Louse! Louse is the black bogeyman of our electronic consumer industry. His incessant intentions are real; he's a maniac threat to us, and Kuni's just a fuckin' gun runnin' copycat!"

Pearson: "That's an interesting theory; however, all of our intelligence justifies our position in this. Go with us on this one, Randolph. It's the better decision to focus on Kuni."

Randolph: "You guys gotta lot to learn about blacks in America; the day is over for niggas just workin' for wages. See, blacks have a built in niche market. Louse is black and he knows this market. That's why he's in Africa and America. Louse ain't jivin'. He's doin' one hundred percent of what Kaizen can't do but twenty-five percent of, in the states, because of a law prohibitin' foreigners ownin' anymore than

that in entertainment and communication companies. He's buildin' a black multimedia monopoly, a major broadcastin' network nation-wide, shit, worldwide, and if need be, with an all black theme, staffed black and programmin' black, aimed at blacks. Most cats think this will never work, but the time won't ripe before, see? So if a cat like Louse gets loose in this electronics game, he's iconoclastic enough, so that walls will fall on all y'all, who doubt his balls and tall gall. He could change thangs in this country and the world forever. He's for fuckin' real somehow I know this. He's got the experience from America and Africa.

"Kuni just duplicates; he don't feel shit, and he don't speak the language. He's never gonna win in America without Louse. Technology is hip, man, but the heart and soul of this game is creative content. Louse can get to this, see, he knows the secret, man. Already he's into Bitch Ho's hip-hop, and like rock n' roll, hip-hop ain't goin' no mothafuckin' where this millennium."

Executive: "Gentlemen, I'm Carter Livingstone. I couldn't help but overhear your contentious conversation. I'm working closely with Sir Ashton on this counterfeit problem, and I have a deep interest in stopping Mr. Kuni. Without a doubt, this is the most arguable angle I've heard since I came on the project. What you're saying, sir, is this black gentleman, Mr. Louse, has a better chance to reach the population of America, simply because he's black. And once he succeeds in establishing his new black media firm, because of his knowledge of the manufacturing arm in our electronic industry, he could easily replace Kaizen here, and do it all legally."

Randolph: "Hey mothafucka, are you nuts? Get the hell out of my goddamn face. I don't know you, do I know you, shit head?"

Carter: "No . . . uh no, sir, I . . ." Carter Livingstone is a Jewish, forty, typical looking, white male executive, wearing glasses, dark suit and hair cut, with brown eyes, hair and shoes, close shave, about five-eleven, MBA from Harvard, accountable accountant extraordinaire.

Pearson: "Randolph, he's just trying to fit in. He's a financial advisor to Mark. He's a whiz at accounting, forget it . . . ok?"

Randolph ignores Carter and continues his invective at Pearson. "Yeah, look man. Like I said, it's fuckin' Louse, shit."

Flight Attendant: "Everyone, please be seated. Buckle up and extinguish all cigarettes, or whatever, for take off. Thank you."

Pearson: "Well hell, let's hope we can bag 'em both. They'll both be there, and so will we." Everyone is seated and buckled up, while the big bird leaves the runway, flies high up in the midnight blue, and cruises the gilt-edged, purple silky skies above.

Mark returns alone, chuckling as he strolls back down the aisle. "Remarkable, splendid take off. Gentlemen please I excused the two lusty ladies. They're occupied with the crew. Uh . . . I say, R n'R, I could tell you were agitated. Is something wrong?"

Randolph: "Yeah, the theory you got about Kuni is cockeyed, and I told Pearson so."

Pearson: "We were debating, Mark. He thinks Louse is more important than Kuni because he, Louse, represents an African-American market potential, that is inherent to him because of the novelty of a black owning and operating the whole enterprise, complete with black entertainment product, made by blacks for blacks, right Randolph?"

Randolph: "As you say, man, somewhat. Moreover, what I'm sayin' is Kuni can't even fuckin' speak the language here, and Louse is already hip to the current urban culture's music trend, so there's no comparison. Louse is the only real concern in this fuckin' matter. Kuni's just a fuckin' jive ass, gun runnin' bootlegger."

Mark: "Poppycock, you're full of piss n' wind, old man. Kuni is this company's Nipponese nabob nemesis, worst nightmare. He comes in ahead of our nearest legitimate competitor in Europe, selling electronic software and hardware goods. And he has the next largest market share to us: Music Boxes, `the nicest, precise, lowest prices, security devices´, DAT/DVD players, vids, DATs, DVDs, Plasma TV's, DAT players and recorders, computers, satellite radios and digital camcorders, not to mention, the new product we have on hold, not because of this black fellow, but Kuni. He fuckin' thinks he's Kaizen!"

Randolph: "Fuck that shit, man, dig this shit. The black GNP (black dollars spent on consumer goods, considered the black equivalent of the national GNP) alone in this country is way fuckin' up to six hundred billion. Now fuck with that shit."

Mark: "Bollocks, R n'R, blacks buy Kaizen and Sony. They fuckin' buy Mitsubishi, Pioneer, Philips etc., so what's the fuckin' point?"

Pearson: "I tried to tell him, Mark, but he's headstrong."

Randolph: "Headstrong n' cockstrong, shit. Pearson, you found counterfeit shit from Kuni sellin' in the states. Right?"

Pearson: "Yes . . . so what?"

Randolph: "Oh, so what, huh? Well buddy, both you guys ain't seen shit like it would be if Louse was makin' legal shit and distributin' it. He'd sell you under the fuckin' table 'cause he's not just black, guys, he's a mothafuckin' black American. So he'll get white money, Hispanic money and Asian cash with soft and hardware sales. It's Louse not Kuni. He's the perfect fuckin' sonovabitch to replace us, and we won't be fuckin' missed."

Mark: "Outrageous, that's the most asinine argument I've ever listened to. Now see here, R n'R, blacks could never pull such a coup as this. It's . . . why it's fuckin' racist! The S.E.C. and the U.S. Justice Department would never go for it, so it wouldn't be legal or morally ethical!"

Pearson: "Randolph, he got you there. The Justice Department would never accept such a one-sided ethnic enterprise as that. First, it's reverse racism and worst, a legal liability."

Randolph: "Both of you guys know it can be done. But because it hasn't been done, you feel confident it's never gonna happen. Well, Louse has never happened before, shit. It had to happen in some field, and that field would be the BILLIONAIRE BROTHAMAN BREAKTHROUGH for the whole fuckin' black race. Ya see that's what you're fuckin' up against, a black capitalism escapism from racism. You could always accept a white competitor; even another Pearl Harbor fuck could scare ya some. But niggas don't bother ya, huh? Well, who burned your recalls up? Who set a wild ass, white lion loose on ya back lot? Who seafood poisoned ya Iron Cross wearin' ass, Pearson? Was it Kuni? Hell fuckin' no. It was this black ass, nigga nabob nemesis, our worst nightmare, Herman D. fuckin' Louse."

"Kuni's just a guy who steals your fuckin' logo. He uses your trademark and designs, puts ya brand on his spurious shit, and runs and sneaks and hides like a thief all over the world. But if Louse hooks up backers at this cocksucka and cuckold convention (Randolph gets a belly laugh from the men.), he's gonna hit you harder than Hiroshima & Nagasaki, ya dig?"

Nouro Kiwasake is a sixty-two year old, Japanese businessman. He's the equivalent of an American senior VP, from Kaizen in Japan, on duty as an emissary in America, to keep an eye on the Japanese investment here. He's five foot two and graying; has all his hair, teeth, big Asian smile, is extremely polite, bows a lot, street smart and is accompanied on the plane by a staff of five Kaizen Japan executives, three men and two woman. Nouro speaks Pidgin English well, claims he lost a pinky finger on each hand in a farming accident as a boy in Japan and doesn't like to discuss it, thus, discouraging curious yakuza inquiries.

Japanese Senior VP: "Is this anti-Japanese argument, sir?"

Randolph: "Who the fat fuck are you?"

Mark: "No, no Nouro, we are simply using a hypothetical argument, I hope you and your staff were not offended, but we are spirited at times beyond all boundaries, so this row must seem out of hand to you. Please excuse our heated exuberance, most honorable Nouro."

Randolph: "Yeah, we got it like that. Who's this cat, man?"

Nouro: "Please, sir, I, Nouro Kiwasake, Kaizen Electronics Japan . . . I please to meet you."

Pearson: "Yes Randolph, I told you about him."

Mark: "R n'R is the best troubleshooter we have, Nouro. He's gonna catch Kuni."

Nouro: "Ah, Kuni, I heard infamous name. He curse, bane, awful menace must dispose. Every year my company lose billions on three continents, now, he add prize, America. You come up with plan; arrest him in Idaho."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm on it pronto as Tonto, Tojo."

Mark: "Cigars, gentlemen, and this port's Portugal's finest, at five grand a bottle! Yes, fill their glasses, beautiful lady; come Carter, I want you to meet R n'R. He's our main man, a toast to R n'R, here, here here!" The strikingly beautiful, mysterious Indian woman fills Randolph's glass and clasps his large black hand gently as she pours the wealth of wine.

Carter: "I wish you success in your search."

Randolph: "Hey mothafucka, I thought I told you to butt fuckin' out."

Carter: ". . . Mark!" Carter prevails upon Mark for assistance in dealing with Randolph, who is relishing every morsel of maneuvering at their expense now, while the sultry Indian woman with the sexy English accent and sensual smile offers him another hot hor d'oeuvre.

Mark: "Blimy R n'R, Carter here is my chief accountant. He's got an MBA from Harvard; he's with us, and I need him. Please guys, let's be civil; we're on the same team, right?"

Carter: "Yes, I'm pleased to meet you. I couldn't help overhearing before. I hope we can work together."

Randolph: "You work for Mark and stay out of my shit, ya dig?"

Carter: "Yes I do, sorry."

Mark: "Ah, that's settled then. Have an hors d'oeuvre, appetizers everyone, they're Turkish delights; I have them imported. Try the stuffed olives and roasted hare, bonny delicious. And ladies please, all the ladies, everybody, we have a colorized classic sex film. It's an x-rated short film for your amusement. Settle back. This is an old silent film made by maybe Mack Sennet for Triangle Pictures. You won't believe your eyes. This film is a precious seventy-five years young. We'll be landing soon, so buckle up and enjoy it."

Bitch Ho and Monika come back from the cockpit giggling and smoking joints as Mark continues speaking, imitating W.C. Fields, "Roll 'em, my dear." The hot Hindu flight attendant starts the film, and Randolph gets a rear view of her full round buttocks, as she straightens her sheer silk stockings, and Mark takes this opportunity to speak to Randolph in private. "R n'R, I know you know this man, Louse, better

than anyone, and he's your assignment. You're close to him, bonded as it were, this happens. However, do you think you could mellow some on your feelings about our parent company? I do believe we barely avoided an incident with Nouro, old boy."

Randolph: "Nouro Smuro, Mark, I gotta get Louse soon. He's got something' that belongs to me, and I want her. . . I want her back, see? And I'm telling' you guys, so heed my advice. It's Louse all the fuckin' way. If Kuni's in Sun Baby, in America, if you get a fix on him anyplace on fuckin' earth, I'll go get him. But my main target is Louse, so don't forget it."

Mark: "Well said, and well noted. How do you like the port?" Mark pours Randolph another glass of the precious nineteenth century Portuguese port.

Randolph: "All your shit's cool, Mark."

Mark: "Oh, by the way, old chap, the two lovelies are fetching. I hope you made me a present of them."

Randolph: "You old British bleeder, both of 'em, you want to fuck both of 'em?"

Mark: "Tonight, dear boy, in Sin City, I've arranged nine of the top VIP suites in King Herod the Greats for us. Pearson also said something about a Ms. Charles, wasn't it?"

Randolph: "Yeah, C.C."

Mark: "Well I say, she must be some fine broad . . . So, I'll leave with Sharon and Monika, and we'll all brunch in my suite, say twelvish, is that agreeable?"

Randolph: "You got big eyes, man, go 'head."

Mark: "I'm a lecherous, old, wannabe satyr and I'm considering a penis extension. When I see women the magnitude of those two, I can't live without the idea of more added inches and girth. They make my John Thomas' blood swirl, and I'm invigorated to my younger spry self."

Randolph: "Hey man, you aren't that much older than me. What are you now . . . sixty-five?"

Mark: "I'm not fuckin' saying, you nosy, bloody wanker. But I'll tell you this, when I think the possibilities over of having a go with those two lasses asses, I'm a mere lad again."

Randolph: "Yeah, I hear you. Hey, what the fuck! Where did you get this flick?" Randolph notices the gratuitous, explicit, anal sexual activity in the silent period piece on the screen.

Mark: "It's an old Mack Sennet style porno picture. It's one of many I have that were made in the 1920's and up to today. It's one of the many perks and bene's that come from running a film studio."

Randolph: "I make my own porno flicks and I star in 'em, ask Pearson."

Mark: "Yes, I've made copies of your escapades, old bean, and I find that they make excellent aphrodisiacs as well." The movie ends, everyone applauds and Mark says, "Good show, what? We're landing in five minutes. Look to your right everyone, that's Hoover Dam . . . and there she is, the satanic succubus seductress in the sand, the feral fantasy flight getaway, rare crown jewel in the desert, Las Vegas, Nevada! Don't gamble too much. I don't want you inveterate gamblers ostensibly depressed. But good luck to you all if you do. Oh Sharon, Monika!"

Bitch Ho & Monika: "Yes, master."

Randolph: "Spare me this shit, man."

Mark: "I love it. I fuckin' love it."

Pearson: "Randolph, if you feel like talking, I'm going to be in my suite, so feel free to come up."

Randolph: "Naw, I'm gonna shoot some craps and check the joint out. Shit, I feel fuckin' lucky. C.C.'s up in there, so I'm gonna keep my eyes open for Louse."

Pearson: "Excellent, I'm here if you need me. When we get to Las Vegas, we'll have more than twenty agents on the case."

Randolph: "They don't fuckin' know what to look for, so what good are they?"

Pearson: "You're such a cynic, Randolph. They'll be at our disposal if things get hot."

Randolph: "I don't need 'em and I know Louse can fool 'em. If he sees 'em, he'll laugh hisself silly."

Pearson: "Have it your way. Do you mind if I retain them at another location until we need them?"

Randolph: "Naw, I got Louse, he's fuckin' mine, so keep those guys on ice. Shit, you probably won't need a soul."

The plane lands.

Mark: "Everybody, ladies and gentlemen please . . . I hope you found the flight exciting and pleasurable? Now Las Vegas and King Herod the Great awaits. If I don't see some of you until tomorrow, good luck and sleep well. The flight crew will assist you when you deplane. Please watch your step."

Nouro and his group of five Japanese staff members politely bow to Mark and head to the exit where the two-man cross-dressed, gay crew in full drag make-up, are waiting at the open door to the ramp. The pianist, two male American executives and two female staffers follow Pearson to the exit.

Bitch Ho: "Ran, we're gonna ride in Mark's limo. Is that cool with you?"

Randolph: "Yeah, you go on with him and have a fuckin' ball. I'll see you both at brunch."

Bitch Ho & Monika: "Yes, master."

Randolph: "You're a fuckin' laugh a minute; ya oughta do a lounge lizard act."

Monika: "Ran, I apologize for giving you a hard time. I didn't know it would be so spectacular. It's a helluva hifalutin high tone happenin' thrill!"

Randolph: "Yeah, enjoy it, Money Honey. Live it way up."

Mark: "Ladies, my camel awaits. Let's be off into the desert night air."

Bitch Ho & Monika: "Yes, master."

Mark: "They kill me . . . I can't stand it."

Randolph: "Yeah Mark, see ya at brunch."

Mark: "Can I drop you off, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Naw man, I'm hangin' loose."

Mark: "Alright, toodle loo old salt, I'll see you then."

Randolph: "Yeah, man . . . say Miss." Randolph addresses the fantastic looking flight attendant, who tells him her name.

Flight Attendant: "Janet . . . may I help you, sir?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Janet, I'm R n'R."

Janet: "R n'R, please to make your acquaintance."

Randolph: "What'cha doin' tonight? Ya wanna go out on the town with me and paint this motha cherry red? Whad'ya say?"

Janet: "I say your reputation proceeds you, sir, and I don't know that I could keep up with a man of the world, especially one with your profligateness and auspicious appetites."

Randolph: "What ya gotta do more important than that?"

Janet: "Oh, I can think of something, but it isn't as hectic as your plan."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, what?"

Janet: "Oh, a Jacuzzi, cognac, great reefer I coped from Istanbul, and some of the best Moroccan hash and bhang (Indian hemp) you've ever smoked. I'm also filching a tray of these appetizers to go along with a couple of bottles of Mark's prized Portuguese port."

Randolph: "Well, way lovely lady, your companion for the evenin' is the luckiest man in the world to partake of your brown brick house, built body and your treasure trove of trim . . . I wish . . ."

Janet: "Wishes sometimes come true, answer me one question?"

Randolph: "Ok."

Janet: "Is that bulge in your trousers for real?"

Randolph: "For you it is, all night and then some."

Janet: "Then by all means, I'm yours until eleven this morning. Help me with this bag and we can go."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet."

Chapter Ten

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The Strip High Roller Style

(They arrived at McCarran International Airport in Las Vegas, 1:00 a.m., Tuesday morning, August the ninth)

Skycap: "Taxi?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Janet: "Nice night, I love Vegas. It's so Bedouin."

Randolph fixates upon the red-hot dot on Janet's forehead a lot, as the cab arrives.

Skycap: "Here you are folks. Have a safe ride and welcome to Las Vegas."

Randolph: "Yeah." Randolph hands the skycap a twenty.

Skycap: "Thanks and good luck."

Taxi driver: "Where to folks?"

Randolph: "King Herod the Greats." Randolph is the voice of authority.

Taxi driver: "Ok."

Janet: "Are you always so masterful?"

Randolph: "Always."

Janet: "I mean how do you know King Herod's is where I want to go." Janet is independent and usually makes her own hotel arrangements.

Randolph: "It's my suite. You said hot tub, and I've got the works. Is that cool?" Randolph rolls down the window to better see the crescent moon, stars and city lights, as nocturnal winds blow the summery, arid perfume of desert bloom sage upon them.

Janet: "Your suite's cool. I heard you back in the plane; you have a commanding booming voice. I'm impressed with the way you handled yourself. You made a lot of good points for your side. I don't quite understand everything you were saying, but I think you won the argument." The mysteriously sexy Hindu woman breathed in a cool desert breeze and pressed up against Randolph. Then touching his private area, she began painstakingly and passionately stroking his rigid rippling rig as she talked into his eyes, and he was intoxicated by her far Eastern scented aura.

Randolph: "Yeah, I noticed you too, you were all over the place spreadin' it around."

Janet: "Mmmm, do you stand up to your boss like that all the time, or were you just showing off tonight?"

Randolph: "Naw, we go way back, Mark and me. Before Kaizen I was pimpin' and hustlin' in New York City on Sugar Hill in Harlem Habitat, where I met Mark. He sided with me on a beef one night, and we hooked up. We talked and he told me about Covert City and Kaizen. He had the job, as a production chief's assistant. I wanted a change, so I borrowed from a woman I know, gave him the money, and we hustled our way to the top of the company."

Janet: "You mean you backed Mark Ashton?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Janet: "What about the woman? Did you pay her back?"

Randolph: "Mark got real lucky; the head guy had a heart attack, and Mark was under him, so the Japs kicked him upstairs."

Janet: "Just like that?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Janet: "Well . . . did you pay her back?"

Randolph: "Mark paid, he got an advance and paid her off."

Janet: "So you're his best friend?"

Randolph: "We're awright, on most thangs."

Janet: "And what do you call what you do? I heard Mark call you a troubleshooter, are you?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Janet: "Does it pay well?"

Randolph: "Uh-huh."

Taxi driver: "King Herod's."

Randolph: "Here, man." Randolph hands the driver the fair and three twenties.

Taxi driver: "Thanks buddy, good luck."

Randolph: "I'll pick up my key at the desk, and we can go straight up. Put all these bags together, man."

Bellboy: "Yes sir." King Herod the Great, King of the Jews, Temple Mega resort Hotel Casino is packed with people attending the Kuter Komputer Konvention.

Janet: "We can gamble later, unless you want to do it now."

Randolph: "Naw, I want to do it now. What about you, sexy?"

Janet: "Yes, I'm sexy." They both laugh at their attempted torrid triple entendre.

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(In Salome's scarlet suite)

Janet: "Nice digs."

Randolph tips the bellboy and checks out the ruby red lampshades, gold painted columns, plus, furniture in perfumed rooms of wicked red, golden greed and adulterous alabaster art, depicting Antipas' desire, featuring, revealing risqué renderings with the degenerate decadent stepdaughter dancer, shedding the seven veils in sequence, her bare flesh from ceiling to floor, in living color on all the walls.

Bellboy: "Thank you, sir! Have a good evening and good luck!" The blushing bashful bellboy leaves.

Randolph: "Yeah."

Janet: "Don't you just hate tipping constantly? It seems to me there should be one tip only to cover the whole stay."

Randolph: "That's what it's for, to spend, it's cool."

Janet: "I'm gonna get comfortable. Here, I'll take your coat. Take off your shoes. This carpet's so thick and cushiony comfortable, you don't need them. It must be inches thick. Lavish color coordination, I've never been in a Las Vegas penthouse suite before, but I know you have."

Randolph: "I bet your rug's thicker. You're stacked as a brick wall, woman. I love your accent, you English talkin' Anglo-Indian women sound so hot."

Janet: "And you African-American men fascinate me; you are so completely hedonistically blunt."

Randolph: "Come here baby, blunt this."

Janet: "I thought you'd never ask."

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Two hours later and the bewitching bitching belly ring beautiful blondes are back.

(Knock at the door)

Randolph: "Who the fat fuck is that?"

Janet: "It's your pad, so you do the honors."

Randolph gets out of bed, slips on his black sandals, red speedos and black Corinthian mesh fifteen thousand dollar, unborn and/or, baby alligator hatchlings leather robe and goes to the door.

Randolph: "Yeah?"

Bitch Ho: "Ran, it's me."

Randolph opens the door, and the two excited women burst into the penthouse suite, overcome with squealing joy at their good news.

Randolph: "Bitch Ho, what time is it?"

Bitch Ho: "Shit, par-tay time, whatzup Ran?"

Randolph: "Oh shit, and you too, Money Honey."

Monika: "Yep, it's your lucky day, Ran, two for one!"

They bounced upon large, soft, red cushions and pink pillows on the wrap around, pomegranate colored couch, and Bitch Ho filled him in as she rolled a joint from the small, plastic bag of potent, ultra-chronic marijuana, (Vancouver, B.C. bud), and laid it on the Italian marble, bloodstone coffee table.

Randolph: "What happened with Mark?"

Bitch Ho: "Mark's out of it, man; we had a ball. We wore his royal English ass out. Hey, this pad is a bad mothafucka, Ran. Who's up in here? Are you alone?"

Monika: "The more the merrier, as they say. Wait 'til we tell you what we got into tonight!"

Bitch Ho: "Shit, Ran, you lookin' at the head of Ain't Rap Too Tight Productions! I got my own thang on, man. Mark is a righteous dude, man. I mean he laid the whole deal on me and. . ."

Monika: "I got a three picture deal! Mark woke Space and told him to join us in Vegas immediately. Space was blown away; it's too unreal, and it's all because of you!"

Bitch Ho takes a deep hit and passes the powerful joint to Randolph. "Yeah Ran, you made it happen for us. Mark asked me what I could do, and I pulled out my rap sheets, my poems, you know, purple prose."

Randolph: "I know, goddammit . . . go on."

Monika: "It was mystical, we were all in the Jacuzzi, smokin', snortin', sippin' and kickin', like Sharon said."

Randolph takes a toke and passes the joint to Monika. "Who?"

Bitch Ho: "Me, Ran, I got way over, and as soon as we get back, I go to work. My own office and staff, access to the recording studio of my fuckin' choice. Plus, I can record any fuckin' body I want. Mark said they need software to move the hardware, so I've got cart blanche because he digs my head, man."

Randolph: "Head, you gave him fuckin' head, huh?"

Monika: "No, she means he liked her mind, and so do I."

Randolph: "Oh, you still sexy sistahs, huh?"

Bitch Ho: "Ran, we tight as money, and I'm doin' Monika's sound tracks, all fuckin' three of 'em!"

Randolph: "Hold fuckin' on one goddamn minute. Shit, where you gettin' three fuckin' good professional scripts and treatments so quick? We ain't even got squat in the pipeline I know of worth shit. I know you'll need to stop and think about material. Ya need good, naw, great writin', no hacks that's wack. This is a hell of a break you two got into, now you gotta make it fuckin' come off, ya dig?"

Monika: "There's only one thing missing: we need you to help us, big guy."

Randolph: "Me, oh no, my hands are full with some other shit, or didn't ya notice? I'm up to my asshole in Louse and I can't take on any more crap."

Bitch Ho: "Oh Ran, you could do this with your eyes closed. All we need is for you to come around some. You know, make an appearance on the set; come to the recordings and shit. Once people see you're the H.N.I.C. (head nigger in charge), they'll do anything we fuckin' want."

Monika: "Incidentally, we have Space wrapped up for all three pictures. He's in the bag and he'll help us find the right three scripts."

Randolph: "Naw, you'd better slow down and spread the work around more, unless this guy . . ."

Monika: "Space."

Randolph: "Yeah him, unless he can score once, I wouldn't hang myself up for three fuckin' films."

Bitch Ho: "That's what we mean, Ran, shit. You been around and you know the fuckin' way this shit's suppose to hang together. Ran, we need your expertise."

Randolph: "Look, Bitch Ho, I ain't no fuckin' producer. Shit, I'm in a whole `nother end of the business; I'm not interested."

Monika: "Oh Ran, please, we need your input. We'd do it for you if you called on us."

Bitch Ho: "Hey girlfriend, it's early in the mornin'. Give him time to get it together; he'll help us, shit."

Janet enters the living room, wearing a rose colored negligee, doing Bharata Natyam (a Hindu dance style) to the recorded sounds of pulsating sitars and pounding Hindu jungle drums on her tiny Kaizen Dat player.

Randolph: "Hey baby, did these crazy broads wake you up?"

Janet: "No, I came out to meet them, and ask you why you were being so impossible."

Bitch Ho: "Hi, I'm Sharon. I saw you on the plane, right?"

Janet: "Yes Sharon, I'm Janet."

Monika: "I'm Monika, Janet. I remember you from the plane."

Janet: "Hi Monika, so how's the boss?"

Monika: "He's sleeping peacefully, and we left a note so he won't worry."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, he's spent like a mothafucka, but we can wake him for brunch, he said." The two belly button ring beauties are in casual clothes now and feeling no pain, elated and ecstatically exuberant over dream deals come true and high-end living. Bitch Ho is wearing an orange bustier and a green thong. Monika is in a blue half teddy and yellow bikini bottoms. And Randolph is sporting a full erection.

Randolph: "Well, this is real fuckin' nice, ladies, but I'm goin' back to bed. (The phone rings) Oh shit, what the fuck?"

Janet: "I'll get it, R n'R, relax. Hello, a . . . yes just a moment please. It's I.G. Pearson, he said . . ."

Bitch Ho: "Nasty ass Nazi."

Randolph takes the receiver from Janet. "Aw, gimmie . . . Hey man, whatzup?"

Pearson reports to Randolph. "Claudia Charles left the building at three a.m. this morning. She took a commercial flight to Sun Baby. So we're on top of it, but no Louse yet."

Randolph: "Good, does she know I'm here?"

Pearson: "We don't know; she just left abruptly."

Randolph: "Well, do you know where she's stayin'?"

Pearson: "We know a lodge is booked in her name at the resort. It was booked one month in advance."

Randolph: "You got guys on it now, or did you take my advice and lay back?"

Pearson: "We're on it, but laid-back because of strict rules and regulations at the resort against that sort of thing. We know who calls, who goes in and who comes out, ok?"

Randolph: "Ok so far, but keep 'em back. I'm not gonna rush in neither. If he's joinin' her, and he is, I'll get him at the`Cunnilingus Convention`, when it's in full swing."

Pearson: "Randolph, like he said, he's bought into a deal with White Lion/2A/KKK. He's revamping the music divisions of both companies. He made the deal before we left. Well that deal gets him solidly into the fold. That makes him legitimate, and we can't touch him, as it's our word against his, because our phone tapes are inadmissible in court."

Randolph: "Fuck that, he can't hide behind that shit. He screwed us over plenty, so I ain't waitin' for no fucked up trial. I want him now."

Pearson: "Randolph, we think he's got White Lion/2A/KKK in his pocket, and when you talk to Mark at brunch, he'll fill you in on why we'd better get our plans coordinated before we act."

Randolph: "Mark, huh? Ok, you guys know secret shit, so I'll fuckin' listen, man. But Louse is mine and that's fuckin' that."

Pearson: "I'll see you at twelve-thirty this afternoon. Nouro will be there with Carter . . . so try and be tolerant, and remember they're on our side."

Randolph: "Sez you."

Pearson: "Well, they both are in agreement our main objective is Kuni, so we'll iron out our differences with you at brunch."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, fuck that we shit, later." Randolph slams the receiver in Pearson's ear.

Janet: "The girls went back to Mark's suite. Was that call trouble?"

Randolph: "Not for me. How you feel, sweet cakes? You got anythang left to smoke?" Randolph looks for the marijuana and hashish on the round marble bloodstone tabletop.

Janet: "Here, I gave the superstars, Sharon and Monika some."

Randolph: "Yeah, imagine that, looks like ev'ry fuckin' body's gettin' over with record deals and movie deals, shit."

Janet: "Everybody but you and me, babe."

Randolph: "What, not you too? You don't have show biz aspirations in that direction, do ya?"

Janet: "Yeah, more in the service aspect though."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, like what?"

Janet: "Hell, I stand up, smile and serve on call all over the world. So, it doesn't escape me that I could supply the entertainment companies who own corporate jets with my flight attendants. You know, offer all of my goods and services for a big fat flat fee, plus, tip."

Randolph: "What'cha mean, you wanna supply Kaizen and anybody else with girls and hash, and with great fuckin' weed like this shit. Well hell, I'd love it. Why you don't tell Mark your feelin's? I know you wouldn't have been on that fuckin' plane last night, if you wasn't tight as Dick's hat band with him."

Janet: "Yes, we had a thing for a while. He was a blast; we went everywhere. We were in San Tropiz for two weeks, Cannes, London, Paris, Tokyo, New York City . . ."

Randolph: "I get the fuckin' picture, so what the hell happened, why are you . . ."

Janet: "Why am I still a lowly lone, private flight attendant working these company flights for him?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Janet: "We had a ball, but I'm independent, so I went back to work. He wanted more, but I got restless. Can you believe it? I wanted to get back up in the air. That's my gig, man, go figure. I love empyrean heights."

Randolph: "So now you wanna what, train others to do what you do in your special way, like a fuckin' school, a . . ."

Janet: "A flight attendant's charm school for media corporate private jets, yeah, you got it."

Randolph: "Shit, ya oughta be a fuckin' starlet, you the supastar in my world."

Janet: "Oh, you're so gallant, and strong, nobody ever held me that tight. I thought I would snap into from ecstasy."

Randolph: "Oh shit, now you jivin' me. I bet I scared the piss out of you, when I grabbed you like I did, huh?"

Janet: "And those hot long soulful kisses, I melted more than I thought I could. I've been everywhere, I haven't done everything, but I knew we'd hit it off when you came on board."

Randolph: "Yeah, I felt you too. I'll bet ya got hit on the whole flight."

Janet: "Oh, the Japanese gentleman, Nouro had eyes. His aide slipped me a note from him."

Randolph: "And?"

Janet: "Well, Carter Livingstone too, and the bald guy who called you. . ."

Randolph: "Pearson."

Janet: "Yes, he was dropping hints, you know, like how he had this huge suite to himself, and he wished Mark hadn't been so extravagantly generous."

Randolph: "I fuckin' bet."

Janet: "Well, I handled them 'cause I knew you had eyes for me."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, you fine foxy devil, how'd you know that, girl?"

Janet: "Your body language. Even when you were in your most heated arguments with Pearson and Carter, I knew you wanted me."

Randolph: "Well hell, I guess you got me, right?"

Janet: "Not yet, but I'm still working on it."

Randolph: "Where'd you cop this?" Randolph refers to the cocaine, silver compact and glass straw on the marble table.

Janet: "Sharon gave me coke, and Monika and I traded weed."

Randolph: "So y'all way tight and shit now, huh?"

Janet: "We hit it off great, it happens."

Randolph: "Pass that shit over here, no, I'll do it." Janet assists Randolph with the cocaine, despite his insistence she stop.

Janet: "I'll help you, sit back."

Randolph snorts a line of cocaine on Janet's silver compact mirror. "Ummm, shit, Bitch Ho gets the best fuckin' blow in L.A."

Janet: "That's what she said, bless her snow tootin', fun lovin' heart."

Randolph: "Yeah, they hooked up tonight; I hope it pays off for 'em. But I can't help 'em do nothin', they're on their fuckin' own, ya dig?"

Janet: "No, I think they just want a man around, a friend, that's all."

Randolph: "I thought women were so fuckin' sure of themselves today. You know, no doubts to speak of, tear a mothafuckin' glass ceilin' down, baby. So what these way fine, bad ass broads need my black ass for?"

Janet: "To kick major butt when shit's raggedy, what else? Except they both love your stubborn ass."

Randolph: "Aw, shit, how you figure, what you sayin', love? Get the fuck outta here, love my black ass."

Janet: "Oh, don't play games, R n'R, I know you balled 'em both, a woman knows. And with all of your brashness, you love both of them too, and they know it and feel safe and secure around you."

Randolph: "You picked up all this after what, a one hour power par-tay flight and a twenty minute conversation up in here with them?"

Janet: "A woman knows."

Randolph: "Yeah, woman, so what do you think they're gonna do with Mark's deal?"

Janet: "Oh, you're interested and you're looking out for them. Hey man, that's love big-time. So you should ride shotgun for them whenever they need you, and they'll both go far."

Randolph: "After I settle this Sun Baby puppy, I'm headed for Egypt and I ain't helpin' shit."

Janet: "Egypt is a wonderful choice, and why may I ask are you going there?"

Randolph: "I promised I would."

Janet: "Oh, and to whom did you make this lovely promise?"

Randolph: "My wife, I promised her after I wrapped up this Louse problem, we'd take a fuckin' vacation, shit."

Janet: "Well, you don't have to get so defensive. Damn, I think it's admirable of you to keep your word."

Randolph: "Well, just don't look at me like that when you gimme the third degree."

Janet: "I never meant anything but normal conversation."

Randolph: "Here, converse with this . . ." The two lovers go at it again on the lush plush red carpet and seven hours later awaken aroused and in each other's arms.

. . .

Janet: ". . . Well, I see it's eleven and time to get ready."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm takin' a shower."

Janet: "Me too, with you, you can wash my back."

Randolph: "Yeah, your tits, your ass and your . . ." Randolph caresses Janet's silky, moist hot crotch, he calls the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Janet: "Whoa, save some of that for the shower."

Chapter Eleven

. . .

Fast Lane So Fast, It Knock U on Yo' Ass, n' Impede Yo' Black Butt's Nat'chel Speed

(At Mark the Great White Shark's Augustus Tiberius suite, 12:30 Tuesday, August the ninth)

Bitch Ho: "Come on in, Ran. Hi Janet, Mark's in the shower, he and Monika. I was up in there, but my hearin's so sharp when I'm way stoned, I got out to answer the doorbell." Bitch Ho is totally naked, glistening wet, holding a big yellow towel over her close cut, dyed blonde real hair, and she's dripping on the black and white tiles.

Randolph: "Yeah, we just did that way stoned sexy soapy ass shower shit."

Bitch Ho: "Oh, everybody's in the living room with Pearson, that bald head, evil eye, field marshal mothafucka, man. He's a Aryan ass wiper, Ran."

Randolph: "I know, Bitch Ho, now go put ya fuckin' clothes on, shit."

Bitch Ho: "Oh, you know you like it, Ran. He likes it, Janet." She poses her picturesque physique and bats her big brown eyes.

Janet: "I know he does, Sharon. Wait, I'll go with you, and we can talk while you dress."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, I got some mo' blow. Here try this shit, girlfriend." Bitch Ho hands Janet a tiny vial, squats and wipes up the puddle of water with the yellow towel, then the two women go laughing arm in arm to the master bedroom.

Randolph: "Later, ya junkie mothafucks."

The living room is lush luxurious white leather with a wall-to-wall painting of the first Caesar complainant of Christianity and his court. A trio dressed in dinner jackets is playing jazz. The guests are crowded around the ebony baby grand piano, singing and dancing to the songs. The penthouse view of Las Vegas is a glorious golden, cloudless, backdrop bright blue hue day.

Pearson, dressed black as a panther, pounces on Randolph, who's nattily attired in a lavender silk suit ensemble, with color coordinated crocodile woven summer dress shoes, "Randolph."

Randolph: "Pearson, whatzup?"

Pearson: "No change. Hey, was Ms. Baker naked?"

Randolph: "As a mothafuckin' jaybird."

Pearson: "This is turning into one of Mark's wild parties, isn't it?"

Randolph: "I fuckin' hope so."

Pearson: "Well anyway, Ms. Claudia Charles is registered. She hasn't had a call, fax or e-mail yet, and no one's come to her lodge."

Randolph: "Good, what about room service?"

Pearson: "Room service . . . I don't know, I'll check."

Randolph: "Forget it now. Here's what I think: he ain't gonna show until the `Cunthounds Convention´ begins, ya dig?"

Pearson: "Well, we're on top of it, so we'll be ready this time. We're taking candid photo shots of everybody connected with the Mo-Fo Best, so you can identify him, and we're looking for Kuni too."

Randolph: "Do you know Kuni on sight?"

Nouro joins the conversation wearing white: a suit, shirt, tie, shoes, no socks and Ray-Ban shades. "I know him, Mr. Randall san."

Randolph: "Nouro."

Nouro: "Yes, I tell you if Kuni guest in Sun Baby. You depend on my knowledge in this."

Pearson: "Randolph, Nouro wants to extradite Kuni back to Japan for trial when we find him."

Carter comes over in a dark suit, ignores Randolph's warnings and states an opinion. "Yes, Mark agrees, then we will have an international Interpol investigative involvement, that can erase eighty percent of the world's counterfeit electronic production manufacturing and sales. Quite a remarkable Mark Ashton idea, wouldn't you say . . . a, R n'R?"

Randolph explodes, "Man, I'm gonna kick the shit outta your phony Mahoney, jive, lame ass, dark suit wearin' behind, if you fuckin' interrupt me when I'm goddamn talkin' again, ya geechee fuck!"

Mark saunters into the fray, wearing one of his many fashionable sharkskin suits, a gray double-breasted beauty, with black monotone silk shirt and tie, while carrying a bottle of rare old sherry. "Guys, guys, oh shit, I see we've hit a stumbling block, and I thought we'd established ground rules last evening. Oh well, the trials and tribulations of running a great outfit like this has its downside, but alas gents, a toast, come fill your glass and toast, a toast to catching both Kuni and Herman D. Louse. Yes, that's it!"

Randolph is still perturbed and shrugs in disgust. "Man . . . shit."

Pearson: "Mark's on target, we'll get them both, Randolph. Nouro, what do you think of our chances?"

Nouro: "Hard, not impossible, Mr. Pearson san. We after Kuni before we acquire software from America; he bothersome aching thorn inside my company since early days, he in Osaka, in production plant there. He access all our plans, everything. We all swore oath, 'Zaibatsu', which means name for Japanese big businesses in WW II, that stick together as one, to help each other to prosper together, to work, achieve for all firms, then glory riches came. We all profit, but Kuni stole designs, corrupted others; we don't know how many. We start over time after time, going as you say in this country, back to drawing board. Japanese and Dutch were first to challenge, after R.C.A. Victor, your great company break-up. We saw chance; we as you say, pick up slack, but Dutch here too. You know rest, it clash of Titans in electronics, with no real clear winner. We have new chance with: DAT/DVD Music Boxes, `nicest, precise, lowest prices, security devices`, DVD, HDTV, computers, flat screens and Karaoke/DAT/DVD/3D software, then secret explosion planned . . . we buy Beatles!"

Randolph: "The Beatles, shit, they all but way graveyard dead, man."

Nouro: "We buy living two: Paul and Ringo, also Yoko Ono, John's two sons, Julian and Sean."

Randolph: "What, shit, man, that's some damn near impossible to reach money-wise ass product. If you miss the fuckin' mass market payin' for them, you're finished, what else you got?"

Nouro: "Buy Michael Jackson and whole Jackson family, secret production planned, take us into next millennium. He has software-publishing deals pending with us, maybe, if price right. This all can be firm, R n'R san. It gives us white lion share baby boomer market. Then we buy Prince, pit Prince against our king of Pop! . . . Next, Queen of Soul Contest challenger Tina Turner, Queen of Rock n' Roll with Ike Turner and his band, featuring the Ikettes! We buy Tina and reigning Soul Queen, Aretha Franklin . . . have challenge for Queen of Soul! Big deal!"

Randolph: "Naw, no contest. It's Aretha, hands down, unless it's a dance contest."

Mark: "I'd pay to see and hear that super star diva shit."

Pearson: "Battle royal, dueling divas."

Carter: "Tina's my favorite. She's an international icon."

Nouro: "All software on Kaizen! A one two three punch; knock our competition out of business! Our hardware and software we plan move via all electronic stores and our Kaizen record clubs worldwide on Net. We moving software directly where we sell hardware, and software competitively priced lower than big chain record stores."

Randolph: "Is this low ballin' aimed at Wal-Mart and Blockbuster?"

Mark: "Hell no, certainly not . . . the idea. It's telling the world that we're bricks and mortar, and an Internet one stop. We've found electronic stores who feature us anyway, have an extra added incentive to move our stuff completely in one fell swoop."

Pearson: "This will take much of the global profit out of Kuni's hands. He can't make a counter offer of consequence, so we'd jump ahead on all fronts at once."

Carter chimes in again, "And we have the figures to prove it, in the last quarter alone we . . ."

Randolph: "Mothafuck, shut up!"

Pearson: "He's our head accountant at Kaizen America! For God sake, Randolph, have a heart."

Mark: "Nouro, how's your drink, I'll freshen it. R n'R, are you ok?"

Randolph: "Naw, not with all this Kuni talk goin' down. Now I'll help, Mark, you know that. But I'm after my guy, Louse, and that's my only interest, so if you wanna go on and on about world conquest, be my guest. And I'll take my date and go shoot some fuckin' craps."

Undaunted by Randolph's irritability, Mark continues. "Kuni's bank rolling Louse, R n'R, to the tune of millions. He posted the entry fee Louse paid the Klan to get that music division deal with White Lion/2A/KKK."

Randolph: "How fuckin' much?"

Mark: "Hell, we don't have the figures yet. They froze that deal, but it was cash up front. Louse and Kuni bought into the deal."

Randolph: "So you're sayin' Louse works with White Lion/2A/KKK, and we gotta wear . . . I gotta wear kid gloves in Sun Baby 'cause now he's one of theirs, and he's gonna levitate them two dead ass record companies they got."

Pearson: "Just be careful how you handle him, he's got respectability at this juncture, he's . . . well he's . . ."

Randolph: "He's fuckin' black, right, that's it! Yeah, ya don't want me to fuck up one of the man's house niggas."

Mark: "He's more than that. These are rumors really, but all we could get hold of on such short notice. It seems that the management team brass over at White Lion/2A/KKK wants to move while they're hot. And now that Louse is in, they see a way clear to buy the whole company from the Klan with Kuni's backing."

Randolph: "What?"

Mark: "Yes, Kuni's interested in using that white lion pride logo on all of his consumer electronic product. It appears he wants to go legit and compete with us, using all of our own new designs he stole."

Randolph: "Louse, what about Louse?"

Mark: "He's Kuni's minority majority partner in America. So Louse has fifty-one percent, we think, and that's the deal as we've ascertained it to date."

Randolph: "When did all this shit go down, Mark?"

Mark: "I knew an hour before take off that they closed the music division deals. The rest, well, Pearson got us the manufacturing plans."

Pearson: "And don't forget distribution, it's crucial to their plans."

Mark: "Yes, like MGM and United Artist use to be big-time record manufacturers and distributors, then miraculously came back strong as majors again in the music industry this year. Now Kuni can attempt to finance White Lion and Artist Allied to future greatness the same way, goddammit!"

Nouro: "As you say in America, we sweat Kuni, he big threat: until we put Kaizen electronic tether on ankle, keep him under house arrest, guards around clock, until compensated for counterfeits, treachery, betrayal and arrogance And oh, very special reward, Mr. Randall san, if you find this man, we reward you five percent of Kaizen America and ten million cash. That as you say, put money where mouth is."

Randolph stoically acknowledges the little Asian's ombudsman offer, "Yeah, cool, Charlie Chan."

Mark: "R n'R, we want to green light a new division especially for you to head up. Call it what you want, you run it. We'll cover your ass, like a rug, financially. We feel this is the move we can counter with, before any of Louse's deals begin to materialize."

Randolph: "So, I'm gettin' set up with a P.R. phony Mahoney butt company to hook niggas and piss Louse off, huh?"

Nouro: "Mr. Randall san, parent-company believe African-American contribution to entertainment industry most valuable at this time. We intend backing you exclusively, as you steadfast, loyal, hardworking, trustworthy executive, and we need your knowledge and input. We know you most respected among men and . . . women. You speak, as you say, for fuckin' real deal."

Janet makes her grand entrance, wearing a silver balloon pant, Himalayan sunset colored cocktail blouse, high heels, and an orange turban with a costume emerald stone fastened in the front, while smoking a bhang reefer in a long gold cigarette holder.

Mark: "Ganges Gidiva, you're beautiful, lass, more lovely and radiant than I've ever seen you. You're a volcano of stunning Hindu womanhood." Mark speaks in a mock Irish brogue.

Janet: "Why most gracious, sir, thank you, Mark, and you're handsome and bon vivant as ever this afternoon." Mark and Janet embrace and share a quick kiss on the lips for show.

Randolph: "Y'all some jive ass mothafuckas, man. Don't no goddamn body look that fuckin' good, shit." Randolph chastises both his friends for their lavish encomiums.

Mark: "Ganges Gidiva, forgive this lout, he doesn't understand our wavelength, over and out."

Randolph: "Gidiv . . . what?"

Janet: "Ganges Gidiva, he calls me that. It's a private joke that goes way back. Hell, when I was in Ireland, I rode everyday. I was a regular equestrian, sans riding habit, quirt, and shamelessly nude."

Mark: "Exquisitely gorgeous at sunset she was, slow motion cantering over the clover covered, green rolling hills to the estate, brazenly bare and bareback upon a snow white stallion . . ."

Janet: "Shamrock."

Mark: "Yes my dear, Shamrock. It was that same fine animal, lucky nag."

Randolph: "So, you were buck wild mad ass naked on horseback in the bloomin' heather, huh?"

Janet: "Yeah, I was I must admit. I kissed a lot of blarney in those days."

Mark: "Sweetheart, it was only the recent past, don't fret, time heals."

Randolph: "So, y'all was tight an-a-mothafucka, huh? And now it's like old home week and shit, right?"

Mark: "R n'R, she wanted to fly; she got bored. The lady tired of country life in Ireland and me."

Janet: "The I.R.A. couldn't liven up that joint. It's magnificent, but duty called, adventure beckoned, and hands on high risks are much more exciting to this Hindu."

Randolph: "Bring yo' fine brown, gingerbread, Indian ass, sexy English accent back over here, girl."

Mark: "R n'R, I want you and Ganges Gidiva to meet some folks, just plain folks . . . hello my dear lovely, Lily. You are a divine dream girl, fantastic, so wonderful seeing you, darling, this is R n'R." Mark introduces a tall, beautifully built, smiling Las Vegas show girl, dressed in black satin pants, six inch heels and a Chinese, green, pink and black silk jacket.

Lily: "R n'R?"

Randolph: "Yeah, hi."

Mark: "And Ganges Gidiva." Mark attempts to continue his Irish impression, while introducing Lily to Janet.

Janet: "Janet."

Mark: "Rather, I know my sweet."

Lily: "Hello . . . Janet, I think?"

Janet: "Right, it's a private joke."

Lily: "My mother's here wait . . . mom!" Lily calls across the room to a curvaceous, shorter, older woman munching on appetizers, wearing a white satin suit with a silk lavender blouse, matching heels, golden earrings and necklace.

Mrs. Moss: "Yes baby, oh Mark, how lovely."

A blind black blues veterans' quartet from the Mississippi delta days of the forties, named 4 I's n' Can't C, begins to play and sing loud and soulfully.

Sweeter Peter

*Sweeter Peter baby
Sweeter Peter honey
Sweeter Peter sugar
Sweeter Peter darlin'*

*Sweeter Peter is my
Name
Sweeter Peter is my
Game
Sweeter Peter is my
Aim*

*Sweeter Peter is my claim to
Fame
Sweeter Peter*

*It's not longer baby
It's not stronger honey
It's not bigger sugar
Like you figure darlin'*

*Sweeter Peter's what I
Got
Sweeter Peter hits the
Spot
Sweeter Peter
Hard n' hot
Sweeter Peter
Humpin' yo' hind pots
Sweeter Peter*

*I don't give a damn sir
If you're hung like
A hamster*

*Because the only answer
Is not just in your
Jeans*

*The secret is to love
Her
Caress and hold don't
Shove her
Remember women prefer
To feel what romance
Means*

*Sweeter Peter woman
Sweeter Peter lady
Sweeter Peter lover
Sweeter Peter pretty girl chile*

*Sweeter Peter in your life
Sweeter Peter man and wife
Sweeter Peter no more
Strife
Cuts the mustard like
A switchblade knife
Sweeter Peter*

(Amplified chromatic harmonica solo)

Randolph: "This motha's gettin' a jam on! Yeah, the joint's juicy and jumpin'!"

Mark: "High rollers all, high rollers ball! I hand picked this bunch, y'all! I sorta raided the big Kuter Komputer Konvention Trade Show downstairs! I hate to talk shop, but that's all there is when you're building and Kaizen's building!"

Mrs. Moss: "I love it, Mark! Oh, I'm Gladys everybody, Gladys Moss!" The moving, grooving music grabbed the shapely older woman, and she began to cavort and sway to the funky, bawdy barrelhouse beat.

Mark: "Yes, Gladys, you are jammin', and oh, my my, say hello to Carl Langley; he's a Kaizen president and chief operating officer!" Mark holds Janet's hand tightly and alludes to a Kaizen computer manufacturing plant president, as the officers of Kaizen America begin to congregate around him and Janet doing the Texas Twist.

Carl: "Hello, pleased to meet you, all of you!"

Mark: "How's Danbury, Carl!? Are we holding up our end!?"

Carl: "Yes Mark, we got game and a half with `King of Kreation´, and we're giving Play Station, Nintendo and Microsoft hell!"

Mark: "Hello Steve, we're glad you made it!"

Steve: "Hiya Mark, Carl!" The men shake hands and embrace as the delta blues band, 4 I's n' Can't C, named after the four `i's in the spelling of the great state of Mississippi whaled `Sweeter Peter´ full force, causing a twisting, shouting room full of sixties dance mania, moves, memories and emotions.

Carl: "Steve, as I was saying, we do the hell out of Kaizen Kuter Komputer software too, right Mark!"

Mark: "Indeed, quite! Oh yes, Carl, we do the hell out of `Supa Kaizen's, Secret Man Hidden Hand Game´ and `The Sky's the Limit Game´ right Michael? Kaizen has the hottest new interactive DVDs shown on our big flat TV screens currently on the market!"

Michael: "Yes Mark, hello Steve, Carl!"

Mark: "Good afternoon, my friend!" Seeing Mark the Great White Shark, has cleverly commandeered Janet, Randolph turns to Lily.

Randolph: "Mark's in his element, baby! Hiya feelin', you tall stately beauty queen; you don't quit goin' up do you!?"

Lily is a head taller than Randolph. "Do you like tall women!?"

Randolph: "Yeah, hell yeah, I'd be biggest in the bed! So tell me, what are you doin' later!?"

Lily: "Dancin', singin', doin' my thing!"

Randolph: "Yeah, I know, Vegas show girl, I'm hip to your thang!"

Lily: "Have you ever seen me perform, mister!?"

Randolph: "R n'R, call me R n'R!"

Lily: "Well R n'R, have you seen me on stage!?"

Randolph: "Naw, but I can look at ya and see you're agile and in superb shape!"

Lily: "Oh, you think that do you!? Well, it's not good enough! I want you to come to the last show tonight! I'll be looking for you backstage at the MGM Grand, R n'R!"

Randolph: "Why do you think I should come tonight, baby sweets!?"

Lily: " Because tonight's the night, buddy! I know you're headed to Sun Baby, and I won't see you again!"

Randolph: "Oh yeah, well then ok, it's tonight!"

Drinking and laughing it up, Mrs. Moss dances over to chitchat. "I just talked to that Universal guy, you know, the whiskey heir!"

Lily: "Yeah, Edgar, he's cool, mom! What are you eating!?"

Mrs. Moss: "Sushi, loads of great lox too! Oh, pepper mill man, ah choo! Sorry, thank you! (The pepper mill man serves Mrs. Moss as she sneezes delightfully into her hankie.) Mark is very attentive to that striking Indian woman! She's captivating him, Lily!"

Lily: "I know mom! I'm real fine right here with R n'R! Mrs. Moss looks Randolph over."

Mrs. Moss: "R n'R!?"

Randolph: "Yeah, hi!"

Mrs. Moss: "Hi yourself, you're with Mark's company, right!?"

Randolph: "Yeah!"

Mrs. Moss: "What do you do, R n'R, if you don't mind me asking!?"

Lily: "Yeah, big guy, what is your thing!?"

Randolph: "Hell, I'm a goddamn executive at Kaizen America; I just got a promotion, I think! Anyway, they want me to run a new unit of the entertainment company in Covert City, California!"

Mrs. Moss: "So you work at the `Iron Lung'!?"

Lily: "Mom, they don't call it that anymore! Today it's Kaizen America! Go on, R n'R, I love that lot, old MGM, wow!"

Mrs. Moss: "I use to be an extra on that lot! So many memories back then, I pitched scripts and treatments to Frank. . ."

Lily: "Frank Yablans!"

Randolph: "Yeah, before my time, lady!"

Mrs. Moss: "Gladys, call me Gladys, R n'R!"

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet!"

Mrs. Moss: "Kurt Kerkorian ran the lot, I mean he owned it! Do you know him!?"

Randolph: "I met him once here in Vegas, a couple of decades ago, why!?"

Mrs. Moss: "Just curious if you know the right people!"

Randolph: "You sizin' me up, Gladys!?"

Mrs. Moss: "Why whatever do you mean!?" The woman begins to laugh at her own coy remark.

Lily: "Mom's laughin', but she swings, R n'R! She's sizin' ya up, man!"

Randolph: "Yeah, so who else you wanna know about!?"

Lily reaches for a pastry treat as a waiter walks by.

Moss: "Lily, don't eat that junk! Junk food will spoil your figure, darling, I know! . . . Look, R n'R, still svelte! What do you think!?"

Randolph: "You a way stacked ol' broad, Gladys!"

Mrs. Moss: "Lily gets it from these natural wonders, my baby's breast fed!" Mrs. Moss inhales and expands her bosom, showing off her chesty figure.

Randolph: "Yeah, ya both got great tits, shit!"

Lily: "Mom, you've shown R n'R enough. Don't over do it, show off!"

Mrs. Moss: "Why shouldn't I!? I'm over . . . well, I'm not giving away my age, anything but that, R n'R!"

Randolph: "I'd like to whisk both y'all back to my suite for a private showin', ya dig!?"

Lily: "I bet you do that all the time too, don't you!?"

Randolph: "Do what, baby meat!?"

Lily: "Fuck, fuck two at a time!"

Mrs. Moss: "Ménage à trois, Lily, call it by its proper name!"

Randolph: "Well, I believe in keepin' the family together and fuckin' happy campers!"

Mrs. Moss: "And how many threesomes have you had, I'd like to know!?"

Randolph: "I've had my share, honey pie! What about y'all!?"

Lily: "Well mom, direct isn't he!? Now what have we here, a pause in the conversation!?"

Mrs. Moss: "No dear, I just want to know one more thing!"

Randolph: "What!?"

Mrs. Moss: "Have you ever had a sexual liaison with a mother and daughter before!?"

Randolph: "Once!"

Lily: "You have, well hot damn, mom, bingo! Well tell us, R n'R, how the hell was it!?"

Mrs. Moss: "Yes please, you have our undivided attention!"

Randolph: "It was twice as nice!"

Mrs. Moss: "How gentlemanly, R n'R, no other things of interest to note here!?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I saw 'em both again last Motha's Day in Omaha!"

Lily: "Omaha!?"

Mrs. Moss: "You mean you went to the middle border to service a mother and daughter!?"

Randolph: "I go where I'm appreciated!"

Lily: "You must be quite a man, R n'R! I mean there must be more to you than meets the eye!"

Mrs. Moss: "No offense, she's right! You're not particularly handsome! I mean you're not really my idea of a ladies man, in a gigolo sort of way, but you've got intangible urgent animal magnetism!"

Randolph: "I can show you better than I can tell you! I'm just down the corridor in Suite A-2!"

Mrs. Moss: "Are you serious, R n'R!? I mean do you want us both to come!?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I want both of you to come . . . at the same time!"

Lily: "No mom, he's for real, look!" Lily points to Randolph's industrial size erection.

Mrs. Moss: "I see he is, dear! Oh, my my, R n'R!"

Randolph: "Come on!"

As Randolph and the two women exit dancing, the blind black blues band, 4 I's n' Can't C, does an encore extension of `Sweeter Peter` in his honor. And all the guests applaud the great southern sightless musicians' extra sensory perception skills, picking up on the obvious three-way sex session in progress.

*Once I abused my power
And my tough love turned sour
I was a push and shover
With all my might rough lover*

*Now I move my muscle
In a honey tussle
With sugar coated strokes of love
And candy ramrod hustle*

*I sweet spot touch control
With spoonfuls from my soul
And serve it up in lovin' cups
From a sexy sugar bowl*

*I'll make your backbone slip
You'll become swivel hip
Humpin' pumpin' climaxin'
At a honey drippin' clip*

_____ *Chorus* _____

Chapter Twelve

. . .

Don't Let 'em Drop That Atom Bomb on Me . . . Charles Mingus

(After adultery and back in the corridor around 5:30 that same Tuesday evening)

Woman: "Hi, ` Sweeter Peter ´, man."

Randolph is confronted by an amethyst eyed, size six, stacked brunette, Italian-Cuban cutie, wearing orange surf shorts, a black belly shirt and horn-rimmed eyeglasses, standing barefooted with golden toe rings and a sexy gap-tooth (diastemA) with slight overbite, angelic smile.

Randolph: "Hi yourself. Who you, angel face and toes?"

Woman: "Mia Copa, pleased to know you."

Randolph: "Howdy, mam."

Mia: "Well, a wranglin' wild western guy."

Randolph: "How do you know me, woman?"

Mia: "You work with Mark, and I'm his Cuban/Sicilian legal council."

Randolph: "Oh, I never saw you, I'd of remembered." Mia was on board the flight to Vegas with Randolph, but he was preoccupied with business and Janet.

Mia: "Mark talks about you, and I just figured when I saw you before on the plane and in a video that you were you, I mean, R n'R." The woman blushes and Randolph figures Mark showed her a vid of him in action with Monika.

Randolph: "Oh, on that sex tape evidence shit, I see."

Mia: "Well, he tells outrageous stories about you and Marilyn Monroe, so now I finally got to meet the super stud star of the studio in person."

Randolph: "What, me? Bull shit, baby fresh."

Mia: "No really, I saw you leave with the show girl and the other older hot woman. The scuttlebutt was you'd struck again . . . ol' rowdy raunchy Ran, they said."

Randolph: "They?"

Mia: "Yes, the two women you brought aboard the plane last night, one was black and blond, real sexy and . . ."

Randolph: "Bitch Ho."

Mia: "What, I beg your pardon?"

Randolph: "Nothin' that's her name."

Mia: "Oh, well they went on and on about you."

Randolph: "Where the fuck . . .?"

Mia: "In the ladies powder room."

Randolph: "No shit?"

Mia: "They compared inches. It was a fuckin' riot, pardon my French; I've had a few." The pretty attorney began to stagger and giggle.

Randolph: "Hey, relax, go on tell me the girl talk. I gits off on that female flattery."

Mia: "I bet you do, R n'R. May I call you that?" Mia purrs Randolph's nickname.

Randolph: "Yeah, if you say it like that, it's cool."

Mia: "You sir, are a prodigious stud."

Randolph: "Say what, watch yo' mouth, girl."

Mia: "You are a Lothario in the rough. That's why they can't get enough! There's no pretense, no nonsense, no, no . . ."

Randolph: "No foreplay neither."

Mia: "You're fuckin' kiddin', whoops sorry."

Randolph: "Fuckin' A, I never believed in it, waste of time."

Mia: "What do you do in place of foreplay . . . shit?"

Randolph: "That's a fuckin' trade secret; it'll cost you."

Mia: "You're mad! How much you wild monster?"

Randolph: "Your sweet ass, hot titties and ya pink pulsatin' pussy, bitch."

Mia: "Is this how you do it? Does it always work?"

Randolph: "Shit, it's workin', ya wanna know don'tcha?"

Mia: "Know what, sir?"

Randolph: "If I'm cut or uncut, right?"

Mia: "You mean are you or are you not circumcised, I presume."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm a Philistine and big as Goliath, but I understand you gotta play coy and shit."

Mia: "Who's coy? I've been bedded, sir; I've had lovers. I'm no fair maiden virgin lady-in-waiting, you know?" Mia's speech is slurred, she's tipsy and her hormones are raging.

Randolph: "You high an-a-mothafucka, baby bootay butt. Look here, who's joint is this?" Mia eyes the evident elongated endomorphic, penis impression on Randolph's thigh.

Mia: "Yours, oh wow!" Mia looks and thinks in both her parent's native tongues about his big bulging Bogotá of testicles and plump pushy pachuco of penis.

Randolph: "No, this joint, I mean you're standin' out in the fuckin' hallway talkin' shit. Whose suite is this? This is A-3, right?"

Mia: "This is the Herodias Suite. My suite sir, shared with one Carter Livingstone. We're keeping close as we can to compare notes. It's Mark's idea and strictly business."

Randolph: "Carter couldn't fuck himself."

Mia: "Look, please come in. Carter's still up in A-1 and you're A-2, convenient wouldn't you say?"

Randolph: "Convenient for what, bitch?"

Mia: "Oh, now you stay over there."

Randolph advances toward an inebriated Mia. "What else them other bitches say 'bout me, glamour good girl?"

Mia: "They called you Rubber Man, Rubber King, Rubber Righteous, Rubber Thang . . . that's what the cute, sexy, black blond said."

Randolph: "Go on, you sweet sack of cunt, you go 'head." Randolph kisses Mia violently.

Mia: "Whoa, I've . . . oh . . . I've never been kissed like that. It's crazy, I feel violated by a kiss!"

Randolph: "Goddammit, tell me the rest and I'll reward you."

Mia: "Reward me?"

Randolph: "Yeah, let me freshen your bra, I mean drink, honey thighs."

Mia: "What bra? They said you had great technique and the ultimate condom etiquette, but you could really rock n' roll."

Randolph: "Oh shit, that's all, huh? In other words, I don't spill shit, I'm fuckin' neat and I can dance." Randolph jokes and backs Mia into the suite.

Mia: "The way the woman in the turban with the fake emerald on it acted, you were Agni, the Hindu God of Fire between her legs."

Randolph: "Who else was there you slutty, bitch?"

Mia: "I love your filthy mouth. Kiss me again you big black, ugly bastard. You ghetto bull, hung, roughneck, son of a bitch. Oh shit, sorry." Randolph slams the door shut behind them.

. . .

(Asleep in bed with Mia three hours later)

The phone rings loudly.

Randolph: "What the fuck?!"

Mia answers the phone. "That's Mark, I keep it loud . . . Mark?"

Mark: "Let me speak to R n'R, Mia."

Mia: "Yes . . . er, how'd you know he was here?"

Mark: "Pearson, now give me R n 'R."

Mia hands Randolph the receiver. "Yeah, Mark."

Mark: "We have a problem. We just got a call from Louse."

Randolph: "No shit, go on."

Mark: "Yes, he's in the hotel casino. He says he's planted bombs in all of these VIP suites we rented."

Randolph: "That shit faced punk, what else?"

Mark: "We've got one minute, see you downstairs!"

Randolph: "Yeah . . . shit!" Randolph rolls out of bed and grabs his wallet.

Mia: "What is it, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Louse, that's fuckin' what . . . Let's split now! Git up, good pussy!" Mia gets up and starts to dress as Randolph bolts for the door wrapped in a sheet.

Mia: "Wait, I'm coming, what is it?"

Randolph: "A fuckin' time bomb, leave that shit. We'll share this sheet, come on!" Randolph can't believe his eyes, as he looks out the living room window and sees a whole building implode. Scurrying into the corridor, he all but panics with Mia, who missed the coincidental sight of a casino being demolished in the distance.

(In the corridor)

Mia: "Stairs, elevators, what?"

Randolph: "Yeah, stairs. Come on, Spanish, wop woman!"

In the stairwell Mia bumps her brass-ringed big toe on the metal exit door. "Oh, wait, no go on, I'm fine."

Randolph: "Yeah, you are fine. Come here, I'll go slower. It's fuckin' cool now. Anyway, I don't believe Louse would do no shit like that, so take your time." Randolph refers to his first fears of a fragmentation bomb shattering the twenty-ninth floor, as he remembers now, implosions go on and off often in Vegas, and it was probably an unrelated blast he saw.

Mia: "Who the hell is this Louse? I mean its hush hush in legal. We aren't filled in about this felon at all. We only know he's an on going potential legal problem."

Randolph: "Yeah, you can say that shit again. He's a fuckin' problem I'm gonna solve. This is the last fuckin' straw, runnin' down twenty-nine flights of stairs half-naked, shit. But I figured he could have rigged the elevators, so I'll take my chance this way. How's the foot?"

Mia: "Good, I'm good now, but you didn't answer my question, who's Louse?"

Randolph: "He's a crazy guy I thought I knew back in high school, now I'm not so fuckin' sure I know him at all."

Mia: "You seem concerned. It's scary to think he'd blow you up, I mean us. But if you're friends from high school, I wonder what he'd do if you were enemies."

Randolph: "Naw, we are fuckin' enemies. I hit 'em hard once on his hard ass head, see? He suffered humiliation and embarrassment at my hands, so he's holdin' a fuckin' vendetta, but I'll win in the end."

Mia: "How do you know that?"

Randolph: "Shit, I always fuckin' win."

Mia: "Such confidence. Well sir, I feel safe with you and I know you will get your man." Before they reach the ground level, Randolph and Mia have raw unexpected unprotected unbridled, heated sex, while standing up in the stairwell. Because of the bomb panic, Randolph left his condoms behind on the nightstand in Mia's suite. Afterwards, they come out sheepishly into the crowded casino, where Pearson and bomb squad officers are waiting with blankets to cover their partial nakedness.

. . .

(In the casino)

Pearson: "Randolph, Ms. Copa."

Mia: "Mr. Pearson."

Randolph: "Pearson, whatzup, man?"

Pearson: "We're going to let the bomb squad take it from here. Everybody's out, they're with Mark in the John the Baptist VIP lounge. He's angrier than I've ever seen anyone. What do you make of it?"

Randolph: "Shit, it's vintage Louse, what's the word on C.C.?"

Pearson: "Ms. Charles is still in Sun Baby; she's been horseback riding and swimming. She had a facial, and when I last heard an hour ago, all was quiet on the Sun Baby front."

Randolph: "Then fuck that shit, 'cause the nutty nigga's in this fuckin' casino as we speak."

Pearson: "We're on it door to door, floor by floor. So if he's here, we'll get him."

Randolph: "What happened to Kuni, nobody's mentioned him as I suspected? I told you fuckin' so, it's Louse!"

The Bomb squad sergeant speaks in a whisper. "Mr. Pearson . . . and are you Mr. Randall?"

Randolph: "Yeah, man."

Sergeant: "Well, the penthouse suites are contaminated by the exploded ordinances, so you won't be able to return today."

Pearson: "What, I didn't hear an explosion?"

Randolph: "How, man?"

Sergeant: "Stink bombs, he or they used timed stink bombs in the air ducts, a disgusting foul act."

Pearson: "This must stop, all my clothes are ruined! If he used sulfuric acid, I'm out twenty grand!"

Randolph: "We'd better fuckin' find out. I'd of bet money he wouldn't have a real bomb, shit."

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(In the John the Baptist VIP lounge)

Mark's depressed, dejected and disgusted, alone, shirtless and barefoot at the noisy, busy bar, drinking Scotch shooters and another flagon of Guinness. The gang is sitting and sipping Cosmopolitan cocktails at red lamp lit tables in utter disbelief and disarray, when Randolph and Mia walk in wearing new white King Herod athletic outfits from the Sword Spear n' Shield Spa. Mark briefs Randolph, "R n'R, we're headed out to a ranch called the T.J. 10. Then we'll leave early Friday morning for Sun Baby. I've sent extra men to check everything out, so we'll know if he's at the retreat."

Randolph: "Shit, you'll know what he fuckin' lets you know. We need some inside information, that sista of his can help. It's either her or Claudia. I've gotta talk to one of 'em and I ain't waitin'; Pearson, gimme his sista's work and home address in New York."

Pearson: "That's Katzberg, Kramer, Roberts and Klein."

Randolph: "That's three K's, shit!" Randolph alludes to a Klan inference he sees in the three K's and takes his anger and frustration at Louse, out on them in a tormented testy discharge from his twisted tortured soul.

Pearson: "Coincidence, plus, they're Jewish."

Randolph: "Don't matter, shit, it's 'bout money now, so check it out or I will!"

Pearson: "Why so uptight, Randolph?"

Randolph: "It's the Klan, man. They been in this race hatin' movie makin' racket since `Birth of a Nation´ was shot in 1915, goddammit. They killed Emmett, Martin, Medgar, Mickey Schwerner, James Chaney, Andy Goodman, those little bombed black girls, etc. The jive government's high on sillyum, nigga's are all in captivity, peace is impossible. These punk ass white people tear yo' ass to pieces, if they ever get a piece of yo' ass."

Pearson: "The Ku Klux Klan is a U.S. secret society, that is anti-black, anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, etc. Oh, and they use terrorist tactics and methods . . . so why on earth would they want to keep a motion picture company?"

Pearson forgets his money and sex theory, and Randolph reminds him. "Money, shit, it's power white or black, goddamn green power! The Confederate flag's they logo." Pearson writes the addresses down on a page he tears from his notebook, and a furious Randolph takes it and storms out of the bar in a hurried harried huff.

Mark: "R n'R . . . oh nobody can reach him now."

Pearson: "We'll stay in the background, maybe he'll find out where Louse is. It won't hurt, I guess."

Mark: "Let him inquire, what can it hurt? Both women know Louse; they're both talking to him. They're the only known links that we can use. Hell, R n'R's right again."

Pearson: "Yes . . . it appears so . . . shit!"

Mark: "Pearson old chap, is that you cursing?"

Pearson: "Damn!"

Chapter Thirteen

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Striver's Row in Harlem Habitat Know

Randolph arrives in Manhattan from Kennedy Airport by yellow cab, after a non-stop flight from Las Vegas, still wearing his white athletic outfit. He reaches Louse's sister's brownstone on Striver's Row in Harlem about 3:00 a.m. Wednesday morning, August the tenth.

Randolph: "What, you, oh shit, no fuckin' wonder!" Randolph recognizes the ultra-unattractive face of the full figured, size 18, short stocky, solid built, dark skin black woman in her sixties, who answers the wrought iron trimmed, thick oak door, with rancid morning breath and green sleep in the corners of her cruel crusty eyes. She's wearing hair curlers and dressed in a sweaty, white cotton nightgown.

Big Sista: "R n'R, you big ol' black ass fuck. What you so goddamn agitated 'bout, nigga?"

Randolph: "Your black ass brotha, bitch, that's fuckin' what . . . Louse!"

Big Sista: "What Hermy do to you, nigga?"

Randolph: "Hermy?"

Big Sista: "He's my baby ass brotha; I'm his big sista, ya dig?"

Randolph: "Fuck no, I run a piece of the company now, so his punk ass shit is fuckin' with my Kaizen America gig, ya dig?"

Big Sista: "Peanuts, Hermy has bigger bucks and backin'; he's got Kuni!" The buxom woman sticks out her chest in an arrogant, aggressive, belligerent manner.

Randolph: "Oh, so you ain't gonna play dumb, and I didn't waste my time comin' to New York City, huh? Now you wanna tell me whatzup? Go on, Big Sista, talk that tough titty, big ass city talk to me."

Big Sista: "You stupid if you think you can stop Hermy. It's too many things a man like you, American black ass nigga can't see for lookin'! When's the last time you looked at a goddamn business section in the paper, read the mothafuckin' stock report and understood what the hell you was readin', mothafucka? Look a here, Hermy, my mothafuckin' brotha can read and fuckin' understand all that NYSE good shit, and dig on it. He's goin' fuckin' public soon an-a-mothafucka, and I taught 'em how, shit." Now toe-to-toe, they trade vile insults with one another.

Randolph: "Ya bama ass mothafucka. I don't give a hot shit. I know enough to know Louse. Hermy, my mothafuckin' black ass, ya big titted, funky face, butt ugly, old chitlin' eatin, 'smelly ho, cuntfat nigga."

Big Sista: "Damn you, R n'R. Fuck you, you shit head, bull shit talkin', whitey suckin' up, Uncle Tom ass, handkerchief head mothafucka."

Randolph: "Don't stand there breathin' heavy stank, nigga. Where the fat fuck is Hermy, bitch?"

Big Sista: "You mean right fuckin' now, token sissy?"

Randolph: "Hell yeah, ya big dumb heifer. Call that nigga, we gotta fuckin' talk."

Big Sista: "Wait here, ya broken down old ape. Wait your black ass here, mothafucka." Big Sista steams off down the long narrow hall to phone Louse.

Randolph: "Bitch ass dick faced twat."

She returns and hands Randolph the phone receiver, which he takes, "Here, nigga."

Randolph: "Louse?"

Louse: "Dear boy, it is I. I pray you are not fouling up my sister's town house with your odoriferous clothes and gutter language. Too bad about the . . . big bomb scare." Louse stifles a snicker.

Randolph: "Fuck you faggot. I left that shit behind. I'm getting' new shit, so will ev'rybody else, if they smart. Nigga, what you doin' with my woman, C.C.?"

Louse: "You are deranged. I'm not discussing my relationship with Claudia."

Randolph: "If I see you, you'll answer me. You'll beg me to listen, ya lame fuck."

Louse: "Draw your own conclusions. Do you think you can calm down long enough to hear a proposition I have for you?"

Randolph: "You numb nuts nigga, I just wanna rip you a new rectum."

Louse: "Well, here's the deal as I see it. There's nothing in the works at Kaizen we don't already have. And we can beat them in the market place 'cause we're cheaper and fresher. We've got hot plans I can't talk about now. Oh, I heard they offered you a unit. Well, I can beat that deal."

Randolph: "Shut up, ya big head sissy ass mothafucka, you can't beat shit, see? I ain't fuckin' impressed. So, you goin' to the `Mo-Fo Best´ with my bitch, huh? Ya gonna sit right in the middle of all them way rich, ofay fat cats and fuck over me, huh?"

Louse: "No, you don't own Claudia. I told you I thought she had her own head, and she apparently does." Louse enjoys a quick giggle.

Randolph: "So you sayin' C.C. chose your sorry, narrow, pussy eatin' black ass over me, nigga?"

Louse: "Claudia is her own woman. Why haven't you asked her? I'll tell you why. You're not ready to face the fact that she finds me appealing."

Randolph: "Fuck that, she's a ambitious woman, and you a fuckin' black ass trick. You worked some money mojo on her ass. I'll talk to her awright."

Louse: "Denial, you can't accept the truth; she can and wants to see me too."

Randolph: "You'll never be a what? Let's see, what's drivin' you, boy? Oh I know, Big Sista mentioned ya knowin' about stocks and bonds and shit. Well, I'll bet ya fail, punk ass nigga. You're just a fuckin' pest botherin' Kaizen."

Louse: "You can't stop me and you can't top me. Toss it all up to mental superiority. I'm a pro, I have this whole thing planned."

Randolph: "Planned for what, sucka? You ain't shit. You a billionaire wannabe, huh, yeah that's it? You wannabe the first black ass billionaire, that's fuckin' it! Shit." When he says it, Randolph likes that honor for himself. Although neither man acknowledges that actual accomplishment by black media tycoon, Robert Johnson, of B.E.T. cable TV fame of late.

Louse: "As admirable as that might have been, there are a couple ahead of me in Africa. I saw this and I told Reg Lewis before he died, Africa was the black man's destiny, a united Africa, a free united consolidated black Africa for Africans, African-Americans, blacks in the Caribbean, etc. All will be welcome to build and grow and evolve, as it were, into a great giant Pan-African black contribution to mankind!"

Randolph: "Yeah, you gonna git rid of almighty whitey in South Africa, Royal Dutch/Shell Oil in Nigeria, mothafucka? Shit. South Africa's fuckin' got the bomb, not no fuckin' jive ass stink bomb, ya fart face freak. I'm talkin' thermo-nuclear shit. Them and all the Algerians, Libya, Egypt, all that shit ain't pure black, but they live in fuckin' Africa, nigga. How the hell you gonna handle the mothafuckin' Arabs alone . . . and AIDS!? Shit, forget Africa for blacks. It's too fuckin' late."

Louse: "Not if you're me, I sold my first tape recorder in the Sudan thirty years ago. Now I produce, distribute and manufacture twenty films a year, all African. I canvassed an area twice as large as America, with its multilingual peoples, a backward superstitious folk, poor, with no electricity. I used battery-operated boom boxes when I could . . . then hand wind up radios . . . like clocks. They loved them in Kenya, Uganda, and Rwanda. Everywhere I traveled, I sold and reinvested. I built the first shopping mall on wheels, a convoy of one hundred trucks, brimming with merchandise smuggled, stolen, and hustled from America. I collected used bicycles, motorcycles, old clothes, old magazines, canned food, condoms, distilled water, you name it; I learned, I created the supply and demand, I . . ."

Randolph: "You suck yeast infected skanks, you jive asshole sonovabitch. When are ya gonna git it through your scared up, dented, thick nappy ass head, that this ain't fuckin' wild butt, stupid, black face Africa. This is baad ass, Anglo-Saxon, racist America, mothafuck."

Louse: "You are a hopeless black slave. You grovel at Mark Ashton's feet, every time you indulge him in his simple-minded whims. You do it faster for the master and better to the letter."

Big Sista fumes and goes after Randolph, "Get the fuck outta here, nigga!"

Randolph holds the receiver in Big Sista's fighting mad face, "Hear this nigga bitch, man. Listen."

Louse: "Janey . . . let me finish . . . Janey?"

Big Sista crowds Randolph, "You settle down some, nigga. You ain't too big for me to tackle your black ass now."

Randolph: "You touch me, ya butch ass dike, and I'll knock you fuckin' out cold."

Big Sista swings a roundhouse right. Randolph ducks and she shrieks, "Come on, nigga, you want some of this, ya black funky bastard! Come on stand still . . . hey!"

Randolph lets go a haymaker to her jaw, and Big Sista gets knocked out cold.

Louse: "Janey . . . Randolph?" Louse continues trying to separate them in vain via the phone.

Randolph: "Your ugly ass, big butt sista is knocked fuckin' out, and now I'm comin' back for your black ass, ya dig?"

Louse: "You hit Janey . . .? You didn't. Then the gloves are off, you struck my sister. Well, I'll be here in Sun Baby. I'll be waiting for you, Randolph, with a clue . . . flying colours!"

Randolph: "Goddamn you . . . hey Louse! Flyin' colors, shit!"

Louse hangs up.

Chapter Fourteen

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Unhappy Trails 2 U, Sucka

Bitch Ho picks Randolph up at McCarran International Airport in Las Vegas, at 2:00 pm Thursday afternoon, August the eleventh, wearing shades, cut-off jeans, a kiwi belly shirt, a Raider's cap on her head and yellow python skin sneakers to match her towhead hair wig.

Randolph: "Bitch Ho."

Bitch Ho: "When you called me I was out of it. Shit, I thought it was a badass dream. Shit, fixin' to drive all the way back to Vegas in the middle of the day, I left a big ass barbecue, a roastin' fuckin' steer and a whole hog just for us. I rode a fuckin' horse, my clothes were way fucked up. We're gettin' new shit in Sun Baby. We had a fashion showin' this mornin'; I didn't like shit, so I passed. I just got this outfit and some lightweight dresses, shoes and junk, you know? Everything was racked and ruined, but my wigs and sheared pink ranch mink, 'cause I packed all that special in double plastic. Damn, that stanky smell, shit. Louse is a crazy ass nigga. So Ran, whatzup man, you ain't even listenin' to me, boo."

Randolph: "Just drive, sexy woman. Shit, you'll live. You can always get more clothes. I punched out Louse's sista; I clipped her good. Shit, I Y2koed the bama bitch. He sounded funny when I told him."

Bitch Ho: "You saw that nigga, Ran?"

Randolph: "Naw, on the phone, bitch, I talked to the nigga that's all. But she crowded me, braced me, so I put her lights out, shit."

Bitch Ho: "Ran, was she hurt bad? Did you hit her hard as a guy? Man, you could have fuckin' killed her ass."

Randolph: "I'm hip, I wanted her on her ass and quiet. I hit her a good solid clean ass shot to the jaw; it probably broke the mothafucka, she couldn't believe it. I propped her up against the sofa . . . I hope she's still sleepin' it off. Then I haul assed to an old hotel haunt of mine, caught some z's, and went shoppin' for clothes and shit."

Bitch Ho shrugs off Randolph's exploits and continues her own. "This is a strange change for me. I like this fuckin' romantic ranch shit. Monika is talkin' trash to Nouro."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, I wondered who he'd cop. He tried to hit on Janet."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, I'm hip, but dig this shit, we stayed up all fuckin' night gamblin', I won and lost. Shit, Mark lost at baccarat big-time last night, somebody said two hundred and fifty grand. Shit, I stopped lookin'; he lost so fuckin' much money. Me and Janet are tight; she's gonna be Victoria Britain, the Star of India now. Monika wants Janet to be in her movies as the other fuckin' woman. That's all we do now, shit, is fuckin' plan those three pictures. I'm playin' Monika's best buddy girlfriend in all three flicks.

"Space flew in, he's at the ranch with a treatment, `Men from Mars´; it'll be the biggest sci-phi flick ever made, a budget of over one billion fuckin' bucks, babe. Did ya hear me? Mark said he'd get the financin'. Carter, the chief accountant, said they'd do it for one point six billion, for tax purposes.

"We were all there and Mark made up his mind to do the impossible, crazy, huh? Well, they fuckin' figured they could get the most elaborate special effects Hollywood could come up with, costumes, gadgets, you know, one giant spaceship, and many, many, many other smaller space saucers, 'cause it's a confab of alien mothafucks out in space . . . like the Mo-Fo Best, you know, a universal union on earth. A fuckin' deep space United Nations summit and weird suckas from all the planets come to earth to decide what to do about the fuckin' Martians! Then, shit, while they're all talkin' and learnin' to communicate with one another, the goddamn Martian monsters come down to earth and conquer the mothafuckin' world! Man, Ran, it's the old outer space nightmare and shit. Ol' Space is a way baad dude comin' up with a commercial ass cinematic idea like that at this time. I mean Louse is the exponential explosive event in entertainment now, if he pulls off his dream. Well, since Mark blessed us with this deal and shit, my fuckin' life has way changed! I mean this is big ass time. I showed my feelin's, I shouted yeah, when Space told us, man.

"Excitement is the fuckin' cornerstone of show biz, shit no, nigga, the hard rock center piece, nah, the goddamn heart n' soul, even life blood of this whole ass industry. Monika could make some neat and tidy little flesh piece, you know, Ran, soft porn ass crap. But soon as

that white boy said `Men from Mars´, my goddamn heart haul assed, and my fuckin' pulse raced. Then he explained, and we all listened and asked him questions. And nothin' else new or fresh happened until Carter inquired, `How much?´ And Space took a toke on his Maui-Wowie joint and said, `one billion bucks´. Ran . . . then every fuckin' body freaked. I mean even Nouro bowed, and Pearson jumped, *achtung!* Even ol' Mark's mouth dropped wide open. But I screamed 'cause I knew cost was no fuckin' object, thanks to all of Louse's impendin' shit. And I was down with Kaizen now 'cause they gave me my way fuckin' big break. Ran, thanks to you, now I can hold my head up higher since Mark had the balls to stand up in the room and extol the virtues of supa big budget, when you deal with outer space spectaculars. I mean all that billion-dollar bread can make it waaay fuckin' fly. Mark wants the spaceship to fuckin' fly for real.

"Space wants octopus face like creatures with high pitch sounds comin' out of 'em and a cast of, shit, over one hundred thousand. Mark will pay big bucks for alien extras alone, if they compete in contest and create their own costumes defining the creature from space they've become to portray on the big screen. Then the ancillary on this deal is through the roof on paper, Carter said.

"Mark made a deal with the TJ 10 ranch owner. He's a merchandise supplier, promotional partner, called Western Wild. His name is Vinnie Jacobs; he's cool. I mean this cowboy came in and said he'd handle all the tie-in vendor business for Kaizen America on this picture, so, I know this deal is real. We were all ecstatic in the attic about it, swoonin' all day, shit. Mark can't wait to tell you . . . Ran, Ran . . . oh nigga, you fast a fuckin' sleep, shit."

. . . .

The TJ 10 Ranch is fifty miles from the Las Vegas Airport. It's a seven thousand five hundred acre ranch, with one thousand head of Angus for seed stock, a herd of longhorns and one hundred-quarter horses with the regular bunch of cowhands and staff.

Mark: "Howdy partner, glad ya could make it back. Any news, where do we stand?" Mark is swaggering staggering drunk and gives Randolph the finger in fun.

Randolph: "We cool. Shit Mark, you swacked, man."

Mark: "I'm makin' the movie to end all fuckin' flicks, man!"

Randolph: "I heard, man. I think I heard."

Mark: " `Men from Mars´, R n'R, or as you would say `Men from Mothafuckin' Mars´, man. I'm talking twenty-inch Martian penises that become the rage of earth women, as they go wild and freaky for that kinky Martian meat. These outer space invaders have big long, green meaty shlongs and not to mention the thrill feel, 'cause they shock like an electric eel. What could be scarier and more thrilling, than seeing a Martian with green wings, antennae and things, having a little sizzling sex with the three screen sex queens over there . . . hello ladies!" Mark blows drunkard kisses to the lounging luscious ladies, sitting arbored under a cluster of elm, oak and sycamore shade trees by the Olympic size, horseshoe shaped swimming pool.

Bitch Ho, Monika & Janet: "Yes, master."

Randolph: "Aw, not that lame ass bit again, shit."

Mark: "What did you rush off like that for? Where you been, R n'R . . . Louse got'cha tongue?"

Randolph: "Funny, man. Hey, you're fuckin' way ass face drunk, man. Sleep it off. Hey Janet, sweet stuff, come here and see 'bout ol' Mark, and you too, eh . . ." Randolph stalls at what to call Bitch Ho.

Bitch Ho: "Sharon, Ran, you must work on it harder."

Randolph: "Fuck you, Bitch Ho, you way fine hoochie, give her a hand."

Bitch Ho obliges and playfully applauds as a blue-eyed, powerfully built, arrogant, weather-beaten, red-face cowpoke sort, with a graying handle bar mustache, dressed in a white sweatshirt with cut off sleeves, a cowboy tin gallon hat, worn jeans and boots, power strutted up to Randolph.

Cowboy: "You must be Randolph Randall, R n'R, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, who're you, man?"

Cowboy: "Vinnie, I'm your host, this is my spread."

Randolph: "Oh, we fuckin' appreciate your western hospitality and shit, good beef and pig. Big ass ranch, how many acres?"

Vinnie: "We stopped countin' after fifteen hundred acres, hoss."

Space joins the two men at the five wooden picnic tables, full of delicious food and drink. "Where's the nearest chicken ranch, man?" Space inquires about the closest house of prostitution.

Vinnie: "Oh, I think that's a ways back, halfway to Vegas from here."

Randolph: "Beautiful day, hardly a cloud in the sky, shit. I like 'em gettin' ready for round up and headin' out on the trail with the chuck wagon clangin' behind, and all them cows moonin'. I can sure use a little of this wild-west shit right now."

Vinnie: "Been rough all `round, R n'R. These tough titty, Texas Republican, ex-CIA times a comin', partner. Best bite the bullet and hang on."

Space looks squarely at Randolph, as Randolph and Vinnie scope each other out like gunfighters playing poker in a B western movie. "Well, man, we meet again."

Randolph: "Call me R n'R, Spaceman."

Space: "Ok R n'R. So, what do you think of my billion dollar epic?"

Randolph: "How long is it, dude?"

Space: "Hell, six hours: three hours day, lunch break, then three more 'til evenin', then for night people: three hours, dinner break and three more hours. It's set up for mornin' people and night people."

Randolph: "Fiction sells better than non-fiction, any mothafuck knows this shit; make it an event, make it the stupendous, colossal, dick head of the fuckin' ages. Look, you Spaceman, right?"

Space: "Yeah, yeah!"

Randolph: "Listen, be the wildest most spaced out sonovabitch in the goddamn solar system, shit. Six hours is different and darin', and God knows folks like that kinda shit, makes 'em feel hip, you know: the I was there syndrome."

Space: "Yahoo! I love it, man, go on . . . I'm speechless."

Vinnie: "Yeah, R n'R, go on tell 'em how to make that money, boy."
Vinnie makes his move and Randolph responds in kind.

"Mothafucka, you call me boy one mo' goddamn time, and I'll kick the cowboy shit right outta yo' horse smellin' ass."

Vinnie: "Oh yeah, you uppity, black ass, mule stinkin', low down dirty dick nigger. You burr head motherfucker! Juan! Dale! Sam!"
Vinnie shouts for his ranch hands that come on the run from the corral.

Pearson: "Gentlemen, please, please. Don't, hey, stop . . . Noooo!"

Chapter Fifteen

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1 Man 4 Women Gang Bang Orgy n' da Dark

After the fistfight, and back on the company jet, an hour later, they take off for Sun Baby, Idaho.

Mark: "It's a good goddamn thing we rented rides and the plane was gassed and ready with the crew standing by. Thanks a lot, R n'R, really." Mark sarcastically blames Randolph for the fistfight and rushed flight plan.

Randolph: "Fuck you, mothafucka. You needed that, you gettin' soft as a sissy, so fuck you. Oh my lip, that old muscle bound John Wayne cocksucka could hit. I'm glad you and the girls jumped in."

Bitch Ho: "Ran, I got the big fat Mexican dude! Man, I hit him hard an-a-mothafucka upside his punk ass noggin, dawg."

Randolph: "Yeah, Bitch Ho, and you too, Janet, Monika and Spaceman, even you, Pearson, I saw you protectin' Nouro and them."

Pearson: "We got out ok. I guess it all just fell apart somehow."

Randolph: "He called me a fuckin' boy on the sly. I called him on it; he cussed me, and I decked his jive range ridin' ass."

Mark: "Yeah, R n'R, but the horses and the whole fuckin' herd of cows were stampeding across the canyon."

Everyone howls out loud laughter as they nurse their wounds.

Space: "We should have taped all that action . . . and I did!" Space shows off his Kaizen camera, the latest in the field of twenty-four hour digital camcorders.

Randolph: "Now you fuckin' talkin', Spaceman."

Bitch Ho: "We gonna get rich an-a-mothafucka!"

Space: "Did ya see the stupid humps runnin' and jumpin' after the horses and cattle? Then they all piled into that pick up truck."

Randolph: "Yeah, we couldn't laugh at the time. I hit that one red head boy so hard, shit, he squealed like a bitch." They enjoy more raucous laughter.

Pearson: "Speaking of that, Louse's sister, Ms. Conte has been calling, cursing and causing quite a stir. Her message is, she's coming to Sun Baby to break her foot off in your . . ."

Randolph: "I knocked that big black ass, mammy jamma into a fuckin' coma. I thought she'd be out for days."

Mark: "No, she's way pissed, R n'R, but we have bigger fish to fry. I'm going to have to keep more of an eye on our happy little group in Sun Baby, what an ensemble, no ennui here."

Randolph: "Hey mothafuck, this ain't no goddamn troupe and no travelin' companions shit. We the hard, lean, mean new guerrilla mothafucka on the fuckin' block, man. You tell 'em, sell 'em that, and you'll get your one billion dollar movie extravaganza investment."

Space: "Oh yeah! I fuckin' love it!"

Mark: "Contagious, isn't he?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm fuckin' contagious. I hear ya talkin' that Mr. Man shit, so you a brilliant mothafuck? Go on run it down, run it." Randolph goads Mark.

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, Mark, run it."

Pearson: "Yes, I'm interested in hearing your assessment of our situation."

Janet: "I for one, feel very grateful for what you, Mark, Sharon and Monika and especially you, R n'R, have given me. You gave me all this without batting an eye." Janet playfully points to the bruises and scratches on her built brown body from the confrontation at the ranch, as the others crack up laughing.

Randolph: "Naw, beautiful, ain't no thang, shit."

Space: "Yeah, man, I got my first big idea on because you took Monika from the set. That was my first chance at real creativity."

Bitch Ho: "Me too, Ran, me and you, Ran, we partners all the fuckin' way, man, and no bullshit tip."

Randolph: "I got it goin' to bed, huh?"

Bitch Ho: "Shit yeah!"

Monika: "Ditto, I knew you were special, but I didn't know this would work out so beautifully. It's better than sex, Ran . . . well most sex."

Nearly the whole company is standing in the aisle to praise Randolph now.

Randolph: "Ok y'all, I can dig it."

Pearson: "Me too, Randolph, I'm glad we're working together, and we'll get Louse just like you say."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Mark interrupts Randolph's coronation with his antithetical take on things, "Get Louse eh, well ladies and gentlemen, outside of Ms. Conte and Ms. C.C., we haven't got one other person who knows this prankster."

Randolph: "Pranksta?"

Mark: "Serial prankster, R n'R, nothing he's done warrants a roundtrip ticket to New York City, and on what, not even a good tip. Really R n'R, you haven't the foggiest; you're chasing a private fuckin' practical joke, my man." Mark alludes to the embarrassment caused by Louse at King Herod's, with stink bombs that rattled Randolph.

Randolph: "You're full of shit, you jaded Brit bastard. I'll run it now, mothafucka; you don't have the nuts or the 411 . . ." Now it's heated and strained between the two men and tinged with acrimony.

Mark: "Oh, I know plenty, for instance sub-Saharan Africa is mostly in a good position to hit the ground running, despite her vast ignorance to the electronic power outside of her. She still has Louse,

and he's spreading communication and education of the outside world to be experienced first hand. Kaizen does Music Boxes, home and business `nicest, precise, lowest prices, security devices`, computers, camcorders, cell phones, DVD players, flat HDTV's, DAT recorders, and the software for them. You name it we can make it, and sell it! Don't fuck with King Kaizen, guv'nor. We ain't no fuckin' take over target. Louse is thinking that, the arrogant son of a bitch. He wants to snare a few bankrolls at the Mo-Fo Best and work some deal with White Lion/2A/KKK, to buy us out. He's nuts, they got a hit movie without him, a sequel to `Birth of a Nation`, called `Afterbirth of a Nation`.

"The Imperial Wizard, Jamison K. Crowe, they call him Jim Crow, oh and that K in his name stands for Kleagle. He ok'ed a fortune of anonymous financing to make a history of the fuckin' Klan. So Louse is dead meat without two, no, shit, three and a half billion would be a fuckin' bargain with any luck. And with the NAACP's class action suit pending, I know they won't sell to . . ."

Randolph: "A nigga, right? You half-steppin', hierarchical high-minded honky fuck, it always comes down to that with you Caucasoid cocksuckas. A nigga can't close a fuckin' big ass deal, shit. Hell, I get a phat deal I'll close that mothafucka slick dick quick. So can Louse, and he's no punk ass pussy. He can fuckin' read, write, count and out think ya, ya jive white ass, washed up Windsor fuck."

Mark: "Yeah, I love ya too, R n'R, but not him. He seafood poisoned you and Pearson. He scared thousands of Kaizen people shitless with that . . ."

Randolph: "Toothless, old, sad ass, well-fed, trained pet, fat butt, lazy, white spray painted lion." Everybody breaks up into nervous laughter as Randolph imitates Louse's lackadaisical lion.

Mark: "You can all laugh, but really, I don't like what his very existence can do to this bunch, business wise. You're all tight now, bosom buddies and ready to take on the world together. So hopefully, we'll win in the end, if we bag him with Kuni, and all is forgiven."

The little Japanese man intercedes and attempts his hand at being an intermediary, when Mark admits his personal shame for the Las Vegas fiasco, "We forgive, Mark san, you save face. I speak for Japan, it as you say, way cool. Just get stinkin' bastard. He ruined best only formal clothes. I just fitted; he must be stopped all cost, only R n'R san can do it."

The company cheers Randolph again.

Randolph: "Yeah, Mr. Moto, I'll get the mothafuck."

Pearson takes his cue from Nouro and attempts to stave off the intense drama building between Randolph and Mark. "This woman, Claudia Charles, is an extraordinarily exceedingly, good looking woman." Pearson passes the string black bikini clad picture of Claudia on the diving board around.

Randolph: "Beautiful bitch."

Mark: "You think all your bitches are beautiful."

Space: "Wow! Do we get her for the film?"

Randolph: "Naw, she's a fuckin' diplomat in Foreign Service for her country, shit."

Pearson: "She's the American envoy to South Africa."

Bitch Ho: "High yella skank, why she so fuckin' special? Ya got three bad bitches right here, shit."

Pearson: "She is the only one that can actually identify Louse, except for his sister. And now since she's coming to Sun Baby hating us, it's up to Ms. Charles to help us."

Monika: "I can still spot him, Ran."

Randolph: "Yeah, Pearson, Monika saw 'em, remember?"

Pearson: "Oh yes, well then, she must be in the same lodge with us and at our table when the convention begins."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Monika: "I will, I'll be there."

Mark: "So, we have one eyewitness, Monika, our starlet, who we are building a one billion dollar film around, and you two guys are makin' plans to expose her to the prankster of the year. He'd have a fuckin' field day if he knew our plans now."

Pearson: "And he could."

Bitch Ho: "Oh shit."

Randolph: "And he fuckin' does then, shit."

Pearson: "We took all precautions. The plane was gone over and swept clean, stem to stern when we landed, and we can thank providence it wasn't C-4 plastic explosives for airplanes and just our own nicest, precise, lowest prices, electronic devices, debugged."

Mark: "Good, I hope."

Janet: "What else could it be?"

Nouro: "Spy, you know sell out, just take one, could be punkish pilot, or sissified cocksuckin' co-pilot."

Janet: "Could be me."

Nouro: "No, not you. You too pretty, not spy."

Janet: "Kind sir, maybe I should have gone out with you."

Nouro: "Not too late."

Janet: "Monika, I beg your fuckin' pardon." Janet acknowledges her awareness of Monika's claim on Nouro, after making a joke of wanting him herself.

Nouro: "Very funny, just jealousy joke."

Monika gives Janet a dirty petulant look, "Sure guys, very funny."

Bitch Ho: "Nouro's a bad mothafucka, Ran. He wants Janet and Monika. He's a supa, filthy fuckin', stank ass, rich, kamikaze honey bee stud, Ran."

Randolph: "Yeah. Go on, Mark, ya ol' jive ass London waif bugger. Go on, run it down." Randolph needles Mark, as is their custom to challenge each other for the naked truth in crisis situations.

Mark: "Well, if you insist, this big ass space flick is giving me chills, I want it so bad. I can't fuckin' wait to see Steven, Michael, Warren, Bill, Sumner, Ted, Mel, Robert L. Johnson, all of 'em at the Mo-Fo Best." Mark recites the first names of some of the leading entertainment and communication moguls.

Bitch Ho: "All biggies for days, y'all. I can taste the money honey, no shit. We're gonna be nasty, stinkin', filthy fuckin' rich, Ran."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Janet: "Well, big guy, can I get you another drink?"

Randolph: "Naw, just sit down on my fuckin' knee, girl. You fine an-a-mothafuck."

Janet: "And I thought you'd moved on, what a pleasant relief." Janet blushes like a bride in bed, as she sits on Randolph's knee.

Randolph: "You gushin', mama?"

Janet: "Yeah, I guess I fuckin' am."

Bitch Ho: "She's gonna be the baddest villain queen from Mars, shit. She can turn into a earth woman's form, right Space? You fuckin' genius!"

Space: "Yes, babe, I can't wait to get back on the fuckin' lot, man. We even have some sketches on the wardrobe."

Bitch Ho: "Fly shit, I helped, and it's dead on it, baby. No shit, deep fuckin' alien doo-doo, Spaceman."

Nouro: "Spare no expense, Monika great gorgeous, ravishing actress, must have all money behind her. Kaizen not take over Target Company, we big budget now, the biggest ever, worth billions on world market. Market key word, Mark san, market as you say through roof!"

And the glad gathering on board chanted in unison, "Roof! Roof! Roof! Roof! Roof! Roof!" Barking like dogs, they mocked Nouro in friendly jest.

Randolph: "Yeah, ya gotta spend some to make some. So shit, it just fuckin' follows, ya gotta spend a lot to get a lot."

Mark: "That reminds me vaguely of your `bring some ass, to kick some ass` theory of life."

Randolph: "Yeah, mothafuck, I still say that shit, but I'm gonna run my company . . . this . . .?"

Janet: "Halcyon." Randolph and Janet discussed a name for his unit, and she suggested Halcyon.

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, Ran, you deserve it, nigga."

Randolph: "Thanks, sexy."

Bitch Ho: "You welcome, my man."

Randolph: "Not you, I'm fuckin' talkin' to Janet from the red ass planet, shit."

Bitch Ho: "Cocksucka."

Janet: "Yeah, he's into me now, Sharon, you understand?"

Bitch Ho: "I'm hip, but I know Ran, he's a wham bam, goddamn, womanizer, yes mam, and he's up into all of us."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Bitch Ho: "See?"

Space: "Do you think R n'R can satisfy all three women before we get to Sun Baby Airport, Mark?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Nouro: "No man please three women at one time."

Randolph: "One at a time."

Space: "No shit?"

Randolph: "I can fuck for days without breakin' a sweat, Nouro."

Nouro: "As you say, no sweat, no shit?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I been doin' it like this . . . ever since I was a fuckin' kid."

Monika: "How old?"

Janet: "Let me guess it, ten?"

Bitch Ho: "No, hell no, Ran started at five, shit."

Randolph: "Three."

Mark: "Put the pee wee in the wee wee."

The gang loses it laughing.

Randolph: "Laugh, mothafucks, laugh, but it was three, and I was baby finger fuckin'."

Bitch Ho, Monika & Janet: "You show me your thingie, and I'll show you mine."

Randolph: "Shit, I did that too, so what, ya sexy fucks?"

Space: "No, you're changin' the fuckin' subject. No shit, man, you could fuck all three and satisfy 'em?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah."

Mark: "Bet."

Nouro: "How much?"

Mark: "Ten K."

Pearson: "Too steep for me."

Carter: "I'd like to speak. I took a punch back there for you, I might add, Mr. Randall, but nothing, you said nothing, not one word. Now I'm aching, the whole left side of my face is on fire. It's raw and red, black, purple and blue."

Randolph: "What you sayin', mothafuck?"

Carter: "You're another one! You can't ignore me, you can't just strut around like Eros himself after . . ."

Mark: "How much Carter?" Mark is looking for action and takers, and he tries to interest Carter to bet.

Carter: "I wouldn't dignify that, Mark. I want to get to Sun Baby and . . ."

Randolph: "Who's that over there, behind you so fuckin' quiet?" Randolph sees a figure curled up in the window seat beside Carter.

Mia: "Me, it's me, Mia."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, sexy, where the hell ya been?"

Mia: "I'm still on the job since we met in Vegas."

Randolph: "I know, baby cakes, I ain't fuckin' senile. Come over here, Sicilian, Cuban chile. Let's have a fuckin' look see, shit."

Mark: "Make that fifteen K and a grand a piece for you four women."

Space: "Oh shit!"

Nouro: "Impossible, it's a bet."

Randolph: "I'll take all of that Affirmative Action shit, and you're all fuckin' covered."

Monika: "Now just a goddamn minute, I'm not doing anything resembling that."

Randolph: "You did porn, right?"

Monika: "Yes, some." Monika was never paid as much as one thousand dollars for the adult films she made and the magazines she posed for.

Space: "You did porn, when?"

Bitch Ho: "No shit!" Bitch Ho made her best money sexually supine, or as she'd say, "I charge one large or go to Marge."

Janet: "I'm not sharing you tonight, R n'R, no bet." Janet got paid about the same for her flight attendant duties, when she worked for Mark.

Mia: "I'll do it." Mia made a grand a week or so for her legal assistance to Mark.

Carter: "Mia!"

Mia: "No Carter, I've already done it for free."

Carter: "You've been drinking, you don't know what you're saying . . . Mark!"

Mark: "Calm down, Carter, you blew your chance. I put you and Mia together in Vegas and you came up snake eyes."

Randolph: "Pearson, you hold the paper. Write it down, and it's legit shit." Randolph laughs at his own ridiculous suggestion to Pearson. And Bitch Ho picked up on the fun, giggling, "Fuck it, I get a grand and besides that, a great gash reamin', I had Ran before too."

Janet: "As if we didn't know that, Sharon."

Bitch Ho: "Fuck you, ya turban wearin', towel head, hot eyed, Indian ass, hellacious Hindu ho."

Monika: "That's my main girlfriend Sharon talking, that's my girl."

Janet: "Mine too, she's wrong tonight though, think of your image, Monika. I mean you're the star of a billion dollar craps shoot, why blow it with this smutty move?" Mark and Nouro each put a seventeen grand check on the table with Randolph's, nineteen grand check, after deciding what the loser or losers, in either case, should pay each of the four women for performing the sex act.

Mark: "Yes, Janet, this could be considered a smutty move, but on the other hand, it might just be the kind of sensationalism the PR department could use to clobber the competition."

Randolph: "What fuckin' competition? They all gonna wait 'til we win or lose, shit. We the innovatin' leaders, they just trend followers. All of 'em will wanna make billion dollar flicks after we do it."

Space: "So, the ladies kitty is four grand?"

Bitch Ho: "I want one fuckin' large by myself, shit."

Monika: "Hell, I'll do it for that!"

Nouro: "I don't believe this."

Space: "Janet, you call it, babe."

Janet: "One grand's cool, if you insist."

Mark: "Mia?"

Carter: "Mark, how can you sink to his level? He's joking, isn't he?"

Mia: "Shut up Carter, I'm fuckin' in."

Mark: "One grand a piece it is then."

Space: "Where are you gonna do this shit, man?"

Randolph: "Right here, shit. How much time we got, Mark?"

Mark: "One fuckin' hour, Mr. Hour of Black Phallic Power."

They're all relaxing in the lounge area of the aircraft with big, roomy, comfortable couches at their disposal. And they push all the couches together to make one great giant bed.

Randolph takes a ten pack of prophylactics out of his briefcase, "Good, I'll start off with Mia. Come here, Cuban chile, guinea girl. Hot Hindu hiney, Janet, you're next; so sit right here, then you, Money Honey movie star. After that, I'm gonna bust you dead in your pretty pink, hot asshole, Bitch Ho."

Bitch Ho: "Oh shit, Ran, you saved the best for last . . . damn!"

Mia: "You're not playin' around, R n'R, this is for real?"

Randolph: "Yeah, mama Mia, come one, come all, ummm!"
Randolph proudly possesses over a pound of proud engorged, fleshy flexing, swollen, veiny growth, that stiffens and hardens for penetration. He exposes his erect, big black, throbbing, gargantuan, heinous penis and calls for lights out.

All: "WHOA!"

Chapter Sixteen

. . .

Mile High Club Like a Mo-Fo

The anticlimax of the Las Vegas layover, puts the company in Sun Baby on that same Thursday, August the eleventh at 10 p.m. mountain time. Too tired, drunk, high, hung over and spent to move, the paid prostitute participants slept in the luxury jet as it sat on the tarmac until 8:00 a.m. the next morning.

Randolph: "I'm the superstar stud of Wanna-Be-Others Pictures . . . shit." Randolph enjoys a raucous laugh. And he was a porn star of sorts, as Space captured the whole ongoing onlooker onslaught orgy on tape, using a Kaizen handi-cam infrared lens and DAT recorder to pick-up all the animated aural amoral Affirmative Action.

Mark: "I should've sold tickets, and I will! Go on laugh your black fuckin' ass off, you fuckin' big dick freak, hard on, hot n' horny, perverse bastard."

Randolph: "You just fuckin' jealous, ya punk asshole, genteel fuck."

Mark: "No shit, fuck 'em all, do it. That's your fuckin' thing, R n'R, you're sediment."

Randolph: "Fuck you, white boy, I got propriety in spades. Don't get into this now, you know fuckin' better, shit head."

Mark: "Me, you got into it by yourself, you fuckin' pimp ass nigga, plus, you need a forelock, bris and moil." The second seemingly serious vituperate invective begins, when Mark hits a sore spot and speaks unflatteringly about Randolph's penis being uncircumcised.

Randolph: "I'm gonna talk about ya mama now, ya tired ass ofay mothafuck. She loved my gangly black foreskin."

Mark: "You're a fuckin' feckless, black, all American nigga, big foot Baptist ass, primitive pimp, R n'R. You jive cocksucka, dick faced, vile piece of skid row drunk vomit."

Randolph: "Prove it, faggot, you got the fuckin' floor. Prove it . . . 'cause I fucked ya mama, and you know I don't play, goddammit. That's right, after the funeral, I went by to comfort the British baroness bitch, and she became fuckin' unglued, so I held her to console her hot ass. She became hotter than-a-mothafucka, man. I wrote it all off to hysteria and shit, but ya know she fuckin' clawed at my dick . . . so, I tore her cunt and asshole up, Mark." Mark's mother is the baroness of Gilgrave, and Randolph is referring to an affair, he alludes happened after Mark's father, the baron's funeral a year ago in England.

Mark: "You're lyin', you're fuckin' good, but not that goddamn smooth. My mum is on to you, she wouldn't fuck you, if you were fuckin' . . ."

Randolph: "White, right? Ya fuckin' KKK Nazi, ass wipe sissy. I knew ya couldn't stand the thought of me humpin' yo' mama raw. But I got proof you cheap piece of crap faggot."

Mark: "You're a big, ugly, black ass, nigga mouth lie, you gnarly old bastard. Show me, shit, c'mon show and tell, you swarthy lecherous fuck, but it won't bode well with our partnership if it's true!" Mark knew of Randolph's habit of collecting a signed sexy snapshot and snippet of pubic hairs from his favorite women conquest, and he called Randolph on it boldly.

Everyone is still, startled, staring and captivated by the two men's intense angry torrential exchange; so Bitch Ho being the bravest, steps in, "Guys, cool it, whatzup Mark? Ran, you ok? What y'all doin', fuckin' with our heads? Don't trip us, man. Shit!" Bitch Ho hits upon the truth: the two men are merely having fun at their expense.

Randolph: "Shit, we always trip ya, Bitch Ho, but you always way hip, huh?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, you big ol' mack daddy cakes you."

Mark: "Well, we got here last night on a wing and a prayer, so assume the fuckin' position for deboarding, gang. We're gonna party smack dab in the middle of . . . Sun Baby!"

Randolph: "Shit yeah!"

Bitch Ho, Monika, Janet and Mia: "Big ol' black sexy sugar mack daddy."

Nouro: "As you say, way fuckin' cool." Nouro bid sayonara to his staff at the Las Vegas airport after the fight at the ranch and joined the gang alone.

. . .

Black Eros entourage deboards the plane at Sun Baby Memorial Airport in Herbert, Idaho 10:00 a.m. Friday the twelfth.

Mark: "R n'R, tell 'em you're the host, Allen Henry, and watch their expressions."

Randolph: "Fuck you, whitey, this is gonna be awrighty almighty, all day up in ev'ry ladies nightie!"

Monika: "Oh, the sun is bright and warm on my skin. What a super fine day."

Pearson: "Morning, Miss, it's a great morning."

Space: "We can do a hip nuevo version of `Sun Valley Serenade`, the 1941 flick and call it, `Sun Baby Soul Sex Serenade`."

Private jets of every make and kind, flying to the Mo-Fo Best, surround them.

Mia: "Now that's super rich, that woman stepping into the limo, right off her private jet." Mia unknowingly points out Randolph's wife, Gwen.

Randolph: "Yeah, hey shit . . . Gwen, Gwen!"

Mark: "Are you sure, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Ya fuckin' A, plain as day, shit."

Bitch Ho: "You mean that rich bitch was your bitch, Ran? No shit?" They all rushed with Randolph getting into a Sun Baby Resort Van.

Randolph: "I told you yeah, shit, ya fuckas. What ya want me to say? Hey man, follow that fuckin' limo!" Randolph barks an order at the driver, and they pull away behind Gwen's limo, leaving their luggage for the driver's next trip.

Mark: "I can't wait to hear her explanation, R n'R. What do you think she's gonna say?"

Randolph: "Mothafuck, I don't know shit, she's probably here to see me."

Bitch Ho: "I wonder why, you're never fuckin' home, Ran. I tell ya all the fuckin' time, shit, call home, go home."

Randolph: "Fuck you, Bitch Ho, you don't tell me shit. But somethin' tells me some deep dark doo-doo is waitin' for my black ass up in Sun Baby. This pretty, way sunny mothafucka could be way trouble."

Mark: "But did you ever see so many fuckin' private Gulf streams, Lear jets, Challengers, Citations and Bombardiers in one airport?"

Driver: "VIP's, sir, this is the big one, sir!"

Mark: "What's your name, I'm Mark Ashton."

Driver: "Pleased to know you, Mr. Ashton, sir." The driver swerves slightly.

Randolph: "Shit, man, watch the fuckin' road."

Driver: "Sorry, sir."

Mark: "What'll I call you?"

Driver: "Jimmy, Jimmy Cole, I've been doin' this since they built this place two years ago."

Randolph: "So this is it, huh?"

They arrive at the resort, fifteen minutes away.

Driver: "Yes sir, Sun Baby Resort."

Randolph: "Ok, man, pull up behind 'em. Whoa, let me out this mothafucka! Gwen, it's me, shit!" Randolph rushes out of the van and up to Gwen, who is standing on the curb about to give instructions to a bellboy. She's most attractively attired in a black sun hat, shades, a silver cotton suit with high heels and a white lace blouse, featuring a black Tiffany pearl necklace.

Gwen: "Ran."

Randolph: "Gwen, goddammit, what the fuck!?"

Bell Boy: "May I help you, mam, and welcome to Sun Baby Resort."

Gwen: "Yes, it's so lovely here, please be careful. Yes, and take this too." Gwen hands the bellboy her make-up case.

Randolph: "Gwen, baby, what the fuck are you doin' up in this piece?"

Gwen: "I was invited."

Randolph: "Who invited you, beautiful girl?"

Gwen: "Wouldn't you like to know?"

Claudia: "Hi, R n'R."

Randolph: "C.C., what's goin' on here?"

Gwen: "See ya, two timer."

Randolph: "Gwen wait, C.C.!"

(Over the P.A. System)

"Paging Mr. Randolph Randall, Mr. Randolph Randall. Please come to the front desk, thank you."

Randolph still mortified, befuddled and mystified by the discomposing development, goes over and confronts the front desk, "Shit, hey, I'm Randall."

Desk: "Yes sir, take your call over on the wall, sir, number six."

Randolph angrily answers the house phone on the wall, "Yeah!"

Louse: "I trust your stay in Sun Baby so far has been an eventful one?"

Randolph: "You rotten sneaky ass sissy. I'll get you, c'mon out, just you and me. C'mon, meet me any fuckin' where. What'cha say, cocksucka?"

Louse: "I say the paint shop in ten minutes, come alone."

Randolph: "I'll fuckin' be alone, I'll . . . hey nigga, shit."

Louse hangs up.

Mark comes over curious to chat. "Both of 'em, huh? Gwen and C.C., tough toenails, babe. Look, what are you gonna do?"

Randolph ignores Mark's comments and addresses the desk clerk, "Hold on albino. Hey man, where the fuck is the goddamn paint shop?"

Clerk: "It's on the next level down, sir, and up the corridor on the right. You can't miss it."

Mark: "Paint shop, I'll come with you, R n'R. Oh, not a fuckin' gain . . . hey wait up, hold the lift!"

Randolph bolts off in another apparent huff and gets on the first elevator going down shouting, "Stay here!"

. . .

(In the dimly lit paint shop)

Randolph: "Anybody up in here . . .? Hey Louse!"

Louse: "Don't move you bastard. Pick up that paint gun on the work bench."

Randolph: "What, nigga come out here. Get out of the shadows, shit."

Louse is concealed behind a rack of painter's coveralls. "I'm here, but I'll shoot if you rush me."

Randolph: "Don't shoot me, faggot, get over here . . . hey! Mothafucka, what'd you shoot me with?" Randolph is hit in the right eye.

Louse: "It's a paint pellet, I told you not to try that."

Randolph can't believe how punishing the pain is in his eye, "In my mothafuckin' eye!? Shit! My eye, mothafucka!? Where's the goddamn water!? I'll tear this cocksucka down! Shit!"

Louse: "Here, it's a hose, take it quick. That's it . . . don't rub it, don't rub it. Now listen to me, Randolph, I'm on your side. Because now we're even for what you did to me, so, you only owe me for what you did to Janey."

Randolph: "Janey, who the fuck is . . . aah! My fuckin' eye! Shit!"

Louse: "My sister."

Randolph: "Big sista, shit, she had it comin'. She . . . hey!" Randolph is blindsided and punched hard in his temple by an enraged Big Sista, just missing his wounded eye.

Big Sista: "Ya foul mouth, black, big dumb ass, stupid triffin', butt ugly bum . . . I'll show you, hit a woman will you, ya son of a bitch!"

Louse: "Janey, no!"

Randolph: "Hey mothafuck, you kicked me in my fuckin' ass . . . hey booga bear, come back here! Ya better run . . . Louse!"

. . .

The so-called Hip Flip Side of the Mogul Fest is Sun Valley Mo-Fo Best held all over the Sun Baby Resort area in the summer. It is mostly conducted at the main village below the world famous and finest ski slopes in America. Giant picture windows show off the scenic setting that is nothing short of magnificent. The grappling grasping greenback guest and their families stay in lodges, quaint, modern, but rustic buildings that are made mostly of the wood and stone materials found in the area.

Big entertainment multimedia companies make panel presentations in the main halls during the day and night. All those interested may attend. This proposed year in, year out practice is sworn to secrecy, as all of the dealings are deemed privileged and private. Since the first function of the resort is recreation: white water rafting, golf, horseback riding, tennis, swimming, fly-fishing, ice skating, skeet shooting and hiking, etc. go on simultaneously with the seminars. The best cuisine is available day and night all over the resort. At night, Sun Baby excels in top shows with star performers, plus, dining and dancing.

(The gang congregates in Randolph's lodge.)

Randolph: "Hey, mothafuck get the goddamn doctor up in here. My fuckin' eye is burnin' fuckin' up, and I can't see out of it. Shit!"

Mark: "Oh shit, that's bad, R n'R. Sit here in the light. Oh shit, it's waay fucked up, man."

Randolph: "Mothafuck, will you call the goddamn doctor, before I shit or go fuckin' blind!"

Janet: "Oh, R n'R, let me see? Mark, get some eye wash and an eye washer from my bag on the chair, please."

Monika: "Sit back, big guy, let me see. Oh Ran, that's bad, man."

Bitch Ho: "I'd hate to see the other mothafucks face. Shit."

Randolph: "Will you fine fussy fucks shut the hell up? Where's the goddamn doctor? Shit. It hurts and stings . . . Oh!"

Mia: "I called him, R n'R . . . Oh man, it's all bloody to hell red!"

Randolph: "That's red paint, ya hot ass knucklehead. I got shot with a fuckin' paint gun."

Pearson: "Red paint, imagine using red to resemble blood. What a hideous act of mock violence, he must be stopped."

Randolph: "Where's that fuckin' doctor, ya frivolous fucks?"

Mark devises a diversionary tactic, in order to take Randolph's attention off of his raging exasperating eye ache. "NC-17 `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars´ in 3D!"

Randolph: "NC-17, naw. Aw shit, where's the fuckin' doc, goddammit?"

Janet: "I've got eye wash solution, here, but I wouldn't use it if I were you."

Randolph: "You ain't me, beautiful, so give it up."

Bitch Ho: "Let's see it again, Ran, oh shit."

Randolph: "Hey, Bitch Ho, don't fuckin' touch it. Shit!"

Space: "What the fuck happened, big guy? Who'd hit you?"

Randolph: "Nobody, I got shot."

Space: "Say what!"

Randolph: "No, not with a real bullet, mothafuck shot me with a paint pellet. Damn, it hurts like hell; my head's on fuckin' fire!"

Monika: "The doctor's coming, he's right in the resort. Oh, that looks terrible!"

Randolph: "Oh shit! I can't see a goddamn thang out of it."

Mark tries his plan of diversion again, to stave off the pain Randolph suffers. "Look, man, I think NC-17 is cool, think about it; hey Space, help me out here. Do you have some heavy sexy action in this flick like I told you or what?"

Space: "Yeah, not NC-17, but with what I experienced on the plane last night, I can dig triple X now." Space recalls the one-man gang, four women Mile High Club orgy at thirty thousand feet in the dark, that he taped and reviews over and over while masturbating profusely in private.

Randolph: "Hey, Spaceman, don't let this British maniac change your shit, man. Oh! That was a bitch. I can't put this shit in my eye; it's fuckin' killin' me!" Randolph makes the mistake of using the eye solution.

Mark: "No, R n'R, you're all wrong and confused. It's hardcore porn sex, and incidentally ol' boy, I don't like the title `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars´, indeed. It's too fuckin' plain. You need a new title, something powerful and simple: something fresh and excitingly hot. I don't know now, but we'll come up with it. However, the outer space theme is right on, except for this Mars shit. Think about it, R n'R: Mars is red, on fire, a fuckin' igneous, burnin' caldron of a planet, about as big, no bigger, a little bigger than earth, right? It's a cinder smoldering in the eye of the universe as it were, four hundred and thirty-five million miles away."

Randolph: "Watch that burnin' caldron, cinder in the eye shit."

Mark: "Well, what we'd need is Martians burning fire, some incendiary shit, hot, red hot special effects."

Randolph: "I don't dig it . . . aw shit, that stings! Forget it, unless you can come up with the mothafucka title of all time. I feel real good with `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars´. I don't . . . oh shit, that burns!" Randolph shakes from the pain and writhes in agony.

Mark: "No, R n'R, nah, you're fuckin' way nuts. I think ya should think how many times guys went for that Mars theme with no box office in sight, except for E.T. Not us, we gotta fuckin' score way big. We gotta do this with fuckin' commercial creative cut-rate cornball coruscation, right?"

Janet: "I like the title, Mark, you're wrong."

Monika: "I don't know, NC-17 is a hard sell. No damn kids, and we gotta have 'em."

Randolph: "Goddamn, this fuckin' thang is murderin' me, shit! That skinny nigga shot me in the eye, and that big, ugly, black bitch went upside my head and kicked me square in my black ass."

Pearson: "I never would have believed anybody could get the best of you, I can't believe it!"

Carter: "Everyone has an Achilles heel, no one is invincible. We all have chinks in our armor, no offense, Nouro."

Nouro: "None taken, as R n'R say, you lily livered, white ass mothafuck."

Randolph: "Oh! Shit, Nouro, bitch slap that stupid securitizin' bastard for me one time. Naw, shit, hit him twice, hard."

Mia: "Hold your head back, R n'R, I'll take a look. Hey don't worry, I won't hurt you; I won't touch it. Oh God, oh, my God that's bad! Your eye is all white as bone, it's Godawful!"

Mark: "You gotta have a better idea, Space, ignore R n'R on this shit. This is my expertise and I'm tellin' you we need another script. Cost is no fuckin' object, something from another galaxy . . . that's it. See, R n'R, another fuckin' world, we can go further out this way."

Randolph: "Oh . . . shit, naw, further out my dick, ya silly dilly, dumb fucka. Ain't nothin' wrong with `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars`, man. It's simple, that's fuckin' what sells, ya blitherin' bastard. Ya sound like a Hollywood hack fool."

Monika: "Mark, forgive me, but he's right. It's the right title and the right galaxy. NC-17 sucks saggy salty silicone tits, it's soft porn. I want, we all want a big successful, slick American, hot buttered popcorn blockbuster, that goes wide all over this planet."

Mark: "I made you, Monika, you're my fuckin' star. Now look at your goddamn gratitude, you suck unwiped assholes. You all are fuckin' wrong and I'll prove it."

The doorbell rings and Janet quips, "Oh, saved by the doorbell, hold that disgusting, insidious thought, Mark." Janet admits the doctor. "Hello doctor, I hope?"

Doctor: "Yes, Dr. Lindley." A white male about fifty, in a dark blue summer suit, shirt and tie, black shoes and socks, wearing glasses and carrying his medical bag, enters the lodge.

Randolph: "'Bout mothafuckin' time, over here, doc. Quit lookin' at her sweet Hindu hind pots, shit. I'm fuckin' dyin' here, quick, man, my goddamn eye is killin' me!"

Doctor: "Hold your head back, sir. Don't touch it. . . . Hmm, let me check it first . . . no damage to the cornea."

Monika: "How can you tell, doctor, his eye is all white?"

Doctor: "Yes, it will return to normal after a few days, he'll be fine. You'll see fine, sir . . . twenty-twenty."

Randolph: "Stop the goddamn pain and burnin', doc!"

Doctor: "Yes, I'll give you pain killers and this medication. Now hold your head back . . . This will smart some, but it's the best antiseptic I have." The doctor applies the anodyne to Randolph's eye.

Randolph: "Oh! Louse!"

Doctor: "What?"

Pearson: "Not you doctor, that's the name of the monster who shot him, he's just cursing him."

Doctor: "Shot!?"

Pearson: "Yes, with a paint pellet."

Doctor: "Paint pellet, you're lucky there was no toxic chemical in it."

Randolph: "Yeah, doc, he smoked me with a paint pellet gun, ya dig?"

Doctor: "What will they think of next, how utterly stupid?"

Randolph: "I feel fuckin' better now. It's subsidin', doc, and coolin' down."

Doctor: "Yes, now don't you touch it, and I'm going to put an eye patch on it. Then I'll send you a nurse who can help you with these drops and change the eye patch dressings."

Bitch Ho: "No, doc, I'll do it, I watched you, and I can help. That's my best fuckin' friend there."

Randolph: "Naw, shit, you wanna help me, watch Mark. He's gonna fuck up the flick."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, we'll watch his ass, Ran."

Doctor: "It's best I call a nurse to help you. I'll send her to you soon." Dr. Lindley gives Randolph Vicodin, potent painkillers and leaves. Randolph swallows a handful of the pain pills and gulps down a brandy.

Mark: "R n'R, how do you feel? Any pain, can you talk about `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars´, or are you ignominiously ineptly incapacitated?"

Randolph: "Naw, I'm fine. Where's Gwen, shit? I gotta see her. Get her on the phone, Mark. Both of 'em, her and C.C. were goin' somewhere together, shit."

Bitch Ho: "What?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah, Gwen was standin' there, then up comes C.C., and she speaks to me. Gwen smiled, said some shit, and they split, so go fuckin' figure."

Pearson: "Louse."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'll get him. Gimmie them shades, shit."

Mark: "Ah, sunglasses in Sun Baby, you look like a fuckin' mega media mogul."

Randolph: "I feel better, Mark, get Gwen. What'cha doin', you piece of albino dog shit?" Mark is using the phone as Randolph pals around, jabbing and faking punches at him to show his good spirits.

Mark: "She will not answer, or she's not there."

Randolph: "Where is she, and how'd you get the number?"

Mark: "Pearson . . . who else?"

Pearson: "I can't believe it either, your wife and Ms. Charles together is incredulous. I found out seconds before you ran into Ms. Charles."

Randolph: "Yeah, C.C. was real fuckin' carefree and so goddamn cute about it. `Hi, R n'R´, I can still fuckin' see her sayin' it."

Bitch Ho: "Outta one eye though, shit."

Pearson: "Louse paid for the whole thing, we checked. He sent his private plane to get your wife, and she's his guest along with Ms. Charles and Ms. Conte from New York City. All three women are in the same lodge."

Randolph: "Is that crazy ass nigga with 'em?"

Pearson: "No, we don't know his living arrangements as of yet. He hasn't been to see them; we're watching and listening around the clock, like always."

Randolph: "Keep me posted, I gotta know when Gwen or C.C. go out alone, shit."

Pearson: "Ok, no problem."

Monika: "We're going riding. Mia, you wanna come now that Ran is better?"

Mia: "Ok, I'll come, no jet lag here, I feel great!"

Mark: "I'm goin' fishin' for a screenwriter and . . ."

Randolph: "Hey, man, I thought you was just fuckin' around tryin' to keep my mind off the pain? Don't tell me you really wanna fuck with the flick?"

Mark: "I was just jivin' at first, but under the circumstances, I began to hear my own real thoughts. I mean nobody will question us as to how we produce this picture. It's the biggest budget in the history of all biggies. So it should be about something, not just the same ol' Mars bull shit.

"R n'R, I'm right and you know me when I'm right. We need an excellent writer. I love ya, Space, but ya ain't no Hemingway, so we'll only stick to the great premise you came up with. And we'll stick with the same principal female cast, but we add every big name living, and then pay the motherfucks scale, shit. That's the budget, that's the gimmick; we make 'em aliens too, in full FX makeup, with bizarre faces and whatever odd looking outfits. And we let the audience guess who they are. We can get character cameos! You know, starring Tom Cruise. Let's say Tom's Mayor of New York City or L.A., take your pick."

Space: "L.A."

Randolph: "I don't know, Mark, ya fuckin' up, man."

Mark: "No wait, R n'R. Liz Taylor is a California congresswoman. Bobby D. (Robert De Niro), shit, you name it, lawyer, doctor, cabbie . . . nah, been there, done it."

Randolph: "Name a nigga already, shit. You named three or four fuckin' honkies, you bigot head Brit bastard."

Mark: "Yeah, R n'R, Eddie Murphy, garbage man."

Randolph: "Fuck you, ya scum suckin' Caucasoid sissy: Jamie Fox, and all the rappers who act in the movies, Sidney Poitier, Harry Belafonte, Melvin and Mario Van Peebles for `Sweetback` alone, shit. The guy who played Ike Turner (Laurence Fishburn), Bill Cosby, Denzel Washington, Eddie Murphy, garbage man my dick. Spike Lee and his killa crew, all da Wayans Family, ya fuck, Keenen Ivory, Damon, Kim, Shawn and Marlon. Football great, Jim Brown, Fred Williamson, Billy Dee Williams, Morgan Freeman, Danny Glover, Wesley Snipes, Samuel L. Jackson, Charles S. Dutton, Clarence Williams III, Roscoe Lee Brown, James Earl Jones, Richard Roundtree, Robert Hooks, Al Freeman, Jr., Cuba Gooding, Jr., Louis Gossett, Jr., Keith David, Forrest Whitaker, Calvin Lockhart, Will Smith, John Amos, Sherman Hemsley, Ben Vereen, Dick Anthony Williams, Lorenz Tate, Terrence Howard, Clifton Powell, Baja Djola, Mr. T., Gary Coleman and O.J., goddammit. I could go on and on, and I ain't even gave the loveliest leadin' ladies of soul they props yet: Lena Horne, Ruby Dee, Eartha Kitt, Cicely Tyson, Diahann Carroll, Diana Ross, Pam Grier, Phylicia Rashad, Debbie Allen, Alfre Woodard, Della Reese, Mary Alice, Lorraine Toussaint, Angela Bassett, Halle Berry, Whitney Houston, Oprah Winfrey, Vanessa Williams, Vivica A. Fox, Vanessa Bell Calloway, Loretta Devine, Ann B. Johnson, Janet Jackson, Naomi Campbell, Thandie Newton, Lela Rochon, Nia Long, Regina King, Queen Latifah for "Set It Off" and Lili Taylor, whether she's black, white or whatever. Shit, we be here on tomorrow namin' black show biz beauties."

Mark: "No wait, I'm kidding. Hell, I'm not central casting, but we can fuckin' afford Hanks, and Whoopie would be great and Dusty."

Randolph: "Who?"

Mark: "Dustin Hoffman, you get the idea, all these top people, plus, your favorite white actor, Woody Allen, then: Gregory Peck, Christopher Lee, Jack Palance, Harrison Ford, Jim Carrey, Robin Williams, Steve Martin, Warren Beatty, Michael Caine, Brad Pitt, Hackman, Eastwood, both Douglases, Kirk and Michael, Pacino, Stallone, Schwarzenegger, Willis, Redford, Newman, Jack Nicholson, Robert Blake, Danny DeVito, Hugh Grant and Mickey Rooney! So, let a great scriptwriter put the characters down on paper, and we pay every actor in Hollywood scale to do it. All the big names and little names and wannabes in town would kill to be in the first billion dollar blockbuster."

Carter: "That's the budget, so we'd better have dialogue dollars and plot pennies plenty leftover for production." Carter speaks his cash concerns.

Randolph: "Nouro, I thought I told you to bitch slap that high finance fuck."

Nouro: "Glad you better, R n'R san. But after escapades last evening on plane, I afraid to leave out real sex. So I agree on NC-17, even triple X! I have as you say, first hand experience."

Randolph: "Oh damn, man, that was nothin'. But you'll kill it sure as hell, if you put shit like that on the fuckin' screen. I want big box office for days. I want way worldwide Mars mania ev'ry fuckin' where, man, like you guys go nuts in Japan for them Godzilla monsta movies."

Mark: "Mothafuck that, R n'R, gratuitous sex fuckin' sells and you know it. Monika, Janet and Sharon have the ability to deliver big-time. We just need a super stud."

Nouro: "R n'R san!"

Space: "Black space super stud . . . yeah!"

Randolph: "Naw, you vulgar ass greedy fucks, Mark is playin' ya. He does shit like this to keep fools on they toes. Ya dig? He's just kickin' the idea around to see if we forgot shit."

Pearson: "Randolph, I have a confirmation that your wife is headed out towards the hiking path by herself." Pearson is standing in the bedroom doorway, and as is his habit, holding a cell phone to his ear.

Randolph: "Oh shit, gotta go . . . where is she now?"

Pearson: "Just go down to the front door of the main lodge lobby, and she's on the trail on the right. You'll have to catch up with her."

Randolph: "Later."

Chapter Seventeen

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Cheap Psych, Take a Hike

On the hiking trail, Gwen is wearing yellow sunglasses, clad in yellow socks, a silk banana t-shirt with coordinated chocolate surf shorts and tennis shoes. But she's ostentatiously displaying an over-accessorized, out of place black pearl necklace.

Randolph: "Hey, pretty rich lady."

Gwen: "Well, I wondered what happened to you. Last time I saw you this morning, you were standing in the lobby with your mouth wide open."

Randolph: "Look, baby buns, I was in shock. Why are you here, girl? I'm glad, but why?"

Gwen: "I got a call, a rather interesting call from Ms. Charles. She's an American envoy to . . ."

Randolph: "I know, I know! I'm sorry, go on."

Gwen: "She said I should come here as you would be here, and I could use a private jet all expenses paid, with VIP treatment the whole trip. I was lonely and bored in Bel-Air and I couldn't resist the offer."

Randolph: "What fuckin' offer, I mean what does C.C., eh, Ms. Charles want with you?"

Gwen: "She said we had an opportunity at an important once in a lifetime business deal, and she'd explain in person. She told me the proposal for the deal was made to you, but so far you were refusing it. She said she felt she should include me, as the wife, to impart my influence on you, after she laid out the particulars of the offer."

Randolph: "What offer, what?"

Gwen: "She was adamant about that, she said there was a chance for you to become CEO of Kuni Entertainment."

Randolph: "What the fuck, she said that? No shit, how could she say that? Is she fuckin' nuts, goddamn?"

Gwen: "She quoted a ten percent of the domestic gross deal, then all the bene's and perks you could dream of, your own Gulf stream or whatever and a salary of eight digits."

Randolph: "She bribed and tempted you like a fuckin' viper, huh?"

Gwen: "At first I thought so, just another hot lusting woman after you, but I got a down payment by messenger . . . see?" Gwen shows Randolph her black pearl necklace.

Randolph: "Yeah, ok, so ya got a string of fake pearls."

Gwen: "No, I checked and these cost over, get this, three hundred thousand dollars. They're black cultured pearls with a diamond clasp, see?"

Randolph: "Uh-huh, hey, but goddamn, three hundred thousand bucks? Shit!"

Gwen: "That's about what I said at the jewelers. His expression was about like yours now."

Randolph: "So, you're gonna keep 'em and you don't wanna hear my take on any of this?"

Gwen: "I'm gonna keep them because Ms. Charles said I could on the phone, if I just came here to listen."

Randolph: "Have you met Louse yet?"

Gwen: "Oh, Louse, I suspected as much. But if he can afford such lavish gifts and he wants you this much, what could be so bad?"

Randolph: "Plenty, I'll show you, see this bandaged eye?" Randolph removes his dark glasses.

Gwen: "Oh Ran, God, what happened? Are you alright?"

Randolph: "Yeah, now, but earlier after I left you in the lobby . . ."

Gwen: "I left you, Ran, and went with your C.C."

Randolph: "My C.C. What?"

Gwen: "I'm not a moron, Ran. Go on about the eye."

Randolph: "Louse, he shot me in the eye."

Gwen: "With a gun?"

Randolph: "No, a paint gun . . . a paint pellet gun. He got me down to the paint shop, then he and Big Sista . . ."

Gwen: "Big Sister, who's she?"

Randolph: "His sista, big black ugly bitch, her last name's Conte, but I'd forgotten all about her, 'til I saw her in Harlem Habitat again Wednesday mornin', shit!"

Gwen: "Oh God, Ran, that's Janey. She's in the lodge with Ms. Charles and me."

Randolph: "You met that three hundred pound monsta, huh? Well, she hit me . . . blindsided me and kicked me in the ass when I was shot in the eye by Louse."

Gwen: "You must have made her and her brother mad as hell, Ran."

Randolph: "Yeah, it's all my goddamn fault. Look, ya gotta give that necklace back, baby sugar. Mark ain't gonna understand no shit like that, seein' as he just made me an offer and I took it."

Gwen: "When were you going to tell me about it, next year when I saw you again?"

Randolph: "Ah, this Kaizen deal is great. I run a unit, a picture company, records, you name it. I also get a five percent gross deal off of Kaizen America. Now that's real, and to seal it, this Jap, Nouro, I met on the plane is a top senior V.P. for Kaizen Japan, and he ok'd my deal for one picture."

Gwen: "One?"

Randolph: "Yeah, baby girl, so think it over, Louse can't touch this. He hit on me to work with Kuni and him, but I nixed that shit big-time and I was way right."

Gwen: "Ran, you're bullheaded and strong-willed, as always, and I've been an enabler and a co-dependent in your sexual liaisons, but no more. If you play, you must pay, and I mean it. So I'm here to tell you, if you have one more romp with any of those women you came here with, or an assignation with anybody else . . . we're finished."

Randolph: "Gwen, I'm out here bustin' my ass for us. I'm just gettin' my big break. I'm goin' to Egypt with ya soon as we wrap this picture."

Gwen: "What's the name of your movie company, Ran?"

Randolph: "Hell, Hal . . . Halcyon, that's it! Shit."

Gwen: "Halcyon, well that's ironic, idyllic and happy, huh? What's the movie about?"

Randolph: "Outer space, it's about Martians. It's called `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars´. Shit."

Gwen: "How much is the budget?"

Randolph: "One point six billion bucks."

Gwen: "What . . . whoa, is that a stunt or pure hype for the public?"

Randolph: "Naw, it's real an-a-mothafucka, shit. That's why I want you to give 'em back them black ass pearls, pretty girl."

Gwen: "Not unless I see you're playing straight with me. And remember one slip and I'm gone, Ran."

Randolph: "What about Egypt?"

Gwen: "I've been the queen of denial here all by myself, so I can get there alone, thank you very much."

Randolph: "Gwen . . . you've changed and I don't think I like it. I don't want nobody tellin' me what to do. You know that shit. I come and go my own way, and that's how it is, shit."

Gwen: "No more, mister, I put up with all the women because I couldn't stop you. Now with no kids or pets, that big ol' beautiful house, along with the swimming pool, tennis court and the cars are not enough, I want a real relationship. I want to live and make sumptuous love with my soul mate and share everything. I don't want to stay in my place, Ran, nooo more!"

Randolph: "Ok, I hear ya, don't go off on me. I'm gonna have to see Louse now, so don't lose those pearls."

Gwen: "You should think the Kuni deal over, Ran. I feel it's the better of the two."

Randolph: "Gwen, I ain't discussin' this shit now. I'll see you in a couple of hours. Then I'm movin' your stuff out of C.C.'s, you belong in my lodge; that's first on my list."

Gwen: "Ok, Ran, but just don't forget what I said about those women."

Randolph: "You've changed, Gwen, and I don't like it."

Gwen: "You'll get use to it. If you want to stay married to me, it's got to be fifty-fifty on everything from now on. So you've gotta include me in . . . Mr. Goldwyn."

Randolph: "Mr. Goldwyn?"

Gwen: "Just a little inside movie buff trivia humor, Ran. Lighten up, you're a married man . . . welcome to the club."

. . .

(At Claudia's lodge that same afternoon)

Randolph: "C.C., goddammit, I know you're up in here! Open up the fuckin' door, C.C., shit!"

Big Sista: "Nigga, are you fuckin' crazy? Ya big bear ass black bastard, makin' all this goddamn fuss out here. Ya look like shit. I hope ya die from that fuckin' excruciatin' evil ass bad eye! Hermy got your sorry ass good fashion, mothafucka, and I tried to break my foot off in your funky black ass, ya jive cocksucka."

Randolph: "Where's Louse, shit? Where's C.C., bitch? Ya ugly black funky smellin' pig face mothafuck."

Big Sista: "Look, asshole, I ain't tellin' ya where Hermy is, nigga. He'll see you when he fuckin' feels like it. But C.C.'s in the spa, punk, and your wife's smarter than you, ya dumb ass son of a bitch . . . hey!"
Big Sista is Y2koed, again.

. . .

(In the women's spa)

Randolph: "Where's the way fine black sista?"

Attendant: "Ms. Charles . . . A6, but you can't go in there . . . sir, sir!"

Claudia hears the commotion and opens the door to see. "It's alright, Miss, he's a friend. I've been expecting you, R n'R. Come in won't you?"

Randolph: "This oughta be real fuckin' good. Why, C.C., why? Shit."

Claudia: "Money and power and power and money and . . ."

Randolph: "I get it, ya bitch, but why Louse, goddamn? I was bringin' it to your hot sweet ass. Shit."

Claudia closes the door, removes her turquoise towel and gets back into the Jacuzzi without a stitch on. "I know, R n'R, if it was that kinda choice, hell, you'd win hands down, 24-7, but it's what I said, money and power. Herman wants me to run his whole operation all over Africa, and you know how I feel about that. I believe Africa to be divine. It's the mother of mankind land, and Adamical man, her greatness stamped out by the rages of the ages: black racism, black against black, white against black, etc. I couldn't resist, R n'R; I can charm and cudgel every chippie owner out of a gold mine, diamond mine, and own all the oil and riches known to man there on that dark continent of self-containment, the land of man's birth and beginning, his heritage and home. The . . ."

Randolph: "Oh shut up, shut the fat fuck up, aw fuckin' ready. Shit."

Claudia: "R n'R, indulge me, I'm only human. Herman is a gentleman, we are not intimate, nor will we be at this rate. His sister Janey and your Gwen are perfect chaperons and companions for this convention, and I wouldn't miss this Mo-Fo Best for the world. All the greatest media mega deals and dealmakers under the sun are present. I could work as envoy shuttling back and forth for chump change, thanks, but no thanks. I love the big-time, the billionaire big bucks to spend, and the awesome cash power currency rush that can conquer and rule that continent." (Africa)

Randolph: "Why the necklace, three hundred thousand dollars . . . shit? What was Louse thinkin'? He can't buy me. He's fuckin' nuts. He hurt my eye, but now he's insulted and injured me deeply, and you helped him, bitch."

Claudia: "Yes, R n'R, it was a bitchy thing to do. If offering you a ten percent Kuni entertainment deal was a hurtful thing, and if having your own Gulf stream to go and do whatever, wherever, whenever is insulting to you, because you feel more accustomed to using the courtesy of Mark Ashton, and other moguls of his ilk, then yes, I'm a bitch."

Randolph: "It's the company's, bitch, it's a company jet. I could have my own in the mornin', ho. But I'd rather fly first class until I score on my own terms. Now you too goddamn sexy for me to argue with buck wild mad naked, and don't look at me like that, sugar dumplin'. My dick is so hard now; I'm 'bout to jump in this fuckin' hot tub fully dressed, shit."

Claudia: "What's stopping you, big hard, black angry, aroused erect horny man?"

Randolph blurts out the reason for his restraint, "Gwen, Gwen, Gwen you sexy fool!"

Claudia: "Gwen isn't here, R n'R. It's just you and me, big guy."

Randolph: "What's that music?"

Claudia: "That's my tape of Mom n' Pop! Jnr. singin' `Love Sap´. It kills me, I play it over and over."

Randolph: "Yeah." Randolph can't take his eyes off of Claudia's bare bathing beauty body.

Claudia: "Just lay your clothes on the table and join me."

Randolph is overcome by Claudia's nakedness now, "Try and stop me. Oh shit, you gotta do me a favor before I forget."

Claudia: "And what might that be, slow poke?"

Randolph: "I decked Big Sista, again, knocked her fuckin' out cold agains more like it."

Claudia: "What?"

Randolph: "She's on the floor in the foyer of your lodge. She mouthed off again, and I clipped her good; so you better check her out and see if she's still breathin'."

Claudia: "Would you ever hit me?"

Randolph: "It depends."

Claudia: "On?"

Randolph: "On whether you needed it or not, bitch."

Claudia: "Surely you're joking? I bet you didn't haul off, hit and manhandle Marilyn Monroe."

Randolph: "Naw, get ya jive high yella ass out of that mothafuckin' hot tub, ho. I don't trust you no more." He regains his single purposeness of mind just in time.

Claudia: "R n'R!"

Randolph: "Come on . . . out! Put on the fuckin' robe and leave that shit."

Claudia: "What are you doing? Are you insane?"

Randolph pulls Claudia from the Jacuzzi. "You're gettin' your swank skank ass up to ya fuckin' lodge. And I want you to repack all my ol' lady's shit, and send it over to my lodge, pronto like Tonto!"

Claudia: "Ok, let go, you're too rough, I know you're angry . . ."

Randolph: "Try seethin', bitch, I'm way past pissed."

Claudia: "Don't call me that."

**Randolph: "I'm not goin' back to your lodge anymore today."
Randolph dreads another altercation with Big Sista.**

Claudia: "I don't want you to come back with me, R n'R."

Randolph: "Tell Louse anytime, I'm just waitin' for him." Randolph removes his shades.

Claudia: "You'll see him. I'm sure after Janey tells him you hit her again. Ooh, what happened to your eye?"

Randolph: "Louse shot me with a fuckin' paint pellet, shit."

Claudia: "You guys, I don't believe this. You have the clout most men would kill for. Kaizen will bend over backwards now to give you your heart's desire."

Randolph: "Why?"

Claudia: "The same reason I have known all along. You stabilize the company. They feel the surge of your power and strength as I do. It's your karma; your aura is impossible to miss in a room. R n'R, you become the room. You fill the void, you're vain, selfish and a control freak. You try to hide it, but you'd love to call all the shots."

Randolph: "I get anythang I want, ho."

Claudia: "You see what I mean, hard arrogance."

Randolph: "Fuck you."

Claudia: "Now, do it now!"

Randolph: "I gotta go, ya fuckin' traitor bitch."

Claudia: "You're mad not to join me at Kuni Entertainment. Eventually, we'd have the whole company and each other."

Randolph: "Naw, ya lied and shit . . . ya suck dog dicks."

Claudia: "R n'R, look at my body."

Randolph: "Seen it, you look at it. . . . Later."

. . . .

(Back in his lodge)

Randolph: "Twenty-One Cent Fox." Randolph speaks in a code he devised to cheapen the value of a major film company, 21st Century Fox. However, in this instance, he insults Bitch Ho with the term.

Bitch Ho: "Fuck off."

Randolph: "Aw, shut up, Bitch Ho, you way stoned."

Bitch Ho is obviously high on crack, "Isn't everyone, where's everybody?"

Randolph: "Right off the top of my head, I'd wager Mark's fuckin' Mia."

Bitch Ho: "Mia?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah, Bitch Ho, don't you see nothin'? He's hot for her tight timid asshole."

Bitch Ho: "No shit?"

Randolph: "Right, and then there's Monika and Janet."

Bitch Ho: "What the fuck you sayin'?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Shit House Shorty . . . Lois Price." Randolph recalls and compares Monika and Janet, to two bisexual whores they know.

Bitch Ho: "Ran, you said you won't never gonna mention that butch shit again. I told you I was a snot nose kid when I did them two bitches."

Randolph: "Yeah, that was way low, besides I felt cruel . . . I lost my fuckin' head, forget it. Shit, I fucked both of 'em too."

Bitch Ho: "Ran . . ."

Randolph: "Yeah, woman, what?"

Bitch Ho: "We gotta get the show on the fuckin' right road, man. We gotta get this picture under control, man. Mark wants it his way, and we all try to dig it, then he changes fuckin' directions. This is goddamn nerve rackin', man; he's fuckin' up, Ran, no shit. You gotta keep his ass in harness, 'cause he's like run away wild horses, comin' `round the mountain when she comes."

Randolph: "You way fucked up, Bitch Ho, but I can stone dig it."

Bitch Ho: "Ran, let's fuck, just you and me."

Randolph: "One on fuckin' one, Bitch Ho?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, hell yeah, Ran."

Randolph: "I can't, ya sexy fine bootay juicy, tight hot hole mothafuck. I can't, it's Gwen."

Bitch Ho: "Oh?"

Randolph: "Now don't get the ass, Bitch Ho. It fuckin' happens, I'm a married man, so put ya bra back on, shit."

Bitch Ho has exposed her lovely taut, beautiful black nipples, and mocha brown bountiful bulbous breasts to Randolph. "I wasn't wearin' no bra, man. Why did she come here?"

Randolph: "C.C. called her and made a deal for me from Louse. They gave her a black pearl necklace worth over three hundred fuckin' large."

Bitch Ho: "Shit."

Randolph: "I saw the fucka, it had a diamond clasp. Gwen had it fuckin' appraised in L.A., before she got on that goddamn Gulf Stream."

**Bitch Ho: "Nice fuckin' jet ride, I don't blame her if that's all, shit."
Bitch Ho straightens her blouse and buttons one button.**

Randolph: "That's all, she was lonely. She fuckin' missed me, so she escaped boredom and came here."

Bitch Ho: "And in fuckin' style, man, she was way bad gettin' in that limo."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Gwen walks in on them after her long hike. "Can anybody join this love fest, or is three a crowd?"

Bitch Ho: "Nah, a three way's cool and a mothafucka, huh, Ran?"

Randolph: "A . . . Sharon, this is my wife Gwen, Gwen . . . a . . . Sharon."

Bitch Ho: "Sharon?"

Gwen: "Well, Sharon, I'm pleased to finally meet one of Ran's favorite associates."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Bitch Ho: "You're much different than I imagined you'd be, you a good lookin' woman." Bitch Ho snaps out of her lethargic stupor to size Gwen up.

Gwen: "Thank you, and so are you."

Bitch Ho: "I'd better be, I'm gonna co-star in the movie of the millennium."

Gwen: "Yes, good luck, I heard all about it from Ran."

Bitch Ho: "I was just tellin' him to talk to Mark. He's goin' off on us talkin' crazy, you know, forgettin' half the things we decided, and sayin' a lot of new wack shit. I hate that, Ran."

Gwen's eyes are fixed on the openness of Bitch Ho's blouse and her easy, familiar way with her husband. "Oh, you call my husband Ran too? I never knew another soul who did; it's a private nickname. Only the two of us knew of its existence. How interesting is that, Sharon?"

Bitch Ho: "Well hell, I just took to callin' him Ran 'cause I don't like Randolph, so I cut it in fuckin' half, bitch."

Gwen: "Now just a second, you gutter rat."

Randolph: "Hey, Bitch Ho . . . a . . . Sharon, freeze, now both of you chill. Shit."

Gwen: "Did you think I'd be some imbecile that you could dance around and fuck my husband silly right in front of my eyes, and I not see it? You screwball oversexed slut!"

Bitch Ho: "Oh, now Ran, shit, this nigga is gonna fuckin' git it, man." The three are standing in the middle of the room, and the two women are toe-to-toe and angry eyeball to angry eyeball.

Randolph: "Y'all be my fuckin' guest, I'm out of it, go 'head."

Bitch Ho: "I fucked up takin' your part before, Gwen. I thought I'd put myself in your place. But now that the cards are on the table, I don't wanna take your side. So, now I'm sorry 'bout all the times I said to Ran . . ."

Gwen: "Don't call him that, you ghetto tramp."

Bitch Ho: "I told him to call you, honey. I told him to go home, so fuck it."

Randolph: "I'm starvin', ladies, and I'm headin' down to the best restaurant here, any takers, I'm buyin'?"

Gwen: "I'm going too then, and you'll escort me alone, Ran."

Bitch Ho: "Damn, Gwen, I'm hungry too, and nobody else is up in here. Hell, I don't wanna eat alone."

Randolph: "We're all civilized enough to be calm. Let's sit down like three intelligent people and enjoy a fuckin' quiet, peaceful repast together."

Bitch Ho & Gwen: "Fuck you!"

Gwen's bags are packed by Claudia and returned by a bellman. The three change for dinner, and the Randall's pick Bitch Ho up at her lodge, as both their lodges are located on the same level. And an adventurous adulterous Randolph escorts the ladies to dinner. Gwen has on a black satin tank dress, heels and her prized black pearl

necklace. Bitch Ho is wearing a bright, raspberry red t-strap sequined, short to the hip, skintight dress with a matching flaming fat fluffy boa around her mocha shoulders and raspberry cream stilettos on her pretty feet; she's obviously toned down for Gwen's benefit. Randolph is in a roguish white silk suit, red shoes, red shirt, red bow tie and bright red galluses.

Chapter Eighteen

. . .

Fuck, Rather, Fork n' da Road, It's Done

(In the 1 potato, 2 potato main restaurant that Friday evening)

There is a line of guest with elegantly looking, famous familiar faces, conventionally beautiful, often photographed people in the entertainment industry, waiting to be seated along with the Randall's and Bitch Ho. The dining area is full, and the ambience is cheerful frivolity and classy fun, when Randolph goes to the head of the line, cuts in and removes the velvet rope.

He flagrantly flashes his trusty dependable MLK Gold Credit Card. The government backs the card to stimulate the economy and establish a line of credit for welfare recipients with a one thousand dollar credit limit. But to help stamp out the stigma of welfare, affluent African-Americans and any other concerned citizens carry the charge card as well, in protest of the, in lieu of \$weet Reparation, low credit line limit.

Maitre d': "Sir, one moment please . . . Yes, good evening all."

Randolph: "Yeah, man, I want a big enough table for ten or so more of my peeps. I want some Idaho exposure. I wanna see the sun sink in this baad ass baby."

Maitre d': "Thank you, thank you, and you shall, sir, follow me please."

Randolph: "Come on ladies, foxy ladies." For the benefit of those in line behind him, Randolph assumes the persona of a panderer with two pros, by gently patting the women's posteriors, and receiving a rousing chorus of outraged oh's and ah's in the process, from the other pretend principled proud pious patrons.

Bitch Ho: "Ran, behave."

Gwen: "Let him keep it up, he'll be sorry."

The three are overwhelmed by the natural beauty they see, when seated by a huge window at a large oaken round table with the finest red linen napkins, red tablecloth, sterling silverware, American classic, blue and white Staffordshire plates, crystal glassware, romantic yellow roses and lit red candles.

Randolph: "Well, oh yeah, man! That's a killa view, the one I had in mind too."

Gwen: "It's beautiful!"

Bitch Ho: "Breathtakin' as all hot shit, gorgeous mothafuck, Ran."

Gwen: "I told you not to say that, you crude simple-minded harlot."

The Maitre d' bows and leaves the waiter to serve and suffer them.

Randolph: "Now ladies, please . . . Hey man, bring me a double cognac, straight up and a cold one, shit."

Gwen: "Boiler makers already, really, Ran. I'll have a grasshopper."

Bitch Ho: "Gimme a rum and coke, make it a double, dude. Gwen, don't you feel selfish bein' the only one allowed to use his fuckin' name?" The waiter leaves.

Gwen: "No, I don't have to share that with anyone. And Ran, I think you told her the name, you told her to call you that."

Randolph: "I don't remember, whatever Bitch Ho . . . Sharon says is cool, so don't sweat it. I'm gonna keep my fuckin' name to my goddamn self. Dig on that natural beauty, ladies, soak it all in. God forbid, but this could be the last fuckin' thang we ever see. We may never know such rare wonder again, so savor it, shit."

Mark smiles and strolls over to their table, dressed for the evening in one of his spectacular sharkskin suits. "Here, here, bully, bully."

Randolph: "Ya albino mothafuck, whatzup?"

Mark: "I've been admiring the sunset in Sun Baby, my first one actually, well pip pip and tally ho, Sharon." Mark senses Sharon's unenviable position, when he recognizes Gwen at the table and rubs it in.

Bitch Ho: "Don't laugh at me, man, and don't call me no tally ho on the sly, where's Mia?"

Mark: "She's resting peacefully with a permanent smile. Hello Gwen, by Jove, you're looking lovely and radiant as a superstar."

Gwen: "Mark, and you're still your charming self."

Mark: "R n'R told me he saw you and I thought, oh dear. Now I can't wait to hear how you came up with this delightful visit. It is a visit, isn't it?"

Randolph: "None of your business is what it is, ya royal fuck."

Mark: "Oh, he'll tell me, he tells me the damndest things you know?"

Gwen: "Mark, humor me. How many women is Ran screwin' on this trip?"

Mark: "Dear lady, far be it from me to discuss the intimacies of my partner's private life. Even if I knew, my lips would be sealed."

Gwen: "And such lying lips they are, Mark."

Bitch Ho: "Mark, why you wanna change the flick all the fuckin' time? Shit."

Mark: "Why Sharon, not you too? I'm only looking out for your best interest, you'll see."

Bitch Ho: "Nah, hell no, Mark. Ya got this way bad ass habit of changin' the shit around so recklessly and stupid."

The waiter returns with the drinks. "Good evening sir, may I take your order?"

Mark: "Yes, my good man by all means, bring me a double gin and tonic. I beg your pardon, Sharon, but I am the fuckin' studio head. I am the head honcho, just me and nobody else calls the shots. So you, ducks, are laboring under some false sense of the true perspective of things. I run the show, just me. You will run the label W.G.R. like we agreed and co-star with Monika in this movie."

Randolph: "W.G.R.?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, `What Goes 'Round´ records and tapes and shit."

Mark: "That's what the lady ask for, and that's what I gave her."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, Mark, that's cool shit. But I think you oughta consult some expert a lot on this big ass picture, man, 'cause extraterrestrials suck shit, unless they're done just fuckin' right."

Mark: "I'm aware of this, and I assure you I'll have a crack at Stan Winston, the special effects expert. I'll call Gordon Smith also; I believe that will cover us as to how authentic the Martians will look."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, but I don't know those fuckin' guys. Who are they?"

Mark: "Well, Winston's done `Aliens´ the movie and `Jurassic Park´ to name a few."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, and who else?"

Mark: "Steve Johnson's another guy, he did the `Abyss´ and `Species´, ever hear of him?"

Bitch Ho: "Nah, who did `The Thang'?"

Randolph: "Which one, there's two of em?"

Bitch Ho: "The 1950's one with James fuckin' Arness, shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, Bitch Ho . . . I mean Sharon."

Gwen: "Please, Ran, don't keep secrets from me. Call her Bitch Ho, that's her name isn't it?"

Bitch Ho: "My name is fuckin' Sharon, bitch, and don't you fuckin' forget it, shit."

Mark: "How do you stand it, R n'R, always being apart from Gwen? She should have been on the plane last night, then I'd of won the bet."

Gwen: "What bet?"

Bitch Ho: "You don't wanna know, she devil."

Mark: "It's a silly bet actually, Gwen. I bet R n'R, that he would yell at somebody on the plane before we landed, but I needed more of an edge."

Gwen: "So you think I enrage Ran, huh, Mark?"

Mark: "Oh, I think you get on his last fuckin' nerve sometimes, Gwen, I really do."

Gwen: "Some nerve, I sat and waited to be included, be invited, while you two gallivanted off God knows where. Hell, I haven't seen this man of mine for one damn week. "

Bitch Ho: "Ran's been workin' his buns off, lady, so quit buggin'."

Monika: "Hi guys, may I join you? Good evening, you're Ran's wife, Gwen, right?" Monika is beautiful in a black silk dress with a red silk maxi shirt and red heels.

All: "Uh-oh."

The waiter returns with Mark's drink and asks for refills, and everyone nods, yes. "Good evening, Miss, would you like a drink before dinner?"

Monika: "Yes, I'll have a Tom Collins, please."

Gwen: "Hello, yes, I'm his wife, and don't tell me, let me guess, you're a movie starlet, right?"

Monika: "Why yes, I'm Monika Spain."

Gwen: "When you sat down, I heard you call my husband, Ran. I'm just curious, how did you arrive at that name for him?"

Monika: "Quite easily enough, Mrs. Randall, he told me to call him Ran, is there a problem?"

Randolph: "Naw, Gwen, I told Monika to call me Ran, 'cause I wanted to hear another friendly voice say it. I was feelin' low-down that night searchin' for Louse. I got it wrong, and I'm fuckin' way sorry, Gwen, Bitch Ho and Monika. I should of thought better of it, shit." The table is astonished at Randolph's playing an uxorious type to Gwen's virago.

Monika: "Then what shall I call you now? I like Ran, Sharon calls you Ran too."

Gwen: "Yes, precisely, I'd like for both of you women to cease and desist calling my husband by my pet name at once!"

Bitch Ho: "She's nuts, Ran."

Randolph: "No, y'all, put yourself in my place, work somethin' else out, shit."

Mark: "Call 'em ass wipe, why don't you."

Randolph: "Fuck ya, you ugly albino Brit shit."

Janet: "Can anybody join in the fun and conviviality at this happy table?" Janet is a picture of perfection and aplomb in a peach sari, a lacy plum shawl and heels, complete with a mysterious black jagged symbol in the middle of her foreign forehead.

Gwen: "Another one."

Janet: "I beg your pardon, Miss?"

Bitch Ho: "Oh shit."

The waiter returns with the drinks. "Anything to drink for you, Miss?" The waiter addresses Janet.

Janet: "Yes, I'll have a bloody Mary and don't spare the vodka."

Gwen: "You're very sure of yourself, I see. You must be the worst of the lot."

Janet: "Really, how dare you, lady?"

Gwen: "What name do you call my husband?" Gwen continues her censure of the women.

Randolph: "Gwen, not a fuckin' 'gain, shit."

Janet: "R n'R, what's she talking about?"

Randolph: "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

Mark: "Call the nigga, Rasmus. He'd love that, in unison, one, two three. "

All: "Rasmus!"

Randolph: "Very goddamn funny, fuckin' hilarious."

Gwen: "Call him R n'R, that's a much better name. So now you, Bitch Ho, and you, Monika, and . . ."

Janet: "Janet."

Gwen rolls her eyes at each woman present and stares intently at her considered worst competitor. "Yes, you, Janet, have the right name for my husband, use that one with my compliments."

Mark: "Your name's R n'R; it's settled then. Now you have a name by unanimous decision of your wife . . . of how many years?"

Gwen: "Two."

Mark: "Only two, I thought it would've been longer for some strange reason."

Monika: "Me too, I thought . . . Ran, I mean R n'R was a happily married man of some twenty odd years."

Janet: "I too had the same feeling, R n'R seemed so satisfied and monogamous."

Mark: "I tell you what, Janet, when R n'R is monogamous, I'll listen to Sharon's ideas exclusively."

Randolph: "Then do it now, fuck, listen to Bitch Ho now, 'cause I'm a monogamous mothafucka, shit. Where's that goddamn waiter?"

Bitch Ho: "Well, with that, I'll drink a fuckin' toast to the new changes, shit. Come on, Mark, no hard feelin's, man."

Monika: "What's going on, are there more changes, Mark? Did you change the idea?"

Mark: "Yes, I changed it some, I must say, and for the better. I'm spending one point six billion dollars on a picture, and I was just pooh-poohed by a table full of AOL-Time Warner guys. And when I thought I saw Bill Gates at the `Kuter Komputer Konvention Show´ in Vegas, he wasn't interested. But a guy in his company, I think, put me in touch with an outfit called, `Snatch n' Grab It´, in Silicon Valley."

Monika: "Is Bill Gates in Sun Baby?"

Mark: "I don't know . . . he didn't say."

Monika: "So what can this `Snatch n' Grab It´ company do for us?"

Mark: "They can program our whole enterprise: make us a HDTV scale model with every element depicted, put the entire thing on the Internet as the ultimate DVD, animated, interactive computer game worldwide. Nouro will go ballistic if I don't cover all the bases. We need to work up every cyberspace idea and develop it for production, ok?"

Monika: "I think so, if that's all you did to the project. I'm ok with that, right Sharon?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, Mark, but don't touch the rest of it, please. I'm scared shitless you might go too far, the way you excess."

Mark: "Moi, excess?" Mark is piqued at Bitch Ho's supercilious remark, and Randolph attempts to spare her his wicked wrath, she wrought.

Randolph: "Hey, Bitch Ho, Mark knows his shit now, if he . . ."

Mark: "I fuckin' excess, Bitch Ho?"

Bitch Ho: "Oh, well, now ya wanna get down funky, huh? Ya wanna dick me around, I hit a fuckin' nerve, huh?"

Mark: "Yeah, down and dirty. You are one lucky loose, fancy lady, ho'n on the game. But, you're close to my best friend, R n'R, so I can overlook your strident outburst and rampant ignorance."

Bitch Ho: "Ignorance, you trippin' and talkin' off the fuckin' wall about a great fuckin' flick idea, 'cause you think you're the smartest of the bunch here. But Ran's the fuckin' brains, you just a albino ass wipe like Ran said, shit."

Gwen: "I told you not to call him Ran, Bitch Ho."

Bitch Ho: "Then you call me fuckin' Sharon, witch tits."

Nouro: "Most good evening colleagues, I honored to join you for lively discussion." Nouro is wearing a white silk suit, black tie, white shirt, white dress shoes, no socks, shades and speaking decidedly much better fractured English.

Randolph: "Yeah, Nouro, man, sit down, shit, glad an-a-mothafuck to see ya, little buddy."

Nouro: "Ah, and this lovely, radiant creature must be your wife."

Gwen: "Yes, and you kind sir are?"

Nouro: "Nouro Kiwasake, Kaizen Japan, senior vice-president for life, on assignment, Kaizen America."

Gwen: "I'm very pleased to meet you, sir. I'm Gwen Randall, Randolph's wife."

Nouro: "R n'R san lucky man, so much good fortune. Our movie destined to succeed beyond wildest Kaizen dreams."

Mark: "That's the spirit, we need more facile fomentation and faith of this sort."

Janet: "I'm into Karma's and I believe too. I think we're all a winner, so there, sue me." Janet and Gwen lock glares.

Gwen: "Would that I could sue you."

2nd Waiter: "Good evening ladies and gentlemen, are you ready to order dinner, or would you like another round?"

Randolph: "Let's order."

Mark: "Great."

Pearson: "Guten Aben everyone, good to see you again, Frau Randall." Pearson joins the table in a Hugo Boss brown gabardine suit, dress white shirt, black bow tie and shit heel clicking tan wing tip shoes.

Gwen: "Yes, and you too, Herr . . .?"

Pearson: "Pearson, mam, at your service."

Gwen: "How gallant, and you're in . . .?"

Bitch Ho: "Deutschland deep doo-doo, swastika shit."

Pearson: "Security, mam, most assuredly."

Randolph: "What do you want to eat, Gwen? I'm orderin' the duck and the flambe' de la apricot honeyed green peas, the cracked rye rolls . . ."

2nd Waiter: "That's the house specialty, sir."

Randolph: "Fine, yeah, and the Dead Sea salad, and the best Chardonnay for now, ok Gwen?"

Gwen: "Fine, Ran, I love it when you order."

2nd Waiter: "Yes sir."

Monika: "I want the sea bass, the harvest corn bake, a tomato sorrie and cucumber chill . . . I'll try that Chardonnay also."

2nd Waiter: "Yes, Miss."

Bitch Ho: "Steak, I want the biggest prime fillet migon you have in the kitchen. Burn that bad boy, and a Zulu forty ounce, if you got it." Bitch Ho orders Louse's bootleg African malt liquor to the complete puzzlement of the waiter and the amusement of the gang.

2nd Waiter: "Yes, Miss, I'll check on that beer."

Janet: "Onions Optimum with the canary cake, and butterscotch sauce almandine. Oh, I see you have my favorite English pudding, spotted dick and Dom Perignon, please."

2nd Waiter: "Yes, Miss."

Mark: "That casserole de Irish cheese and Grecian chopped salad sounds appetizing, so, I'll take it with your finest English ale."

2nd Waiter: "Yes, sir."

Pearson: "I'll take good ol' eggs over easy, bacon, toast and hot tea with lemon, raspberry jam and butter, please."

2nd Waiter: "Yes sir."

Mia comes to the table wearing slim white pants with a purple sash, a fringed mock turtleneck mango waistcoat, white Italian sandals, and a warm winsome smile.

Mark: "Ah, Mia, come sit here, you look deliciously desirable and well rested to say the least".

Mia: "Hi Mark, hi everybody, I'm famished."

Bitch Ho: "I bet."

2nd Waiter: "And what will you have, Miss?"

Mia; "Oh please, Mark, order for me."

Mark: "For the lovely lawyer lady, I'll suggest the Amalgamate Stew."

2nd Waiter: "Yes, sir, wise choice, the oysters are fresh and Lady Chef loves to prepare this dish."

Randolph & Pearson: "Oysters!"

Carter: "Hello all, mind if I join the festivities?" Carter wearing his usual dark suit, white shirt, black tie and brown shined shoes, takes a seat.

Randolph: "Aw, shit."

Carter: "Mr. Randall, and this must be your lovely wife, Mrs. Randall? I'm Carter Livingstone, chief financial officer for Kaizen America, at your disposal, mam."

Randolph: "Were that last part only fuckin' true."

Gwen: "Yes, please to meet you, Carter, I'm Gwen."

Randolph: "Go on and order, man, you hangin' up the feed bag, shit."

Carter: "Menu please . . . ah, Lady Chef's Creation sounds delicious. I'll jump in with that and the Julius Caesar Roman Garden salad for now."

2nd Waiter: "Yes, sir."

Randolph: "Hurry up, Louse, let's get down, shit." Randolph blurts out his main concern, to give Louse a good going over.

Mark: "What?"

Randolph: "Just thinkin' out loud, pay me no mind, folks."

2nd Waiter: "And with compliments from Lady Chef, I suggest Angry Fried Chicken', a la Fannie Mae Barnes."

Randolph: "Who the hell's that?"

2nd Waiter: "Lady Chef, sir, is she."

Randolph: "I dig, solid n' da wallet, yeah, send that gospel bird on up in here immediately."

1st Waiter: "Phone for, Mr. Randall."

Randolph: "Gimmie it."

1st Waiter: "Here, sir."

Randolph takes his call. "Yeah, this is Randall, whatzup?"

Louse: "Your number, you lowdown roughhousing lout. You've hit my sister Janey the last time. I've made my last offer, you idiotic ignoramus. No more nice overtures from me, strictly business hardball from now on. I'm . . ."

Randolph: "Who the dooty shit is this? I don't know you, so fuck off, asshole." Randolph hangs up on Louse this time.

Bitch Ho: "Who was it, Ran? I bet I fuckin' know."

Gwen: "Don't call him that, gangsta girl, I warned you."

Bitch Ho: "Fuck you, ya big titty shrew."

Monika: "Go Sharon, tell her where it's at, girlfriend."

Bitch Ho: "Shut up, actress, I been hearin' shit 'bout you, porno girl, you and your horny hot-eyed Hindu over there."

Janet: "What did you hear, Sharon?"

Bitch Ho: "Hindus don't eat hamburgers . . . they eat stacked dumb blondes shit."

Monika: "What nerve you have keeping tabs on me and my affairs."

Janet: "Who told you such a monstrous lie? I can't imagine anyone at this table said that."

Randolph: "I said it, beautiful bitch, but it's fuckin' cool, see? I'm not pissed if ya go lesbo on me, shit, sometimes I likes to watch."

Gwen: "Ran!"

Monika: "You're trippin', Ran. I don't go that way, and Janet and I are only very close friends and discussing this picture together."

Randolph: "Buck wild mad naked, sic 'em butch, space bull dagger shit . . . I see it now, right Mark?"

Mark: "Yes, dear boy, my exact thinking on the matter. That's huge box office, just that one scene: a complete denudation of both you, Monika, the earthling beauty and you, Janet, the Martian goddess queen, sexually getting it on! That's it, the perfect hook we needed, a two girl shoot!"

Bitch Ho: "Yikes, dykes in space!"

Mark: "Yes, so Sharon, your fears are truly dumbfounded."

Space: "Looks like I got here just in time." Space joins them grinning as he removes his baseball cap, wearing jeans, blue Adidas, a dark t-shirt and a blue sport's jacket, the typical twentysomething Hollywood auteur.

Mark: "Space, just the guy I wanna see. We've added a lesbian encounter of the butch kind to the whole scenario. What say you, ol' son?"

Space: "I say for one point six billion bucks, whatever you think is cool. Hi, I'm Space Grimaldi. I was the writer/director of `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars´ this morning." Space speaks to and grins at Gwen who nods back at his grainy, but gracious greeting.

2nd Waiter: "Your Angry Chicken appetizer and house wine, compliments of Lady Chef."

Randolph: "Thank her highness, ladyship for us, waiter."

2nd Waiter: "Yes sir."

Space: "Hey man, am I too late to order?"

2nd Waiter: "Just in time, sir, here's a menu."

Space: "No need, my man, I wanna BLT with fries, sour pickles and a cherry coke. I've been cravin' that for a week."

2nd Waiter: "Is that all, sir?"

Space: "Nah, apple pie ala mode, nothin' fancy, just plain vanilla will do."

Randolph: "Ummm . . . delicious, she can whale. The cook can burn her buns off." They sample Lady Chef's famous Angry Fried Chicken'.

Monika: "Mmmm . . . yes, very tasty and apropos this Angry Chicken, seeing as I'm hot under the collar anyway."

Bitch Ho: "I'm starved, save me a mean, pissed off leg, y'all."

Janet: "Battle ax breasts, Gwen?"

Gwen: "Mark, I'm surrounded by habitual bitches and horrendous ho's."

Mark: "I've noticed. Ah, the wine is of a French lowland premature idiosyncrasy, but with a Parisian Left Bank provincial character."

Nouro: "Yes, connoisseur, that good, no cheap stuff, only the best for Kaizen America."

Randolph: "Angry chicken my black ass, shit, this chicken is enraged. It's incensed, mad as hell, it's steamed!"

Lady Chef, Fannie Mae Barnes, fired up and fried her furious chickens in lard until the pieces were lividly mangled, tangled and beyond recognition as to the parts they use to be. She seasoned the fried fractured fowl so hot, your tongue rang, and your nose ran as tears popped from your eyes when you tasted it. Each batch was prepared by the ill-tempered woman who threw pots and pans when she cooked this dish, because her husband had left her and took all of her savings, that hateful day she first made their evil entree.

Chapter Nineteen

. . .

Sun Baby Flood on the Run

Mark: "You see that table to our left? Do you recognize that guy with the beard and glasses, next to the great looking blond?"

Janet: "That's Kate what's her name?"

Mark: "The guy, who's the guy?"

Monika: "Oh . . . it's Steven whatever!"

Steven: "Hiya Mark!"

Mark: "Hello Steven. Kate, you're way lovely."

Kate: "Thanks, hello everybody!"

Mark: "This joint is jumpin' with the cream of the industry. This is an agent's wet dream."

1st Waiter: "Mr. Randall, sir, the gentleman who phoned asked me to deliver this note to you."

Randolph: "He ain't hardly no fuckin' gentleman. Is he up in here, man?"

1st Waiter: "No sir, he told me on the phone and I wrote it down."

Randolph: "Ok, gimmie."

Mark: "What's he say, R n'R?"

Randolph: "It says I'm all wet . . . what the fuck?"

Louse turns on the house sprinklers full force as Randolph finishes reading the note.

Monika: "Hey!"

Space: "It's rainin' up in here!"

Bitch Ho: "Oh shit, not a fuckin' gain, shit! Get off my foot, bull dagger!"

Janet: "You little gutter snipe crack head, shut your filthy mouth!"

Mia: "I'm soaked, my sandals!"

Randolph: "The whole joint's floodin' . . . Louse, ya bastard fuck!"

Space: "I'll help you, Mrs. Randall!"

Gwen: "Ran, I'm going back to the lodge!"

1st Waiter: "Everyone watch your step, our sprinkler system's run amuck!"

Louse turns out the lights to shrieks and screams.

Randolph: "There go the lights! Aw shit, I slipped! It's floatin' fuckin' chairs and shit up in here!"

Bitch Ho: "This goddamn water is fuckin' cold as a Eskimo's dick, man, shit!"

Janet: "My new sari is ruined!"

Monika: "My hair's all frizzed!"

Bitch Ho: "Mine's nappy, ya fucks!"

Carter: "I can't see my hand in front of my eyes; it's pitch black, pardon me!"

Stranger: "Watch it, be careful, Jewish jerk!"

Space: "All these rich ass fucks screamin', just like on the Titanic!"

Randolph: "Funny . . . hey, I thought you were helpin' my ol' lady, Spaceman?"

Space: "I did too, big guy, but she got away from me! I think she got out!"

Randolph: "All this fuckin' noise . . . Gwen!"

Mark: "You can't hear anything over this racket . . . oh my knee!"

Randolph: "Hey! Goddammit! Somebody punched me! Hey, shit, that ain't no accident, aw shit!"

Mark: "R n'R, you alright, what happened?"

Randolph: "I got stole twice! I'm gettin' the fuck outta here! Move! Shit, I'm comin' through! Gwen!"

Mark: "I'm right behind you, R n'R. It must have been Louse!"

Randolph: "Shit, it was Louse who turned on the sprinklers! But that was Big fuckin' Sista who hit me twice! Where's Gwen? You could surf on this shit! Let me out of here! Move! Ya fucks, aw . . . I can't see!" Randolph trudges aggressively through the floating tables, chairs and confused, screaming shocked, super successful people caught up in the flood.

Mark: "How's your eye? I groan when I think about it!"

Randolph: "Way worst, I got hit hard again in it! And if my jaw's broken, I owe Louse and that fat, bama black butt bitch big-time!"

Mark: "Let me see that eye, R n'R, worse things first!"

Randolph: "Not here, albino, I'm headed for my fuckin' lodge! I don't see shit out of either eye! Damn! Guide me out, Mark!"

Mark: "Got'cha!"

Pearson: "Me too!"

Space: "I'll get the elevator! This whole joint is drenched, and it's still comin' down in buckets!"

. . .

(In Randolph's lodge five minutes later that night)

Janet: "The lodges are flooded!"

Monika: "Everything's ruined!"

Bitch Ho: "Hey Ran, we gotta split, man! Our shit's all fucked up again! Aw Ran, your eyeball . . . it's hangin' on ya face! Get the doctor!"

Janet: "What's his name?"

Mia: "Dr. Lindley, I'll call him!"

Mark: "Get your bags, guys, we're gettin' out of this mad man-made monsoon moisture's mama! Oh, and get a van up here . . . that Jimmy Cole was our driver, ask for him."

Randolph: "Get me to the plane, shit! I'm goin' to a hospital in the nearest big town. Phone ahead, dammit! I'm fuckin' dyin' up in here!"

Mia: "I've got Doctor Lindley on the line!"

Randolph: "Tell him to meet us at the airport, we'll be there in twenty minutes!"

Mark: "Hey gang, just go to your lodges and grab what you need; we'll pick up what we lose in L.A.! We gotta go, R n'R's hurt way bad!" Everyone leaves to retrieve their salvageable belongings quickly and they return with their bags.

. . .

Randolph: "They hit me, Mark, with brass ass knucks in the dark, in my goddamn busted eye, again, shit!"

Mia: "Jimmy Cole's already here on duty, and the doctor will meet us at the plane, let's go!"

Monika: "Ran, lean on my shoulder, I'll walk with you . . . easy."

Gwen: "Monika, I thought we understood each other, you bottle blonde Breck girl, bimbo!"

Randolph admonishes Gwen sternly. "What's with you, Gwen? Are you fuckin' nuts? Oh! My goddamn eye's out of the socket! Ya crazy, are you blind, woman?"

Mark: "They can re-attach it. Be careful, R n'R, let's go gang!"

Chapter Twenty

. . .

Waaay Eyeway Robbery

(On the corporate jet 10:00 pm that Friday night, August twelfth)

Mark: "Hiya Harry, glad you're on stand by. You guys come through for me every fuckin' time, way thanks to you and Smug Doug."

The flamboyant, gay flight crew is decked out in florescent feather boas of fuchsia and scarlet, clashing with their latest K-Mart vermilion flowered peignoirs, heels and drag queen make-up. Captain Harry Mann is a handsome, pencil thin mustachioed gay pilot, with over ten thousand hours of flight time for Kaizen. Harry is white and forty-two years young. Smug Doug Browne, his little gay, black co-pilot, partner in crime is thirty-five years young, with five thousand hours in the air for Kaizen.

Harry: "What do we have here, Mr. Randall?"

Randolph: "A fucked up eye, man, you fly us out to the nearest town with a big hospital and airport. It's a fuckin' full alert emergency, but not a Sisyphean task for you two sodomites, ya dig?"

Harry: "Yes sir, Mr. Randall . . . I think Boise is our best bet, sir."

Mark: "You concur, Smug Doug?"

Smug Doug: "Yes, Boise would be our best bet, sir."

Mark: "Ok guys, do it . . . call that hospital and hook us up. Janet!"

Janet: "I'm on it! Hang in there, R n'R, we're on the case, baby."

Gwen: "You watch all that familiarity. I don't want you to forget your place, Janet. Just get the best doctor and hospital!"

Mark: "Sit down, Gwen. Put your seat belt on and be quiet, please!"

Gwen: "Ran, did you hear that? Mark told me to be quiet!"

Randolph: "Yeah, but he said please."

Pearson: "I've got e-mail from hell."

All: "Louse!"

Mark: "Read it and take R n'R's mind off his eye hanging by a slender thread, half way down his beaten bloody battered black face." The plane taxis off the tarmac, rolls on to the runway and takes off for Boise.

Bitch Ho: "Mark, you's a way cruel mothafuck, shit. Ran can do it or no one can. Man, ain't he still walkin' and talkin'? Hell, most dudes would be dead or dyin', screamin' and cryin' n' shit."

Randolph: "Ohhh, my eye! My fuckin' eye, shit! Oh! Goddamn!"

Gwen: "Hang on, honey, put your head here. That's right, mama Gwen's got'cha, I know what you need." Gwen eases Randolph's aching searing head down upon her great bosom and nestles it there, while exposing one of her mammoth au natural breasts, as if to nurse a baby, and Randolph suckles it enthusiastically with great ardor, milking the mothering moment for all it's worth.

Randolph: "Yeah."

Pearson: "We've got a spate of messages from Louse."

Mark: "Read 'em and we'll weep, Pearson."

Pearson: " ` Stupid Kaizen, dummy corporation. By now you know I'm dead serious, so all bets are off. I told your hero Negro, with the bad bloody-busted bruised black and blue blind eye that also. I'll be on top of your every move from now on. I'm buying White Lion/2A/KKK like I said, and I'm putting in a bid for Kaizen America's property in Covert City. I'm righting the great wrongs of all my predecessors, there with the exception of your namesake, Pearson. ` "

Randolph: "What's he talkin' 'bout, Pearson?"

Pearson: "You know, Randolph, I told you . . . I'm named after Irving Grant Thalberg."

Space: "This guy Louse is waaay nuts, man . . . wow!"

Mark: "Go on, Pearson, please."

Pearson continues reading Louse's fax. " I know about your puny purpose and pedestrian plans, which are doomed to fail, because you should always go with wholesome and positive star images when spending a big budget. That's one of the first rules in the motion picture industry. I was sure you were aware of this fact, Sir Ashton. Your star, Monika Spain, is an ex-porno girl, and I don't think that will fly with the mainstream kids' parents. I have every single sex film she ever made, and I might add, you should do a screen test because she does have some obvious flaws. Her complexion's pocky in huge porous spots, and she isn't properly carriaged. She slumps and she has that annoying habit of quivering her chin and poking her lips out unattractively. "

Monika: "What the hell?" Monika pokes out her lips unattractively, as her chin quivers emotionally out of control.

Pearson: "I'm just reading the fax, mam."

Mark: "Go on, Pearson."

Randolph: "He called me a hero Negro, he mocked me. I can't fuckin' stand this shit!"

Mia: "Why didn't that Dr. Lindley meet us at the airport, Mark?"

Mark: "Who knows, you talked to him last, you tell us."

Nouro: "Doctor afraid we take him to Boise. He, as you say, chicken out."

Randolph: "Pain killas are runnin' low, shit. Tell Harry to express this mothafucka."

Mark: "I know he's got it on the floor, R n'R. Take another pain killer; have a stiff whiskey. Gwen, stroke his head."

Gwen: "I'll take care of you, Ran, lay back and close your, eye."

Randolph: "I feel like Polyphemus, shit."

Mark: "Yes, R n'R, close the good eye and just rest the bad, dead one on your broken bloody jaw."

Mia: "You're so contemptible, I could slap your insensitive, mean face, Mark." Mia reacts rigorously riled to Mark's insensitivity at Randolph's critical condition.

Mark: "You didn't say that earlier. You said, 'Oh baby, don't stop; I love it, fuck me down.' "

Mia: "I hate you, you ugly pig, you low life filthy-minded, cheap excuse for a man."

Mark: "Screw Mia . . . Pearson, continue will you. R n'R and I want to know what this bloke's up to."

Pearson: "Yes, as I do . . . he says, `Kuni came to Sun Baby, attended the Mo-Fo Best and left for Vidor, Texas, Ku Klux Klan headquarters. He's going to buy White Lion/2A/KKK for me in my name. He's paying three billion, and he's offering Nouro's boss thirteen point two billion for Kaizen Entertainment in Covert City, music and film catalog included. We upped the ante when we found out Kaizen's price was twelve billion for the Kaizen America Entertainment Unit. We're arranging that deal as I fax. However, we've still a ways to go to get the whole deal off the ground. I'm going to fire all of you for your actions against me. SO WATCH YOUR BACKS. ` "

Mark: "That's it?"

Pearson: "Yes, that's it, except for the pictures of Ms. Spain."

Monika: "What the hell?"

Mark: "Ah, the red light, Janet!" The seat belt sign is flashing.

Janet: "Yes, buckle up gang, we're getting R n'R to the hospital!"

Monika: "What a lousy creep to say I was porous and pocky, when he was dyin' to date me on the set."

Randolph: "Let's see the fuckin' pictures, Pearson."

Gwen: "Ran!"

Randolph: "I'm workin', woman, anything goes. I told you when we got married, I was on the job, a lot."

Mark: "Hang on, R n'R, Monika might knock your good eye out of its socket. She's so sexy, a blind man can see it."

Randolph: "Give eye sight to the blind."

Randolph studies Monika's men's magazine montage as Mark snickers and shouts the title of one of Monika's porn films, "Hanukkah Monika!"

Mia: "You evil minded, depraved devil, you satanic demon seed."
Mia's missed her period and displays another PMS outburst of maternity madness.

Mark: "She loves me."

Mia: "Yeah right, love."

Janet: "Lay your head back on Gwen, R n'R. We're here! Relax R n'R, you're saved!"

They remain aloft for what seemed only minutes before the descent and perfect landing.

Harry announces their quickie arrival over the intercom, "Boise Idaho folks . . . I'll be heading straight over to that ambulance on the tarmac. Mr. Randall, hang on, sir."

Randolph: "Right, man, good fast ass flyin', shit."

Bitch Ho: "This has got to be the worst fuckin' trip ever in the goddamn history of trips. I mean my main fuckin' man can lose his eye. Then we can't go fuckin' eyeball to eyeball no more." Bitch Ho doubles up with laughter.

Gwen: "Tasteless black trash."

Randolph: "Go 'head laugh, nigga, enjoy it while ya fuckin' can, shit."

Carter: "Well, seeing as we never did see eye to eye, Mr. Randall, the way you see things now must be more cockeyed than ever."

Everyone lets go and laughs.

Randolph: "Go 'head, ya fucks, hoot it up, laugh at me when I'm fuckin' down, shit."

Mark: "Ah, the doctor, doctor!"

Dr. Müller spelled with an umlaut (two dots like eyes over the ü), boards the plane with two uniformed nurses and two male paramedics. "Yes, I'm Doctor Müller, don't move, sir. Now please everyone stand back. I need to examine the patient, ah, yes, very good." The doctor looks at Randolph's bad eye. Dr. Müller has a distinct German accent. He's five ten and a half feet tall, wearing a monocle and a doctor's white coat. He's sixty or so, balding and slightly paunchy with keen Aryan features.

Randolph: "Shit, good you say, I'm fuckin' dyin' here, man."

Doctor: "I know, but your pain will subside. I'm giving you an injection. Are you allergic to anything?"

Randolph: "Naw." The doctor rolls up Randolph's sleeve.

Doctor: "Great, do you take any medications, anything at all?" The doctor is holding a squirting syringe.

Randolph: "Naw, man, go 'head, gimmie the fuckin' shot, shit."

Doctor: "Don't move, sir." Doctor Müller injects Randolph with a powerful painkiller, probably ruhipnol, commonly called roofies on the street.

Gwen: "Is he out?"

Mark: "Like a light."

Gwen: "Good, my whole right side is in arduous agony."

Janet: "You did real good. I'm glad you helped your ol' man, you must care."

Gwen: "Thanks, and about what I said before, forget it."

Bitch Ho: "He looks so peaceful layin' there upon the gurney, on the hard, with his purple pink eyeball, resting on his busted broken jaw, doc." The women ignore Gwen and giggle at Randolph's full erection impression, throbbing in his trousers, full length upon his thigh.

Doctor: "The jaw's not broken, he's a tough customer. I can save this eye, no cornea damage to the nerve, only conjunctivitis."
(Inflammation of the conjunctiva, a mucus membrane covering the inner eyelid and the front of the eyeball)

Mark: "Great, three cheers for the man of the hour, R n'R! R n'R!
R n'R!"

Doctor: "Yes, the optical nerve is no problem. Thank God for private jets and thoughtful friends."

Bitch Ho: "How long will he be laid up, doc?"

Doctor: "Good question, Miss, I estimate not long for this doughty guy. He didn't even go into shock. I've never seen a man that strong, that in control. He was perfectly lucid with his optic organ completely out of its socket. He was cool as can be, amazing fellow!"

Gwen: "Yes, that's my Ran, my iron hearted man."

Bitch Ho: "Ran never had a fuckin' chance back there. Louse put some deep shit in the game."

Mark: "Well, he hasn't heard the last of R n'R or us. We'll intensify the operation; we need a master plan immediately, so everybody think, we have this crazy man screwin' us around and laying up our champ, so what do we do about it, gang?"

Mia: "Hang tough, shit."

Mark: "Well well, that's better. R n'R would like that comin' from you, ol' girl."

Pearson: "We never saw Kuni in Sun Baby, I'm sad to say."

Mark: "I know, but Louse says Kuni was there, and somehow I believe him on this."

Nouro: "Kuni master of disguise could slip by you when you took him for granted as waiter, cook, maintenance man."

Mia: "Or a gardener, like the Japanese ones I remember on the grounds. They were tending the flower beds, there's your answer!"

Doctor: " `Kaizen's Stupid´ is on stickers all over the airport."

Mark: "You're kidding?"

Doctor: "No, I thought it was an ad campaign at first, but `Kaizen's Stupid´ was pasted all over the walls when I came in to meet the ambulance, and `Kaizen's Stupid´ stickers were stuck on the floor and seats in the terminal."

Mark: "I get the picture, doc. How's he doing?"

Doctor: "He's unbelievably stable; you don't even have to leave this airplane. Nurse, hold that light straighter . . . that's it."

Nurse: "Yes, doctor."

Mark: "What are you saying, doctor? We can fly back to L.A. with R n'R?"

Doctor: "Yes, the eye is re-attached, and I've stitched the lid. So he should be able to see in a matter of hours after he comes to and the vitreous body heals." (The transparent jelly-like substance, filling the eyeball between the retina and the lens.)

Bitch Ho: "No shit, go on with ya bad self, doc."

Janet: "Looks like a happy ending to me."

Monika: "What a relief . . . unreal."

Gwen: "Thank you, doctor, for saving his eye. I'm his wife, Gwen Randall."

Doctor: "Don't touch his eye, Mrs. Randall. I have forms for you to sign. I didn't know you were on board."

Gwen: "Forms?"

Doctor: "Yes, emergency insurance forms, you'll repeat this same procedure in L.A. When you get to L.A., there will be another doctor waiting, and he will take Mr. Randall to Three Mary's Medical Center."

Gwen: "Three Mary's is fine, doctor."

Doctor: "Good, I'll arrange it with the hospital, give instructions to your pilot, and you can leave." The doctor makes the arrangements with Harry by phone to L.A.

Mia: "This is truly an experience I'll never forget, what an eye opening ending!"

Mark: "It ain't over yet." Mark uses the intercom. "Harry, you work with the tower, check us out, and Smug Doug, you handle the ground crew."

Smug Doug: "Yes, sir."

Harry: "We'll get clearance for the next available turn for take off."

Doctor: "Yes, he'll recover, unusually brave man. They'll let me know how he heals. I'll be talking with Dr. Terrell there at Three Mary's. He's the head ophthalmologist; he runs the department, excellent O.D., competent surgeon . . . a great eye man. Don't tell him I said so though."

Harry makes a departing announcement over the intercom, "We have clearance and we're good on fuel, no problems ahead. Picture perfect weather all the way to L.A., so we're gonna head back over the Smoky Mountains for home!"

Bitch Ho: "Yea! That's hip-hop music to my ears. Ran's so bandaged up like a mummy with a neck brace and a big boner. He looks way strange, huh Space?"

Space: "I still don't believe this trip, although I keep tapin' it." Space is his own grip, DP and cinematographer now and shoots the scene with his hand held Kaizen digital camcorder.

Mark: "Thanks doctor, and you noble nubile nurses too."

1st Nurse: "Nurse Gilliam, you're welcome."

2nd Nurse: "Hi, Nurse Graham, my pleasure."

Gwen: "Thanks."

Space: "Yeah, thanks."

Pearson: "We appreciate your professionalism."

Doctor: "Tell the old malingerer, I cleansed his macular, and he's lucky he won't be a walking, talking eyesore anymore."

Mark: "That's funny, doc, I'll tell 'em."

Mia: "I thought I'd heard the last bad eye gag, really."

Bitch Ho: "He's just tryin' to make us feel better, girl. Lighten up, shit." The doctor and his staff deboard, and Harry puts on the no smoking and seat belt signs. Then they taxi onto the runway and take off.

Mark calls Harry on the intercom from cabin to cockpit. "How do we stand with Three Mary's, Harry?"

Harry: "We have confirmation from Doctor Terrell, he'll be at the hospital. We'll meet the ambulance he's sending for Mr. Randall, and all arrangements are being made to make his recovery as comfortable as possible."

Mark: "Good, great take off, guys, keep me posted if there's a change."

Harry: "Ok."

Monika: "Mark, do you think our picture is doomed? That porno girl tag is gonna hurt when Louse releases the pictures of me. Did he ruin it for us?"

Mark: "No, now that you put it that way, he may have solved the problem of how to make you famous before the movie's released. Yeah, I think we've got us a bonanza PR deal here. I'll make you way famous, and then we'll keep the whole shoot top secret from the press and public. We'll film this like we're Camp fuckin' David and ala Pearson." Mark refers to Pearson's penchant for secrecy.

Carter: "Where are you going to shoot it?"

Mark: "On the Covert City lot at night only, we'll do it in fuckin' code."

Pearson: "Yes, I think you're right to jump right on it."

Mark: "Preemptive and counterattacks from now on, Louse and Kuni are our main targets now. If we have to buy White Lion/2A/KKK out from under them, we must act now, Nouro. That deal's not closed."

Nouro: "Mark san, I follow your thought, three billion dollars, Kuni's offer . . . we say four billion. I'll have to get approval from Japan."

Carter: "Now we're cooking, I feel the old surge coming back and coursing through my veins, Mark."

Mark: "We'll hit the ground running. I want a finished treatment from you, Space. We'll talk it out, and I'm calling in the big gun scriptwriters. I told you, Bitch Ho, remember."

Bitch Ho: "What the fuck happened to Sharon, ya albino mothafuck?"

Mark: "You're Bitch Ho, that's street and that's commercial. I think I told you about the writers, didn't I?"

Bitch Ho: "No, man, you were talkin' 'bout Fx's (Special Effects) not writers, shit."

Mark: "Well, I'm talkin' 'bout writers now."

The little Japanese man returns from phoning Japan with a long serious face. "I spoke to superior . . . we don't have permission. He said because Kaizen being blamed for ending Mo-Fo Mess abruptly on sour note, he best wait see . . . like R n'R san."

Mark: "Very cute, well what about the one point six billion they oked, Nouro?"

Nouro: "Mark san, I disappointed to report it's canceled indefinitely, so sorry."

Mark: "Ah, sweet Christ, that's the worst!" Mark flops down in his seat, dismayed distraught disgusted and dejected at the bad news.

Nouro: "No . . . not worst, Mark san. Worst is, you, R n'R san and everybody here regretfully fired."

All: "What!?"

Nouro: "With heaviest heart I deliver this message. I plead and humble myself, but he say adamant no, so most very, very sorry all."

All are devastated and silent as Mark attempts a statement. "I'm gonna . . . make this fuckin' flick . . . if it kills me. Who's with me?"

Monika: "Where would we be without you and Ran?"

Mark: "Ok, Monika, who else, I'm serious!"

Janet: "Count me in, I've got a few bucks saved."

Mark: "Alright, Janet! Who else, c'mon, don't be shy!"

Bitch Ho: "I'm with ya, albino, just don't go fuckin' up the ideas. Stay fuckin' constant, shit."

Mark: "Yea, Bitch Ho! Next?"

Pearson: "If you'll consider my help, I'd be proud to serve?"

Mark: "Welcome aboard, Pearson. Well Carter, what are you waiting for, a red fuckin' carpet!"

Carter: "No, Mark, I'm still thinking antediluvian (before the Sun Baby flood), back in the good old days at Kaizen. However, now success depends on how fast Mia can draw up the papers and incorporate the new company. Then Mark, because of your experience and track record, with a little fancy creative financing, I can float us a loan and line of credit to tide us over until we can go public."

Mia: "We can get the papers certified in two days, Mark. Just pick officers and a name, and I'll do the rest."

Mark: "We'll all be major stockholders, and R n'R and me will run the business end. Space!"

Space: "Yeah, I'm in, I'm re-writing the treatment now. So go on, I hear ya."

Mark: "Good, well Nouro?"

Nouro: "Yes, Mark san?"

Mark: "I know you have deep foreign and domestic diversified business commitments, and you've clawed your way to the top of your profession."

Nouro: "As you say, fuck that shit, Kaizen way wrong. Japan suck bad sushi on this decision; they not here and like R n'R san, cannot see, we on front line catch all flak. Now we must go all the way, so I'm in all way to bank. Money get half my deal."

Gwen: "I thank you all for Ran, and if there's anything that I can do, feel free to let me know?"

Mark: "Bless your heart, Gwen."

Harry chimes in over the intercom. "When do we have to turn Bird in, Mark?"

Mark: "Nouro, what about the aircraft? Can we use or lease it from Kaizen?"

Nouro: "I keep jet for my own reasons, I tell them it be ok."

Harry: "Fantastic, then you've got a crew, Smug Doug and me would be proud to be in the new company."

Mark: "That's a deal, Harry. Thanks, Smug Doug."

Harry: "I know a guy out at LAX in our hangar that has a backpack, motorized, chuteless parachute. What do you think?"

Space: "Does it work?"

Harry: "Oh, he jumped from the top of the hangar first, then one hundred feet off a cliff, and he floated down feet first and landed standin' upright."

Mark: "No shit, well that gives us a `Men from Mothafuckin' Mars´ prototype gadget to think about. I see you've been listening in, Harry. Great, what's the guy's name?"

Harry: "James Kingston, he's an electrician and engineer for Kaizen."

Mark: "Can we get him and that contraption with us now? It would be great for `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars´, shit!"

Harry: "I'll let you know."

Nouro: "I going to call Chiute, he phenomenon in computer field, bona fide genius."

Janet: "What can he do, Nouro?"

Nouro: "Call me partner, lovely lady."

Janet: "Partner, you tease."

Nouro: "Chiute-Jen Chung his name, Chiute Chinese, he eleven years young, best brain in computer field, two hundred ten I.Q., he in L.A., San Fernando Valley. Kaizen keep him under wraps as you say, but I snatch him up for us."

Mark: "Well, partner, what does the kid do?"

Nouro: "He break any code, and I mean any. He truly uncanny. You must as R n'R san, see to believe."

Carter: "He's a cracker and a hacker."

Nouro: "No, no he has new computer games, video games, and super 3-D ideas. He had them since he five years old."

Mark: "Oh, a child prodigy like R n'R. Have you seen his plans?"

Nouro: "No, he kept secret, only Kaizen Japan know about him. He loyal to Kaizen."

Mark: "Then how the hell can we get this propeller head genius?"

Nouro: "Like R n'R sans vision, that remain to be seen."

Janet: "Are you rich, Nouro, honey?"

Nouro: "I independent, well fixed, stocks, bonds, property here and Japan."

Monika: "Are you married, Nouro?"

Nouro: "Yes, twelve years, Monika."

Bitch Ho: "Ya got kids and shit?"

Nouro: "Yes, Bitch Ho, honorable heirs up ass."

Janet: "Are you a millionaire, or a praise the Lord billionaire?"

Nouro: "I glad to say, I can become billionaire in five years."

Bitch Ho: "I fuckin' can too, shit, if I get my music mojo workin', look out! Do I still have the `What Goes 'Round´ record label and `Ain't Rap 2 Tight Productions´ Mark?"

Mark: "W. G. R., and you're the `Ain't Rap 2 Tight´ star, Bitch Ho."

Monika: "And am I still the lead in `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars´, Mark?"

Mark: "Yes, baby doll, it's all yours and Bitch Ho's and Janet's as before."

Bitch Ho: "Well, that's a fuckin' relief. What about the big ass budget?"

Mark: "That's our greatest psychological advantage over the rest of the competition. I'm gonna have to make one hundred calls when we land. Guys owe me favors, and I'm callin' 'em in."

Harry gets a thumbs up from the inventor. "James is in, he was beside himself to do it, Mark."

Mark: "We're a fuckin' winner! How much more flyin' time?"

Harry: "Two hours, Mark."

Mark: "Fine, ok, everyone take a nap. You'll need it, we gotta lot of hard rows to hoe."

Janet: "Nouro, you can put your feet up, and I'll remove your shoes."

Nouro: "Oh, Ganges geisha girl, how thoughtful. I will, as you say, unwind."

Janet: "Yes, you just lay back and mama san Janet will massage your toes."

Nouro: "Yes, you do so well. Feel wonderful, lotus blossom too kind, but don't just stop at toes."

Monika: "Shameless Hindu hussy, what a gold diggin' kiss ass."

Bitch Ho: "Shit, that's a smart ass move. You evidently couldn't have him or her for yourself, and old Nouro's gettin' the Kama Sutra moves put on him now."

Monika: "Why do you concern yourself with my business? What do you know about this anyway?"

Bitch Ho: "I know Miss red hot head dot, smoulderin' dark eyed thang over there is a bisexual bhangi (untouchable) and you's a ravin' butch, shit."

Monika: "You're out of it, I'm as straight as anybody here. Where do you get off spreading filthy lies like that? You're jealous, that's it. You want a lesbian relationship with Janet yourself, so your wild imagination is working overtime. God help you, Sharon."

Bitch Ho: "Girl, you know you the only fuck in this company that still calls me Sharon. Thanks."

Mark: "Don't change the subject."

Monika: "Shut up and go to sleep, Mark."

Mark: "I'm sleeping, I'm sleeping."

Bitch Ho: "No, Sweets, I don't go that way. You and Janet can give each other cunt lip service, and speak in twat tongue all ya wanna. I don't give a fat fuck, like Ran say, shit."

Monika: "I see you looking at Space too, Sharon, since we're baring our souls."

Bitch Ho: "You crazy, he's my buddy, shit. How you sound, girl?"

Space: "Oh, babe, that's a major disappointment, Sharon. I sorta felt a twinge or two every time you touched me, girl. You're hot as you wanna be."

Bitch Ho: "I feel you, Mr. Director, but don't believe that shit Monika's talkin'. She's just mad 'cause I found out she's fuckin' gay."

Mark: "What you say?"

Bitch Ho: "Nah, she and Janet laid up all day yesterday suckin' n' fuckin' back, Mark."

Mark: "No shit . . . Sharon?"

Monika: "That's more crap than I ever heard in my fuckin' life, man, she's crazy."

Bitch Ho: "Well, what were you two doin' together and alone for over eight fuckin' hours? You and that Punjab coolie, Calcutta black butt hole bitch."

Janet: "Talking and napping, you evil-minded, crack headed, trouble making twist, bloomin' bloody tart. I don't believe your evil mind, Sharon."

Bitch Ho: "Well, I was wonderin' how long you'd stay out of this, Miss Hindu hot box."

Janet: "Are you spoiling for a cat fight, strumpet? Because if you are, when we land, we can meet behind the hangar . . . Bitch Ho."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, solid n' da wallet, Calcutta skank, we can do that shit. But first, why don't you two admit your queer sexual fling? Was it your first Monika, or have you tasted pussy before?"

Monika: "Fuck you, you're a vicious beast, Sharon. Really, I can't stand this anymore, Mark!"

Mark: "Well, I don't know about you guys, but I'm gonna have a snort." Mark empties a few lines of cocaine on a magazine.

Janet: "Sharon, what is your proof?"

Bitch Ho: "Ran told me, remember, I told you in Sun Baby, and he ain't never fuckin' wrong, shit."

Janet: "I think he was pulling your chain. It's so far-fetched I have trouble believing R n'R could think that. Let alone you buy it hook, line and sinker."

Bitch Ho: "So, Sabu, you're sayin' it was some kinda sucka bait, huh, and Ran was just jivin'?"

Gwen: "Ran doesn't lie, ladies. If he said it, we'll have to wait until he regains consciousness, and we can talk to him; then we'll settle the argument."

Bitch Ho: "Ain't no fuckin' argument, y'all. I'm way cool if ya lick her slice, shit."

Monika: "You're a hellcat troublemaker, Sharon, a real mean spirited gossip monger. You also have a vicious approach and motive to your attack. If Janet and I were lovers, you'd put our business in the street. Sharon, why would you want to hurt us so? I thought we were . . . friends, girl!"

Bitch Ho ignores them and composes a song on her King Kaizen Kombo, combination music box, DAT recorder, laptop about their scandalous Sapphist behavior and exposes it on the Internet for the world to see and hear.

Sic 'Em Butch

*You say your brown dog Butch won't bite
When I come calling late tonight
You say your pussycat won't scratch
When I unhook your latch*

*You say your pet parrot won't squawk
 In the morning when I walk
 Out of your world back into mine
 But something tells me that you're lying*

*Without a warning
 You'll say sic 'em Butch
 Go on and eat 'em up
 And sic loves fuzzy dog on me
 If puppy love comes easily
 To a stranger I'm in danger*

*Tomorrow you'll say
 Sic 'em Butch
 Go on and eat 'em up
 And just like a hound dog
 Loves a bone
 Loves fuzzy dog won't
 Leave me alone
 Down in my doghouse*

*You say your brown dog Butch won't bark
 But I hear it growling in the dark
 You say your pussycat is tame
 I see a tiger just the same*

*Your bird gives me the eagle eye
 She wants to flap her wings and fly
 I know I can't escape from you
 'Cause I know what you're gonna do*

Chorus

*Sic 'em Butch go on and eat 'em up
 Sic 'em Butch go on and eat 'em up
 Sic 'em Butch go on and eat 'em up"
 Sic 'em Butch go on and eat 'em up
 Sic 'em Butch go on and eat 'em up*

Chapter Twenty-one

. . .

The Road 2 Ruin, Turn Here

(In the doctor's office at Three Mary's Medical Center L.A. at 8:00 a.m. Saturday, August the thirteenth.)

Randolph is picked up by ambulance and taken to the emergency room at Three Mary's, where he sleeps, while under medication from the operation on his right eye. He awakens on an examination table alert and well, but blind in his right eye. "I'm gonna have to have a fuckin' eye operation, right doc?"

Doctor: "No, after careful examination, I find your eye not to be benign, but malign, Mr. Randall, I'm sorry."

Randolph: "Sorry? You ain't done nothin' yet, shit."

Doctor: "I'm aware of that, and for insurance purposes, I may remind you of that very fact, sir."

Randolph: "What the fuck is wrong, man? Give it to me straight, shit. No more fuckin' mumbo jumbo, ya dig?"

Doctor: "Yes, do you want your right eye open or closed? I can remove the organ. Some even save them, which of course is your choice. But regardless, you have access to every therapy program we have, and in time you will adjust. It's not in anyway an attempt on my part to defend the actions of Müller, Dr. Müller. But in strictest confidence, you flew right into the Hitlerian hands of the butcher of Boise. The joke goes he'd remove the eye out of Idaho and all the spud potatoes."

Randolph: "Mothafucka, you fuckin' whacko or somethin'? Am I blind, shit?"

Doctor: "In one eye, your right eye, and Müller is to blame. In simple layman terms, he deliberately botched your re-attachment. He gave you an injection to put you under, severed your eye in the socket, stitched up the area, bandaged your head, and sent you to me with your wife's consent, I'm sorry."

Randolph: "I'm blind in my fuckin' right eye? This neo-Nazi sonovabitch in Boise fucked me up good, huh?"

Doctor: "Yes, you have my sympathies, sir."

Randolph: "And there ain't shit you can do to restore my fuckin' sight?"

Doctor: "Nothing."

Randolph: "Is there anythang else I should know? Shit."

Doctor: "Are you in any discomfort now?"

Randolph: "I'm fuckin' blind in one eye, and I can't see out the other, mothafucka, goddamn Louse!"

Doctor: "I'm sorry, the medication will clear up as your vision shifts, and you readjust to one window of opportunity, as it were, then you'll do fine. You won't have but one half of your peripheral vision, but it's how you use it that counts. You're extremely fortunate Müller didn't permanently blind you in both eyes."

Randolph: "You kiddin', right? No goddamn doctor since Mengle would do some coldblooded shit like that."

Doctor: "I've heard the rumors for years. I got wind of his atrocities, but he's been cleared of every charge. And he won every case, most settled out of court. I don't think he ever paid a dime for malpractice."

Randolph: "Why you tellin' me this shit? Why you don't give this fuckin' information to the mothafuckin' authorities? Somebody should've stopped this sick sonovabitch, now it's up to me, shit."

Doctor: "Between you and me, he thwarted every effort I could mount. You see, it's my word against his."

Randolph: "What you mean, mothafuck?"

Doctor: "He's a devious devout psychopath . . . he's a Smoky Mountain myopic monster, preying on that worst of all injuries to the human psyche."

Randolph: "Naw, I'll live with it 'cause he ain't the one I blame for this. I blame another sucka and that's who I'm gettin' even with first."

Doctor: "Are you going to wear a dapper patch, or are you going to be incognito in dark glasses? Now at no cost, as I said, I can close your eye. Most find it an abomination wide open and exposed, dead, completely dormant and discolored."

Randolph: "Naw, close it and gimmie my fuckin' shades, shit."

Doctor: "Fine, just sit back, it's a simple procedure. I can close it manually."

Randolph: "That's the wrong one you closin', mothafuck. Watch it, shit, leave it open, ya fuck!"

Doctor: "Sorry, I'm a little taken aback by what happened to you. It's so heinous, I shudder to think how many unsuspecting patients come to Müller the maniac and hold out hope as he laughs in the face of their suffering. He reset your disconnected jaw and detached your torn retina, how murderously evil and awful. He's the quintessential quack of all quacks. He specializes in eye injuries exclusively; it's pure insanity and I'm sorry."

Randolph: "I'm out of here, and I'm gettin' a second fuckin' opinion, goddammit."

Doctor: "I'm your second opinion, Mr. Randall."

Randolph: "Naw, you could've fucked me up worst. You don't seem wrapped too fuckin' tight yourself, so I'm checkin' you out too, ya smelly little mothafuck."

At that, the doctor begins to dance and sing around the examination room. "Mr. Randall, made you cry, stick a needle in your eye. Mr. Randall, only Jesus can make a blind man see. And you'll be blind as Helen Keller if you mess with me."

Randolph: "Mothafuck, git ya silly dilly ass over here! Get your crazy ass down from there!"

Two men in white coats burst into the examination room where the doctor is perched on top of a medicine cabinet.

Keeper: "Sir, please sir, I'll handle this . . . Rosemon, Rosemon . . . Come down, Rosemon. Please come down like a good gentleman."

Rosemon: "It was an eye for an eye."

Randolph: "What the fat fuck's goin' on up in this mothafuck, man?"

Keeper: "We're experiencing another psychotic episode of one Rosemon Jenkins. He has just posed as the doctor here."

Randolph: "What y'all sayin', shit?"

Doctor: "Sir, please keep your voice down. We don't want to excite Mr. Jenkins."

Randolph: "Man, fuck you and that squirrely mothafuck. Look here, doc, my goddamn eye is fucked up real bad. I came here to get my fuckin' eye fixed. Whatzup, dammit, I want answers fuckin' quick, man, now!"

Doctor: "Mr. Randall, please, I must remind you of where we are, and as you can see, this is an emergency, sir."

Randolph: "Hey, you little punk ass faggot, get down here . . . got'cha, shit!" Randolph grabs Rosemon by his legs and pulls him down."

Keeper: "Please, sir, don't harm him!"

Randolph: "Aww shit . . . he fuckin' bit me on my goddamn finger, shit, aw damn!"

Doctor: "Mr. Randall, please sir, we have him now. It's all been an unfortunate mix-up. Jenkins here was brought in for his own eye problems. He somehow got into your appointment from my computer and assumed my identity."

Randolph: "Yeah, get that piece of shit outta here before I kick a mud hole in his nutty narrow nasty smellin' ass."

Keeper: "Yes sir, we're going, sorry Doctor Terrell."

Rosemon: "If your right eye offends you . . . pluck it out!"
Rosemon's keeper takes him away dancing and singing a silly song.

Randolph: "Get him the fuck outta here, ya dummy."

Doctor: "We let him stay here in the office when I went down for a break, and I was twenty minutes late for you, I apologize, sir."

Randolph: "Look at my fuckin' eye, man. Examine it, shit, and no goddamn tricks. I'm watchin' your lame ass; I got my eye on you, sucka."

Doctor: "Sit here, sir, head back. Oh, your eye is dormant, not malignant. It was a clean operation by Doctor Müller; it will heal. It will be this color for about another week. Then it will stay white for the most part, and that's it, in layman terms."

Randolph: "I'm blind as a bat in my right eye, right?"

Doctor: "Yes, you'll have headaches on and off. Some difficulty may arise in your sleeping pattern at first. Take these when you feel pain and/or lazy eye. You can get these medications in the lobby drugstore." The doctor hands Randolph prescriptions for his impaired vision.

Randolph: "Man, that stinkin' Jenkins said the same fuckin' ass thang. How do I know who to trust? Shit!"

Doctor: "This is my driver's license, sir, just call me night or day. Here's my private number. Jenkins was a grave error of judgment on my part." Dr. Terrell shows Randolph proof of his identity and takes a card from his wallet and gives it to him. "Let me see that hand, sir."

Randolph: "It's ok . . . fuck that. Whatzup with this shit 'bout Müller bein' a fuckin' eye butcher of Boise, Idaho, mothafucka?"

Doctor: "That sir is an absurd canard, why I've never heard of anything so totally tortuous."

Randolph: "What's so fuckin' hard to see, shit? He's only fuckin' human, he could be nuts. Have you taken any of his patients before?"

Doctor: "Well, that's confidential, I can't discuss the medical information you're seeking, sir. You'd best consult my attorney."

Randolph: "Your fuckin' lawyer, huh? I figured that shit, ya shiftly eyed bastard. Come here, don't you run from me! I see your lyin' ass, come back here! . . . This joint is a fuckin' looney bin, shit!"

As the doctor runs away, an extremely attractive nurse comes over to Randolph in the corridor. "Sir, is there a problem? Why is the doctor so upset?"

Randolph: "Oh fuck, so he is a doctor, huh? Ok, what's his fuckin' name? Shit."

Nurse: "I beg your pardon, sir, really."

Randolph: "Are you just wearin' that starchy white uniform, or are you really a fuckin' workin' stiff up in here?"

Nurse: "I don't understand, sir, and I'm going to have to call security if you don't answer my questions first."

Randolph: "I'm Mr. Randall, goddammit. I came here about this eye, shit. I was tended to by a doctor in Sun Baby, Idaho, where I went when I got shot in the fuckin' eye by a goddamn sick ass fool with a fuckin' paint-ball rifle, shit. I lived through that, and then I got hit by brass knucks, twice in the fuckin' dark. A sneaky mothafuck busted my jaw and knocked out my goddamn eyeball. It was hangin' by a fuckin' slender thread down my face, when I flew to Boise from Sun Baby where it happened.

"Then I met this fuckin' mad ass doctor, a fuck named Müller. He had two male paramedics, an ambulance and two hot little nurses like you. Then I come up in here and I meet a fuckin' escapee from an insane asylum. Then that guy who ran by you refused to tell me if he had treated any other patients treated by this fuck Müller. When I asked him, he acted up and bolted from the room. I wanna know is this Müller capable of cuttin' my optic nerve? Shit."

As he talked, Randolph noticed the woman's sky gray eyes, the way she filled out her nurses' uniform, and particularly her attraction to him. "Come in, sir, let's not stand out in the hallway like this. Please have a seat, and I'll try to help you. I'm Iris Gray, RN in residence at Three Mary's; I'm Dr. Terrell's nurse. I've been with him for seven years, and if it will ease your mind some, yes, a Dr. Müller of Boise, Idaho has sent patients here to Dr. Terrell. Is that so odd?"

Randolph: "Naw, but if they came here fuckin' blind after Müller treated 'em, it fuckin' is. So think, how many blind fucks came up in here from Müller like me? Shit."

Nurse: "Three."

Randolph: "Well, shit girl, didn't you think somethin' was fuckin' wrong? I heard that little nutty, stinkin' Jenkins say he knew Müller was way weird, shit."

Nurse: "It would be impossible to prove such an absurd accusation as what you're suggesting. You're going to have to accept your infirmity, hard as it may be. No one can deal with blindness well; it's not normal or natural. However, you have a syndrome I can treat. You are experiencing stress and shock, I understand. But you didn't strike or threaten the doctor . . . Dr. Terrell in anyway, did you, sir?"

Randolph: "Naw, shit, I told ya, he fuckin' split when I grilled him about Müller."

Nurse: "May I have a closer look at your eye, sir?"

Randolph: "Call me Ran." As the woman came closer, Randolph could smell her enthralling erotic essence.

Nurse: "Yes, you've undoubtedly lost the use of your right eye. This operation is common procedure when the eye can't be saved. He, Dr. Müller was forced to abort your eye because of your injury, massive damage to the cornea. It was quite the necessary and correct medical thing to do, sir."

Randolph: "Why, shit?"

Nurse: "As infection spreads, it could have caused eye disease. You could have lost all of your vision, sir. You're lucky the doctor saw fit to . . ."

Randolph: "Cut my eye out, then put it back in my fuckin' head, dead at the root, shit. What you sayin', woman, huh?"

Nurse: "It was the proper procedure, sir. You're going to have to adjust to this inconvenience in your life. I can offer you therapy for any optical problem you have . . ."

Randolph: "Come here, bitch, shit, and therapy this." Randolph pulls the sexy Nurse Gray down upon the exam table.

Nurse: "Sir, mister, don't, wait . . . Ran!"

Chapter Twenty-two

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Rocket Ship Sailing Backwards in a Bottleneck

After checking out of Three Mary's Medical Center and receiving Mark's coded message about their dismissal from Kaizen at the receptionist desk in the lobby, Randolph takes a cab to Slip 20 Marina del Rey. Then he went on board the Black Albino Yacht, a 210 ft. jet propelled, secretly modernized, stealth gray bank schooner, circa 1820, co-owned with Mark that Saturday afternoon.

Bitch Ho: "Lemme see it, Ran, shit. Come on, man, I'll see it sooner or later."

Monika: "How deep is the socket, Ran?"

Randolph is sporting a dapper black eye patch. "The eyeball's still in the socket, shit. Somethin' told me I'd need it all as evidence. Some deep shits goin' down on me again. It's Louse, I know it's Louse, shit."

Pearson: "We must have had constant communication with him via the fax, but not one clue. Randolph, on behalf of security, I'm appalled at what happened to you. Now we don't have any forces left but me. However, I'm here for you, as before. When you're better, we can talk in detail of your ideas on catching Louse."

Randolph: "I don't wanna fuckin' catch 'em now. I wanna wait for him to slip. He's gonna fuck up; I know the cocksucka's weakness. He thinks I don't, but I fuckin' do, man, shit."

Janet: "Hi, R n'R, you look like a ruthless pirate in that patch. How's the eye? Are you in any pain? We've got boucoup pain killers for you when you need them, and antiseptic for your eye, if you have to wash it out anymore."

Randolph: "Naw, gorgeous, I'm blind in it now, I fuckin' lost it. Seems I got hooked up with a crazy, insane fuck. That Dr. Müller in Boise cuts cats up and blinds 'em and shit, and then he laughs about it. I was just a fuckin' guinea pig for his goddamn amusement. But I don't believe he acted alone on my ass. Yeah, somebody else engineered all the shit goin' down on me, ya dig?"

Bitch Ho: "Dig it, Ran. Louse has been braggin' 'bout his deal, buyin' into White Lion/2A/KKK and gettin' all of us fuckin' fired, man, shit."

Mark: "Gwen became so upset, she's waiting for you at home. Mia stayed with her, and I told Gwen I'd tell you to call her if you came here first. So . . . you can't see out of one eye?"

Randolph: "I can still see your albino ass, ya fancy fuck." Mark hugs Randolph. "Hey, don't squeeze me like that, ya English fag, shit."

Mark: "Glad to see you, glad you can still see. Well, at least we're back in the game."

Space: "Hey, big guy, what's it feel like? How do you stand not thinkin' 'bout two eyes that use to work, and now just one works, damn?"

Randolph: "I stand it, I can stand anythang, long as I know I can go on. That's fuckin' life, Spaceman. As long as you can keep on gettin' up, you live with it, shit."

Carter: "No excessive embitterment is good, you'll heal quicker. It's better than playing off some fool revenge factor."

Randolph: "You silly dilly fuck, you still here? I thought you'd split if Kaizen quit, shit."

Carter: "No, I'm still on the case, and I intend to stay, that is, if it's ok with you?"

Randolph: "Why you wanna stay now?"

Carter: "We may be reduced in size and money, but in a way we're faster, freer, and we have the advantage of doing risk taking ventures now. The word was spread in Sun Baby that we have a one point six billion dollar film in the works. That's got them all thinking and talking, so we'll be able to grab off some backing and sponsorship soon, even partners and investors, if need be, before we go public."

Randolph: "That's the way you see it, huh?"

Carter: "Yes, I'm optimistic because I believe in our group. We all have varied expertise that can surmount any problem we run into, in life and the entertainment industry."

Randolph: "This is a fuckin' war now, ain't no goddamn entertainment business, fool. Them fucks caught my black ass with my drawers down, and then they broke they foot off in my fuckin' asshole, shit."

Mark: "Let me have a look at the eye, R n'R. I'm dyin' of curiosity."

Nouro: "Yes, I too like see what we fighting for."

Randolph: "You still backin' our play in this shit, Nouro?"

Nouro: "Of course, R n'R san, I committed now. After you left for hospital, we lost plane. They impound it when we land. But I buy, or charter another Gulfstream, you see."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, Nouro's way cool and so is Carter, Ran. Why you gettin' funky, man?"

Randolph: "Bitch Ho, are you blind in one fuckin' eye like me, shit? I'm gonna do what the fuck I gotta do to win now. Y'all keep at the big flick, shit. Don't leave a fuckin' thang up to chance. We need a new place to shoot, goddammit."

Mark: "We can always lease studios; I'm talkin' with Space about that. Carter's looking for big-time backing, and Nouro's keeping us afloat with cash. Mia's going to incorporate us under `Big Pictures Inc.' What do you think about the name?"

Randolph: "What the hell happened to Hal . . ."

Janet: "Halcyon, that's still in your hands, R n'R, right, Mark?"

Mark: "Yes, you've got it, R n'R, if you wanna make it Halcyon. Tell Mama Mia first thing. She's incorporating Monday morning."

Randolph: "Shit, do what you feel, ya fuck, but I thought Halcyon was on time, shit."

Monika: "Halcyon does have class, it's elegant. I agree with Ran."

Bitch Ho: "Shit, Ran, what does it mean?"

Carter: "Idyllic, it means happiness. It's a good title: positive, intelligent and hopefully apropos. I agree with Randall."

Janet: "I always liked it. Today it's especially appropriate as the halcyon was a mythical beautiful sea bird, a perfect logo for us. That's why I suggested it, R n'R."

Randolph: "Yeah, I remember, sexy Indian woman. But what ya don't get is, we gotta be us now. We ain't got Kaizen runnin' interference; we're on our fuckin' own. So, we gotta lease space from Wanna B-Others Studios and Twenty-First Century Faux. Nouro, you got the fuckin' bread for this mega shit, man?"

Nouro: "Somewhat, R n'R san, I in negotiation with Asian associates, who can invest in project. I must decide which associates right for deal."

Randolph: "How much fuckin' money you askin', man?"

Nouro: "Mark, Carter and Space say three and half billion start up."

Randolph: "That's fuckin' realistic to you then?"

Nouro: "Not impossible, we have film treatment soon. Then securitize solid n' da wallet screenplay, sell stocks and bonds via Hollywood cyber-market auction block and win."

Randolph: "Win what, shit, by then Louse will have ya botched into oblivion, so no fuckin' dice. How fuckin' much cash can you raise by yourself? Shit."

Nouro: "I must talk to Japanese bank and American bank and two Swiss banks to answer. Did you have specific figure in mind, R n'R san?"

Randolph: "Yeah, we just need a fuckin' billion bucks to make a goddamn billion dollar flick, shit."

Nouro: "You mean cash only?"

Carter: "No, we can handle many angles here. Why with creative financing, we can come up with one quarter of that amount after we announce."

Randolph: "What, announce what? Shit."

Mark: "R n'R, we did a lot of homework while you were gone, and we felt we should cool our heels on Pleasure Island West while your eye heals. Then come up with a book and a script, and, in time, we'd have all of our plans in check. We'd know every obstacle we'd have to face, simply by planning it all out, dollars and cents wise."

Randolph: "Why ya want Nouro to get three and a half billion? Shit, we ain't gonna need no more than we advertise. So when ya make that fuckin' announcement, say that shit. We can even have a fuckin' real cash barometer. Shit, you know, showing every dollar spent, make a documentary of the whole fuckin' thang, Spaceman."

Space: "Yeah, I'm doin' it, this guy kills me, Mark. No kiddin', that's a bitch, man!"

Mark: "Ok R n'R, it appears you've got the bright idea. So, we'll do it, a billion bucks barometer, starting . . .?"

Randolph: "Do it startin' right now, or from when we all were fuckin' fired."

Carter: " Let PriceWaterhouseCoopers LLD handle it."

Randolph: "So, y'all are up on this yacht plannin' to sail . . . when?"

Mark: "Tonight."

Randolph: "Tonight, so fuckin' soon? Well, what about Harry and Smug Doug?"

Mark: "They're both gonna find us another aircraft. Sometime I think we do our best planning when we relax, right, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Well, I've been known to take it easy some, I guess. Just don't stop thinkin', y'all. We got a pit bull mothafuck on our tail. He's gonna dog us until we stop him for fuckin' good."

Monika: "You mean kill him, Ran?"

Randolph: "Naw, not over no fuckin' eye, but a crazy quack ass imitation doctor said somethin' 'bout that. He said an eye for an eye, shit, and I can stone sho' nuff dig it!" Randolph revels in laughter.

Janet: "It's great to hear you laugh again, R n'R; you had us all worried."

Bitch Ho: "I'd kill a dude, any dude did some shit, some cold ass sneaky mothafuckin' shit like that to me. Fuck up my goddamn face and shit! I'd be so way pissed off, I'd go right up and shoot the sonovabitch in his cocksuckin' eye, shit."

Randolph: "Show me the nigga who did this to me, then talk that fuckin' shit."

Monika: "Just a quick peek, Ran, c'mon."

Mark: "I'm still fuckin' curious as hell."

Bitch Ho: "Shit, I don't think I wanna see no shit like that shit. Ran must be waaay fucked up."

Carter: "Disgusting prospect that, I'll pass."

Nouro: "I still want see, R n'R san, at your convenience of course."

Randolph: "Ok, you fucks, line up, shit, one at a goddamn time. And if one sonovabitch gets it wrong, I'll turn this leaky ass tub out."

Mark: "I beg your pardon, we passed every inspection this year. We've got a new ship to shore radio, coupled in concert with the new outlaw radar and sonar equipment. We'll glide into Pleasure Island West, and hopefully we won't encounter any rough sea and heavy rains. We'll pull near shore and we'll hang close to the coast as Coastal Eddy all the fuckin' way down."

Randolph: "This tub better be fuckin' cool, shit."

Monika: "Lemme see it first, Ran, I asked first!"

Randolph: "Awright, Money Honey, ya glamorous amorous freak, come on and look, shit."

Monika: "Oh! It's still bloody! It's horrible! Is there nothing they can do? God, it's terrible! You should sue."

Bitch Ho: "Move, Monika, shit. Oh Ran . . . that's the worst thing I've ever fuckin' seen, man. You should close that shit uptight, man. He disfigured you for life, Ran, damn!"

Janet: "Ok Sharon, I'll be the judge of that . . . wow! Oh, damn, he did that to you, just for hitting his sister?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I Y2koed the bama bitch twice, shit, and next time I ain't pullin' my mothafuckin' punches."

Carter takes a look at Randolph's tortured eye. "Let's see what all the fuss is about . . . oh, God! That's bad, that's real, real bad, oh!"

Nouro: "I look now, can't stand suspense not knowing . . . ah! You must save face and commit seppuku. R n'R san, this major offense, no way live with this and forget."

Randolph: "Well Nouro, you just raise the billion and I'll handle this shit."

Nouro: "I will, R n'R san, leave to me."

Mark: "Now is the moment of truth. Let me see, hmm, not as bad as I thought. You can turn a blind eye to it."

All: "What?"

Mark: "I mean, when you consider all the possibilities, all you gotta think now is, he's got twenty vision, instead of twenty-twenty. He still has job options too: there's the pro-baseball umpire school he can attend, yeah, and he can become a private eye."

Monika: "That's insensitively cruel, Mark."

Space: "Yeah, Mark, let me see . . . oh, big guy, that sucks nasty."

Mark: "Like a one eyed cat, peepin' in a seafood store."

Bitch Ho: "Honey hush, Mark, cut that fuckin' shit out, man."

Mark: "No, I just wanna ask R n'R, if he'd keep an eye out for me tonight?"

Randolph: "A Glass eye, ya fucks, to match up my good eye, ya dig?"

Mark: "Your Sammy Davis Jnr. blood shot, jaundice eye can see things anyway you please now. You're still head freak and the emotional empathetic eyes have it." The gang enjoys an itty biddy belly laugh.

Randolph: "Laugh it up, ya phony Mahoney cockney cocksuckas. Where's the goddamn crew, shit?"

Mark: "Playin' poker in the air-conditioned, pressurized pilot house. I got Captain Dick Long, co-coxswain Phil Goode and the same five man, cocky costumed crew. They were great when we sailed to Rio, remember Miss Panama and her clitoral canal, Panamanian Red and Noriega?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah, that's cool. Then what'cha fuckin' waitin' on, weigh anchor, cast off, shit?"

The Black Albino is a thousand-ton, jet propelled, super speedboat, deceptive in its 19th century design and schooner appearance. This ship is capable of over three hundred-fifty nautical miles per hour and can enter the Panama Canal from the West Coast side and be in New York City's Harbor within eight hours. Her great turbojet engine is hidden in a hull of titanium steel, and/or is dropped as an anchor until needed for its still unknown top speed. Randolph and Mark marveled as the knots flew by and kept these notorious trips they took on her top secret, because the expensive jet fuel used to power this phenomenal vessel was illegally obtained and totally against the maritime law for private use.

Gwen and Mia return. "Oh no you don't, let me see that eye . . . oh, Ran, oh, Ran! Were you going to sail without me?" Gwen kisses Randolph and sees his eye. Gwen is strong and decides not to discuss the eye, although she struggles at the sight of it and her knees buckle.

Randolph: "Yeah, you don't need this shit on you. I'll be back . . . in what, Mark?"

Mark: "A couple weeks tops, but we've got enough room, R n'R." Randolph shutters at Mark's grinning generosity, but grudgingly agrees.

Gwen: "Thanks, Mark. Now Ran, I'll tell you about C.C."

Randolph: "What?"

Gwen: "She called me again and admitted you and she were intimate. And she said I don't have to worry about AIDS because you used prophylactics, and you were such an expert using them. She said she loved watching you unfurl a condom like an onanist, but she said I was lucky 'cause I got to have you bareback."

Mark: "With that, I'll go see if Dick and Phil are fuckin' ready to sail."

Mia: "I dropped off the papers with my private, inside, deep cover court source as you requested, Mark, and we're being processed as I speak, by Monday this time we'll be Big Pictures, Inc."

Randolph: "Shit, what happened to Halcyon, goddammit?"

Mark: "Next time, R n'R, I thought she'd come to the marina first, before she filed the papers."

Mia: "Oh, did I do wrong? What did I do, tell me?"

Randolph: "Nothin', shit."

Janet: "R n'R wanted another name, Halcyon. He had his heart set on it, Mia, you just didn't know."

Mia: "Well, it's too late now, I'm sorry, R n'R, really."

Randolph: "I hope nobody else says no goddamn I'm sorry shit to me today. Fuck it, I don't need no pity party, shit."

Mia: "R n'R?"

Randolph: "Yeah, sexy lawyer lady, whatzup?"

Mia: "I wanna see your eye."

Randolph: "No jokes and shit now."

Mia: "I promise . . . Oh! That's gruesome! How awful for you! It's ruined."

Randolph: "I'm gettin' a fuckin' pretty ass glass eye, so don't sweat it, shit."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, that's the move, Ran, that's way hip shit. Nobody'd ever fuckin' know and shit, cool."

Randolph: "I'll know, ya supa sexy, silly dilly, hip shakin', strawberry sucka. Gimme some of that fuckin' coke, shit. I'm ready to mothafuckin' par-tay back!"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, let's have a bon voyage par-tay, man!"

Mia: "Why not, help me move these deck chairs, so we can dance, Carter."

Carter: "I'll help move them, but I don't dance."

Nouro: "I help and learn dance with you, Janet, please."

Janet: "Ok, my pleasure, sweet little guy."

Mia: "I've got to change clothes first; I've been running back and forth all day."

The gang is casually dressed in shorts, chinos, jeans, T-shirts and canvass shoes for the sea.

Monika: "Come on, Sharon, pick out some DATs, oh yeah, the blues!" A blast of Clarksdale, Mississippi blues by Casper Lonesome, the reigning king of the blues on Kaizen Records envelops them.

Bitch Ho: "Shit yeah, that's fuckin' Casper Lonesome, the baddest best biggest blues singer ever . . . from down home Mississippi, right, Ran?"

Randolph: "Yeah, the Holy Ghost of the blues, he was at Cerulean Blue last month. Crank that shit up, that's my boy!"

Gwen: "Oh Ran! I love that move you make, that's righteous, honey, c'mon to mama!" Randolph and Gwen begin to boogie back.

Mark: "We're headed out to sea! We'll cruise eight knots all day now and Pleasure Island West is ours tonight, right, R n'R?" Randolph and Mark decide to leave immediately, but not to use the expensive jet fuel power just yet for such a short trip. Mark, Bitch Ho, Space, Monika, Janet and Nouro join the couple on the main deck and dance, as Pearson goose steps and Carter, the Wall Street wallflower, watches while counting to a billion dollars ass backwards.

1 Ambition

*Dark clouds roll by
Blockin' the sun
Inside my window
Black blues has won*

*I'm all alone
Nobody's home
No one calls me
On the telephone
(On the telephone)*

*My wife is long gone
My kids are all grown
Hot deals cool chances
Big-time I've way blown
Late red eye night flights
For naught I've fast flown*

*1 ambition
1 ambition*

*I'd climb the highest
Mountain
1 ambition
Swim the deepest sea baby
Conquer Rome*

*1 ambition
I'd catapult the
China Wall*

*1 ambition
Attack Russia when
The snow falls*

*1 ambition
Trek the jungles of
Africa*

*1 ambition
Fight bigots in
America*

*1 ambition
Collect sweet
Reparation dues*

*1 ambition
Cross the desert sand
Without no shoes*

*1 ambition
I'm way abuse substance
Prone*

*1 ambition
Old man in the danger
Zone*

*1 ambition
I create
The tune the tone*

*1 ambition
In my bones
I've got a singin' jones*

*1 ambition
I've been taught
And I've been shown*

*1 ambition
I'm a unknown rollin'
Stone*

*My 1 ambition
Is to be number 1
I'm gonna be a super
Icon
That's my
1 ambition
I'm a wannabe
Champion*

*1 ambition
My engagements
Have come and gone*

*1 ambition
All my wild seeds
Have been sown*

*1 ambition
But I ain't gonna
Bitch n' groan*

*1 ambition
Now in silence hear
Me drone*

*1 ambition
When I'm dead drunk
I piss n' moan*

*1 ambition
But I still
Keep hangin' on*

*1 ambition
For some word
Of mouth promotion*

*1 ambition
I'll be a mighty man
Of iron*

*1 ambition
I'm gonna be a paragon*

*1 ambition
I should be a king
Upon a throne*

*1 ambition
I keep my nose
To the ol' grindstone*

*Music's the one
True love I've known
But I'm kept waitin'
Put on postpone
Through the years
Brave bitter tears
Now all around town
The people turn me down*

*Ripped n' torn
(Oh yeah)*

*By life's sharp thorns
I'm so forlorn
Since the day they say
I was born
I've had just 1 ambition*

*1 ambition
I ain't never gonna
Lay down lazy*

*1 ambition
Some people cuss and
Call me crazy*

*1 ambition
They think I'm on the
Ropes
But that don't phase
Me*

*1 ambition
I got to stop
Gettin' high n' hazy*

*1 ambition
I'll make a come back
And even amaze me*

*1 ambition
I'll come fightin'
Back
Fresh as a daisy*

*1 ambition
Folks call me a
Livin'
Legend*

*1 ambition
Soon I'll get my
Show biz crown
On*

*1 ambition
I just need an SBA
Loan*

*1 ambition
From the Small Business
Administration*

Hot Fudge Sundae

*The world deserves
A hot fudge sundae
Supa mega
With a cherry on top*

*So when folks get mad n'
Angry
One taste
And the war would stop*

*I'd offer Jesus
A hot fudge sundae
So He could feed
The modern multitude*

*Then ev'rybody could
Have one
It's so delicious*

*It's warm as best friends
Melts inside your mind
It's way cool divine
Summer sunshine
Flavor fit for a king
Spill it on your blue jeans
Syrup and whipped cream*

*That's where we get sex
Synergy
So we can make good lovin'
All night long baby*

*I don't want no sushi
Or Cappuccino Blast
I just want a hot fudge
Sundae
To lick off a glass*

*All this chocolate
In my fist
Pig out on it
I insist
You can even have chopped
Nuts
Stir n' spoon 'em
Bottoms up*

*Ev'rybody love's a
Hot fudge sundae
(Yea yea)
Monday Tuesday
Ev'ryday of the week*

*Fat n' skinny
Don't ever leave any
(No no)*

*In the plaza
On a plate
When we're out on a
Date*

Misogyny Tattoo

*My misogyny tattoo
Is inside my head
Not all over my body
I'm male chauvinist
For you
(Repeat)*

*Black maiden hair
Red painted toenails
I'm in the thick of
Things
With you*

*You my mistress
You my trophy
My misogyny tattoo*

*You be so glad
That I'm a gangsta satyr
When I gang bang you
Like I said*

*Just like in jail
I'll one man gang rape you
Pretty baby
I'm a gangsta in the
Bed*

*Black maiden hair
Red painted toenails
I'll make your hair
And toenails curl*

*Buck wild mad naked
Bitch ho woman
Hip-hop homey
O.G. girl*

*Black maidenhair
Red painted toenails
Woman
I'm eager beaver
For your love*

*You be humpin' fast
And screamin'
You be comin'
I be reamin'
Uhh!*

*My misogyny tattoo
Is inside my head
Not all over my body
I'm male chauvinist
For you
(Repeat)*

Phoney Phone Sex

*Phony phone sex
 Off the Internet
 Orgasms rated X
 She whispers in my ear
 All the sex she's got
 Phony phone sex
 I can't disconnect
 I think my wife suspects
 Although it don't cost zip
 And diddley squat*

*I feel like a dumb
 Stupid jerk
 I cheat when my wife
 Goes to work*

*A woman's breathin'
 Heavy on the line
 She's got the voice
 Of an angel
 And she sounds divine*

*She sighs and satisfies
 My jones
 So mellow she comes
 On the phone*

*She talks dirty
 When she moans and groans
 She's gonna make me
 Leave my happy home*

_____TOP_____

*To get off on high tech
Safe sex
I call cuter computer complex*

*Her fake love makin' seems
Sincere
So at midnight sharp
I'm meetin' her here*

*Lights are low
In this cheap motel
Room
As my phone girl
Steps into the gloom*

*But I recognized
Her sweet perfume
It was my own hot wife
With the big bazooms*

_____TOP_____

Bessie

*When I was young
Son we called it nookie too
But ya gotta use a rubber now
And that might not even do*

*I'd comb my hair
Brush my teeth
And take a bath
I screwed so much
I have to laugh*

*Yo abstinence is the way
So don't do what I did
Back in the day*

*I tore some nookie up
Yeah I couldn't get enough
When I was goin' to high school
I loved that nookie stuff*

*Today I'd contract AIDS
Unless I was afraid
To have unsafe sex
With anyone
Until the virus fades*

*Father figure in the doorway
Of a crack house
Smilin' death invades life hard
Fat rat gnawin' on a dead fresh
Fetus
In the filthy courtyard
Of a Harlem habitat tenement facade*

*When I was young
So very young
When I was young n'
Dumb
And full of baby come*

*When I was young
So very young
My hot n' horny
Hard on well hung
Chimes got rung*

*When I was very young
 Bessie made me come
 She traded comic books
 With me*

*And kissed me with
 Her tongue
 Son
 She kissed me with
 Her tongue
 Son*

*Then I became a freak
 All women want my
 Meat
 But my meat market
 Was closed
 If you could hear the bed
 Springs creak
 Son
 Here the bedsprings
 Creak son
 Hear the bedsprings
 Creak*

*They say I'd screw a
 Snake
 A dog a sheep partake
 Ménage à trois
 With 2 street ho's
 Just for humpin' sake*

*From the day that I was
 Born
 I was doin' kiddy porn
 It dawned on me
 When I was 3
 The pee pee goes in
 The wee wee
 The pee pee goes in
 The wee wee
 The pee pee goes in
 The wee wee*

*I'd hump the crack of
 Dawn
 Jump the mummy's
 Bones
 Become a necrophiliac
 In a funeral home
 Rape a Catholic nun
 Make a cripple gimmie
 Some
 Old ladies on their
 Death beds
 Would be a lot of fun*

*When I was young
 I met your mom
 I was full of hormones
 And testosterones*

*First I got bit
 Then I was stung
 By the sexy bug of
 Love
 We live among*

_____TOP_____

Randolph and Gwen are dancing beside Mark, who's dancing with Monika now. "Yeah, ya albino mothafuck, shit yeah!"

Mark: "All those Pleasure Island West, horny hot, fleshy, rich multi-racial bitches on the fuckin' beach, buck wild mad naked, right, R n'R?"

Gwen: "Hey, cool it, Mark!"

Randolph: "Yeah, naked as mama nature intended, shit."

Mark: "Stevie Wonder can see all that amoral Affirmative Action, right, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Fuck you, ya instigatin' signifyin' piece of British monkey dung. Dance baby, come on shake them big, ripe, juicy, delicious thangs! Great day in the mothafuckin' mornin' . . . PAR . . . TAY!"

Pearson: "Randolph . . . I don't mean to put a damper on the festivities, but we have an emergency call."

Randolph: "Who, shit naw, don't fuckin' tell me, Louse right?"

Pearson: "I'm afraid so. I can take the message or hang up, whatever you wish."

Randolph takes the phone receiver from Pearson. "Naw, gimmie it, shit. What punk? Go on run it, but I'm just fuckin' waitin' to get my big ham-fisted hands on you. Won't be no surprise paint ball gun shit this time, no in the shadows, in the dark, sprinkler flood bullshit. You can fuckin' put out the other goddamn eye, and I'll still get you, nigga. Your life's like the pages of a short fuckin' trashy novel, 'cause your days are numbered, ya black sonovabitch. I'll never stop bein' on ya case now, and tell ya butt ugly ass, fat, turd smellin', fonky face sista, next time she might not fuckin' wake up, shit."

Louse: "Are you finished spewing your oaths and threats of mean spirited, vile venom at me? If so, I'm firing a verbal salvo across your bow, as a dead reckoning brought me to your vessel. I have bad news and very, very bad news."

Randolph: "Go on say it, you chump ass nigga, what'cha waitin' for, shit?"

Louse: "Well, I'll give you the bad news first and I hope it hurts."

Randolph: "Go on, punk, say it, shit."

Louse: "I have the prognosis notes on your eye, which can prove conclusively you were blinded by Dr. Müller. I will give them to you if you stop this tough guy habit of coming after me. I don't want to go on this way anymore; it's getting too dangerous. Janey suffered a mild concussion this time, you bully piece of filth. So, I don't want to do anymore violence, unless you force my hand."

Randolph: "Fuck you, it's my turn, sissy, and I'm comin' after your black, narrow nigga ass, shit."

Louse: "Well, here's the very, very bad news then."

Randolph: "Wait, faggot, who hit me at the restaurant in Sun Baby, goddammit?"

Louse: "I did, why?"

Randolph: "Why, you fuck, you stole me in the fuckin' dark. You hit me with brass ass knucks again, right? Ya rat."

Louse: "I can't stand for you to hurt Janey. She's all the family I have left; she practically raised me. I love her dearly; she's gotten me out of countless financial jams. She's bankrolled me faithfully for two, no, three decades with stock tips and investors. Wall Street is her beat. She bailed you and Ashton out in New York, before you knew she was my sister. So don't be gauche, you both owe her."

Randolph: "I owe her a major ass whoopin', ya cunt faced mothafuck. And how you get my medical records? Shit."

Louse: "I confiscated them from Dr. Müller's files. How do you think I got them?"

Randolph: "You didn't set me up with him?"

Louse: "No, how could I, be serious. I only turned on the sprinkler system full blast, killed the lights and hit you in the eye."

Randolph: "How many times did you hit me, shithead?"

Louse: "Once, why?"

Randolph: "You only hit me fuckin' once, you swear that shit?"

Louse: "Yes, on my word of honor as a gentleman, sir. Why?"

Randolph: "Never fuckin' mind, so, ya didn't put a fuckin' mental patient on me posin' as the eye man at Three Mary's?"

Louse: "Hell no! Are you mad?"

Randolph: "But you know ev'ry fuckin' thang I do and ev'rywhere I go, you go. How'd ya know 'bout the yacht? Most of the people on this boat didn't know it fuckin' existed, until Mark brought 'em here. He and I have a fuckin' Navy coded system, and he came straight here. Nobody fuckin' knew . . . Mark's careful, shit. You couldn't follow him; we both have a secret way to get here, goddammit."

Louse: "Well, I found out through my sources. And you don't have the only secret way to Marina del Rey."

Randolph: "Why'd the last doctor at Three Mary's run from me like some scared cocksucka, huh?"

Louse: "What was his name?"

Randolph: "Dr. Terrell, ya skinny black fag."

Louse: "More insults, well I don't know why he ran, but I can tell you the very, very bad news now. It seems his nurse his RN, Iris Gray, was raped by you, Randolph, and she's sworn out an affidavit against you. The charges are rape and sodomy, and the L.A.P.D. is after you as we speak."

Randolph: "You jivin', you fuckin' jivin', shit."

Louse: "I'm afraid that's the very, very bad news I told you about. So if I were you, I wouldn't leave for Pleasure Island West just yet. I'd come back and face these rape and sodomy charges. However, if you should escape, that would be better for me and my business plans. With you out of the country and on the lam, I could do my work in peace."

Randolph: "Well, ya fuck, you know where I am, so that means you can tell 'em any fuckin' time ya want, shit."

Louse: "You wouldn't have cleared the moorings, if I wanted to stop you. I want you to be a fugitive, and that makes your whole company outlaws. How does it feel to be exiled from all you've worked for, your meager hopped up hopes and dreams gone up in smoke, branded a vicious criminal, hunted and wanted by the law in every port of call?"

Randolph: "You're fuckin' way nuts. If I raped and sodomized her, she fuckin' loved it, shit."

Louse: "You have to live with the truth about that. But anyway, Nurse Gray says she can identify you proof positive, as she still has your insurance papers and the clincher."

Randolph: "Yeah, what's that, turd breath?"

Louse: "She has your sperm, you stupid pervert. She's also got a condom, no, two condoms you used on her, and that DNA would cinch a conviction. Let's see, that's hard time even for a first offender, ten years even with therapy and good behavior; then the stigma never fades. It's almost unheard of, rapist and sodomizers being accepted back into the bosom of the community."

Randolph: "So, now ya want to make some kind of jive ass deal, where if I go out of the mothafuckin' country and stay fuckin' out, you'll forget ev'rything you know and I can stay at large, right?"

Louse: "Make that you stay out of the country and the entertainment industry. Sorry, but I must insist on this. I hear Venezuela has no extradition agreement with the U.S.A. Be that as it may. Only if my wishes are granted entirely, will I give my word to be silent about your whereabouts."

Randolph: "When I kick yo' punk ass, I'll remind you of this shit, ya hear?"

Louse: "Make up your mind, take it or leave it. Tell your foolish camp followers, they might as well sing 'Steal Away'."

Randolph: "I didn't hurt her. I gotta have more time, shit. This is a fucked up rush job, ya bastard. Gimmie more fuckin' time, shit."

Louse: "No deal, it's the wake of the Black Albino, so go down with the ship, Randolph."

Randolph: "Then damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, and go fuck your fat fonky ass, uglyitis, big butt butch sista, punk." Randolph slams the receiver down on his archrival.

Janet: "Hey, R n'R, what's wrong?"

Space: "What's goin' down, man?"

Randolph: "Nothin' . . . Mark, the trip's off, shit. I gotta go back and stand trial. A bitch at Three Mary's says I raped and sodomized her, but I didn't force nobody, shit."

Monika: "Now think, Ran, did she give her consent, or was it all your idea?"

Gwen: "Oh Ran, is it true, did you?"

Randolph: "Naw, it won't rape, shit . . . I fucked the hell out of her, but I didn't rape her."

Monika: "Like how you did me when we . . ."

Gwen: "Ran, what did you do to Monika?"

Monika: "Nothing, Gwen, relax, I was acting and Ran played rough. He just stood in for another actor to help me rehearse the part, Gwen. That's all, damn!"

Gwen: "I just bet Ran acted; Ran don't play. He does not act, so, you're lyin', Ms. Monika."

Monika: "Fuck you, you balloon bosom, big mouth idiot!"

Mark: "R n'R, I told Dick and Phil, so we're headed back now like you said. We'll fight the charges, just hang in there and we'll beat it. I'll get the best fuckin' criminal lawyer in town, someone good as the late great Johnnie fuckin' Cochran, need I say more? Oh, the nurse, is she white or black?"

Randolph: "She's white, ya retarded son of a noble moron, now what?"

Gwen: "Ran, how could you keep disrespecting your vows to me? I don't care if you do use condoms, the shame and betrayal are more than I can bare!"

Randolph: "Me too, I'll give you an amicable divorce and a good fair settlement, Gwen."

Gwen: "Just like that, Ran, after two whole years, it's over?"

Randolph: "No, it ain't you, it's my fuckin' life, you see it. Does it look like I should be married to any fuckin' body? Shit."

Gwen: "Aw Ran, come here, we can work it out." Gwen attempts to take Randolph to her brown buxom bosom.

Randolph: "Hell, ya can do that any fuckin' time, and I don't have to be married to your fine brown, big titted, sweet soft ass, shit." A dejected and disappointed Gwen goes to their pressurized cabin.

Mark: "It's on the radio, R n'R. Damn, they say you raped and anally sodomized her. Hell, how'd you do that, old sport?"

Randolph: "I fucked her, she came, and I rolled her over on her belly, fucked her up on her knees and dead in the ass. Why?"

Space: "How do you butt sodomize a woman anyway, damn?"

Randolph: "If ya have to ask, I'll tell ya. I use a special lubricated rubber, Back Door Jimmy's for the job. They never fail . . . like a goddamn skeleton key, shit."

Carter: "Do you rape and sodomize every woman you meet?"

All the Women: "Hell yes!"

Carter: "You mean every woman, as in every woman here?"
Randolph jumped the girls in the gang, using anal sodomy as an initiation practice.

Randolph: "Yeah, I grab 'em, and cram 'n squeeze me up in 'em real tight, then I mete dick out 'til I blow up da sweet g-spot with all my might. They call me a bunch of wild ass names, and next thang I know, I got pooty booty dooty all over my big black, long hard dick, shit. I been bootay bustin' up in mo' bitches assholes than a goddamn practicin' proctologist."

Carter: "You women didn't mind him raping and anally sodomizing you then?"

Monika: "I never knew what hit me. I thought we were fightin', but we were fuckin' back."

Carter: "You even talk like him now. Did he sodomize you too?"

Monika: "Oh, yes, first time it ever made sense. I mean in hardcore films out in the valley, we got affirmative anus action, butter butt a lot. But this was serious sex, the most massive intense orgasms, and the strongest, longest and most animalistically primal ever. I hollered like a stuck pig in ecstasy and agony. That's how I met Ran. He raped and sodomized me and I loved it, and further more I'll testify to that fact in court, so there."

Bitch Ho: "Me fuckin' too, girl. I got it on with Ran, and well my story's sorta a fuckin' secret. Shit, I was workin' security at Kaizen when I was turned into a goddamn secretary for the destroyed as Dresden, dick face director, shit."

Pearson: "And a great one you were too, if I may say so, Fraulein Baker . . . er, Sharon." Pearson gallantly clicks his shitty heels.

Bitch Ho: "Fuck you, ya fake Fascist fart. Where was I . . .? Oh, yeah, Ran came in for some information. I worked with him on some shit, and he started talkin', and it got late. I guess I wanted to, so I stayed later."

Carter: "And he raped and sodomized you, just like that?"

Bitch Ho: "Just like fuckin' that, Jack. His heinous penis was up my anus and tore me apart, disarmin' me like da freakin' Venus! You saw what he did on the plane, or did you cover your eyes?" Carter covered his eyes.

Carter: "Well, would you testify for him also?"

Bitch Ho: "In a fuckin' heartbeat, that shit was the best bootay fuckfest I ever had. I've been his on-da-track, bottom bitch ever since."

Mia: "Well, looks like I'll be in court in the morning. I'm not a criminal attorney, but . . ."

Randolph: "You a lawyer ain't'cha, you tight asshole, shy little Latina, deep dago, hairy pussy hole ho, inamorata."

Mia: "Oh, that's what you said when we did it, R n'R, when you had your bullish way with me, inamorato."

Carter: "I didn't know you had it in ya, Mia. I didn't know."

Mark: "I told you, Carter; you just didn't listen. I set you both up in the Las Vegas suite, 'cause I thought there'd be some fireworks, and I could make two friends happy and keep you from being bored. I knew you'd have safe sex, so it was all harmless fun. I'll testify to that. I'll say we are all libertines, sir, one and all in this company. I'll say your honor, we formed on the principal of libertarian libidinous lustful lascivious libidos, sir."

Randolph: "What if the goddamn judge is a fuckin' woman, ya albino fuck up?"

Mark: "Then I'll let you handle her, shit. You're the ladies man, ask High Art."

Randolph: "Awright, mothafucka, I thought I said not to mention that shit no more, ya cocksucka, sissy faggot, punk ass son of a fuckin' baroness bitch!" Randolph becomes openly agitated and unabashedly menacing, spellbinding the group no end.

Janet: "What, R n'R, what?"

Mark drops the infamous name from the past on Randolph again. "High Art."

Randolph: "You piece of stinkin' hog shit, shut your funky garbage mouth!"

Mark: "I hit a nerve."

Janet: "Who's High Art?"

Mark: "Yes, he knows High Art; we know High Art. Don't you know High Art, R n'R?"

Randolph: "I never trust twice, you asshole face mothafuck, so shut up. That shit is weak, man, so fuck off."

Janet: "Who's High Art, Mark? R n'R, who's High Art?"

Mark: "High Art Leisure was my first partner. He was big, baad and black like R n'R here. He was a kingpin pimp in Harlem. He ruled Sugar Hill until R n'R came on the scene. Well, R n'R was way bad back in the way day too. Yes, he rolled around the jungle like a big, dominant, male African, wild savage, predator, king of beast, taking anything he wanted, wanting everything good he saw. And he saw KoKo, the beautiful Eurasian and/or Mongolian whore queen in High Art Leisure's stable and had to have her for his very own."

Monika: "How old were you then, Ran?"

Randolph: "Shut up, Money Honey, you sexy eyed, glamorous gold digga."

Mark: "Well, High Art was my partner, like I said, when I was hustling Broadway, Wall Street and Madison Avenue simultaneously. High Art Leisure was my fuckin' bank. Shit, he bloody well backed my every play in those days. But when he found out R n'R had pulled KoKo, he went bonkers."

Bitch Ho: "He bugged out buggin', huh, Mark?"

Mark: "He caught R n'R up in his own brand-new, red Lincoln Continental. KoKo was drivin' 'round with R n'R, and they pulled over in the alleyway of High Art's joint, the Debonair n' Demure Club, and started fuckin' in the back seat on High Art Leisure's custom leopard skin seat covers. Well, I had come in a cab to pick up my payroll and turn in my take for the week, when I saw High Art Leisure with a switchblade flashing in the neon night. He was cursing up a storm and

it scared me. As he raged, I heard him saying to R n'R to back out of the car and he'd fight him fair. I knew High Art Leisure, and he just didn't want blood all over his custom seat covers, so R n'R got lucky. But as R n'R backed out, swearing to beat the fuckin' band, I saw High Art cock his hand back to slash R n'R on the ass. So I called out just in time, and that gave R n'R time to break High Art's fuckin' face, right, R n'R?"

Janet: "Well, what's so embarrassing about that, R n'R?"

Randolph is mute and merely waves Mark on, who continues, "KoKo was a thief, a chronic kleptomaniac, and High Art Leisure was her fence. R n'R didn't know about it, so KoKo kept stealing and running back to High Art, who by this time was pretty much, back out from under R n'R's thumb, as R n'R ruled the roost in Harlem. But one day KoKo asked R n'R to pick her up from shopping on Fifth Avenue and he did, in that bad black Jag he had then."

Randolph: "Bad, slick, black mothafucka, shit, my main ride, mama."

Bitch Ho: "KoKo was a bitch and a ho too, huh, Ran?"

Randolph: "Yeah, almost just like you, Bitch Ho."

Mark: "KoKo was a larceny hearted, stone cold gangsta, Bitch Ho. She came out with a fucking tray of ice, worth over one million bucks in a handbag, jumped in R n'R's ride, and off they escaped unbeknownst to R n'R. Then KoKo took the stolen stones straight to High Art Leisure, who had planned a criminal comeback with the money. So, he hocked the hot rocks for two hundred and seventy K. Well, KoKo also had a big mouth, and word got around she was holding back loot from a Fifth Avenue jewelry store job, and R n'R was in on the heist with her. Soon as R n'R heard this, he went after her, but she had gone away with High Art Leisure to Canada, Montreal to be exact."

Janet: "So what, is that it Mark? Is that all?"

Mark: "Well, R n'R and I got together, then we went back to the jeweler and cleared up the mistake. And from then until now we've been together."

Carter: "How'd you two guys get mixed up with Louse's sister?"

Mark: "Big Sista was the corporate loan officer for Harlem Habitat Bank, Wall Street branch. I hustled some stocks and bonds through her after R n'R shot me through his grease and introduced us. I borrowed five hundred K a month for six months. Three million in total bought me a birth in show business. And I produced my first feature film, 'Fresh as a Fuckin' Daisy', starring my sexy superstar, hot, gorgeous, photogenic pornographic, nymphomaniacal unfaithful wife, August Holiday. R n'R, put fuckin' in the title, and we never fuckin' looked back. We paid her back with interest and that was that. We called Big Sista 'Currency Conte', back then, before we knew about Louse being her brother."

Randolph: "Big black, fonky ass bulldagga."

Janet: "How did you meet Gwen, R n'R?"

All: "Yeah!"

Randolph: "She was takin' a tour through Kaizen, and I met her in the commissary. She was with a church group from Memphis, and we fell in fuckin' love, shit."

All: "Ooh . . . Did you have sex with Marilyn Monroe?"

Randolph: "No fuckin' comment, shit." Randolph remains esoteric about his earthy exotic embrace of the era's most erotic female essence. As he remembered privately his rooms and bath on 52nd & Broadway at the Alvin Hotel, her two short plaits from 'The Misfits', the same platinum blonde pigtails she tucked up under a brunette wig. Midnight massages, he gave and got. The greatest pubis bone he ever massaged. Then those soulful girlish giggles at her own unexpected, so thought, feminine flatulent fun in bed, brought back bittersweet butt memories indeed. Randolph's sexiest memory, was seeing her tawdry toilet humor, naked, sitting on the john, but wearing, for her, a rare pair of black lace undies down around her ankles, while wiggling wiping and wriggling her just bubble bathed, perfumed and powdered willy-nilly anus, of his syrupy sticky semen. That pretty porno Polaroid picture, plus pubes, is now a loving memory, keepsake snapshot in his wallet.

Black eccentric, way hip musicians, professional songwriters, comedians, dancers, pimps and prostitutes, actors, authors etc., old timers now still recall that unseen, wild white woman reaching climax after climax through the walls. Some tenants even gathered out in the

hall to hear her hollering hot bed hosannas over a recording of, `Moody's Mood for Love`, sung by King Pleasure, playing over and over that night, all night long, with her shrieking and screeching, `There I go, there I go . . . there I go!` All this while she took the full measure of his manhood as he humped her rectum and pegged her cockeyed, until her strabismus blue eyes disappeared into the back of her platinum pigtailed head.

All: "Well, did you fuck her?"

Randolph: "Hell, she's graveyard dead now, so yeah, fuckin' A, back in the way day of her hay day. Somewhere on 8th Avenue downtown, I stopped in a bar there, a dinky dive sorta joint, no shit. And I sat at the bar beside a woman wearin' a beige dress and heels, that I found out later was dressin' down and in disguise. She was a white woman in her mid-thirties, talkin' to this white cat in glasses on her left. He went to the head, and I spoke to her. She said her name was Zelda, and as I was talkin' my shit, I noticed she had a mole, a beauty mark on her right cheek, almost at the corner of her soft man-eater mouth when she wrinkled her nose, raised her eyebrow, blushed and haughtily chuckled out loud or smiled. Her sweet beguilin' baby blue eyes were into me and I said, `It's Miller time`, not knowin' shit about who she really was, (playwright, Arthur Miller's ex-wife), and it made her laugh like a mothafucka. I liked her laugh and she dug mine, so we joked and jived over to a booth in the back, in the dark. The tall ofay cat wearin' glasses came back from takin' a dump in the head, looked around, saw us back there, got his shit, a notebook and newspaper, paid the barman and split, just like that. Nobody was hip to her in the bar, except that cat. Later, she said he was a reporter, and I still didn't put it together.

I was in my, ahem . . . twenties and a prime-time pimp, shit. I sized her up and made my move, and she went along for fun, I guess, with that trademark, wicked wiggle waggle walk she had. Her hind pots was talkin', sayin', `Kiss my ass you fool`. So, we split together from the bar to catch a cab on the corner and go to my place.

I still thought she was just the star of that bar and like the hit song playin' on the jukebox, `Housewife Lookin' for a Home.` But, naw, she won't bored and shit, slummin' neither. She won't no glamour girl goddess or no shit like that; she didn't even wear no whole lotta make up. But she was a blond and shit; she just had on a black wig, you dig?

I found out who she was, when I took her (early experimental) color Polaroid picture, smokin' my cigar, while squattin' and smilin' on the toilet stool. Then I requested a pinch of pretty platinum pubes attached to the snapshot, and she signed her renowned household name with some personal shit on the back. No shit, that's it."

All: "Niggah, puhleeze!" Randolph falsifies the superstar's true pubic hair color to glorify and preserve the presumed imagery for her purist pube pondering public.

Randolph: "Fuck all y'all . . . ok, so I knew right off who she was, soon as I got close and looked into her sunny blue left eye and saw her right eye was a lusty, deadly ray gun. Next, I beheld her fabulous face and heard them hot honey ass, heavy breathy, extreme enunciated, over accentuated love tones comin' from her red as anthuriums, quasi quirky quiverin' lips and outta her ripe, vulnerable sweet mouth, and felt them short stumpy legs and famous femurs tight 'round my rib cage. Hell yeah, I knew instantly I was up into the most coveted piece of ass in the fuckin' whole wide world. I still don't fuckin' believe I scored, shit! Talk about somethin' else, ya nosy butt fucks, shit." The gang is silent for a Marilyn Monroe millennium moment.

Nouro: " . . . Nisei Bank trade some bonds, short fall in the slush fund, ninety-seven million floating to us on one condition, R n'R san."

Randolph: "What the fuck is that, Nouro?"

Nouro: "We pay highest interest rate. You say yes, we ready, as you say to rock n' roll!"

Carter: "I'll say, that's equity ubiquity. We're back in the game for good!"

Mark: "Ok, everybody, we're gonna get ready to defend R n'R on these false, asinine rape and anal sodomy charges. We're going into court and win over that lying, scheming, skank nurse and the misinformed sitting judge Monday morning!"

Mia: "First, R n'R must surrender. I'll call all the concerned parties and set up an immediate hearing for the earliest date on the court calendar. We'll settle this aberant accusation with hard cash."

Nouro: "And I pay settlement, R n'R san, blank check!"

Randolph: "Shit yeah, then I surrender on Monday mornin', goddammit."

Mark: "Then it's settled, I'm gonna catch some fish."

Monika: "Let's go to the movies, Sharon."

Bitch Ho: "Nah, I feel some songs comin' on, and like a dumb Deutschland dudes diarrhea I know, (Pearson) when they come, it's a mothafucka, shit. So I'll need to be by my King Kaizen Kombo, portable combination DAT recorder, music box and laptop, when they hit."

Carter: "They?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, they come in bunches, when I feel this way. And I need my long ass yella legal pads, my dictionary and my jet black marker pens, shit."

Randolph: "Don't forget ya smack, crack cocaine, ya killa weed, ya cognac, Crystal Champagne and forty ounce, shit."

Bitch Ho: "Fuck you, ya pirate eye patch wearin', butt hole, sodomizin' shitty dick rapist, misogynist ass pervert . . . whoa, here they come!" Bitch Ho scurries off as if in three different directions at once, looking for her paraphernalia. She is haunted by soulful bio-poly rhythms of the day and night as she composes promptissimo, the phenomenon of composers being ready to create on the spur of the moment.

Carter: "Songwriting should be incontinent, not constipated, but the rampant runs."

All: "Yuck."

Carter: "Yes, an influx if you will of aesthetic juices coursing from your id."

Randolph: "Artistic Fartistic."

Gwen returns seductively attired in an orange negligee with a see-through plunging neckline. She stands in the doorway, flexing her big bronze bountiful breasts without speaking at first, as Randolph looks longingly, laughs and brags, "Gwen's trainin' bra was thirty-six C in junior high."

And an irritated Monika mumbles under her breath, but just audible for all to hear. "Don't beat ya breasts braggin'. Hell, they got 'em in `i's´ and `k´ sizes too, ya know?"

Unperturbed, Gwen proudly expanded her extra large lungs and whispered, "They grew overnight when I was nine."

Randolph laughed again and shouted, "So did my joint!"

Then Gwen boasted, "Now I'm all grown-up at a whopping forty-four double D."

Randolph smiles and says, "Like palmin' n' squeezin' juicy ripe, mature meaty melons, man."

Space grins and says, "Great bumps."

Mark joins in with a wry, "Yeah, hot cans."

Nouro added, "Some Japanese men and women kill, to die for, Gwen sans tits."

Carter is obviously agitated at the flaunting of private parts in public, but he speaks complimentary. "A truly blessed endowment."

Janet, hoping the discussion of Gwen's greatest physical assets will end, says half-heartedly, "Rack job and a half."

And not to be outdone Mia comments, "Knockers for days."

Randolph sent Gwen breasts enhancer printed material as a joke from time to time. Such as Saline Queen Magazine with the claim, `We make mountains out of mole hills.´ And Gwen sent Randolph penis enlargement and Viagra advertisements. Satisfied with her entrance and return, Gwen feels she has Randolph's undivided attention and says seriously, "Ran, you and I must talk. I'm going back to our cabin."

Randolph: "I'm right behind ya, sugar-tits, shit."

Janet: "Oh, hell . . . I've gotta shop for a recipe I wanna try, so I'm going shopping for stuff and a grinding stone."

Nouro: "I go with you, Janet . . . you too, Monika, but must go to Burbank Airport. Check out plane in mothballs, Harry and Smug Doug wanna buy, so sorry."

Space: "I'll go with you, superstar. What'dya wanna see?"

Monika: "The Hoarse Whisperer, starring Jack Klugman and August Holiday, Mark's wife. Plus, a paralyzing powerful performance by Christopher Reeve, I think, as a disabled, unstable stable boy. It's at the Del-Amo Mall in Torrance."

Monika's grim sense of humor escapes them, and Carter continues the conversation, "I've got to design the company checks, but I'll escort you, Janet."

Janet: "Ok."

Pearson: "I'll keep my eyes open on board here." Pearson dashes up on the poop deck to watch over Bitch Ho below, who is fascinated by the billowing sails and inspired by the astern assurance of open shining shimmering sea, edging the vast horizon.

Surrounded now by boats of every size, shape and kind at the dock, they are all at once seafarers. The sailboats, motorboats and yachts come in and out as the tide, sloshing and lapping incoming, plangent, warm waves aft, at the anchored ship. If the sunny azure sky above were an indication of things to come, they'd have smooth sailing made in the shade. Mark and Randolph were both avid yachtsmen, since their navy days and both loved the Black Albino Schooner, a ship with three retractable masts, rigged with packed golden tinted parachutes.

That Sunday, the fourteenth of August, was spent in Marina del Rey, aboard her for the most part. The whole day was a gleaming gorgeous scene, and the sea was emerald and calm on its glassy surface. The smell of the salty sprayed brine filled their beings and senses as they accepted the only option left to them.

So it was a foregone conclusion, Randolph would pay his way out of his legal difficulty and offer Nurse Gray an out of court settlement at the hearing. Nouro was willing to put up the sop needed to satisfy the sexy, gray-eyed beauty. Randolph commented she got her nurses' uniforms from Fredericks of Hollywood's lingerie store.

Monika held sway over the men on deck, wearing a flesh colored G-string and black fishnets with an open, costumed crewman's dress white ruffled shirt and Captain Dick Long's officer's hat. Then she stripped and was orgiastically orgasmically oiled by the captain and the crew while sunning herself nude in a deck chair. Mia and Mark went from the pier back and forth with fishing poles to their cabin all day in hourly intervals.

"Fishin' n' fuckin' ", Space said. Space taped, masturbated and wrote the ideas down he thought would impress the gang most. Pearson kept his distance on the small poop deck bridge, as he watched Bitch Ho, who continued to pace up and down on the promenade deck below for the second day now, smoking her crack cocaine and marijuana, while writing paeans, poetry and seminal socially conscious, sexist secular songs. Of this Randolph said, "Crack pot composer."

The Randall's clung as in a spousal arousal, marital bed marathon and stayed mostly in their cabin, only coming out together for the meal of shiitake mushrooms and grilled octopus salad with eggplant fritters, that was catered to them courtesy of Nouro, who was still with Harry and Smug Doug, as an unwilling third partner in an all male orgy, Randolph and Mark joked. The guys were in high spirits despite the fact Kaizen had confiscated their Gulfstream V, the pride of the Kaizen fleet, as soon as they touched down at LAX. Randolph and Mark's cars were snatched too.

Mark and Randolph's contract and executive compensation with Kaizen was clearly null and void now because of a clause that stated, any embarrassment and undo publicity to Kaizen would result in their immediate dismissal, without any payment due their severance package. Therefore, their tenure was up and they were owed zip because of the `Mo-Fo Mess.` It was called this now by Kaizen and the entire entertainment industry. Mark had regurgitated over the side Sunday morning, when they received the formal fax of the terms for their dismissal. He was sick at heart over the loss of his brown and tan limo and purple Lamborghini Jeep. They were his pride and joy possessions on dry land. All they owned between them now, was the jet propelled schooner yacht, Black Albino.

Although they were allowed three months to vacate the furnished ornate palatial residences, beach homes and apartments they both occupied, Randolph viewed the whole scenario with the one eye of the beholder and staunch optimist he remained. "Cockeyed Criminal Copulator," Bitch Ho had cracked and called Randolph, during one of her quick breaks to the galley to grab a bite of munchies and marinol.

Randolph could not admit to one and all, that when he looked out of his porthole at the sea, he really saw sea gulls turn into pterodactyls. He longed to escape being swallowed up in a sea of creative differences with new company co-owners and possible outside investors, who would surely be his lot now. So he wisely wallowed in Gwen's massive brown bosom to stave off the funk of hateful, monstrous, abhorrent, vulpine, repugnant, detestable, odious, contemptible, loathsome, mean-spirited, oafish, swinish, loutish, boulder, caddish, scabrous Louse, lousing up his life.

Bitch Ho put all of her material down on her King Kaizen Kombo, combination DAT recorder, music box and computer. She posted it all on her web page, Bitch Ho.com and left it on the ship's computer screen for the gang to scan at breakfast, Monday morning before Randolph's quickie hearing. Pearson was there for the whole weekend, witnessing the promptissimo phenomenon created before his beady blue Aryan eyes.

Bitch Ho wrapped herself in the floor length, pink-sheared, ranch mink coat, around able slender creamy cocoa mocha shoulders, as she single handily brought the golden age of MGM musicals back black, from her own prolific mind. When Randolph came out on deck for air, he went down into the dining area next to the galley, where he saw her work and smiled broad and knowingly, causing a crest fallen, love starved Pearson to remark, "You sir are her muse." The others filed by the screen and stopped, as Pearson did the honors and showed off Bitch Ho's fecund work. They viewed it as if they were seeing a respected and revered corpse in a coffin at a state funeral. The words of the poetry and songs she wrote were heartfelt salient and true. Bitch Ho was a bona fide iconoclastic artist of the sepia soul stirring best kind. She was creatively controversial, young, female and black. Mark was especially proud, as he'd given her a record label to spout all of her urban underclass utterances, to the brazen black beat of hip-hop music.

Entourage of Eunuchs

*Dimi-God in a mélange
Hodgepodge aggregate
Gathered in love
By an ex-panderer
Scion of a satyr*

*Best friend to a Machiavellian
Degenerate ex-studio head
British blue blood womanizer
Sophist with a penchant for
Solecism
Malapropisms i.e. wallowing in
Mud*

*A dianthus fur clad
Hip-hop hooker
Narcotized nymph nascent
Composer in the bud*

*An adult movie x fluffer ingénue
Dow Chemical accentuated
Saline queen sex goddess*

*A part-time teacher
Daughter of a preacher
Educated soul food feature
Mammoth mammary top heavy
Marginalized housewife creature*

*A Hindu flight attendant
Avatar bi-sexual beauty
Practices Kama Sutra with
Allah's chocolate in a pipe
On display in a bizarre
Worldwide bazaar of street life*

*A spaced out di-writer-cum
Cinematographer
U S C Film School Grad
Golden time boy grip
To chronicle every worthy event
Presenting a forum for 'em
On the long road trip*

*A pro bono lovely lady lawyer
Indigo eyes behind horn rimmed glasses
Long eyelashes luscious lips
Shapely legs and curvaceous accented
Childbearing hips*

*A bristling white male accountant
Deft MBA from Harvard
With an abacus mind
And a keen sensitive nose
For money money money
Sniffin' cash cows all the time*

*A maladroit love sick
Characteristically Nazi
Deferring to a gang girls
Hauteur and charming souciance
He once savored her favor
Poignantly in his bony swastika
Tattooed arms and excrement
He thought was mere flatulence*

*A Japanese bashed businessman
 With two missing pinky fingers
 A tattooed red dragon on his back
 Who's driven in a white Mercedes-Benz
 With tinted glass a solid black
 A Tokyo mobster trademark vehicle
 Brought to him in L.A.
 By his Yakuza friends profligacy*

*Randolph Nathan Randall
 Runs this raunchy retinue
 They call him R n'R
 He's a rank practitioner
 Of the art of profanity
 Monogamous whores
 In a cooperate jet
 He lives as an emir
 In paroxysms of sex*

*Mendacious men belie
 Gauche dichotomies
 In fashions de rigueur
 Albeit ad hoc caveat emptor*

*In diaphanous black strappy
 High heels
 Sluts vaunt all they want
 Titian-haired kinky thatches
 Ogled by opulent ogre's
 Adroit nihilism ad nauseam
 Voluptuous sycophants
 Emote facile prolix
 Insolvent and fallow
 Boondoggling ebullient
 Sexual psyche phenomenon*

*Trumpets discord flourishes
 Lechers extraneous
 Father fixated
 And Oedipus complexed
 Paranoid patients blanching Ebonics*

*Red pinstripes on a black
 Fugi silk suit
 For the man about town
 With a broad in a forest green sequined gown
 Wearing long matching satin
 Gloves
 A diamond tiara crown
 Green lace on her pink silk drawers
 When he yanked 'em down
 As she yelped out in lust
 When he groped the tuft on her mound*

*Rapacious enough
 All the above
 Agreed to greed up
 On the ardent sop
 From R n'R's ocsitocin cup*

*That's today's Entourage of
 Eunuchs
 Coterie of castrated fools
 Tinseltown companions
 From notables to nobodies
 Nude eccentric talent pools*

*But back in the day
 Around the Hollywood Way
 On the white hand side
 An incongruous eunuch
 Named Mayer
 A little tin Jesus named Thalberg
 When Cukor called `Cut!`
 Barrymore got drunk
 Ev'rybody applauded
 He was born in a trunk
 Inappropriate women
 Flynn plied in a funk
 At the Brown Derby
 And Del Monte's for lunch
 As whiskey was watered
 Fields pissed in the punch
 Charles Laughton and Lon
 Chaney
 Both walked with a hunch
 Marion Davies and Hurst
 Entourage
 Was the wildest bunch
 And mean Harry Cohn
 Looked like a skunk
 While Uncle Carl Laemmle
 Had box office spunk*

*Then there was persona non grata
 Oscar Michaux
 The greatest B movie mogul
 Whoever lived
 (That I ever saw)*

*This no Titan then or now
 Could debunk
 Oscar should've gotten
 All the Oscar's
 They gave each blond blue-eyed
 Young punk
 He operated the camera
 Wrote the script and acted in it
 Promoted and distributed it
 Nationwide until his meager
 Black dollars shrunk
 Even though his pictures
 Were segregated
 They never stunk . . .
 Shit*

How the KKK Got White Lion/2A

*The burnin' question on
 Folks minds today
 Is a racially motivated plot
 Now in play
 And ev'rybody's dyin' to know
 From New York to L. A.
 How the KKK got White Lion/2A*

*A closet Klansman
 Tycoon of industry
 Donated them a fortune
 On condition that they
 Would invest it all
 In entertainment
 And they followed his
 Instructions
 To the letter KKK*

*White Lion/2A was up for sale
 So the hoods n' sheets
 Couldn't fail
 Bigots church burners
 Lynchers
 And a mercenary Jewish
 Brokerage house
 Bought the moribund
 White Lion pride
 From nose to tail*

*That's the whitest logo
 And once again the Klan
 Infuriated and incurred
 The wrath
 Of the sullen Negro*

*The NAACP filed a class
 Action suit
 Plus the Justice Department
 Investigated to boot
 And the Klan Watch
 Poverty Law Center
 In Montgomery Alabama
 Put a team of non-profit
 Lawyers from Harvard
 On the case
 Who hit 'em hard as
 A Hammer
 In the hooded hate face*

*Now the unholy Christian
 Knights
 Of the Ku Klux Klan
 Gotta sell by the end of
 The year
 To a black man*

*The movie master race plan
Started with a kleagle
In Pulaski Tennessee
The birthplace of the
Klan*

*He called the Imperial
Grand Wizard in
Vidor Texas
That's headquarters
For the Klan*

*And he called the
Exalted Cyclops
In Glasky Tennessee
The home of the Klan
Since 1865 A.D.
Then he faxed a Grand
Dragon
In Hendersonville
Tennessee
At a radio station
WKKK
He announced it on the
Air
And re-broadcast it
On satellite TV
And the Internet
Ev'rywhere*

*Thus all the pure
Norman stock
The whitest people on
Earth
Met in Hayden Lake
Idaho
Where Skinheads
White supremacist
Integrate white power
With neo-Nazis in the
Aryan nation
Wavin' confederate
Battle flags
Wearin' swastikas*

*Salutin' militia
In camouflage
And the Posse Comitatus
Joined the rally
With race haters
In ev'ry police department
In America*

*Led by a freemason
In a break away faction
Of the Birmingham Klan
Sippin' White Lightnin'
From a mason jar
At a Masonic Temple
Cursin' David's Hebrew
Star
As the anonymous ones
In the Illuminati
Planned a bloody race
War*

*Then a shadowy figure
 In a ski mask and
 Bulletproof vest spoke
 He praised the purchase
 And sale of the movie
 Companies
 And vowed the Klan
 Like the confederacy
 Would rise again
 From the ashes and smoke
 He said White Lion/2A
 Is `Gone with the Wind` now
 But buyer beware
 Because just as in
 The great film
 `Birth of a Nation`
 The Klan will hold sway
 Again men
 And he took a bigoted bow*

*They cheered and passed
 Out applications
 For ID cards
 And pledged to start
 Black church arsons
 Fly old glory upside
 Down
 Commit robberies in
 Santa suits and Nixon
 Mask
 And come down on
 Niggers and Jews
 Hard With a frown*

*So as this mad masked
 Man
 With billions
 Had sponsored and
 Plotted the way
 Each chapter invested
 With the Aryan
 Republican army
 Networkin' nodes of
 Extreme right
 Revolutionaries this
 Way
 That's how the KKK
 Got hooked up with White Lion/2A*

Instant Industry

*White Lion ain't just a name
 Artist-Allied and success
 Are the same
 If you're in the movie
 Game
 They're a magic wand
 For fortune and fame
 All the great stars
 Alive n' dead
 Dancin' singin'
 In my head
 When I'm wet dreamin'
 In the bed*

*I'm the producer
 I'm the director
 Of the big picture
 Ev'ryone wants to see
 All the celebrities
 Attend the premiere
 A Hollywood party
 On the South Central
 Streets
 Whites loathe and fear*

*Agamemnon the white lion is hungry
 Give 'em ticket stubs
 To eat
 Or he'll growl you
 Outta
 Ya Artist-Allied
 Multiplex theater seat
 The big black genie's
 Out of the bottle
 You rubbed Aladdin's
 Afro-centric lamp
 Now for fascination
 And extravaganza
 Add sophisticated
 Sepia camp*

*Once I was a gofer
On the back lot
When Cary Grant
Kissed Randolph Scott
I ran the machine
That made the rain n'
Snow
I use to give big Oooh's
To Marilyn Monroe
She was the best and
Biggest star
At any studio*

*Now I'm a black
Business boss man
In the racket I
Understand
The entertainment
Industry
Is at my black
Imagination's command*

*I'm a tycoon ace boon
Coon
A Dark Gable dreamer
Who makes 'em swoon
My chauffeur drives me
To Beverly Hills
And in my limo
I decide
To buy the proud prized
Pride of white lion's logo*

*The color picture of
 Roarin' beast
 In a golden frame
 With three Zulu words
 Underneath
 To put the rest to shame*

*A lion's feast of
 Excitement
 Lights the darkness
 As the credits roll
 When soul music
 Begins to swell
 You can't put the black
 Genie back in the
 Bottle
 And you can't unring
 The Negroid bell*

*You unleashed the king
 Of show business
 To raise cinematic hell
 Be it comedy or drama
 A Technicolor saga
 Set in a foreign land*

*It could be a western
 Flick
 Outter space stinker
 Clinker
 Slick as a self-hatin'
 Jewish agent
 With a contract in his
 Hand*

*My job is to keep you
In the dark
Munchin' popcorn n'
Goobers
And suckin' soda
Through a straw
As the plot thickens*

*The greatest film of all
Will grace this screen
So sit back and relax
And see the best damn
Motion picture
You have ever seen*

*The lead character's
Larger than life
The villain's sharp as
O.J.'s acquitted killa knife
The starlets red hot
And sexy
But still bring the kids
And wife*

*It'll hit so big
When you experience it
You'll run out into the
Street
And tell the first home
Boy n' girl in gang sign
When you meet
Sista brotha
You won't believe what
I just saw
A way baad ass movie motha*

*White Lion's the J.O.B.
To put my hood to work
As grips n' thangs
Instead of gangs
We won't hurt peeps
Where we hang
Re-build White Lion/2A2
Black back up in here
Move it away from
White flight over there
To the middle of the
Gangsta ghetto
Don't put a tall wall
Around it
It's an open movie
Studio set
Ev'rybody on welfare
Can be extras
Join the union and get
Paid gross (swish) no net
The G's can be the
Good guys
Rogue L.A.P.D. can still
Be despised
The rappers are the
Superstars
For all the world to
Idolize*

*Put black people in the
Movies
Film on location in the
Projects
The inner city kids
Are waitin'
Anticipatin'
They're all creatin'
A script with a black
Point of view*

*The politicians can
Be the bad guys
All the drug dealers
Are producers
The pimps n' prostitutes
The crew
We hire reformed
Hardened criminals
Dope fiends and homeless
Winos too*

*The hard workin' stiffs
Preachers and gospel
Choirs
And the elderly shine
Brand-new
Capture this in 3-D
All the power and the
Glory
We be makin' movies 24-7
Fillin' pipe lines left n'
Right
'Cause ev'ry homiez
Got a story
For sale to tell
Ev'ryday n' night*

*Ain't no other subject
Dope as this
Hip-hop rap n' gospel
Plus jazz
Ev'ryone in South
Central L.A. has
A God given talent
That they can never
Lose
As all my movies will
Show proof
Nobody else can imitate
Us
Each performance
Will go through the roof*

*Yeah ev'rybody loves
A killa gangsta movie
At the theater and on TV
We'll sell video rights
(Heh heh heh)
& pop a bootleg sucka
If they copy*

*So lights camera
Affirmative Action
In our White Lion black
Studio
Anybody livin' in
The blackest part of town
Knows just what to do
And when and where to
Do it
After the sun goes down
On you
Act out your part
With all your heart and
Soul
If we buy this white puppy
Back black
We'll have total mind
Control
Turn it into solid gold
Spend and lend it
For thirty million things
To thirty million human beings
After we film
And ev'rybody's
Autobiography's told*

*But . . . is the white lion logo
A blessin' or a curse
It's the way coolest in
The world
The most famous trademark
On earth*

*No man can define
Exactly what the simba
Symbols worth
An African pride of
White Lions
Bogartin' fartin' in yo'
Face
Then they shit
Turn and purr
And piss markin' they
Turf
With regal style n' grace*

*Now up comes the color
The perfect livin' color
The names of stars
Blues music plays
The house is packed
And ev'rybody's excited
It's universal n' paramount
The premiere showings
Tonight*

*A sneak preview
Lines around the planet
It's a galaxy of stars
Searchlights and strobes
Lasers probe
Upon the great marquee
That says in big bold
Red lettered
Gang graffiti
All homiez get in free*

*Fortune n' fame
Both are the same
In Hollyweird
On unfonky B-Way
Wherever those two
Illusive bastards play
Big money spends to see
Fake n' pretend
These two culprits
Are best of friends
Any managerial
William Morris agent
That you know
Will tell you CAA
Said so*

*Fortune n' fame
Is anybody's game
And ev'rybody's
Failure shame n' blame
If you get the credit
You win worldwide
Acclaim
Or wind up in Goat Alley
Where no one knows your
Name*

*So if you love the
Spotlight
And wanna be a winner
I'm the big-time boss
Who offers you a
Monte Cristo cigar
After a fancy dinner*

*The ghost of White Lion's
At Kaizen
It's gonna shut 'em down
Ain't no risin' sun
For Kaizen
They toast in tinsel
Town*

*The golden age
Musicals from the past
Haunts the Kaizen lot
Forever
It's the whole dead
Wonderful Wizard of
Oz cast*

*Kaizen's in a ghost town
Until we buy it back
Black
After a White Lion/Jew 2 A
Fundraiser
We'll take over the target
Fast*

*They never consider
Hiring black
To run a major Hollywood
Entertainment Company
The industry frowns
On that
They're racist as can be*

*Show business ain't
Ready for us
Runnin' thangs
Makin' deals
Thinkin' big
And gittin' mo' than
Just nigga rich man's
Money*

*Fortune n' fame
That's the game's name
Like entrance n' exit
Both doors can be the same
Fame n' fortune
Two babies born
Backstage
Placed in the same cradle
Ween n' suckle the
Same nipple
Sat at the same table
Fed from the same ladle*

*Mr. White Lion . . . ahem that's me
I'm him
2A 2 I C
Instant Industry
N' U
A grass roots soul
Company
And black banks
Can do all my
Financial backin'
If I want 'em 2
I'll get the bank
In South Central
To issue me a credit
Line
And sponsor all my
Projects
And least someone
Suspect
It's illegal if we
Connect
I'm Instant Industry
Just add SBA money
To the mix
Stir it up
And serve the stock
Come and get it
While it's hot
Instant Industry
I've got
Ev'rything
According to plan
If I pull this loan
Off
Baby I'm da man*

*I've got to lure a
 Black capitalist buyer
 Investor partnership
 An entertainment entity
 In Watts would be way
 Hip
 Include me in
 Sam Goldwyn's companies
 For sale too*

*I'll build a White Lion
 Hotel in Vegas
 And start a
 White Lion jet airline
 Get that back lot back
 Black
 In Covert City
 Like Humpty Dumpty
 Sittin' pretty
 I'd put the whole lion
 Thing together again*

*White Lion Technicolor
 That's what life should
 Be
 Complete control
 I'll call the shots
 To hire n' fire
 Wheel n' deal
 Scot-free*

*I'll take both
Inactive record
Labels
White Lion and 2A
And make interactive
Software
Until I'm a darker hue*

*Activate 'em with
A music challenge
To the big labels
Oligopoly
In the recording
Industry
I'll break in my films
With hip-hop
Musicals
And all black
Intellectual property
Featuring the kings
And queens of soul
With a paid Rap sample
What a tradition to
Follow*

*We can thank Mary
Pickford
And Douglas Fairbanks
For their united
Artistry example
Well I don't have a
Nickel
But that's the way you
Play
The buy-out take-over
Stock Market Wall Street
Driven game today*

*I'll be the biggest suitor
And I ain't gonna change
One job in the joint
Long as all the workers
Gimmie what I want*

*But hacks are wack
They'd better run
'Cause I'm a lionized
Creative
Son of a gun
When it comes to IPO's
I'll raise the venture capital
For fun
I'll become a online
Hardware
And software
Manufacturer
And sponsor me
On TV*

*I'll be promoter and
Distributor
I'll make the online
Configuration
My own as Kaizen did DAT
Exclusively
Phase out CD's and
Cassettes
Replace the DVD
With what's in my BVD's*

*So Bitch Ho let's go
 To Idaho
 Stay at the lodge in
 Sun Baby
 Allen Henry's rough row
 To ho
 At the Mo-Fo Best
 It's a carnivore's
 Convention
 And great white sharks
 Soiree*

*I'd love to be a fly
 On the wall
 I'd love to plant a bug
 At the Predator's Ball
 And tap ev'ry cell phone
 Call
 In the main dining
 Hall
 The Mo-Fo Best ain't
 Potatoes small
 It's an entrepreneurial
 Showcase y'all
 The entertainment
 Industries
 Up for grabs you know
 They're all ripe for an
 LBO*

*Mogul tycoon magnate
 A mogul is a power guy
 He's a VIP
 A tycoon is a money
 God on high
 Industrialist
 Financier*

*A magnate is most
Influential in
Business politics
So girl let's ego trip
To Idaho
And teach 'em all the
Slickest latest streetest
Greatest hippist phatest
Blackest tricks*

Mr. Mfume

*Mr. Mfume
Of the NAACP
(Kwesi)*

*Mr. Mfume
If you and Chairman Bond
Need money
(ASAP)
Mr. Mfume
(Hey Pee Wee)*

*I've got a Mom n' Pop Company
(Records movies TV)*

*Mr. Mfume
My plan is easy as ABC
(Invest tax-free)*

*Mr. Mfume
We spend black billions
Annually
(Instant Industry)*

*Mr. Mfume
(Commission me)*

*I'm sho' as Medgar fell
In Mississippi
(And called Myrlie)*

*Mr. Mfume
I want'cha to hear me
Talkin' currency
Man we could fun-raise
Us mo' money
Than Africanized killa
Bees
Make honey*

*To a million men minister
Farrakhan
Ideally functions as the main man
With all due respect
To Jesse Jackson
Keep on pushin' for Affirmative
Action*

*Mr. Mfume
Soon as I get outta detox
(Detox I thought you said
Detroit)*

*Mr. Mfume
Ms. Lynn Whitfield
Is a stone fox
(The lovely lady rocks)*

*Mr. Mfume
Like oil in Iraq
We are all worth
More than Fort Knox
(In Julian bonds and Kwesi stocks)*

*Cynics who cry Uncle Tom
Tucker
Think General Powell was
A sucka
And George W. Bush
Ain't gonna be funny
As the Rose Garden
Easter bunny*

*Big boss Black Caucus
Don't be silly
Y'all stop dependin'
On Slick Willie
Make each American
A client
Pee wee
Be a self-reliant
Giant
-TOP-*

Kinky n' da Stinky
(UFO of Love)

Uranus is pink
Ass astronomers think
Uranus is pink
With no gaseous stink
Uranus is pink
Bend over the sink
Uranus is cold
Rip you a new A-hole

When men from muthafuckin'

Mars
Penetrate
You'll see stars
Big twenty inch penises
Sodomize earth
Venuses
Anal virgins must avoid
A ass burnin' asteroid
One thrust you'll be
Destroyed
By sodomy lust enjoyed
From another world girl
(Enjoy it)

Green men from the red
Planet Mars
Not Roswell specimen in
Jars
Sex starved men from
Mars
Ain't had none since
This pain in the ass
Space voyage

*Quickie Mercury and
Moon
Melt frigid women on
Neptune*

*Jump Jupiter's bones
And after burn
Zoom butt rings around
Saturn*

*Pluto pussy
Blows my mind
Girl Uranus
Looks so fine
I wanna take your
Earth mates place
One night
To save the human race
(3 Times)*

*Earth women are so
Sweet
All y'all taste good to
Eat
I've got a flyin' saucer fleet
For your butt cherry
And I'm discreet*

*I don't drink no
 Human blood
 I just make unearthly
 Love
 I'm a sexxxtraterrestrial
 Being from above
 A sci-phi creature
 Who likes to push n'
 Shove
 Invade your inner space
 You'll come a Milky Way
 When I turn you about face*

*Uranus is red
 The planetarium said
 Uranus is brown
 When cosmic doo-doo
 Goes down
 Uranus is a freaky hue
 Uranus is black n' blue
 Amber n' white
 Girl I wanna observe Uranus
 Tonight*

*Whatzup Uranus
 Pull down my zipper
 And see the big dipper
 Whatzup Uranus
 Uranus is a hot ass
 Volcanic G spot
 Whatzup Uranus
 Spread your rosy cheeks
 A lot*

*Your rear end taut
Your butt cheeks rosy
Crack 'em for me
I'm nasty nosy*

*Reamin' backsides
My predilection
Humpin' hind pots
With affection*

*I humped the black hole
My dick's a green pole
I breathe fire on it
When it gets cold*

*You can hear yourself comin'
Light years away
In the Grand Canyon of
The great galaxy*

*Stinky pinky
Booty dooty
Ever had a enema*

*Lemme take your temperature
My meat thermometer
Is slicker
Than a rectal exam*

*Rammin' up in the rear
I'm a back door man
Once you let me up in the pink
I'll fit like a glove*

*My tentacles are erect
 My most intimate
 Member aroused
 I'm into you
 Way up in here boo
 In deep ass doo-doo love*

*My meat hooks on yo' hips
 Bat your long eyelashes
 And wet your bee stung lips
 We gonna have some
 Big dick n' hot ass
 Clashes*

*The anal angel
 Is gonna come
 The anal angel
 Will flap wings n' things
 Play your hearts golden
 Strings
 Ring yo' chimes earthling
 Pull yo' chain human
 Being
 Hark hear the anal
 Angel sing
 Earthling I like what
 I see
 Pink sphincter winkin'
 Back at me
 Rock yo' bubble butt world*

*Baby this ain't no punk
 Ass tussle
 I'm gonna exercise
 Yo' pink taint muscle*

*Buttered dark meat n' light meat
When I bust you in
Your seat*

*Shockin' pink round eye
Peepin' back at me
My pinkie is my smallest
Finger
In your dianthus
Derriere
Let it work n' linger
Until the diameter
Is the size that I
Prefer*

*Anal alien angel chile
In a pink UFO of love
Anal alien angel chile
Green alien from up above
Anal alien angel chile
And you got just
What I'm reamin' of*

*A fecal orifice
Up your alimentary canal
Ugh! Make it snappy
Big bang power prophylactic
Pink latex sex
From the red planet
In the universe
Tickled pink n' happy
And rated triple X*

*Re-entry in sync
Your panties
Downlink
Buck wild mad naked minx
As the hole in a donut
Glazed pink*

*Uranus is pink
Hook up my
Missin' link
Gang rape you in
Love's clink
Peg your rinky dinky
Catch ya in the
Shower
Or hottie on da potty
Kinky n' da stinky
UFO of love*

_____TOP_____

The Same Ol' Boat

*We all in the same ol' boat
Sailing on the same ol' sea
Sometimes it's calm and sometimes it's stormy*

*Some folks just rock the boat
'Cause they can swim and float
One day they'll write a note . . . S.O.S. in a bottle*

*When the same ol' boat sinks
And the radio's on the blink
When the captain and crew can't think
Good God almighty . . . I wonder*

*Rich people going overboard
Poor people can't afford
To buy life jackets
So they go down under*

*Don't sail upon a pirate ship
And search in vain
For booty
Stand tall out on the deck of life
Making love your duty*

*A great ship lost out in the night
Found the ice gigantic
'Tis not a sailor's salty tale
'Twas on the old Titanic*

*Somebody cried land ahoy
Young mother screamed . . . save my boy
Old man went down three times
And drown forgotten*

*Politician spoke for himself
 Didn't help nobody else
 `Cause he was scared to death
 He knew the boat was rotten*

-----TOP-----

This same August Monday, Janet spends the early morning in the tiny galley, preparing an authentic Indian breakfast for her friends. She started at six a.m. Carter tried to assist her, but was asked to leave because his real motive was revealed, when he groped Janet, as she bent over to check the oven. Nouro was still missing in action with the gay flight crew, Cap'n handsome homo Harry and the wily effeminate co-pilot, Smug Doug.

Janet and Carter had collected all the spices, herbs and ingredients needed to prepare this exotic breakfast Janet said was recommended in the Kama Sutra. But it was actually printed in the L.A. Times, featuring a culinary cast, starring frozen coconut from an Asian market: fenu Greek seeds, curry leaves, Alphonzo mango pulp, cumin, brown mustard, turmeric, unsalted crushed peanuts, minced ginger root, finely chopped serrano chile, frozen French cut green beans, one sprig of curry leaves, Channa Dal, split peeled ground red chile, plain yogurt, mustard seeds, dried hot chiles, onion, cilantro clipped instant dhokla mix, oil, sugar, rice, uperi and love. This spicy Indian cuisine was served in the dining salon with hearty heaping helpings enjoyed by the company. They finished with courtesy compliments and kindly kudos for the happy Hindu lady chef from everyone. Randolph cleaned his plate, sipped some Japanese tiger penis wine, a gift from Nouro, winked his good eye, patted the beautiful Indian woman's hand and kissed it fervently, to Gwen's prompt objection, "Ran!"

Then he said coarsely with love, "Ya burned your fine brown sexy, English accent, Hindu ass off, baby, I swear, shit." But the highest honor was bestowed, when he belched loudly and sighed his crude 2 B rude crass crescendo of contentment.

To which Gwen interrupted, "Ok, Ran, let's not over do it now. It was delicious, Janet, exotically exceptionally ethnically special."

And Mark added, "An eatin' experience from home eh? I never knew this side of ye, Ganges Gidiva." Mark uses his imitation Irish brogue again.

Then, grinning like a happy kid at the grown-ups table, Space said, "Gracious gorgeous lady, it was food meant for the gods and I mean it. Soup for breakfast, babe! Hey that's hale n' hardy happenin'!"

And Mia was enthused to say, "Scrumptious, Janet, just what I needed to face this judge, a way spice feast and a half. Way to go, girl!"

Monika hugged her Hindu friend/co-conspirator and said earnestly, "I loved it, Janet. You and Sharon are so gifted with great talent, God, really!"

Pearson used his napkin and cleared his throat to say, "I too enjoyed the breakfast immensely, Janet. It was superb! Five stars, excellent!"

Janet was as the Indian goddess Durga beaming, her dark eyes tearing slightly as she said, "Thanks friends, thank you. I'm so glad you all enjoyed my native dishes."

Carter could hold back no longer and blurted, "Please, Janet, allow me to say, even though I was in the galley improperly with you, when you and I . . ."

But Janet cut him off with a curt, "Don't remind me."

To which the table of friends replied in unison, "Oh shit."

Exposed but undaunted, Carter continued his transparent thought, "Anyway Janet, it was fantastic, the food I mean. It melted in my mouth, honest Hindu Injun."

Bitch Ho breezed in blithe, refreshed and dressed in denim print jodhpurs, high heels, a lemon colored silk maxi-shirt and said with a sly ghetto grin, "Damn, y'all grittin' back up in here, huh?" The oaken table of friends and new admirers, looked at the clever curvaceous composer and remembered her recited raw rhymes, printed potent paragon of prurient poetry and purple prose, posted on her Bitch Ho.com Web site for the world to see now, hear, experience and purchase.

So, Mark welcomed her warmly, saying softly, "Poetess, join us, pull up a chair." Mark got up to help Bitch Ho, but Pearson was there and assisted her first.

Janet came over smiling with a steaming bowl and ladle and said, "Try the mango soup, Sharon; it's just right for you now, and taste the uperi and some dhokla."

Mark remembered their problems, in this all too peaceful setting, as he took the silver spoon out of his mouth, and tapped a crystal glass for their attention, reminding them, "Nouro called and he will meet us at the courthouse. So, eat up, Sharon. We're gonna get R n'R off this morning!"

Randolph gazed at his favorite, Bitch Ho, and said intimately, "Bon appetit boo, ya bad ass puddin' face, sweet talkin', honey walkin' . . ."

And as expected, Gwen shrieked, "Ran!"

Chapter Twenty-Three

. . .

Terrific Traffic Court Ticket 4 Iris' Ire

(The rape n' sodomy hearing Monday morning, August the fifteenth)

Bailiff: "Order in the court, all rise, the Honorable Judge Vincent S. Evanston presiding." A tall, dark, black man in his forties, baldhead, bifocals and urbane air, strode to the bench and addressed the court.

Judge: "Good morning is everyone present, ah, the plaintiff, Nurse Gray and the defendant, Mr. Randall."

Mia: "May we approach the bench, your Honor? I think we have an agreeable solution to this case?"

Judge: "A quick solution to rape and sodomy, patently absurd. However, I'm curious, so, counsel, you may approach."

As Mia prepares to approach the bench, Randolph remarks in a low voice, just out of ear shot of the court, "That won't no sodomy, sucka; that was anal love, shit."

Mia: "Yes, judge, our company has come into some fresh funds, and we will offer Nurse Gray a premium of our stock. And/or as a solution incentive, we will offer her a one hundred thousand dollar cashiers check, to drop the charges."

Judge: "What say you, counsel?" Nurse Gray's counsel is a white male, short, and young Turk type in a wrinkled blue suit, dark shirt and tie, obviously in league with Mia.

Counsel: "I have to confer with my client."

Mia: "Be my guest."

Judge: "Well, we'll recess. How long?"

Counsel: "Two minutes ought to do it, Judge."

Judge: "For rape and anal sodomy, I'd say one hundred grand and two minutes post haste was plenty today, counsel." The judge is sarcastic, and the court responds with a snicker.

Counsel: "Yes sir."

Randolph is giving Nurse Gray the good eye. She is shrouded in black chiffon and heels while displaying a faux woman scorned look upon her pretty face.

Mia: "Don't sweat it, R n'R. That's right, keep lookin' at her; that's the ticket."

Randolph: "I'll want to clear this puppy up fast, and then I've got some personal business to do. I think I can clean thangs up damn skippy on this Louse hassle."

Mia: "You sound upbeat, R n'R. How's the eye?"

Randolph: "I could care fuckin' less. Bring on the goddamn world, shit. I'm ready for fuckin' Clarence Thomas' mama this mornin', shit."

Mia: "What do you think of Nouro putting up a cashiers check for a settlement on your behalf?"

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, shit, she oughta take the fuckin' bread. She got her nuts off twice, and got paid once, that's a mothafucka. I'm ready to hat up, shit. All they can gimmie is third degree sodomy on her word, goddammit."

Mia: "I think so too, but I'm worried, maybe they'll want more money. Everybody's so greedy in criminal cases; that's why I never wanted this branch of the law. Corporate law is better believe me, R n'R."

Randolph: "You and ev'ry fuckin' body else wanna be a rich fuckin' corporation today and live the largest life of all. Shit, if it's more scratch, Nouro will pay it."

Bailiff: "All rise." The judge returns to the courtroom.

Mia: "Here we go, good luck."

Randolph: "Yeah, hell, I never saw a pretty sexy woman's, dilatin', arched anus I could resist . . . openin' up and urgin' me on and in, inch by fuckin' inch, shit."

Mia blushes remembering her own, as Randolph called it, spicy Italian Cuban sugar, arrivederci amigo, stuffed jumbo artichoke, anal sodomy session with him, and she sashays to the bench when the judge beckons her and the plaintiff's attorney.

Judge: "Now, counsel, have you and your client come to a decision?"

Counsel: "Yes, your Honor. If it pleases the court, this is the last sidebar, sir?" The judge motions them to the bench for the secret scheming sidebar.

Judge: "Can we settle this case, counsel?"

Counsel: "Yes, if counsel will agree to two hundred and fifty thousand cash, and that's our final figure."

Mia: "Yes, that's acceptable, your Honor."

Judge: "All right, we're in the wind . . . as all parties are decided and in total agreement. This case of Gray versus Randall is dismissed, and court is adjourned."

Randolph: "How fuckin' much, Mia?"

Mia: "Two hundred and fifty grand."

Randolph: "Shit, that was an expensive fuck, but it was fuckin' worth it. I love the shit out of a woman in uniform. I couldn't fuckin' resist. Look at her grinnin' and blushin' and battin' those big gray sexy eyes at me. Shit, I hope Nouro ain't passin' a rubber check up in here."

Mia: "I hope you're being facetious. This case is gratis for me and Nouro's paying her. However, you should know for your own private information, the uncircumcised man can give cancer of the vulva, anus and cervix. Thus, Iris Gray's case should not be taken lightly."

Randolph: "Contingency, pro-bono, wave your fuckin' cost, but get the real deal from Nouro, ya dig? And put this in ya goddamn deposition, love is a sexually transmitted disease."

(Outside the court in the parking lot)

Mark: "Where do you wanna eat, R n'R? Everybody's here but Gwen, where you wanna go, Pinks?"

Randolph: "Yeah." Randolph peers into the lead limo's tinted window, which is lowered.

Mark: "Do I know his moods or what? Pinks, and pimp steaks it fuckin' is. We have three limos for everybody. Look out world, here comes Big Pictures Inc.! Move outta there, Space. R n'R's gonna celebrate his victory. Let him ride with all the lucky ladies." As a grave Gwen awaits word of the verdict at home, Randolph indulges himself with three girls in the gang, (Monika, Janet and Bitch Ho).

Space: "Oh fuck, my bad; I forgot, go on, big guy."

Randolph: "Yeah, I wanna waller n' da squalor with 'em."

Chapter Twenty-four

. . .

When the Widow Calls, It's a Triple Trailer Truck Load of Double Trouble Do Do

(Playa's poolside at the Beverly Hills Paradise Pleasure Palace Hotel, that same August 15th, Monday morning)

Randolph: "Whatzup, Pearson?"

Pearson: "Your mother."

Randolph: "Say what, Nazi?"

Pearson: "Nooo . . . she's on hold, line three."

Randolph: "Hello."

Mother Randall: "Hi Randy, good to hear your voice. I haven't heard from you in over a year now. As usual, I guess it's this business you're in that keeps you so exclusively unsociable."

Randolph: "Naw, mother, it ain't that; I'm rebuildin'. I got fired, and now I'm on my own. Did you get the checks I sent you?"

Mother Randall: "Yes, I got them. Every since your father died, you've been sending these checks. Why, Randy, why do you send me so much money? I'd never be able to spend that much with what time I've got left. I'm eighty-seven years old now!"

Randolph: "I know, but women live to be in their hundreds today, and you way too spry to die."

Mother Randall: "Oh, is that what you think? Well, a lot of my youthful vigor can be credited to Morris, he . . ."

Randolph: "I don't need to hear your personal business, if you and . . ."

Mother Randall: "Morris!"

Randolph: "Whatever, ya wanna live like young kids, go 'head and do it."

Mother Randall: "I'll tell him you said that. Too bad you couldn't have been more polite and gentlemanly when Morris came to talk to you about our marriage."

Randolph: "I hated that, I mean Pop's wasn't cold in his grave, and this grinnin' goofy guy was standin' up in my face on the Kaizen lot talkin' 'bout marryin' you and makin' us a whole family again. He's lucky I didn't really give him my opinion."

Mother Randall: "You did fine in that department; he was very hurt by your coldness and bad blood."

Randolph: "I gave as I got, as always."

Mother Randall: "No, Randy, you judged Morris by your own standards and life style. You don't even know what he's about because you don't care. He's not taking your father's place; he's my choice for a life mate until I die."

Randolph: "Ok, awright, I understand, just don't expect too much right now where he's concerned. I've got to take that real slow."

Mother Randall: "Well, what are you doing now? Are you still policing that big movie lot for the Japanese?"

Randolph: "Naw, I told you I got fired, now I'm gonna be a boss. I'm makin' a one billion dollar motion picture, and I've got the organization to pull it off."

Mother Randall: "Why do you need to make a picture for one billion dollars, Randy? That seems pound foolish and way too extravagant to me."

Randolph: "You don't understand the movie business. They put a high price tag on ev'rythang, in order to get the people's attention and get the media interested and talkin' about it, you know, publicity and promotion?"

Mother Randall: "Yes, I know, your father ran the radio station for over fifty years. He hoped you'd do this sort of thing for him, but you did it your way and that's that."

Randolph: "What you sayin', I disappointed Pops? I did my thang; I never asked for or needed a dime. I've been my own man since high school: I bought my own clothes, I bought my own car, I joined the navy, I paid for college. I did for myself, so, I figured I didn't owe anybody anythang, but love."

Mother Randall: "Well, Randy, that would be fine, except it broke your father's heart that you never took an interest in the station. I had to let strangers handle the day to day management of it these last ten years."

Randolph: "That happens ev'ryday out here in the entertainment Mecca. Mega millions are spent, lent, you name it, and strangers run the show for the founders' family. In other words, you've got to play the same game of bein' an absentee owner in the background."

Mother Randall: "I don't think so, Randy, as the founder's only son, the station could use your experience and expertise. If you got fired from there, you should come back here and run your father's little black radio station. Or are you ashamed it only reaches Washington, Virginia, Baltimore and Delaware? That was his dream, to service the tri-state area, and he succeeded by building the first all black owned and operated radio station in the area."

Randolph: "Yeah, Pop's was on top of his game, but so am I, and I can't leave this situation now. I'm committed to win this battle and save my reputation in show business. So, what's wrong? Is anythang the matter? Why'd you call?"

Mother Randall: "I called because I wanted to remind you that you have other obligations, family responsibilities to confront."

Randolph: "What can I do about the station? I'm into movies, not radio."

Mother Randall: "You grew up around the station. Your father had one child, one son to run his business, and he let you be your own man; let you make all your own decisions early on so you'd appreciate his fairness. Now when he needs you to save his . . ."

Randolph: "Why don't ya get what's his name to run it, I wouldn't care. Let him get up and go to work, or is it askin' too much of him to do his part?"

Mother Randall: "Morris is not a business man, nor is he a manager type. You evidently are managerial material. Morris is a poet."

Randolph: "A poet you say, I never heard of him. What'd he ever write? Whoever published him? Does he have a dime of his own money? I think he's just a lady's . . . old lady's man, a Geritol geriatric gigolo, a . . ."

Mother Randall: "How dare you accuse Morris of false intentions; he loves me dearly. Your father had many affairs, but he was a good man. He was a good provider and father. He would have been a better husband, but the station owned his soul, so he buried himself in his work and other women. Morris loves me, and only me, and that's why I married him. He gets a royalty or two, I don't ask. But he does have means of support, and he pays his own way. He's never asked me for a dime, and we live quiet and modestly. We only have a penchant for traveling abroad, and that cost us a lot of money."

Randolph: "Yeah, I bet, and I know who foots the bill for all that travelin' ya do . . . you."

Mother Randall: "I have credit cards, he doesn't. Particularly, I love to go to Europe, Rome, Greece, Turkey, Egypt . . ."

Randolph: "Tell me about it, especially Egypt?"

Mother Randall: "Why, do you want to go to Egypt?"

Randolph: "Naw, but Gwen wants to go waaay bad."

Mother Randall: "Gwen, well how is your wife? She's got a good heart. She's smart, writes long interesting warm letters, better than you do. I know about you only from her letters. Are you treating her properly? I know you and women. And just like your father, you can't help yourself sampling strange forbidden fruit."

Randolph: "Me and Gwen are ok, I guess. I don't dwell on it, we either get along or it's over."

Mother Randall: "Just like that, no respect for your vows. Why don't you have children? You've been married for over two years. Would it be too much to give Gwen a baby to love and raise?"

Randolph: "Look, if you wanna be a grandmotha, you better adopt . . . you and what'chamacallit?"

Mother Randall: "You're so cold-blooded, Randy, just like your friends."

Randolph: "What friends, what are you talkin' 'bout? You don't know any of my new friends."

Mother Randall: "I know High Art Leisure, KoKo and Pure Pleasure Love, what a name. And I know Babs, his girlfriend, or better yet his whore. I'm not blind or innocent nor that naive."

Randolph: "You met these people . . . when?"

Mother Randall: "Yesterday, well really early that morning, they came here looking for you."

Randolph: "What for, did they say?"

Mother: "They only hinted about letting you in on the deal of a lifetime. The one named High Art kept asking for your number, and then he wanted me to call you. Morris and I became alarmed when their behavior became rather bizarre."

Randolph: "Like how bizarre?"

Mother Randall: "This High Art Leisure did all of the talking. The other man, this Pure Pleasure Love stayed on a cell phone the whole time, and I distinctly heard him say ten keys and two hundred and fifty K, and so forth and so on. You know the jargon these types use. Morris offered them coffee, and the two women: this KoKo and Babs kept going to the bathroom. They were here no more than a half hour, but those women went to the bathroom and back, three or four times. And they had these crude rowdy laughs . . . very guttural and vulgar. So Morris became very frightened, he took me aside and said that he saw the outline of a gun in a shoulder strap on this Pure Pleasure Love, when he bent over to pick up the picture of you on the end table in the living room."

Randolph: "Where did they go next, do you know?"

Mother Randall: "L.A., they said. Well, then this High Art said he didn't blame me for not giving him your number, and that's what he would want his mother to do. But he was lying and I said goodbye and good luck. Then Morris and I locked and bolted the front door."

Randolph: "So, they want me, and they're headed this way."

Mother Randall: "Are you in any trouble? These people were rough, and the women were coarse and evil."

Randolph: "Naw, it's a long story. Anyway I'm glad ya called. I'll try to get back that way soon, after I make this movie."

Mother Randall: "How long is soon, Randy?"

Randolph: "Soon as I can, you know, six months is the best bet now."

Mother Randall: "What's this great expensive movie of yours called?"

Randolph: "Well, we were callin' it 'Men From . . . Mars'. But I've been thinkin' 'bout the title and the subject, so now I don't know."

Mother Randall: "You mean you're making a billion dollar movie and you don't know the title yet?"

Randolph: "No, you didn't listen. I know it, but I may change it."

Mother Randall: "But why would you change it if you know what you're doing? You don't sound sure."

Randolph: "I'm sure. Look, it's been good talkin' to ya, but I gotta go and take care of business."

Mother Randall: "I hope so, Randy, I hope so. Are you still running around with that Englishman?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Mark, we're partners."

Mother Randall: "Your father said he'll steal you blind one day."

Randolph: "I know Pops didn't like Mark. Sooo . . . you take care of yourself now, and . . ."

Mother Randall: "Your great Aunt Juanita is one hundred and four. She's blind now, but coherent and bossy as ever. She asks about you every time I see her. You should send her flowers on her birthday; it's February third. And don't forget all the old neighbors, the McCall's, the Stevens, the Thomas's . . . "

Randolph: "I get the picture; tell 'em all I said hello. Is that it?"

Mother Randall: "Well . . . be careful, and call sometimes why don't you? Why haven't you called, Randy?"

Randolph teases his beloved mother, and she enjoys the fun. "Why you dime one, from day one, nigga rich, old pseudo decrepit, black widow, humpback dowager with ducats up the derriere, ya enjoy playin' the role of the disappointed mother too much for my taste."

Mother Randall: "Ah . . . your anger is a - parent."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm for breakin' the fifth commandment, matricide."

Mother Randall: "Sharper than a serpent's tooth, is the ingratitude of a thankless child."

Randolph: "Ssss! No Shakespear, please."

Mother Randall: "Bye."

Randolph: "Bye."

Bitch Ho: "Oh, Ran, that was fuckin' beautiful. Ya didn't cuss once, unfuckin' real for you. So that was your mom's, huh, no shit? You look funny, Ran. Why ya didn't tell her 'bout your eye? Shit."

Randolph: " 'Cause it ain't none of her goddamn business, shit."

Bitch Ho: "Well, she's gonna fuckin' shit when she finds out ya lost that sucka, man, damn."

Randolph: "I ain't sweatin' that shit, but I'm curious 'bout what she told me 'bout some crazy ass niggas headed this way. Shit."

Monika: "Who, Ran?"

Randolph: "High Art Leisure."

Mark: "Him again, no shit?!"

Randolph: "Yeah, so ev'rybody stay cool, and leave 'em to me. I'll handle him."

Bitch Ho: "Kick his natural ass again, Ran, shit. Thievin' nigga was at your mom's house; I bet somethin's missin'."

The phone rings.

Pearson: "Randolph, it's Mother Randall . . . again."

Randolph takes the call. "Hi."

Mother Randall: "Hello Randy, after I hung up just now, all hell broke loose. Morris is beside himself, he says his wallet's missing, the silverware's gone, and my change purse is missing. What should I do? These people were your friends, and I want to do the right thing; so tell me what we should do?"

Randolph: "How much did ya lose?"

Mother Randall: "We don't really know, Morris is still looking for things, we don't know yet. I had fifteen or twenty dollars in my purse, I think. Morris had his I.D. and two hundred dollars in his wallet."

Randolph: "I bet."

Mother Randall: "Randy please, if Morris said it, I believe it. The silverware is priceless; it's an heirloom. Your grandmother Shirley gave your father and me the old Sheffield silverware for a wedding present. It's a pure mother of pearl-handled silverware set from Fifth Avenue. It was my most treasured possession, except for your father's wedding rings. Oh! My God, hold on a minute, Randy. . . ." She leaves to check on the rings.

Randolph: "Oh, shit."

And Randolph's stepfather comes on the line.

Morris: "This is Morris, Randolph. As you can see, your mother and I are the victims of a robbery by some of your criminal underworld friends. So, as your stepfather, it is my sad duty . . ."

Randolph: "Whoa, ya ugly, little fuckin' parasite. I don't give a fat fuck how you feel, faggot. It's my mom's shit I'm after now, so put her back on the goddamn phone, and you shut the fuck up. Oh yeah, and about that stepfatha shit. I'll catch ya at night when ya least expect it, and beat the black right off ya fonky ass, if ya ever say that stepfatha shit again, ya cocksuckin' coward ass nigga."

A perplexed Mother Randall comes back on the line, "Randy! What did you say to Morris, he looks terrified?!"

Randolph: "Nothin', so, do ya have the weddin' rings?"

Mother Randall: "Yes, thank God, I don't think anything else is missing. What did you say to Morris? He's throwing things. . . . Morris, please stop! He's beside himself again!"

Randolph: "Don't worry, I'll get the silverware back."

Mother Randall: "I have to go, Randy; Morris broke the mirror in the hallway!"

Randolph: "Ok, later."

Mother Randall: "Bye."

Mark: "Trouble?"

Randolph: "Yeah, hell yeah, way trouble du jour: street smart High Art Leisure, loco KoKo, a punk ass semi-automatic pistol packin' nigga named Pure Pleasure Love, and a baad ass, black butt bitch named Babs."

Mark: "Shit, Bottomline Babs. I know Pure Pleasure and Babs Greene. They ran a lotta Murphy and badger games downtown on Broadway, sorta like blackmailin' con artist and grifter shit. Though Pleasure thinks he can be scary, if you get my drift?"

Randolph: "Yeah, my mom's said her guy thinks he's strapped."

Mark: "Well, the big butt cracks are back. High Art Leisure's got nerves of steel to still be runnin' with KoKo; she's a fuckin' nightmare. What did they do?"

Randolph: "Stole my mom's silverware and twenty bucks or so."

Mark: "That all, that bunch could and would jack Mother Theresa, Mother Mary, Joseph and Jesus himself, on the golden sacred streets of heaven."

Randolph: "Yeah, but they jacked the wrong one this fuckin' time. Now I gotta T.C.B. on they ass, ya dig?"

Mark: "Oh yes, I dig, what'cha got in mind, count me in?"

Pearson: "Me too."

Space: "And me."

Nouro: "And I, R n'R san."

Bitch Ho: "We'll fuck they bitch ho's up, Ran, shit. Let's run them niggas back to New York City, shit."

Mia: "Anything you need me to do, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Naw, Mama Mia, just stay fine, shit."

Janet: "I'm here for you, you know that though."

Randolph: "Yeah, ya so fuckin' ass pretty . . ."

Gwen: "Ran, please, what about me, what can I do, honey?"

Randolph: "You stay with the other ladies, puddin'. I gotta do this alone, shit."

Monika: "I'm with you too, Ran, just tell me what to do. I can fight, remember?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I remember, Money Honey, you're a feisty little hot natured . . ."

Gwen: "Ran, stop!"

The phone rings and Pearson picks up.

Pearson: "Oh, Vernice is calling from Covert City. She wants her old job back. What shall I tell her, Randolph?"

Randolph: "She's my fuckin' secretary, tell her to get her Skinny Minnie ass over here on the fuckin' double, and bring all the secretarial shit she needs with her."

Gwen: "Did Vernice get fired too, Ran?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah, ev'rybody with Mark and me got the can, shit."

Bitch Ho: "This is a bad ass mothafuck, Ran, Beverly Hills Paradise Pleasure Palace fuckin' hotel, shit. We livin' large as a goddamn potentate, shit. I love it, Ran! I think I read Paul Williams, a brotha, designed this baad boy."

Monika: "I'm going to the salon, my nails, dahling. And I do mean a manicure and a pedicure."

Mia: "Yes, I'll get a facial and a new hairdo."

Janet: "I want the works, dammit."

Mark: "Thanks for the checks, Nouro."

Nouro: "We invaluable think tank, can go anywhere, do anything together. Strike like small commando force; conquer world with this little band. Great group!"

Randolph: "What you slip him, Bitch Ho? He's talkin' all out of his fuckin' head, shit."

Mark: "Arrogant as Kuni, R n'R."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, mothafuck think he the emperor of Japan, shit."

Randolph: "Yakuza mothafuck, shit." The three laugh at Nouro.

Nouro: "Comrades in arms allowed frivolity in tough times to break tension. I understand and laugh too, you fucks."

The phone rings and Pearson answers. "The desk is calling, Randolph. That perilous problem party you're expecting is in the lobby, a Mr. High Art Leisure and Ms. KoKo, a Mr. Pure Pleasure Love and Ms. Babs Greene to see you."

Randolph: "Yeah, ok, ev'rybody but Mark and Pearson split. Nouro, you and Space and Carter stay out of sight. Now let's go, shit; let the festivities begin, goddammit." Everyone leaves but Randolph, Mark and Pearson.

Pearson: "They're on the way, Randolph. Where do you wish to receive them, in your cabana or here, poolside?"

Randolph: "Poolside, shit."

Mark: "Good call, I haven't seen this viper since New York City, takes me back."

Randolph: "I'm not gonna play with 'em; so Mark, watch out for his piece, and Pearson, look rich. You know, act like Nouro, shit."

Pearson: "Ok."

Mark: "I'm loose as a fuckin' goose, R n'R! As you know, KoKo carries a concealed box cutter, and Babs will try and go for the eyes or the nuts or both. This Pure Pleasure Love thinks he's mean, beats his girls shitless, I heard. Well, they're here . . . ah, High Art Leisure, you old dusky dog, what brings you out west? And look at this, his beautiful exotic erotic Eurasian and/or mysterious Mongolian mistress, eight centuries removed from Genghis Khan, KoKo mama. Hello Pleasure, been a long time, how ya been? And is this African jewel, Babs? My, my, the years have been way good to you, black Nigerian baby doll."

Chapter Twenty-five

. . .

Gate Crashers Showboat of Leisure n' Love

The quartet of trouble approaches the trio of triumph waiting poolside, standing and braced for the fight that will decide their future reputation in superior street smarts coast to coast. The four are dressed for business as High Art Leisure and Pure Pleasure Love are wearing suits, one purple, and the other buttermilk with matching alligator shoes. KoKo is wearing a scarlet, size eleven cheong-sam with shades, spike heels and a Chinese coolie style conical red straw hat. Babs is in a size ten green crepe dress, with five-inch heels, green wide brim straw hat and shades. And the two women let licentious leering grins so intimidating and scary go at them; Pearson knocks over his Long Island ice tea.

Leisure: "You still rollin' with this shit talkin' piece of English cocksucka, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Leisure: "I brought my peeps with me 'cause we all hooked up on this way real deal, shit."

Randolph: "What fuckin' deal?"

Leisure: "Relax mothafuck, shit, I'm runnin' it."

Randolph: "Relax is my goddamn name, shit. Run it."

Leisure: "We got a hot tip you was fired and doin' ya own thang. So this is our thang, we wants to distribute fuckin' ev'rythang ya fuckin' do, shit."

Randolph: "You nuts, we don't even have shit yet, and you fucks don't know a goddamn thang 'bout distribution of films, shit."

Pleasure: "Hold on now. Shit, you don't even fuckin' know me, nigga."

Babs: "Yeah, me neither, big man."

KoKo: "Hi, R n'R, you remember I told you I wanted to be in the fuckin' movies, just like that dumb ass, peroxide bottle blond bitch (Marilyn Monroe) you kept dreamin' and talkin' in yo' sleep about?"

Randolph: "I remember you fucked all over me. I almost came after you, but me and Mark cooled out my involvement; so, I forgot it, ya got lucky, bitch. And hell yeah, ya two-timin' tantalizin' temptin' thief, ho. I wet dream of Norma Jeanie with the light brown hairs. So fuckin' what, bitch?"

Leisure: "You put up one huge cash, five hundred large now and the other half at the end of the deal in escrow, after we deliver on the contract to distribute the first fuckin' film, and that's it, shit."

Randolph: "Naw, I don't deal with dumb fucks who rip off my mom's, ya dig?"

Pleasure: "What?"

Randolph: "Yeah, ya got her for her fuckin' silverware, ya thievin', homeless, piss pond scum fucks. And you . . .!"

Leisure: "Hey, mothafuck, don't, whoa! Shit!"

Randolph knocks High Art Leisure into the pool." And now you, pull it, shit, go 'head! Give it up, ya weak ass, pig face, mothafuckin' punk!"

Pleasure: "No, nigga, oh! Hey! Aw shit!" Randolph grabs his wrist, applies pressure, wrings the pistol loose and punches Pure Pleasure Love into the pool.

KoKo: "Don't touch me, R n'R, I'll slice ya mothafuckin' ass up, ya cocksucka. Don't . . . oh shit!"

Randolph's blazing brisk brutal backhand sends KoKo flyin' into the pool and he addresses Babs. "Well, bitch, I'm gonna talk to you once. By the time they drown in that fuckin' pool, you'd better tell me where my mom's shit is and all of it, ho!"

Randolph grabs Babs by the thick nap of her stiff, wiry, kinky black hair. "Don't hit me, nigga, here, shit. I'm just holdin' this (pawn ticket) for KoKo, shit. Hey, man, goddamn, you pullin' my hair, oh shit!" Babs is slapped into the pool, where her partners are coughing up water, while bobbing and holding on to life preservers, a concerned Pearson threw to them.

Mark: "Am I loose enough, mothafuck?"

Randolph: "Yeah, let's get the hell over to this goddamn pawnshop. I gotta cop my mom's shit back."

Five men in summer suits come rushing over to them.

Pearson: "I'll make sure they leave, Randolph. Oh, here comes the hotel security . . . Hello, Hal, I think we can handle this. You just get 'em out of here."

Hal: "What the fuck happened, Irving?"

Randolph & Mark: "Irving?" They both laugh.

Pearson: "I told you about my name before, very funny, give me your hand Miss and . . . ohhh!" Pearson reaches to help KoKo, and he's pulled into the pool.

Randolph: "Ya can't trust the bitch, Pearson, and watch ya watch n' wallet." Randolph and Mark leap with laughter.

Mark: "What the fuck do I need with this?" (Pure Pleasure Love's piece)

Hal: "I'll take it, glock ten, eh? Help Mr. Pearson out of the pool, Felix, and get those people out of there. Miss, don't pull, just hold on." The security men assist Babs out of the water.

Randolph: "Here, man, take this shank, I'm outta this piece." Randolph hands Hal the box cutter dropped by KoKo.

Hal: "Did they use this at all?"

Randolph: "Naw, later."

Mark: "She got hit so hard she never had a fuckin' chance."

Randolph and Mark head for the main entrance parking lot behind Mark's bungalow.

. . .

(Driving north on the 405 to the Sherman Way exit in High Art Leisure's honey gold custom rented Cadillac)

Randolph: "So, what'dya think them jackasses really fuckin' wanted?"

Mark: "They wanted in, 'cause they're way out of it, and with that crazy fuckin' KoKo, they'll stay out of it. She's way wacko. Did you see her eyes, when she was holding that box cutter with both hands, and brandishin' it like a goddamned fuckin' sword? Shit. I would've kicked her sure as shit, if you missed when you grabbed her ass and slapped her. KoKo is ruthless as the almond eyed, gold skinned, purloining Mongol she said she is. She thinks she's a descendant of the great thirteenth century horde, and quite possibly Genghis Khan himself."

Randolph: "I knocked her ass out cold. If it won't for that water, the box cutter totin', mad Mongol, beautiful bitch would fuckin' still be sleepin'."

Mark: "Did you see High Art Leisure's eyes go white, when you put his lights out; and tough, baad ass Pure Pleasure Love, flyin' through the fuckin' air, man? I loved it!"

Randolph: "Yeah, niggas can't swim neither, shit; stupid fucks startin' shit by the goddamn swimmin' pool. You believe that shit? I hit that old nigga with a right cross, best fuckin' punch I threw, shit. I grabbed that ho, Babs, by her thick ass wooly head, and my fuckin' dick got hard an-a-mothafucka. Then I bitch slapped her hot black ass in the goddamn water, shit."

Mark: "Why the fuck would High Art Leisure let that way crazy, wild Mongolian ho in your mom's house like that? When we were partners, he'd of never done shit like that. She blew his whole fuckin' game. Yeah, we gotta go to work though, you know, R n'R, 'cause I'm not too sure about Nouro."

Randolph: "No shit, run it."

Mark: "He's makin' these calls and hookin' us up and shit, but there was this look in his fuckin' eye, when he passed out the checks to us and the gang. I didn't fuckin' like it. I've seen that damn look before; it's fuckin' mockery, you know?"

Randolph: "You think he's fuckin' us, right?"

Mark: "Shit yes, like two dollar ho's, but why, I can't figure it? He's out of it at Kaizen, so he oughta be fuckin' straight with us. We're the best damn game in fuckin' town. He seems to love being with us; he has genuine respect for you and he loves the girls."

Randolph: "Ev'ry fuckin' body does, shit, they hand picked."

Mark: "Yeah, well he's too fuckin' obsequious, you know? He never fuckin' questions a word you fuckin' say. He just gets on the phone, and he says he's got us one hundred million in the bank. It's his word at this juncture, because we don't have the amount of production to test that figure, put a dent in it, test the water so to speak. We need a test, something to really bring out the fuckin' truth, man."

Randolph: "Yeah, he paid a quarter of a huge at my hearin', I hope. So where did you meet this cat?"

Mark: "He came with the rest of the guys from Kaizen Japan. He was with all of 'em, maybe thirty in the group. Pearson triple checked security, that was after you and he were seafood poisoned by Louse's stomach churning crustacean cuisine, remember?"

Randolph: "Louse, that's the missin' link, shit. If this Jap cat is bogus, he's fuckin' workin' for Louse and givin' him a play by fuckin' play of ev'ry goddamn move we make."

Mark: "Yes, yes that sounds fuckin' right about now. Well, what do you think we should fuckin' do, shit?"

Randolph: "I could beat yella shit outta his jive Japanese ass, or we can fuckin' set his nip ass up."

Mark: "How?"

Randolph: "Let somethin' slip, and see if Louse picks up on it."

Mark: "Good idea, is that why you took High Art Leisure's car?"

Randolph: "How many mothafuckin' times I gotta remind you, shit, I think too. I figured even our rented rides are all bugged, and all the fuckin' phones are tapped, but Louse won't figure this. That's why I took the keys from the parkin' valet. This is a bad boy ride and a big pretty ass custom fuckin' caddy." Randolph admires High Art Leisure's good taste in automobiles again.

Mark: "High Art Leisure loves his cars, even the rented ones. He'll never forgive or forget you for this. But if Nouro's Louse's man, we can trap that sneaky . . . fuck."

Randolph: "You can call Louse a nigga, ya albino Brit alabaster bastard ya, go 'head, shit." Randolph laughs at Mark mincing his mawkish, anti-minority monologue, like a mouthy maunderer.

Mark: "Laugh, nigga, yeah ya mama too, and all niggas, ya black ass sonovabitch, shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, ya need to stay fuckin' loose, Mark. Shit's goin' down, and if we right, we're fuckin' dead broke an-a-mothafuck. Ah, here's the joint, I gotta cop my mom's shit." Randolph parks in front of a pawnshop in North Hollywood.

. . .

(In the pawnshop)

Randolph and Mark assume a loud menacing attitude as they enter the empty establishment. "Hey, man, I want my fuckin' silverware! Here's the ticket, and I'm waitin'!" Randolph shoves the pawn ticket at the pudgy startled proprietor.

Clerk: "Oh, yes, we had it yesterday evening, but I sold it last night." The clerk begins to shake visibly and his voice cracks.

Randolph: "Mothafuck! Last night was Sunday, pawnshops ain't open on Sunday . . . oh, I dig, you a fence for High Art Leisure. That's my mom's stuff, I'll burn this mothafucka down, git my shit!"

Mark, as is his role in these mean n' macho matters, plays their version of good guy, bad guy. "R n'R, be cool! Quick, who'd you sell it to, man?"

The trembling clerk reaches for a stack of papers. "Wait, I'll get the receipt . . . ah, yes, a Ms. C. Charles 1718 . . . hey!"

Randolph grabs the terrified, bald, blue-eyed, potbelly pawnbroker by the arms. "I knew somethin' like this shit, so it was C.C."

Mark: "Louse and Claudia's more like it."

Randolph: "Was anythang missin'? Was it all fuckin' there? Think, shit!"

Clerk: "Yes, yes, yes all of it was in the case, lovely old school pattern, very classic nineteenth century, pearl-handled Sheffield silver, top grade! Now please, sir, I have a business to run."

Randolph: "Fuck you, ya fat turd."

Mark: "Who pawned it?"

Clerk: "Two women, one black woman and the other oriental, I think, very wild and loud. I bought it, and sold it to the highest bidder."

Randolph: "Why you sell to the Charles woman, sucka?"

Clerk: "She asked for a silverware set of this type and kind. I guess I got carried away when she showed such interest and knowledge in it."

Randolph: "What did she fuckin' say?"

Clerk: "She said she'd lost a set, and it was just stolen from her home. Well, I don't need police trouble, so I took the money."

Randolph: "How fuckin' much, ya shit?"

Clerk: "Ten grand."

Randolph: "Ten fuckin' large, huh? Shit, let's split."

Mark: "Don't call her, or we'll be back."

. . . .

(Back on the 405 south, still driving High Art Leisure's rented custom caddy)

Mark: "Well, the plot sickens! Are you headed to Claudia's now?"

Randolph: "Hell fuckin' yeah, I'll rip her cute clothes off and ream her lyin' high yella ass. She's got a pink asshole, it fuckin' snaps up my joint. I love to fuck her in her sweet ass. She comes so hot ev'ry goddamn time, shit."

Mark: "Then maybe you oughta just slap her around. You don't wanna give her a fuckin' treat, shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm hip."

Mark: "How's the eye? You never lost your shades throughout that whole rumble at the pool."

Randolph: "Yeah, I got my fuckin' shit together. I'm way fuckin' righteous, man."

Mark: "What about Louse? What does he possibly want with your mother's silverware, and I just can't see Louse with that bunch of scum bag suckas who stole it, can you?"

Randolph: "Yeah, shit, Louse got wind of the silverware deal way in advance of my mother's phone call, shit, so he's connected to High Art Leisure and set it up. "

Mark: " . . . On second thought, that makes it for me, that works, shit, now what?"

Randolph: "I'll go up to her; you get back to the hotel. The gang will want one of us around, shit."

Mark: "Yes, watch it, R n'R. If it's Louse, he's getting rough. Pleasure Love was packin', shit."

Randolph: "Louse wouldn't deal personally with High Art Leisure or Pure Pleasure Love; he just had 'em paid and played off 'em. They don't even fuckin' know him." Randolph forgot about Koko and missed the real conspiratorial connection, Bottomline Babs.

Mark: "You think so, huh, I'll keep an eye on Nouro."

Randolph: "That's my line, you fuck."

Mark: "No more eye jokes, I swear."

They arrive at Claudia's building.

Randolph: "Ok, we're fuckin' here . . . what?"

Mark looks at Randolph inquisitively. "I just wanna see one more time, be a fuckin' sport, R n'R." Mark wants to take another look at Randolph's blind eye.

Randolph: "Ya crazy Brit fuck, I'm gonna charge all you fucks. Monika asked me with Bitch Ho and Janet and Mia last night, shit. Here . . . gape at it, go on, shit."

Mark: "Thanks, oh! That's fuckin' bad, R n'R. I've heard of seeing the whites of the other guy's eyes, but this is ridiculous. Does Claudia know about the eye?"

Randolph: "Yes and no, she knows Louse shot me in it, and I guess he told her I'm half blind."

Mark: "She'll tell you where the fuck Louse is, if you let her see it, R n'R." Mark breaks up laughing and slides over in the driver's seat as Randolph gets out.

Randolph: "Fuck you, later, shit."

. . .

(At Claudia's Beverly Hills highrise penthouse apartment)

Claudia: "Yes?"

Randolph: "It's Nelson fuckin' Mandela, shit."

Claudia: "I'm afraid I don't need your services anymore in this life, R n'R, so you can just cross me off your hit list."

Randolph: "No shit, well you have somethin' that belongs to my mom's, and I'm here to collect, bitch, so let me in, and don't play me now, ho."

Claudia: "Oh, you're surly and unruly as always. Herman said you'd come callin' with your usual charm and gentle persuasion." Claudia is cautious now, and not about to let Randolph in.

Randolph: "You got it or not, traitor, make up your fuckin' mind? I can kick this motha in and be at your fuckin' throat before you can give 911 your goddamn address, shit."

Fear grips her at his ugly urgency and she relents." Come on in then, and don't break the door. . . ."

Claudia promptly opens the door and lets Randolph into her penthouse apartment. "Welcome, R n'R."

Strains from Schubert's 8th Symphony surround them and swell, when he opens his scornful mouth and speaks, "That's fuckin' better, bitch, I oughta break your fuckin' pretty ass face. Ya beat me out of my mom's shit, now give it back, bitch."

Claudia is beautifully made up and dressed in a brassy see-through shorty teddy with a fresh blue gardenia in her hair. "Have a seat, R n'R. Don't get so hostile; let me explain. I never knew the silverware belonged to your mother, that's awful. Herman told me to go to the pawnshop and pick up a bargain. I thought he was testing me, to see how I'd do. He gave me twenty thousand dollar bills, and I paid the pawnbroker ten thousand dollars. If I had it, I'd give it back. But he came by last night again, and took it with him when he left, and I swear that's the truth."

The Schubert Symphony strings sing shrill as screams, when Randolph became a massive hulk and raged on. "Where's that weasel ass fag hidin', ho?"

Claudia: "Please, R n'R, don't have such hostility over the state of things. I told you in Sun Baby how it was. I'm not in touch with him period. He calls me, but I don't know where he lives, so help me, R n'R." Claudia recalls Randolph's brutish behavior at the Jacuzzi and shudders now, when Schubert's 8th Symphony becomes clangor.

Randolph: "And you have no fuckin' idea, no godddamn clue to give me, huh, bitch?"

Claudia: "Please, R n'R, ease up, have a glass of champagne. Don't be so angry at me; you know how I feel about you. We went all over that in Sun Baby."

Randolph: "All I fuckin' remember about Sun Baby was this, ho!" Randolph yanks off his shades, and the Schubertian beauty, elated expressiveness turns to blinding, deafening discord.

Claudia: "Oh my God, your eye! Oh my God, R n'R! Your eye, you're blind in it, right?"

Randolph: "Right, ho, think. Louse ain't that fuckin' smart, think!" Claudia realizes Randolph is half blinded by Louse and turns the maddening music off.

Randolph grabs Claudia by her arms.

Claudia: "Oh! You're too rough. You roughed me up in Sun Baby, R n'R, stop!"

Randolph: "And you fuckin' loved it, bitch." He begins to apply pressure and squeeze her arms.

Claudia: "Oh, please don't, I can't tell you a thing, please!"

Randolph: "Can't or won't, ho? Say it, shit!"

Claudia: "Janey (Big Sista) is the only link to Herman. She's the only one who can reach him, don't you know that shit, man?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I know it, but I just had to make fuckin' sure. (The phone rings.) Ah . . . if that's that piece of shit callin' ya." Randolph pushes the speaker button on the phone, so he can hear the caller too.

Claudia: "Hello."

Louse: "How are you my sweet . . ."

Claudia: "It's R n'R, Herman, he wants to . . ."

Randolph breaks in and continues combatively on the speakerphone, "Shut up, bitch . . . what, punk? What did you do with my mom's shit, ya monkey face nigga? Talk or I'll bust this fuckin' bitch ho up."

Louse: "Randolph, you'll never do that as long as I have this lovely old silverware set in my possession, right?"

Randolph: "If I have to, I can buy my mom's one hundred silverware sets, ya evil ass fuck. So you'd better fork it over, goddammit." Randolph pushes Claudia's frightened, twisted, pretty painted mouth down in front of the speaker part of the phone.

Claudia: "Herman, he's crazy, give it back!"

Randolph: "Listen to her turd breath, give it up, shit."

Claudia: "Herman, he's waaay crazy!"

Louse: "I'll send it over by messenger, is that sufficient, Randolph?"

Randolph: "If one fuckin' piece is missin', ya won't recognize this ho."

Claudia: "Hurry, Herman, he's a madman, hurry!"

Randolph: "Shut up, bitch, or I'll put ya to fuckin' sleep."

Louse: "Calm down, Randolph. Don't dare touch her! It's on the way."

Randolph: "Don't you hang up either punk; I wanna know if ya sent that dumb bunch of pimps and pros to my cabana this mornin', ya cocksucka?"

Louse: "No."

Randolph: "Well, how the fuck did ya know they had my mom's shit?"

Louse: "My source is private, I can't compromise it, sorry."

Randolph: "Plus, you tapped all my fuckin' phones, right? I'll sweep the whole goddamn Beverly Hills Paradise Pleasure Palace Hotel, mothafucka, 'til I find ev'ry fuckin' bug you planted, ass wiper."

Louse: "Very thoughtful and thorough, Randolph, I wish you luck, but ease up on Claudia. I'd take it as hard as I took your striking Janey."

Randolph: "What about you and me lockin' ass, nigga? You hit pretty hard, shit. You can take a harder punch, right? I wanna bust up your eye this time, punk."

Claudia: "Stop it! I can't stand all this violence!"

Louse: "I'll wait, thank you very much, Randolph. I have more important things to do than roughhouse with you today, or any other day. But if you touch Claudia or my sister again . . ."

Randolph: "You'll what, ya fag? I'll be watchin' out for you this time."

Louse: "Yes, I guess you sleep with one eye open these days."
Louse giggles in Randolph's ear.

Randolph: "You laugh like a fuckin' rat, ya shit bag skunk. I'll get even, you'll see, ya lame fuck."

Louse: "I'll see, but you won't." Louse laughs out loud.

Randolph: "Oh, I'm a funny ass comedian to ya, huh, nigga? Well laugh this off, punk ass." Randolph hauls off and slaps Claudia.

Claudia: "Oh! Herman he slapped me, oh shit!"

Louse: "Randolph! Randolph! I'm very, very serious! Don't do that Randolph! Are you there, hello? Shit!"

Randolph: "Bitch, I oughta beat green shit out of your pink little asshole, c'mere."

Claudia: "Herman! No, R n'R, don't . . . don't!"

Louse: "Claudia! Randolph! Oh God!"

Randolph: "This is for my mom's, ya bitch!"

Claudia: "Oh! Shit, don't!"

Randolph anally sodomizes Claudia." And this is for me, mothafuck, ya ho ass bitch! Uhh! Uhh! Uhh! Randolph gyrates, grunts and humps his way to an angry orgasm without the aid of a lubricant or the use of a condom.

Claudia: "Ooooh! You black beast, stop it!"

Louse: "Randolph!"

Claudia: "Why?"

Randolph: "Ya needed it, and so did I, ho."

Louse: "Randolph!"

Claudia: "You're losing your mind, R n'R. Really, you've gone off the deep end."

Randolph: "Was it deep in enough, bitch?"

Claudia: "God help you, R n'R."

(Doorbell)

Randolph: "Get the door, and it better be the fuckin' messenger."

Louse on the phone, "Randolph, what have you done, you idiot? I'll never rest 'til I settle with you . . . you'll regret it . . . Claudia!"

Claudia: "It's the messenger, I'll tip him."

Randolph: "Might as well, ya tipped me when I came, ya bitch ass ho, skanky pig."

Claudia: "You're insane." Claudia opens the door.

Messenger: "Miss Charles?"

Claudia: "Yes, I'm Ms. Charles. Thank you, here."

Messenger: "Thanks, Miss. Have a good one." Randolph pulls the package from Claudia's hands.

Randolph: "Gimmie, girl, I'll take it from here." He rips the brown wrapping off and opens the black leather silverware case.

Randolph: "Ah, let's see . . . very fuckin' good. It's all here." Then he yells in the speaker at Louse. "Hey, faggot, I got what I came for! See ya in the jungle, shit head!"

Louse: "I'll get you, you'll see! You can't do this to me. Randolph!"

Randolph laughs and hangs up. "I hate that black ass bastard, but somehow I think things are gonna go my way from now on."

Claudia: "And why's that, you bastard pimp?"

Randolph: "Oh, you'll see, Ms. Fuckin' Siditty Cunt. Your sugar daddy fucked up big-time. Louse is gonna slip up on a yella top banana!"

. . .

(Poolside at the Beverly Hills Paradise Pleasure Palace Hotel, later that same long ass, busy day)

Pearson: "Hal, the hotel security guy, says the police are going to hold High Art Leisure, and the other three who came with him. High Art Leisure called here from jail, he wants to sell you his car for bail."

Randolph: "Ain't that a bitch, nigga wants to sell me a rented ride. How much is bail, shit?"

Pearson: "Two hundred fifty K a piece."

Randolph: "He ain't got enough, no can do. That said, I'm keepin' his fuckin' ride on the lot here for the shit he put me through."

Pearson: "Nuisance value, eh?"

Randolph: "Yeah, but I've got an idea . . . Nouro." Randolph addresses the little Japanese, top banana, business mystery man, who is sipping a Mai Tai and wearing tennis togs with Black Fly's shades.

Nouro: "Yes, R n'R san."

Randolph: "You go and post bail for the young pretty sexy ho, that . . . what'shername?"

Mark: "Babs Greene, you mothafuck. You sly old dog, you want Bottomline Babs."

Randolph: "Shhh, ya fuck."

The girls in the gang are lazily lounging in luxury's lap by the deep end of the swimming pool, under three immortal palm trees, while being sprayed with a cool, refreshing magic mist. The women are wearing sexy, colorful bikinis and laid out on Indonesian teak and raffia chaise lounge chairs, a picturesque august body and bevy of feminine pulchritude, poring over magazines and pouring ice melting mixed drinks.

The men are standing behind them, dressed in summer casual sport clothes, being served by a barman while drinking at a bamboo bar. Randolph is sporting purple shorts and an orange short sleeve silk shirt as wide open as he wanted his marriage with Gwen to be. He wore a gold neck chain and black sandals, while living true to his nickname, R n'R, that stood for relaxation n' recreation. He's acting like the true scion of a satyr (Ray John) now, thereby, having a natural predisposition to sex and womanizing. His father did it and so does he. Known to dissipate short of harming himself, his absolutist leadership quality is most always determined by autocratic fiat, so most often, he is an existential egalitarian, who rules with a wooden penis and an iron fist. This afternoon he relaxes in a raconteur mood by the pool.

Monika: "Who's Babs, Ran?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, whatzup, Ran, shit?"

Gwen: "Not another woman, Ran? Really, I can't take anymore. Have you no feelings?" Gwen buries her head in her hands, gets up in disgust and dives into the pool, demonstrating a dandy, forty-four double D, buoyant breaststroke.

Randolph: "Yeah, I got plenty fuckin' feelin's, shit. Git Bottomline Babs back here pronto as Tonto, guys."

Pearson: "We're on it, Randolph."

Nouro: "As you say, I get 'em up Scout, R n'R san. I write check and get young pretty sexy ho, hi yo Silver . . . away."

Mia: "Cash, Nouro. Bail is paid by cash only."

Randolph: "Shit yeah."

Janet: "Just between you and me, why this Babs character, R n'R?"

Randolph: "She gets my dick hard an-a-mothafucka, that's why."

Janet: "Shit, I guess you told me. Well, have fun, you oversexed stud ass bastard."

Randolph: "You do the same thang to me, you hot ass, beautiful Hindu ho, bisexual bitch."

Janet: "Thank you I'm sure. R n'R, do you ever slow down? I mean can any woman ever hope to keep up with you in the sex department? Did Marilyn?"

Randolph: "Naw, I got a way sex gift and a big dick appetite for it. I got it from my pops, Ray John Randall. He fucked ev'ry goddamn fine bitch in D.C. He taught me how to use a fuckin' rubber, when I was fuckin' snot nose skinny twelve, shit. He got me a ho until I caught on, ya can't top that shit. I was a fuckin' stud intern. I ain't never had to beat my fuckin' meat. Dig it, I was big pimpin' at seventeen; my pop's got bitches from me, shit, and he fuckin' paid too."

Bitch Ho quips: "I was a pipsqueak teen-age pimp."

Randolph continues: "No shit, I left D.C. on a goddamn VIP flight from National Airport with a airplane full of senators and congressmen, goin' to some shit at the U.N. I was waaay hooked up! I had six fuckin' bitches, prize ho's, the best fuckin' pussy in town on that goddamn flight. Them jive, lame ass, political fucks flocked to me when my ho's told 'em no, they had to talk to me first. Man, it was my first fuckin' time out on the road, shit. I was dealin' cunt right and fuckin' left. Them government johns ate it up."

"I had a tall, lean, black, pretty ass ho named Slender Brenda; she won't but twenty-one and tender, plus, two others, seventeen like me, passin' for twenty-one. The other three were pros, shit: one was thirty, the second other one was twenty-two. The third one was a chink and twenty, shit. They all looked like you had fuckin' landed in paradise on Saturday ass night.

"I turned 'em out to the highest bidders. We won't in the air an hour. So, I hustled my big long, black thick dick off, no shit. I must of been up over New York City with thirty fuckin' big-time G-men shits. Them white boy D.C. cheap suits was all over me for that honey sweet ass thang, man. Them bad ass pretty ho's were built and stacked up and down, see, big titties, soft round hind pots. You know, Mark, shit, ya fingers and thumbs sink to the bone in 'em's sweet plump asses, shit . . . I was fuckin' hot, baby, a pimp king at seventeen like a mothafuck. Hell yeah!"

Carter: "How much did you make?"

Randolph: "Shit, enough to pay cash for four suites in the Sherry Netherland Hotel for six months, shit. I sold the stable to some rich ofay shit's pimpin' that circuit. I got way plenty for my beauties bootays. I needed to travel, I needed an education, so I went to London, Paris, Rome, you know, shit. I did three more continents when I joined the fuckin' navy, got out after a three year hitch and went to college for a year."

Bitch Ho: "What happened to the ho's, shit?"

Randolph: "No shit, they was way cool an-a-mothafucka. I saw to it, you know, they got laid n' way paid, mama, ya dig?"

Monika: "How much, Ran? How much did they get after you got over for sellin' all six of 'em?"

Randolph: "Hell, they became elevated to call girls, top of the line, shit, with all brand-new wardrobes. They had they own pads, I know, I still looked 'em up when I was on shore leave. We stayed tight, shit."

Janet: "Name 'em, R n'R, if you can, dammit?"

Randolph: "Shit, Slender Tender Brenda . . . ok?"

Space: "Brenda what?"

Randolph: "That was it, that's her fuckin' name. Yeah, and sassy ass Sarah, Gladys, Tina, Jonessa and Cheryl, shit!"

Bitch Ho: "Ok, big-time nigga, last names, shit, name 'em?"

Randolph: "Fuck you, shit. I don't fuck around too tough with no last ass names, goddammit. That shit fades, ya know? You playin' me, Bitch Ho?"

Bitch Ho: "Nah, hell no, you da damn man. I was just lookin' at my fuckin' future, shit."

Janet: "Me too, if they scored when you scored, it was well worth it, hell. But if you burned them, when you got over and split, fuck you."

Randolph: "Yeah, fuck me, I don't burn no fuckin' body, nobody, shit."

Mark: "True, R n'R always kept the mellowest stable on the scene in New York City. Later, when I knew him, he was top dog and smooth as silk. He spent plenty to make his ladies look good, live large and safe. Everybody had a penthouse pad and a personal maid, he's the fuckin' best. R n'R was the most generous pimp I've ever seen; R n'R spent a fortune coolin' out his ladies. He was righteous as possible."

Randolph: "Yeah, shit yeah."

Carter: "That's good to know. Tell me, do you ever want to go back to the life?"

Randolph: "Ya never fuckin' leave, it's for fuckin' ever, see? Just today I had to knock two pimps and they ho's in the goddamn pool."

Space: "Funniest thing you ever saw, right up here at the deep end, and the losers couldn't even fuckin' swim. The big black baad dudes and bitches went flyin' through the fuckin' air. It was hilarious, a laugh riot, and I got the whole thing on tape!"

Gwen emerges from the pool, her green bikini dripping water, and immediately began drying her full-chested figured form with a mauve towel. The lobes of her lungs expanded as Randolph and the men ogled her bosomy bouncy wet breasts. And Randolph remarks to the men, "I'm like a hungry infant breast feedin' on 'em, boys."

Gwen: "So, Ran, what happened to your eye? With all that action this morning, didn't you reinjure it?"

Randolph: "Naw, puddin', I've kicked ass like that with both my eyes closed and one hand behind my fuckin' back, shit."

Janet: "Any girl ever die on you, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Tina, Tina Williams . . . I'll never forget her. Pretty sexy young fool didn't listen, o.d.ed in my fuckin' arms. She called me, I rushed ass over, hauled ass all the fuckin' way. I knew she was on the wrong shit. Heroin is a hard fuckin' killa, baby; stay way fuckin' away from junk. I know, I've fuckin' been there, shit. I knew she was breakin' off her scratch and givin' it up to this nigga, her skag supplier, shit. I literally broke his fuckin' back for hookin' her up on horse. I sent for her peeps. . . . They was po' ass, so I flew 'em in and shit from Pittsburgh, ya dig? We had the fuckin' funeral in New York City at the best black mortuary in town, shit. Over two hundred fucks showed up. She's in a crypt in the Bronx at Woodlawn Cemetery, restin' in fuckin' peace with Duke, Miles, Coleman Hawkins, George M. Cohan and Irving Berlin . . . I hope. She tore my fuckin' guts out, man."

Mia: "What about AIDS, Ran?"

Randolph: "Naw, not in my fuckin' day, I missed that deadly shit. Then I also did like my fuckin' pops said, and just like he taught me, I always use a rubber, shit." A proud pregnant Mia thinks and winks at him, remembering the stairwell in King Herod the Greats, and their hot, sexual encounter without protection, and he thinks back to Claudia's that afternoon and a chance dose of AIDS.

Bitch Ho: "Did ya ever have to beat 'em, Ran?"

Randolph: "Naw, except once, kleptomaniac, half-chink bitch named KoKo. I could've broke her fuckin' neck for settin' me up; she was way lucky she split. I could've kicked a mud hole in her golden, sexy, hot ass, shit."

Mia: "Why didn't you, R n'R? Didn't you wanna kill her?"

Randolph: "Did I fuckin' say kill? Shit. I didn't say no shit like that, did I, lawyer lady, mama Mia?"

Mia: "No."

Mark: "R n'R never beat a soul, not ever a woman. He doesn't have to, he's a fuckin' star crossed sexual lover of 'em. Shit, you all know that, dammit!"

Janet: "Why so touchy, Mark? I'm curious as hell, this is fascinating."

Monika: "Are we your new stable, Ran?"

Randolph: "Naw, you my leadin' ladies, you starlets, shit. I'm a fuckin' motion picture executive now. We're makin' a blockbusta, cocksucka, mothafucka to end all goddamn cheap ass flicks in Hollywood, shit."

Janet: "I'm sold, sounds good to me." The fashionable foreign flight attendant, doyen of the group, gives her much-needed stamp of approval and his other lovers follow suit.

Bitch Ho: "Here, Ran, I just copped some dope coke, shit. It'll help you unwind and way enjoy this big, pink palmy pretty ass palace mothafucka. Before Bill Gates, the richest man in the world was Muda Hassanal Bolkiah, the sultan of Brunei. He owns the Beverly Hills Hotel and he could own all this good shit, man."

. . .

The gang wines, dines and unwinds. Then after two hours or more of vitamin D sun and fun poolside, Nouro and Pearson return escorting their assignment, the naturalized narcissistic Nigerian beauty, `Bottomline` Babs Greene. "We back, R n'R san, and with fine ho hoochie, Babs, you wanted."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, Nouro. Thanks Pearson."

Pearson: "We dropped the charges against her, and now she's free. It seems the others have outstanding warrants, and the one called KoKo is wanted on four continents, in five countries and six states for grand larceny, so she's a lost cause. They said she's going to the maximum women's prison in New York State or the state with the most offenses, first."

Gwen: "Why is this woman here, Ran? What do you want with her?" Gwen and the other women are shooting daggers at Babs.

Randolph: "I wanna talk to her, she and I have business to discuss. Gwen, have patience, honey, shit."

Gwen: "Oh, Ran, when will it end? I wanted to cook an intimate dinner at home tonight, just you and me, sweetheart."

Randolph: "Yeah, that's hip, sweetie pie. Do it, shit."

Gwen: "Then you'll come home tonight like a married man?"

Randolph: "About that married shit, we gotta fuckin' talk. But right now, Babs, you come with me, goddammit." Randolph takes Babs to his cabana, tugging and touching her odd, coarse textured hair all the way. They enter the cabana, and Randolph shuts the door on Gwen and the grudging gawking girls in the gang.

Babs: "You don't own me, nigga. Don't pull my fuckin' hair, shit. Hey man!"

Randolph: "Oh shit, you got a thick ass, wooly head full, girl, damn!"

Babs: "You fuckin' hair freak mothafucka, what you want? Let me guess, hairy cunt pussy, right? You want my good hot, black-haired, nappy coochie, don'tcha nigga? C'mon shit, do it." Babs lays prone on the couch.

Randolph: "I can fuck on a dime if I wanna, bitch. I can fuck ev'ryday as much as you do, when ya trickin', ho. Now sit up, I got some questions for your fine, jet black ass."

Babs: "Oh, shit, then it's my color too, huh? You ain't never had no jet black hairy ass pussy, huh?"

Randolph: "Are those contact lenses and shit?"

Babs: "Hell fuckin' no, you shit, those are mine, shit. Oh, now, it's my fuckin' eyes, huh? You fuck, you can't make up your goddamn fuckin' mind. You'd go suckin' and fuckin' nuts on me, slobberin', fartin' and comin' on yourself, before you even get it in, you punk. Hey, don't touch my titties, hey quit that shit!"

Randolph: "Implants, right?" Randolph teases Babs and pretends not to know her breasts are real.

Babs: "Shit no, ya big freak, I had these since I was fuckin' twelve years old, shit."

Randolph: "Where the fuck do ya come from, ho?"

Babs: "From my mama's pussy, ya creepy ol' bastard. What the fuck you want out of me?"

Randolph: "Why ya talk like that? What's that fuckin' accent, shit?"

Babs: "Oh shit, make up your fuckin' mind. Is it my hair, my fuckin' eyes, or my ass, or does it fuck you up when you see my titties? Oh, shit . . . I got big black stiff nipples with red tips on 'em, blow your fuckin' stack. But now it's my goddamn voice too, you freak!"

Randolph: "Stand up, ho, and turn around, shit."

Babs: "You pimp slapped me hard this mornin', you shit. I could've fuckin' drowned, and you pulled my fuckin' hair, ya asshole nigga."

Randolph: "Take all ya fuckin' clothes off, bitch, now, shit." Randolph removes his shades to better see her size ten, bare sexual beauty.

Babs: "What's wrong with your fuckin' eye? Shit, oh, shit! God, what the fuck . . . you ain't fuckin' blind, are you?"

Randolph: "In one fuckin' eye, what's that fuckin' . . . smell?"

Babs: "It's me, ya half blind fucka, it's my smell. I been in fuckin' jail since this fuckin' mornin'! What ya expect, a goddamn rose, shit."

Randolph: "Naw, ya don't stink, you smell different that's all. Go 'head, take it off, bitch, peel."

Babs: "Is that big titted sista ya woman?"

Randolph: "Yeah, shit, all of 'em are my women, ho."

Babs is undressed except for a scarlet half-slip. "You playin' me, man? What's your game, you a pimp? What you doin', shit? Hey!"

Randolph lifts up her half-slip and gently strokes her pubic area. "Relax, I want to remove this. Yeah, don't fight me, shit. You ain't from America. Where you from, ho?"

Babs: "Why, you got a jones for foreign tail?"

Randolph: "Yeah, and you from Africa, right?"

Babs: "Why you say that shit?"

Randolph: "Ya so fuckin' buck wild, you a goddamn savage and shit." **Babs** is denude and **Randolph** is fully aroused, but in control.

Babs: "Fuck you, I'm from the way civilized city of Lagos. Are ya hip to Lagos; you dumb sonavabitch. Hey, man!"

Randolph touches **Babs** black stiffened, taut tipped, hard on nipples. "Yeah bitch, you from fuckin' Nigeria, right?"

Babs: "Fuck you, sissy ass punk mothafucka. Don't feel my pussy, cocksucka, shit."

Randolph gropes **Babs** again and inserts half a big black, long, manicured middle finger. "Goddamn, you got more pretty thick black hairs on ya twat than any bitch I ever knew, except one, (Melanoma). And where the fuck did ya get gray flashin' fornicatin' freaky ass eyes, ho?"

Babs: "My goddamn mother was white, shit. What you think? You ever seen a nigga with eyes like these?"

Randolph: "Yeah, but most of 'em was wearin' contacts, shit."
Randolph also liked her sweet purple gums, thick bubble lips, straight white teeth, cheekbones, breasts, buttocks, pubes, legs, arms, hands, fierce smile, fire and mostly her razor sharp, nasty tongue and soulful mendacious mendicant mind.

Babs: "I'm fuckin' way hungry, man. What do you fucks do for food, shit? When do ya fuckin' eat?"

Randolph: "What do ya fuckin' want, shit?"

Babs: "It's time to make a fuckin' take out to go call and let me chow down, up in this piece, shit!" Babs picks up the menu and makes the call.

Kitchen: "Good evening, room service."

Babs: "Room service . . . hell, man, get some eggs benedict, Canadian bacon, croissants, pineapple, o.j., boysenberry jam, butter, coffee, and a bottle of ya best cognac out here, shit."

Kitchen: "Yes mam, cabana 6 . . . Mr. Randall's, thank you."

Babs hangs up, yawning.

Babs: "Hey I'm tired, I got waaay jet lag! I wanna fuckin' lay down."

Randolph: "Here put on this robe. Relax, rest, what the fuck."

Babs: "You hungry, or are you just gonna watch?"

Randolph: "I don't have an appetite for food."

Babs: "But if you did, the way you're eyein' me, I would be the main course, right?"

Randolph: "How big is your waist, girl?"

Babs: "Thirteen inches, about the same size I heard KoKo say your fat dick was."

Randolph: "Fuck you, how old are ya?"

Babs: "I'm fuckin' old enough, shit, twenty-five."

Randolph: "You lyin', how old were you when you fuckin' first met Mark Ashton, my partner?"

Babs: "Who?"

Randolph: "The English cat with me, shit."

Babs: "Oh, that dude, fifteen or sixteen I guess. I was just a fresh fuck off the bus, when Pleasure fuckin' spotted me in Port Authority. He hit on me and pulled me immediately, shit. I didn't have a dime. He took me to a hotel in his lime green Porsche, shit. We sucked n' fucked back, and we've been at it ever since."

Randolph: "You trickin' for him?"

Babs: "I don't fuckin' trick, I'm his fuckin' lady, Jack. I even keep his fuckin' money."

Randolph: "No shit, that stupid nigga let's you keep his stash, you jivin'?"

Babs: "After I eat, I've gotta get his fuckin' ass out of jail, shit."

Randolph: "You got two hundred and fifty large in his stash?"

Babs: "Hell no, but I gotta make calls and shit. I'll raise it; I'm good at that shit. You'll fuckin' find that shit out."

Randolph: "This I fuckin' gotta see, shit. Feel free to use the phone, ya got twenty-four hours."

Babs: "Ok, and you can keep those other fucks away, so I can do my fuckin' thang. Oh, my clothes are in the trunk of High Art Leisure's ride. Get somebody to bring me the two zebra skin bags. Anybody got some coke or a joint, shit?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I'll cop all that, relax."

(Knock at the door.)

Babs: "Oh, shit, I hope that's my food. I'm fuckin' famished, shit."

Randolph lets the waiter in. "Yeah, man, bring it in, and put it by the pretty ebony woman over there, shit."

Waiter: "Enjoy, Ms. and have a good evening." Randolph tips the waiter. "Yes sir, thank you, sir."

Babs: "Mmmm, yeah, oh, shit I love this! It's so good, fuckin' fabulous delicious! I can't eat all this, man. Shit, grab a fork and help out. C'mon, don't be shy, shit, you're among . . . a friend."

Randolph: "No shit Naw, I told ya I ain't hungry for no eggs, shit."

Babs: "What'cha doin', big man, savin' up so you can sit down with that big titty woman, who wants you to come to supper tonight?"

Randolph: "That's my fuckin' wife, sucka, her name is Gwen. I'll get your bags and some coke. I'll be back later, and nobody'll fuck with ya, so enjoy."

Babs: "Yeah, I will, we cool, you givin' me my props, shit."

. . . .

(Poolside)

Randolph: "Bitch Ho, c'mere a minute."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, Ran, whatzup, ya fuck her yet?"

Randolph: "Naw, but I gotta have some coke."

Bitch Ho: "You want some fuckin' blow for that nappy head, pitch black, scroungy slovenly ho? Shit." Bitch Ho sullied the ex-émigré from Nigeria with the savage hair, swarthy skin and aches to admonish Randolph about her feelings, but is acquiescent instead.

Randolph: "Yeah, gimmie, shit."

Bitch Ho hands Randolph the cocaine and leaves as Pearson approaches.

Pearson: "Your guest name is Maryam Babangida. We got a lot of help from the police. They say that she's calling herself Babs Greene, and her reason is, she wants to become an actress first and raise funds to become a show business entrepreneur."

Randolph: "She's got that fuckin' made, shit, ya see her freaky eyes, man? She's talent and business."

Pearson: "She's very striking, beautiful actually. However, she belongs to the Ogoni people of Nigeria. She has an American passport. Her white aunt raised her in Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. She became a U.S. citizen formally at twenty-one years old. She has little education. She quit school at thirteen, became a prostitute when she went to New York City at fifteen.

"She lived with Pure Pleasure Love. His real name is Chester Towns. He's from Detroit, Michigan. He's forty-seven, a drug dealer specializing in cocaine, a pimp, and all around player. They worked together on numerous scams and cons all over the country of late. But there's no criminal record on Ms. Babangida, only on the other three. For some reason, the others did not try and implicate her, but were happy instead when she was free. She is single and twenty-five years old.

"She has a very high I.Q. She was tested when she came to Philadelphia from Nigeria and enrolled in a public elementary school. They skipped her to first year high school at ten years old. The real big mystery is her last name. It is believed she is a relative, even daughter of one of the ex-rulers, a general, who was defeated some years ago during a revolution there. This is a footnote on her record, she won't confirm or deny. But if it's true, we may yet have another conspiracy with . . ."

Randolph: "Louse."

Pearson: "Yes, I can't be sure, but I'm checking. Vernice is here, and she's going to report to you when you need her. And if possible, it would be important for us to form a synergy on our combined information with the police department from now on, and maybe we can find Louse."

Randolph: "So, shit, Louse stopped sendin' spam (unwanted email), and we don't get phone calls and clues no more?"

Pearson: "Well, after Sun Baby and the trial, we went to another level. The gloves are off now, so we're going to have to depend on Hal and the hotel security force to seal the outer perimeter here and keep what happened this morning from reoccurring."

Randolph: "Good, shit, it cost us enough up in here, they should help out. Where the fuck is Mark, as if I didn't know, with Mia, right?"

Pearson: "Yes, they seem to be an item, as Nouro and . . ."

Randolph: "Janet."

Pearson: "Yes, right again, you are very perceptive as to the sexual couplings going on in our group."

Randolph: "What about you, man?"

Pearson: "Me, I can't scratch my itch at this time, but I still have hope."

Randolph: "Bitch Ho . . . Sharon, right?"

Pearson: "I've always been very fond of Ms. Baker. She fascinates me no end, I must admit."

Randolph: "Yeah, man, I can dig it, stay cool and keep the others away from Babs. She's usin' the phone to try and bail out her people."

Pearson: "Right."

Pearson leaves and heads for his bungalow as Carter comes over. "Mr. Randall, may I have a word with you, sir?"

Randolph: "Call me Randolph, or Randall, man, it's fuckin' cool, shit. We're on the same damn team now, whatzup?"

Carter: "I have a tax shelter, and many creative financial loopholes, also stock advantages to aid us in our quest to launch Big Pictures Inc. However, I have yet to pin Nouro down. And as I am our main financial advisor, he must let me handle the business affairs for the firm. But I can't reach him, he won't tell me where or how we're really being financed. It's the most frustrating aspect of our endeavor. We don't have access to one thin dime, except his personal payroll checks he doles out to us daily. He could die, God forbid, but that would leave us

in dire straits. We need at least twenty-five million in our account. Cash is our only real asset to date. With this amount, I can get all of the financing we will need from every lending venture capital organization, interested in a start-up securitized motion picture company."

Randolph: "Yeah, well, ya can't get blood from a stone, and ya can't beat a dead horse. Nouro is gonna bust a cash move soon, shit. Just hang tough and thangs will go cash forward. I'll speak to Spaceman in detail. We need that damn screenplay and a possible fuckin' book. We need a goddamn property; then the money will appear, shit. So if Nouro says we're covered, don't sweat it, shit."

Carter: "Your optimism is refreshing. I hope your assurance is on the money, pardon the pun. But if I don't know the cash is there, I worry."

Randolph: "Don't fuckin' worry, it's cool, shit."

Carter: "Fine."

Randolph: "Later."

Carter: "You're the boss."

. . .

Back in the Cabana where Babs is still wearing the white terry cloth robe and lounging on the divan, sipping cognac while watching the evening news on TV.

Babs: "Man, you take your fuckin' sweet ass time, did ya cop? Shit." Randolph drinks in the Nubian beauty before him with lewd lust.

Randolph: "Yeah, here." He puts the two zebra skin suitcases on the table and hands Babs a quarter of a gram of cocaine, wrapped in tin foil.

Babs: "Thanks for everything. I'll shower and change clothes now. Am I gonna be ya prisoner, or am I free?"

Randolph: "You're way fuckin' free, shit, unless you wanna hang around. Then like I told you, you can raise the scratch ya need and spring your old man and them outta jail, shit."

Babs: "Yeah, I've gotta get all of 'em out, shit. We came together, so we're gonna fuckin' leave together." Her seeming loyalty pleased him, as it did not occur to him at the time, that he and only he was her target and ticket out.

Randolph: "Shit girl, you're talkin' seven hundred and fifty large. And they ain't gonna go free even if ya cop. They gotta do hard ass time for a lotta petty shit they did back in New York."

Babs: "I know, but I can get 'em fuckin' out. I gotta get 'em a lawyer, and that's what the fuck I'm gonna do, shit."

Randolph: "Go on, go 'head, run it, shit, ya got twenty-four hours." While admiring her conviction, dedication and loyalty, Randolph heads for the door.

Babs: "Where ya goin'?"

Randolph: "Home to dinner, shit."

Babs: "Henpecked, huh?"

Randolph: "Fuck you."

Babs: "We didn't fuck, why? I know ya wanted to. Who changed your mind?"

Randolph: "I wanna see ya raise that scratch, and my ol' lady's expectin' me, shit."

Babs: "If I need something, where can I reach you?"

Randolph: "I'll be back before that. Relax and do ya thang, shit."

Babs: "Here's my cell phone number. Always use it . . . if you wanna talk to me." Randolph takes the card and puts it in his wallet.

Chapter Twenty-six

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When the Raunchy Rubber Hits the Far Right Religious Road

(Randolph and Gwen at home in Bel-Air)

Randolph: "Hi, honey hind pots, ya stankin' waaay good up in here, girl, what'cha burnin' for me, pretty mama?"

By now, Gwen has a long list of potential correspondents to charge adultery, with Randolph as the respondent. She also suspects him of bigamy and/or polygamy.

Gwen's forever stubbornly foregoing and forsaking any salubrious attempt on anyone's part to lure her into nouvelle cuisine, a style of French cooking using a minimum of fat and starch with foreign garden fresh ingredients, often in unusual combinations. She is instead opting for a chance dose of trichinosis, a disease caused by intestinal worms, and acquired by eating pork from an infested hog. She's even insisting on preparing her mother's famous recipe, hog testicles, de au jus, hog testicles served in the juice obtained from roasting, and she's adhering at all times to her mother's edict: `rice for wisdom, greens for money and pork for luck`. Thusly, Gwen recites her mouth-watering menu, "Turnip greens with strick-a-lean, hot peppers, biscuits, rice and gravy, the red eye you love so much and sweet potato soufflé . . ."

Randolph: "Poon, huh?"

Gwen: "You call it that, Ran, you and deep fried southern folks. Shoot, mine is a soufflé and this lady chef's castrated as capons' culinary capstone, is roasted mountain oysters. Yes!"

Randolph: "Hog nuts."

Gwen: "Once again, Ran, mine are mountain oysters, please."

Randolph: "You can burn, baby sweets. You know I'm fuckin' jivin', c'mere." Randolph tries to embrace and kiss his wife.

Gwen: "Didn't that woman you went off with give you all that?"

Randolph: "Hell no, she's got her own problems. We're strictly business, I needed answers to some questions."

Gwen: "Well, all of us were angry at you, walkin' off with her, a complete stranger."

Randolph: "All of you . . . angry, ya mean fuckin' jealous. Now let's talk about that shit. I'm gonna always be talkin' to bitches, ho's, ladies, girls. Pretty, sexy mothafucks make a man's mouth fuckin' water like this meal, that's my fuckin' thang. I'm a goddamn Hollywood producer now, ya dig?"

Gwen: "I guess so, Ran, if you say so. I got a call from daddy, he wants to talk to you about some business."

Randolph: "What, the good reverend wants to act, naw, direct a fuckin' flick, right?"

Gwen: "No, Ran, I don't think so, it's something else. You'd best call him back and find out, he wouldn't even give me a hint."

Randolph: "We ready to eat, girl sugar? I'm hungry as hell, shit."

Gwen: "Yes, you sit and light the candles and open the wine, and I'll get the dinner."

Randolph: "Good, shit, I'm down with that. Oh yeah! Blackberry preserves, fuckin' great, mama!"

Gwen: "Oh! I burnt my finger."

Randolph: "Ice, wait, I'll do it. Put ice on that bad boy now. Yeah, that's it . . . better baby cakes?" Randolph ignorantly and innocently gives Gwen the wrong advice to use ice on a burn.

Gwen: "Yes Ran . . . Why don't you come home every night and spend time with me like this?"

Randolph: "Soon . . . when we finish this fuckin' monsta flick, I'm gonna do a lotta shit different."

Gwen: "Like what, tell me after grace?"

Randolph hates to pray period, "Aw, Gwen, goddamn! Father, please bless this food for the nourishment of our bodies, in Jesus name, amen, shit."

Gwen: "You see, don't you feel better? Ran, don't make that face. Let me see your eye. How's it holding up? . . . Oh! It's purple. . . . It's changing colors. Is that safe, Ran?"

Randolph: "Shit, I don't know, I don't feel a fuckin' thang, ummm, shit, strick-a-lean, good, baby girl. Yeah! Pass them gravy soppa's, honey."

Gwen: "Biscuits, Ran, how are they?"

Randolph: "Light as feathers, naw, cotton candy meltin' in my mothafuckin' mouth, shit. Potato soufflé my black ass, woman, this is pure down home poon, shit yeah!"

Gwen: "How's the meat, Ran? I saw you frown, come on level."

Randolph: "Shit, I only had these greasy gourmet gonads once before. It's a funny taste, but shit, ya motha can whale on 'em. Yeah, you must of got her recipe. Did you cop, honey girl?"

Gwen: "Yes, it's an acquired taste, Ran, and I'm a proud pupil of the Gertrude Freda Simmons School of Soul Food Delights." (Gwen's mother)

Randolph: "What you sayin', you her prize pupil. Yeah, I likes hog nuts, shit, pass 'em back over here, sweetie pie."

Gwen: "Oh, sugar, you're teasin' me, but tell me how business is going for . . . us? I feel a part of it all, after Sun Baby. I hope you don't mind me being around, Ran?"

Randolph: "Naw, you add so fuckin' much. I wouldn't wanna do it any other fuckin' way now. Tell me, what do ya wanna do: act, direct, or produce? They say anybody can do any of that shit, so how fuckin' hard can it be, right? Shit." Randolph laughs out loud with Gwen.

Gwen: "Very funny, Ran. No, I'm no actress or any of that. But I've been writing since and before we got married and I never stopped."

Randolph: "Oh, shit, you got a book, a treatment, a script?"

Gwen: "Just stories of a religious nature, I write contemporary religious stories."

Randolph: "About ev'ry day stuff, huh?"

Gwen: "Yes, you know, about Jesus coming into people's lives now."

Randolph: "No shit, that's fuckin' different. Well, your stories must be good, shit. You're a fuckin' liberal arts major graduate from Fannie Lou Hamer College, hell. So I can stone sho' nuff dig it. Damn! These turnip greens are kickin' my black ass, shit."

Gwen: "Are you going to have dessert?"

Randolph: "What'cha got, baby doll? I got some room left, shit. Bring it fuckin' on."

Gwen: "Banana's Foster Flambé!"

Randolph: "No shit, I'm salivatin' here."

Gwen: "And Turkish coffee, if you want it, effendi."

Randolph: "Yeah, that's a way fuckin' sit down feast, Gwen. Ya out did yourself, shit." All Gwen's delicious dishes for the dinner, except the dessert, were pre-cooked weeks before, taken out of the freezer and put in the microwave for this special meal.

Gwen: "I think we have a good thing without Kaizen. They'll regret the day they fired you and the rest; it was a big mistake. Anyway, I believe an American company is much better suited to entertain Americans than foreigners."

Randolph: "Yeah, I always knew that Jap shit would hit the fuckin' fan. But it was my gig, I got fuckin' paid. So I covered Mark's ass and I watched his fuckin' back. Now it's way different, I gotta call all the shots . . . well, me and Mark fuckin' do, shit." In their shared xenophobic exchange, they both forget Mark is British.

Gwen: "Why do you need Pearson, Ran?"

Randolph: "Pearson, shit, he's a fuckin' way security guy, tops in his field. Mark recruited him when we first took over Kaizen America. He used to be with the fuckin' F.B.I and the goddamn C.I.A., shit."

Gwen: "Maybe, but he couldn't stop you from being blinded in one eye, or those thugs on drugs this morning. I hope you and Mark are right. He is rather creepy and he watches Sharon constantly, why, Ran?"

Randolph: "Oh shit, he's got a killa jones for that little broad, that's all."

Gwen: "Oh, he loves her, huh?"

Randolph: "Yeah, a lot, shit."

Gwen: "And Carter seems ok, but I sense a foreboding, peculating pecuniary presence in his character, am I wrong?"

Randolph: "Naw, he's fuckin' antsy, but I keep him straight. He's damn good with figures: a CFO big money man, accountant an-a-fuckin' half, top of his goddamn class at Harvard, a ex-Simon and Schuster fuck, New York City, Wall Street and now Hollywood. Mark got his ass out of a Wall Street Journal article. He stroked and blew smoke up Carter's ass and now he's with us, ya dig?"

Gwen: "Yes, I guess so. Mark picked all of the people we work with now, right?"

Randolph: "Naw, I pulled Bitch Ho and . . ."

Gwen: "Oh Ran, why do you call that child that God forsaken name? How'd you like it if they called you Bastard Pimp?"

Randolph: "To my face it's cool, behind my back, I'd kick ass 'til purple shit flew out ev'ry which a way, with love and a lotta respect, yeah. Goofin' on me, I'd stomp a mud hole in a fuck and rip 'em a new asshole."

Gwen: "That's so crude, Ran, honey. Why do you need to swear so . . . profusely?" Gwen would love to expurgate Randolph's vulgar vocabulary and expunge this prurient aspect of his personality.

Randolph: "Now Gwen, shit, we've been all over this before. And I told you, my pops cussed big-time his whole fuckin' life. His last fuckin' words were `black ass mothafucka´, I was told. All his nine goddamn brothers in Clarksdale, Mississippi did it too. When they got together, you could actually see a fuckin' blue ass streak, shit."

Gwen: "It's so low life, lowdown and rude, Ran. You're above it, if you'd only take the high road, honey."

Randolph: "Aw now, lover girl, don'tcha sweat my dirty words. They're only fuckin' words, a figure of speech, hard expressions and eloquent epithets to get the goddamn job done. The word heck is just euphemistic trainin' wheels for hell, darn for damn, doo-doo for shit, pee pee for piss, tee tee and woo woo for dick n' pussy, etc. One badass word leads to another and after while, you cussin' like a mothafucka!

"I'm a fuckin' ramrod, enforcer, troubleshooter, top dog, shit, head honcho. If I soften my fuckin' speakin' style, this little dream . . . hello, big ass dream would crumble up and die like so many other weak ass talkin' educated punks I saw on the Kaizen lot, tryin' to fuckin' sell a goddamn idea to cocksuckas, who got bored at 'em, soon as they opened they lame ass yaps. Naw, I'm a tough talkin', mean steppin', badass sonovabitch. And I get mucho macho respect from ev'ry fuckin' wannabe and big shot on the . . . well, the Kaizen lot's gone now.

"But they know I ain't fuckin' jivin', see? I'm the man now, and they can't fuckin' stop my rule, shit. Louse, Kuni, ev'ry punk ass high rollin', shit talkin' mothafuckin' movie mogul, sponsor, leverage buyout fuck, name 'em, shit. They all saw me half blind and still dealin' up in Sun Baby! They saw me flexin' at that Mo-Fo Best, so, I'm in the fuckin' game to stay, shit."

Gwen: "Ran, if I didn't know any better, I'd think you were a Torrette's Syndrome sufferer, sweetheart. You're way out of control. You don't have a visible tick when you talk, but you exhibit coprolalia (the involuntary screaming of profanities) a lot. Now I spoke to you before about this, only because I'm not comfortable with it. But I live with these torrid torrents of foul language, simply because I love you."

Randolph: "Thanks, baby puddin', I'm fuckin' glad, shit."

Gwen: "You're a lost cause, Ran."

Randolph: "Why don't you and I put all this shit away and retire to the veranda for a nightcap, dammit?"

Gwen: "Why sir, I think that's a very good suggestion. But you go on out, and if you wish, you can call daddy, he sounded urgent. He said to call whenever you got here."

Randolph: "Yeah, well gimmie his fuckin' number, shit."

Gwen: "Here, now you be nice, Ran, and try to remember he's a preacher." Gwen waves the phone number at him.

Randolph: "Hell, I fuckin' know that shit. I'm cool, gimmie, goddammit girl."

Gwen: "Oh, you're hot tonight, but I don't want you to slip once, Ran."

Randolph: "You want me to fuckin' call your old man or what, shit?"

Gwen: "Ok, please be kind though." Gwen relinquishes and Randolph takes the phone number from her.

Randolph: "Gimmie girl, shit, glamour girl, ya lookin' good an a-mothafucka tonight." Gwen breaks away from his second attempted embrace, returns to the kitchen and Randolph calls her father.

Rev.: "Yes, Reverend Simmons speakin'."

Randolph: "Yeah, Rev., I hear ya wanna talk with me."

Rev.: "Randolph!"

Randolph: "Yeah, in the flesh, whatzup?"

Rev.: "Good to hear your voice; thanks for callin' me back, son. I'll tell you what I called about, I've got an old friend, Elaine Griffin . . ."

Randolph: "The gospel singer, Insane Elaine?"

Rev.: "The same, she was secretly committed to an asylum in Ypsilanti, Michigan last year. I've been communicatin' with her and prayin' for her demented lost soul. However, she's not well physically either now and may be dyin' as we speak. I went up to see her two

days ago, and she confided in me the strangest story I've ever heard. To make it short, she said she had fifteen million dollars hidden and she didn't believe in banks. She's very eccentric you know. Do you know her work?"

Randolph: "Yeah, little, wild, crazy, old black woman, sings, shouts, cries, wallers on the stage, talks, and trills in tongue and uvula. Runs around the audience screamin', fartin' and yellin' stuff; made a ton of money for somebody, I guess."

Rev.: "A . . . yes, that would be her. But she's not as crazy as most folks think. She did hide the money and . . . well, she made me sort of her trustee."

Randolph: "Shit, you a lucky nigga then."

Rev.: "Randolph, please, the money is not mine. Sister Griffin wants me to invest this fortune in her life's dream."

Randolph: "Yeah, so hell, you can do that, right? What's the problem, Rev.? Why you need me, shit?"

Rev.: "Randolph, your blasphemy please!"

Randolph: "Yeah, man, whatzup?"

Rev.: "Anyway, her life's dream is to build a religious theme park, based on the Bible in South-Central Los Angeles, California. She wants it to depict every outstandin' popular event known to man in both the old and new testament, with actors, extras, you know, a big production, show business, extravaganza theme park deal."

Randolph: "For fifteen million, hell, man, that's fuckin' impossible, shit."

Rev.: "Randolph, I must insist, your cussin' is unacceptable, I'm sorry."

Randolph: "Look, man, you called me first, shit, so why don't ya just be you, and I'll fuckin' be me, shit. And maybe I can help and fuckin' advise ya way self-righteous religious ass."

Rev.: "God forgive me, Randolph. I've no choice, so I guess the Lord will understand."

Randolph: "Shit, he'll fuckin' have to, if ya want that Jesus theme park built . . ."

Rev.: "No! It's Scripture Park. She's adamant about that. So that's the name of it, but keep all this to yourself. It's her dyin' wish this be kept away from evildoers, who would try in some way to imitate and steal her ideas or style, as Crazy Daisy has done."

Randolph: "Ya mean that white bread, crazy actin', gospel country singer, huh?"

Rev.: "Yes, yes that's the one. Elaine said these folks in the contemporary Christian music field, steal any good idea they hear or see in black gospel."

Randolph: "It's money, man, ev'rybody ain't fuckin' original, shit. Look Rev., how much land does she have in mind? The South C's: South Central, Crenshaw, the city of Compton, community of color, crew colors, cops, criminals and Christian church congregations, ain't got a whole lotta space ya know, or does she already have it picked out?"

Rev.: "No, she wants to buy it quiet under the auspices of a gift to the people, but keep it a secret as to the real purpose she has in mind. Her lawyer hasn't drawn up the corporation papers yet, and she refuses to discuss if she intends to go non-profit or for profit until we meet with her. She's got some relatives and she's askin' that they be provided for, with some kind of annual stipend, a premium, somethin', you know."

Randolph: "Ya mean to keep 'em from opposin' her fuckin' will. That's the biggest fuckin' problem I see, dammit. She looked nuts, sounded nuts, and talked like a maniac, I don't know, shit. Her relatives could easily say she's all the fuckin' way nuts, man. Ya gotta handle it another way, I think, sell stock or somethin', guarantee the relatives a . . . say how many people we talkin' 'bout, shit?"

Rev.: "About thirty or so she knows about."

Randolph: "Hell, I don't know, stocks and bonds are the only way to go, securitize and advertise. Little folks move waaay fuckin' out the way when they see big business comin', shit. I'm talkin' big ass bucks."

Then if you give 'em a taste on paper, shit, and make 'em feel important 'til you get rollin', maybe they'll play along. It's fuckin' enough bread to get started, but ya gotta have fuckin' air-tight security, music, and entertainment. And like ya said: actors, stunts, extras, the whole fuckin' thang, even goddamn animals, shit. Then before ev'ry fuckin' thang, you need a goddamn planner, an architect. I'm talkin' a way bad mothafucka to do the fuckin' blue prints, shit, a fuckin' contractor. Ya gotta build all that Bible shit up from scratch, shit. Ya talkin' a lotta fuckin' work, a lotta fuckin' land, a lotta fuckin' people and a lotta goddamn chedda for the rat ass bastard, crooked politicians, ya dig?"

Rev.: "Yes, yes, yes, amen! But here's the deal: nothin' can happen until she meets you in person."

Randolph: "What . . . me, why the fuck that old, straight crazy woman wanna see me? Shit!"

Rev.: "Because in strictest confidence, I told her you'd be perfect for this project, since you're already a black Hollywood entertainment executive. I told her, and she seemed to rally right before my eyes. Oh! Gwen said you lost an eye, Randolph. My God what happened to you, son?"

Randolph: "Trouble, shit, you don't wanna know. Anyway, when do ya need me?"

Rev.: "Now, she's better, but it won't last. She may not live out the week. The doctor says it's malignant and inoperable."

Randolph: "Now, huh, ya mean fuckin' tonight or in the mornin', what? Shit."

Rev.: "How soon can you catch a plane and meet me at the Kostier's Institution for the Religious Eccentric?"

Randolph: "What, Jesus freaks, huh?"

Rev.: "I'll meet you, I'm catchin' a flight in the mornin'. I'll be at the Detroit Metro Airport near Ypsilanti, Michigan at twelve p.m. eastern standard time. Can you be there then? If so, we'll go together and see her."

Randolph: "Yeah, I can catch the fastest thang smokin', like ya said, Detroit Metro Airport near Ypsilanti, Michigan, huh? What airline ya flyin', shit?"

Rev.: "American, and you?"

Randolph: "Randall."

Rev.: "Splendid, Randolph, God bless you, son. I'm proud to be your father-in-law. Gert wants to speak to you quickly, son, hold on."

Randolph: "Yeah, shit."

Gwen's mother, Gertrude picks up. "Randy, son, how are you? Gwen told us `bout your eye. My God, son, what happened?"

Randolph: "Mrs. Simmons, don't you worry none, I'm cool. That won't stop me, I can still see outta one eye."

Gert: "Well, if you all need me to fly out there and help out, I will."

Randolph: "Noooo, no don't do that! I'm gonna help the reverend out on this thang. Then, I'm goin' back to work on my picture."

Gert: "Gwen told us you had your own company, that's ambitious, son. How's your mama, I talked to her a month ago? She said she's happily married again!"

Randolph: "Yeah, look, Mrs. Simmons . . . if I'm gonna help Rev., I gotta split, ya dig?"

Gert: "You're soooo colorful, Marilyn Monroe and all. Yes . . . now you be careful and take good care of my girl."

Randolph: "Yeah, we're straight, don't worry."

Gert: "Bye."

Randolph: "Yeah . . . shit."

Gwen: "Going so soon, Ran? What did daddy want you to do?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I gotta go and meet him. It's secret shit for now. But I'll fill ya in when I get back."

Gwen: "Do you need a bag?"

Randolph: "Yeah, suits, shoes and shirts, you know, the regular trip shit, and I gotta make a couple of calls while ya do that."

Gwen: "I'm on it."

Randolph calls Mark at his Beverly Hills Paradise Pleasure Palace Hotel Bungalow.

Mark: "Halcyon." Mark figures it's Randolph and teases him by answering, using Randolph's rejected name of the company.

Randolph: "Hey, Mark, I gotta go outta town, and it's fuckin' important. Do Harry and Smug Doug have wings yet?"

Mark: "Yes, a D.C. something or other, no Gulf Stream yet. But they can get ya there. Whatzup?"

Randolph: "I can't say yet, I promised, but I'll tell ya all about it when I get back. Gimmie Harry's number, shit."

Mark: "It's 301- 477-5555."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet."

Mark: "If I can know, when ya comin' back?"

Randolph: "Soon, shit, two days at the most. Look, I gave that hip, fine, sexy black bitch in my cabana cart blanche until tomorrow night, but she can hang 'til I get back now, ya dig? She's gonna try and bail those thuggish three thieves out from this mornin'. Pearson's on it as always, but keep ev'rybody away from her until I get back."

Mark: "Right, private stock, huh?"

Randolph: "Naw, she's way interestin', but I think somethin's up with her. Anyway, tell Vernice I'll talk to her later, ya got it, ya albino fuck?"

Mark: "Kiss my white ass, ya secretive black fuck. Watch it, ya half blind ass mothafucka."

Randolph hangs up. "Gwen, ya got my bag?"

Gwen: "Coming!"

Randolph calls Harry and Smug Doug answers, "Yeah, Doug Browne."

Randolph: "Hey Smug Doug, you and Harry, gotta make a fuckin' Ypsilanti, Michigan Detroit Metro Airport run, now, shit."

Smug Doug: "Oh God, boss, Harry's drunk as hell, but I can drive, shit, I guess. Yeah, we can do it. Meet us at hangar seventeen. That's off on the right from Kaizen's hangars. You'll know it; it's an all white structure. We're gassed and ready. I'll get clearance, so come on. How long we goin' for, boss?"

Randolph: "Shit, a day or two."

Smug Doug: "Great, see ya here, and I'll hustle up a flight plan."

Randolph concludes his calls. "Gwen!"

Chapter Twenty-seven

. . .

Road 2 Damascus Mama, Need Directions, Ask Jesus

Randolph arrives at the white hangar in a yellow taxicab, wearing a chocolate colored sports ensemble, where Janet is waiting in a red Air India uniform to accompany him. As her sitar theme music plays on her tiny Kaizen DAT player, Janet greets her lover, featuring a bright jungle red bindi on her forehead and mehndi painted on her delicate hands. "What the fuck, Janet? You can't stay out of the air, can you, beautiful girl?"

Janet: "No, I can't. Mark said you were goin' up. So you know me, I got here in uniform and ready to attend to your wishes, sir."

Randolph: "Ok, come on, I can't resist a hot woman in uniform. So obviously, you'd be the best company I could have for this trip, shit."

Janet: "What's goin' on? Mark was so secretive. He just said you had to fly out of town, and you needed Harry and Smug Doug fast."

Randolph: "Yeah, that's all I can say, shit. Look, Harry was drunk when I phoned, but Smug Doug's cool, right? He can get us there?"

Janet: "Yeah, Smug Doug's cool, no sweat, relax. It'll be a milk run."

Randolph: "Ya lookin' fuckin' foxy, mama. I noticed ya didn't bring Nouro, why?"

Janet: "My business, no need."

Randolph: "Oh, I fuckin' see, ya ditched him already, huh?"

Janet: "No, but he'll keep, 'cause he's gotta get use to my impulses."

Randolph: "He's fuckin' serious, huh?"

Janet: "What do you think, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Hell yeah, is fat meat greasy?"

Janet: "Right. Hey, Smug Doug!" They both see the disheveled, small frame co-pilot through the open window of the cockpit, readying his flight instrument panel for take-off.

Smug Doug: "Boss, Janet, Harry's sleepin' in the cockpit. I made 'em take a cold shower and drink a pot of hot black coffee, so I'm drivin' us. How ya like the crate, she's ours now?" Randolph and Janet stare at the World War II relic, painted black and sitting ominous as a giant raven with four engines, while the ground crew helped kick start the steel propellers, shouting "Contact!"

Randolph: "Yeah, the first Halcyon Entertainment Company plane, solid n' da wallet."

Smug Doug: "And at a bargain too, Nouro pulled a lotta strings and paid fifty grand cash down. Now, however, we owe five K per day for it."

Janet: "Well, all aboard and welcome to the maiden flight, ahem, of . . . Bird Jnr. or Bird the second. Let me have that bag, sir. Watch your fuckin' head, won't ya. Oh, and your briefcase, put it any place at all, sir. Sit any place at fuckin' all. Please extinguish all fuckin' smoke, sir, except this joint. I'll buckle up your seat belt and unbuckle your pants, sir. Enjoy your goddamn flight to . . . where the fuck are we goin', Smug Doug?" Janet speaks rudely in the crude squawk box intercom, and Smug Doug's voice comes crackling back in static through the busted speaker, as the busy ground crew slammed the door and rolled the ramp away.

Smug Doug: "Detroit Metro Airport near Ypsilanti, Michigan."

Janet: "No shit, R n'R. I'm gonna work on you. I'm curious as Mata Hari as to why we're goin' to the wolverine state."

Randolph: "No can fuckin' do, shit. I'll tell ya on the way back, by then it should be okay. Sit the fuck down and pour me a cognac, shit."

Janet: "Roger, rajah."

Randolph: "Well, shit, we taxiin' off the fuckin' tarmac. So far so good, Smug Doug, shit." The big flying machine of old begins to roll, loosening joints, rusted parts and back firing along the runway.

Janet: "I'll bet I can fuckin' guess the purpose of this midnight flight to Michigan. Let's see, Louse right?"

Randolph: "Naw, shit, for once it ain't about him or connected with his funky, black narrow ass, shit."

Janet: "How can you be so sure, R n'R? Let's see, you went to dine with your extra large breasted spouse at your Bel-Air home. And something, no, a special someone offered you a deal of some kind. Could be a friend in trouble, probably a woman knowin' you, shit. Let's see, you ain't pickin' up drugs . . . or runnin' 'em . . . yet, so it's nothin' criminal. Wait, I fuckin' have it! It's an errand of mercy, someone from your distant past called, and only you could rescue her from God only knows what. Am I fuckin' warm? Great fuckin' take-off, Smug Doug!"

(The plane's miraculously airborne.)

Randolph: "Yeah, Doug, that was `Smilin' fuckin' Jack´, shit."

Janet: "I told ya, he's an air ace, man."

Smug Doug: "Turbulent weather up ahead, guys, so stay buckled for now."

Janet: "Storms, electrical storms are my fuckin' favorite. I love to fly in this hot soupy shit. Smug Doug, what's the top altitude on this run?"

Smug Doug: "Oh, hell, twenty . . . thirty tops, why?"

Janet: "I wanna see stratosphere, that's why I fly, guy. Get above 'em, Smug Doug . . . Fly it up in the Enola Gay ethereal ether, baby! Let's experience electro magnetic fields of excitation, beholdin' methane gas and ice that forms the earth below. "

Smug Doug: "Yeah, right, hang fuckin' on, shit. This crate can climb!"

Janet: "Yeah!"

Randolph: "Ya probably came on ya self that fuckin' time, shit. Make ya fart in yo' sari, ya honey Hindu astronaut of love."

Janet: "You too, ya love it, big guy! Way to go, Smug Doug!"

Harry: "This is Harry, guys. You guys are havin' too much fun. I'm comin' back and see what you're into, yeah!" A hung over, out of sorts Harry gropes his way to the newly installed bulkhead seat, right behind the cockpit and head.

Randolph: "Hey, mothafuck, ya look like shit. How ya fuckin' feel? Shit."

Harry: "Bad, worse, shit. Oooh."

Janet: "Sit down, Cap'n Harry. Here drink, no sip this coffee." Janet pours hot coffee from a thermos into a plastic cup.

Harry: "No fuckin' more caffeine, I'm gonna have it comin' out of my fuckin' ears."

Randolph: "What'cha think of the crate, Harry, and be honest, shit?"

Harry: "Well boss, we ain't in a Gulf Stream yet, but this baby will get us wherever we wanna fuckin' go, man, right, Smug Doug?"

Smug Doug: "Yeah, come on back with some of that coffee, Harry."

Harry: "We were both drinkin' and . . . you know."

Randolph: "Yeah, shit, suckin' n' fuckin'."

Harry: "Ya don't miss shit, do ya boss?"

Randolph: "That's why I'm the fuckin' boss, shit."

Harry: "But we figured you guys wouldn't stir for a few days."

Randolph: "Well, shit, let this be a fuckin' lesson to both of you, I might fly any fuckin' time, ya dig, like now, at the drop of a fuckin' hat. Likewise, any of the others may need ya. We're swellin' our ranks. The company's growin' ev'ry fuckin' day."

Harry: "That's good, boss; we don't wanna work for no little ass, piss poor company. We wanna fly with fuckin' giants."

Randolph: "Ya drunk fuck, go on back to work, shit. I wanna hit on . . . I mean talk to the fuckin' fine brown ass, sexy speakin' flight attendant with the pubic hairy eyebrows. How much fuckin' . . . I mean flyin' time?"

Smug Doug answers through the used, abused, bent busted speaker, "Five hours and twenty minutes non-stop. Harry! Coffee, now, shit."

Harry: "Comin', he gets jealous whenever I talk to another guy."

Randolph: "Go on, ya big soused ass face sissy."

Janet: "Don't spill it, wait, Harry. I'll take it, you hang on to me."

Harry: "Yeah, see ya, boss."

Randolph: "Later, ya flyin' fag."

Janet: "Come on, Harry."

Smug Doug: "Weather's breakin' up, boss, no more rough stuff. We're hangin' tough. What do ya think so far, smooth, huh?"

Randolph: "Yeah, fly this motha, man. I'll get you cats a Gulf Stream better than the last one, shit."

Harry: "When, how soon? I heard that, boss, and I'm holdin' ya to it."

Randolph: "You ain't holdin' shit to me."

Smug Doug: "Yeah, and I'm his witness, boss."

Randolph: "Naw, you his goddamn good thang, shit, so fuck the both of you two sissies."

Smug Doug & Harry: "Careful, boss, B4U2R1, 'cause the whole world is gay, even the sun goes down, and you're a blip on our gaydar!"

Randolph: "Yeah, but the sun also rises. And even if ev'ryone on earth is as queer as you and Doug, if I'm still here, I'll still be straight, ya drunk gay ass, flyin' fairy, punk pussy butt airplane pilot mothafuckas, shit." They all laugh at Randolph's staunch heterosexuality.

Janet places an air mattress and stacks of pillows on the floor beside the bulkhead seat, sits in the aisle, removes Randolph's shoes and socks and begins to message his feet. "This is a fuckin' ball, huh, and way intimate wouldn't ya say, boss?"

Randolph: "Yeah, how long ya been doin' this sky high fly shit, girl?"

Janet: "Fifteen fuckin' years, my family left Calcutta, India. We flew to London, England. I was only four and I'd never flown before. It was and is the second greatest and best adventure in my whole fuckin' life!"

Randolph: "What's the first? Shit."

Janet: "I don't wanna embarrass you, R n'R, so I'll pass."

Randolph: "No shit, what was better than flyin'?"

Janet: "Fuckin' you, oh sahib of sex."

Randolph: "You jivin'."

Janet: "No, no I ain't hardly jivin'. See, I knew you'd be embarrassed, you're so damn sensitive, shit."

Randolph: "You way crazy, girl. Go on tell me, run it, shit. What did ya do in London? How did ya get hooked in this air angel shit?"

Janet: "I'm Hindu, and I dreamed of being an avatar."

Randolph: "A what?"

Janet: "Avatar, a flyin' god, like an angel, only Hindu, ya dig?"

Randolph: "Yeah, keep on talkin' and rubbin' my fuckin' toes."

Janet: "Shit, I can give you a full body message, so relax."

Randolph: "Lay it on me then, I ain't gonna fuckin' stop ya. Go on rub n' run it, shit." And Janet began her demulcent discourse.

Janet: "Well . . . my dad was in export-import. He could afford the best tutors, and later I went to the Francis Darlings School for Girls in London. It was a very happy time for me. I was rather dark, and all the pubescent girls were curious. I made many fast friends and learned about life."

Randolph: "Ya mean lesbos, huh?"

Janet: "Yeah, but more than that, I got a chance to broaden my horizons mentally and add a whole new culture to my personality, not to mention another language, English."

Randolph: "What did ya do after that dyke girls school shit?"

Janet: "I became a scholar at Oxford. I was studying economics when I flew again in a private plane, somewhat like this one as a matter of fact. Well, shit, I was hooked and eighteen. I lied about my age, got a phony Mahoney I.D., and enrolled in the flight attendant school for KLM Airlines."

Randolph: "That's fuckin' Dutch, shit."

Janet: "Whose story is this, R n'R? Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, go 'head, run it, shit."

Janet: "Well, I was bringin' in samples from Amsterdam in my flight bag."

Randolph: "You were smugglin' pot?"

Janet: "And Moroccan hashish, Allah's chocolate, I knew I could hustle it. I was an economics' student, right? Well, I made a goodly sum all right, but a spyin' sister stewardess spotted my game, threatened to blow the whistle, and have me pinched, unless I cut her in on my operation. So I quit and went to work in the states for Continental Airlines. I've flown the whole world over, seen it all, I haven't done it all, but I loved every fuckin' minute of it."

Randolph: "What's the strangest fuckin' place ya ever been and the freakiest thang ya ever did? Shit."

Janet: "I flew with a guy to the fuckin' North Pole in a two seat Lear Jet. Yeah, and once I went on a goddamn tiger hunt."

Randolph: "No shit, go on run it, but I got ya North Pole, South Pole, and ya hungry tiger too, baby."

Janet: "I'm hip. . . . We got to the Pole and all of a sudden we experienced engine trouble, fire, smoke, the whole fuckin' bit. He landed on a makeshift strip of sorts . . . an iceberg it turned out."

Randolph: "No shit?"

Janet: "No shit, his radio was fadin' in and out. The cold was past numbing, minus ninety degrees Fahrenheit. I thought I saw a polar bear, but it was an outpost guy, and he guided us off the iceberg. However, the entire time he had to test for a break in the ice. He frightened the shit out of my Hindu ass. We stayed with him and the other two guys for three weeks at the frozen top of the world, Arctic base station. I left on a trawler. He, the guy I came with, had to be airlifted out. He had been overexposed, and became infected with frostbite. Later his right hand and left leg were amputated. I've seen him from time to time, cold and sad, huh?"

Randolph: "Brrr, yeah, chillin'. What about that fuckin' tiger shit?"

Janet: "My father and a rubber plantation foreman had some trouble with two of 'em about one hundred and sixty miles from Bombay. I was ten, and on school vacation when he took me back with him to rural India on a business trip. There was no time to wait for the government, as these two big cats were responsible for killing over twelve people. They'd prowl every night and kill.

"It was a nightmare, but I was curious and my father would never have let me go. So, without his knowledge, I climbed inside the supply truck and hid. I stayed in there until we got to the village, where the man-eaters had ravaged and terrified over three hundred frightened villagers. They were scared to death and rightfully so. Well, the dogs that tracked the tigers found me, and I was punished by my father on the spot, the worst spanking I ever got.

"Shit, then that night, I heard the dogs howl, bark and cry out, yelping helplessly, as the black striped beast tore them limb from limb. The rubber foreman's gun misfired, and he was killed right before my very eyes while I watched from a hut. Flames were burnin' from torches, and the natives were screamin'. The tigers would charge one hut and then another, snarling and growling until sun up, and then it was over. My father swept me up in his arms, put me in his truck and we made good our escape."

Randolph: "Goddamn, no fuckin' shit, girl?"

Janet: "Yeah, shit yeah!"

Randolph: "Well shit, after all that ravagin' n' savagin', I feel like a fuckin' tiger, a big black, striped ass, woman eater, and I could fuckin' eat your hot, fine brown Bengal butt right up. Shit."

Janet: "What about that gray-eyed, black panther bitch back in your cabana?"

Randolph: "What about her? Shit. What about fuckin' Nouro?"

Janet: "I get your point."

Randolph: "Get my claws and fangs, I'm out for fuckin' hot blood lust, shit."

Janet: "Take what you will, tiger man, I'm all yours."

Randolph: "Grrr!"

. . .

(Laid out naked and spent in the aisle on the air mattress five hours later)

Randolph: "Oh, shit, what a great fuck and nap. You ok, beautiful?"

Janet: "I'm yours, tiger dick."

Randolph: "Janet, wake up, girl. We're fuckin' landin'! Shit."

Janet: "Oh . . . my make up, shit."

Smug Doug's voice squeaks through the faulty speaker, "How ya doin', boss, hang on?"

Randolph: "So far, so fuckin' good, man. How's Harry, shit?"

Harry: "I'm good, boss; I'll drive us back. This Bird Jnr. can get up, huh?"

Randolph: "Yeah, shit yeah, what time ya got?"

Harry: "Seven twenty-five a.m., eastern standard time. How's Janet?"

Janet: "I'm good, guys, great trip."

Randolph: "We're too early for my meetin'. It ain't 'til noon, so you guys go on and eat, and we'll find a hotel, shit."

Janet: "Then I'll register us at the lodgings closest to the plane. Is that cool?"

Randolph: "Yeah, shit, I ain't stayin' here long, but you check us all in, shit."

Janet: "Ok, tiger boss."

Harry: "Yeah, we can do a few things to this ol' crate. Smug Doug got us a hangar, so we'll taxi over as soon as he receives instructions."

. . .

(At the Detroit Metro Air Terminal, Hangar #30)

Randolph: "Shit, the hotel's in fuckin' walkin' distance. So I'll head on over with you, girl. You guys, we'll be at the Room at the Inn. Check in there and charge ev'rythang to my bill."

Harry: "Ok, we'll fool around here and tune this baby up some and get her gassed."

Janet: "Great flight guys, first class."

Harry: "Thanks, see ya later."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, shit. I'm starved and I need a fuckin' shower, shave and shit."

Janet: "I'll get us settled and have some breakfast sent up."

Randolph: "Yeah, breakfast in bed, shit."

. . .

(In the terminal at noon)

P.A. Announcer: "Passengers now arriving from Memphis, flight six seventy-two, gate forty-seven, American Airlines, now arriving at Gate forty-seven."

Reverend Rufus A. Simmons deplanes with a bag and a briefcase. He's an elderly urbane man about five foot eleven, distinguished gray hair, slightly balding in the back, a slight stomach pouch, wearing a dress straw hat, a dark blue summer suit, black dress shoes and socks, white shirt, and a red flowered and gold trimmed patterned tie. He's a man of color in his early eighty's, dark brown skin, broad shoulders, with a proud and serious gate.

Randolph: "Hey, Rev."

Rev.: "Randolph!"

Randolph: "Ya need help? Naw . . . you can handle that lightweight shit."

Rev.: "You're hard as the devil. How's your eye?"

Randolph: "Good, shit, no complaints yet."

Rev.: "Thank God you're here. I'll get us a cab, and we can get this over with."

Randolph: "Yeah . . . fifteen huge, huh? Have you seen it yet, Rev.?"
Randolph uses a code for money: large is one thousand, huge is one million and enormous is one billion.

Rev.: "No, Randolph, but we'll see it together tonight. You'll see it tonight, son."

Randolph: "Shit yeah, with one eye, I can stone see fifteen huge."

Rev.: "I'll get a hotel later. Where are you stayin'?"

Randolph: "I'm stayin' at the Room at the Inn."

Rev.: "Good, that'll do I guess. We can go back tonight, ok?"

Randolph: "I ain't interested in stayin' in Ypsilanti. I never fuckin' heard of it before. Then again, I can't even fuckin' pronounce or spell it, man."

They approach the Black and White cabstand.

Rev.: "Taxi, please."

Skycap: "Yes sir, where to, sir?"

Rev.: "We're goin' out to the Religious Institute for Eccentrics. Do you know it?"

Skycap: "Yeah, that's out on Gemble Road, Kostier's, right?"

Rev.: "Yes, yes that's it, how much? Last time I was picked up by the institute."

Skycap: "Two of you, eighty bucks, plus tip, one way."

Rev.: "Ok, yes, that sounds right. I've got it, Randolph."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet."

Rev.: "Here, son." (Rev. tips the skycap and they get in the cab.)

Skycap: "Yes sir, they're goin' out to Kostier's, Jeff. Thanks sir, and have a safe comfortable trip."

Rev.: "Yes, Randolph, I'll warn you now, this is no ordinary hospital. You'll see things here that can completely shake you to your very foundation."

Jeff, the cabbie: "Yeah, man, he ain't shittin' you, them's stone Jesus freaks out on Gemble Road, man. I had a fare just yesterday, a Catholic nun mumblin', recitin' rosaries and such, you know, that wide-eyed stare. Two priests were takin' her out there, scared holy shit outta me. She started actin' like she could see somethin', you know, like the blessed Virgin Mother or some shit. She said some strange ass shit, man."

Randolph: "Yeah, go on run it, man. What else do ya know 'bout it, shit?"

Jeff: "Shit, man, most of 'em get picked up by the staff. They send a private van to pick 'em up at the airport, but some shouldn't fly. One preacher came in a few years back and tried to skyjack the fuckin' airplane to heaven, no shit! Nutty fucka tried to take over with his platinum cross, I swear. They took him off in a fuckin' straight jacket and hauled his crazy ass to Kostiers, screamin' 'bout some goddamn pearly fuckin' gates, man."

Randolph: "No shit, watch the fuckin' road, nigga."

From the highway the cab turned onto the forty miles of bad Gemble road. The road was the worst for wear and tear ever: a desolate, bumpy, winding, twisting, turning, swerving, curving, straining, stressing, harrowing experience; the most unsafe country back road Randolph ever traveled, with holes, ditches, cracks, water, mud, mounds of dirt, sand and debris before them and under them and around them all the way. The cab shook, rattled, spun its wheels, sputtered, chugged, slid, jerked through underbrush and cracked by branches of outstretched white pine deadwood and coiling vine green growth, stretching out across to the other side of the brown clay, black soil, stony, weedy, rocky excuse for a public road.

The crabby gabby cabbie apologized for the uncomfortable jarring bumps, scrapes and jolts and made an inquisitive inquiry, "Sorry BROTHAMAN, you guys ain't patients or no shit like that are ya?"

Randolph: "Hell no, we saner than your ugly, nosy, black ass. Shit."

Jeff: "Ok, just askin'."

Rev.: "No, son, I'm sane, I'm a preacher."

Jeff: "Oh, shit, I'm sorry, man. I didn't see no collar."

Rev.: "No, sometimes I just don't wear it."

Jeff: "You incognito, huh, Rev.? You don't wanna religious freak the religious fuckin' freaks too much, right?"

Rev.: "Lord deliver me. I'm ridin' to a religious insane asylum with two chronic blasphemers, have mercy."

Randolph: "Naw, man, Rev.'s cool, shit. What else ya know 'bout this fuckin' jubilee joint? Shit." Randolph engages the opinionated, chatty black cab driver in a conversation. The cab driver is about forty-five, short, stocky, and dark skinned, with a sometimey, big, friendly Ypsilanti smile, fronting a professional black comedian's sense of humor and timing.

Jeff: "Well sir, they don't call it the unholy gamble on Gemble Road for nothin'. Shit, they changed venues 'bout ten years ago. They were just a average nut house, state run like all them kinda places, you know? An assortment of depressed, dufus loonies all over the fuckin' joint, Snake Pit City, shit. Then in the nineties shit changed, man. They made some sorta privatization land swap, rebuilt and started specializin' in religious crazy mothafuckas. Shit, they imported them suckas from all over. They say, they got a cocksucka in there now, look just like fuckin' God!"

Randolph: "What you sayin', nigga?"

Rev.: "God forgive them . . . for they know not what they do."

Jeff: "That's it, he talks shit like that! Girls who work up in there, ride with me sometimes, and they said he talks that kinda shit word for word and dresses up just like God."

Randolph: "God, mothafucka? What goddamn God? Shit."

Rev.: "Heaven help me."

Jeff: "Yeah, you know . . . Jesus!"

Randolph: "Nigga, what you sayin'? There's a cat at this jubilee joint looks like, talks like and speaks words like Jesus Christ? Shit."

Jeff: "Yeah, exactly, man, bitches told me. He got the robes brought in by this ho, Martha, and dig, his mother . . . Mary."

Randolph: "You jivin', ya lyin' fuck."

Jeff: "No shit, man, he's a fuckin' identical Jesus twin, a goddamn Christ clone. The girls say it scares the piss out of 'em, when they work in his wing. He's up walkin' 'round and shit; creepy spooky fucka, comes up on your ass out of the shadows and shit. All the inmates swear that son of a bitch is God, even though they got a bunch of other freaks think they God too."

Rev.: "Yes, it's a common delusion for many religious fanatics, like the Jerusalem Syndrome in the Holy Land. It's an unfortunate, debilitatin' illness that of late, has been permeatin' our ranks. God help religious folk get that curse from within us, for it is Satan's way of influencin' us, at the extreme of our most intense convictions."

Jeff: "Hey man, you can tell me the fuckin' deal. You takin' this crazy mothafucka to Kostiers krazy house for religious kooks, ain'tcha? He's a wild ass son of a bitch. Right, man?" The cab smashes over a log in the road and drags it through black water.

Randolph: "Naw, shit, ya big head fuck, watch the fuckin' road, shit. He's way saner than your funky, dumb, nigga black ass, so go on run it, what else? Shit."

Jeff: "Well, shit, they got the other one up in there too, you know? Ya can't have God without havin' the goddamn devil, shit."

Rev.: "Satan is also up in this cab, son."

Randolph: "Ya mean some guy thinks he's the fuckin' devil and shit?"

Jeff: "Yeah, the girls say they keep him in the sub-level and Jesus on the top floor. They gotta separate 'em for they own protection. They got fine sexy bitches, think they angels and shit, you name it. Well gents, you look to the left through that bunch of white pine, and that big ass, scary lookin' designed by the devil monstrosity is Kostiers . . . unfuckin' real, huh?"

Randolph: " . . . Goddamn."

Chapter Twenty-eight

. . .

Michigan Messianic Mad House & Kind After Kind Menagerie

Seen by Randolph now, in the distance up a sloping hill through a stand of white pine trees on this gray dismal day, stood Kostiers Institution for the Religious Eccentric. It's a big brick building where the inmates are housed: an eerie, reddish-brown, sandstone structure, built in the late eighties, three stories high with a ghastly ghostly grotesque, stain glass cathedral ceiling, centered over a gruesome grim great, massive main hall.

A giant red and white barber pole, authentic 118 foot, ten story lighthouse tower was shipped in parts from the upper peninsula of Michigan, on Lake Huron, and renovated inside and out. The lighthouse is saddled with a mason craftsman's constructed red brick elevator shaft, going up to the top on the left side, and an enclosed stairway on the right side; both entrances and exits are private and electronically locked on the ground floor and sublevel.

An operating beacon looms at night from the panoramic observation deck. It's a sixty-year old electric light and lens with a twenty-five to thirty mile beam. Then a flashing red light is atop the tower, that signals its presence as the big bright broad beam, whirrs around, illuminating the grounds like the nautical area it served at sea, every ten seconds. A parapet is around the narrow top deck, and a telescope is there to watch over a string of five wooden, tin covered, red painted barns, with very large connecting cement, tube-like tunnels between each barn, leading to the imposing main hall. A huge Noah's ark-like boat sat beside the end barn and at the rear of the barns and behind the main buildings were remains of the old ramshackled asylum, remnants of the dreaded Michigan state mad house, wards D23, ward D16 and D building.

An iron-gate entrance with a partial, surrounding brick wall and a continuing additional high tension electrified razor wire, ten-foot tall fence, enclosed the whole three hundred acres. To the left of the main buildings lay: a rusty spur of railroad track, a pond, featuring two trumpeter male white swans (cobs) with erect penises, the only birds that have these small penises within the cloaca to aid in sperm transfer

to the two receptive trumpeter white, horny, flapping female swans (pens) in heat. A corral of sorts in front of the barns, surrounded peeps of red waddled clucking chickens, gobbling turkeys, quacking ducks, an ostentation of preening peacocks and a gaggle of honking geese.

Then beyond that, out in the pasture: a well-fed flock of ten sheep, two giraffes, two gay bull African elephants, two kangaroos, nineteen camels, some cows, a herd of horses, a dozen donkeys, two bison, two zebras, two Thompson gazelles (which glide back and forth over the fence at will), two yokes of oxen, together with pigs and goats, rooted and grazed. Kostiers Institute is a Betty Ford type clinic for religious fanatics, especially those with a martyr maniacal maelstrom. It is a holy haven for imitators of biblical characters, participating in this religious experiment/experience.

Rev: "I've been here before, but it is quite ugly."

Cabbie: "I knew you belonged here, I knew it!"

Randolph: "Naw, ya monkey face sucka, he's visitin' and shit. Watch it! Ya almost went off the fuckin' road again."

Cabbie: "Sorry, this Gemble road's named for the fucka who built this monstrosity. Shit, you ever see anything, anywhere like it?"

Randolph: "Shit naw."

Cabbie: "Well, I hope I don't have to hack here at night, shit. That would really fuck me up, man, so I can't run you back!"

Rev: "Thank you Jesus." Rev. utters a sarcastic prayer.

Cabbie: "But you can get back, if somebody's comin' into town. So I'll warn ya now, cab drivers won't make this run at night."

Randolph: "Why? Shit."

Cabbie: "This damn road and lots of new nutty shit goin' on. Now they got that old crazy, black gospel singin' woman, you ever heard her? Shit. I saw that wild ass, crazy bitch rollin' in the aisles and shit. People went nuts, she started slobberin' and talkin' that Holy Roller shit."

Rev: "Tongue, she spoke in tongue! Then she froths at the mouth, simply because she's purging her soul."

Cabbie: "Man, her fuckin' eyes went back in her old gray nappy head. And they say when she gets real fuckin' happy, she fuckin' cuts the cheese, shit, and ya can smell it all over the joint. Then she faints, falls out with her rolled up cotton white stockin's kickin' up in the air, and they take the old ravin' maniac away in a fuckin' straight jacket on a goddamn stretcher. Four fuckas take her off in white coats. Hell, she's hollerin' and lookin' at the ceilin' like she can see God and shit. Man, I get the fuckin' heebie jeebies every time I think 'bout her. Insane Elaine, that's her name, man, she's up in here. Go see her, if you can stand it. They say her goddamn breath will knock you on your ass."

Randolph: "I wouldn't know 'bout that shit."

Rev: "It's called hallelujah halitosis."

Cabbie: "Well, I'll let you out at the door, but ya gotta check in at the gate here first."

Carved in a stone pillar on the right side is `The Scriptures are to be lived . . . not merely read´ and on the left pillar`Neriah wrote the Bible, he heard every word´ is chiseled.

Guard: "Halt! Who goes there?" A big thirtyish, white man dressed in a Roman centurion uniform, complete with that ancient armor, a spear, shield and sword, stopped the cab and questioned them.

Rev. rolled down the window to answer, "Yes, we're here for an appointment with the good doctor. I'm Reverend Rufus A. Simmons and my associate's Mr. Randolph Randall."

Guard: "Hmm . . . Simmons and Randall."

Randolph: "You heard him."

Guard: "Alright, go in and park on the right side."

Cabbie: "I know, man."

Randolph: "Sour ass fuck, dressed like a Roman centurion and shit, huh?"

Rev: "Yes, this is the theme here; it's all biblical. I'm tired. . . .
Oh, this journey is tellin' on my age, son."

Randolph: "Hang on, Rev., shit. It's just jet lag."

Cabbie: "Yeah, man, you home now, you can rest up in here for fuckin' ever."

. . .
(In the great entrance hall)

The newly renovated interior of Kostiers was vastly cavernous and painted black. Around the wall to the left for their entertainment, in a semi-circle now, was a theatrically lit tableaux vivant display. (Live inmates dressed in period clothes and full make up, frozen in a famous scene from the Bible) In the first brass titled curio `Cast the First Stone, Sucka,´ behind a glass partition like Macy's window, they saw a sexy scarlet, naked woman sinner about to be stoned. Then in the next curio, there were three obvious contemporary street whores in garish make-up and gaudy clothing, hung upon wooden crosses, and the brass title of the curio read, `Courtesan's Calvary Crucifixes´.

A steady flow of biblical types scurried back and forth around them as Randolph looked upward at the massive stain glass cathedral ceiling above him, and then he gazed beneath it to the large balcony on what seemed to be the third tier, where a stage with closed red theater curtains was constructed up above the main concrete floor, a floor as long and wide as a full basketball court gymnasium. Extremely broad doors to accommodate the large animals and exhibits on motorized floats, towered on both sides at the back of the hall, where a passenger elevator and freight elevator between the great doors, led up to the living quarters of the indispensable inmates with impetus and down disassociatingly to a dungeon and the dark lunatic fringe, leering lurking and lunging, locked in a lamentable lurch, at the lower levels.

Replicated paintings from all over the world, depicting every popular religious act recorded in the Bible, were present around the hall. There were no windows, but lamps, lanterns, candles and a surreal ever-changing cascade of natural bright light and sudden shadow shown around them. Alcoves and offices were on the right with a small, open, clandestine candle lit chapel.

A white, fifty year old man wearing a superintendent's smirk and surgeon's smock, eyeglasses and a graying ponytail, standing about five foot ten, weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, began grinning like a tour guide and glided over like Fred Astaire to greet them. "Reverend Simmons, sir, welcome back . . . and you, sir, must be Mr. Randall? I'm Doctor Chryst. Mr. Randall, you didn't crack a smile."

Randolph: "Yeah, Christ, I got it, shit. What's that good stink?"

Dr. Chryst: "Shewbread and myrrh, it's part of the authentic ambience in this place, it's one of a kind. This is the only institution on earth dedicated to the religious evolved."

Randolph: "Ya mean rubber room religious rejects, and fuckin' funny farm far right fanatics, is what ya got, shit."

Rev.: "A . . . yes, Randolph. Doctor Chryst, I for one would like to know your feelin's about Sister Griffin's predilection for her theme park idea?"

Dr. Chryst: "Ah, sir, that is the big question I've asked myself over and over again every since she told me of her searing ambitious plans."

Randolph: "Some fuckin' ambition, old bitch got long huge scratch, right? She don't need no ambition; she can fuckin' buy that shit."

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes but the ethos embodiment, even edifice here is extremely expansive and expensive. This is a great uncommon costumed, before the Common Era and Christian carnal carnival creative atmosphere. The churchy charismatic comradery alone is priceless. Why we've got attractions in here worth millions!"

Randolph & Rev.: "Millions!"

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, look around you, and that other odor you smell now is livestock: a dozen donkeys, and many dromedary camels. We allow animals in from the big barns."

Randolph: "Yeah, how long ya been the ringmaster of this Bible circus, doc?"

Dr. Chryst: "Five years, Randall, and I've only been stumped once."

Randolph: "How so, doc?"

Dr. Chryst: "Well, that would be Oglivy, Joel Oglivy. His case is the main attraction here."

Randolph: "What's so fuckin' special 'bout this freak?"

Dr. Chryst: "He's Jesus Christ, well, he thinks he is. He's the mirror image of the Christ you see when you pray, and he's the age Christ was when he was crucified."

Rev.: "What do you think, Dr. Chryst? Surely you don't hold with any such notion as that?"

Dr. Chryst: "No, but he has a mother here named Mary and a friend Martha and her real sister acting as Mary Magdalene, who attend to him. Then there's the twelve dedicated Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples."

Randolph: "Shit, is that all?"

Rev.: "I agree that's rather scant in the scheme of things. I'd require a mountain of evidence before I even considered the possibility he was Jesus."

Dr. Chryst: "But you, sir, are a devout Christian, a man of the cloth. Why it would sully every religious thesis and theory you've ever encountered to believe a word of such seeming holy heresy."

A bevy of bare beauties rushed by them.

Randolph: "Look out! Good God-T-a-mighty! Who the fuck are they?"

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, I should have warned you there would be quite revealing, illuminating and fascinating erotica. Those lovely luscious ladies are the Gethsemane Girls' Sextet. They dance and play their instruments in the nude. They formed their own ballet company when they were refused by the competing Kingdom of Heaven's Holy Host of Angels here; thus, they became fallen angels."

Rev.: "Why Gethsemane Girls, doctor?"

Randolph: "They some fine ass prime bitches, man."

Dr. Chryst: "A . . . yes, Randall. Reverend, they chose the name. It's like a club for seraphs, who've gone into a satanic angelic state, let us say for now. I find it a perfect euonym, but then I tend to get too technical and scare everyone away. However, they are simply a nude biblical dance troupe, reminiscent of those who worked at the old wine press of God in the Garden of Gethsemane."

(On the elevator)

Randolph: "Called Gethsemane Girls, that's cute shit, I likes it."

Rev.: "Odd."

The doctor leads them from the elevator and down the corridor.

Dr. Chryst: "Well, alas, here we are gentlemen, Ms. Griffin's rooms. I'll go in with you, but I won't stay. She'll call me, and I'll come back for you. This means a lot to all of us."

In Elaine's quarters, the fetid fumes of her bad breath overwhelm Randolph as Reverend Simmons holds a handkerchief over his nose and Dr. Chryst pulls up his surgical mask. Elaine was black as coal, animated and small, a wrinkled, aged, mackabroin woman with short, gray, nappy hair, large bright brown, staring pop eyes and a painted red mouth of yellow and black rotted teeth. She was about eighty-five years old, wearing a size five blue robe, sandals and a slick street sly crooked smile, sitting in a motorized wheelchair.

Randolph: "Damn, aw, shit!"

Dr. Chryst: "And how are you feeling today, Elaine? Are you comfortable? I have two friends of yours; they've just flown here at your request."

Elaine: "Yes, yes, yes move away, doc. Let me see the Hollywood guy . . . oh yeah! Come closer, I ain't gonna do nothin' crazy, I ain't nuts. Hiya Reverend Rufus, ya came back like ya said, just great. Now we can get down to business, right fellas?"

Randolph: "Yeah, old lady, big business, you got some huge bucks hid? Whew! What the fuck?" Randolph is overpowered by the stench of her breathing."

Dr. Chryst: "I forgot to warn . . . a tell you, Ms. Griffin suffers from a periodontal disease; it's most unfortunate."

Rev.: "Yes, Randolph, we mentioned it in the cab comin' here, remember, hallelujah halitosis?"

Elaine: "Yes, yes, yes! My breath's strong, son, but bad breath's better than none at all, right?"

Randolph: "Not breath that bad. Shit. Lady, I'm way over here, and I can still smell it. Damn!"

Dr. Chryst: "Well, I'll leave you good people to your meeting. Do call me, Elaine, when you're finished."

Elaine: "Ok doc! Look gents, sit anywhere, and I'll get right to it."

Randolph: "Please! Shit."

Rev.: "Go on, sister."

Elaine: "Well, like I told you, I wanna put . . . no build a religious theme park over in South-Central L.A., dedicated to me, and based on the Old Testament, and the New one. I want heaven and hell, Adam n' Eve. I want Noah; I want the ark and all of the animals two by two. I want David versus Goliath. I want . . ."

Randolph: "Yeah, yeah, yeah lady, I got all that. But Rev. said ya had fifteen huge stashed from your gospel performin' days, and you wanted us to build the theme park with that money, right?"

Elaine: "Right, I do! But first you gotta talk to my lawyer. He's comin', he'll be up in here directly."

Randolph: "Today?"

Elaine: "Yes, yes, yes! Anytime now, relax."

Randolph: "So you gonna tell us where the money is or what? Shit." Randolph removes his shades to wipe his watering good eye from the scathing scurrilous septic smell.

Elaine: "What's wrong with your eye, son?"

Randolph: "Nothin's wrong now, it's dead. I'm blind in it."

Elaine: "Well now, I see, and you're in the music and movie business in L.A. Right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, software, Halcyon Entertainment, that's me, twenty-four seven."

Elaine: "Great! You'll need both skills, if you do this theme park. I wanna lotta music to keep the park jumpin' off hot. And you better look at my plans. (Knock at the door) Let him in, reverend. Yes, yes, yes! T. R. Henderson, this is Reverend Simmons and Mr. Randall."

A black man, about thirty-five, enters the room in a surgical mask. He's carrying a briefcase and holding it in a guarded manner. The man is five foot ten, light brown skin, obviously cautious, wearing a blue seersucker suit, white shirt and blue tie, with a Panama straw hat and shined black shoes. He has a trimmed moustache hidden under the surgical mask, dark glasses concealing narrow, bright brown eyes, and a close styled haircut, when he removes his hat.

Randolph: "Call me Randolph, man."

T.R.: "Please to meet you both. Hey Laine, you alright?"

Elaine: "Yes, yes, yes! T.R., I was just tellin' 'em 'bout my plans. Go on, T.R.; show 'em. Go on, it's ok."

T.R.: "Yeah, man. Look, this is what we worked out. If you two guys agree to go back and build the theme park, you gotta get three hundred acres to start, at least, and keep it quiet. Nobody knows now but us and doc."

Elaine: "John Carter knows."

T.R.: "Yeah, I forgot J.C., anyway . . ."

Randolph: "Who's J.C.?"

Elaine: "He's Black Jezuz, Colored Christ, Soul Savior, and the Sepia Spirit for real!"

Randolph: "No shit, you jivin', right?"

T.R.: "No man, she ain't hardly jivin'; you'll find out later on."

Rev.: "A black Jesus fanatic, no doubt."

T.R.: "No, reverend, the real McCoy, but you gotta see 'em and meet 'em later."

Elaine: "He's gotta ok you both first, then we can get started tonight."

Randolph: "You mean we gotta meet this nigga Jesus freak first for approval?"

Elaine: "Yes, yes, yes! By all means, and if he says it's ok, then we have a deal."

Randolph: "What deal? I ain't heard no deal, shit."

T.R.: "You two guys get a back-end guarantee of nineteen percent between you and Laine, of the institute's gross profit of eighty-one percent from the first dollar."

Randolph: "Eighty-one percent and nineteen percent of what, a fuckin' holy rolla pipe dream, shit? When's the money changin' hands? I ain't doin' nothin' without cash, ya hear?"

Rev.: "Yes Randolph. It'll be fine, right, sister?"

Elaine: "Yes, yes, yes! Just go to this address, six, six, six, Michigan Avenue at nine tonight, and you'll get what you're lookin' for, ok?"

Randolph: "Nine, huh? But just one funny hitch and I'm in the wind. I ain't hangin' out in no religious nut factory, ya hear?"

Rev.: "Ok Randolph, we'll wind it up at nine, right, sister?"

Elaine: "Oh, yes! And you keep the briefcase, all the plans and budgets, everything, who to call to build it, prices, architects, planners, the name . . ."

Randolph: "The name, what is it? Shit." Randolph forgot the name.

T.R.: "Scripture Park, nifty, huh?"

Randolph: "Yeah, whose idea was it?"

Elaine: "Mine, all of it, it's my Bible study, my life's contribution. After a lifetime of singin' His praises professionally, I am a loyal and faithful servant of my heavenly Holy Father! . . . Oogla megala sogoola geeheelay dejucula!" Elaine burst forth with her first utterance of glossolalia.

Randolph: "Oh, shit!"

T.R.: "It'll pass, man, she goes off at times."

Rev.: "Yes, sister! God knows you deserve it, amen!"

Elaine: "I'm callin' doc now, he'll pick you up. I've gotta rest. It wasn't too bad, huh, young fella?"

Randolph: "Naw, ya breath is way stank ho, but fifteen huge makes it skunk perfume . . . almost, phew!"

(On the phone)

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, Elaine."

Elaine: "Come on back, doc, we're finished."

Rev.: "When did you start workin' on this project, T.R.?"

T.R.: "I've been meetin' Laine here for one year off and on every Thursday. We've logged a lot of time puttin' the plans in that briefcase together. Please never let anybody else read the contents."

Randolph: "Yeah, I got it on the d.l." (Meaning down low, like on the q.t.)

Rev.: "I want you to get some rest, sister. This transaction has taken a lot out of you, and I can clearly see you're flaggin'."

The doctor returns, "Gentlemen, I've come for you. . . . So, are we all in agreement? If so, come with me to the upper room, where we can enjoy a special feast, wine, cigars, champagne, cognac and Candy . . . that is, if Candy is willing." The doctor smiles slyly at his own wry, inside joke.

Randolph: "Sounds good, doc. P.U., lemme outta this mothafucka, man."

T.R.: "Laine, I'll see you Thursday, as planned. Call me if you think of somethin', and I know you will."

Rev.: "Goodbye dear Sister Griffin, we will do your biddin' on this matter, just as you wish. I respect your deep desire to create your dream, and we will bring it into reality for you!"

Elaine: "Yes, yes, yes! God bless you, Reverend Simmons, and give my very best in the Lord to your dear wife. And tell ev'rybody at Saint Judas, I'll be prayin' for 'em and to keep prayin' for me, ya hear?"

Dr. Chryst: "Elaine, your nurse is here, I'll talk to you again tomorrow, dear lady."

Elaine: "Ok doc, come on in, Lucy."

Nurse: "Yes mam." A sexual, young, ripe, well-built black woman, dressed in white enters the room wearing a surgical mask.

(The doctor opens the door across the hall.)

Dr. Chryst: "Gentlemen, first I want you to see someone I told you about. Come in, this way. . . . Hello Mother Mary, I've come to see your son. May we see him?"

Mary: "Yes, he's been praying, so please be quiet."

The men enter a large room. The drapes are drawn; the light is dim. The room is crowded with bearded men dressed in biblical attire. Three similarly clothed women are present and attending one man, a stately, transfixed model of every white Jesus of Nazareth picture ever painted. Sitting royally on a throne like wooden chair with a vivid halo shining around his famous, noble, handsome head was the replicate of Christ. His whole countenance glowed with a godly gleam, his hair, beard and face were as the Christ, and his body was slim, trim and fit as the one nailed upon the cross. He is wearing colorful, authentic period robes and sandals. The scent of burning lamp oil mingled with some unidentifiable perfume filled their nostrils as they beheld the most electrifying sight they ever saw before them.

Randolph: "Holy shit in heaven! Jesus H. fuckin' Christ!"

Rev.: "My God! Father forgive me! But the resemblance of this Jesus representation is uncanny. He's a perfect icon image substitute for the Savior."

T.R.: "I've seen him before, many times, but each time, it blows my mind."

Dr. Chryst: "He's a replicate, a dead ringer. What do you think eh, Randall?"

Randolph: "Goddamn great Jesus knock-off look-a-like, not fuckin' bad. Shit."

Dr. Chryst: "Shhh! Gentlemen, I think he's going to speak. He only speaks the New Testament word for word. He's memorized every word that Jesus spoke. He only relates this way. He awakens, is bathed and dressed by his mother, faithful friend Martha and follower Magdalene over there, who worships him."

Randolph: "She's way sexy fine, man, lucky dude, shit."

Dr. Chryst: "He's celibate."

Randolph: "Yeah, I bet."

T.R.: "No, he's as close as you can come to lookin' and bein' like Jesus."

Rev.: "Remarkable, unbelievable . . . Amen!"

. . .

(Religious music swells, filling the room, quiets, and Joel speaks Jesus.)

Joel: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Mary: "Gentlemen, meet the Master."

Magdalene: "Jesus!" She asperses Randolph's head with too much oil.

Randolph: "Watch it, lady. Hey!"

Dr. Chryst: "She only wants to anoint you, all of you and me, I guess."

Joel: "But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea I say unto you, and more than a prophet."

T.R.: "Not so much, hey, Miss!" The Magdalene woman anoints T.R.'s head with oil.

Dr. Chryst: "Just a little now, Magdalene . . . that's it. Thank you very much." She anoints the doctor's ponytail.

Randolph: "Bitch, ya fuckin' up my suit, shit." Randolph pushes the woman's hands away.

Dr. Chryst: "You shouldn't jerk around so, Randall."

Rev. bends over and allows the anointing, "Yes, thank you, dear, I think."

Joel: "For this is He, of whom it is written. Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee."

Rev.: "Unfathomable, doctor, is he doin' all the passages from memory or readin' some?"

Dr. Chryst: "Off the top of his anointed head, Reverend Simmons, and he picks the appropriate line to recite. Sometimes he shows a great sense of humor, listen out for that, gentlemen."

Joel: "And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me."

Dr. Chryst: "That was perfect for the situation. Yes, he appreciates your reaction. Any honest show of acceptance inspires a better biblical response, and he will quote the scriptures verbatim."

Rev.: "How artistic, very impressive, I want to applaud. Very good . . . no, excellent work!" Rev. applauds.

From the hidden speakers, "This is my beloved son in whom, I am well pleased, hear ye Him."

Randolph: "Oh, shit."

Rev.: "Great effect, real Holy Spirit stuff, fantastic!"

T.R.: "I've seen and heard it before, but every time they put me away, unreal."

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes, shhh!"

Joel: "Arise and be not afraid, because of your unbelief."

Randolph: "Shit."

Joel: "Woe unto you, ye blind guides which say, whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor! Ye fools and blind."

Dr. Chryst: "Ah, a conundrum, just a second, Randall, I think he was speaking to you, when you blindly swore your foul oaths."

Randolph: "Hey man, fuck that phony Mahoney Jesus shit! But it's worth big bucks. What's the deal on him and them, how much, shit?"

Dr. Chryst: "Well well, I'd say we'd have a deal for this curio at ten million cash."

Rev.: "Ten million! My God doctor . . . we don't have near that amount! Is this part of the deal Sister Griffin made with you?"

Dr. Chryst: "Oh yes, yes, and much more, Elaine Griffin is no fool. She comes here to the institute to be rehabilitated, but her main preoccupation is with the many excellent, sacred, mind staggering curios we display." Randolph ponders the word rehabilitated and wonders from what?

Joel: "Therefore be ye also ready. For in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh."

Rev.: "Uncanny, what conviction, and what a holy driven, artistic performance. Here! Here!"

Dr. Chryst: "Precisely reverend, gentlemen the whole institution's, shall we say your venture, and it's all or nothing."

T.R.: "Yeah, man, that's legal, see? If you add the whole joint to the mix, with the whole holy family, nobody will be pissed."

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes! And these are Elaine Griffin's wishes to the letter."

Joel: "Who then is a faithful and wise servant whom His Lord hath made ruler over His household to give them meat in due season?"

Dr. Chryst: "Ah, yes! The Lord and Master are coming to sup with us, as are all the disciples, in the upper room balcony. You can observe the general overall appeal of the other curios there. Gentlemen, let us take our leave with Jesus and adjourn to the upper room for supper!"

Randolph: "Yeah, that's hip."

Rev.: "Excitin' concept, doctor, rivetin'."

T.R.: "Yeah, man, they have the best food up in this joint, real authentic biblical cuisine."

Dr. Chryst: "This way gentlemen, after Jesus."

. . .

(In the upper room balcony, overlooking the great hall below)

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes Randall. You sit next to Jesus on his left, and reverend, you sit on his right, wonderful. Magdalene, Mother Mary, and Martha sit respectively beside and/or after Mr. Randall and the good reverend. Then, T.R., and the Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples . . . and now, the holy blessing."

Joel: "Give not that which is holy unto dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

Rev.: "Amen."

Randolph: "Yeah."

3 Women: "Amen. Hosanna!"

Dr. Chryst: "Thank you, Jesus, for the holy blessing."

Magdalene: "Lord!" The possessed woman attempts to cut Joel's meat.

Dr. Chryst: "The servants will manage, dear. They will cut his meat."

Rev.: "Such dedication is most rare. The aura here is unbelievable in this day and age. A livin' breathin', religious experience so natural as this one would be most overwhelmin' to the public at large."

Dr. Chryst: "Gentlemen, the Gethsemane Girls Sextet!" When the doctor claps his hands, the colossal doors in the rear open wide. Then the nubile naked, feminine folk dancers/musicians come prancing into the great hall, dancing barefoot as the original Gethsemane Girls danced and stomped the grapes, while performing their ancient Hebrew ritual, playing authentic Israeli flutes, lyres, cymbals, small drums and tambourines.

Randolph: "Oh shit, I saw 'em in the hall before."

T.R.: "Beautiful hot ladies, and so damn naked."

Randolph: "They buck wild mad naked, shit. I fuckin' love it, man!"

Rev.: "Doctor, I'm embarrassed."

Randolph: "Show biz, Rev, ya gotta bring ass to git asses in them seats. Shit, secular and sacred gotta mesh; this is top shelf so far. So we pick up the scratch, and we come back and talk big Bible business about both books (Testaments) dammit!"

T.R.: "Delicious wine, doctor. I think Laine has a gold mine with this theme park idea, I can feel it."

Joel: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

3 Women: "Yea, Lord!"

Randolph: "This is where I came in, shit." The three women remind Randolph of the sycophantic antics acted out by Bitch Ho and Monika.

Dr. Chryst: "How's that, Randall?"

Randolph: "Nothin'. Look, how much money ya want for this bunch of fuckin' religious fanatics, doc?"

Dr. Chryst: "You can't possibly appreciate my price at this juncture, sir, as you have only seen two curios, and you've yet to meet the rest!"

Randolph: "Naw, I believe ya got all the great religious acts on earth up in here, right?"

Dr. Chryst: "Oh yes, yes from the ends of the earth, and they were all approved and recruited by our Mr. Kostiers."

Randolph: "Who . . . shit? I thought he was dead." Randolph assumed Kostiers was dead.

T.R.: "That's the founder of the institute, and he's still livin'."

Dr. Chryst: "Ah, I should say so. Earl O. Kostiers has complete control over the acceptance and admittance of every case represented here."

Randolph: "Where is he? Shit, he should be up in here now."

Dr. Chryst: "He is."

Randolph: "Say what?"

Dr. Chryst: "Remember the voice of God you heard?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Dr. Chryst: "That was he."

Randolph: "No shit?"

Rev.: "In other words, he's listenin' to our conversation now?"

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes, he wouldn't miss it. We've all been excited at the prospect of you taking our show on the road. This became possible when Elaine Griffin first fell ill and was recruited by us. We took a huge liking to her and she to us. We have a bond between us now, and we will put this package together for support of her great cause."

Randolph: "Cause, what cause? Shit."

Dr. Chryst: "When you read the material in the briefcase, you'll understand. She's such a rare visionary, you know."

T.R.: "Yeah, she's gonna be raisin' money for the inner cities all over America with the profits from her end, man."

Randolph: "Not all nineteen percent of the profit, shit."

Joel: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Rev.: " ` For ev'ryone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. ` I know that passage. It takes me back to my sermons."

Randolph: "Yeah, finders keepers, losers weepers, knock knock, who's there? Look, doc, you sayin' this Kostiers guy is your voice of God, right?"

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes, he knows God's every word in the Bible, all by heart and he's most eloquent. So you can save a fortune . . . and Charlton Heston need not apply."

Joel: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Dr. Chryst: "So true, Jesus."

3 Women: "Yea, Lord, hallelujah!"

T.R.: "Amen to that."

Randolph: "Kostiers!" Randolph calls Kostiers, and he answers over the hidden speakers.

Kostiers: "Behold my son with whom I am well pleased."

Randolph: "Yeah, good job, buddy. Why you givin' up nineteen percent of this shit to us? I'd think you'd want it all for ya self, shit."

Kostiers: "The children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping. They shall go and seek the Lord their God."

Randolph goes along with the biblical speak and attempts his irreverent interpretation of it. "Yeah, ya expectin' a big Jewish turn out, huh? Oh, that's cool, but tell me now that ya mention it, is this fuckin' Jesus Jewish?"

Kostiers: "My people hath been lost sheep. Their shepherds have caused them to go astray. They have turned them away on the mountain to the hill. They have forgotten their resting place."

Randolph: "No, huh, ok, that's cool too. He can be a white goy (gentile) this time. He can even be a fuckin' nigga, right? Shit."

Dr. Chryst: "J.C."

T.R.: "Yeah, J.C.'s a big, jet black Jezuz."

Randolph: "A big black ass nigga J.C.?"

Rev.: "Yes Randolph, sister Griffin's African-American Jesus representative, we're meetin' him at nine tonight."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, I forgot."

Kostiers: "Speak unto the children of Israel and say unto them, when ye come into the land which I give you, then shall the land keep a Sabbath unto the Lord."

Joel: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

3 Women: "Hallelujah!"

Rev.: "Amen again!"

T.R.: "Yes sir!"

Dr. Chryst: "Wonderful recall and rapport between father and son, great round, gentlemen. Our heavenly host is inspired this evening. And now . . . heavenly angels! The angelic artists of the institute, presenting Judgment Day, starring Gabriel!" Seven musicians blowing Old Testament trumpets, with a rhythm section on a motorized float and many beautiful dancing, singing gossamer winged angels appear, filling the great hall with music and beauty.

T.R.: "Yeah, man, a jazz group outta Philly, way hip, I copped all they shit, 'til they had the breakdown."

Dr. Chryst: "Accidents more like it, they're the talk of the Christian contemporary world, six hit records, all crossovers. They've sold over fifty-eight million records to date. Then they refused to tour, but gave into a rash of request by twenty-four million fans worldwide. The plane crash-landed, two members were killed, five were left and two were added. We treated them for shock, encouraged them; added a rhythm section and more angels. Joshua, the great Jericho horn, died in the crash."

Randolph: "Helluva sound, good shit."

Rev.: "Celestial, doctor, they're really quite good, as is this repast." A large long oaken table is covered with New Testament old Hebrew white linen, and the places are set with ancient, two thousand year old Hebrew, bent, cracked and chipped utensils, dishes, grails, bowls and pitchers from the Holy Land. Biblical clad servants serve fatted calf, lamb, fish, a corn dish, homemade leaven bread, shewbread, figs, olives, a mustard seed dish, wine, wine, and more flowing red, red Passover wine and hot honey apple pie topped with melted goat's cheese.

Dr. Chryst: "More wine, gentlemen, and now . . . exotic hypnotic, erotic Salome and the Dance of the Seven Veils. Behold!"

A sexy, young belly dancer/stripper steps seductively to the synthesized sounds of a sinful sinfonias sexual serenade.

Randolph: "Ya do that MC shit good, doc. Ya missed your fuckin' callin'. Goddamn! That's a way piece of ass an-a-half, shit!"

Rev.: "Quite beautiful and graceful, but sinful, doctor."

T.R.: "They got women up in this joint blow ya mind, man. I've seen 'em."

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes, voluptuous and talented, lusty and enchanting is she not, sirs?"

Randolph: "Yeah, shake 'em up baby, right, Jesus?" Randolph teases Joel who ignores him and remains transfixed and staring straight ahead.

Dr. Chryst: "Gentlemen, I now present for your inspection, Methuselah . . . the oldest man in the Bible!" A very old white man is led into the hall, sitting in a donkey drawn cart.

Rev.: "Ah . . . how authentic he is. Doctor, what's his real age, certainly not nine hundred and sixty-nine years old?"

Dr. Chryst: "No, no he is Albert Jackoby of Princeton, New Jersey, and he is one hundred and seven years old as of last Friday! Thank you, Albert. He's so alert and active, just look at that smile!"

Randolph: "Ham it up, old guy."

Dr. Chryst: "And now . . . the stars of the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve . . . and the serpent!" Two nudes, male and female with a live pet boa on a float decorated like the Garden of Eden, are driven into the hall.

Randolph: "Cute, built chick and buck wild mad naked! Shit."

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, and in perfect biblical character. More wine, Randall, more wine?"

Randolph: "Yeah, hit me band."

Kostiers: "The end of all flesh is come before me likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they build. Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." The hall darkened as a quick, white flash streak of lightning, and the loud sound of thunder startles the guests.

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes! Gentlemen, and now . . . Noah!" The animals of the ark led by keepers and trainers, enter two by two and kind after kind in procession, following Noah and family, all in biblical garb.

Randolph: "Yeah."

Rev.: "Your barns house a zoo, doctor, how enterprisingly practical!"

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes my friend. This is as close as we could come to, two by two. Pretty exciting, right, Randall?"

Randolph: "Yeah, stinks way fonky!"

Rev.: "Great animal parade!"

T.R.: "Damn near all the big beast on Laine's list, they train 'em out back. That guy's an animal trainer; he always wanted to be Noah. Thinks he is, Laine knows 'em all."

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes, T.R., he's got the guile of Frank Buck, but gentle and sweet, even-tempered control." Frank (bring 'em back alive) Buck was a famous animal hunter and trainer of yesteryear.

They are startled again by another surprise display of lightning and thunder special effects, this time with real water as rain.

Randolph: "Hey, that's wet ass water! Shit!"

Dr. Chryst: "Hold the water, Joe, no more please!" The doctor shouts out to his special effects electrical expert.

T.R.: "Yeah, they have the big wooden ark out back too. It's almost big as this building."

Dr. Chryst: "We mean to stage the flood as an exhibit, and it's all in the briefcase, Randall."

Randolph: "Cold ass water! Shit!"

Kostiers: "Fear not, Abram. I am thy shield and thou exceeding great reward."

Randolph: "Too late, goddammit, I'm fuckin' drenched! Shit."

Dr. Chryst: "Go with Martha, she will dry your clothes, Randall."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Martha: "Please come and follow me, sir." Martha is a seventeen year old, size 13, big boned, thick ankle, wheat weave of sandy hair down the back of her neck in a plait, onyx eyed, rather tall young woman with a comely, agreeable, quiet as a public library disposition.

Rev.: "Yes, I'm all wet too, doctor."

Dr. Chryst: "I noticed, Reverend. Magdalene . . . Magdalene, if you could tear yourself away from the Lord."

Magdalene: "Oh, Jesus! A yes, doctor, this way, sir."

Randolph would have preferred assistance from the Magdalene, a vamp like creature, size ten, with Crystal Gayle extra long chestnut brown hair, nearly down to the floor, when she let it hang down. She possessed a fair face of chiseled features, white as ivory, a slender but fully developed body, that reeked of a strange redolent perfume, accentuating her mysterious personality, plus, passionate full lips, painted a teasing tempting, soul grating red.

Joel: "I thank my God. I speak with tongue more than ye all! Umga magoo bapeia!"

Randolph: "That's a mothafucka, doc, goddamn."

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes glossolalia at it's best, second only to the reigning queen champion, our partner, Elaine Griffin."

T.R.: "Yeah, Laine's the best, she taught him. Well, he picked it up over the times he heard her do it here."

Rev.: "Fantastic, yes I'm right behind you, Miss." Randolph goes into one room and Rev. goes into another.

Martha: "Come, please sir, you'll catch your death." Martha attempts to remove Randolph's wet clothes and directs him down upon a cot.

Randolph: "Right, no I'll take 'em off, hey!"

Martha: "Just lay back, I'll do the rest. You relax, please."

Randolph: "Shit, a holy ho."

Martha: "Beg pardon?"

Randolph: "Nothin', go 'head it's cool. Here, dry my drawers in the drier too. Shit."

Martha: "Oh, you are wet . . . please, sir, don't."

Randolph makes a pass. "Don't you way Christian women kiss? Pretty girl like you, shhh."

Martha: "Please, sir, I cannot do this."

Randolph: "Do this, ya mean fuckin', huh? Aw, the doc don't give a holy shit, and I got a rubber . . . watch. Why ya lookin' like that, girl? You know about life don't you?" Randolph waves a Bushmaster brand camouflage colored condom in Martha's nervous face.

Martha: "Yes, but I'm chaste."

Randolph: "No shit, a hot ass virgin, huh?"

Martha: "I'm ashamed, sir."

Randolph: "Aw shit, fuck it. Here, dry these socks for me too, and c'mere, I won't bite ya, shit."

Martha: "No, I'd best not, it's forbidden."

Randolph: "Why, shit, you grown, who said so, doc?"

Martha: "The Lord and Savior, sir."

Randolph: "Aw girl, you mean that spacy Jesus lookin' guy out there all made up and shit? Naw, he ain't real, see? Look, this is fuckin' real. Here, feel it. Go on, shit, touch it." Randolph exposes himself.

Martha: "No please, I mustn't, I can't!"

Randolph: "Ya got tits and ass goin' on for days, and you ain't too shabby for . . . how old are ya, girl?"

Martha: "Seventeen."

Randolph: "No shit, a mere child of God. Well, not really, that guy in the nightgown and bathrobe, sportin' the beard and long ass hair ain't Jesus. Is he your ol' man?"

Martha: "Oh no, he's Magdalene's man only."

Randolph: "No shit, they fuckin' back, huh?"

Martha: "No, but they are oral sodomy, and oral sodomy only."

Randolph: "Ya mean she sucks him off, and he eats her cunt, right?"

Martha: "Yes, oral sodomy only."

Randolph: "You like oral sex? Go `head, shit, you can suck it . . . here." Randolph offers Martha his erect, aroused, enormous, flexing ebony penis, a Goliath of male genitalia.

Martha: "No thank you, I can't."

Randolph: "You just said they suck. What about the old broad?"

Martha: "Mother Mary and Noah, and sometimes God."

Randolph: "Ya mean Kostiers, right?"

Martha: "Yes, sometimes." The girl's onyx eyes are glued to Randolph's immense manhood.

Randolph: "That's right, look at it. Study this big black saint Peter. Hold it, take it, ya won't hurt it. Go `head, that's it. Shit!" The young Christian woman is curiously touching Randolph's Gibraltar of flesh.

Martha: "I can't, it's wrong, sir. Please don't speak of this transgression, I'd die." Protesting and caressing him there simultaneously, she began to suck squalidly.

Randolph: "Yeah, shit, just like that . . . yeah, young girl; gimmie that good head, c'mere baby. Ya pussy, that taste good to ya?" The trapped teenager weakens and succumbs to the fiery, sinful pleasures of his profane penis, as she enjoys the fleshy fellatio with long languishing licks of lust.

Martha: "Yes . . . yes!"

Randolph: "Roll over, gimmie them teenage titties. Ah, and ya hot, tight ass virgin twat . . . now what, what?" Martha stops Randolph's further advances.

Martha: "I'm on the rag."

Randolph: "No shit. Oh well, when I was young, I'd still fuck ya. But go back to what ya was doin' then. Here take it all. Oh, so ya can't do that yet, ok. Take half of it, that's it. 'Round the rim, just the head, now the shaft, better, much better, get up some, yeah! Work it, suck my big black rock hard dick! Ya virgin, weird eyed, white, hot ass, tremblin' teenybopper, Jesus freak mothafuck! Ahhh . . . maiden head!" Randolph climaxes in Martha's mouth with a groan, a grunt and a grimace, as the sperm is slathered over his shaft, running down to the base of his great penis, flowing into his thick, matted pubic hair and dripping on to his mighty massive, testosterone teeming testicles.

Martha: "So much sperm and so hot!"

Randolph: "Yeah, butta baby, and it's all over us. Use your towel there, yeah, that's it. Oh, you likes my chocolate taste, huh? I likes that. Swallow that sweet salty protein shake, mama, good to the last drop, huh?" The teen-ager eats the sperm on her stubby fingers. Her natural reaction was to be herself, now that they had had sex of sorts, as they relaxed in partial post-coital Lewinskiesque, Clintonesque contentment upon the cot.

Martha: "It's big, dark and long and shiny as a summer squash."

Randolph: "And twice as sweet, huh?"

Martha: "I ain't gonna be no virgin long and that's for sure. Is this deal gonna work? Will we save the institute with you?"

Randolph: "Shit, who said all that shit? Is the Holy Spirit up in here? So . . . you can talk, even speak normal and shit. Well great, yeah, rip that gag order off, baby doll. What's the real deal up in this jubilee joint, whatzup?"

Martha: "No money, Mr. Kostiers is broke. They think he's squandered his fortune, the family fortune rather, and the heirs are circling the institute. They are going to foreclose and declare Mr. Kostiers incompetent, then sell the land, leaving all of us to the state hospital for the mentally challenged, I suspect. But really, all he's done is create this religious fantasy. It's our escape, you know, we love to play act the Bible."

Randolph: "Cover to cover, and under the covers, right?"

Martha: "Yes, we never really get out of character. Some of us are quite mad, but harmless, except for Hector Sloan. He thinks he's Satan incarnate; he insist he's ruling the world today."

Randolph: "He is, darlin', but we can git it back, so not to fuckin' worry, shit."

Martha: "You're satanic too."

Randolph: "Yeah, ya hip for seventeen. Tell me, is the doc cool?"

Martha: "Yes, he's way cool, he's an atheist, but he's always rock steady, when Mr. Kostiers goes on his jaunts."

Randolph: "Jaunts?"

Martha: "Yes, he goes off looking for people like us all over. Wherever we are he finds us. Building the exhibits to glorify God is his life's work. "

Randolph: "Noble and faithful, huh? Hell, I'll help 'em then. It's way righteous, way holy shit, like ya said, shit! I needed somethin', I didn't quite know fuckin' what it was, but this deal feels like financial fun! Phone, I need a damn line out of here. What time's it gettin' to be?" For the first time Randolph feels the fire of the fortuitous wildcat opportunity in his soul.

Martha: "Time to get your clothes, it's six-thirty."

Randolph: "Yeah, gimmie that phone, ya on fire, sexy seventeen year old, finger lickin' good, droolin' dick sucka. Don'tcha let none of these holy rolla guys touch that ripe pink pussy of yours, 'til I git it first."

Martha: "You'd better hurry then, Hector's after me, and he's breathing satanic fire and sexual sulfurous brimstone."

Randolph: "No shit, the Satan cat, huh?"

Martha: "Yes, but your one eye is sexier."

Randolph: "And ya likes my tremendous thang."

Martha: "Right, and I'll wait for you if you're serious."

Randolph uses the phone and enjoys her girlish promise as he punches up Babs cell phone number. "Yeah, I'm serious as AIDS."

Babs: "What?"

Randolph: "Babs?"

Babs: "Hell yes, R n'R, where are you?"

Randolph: "I'm in Ypsilanti, Michigan, shit."

Babs: "I got the shit kicked out of me on the loans for bail. One guy wanted me to pass funny money, others wanted me hoin', you know? Nobody could do a straight deal. And Mark said you wanted me to have more time, so to stay 'til you got back! Then they all left."

Randolph: "Oh, where's ev'ry fuckin' body?"

Babs: "Gone . . . to meet you, Janet called and they hauled ass over six hours ago."

Randolph: "No shit, well hang in there hot, pretty, gray eyes, I should be back real soon."

Babs: "Soon! Shit, nobody ever left me this fuckin' alone before. I should've come with 'em, but I figured you'd rather I didn't because of your wife."

Randolph: "My wife, what's Gwen got to do with you and me?"

Babs: "Well, she gave me a stink eye, don't come bitch look."

Randolph: "You gettin' soft, woman, sittin' on ya sweet n' sour rusty dusty too fuckin' long. What'cha gonna do 'bout High Art Leisure, KoKo . . . and your old man?"

Babs: "I don't know, I'm thinkin', shit. I was hoping you'd have a plan."

Randolph: "Me, shit, me help them . . . no fuckin' way."

Babs: "Aw, c'mon, where's your Christian spirit and good will towards men . . .?"

Randolph: "You crazy as these pretend Bible people in Ypsilanti, Michigan, shit. Look, I'll help ya when I get back, honey buns. We'll figure somethin'."

Babs: "Hurry."

Randolph: "Later." Randolph hangs up.

Martha: "Here are your clothes. Was that your woman?"

Randolph: "Naw, gimmie my suit, that's more fuckin' like it; you save yourself for me now."

Martha: "I will, I promise . . . Randolph."

Randolph soul kisses the young woman, tugs slightly at the string of her tampon to see if she lied and anally sodomizes her anyway.

. . .

(Back in the upper room)

Randolph: "Whatzup Jesus, Rev., T.R., doc., lovely ladies, gents? Hey Kostiers! Shit! I'm gonna head on out to see this J.C."

Rev.: "Good idea, Randolph. We'd better go if we want to make it by nine. They say it's gonna rain before we get back to town."

Dr. Chryst: "Yes, yes, do have another grail of wine, Randall, my boy." The good doctor is feeling the effects of the heady, ruby red wine.

Randolph: "You need to watch that boy shit. Naw, no mo' pluck for me, ya wine head, ponytail wearin', racist atheist, but I'll be back, shit. We gonna do some serious business, so don't worry; I got people comin' who can really appreciate this whole Jesus trip, goddammit."

Kostiers: "Where is Abel thy brother?"

Randolph: "I ain't my brother's keeper, Kostiers, but I think he's landing at the Detroit Metro airport right about now."

Dr. Chryst: "Very good retort. Excellent, Randall, by God you've got it!"

Rev.: "Yes, Randolph, very good religious reference on your part."

Mary: "The time is nigh, doctor."

Dr. Chryst: "Thank you, Mother Mary. Gentlemen, it's time to say farewell until tomorrow at ten a.m. Please be prompt, then we shall sign all of the agreements, and you may proceed back to the sick city most in need of a Good Book depiction, L.A.!"

Randolph: "Yeah, Jesus, don't take no wooden crosses."

Chapter Twenty-nine

. . .

Route 666

In T.R.'s super black painted Hummer H2 during a sudden, fierce, electrical storm on Gemble Road, headed for Ypsi.

Randolph: "Hey, it's comin' down, Rev. Do somethin', I can't see shit!"

Rev.: "Do what? What would you have me do, Randolph?"

Randolph: "Say a goddamn prayer or somethin', whatever you preacher guys do, shit."

Rev.: "Us preacher guys, as you say, just get wet too, but I'll pray we get back safely."

Randolph: "Yeah, watch it, T.R., shit!"

T.R.: "Sorry, I can't see a damn thing in this lightnin' n' thunderin' rain. I guess we'll be ok."

Randolph: "Damn, slow down, T.R. This shit is comin' down too fuckin' hard now. It's enough to drown a mothafucka. Shit."

Rev.: "Yes, T.R., maybe you'd best pull over for a while."

Randolph: "Naw, we can go slow; we're cool, whoa, T.R.!"

T.R.: "I know, did you see that lightnin' take the top of that tree off?"

Rev.: "I saw it, we should stop; it's too dangerous!"

Randolph: "What's wrong, T.R.? Shit."

T.R.: "I can't move, check the wheels, man. I can't move!"

Randolph: "Aw shit, man, damn. Hold it, shit. I'll check it, sit tight, Rev."

Rev.: "Ok, Randolph, be careful."

Randolph gets out of the Hummer to find out what the trouble is. "Nothin' on this side, I . . ." Randolph is struck dumber as if by lightning.

Rev.: "Randolph?"

T.R.: "Damn, is he hit? Shit, I think he's down." The two men get out of the car to check on Randolph.

Rev.: "Don't touch him, he's still smokin'!" They find Randolph lying flat on his back and still.

T.R.: "Goddamn, shit, he's dead."

Rev.: "Oh Lord have mercy; noooo, no this can't be . . . Randolph! Hold that light on his face."

T.R.: "What you gonna do, reverend?"

Rev.: "Mouth to mouth, unless you've a better remedy."

T.R.: "No, go on, hurry! We could get hit too, goddammit!"

Randolph begins to stir and comes around. "Naw, Rev., ya don't need to do no faggedy shit like that, but I'm blind an-a-mothafucka! I can't fuckin' see, no shit! My good goddamn eye is fuckin' killin' me!"

They help Randolph up. Then get back in the Hummer, where T.R. tries to start it, and this time it starts. Now the sun is shining as a lighter rain falls.

Rev.: "It's a sign! The devil's beatin' his wife."

T.R.: "Say what?"

Rev. speaks an old southern superstitious saying from his childhood, said when sunshine and rain happen simultaneously.

T.R.: "Hey man, let's get outta here!" T.R. pulls off slowly as the storm subsides.

Randolph: "I can't fuckin' see! No shit! I can't see! Both eyes! What the fuck happened!? Shit! Explain this shit, Rev., I'm fuckin' blind!"

Rev.: "Phenomenal, I have no idea, son! A pure curse, there's no rational explanation, no scientific answer I can see, but, Randolph, I think it's all religious!"

T.R.: "Hey man, you're stone blind?"

Randolph: "As a fuckin' bat without radar, watch the fuckin' road, T.R., shit! Yeah, I lost both my eyes! I can't stand this shit! But I'll build that theme park . . . even if I can't see it!"

Rev.: "I'll never understand the mystery of this life. We are all at the mercy of the Almighty, and so we'd best stay on his good side."

T.R.: "Amen, reverend, you're a lucky man. No shit, big man, I thought you were a dead man."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm a all the way lucky fuckin' blind man, for real. I got hit hard. A jolt put me right out, shit. So hard I'm still fuckin' shakin!"

Rev.: "The rain's stopped, weird, huh?"

T.R.'s cell phone rings and he answers it, "T.R."

Randolph: "Cell phone, who could this be? Bad timin'."

T.R.: "Phone's for you, man, some dude."

Randolph: "Gimmie. Yeah, Randall."

Louse: "Randolph, we're even if you can't see, can you?"

Randolph: "What? Louse how the fat fuck . . . never mind. Shit naw, I can't see! How could you possibly know shit like that, ya hammer head, asshole nigga?"

Louse: "I gambled on a collaboration with one of my own formulas and Kuni's inventors great gadgets. It was a super shock to your system, that's what's wrong with you. Inventive, wouldn't you say? Can I get an amen?" Louse giggles uncontrollably.

Randolph: "You claimin' credit for blindin' both my eyes, nigga?"

Louse: "I did it. I set it up scientifically in my lab. I'm responsible, and now we're even."

Randolph: "You did it with some kinda fuckin' shock therapy shit, right?"

Louse: " I told Kuni it would work. I'm calling the personal economy size version, the Amazer `Pocket` Lazer."

Randolph: "Nigga, you and that jive ass Jap could've killed my black ass. Are y'all fuckin' crazy? How'd you make it rain, lightnin', thunder and shit?"

Louse: "We waited for a gathering of clouds in the area and Amazer `Super` Lazer electricity energy did the rest, along with a Holific Hologram (a transparent 3-D image) display. It's all brand-new, remarkable isn't it?" Louse continues his cackling laughter in Randolph's ear.

Randolph: "You rat faced bastard, you seeded the clouds with dry ice or chemicals into sheets of rain. So you're in on this deal too!"

Louse: "No, but I'd like to be, if you can see your way clear to accept me now?" Louder longer laughter from Louse irritated Randolph's ear.

Randolph: "Accept ya, you nuts? I'm waitin' for you to slip up, so I can whup yo' ass! Only now I could get life in prison for what I'm plannin'."

Rev.: "Whom are you talkin' with, Randolph?"

Randolph: "I'm talkin' to my mortal fuckin' enemy, Louse."

Louse: "Now, Randolph, you just may need an infusion of hard cash at this time. I know for a fact your entourage is antsy. They didn't stay put; they followed you to Michigan, the blind leading the blind, I'd say." Louse laughs raucously.

Randolph: "Yeah, ya hyena, ya gigglin' sewer rodent, that's cool. I'm fuckin' way glad they're here. Let's you and me settle this shit tonight. Where the fuck are you, in a ride behind us, or are ya up in front?"

Louse: "Neither, I'm high in the air over you as pilot of my ultra-modern, top of the line, double propeller, flyin' banana shaped Hexagon helicopter, right now."

Randolph: "Yeah, that's hip, a Chinook type chopper, huh? Well, Louse, we're even when I say we're even. It was way wrong blindin' me, but I guess you think it was hard but fair, shit."

Louse: "Amen again, we'll meet. I still may owe you a little something for Claudia . . . and Janey."

Randolph: "Is Kuni with your goddamn punk mothafuckin' ass now?"

Louse: "You need profanity counseling and temper management, Randolph, and your wife's father's a pastor too. Have you no respect for religion?" Louse loses it and howls.

Randolph: "Naw, I'm tired of you, Louse. You'll slip up though, and I'll get my big black hands on you."

Louse: "Blind man's bluff, I'll see you in my own time. I'm in charge."

Randolph: "You're fuckin' way nuts. Ya bought into that Ku Klux Klan lemon, White Lion/2A/KKK Company. Now ya want that big ass Jap white elephant, Kaizen, in Covert City, ya fuckin' gun runner and counterfeiter's flunky."

Louse: "What, flunky? I've made every enterprise on my end of this partnership pay off."

T.R. arrives at J.C.'s address, flashing in red and blue neon, Iscariots, six hundred three score and six. "J.C.'s over on the right, man."

Louse: "I hope you get paid tonight, Randolph, but I think all your associates are certifiable."

Randolph: "Fuck you, Louse. Suck my big black, smegma caked, uncircumcised dick, shit. And just like when the Philistines gouged Samson's eyes and he brought the house down, I'm bringin' down the punk, bitch ass, House of Louse." Randolph hangs up.

T.R.: "I'll let you guys out here, park and meet you inside."

Randolph: "Yeah . . . damn that cat gets me mad as shit!" Rev. escorts Randolph to the dim dark door of his desperate destiny.

Rev.: "Your enemy you said, he did this to you? How did he know about the institution? I didn't tell a soul. How could he destroy your sight? It seemed an act of God. . . . However, I have my doubts now about divine intervention in your case."

Randolph: "Phone taps, a nice, precise, lowest price, listenin' device, `Amazer Lazer` and Holific Holograms, you name it. But he knew and he has a fuckin' spy or two fungus among us, shit."

Rev.: "Thank God he didn't do somethin' worst to you, you looked dead, Randolph. For a moment I feared the very worst, praise be to God you're alive!"

. . .

Inside J.C.'s bar, called Iscariots

Some patrons sat at the bar drinking, smoking and talking, while others preferred to be at the tables, and there were many empty tables left. The big room was half filled, but there was an electric buzz that signaled something exciting about to happen. The décor, as at Kostiers, was religious, featuring dinner theater spectator seating inside a grove of olive trees in planters. A huge cross was hung in the center of the place on the ceiling from a thick oak beam. The figure upon the cross, however, was Satan, in the form of a neon red devil, complete with cloven hooves, horns and a pointed tail. There were nails in his bloody hooves, nails in his bleeding clawed hands and a glowing gaping, purple, bloody wound flashing in his side.

They smelled the aroma of cooking coming from the kitchen in the rear on the left and that food was being served. And on the right, at the rear for the communal customers, were two toilets and a big metal back door.

Many paintings, bust and statues of Christ, appeared on and against the dark green walls, and glimmering candles in bowls decorated every table. Then there was a stage situated in the middle, at the rear, a hundred feet from the entrance with closed golden curtains and multicolored lit footlights. Directly in front, about forty feet from the main door, was the big round bar, made exclusively of Eurasian leguminous trees, a tree commonly referred to as the Judas tree.

Behind the bar stood a mountain of a built black man with a shiny baldhead, very dark skin, and large expressive, but kind and understanding brown eyes. His nose was near as broad as his toothy infectious smile. He wore an open at the collar, white short sleeve shirt, black trousers, sneakers and a white bartender's apron around his tapered waist.

Randolph: "T.R., you take me to this J.C., and we'll get this over with. Seems like a big ass bar, shit. Insane Elaine is a strange smelly, old broad, T.R., ya fuckin' her?"

T.R.: "Hell no, you know better than that, shit."

Randolph: "Naw, I don't know shit."

T.R.: "He's behind the bar."

Rev.: "Big bartender."

Randolph: "Oh yeah?"

T.R.: "Yeah, meet J.C."

Randolph: "Hey, J.C., I'm Randolph Randall, you got somethin' for me, man?"

J.C.: "So, you're the man who's gonna put the madhouse menagerie to work in show business."

Randolph: "What about it, shit, so fuckin' what? Ya got somethin' for me or not?"

J.C.: "What the hell's he talkin' 'bout, T.R.?"

T.R.: "I'm just followin' Laine's instructions, J.C."

J.C.: "Laine, Insane Elaine, you kiddin'? Are you here because of her? That's funny." J.C. roars with laughter.

Randolph: "Yeah, laugh nigga, but don't play me. You know what I'm talkin' 'bout or not? Shit."

J.C.: "No, I don't know what you mean."

Randolph: "She said you'd give me a considerable sum of cash tonight. I took her on good faith, and I came here to collect. Rev. here is a man of the cloth, and he contacted me for this deal. We're from out of town, and we don't have all fuckin' night."

J.C.: "No, really, a . . . Randolph, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Randolph Randall."

Rev: "And Reverend Simmons."

J.C.: "I believe you, but you've both been had. I don't have dime one from Elaine. She's really missin' a string from her harp, right? She hasn't been in here for over a year."

Randolph: "No money . . . zip?"

Rev.: "Randolph, somethin's very wrong here. I'll call the institute."

T.R.: "She's asleep, reverend, she's asleep by nine every night these days. They give her some secret sacred sedative shit."

Randolph: "Is that a fuckin' fact? Goddammit, then take me to the Room at the Inn. Shit!"

J.C.: "Sorry, she's a sick, crazy woman."

T.R.: "Laine shouldn't do no shit like this, damn!"

Rev.: "I do not believe she'd lie to me. Why she's donated over three hundred thousand dollars to Saint Judas. We even changed our church's name from Saint Luke to Saint Judas at her request. It's unconscionable that she'd resort to this kind of chicanery. What's her motive?"

Randolph: "She's waaay fuckin' nuts, Rev.! Shit."

Rev.: "No! She's eccentric, but not really mentally disturbed. She's got some deeper explanation."

Randolph: "Well shit, I can't fuckin' see, so I lost way more than fifteen huge! This is a bad fuckin' evenin', goddammit!"

J.C.: "Ok, blind man, I'll help you restore your eye sight, but I have to go by the Book."

Randolph: "What fuckin' book, nigga?"

J.C.: "The Good Book of course."

Randolph: "And how ya gonna fuckin' help me now, huh?"

The gang descends upon Randolph from the entrance.

Gwen: "Ran! Daddy!"

Janet: "Hi, R n'R."

Mark: "Drinks on the house for R n'R." Mark prepares to hold court, sporting another one of his `killa`, as Randolph calls Mark's expensive sartorially splendid Saville Row sharkskin suits.

Vernice: "How's your eye? I'm back on the case, R n'R." Vernice is back in the fold wearing a big beatific smile and an olive skirt, high heels, a matching silk T-shirt and a lightweight, black, short cotton jacket.

Randolph: "Shit! Skinny Minnie." Randolph has hugs and kisses all around for the women and hearty hand shakes for the men.

Nouro: "I must come to Michigan for you, R n'R san."

Carter: "Randall, you don't look so good." Carter's his usual dark suit calculating cynical critical self, as Space is urbane upbeat and casual.

Space: "Hey, big guy, good to see you!" Randolph removes his shades.

Monika: "Oh! Both your eyes are white as sugar and salt!"

Randolph's eyes are as white as the cotton tank dress and heels that adorn the amoral amorous actress he adores.

Rev.: "Gwen, Randolph's blind."

Gwen: "I know, daddy, it's alright."

Rev.: "Nooo, no I mean in both eyes!" Gwen freezes in fear, quivering at the terrible thought, but recovers quickly and kisses both his blind eyes.

Bitch Ho: "No shit, Ran, lemme fuckin' see. Damn!"

Mia: "I'm pregnant, R n'R."

Mark: "Say what?" Mark `the great white shark´ is shocked and surprised at Mia's maternity news.

Randolph: "Ya albino fuck, you's a double d, mack daddy, daddy mack, baby daddy, plus now."

Mia's pregnant, but she isn't showing yet; instead, tonight she is her svelte self in a two piece black and gray cotton dress and black heels. She's smiling with a cute winning space between her two front teeth that won Randolph over and over again, as she also captivated everyone else with her charisma character confidence and chic cultured charm.

Bitch Ho: "Here, Ran, this is rip snortin' good shit, here." Bitch Ho gives Randolph cocaine.

Randolph: "Yeah."

Gwen: "Oh, Ran, I'm so very sorry. How sweetheart . . . why?"

Randolph: "Unlucky I guess, I'll be fine, sugar lips."

Bitch Ho: "You mo' blind, huh, Ran? Shit, ya showed Monika, show me, dammit!" The women begin to become curious all at once and pull at Randolph's shades.

Janet: "Don't do that, Sharon. Let us see, R n'R."

Pearson: "Are you in pain, Randolph?"

Randolph: "Naw, and this big black ass bartender nigga here, says he can help me by the Book."

Mark: "What?"

Randolph: "Yeah, the fuckin' Bible. Ok, shit, go 'head nigga. Help me goddammit!" In alarming anger, Randolph snatches his shades off.

Gwen: "Oh Ran, that's way worse than bad. " Gwen gives Randolph a sympathetic, pity kiss and hug for his sorrowful sightless situation.

Mia: "Ew! The worst, I'm gonna be sick."

Randolph: "This big black bartender nigga's s'pose to be way bad. He's the mothafuckin' one I came to see tonight."

J.C.: "Yes, I can heal your eyes and restore your sight, if you believe the words I read when I administer the blessing upon you."

Randolph: "What the fuck you sayin', nigga?"

J.C.: "Early treatment of lasers is more effective, so we'd better begin now."

Randolph: "Laser, how the fat fuck ya know 'bout a laser? Rev., you say laser?"

Rev.: "No Randolph, I sure didn't."

Randolph: "What about you, T.R., you say laser?"

T.R.: "No man, I didn't say shit."

J.C.: "I must know these secret things or I cannot heal you . . . Randolph."

Randolph: "What's this administer shit you sayin', nigga?"

Bitch Ho: "Step to his big black ass, Ran, shit, and I got ya mothafuckin' back!"

J.C.: "No need for that . . . Ms. Baker."

Bitch Ho: "How do you know my last name like that? You hear that shit, Ran?"

Randolph: "Yeah, how'd ya know her last name, nigga?"

J.C.: "We'd better do this right now, since you have no vision in either eye, it's time."

Randolph: "Then do it, shit, what'cha fuckin' waitin' for." Randolph takes off his dark glasses again as J.C. begins to read from the scriptures in a clear speaking voice.

J.C.: "And when He was come into the house, the blind men came to Him. And Jesus saith unto thee, believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto Him, yea Lord. . . ." J.C. spits in his hands and clasps Randolph's eyes for about a minute and releases him.

Rev.: "Are these tears of joy, Randolph, son?"

Randolph: "Fuck you, Rev. . . . Hey, J.C., ya healed me, nigga! Shit, goddamn, it's bright up in here. Shit! Hey, Gwen, sweet honey, ya my good lookin' lovely first lady. Hey, beautiful Janet, ya better than ever, baby cakes! Oh shit! Mama Mia, you still so fine! Money Honey, my sexy movie starlet of love, c'mere sugar! Dammit, girl, Bitch Ho, ya better git ya pretty brown, sexy ass over here, punkin'! Ahh! Squeeze, that's right, Bitch Ho, squeeze! I won't fuckin' break, you too, Skinny Minnie, ummmmm! I got my sight back on, thanks to J.C. Shit!" Randolph, the gang and all the patrons in the bar are jubilant.

Mark: "I thought I'd seen some ill shit goin' down, but this is the way happenin' of my fuckin' life!"

Randolph: "Yeah! Dance with me, baby sugar!" Randolph sweeps Gwen in his arms, and they danced to an entire album of bomp bomp, stomp stomp Gospop! Music playing on the jukebox. The first cut featuring the best of this church/state, sacred/secular double entendre, latest greatest genre of gospel/popular music is a big beautiful ballad performed by the father of Gospop! Gospapa! and his Gospoppin'! Gospoppers!

* The exclamation punctuation mark in Gospop! Music is expressed and used to emphasize excitement in the title and to express ownership Gospop!™

Born Again

*Born again
To live my life
Over
Born again
To spend it in clover
Thanks to you
I'm reborn again*

*I'm alive once more
Now that you're near
Me
Love renaissance
I'm happy and care free
It's wonderful
To be
Born again*

*I feel my love life
Just beginning
My old world
Is a bright shiny
New
Skies are blue
Since you said you
Loved me too*

*Born again
A new day is dawning
Born again
Oh what a morning
Thanks to you
I'm reborn again*

*Love renaissance
 Romance is new
 Born again
 Skies are blue
 My favorite hue
 Born again
 Because it's true
 You love me too
 I'm born again*

Ev'ry Knock is a Boost

*Ev'ry knock is a boost
 It's a blessin' they say
 Lord ain't it the truth
 We suffer so*

*Ev'ry knock is a boost
 We must endure I know
 Add insult to injury
 And don't let it show
 We got a rough row to hoe*

*If you don't like my race
 Creed or color so what
 Help yourself it's a plus
 Call me dirty names*

*Bigots bitchin' about
 Hurt my feelin's inside
 Bad mouth me to death
 'Til nothin' is left
 Save respect and pride*

*It's a lotta hard knocks
On the road of life
Opportunity's knockin'
On the door of hate*

*It's a knock down
Drag out
Perilous fight
Don't knock it
Until you try it*

*Ev'ry knock is a boost
It may sound crazy
Sometimes
Don't put Judas noose
Around your neck*

*God the father told Jesus
When they nailed Him
To the cross*

*Take the pain they produce
Don't cry son ain't no use
Ev'ry knock is a boost*

Jesus Wept

*Jesus wept
According to His father
In heaven*

*Jesus wept
According to His virgin
Mother
Mary*

*Jesus wept
According to a
Roman centurion*

*Jesus wept
Lord He cried
At the thought of suicide
Sweatin' blood
Upon a rock
He perspired for
His flock*

*Since the day He was born
Inheriting a crown of
Prickly thorns
Soldiers spat in His face
Beat His body not His grace
They cursed His name
He bore no shame
Cryin' out into space*

*Jesus wept
According to the Bible
Look in the Good Book
Jesus wept
According to my dear old
Blessed mother*

*Jesus wept
According to my
Father
In the graveyard*

*Jesus wept
According to my Presbyterian
Pastor*

*They nailed Christ down
And stood Him up
Gave Him a sponge of vinegar
Pierced His side
And when He died
A dark storm brewed
And heaven cried*

*Angels rolled away the
Stone
At the mouth of His tomb
Then He rose from the dead
Easter mornin' to resume
Magdalene dried a
Tear
When she saw Him
Reappear*

*Jesus wept
He sobbed for all humanity
On this cruel earth*

*Jesus wept
Crucified dead and buried
They showed no mercy*

*Jesus wept
Upon the cross
In excruciating
Pain and misery*

*Jesus wept
For a world
Sin free
As lilies in the valley*

*Jesus wept
Disciples slept
Judas crept
To Caiaphas
Blind n' deaf
The angels left
The world bereft
On Golgotha
At Jesus death*

*Hey Holy Joe
You pray too slow
Communion Sunday
Could take 'til Monday*

*So past the plate
Good Lord I'm late
Sing one more hymn
I got a date*

*A short sermon
Is all I need
Just say two words
And put on speed*

_____TOP_____

Gwen: "Oh, Ran! Your eyes are filled with tears; it's so beautiful!"

Randolph: "It's beautiful, Gwen, you nailed it, beautiful life, beautiful world. Thanks again, J.C., man!"

J.C.: "I simply cast out motes and unclean matter in the beam of your eye. It can't be explained, except to say, Jezuz!"

Rev.: "Yes! Good God in heaven, forgive my doubtin', Lord!"

Space: "This is unbelievable; that guy's a fuckin' gold mine!"

Nouro: "Yes, he cure blind, sensational! And he welcome addition to traveling think tank." Nouro is his own funny man and straight man, dressed in a blue blazer, open collared white shirt, white pants, white shoes with no socks and white Gucci shades for the auspicious occasion.

Carter: "I sense this trip was not a total waste of time and money as I previously thought. That was a shockingly, spiritualistic, remarkable and potentially marketable performance."

Pearson nods his approval and is standing proud security at the bar, dressed in a tan poplin, Hugo Boss summer suit, brown shirt and shoes with a subtle swastika patterned tie. "Yes, this puts us back squarely in the big game."

Monika spots her brother **Joe** sound checking the mikes on stage. **Joe Spain** is a handsome, rugged, well-hung, hands-on kind of guy and the chief electrical engineer at **Kostiers**. He moonlights at **Iscariots** and is a recent graduate in electrical engineering from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, the second largest school in the state. He has dark eyes, a sunburned complexion, broad shoulders, a warm smile, a cut, muscular physique, black wavy hair; wears his own designed and locally marketed battery operated halo over his head, brown workman's boots, blue jeans, a blue T-shirt and a tool belt; weighs one hundred sixty-five pounds and stands six feet tall. "Oh God! It's my brother! Joe! Joe!"

Bitch Ho: "Cute ass guy."

Joe: "Oh, I don't believe it! Sis! Sis!"

Rev.: "This is an Epiphany if ever there was one! Daughter, are you well?"

Gwen: "Yes, daddy, and you and mama?"

Rev.: "Fine, daughter, just fine, honey."

The effeminate flight crew for the company is present and they pay their respects. The two cross dressing pilots are in full drag queen make up, while wearing tan and blue summer airline pilot's uniforms.

Harry: "We both wanted you to know we were pullin' for you, but nobody expected a miracle."

Smug Doug: "This is too much, boss, I'm overcome."

Randolph: "Thanks, guys! Drinks on me, J.C., and pour ya self one, shit."

J.C.: "No thanks, Randolph. How are your eyes?"

Randolph: "Twenty fuckin' twenty, shit! Thanks to you, buddy!"

J.C.: "Insane Elaine is looking forward to making her greatest performance with the institute's patients. What do you think of that?"

Randolph: "I think it's a fuckin' brainstorm, shit! A Hollywood style Scripture Park in South-Central L.A., smacks of big-time bucks to me. I can see it all now, yeah, shit yeah! Thanks to you, J.C., I got a fuckin' bird's eye view! Kiss me again, girl, shit!"

Gwen: "Ran, oh, Ran! I'm so excited and happy! Hold me. Shit!"

Randolph: "I was fuckin' worried there for a minute, goddammit."

Rev.: "Yeah, me too, son, me too. God bless this union!"

Gwen: "Thank you, daddy! I wish mama could have experienced this miracle."

Randolph: "Yeah, good ol' Mrs. Simmons, shit."

Mark: "I'm hungry, no, I'm starved. Hey, J.C., what'cha got to eat, man?"

J.C.: "Loaves of shewbread and fried catfish."

Bitch Ho: "What else, shit, loaves and fishes."

Randolph: "Yeah, that's hip, J.C., way fuckin' righteous, shit."

J.C.: "You curse volumes, Randolph, why?"

Randolph: "If ya played a fuckin' laugh track behind it, you could put me on prime time TV! Means nothin'! Shit."

J.C.: "Are you possessed by demons?"

Randolph: "Shit naw, and you ain't no fuckin' Black Jezuz neither, shit!"

J.C.: "I never said I was. Why do you say that?"

Randolph: "Shit, I heard Insane Elaine and doc and . . . hey, T.R.!"

T.R.: "Yeah, man, I'm here. That was unreal, J.C."

Randolph: "What did you say 'bout this fuckin' dude back at the Fundamentalist Funny Farm? Shit."

T.R.: "I said you'd see for yourself . . . and you did, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah. My obscene oaths are an expression of my own fuckin' private prurient joke, shit."

J.C.: "Ridiculous, Randolph, you're hiding something that's bothering you. Some traumatic episode when you were young set off this spate of swearing and illicit issue of guttural bile."

Randolph: "Fuck you, ya big black mothafuck! How much you weigh? Shit!"

J.C.: "Three hundred even."

Randolph: "Three hundred, huh? Well, how fuckin' tall are ya? Ya bald headed, bubble lip, barrel chested bastard!"

J.C.: "Six nine."

Randolph: "No shit! Well, I'll tell ya fuckin' once. Don't fuck with me twice, shit!"

Chapter Thirty

. . .

Religious Rehab Roadhouse Review

Mark: "Are we still doin' satellites, spaceships and flyin' saucers? I'm beginning to hear, see, smell and taste a religious flavor ev'rywhere. Look at those Bible ass people! Holy shit!" A possession of people from Kostiers arrives in costume and packs the place.

Randolph: "Shit yeah, I gotta talk to ya 'bout my trip here. Dig this, I'm gonna build, no, we're gonna build a theme park in South-Central L.A., a religious theme park. We'll need three hundred acres at least. T.R., c'mere, let Mark here see the fuckin' plans in the briefcase; he's my partner, shit."

T.R.: "Sure, here man. Don't show anybody not associated with your company though." T.R. opens the briefcase on the bar.

Nouro: "Ah, new plans, alternative accounting very wise and practical. In financial research, I find figures on outer space pictures uninspiring, very, very low on gross profit end, only a 'E.T. Returns' shine potentially. That be very big sequel, if we buy it."

Monika: "This is my brother Joe, Ran!" Joe has a battery lit halo over his devilishly handsome head and he's smiling like a blessed saint.

Randolph: "Yeah, hey, Holy Joe."

Joe: "I saw you this evening at the institute. I work there; I'm the electrical engineer. I'm gonna program all of the exhibits."

Rev.: "Most creative, we only saw five or so exhibits. However, the lighting, sound and special effects were excellent!"

Randolph: "Doc calls 'em fuckin' curios."

Mark: "Doc?"

Randolph: "Yeah, man. Look, it's a nineteen percent split deal off the top so far. We meet 'em back at the jubilee joint at ten in the mornin'."

Mark: "Nineteen percent for what? You build this religious theme park on three hundred acres in South-Central L.A., and that's planners, architects, builders, shit . . . workers, security like a mothafucka 'round the clock, shit . . . materials, water, railroad tracks, the perfect corridor connection, location and zoning variances, insurance, political kickbacks, protection paid to the baddest local street gang to guard your turf, watch your back and layoff ya shit and ya peeps, and mo' money, money, money! So, where's some fuckin' money, R n'R?"

Randolph: "I came for it tonight. I came here a blind fuck 'cause Louse showed up and zapped me with a Amazer `Pocket `Lazer in a Holy Hologram."

Nouro: "Louse you say, oh no!"

Gwen: "He blinded you, again . . . goddamn!"

Rev.: "Easy, daughter, we've been truly blessed this evenin'."

T.R.: "Amen, shit. I thought he was dead, smokin' and shakin'! Then he was still, stone cold still."

Janet: "R n'R, what are we gonna do to stop this from happening to you?"

Mark: "We'll fuckin' just take J.C. here with us, ya got a better remedy."

Randolph: "Naw, I don't need J.C. or no fuckin' body to help me now. I'll get Louse, Louse knows I will and that's good enough for me."

Mark: "How much money did they promise you on this deal, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Shit, fifteen huge cash, right, T.R.?"

T.R.: "That's a fact, I don't understand, unless J.C. has decided against using you to build the theme park and run it. Laine wouldn't lie, she wants this more than life."

Bitch Ho: "What about it, big boy, you got somethin' for Ran or not? Shit!"

J.C.: "Yes I do, as a matter of fact and I'll go get it."

Randolph: "No shit, well about fuckin' time, goddammit. That eye healin' stunt was good enough for then, but this is now, nigga, and now we need to see the big bucks, shit."

J.C. goes to the back of the large room, opens a side door to his living quarters and goes inside.

Mark: "That's mo' fuckin' like it, R n'R. Don'tcha let that big black, rusty ass giant, bust yo' chops, shit."

Randolph: "Fuck off, ya albino, punk ass, wannabe nigga, white wigger, sissy butt, snot nose faggot!" Mark loves the vile exchange, and J.C. returns with a great white parrot in a birdcage.

J.C.: "This is a Charismatic Christian parrot from Africa, smart as a whip. This bird has never heard, or uttered a wicked word, not one. Therefore, this is the deal: if you, Randolph, and your friends can hold your foul tongues until eight a.m., before the bank opens and your meeting in the morning at the institute, I might be persuaded to advance you the money as proposed by Insane Elaine."

Mark: "Fifteen huge . . . right, J.C.?"

Randolph: "Ya mean ya want me to keep this big white, hooked nose bird until eight in the mornin' without cussin'?"

J.C.: "That's right, keep the bird with you at all times; stay in the bar here or take him with you, but be back here in the morning at eight. Here's bird seed, and put his water in the cup."

Gwen: "Oh, Ran, he's very proud and intelligent looking, and so pretty."

Janet: "Sometimes they get attached to one spouse and hate the other." Janet couldn't resist breaking up the connubial bliss Gwen was attempting in her presence.

Mark: "Do it, R n'R, nobody cuss! Let's try hard as, let's not cuss. Please guys!"

Bitch Ho: "J.C., what's his name?"

J.C.: "Sync."

Sync: "Luke was Greek."

Mark: "Oh, he can talk, huh? Watch ya mouth everybody! Look out now."

Randolph: "Yeah, think fifteen huge, we need it, right, Nouro?"

Nouro: "Yes, R n'R san. Nisei Bank have unfortunate problems, limit my funds unexpectedly. I embarrassed to say I depleted, bankrupt. So sorry, R n'R san . . . I so sorry."

Randolph: "Say what . . . Nouro, you ain't got no mo' yen!"

Nouro: "Sorry, transactions beyond my control. As you say, they wipe me out, take me to cleaners!"

Janet: "How much did you lose, Nouro honey?"

Nouro: "All, pretty lady, every cent, all my land and investments attached by my family at home in Japan. They declare me unfit to act as head of family. Disgrace and ridicule awaits me in Japan, all's lost!"

Randolph: "We'll get'cha back on ya feet, Nouro. Hang on ev'rybody and don't cuss." Nouro told Mark confidentially of his financial embarrassment in L. A. after Janet's call to them. So Mark joined Randolph in Ypsi with the gang, using his own last money.

Mark: "Hiya, bird, what's that name again, J.C.?"

J.C.: "Sync."

Sync: " . . . And Jesus wept."

Mark: "Sync, whatzup, how's it goin'?"

Sync: "Virgin birth."

T.R.: "Hey man, look!"

The golden curtains open and the stage show begins.

God's Little Garden of love

*Good mornin' mornin'
 Glory
 Tell me what's your story
 Unhappy I suppose
 'Cause your man went
 Out
 And chose a rose*

*I hear he plays the
 Field
 But are the flowers
 Real
 He just could be
 Deceived
 By artificial make
 Believes*

*The wisest man can
 Be deceived
 He just might wind
 Up
 With a pretty weed*

*Well it's like that
 And that's a fact
 It's like that
 And that's a fact*

*In God's little garden
 In God's itty bitty
 Garden
 In God's little garden
 Of love*

*He gives true love
A chance to grow
He knows we'll reap
Just what we sow*

_____Chorus_____

Redemption Salvation It's Love

*Redemption salvation
It's love
Redemption salvation
It's love*

*Last night I had a notion
To jump into the ocean
But in all of the confusion
I jumped to the conclusion
It's love it's love
It's love*

*God sue me for libel
I think it's in the Bible
That everybody needs it
I'm shoutin' yes indeedy's
It's love it's love
It's love
Heaven knows it's love
It's love
Redemption salvation
It's love
Redemption salvation
It's love*

*I found a fallen angel
So fine
I kicked the devil in the
Behind
Redemption salvation
It's love*

*It's in the good book
I don't know the verse
It's one of those chapters
The 2nd or 1st
It's in the good book
Redemption salvation
It's love*

Corinthian Love

*You can break my heart forever
My poor heart is made of leather
Like a limousine seat cover
Corinthian love*

*You can beat me down with
Leather
Although leather ain't my
Pleasure
Skin me alive I'm alligator
Corinthian love*

*Corinthian love will last
In stormy weather
And fit like a glove
My heart's too tough
To tear up
Tho' Corinthian soft as a dove*

*You won't wear me out for tryin'
 The lash of love is satisfyin'
 Bet'cha boots there's no denyin'
 Corinthian love
 You're my fetish
 I ain't lyin'
 Corinthian love*

Kenneth Hagin

*Kenneth Hagin seen Jesus
 Voilà
 Umpteen times
 Kenneth Hagin seen Jesus
 Voilà
 In his mind
 Kenneth Hagin seen Jesus
 Appear divine
 Voilà*

*Kenneth Hagin seen Jesus
 Voilà
 In the flesh
 Kenneth Hagin seen Jesus
 Voilà
 Manifest
 Kenneth Hagin seen Jesus
 He's been blessed
 Voilà*

*TV preacher told me this
I wonder if Kenneth got
A kiss
I wonder how did Jesus
Look
Just like the picture
In the good book*

*Did Jesus say when He'd
Return
And are we doomed in
Hell to burn
Did God tell Kenneth
What to do
To save the world
For me and you*

*Kenneth Hagin seen Jesus
Voilà
In his head
Kenneth Hagin seen Jesus
Voilà
That's what he said
Kenneth Hagin seen Jesus
God ain't dead
Voilà*

*Kenneth Hagin
Christian quiet as a
Church mouse*

*Kenneth Hagin
Merely sitting in his
Own house*

*Kenneth Hagin
Suddenly saw the Son
Of mankind*

*Kenneth Hagin
Walked with Jesus in
The sunshine*

*Kenneth Hagin
Did He have a holy
Halo*

*Kenneth Hagin
Was He Caucasian or Negro*

*Kenneth Hagin
Did He wear His red
White and blue long robe*

_____TOP_____

Jesus is the Answer what's the Question

*Jesus is the answer
What's the question
Are you despondent
Lamb have you lost your way*

*Jesus is the answer
What's the question
Are you a sinner
It's gonna be OK*

*Jesus is the answer
What's the question
Are you a leper
Then hear me when I say*

*He's the truth
He's the light
He's the way
He's the Holy Redeemer
Shining bright
He's a rock
He's the church
He's the reason
I kneel down on my
Knees to pray*

*Jesus is the answer
What's the question
Do you have cancer
Well you just call His name*

*Jesus is the answer
What's the question
Financial worries
Jesus will ease your pain*

*Jesus is the answer
What's the question
He is your friend
So don't you be ashamed*

 Chorus

*I know you all know how
To bow your heads and pray
Jesus will answer
Ev'ryone who prays this way
He'll keep His promises
You doubting Thomas's
On Judgment Day*

*Jesus is the answer
What's the question
Are you in love
And broken hearted blue*

*Jesus is the answer
What's the question
Do people hardly ever notice you*

*Jesus is the answer
What's the question
He answers prayers
And makes your dreams come
True*

_____ *Chorus* _____

T.R.: "Yeah! The Gethsemane Girls without clothes, then, still up to her old tricks, Mary Magdalene, holy dancin' without Jesus. And hey, Gabriel, plus, Judgment Day minus Joshua."

Rev.: "Great stage show, J.C. How do they get out of Kostiers this time of night?"

J.C.: "They work here. Insane Elaine did too a year ago; she packs the place."

Monika: "They sound way good, Philly group, right?"

Bitch Ho: "Ran, I remember them, they crashed in a fu plane and two of 'em died."

Randolph: "Yeah, that's them, sh . . ."

Joe: "Great sound system, J.C., you agree?" Joe toots his own horn in jest for adulatory approbation.

J.C.: "Yes, Joe, you out did yourself; it's acoustically perfect . . . ok?"

Babs joins the gang and brushes pass Bitch Ho to get to Randolph.

Bitch Ho: "Watch it, ho!"

Sync: "Ho, ho, ha, ha."

Babs: "You watch it, bit . . ." Randolph cups her mouth with his huge hand. And Babs discovers Randolph has regained his sight.

Randolph: "Shhh, glad to see ya out of both eyes, Babs, ya lookin' fine as ya wanna be, but please don't cuss. We got a fifteen huge bet on. Ya dig? Shhh . . . don't cuss."

Babs: "Ok, you had to cuff my mouth 'cause I was gonna step to you, ya blankety blank, Miss Thang."

Bitch Ho: "Oh yeah! Well come on, c'mon wit it, ya sleazy, greasy, cheesy co." Randolph cups Bitch Ho's mucky mouth.

Randolph: "Shhh! This ain't no Jerry Springer Show, sh. . ."

Bitch Ho: "Lemme go, Ran, sh. . ., I'll kick a god mud hole in her black stinkin' a . . ."

Randolph: "Shhh . . . Sharon, chill Babs, s. . ."

Gwen cups Randolph's blasphemous mouth as he cups Babs and Bitch Ho's.

Bitch Ho: "Ok, ok, you's a fu. . . . lucky, ugly, dumb ol' cu. . ."

Babs: "F you, ya god. . . . bit. . . I'm scared to fu. . . . death, ya overdressed crack headed s. . ."

Bitch Ho is dolled up, as are all the other lovely ladies. She's wearing her chocolate hot pants suit, a yellow silk headscarf wrap and matching blouse with dark brown spike heels. Babs, the Nubian beauty, was greeted as always by a concerto of catcalls and wolf whistles. She's decked out in black slim pants, stiletto heels, a mango maxi shirt, and plumb waistcoat. Her hair, the head of hair Randolph can't resist, is pushed back and styled into a steel wool looking twist with an ebony African comb.

Randolph: "Cool it, god."

Janet: "How did you know where we were, Babs?" Janet is her direct, sharp-witted stunning self in a leopard print jacket, silk beige pant, a metallic beige shell, open fat heel shoes, a black Sikh turban and matching irresistible dot in the middle of her Far East forehead that Randolph loves so much.

Babs: "Hello, Janet. I was airborne when R n'R told me. I got me a flight soon as you called and they split. I chartered a private jet non-stop, if ya must know, satisfied?" This expensive exuberant enthusiasm on Babs part to reach Randolph causes Gwen to grumble and gripe.

Gwen: "I wish you hadn't bothered to mix in with us. We're involved in business, and you're an uninvited unwanted outsider." Randolph's wife is stern as a stuck-up straight-laced socialite in a black satin tank dress, with the bribed black Tiffany pearls and matching high heels. Her long black Pocahontas hair lay gently upon her soft brown, proud shoulders, and her great bust is arranged and accentuated just the way Randolph likes, as she continues to challenge Babs with considerable courageous cleavage, "We simply don't know you, don't need or want you, so you should have stayed in L.A."

Babs: "Not on your life, the walls were fu. . . . closin' in on me, sh. . and R n'R said he'd help me."

Randolph: "Yeah, now ev'ryone, be way cool and don't cuss. We need this scratch way bad, ya dig?"

Harry: "We're gassed up, but they wanna collect rent from us in the mornin', boss, and they gotta get paid. I can stall some, but they'll impound us and haul us out of the hangar. So . . ."

Randolph: "Yeah, just be calm n' cool, y'all, and don't fu. . . . cuss."

Mark: "No profanity now, like R n'R said."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, don't do no stuff like that . . . until when, Ran?"

Randolph: "I said eight a.m., god. . . . ,Sharon."

T.R.: "They implants, Miss?"

Babs: "Say what, who you, Jack?"

T.R.: "T.R., I'm the lawyer."

Mia: "Lawyer, I'm the motha. . . . lawyer!" Mark cups Mia's cute cursing mouth.

Jeff, the caustic comical cursing taxi driver comes over in his plaid cap, as he's just delivered Babs to Randolph from Detroit Metro Airport. "Remember me, man?"

Randolph: "Yeah, you Jeff the crabby gabby cabbie, don't cuss, man. We got a bet on, so don't ya cuss, sh.." Randolph bites his own salty-tongue.

Jeff: "Well, I figured she was for you when I picked her up . . . opps, I almost cussed." Randolph glowers at Jeff.

Randolph: "Hey, man, if you cuss I lose my fu. . . bankroll, ya dig? Listen up! We'd all best get some rest, we gotta meetin' in the mornin', right, Rev.?" Randolph decides against testing his own moral turpitude, along with that of his colleagues, in this setting of scatological strident strife and opts instead to retreat back to the Room at the Inn with Sync, the sinless parrot, until eight in the morning.

Rev.: "Yes, Randolph, and people it is late." The good reverend concurs and breathes a sigh of religious relief.

Babs: "I just got here, I wanna watch the stage show!"

Pearson: "Miss, please don't ruin things, and keep your voice down." Pearson is staunch SS in his warning to Babs.

Babs: "Security, huh, a ex-cop, right?"

Pearson: "FBI and CIA, if it's any concern of yours." Babs rolls her big, smoky, gray eyes at Pearson.

Mark: "How much for the airplane owner's lease tomorrow, Harry?"

Harry: "Five grand."

Mark: "No sh. ." Mia cups Mark's obscene mouth.

Babs: "You mean none of you big-time jet setters have the fare, and you can't pay the freight?"

Mark: "And you can't get crackin' to raise diddley for High Art Leisure and those two vultures he's in jail with either."

Babs: "Look, foppish, pale face foreign white boy, I can raise it, but I just need more time and another source."

Carter: "What's Louse's equity stake in this, Randall?"

Randolph: "What the fu. . you think, to stop us." Randolph barely staves off a barrage of baseness at Carter.

Space: "Well, I don't know, what about the billion dollar film? Or is it tossed like all my flicks?"

Randolph: "Naw, Spaceman, we gonna do it, just be tolerant; we still in discussion, s. . ." Gwen assists him just in time with her cupped hand over his dirty mouth.

Monika: "I had my heart set on starring in `Men From Motha fu . . . Mars´." Janet cups Monika's immoral mouth. "Ran, please don't let me down."

Janet: "I was getting use to the idea of acting in it too, I must admit."

Rev.: "And you shall, we all will have a turn of events. If Randolph can see and he was blind; so can we overcome this minor setback." The didactic words pour forth from the good-natured cleric.

Babs: "Who the devil are you, man?"

Gwen: "That's my father, you ignorant slut!"

Randolph: "Please, don't do that, please!"

Rev.: "I'm Reverend Rufus A. Simmons, Miss."

Randolph: "Rev., meet Babs Greene."

**Joe: "I've got a sure fire design for the staging of the exhibits."
Randolph welcomes the change of subject and engages Joe in his idea.**

Randolph: "Yeah, Holy Joe, go on run it."

Joe: "I've got a revolving stage concept, three different sets at the same time, showing to three different sections of the audience. The whole audience is wired for sound, via headphones, and . . ."

Randolph: "Naw, Holy Joe, we want it all out in the open, see? It's gotta be free style, roamin' through and mixin' in the crowds, nothin' in the way to confuse and confine people, ya dig?"

Joe: "Well, what about three different sets, three for the Old Testament and three for the New Testament."

Randolph: "That's six, Holy Joe."

Joe: "Maybe more, many big scenes and sets, then a ride runnin' through all of the tableaux vivant exhibits!"

Randolph: "Yeah, Holy Joe." Randolph can't help but notice a large golden harp on a pedestal up on the stage, and he asks a liquor high T.R. about it.

Randolph: "Whose ax?"

Tipsy T.R. whispers in Randolph's ear, to keep Sync, the pure parrot, from hearing. "Lil' David, man, and his Christian blues band, Goliath. They own the weekends up in here since Laine quit. J.C. got the next Elvis and Beatles up in here, man. That white dude's got pecks and abs and buns plenty. College bitches dance naked, no shit. They love some Lil' David, man. When he plucks that big ass, golden harp and recites and sings his shit, ho's come on they self. I swear this mothafuck's a superstar, man! I got all his DATS myself. Shit, I listen to this white boy often!"

Randolph: "You sound like a cocksucka sissy, nigga . . . abs and pecks and buns for days, shit." The two whisper back and forth.

T.R.: "But you ain't seen or heard shit yet, man. We got Lil' David with us now. Laine likes him for the young white girl teenyboppers' ass. Yeah, waaay baad young handsome, blue-eyed, long slammin' blond curly locks and shit, man, and long double eye-lashes, wearin' hip, colorful, fly ass Bible robes with golden girdles, sandals and shit. But he's a stone stud, man, gets as much cunt as you, man! Pluckin' a fuckin' big ass mothafuckin' hip-hop harp, that gold plated sucka right up there, and he tears your goddamn heart right out, recitin' Psalms like a romantic religious rapper, shit. And at the end of his act, Lil' David becomes a livin' nude model, like he's posin' for Michelangelo's David. He started out over in Detroit. He had a DAT out last year `Lil' David Blows`. Yeah, the nude dude blows a shrewd 'tude n' da mood harp too, shit."

Randolph: "What?"

T.R.: "A harmonica, you know a harp, shit. He and Goliath pack this joint, man."

Randolph: "Uh-huh, I'm hip. My joint packs shit too, and I got a big mouth n' asshole organ."

T.R.: "Yeah, I overheard 'bout Martha. Anyway, he's got wife beater t-shirts, a six pack and red wings tattooed on his shoulders, damn!"

Randolph: "Is it just me or do any of you guys like to hear Marilyn Monroe sing, her phrasin', her timin' her tone, she was a mothafucka. Her headlights shown poised as fleshy, temptin', jugs of white wine when she sung and expanded 'em doin' `That Old Black Magic` in the movie, Bus Stop. Yeah, when the phat lady sang, her 36D cups use to runneth over." The street rumor mill by this time had re-created the real story of their union, and now it's rumored Randolph worked for the great glamor girl as a bodyguard (some say gofer) when he dropped out of college, just to be around her. Anyhow, hearsay has it they were intimate! Randolph continues whispering with T.R. on his right and Mark sitting to his left.

Mark: "Hell, I'd be amused by the music, if the music was amusin' in this Bible actors adult amusement park of ours."

Randolph grooves off the glissandi (slurred notes) and altissimo, C above C above C, as performed by Gabriel and Judgment Days, seven golden trumpets. "Pops, Roy Eldridge, Cat Anderson, Maynard, they trumpet players."

T.R.: "Joshua was better, no clams (bad notes). He died in the Judgment Day plane crash. Lil' David and Goliath is better than Gabriel and Judgment Day. We lucky an-a-mothafucka to have him, shit!" The excitable lawyer, T.R. whispers in Randolph's ear again out of earshot of the word-perfect parrot.

Sick and tired of secret speak and whiskey whispers, Randolph uses old wild west shoot 'em up B-picture patois, "Shoot, that hombre Gabriel sounds like Miles, dang it!"

Mark: "Heck no, more Lee Morgan."

T.R.: "His horn is named Pet for trumpet, get it?"

Mark: "That's Wynton Marsalis dag nab it. No, gawldern it, I'm wrong it's Dizzy, you dern tootin'!" Mark the amateur dialect imitator does Gabby Hayes, the old western movie sidekick.

Randolph: "Clifford Brown, 'cause spits in his horn, shucks. Naw, I'm mistaken, it's Clark Terry, dadblameit. Ah shucks, it's Nicholas Payton. Tarnation, hell fire, heavens to Betsy, it's Chet Baker."

Mark: "What'cha say there, Sync, ol' partner?"

Sync: "And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long and waxed louder and louder. . . ."

The curtains closed for a minute and when they re-opened, it was Raphael's fresco come to life on the stage, just as it was pure Da Vinci in the upper room at Kostiers over the great hall, when they consumed red, red Passover wine and partook of fatted calf earlier that evening.

Space: "Wow, I'd never believe this night . . . if I wasn't tapin' it. Hey! Who's the hot sexy babe with the way long hair?" Mary Magdalene begins to perform, backed by the twelve Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples: hand clapping, foot stomping, tongue talking, dancing and singing excommunicated priest, mad rabbis, defrocked preachers,

satanic monks and the like, sans Joel. The lights are dimmed, except for the flashing neon red devil upon a cross, hanging from the rafters, and the candlelight, including Joe's holy halos, shining over the performers on stage and over patrons in the audience's heads.

Angels in the Dark

O O O O O

Angels in the dark babe

O O O O O

Angels in the dark

*Just so it won't show
Angels wearing halos
Around about the midnight hour
Turn off all the power
Though ev'rybody knows
Who protects the heart
Angels in the dark*

*Guardian angels in the dark
Protect my heart babe
Sent from heaven above
To protect our love
Guardian angels
Angels in the dark baby
Angels in the dark*

*They can always tell
When love ain't on the level
So don't you ever go
And treat me like the devil
'Cause they will always know
And warn me from the start
Angels in the dark*

_____Top_____

Lord of the Holy Land

*Jesus is king
Hear the arch angels sing
He's the Lord of the Holy Land*

*Heaven above
Good God almighty blessed him with
Love
He's the Lord of the Holy Land*

*The way that he suffered
And behaved
They got off mighty lucky
When he forgave*

*He is the Xmas star
The rock of ages
The living proof
The precious truth
In the Bible pages*

*He went on with his baad
Self
From Galilee
He got out of the ghetto
To get to Calvary*

*40 days and nights
In the wilderness
He showed his daddy
And Satan
That he could pass the test*

_____TOP_____

*He goes on with his teaching
 He's the preaching boss
 Although they nailed him
 Upon a wooden cross*

*He's the greatest of all saints
 May he rule forever
 Up in heaven above us
 And over Israel*

_____TOP_____

If I Touch the Hem of His Garment

*If I touch the hem
 Of His garment
 Will I be saved
 Will I be saved*

*If I touch the hem
 Of His garment
 Will I be saved
 Will I be saved*

*If I touch the hem
 Of His garment
 Then can I see
 Then can I see*

*If touch the hem
 Of His garment
 Then can I see
 Then can I see*

*His garment
The hem of His
Garment*

*His garment
The hem of His garment*

*If I touch the hem
Of His garment
And I believe
And I believe*

*If I wipe the dust
From His sandals
Will I be blessed
Will I be blessed*

*If I wipe the dust
From his sandals
Will I be blessed
Will I be blessed*

*If I touch the hem
Of His garment
Then will I walk
Then will I walk*

*If I touch the hem
Of His garment
Then will I talk
Then will I talk*

*His garment
His garment
The hem of His
Garment*

*If I touch the
Hem of His garment
And I believe
Lord I believe*

Sweet Jesus Love

*Sweet Jesus
Sweet Jesus*

*Sweet Jesus love
Created of
One hundred gazilion times sweeter than sugar
Sweet Jesus love*

*His holy kiss
None can resist
One hundred gazilion times sweeter than Splenda
Sweet Jesus love*

*Ain't no substitute for Jesus
Sweet naturally
Not Equal, Nutra
Sweet and Low
They're just plain sugar free*

*Sweet Jesus love
From heaven above
I borrow a cup of
His sweet love power*

*When I'm praying in the
Midnight hour
When I'm bitter as sin
And sour
Sweet Jesus love*

_____TOP_____

*He's my cup of tea
Sweet as he can be*

*I was sugarless
Now I'm truly blessed*

*The good Book's on the shelf
So I can help myself*

*Sweet Jesus in my blood
I've got the sugar diabetes
Of love*

_____TOP_____

Séance For Jesus

*Séance for Jesus
\$1,000,000.00 reward
Séance for Jesus Christ
I wanna see the Lord*

*Madam Lavinia
Medium spiritualist
Said she'd channel him
From the spirit world
If Jesus Christ exist*

*When shall I see Jesus
Clairvoyant
Look into your crystal
Ball*

*Is he on the other side
And will he come here
If you call*

*Conjure him
In the flesh
I want to see
The Son of God*

*Materialized
Standing tall
Walking holy
Through the wall*

_____TOP_____

*True believer's 'round
A table
By candlelight
No phony King of King's
Pretend*

*No actor wearing a bogus
Halo
Fakers have Satan's
Eyes of sin*

*Blue eyes and beard
Light long brown hair
White robe and sandals
He must wear*

*Speak in tongue
A blessed prayer
As he's ascending in
Midair*

_____TOP_____

I Thought I'd Died and Gone to Heaven

*I thought I'd died
And gone to heaven
When I saw heaven
In your eyes*

*I thought I'd died
And gone to heaven
You were an angel
In disguise*

*I could hear saints
Gospel singing
Yes I could hear
Church bells ringing*

*And I thought I was
Dead and gone
'Til your kiss made me live on
You raised me from the dead
When we made love
In bed*

*And I thought I'd died
And gone to heaven
When you loved the hell
Out of me*

*I thought I'd died
And gone to heaven
Gone to heaven up above*

*I thought I'd died
And gone to heaven
On that day we fell in love*

*I thank the Lord
For this blessing
Yes down on my knees
I'm confessing*

*And I thought I was
Dead and gone
'Til your kiss made me live on
Yes you raise me from the dead
When we made love in bed*

*I thought I'd died
And gone to heaven
When you love the
Hell out of me*

One Size Fits All Y'all

*One size fits all y'all
In God's shopping mall
One size fits all y'all
Large medium and small*

*One size fits all y'all
In the Lord's department
Store*

*One size fits all y'all
Be ye rich or poor*

*One size fits all y'all
On that judgment day
One size fits all y'all
Throw your Sunday best
Away*

*One size fits all y'all
So don't push and shove
One size fits all y'all
In paradise thereof*

*This is what the best
Dressed folks
In heaven wear
A brand-new holy halo
For your hair
Get your long white pretty
Robe
And angel wings
Golden slippers and a
Harp with silver strings*

*When you receive each
Sacred item on this list
Wear it smiling proudly
In angelic bliss
It's all waitin' in God's
Lay away of love
And you can charge it
All to Jesus up above*

_____TOP_____

T.R. goes over and explains the Magdalene in Mark's ear this time, "Da Magdalene, she's out at the institute. She attends to and worships Jesus, days . . . then sings her longhaired, jazzy, Gospop! ass off, nights!"

Mark: "Yeah, you mean she worships an actor who plays Jesus?"

Randolph: "Naw, this cat thinks he's the real deal, but he just looks, talks and acts the part, sh. ." Gwen steps behind him and cups his mouth.

Gwen: "She's coming over to you, Ran. By now I can see 'em comin'."

Randolph: "Don't sweat it, love bug, it's only business."

The Magdalene is a sultry scarlet woman, wearing her powerful private stock perfume and the great whore of perdition come hither painted patented smile, wrapped in pure white linen. Her extra silky, long, dark hair captivated Randolph as she moved towards him in a biblical way, wearing sandals.

Randolph: "Hi, Maggie, ya sing good an-a-motha. . . ." Gwen cups his coarse mouth just in time, and the other women in the gang gather around Magdalene.

Magdalene: "Hello, Mr. Randall. I noticed you at the bar holding court, so I had to say hi."

Randolph: "Ya sing ya buns off there, Miss Lady."

Janet: "You said that already, R n'R."

Magdalene: "Thank you, I come here with the Gethsemane Girls and the Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples. Gabriel's group lets me sit in three nights a week. I even worked out a routine with the Angelic Host Dance Troupe."

Mark: "Do you attend to Jesus naked, lusty lady?"

Magdalene: "I beg your pardon, sir?"

Randolph: "Yeah, a . . . Magdalene, this here is Mark, my partner from L.A."

Mark: "Pleased to meet you, Mary Magdalene."

Magdalene: "My pleasure, sir, any friend of Mr. Randall's is . . ." Some of the women in the gang who have gathered around begin to interrupt the longhaired, super sexy sultry singer.

Gwen: "What about his wife?"

Bitch Ho: "And his best girlfriend?"

Janet: "Get in line, lusty lady!"

Randolph: "Hold it, please ladies, not now."

Magdalene: "I'm confused, did I say or do something wrong?"

Randolph: "Naw, we're all just on edge and you walked smack dab up into it."

Magdalene: "Well then, I'll see you back at the institute, and I'll be sure to tell Martha I saw you." All the Kostiers people begin to leave.

Gwen: "Martha, what's she mean, Ran?"

Randolph: "Nothin', honey buns. Look, ev'rybody it's two fu. . . . a.m. and I'm beat. I'm gonna take this Bible bird and go back to the hotel and crash. J.C., I'll bring 'em back before the bank opens, and you can check him out then."

J.C.: "Ok, last call folks, Sir Mark Ashton, Reverend Rufus Simmons, Ms. Monika Spain, Mr. Kuni Ideiyuki." J.C. makes his last call for alcohol announcement to the gang and exposes Nouro as Kuni in the process.

Nouro: "Beg pardon, fella, I Nouro, Mr. Kawasake."

J.C.: "I'm sorry, sir, but that's not your real name."

Randolph: "What the fat fuck you talkin' 'bout, J.C.? Shit!"

J.C.: "His name is Kuni. . ."

Randolph: "Why you little inscrutable, bowlegged, bucktoothed, slant-eyed, scum bucket, yella butt fuck! Git over here, ya Jap pussy ass, cocksuckin', chink stinkin' bastard, goddamn mothafucka! Hold 'em, Bitch Ho. That's right! Shit."

Bitch Ho: "I'll sit on his yella, Jap ass, pie face all night, Ran!"

Kuni: "Let me up! Get off, Bitch Ho, and object being called J.A.P. I not Jewish American Princess."

Randolph: "How'd ya know his real fuckin' name, J.C.?"

J.C.: "It's part of my gift. I see truth."

Kuni: "Not so, I Nouro let me up!"

Mark broaches the subject with an academic speech that harkened back to the vernacular of his Eaton and Cambridge days, using a James Cagney voice impression. "You arms dealing ex-Kaizen Osaka, Japan assembly line plant, amber pygmy runt. You ingratiated yourself into our inchoate aggregate, a retinue for Randolph's temporal atrophy, feigning to ratify his leadership. However, your fealty was mendacity and an inextricable hoax that caused a hugger-mugger as a hodge-podge ensued and all for a dinky per diem, throwing pennies at us when you had plenty pelf.

"You shared our pleasure bonding, our meager surfeit as a supplicate in heaven, by wallowing in our mellow mélange. You obfuscated our very lives with the aspect of monetary allure. Now an absolute abduction is in order. You yella belly Yakuza, mothafucka. We gotta keep this sucka on ice, R n'R, but where?" The gang applauds Mark's waaay, way with words, but boo his baad, bad Cagney imitation.

Harry: "We can keep him on the plane, boss, but we'd better be paid up first."

Randolph: "Naw, we'll keep him with us."

Kuni: "Ohhhh!" Kuni begins yelling at the top of his voice in Japanese.

Randolph socks Kuni in the jaw and knocks him unconscious. "That's for Pearl Harbor, punk. I had to hit his fuckin' ass; he's too goddamn noisy, shit."

Pearson: "So, he's Kuni? Well unlike Mark, I'm speechless."

Bitch Ho: "He worked with yo' lame swastika, lighten' bolt on the arms, tattooed Adolph adorin' ass every fuckin' day. Ya bald head ol' SS diarrhea fart! What goddamn good are ya?" Pearson seemed proud and pleased at the acrimonious attention Bitch Ho spewed upon his person, as he would take her anyway he could get her.

Randolph: "That Jap's got plenty scratch, shit, so we can get to Louse now. And both of 'em's worth plenty on the open market. I got Louse's black narrow ass now, goddammit!"

Carter: "I'll help Pearson guard him, Randall. How much is he worth?"

Pearson: "The rewards may vary, but the entire electronic industry will pay through the nose."

Mia: "Make a citizen's arrest and we're in the clear. I say turn him over to the Ypsilanti police now, R n'R."

T.R.: "Yeah, man, ya can't keep him any longer legally, or transport him any place, that's kidnappin', a federal rap, man. She's right, man, turn him over to the local cops." The legal counsel confers and concurs, but Randolph is firm.

Randolph: "Naw, he stays with me 'cause he's my bait for Louse. Without this little yella monkey, Louse is up shit creek without a fuckin' Mae West (life jacket). This is my fuckin' ticket back! Shit. Search his amber Asian ass, Bitch Ho. Look through his shit, Janet. Find that little black ass book he was always peepin' in.

"Shit, we fuckin' got Kuni, the baddest gun runnin', electronic consumer goods, entertainment industry counterfeiter known to man! He's the fuckin' scourge of the U.S.A., South America, Europe, Australia and ev'ry fuckin' place on earth, shit. Louse's `Mammie's Industry´ convoy in Africa depends on Kuni's fuckin' ok. He signs the checks, right, Pearson?"

Pearson: "Yes, he's a stickler for running things, that's his style. Nothing moves without his ok; he signs all the checks in his organization, and only he."

Space: "Looks like pay dirt, and J.C. strikes again. Shit! What a guy!"

Carter: "Randall's right, if we hold him, Louse will pull out and end this unwinnable unwanted, wasteful war."

Randolph: "Naw, fuck you, Carter, I want this war! You just get ready to check the figures as I set shit up, got it?"

Carter: "Whatever you say, Randall."

Mia comments at Carter's easy obedience. "White bread flunky. We'll check out Insane Elaine's briefcase for this morning's meeting while we're at it, R n'R."

Randolph remembers the prudent parrot. "Yeah, mamasita, hey there, Sync, what's the fuckin' word? Shit."

Sync: "Be not afraid, only believe . . . jive mothafucka!"

Mark: "Oh, shit."

J.C.: "That's it, Randolph. That did it you lost it! That bird was pure."

Randolph: "Yeah, but now the mothafucka's hip, shit. Think about it, have I done or said anythang other than profanity to upset ya big black, way weird actin' ass, huh, nigga?"

J.C.: "No, but you did not go according to my rules, and I made specific conditions; it was your test. Building a theme park is a great undertaking, and it's a long haul away. Fifteen million is all she has to her name. She has to put up every penny on the line. Kostiers is broke; he hasn't got a dime. Only Insane Elaine can pay for the project. I cannot approve your lack of discipline, so I cannot entrust fifteen million freely to your autonomy and discretion. You sir, are too profane to do God's work!"

Babs: "Insane Elaine?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Babs: "Well, they say on the street she's got that kinda scratch. Shit."

Gwen: "Why are you in this, Miss Bitch?"

Bitch Ho: "Kick her skank, fonky ass, Gwen!"

Babs ignores the brewing confrontation and continues her point. "She's got Carnal Charismatic's cash money. Over two hundred and fifty storefront churches kick back to Reverend Rump in New York City. That's his fuckin' bread, shit. R n'R, he's got hood heavy holiness hit guys from Enemies 2 Go Take out Service, lookin' to whack that old crazy broad, man."

Randolph: "What?"

T.R.: "I don't know nothin' 'bout no trouble, see? And that's Laine's money, Miss!"

Randolph: "Somethin's shitty, go on Babs, run it."

Babs: "They got a big ass church and they own a lotta fuckin' land up in Harlem Habitat, D.C., L.A., Detroit, North Carolina, you know? He's the fuckin' Sinista Minista, ya dig? Rump rules the black Christian Carnal Charismatic fanatics and he's worth maybe over two hundred huge, shit."

Mark: "Why does Rump wanna whack Insane Elaine?"

Babs: "She ripped his ass stone off is why."

Mark: "How'd she get hold of fifteen huge? Goddammit, I don't believe it, shit."

Babs: "She toured from city to city on the road singin' and collectin' tithes for him as a cover, from store front church, to store front church, then she kept it. It's tax-free, you know, no records. Reverend Rump is a non-profit prophet."

Rev.: "Reverend Rump is a disgrace to the ministry, young woman, and I'm tellin' you, Randolph, this whole thing is beginnin' to stink to high heaven. Rump has sex openly in church. The ushers have to pull him off ladies in the choir, or congregation that he fancies. He's lecherous and lascivious, and he lusts openly. He curses from the pulpit

in sermons, exposes himself when he gets the notion, instigates, allows and participates in orgies. It's the most popular church feature, those boisterous blasphemous orgasms, all in the name of God. It's an unholy abomination. He even calls it Sodom and Gomorrah Biblical Way Baptist Church."

Randolph: "Have ya got that cash on you, J.C.?"

J.C.: "Are you mad? I wouldn't keep it here, certainly not, Randolph."

Randolph: "Just fuckin' askin'. Look, we can kill two birds with one Rock of Ages. Forgive me Sync, ya bent beak mothafucka."

Sync: "He that curseth father or mother let him die the cocksucka's death, shit."

Mark: "Go on, R n'R, run it. Even the fuckin' turdy, dirty birdy digs it, shit."

Randolph: "J.C., ya gave me back my fuckin' sight, and ya exposed Kuni. Now 'cause I cussed, ya wanna hold back the seed money, shit. Well, now we got us Kuni's yella Jap ass, and we know where Insane Elaine's hidin' out. She's got Rump's bread and he's mad an-a-mothafucka. He's already hired guys to hit her ass smellin', foul mouth. So we could get a fat finder's fee, right? I know Rump; he's my pop's homie from Mississippi. I talked to him 'bout a deal more than once. He called me 'cause he wanted to buy into recordin' studio deals I have in Clarksdale and Tupelo, Mississippi. The Robert Johnson Crossroads Studios is outside of Clarksdale on route 61. It's a twenty-four track analog studio, and it's got a Legba, neon red devil playin' guitar out in front, (a Legba is the manifestation of an African god at the crossroads in Mississippi mythology). Then Hound Dog Studios in Tupelo is a forty-eight track digital studio in memory of Elvis Presley."

Mark: "No shit!"

Randolph: "Yeah, albino . . . I been sittin' on it. I hooked it up with Lil' Robert and I got a piece of Casper Lonesome, that's my boy. Anyway, J.C., as I was sayin', if ya want to build this theme park, cough up that fuckin' fifteen huge, pronto like Tonto."

Mark: "Yeah, if ya don't, there ain't gonna be no goddamn theme park or nothin', shit." The big barman is unimpressed by Randolph's blackmail bluster and Mark's bully threat, so Rev. tries his holier than thou hand.

Rev.: "J.C., I'm a preacher, and I'm proud of it. What's your stake in all this, son, if you don't mind me askin'?"

J.C.: "Reverend Simmons, you're a good man. I simply want Insane Elaine's wishes carried out. I made her a promise and I'm not breaking it."

Bitch Ho: "What'cha lick n' promise, big nigga, ya fuckin' her?"

Babs: "You vulgar little tramp, she's not his type, wise up, shit." The men separated the two women, and they glare at each other sharing a venomous vamp and vixen vibe.

Randolph: "Hold it, shit, you two can fight later. Go on, Rev., run it."

Rev.: "Yes, J.C., I would love to build the theme park. I've seen the plans and I approve of them. We came here at Sister Griffin's behest because I thought she was dyin'! I dropped everythin' when she called me and requested help on the project. She suggested we had to have a black exciting entertainment executive, so I called my son-in-law, Randolph here. He was blinded and you healed him, now we are stranded and broke because you refuse to honor our good intentions."

J.C.: "Are you responsible for this money, or is Randolph?"

Randolph: "Both of us, or shit, one of us if ya like, nigga."

J.C.: "Well, Reverend Simmons, if you are giving me your solemn word on this Bible, that you will build `Scripture Park` as directed in the plans Insane Elaine drew up, I'll give you a check for the full amount, made out in your name, sir." Rev. presses then embraces J.C.'s sacred, healing, blessing, Holy Bible to his honest to goodness Baptist heart.

Rev.: "You won't regret it, J.C., son, and I swear, I'll officiate over this money. I swear it in Jesus name, before God almighty!"

All: "Amen, like a mothafucka!"

J.C.: "Here's the check. You can be at the bank by nine before your meeting at Kostiers. The bank is on Michigan Avenue."

Mark: "Ev'ry fuckin' thing in this burg is on Michigan Avenue, shit."

Randolph: "Be nice, ya albino bastard, ya got a way extended stay of execution."

Harry: "A check for five grand per day should do it for the lease, boss, then we can stay long as you need." Carter writes the freakish flight crew a five thousand dollar Halcyon check, he designed on his laptop, figuring to wire the cash deposit transfer later in the day. The check is made out to Kuni's closed bank account, when he masqueraded as Nouro, and paid all of the bills, the bank Randolph jokingly referred to as Yakuza Trust.

Smug Doug: "We'd better get back to the hangar, boss."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, guys. Thanks, see ya later on, shit."

Babs: "You still got hell to pay, mister. You got Rev. Rump's stash, shit. He'll find out and come after your black ass. You'd better think a-mothafuckin' 'gain. Shit, Rump ain't hardly jivin'."

Mark: "She's got a fuckin' point, R n'R. We don't wanna be peepin' and hidin', shit. Let's work out a deal with this Rump guy."

Randolph: "What kinda deal? We got her money; she stole it, we took it. He ain't fuckin' gettin' it back. He can't declare it, that's why she had it, so fuck 'em, shit."

Babs: "Unless you make him a partner."

Randolph: "What?"

Babs: "Look R n'R, this might be your best fuckin' bet. They . . . Rump invests in land, shit. Maybe you could work it out legal to benefit every fuckin' body."

Gwen: "You need to meet with him in person, Ran, to talk some sense into him. This could be an investment for his church."

Rev.: "No, daughter, not this devil, he only wants blood. He takes every penny he can get. He doesn't deal with any organized religious group outside of his own. They're so secretive, I don't know a soul who belongs to that church, or anyone else who can talk to that animal Rump."

Babs: "I do."

Randolph: "Who, shit?"

Babs: "State of the mothafuckin' High Art Leisure, shit."

Randolph: "Oh yeah?"

Babs: "Yeah, that's Rump's goddamn brother."

Randolph: "The mothafuck's brotha, huh?"

Babs: "You fuckin' A, all you gotta do is write it off on expenses, shit. Soon as we get back to L.A., pay all the bails, and you got yourself a fuckin' deal. Rump will go for it with High Art and them up in it, shit."

Randolph: "You buggin', bitch, I ain't springin' that chump ass Pleasure Love. He pulled a piece on me, and KoKo pulled a box cutter, shit."

Mark: "Think about this, R n'R: let High Art Leisure go and freeze the other two. Keep 'em on ice 'til shit's cool."

Bitch Ho: "Kuni's comin' to, Ran." (Another punch)

Kuni: "Oooh!"

Randolph: "And that's for Guam, ya schemin' Jap sucka. . . . That oughta hold 'em 'til the meetin', shit."

Babs: "Well, what'cha gonna do, R n'R? I'm tellin' you, High Art Leisure's all you can do, so bail him out, shit."

Randolph: "I'm smokin' it over."

Babs: "Two hundred and fifty K." Babs hounds Randolph with High Art Leisure's bail figure while he continues to cogitate.

Randolph: "Fuck it, but I ain't hangin' out with him. He just talks to his brotha and tells him it's an investment. And why this nigga ain't out of jail awready? Why didn't he call his black butt big Bible buck's brotha for bail? Shit."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, ya scuzzy, stinkin', bitch ass, sluty cunt, why? Shit." The two women trade hostilities and are separated again.

Babs: "Fuck you skeeza! He could never call attention to the church with the kind of trouble he's in now. It's forbidden to bring the law into church business in any way. High Art Leisure told me this hisself in the fuckin' joint, shit."

Rev.: "Sounds right, they're strict. Rump's got a lot to hide. He collects a king's ransom every Sunday and six ways from Sunday."

Babs: "That's all fuckin' day Sunday; they fuckin' collectin' every damn day, twenty-four seven, three hundred sixty-five, shit."

Randolph: "Awright! Shit, that's it. We get the nigga out, but the other two have to hang. Mia, arrange to drop the charges on that sucka through ya L.A. law secret source."

Rev.: "Good, son, and much better I pray."

Janet: "Yeah, R n'R, that will get us out of here at least."

Mia: "Why do I feel like we're running?"

Carter: "And Nouro is Kuni, what's next?"

Space: "I wanted that fuckin' flick, man. Shit, I'm all fucked up, unless you want me to shoot this religious theme park?"

Monika: "I'm not sure I follow any of this; nevertheless, we're all still together."

Randolph: "We'll make entertainment history when we get back to L.A. But in the meantime, we gotta close this deal, it's worth a fuckin' fortune!"

Carter: "How can a religious pageant bring in a huge profit? I fail to see the incentive for people to go out and pay to see crazy people pretending and acting out the Bible. I don't get it. It's already being done by sane actors in a German village called Oberammergau."

Pearson: "Ja, der Führer himself saw it twice!"

Carter: "A . . . yes, and another one's in Spearfish, South Dakota. We did a study at Kaizen when we canvassed this religious pageant celebration aspect in Italy, Orlando, Florida and even in L.A., but it wasn't enough of a profit indicator to deal with business wise. It was so scant; we passed on the concept, and that was just a year ago, Randall."

Randolph: "Fuck you, Carter. This is fuckin' now, ya shit head."

Space: "Sounds promising to me, man, if those mental patients are really good actors, fantastic. I liked Gabriel and Judgment Day, and that Magdalene was way hot, not to mention the nasty nudes and all those curly tufts and thatches of bush."

Randolph: "Gethsemane Girls! Yeah, I likes my women way haired down there, ya dig? Don't never shave that shaggy thang to the bone for me, like no manikin, shit. I likes hairs on women's toes, fingers, arms, clumped up in they armpits, growin' n' showin' smooth on they legs and standin' proud in they anus. I loves butt hairs, thick, wiry or fine hairs, all colors n' shades, juttin' betwixt n' between cracks n' crevices n' all up n' 'round tight assholes, deep inside n' out hot flesh and 'em growin' wild on the scruff of the neck; long eyelashes, thick eyebrows and shit loads and shit loads of curly cunt hairs, brown, red, white, gray or blackberry bushes. Like Yoko Ono on that `Two Virgins` CD." Bitch Ho first, next, all the other women go anthropoid ape antics: walking, swinging arms low, scratching, grunting and growling like gorillas. Then Randolph warns, "Naw, but no beards, mustaches and goatees. And never no lip hair, nose hair, ear hair, back, midriff and/or chest hair on my women." Even the men are repulsed at Randolph's description of his ideal troglodyte, prehistoric type woman, and he changes the subject at their request.

"They got exhibits, Noah and the mothafuckin' ark, plus, damn near every goddamn popular big animal, for Christ sake. They got a fuck looks, talks, acts and smells just like Jesus! Right Rev.?"

Rev.: "Amen! Hallelujah, it's true. The folks at the institute make this most holy idea shine; they make it happen! All we have to do is build it, run it, and promote it."

Babs: "One mo' thang, nigga man, why not offer Rev. Rump up a deal to appear in the theme park as the fuckin' supastar performer, shit?"

Mark: "Why fuckin' not, R n'R? That's your hook! He's a goddamn way common clergyman clown anyway, didn't you say, Rev. . . .?"

Rev.: "No, no! Not on your life! If you include him any further in this, I'm out! He's the worst human I know!"

Gwen: "You know 'em, daddy?"

Rev.: "A long time ago, daughter, way before you were born at Howard University, in Washington, D.C."

Bitch Ho: "Oh shit, I smell some wild weird fuckin' doo-doo comin' down on this puppy."

Rev.: "He was always after your mother. I could've killed him then, but she married me. He dropped out of the school of religion, went to New York City, and that's the last time I saw him."

Mark: "That all, Rev.?"

Rev.: "Yes, thank God, and I want to keep it that way."

Mark: "Well, scratch that Rump shit. Rev.'s got the last word on this money. So we'll just drop the charges, and let Rump get High Art Leisure out. Then if Rump sets us up a loan deal, we can borrow this bread, shit."

Rev.: "I pray I've made the right choice for Insane Elaine's sake."

Babs: "She's singin' at the theme park, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, if she lives, why?"

Babs: "Ya still ain't in the clear yet. Who do all these other people in the exhibits belong to?"

Joe: "Kostiers, Earl O. Kostiers."

J.C.: "The most hateful, two faced man on the face of the earth."

Randolph: "Why's that? Shit."

J.C.: "He intends to ridicule the patients and exploit them, not only for money, but for his own private ambition of replicating the Scripture and faking the second coming. He wants to rule the world through a bogus Jesus."

Randolph: "That's fuckin' stupid, shit, ain't nobody that goddamn dumb. I've seen this Joel cat that looks like Jesus, but he can't do the shit you do, you the real fuckin' deal! If we had you healin' and doin' shit, only good shit. Folks would fuckin' flock! What'cha say, J.C.? Shit."

J.C.: "No, never! I'm after Kostiers; he's the Antichrist, and it is my mission to end his hold on those poor, sick, unsuspecting wretches he's collected for his nefarious intentions."

Babs: "Well, ya got ya answer, R n'R. J.C.'s got a few hymns missin' from his hymnal, shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, well the big black fuck healed my eyes, shit. So dammit, it's cool J.C.! Hey, it's fuckin' nine a.m. Hell, I gotta go to the fuckin' bank. I'll feel better with scratch in my slide, goddammit."

Rev.: "What's the doctor's stake in all this, Joe? You work with him, do you know?"

Joe: "Doc Chryst is an atheist. He just gets off playin' along with the inmates. He's fuckin' wild, so I don't really know. But J.C.'s right, Kostiers is the bad guy here."

Mark: "How did he make his dough? Shit."

Joe: "Banking, real estate and insurance."

Randolph: "Bankin'?"

Joe: "Yeah, he's the biggest bank in town. Well, his sons, George and Paul, run the bank now and the other family businesses by court order. He's like a harmless lunatic to them, so they let him play God out at the institute as long as he doesn't get in the way."

Randolph: "What bank is it? Naw, don't fuckin' tell me. Shit!"

Joe: "Kostiers First National Bank, Ypsilanti, man."

Randolph: "Damn! I knew it!"

Babs: "Shit, nigga man, we ain't never fuckin' gettin' up outta this piece."

Randolph: "Naw, I'm cashin' this mothafucka! Shit. J.C., this check is good, right?"

J.C.: "What do you think?"

Mark: "His sons know their delusional daddy is doin' business out there at the institute, right?"

J.C.: "Yes, if the brothers receive this check, they will handle it."

Randolph: "Well nigga, if they don't, I'm comin' back here after your big black, way crazy ass, ya hear?"

Mark: "Wake everybody up but Kuni. Shit, R n'R, it's time to get that fifteen huge!"

Babs: "This is way fucked up, R n'R. I thought you was into some deep, heavy shit, but this sucks rabid alley rats. You ain't got no hustle left, shit."

Randolph: "You and them big-time shits locked up in L.A. stole my mom's silverware set. Y'all niggas really high rollin' all that hot little old lady, purse snatchin' action, twenty four seven, shit." Randolph and the gang laugh it up at Bottomline Babs."

Babs: "Laugh, fools, but we offered you what you needed back then, distribution. That was my idea. Now ya need what every fuck needs, cash on the fuckin' barrel head, so fuck this shit."

Gwen: "I don't see you headin' out the door, low life. Why, because you're scared and too lazy to leave and go out on your own. You're depending on Ran like everybody else, you mangy, parasitic whore!"

Babs: "Big breasted Gwen, black mammy for the nigga man on the way down." Now the men separated Gwen and Babs.

Randolph: "Shut the fuck up, Babs. Cool it, Gwen. You guys pick Kuni up and don't drop his Jap ass. Bitch Ho, bring the bird for luck . . . shit."

J.C.: "He's all yours please take him."

Sync: "Fuck you, jack shit."

Randolph: "Carter, grab Kuni's arm, hold him, Pearson."

Pearson: "We've got him, where are we headed?"

Randolph: "Put him in Jeff's ride and stay with him. You ladies go back to the hotel, relax and order breakfast; we'll join ya later. Mark, you and I can go with Holy Joe."

Joe: "Yes, I have a van, that would be better to hide Kuni."

Randolph: "Yeah, change that shit, y'all. Jeff, you and T.R. take the ladies back to the hotel, and drive carefully, shit. Pearson, you and Carter bring Kuni and come with us in the fuckin' van, shit."

T.R.: "Here's my home phone number and address, man." T.R. hands Randolph his business card as does Jeff, the cab driver.

Space: "What about me, man?"

Randolph: "You go with the ladies, Spaceman, and look out for 'em."

Space: "Ok, man."

Randolph: "Awright that's it. Later, J.C., and stay strong, shit."

J.C.: "You too, Randolph, it's been regrettably unforgettable, I must say."

Randolph: "Fuck you, ya bald head, crazy ass, big black butt, dementia precox, neurotic nigga."

. . .

(In the parking lot at Iscariot's)

Mark: "How much you got on you, R n'R?"

Randolph: "I got my MLK gold card and a check for fifteen huge, right Rev.?"

Rev.: "Yes, son, I have it in my name. This is so odd. J.C. was the most unusual person I ever met, a very strange man. I can't tell, is he deranged or just a weird, gifted sort of person?"

Randolph: "Naw, he's fuckin' all the way nuts. They all are birds of a fuckin' feather up in here. Right Sync?"

Sync: "But whom say ye that I am . . . ya lame, black ass mothafucka?"

Randolph: "You nuts too, ya hook face, fine feathered fuck. Later."

Chapter Thirty-one

. . .

Michigan Ave. Millennium Bank Notes, by George

The effulgent exterior was more than expected for a small town bank. The interior was the same size space these banks have, with polished marble floors and columns in the middle, strategically placed video cameras mounted for security, a vault area with a big shiny steel, round locked door, glass around teller cages and florescent lights, where two women tellers worked in the enclosed office area at different desks. The older, serious woman checked a stack of papers, as the other woman, a younger, hot looking, red head in an orange spaghetti strap dress and brown high heels waited on the men.

Randolph particularly noticed the young woman's haughty naughty nuance. She was about five nine with jade green, sparkling eyes, some brown freckles on her near bare shoulders; so Randolph imagined her nude, fiery crotch hair and pink quivering, fully freckled feminine, goose bumped buttocks. She wore a solid gold bracelet on her left arm and a gold watch on her right wrist. Her breasts were fleshy and full but firm. Her size nine figure was sensuously shaped, and her lips were red ripe and seemingly warm and sweet as a dish of Michigan Bing cherries jubilee.

Randolph: "Now stay mellow ev'rybody. Good mornin', sexy. I'd like to see the president of the bank, please."

Woman: "May I know what this is about, sir?"

Randolph: "Naw, not now, but I'll buy ya dinner tonight and tell ya in bed."

Woman: "Really, just a moment please." The young woman goes back to the offices in the rear while switching and shaking her own rear seductively.

Randolph: "Don't sweat shit, it's in the fuckin' bag. Relax, Rev., stay smooth, baby."

Rev.: "I'm relaxed, Randolph, even though I'm sweatin' bullets, I'm relaxed."

Mark notices the bank guard is unwisely absent and comments, "We could jack this fuckin' local yokel joint, if they run a jive ass game on us. We could take 'em down, R n'R."

Randolph: "Naw, you albino punk ass sissy." Two bank officers in blue suits, dress black shoes, white shirts and red ties approach Randolph. The folksy fat one is George Kostiers, the elder son of the founder of Kostiers Institute. He is fifty-five, about five foot eleven; he weighs three hundred pounds and exudes a greedy grin, wearing gleaming glasses while flashing a gold front tooth when he smiles. The other man, his brother Paul, is forty-three, thin, six five, disdainfully distrustful and rudely racist to a fault.

Randolph: "Whatzup, I'm Randolph Randall. This is the right Reverend Rufus Simmons, and this gentleman is our esteemed associate, Mark Ashton."

George: "Gentlemen, a pleasure, I'm George Kostiers. My brother, Paul here, and I welcome you all to Kostiers' First National Bank of Ypsilanti, Michigan."

Randolph: "And a beautiful bank it is too, George, and in a fine upstandin' little city." They follow the brother's back to the bank president's office.

George: "Yes, this way gentlemen have a seat, make yourselves to home. Now, how may I help you, fellas?"

Mark: "Well, we have just contracted to build a theme park in Los Angeles, California, and we've received this check from the owners of the project."

George: "A check you say, may I see it?"

Rev.: "Certainly, George." Rev. hands over the check.

George: "Whoa! Paul, check this check out!"

Paul: "Fifteen million, you're kiddin' and bullshittin'! Why you're a black ass, black face comedian!"

Randolph: "Why, ya see us laughin', white man, shit?"

George: "It's, Randall, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, and I'm in a hurry. I've got a meetin' this mornin' at ten. So, if you could move it right along, I'd like to withdraw two hundred and fifty K cash. That's two hundred thousand in millennium notes, fifty thousand in century notes and twenties please. Then the rest of my fiscal liquidity, I'm gonna transfer to the Buy Black Think Tank Bank, in South-Central L.A."

George: "Sorry, this account is no longer in our bank. It was closed some six months ago, and there was never anything near this amount deposited here by this customer."

Mark: "No shit?"

George: "This is a serious offense. If she wasn't wacko and it weren't so hilarious, I'd call the police." George and Paul burst out laughing.

Randolph: "Ya think it's fuckin' funny, huh?"

George tears the check to pieces.

Mark: "Hey! Don't tear it up! Shit."

George: "It's useless and worthless to anyone now, and no real harm done. Well guys, if that's it, we've got a bank to run."

Rev.: "I never thought this would happen in a million years, Randolph. I don't know what to say. Sister Griffin better have a good reason for this awful hoax. I can't believe she'd do this!"

Paul: "Reverend Simmons, right?"

Rev.: "Yes, pastor of the Saint Judas Baptist Church in Memphis, Tennessee."

George: "Well, that's certainly easy enough to remember. What could you possibly expect from an old demented woman, locked away in a mental institution? Why she's even called Insane Elaine. Excuse me, fellas, but I'm bustin' a gut!" They laugh at Randolph again.

Randolph: "Yeah, big George, have a good, big fat, belly laugh on me, you too, Tall Paul. But I smell somethin' shitty, Mark."

Mark: "Like what, R n'R, two old ofay farts?"

Randolph: "Tell me, George, do you know anythang about the electronics' arm of the entertainment industry?"

George: "Somewhat, why?"

Randolph: "I've got a guy wanted by ev'ry big legal and even illegal electronics' firm in the world. I'm holdin' him under citizen's arrest now. I'll bet that would be a windfall for a little boonies bank stuck up here in the middle of no fuckin' where, shit. One of these big ass electronic monsters could and would send a hell of a lotta business your way, if you could produce this great thorn in their cooperate backside. So this fifteen million is but a drop in the fuckin' toilet to me. Let's say Kaizen Corporation of America knew you had a fix on the sonovabitch I caught. They'd make a kamikaze killa bee-line here to pick him up for big-time bucks."

George: "How much we talkin' 'bout?"

Randolph: "You tell me, shit. We, Ashton and me worked at Kaizen for six years as they top executives, so we know for a fact they'd pay a cool billion."

George: "This guy white?"

Randolph: "No comment, but he's white hot as bomb grade raw plutonium."

Paul: "Where is he bein' kept, boy? And if he's so goddamn valuable, why do you guys need us?"

Randolph: "Fuck you, Paul, that's my goddamn fuckin' trade secret, shit. However, I'll turn the cocksucka over to you for a piece of the reward." Randolph arrogantly avoids answering Paul's pertinent question of why he needs them, and Mark diverts their attention.

Mark: "I gotta say, guys, for my end, I'd have to have a more substantial piece of the pie than before. I mean one billion is an ample pie, and I'll bet if we work together, we can put something up on the table incentively achievable money wise."

Paul: "You're Ashton, right?"

Mark: "Yes Paul, pleased to meet you."

George: "I'm gonna ask you, reverend, is this the God's honest truth? Do you guys have an electronics' industry, counterfeit fugitive held captive?"

Rev.: "Oh yes, George, it's the truth so help me God. I swear by my church, Saint Judas Baptist of Memphis, Tennessee, sir."

George: "What a name! Well, and you two guys worked for Kaizen Corporation of America, right?"

Mark: "Hell yeah, we ran it, man! Shit, check it out."

Randolph: "This is the fuckin' deal: we want two hundred and fifty million for this sucka when we give him to you. That's seven hundred and fifty million for you, plus, a possible investment in this neck of the woods, by one of six or seven, maybe twelve potential different electronic powerhouses this guy's been rippin' off, on hardware and software product for over ten years. They couldn't catch him, we did, go figure."

George: "A . . . you fellas have a seat outside in the reception area. I'll have my girl serve coffee and buns. It'll only take a few phone calls to check this out, and possibly set something up, if it all pans out. So bear with us, guys."

Randolph: "Yeah, ok, George, get on it, and I'll hang, shit."

(Back in the reception area)

Mark: "What the fuck, we could have jacked the mothafucks. That's what I tried to tell ya, R n'R." Mark was seriously desperate enough to commit grand larceny and rob the bank when the check bounced.

Randolph: "Naw, this is fuckin' bigger and better, shit. When they check, they ain't askin' or lookin' for references and opinions, they just wanna make damn sure we're fuckin' pros."

Rev.: "Yes, I told them about my church; I hope that was acceptable."

Randolph: "Way cool, Rev., shit."

The shapely redheaded woman comes into the reception area with a tray of coffee and buns.

Randolph: "Hey, sexy woman. I likes mine creamy white and sweet like you, ummm, and them hot buns ya got."

Woman: "Big teaser, huh?"

Rev.: "Regular, thanks Miss."

Mark: "I'll take mine sweet too, and some buns."

Randolph: "I hate to bother you, pretty lips, but I'd like an outside line please."

Woman: "You can use the office on your left."

Randolph: "If any monies layin' 'round, I'm keepin' it."

Woman: "You won't get away with anything in here, mister . . .?"

Randolph: "Randall, but call me R n'R."

Woman: "R n'R?"

Randolph: "Yeah, and what's your sweet ass name?"

The woman escorts Randolph to the empty office and stops to chitchat. "My name is Helen, Helen Kostiers."

Randolph: "No shit, you're too young to be a sister, so you gotta be what, the killa beekeeper's daughter?"

Helen: "George's daughter, why?"

Randolph: "Nothin', but your moms must be an angel 'cause you ain't got his devilish, stinger in the wasp nest looks at all."

Helen: "You sayin' my dad's ugly, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Hell yeah, just bein' truthful and tryin' to score points. How am I doin'?"

Helen: "Lousy so far. Are you a slick, big city con man?"

Randolph: "Naw, I'm just a horny travelin' salesman, mam, tryin' to get you to sample my wares."

Helen: "Oh, and what kind of merchandise are you peddlin' out here in the mitten of Michigan, sir?"

Randolph: "Oh, gadgets, trinkets and for my lady, the secret salve of the ages to keep you forever young, sexy and beautiful for life."

Helen: "Ain't nothin' can do all that, but good lovin', huh?"

Randolph: "What ya doin' after this business meetin', girl, you free?"

Helen: "I gotta work, and I can't date you. My guy would go psychotic."

Randolph: "Is it all that serious, Helen?"

Helen: "Sort of, we've been goin' together for five years."

Randolph: "What you say, the banker's daughter bein' kept from datin' for five years? That must be serious. But if you don't mind my curiosity, why aren't ya married yet?"

Helen: "Oh, that's an awful question, but it's not his fault or mine. My dad says he has to measure up first."

Randolph: "Measure up, huh? Well, what about me? Do you think I measure up?"

Helen: "Why hell no, you're a very shrewd and fast talkin', smooth operator type. Dad wouldn't let you get to the corner with me, man."

Randolph: "What about you though? I bet you don't feel like that do you?"

Helen: "I like people to be themselves, so it's ok by me if you're cocksure of yourself."

Randolph: "What if I said I was cocksure of you?"

Helen: "Whatever do you mean, sir?"

Randolph: "I mean if you wanted to do it, you could meet me at . . . what's your favorite place in town?"

Helen: "Meet you, why I couldn't do that, I hardly know you. You're just passin' through and Tom would, I don't know what, if I ever dated a . . ."

Randolph: "A black man . . . Helen?"

At this accurate accusation, Helen forgets about her fiancée's reaction to Randolph and asks, "Why do you want to see me so badly anyway? I'll bet you're married with nine hundred kids."

Randolph: "Married, but no kids."

Helen: "Lord, you men, how long have you been married, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Two years, Helen, all before I met you."

Helen: "Why you old flirt, you're really comin' on to me. You meet all kinds today, I swear."

Randolph: "Meet me somewhere, I can't contain my interest in you. I don't mean to brag, but I've been faithful my whole marriage. I don't know what's come over me. Do you feel it, Helen?"

Helen: "All I feel is your hungry, big brown, bloodshot, smoky eyes all over me. You're lookin' through me and strippin' me, man."

Randolph: "It's the strongest urge, the one between opposites. You know what I mean, right? We're a difference, racially and culturally. We come from way different world's . . . Helen."

Helen: "Stop sayin' my name so . . ."

Randolph: "So what . . . Helen?"

Helen: "Like that, so damn sexy, shit."

Randolph: "We gotta hook up, baby. I gotta supa, big black, urban jones for you that won't quit. In life you may meet a million men, I might know a million women, so we hafta make the right choice on the spur of the moment ev'ry time." Randolph makes a ridiculously ludicrous assertion to score, and does.

Helen: "I'd do it on one condition, R n'R."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, you way fine, red headed, pretty ass, freckle face, green-eyed doll baby, just name it."

Helen: "It's gotta be our secret, no one else can know."

George comes charging out of his office with a big bucks business banker's banter, "Ok gents, you can come on back in, we think we've got a handle on this thing now."

Randolph: "See ya later . . . Helen."

Helen: "Right . . . sir."
(Back in the President's Office)

George: "Sit down, guys, kick ya feet up and have a fuckin' cigar."

Randolph: "Shit yeah."

Mark: "Break out the good shit, George."

Rev.: "Good idea, Mark."

George: "Well, reverend, your church is wishin' you a safe trip home. They sent their best wishes and said hurry back. And you two guys really tore your ass over at Covert City. They're still mad as hell about your exploits, especially you, Randolph. They say you raped Marilyn Monroe! However, the story you told us, I told them and so far so good. If you've got a Mr. Kuni Ideiyuki in your hands, your stock has gone up considerably, right Paul?"

Paul: "Yeah, if you guys have the real Kuni, they'll do business."

Randolph: "One cool billion, right."

George: "The new head guy, Herb Teratineo said they also wanted an H.D. Louse. He said you'd know, and if you could get them both, you'd have a deal."

Randolph: "What? I ain't got him, that's bullshit tip. Louse is small potatoes; he's Kuni's nigga hustle in fuckin' rural sub-Africa, that's all. Aw, maybe he can be associated with this White Lion/2A/KKK buyout attempt, but shit, this Kuni capture could flush him out of his hole. If we stop his source of supply, finance and product production, he's dead in the mothafuckin' water, George, shit."

George: "I told them I thought it was Kuni. I talked to my broker on Wall Street. He checked and his expert analyst are certain a fourteen billion dollar bid is being raised as we speak to purchase Kaizen America by Kuni himself. Did you know this?"

Randolph: "Naw, but that ain't got shit to do with our deal, that's their worry. Look, I worked for these foreign fags see? They gonna go out of business if they don't get him for: counterfeit, smugglin', bribery, stealin', spyin', fire, flood, bodily harm and bein' a real threat to that whole Jap ass company." Randolph reverses his field now and praises the importance of Kuni over Louse.

George: "As you said, one billion for him would be a bargain. So after my second call, I arranged for them to send an official here to identify Kuni. They had to arrange that with Japan, they said, and someone will be here in the mornin'. So that's where we stand, any questions?"

Randolph: "Yeah, we still talkin' 'bout two hundred and fifty million for us, right George?"

George: "Yes, may I call you Randolph? I feel I know you much better now."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'd like it in writin' now, before they get here. And I want an advance against my share, shit no, your share for fifty K."

George: "Why, if you don't mind my askin'?"

Randolph: "I'm strapped at the fuckin' moment, George, and remember, I can do this deal standin' on my fuckin' head with any big fuck on the electronic consumer industries information highway, gettin' stung by this yella little bug."

George uses the intercom. "Helen, would you come in please? Bring your pad, and let Geraldine handle the window."

Mark: "Guys, I'm fuckin' hungry, so let's move this along, ok?"

Rev.: "Yes, me too. It's gettin' towards my lunch time."

Helen comes into the office.

George: "We won't detain you much longer, but you must admit the unexpected takes more time. Come in, dear, you've met these fellas from L.A. and Memphis?"

Helen: "Yes, hi."

Randolph: "Hi . . . Helen."

Rev.: "Miss."

Mark: "Hiya doin'?"

George: "Well Helen, I'm gonna dictate an agreement to you. Then you go out and type it up, make six copies. That'll be sufficient, right Paul?"

Paul: "Yeah, six sounds good."

George: "To whomever it concerns on this day, blah, blah, blah. We the party of the first part, Kostiers First National Bank of Ypsilanti, Michigan, do hereby acknowledge the purposed proposition of the party of the second part. Pardon me Helen, but what is the name of your firm, Randolph?"

Randolph: "Halcyon Entertainment, yeah!"

Mark: "Way to go, babe. You win, R n'R." Mark acknowledges Randolph's upper hand and concedes by finally accepting Halcyon for the company name.

George: "So Helen, that's Halcyon Entertainment."

Randolph: "H-a-l-c-y-o-n . . . Helen."

Helen: "What does it mean, Halcyon?"

Randolph: "Means happy . . . Helen, real waaay happy!"

George: "Good, now Helen . . . the payment of two hundred and fifty million."

Helen: "What?"

George: "She's my daughter, fellas, so bare with us. I felt it more prudent to keep this private as possible. Now Helen, you must keep your discourteous thoughts to yourself, dear."

Helen: "Ok, I'm sorry, dad. Please go on."

George: "Yes . . . two hundred and fifty million as a finder's fee, if and when they turn over a Mr. Kuni, with a K. K-u-n-i- Ideiyuki, I-d-e-i-y-u-k-i at nine a.m. tomorrow's date, so forth and so on, and upon a positive identification of one Mr. Kuni Ideiyuki by an official from Japan. That's it in a nutshell, fellas. Now after she types it up and makes copies, we can all sign it, and I'll advance you the fifty grand."

Helen: "What?"

George: "Now girl, hold that sharp tongue of yours . . . nepotism today."

Rev.: "Fine job, Miss, thank you."

Helen: "Yes sir."

Randolph: "Thanks . . . Helen."

Helen: "You're welcome . . . R n'R."

Mark: "Oh shit."

Helen leaves the meeting.

George: "I was wondering while we're waiting for the agreement, what the hell are you guys doin' out at the institute?" George pours more of the ninety proof bonded bourbon and branch water for the men.

Randolph: "Now George, you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

Paul: "Go ahead, try us."

Randolph: "We're gonna build the biggest and best theme park in the fuckin' world in South-Central L.A., shit."

Paul: "You mean that crazy gospel woman, and that ridiculous psychiatrist, Dr. Chryst, not to mention our poor, sick, nut job father, sold you on that ol' Jesus park flim flam."

Mark: "Careful boys, this is a real deal. You two guys don't see the raw theater in this idea. Think about it. If you want to do that kinda religious theme park, you gotta have some religious nuts and Jesus freaks."

Rev.: "Are you religious, George?"

George: "Why yes, I'm good with God, and reverend while we're at it, what could a holy man like yourself see in all this period piece, pious play actin'? These folks are mental patients, not actors."

Rev.: "Yes, but have you been to the institute? Have you seen the exhibits?"

George: "No, however, I've heard the tales and stories. I could and I should have closed it down years ago. But my senile daddy's only pleasure in life is out in that godless place, so we still carry it on the books, unadvisedly I might add. Anyway, we let it alone as long as no one is hurt. I've told that silly Doc Chryst, and what kinda name is that? I don't think there's a sane soul in the bunch."

Randolph: "Maybe, but we can sell the hell out of that kinda Kingdom Kum Christianity insanity. We're gonna have rides, music for days, a cast of thousands. No shit! We'll serve the authentic old Bible feast foods only. People will flock, run, float and fly to experience Jesus! And I mean Jesus! Have you seen him?"

Paul: "I know he's a double of Christ, and he has a nutty old mother and a young foolish woman follower and this hot babe, Magdalene. She sings and dances at Iscariots here in Ypsi, why?"

Mark: "Shit, you know a lot Paul. Have you been out there? Have you seen the exhibits?"

Paul: "I admit once, no twice. I went alone once, then I went back with my wife."

Randolph: "Ya see you were compelled to return to the scene. It's so powerful, even a take charge, mover shaker guy like you had to see it twice. Think about it."

Mark: "What's she doin', typin' with her toes? I'm fuckin' famished here, guys."

George: "Hold on, ol' son, she's comin' back now. Great Helen. Thank you, dear."

Helen returns to the meeting with the finished copies of the agreement. She looks directly into Randolph's bloodshot eyes and enunciates each word clearly for him to know her exact whereabouts after the meeting, "Ok dad, I'm goin' to the Ypsi Room at the Inn for lunch, and Geraldine's covering my window."

George: "Ok Helen, good job, dear."

Rev.: "Nice meetin' you, Miss."

Helen: "Same here, see ya . . . R n'R."

Randolph: "Yeah . . . Helen."

Mark: "Oh shit."

Helen leaves for lunch.

George: "Everything seems to be in order, guys. Looks like we have a deal to me. You guys check it out."

Randolph: "Where's the fifty large?"

Paul: "Comin', I'm countin' it out now over here." Paul is at his desk taking money from a drawer.

George: "Sign this and you can go. I know it's been a hectic mornin', but business knows not the hour, as they say."

Paul: "Fifty thousand cash advance, made out to Halcyon Entertainment, with you as the principal, Randolph."

Randolph: "Great Paul, break it off, shit. Thanks George, and not a moment too soon."

Paul hands Randolph a fresh stack of fifty reinstated, re-designed one thousand dollar bills (millennial notes) which Randolph counts, signs for, then puts in an envelope, along with the deal agreement and sticks the envelope in his side coat pocket.

George: "Well, we open at nine, gents, and we'll be anxiously awaitin' this identification expert in the mornin'. So keep this Kuni well. . . . He is alive and well, I presume?"

Randolph: "Man, they'd pay if he was a year dead, and we had his decayin', rottin', stinkin' corpse, shit."

George: "I see, strange situation, but it checked out so far. Well, good day, gentlemen, great doin' business with you all."

Randolph: "Yeah, way fuckin' financial fun, shit."

Mark: "I'm starvin' here."

Rev.: "Thank you both for your astute business acumen. I enjoyed dealin' with you."

. . . .

(Back out on Michigan Avenue)

Randolph: "I feel like I just jacked these mothafucks, Mark. I don't know about you guys, but I'm headin' to the fuckin' Ypsi Room at the Inn. Shit."

Mark: "To bang the banker's daughter, R n'R, you old dog, and your father-in-law, the good pastor right beside you. You mangy dog."
(At Joe's parked van)

Randolph: "Fuck you, I got somethin' way business in mind. Hey, Holy Joe, where's Kuni? Shit!"

Joe: "Pearson and Carter took him out to eat in the park for hot dogs and junk. He was complainin' about his jaw and he said he wanted some food."

Mark: "Oh shit."

Randolph: "Which way is the fuckin' park? Shit."

Joe: "Two blocks up on . . ."

Mark: "Michigan Avenue, right?"

Joe: "Yeah, how'd you know that?"

Mark: "You got any other fuckin' streets up in this burg? Shit."

Randolph: "Let's get up there quick. I just made a deal for that little Jap ass bastard. Step on it, dammit!"

Joe: "Alright, hang on."

Before Joe can turn the key in the ignition, Mark spots Carter and Pearson dragging Kuni by his arms to the van. "Here they come. Shit! R n'R, Kuni's out on his fuckin' feet."

Randolph: "Hey Pearson, is he ok? Shit."

Pearson: "Yes, I had to use force though, he tried to escape."

Randolph: "Anybody see you? Shit! Get him in the van fast."

Joe: "Where are you gonna take him?"

Randolph: "Shit, Holy Joe, hide him at the goddamn institute, but first drop me off at the fuckin' Ypsi Room at the Inn."

Joe: "That's on the corner of Michigan and Maple, no problem. I can keep him in a cell at Kostiers, down in the lower level under the tower and main building on the left-hand side."

Randolph: "No shit, will anybody know he's there?"

Joe: "No, just me, if I work it right. I'll hold him there. How long we talkin' about?"

Randolph: "I'll bring his yella Jap punk ass back to the bank in the mornin' by nine sharp. I'll be out there tonight, so tell da Magdalene I wanna see her, and tell her I said don't go no fuckin' where, shit."

Rev.: "Randolph, how could you, son?" Rev. feels Gwen's pain.

Randolph: "Business, Rev., I'll explain later. Holy Joe, he's way valuable, so don't let him trick your ass now."

Joe: "Ok, and I'll tell Magdalene."

Rev.: "She asked a lot a questions about you while my clothes were dryin', now I understand." Rev. refers to Kostiers Institute.

Randolph: "Yeah, I know. She's a long darkhaired, lily-white ass, sweet talkin', sugar walkin', sexy smellin' . . . Randolph takes the cash from the envelope while lusting out loud about the Magdalene. "Now Rev., you and Mark take this dough here . . . twenty-five large for you, Rev. and the same for you Mark. Albino, you get back to the hangar at Detroit Metro Airport, take care of the plane. Cop and tear up that rubber check, shit. And Rev., you pay the hotel bill 'til tomorrow and watch the ladies, right?"

Rev.: "Yes, that's right, son."

They arrive at the Ypsi Room at the Inn Motel, a modern four story, red brick building with green shrubbery and a parking lot in the rear.

Randolph: "This it, Holy Joe?"

Joe: "Right."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, I'll see ya tonight. I've gotta be at the bank tomorrow mornin' at nine, so watch him for me, Holy Joe. We got two hundred and fifty huge ridin' on this slick ass little Jap, ya dig?"

Carter: "We're back in business! You said you'd do it, Randall, and you did. Although I don't have the slightest idea what you did, or what I'm talking about money wise."

Randolph: "Later."

Joe: "See ya, big man. I'll watch him, see ya tonight."

Mark: "Don't spend all ya sperm, R n'R."

Randolph: "Fuck ya, ya pale face, pussy eatin' asshole faggot."

Rev.: "You men curse so flagrantly. Where did you get such a godless habit?"

Mark: "He was in the navy, heavyweight boxin' champ of the 6th Fleet . . . he said. And when we met in Harlem, I was an ex-British Navy man too, and now we're both vulgar boatmen in the same ol' boat, showmanship."

Rev.: "No wonder you cuss like sailors."

Mark: "Goddamn mothafuckin' worst, shit."

. . .

(In the Ypsi Room at the Inn Restaurant)

Helen is sitting in the Wiggle Room as the restaurant is called that doubles as a popular local disco at night. She's alone at a rear booth in a darkened corner, surrounded by plants and shadow. "What took you so long? I've been nibblin' this salad for almost a half hour, R n'R, man."

Randolph: "Look, I ain't gonna try to sweet talk ya, or romance ya, or butter ya up none, unless ya need butter. So, where's the privacy? Shit."

Helen: "You sure are hot to trot. Now you just sit yourself down; it's dark and private right here. Oooh . . . hey!"

Randolph French kisses Helen. "I had to do it . . . there, and that too, ummm, uh! Ya taste so goddamn good. Where's the room? Woman, did ya get us a room?"

Helen: "Upstairs, here's the key, see?" Helen shows Randolph the room number and key.

Randolph: "213, good girl, Helen. Look, you scoot on up there, see, and I'll be right behind your flat hot hips as fast as my third leg can carry me, ok?"

Helen: "Well, ok, but I've got a lotta questions to ask you, mister. Like how the hell did you ever get my father to agree to promise you two hundred and fifty million dollars, and give you a fifty thousand dollar advance? I still don't fuckin' believe it!"

Randolph: "I'll tell you ev'rythang after I bust your honky jones, ya foxy red-headed, long legged, big titted, sweet smellin'. . ."

Helen: "Ok, ok, I'm goin' and you hurry up!" Helen leaves for the room while Randolph waits a minute, and looks around the restaurant full of lunch crowd strangers. Then sure no one knows him, he goes to the phone booth and calls T.R. at his home in Bloomfield, Michigan, a suburb of Detroit.

T.R.: "T.R."

Randolph: "Hey nigga, me, listen up. I got the deal at the bank."

T.R.: "No shit!"

Randolph: "Yeah, look, go to 12th Street in Detroit and find a baad ass cat name Roosta Red, see? Tell 'em R n' R sent ya. I wanna hire him and his bunch to protect my people. I need about twenty guys: ten at hangar number thirty and ten at the Detroit Metro Airport, Room at the Inn, ya dig?"

T.R.: "Yeah, man, 12th Street is Rosa Parks Boulevard now. When do ya need 'em?"

Randolph: "Now nigga, hurry. Louse is comin' like a mothafucka, later."

. . .

(At the door of Room 213)

Randolph: "Yeah, it's me, Helen. Open up, sweetie baby."

Helen opens the door. "R n'R, do you have protection?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah, and a erection." Randolph and Helen undress quickly, and he finally sheds his gold lame' suit, green snake mesh woven dress shoes, yellow tie and burgundy red shirt again, but he left his collapsible purple fedora straw hat on. "And now, I'm gonna give ya a fuckin' show! You'll love it. Damn! That's right, sugar, take 'em off quick like that. Oh, I'm hard as times, shit."

Helen: "Oh! And big n' round and long as two Hebrew National Salamis, my God! And black as tar!"

Randolph: "Here, you take over, I might spill somethin', honey, shit."

Helen: "Don't you dare spill that sweet sexy seed, yet."

Randolph: "Let me see ya, yeah! Redheaded all over, I love it! The burnin' rosebush, c'mon, c'mon!" Randolph picks the hard breathing, naked squirming redhead up by her hot, spreaded, damp buttocks.

Helen: "Yeah! Lift me up, oh yeah. Hold me up!"

Randolph: "Standin' ups the fuckin' best, huh? Shit! Ya likes standin' up? Damn!"

Helen: "Whoa! Don't fuckin' move, just let me do it!"

Randolph: "Gimmie them titties, shit!"

Helen: "Suck 'em, nigger! Go on fuck! Suck my tits, yeah! Put your, oh!" Randolph inserts his he-man size middle finger in her uptight, racist anus as a preview of thangs to come.

Randolph: "Ya likes my big black finger up ya hot, cracker asshole, woman? Look, watch this shit." Randolph drops her on the bed and begins to put on his onanistic condom clown show.

Helen: "Oh! I can't stand it. Hurry up, how'd you do that . . . with your mouth? Did you put that rubber on . . .? That's hot! Fuck me deep n' hard . . . yeah!" And just before penal penetration the phone rings.

Randolph: "Damn! You expectin' a call, Helen?"

Helen: "No! Let it ring, shit!"

Randolph: "Naw, could be important, an emergency or some shit."

Helen: "Goddammit! Go on."

Randolph: "Naw, shit, you answer it." Helen grabs the receiver.

Helen: "Hello! Who the fuck is it . . . Louse?"

Randolph: "Gimmie . . . yeah!"

Louse: "Randolph, you lucky, dumb, lecherous old fool. You got your eyesight back. I still don't believe it. Well, I also hear you have my partner."

Randolph: "Look, Louse . . ."

Helen: "Louse huh, well you got that part right."

Randolph: "You can't see this fine, curvy, heavy breathin', antsy ass redhead woman up in here. But if ya don't say somethin' hip quick, I'm hangin' up on ya skinny black, ugly lookin', punk ass."

Louse: "Kuni isn't going to be turned over to Kaizen or any other competitor. I'll have over fifty of our best people comb this stupid hick town. And before sun up, we'll have him back."

Randolph: "Yeah, ya got one mo' minute, shit. 'Cause this woman is fine an-a-mothafucka, and I don't give a shit 'bout you or Kuni now."

Louse: "Whatever they offered you . . . I'll double it! Think it over, I'll call you back in an hour."

Randolph: "Fuck you!" Randolph hangs up.

Helen: "Nooo, fuck me, R n'R! What the hell was that about?"

Randolph: "Guy wants to double my reward money, shit."

Helen: "Double what my dad and you agreed to?"

Randolph: "Yeah, sweet, huh?"

Helen: "I'll say, how the fuck do you do it? I've been here all my life and I'm twenty-four years old. I've heard the big money talk all over that bank. But today was the first time I ever witnessed an operator of your caliber, sir. And I mean it as a compliment to your business finesse and skill."

Randolph: "Ya better git ya fiery orangutan, red cunt over here, and finesse on this, girl. That's right . . . oh shit! The phone rings again. Not a fuckin' 'gain! He said an hour, damn! (Randolph snatches the receiver) . . . WHAT!?"

Mark: "R n'R, whatzup?"

Randolph: "Ya albino fuck, are ya nuts? You saw who I'm with, right?"

Mark: "Yeah, fine young hot, green-eyed, red-headed piece of mid-west white girl, pancake flat ass pussy, right?"

Randolph: "Shit Yeah!"

Mark: "Good pussy?"

Randolph: "Man, I don't know yet. The phone keeps mothafuckin' ringin', now your ass. Whatzup? Shit."

Helen: "Who is that? How many people know we're here? Shit! We should sell fuckin' tickets."

Randolph: "Naw, just Mark my partner. Go on, albino, shit, and make it fast."

Mark: "I wanna go back to the institution when you go tonight."

Randolph: "Why, shit? Oh, the Gethsemane Girls, right?"

Mark: "Bingo, I feel like somethin' way strange, shit, sort of a pre-celebration of our deal."

Randolph: "Well, I think we have a dark cloud on the horizon."

Mark: "Louse?"

Randolph: "Yeah, he just hung up before you called."

Mark: "So, what's the fuckin' clue?"

Randolph: "No clue, he just made a double or nothin' deal to me."

Mark: "Say what?"

Randolph: "Yeah, twice what we got comin', if we turn Kuni over to him, shit!"

Mark: "Hey nigga, that's some good phat bread, what'cha fuckin' think? Shit."

Randolph: "Naw, he's fuckin' lyin', we got his black ass this time. He sounded way wounded, shit."

Mark: "Well, you know the cocksucka best. Oh, I also wanted to say that that was the best hustle, scam, game you ever fuckin' ran, R n'R. That one will go in the goddamn books for all time, shit. But why did we need the bank after the check bounced, and how'd Kuni become their deal, and why a bank? Was it simply the right place, right time, or a felt right at the time to authenticate the capture, assure I.D. and reward money situation? Regardless, the bank got too much, seven hundred and fifty huge too much, why R n'R?" Mark grapples with another of Randolph's famous no brainers, for which there is no rationale, only rash action.

Randolph: "Yeah, meet me down in this lobby alone, in an hour, shit."

Mark: "Cool."

Randolph: "Later."

Helen: "If that goddamn phone rings again, I'm out of here, R n'R!"

Randolph: "I know, I fuckin' know, c'mere."

Helen: "You sure?"

Randolph: "Fuckin' A, yeah, fight me! I love it, shit! Yeah, scratch me. Ahh! Yeah, bite me. Hell yeah, ya feelin' me?"

Helen: "Don't you stop, you big black, sexy hung nigger, fuck my white cunt black and blue."

The phone rings . . . again.

Randolph: "Oh shit! Sorry, baby chile. Hello!"

Mark: "Me again, R n'R . . . you'd better get back here first, seems the gang needs a company business meeting, ya dig?"

Randolph: "Yeah . . . I can spare an hour or so, after that I'm . . . we're headin' to Holy Joe's."

Mark: "Yeah!"

Randolph: "Later."

Helen: "I'm snatchin' that phone outta this wall!"

Chapter Thirty-Two

. . .

Samurai Speed Bump

Randolph arrives at the company meeting in the Detroit Metro Room at the Inn, showers and changes clothes. He's now resplendent in a cool linen lime suit, with green mesh summer dress shoes, no tie, a black silk dress shirt open to his manly hairy chest, a red rosebud in his lapel and wrap around shades. The ladies are relaxed and lounging in see-through belly t-shirts, uni-tards and low slung panties, shorts, fashion lingerie, slacks and whatever suits their individual fancy. The guys are lean and mean in he-man shirts, race striped jeans, summer casual chinos and short cargo pants, etc., but ready for business.

Vernice: "Teddy Kotex called, he's got a red hot new hit record. He said you and he started Laugh Track Records, Ha Ha Hee Hee Ho Ho, Ho's! together in Hollywood. And he got Melanoma Black, the adult entertainer to record it, 'cause you and her were tight that night. So now, he needs promotion, distribution, and manufacturing start-up money like a mofo. He said he agrees with you, niggas oughta own they own shit. He won't say how he got our number, but I have his number, and he's over anxious."

Randolph: "Yeah, I remember. Teddy Kotex is a hell of a musician, fucks almost much as me, gimme that number. (Vernice hands him the number.) Yeah. . . ."

Randolph calls Teddy.

Teddy: "Teddy Kotex, ev'ry twenty-eight days."

Randolph: "Hey nigga, R n'R, shit."

Teddy: "I know, I know! Shit, man, I'm goin' through the fuckin' roof with a monsta smash! It blew up so fast, I ain't had time to wipe my ass and press it, shit, ya dig, it's all turntable so far. All the D.J.'s are on it. Ev'rybody fuckin' wants it! You know Melanoma? Goddamn! She knows your big dick, black ass. She's your fuckin' supastar singin', rappin' sexy ass bitch! I got a real deal request from the new fuckin' president of Kaizen hisself, shit, Herb Teratineo. I played bass on it, goddammit. I caught that mothafucka, R n'R, shit. It's a stone dick head, man!" Randolph figures maybe Kaizen gave him the phone number in Ypsi, since they knew now of his whereabouts.

Randolph: "Yeah, hey, ya mothafucka, I'm sendin' you one huge, shit."

Teddy: "Goddamn! And you my mufuckin' fifty-fifty partner for life!"

Randolph: "Later, partner."

Mark: "Hey, my nigga! How many fuckin' partners you got? Shit."

Randolph: "As many as I fuckin' want, ya jive albino, punk ass pussy."

Bitch Ho: "You spreadin' yourself too fuckin' thin, Ran, shit."

Randolph: "Bitch Ho, you seen me buck wild mad naked, shit. It's enough to go 'round." All but Babs and Vernice had seen his massive, gangly member draped over his thigh by now, and/or the towering tent poles he makes under the sheet with his proud phallic erections.

Babs: "Aw, fuck you, R n'R."

Carter: "Vaunt as much as you want about your nozzle, Randall, but I'd like to know as treasurer and comptroller of Halcyon Entertainment . . . what is and why is and who is Laugh Track Records, Ha Ha Hee Hee Ho Ho, Ho's!"

Randolph: "Yeah, ya sidditty shareholders asshole, Kuni ransom revenue, red ink mothafucka, I'll tell ya jive ass 'bout Teddy. Teddy Kotex is my main music man! Shit."

Bitch Ho: "I remember him, Ran. Casper Lonesome's slap happy bass player, take ya ass home when he play. Make ya dance yo' fonky butt off right, Ran? Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, Jody nigga was introduced to me by Lil' Robert T. Life at Cerulean Blue, Lil' Robert's hot ass, blues joint in Hollywood. We had a few tequilas together. Teddy had this big ass, blond bim floozy, and I had Melanoma." Gwen enters the room just in time to hear about another woman and Randolph.

Gwen: "Oh, Ran, why?"

Randolph: "Shit, I heard her sing and shout, so I thought the ho was way fuckin' funny, see? Then I said, shit, they oughta play a laugh track behind the bitch when she fuckin' sings. She so goddamn jive, lame and phony Mahoney. In fact Phony Mahoney, you know, the guitar hack that comes in and wants to sit in all the fuckin' time was producin' her. So I says to Teddy . . . hey nigga, when the bushy twat broad sings, do that shit. Play a real fuckin' laugh track behind her in the right spots durin' the song, see? Just when the sexy sucka thinks she's cookin', and just when anybody else who could really sing would be whalin' in the golden groove and hittin' the platinum pocket, shit, I told the nigga to play good behind her. Hire soulful cats only in the band. And I guess he did that shit, and it fuckin' worked like a Mississippi field hand, dammit."

Space: "Yeah, I heard it, it's way dope, man!"

Randolph: "Keep on tapin' all this good shit, Spaceman. Keep that video camera on, man."

Space has the latest Kaizen digital camcorder. "You told me to do it, so I bought a ton of tape, and I'm glad I did. Thanks big guy, way thanks for the tip, man."

Carter: "Well, I approve of this recording deal, Randall. But really with nothing down in writing and no agreement contract, how can we be sure Halcyon will collect it's share?"

Mark: "Ain't nobody crazy enough to fuck us over now, dammit; we juicy an-a-mothafucka, shit. We rollin', right R n'R?"

Randolph: "Yeah, bangin', shit. That nigga Teddy is like a lotta black cats today, who wanna own big-time shit. I'm glad he caught one."

Mia: "Caught one?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, a fuckin' big ass hit record, like the kids say, da bomb! Shit."

Gwen: "So this Melanoma Black can't sing?"

Randolph: "Naw lover, but that's her fuckin' gimmick, see? The bitch thinks she's the goddamn Queen of Fuckin' Soul! Shit. So I say to Teddy Kotex . . ."

Everyone laughs.

Janet: "Teddy Kotex, really, R n'R. Is that his real name?"

Randolph: "Go on ya fucks, laugh, shit. But he's so close to bitches, and so up into 'em, they stuck that name on 'em . . . cute, huh?"

Monika: "Yes, if we don't find that he menses his words with us."

Randolph: "Very funny, Money Honey. You fucks heard his shit?"

Babs: "What's the name of it? Shit."

Bitch Ho: "Sore as a whore at the Million Man March, my feet's so sore I gotta fallen arch. Some shit like that . . . it's waaay hip-hop! Then niggas start laughin' loud, you know like signifyin'. And little kids laugh at her ass when she starts rappin' and shit."

Mark: "Rap?"

Bitch Ho: "Shit yeah and hip-hop, man, it's representin' the biggest novelty in . . .?"

Space: "Twenty years, I heard the top forty station say. And all without one DAT sold 'cause the labels shoppin' for financin'."

Carter: "That's us, we're the label, the parent label."

Mia: "I'm drawing this agreement up, R n'R. We'll need a contract before Mr. Kotex gets one red cent from you."

Randolph: "Naw, 'cause he called in righteous like he did, I know he's gonna pay off, shit."

Janet: "R n'R, you don't keep track of money at all, do you?"

Randolph: "Not after I get it, shit. I just stay nigga rich."

Babs: "But is that enough? Shit. We can make more fuckin' money than anybody in the goddamn entertainment industry! We don't have to kiss ass or worry whether somebody's tryin' to fuck us. We way bad, shit!"

Randolph: "Yeah, that's the idea. Don't worry 'bout a mothafuckin' thang, shit."

Pearson: "What about Louse?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Mark: "Oh shit."

Carter: "I read H.D. Louse is about to open a serious bid for Kaizen America Entertainment."

Randolph: "So fuckin' what?"

Mia: "Fifteen billion tops, that's for the Covert City catalog and back lot only. Nobody's talkin' 'bout anything else in the business."

Bitch Ho: "Kick his black ass, Ran! You can buy it back. Shit! We use to work there, remember?"

Randolph: "Naw, I don't want Kaizen or White Lion/2A/KKK. I got Halcyon Entertainment, shit, Scripture Park and Laugh Track Records!"

All: "Ha Ha Hee Hee Ho Ho, Ho's!"

Monika: "How much is `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars´ gonna make, Ran?" Monika loves to hear Randolph speculate as to her `quote´ (salary) and the enormous monetary size and scope of her proposed pictures profit.

Randolph: "Shit, one hundred huge for you, then way more than we spend, foreign n' domestic, redoubled two or three times over. And when we get to the video stores, it'll be fuckin' all the way smokin'."

Vernice: "The irreverent Reverend Rump's on the phone, R n'R, and he said he knows about Insane Elaine, us and the fifteen huge! Mia gave him the number when she dropped the charges this morning, and as fate would have it, he was in L.A." Rump was in L. A. to compete as a hobby in the Moby Dick Contest, held privately by invitation only, top secret in a famous Hollywood Hotel men's locker room, where he proudly won the `Bigger than (Milton) Berle Award´ of twenty-five thousand dollars.

Randolph picks up. "Shit yeah. How's it hangin', nigga?"

Rev. Rump: "Ain't no thang, shit." Did you buy that Clarksdale, Mississippi studio like I told ya black ass, boy?" Rump refers to a conversation they had some months before.

Randolph: "Fuck ya, ya old wrinkled ass piece of shit. I own stock and equipment up in the mothafucka. That's all the proprietor, Lil' Robert T. Life will bear at the fuckin' moment."

At Mark's advice, instead of paying High Art Leisure's bail, Randolph dropped the charges against him and his accomplices, thus reducing his bail, and Rump freed the other two hard hoodlum hustlers until a trial date is set.

Rump: "You, Casper and that way short, small-time, big headed punk ass niggah, Lil' Robert, got my home state's Delta Blues by the balls n' shit, R n'R. Now it's black gospel's turn, niggah.

"I talked to High Art Leisure, my own gawddamn real dark ass baby brotha in L.A. this mornin'. He said you did right by him. So, as I was in L.A., I bailed all they black butt holes out of jail, shit. That crazy cunt KoKo stole my fuckin' diamond ring, I bless dumb ass niggah's with it. They kiss the muthafucka, you know, shit? It's a fuckin' holy rolla ring. Bitch just now jumped bail; they don't know where she is. They all s'pose to stay put in L.A. ' til after the trial.

"My DAT is almost finished. My mass ass choir is slammin', shit. You put me up in yo' mix; you bust a hole up in the entire gawddamn gospel thang wide open! We caught one, son!"

Randolph: "Ya old fart faced beggar, ya gotta come to Scripture Park with that shit. I'll put it out sight unfuckin' seen, live, on my Laugh Track, Ha Ha Hee Hee Ho Ho, Ho's! label, ya dig, and call it `Gawddamn Gospel! ´"

Rump: "Yeah man, that's fuckin' butta, but I still wants my bread, or you be toast up in that mug and in a hell of a gawddamn jam. So I'll see you soon, niggah. Bye."

. . .

(Strategy meetin' for a foreign black n' yella ass beatin')

Vernice: "T.R., Roosta Red and his street gang with no name are waitin'. They just got up in here from Detroit."

Babs: "All gangs got the same name . . . trouble."

Pearson: "A street gang, is this wise, Randolph?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Roosta's cool. We tangled. Well, we met in 1967 on 12th Street then, gamblin' the night of the riot, shit. So send the wild ass, rough neck, way red nigga on up in here, shit."

Roosta Red is a forty-five year old, ruddy buddy black man as Randolph calls him, with straight reddish brown hair, about six foot one, one hundred and eighty pounds, goatee, small beard, pewter grayish eyes, broken nose, (courtesy of Randolph) a three inch scar down the right side of his neck, starting from his ear. Another scar stretches across his forehead that required numerous stitches. Bullet wounds and stab wounds and tattoos decorate his hard lean, mean body. He is a rough as they come ex-con alumnus from the joint in Marion, Illinois, a federal maximum-security prison, the worst one in America that once housed deceased John Gotti. Roosta is the toughest street hoodlum in Detroit.

Roosta: "Hey, you big ol' gut busta, what'cha doin', shit? Got trouble, huh? Well okay, mawfucka, that ain't shit, 'cause we up in here now."

Randolph: "Yeah, Ruddy Buddy, we got trouble, fifty or so fucks, some Japs, Jap gangstas, ya dig?"

Pearson: "And don't forget Nigerians."

Babs: "Yeah, Louse has Nigerian help, and Kuni has Japanese."

Randolph: "How the fuck you know what Louse got, bitch?"

Babs: "I'm a Bitch now, huh? How the fat fuck you think, dummy? He hired and fired me!" Babs angrily admits she was a mole for Louse.

Bitch Ho: "No shit, you admit you set Ran up, bitch? I'll kill . . .!"
Bitch Ho lunges at Babs, as Randolph stops her.

Randolph: "Naw, quit it, Bitch Ho. We straight now, I understand how it was, shit."

Gwen: "She's a shapely spy. Ran, you should banish her, right daddy?"

Rev.: "Now daughter, she's on our side now. She's crossed over Jordan. What did Rump say, son? I hate that devilish scum."

Randolph: "I know, Rev. He's recorded da bomb, and we need each other. That's why I'm glad we let him bail High Art Leisure and them outta jail this mornin', shit. So promise me you'll cooperate 'bout Rump." Rev. nods unenthusiastically.

Mia: "Why didn't Louse bail them out if he hired them?"

Mark: "Louse has somethin' else on his mind."

Randolph: "Yeah, us."

Mark: "Halcyon Entertainment and Scripture Park would be an asset now because he's all electronic hardware, and we're hardcore software, black porno on the hip-hop, gospel, blues tip."

Babs: "Buy the son of a bitch out, R n'R. I can taste it, outbid the punk ass sissy once and for fuckin' all. Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, maybe, but not now, we ain't juicy enough yet. Fifteen billion ain't fuckin' easy. We need to get a partner for that way enormous scratch, shit."

Carter: "Whom do you suggest? I love the idea! I think we should approach incubator companies; all they do is invest!"

Randolph: "Naw, not now, ya shrewd short changin' shit head, so back off, ya syndicate slave wage driven sucka."

Mark: "We're sittin' pretty here, we got a fuckin' bank and a crack at Chrysler, Ford and General Motors money. We can get some Kellogg's Cornflakes scratch here in Michigan. Goddammit R n'R, let's do it!"

Randolph: "Naw, not now you ambitious avaricious fucks. I ain't ready to buy no mothafuckin' movie studio, shit, a whole goddamn back lot, a film plant, a catalog and a real pipeline, damn. It don't fuckin' feel right yet, shit."

Rev.: "Son, we have a fat chance at this juncture others will never know. We're a surprise underdog success!"

T.R.: "Yeah, I came back like you said with Roosta, 'cause I sensed you'd go all the way."

Randolph: "You came back to see if you could cop some of this hot ass cunt, slinkin' 'round up in here, ya slick ass shyster Calhoun lawyer mothafucka."

(Laughter all around)

T.R.: "You can laugh, go on, but I believe in ya, BROTHAMAN, and that little pretty sexy, hip-hop, O.G. nigga over there too."

Bitch Ho: "Fuck you, man. I don't know your narrow eyes ass, and I don't wanna, nigga. And don't touch me, shit, I'll cut you."

Pearson: "She's not your type, a . . . T.R. isn't it? And she's spoken for." Pearson shocks the gang by voicing his true feelings about Bitch Ho out loud.

All: "No shit!"

Bitch Ho: "Look, ya Irving ass Odessa (secret Neo-Nazi organization) Mussolini head mothafucka, don't ever speak for me, dammit. I'm my own fuckin' woman, shit."

Babs: "You lucky anybody'd care 'bout your stupid, dumb ass, silly dilly shit."

Bitch Ho goes at Babs again, and Randolph catches her by the hot, wet seat of her low slung, red panties. "I kill your black, wild, African jungle bunny ass, bitch."

Randolph: "Hold on, Little Bit. Come on and break out some more of that . . .?"

Babs: "Black tar heroin, shit, that's what she sold me."

Rev.: "You're all incorrigible. Gwen, don't dwell on this side of the coin."

Gwen: "I wish all you women would stay away from Ran; he's my man, goddammit!" Gwen's claim, although heartfelt and deeply moving, falls on deaf ears.

Roosta: "How do you figure he's gonna hit us, G?"

Randolph: "Hell, he'll bust through the fuckin' door, we got his supplier. The nigga don't manufacture shit, so he can't move n' shake. He's mad an-a-mothafuck, see, and we got his little yella gun runnin', counterfeitin', rich ass backer, Jap zero sucka on ice, out cold."

Monika: "On ice . . . where, Ran?"

Randolph: "I got 'em, Money Honey, and that's on me. So if they grab ya supastar sexy ass, you don't know shit. I mean sodium amytal will way loosen ya fuckin' tongue, right Pearson?"

Pearson: "Yes, we . . . rather the Nazis beat it out of prisoners they would eventually kill anyway. But if they valued a captive, they used a drug like that."

Randolph: "Ya can't spill ya fuckin' guts, if ya don't fuckin' know shit."

Mark: "How much can we get these local bank guys to spend, R n'R?"

Randolph: "More, shit."

Pearson: "You know we're bugged, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, and maybe not, you said nobody's been up in here, so we're in the clear for now. What time is it? Shit."

T.R.: "It's gettin' up on 9:30, man."

Randolph: "Oh shit, guys, let's get on back."

Space: "Back where?"

Randolph: "Never fuckin' mind, we gotta hook this shit up righteous. Louse will be on us like presidents on money. So Rev., and Spaceman, let my ruddy buddy, Roosta Red here, handle the outside perimeter, but if Louse gets through, y'all stall his ass. Shit, I'll be back later on."

Gwen: "When, Ran?"

Randolph: "In the mornin', shit, I gotta get that Jap ass, yella devil over to the bank."

Roosta: "I got ten niggas outside, shit, and ten mo' over at ya hangar like ya said."

Bitch Ho: "I hope we do get some fuckin' action. We ain't never fought no yella punk ass Japs n' black butt Nigerians. Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah well, you will any minute now. Vernice, you keep on takin' notes, girl. Janet, you watch the women, make sure they're cool, babe."

Janet: "Ok, R n'R."

Bitch Ho: "Why her, Ran? Shit, I got your fuckin' back."

Randolph: "Yeah, but Janet's got yours, and I won't be here."

Bitch Ho: "Shit."

Babs: "I can watch my own fuckin' back. Let 'em come, shit."

Gwen: "I'll help Janet, Ran; we'll be fine."

Randolph: "Yeah, honey bee, y'all let the right reverend do the talkin' if Louse gets up in here."

Mark: "It's cool. Let's split, R n'R. T.R., you ready?"

T.R.: "Yeah." T.R. buys heroin from Bitch Ho.

Randolph: "Later."

Gwen: "Kiss me, Ran, I love you. Be careful and don't worry."

Randolph: "Ok, baby sugar, you too, ummm." Randolph and Gwen kiss.

T.R. gazes at Bitch Ho with a longing expression of wishful thinking in his lustful, bright brown, narrow eyes.

Bitch Ho: "T.R., don't look at me like that, man."

T.R.: "Woman, you way crazy, shit."

Monika: "Tell Joe hello, if you should see him."

Randolph: "Tell him yourself in the mornin', way pretty."

Pearson: "Well, this is the big hand to hand battle for control . . . our moment of truth as in the Berlin bunker."

Bitch Ho: "Bald headed, fathaland freak, geek eyeglass wearin', Nazi nerdy, fascist faggot."

Pearson beams his contentment at being cursed and flagrantly flayed by his beloved concupiscence.

. . .

(On the way back to Kostiers)

Randolph: "If they don't fuckin' kill each other, they got it goin' on, shit."

Mark: "Why didn't you take Pearson and Carter back with us?"

Randolph: "I want 'em there, shit. If he's watchin' us, ev'rythang's near normal, ya dig?"

Mark: "And for God's sake, R n'R, why ten street gang guys posted at the hangar?"

Randolph: "If we don't cop the finder's fee bank bread, we need all that shit to protect the old plane, plus, pussy pilots to get back home."

Mark: "Now what, he sees us leavin' in a Hummer, what then?"

Randolph: "He'll fuckin' just follow us to the institute, away from the ladies."

Mark: "Oh, so you want to face him at Kostiers, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Stagger Lee, I got shit for his black ass back there . . . Be careful T.R., Damn!"

T.R. hits Gemble Road hard. "Ok man, I got it. Hey, ain't nobody behind us, so far."

Mark: "Shit, T.R., ya snorted too much of this black tar smack."

Randolph: "Yeah, pass the fuckin' mirror and straw and shit back here, albino." T.R. and Mark, then Randolph snorted Bitch Ho's heroin.

T.R.: "Good shit, hook me up with that gang girl, uh Sharon."

Randolph: "Naw nigga, you gotta go through her shit on your fuckin' own, good luck."

T.R.: "I will, man. She's a fine ass sista, best I ever met. She's supa bad as this opiate, baby."

Mark: "Watch the fuckin' road, T.R., shit." Mark is in the front passenger seat.

T.R.: "What's your plan, man? This guy, Louse, on your case has a fuckin' small ass angry army, huh?"

Randolph: "Yeah, he said over fifty; we'll fuckin' see, goddammit. How many staff people are out at the institute? Shit."

T.R.: "'Bout fifty I guess, about four or five orderlies and ten nurses and other help: cooks, a couple of veterinarians for the Noah's Ark exhibition, twenty keepers and trainers . . . some maintenance staff at night, shit, maybe two or three more people, I think. That's all."

Randolph: "How many patients?"

T.R.: "Oh hell, man . . . you got a Chicago store front church of over thirty petrified Pentecostal, south Philly, urban zombies in a fuckin' time warp. They saw some deep holy-roller holiness shit go down and froze. Then the way crazy, sanctified east Texas Tower of Babel Mass choir, about forty people singin' and talkin' in tongue there. It's a goddamn gospel gumbo ya ya like a mawfucka. They're all locked up in the lower level on the forbidden far right side. Add the Gethsemane Girls, that's . . ."

Mark: "Six."

Randolph: "This albino fuck wants all that good pussy tonight, T.R."

T.R.: "I don't blame ya, man. They fuckin' fine, shit. And then ya got over twenty or so angels. Ya got twelve disciples, Adam and Eve, Noah . . ."

Randolph: "Do they wear biblical shit at night?"

T.R.: "Yeah, twenty-four seven, ain't nobody fakin, shit. Laine told me 'bout old man Kostiers. She said he had a gospel gold mine. Kostiers recruited her ass, shit. Now he's so fuckin' obsessed with bein' God, he won't let a goddamn soul at the institute see his ass, not even Mother Mary. When he's doin' her, he hides his face, man, shit."

Randolph: "When did anybody out there see him last, nigga?"

T.R.: "Never, Laine only heard him on the phone and comin' out her P.A. speaker." Then he had all of his old pictures pulled from the newspapers and TV stations in town.

Mark: "No shit?"

T.R.: "How do you know Roosta Red? He's a rough son of a bitch. I knew a lawyer had to defend him. The guy lost the case, and Roosta broke his arms. Goddamn, he's a surly fiery bastard."

Randolph: "Yeah, we hooked up on 12th Street Detroit in `67. We bumped into each other, literally, at a crap game and had a little altercation you might say, shit. I broke his fuckin' nose and he hatted up. Strange thang . . . later when I went outside for air, the whole mothafuckin' Motown was in flames, shit."

Mark: "No shit, R n'R? He started 'The Detroit Riot and Devil's Night', that bad ass is balmy! He's ghetto waaay damn daft." Mark alludes to the 67' riot in Detroit and the tradition of burning vacant houses by revelers on Halloween eve in Detroit.

Randolph: "Yeah, he's way inflammatory, but he bleeds like you, albino. Watch it, sucka, shit."

(Gemble Road)

T.R.: "This road is mo' funky at night, I got it . . . hey car lights behind us, oh shit!"

Randolph: "Don't sweat it, I expected it."

A helicopter hovers overhead.

Mark: "You hear that chopper, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Yeah, figures, shit, he's goin' all out. The little Jap is his whole fuckin' game, see? He can't buy shit now. No White Lion/2A/KKK, he'll default on that, and he can forget 'bout that bein' the first black billionaire in America shit this year. He'll blow that fuckin' with my mo' black ass."

Mark: "Oh shit, T.R., not so goddamn fuckin' fast. Shit."

T.R.: "Will this guy shoot us, man?"

Randolph: "Naw, but he'll beat the crap outta your black attorney ass with brass knucks, mothafucka."

T.R.: "Oh yeah, we'll see 'bout that shit."

(On a loudspeaker overhead)

Louse: "Randolph, Randolph Randall . . . this is you know who, after you know what. You'll never lose us. We're over you and behind you, and we know where you're headed."

Randolph: "Keep it steady, T.R. Don't speed ya fuck. Watch it, oh shit!" T.R. runs off the road and turns over in a ditch.

Louse: "Randolph, Randolph, are you all right?" (Louse continues on the loud speaker.)

T.R.: "Oh man, I didn't see that fuckin' turn! Everybody ok? Oooh my wrist, shit. Hey!" The three are upside down in the black Hummer.

Randolph: "Yeah . . . Mark! Get up albino; don't fade now, shit. We turned over, can you move?"

Mark: "Yeah, goddamn my fuckin' hip-hop hurts and my head's bleedin'. Damn!"

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm shook up too, but nothin's broke . . . yet. Come on let's get out of here. See those headlights. That's his guys. And watch that night sun, po'lice light, spotlight from Louse's helicopter searchlight, shit." Randolph kicks a door open and gets out, then he helps T.R. and Mark is pulled free.

T.R.: "Hell, we gotta get in this bush." The men scramble into the bushes and hide.

Randolph: "Yeah, I loves bush. Do you know how far away we are from Kostiers?"

T.R.: "Yeah, put your weight on my shoulder, man, I got'cha, shit." T.R. supports Mark to his feet, then they stumble away in the darkness, and slide in a small, open ditch, leading under a section of the ten foot high, razor wire electrified fence around the institute.

Mark: "Shit, ooh my hip, damn!"

Randolph: "Which way, T.R. . . . how fuckin' far?"

T.R.: "Just over this hill should be a clearing and a clump of white pine trees. If we reach the stand of trees, we can fool 'em, man."

Randolph: "Ok, goddammit, let's go for it, T.R. Hang on, albino." It's dark with no moon as the harassing helicopter circles above them in the nebular night sky.

T.R.: "Oh, my fuckin' wrist, shit."

Mark's head arrangement is bleeding, and his hip-hop hip is dislocated.

Randolph: "Here, stop the blood, Mark."

Randolph hands Mark his handkerchief as Louse barks out at them on his microphone. "Randolph, you can't make it; my people are searching for you. We've even got dogs, Randolph. We also have Amazer `Super` Lazer, remember that?"

Randolph: "I remember, you big sissy butt, punk ass fool. Randolph curses Louse in wicked whispers to avoid detection. Keep goin' Mark. Hold him, T.R., I don't see nothin'."

Mark: "Oh shit, some guys up ahead." Mark sees two men in the clearing.

T.R.: "How many did you see, man?"

Mark: "Two, shit."

Randolph: "You guys hang. Where are they?"

T.R.: "I see 'em now, up straight ahead. Watch it, man." Randolph assumes the stealth mode and tactics of the navy commando training he received and goes on night attack.

Mark: "Don't worry, T.R., he'll kick major ass."

T.R.: "I know, he's a fuckin' enforcer."

Mark: "The best in the goddamn business. I saw him take out a joint in Chicago one night on the fuckin' south side, back in the early 60's, fierce nigga, shit. We walked through six bad butt Vice Lord mothafuckas. He kicked a nigga's ass so tough, the sucka cried like a fuckin' baby after he got hit. Shit."

T.R.: "Hear that, man?"

Mark: "Dogs! They'll smell us. Shit."

Randolph returns. "Come on quick, y'all! Move nigga, come on, walk albino. I got us a fuckin' jeep, move." They follow Randolph hobbling to the jeep.

Mark: "Where did you get . . . oh shit." Mark sees the two unconscious Nigerians on the ground.

Randolph: "They're both out fuckin' cold, shit. Move it, I'll drive, nigga, just tell me where, shit. Damn, dogs! Get in! Look out, T.R., aw hell!" They barely get in the jeep as the three vicious tiger striped pit bulls are snapping and snarling and leaping at them with bloodthirsty bared fangs.

T.R.: "Oh . . . man, I almost got bit, damn! Hey . . .!"

Randolph steps on the gas. "Hang on, nigga! Hang on, T.R."

Mark: "Stop, he'll fall out, R n'R, stop!"

Randolph slows some to pull T.R. back in the jeep and T.R. yells, "Thanks man, I'm in! They're comin fast as hell!"

Randolph: "Let 'em come, close that door!"

Mark: "There's a Land Rover comin' over the rise!"

T.R.: "That's the institute pretorian patrol, I'll talk to 'em! They've got a cell phone; I forgot ours! You better tell Doc Chryst you're comin'! These guys will run interference for us, I hope!"

Randolph: "Tell 'em to stop these jive ass Jap fucks. I busted up two Nigerian niggas, so tell 'em to watch for both Japs and Nigerians, T.R."

The Land Rover pulls beside the jeep and the four pretending period piece pretorian guards inside shine flashlights in T.R.'s eyes as he speaks, "Yeah, a . . . I'd like to talk with Doctor Chryst. I'm Elaine Griffin's lawyer. You know me you got a cell phone, right? Shit."

Guard: "You are the lawyer, I know you. You'll have to explain to the doctor just the same . . . here." The four guards in the Land Rover are dressed as Roman centurions, and one hands T.R. the cell phone and he calls. "Doctor Chryst speaking."

T.R.: "Yes, Doc Chryst . . . it's me, T.R. Henderson. I'm out in the lower front clearing with Randolph Randall and his partner. We need protection from one of his competitors."

Dr. Chryst: "H.D. Louse, I know, T.R., he's here. He landed just moments ago. He says a man named Kuni is on the premises. Mr. Louse says you're all holding Kuni prisoner against his will."

T.R.: "He said Louse is there, man!"

Randolph snatches the phone. "Gimmie that. Look doc, we got a fuckin' deal or what? Shit, my back's up against the wall. Get rid of that lanky long looney, black, punk ass nigga. He'll blow your deal for Scripture Park I got at the bank in the mornin', so lose him."

Dr. Chryst: "Who's that with you, Randall?"

Randolph: "Mark Ashton, shit, he's my partner, why?"

Dr. Chryst: "You have hefty baggage, Randall, hold on." Dr. Chryst gives the phone to Louse.

Louse: "Randolph . . . give Kuni up and I'll leave you to your sacrilegious theme park. Otherwise, I'll close this crazy house, one track sick mind, living museum madhouse ministry miserable operation tonight."

Randolph: "Fuck you, chump. You lame ass, chicken shit cocksucka. I'm comin', goddammit!"

Dr. Chryst: ". . . Hello . . . Hello Randall! It's Doctor Chryst, Randall?"

Randolph gets out of the jeep and walks to the driver's side of the Landrover as if to return the cell phone, but instead, he snatches the keys from the ignition, at the total astounded amazement of everyone. Then he keeps the cell phone, runs back, jumps in the jeep, and leaves the Roman centurion guards razzled and dazzled, when he speeds off towards the institute.

Randolph: "Fake 2 da moon, fatso fucks!"

Mark: "Good shit, did you see the guards fuckin' faces?" Randolph gives the cell phone to T.R.

Randolph: "Here, nigga, call somebody to help us, shit, hurry, man!" T.R. thinks and calls Insane Elaine, but gets a busy signal. So he calls his sometimes sex partner, Lucy, Elaine's soulful southern seductive, hot natured nurse, who lives at the institute, and Randolph speaks to her. "Juicy Lucy, tell the Children of Israel to get all they way religious actin' asses down on the grounds, 'cause we got big baad butt fightin' mad trouble, ya dig?"

Lucy: "Yes sir!"

Randolph: "Later." Randolph hangs up. "Now, to the lower Level."

T.R.: "Keep goin' north through those trees."

Randolph: "Yeah nigga, I gotta reach Joe. He's got that yella Jap fuck."

In the distance now, they can see the bright lighthouse beacon circling with its broad beam of white moving light, sweeping around the grounds of the institute, and as Mark first sees the morose main multiplex structures of Scripture Park, they smash through the rusty iron gate.

Mark: "Jeez! Joe can't hold Louse off, we'll lose Kuni, goddammit."

Randolph: "Maybe fuckin' not, see that shit?"

The inmates come out of the institute screaming, "Smite them!" like escapees from a mental institution and attack Louse and his men.

T.R.: "Yeah, look, it's the fuckin' patients. Look at that shit, they're goin' waaay nuts, damn!"

Randolph: "Cool shit, huh, T.R.?"

T.R.: "Hip shit, man! Go to the left. How's your hip, Mark? Can you move? We gotta get out of here quick."

Randolph stops and they all leave the jeep, going off on foot behind the big red, tin covered barns.

Mark: "Oh man, R n'R, I can't fuckin' move any faster, my hip's killin' me! Shit!"

Randolph: "That's animal fuckin' stink I smell, shit."

T.R.: "Yeah, these barns are linked up to the main building."

Mark: "I can't keep up, shit. R n'R, you go on, I'll fuckin' wait here."

Randolph: "Naw, we gotta stay together. Louse will ransom your albino ass off in a trade deal, shit, you for Kuni." Unknowingly, Randolph has voiced the weak link in his whole plan, should Roosta Red and his people fail, and Louse take hostages of the gang.

Mark: "I need a drink, goddammit."

(At the mouth of a spider web, weed and vine covered small tunnel)

T.R.: "Through here, watch your head."

On the P.A. system, the electronically enhanced voice of God, via Earl O. Kostiers at the microphone, booms, magnified by the accentuated acoustics and powerful echo effect in the smelly old, musty, dank, wet, creepy crawly cement tunnel.

Kostiers: "And I will dwell among the Children of Israel and will be their God."

Mark: "Goddamn!" Mark is startled by the powerful portrayal of God's voice on the P.A. system and Randolph explains.

Randolph: "Shit yeah, Kostiers, `the man upstairs´ for real deal!"

T.R.: "Yeah . . . P.A. systems on twenty-four seven, man."

Randolph: "Rest here, albino, shit, fuck 'em. Y'all keep restin'."

Kostiers: "And they shall know that I am the Lord their God . . ."

Louse interrupts Kostiers voice of God, using the bullhorn from his huge, flying banana, hovering Hexagon helicopter, while the three hunted men wait for their second wind at the mouth of the tunnel. "Randolph, this is not over. Do you understand? We'll be back; I'm merely regrouping. . . . I'll be back!"

Randolph: "Awright! The Children of Israel ran those lame butt fucks out. Our crazy ass Bible freaks scared the holy shit out of 'em."

Louse escapes in his decorator designed helicopter, and his men in cars speed away as do the mutinous/deserter nightshift on duty in cars and vans.

T.R.: "Look at 'em go, man; they ran 'em off, along with the help. Look at the bastards split, damn!"

Chapter Thirty-three

. . .

Tunnel of Hate

(Deep down in the desolate dark dank dreary dungeon of the demented and bedamned)

Mark: "I can't go on, shit, I'm done in, R n'R."

Randolph: "We'll carry your sorry ass from here. Grab his arm T.R."

T.R.: "Oh, my wrist, careful Mark, ohhh!"

Mark: "Sorry, where are we headed, T.R., through here? Go easy down these stairs." Joe comes on the run to them with a halo overhead, carrying a flashlight that's zigzagging a high beam swirl in the darkness.

Randolph: "Watch your step, shit. Go slow, don't fuckin' rush, T.R. Hey Holy Joe, ya fuck, where's Kuni?"

Joe: "He's back here. I heard the commotion, but I stayed out of sight. Can you walk, man?"

Mark: "Yeah, slow, shit, my hip-hop's out of joint. T.R. turned over on the road."

Joe: "You drive too fuckin' reckless, T.R."

T.R.: "Fuck you, Joe."

Randolph: "Where the fuck is Kuni, Holy Joe?"

Joe: "Back further . . . look over in that cell there, no not that one!"

Randolph comes face to face with the cartoon characterization of Satan's spitting image, locked in a padded cell leftover from the old days at the original state madhouse here.

Hector: "Set thou a wicked man over him! And let Satan stand at his right hand!" A man of pure wickedness stood against the bars and leered and lunged at Randolph.

Randolph: "Oh shit, I heard all 'bout ya evil ass, man. Martha said your way red, devilish ass was down here, shit."

Joe: "Watch it, man, forget him. Kuni's over in the next cell." Randolph leaves Satan and goes over to Kuni.

Kuni: "R n'R san, you beat me to pulp, but I won't stop tryin' escape. I bribe, trick, lie, anything to survive this ordeal. More Percodan, Joe, my head, my jaw, shit, R n'R san!"

Randolph: "You little yella low life asshole, you fucked over my crew, shit, and me. Now it's my fuckin' turn. This is for the Bataan death march! And this is for Corregidor!"

Kuni: "Help! Somebody help, oh!" Randolph holds Kuni's collar and punches him through the bars.

Joe: "Nobody can hear him, man, he knows that. He's just tryin' to dick you around."

T.R.: "How much is this character worth, man?"

Randolph: "Billions, goddammit! This is some big-time pirate shit goin' down. We took off the baddest ass, bootleg counterfeiter of electronic entertainment product, hard and software on earth, nigga!"

Kuni: "I but small fish in big pond, R n'R san, believe me, Louse not need me. He just pretend to want me, so don't beat on me. Where's Janet?"

Randolph: "Janet, you fuck! You want Janet? Gimmie one fuckin' reason I should humor your jive Jap, yella asshole?"

Kuni: "I make it worth your while, I give you money. All you need to do whatever . . . and my money get half, ok?"

Randolph: "Hell fuckin' no, I don't need no more lame ass partners. You a fuckin' finders fee, yella little buddy, a goddamn gook reward."

Kuni: "Who can identify me? Not many, very hard, I like a chameleon changing constantly, no pictures, no evidence, just that crazy J.C., and his stupid, fake, psychic powers, shit."

Randolph: "Shut up, runt. Where's Magdalene, Joe? Did you tell her? Shit."

Joe: "Yeah, go down to the last cell on the right, she's waitin' for you, man." Randolph lets go of Kuni.

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, later chump."

(In the dark shadows of an open damp cell)

Magdalene: "Beelzebub can hear us, come with me, R n'R."

Randolph: "Yeah, ya fine hot lookin', sultry, damn white porcelain skin, long floor-length haired, lusty ass . . ."

Magdalene: "Here, over here, now I'm all yours."

Randolph: "Shit yeah, anoint this mama." Randolph exposes himself in the glint of light from her candle.

Magdalene: "Ouch."

Randolph: "Look at this dick."

Magdalene: "Uncut."

Randolph: "Yeah, what'cha think, Maggie?"

Magdalene: "Joint Chief of Staff, but it's useless, I'm on my period."

Randolph: "No shit. Ok, go on suck it, shit."

Magdalene: "I'll take a rain check."

Randolph: "I don't give rebates, refunds or reconsiderations. I hear ya suck that jive Jesus double you up into all the fuckin' time, shit."

Magdalene: "That's different, he's the Lord."

Randolph: "Where is he now?"

Magdalene: "Asleep."

Randolph: "This early, shit, it's hang time, goddammit."

Magdalene: "He's heavily heavenly sedated."

Randolph: "He's fuckin' delusional demented and depraved, but you likes that kinky kinda kingdom kum shit, huh?"

Magdalene: "I like it fine, I like the costumes, I like the commitment, I like the singing and dancing, and I want to be a famous performance artiste Bible star."

Randolph: "No shit, ok, I can stone dig it. I guess holy rolla fame's cool."

Magdalene: "Oh, I wanna get paid plenty."

Randolph: "How did you get hooked up in here, Maggie? Most of these people are real mental patients, shit."

Magdalene: "Yes, they create biblical dé jà vu and they work at the characters constantly. It's hard work to maintain the perfect imagery."

Randolph: "Where's Kostiers?"

Magdalene: "He's around."

Randolph pats her down. "You wearin' a wire on you, Maggie?"

Magdalene: "Why sir, no way."

Randolph: "This cell bugged?"

Magdalene: "Not to my knowledge."

Randolph: "Do you know what's goin' on tonight?"

Magdalene: "Everyone got word we were needed to defend our company."

Randolph: "Do you know why though?"

Magdalene: "Yes, the enemy came in cars and a handsome helicopter, but they pulled back."

Randolph: "Where's doc?"

Magdalene: "Around, in his study I guess."

Randolph: "Are you and the Jesus guy tight?"

Magdalene: "Joel . . . his name is Joel Ogilvy."

Randolph: "Yeah, whatever, way white woman, you fuckin' him?"

Magdalene: "No . . . oral sodomy."

Randolph: "Ah, suckin', I heard about that, well at least you're honest. Where's Kostiers, dammit?"

Magdalene: "In the tower."

Randolph: "No shit, how do I get up there?"

Magdalene: "The elevator."

Randolph: "Is that the only way?"

Magdalene: "The stairs, but it's ten flights up and locked."

Randolph: "Can you show me?"

Magdalene: "I could, but I won't."

Randolph: "Why the hell not? I just wanna talk to God, face to fuckin' face."

Magdalene: "Yes, but he never sees anyone, that's his condition for keeping this institute going."

Randolph: "What's your real name, Maggie?"

Magdalene: "Ida Mason, from Jordan, Montana. Earl O. Kostiers came to my town incognito looking for my sister Martha and me. We were dressing in these period religious costumes everyday and night. He found out about it, and put us with Joel, Mother Mary and the rest anonymously."

Randolph: "Does he pay you?"

Magdalene: "No, we get room and board free. I work at Iscariot's three nights a week with Gabriel and Judgment Day and the Gethsemane Girls, plus, now the Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples back me up sometimes."

Randolph: "How much you expect to get when we go to L.A.?"

Magdalene: "My fair share, whatever the crowds indicate."

Joe shines a flashlight in the cell. "Hey man, I hate to interrupt, but Kuni's got a bigger and better deal for you."

Randolph: "Oh yeah? Ok Maggie, nice talkin' to you, sorry ya missed out on the best ass fuck of all time, but that's life, shit."

Magdalene: "An issue of blood, sir, an issue of blood. I came politically incorrect . . . Gore and Bush." The Magdalene begins to snicker over the seamy sexless situation, as Randolph lifts her robe and tugs at the string on her tampon to make sure she's wearing one.

Joe: "She's nuts, man."

Randolph: "No shit, Holy Joe, who ain't up in this fuckin' piece?"

(Back at Kuni's cell)

Kuni: "R n'R san, I give you one billion, add on Louse's stake in impending offer to Kaizen Japan. I want to go legit, so you have goose who lay golden eggs."

Randolph: "Naw Jap, ya lie. I got a deal, two deals, and I don't welch. So I'm stayin' with my new partners."

Kuni: "Why, I buy out bank in morning? This actor's asylum be mine also. If I quote Kostiers brothers bank a price, they leave you flat out."

Randolph: "What time ya got, Holy Joe?"

Joe: "12:25."

Mark: "Louse will try to get up in here at us again now."

Randolph: "How's your hip, albino?"

Mark: "Bad, but Joe gave me pain killers."

Randolph: "Good, what about you, T.R.?"

T.R.: "Shit, if my wrist is fractured, I don't know, but I can still kick ass with my foot."

Randolph: "Hey Satan!" Randolph addresses the virulent venomous villainous occupant of the first padded cell and gets a harsh whiff of fire and brimstone cologne. The madman in the cell had this made by chemist especially for his appearances, as he had a tailor make his red costume with hooded horns and tail he's wearing also.

Hector: "He that is not with me is against me."

Randolph: "Yeah, let the mothafuck out, Holy Joe, he's cool."

Joe: "He's a rank nut case, but if you insist." Joe opens Hector's cell and gives the red face, red-dressed devil his pitchfork.

Hector: "Thanks."

Randolph: "We need as many guys as we can fuckin' get. We're gonna be up against these clowns soon. But first, Holy Joe, we gotta get up to the tower and Kostiers. That's the best place to keep Kuni."

Joe: "I don't know, man, none of us have ever seen the dude to know it. I was out in the back equipment shed lookin' for parts, and this short, little, bald, weird guy with gold teeth comes in, about eighty or so. I looked at him, and he turned and left. That was a year ago, I never saw him again. And I know everybody here by sight."

Randolph: "What did doc say?"

Joe: "Oh, he was unsupportive. He said a visitor had wandered off by mistake, but we never have people out here except you guys, the staff and workers cars and vans, my van and pick-up, a bus in the daytime for the help and occasional cab drivers, at a group rate, so I forgot about it."

Randolph: "Yeah, well get Kuni and a ax. We're headed up the tower stairs, shit."

Mark: "Gimmie another swig of that cheap shit, Joe."

Randolph: "You drink too fuckin' much albino. You a dipsomaniac, shit."

Mark: "Dipsomania my ass, fuck you, nigga! I need to be drunk to climb steep stairs up a tower and do this sick ass Scripture shit."

Hector: "I'll be the devil's advocate when we go up to God."

Randolph: "Yeah Hecky, give 'em hell. Is this place bugged, Holy Joe? Can Kostiers hear us now?"

Joe: "Kostiers has a two way sound hook-up all over the institute, why?" Joe wired and installed all of the esoteric electrical features in the institute, but the elevator, and never saw Kostiers living quarters.

Randolph shouts out. "Hey Kostiers!"

And Kostiers answers on the speakers in the dungeon. "And if his father have no brethren, then ye shall give his inheritance unto his kinsman that is next to him of his family, and he shall possess."

Mark: "Oh shit."

Randolph: "We're comin' up, old man! We need the tower to hold our prisoner!"

Kuni: "I pay you plenty, you let me go, God!"

Mark: "You nuts, Kuni, he ain't God. That old wolverine's the father of fric n' frac at the bank in town. Right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, they had him committed. We're on the way up, Kostiers! We'll leave early in the mornin', man!"

Kostiers: "Get thee up into this mount Abraham, and see the land which I have given unto the Children of Israel."

Randolph: "Yeah, we're on the way up and thanks."

Mark: "Pick me up easy, shit. Not you, T.R., you almost killed me last time."

T.R.: "Fuck you, man."

Three men in casual street clothes come over and join them.

Joe: "This is John Davis, he's a maintenance man. And this guy's Matt Tucker, a ground's keeper. And ol' Luke Jones over there's kitchen help. They're the only guys I could trust to help us."

John: "Hey man, I seen ya at Iscariots."

Joe: "J.C.'s joint."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm hip."

Mark: "What's that fuckin' smell? Shit."

Joe: "That's Ointment of Spikenard, the Magdalene spreads it around."

Randolph: "Stinks good, shit."

Joe: "We could go up on the elevator, if it's open. But it's always locked tight and operated by Kostiers elevator remote control."

Randolph opens the elevator door. "Well, shit, it's open now. Ev'rybody get in, but you, Holy Joe."

Joe: "What?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I need you to stall Louse and signal me when he comes up in here, shit." Randolph hands Joe the cell phone he took off the guards in the Land Rover.

Joe: "Oh man, oh shit." A befuddled Joe is stunned at this most dangerous unexpected request.

Randolph: "He's comin' hard, Holy Joe. I'll send the elevator back down to you, so just get your ass up here with it when you see 'em. Call us, and Kostiers will lock it up, shit." Neither Randolph nor Joe knows the phone numbers to call, and Kostiers gives them his phone number over the speaker. "405-7234."

Joe: "Right." Joe writes it down.

Kuni: "I stay with Joe, R n'R san. We friends, we stop Louse together."

Randolph: "Naw, Jap shit, keep movin', samurai sucka, let's go!"

T.R.: "Everybody in?"

. . .

(On the elevator headed up to Mt. Sinai)

Kostiers: "Command the Children of Israel and say unto them, my offering, and my bread for my sacrifices made by fire, for a sweet savior unto me, shall ye observe to offer unto me in their due season."

Mark: "Is he readin' this shit, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Naw, he knows it by goddamn holy human heart."

T.R.: "Damn that was fast."

The elevator shaft and the stairs are built on opposite sides, outside of the lighthouse, and the elevator can make five stops from the lower level, one at the main floor which it passes now, and opens at the top floor of a four-tiered condominium in a comfortable 20 x 16 study, featuring a full around the wall to wall replica of Christus Consolator, the great painting by Ary Scheffer, of Jesus and the Magdalene, with a gathering of disciples and publicans in a room. Then there's a small globe of the earth sitting on a stand, an open Bible, religious artifacts, a treadmill, Persian scatter rugs, tapestries, probably from the Middle East and pictures on a desk of the same little gold tooth man Joe described earlier, photographed in Israel, posing on the steps of the Tiberius Hotel, overlooking the Sea of Galilee.

On the next level, there's a microphone and PA system, an eight track control board console, voice enhancer, a CB radio, Kaizen Spy Eye video equipment, an Ear Shot listening device, Kaizen DAT recorder with earphones, a compact library of discs and DATS on bookshelves, a computer and cell phone.

Underneath on the third level, Kostiers had an ebony, fully stocked cabinet of miniature liquors, a pair of high-powered binoculars, a small statue of the Roman god Pan, a tiny reproduction of Winged Victory by Rodan, Tiffany lamps, a portable fireplace, one black leather reclining chair, matching sofa, a rocking chair, a stain glass coffee table with an open container called pyx, of Eucharistic wafers and a Kuni, Kaizen rip-off entertainment center. Then an open curtain revealed a wide watchtower window view, facing the front of the institute, where the lighthouse beacon beamed brightly, rotating overhead atop the structure, looming and illumining over the grounds as far as the eye could see. On the fourth and last level of the condominium, there was a Murphy bed, shower, sink and toilet, a tiny modern efficiency kitchenette with a Le Cordon Bleu cookbook, a ceiling fan and water cooler.

Randolph: "Nice joint, like Masada and shit." Then he made those three grunting sounds in succession, most black men make when they really like something. "Keeper of the lighthouse . . . Kostiers!" Randolph realizes he doesn't know Joe's cell phone number, and he can't send the elevator back down to Joe, because it only runs, stops and opens on the top four floors manually now by buttons on the control panel, courtesy of Kostiers.

T.R.: "Nobody up in here, he must of . . ."

Randolph: "Gone down the exit stairs, check it Luke. Hold this elevator door Matt, and John close those curtains tight, and Mark, you'd better lay down on the floor."

Kuni: "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Very interesting familiar sounding group, R n'R san."

Randolph: "Yeah, I can stone dig it. You smell it?"
(The heavy scent of spikenard)

Mark: "Yeah, the Magdalene bitch was up in here."

Randolph: "Lyin' ho, you see anythang below, man?"

Luke: "No, nothin' except . . . fire!" Luke spots flames down below from the small rear lighthouse window, and the powerful beacon beams its bright light upon men running from the blaze.

Kuni: "Fire!"

Randolph: "Yeah, I see 'em, the old sheds in the back are fuckin' burnin'. Louse is gonna try to burn us out, shit!"

T.R.: "Torches, damn, somebody could get killed in this shit, man!"

Randolph: "I'm hip, he's for real now. We got his bank right here. Sit on the little Jap fuck. T.R., you watch him."

T.R.: "Ok."

Kuni: "Hey, R n'R san, we burn up in here. No way down, if Louse burn us up!"

Randolph: "You two assholes must have had a difference I don't know about."

John: "Smoke, man, smell it? Yeah, it's smoke. Shit!"

(Helicopter propellers)

Kuni: "Helicopter!"

Louse is speaking on a loudspeaker while circling the tower in his Hexagon helicopter. "Randolph!"

Luke: "Chopper!"

Louse: "Please, let Kuni go or things will get hellish!"

Randolph: "Fuck him, guys, he won't burn us out. Kuni's still way valuable to him."

Kuni: "Nooo, no he want it all! He knows where depots located. He knows second in command do business in case my death!"

Randolph: "Second in command, who, punk ass sissy, who's your fuckin' second?"

Kuni: "Fugi . . . my most honorable daughter."

Mark: "No shit." The odor of burning wood with thick smoke plumes seep into and up the elevator shaft.

John: "Gettin' stronger, man . . . and thicker."

Randolph: "I smell it, shit."

Louse: "Randolph, let Kuni go; this is the last time. Do it now, you have five minutes. Bring him down the stairs. We have Joe, Kostiers and Mary Magdalene, it's over!" Randolph decides to check all four levels with his men in the elevator, and they get the cell phone from the second level and go back down to the third level.

Randolph: "Gimmie that phone, shit."

Mark hands him the phone and raids Kostiers' mini ebony liquor cabinet beside the couch. "Who you callin', R n'R?"

Randolph: "The goddamn Ypsilanti Police, shit, and fuckin' fire department . . ."

Dispatcher: "911."

Randolph: "Yeah 911, shit. Get out to Kostiers Institute on the fuckin' triple! We're under siege. Quick, send out the troops! Over fifty guys, Japs and Nigerians are burnin' the jubilee joint down!"

Dispatcher: "Hello, who is this?"

Randolph: "Get on it, man! The joints on fire!"

Dispatcher: "Kostiers Institute?"

Randolph: "You got it, four alarm fire! So hurry, shit."

Dispatcher: "Hello . . . Hello!"

Randolph uses the smokey smelling elevator alone to go to the second level, where he turns on the P.A. system, loud." . . . Hello, Children of Israel! Ev'rybody get out into the clearin'! This is Randolph Randall, your partner in Scripture Park! Get out . . . FIRE!" The patients begin to emerge from the main building again, and Randolph returns to the men on the third level.

John: "Ahh . . . they're startin' to come out."

Luke: "This elevator door is smokin', man!"

Mark: "Oh shit!"

Randolph: "Soak blankets, get towels from the next floor down. Take 'em and wet 'em up guys!" The men go down in the elevator to Kostiers sleeping quarters for towels, sheets and blankets.

Kuni: "Let me go, R n'R san. I pay you trust me. I make you full partner!"

Randolph: "Naw Jap, you still my hostage real deal, shit."

The Ypsi Police arrive in helicopters with Super Scooper planes to make chemical and water drops on the burning sheds, as the men return with the wet blankets, sheets and towels.

Matt: "Helicopters. Look!"

Mark: "Cops, shit, how'd they get here so fast?"

Randolph: "Who cares, I'm persuasive. Let's take the stairs. Kick that door in, shit, now!" Randolph and Luke force open the unlocked, heavy metal exit door to the stairs and black smoke billows in.

Luke: "Whoa, oh baby that's thick!"

Randolph: "Put on the wet shit and stay low."

Mark: "Ooh . . . my hip!"

Randolph: "Move, Jap!"

Kuni: "Don't wanna wet blanket, but don't want to burn! Louse wet blanket, NOOO!"

Randolph: "Keep low, guys, follow me, slow."

T.R.: "You think the cops ran 'em off, man?"

Randolph: "I don't know, watch it, shit!"

Mark: "How many choppers did they send?"

Matt: "Two or three, I couldn't tell."

Hector: "And thou shalt say unto thee, this is the offering made by fire which ye shall offer unto the . . ." Hector's interrupted by the police on a loudspeaker.

Cops: "Clear the area, 4758-2. Clear the area, and we will escort you to the Detroit Metro Airport. Thank you, please comply, this is the police. . . . I repeat. This is the police!"

Louse: "It's not over, Randolph. We'll meet soon enough now!" Louse is forced to flee the area again as the police helicopters intercede.

Randolph: "Stay down, I think we got waaay fuckin' way lucky. Stay down."

Mark: "Shit, I can't fuckin' make it, the smoke, my hip, I can't. Shit!" The men begin to choke and cough in the sepulchral stairwell.

Randolph: "Don't rush, easy, shit. Mark, you lean on somebody, shit. Carry the albino fuck, guys."

John: "Got him, hang on, man."

Randolph sees a tall, mystical figure of a man, wearing a long white robe and a shining halo, standing in the shadow and smoke. "Who's that? Who's there? Shit."

Joel: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girded thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest." Joel is a spectral sacrosanct vision before them shining in the way.

All: "Jesus!"

Joel had obviously put out the fires of burning wood at both entrance levels with the fire extinguisher he was holding in his right hand. And Mark who was seeing Joel's great Jesus act for the first time shouted out, "Holy smoke, Holy Ghost and holy shit!"

Joel: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."

Randolph: "I thought you were heavily heavenly sedated. Glad to see ya, man. Let's go!"

Mark: "Goddamn, he's a carbon copy, wow!"

Randolph: "He's the best, I told you, albino."

T.R.: "He scares me shitless and gives me the fuckin' Christian creeps and holy heebie jeebies."

Matt: "The pride of the institution."

Kuni: "Ah, R n'R san, faux Christ figure very impressive. He mad also?"

Randolph: "Fuck you, Jap. Hey, we can breathe ev'rybody! Suck in that night air, aw shit!"

The men burst through the door behind Joel, coughing and gulping the cool night air, and policemen immediately surrounded them.

Cop: "Are you Randolph Randall?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Cop: "He's here, captain, over here."

Randolph: "Whatzup, man?"

Captain: "We have a call for you. Take it here."

The captain hands Randolph a cell phone, he answers, "Yeah."

Janet: "R n'R, Janet! They got Sharon and Gwen from Pearson, and left Reverend Simmons and the rest of us. Your people from Detroit couldn't stop them either. They fought hard, we all did. But those creeps came in the windows, the doors and through the walls! (Amazer `Super` Lazer) I think they got Harry and Smug Doug at the hangar too!"

Randolph: "No shit! I'll see you as soon as I can wrap up with these cops and people here. I've still got the Jap, but now it's a Mexican stand off trade, shit, Gwen and Bitch Ho for him." T.R. is still holding on to Kuni out of earshot.

Janet: "The reverend wants a word with you, R n'R."

Randolph: "Ok, shit."

Rev.: "Randolph, they got my baby!"

Randolph: "I know . . . we'll get her and Bitch Ho back, even if I have to give Kuni up, shit!"

Pearson takes the receiver from a distraught Rev. "They overpowered us, Randolph. They even came through the walls!"

Randolph: "Pearson, move ev'rybody to the biggest and best hotel in Ypsilanti. What about Harry and Smug Doug?"

Pearson: "No answer on the phone, Carter wants a word."

Randolph: "No time, keep ev'rybody safe. Put the Rev. back on, shit!"

Rev.: "Yes, son."

Randolph: "How much we got left in the cash kitty, Rev.?"

Rev.: "Twenty-three thousand."

Randolph: "Ok, good, we're gonna have to fly out of here commercial. So hang onto it, and I'll get Gwen and Bitch Ho back."

Rev.: "Thank God, I will, and are you ok?"

Randolph: "Yeah, thanks to Jesus."

Rev.: "He's wonderful, son. I'm glad you finally found Him."

Randolph: "Naw, I mean the crazy Jesus copycat at the institute, later." Randolph hands the cell phone back to the cop.

Mark: "That guy's gotta fuckin' Jesus jones. R n'R, no shit he's a Jesus junkie!" Mark is not use to the sight of Joel, who is proudly showing off the sacred heart compartment section Joe constructed in his chest, which contains a heart and lit light flame effect. He also has a hidden tiny Kaizen DAT that plays prerecorded celestial Christian music when he speaks and activates it, along with his impressive battery operated halo.

Randolph: "Yeah, Holy Joe the electrician hooked 'em up. Now how much cash ya got left, albino? Shit."

Mark: "I gave Smug Doug ten K for expenses at the airport, why?"

Randolph: "Yeah, so, ya albino fuck, how much? Shit."

Mark: "Easy man, thirteen, fourteen K, shit. That's the lot."

A crowd of over three hundred mental patients in biblical attire gathers around Randolph and Mark.

Randolph: "Ok, we gotta take care of all these people."

Mark: "What?"

Randolph: "Yeah, then they're goin' to fuckin' L.A. with us, shit."

Mark: "How? Have we still got a plane?"

Randolph: "I don't fuckin' know, no answer yet. They got Gwen, Bitch Ho and maybe Harry and Smug Doug, shit."

Mark: "Oh shit."

Randolph: "Yeah . . . I gotta trade Kuni back."

Mark: "Now wait a mothafuckin' Michigan Avenue minute, nigga. We got this deal pending for two hundred fifty million bucks in the mornin', shit!"

Randolph: "Fuck that, our appointments a long way off. What time you got, shithead?"

Mark: "2 a.m., nigga brain."

Randolph: "Louse said he had Holy Joe, Kostiers and that paleface, long black haired, hot eyed bitch too."

Mark: "Da Magdalene?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Mark: "You'll need a bigger plane and crew if ya got a crew, and with this big ass cast, you may need a fleet, dammit."

The crowd swells to well over six hundred around them and shouts, "The Children of Israel!"

Mark: "Oh shit."

Randolph: "They're all down with us now. . . ."

Mark: "Damn, R n'R, that's over six hundred people!"

Randolph: "I know, albino, goddammit."

Kuni struggles and strains when he is brought to them in custody, a mediocre metaphoric Barabbas, through the crucifying mood swinging crowd, to Randolph, who participates as the agent provocateur, Pontius Pilate.

T.R.: "Hold still, Japman."

Kuni: "Don't do this, R n'R san. Don't give me to Kaizen Japan, please, I pay!"

Randolph: "How much do you think you're worth, you little ugly Jap sonovabitch?"

Kuni: "You name it, R n'R san, I give to you."

Mark: "Why not, R n'R, what he doesn't know won't hurt us, right?"
Mark wants Randolph to extort money from Kuni and keep the change of events to himself.

Randolph: "Put ya albino dick back in ya pants, shit."

Mark: "Why not, what's wrong? Shit."

Randolph: "Naw, look Kuni, I ain't gonna shit ya. Louse has my wife and Bitch Ho, so I gotta give ya back."

Kuni: "What? Then let me go now!"

Randolph: "You can go when I get all my peeps back, and he may have my flight crew."

Mark: "That's lame, R n'R, don't do it! Louse won't hurt 'em, he's not like that!" Mark dismisses the kidnapping escalating to a possible killing by Louse of Gwen, Bitch Ho and the others, and he continues to hold out for Kuni's king's ransom.

Randolph: "No, he's got 'em, and I don't leave my own, no way, shit."

Mark: "So, the bank deal's off, just like fuckin' that? Shit!"

T.R.: "That was a lotta scratch, man. How you gonna manage all these people out here?"

Randolph: "Hey man, you got supplies left?"

Matt: "We may have stuff in the storerooms, I'll check."

Randolph: "Good, they'll need beddin', food and tents for shelter until we get the institute back in shape. The firemen flooded it, shit."

Captain: "Sir, what is your part in all of this? We didn't get that other chopper, but we incarcerated the Africans, Asians and Kostiers (staff) deserters in cars. We're holding them in Ypsi."

Randolph: "Good, I'm a businessman, captain, and this other businessman wants this guy here, Kuni. I made a citizen's arrest of him, and I'm holdin' him over until the Kostiers bank in town opens in the mornin'. They sent for some guys to fly here from Japan to I.D. this counterfeitin' criminal chump."

Captain: "We were informed by the Kostiers' Bank to secure this area tonight."

Randolph: "So that's how you got here so goddamn fast, no wonder, shit. Kostiers' Bank had the joint under surveillance. . . ."

Mark: "Ol' George and Paul are protectin' their investment, huh?"
Randolph is holding Kuni by the seat of his pants.

Captain: "You're gettin' a reward then?"

Randolph: "Yeah, two hundred fifty million."

Captain: "My word, that much?"

Randolph: "Past tense, we were gonna score, but now this other guy in the big fancy chopper, kidnapped our associates, and maybe our flight crew!"

Captain: "Kidnappin's serious, it's a federal capital offense, thirty years to life without parole, even the death penalty. So this is very serious."

T.R.: "Hey man, he's fuckin' right."

Mark: "Well, we got seven hours 'til the bank opens, and not one way in hell to find Louse and get 'em all back."

Captain: "I'll order a statewide A.P.B."

Randolph: "It's too late. If he escaped from your people in the air, he could be any fuckin' where by now."

Mark: "You can't do shit 'til he contacts you, R n'R, so that buys us time. Goddammit!"

Randolph: "To do what, albino? The first order of business is Gwen and Bitch Ho."

Kuni: "Good, good, R n'R san, you loyal honest man, so I be honest. I kinda like what I see, so if I free, maybe I make big deal here for wannabe ancient actors asylum of all these crazy Judeo-Christian characters, maybe." Kuni's negative snide comments begin to stir the Children of Israel into an angry mob rule mood.

Randolph: "What do you know 'bout this shit?"

Kuni: "They all committed to Bible, should all be committed. They all way nuts, right?" The crowd around them boo's and jeers Kuni.

T.R. returns from inspecting the main building, plus, the locked tight lower level, explaining and complaining, "Hey man, Laine's missin' and Lucy said ain't nobody fuckin' seen her! And although the locked lower level on the far right religious side is still waaay crazy as before, it was unaffected by the firemen!"

Mark: "No shit?"

Randolph: "Insane Elaine, I forgot all about her and them, you sure, T.R.?"

T.R.: "Yeah, I went up to her crib, it's empty, no smell or sign of her. So I went down and peeped through the peephole at them."(Insane inmates locked in the lower level on the far right religious side)

Randolph: "What's she gonna do now? Damn. She's down with us, albino; it's her project along with Kostiers, shit."

T.R.: "I didn't see Doc Chryst either, strange, and water's everywhere, except the locked lower level."

Mark: "Yeah, they drenched the joint with the Super Scooper planes."

Randolph had always secretly figured Dr. Chryst to be a dilettante and certainly not one to really harken back to the holy imagery in a living Bible, Kostiers wrought. "Doc's missin' too, huh? Well, we'll get a call real fuckin' . . ."

Captain: "Call for you again, Mr. Randall."

Randolph grabs the phone, "Yeah, cocksucka?"

Louse: "Randolph . . . do we have a deal, or do I have to hold your people over? I can hold them indefinitely, but it won't be pretty. Hold on. . . ." Louse puts Bitch Ho on the phone.

Bitch Ho: "Let me go, nigga! Shit. Hey Ran, this ugly, deep, scared up head for life, nappy chin nigga's got Gwen, Monika's cute ass brother, (Joe) Insane Elaine . . . p.u! Then that waaay sweet smellin' stanky Bible broad from J.C.'s, (Magdalene) and another guy (Kostiers), I don't even know up in here, goddammit!" Louse takes the phone back.

Randolph: "Bitch Ho, I'll get you out. Bitch Ho . . ."

Louse: "Randolph, we can trade. Get rid of the law, or I'll leave this area for good, and you don't have the slightest idea where I'd go."

Randolph: "Ok, where, when, shit, it's a deal?"

Louse: "Good, be at Iscariot's in an hour, no police, no tricks and have Kuni with you." Louse hangs up.

Randolph: "Louse, Louse! Shit."

Mark: "What R n'R?"

Randolph: "We gotta go. Look T.R., you and the guys here, take . . . Jesus and Satan to work with those fucked up, freaked out folks locked up, down in the lower level. I'll take the Jap to Louse."

T.R.: "This Louse don't play, right?"

Randolph: "Naw, but he's got my people, and I don't play either."

Mark: "Well, there goes the reward. Shit!"

Randolph: "Maybe yes, maybe no, sucka."

Captain: "Well, if you leave the little fellow with me, we'll keep him in our facility until your business at the bank in the morning is concluded."

Randolph: "Nothin' doin', Cap'n. They said no cops, so stay away please. It's a trade and that's all, my people for this yella fella, pile of crap."

Kuni: "R n'R san, don't racial profile me, I go peacefully, you see. Better Kaizen never get me, understand?"

Martha comes over to Randolph licking her lips and walking funny, so he quips, "Hi Martha, bon appetit before, good jizz fizz, hiney hump, huh? You ok, girl?"

Martha: "No Randolph, you left and Magdalene my sister is gone, carried away by Philistines in the night."

Mark: "Unclean and uncircumcised no doubt."

Randolph: "This is my partner, Mark Ashton."

Mark: "My pleasure."

Martha: "Sir."

Randolph: "Jesus saved us, he guided us out to safety."

Martha: "Yes, the Master is our savior."

Mark: "Where are the six sexy dancin' girls?"

Martha: "The Gethsemane Girls were at Iscariot's tonight. They'll stay over at the Hoofah Hotel in town."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm headed to J.C.'s now . . ."

Martha: "It's closed, it's almost 3 a.m."

Randolph: "Naw, I'm expected. Keep it tight for me Martha. Let's go, Mark. Keep shit righteous, T.R., I need these Children of Israel, shit." The crowd cheers Randolph.

T.R.: "Got it man, peace out."

Randolph: "We'll use Holy Joe's van; the keys are in the ignition. Get in Kuni, easy, albino, shit."

Mark: "Oh man, I ain't never gonna walk or fuck right again. My hip-hop joint is dislocated or some shit!"

Randolph: "Ya never could fuck, ya little lame limp dick ass, honky bastard."

Mark: "Fuck you, ya bubble lip, big nose, fonky butt, black face nigga."

. . . .

(Headed back to Ypsi on Gemble Road)

Randolph: "Mark, I know you wanna keep this fallow felon, Jap ass arms dealin', electronics' bootlegger for the bank. But I gotta do it right, so forget that deal. We'll get a better one, I can feel it."

Kuni is squeezed between Randolph and Mark in the front seat of Joe's van. "I be your partner, R n'R san. I want to back Halcyon Entertainment all the way to bank. Louse and I have one deal, you and I another."

Randolph: "Naw, you're Louse's guy. I'll get my money with the Children of Israel."

Mark: "That wild ass bunch of Christianity insanity back there, get real, nigga. They're all the way out to fuckin' lunch, brunch and dinner, man. R n'R, this is a chance to get it all, shit. He won't kill 'em, and we can find him soon. Think about it, we'll have two hundred fifty huge in six hours. Shit!"

Randolph hears the Ypsi Air Patrol overhead and still on the case. "You're a deceitful, selfish, albino asshole bastard. I don't want my people to spend another minute with that suck ass nigga. He could fuck up and hurt one of 'em."

Mark: "We ain't got enough scratch, shit. I got thirteen K, and Rev.'s got what . . .?"

Randolph: "Twenty-three."

Kuni: "I help, don't worry, I have money."

Randolph: "You got fifteen billion? Shit."

Kuni: "Fifteen hard, but I raise it, why?"

Randolph: "Louse wants to buy Kaizen for that amount."

Kuni: "I know, that first bid only, then he stall. We just gettin' warmed up, see who else interested first. We got White Lion/2A/KKK ready to rock n' roll, pipeline bulgin' six films, all blockbuster. You come work with us, we run Hollywood, you see."

Randolph: "Never, you pidgin English speakin', stinkin', slant-eyed, yella Asiatic asshole, Buddha head punk, never!"

Mark: "How much you gonna put up for Halcyon, ya little yella dick sissy?"

Randolph: "Don't egg roll 'em on, albino, he's just jivin'."

Kuni: "No B.S. tip, no jive turkey ass shit. I put up that same one hundred huge I promise for Halcyon, if R n'R san runs it."

Mark: "You serious, you shit bag, one hundred huge? I thought you were broke."

Kuni: "Only game I play as Nouro, you understand."

Randolph: "Damn this road, whoa! T.R. won't kiddin', it's a bitch, shit." Randolph barely avoids a huge hole in the road.

Mark: "T.R.'s a fuckin' no drivin' fool maniac, damn! Ohhh! Watch it, R n'R! Goddamn!" They hit a bump hard and jar Mark's wounded hip.

Kuni: "Ah, little city lights in distance, we soon settle this problem." Kuni sees the bright yellow city lights of Ypsilanti.

Randolph: "What about your daughter, you old fart faced, chinky stinky cocksucka? What's she gonna do? Is she violent? Will she hurt my wife, Bitch Ho and them?"

Kuni: "No, no Fugi cool, you cooperate, everything fine, you see."

Randolph: "Fugi huh, what is she, terrorist, gangsta . . . what?"

Kuni: "My baby good girl, loyal only to me. She runs things when I gone on road."

Mark: "Why did you come in with us, travel with us, get close and shit?"

Kuni: "I like coterie, beautiful women, and Louse say R n'R san the guy we need as head honcho to run things in America. He say R n'R have tough testicles."

Randolph: "Yeah, but I can't run with you cats. You guys steal shit, and ruin the fuckin' market place. Naw, you fucks suck dog dicks smega all over China, makin' fake copies of our shit and drivin' the price up and down all over the fuckin' industry."

Kuni: "We do our thing, R n'R san. We got to duplicate to live. We don't create music and videos, just Music Boxes big seller, then home security and business devices, computers not movies, yes DVDs and flat screens, digital cameras yes, but not great singers. We don't have superstars. We can only copy them digitally: Ray Charles, OutKast, Usher, Nelly, P Diddy, Aretha Franklin, Harry Belafonte, Bob Dylan, Stevie Wonder, Sly Stone, Michael Jackson, Prince, Johnny Mathis, Willie Nelson, Brenda Lee, Vicki Carr, Tony Bennett, Jerry Vale, Natalie Cole, Charlie Pride, Jimmy Scott, Little Richard, Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, James Brown, Bo Diddley, Smokey Robinson, B.B. King, Bobby Bland, Lou Rawls, Bill Withers, Al Green, Isaac Hayes, Barry White, Bobby McFerrin, Wilson Pickett, Ron Isley, Eddie Floyd, Sam Moore, Mavis Staples and her singing family, Aaron Neville and his soulful brothers, the Pointer Sisters, the Four Freshmen, Nancy Wilson, Richie Havens, Jerry Butler, Luther Vandross, Miriam Makeba, Oscar Brown, Jr., Mose Allison, Take 6, Al Jarreau, Chuck Jackson, Etta James, KoKo Taylor, Ann Peoples, Grace Jones, Chuka Khan and Joni Mitchell for `Woodstock` alone." They take turns paraphrasing some of the `Woodstock` lyrics.

Kuni: "We are stardust . . ."

Mark: "We are golden . . ."

Randolph: "Caught up in the devil's bargain . . ."

Kuni: "We're a million year old carvings . . ."

Then the three men sing the last line they remember of the classic song in three-part harmony.

"And we've got to get ourselves back to the garden!"

Randolph: "You's a way hip, old fart face A&R man, and a pop music, commercially cool chink."

Mark: "You're fuckin' nuts. I'll bet you get caught again, you're damn crazy."

Kuni: "I'm worth fortune, R n'R san, you undersold. I worth more, much more, you could get five billion. I real reason Kaizen sell. I drive foreign market away; create gaiatsu (foreign pressure). I kill them everywhere; sell cheaper and cheaper. They quit cold in Japan. They scared to stay in U.S.A."

Chapter Thirty-four

. . .

Tollbooth of Bad Blood

(Ypsilanti, Michigan back at Iscariots)

Randolph: "We're here, how's the hip, albino?"

Mark: "Hell, it's broke as us. Shit."

Randolph: "Get out, you Jap ass, yella snake bastard."

Mark: "Oh damn, my bum, oh!"

Kuni has a look of deep concern, and Randolph checks him out about it, "What you so nervous 'bout, Jap?"

Kuni: "Nothing."

Inside the bar is empty and dark.

J.C.: "Randolph."

Randolph: "J.C., ya open or what? Shit."

J.C.: "Paid is more like it. H.D. Louse paid, he said you'd be here."

Randolph: "Where is he? Shit."

J.C.: "I don't know, he sent over those three."

(From the shadows)

Fugi: "Papa san!"

Kuni: "Oh, my Fugi!"

Mark: "Oh damn, I gotta sit, shit."

Randolph grabs Fugi's arm. "Hold it bushi (warrior) bitch, where's my fuckin' . . .?" Fugi snaps free and strikes a combative Tae Kwondo stance and pose.

Gwen: "Ran!" Gwen and Bitch Ho come out of the darkness, run to Randolph and he kisses and embraces Gwen, then he hugs and kisses Bitch Ho.

Bitch Ho: "Ran! Louse ain't here. He's still got Joe, Insane Elaine waaay p.u. that holy ho, p.u. again, and another guy (Kostiers). He said they can go free if he gets Kuni!"

Randolph: "Ok Jap, you free. Send 'em to me up in this joint now, shit. And tell Louse to come on up in here, just me and him."

Kuni: "I will, R n'R san. Fugi come, it's over."

Gwen: "Ran, you came, I thought we'd be held much longer. How's daddy?"

Randolph: "We'll call Rev. when he relocates ev'rybody in the new hotel, sweetness, he's cool now. J.C., gimmie a scotch, shit."

Mark: "Yeah, J.C. man, make mine a triple."

Joe burst in the door with his halo glowing overhead, "Hey man!"

Randolph: "Holy Joe, shit, what's wrong?"

Joe: "They still have Insane Elaine and Kostiers."

Randolph: "No shit, rotten nigga lied again."

Joe: "He's gonna drop 'em back at the institute, he said, but I don't know, man."

Randolph: "What about Smug Doug and Harry?"

Joe: "I didn't see anybody, but I smelled Insane Elaine's nasty, putrid, awful stinkin' breath, even though she was gagged. And, I caught a whiff of the Magdalene."

Randolph: "Where is she?"

Gwen: "That strange, sweet smelling sexy singer and dancer from last night?"

Randolph: "Yeah, what's her deal, Holy Joe?"

Joe: I think she knows Louse, I can't be sure, but I think something's suspicious there."

Bitch Ho: "I don't trust that holy stinkin', funny farm, Jesus freakin', Bible butt actin' ho, Ran."

Randolph: "Did you see that nigga Louse, Bitch Ho?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, scar head nigga's tall like ya said, wearin' a queer ass smell like the holy ho."

Randolph: "Da Magdalene's callin' card, ya dig?"

Gwen: "What?"

Randolph: "Yeah, she just carries this heavy perfume around and leaves the scent wherever she goes, shit."

Bitch Ho: "Stinks, shit."

The phone rings and without even answering it, J.C. says, "Phone, Randolph."

Randolph picks up the receiver and continues the clairvoyance, "Yeah, Louse."

Louse: "Randolph, you stay out of my life, and I'll leave you to your sanctimonious madhouse. Is it a deal?"

Randolph: "Fuck you, I'm gonna break my barefoot off in your black punk anus so far up, yo' breath will smell like Absorbine Jnr. 'Cause you took my peeps, I gotta kick your black ass now. Include, you blinded me, you got us all fired, you caused too much grief. I can't forget it, so I'm gonna get you and Kuni together and hold a yard sale in Ypsi. Shit!"

Louse: "You'll never get another window of opportunity. I'm gonna get Kaizen America Monday morning. You get zilch, nada, zero. I made you a deal before, and you foolishly turned me down. I can't waste my time on losers, so this is sayonara, fool . . ."

Randolph: "Louse, I hear ya stink, Bitch Ho said ya stink. I wonder why, you been hangin' out with that Magdalene skunky skank, huh?" Randolph pretends to dislike the Magdalene's heavy heady scent to rile Louse, when he actually enjoys it as much as Jesus did.

Louse: "That's my concern, you wouldn't understand."

Randolph: "Hot holy ho pussy, shit, I fuckin' understand. What'cha gonna do with Kostiers and Insane Elaine, you filthy bama cunt? Shit."

Louse: "I dropped them all off near the plaza, they're safe." Louse hangs up.

Randolph: "What about Harry and Smug Doug, my flight crew? Shit. Hello, ya fuck!"

Mark sees the situation deteriorating in his opinion and says so. "Well, pardon me if I don't celebrate this fuckin' fiasco, but . . ."

Randolph ignores and interrupts Mark's cynicism to reassure Joe. "They're awright, Holy Joe, he let 'em out. Kostiers, Insane Elaine and da Magdalene are up in the plaza, he said."

Joe: "How's my sister, man?"

Randolph: "She's good, they're movin' as we speak from the Room at the Inn, 'cause the suites are totaled. Louse came through the fuckin' walls, shit."

Joe: "No shit, now what? They got me, man, they rushed me, and I couldn't even warn you guys."

Randolph: "Don't sweat shit, Holy Joe. We gotta get Insane Elaine; she's too old for this shit."

Joe: "Well, let's do it."

Mark: "Not me, R n'R, I'm fuckin' done in, shit."

Bitch Ho: "What's wrong with your albino ass?"

Mark: "It's my hip, Bitch Ho. I can't fuck no more, shit."

Bitch Ho: "So, what's new, ya tea n' crumpet chewin', English muffin munchin' mothafuck."

Gwen: "Are you hurt, Ran?"

Randolph: "No, baby sweets, but I'm gonna go with Holy Joe here now. So I'll get you, Bitch Ho and Mark a cab to take you to . . . what's the biggest hotel in town, Holy Joe?"

Joe: "The Hoofah."

Randolph: "Yeah, go there. Rev.'s there by now with Monika, Janet, Pearson, Space, Carter, Mama Mia, Vernice and Babs. Shit."

Bitch Ho: "No way, Ran, Babs split, shit."

Mark: "No shit?"

J.C.: "Kostiers is loose, he'll stay hidden, but he's in the city. He's the Antichrist, and he's with Insane Elaine for her money!"

Randolph: "Say what, ya big, ugly, black ass bastard . . . what fuckin' money, nigga? Shit. That goddamn check bounced like a fuckin' WNBA basketball, ya lame dick cocksucka. I oughta kick holy shit out of . . ."

J.C.: "I gave you your eyes back, so you can see the situation, look again." J.C. holds them in suspense with clairvoyant code.

Bitch Ho: "What's he sayin', Ran, big nigga's psychic, remember?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I know, that's why I don't bust his face up, shit."

J.C.: "You can still meet the deadline."

Randolph: "You nutty mothafuck, what you sayin'?"

J.C.: "This Kuni is in the hotel you're at now."

Joe: "The Hoofah?"

J.C.: "Yes."

Mark: "No shit?"

Randolph: "How do you know this shit, ya weird ass fuck?"

J.C.: "I know."

Bitch Ho: "Ran, this nigga knew Kuni was Kuni when we thought he was Nouro, remember? Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, go 'head, nigga, run it, shit."

J.C.: "He's in a suite at the Hoofah, top floor penthouse with H.D. Louse."

Mark: "No shit?"

Gwen: "Ran, don't trust him, you check it out first."

Randolph: "Yeah nigga, gimmie that fuckin' phone." Randolph calls 411.

Operator: "Information."

Randolph: "Hoofah Hotel."

Operator: "785-4612."

Randolph: "Good, shit."

Bitch Ho: "Call his ass, Ran, and see if he's in."

Joe: "No, that's stupid."

Bitch Ho: "Say what?! I'll cut ya sexy, cute ass all the way loose, shit! Ya good lookin', pumped up, hunky funky honky, muscle man, handsome halo head mothafucka!"

Randolph calls the hotel.

Desk: "Hoofah Hotel."

Randolph: "Think again, Bitch Ho. He's right. Hello . . . I'm checkin' on a party I'm expectin', a Jap . . . anese gent about sixty. His daughter, Fugi, and H.D. Louse are in his party."

Desk: "She's here, Fugi Ismori, with the Japanese gentleman you asked about. I don't know the other gentleman's name."

Randolph describes Louse, "Tall, skinny nig . . . black man, a gruesome gash on the top of his hammer head and a little stingy ass beard."

Desk: "Yes."

Randolph: "How long have they been registered?"

Desk: "Since yesterday . . . the Japanese gentleman just came in with them a half hour ago. They left word not to be disturbed."

Randolph: "Oh yeah."

Desk: "Is there a message?"

Randolph: "Naw, what's ya name?"

Desk: "Gilbert."

Randolph: "Look Gilbert, we're in business together, so don't disturb them with this. I was just overly concerned. So I'll see 'em at the meetin' in the mornin'."

Desk: "Fine, sir."

Randolph hangs up. "Those two monsta fucks are up in the Hoofah Hotel same as us, shit."

Mark: "Call Rev., R n'R, he should know they're there."

Randolph grins at J.C. "Yeah, gimme the phone back, nigga, and thanks for the fuckin' tip, shit."

Bitch Ho: "This J.C. nigga's unfuckin' believable, Ran, shit!"

Joe: "Unreal, J.C., man."

Mark: "What about the deal in the mornin' at the bank, J.C.? How do we stand? Shit."

J.C.: "That is your affair from this point on, I must locate Kostiers."

J.C. bolts from Iscariots.

Randolph: "J.C., what the fuck . . .?"

Gwen: "Let him go, Ran, I'm hungry." Gwen tries the kitchen and J.C.'s side door living quarters looking for food, but both doors are locked.

Bitch Ho goes behind the bar. "Me too, girl, goddamn, ain't shit back up in here but booze, shit."

Mark: "What do you think, R n'R, we still got a chance? Shit."

Randolph: "It's too soon to say, albino. Holy Joe, I'm gonna alert my guys in the hotel, then we can go, shit."

Joe: "Ok."

Randolph uses the phone.

Desk: "Hoofah Hotel."

Randolph: "Yeah Gilbert, it's me again."

Desk: "Oh yes, mister . . ."

Randolph: "Mr. Randall, yeah, I wanna talk to Rev. Simmons' party. He must be registered by now, right?"

Desk: "Yes, Mr. Randall."

Janet: "Halcyon Entertainment."

Randolph: "Janet, whatzup?"

Janet: "Nothing, we're all waiting on pins and needles for you, R n'R!"

Randolph: "Ok, I'll explain later, gimme Rev., quick, shit."

Rev.: "Randolph."

Randolph: "Yeah Rev., you heard from Harry and Smug Doug?"

Rev.: "No, not yet."

Randolph: "Ok, you stay with the ladies and Space, but I need Pearson and Carter."

Rev.: "Ok."

Randolph: "Tell 'em to meet me in the lobby, in . . ."

Joe: "Fifteen minutes."

Randolph: "Fifteen minutes, shit."

Rev.: "Ok, son."

Randolph: "I got Gwen and Bitch Ho and Holy Joe."

Rev.: "Great Jehovah, hallelujah!"

Randolph: "Here, baby sugar."

Gwen: "Daddy!"

Rev.: "Oh girl, I'm so happy! I was writhin' with worry. Look, Monika wants to say somethin'."

Monika: "Hi . . . is Ran there?"

Gwen: "Yes, hold on, it's Monika."

Randolph: "Yeah, superstar."

Monika: "Ran, Joe is he . . ."

Randolph: "Here, Holy Joe, shit."

Joe: "Hey sis, I'm fine! How the hell are ya?"

Monika: "Good, I'm good, I was worried."

Randolph takes the receiver, "Gimmie, put Janet on, shit."

Janet: "Yes, R n'R."

Randolph: "Where's Babs?"

Janet: "Gone, she split before Louse came."

Randolph: "No, I know that, I thought you might have picked up on somethin' else, shit."

Janet: "Well, there was this strange Mongoloid looking workin' girl in the Room at the Inn lobby, orange-yellowish skin, slick slanted eyes, prominent cheekbones, pug nose and straight brown-black hair. I thought they knew each other. We went back up to the suite though and I never saw her again."

Randolph: "Good lookin', exotic, sexy, hot-natured and in the life, brown almond shaped eyes, skin the shade of pure gold . . ."

Janet: "Attractive, cold unexpressive eyes, shapely enough, I guess . . . intimidating tough tits, way crazy looking and . . ."

Randolph: "KoKo, shit!"

Janet: "Oh, now I remember Mark telling us about her."

Randolph: "She's way trouble . . . be extra cool, Hindu. Call Jeff, the cabbie, at home or at the Detroit Metro Airport, Black n' White cab stand and have him come to J.C.'s to pick up Gwen, Bitch Ho and Mark, but tell him to take 'em to the rear of the hotel. Here's Jeff's home number." Randolph reads the phone number from Jeff's card and hangs up without asking their suite numbers and floor in the hotel.

Mark: "What'cha got now?"

Randolph: "Babs is with KoKo. Well we can't deal with that now, we gotta split."

Joe: "Ok, man."

. . .

(In the plaza)

Randolph: "Gettin' chilly, huh?"

Joe: "Yeah, J.C.'s probably walkin' on Ford Lake, the local lake here in Ypsi. They say he does that shit late at night just like Jesus Christ."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'd pay to see him do that deep Jesus shit, but we gotta check this puppy out. Hey, who's that?" Randolph unknowingly spots Kostiers.

Joe: "I don't know; he looked like the guy I told you about in the equipment shed back at the institute."

Randolph: "Kostiers, right?"

Joe: "I can't tell."

Randolph: "Didn't ya see him in the chopper?"

Joe: "No, we were in the back, bound, gagged and blindfolded."

Randolph: "Oh shit, hey man, wait! Shit." Kostiers runs away and hides in the remaining pre-dawn shadows of darkness.

Joe: "He's gone, we'd better go now."

Randolph: "Yeah, fast, shit."

Joe: "Ok, hang on." Joe burns rubber.

Randolph: "This is gonna be a tough one to pull off; it's damn near dawn, shit."

Joe: "What floor are Monika and everybody on in the hotel?"

Randolph: "Shit, they didn't say, and I didn't ask, why?"

Joe: "Well Kuni's in the penthouse suite, right?"

Randolph: "Oh yeah, what's fuckin' new? Shit."

Joe: "Then we check out your suites and hit the stairs. They'll have guards posted, so it's gonna have to be a quick capture. We're here."

(At the entrance of the Hoofah Hotel, a red brick, block long, fifty-year old structure in the heart of town.)

Randolph: "Big ass mothafuck, shit, must be over five hundred rooms, but just three floors, come on."

Joe: "Right behind ya."

Randolph: "I see Carter and Pearson, good." Carter and Pearson meet them in the lobby.

Carter: "Randolph, what's the deal at the bar?"

Randolph: "What?"

Pearson: "It's Babs and KoKo."

Joe: "What are we gonna do, man? It's gettin' light quick." Joe is concerned for the planned capture of Louse and Kuni.

Randolph: "I don't know, man, but I got a fuckin' idea, shit."

Carter: "Do we still have Kuni? I think not."

Randolph: "Fuck you, dollar dick face."

Joe: "He got free in a trade for Gwen, Bitch Ho, myself and three others."

Carter: "What about this morning at the bank? No, don't tell me, it's a fat flat out bust!"

Randolph: "You bitchy jerk, ya oughta join Babs and KoKo."

Babs, Koko and two black tough thug types are sitting at the closed bar.

Pearson: "What does KoKo want, Randolph?"

Randolph: "Money, what else? She joined Babs, and those guys sittin' with 'em are probably holiness hit guys or some shit from Rump. Insane Elaine ripped Rump off, so Carter stall 'em, let 'em talk to you."

Carter: ". . . What?"

Joe: "Shut up and do it, guy."

Randolph: "Ok, Pearson, lead the way up to our suites, we got five, right?"

Pearson: "Yes."

Joe: "What floor, man?"

Pearson: "Second."

Joe: "Good, we can check the stairs."

Babs and Koko accompanied by Rev. Rump's two holiness hoodlum hit men, hailing from Harlem Habitat, leave the bar and confront Randolph in the lobby.

Babs: "Hold it one fuckin' Manhattan minute, nigga."

Randolph: "Aw shit, what bitch, what? Shit."

Babs: "Where's that old rotten, gum stinkin', black bitch, Insane Elaine? She ain't at ya Christian crazy nut house, we checked."

Randolph: "We?"

KoKo: "Yeah nigga, we, ya miss me? Shit."

Randolph: "KoKo, I might have known, ya strange, wild cat eyed ho. Hide the silverware, hold on to your watches, rings and wallets, guys, no shit."

KoKo: "Fuck you, ya big black busta, dumb ass, foolish old nigga. I did time for ya big dick, black ass. My nigga's still stranded back out in L.A., shit, so you owe me big-time, goddammit!"

Randolph ignores KoKo and Babs, concentrating instead on the two holiness hit men. He sizes them up and makes up his mind how to disarm them safely. "You tough talkin' bad and lookin' good, KoKo. Who's ya friends, glamour girl?" He eyes both men with a stern steely smile.

Hit man: "I'm Al, man, and this is Troy."

Randolph: "Yeah, whatzup Al? You and Troy got business with my partner? Shit."

Al: "Who's ya fuckin' partner, man?"

Randolph: "Insane Elaine, shit, who else?"

Al: "Hell yeah . . . we lookin' for her. She's got heavy snaps she took off Rev. Rump, and we're comin' correct to collect."

Randolph: "How much, maybe I can help? Shit."

Babs: "He ain't got shit, Al, that's why I split. Nigga's a fool, shit, he got beat by crazy people tonight."

Randolph: "What you sayin', bitch? Go on run it, shit."

Babs: "Yeah, we went out to your new ass hustle, and the mothafucka was on fire with crazy fucks runnin' hog wild and shit. Everybody was waaay nuts and actin' out one big psychotic break and shit."

Randolph: "Aw, you saw the fuckin' Children of Israel." Randolph continues arguing with Babs, as he inches closer to the holiness hit men, until he's a left hook and a right cross away.

Joe: "It's light, man, sun's up." Joe rushes Randolph with a reminder of their main goal, Louse and Kuni.

Randolph: "I know, Holy Joe. Look, I'd like to chat, but I've got to see my company. Maybe I can help . . . Al. So if I see Insane Elaine, I'll tell her you're lookin' for . . . this!" Randolph punches Al hard with a left hook to the nose, and without so much as a thought, smashes Troy's nose with the right cross.

Al: "Oh shit! Watch it Troy, hey!"

Randolph: "Hold that nigga, Pearson." Pearson and Joe hold up an unconscious bleeding Troy.

Al: "I'll get you, man, you broke my fuckin' nose, shit. Damn!"

Randolph: "Shut up faggot and git up, shit."

Randolph turns his attention on KoKo now and she screams. "Not me mothafucka, I'll cut yo' black ass to ribbons, nigga! Get back, shit!" The warrior in the woman is activated, and she wields her weapon.

Randolph: "KoKo, listen to me, bitch. You got two goddamn thangs left, your foxy face n' figure. Look at this fist, pretty girl. If you even swing that fuckin' box cutter at me and miss, you'll need plastic surgery waaay bad, if you fuckin' live, shit."

Babs: "He won't hit ya, girl, nigga's soft and shit. Cut his black ass, KoKo!" Babs' eyes flash steel gray as she signifies and goads Koko.

Pearson: "He had a piece, Randolph, I got it." Pearson takes Al's gun.

Randolph: "Search Troy, shit."

Pearson gets bloody, unconscious Troy's gun. "Yes, he has one too."

Randolph: "Good, now low life ladies, you ain't goin' no goddamn place, shit." Randolph begins to stalk Koko around in close closing circles.

KoKo: "I'll cut ya big black dick off, R n'R, stay back! Shit." Randolph remembers Koko is ruthless as the Mongol she says she is. He recalls it's rumored on the street; she's a descendant of the thirteenth century horde and quite possibly Genghis Khan himself. He can see KoKo swinging a mace, while riding at the head of the horde on a war pony beside Genghis and all the guys following behind with a battering siege machine.

Babs: "Cut him, KoKo, oh!"

Randolph smacks Babs. "I'll bitch slap yo' agitatin' African ass again, ho, so shut the fuck up and sit down, shit." Babs is pain aching from the blow and nose bleeding in total shock.

Pearson: "The police, Randolph!" The police arrive in four squad cars out front while Randolph and KoKo continue to circle combatively closer in the lobby.

And Randolph shouts, "Fuck 'em! Ok, sneak thief, now what? What ya gonna do, shit, cut ev'ry fuckin' body?"

Koko: "Just you, nigga."

Randolph stalks KoKo in his old navy heavyweight fighter's crouch. He head fakes, feints a right, leads with a left and clips KoKo in the face with a snapping short, quick, hard jab, sending the box cutter flying and Pearson picks it up.

KoKo: "Aw, shit, ahh!"

Randolph: "I told ya, bitch, I warned ya, shit!" The punch was flush up against her pug nose and gaping, red lipstick smeared mouth, as the police rush into the lobby from the entrance.

Captain: "Hold it Mr. Randall, you again. Nobody move!"

Randolph: "Cap'n, good to see ya. These folks started an altercation with my business partners and me, then they got their noses out of joint and bloodied my big ol' hard, black fist, shit." Randolph's camp convulses with raucous laughter.

Babs: "Go on laugh, you stupid dumb ass geeks, go on laugh, shit." Babs puts on a false front as she struggles to collect her senses and wipes the trickle of blood running from her flaring nostrils.

KoKo: "My mouth, my nose, oh damn! Nigga hit me hard, shit."

Captain: "It's a wonder you're still standin', Miss. Some I.D. please everyone!" The captain checks everybody's I.D.

Pearson: "I.G. Pearson, officer, L.A."

Captain: "Ok Pearson, and you, sir?"

Joe: "Joe Spain, I'm an electrical engineer out at the institute."

Captain: "Hmm, and you there?"

Carter: "Carter Livingstone, chief accountant for Halcyon Entertainment."

Babs: "Ha! A fuckin' jive ass joke, shit."

Captain: "Miss, be careful what you say, and your names now, you sir?"

Al: "Albert Miller, New York City."

Captain: "Where's your I.D., Albert?"

Al cuts his bleary eyes at Randolph and accuses him falsely. "This guy took it in the scuffle."

Randolph: "You sissy, punk ass faggot. Look, captain, this lyin' excuse of a man is a holiness hit guy from New York, and so is this jerky, bony bastard with him. . . . Also, the two bit women here are street ho's."

Babs: "You ass wipe punk, he hit us 'cause we was with these two guys. We was all up in the bar waitin' for the fuckin' barman to open up this mornin', shit."

Randolph: "Give the captain the guns and box cutter, Pearson."

Pearson: "Yes officer, here's your proof, two guns, one off of each man and a box cutter off that wild weird war-like woman."

Captain: "She's punch drunk and bleeding bad, Murry. Get her to the hospital." The captain winces seeing Koko's bloody, bashed in face.

Randolph: "She's out on her fuckin' feet, shit."

KoKo: "I took your best shot, R n'R. I . . . can't see, I can't hear shit!"

Captain: "Take her, Murry. Samuels, you and Officer Joseph cuff and shackle these two guys."

Al: "Why ya fuck, why us? Shit!"

Captain: "Disturbin' the peace, guns, no I.D., suspicious attitude and bleeding all over this lobby, that's why."

Babs: "And me, why me, shit? He pimp slapped the piss outta me, cop." And he literally did hit Babs that hard.

Captain: "You probably deserved it, Miss. I've worked as a policeman for nineteen years, and I never saw a more street whore than you. I.D. please." Babs and Koko are wearing makeup like war paint in whorish outfits, and Al and Troy are dressed like bad taste burglars in dark clothing.

Babs: "You cunt face, little dick, fartin' pig, cop ass mothafucka!"

Captain: "I thought so, lock 'em all up, except these four fellows." Babs bad-mouths the law and condemns herself by her rowdy conduct. And the beaten bloody broken nosed assailants are escorted away in cuffs and shackles.

Babs: "You old shit, hey!"

Al: "Man, I'll get yo' black ass!"

Randolph: "Yeah in yo' dreams, shit. Bye Babs."

The captain reads from KoKo's I.D. and reveals her last name. "This KoKo Khan could have cut/stabbed you good with this box cutter. You men were brave to take on this element. We don't get that over here much; Detroit's a headache though."

Randolph: "KoKo Khan, huh?" Randolph mulls over the true or fake coincidence of KoKo's last name, that he never knew until this minute, and wonders if the rumors about her heroic heritage and great genealogy from the golden horde could be fact. " Yeah, and you're, cap'n . . ."

Captain: "Russell, Captain Chip for Charles Russell at your service."

Randolph: "That's great, Cap'n Chip. I'm gonna see you get an accommodation for this. I'll write, no, call the mayor, no hell, the governor hisself!"

Captain Chip: "Now, now, Mr. Randall, a simple thanks is enough. It's all in the job description, you know? However, I'm going to have to get copies of everybody's I.D. information in case there's a trial."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Captain Chip: "So give everything to Officer Kryklesky Here."

A very attractive, well-built, young white, blue-eyed blond, female officer comes over in uniform to collect the men's I.D.'s.

Randolph: "Oh, shit."

Kryklesky: "I beg your pardon?"

Captain Chip: "She's a looker, right Randall?"

Randolph: "Hell yeah."

Joe: "I've seen you around town, I wondered when we'd meet."

Kryklesky: "I'll bet, is this your present address, Mr. Randall?"

Randolph: "Yeah, pretty po'licewoman."

Kryklesky: "You live in Bel-Air, California?"

Randolph: "Yeah, why, you don't believe me?"

Kryklesky: "No, I've been to Bel-Air, last year. It's beautiful, the lavish estates, the manicured lawns, the . . ."

Captain Chip: "Kryklesky, let's get goin'!"

Kryklesky: "Yes sir!"

Randolph: "What's your first name, officer?"

Kryklesky: "Judy, why?"

Randolph: "Cute, fits ya, way cute, Judy the cutie, right?"

Joe: "The uniform fits you just right, skin tight."

Judy: "Now you fresh guy, Spain, huh?"

Joe: "Yes, and I feel like Madrid when I look at you, officer." Joe's halo is on.

Judy: "What a mouth on you, guy, and you, sir?"

Pearson: "Yes, officer."

Judy: "Pearson, huh, from Covert City?"

Pearson: "Yes."

Judy: "You know the old ex-MGM lot, I bet?"

Pearson: "Oh yes, I worked on it."

Judy: "No kiddin', are you in pictures?"

Pearson: "Yes, security."

Judy: "You're a cop, I can tell!"

Randolph: "Look out, Holy Joe. Pearson's got her nose wide open."

Judy: "And you're from Malibu?" Judy inspects Carter's I.D. and flashes a sexy smile back at Pearson.

Carter: "Carter Livingstone, I'm an entertainment accountant, chief accountant for Halcyon Entertainment, Miss."

Judy: "Never heard of it, what kind of entertainment do you do?"

Carter: "None yet, we're new, Miss."

Judy: "I don't know, sounds cyberspacy to me."

Captain Chip: "You got everything, Kryklesky?"

Judy: "Yes sir, here's my number I.G. I have so many questions about old MGM!"

Pearson: "Yes, Miss . . ."

Judy: "Judy, Officer Judy Kryklesky. If you don't think I'd talk your head off, we could meet later; I get off at three."

Captain Chip: "Kryklesky!"

Judy: "Yes captain, bye I.G." Judy hands Pearson her card.

Pearson: "I.G. stands for Irving Grant."

Judy: "Oh, that's wonderful, please call!"

The men ogle Judy until she leaves with the police and prisoners when they drive away.

Randolph: "Holy Joe, your mouth is wide open. Pearson, your dick is hard as road work, and my mojo's on vacation, shit!"

Carter: "What about me, I'm affected too."

Randolph: "You fuckin' infected, shit. Ya jive ass Malibu, lame dick wannabe, surfer billionaire beach boy bum."

Joe: "She's a fine young officer."

Randolph: "Ypsilanti's finest ass, shit."

Carter: "Janet and Monika top her hands down, and Mia too, I think."

Pearson: "Sharon."

Randolph: "That reminds me, Kuni and Louse, let's fuckin' go!"

Chapter Thirty-Five

. . .

Providence's 411 Highway**(In the stairwell)**

Randolph: "Nobody here, Holy Joe. Easy though, they may be in the hall." The men carefully creep up the stairs to the third floor exit door.

Joe: "Open it wide, we can rush 'em all at once."

Carter: "Are they armed, or do you know, Randall?"

Randolph: "Naw, ok on three, shit."

Pearson: "Yes."

Joe: "Ok, man."

Carter: "Alright, oh God."

Randolph: "Three."

They burst through the metal door into the corridor.

Randolph: ". . . Nothin', shit, the hallway is clear."

Carter: "Do you think they heard us hit the exit door?"

Pearson: "We hit it pretty hard."

Joe: "Which one is it . . .?" Joe wonders aloud looking down a corridor of beige walls and ceiling, gold-numbered black doors, bright lights and a red wine colored carpet a block long.

Randolph: "This one, shhh." Randolph instinctively guesses at the first and right door.

Joe: "How you gettin' in, man?"

Randolph: "My MLK gold credit card, shit." Randolph plans to use the credit card as a burglar's tool and does.

Pearson: "Good thinking, Randolph, that'll work."

Carter: "We could get arrested for this."

Randolph: "Ok, when I turn the knob, rush in behind me. Ready, here goes . . . whoa! Masterpieces!" Reproductions of famous paintings not by Claude Monet or Paul Cézanne, but Jacob Lawrence and Elizabeth Catlett adorn the walls of the avant-garde abode. "This shit on the walls would make High Art Leisure drool." They enter Louse and Kuni's penthouse suite, a comfortable contemporary, designer decorated large living room, master bedroom and bath, painted orange, white and green, with brown leather furniture, thick carpets, soundproof walls, high ceilings and large doors.

Joe: "Where's Louse and Kuni, man?"

Pearson: "Gone."

Joe: "The door, up the steps, look!"

Randolph: "Oh shit!" Randolph races up the short stair and opens the door with Carter behind him. And there on the roof terrace, clearly is a vacant helicopter pad.

Carter: "Helicopter pad, we should of known!"

Randolph returns to the others and asks, "Anythang layin' around?"

Joe: "No."

Pearson: "Nothing."

Carter: "I'll check the john . . . nothing."

Randolph: "Well, what time ya got, Holy Joe? Shit."

Joe: "Eight-thirty."

Randolph: "I gotta figure somethin' fast, shit!"

Carter: "What about, J.C.? He always knows everything, right?"

Pearson: "Good idea, he was unbelievable at his bar. He gave you your eyes back, Randolph."

Randolph: "I know, shit, but he cut us loose last night after he told us about this joint, now he's God only knows where, shit."

And right on cue, Earl O. Kostiers walks into the suite, carrying a small battery-operated voice enhancer, but he speaks to them in his normal voice. "He's after me."

Joe: "The little gold tooth, fat, weird bald head guy, man, look!"

Randolph: "Yeah, are you Earl O. Kostiers?"

Kostiers: "Yes I am, and I'm in dire need of protection from J.C.; he's gone off the deep end again."

Randolph: "Again?"

Kostiers: "Yes, he's quite harmless until he snaps, and then sparks fly."

Randolph: "What are you sayin', what sparks?"

Kostiers: "Well, in the parlance of the street, sir, he's fucked up."

Randolph: "No shit, how?"

Kostiers: "Split persona, he's a simple-minded, muscular, bipolar bartender, with not only psychic powers, but a remarkable healing capacity that would astound the medical world. You might not believe this; however, I witnessed a modern day miracle by his hands. J.C. was in Houston, Texas at the Oil Drum Bar in the Red Light District and tending bar. In walks a street prostitute, a wretch, drunk and loud, crying and babbling about, she had it."

Randolph: "Had it?"

Kostiers: "Yes, AIDS gentlemen, the dreaded scourge of this era, any era. A leper has a better shot today and yesterday."

Randolph: "J.C. cured a ho with AIDS, huh?"

Kostiers: "I'll say. She laughed when he grabbed her, and asked the devils to depart her body. Then she ran screaming into the night, and she was gone. Well, this was what I'd come to Texas to see, so I was most impressed."

Carter: "As were we, when he gave Randall his sight back. I still don't believe it."

Randolph: "Believe it, goddammit. I see your dumb decimal pointed ass right now, shit. Go on, God, run it."

Kostiers: "I came back to the Oil Drum Bar every night for a solid week. Then on the eighth day, the prostitute with AIDS returned. She was a completely different woman now. With tears in her eyes, she kissed J.C.'s hands, fell on her knees and thanked him for saving her life. The din in the bar fell to a whisper, and J.C. said a sort of prayer so majestically moving, I was amazed all these rough neck types; these hard, heartless people knew they were in on a great holy happening."

Carter: "How do you know she had AIDS?"

Randolph: "Yeah, she had AIDS, ya financial fanatical fuss budget fool, I was blind wasn't I? Go on run it, God, shit."

Kostiers: "Well I checked, her name is Ruth, and she's with me at the institute today."

Randolph: "You checked her out?"

Kostiers: "Yes, her doctor confirmed to me she had full blown AIDS. He gave her one-year, she was so far gone. But he was flabbergasted at her complete turn around. Then he still had trouble accepting his own new prognosis when she returned to him for another diagnosis six months later."

Randolph: "This doctor still practicin' medicine?"

Kostiers: "Yes, in Tampa, Florida, he left Houston."

Randolph: "What else, God, run it?"

Kostiers: "J.C. blames me for trying to exploit the religious curios, as I call all of my exhibits. He claims I'm only interested in setting myself up as the perpetrator of a great, abysmal, religious holy hoax."

Randolph: "Are you?"

Kostiers: "Preposterous, absurd, totally insidious! I would never misrepresent the Scriptures. I am a Holy Bible buff, sir, a student of both the New Testament and the Old, King James Version of course."

Randolph: "What's that gotta do with shit. You can study the Bible all the fuck you want to, and still religiously rip off the whole goddamned world, shit."

Kostiers: "No, no, no I never had a Machiavellian motive. I was always devout as a monk. I was pure; I wanted to present my people in the right light of their obsession. I . . ."

Randolph: "Obsession, shit, you played fuckin' God, man. I heard your ass on the P.A. system, and you're good as hell at it too."

Kostiers: "Thank you I'm sure. Forgive me, but I'd never harm a soul. These mental patients as they are, would be in some state hospital for the religious insane if not for my project to house them and show them to the world, sir."

Randolph: "Naw, man, they ain't gettin' shit out of it though. Ya brainwashed 'em and got 'em a quack ass atheist doctor, who amuses hisself at they fuckin' expense, goddammit!"

Kostiers: "No sir, please hear my side. I will pay them salaries."

Carter: "Based on what, pray tell?"

Randolph: "Shut up, fool. Go on run it, God, shit."

Kostiers: "Based upon the theatrical union wages established in this country. And if they draw the big crowds, I'll pay them star salaries accordingly, sir."

Randolph: "You mean negotiate with agents, managers and lawyers, etc.?"

Kostiers: "Yes, yes absolutely if need be."

Randolph: "Where's Insane Elaine? Shit."

Kostiers: "I knew she'd be safe, so I left her with Mary Magdalene, sir."

Randolph: "You nuts, you left a dyin', sick, poor old black woman like that out on the street! Shit!"

Kostiers: "Oh no, she's rich, she's hidden millions."

Randolph: "Your fuckin' sons, George n' Paul, refute that shit. They told me when I tried to cash her rubber ass check, that she never had the money to cover it."

Kostiers: "She's shrewd, so I don't know where her secret treasure is, but J.C. does."

Randolph: "Why is he so tight with her?"

Kostiers: "That's his mother!"

Randolph: "No fuckin' shit, his moms, huh? So you sayin' ev'ry poor ass bastard in your care is there because they wanna be?"

Kostiers: "Yes, you see most were committed and certifiable, so I saved them from a life time of being merely psychotic inmates. Treatment in most of these places is barbaric, and they would be destroyed by heavy medications to control their seemingly odd behavior."

Randolph: "And you don't resort to these tactics?"

Kostiers: "No, I do not, I'm not always in agreement with our Doctor Chryst, but he's an atheist and that gives him a neutral prospective. He can look past the theatrics and treat any malady and dangerous trend with valuemiocine for schizophrenia, or any other grandiose delusions, psychotic and pathological bizarre behavior remanded to the institution. He can handle every demented soul irreconcilable with reality confined here with a clinical approach that I wholeheartedly approve. So we've never had but one mishap."

Randolph and Joe: "The fire!"

Kostiers: "Yes, unfortunately, but no one was burned, no smoke inhalation cases, not even shock. When I was whisked away, bound, gagged and blindfolded by the infidels who took us, I was angry but proud that there down below me from the helicopter, I could sense the Children of Israel scurrying about, and I heard their battle cries over the choppers propellers and Super Scooper engines. It was a grand glorious victory, sir!"

Randolph: "J.C. told me you were the goddamn Antichrist, shit."

Kostiers: "That's something he says to bring me down. When his mother first told me about him, she said go to Houston, Texas. There's a big black barman there with exceptional gifts, unique powers, and unheard of sainted abilities, and so I went."

Randolph: "J.C. said he was gonna stop your ass, man."

Kostiers: "That's why I beg your protection, sir. He is a determined man as you well know, big and strong as hell, shit."

Randolph: "Six nine, three hundred pounds."

Kostiers: "Right, so maybe I can improve our deal, nineteen percent was what we decided. Elaine agreed, as I carried all the official responsibility for the mental patients, I was to get the . . ."

Randolph: "White lion's fuckin' share, shit."

Kostiers: "Yes, but now you can have half of my end, just keep me safe."

Randolph: "J.C. won't touch your schemin' hind pots, long as you stay with me, man. I'll crucify his big black, God gifted ass, shit."

Joe: "It's 9:30, what now, man?"

Randolph: "Nothin', shit, I'll play this hand right here. Kostiers, your sons think you're fuckin' nuts, are you?"

Kostiers: "I've never been saner. They used my eccentricities against me. They videotaped my most private prayer rituals, followed me, wiretapped my phone, hired lawyers, and got false witnesses to testify against me, so I never had a chance. The law turned the bank and all my other businesses over to them, and they kept the institute in a deal fashioned to keep me institutionalized de facto."

Randolph: "Well, I can't think of shit ass else. Holy Joe, you got a question?"

Joe: "Well shit, I ain't gonna fight J.C. unless I have to, man."

Pearson: "He's a big man, Randolph. I'd be careful and then some."

Carter: "I'd rather not face the prospect of fighting J.C., if you don't mind."

Randolph: "Shit, you bastards ain't brave as Bitch Ho, shit!"

Kostiers: "Yes, was she the scrappy little thing in the helicopter with us, she's quite a handful?" Although blindfolded, Kostiers assumes Bitch Ho's size.

Pearson: "Yes, she is that."

Randolph: "I'm gonna keep you with me, Kostiers, but tell me, where did you ever find Jesus?"

Kostiers: "He was a carpenter inmate at an asylum in Toledo. Before that, he use to sell Amway products door to door dressed as Jesus. Then, he worked the night shift at the Jeep plant there dressed the same way. I heard rumors about him and we had him moved here. I pulled a lot of legal strings, and he came of his own free will. Everyone is astounded by his poise, grace, and perfect Christ-like demeanor."

Randolph: "Holy Toledo, huh, and not to mention the fact that he looks just like the real deal, shit."

Kostiers: "Yes, Joel masquerading as the Master brings Christ corona charisma back born again."

Randolph: "J.C. claims you'd use Joel to stage a fake second comin' and attempt to take over the world."

Kostiers: "That's the most depraved rot I've ever heard, sir, I'm speechless."

Randolph: "Shit, with Joel and J.C. it could fuckin' work. I mean if ya had J.C. and healed folks in the dark usin' Joel to shill, what a combo, hosanna and hallelujah!" Everyone laughs.

Kostiers: "Very amusing, sir, but I have no such scam in mind. I'll admit to wanting profit, as I, sir, am a devout capitalist."

Randolph: "But are you a fuckin' Christian?"

Kostiers: "I am an agnostic, sir, I must admit."

Randolph: "No shit, all this Bible thumpin' and you ain't even cocksure."

Kostiers: "When I'm convinced, I'll let you know, sir. Is that acceptable?"

Randolph: "Well, let's see, shit. I'm gettin' one half from your eighty-one percent and one half of Insane Elaine's share, nineteen percent . . . hmm?"

Carter: "That's fifty percent. We'd need fifty-one percent for control, and we'll go public if it flies. Issue stock to the Children of Israel, and as the parent company, Halcyon has a theme park. We still need a phantom investor for equity fast though."

Randolph: "Whatever he's mumblin' over there is cool, that's his bag; he's my fuckin' accountant. So that's it, Kostiers, take it or fuckin' leave it."

Kostiers: "Good, I can't quibble, fifty-one percent it is."

Randolph: "Look, you're gonna have to bear with me, shit. This is the only fuckin' suite in this joint that ain't fuckin' bugged, shit." Randolph decides to make the penthouse suite his redoubt in Ypsi.

Pearson: "Smart, Randolph, Louse would never bug his own suite."

Joe: "It's soundproof too. What's next, man?"

Randolph: "Phone calls, three I think, you guys can split. Go back down to our suites, and don't mention where I am to a soul. I'll come down when I finish. Kostiers, you stay with me, you'll be safer, shit. And, Pearson, do me a favor and pick up my briefcase and bag from Janet; then bring 'em here, but be discreet. Thanks."

Pearson: "Got it."

Kostiers: "Yes, I'll stay right here, I agree."

Joe: "I gotta see Monika."

Carter: "Yes, I'll check on Janet and Mia."

Randolph: "Why don't ya call that cutie bootay cop, Pearson?"

Pearson: "Officer Judy Kryklesky, yes maybe."

Randolph: "Shit, Bitch Ho's got stiff fuckin' competition, huh?"

Pearson muses at the implication he is of interest to an attractive woman.

Kostiers: "We have lovely female officers on our police force in Ypsilanti, sir. I voted for them last election, Mayor Trimm and I . . ."

Randolph: "Wait a mothafuckin' Michigan minute, shit, Mayor Trem . . ."

Kostiers: "That's without the `e' and it's two m's."

Randolph: "It still means fuckin' pussy. Trem is pink and purple pussy. Shit, that's way cute. Hell, I love this fuckin' burg, goddammit."

Joe: "Mark calls it Michigan Avenue Town."

Randolph: "Ok, awright ev'rybody out, enough bullshit. But you sit or lay over there old guy and be quiet, shit."

Kostiers: "Yes, I'll be glad to sit here and meditate, sir."

The others leave and Randolph uses the phone. The Hoofah Hotel still uses an old-fashioned switchboard system.

Desk: "Desk."

Randolph: "Yeah, gimmie room service, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Kitchen: "Kitchen."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm up in penthouse 1J."

Kitchen: "Yes sir, and what can we do for you this morning, sir?"

Randolph: "Your best steak, burn it, French fries, coffee, butter, rolls, Caesar salad, hot pea soup, shit, and what's the dessert of the day, man?" Randolph often eats his meals in different order, this time choosing a dinner meal for breakfast.

Kitchen: "German chocolate cake and homemade vanilla almond ice cream."

Randolph: "No shit?"

Kitchen: "Yes sir, what kind of salad dressing, sir?"

Randolph: "Blue cheese."

Kitchen: "Yes sir, a cold drink, sir?"

Randolph: "Yeah, shit, ice tea, lemon with fresh green mint."

Kitchen: "Yes sir, we'll get that right up to you as soon as possible, sir."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet."

Kostiers: "That sounded delicious, I could hardly contain myself, even though it's breakfast time and you're ordering dinner."

Randolph: "You hungry? Shit."

Kostiers: "Yes please, I must admit I've worked up a terrific appetite, and I'd like everything you ordered." Randolph flashes the front desk again.

Desk: "Desk."

Randolph: "Hey man, room service."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Kitchen: "Kitchen."

Randolph: "Gimmie the same order again."

Kitchen: "Two orders of dinner for breakfast, sir?"

Randolph: "Yeah, and step on it, shit."

Kitchen: "Yes sir, right away, sir!"

Randolph flashes the desk.

Desk: "Yes sir."

Randolph: "Gimmie this number, area code (310) 767-8922, yeah."

Randolph was told to call 24-7 and he does at seven-thirty in the morning, Pacific Time. He discovers Val obviously works out of her house, and Toy lives there with the Johnson's, all three in separate rooms. Toy answers from a sound sleep when the business phone rings.

Toy: " . . . (yawn) Emotion (yawn) Promotion."

Randolph: "Hey, Toy."

Toy: "Mr. Randall, (yawn) just a moment."

Val: "(yawn) R n'R, whatever are you doing? I heard you were fired and had absconded with all of your Kaizen staff in tow. Plus, you were blind in one eye and in all kinds of trouble, (yawn) whatever happened?"

Randolph: "I had both of them fucks I told you 'bout, but they got away, shit. However, I got into another deal, maybe the greatest one of my fuckin' life."

Kostier's comments on Randolph's compliment to Scripture Park using his God's voice enhancer, "Thank you, sir!"

Then there's a knock at the door.

Randolph: "Shut up and get the fuckin' door, God."

Kostiers answers the door, and the waiter brings in the food, as Pearson surreptitiously returns Randolph's luggage from Janet. Then synchronistically, he and the waiter leave.

Val: "Who are you barking at, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Just one of my new partners, shit. Anyway, I'm on a high n' holy religious tip now."

Val: "Really, you're joking, right?"

Randolph: "Look, I've got fifty-one percent of a religious theme park with all of the principal playa's in the Bible, and a cast of . . ."

Kostiers: "Six hundred fifty-six people!"

Randolph: "You hear that?"

Val: "Yes, loud and clear, go on."

Randolph: "They have a guy here that would convince the Pope he was Jesus Christ, no shit, and a Noah also, with damn near all the goddamn big animals . . ."

Kostiers: "Except for two hippos, two rhinos, and two African Cape buffaloes, almost all the good, big popular ones on Elaine's list!"

Randolph: "You hear 'em?"

Val: "Oh yes, (yawn) do continue."

Randolph: "We're gonna have Insane Elaine."

Val: "The black gospel great, the goddess of glossolalia, the grand dame diva of religious ecstasy; the singer smitten with effluvium of vapors: pungent, repugnant, coarse and cutting, horrific and rank malodorous bad breath; the sacred singing star of the double platinum

album, 'Tongue Lashin'', about Jesus and the money changers and 'Hold Ya Tongue', another double platinum gem about gossip mongers, and the triple platinum, 'Bite'cha Tongue', her third masterpiece on Godhead Records, where she railed against charismatic Christian cruelty? The same Elaine who falls down foaming at the mouth, struck with seizures and spasmodic stage convulsions, when possessed by supernatural demons and devils? She, having the highest rank and calling in black soul church music, known worldwide for her thrilling trilling theatrics and flair for the stark dramatic display (yawn)? I thought she was missing."

Randolph: "She was, but I found her, and she's my partner, shit."

Val: "Yes, yes!"

Randolph: "I need over three hundred acres in South-Central L.A. I want to deal this thang off through the Buy Black Think Tank Bank, the way black bank."

Val: "I know, go on."

Randolph: "Yeah, I want to sell shares to the hood, you know?"

Val: "Keep it in the family, huh?"

Randolph: "Yeah, and I want it all done on the q.t. until we get back home."

Val: "How long are we talking about, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Shit, looks like soon, but I won't say yet. Unfinished business is a bitch."

Val: "Ok, I've got the gist of it, so do you have any equity at this juncture?"

Randolph: "Hell no!"

Val: "Ok, ok, I've got an idea for you, something very new, but about to hit the public next month. I'm doing the promo's on it naturally. It's got over a twenty-five million dollar budget, black-owned, and my hubby is the brain trust. It's his venture with investors."

Randolph: "Yeah . . . so?"

Val: "I'll hook you up if you're interested. You can get in for enough shares to buy that land you need in . . . I'd say Watts was the best bet off hand for that big a parcel."

Randolph: "Watts, huh?"

Kostiers: "That's great, take it, please!" Kostiers can only hear and follow one side of the conversation and reacts excitedly to the location being in Watts, as Randolph is chewing into the phone.

Val: "What are you eating, R n'R?"

Randolph: "I gotta eat this steak, shit."

Val: "Ok, just checking, well, what about it?"

Randolph: "What about what, hell, what's the goddamn product? Shit."

Val: "Prophylactics."

Randolph: "Rubbers?"

Val: "Yes, condoms, yes."

Randolph: "What's so goddamn special about `em, shit? XL Rumpelstiltskin is my brand."

Val: "`4 Skins` is mine, no leaks, money back guarantee, heat conductors, ultra-satisfying ridges, shadow thin, one size fits all, lubricated to last an hour of connubial, conjugal power, ten exciting scents, ten enticing flavors, and they glow in the dark!"

Randolph: "Your hubby use 'em on your hot ass, baby?"

Val: "Every night, sugar."

Randolph: "No shit?"

Val: "You got it."

Randolph: "So what can I get, and for how much? Shit."

Val: "You can get a special package deal to suit your needs. You're gonna need two million up front in today's real estate market in California."

Randolph: "Yeah, go on run it, shit."

Val: "Well, I can promise you in my professional opinion, these condoms are gonna roll. So get on board for sixty grand, and you'll reap that two million."

Randolph: "No shit, girl, you lyin'."

Val: "You know me, I never play."

Randolph: "Tell ya what, I'll wire ya twenty-five K. That's it, baby."

Val: "Ok, R n'R, but you'll be shy for that land parcel. You need sixty K for two million."

Randolph: "Sixty K for two huge, shit, impossible. I'm keepin' thirteen K for expenses. I've got a waaay gang here, shit, over six hundred and fifty people and more comin'! I've lost count, goddammit."

Val: "Ok, I understand. Look, maybe we can work out a stock swap, I'll check with Einstein."

Randolph: "Einstein?"

Val: "Yes, my hubby, Einstein Johnson."

Randolph: "Yeah, ok Val. I gotta call Teddy Kotex. I promised him one fuckin' huge yesterday, shit. Then I was hot on the trail of two hundred fifty huge in a reward from Kaizen, but it fell through. So I need one huge first and fast, 'cause Teddy's got a hot hit record. We started this record label, Laugh Track Records, Ha Ha Hee Hee Ho Ho, Ho's!"

Val: "Fresh idea, what's the song, and who's the artist?"

Randolph: "Teddy calls the tune `Sore as a Whore', and it's performed by Melanoma Black, shit."

Val: "It's hot you say?"

Randolph: "Yeah, he called me on it yesterday."

Val: "I'll check it out. What percentage do you own of it?"

Randolph: "Fifty percent, shit."

Val: "Oh, maybe that will work out in equity. What's his problem now?"

Randolph: "No product, no distribution, no promotion nationwide, shit."

Val: "Do you have papers on this Kotex character?"

Randolph: "My lawyer, Mia, drew up papers. She's suppose to send 'em to Teddy, get his signature, and then give him the cash, shit."

Val: "Bad, bad, bad, R n'R, terrible advice, and what are you eating now?"

Randolph is still chewing in Val's ear. "German chocolate cake n' ice cream, homemade shit."

Val: "Sounds like it."

Randolph: "So what would you suggest I do?"

Val: "Let me check this Teddy Kotex and Laugh Track Records, Ha Ha Hee Hee Ho Ho, Ho's! out. `Sore Whore` is the single and that artist was a Melanoma Black, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, you got it."

Val: "Ok, if it checks out you have a hit pending retail orders or any business at all, I can get cash fast."

Randolph: "How much?"

Val: "Depends on how hot it is, but I've done this with rap artist. They have this same scenario, a big hit record and no financing. But unlike you, they deal with a big label for cash up front and a production deal."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm hip, but I ain't doin' that lame shit, see? I'm the fuckin' owner, goddammit."

Val: "I know, I understand. However, why would you just send a guy one million cash, R n'R?"

Randolph: "He was straight with me; he told me we had a hit, so we have a fifty-fifty deal, shit."

Val: "Oh, a buddy buddy deal, huh?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah."

Val: "Ok, but if you want control, you better take fifty-one, and put it in your portfolio."

Randolph: "Maybe, but you get the cash first, shit."

Val: "You're impossible. I'd better turn you over to Einstein, only he could reach you. You get into more lucrative deals than any hustler I know. But, there are rules that you and I must jointly observe in order to make a profit, especially in show business. The entertainment industry is brimming with possibilities for blacks today, but the racial quagmire and quicksand still exist. So I've got to protect myself and my clients."

Randolph: "You sound so fuckin' sexy, my big black dick is drippin'."

Val: "You, you, you just don't want to be business!"

Randolph: "Naw, I guess I just want some good hot, black butt, buck wild mad naked, scratchin', bitin', hollerin', yellin', wet, sweatin', reamin', screamin', creamin', cussin', yo' nigga hairy ass pussy n' my big dick sex, don't you?"

Val: "No I don't, I'm a business woman. I own my own company; I don't owe a cent. No one tells me what when or where; I pick and choose, and I chose to work with you. I figured you'd be a great investment, so I solicited you. I never come on to you; then again, I never sell you a bill of goods. I just try to make it happen. I don't know why you turned a perfectly good business conversation into a low life, garbage can kind of vile connection between us!"

Randolph: "Fuck you, Val, but I need cash, so what have I got cash wise, shit?"

Val: "Well, I'm obviously exasperated and embarrassed, so please never go that way with me again. It's insulting and I despise that kind of trashy talk, R n'R! But if you let me, I can make us rich. You get the deals and I'll fix the financing."

Randolph goes along with the woman's outrage and pretends to be at a lost for words, "I . . ."

Val: "No, shut up, I'm hurt by you. I told you I was married, but you made a crass crude crack anyway. I simply tried to confide in you as a friend; then you stripped me of my pride, for a minute. So, do you or don't you want my assistance in your endeavors?"

Randolph: "Yeah Val, shit, that's just me, goddammit. It's my way, I'm way oversexed."

Val: "And you are way obscene, R n'R. I let you talk dirty because I thought we were tight. But you see me in an indecent fantasy that would only lead to destruction for me; my wonderful husband Einstein, and even you R n'R could be wounded. This isn't what you should focus upon. We, you and I could be highly successful today, so what do you say?"

Randolph: "Awright Val, you're right, I was out of line."

Val: "Well, R n'R, there is hope for us. I see your situation more than I let on. I don't know, I was afraid to say the things I saw."

Randolph: "Like what, smarty-panties?"

Val: "Oh, I don't know, but this Bible theme park could be an angle. In other words, you have all of these possessed, prayer book, play acting patients in a religious rehab, waiting for God knows what from you to get them into show biz. Well, I say do it, let's start a big hot ad campaign with the money I have to promote `4 Skins´!"

Randolph: "`4 Skins´, the rubbers you and your hubby use?"

Val: "Yes, yes, why not, it's a perfect match. You say you have a Jesus double, a perfect imitation and impersonator, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, but . . ."

Val: "No butts, R n'R, you have my promotion hook. I never really got one this great. I was stuck in a done that, been there ad. I would have lost the account if not for your buck wild mad, holy theme park idea. Is it for real? Are you actually into real religious freaks who act out biblical characters?"

Randolph: "No shit, Val, it's just like I said and better. I've seen over six or seven curios. They call 'em curios and exhibits: I've got God's voice, the guy you heard in the background booming over the phone before, a Jesus double, scare you to death, Noah, with many animals and the fuckin' ark, shit, and Christ's groupies, you know, Mother Mary, Martha and Mary Magdalene attendin' him, and doin' it damn adoringly. I've got Satan, then nasty n' naked as naughty nudist, Adam and Eve with a big tame ass snake..."

Val: "Hold it, shit, dig it, R n'R. Adam n' Eve in the mothafuckin' Garden of Goddamn Eden!"

Randolph: "Oh shit, holy shit ass, Val."

Val: "Yes, yes with a big, long ass snake, wearin' a fuckin' 4 Skin rubber! Shit!"

Randolph: "That's a dick head, baby, I'm fuckin' sold!"

Val: "Oh, R n'R, that alone would be worth the investment!"

Randolph: "Now you won't spaz out on me and give some Hollywood actor dicks or Madison Avenue pricks my action and shit, goddammit?"

Val: "No, no, we're partners on this idea, I love it. I'm using your sexy, phallic symbol snake and your au naturel Adam and your in the altogether Eve!"

Randolph: "Yeah, baby, and I've got more, I swear, much more!"

Val: "Do I have to come to this . . ."

Randolph: "Ypsilanti, Michigan, the Kostiers Institute, maybe not, I'm still workin' on that answer my mothafuckin' self."

Val: "How much, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Shit, Val, I've got near thirty-five K. I guess I could run it up from here. But your idea is ripe about now, so let's hook up, shit."

Val: "Ok, R n'R, how much? Shit."

Randolph: "I've got a D.C., somethin' or other, four engine plane in hock at the Detroit Metro Airport for five K a day, shit. I've got over six hundred and fifty actors and twenty-five or so staff people travelin' with me, two lawyers, one accountant, one top security guy, two writers, a film director, an electronics' engineer, Vernice my secretary, shit, my ol' lady, Gwen and her pops, the right Rev. Rufus Simmons. I need him 'cause he knows the Bible and he's cool, shit. That's it!"

Val: "Ok, ok, alright. I'll invest and surprise Einstein when he awakens. He and his backers will freak when they see what I have in mind, oh!"

Randolph: "You hyped way up, Val. I never heard you like this before. I likes it . . . in a business way of course."

Val: "Oh you don't fuckin' fool me none, nigga. Your big black dick's still on fire, shit."

Randolph: "Why you hot ass bitch ho."

Val: "Fuck you, R n'R!"

Randolph: "Yeah, that's what you say now . . . but when?" Shit."

Val: "What's the name of the bank in Ypsilanti? I know you have one staked out."

Randolph: "Yeah, Kostiers' First National of Ypsilanti, George Kostiers is the president."

Val: "And what about this Buy Black Think Tank Bank thing you said earlier?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I want to hook up way black in the hood as I can. I feel it's time and black's the only righteous way to go today, shit."

Val: "Ok, no argument, I know them, and I'm gonna look into this recording deal we spoke of. If it's cool, it'll lighten my cash load."

Randolph: "How much cash we talkin' up front, Val?"

Val: "I'll shoot the works, if you have such a cast of characters as you said, it's fuckin' perfect for me."

Randolph: "Good I called, huh?"

Val: "I'll say! I'm wiring one million in your name to Kostiers First National Bank in Ypsilanti, Michigan when I hang up. Wait a few hours though, it takes a while to send that much."

Randolph: "Yeah, sweet mama, Miss Mastermind."

Val: "Be careful, R n'R, don't lose them. They're my answer for `4 Skins`."

Randolph: "Foreskin, I got ya foreskin, I got all the foreskin you need. Ok, baby doll . . . later."

Kostiers: "I don't know who that was, but I feel we have an enthusiastic backer because of your prepuce!"

Randolph: "Strangest fuckin' thang, I ain't never seen this insultin' . . . I mean consultin' woman. But shit, I'm gonna fuck her up n' down, inside out, ass backwards."

Kostiers: "How much did she pledge?"

Randolph: "More than you can hustle, you little ol' fat fart fuck."

Kostiers: "Did you appraise the conflagration damage to the institute caused by your business enemies?"

Randolph: "Naw, but I'll pay for it, why?"

Kostiers: "Well good sir, I can't thank you enough. May I use the phone to call them? Dr. Chryst uses the phone jack in his office when I call to speak to the mental patients long distance."

Randolph: "Naw, I'll fuckin' do it, shit."

(Randolph makes the call.)

Desk: "Desk."

Randolph: "Gimmie the Kostiers Institute, or what's fuckin' left of it, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir."

T.R.: "Scripture Park!"

Randolph: "T.R.?"

T.R.: "Yeah, man, what happened with you? Everybody's enraged; you better do somethin'! The animals are loose; we need new vets, trainers, handlers and facilities; things are wild n' wooly and rough n' tumble! Joel, Matt, Luke, John, me and Satan hold this motha down, shit! The orderlies split, and the fuckin' nurses deserted! The cops and fire fighters left hours ago! It's a motley crew's mama out here, man!"

Randolph: "Ok nigga, you're in fuckin' charge. I got money on the way, shit. So hold on for a few more hours. It takes that long to be transferred. Stay strong! Shit."

T.R.: "Yeah, but I can't stop this shit! Fights, rantin' and ravin' . . . the animals are loose, man! Over in the field to my right, I see the two freaky fag elephants, Heavy and Butterball fuckin', shit! Then Flip n' Flap, the seals are chasin' the screwin' swans in the pond! Feathers and Fluff, the big bird ass ostriches are runnin' with the two giraffes Slim n' None who are racin' the zebras, Zinfandel and Zeitgeist, and the herd of horses, all after the Thompson gazelles, Get Up and Gone!"

Randolph: "Can you see all of 'em, T.R.?"

T.R.: "No man, just some; Tarzan and Jane, the chimp ass monkeys are on the fuckin' roof throwin' bricks, man! We need order, some fuckin' professional help fast, or you'll lose this shit quick dick!"

Randolph: "A monkey ain't shit. Awright nigga, wait a minute. Where are you now?"

T.R.: "In Doc Chryst's office, why?"

Randolph: "You got a P.A. system in there?"

T.R.: "Yeah."

Randolph: "Hook up the phone jack to the P.A."

T.R. hooks up the telephone jack to the P.A. system. "What, oh, ok, what, wow!" T.R. is startled by the blast of his voice from the P.A. system as Randolph pulls Kostiers over to speak, using his God's voice enhancer.

Randolph: "Yeah, that's the idea, hold on. Go 'head, run it. This joint's soundproof, you're on, God." Randolph hands Kostiers the phone receiver.

Kostiers: "Oh . . . yes, ahem, Children of Israel. It is the Lord thy God speaking to you from heaven. Yea, I'll need you all, my son, Jesus, Mary, Martha, Magdalene, the Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples, Adam n' Eve, Noah, David n' Goliath, Gabriel and Judgment Day, the beautiful sexy Gethsemane Girls, all my angels, Moses, tap dancing Daniel in the lion's den and even you, Satan."

Randolph: "Insane Elaine, man!"

Kostiers: "Yes, yes! and Insane Elaine, my singing superstar of stars . . . all of the cast, the Roman Legion and praetorian guard, Caiaphas and Pontius Pilate, yes all my Kostier's Kosher Kids."

Randolph snatches the receiver. "That's enough, shit! And watch it, sucka, that's three `k's. T.R., T.R.!"

T.R.: "Yeah, man, they listenin', shit."

Randolph: "Turn it off, now, man. Quick, shit."

T.R.: "Ok, ok!" T.R. pulls the jack out.

Randolph: "What are they doin'? Shit."

T.R.: "Nothin', just standin' and lookin' up to the sky, shit. Why?"

Randolph: "They're lookin' up to the sky. That's good, right Kostiers?"

Kostiers: "Yes, yes, we struck a chord with them. They'll study the skies awhile, not long though. How are the animals?"

Randolph: "The animals are all scattered and shit, and still runnin' 'round loose, right?"

T.R.: "Oh yeah, all except the meat eaters, just the grass eaters and fresh fish eatin' seals only. We need a crew of new veterinarians, handlers and trainers fast! Call the fuckin' zoo in Detroit, shit. Fly 'em up in here!"

Randolph: "Awright, I'm at the Hoofah in penthouse 1J on the q.t. I won't forget this. Don't quit, man, hang tough!"

T.R.: "Yeah, yeah, hurry, shit!"

Randolph: "How's your fuckin' wrist, man?"

T.R.: "Sprained and bandaged, the firemen fixed it up, shit."

Randolph: "Good man, three hours tops and I'll get the zoo, a circus or some shit like that."

T.R.: "Hey man, where's Laine, any word?"

Randolph: "Yeah, she's J.C.'s moms, man."

T.R.: "No shit!"

Randolph: "Yeah, later." Randolph hangs up.

Kostiers: "The tamer herbivorous animals can all be rounded up. But you'd best get me back to the tower fast, and I can hold my children!"

Randolph: "I can't do no shit like that yet, unless you ain't worried 'bout facin' J.C., man."

Kostiers: "No, I'm still worried about that, but I still need to get back!"

Randolph: "Ok, ok, I'll get you a cab." Randolph uses the phone.

Desk: "Desk."

Randolph: "Gimmie the Detroit Metro Airport, Black and White cab stand, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir."

Cab Stand: "Cab."

Randolph: "Yeah, Jeff, shit."

Cab Stand: "Hold on."

Kostiers paces and worries out loud about J.C. "I'll have to face him sooner or later. I guess this is good a time as any."

Jeff: "Yeah, this is Jeff."

Randolph: "Hey, man."

Jeff: "Yeah, I heard you were back in town last night. I ran another stone fox to the hardware store and back to the airport Room at the Inn."

Randolph: "Yeah, KoKo, I know."

Jeff, the cabbie, unknowingly drove KoKo to the hardware store first, in order for her to steal a box cutter.

Randolph: "Look, I want you to run a cat out to the institute for me, big ass tipper, shit. Get him back to the tower."

Jeff: "The tower, yeah, go on."

Randolph: "Yeah, man, but hide 'em. I don't want no mothafucka to see this guy, ya dig?"

Jeff: "Yeah, yeah why, man?"

Randolph: " 'Cause I don't, shit, not even your jive ugly, black ass. So don't look at or talk to him, just drive, shit. He'll be wearin' a fuckin' sheet over his head."

Jeff: "No shit, man!"

Randolph: "Yeah, come to the back of the Hoofah service entrance in ten minutes."

Jeff: "No . . . twenty minutes tops."

Randolph: "Awright, don't talk to 'em, and when ya drop him off, split."

Jeff: "Ok, ok, man, but it's weird."

Randolph: "Yeah, thanks Jeff, later."

Kostiers: "A sheet and the service entrance, that might work. I'll do it." Kostiers takes a sheet from the linen closet.

Randolph: "Damn skippy, shit, move it, man."

Kostiers: "Ok, as you wish."

Randolph: "Hold our investment together, partner."

Kostiers: "Yes partner, I will."

Chapter Thirty-six

. . .

Road 2 Recovery Mock Money Mimic 2 Geechee Git'cha Goin'

(A knock at the door.)

Randolph: "Just a minute, shit." Randolph answers the door wearing his bulging red Speedos, and Babs is there with her two zebra bags and agitated animus, the same as that morning.

Babs: "Nigga, you a crazy ass mothafucka, shit." Babs breezes by Randolph with her Bogart baggage.

Randolph: "How'd you get out of jail so fuckin' fast?"

Babs: "Rev. Rump hooked me up with a local lawyer, so quick n' slick by phone, you'd of thought he sent the archangel of the Lord hisself to Ypsilanti."

Randolph: "What about the others?" Shit."

Babs: "Don't sweat it, big man; Koko's still in the joint with both of 'em. They all have busted broken bloody noses and warrants out on 'em, shit."

Randolph: "So it's just you and me, huh?"

Babs: "Looks like it, R n'R. I'm waaay funky; I need a shower, shit and a change of clothes." Babs is still wearing her black, moss, crepe dress from the night before and she begins to remove it.

Randolph: "Whoa, you ain't stayin' here, and how'd you know I'd be up in this joint? Shit."

Babs: "I put two n' two together and got the fuckin' desk clerk, Gilbert, right?"

Randolph: "What the hell do you want, bitch? Nobody's seen Insane Elaine, and I'm not interested, ho."

Babs: "I'm not convinced . . . your eyes, your body language, and your heavy breathin' say just the mothafuckin' opposite."

Randolph: "I don't wanna fuck ya now, you crossed me up, bitch. I coulda, woulda, shoulda before back in L.A., shit."

Babs: "But not now, huh, you lyin' black ass, big way hung, nigga. I'll bet you'd fuck me funky and eat my black butt buttered pussy." They begin to circle in the middle of the room, as Babs kicks off her high Limo heels, which cost four hundred dollars a pair.

Randolph: "You crazy, ho, back off now, shit."

Babs: "You pimp slapped me twice, and I liked it both times. See, I'm not shy; I admit my jones. What about you, R n'R? You got a Babzy Wabzy jones?"

Randolph: "Not now, ho, back off."

Babs begins to strip. "These big enough, are my areolas the way you like 'em, my taut, stiff nipples, my titties full and firm enough? Wait, I've seen you spyin' my ass. I bet you want up in there way deep, don'tcha? I hear you're one super hung dick nigga. KoKo told me, and I heard the bitches in your bunch talkin' by the pool, comparin' inches and shit. Now I wanna see and experience it for myself. I'll let ya see my butt crack and spread it wide open . . ."

Randolph: "Look, you sex stinkin', skanky, strange ho ass, shit talkin', female, cock cheesy dick sucka. I don't want no fuckin' cunt off your jive jungle bunny, spear chuckin', African ass now!"

Babs: "Rn'R, that ain't what that fuckin' growth strainin' n' stretchin' your Speedo's is sayin'. Face it, nigga, you wanna get up in some of this good, hot, purple shit."

Randolph: "You goddamn sneaky ho, I'll hump your purple asshole blisters n' blood, 'til you beg me to stop, shit."

Babs: "Bet, bet, R n'R! I bet . . . you come before me, and I ain't got no rubbers, shit." Babs rifles through one of her bags for condoms.

Randolph: "But you don't give a shit. You want me to bareback your pink pussy, don'tcha? You got AIDS and you're H.I.V. I bet you'd love to fuck me up good. No bet bitch. Put your pissy pussy, sweaty stankin' clothes back on and get out, or I'll throw your ass out buck wild mad naked, shit."

Babs: "What about this shit, nigga?" Babs lies on the couch, spreads her dark hairy vagina and flexes it.

Randolph: "Naw, ho, I seen tricky dicky pussy pick-up coins and shit, no bet. Get dressed, ho, and get the fuck out now! Shit." Randolph stands sideways to avert her eyes and hide his huge hard on.

Babs: "We would've got your jive ass, if KoKo hadn't wanted to Bogart you last night. She should of waited like I wanted, and that Al."

Randolph: "Killa dilla Miller?"

Babs: "Yeah, the same. You know Troy, that shit head with him farted in the ride they came from Detroit in, when me and KoKo was up in it with 'em."

Randolph: "I always say you can tell a skunk skank slut by her stank ass scuzzy friends." A growing exceedingly immutably tumid, modest Randolph covers himself with his shirt and sits in a chair.

Babs: "I should of hung tight with you, but I needed bread, R n'R. I was up against it and alone, shit."

Randolph: "Why KoKo and the two shit bags, Babs?"

Babs: "I had to, she was desperate and she followed me. I was in the lobby and she was there like a ho in heat. Janet was with me and I tried to be cool, and KoKo tried to hook up."

Randolph: "Then what? Shit."

Babs: "I split, we hooked up, I called Rump, and he sent Al and fart butt breath from Detroit, where they were lookin' for Insane Elaine anyway."

Randolph: "You're a way fine woman, Babs, but you can't be trusted, shit."

Babs: "Trusted for what, shit, I'm dead broke. All Rev. Rump sent was trouble. He's a old, short, black, cheap ass, big long dick, frugal fuck, shit."

Randolph: "How much was bail, and why'd he get you out?"

Babs: "They let me go 'cause I'm clean. I called Rev. Rump and told him I could get his scratch."

Randolph: "No shit, how?"

Babs: "I told him I knew where it was hidden, and the fool believed me, shit."

Randolph: "You the fool, girl. Rump will be on you like mornin' dew on roses now. You fucked over him, so you'd better split quick."

Babs: "Nooo, no more hightailin' it out of town for this Nigerian beauty rose. I'm with you now, and you can protect me, shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, bitch, but who's gonna protect my black ass? Shit."

Babs: "We'll protect each other, shit."

Randolph: "Naw, no shit, I ain't up for it Babs."

Babs: "Look, you don't have to do anything now, but think about it. I can help you. What are my alternatives? If you kick me out, they'll fuck me up bad or kill me even. And then you'll never fuckin' know how hot and deep my bootay is, or how good, no make that, how strange and delicious it taste. I'm a full grown stacked up and down African woman, the pride of Nigeria!"

Randolph: "What happened to that spurious funny money, print-on-demand playdough deal you told me about on the phone?"

Babs: "I dumped it, shit, too much tension and foreign intrigue."

Randolph: "Naw, tell me who, where, and how much illegal tender, contraband chedda?"

Babs: "Fifty up to one hundred huge, undetectable and untraceable, they said. They wanted me to deal it in Hollywood and be a black market bank, ya dig?"

Randolph: "That all, maybe you got a deal and you don't even fuckin' know it."

Babs: "How's that?"

Randolph: "Don't be coy, ho. You got the cat's number, shit?"

Babs: "R n'R, are you serious?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah, I'm broke too, and up against it like a mothafucka."

Babs: "What happened to your bank deal?"

Randolph: "I lost it, the mothafucka found out I was down in the lobby when you and KoKo made the hassle, and they split in a chopper on a pad right up those steps there, shit."

Babs: "Goddamn, R n'R, I didn't fuckin' know that shit, man, I swear."

Randolph: "It still fuckin' went down like that though. But I'll get 'em next time, shit."

Babs: "How much did I blow for you, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Shit . . . two hundred fifty huge. You can tell your little crumb snatchin' grandkids 'bout it in thirty years, shit."

Babs: "I'll be damn, that's our secret, shit. But I'll stay with ya, if only to help you score."

Randolph: "Call this cat then and get a big bundle of that fake scratch."

Babs: "They don't play, R n'R, it's Nigerian."

Randolph: "Neither do I, I'm nigga, shit."

Babs picks up the phone.

Desk: "Desk."

Babs: "Hello Gilbert, I'd like area code 202-748-5321."

Desk: "Yes mam."

Babs: "R n'R, you sure?"

Randolph: "Is water wet?"

Babs party answers. "Yes."

Babs: "Kee."

Kee: "Barbara, where are you, my dear?"

Babs: "Ypsilanti, Michigan at the Hoofah Hotel in a soundproof penthouse suite with a private helicopter pad too, shit."

Kee: "You are a first rate winner. What gives me the honor of hearing your mellifluous voice, dear?"

Babs: "Money, shit, two hundred fifty huge, goddammit!"

Kee: "You must be high, dear."

Babs: "No Kee, not high, ecstatic n' da attic, shit. I changed my mind about your offer because I ran into a set up perfect for . . . us."

Kee: "Us, that's charming, dear, but the pigeon has flown the coup, if you get my meaning, dear girl."

Babs: "I guarantee we make a killin' here. This set up is in a hick town bank, the . . ."

Randolph shouts out in the background, "Kostiers First National of Ypsilanti, Michigan!"

Kee: "Who's with you, my dear? I hear a deep male voice?"

Babs: "My . . . partner, and I want you to talk to him about it Kee, please for me."

Kee: "You are very, very sweet I'm sure, even though I've yet to taste your feminine charms. However, there is no more cash on hand at the moment, dear, sorry."

Randolph senses a snag and grabs the phone. "Gimmie, shit! Look man, my name is Randolph N. Randall, see, and they don't call me R n'R for nothin', shit. I'm buildin' a theme park, see, and it's based on the fuckin' Bible. I got a whole religious mental institution actin' out the parts, a cast of over six hundred and fifty, a perfect Jesus impersonator, blow you fuckin' away, shit. I've got Gethsemane Girls, Bible rides, gospel music. "We're gonna put it in South-Central L.A., shit. Buy Black Think Tank Bank, the way black bank will be behind me. I've got twenty or so great fucks with me as my staff, including two lawyers and an accountant. I worked Kaizen Corporation America for six-years, call 'em, shit. I've got a security executive, top man and a film director tapin' as we speak. So I'm makin' a fuckin' documentary of the whole goddamn thang, see? Now I need that cash and much more and I'm in the right business to move any amount up to the most enormous one, ya dig?"

Kee: "Ah, Mr. Randolph N. Randall, I'm pleased to meet a man with such high passion. How much did Barbara tell you about me?"

Randolph: "Not much, man, just that you were the fuckin' man to see, shit. This is a hot burnin' fuckin' idea ready to take off in my four engine plane at the Detroit Metro Airport."

Kee: "How can you possibly move over six hundred people in a four engine plane?"

Randolph: "I'm gonna put 'em on a train like the fuckin' circus, shit. We got animals, you know, two by two and shit."

Kee: "Ah, Noah."

Randolph: "Yeah, man, we have ev'ry fuckin' thang but two rhinos, two hippos and two African Cape buffaloes, shit."

Kee: "Well, there I can help you, R n'R, right?"

Randolph: "Right Kee, R n'R."

Kee: "Very good. Look, I'll call you back in one hour. My caller I.D. has your number."

Randolph: "Later."

Babs: "Well, did he go for it?"

Randolph: "We both did I think. One hour, dammit, and we'll fuckin' know. Go take a shower, shit."

Babs: "Ok, ok, I'm goin'. Come join me, R n'R, shit."

Randolph: "Naw, I got shit to do and shut the fuckin' door, goddammit!" Randolph uses the phone.

Desk: "Desk."

Randolph: "Yeah, gimmie 212-587-3301, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Girl: "Sodom n' Gomorrah in a Biblical Way Baptist Church."

Randolph: "Yeah, goddammit, Rev. Rump, shit."

Rump: "What? Shit."

Randolph: "It's me, nigga."

Rump: "R n'R, what the fatso fuck happened, shit? My fuckin' money's still up in that shit hole of a town, man. KoKo's back in the joint with my two guys I sent after that ol' black ass, turd breath, crazy singin' broad, Insane Elaine, who got me for my gawddamn scratch! Shit!"

Randolph: "Shut up, ya funky little fart and I'll run it. Shit."

Rump: "Yeah, well run it, BRU-MAN, shit."

Randolph: "You trust my word, nigga?"

Rump: "Maybe, but you been way strange lately, R n'R. High Art Leisure say you got his old whitey (Mark) runnin' your shit now, and . . ."

Randolph: "Naw, Rump, ya little ugly, big dick bastard. I got somethin' hip, see, and I want ya to call off ya fuckin' dogs, and don't waste Insane Elaine, or Babs, shit."

Rump: "What, how you gonna work that shit out? Man, you fuckin' crazy? Black nutty ass, outhouse mouth bitch ripped off fifteen fuckin' huge, man. She fucked me up, made me look way bad and shit. I can't stop that shit, unless I get my muthafuckin' money back. And Bottomline Babs lied like a muthafucka 'bout my shit, niggah."

Randolph: "Who's runnin' it, nigga, me or your jive, lame, bony, phony Mahoney ass? Listen, shit."

Rump: "Then run it! Shit."

Randolph: "Ok, how much interest on your dough we talkin' 'bout, man?"

Rump: "Man . . . shit, for embarrassment, wear n' tear, anxiety, shit, hired hands, and bail money, KoKo's, Pure Pleasure and High Art's and now legal shit for my two guys I sent who got busted. R n'R, I'd need a huge one! And that's just 'cause I likes ya."

Randolph: "Fuck ya, ya black ass sissy, but make it a half a huge, and I'll just git it to ya in another forty-eight hours. Then I'll locate Insane Elaine and try to get your shit back, sucka."

Rump: "Awright, but I'm around, niggah, so don't think I'm out of it. I'm just gonna let you do your thang, shit, forty-eight hours, gawddammit. That's it, R n'R. Now let me speak to that Jesus guy I hear ya got."

Randolph: "Fuck you, but when you join us as the star of the show in L. A., you'll see the mothafucka up close n' personal, shit."

Rump: "Make that superstar of the show, shit, awright niggah."

Randolph: "Later."

Babs shouts from the shower. "Crank up that jazzy shit, baby."

Randolph: "Yeah." Randolph turns up the volume on the Kaizen satellite radio and enters the bathroom.

Babs: "Oh . . . a change of mind over behind, huh?"

Randolph: "Naw, I don't want shit, I just wanted to let ya know Rump's cool, ho."

Babs: "Jesus, you gonna piss up in here, nigga?"

Randolph urinates in the toilet. "Yeah." Then he shakes his humongous, flaccid fleshy filleted, puce penis after urinating, as Babs watches from the shower.

Babs: "Goddamn, KoKo was right, shit. Great googalymoo! You could stumble over that big, long, black mothafucka." Babs comments about Randolph's immense sized organ.

Randolph: "Fuck you."

Babs: "Do it, I dare you. Here do it, shit."

Randolph puts the toilet seat down, sits and slips a rubber on self-love style with his mouth, as an erection is now eminent.

Babs: "Oh, I heard 'bout that, that's the big, slick dick trick with the jimmy, you fuck. You way hung, big ol' black, nasty, autofellatin' fuck. Oh shit, oh shit! Ye! Ye!"

. . .

(After sex in the shower, they continue and conclude sex in bed.)

Randolph: "That was profane n' profound as a mothafucka, Babs, you a bad ass ho, shit." Babs is still squealing, reeling and thrashing around in bed from the deep, infernal internal intimate impact.

Babs: "Tell me 'bout it, Mr. Fuck Stick, run it."

Randolph: "Not now, first I've got forty-eight hours to quash, squash n' squelch your shit with Rump, so anythang you can tell me 'bout Kee is key and crucial, shit."

Babs: "Ok, ok, you like this ivory terry cloth on my ebony body, again? Shit. And how did I taste?"

Randolph: "Yeah, baby, you taste like elixir, naw nectar, shit, wild honey, naw, nana puddin'."

Babs: "I thought so, I thought you'd like my taste, my fuckin' Baskin Robbins 31 flavors, shit." Babs spreads her legs wide open and kicks her ashy feet in the air.

Randolph: "Quit it, girl. Run that Nigerian nigga's game by me, shit."

Babs: "You all business, huh? Well, I'm hot natured, R n'R, more than all them bitches you got downstairs. And they all fuckin' know it. I'm time an-a-fuckin' half for your natural ass, shit. They know it, that's why they hate my black ass, and they see you see it, now you in real deep shit with your fuckin' wife, man. She'll probably smell your hot ass jones all the way up in here and bust the fuckin' door down with Janet, love starved for R nR, Janet. You must of fucked her down, shit. And that Bitch Ho loves yo' dirty drawers; I bet Mama Mia's got your bun in her oven, shit. And butchy Monika, your white dyke movie star plays hard to get, but she wants ya up in her ass again. I saw her diggin' on you. And the poor little skinny virgin Vernice, so dutiful, she's so faithful for some big DICKtation you never give her, but she's hopin'! Shit."

Randolph: "Not so, she's my fuckin' secretary, best damn one I ever had, shit. She stuck with me and types over one hundred words per minute correct an-a-mothafucka. She's way computer literate, takes shorthand and don't miss shit. All those women you runnin' down got class. I love all of 'em for themselves, shit. I'd never fuck over 'em, so be way cool."

Babs: "You have no sense of humor, but you sho' can cut the mothafuckin' mustard. Gwen wears on ya last nerve; Bitch Ho wears blonde wigs and shades; Monika wears aqua mascara; Janet wears a black dot; Mia wears toe-rings and horn-rimmed glasses, but Babzy Wabzy wears ya mothafuckin' monsta dick out!"

Randolph: "Yeah, you do, shit, you do."

Babs: "Am I the fuckin' best you ever had, and I'm includin' that Norma Jean (Marilyn Monroe) movie queen up in the mix too? You the biggest by far, and the goddamn best man I ever fuckin' had! Shit."

Randolph: "I'm fuckin' flattered, Babs. Now will you cut the crap, and tell me 'bout Kee? Shit."

Babs: "Kee's from Lagos, he's hooked up a rebel fundraising force anti the present regime in power now in Nigeria."

Randolph: "How does he do business? Does he do thangs this big and this fast, or is he a slow ass mothafuck,'cause I ain't got no kinda time left? Shit."

Babs: "You asked him for a lot, you said two hundred fifty huge, shit."

Randolph: "You asked me for a lot too. Good fuckin' thang the rooms are soundproof, shit, and you came first. Yeah, ya howled your hot, black African ass off, and I won the bet. Yeah, I came buck wild mad naked last in the shower and the bed."

Babs: "It was so good, I couldn't help it. You don't like that noisy shit, huh?" Babs trills and curses in Yoruba during sex.

Randolph: "Naw, you sound so good, baby, shoutin' out them big buckets of fuck its and nasty Nigerian sweet nothin's, gettin' a nut, shit. Hey! Get back to Kee, shit." Jazz music is playing on the radio.

Babs: "Ok, is that Bird? I can't tell! Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, ` Lover Man `."

Babs: "Damn, he's got soul! Shit. He blows like you fuck, man."

Randolph: "What about Kee, girl?"

Babs: "Shit, he's staked out D.C. for his hustle. He told me to move in with him. I fuckin' balked 'cause I knew you were in the picture. He'll give you a shot, shit. He has nothin' to lose but green fuckin' paper."

Randolph: "Have you seen his paper?"

Babs: "No, but its' the best in the fuckin' paper makin' world. The Treasury Department says so, they swear by it. They watch a mothafuckin' Nigerian, shit, 'cause we got the hustle, baby."

Randolph: "Yeah, well how, no, why is his paper so fuckin' picture perfect realistic? Shit."

Babs: "They take real ones, shit, bleach 'em white, run 'em back in the same green ink and press that shit up in mint condition."

Randolph: "Real ones?"

Babs teases **Randolph** with a crude, wild, mythical tale of counterfeiting. "Real one dollar bills, shit. You know, and make 'em twenty's, one hundred's, whatever, ya dig? R n'R, I love your uncut meat, Mr. Meat Man! Shit."

Randolph: "Whoa, Babs, shit. So that's it, huh? No laser scanner, no intaglio machines, (off set presses) no Iranian connection, no paper from Crane and Company, you know, cotton and linen, denim cooked cotton, rag cotton paper? No secret way to handle the red and blue flecks yet, right? You know security fibers, a watermark? I mean he's talkin' supa notes, right? He just soaks ones in a secret solution to extract the authentic green dye, huh?"

Babs: "Awright, ok, shit . . . lighten up! Dammit, R n'R . . . I didn't know you were hip to that phony Mahoney paper shit, ok?"

Randolph uses this tactic when being scammed on subjects he has secret knowledge of, to spring a trap on unsuspecting perpetrators of these schemes with sharp-witted, shop talk and surprise intelligent, in depth input on the would be swindlers' subject.

The phone rings.

Babs: "Yeah, and there's your call, shit."

Randolph answers, "R n'R."

Kee: "Yes, Kee here . . . I have one question of you, R n'R."

Randolph: "Run it."

Kee: "Do you love your dear mother?"

Randolph: "Shit yeah, why?"

Kee: "Well, I just had a talk with her and she loves you too. So, R n'R, if you do anything to compromise my enterprise, I think you get the point."

Randolph: "What, no I don't follow that shit."

Kee: "Well, I'll let you lease my product for, let's say, one month and then I will require one legit half of that amount back from you, on time."

Randolph: "That's fifty cents on the dollar, shit."

Kee: "Highway robbery for you, if you are the same infamous R n'R I've heard so much about in the last forty-five minutes."

Randolph: "Oh, you made inquiries, so why my moms?"

Kee: "Insurance, I hope you understand the gravity of my position in this matter."

Randolph: "Do me a solid n' da wallet, but not on my mom's head, just mine or no deal, shit."

Kee: "This is not an either or question, R n'R. Take it or leave it."

Randolph: "Fuck you, never! Shit."

Kee: "Then I'm very sorry we could not see eye to eye, but I wish you the best in your endeavor. Uh . . . might I have a word with Barbara, please?"

Randolph: "Here, shit." Randolph hands Babs the phone.

Babs: "Kee!"

Kee: "Yes, my dear, we seem to be at an impasse here. I made you a standing offer, and it's still good. Leave this mad adventurer and come back into the bosom of your kinsmen."

Babs: "Why didn't you let him have the shit, man? He's got every fuckin' thing he said. I've seen it all, all of it, shit! You're the fuckin' crazy mothafucka! He's the best damn hustler I know. He can move your shit better than anybody I know, shit."

Kee: "What about Pure Pleasure, what happened to him and his cut buddy, High Art Leisure . . . and that vile, wild warmongering wanton woman?"

Babs: "KoKo!"

Kee: "Yes, where are they in this deal?"

Babs: "No fuckin' where, shit, he's in it alone. Nobody fuckin' else but his staff of about twenty or so."

Kee: "You won't be offended I hope, but will you stand in his mother's stead. Since you seem so close, maybe I can make an exception. But don't tell him until I hang up, just answer yes or no as if your very life depends on it."

Babs: "Yes, shit, fuck yes!"

Kee: "Then I will set it up, and send the cash by messenger to his penthouse at the Hoofah Hotel in Ypsilanti, Michigan."

Babs: "You've got a fuckin' deal! Shit. Thanks Kee, no shit, man!"

Kee: "You're a strange beautiful woman. I'd hate to have to collect from you the hard way, my dear."

Babs: "Shit, you'd love every bloody, gory fuckin' minute of it, ya big freak."

Kee: "Avoir, until then, ma chérie."

Babs: "Bye . . . shit! We got it! Well, you got it. Kiss me, shit, hold me tight. . . . I'm cold, R n'R."

Randolph: "I got'cha, babe, what the fuck did Kee say, shit?"

Babs: "Nothin', shit."

Randolph bumps up against a metal box at the foot of the bed. "Aw, damn, my fuckin' foot!"

Babs: "What is it?"

He drags out the black box and discovers its purpose: "What the fat fuck, a goddamn Kaizen `Ear Shot´ listenin' device. Why that shit face nigga!"

Babs: "Who?"

Randolph: "Louse, shit, he's been buggin' us all over the fuckin' country, ev'ry fuckin' place we go, shit."

Babs: "Do you blame him? Hell, how else can you find out the real fuckin' deal? Shit."

Randolph: "Hey, don't touch it!" Babs reaches like Eve for the apple.

Babs: "Let's see if this shit works. Help me turn it on, R n'R."

Randolph: "Naw, I'll just confiscate it and, hey!" Babs experiments with the knobs.

Babs: "R n'R, aren't you a tiny bit fuckin' curious, shit? Five channels, this is wild, man!" Babs begins to touch the dials and knobs on the control panel of the latest greatest `Kaizen All Ears Hearsay´ model two thousand one, super sensitive surveillance machine.

Randolph: "Wait, don't turn that dial! Shit." The listening device picks up a conversation with the gang downstairs.

. . .

Janet: "We should all get biblical outfits, you know, period things, like we did in Sun Baby."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, shit, but I can't wear no shit like that Bible smellin' bitch in the bar, fuck that." (Magdalene in Iscariot's)

Monika: "Oh, I don't know, I'd do a biblical role just as soon as an outta space movie."

Janet: "If you were the star, but this is different. There aren't too many female starring roles in the Bible."

Gwen: "I disagree, Eve, Lot's wife, Ruth, help me, daddy."

Rev.: "No, I think she's right, Gwen. There aren't many major women's biblical roles in Hollywood's thinkin' of what constitutes stardom. It's all written primarily from a man's point of view, but you left out Esther, Deborah, Naomi, Delilah, Bathsheba . . ."

Bitch Ho: "Hey, yeah, and the Queen of Sheba was a fuckin' sista, shit."

Mia: "Sharon, you'd be perfect, girlfriend."

Bitch Ho: "Fuck you, four eyes, you concentrate on those papers Ran's gonna need, shit."

Mia: "I've got them first thing when he walks in the door. But I still have my doubts about one million dollars. I never heard of this record."

Vernice: "Sore as a Whore, I know it. I heard it before we left L.A.; it's a hit for sure. R n'R's lucky to get it."

Mark: "What station did you hear it on?"

Vernice: "K.U.N.T."

Mark: "Yeah, that's what I thought, a black ass porno hit. That's not a crossover, unless it's better than I imagine, shit."

Space: "Black porno records n' vids, religious theme parks, what's next, counterfeiting? I thought we were gonna make a billion dollar, outta space movie, a great epic motion picture, and now I'm guarding a bunch of pretty hoochies like a eunuch. Hello, I love it and I hate it."

Carter: "I'm a finance whiz, if I must say so myself, but I'm in some kind of lost cause here. Every time I think we have equity and investors, it always crumbles into dust right before my eyes, and then we're off on another . . ."

All: "Wild goose chase!"

Carter: "Yes, damn it, a mirage. I can't take much more, Mark. You're his partner, but we're just, what the hell are we?"

Janet: "We're not an entourage and that's for sure, but we're not quite a troupe either."

Carter: "Nor a real company, I don't have any proceeds and/or profits, just plans that change every damn day, and this black, evil cloud that follows Randall and us . . ."

Everyone: "Louse!"

Carter: "Yeah, when does it end? I don't even get it, does anyone?"

Joe: "Well, I just joined you, but I can tell you it might possibly all work out in the end. I've never known anyone like him, and I thought J.C. was weird."

Gwen: "Where's Babs?"

Pearson: "In jail, I told you she was arrested."

Gwen: "Oh no, I called the jail and she's not there. She's out, so where is she?"

Pearson: "She's not ever going to come back here after that scene in the lobby this morning."

Bitch Ho: "Where the hell you headed, anti-Semite, you look different, man, shit." Pearson is wearing a blue shirt and tie, a white summer gabardine suit, white shoes, a white wide brim straw hat with a black band and shades.

Joe: "He met a cute cop in the ruckus this morning, right man?"

Pearson: "Yes, I have a date."

Bitch Ho: "No shit, a date? With who, Leni Riefenstahl?" Hitler's favorite (female) filmmaker.

Gwen: "Where's Ran, daddy, I miss him so? He's been gone for hours on end."

Rev.: "He's arrangin' business and dealin' with every problem we've discussed, you can be sure. He's at the institute or the bank."

Mark: "No . . . we missed that bank thing, so guess again, shit."

Carter: "Why doesn't he just call us? He knows waiting beats people down, right?" Carter though angry, keeps Randolph's whereabouts secret.

Space: "And changes, drastic changes like the one that got me in this hustle in the first place. I had my first and only feature film-directing job. I'm out on the lot directing it, and wham zap, I've scrapped my first film and I'm making plans for a billion dollar movie. Now, I've got nothin' in the can and no one knows my name or cares, except Herb Teratino. I can't even go back on the lot. I'm probably blackballed and blacklisted by Kaizen all over Hollywood! I'm ready to strike the set!" (Which means leave the lot)

Mark: "Cheer up, shit, at least they don't hardly know your fuckin' name. But they know mine, and I don't give a raw red shit. Hell, I ran that whole goddamn lot for six years. That's a coon's age in this cruel, unfair, fucked up, evil ass business. Goddammit, I occupied the old famous Louis B. Mayer suite on the third floor of Kaizen's ex-Irving Thalberg Building, now Geisha Pictures, 'til Louse ratted. Shit, you can't fuckin' trust a soul, but bottom line I trust R n'R with my mothafuckin' life, man. But he's the only one."

Mia: "Very touching and loyal, Mark, and I agree. He's magical and so strong in this sick, corrupt crazy business we chose to work in and give our hearts, souls, bodies and minds too. But where the hell is he? Oh . . . I'm gonna hurl!"

Mia runs to Mark's and her suite with morning sickness.

Mark: "Hold on, honey butt, wait Mia! Shit."

Janet: "There they go the new upchuck couple."

Carter: "What do you think, you're wise?" Carter's attention is on the main attraction in his mind.

Janet: "Why thank you, Carter. I know when the deal's right, we'll get it all, all the things we've talked about for days. I don't mind waiting. And Space, I don't think they're really changes, but amendments. I believe in, R n'R, he's a hell of a man!"

Gwen: "Just don't forget whose man. But you've got that right; he'll save the day, if it can be saved. He always does, that's why I married him, and I love him so!"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, me too, he's a mothafucka, my only real deep friend, shit. What you lookin' at white boy, goddammit?"

Joe: "You, dammit, you cuss more than he does, but you're a good lookin' woman, so I'm lookin'."

Monika: "Sharon's my indicator on this. She's known him longer, so if she says Ran's cool, I accept it in my gut. But why don't we get goin'?"

Janet: "You aren't hungry, we've got money. We're not rollin' in it, but we have five suites up in here at the finest hotel in . . ."

Everybody: "Ypsilanti!"

Rev.: "Yes, Ypsilanti. And this Scripture Theme Park is the best idea I've ever heard of for show business. This hook up is a blessing, thank God, and the people at the institute are simply unbelievably perfect as biblical characters. The just like Jesus actor is incredible, and I can't wait for the public's reaction."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, we need action and a reaction, shit. Instead of just sittin' around this joint, we should be gettin' our shit together. Instead of fuckin' 'round and complainin', shit, we oughta be . . ."

Space: "Goin' home, I gotta get back before I lose it. I'm sorry, he's a great guy and all, but I gotta work and I gotta direct."

Mark comes back to Rev.'s suite. "Direct what, shit? He saved your jive ass from a flop, shit. You should be glad an-a-mothafuck ya don't have to do the shit we had planned at Kaizen. This is more bleedin' edge, no holds barred, flyin' without a net. Where's your fuckin' sense of production priorities and artistic adventure? Shit."

Bitch Ho: "How's Mia, Mark? Shit."

Mark: "Layin' down, she gets sick now and barfs."

Janet: "It's cool, she'll get over it soon."

Carter: "Have you ever been . . . pardon me, I mean do you have children?" Carter makes another attempt at conversation with his intended, illusive, impossible, intimate Indian interest.

Janet: "Me, no thanks, I love 'em, but no."

Gwen: "We should have kids by now. I wanted to, but we haven't been blessed yet."

Joe: "What about it, tough cookie, you got any crumb snatchers and rug rats?" Joe tries his hand at small talk with Bitch Ho.

Bitch Ho: "Fuck you, white boy. Where the hell is Ran, Mark? Maybe we oughta get some Bible shit to wear, Janet."

Janet: "Yeah, I'm telling you, Sharon, it would help our morale and Halcyon's P.R. to dress for effect."

Space: "I don't know anything about the Bible. How can I direct a Scripture theme park, it's crazy?"

Rev. hands Space the hotel room Bible. "You could be Doubtin' Thomas. Here, read this from beginnin' to end, and you'll know it like a script. Randolph is dependin' on all of you so don't let him down. When you ladies have a problem, talk it over don't brood. And you gentlemen do the same, and we'll be the best, happiest, successful company in the world, bless our hearts."

Mark: "Amen, Rev., and I've got a hell of an idea, we should play it up more. When R n'R gets back here, I'm tellin' him to go public, shit. Guys have done it with way fuckin' less, dammit. Why don't we go on T.V., you know, with the whole goddamn idea, Jesus and all!?"

Joe: "Not bad, not bad, I'm game. I know the patients; they'd go for it. They want to be seen. They want to be appreciated by the public. They wanna be stars in a heavenly production on earth!"

Space: "Celluloid heaven, I don't know?"

Bitch Ho: "Patients! Hell, why you call 'em that shit? I don't dig that, call 'em . . ."

Janet: "Performers."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, shit yeah, performers like us!"

Carter: "They're an odd lot, I hear very odd."

Bitch Ho: "Not unlike us that way, except we're flyin' and jet settin' all over, shit."

Monika: "Where the hell are Harry and Smug Doug?"

Rev.: "Still missin', no answer yet."

Mark: "Strange shit! Vernice, are you still callin' Room at the Inn?"
Mark inquires about the missing pantywaist pilots.

Vernice: "Yes, no answer, but the room is paid up for the week, and housekeeping says all their pilot uniforms and women's apparel are still inside the room."

Mark: "Yeah. Hey Vernice, are you takin' shorthand here while we talk?" Vernice is using her stenograph machine and transcribing the conversation.

Vernice: "Yes, I have to keep sharp, and I feel this is like a company meeting of sorts."

Rev.: "Excellent idea, you do that child. God bless you."

Space: "Hey Vernice, delete me from that crap. I'm bored, tired and in a deep dark depression."

Vernice: "Yes, but you're in the company. You're the film director, and we need your thoughts on record."

Rev.: "Yes, you read the Good Book, son. It's the right move for this project. Believe me, it's the C.B. De Mille thing to do."

Mia returns from regurgitating. "Vernice, type these papers please. It's the Laugh Track, Ha Ha Hee Hee Ho Ho, Ho's! recording contracts, and I'll need ten copies, thanks." Vernice switches to her Kaizen DAT tape recorder while she assists Mia.

Vernice: "Got it, Mia, how do you feel?"

Mia: "Better thanks, I'm hungry now."

Mark: "Yeah, I popped in this mornin', and she was eating sauerkraut and hot mustard."

Mia: "I loved sauerkraut and hot mustard even before I got knocked up, Mark."

Janet: "You two lovebirds are lucky having an experience like this, what an adventure!"

Monika: "That's it, an adventure, it's a once in a life time thrill. We'll never do this again, so we must live it to the max."

Joe: "What's gotten into you, sis, I thought you were worried."

Monika: "When you went to the University of Michigan, and you graduated, I still worried. Fingers said you'd be fine, but I'm a worrier, and so I'm worried now. Then again, I have restored new faith we can pull it off."

Bitch Ho: "Fingers, what, who the fat fuck is Fingers, shit?"

Monika: "That's my paternal grandma, Celeste Spain. She's out at the motion picture's home for the elderly in Woodland Hills. She played organ in the silent film era. She was tops in her field. They nicknamed her Fingers 'cause she played so good."

Bitch Ho: "Oh yeah, shit."

Janet: "Let's go downstairs, Sharon, and hit the bricks. Let's check out the town!"

Bitch Ho: "Fuck it, let's go! Shit."

Monika: "I'll go too, wait up!"

Gwen: "I can't, I have to wait for Ran; he'll need me when he returns."

Rev.: "Good, daughter, but I'll be here; so you join the ladies, it'll be fine."

Janet: "Mia, come on, girl, and you too, Vernice! It'll do you both good, sure you won't reconsider, Gwen?"

Gwen: "Oh . . . ok, if it's ok with you, daddy. Tell him I'll be right back."

Rev.: "Yes, you go, you've all been cooped up all day and take this for expenses, ladies." Rev. gives Gwen five grand.

Joe: "Yeah, I'm gonna head out to the institute; they'll need a hand. That place must be an unholy mess by now. I dread to think what's happened to the . . . performers."

Bitch Ho: "That's better, much better, shit. Call 'em that, performance artiste, not no fuckin' patients, goddammit."

Carter: "I'd like to look at the plans in the briefcase, if it's alright, reverend?"

Rev.: "You should, and figure the cost, Elaine's budget may be off, and Randolph will appreciate that."

Carter: "Fine."

Space: "I'm gonna lay down and masturbate . . . I mean meditate. Hell, I'm bored."

Rev.: "Yes, but take that Bible with you, son, it's your new script."

Chapter Thirty-seven

. . .

Kostiers 1st National Funny Money Drive Thru Laundromat Bank

Randolph turns off the listening device. "Goddamn!"

Babs: "Do you believe that shit? Is that a mothafucka or what? Wow!"

Randolph: "I gotta check the Detroit Zoo, shit." Randolph turns away from Babs to hide his tough tears and flashes the desk clerk.

Babs: "R n'R, turn around, shit. You're fuckin' cryin', you big black dick, sissy."

Desk: "Desk."

Randolph: "Fuck you . . . yeah, gimmie the goddamn Detroit Zoo, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir! Sir, management asked me to ask you if you had plans to stay over tonight?"

Randolph: "Why?"

Desk: "Well, the check out time on the penthouse suite is over, and . . ."

Randolph: "What, over, I just fuckin' got here! Shit."

Desk: "But the bill was only paid up to eleven in the morning today, and it's two in the afternoon now, sir."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm stayin' over, put it on the bill." Babs tugs at Randolph's bulging red Speedos. "What, girl?"

Babs: "R n'R, this bed is totaled. I'm removin' that `Do not disturb` sign, so you can send for the maid and some keys, shit."

Desk: "Well sir, it is the policy of the Hoofah Hotel to have all guest pay in advance, sir."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, how fuckin' much is it a night? Shit."

Desk: "Yes sir, for 1J, the penthouse suite with helicopter pad is three hundred and twenty-five dollars per night, sir!"

Randolph: "Oh shit, man, is that fuckin' all?"

Desk: "Yes sir, I can come up and get it if it's your wish to pay cash!?"

Randolph: "Is this Gilbert? Shit."

Desk: "Yes sir, Gilbert Norton, sir!"

Randolph: "Well, you call Reverend Rufus Simmons, down on the next floor under me, right?"

Desk: "Oh, yes sir, the Simmons party has five suites." Gwen and Randolph have a suite, that although empty now, is still being kept."

Randolph: "Well, hell, you tell him on the phone, see, and he'll take care of it on the q.t., but my location is our little, down low secret, Gilbert. And hustle a maid to clean up in here with the front and back keys to the suite."

Desk: "Yes sir, yes sir, Reverend Simmons, a maid and keys it is, sir!"

Randolph: "Later, shit." Randolph hangs up.

Babs: "What they say? How much is this fuckin' joint? Shit."

Randolph: "It's my fuckin' joint now, for three twenty-five a fuckin' night, shit."

Babs: "How long you gonna stay up in this piece, nigga?"

Randolph: "Not long. Damn, I gotta call the bank, fuck the zoo. My fuckin' dough should be there by now, shit."

Babs: "Be my guest, oh mighty wheeler n' dealer, shit." Randolph admits housekeeping still immodestly clad in his bulging red Speedos, takes the keys, and thinks about making a call to check on his money. Babs showers and dresses as Randolph flashes the blushing maid, making up the bed, and in an impulse of promiscuity, she gives Randolph a quickie blow job and leaves fresh bed linen and clean towels with a handful of chocolate candy under his pillow.

Next, Randolph flashes the desk.

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Randolph: "Good, you do that little thang, Gilbert?"

Desk: "Yes sir, he's on the way down with the cash. Should I give him the . . ."

Randolph: "The bill. Naw, save it for me only and keep my whereabouts secret." Randolph requests the bill with his name and suite number on it to assure his anonymity and absence for another day.

Desk: "Yes sir, yes sir!"

Randolph: "Gimmie the bank, shit."

Desk: "Which one, sir?"

Randolph: "The one with all my fuckin' bread in it, shit, Kostiers First National!"

Desk: "Yes sir."

Helen: "Kostiers First National."

Randolph: "Yeah, baby freckles, whatzup? Shit."

Helen: "You big genital black ape. I could kill you for leavin' like that, and no word 'til now. I thought you'd left town, daddy's furious. He's in now with three Japanese guys from Kaizen, Japan and a couple of American execs from Covert City."

Randolph: "Great, you stay cool and put me through, and we'll fuck again later. It's way important, shit."

Helen: "I'll just bet, I've never been so mortified in my life, the way you beat it out of there."

Randolph: "Helen baby, do it now, shit." Helen thinks about repeating her hyperventilating, near blackout, blinding mega-orgasms with Randolph and puts him through to George, who goes into an empty office to receive the call.

George: "Randolph Randall, is this you?"

Randolph: "In the fuckin' black ass flesh, George, whatzup?"

George: "I've got an office full of Kaizen people. I've been waitin' for you since this mornin', man! What the hell happened to you, and where is that goddamn Jap you promised me, shit?"

Randolph: "He took off in a mothafuckin' helicopter for parts unfuckin' known, man. What can I tell you?"

George: "What, you're jokin'? You let the little, slant eyed, yella devil get away!"

Randolph: "Ya win some and ya lose a lot. Ev'rybody knows that shit. But don't sweat a goddamn thang, he'll be back, and I won't lose him next time."

George: "Next time, are you out of your fuckin' gourd!? For two hundred fifty million bucks, I can find the little yella asshole myself!" George knows from Cap'n Chip of the Ypsi cops that last night, Kuni was given over in an exchange for the other kidnapped victims. But he thought Randolph would trick Louse and keep Kuni for the reward money from Kaizen.

Randolph: "Don't lose it, George. I called when I could; it's been a way bitch all day."

George: "Where's my fifty grand? Shit. You owe me, boy, I want that money now!"

Randolph: "That's what I called for really. I'm expectin' a money transfer from L.A. to your bank. It should solve both our fuckin' problems."

George: "What, are you crazy? I've got no money here for you!"

Randolph: "Are ya sure? Shit!"

George: "Nooo, no hell no . . . hello!"

Randolph hangs up, showers and puts on a silk brown and yellow pin-striped suit, dark brown mesh summer dress shoes, a chocolate silk shirt and a golden hoop earring. Babs is relaxed now in white: white frame Gucci shades, white lace pant, white backless, strapless top, ivory earrings, and matching Limo heels. They eagerly embrace and soul kiss.

Babs: " Mmmmmm, what?"

Randolph is ponderous over the missing money wire. "Somethin's shitty. Val promised me scratch, and it ain't here, strange fuckin' shit."

Babs: "Who the fat fuck is Val?"

Randolph: "A women I know in L.A., she's into P.R., she's got Emotion Promotion, shit."

Babs: "How much did she promise you, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Hell, one huge on account, shit."

Babs: "On account of what, R n'R?"

Randolph: "On account of I told her about the religious theme park. She's down with it and me. She wants to use my Adam n' Eve in a T.V. ad, sellin' rubbers, shit."

Babs: "No shit, she rich or somethin'?"

Randolph: "Naw, she's got an ad account with the people that make 'em, shit."

Babs: "How much?"

Randolph: "Shit, she said she had a twenty-five huge advertisement budget."

Babs: "Who's the condom company? Shit."

Randolph: "Some fucks and her hubby, shit."

Babs: "What, her hubby?"

Randolph: "Yeah, shit, Einstein Johnson, shit."

Babs: "You playin', R n'R, was she serious?"

Randolph: "Hell yeah, she was all over me on the phone; the idea was blowin' her goddamn mind."

Babs: "What idea, R n'R?"

Randolph: "To use my fuckin' Adam n' Eve actors at the institute in her T.V. ads, she wanted to . . ."

Babs: "Hey, she ripped off the idea, shit."

Randolph: "Naw, it was her idea, see, she thought of all that shit. I just mentioned the fact that I had these religious fucks and wham, she was off like a mothafucka!"

Babs: "You can forget it, man, she's in L.A. She can make an ad like that with any two fucks out there, shit."

Randolph: "What you sayin', she's doin' the ad herself without my people?"

Babs: "Bingo!"

Randolph: "Aw, fuck you, you guessin', I'll call her ass and check, shit."

(A Knock at the Door)

Babs: "You want me to answer it?"

Randolph: "Naw, I'll get it, shit . . . yeah." Randolph opens the door and a black man about forty, close hair cut, very dark skin, five foot nine, wearing a brown linen suit and shades, with a neat summer dress straw hat, standing behind a dolly loaded with four medium size suitcases, speaks with an African accent, "Randolph Randall?"

Randolph: "Who the fuck wants to know? Shit."

Courier: "Names are not important, but she must be the beautiful Barbara Greene, originally from Lagos." The man sees Babs and loosens his taut demeanor a tad.

Babs: "Yeah, he's from Kee, R n'R. Let him in, shit."

Randolph: "Come on in, man."

The courier enters with the hand truck and follows Randolph back to the bedroom. "Thank you, I was sent to consign this to you as you requested. I'll wait while you check the contents, and if everything is to your satisfaction, I will leave."

Randolph: "Shit yeah."

Babs: "Count it, R n'R, dump it out on the bed! Shit." Bottomline Babs steel gray, shining sparkling eyes are dancing in her head with the expectation of even, artificial mega money.

Randolph: "Yeah . . . move! Shit." Randolph and the courier empty a suitcase on the bed.

Babs: "Ahhhh . . .! Oh! Look at it, holy goddamn!" Babs trills from her uvula and utters Yoruba with an irreverent Nigerian prayer.

Courier: "As you asked for, two hundred fifty million even, in one thousand dollar bills."

Randolph: "Goddamn, Grover Cleveland's! Hey mothafucka, some of this shit's still fuckin' wet! Shit."

Courier: "Sometimes on a rush job that happens. Just remove those bills, and make a list of how many are wet, and I will take the bad ones back. Then my employer will deduct the cost to you until he replaces them with good bills."

Randolph: "Man, this shit's fuckin' sloppy as hell. Here, shit, I can't use this and this. Look at this messy shit! Damn, all over the fuckin' white bedspread! Shit." Randolph angrily dumps the remaining three suitcases on the bed.

Babs: "Hold on, R n'R, these are perfect, and look at these, check it out, perfect, see? That's just fifty huge fucked up or so. The top shit wasn't dry. Stupid fucks, Kee know about this sloppy job?"

Courier: "It can be replaced, Ms. Greene. No problem, please, just make a list."

(A loud knock at the door)

Randolph: "Here nigga, take this shit. Goddamn, who the fuck? I'll get it, y'all stay up in here!" In haste to answer the door, Randolph inadvertently shoves some of the wet smeared bills in his pants pocket and goes to the door.

Babs: "Shit yeah!" Babs is jubilant over the cash.

George: "Open up, Randall, you black ass horse thief. Open up this goddamn fuckin' door! Shit."

Randolph opens the door. "George."

George storms into the suite in his banker's summer gray suit and red tie. "I left the Kaizen guys with Paul. Goddammit, you owe me fifty-K with fuckin' interest. I figure to walk outta here with every fuckin' penny, or the Ypsilanti police, who are waitin' in the goddamn lobby, will be all over your big black, dishonest ass."

Randolph: "Chill, George, I was just countin' it out. I was gonna bring it over before closin' of the business day."

George: "Countin' what out, I don't see shit."

Randolph: "Babs, bring out fifty K for the President of the First National Bank of Ypsilanti, please!"

Babs opens, then closes the bedroom door and joins them with fifty grand. "Hi."

George: "Hello, Miss. . . . What the fuck? Excuse me, mam. Is it all here? Gimmie!" George greedily counts the bills.

Randolph: "Count it out, shit, I pay my debts. Ask any fuckin' body, George . . . well?"

George: "Well, maybe I was a little hasty. Goddamn it, Randall, you scared me out of twenty years. I thought you'd skipped town!"

Randolph: "George, you and I are just gettin' fuckin' started, shit."

George sees Kee's courier pushing a hand truck with a stack of four suitcases. Unbeknownst to him, however, are the contents, featuring one suitcase with ruined counterfeit bills, plus, three empties and he asks, "Who the fuck is that?"

Randolph: "He's a business associate. Thanks, man, and tell your boss to clean up his act, shit. And I want, in fact, I insist on more product."

Courier: "Yes, he'll be in touch with you soon. Nice to meet you, Ms. Greene, good-bye."

George: "Strange man, who the fuck is he?"

Randolph: "Just a courier, George, forget him. Now let's talk, sit down. Babs, get ol' George a drink."

Babs: "I've got it all, name it. What's your pleasure, Georgie?"

The cracked bedroom door opens slowly by a draft, and George sees the counterfeit currency piled on the bed. "Scotch and soda, and a towel, shit. I'm sweatin' like a . . . is that on the bed what I think it is? You bastard! I'm just gettin' it! You made another goddamn deal! You sold that Jap to a bank outta town! You lied, you cheated me! I . . ."

Randolph: "George, George, George! Shit. That's another deal altogether, calm down. And how the fuck did you find me so fast? Shit."

George: "Caller I.D. Where did you get all that cash? Why that's over one million at least. It's . . .?"

Babs: "Two hundred million to be sure, Georgie, wanna count it?"
George is straining at the bit, but miraculously decides to use self-control and stay seated.

George: "Something's not on the level here, I can feel it in my gut. Goddammit, Randall, what are you plannin' here?"

Randolph: "To build my theme park, and I know just how I'm gonna do it."

Babs serves George. "Here, Georgie, drink up."

George: "Thanks, what's your name again, precious?"

Babs: "Did you forget me so soon? I'm Babs, Georgie."

George: "Yeah, Babs! Look, Randall, you can't keep that kinda cash on a goddamn bedspread. Hell, I've got Ypsilanti's finest downstairs in the lobby. Why they can escort you and me and this lovely creature with that money over to my bank and . . ."

Randolph: "Hold your horses, George, dammit, not yet. I'll deal on one condition only."

George: "What condition, you name it, boy? Money talks, and that much cash can do any goddamn thing it's a mind to! More scotch, little lady!" George enjoys the view of Babs going to and coming from the bar with his drinks.

Randolph: "George, because I know I can trust you enough to keep a secret. I'm gonna tell you the fuckin' truth, shit." Babs pours scotch from the bottle and leans in closer to George.

George: "Truth, what truth, shit? Thank you darlin'."

Babs: "You welcome, Georgie, say when."

George: " . . . When, honey lamb?"

Randolph: "All of this money is counterfeit."

George spits out his scotch in disbelief, "The devil you say!"

Randolph: "You heard me, George. Now relax and I'll tell you how we can make a truckload more of the real shit."

Babs is stunned by Randolph's true counterfeit confession, but keeps her cool. "I can't fuckin' wait, do go on, Mr. Randall, run it."

George: "Randall, if you're serious, this is serious!"

Randolph: "I'm serious as AIDS mama, man. "

Babs: "Yeah, AIDS mama, Georgie, shit."

Randolph: "Dig this shit."

Randolph shows George the smeared bills he stuffed in his pocket. The bloated banker takes, examines and holds the handful of fouled forged funds. "What, why these bills are all stained and faded? The color's ruined. It's..."

Randolph: "Phony Mahoney as a three dollar bill, George."

George: "No, you're pullin' another scam. I can tell, you big city niggers are notorious for this. But I still see cash money. Man, if that cash on the bed isn't spoiled and tainted, it's perfect. I handle cash everyday, I'd know if it were bogus."

Randolph: "Come look at it. Come on now, look close."

George goes into the bedroom with them while pocketing the ruined bills. "Holy mother of God, just look at it! What, I see nothin', not a damn. . . ." George's eyes pop and bulge out at the sight of the treasure upon the bedspread.

Babs: "Look closer at the bedspread."

George: " . . . Oh, stains, green stains, oh shit! But this cash is not flawed, it's good as the fifty grand you paid me back!"

Randolph: "Naw, you just think it's fuckin' good, but it's funny, ha ha, money, man. Believe my black ass, I know! Shit."

George: "Then what could you possibly be tellin' me about it for?"

Babs: "Yeah, R n'R?"

They leave the bedroom, close the door, return to the living room and the phone rings.

Randolph: "Get the phone, Babs."

Babs answers. "Yes?"

Desk: "Yes mam, Captain Reynolds would like a word with Mr. Kostiers, mam."

Babs: "Phone's for Georgie. It's that chump captain cop."

George takes the call. "Yes, hello Chip. I guess I was the wrong one here after all. Why Mr. Randall just paid me my money, and I'm up here havin' a drink with him."

Captain: "Well ok, George, I'm glad, take care now."

George: "You too, Chip, bye." George hangs up.

Babs: "Another scotch Georgie, I'll pour?"

George: "Yes, you do that little thing. You have the most unusual eyes. Babs, I do believe you are a gray sloe-eyed black woman, quite interestin' indeed."

Randolph: "If you two can give me some fuckin' attention here, I'll run my game, shit."

George: "Randall, you paid me with admitted counterfeit in one thousand dollar bills. Why, dammit?"

Randolph: "And you ain't mad 'cause you know they're fuckin' perfect, right?"

Babs: "Yeah, Georgie, are they perfect? Shit."

George: "Indistinguishable, not one goddamn flaw. How the hell did you ever find an artist of this caliber? The workmanship is the best I've ever seen, and I've heard that it existed. Hell, if I had 'em, I'd mark 'em; then the only way I could tell was by my mark, shit. It's a funny money masterpiece!"

Randolph: "That's right, this is our ticket to the big-time, George. All you gotta fuckin' do is keep it in your bank, after I serialize it."

George: "What?"

Babs: "Yes, Georgie, I see what R n'R means. He needs for you to just let it sit on your books in your bank and what, R n'R . . . tell him?"

Randolph: "Yeah, very good, Babs. George, I'm legit like you. I just need a fuckin' line of credit, enough to buy three hundred acres in South-Central L.A., shit. Hell, with your help, George, we can build a theme park."

George: "Man, I ain't buildin' no crazy insane tribute to my old man's mental illness! He should've been locked away in the state hospital for crazy folks; you must be mad too! Only you got a king sized, four-poster bed full of picture perfect phony play paper, so you ain't quite psycho yet. Think, man, let me handle this counterfeit cash. Hell, I can get you, no, I can give you twenty-five cents on the dollar for it right now!"

Babs: "Take it for seventy cents on the dollar, R n'R!"

Randolph: "Naw, I can't do it, I've got a goal here, a mothafuckin' commitment, George. Do you know I can get more of this precious phony Mahoney paper shit any fuckin' time I want, man?"

George: "Yes, yes man, I don't doubt it. But hell, I can do much better for you my way: mutual funds, real estate, the insurance business, loans, investments, foreign and domestic, even electronics, computers. Man, I can make a killin' on Wall Street. You must let me escort you and Babs with this make-believe made up, homemade money over to my bank this instant!"

Randolph: "Naw George, you need to answer one fuckin' question. Shit." George is eyeballing Babs fiercely at this point.

Babs: "Yes, Georgie, one fuckin' question."

George: "Are your tits implants, Miss Babs, or are you that blessed? My Lord."

Babs: "I'm naturally endowed, you horny old lech."

Randolph: "I'm gettin' way pissed off over here, shit."

George: "Go on, Randall, I was distracted."

Randolph: "Yeah, she's a phat fine, naw, mack morbid, sexually obese mothafucka awright. But as I was sayin', why didn't you tell ol' Cap'n Chip to come up and arrest the nigga counterfeiterers? Shit."

Babs: "Ah, Georgie, touché."

George: "No, no, I can answer that. I told you I have expertise in this area you only dream of. I can take your two hundred million and that truckload you said, and there will never be a goddamn trace. Why I can . . ."

Randolph and Babs: "Launder it!"

George: "If you insist I can, yes, I can wash it, rinse it, dry it, fold it and iron it if need be, goddammit."

Babs: "Then do it, shit. Let him, R n'R, deal, shit. Fuck them Jesus freaks, man. You'd be the hustler from Jump Street, shit, deal, dammit!"

Randolph: "Bitch, are you nuts?"

George: "Oh, she's makin' sense to me in more ways than one. One more time, little lady, and more ice, thank you, please."

Babs pours George another scotch on the rocks and flirts with him shamelessly. "Certainly Georgie, my pleasure, hold it steady now, Mmmmm, there."

Randolph: "Are you fuckin' finished? Shit. I will not, I repeat, I will not give up this Scripture Park deal!"

George: "You are adamant then, sir?"

Randolph: "You bet your fat lard ass, I'm sure as a mothafucka! So you might as well help me, or forget it!"

George: "Randolph, you're upsetting the natural business flow of this deal. I can't finance this crazy Bible Park of yours. Why don't you get this Buy Black Bank to do it, and give them say . . . half interest?"

Hell, that oughta cover it! How much could it take? Let's see, you'd need the land, what, three hundred acres you said? And as luck would have it, you'd want the cheapest parcel in the black ghetto. Good, good, that much I support. Now I guess you're gonna need a big tent, maybe two, shit. Ok, I can arrange two tents and what? Help me, sweet sexy thing, you're precious to behold, I swear!"

Babs flirts fellatio friendly and fly with George again while sucking on a swizzle stick. "Georgie, please do continue."

George: "Yes, yes, well where was I? Oh yeah, they'd spend money on advertisin', no more than say one hundred grand a year. That's the key, man, one year. And if in that time you're in the red, let the bank collect from itself."

Randolph: "Itself?"

George: "Yes, yes, they'd put up half a million, just enough for the land, and you borrow the rest from them for business expenses. Hell, that's what I'd do. Then I could make us a real killin' like I said."

Babs: "Listen to him, R n'R, sounds sensible to me, shit. Let 'em finance you, you'd be helpin' the community, right? You'd be bringin' in religion, entertainment and jobs. They'd have nothin' to lose."

George: "And you'd put up the theme park for collateral, after you brought it to town. But all in all, if I were you, I would rather lease a land deal, like the circus does. I'll bet if such a parcel exists, you can lease it. If you can't, hell, I can. I'll get land for you and the tents for peanuts."

Randolph: "Naw, this ain't no fuckin' freak show, see? These performers are artists; I've seen 'em, shit, you ain't seen 'em. You don't know shit about it, George."

Babs: "I saw 'em goddammit, R n'R, glory got'cha geechee mothafuckas runnin' around out there yellin' and screamin'. He's right, man; George can save my black ass! Shit."

Randolph: "Your black ass, what kinda shit you runnin', ho?"

Babs: "Oh, I'm a ho now, huh? I stood for your black ass on this deal with Kee! Shit."

George: "Kee, who's Kee?"

Randolph: "Never fuckin' mind; then you did it without my fuckin' knowledge, shit, and behind my goddamn back. I didn't and wouldn't let you stand for me and you fuckin' know it, bitch, shit."

George: "Now, Randolph, you and Babs don't talk that way, this is business. We . . ."

Babs: "Oh shut the fuck up, ya fat john ass mothafuck. Go on, R n'R, you run it, and I'll decide if you're worth it or not. So . . . what do you wanna do with the scratch? Shit."

(Knock at the door)

George: "I'll get it."

Randolph: "Sit down, white man. It's my fuckin' door, shit . . . yeah?"

Randolph opens the door, and Gwen is standing there with a blank expression, in short-frayed halter-top Levis, a tangerine see-through belly shirt, blue lipstick and eyeliner, blue painted fingernails and toenails, sandals and shades. Her hair is gathered back with a blue rubber band in a ponytail, and she's wearing a white bib style cap.

Gwen: "Ran."

Randolph: "Oh shit, Gwen, come on in. You know Babs, she, George and I have business up in here. George, this is Gwen, my lovely wife."

George: "Please to meet ya, Mrs. Randall."

Gwen: "Yes, me too. Ran, what the hell are you doing with this whoring woman? She's a catastrophe waiting to happen to us all." Gwen sits in a brown leather chair.

Babs: "Now just a fuckin' minute, you big titted baboon. You don't bad mouth me! Shit."

George: "Wait, please ladies, I'm sure we can . . ."

Randolph, Gwen and Babs: "Shut up!"

Randolph: "Gwen, I want you to wait for me downstairs; I'm just about to finish up this deal."

Gwen: "No, I won't go along any longer! If it's business, go on, continue and I'll sit right here."

Randolph: "Naw, Gwen, this is way classified, and I don't want you in on it. It's my kind of private business, and you will compromise it. Please leave, baby."

Gwen: "Go to hell, I'm not budging!"

George: "Oh, Demetrius Ypsilanti!" (The namesake of the town)

Babs: "Say what?"

George: "Never mind, you wouldn't understand."

Gwen: "I understand, Elijah `the Real` McCoy! (Distinguished Detroit black businessman, born in Ypsi 1843)"

George: ". . . Eh, Randolph, why don't you let me take the problem off your hands? It will all be safe and accounted for in my bank."

Randolph: "Fuck you, honky, I'm keepin' it forever, unless you agree on paper to do it my way, shit."

Babs: "You're way fuckin' wrong, R n'R. I'd agree with seventy cents on the dollar! Shit."

George: "No gorgeous, not seventy cents, more like fifty cents."

Babs: "Like hell, man, sixty-five cents, shit."

George: "No, my dear, on second thought, I couldn't say more than forty-five cents."

Babs: "I ain't your mothafuckin' dear, and it's gonna have to be sixty cents, and that's my final goddamn offer, shit. Take it or leave it, and I fuckin' mean it!"

George: "Alright pretty lady, you win. I've been out foxed, Randall, your partner knows her stuff. Sixty cents on the dollar it is . . . agreed?"

Randolph: "Fuck both of you jive ass mothafucks, I ain't goin' that route. I told both of you, it's my way or mothafuckin' Goat Alley! Shit."

Gwen: "What are you people going on about? What?"

Randolph: "Later, Gwen, be cool, shit. Naw, George, you gotta decide this shit right now. Either you cut my deal or forget the whole goddamn thang, shit."

George: "You're forgettin' somethin', Randall, you still owe me fifty grand cash, and I ain't countin' this fifty grand crap in my pockets, unless I get it all for fifty-five cents on the dollar!"

Randolph, Gwen and Babs: "Sixty!"

George: "Whatever, I'm offended by your lack of trust in me. Why I'm your only link with the financial world, think it over. I'm the only game in town and the only commercial, high yield, low-interest, risk takin' bank around."

Randolph: "Naw, I bet I could play a tape of our earlier conversation back, and I wouldn't owe you shit. I even bet ev'ry dime I've got here, I could make a call to your competition in the mornin' and cop a deal. No, even the very deal you wouldn't do, shit." Randolph plays a hard hunch, that if he needs to, he can scare George with the listening device in the bedroom.

George: "No, no, boy, I don't believe you'd do that. You're bluffin', and what tape you talkin' 'bout? Are we bein' taped?"

Randolph: "Yeah, honky."

Babs: "Take the sixty, R n'R, you'd have it all. Exchange it, and you'll get what you need to finance those crazy people out in the country! Shit."

Randolph: "You shut the fat fuck up, Babs. You and this greedy guy think too much alike to suit me, shit. So I'd like both of ya to git the fuck out! Shit."

Babs: "You ain't fakin', R n'R? You mean that shit, huh, and after what I did? Why all that shit's mine, man, every fuckin' dime of it. And I don't want no goddamn part of no imbecilic assholes who think they're livin' in the Bible, shit."

George: "Yes mam, you mean it's really all yours? Babs, that's great, no kiddin'?"

Randolph: "I told you two shits to split!"

Gwen: "Yes, and I agree with him, both of you get the hell out of here, now!" Gwen is up on her feet and motioning at the door with her hand.

Babs: "Hold on, R n'R, that's my shit. I let Kee put the whole damn thang on me, shit. I thought you'd understand, and it would turn out better than this, shit. Look, you can borrow half, shit, but not all of it, 'cause my ass is on the line, man, and I'm takin' the mothafuckin' fall! Shit."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, bitch, then do that shit. Take half, but only half, ho, minus fifty large, and I'm watchin' your slick black ass, so be way cool, shit." He opens the door, and all three rush into the bedroom with a perplexed Gwen following them.

George: "Alright, now at least we'll all get half of what we want! I see no other way, so let's put your half in the pillowcases, Babs!"

George and Babs begin busily packing the stacks of cash in pillowcases as Randolph watches like a hawk, and Gwen is in total shock when she finally sees the fake loot on the bedspread. "What the hell! Oh my God, Ran, all that! Is that what you people are goin' on and on about? No fuckin' wonder, holy shit in heaven!"

Randolph: "Back off, Gwen, let 'em take nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and fifty, and that's final, shit."

Babs: "You're a goddamn fool, R n'R, you could of been the black ass man, nigga. But you're too fuckin' foolish, shit. Wait here, Georgie!" Babs takes her two zebra skin bags in the closet out the door, comes back for the two pillowcases full of counterfeit currency and leaves George and her savage sexy scent behind.

George: "Right behind you, little missy. Call me, Randall. No, I'll call you in the mornin'. It was nice to meet you Mrs. Randall and do business with you too. Wait, Babzy Wabzy!" George gingerly and greedily carries the remaining two pillowcases of counterfeit cash after her to the elevator.

. . .

(Husband and wife talk.)

Randolph: "How did you find me, girl? Rev. found out and told ya, right?"

Gwen: "No, I overheard two policemen talking in the hotel lobby. One said the banker was up in 1J penthouse talkin' to you; he called your name. I waited, and then I couldn't hold back, so here I am. Ran, why did you get with that street whore? And how did she get you all this damn money? And why the hell is her cheap, funky, skanky smell all over this place, and you?" The animalistic ardent aroma of the amorous African American's ardor accentuates the very air, his skin and hair.

Randolph: "I ain't with nobody, and ev'ry dime of this bread is counterfeit, shit."

Gwen: "What, are you crazy, counterfeit? Why I've never seen one thousand dollar bills before, but they look good to me!"

Randolph: "Naw, baby, believe me, this shit is way bogus."

Gwen: "Well, if it is, it's illegal tender. But the banker made you an offer, I don't understand?"

Randolph: "He's a fuckin' greedy ass crook; he wants to launder it, shit. But I've got new plans, anyway, I told him the goddamn truth 'cause I just wanted him to establish me a line of credit, see? If I had one, I could build this theme park in South-Central, and pay for ev'rythang we need."

Gwen: "What are you gonna do now? That Babs is bad news, Ran, anybody can see that. She'll cause you big trouble, I know. How the hell did she ever get her dirty hands on so much? It's unbelievable somebody would ever give her anything valuable."

Randolph: "Well believe it, shit. She's Nigerian, and a Nigerian gave it to me. But I guess when she was on the phone, he made her accept the responsibility of payin' a default with her fuckin' life, shit."

Gwen: "You mean she put up her life on phony Mahoney money for

you?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Gwen: "Then she loves you, do you love her?"

Randolph: "Hell no . . . what do you think? You saw how it was, shit. I let her go with George 'cause I knew it would buy me time. A lot of folks are fuckin' all over me, Gwen, so I gotta be way careful, shit."

Gwen: "I know, Louse and Kuni, but I'm just worried about Babs?"

Randolph: "Naw, she's runnin' scared of Kee now and she sees a hustle with George. Yeah, then she'll call Kee and . . ."

Gwen: "Who's Kee, the Nigerian?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I shouldn't be tellin' you, girl, but you insisted, shit."

Gwen: "Ran, I'm glad I know. I'm with you and I'm sick n' tired of bein' shut out!"

Randolph: "I know, baby honey. Come here, shit, I'm with you too. Don't do that shit."

Gwen begins to cry softly. "I can't help it. What are you gonna do with your half now?" They embrace on the brown leather couch.

Randolph: "I don't know, hell, I don't know, shit."

Gwen: "Why don't you talk to daddy about it, maybe he'll . . ."

Randolph: "He'll say turn it over to the law, shit, but we all need cash quick. So I gotta make a connection to hold this mock money in a fuckin' bank, that way my hands are clean in my mind, see? Then I can get my line of credit, build the theme park, pay Kee and make the bank's money on the interest, good to the penny."

Gwen: "Well, now you don't have as much to pay back, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I guess you could look at it that way. Where have you been, you look different? Shit."

Gwen: "They call it Depot Town. We went with Jeff the cabbie; he

took us there to shop."

Randolph: "What did you buy, woman, a padded bra?" Randolph attempts to add a little levity to the tense situation, by teasing Gwen about her bulging bountiful beautiful breasts. This tactic on his part usually brings a smile to her sad sexy face and it does, she beams.

Gwen: "No silly, I bought this outfit and three or four others. We had a good time; we were cooped up and we needed a break."

Randolph: "Yeah, so is ev'rybody cool downstairs?"

Gwen: "Yes, I'd say so, but I think we'd all be better off if we left town as soon as possible, especially after what you just told me about this money."

Randolph: "Yeah, but I'm gonna have to work that out. Harry and Smug Doug are missin'. Nobody's seen the flyin' fags since the trouble with Louse last night."

Gwen: "Now what, commercial airplanes, trains, what?"

Randolph: "Naw, but I'm thinkin', so you go back and be with the others. I've gotta think and make a few calls, shit."

Gwen: "On one condition, Ran, that you promise me you won't fuck that woman Babs while I'm gone, or any other one. I can't keep count with you and I'm ready to go back home now. We all miss L.A., Ran."

Randolph: "Awright, that's a deal, pretty blue mama. Now get outta here before I change my mind and rip that skimpy little number right off of you."

Gwen: "Oh, you just say that, but I'll go so you can think. Kiss me, Ran, and you be careful."

Randolph: "I will sugar, baby, ummm, later baby, ummm, naw, wait a minute." Randolph reconsiders, as he and Gwen have repeated sex, then they sleep off and on for six hours or so, until she thinks she no longer catches a wafting wild whiff of Babs on his person. Afterwards, a satisfied Gwen leaves, walking bowlegged while wearing an `I just went fifteen rounds with the big black, one-eyed, bald head champ' look on her faithful fait accompli face. Lastly, an upbeat Randolph makes the first phone call with a big broad grin of genital gratification.

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Randolph: "Gimmie 310-787-5623 . . . Ring it, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Robert T. Life known as Lil' Robert, owner of Cerulean Blue, a Hollywood blues joint of the highest echelon, is a snappy dresser like Randolph, a show business entrepreneur, a Mississippian and full partner with Randolph in a Tupelo, Mississippi forty-eight track digital recording studio and a Clarksdale, Mississippi twenty-four track analog recording studio. Also, he's co-manager with Randolph of Casper Lonesome, the Holy Ghost of the Blues, now Kaizen's ex-top recording artist. Lil' Robert is an under five foot, wannabe, ladies man with a bigheaded, enormous ego. He's a sneaky, crude 2 B rude n' lewd, sixty-two year old black man with emotional eyes, who dissipates and curses almost as much as Randolph.

Lil' Robert: "Cerulean Blue, shit."

Randolph: "Hey, little nigga."

Lil' Robert: "Where the hell are you, man?"

Randolph: "Michigan, shit, whatzup?"

Lil' Robert: "I'm shittin' on myself wantin' to talk to you, nigga. I guess you know 'bout `Sore as a Whore´, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I got a fuckin' problem, Lil' Robert, so listen up, shit."

Lil' Robert: ". . . Ok, man, shit, run it."

Randolph: "I've got a king-size bed full of funny money in one thousand dollar bills, shit."

Lil' Robert: "Oh, man, that's ten to twenty shit. Lose that way scary shit quick, R n'R!"

Randolph: "Naw, I can't, I gotta get it in a bank hook up fast. And I was fuckin' wonderin' if you knew a hip bank cat, preferably a nigga? But shit thangs bein' what they are, I'll take who I can get, shit."

Lil' Robert: "How much we talkin', R n'R? Shit."

Randolph: "A hot one hundred huge, shit."

Lil' Robert: "No fuckin' shit, that much, damn!"

Randolph: "Yeah, concentrate now, Lil' Robert, and help me figure somethin' quick, ya dig?"

Lil' Robert: "Yeah, man, but I ain't tight with no fuckin' bankers, R n'R, black or white, shit. However, I know a dude who might be able to do a deal for you! Shit."

Randolph: "Well nigga, talk to me. Who is he, shit?"

Lil' Robert: "Teddy Kotex, man, he just copped a helluva deal from Kaizen Records! Shit."

Randolph: "Kaizen?"

Lil' Robert: "Yeah, the nigga was up in here last night with his fuckin' singer, Melanoma Black and two rich niggas, the Johnsons. Shit, I welcomed them to the club, and Teddy was high and braggin', you know the bony butt nigga. Well, he said he had a fuckin' deal for over ten huge hisself, shit. Yeah, a label deal, man, Laugh Track Records, Ha Ha Hee Hee Ho Ho, Ho's! and shit, so he's loaded, man. The nigga just got paid!"

Randolph: "Those Johnson niggas, do you know their first names and shit?"

Lil' Robert: "I gotta card right here on the cash register, shit, two cards, one for Val Johnson . . . Emotion Promotion, area code . . ."

Randolph: "I know the fuckin' number, shit. Go on, man, read the other card, shit."

Lil' Robert: "Yeah, it's Einstein Johnson and a fuckin' number, shit."

Randolph: "Gimmie that shit."

Lil' Robert: "Yeah, 213-476-3500."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, those mothafucks played my black

ass, Teddy too and Melanoma. I gotta get back to town, shit."

Lil' Robert: "What'cha gonna do with that scary scratch, nigga? That's jail for sure, they catch yo' black ass!"

Randolph: "I'm hip, that lyin' Teddy piece of shit ripped my bitch off, man, and Val stiffed me twice, shit: once with a commercial she promised me, and twice with a one huge cash investment for using my people in it, shit."

Lil' Robert: "Yeah, the nigga rich bitch Val was hot on a commercial they did. They had this condom deal, you know, rubbers. Well, they got a company call `4 Skins´ (Cut or Uncut) it says here. The guy, Einstein was passin' out rubbers all night, shit."

Randolph: "What did she say 'bout the commercial?"

Lil' Robert: "She said Adam n' Eve was a way bad ass idea she took off a sucka, you know, and she hired two actors and a real live snake to make the shoot. That's all, shit. Why?"

Randolph: "This bitch, this ho mothafucka said sucka! She said she took the idea off a . . . sucka?"

Lil' Robert: "Relax, R n'R, the bitch was high and shit, all of 'em was high and laughin' and shit, you know . . . drinks on the mothafuckin' house and shit. They closed the joint last night, man." Randolph realizes Lil' Robert's lying about the time frame, as Val was only told about his actors earlier in the morning of this same day.

Randolph: "Lil' Robert, don't say shit to nobody, you hear, nigga?"

Lil' Robert: "I'm cool, man, you know me, shit, so when you comin' back?"

Randolph: "Soon an-a-mothafucka, shit, on the fastest thang smokin'."

Lil' Robert: "What's the town you in again?"

Randolph: "Later." Randolph hangs up and flashes the desk.

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Randolph: "Gimmie Rev. Simmons, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Monika: " . . . Hi . . ."

Randolph: "Put Rev. on Monika! Shit."

Monika: "Ran! Ok . . ."

Rev.: "Yes, son?"

Randolph: "I got some trouble, and I need help fast. Do you know a banker, shit, or anyone who can handle a whole lot of criminal cash?"

Rev.: "Why . . . I don't know, maybe. What is it, son?"

Randolph: "Well shit, if I can't trust Gwen and you, I can't even trust my fuckin' self. The money's way fuckin' funny. Babs got it for me, and George wants it. They got the other half, shit."

Rev.: "Babs, holy God! How did that woman get money like that?"

Randolph: "We called her Nigerian nexus, now she's halfway off the money hook. But I gotta bail us all out now. And if I want that theme park built, then I'm gonna have to bust a quick move in the mornin' at the latest! Shit, greedy and evil as Babs and George can get . . . Rev., I may not have that much time left."

Rev.: "Well, my bank in Memphis is all I can figure, Lightfoot Baptist Savin's and Home Loans is it. The president is a friend of mine. He'll help us, if you mean what I think you mean. Or you could call Rump, he'd do anything!"

Randolph: "Naw, not Rump, but is this guy, your guy cool? See, I don't wanna pass any of this shit. It's picture, texture perfect, nobody can tell it's queer. I mean it's fool proof, but I just want to copy the serial numbers on every bogus bill for insurance, and your guy to hold it in the bank. Then I can establish a line of credit and pay him a legit top interest on it."

Rev.: "How much, Randolph? How much money we talkin' 'bout?"

Randolph: "One hundred million, one hundred huge! Shit."

Rev.: "Jesus! Can I see it?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm upstairs in 1J, come on." Randolph hangs up and flashes the desk.

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Randolph: "Gimmie the Kostiers Institute, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Joe: "Scripture Park."

Randolph: "That's way hip phone etiquette, man, ev'rythang cool?"

Joe: "Yes and no, a circus was in Lansing, they didn't have another date . . . so I booked 'em to help us. Me and T.R. figured you'd like the idea, and we knew you were workin' on another money angle. Kostiers is here. He got everybody back inside the main building on the PA system, and only a few of the animals are still out in the field now, but they won't escape. We'll have 'em all back in the barns by tomorrow."

Randolph: "Good, Holy Joe, good, you T.R. and the guys. Have you heard from Harry and Smug Doug?"

Joe: "Shit, not since Iscariots when I first saw 'em there."

Randolph: "Oh shit, that's that then, well I'm very close, so hang tight, later." Randolph hangs up and flashes for the desk clerk again.

Desk: "Yes sir!"

There's an excited knock at the door.

Randolph: "Hold on Gilbert, it's my door . . . yeah!"

Rev.: "Randolph, it's me!"

Randolph opens the door for an excited out of breath Reverend Simmons. "Come on in, Rev., shit. Never mind, Gilbert." Randolph cancels the call.

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Randolph: "It's in the bedroom there, Rev."

Rev. gazes at the stacks of counterfeit cash. "Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior in heaven. I don't believe this blessin'. My God, look at it! Jesus, Mary n' Joseph!"

Randolph: "Yeah, that's it. Now I've got to get it in a bank, and I need credit, shit."

Rev.: "I don't think you'd better do that, Randolph. It can be real tricky with banks depositin' this much money, good or bad. I don't think you should put it in a bank."

Randolph: "Then what, man, what the fuck else can I do? Shit. How much real money ya got left now?"

Rev.: "Oh Jesus, about eighteen thousand."

Randolph: "And Mark?"

Rev.: "Much less I guess, why for God sake? What are you thinkin', son?"

Randolph: "This town is gonna close up tight as a old nun's fuckin' habit on us any minute now, so damn, hey, what's that? Shit. Oh shit! It's a fuckin' helicopter!" Randolph and Rev. hear propellers.

Rev.: ". . . Who?"

Randolph: "Louse maybe . . . so you take the money and bundle it up in the bedspread quick, and I'll hold 'em off! Shit."

Rev.: "Alright, sweet Jesus!"

Randolph: "Hurry, Rev., they cut the propellers! Shit."

Rev.: "Lord have mercy, I'm goin' fast as I can. Oh Jesus, I dropped some!"

Randolph: "Leave it, naw, get all of it, shit. I'll hold this fuckin' door!" There's a knock on the outside entrance from the roof terrace, where Harry and Smug Doug hear and recognize Randolph's voice through the not so soundproof exit door.

Harry: "Boss, boss, it's me Harry and Smug Doug, let us in!"

Randolph opens the door. "Well, I'll be goddamn, throw another fagot on the fire. You two gay good guys couldn't have timed it better!" Randolph facetiously tries one of his off color play on words, using the word fagot spelled with one `g`, meaning log, at the two happy homosexuals. "You got ev'rythang, Rev.?"

Rev.: "Yes! Yes . . . Oh my heart, it's beatin' so . . . God, oh!" The old frazzled man is flustered feeble and floundering.

Randolph: "Calm down, Rev., and drag it with you, shit. We goin' for a fuckin' chopper ride."

Harry: "Oh boss, wait 'til you ride this beauty, it's our third bird this month."

Rev.: "Hey . . . fellas." Rev. is breathlessly dragging the very big bundle behind him to the helicopter.

Harry: "Reverend."

Smug Doug attempts to help Rev. "I'll help you with that."

Rev.: "No! No, I've got it, son."

Randolph sees the yellow and purple 400 mph Bell Huey million dollar six passenger jet helicopter. "That's a fly mothafucka, Harry. Where'd ya get it? How'd ya cop?"

Harry: "The hangar guys loaned us the deal for two weeks. We couldn't take a chance of passing it up. The old crate was on its best behavior. But without the cash, they had to confiscate it. We owed way over our tiny budget, so we borrowed."

Randolph: "Cool, is this bad boy safe? Shit."

Harry: "Hell yes, we've been in it for two days waitin' for you to do whatever the hell you're doin'. We split the Room at the Inn wearing wigs, dresses and heels, when that gook n' goony gang of guys came, and they missed us."

Rev.: "Glory, thank God!"

Harry: "Strap in guys, we're goin' up!"

The helicopter lifts from the pad off the roof of the Hoofah Hotel, leaving behind all those cares and concerns for a time.

Randolph: "Yeah, take us to the institute. I'll tell you where when I see the road, that's the best move, shit."

Harry: "Yeah, we know where it is, and if you want another big cheap plane, we've got a pip waitin' at Ann Arbor."

Randolph: "No shit?"

Smug Doug: "No shit, boss, it's a out of mothballs Boeing jet, seats over thirty."

Randolph: "Hell, I guess so . . . how much?"

Harry: "Two hundred grand, cash down and payments will do it, boss. Can you swing it?"

Randolph: "I'm workin' on it, how soon can we cop?"

Harry: "You call it, the guy's a pal."

Randolph: "You mean he's gay too?"

Harry: "Yeah."

Randolph: "So you two guys been in a sweaty sweet, feminine side, all male ménage à trois for two fuckin' days, huh?"

Harry: "Yeah, you could say that, boss."

Rev.: "Lord deliver us, Adam and Steve! Shame, shame, shame! You homosexual men gonna hafta marry in church and get back to Jesus fast." The pansy pilots and Randolph laugh and ease the tension.

Harry: "What's in the big bundle, reverend, if you don't mind me asking?"

Rev.: "I'll let Randolph answer you, son."

Randolph: "It's money, hell. How did you know 'bout the institute, Harry? Shit."

The cross dressing flight crew struggled, but held their timid tongues from talking about such an obvious, great amount of concealed money bulging in a thousand dollar bill imprinted, green stained, white bedspread, and instead told how they knew about Kostiers Institute.

Harry: " . . . Oh, we found it, and flew over several times. We chased a few animals back to the barns yesterday."

Randolph: "No shit that was you guys?"

Smug Doug: "Well, we did it, but they don't know it, then we split."

Randolph: "You guys deserve a piece of the action for this. I won't forget you. There it is, look Rev."

Rev.: "Yes, it's all lit up. What's going on down there?" Down below the red signal light atop the tower is flashing and shining. And the grounds are bathed with the lighthouse beacon, moving lively in a warm friendly, yellowish, sweeping glow, over and all around Kostiers Institute. In the open fields they also see loose animals and men on horseback wrangling the strays. The helicopter descends from the twinkling, heavenly firmament above it and makes its landing approach to the ground below.

Randolph: "What time ya got, Doug? Shit."

Smug Doug: "Eleven ten."

Randolph: "Good, land behind the barns and cut the propellers. You guys wait here, I won't be too long."

Harry: "Ok, boss."

Rev.: "What about this?"
(The big bundle)

Randolph: "Naw, you keep it, Rev. All y'all and the gang, serialize and bag it up quick in your suite. Get empty suitcases from Gilbert at the Hoofah. I'll go on alone. But if I'm not back in twenty minutes, take off, shit. Oh yeah, I left the penthouse door unlocked on the roof 'cause I misplaced the keys to the joint. But I've still got my MLK credit card to open up the joint, so lock it." Harry lands smoothly; he cuts the propellers and Randolph gets out.

Harry: "Ok boss, good luck!"

Rev.: "Go with God, son."

T.R. comes up on Randolph, who's making his way toward the tower. "Hey, who's out here?"

Randolph: "T.R., it's me, whatzup? Shit."

T.R.: "Hey man, we wondered what you were up to."

Randolph: "Who's here?"

T.R.: "Laine and J.C."

Randolph: "No shit, where's Kostiers?"

T.R.: "In the tower with 'em both on the third level, shit. J.C. said for me to leave, and I ain't 'bout to tangle with that big nigga, not since you told me he and Laine were mother and son, no way! Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, yeah, I know, you stay here."

T.R.: "Sure, man, I'll stay."

Randolph: "Later."

Chapter Thirty-eight

. . .

The Beaten Path of Righteousness 4 His Namesake

Inside at the elevator entrance to the tower, Joel, the now familiar Christ-like figure, stands in the shadows wearing his red, white, blue robe and sandals. The battery-powered halo is shining about his holy-like coiffured head; his arms are open wide to receive Randolph; his chest is as an aflamed heart. Sacred instrumental music plays from a small hidden Kaizen DAT on his person when he speaks. "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man who sowed good seed in his field."

Randolph: "Goddamn, mothafucka, if I didn't know you, you would've scared the dog shit out of my ass!"

Joel: "Therefore, speak I to them in parables. Because they hear not; neither do they understand."

Randolph: "Where's the Magdalene, Mother Mary, and Martha, man?"

Joel: "Be not afraid, go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me."

(On the elevator that is open to take them to the third level)

Randolph: "I don't know what the fuck you're talkin' 'bout, man, but ok. I'm headed up to Kostiers' spot. Elaine and her son, J.C. are up in there, shit, so I don't want you to get hurt if we should lock asses, ya dig?"

Joel: "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is Antichrist, that denieth the father and the son."

They arrive at the third level, but the door does not open.

Randolph: "Yeah, shhh! Now this is my fight, so don't make a sound, man, be cool."

The elevator door opens, and they are face to face with an angry J.C., who's barring them from passing. He's dressed in his regular clothes minus the bartender's white apron. Elaine is wearing a mustard-colored dress with brown slippers and sitting in the rocking chair over by the big wide front watchtower window dipping snuff. Kostiers is wearing a surgical mask, a tan seersucker suit, an opened collar shirt and brown dress shoes. He's seated in his favorite black leather chair, nervously nursing and sipping a bourbon and branch water drink through a glass straw and fidgeting with the elevator remote control, while the big bright beacon light above whirrs around the grounds as Randolph speaks. "Kostiers, shit, it's me your fuckin' partner!"

J.C.: "I'm talkin' to him now; you had your chance, now it's mine."

Randolph: "Hey, J.C., now you gonna have to back way off, nigga. Hey, Insane Elaine, I can smell your stank mouth breath from all the way out here. Hey Kostiers, I see you're still in one piece, shit."

Elaine: "John Carter, move away and let him in."

J.C. speaks about Kostiers in a menacing murderous tone, "He's the Antichrist and he was going to try to mock the existence of God Almighty from whence my powers come."

Randolph: "Look, nigga, you gots to be cool, shit, way cool, mothafucka. This cat ain't shit, see, he's just a fuckin' business guy, see, nothin' for you to sweat. Back up, nigga, or shit will get way rough now! Ya half-steppin' in my shit, muthafucka."

Elaine: "Let him in, John Carter, it's ok. I should talk to him. He needs to hear my ideas, he's goin' the wrong way, son. Let him by you." A splenetic serious stern stone-faced J.C. reluctantly moves away from the elevator.

Kostiers: "He thinks I'm the Antichrist! Can you believe it, Randall, me, a harmless old ex-banker? Hell, I helped get that bomber factory in town in '43. We employed thousands, is that bad? Yes, I love what money can do and I'm agnostic, even an apostate, but I'm no Antichrist!"

Joel slips on his surgical mask, and even J.C. pulls his mask up over his nose and mouth to escape the worst of Elaine's gushing forth,

repugnant effusion of bad breath.

Joel: "And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child; and the children shall arise up against their parents and cause them to be put to death."

Elaine: "He's the most perfect thing. Joel, you make us all proud. First time I saw 'em, I knew no one could resist him. I told Earl here about him, and he went to Toledo and got him."

Kostiers: "I saw him in Toledo; they had him bound over to a psychiatrist there. I paid a royal ransom and this quack loosed his binds. This same Doctor Chryst followed us to Ypsilanti and I hired him. He threatened at first to blast us in the media, but we won him over by being dedicated and devoted as Joel is. And when I became the voice of God, it amused the atheistic ass wipe administrator doctor no end. J.C., you're wrong, I'd never offend the Godhead, never, and I'm not a madman."

Joel: "And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. But he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

Randolph: "I don't follow him, y'all. Somebody decipher that shit, quick, or I'm ignorin' 'em."

Kostiers: "He's continuing his conversation about me, I think he agrees with J.C."

Elaine: "Settle down, John Carter, come over by me, come on. Earl, you're in big trouble here, so tell the truth, 'cause they both know something." Elaine spits into a tin can cuspidor she's holding and dips another two fingers of snuff.

Randolph: "Yeah, man, both of 'em say you're the Antichrist. How can you disprove some divine double doo-doo like that?"

Kostiers: "I won't, I don't have to; they'd have to prove it. I wash my hands of the whole injustice."

Joel: "But whosoever shall deny me men, his will I also deny before my father which is in heaven."

Randolph: "Hello! Shit, Insane Elaine, I don't comprehend no shit like that!"

Elaine: "I do, and he only deals with Earl, when Earl is the voice of God. I think he feels compelled in some way to go along, even follow John Carter's feelings. I don't think it's anything other than that." Randolph sees through Elaine now and realizes the over-religious old woman is a healthy, living, foul-breathing ruse, and he and Rev. were hoodwinked into coming to her aid for a more deeper, raffish reason, that he would have to ascertain.

Randolph: "So, you ain't sick and dyin', huh? You still got hallelujah halitosis like a mothafucka, but ya got your shit together, huh? So tell me your ideas, whatzup? Shit."

Elaine: "Gospop! Music! More music, gaiety! Laughter! Joy! Celebration! Your people just ventured in the streets of this town for a few hours, that's not promotion. I want to see angels with feathered wings in the streets, wearing snow-white raiments. I wanna see doves and hear harps, choirs, a jubilee! Do you have an imagination or not?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I got that shit, but you said fifteen huge, and I didn't get shit, so where's the bread, ol' snuff dippin' stanky woman?"

Elaine: "I told Earl, the money he spent; the money he took was it. There was no more, so I insisted we had to have your verve vigor and vim. I caved into pressure, hell it happens."

Randolph: "Cute, ya stinkin' hard over here, but cute, ol' woman, and your son is lookin' at Kostiers like he wants to kill him."

Kostiers: "Protect my old and feeble body from this, Randall. I am only a money changer."

Joel: "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick."

Randolph: "Ah, I understand that shit. Don't do nothin', J.C., or I'll kick your big black ass, you hear? Kostiers is my partner. And you, you old shit breathin' woman, you're J.C.'s mama, so give him the right advice, now!"

J.C.: "He's got the marks, look at his forehead and his right hand, look."

Randolph: "Oh shit, gimmie, Kostiers. What, aha . . . what's that on your hand and head, man? I never noticed it before." Randolph sees Satan's insignia, small black blotches (a nevus) in the shape of a pentagram, the mark of the beast on Kostiers right hand and forehead.

Elaine: "He told me about those marks and I read about 'em, but I thought it was a coincidence; now I don't even know."

Kostiers: "Just a minute, Randall, this is a mistake, a God forsaken one! Please call the authorities!"

Randolph: "Shut up, man, he's got your ass. J.C. cured my blindness; he found Louse and Kuni, so I gotta go with him, shit. J.C., what do you wanna do with him? Goddammit."

J.C.: "Cleanse him, make him whole."

Kostiers: "No, I won't submit to a baptism, I won't. He wants to baptize me, I won't!"

Randolph: "Yeah, you will, you old lyin' fart. Take his agnostic ass and do it. Go on, J.C.; baptize his Antichrist asshole! Shit."

Elaine: "Baptize him in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." The great gospel diva spits another accumulation of snuff juice into the small empty soup can.

Kostiers: "No, no, no, Randall! I'm your partner; please help me! The Talmud says to save one human life is to prevent the destruction of the world!"

Randolph: "Just throw water in the mouthy mousy mothafucka's face, J.C., dammit. We need his jive ass to be the voice of God. He does the hell out of it! Shit."

Elaine: "Yes, John Carter, a glass of water is good enough, then he's baptized." J.C. lifts his surgical mask and spews forth a stream of saliva in Kostiers' eye.

Kostiers: "He spit on me! He spat in my eye, Randall! He hocked a wad of slimy mucus spittle in my face!"

Randolph: "Shut up, ya lame ass agnostic. You the Antichrist ain't ya, so what the fat fuck you expect, the goddamn Sea of Galilee, shit?"

Elaine: "How's your money situation, son? You makin' ends meet, or has the crunch of modern livin' rolled over you, and left you bleedin' by the curb?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I got money, but it's funny money. So I can't spend it. I can only serialize it and flash it, unless a bank will keep it for me and let me replace it in time with good scratch, shit."

Kostiers: "Nobody's gonna do that, Randall, not even my hard on sons. Did you try them?"

Randolph: "Yeah, no fuckin' comment."

Elaine: "What happened to your competition, the guy chasin' you, the one who blinded you and kidnapped us?"

Randolph: "Naw, we're cool so far, he's gone now."

J.C.: "To Detroit."

Randolph: "What, what you say, nigga?"

J.C.: "He's in Detroit, your brother is there with Kuni and his daughter Fugi."

Randolph: "My . . . brother, what kind of shit you talkin', man? Louse ain't my brother. We black and all that, but brothers, forgetaboutit, shit."

J.C.: "Your mother had him first out of wedlock, then he was given to a couple who raised him."

Randolph: "Mothafucka, are you crazy? Insane Elaine, you hear this wild sick ass nigga?"

Elaine: "Yes, son, I hear him, and I'm as bowled over as you. John Carter, this is serious; are you sure?"

J.C.: "He was born in 1936, November 15th."

Randolph: "My mother is Herman Louse's mother? Man, that's the most Goat Alley common, lowlife thang I ever heard! Shit."

J.C.: "Ask your mother . . ."

Randolph: "What, call my mother and accuse her of some lunatic shit like this? Hell no, you freaky deaky, big black ass nigga!"

Elaine: "He's serious, he's always serious, so it's true, son." Elaine punctuates her statement with a direct hit of snuff juice in the can, which is in front of her and on the polished hardwood floor now.

Randolph: "Say what, shit, you are insane, old woman. Not that nigga, he ain't my goddamn brother! You hear, fuck all y'all! Shit."

Kostiers: "Use this cell phone, Randall, she'll tell you now. Go down on the next level. I'll close the elevator door, so you can have some privacy."

Randolph: "Privacy, I don't need no fuckin' phone! Shit. But you can tell me where he is in Detroit, nigga? Those two rats are worth all the goddamn money we need, shit."

J.C.: "Just Detroit, that's all I know."

Elaine: "Sometimes he only gets a glimpse of the answer, son. You can't get anymore information now unless he really knows the complete answer."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, and you're sayin' he's always right, huh?"

Elaine: "Always, he's never seen the truth but one way, the God's honest truth only!"

Randolph: "Fuck that, my mother just might have had a fling, even a baby, shit. That happens all the time, but Louse ain't born outta my mother. Shit, they don't even favor, for Christ fuckin' sake!"

Kostiers: "Call her, Randall, then you'll be cocksure."

Randolph: "Fuck you, ya big head, little shit, gold tooth, creepy ass blithering bastard, not my mother! This big black ass nigga's wrong,

shit."

Elaine: "He saved your eyes, son, and he's revealed facts to you that panned out, right?"

Randolph: "Fuck that shit, this is different. This supa-natural garbage has its limits, and he's fuckin' way over the line now!"

J.C.: "Your mother's at home now."

Randolph: "Shit, I know that, man, I know that, so what? Shit."

Elaine: "I'd call, son. Why should you live a lie, get your brains beat out, and you don't really understand why? Your whole life will change now, and you will be even with the board." Elaine lets go another mouthful of brown snuff juice that splashes and sloshes over the sides of the full, small tin can to the floor.

Randolph: "Gimmie that fuckin' phone! Shit."

Kostiers: "Here, use my sleeping quarters downstairs." Kostiers opens the elevator door."

Randolph gets in and takes the cell phone in the elevator down to the next level. He gets out, the elevator door closes, and Randolph punches Mother Randall's number.

Mother Randall: "Hello."

Randolph: "Mother, me."

Mother Randall: "Randy, where are you? We got the silverware back. Gwen sent it, thanks. I thought it was gone forever. You'll never know how much I prize that gift from your grandmother Shirley, I'm so relieved!"

Randolph: "Yeah . . . I'm glad. Look, did you have a kid before me, a boy?"

Mother Randall: "Oh! Why do you ask me this?"

Randolph: "Because a guy who's way psychic told me you did just now, and I called him a goddamn lie, so now I'm askin' you?"

Mother Randall: ". . . Randy, don't stir up these things; let these things stay buried that are dead."

Randolph: "Then it's true! I know you don't lie, so I'm insistin' 'cause it's way important. Did you have a son before me?"

Mother Randall: "Before you were born, I'm sorry, I wasn't married. I thought I was just gaining weight. Then it was too late to abort. I had the child, and the people I stayed with for five months kept the child. When I left, I married your father, and a year later you were born."

Randolph: "It's true then, goddammit! What was the baby's name? Shit."

Mother Randall: "I didn't name him, it was all so clinical, and I was ashamed. I was never even allowed to look. No, I didn't even see the baby. Do you hate me?"

Randolph: "Naw, but the baby you had is my worst enemy now. I can handle it though, so don't worry; I just needed to know, shit."

Mother Randall: "What is he like? Who is he? Does he know about me now? Where is he, Randy?"

Randolph: "Detroit, the psychic guy said. He's Herman David Louse, smart, tall, ambitious, rich, and you saw him at my sixteenth birthday party. I hit him with the milk box, remember?"

Mother Randall: "Oh, my God! That was he? Oh, I had no idea. Oh Jesus forgive me, I never knew!"

Randolph: "I know, so don't sweat it. Hell, I don't think he even knows, but I'm not sure. Don't worry, he'd never hurt you, he's just after me."

Mother Randall: "After you, did he hurt you, Randy?"

Randolph: "Not anymore, his hurtin' days are over."

Mother Randall: "Well, what should we do? No, I should call him and try to explain! I just don't know; this is awful!"

Randolph: "Naw, just stay cool, I'll handle him. I'm closer to the situation. You ok?"

Mother Randall: "No, I'm going to church in the morning and pray for my soul. I always kept this with me; it's a burden I bore my whole adult life. Now everyone will know my sin."

Randolph: "You didn't sin, you just screwed up, hell. That's what you put rubbers on a penis for."

Mother Randall: "Is that what you used with that promiscuous platinum blonde phenomenon, motion picture person, president's paramour, everybody still talks about?" (Marilyn Monroe)

Randolph: "Yeah, and if more people used 'em, there'd be less indiscretion and confessional conversations like this."

Mother Randall: "It's easy for you to say, you're not a mother. I'm feeling guilty and lowdown." She hangs up.

Randolph: "Hello . . . mother, hey, oh shit!" A stunned and shocked Randolph rejoins the others.

Elaine: "You alright son, you ok?"

Randolph: "Don't breathe on me, you old female fart, back off. Shit, and wipe up the floor; then empty that nasty, slimy, stinky can of snuff juice. No wonder you so stank."

Kostiers: "You asked her outright, so what did she say?"

Randolph: "Shut the fuck up, none of your goddamn business, you gold teeth, fat head, idiotic freak."

J.C.: "On the river front in Detroit." J.C. utters another clairvoyant clue as to Louse and Kuni's whereabouts.

Randolph: "What? Goddammit J.C., my moms is beside her fuckin' self, shit."

Elaine: "She'll compose herself, give her time. Call her back tomorrow, you'll see, she'll be fine then."

Randolph: "Why the hell did you set me up, old lady? You convinced me ya had way big bucks and you didn't have jack shit!"

Elaine: "We were desperate, son. I had to resort to trickery in order to recruit you. God forgive me; we needed you. Rev. Rufus Simmons told me about you, you were perfect: in show business, strong, outspoken, virile and black. We couldn't resist the package. So when I met you, I couldn't resist having you on our side. We needed a true champion, and so far, Earl and I were right."

Kostiers: "Right as rain, we needed you, she's right. We can go public now. We can go on TV. We can travel; we survived the worst, right? And we still stand tall. We've got the patients and the animals all still in tact!"

Randolph: "Performers, call 'em performers, professional performin' artiste from now on, or I'll let J.C. break both your fuckin' arms, you shit bag of snake scum."

Kostiers: "Alright, alright, but think, you don't even need money. You can charm and promulgate the public in Detroit on TV and play the Joe (Joe Louis Arena) first. Then tour your way across America. Nothing can stop you. The trains will carry you from here, you're the Bible exhibits n' curios of Scripture Park. You're bigger than Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey too. You're the super event of the new millennium. You're the Second Coming in the entertainment world. Joel, tell him."

Joel: "Let us go into the next towns that I may preach there also. For therefore came I forth."

Elaine: "Precious hallelujah! Hosanna, oh my soul! Oh my dear God and sweet Holy Jesus, Christ the King, Lord and blessed Savior in heaven have mercy, good God T. A-mighty!"

J.C.: "Say it, tongue mama, tongue!"

Elaine: "Ugga maguga sehela lays monsglompa asua hoabjaba cnsramminnbia zeasah!"

Kostiers: "You must go to Detroit with the performers. You've got the biggest and the best action in the entertainment industry, so roll with it. You don't need money, I repeat, forget money; do TV. TV is money! No one can beat TV, you'll see. We're all ready and rarin' to go!"

Randolph: "You creepy Christian crazy mothafucks, don't fuckin' move another further. I'm sendin' a fuckin' train out here today. I've seen the rusty spur tracks behind the barns by the elephant wallah, so be fuckin' ready!"

Elaine: "We're here and ready, son. We're all in your hands. Deliver us like Moses to the masses. The time is ripe!"

Chapter Thirty-nine

. . .

The Hookup

Joe: "Hey man, we've got these circus guys, they helped us out. I kinda said we'd pay . . . so have you got ten grand?"

Randolph: "Yeah, you drive me back to town, and I'll fix you up. Keep 'em 'cause we're gonna need 'em. Get a reasonable fixed price, and they can come with us. What have they got in the circus? Shit."

Joe: "A roller coaster, no kiddin', a portable roller coaster for little kids! A Ferris wheel, three of 'em, big, medium, small, a merry-go-round . . . some other rides, shit . . . circus performers, the regular midway stuff, clowns, barkers, two high wire acts and a few animals we don't have. If you can arrange something, it would be a damn godsend. They've got a powerful laser light show, a band, six pieces and the regular freaks: the sword swallower, the tall man, fat lady, midgets, two of 'em, and some woman with a beard down to her crotch; it's suppose to be the longest beard ever on a woman. (Randolph smiles, remembering Melanoma's pubic beard.) He's got trucks, seventy-six trucks, trailers, vans and cars loaded and waitin' in Ypsi."

Randolph: "What's the name of the damn thang? Shit."

Joe: "Rancor Circus!"

Randolph: "Where's the owner, Holy Joe?" A lone violin plays as Joe explains.

Joe: "He's over by the fire there in the sequined, red shirt on that prancin', dancin' white stallion called Outcast, talkin' to T.R."

Kozmo Rancor is the gypsy owner impresario of a rag tag circus he inherited and books town-to-town, traveling in a six-state circuit he created. Kozmo is fifty-three, lean and muscular with dark smiling eyes, shiny black hair, and he dresses in tight, black riding pants, Gypsy boots, a gaucho black hat with tassels, form fitting, pure silk

sequined sexy shirts and matching scarfs, sporting bold loud colors of red, orange, green, yellow etc., against his oily sun baked skin.

Kozmo was born in his father's first circus, literally in a trunk. Therefore, the circus is in his Gypsy blood. Unfortunately, Kozmo could only dream of the days when his dad, `Kozmo the Great` of Hungary, walked the high wire, carrying burning torches across from pole to pole, fifty feet up in the air, to the cheers and screams from a full big tent, where people got their money's worth.

Today the pickings are slimmer, and the show is plagued with more business mishaps, personnel mistakes, and gross entertainment errors and midway merchandise misunderstandings, forcing the owner to morbidly misrepresent his star attractions, by using the art of verisimilitude. Thus, lawsuits and fines resulting in more litigation than he can afford occur, and he is now known as the Rancor community service circus of feckless felons, when the authorities can catch him.

Randolph: "Awright, he looks cool, you drive me into town, and I'll give you the bread."

Joe: "Great, we'll take the pick up. T.R. can hold the fort, man." T.R. joins them with an expression of shock at seeing Randolph still in one piece.

T.R.: "You leavin', man, you talked to Laine, damn, and J.C.? I thought you cats would waltz! Shit."

Randolph: "Not tonight, we're all partners. I'm sendin' a freight train and passenger train combo up in here this mornin'. We're packin' it up and takin' it out on the road! Shit. Look, change my percentage to fifty-one, then get the split Insane Elaine and Kostiers decide on and file it fast for me."

T.R.: "Shit yeah, where, where are we headed, man?"

Randolph: "Detroit first, then the fuckin' world! Shit."

T.R.: "Hey man, these circus dudes know their shit. My gut tells me we scored a major hookup for the long haul!"

Randolph: "Yeah, I likes it, it's a natural hookup. I gotta split, later."

T.R.: "Shit yeah, cool baby, we gonna bounce!"

Joe: "The circus guy's name is Kozmo, Kozmo Rancor. He said get him one hundred K a day, and he'll stick. He wants ten K first when I get back. He said you look like a tough guy, so it'll work out 'cause he's a tough ass gypsy." The invisible vagabond violinist picks up the tempo.

Randolph: "Yeah, ok, let's split this jubilee joint."

Joe turns off on Gemble Road in the black of night. "What's happening with all that Louse trouble now?"

Randolph: "Well, I just found out Louse is my half brother, and we got the same mother."

Joe: "Who's the father? Shit."

Randolph: "Didn't ask, good question though, good fuckin' question, shit."

Joe: "So the push is on, huh, and now we're on the move at last. America, no, world here we fuckin' come, with all of our warts and blemishes, right, man?"

Randolph: "Yeah, we got a lotta fuckin' baggage, but ev'rybody's ready for Freddie. So is there anythang else I need to know?"

Joe: "Yeah, Doc Chryst called, and I picked up on the extension, then he hung up. He was talkin' to the Woman at the Well. This beautiful, tan, high cheek boned, brunette chick named Candy Copeland, and he's always after her, man! She works in his office, answering phones and doing secretarial duties."

Randolph: "Never saw her, describe the beautiful bitch some more."

Joe: "She's a full grown woman, twentyish, deep tan, great legs, long dark hair, red kissable lips, dark brown bedroom eyes, beautiful real c-cup breasts, a round firm ass, and man she's 'bout the finest one back there."

Randolph: "Guess that's why ol' Doc Chryst wouldn't share that one, he held her way back, shit."

Joe: "I don't blame him, however, she didn't pick up quick enough on the extension to his intentions, but I did."

Randolph: "Watch ol' doc, he's shrewd as Satan, Holy Joe."

Joe: "I know, man."

(On the CB radio)

J.C.: "Breaker, breaker. Your brother and Kuni are at the Kaizen Club on the Detroit riverfront. Ten four, good buddy."

Joe: "Shit, I thought the CB radio was dead!"

Randolph: "That's J.C. and he's talkin' to me. The Kaizen Club, huh, and in Detroit on the riverfront, Louse and Kuni. Now it's beginning to make sense, shit."

Joe: "How the hell does J.C. do it, man? He's got super powers. He damn near can see anything that's hidden." Joe swerves to avoid a fallen tree in the road.

Randolph: "Yeah, he's a way bad nigga all right. Watch this goddamn road, Holy Joe! Shit."

Joe: "Yeah, I forgot, I got excited. What's the Kaizen Club?"

Randolph: "A private ass joint for Kaizen employees, mostly execs, shit."

Joe: "Why Detroit, Kaizen's not in Detroit?"

Randolph: "Well, it's there now, goddammit. They've gotta have 'em in all the big ass cities now. The Japs gotta have sushi and hot tubs and geisha girls in America. I think General Motors, Ford, DaimlerChrysler, Toyota and Honda's got private automotive clubs all over the country too. It's a fortune five hundred trend that started back when Mark and me ran Kaizen."

Joe: "Kaizen lucked up, man, good copycats; they fooled a lotta people. They sailed the right ship. Entertainment electronics expertise is their strong suit, especially in the hardware department. Take the goddamn DAT, they lucked up there big-time. They made 'em smaller and cheaper like itty bitsy, teeny tiny tape recorders. They went

straight to that DAT configuration with the public instead of the disc. And their new interactive audio-video, DAT/DVD is jumpin' off for them too now, and confusing the hell out of the competition, by goin' from disc to DAT and maybe back to disc again.

"They're the leader, so they set the trends and they control the electronic consumer market because of this thing of theirs called `kaizen`. Yeah, in Japanese it means before the public gets use to one existing product, those hot hardware happy bastards make another improvement, put out a brand-new product and market it over the current selling standard Music Box, `nicest, precise, lowest prices home and business security devices`, flat TV, wireless computer, you name it. Therefore, there will always be another upgraded quickie technological type to hype on the open market from the overactive all Asian assembly lines in Osaka, Japan."

Randolph: "Could you run it, Holy Joe, the consumer electronic hardware department at Kaizen America?"

Joe: "Yeah, I could, I know I could, with panache, dammit."

Randolph: "Yeah, well I need ya to handle the technical side of this thang now. You and T.R. have the hands on experience with the institute, and we need that from you guys right now."

Joe: "Yeah, everybody vamoosed, they deserted us: the doctor, if you can really call Chyrst that, all the Roman legionnaire guards abandoned their post, the orderlies and nurses, all the maintenance men, except the guys that helped you in the tower, the animal trainers and all the keepers, but Noah and Daniel. Without them and the circus guys now, I'd hate to think of the consequences."

Randolph: "Yeah, consequences, you got a cell phone?"

Joe: "Yeah, in the glove compartment, when it works."

Randolph uses the phone and wonders why his head electricians CB radio and cell phone are faulty.

Operator: "Information."

Randolph: "Hoofah Hotel."

Operator: "785-4612."

Randolph calls.

Desk: "Hoofah Hotel."

Randolph: "Yeah, Gilbert?"

Desk: "Yes sir."

Randolph: "Gimmie the Simmons suite, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Rev.: "Yes."

Randolph: "Rev., it's me."

Rev.: "Randolph, we left like you said in twenty minutes, but we're still serializin' it. Oh, and I washed that telltale bedspread first. So nobody knows the truth but Gwen, the two pilots, Harry, Smug Doug and me. It's all here and bein' bagged up in leftover suitcases from the hotel storeroom."

Randolph: "Ok, Rev., you hold on tight to that fake shit, and if Harry and Smug Doug are suckin' n' fuckin', get 'em up, 'cause you're leavin' for Detroit in the chopper. So get ev'rybody packed and be ready to split within the hour, shit. How's the real deal cash holdin' up?"

Rev.: "I paid for the suites, so we're down to fifteen thousand or so now."

Randolph: "And Mark . . .?"

Rev.: "I'll let you ask him, hold on."

Rev. gives the receiver to Mark.

Mark: "'Bout time, rich nigga, what the fuck are you doin' with all this lovely scratch? Shit." Mark attempts to be cool about the cash.

Randolph: "Gettin' ready to go to Detroit, that's what. We need a TV hookup fast. We were damn near fuckin' broke. How much ya got, ya

albino fuck?"

Mark: "Detroit, huh? Ya mothafucka, I saved ten K and not a bloomin', bloody quid more, you goddamn secretive, black ass blighter."

Randolph: "That's why you're the guy in the cat bird seat, shit, but give it to Holy Joe for me, ya lily livered lightweight limey." Although as a team, they all helped Rev. and Gwen serialize and bag it, the fact that it was funny money remained a mystery to the others.

Mark: "Whatzup, I heard some way weird shit from Rev. and Harry? Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, how's your hip, ya walkin' yet?"

Mark: "Walkin', runnin' and fuckin', shit, it was slightly dislocated, but Mia reset it with a piece of special hot pussy."

Randolph: "That'll do it ev'ry time. Ok, you can play now, so you get us a fuckin' freight train and a passenger combo; then we need a good hotel on the riverfront, top drawer, six suites and lease about six limos for now. Harry and Smug Doug can haul you all out with three trips, shit. You go first, I'll stay behind and handle this end at the institute, and I'm takin' Insane Elaine, J.C. and Joel with us, along with Gabriel and Judgment Day, the Gethsemane Girls, and Martha, Mother Mary and da Magdalene, the Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples, Lil' David, his band Goliath and last but not least, Kostiers, the Children of Israel and Noah, and all of his animals, shit."

Mark: "Yeah . . . that's the way right move for now. So what's the real deal on these bagged big bucks . . . Bottomline Babs turned you on, huh?" Mark takes a stab at the truth.

Randolph: "Yes and no, shit, she split with greedy ass George, but I got skeins of serialized specious scratch, see, one hundred huge."

Mark: "Square business, shit, you lyin', nigga, how? Damn!"

Randolph: "Babs fuckin' Nigerian connection, it's all bogus, albino, phony Mahoney as your poor white, Trafalgar Square, trailer trash ass mama's title, shit."

Mark: "No shit?" Now an even cooler Mark continues his chilling composure over Randolph's counterfeit cash conspiracy.

Randolph: "No shit, and Val Johnson, Teddy Kotex, even Lil' Robert ripped my black ass off, but I can cop my end from Melanoma, see?"

Mark: "Oh, that `Sore as a Whore´ is way big, all the earmarks of da damn bomb. Bitch Ho taped it and I heard it. Funny fuckin' record, big ass DAT/DVD single, it's crossin' over and blowin' up they say. So you'd better get her back in the fold! Shit."

Randolph: "I got her hot hairy black ass. Teddy can't fuck her like me; I'm the man in that department, so I'm callin' the curly cunt bitch ho back to work with us, shit."

Mark: "Yeah, that's real deal scratch. So, what are ya plans for the bad paper?"

Randolph: "You and Rev. can put some in a briefcase, and you flash it around with the train guys and the Detroit Hotel fucks. You know how to do it, flash it, but don't pass anythang. Get the real deal cash to spend from Rev., if ya need it. You handle it from here on to Detroit, shit."

Mark: "Then what? Shit." The phone disconnects.

Randolph: "What, aw shit! Hey, goddamn!"

Joe: "The phone, right, it went dead on ya?" Joe pulls into the entrance of the Hoofah Hotel, where as far as they can see up and down Michigan Avenue, there are the blue, red, yellow, green and black painted Rancor Circus flatbed semi's, triple trailers, eighteen wheelers, smaller trucks, vans and cars parked with roars, growls, snarls, grunts, whinnies and animal aromas coming from the performing beast in caravans and cages on the trucks.

Circus people are congregated and openly laughing, drinking beer, smoking cigars, cigarettes and pot, causing the celebration going on in front of the hotel to continue loud and late. They go back and forth into the lobby and mingle, using the phones and watching TV, but mostly they converge at the bar, that is just off the lobby and open pass closing time now, to take advantage of the extra cash flow situation. The lounge piano player and the circus band mix it up and have a jam session as the place explodes with Dixieland music.

The men and women are stereotypically circus types. They're all for one and one for all: a close knit people who live together, eat together, work together, sleep together every day of the year, usually for life. This big happy family like atmosphere is contagious, as many townsfolk and hotel guest have joined in the fun. . . . Ah, show business!

Randolph: "Damn, looks like the Gypsies convoy . . . with some waaay bad bitches too."

Joe: "Yeah, and I smell a lotta elephants; Kozmo can't afford to ship them by train, town to town."

Randolph: "Yeah and that's a lotta peanuts too, shit. Fuck it; I'm headed up to the top floor again. Help our bunch get out, Holy Joe, and get the ten K from Mark, ok?"

Joe: "Ok."

Randolph: "Yeah, let me out this mothafucka, right here. I got calls to make, shit." Randolph uses the back entrance to avoid anyone he might know.

(On the horn in the Hoofah Hotel)

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Randolph: "Yeah, Detroit information."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Operator: "Information, may I help you?"

Randolph: "Yeah, the Detroit Kaizen Club, riverfront."

Operator: ". . . I'm sorry, sir, but that number is unlisted."

Randolph: "Fuck." Randolph flashes the desk.

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Randolph: "310-573 4517, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Melanoma: "Yeah, baby."

Randolph: "You alone, bitch? Shit."

Melanoma: "Ooh . . . shit, R n'R!"

Randolph: "You fuckin' way warm and fuzzy feelin' bitch, asshole ho. What the fat fuck you and Teddy pullin', nigga? You know you can't play me like that, you fuckin' lost your goddamn mind? Shit!"

Melanoma: "No, daddy, the goddamn record was blowin' up, shit. Teddy said you called, and then this chick showed up with her smart, way weird ol' man." (Val and Einstein Johnson) "They had the package real deal with a fuckin' red ribbon on it, R n'R. I figured you were busy! Shit."

Randolph: "Busy, bitch, do I sound fuckin' busy? Shit."

Melanoma: "Well, big daddy, it's sho' good to have you back. Where the fuck are ya?"

Randolph: "Fuck you and Teddy, ho. And where is the jive cunt faced Jody? Shit."

Melanoma: ". . . Teddy's out, but he'll be here. We got a gig at Lil' Robert's tomorrow night. R n'R, I swear this Val bitch said you and her were way tight. She said she'd just talked to your black ass."

Randolph: "Fuck that, how much scratch you and Teddy sell out for? Shit."

Melanoma: "Teddy got a ten huge production deal, for three albums. I got two hundred fifty large for signin' and two hundred fifty comin' for singin' each of 'em. R n'R, was it way wrong? Shit."

Randolph: "Ho, how much scratch you got now? Shit."

Melanoma: "I spent a bunch, I don't know, maybe fifty, sixty K, why? Shit."

Randolph: "You catch the fastest thang smokin' now, ho, right now, bitch, and bring ev'ry fuckin' dime with you, shit. I'll deal with Teddy later, ho, from now on, you my bitch, nigga. You only sing for me, Teddy's out, shit. He fuckin' knew better! I've got your career from here on out and fuck all of 'em, ho, so don't you say a goddamn word!"

Melanoma: "Ooh, R n'R! Oh man, I can't split! I promised Teddy and Lil' Robert, both of 'em's been way sweet! Shit."

Randolph: "You want to waste my fuckin' time, ho? You want me mad? Shit."

Melanoma: "Nooo! No R n'R, don't get mad, I'm on my fuckin' way, shit. Where, where the fat fuck are you, mighty man?"

Randolph: "Ypsilanti, Michigan, bitch, at the goddamn Hoofah Hotel, downtown, see? I'm on the top fuckin' floor, in my fly ass penthouse suite, with a personal chopper pad on my roof, waitin' on your big, hot, bushy black ass, shit."

Melanoma: "Ok sugar, awright daddy, but I can't leave 'til the bank opens! Shit."

Randolph: "Soon as they open, but ya book a first-class flight on American. I'll be waitin' on ya now, ho."

Melanoma: "Ok R n'R, you sound ultra-pissed, man."

Randolph: "You and Teddy fucked over me big-time, baby. Bitch, I'm fuckin' way past pissed, I'm seethin' shit, later."

. . .

Randolph is pensively and idiopathically listening in on the gang again, as they hastily pack for Detroit.

Janet: "This is a giant rush! I love going from city to city; traveling is my life, I love it! Where's R n'R now? Well Gwen, fess up. We see your bowlegged wounded walk and bigger brighter smile, so where is he?"

Gwen: "I know, but I'm not telling any of you women. I hear the Thumper, the Magic Wand, the Pocket Rocket and all the other vibrators up in here all night. Hot natured and horny hard up as you must be, cooped up for days without a man around, and wantin' my man, forgetaboutit."

Carter: "I beg your pardon, I was here the whole time! Hello, look, do you see me? See me, I'm a mister not a sister, thank you very much. Please, Janet, ask her not to put us down that way; it's so very disconcerting and hurtful."

Janet: "Oh shut up, Carter, she doesn't mean you, or you, Pearson, so stop glaring."

Space: "I'm up to Deuteronomy, Rev., and it's not bad, better than I thought, very heavy stuff. I thought I'd just zone out, but it sticks with you, consumes your mind and soul."

Rev.: "That's the Holy Spirit in the Pentateuch, son. You'll do fine, just read it all, you'll see. I've got faith in you, boy."

Gwen: "Daddy, where are Sharon and Monika? It's very late. They should be back by now."

Janet: "Oh they'll be back, this town shuts down fast. I called, and J.C.'s closed tonight. Strange, it's a very strange night. Harry, are you lookin' at me with hungry heterosexual eyes, or am I wrong?"

Harry: "Wrong, all wrong, but if I were lookin' at you, we'd both know it."

Smug Doug: "Look all you want, it don't cost a cent."

Janet: "Oh shut up, Dougy, you look all the time too, I see you."

Smug Doug: "Out of the back of your Hindu head?"

Janet: "Yeah, eyes in the back of my Hindu head. Get Mia up, Mark!"

Mark yells at Mia. "Yeah, Mia!"

Vernice: "I'm packed, that's the fastest I ever did it. I did it in

twenty minutes flat."

Babs comes back in the penthouse with the keys she took, catches Randolph listening, and he quickly turns the device off. "You like that freaky, sneaky, eavesdroppin' shit, don'tcha, R n'R? And you oughta lock your fuckin' door with the chain, shit."

Randolph: "Babs." Al and Troy, Rump's now bandaged, broken nosed, holiness hit men henchmen follow her into the bedroom.

Babs: "You remember Al and Troy, right?" Al points a trembling gun at Randolph.

Randolph: "Where's George, Babs? Mothafucka, don't point that thang at me. I'll make ya eat it, shit."

Babs: "You didn't think I'd let you go with my money, shit? I stood up for it; it's mine now. You don't appreciate what I can do with it, and all your ideas are too Deuteronomy dumb and Kingdom Kum kinky for me to consider, R n'R."

Al: "Yeah, don't move, nigga." Troy begins opening drawers, looking for money.

Randolph: "Hey bitch, tell that punk ass nigga not to touch my shit."

Babs: "Where is it, R n'R? I want it now!"

Randolph: "What did George say about this? Is he in on it?"

Babs: "I'm doin' it on my own. He's busy hookin' that Wall Street shit up. You should've let him work it for you, man. He's gonna shoot it through his grease for me and see if it fuckin' slides and shit."

Al: "Where's the scratch, man, last time?"

Randolph: "Fuck you, without me you'll never see it, ya faggot ass nigga."

Babs: "Ok R n'R, we'll pop you, then go down to the girls, and you don't even want to know, shit."

Randolph: "Fuck that, they don't have shit. Anyway, these two cunts couldn't handle my crew, bitch."

Babs: "You still a way bad nigga, R n'R, but your holy rolla scam don't make it; it sucks fonky Jesus junkies big-time. Man, ain't nobody gonna pay you to see nobody actin' like Jesus, lookin' like him, and talkin' holy shit like him, you dig?"

Randolph: "Fuck you, ya ho ass bitch. No more arguments, but the last one! Shit." Randolph charges the broken nosed would be bad guys.

Al: "Hey . . . nigga!"

Troy: "Look out!"

All: "Oh shit!" Randolph jumps the gun, takes it away from Al and checks it.

Randolph: "Mothafucka, this piece is empty, you stupid bastard. Hey, don't you run! Shit." Al and Troy run out of the suite.

Babs: "I tried, R n'R, don't look at me like that, goddammit. I did it 'cause I had to. Plus, those two cunts don't know the money's funny."

Randolph: "Did you empty this piece, bitch?"

Babs: "Yeah! I knew you'd kick his ass, and he might really shoot your black ass! Shit."

Randolph: "Awright, calm down. They're gone, dammit."

Babs: "You really should hookup with Georgie, R n'R."

Randolph: "Never, both of ya blow green snot, nigga, and I ain't passin' a goddamn thang, I'm clean, shit."

Babs: "R n'R, my ass is on the line, and Kee don't fuckin' play! So ya gotta gimme the one hundred huge! Shit."

Randolph: "You'll get it after I flash it. Then you can have it back to the phony Mahoney penny, shit."

Babs: "Flash it in this burg, where? Shit."

Randolph: "Naw, Detroit, I'm headed there with the whole

goddamn show, shit."

Babs: "No shit,'bout time ya busted a move, shit. All them Jesus freaks will be goin' off on ya now, and you'll be the joke of Jerusalem's Jump Street then, nigga, shit."

Randolph: "Fuck ya. If that piece had been loaded, I'd of paid you another backhanded compliment you likes so fuckin' much, shit."

Babs: "You could bitch beat me and ho hit me silly, but I can't pussyfoot with you after this. Kee ain't jivin', so don't play me, R n'R."

Randolph: "You'll get it after I get set in Detroit and no sooner, shit."

Babs: "How long, nigga?"

Randolph: "Two days tops, ho."

Babs goes to the bar. "Mind if I pour myself one? Shit."

Randolph: "Go on, pour two, shit. I've got all fuckin' night."

Babs: "I thought you didn't wanna use the listenin' device, you nosy nigga?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I couldn't resist the inquisitive impulse. I need to know the morale, nothin' more, and . . . I miss bein' with 'em, shit."

Babs: "Well, how the hell are they holdin' up? Shit."

Randolph: "Real good now, shit."

Babs: "Gwen comin' back up in here to check on you?"

Randolph: "Naw, but if she does, it won't matter 'cause you'll be fuckin' dust, shit."

Babs: "Oh yeah, no more fuckin' 'round, huh?"

Randolph: "Not tonight, ho, but you still way supa fine, shit."

Babs: "How do ya like my new outfit? Shit." Babs is wearing an open white shirt of paper taffeta, down to her navel, with pushed up balloon sleeves, gold pant, supported with a wide, sand-colored belt

and matching stiletto heels.

Randolph: "When I see ya dressed like that, I know why I got involved with ya. You foxy an-a-mothafucka, bitch."

Babs: "Well with that, I'll head for Detroit too, shit."

Randolph: "Good move, I'm on the riverfront. I don't know which joint, but that's where I'll be, shit."

Babs: "I'll find your ass in a blackout. You still got my scent all over you, man, later."

Randolph: "Yeah, Babs." When she leaves, Randolph puts on the door chain, tunes his posse in again and listens. The gang occupies five suites in the same section, on the same floor. Smug Doug and Cap'n Harry are now in 2-5. Rev., Gwen, Vernice and salty Sync are in 2-1; Monika, Bitch Ho and Janet are in 2-2; Pearson, Carter and Space 2-3, and Mark and Mia are in 2-4.

Sync: "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread, mothafucka, shit."

Rev.: "Shut that filthy mouthed bird up, Vernice. I should throw him out of the window, cage and all! But it's my nerves; I'm overexcited."

Gwen: "Take your medicine, daddy; I'll get your pills."

Harry: "Shut up, Sync, hush up, or Rev. will waste you, man."

Sync: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men, ya flamin' fuckin' flyin' fairy, queer ass faggots."

Gwen gives Rev. his pill and water.

Rev.: "Thanks baby, I'll be fine. Now is everyone packed and ready?"

Vernice: "I'm packed and ready, reverend."

Rev.: "Good Vernice, Gwen how about you?"

Gwen: "Almost, ten more minutes, daddy."

Rev.: "Janet!"

Janet is packing across the hall with her door open. "Almost also too, fifteen minutes more, Reverend Simmons."

Rev.: "Space, are you ready?"

Space: "Yeah man, I can go now, me, my cam and my Bible."

Rev.: "Ok Mark, what about Mia?"

Mark: "She'll need more time; she's still packin', shit."

Carter: "I'm ready."

Pearson: "So am I."

Mark and Mia have the suite next to Janet, Bitch Ho and Monika. The men are next to Rev., Gwen, Vernice and sinner Sync. Harry and Smug Doug are in Randolph and Gwen's vacant suite now, and they all assemble in Rev.'s suite, which serves as headquarters.

Bitch Ho and Monika come in from a separate night out. Monika spent her evening at the Ypsi Room at the Inn Motel, disco dancing with circus folk in the Wiggle Room. When Bitch Ho returned from Detroit and Monika returned from dancing, they hooked up in the Hoofah Hotel bar and came up to Rev.'s suite together.

Rev.: "Ah, the stragglers come in please. Ladies, we're goin' to Detroit tonight, so go get packed!"

Bitch Ho: "No shit, where's Ran?"

Rev.: "He'll meet us there. He's gotta bring a train load of animals and the performers."

Bitch Ho: "Damn, I didn't fuck up or anything did I?"

Mark: "Hell no, Bitch Ho. Let's go though, get packed, shit."

Bitch Ho: "Ok, ya albino fuck, move, shit."

Harry and Smug Doug go across the hall to tease Janet.

Janet: "You sure you're not lookin' at me like that, Harry?"

Harry: "Get packed, Janet, I'm not lookin'."

Monika: "Joe, why so quiet? Were you waitin' for me?"

Joe: "Yes, sis, but I've gotta leave now that I see you're ok here."

Monika: "What are you doing out there?"

Joe: "I'm handling the train with T.R. and a circus guy out at the institute, so I gotta get back now. You be careful, sis, I'll see you all in Detroit." Joe hugs Monika.

Bitch Ho: "We was just with the circus downstairs in the bar! Hell, I just got up in here. What's ya fuckin' hurry, handsome hunky white boy? Shit."

Joe: "I'll see you later, hot sexy, pretty black girl, in Detroit."

Bitch Ho: "Shit, Motown gonna be jumpin' off again then, shit."

Joe gets the ten K from Mark and speaks out in the hall to the gang, "You guys be careful, that's my only sister."

Rev.: "Good luck, Joe. We'll see you in Detroit."

Joe: "Yeah, see ya."

All: "Bye."

Randolph turns off the listening device in tears again.

Chapter Forty

. . .

Michigan Speedway Handicap Space

Randolph turns on the radio and catches the tail end of Melanoma's hit song.

*Sore as a whore
In a women's shoe store
Bunions and fallen arches
After the millionth man marches . . . by me*

D.J.: "Yeah, shit yeah, bleep, bleep, bleep, x-cuse me freaks and freakettes. Goddamn, that was a prurient pleasure. Somebody pinch my nigga ass, but that was one Melanoma Black and the Kinky n' da Stinky as a sweaty, pussy wet bikini, Teddy Kotex band, `Ev'ry Twenty-eight Days´. Sweet Jesus, wow, look out baby! I'm the Buddy Gee, baad butt son of a saucy sexy, meat heat to yo' jones, bonin' ya up in the headphones, man of the midnight hour on WIFU power . . . Adroit Detroit!"

Guest: "Awright, shit!"

Buddy Gee: "It's `Songwriter's Rendezvous´, y'all! Time to talk to the pros now . . . and we gots the great renown, rotund an-a-mofo Gospop! Music composer, Jelly Belly Bob Jubilee, who has been writin' Gospop! songs for Insane Elaine Griffin and the other *Gospop! greats performin' for Scripture Park!" This re-broadcast was taped at six p.m., earlier that evening. And Bitch Ho secretly attended the taping and was part of the joint discussion between the bleeding edge, sacred/secular songwriters present. "Welcome, y'all! Yeah, I gots Jelly Belly Bob Jubilee, shit, and Bitch Ho, who scribed the Kaizen DAT I just dropped. Dig it, Tune Smith and his partner Note Worthy. Damn you lookin' fine Emma, Emma `Kool´ Kramer. Baby!"

Bitch Ho: "Shit, Emma don't look that goddamn good, and what 'bout me, nigga? Shit!"

* The exclamation punctuation mark in Gospop! Music is expressed

and used to emphasize excitement in the title.

The creative artist laugh it up at Bitch Ho, who is in her element as Buddy Gee continues to moderate. "Oh yeah, you fine, you way fine too! All y'all gonna have the Pope hisself flyin' up in here, with European royalty and Hollywood producers, recordin' guys galore and world leaders, man. This is a mofo-an-a half's mama! How many songs you got on the show, Belly Bob?"

Bob: "I dunno, maybe eleven or so."

Emma: "I have three I know about, but when Elaine called I submitted ten, Buddy."

Buddy Gee: "I likes that white dress, Emma, and that flower in yo' hair is sho' nuff killa, mam."

Bitch Ho: "Awright nigga, that's enough fuckin' talk 'bout Emma, shit. I'm up in this piece stylin' my stuff too, dammit!"

The songwriters and host roll with rowdy raunchy laughter, and Tune Smith chimes in. "We got a bunch of sacred/secular songs on the show. Elaine's been at this idea for sometime now, over a year, and she paid for the privilege in our case, but I don't wanna step on no toes."

Buddy Gee: "Y'all got paid, huh?"

Bitch Ho: "Then Jelly Belly Bob Jubilee got waaay paid, shit!"

Bob: "I got paid, damn right. I work my black ass off for Gospop! Music, shit. I sent Elaine twenty-five tunes!"

Note Worthy: "It only takes one, shit."

Buddy Gee: "Yeah, the right one and ya can retire, man."

Emma: "I do it for the aesthetic, that's my motivation and conviction. Elaine called me and she sent me a check before and after I completed the songs and complied to her request."

Bitch Ho: "Shit, I'm just burnishin' my oeuvre, y'all. I don't even know no Elaine yet, but I got secular shit on the show." Bitch Ho was held prisoner in the helicopter by Louse, with the Gospop! Music great Insane Elaine, but they both were blindfolded, bound and gagged and

never spoke.

Buddy Gee: "So, Elaine had all this planned. This Scripture Park idea is a hell of a event for this city and the whole country!"

Bob: "Yeah, worldwide's my guess. I see it as a special once in a lifetime opportunity to make the kind of music in gospel I really feel. I can say it once and for all now, I write gospel with genitals!"

Bitch Ho: "Who's the best, Buddy Gee, me or Jelly Belly Bob? Shit." The songwriters break out in giddy laughter and Bitch Ho continues, "Shit, I know I can kick Emma's ass and I ain't worried none 'bout Tune and Note's shit, but this big belly nigga's been collaboratin' with way wise old men, especially that professor Z."

Bob: "Zachariah Hemsley, the best damn piano man and arranger in gospel, black or white, old Hymns we call 'em. Ev'rybody knows that, girl . . . and you one of my protégé's now, so chill, Sharon. I bet Emma's even cool on the toilet stool, shit." They all enjoy Bob's down home ways and laugh.

Emma: "Kool's my nickname, thanks Bob. And Bitch Ho, you way crazy, you can't beat me writin' or singin'. Hell, I got five octaves!"

Bitch Ho: "Girl, I waste yo' white ass writin' and I gots seven octaves in the bed with my old man."

The group howls and stomps its approval, as Buddy Gee calls for a break and a word from a brand-new sponsor. "Yeah, bare with me, y'all, but here's a new spot, 4 Skin Condoms, cut or uncut."

The writers break up laughing, and the spot plays:

"Adam."

"Yes Eve."

"We'd better be careful."

"Yes Eve."

"Put this on."

"Ssss."

"Oh! My bad, serpent,
I thought you were Adam's . . ."

Announcer:

**"They glow in the dark
4 Skin Condoms
Cut or uncut
The 4 Skin Condoms Company
Compton, California"**

Singers: "That's what you put a prophylactic on a penis for. YEAH!"

Buddy Gee: "Ok, we back . . . (laughter) Damn that was hip shit, Ssss! (More laughter)"

Tune Smith: "Bitch Ho, I hear Schoochie's down with ya now, huh?"

Tune refers to Bitch Ho's vocalist, Schoochie Moochié, and she explains, "Anythang I got, he can sang the hell out of it."

Emma: "Yeah, hip-hop and R & B."

And the guys go, "Oh shit." instigating a slammin' songwriter's cuttin' contest and song title fight.

Bitch Ho: "Pick a subject, anythang. We do a song titles fight right now on the air. Go on Emma pick somethin'! And you stomp it off. Go on I dare ya, shit."

Emma thinks and decides, "Cuholds."

Bitch Ho: "Fuckin' without Orgasm, for Recoverin' Cuhold's." The men smile and applaud politely.

And Emma says: "The Cuholds Guide to Coitus without Orgasm in a Bitch Ho Gang Bang!" A snicker or two from Jelly Belly Bob and Buddy Gee inspires Bitch Ho.

Bitch Ho grits her teeth, smiles and slams, "Cuholds Can't Fuck If They Stoop to Viagra or Not . . . They Just Don't Get It." And Buddy Gee falls on the console; Jelly Belly Bob Jubilee falls on the floor; Tune and Note high five as Emma and Bitch Ho hug in mutual artistic admiration.

Now it's obvious to Randolph, there's a lot of music business preparation for this move he's making, and Insane Elaine is ahead of the game, as she must own all or most of the publishing on the Gospop! songs she plans to present. He realizes now that there's more than he first thought going on in that late night, unbleeped, 'Adroit Detroit radio show performance by Bitch Ho. So he'd best be ready for every twist and turn coming at him from her sexy, lyin', schemin', ambitious, commercial creative mind. A resolute Randolph turns the radio off and flashes the desk.

Desk: "Yes, sir!"

Randolph: "Gimmie the time? Shit."

Desk: "One a.m., sir!"

Randolph: "Don't you ever fuckin' sleep, Gilbert? Damn."

Desk: "Yes sir, but not tonight, the circus checked in. We're jumpin' tonight!"

Randolph: "Oh yeah, shit, is it a good circus?" Randolph makes an inquiry and does a little checking on his new investment.

Desk: "Rancor Circus, sir, over three hundred performers and employees!"

Randolph: "No shit, how long are they checked in for?"

Desk: "Tomorrow's check out, just one night."

Randolph: "Oh damn, get me Kostiers Institute, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Woman: "Scripture Park."

Randolph: "Yeah, who's this?"

Woman: "Candy."

Randolph: "Candy, `the Woman at the Well´ Copeland?"

Candy: "Why yes, and whom am I addressing, sir?"

Randolph: "Randolph N. Randall, and I've heard a lotta good thangs 'bout you. How very beautiful you are, the most beautiful in fact. I haven't seen your rare beauty, but it's been described to me. I hear you could stop a weak man's heart, and make a strong man's heart weak. So I can't wait until I get a chance to see you for myself. How awesome it must be to behold you up close and personal, and one on one. Do you date? Do you have a man? I . . ."

Candy: "Who is this?"

Randolph: "I told you, pretty girl, Randall N. Randolph. I mean Randolph N. Randall. See, you made me forget my own name. Just thinkin' 'bout your feminine wiles, sexy charms and your juicy, sweet loveliness drives me wild. Why I can't imagine a woman gorgeous, no, beautiful as they say you are. Tell me fine fair angel, where did you come from?"

Candy: "Heaven, I came from heaven, and I've got a man, anything else, crazy?"

Randolph: "Oh, you think me mad, I'm very sane, dream girl. So, who's your man? Who is the lucky man that gets to make passionate love to you ev'ryday n' night? See you buck wild mad naked, smell your sweet natural fragrance, touch your secret places, hear you scream with ecstasy, watch your beautiful face contort as you abound in orgasm after orgasm, oh shit! Excuse me . . .!"

Candy: "Are you alright, Mr. Randall?"

Randolph: "Yeah, call me R n'R, baby sugar."

Candy: "Oh, R n'R then. Well, what can I do for you, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Take a cab, naw, take a helicopter, I'd pay for it. I'd pass counterfeit wack, just to see your bootay beauty in the buff. Do you like Detroit, Candy?"

Candy: "Yes and no, I like New York best, and I'm dyin' to get to New York. The word is we're gonna be traveling now all over, so maybe I'll get my wish. You're the guy who's runnin' things, right? Why you're the boss!"

Randolph: "Yes, I'm your boss, and I have one question for you,

Candy."

Candy: "Yes . . . R n'R?"

Randolph: "Are you possibly as fine and mellow as I heard?"

Candy: "I'm not bad, I don't look bad. I'm not ugly. I'm clean, and I'm a good person, or I wouldn't be in the Bible show, right?"

Randolph: "Hell, I don't know. What do you do at the institution on nights like this? Do you ever get out?"

Candy: "Out, why yes, I go to Ann Arbor and dance."

Randolph: "No shit, you dance, you mean you get down and boogie back?"

Candy: "Yes, I dance to `Runnin' with Scissors´ music, the blues band at the Fonky Angel."

Randolph: "So you gonna be there tonight?"

Candy: "I'm going now, I dance 'til dawn. It's an after hours joint for this neck of the woods. My boyfriend is a guitar player there."

Randolph: "No shit, I'm at the Hoofah in town. How long will it take me to get there?"

Candy: "Do you know where the University of Michigan is?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I can find it, go on run it, honey woman."

Candy: "Take a cab, you'll enjoy yourself."

Randolph: "I'll show you a step I learned in the waaay tropical South Seas."

Candy: "Oh, you're kiddin'. Well, I've gotta go, bye."

Randolph flashes the desk.

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Randolph: "Gimmie a Black n' White cab! Shit."

Desk: "I'll call you when it arrives."

Randolph turns on the listening device . . . again, and while dressing, he eavesdrops on the remaining Halcyon Company passengers, waiting to make the third and last trip in the helicopter to Detroit.

. . . .

Monika: "We'll be rockin' in Motown, girl. I'm glad we bought all those things, now we can wear 'em."

Bitch Ho: "Shit yeah. Man, why you so quiet; don'tcha ever fuckin' talk? Shit."

Pearson: "I talk, just not now, I'm thinking."

Bitch Ho: "Thinkin' 'bout what? Third Reich Mein Kampf shit."

Pearson: "About our new challenges, I want to be ready to meet them, ok?"

Bitch Ho: "Naw Nazi, you either ready, ready, ready to rock n' roll or fahgiddaboutit, shit."

Carter: "Do you always have to imitate Randall? It's repulsive."

Bitch Ho: "What? You addressin' me, you jive ass Poindexter, faded abacus head, addin' machine minded mothafucka? Shit."

Carter: "I'm only stating a fact, I hope they hurry. I'm tired of waiting here like this in limbo, and I don't like it! Shit."

The phone rings and Randolph turns the device off and answers.

Randolph: "Yeah!"

Desk: "Your cab's here, sir!"

Randolph: " 'Bout time, shit."

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Randolph mirror checks his burgundy red shirt, yellow tie, mustard gold silk suit, green snake mesh dress shoes, purple fedora straw hat, red boutonniere and black breast silk pocket handkerchief, grabs his bag and briefcase, takes one last look around and leaves.

. . .

(Headed for Candy at the Fonky Angel)

Jeff: "I thought so. When the call came, I told the dispatcher in the office I'd take it. I knew it was you. I was on the way home; I'd even turned in my money and shit."

Randolph: "Shut up, nigga, and take me to the Fonky Angel! Shit."

Jeff: "So, ya finally got around to the after hour joints?"

Randolph: "Yeah, is this one cool?"

Jeff: "Yeah, college crowd, bitches you won't fuckin' believe, shit, wolverine pussy. They get bare ass naked and dance 'til the break of day. You should get over big tonight. The Blue Maize Motel's next door, you'll dig it. I can pick you up later if you like."

Randolph: "Shit, watch it. You're pushin' it, nigga, slow down."

Jeff: "Ok, I heard you're pullin' out."

Randolph: "Yeah, goin' on the road, but I'll be back, shit."

Jeff: "You're goin' on the road and you takin' the whole shebang. I heard all about it, everybody knows!"

Randolph: "What's this shit, strange named road?"

Jeff: "Washtenaw, we'll take it all the way."

Randolph: "You got a one way town too, man."

Jeff: "Yeah, you get use to it, we all do."

Randolph: "Damn, you flyin', nigga! How many black peeps up in this piece, mothafucka? Shit."

Jeff: "Enough, shit, twenty-five percent, somethin' like that, five thousand."

Randolph: "You got what, big ten football here?"

Jeff: "Yeah, where we're headed's national championship big ten. I thought you'd want to play some stick. You looked like the type, I don't play myself."

Randolph: "Me neither, so shut up about golf, goddammit. Why do you cabbie fucks jaw so much?" Randolph scoffs and chuckles at Jeff.

Jeff: "You laughin', but it's a fuckin' lonely gig, man, shit. You out n' about movin' n' groovin' with people, but we stays all alone except for the fares, shit. Hey man, I don't wanna get in ya business, but I heard you had Marilyn Monroe!"

Randolph: "Turn the fuckin' radio on, man."

Jeff reluctantly obliges.

D.J.: "Two a. m. in the rust belt morning, Lil' David n' Goliath with yours truly, Les R. Moore, more or less, D.J. at ultra Christian contemporary alternative radio station WGOD, 1690 on your dial. And we're atop the majestic mysterious character flaw of the Michiganders mystique in downtown Detroit, the mighty Ren-cen building, tallest structure in the state. Sitting beside me is Scripture Park, singer-songwriter, Lil' David, a handsome hometown young man and his Christian contemporary Gospop! Music band Goliath. We're live and you can cop it, we can't stop you, 'cause we can't catch you, 'cause we can't see you. Lil' David is going to perform a set for us this early a.m., so lay back, relax and enjoy. . . ."

Soothing Saul

Soothing Saul
Soothing Saul
(Lil' David)

*Soothing Saul
 Soothing Saul
 Soothing Saul
 Soothing Saul
 (Lil' David)
 Soothing Saul
 Soothing Saul*

*Pray tell it's all because
 The young man was
 The best songwriter of all*

*Soothing Saul
 Soothing Saul*

*By plucking his harp
 He could enthrall
 Singing praises
 Writing Psalms*

*Soothing Saul
 Soothing Saul*

_____TOP_____

*He killed a giant nine Feet tall
 When he made Goliath fall*

*Soothing Saul
 Soothing Saul*

*Each night Bathsheba's
 Voice would call
 Him the King of Israel*

*Soothing Saul
 Soothing Saul*

TOP

Creative Power

*Creative power
Creative power
Creative power
Creative power
Of love*

*Creative power
From the womb
Creative power
To the tomb
Creative power
Made the flowers
Bloom
Creative power
Of love*

*Creative power
I wonder if God
Has a woman
Creative power
Named Lilith
Super human
Creative power
Does she extract
His semen
Creative power
Of love*

*Made the stars come
 Out
 And the moon no
 Doubt
 Made the earth spin
 Around
 And solid ground
 Mighty oceans roar
 And the dinosaur
 All the animals
 Carnivorous cannibals*

*The sunny skies
 Of blue
 And the peoples hue
 All invented by
 You know who
 Creative power
 Of love
 _____TOP_____*

(Twice)

People Hidin' from God

*People hidin' from God
 People hidin' from God*

*Great Jehovah
 Powerful mightiest
 Merciful God
 People hidin' in church
 People hidin' at home
 Great Jehovah
 Powerful mightiest
 Merciful God*

*People scared of His love
Get to heaven above
Great Jehovah
Powerful mightiest
Merciful God*

*People hidin' in fear
On their knees ev'rywhere
Great Jehovah
Powerful mightiest
Merciful God*

*Neriah wrote the Bible
He heard ev'ry word
When God and Satan
Were fightin' n' fussin'
About somethin' in the zoo*

*It seems there was this
Creature Adam
And this sexy creature
Eve
And since they ate
The devil's fruit
They'd have to take
The devil's root
And grow up Satan's
Sinful seed
Of evil hate blood lust
And Greed*

*So God in all His worldly
Wisdom
Banished them away
And people been hidin'
From the holy terror
Ever since that day
_____TOP_____*

660 Ft.

660 ft.
He selected
And connected
To hit a long home
Run
In the summer
Midday
Sun
Mickey Mantle from
Oklahoma
Took a baseball for
A ride
He was a natural
Power hitter
With pinstriped
Yankee pride

660 ft.
His record can't be
Beat
That's two ballparks
For sure
They say some guy
Measured

660 ft.
Over the wall
Way past the seats
It soared on one whole
Block
And landed I repeat
660 ft.

*Babe Ruth was
 The truth
 Hank Aaron's deed was darin'
 Willie Mays amazed
 Roger Maris wasn't embarrassed
 Josh Gibson could inspire
 Barry Bonds
 Sammy Sosa Mark Mcquire
 But no steroid users
 Will surely meet
 True homerun hitters
 In the Pantheon
 Of Herculean feats*

*In the Scriptures
 It is written
 How holy heroes might
 Hurl and sling the
 Greatest distance
 In battle and win
 The fight*

*660 ft.
 A rock was slung so
 Sweet
 When David slew Goliath
 The Bible wouldn't cheat*

*660 ft.
 That's how much Samson
 Beat
 Delilah at her game
 When he shook the temple
 Frame*

*660 ft.
Up a hill called Cavalry
Jesus carried the cross
Of Christianity*

*660 ft.
Upon a balcony
Dr. King fell incomplete
The assassin's aim
Deceit*

*660 ft.
From heaven and St. Pete
Pearly gates and golden
Streets
Plus an angel's penthouse
Suite
660 ft.*

(Fifteen minutes later)

Jeff: "Shit, we're here now. That's the Fonky Angel over on your left. I'll turn in here." Sitting unattached, is a three stories high, albeit one floor, rustic red barn type building with no windows and one huge door, surrounded by parked cars, vans, pickups, SUV's and motorcycles.

Randolph: "Yeah, looks dark, a lotta cars though."

Jeff: "You'll have a blast in this motha and boogie back. These sons of bitches loves them funky blues, shit."

Randolph: "You comin'?"

Jeff: "No, no, not this time, shit, aw maybe, just for one beer."

Randolph: "Come on, nigga, shit."

Jeff: "Just push the door, it's open."

Randolph pushes the door that opens into a commodious, dimly lit air-conditioned room, packed to the capacity of three hundred people, complete with flickering candles, tables, chairs, and sexual explicit murals of male and female angels on the walls, naked, aroused, and copulating in vivid colors, even in the toilets. A five piece blues band, Runnin' with Scissors on stage entices the college crowd to undress on the dance floor, and the crowd consisting of costumed canonized customers wearing Holy Joe's battery powered halos and starched cotton gossamer wings obeys.

For customers who desire to go all the way angel, long white robes, sandals painted gold and tiny toy lyres to pluck are for rent and sale. Also beer, wine and food are sold and served: angel hair pasta, delicious devil's food cake and scrumptious angel food cake with deviled eggs and ham, then strangolapreti, a dish called priest stranglers is available.

Randolph: "Yeah, whoa! This is awright! Hey hoochie mamas!"

Three Women: "Hi." A nude nymph, a sexy sylph, and seductive siren, which combine seraphim of the highest order of celestial beings in heaven, began to boogie up to Randolph.

Jeff: "Fine women, man."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm meetin' somebody, the finest bitch in Michigan, shit, the goddamn `Woman at the Well`. Good band, laissez les bons temp rouer, awright, move it! Dance baby, shake baby, shit, ummm." Randolph is dancing with the three naked women at once, Runnin' with Scissors is playing and greedy D.C. Bobby Lee is singing.

Starvin' Marvin

*I called him Starvin'
Marvin
Starvin' Marvin Gaye*

*I called him Starvin'
Marvin
He had the music munchies
Night and day*

*I called him Starvin'
Marvin
Back in Washington
D.C.*

*He had a hunger pang
Ev'ry time he sang
And I'm greedy D.C. Bobby
Lee*

*Well my bass singin'
Buddy
Named Chester
Called me on the telephone*

*He said I think you need to
Haul ass over here Bobby
My man's got a gourmet
Jones*

*He said I know
You've got an appetite
And rhythm and blues
Is your meat*

*You'll have a church
Picnic
At my rehearsal Bobby
We're gonna have a
Doo-wop feast*

*He swallowed Rock and
Roll
Starvin' Marvin*

*His favorite dish was
Soul
Starvin' Marvin*

*Pop stuck in his craw
Starvin' Marvin*

*He ate Top 40 raw
Starvin' Marvin*

*He gobbled cool
Jazz jams
Starvin' Marvin*

*Gospel birds
And hams
Starvin' Marvin*

*He kept the women
Switchin'
Starvin' Marvin*

*Home cookin'
In the kitchen
Starvin' Marvin*

*His stomach growled
On key
To eat and run like me
Breakfast at Bo Diddley's*

*Yeah I met Starvin'
Marvin
Third world famine in
His voice*

*I remember Starvin'
Marvin
He ate up tempo love songs
Like a horse*

*Backstage Starvin'
Marvin
Played a Chitlin' Circuit
Symphony*

*He wolfed down
Second helpin' tenors
For brunch lunch and
Dinner
He made Motown
Mouth watering to me*

*Starvin' Marvin
Marvin's starvin'
Starvin' Marvin
Marvin Gaye*

*Starvin' Marvin
Marvin's starvin'
At God's angel
Choir buffet*

*Starvin' Marvin
Marvin's starvin'
Dinin' in
Some heaven cafe*

*Starvin' Marvin
Marvin's starvin'
For peace
In this
World today*

 Chorus

A dark haired goddess with Brunette pubes, wearing size nine, white see-through racy lacy lingerie, white fishnet thigh high stockings, a red rose garter and ballet slippers, approaches Randolph dancing and smiling, insouciant sweet sex.

Woman: "Ooh, you're not from around here!"

Randolph: "Damn! You're . . . Candy, right?"

Woman: "Yes, and you're, R n'R!"

Randolph: "Yeah, damn, they didn't do you justice! You are truly slammin' to behold! You got an angel's face and you move your stacked heavenly body too! You dance yo' bangin' ass off, baby!"

Candy: "Where's that step? You promised me a step from the tropical South Seas! So . . . lay it on me!"

Randolph: "Shit, here it is too, the`Carnivorous Cannibal`! Dig it, shit!" Randolph begins to dance and pantomimes eating Candy up as she feigns carnophobia, the fear of being eaten alive, while Runnin' with Scissors, the house band performs.

Baby You Can Fart in my Bed

*Baby you can fart in
My bed
You so fine
You can fart any time*

*As lovers under the
Covers
Mix n' mingle
Good lovin'
Dutch oven
With mine*

*Pretty you can pass
Ass gas
Light up the room
It's a redolent perfume*

*I can open the window
Burn some rare incense
Smoke a Cuban cigar
Spray a good fresh
Scent*

*I frown on bodily
Functions
As flatulence in my
Face
Still I'd love you
In deep doo-doo
If you ask me to
Sniff yo' tu tu*

*Minnie ate crackers
In my bed
Gina liked cookies
Hand fed
Barbara had popcorn
Instead
Fanny made a faux pas
I dread*

*But baby you can do
What you want
With those hipshakin'
Hind pots you flaunt*

*Blowin' bubbles out
Your bubble butt
In the hot tub
A phat skanky slut*

*Anal glowin' up in the
Dark
It came rippin' from
Your rectum way stark
And you joked
It's a dog
Hear him bark*

*Feel free as you do
Sittin' on the throne
When you're at home
In the sandbox alone*

*Baby you can fart in my Bed
Sugar you can stink
Up my sack
Wet it up
Sweat it up
Honey you heard what
I said*

*Baby you can relax and
Poot
Sweetly 'cause you're
So freaky cute*

*Baby you can fart in my
Bed
I'll catch it
And paint it bright
Red*

*While I'm humpin'
Your voluptuous behind
Baby you can fart
In my bed anytime*

*Girl you don't have to
Go to the john
So let's just keep on
Gettin' it on*

*Mama don't dare hold it
Back
Way up in your
Plumb shaped ass crack
Let it waft until
It reeks
As I spread your
Gorgeous ass cheeks*

*Just like a skunk
That I'm near
When I'm bringin' it
Up in the rear*

*The powder room's
Where a lady goes
But I'll put a clothes
Pin
On my nose*

*You don't have to run
To the toilet
Or head for the
Outhouse
And spoil it*

*It sounds like air
Out of a balloon
Or some drunk up in the
Men's room*

*You don't have to say
That you're sorry
Jump up and fan it
Away in a hurry*

*Buxom bombshell
You blow my mind
You can blow it out
Your asshole anytime*

*When we met
You were eatin' Mexican
Hot chili beans
Drinkin' beer
Tequila and wine
With sex fiends*

*For dessert you had
Strawberries ripe
At my place
You were smokin'
My hash pipe*

*I helped you off
With your things
We laid down
But P.U. when I lifted
Your gown*

*A fart popped out
It was no doubt
The stench began to
Rise*

*You whispered "My bad"
Excuse me
Forgive me please
As foul vapors
Brought tears
To my eyes*

*You couldn't hold
It any longer
The anal urge grew
Stronger*

*So you let it rip
You let it roar
You so damn sexy
I don't care if you
Snore*

*Take a bath
When you ready
Just wipe & wash your
Ass
And hold it steady*

_____TOP_____

Jeff: "Go 'head on, man! Do it, eat her up! Shit!"

Candy: "Oh, I've got it, like this!" Candy responds by switching roles and imitating Randolph.

Randolph: "Yeah, now shake your ATM machine titties, baby, uhh! That's it, shake 'em up and bankroll your belly! Aw mama, do it now! Come on up now, merge baby and show me some stocks n' bonds bootay! Wiggle yo' honey buns on the money, baby! Uh-huh, shake yo' piggy bank, jiggle yo' treasure chest, now work your cash register and open up your safety deposit box!"

Candy: "Oooh, I've got it!"

Jeff: "She's good, man, do it, yeah!"

Candy: "Who's he?"

Randolph: "My cab driver, Jeff, shit! Shake your scrillion dollar shoulders!"

Candy's irate boyfriend jumps off the bandstand, plugged in guitar and all, to confront Randolph with his burning out of control, green-eyed, but deservedly so, jealousy.

Boyfriend: "Hey, mothafucka!"

Randolph: "Hold it, jerk off! Do I know you?"

Boyfriend: "I'm Jerry, now what's your problem?"

Randolph: "Shit ass, you nuts, what the fuck you stop playin' for? Damn."

Jerry: "You're dancin' the nasty with my woman, and you can't do it no more, that's why!"

Randolph: "Shit, sucka, I'm partyin'. You was playin', and I'm fuckin' dancin' here! Shit."

Jerry: "Not with her you ain't, and don't talk to her no fuckin' more, if you wanna walk out of here, goddammit."

Randolph: "Hey, fuck you, don't crowd me. Back off now, punk candy ass..."

Candy: "Please Jerry, R n'R!"

Jerry: "What, you know this guy? How do you know this guy, Candy?"

Candy: "I guess I work for him. He's the guy that has the juice out at the institute." Randolph does not see the stars in Jerry's gleaming greenish eyes, nor the quick change in his mad mean demeanor, after Candy tells him who and what he, Randolph represents.

Jerry: "What, you booked Detroit for all those Christian crazy people out at the rubber room ranch . . . and you got in Marilyn Monroe's pants, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, mothafucka. Now back way off, pussy, you're a lucky dufus, goofy lookin' white boy. I almost fucked you way up, why if she wasn't here . . ."

Jerry: "You can book all them churchy crazies, man? I wanna play Detroit; we can do that shit!"

Randolph: "Yeah, dude so go fuckin' play. Go on, you play I dance, that's how it works! Shit."

Jerry: "Ok, man, hey man I'm sorry. Dig on the band! I sure could use a gig like that, man! Dig on the band!" Jerry jumps back on stage calling out and stomping off the next number, "M T Skyscrapers . . . 1 2 3!" And the music resumes as Minnie Benjamin's, the female black bass player raps.

M T Skyscrapers

*He had a lean mean demeanor
If ya know what I mean
He had a hoochie uptown
But she dimed him out*

*She wore red red rouge
 As a subterfuge
 She didn't pay his bail
 So he escaped from jail*

*She had a hard row to ho
 In Hollywood
 Ev'ry trick in the book
 But the pay was good*

*She was a hood ornament
 On a sex machine
 O.G.trophy twat bitch
 At a crackhouse sting*

*They use to huddle and cuddle
 A puddle in bed
 Now he's after her ass
 And this is what she said*

*M.T. skyscrapers
 As castles in Spain
 I ain't gonna let him
 Beat my ho ass again*

*Sho' as the grandeur of great solemn
 Temples shine
 I shan't allow him to catch
 My black behind*

*I'll strut my stuff
 Under crystal glass cathedral ceilings
 Street walk my stride on
 Inlaid gold marble floors
 Turnin' mo' tricks up in here
 Than all the pimps who hate black
 Chick ho's*

*They'll kill us just for livin'
 If they don't get a cut
 They'd charge ya for air
 And water out here
 And slash your skanky butt*

*So I'll trick on top of Detroit
 In Ren-cen city towerin' over stud row
 At the apex of downtown
 Tall buildings
 'Cause I told a pimp ass L.A. nigga
 No*

When the up-tempo song ends, the old-timer, greedy D.C. Bobby Lee returns and sings a ballad.

Randolph: "That's better, come here, mama, and polish my belt buckle. I can't wait to grind your way fine ass to a halt."

Don't Bogart My heart

*Like a hangnail in my heart
 Should've clipped you
 From the start
 But you grow back
 And you smart all the time*

*A foul mood
 That won't go away
 A dark cloudy
 Rainy day
 When kids can't go out
 And play
 In the sunshine*

*I won't love you
I won't need you baby
I don't want you
To Bogart my heart*

*So if you go away
Forever it's ok
I don't want you
To Bogart my heart*

*When bluesy Monday's
Bring misery
I don't want you
Thinkin' 'bout me*

*I only want you
To turn me loose
'Cause if it's gone
It's gone*

*So what would be
The use
If it's over
And forgotten*

*I won't miss you
I'll resist you baby
I don't want you
To Bogart my heart*

*You know I wish you well
Though it sounds
Heartless as hell
I don't want you
To Bogart my heart
I don't want you
To Bogart my heart*

*Don't Bogart my heart
Don't Bogart my heart
I don't want you
To Bogart my heart*

Candy: "I'd like to apologize for Jerry. He never understands I'm only dancin'. He gets jealous too quick, especially if I'm having fun."

Randolph: "Yeah, I know the type, disgustin'."

Candy: "I'm very hurt, I'm so ashamed. Oh damn, this always happens, I feel terrible. I told you about this place. Now your night is ruined, forgive me, R n'R."

Randolph: "On one condition."

Candy: "Condition, I don't understand."

Randolph: "Hell, I'm hungry."

Candy: "Oh, I'll call the motel next door. They can hook up bacon burgers and cheese fries. How's that?"

Randolph: "Naw, I was thinkin' along the line of breakfast in bed shit."

Candy: "What, you're joking, but I can recommend a hotel, the Ann Arbor Room at the Inn; they've got room service. I'm sure you can get your breakfast in bed there."

Randolph: "Will you be in bed with me at the Room at the Inn?"

Candy: "Certainly not, and how presumptuously vile of you to ask me. What a despicable deviate you are to suggest I go to bed with you."

Randolph: "I could fuck you into another world, another state of being, ascend with you to another plateau. You'd be the best I ever had, and I've had so many, I've lost count. But you are truly magnificently beautiful. Your lips are surreal; your eyes beam as stars that shine in the perfect heaven of your faultless face, that smile you

share with me now is a knowing easy blush. I love your hair, wispy and windblown, and all at once infectious as I want to stroke, hold, caress it and envelope your whole body. I am filled with such sensuous feelin's . . . "

Jerry jumps back down off the stage when the song ends. "Hey man, what you think, was it kickin' major music ass? We were totally slammin', jammin', right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, butta, shit."

Jerry: "Yeah, I knew you'd dig it! Candy, we can split after the next set. I got a guy to sit in for me. We can go back to my crib."

Candy: "Sure, Jerry . . ."

Randolph: "I was talkin' here, Candy. I was sayin' your body is delectably divine and carnally curvaceous. Your limbs so willing, and your breasts so sacked with love, I could suckle them. Your pelvis is a mound of angel hair. I strain my brain to imagine the sweet delights of my most extreme passion in flights of fantasy to kiss your inner thighs, and last but not least, seize your mind bogglin' buttocks, so woman of the world and wonderful, I worship them as firm fleshy temples. And I seem intoxicated as I bow to the glory between your legs. I gasp at the sight, and my senses reel at the possibility of deep penetration."

Jerry: "Hey, mothafucka, you nuts? That's my woman you talkin' this shit to, man! Hey, shit!"

Randolph is as in a raunchy risqué romance trance, and Jerry's words are completely lost on him.

Candy: "Jerry, please play your set, I'll be here. Don't sweat it, man!"

A crowd gathers around them now as the music has stopped.

Jeff: "Deep, man, I was fuckin' transfixed too, shit. The lady liked it also, man. Hey man, you cool?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I got lost somehow; I seemed to drift into a time warp. Maybe some unconscious thought transferences, perhaps a mental mirage. Maybe, Candy, you are but a vision. I forgot my coarseness and I succumbed to your luscious loveliness."

Jerry: "Shit, there he goes again. Look at his eyes, shit; he's on coke! No shit, it's either angel dust, speed or heroin!"

Jeff: "Nah, and it ain't LSD, crank, crack or ecstasy. That shit ain't none of the above, junior. This cat's layin' down his love game shit, man. He wants your woman bad an-a-mothafucka, 'cause she's a stone fox, baby!"

Randolph: "I'm cool, Candy, I think I need fresh air, resuscitation as it were, mouth to your mouth, red liplockin' lips, osculating your full fiery, sweet honey kisses. I can . . . hey!"

Jerry punches Randolph in the mouth. "I had to hit him, he's fuckin' nuts. Why he asked for it, goin' on and on 'bout you like a sex crazed maniac. I did it, and . . . hey, man!"

Randolph unleashes a roundhouse right upside Jerry's jaw, and the jealous guitar player flies backwards upon a table.

Candy: "Don't hurt him, he just gets jealous! Please, R n'R, you'd better go!"

Jeff: "Damn, goddamn, that was a punch and a half! Shit, man, you might have killed the sucka!"

Randolph: "Naw, I had a reflex is all."

Jeff: "He's out cold, man . . . maybe we'd better split, shit. I don't like this crowd's complexion or disposition." Young cut white and black jocks looking like Sparty, the Spartan statue at Moo U., began to surround them now. Young white and black men the size and shape of big ten footballers. Young men wearing numbered maize and blue jerseys, with the aggressive attitudes of an angry Michigan Wolverine all American defense team, about to sack a rival, hot dog, Ohio Buckeye quarterback.

Randolph: "Ok, let's go. Candy, forgive my abhorrent exuberance. I was overcome by your sheer beauty and blindin' sexuality. I . . ."

Candy: "Hey man, you wanna fuck me that much. Come on, damn, this I gotta experience!"

Jeff: "Yeah, man, you can go to the Room at the Inn here. I'll run y'all right over."

Candy: "I'm driving . . . Jeff, right?"

Jeff: "Right, pretty fine lady, I'm Jeff."

Candy: "Now don't you start with me. It must be the Michigan moon, it never fails."

They leave through the buffed, hard bodies of the University of Michigan football team. Then Randolph tips Jeff handsomely with his last cash money and gets his bags from the cab. "Let's go, baby, I'm thirsty for the Woman at the Well's livin' water, shit."

Candy: "I bet, follow me, prophet. You're gonna try to use the Bible on me now, right?" Candy takes Randolph to her red and white van.

Randolph: "Naw, but I'm passionately parched. I need a drink of your cool sustenance to revive me from the rigors of my fast life in general, so be a Good Samaritan, shit."

Candy: "Hold still, your lip is cut some."

Randolph: "Kiss it, yeah, kiss me baby. You're so goddamn beautiful in this light, in the dark, anytime anyplace anywhere! Shit."

Candy: "You oughta see me in the mornin', when I get up with all that nasty, white eye cheese crap in the corners of my eyes. Hell, I stink too . . . in the toilet. Sometimes I stink so bad, I get up and head for the door still unwiped, and I . . ."

Randolph: "Shut up, gimmie, I got a jimmie. I can't wait! Shit."

Candy: "I'm glad I drove the van. Oooh!"

. . .

(Sweet Hard on, in Candy's Crack at Dawn)

Candy: "What now, oh masterful sage? What can we possibly do to top that? Ah, you're speechless. I quieted your inner stirrings and the beast within your soul is at peace. Well, the sunrise is gonna be glorious, but I think we'd better move on. The state police are rather hard on students who do this sort of thing, and I wouldn't be surprised

if they'd throw the book at two adults like us, stark naked in the back of a van, parked on the side of the road, rockin' to the rhythm of love in full blown coitus. However, if you can tear yourself away from my breasts and lift your legs from around my legs, I can wash up, get dressed and drive us . . . anywhere you say."

Randolph: "Best fuck I ever fuckin' had. Shit, I'm numb, I'm weightless!"

Candy: "Not quite, lover, not quite."

Randolph: "Yeah, sorry, there, better?"

Candy: "Yes, much, you outdid your worshiping and adoring me. I never had it so good either. You're a man of your word. Mary Magdalene doesn't know what she missed, poor girl. Martha was right; she put the word out on you. The Gethsemane Girls are after you now, but I got'cha first. Well . . . after Martha and Marilyn Monroe."

Randolph: "You mean you knew sex shit about me before I hit on you, before I went off loquaciously all over your delicious, fine, mellow, succulent round ass?"

Candy: "Don't forget my Michigan maraschino cherry flavored lips, I won't. I loved that sexy sweet talk stuff."

Randolph: "Lies, all lies, I didn't mean a word I said. And I'll deny it if you ever tell a soul, you hear?"

Candy: "Oh, kiss me, bite me, foul me, soil me, and besmirch me again."

Randolph: "My pleasure, how many times is this?"

Candy: "Six . . . but whose counting, yeah man!" They wallow and frolic in a world all their own upon Candy's futon in the back of her van. Then after sponge baths in a cool stream and a change of clothes, they hit the open road with Candy at the wheel, rolling down a Michigan morning of sunshine, blue skies and a temperature, that warmed them as their hot bodies and new found hugs and kisses had. They traveled together now, with a seeming star-crossed direction into the future.

Randolph: "Hallelujah, huh, shit, this is so goddamn righteous! You ever feel the fire before?"

Candy: "Yes, this morning about five in the morning, I did. Now it's seven thirty-five. Good morning, lover!"

Randolph: "Yeah, good time baby, I must of sucked you dry on that last one, uhh!"

Candy: "Yeah, you put a dent in my estrogen supply, but I'll recuperate and replenish my stuff, 'cause I've got more where that came from. And most of all, I love how you use condoms!"

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm the rubber king. I said to myself a long time ago, if I gotta use 'em, I might as well put on a show."

Candy: "Well, I was charmed and delighted and thrilled beyond belief. So now what . . . what's next, Mr. R n'R, sir?"

Randolph: "You're next, honey baby; you goin' to Detroit with me, right? Shit."

Candy: "I wouldn't miss it for the world, but what are your wife and all your other beautiful women gonna say about me?"

Randolph: "They gonna say the `Woman at the Well`, well, well, well! Shit."

Candy: "That much, huh . . . well, well, well, I like that. You have so many sides to your ebullient effervescent persona. I keep getting mixed signals, but each side I see is better by far than the last. You're quite equipped and exceptional, sir."

Randolph: "Yeah, well, well, well, let's get back to Scripture Park, that's next. We've got a train to catch this mornin', by this time it should all be set up. But if you wanna stop along the way, it's cool, ya dig, Venus?"

Candy: "I dig, Mars."

Randolph: "What do you think of the Bible theme park idea?"

Candy: "Oh, it can fly with the people at the institute, it will fly. They don't question it; they just live it daily. I got in by chance; one of the angels is my best friend. She was saved and born again, but she began to lose her faith. I noticed her falling through the cracks. Then as a joke, I said she'd be a great fallen angel, and one thing led to

another. Word of the institute enveloped the area about three years ago, and she joined or was committed, whatever, and she's been an angel there ever since. She left the Fonky Angel one morning at closing time, and the next time I heard from her, she had wings, sandals, snow-white raiment and a real lyre. Now she's learning to pluck n' play it."

Randolph: "Interesting, damn, kiss me once again. Aw, I love you, honey. I feel so enthralled by your good grace; your easy exhibitionism is utter bliss. Pull over, I just want to get out and truly embrace you!"

Candy: "Ok, ok, me too, I love you too, I mean it. I love you, you hear that Michigan? I love R n'R, big-time!"

Chapter Forty-one

. . .

Tilt Train of Thought, Love, Soul and Peace of Mind

(Back at the institute)

Randolph: "Hey, Holy Joe! Good mornin', T.R.!"

Joe: "I see you met our Candy?"

Randolph: "Met her, yes. I feel like I've known her all my life."

Candy: "Me too, R n'R, all my life. Hi Joe."

Joe: "Hi, sweetness."

T.R.: "Hey man, I see you doin' ok and shit. Excuse my French, Miss."

Candy: "Hi, you're excused, lovely morning."

Joe: "Well, the train's booked, and this is Kozmo, the circus guy."

The gypsy is all smiles and greets Randolph warmly, as a friendly fiddle plays a happy Slavic tune in the background.

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm R n'R. Thanks Kozmo, and welcome to what can be a great combination, your folks and ours."

Kozmo: "Yes, my pleasure, R n'R. Hello mam."

Candy: "Hi . . . I've seen you out here, yesterday, right?"

Kozmo: "Right, we got the animals back in the barns, with the help of some chopper guys."

Randolph: "Yeah, my guys, Harry and Smug Doug."

T.R.: "I thought so, but I wasn't sure. They air wrangled 'em back for us."

Candy: "I'm gonna change, R n'R. I'll see you at the train, bye." The blushing beauty soul kisses Randolph and walks away with all eyes upon her.

Randolph: "Damn, bye Candy."

Joe: "Oh man, you copped just like that. I just told you 'bout her and you scored."

Randolph: "I got lucky, so sue me, shit. Who's got coffee?"

Kozmo: "Me . . . gypsy's coffee, you like?"

The gypsy pours Randolph a cup of his special brew from a thermos.

Randolph: "Ummmm, hot. Hey!"

Kozmo: "Yeah, with bonded bourbon, you like?"

Randolph: "Good shit."

Joe: "I'm leaving Matt, Luke and John behind to watch the institute and feed the animals we don't need. Plus, they can tend to the frozen freaked faked out storefront, south Philly Pentecostal church fanatics and ecumenical east Texas Tower of Babel crazy choir in the locked lower level on the far religious right side. Both bunches are way too crazy to travel. We're taking over six hundred people and ten sheep, the oxen, two yokes, the horses, about twenty, a dozen donkeys, the two light in the loafers elephants, two giraffes, two zebras, two ostriches, two black bears, two gazelles, two wolves, two kangaroos, two bison, nineteen camels, a lotta them spittin' humpback stinkin' beast."

Randolph: "Yeah, we need 'em all. Go on run it."

Joe: "Two peacocks, a gaggle of geese, two hawks, two pythons, two seals, two alligators, two lions, two tigers, two leopards, two cheetahs, two hyenas, two black panthers, cows, hogs and two mischievous monkeys."

T.R.: "Damn, I'm glad as hell the big cats are all locked in the cages, or goddammit, that would have been it for us, man."

Randolph: "Yeah, how's the red raw meat holdin' up, T.R.?"

T.R.: "It was stolen by mystery meat thieves and/or the deserters, but we've got hogs and piglets and cows, sheep, and goats, shit. So man, we can feed the big cats, one way or another."

Randolph: "Naw, don't touch 'em. I'll figure somethin' else first. Feed 'em them funky brick throwin' monkeys . . . just jivin'."

Joe: "I called all the local butchers, and they refused to sell meat to us. Dr. Chryst could owe them money, or he badmouthed us to 'em. Then TV coverage was conspicuously absent. They've been curtailed in the area by Doc Chryst and the bank."

Randolph: "The bank?"

Joe: "Yeah, the Kostiers brothers have a ban on local TV running out here and taping. So I don't think you'll hear a word about this in the area media-wise. They've always been conniving custodians of this venture because of their father, and I guess they're embarrassed. So they could be blockin' the butchers too."

Kozmo: "Boss man . . . hungry big cats can be a good thing if you don't overdo it. I've had the problem before, and it turned out to be my biggest attraction. So, if you've no objection, we can roll into Detroit with growlin', roarin', snappin' scratchin' snarlin' slobberin', animated, big wild, jungle cats and feed 'em then. The customers love to see 'em savage; they'll get a supa thrill, spread the word and pack the show, I guarantee it. Trust me, the big cats can take it for a day and a night . . . no problem."

Randolph: "Then I ain't mentionin' meat 'til I see my way clear to cop in Motown. So what's new on the train?"

T.R.: "Your man, Mark's, been on the horn with us, and it's set with Travel-Trak and Conroy. He says it's cash on delivery, and to tell you to be there to handle it."

Randolph: "Yeah, so they'll be here. Hey, is that what I think it is?" Randolph spots engine number two thousand, a sleek, patriotic painted, half-mile long train moving in the distance up the spur track.

Joe: "Yeah man, that's the Scripture Park Special comin' down the line!"

Randolph: "Ok, Holy Joe, have 'em open the fence for the train, then you and T.R. get the stock on board. And Kozmo, I'll have your one hundred K per day in Detroit, cool?"

Kozmo: "Yeah, boss man, it's a done deal!"

The cast of biblical characters emerges from the main building, casually dressed sans costumes, carrying their belongings in suitcases, trunks, bags and boxes.

Randolph: "Hey, here come the performers! Aw look, and in regular street clothes. These people ain't crazy, naw; they're sane as us, maybe saner. Hiya doin', come on all of ya. Yeah, I love it, fantastic, all packed and ready to ride the rails!" Randolph assumes his role as owner, showman, and ringmaster to warmly greet each one of the Scripture Park performers.

T.R.: "Here comes Laine and J.C. and Joel, Mother Mary, Martha and da Magdalene and Kostiers, I guess?"

Randolph: "What . . . well he's incognito. He insists on anonymity, fuck it, shit. Ah, the Gethsemane Girls in belly shirts and Daisy Duke short shorts with bare ass butt cheeks hangin' out, juicy jiggy n' jigglin'! I'm gonna die, shit, ohh!"

Kozmo: "Hey boss man, this is a bitch! But I've got over three hundred folks myself, waitin' at the Hoofah . . . and check out time is eleven. Can we pick 'em up? It would mean everything to them, and they'll give you all of their professional support!"

Randolph is captured and taken with the gorgeous Gethsemane Girls, as they hug and kiss him, while grinning salaciously and whispering their names in his ear one at a time: "Millie . . . Jayne . . . Yvette . . . Annie . . . Marlina . . . Jessica . . ."

Randolph: "Hiya baby. Hey there. Glad to see ya. Hi. My pleasure. Oh yeah!"

Then they slunk off like Parisian demimonde, runway super models, and cat walked on to join the others at the passenger section of the train.

Randolph: " . . . Yeah, Kozmo, call 'em and tell 'em the deal. We don't have enough passenger or freight cars."

Kozmo: "We can double up if we have to. Some . . . many will ride in my trucks as freight on the train. Just let 'em all go; you won't regret it! It's a bigger and better event if we all come in the Motor City as one."

Randolph: "Yeah, ok. Hey, railroad man. How many passengers can we carry?"

A tall, gaunt, white man comes over in an engineer's traditional, pinstriped railroad uniform and cap, with a number two thousand badge on the front of it. He has an `I been workin' on the railroad´ glint in his hard, suspicious blue eye.

Engineer: "We got an invoice for no more cargo than listed. That's it, no more, mister. Who's in charge here?"

Randolph: "I am . . . whatzup?"

Engineer: "Sign here and there, these and that, them and those. We gotta be in Detroit by six this evenin'. I've got another load of Corn Flakes, milk, sugar and bananas back in Battle Creek by breakfast tomorrow mornin', so let's move it, mister!"

Randolph: "Fuck you, ya red neck, tall ass, white pine tree mothafucka. This is my goddamn train, shit. I'm the fuckin' boss now. My name is Randolph N. Randall, showman Esq., so don't you railroad fucks mess up my show, shit, or I'll own this cocksucka railroad company, and you'll all be playin' with little plastic toy trains on the unemployment line! Shit."

Engineer: "What?"

Joe: "And he means it, man."

T.R.: "Ev'ry word, shit."

The engineer sees Kozmo. "Hey, I know you, you owe us money! I'm not goin' another inch. You cheated us in Pontiac, I remember you! Hey Jake, look at this guy in the orange spangled shirt, remember him?" The evil engineer calls the bossy brakeman/funky fireman, who's a craggily cagey crotchety codger cuss in identical railroad gear, but wearing a red bandanna around his wrinkled red neck.

Jake: "Oh, that's the Gypsy who ran out from the loadin' dock after his cabs hooked up his trailers and pulled off without payin'! Yeah, same guy, I know him, Pete!"

Randolph: "Look Pete, Jake, you railroad fucks are haulin' shit for me now, and I gotta C.O.D. deal, shit. This man, Kozmo, is my partner, and all these people are my cast." The six hundred and fifty performers are anxiously waiting to board the big long train.

The Children of Israel cheer: "1 2 3 Yea! 1 2 3 Yea! 1 2 3 Yea!"

Pete: "Alright, eh Randall, you're not gonna get away with it. I'm gonna call the office and tack this gypsy guy's old bill onto yours."

Jake: "Yeah Pete, make 'em pay! Get the right figure, make 'em pay!"

A mild mannered mitigater type white man, dressed neatly in a dark railroad suit with brass buttons, a number two thousand badge hat, white shirt, black tie and shined black shoes, joins the near fracas.

Conductor: "Any trouble?"

Randolph: "Naw, I'll talk to you, you look cool. I want my people to board, so let's get 'em on the train. And I'm gonna need more coaches, enough for three more hundred people and . . ."

Kozmo: "Three hundred and fifty, boss man!"

Randolph: "Yeah, and hook up about how many freight and flat cars, Kozmo?"

Kozmo: "Another half mile of train, boss man. This new electric triple-headed power locomotive can pull more flat cars, more container cars, more boxcars, more passenger coaches, another concession car at least, some more Pullman cars, another baggage car, a parlor car, two more water tankers and another refrigerator car and a goddamn observation car!" Kozmo wants to reload Rancor Circus on the train in style.

Pete: "Are you guys crazy? This won't work. I'm callin' the office! They gonna want cash up front and I . . . I'm speakin' for Conroy only. I don't know what the hell Travel-Trak's gonna do, James!" Pete addresses the conductor of Travel-Trak's passenger part of the proposed mile of train.

Kozmo wants a combined hookup of both Scripture Park and his circus now, as this will present an atmosphere more charged with excitement for a bigger, better box office image, when they all arrive together as one, instead of coming into the Detroit area as two separate sacred/secular events. Randolph is quick to pickup on that fact and concurs.

Conductor: "Well Pete, if you get cash up front, we have to have it too."

Randolph: "This is silly as shit, you both get what's comin' to ya in Detroit, dammit, C.O.D. My people wanna board; my big cats are hungry as hell, and my livestock is anxious an-a-mothafucka, man."

Pete: "No dice, I'm callin' Mr. Gire." The Detroit boss of the terminus.

A restored, antique 1956 black Cadillac heads over to them from Gemble Road.

Joe: "Hey, that looks like . . . it's."

T.R.: "That's George Kostiers, his brother Paul and wow!"

Randolph: "Bottomline Babs Greene, shit."

George: "Mornin' Randall, everybody, this is my last appeal. We must stop this ridiculous charade in its tracks, so to speak."

Paul: "Where's my dad? I don't see him, Randall?"

Babs: "Hi R n'R, remember me?"

Randolph: "Fuck all of ya, I'm way busy, shit."

Pete: "Mr. Kostiers, is this hubbub part of your deal here, sir?"

George: "Why, what's wrong? Is there a problem?"

Pete: "Yes sir, this man wants us to haul this bunch of Christian cranks and crazies to Detroit for free, and then he claims he'll pay us C.O.D. And that man there is a cheatin', greasy gyppin' Gypsy, sir." Pete points a bony finger of contempt at Kozmo.

Kozmo: "Go to hell, you lanky loud mouth liar!"

George: "Now, now, what's your name, my good man?"

Pete: "Pete Kundersen, my family and I been bankin' with you now on forty years. Why I knew your dad, Earl O. Kostiers, I . . ."

Randolph: "Yeah, yeah, fine, good TV commercial, George, but this is my fuckin' show. Damn, Babs, you the nasty habit I can't kick, you look superb, honey. Work it! Shit." Babs is wearing all black, a phat black sun hat, matching shades, satin short shorts, a silk belly shirt and six-inch stiletto heels.

Babs: "You look wore out funky, like you looked in bed, R n'R. Hello guys."

Pete: "Miss."

Jake: "Howdy do, mam!"

Randolph: "Fuck this, I ain't payin' 'til Detroit. Your company agreed to cash on delivery, and that's it. So start loadin'! Shit."

Pete: "I'm not budgin' now or never without cash! I smell a swindle, and I won't have it on my run!"

George: "It seems we're at a standstill, eh Randall? It's a good thing we came out here this mornin'. Let me have a word with you over here in private."

Paul: "I think that's dad in the friar's hooded robe over by the barn, Dad!" Paul runs off after Kostiers, and George takes Randolph aside, as Babs is all but devoured by the men's excited eyes.

Randolph: "Fuck off, George, you got one hundred huge, live with it. I'm not givin' mine up 'til I get my people settled. Dammit, I made my deal with Babs."

George: "I know, and Babzy Wabzy and I are partners all the way, so on second, no, third thought, I can see my way clear to let you do this insanity now. This could be the end of my embarrassment and concern. It's gettin' out of hand to be frank. Tell you what, Randolph, I'll make you one last deal, seein' as Babzy believes in you and says she trust you when you say you'll give her our one hundred million back. Just answer one question, where is it, boy?"

Randolph: "Fuck you, ya fat honky. My deal's with Babzy Wabzy only! Shit."

George: "Nooo, no, you don't understand! Her life's on the line, and I don't think you'd let her die over counterfeit cash! So, I'm gonna pay your freight and cover your ass, boy, but you turn that crooked manmade make-believe money over to me!"

Randolph: "First, you'll pay for the trip and cover all my expenses for Detroit."

George: "What . . . I can't do that!"

Randolph: "Then no deal, ya silly dilly dummy, shit." Randolph is curt and walks away quickly from the sweating, corpulent banker.

George: "No wait, for how long are we talkin' 'bout?"

Randolph: "One week, seven days, shit."

George: "How much we talkin', boy?"

Randolph: "Hell, sissy, a hotel bill paid in Detroit for . . . oh shit; I picked up a circus and we gotta have 'em in the big cities we're gonna tour. We gotta have pros who work the crowds, performers and workers; we gotta have 'em all!"

George: "Yeah, yeah, so ya need a thievin' gypsy, his broken down circus and my daddy's dreadful damned demented disturbin' n' downright delusional dream."

Randolph: "Take it or leave it. Babs told ya I'm givin' it back in Detroit. So if I don't make it, I'm mailin' it all to the Treasury Department."

George: "Hold your tongue. Not another word. Well, it looks like we all are goin' to Detroit. You and your circus asylum aggregation and me and my hot, sweet, sloe gray-eyed black beauty, Babzy Wabzy."

Randolph: "Yeah, so write 'em a check or give 'em your word or whatever white guys do to get over, shit."

George: "So cynical . . ."

Randolph: "Intractable." The two return to the waiting crew.

Pete: "You gonna sign for this guy, Mr. Kostiers?"

George: "Yes, yes I'll sign. I'll assume the full debt. Ok everybody, everything's gonna be hunky-dory!"

Paul returns. "Are you nuts, George?"

George: "No, and you know I'm not. Did you see daddy?"

Paul: "No, he got away, but I know it was him. He's out here somewhere."

Randolph: "Awright ev'rybody, line up and board! We're headed to the Motor City. Motown, here we fuckin' come!"

The crane motors start up. The tractors begin to pull again, and the Scripture Park performers cheer and form a line to board the train.

Kozmo: "Don't forget to stop in town; my people are at the Hoofah waitin'!"

Randolph: "Just one more stop in Ypsilanti to pick up the circus. Awright!"

Conductor: "All aboard!"

. . .

A redefined refined Randolph greets the Children of Israel as they board his car. "Hello there, buddy. How the hell are ya this mornin'?"

Man: "Damn fine, and you?"

Randolph: "I'm good, who are you, and what do you do in the company?"

Man: "I'm Abe Hymen, and I'm your Moses and head make-up man."

Randolph: "Holy Moly, go on with ya bad self, Abe!"

Man: "I'm Preston Jamerson and I'm Joshua, and I double as Lazarus."

Randolph: "I can dig it, double duty, eh Jamerson?"

Woman: "Hi . . . I'm Salome. I dance the Dance of the Seven Veils, and my real name is Juanita Castro!"

Randolph: "Juanita, you are Salome, yes and then some! Where's ol' John the Baptist's bloody head?"

Juanita: "In my hat box, wanna see?"

Randolph: "Naw, I ain't had lunch yet. Next."

Man: "I'm the one and only of ten lepers cured, who came back to say, 'Thank you, Jesus!' We use make up, and I look horrible when you see me with these others here. Our skin turns the whitest white and flakes off."

Randolph: "Oh, like Moses sista, Miriam, huh? All of you people are supa lepers, just don't get too close to me now."

Lepers: "Yeah!"

Randolph: "That's way Hansen's disease hip. Well, find a good seat and don't infect anybody else either." The lepers enjoy Randolph's sense of humor as everyone else does within range of the little leprosy joke.

Woman: "We're the holy host of angels and we're thirty strong! I'm Angelica, head of the female sector."

Randolph: "And a beautiful black angel you are too, you favor Oprah. I'm gonna send your picture to the Angel Museum in Wisconsin, angelic lady."

Man: "I'm Michael, I'm your archangel, and we've got thirty guys here!"

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, pleased to meet ya, watch your steps. I love it!"

Man: "I'm Henry David Chambers of Wilson, North Carolina. I play the high priest, Caiaphas. I'm glad to make the trip, and I promise you a great show!"

Randolph: "Aw man, that's beautiful Henry. WHOA!" Randolph sees the tallest, biggest man he's ever seen.

Big Man: "Yeah, I'm over eight feet and I'm gonna be Goliath of Gath . . . ok with you?"

Randolph: "Yeah, man, it's cool. What's your real name though?"

Big Man: "Fernando Fiorini."

Randolph: "That's great Fernando, you're my Goliath!"

Woman: "Camilla Diggs, I'm Lot's wife, and this is my best pose without make-up." The woman slips a gray stiff cover over herself and makes a face standing perfectly still in a grotesque manner.

Randolph: "Yeah, oh yeah! You turn into a pillar of salt, right?"

Camilla: "As many as three times a day if you like!"

Randolph: "Oh, that's food for thought. Hell, I'll take it with a grain of you know what?"

Woman: "Hi, I'm Kathy Prince and I'm Delilah! Do you approve of me?"

Randolph: "I'll say, snip, snip, snip, the job's yours, baby."

Hector: "You know me, I'm your aura of sin."

Randolph: "Hecky, my main man, thanks for helpin' in the tower."

Hector: "You're welcome, anytime."

Two white men approach Randolph.

Randolph: "Let me guess, Cain n' Abel?"

Man: "Not even close, we wear asbestos drawers and robes, but one of us is missin'. I'm Johnny Goldberg, he's Julian Fine . . . (The missing man arrives.) and this out of breath character is Hyman Epstein, now guess again."

Randolph: "Hell, ya got me, man. Who are ya?"

Johnny: "Try again, you can do it."

Randolph: "I'm still thinkin', I'm thinkin' . . ."

Johnny: "Here's another clue, we have to be in a fiery furnace. Now do you know who we are?"

Randolph: "Yeah, yeah, Shadrach, Mesach and Abendego! Hey man, that's hot, but you Jewish guys be careful of fiery furnaces, 'cause you could wind up Nazi burnt offerin's."

Woman: "Lori Schwartz, I'm Eve."

Man: "I'm Bernard L. Martin, and you guessed it."

A white, pretty young, shapely woman and a handsome, well-built black man with a boa constrictor around his neck comprise the original couple of sin.

Randolph: "Adam, man, I had a adverisin' thang for both of you and your snake in Hollywood, but it got away from me."

Man: "I'm Charles Smadja of India, and it is my pleasure since boyhood to portray Noah. So I'm leaving now to be with my children, my family's loading in freight."

Randolph: "Yeah, man, I saw you before. Keep up the good work, and watch your back."

Woman: "Sheila Abramowitz, and I'm the head seamstress, costumer and spokesperson for the Children of Israel, Old and New Testament. We are two hundred fifty strong!"

Randolph: "Sheila, Sheila bless your heart and thank God for ev'ryone of you! Joe comes running over excitedly to see Randolph. "Whatzup, Holy Joe, a problem?"

Joe: "Yeah, but I think we've got a handle on it. We've got a pregnant kangaroo, no shit!"

Randolph: "Well hell, it was bound to happen. I just spoke to Noah, tell 'em. And make the mother comfortable as possible! Tell that Pete to take it easy on the tracks!"

Joe: "Just wanted you to know, Kozmo spotted it. He's got a kangaroo act too, `Kozmo's Kangaroo Kourt of Marsupial Minions Madness and Secret Pockets'. Also, we put the queer elephants on already."

Randolph: "Good, how'd it go?"

Joe: "Lots of hay n' water and they're in the stalls, so that's as good as it gets."

Randolph: "Ok, keep me posted, Holy Joe."

Joe: "You got it."

Randolph: "Next, ah, hello."

Woman: "I'm Lorel Floyd and I'm Hagar, the head woman's hairdresser."

Second Woman: "Yes, I'm Shirley Levine and I'm Sarah, Abraham's wife."

Man: "And I'm Abraham, my name is Philippe Francois."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, y'all got it on together, way cool."

Man: "Robert Murdoch, and I'm King Solomon and Saul."

Randolph: "No stuff, both huh, well awright."

Man: "Kerry Elkins, I'm the coordinator for the biblical armed forces. We've got two hundred guys, we're the Philistines, we're the Romans and all the other spear carrying ancient soldiers you need!"

Randolph: "Hey Kerry, how are the guys?"

Kerry: "Holdin' up, man. However, when you can, we need more uniforms and weapons of the period, and more horses and chariots."

Randolph: "I'll get 'em from Hollywood. I'll send you out personally as soon as we get an engagement, ok?"

Kerry: "I admire your professionalism; we're proud to be a part of the company."

Randolph: "Beautiful, brotha, next."

Two Men: "Kenny Beckman and Stanley Morgan."

Randolph: "I know, this is easy, Cain n' Abel right, come on?"

Kenny: "Jacob and Joseph, sorry."

Randolph: "Aw man . . . hell!"

Man: "Shechem Davis, I'm pharaoh, plus, head male hairdresser."

Randolph: "I guess you need better costumes also, huh, man?"

Shechem: "Yes, as soon as you can get around to it, and a chariot, as I'm a fine horseman, and I can drive one."

Randolph: "Ok, I'll make a mental note of it, Davis."

Candy: "R n'R."

Randolph: "Aw baby, I can't help it. Come here, I've been missin' you, sweet meat. You feel so good, ummm. You smell so sexy, so fresh, so well, well, well, woman! I love ya, girl, ummm."

Candy: "Hey, this is the best day of my life, thanks to you! I love you more each second, hold me."

Randolph: "The Children of Israel are truly bringin' Detroit and the world a blessin', baby, just as you did for me. Find a compartment for us, honey, in a sleepin' car, before they're all gone. I gotta meet 'em and greet 'em."

Candy: "I'll do it, R n'R. Hurry lover, I'm so happy!"

Randolph: "Umm, me too. Hello, and you are?"

Babs: "I'm Babs, nigga, Bottomline Babs, shit, and you're doin' it again, R n'R!"

Randolph: "Doin' what, what?"

Babs: "Cryin', shit, I see 'em, don't hide that shit, and those are big ass wet, mothafuckin' crocodile tears, goddammit. So, who's the bitch? When did you fuck her, last night after I split? Man, you're hooked on all this ridiculous religiosity shit and you're becomin' a fuckin' fanatic Bible freak, R n'R."

Randolph: "Yes, yes, the Whore of Babylon, now you move right along please." Randolph includes Babs in the show with a quick blow-off.

Babs: "Hey nigga, don't push me! Shit."

Randolph: "Next, how are you? I'm Randolph Randall." Randolph gets rid of Babs and meets Ruth, the woman Kostiers claims J.C. healed of AIDS.

Woman: "Yes, I'm Ruth, pleased to meet you. We've heard the good word about you. Keep up the great job."

Randolph: "I heard 'bout you too, pretty. And you guys are?"

Two Men: "Cain and Abel."

Randolph: "Aw . . . man!"

First Man: "Anything wrong?"

Randolph: "Naw, I just thought I could recognize two battlin' brothas. It sorta runs in my family of late."

First Man: "I see, well, I'm Augustine Bernstein."

Second Man: "And I'm David Bernstein and we're real brothers."

Randolph: "Yeah, ok, you got me real good."

The twelve Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples board, each in their faith's contemporary vestments. They nod and smile back at Randolph as he shakes each one's hand. Kozmo is right behind them with helpful instructions. "You gonna need pens and stables and a big space when we get to Detroit. How much, I'm not sure, but a rough estimate is you wanna clear away about ten acres!"

Randolph: "Yeah, you handle it, get on the horn, whatever you have to do. The bank's gettin' the bill, so don't spare nothin'!"

Kozmo: "Ok boss man, you got it!"

Randolph and Kozmo fortunately click professionally and bond business wise.

Randolph: "Hey man, I've been thinkin' 'bout those rides you got. We need to rename 'em, you know, Jacob's Ladder, for I don't know what ride now, but we need one." Randolph tries to fit the rides with biblical events and terms.

Kozmo: "I'll rig somethin', what else?"

Randolph: "Ezekiel's Wheel."

Kozmo: "Yeah, the Ferris wheel and I got your portable 'Holy Roller Coaster' for the little kids."

Randolph: "Yeah, that kinda stuff!" A call comes in for Randolph.

Conductor: "Phone."

Randolph answers the cell phone. "Yeah."

Mark: "Hey nigga, you must be up to your ass in animal shit by now."

Randolph: "It's a complete exodus, albino, you can't imagine. It's over six hundred people on the train and boardin'. It's a controlled, fantastic, madcap big fun house of thrills on wheels! They just put the funny elephants on, and we've got a whole circus waitin' in Ypsilanti, and . . ."

Mark: "Hold on, mothafucka, shit. Don'tcha care about what I've been doin'?"

Randolph: "Yeah, man, sorry, run it!"

Mark: "You sound different somehow, nigga, you alright?"

Randolph: "Yeah, run it."

Mark: "Well, anyway, I showed n' flashed like you said, and I got us a bank this mornin', the Detroit River Bank!"

Randolph: "What?"

Mark: "Yeah, I ain't flashin' and carryin' that much on me any longer than it takes you to get here, man. 'Cause criminal crazy coon cats cut cash n' credit card carryin' Caucasian citizens arms off for Rolexes here in Detroit. So this is the deal, we can get good interest rates, seven per cent. Furthermore, dig on this shit, a ten huge line of credit, and are you ready, fifty large cash, nigga. I said fifty legit large, when you let me deposit it!"

Randolph: "Great . . . I guess."

Mark: "Well, if you walked up in there, no sauntered and/or strutted your black nigga ass pimp stroll up in there with one hundred huge, you would have been held up to a black scrutiny you would never have overcome. One so strict, you'd be in jail this fuckin' minute! But me, I'm way white, so I own the joint. I get the best suites in the supa Room at the Inn on the riverfront, no questions asked! The girls are all out shoppin' and gamblin' at the casinos now, and the guys are gamblin' and relaxin', man. We're all mellow an-a-mothafucka and waitin' for your black ass. Here's Rev.! Shit."

Rev.: "Randolph, son, everything went just beautifully, three trips from your chopper pad and we all got here. We're settled in and if things don't change drastically, I believe we're on our way, son!"

Randolph: "Yeah, Rev. . . ." Randolph heard Mark's cocky, bordering on perfidious attitude, along with the lucky sound of slots ringing jackpots in the background, and fears Mark may pass some of the counterfeit bills.

Rev.: "What's wrong, son, you don't quite sound right?"

Randolph: "Aw, it's cool, put the albino back on the line, please."

Rev.: "Sure, son."

Randolph remembers he has George backing him on this end and relaxes some.

Mark: "Yeah, ya black ass mothafucka, whatzup!? Shit."

Randolph: "Book more space in the riverfront Detroit Room at the Inn for the circus. I gotta pick up over three hundred people and animals in Ypsilanti; we'll also need to fill two refrigerator cars with tons of meat, in the Motor City for the big cats. We're haulin' equipment, circus stuff, rides and the whole thang!"

Mark: "Yeah, ok, ya don't mean suites though?"

Randolph: "Yeah, three more suites and three stretch Benzes, but rooms for the rest, singles and doubles, ya dig?"

Mark: "Yeah, nigga, how long do ya figure for?"

Randolph: "No tellin', not more than a week for promotion, then we can work anywhere. I intend to hit the TV stations hard. So book us, book us at the Joe (Joe Louis Arena) big-time, albino. Get the TV camera crews down at the rail yard.

"When the Children of Israel leave the train, I'll have 'em in costume! Yeah costumes, make a deal with all the movie studios' costume departments. You and Vernice, Rev. and Carter, Space and Mia call the costumer's union in Hollywood. Call all the movie studios and make a deal before we arrive. This is it; albino, and we need all the period stuff you can get. Rev.'s our Bible expert; he knows all about it. Buy it on credit; don't worry, cause it's all or nothin' now, man. Just don't pass anythang. (The counterfeit cash from Kee) Oh, and George is payin' now for a week, so bill his bank."

Mark: "Ok, I hear ya, nigga, shit. But I begoddamn if you sound like the black ass mothafucka I hustle with! Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, well call me if ya think I should be in on it, otherwise we'll be up in there. Hey man, when will we get into the Detroit area?" Randolph addresses the calm business like conductor.

Conductor: "About . . . hell, I can't say now because we have to stop in Ypsi for the circus. The schedule's shot to hell, so no tellin', maybe late this evenin' I'd say, even tonight."

Mark: "I heard it, I heard that mothafuck. R n'R, you ok, you cool, nigga?"

Randolph: "Yeah, later." Randolph hangs up.

Pete: "Unorderly, ornery operation, mister, we're burnin' daylight and wastin' time here."

Randolph: "Aren't you suppose to be in charge of the freight, man?"

Pete: "Yeah, that's me, but I can't haul this animal load, and keep it on while I load more animals of the same in Ypsilanti, that ain't gonna do! Why we got wild live cargo here; it don't work that way! They gotta be taken off, fed, watered and re-loaded!"

Randolph: "Naw, this is my call, so we'll just feed and water 'em on the train as is. That's it, they're in show business now, and they gotta learn; it's a hard rough road sometimes."

Pete: "You're crazy, mister! Animals and people gotta have breaks n' space!" The tall, Michigan cherry red face man is toe to toe with Randolph.

Randolph: "Man, move away from me and do what I said, ya long tall sack of manure, move!"

Pete: "He's nuts, Jake. He's just like them Jesus funny farmers. Let him find out the hard way. I warned him, I told him what to do, so this ain't on the company's head!" Pete storms off in a swearing snit.

Jake: "Don't sweat it, mister. If you got a rush job, you gotta do it. You're right, animals can adjust, but for only twenty-four hours. Then all hell can break loose, so watch the clock!"

Randolph: "Yeah, what time ya got, Jake?"

Jake: "Railroad time, eh . . . that's a joke. It's twelve thirty-five and the cattle's all loaded. We'll put the big cats on last, after we get the ark packed. So far it's goin' good, but keep ya fingers crossed though. Them camels and zebras are antsy, somethin's messin' with 'em."

Kozmo: "It's them black bears, shit. I told that stupid Pete guy not to put 'em next to vegetarians. Hell, bears eat meat too! Don't he know that, the animals know it? Bears should go on last with the big cats, wolves, alligators and seals! He'd better move 'em. Hey, tell that idiot to empty this flatcar of them bears cage and put 'em on last, Joe!"

Joe: "I hear ya, we did we did!" A slightly built, brown skin, black man approaches Randolph tap dancing on a plank.

Man: "They are omnivorous and it's only natural the herbivorous fear them. They must be separated by flat cars, packed with the ark only, that is correct."

Randolph: "And you are?"

Man: "Daniel N. Lyons, I'm Daniel."

Randolph: "In the lion's den, Daniel?"

Daniel: "Yes, lions. Noah and I can soothe the animals for a time, so we'll ride with them, so to speak." Daniel's act was likened unto that of Gregory Hines, soft shoeing the big cats into an almost submissive surrender, all but once, when he was viciously attacked.

Randolph: "You really can handle the big cats?" Randolph looks the man over and marvels at his courage.

Daniel: "Yes, I've had some trouble, but I manage. It's the only way with the kings of beast."

Randolph: "Trouble like what?"

Daniel shows Randolph his leg. "Like this."

Randolph: "Oh man, that's a scar and a half, and it's not that old, right?"

Daniel: "Very observant, it happened last year in Rome, but it's healed now, and I only limp about once a week."

Randolph: ". . . Your last name was?"

Daniel: "Lyons, ironic, no?"

Randolph: "Yes, very, good luck."

Daniel: "You too, don't worry we'll be fine, if we get to Detroit by tonight and feed them."

Babs joins Randolph with a parting shot. "Nigga, I'm gonna leave your black ass now! I'm leavin' ya with all these freaks of Jehovah or whatever the hell you call 'em, but I just wanna let you know, see this face? You may not want it right now. Ya see, look at me, R n'R. Look at the body, shit. Do you know what Kee would do if you fuck that scratch he gave me up? Well, I think you know, so I don't know how you expect to pay for this, this . . . freak show, this fuckin' nuisance, but I want my end back. That's one hundred huge, R n'R, one hundred mothafuckin' huge! I'm in with Georgie now, and he can fuckin' move and shake it. He told you that, hell, and I told you that, so . . ."

Candy senses Babs is a problem and comes over. "Trouble, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Nothin' I can't handle, baby, it's cool."

Babs: "So bitch, you're a Bible bitch. What's your name?"

Candy: "Puddin' n' tain, ho, now split! Shit."

Babs: "Oh, cute tough cookie, huh? Bitch, I'll rip your big brown eyes right outta their mothafuckin' sockets!"

Randolph: "Naw, no ya won't. Bye Babs, go back to Georgie. He's gettin' way impatient, and you perturbed n' disturbed my reserve last nerve now. So like she said. Split!"

George and Paul are waiting for Babs in the Cadillac.

Babs: "This ain't over, R n'R; this is not fuckin' over! Shit. I'll see both of you Christian ass freaks in Detroit! Shit. And I want my mothafuckin' one hundred huge, nigga!" A hostile, fuming Babs leaves the train to whistles and catcalls from all the men.

Candy: "Who was that? You all right, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Yeah, nobody, she's nobody, Candy."

Candy: "You don't look right. Are you comin' down with fever? Let me feel . . . hmm. Sit here with me, honey." Candy and Randolph sit on boxes to be loaded on the train.

Randolph: "Yeah, damn, you're so beautiful. Did we really make it like that last night on that mattress, or was it some fabulous impossible dream?"

Candy kisses Randolph the special way she did in the van. "What do you think? Recognize this. Mmmm, and this, and don't you dare forget this? I love you, R n'R."

Randolph: "How could I ever let all that slip my mind? If I didn't have this show on the road, I'd charter a plane or a chopper, and we'd be in New York up in the finest suite on the east riverfront! I can't wait . . ."

The big prophet J.C. is his same serious self and taps Randolph on the shoulder. "Elaine wants to see you in the last car."

Randolph: "J.C., glad you could make it, man. Glad you're with us. This is a great day, you know Candy, right?"

J.C.: "Not as well as you I'm sure, hello."

Candy: "Yes, I've been to Iscariot's. Did you close it up, J.C.?"

J.C.: "It's closed up until I get back, whenever that may be. This way, Randolph." Randolph and Candy follow J.C. to the last car, Elaine's private car, called the spruced caboose.

Randolph: "I wish I had flowers, somethin'. I want to give you somethin' more though. "

Candy: "I don't need it, but thanks for the thought."

J.C. opens the door and the miasma from Elaine's mouth envelops them. Elaine has commandeered the best quarters on the train as is customary for the star of the show to have for herself and J.C.

Elaine: "Come in please, hello Candy."

Candy: "Elaine."

Candy and Randolph cover their noses.

Randolph: "Old woman."

Elaine: "Son, I'm reviewing my papers. You still have copies don't you?"

Randolph: "Yeah, well I gave 'em to T.R., and he gave 'em to Rev. when we were separated, ya dig?"

Elaine: "Why yes, eh well, I wanted to speak to you in person and tell you to sign up these Gospop! groups as soon as you get to Detroit: A Month of Sundays Mass Choir and Hot Fudge Sundae backup band, and you won't regret it. We need much more music pulsing the air, son, tambourines and harps, all manner of holy musicality, son."

Randolph: "I know, you told me. Now we'd better go, it's way stuffy up in here."

Elaine is dipping snuff again and lounging queenly in a blue robe and slippers. "Well be sure, son, and John Carter will be here to remind you, if you don't mind."

Randolph: "I don't mind, really, but we have to get some air. I can't breathe . . . whew!"

Candy: "Bye Elaine, see you soon."

Elaine: "Goodbye child."

Randolph slams the door behind them. "Why doesn't that old woman see a periodontist, two periodontist `bout that pyorrhoea?"

Candy: "You're upsetting yourself again. She hates dentist, lots do."

Randolph: "Don't you ever do that to your mouth, sweetie pie. Come here." Randolph decides to go through the train.

Candy missed out on getting them a compartment in a sleeping car. "Mmm, we could stay between these two cars and . . ."

Randolph: "Naw, but I'm gonna work somethin' out for us, we gotta have privacy. It's gonna be a long slow trip, looks like. I had a suite back at the Hoofah . . . why don't I get you a cab?"

Candy: "I've still got the van, remember?"

Randolph: "Oh yeah, the van, we could travel along with the train and still . . ."

Candy: "No, you've got the right idea, being right in the action is the solution. You met and greeted them, and they're happy with you as I am. You're doing the right thing, so don't rock the . . . train."

Randolph: "Yeah, kiss me again." They both feel the fire again.

Candy: "Ahh, on second thought, let's rock this sucka!"

. . .

The train lurches forward toward Ypsi while Randolph and Candy share a borrowed compartment for sex.

Randolph: "Did you feel that? Oh yeah! Looks like we're rollin' at last!"

Candy: "We'd better go back to our seats, and snuggle while we can."

Randolph: "Yeah, snuggle."

Rolling on the rusty spur rails from Kostiers to Ypsi, the streamlined, gleaming, two million dollar lead triple strength, wireless locomotive with an alternating current, pulled two hundred thousand dollar temperature controlled straight metal, steel, plastic and fiber glass cars. All lighter to haul heavier loads and stop electrically on a dime. Each car is simultaneously dispatcher connected constantly, and every part in need of repair and maintenance electronically alerts the rail yard. And now faster, stronger and safer, it comes cruising down the line.

It is manufactured by E.E.L, Eastern Electric Locomotives, a futuristic marvel of the New Age, to compete against the leased with option to buy six triple trailer trucks, like Kosmo has now, acting in concert with the great train and pride of the Conroy Freight Fleet. It is equipped with satellite feeds and electronic sensors to prevent train collisions, with a ninety-five percent on time accuracy, as the train is being tracked and is always on schedule. This train on its own track now, will travel without red tape from other rail companies concerns.

A joint venture was possible unbeknownst to Mark, who booked the freight and passenger combo, because Conroy and Travel-Trak wanted to hook up and experiment with a first run of the super locomotive, pulling over twenty container cars, twenty box cars, four water tankers for the thirsty beast, forty flat cars, thirty piggy back cars, which could carry some of Kozmo's smaller loaded trucks, trailers, vans, and all other cargo packed in containers.

Joe's six giant speakers, big as small buildings, were broken down in parts, and his two hundred track portable console sound system, all paid for with some of the money Insane Elaine stole from Rev. Rump, no doubt, is packed and on board. Then Noah's Ark, made of cypress wood, to be broken down in three levels, divided in parcels, split in six ways from stem to stern and carried in twenty foot sized pieces, loaded on the train by crane and shipped in sections for freight purposes, was built by Noah and Joel. Joel is a carpenter by trade, and the Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples assisted him in making the Ark as required to specifications spelled out in the Holy Scriptures. The Ark is four hundred and fifty feet long. It's seventy-five feet wide and forty-five feet tall as a three-story building.

Mark only got three split-level Pullman cars, with enough sleeping berths and compartments for fifty lucky people per car. (They drew straws.) The passenger cars numbered six, as Mark figured ninety seats per car would easily accommodate the remaining five hundred people comfortably. Six dining cars were placed as needed throughout the super train, where twenty-four waiters, twelve cooks with twelve kitchen helpers served, and twenty-five red caps, twelve conductors, fifteen maintenance crewmen rode in five boxcars and tended to the passengers and the train. Then twenty-five railroad workers wearing tan work clothes, orange vest, yellow hard hats and brown workmen's boots, operate and work with four tractors, two giant yellow cranes and they load the freight onto the cars.

The caboose was the clincher, and when Travel-Trak described it, Mark knew it was perfect for Randolph: with a sparkling plush nineteenth century interior decor in smashing, red, crushed velvet, a marble and gold ornate bathroom, elegant Chippendale furniture, push button everything, two wall bunk beds, TV, radio, microwave, fridge and an air conditioner. But in his usual generosity, Randolph offered up the spruced caboose to Elaine and J.C., shared a passenger seat with Candy, and borrowed a sleeping compartment from Joel for sex with the well-rounded, `Woman at the Well`.

Chapter Forty-two

. . .

Squished, Squashed, Unstuffed Animals with Sharp Teeth & Claws, Railroaded by the Balls

Two and a half hours later after a break in the tracks was repaired.

Conductor: "Ypsilanti! Ypsilanti!"

Randolph: "Aw, where's my toothbrush?"

Candy: "Here, I've got a spare."

Randolph: "I don't like nobody 'round me when I'm stink. So don't kiss me! I feel I'm stank mouth as Insane Elaine after oral sex."

Candy: "Everyone does, I'll be back."

Randolph: "Love you, baby."

Candy: "Love you back." Both soiled lovers go to a lavatory on the train, `to tidy up the fuck yuck`, says Randolph, who returns first.

Kozmo: "Hey boss, I gotta get my folks on board. Ya want some of my ice java?"

Randolph: "Yeah, gimmie two, thanks Kozmo."

Kozmo: "So far so good, I made the rounds with the others, and the animals are good as can be expected. Now it might change when we bring mine on, but they'll learn to get along. I've got three lions, four tigers, and no meat either, six elephants, about twenty-five more horses and 'roos (kangaroos) too, boss man. A gorilla and monkeys, it's an act . . . and it's called, `See No Evil`. Good, huh? Just right for you, right?"

Candy returns and Randolph offers her the Gypsy's ice coffee. "Yeah, Candy, taste this it's good."

Candy takes a sip. "Oh, bourbon on the rocks coffee!"

Kozmo's Rancor Circus performers begin to board the train. "You don't sweat it, but if the banks gonna pay, you're gonna need all my rides. Ah, my sword swallower, Rollando the great, and Milli, our Dutch Chocolate Fat Lady, big as a walrus, six hundred pounds. Any bigger she couldn't walk!"

Randolph: "Yeah, Kozmo, I'm gonna check on somethin' I forgot, so you get 'em boarded. Candy, I've gotta make some calls, and I'll be back in a while."

Candy: "Good, I've got plenty to do . . . my love."

Randolph: "Love ya."

Kozmo: "Boss man, I'm gonna be with my animals first, ok, and I've gotta take your 'Tallest Giraffes in the World' off the train. They're slowin' us down 'cause we gotta watch out for low stuff like overpasses, power lines, you know. So, I'm puttin' 'em on one of my open trucks and my guys will drive 'em there real careful. It's Conroy's mistake, not making room for giraffes as Ringling Brothers does."

Randolph: "Yeah, you handle it with Joe. Holy Joe!"

Joe: "I'm here, T.R.'s with that Pete character. They're workin' out the cages on the flat cars with the big cranes now, and these circus cages are easier to load 'cause they've got wheels. We'll tackle the freight boxcars next." The heavy loading begins again as the Rancor Circus animals in caravans are placed on the additional flat cars first. Randolph sees a long work process in store and makes other plans.

Randolph: "Good, stay with it, Holy Joe. I've gotta get on the horn quick."

Joe: "Alright, this is gonna be a long ass train, man, and I mean waaay long!"

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, later."

Kostiers: "Psst! Randall, it's me."

Randolph: "Kostiers, you old idolater . . . whatzup?"

Kostiers: "I'm hiding, no one must know what I look like, or it will spoil the illusion."

Randolph: "Whatever you say, old guy, just don't get J.C. on your case now."

Kostiers: "You're different somehow, Randall. I don't know how, but you're definitely not the same!"

Randolph: "Yeah . . . Hector! I got a mean spirited, old sinner here!"
Randolph calls Hector to get rid of Kostiers, and Hector dances devilishly over like Ben Vereen.

Kostiers: "Nooo, no, not Satan, no, oh, hell!" Kostiers runs away and crawls under the train.

Randolph: "Never mind, Hecky, never mind." Randolph uses the pay phone booth at the small train station.

Desk: "Hoofah Hotel."

Randolph: "Gilbert?"

Desk: "Yes sir!"

Randolph inquires about Melanoma. "A woman was supposed to meet me yesterday, I forgot about her. Did she show?"

Desk: "No one, sir. I've been here since I last spoke to you, and there's been no one for you, sir."

Randolph: "Ok Gilbert, bill whatever I owe to the Kostiers Bank. George Kostiers will pay gladly. I'm headed out on the road, so I'll see ya when I see ya. And write yourself a fat tip for what ya did for us all. We won't forget."

Desk: "Rev. Simmons paid in full, sir! Good luck with it, sir!"

Randolph: "You know it, later."

Captain Chip comes over to talk to Randolph. "You caused a lot of traffic and crowd control activity in town; I had to put on extra men, Randall!"

Randolph: "Hiya, Cap'n Chip, do I have to pay or does the city pay? Either way, I'm gonna send you a fat check for the Po'liceman's Benevolent Association."

Cap'n: "Policeman's Society."

Randolph: "Yeah, and I mean waaay fat. I really appreciate all the time and concern, you, your force, and the brave firemen showed us. We won't forget you Cap'n."

Cap'n: "And you, we here in Ypsilanti won't ever forget you, Randall. Now about these circus people, do they belong with you now?"

Randolph: "Yes, they're a great addition to my company now. And this is the Scripture Park Special, Cap'n, ain't she mellow?" Randolph points proudly to the patriotic painted train on the track, as two little people come running over to him.

Midget: "I gotta meet'cha, I'm Pepe!"

Randolph: "Hey, little guy, I'm R n'R to you."

Lady Midget: "And I'm Fifi . . . his wife, big man!"

Randolph: "Hiya there, little lady, you're sexy and pretty as they come."

Fifi: "Why thank you, R n'R, sir!"

Pepe: "Like she needed that, I'll hear about you all day now."

Randolph sees a very strange Romany woman. "Who's that, Pepe?"

Pepe: "Oh, that's Oona, Kozmo's wife. She's the fiddler, snake charmer and fortuneteller. She's got two boas, a python and a giant king cobra named Ssseth, the Death."

Randolph: "No kiddin', venom, fangs and all?"

Pepe: "No, she ain't completely nuts; she milks 'em twice a day, man."

A pretty circus performer speaks friendly to Randolph.

Woman: "Hiya, I'm Margo."

Randolph: "Hiya self, what do you do, pretty sexy lady? No, let me guess, high wire, right?"

Margo: "No wrong, I ride bareback on Twister, that beautiful black stallion being loaded up."

Randolph: "Yeah, you're beautiful and so is he."

Margo: "Thanks, so are you. This whole thing is!"

Randolph: "Right, Margo, it's all waaay beautiful!"

A phone call comes in for Randolph.

Conductor: "Phone."

Randolph takes the call. "Yeah."

Rev.: "It's me, Randolph."

Randolph: "Rev, whatzup?"

Rev.: "You'd better sit, son, if you're standin'."

Randolph: "Go 'head, Rev. Run it, run it now!"

Rev.: "It's Mark and Mia, they've both gone, son, gone!"

Randolph: "When?"

Rev.: "Janet saw them in the elevator at 1 p.m. They were packed and leavin', Randolph."

Randolph: "Is Gwen and ev'rybody else ok?"

Rev.: "Yes, I guess, everybody's concerned because Mark took all the phony money! He even cleaned out my wallet of real money too!"

Randolph is stunned. " Yeah."

Rev.: "You alright . . . Randolph?"

Randolph: "I'm still here. Aw man, I don't know what to say."

Rev.: "Are we ok financially? We don't have any cash here now. We're stuck up in this big high-rise hotel with no real cash. We're stranded, left high and dry, up on the top floor!"

Randolph: "George was gonna pay for the hotel, but he won't pay for us now, 'cause as soon as he knows my Monopoly monies gone, he's gone. So if you get hassled, stall 'til I get there."

Rev.: "What good will that do, son?"

Randolph: "Without that funny money Mark and Mia took, I gotta come up with the all time hustle. So just don't let on it's gone, man. George had agreed to sponsor us for one week in Detroit, all expenses paid. But now I've got a day to raise cash."

Rev.: "Mark took it all, I can't believe it, and the women were so nice to Mia. They stabbed us all in the back, left us with nothin' and ran off like thieves in the night. Do you know where they might be now?"

Randolph: "Yeah, L.A., New York, or Europe."

Rev.: "Well, they're loaded and no one will ever spot those bills, so we'll never see them again. Life really can turn on you."

Randolph: "People, Rev., you can't trust some people is all."

Rev.: "Well, I'll try to assuage the fears in our camp. But it's an uphill battle. Harry, Smug Doug and Sharon are up in the helicopter, and they should be headed your way. Space threw the Bible out of the window when he heard about Mark and Mia. Carter's the worst; he blames you for trustin' Mark. I don't think he ever really got over Mia. And since he couldn't have Janet, you know, he really fancied her too. So now he's beside himself with loathin'. Pearson is inconsolable; he won't even speak of it. Janet and Gwen are still hangin' in there. But Monika is actin' odd, I'm watchin' her. She seems pre-occupied with her looks, primpin' and prancin' around, mumblin' about bein' a supastar; it's very scary."

Randolph: "I see, well even if Mark and Mia's M.I.A. (missing in action), I won't let it beat me. I'll collect myself. I have to, 'cause when I hang up, people here, circus folks will be all over me. And if they detect one little sign of weakness, I'm dead. So this can't ever happen. Rev., you do the same, I'll be there soon. I told Mark to make some calls, but now I know he didn't do what I told him. Now you can make the calls. Get Gwen and Janet, Carter, Space, Pearson and Vernice. Is she still there?"

Rev.: "Oh sure, she's fine. I just forgot about the young, sweet skinny thing, sorry."

Randolph: "Yeah, she's real quiet all right. Look, you'll need her bad now. You're gonna have to get the media down to the railroad yard. We're on Conroy and Travel-Trak, we're big n' long, a dick of a gospel train, Rev. So Mark n' Mia blew it, and it's their loss, man. I'm awright now and I'm over it. It hurt me bad, but this show is bigger and better than them.

"I've got over nine hundred people with me, including animals and equipment. So use the phones, Rev., tell the media Scripture Park and Circus is comin', man! This is no time to be depressed! Life is hard; it throws a mighty curve, monkey wrenches in the machinery and all that. But ya gotta hustle, see, and fight it off. I feel better, yeah!

"The circus folks are wavin' at me and smilin', so if I was a beaten man, they'd know it. But I'm back, just talkin' on the phone here to you, and I got it back! Aw, I couldn't lose it, see, and I won't lose. I refuse to lose, Rev. . . . Rev.!"

Rev.: "I'm here, son, I'm writin' it all down, anything else? We'll get the media down to the railroad yard. What else?"

Randolph: "Call Hollywood, arrange as many deals on credit to buy old, used religious costumes, cheap, period costumes, Bible costumes, weaponry, chariots, etc., as you can. Talk to each studio, Kaizen included, we need anythang they've got. I want all that old Ten Commandment junk, stuck in a trunk. Talk it up, don't be afraid, Rev., you know the Bible; it's all Bible stuff. That's what we gotta have! Ask for an inventory list. Tell Vernice to get the whole thang on computer.

"We're gonna blow this Bible Theme Park up all across the country. We'll go from city to city! So by the time I get to Detroit, I don't want a bunch of wimpy weepin' wannabe's sittin' around complainin'! Anybody who disagrees should be gone by the time I get in tomorrow mornin'."

Rev.: "I hear you, Randolph, and I agree, son. This may be the shock to the system and kick in the groin we needed to bring us together for real!"

Randolph: "That's the spirit, that's it! This is capitalistic, Anglo Judeo-Christian, way racist America, and this is how she works, man, later!" Randolph hangs up regenerated and rejuvenated.

Kozmo: "Who were ya talkin' to, boss man, you seemed serious?"

Randolph: "The media will be at the unloadin'."

Kozmo: "I wondered about that. They'll come 'cause you got over nine hundred folks on this train. It's big enough to warrant the TV people and the press!"

Randolph: "Yeah, we're comin' in strong. Look, Kozmo, I don't like lies, so here goes. I don't have a dime, just a train full and a Bible theme, see? I can't pay one hundred K per day to you now, because a guy I trusted, my best friend, just ran off with my lady lawyer and all of our cash."

Kozmo: "Jesus fuckin' Christ!"

Randolph: "Yeah, but I'm gonna gamble that this idea, and all these people will fly, ya dig? And worst of all, the one week and all expenses paid deal with the bank in Ypsi is in jeopardy."

Kozmo: "Yeah, but even so, they still gotta eat, and it's best to have living quarters, even if they're on a fairground. You should look into rentin' tents before it gets any cooler at night."

Randolph: "Naw, I'm goin' for TV coverage, then I can get Joe Louis Arena."

Kozmo: "That's great if they got an openin' this quick, not likely though. We're comin' up on the peak season for many indoor sports events, hell, and ice shows. I don't know, boss man, but I'll stick it out for . . . a week."

Randolph: "Well, Kozmo, I'll take the week, and God bless you and the Rancor Circus."

Kozmo: "God bless Scripture Park, boss man." Kozmo leaves as a shadowy figure approaches Randolph, a sinuous, wicked, black man, who could give Hector Luciferian lessons on how to be Satan. His eyes were fires, his teeth were yellow as elephant tusks and his skin was black as burnt toast. A chill came over Randolph when he saw Kee.

Randolph: "Yeah, . . . do I know you, man?"

Large wild animals scream in the background.

Kee: "I'm Kee, your Nigerian benefactor here to look at my investment."

Randolph: "Your investment, huh, well Babs has one hundred huge. My partner ran off with one hundred huge, and fifty huge was wet and smeared; so I sent it back with your courier."

Kee: "Yes, I see, you're having internal problems. Well, I kept my word regardless."

Randolph: "How's that, Kee, whatzup?"

Kee: "I've got six animals for you today as I promised, two white rhinos, two hippos, and two African Cape buffaloes, and they are all causing quite a stir in the yard."

Randolph turns towards the commotion. "Is that what I hear? That's unbelievable. How did you ever get hold of all those big wild beast on such short order, Kee?"

Kee: "I'm rather resourceful, and although I can't really reveal my connection in this matter, the animals are registered to you. And it's all legal and paid for, here are the papers."

Randolph: "Why, Kee, why are you doin' this?" Randolph takes the paper work.

Kee: "I have my private motives, but you need not worry. You obviously have your hands full; I'm impressed at this scene. There must be nearly a thousand people in your company."

Randolph: "Yeah, but no cash, it's all gone, ev'ry dime."

Kee: "You say Barbara has one hundred million with her?"

Randolph: "Well, I should let her tell you, but since she isn't here, and you are, I'll tell you. She wanted all two hundred huge because she said you told her on the phone to stand for it. And since she was responsible to you, I promised her and a local banker, I'd give my one hundred huge back to her in Detroit tomorrow mornin'. However, my ex-partner split with my ex-lady lawyer, and they took my one hundred huge."

Kee: "Unfortunate, a banker you said, a local banker?"

Randolph: "Yes, George Kostiers, Kostiers First National Bank of Ypsilanti. But don't tell 'em about my partner's theft yet. It could ruin this railroad trip. Gimmie enough time to unload in Detroit tomorrow mornin'." Randolph knows now Kee's presence will kill the deal with Kostiers for sure, and that means no more money for meat to feed the big cats, wolves, alligators, bears and seals in Detroit.

Kee: "The banker and Barbara are together, and he knows the truth about the money?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Kee: "Well, that might not be the worst scenario after all. I'll pay them a call."

Randolph: "Be my guest. Sooo, are you and me awright?"

Kee: "It seems so, except for Barbara. As you might have observed by now, I am greatly enamored of her feminine fancy. There is not another like her on earth. To me, she's my Marilyn Monroe."

Randolph: "So ya want me to stay away, right?"

Kee: "Exactly."

Randolph: "You got it, Kee, anythang else?"

Kee: "Good luck, and thank you for your cooperation." Kee leaves, and the caged beast he brought Randolph raged.

Joe: "Who was that guy, man? He's weird as they come!"

Randolph: "He delivered those screamin', wild ass monsters ev'rybody's lookin' at over there."

Joe: "I came to tell you we've got a major problem. We've got a birth, the kangaroo, Aussie Jane, gave birth, and she's not up on her feet yet. I'm callin' around for a vet, so far only Chicago can fly one in, but man will it cost!"

Randolph: "Well, we can scratch that billin' the bank crap now, so just get help up in here, Holy Joe, by hook or crook. How's the baby?"

Joe: "So far so good, we've got zoo juice. They all suckle on it. Now I'll have the vet meet us in Detroit."

Randolph: "Why didn't the Detroit Zoo come through, Holy Joe?"

Joe: "They said we were not known to them, and legal problems of this type in the past prohibit them from becoming involved."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, well call Chicago."

Joe: "Ok, you sound strange, man, you alright? Anything wrong?"

Randolph: "Nothin' for you to sweat now, I've got it. We'll all talk later; just keep loadin' 'em. Holy Joe, you keep it goin'."

Joe: "Ok, I'm here and I'm on it, man."

Another stranger approaches Randolph, chomping on a Cuban cigar as the new bellicose behemoths from Kee rage on. This man is a pudgy, white man about fifty-seven or so, balding, no more than five foot nine and a half, dressed in a lightweight, plaid sport coat, shirt and tie, dark trousers and two-toned black and white dress shoes. His brown, dog eat dog eyes are fixated on Randolph now, as he is all Michigan square business.

Man: "Vicious lot, I don't know how you expect to ever contain all that fury. They're six of the most deadly, savage beast, rip snortin', mad as hell killers I've ever seen."

Randolph: "And who are you, buddy?"

Man: "I'm Retail Adams, business man."

Randolph: "Sez you, Retail, what can I do for you? I'm Randolph Randall, the owner of those African monsters!"

Retail: "Yes, I have something for you."

Randolph: "Oh Yeah?"

Retail shows Randolph one of the ruined, smeared, bogus one thousand dollar bills, he, Randolph got from Kee.

Retail: "Recognize this, Randolph?"

Randolph: "Naw, not me."

Retail: "Well, I think you brought it to town."

Randolph: "Say what, you think whatever you wanna think. But I don't know anythang about that, and I'm busy as hell now."

Retail: "Not for long, if I call Cap'n Chip over there, you won't be busy for twenty years."

Randolph: "You're crazy, you creep over here and show me a faded ink, smeared one thousand dollar bill, and I'm suppose to become concerned? It ain't mine, and you can't prove it is. If you think it's mine, call the Cap'n; go on do it. Don't bluff me, what do you want, you want somethin', what?"

Retail: "If not for the ink smear, this bill is perfect. So, I'd want to talk to the guy who brought the good, bad money to town, and it's you, Randolph."

Randolph: "I thought so, you're a hustler. Well sorry, I know nothin' about funny money, nothin'. Go on, why don't you call the Cap'n, do it, I dare you."

Retail: "Tough guy, well that's good. Let me take another tact with you. I see what you're doing; you got quite a big event brewing here and you're headed to Detroit. I've got ten stores in Detroit, and fifty-six all over Michigan, Michigan Square Electronics, ever heard of me?"

Randolph: "Naw."

Retail: "Well, I've also got one here in Ypsilanti, some in Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo . . ."

Randolph: "I get the picture . . . so?"

Retail: "Well, maybe we can help one another. I'm in a position to handle bills like what I showed you, if they're in perfect condition. I have every outlet covered. You'd have the best possible conduit to the public. I'd pay fifty cents on the dollar, legit cash in exchange for that product."

Randolph: "You're nuts, Retail. I don't have but one product, my show. Now if you're finished, I gotta go back to work."

Retail: "Well, it can keep until you get settled. But I'll be in touch, and I have three more bills like the bill I showed you in a safe place with instructions, in case anything happens to me."

Randolph: "Good for you. Now how did you get that funny money?"

Retail: "Well I didn't, but an employee at my Depot Town store here, sold a Kaizen state of the art laptop computer last night. He was excited and didn't check out the cash properly."

Randolph: "They beat you out of a computer then?"

Retail: "Yes, but I didn't say they, you said they."

Randolph: "Yeah, but that was an implied nebulous they, man. So who were they, describe 'em?"

Retail: "Oh, ok, two white people, a man about sixty-five, and a pretty woman about twenty-five or so."

Randolph: "Last night you say?"

Retail: "Yes, do you know them?"

Randolph: "Naw, but it lets me off the hook, see, so you lose. I was at the Kostiers Institute and a joint in Ann Arbor called the Fonky Angel, and I've got a host of eyewitnesses, see?"

Retail: "Maybe so, but that still doesn't alter the fact that you came to town with friends, or whatever, and spread this selfsame stuff around."

Randolph: "I'd never do that, you got the wrong guy. I've been strictly legit forever."

Retail: "Then you have nothin' to fear. I'll stay in touch though, just in case."

Randolph: "Just in case what?"

Retail: "You change your mind of course, I can do you a lot of good. I can advertise your circus. I have access to every radio; TV station, newspaper and you name it in Detroit. I can Michigan Square your circus away, so that you'd be as big as they come."

Randolph: "Scripture Park, it's a travelin' Bible theme, not a circus."

Retail: "Ah, I forgot Kostiers, but you have the Gypsy's circus here too."

Randolph: "Yeah, he's an associate, we need each other now. If it works out, who knows, he's cool. Then again, I can use the rides and the midway pros to barker and so on."

Retail: "I see, I guess, but aren't these people with you from Kostiers crazy?"

Randolph: "You see 'em, do they look nuts? Do they act like it? Almost ev'rybody here is normal, except maybe you and Pete."

Retail: "Pete?"

Randolph: "Yeah, a railroad freight guy."

Retail: "I'm sane as you, Randolph, and I can see when a guy needs a deal."

Randolph: "Yeah, I'd be interested in some sponsorship for the show, TV, radio, all that. We can use some solid n' da wallet media, but that wack jack junk you showed me can't be part of my deal, I'm way clean."

Retail: "If I could, as you say, hookup with the source of these bills for a piece of the action, I'd grant a week's advertisin' campaign, TV, radio, newspapers, the works. That's one whole week for a name, a number, or they can call me at the Depot Town Store here. I started there and that's home base."

Randolph: "Naw, I can't help you, Retail."

Retail: "Oh yeah, one last thing, I saw you recognized the bill right off. And when I told you who passed it, you perked right up. So I'll offer you a reward, a finder's fee, call it what you will, to introduce me to the couple I described."

Randolph: "Introduce you, they're gone."

Retail: "Aha, then you do know them. Where are they? That's all I need from you, a tip. I'd be very grateful."

Randolph: "How grateful?"

Retail: "What do you need?"

Randolph: "A media blitz."

Retail: "Well then, say the word and if it checks out, you've got the biggest blitz in Michigan . . . for how long?"

Randolph: "Seven days, starting today."

Retail: "Well, well, now we're talkin' Thanksgivin' turkey. I can make one call, one call on that public phone behind you, and it's done. This whole state is yours; just hook me up with them. I know they're open to a deal, everyone is, right? So, how bad could it be, tell 'em to call me? Here's my card, take two."

Randolph takes the cards. "Square business, I don't have a fix on 'em. But I'll look into it, and let you know."

Retail: "Ah, an intelligent man! I knew it! We can do business today before five this evenin', if you act now!"

Randolph: "Gimmie a half hour. If it's possible this way, I'll contact you."

Retail: "Don't forget now, I'm a very serious man. And you're my only known link to that money mimic masterpiece they're passin' around. And if I don't get 'em, some other son of a bitch will."

Randolph: "Yeah, later Retail."

Retail Adams puffs a big fat circle of smoke from his Cuban cigar and leaves just as Bitch Ho comes over in gold lame' hot pants, a silk red T-shirt, red shades, a fly, gold straw hat and matching heels. "Ran."

Randolph: "Sharon, whatzup?"

Bitch Ho: "Joe said ya sounded weird, ya strange ass, nigga mothafucka! Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, where's Harry and Smug Doug?"

Bitch Ho: "They're watchin' 'em load them big bad, mothaland mothafucks! Ran, why the fuck ya got wild ass, monsta mothafucks like that in the show, shit? They ain't even in the fuckin' Bible! Goddammit."

Randolph: "Noah's Ark, two by two, we damn near got 'em all now."

Bitch Ho: "Oh shit, well I guess ya know the albino fucked over ya good? He and that knocked up, gap-tooth, mornin' sickness, pregnant pukin', eye glasses and toe rings wearin' ass, Mia, split with ya scratch."

Randolph: "I know, look, do you have any idea where they might be now?"

Bitch Ho: "Naw, she ain't say shit to me, and goddamn, I never figured Mark to rip ya ass off. I don't trust Carter as much as that jive ass, baldhead, wet fart, fuckin' fascist, Pearson. But Mark blew my mind, man, shit."

Randolph: "Yeah . . ."

J.C. interrupts. "Elaine would like a word."

Randolph: "What, naw, J.C., she'll have to wait. I've got big trouble."

J.C.: "She insist, Randolph, don't disappoint her."

Bitch Ho: "Shuzzit gzoddzam, Ran, dizig izit, J.C.?" Bitch Ho talks in jailhouse and sardonic black street code for Randolph to cooperate and quiz J.C.

Randolph: "What, oh yeah, ok J.C., let's go."

The three walk over to Elaine's private car.

J.C.: "Thazanks." J.C. answers` Thanks´ back in that same speak, sardonically indicating to both connivers he's hip to the code.

Bitch Ho: "Hiya, hip big nigga."

J.C.: "Hello, vulgar, little crack head woman."

Randolph: "I've been lookin' for Mark Ashton and Mama Mia, J.C. Do you know where they are?"

J.C.: "California . . . San Diego."

Randolph: "Really!?"

Bitch Ho: "That's fuckin' phenomenal! Shit."

Randolph: "Anythang else, what are they in, a car, a house, a . . .?"

J.C.: "A boat."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Bitch Ho: "Shit yeah, ya got his albino ass, Ran. Ya got his ass! He forgot 'bout the secret weapon J.C., shit."

Randolph: "So did I and so did I. Thank you, J.C. You'll never know how much that helps me, but then again you could."

Bitch Ho: "He's on a boat, huh, shit?"

Randolph: "Yeah, the Black Albino yacht, I should've figured. He's headed for Pleasure Island West."

J.C.: "Aids Island."

Randolph: "What?"

Bitch Ho: "No shit, you hip to that, Ran?"

Randolph: "Naw, but J.C. is. Elaine, whew!"

They enter the spruced caboose car. And the odorific power of Elaine's periodontal procrastination hits Randolph and Bitch Ho like a putrid slap in the face. Then they both gag as Elaine spits slimy, brown snuff juice into a brass spittoon. "I won't keep you, son, but these delays must stop. We cannot afford to lose any more momentum. We must get to big-time media coverage in Detroit City."

Randolph: "We'll be leavin' soon. We'll be there a little later because of the circus, and some wild animal additions."

Elaine: "Noah told me, he says he wouldn't be able to work them into the show for maybe a year."

Randolph: "Well, I'd pay to see him do that, Elaine. They're way wild and fresh from the motherland, I think."

Elaine: "Hmm, well you have it all now. It's in your hands; don't lose my dream."

Randolph: "No, I won't. Now I'd better get outta here, you skunkin' me out, old woman. I'm 'bout to bust my lungs."

Elaine: "Go on, go on."

Randolph and Bitch Ho leave together, heaving a sigh of relief and gasping for fresh air.

Bitch Ho: "That old black ass bitch is a stankin' mothafucka, Ran. She ain't never brushed her teeth! Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, she waaay stank!"

Bitch Ho: "What'cha gonna do, Ran? Ya got Mark's albino asshole cold, shit?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I'll make a call, and I think I have a deal."
Randolph makes the call.

Bitch Ho: "Good, man, but ya still don't sound like ya self, Ran! Shit."

Operator: "Operator."

Randolph: "619-315-7288, put it on my Martin Luther King Gold Card. The number is 213-675-7461-7045."

Operator: "Thank you, sir, and thank you for using MLK."

Man: "Dock 37C, who's this?"

Randolph: "Who's this?"

Man: "Fred, the fisherman, I'm the piscatorial person on the premises."

Randolph: "Yeah, the same ol' fishy funky smellin' Fred, huh . . .? Well, I'm the black guy who came to the dock with the English white guy. You remember, six months ago, we partied, fished, relaxed and boated with all those beautiful bitches?"

Fred: "Yeah, on that fast as a bullet Black Albino."

Randolph: "Right, Fred, is she moored now?"

Fred: "Hell no, they just went out, that white guy you mentioned, a pretty woman, and a seven man costumed crew, why?" Mark and Mia chartered a small, fast, private Lear jet from Detroit to San Diego and made the trip in three hours.

Randolph: "I've gotta reach 'em. I've got news for 'em, Fred. Do you know where they're headed?"

Fred: "They're headed for that old Pleasure Island West. The guy in the supply store said he heard 'em talkin' to the crew. Foolish move, he tried to warn 'em, but they paid triple to the crew and they left."

Randolph: "Warn 'em 'bout what, Fred?"

Fred: "That old island's been turned into an AIDS colony. Yeah, they started buildin' it three months ago. It's AIDS Island now, the whole damn thing was on TV the other day."

Pleasure Island West was announced formally in the local media as AIDS Island, two days before Mark and Mia arrived in San Diego, thereby explaining the fear and apprehension of the supply store clerk and the crew, not to mention the origin in part of J.C.'s foreknowledge. Mark was headed straight for a self-exiled purgatory and back to his H.M.O. madcap medical malpractice mishap mega money major mistake.

Randolph: "Thanks, Fred, later." Randolph hangs up.

Bitch Ho: "Whatzup Ran, why you smilin', nigga?"

Randolph: "J.C. was right again. AIDS Island is where they are!"
Randolph shakes with laughter.

Bitch Ho: "When you stop laughin', nigga, tell me what'cha gonna do? Shit."

Randolph: "I gotta make another call, so be way cool."

Bitch Ho: "Go 'head run it! Shit."

Randolph makes the call.

Clerk: "Michigan Square."

Randolph: "Yeah, Retail."

Retail: "Retail speakin'."

Randolph: "Ok, we can talk."

Retail: "Go ahead, I'm all ears!"

Randolph: "You make that call and setup my media blitz, ev'rythang, the works, don't leave out squat."

Retail: "Yeah, yeah Michigan Square is solid behind you, then what?"

Randolph: "I'll tell you where, and that's it. What you do is not my business, I just want my blitz."

Retail: "Ok, ok, I'll do it. I'll come back there to the train station after I call my P.R. people, and I'll have them contact you first, ok?"

Randolph: "That's good, I'll tell ya then."

Retail: "Fine, fine, that's great, you won't regret it!"

Randolph hangs up.

Bitch Ho: "Goddamn, Ran, who the fat fuck was that? Shit."

Randolph: "My ticket to the big-time!"

Bitch Ho: "No shit, you still sound funny, I can't figure what it is. You look the same kind of, but shit, I don't fuckin' figure you now, goddammit. You talkin' like ya got a little dick and shit."

Randolph: "Don't sweat it. I want you to stay with Harry and Smug Doug. I may need 'em, so tell 'em to stand by."

Bitch Ho: "Shit, ok Ran." Bitch Ho shakes her pretty blonde wig and leaves as Conductor James comes over with a cell phone call.

Conductor: "Phone, and those are the wildest damn animals I've ever seen. They're goddamn ferocious." The conductor is referring to Kee's boisterous big bad-tempered beast.

Randolph takes the call, "Yeah, yeah, gimmie . . . Randall."

Man: "Yes, my firm is Kalamazoo Ballyhoo Publicity, Michigan's biggest and best P.R. firm, and I'm Stan Polk, the owner."

Randolph: "Yeah, what can I do for you, Stan?"

Stan: "I was just on the phone with Retail Adams, and he asked me to call you and assist you with whatever you have in mind. But if you go over the limit, I'll just stop you, ok, Randall?"

Randolph: "Ok, I want the fastest, biggest full blown media blitz this state's ever seen; I want it all, see? We'll be in Detroit with almost a thousand performers, also every wild animal, make that extra wild, and Noah's Ark with Noah, and it's come one, come all! See that's my theme, the Bible. I call it Scripture Park, and we will be in tonight. So, when my people get off that train, I want the state to know it, ya dig, Stan?"

Stan: "Yeah, I dig it, baby. Hold on . . . Ralphy, you got all that?"

(On the extension)

Ralphy: "Yeah, we're on it, can do."

Stan: "Ralphy's on the line with us, he's my coordinator. We can give ya all the TV in Motown, if ya don't make the evenin' news today, you'll be a cinch for the eleven o'clock tonight and mornin' news tomorrow. We can even do some bulletins, if it's as big as Retail said."

Randolph: "It's bigger, he ain't seen the performers in make-up and costume. It's much bigger, so, I want all the media in the rail yard, ya dig, TV, newspapers and radio. I'm gonna call one Detroit media guy I know (D.J. Buddy Gee) in a couple of hours, and if he's on it, I'll know you gave me a real blitz."

Stan: "Blitz it is, you've got it, pal. We're on it, right Ralphy?"

Ralphy: "As we speak, Stan!"

Stan: "Fine, fine, fine then, and that's one week only, Randall, seven days."

Randolph: "I know what a week is, later." Randolph hangs up and hands the cell phone back to Conductor James.

Pete joins them at the phone booth with a scrunched up nose, narrowed squinting eyes, curled skinny lip snarl." That's quite a wild bunch you got there mister; they're jarrin' my train. We got 'em hooked on tight, but man, I hope you ain't got nothin' fierce as that planned again; my heart can't take it. If we had to do more n' hook 'em up, I'd of been out of here!"

Randolph: "You talk too much, Pete. You scared of a Cape buffalo or two, a couple of fat hippos, and white pissin', screwin' rhinos. Well, I don't wanna hear you whine again, do you hear? Be a man, show some sand or I'll kick your caboose."

Pete: "Why . . . I . . . you . . . I . . ."

Retail Adams gets out of a CJ5 green jeep and burst through the crowd of curious onlookers as Pete sputters and stumbles away. "Randall, did Stan call you?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Retail: "Well?"

Randolph: "Well, they're on an island. It's off the coast of Baja. Ya gotta either take a seaplane from San Diego or one from Rosario, Baja. It's off the coast of Rosario, Baja."

Retail: "An island, do I know it?"

Randolph: "It's called AIDS Island now."

Retail: "You're kiddin'?"

Randolph: "Naw, it's been turned into an AIDS facility."

Retail: "No shit?"

Randolph: "That's where they're headed on a yacht called the Black Albino. They've got a seven man costumed crew. I checked the dock in San Diego and that's the real deal."

Retail: "You trust your information then?"

Randolph: "Yeah, implicitly."

Retail: "Ok, ok, lemme think, I gotta pay some guys. I can't wait around. How much time before they get there?"

Randolph: "I'd say tonight, late, Pacific coast time, about midnight, unless they encounter rough sea." Randolph buys Mark and Mia time and stalls Retail.

Retail: "What's that, about eight hours? I've got eight hours before they arrive at this full-blown AIDS Island! Why would they go there? I don't get it."

Randolph: "Yeah, I guess that's the idea, Retail, so you and I won't get it."

Retail: "I'm gonna charter a sea plane; I gotta make plans. Are you set with Stan?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Retail: "Ok Randall, I'm trustin' you. It's too implausible to be a lie. I'm out of here, but if you lied to me . . . so help me!"

Randolph: "I know, please spare me the gory details, Retail, and have a safe trip."

Retail: "Yeah, AIDS Island, religious crazy people, big wild, angry, four ton animals (hippos), I don't know."

Kozmo and Jake, the fiery fireman/brassy brakemen report to Randolph, as the king of Michigan Square Electronics mumbles away in a cloud of Cuban cigar smoke.

Kozmo: "Who's that, boss man? I think I know 'em, but I'm not sure."

Randolph: "Some retail guy in town. Whatzup?"

Kozmo: "We lassoed that male Cape buffalo down. He's killa mean and dangerous; so don't go near 'em! I think the rhinos are scared shitless of him. He's snortin' blood! And did ya see the baby 'roo, (kangaroo) all pink and wrinkled? But the mother's still layin' down, so we could lose her by nightfall without a vet."

. . .

The big cranes worked and lifted while the railroad workers packed and placed every part, piece, animal, supply and needed thing they had to carry. They started at 12:30 p.m. and winded, grinded down the hours making sure it all fit secure. They corrected mistakes, repaired

tracks, re-scheduled until there was no schedule. They had called ahead requesting the extra freight and passenger cars for Rancor Circus to be assembled in Ypsi, and waiting when they finally got there to take them to showtime in Detroit.

Jake: "Yeah, we're loaded. Everybody's on the train . . . and we're all connected."

Randolph: "Ok, we have full media coverage, so I want ev'rybody in costume and ready when we arrive. And I want 'em gettin' off the train as performers to the T, Kozmo."

Kozmo: "Done, I get it. It's done, boss man!"

Jake: "We're loaded up; let's head 'em out!"

Conductor: "All aboard! All aboard!"

Harry and Smug Doug get last minute instructions. "Boss, do you need us now?"

Randolph: "I don't know yet, Harry. Gimmie ya number in the chopper, and I'll call you if I do. You're doin' a job and a half; you guys take good care of Sharon."

Smug Doug: "Ok boss, here's the number."

Randolph: "Later."

As Randolph turned to board the super train, he couldn't help but hear the cheers from over three thousand people, comprising some of the good supportive town folk of Ypsilanti and neighboring towns. At least one hundred Huck Finns (as kids are called who hang around circuses) scampered around them, giving a signal of bigger and better things to come.

Randolph stood on the top step of the passenger car and waved a fond farewell, sporting an Italian, orange silk suit, a mother of pearl silk shirt and woven brown leather shoes. He was cool as a creamsicle. But if Bottomline Babs had been there, she would have certainly seen the lone teardrop that rolled down his cheek and admonished him severely for shedding it so soulfully.

Chapter Forty-three

. . .

Motown Bound Whistle Sound

Candy: "You must be starved as the big cats, baby."

Randolph: "Naw, starved for you only, come here."

Candy: "Mmmm, lip lock, I missed you. You were so intense. I sensed you needed space, so I gave it to you. We're becoming quite a savage collection here. Those last beasts were horrible. Why they would rip Noah apart, trample him into the ground, if he ever tried to train them!"

Randolph: "I've been kept away by the phone, so I didn't see 'em good. But I heard 'em and heard about 'em." Randolph and Candy hug and soul kiss.

Candy: "Mmmm, so good, I still love you, ya know."

Randolph: "Me too, baby, ummm, what's that great smell?"

Candy: "It's J.C., he's prepared shewbread, cakes, wafers, and manna, the bread of life. He's been makin' milk n' honey shakes, and goat's head soup for everybody!"

J.C. is passing out samples of his religious recipes he cooked and baked in the spruced caboose to try out on the lucky passengers in Randolph's car.

Randolph: "Smells delicious, I can't wait."

Candy: "The fellas will be famished by now. That was a hard experience just watching the coupling of the cars. Hungry big cats snarlin', growlin', snappin', and then those last enormous beast, rammin', slammin', buttin', bangin', screechin', and kickin'! My God, R n'R, if one of those creatures escapes, I shudder to think of the consequences, if it happens in the urban Detroit area!"

Randolph: "Yeah, that would be a catastrophe and a half, baby."

J.C. offers Randolph some of his fresh fulfilling food. "Here."

Randolph: "Thanks, J.C., I was just tellin' Candy how good it smelled, and she said you'd been cookin."

J.C.: "Try it first, and tell me if it's to your taste?"

Randolph samples the goat's head soup. "Oh yeah, J.C., taste it, baby!" Candy parts her red lips and opens her sweet mouth for Randolph, as she did in her van.

Candy: ". . . Mmmm, I haven't had anything that ethnically soulful since. . ."

J.C.: "Your father."

Candy: "Oh God!"

Randolph: "He's doin' it again, honey. What do you know about Candy's dad, J.C.?"

J.C.: "He's black, a black Jew from Ethiopia, now living in New York City."

Candy bolts away down the aisle in the passenger car.

Randolph: "Oh shit, Candy. Candy come back!" Randolph pursues her halfway to the door.

Candy: "No, no, go away, R n'R, please!"

Randolph: "Ok, I'll stand over here. People are starin', baby. Let's sit down again. Come on back, it's cool. I'm Chinese, but I never told a soul. I . . ."

Candy: "Quit it, R n'R."

Randolph's attempts at humor have no apparent affect on Candy and he begins to make his way through the people now, standing in the aisle watching and listening to their problem. "Pardon me, excuse us. Hi, comin' through, it's ok. That was way good goat's head soup. I want some more, come on Candy." They go into the next car to escape the prying eyes and pricked ears.

. . .

After a long nap, the co-lovers sat in silence and Candy refused to speak. Randolph supported her decision while the hours and miles slowly inched by in the darkness; then the train stopped abruptly for more track trouble and emergency repairs.

At dawn, when the train started again, she finally spoke to him, "Ok, ok my dad's black, he's black as you, ok!"

Randolph: "Yeah, fine with me, I can sho' nuff dig it."

Candy: "Don't be funny. I'm so ashamed."

Randolph: "Of bein' a sista? Hey, that's way hip. I wouldn't care if you were an alien from Pluto, long as we hooked up dope like this, and you made me feel this high!"

Candy: "Me too, I feel high, then it's cool, huh?"

Randolph: "Yeah, but why you say ashamed, sugar? You don't have to feel that way 'bout your race and heritage. You should be way black n' proud like me, sweetheart!"

Candy: "Yes, you're proud, my dad's proud and my mom's gone!"

Randolph: "No stuff, she split, huh? How long's she been gone?"

Candy: "A lifetime it seems, five years."

Randolph: "Yeah, I can dig it. Come here, sweetness, come on."

Candy snuggles up to Randolph in tears. "Oh R n'R, I miss her so."

Randolph: "Yeah, there now, here take my handkerchief."

Candy: "Thanks."

Randolph: "Blow."

Candy: "Let's go back now, I'm over it." They both head back to their original car and seat.

Randolph: "Good, baby, where is ya mom's now?"

Candy: "Detroit."

Randolph: "Oh, and you plan to see her then as soon as we get there. You can call, right?"

Candy: "No, she doesn't want to see me; she's out of my life. My dad is all I have now, and you."

Randolph: "If I say somethin', I hope I don't offend you. But you are beginnin' to look more like your father's side of the family to me now. I guess it's the power of suggestion, huh?"

Candy beseeches in loud whispers. "Oh God, oh R n'R, you must promise me you'll never tell a soul, and swear J.C. to secrecy, please!"

Randolph: "Hey now, Candy, what's the big deal? So you got some cream in your coffee, live it up, be happy, be glad!"

They both sit down and Candy continues to worry in whispers. "This is serious, R n'R. I don't want it to get around."

Randolph: "I see."

Candy: "No, you don't, I know what happens. The word gets out and your whole life changes overnight. People don't know any better, that's life!"

Randolph: "What, that's racism, darlin', and not the way God meant it. Whatever you think, know this, I'm way black and I live it, breathe it, day in and out. That other junk is racism!"

Candy: "But you're . . . a black man, and everyone knows it right off. I'm made like this, it's different, much different, R n'R."

Randolph: "You playin', right, so you're a lot light n' bright, almost white, and you keep a natural tan. Why don't you love your permanent tan, baby?"

Candy: "R n'R, please! Keep your voice down, they'll hear you."

Randolph: "You've got a gnawin' complexion problem, Candy. Dig it; look at me. Do you see my color?"

Candy: "The world sees it, R n'R, and you're fine with it. You don't care, and my dad doesn't care. He flaunts it and his accent. My mom couldn't take it; we moved and moved. It never stopped: the hate, the feuds, so we separated."

Randolph: "You separated from your family because of race, color, and accent?"

Candy: "Yes!"

Randolph: "Aw Candy, I feel sorry for you. You're weirded out of it on this one. You can't let that ruin your life. Suppose I wanted to marry you?"

Candy: "You're married already, R n'R."

Randolph: "So, suppose I want you that bad, then what? Suppose we had kids, brown babies, darker than you, even my color, Candy?" The mere thought of miscegenation grosses Candy out visibly.

Candy: "God, R n'R, don't be grotesque."

Randolph: "Grotesque, are you for real?"

Candy: "Please R n'R, your yellin' won't solve a thing. My mind's made up. We'll just keep usin' protection and that will never ever happen, right?"

Randolph: "Tell me, Candy, would you ever under any circumstance marry a man my complexion?"

Candy: "I don't have to marry anyone, R n'R."

Randolph: "No, I mean if you loved him?"

Candy: "I love you, and we won't get married, right?"

Randolph: "I . . . guess not, now."

Candy: "Why so glum, we're free. We're on a great adventure, surrounded by all these exciting people and wild exotic animals not knowing what lies in store for us. We're quite fortunate. This is far greater than mere wedded bliss. This is the gusto everybody dreams of, R n'R!"

Randolph: "That's wack, baby, I don't want no garrulous gusto. This ain't just no adventure; this is my life. These exciting people are now professional performers, and the animals are only part of the show! And this preoccupation, no sickness with color, dark color is abominable and unacceptable, I'm sorry!"

Candy: "Well, this whole thing is getting out of proportion, you're losin' it, R n'R."

Randolph: "No Candy, it appears to me that we're losin' it."

Candy: "Oh, you're too impressionistic, you base it strictly on color. My attitudes are personal. Am I allowed feelings in this relationship?"

Randolph: "Yeah, but they're all anti-black."

Candy: "Not so, you and I make passionate, unbelievable deep love, and there is no color, just love, there, refute that."

Randolph: "I can't, but you're a black woman, Candy."

Candy: "Don't say it, don't ever say that. How dare you, and lower your voice, R n'R! I have a certain imitation . . . I mean reputation to uphold."

Randolph: "I rest my pitiful case, Candy."

Candy: "I'm nobody's case. You shouldn't concern yourself with my complexion . . . rather complexities. I never thought of it until J.C. brought it up."

Randolph: "You thought of it, you live a lie. You pass for white, pure lily white, and admittedly your father's my shade."

Candy: "You're harping, R n'R. Don't do this anymore, I won't have it."

Randolph: "Yes my fairest, most beautiful of women, you will, you will have it by yourself for the rest of your life. And I feel sorry, way sorry for you, Candy."

Candy: "Sorry, you, sorry for me? Why I can live my life, the one I want in any big city or hick town even, so don't pity me, R n'R, save it. You saw how it was in the Fonky Angel. You met Jerry, he adores me, why I'm as much his prize like this as yours."

Randolph: "Now I see, you count yourself a prize to me because you can pass for white, and a prize to the white boy, scary Jerry, because he doesn't have a clue you're black."

Candy: "You didn't either, until J.C. spilled the beans."

Randolph: "And I bet you never would of told me, you would have lived a lie forever."

Candy: "So cryptic, R n'R, forever, please. You'd never keep me forever. I've heard about your reputation with the ladies."

Randolph: "Too bad, Candy, what a waste."

Candy: "Don't act so depressed and shocked, we had a good thing. We clicked, most never do, and you know that."

Randolph: "Yeah, I know."

Candy: "We can still click, just forget all this white black garbage, and kiss me."

Randolph sees the Detroit rail yard, a few people and one TV camera. "Naw, not now, 'cause this looks like the rail yard, and I see the media's here. So get in your costume or you're fired!"

Candy: "What?"

Randolph: "You heard me, niggah!"

Candy: "What did you call me?"

Conductor: "Detroit! Motown! Motor City!"

Randolph leaves a racist, sour, bitter Candy and he joins Kozmo in the first Rancor Circus passenger car.

Kozmo: "Whoa!"

Randolph: "Whatzup, Kozmo?"

Kozmo: "A snake's missin', boss man! Nobody move! Nobody panic, but Oona's king cobra . . . is missin'. Now, shhh! Oona's gonna check out this car. Don't move, and don't speak. She said it was milked earlier, but now he may have venom in 'em. So if you see it, stay still until she gets to you! Ok Oona, he's all yours."

The snake charmer begins walking down the aisle, playing the haunting gypsy ballad, 'Golden Earrings' on her violin to charm the great serpent, with Kozmo following, carrying the snake's woven basket. "Ssseth . . . Ssseth . . . Ssseth, come to mama, don't be bad. I have a mouse for breakfast, a fat lively one, a juicy squealin', hairy, squeaky one for you. Come my handsome king of all snakes, the Maharajah of reptile's in the whole majestic kingdom of India. The royal ruler of . . . got'cha! You shit! You scared the hell outta everybody. Get in here! Sorry, so sorry all!"

Kozmo: "My God."

Randolph: "Ok Oona, watch 'em good from now on; ya gotta ride alone with him. Kosmo, work somethin' out."

Oona: "Ok, I understand." Although the big snake's known for its poisonous reputation, as long as a doctor and modern hospital are near with the anti-venom, it is not as deadly. But Kozmo keeps up appearances and over exaggerates the danger, for business reasons, to bolster his wife's act.

Kozmo: "Yes, boss man, a eighteen foot king cobra can kill a man in minutes. Fuggidaboutit if they strike! My band's setting up over beyond the water tower there, weak media turn out, boss man. Maybe we'll get a few thousand people if they give us a great review."

J.C. enters the car with a basket of fresh baked bread.

Randolph: "Smells great, J.C.! What is it?"

J.C.: "Manna."

Randolph samples the treat. "No stuff, gimmie a bite, ummm, soul food from heaven. Pass it around; they'll love it! Ok folks, this is it; you all look perfect! Go out there and mix n' mingle, and we'll let that one and only lonely TV camera cover it. Good luck and God bless you!"

All: "Yea!"

Kozmo: "Boss man, this is Arthur and Martha, the world's only adult conjoined at the groin, fraternal, female n' male twins! I present 'em as my double entendre, double jointed, double header, double breasted, double barrel, double play, double talk, double deal, double cross, double agent, double date, double bill!"

The Twins: "Ooooh, Mr. R n'R! Ugh! Ugh! We are proud to be in your show, ooooh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Thank you for havin' us, ooooh! Ugh! Ugh! Ahh!"

Randolph: "You nude glued guys are perfectly welcome; I wouldn't wanna be here without you. Now go on out there twins and kill 'em with a triple x-rated sexy double standard, adult double feature!"

Jake: "They call that damn snake, Ssseth, the Death. You're gonna have to carry a gun in the car he's in. He should ride in a separate car or with the other three big snakes."

Randolph: "Yeah, how are the mother and baby kangaroo doin'?"

Jake: "Pete gave her a Budlite and she's drunk as a skunk."

Randolph: "That bastard, I oughta . . ."

Jake: "No, wait it's helpin'! I think she's gonna pull through, and ya ain't got no vet yet, so ya got lucky! Ya should thank ol' Pete, that cold one did the trick."

Randolph: "Yeah, we'll see, but if that tired old man hurts one of my animals, I'll go off on his butt ugly, redneck, peckerwood head!"

Jake: "The baby's one hundred twenty grams and a great little Joey."

Randolph: "Yeah, you guys be real careful there, go easy, and don't lose 'em."

Candy, more beautiful in costume than ever, makes another attempt to change Randolph's mind about their ended romantic relationship.
"R n'R."

Randolph: "Yeah, Miss lovely luscious Lady."

Candy: "Oh, the gallant gentleman, polite and nice treatment, but no cigar. Are you and I makin' it or what?"

Randolph: "You my color, but ya ain't my kind."

Candy: "That's an ugly racist statement, R n'R, and so unworthy of you. So how do you really feel?"

Randolph: "I feel the tide is turnin.' Look at 'em, the crowds are gonna be all over and swellin' up soon. Must be over one hundred now. Look, be a Good Samaritan again and go over there and blow 'em all away with your sheer beauty, ya way wonder Woman at the Well."

Candy is spectacular in her red, yellow, blue and gold gown, a flowing mane of dark hair down her back, full red sensuous lips, an aquiline nose and big beautiful bright brown bedroom eyeballs, aglow, with Loretta Young cheek bones and Debbie Morgan dimples, other women dream about. Her tan captivating curvaceous body was enough to make Randolph overlook his moralistic feelings, but he held his ground.

He mistakenly thought her to be a quadroon, and it brought back the vivid confession of Marilyn Monroe, when she said she'd found out from a talkative, narrow-minded nearsighted nosy nurse at one of her mother's mental institutions, that her missing mysterious father was a mulatto working at a Hollywood movie studio as a rehearsal piano player, or as one idiotic character assassinating anonymous friend suspected, way out, hip, jazz great saxophonist, Lester Young! And since her mother was lily white, they produced a curly headed, fair skin, blue-eyed offspring. If true, this could explain the movie studio's seeing the necessity to narrow her nose, platinum dye and straightened her hair. It surely could have contributed to her questionable mental condition and addiction to barbiturates because she knew this deep dark secret. Such a rattling race skeleton in her closet might even explain her over the top actions and reactions, blonde ambitious method acting meteoric rise, comedic success and star-crossed sexual attraction to Randolph. For just like Candy, she too passed over the color line and swore Randolph to secrecy forever, but for obvious consanguinaous, and atavistic professional reasons only.

Randolph knew that a quadroon could be anyone, anywhere doing anything at anytime without detection. Even the killed keepsake Kennedy's could have that dreaded single drop of black blood and/or more. J. Edgar Hoover passed for white; they say his mom and dad were mulattoes. This chromosomal color coordination combination by Mother Nature could have produced Roman Caesars (three some say), many U. S. Presidents (Lincoln, etc.), the twelve year old mother of Christ (Black Madonna) and her son (Jesus); then not only Ham, but Adam and Eve . . . and dare I say (he thought) the Lord God Jehovah. Only DNA test can establish the truth.

Still deeper in thought, he decided one might even be an octoroon: that's an offspring of a quadroon and a white. This union produces a person of one-eighth black ancestry. Off and running now with a color conspiracy theory in America, he knew there must be millions in the white majority with blood drops from the black minority without detectable, black, telltale traits, tinges, hair textures, tendencies, taste, temperament, body type and facial features, passing with white equality, as passing for white is the most awesome advantage for an African American express access to Affirmative Action anywhere, but a bad credit to the race, worldwide. He knew discovering mixed racial identities may not be an exclusive exact controlled science, as sometimes the outcome may be darker or lighter than that desired or expected, like the most proud purple, jet blackish blackamoor African or Nordic Scandinavian pink-eyed Aryan albino.

Think of the bleak future of racism now, he thought, if more than a tinker's damn chameleon DNA check was collected and corrected from all, by law in order to preserve the purity and status of the Caucasian race. Then numbers would dwindle down to less than half the present white population of privileged preferred pigmentation, with just one specimen of DNA for real deal ID. In a nation preoccupied with pure pinkish people, fading in the color melting pot scheme of fair and unfair skin, maybe Marilyn Monroe erroneously esoterically ended it all and/or was executed over her exposed ethnicity!

This would explain why she never had kids of her own. That's why she married white and overwhelmed the film world with colorful charismatic charm, sex and soul. Yeah, he said to himself. She had a lotta erogenous, slammin' soulful sex appeal, much more than all the rest . . . go figure. Then again the woman had a somewhat soul sista hind pots. (He hardened just imagining it again.) And she had temporal ta-ta's for days, all natural before implants. She ruled red-blooded men's minds, so it wasn't the size of her bust or the shape of her

buttocks, but the enormity and outpouring of her sexual soul power. "And furthermore, so what if she really was a octoroon," he muttered. "The first Adamic people on earth in Africa to produce the human helix, Negroid genome were black too."

Candy: "I'll work, R n'R, I'll work the crowd, and I'll pose for the press. But we're not all over yet, you'll see." Candy's ethnicity as dictated by her father's dark skin and mixed with her mother's pure white race would only produce a mulatto. So he figured either Candy's lying about her true racial makeup, or her mother lied to her about her real biological father's race and/or complexion. And lastly, he thought Candy could be lily white and telling him a black face lie.

Randolph: "I won't argue with ya now, baby. Look at this jive media turn out. Hey T.R.!" Randolph leaves Candy, and she begins to work the small crowd with all the other performers from Scripture Park and Rancor Circus combined, that outnumbered those in attendance, almost ten to one.

It's six o'clock in the morning, Saturday, August the nineteenth. And as Randolph would say, it's a way gray day. The weatherman predicts a ninety-nine percent chance of showers and a chilly evening in the Detroit area. A few Huckleberry Finns run about the train, darting under the cars, on top of the cars and all around the cars, in general, looking at the great assortment of angry aggressive agitated animals and professional performers present.

The local TV camera crew is assembled a hundred feet from the passenger car Randolph is in. Some local press is there as well as policemen, obviously from Detroit. A large busy crane begins to unload the cages of growling, snarling, angry, hungry big cats, who by now could literally eat a horse: stalk it, run it down, pounce upon it, drag it to the ground, rip open it's bleating throat to kill it and gorge in its flesh and blood until satisfied of horse meat.

T.R.: "Yeah man, ain't this a mothafucka? We need more help. The circus guys are tryin' to double up and cover us. But we're too big, too wild and wooly for 'em. We need fifty more guys out here since the railroad workers will be finished with their job after they unload."

The railroad workers continue fulfilling their end of the contract, but now, Scripture Park and Rancor Circus would have to tend to the animals' shelter, feed, water and clean-up etc., as Mark only agreed on paper to the unloading of the train in the rail yard.

Randolph: "Yeah, we'll get more help. Who's the TV guy?"

T.R.: "Some local guy, I don't know 'em. But he's on the same station with Dick Bush, the TV anchor at WANG TV, so you'd best talk to 'em."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet."

Joe: "Hey, this is great, man, this little crowd loves us! They're all over Joel; he's the star. He's picture perfect in his red, white and blue robes, just goddamn perfect!"

T.R.: "How are you gonna play this hand, man? I see 'em runnin' over to those killas on the last six flat cars. It would be bad as hell for business if a cage breaks open."

Randolph: "You two get back to 'em. I'll think of somethin', or I'll get rid of those last six animals. All six may be too hostile for us."

Kozmo: "The crowds didn't show, and we can't wait for 'em; so, the big cats gotta have meat fast. They're hungry enough to cause us the worst problem. The hay, grain, fruit and roughage are holding up, and we have enough water. But we gotta have meat goddamn quick, boss man!"

The TV crew comes over to Randolph, who's standing by the train with Kozmo.

TV Guy: "Pardon me, but are you men in charge of this show?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I am."

TV Guy: "Great, I'm Harris Cole, reporter with WANG TV Detroit. I'm gonna cover this event and I'd love to talk to you."

Randolph: "Is the sound on and are your cameras workin'?"

TV Guy: "Yes, we're rolling now. I'll edit the piece later at the studio."

Randolph: "Whatzup Detroit? I'm Randolph N. Randall, the owner of this great extravaganza! We call it Scripture Park! We're all on the way to our home base and winter quarters in South-Central L.A. This is the first time out for us, and we're over nine hundred strong. But we need help way fast to help feed and handle the animals. We'll discuss salary as we go along. We'll stay in this area long enough to either play Joe Louis Arena or some fairground nearby. We'll need a couple of big tents, and a stage if the latter happens.

"We've got two big problems, folks, we're flat broke. That's right, our cash flow is non-existent. We also need uncooked, red raw meat to feed the big cats. Yeah, we're out of money and meat, so, if all you good people within the green power, black power, white power, etc. greater Detroit area come on down to the rail yard to check us out, would y'all bring either money or meat or both? Then we'll give you a discount ticket for whatever it's worth, fair enough?

"We've got actors who portray ev'ry major character in the Bible, Old Testament and New Testament! Come see Adam n' Eve! Noah! Jonah! Cain n' Abel! Daniel! And so many more, I can't name 'em all here. But we've got 'em, and the best live Jesus Christ you'll ever see! Come and bring the kids. You can even let 'em feed the hungry lions; they're waaay hungry as hell. They haven't been fed since day before yesterday. And last but not least, we've got a wild African Cape buffalo. This thang is so mean, just to look into it's red flamin' eyes, is to see certain death starin' ya back in the face!"

TV Guy: "Yes, yes eh . . . Mr. Randall. That's some commercial. That's a wrap guys, and one over on me."

Randolph: "I'm desperate for my show, man. I ain't got time for questions, more to the point, I've gotta . . ."

2nd TV Guy: "That was a live simulcast feed, Harris, and the station wants you on the horn!"

(Back at the station in Detroit)

WANG TV and Radio Boss: "Hey Harris, this is killa stuff, keep him on! The lines are jammed; stay on it and stay live!"

Cole: "Oh, I will Bill, he's right here. Yes, I'll do it. Really, all the lines are jammed?! Yes, I'm on it! Yes, we'll stay live!"

Randolph: "Ya boss, huh? So, I struck a chord. Ya gotta do it live.

Right?"

Cole: "Right, roll it guys, it's all the way live! We're here at the Detroit Rail Yard outside of Detroit talking with . . ."

Randolph: "Randolph N. Randall, and as I was sayin', Detroit, keep my event alive. I literally need all the money you can give me. And meat, red raw meat! You know, hamburger, steaks, whole hams, legs of lamb, fish even, but fresh meat and fish only. We need to feed 'em 'cause they're all starvin', see?

"Listen to 'em! They're bangin' up against the bars, growlin', roarin', snarlin' and slobberin' to get out and tear us all to pieces! So come and give yourself and the kids a terrific thrill! Ah . . . I see ya comin' in now That's it, keep on comin', Detroit. Drive on out here, Motor City. If you're unemployed, on/or off work, leave Motown and save these big cats!

"See the performers! Look in the red angry, ferocious eyes of an African wild Cape buffalo! The only one untamed, buck wild mad and mean as sin in captivity. He would gore you and trample you to death with his powerful horns and thunderin' sharp hooves! "Come on, come one, come all. We've got the show. We've got the big cast. Look at 'em, just like in the Bible! I see Samson and the beautiful waay tan Woman at the Well . . ."

Candy: "Hi, R n'R."

Randolph: "Awright, move along now, Miss, I'm married. And folks, over to my left, surrounded by a throng of fans, is Jesus of Nazareth, his mother Mary, Martha and her sexy sister, the sultry smellin', sensational singin', Mary Magdalene. Be here when she and all his Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples are at his side as he's recitin' the Sermon on the Mount!

"Ah, the cars . . . and I mean mad dash Motor City's streamin' up in here! Here they come, drivin' cars they made in the big three automotive factories. That's it Detroit, come feed the great beast. They're waitin' for you in their cages! Bring us that dinner you had planned; you pretty Michigan housewives in Detroit! Bring that rump roast, that raw chicken. Gimmie that dinner, woman, don't cook it, lady. The big cats want it raw, bloody and fresh! You can feed 'em, you can throw it in the mouth of a savage beast yourself!

"It's the thrill of a life time! And for the little kids, we've got a tiny, newborn baby kangaroo, all pink and wrinkled. They say that he

weighs only one hundred and twenty grams; he's two days old and named Joey. The mama's fine now 'cause she had a cold one, a Budlite they tell me, and it saved her life.

"We've got it goin' on now! Hey, that's the idea: sport-utility vehicleville, cars, RV's, pick-up trucks, buses, that's it! However, the performers will be collectin' donations now and no I.O.U.'s. Yeah, donations and meat only now! We don't have diddley, but we are the entertainment event of the new millennium, the greatest simulation of the Holy Bible in the world!" Randolph can't believe the traffic coming in he sees, as he continues to speak. So emboldened, he decides on the spot to charge a fair ticket price.

"I'm gonna charge all you first come, first serve lucky people, twenty bucks a pop! So bring it and break it off. We'll be up in the rail yard all day n' night and open for your pleasure! Come on now Detroit, and don't forget to bring that dinner meat: The lions, Bonnie n' Clyde and the tigers, Stars n' Stripes and the leopards, Spot n' Dot and the black panthers, Smut n' Jet, the cheetahs, Quick n' Quicker, the hyenas, Silly n' Dilly and the black bears, Fuzzy n' Wuzzy, the wolves, Sun n' Moon and alligators, Dizzy n' Lizzy and the seals, Flip and Flap are hungry and homeless!" Randolph made up all the animals names impromptu he could not remember.

"Come on Detroit, come on Michigan. Come on anybody who sees and hears me! Bring it to 'em, red and raw, still on the bone."

. . .

Randolph's precious posse arrives, and they gaze out over a great bloomed and verdant meadow, gloriously embellished with a border of wild flora and fauna, flaunting Mother Nature's abundant beautiful full array, kissed by the August summer sun. Every shade abounds in early autumn with a full representation of the Almighty's palette, and is blessed by an explosion of the good Lord's thundershower power from heaven. A hallowed crackle likened to God's own lightning streaked the broken skies with a Holific Hologram, white hot, electric light show to behold by all present.

After the Amazer `Super` Lazer warm quick sprinkle of raindrops, there is the most spectacular rainbow with birds singin' and wingin' in

its gleaming arc of red, blue, green, yellow and orange, even purple and pink; a radiant bow stretching all the way to the vast horizon over the Detroit River and into Canada. Then a navy of riverboats floats in fleets at a lugubrious pace, ferrying the urban many to the pasture from the City of Darkness, as Detroit is literally, politically, economically and racially speaking today.

Now the sky is a solid royal blue and the weather is an ideal 75 degrees. The atmosphere is an incendiary, exciting, amazing curious anticipation of fun. It's the time of year in Michigan, when late summer leaves her seductive splendid decor designs, making way for the vivid living Technicolor majesty of flamboyant fall in the eastern part of the state. The fragrance of wild flowers and the smell of this season change, is more than an autumnal afternoon hint now in the very air they breathe, mingled with the mighty machines the railroad presents in queues of iron and steel trains on the puzzle of rail yard tracks, blending odors of oil, steam and circus animals, with BYO (bring your own) outdoor appetizing cooking smells.

Domesticated exotic beast are led to the babbling brook near the river to drink and greet the boats coming faster to the meadow, pulling people packed barges. The sounds of giant engines blasting, combined with roars, wheenies and growls of animals and people partying together with boat whistles, bells, sirens, and (courtesy of the House of Louse), unbeknownst to Monica and Joe, a calliope played by their paternal grandma, Celeste `Fingers` Spain, merging with the Rancor Circus and Scripture Park bands, playing together in concert with the fortissimo cheering crowds, creates a cacophonous minimalist composition, Charles Ives would've loved. Thousands stand on the shore by the rickety dock at the river's edge, where pilings, lilacs and water lilies, cattails and reeds grow in bluish green oil slick pollution.

The pasture, however, is a virtual garden spot to behold as far as the naked eye can see. Randolph has authentic Nazi field marshal, Erwin Rommel's binoculars from Pearson, hanging around his neck now, and he surveys the proceedings to where a smiling J.C. stands barefooted on a mount, as an arms open wide Messiah, in a dove white robe at the end of the rainbow, symbolizing a human godsend pot of gold, waiting while water taxis bring in throngs all day, every minute by minute, and second by millisecond.

Joe's giant speakers are hung on mountainous cranes and placed in a natural audio, surround sound setting above the merry multitudes of

happy human hordes. It's a public ritual in progress, a collective American classic experience, televised worldwide free of charge, a gift to the people on the planet from Randolph and the gang, a love production of a gray-headed, mephitic mouth, gospel diva's dream come true.

The rail yard is before the pasture and borders the Detroit River. The cynics cry trick, but J.C. threatens to walk on water here Sunday all the way across to Windsor, Canada, after he baptizes thousands of satisfied converts. Heaven on earth and the Garden of Eden describe the scene in the pasture to the great beyond. How beautiful it is with bright burning crimson and sunny solid, blue, cloudless skies, monarch butterflies fluttering and bees buzzing, making delicious honey in hives hidden in the many hectares of woods to the west of the event.

A vast vibrant valentine of breathtaking beauty filling a whopping wide-open space in a great open-minded state in the great outdoors, at nature's own humongous amphitheater awaits those coming. Black gospel music par excellent from a flatbed truck via Joe's speakers, envelopes the maddening crowd that begins to clap and chant in call and response cadence when the super Gospop! Band, Hot Fudge Sundae's infectious beat like a Sunday go to meetin' church picnic on the ground jubilee, grips the passing people who participate in this peak experience, and the greatest starry crown love-in of worldwide proportions ever known to man begins!

Gwen: "Ran!"

Randolph embraces and kisses Gwen, then repeats his passion with the other women as he now even embraces the men after they pound fists. "Gwen baby, ummm . . .! Hey Rev., gimmie some love! Janet, ummm! Pearson, thanks for bringin' the binoculars! Money Honey Monika, ummm! Space . . . and with a Bible! Carter, looks like you're a paymaster at last! And, Skinny Minnie! . . . My gang."

Rev.: "We caught you on TV and radio, it's wonderful! Look at this crowd. We had to tell 'em we were with the show to get in free."

Janet: "It's packed on the roads, an optimum overflow; the city is in an uproar. It's a tailgate picnic panic, bumper to bumper in the streets to get here. Harry flew us here from the hotel heliport."

Randolph: "Have you guys eaten? Are you cool?"

Janet: "Yes, we had room service, you sound strange, R n'R."

Randolph: "Y'all lookin' good, I'm glad ya got here. Hey there, Sharon, sweetie. Whatzup, Harry and Smug Doug?"

Bitch Ho: "I told ya, shit, this nigga ain't his fuckin' self! Dammit."

Rev.: "Son, this deal is crackin'. Look at 'em from all over the state, comin' ev'ry which a way! We saw 'em on the roads in the chopper, tremendous job, Randolph!"

Monika: "I can play a Bible character. Who do you see me as, Ran?"
Men are beginning to snap Monika's picture as they pass by.

Randolph: "Somebody great and way fine, I'm thinkin', Money Honey, and I'll get back to you on it soon. (He imagines a Mephistopheles morphed Monika, or bigger and better, he thought, Lilith, who was Adam's first wife in Jewish folklore before Eve was created.) Look at the crowd! They came, look at this wild, gigantic, waaay maddening mushroomin' many multitudes magnitude mass!"

Carter: "It's truly amazing; it's awesome, we . . . rather you pulled off a miracle, again."

Randolph: "Yeah, now let's get organized; it's way too huge to control. So before we have to put the whole thang on the honor system, you guys get all of the entertainers to circulate and collect the twenty bucks a pop scratch. We need a control center now, see? Rev., you run it with Janet. Carter, count the proceeds as they turn it in. Buy a RV trailer off of somebody out here; there's an army of 'em and somebody's bound to deal one over. Keep and count the money there, and guard it with a bunch of Detroit's finest. Space, you get your cam, recharge your batteries and shoot this monster quick! Pearson, do your thang, watch our backs and stay with the money. Now Gwen, you, Monika and Vernice keep track of what we need; get all the names and particulars of who's workin' for us. Go on now and get busy, gang, let's hustle! I'm glad to see ya, and I love each one of ya to death."

Bitch Ho: "What about me, Ran? Ya left me fuckin' out, man! Shit."

Randolph: "You stick with the fly guys, Sharon, you're the air patrol. Go up and locate us a big enough space, so we can relocate

tomorrow and have our shows, if we can't perform here. Find us somewhere nearby our tracks, just in case we don't get to stay put right here."

Harry: "Right boss, we're up and on it. Come on, Sharon."

Bitch Ho: "That nigga's on somethin', dammit. He don't hardly sound like hisself, shit."

Gwen kisses Randolph passionately. "I like it. Mmmm, I'm sleeping in your bed tonight, Ran."

Randolph: "I can't wait, sugar face, ummm."

Space: "I still only have this Kaizen twenty-four hour digital cam, man, and a big box of tape."

Randolph: "Shoot it, shoot it, Space!"

Space: "Ok, I got it, I'm shootin'!"

Kozmo: "My people are collectin', boss man; we need more guys at the gate. It's hard to get that twenty bucks at the gate. They rush in so fast and they're so many. And they're still comin' by land, by sea and by air. So what about another money collectin' system, boss man?"

Randolph: "Well, I'll see that it's on the peoples conscious. I'm still chargin' twenty bucks a pop and that's my final price, or it's donations, whichever comes first. I'm sendin' out another request for the twenty bucks a pop on TV and radio, plus, we'll be waitin' at the gate and on the dock this time to collect."

T.R.: "More coverage, man, all the local TV and radio stations came in choppers! It's a madhouse!"

Randolph: "Yeah, I'll do another announcement in twenty minutes. Tell all our people to give the money to Carter over there."

The gnarly, spry, old dead rat in rancid two week old garbage mouth grand dame of black gospel music, makes her way with a cane, and her sexy soul sister surgical masked assistant, Lucy's help, over to Randolph. "You didn't mention music once, boy! I told you we need music! So I called the Gospop! groups I told you about, and my accompanist, arranger, music director, Zachariah `Old Hymns`

Hemsley, and they'll be performin' their "Hymn 2 Him" DAT live here tonight." Elaine joins Randolph at the old chipped, red and green paint, gutted, boarded up railway station, in the crowded roadway by a maze of train tracks, dressed in a wide-brim straw hat, long white robe, shades and sandals.

Randolph: "Insane Elaine!" Randolph instinctively holds his nose around her now.

Elaine: "We can have the performance on that big, old, empty loadin' platform. It's high enough and wide enough, then as you can see, the ceilin's shaped just like a big ol' band shell, and the railroad ain't usin' it anymore. It needs a coat of white paint and then you can turn it around, facin' the crowd. You'd better tell Joe to set up the mikes, and we've got to have lights!" Elaine picks out the perfect stage.

Randolph: "Yeah, ok, good idea, anythang else?"

Elaine: "I'll be performin', of course, with A Month of Sundays Mass Choir, Hot Fudge Sundae and Thy Kingdom Kum Quartet. Remember, I told you to call 'em?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I'm busy with all of this money n' meat stuff now. So what do ya think of the crowd, old woman?"

Elaine: "Impressive, but I saw a much bigger bunch in New York City at the old World's Fair grounds out in the Flushing Meadows back in the sixties, or was it in the forty's?"

Randolph: "You way crazy, it must be over twenty thousand folks out here now, and they're still comin'. Look at that traffic on the road windin' to the highway! Check out the Detroit River, it's jammed with vessels. Then there's the trains comin' in from ev'ry direction, haulin' fans to the show. And check out our flyin' fleet of birds; the air is full of choppers, bringin' in rich payin' customers."

Elaine: "It's squashin' with spectators, son, and it was very resourceful of you to go on TV like that; I caught it in the dinin' car. Not bad, but not enough about music! You're just featurin' the wild beast!"

Randolph: "Look, I'm goin' on TV again, so you can appear with me, and all the music lovers will come out tonight, ok?"

Elaine: "Yes, yes, but inform Joe and get mikes and lights, we need 'em."

Randolph arranges his collar and beckons the TV and radio crews over. "Ok, old lady, awright guys, I'm ready!"

TV Guy: "P.U.! Stand way over there, Randall. Who's the shit bag, super smelly, old stinky breath broad?"

Randolph: "Insane Elaine Griffin, are we on yet?" The cameras are rolling and the audios on.

TV Guy: "You mean the old crazy woman gospel singer?"

2nd TV Guy: "I thought she was confined to a mental hospital."

Randolph: "The whole cast of religious performers were. However, they're cured now and here to do the show!"

3rd TV Guy: "Are you kiddin', all these people are nuts?"

Randolph: "Naw, they're sane as me, but I don't know about you guys. All y'all look squirrely to me."

4th TV Guy: "That's a great angle, Mitch, go with it."

5th TV Guy: "Yeah, any murderers?"

Randolph: "Naw, are you crazy, these are actors only. Look at 'em, and look at that crowd!"

6th TV Guy: "Ok, let's do it, talk up the crazy angle. That'll hold 'em!"

Mitch: "Mitch Hall from WORK TV, Detroit."

Sam: "Sam Fettangi, WYUP TV, Lansing, Michigan."

Cal: "Calvin Jethroe, WNOT TV, Detroit's only all news station."

Harris: "Harris, I broke this story, Cole! WANG TV, Detroit."

Cyndy: "Cyndy Knapp, WTAP TV, Battle Creek, Michigan."

Marsha: "Marsha Shaeffer WCOP TV, Troy, Michigan."

TV Guy: "Go!"

Randolph: "Yeah, Detroit, it's me again, folks, and I'm Randolph N. Randall, and this strikin' woman standin' with me in the Michigan sunshine is the greatest Gospop! singer on earth, the sensational supastar of stars, Elaine Griffin . . . Elaine Griffin . . . Insane Elaine ev'rybody!"

Elaine: "Aarrgh!" Elaine scares and scatters the TV, radio reporters and camera crews with her ugliest face and a blast of toxic toilet bowl, turd breath . . . or was it gas, and maybe both combined?

TV Guys: "Oh shit!"

Randolph: "Naw, that was a P.U. Pentecostal poot. Insane Elaine is appearin' out at the rail yard tonight with all of our performers and two full Gospop! groups, a Month of Sundays Mass Choir and . . ."

Elaine: "Hot Fudge Sundae! Thy Kingdom Kum Quartet, Old Hymns! and Jelly Belly Bob Jubilee! I said ooga booga ramooga ooowoel!"

Randolph: "Yeah, so bring your buns out here and get ya bomp bomp, stomp stomp on!"

Kozmo: "Tell 'em to take the tin foil and Saran Wrap off the meat, boss man. It makes the animals real angry and we have enough meat now, so no more meat, please! We're puttin' the extra in the refrigerator cars."

Randolph: "Awright, ya heard Kozmo, our main Rancor Circus guy, no more meat, just money, no more meat, just money!" Randolph inspires the crowd within the sound of his voice to chant `No more meat, just money,´ as he speaks from a policeman's bullhorn now.

Cyndy: "Are these people in the religious costumes crazy?"

Randolph: "Naw pretty, I told ya, sane as me."

Marsha: "Why are you here in Detroit?"

Randolph: "We came from Ypsilanti, darlin'. Ya hear that crowd,

there's a lotta folks here from there!"

Stuart: "Then all these people escaped from the mental institution in Ypsilanti? Is that correct?"

Randolph: "Naw, no one escaped, these people were rehearsin' in a place that use to be a nut house, but not anymore, see?"

Cyndy: "Why don't you have money, and why didn't you have meat for your big cats?"

Randolph: "We ran out of both, Miss Lady."

Marsha: "This all seems a badly planned circus to me. And isn't Rancor Circus an outlaw circus, banned in seven states?"

Randolph: "Well, Miss, they ain't banned by me is all I know. They helped me and I'm glad as hell to have 'em!"

Sam: "Why are those hippos and rhinos and especially that one big male Cape buffalo so furiously ferociously fierce?"

Randolph: "That's the disposition of the beast; they act like that for your entertainment only, of course."

Mitch: "Cute, Randall, good answer but not acceptable. The way they charge and bang, you could be setting this crowd up, and even this whole neck of the woods up for a gosh darn, horrible mishap, if they should escape!"

Randolph: "That's not gonna happen. My guys are pros, and those cages are locked tight, and they'll hold tight, see?"

Cyndy: "Randall, why isn't that darling little baby kangaroo in a zoo's care? And the mother drinks beer I understand, that's unconscionable!"

Randolph: "Yeah, awright, the baby's alive and cute as hell. It's very close to it's mama now, and the mama enjoys a cold one once and a while, so sue me!"

The TV male press laughs.

Cyndy: "Very funny, ok, laugh all of you. But it's cruelty to animals, and the law is very clear about it. And that feeding frenzy with the big

cats eating chickens whole with one bite, and gnawing on legs of lamb . . . it's soooo gross! How could you allow such savage sensationalism?"

Randolph: "I did what I had to do, lady. I had to feed 'em raw meat. That's their diet; they don't like hay."

Marsha: "That buffalo is demented; he's mentally ill as your cast of characters here! Why this whole idea is from a sick deranged mind! You all should be arrested, not applauded!"

Randolph: "You're way off base, lady, this is my event, my show. We had some money troubles. For instance, did any of you get a call to come here from an agency?"

All: "No!"

Randolph: "I rest my case. I was promised help, but my sponsor, and ex-partner lied to me, so I did all I could do on the spot, and it worked!"

Mitch: "You're convincing enough for a street hustler, but when did inner city guys like you get into the circus business?"

Randolph: "You mean black dudes like me, right? Well, I'll tell you, maybe I'm the first, but my spectacular is a once and a lifetime equal opportunity moneymaker! Hey Carter, come over here a second and tell some of these skeptics how much you've counted so far." Carter is working out of an old blue Mazda parked next to the rail station porch.

Carter: "Yes . . . there's a lot of cash, casino chips and food stamps."

Reporters: "Food stamps!"

Carter: "Yes, many are paying in food stamps; we'll cash them in also, and answer to the government later. However, there are over sixty thousand dollars in cash so far and about eleven thousand dollars in Canadian cash and traveler's checks. We can't accept credit cards yet. Maybe in another two hours, I'm calling the Detroit River Bank on it now and no more personal checks."

Randolph: "Ya see, so no plastic until tonight, folks, no more personal checks either. Get real; this is an entertainment bonanza. Just

bring the kids and leave the meat. Only bring cash money, give it to any of my performers in costume you see. Because of your great numbers now, we're operatin' on the honor system. So gimme that twenty bucks a pop to witness the show of the ages! The most phenomenal presentation in the history of the entire world! The show to set your tongues to waggin', the one that will make you squirm and wiggle in your seat. Oh, and bring seats tonight. Bring chairs, yeah, sleepin' bags, and blankets, 'cause it's gettin' cool now!

"Tonight, come on out to the Detroit rail yard. Bring cash and plastic only! But I'll take the food stamps, if it's all ya got. We can sell you `food for thought` and cash 'em later. Come on and hear the electric, fantastic, supastar of supastars . . . Insane Elaine Griffin! Come on out, it's her first appearance in . . ."

Elaine: "One year . . . Yoweeeee!" Elaine makes more ugly faces, lifts her robe to her knees and does a Holy Roller dance.

Randolph: "Whoa . . . You see her, I smell her, look at that! Go Elaine! Holy Joe, look at her go! All you big-time network guys watchin' and listenin' to me, hear this. No more freebie, it's gonna cost ya now. I'll come up with a fancy financial figure befitting this fantastic show. So, all y'all call on me in person with a blank certified check, and we'll deal. Ok, and all you radio networks, I'm down linkin' this terrestrial/satellite simulcast worldwide via my daddy's radio station WRNR in D.C., and `Adroit Detroit` deejay, Buddy Gee will do the honors on the mike, live. Awright, that's enough. Press conference is over. Come on out tonight, and see the supa show, Scripture Park!"

Kozmo: "That's great, boss man. I hired twenty-five guys, and I put 'em on the poop scoop detail; they can hose down the cages."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, what else?"

Kozmo: "That guy over with Pete in the suit and the two uniformed brass bulls is a railroad biggie. He's comin' over to talk you out of tonight with the crowd, so be careful, boss man, and hang tough."

The three men come straight to Randolph.

Randolph: "Yeah, can I help you guys?"

Gire: "I'm Timothy Gire, general manager of the yard, and this is Commander Smeeding and Fire Chief Engler."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Commander: "You have a crowd problem, so far we've handled it, but tonight it could get nuts. Do you have any idea how much it costs to secure this kind of crowd?"

Randolph: "Naw, but I'll have enough to pay for it, commander, if they keep comin'."

Gire: "Hell, the yard has other business goin' on, and you're monopolizing a great deal of yard space with people all over the tracks; the danger is too great! So we gotta move your crowd over to the pasture there and away from my trains. It's gonna be too dangerous and too late if we wait until tonight. So move 'em over there, that space is wide open as far as you can see. We contacted the owner, so if you cooperate, you can use it tonight." Randolph realizes the rip-off ritual is going down now and plays dumb, going along, instead of tough guy talking to these malicious mountebank men, in order to establish a deal for his event.

Randolph: "What about it, commander, you and the chief think you could see your way clear to one night in the pasture there? I'd sure be grateful."

Commander: "You move your people and we'll talk."

Randolph: "Awright, thanks guys! Michigan is the best, and I mean tops!"

And Kozmo continues the average American guy dufus act. "I'll get 'em movin', boss man! It's a good deal, zowiee!"

Chapter Forty-four

. . .

Double X-ing Distraught Depressed, Postal People, I'm Not Scared of U

Rev. comes up with a whimpering wreck of a white man in his late thirties, a teary-eyed salesman type, five foot nine and a half, one hundred and fifty pounds soaking wet, with salty tears, and all the hysterical chutzpah, a man, any man could command. He was sure of himself by his tone and body language, and Randolph could see him coming, as it were, with all the connections and big deals they needed.

Rev.: "This is Brian Cash, he's been cryin' to meet you, Randolph. He has some misty-eyed money ideas."

Brian: "Yes, pleased to meet you, Mr. Randall. I'm chief investment strategist for the Cash on the Barrel Head Cooperation of Romulus, Michigan!"

Randolph: "Ya oughta change that last part and say, of America! Why you cryin' like that, man, control yourself?"

Brian: "I can't, it's all potentially pathetic, money wise, please forgive me."

Rev.: "He's been like this, son. When I met him, he burst into tears. I think he's a maudlin money manager."

Randolph: "Yeah, look-a-here . . ."

Brian: "Brian . . ."

Randolph: "Cryin' Brian, what can I do for you?"

Cryin' Brian: "Let me raise funds for you if you're strapped. I weep for joy to do this! Money is my strong suit. How much do you need to keep you afloat, Mr. Randall?"

Randolph: "As much as I can get, enough to get nine hundred people room and board, and feed over two hundred animals. Hell, I need a lot, man, and quit snivellin', and blow your snotty nose."

Cryin' Brian: "You have nothin', not a cent?"

Randolph: "We have some cash on hand now, but not nearly

enough."

Cryin' Brian: "How much cash on hand, sir?"

Randolph: "On hand, good question I'll check. Carter!" Randolph summons his chief accountant, and he comes on the run from the Mazda.

Carter: ". . . Yes Randall, I'm here. What is it?"

Randolph: "This sobbin' mess wants to know how much scratch we have now?"

Carter: "Who is he, and why is he cryin' like that?"

Randolph: "He's a faint-hearted financial consultant, as near as Rev. and I can figure."

Carter: "And you want me to let him know our financial condition just like that, because he asked?"

Randolph: "Yeah, tell 'em!"

Carter: "We've got twice what I told you last time, and I'm still counting. They're still turning it in, and the people are still coming . . ."

Randolph: "Twenty K . . . right?" Randolph calculates in his mind the figure he is willing to risk on Cryin' Brian, then lied and winked at Carter to go along with the false figure of twenty thousand, when it is really much more.

Cryin' Brian: "Cash?"

Carter: "Who is this? I'm head of finance. This is an insult even for you, Randall!"

Rev.: "Go along with us, Carter. Randolph's playin' a hunch here, that's all."

Cryin' Brian: "You can get one million dollars in the morning. I'll arrange an SBA loan cashier's check. Then invest said cash in

infomercials. Send them out to the next town you plan to appear in, where I can get you a deal up front with Pearly Gate Tickets. They'll handle your admissions from now on. You need plastic quick; you'll die without the middle class. Stadiums are useless unless they're enclosed; it's getting cool now, September's coming. I saw the TV spots you did, both of 'em. I'll send them out worldwide; I'll get copies. I'll get 'em and charge the networks and/or Pay-Per-View TV guys a financier's fortune to show tonight's performance, plus, syndication."

Carter: "Who the hell is this guy, Randall? I'm asking you for an explanation!"

Randolph: "He's a big business guy. I can smell a good one a mile away, so listen and learn, do it and earn."

Carter: "Surely you're joking."

Randolph: "Naw, go on, Cryin' Brian, run it."

Cryin' Brian: "Two way radios, I can get you a bunch of 'em. I'm the treasurer of the firm, Hand to Mouth Communications, so you pay later, one hundred dollars a pop. Ok, then you'll be hooked up and you can code the whole thing inside your operation. Next, phones and computers, you need a bank of phones, a main frame and two or three laptops. I can supply 'em, you pay later, same company!"

Randolph: "This ain't Michigan Square Electronics again is it?"

Cryin' Brian: "Michigan Square, no that's claptrap crap, they're too cheap. I've got quality, state of the art. I'm also financial advisor to a mega mutual fund in electronic technology, interested?"

Randolph: "Not now, but that SBA loan, alone is hip, and the two way radios are cool for privacy. We've got two Kaizen laptops, thank you very much, so that's about it. Oh yeah, those Pearly Gate ticket guys, call 'em, work somethin' out. I want a nationwide deal though. That should be in the millions, right? Let 'em set a ticket price, standard is cool. Let's go with a religious design. I'll lay it out, put our Jesus guy, Joel's picture on it. Yeah, Jesus, a Jesus ticket, and feature all the rest of the cast in the background for now."

Cryin' Brian: "Got it, that's the ticket, what else?"

Carter: "I'm uncomfortable with this, Randall. Are you serious?"

Carter as chief financial officer was highly insulted by Randolph's consultation with an actual stranger in their midst, claiming to be an expert at managing their money.

Randolph: "We're talkin' makin' mucho money, man! You just keep countin' and keepin' it all straight. We'll do fine. Ok, I gotta talk to Holy Joe; he's gotta set up the stage show with lights and mikes. He's got some great sound equipment, I hope it's enough."

Cryin' Brian: "I can get you a stage with lights, tents and most anything else by boat tonight. I've got the goods and I deliver." Cryin' Brian cries inconsolably.

Randolph: "Aw, don't be such a snot nose, cry baby. We can do it out here as is, in the cool night air. What's the weather for tonight like, Jake?"

Jake: "Oh hell, the paper said maybe rain. They don't ever know for sure though."

Randolph: "Oh yeah, well the show must go on, right?"

Carter: "This is crazy, it's impossible! I don't believe this foolishness! Welfare recipients all over the place, food stamps, thousands of them!"

Cryin' Brian: "I can exchange 'em for cash in Romulus tonight, or in the morning, no problem!"

Carter: "Ridiculous, Randall, I insist you at least check this pushy pitiful person's track record! Is he a CPA? What do you know about him, think?"

Randolph: "You think about that, Carter. I'm gonna work on this. Holy Joe! Holy Joe, set up mikes and lights on that platform over there, that's where Elaine wants to perform. But lift it off the foundation and turn the whole thang around facing the pasture, away from the tracks now." Randolph wants the loading platform in the middle with the triple trailers on both sides in a semi-circle, backed and sealed off on the tracks by the number two thousand train.

Joe: "Yeah man, I'll set it up; I'm shy some stuff, but we're cool. A coat or two of fresh white paint won't hurt it either. I might of even

had some more laser. I made some calls, but I was told we couldn't use the laser show because of the Detroit Metro Airport being so close, and we could cause a plane crash and kill our own rabid fans flying in now."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, Joe. T.R. whatzup?"

T.R.: "People crazy as hell, they still throwin' shit in the cages, man, hamburgers and hot dogs. Them big cats gettin' sick off pizza, and shit like that! We even hosin' down peanuts, popcorn, ice cream, sodas and cotton candy!"

Cryin' Brian: "Merchandising, whose got it, I do, I do, I do!"

Randolph: "Yeah, boo hoo, what'cha got? We need a done vendor deal by tonight. I forgot about it too, until ol' T.R. said peanuts and popcorn."

Kozmo: "I've got candy butchers too." (Circus refreshment salesmen)

T.R.: "Thirteen vendor guys are out here so far. I guess they heard it was wide open. They've got about twenty-six food trucks or more out here right now, and there's fifty souvenir and foldin' chair and liquor and cigarette vendors here all from thirteen different small companies."

Randolph: "Thirteen companies, huh?"

Cryin' Brian: "Right, I'll wager I know 'em all. I'll arrange payment from them now."

Randolph: "How much for the food concessions, man?"

Cryin' Brian: "Twenty-five per cent, this quick, it's a one time thing and a one shot deal. I'll have more trucks out here. They can still get through by ferry."

Randolph: "How are the roads, T.R.?"

T.R.: "Jammed, everybody's comin', it's crazy!"

Randolph: "Anythang else, guys?"

T.R.: "J.C., he's blowin' minds just talkin' to 'em! That long line over

there is his! It stretches all around to those trees out there!"

Randolph: "No kiddin', what's he tellin' 'em?"

T.R.: "All he knows, you know how he can blow you away with secret shit. Well, the word got out, now people are linin' up to see him and talk to him!"

Randolph: "Is he healin' folks yet?"

T.R.: "Maybe, I don't know, but he's hot and they all know it now!"

Randolph: "Well, ev'rybody take two hours off. Use your supa loudspeakers and tell 'em, Holy Joe. We'll break for two hours, all of us. Let the new help watch the animals, and put the cops on the gate to stop the party animals 'til show time, I'm beat!" Randolph wryly calls the celebrating crushing crowds, party animals in fun.

Kozmo: "What about the rides, boss man? My guys can set 'em up in a couple of days. Are we gonna be out here for a week?"

Randolph: "Naw, I've got people in the air searchin' for another spot, but hell, this is good enough, 'cause we can't fit in that arena now, right?"

Kozmo: "Right, we need more trailers and tents for cover, boss man, fast!" Randolph stops the tear-jerking hustler before he can cry in.

Randolph: "No, Cryin' Brian, we don't need those tents tonight, 'cause we're gonna stay up in this train; it's leased for tonight only, so don't sweat it, Kozmo. Anyway, I had us rooms in Detroit, but the Kostiers Bank's gone south on us by now. Nevertheless, don't sweat it, we can pay cash for the rooms, right Rev.?" Randolph checks with Rev. to verify the living arrangements.

Rev.: "Yes, son, Mark said we have reservations at the Room at the Inn Hotel for a week, and we can stay on the train tonight. So between the two we're covered."

Randolph points out Gire, the general manager of the rail yard to Rev., "Tell that railroad guy the deal, Rev., and hire more choppers,

three more tonight in case any of the performers wanna fly to the hotel and rest, instead of sleepin' on the train. I'll foot the bill if I have to. "

Rev.: "I'm on it now, son, don't worry."

Pearson: "Randolph, that crowd's rowdy over by the psychic, J.C., and I'm just as concerned as the police."

Randolph: "Yeah, I heard J.C.'s at it again. Well, don't worry; I'll have a word with him. I think it'll be all right though. God, look at that crowd! It's swelling into a massive population explosion! It must be around . . ."

Janet: "Fifty thousand people, easy." Janet is in full traditional Hindu garb for the occasion. Her sari is the color of the Indian flag, white, green, and saffron, (orange yellow) and she looked at Randolph as if he were the great god-king Ram. (Ramayana)

Randolph: "Hi, brown baby, that's hip, Hindu honey. You sho' lookin' good, girl."

Janet: "Thanks, R n'R, but wait 'til you get a gander at Gwen, she went to town!"

Randolph: "Oh yeah, awright."

Janet: "We all brought changes, so expect to see a freaky fashion show, even Vernice is stylin' and kickin' up her high heels, puttin' on a show, man."

Rev.: "Everybody's up at the road collectin'. I, well we, Janet and I thought it best to get up on the road first."

Randolph: "Yeah, they're parkin' free all over the fields across the road now."

Janet: "We get 'em when they park. The circus people and the Children of Israel are on the case. They don't miss a trick, pardon the expression." That same intimate gaze passes between them as before. And Randolph smiles at the inside insinuation from Janet that he's still pandering.

Randolph: "Don't look at me, baby."

Janet: "R n'R, you sure sound strange and much more . . ."

Carter: "Civilized, and I can respect that so much better than a vagina vendors various vacuous volcanic vulgarities."

Randolph: "Pearson, I see you drivin' with Vernice a lot."

Pearson: "Collections, I escort her back with the cash."

Randolph: "Good move, man. Ok, I'm gonna lay down for an hour and try to sleep."

Jake: "Phone."

Randolph answers. "Yeah."

Mark: "Nigga, it's me."

Randolph instinctively walks away from the others with the cell phone to talk to Mark. Long gone is Mark's, Sir and/or Lord Ashton title in America because he now enjoys a dual citizenship and is considered a ci-devant (former noble or aristocrat). Today he is just another number two buster at the helm, who must brook Randolph being the final arbiter in all business matters, forever. "Albino, whatzup?"

Mark: "Mothafucka, is that all ya got to say? Shit."

Randolph: "Where are ya?"

Mark: "In the Bermuda Triangle, I'm callin' more for Mia, man. She's not really down with this move I made. It was all my idea. I made her follow me. She begged me to stop, but you know me, shit, I had to shoot my shot.

"I started planning AIDS Island fourteen months ago. I put all I had in it, over six huge from my salary at Kaizen! Well, it turned into a problem, and I lost big-time, but the joint was hot, and I booked it solid n' da wallet for the opening. Money was a ripe, sweet hustle then, until they sent me down and we got fired. So I lost it before

construction completion, but I hung tough. Mia drew up the papers at Kaizen, you had twenty-five percent, man, but they snatched it up!

The class action lawsuits came, and I settled out of court when I turned it over to a medical firm in San Francisco. It's a way wrong, long story, guy."

Randolph: "What about the funny money?"

Mark: "That guy you sent took it, and the coast guard or some shit grabbed his ass. I don't know, I was on the Black Albino when they boarded us. I was comin' back, man, me and Mia. We were sick about the whole thing. We were comin' back with the whole amount, one hundred huge, baby . . . too little too late now though, shit."

Randolph: "Why were they holdin' you and Mia in Baja?"

Mark: "That guy you sent told 'em we gave him the money. They don't know it's funny yet. They suspect drugs, you know, so they looked for drugs on the yacht, and searched the amphibious aircraft he came in. Who is that crazy fuck, R n'R, and why did you sick scum like that on us? He's fuckin' nuts, man. He threatened to burn Mia with a lit Castro cigar! Shit."

Randolph: "You asked for it; you messed over the gang. You left 'em stranded with no cash. I had to cover your ass; you deserved it, Mark." Randolph admonishes his best friend and wonders who's really behind it all.

Mark: "You still sound weird, man! Shit. Whatzup, you got my old spot warm for me and Mia when we come back?"

Randolph: "Bring my boat back and we'll see, but it can never be like before."

Mark: "Jolly good, that's all I needed to know, nigga, later, shit." Mark hangs up and Gire, the crooked general manager of the Detroit rail yard comes over with the dirty deal Detroit police commander to talk.

Randolph: "Yeah."

Gire: "It's gonna cost you one hundred grand, Randall, and not one cent less."

Randolph: "You speakin' 'bout now, or tonight?"

Gire: "We want half now and the other half after this hallelujah hoedown you're throwin' tonight."

Randolph: "Carter!" Randolph calls his CPA and realizes he'll have to amortize Gire's graft, if the crowds continue growing because he'll want much more.

Gire: "I hope you understand all this is strictly off the record, and don't try to skip town without payin' tonight. Tell 'em, commander."

Commander: "Yeah, you wouldn't like my dreaded Detroit jail, so just pay up, and be on your way. If I were you, I'd leave the state, you had a good run." Carter comes over with his brilliant bar-coded, bean-counting brain.

Carter: "Yes, Randall, is there a problem?"

Randolph: "I need fifty K cash."

Carter: "Why, oh . . . I see, yes, I'll get it." Carter sees the shakedown brewing in the general manager's gluttonous, extortionist eyes.

Commander: "You got a lotta low lifes out here, drinkin' and dopin', soon they'll be fightin' and robbin' and stealin' and killin'. They'll be a million blacks out here tonight. That's where we come in, get it?"

Randolph: "Naw, I ain't seen no trouble yet. It's gonna be a helluva show, that's all I know." Carter returns dragging two sacks with two cops dragging four U.S. mail sacks.

Carter: "It's all in twenties, I hope that's . . ."

Randolph takes the sacks of money from Carter." Solid n' da wallet, go on back and keep countin', sortin' and stackin' it, but you two cops wait here."

Carter: "As you say, Randall, gentlemen."

Randolph: "Here guys, ya can count it in the phone booth."

Gire: "I trust you until tonight, and don't try anything cute. We're watchin' you, here's your permit." A ghoulish Gire leers and hands Randolph a blank piece of paper. Then he and the crooked cop

commander leave through the growing gigantic gathering with the two cops dragging the mail sacks of money to an ominous black terminus and roundhouse, plus, brand-new loading dock, up the tracks, a city block away.

Randolph: "Carter!" Randolph calls Carter again for more mad money as T.R. joins him.

T.R.: "If J.C. is so powerful, how come he don't cure Laine's bad ass breath, man?"

Randolph: "He'll get around to it one of these days, I hope."

T.R.: "Her breath smells like a bed pan with three day old number two floatin' 'round up in it."

Randolph: "Yeah."

Carter runs back over to Randolph. "Randall, not more payoffs I hope?"

Randolph: "Naw, that's the only one so far. How much ya got now?"

Carter: "Minus that fifty K, two hundred K or so, why?"

Randolph: "Yeah, that's minus fifty K more for the last payment tonight after the show. You keep it with you in separate mail bags."

Cryin' Brian comes back in dolorous tears. "Great, I've got you both here together! What about that SBA deal? Do you want it, guys?"

Carter: "No!"

Randolph: "Hold on, Carter, run it again, Cryin' Brian."

Cryin' Brian: "One hundred fifty grand cash on the barrel head gets you an SBA, fifty-one per cent minority stake loan of the maximum amount, one million in the mornin'. And I got'cha two way radios, thirty of 'em now. I'm workin' on three hundred acres cheap, dirt-cheap for a week! Then your two or three more helicopters are comin' in tonight!"

Randolph: "Who gets the remaining forty-nine per cent?"

Cryin' Brian: "Thought you'd never ask, you're lookin' at 'em, yours truly, partner!" Cryin' Brian begins bawling like a dirty diaper baby.

Carter: "I'm gonna be sick."

Randolph: "Hang tight, man, what else partner, and lighten up on the water works!" Cryin' Brian begins to mewl and speak in a vulnerable victim's voice.

Cryin' Brian: "Well, the food concessions are kickin' back twenty-five percent. So I'll collect and give it to your guy here, if that's ok, partner?"

Randolph: "What about that Pearly Gate ticketer you had?"

Cryin' Brian: "The big guys flyin' in tonight to check us out. And if the crowd's impressive as today, I'd say it's a cinch! I also got us copies of the TV spots you did, just great! I can't wait, I can't! Pay-Per-View is in with a potential syndication package for millions if the crowds double tonight!"

Randolph: "Quit blubberin', Cryin'Brian! Snap out of it! And I'll handle TV and radio, so don't touch it." Cryin' Brian is sobbing like an ugly, old, rich, wham bam widow woman, at her sexy young hot, hung handsome second husband's funeral.

Carter: "This is too much, even for you, Randall. So again I implore you to look into this. Wait until tomorrow. Why you could clear all the money we need without his SBA loan. Go to a real bank, not this weepin', simpering con man!"

Cryin' Brian: "Times a wastin', guys, better decide now. I've got the papers right here. You get fifty-one percent, Randolph N. Randall, and I get forty-nine percent, Brian C. Cash, CPA, that's me, and that million-dollar SBA check is all ours in the morning. Then I can promote us into the biggest possible venue open at this time, in the first big town to respond! Therefore I repeat, the Pearly Gate Ticket head guy will be here tonight, and . . ."

Randolph: "Pay 'em, Carter, one hundred fifty K!"

Carter: "What?"

Randolph: "You heard me, we need connections and deals to get

hard cash at this stage. We gotta have cash security, then we can meet payroll. Now look, Cryin' Brian, you've gotta get that check by . . ."

Cryin' Brian: "Ten in the morning, sir, tomorrow morning, by no later than ten. Why the ink won't even be dry when I deposit it in my bank in Romulus, at the Romulus and Remus Savings and Loans."

Carter: "Oh, my God . . ."

Randolph: "Go get the scratch, Carter, do it!"

Carter: "Heaven help us, this is sheer madness. I don't believe this is happening." Carter tries in vain to collect his humiliation, doubts and suspicions, while going back to the blue Mazda for the money.

Cryin' Brian: "Sorry for the division there, but that's show business for you."

Randolph: "Look, man, I know you can cop this bread, see? So make sure I don't have to come to this Romulus lookin' for you, ya dig?"

Cryin' Brian: "This is an easy done deal. I've got it all on videotape! The crowds, and your salesmanship are well noted! As you're speaking, great hordes were lining up on the highways and heading straight for the sound of your voice to check it all out. It's all on tape, the Bible characters in costume, and the wild animals in cages being fed by the people throwing red raw meat at them! The crowds swarming a scramble all over these yards in broad daylight are enough!"

Randolph: "So why didn't the Pearly Gate ticket guy check all that out?"

Cryin' Brian: "This guy is usually the last to bite, so he's still on the fence. But if you draw big tonight, you'll be his star attraction."

Randolph: "Me?"

Cryin' Brian: "Yes, you, the people came for you! The tape shows that. You're the super salesman they bought into, so be the ringmaster tonight. They'll love it, you'll see I'm right!"

Randolph: "Hell, I don't wanna be in the spotlight. I just want the show to be a smokin' success!"

Carter comes back reluctantly, driving the old blue Mazda, pulling a small U-haul trailer, loaded with mail sacks full of money. He left the remaining money with Vernice and Pearson in another purchased used car. "Check it, count it, and don't get those wet salty tears of yours all over it. It's as you wanted, one hundred fifty K cash."

Cryin' Brian pules at being accepted as a partner. "I'm on my way to Romulus, gentlemen! You won't regret this transaction! So, 'til tomorrow at ten in the morning! The best possible luck on the show! I know it will be fabulous! Why look at all those incoming cars! Good luck, partner, I'll see you in the morning."

Randolph realizes the next day Cryin' Brian promises to deliver his SBA loan certified check is a Sunday and banks are closed. However, he also remembers Cryin' Brian owns the loan company the check's made out to, so, he gambles on Cryin' Brain. "Yeah, Cryin' Brian, remember what I said now, partner."

Cryin' Brian: "I will, I will, oh, yes I will!" Cryin' Brian gives Randolph the one hundred and fifty thousand dollar receipt, a copy of the SBA partnership papers and his business card. Then he takes the keys to the old blue Mazda and trailer and drives back through the crowd from whence he came, headed for his helicopter in a tacit tantrum of triumphant tears.

Carter: "If this works with that brooding blubbering bastard, I'll never question you again. However . . ." Carter has one hundred however's and what if's, but cooperates.

Randolph: "I know, you did good. Keep on countin' and stackin', man, and thanks."

Carter: "You're welcome, I think."

The top local Detroit TV anchor, a pretentious, obnoxious well dressed, white, waspish, suave, blue-eyed, handsome looking leading man, tall, dark, debonair type, women go mad for, visits Randolph. "Dick Bush here, and you are the owner of this anomaly, eh?"

Randolph: "Yeah, and you're the stuck on hisself, local Detroit TV anchor guy, I heard about 'cha."

Dick: "Good, good, well I was just airlifted in that cow pasture over there, and I hope it's not a waste of my time."

Randolph: "Not with the line up we've got for tonight! Insane Elaine herself!"

Dick: "Yes, I know her work, `Tongue n' Cheek´, `Temporary Insanity´ and `Did You Know That Nat Turner Was a Baptist Preacher Man.´ I covered her in Detroit once before at her peak in the early 80's, not bad. But I hear you've got a clairvoyant healer, a J.C., big black man! Folks are calling him Big Jezuz! That's what I came for, I want to zero in on him; see if he's all they say. The roads are packed, so you don't have to worry unless it rains, and it might, I understand. Now that would be a damper, as you have no cover. Why didn't you rent tents?"

Randolph: "No time, hell, who needs 'em. It's just right for one night."

Dick: "Crowds of this magnitude, surely you can arrange something? Why that field is full of choppers, over one hundred and fifty! So, who's behind you, who's your backer, and how did you get an asylum, a mental institution to go on the road as religious actors?"

Randolph: "Easy, they believed in me."

Dick: "Yes, I surmised as much, but that, ' Feed the ferocious wild beast´, was a little much. I mean, `Don't cook that dinner, mam; save that roast for the hungry lions and tigers´ routine, was truly hilarious, but evidently effective as hell. Look at 'em, and then this big black J.C. is healing and reading minds and solving personal problems. My fellow reporter, Harris Cole, tells me J.C.'s, Insane Elaine Griffin's son! Is that true?"

Randolph: "Yeah, mother and son, so what?"

Dick: "Well, I want to embellish on all of these facts. I understand your white Jesus character is quite mad, and only speaks in quotes from the New Testament, as Jesus Christ."

Randolph: "Yeah, but he ain't mad, just committed."

Dick: "But should he be committed for being so committed, and he was committed literally by the authorities in Toledo, Ohio, right?"

Randolph: "Somethin' like that, is that mike on, Dick?"

Dick: "I'll edit what I don't need, no problem. Now money, I understand no one is getting a dime for this crude colossus, and it's all really being performed gratis so far. How odd, I'd of thought it unwise with that mercurial ticket pricing you did on TV. I mean going from money and meat to cash donations, and food stamps, then twenty dollars cash and no checks to plastic is confused and crazy. So, what is the ticket price now?"

Randolph: "Twenty dollars a pop, are those cameras tapin'?"

Unbeknownst to the egocentric, top local, TV news anchor, the crew was instructed by management at the Detroit station affiliate, as directed from the national network television and radio station headquarters in New York City, to broadcast everything in a live simulcast from Scripture Park, especially every word the masterful, crudely colorful street merchant, with a vengeance, Randolph N. Randall utters, as calls indicate the television and radio audience in America eats it up.

Dick: "I'll edit, don't worry. This is all quite natural. I don't want a stiff piece. This can make the network's prime time tonight. So . . . Dick Bush, WANG TV and Radio, Detroit . . . here with the owner, entrepreneur of . . ."

Randolph: "Scripture Park, the only religious travelin' theme park in the world! Starring Insane Elaine Griffin, her soul brotha, Second Comin' son, J.C., the black Jezuz, and Joel Oglivy, the white look alike, act alike, talk alike Jesus Christ, his mother Mary, Martha, and her real sexy singin' sistah, Mary Magdalene, all on display tonight! Hear and see the animated amen antics of Insane Elaine, and a Month of Sunday's Mass Choir, co-starrin' the great Gospop! group, Hot Fudge Sundae backup band, Thy Kingdom Kum Quartet and Bob Jubilee! They'll joyously explode in song on our loadin' platform out here at the Detroit Rail Yard!

"They say the roads are jammed, so if you're just startin' out of the house, come by boat. But if ya holler real loud to your mayor, the governor or whomever, we'll stay in the area a week! Thanks a hell of a lot for helpin' out. All those who brought us the meat for the big cats, alligators, wolves, black bears and seals, we won't forget y'all here in mighty Michigan! So all of ya, God love ya!"

Dick: "Well, you heard him, that's the stentorian sound of the main character himself, Randolph N. Randall. And I hear, you sir, were and are known as R n'R on the street, correct?"

Randolph: "Yeah, affectionately."

Dick: "Well, R n'R, I understand some animal rights people want to look your big six African animals over, and they want to see some papers on them." A pro-animal organization is rumored to be on the scene and asking about Kee's gift.

Randolph: "I've got papers and those animals are all gifts."

Dick: "You mean there are people who can simply make you a gift of white rhinos, hippos, and crazy Cape buffaloes?"

Randolph: "Yeah, gifts for my event, anythang wrong with that?"

Dick: "We will certainly let you know, that is the animal activist will. And, sir, I can't help but notice how unfortunately absent all the rides and other such trappings and constructions there are that will be missing tonight. Because of the many tiki torches and oil drum fires, one could miss this place as an entertainment event then. Why it will be more like an ancient mob scene, something back before electricity."

Randolph: "Yeah, well, people will rough it for this unbelievable show, so don't forget to bring ya own chairs, sleepin' bags and blankets, ev'rybody!"

Dick: "Well, I'm not a great believer in poverty presentations. I mean it isn't as though you can't get financing today. Why right in Detroit there must be many banks and investors willing to underwrite this venture. Just by looking at the numbers rushing out here engulfing this rail yard, you experience the excrescence of its enormity. It's elephantine folks, a crunch of humanity of over . . . what?"

Randolph: "Carter!" Randolph summons his CFO for the figure, and the word goes out back two hundred feet beyond the old railroad station and by a telephone pole, where a big white RV is now the counting house headquarters for the company.

Dick: "Well, we'll wait on that head count, R n'R, if I may call you R n'R?"

Randolph: "Yeah, that's cool, but smile when ya say it, Dick."

Dick: "I hesitated to ask you this, but since you've been so candid, I can't resist asking you about your affiliation with the wrong Reverend Rump, aka the Sinister Minister of the Sodom and Gomorrah Biblical Way Baptist Church in New York City?"

Randolph: "Yeah, what about it?"

Dick: "Well, our reporters found out that you have a hard connection with him, and you even owe him money, true?"

Randolph: "Yeah, we're gonna work it out; he's joinin' up with us, him and his whole orgy lovin', buck wild mad naked, way nasty naughty by nature singin' choir, and his whole outrageously kinky in the stinky carnal congregation. He's what we call a religious experience/experiment, curio exhibition, and folks all across America and worldwide can get a once in a life time chance to see the lay minista of the new common era and his far out freaky followers tonight! It's quite an after hours, adults only religious fertility ritual, Dick!"

Dick: "I can imagine, but while we're on this cheesy candid kick, the show biz buzz is you latched on to a legend, Marilyn Monroe. The word in the street says you and she were a hush-hush hot item, true or false, R n'R?"

Randolph: "No comment."

Dick: "Well, it has been my expert experience, that no comment, usually means a yes. So, R n'R, what other thrills and new additions do you have planned for Scripture Park, when you reach your final destination in South Central Los Angeles, California?"

Randolph: "We're gonna have the greatest manger scene on earth, after Manger Square and the Nativity Grotto in the Holy Land. We'll have laser lights, super special effects, and unreal heavenly holy holograms. My Michigan University electronic guy's a whiz, see, and he's gonna construct the Tower of Babel, over six hundred feet, a tower of pleasure taller than the D.C. Monument. It's a phallic symbol that's gonna serve us double as our observation tower with Jacob's Ladder thrill lifts, runnin' up and down the neon rungs, ya dig? Then we're gonna have a . . . what's that word ya used, Dick, elephantine Holy Roller Coaster made of wood, the best oak, with popular scenes

from the Bible. Both books hand carved and vividly hand painted all over the seats, see? We've got a giant, the biggest, most excitin' Ferris wheel you ever saw on the drawin' board. That will be the famous Ezekiel's Wheel!

"Now gettin' real technical and super hi tech, Jonah and the Whale! All mechanical with holy holograms! It's gonna be an awesome spectacle and a half. And Noah's Ark, two by two, that's what all these animals are for, see? We're gonna put 'em in the ark! It's been unpacked and repacked for safety sake up on the Scripture Park Special Millennial Engine No. 2000. That's our love, soul train on the track there. It's gonna haul our event from city to city, so you can tell and talk about it until you die! Last, but not least, we're gonna have a Jesus compound. Yeah, I'll collect 'em, select 'em and train 'em to work the crowds!"

Dick: "Like a Christian clown school, you mean?"

Randolph: "Naw, this is gonna be done with reverence, no foolishness, nothin' shoddy, only the best raiments and Hollywood make up people, the most Christ-like creatures . . . rather characters with Jesus coiffure hair, the best holy halos, the authentic period robes and sandals and the world class works, Dick!"

Dick: "Well, that's a lot of frankincense and myrrh. I guess the country's clergy is reeling at all of that scandalous specious scurrilous Scripture sacrilege, but good luck to you, R n'R. It's not an idea common today, and the proof of that is in this great gathering of lost, misguided Michigan souls."

Carter comes as quickly as he could to answer the attendance question. "Two hundred and fifty thousand people so far, by my count of the money and ticket stubs. We ran out of tickets long ago, but we're assured of more from Kozmo."

Dick: ". . . And you are?"

Carter: "Carter Livingstone, chief accountant, Scripture Park!"

Dick: "Well, there you have it. This is Dick Bush reporting for WANG TV and Radio, Detroit, Michigan! Ok, guys, that's a wrap."

Randolph: "Thanks, Dick, we all appreciate your coverage of our

event."

Dick: "And it's my pleasure, R n'R. Yes, this could fly. We'll see, watch out for the animal activist though."

Randolph: "Yeah, watch ya hair piece, later."

The arrogant TV anchorman and crackerjack cash counting Carter leave as the subversive shadowy figure shrouded in mystery with an African accent and angry attitude returns, causing the big six beasts to scream in the background again. "No need to concern yourself with the animal activist, I'll take them all off your hands, no charge."

Randolph: "Kee."

Kee: "I couldn't help but overhear the newsman's warning about the pro-animal activist organization, but no matter, I'll just take them and any of the other animals, and at no charge to you."

Randolph: "Why would you wanna do that, Kee?"

Kee: "That's my affair, but I will tell you this. You can pick up twice as many in L.A. And since none of the six animals I gave you are trained yet, I'd be taking untamed trouble off your hands. Then you don't have to feed them, or worry about them escaping and killing your workers and customers."

Randolph: "Naw, somethin' sucks putrid here, man. Did you talk to Babs and her banker?"

Kee: "Yes, Barbara and I understand one another, and I might add I didn't mention I know about the San Rosario debacle with your partner Ashton and this local idiot, Retail Adams."

Randolph: "So, you got the funny money, huh?"

Kee: "Yes, I made arrangements to have it confiscated."

Randolph: "How the hell did you do that, man? They're holding it in abeyance 'cause they think its drug cartel scratch."

Kee: "Not anymore, but don't concern yourself with the details. Let

it suffice to say George Kostiers was an imbecile to sick Retail Adams on you. He hoped to get the cash from you, but as fate would have it, I was aware of his popping off about the plot in time. And my people stepped in to salvage my investment."

Randolph: "Are you and I still straight, man?"

Kee: "Yes, if I get the animals now."

Randolph: "Wait, you mean it was your guys who arrested Mark and Retail?"

Kee: "Precisely, I bought off Baja's finest cops, now you'll sign this form, and I can collect my charges and be on my way."

Randolph: "You can't get out of here except by train with those six cars. Whatzup, Kee, what are you after?"

Kee: "You're not in a position to question my motives, let alone stall me. I've allowed you the usage of these animals, and they proved quite an attraction for you. You should thank me profusely for my wisdom in this matter. Instead, you treat me as if I'm a bloody criminal or worse, sign these forms!"

Randolph: "Naw, you counterfeit little stinky skunk. You're way out of line, and don't touch Babs, or you'll answer to me personally! I want you out of here! And if I see ya again, I'll break my foot off up in ya scrawny jive lame butt, see?"

Kee: "Now you listen to me, I need those beast now! I have contracted them specifically . . . to sporting gentlemen in this state, if you must know!"

Randolph: "What sportin' gentlemen? Ah, so you're talkin' 'bout trophy hunters right, a little like shootin' fish in a barrel, huh?"

Kee: "No, no, this is no canned hunt. It's bigger, much fairer, more natural and much more exciting to see. Rich men, some men I know would pay up to . . ."

Randolph: "Now you're talkin', ya ugly little twerpy Nigerian devil! I wanna know 'bout you and you're gonna tell me, or I'll. . . ."
Randolph grabs Kee by the arms with his massive meat hooks.

Kee: "Stop! I stand to gain considerable profit! You have no idea

what you're doing! Sign these forms, Randall, now!"

Randolph: "You're nuts, how much? Tell me and I'll think about it, maybe."

Kee: "You toy with me, Akeemo, why you!"

Randolph: "Akeemo, huh? How much, you egotistical moron, say it?"

Kee: "You don't sound like yourself. What changed you? I don't understand."

Randolph: "I oughta wring your black buzzard neck; you want to have rich guys pay ya for the privilege to shoot those big beautiful beasts. How much?"

Kee: "Not shoot, you fool, I want to fight them! I mean let them fight each other in beast bouts! The interest is so great; you wouldn't believe the money! Why for one hundred thousand dollars, you can see a full-grown male African untamed lion, battle a Bengal tiger fresh from the mango, swampy jungles of India! I can arrange this when I'm not performing my other duties. I . . ."

Randolph: "You poachin' murderer, you'd pit these magnificent innocent animals against one another for money? You're more pathetic than I ever imagined; you disgust me, you're so filthy and sordid, I righteously retch my response." Randolph gags mucous and hocks spit.

Kee: "Those six are a fortune on wheels. I've already accepted full payment! That's how it works. My expenses are enormous! I saw your event, your enterprise here as an opportunity to take them off my hands for a few days. But you were too vocal about them, and you've attracted thousands out here, and now the animal activist!"

Randolph: "How much did you get, ya weasel?"

Kee: "One million!"

Randolph: "You're jivin' me, you're playin' me, man. Who'd pay that much?"

Kee: "Think, I won't say, but think. Do you know where we are?"

This is Michigan! Think, big Michigan money is legendary; think, I need those animals, I'll pay you well."

Randolph: "Say what, sucka?"

Kee: "I mean I'll cut you in!"

Randolph: "That's better, you little black snake bastard."

Kee: "I can only let you have a part of my profit after expenses, however."

Randolph: "Where did you get these animals?"

Kee: "Africa, where else!"

Randolph: "Where do you smuggle them from though?"

Kee: "You talk too much, too long and too loud. People are watching and listening to us, be discreet."

Randolph: "I heard zoos sell surplus animals, sick n' old, but not this. I've even heard of canned hunts, cockfights, pit bull battles, but this is way new and you're way serious, huh?"

Kee: "For the last time, one hundred K on delivery of the six cars there, just sign these forms."

Randolph: "Naw, you'd pay me in that bogus crap you peddle, no thanks!"

Kee: "No, no, it's real. It's real you fool! I'll give you two hundred K and not a cent more. Take it or regret you were ever born!"

Randolph: "When do you have to deliver them?"

Kee: "That's not your concern!"

Randolph: "If I do it, I'm lower than you, so no deal. Now get out, the animals are mine. Yeah, they're my gift from an anonymous ancestral home piece donor. . . . KOZMO!" Randolph shouts out for Kozmo with the bullhorn.

Kee: "You exasperating, stupid, idiotic, uneducated clown! I'll

destroy you for this. I'll . . ."

Kozmo comes galloping on Outcast, the snow white, spirited steam snorting show stallion steed, out of the crowd that is passing by the rail way station porch, customers curiously watching and looking at the two men caught up in conflict there. "Trouble, boss man?"

Randolph: "Yeah, you and some of the boys throw this bum off the grounds, he's a troublemaker. And those three guys stank lookin' at us over there, throw 'em all out too, ya dig?" Randolph was aware of three Nigerian dark black men in white shirts, standing in front of the big six beast cages. They were immediately motioned away by Kee, when Randolph was holding him, as Kee didn't dare risk a confrontation in Randolph's favor.

Kozmo: "Got'cha, boss man." Kozmo takes the bullhorn and gives the circus SOS, "HEY RUBE!"

Kee: "Randall, you'll pay, you kaffa! (nigger in South Africa) You'll pay! . . . You'll pay!" Circus men come rushing over to help and surround the negative Nigerian with clubs, and Randolph points to Kee's trio of thugs.

Randolph: "Creepy little sucka, and evil as hell. Watch 'em, Kozmo, that's it, get all of 'em." Kozmo and his men take Kee and his three accomplices away kicking and screaming in Yoruba, their native Nigerian tongue.

Chapter Forty-five

. . .

King of the Sabbath Road Shows

It's six and a half hours before show time, and the maddening Michigan crowd is a monster scale, three hundred thousand customers in size, as scores of paparazzi and countless cameras on the grounds, including one in a Good Year blimp stand-by to record the exciting extravaganza exposition, for a proposed first bid of fifty million dollars on a leading TV network exclusively.

Randolph is considering billing the show 'The Sepia Second Comin'.' The network proposes to show the event on a worldwide broadcast, TV up link and radio down link simulcast with a five second delay for censorship of Randolph's suspected, expected raunchy rap at the rail yard, when and if he ok's it. Although approached by a network rep with this deal, Randolph holds out and continues working the midway.

"Step right up folks to the gateway of paradise, pleasure, riches and sex. Yes folks, step right this way for the most profane, hypnotically, prurient powerful, explicit experience of the ages. Oh yeah, and did I say sexy, go away little girl, I'll botha ya. This primrose path leads to the market place in Nod, a brief encounter with God, where J.C. is Jehovah's Christ. Ok, that's it folks . . . move! Move along, the peep show of peep show's startin' in six and a half hours!"

Randolph pitches the crowd, the mighty Michigan many, who could easily fund him if they've a mind too, if they are moved to, or made to do so by his power of persuasion, plus, the turn of events and excitement pacing the program on the loading platform, out to the prophet in the pasture. This mastodon in a pick-up truck, like a leviathan too big for the ocean, outside outsized occupation force, swelled it's ranks as the chase music played, vamping continuously through Joe's giant speakers, like they were anticipating the superstar of the show, while the crowd roared it's approval at the Scripture Park parade stepping lively and marching to the makeshift gate on the road and back past the rambling runs, (tracks) down to the jam-packed Detroit River Bank, that Randolph now dubbed the denizens at the dock. "They goosed or what?" Randolph said watching the bumptious, pugnacious, crushing crowds reaction to his obviously fortuitous, serendipity and pending performance peregrination, evident at fever pitch and flourishing fanfare, "Holy squat, it's a gazillion peeps up in this piece!"

Rev. (sporting his clerical collar) and the gang rejoin Randolph from their respective duties refreshed, and are all at once an amen corner, shouting, "Hallelujah!"

Randolph: "Gwen, you're more ravishin' than ever. . . . Janet told me you'd be. What have you done to your pretty hair, sweet sugar?"

Gwen: "I cut it, it's time, huh? How do you like my outfit?"

Randolph: "It's the Bible theme back, baby cakes, is it comfortable?" Gwen is in a thin, see through, flimsy material with a high golden cloth crown and silver breastplate.

Gwen: "I love it, I'm the queen of Sheba."

Randolph: "I knew that . . . I'm hip. Ev'ry thread is you, baby girl. Come here, ummm. How's my woman?"

Gwen: "I told you, Ran, it's just you and me tonight. We both go back to the Detroit Riverfront Room at the Inn Hotel, in our own suite, and it's all arranged. I told Harry to come get us and fly us back, so we can be together."

Randolph: "My sentiments exactly. I see they plan on lighting more tiki torches; Chinese lanterns and oil drum fires all over now. This place will be cookin' n' smokin' for real tonight!"

Gwen: "Are you gonna change clothes? You've been over by this phone booth for hours now."

Randolph: "Yeah, it's my office in the field, ya dig? Excuse me, honey . . . T.R.!" Randolph summons his new consigliere in the field, since Mia absconded with his counterfeit cash.

T.R.: "Yeah, man, I put the new business contract agreement here in the briefcase with the business license and plans, and I listed Halcyon fifty-one per cent for you and forty-nine per cent split between Kostiers and Laine like they agreed." Randolph put the SBA papers from Cryin' Brian, and the papers Kee gave him, showing ownership of the big six angry African animals in the briefcase also.

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, put extra cops around the last six cars. Some guys want my animal's way bad. I paid the cops off, so they owe me big-time."

T.R.: "Word, but who'd want to take those crazy crashin' crushin' creatures?"

Randolph: "I had Kozmo and some of his guys throw 'em off the grounds."

T.R.: "Oh, was that what that was? Who were they?"

Randolph: "Nigerians."

T.R.: "No shit, pardon me, Gwen."

Gwen: "That's ok, T.R. Ran use to say things like that all the time, until he got religion."

Randolph: "Religion?"

Gwen: "Yeah, daddy said you're saved and born again in God's sight, Ran."

Randolph: "All that, huh, well, T.R. gimme the briefcase and put a bunch of cops, six maybe, around those six cages now, man."

T.R.: "Ok man, I got it." T.R. hands Randolph the briefcase.

Gwen: "What do these Nigerians want with you, Ran, or is this Louse again?"

Randolph: "You may be on to somethin', sweetie pie. We'll see; it all could just be all about Louse after all."

Gwen: "It's gotta rankle him, Ran, you being his mother's favorite son." Joe told them of Louse's blood relationship to Randolph at the Hoofah.

Randolph: "Yeah." The crowd begins to run out into the pasture, causing the couple concern.

Gwen: "Oh Ran . . . they're all running!"

Randolph: "Jake . . . whatzup, man?" Randolph calls the blatherskite brakeman/fervent fireman.

Jake: "It's your barefoot, big black baptizin' man; he's preachin' to 'em, and tellin' 'em stuff!"

Randolph: "J.C., huh?"

Gwen: "He's incredible, Ran. I was just over in the pasture, and he fed all of us, around five thousand nearest to him. I tasted the food he passed around, it was heavenly and everyone shared it. They took only a mere morsel and passed it on until it was gone." (The food, dried fish and fresh baked loaves of unleavened bread was prepared by J.C. before hand in Iscariots, flown in by Harry and Smug Doug via helicopter and served by his, J.C.'s hired help and devotees from Ypsi.) "I sat down on a log and listened. He didn't have a microphone, and I could hear his every word just like we're talkin' now, strange, huh?" (J.C. was wired with a small microphone and his voice was heard through the speakers in a normal tone that Joe Spain perfected acoustically for him to appear to sound natural.)

Randolph: "Look at 'em, these cops can't stop 'em. There must be over four hundred thousand souls. Somebody's gonna get trampled in all of that melee; we're gonna need more cops! Hell no, we're gonna need National Guard troops! What the hell's he sayin' to 'em?" (In order to preserve the unique mystery of J.C., Joe has deliberately limited the area carrying the sound of J.C.'s voice now; and he, J.C. is only heard in the meadow by the multitude there and not by the approaching audience in knotted throngs, coming through the gate and down at the dock.)

Gwen: "He's something very special, Ran. I feel it in my bones. I mean, you could hear a pin drop when he spoke. Even those six wild beasts calmed down, it was most eerie (marijuana plants). He said he came to keep a promise. Daddy cried, he wept like never before, more than when grandma Pearl died. It was so moving I could sense something great happening, a mystical feeling. He blessed the crowd and prayed over them. Then he walked among them touching them, and saying personal things to them. I heard them calling him Soul Savior and Black Jezuz and Big Jezuz! He never was loud or anything other than peaceful and totally in charge. He wore white, a huge white robe, gown or sheet even, and he was barefoot. I also noticed a sort of light, we all did. There was a glorious glow around his baldhead! It was not a man made electric bright shining one, but real!" (Joe's handiwork again, his latest special sacred serene, noble new age nimbus, halo model 2002)

A white and Hispanic generation X couple comes up to Randolph and Gwen with `cozen coadjutor` written all over their strictly business faces. The woman is five-six, size eight, slender, with keen features, featuring a nose like a bird's pointed beak, with flashing charcoal eyes darting around in her head, where her hair was black as a raven. She wore it in a bun at the back, and she was dressed in a light blue suit and white blouse with sensible heels. The man was a medium built, Latino, from New York City and probably some Puerto Rican professional problem Randolph thought. He had dark eyes, black hair, a prickly oily burnt umber complexion, and he was five foot nine and a half, dressed in a tan summer suit, blue shirt, red bow tie and shiny black shoes.

Woman: "I'm Ann Leclair, and I represent Adore All Animals. Are you familiar with our animal rights organization, Mr. Randall?"

Randolph: "Yeah, y'all don't kill a fly."

Man: "I'm Jonathan Griego, head curator of the Detroit Zoo."

Randolph: "You guys refused to help our mother kangaroo, Aussie Jane and baby kangaroo, Joey, I remember that."

Ann: "Well, it is a gross cruelty to animals going on here that is unprecedented in this state. We pride ourselves in this area of having a minimum of . . . my God! Look at the people, what's happening?" The crowd is as a disaster rushing past them faster and faster to get to the Master pastor in the pasture.

Randolph: "We've got ourselves a real new age barefoot prophet, and he can solve the animal problem simply by speakin' to 'em. He can make 'em a pettin' zoo."

Griego: "Surely you're putting us on, Randall. No one can really talk to the animals."

Ann: "This is no joke, Randall; we've come to take them from you. There are strict laws prohibiting this kind of treatment. Why these animals are terrified of all these people!"

Randolph: "Wrong observation, because our big black guy in the way large, way white robe, can soothe the savage beast. My wife here just told me." Gwen beams back at Randolph's smile.

Griego: "Mrs. Randall, pleased to meet you."

Ann: "Mrs. Randall, my pleasure."

Gwen: "Likewise, but it's true, he's astonishingly powerful, a truly great man. Look at the crowd out there, attentive, still as can be now and quiet."

Ann: "Who is he?"

Randolph: "He's my supa dupa star singer's son. His name is John Carter Griffin. We call him J.C."

Griego: "They are unnaturally calm, and I don't hear the Cape buffalo. He's quieted down somehow."

Randolph: "Naw, he's under a trance, see, an age old one performed by a truly gifted miracle man. This day will go down in history as that of the `Sepia Second Comin' ', and you can quote me! I believe you even feel it." Randolph goes out on a millenarian limb with a chiliastic assumption, as he tries out his second Adventist theory title of the show again.

Gwen: "Yes, it's true, Ran, I didn't want to say it, but it's true!"

Griego: "Wait a minute, are you people trying to tell us this fellow is . . . I can't even say it, it's so insidious!"

Ann: "They're changing the subject, Jonathan, really, Randall. Where is the baby kangaroo? We'll take the mother, her mate and baby also, and that's final. We've got others out here assisting us. And we don't like the looks of any of your big cats, so all of them and the black bears, and especially the gorilla must be confiscated!"

Randolph: "Let me see some I.D., now!"

Gwen: "They don't seem right, Ran. Check 'em out, something's funny!"

Randolph: "Yeah, Louse, H.D.Louse."

Ann: "What, who? You'll have to face the police in a minute if you refuse to cooperate with us!"

Griego: "There will be fines to pay and restrictions and a court trial to face unless we can complete our job tonight!"

Randolph: "Naw, you guys work for my half butt brother, he sent you. You have no papers and no I.D. of any kind to substantiate your phony Mahoney claims. You just want to take the animals and use them in beast battles. That's what you're about. Now I want both of you out of here, or I'll call that guy in the yella sequined silk shirt. One hey Rube, and he'll run you both out of here so fast your hind pots will be smokin'!" Randolph points to Kozmo, who is holding Outcast's reins and standing nearby talking to a strange, tall, old Irishman, dressed in equatorial African great white hunter togs and obviously making his point with the grinning Gypsy.

Ann: "You'll regret this, Randall, and it isn't over."

Griego: "You've got to let those animals go. They're spoken for. . . . You are standing in the way of a man who owns this state!"

Randolph: "Who the hell owns Michigan, an automobile guy, a cereal guy? Who are you workin' for? Tell 'em I said hell no, no way and that's final. Now get outta here!"

Ann: "Henry Bailey, you're disappointing Henry Caesar Caligula Bailey of a planned evening! No, a planned week of sport entertainment unparalleled in the history of this hemisphere. Not since the Egyptian Pharaohs has a man, dare I say a king god had the inclination to enjoy a spectacle of this magnitude! We . . ."

Randolph: "You can't have these animals!"

Griego: "He'll crush you, destroy you; break your back, mind and spirit. He's the richest man in this whole state, a multi-billionaire. Why he can raise his little finger, wink his eye, and you would disappear forever, not a trace, vanish, with nothing left, as though you'd never existed."

Randolph: "I'm gonna count to three." Randolph balls his big hard ham fist.

Gwen: "You people better go; Ran's losin' his temper. You'd better both go, now!"

Ann: "Randall, he's here. He's been admiring the animals for hours now. He's fascinated by the possibilities; please talk to him. Wait here, and I'll bring him over to meet you. He can make you a richer man than you could ever be on your own, if you but fulfill his dream! Let him have his fantasy; don't stand in his way. He's not physically well, or young as he used to be. So I implore you, please wait. Give us five minutes!"

Randolph: "Get him then, five minutes only."

Ann: "Thank you, you won't be sorry, thank you."

Kozmo is excited and comes on horseback again, high stepping lively over to Randolph, as Ann and Griego hurry off by him. "Bossman, we gotta talk, I sold the circus! Some old guy bought the whole damn thing! I'm still reelin'! I got hard cold cash! Damn old guy paid me twice it's worth! I'll still stay with you, but only for tonight!" Kozmo is charged with glee, and Outcast, the show stallion, dances a flamenco gypsy step or two, to an unseen fiddler's folk music.

Randolph: "Then what, what happens to your circus now?"

Kozmo: "I don't know, but I can retire if I want now, or I can start over, you know? Do you need any money, if so I . . ."

Randolph: "Naw, good luck Kozmo and I mean it. You saved our bacon and we won't forget you."

Kozmo: "Bless ya, boss man."

Randolph: "Same here, bless you." Kozmo dismounts and they embrace as brothers. Afterwards, Kozmo remounts and canters away from Randolph talking to himself; he's so elated over his good fortune. Then Randolph and Gwen hear the spirited fiddling of the gypsy violin, fervidly fetching the festive, romantic Roma people at heart's, attention in assemblage.

Gwen: "Ran, he sold out just like that! This rich, old white man is serious, and he wants you to do the same thing!"

Randolph: "Yeah, he's nuts, he wants to put these animals in a pit and let 'em kill each other for his twisted pleasure. He's a throw back to the arenas of ancient Rome, the Maximus Circus, the very coliseum." Ann returns with the mean-spirited, hardhearted, mega rich old man they're discussing.

Ann: "Mr. Randall, this is Mr. Henry Caesar Caligula Bailey!"

Henry Caesar Caligula Bailey is the same old irascible Irishman in the great white hunter's outfit Randolph saw talking with Kozmo. He's a six foot two grizzled character, a white crop of tangled gray locks adorn his headstrong, highborn, highbrow head, and he carries himself with all of the aggressive arrogance and agitated attitude of the spoiled super rich. His smile is broad and consuming cupidity twinkled brightly in his hazel eyes with a huckster's braggadocio, as he looked right at Randolph when he spoke in a booming bass voice.

"Mr. Randall, I've been admiring your truly exotic wild animals and every one's a treasure, I'm sure. However, I would not take them all, just your big cats and black bears, as I am particularly interested in the last six cages. Those are the real objects of my concern. I can buy them from you at such a profit; you will never have to work again! I can also make it happen for your event worldwide, nothing short of a year's engagements: Joe Louis Arena, Madison Square Garden, you name it. Nothing is impossible if we do business this evening."

Randolph: "So, you're the richest man in Michigan, huh?"

Bailey: "I don't know anyone richer."

Randolph: "How much ya got, old man, I'm way curious?"

Bailey: "I'll show you all of it, let you touch it and keep all you can carry for those last six cages! Throw in the big cats and black bears, and I'll let your wife go in my vault with you, and you both can keep all you can carry out. Is it a deal?"

Randolph: "Tell me a few things first, old dude. Which two do you wanna see fight first? Go on, you can tell me? A tiger and the Cape buffalo, or lion, you tell me?"

Bailey: "If you insist, yes, that magnificent specimen, your African Cape buffalo and a giant grizzly I contracted to be hunted, chased and caught in Yellowstone. A fresh wild beast just captured with plenty of fight left in him, just like your Cape buffalo. He'd been raiding my sheep in Montana and eating them, just like polar bears eat seals and grow fifteen hundred pounds in the Arctic."

Randolph: "Oh, a big bear, huh, and why's that, old guy?"

Bailey: "Well, the grizzly is the king of all large land animals in America, so it is a challenge that is formidable and cunning. He has the size and the speed. His weapons are his great savagery and strength, plus, rapier sharp fangs and claws. He's very hungry now, and so agitated, add intense; for an edge, we don't attempt or intend to feed him. Now this `dagger boy` (Cape buffalo) of yours is a legend amongst hunters and natives. He is one of the most feared of all animals on land in Africa. His horns are wide sweeping and mature. The ends are as hooked spikes and his terrible temper is perfect for such a match as I have in mind."

Gwen: "That's disgusting deplorable and despicable."

Bailey: "Ah, Mrs. Randall, I've offended your feminine sensibilities. I apologize, dear lady. Please forgive my rough maleness."

Randolph: "Yeah, you gotta great exuberance for blood lettin'. So tell me, ancient age, how will you do it? Describe it to me, the whole deal, before, during and after the kill."

Bailey: "Precisely. Pardon me again, my dear Mrs. Randall. But as your husband so eloquently expressed it, the kill will take place at my estate. I won't say where it's located as of yet, but rest assured it exists, and the pit is dug a deep fifty feet and one hundred feet wide around in a circle. The buffalo's cage will be lowered in by crane, and my bear will be waiting inside his cage in the pit. When the buffalo is manually released, I will electronically release the bear. Then they will naturally duel to the death. And as I have not witnessed this particular powerhouse paring before, I cannot possibly know the outcome, or time it will take for the most violent vicious victor to emerge!"

Randolph: "What happens if my buffalo kills your bear, ya old fart?"

Bailey: "Would you like to wager? It appears you have ample funds by the tremendous crowds here this evening. And my assistants inform me there may be nearly one million people here tonight!"

Randolph: "How much, Mathusla?"

Bailey: "I'll bet you whatever you say, you name it."

Gwen: "Randolph!" Gwen senses an impending doom about Bailey.

Randolph: "Naw Gwen, sweetie cakes, I'm serious. I'll bet my whole end of the take after whatever we collect. It should be counted by late tonight. How can we get my buffalo to your estate?"

Bailey: "I'll send my private rig to pick him up early in the morning."

Randolph: "How long before the fight?"

Bailey: "If the Cape buffalo ever sleeps, (only minutes at a time) I'd say top of the morning would be the prime time. When he wakes up, he'll be at his angriest. The bear is so hungry he'd attack an elephant. They will be the epitome of enemies, face to face, hooves and horns, claws and fangs enraged, engaged in a battle royal of wild beast fury, unmatched and unimagined in these continental United States today!"

Gwen: "Oh Ran, that's awful! I'm sick to my stomach of this." Gwen frowns in disgust and walks away from the sound of Bailey's vaunting vehement voice.

Randolph: "Go on, baby, I understand. Ok, you old devil, I'll do it. But I'm fillin' that train up with my guys, so don't you touch my buffalo. We'll stay with 'em the whole time, and when he wins, we get Rancor Circus back with all the animals."

Bailey: "If he wins."

Randolph: "He'll win, ya old geezer, and then I want twice from you whatever I put up. So I'll see you in the mornin', ya dig?"

Bailey: "As you say, I'm counting on it. It's a deal. Griego!" Bailey snaps at his acne face Hispanic assistant.

Griego: "Yes Mr. Bailey, sir!"

Bailey: "Stay with this man, you and Ann. Make sure he gets his buffalo to me in the morning."

Griego: "Yes sir, Mr. Bailey, sir!"

Ann: "We'll make sure, sir!"

Bailey leaves with Ann and Griego as Gwen returns in time to hear Randolph make a deal with the man she now considers to be brusque big blabbermouth Bailey. "Ran, how could you, I'm so disappointed. How could you ever allow this abhorrent atrocity?"

Randolph: "Money, big bucks, anyhow, we can't keep this guy from doin' this. He'd find a way to do it. He's got the jones and the means, so who could stop 'em? This way I keep my dignity, and we can get Kozmo's circus back and save all the other animals. Then that buffalo gets a chance to work some of that hate out of his system. Who knows, it's a big game gamble, and my money's on. . . . Hey, Holy Joe, what's the buffalo's name?"

Joe comes quickly to answer Randolph with one of his heavenly halos shining over his own head for a walking advertisement and practical personal joke. "Nothin', we don't have a name yet. Why?"

Randolph: "Then `Nothin's' fightin' tomorrow mornin'. Nothin's fightin' a grizzly bear from Montana to the death."

Joe: "No shit, that's the most grim, original, bizarre, bloodthirsty thing I've ever heard of. Who the hell thought of that?"

Randolph: "Henry Caesar Caligula Bailey that's who, you know 'em?"

Joe: "No, I don't know him personally, but I know who he is. He's a billionaire and strange guy. Nobody knows how he makes his money. How did you meet him? How did all this happen, man, damn?"

Randolph: "Later, first we gotta get ol' Nothin' out of here early in the mornin', so tell the guys."

Griego and Ann return and startle Joe with their abrupt aggressive, strictly business attitudes.

Joe: "Oh, who are you, buddy?"

Griego: "I'm Griego."

Ann: "And I'm Ann." Ann is immediately taken with Joe's good looks and especially intrigued with his holy halo.

Randolph: "Yeah, they're in Bailey's employ, and they gonna take us to his estate, where the war of the wildest in the world will take place. We got enough tranquilizers for the trip, right?"

Joe: "Oh Jesus, yes. But, man, that's murder. If there's one little slip up, that buffalo is a run away freight train on four hooves. . . . And where are we headed?"

Ann: "On that track over to the right. We'll wait there 'til morning, then we'll travel to the just west of here part of the state and Mr. Bailey's private grounds." Ann is vague as to the whereabouts of the beast battle and she continues eyeballing Joe.

Joe: "I've heard of canned hunts for thirty-five hundred dollars to shoot an African Cape buffalo. They have 'em on a one thousand acre ranch in Texas. But this is more monstrous, it's downright brutal and quite frankly cruel as hell!"

Randolph: "I've got my reasons, Holy Joe. This is not strictly about the buffalo, but I think he'll win. What about you?"

Joe: "This grizzly could be a thousand pound monster. I've heard they can grow over ten feet, and powerful beyond imagination. They break down trees, snap cows' necks and horses' necks! They're as fast as a horse on short distances, you know? They're unreal, man. They can break a bull's neck; it's a hell of a gamble. How much can you win?"

Randolph: "A lot, a hell of a lot, twice my end of the gate tonight. Look at that crowd."

Joe: "Kozmo is rich, he's pullin' out tomorrow. A guy bought 'em out, the whole Rancor Circus, you believe it?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Bailey bought it for the big cats, the gorilla and bears."

Joe: "No shit! Does Kozmo know?"

Randolph: "Naw, he's happy, that's all that counts for now. I'll get the circus animals back."

Joe: "Ya mean all the circus animals; all the carnivores have to fight for Bailey?"

Randolph: "Looks like if we lose, but if we win, I can save 'em for our show, ya dig?"

Joe: "I'm startin' too, now I feel just a little better. Ok, let's do it, I'll need some of the guys we just hired to help me."

Ann: "We can hook up. Well, I mean your people can hook the buffalo's flat car on to the private car behind the engine on track two, just get it over on the track there." Ann points to the track beside the Scripture Park train again.

Randolph: "That could work, but we gotta make sure, Nothin', my buffalo is ready for the trip. And you guys get a mail car for my money first, and I'll get my own security."

Joe: "Ok, we'll do it, shit, we'll do it!"

Griego: "Great, I'll get the mail car and you get the security. You won't win, but you are in for one of the most exciting exclusively, primeval exhibitions ever on earth!"

Randolph: "Sez you. It's gettin' late. Take these two with you, Holy Joe. Ev'rybody's changed costumes. The girls are waaay pretty and the guys are hotfootin'. Ev'rybody's dressed up for tonight. The Children of Israel are struttin' their stuff this evenin'!"

Gwen kisses Randolph and leaves as Kozmo comes trotting back on Outcast to see him. "Boss man, you can have the services of my crew. They will stay until mornin', and all of the performers are collectin' for you until then. The complete company of my clowns is at the gate with the band. And for a pink power presentation from Rancor Circus, I'm givin' you a pure silk pink, rhinestone ringmaster's outfit that will fit you just fine. That's a silk pink top hat, tails, and matchin' trousers, braces, cummerbund, clean socks, undershirt and boxer shorts, if you

need 'em, a pink ruffled shirt, size thirteen pink patent leather wing-tip shoes, a big pink bow tie, plus, a pink ivory handle cane and a small pink surprise from Oona and me. My guys are bringin' over my trailer with a portable shower and little dressing room to your outdoor office here, so you can present your show tonight in the pink!"

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, Kozmo, I gotta question for you."

Kozmo: "Yeah, shoot boss man."

Randolph: "The wild mean monster we've got in the last cage is bad news, right?"

Kozmo: "Terrible news, boss man."

Randolph: "Do you think he could kick a giant, wild, angry, hungry, Montana grizzly bear's butt in a big deep pit?" The great white horse, Outcast, neighs and rares up as if he understands the horror of Randolph's question.

Kozmo: "Whoa, big fella . . .! Boss man, that's a helluva thing to answer. I ain't got an answer if it's a full-grown grizzly bear, that size bear and it's a match made in hell! Both of 'em liable to die in that kinda fight!"

Randolph: "Yeah, you may be right. Well, just between us, I've got a fight like that in the mornin', with the same old joker who bought you out."

Kozmo: "You're not serious, the same old guy?"

Randolph: "Uh-huh, we've got a bet, my buffalo against his bear on his estate in the mornin'."

Kozmo: "No shit, boss man . . . I'm speechless."

Randolph: "So if you think I can win, you can double your money and bet with me, and help me save the animals he bought off you. He just wants to kill 'em in fights like this to the death."

Kozmo: "I didn't know, boss man, I swear!" The Gypsy circus man is dismayed and daunted at the dastardly shocking news.

Randolph: "I know ya didn't know. So what do ya wanna do now? Let me know by dawn!"

Kozmo: "Yeah, I guess bet. I don't want him to do that to 'em. They're my acts; I mean they're not young anymore. Hell, they're even sweet and harmless . . . you know, tame pets damn near. How much do ya need, boss man? Shit, I'm in. . . . No bear can take that big ugly bull! No bear I've ever seen."

Randolph: "It's a grizzly now, think it over. But if you're in, I'll need it all, man."

Kozmo: "All, oh God! All is all I have, half of it is all I can bet, that's one million dollars!"

Randolph: "He gave you two million dollars even, in cash, huh?"

Kozmo: "Yeah, unbelievable, in cash, one thousand dollar bills. I've never had one before but once, before they were reinstated, and I wouldn't spend it for years. Now I've got two hundred thousand of 'em."

Randolph: "Where'd you stash it?"

Kozmo: "Get this, as a joke, some of it's in Ssseth's basket at the bottom in a hidden compartment."

Randolph: "I've got way worst bad news, Kozmo."

Kozmo: "What's that, boss man?"

Randolph: "Those bills may be and probably are phony Mahoney."

Kozmo: "What . . . how do you know? You haven't seen or examined them!"

Randolph: "Don't have to, I know the guy who's spreadin' this crap around."

Kozmo: "You tellin' me that old bastard stiffed me with Monopoly money?"

Randolph: "Yeah, they've got big intaglio presses, master engravers, and paper so perfect they can fraudulently fool the Feds!"

Kozmo: "And you say you know who's behind it. Who?"

Randolph: "My brother, well, half-brother, so keep quiet, and we'll get you the real deal and much more. But don't pass that money, 'cause it is funny."

Kozmo: "Oh man . . . my circus!"

Randolph consoles his newfound friend with inside straight assurance. "Naw, now that you told me what he paid you with, I can help you. Just keep the bills and go along with me, and we'll be sittin' pretty tomorrow."

Kozmo: "Oh God, I got beat by that old ass son of a bitch. I thought he was in love with my animals, he drooled over my tigers and lions, so I thought . . ."

Randolph: "Yeah, he knew you thought that, we'll get even, just stick with me, Kozmo."

Kozmo: "Ok boss man, you've got it."

Randolph: "Bring Ssseth, your snake and basket in the mornin' with as much counterfeit cash as ya can get inside, that's way supa dupa hip!" Randolph breaks out laughing at the scenario he conceives and connives.

Kozmo: "You're laughin', so I feel better. It's a deal, boss man, it's a deal!"

. . . .

Rev. introduces Randolph to another rich man. Guillaume Boyer, the owner of Pearly Gate Ticket Sellers, is a small boned, weak sort, but intelligent, refined, educated forty-seven year old white man, who knew at once that Randolph's event was the most palpable aleatory he could take successfully at the turn of the century and make the miraculous media move of the new millennium with. He was after all a great cynic known for vague caviling to achieve his goal and present the Gospop! Industry in all its forms, sacred and secular to the public at large. It didn't matter whether one even glorified Satan, if he could

package it and sell it, he would. Guillaume had sad brownish, peek-a-booish, peeping Tomish, elfin eyes, a sheepish grin, a lackluster personality, and an obvious weak sister type character flaw. But with a mind sharp as his tongue, he was an expert at his craft, master of all in his area of expertise and a wannabe master of all he surveys.

Rev.: "Guillaume Boyer is here, Randolph. Janet and I thought we'd escort him over to you. He's the owner of Pearly Gate Ticket Sellin' Services. He claims he's got exclusive contracts with many of the nation's biggest arenas, and he's damn near big as Ticket Masters."

Boyer: "Quite a crowd, Mr. Randall, a turnout unlike any I've ever seen. Why I'd be the envy of my industry if I close a deal with you!"

Randolph: "Who told you about me?"

Boyer: "Brian Cash, your partner, he called me twice in Chicago. However, I'd seen the news on TV and I was most impressed anyway."

Randolph: "Cryin' Brian, yeah, he's my partner. Where the hell is he? Have you seen him this evenin'?"

Boyer: "Why no, but I'll be meeting him at Romulus and Remus Savings and Loan. He said about eleven thirty in the morning."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, me too, I'll be there, if I can."

Boyer: "Oh, you might not be able to make it then?"

Randolph: "It'll be cuttin' it too close. So, Rev., you go and stand in my stead."

Rev.: "Ok Randolph, this crowd is just beautiful. J.C. is the superstar. Randolph, that man is the man! I can't believe he's so holy. He's . . ."

Randolph: "The Sepia Second Comin'!"

Boyer: "What?" Boyer is confused, confronted and confounded by the improbable words he heard.

Randolph: "You heard me, so if you're on the level, and ya ain't a Phony Mahoney, it's gonna cost you real money, see?"

Boyer: "How much, just tell me, I want to sell these tickets worldwide!" The frail, slight built man wavers.

Janet: "Have a seat here, Guillaume, sit here. Why you're flushed and ashen face. Get him some water, Rev., please."

Rev.: "Ok." Rev. gets Boyer water from a hose nearby.

Boyer: "I'm a little weak from your last statement, sir. But it's not everyday one hears the words, `Sepia Second Coming' and how much for the tickets in nearly the same sentence. Thank you, Reverend Simmons." Boyer gulps down the water in relief.

Rev.: "You're welcome, Mr. Boyer."

Janet: "Easy does it, Guillaume."

Boyer: "Yes, I'm better now, so as you were saying, Mr. Randall?"

Randolph: "Call me, R n'R, man. Look, we've got a guy out there in that cow pasture that does damn near ev'rythang Jesus did. Now I've never heard him make a claim, nor have I seen him do anythang to make me doubt my feelin's. But this guy is a thirty somethin', six nine, three hundred pound, bald-headed black man, and he's got the whole crowd out there in the hollow of his hand. He calms wild beast with his voice. When I was blinded, he gave me my eyesight back, and I still don't believe it. He knows thangs that are uncanny, and you'd never believe me unless you experience him for yourself!"

Janet: "That's it, R n'R! We can take Guillaume out to the pasture and let him see for himself!"

Randolph: "That oughta do it, beautiful. So y'all take ol' voyeur Boyer here out to J.C., then we'll talk big-time bucks!"

Janet: "Alright Guillaume, come on. We'll have to go in your helicopter, `cause now there're too many people to get through."

Randolph: "Yeah, he's the star so far, but his mother Insane Elaine will be performin' in about another four and a half hours. So we'll stone see who's got the power and glory." The three leave as the wrong Reverend Rump comes swaggering up to Randolph.

Rump is a grinning, vulgar, unattractive, small, very dark skin black man, a cinder with attitude; built wiry, a big mouth full of gold trimmed teeth, backslider brown eyes and fast on his feet, about an amazing eighty-five or so years young, sporting an open bright yellow and red religious robe, black ballet tights, exposing an imposing, protruding cod piece, gaudy precious, encrusted stones on a platinum medallion, a wide brim straw sombrero, sandals and shades. He is a Howard University School of Divinity dropout, but street smart and hip to the world of show biz. Rump had a winning way with women, as Mother Randall and Rev.'s wife, Gertrude Simmons could testify, and he was always looking for one, two or as many as he could have at one time. He boasted about having `the biggest dick n' da world` and being obsessed with `bitches breasts buttocks n' bush`.

Rev. Rump had an annoying affectation for clutching his considerable crotch in public, and worse, exposing his meaty member in his church, saying it was unclean and should be castrated to save his sinful soul from seeking anal sodomy in the bowels of hell. "Ok niggah, you fuckin' win. So what'cha wanna do, shit? You got the real ass deal. Who I gots to butter butt fuck to get a piece of this muthafucka?"

Randolph: "Rev. Rump, you old dirty dog, piece of pig doo-doo. Nigga, you so black, you ain't got no personality, just golden teeth and blood in buttermilk 'round ya beady bright red eyeballs. So, you flew up, huh?"

Rump: "Shit yeah, the TV and radio did it. That shit's playin' all over, man! You was way bad askin' for money and meat! Shit. Ya sounded like a big faggot ass, chicken hawks homo ho, niggah!" Rump leers and laughs aloud.

Randolph: "Go on laugh, you old scummy hyena, laugh it up. Who'd you bring with ya?" Randolph knew Rump had a hell of a mass choir and Big Foot Baptist Band beat, to bomp bomp, stomp stomp this confluence as he, Rump, would say, `off da muthafuckin' chain!`

Rump: "I got some of my church with me, but the rest will be here tonight. I just wanted to see this shit, live. So . . . Elaine's got my fuckin' money on now?"

Randolph: "Maybe yes, and maybe, maybe in the mornin'. We'll count it all out, and then you'll know. Now go on out to that pasture and see the damndest thang you'll ever experience, you old funky junkie jackal."

Rump: "You sho' sound funny, ya big black ass, ugly lookin', sonova country bama muthafucka. But ya won't get rid of me, so don't try no shit!"

Randolph: "Naw, take my word for it. Go out there in ya helicopter, it's better butta, brotha. Then you can get real deal close. Go on, I'll still be here when Elaine starts her show."

Rump: "Damn, gawddamn, this is a way fuckin' crowd, man, shit. Must be seven hundred thousand or so . . . holy rolla shit!" Rump surveys the people.

Randolph: "Yeah, that much easy and they'll be comin' all night, so relax and enjoy, Sambo."

Rump: "What's to eat, niggah, one of these delicious bitches? Who dat dere? Shit!" Rump is licking his chops and drooling as Monika, the beautiful blond goddess of lust approaches, followed and surrounded by penis protruding photographers, press and sex hungry men with hard-ons.

Randolph: "This is my very good friend and first supa starlet in my movie company's galaxy of stars, Money Honey, Ms. Monika Spain!"

Monika: "Oh Ran, I thought you forgot about me!" Monika with made up marine mascara layered eyes, is mega magnetic, and mind-blowing, in a ravishing rainbow sundress of taffeta, matching five inch Limousine heels, a sexy sun hat and dark shades.

Rump: "Yeah, man, introduce me, man! Shit."

Randolph: "Monika, this foul mouth, little black man, undressin' you with his beady red eyes, is da Sinista Minista hisself, the rich, wrong Reverend Rump!"

Monika: "I've heard of you, you're a caution!"

Rump: "Who you been talkin' to, darlin? Let me set you straight. This dumb, big black jealous guy tell you lies about me, sugar baby? Damn you pretty, lily white, honey blond, and sweet smellin', ain't ya?" Rump noses up to Monika, takes a big whiff, and cleverly licks her cleavage.

Monika: "Reverend Simmons said you were a devil."

Rump: "Simmons, dufus Rufus Simmons, shit, is he up in here, R n'R?"

Randolph: "In the flesh, I married his beautiful daughter Gwen, so be way cool now, ya satanic stupid ol' fool!"

Rump: "Keep him waaay away from me, R n'R. We got bad blood, shit. I'd hafta hurt him. He's still mad an a muthafucka 'cause I got his old lady's butt cherry back in the way day, shit."

Randolph: "That's my mama-in-law, ya dirty old swine stinkin' pervert."

Rump: "Gert, man she sho' was a hot piece of . . . damn you sexy, Monika, right? Did I tell you I had to have a penis readjustment?" Rumps favorite approach was to talk about his penis at great lengths.

Monika: "What?" The bi-sexual beauty is taken aback and becomes interested in the little ugly black man's private.

Rump: "Yeah, baby, my play thang was too big, and I had to get it . . . like the doc said, reduced, by body modification. . . . Do you know I had the whole Last Supper tattooed on it?"

Monika: "You're awful, is that true? I never heard of that! How'd they do it? Oh, you're terrible! Let me see ya cookie!"

Rump: "Come on pretty, pretty white girl. Let's go over in the pasture to my chopper, and I'll show and tell ya 'bout it on board. Later, niggah!" They leave, followed by the collection of hard on, horny guys, assembled with her pornographic paparazzi parade.

Randolph: "Yeah."

Kostiers sneaks up on Randolph from behind. "Don't forget my contribution, Randall, we're still partners! I've been laying low, but I still want my percentage as we agreed."

Randolph: "Kostiers."

Kostiers: "This grass-roots, urban sprawl gathering is much more than I could have ever hoped for. It's a crowning achievement for the work I did! They were gathered (the Scripture Park performance artists) from every conceivable corner of every country and continent. Some even came from as far away as . . ."

Randolph: "Shhh, I think I see Hector Sloan. Hecky!"

Kostiers: "Ooh . . . noooo!"

Kostiers runs away into the crowd, and **Vernice** joins **Randolph** driving another used car and U-Haul, **Carter** bought from a customer. "Who's that?"

Randolph: "God."

Vernice: "No stuff, he's not God, too short and ugly and he's white. God's bigger and blacker than you."

Randolph: "You're quite an expert, Skinny Minnie, whatzup?"

Vernice: "Money, we need to keep it in a bigger and better place. **Pearson's** guarding it, but I don't know? We're in an RV we bought from a white family wearing camouflage fatigues. Now it's full of cheap blue-collar Caucasian odor, a wicker chair, a cot, cell phone, computer, a color TV, and a whole lotta wall to wall, ceilin' to floor, American money, man! We got empty old U.S. mail sacks from **Jake**, stored in the five boxcars, the work crew's on the Scripture Park train occupied. The performers who collect for us also use the mail sacks."

Randolph: "Ok, get **Jake** and his guys to start puttin' the counted cash in mail sacks into those same five boxcars as they empty 'em. Lock 'em up tight with cops guardin' 'em for now. And I'll tell **Kozmo** to empty his triple trailers as you need 'em to store the uncounted scratch, and you guys just continue to sort, stack and count it in the RV and bag it up in the mail sacks. Get those three cops over by the water tower there to go back with you. Let one escort you when you drive back to collect at the gate and the pier. The other two can guard the RV, and I'll see you later."

Vernice: "Alright, that could work, see you then. Oh, did you hear **J.C.** this morning?"

Randolph: "Naw, but I hear he's Black Jezuz."

Vernice: "If anybody is, it's he. J.C.'s waaay awesome!"

. . .

The media rep for the leading TV network comes back with a tax free billion dollar offer from himself and the now partnered other three major networks, if the deal is made immediately! He is accompanied by these three others representing their respective networks, with a contract for the weekend, and they need an answer from Randolph to proceed with the TV programming and hopefully the radio simulcast. They are clearly at Randolph's mercy and must render unto him this deal of deals. For as long as he keeps J.C. and the crowds, he's the media king.

Randolph makes his demands clear; he insists on the radio portion being handled as he first announced: on terrestrial/satellite radio simulcast, down linked via his father's radio station, WRNR in D.C. Word has it, the DJ, Buddy Gee, is already set-up to go, live. Because of the concatenation in the construction of the quickie contract, Randolph adds one last verbal conquest. He insists that the amount of the deal be kept confidential until such time as he would indicate it's revealed. In full agreement they all signed the legal, non-disclosure papers, and Randolph took his copy of the contract with the colossal cocksure check of the twenty-first century, marquis money of the new millennium in his name. He put the contract in his briefcase and the check solid in his wallet.

The media circus reps departed back to their respective personnel, technicians and camera crews, where as it happens, a CPT TV camera crew with eager expectant, black executives wait for a deal and a go signal on location, giving them the right to broadcast this, the most Everest entertainment event ever, on earth.

The senior economist at the Detroit River Bank vouched for the check of checks, by volunteering to handle food stamps, foreign money exchange, casino chips and the MLK credit card at Randolph's insistence. Randolph needed all major credit card charge-offs: at the gate on the Detroit docks and rickety rail yard pier, the airport, the bus and train station in Detroit, the helicopters here, the yacht's here and the trains and traffic coming into the rail yard. With a ready crew from their local bank branches, along with many other off-duty weekend cashiers and tellers, at triple the hourly rate, this promised to be a wild whimsical whirlwind wham bam waaay wealthy week-end.

Every tick of the clock in the shank of the evenin', not the skank of the evenin', as Randolph would lovingly say to his best boo, Bitch Ho, made the hellish fires burn and blaze brighter on the shoreline and outline the makeshift heliport or helipaddy as they call the ten acres set aside in the pasture for a landing zone. The glare glimmering glow of searchlights shining from the Phantasmagoria Casino, a pleasure palace floating up and down the Detroit River, featuring the show place Protagonous Room, is the pride of the casino riverboats.

Then trains and headlights from the terrific traffic bathing an RV and trailer army that came and still comes in droves with all manner of cars, trucks, full buses and motorcycles, bikes and people walking and some cripple crawlin' customers arrives. Add an air force of choppers, over five hundred now, all there to service and/or see the event with train loads of people nationwide, traveling together to the late summery green perfumed fields of mysteriously re-ripened apple and cherry blossoms, daffodils, pinks etc., as prefabricated and projected on home TV and super screens. They came, as flocks of red-breasted robins fly, chirping over the dirt, stone, sand, wooded lawn, for the Holific Hologrammed sunset and shadow of the rainbow sign at sundown in paradise. All shown gloriously on mammoth module viewing apparatuses, live, by remote cameras, sent from Covert City. It's an anonymous gift supplied around the grounds, and secretly shipped by boat, courtesy of King Kaizen, for the House of Louse.

Chapter Forty-six

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U-Turn of the Century Joy Ride in a Blue Water Dinghy

At dusk, Randolph was summoned to the shaky dock on the Detroit River to meet a very special arrival. He was given a garment bag of clothes on the train to wear and told to do this by Rev., and they changed clothes and went down to see this VIP together, both dressed as commodores: wearing yachting caps, blue blazers, yacht club insignias, brass buttons, white trousers, white dress shoes and socks, with opened top button white sport shirts. As they looked out and about, it was impossible to get on the spindly dock because it was dangerously overcrowded with huge waves of people coming to experience J.C.

From the water they heard music and cheering when Gwen's barge floated slowly near shore on the river. A crimson purdah was held around her divine presence by female slaves (local costumed actresses) as she was Egypt, Cleopatra, Queen of Denial. When royally revealed, she's brown as a berry and truly beautiful to behold, a queenly face for the pyramid people to worship: bright exciting expressive eyes with full fiery red lips, and a studded diadem over a short cut, fashionable black hair style that caressed her highness' head like only such straight good angel hair would, on an African-American archangel. Her breasts were highlighted by a golden breast plate from the period designed by `tit 4 tat` the Detroit lingerie shop where Gwen bought the see-through, thin material outfit that streamed down to her attractive ankles with asp golden bracelets on the calves of each shapely leg and two gold snakes each on her willowy arms. Two big bare-chested black slaves (local actors) in loincloths fanned `Gwen, the First` with large feathered fans fashioned from the Ramses Dynasty, while she lay on her side upon a red couch, eating purple grapes, fed to her by the loveliest of ladies in waiting. In attendance were Monika, Bitch Ho and Janet, clad in rented Egyptian costumes, and all three were breathtaking bridesmaid beauties, to gratify the great Greek and Roman god Bacchus, god of wine and revelry.

An instrumental sound track of Bitch Ho's songs plays in the background as Randolph and Rev. make their way to the shoreline to get a better view. The tugboat pulling the barge whistles and sends a

steady beam of bright light from its searchlight, like the ancient lighthouse at Alexandria did, while Randolph wades out to greet Gwen.

She spots him and stops the barge with a queenly snap of her finger. The actor slaves get the message and help Randolph aboard the barge. Gwen smiles regal and whispers, "Ran, you burst my marriage bed moorings."

Randolph returns her smile, gets on one soaked knee, takes her extended hand, kisses it and says, "Baby, you float my love boat." They kiss and embrace as the sun sinks into the Detroit River, blended together with the ambient noise and applause of mass approval from thousands lining the shore and the many on boats in a flotilla of happy souls at sea.

Big yachts down from Detroit and Windsor, Canada: sailboats from the Great Lakes, container ships, tugboats, tankers, freighters, barges, scows, steamships, Coast Guard cutters, water taxis, paddle boats, hydroplanes, tourist boats, yawls, ketches, sloops, motorboats, fishing boats, houseboats, rowboats, jet skis, dinghies, paddled and portaged canoes, kayaks, rafts, surfboards, water skis, inner tubes and strong swimmers joined and jammed the Detroit River regatta. Ocean liners wanted to come in from the Atlantic Ocean, as Mark and Mia planned to do on the unbelievable top secret ocean racer, Black Albino, jet propelled schooner, which zipped like a zephyr unerring tour de force back to the gang.

Mark and Mia free now when farcical charges were dropped in Mexico, had sailed with the costumed crew of the super speedboat Black Albino, to join the Detroit mob as Randolph ruefully dubbed the masses of customers that rushed to the shaky dock at the rail yard. Even privileged yachts' people are coming, as it's a short sail from Grosse Pointe and Lake St. Clair.

The Black Albino with Captain Dick Long at the mahogany wheel made the east coast in record time, seven hours. The safety belt and helmet wearing costumed crew was secured in the pressurized pilothouse of the secret computerized control paneled jet-propelled schooner, as were Mark and Mia in their cabin. They must have been flying by the seat of their flaming strapped in drawers!

The supersonic ship sailed from the warm waters of the southern Pacific Ocean through sea lanes yet to be traveled that fast, staying on the coastline down past Central America and making a left at the

Panama Canal, cruising through it after inspection, at a civilized common speed of specified knots; then zooming one hundred miles an hour into the Caribbean Sea, jetting past Jamaica and cutting in between Cuba and high seas Haiti; gunning into the great gray and ghostly gelid Atlantic Ocean, parking in the Bermuda Triangle for a pelagic phone call to Randolph, then slicing like grease lightning up to the southern east coast of America the beautiful, at three hundred and fifty mph, under the radar and above the sonar systems there. Faster than a speedboat goes, the Black Albino jet sailed into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence Seaway Canal, then she shot out into the Great Lake Ontario via the Welland Canal, by-passing Niagara Falls and rocketed as a ghost galleon guided missile into the Great Lake Erie and alas, set sail on the Detroit River!

Mark bragged to Mia, "We could of made the U-turn of the century, accelerating from zero to four hundred miles per hour, leaping off and over the top of Niagara Falls, projecting the golden parachute of parachutes for just such a purpose and landed as a soft cushioned belly flop on sponsons and propellers, spinning at sixty-four thousand revolutions a minute. We could've skipped along the International Dateline like a stone and come a day earlier, then we'd know a fraction as much as J.C. knows ahead of time about everything and everybody. Hell, we broke every maritime law ever written! Mia, you oughta love me filthy nautical knickers now!"

She, Mia, loved the cresting waves, casting cogent water walls many stories high in winds of sixty miles per hour, leaving dolphins in the liquid dust and a big black sperm whale smiling in an ocean over thirteen thousand feet deep, a whale that oddly enough resembled Randolph smiling, during and after sex. She loved the briny billowing, spumy sprayed, frothy foam and high speed, as the near jumbo jet G's space ship speed propulsion from a turbine hidden in the hull, when it was lowered from it's covert compartment as an anchor and fired, propelled them through and just slightly above the open sea, faster than a torpedo from a destroyer in World War II.

When he was in her royal majesty's service (1960's), Mark borrowed a military top-secret plan to revamp the royal yacht, Britannica. She was to be England's first water-borne rocket ship. The plans to do this, however, were changed, scrapped and abandoned like a lost farthing, except by Mark who contacted the reclusive, egocentric inventor, a Doctor Jeremiah `Jet` Jacobs at MIT. Mark tested the big souped-up sea jet idea and adopted the plans for he and Randolph.

Thus, the Black Albino was designed, built secretly and special in Liverpool, England, as Mark would say, "Home of the lads (Beatles), sovereign land of me mum and dad. It makes me sea legs limber and me sailor's heart beat Jolly Roger glad." Mark reminded Mia he had intended to show Randolph AIDS Island being built, but Randolph canceled the trip and surrendered to face the rape and sodomy charges from Nurse Gray, at her, Mia's insistence. Then Mark confessed to Mia, "I hit rock bottom . . . at forty thousand feet, in a company private Gulf Stream V jet, when I got fired and thought I lost you."

Mia grinned at Mark, then imitating Randolph, she said, "I hit rock bottom at forty thousand feet in a G5, when I got fired and lost you, sounds like a godawful country tune, ya way silly dilly ditz."

The stealth Black Albino is a classic ocean going yacht with engine and sails, that pipes aboard swarthy deck hands, speed dream boat sailors, a bilged out costumed crew, who can rig a mast, working as if everything was normal aboard her slow sailing appearance, while she sailed proudly up the Detroit River to a pier and some ferry landings at the river's edge by the rail yard, making it and the meadow destination, a tiny instant international port of call where they depart.

At night, old-fashioned oil drum fires and tiki torches burn and blaze in full force with multicolored lights shining from the boats coming in with glamour and glitter glow. Now the stars and celebs come out in the shimmering moonlight to see the sacred secular spectacle of everyone in costume for the earthshaking show, strut their extra hot stuff, amid cries heard all over of, "Get'cha halo on, Holy Joe's hot heavenly halos here! Angel wings, harps, long white robes and golden slippers too! Plus, horns that glow in the dark, you devil you."

Kozmo is proud to peregrinate and continue his peripatetic ways. He's a devotee, carny man, married to the ultra weird one, Oona, the fiddling fortune teller, snake charmer who helped him with his chronic ophidiophobia (the fear of snakes). And he promotes the loading dock performances as a sawdust sideshow on the way to the main event, likened to the center ring under the big top. He has dispersed and deployed his circus troops to collect, while he serves in a supporting role by luring the streams of paid customers coming in thousands to get a load of Gospop! Music on the loading platform, then having the

thrill of going on out to experience J.C. in the meadow with two million milling Michiganders. When Kozmo explained the circus strategy of `holding the door´ to Randolph, Randolph understood the build-up of overflow in the crowd was more than dangerous, but suicidal, unless through divination, J.C. himself had the antidotal attendance answer.

Gire and the panjandrums with him were clearly guilty of more than blatant malfeasance now. The police commander and the fire chief panicked at the people explosion and called the governor who promptly called out the National Guard. But they could not assemble because they were either in the Mid-East and/or in attendance and celebrating with the cramming crowd, as they had called in sick and/or changed their week-end duty or plain deserted. The surprise of all so far was the calm clemency in the Detroit area that stunned the weathermen.

Kozmo barked at the people passing his two hundred and ten foot long, ten foot high banners along the midway, past the loading dock and out to J.C., in the meadow. Stark, colorful carnival sideshow artwork of torture and nude acts to rival old time Ringling Brothers Circus caught their eye. Kosmo had the sensational `Snot Nose´ and warned, "The green mucous monster he creates from his nostrils will fill you with revulsion and a lotta repugnant gaggin'." Kozmo teases through a megaphone at the masses caught up in the mounting madness of soon to be chock-a-block solid wall-to-wall people. "Try this at home folks, not out here," Kozmo jokes standing on a flatbed semi-truck, "You'll spaz over the man with three penises! Yes, one for each orifice, lady, and one for each of his hands! That's a right hand, left hand and middle hand, three hands to hold three dicks! Three, count 'em, I said three, lady, not free! Three penises and that's no stage joke. Get away from there, sonny, that's the woman with the biggest anus! Hey, we've got last but not least, the geek of geeks, the freak of freaks, the eek of eeks, a Mister and a Miss.

"Eek the Geek, the greatest geek of them all will do anybody the adult service of any sex act you desire for fifty bucks a pop. One roll in the passion pit with this hermaphrodite, bisexual seductress, satyr from the South Seas, that's right, a Polynesian beautiful woman and man, sex starved and throbbin' with pent up emotional lust. Yes, it's a sex god n' goddess to any who have sampled it's androgynous body. Come closer, see her . . . er him.

"Touch 'em, smell 'em, taste 'em. The Him n' Her hermaphrodite is here! Ladies and gentlemen, it may seem a bit queer but he/she'll perform 'til you can't bear the thrill, 'til you lose your mind control, and will. He/she does not have confused genitalia, as both sets of sex organs, male n' female know exactly what to do and who to do it to. And both do it very satisfyin', I'm told by countless lucky customers, who had the extreme privilege and plethora of pleasure from his/her intimate company!"

By promising sex and the like, along with tignons and ligers, never been found in the wild, only captivity, Kozmo captured the attitude and attention of the moving mass of population, the thrusting throngs hungry for the taboo nuance of it all; gingerly stepping and pausing to hear his staccato carny spiel of phony Mahoney attractions, created to hook the suckers and hold the door, so the performers on the loading dock could get a break, and so that the tireless musicians could take five, for an hour or so.

The red, white and blue Scripture Park special, Randolph referred to as the gravy train, is one hundred and eighty-nine cars long now. Boxcars, flatcars, refrigerator and water tank cars, tons and tons, over a thousand tons, one triple strength electric engine pulls, sits in the runs (tracks) as the workers toiled among a two million mid-riot panic (a great loud applause), and common laborers who scurried with logs, roughage for the animals, hoses, bucket brigades, plus poop scoopers were afoot.

A white faced clown dances his tall, gangly steps on stilts. He wiggles, smirks and struts by the loading dock, and Randolph can't quite remember where he saw those same expressions and moves years ago, forty-eight to be exact.

The six Rancor Circus triple trailer trucks and the Scripture Park Special train up behind the old loading platform, shield the smaller canvass tents for the performers of Rancor Circus. The reticulating giraffes, Slim n' None eat grains, hay, apples and carrots at the feed truck. Ohhhs and ahhs rise from the different pockets in procession of the great mighty Michigan many, when they pass the animals' caravans and cages.

As Randolph went from wellsprings of pandering and troubleshooter to grand impresario and financier, the fans from Detroit and beyond went from being called the Detroit mob, to his best bosom buds. Bitch

Ho called him Mr. Millennium for inspiring over the top attendance and accolades from the greatest, most staggering amount of souls ever gathered on earth, for an entertainment event, with a live audience and TV audience, unequaled in all the auspicious auld lang syne, show business, annals of time.

Kozmo's personal private trailer arrives with all the accoutrements associated with a ringmaster's outfit. Randolph showers, puts on the pink, silk tux with rhinestones, tails, top hat, cummerbund and cape. Then sporting a pink cane, he steps outside carrying his luggage. He's greeted by the grand dame diva of Gospop! Music, whose accompanied by Lucy, her stacked, uniformed, surgical masked nurse. Elaine is wearing full make up with coiffure gray hair, dressed to the nines in a sequined, forest green satin evening gown with a train, a costume jewelry diamond tiara, matching green pumps, long green gloves with a diamond necklace, bracelet, rings on her fingers and tiny golden bells on her shoutin' shoes.

Elaine: "It's time, you look great, son. How do I look?"

Randolph: "Insane . . . Elaine! I'll escort you . . . just breathe over that way, please! You look damn good, old woman, but ya stink, ya stink to high heaven and reek out loud to God! What ya singin' tonight, old gospel gal?"

Elaine: "Ev'rything I know! Month of Sundays Mass Choir is here, they back me up. I'll hold the crowd. My band Hot Fudge Sundae's here too!"

Randolph: "Hiya, Juicy Lucy."

Lucy: "Hi, big BROTHAMAN. I'll hold ya train and follow y'all backstage, mam." Lucy follows, carrying Elaine's forest green train, and the three began to walk to the loading platform, a half city block away. And as if Moses parted the Red Sea, the crushing crowd made a path for Elaine, the singing star of the show, and Randolph, its keynote speaker, when she breathed the breath of bode ill upon them. As they walk through the crowd, the people cheer at the two celebs, who nod and smile back at the adoring crowd. And all along the short way, they are applauded, touched and photographed by thousands of shutterbugs.

Randolph: "Rev. Rump flew in, and brought some folks to sing with him, is that cool?"

Elaine: "Long as I go on first, don't matter. Nobody can follow me!"

Randolph: "What about your son?"

Elaine: "Oh, that's different."

Randolph: "Where did you really get that guy? He's got too much power to just be your son. Come on, you can tell me, whatzup with J.C.?" Randolph's imagination works over time concerning the mystery of J.C.

Elaine: "He's black Jezuz, can't you tell?"

Randolph: "I'm beginning to, what makes you so sure though? And are you really his blood mother, or his adopted mother?"

Elaine: "It's a long story, but I'll cut it short. He's the colored Christ; he's the soul brotha savior. Look at the crowds; nobody else could do that much business word of mouth only. Did you taste the manna this mornin'? Melt in your mouth, man! Folks won't leave. They hooked on 'em, sold on his ev'ry word!

"But to answer your question, I went to D.C. promotin' a gospel record. I was in my late fifties; I went to your daddy's radio station. I asked him to play my record and help me spread the gospel, and he said, 'Ok soul sistah, spread your big black, hot bowlegs'. Yowiee! So, your daddy's John Carter's daddy. That's why I contacted Reverend Rufus Simmons to get you involved, 'cause you and John Carter and that other guy, Louse, are all brothers from two different mothers. Louse is your mama and Reverend Silas Rump's boy. But he's not in the holy blood line, only John Carter is holy from my side of the family." Randolph takes the hard-core news of the unholy union between his dear mother and the rascally Rump seemingly in stride with perspicacity askance and stygian sanguinary at Rump's sneaky satyriasis. (He wanted to rip Rump a new one.)

Insane Elaine explains her role as a dishonest, hot hoochie ho, holy mother of sorts, when she admits taking the used condom Randolph's father threw away in the toilet trash can and putting it in a Dixie cup of ice after their brief affair on the floor in his office. Elaine shouts, "Artificial insemination!" She explodes in a cackle and mounts the cement steps to the semi-circled loading dock, perfect make shift stage. "Frozen sperm to the uterus is all you need and a Goat Alley mad scientist, the opposite of an abortion doctor. So, your daddy was a chosen prophylactic boner and an innocent sperm donor!"

Randolph: "Yeah, but I bet ya breath won't foul feces like now, back then." Randolph laughs at the thought of Elaine's assumption into heaven, and the image of her being helped by two holy angels wearing surgical masks breaks him up.

Unfazed, Elaine continued, "Your daddy was a uncircumcised, black Philistine and a perfect fit for the legacy and prophecy of the continuation for the blood line, from Adam on to Ham's side of the Holy Roller family, down to David, to Jesus; and now my side of this same sacred soul family that produced John Carter, who was conceived by me and your daddy, Raymond John Randall, on the thick blue carpet in his WRNR radio station office. Yeeiee! Your daddy was my Joseph! So not only your mother, but your father, gave you still another blood brother."

Randolph knew by now he would never fathom the depth of Elaine's brain damage. However, he knew it was extensive and inoperable. She believed she was selected among women to be the black Madonna, a true saint, hand picked by Great Jehovah no less. Now J.C., the supposedly divine descendant, down from the greatest family tree in all mankind, was standing wearing a white robe in a vivid virtuous virtual vision. He is acting as the second Son of God, gathering genuflecting millions, while superimposed on TV via the super screens in a Holific Hologram, featuring himself in a midair mystic magic pose, over the meadow above a full-blown flag and festooned flowered field of followers.

Elaine raved on to Randolph, "People gettin' pasteurized out in that pasture. He talks to the many, the multitudes, the millions. To this great crunch and crush of civilization in church to experience the miracle of the new millennium, live, John Carter's God born again! Hallelujah, even though, he was sired by ya daddy, Ray John, seventh of ten sons. Yowiee!"

Randolph's baleful stare, stern and severely serious as a stiff, hard left hook to the jaw, changed men's minds in these casuistry matters, but Elaine was steadfast and went on saying, "It's in the Good Book, check it out. Accordin' to the Book of Amos . . ."

And Randolph laughed and said, "Yeah, Amos n' Andy." Randolph shook his head and he knew now it wouldn't matter if J.C. was a born again, out of space alien who read the Bible, believes it, follows Jesus and/or decides to emulate Jesus, they were stuck with him now.

Atop the loading platform, Randolph is reeling from Elaine's immutable infusible information about her charlatan created heritage and blood line, but he collects himself and continues with the bigger business at hand. "How are you gonna sing with that coalescin' competition congregation from J.C. goin' on?"

Elaine: "I'll be up here on this loadin' dock, and the passin' crowds will hear me and see me first on their way out to my son, the savior!" Joe and his techies would make sure, acoustically, the two never clashed sound wise.

Randolph: "Oh, then you two planned to do it this way?"

Elaine: "You catch on fast. Lemme test this mike, uggabooga mooga sooga looga hooga loo!"

The band, Hot Fudge Sundae, and mass choir, A Month of Sundays are all wearing surgical masks in anticipation of Elaine's hellish hallelujah halitosis.

Randolph assumes authority as M.C and addresses the apocryphal TV audience, along with the Armageddon, coagulating throngs, filing by on their way to experience J.C. in the meadow. "You're in fine form, old woman. Hiya band, hiya, back up choir! God bless ya each and ev'ryone of ya! Thank you, TV and radio peeps worldwide for tunin' in! Thank you, loud, proud crowd for comin'! Thank you, I'm glad . . . soooo glad ya made it . . . all the traffic tailgatin' all the way bumper to bumper! But ya made it out here to the rail yard! And we've got the show for ya! This is the stellar premier performance of Scripture Park, starrin' the big foot, fat mouth, thick bubble lip, gold tooth, fonky butt, black face, holy rolla, jumpin' shoutin', tongue talkin', God fearin', Bible totin', right walkin', bomp bomp, stomp stomp, great gospel grand dame diva, her excellency, the Queen of Gospop! Music, Insane Elaine

Griffin!"

Elaine dances up to the lip of the loading dock, bathed in a red-hot spotlight while hollering, and trilling at the TV cameras. She snatches the microphone from Randolph. "Whoa!" And Hot Fudge Sundae, her great Gospop! back up band stomps off the Detroit introit. Then her mighty mass choir, A Month of Sundays, majestically fills the air with the catchy, rousing, Holy Roller refrain as Elaine sings and shouts the lead vocal.

Jesus is Waiting in the Wings

*Jesus is waiting
Holy amazing
Jesus is waiting
In the wings*

(Where's Jesus)

*Jesus is waiting
Anticipating
He's gonna steal the show
Again*

(Where's Jesus)

*Jesus is waiting
He's hesitating
Father forgive us for
Our sins*

(Where's Jesus)

*Jesus is waiting
He's still debating
Jesus is waiting
In the wings*

*Jesus is waiting
 In the wings
 Hallelujah
 Hark hear the herald
 Angels sing
 Hosanna in the highest*

*Satanic superstar
 On stage
 Still pleases the people
 Bored*

*But when he takes his
 Final bow
 Church bells will ring
 In the steeple Lord*

___TOP___

When her mighty mass choir thunders back in with the allegro angelic anthem, J.C. takes a break with Harry and Smug Doug in their helicopter. Randolph spots Joel standing at the back of the platform and walks him out to Elaine. The ocean of commotion from the rail yard to the meadow crowd loves the right on religious replica representation. The people go wild watching it on worldwide TV and six gigantic, two thousand twelve hundred and twenty square foot King Kaizen Super Scope Screens live. These monster screens seen around the grounds were shipped in, set-up and are now technically manned secretly by the House of Louse.

T.R.: "Now that's a show stopper. She's on fire; she's hot as a coffee pot. She's singin' and dancin' . . . w o o o o! She's the best, ain't nothin' like her. Oh, here she comes again, sang the channel, Laine!"

*Some folks I know
Would stand in the rain
And buy a ticket
To see Him and explain*

*Many would love
To fly away with Him
Back to paradise
In heaven above
___Top___*

Randolph and T.R.: "YEAH!" Everyone on earth within eye and earshot erupts in raving ecstasy when Elaine and her mass choir return back to the tonic!

T.R.: "Wow! We'll have way over two million peeps by twelve midnight, wait and see! It was waaay worth all the trouble, just for the last twenty-four hours, man. Everything's comin' together; they can't miss, son and mother, mother and son. What an attraction, we got over, man!"

Randolph: "Damn skippy, look T.R., we got another motha, sonofabitch of a big deal on in the mornin'! We gotta take the bull buffalo by the horns with us."

T.R.: "I thought Joe was nuts when he told me that bull shit, man. So it's true, we goin' up against a grizzly bear, goddamn!"

Randolph: "I'll be bettin' my end of the show, 'cause we gotta save Kosmo's animals. This way crazy, old rich creep bought 'em all out from under him . . ." Randolph decides not to mention the counterfeit cash, and T.R. almost guesses.

T.R.: "A phony Mahoney motive?"

Randolph: "Yeah, scam artist, but we'll win, and I'll settle with my half brotha for good!"

T.R.: "Louse?"

Randolph: "Oh yeah, so stick close and it'll be a bonanza for our side in the mornin'."

Elaine with her Gospop! Music rule, and Bitch Ho exclaims, "Damn, she's a righteous rockin', holy rollin', stinkin' old woman, and you lookin' like The Black Pink Panther, Ran!" Bitch Ho modeling her own red finery, compliments Randolph on his ornate pink outfit.

Randolph: "Where ya been, Sharon, I missed ya?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, we've been doin' what ya said, shit, lookin' for land. We found two farms, fifty miles from here. Harry and Doug will tell your ass. Damn, she can sang, she's a Gospopsie! Wopsie! waaay baad ass mothafucka, Ran! A fuckin' gold mine! Rock on, ol' stank mouth lady, shit, say it!" Elaine unleashes her Gospop! arsenal on the awesome activated animated audience, holding and growing by the microsecond.

Big Jesus

*If I'm the woman He was the Man
I'll be good enough
If I'm the woman He was the Man
I'll be good enough*

*I wanna be just like Big Jesus when I grow up
I wanna drink my fill of wine from the Master's cup
I wanna be just like Big Jesus pound for pound
And beat the devil down when he throws his weight around*

*I wanna help the blind
I wanna save mankind
And for the sick and lame
I wanna do the same*

*I wanna be just like Big Jesus
I wanna rid the world of trouble
I wish I was Big Jesus' double*

*I wanna be just like Big Jesus when I grow up
If I'm the woman He was the Man
I'll be good enough*

*Big Jesus
Big Jesus
Big Jesus
Great Big Jesus*

*Big Jesus
Big Jesus
Big Jesus
Great Big Jesus*

*If I'm the woman He was the Man
If I'm the woman He was the Man
If I'm the woman He was the Man
I'll be good enough*

Scripture Park

*Scripture Park is not
A fantasy
It's an ev'ryday
Reality
In Motor City
It can be found
Ev'rybody's Motown
Bound*

*Actors acting out
The living Bible
If you've lost faith
Well you're just libel*

*To find happiness
And peace of mind
Leave the troubles of
The world behind*

*Come by boat
Come by train
Motorbike car bus
Airplane*

*When you arrive
God will explain
To Jews Hindus
Buddhist Muslims
And Christians*

*Well I work so hard
In Scripture Park
I work like a slave
All day
I work 'til the land gets Dark
In Daniel's lions den
Workin' with religious
Men
John Matthew Luke and
Mark
Get together in
Scripture Park*

*Clear away the ground
Put the big tent down
Build the Bible here
Depict the testaments
So come one come all
Three big shows a day
Wash your sins away
Come hear Jesus pray*

*Adam and Eve
Moses and Methuselah
Sodom and Gomorrah
Samson and Delilah
David and Goliath
Noah's Ark
Heaven and hell
In Scripture Park*

*Buy a souvenir
Get your halo here
Have a holy time
Drinkin' Jesus wine*

*Act the Good Book out
Make the people shout
Advertise about
Jesus word of mouth*

_____ Chorus _____

*Well I work so hard
I saw the Son of God
Acting with all His
Heart
He really plays His part
Well if He walks on the
Water
Makes a blind man
See
He could pass for
Christ sake
Oh!
So easily*

*It took tons of steel
 For Ezekiel's Ferris
 Wheel
 And the Holy Roller
 Coaster
 Is a Judeo-Christian thrill*

*Hear the angels sing
 And the church bells
 Ring
 Happy as a lark
 Down in Scripture Park
 Down in Scripture Park
 Down in Scripture Park
 Down in Scripture Park*

6 Billion People

*1 2 3 4
 2 more make 6
 6 billion souls
 Love starved romantics*

*For what it's worth
 Freedom on earth
 Peace time to men
 In ev'ry land*

*When 6 billion people
 Fall in love
 When ev'ryone on earth
 Is thinkin' of
 Peace and love
 Folks won't push n' shove*

*When 6 billion people
 Fall in love
 That will be heaven
 Up above
 Starting with us 2
 Lovey dove*

*If the entire population
 On the planet
 Found love in their
 Hearts
 God would grant it
 And cease world war
 Infinitum
 Forever more - - - -*

*Even though this idea
 Is but a whim
 If we all put our faith
 And trust in Him
 Kiss n' hug (6 Billion People)
 Fall in love " " "
 Start with 2 " " "
 Me & you " " "
 2 by 2 " " "
 See what love*

*(When it's cocksure strong brave and true)
 Can
 (Like a bright sunburst shining through)
 Do*

---TOP---

Bitch Ho is decked out in red, five inch high heels, a wide brim, red straw hat, a red satin short short hot pant suit, a black silk ruffled midriff belly blouse, a golden nose and navel ring with Gucci red tinted and red framed shades.

Randolph: "You lookin' good, girl. You smell good, whatzup?"
Randolph gazes into Bitch Ho's sparkling eyes.

Bitch Ho: "Joe, shit, since you can't fuck no more, and you got religion or some shit like that, so . . ."

Randolph: "So you gonna go to Holy Joe. Ok, that's cool, Holy Joe's good people."

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, he don't know shit about it though. I let him think I was a hard cunt, see? I hope I didn't blow him off, shit."

Randolph: "Well, he's around, he set up the sound and lights here with his crew." Joe has experienced professional help from his college buddies and Rancor Circus in handling the lights on stage. And they, as he, man the digital two hundred track console he brought to capture, control, mix and separate the sound from the super six speakers of J.C.'s voice, Scripture Park's music and the clamoring crowd.

Bitch Ho: "Do you think I'm still sexy, Ran? I just wanna know for my own amusement, ya dig?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Bitch Ho: "I believe ya, but with Gwen up in here now, you're dangerous ground, man! Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah, I know, it's best I slow down. So, ya happy, brown sugar?"

Bitch Ho: "I guess so, I miss ya, but I'll get over it." Bitch Ho blushes, and Randolph goes out and grabs the mike, while Elaine dances to the back of the loading platform, crepitating and frothing at the mouth.

Randolph: "Take another bow! Ladies and gentlemen, let's hear it for the greatest Gospop! singer the world has ever known! C-mon, give it up for Insane Elaine! Insane Elaine! Good God a mighty, she's smokin! She laid it on us! Bring her back! Ya want more. Ya can't be still. Ya got the spirit! The soul of Jesus is in the air! Come on band, that's the music! That's her bomp n' stomp. Aw, look out now! Here she comes, the one, the only Insane Elaine! Encore, do it, do that holy

dance, ol' woman. Go on with ya way bad self! Aw, Lawdy Lawdy Lawdy, Miss Clawdy, look at that ol' woman dance! Work it, ol' woman; do your stuff! Strut, go 'head, hallelujah is your middle name! The man upstairs is watchin' ya! Go on be that sanctified way. Do it holy rolla to da bone, in ya shoutin' shoes!"

Rev. Rump snatches the mike from Randolph. "I'm no gawddamn dime a dozen agnostic, nasty, asshole myself, but this ol' ho's a muthafucka, y'all! Right? So give it back, shit. Ya wild ass fucks! It's the shit mouth, stankin', nauseous noxious niggah from the nut house, shit . . . Insane fuckin' Elaine! Ol' black bitch sangs, shit! Go 'head, ya insane muthafuck! Now I'm goin' out there and tighten somebody's loose bootay up, shit."

Elaine holy dances and is joined by the world renowned male great Gospop! group, Thy Kingdom Kum quartet, wearing rhinestone green suits, singing a rousing up tempo Jezuz set.

Jezuz H. Christ

*Jezuz H. Christ
Satan is a louse
Jezuz H. Christ
Jezuz in the house
Jezuz in yo' face
Glory be His name
Our savior's sacred
Heart
Burnin' cross n'
Flame _ _ _ _*

*He walks upon the
Water
He raises up the dead
Halo shinin' 'round
His famous bearded
Handsome
Head*

*It scared the
Be Jezuz out of me
'Cause I knew
That it
Was He*

*Early Sunday mornin'
When the skies
Turn blue n' red
Jezuz H. Christ
Appeared
I swear
On a stack of Bibles
By my bed*

*Angels singin'
Hallelujah
Standing in the devil's stead
I said Lord love
A sinner
And kissed His
Hands n' feet
That bled*

*I heard His sandals
Down the hall
Jezuz made a rare
House call*

*He saved my life
He blessed my soul
His heavenly streets
Are paved with gold*

*He's got a mansion
For me
When I'm sick n'
Old*

_____TOP_____

Jezuz Does the Job

*Jezuz does the job Bob
The nasty filthy job
Jezuz gets you clean
Jean
He cleans human beings*

*He'll wash your sins away
(Jezuz)
Make a brighter day
(Jezuz)
Get Jezuz don't delay
(Jezuz)
I heard the TV say
(Jezuz)*

*He cleansed my dirty soul
With hot water and cold
My load was rough n' tough
'Til Jezuz softened me up*

*He scrubs whites and
Coloreds hard
Hangs 'em out in heaven's
Yard
Where none will shrink
Or fade
'Cause He's the son of
God*

*Laundromat of love
Suds
Gentle as a dove
Jezuz passed the test Bess
The price you pay is less*

*Down at the old folks home
(Jezuz)
They use Him ev'ry hour
(Jezuz)
They soak Him in and pray
(Jezuz)
Spin cycle in His power
(Jezuz)*

*Gang members in jail
Who put Him in their
Pail
Know when they mop the
Floor
His holy soap won't fail
He'll unlock prisons
Door
Home if your heart is
Pure
Lord nothin' gets you
Clean as Christ
He's a
Washing machine*

Jezuz the Deal

*Hey J-E-Z-U-Z
Oh yes
Yo Jezuz is
The very best*

*Yeah next to Him
Ain't no contest
His love is
The most holiest*

*Old Satan's ways
Are over the hill
He's standing still
God fills the bill*

*Hook up with Jezuz
He's the one
He outshines
The bright mornin'
Sun*

*Say your prayers
To Jezuz
Sent from heaven
To please us
When we're ripe
He will squeeze
Us*

*Jezuz the deal
He's for real*

*Don't be a dumb
Doubtin' Thomas
Christ will come
Back
He promised
Be ye Christian
Or communist
Jezuz the deal*

_____TOP_____

*Let me introduce
You to
The best good friend
Of mine*

*He'll roll the dark
Gray clouds away
With truth and
Sunshine*

*He'll end your long
Sad suffering
And life will be
Just great*

*He'll open up the
Door
To paradise's
Pearly gate*

*So if you're sick
And tired
And you feel
Uninspired
Think the devil
Should be fired*

*Jezuz the deal
He's for real*

*Don't follow those
Who preach race
Hate
Only the crazy
Participate
Praise the Lord
Get your soul
Straight
Jezuz the deal*

_____TOP_____

Hot Fudge Sundae plays the charismatic chase music, as Randolph takes a hard line with the M.C. rascally reverend and shouts. "Rump, you rat!"

Rump: "Fuck you . . . and fuck yo' mama, sucka!"

Randolph: "Yeah, I heard about that."

Rump uncertain of Randolph's meaning continues his ranking, intent on upstaging and one-upmanship. And he begins to recite his famous dozens diatribe, *Jonin for the Jugular Snaps, Mama n' Muthafucka Jokes* (playin' the dozens) called `Fucked Yo' Mama`.

Fucked Yo' Mama

*Awright . . . fucked yo' mama
In a passion pit
She shit
And I split
So I didn't get but a
Little bit*

*Fucked yo' mama on a
Rusty nail
Nail bent
And she went
To get a tetanus shot
For fifteen cent*

*Fucked yo' mama on a country
Road
A good ride
And I rode
Her pussy made me
Drop a load*

*Fucked yo' mama in Goat Alley
Comin' from a niggah rally
Drinkin' wine from
Watermelon rinds
She sucked my dick
For the grand
Finale*

*Fucked yo' mama on the kitchen
Table
Did it 'til she was
Disabled
While I was watchin'
Adult cable*

*Fucked yo' mama on the bathroom
Floor
She kicked in the toilet door
When I made her asshole
Sore*

*Fucked yo' mama in a mental
Ward
Gave her all I could afford
Paid the ho two cent Lord
When my big dick got soft and bored*

*Fucked yo' mama in a dirty bath
Tub
She washed my rusty
Rub a dub
Made her suck my hard black
Nub*

*Fucked yo' mama on a slick mud slide
Did it to her
On her side
Then she cried
A real good ride
She almost committed suicide*

*Fucked yo' mama in a row boat
The boat sank
'Cause she stank
The dumb bitch cunt was
Way rank*

*Fucked yo' mama in a ho
House
Ask Louse
Made her move like
Mickey Mouse*

*Fucked yo' mama in a church
Pew
I came once and she came two
The second time I made
You*

*Fucked yo' mama on a garbage
Can
Damn man
Her cunt expand
My dick got lost
In pussy land*

*Fucked yo' mama in her
Asshole
Felt good to her soul
Made the black bitch
Rock n' Roll*

*Fucked yo' mama in a hallway
Kids came
She did the same
And shouted out my goddamn
Name*

*Fucked yo' mama in a trash
Truck
She sucked I bucked
In the mire and the muck*

*Fucked yo' mama in a pile of
Sand
The sand cut
She slammed shut
And I broke my foot in
Her black butt*

*Fucked yo' mama in a elevator
The door closed
And she froze
She pushed my button
And I broke her nose*

*Fucked yo' mama
In a shit pit . . .*

Rump winds down his recitation of Jonin for the Jugular Snaps, Mama n' Muthafucka Jokes (playin' the dozens) called `Fucked Yo' Mama´.

Randolph: "Yeah, fool, I heard. Now hear this, that little quickie rape with my mom's is gonna cost ya fifteen huge, sucka."

Rump: "You's a lie and a grunt and yo' big black, crusty, rusty dusty feet stank, niggah. Gimmie my shit now!" Rump is distracted by a quick peek at Melanoma's exposed bare, gluteus maximus and dances away with her doin' the Philly Slop. Rump now literally carried away, begins his set in the show, shouting obscenities alone in the spotlight. He opens his robe, removes the cocky codpiece from his black ballet tights, then tosses it into the crowd, when his mass choir and accompanist see and hear this; they join his heightened hedonistic heretical, exhilarating x-rated excitement and share his frenzied funk fiendish fervor. His whole aggregation rushes the platform, high pitch trilling, with their guitars, bass and horns, yes, a full horn section to compliment the Sinister Minister in all his godless glory.

Rump's drummer dismisses the sitting drummer in Hot Fudge Sundae and slams into the set. Women and men rattle tambourines in open choir robes lifted higher and higher, exposing naked bodies and pubic hair, with full arousals, shaking shoulders and heaving tempting taut nipple breasts, erect penises, wiggling bare buttocks and red tongues darting and wagging at the crowd with salacious purple gum, diamond encrusted, platinum and gold capped tooth grins, the likes of which would seduce and shame Satan himself. Now Rump snatches the mike, by instinct, at that very moment, only a satanic superstar entertainer knows and sings his songs of sinful sex, drugs and a religious Rock n' Roll.

Sodomized By Satan

*You don't wanna be sodomized
By Satan
Seduced sadistically
By his band of hellish
Angels
In the bowels of purgatory*

*You don't wanna be violated by
The devil
Don't stick a needle in
Your skin
Get thee behind me Satan
You'll shout and holler
Out my friend*

*Don't smoke shoot or
Sniff
Let God give you a lift
Higher
Live pure ev'ryday
No don't break down
Like a shotgun gay*

*You won't be better off
His rape victim
Don't let him penetrate
Your soul
If you do drugs
Intravenously
You're just a big
Butt hole*

*So don't put that sucker
In your arm
`Cause Lucifer don't
Love you
Ev'ry time you turn on
And turn around
The king of sin will
Screw you
(Stick his pitchfork
In yo' ass)*

*Dit ditty
Dit ditty
Dit ditty dit*

Hey hey hey

*Ya da da
Ya da da
Ya da da da*

*When you do drugs
Intravenously
You're sodomized by
Satan
If you stick that
Syringe
In your flesh
You're sodomized by
Satan*

*Y'all
High stoned
To the bone
You're sodomized
By Satan*

*So don't make him grin
Don't let him win
Or he'll get you in the
End*

*You don't wanna be
Sodomized by
Satan (8 times)*

*So don't stick a needle in
Your skin
Amen*

Pull the Skin Back

*Pull the skin back
People let your goodness show
Pull the skin back
Hate will walk right out the door
Pull the skin back
Love is what you're lookin' for
Anyway*

*Pull the skin back
Underneath we're all the same
Pull the skin back
You don't have to be ashamed
Pull the skin back
When they play that old skin game
Don't you play*

*Way down deep and beneath
The surface
Prejudice will make people
Nervous
I believe we all serve
A purpose right now*

*Way down deep we're all only
Human
Red white black yellow brown
Men and women
Let's get together
And make us a new man
Right now*

Pull the skin back
When you need your brother's love
Pull the skin back
Yes we are all flesh and blood
Pull the skin back
Show the kindness you're made
Of
Come what may

Pull the skin back
Mankind has a heart and soul
Pull the skin back
Ev'rybody young and old
Pull the skin back
We're all cut from the same
Mold
Made of clay

Pull the skin back
People all the way
Pull the skin back
Each n' ev'ryday
Pull the skin back
Then kneel down and pray

Pull the skin back
When folks move in
Next to you
Pull the skin back
Odd Venusians
Colored blue
Pull the skin back
Space aliens
A different hue
Are people too

Pull the skin back
When you're talking to your kids
Pull the skin back
Never try to keep truth hid
Pull the skin back
Strive to do what Jesus did
Ev'ryday

Pull the skin back
People all the way
Pull the skin back
Each and ev'ryday
Pull the skin back
Then kneel down and pray

Jesus Picture

Jesus picture
The Son of God
Jesus picture
The good shepherd
Jesus picture
Was on the dashboard of
Her car

Jesus picture
The Holy Ghost
Jesus picture
The Lord of Host
Jesus picture
Was sitting on her shelf

*Jesus picture
The living Christ
Jesus picture
God's sacrifice
Jesus picture
Was hanging on her wall*

*Could she be a Jesus freak
Jesus people are so meek
They cannot speak
Unless they speak of Jesus*

*She could be a blessed saint
Holy woman I hope she ain't
Don't see no lipstick powder
Or paint just Jesus*

*Jesus picture
The King of Kings
Jesus picture
The Rose of Sharon
Jesus picture
Was right beside her bed*

*Jesus picture
Of Nazareth
Jesus picture
He cheated death
Jesus picture
Was in a locket 'round
Her neck*

Jesus picture
The Lamb of God
Jesus picture
Emanuel
Jesus picture
Was burning in her eyes

Street Madonna dressed in
Black
A righteous symbol of the
Fact
She'll never love another
Back but Jesus

She wants to be a Catholic
Nun
For God the Father and the
Son
Except through them
Thy will be done
In Jesus

Jesus picture
With soulful eyes
Jesus picture
Knowing and wise
Jesus picture
Was in the Bible
In her hand

Jesus picture
Long hair and beard
Jesus picture
Made me feel weird
Jesus picture
Was glowing in the dark

*Jesus made of stone
Spoke in pear-shaped tones*

*On my way home
A statue from Rome
Stood alone*

*As God in the night
Marble and white
Carved in stone*

*Whosoever would hide
Speakers inside
Sculptured stone*

*Stone to the bone
No microphone
Solid stone*

*He spoke to me
And I'm not crazy
He called my name
I'm not insane*

*The jokes on me
Now all the neighbors
Think I'm nuts
Talkin' to a tombstone*

-----TOP-----

*He commissioned a cutter
Down in a quarry
To hammer and chisel
The stone*

*He rolled it away
Resurrection Day
To become this icon renown*

*Here in the churchyard
Like a Greek pagan
Idol upon a king's throne*

*He said I'm afraid
If you repeat what I said
They'll think you've got rocks
In your head*

*As Satan lives across
The street
He lets his mean dogs
Wet on me*

*He threw a brick
At my unveiling
He covers me with pigeon
Dung*

-----TOP-----

Jesus Jones

*You got a Jesus jones
In your bones
You got a Jesus jones
Satan leaves you all alone*

*God the Father
Holy Ghost
Christian lady
You could drive a sinner crazy*

*You got a Jesus jones
You turn me on
You got a Jesus jones
Devilment you don't condone*

*You're sanctified
A true testified
Holy roller
Jesus bride*

*You're consummated
By His side
I feel like Joseph
Joseph Joseph Joseph
Joseph Joseph Joseph*

*You've got Jesus in your heart
You've got Jesus in your soul
Hallelujah*

*You run to him and pray
You're in love with the Lord
I say
Hosanna in the highest*

*He's the other Man on your
Mind
Girl you think about Him
All the time
Well I know that you
Love me
But this other Man is
Divine*

-----TOP-----

Jesus Never made Love

*All y'all know that Jesus (3 times)
Never made love*

*Jesus never made love
Jesus never made love
Jesus
Jesus
Jesus never made love
Jesus never made love
Jesus
Jesus*

*All y'all talkin' like Jesus
Jesus didn't talk like that
Y'all ain't walkin' like Jesus
Jesus didn't walk like that*

*He wasn't into sex
Or nothin' rated X
Ask any angel up above*

*All y'all know that Jesus
Saved himself from sin
All y'all know that Jesus
Won't let Satan win
All y'all know that Jesus
Never made love*

*Jesus never made love
No He never made love
He was gentle as a dove
But He never made love*

*You could have a holy kiss
You could have a holy hug
You could always hold His hand
He would smile and understand
Ask the woman at the well well well
The Magdalene could hug and kiss and tell*

-----TOP-----

Chapter Forty-seven

. . .

**Rubber Neckin', Collidin' Clitorises with Uncut n' Circumcisions . . .
Rather, Contrastin' Corruptin' Styles Causin' Carnal Uncomfortable
Cardiac Circumstances**

The platform is on fire and brimstone, and still rocking with the last remnants of the shameless soulful supersonic boom, bomp bomp, stomp stomp smorgasbord performed by the wrong Reverend Rump, whose blatant exhibitionism, exposed a penis measuring a full cubit (18 inches) in length and a handbreadth or eight centimeters in circumference, featuring a full tattoo of Da Vinci's Last Supper on it in vivid color. When he showed himself, the Kaizen super screens and the four most famous favorite networks' cameramen tried to tile out the big business end of the protruding pulsating penis. Then awestruck, they mistakenly only covered a span (9 inches) and excitedly, unknowingly, captured just a naked top half. But when the whole private package of eye popping, skinned back dissoluteness is revealed before them, women shrieked, men covered sleepy and wide awake children's eyes, saying it's a bobbing bulbous prosthesis of some kind, as Rump further extends himself to the popeyed peeping Tom people.

The massive TV audience watched while the Michigan many bowed down, worshiping as if to Baal or Satan himself and reacted in dances of heathen fertility that spread to the meadow from silhouette to silhouette on horizon to black horizon. Tiki torches and oil drum fires burned in a panoramic panoply of perversion in every direction, while they celebrated in tandem, following Melanoma, who joined Rump with the band and choir dancing in a raucous rated-x rumba and Carnal Charismatic Christian conga line. She, flashing her ursine pubic tresses and rubbing Rump's most generous of male genitalia against her, now braided and beaded pelvic mound, was the pinnacle of prurient perversion.

Thus, a sideshow orgy in the church of Satan was exploded in the rail yard and meadow, a doxology to the devil, to sate the beast within, and the TV coverage and super screens went dark, as only the Big Foot Baptist Band's gospel beat thundering up a standing stomping spontaneous, omnipresent obscene ovation by over two million sexually aroused adults was allowed.

Rev.: "What's he doin' here, Randolph? He's worst than I remember! He makes the blood course through my veins boilin' hot, man! Shit."

Randolph: "Whoa, Rev., he's with us now, and we gotta have 'em, so be way cool."

Gwen: "Daddy, Ran's right. It was a long time ago, and you got mama."

Rev.: "Yeah, and so did he, goddammit!"

Bitch Ho: "Forget that little way dark skin, big thick, long dick nigga, Rev., shit, but he is a rich top playa. The fucks got succulent sinewy supastar talent, shit. He dresses fly and talks beaucoup doo-doo, ya dig?" As is her wild wicked way, Bitch Ho rubs Rump's over endowment in Rev.'s frantic, frustrated face.

T.R.: "What's he gonna do 'bout Laine, man? He still wanna waste her?"

Randolph: "Naw, he's cool, we cut a deal, we way down now." Male entertainers with instruments are moving around behind the loading dock, activating the band bandit lurking inside the Hindu hottie's heart.

Janet: "R n'R, my but you're dashing and handsome tonight, and who are all those masculine musicians behind the platform?"

Randolph: "I don't know yet, beautiful. I can't see 'em that good."

Gwen is well aware of their on going mutual attraction and warns Janet. "I don't care for your familiar tone and demeanor with my man, Janet. But Ran, you are handsome tonight."

Janet: "What?"

Janet feigned at befuddlement, and Randolph steps in. "Now lighten up, all y'all. This is a great happenin'. Hang hip and nobody lose it."

Carter rushes over excitedly. "I've got a count you won't believe, Randall! It's ... it's, it's mind staggering!"

Randolph: "What is it?" Then he rares back and waits for the words, but cautions. "Stop stammerin', man, run it."

Carter finally gets it out. "Twenty million in hard cash . . . I still counted it three times, but it's twenty huge!"

Everyone heard the count and Randolph stammered. "Twenty . . . huge . . . well we deserve it . . . ev'rybody, all all all of us!"

They all felt the rush of success and Bitch Ho said, "Shit, Ran, look at the headlights on the highway and the boat lights on the river, then the bright lights from the choppers and trains. They still comin', man. Goddamn, we ain't never gettin' up outta this rail yard! Shit."

Boyer used his most professional tone to say, "Congratulations, R n'R, I'm thoroughly impressed and then some! J.C. is a modern miracle man, and this whole atmosphere is at fever pitch! You can taste the excitement in the air, so I'm in. Pearly Gate is your ticket service! I'd like to sign contracts in the morning when we meet with Brian, if it's ok with you?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Randolph is at once rigid and untrusting of Boyer, as Kozmo comments, "You look fantastic, why so glum, boss man? I put some more of my stash in the possum belly and . . ."

T.R. is quick to confess his puzzlement. "What possum?"

Boyer explains assuredly, "Circus jargon, it means in a compartment, under a car on the train."

Kozmo, feeling his secret's discovered demands. "Who's this guy, boss man?"

Randolph unenthusiastically introduces Boyer. "He's our ticket guy nationwide."

Boyer corrects Randolph crisply with his pandemic promulgation, "Worldwide, R n'R, worldwide!"

Randolph decides to ignore Boyer and addresses a more immediate issue by directing his attention to Kozmo. "Yeah, ok Kozmo, just don't spend it, man, and you'll get the real deal back." Randolph warns Kozmo again in code about passing the counterfeit cash.

Kozmo reassures him, "Ok boss man, I understand. It's in your hands and Ssseth's."

Kozmo refers to the deadly eighteen foot limbless, loathsome, night crawlin' king cobra creature, causing Bitch Ho to holler, "Shit, I heard 'bout that fuckin' way supa snake, man, whoa!"

Randolph continues with credit due given to Kozmo, Joe and T.R., saying, "We wouldn't have made it without hookin' up with Rancor Circus. We got way lucky, thanks to Holy Joe and T.R."

Monika, the medically magically manmade over porn star wants Joe to be recognized and adds, "Yeah, that's my big baby brother, he's somethin' else, right Ran?" Monika's dressed beautifully in black, with flawless dazzling diamonds: earrings, a necklace, two rings, watch and bracelet, loaned from Rev. Rump's cadged corrupt cache of ice.

They click as ex-co-lovers, share a knowing wink and Randolph continues, "Yeah, sexy supastar, and you too, you shinin' tonight, Money Honey girl."

Monika: "Thanks Ran, and so are you. Silas, I mean Reverend Rump . . ."

The gang picks up on the porno pinup girl's so felt fatalistic familiarity with Rump and interrupts shouting in unison, "Silas!"

Monika defends her ribald relationship and says, "He told me to call him that. Why are you lookin' at me like that Reverend Simmons?"

Rev. is starring at her with open hostility to spare, when Joel joins them with his three devoted female followers, Mother Mary, Martha and Magdalene. Joel recites Jesus, "I have food to eat that you know nothing about."

And all say, "Jesus!"

Then Randolph greets the holy host, "Glad to see you, Joel, and you were splendid, as always. Good evenin', Mother Mary, Martha . . . Ida." Referring to the Magdalene's real first name.

They all say, "Ida?"

Gwen is perturbed at the thought of Randolph with any other woman and speaks her mind. "Ran, you're doin' it again, behave now."

A giggling, playful Bitch Ho jokes, "Lighten up, Gwen, you act like Ran's a sex fiend, shit. He's just bein' happy."

And they all shout, "Halcyon!"

Janet can't take her eyes off the busy black n' white bluesy bunch behind the loading dock and gets more inquisitive when she inquires, "Who are those damn people?"

A chipper Cap'n Harry teases her, "See somethin' ya like, Janet, somebody lookin' at you?"

Frustrated and straining her eyes, she snaps back at him, "Screw you, pansy."

Smug Doug: "Cruel and callow cut, Calcutta cunt."

Pearson ignores the teasing and changes the subject, "We'd better get more guards over at the RV and boxcars. I left Carter, Vernice and Kostiers inside. I figured I'd get some air and tell you in person."

Randolph thinks about the mountain of money piling up and wonders out loud about Kostiers, "Kostiers, huh, he's cool. Sooo, he's still hidin' out?"

Pearson reports, "Yes, something like that, he's feeling and fondling the stacks of money. I've got six off duty cop guards on it now."

Randolph ruminates the efforts and skills of his security chief and makes a decision. "Get back there, Pearson. Who's on the gate, Kozmo?"

Kozmo: "The cashier guys you oked from the Detroit River Bank for the plastic, are doin' the credit cards at the front gate, down at the pier and on the docks in the Port of Detroit and in the helipaddy with Scripture Park folks. And my clowns, the Nincompoops, with my circus performers are out here all night, if need be, collectin' from the crowd."

Boyer recognizes his cue and compliments them again. "Great, wonderful job, fabulous!"

Randolph remains seriously suspicious about Boyer and grunts, "Yeah."

Harry recognizes the professional people behind the loading platform and says, "Those are your people, Sharon, look!"

And Janet jumps in, "Who are they, man?"

Bitch Ho is at once defensive and attempts to evade the accusation. "Be cool, gay blade, what'cha mean my people? Shit."

But the panty hose pilots are adamant, and Smug Doug reveals all now and adds. "We flew you to them in Detroit yesterday, and landed on the Ren-Cen Tower chopper pad."

He has everyone's attention and Bitch Ho is furious and curses them, "Shut up, sissy ass fucks."

But Randolph puts two and two together and gets ". . .Teddy Kotex!"

Bitch Ho pushes and shoves back verbally, "Now Ran, I had a reason, shit."

Randolph goes off, "Why you little back-stabbin', trouble makin', hip hoppin', monster traitor! Why?"

Bitch Ho is caught with her low-slung thong down and decides to admit her treachery. "They got it goin' on, man. I had some hot stuff, so I gave 'em some back in L.A., and that's all."

A jealous, disbelieving Randolph yells, "You gave Teddy Kotex songs and what else!?"

Causing her to argue, "None of your mothafuckin' business, man. Shit Ran, you sho' talkin' funny, nigga."

Randolph notices another recording engineer is set up behind the loading dock. "Who's the old bald, white dude runnin' 'round back there with 'em?"

Boyer recognizes the man and informs them. "I know him, he records all the Gospop! concerts he can, live. Yes, I recognize him, Boris Rose, I think that's his name." He uses an ancient age analog anti-digital old stereo, (one track) reel-to-reel Webcor tape recorder. He owns Tambourine Records, the hot Gospop! Label. He's the best Gospop! recording engineer in the business, they say.

But it's not enough for Randolph, who orders, "Get that tape from him, tell Holy Joe, T.R. I want fifty-one per cent of whatever Tambourine Records gets in writing after he gets it down, and where's Spaceman?"

T.R. answers, "Done deal. Space is video tapin', man, why?"

Randolph feels better about it and says, "Just wanted to know, good." But Space is rubbing one off (masturbating) after seeing Melanoma's main black, curly claim to fame.

Rev. Rump is M.C. now, wearing a blood red rhinestone tux, as he introduces Teddy Kotex in a bloodier, redder rhinestone tux. And the band is wearing pumpkin colored rhinestone tuxes. "Y'all ready for Teddy! Shit." The population standing in front of the loading dock roars, and the seismic reverb of a sound so earthshaking, the Richter scales must have picked it up when it erupted explosively, as over two million music lovers shared the rapture from an anticipation of pure live raw soul.

Bitch Ho tries to reach Randolph. "Damn, Ran, why ya mad? Shit. I just gave him a few, that's all."

But she infuriates him further and he growls, "What few, what did you give that supa talented, sneaky sex thief, tell me, girl?"

Bitch Ho proudly recites her treason. "`Sore as a Whore´ and `Da Muthafucka's Brutha´ and `O.J./NicoleslashRon.com´ and . . ."

Boyer is taken with the crowd's reaction to the band and exclaims, "Listen to that ululation. The crowd loves 'em, wow!"

But a frozen Randolph merely utters, "Yeah."

Rump is loose and high off the crowd, the music and cocaine, not to mention the undivided attention he gets along with other touchy feely benes and perks from the gorgeous Monika, when he announces, "It's the midnight hour, y'all, time to muthafuckin' ball, y'all, shit. So without further ass do do! Gawddammit, Alfredo Fettuccini on bone; Whale Wilkerson, drums, shit yeah! `Stagedoor` Johnny Shockney, trumpet; `Phony`, Gillard Mahoney, rhythm guitar; Juba`Porkchop` Jefferson, Bari, and El Boom! The Latin explosion`Spick n' Span`, Ronnie and Andre Rodriguez, conga, maracas and timbales; ace arranger, Chiefy`Old Age` Inabinet, tenor, alto and flute; Happy`Pappy` Henderson, lead guitar; Ben White, keyboards, and the muthafucka with the big black hard on fender bass line, Teddy Kotex! Shit, and his band, Ev'ry 28 Days . . . with the Gospop! Great, Jelly Belly Bob Jubilee on the vocals! Come on give it up, ya wild ass fucks. You got it, so set it off!"

Fornication

Fornication (8 times)

*Fornication in Funk
And Wagnall's big
Dictionary
By my bed said*

*Fornication is sexual
Intercourse with
Consenting adults
Unwed*

_____TOP_____

*In the Bible
Yea it is written
Lo if you fornicate
It's a sin*

*God won't bless you
Nay He won't let you
Defile His heaven
With those therein*

_____TOP_____

*Fornicate and you get
AIDS today
The kids all use rubbers
They say*

*Satan is tempting
The world
God help ev'ry young
Boy and girl*

*So don't do a devilish
Dance
You're taking a hell
Of a chance*

*No fornication ain't
Cool
A fornicator's a
Fool*

*Fornication is
Necessary
Although forbidden
A sex book read*

*But I remember
The words of Jesus
Walk straight and
Narrow in Him instead*

 TOP
Just Kiddin' Jesus

*Just kiddin' Jesus
This ain't wine
It's gin*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
I don't mean to
Offend*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
Please forgive my
Sin*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
You're my best
Friend*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
Let's make amends
I didn't mean to
Diss you again*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
Your name in vain
My bad I'm sorry
I was in pain*

*Father forgive me
(Forgive me Jesus)*

*Down on my knees
I pray*

*I'm apologizin'
(Excuse me Jesus)
Ignore my blasphemy*

*Back in the temple
(When you got mad)
At money changers
(Then you broke bad)*

*Just like those sinners
(I made a slip)
Master have mercy
(Put down your whip)*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
This ain't bread
It's dope*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
Can't you take
A joke*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
Wash my mouth
Out with soap*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
Lord I gave up hope*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
(So help me Jesus)
Go easy judgment day*

*I'm just a lost
Lamb
(Fuhgeddaboudit)
I ain't your enemy*

*Don't lightnin'
Strike me
(I'm tremblin' God)*

*Savior please save me
(And spare the rod)*

*Redeemer don't lash me
(With that leather cord)*

*Please Jesus don't use your
(Terrible swift sword)*

*If thou art Jesus
I'm in trouble Lord
Hear my plea now*

*When I call on you
For Christ sake
Don't beat me*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
Sweet Jesus
(Bless my heart again)*

*Don't get pissed
And hit me
(Aw Jesus)
My weak flesh
Can't stand your cane*

*Je e e e e-sus
I told you a lie
Je e e e e-sus
I don't wanna die*

*Holy heavenly Father
I know you don't play
I'm just kiddin'
N' B S n'
N' church connivin'
N' Bible jivin'
Before you start in
Flagellatin' away*

*I'm a burnisher from hell
But I'd polish heaven well
Shinin' halos 'til they gleam
Give golden harps and slippers
Sheen
Pearly gates streets paved with
Gold
I'd rub with elbow grease and soul
'Til my hands and fingers swole
I'd buff a lustre to behold
When my good works out shone
The sun
And you say excellent well done
I'll brighten up your crown and
Throne
To a glorious high tone*

*Then for my just reward
 I'd like an angel woman Lord
 Yes when I cop my gossamer wings
 And get my harp with silver strings
 I want my mansion on cloud nine
 Above the heaven that I shine
 I wanna know da Magdalene
 Lighten up Lord
 Don't look so mean*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
 Why don't you laugh
 Wasn't that funny
 Spare me your wrath*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
 The wax I sell
 Will make God's heaven
 Glimmer like hell*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
 You're my best friend
 I didn't mean to
 Diss you again*

*Just kiddin' Jesus
 Your name in vain
 My bad I'm sorry
 I was in pain*

*My bad I'm sorry
 I was in pain
 I was in pain
 Just kiddin' Jesus
 Amen*

Anti-Christ Bacterium

*Gracious sakes
I got the shakes
I'm seein' snakes
My penis aches*

*It's syphilis
The French disease
And gonorrhea
From adultery*

*Shame old as sin
Godawful germ
From a contagious
Woman
Like da Magdalene*

*She had seven devils
Jump out of her
When Jesus touched
And healed her
Genitals*

*Anti-Christ bacterium
It's a fact
I've got a cyst
On my urinary tract
A big gray blister
An issue of black blood
Too
Pustuled sores
Of gangrene gushin' goo*

*Syphilitic woman
Girl it was you
We shared the same
Syringe
Shootin' up heroin
I'm gonna report you
To the board of health
If I can't have you
All to myself*

*I don't want you to
Give AIDS
To no one else
I'm gonna love yo' ass
To death
Do it to the bone
'Til my last death
Cough
Do it to ya
'Til my thang fall
Off*

*I'm too far gone
For medicine
So gimme that
Poison
VD sex fiend
When I broke the
Skin
That's when my ailin'
Begin*

*You come from out
 The devil's ass
 But you ain't
 Diddley
 As he passes gas
 Up the butt of sin
 In a biblical way
 Satan gave you aids
 From sodomy*

-----TOP-----

Hallelujah Heart Attack

*Prince Dixon was a
 Blessin'
 On the Gospel Caravan
 Best singin' writin'
 Shoutin' shoe
 Dee-Jay in this land*

*Then Smilin' Irma
 Robertson
 Just like a saint
 Came marchin' in
 To give a little ol'
 Brotha Prince
 A soul sistah's
 Helpin' hand*

*Together they would
Please us
Glorifyin' Jesus
Sanctified to ease
Us
On the radio*

*Prince broadcast
Jesus story
His spirits up in
Glory
Recordin' in God's
Studio
With amazin' grace*

*While the Baptist
Preacher's daughter
With a voice like
Jordan water
Test the Almighty's
Microphone
Angel love upon her
Face*

*Your religious right
Side
Will get numb
Church dancin' music
Pounds your chest
Holy Roller digital sweat
Pentecostal
Palpitations*

*Irma's your CPR pal
 Live power donor
 Gospel gal
 Her Sunday seizure
 Mornin' shows
 A killa stroke
 In stereo*

(Crank it up)

*Hallelujah heart attack
 Red brown yellow
 White n' black
 Hallelujah heart attack
 Woman man girl boy
 React*

*Hallelujah heart attack
 Faint n' fall flat
 On your back
 Hallelujah heart attack
 Amen corner cardiac*

*Hallelujah heart attack
 Hypocrite hemorrhage
 Blow your stack
 Hallelujah heart attack
 It's a Christian coronary
 Fact*

*Hallelujah heart attack
 If faith's adrenaline you
 Lack
 Hallelujah heart attack
 Christ won't cut the
 Devil slack*

*Hallelujah heart attack
 Your long white robes
 On heaven's rack
 Hallelujah heart attack
 Tongue talkin' like
 A maniac*

*Hallelujah heart attack
 That's the program
 Where it's at
 Hallelujah heart attack
 Praise the Savior
 To the max*

The crowd is carried away now, gyrating every Gospopular! bomp bomp, stomp stomp dance step known to man. The soulful aggregation dispenses volumes of down home holiness funk at them, through the six giant speakers Joe hung on diesel cranes, driven on big steel wheels in the meadow to sound surround the expanding size of the Michigan many. The platform is ablaze, Gospoppin'! with a sanctified holy dance rhythm, and the performers are blasting the syncopated blues at the audience through the sacred themes dictated by Jelly Belly Bob Jubilee, the way bay windowed, wizard wonder Gospop! great, wearing an iridescent, blue silk rhinestone tux, and in his glory now as were all within the sound of his vintage volatile vibrating victorious, James Brownish, Al Greenish, Barry Whiteish, Bobby `Bluish` Bland and Otis Reddingish voice. His peccavi (an acknowledgement of sin) `Just Kiddin Jesus` was flying off the Internet, where it was being sold now on Gospop!.com by Insane Elaine, unknown to Randolph. Bitch Ho could not contain herself and hollered, "Damn, they can play back, Ran!"

But an unsympathetic Janet said, "So that's where you went while we were shopping, gambling in Greek town, bowling and culture vulture viewing the Detroit Institute of Art, you slutty little nasty nymphomaniac."

Then the two women were promptly separated by Randolph, but Bitch Ho fired back, "Fuck you, ya fonky foreigner bitch, and fuck that red dot on your frownin' furrowed forehead too! Shit."

Randolph was still angry, but he held his temper saying, "Hold on now, quit it. They sound great, always did. So, Sharon, what else should I know, and don't leave anythang out or hold anythang back?"

She thought a second and half-hyped. "You'll hear it all now. They said they'd do the whole Melanoma album tonight, shit."

Randolph was curious about the great music he was hearing and said, "A whole Melanoma album, huh? What's it called, woman?"

And Bitch Ho played dumb with, "I Ambush, I don't know, Ran. I just wrote all the tunes! Shit. I left the album title up to Teddy and them."

Gwen jumped on her now and asked, "Them, who else is in on it, Sharon?"

The mere thought of a Gwen grilling, set Bitch Ho off and she cracked, "Now don't you get up in my fuckin' grill, you oversized titty nigga, balloon bazooms, mothafucka! Shit."

But the unfaithful act was unforgivable, and the glamorous gang of women became a pack of feminine feral felines and turned on Bitch Ho, taking turns berating the presently blonde cornrow wig wearing writer for her deceitful, dishonest behavior. And her best female friend, Monika said, "You sold out Bitch Ho, you sold out lame and cheap for a quickie, I bet. And you screwed Ran over just like Mark n' Mia."

This sent Bitch Ho into a frenzy and she railed, "Why you dyed dyke, fake ass, blond bimbo in a bottle, mall hair mothafucka . . .! You air head, cheap piece of cunt. I . . ."

Now as a coven creating a curse, they all stuck together and Janet shouted, "Shut up, Sharon! She's right! She blurted out the truth, and you know it!"

The two were enemy, eyeball to eyeball, and Bitch Ho was speaking through gritted gnashing teeth, "Janet, me and you gonna tangle and lock asses in a Michigan minute! Shit."

Randolph was there again and stopped the fight, then he whispered in Bitch Ho's ear, "Naw, level now. Straight up, you fuckin' Teddy now?"

Defiant and exposed, cornered but proud, Bitch Ho admitted her dalliance and debauchery saying simply, "So."

Randolph smiled his knowing sanctimonious, lusty leer and said coolly, "Just keepin' it real is all. Ok, Sharon, I'll deal with Teddy after the set."

She accused him now of being other than himself with, "You changed, man, can't nobody dig it. You different, not the same dude, somethin's shitty."

Boyer tried his hand at saving grace and asked, "You wrote a whole album, words and music for this pubic mane Melanoma character, Miss?"

Any inquiry as to her artistry was acceptable and Bitch Ho answered and inquired, "Shit yeah. Who you, man?"

To which Randolph explained, "She's our way cool artist in residence, Boyer. She's got a load of talent, but she gets ambitiously aggressive and arrogantly antsy. Then it's duplicity city."

Bitch Ho was interested in a new person's take on things and she asked Boyer, "What's your fuckin' name, man? I don't know shit about you."

Boyer was sure of his impression and accomplishments and said proudly, "Guillaume Boyer of Pearly Gate Ticket Service, at your service, Miss. . . ."

This changed the subject, so Bitch Ho calmed down and introduced herself to the new man in the group, using her last name to answer first. Then she gave him her first name, "Baker, shit, Sharon Baker. What you lookin' at, Janet?"

Janet, though, was unrelenting and attacked again, "A black, female Benedict Arnold is what."

Then a perplexed Harry, the cream puff pilot got off the hook pleading, "We didn't know, boss. We thought it would be ok to fly Sharon to Detroit. She was anxious to go see her friends. We met them all in the Brown Bomber Casino at a live video and recording session."

Everyone looked accusingly at Bitch Ho as Rump brings on Melanoma to a rumbling rousing reception and standing ovation. "Here she is y'all, the hairiest, blackest, sexiest, phatist, baddest, nastiest niggah on earth, ahem, after me . . . Ms. Melanoma Black! Shit, the Diva of Beaver!" Melanoma's in `Dirty Drawers Designs´: black lingerie, bustier, sheer black lace leggings, belly button ring, red garter belt, black G-string, shades and five inch black patent leather cha cha heels, as she proudly puts a red rose in her pubic hair, when she sings her smash hit.

Sore as a Whore

Sore as a whore

Sore as a whore

Sore as a whore

At the Million Man March

Bunions on her feet

An a fallen arch

Sore as a whore

At the Million Man March

Thought she'd make mo'

Money

Than the Golden Arch

She followed 'em up

She followed 'em down

But not one john

In a million found

*She got way mad
She was mean n' hurt
'Cause she was ignored
By a million men bored*

*So she beat a retreat
On bloody raw feet
When she reached a shoe
Store
She was sore as a whore*

*The clerk let her in
And she said with
Chagrin
She just got rejected
By one million men*

*Her jaws stayed tight
The clerk hid out of
Sight
Her feets was stankin'
With all they might*

*Sweatin' and swollen
She tipped back on the
Street
The agony spreadin'
She ached in defeat*

*She walked with a limp
'Cause no one would attempt
To want her for sex
Her toes couldn't flex*

*Big feets on fire
She could not score
At the Million Man March
She was sore as a whore*

*Islam won't wham bam
No thank ya mam
She's sore as a whore
And they don't give a
Damn*

*Oh she cried
My ligaments tore
I can't walk by sight
N' faith no more*

*Oh she sighed
I'm so poor
'Cause a million good Joe's
Left her
Sore as a whore*

*One million sheep
And she can't find a
Ram
She can't even date
A wooly head lamb*

*She say don't
Nobody want no
Damn bean pie
They got crap n' sugar
In 'em*

*Don't nobody wanna
Wear
No jive bow tie
Look like a bama
Hooked up in
'Em*

*One million throats
Dry n' parch
From stiff bow ties
And shirts of starch*

*The Million Man March
Could've conquered the
World
They should've robbed
All the banks
And loved pretty young girls*

*But they huggin' n' kissin'
Each other
They all call one another
Brotha
Damn if they want a
Professional lover
For a ho on the street
Mista that's a mutha*

*Sore as a whore
In a army of joints
She's advertisin'
But they don't get the
Point*

*She said
 Y'all won't loot
 That's why they call ya
 The fruit
 Y'all don't bone
 Y'all just wanna atone*

*Her pimp said hell no
 Shut up ho
 Don't wanna hear yo'
 Big mouth no mo'
 If ya trick
 I'm gonna go
 Upside your head mo-fo
 And leave ya here achin'
 Sore as a whore*

*She said I'm
 Sore as a whore
 In a woman's shoe store
 Bunions and fallen arches
 After the millionth
 Man marches
 By me*

_____TOP_____

Melanoma continues to grow publicly above the low-slung panty line of passion, while rendering a renegade rendition of her rattling hit. Partially tiled out over her pelvic pelt, she performed her lurid, nihilistic, racy new DAT single. She posed and pranced shamelessly shouting out her DAT album's title, `Sasquatch Snatch`, flashing full frontal nudity, as the riotous raw rake Rev. Rump sported a sparkler lit in a hollowed out Roman candle on his humongous radical root. The two dirty danced to the mike to sing a decadent duet and Rump hollered, "Touch somebody and say gimmie some bootay! Naw, grope three peeps and start a orgy! Hell no, rape a white woman and start a race riot!"

Big Ol' Hairy Problem

*If you've lost your
Appetite
And you can't sleep
At night*

*You've got yourself
A big ol' hairy problem*

*If you can't watch TV
Just call upon me
I can handle any
Big ol' hairy problem*

Oooh - - - - -Uhh!

*You've got a
Big ol' hairy problem
Baby*

*Don't worry
I will help you solve
It honey*

*Down with that
Big ol' hairy problem
Mama
That keeps on messin'
With yo' brain*

*I'm willin'
To get involved
Shampoo
Dissolve it*

*I'm willin'
To fine tooth comb
And brush
Resolve it*

*I'm willin'
To tackle yo' big
Ol' hairy problem
Chile*

*You didn't get AIDS
From me
Or Cousin V.D.
You've got yourself
A big ol' hairy problem*

*It was Tom Dick and
Harry
Jody or Mary
Gave you that
Big ol' hairy problem*

*You committed a sin
Of the flesh and the
Skin
You've got yourself
A big ol' hairy problem*

*If they won't let
You in
To heaven
My friend
You've got yourself
A big ol' hairy problem*

Oooh - - - - -Uhh!

_____Chorus_____

Randolph: "You wrote her stuff right . . . all of it?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, nigga . . . and stop lookin' through my ass, shit . . . I'm cool."

Randolph: "I oughta snatch that hoop outta your navel."

Bitch Ho: "Go 'head, I dare ya. Ya big black hung nigga, come on! Shit." The tension between the two is broken, when Melanoma begins to tease the crowd.

Melanoma: "Mighty Michiganders, goosie goosie ganders! How the hell are ya tonight? I got some good, hot, black ass poontangy hair pie for ya! All y'all make the hairs on my thang stand on end . . . see?" Melanoma flashes her great crotch hair, thereby exciting the crowd, capturing Randolph's full attention, silencing the women, incurring Rev.'s err and an instant erection as he shouted out, "Look at that, showin' hairself, rather herself . . . what a shameless, vile creature!"

Janet saw the lurid lump in his lap and a vulgar vulnerable expression on the good reverend's face and teased, "Why Reverend Simmons, you're hard as nails and blushing blasphemously."

Gwen wouldn't hear of that and retaliated, "He is not, you polysyllabic word slangin', half-ass happy Halcyon haggish horny harpy Hindu hussy, back off now."

T.R. came to Randolph with a word. "I told Joe, and I talked to the engineer guy recordin' the show now, who owns Tambourine Records. He wants that fifty-one, forty-nine percent deal with you after he records the last act, plus, profit participation and a piece of all spin offs, so I'll draw up an agreement.

Randolph was still thinking about Melanoma's pubic portion, the mystery of her mucho maiden hair, his fiendish fetish and fascination for female flesh hairs, "Pretty pubes a plenty, she has a gang of big hair, a black forest bootay bush with cluster clumps of wild, long thick, dense undergrowth."

Kozmo praised J.C. individually by insisting, "J.C. is hot! He's got over two million peeps out in the pasture, pacified n' prayin'. It's unbelievable, he's feedin' the lucky ones a fuckin' feast, boss man, no shit: lamb, fatted calf, wine, shewbread, wafers and man ooh manna. It's unfuckin' real!" All catered no doubt by a hidden hand, Randolph

surmises and wishes it were ribs, pork chops, chitlins, etc., North Carolina Chopped 'Que, from Step's Good Witches Sandwiches on cracklin' bread, with pot liquor, hot or cold, from the Bubblin' Caldron, fast food chain cooks.

Randolph could hold off no more and he let go, "Yeah, I'm gonna head over there. Harry drop me off close in the chopper, this I gotta see, hear and taste."

Boyer too was interested in Melanoma's sexy showing and quips, "By the paroxysms of primal laughter, I assume this wild, unevolved, early woman is famous for her bushwhacking busy beaver fever and wooly womb wicked witticisms." Melanoma's cavorting and telling stage jokes to the crowd assembled around the platform, about having all the shaved, waxed and lazered girls unwanted pubic hairs now in her own private bush league. "Yeah, y'all, and this here bush is just my bad hair day, trimmed down summer bush and shit."

Randolph looked again and sang, "Yeah, don't change a hair for me, stay fuzzy valentine vagina stay . . ."

Bitch Ho stood her ground and refused to leave with them and she told him, "Ran, I heard and experienced J.C., so I'm stayin' here to hear my shit played. Go on all of ya, leave, shit, go 'head."

Randolph sensed her pain and tried to triple it when he said, "Serve ya right, ev'rybody splittin' on ya, serves ya right!"

But again she was entrenched in her own world and cursed them, "Fuck all y'all! Shit."

Monika spurned her again saying, "Bye, Bitch Ho, cry Bitch Ho, almost die Bitch Ho. You told a lie we all know."

And Bitch Ho let her have it with, "Honky ass ho, fuck ya. Ya stupid silly dilly, lily ass, fluffer fuck!" That said, and right on the money, Melanoma began to rap about the life of a fluffer, apropos to say the least. But unfazed, they snubbed Bitch Ho, ignoring her agonizing anger, her music, her lyrics, her stories, her street life, her rap n' hip-hop, and took Randolph, her truest most gratifying love away.

Fluffer

*A fluffer is the girl who
Performs oral sex on male
Porno performers to insure
An erection in heterosexual hardcore films*

*A fluffer is a sex flunky
A floozy and or junkie
A filthy slut doin' Frenchy smut
She licks the shaft and head
She can raise the livin' dead*

*She stops 'em just short of orgasm
Then porno guys have penetration
With ease
When a fluffer flubs a nub
The guy's can flex and perform
Their contagious sleaze*

*A fluffer gives 'em a full blown
Erection
Right on time on a dime
At the pits of slime
And perversion
They work in*

*She firms up guys who lay limp
And can't get rock hard as a
Mack daddy pimp
She makes 'em stiff
When they fail n' flag
Then she stands in
When the porn queen's on the rag*

*She gets 'em up
 But others get 'em off
 She must worry about AIDS germ
 And if they splatter sperm
 And finish with a flourish
 In her face
 That would be a fluffer's worst
 Nightmare disgrace*

*Does she like the flavor
 Is it a tangy thang she'd savor
 Manhood thrust into her mouth
 Or is she doin' 'em a favor*

*The lowest fluffer species
 Will feast upon the feces
 Of well endowed men
 With the fervor and the fever
 Of a sex fiend lust achiever*

*They suck n' slurp and swallow
 These girls gulp n' gobble
 And stop . . .
 Before guys can climax glop*

*Ya don't need a fluffer
 In soft core porno movies
 Only in hardcore it seems
 Soft porns just heavy breathin'
 And frontal pubic nudity make believin'
 They just peep show teasin' T n'A*

*They don't say much
The porno scripts all suck
And just as much as they do
They pretend that they love it
Although it ain't triple x
It's soft porno sex slightly
Above it
And she should be the real queen
Of obscene*

*They twist and they turn
Lean buff bodies squirm
They romp and emote
They enjoy it*

*The background music
Soundtrack
Drones on n' on
As they perform popcorn porn
A new sex star is born
'Cause rubbers aren't
Needed or worn*

*No oral or anal
The whole thing is banal
There's no ecstasy
Because they can't show
Penetration and come on TV*

*Just beaver and nipples
Big muscles that ripple
They won't show the part
Where love comes from the heart*

*They don't need an erection
 They don't need no protection
 'Cause the camera don't shoot
 Soft porn software as a
 Viagra art form*

*So who'd wanna do a blow job
 Spit n' polish n' slob a nob
 And quit before the super stud
 Star shines
 Hardcore gets soft core boring
 Sometimes*

*Flub a dub
 Floppsy Mopsy
 Workin' on seconds sloppy
 Do you ever feel
 You'll burst into flames*

*Fluff n' fold dick wrangler
 Some psycho prick asshole's
 Strangle her
 A fluff piece workin' stiff's
 In a lowly porno studio
 Smokin' reefer*

*She gets guy's up n' ready
 For dry ass bottle blond Betty
 And Veronica's brunette vagina too
 They screw Archie with a
 Rear view
 And save Jughead from beatin' off
 Off Camera black n' blue
 Then they pose for cyber sex comic
 Interactive adult books too*

*They don't suffer
 Fools who love them
 They won't staunch a heart
 That bleeds*

*They aren't sympathetic
 To chumps
 And losers
 Sniveling sucka's with
 Micro-phallus balls
 They despise*

*They only tolerate corrupt
 Brash brass ball boldness
 Arrogance and bravura strength
 Then they suckle with a coward's
 Courage in their eyes*

*Think porno
 Fluffer's suck so n' so
 Fluffer's eat anal glow
 Fluffer's are lower than any
 Cheap street ho*

*Fluffer's work hard at fallacio
 In the San Fernando Valley
 Across adult bookstore alley
 To get impotent male actors
 To stud
 When a ice numb female sexpot's
 A dry pussy dud*

*It ain't like magic
It's tragic
Guys don't stay hard
In hardcore
They need fluffers for foreplay
They grab hold of her ears
And don't see the tears
As she unbuttons a fly
And administers head
And it's the Fourth of July
In the other lucky porno
Girls bed*

*Silver tongue
Devil sucka and
A half
They come from
All walks of life
Could be your own bored mother
Sister or nymphomaniacal wife
Don't laugh*

*Who'd fluff the uncut chink
In the corner first
And the big black dude
With the Irish curse*

*It's better work than snuff films
Where a girl dies
But not at Van Nuy's joints
In the valley
Where the capitol
Of American porn lies*

*Alas the fluffer is not the queen
 Of scumbag bitches as black Bern
 A men's room attendant itches
 In the sanitation department
 Peepin' at urinals
 Peepin' at the garbage man's
 Big nasty thang
 Checkin' to see how far down
 It hangs
 Spyin' on how big from side to side
 It swangs
 She watches big package
 Jaw breaker bulgin' wangs
 Through a peephole in the wall
 Behind the men's room stall
 Or above the urinal
 So the fluffer ain't the most
 Disgustin' repulsive occupation
 After all I wonder
 What doo-doo
 Do you do*

Before they left, they ignored the Fluffer piece soundly and made sure Bitch Ho got the message. Kozmo was thinking now about the main attraction, J.C., and stated flatly, "We put nigger boards on the ground around J.C., boss man."

Randolph heard the unconscious, blatant racial slur and replied curtly in kind, "Say what, gypsy?"

Kozmo: "No, no, boards!"

Kozmo quickly tried to explain, but Boyer said, "That's circus talk again. In that parlance, it's simply a makeshift stage of planks, right?"

Kozmo accepted the assisted explanation and agreed, "Yeah, yeah, and strawin', you know?"

Randolph was beginning to become gradually educated as to the colloquialisms of the circus and he knew he had a lot to learn and teach as he recited his latest lesson, repeating the racist rhetoric with righteous rejection and correction, "African-American boards and strawin', possum-belly's, what next?"

Kozmo nodded and went on with his report, "We dug two long separate ditches earlier for latrines: one in the woods for the ladies on the far right side of the pasture, and the other one in the woods for gents on the far left side; and we put signs up with arrows pointin' the direction, location and sex, but now we got portable johns by boat too." When the big earth movers finished digging the latrine ditches, Kozmo used the loose dirt for J.C.'s fifty foot mount, and they packed it solid and placed green grassy artificial turf on the surface.

Randolph managed a half-hearted, "Yeah, Kozmo, tell your guys to empty a triple trailer for the collections, repack your equipment on the train. We need more storage space for the scratch."

Kozmo: "Ok boss man, I'll handle it with my guys."

Cap'n Harry checked with Randolph on the short flight and said, "We'll land right on the mount behind J.C., that's as close as anybody can get, boss. The choppers land around there now, and the rich passengers get out. Then the choppers take off again and pick 'em up after each sermon, when they call on a cell phone." Harry and Doug take J.C. on breaks. They come when he calls on his cell phone.

Randolph heard Harry speak, but was haunted again by the curious clever clown and answered asking, "Solid n' da wallet, who's that tall, white-faced clown in the orange fright wig, dancin' on stilts by the platform there?"

Kozmo tried to assure him the clown was a pro and okay, explaining, "Oh, Slick, I call 'em Slick. He and two others just joined up yesterday. They pantomime . . . they don't talk. He's ok, why?"

Randolph was beginning to remember, but he wanted to see J.C. and said, "He looked . . . familiar, let's go."

Monika took another swipe at Bitch Ho with, "Yeah, it's a fact I know, you way wack, Bitch Ho."

And Bitch Ho screamed, "I'll kill yo' pale ass . . .!"

But Randolph stopped her on time again and cautioned the gang, "Let's go now, if you comin'."

Melanoma posed for the cover of her Kaizen DAT/DVD, as if wearing of all things a merkin, used in medieval days by underage girls, who slept with men in the Middle Ages. Because in order to be admitted to the inn, they had to prove maturity; thus, the fake pubic hairpiece called a merkin was worn. And as it was the late hours, Einstein Johnson advertised them with his 4 Skin Condoms, and called them `Snatches´, figuring they were destined to become the rage now, since Melanoma's real mound was shown on TV, saying, `in the days of yore, ev'ry young whore, one wore´.

And after the commercial, Melanoma continued performing, rapping Bitch Ho's Hip-Hop, crude 2 B rude n' lewd creative composition, `Hip-Hop-Opotamus´. Then Teddy and the band did `Da Muthafucka's Brutha´, and Phony Mahoney recited Bitch Ho's prurient poem about Randolph, `Goat Alley Common´ to music and closed the set.

Hip-Hop-Opotamus

*When hippo's got the
Hots
And they gots the hots
A lot
They hit that sweet
G spot
In her phat hind pots
When hippo's hump
The rump
They thump and do
The bump
They rub against a
Stump
Doin' the Ya Vu Vu
River jump*

*Hippo's run on the
Bottom
Of the deep dark delta
And sooner or later
Come up for air
In the swelter*

*In the mud wallah
At the salt lick
And water hole
They melt in the sun
Under African skies
Gap toothy beast
Biggest bite of all
But they don't eat meat
And they're light on
Their feet*

*So when you see air
Bubbles
And you hear a thud
They down on the
River bed
Makin' love in the
Mud
They're hornier than
Us
When it comes to lust*

*Hip hop-opotamus
Hip hop-opotami
Hip hop-opotame
Hip hop-opotawe*

*The river horse rules
 In the heat
 As hip hop jungle
 Drums beat*

*Way over sexual
 Not intellectual
 Big black n' exceptional
 Underwater and above
 Hip hop head-opotamus
 Big butt ass optimist love*

*Beneath the moonlit lily
 Paddy's
 Becomin' hot mama's
 And daddy mack
 Daddy's
 Down where the
 Crocodiles crawl
 Natives see water hogs
 Rock n' roll
 'Til the dawnin'
 Ev'ry mornin'
 The party animals
 Shout out with soul*

*Hip hop-opotamus
 Hip hop-opotami
 Hip hop-opotame
 Hip hop-opotawe*

*They can't ever get
 Enough of
 Hip hop head-opotamus
 Big butt ass optimist love*

Da Muthafucka's Brutha

*I'm da muthafucka's brutha
Before we take it any further
Naked next to one another
We're both baad ass bookends
Roughneck tough ghetto twins*

*I'm da muthafucka's brutha
Before we get under the covers
And become hot sweaty lovers
He's a gangsta I'm a stud
He's a Crip and a Blood*

*We had the same mother
The same father too
Ain't nothin' he did
I can't do better to you*

*He's known in the Hood
For doin' it good
No bigger no better
He'll mack and forget 'cha*

*I'm a wiser mella fella
I'm black as night
And he's high yella
You're fine as wine in a cellar
I love sweeter and stronger
Make the thrill last much longer*

*I'm da muthafucka's brutha
 He's humps one way
 I hump another
 I'll make you see
 Black angels hover
 I'm a kiss and a hug
 He's a thief and a thug*

*I'm da muthafucka's brutha
 Not the fonky monkey's uncle
 Nor a kissin' country cousin
 He's sex crazed and deranged
 I got ya love on my brain*

*I'm da muthafucka's brutha
 Not a S.O.B. c-sucka
 No bastard boy step god-child
 For ya
 We two peas in a pod
 Except I stay on the hard*

*I'm da muthafucka's brutha
 Not the daddy mack's mack daddy
 Not the fuckers great grandfatha
 I'm your one and only one
 He gang bangs with a gun*

*I'm the muthafucka's brutha
 You my sista-in-law soul lover
 He's a pusher and a shover
 We split the same nickname
 I'm Puddin' and they call him Tain*

*I'm the muthafucka's brutha
 I'd be a friend if you would rather
 Or stay away if I'm a bother
 He's my family and close kin
 I can't kill or turn him in*

*I'm the muthafucka's brutha
 Whenever dark gray rain clouds gather
 I'll be the sunshine you discover
 'Cause you a po'liceman's daughter
 And he's against law and order*

*We're both baad ass bookends
 Roughneck tough ghetto twins
 He's a gangsta I'm a stud
 He's a Crip and a Blood
 I'm a kiss and a hug
 He's a thief and a thug
 We like two peas in a pod
 Except I stay on the hard
 I'm your one and only one
 He gang bangs with a gun
 I Love sweeter and stronger
 Make the thrill last much longer
 We split a nickname
 I'm Puddin' and they call him Tain
 He's my family and close kin
 I can't kill or turn him in
 He's sex crazed and deranged
 I got ya love on my brain
 'Cause you a po'liceman's daughter
 And he's against law and order*

Goat Alley Common

*Goat Alley city slum
Back in Washington
Where the beggars
And the bums
Are Washingtonians*

*The bag lady and wino
Go as low as you can go
Under rock bottom
Life's laptop limbo*

*My father told me go!
Don't be a failure
He said you'll never
Smile
Unless you change your
Life style*

*He swore the sun won't
Shine
Unless I change my mind
And work a steady job
Or I will sit n' sob*

*He said I'd be dirt poor
Then he shut his Pontiac GTO
(Called a goat)
Car door
I watched him drive
Away
From Goat Alley to stay*

*I pitched a little tent
'Cause I couldn't afford
Room rent
I cooked my meals in
Cans
Panhandled street to
Dirty street*

*Lookin' for some food
To eat
Junkie junkman in the
Hood
'Cause they said I was no
Good*

*Black sheep in my family
Flock
Too damn lazy to punch
A clock
Goat Alley common
Hear my plea
Help me out of
Poverty*

*Goat Alley common
Lyn' on the nasty
Ground
Eat fish heads
Decayin' cat
Get so hungry
Eat a dead rat*

*Live in vomit
 Excrement n' piss
 Way worst than garbage
 And slimy sidewalk
 Spit
 All because they say
 I ain't jack shit
 On a shoe*

*I'm Goat Alley common
 I didn't go to school
 Goat Alley common
 I broke my manic mama's rule
 Another stupid
 Muthafatha
 Fucked up fool*

*Goat Alley common
 Better take a stand
 Help your own self
 Refuse to be a homeless
 Man*

*Goat Alley common
 Heaven up above
 Drop a blessin'
 On me
 Put it in my raggedy
 Glove*

*Goat Alley common
 Grocery cart to push
 N' shove
 Around the part of D.C.
 Norwegian rats
 Dream of*

*Goat Alley rubbish
 Worse than trailer park
 Trash
 Goat Alley refuse
 I was scared that I'd
 Become
 A Goat Alley common
 Worthless shiftless bum
 Good for nothin' lazy
 Goat Alley all American
 Homeless pond scum*

*The fear of failure
 Addicts alcoholics
 AIDS and way stink
 Goat Alley common
 Far as you can sink*

*Clean n' sober
 'Til I take a drink
 Goat Alley tin cup
 Of chump change
 Hear the empty clink*

*Goat Alley common
 Back alley faun
 Hung like a Billy Goat
 Freak I've become*

*Show it when I'm broke
 For money
 Flexin' my proboscis
 Ladies gasp n' faint
 The damndest thing
 You've ever seen*

*In red BVD's
Covered with blood
Lipstick n' semen
Hangin' past my knees
Girls rush to Goat Alley
To sample my goat's head
Cheese
Smegma curry and hot
Good ol' goat stew
I got*

*Word of mouth
Beat a path
To my door
I was even paid
By ev'ry skank street whore
I made all the women
Come*

*So it goes to show
You can become a Goat
Alley common stud
If yo' horny
Capricorny nibblin'
Nature knows
Where the big black thick
Long dong dick weed
Equals chick weed
In Goat Alley
Grows*

Chapter Forty-eight

. . .

**Master Pastor n' da Pasture, People Mover of Mo' Untrustin'
Uncooperatin' Uncounted by da Census, Detroit Niggas n' da Hole
Than Anywhere n' America**

Gwen: "You think she's crushed, Ran?"

Randolph: "She should be, she sold us out like Money Honey said, she way skank, man."

The small boned, slight built owner of the second largest ticket seller, in live entertainment spoke out, "This is the main attraction. My gut insist this is without a doubt the most marvelous, mammoth, glorious, colossal, monstrously, magnificent, gigantically, amplitudinous, stupendous and superb artistry ever performed! The Sepia Second Coming!"

Janet is impressed and says so admiringly. "Why Guillaume, I didn't know you had it in you."

The little laudatory successful man went on, "I saw him feed those gathered closest to him in this massive crowd; I saw him serve them the fish, wine and bread!"

Not to be left out, Joel spoke to them, "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

And the ticket seller exclaimed, "This is unbelievable, I love it!"

Rev. spoke up about his new main concern, "I'm glad we got away from Rump. I don't think I could've contained myself had he come over to us."

And Randolph couldn't resist teasing his father-in-law, "Yeah, I noticed, you even cussed."

Then Janet questioned Randolph, "About that, why don't you curse anymore, R n'R?"

But Joel spoke again on cue, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

And Randolph religiously concurred, "Yeah, somethin' like that, Joel. Anyway, it's against the law to cuss around kids in Michigan." Randolph, half jokes referring to a local law on the books in the great state forbidding cursing around children.

(In the pasture with the master pastor)

Harry and Smug Doug landed the helicopter at the rear of the foot of the mount and cut the engine and propellers. J.C. was hoisted high in a cherry picker above the Michigan many. He was barefoot and wearing a white robe and bright halo around his holy baldhead.

J.C.: "We know the truth, we see it ev'ryday. You don't want to work you want to play. You want to sin, you want to get high, have sex and gossip. You hate each other and you are all caught in the grip of capitalism. A dog-eat-dog, go for the throat, pit bull mentality system, with corruption and racism thrown in. Chained democracy is a meritocracy mockery."

"Finally your leaders are adulterers, hypocrites, cheats and liars and worst. Nowhere in this world can you find redemption and salvation. You'd kill each other for a dollar on the ground, if you were hungry or not. You lie to God every chance you get and you ask for selfish things. You're all unworthy of his blessings. You need a savior before it's too late. You don't believe in God; you think it's all a myth, and there won't ever be a reckoning, a judgment, a heaven and hell.

"Well, think again. I stand here as a reminder to you all, God is, God knows all, God lives. How do I know you ask? I am from the throne of God. I once stood and received the word I'm giving you now."

Man: "Are you an angel?"

J.C.: "I am a reminder and representative of God."

Man: "Are you black Jezuz?"

Joel: "Ye are the light of the world."

J.C.: "You see my color, but hear my words. They are God's."

Woman: "Help us!"

J.C.: "Help yourself, be your own helper. What you need, make and grow it. Create whatever you think you should have, but be righteous and true to God."

Man: "Is Jezuz black?"

J.C.: "Yes, as ebony."

Man: "God's black?"

J.C.: "The same, the very same color."

Man: "Things gonna change?"

J.C.: "You must change things, but first give yourselves to God through his son, Jezuz."

Joel: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness." Joel is standing side by side with J.C. when J.C.'s lowered to the mount, but Joel's words, unmiked, are not heard by the many. Randolph and company are behind the two holy men and listening attentively while engorging the Eucharist.

A black man questions Joel's ethnicity, as the Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples continue to work the crowd now and hold hand mikes for the people's questions. "Hey, he white, almighty whitey!"

J.C.: "Does that stop him from the word? Has he seen God? Does he know God's color? Is he so wrong to emulate Jezuz?"

Another man: "Should we vote?"

J.C.: "You should build and you should work for yourselves now, and pray to God for your immortal souls."

A cripple woman being pushed in a wheelchair by a man speaks, "Lord, my legs!"

Man: "It's her legs, she's paralyzed; she can't move 'em or walk since last year!"

J.C.: "Bless you, Ramona, bless your limbs. You will be made whole, stand up and praise God!"

The woman struggles, stands and miraculously walks.

Man: "How you know her name, man? Damn! Oh shit, man, I'm sorry for cussin'! Oh Lord, look at that shit! Goddamn, Ramona, you walkin'! Shit!"

Ramona: "I can walk, I can . . . look, I'm walkin'! Oh thank ya, Jezuz! Black Jezuz! Big Jezuz! Oh my soul!" She began to jump up and down as the crowd reacted in cheers and tears.

J.C.: "Be believers, stay in touch with God, and you will be truly fulfilled and saved."

Another man: "Who's Satan, man?"

J.C.: "You are Satan, and your neighbor is the tempter. The devil is within and God is within. You must choose God, and loose the Satan within you!"

A woman points to a man with her.

Woman: "He can't speak, he's deaf and dumb. Please, Jezuz, he's my brother, a good man. He's just thirty years old."

Joel: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the . . ."

Deaf n' dumb man: "Git outta here, ya old funky lookin', honky, fake ass punk!"

The man speaks, but stops suddenly.

Woman: "He's talkin', I heard him, you hear that? Oh Black Jezuz, it's a miracle! Nate, speak again! Talk to me, Nate!"

J.C.: "He must repent and pray for God's divine forgiveness. He sinned against another as God bestowed the blessing, and God took it back."

Woman: "You kiddin', God took it back! You playin'! God ain't did shit!" The woman pushes Joel down and her voice is still and silent.

Monika: "Look at her, Ran. Her mouth's just movin', but she isn't makin' a sound."

Rev.: "She's been struck speechless. Oh God, we could be sued this is serious. Get him to change her back, Randolph!"

Randolph: "Naw, he told 'em what to do, they had it comin! That was stone righteous, man. Go get Joel." Rev. obliges and retrieves the fallen, rocky replica redeemer.

J.C.: "The glory of God is why we're here, nothing else can matter. So let this example be your lesson, if you want your crown."

Another man: "Crown, what crown, Jezuz?"

J.C.: "The crown in heaven that is yours by the blood of Jezuz on high in Paradise."

Another man: "Is sex wrong?"

J.C.: "Married sex is right, any other is accursed in the eyes of God, and he will surely punish those who break the holy laws."

Wearing a friar's hooded robe, Kostiers pushes through the throng and chances a direct encounter by questioning J.C., "Who's the Antichrist?"

J.C.: "You, and others like you. There are many Antichrist, crush them all. Rebuke the devourer, he abnegates the laws of God!" A woman slaps Kostiers hard in the mouth.

Kostiers: "Oh!"

Randolph: "Help him, Rev., you too, Janet. Bring him over here, what a fool."

Harry: "Boss, this guy wants to talk to you. He's from the Treasury Department." Harry has an official looking white male with him at the helicopter.

Randolph: "Yeah."

T. Agent: "Do you speak Yoruba?" (A Nigerian Dialect)

Randolph: "Your what?"

T. Agent: "I'm Bruce Orange and I'm with the Treasury Department." The agent shows Randolph his badge.

Randolph: "I see, what can I do for you, T-man?"

Agent Orange: "Have you seen any one thousand dollar bills around here tonight?"

Randolph: "Naw, why?"

Agent Orange: "They're all counterfeit, understand?"

Randolph: "So, what's that got to do with me, I'm legit."

Agent Orange: "That's what they all say. Well, in any event, I've got my men out here checkin' around. So if you know what's good for you, you'll cooperate with me."

Randolph: "I'm doin' that, T-man, whatzup?"

Agent Orange: "I put all my efforts into this investigation. I got a reliable tip from . . ."

Randolph: "From the counterfeiter hisself probably." Randolph cuts off the fiftyish, balding government man, in a tan summer suit, brown shirt, brown shoes and tie. "I don't do illegal stuff, T-man. Crime don't pay when it's interrupted by jail time. Furthermore, I like doin' thangs on the level, believe it or not, it feels better to me. I get off on bein' honest, ya dig?"

Agent Orange: "Maybe, we'll see . . . pretty women, good lookin' women, intriguing females in couturier clothes, they yours?"

The T-man rudely eyes the women in Randolph's party and he shoos them away from coming over, on the sly, behind Randolph's back.

Randolph: "I'll introduce you: one's my wife, the others are my friends, associates, and my business partners."

Agent Orange: "I see, the one with the red dot on her forehead, that your wife?" The squat lusting little man is salivating over Janet.

Randolph: "Naw, that's Janet, why?"

Agent Orange: "Just checkin', what does she do for you? She's a good lookin' woman." The T-man continues to lust after Janet.

Randolph: "Well, she ain't no counterfeiter."

Agent Orange: "I'll decide who is and who isn't. Look, I'll confide this much. We got an anonymous hot tip. We were told mock millions were in this area, and your people and you are passin' it around."

Randolph: "Who told you such a thang as that?"

Agent Orange: "I can't say, I promised them immunity. But it's true or I wouldn't be here." Randolph is bored and annoyed by the T-man's intrusion and becomes irate.

Randolph: "Proof, T-man, gimmie one iota of proof! Show me one bad bill in my possession!"

Agent Orange: "Can't do that, but I've got more than reasonable cause. Do you reside at the Room at the Inn Hotel on the riverfront in Detroit?"

Randolph: "I haven't been there yet, but yes, my associates are there."

Agent Orange: "Well, the manager saw a briefcase full of one thousand dollar bills. One of your associates showed them to him two days ago."

Randolph: "Naw, that person is no longer with me, he's long gone."

Agent Orange: "Who is he, and where can I find him?"

Randolph: "He's Mark Ashton, and last time I heard, he was in the Bermuda Triangle."

Agent Orange: "Is this true?"

Randolph: "Yeah."

Agent Orange: "And you don't have anything to do with him and this matter."

Randolph: "Naw, hell no."

Agent Orange: "Do you know an entrepreneur in Ypsilanti by the name of Retail Adams?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I met him, why?"

Agent Orange: "He knows you and he has a story he's telling us right now in Detroit."

Randolph: "Oh, what's he sayin'?"

Agent Orange: "He says you're the head of a counterfeit ring, and your show and all this circus crap is a cover."

Randolph: "Crap, huh, that's what you think? We've got over two million paid customers and many more comin,' and you think these masses of people are crap!"

Agent Orange: "Get pious if you want to, Mr. Forger, but this is a federal rap, twenty years minimum. This bad paper is flooding the world market. So we think the bogus buck starts n' stops right here. I think you're our man, buddy."

Randolph: "We'll never be buddies, and this is a twenty dollar a-pop ticket, see? We don't use any big bills here, you can check."

Agent Orange: "We will, and I know you count it all out in the big white RV, right?"

Randolph: "Yeah, so?"

Agent Orange: "I'll run you in if one bill is funny, so think it over. If you're workin' for some guys, give 'em up. We've got the best Witness Protection Program you ever saw, they tell me. Hell, I don't even know how it works it's so secret."

Randolph: "I won't need it. Now if that's all, I've got an event to run."

Agent Orange: "Remember, I'm watchin' and waitin'. See ya back at the white RV, buddy." The annoying accusatory agent accesses an acropolis audience and disappears into its arcane abyss.

Gwen: "Who was that obnoxious man, Ran? He shoed us away when we tried to approach you."

Randolph: "Yeah, Treasury Department, he said. Ya never know though, it could be a set up. I'd better get back to the RV, then we gotta have a company meetin'."

Janet: "A meeting tonight? It's after one, it's morning, R n'R."

Randolph: "You saw that creep, right?" Randolph refers to the T-man.

Janet: "Yes, he's creepy alright."

Randolph: "Well, if I ever need to shake him, you intercede, he digs you, ya dig?"

Janet shoots him a frown back and voices a sarcastic answer, "Thanks, R n'R, I'd love to help out. Thanks for thinkin' of me." Janet continues making faces at Randolph.

Randolph: "Very funny, beautiful. Harry, stay close. When I need you, I'll wanna fly fast."

Harry: "Ok boss, we're on standby."

The expert, pervert pilots have borrowed again, and this time they have the use of a big Bell Huey helicopter, formerly used in Vietnam, with room for Randolph, the three women, Boyer, Kostiers, Rev., Joel and J.C., who Randolph feels should accompany them for the meeting on the loading dock. Flying blind in an oughta be no-fly-zone, they land in the loud, noisy, crude, oil drum lit helipaddy, where hundreds of helicopters land cautiously, leave or hover airborne while spinning in space looking for a place to park.

(Heading over to the white RV 39 foot long big rig counting house on wheels with a 460 engine)

. . .

Randolph: "Hey, that's Casper! That's ghost! I'd know that guitar riff anywhere. Yeah . . . that's him!" Randolph watches the super screens and listens to the virtuoso slide guitarist playing on the loading dock, backed by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, no less, via Joe's speakers, hanging from the big cranes.

Boyer: "So that's the great Casper Lonesome. I've tried to book him, but he's his own man and he eludes me every time."

Monika: "I've heard him, he's baad, Ran, he can sang." Monika attempts to use Bitch Ho's hip expressions in her absence.

Randolph: "We use to bang the backboards at Nat Turner Teacher's College in Jerusalem, Va., football too. Man, that sure takes me waaay back."

Janet: "You played football, R n'R?"

Randolph: " Hell yeah, and baseball!"

Rev. is agitated and has a problem for Randolph. "Casper sounds great, son. Look, Joel's out of it; he's not himself, so you'd better have a word with him, Randolph."

Randolph: "Ok, Joel, whatzup?" Joel's down in spirit and his once immaculate robes are grass stained as his halo is flickering and buzzing with static.

Rev.: "He won't acknowledge us at all. He's somewhere else, it's scary."

Randolph: "Come on with me, Joel, I'm goin' to the RV. Come on Joel, man." They head from the helipaddy toward the RV slowly with Joel on foot, through the great maze of many surrounding them now, who open up in awe to let them pass the two hundred yards or so to the RV.

Gwen: "Sad, very sad, they hurt his feelin's, talkin' all that black Jezuz talk upset him."

Monika: "That ugly woman pushed him down, and he's upset over the crowds reaction." Randolph suggests the others go to the loading dock, so he and Joel could talk in the RV. And they all follow J.C.'s lead through the thick, skin to skin tight, rough and tough thoroughfare that opened wide for the Michigan Messiah of his day. Randolph salutes and walks past the six security guards with Joel and enters the unlocked RV.

Randolph: "Hey, y'all workin' hard . . . I hope. Hey Little Bit, whatzup?" Money is stacked in every available space in mail sacks on the floor. These old mailbags are a gift from the fervid fireman/bitchin' brakeman, Jake. He gives them empty, used old U.S. mailbags he gets from the five boxcars. Then they fill the bags with counted cash and put them back by conveyor on the Scripture Park train, fifty feet away on track one.

Vernice: "R n'R, this is a lotta loot . . . what'cha gonna do with it?"

Randolph: "Have a payday." With two boxcars and a triple trailer full now, they only counted, stacked and sorted the money in the RV.

Pearson: "We've got six security guards out there and you walked right up in here. And I don't think they even know you, do they?" Pearson overlooks his own negligence in leaving the door unlocked.

Randolph: "Naw, they don't know me unless they saw me on TV, and I don't know them either. By the way, a T-man by the last name of Orange said he's on our case for counterfeit. He said he had a hot tip. He ran some names down, inquired about Mark, you know, nothin' but spec so far. Plus, he's got people with him, and some of 'em could be the guards out there. He said they're watchin' us, so keep your eyes and ears open, and keep the mammy jammy door locked, Pearson!"

Pearson: "My bad, Randolph, but counterfeit's under Secret Services' jurisdiction."

Carter: "I haven't spotted any irregularities in the cash we have on hand, and that fifty K slush fund you asked for in mail sacks is on and under the cot here." The mailbags full of cash to be counted filled the RV to the rear, wall to wall and touched the roof. There was clearly no more room now, only room at the door for a wicker chair, cell phone, computer, TV and cot remained inside with the three counting the money.

Randolph: "Green trailer trash . . . look at it! All that scratch, hot damn, and I walked right up in this piece with Jesus, dig it. Solid n' da wallet, y'all take a fifteen minute break outside, please. I told Kozmo to empty as many of his triple trailer trucks, as we need, and to dump the uncounted mail sacks of cash in 'em, and you guys can still count, sort

and stack it accordin' to denomination: food stamps, Canadian coin of the realm, travelers checks, casino chips and loose chump change later up in here. Then lock it up in the boxcars, but keep a gang of cop guards around it."

Vernice: "Ok, hi Joel, why so sad?"

Randolph: "He's havin' a hard time, ya dig?"

Pearson: "Yes, we'll take a break."

Carter: "I'll knock twice in fifteen minutes." The three leave the RV and head for Vernice's, as Bitch Ho called it, `shit colored hooptie´ brown Toyota, cash collecting used car and U-Haul trailer, parked twenty feet away.

Randolph: "Cool . . . sit down, Joel, take a load off. I just want you to know from me that sometimes thangs go badly, and when they do, I understand, see? I'm on your side. We love what you're doin'! Thangs just got out of hand out there. That old gal who pushed you down was ignorant. She didn't grasp J.C.'s full meanin'. Yeah, he said Jesus was black. . . ." Joel began to moan and groan aloud.

Joel: "Ummm . . . Oohhhh!"

Randolph: "I know, and he said God was African-American too, well . . ."

Joel: "Ahhh!" Joel cries out as if he's being crucified upon the cross in excruciating agony and startles Randolph.

Randolph: " . . . Sooo, if you're hung up on it, let's talk about it man to man. You know, reason it out. What do you say?"

Joel emits a loud grunt, "Uhh!"

Randolph: "Look, man, if your mike had been on, you'd have scored a hit with`em too. There must be over nine hundred thousand white folks out here and way over a million blacks. Hey, they all heard J.C. say all that Afrocentric stuff, but both races still stayed and listened to him. Your way is just as strong. Some folks will see Jesus black and some white, so what? We still want you right there with him.

Nothing's changed; you're still a top attraction. . . . There's no one else like you. Kostiers searched the globe, and you're it, man. You're the one and only Jesus Christ figure clone on earth. You're the face most folks see when they pray, when they think, when they dream about Jesus. You're the icon spittin' image and no other, Joel."

Joel seems to visibly rally and speaks, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Randolph: "Ah, that's better, much better, you scared me, man. Don't do that no more. (A Knock at the Door) I'll get it. . . . Yes?"

Magdalene: "We came to minister unto the master."

Randolph opens the door. "Hi ladies, please come in. Just what the doctor ordered. Magdalene, good mornin' Martha, Mother Mary . . . Candy."

Candy: "R n'R." The women rush to a dejected Joel, who is still sitting in the wicker chair.

Magdalene: "Oh Lord, you are troubled. We heard you were pushed and reviled by the people."

Martha: "Yea, buked, scorned and rejected, Lord."

Mary: "Wash his sweet feet, sisters, gently, and anoint him. He's forgiven them all."

Randolph: "How are you, Candy? Did you call your moms?"

Candy: "No R n'R, I've been thinking about us. I decided you must go your way, and I must be as I am and that is the only fair solution." The two are eye to eye.

Joel speaks again." I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet! But she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head."

(Two knocks at the door)

Randolph: "Glad to see you're cool, Joel, man. Hey, that's Carter." Randolph opens the door for Carter and Vernice.

Carter: "Your fifteen minutes are up. Oh my, ladies, good morning. Well Randall, we won't all fit in there, so what do you suggest?"

Randolph: "Ev'rybody, I'm callin' a meetin' in an hour for the whole Scripture Park company. So you can attend to Joel on the train, 'cause Carter's gotta cook the books to a crisp and get this money divided up, ya dig?"

Candy: "We do, R n'R . . . we'll go to the train. Come on, sisters." Because of the great turn out, Gire and the railroad have decided not to move the experimental train after time expires but instead share in the worldwide coverage and publicity received by featuring it with the event.

Martha: "Master . . . come."

Magdalene: "Precious Lord . . . take my hand."

Joel: "Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money, neither have two coats apiece."

Randolph: "Great parting shot, Joel. See ya at the meetin' in an hour on the old loadin' platform."

Candy: "Good-bye, R n'R." The two ex-lovers are eye to eye again.

Randolph: "Yeah . . . white chocolate center caramel Candy . . . later."

When they leave, Carter bounds in and goes straight to the heaping mail bags of money. "Well, nothing's missing, disturbed that is."

Randolph: "Look, ya parsimonious penny pincher, get all these checks in envelopes. Come on in, Vernice. Have you got names of all the performers and the help?"

Vernice: "Yes, and I got pay envelopes from the rail yard people. More than enough, we're thirteen hundred in all on the payroll, not counting the bank's tellers and overtime cops, working security for us now. The bank will bill us, and handle the cops checks."

Pearson joins them in the RV. "There's that sweet smell, I saw her in Iscariot's. She's very striking, the Magdalene, and the beautiful Woman at the Well, I saw on TV when Scripture Park arrived here."

Randolph: "Yeah, strikin' like, Ssseth, the Death. So, what's the damage? How much? What's the payroll grand total to date, guys? Let's have it."

Carter: "Minus one hundred fifty K for your pathetic partner (Cryin' Brian) and a hundred K for the three thieves earlier, (Gire and his two associates) right? A lot. I'll give out Halcyon company checks and cash them here in the RV. The rest of the money, collected and counted will remain in the boxcars, and the money collected and uncounted, we'll put and keep locked in the emptied triple trailers."

Randolph: "Right, go on." Randolph is impatient for the current grand total.

Carter: "You tell us, what does Kozmo get?"

Randolph: "I promised him one hundred K per day. He's worth a million, so pay it to him, that's his pay."

Carter: "So much, two days, two hundred K! "

Randolph: "Naw, one million, do it, next?" Carter turns pale at Kozmo's proposed pay.

Carter: "One hundred fifty guys working the grounds, all crews under Kozmo, T.R. and Joe for ten dollars per hour. We promised that and they're still working since seven this morning, and they'll work all night if necessary, right?"

Randolph: "Right, how much for twenty-four hours, man?"

Carter: "Two hundred and forty dollars per man."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, next?"

Carter: "The circus has three hundred fifty employees. So I guess you can call it. Kozmo said it's up to you."

Randolph: "Ten grand apiece."

"Ten!?" Cheapskate Carter challenges, calms down and calls on the calculator in his clever cranium. "That's three million five hundred thousand dollars!"

Randolph: "Do it, next?"

Carter: "Oh God, here we go again, Scripture Park. I guess six hundred and fifty strong."

Randolph: "Same thang, except for five: Rev., one huge, J.C., one huge, Insane Elaine, Kostiers and Joel the same."

Carter: "That much for Joel?"

Randolph: "Do it, next?"

Carter: "Well, that just leaves us, Janet, Monika, Space, Gwen, T.R., Joe, Vernice, Pearson, Bitch Ho, Harry, Smug Doug . . ."

Randolph: "I know, the gang, one hundred K apiece for now."

Vernice: "Thanks, R n'R, God bless you!"

Pearson: "Yes, Randolph, that's a windfall."

Randolph: "Well, you gonna say it, say it. It's too much, right? Well?" Randolph is coming down on Carter and bating him to cancel out his own paycheck amount.

Carter: "Oh no you don't, not this time! It's fine, it's a great deal, thanks!" The CFO is thrilled at the figure on his behalf.

Randolph: "Thanks guys, now get the payroll checks in envelopes and have these guards escort you to the platform when you drive it over. By the way, whenever Rev. Rump comes around bitchin' for money, ignore him unless I say different. Send the police society and firemen's guild or whatever in Ypsi, a one hundred grand split, and set aside ten grand apiece for Matt, Luke and John, back at the museum ad nauseam n' da sanitarium, holdin' the fort. Now we still got peeps back at the institute, and I'm havin' 'em join us later. So set aside two hundred K for that and repairs. (Randolph refers to paying and including the frozen in time Philadelphia Pentecostal small church congregation, along with the Texas Tower of Babel, tongue talking, trilling crazy choir, and also repairing as he promised Kostiers, the

damage done by Louse.) Then give the dancin' devil his due, that's ten grand extra to a guy name Hector Sloan in Scripture Park. Don't leave Gilbert Norton, the desk clerk at the Hoofah Hotel out, give him ten grand. And slip Buddy Gee, the Detroit DJ and Jeff, the cabbie in Ypsi a hundred K each, quick." Vernice is on the job with her shorthand pad and has it covered.

Carter: "She's got it. Oh, we bought three used cars for two grand and rented three U-haul trailers from row 300, 57 hook-up at our trailer park and car parking lot across the road from the meadow. I paid ten grand to the camouflage, fatigue wearing family from Elohim City, Oklahoma, who owned the RV, and they threw in ten cases of petro jell and detonator caps."

Randolph: "Does it run?"

Pearson: "Yes, I drove it and dumped the scary stash with the police down at the dock."

Randolph: "Then rock n' roll this payday wagon to the platform, but be careful, Pearson. Watch your back."

Pearson: "I will . . . and the guards." Vernice is grinning ear to ear over her paycheck no doubt.

Randolph: "What'cha smilin' and grinnin' at, little girl?"

Vernice: "I'm just thinkin', man, that's all."

Randolph: "Nouveau riche folks, ya can't do nothin' with 'em, later."

. . .

(Payday at the loading dock)

Kozmo: "Boss man, I emptied another triple trailer and repacked the contents on the train, that's three now, and I told my people to keep dumpin' the collected cash in it like ya said." Kozmo feels Randolph may need all of the six triple trailers empty to handle the mail sacks filled to the brim with collected cash, dumped inside them to be counted later and he asks, "What about the meetin'? The music's still goin' strong on the platform. Is everything ok?"

Randolph: "So far . . . hey, there's that white-faced clown again!" Randolph spots the pantomime classic, Pierrot harlequin, white face, orange hair clown doing a jitterbug jig on stilts above the crowd.

Kozmo: "Yeah, his name's Slick; you want to talk to 'em?"

Randolph: "Naw, just curious, he reminds me of somebody. It'll come to me. Damn, the cars, choppers, trains and boats are still comin'! Keep all the bank cashiers on the gate and at the dock with the cops, when we start the meetin', that oughta work."

Kozmo: "You got it, what about the Cape buffalo, you still gonna fight 'em?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I'll run it at the meetin', after I pay ev'rybody."

Kozmo: "Great boss man, cherry pie! It must be a hell of a pay wagon take so far! It's over two million suckers and squares (customers) out here! J.C. packed 'em in! He's the star; everybody knows now! Even his mama came through and those others, the band and symphony were awesome, and that big blues guy . . ."

Randolph: "Casper Lonesome, the best."

Kozmo: "Yeah, him and that nasty little guy in the green velvet suit, red tux and gold outfit." As M.C., Rump changed clothes for each act he presented.

Randolph: "Rev. Rump, he's great, man."

Joe: "I've got everything ready for the buffalo . . . so say the word."

Randolph: "See you at the meetin'."

Joe: "Right."

Kozmo and Joe take off in different directions, and a sullen Bitch Ho turns up agitated and tells Randolph. "You fucked all over my shit, Ran. You broke your kneecap off in my asshole, man. What the fat fuck you doin' lame shit like that to me for? I wanted you to hear my shit played by them way bad mothafuckas! Shit."

Randolph: "Well, you heard it, so what do you think? Was it worth playin' me and the gang that way? You lied to me, and you were way funky doin' it. You hooked up with my enemies, so I had to do what I did." The two best lovers and best friends are almost as worst enemies now, facing each other toe to toe.

Bitch Ho: "Fuck you, Ran, look at this crowd, man! Shit. They went nuts over my shit! It's a FM, AM and satellite simulcast broadcast, syndicated with Buddy Gee's radio station and network TV, man! Shit. I'm over . . . worldwide, Ran! I'm a supastar synchronized songwriter, man, dig it!"

Randolph: "You always were one, fool, but it's on my pop's radio station. I arranged to have Buddy Gee deejay for satellite simulcast n' syndication. You just couldn't be straight up with me, that's how I see it."

Bitch Ho: "You're fuckin' wrong, Ran. You didn't want to hear my shit. You don't care 'bout the music too tough. Insane Elaine said so too. You walked out on both of us. Even that big fuck, blues singin' ass nigga, Casper Lonesome, asked why you split in a chopper. Shit, he said he flew out here from San Francisco. Ran, you gotta dig yourself with artist, man, Teddy, Val, her husband, Lil' Robert T. Life and Melanoma think ya actin' weird, man. They tore this mothafucka down, nigga. Shit, Rev. Rump is the baddest ass nigga in show business, man! When he did` Sodomized by Satan´, mothafuckas freaked! Shit."

Randolph: "Val's here?" Randolph perks up at the mention of Val Johnson.

Bitch Ho: "See what I mean, you don't dig on nothin', but what you want. You didn't hear my assessment of the music thang at all, and I'm the music nigga in the company, Ran. Me and Elaine, shit, she was the only nigga you halfway heard, shit."

Randolph: "Well, is Val here or not?"

Randolph is persistent and Bitch Ho rages. "Man, you cold an-a-mothafucka, and I'm hot as hell! Shit." Bitch Ho's brown eyes flash in frustrated anger.

Randolph: "You're hot enough for both of us. That's a beautiful purple gown you changed into. It goes good with your African-violet eyes about now. You're quite a ravishin' honey tonight." Randolph is softer and Bitch Ho calms down.

Bitch Ho: "This mornin' ya mean, shit." They both ease up now and talk it over.

Randolph: "Look, you're the one who messed up. You turned your back on us, so I let you know how I felt. I know you know whatzup in music. That's why Mark and I agreed you should run it."

Bitch Ho: "Well, shit, what happens now, Ran, you big black dick, nigga?" Bitch Ho begins to well up and cry.

Randolph: "Don't you shed a tear on me now. It's your own fault . . . you pretty little sexy thang, come here." Randolph holds and consoles her.

Bitch Ho: "Oh Ran, you fucked me up waaay bad, man, shit!"

Randolph: "Come on now, you're ruinin' your make up, and don't get any on me."

Bitch Ho: "Ran, that stank mouth Elaine is the baddest singin' bitch alive. We gotta cop that tape, and Casper, we gotta sign him, Rev. Rump and Teddy, them cats whale, man. They got it on jiggy goin' to bed, Ran."

Randolph: "What about the Month of Sunday's Mass Choir and Hot Fudge Sundae back up band, Thy Kingdom Kum Quartet and distended Jelly Belly Bob Jubilee?"

Bitch Ho: "Yeah, yeah, now you talkin', see? That's all good bomp bomp, stomp stomp shit! I'm signin' 'em all! And we gotta have a deal with Teddy; he's the fonkest nigga in the world! People was dancin' back, Ran. They got this bad mothafucka, a smash, a dick head called `Big Ol' Hairy Problem`! Rump, Teddy and Melanoma do that bad jam, man! Shit."

Randolph: "Sign 'em then, you the boss." Randolph relaxes and grins. He knows Kaizen still has Melanoma for two more albums, and she can finish with Bitch Ho's help and record for Halcyon along with all of these acts. And now, he can release this live DAT/DVD of the whole show on Tambourine Records for charity and buy control of that label.

Bitch Ho: "I still love you, Ran, I always will. You the only one who really knows me on this planet."

Randolph: "Yeah, just don't go home to Pluto on me no more." Randolph begins to laugh it off, but Bitch Ho embraces him.

Bitch Ho: "Fuck you, ya big sweet nigga. Mmmm." Bitch Ho kisses Randolph and jams her tongue in his mouth.

Randolph: "Quit it, girl! Gwen's around here somewhere, later." Randolph escapes the hot-natured composer as a nerdy, beaming black man in a red bow tie, white shirt and dark blue suit comes casually, but confidently over to talk.

Man: "Ah, the living legend, the great, R n'R. I admired your stature and spiel on TV. You were truly, the incredible one!"

Randolph: "And who might you be, man?"

Man: "I'm Einstein Johnson, Val's husband."

Randolph: "Oh, Yeah."

Einstein: "Pleased to meet you, R n'R. Val's told me stories, but I had to see for myself, and I am impressed. Why man, you've got show business in the palm of your hand. You can write your own ticket. If they could be here tonight, all of Hollywood would be at your beck n' call. But we came; we flew out here two days ago. We booked a gig starting Monday week and video recorded a live date for Casper, with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, added a cameo charity donation, Aretha Franklin prototype soul aria, ending with the Michigan Opera Company, plus, all the great ex-Motown stars of Detroit, in a chorus at the Brown Bomber Casino, backed with Teddy and the band, co-starring Melanoma."

Randolph: "Man, I oughta kick your shorts up your fanny. You and your lowlife wife, Lil' Robert and Teddy and the whole bastard band!"

Einstein: "And I bet you could do it too. Are you angry? I told Val you'd be upset, but she insisted we handle the whole deal ourselves. So, we made the Adam and Eve commercials in Hollywood and hooked up with Teddy and Melanoma and all the guys. Then Casper flew here from San Francisco, and your very sexy, talented associate, Ms. Sharon Baker had already given Teddy great material months ago in L.A. So how can you fault us for taking advantage of such an array of amazing all-stars? In a nutshell, we came over tonight to set things right. We want to be a part of your show now, your production. We know when we've been bested and busted, so now we want to make amends." Randolph knows by instinct this man is commercially clever, but in the vernacular, way wack personality wise.

Randolph: "I'll put it to a vote in fifteen minutes or so, I'm havin' a company meetin'."

Einstein: "You're meeting in all of this crush of humanity?"

Randolph: "Yeah." The crashing boredom was becoming unbearable and apparent now as Randolph grimaced.

Einstein: "Well, we'll be here, so just let us know when you can. Val is anxious to join you and handle promotion for every move you make. And I'd like a concession deal with you as a vendor. A standard deal, I'll supply you right down the line, all the ancillary you'll need when you have your next performance." Randolph was past the point of tolerance.

Randolph: "I'll vote on it, man, I told you!"

Einstein: "Yes, yes, well, I'll leave you to your duties, and rejoin Val." Bingo, the magic word Val equals interest.

Randolph: "Where's she hidin'?"

Einstein singles Val out for Randolph. "Why she's over by the platform there, with the frosty hairdo, in the big white hat, white pant suit and white spiked heels."

Randolph: "So, that's Val, huh . . . not bad." Randolph checks out the sexy woman on his last nerve and smiles.

Einstein: "I forgot you never met her. She didn't know you on sight either, until your TV appearance, and I told her you were our best bet. This should be interesting to see."

Randolph: "Yeah, I bet you like to watch, later." Randolph turns his back, and with his sexual secret fantasy found out, Einstein leaves.

Then, out of the crammed crushing crowd came the cruising power couple of the twenty-first century, and maybe the new millennium, Mark and Mia. "Well nigga, ya did it. You put us on the fuckin' map, biggest thing in Detroit, Michigan since the Supremes!"

Mia: "Baby, baby, baby!" Mia imitates the cutesy hip-shaking antics of the great girl-singing group from the Brewster Projects.

Randolph: "Albino, Mama Mia, looks like Scripture Park's got another Judas and Rancor Circus has a new geek."

Mia: "Real cute, R n' R . . . well, are we welcome or what?"

Mark: "We're back, baby! I told you, R n'R said it was cool." Mark is casual in a blue shirt and burgundy ascot, a ship captain's hat, a black satin sports jacket with gray trousers and white shoes, smoking a pipe.

Randolph: "I'm gonna wanna go public, Mama Mia, so set it up with Carter. How's the kid kickin'?"

Mia: "Not too bad, R n'R, where's Carter I missed him? I missed you all, and I'm sorry. We're both so sorry. But I figured you in for twenty-five per cent, and I can show you on paper!"

Randolph: "No need, sweetheart, I believe you. Carter's in that big white RV, off to the left by the telephone pole. Here's the new license and my new percentage." Randolph gives Mia the briefcase and thereby verbal power of attorney. "And there's a guy out here named Rose, who owns Tambourine Records, the great little live, Gospop! concert boutique label. I want fifty-one per cent of the gross for this show's tapes. Arrange it 501C3 for charity, so we can use all this talent and help poor peeps free from litigation." Randolph continues his own creative charity cue and a new one from Einstein Johnson.

Mia: "I've got it. God bless you, R n'R." Mia gives Randolph a big hug and kiss, then heads for the RV through the teeming throngs, sporting a hip blue and white sailor's suit, sailor hat, shades and cute blue canvas shoes.

Randolph: "Later, Mama Mia."

Mark: "Thanks, nigga, I mean it, R n'R. I was up against it; they wasted my bony white ass, man, shit."

Randolph: "You wasted your own self, albino, but you're back, so welcome back. Now I want you to get back on the job, and keep your eyes and ears open. We've got the richest man in Michigan on us, and Louse is still up in the mix. I think he's hooked up to the counterfeit bills. More importantly, I've got a mega bet on tap in the mornin'. My African Cape buffalo, goes against this way rich guy's grizzly bear in a death match, ya dig? Then Val Johnson, her hubby and Teddy Kotex showed up with Melanoma, Lil' Robert and Casper Lonesome. And just between you and me, I still owe Rev. Rump fifteen huge to spare Insane Elaine for rippin' him off."

Mark: "No shit?"

Randolph: "Yeah, now here's the one for you to watch. There's a guy here, last name Orange, says he's a T. man. Says he's after you, so be careful. He says he got a hot tip and they've got somethin', maybe smeared sample bills, maybe not. I don't know, but so much is goin' on, I can't be sure. This filthy rich guy I told you about is passin' the same fake stuff around. He bought out Kozmo's Rancor Circus for two huge earlier today. But I had Kozmo sit on the counterfeit cash. I had to pull his coat 'cause he's been straight with me."

Mark: "Yeah, so you think this T. man is uncool, and just some clever crooked cat tryin' to muscle in?" Mark ignores the warning with the worry and takes his circumspect chances. "Hell, ya got the crowd of crowds here, and it's orderly, J.C., huh?"

Randolph: "Yeah, I guess he's great . . . naw, he's the man, Black Jezuz!"

Mark: "No shit?"

Randolph: "I saw a robin land on the big nigga's shoulder, ya dig?"
Unbeknownst to Randolph, the bird was one of Joe's experimental electrical creations.

Mark: "That would do it, I believe it. So, I got ya back, nigga, go 'head and deal, shit."

Randolph: "I know, uh-oh, Monika's comin'." The beautiful honey blond woman is surrounded by aroused guys, capturing her lovable luscious likeness and sultry sexy walk, with cameras and camcorders as she makes her way wiggling and jiggling to them through the cause célèbre conscious clamoring crowd.

Mark: "Oh shit."

Monika: "Ran, Ran, how can you stand the stench? Get away from that walkin' pile of crap, man!"

Mark: "Are you talkin' about me, pretty lady?"

Monika: "Don't speak, you foul the air. Get him off the grounds, Ran, and where's Mia? She's gotta be kicked off the grounds too!"

As before when he raped and anally sodomized her in the set bungalow, Randolph realizes how attracted he is to Monika when she's angry, and he says, "Yeah, Mia's in the white trailer, sweetheart. Look, lovable lady, I want you to go over to the RV and help Carter and Mia and Vernice hand out the pay envelopes."

Monika: "You let her around our money, after she ran out on us and left us to the wolves, Ran! How could you do that, Mark? We trusted you!"

Mark: "Don't trust me again, I deserve it and I'm sorry. I knew R n'R could handle it, so I took a flyer on a deal. I sunk all my money in it before I left Kaizen. I'm way fuckin' sorry as hell. I cut R n'R in on it, but it went belly up. I'm goddamn sorry, shit. Unless you think Mia and I should wear sandwich boards promotin' the event and parade around the grounds?"

Monika: "Not good enough, I'm gonna watch Mia, Ran." Monika shoots daggers at Mark with a mean, livid look, kisses Randolph quickly on the lips and walks her wonderful winner wiggle way to the RV with over one hundred hard up, hard on hangers-on and paparazzi in hot pursuit.

Randolph: "Later, Money Honey."

Mark: "She's way pissed, man, shit."

Randolph: "They'll all get over it, so hang tough and think about what I said."

Mark: "I got your back, nigga, deal, shit, run it."

Rev. Rump comes `Sherman Hemsley´, cool bopping over to Randolph and Mark. "That big foot Baptist, fat mouth, thick bubble liver lip, black n' yella teeth, darkie face, fonky ass, holy high rolla, shit mouth, monsta stankin' snuff breath muthafucka, Insane Elaine, owes me!"

Randolph assumes Insane Elaine's debt of fifteen million dollars to Rev. Rump, in order to keep Rump from having her killed. He also wants to punish Rump for impregnating his mother with Louse, by promising, but never paying off the debt. "I hear ya stole the show, ya old thief; I got'cha money up in a triple trailer, ya rotten rat, but I got a better and bigger idea, see? I want it for a public stock deal; you get ten per cent off the top, for that fifteen huge, what'cha say?" Randolph shoots a cheap shot at the rascally reverend and he erupts.

Rump: "Niggah, you waaay fuckin' waaay crazy!" You got my scratch up in a gawddamn triple trailer in cold cash, fifteen huge, and you got the cocksuckin' nerve in yo' big black balls to run a lame ass game on me! Shit! Niggah, gimmie my fuckin' money fo' I burn this mutha down! Shit."

Mark: "He's right, Rump, you got fifteen huge on in a bad mothafucka. This show's heat, shit. You copped a motha load in the long run, shit. Dig it; the return alone on fifteen huge, after taxes, if you invest it free and clear is utterly fantastic! Plus, a public stock offering, make that an initial public offering. Wow, baby, that's waaay boss bread! Look at this mothafuckin' crowd! Shit. America will buy this shit now and eat it up at . . . what Wall Street price would you say Rev. Rump?"

Rump thinks it over for a second. "At least fifty dollars a share! Shit. Hey, muthafucka! Who is this chump, R n'R, and gimmie my gawddamn bread! Shit!"

Randolph: "This is my partner, Mark Ashton. He ran Kaizen, he knows the business, and so do you, and so do I. Why don't you put it to a vote? I'm gonna have a stockholders meetin' in a minute. Here comes some of my payroll money and checks now in the RV." Pearson's slowly driving the white RV towards them, escorted by six armed, uniformed Detroit policemen.

Rump: "R n'R, you niggah nuts, man, way insane crazy! Shit, it took months, over a year to hustle that scratch. That loony, fonky mouth, singin' ass bitch stole my shit, man! I shoulda whacked her nutty, crazy ass! But I gave you a shot 'cause ya my home piece, Ray John's son. Hell, man, my peeps will laugh me outta the fuckin' church, I tell 'em some jive ass shit like this!"

Mark: "So don't tell 'em shit, you the man, Rump. I heard about you on the street; they do what ya say, man. Look at this fuckin' way mighty multitude multipliyin' mass, man! This is a choice colossal crowd an-a-half's mama, man!"

Rump: "Who the fat fuck is this pushy, honky muthafuck, R n'R? Shit."

Randolph: "He's a businessman like you and me. He was Art Leisure's partner back in the way day, remember?"

Rump: "You that Brit ofay fuck who split to L.A. with R n'R, right?"

Mark: "The same, and you the wrong reverend, the Sinista Minista, goddammit. And if you do this deal, you're a major stockholder in Scripture Park. Then the truth be told, by the looks of you, the singin' superstar of the show! Shit."

Rump gets side tracked again by Mark. "I stole the shit out of that muthafucka! Elaine was back there holy dancin'! Shit. Casper hisself was grinnin', shit, and that big tall niggah's the best! Shit. But I stole 'em all! Shit. R n'R, gimmie my muthafuckin' money, gawddamn ya!"

Randolph: "I'll put it to a vote, and If the crowd says to give you the bread, it's all yours, fifteen huge cash." Randolph suggests having a plebiscite on Rump's money.

Rump: "Vote! This ain't no ex-CIA, Supreme Court, Manchurian candidate, fixed Florida election, shit! Niggah, gimmie my fuckin' scratch! Gawddammit, man, I ain't jivin' now!"

Randolph: "I'll raise it from them, then ya can have it, but not before."

Mark: "Yeah, Rump, let R n'R run it; it's his show. You know he's good for it; so let him flash it to the crowd! Shit."

Rump: "Fuck you two slick dick ass muthafuckas. I wants my money, gawddammit, now! Shit."

Randolph: "Gimmie one hour, Rump. Lemme get my chops off on the crowd."

Rump: "Man, you must of copped more than fifteen huge. What's the real deal? Shit. You must have at least . . ."

Randolph: "Twenty-four huge gross last count." Rump is agitated activated and animated.

Rump: "Muthafucka, you shittin' me, man! Gimmie it now, ya black ass bastard! I mean it, gawddamn ya!"

Randolph: "Hold on, Rump. Dig ya self now, one hour's cool, think it over."

Pearson comes over with three cops. "Any trouble?"

Randolph: "Naw, we down or not, Rump?" Rump sees the situation is in the hands of the police and reconsiders.

Rump: "Under protest, niggah, you lucky it's on your turf! Ya lucky that's all! Shit, but no fuckin' more than one hour! And by my Rolex too, so run it, now!"

Randolph: "My man! Ok Pearson, is it hooked up?"

Pearson: "Everything's ready."

Randolph: "There's a thrill on the hill, let's go, let's go, let's go!" They head up on the platform and join the others, singing Hank Ballard's soul classic.

Rump: "I'm right behind your big black ass, niggah! Shit. And why ya got so much five-0? Pigs piggy back ev'rywhere up in this piece, damn!" A squad of Detroit's finest is standing guard on top, in front, on the sides and at the rear of the loaded two boxcars; two triple trailers and RV, holding the payroll collected counted cash and checks.

Mark: "They protectin' your fifteen huge, Rump."

Rump: "Fuck you, white man, you fucked over Art Leisure, shit. I heard 'bout yo' fonky honky ass."

Randolph: "Holy Joe."

Joe: "Yeah, man. Well I'll be damned . . . the prodigal son returneth."

Mark: "Hey, Joe."

Randolph: "Look, I'm holdin' a stockholders' meetin', so Mark you stomp it off. Go on, it's awright."

Mark: "Oh, shit."

The gang and company buzz bastards and bitches about Mark and Mia's return.

Joe: "Use this mike, it's on."

Mark: ". . . A . . . Good mornin' Scripture Park, yeah, I'm Mark Ashton, C.E.O., and I wanna call everybody to attention now 'cause the chairman of the company is gonna run something by you. R n'R, rather, Randolph Nathan Randall!"

Crowd: "Nathan?" A giant growling murmur is made, when the two-syllable name is spoken softly by over two million warped and wobbled voices in unison.

Randolph takes over on the mike. "Yeah, Nathan. My great auntie Juanita whose one hundred and four years old, bless her soul, named me, see? Now back to business. I got a full agenda, and I've gotta decide a few thangs. We grossed twenty-four million bucks last count I heard. But by now there's over a million many more peeps added to the mix."

Crowd: "Ohhhhhhhhh!" A monster moan rocks the event.

Randolph: "We did all this in less than twenty-four hours, not bad. However, there's so many more cars, choppers, trains and boats comin'. When it gets light, we're gonna have to make a new deal. So don't hang out up in here, if you've seen J.C. and the show, 'cause your ranks are gonna swell too much. Now after this meetin', I want ya to head back where ya came from, so the others comin' up the road can get in, ya dig?"

Crowd: "Boooooohhh!" The monster growls again and more negatively ominous this time.

Randolph: "Naw, let these others comin' in get a shot at it now, 'cause before ya leave, I'm gonna tell ya how to make some money with us, see? Yeah, invest fifty bucks a share! And that will give us the bread to start up a public company for all poor peeps. What'dya say?"

With a deafening overwhelming joy, the crowd cheered, "Yea . . .!"

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, I'll announce it in the media, you know, TV, radio and the newspaper? Tell your friends who couldn't make it. Now I gotta talk to my main partners, so, y'all can split now. Leave. Hit the highway! Vamos!"

The crowd does not budge, but is quiet and still in a shining sea aglow with fans waving: glow sticks, lighter flames, wearing Holy Joe's heavenly halos, flashlights, popping flash bulbs, playing with laser pointers, lighting sparklers, fireworks, candles, lit cigarettes, iridescent flags and such, along with the Chinese lanterns, George Forman grills, barbeque lighters, glowing coals of charcoal burning hibachis, cooking campfires, tiki torches, flaming oil drums, King Kaizen Super Screens, bright white TV lights, traffic head and tail lights, boat lights, train lights. And as far back towards Detroit as he, Randolph, could see, Christmas tree lights decorate the white pine trees bordering both sides of the meadow, under the moon and stars added orbs of light with a magnificent manmade midnight (House of Louse) rainbow! So moved, the ribald raconteur, great wit and monarchial head of the table, offered the average blue collar proletarian a may chance to laugh all the way to the bank, with his Laughingstock, Ha ha hee hee ho ho, ho's! at fifty dollars a share, once again as pyrotechnics performed in prolific proportions.

Randolph announced that the black television company C. P.T. could also have the Second Comin', TV broadcast rights for fifty-one percent of that company. He further figured to form an electronic equity stake from Carter's advice, as Carter put it, with whatever the payment from the networks for the exclusive rights to air and syndicate the Second Comin' were. The proposed deal was to make Carter an electronic portfolio manager. However, Randolph, a technophobe, was unclear on the concept and finally asked, "What the hell is this fatso freakin', equity effrontery anyway?" But he learned without a hard contract, he could dictate his own terms at will, by an edict, as long as he held the monstrous masses and a tax-free billion-dollar secret in his slide. So he appealed as an articulate autocratic authoritarian to the contrarians interested in him and his company for cash on demand, and he kept his sales pitch for the penury problem in American ghettos utmost and uppermost in his stock presentation.

Randolph now refers to the largest crowd for entertainment in creation as his adoring public. After a successful hambone of contention, human beat box concert, and stern warning, "Don't trust nobody unless they can hambone and human beat box. "Pearson, Carter, Space, Rev., Mark, Joe, T.R., Kozmo even, and God help us, Joel and J.C. joined in to make skin popping hambone and breathy, earthy human beat box music on the loading dock. Even all the girls in the gang with Rev. Rump and the flyin' Fags, Harry and Smug Doug, "Beat they meat and got off freaky," Rev. Rump joked.

Elaine and Kostiers too, tried beating and repeating out the rhythm of an abolished, southern slave auction block, back before the dawn of minstrel shows and buck dancing, back when a man could slap his hip and inner thigh, go between his own legs in a common suggestive motion with his right or left hand, then both simultaneously, depending on his style and flail flesh and body freely there, to a way syncopated funky beat, while uttering sounds so primitive, they harkened back to Africa, probably, and tribal rituals thought lost therein were released from the bottom of the soul.

Randolph did this very soulfully and true to his black roots; he hamboned and human beat boxed expressing pure joy and love of life! And the audience participation from the prodigious power of over two million people hamboning and human beat boxing back, blew him away, so he said, "My proxy from the people, confirms life is 'bout winnin' n' losin'! It ain't hardly 'bout right n' wrong, as it should be. We have to live together as racist, not friends, 'til the colors blend and racism ends.

"Ok, I'm gatherin' ghettos, barrios and trailer parks all together, and I'm investin' up in 'em and puttin' a gleam in ev'ry sad eye. I'll back you; you need a backer, somebody who believes in you. I'll take your case, yeah, you're my clients now, and I won't charge you much interest at all! Carter gasps and Randolph exhorts him for contretemps and continues, "Now minimum wage, is that all that you want, or just welfare and food stamps?"

The crowd boos in unison and says a resounding "NO!" Then the six giant Dolby surround sound-like system speakers, hanging high from cranes, acoustically placed in the meadow by Joe Spain, cause a vibrating live extraordinary effect on the tracks, up and down the dirt road from the makeshift gate to the six big wheel Rancor Circus triple trailer trucks, to the Detroit River and beyond to Canada. All while fresh, new paying customers pass through, handing over their twenty dollars to the Rancor Circus and Scripture Park performers in costume, standing with mail sacks to collect the money, working side by side, along with cashiers from the many local banks, approving credit cards from the wide-eyed, unsupervised undenied thousands pouring through each pasture portal.

Randolph paused and waited, unknowingly using the great evil dictator, Adolph Hitler's oratory style, and went on talking, saying, "Ya wanna stay poor, I think not! Invest in me, be my partners and prosper, buy my Laughin'stocks and Hambone Human Beat Box Music Bonds! The crowd roars, "Ha ha hee hee ho ho, ho's!" registering it's acclamation and approval by sending a deafening, thunderous mix of applause, whistles, screams, cheers and clear acceptance for miles in every direction.

Randolph loosened his big pink bow tie, removed his pink silk top hat, wiped his brow with a silky pink handkerchief, rared back on his pearl handled pink cane and continued, "My pops said a nigga had to be ten times better, ten fold to make it in the way white world. Well, I'm a opportunity optimist, see, less y'all think I'm just a pink poverty pimp kleptocrat, hoin' po' ass peeps! I ain't tryin' 2 B number 2. This ain't no pudere punk pimp proposition up in here. Sooo . . ."

The crowds stupendous grumble and the tremendous rumble of discord runs rampant like a powerful sound wave of three point one tremor proportions throughout the racially mixed masses. Randolph walked over to the RV, went in and came out carrying a U.S. mail sack

of cash and emptied it on the platform, causing Pearson to dart forward as if to protect it from the bold thieves who would rush up and take it. Randolph laughed and held up two stacks of twenties in each of his hard huge hands and hollered, "You want some of this?"

The crowd is a shriek, a shout, a holler back and a screaming cry of one jarring accord from a population unthought of, or assembled by anybody to date. Randolph addresses his cabinet staff first with instructions. He is magnanimous in the meadow on the big screens for all to see and hear while the paparazzi is busy as the George Washington Bridge in New York City at rush hour, snapping up his nitty gritty, unpretty boy in pink picture. The padding (press) is hanging onto his every word as local blue chip consumer brands of beer, automobiles, cereal, casino and pharmaceutical companies pay Cryin' Brian ten million dollars per shoot now, to pose their concerns' products with Randolph and his immense human harvest herded in the meadow.

As he stood on the loading dock, ruggedly handsome in shocking pervasive pink, sporting the surprise, two flashy pink diamond ear studs and a sparkling solitaire diamond pinky ring from Kosmo and Oona, Randolph soared in a natural high. Then, while wearing a vacant stolid expression, without warning, he moshed the crowd around the proscenium of the platform, and they accepted him with quick outstretched, open, strong, friendly arms, as he body surfed over them, and they lifted him prone in triumph three times, returning him sure-footed to the stage after the third time, without a scratch!

Now flashing on the King Kaizen super screens (courtesy of the House of Louse) were the words, "DID YOU SCREW MARILYN MONROE?" The awesome audience recited the line in a resulting roar, quieted down, and Randolph almost pleads a silent fifth. But the two gray wolves, Sun and Moon, let long lupine howls go out of their throats, as Randolph remembered her bucking blue bulging eyeballs, ethereal expression, orgasmic love look, batting long eyelashes, lusty laugh, and liquid giggle wiggle, that sent sensations to his brain and pound on his powerful penis penultimate nerve to this day, so he admitted, "Marilyn Monroe was waaay phat! My joint got rock hard-core as a piece of four-day-old stale North Carolina cornbread. She kept my buck private Bigwood, standin' at attention. Yo, I hit it. She was single at the time, like me. She identified with all people from the heart.

"Incidentally, I have it on her word that I won't be the first and only black guy in her love life, see? So it's not that she slept with a black man that you should concentrate on and judge, it's that she never really got paid for her supa stardom. She won't hold n' da wallet, reimbursed n' da purse, pride n' da slide nor balm n' da palm, or credit cards of platinum n' gold n' da billfold. Her pay was less than most other female playa hater (jealous) movie stars got at that time, go figure. She lived modestly compared to what you saw in all of that sextravaganza, costum'in' put on her backside for publicity.

"Yeah, she was the greatest glamour girl, and I was pleased and proud to know her. So she was more than just a set of jugs to me, see? She was the honey from the queen bee, the killa beekeeper's daughter. She thought I pimp walked on water. We had a shit load of fun. She was my Miss Ann in love land, hot twat by the mega ton, baddest bad ass bitch of the millennium, supastar of supastars, my main Hollywood honey ho, Marilyn Monroe." This was high praise from a profane playa, ex-panderer, and misogynist mogul on the mike to millions in the meadow, being broadcast to billions worldwide. So the crowd considered the source and sighed in a unison swoon, as the late great sexy superstar's image split the super screens with Randolph's, showing the famous scene of a grinning Marilyn's white dress, that flies up from a blast of air, while she's standing spread eagle over a 53rd Street grate in New York City.

And a now more voluble Randolph continued: "Some Hollywood types had a ring of recording engineers, actor's voice impersonators and adult bookstore people making tapes and records of her being intimate with famous stars you could recognize right off when they spoke. You know like Elvis Presley, John Wayne, Martin Luther King Jr., Tricky Dick, (Nixon) etc. Yeah, they was gonna fabricate recording her with those famous voices and rip her fine peach shaped, pretty powdered n' perfumed pink perfect ass right off, back in 1962, ya dig? She pulled my coat to it. The next day, I bought a cassette of Taboo Tapes to check it out. They copied her sexy voice from films and interviews saying stuff, right? When I went to New Jersey at the plant, late that night, and saw all the new tapes they had planned, like: Marilyn Monroe and John F. Kennedy; Marilyn Monroe and Bobby Kennedy; Marilyn Monroe and the world's greatest, Muhammad Ali; Marilyn Monroe and Satchmo; Marilyn Monroe and the Russians, Nikita Khrushchev, Gremlins in the Kremlin or some shit like that; even Marilyn Monroe and some woman. Hell, if I . . . rather, if somebody hadn't burned the whole plant and warehouse down to the ground, by today they'd be a hot dot-com to smell her dirty drawers, a buck a

sniff. They had Joe D. (DiMaggio) and her taped on their honeymoon night in a cheap west coast six dollar per night motel. A well-endowed big dick jokester, real romp with Milton Berle was reproduced phony Mahoney with her voice and being packaged, as were Sinatra, Dean and Sammy . . . together with her in bed, at the same time. Then Marlon, Yves Montand, King Kong, the Yankees, our fighting forces in Korea, Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.

"So I said to her, these Hollywood types love to screw you around."
And she laughed and cracked, 'Yipes, Hollywood types!'

"And I added, 'Yikes, Hollywood kikes' But recanted the racist remark after seein' the reproachin' look in her red, white n' blue, 'I love ev'rybody' eyes.' So I loved her too, like the liturgical camera did." Randolph stepped down from his patriotic poignant playa pimp pedestal. But throughout this elegiac, deep dark disclosure, the crowd noticed and noted his socially redeeming tough tears, when over two million spectators responded with a sympathetic sniffle and an obstreperous deafening silence. Then, as if it were a planned part of the performance, Mom n' Pop, Jnr. sang their heartwarming hit from their latest greatest DAT/DVD, 'Da Phat Lady,' via a video on the Kaizen super screens in the meadow, broadcast on TV and radio worldwide.

Marilyn Monroe

*Marilyn Monroe
Your sex appeal
Stole the show*

*Marilyn Monroe
Your demise was a
Tragic blow*

*Image on the
Silver screen
Superstar movie
Queen*

*Goddess of love
I'm dreamin' of
Marilyn Monroe*

*Glamour girl glow
From head to toe
Marilyn Monroe*

*Icon of love
Angel above
Marilyn Monroe*

*Marilyn Monroe
Why did you go
I miss you so
Just like Joe DiMaggio
You're up in heaven
Sex symbol divine
God's gift to Hollywood
And mankind*

*Posin' over a subway grate
In New York City
The camera was your lover
It made you look so pretty*

*Marilyn Monroe
Beautiful blonde
Phenom*

*Marilyn Monroe
Your hair a crown
Of platinum*

*Though I'm just
An average Joe
A film fan
Who adores you so*

*Goddess of love
I'm dreamin' of
Marilyn Monroe*

*Glamour girl glow
From head to toe
Marilyn Monroe*

*Icon of love
Angel above
Marilyn Monroe*

*I love you so
Say hello to Joe DiMaggio . . .
Marilyn Monroe*

Lil' Robert T. Life, looking like Gary Coleman, in a purple, double-breasted suit strolls up to Randolph off the mike. "You the baddest nigga I know, man. This is a way money monsta! Shit."

Randolph: "Lil' Robert, you lyin' punk, you stiffed me with Teddy and Val and Melanoma."

Lil' Robert: "Yeah, but now we all up in here for ya, man. We booked Detroit so we could hook up. Is it cool, man?"

Val slinks over and joins them at the mike. "That was rather harsh, dismissing way over two million people that abruptly, and unwise in my book to praise a white actress' charms, when black stars like Lena Horne and Dorothy Dandridge were hotter to most black men back

then. But I guess Uncle Toms would dream date her (Marilyn Monroe) over them, right?" They share a hard gaze and both frown at the other from previous phony Mahoney phone sexual disappointment, and now, face to face obvious attraction denial spite.

Randolph: "Lena or Dorothy won't up in that Big Apple bar, bitch, just her. (Marilyn Monroe) I oughta bitch slap you silly for what you did, but you see the error of your way, so enjoy your crow."

Val: "I don't have a taste for crow; I only enjoy well done business acumen." Up close the woman is physically attractive, a size seven, about forty and very well put together, with dark brown skin, sharp teeth, long nails and hot hungry eyes.

Randolph: "Don't criticize my tactics. If you do it again, I'll run you and that big headed, chicken crap, wimpy house hubby of yours right out on the road."

Val: "We wouldn't miss this meeting for the world. I assume we can attend?"

Randolph: "Yeah, just watch your motor mouth."

Mark: "They ain't movin' and groovin' like ya said, nigga; they need to know you ain't jivin'. They stayin' up in here, and the others are still irruptin' on the highway in cars, trucks, buses, vans, etc., and helicopters in the high heavens, with boats on the river, then trains on the tracks; plus, we need their money for the I.P.O."

Val: "I.P.O., huh, that might work, and you are . . . Sir Mark Ashton, right?" Val can't help but marvel at Mark imitating Randolph's black street speak, but she understands, he's a Windsor wigga dialectologist.

Mark: "Yes . . . and you are, let me guess, Val Johnson of Emotion Promotion, right?"

Val: "On the money."

Randolph: "Who's the purple-haired, phat chick in the big yella hat with that sweet, ripe plump ghetto bootay?" Randolph spies a spectacular shape, size ten, with a dazzling smile and another quickie shot at some strange hot sex, standing at the back of the stage.

Val: "Why that's my secretary Toy, Toy Thompson."

Randolph: "Not bad." This was an understatement as Randolph coolly coveted the efficaciously endowed, shapely, purple-haired, younger woman in yellow pant and top, by licking his lips at her staggering abundance of sexual classy chassis choice chick curvy charms.

Val: "I'll tell her you undressed her shamefully with your eyes. I heard you were blind."

Randolph: "Not anymore, and if I was, I could still see all that purple mess."

Val: "Really, R n'R, you have a one track mind. If I were you, I'd have Einstein close by when you make your next stocks and bonds pitch."

Randolph: "Naw, I talked to him and he didn't impress me as a man, quite frankly. I mean, he's a weak, jerky sort loser from Jump Street, ya dig?"

Val: "You're acerbic, as usual, and by taking a low cut at my husband, you think you can wound me for what you consider my transgressions. Well think again, R n'R, we sincerely feel you have obvious talent. This crowd is a testimony to your wizardry in the huckster arena. But you will need strong wise counsel for continued support. That's where we come in, Einstein and me."

Randolph: "Val, I often tried imaginin' what you looked like when you spouted all that sanctimonious garbage and garblegook. Now I know, you look good, but personality wise, you suck maternity ward bed pans." Val wheeled around on the pretty/ugly sick insult and flounced away as the great ex-Motown arranger, Chiefy Inabinet sauntered up to Randolph.

Chiefy's a black man with a brown skinned complexion, seventy-five years young sporting slicked back, black hair. He's tall, thin and friendly with a warm manly embrace, "R n'R!"

Randolph: "Hey, Chiefy, whatzup?"

Chiefy: "Still blowin' and writin' my shit, that's all."

Randolph: "Soundin' better n' better at it too."

Chiefy: "Yeah, I'm still into the tenor and flute and I picked up the alto."

Randolph: "Yeah, that was Bird's ax, ya did right, man."

Chiefy: "I hear ya, R n'R."

Carter interrupts abruptly, breathing heavy, "I guess we can start, everything's ready, anytime, Randall."

Mia's there behind Carter with a legal pad. "Hold on to this, R n'R. These are my notes on the stocks and bonds options. Go slow though while I double check it out."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, Mama Mia."

Mark is feeling more comfortable now and says, "I'll do the honors again, nigga, you cool? Shit."

Randolph: "Yeah." Randolph swan stage dives out from the lip of the platform into the outstretched arms Michigan mosh pit of his staunchest supporters, and is gently lifted up prone and placed upright back on the dock, again.

Mark: "Go 'head, mosh nigga. Now Scripture Park and Rancor Circus, listen up! Shit. The boss wants a word! R n'R!"

The gang & company: "Yea! Yea! Yea!"

Randolph: "Yeah, yeah, ya just smell your scratch up in the RV. But go 'head and whoop it up, ya deserve it. I wanna thank Insane Elaine for thinkin' this event up and Earl O. Kostiers for collectin' ya, all of ya. Then I wanna thank the right Rev., Reverend Rufus Simmons, my father-in-law for callin' me in on the deal, and I especially would like to thank my lovely, wonderful, sweet, beautiful wife Gwen, for her waaay deep love and understandin', plus, total tolerance! Thanks honey lips!"

Gwen: "I love you, Ran!"

Randolph: "Back at ya, baby doll cakes!"

Rump: "This ain't no gawddamn Grammy's award or Oscar's show, shit, and you got twenty-five minutes left!"

Randolph: "Contain that ruffian, Pearson. One more outburst and I want him dragged away on his nasty narrow Negro butt."

Pearson: "Yes, Randolph." Pearson holds on to Rump's arm.

Rump: "Hey, white man, don't touch my vine! Shit."

Randolph: "Like I was sayin', your pay envelopes are ready with a check inside. Cash 'em in at our RV, and my sexy supastar, the way pretty Money Honey lady in hot green, lusty lingerie here, Monika Spain will pass them out with instructions from Kozmo and T.R. Where's Spaceman?" The crowd cheers Monika, and she takes a big beautiful blonde bombshell bow.

Space is behind the platform shooting the scene and hollers back, "Here, man, I'm tapin'!"

Randolph: "Just checkin'. Ok Carter, let 'em have it!"

The gang & company: "Yea! Yea! Yea!"

Rump: "Gimmie my money, niggah! Shit!"

Randolph: "Hold that little thug down, boys." Loud lewd laughter erupts from the crowd when three cops contain Rump. The humongous hilarity rumbles throughout the event, via the six giant speakers, and on the King Kaizen super screens, as the crowd assumes Rump's antics are a comedy act.

Pearson: "We've got him, Randolph."

Rump: "Hey, man, ya Nazi white, bald-headed cop ass muthafucka, lemme go! Shit." The cops whisk Rump away, kicking and screaming to a triple trailer truck loaded with loot and lock him inside at Randolph's request.

Carter: "Elaine Griffin!"

Elaine: "Over here, give me that, girl!"

Monika hands Elaine her pay envelope and all but faints at the blast of bad breath fumes the old woman blows funky, in her frowning femme fatale foxy face.

Carter: "J.C."

Monika wilts, wobbles, recovers and repeats her task as the cameras click and pop, while the camcorders whir, when she walks with a worldly womanly wicked wiggle to the great J.C.

J.C.: "One million dollars."

Mark: "Damn . . . he didn't even open it up!"

Elaine: "Ooga booga uhga!" Elaine reacts to her one million dollar check.

Carter: "Jesus . . . eh, I mean, Joel."

Joel: "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully." Monika is there with his check and the men roar at her swishing swaying sexuality.

Carter: "Amen . . . Joe, Earl O. Kostiers, T.R., Vernice, Pearson, ahem, me, Janet, Mia . . ."

The gang & company: "Mia!?"

Randolph: "That's right, and Mark."

Mark: "Thanks nigga, you're a mensch and I love ya."

Mia: "Me too, R n'R, te-a-mo forever, damn it."

Bitch Ho: "Y'all both lucky I ain't breakin' off that bread, shit, y'all lucky an-a-mothafucka! You and Mark should get thirty pieces of shit."

Carter: "Sharon, Space, Gwen . . ."

Gwen: "Oh Ran, me too!"

Randolph: "Yeah, baby sweetie."

Carter: "Reverend Simmons, Harry, Smug Doug, Kozmo, Space and you, Monika, that's it!" The men howl and whistle as Monika runs sexy in six inch green spiked heels to get her check.

Randolph: "Naw, give Teddy's band ten K apiece and all the symphony cats get five K apiece. Then give the same as our gang got to Melanoma and the Johnson's, Lil' Robert, Teddy, Chiefy and Casper. Pay A Month of Sunday's Mass Choir ten K apiece, and the same to Hot Fudge Sundae, the back up Gospop! Band. That's thirty voices and seven pieces at ten K apiece and repeat that figure with Sodom n' Gomorrah Mass Ass Choir and Big Foot Baptist Band. Now pay the cast of characters, the Children of Israel and the Great Rancor Circus and all the roustabouts n' laborers, but whatever you do, hook up one hundred K for my ruddy buddy, Roosta Red and pay his peeps 10 K apiece to watch our backs . . . YEAH!" Randolph is overcome with his own generosity and begins to do another little hambone human beat box dance in celebration of the unification with friends and foes alike.

Carter: "I told you he'd do this, Vernice." The two-money changers share an inside joke.

Vernice: "I'll get it, he got'cha that time, R n'R! Carter said you'd do that, and he counted all the extra payroll up we could think of and put the blank checks in envelopes before hand." Vernice refers to the money Randolph intends to pay his old friends, Teddy Kotex and his Ev'ry 28 Day's Band and Scripture Park's Mass Choir, A Month of Sunday's and back up band, Hot Fudge Sundae, plus, Rump's bunch minus the Sinister Minister's pay and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Roosta Red and his gang with no name are wisely added to the payroll for protection. The uncounted, collected money from the crowds coming in is being put in a third emptied Rancor Circus triple trailer truck now, next to the big, white RV counting house, as more money is still being brought in by the performers and quickly loading up.

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet."

Melanoma in a red teddy, black fishnets and scarlet stilettos, pays Randolph a call. "Thank you, R n'R, for includin' me. I don't deserve it; I'm so sorry."

Gwen sees the woman she heard about up close and intercedes, "Just move right along Miss Black. My husband's busy as your bushwhackin' beaver."

Melanoma: "Excuse me, honey."

Teddy: "Goddamn, man, shit, I ain't expect shit. I just came 'cause Bitch Ho say yo' jaws was tight, shit! I was fucked way up. I thought I could settle with ya later. Shit, but this is supa bitchin', baby." Teddy is pathetic, standing there with his paycheck in hand and Melanoma wimping behind him, while waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Randolph: "Yeah, ya play ya puny buns off, Teddy. Keep on playin' for us 'cause we need ya, and the pay is good, right?"

Teddy: "Shit yeah, man, one hundred large for one night's a waaay mothafucka! Shit." Val and Einstein come over to thank and negotiate with Randolph.

Val: "I appreciate this lovely gesture, R n'R. My husband and I will be at your side on this venture, as it is our top priority, right honey?"

Einstein: "Yes, I'll say, and I'm brimming with anticipation. I can't believe anyone would be this generous, but it's the perfect ploy if you want a great body of experts and a pool of talent such as assembled here! Excellent maneuver, it's grandiose!"

Val: "Isn't he precious, R n'R?"

Randolph: "Naw."

The beautiful stacked, purple-haired Toy approaches Randolph speaking to him as in a dream sequence. "Although I didn't get an envelope, I was told of your compliment concerning me. Thank you, R n'R."

Randolph feels the unholy urge grip his groin and he's speechless, trapped and helpless with Gwen there. "Toy, I . . ."

Gwen: "Ran, please not again, please!"

The two emissaries from the bombast billionaire Bailey want a word and compliment Randolph.

Ann: "Congratulations to you, sir. This has been a truly monumentus and eventful occasion, and I'll never forget it."

Griego: "Yes, same here, Mr. Randall, but it's beginning to get light. So now I can reveal the next part of my instructions."

Randolph: "Yeah, I was wonderin' when you'd do that, go on run it."

Ann: "It's a train ride back northwest of here, about an hour away to be precise. I've already made the arrangements with the rail yard and Mr. Gire, so you and your party can ride in the private privileged presidential plush club car with us."

Randolph: "Ride where, what's the destination?"

Ann: "I can't say yet, Mr. Bailey's orders, you understand?"

Griego: "Everything is in Bailiwick Industries hands now."

Randolph: "Aren't you guys worried someone will find out about this against the law animal arena fight, and report it?"

Ann: "Oh no, not in this state, no one would dare abuse Mr. Henry Caesar Caligula Bailey, that's a given." Ann's black excited eyeballs are glued to Joe's Greek god physique.

Randolph: "I see, so no tranquilizers, Holy Joe."

Joe: "I heard, and I'd rather Nothin' have a clear shot at this bear. I don't want him groggy. I didn't like that aspect of using drugs on Nothin'."

Kozmo: "Yes boss man, this is better that he be up, wide awake and agitated." Kozmo is speechless and embarrassed about the million-dollar check he received from Randolph, but his eternal gratitude and loyalty shown in his flashing dark gypsy eyes.

Randolph: "I'm callin' a meetin'. Gimmie that mike again, Holy Joe."

Joe: "Sure, man, it's on."

After declaring this part of the television and radio simulcast sensitive, Randolph suggests the networks rerun earlier footage of the event for the huge home worldwide TV audience. Then while simultaneously showing this closed circuit feature of a private betting proposition for the extra large live Moby Dick of an audience in the meadow attending the meeting on the platform, via the super screens there, Randolph explains his bet with Bailey without naming him to his new company.

"Listen up! I'm gonna enter our African Cape buffalo, Nothin', into a fight to the death with a vicious, hungry, mean as sin, surly butt grizzly bear! This rich guy bought the circus from Kozmo here, but he just wants to use the animals as bait to fight one another, and Kozmo didn't know about it, ya dig? So in order to save the rest of Rancor Circus' lions, one gorilla and tigers and bears, I'm gonna let this rich, greedy guy have one fight. He called it, and it's a big bet too. Oh yeah, he says I can bet him any amount, so I'm bettin' my end, all of it, see? I ain't half steppin', 'cause ol' Nothin' ain't scared of nothin', right? And if anybody wants some of my action, see Mark and Carter here.

"Now, oh yeah, one more thang. I'm goin', we're goin' public, and I'm givin' you all the first crack at it! I need all I can get, so don't be cheap! See Carter, Mia and Vernice in the RV here. Then break it off and give it up when you cash your check, and you'll be stockholders of the hottest new company in the entertainment industry, Halcyon Entertainment!"

Joel: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."
Joel hands his paycheck over to Randolph.

Randolph: "Thank you, Joel. Here, Carter, and give him his fifty dollars a pop, five hundred thousand shares, Mia. Likewise, any separate portion of money specified for a bet on Nothin' will be considered shares in the company also, as they are both one and the same this mornin' only. The stock dividends, bet winnin's and loses will be paid and or deducted separate by the company, when I return from this battle of the beast."

Carter: "Hell, he gave one huge, his whole salary. Damn!"

Mia: "Here, Joel, we'll stand by this. Here's your receipt. Thank you Jesus, so much. Astonishing!"

J.C. follows Joel's lead and hands over his check. "Use this well."

Randolph: "Thanks, J.C. . . . Take it, Carter."

Carter: "Damn . . . one huge!" The money collector is floored by the Michigan Messiah's godly generosity.

Mia: "Here, J.C., bless your sweet sacred heart." Mia gives J.C. a hand written receipt for five hundred thousand shares of Halcyon company stock. Janet comes up to Randolph with a smile of sex they share.

Randolph: "Well, Janet, how much can we put you down for?"

Janet: "Ninety K, R n'R, I've got expenses, so I'm holding out ten large."

Randolph: "I understand, beautiful. You're so . . ."

Gwen: "Ran!"

Randolph: "Next."

Bitch Ho: "Here, baby, take it. I got some off Teddy in Detroit for the songs, so take it, shit." Bitch Ho comes clean with Randolph at last.

Carter: "One hundred K!"

Mia hands Bitch Ho her handwritten stock certificate of fifty thousand shares, "Here Sharon, girlfriend."

But Bitch Ho is bitter and still distrustful of Mia and Mark, so she whispers Mia's big secret, "You better not do nothin' funny with my money, Mia. Ran's baby or no Ran's baby, I'll hafta fuck ya up! Shit."

After a pregnant pause, Mia says, ". . .Thanks . . . I know that."

Rev. comes over in tears and embraces Randolph without words over his million-dollar check and re-invests it back. Mia's silent also as she receives it. A misty-eyed Randolph pats Rev. gently on the back, understanding the momentous great grand generous gift is given in mutual trust and love.

Randolph finishes his pithy promotion and urges, "Awright, y'all get the idea, so get in line if ya down with this deal, and if ya want balm n' da palm, buckets of ducats and/or chedda n' da letter (letter with check)? I gotta check out my big baad butt buffalo, Nothin'. Later." Randolph leaves the loading platform, then the principals get in line to receive a stock certificate and/or place a bet on Nothin', accordingly, the Children of Israel and Rancor Circus follow.

Bitch Ho: "Look at 'em, shit, and all of 'em bettin' n' investin' it back, shit. When ya right, ya right an-a-mothafucka, Ran."

Chapter Forty-nine

. . .

Sportsmen n' Sport Ladies Safari 2 a Bear Pit BBQ

Bitch Ho goes down behind the loading dock with Randolph who tells her, "You the best, baby, I mean it, come here." Muse and maven embrace.

Bitch Ho: "Oh Ran, shit, I'm embarrassed, man . . . damn."

The two walk past the five boxcars as cosseted celebs, through an edge of well-wishing multitudinous Michigan many, with their bags on the way to a private car, waiting across the track beside the Scripture Park Special. Bitch Ho is pulling her two bags on a tiny cart over a ramp on the passenger car next to Nothin's train.

Randolph: "I'm headed to a place ex-unknown, girl. This big jungle ox better be down with it. What'cha think?"

Bitch Ho: "I don't know, Ran, he seems bad enough. I checked him out once before. He's a mean ass mothafucka, Ran, but a grizzly bear is a big ass ferocious killa mothafuck too! Shit. If he kicks Nothin's ass, we back broke as hell, so I dunno. You horny, Ran? I'm waaay hot, shit."

Randolph: "Why?"

Randolph looks at a serious Bitch Ho, who lies, "I ain't got off in . . . since L.A. . . . remember?"

Randolph: "Don't lie, you know you got up off some in Detroit with Teddy now, so don't jive me, and you couldn't go that long. I know you, right?"

Bitch Ho: "Fuck you, shit, I'm still hot, you know what I mean? I like you holdin' me close like you did just now."

Randolph: "Yeah, well that was different, I just meant to be friendly now." Randolph shoots Bitch Ho a conformation look of his determination to stay loyal to Gwen.

Bitch Ho: "I felt your big black hard Johnson on me, shit."

Randolph: "That was an accident, so don't hold it against me, and I promised Gwen now."

Bitch Ho is persistent and presses on. "Look, Ran, she's way over on the platform, standin' in line like a mothafucka. So we can be real friendly now, over behind that flat car. . . . We could climb up from the back and open up that boxcar."

Randolph: "Are you nuts? I'm not climbin' up on no flatcar and breakin' in a boxcar with you for no hobo quickie. You snap out of it."

Randolph feels the familiar under belly urge and sexy surge, but fights it off as she challenges, "You changed, Ran, shit. You actin' like some weak ass faggot, snot nose sucka, mothafucka. All that big, hot, dark danglin', uncut meat goin' to waste! Shit."

She's laying it on thick, but he holds out with, "Don't call me no punk now, watch it. I'm still yo' ol' man, and her husband, so stay way cool, fool, shit."

Feeling spurned, she scolds him for impotence, then tempts him further, "Fuck you, ya big dick sonovabitch. Ain't nobody can see ya, shit. I tell ya what, just let me touch it one time, and if you don't have a jones, it's cool. What'cha say? Shit."

Randolph: "Back off me, Sharon, now. You gonna make me way mad in a minute!" Randolph resorts to anger and a threat to ward off her inexhaustible quest for his sexual favor.

But she is adamant, uncontrollable and seemingly not to be denied, saying in a heated burst of lust, "Let me skin it back and suck the cockcheese off on it one time 'round the rim . . . and rub it up in my hot pink, anxious asshole for a split second! Shit."

Randolph spots a man working near Nothin's cage just in time and calls him, "Hey, man, what's your name? I'm R n'R!"

Worker: "Yeah, I'm Claude. He's snortin' blood again. I fed 'em coarse grass (marijuana plants) that he likes and filled his trough with water, but he's still jumpy and nervous." Claude is a white male, wearing work clothes, five eleven, with wavy black hair, thick eyebrows, blue eyes, walking with a limp and a rugged attitude that impressed Randolph.

Randolph: "Yeah, he senses somethin's up. We'll be takin' him to his fight destination soon. I see he's all hooked up on the track. Is this the right time?" Randolph eyes the clock on the truncated train: an engine, private car, mail car and flatcar with Nothin's cage attached in chains, a boxcar with stacks of roughage, hay, feed, marijuana stems with boughs of blooming buds and a water tanker.

Claude: "Yeah, it's twenty of six."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, I'm goin' inside, man. You stand watch and don't let a soul touch 'em, Claude."

Claude: "Ok, I got 'em, R n'R." They board Bailey's grand private club car.

Bitch Ho: "Empty . . . hmm . . . big luxuriant leopard skin seats too. Oh, Ran, dig the thick Iranian carpet; we could fuck on the floor, or you could prop me up on this counter thing and get mo' chi chi pussy than you can shake a dick at! Shit."

Randolph is exasperated and snaps, "Look, if you bring it up one more time . . . I'm puttin' you off."

Sensing victory, Bitch Ho bares down again. "Did you see Melanoma's openin' last night . . . I mean her female openin', man?"

Randolph: "I know what you said, and I got your meanin'. I ain't dumb, I'm bein' faithful, not stupid."

Bitch Ho feels him weaken when she asks with a cheap psyche, horny hemorrhaging hot hymen, pubic hair brained scheme in mind, "Who you think gots the best winter bush, me or Melanoma? Shit." Bitch Ho is relentless and uses Randolph's passion for female body hair, the hair of her flesh to suck him in.

Randolph: "Melanoma's Rapunzel down there, but you still growin' a Rogaine thicket. Get out . . . out!"

Ann enters the private car as Randolph chides Bitch Ho, who's shouting, "Bush gravy!" while going to tend to her heaviest vaginal secretion build up overflow ever, and change clothes in the ladies luxury lounge with her bag and King Kaizen Kombo, combination DAT recorder, music box, laptop.

Ann: "Am I interrupting anything here?"

Randolph: "Naw, whatzup, Ann right?"

Ann: "Yes, that's right, is your wife coming with you? Or is this all too much bloodletting for her?"

Randolph: "I don't know, she didn't say, and I didn't ask. So, tell me the real deal, how far is the trip? And I don't mean time wise, I mean miles now, how many miles?"

The strictly business type woman holds her tongue and tempers her answer, "Over one hundred miles from the rail yard."

The other half of Bailey's team arrives and Randolph speaks to him, "Ok, now you're talkin'! Hey, man."

Griego: "Mr. Randall, can we leave in ten minutes or so?"

Randolph: "Naw."

Janet burst in the private car exalted, "R n'R, you won't believe this, but the stockholder line was without one dissenter in our ranks! Everybody's chipped in, even the hired laborers and get this, some of the cops! It's fabulous I love it! Even the Gospop! choirs and bands were in line. It's so impressive I cried. Reverend Simmons said a powerful prosperity preacher's prayer. It was so moving; Mark and Mia put up ninety grand! Now that's redeeming, I'd say! It's awesome all this unity, and it's so psychologically, exhilaratingly, spiritualistically karmic!"

Randolph: "Yeah." Randolph embraces Janet and she melts as she does in his arms after an orgasm, but he quickly releases her when another agonizing anticlimatic arousal occurs.

Ann: "How much are you betting, Mr. Randall?"

Randolph: "Twenty-four huge, and soon as I get it we can split, but not until, understand? They'll pack it up in here soon."

As Ann is stumped and unfamiliar with Randolph's money code, Janet mouths "twenty-four million" and the frustrated bird-face like befuddled woman understood.

Ann: ". . . Yes, sir!"

Rump returns, raging with Pearson right behind him, "Do you understand, niggah!? I wants my shit!"

Pearson: "I couldn't hold him, Randolph, he's most insistent." Rump threatened to burn up all the money in the triple trailer, so Pearson wisely let him out.

Randolph: "Of course he's insistent. Ok Rump, how much ya got comin'?"

Rump: "Fifteen huge, niggah, you know damn well how much! So give it up now, or you on my worst shit list, at the tiptop. And you don't even wanna know what I'm gonna do to you."

Randolph hears a dark side in Rump's voice and double checks. "Is that a threat, Rump? I thought you'd see a bigger deal out here. I thought you'd welcome the chance to hook up with me and partner this project together."

Rump: "I seen all your partners in that fuckin' long ass line, givin' all they scratch back All damn fools. Hell, ya gave 'em the best payday they ever had, and they gave it back. Shit, ya didn't even give me a envelope And I stole the gawddamn fuckin' show, man!"

Carter comes on board with his laptop computer, as the same six off-duty week-end cops, now private uniformed guards and Halcyon stockholders, carry a mail sack of twenties in each hand from a Scripture Park boxcar parked on track one, beside Nothin's train, on track two. These two trains are separated by a long parallel passenger platform. The guards formed a human chain and begin unloading and reloading the big bet prize, counted, stacked and assorted money into the empty mail car. Another unorthodox and uncalled for gesture on Randolph's part to definitively dramatize his great faith in Nothin' and demonstrate his demonstrative intention to pay up, should he lose and collect cash money in this same denomination, double, when he wins!

Randolph: "Ah, Carter, good you're here . . . How much do we have to bet?" Randolph officially establishes the pre-decided figure from his accredited accountant.

Carter: "Twenty-four million, four hundred forty-five thousand after taxes, and Mia's still got the Detroit River Bank officers and cashiers counting the incoming cash now in the old RV. And they even gave back half their pay in I.O.U.s!" Everyone applauds.

Randolph: "No stuff, hey, any hold outs?"

Carter: "Some, Val and her hubby, the band, except for Chiefy Inabinet, he never opened his pay envelope."

Randolph: "Yeah, Chiefy's cool, man, go on."

Carter: "Casper didn't open his pay envelope either, and he wrote a check and put in one hundred grand out of pocket."

Randolph: "He's the best, go on."

Carter: "That's it so far, we're still collecting from the crowd. All the Children Of Israel and Rancor Circus kicked in half. It was a happening to behold, and the circus laborers followed suit. I left Mia in charge with Vernice, and put the bonded bank officers and cashiers in our old trailer to count and stack the proceeds. We bought a big air stream trailer and put it behind the loading platform for Mia's living quarters and main office. And as you advised, I assigned Roosta Red and his gang with no name to watch it. Then I hired our same ol' six off-duty cop, armed guards to accompany us."

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, like a mug mummy fummy, supa accountant, smarter Carter!" The twenty-four huge, plus, betting total, represents the combined collected sum of bets from Randolph and the stockholders in Halcyon, who chanced some or all of their paycheck on Nothin'! And Randolph sure of a win, insists on Griego's assurance of two empty mail cars at the fight destination to hold his double winnings.

Kozmo comes on board boasting, "We're the best! You did it! We did it, boss man! So have no fear, Rancor Circus is way down with you all the way!"

Randolph: "Great, Kozmo, how's Nothin'?"

Kozmo: "Mean as ever and twice as treacherous, that grizz is in deep shit, boss man."

Janet: "How much can we win?"

Randolph decides to save four hundred forty-five thousand dollars of his end for walking around expenses. "Rounded off, forty-eight huge so far . . . and we get the circus back . . . right, Ann?"

Ann: "Yes, it's all arranged, and as the business world knows, Mr. Bailey's word's his bond. He just wants a fierce battle in that pit."

Rump: "I can't stand it, R n'R. I can't, gawddammit, I wants my shit!"

Randolph sees Rump is at his wit's end and thinks fast. "Carter, we were remiss, we did not give Reverend Rump an envelope . . . or do you have one, and it was merely a gross oversight?" Randolph is winking and blinking while making facial gestures of scamming Rump to Carter.

Carter: " . . . Vernice may have one, we could have had our wires crossed. I'll go back and check if you want."

But alas, the Sinister Minister can't be fooled and screams; "You think I'm fuckin' stupid! You think I don't see this game you runnin', mothafucka!"

Ann: "Why don't you invite the good reverend to meet Mr. Bailey, that might settle things, sir?"

Randolph: "Yeah, Rump, ya wanna meet this Bailey guy . . . the richest man in Michigan?" Randolph tries another tactic on Rump.

Ann: "He just about owns it outright, ask anyone, sir."

Rump: "Never fuckin' heard of him! Shit." Rump is unfazed.

Randolph: "Oh, you know you're curious, Rump. Think, it's the biggest cat in this state arranging this fight of the fiercest. Where's ya sportin' blood? Think what you can win. Go look at my buffalo, Nothin', just don't get too close, man."

Rump: "I don't need to look at 'em, shit. I can fuckin' smell 'em from here." Everyone on board laughs in relief, and Rump feels redeemed remission and remunerative remonstrance for now.

Randolph wisely moves on and talks to Kozmo, "Kozmo, do you have that matter we discussed you'd sit on?" Randolph refers to Ssseth, the Death, and some of the false fake fortune.

Kozmo: "Yeah, boss man, it's under Nothin's flatcar where it won't ever be disturbed, and Claude's watchin' it for me too."

Randolph: "Yeah, what's his story, he seems way dedicated."

Kozmo: "He use to be a big cat trainer and performer, the best, Claude Beatty, the whole whip and chair bit, just . . ."

Randolph: "Like Clyde Beatty."

Rump: "The Clyde Beatty?"

Kozmo: "Yeah, but somethin' went wrong, he fell in love with Agnes the high Flyin' Angel, a trapeze artist. He didn't concentrate just once and a tiger mauled him, but we were able to save him in time. So now he tends to the animals and he's our best handler."

Randolph: "Clawed, huh?"

Kozmo: "Yeah, Claude."

Rump: "Clawed Claude! Shit." Those on board react again with laughter at Rump, whose weakness is his comedic wit.

Ann: "We'd better leave, sir. We don't want to keep Mr. Bailey waiting, it's now or never."

Griego: "Yes, it's time. We must leave now, so, is everybody on the train who's going?"

Randolph: "Naw."

Rump: "I'm stretchin' it out, R n'R. But if you lose, that's yo' black ass, understand? And if you win, I gotta git my fifteen huge on, in cash! Shit." Rump is dead serious and so is Randolph.

Randolph: "Deal! Now we can discuss an idea I have for us, you won't be sorry." The gang arrives and everybody begins to board the private car.

Mark: "I wouldn't miss this shit for Nothin'."

T.R.: "Me too, I'm goin'."

Space: "Me three."

Monika: "Room for one more? Count me in for four." A parade of porn perverts and priapic paparazzi with protruding penises behind Monika click cameras at her charming cheesecake curves as she boards, and is helped on with a glad hand by the roguish Rev. Rump.

Bitch Ho: "Shit, even though I ain't appreciated no goddamn more, I'm goin'! Shit." Bitch Ho is high when she returns from the ladies lounge and distraught over Randolph's cause celibacy with her.

Gwen: "Try and stop me, Ran." Gwen is chipper now and confident as she boards with a flash of fierce love in her eye for Randolph. Randolph takes her bag and make-up case, puts them down, pulls her to him warmly, then tighter and kisses her passionately on the lips.

Seeing this and Bitch Ho's rejected romantic reaction, Joe comments, "I appreciate you, Sharon, come over here."

Randolph: "Is J.C. still preachin' in the pasture to the peeps? Somebody's gotta hold the show."

The car jerks slightly as the train leaves slowly.

Jake: "Pete's pullin' off . . . hurry up!"

Rev. boards the car out of breath carrying Sync, the prurient parrot, who is singing `Sore as a Whore`. "Son, I'm so excited to go, I couldn't stay here and run the show. We've got Mia and Vernice on it in the new trailer Carter bought. But Gwen, they needed you with them." Rev. makes an impossible too late request of Gwen, and she stamps her foot, taking a spoiled stubborn stand.

Gwen: "Daddy!"

Randolph: "It's ok, baby doll. It'll be fine, jump!" Randolph kisses and kids Gwen with a joke about wanting to be alone without her, so she should understand and jump from a moving train to accommodate his wild wingding womanizing whoremongering wishes.

Jake: "Hurry!" Jake stands on the steps of the creeping private car, inching along, and directs the stragglers who are running to catch up.

J.C.: "You'll need me." Everyone but Randolph is struck speechless at J.C.'s surprise arrival.

Randolph: "What . . . who'll hold the crowd at bay? The crowd will riot if you're not there! Stop the train!" Randolph can't imagine the "purple gang" as he sometimes refers to the crowd, staying calm without the powerful presence of he and/or J.C. But he figures, and suspects, J.C. must know something he doesn't.

Jake: "Too late . . . he's openin' it up!" Jake helps the last of the latecomers on board.

Val: "Looks like we're all going, R n'R."

Einstein: "Whew . . . I never ran so fast. Gimmie a hand, thank you, sir!"

Teddy: "Move over . . . Damn, I almost slipped!"

Toy: "Gimmie your hand, Mel. Help her, Lil' Robert!"

Melanoma: "Damn . . . oh shit!"

Lil' Robert: "Push her, Casper, grab her hot hairy hind pots . . . yeah!" Melanoma is tush bush pushed by Casper, then he and Randolph embrace.

Randolph: "Ghost!"

Casper: "Yeah, Down Time, you didn't think I'd let you grab all the glory did ya?"

Melanoma: "You can grab my glory anytime. Damn, he's almost strong as you, R n'R!" Melanoma makes a faux pas and pays dearly.

Gwen: "What you say, you way hairy ape, nasty common, bitch?"

Randolph: "Now, now ladies, hold it, and I mean it! Ghost, I'll be a sonovabitch . . . and I am. Thanks for last night. Soon as I heard the first bottleneck tremolo licks on that slide guitar, I knew it was you."

Casper: "You've changed considerably. I wouldn't have believed you'd go on the news, but there you were on TV, and that convinced everybody here; so we couldn't pass it up. Great to see ya, buddy!" The two big men have a reunion in the aisle.

Randolph: "That's my boy, we're way straight roomies at school, you know, on all the ball teams together, we go way back!" The two begin to happy hambone, human beat box, and laugh it up with stemmed vintage Tiffany to the brim, flutes filled with 1990 Dom Perignon champagne, and they light up Monte Cristo Cuban cigars.

Casper: "Where the hell are we all headed in this bad ass, pretty private custom club car, Down Time?"

J.C.: "Hell." J.C. is matter of fact and looking straight ahead.

Ann: "How astute! How does he do that?"

Randolph: "What?"

Joel: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell."

All: "Jesus!"

Joel boarded the train via the mail car with the guards. He and Val make deep soulful eye contact and connect sexually, when they wink at each other undetected by everyone else, at his stealthy entrance.

Val: "Fascinating stuff, huh, Einstein?"

Einstein: "Yes, my dear, truly intriguing."

Griego: "We're not to tell the destination . . . you'll understand when we arrive."

Outside in the rail yard, Slick, the orange hair clown on stilts, and two others in colorful circus clown costumes and white face are gesturing at them as they pass.

Monika: "Hey, that clown's givin' us the finger!"

Rump: "Yeah, big joke, ya orange head, white face, muthafuck!"

Kozmo: "He's just funnin'."

Claude: "That's Slick, he's weird."

T.R.: "And those two with him are nutty too, man."

Randolph: "Yeah, I know that cat, I think."

J.C.: "He's your brother." J.C. drops a bomb with the same detached expression as before.

Randolph: "What . . . Louse?"

J.C.: "Yes, and Kuni with his daughter Fugi."

Bitch Ho: "Goddamn, Ran, right under your big, nigga, flat, wide-open, black tar heroin snortin' nose! Shit." Bitch Ho is still irritated at his ignoring her sexual advances, and she hasn't noticed Randolph has sworn off drugs too.

Einstein: "Is there a problem? Is something wrong?"

Randolph: "Shut up, ya black bourgeoisie brain moron. So, he was with us, both of 'em together!" Randolph is still on his feet sorting it all out.

Rev.: "Get off, son, at the first stop! Stop the train!"

A panic grips the splashy party as they discover another crack at the archenemies of their hottest attraction in the entertainment industry.

T.R.: "I'll stop it, man!"

Randolph: "Naw, I'll get 'em, 'cause I've got a feelin' this is all connected."

Casper: "You have a brother, Down Time? That's one on me."

Randolph: "I just found out, Ghost. He came outta the woodpile, so to speak, and he's my sworn enemy, get to that."

Casper: "How old is he?"

Randolph: "One year older than me, they say."

All: "How old are you?"

Joel: "And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you!" Joel passed the sterling silver trays around, garnished with fresh fruit featuring cooked, spiced and chilled calamari and/or p  té de foie gras and crackers in individual packets.

The decor of the private car was pure lavation with indirect lighting. The color scheme was Michigan University maize walls and blue ceiling. The leopard skin upholstered, big comfortable reclining seats with foot rest and the Oriental multicolored carpet was an exciting exotic erotic blend. The huge sweeping picture windows were gold trimmed, bulletproof and tinted black, with a clear one way from inside to outside view. A large TV was installed over the forward front door. There was a small bar fully stocked, a refrigerator, dishwasher, sink, ice maker, microwave, blenders, coffee urn and the best silverware, linen, glasses, dishes and crystal. Paintings of posing classic horizontal nudes were over the bar and on the wall spaces. A rack of antique pistols sat upon a hand carved teakwood cabinet counter. And the massive head of a full mane, male, white lion was mounted over the rear door, connecting the mail car.

The car was high, wide and handsomely elongated, so that the seating arrangement could comfortably accommodate thirty travelers with air-conditioning and/or heating. They sat in single seats on both sides of the aisle and could swivel the seats and face each other across the aisle if necessary. In an alcove next to the rear exit, there was a small luggage compartment by the windowed, unlocked rear door, where Carter and Pearson could go across on a ramp, back and forth to watch the money in the mail car with the guards.

All of the women brought carry-on bags and make-up cases with them for primping and a change of clothes. So when Randolph saw the lusty laughing women go to the ladies lounge, he decided to follow them up front to the lounges and lavatories with his bag and shed his pink outfit in one of the three private men's rooms.

In the spacious frou frou ladies room: Janet buffed her nails; Val re-applied her lipstick; Toy combed and brushed her hair, as did Melanoma, the plethora of pubes on her private, in private; Monika mugged in the mirror and touched up her marine layered blue and green eyeliner; Gwen readjusted her brimming black bra; Ann urinated in an Italian marble gold fixture toilet and afterwards used the Italian marble bidet to the giggling of the others. Bitch Ho played with her platinum blonde wig pigtails and the halter top on her red bib, waay cut-off overalls; then she got higher, snorting heroin and chasing dragons as all but Ann changed to casual clothes. Suddenly, as if inspired by some impetuous impulse, Bitch Ho sketched an obvious, accurate, life size drawing of Randolph's male member on the mirror with her black magic marker, from memory for all to see her monomania. Those other than a slow burn, grimacing Gwen, familiar with Randolph's manhood, large likeness, acknowledge so with a concurring rank reaction. And the others simply marveled at the mystery model's monumental manly massive measurement.

Monika read over Jezebel endorsements, cover girl and centerfold offers from the gaggle of swollen, blue genital guys representing the tabloids, who passed them on to her from those businesses calling on their cell phones, to put in a bid for the photo telegenic teal-eyed, Money Honey, who was sexually, markedly, attractively alluringly, white hot on TV now; thanks to a modern medical science that fixed her flawed facial features and contoured her blotchy bloated body into a better than hour glass figure. Gwen stands out also in the minds of the men, wearing thigh high stockings, a mini print dress, sporting cavernous cleavage while showing off mountainous melons in a black sports bra and spike heels.

‘Melanoma's Cross Hairs’ was the aim of Melanoma's lurid DAT Randolph teased. He knew Melanoma's pubic patch would excite the men of the world's baser instincts, and what with such an abundance of tangled coarse curly locks, like a wooly black sheep, he crowned her mound of the new millennium, her hank of black hairs highness, Beaver Queen, Hairiest Crotch of the Twenty-first Century. So although she wore a matching dark G-string, her pubic performance on worldwide TV in the meadow had to be tiled out by the censors.

Standing between the ladies lounge toilet and the three men's smaller individual lavatories, Randolph told Melanoma, who was leaving the ladies lounge, "Rap and Hip-Hop artist are like jail birds in the joint. In the joint, everybody's innocent. And in Rap and Hip-Hop, everybody's got da bomb."

Bitch Ho heard the rebuking raspberry remark, was pissed and threatened Randolph vituperatively. "Break my slipper off in yo' zipper, nigga!" And Bitch Ho was literally wearing red fiberglass slippers at the time.

The TV was turned on and tuned to the event, with the music pulsating in the passenger section of the cachet car, and TVs were installed in the lavatories also. Randolph left the two hot sexpots mo' funky, when he said, "Skanky n' da stanky split tails", and entered the swank inner sanctum of a billionaire's bathroom. The toilet paper was monogrammed, and the place smelled of lilac and jasmine. He locked the door and began to undress.

On the small TV screen in the wall, a montage of every Bible film ever made was sampled and edited together, story by story, and being advertised as `The King James Video Version` by the sly sneaky sponsor, Earl O. Kostiers. Randolph turned up the sound as the little impish, gold tooth, reclusive weirdo was actually taking over, hustling for himself on TV and saying "Not one death reported so far, three births and not one serious accident at this, my Scripture Park, Michigan Millennial Celebration!"

Randolph turned on the radio too and washed up. When he opened the fancy ornate cabinets on the wall, all of the toiletries had the letter B emblazoned on them. "Now let's see." He pretended to ponder. "Who the hell else in the world would be so conceited as to have toilet tissue with a big fat, capital, holy writ letter B on it?"

Now they can't see the forest for the peeps", Randolph chortled to himself at the impact of viewing a packed house of customers. He smiled proudly, watched and listened to the TV and radio simulcast, in the chairman of Bailiwick Industries personal lavatory, which Bailey provided on the train to the battle of bear and buffalo.

TV close up shots of the millions of human faces and squirming bodies, the terrific traffic, the riverboats with multicolor cannon sprayed water, whistles, fog horns, sirens, bells, and chopper activity intrigued him as he had now changed from the hot pink tux and slipped into cool blue jeans, brown English riding boots, and a fresh multicolor dashikis, topping the ensemble off with his collapsible, purple straw fedora for dash. He saw Tulip Time Festival appear again and

disappear when thousands of tulips, all colors like they grow in Holland, Michigan were put asunder, as were all the wild flowers in J.C.'s garden, like amaranths, that covered the grounds in the meadow, when they went underfoot, but were vividly brought back on TV, courtesy of a Kuni-H.D. Louse Holific Hologram no doubt.

The catered fete from Iscariot's, served by J.C.'s devotees from Ypsi, to a few hundred lucky families, could not quell the great gatherings' stirrings and irritability as they all pressed the flesh tighter together, making scant room for the many others coming in. It was all clearly in the hands of J.C.'s paranormal and telepathic powers. J.C. with the godlike eugenics, supposedly from Elaine, impregnated by Ray John Randall's semen, introduced to her cervix as a holy life form, planted in her uterus by some queer quirky querulous quack in Goat Alley.

Feeling side tracked, he turned off the TV and radio, tugged at the soul patch under his lower lip, growing out now and showing some prominence and style. Then he glanced down at the dangling dormant, eighth wonder of penis envy people worldwide, urinated and shook it dry, saying, "You can wiggle, you can dance, but the last drop of piss will fall in your pants."

He looked at the billion dollar, certified, tax free check again; kissed it and returned it to his wallet with the climax collectible of the last century, the rarest raciest Marilyn Monroe memorabilia of that millennium, a snipped wisp of mousy brown, pubic hair and some well written words on the back of an autographed picture, featuring the smiling platinum blond, pigtailed icon who contributed it, with her costume underwear down around her ankles, sitting on the john. And he thought, "No harm, no foul, a fag would fuck that fine ass bitch." He then passed gas twice in her honor, to her fond of farting memory (because of a kidney ailment and sometimes during and after anal sex) and returned to the comradery of his gang and company, stronger and wiser for it, with enough confidence to face a contentious body, even as was half the party waiting.

That party, Lil' Robert, Teddy, Einstein, Val, Melanoma, Toy, Rump and probably Boyer would bet on the bear. Randolph would ask Mark and Carter his trusted cashier to establish the betting for him as soon as the first sucker brought betting up. He felt by their execrable attitudes toward him, they'd be improvident and shoot the load. The pusillanimous Boyer as before, thinks Randolph is venal. But Randolph knew he was not about to succumb to the same rip off all Rap and Hip-Hop producers to date suffered.

He, Randolph, would take a bigger broader view and seek higher ground, considering how Elaine and Mark, even Bitch Ho and now Kostiers had gone out from him on their own in deals without so much as a word. He sat, sipped cognac and smoked his cigar while Michigan rolled by outside the picture window. He is contemplating a busy intercourse and future of planned obsolescence like the Japanese. "Ah cars," he thought. "I'm right back here smack in the heart and soul of the automotive industry, Vehicleville."

That's why Randolph was in Detroit in 1967. He was invited to attend a potential investor's meeting with ten other top black hustlers, to see an electric car dubbed the Dubois after W.E.B. Dubois. It was to be a fitting tribute to the dean of African-American intellectuals. The car was not totally put together yet, as there was no chassis, only a frame, a working battery operated motor, a stick shift, a control panel to guide it and a makeshift driver's bicycle seat.

The driver designer and host of the exhibition was Bruce Ettinger, a young black man with a degree in automotive engineering from Michigan State. The electric car model performed with speeds of up to 60 mph, while traveling a distance of two miles in the demonstration. This was not acceptable to the nine men and one woman (Big Sista) as the designer needed ten million dollars in 1967. Today he'd need much more, provided he was still among the living.

Randolph passed on this electric Edsel back then with the others, and the failed project like so many other black plans to enter into the black closed, white open market of big business in Fortune Five Hundred America fizzled. Just another idea before its time, put on the back shelf in a closet, down in a basement or up in an attic to fade away with Father Time. But maybe not this time, because now the time was ripe, and he, Randolph, certainly was in the right place at the right time. So why not he thought, beaming at the prospects of repeating a niche market share by using a black focus as Ebony Magazine did with Life Magazine and as Motown Records did with all the other independent white record companies in the 1960's.

"Yeah!" Randolph mused, he'd be stiff competition to the Big Three great American automobile manufacturers, by pitching the Dubois Electric Ride to his peeps. They'd welcome a deal of this magnitude and invest in it enthusiastically, while he lobbied at that million dollar per black descendent of slaves, head of the household, post-slavery \$weet Reparation cash settlement check for them. And now in Washington, D.C., he could drum the whole thing up on his father's radio station and

CPT, the black TV network, if need be. Randolph added up his expenses hypothetically in his mind to cover the cost of electric cars, bikes, golf carts, wheelchairs, whatever, etc. The only problem was where and how to recharge them. Then he got a brainstorm, he'd pay a research and developer to soup up a battery, and he knew just the man, the same fuel guy who hooked up the Black Albino (Dr. Jeremiah `Jet Jacobs of MIT). Ironically, Randolph doesn't realize the very train he's on is electric battery powered.

That settled, Randolph concentrated on the conspiracy connections, the nasty nexus between Insane Elaine, J.C. and Louse. It was something fishy again he knew now, and it was not beyond his imagination to solve the cunning conundrum. First, Elaine knows about Louse, thus, she and J.C. are a setup for Louse. Randolph likes the truth, and the way it feels running its course through the labyrinth of lies, Louse built to confound and confuse him. The Gospop! Music publishing deal was the tip off Elaine had a rich, black, hidden hand behind her, so she'd sold Randolph out long ago as she did by ripping off Rump, who was unknowingly Louse's deadbeat, absentee father.

Randolph looked out of the golden framed, picture window and marveled at the unraveling of a mystery he merely served as a pawn, a dope and yes a damn fool in, if he didn't guess the pay off and put the whole thing together, in this rich man's private car, while riding as mighty Michigan, a rip tide wave of the national economy.

Bailey was involved with Kuni, probably arms, opium and counterfeit. Louse was the house nigger hustler they both needed as a front, cover and/or fall guy when things got hot, he figured. J.C. was not a humanoid, nor anything godly, but simply either a sanctified savant or Messiah complexed Christian crazy cohort and in on the deal with Elaine and Kostiers. Kostiers and Bailey must go way back, and the J.C. miracles are merely cleverly created carbon copies of Christ's career moves. Randolph enjoyed the power he felt as it all fell into logical, reasonable good sense.

This Amazer`Pocket` Lazer crap was the biggest trick yet, he thought smiling, and there was no reason to expose J.C., for he was harmless. As Randolph knew now, the Amazer`Pocket` Lazer was being demonstrated by Kuni for public consumption, or to fool the public, like Kostiers was said to want with a bogus Jesus and not by using Joel, but J.C. That's why they wanted Randolph, a black ramrod. They were going to bilk the biggest bunch of blacks in one place nationally, Detroit, the city of darkness.

Then they figured the unsuspecting world seeing this staged Sepia Second Coming televised, would follow blindly and give money to their manipulated miracle man. Randolph notes the first choice for Scripture Park was supposedly L.A., and now wonders if that location was simply a ploy then, and/or was this newly decided plan because of his great-unexpected success in Detroit. They had some guys, a master holographer, and big-time licensed laser technician working the eerie event effects from a high command operation boat, based on the Detroit River and/or an aerial advantage House of Louse helicopter, as on Gemble Road, when the big rain storm occurred and he, Randolph, was temporarily blinded. The tremendous floral displays on TV in the meadow, as well as the unusually wonderful weather factors, even the beautiful breathtaking colors in the sky above were orchestrated by Holific Holograms.

J.C. was electronically fed (via a hidden hearing aid in an earring) the personal info he sprung on people to impress them. And he could never really walk on water, but if he did, it would be a clever ruse only. That night in Iscariots when J.C. exposed Nouro as Kuni, it was simply a slip of the tongue by an over zealous loose cannon, J.C., who then stubbornly refused to take it back, thereby, ruining Kuni and Louse's radical plan to ridicule Randolph within his own ranks. Randolph now knew Louse fed J.C. the 411 electronically on Kuni masquerading as Nouro, but why, he puzzled?

Lastly, Randolph thought of his own cruel, vicious, evil (laser eye surgery) blindness and knew at once he was sadistically setup all the way. Why he didn't know, but Louse did. So, he wondered, "What does it all mean now? What's the pay off for Louse? What does he get?" Randolph was stumped again, until he was hit by the answer like a ton of bricks falling on his crushed conscious. "Mother, he wants to break me in her eyes!" Just like Gwen said, "It must rankle Louse that he, Randolph, was the favorite." Plus, he, Louse, must want to rub it in and punish her for her decision to give him away. The revenge factor was the answer. Now Randolph was certain he would win, and he had the hard evidence in his heart of hearts and throbbing in his trousers when his eyes met taunting temptation in Toy's tantalizing titillating purple eyes, again across the aisle.

Rump sings his dirty parody, `Hung at Heart`, as a crude 2 B rude n' lewd joke, to the melody of the great ballad standard, `Young at Heart` by Leigh and Richards. He clears his throat, removes his codpiece, looks into a giggling Monika's, laughing, sexy mismatched eyes, and says out loud to the gang, "I'm samplin' this shit, y'all, on my latest DAT/DVD." Then he sang in a serious voice:

*Fairy tails can come too
It can happen
To you
If you're hung at heart*

He grabs his crotch, and the gang responds with lampoon laughter.
(All except Rev. Simmons)

*For as big as ya are
I'm much bigger by far
'Cause I'm hung at heart*

He points to Randolph and the gang breaks up at the rowdy hilarious kitsch of Rump strolling the aisle like a trashy troubadour, pausing at each seat (but Rev.'s) and bringing them the light moment of mirth they needed now, as he sang on:

*Some guys go to extremes
With impossible reams
But I laugh when my pants
Come apart at the seams*

Casper plays his acoustic guitar to accompany Rump, as the others (minus Rev.) clap in time.

*And sex is mo' excitin'
 With each passin' day
 You'll find that you can make
 Her come all night
 This way*

*If you're wise you won't find
 A little nubby short kind
 If you're hung at heart*

*Ev'ry woman on earth
 All crave length and girth
 If you're hung at heart*

The guys (sans Rev.) whoop it up and cheer Rump.

*So if you should arrive
 At sixteen inches no jive
 Think of all you'll derive
 If you grow twenty-five*

The gang and company scream and holler for the big finish, and to Rev.'s rectitude and Christian chagrin, Rump delivers:

*And here is the best part
 You'll get good head from the start*

They howl at the iniquitous, redoubtable reprobate Rump, gyrating in the aisle with a full erection imprint on down his tight ballet pants leg, as he and the gang sing in harmony without the righteous rigid reserved and respectable Rev. Simmons.

*If ya are among the very hung . . .
 At heart*

Ann and Griego served fresh squeezed blood orange juice, heated croissants, scones and Krispy Kremes with hot Columbian coffee to the guest assembled. And as the greatest compliment to the chef, the masticating chorus began again, inspiring Kozmo and Claude to joke.

Claude: " Spicy squid goin' and . . ."

Kozmo: "And baked bear comin' back."

Einstein: "African Cape buffalo wings."

Claude: "Barbecue bear."

Boyer: "Buffalo barbecue."

Randolph: "Béarnaise sauce."

Val gives Boyer the once over and decides to approach him business wise, "And you sir, are?"

Boyer: "Guillaume Boyer, Pearly Gate Ticket Service."

Einstein: "Pleased to make your acquaintance. My wife and I have noted your events for years, quite impressive. This all should be the perfect theme for you. Bible people come to life presented by Pearly Gate, a helluva hot ticket. Right?"

Boyer: "Yes, very, too bad I can't sell tickets to this beastly bloody battle too."

Bitch Ho is higher still off heroin she snorted in the ladies lounge, so she blurts out, "Yeah . . . it's gonna be bloody an-a-mothafucka, man! That bull buffalo's from darkest Africa, man. The bear's in terrible tough trouble, shit. That's why I'm down with the buffalo, 'cause ol' Nothin' lives with lions, leopards and rhinos, even elephants, crocs, and hippos. That's stiff fuckin' competition at the water hole. The bear is way big, the biggest baddest ol' fuck on four feet in the American forest, but he ain't got our Nothin' to face off with, shit. Nothin' will step on that sucka, man. It's gonna be over quicker than a black, young, horny hung homeboy hot john from da hood with a hard on, at a honky ho house in Hollywood, shit." The gang whoops it up.

Einstein: "Not really, I wouldn't be so sure. I've studied the habits of much of the world's wild life, among many other things, and this animal's attacking one another in an arena idea is not being held in the wilds of Africa, it's in a pit. A bear of this type is stronger than an African Cape buffalo. So you'll see this, the bear will wait and the buffalo will charge at once. Then you will see a kill, as the bear will

seize the buffalo's horns, throw him down, over on his back, and with tremendous power snap the buffalo's neck, breaking it with one twist. The bear does this all his life; it's instinct. He kills deer, elk, big moose, caribou, even buffalo, horses and cows this way. He's a killer of all herd animals."

Val: "Thrilling, isn't he masterful?"

Randolph: "Can it Val, we'll see. Nothin' ain't no elk, he's bigger and badder than any moose or cow. And a bear can't kill all herd animals, 'cause a elephant is a herd animal too, ya dufus dummy! I'm so unimpressed with that amateur argument, I won't even dignify it further."

Kozmo: "I saw a bear angry once. It was ugly; we had to shoot it a lot, 'cause it wouldn't die. They're thick skinned, with blubber and winter fat for hibernation. Even the tranquilizer darts failed."

Boyer: "African Cape buffaloes are not protected with leathery armor as rhinos or as big and strong as elephants or as mean as hippos, so it's gonna be a battle and a war. You'd best believe it won't be quick"

Casper: "We had a bull on my uncle's farm in Mississippi. When I visited, I noticed how he was, as they say, vulnerable, and as you say, they have no armor. They gore and trample, but maybe that's not enough to take a full-grown, fired up, half-starved, crazy grizzly bear out. I'd say that's a rumble to the death."

Janet: "Only one will live, and it's in a pit, right? So if that's the deal, figure it to be the bloodiest goriest death match."

T.R.: "Yeah, I put my money on the buffalo. We ain't got just any damn buffalo, so I'm hangin' tough, and I pray ol' Nothin' will waste him, man." Randolph heard T.R. propose a wager of sorts, but decided to wait for a bigger sucker adversary on the other side to bite.

Joe: "The bear's got an arsenal, man, long, sharp, strong claws and fangs. He can take off a leg with one bite."

Pearson: "They go for the face, bears do. They do it by practicing with each other as cubs."

Melanoma: "What about dopin' the buffalo, so he's impossible to beat. You know, somethin' to make Nothin' worst or better than his nature even." Rev. hangs onto her every word, and she makes a mental note of his eager beaver, hair-raising interest.

Bitch Ho sees familiar buildings, and recognizes the prosaic little town. "Hey, shit, this is Ypsi again. I thought I recognized this old burg."

Ann: "He won't stop here, he's going on further west, northwest of here, really." Ann refuses to demystify the trip and they speculate.

Joe: "Sounds like Lansing, that's the capital."

Rev.: "I figured it to be up in the upper part."

T.R.: "Yeah, they call it the U.P., for upper peninsula. That's a different situation land area wise in this state; we're in the mitten now."

All: "Mitten?"

T.R.: "Yeah, see, it's shaped like a right-handed, palm up mitten or an oven mitt with a thumb even."

Boyer: "Agriculture's big in the thumb."

Monika: "What does this crazy rich guy do besides force innocent wild beast to do battle?" Monika is sitting on Rump's lap and lighting his cigar.

Griego: "He's a landowner and a water, fresh water supplier."

Teddy: "You kiddin', he owns rivers and lakes, man?"

Ann: "Well, this is the Great Lakes State and four Great Lakes are around or border this state and there are rivers and many smaller lakes, ponds and streams. Then he's heavily into tourism."

Gwen: "Ran, is this a mistake, should we do this awful thing?" Gwen has mullish muliebrity, second thoughts about going up against blowhard boss Bailey's billions of Water and Powerful big bucks.

Randolph: "Yeah, we gotta get those other animals back, or he'll slaughter them for blood sport."

Einstein: "Maximus Circus did it, the Chinese and Egyptians before them too; it was all the rage. Ancient Romans couldn't get enough. All of the Caesars did this; it was high entertainment in Rome."

Kozmo: "Yeah, but they gave the beast a fightin' chance and attacked 'em in the arena. Then they fought 'em even Steven with swords, spears and bow and arrows."

Janet: "Barbaric, no matter how you put it, and totally unfair!"

Randolph: "I guess ya get a bonus, Ann, for keepin' the press off our backs?"

Kozmo: "Yeah, them TV guys and paparazzi had a field day with you, boss man, J.C. and Ms. Monika. They followed her everywhere, but they didn't even bother to come with us. They know our purpose, what a story, but they didn't dare, why?"

Mark: "That old rich guy's Croesus clout, he can buy the broadcasting networks and newspapers right out from under them, so they know he's the most powerful man in this state."

Casper: "Yeah, it's hands off alright."

Janet: "Tell us about this cold-hearted creep." All eyes are on Bailey's two assistants now.

Val: "You work for him, what's his deal?"

Ann sees she's cornered and there's no way out, so she talks, "Only that he's in his late seventies; he's divorced for the sixth time; he's a multi-billionaire, and he is as powerful as you say and much more."

Lil' Robert: "We goin' to Lansing, man! I saw a sign said Lansing. I couldn't see the miles though."

Teddy: "This guy live where we're goin'?"

Casper: "Yeah, we're goin' to a palatial mansion with servants."

Einstein: "Yes, yes, something opulent, we'll probably wear togas, tunics, gowns and sandals like royalty in the Roman coliseum."

Boyer: "This guy's a tycoon, not a fool, so I don't think he'd do this on his own home grounds."

Val: "Somethin' elegant would be nice. I sort of hoped we'd experience and enjoy sprawling elegance at an ancestral estate."

Teddy: "Pass that bottle over here, man, I'm thirsty."

Joe: "Cases of chilled Crystal Champagne, fresh imported caviar, and Cuban cigars, the finest Swiss chocolates, cognac and Krispy Kremes, nice touch so far."

Rump: "I'll take the cognac! Shit."

Joe: "There's more than enough to go 'round."

Monika is still sitting on Rump's aroused lap now and loving it. "I wanted to see the Great Lakes, you know?"

Toy: "Yeah, in the upper part." She bats her long false purple eyelashes at Randolph.

Einstein: "The upper peninsula, very majestic, but we're headed northwest, so that would be Lake Michigan."

Randolph: "Naw, we're almost here. I asked the mileage and how long it would take, and we're way close now." Randolph flicks his tongue back at Toy.

Bitch Ho: "We a bush pilot's cunt hair away, right, Ran?"

Gwen: "Watch it, gang scum."

Bitch Ho: "Gwen, we gonna tangle over this shit now. "

Randolph: "Y'all worst than the buffalo and the bear."

Val gazes out of the large picture window, stretches and relaxes in the leopard skin upholstered chair, with all of the legroom she needed. "Beautiful country, does he own it?"

Ann: "Some, yes, but not all . . . yet."

Val finds a religiously, deep prurient interest developing in her groin for Joel and surrenders to it.

Ann eyes Joe with more pent-up heated passion.

Rump: "This guy must be a prize greedy asshole, look at all that land." Rump massages Monika's back as she sips his cognac and smokes his cigar suggestively.

Lil' Robert: "Well somebody's gotta own it, shit, so it's fuckin' cool with me." The dirty little man chooses Gwen to pursue.

Mark: "No shit."

Val can't take her eyes off Joel. "You look exactly like a facsimile of the Christ figure I was taught to worship as a child. How long did it take you to perfect this pose? You're a magnificent specimen and the likeness is all quite remarkable."

Joel: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Unseen, Val gushes her perversion shamelessly.

All: "Yeah."

Boyer: "Compelling performance, Jesus. And you, J.C., my man, are truly the greatest living prophet. I saw, heard you, and tasted your delicious cuisine. You sir, are a true world wonder!"

J.C.: "Have some shewbread, I baked it myself."

Boyer: "Thank you, thank you, J.C. May I call you J.C.?"

J.C.: "Yes, Guillaume."

Boyer: "Ah, you know my name, incredible!"

Rump: "Pass that basket of bread, Jesus. Gawddamn, I'm hungry as the muthafuckin' bear, shit." Rump addresses Joel whose still acting as their waiter.

Monika kisses Rump's filthy mouth, causing Kozmo's mouth to water and drool at her fleshy superstar sexiness, and he says, "That reminds me, shit, boss man, these grizzly's eat sweet meat!"

T.R.: "Yeah, with berries and fruit, you know?"

Casper: "But loads of meat when they can catch it."

Teddy: "Them monstas can run fast as a horse."

Rev.: "For short distances only though . . ."

Melanoma: "No kiddin'?" Melanoma is seated facing Rev. Simmons and her honey brown thighs are spread apart, showing the dark valley of her heavily haired, vain vagina's vulgar vulva.

Rev.: "Lord hair mercy!" Rev. luridly lumps his lap again when he sees her black, crispy crinkly curly crotch growth there.

Toy: "How fast?"

Joe: "Over thirty-five miles per hour. I think that's correct, but not for over five hundred feet they say."

Mark: "Like a horse at a gallop, man."

Casper: "Right."

Janet: "They say, I've never seen that." Janet begins to notice Casper.

Lil' Robert: "Do you think a bear that big can take a head on hit n' da ass from a African Cape buffalo?"

Randolph: "Naw, if he can, we ain't got no business on this tyrannical tycoon totalitarian's train, trippin' and bettin' he can't."

All: "Yeah."

Mark: "No shit."

Randolph puffs his cigar smoke, blowing billowy rings in Toy's direction, and she daintily pokes them with her middle `f` you finger, unnoticed by Gwen.

Gwen: "Pretty white pine . . . beautiful scented Xmas trees."

Toy: "Lovely country." Toy is watching Randolph with heightened sexual interest now.

T.R.: "Great state." T.R. is hoping for Bitch Ho as before.

Val: "I'd have preferred the lakeside view." She continues to be consumed with a Christian curse, wanting cunilingus from Joel.

Kozmo: "They got mountains too." Kozmo tries not to look at Monika's beautiful bogus breasts and odd eyes, as she could drive him mad with desire.

T.R.: "Yeah, we got the Porcupine Mountains."

Bitch Ho: "T.R., were you born here, man?"

Bitch Ho finally speaks to him and he responds, "No, I was born in Cleveland, but my folks moved to Detroit. I've been in the wolverine state twenty-five years now."

Bitch Ho: "What does T.R. stand for?"

T.R.: "Tongue ranger . . . nah, Theodore Roosevelt Henderson, shit." Everybody laughs at his apparent embarrassment.

Monika: "What's the flower of the state, T.R.?" Monika is rubbing Rump's temples as she talks.

T.R.: "Apple blossom . . . yeah, but don't ask me 'bout nothin' else, glamour girl."

Casper, the great sophisticated, college educated, blues singer songwriter, who sold over one hundred and fifteen million records, opens up, "Yeah Down Time, Nothin' is somethin' else."

Randolph: "I looked at him square business, and I knew he would walk away the winner." Randolph is sitting next to Gwen, who is looking at the passing scenery and watching Toy's reflection in the window now.

Einstein: "So R n'R, you're playing a hunch on instinct. And you really have no real strategy other than a gut feeling."

Randolph is in more lust with Toy, as they go eye-to-eye, glance for glance, flirtation for flirtation. And to score points, Janet comes to his defense with Einstein. "R n'R's on a roll, you saw that throng, over two million and a half and still comin', nobody can top it."

Einstein: "Impressive as all that is, R n'R, what will you do if Nothin' should lose, and you have nothin' left, pardon the pun?" Even Val does not laugh, and she continues to watch Joel with a gnawing secular sexual scandalizing scheme.

Boyer: "He's still got the event, the greatest show ever potentially in this day and age. He's ushering in a brand-new era, and Pearly Gate is solidly behind him!" Boyer hopes to impress Janet again with his so thought superior intelligence.

Einstein: "Yes, but I was addressing R n'R. This is his venture, not yours, sir. R n'R has the faith and trust of many many people, all of whom have invested in him blindly, bet the farm as they say and . . ."

Randolph stops him with a cold glare, takes a sip of cognac and confronts them sharply, "But not you, Einstein, or you, Val, you too, Teddy, and you, Lil' Robert, or you, Melanoma." Rev. can't get Melanoma's exposed pubic area out of his now fornicating, fuzzy thinking mind.

Einstein: "We're waiting to pick up the pieces if you should lose. Forgive me, but it is a great possibility that you could lose. I mean really, a grizzly bear against an African Cape buffalo. Why in Vegas they'd bet against it ten to one." The sucker bites and the side bet is on.

Randolph: "Mark, call Vegas, you and Carter see what kinda odds we can get from an illegal big-time bookie?"

Ann: "That won't do, sir!" Ann is hot as blazes for Joe, but she conceals it well and tries to do her job for Bailey.

Griego: "No, that's out, Mr. Randall, no business or P.R. out of state will fly." Griego likes Gwen best but hides it also.

Randolph: "I just want odds, keep your drawers on. If I can bet anonymously and just put up say, a million to make it interestin', some guy in Vegas will post it." Randolph announces another absurdity about betting anonymously to assuage Ann, and Melanoma asks, "Do we have time, Mark?"

Melanoma seems to have feelings for Mark, but he's uninterested and says, "Yeah, we'll fuckin' make time. So call 'em, Carter, and I'll help ya, shit." Mark knows the numbers of illegal bookies in Vegas.

The plenty pubed, sensuous, full-figured woman was in the aisle shimmying and shaking her shoulders while asking seductively, "Yeah can I change my bet?"

The good reverend's nose is wide open, and he can't resist inquiring of her, "What, and bet on the hair . . . I mean bear?"

But instead of her answer, he got a vulgar comment from his nemesis Rump, who said, "Yeah, R n'R understands, shit. This is a free fuckin' country! Now it all fuckin' makes fuckin' sense!"

To impress Gwen, Teddy was cool and lit a joint, as like Griego and Lil' Robert, he too wanted her, so he boasted with a double entendre looking at Gwen, "Yeah, I'll take some of that action, on the bear, I mean."

He passed the joint to Gwen, but Randolph was on to him and snatched, then crushed it in an ashtray after calling them all, "Fools."

Lil' Robert was all over the place sexually, first he desired Toy; then he hoped and dreamed for Monika, but gave up because Rump was a known hard act to follow in the sack. Then he fantasized again about taking Gwen from Randolph too, and said, "Ya don't mind, big nigga, it's cool then, dawg?" Without getting his meaning, Randolph continued discussing the bet, although Lil' Robert was asking sly permission to go after and bed Gwen.

Randolph: "Hell, I don't care, it's your call . . . but I hoped we could stick together on this."

Toy winked at Randolph and flirted with a fornicator's forbidden smile, saying, "I can double my bed, rather bet and cover it too."

Val showed her distaste for Randolph while openly expressing her adulterous interest in Joel, "Have it both ways, makes sense."

But Randolph shrugged them all off telling them sternly, "That's sucka bettin' crazy, way nuts."

Gwen: "I'm stickin' with you and Nothin', Ran, and we'll win just like you think." Gwen was loyal and wisely kept her eyes in the window and on the loose women: Toy, Janet, Bitch Ho and Melanoma, while secretly enjoying the hot and heavy advances of the three male, smitten sex-starved suitors after her.

Bitch Ho: "Gimmie ten grand more with my hundred grand stock option on Nothin', if you get the deal, shit." Bitch Ho knew she had to wait to get her hooks back into Randolph, so she got higher and higher snorting her heroin.

Randolph: "Call Atlantic City too, Carter."

Ann: "I don't know if this is right, Mr. Randall. We may have a problem."

Randolph: "This whole thang is wrong, but since you forced my hand, I'm gonna blow it up!"

Randolph refuses Teddy's offer to pour he and Gwen another drink. But when he turned his back, Teddy winked at Gwen and shouted to Mark, "A side bet over here, man, cash!"

Another loyalist, however, pledged his allegiance to Randolph, when Casper volunteered, "I'm down with Down Time, but take a check and we in business!" Casper also hoped to reach the hot Hindu, who looked at him across the aisle now with undivided, appealing above board attention.

Lil' Robert and Teddy held on to their cocks men conspiracy against Randolph and tried to charm Gwen again. First Lil' Robert said, "Don't hedge your bets, that ain't cool, take a chance. You ever seen a bear angry. Man, no bull alive could stand it, they'd haul ass!" Lil' Robert bopped and jived to amuse Gwen, but she remained inwardly open, though outwardly oblivious to his obvious obscene outrageous odious ogling overtures.

Then Teddy spoke out, "Yeah, these two fonky, stankin' creatures will be tooth n' nail, hoof n' horn, nip n' tuck in a deep damn pit. So I say advantage mufuckin' bear. Shit." Teddy tried his hand, putting more emphasis on hardcore sex this time, with played out pelvis thrusting, and he clamped his cocky crotch to tempt Gwen.

Rump: "Yeah, a bull gotta have leg room, you know, to make a deeper impact for traction and shit, like for fuckin' in the bed, shit. I'm sorry, I'm bettin' on that gawddamn muthafuckin' bear. "The old prurient, profane preacher was a natural at the art of sexual love making, after Randolph, and he stroked Monika's cropped, honey blonde stripe of pubic hair, under a towel in her lap to prove it.

Bitch Ho snorted her smack more openly, spilling some as she asked them about the bear. "Awww, shit! What's his fuckin' name? Shit."

Ann: "Satan."

All: "Oooh, shit!"

Still sizing up the tall, leggy, broad shouldered, king-size sensational blues superstar, Janet asked Griego and Ann, "Have you two seen him? Please tell us, we just want to know his size and how mean he is."

Griego answered her and admitted, "I saw him . . . once, when they brought him in yesterday, a hulking hellion with bitter, murky murderous eyes of certain death, a big bastard of a bear.

Melanoma took a hit off a joint and nonchalantly passed it to an unsuspecting Rev., she then continued pressing Griego, "Well, tell us, shit, how big and bad is he?" Without a thought, Rev. took a deep drag, his first, unnoticed by the rest of the gang.

And Griego went on, "He's a very angry, very big male, surly, brown, giant grizzly bear. He has a long purple tongue, and I'd guess he stands about ten feet to ten and a half feet tall, and he weighs as much as a polar bear, over fifteen hundred savage pounds! Using his massive hump of shoulder muscle, he could rip open a horse with one swipe!"

Melanoma began to stick her tongue out at Rev. who was feeling the effects of the chronic marijuana he smoked. Then unseen, she went to the ladies lounge after salaciously beckoning Rev., who was high and totally aroused to join her. They met there, where she performed fond fellatio quickly, and left the spent Reverend Simmons standing sexually and psychologically in the need of prayer, while dripping in semen and sin.

Bailey's two acolytes had the floor as Ann added looking straight at Joe's zipper. "Largest in captivity, anywhere."

With Monika on the brain, Kozmo uttered, "How'd he capture a creature like that?"

And Griego told him, "Jim Hannibal's Cannibal Animals Reserve by the Sea in Big Sur."

Everyone reacted with an inebriated response now, in a woozy boozy way on the train to victory or defeat, and Bitch Ho handed T.R. a small packet of the powerful opiate, and he sniffed it, one hit at a time, up each nostril and wondered aloud, "Alone, this guy did this alone?"

Ann picked up the answer with Joe on the brain, sayin, "No, with a team of sexperts . . . I mean experts, our employer has such a team."

By now Joe knew of her designs on him, and he came back at her, "With by the balls tranquilizers, so he wouldn't know dick, right?"

Ann was all eyes, open mouth, nose, ears, vagina and anus, but Griego answered, "No Joe, a trap."

Monika kissed Rump's earlobe and nibbled on it as he cracked, "What kinda trap? Is he a wounded muthafucka as well? Is he cut up and shit?"

The men envied the older lustful Lothario his phat prize, Monika, and Griego said respectfully, "No, not a scratch. He's just more ominous and outrageously ornery than anything you've ever seen."

Ann looked at Joe's abs and thighs, his wavy locks and sighed, "A raging beast in full force ferocity." Then in livid lust, she left fast and loose with Joe following, consumed by half and half, oral and anal sex with her in a men's lavatory.

Carter, as always, was unattached and Mark was minus Mia. They were both on the phone when Carter cried out, "I've got Vegas on the line, a Sam Bach's Betting operation! He's going along, but he'll need somebody he knows to vouch for us!"

Then a stony silent 'til now J.C. spoke, "Guillaume."

Boyer forgot Janet and said in surprise, "Me!?"

Randolph confirmed his own suspicion that Boyer was not to be trusted and said firmly, "You heard him, and the deal you want with me depends on it! 'Cause you're the only one who can do it for us, and if you refuse, I want fifty-one percent of Pearly Gate or no ticket deal."

Boyer kept his cowardly composure and said, "But I'd have to use my name, and that won't do. Wild animal arena fights are not only illegal, but also frowned upon in society. Why I'd be a business, social and public outcast!"

Randolph's voice was cold as a corpse's clitoris now, when he said, "Then you just lost this deal, sorry."

And an unbelieving Boyer asked anxiously, "R n'R, surely you're not serious? Somebody tell me he's joking!"

He looked at the gaping group for support and Casper told him, "He ain't jivin', buddy. He means it all the way, and remember the cause is to save a circus full of innocent animals. I'm down with that cause, 'cause my third album `Boil 'em in Black Oil Blues` was into the Valdez oil spill and I made a killin'. That's why you wanted to hire me, remember?"

Casper looked back at the near broken business man, who was on the defensive and Boyer admitted, "You never returned my calls, Casper, and, R n'R, I can't do this. I'm sorry, I can't."

Casper appreciated the arc of Janet's back, her dark warm eyes, her lovers lips, delicate hands, ladylike long limber legs, shapely calves, subtle thighs and the will of the wisp wild hairs on the nape of her neck, she revealed, when she bowed her head in her lap and combed and brushed it quickly, so he gladly volunteered, "I'll do it."

But in quick protest Lil' Robert yelled, "Casper!"

Casper continued and spelled it out, "Put me down for one huge in Vegas, I'll talk to this Bach. Hell, I know that guy from a gig at the old Aladdin, and I'll go one more huge for Atlantic City."

Randolph was right there with a compliment, "Two huge, that's what way friends do, save your ass. We'll back your play with our cash. We just need ya good name, thanks, Ghost."

Janet made up her mind and praised her new choice for a companion on the excursion. "That was the most gallant thing I've seen in ages. Have a drink, I'm Janet." Janet pours the blues superstar a cognac.

And a satisfied Casper smiled and said, "Hi, yeah, I think I will."

Bitch Ho had thought about the big blues performer and she said wryly, "Damn, that bitch works fast an-a-mothafucka. I gotta get some high heeled runnin' shoes on 'round her hot Hindu ass, shit."

Carter burst out of the alcove with a phone and yelled out, "This way Casper, I've got him back on the line!"

Casper shook his head and said to Janet, "Yeah, don't go nowhere, I'll be right back, love lady."

Janet patted his hand and assured him softly, "I'm right here waiting, Casper." The big blues singer moved his seat and traded with Mark, who was sitting on Janet's right, facing the aisle.

Causing a hurt, pitiful Boyer, who was seated beside her on her left to ask, "Janet, I thought we were together on this outing. Are we still together?"

Janet had made the decision now and she told him, "No, we have parted company, Guillaume. You don't, eh, how can I put it delicately?"

Bitch Ho could not resist finishing his fate with, "He ain't got no balls, shit, businessman my butt. The business you do do is on the toilet stool, and even then, it ain't squat, 'cause you look like you full of shit to me."

And Janet agreed, "What she said, says it for me too."

Val sees another opportunity to snare Boyer's business for herself and she attempts to win him over, "Don't look so perplexed and hurt, Mr. Boyer, or may I call you Guillaume? What a stately good old French name."

Boyer: "Yes, and you are again?" Boyer forgets Val's name.

"Val, I'm Val Johnson and this learned esteemed gentleman is my husband, Einstein. He and I can salve your business wounds, that's why we're here."

Einstein clearly has but one interest, money, and Kozmo says sarcastically, "Like buzzards pickin' up the scraps of road kill carcasses."

Einstein ignores the insult and makes his pitch, "Pay him no mind. Pearly Gate Tickets, right? Well, that guy over there in the purple suit is the great Teddy Kotex, and with him is the marvelous adult entertainer, Ms. Melanoma Black. They are open now for bookings and they have a nationwide big hit record, `Sore as a Whore´, perhaps you've heard it?"

But Boyer utters a bored, "No, I haven't, I just wanna handle the Scripture Park gate. I'm not interested in . . . straight music acts. That's common, unless Casper wants to talk."

Boyer sees a last chance to score a major attraction and maybe score points with the Indian goddess, Janet, and Lil' Robert says, "I'm bookin' Casper, he's my top act. How much would you gimme in front for a world tour? Shit."

Boyer is all business and answers, "Why I'd have to think about it, right off the top of my head, millions, why?"

And Lil' Robert grins, "Good, good . . . when he gets off the phone, tell him a figure, you know? He's quite his own man, so I don't know what he'll say. But I'll put in a good word for you. Guillaume, right?"

The two men shake hands and Boyer asks, "Yes, and you're?"

Then Lil' Robert smiles at Gwen and emotes in a full swagger down the aisle. "Lil' Robert T. Life!"

To which Kozmo replies, "A feeding frenzy."

Casper comes back, sits beside Janet and announces, "I got Atlantic City too. Sam Bach gave me the number, and we're set, posted up and covered, the works! So make your bets 'cause it's on, man!"

Rev. tries to block out his flash backs of feeling, groping and massaging Melanoma's men's magazine majestic mound of maiden hair, not to mention her volcanic vulva, and in a didactic cleric tone declares, "No, I don't really gamble, it's a sin. I'm just going along with Randolph for the sake of the doomed circus animals."

Joel feels Rev.'s religious link and joins in again reciting, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him! And he cannot sin, because he is born of God."

However, as Monika slyly slips her hand down his black ballet tights, Rump yells flagrantly in Rev.'s frustrated face, "All preachers gamble on Sunday, shit; life ain't nothin' but a gawddamn gamble, niggah!"

Rev. is infuriated by the insult and shouts, "Why you foul mouthed, little weasel! If it wasn't for this pressing business, I'd wipe the floor with you!"

Rump removes Monika's hand and threatens Rev., "Yeah, you touch me, niggah, and my people will descend on your black bama ass like a swarm of Bible locust, shit."

Then Randolph steps in "Hold on Rump, chill Rev., you promised."

Casper changes the subject fast with news of the bet, "He's gonna check on the smart money action and call us. He's runnin' this bear vs. buffalo fight, featured as a special exotic side bet. He likes the idea, and this other guy's on it too, a Sherman `Toughy´ Toenelli."

Mark: "Oh, shit."

Randolph: "Mob?"

Mark: "Shit yeah, mobbed up MoMo Mameluke mooks like a mothafucka. It's not for nothin' money now."

Uninterested in that, Lil' Robert says, "Come on over here, Casper. This dude is thinkin' 'bout a world tour for you . . . right, Guillaume? Tell him, shit."

Casper refuses to move and voices his loyalty, "Naw, man, I'm down with Down Time, and you'd better be too if you know what's good for you. Later."

Janet touches his muscular arm and whispers, "You sound just like someone else I know, (Randolph) that was masterful. Here, have another brandy, big guy. I love your name, it's perfect, Casper Lonesome."

Janet pours him a glass of Napoleon Brandy and Casper says softly, "Thanks, you sure are a rare beauty, you're Hindu, right?"

But again, J.C. speaks out, "No, Janet's a white Mormon from Salt Lake City."

All: "What?"

A cross-eyed Janet croaks, contorts, then composes herself and confronts the great black holy man. "J.C. . . . please, you're embarrassing me. I'm Hindu, originally from India. My father was in imports and exports; we moved to London, I went to Oxford. I've been a flight attendant for the last decade, is that a crime? Why are you all looking at me like that, quit it!" The party has turned its full attention to J.C. and Janet, in an apparent struggle for the truth.

And J.C. explains! "Not Oxford, Brigham Young, one year. You dropped out and became a stewardess. Your white father's a pharmacist in Salt Lake City. Your white mother's divorced and now living in Provo, Utah."

Janet is unnerved, and as her traveling companions gasp aghast, she shrieks, "Stop him . . . it's a lie, all lies! Look at me, I'm a brown Hindu, look at me!"

J.C. is steady and reveals the facts. "Dark pancake make up, all make up, eye contacts, a wig, dark powder only and paint."

Randolph gets the picture and comes to her rescue, "That's enough, J.C."

But Bitch Ho is in/on heroin's highest hot headed heaven and attacks, "Nah, let him run it. Shit, Ran, she's been lyin' her fakir fake ass off! Goddammit."

Separately, Ann, then Joe returned to their seats, satisfied and spent from fierce fornication. The train slows and Ann steps out in the aisle and says, "I'm coming, pardon me, we're coming into the stop up ahead."

The road sign reads Hell and Teddy sees it, "Hey, that sign, did ya see it?!"

Toy: "Yeah, I saw it."

Melanoma: "Me too."

Lil' Robert: "Was that real, man?"

Kozmo: "That's what it said."

Einstein: "Come on, it's a joke, right?"

Val: "I mean who would name a place Hell?"

Bitch Ho: "That's what J.C. said, he said we was goin' to hell!"

Ann: "Everybody be seated please. We're on Bailiwick Industries land now, over eleven thousand acres!"

Val: "That's obscene, that much really?"

Ann: "This is one of the smaller parcels, I'm afraid."

Boyer: "It's beautiful, great pastoral setting. It's a shame to have a bloody battle of beast in all this beauty." Boyer realizes he must deal with Randolph as his majority minority partner now, in order to become a part of the biggest gate in the history of mankind, because Randolph is his business better and knows it. So, Boyer decides to wait until after the animals fight to tell Randolph his defeatist decision.

Carter: "Five to one on the bear . . . Vegas odds, six to one Atlantic City, and we're talking to Detroit now."

Randolph puts up three hundred thousand dollars of his remaining mad money he was saving for himself and Gwen.

Rump: "Damn, I'm cold as ice, Money Honey, feel my dick! Shit."

Now they all called Monika, the beautiful, Money Honey. The blonde bombshell, sexpot pursed her pouting, full, red bee-stung collagen corrected, injected lips, and wiggled and jiggled her fleshy, curvaceous body while batting hot natured blue and green eyes (one each) of promised sexual pleasure.

When she passed out the pay envelopes on the loading platform in Gucci stiletto five inch heels, they lusted via phone, fax, and the Internet over her and inquired about buying all of her hard core heat in adult films being sold out overnight now worldwide. Especially, the hottest horniest hiney humpin' hollerin' heavy breathin' video, called `Humdinger`. It's a sex romp between her and Randolph, taped by Kaizen security for hard evidence then that appears on the Net now, and Pay-Per-View, courtesy of the House of Louse. Monika's blatant bi-sexuality, inadvertently reaches women as well as men, and as an extra-added pure unexpected bonus, commercially speaking, little JonBenet type glamour girls innocently imitate her burlesque, valley girlesque giggle talk, wiggle walk and x-rated style of dress. Her popularity skyrocketed, gaining mass media mania momentum, when her suggestive Jezebel like association with Scripture Park came to light. Her fame exploded when the wrong Reverend Rump, the religious reprehensible rake, debauched lecher, raucous, gaudy, solipsistic preacher, who signifies in his den of iniquity, he calls a church, that sin and wickedness shall abound, became her lover in an unholy union.

Rump always wears a big, sparkling, flashy, diamond ring and a golden bejeweled medallion cross, while spewing his profane sermons in showy, expensive, custom tailor made robes. Unhandsome, undebonaire, but alas, he is most famous for an awe inspiring appendage of pleasure, tucked in a terrific cod piece, under black ballet tights, and passing 24-7 constant collection plates for money.

Monika falls for his favorite line of being a chronic sufferer of BDD. (Body Dimorphic Disorder, people obsessed with parts of their body, the Ugly Duckling Syndrome) But Rump hits the jackpot, when Monika tells him, he has an attractive penis and the most delicious cookie monster in the world, while seeing and sampling it up in his helicopter, where she confesses she has the same BDD disease. So in tune, they become an item and star-crossed sexual soul mates.

When Monika changed clothes in the RV and handed out money on the loading platform like a porno game show hostess with the mostest on TV and the super screens in the meadow, wearing skimpy, Fuck Factory Fashion lingerie, all hell broke loose. And great gangs of guys gathered with erections to exhort Money Honey to Goat Alley cat walk her cattiest walk and sweet talk, her valley girlish talk, as they aimed cameras and camcorders, clicking and whirring away, crowning her instantly, the love goddess, sex kitten, queen of the new century and millennium.

Janet drops her fake English accent, and the Anglo all American voice Randolph heard now fascinated his aural senses as much, if not more than before. Space has the apathy to come to Janet's aid as she sits all alone now with her humiliation and regrets. But she waves him away and goes quickly to the ladies lounge with an overnight flight bag. Unfortunately, she leaves her purse on the seat, and Bitch Ho unnoticed and ever true to her felonious form, opens it. She takes the assorted colored dots Janet puts on her forehead, along with the Kaizen DAT tiny tape player and Janet's sitar music. Bitch Ho removes the little box of dots and places one on her own forehead, and then she places one on each fellow passenger's forehead, and they all laugh uncontrollably as the sitar and jungle drums play loudly on the tape. All horselaugh, but Randolph, who simply waits for Janet to return, and endure her final payback for the Hindu Indian impersonation fraud she perpetrated upon them.

Janet has washed off all of the powder and paint, removed the contacts, shed her sari, bendi and wig. Now she is standing in the aisle, changed back into a white woman, wearing cut-off Frankie B. Jeans, when she immediately suffers the cruel joke Bitch Ho played. Then she laughs too, 'til she cries. But they ignore her, concentrating on Nothin', the big, wild, angry African Cape buffalo and Satan, the living gargoye of a grizzly bear.

Chapter Fifty

. . .

A Road Rage Bear X-ing a Nervous Buffalo Wreck-Tangle

Lil' Robert blurts, "It's scary pre-fight jitters, like a big Mike Tyson heavyweight title fight, huh?"

And Teddy says nervously, "Worst, waaay worst, goddamn!" Teddy shivers by the window.

Melanoma agrees, "Yeah . . . I've got feathers in my mouth."

She then winks at a smitten Rev. who remembers all too well her feathery fellatio fondly.

Toy admits too, "I'm shakin'! This is awful."

Bitch Ho: "Stop cryin', Janet. Hell, it had to come out! Shit." Bitch Ho is satisfied with the revenge she engineered and exacted against a sobbing Janet.

Monika: "I was suspicious, I mean that brown powder and paint stuff rubs off on the pillows, ya know, Janet?" Monika winks at Rump, thereby admitting her liberal lipstick lesbianism.

Casper: "Everybody look over to the right. Hey . . . are those guys your people, Ann?"

About ten or so men dressed in orange jumpsuits are milling around the stop, and a huge yellow crane is parked beside the abbreviated train as is a small sanguinary school of self-centered costumed socialites.

Ann: "Yes, we're here, Hell, Michigan. Just keep your seats until we receive instructions please." Ann is in the aisle by the exit door.

Janet: "R n'R, I'm sorry you had to experience my downfall, but I'm free of my Calcutta charade now."

Randolph had thought Janet's pallor was awfully white-skinned, for a Hindu in the shower at King Herod's, but he shrugged it off and had his bullish way with her anyway. "Hey, you'd be beautiful no matter what, exotic fake front or not. Listen, you ain't ugly inside or out, and you got a great big golden heart. Ya just wanted to be a Hindu 'cause you thought it was hip, strange and curious. I know, come here." Randolph embraces Janet and as is her nature with him, she melts.

Gwen: "Ran!" Gwen is up and at them both, separating the two reunited lovers.

Janet smiles at him and confesses, "Oh, R n'R, I'm so glad you understand. I worked hard on those thick eyebrows you loved so much and I favored the darker skin powder and paint, to look like a Dravidian, the darkest and lowest caste of `untouchables` in India."

The indomitable Gwen has her work cut out, and she warns, "If you two lip lock, I'll go berserk and I mean it!"

"Me too." Casper is still interested in Janet and says so.

The train stops and Bailey enters the car dressed as great Caesar's ghost. He considers Randolph a parvenu he can bilk, as he, Bailey, is much more predatory with a voracious appetite for oligopoly and perfidious plutocracy. Being a true monopolist, Bailey sees Randolph and his whole bunch as pikers, and he is deceptively rapacious enough to cull in contest, circus animals, while posturing an aesthete for scientific study as a naturalist in the process.

Bailey boasts his astrological sign is Aquarius, and as that symbol, he is ironically a water bearer. However, he is cautious because Randolph may have a Prometheus hot hand water cannot douse. A Roman standard is literally held over Bailey's ignoble head, which is adorned with golden sprigs of leaves. He wears the laurel reef with a white, gold trimmed toga while offering them spiked Roman purple punch in silver and golden goblets. He's also sporting authentic Roman sandals as Einstein envisioned before on the train. Now Randolph sees similarly clad, rich, white men with stiff snooty, female types of their race from Michigan society, standing in period gowns as caryatids (statues) in an imperial royal box, modeling regalia, regal as Roman nosed royalty beside the train.

The staged semblance of self-absorbed aristocracy, Roman senators and wives, shout and scream at the impending spine-tingling struggle to come of the sacrificed creatures. And as a mob lust for blood, they lust for blood the same as back in Ptolemy's day, assuming an artificial allure like ancient Egypt for the festival of Dionysus, in bronze and vermilion togas, laurels of gold and authentic leather, ancient Roman styled sandals. Thus, the splendor, incomparable magnificence and lavish pomp, beauty, slaughter, pity, disgust, savagery, the Roman ruling class and the masses craved, continues today. Not since the great gladiators entered the arena, separated from the mobs and freedom by a ten foot wide moat, have potentates sat in tiered seats surrounding a partial ellipse in tunics, togas and fine gowns of scarlet, green or regal royal purple, watching with Caesar when he smiled sinfully and dropped a white flag to commence a contest to the death.

Randolph ratiocinates reactionary and calls Bailey a wannabe William Mulholland, a water baron, old water buffalo with more money than God. Standing tall in his freaky dashikis African motif in honor of Nothin', his mighty Cape buffalo, Randolph is an ex-sex offender with love taps for some women and deep penetration up the bootay of love for his lucky lovers. He had a hearty handshake for some guys and a hard ham fist, knuckle sandwich to the nose for the unlucky others.

Randolph considered Bailey, the primo pseudo-intellectual test, as to the street smart I.Q's of he and the gang at a chance to ratchet his earnings, with or without an informed source, J.C. So he could assuredly bet now with a new confidence and currency, in a vicious, unerring, macabre battle that grates on their last nerves.

When Bailey's chicanery circumvents with authority and harrumphed arrogance at Randolph eking out a living on the entertainment periphery, Randolph answered with an uncompromising slogan, "Make a way where there is no way. 'Til the last star fades its light, in the vast heavens height. It will be my plight to illumine darkened blight, to love with all my might, then blind this universe in a zero to cosmic flight, ruinin' the aim of racism's sight!"

The betting line on the train to Hell is with three illegal betting operations in Vegas, Atlantic City and Detroit, and each dollar bet is divided between the three. The odds on favorite is the bear, and it's a ten to one bet.

"Good morning all, I'm your host, Henry Caesar Caligula Bailey. I see the African Cape buffalo is in good form, so he will be lifted by crane into the pit. Now we can all go to the reviewing stand over the pit."

Bailey's intentions are everlastingly evil to Gwen, and she tells Randolph, "This is like an execution, I'm gonna be sick, Ran."

And Bailey says with Caesar's compassion, "Ah, the super sensitive, Mrs. Randall, again. I'd of thought better of bringing you, but I guess your husband knows best."

Gwen becomes feisty and corrects Bailey, "I came on my own, you wouldn't understand, I've got my own reasons."

Bailey thinks better of it and goes on, "I see . . . well everyone, I think we should get a move on, as the combatants have each others scent by now. And as I said yesterday, the grizz is quite hungry. He's about two to three hundred pounds off his feed, due to buffalo calf slim pickens at Yellowstone National Park."

Rump pats Monika on the buttocks and says, "I don't believe this shit, hot damn! I'm jumpy an-a-muthafucka!"

Bailey is impatient and wants to begin, so he insist, "Eh, yes well, come now folks, you can talk later. I'll want to know the amount of your bet with me however?"

And Randolph tells him proudly, "Twenty-four million cash on Nothin'."

The name stumps Bailey. "Nothin'?"

And Randolph clears it up, "Yeah, that's his name, Nothin'."

Bailey is happy with the bet and says so, "Yes, I see, and that's quite an impressive sum. You did well by your animal. I hope he senses your strong belief in him."

Ann tattletales her report, "They made illegal side bets in Vegas, Atlantic City and Detroit also; I couldn't stop them, sir."

This, however, peaks Bailey's interest more, and he relates, "Side bets you say, well, that sounds prudent enough. And we'll be out of here in a flash, I'm afraid. Most interesting, how much of a Vegas, Atlantic City and Detroit side wager did you make?"

Randolph: "I bet one hundred grand in Vegas and the same in Atlantic City and Detroit on Nothin'. I don't know how much the others bet, but now you can really make it hum. What'dya say, ya old waterlogged, double-dippin' demon?"

Bailey smokes it over, licks his chops and accepts. "Yes, a . . . yes, one moment please." Bailey leaves to confer with his staff and his grim greedy grinning guests outside the car. After which, Carter and Mark are summoned to give Bailey's people the phone numbers of the three illegal sport betting operations. And in ancient Roman period piece apparel, they promptly punched the numbers on their cell phones.

Then Joe reasons, "He can send this bet through the roof, man. Did ya see the look in his fuckin' eye? That guy's nuts, man, he's crazy as hell."

Randolph has the same take on their super rich host and concurs, "I know, crazy and sane, Water and Power, the worst combinations."

Bailey comes back with a serious smile and makes it official, "Yes, I'll take that same side bet also and place it in each city you named. My people and my other honored guests are on it as we speak, so, if there is no further business, we can let the game begin."

Randolph doesn't ask Bailey's bet and says matter of factly, "Yeah, let's get it on."

An excited Kozmo cries out, "Claude's with him. They hoisted Nothin' off the train so fast; Claude had to ride on the top of the cage, boss man!"

And Randolph solemnly salutes Claude, "Darin' dedication. Well, let's do it!" The gang disembarks the private car and follows Bailey with his costly corrupt cosmopolitan court of rich people down a dirt road that Roman legion sentries, sweating in ancient army issue guarded. They pass a parking lot packed with the rich guests helicopters and limos, through the woods down a path, to a clearing a half city block away. This giant yellow crane is holding the cage with an enraged Nothin' in it, and a cringing Claude, clinging on top, as they are both lowered into

the crude pit. It's a deep, gaping, earthen space, fifty feet deep and one hundred feet wide around, reminiscent of an excavation for a mine, a crater or an archeological dig. Now down in the ground as glaring gladiators, the two awesome angry animals stood in cages, growling and grunting, anticipating the climatic clash to come.

Bailey: "This way people, stay on the red carpet over here under the canopy. Be careful and don't lean on the rail, it may fail you. Can you all see? We're starting any minute now."

Kozmo: "Damn, that's deep! What a pit! Listen to 'em goin' at it already!" The beast railed at each other loudly from their respective cages.

T.R.: "Yeah, man, they see and smell each other."

Unsuspected and unnoticed, Val follows a sign to the ladies lavatory when Joel goes to the men's, and they rendezvous in the woods for sizzling sin and sex.

Bailey signals a familiar column of seven trumpeters, who flourish a fanfare, `Hail to the Victors`, (The Michigan fight song) at his command. Randolph recognizes his own moonlighting musicians in Gabriel and Judgment Day; all dressed as Roman centurions with authentic period horns, no less. "Romans, Countrymen, it is customary to make a toast at such a contest. So here's a toast to the great contenders about to face sure and certain death. Drain your cups, citizens! Here's to your animal, Nothin', and may the pit render him a quick and merciful as possible death."

Randolph seizes the opportunity to achieve his main goal and reiterates, "I want all of Rancor Circus back in writin', ya dig?"

And Bailey straining at the bit agrees again, "I . . . yes, I understand, sir. Your toast, sir, make it now."

But Randolph asks quickly, "What's that in your hand, man?"

Bailey has an Amazer`Pocket` Lazer to open the grizzly bear's cage, and Claude Beatty, the dedicated animal trainer, has the key to the Cape buffalo's cage. "It's a remote control. Only I alone can release Satan!" Bailey is as the Tempter himself standing there on the precipice of hell.

Monika covered her sexy, mismatched eyes and squeezes Rump who ordered, "Waiter, gimmie a triple, twenty-one year old, single malt, bitters and maybe a lemon twist, Johnny Walker Blue scotch on the rocks!"

Waiter: "Yes sir."

Teddy followed him. "Me too, goddammit!"

Then Lil' Robert called out for alcohol, "Gimmie the bottle, shit."

Not to be left out, Mark asked for, "A beaker of your best brandy, my man."

Waiter: "Yes sir."

Sync, the profane parrot, escapes his cage when Rev. drops it in the excitement. The dirty bird flies into the pit and perches on the Cape buffalo's shoulder, just as a yellow billed, white egress would do in Africa.

Undeterred by these occurrences, Bailey barked, "Your toast, sir, now!"

Gwen hid behind Randolph and screamed, "I can't watch . . . God!"

And as Randolph uttered his last words, "Nothin', kick some grizzly bear butt, ya big nose, ugly ol' . . ."

Bailey opens the bear's cage by Amazer` Pocket` Lazer, and Claude Beatty, who's standing on top of the buffalo's cage, opens it with a key and climbs back on the yellow crane to be lifted out of harms way, as the two big wild vicious animals charge, collide and commence combat.

All: " . . . Oooh, DAMN!"

Bailey: "First blood! Satan has first blood! Ah, and again!"

All: "Shit!"

Bitch Ho: "Get him, Nothin'! Waste him! He's worried; he ain't that tough, good one! Oh shit, he got him . . . oh shit!"

Rump: "Fuck him up, slap 'em, shit! Whoa!"

Casper: "He got out of that bear hug just in time!"

Janet: "He's confused, R n'R! He's goin' in a circle!"

Joe: "Look, the bear's gored! He's hit, man! Butt 'em, Nothin'!"

Kozmo: "That was it! Oh, man, dead center! Oh, he's down!"

Teddy: "He's kickin'! Oh, shit! They slangin' slobber waay up here!"

Einstein: "The bear's got him!"

Mark: "Get up! Gore his big wild asshole!"

Casper: "Too much bear, Down Time . . . too much!"

Space: "Wait . . . again . . . oh, man!"

Monika: "Hey do it again, Nothin'! "

Bitch Ho: "Shit, Satan bitch slapped him, Ran!"

Rev.: "Go on git up bull, get up!"

Lil' Robert: "He's lumberin'! He's bleedin' bad in the head, man!"

Bailey: "Seize him Satan! Kill Satan! Kill! Kill!" At Bailey's chilling command to his bloodletting, bleeding bear, Sync, the porno parrot, swoops as a hawk with eagle talons into Satan's evil eyes. And with avid ambivalent anthropomorphism, they all interact and notice now that Nothin' is a bitter brawling brave battering blood mobile with horns and at all out war with an impervious ill willful incensed inciting intimidating intrepid bear, Satan.

No draft animal, he, Nothin' remembers the red to the bull, adult male lion that caught him all alone with one back hoof stuck in a termite mound on the Amboseli National Park Game Reserve, near the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro. Nothin' had to fight that lion and his hungry mate, as the pride joined to attack him for a trapped, bovine, tuberculosis free feast. Just then by sheer African animal adrenalin, his hoof was pulled free and a lucky Nothin' galloped away goring, flipping, bucking and trampling angry, hungry lions in his egregious wake.

Nothin' thought of the run in with a rhino of all things, at the salt lick when he was a yearling. However, he deferred and waited his turn wisely from a distance in the shade of an acacia tree as that same rhino was raped, rived and destroyed by a young rogue bull elephant from behind. Then there was the close call with a large, cunning cagey crocodile at the small river to the east of Amboseli. But Nothin' escaped from swampy, water holes by sensing the razor sharp, toothy beast was present and pulled back out of the water in the nick of time.

The oddest memory of all, however, was a human being, a man, a native Masai farmer, who was gored unmercifully and stomped to death by Nothin,' when the farmer stood on the road, and the big Cape buffalo crossed it, charging hell bent for leather as it were. J.C. spat in Nothin's formidable fatal face for luck before they left the rail yard for Hell, Michigan.

Satan, the king of killer grizzly bears, was caught napping in his den away from the sloth (a gathering of bears) when tranquilized and captured. He awoke enraged in a cage with nothing to eat, nothing but Nothin'! After the Masai farmer was killed by Nothin', the Cape buffalo was captured in a boma, (a deceptive trap enclosure, leading into the back of a truck) and transferred to Tanzania, where he became the lead bull, sire, of a giant herd charging around Lake Manyara, Africa. Captured again, this time with a tranquilizer dart shot from a helicopter and shipped to America, now Nothin' was bleeding profusely and wounded badly by body blows of steel claws, meted out from a hissing, truculent Titan, raging grizzly bear, throwing a terrific terror temper tantrum.

Bears are old at thirty; Satan was fifteen years young. Bears love cattle blood. To bears, bovine blood taste better than honey. As Satan sucks his paws and claws, whetting his appetite in anticipation of more succulent blood, both war torn beast rest from battle and lick their respective bleeding wounds in the hellish pit.

Nothin' wants to perform a vivisection (A live dissection on Satan the bear) with his hooked hard, sharp spiked, killer (four foot wide span) helmet of horns, called a boss. But now he dreams of ambling giraffes and elephants on the savannas in Africa, elephants and rhinos grinding roughage with their mighty cheek teeth. Nothin' longs to taste the sweet goose grass and nibble Camilla flowers there, back where the cantankerous rhino, like he, never fakes a charge, and elephants eat three to four hundred pounds a day; then drink thirty-to-forty gallons of water at the hole.

. . .

Back at the jubilee joint in the meadow, the Pharisees are still in religious ecstasy. The Sabbath Show and sacrament in the natural setting synagogue of Satan are mutually inclusive, as both secular and sacred music are in mass appeal. Folks are brothering and enjoying immensely the beautiful nude dancing, prancing instrument playing Gethsemane Girls, and the talented Singin' n' Dancin' Disciples. Lil' David and Goliath are driving the white teen-age girls wild as predicted by T.R. in Iscariots.

The Thy Kingdom Kum Quartet continued to bring the house down with a tiled out, sensational, though scandalous, buck wild mad naked Insane Elaine in the summer Sunday sunshine! They sang about how Jesus died in the ninth hour at three o'clock that A.D. They call him Jezuz, and sing, `He was black as a sackcloth of hair`. They sang of Lilith, the first Eve, who knew God's secret name. They performed songs about the archangel in the Garden of Eden with the burning twirling sword and how Jesus healed Mary Magdalene of evil spirits and infirmities. They sang seven devils went out of her 450 feet long, 75 feet wide and 45 feet tall in an arc, when He touched and healed her genitals.

As the performers graced the loading platform, one by one, Earl O. Kostiers introduced them with great fanfare and finesse, wearing a long white robe, halo and sandals. Kostiers still uses a voice enhancer to get the deep Armageddon scary sonorous sound he speaks in, when reciting the words of God. He actually overcame his stage fright for life in general and M.C'd to the delighted cheers from the Children of Israel, as they finally met, touched him and listened to his masterful, mesmerizing eloquent voice in person, introducing Mom n' Pop! Jnr., a hip singing, happening, hit making black couple, in their early sixties.

Gang With No Name

*Gang with no name
Gang with no shame
Of orgies in the dark
A nation so strange
They only gang bang for love*

*Gang with no name
Gang with no blame
Of breakin' lovers hearts*

*Drive by at night
In stretch limos
Dressed to kill*

*A girl named Bitch Ho
Wanted to go
With strangers on a jet plane
She's from the ghetto
These beautiful types are wild*

*They winter in Spain
Jet set fortune fame
And play the game of romance
She tried to explain
This wonderful gang's life style*

*She said they'd demolish
All the slums and projects
Soon they'll abolish urban
Crime*

*Someday we'll live in a world
Of joy and sunshine
Buy back all the guns gangstas
Own
Then all colors worn
Can be shown*

*Gang with no name
Ascend in a plane
As peaceful as a white dove
They don't make a claim
But all other gangs are lame*

*They gang bang bang bang
And zoom boom boom boom
In plush Mile High Club
Bedrooms
Al-Fayed wet dreams
This gang's turf is EZ street*

*The gang with no pain to speak
Of
These safe sex angels from above
The gang with no name
Is all about makin' love*

Way Crazy

*People say I'm way crazy
Way crazy
Way crazy
As a looney tune cartoon*

*My kaleidoscope's hazy
 Love hazy
 Love hazy
 You changed the tune I croon*

*I was sexually drastic
 Bombastic
 Light fantastic
 Romantic deep thoughts of
 Yeah sweet medicine of love
 (I'm certified insane for ya baby)*

*I suffer from
 Acute melancholia
 Acute sex dementia
 Acute melancholia of love*

*I suffer from
 Acute melancholia
 Acute California
 Acute melancholia of love*

*Whenever I'm with you
 The time is right
 For kissin' n' huggin' baby
 And makin' way love all night*

*Whenever I hold you
 I hold you tight
 With all my might
 Until the sun shines bright
 Whenever I'm with you darlin'
 I turn out the light*

*I suffer from
Acute melancholia
Acute it won't bother ya
Acute melancholia
Of love*

*I suffer from
Acute melancholia
Acute way insomnia
Acute melancholia of love
(Pop)
A cute hot girl
In a ugly world
With pretty brown eyes
And slender tender thighs
Real C-cup breasts
Shapely hips to caress
Add luscious lips
And all the rest
(Mom)
A cute smart guy
Love at first sight
So strong and manly
Just my type
Works hard to build
A happy home
Raise a family
And turn me on*

*Way Crazy
Way crazy
Way crazy
Extreme anxiety*

*But only you faze me
Amaze me
Sex craze me
I'm in way ecstasy*

*My anti-social behavior
Is because I crave ya
You're my life savior
Yes I believe it's true
Whoa nobody else will do
(Mornin' noon n'
Nightly ev'ry minute)*

*I suffer from
Acute melancholia
Acute heart hysteria
Acute all I wanna do is you*

*I suffer from
Acute melancholia
Acute postal bipolar
Acute genitalia black n' blue*

-----TOP-----

Love Sap

*Well we make love sap
Love sap
Love sap*

*Oooh just a hip trip
To your sweet lips
Where the love drips*

*Baby we make love sap
Love sap
Love sap*

*It's oozing out of me
It's oozing out of you
Too
You squeeze it out of
Me
I squeeze it out of you*

*I'm in the vineyard
Of your love
Ripe as the purple grapes
Above
Your fruit of love
Is on my vine
Your kiss is juicy
All the time*

*I'm hanging 'round your
Honey spout
Until your love comes
Gushing out
Love is the nectar of
The gods
The gods grow passion
Plums in orchards*

-----TOP-----

*Forbidden fruit of love
And life
Love is a succulent
Delight*

*I picked the apple of
My eye
I reached a peach
I can't deny*

*I have a harvest
In your arms
The fruits of all your
Many charms
I'm a sapsucker for
Your love
You sap my strength
I can't get enough of*

-----TOP-----

Camels in the Rain

*Camel herds graze in
Plain view
In the Garden of Eden
Raisin' Cain
Brand spankin' new
Spittin' n' kickin'
Camel do do*

*The last war straw
Broke you humpback
The weight of mankind
Wore you down
A beast of burden
Just can't relax
When ancient armies
Cry attack*

*Brave soldiers bleed
And die
Deep water wells run dry
You ambled from the
Battlefield
For an oasis and cool
Your heels
With a cocktail*

*Kind after kind
Two by two
A marchin' mirage
In the dark
Down to a boat
Floatin' zoo
Headed straight for
Noah's Ark*

*There was nothing on
Earth stranger
Than when the divine
Down pour came
And washed away the
Wicked sinners
The drownin' fools
That curse your name*

*Foul fonky stinkin'
Bitin'
Dusty musty dirty
Fightin'
Weather-beaten over
Heatin'
Flea bag dry hump
Cactus eatin'
Dromedary*

*Who do you pursue
And where is your
Domain
Who do you belong to
Humpback camels in
The rain*

*Sahara winds can
Chill
Your bare soul
Desert sand storms
Take their toll
Nocturnal Sinai
Winds
Blow ice cold
As Bedouin camel
Driver's scold
And beat you*

*Blue is one star's
Heavenly hue
At twilight on the horizon
As black shadows
Steal by at night
In bright yellow
Crescent moonlight*

*A potentate and kings
Worship Herod's holy quarry
God broke the water
Main again
And covered the
Camel tracks to Mary*

*Joe passed around a
Pack of camels
He didn't have a box
Of Cuban cigars
They lit up off an
Angel's halo
And celebrated Xmas
Ho Ho Ho
Without snow*

_____ *TOP* _____

Abide In Me

*Abide in me (Go where I send thee)
Abide in me (Do as I bid ye)
Abide in me until
You see
A brighter light
In the night*

*There was a Man
Who had a plan
To make a man
And a natural woman*

*So the story goes
He put them down
Upon the ground
In temptation
And sin*

*But ev'rybody knows
When the door is closed
We're all only human
And we can't help but be
In God's little garden
Of love*

_____TOP_____

*And when you see it
Shining
A holy halo over a head
Making miracles
Reminding you
That God ain't dead*

*And then the Man
Who made a man
Said I command
You have my little
Jesus*

*Virgin Mary have
You ever been
To Bethlehem*

*Well it's not very far
I'll put a star
In my heaven to guide
You
Now tell thy husband
Joe
To pack his ass and
Go*

Mom n' Pop! Jnr. finished their set to roof raising rousing applause, and Kostiers introduces Leander from the House of Louse, a strange ski-masked black man whom Louse claims in a TV and radio commercial, will literally throw up a challenge and outsell all the major recording companies combined, with his canon for one year.

I'm a Gonna Be

*I'm a Gonna Be
I'm a gonna be
Na na na na na na
I'm a gonna be
Na na na na na*

*I'm a gonna be
The King of Rock & Roll
I'm a gonna be
In Rhythm & Blues
& black down home
Soul
I'm a gonna be
For Gospop! Jazz
Platinum gold
And diamond*

*I'm a gonna be
Gutzy gotta be
I was born to be
Music royalty*

*I'm a gonna be
Singin' praises for
The Lord*

*I'm a gonna be
Heaven is my great
Reward*

*I'm a gonna be
My pen's mightier
Than the sharpest
Sword*

*You can't argue art
Attuned to garbage
Rubbish in the street
With a funky beat*

*Heavy Metal
Folk Punk
Disco dance
Music junk
Hip-Hop
Sugar pop
Raggedy Raggae
G-Rap
Red neck Country
Corn crap
Disappointing
Ev'ry time*

*The hot 100's
Top 40 slow death
The competition
Sucks
Out loud to God
It stinks to high
Heaven
That atrocious doo-doo
Is a sin*

*So I challenge the
Music industry
That at the end
Of the year I begin
I'll have the cash
To finance poor people
Betcha twice the money
I win*

*I'm a gonna be
Not a wanna be
Gutzy gotta be
I'm no jive peewee*

*It's a contest
For winners no less
To see who's the
Baad ass and best
All the people are
Waiting to hear
If my music is
Geared for the ear*

-----TOP-----

*I'm a messenger
Sent straight from
Jesus
The man upstairs
Sent me down here
To please ya*

*So competition
Better beware
All my hit songs
Are beyond compare*

Robaire the Cockhound

*Robaire the cockhound
Cajun Creole after sundown
Mississippi River bound
Robaire will abscond
With your zydeco heart . . .
By the love pound*

*Geechee spirit in your soul
 Hambone heartbeat mind control
 Told me a lie you was out with
 The girls
 Wearin' a big wig of long
 Blonde curls*

*Sasyayin' into our bedroom
 Spreadin' your scent of sweet
 Perfume
 Smellin' like Patti LaBelle
 And our marriage is goin' to hell
 My Michael Jordan cologne
 Just can't keep you at home*

*I don't want you back on the
 Rebound
 If you've been a bitch
 With a cockhound
 He's chasin' stray women
 Around town
 And makin' they last love drop
 Come down*

*Beware of Robaire the cockhound
 He howls in the night
 Where the lost delights of loves
 Buried sugar bones are found*

*Robaire the cockhound's world
 Renown
 He stays in the doghouse
 Escaped from the pound
 He preys on fine women in heat
 Sniffin' at fire hydrants
 On main street*

*He goes at love just like
 A pit bull
 Jumpin' over stonewalls for a
 Mouthful
 Just like a rottweiler
 He'll puppy love doggy style ya
 He'll mount up behind ya
 So let me remind ya
 Beware of Robaire the cockhound
 When you hear his soulful sound
 Le w o o o o o o o o o o o
 (New Orleans)
 Le w o o o o o o o o o o o
 (Louisiana)*

*Beware brotha beware
 Take care sista take care
 Stay clear mista stay clear
 Robaire's a one night affair
 Robaire cocky Robaire
 Is out there huntin' somewhere
 Lookin' for some strange derriere*

*Robaire the cockhound
 Will rip off your nightgown
 Tear you to bits
 Freak you to fits
 Gnaw you like a bone
 Then leave you alone*

*Robaire the cockhound
 Cajun Creole after sundown
 Mississippi River bound
 Robaire will abscond
 With your zydeco heart . . .
 By the love pound*

U My Color But U Ain't My Kind

*As I went down
To NIMBY Town
I heard somebody sayin'*

*Back back
Back off don't touch
Git out and such
In a voice that wasn't playin'
I listened to the problem
They rambled on and on
The things they said
Are written here
Inside this little song*

*U my color
But U ain't my kind
U could never be
A friend of mine*

*In the Father's eyes
U think U shine
More than I do*

*Like the pot
That called the kettle
Black
I heard U
When U made that
Racist crack
U kinda people
Don't know how to act
As blood brothers*

*We are red white and blue
And we love freedom too
Anybody's all American hue
Knows the difference
Between me and you*

*U a bully
And a hypocrite
Further more
I can't stand your shit
U on my last nerve
For a fightin' fit
Of kick-ass anger*

*A hush fell over
The whole ghetto
When I got
Outta my car*

*I unfurled my flags
Brave true colors
And waved ev'ry
Stripe and star
The street gang laughed
And shot me
Dead in my bulletproof vest
Then good people in the projects
Sang in colorful protest*

*U my color
But U ain't my kind
As they beat up on the
Gangs behind
Afterwards we drank a toast
Of wine
In the alley*

*To precious crude oil
On a higher ground
Perfect diamonds
In the rough
Unfound*

*Golden nuggets
Assayed pound for
Pound
By God's tally*

The Pubis Bone

*I'm workin' on the pubis bone
I just can't leave it alone
The payment on the car is due
The rent and groceries too*

*I ain't made one single dime
'Cause I spend all my time
Workin' on the pubis bone
I love to tease it with a
Brush and a comb
I style it and I put it in
Braids
I tie red ribbons on it ev'ry
Day (chile)
I rinse it after each shampoo
I'd change the colour if ya
Want me to*

*I'm 'bout to lose my happy home
They just cut off my telephone
But when a woman's haired
All over and grown
I'm workin' on the pubis bone*

*Baby you can laser your legs
 Wax your underarms
 You can pluck your eyebrows clean
 But let your bikini line spread its charms*

*So fine from head to toe
 You know I dig your shape
 But for your body hair
 Woman I go ape*

*Yeah my main love sex jones
 Since the day that I was born
 Is all that mess
 You growin'
 I'm reapin' sowin'
 Blessin's overflowin'
 'Cause I'm workin'*

*I'm workin'
 I'm workin'
 I'm workin'
 I'm workin'*

*I'm workin' on the pubis bone
 When I should be out gettin' a loan
 Not layin' up and gettin' stoned
 Explorin' the x unknown*

*I'm workin' on the pubis bone
 My digits in the erogenous zone
 I love the sexual overtone
 When I tweak it and you
 Carry on*

*I'm workin' on the pubis bone
I love to hear you moan n' groan
I can play with it all night long
Do it to ya 'til the crack
Of dawn*

*You don't have to do housework
You can lay around and shirk
I wanna feel you
Don't ya smirk
And please don't jerk away
From me*

*I'm a touchy feely guy
So I must caress your inner
Thigh
I could massage you here all day
On your backbone
Your hip bone
Your breastbone
Sugar bone*

*I can rub your dainty feet
Gently stroke your pretty hair
I love to kiss your luscious
Lips
But my finger tips
Have a eager beaver
Mind of their own*

*I'm workin' on the pubis bone
When we buck wild mad naked and prone
I just let my right hand dangle
I wanna untangle
Your fur triangle*

*I got to first base
 When you put me on
 I stole second on a hit
 And run
 I slid in third
 And the game was won
 I'm gonna score now
 I'm taggin' home*

*I'm workin' on the pubis bone
 You got the shaggiest shock I've ever been
 Shown
 I wanna beat around the bush
 Diabolical
 Over each and ev'ry pube hair follicle
 Baby I'm workin' on the pubis bone*

Practicin' Satan

*Whatever your baggage
 Lighten your laden load today
 Whatever your baggage
 Kneel down on your knees and pray*

*Whatever your baggage
 People your baggage is ok
 Whatever your baggage
 Lord Jesus is the way*

*Well you been practicin' Satan
 Performin' like a high school play
 Yeah you been practicin' Satan
 And you been rehearsin' ev'ryday*

*He got you over actin'
And pulled your panties down
Then laid your naked body upon the
Filthy McNasty ground*

*Chile he won't pay the rent
In a cheap ass motel room
Soon you'll have Rosemary's baby
'Cause you let him share your womb*

*You been practicin' Satan
Uh-oh no no no no
When a unwed baby's born
Practicin' Satan
Uh-oh no no no no
Now you've been forewarned*

*Even talk of abortion
One portion
Of murder
Measures wrong
You'd better believe us
King Jesus
Is comin' back
Way strong*

*You been practicin' Satan
Datin'
Wallowin' in sin*

*On the devil's lower
Level
A bad seed he plants therein*

*Oh how long will you stay tethered
To his cloven hooves forever
You're in league with the devil
You Satan worship him all the time*

*Practicin' Satan
Masturbatin'
Lord Jesus is waitin'
For you to make up your mind*

*Lust lurks inside
Your heart and mind
With wickedness
Controlling thine*

*The nether world
Is where he dwells
A lake of fire
Pit deep as hell*

*You been practicin' Satan
Hatin'
Your fellowman
Practicin' Satan
Elevatin'
Him over God again*

*You been worshipin' the devil
Evil
Helpin' him to win
And you know that Lucifer's
Lyin'
And jivin' you
My friend*

*You been taught the Tempter
Will exempt a
Sinful boy n' girl*

*You been chantin' that demon's
Semen
Rocks and rules the world*

*You been bowin' down to idols
With infidels
In iniquities dark den*

*You been doin' his biddin'
Didn't
You join his cult followin'*

*All over the earth
War outbreaks and diseases
Taboo spells and charms
Voodoo curses you do too*

*Then you fornicate
That's how you relate
Praising a name you know
Is hellish*

*You been performin' his visceral
Ritual
Heaven forfend
Ain't no debatin'
He's creatin'
A smutty move
Again*

*You keep emotin' your part out
 Shoutin' 'bout
 The devil
 No doubt
 You made a pact
 With his practitioners
 Who own
 This sinful land*

_____TOP_____

Little Success

*All I need is you
 And a little success*

*All I need is you
 I'm forever obsessed*

*All I need is you
 For complete happiness*

*All I need is you
 And a little success*

*You and success
 I must confess
 I'm out to get you
 Both somehow*

*I'll never rest
 'Til I pass the test
 That I've been failing
 Up 'til now*

*And love's hallelujah
Is waiting just for
You and me
When I take that extra
Bow in my life
On that stage called
Destiny*

*You and success
I won't settle for less
This time the good breaks
Won't slip by me*

*I'll do my best
To make progress
Just to keep you
Standing by me*

*When I sail the right ship
Upon a sunny money crest
Then I'll be blessed
If I possess
You and a little success*

-----TOP-----

Leander finished his Chuck Berry, Little Richard and Fats Domino inspired electrifying eccentric eclectic, show stopping superb scintillating set for the House of Louse. Then the buzz in the business and giant grunt in the crowd signifies Leander in a ski mask was actually the missing in action Baba Uhuru, the great singer-songwriter who wrote and sang two of the biggest selling singles in the history of the recording industry. Not to be outdone, Insane Elaine unleashed her secret weapon, a Ray Charlesesque, Professor Zack (Old Hymns) Hemsley's Unorthodox Methodist Mental Ward Singers, performing their DAT/DVD, `Hymn 2 Him`. And Kostiers said, "You've all heard of the great Clara Ward Singers, well these are the Mental Ward Singers of Ward D in Scripture Park!"

Hijack 2 Heaven

*Roger Reverend's gonna
Hijack this airplane
To heaven*

*Hallelujah on a jumbo
Jet 747*

*Roger Reverend's gonna
Hijack this airplane
To heaven*

*Roger Reverend's gonna
Hijack this airplane
To God*

*Pilot to co-pilot
What's that I see
Pearly gates and
A golden runway
In front of me*

*Pilot to tower
What's that you say
All the people in the
Ghetto
Are flying away*

*The folks on welfare
Ain't got a prayer
The home sweet homeless
Ain't living nowhere*

*In Africa America
It's a sin and a shame
That's why the preacher
Man
Took over this plane*

-----TOP-----

*We searched for his
Weapon
And found only a cross
We've traveled days n' nights
And thought we were lost*

*He gave us religion
We made him the boss
His faith is his ticket
His love paid the cost*

*Rich black n' white people
Better take heed
And help ev'rybody
Standin' in need*

*We landed on course
And now we're comin' back
To get true believers
And pick up the slack*

_____TOP_____

The Judas Hug

*That's the Judas hug
It's gonna get you
If you don't watch out
That's the Judas hug
It's gonna get you
If you don't watch out*

*Hey listen ev'rybody
My baby holds on tight
She clings to me
She brings to me
A thrill with all her might*

*With open arms
I'm waiting here
To share her warm embrace
She'll run up smiling
With a kiss
Hello upon her face
Hello upon her face*

*That's the Judas hug
It's gonna get you
If you don't watch out
That's the Judas hug
It's gonna get you
If you don't watch out*

*Just then she held another
And whispered I repeat
Got to have ya
Got to grab ya
In the middle of the street*

*But that's the Judas hug
And a Judas love I know
So I guess I'll have to
Turn her loose
And let that lovin' go
And let that lovin' go*

*That's the Judas hug
It's gonna get you
If you don't watch out
That's the Judas hug
It's gonna get you
If you don't watch out*

*So ev'rybody
Ain't nothing you can do
But close your eyes
And walk away
When love's betraying you*

*'Cause a Judas hug
And a Judas love won't do
Watch for the signs
Find out in time
If your main squeeze is true
If your main squeeze is true*

*That's the Judas hug
It's gonna get you
If you don't watch out
That's the Judas hug
It's gonna get you
If you don't watch out*

I Gamble on Sunday

*Stain glass windows surround me
Seven come eleven love dumbfounds me
Down on my knees I'm prayin'
For your love girl you'll hear me sayin'*

*I gamble on Sunday
'Cause Sunday's the one day
I can be with you baby
When the Sunday shines
True love I find
You're my Sunday best chance of
Love divine*

*Lord make my day come up heaven
With the love that is sacred to me
The organ plays
And a reverend
Just married us happy
Go lucky*

*I gamble on Sunday
'Cause Sunday's the one day
I can be with you baby
When the Sunday shines
True love I find
You're my Sunday best chance of
Love divine*

*Monday Tuesday and Wednesday
I work so hard
Thursday Friday and Saturday
I'm on my job*

*Love is the biggest casino
 In the game of heartbreak and romance
 I'll risk and wager your halo
 I'm bettin' blessin's
 We'll win
 Life's dice throw*

-----Chorus-----

Unholy Guacamole

*Ya da da da
 Ya da da da
 Oh yeah
 Unholy guacamole*

*Ya da da da
 Ya da da da
 Uh huh
 Unholy guacamole
 Only you console me
 No one else controls me
 Just you can have n'
 Hold me*

*You really rock n'
 Roll me - - - uhh!
 Unholy guacamole
 Ya da da da - - - uhh!*

*Sweet Latina
 Chicano queen
 Unholy guacamole*

*Mamasita
 Senorita
 Unholy guacamole*

*In a Spanish town
Called L.A.
Los Angeles*

*Wearing a wedding
Gown
Stood a pretty fiancée*

*It's a big turn out
People black n' brown*

*Ask Negro gringo why
He such a gun shy guy*

*Then the crowd got
Mean
'Cause he split the
Scene*

*I heard home boyz
Say
(Where you from)
Ain't no way Jose*

*Oh oh
She cried
No one can console
Me*

*Si si
Nothin' can control
Me*

*Aye aye
Only he can have n'
Hold me
Kiss me and enfold
Me
He really rock n'
Rolls me - - - uhh!*

*Aarrgghhh - - - uhh!
Unholy guacamole
Unholy guacamole*

Ya da da da - - - uhh!

*Barrio ghetto
Love amigos
Unholy guacamole*

*No use Jesus
Lover's vamos
Unholy guacamole*

*They eloped at dawn
After a quickie
Ceremony*

*Headed Mission Way
Down to avocado
Country*

*Pickin' avocado fruit
And shoutin' out ole'*

*Moanin' all night
Long
The monks hear
Them say*

*Oh oh
Only you console me*

*Si si
Nobody else controls
Me*

*Ugh ugh
No one else can have n'
Hold me
Kiss me and enfold
Me*

*You really rock n'
Roll me - - - uhh!
Unholy guacamole
Unholy guacamole*

In India

*In India
India
A young boy from Jerusalem*

*In India
India
Rode a caravan*

*In India
India
A teen-age Jewish runaway*

*In India
India
Jesus was His name*

*In the land of Eastern
Enlightenment
Elephants tiger hunts
Cobra dens*

*Heal the sick
Help the poor and the lame
Blessed ye love all creatures
The same*

*With the wise Yoga men
He studied Zen
In the temple of Buddha
Began*

*Miracles wonderments
At His touch
To this day nothing matters
As much*

*In India
India
The holy cow is sacred*

*In India
India
Millions kneel and pray*

*In India
India
A new Guru for mankind*

*In India
India
The living Christ divine*

*The missing years
He disappeared
Without a trace in the
Bible*

*The missing years
He spent them there
Among the multitudes*

*In India
India
He walked upon the water*

*In India
India
He made a blind man see*

*In India
India
They say He raised a dead
Man*

*In India
 India
 He truly was the son of
 God
 To save the world
 He came
 Forgiving sin and shame
 With peace and love
 His aim
 In India they claim*

The Bigot Bomb

*What makes these people
 Tick tick tick
 These people must be
 Sick sick sick
 Somebody better come here
 Quick
 And drop the bigot bomb*

*The bigot bomb is made of
 Love
 The bombardier is God above
 One day we'll see a peaceful dove
 Drop the bigot bomb*

*The bigot bomb won't do you harm
 The bigot bomb will make you calm
 The bigot bomb ain't like the other
 The bigot bomb make you love
 Your brother*

*The bigot bomb don't muss or fuss
 The bigot bomb is straight from
 Jesus
 The bigot bomb won't make you
 Fight
 The bigot bomb ain't wrong it's
 Right*

*No more hooded sheets of white
 Burning crosses in the night
 When prejudice is in your sight
 Drop the bigot bomb*

*Drop it on the KKK
 And ev'ryone who thinks
 That way
 There's gonna be a better
 Brighter day
 Drop the bigot bomb
 Drop the bigot bomb
 Drop the bigot bomb
 Drop the bigot bomb*

An unimaginable unfathomable, heretofore, positive human avalanche of applause response was echoing throughout the event for the Sabbath Scripture Park Show and the entertainers performing as they took a handholding, cast encore (sixteen curtain calls) and hard earned, extra bow break.

Mia had a sample of some of the tapes Space left behind, shown unedited and advertised on the worldwide TV hook up and Internet. Thus, spreading the exploits of the gang around the global village and introducing Space's tapes as a mega instant hit, pay-per-view, reality based TV show. And the people responded by coming in first and fast from every corner of the country to the Michigan meadow.

Thanks to Mia and Vernice's suggestion for Cap'n Harry and Smug Doug to buy a Halcyon company forty-four million dollar private G5 jet on credit, Mother Randall was flown comfortably to Detroit, and sitting backstage now in a rocking chair, side by side with Gertrude Simmons, Rev.'s wife of over fifty years, Gwen's mother and Randolph's mother-in-law.

Extricated from the sad, repellent throes of life, anxious Americans arrived, horns beeping, honking and blaring excitedly. Squealing record numbers filled the meadow, beholding the flamboyance of fresh new fall and the seductive, exuberant last gasp of old summer, in a be all, end all nascent extravaganza entertainment empire presentation. They jumped on a bandwagon that became a people's freedom train, featuring the fame and fortune, power and glory, success and star adoration all Americans believe in. This reflected place of golden glorious ground swell grandeur was as if God borrowed back Joseph's coat of many colors and spread it over the meadow with divine love.

Now a captive audience undulating in waves of emotional motion, a flood of fervent fans, a forest of flesh, hobnobbing on the viridescent lawn, teeming with huddled masses were all compressed together in the meadow, that became likened to a miniature India, then China, in square inches per person as the grass literally grew under their feet, courtesy of a Holific Hologram. The crowd became a cultural icon on color TV, starring only the merging mighty Michigan many as one. A living 3-D DVD demonstration of the shouting Herculean horde explodes, when the audience has reached its critical mass and it quadruples into concretion! Thus, the Michigan many mutates and spreads as a virus, infecting the world with the dreaded disease of Sepia Second Comin' Fever!

Utility poles stood as crosses in the distance against the sapphire Sunday summer sky. Then simultaneously, while the meadow burst into a second human nature flowering, the crippling crunch of wrenching mankind there, crushes the flowers, uproots bushes, bends and breaks trees expanding back to the very city of origin, Detroit itself, stretching in a serried untotaled mass, tumescent thousands of hoi polloi on each street, gridlock the motor city to Canada. Great unbelievable unions of a stand still populous, no one can control supposedly, but J.C.'s telesis, combine, as 9.3 million people live within a hundred and fifty miles of Detroit and flock to the Malthusian Michigan meadow!

Civilization, as since the beginning of time, fuses and cancels out nature's fauna and flora in every direction to have its way. Customers who pay by conscious only, but gladly deposit the ticket price of twenty dollars at will swallow up the performers. Scripture Park and Rancor Circus performers packed, fixed frozen to spots all over the meadow and down at the wiggly squiggly dock in costume to distinguish them, and establish them to the public at large as official, hold on tight to the U.S. mail bags filled to the brim with cash. Crunched cashiers from the Detroit River Bank handle cash and credit cards when they can now. These calamity challenged heroes comprised the rank and file, heart and soul of the event.

It's SRO in the meadow, the day the leaves begin to change according to J.C., and there are no clash barriers and stanchions to halt them. The crowd control and incident commander on duty's worst nightmare, should all these folks hit the fan, would be that he was totally helpless to stop them from a human stampede, even he would be crushed to death in. The entire landscape is an over the top attendance record, slow motion swarm. Sky writers wrote the initials J.C. in the Prussian blue skies above the riparian riot for his holy help.

Joe's giant loud speakers boom boxed earth shaking magnified musical sounds of Gospop! blues, jazz, country (Yes some country) rap, hip-hop, rock n' roll and pop. The songs are performed on the loading platform and shown on each networks worldwide TV hookup, and Kaizen Super Screens manned by (House of Louse) technicians all over the meadow. The whole event was captured by Space Gramaldi before, and now in his absence, gangs of hand held camera and camcorder buffs continue to film and tape. Paparazzi and just plain folks with radios, TV's, cell phones and laptops on the premises, plus, computers around the globe participate profusely in communicating and capturing the colossal, so called, Sepia Second Comin' of Jesus Christ.

Earl O. Kostiers, the favorite M.C. of the crowd, spoke eloquently in white tux and tails as the Lord God Jehovah, saying, "Welcome to Messiah Mecca hood, worshipers. I invited you all here and I'm delighted you came to witness live and on TV . . . My Midwest Metropolitan Michigan Motown Motor City Messiah!"

A phalanx of Scripture Park and Rancor Circus performers would have worked as one up at the gate and down at the spindly dock along the Detroit River bank, collecting the twenty dollars a pop in U.S. mail bags, if they could, but it was impossible to move. Even the People

Mover in downtown Detroit was motionless, stopped dead in its tracks by human congestion. There is no more room for helicopters and the once decorous crowd puller with travelers from the greatest cities on the Great Lakes and beyond the pale to Canada, closed ranks in droves to partake and observe the once in a lifetime Sepia Second Comin' Show.

Kostiers tried reciting the Twenty-Third Psalm, which he did beautifully, but there is no more green pasture to lie down in. The tulips sprouting bulbs, with white lilies and red roses are trampled into the ground. Trees are uprooted and axed by the people pressure, and all this not knowing if J.C.'s power (hidden hand helpers) could reproduce, and/or replace the chopped down, scented, white pine Christmas trees bordering the meadow, then redecorate and electrically light them, as he did the night before! The meadow became an instant megalopolis with all the problems therein, and no impassioned speech could turn the tide.

Enmity suddenly broke out between factions, racial and social, then economic divisions clashed, providing incontrovertible evidence all routes to the meadow should be closed and the helicopters, trains, planes, cars and boats stopped, as an impasse was needed to put the people in check. ("Can we all get along?")

Mia called an end to the bulging Bible revival camp meeting, but in rogue triumph they mobbed the meadow as Kostiers harshly inveighed them and revealed, "I'm going to have the Ark of the Covenant built again with shittim wood from shittah trees and make a solid gold replica of the golden calf. I'll put all the religious relics on display with the Children of Israel when we tour the Holy Land with the Ten Commandments, the Holy Grail, the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Shroud of Turin, the Jesus Papyrus, a piece of the cross, the spear of destiny, (that pierced Christ side), the sudarium (face cloth of crucified Christ) and the frozen foreskin of Christ . . . no shit!" Then in an alarming voice and tone, Kostiers screamed, "I am the Antichrist and I command you to obey me and leave! Get out! Go home! Oh God! Forgetaboutit!" Kostiers hides under a Rancor Circus triple trailer truck from the raving rushing rowdies.

Mia gets her own convincing dose of terrible troubling flesh and bone crushing claustrophobia and declares the event wide open and free! But when her trailer rocks from the pesky persistence of the terrific throngs, and as the animals scream for relief from humans, even by the mud wallah, there almost near and in with the hippos,

plus, the plethora of people standing out in the shallow rivers' edge, with the hull to hull boats, she worried about her safety and the baby's, not to mention Mother Randall and Gwen's mom in the trailer with her, Vernice, Roosta Red and some of his paid plenty for protection, gang with no name.

Schoochie Moochié yells from the loading platform on mike and out over the airwaves in frustration and desperation, "It's free! But don't come!" He stood tall with J.C.'s life-like battery operated, tiny, fluttering, toy robin, that fooled Randolph, on his shoulder and Joe's day glow halo around him, and asks that they disperse at his one word command, "Go!" But only after the big Amazer` Super` Lazer lightning flashed once white hot, a thunder clap roll in the heavens, and the sky turned black in a Holific Hologram, did the solid unmoving mass of pelenge audience in session obediently inch away.

Hence, ev'ry rock, grain of sand, clump of dirt, piece of clay, ev'ry burr, thistle, twig and branch, root, leaf, vine, flower, weed, conifer tree was replaced and pruned pristine, glorified and redecorated. The meadow was righteously recolored as if by heaven's grand design, and it burst into a third flowering! Then seemingly touched and commanded by God himself, animals forgot their species and deepest natural fears, but on TV in a Holific Hologram only.

"Ev'ry berry, fruity cherry and juicy apple in Michigan ripen sweetly in His holy name, amen!" Rev. uttered this prayer, glimpsing a TV screen of the meadow in the reviewing stand. Rev. was ecstatic, although with a proviso still and in total awe at once, as Randolph kept their sacred/secular bond of mutual tolerance. He accepted Randolph's farfetched earthy eccentricities, as the southern Baptist minister had endured torrents of obscenities in the process, that he took for love, like in the ladies lounge toilet with Melanoma.

On the loading platform in a Panama hat, jeans, cowboy boots and a red, green, yellow, purple, fuchsia and turquoise Hawaiian shirt, is ace soul singer, the great bodacious funky maracas shakin', Schoochie Moochié, (Moo-shay) who sings and plays the bass now in Teddy Kotex's absence with the house band, Ev'ry 28 Days. "Sings better and plays damn near good as me, shit," Teddy Kotex says laughingly.

Hindus Don't Eat Hamburgers

*Hoogly River
Calcuttans beggin' alms
Rats n' poverty
Communist regimes
Anarchy*

*World class
Saint in Calcutta
In a white sari
Of the poor*

*Near the Maharajah's
Rutter
I saw her in the gutter
She shivered and she shuttered*

*I dropped beef paddies
In melted butter
The fried meat sizzled
And sputtered
Then she stammered and
She stuttered
And with untouchables
She muttered
These four words
I Utter*

*Hindus don't eat hamburgers
From slaughtered sacred cows
Hindus don't eat hamburgers
Because it's not allowed*

*Hindus don't eat hamburgers
They take a solemn vow
Hindus don't eat hamburgers
It's sacrilegious now*

*Hindus like both fruits
And nuts
They're vegetarians
Don't feed a starving Indian
A burger on a bun*

*Hindus don't eat hamburgers
She spit it out
Hindus don't eat hamburgers
I heard her shout
Hindus don't eat hamburgers
She burped and said
Hindus don't eat hamburgers
For breakfast in bed*

*Hindu chew
No can do
Hare Krishna
Hare Krishna
Is your God watching you
Hare Krishna
Hare Krishna*

*If you believe it
 It's true
 Hare Krishna
 Hare Krishna
 Hindus don't eat hamburgers

 Hindus don't eat hamburgers
 Holy cow
 Hindus don't eat hamburgers
 Red dot on a brow
 Hindus don't eat hamburgers
 With ev'rything
 Hindus don't eat hamburgers
 And onion rings
 Hindus don't eat hamburgers
 Well done to go
 Hindus don't eat hamburgers
 They just say no
 Hindus don't eat hamburgers
 And that's a fact
 Hindus don't eat hamburgers
 Whoppers or Big Mac*

Haul Ass Humpin'

*Haul ass humpin'
 I can hear 'em thumpin'
 Somebody's really
 Comin'
 Through the wall
 Orgasmically*

*Haul ass humpin'
This joint is really
Jumpin'
Out in the hall
I bump in
To the woman so sexy*

*Spinnin' eighteen
Wheels
Of burnin' rubber
Leavin' hairy
Skid marks on the
Sheet*

*Humpin' hard
A hundred
M.P.H.
Slammin' on power
Brakes
In her bare feet*

*Was that you I heard
Moanin' and groanin'
Hollerin' screamin'
Gettin' off
I said*

*I'll slip into somethin'
Latex darlin'
My Speedo's big rig wide loads
Bulgin' red*

*Haul ass humpin'
Pedal to the medal
Pumpin'*

*My horny horn
Is trumpetin'
I step on the gas
In bed*

*Haul ass humpin'
She was chippie chumpin'
Now she's money
Dumpin'
On my barrel chest instead*

*Haul ass humpin'
Day n' night
Cheap motel
On the turnpike*

*Haul ass humpin'
On the road
Triple trailer
Heavy load*

*I drive it by the inch
I get paid by the hump
I charge more for a
Thrust
Uhh!
And a belly roll's
Double plus*

*Haul ass humpin'
Swivel hips
She came screechin'
To my lips*

*Haul ass humpin'
Truckin' man
Hard workin' stiff
Grease monkey hands*

*Haul ass humpin'
For my pay
At a truck stop
On the highway*

*Haul ass humpin'
Ev'ryday
I'll haul ass hump
Your blues away*

*A triple trailer
Full of lovin'
I'm movin' groovin'
Pushin' shovin'
Engine hotter than
An oven
A little quickie
Lovey dovin'
For fallen angels
Not above sin
Where ho's n'
Hookers busy hoverin'
Gettin' lucky
Discoverin'
Haul ass humpin'
And they all wanna mack daddy daddy mack truck
With me*

I'm Different

*I'm a lonely man
Livin' in this
Lonely land
No one understands
I'm different*

*Because I sit at home
And write love songs
All alone
Some think my mind
Is gone
But I'm different*

*I can tell
Baby I can feel
If your love
Is for real*

*I can touch
Honey deep inside
I can calm
With a balm
And aplomb
Your raging tide*

*I won't tell a lie
Never make you cry
I'm not that kind of
Guy
I'm different*

*No longer paranoid
That last kiss
I enjoyed
My blues is
Null n' void
I'm different*

*Yea yea yea
I'm different
I'm oh so very different
As lead and gold
When we made love tonight
You broke the mold*

*I'm so very different
Hey hey hey
I'm different
To my soul*

*As night n' day
I'm different
As work and play
So different*

*As wrong and right
I'm different
As black n' white
I'm different*

*As love n' hate
So different
I'm different*

**Schoochie dons a ten-gallon cowboy hat now and adds a Gospop!
pedal steel guitar player to the band for this, his little country corner.**

The Statler Brothers Fallin' Down the Stair

*The Statler Brothers fallin'
Down the stair*

*The Statler Brothers fallin'
Down the Ryman auditorium stair*

*The Statler Brothers fallin'
Down the stair*

*On the laughin' ghost
Of Grandpa Jones
Sittin' in a rockin' chair*

*Is the phantom of the
Grand Ole Opry
A voyeur peep freak
Group*

*Who saw Dolly Parton
Topless
Through her keyhole
Did they snoop*

*Nobody knows who spied
When her beautiful
Breasts
Were bare*

*But folks suspect the
Statler's
`Cause they were
Fallin' down the
Stair*

The bass
Studies her bosom
Buddies
The baritone admires
Her breastbone
The second tenor's
Backstage with the
First tenor
Satisfyin' a George's
Jones
(Singin')

They bobbed n' bounced
N' jiggled
Swelled stiffened
Flexed n' wiggled
Heavin' to her guitar
Country music software
(I declare)

The Statler Brother's
Fallin' down the
Stair
Singin' all the way
Down to the bottom
In four part harmony
(Woo-ooo)

Jimmy went north
Don went east
Phil went west
Harold went south
Bulging blood shot eyes
Poppin' at her
Double D cup
Pair

*Droolin' slobberin'
Mumblin'
No one else can compare
(Woo-ooo)
The railing broke
And that's no joke
They all fell down
The stair . . .
Chasin' me*

_____ *TOP* _____

*The bass foot slipped
The baritone tripped
The first tenor flipped
And the second tenor
Got clipped*

*When busty Dolly's
Brassiere unsnapped
Tit for tat
I swear
The Statler Brothers
All fell down the
Stair . . .
After me*

*The Statler Brothers
Fallin' down the
Stair*

*I keep an eye
On Dolly when she's
Nude
And unaware
I'm there
To see a over
Fifty woman
Flip her wig
And let down her
Mix gray hair*

*To see if she
And her assistant
Have a secret
Lesbian love
Affair*

*To see if she's
Short n' curly
Blonde brunette
Or clean shaved bald
Down there
If she's takin'
A bubble bath
And spongin' off
Her rack and
Derriere*

*They break they
Hillbilly red necks
From Pigeon Forge
To Butcher Hollow
Hollow holla
Hollow holla
I hear*

*To see her buck
Wild mad naked
As a nudist
I suspect
From here to Zaire*

*The Statler Brothers
Fallin' down the
Stair
She'd win a blue
Ribbon prize
For her bumpkin
Punkin's
At a county fair*

*They chased me
And tripped over pretty
Crystal Gayle's famous
Straight Long brown
Hair*

*Watchin' Le Ann
Rimes
Havin' teenage times
In skimpy underwear*

*I saw the
Gatlin Brothers
And the Oak Ridge Boys
Lined up in there
Behind blind
Ray Charles
In red Speedos
Singin' devil may care*

*I saw Dolly good
And Dolly
Had wood
Yeah Dollywood . . .*

*Oh - - - -
Hello Dolly
I get my jollies
Whoa Dolly now
I had my fun
And I had my folly*

*Oh - - - -
Good golly
Mmm Ms Molly
Mr. Charlie's
Pride
And joy*

*Oh - - - -
Hello Dolly
Melancholy
Whoa Dolly now
You flag my train
And you clang my
Trolley*

*Oh - - - -
Hey Dolly
Life of Riley
I'm happy as a
Breast-fed baby boy*

_____TOP_____

One Way Ticket to Nashville

*One way ticket to Nashville
Sure as moonshine in a still
One way ticket to Nashville
As sure as blue grass
Growing in the field*

*I'm leaving Memphis in the morning
Hoe down showdown
With the blues*

*Sure as the south land
I was born in
I believe I'll never lose*

*One way ticket to Nashville
As sure as hillbillies come
With guitars
Out of the hills*

*Minnie Pearl's I'm gonna
Buy you
With the Johnny Cash
I make*

*Though my voice ain't
Country Haggard
Charlie Pride is all it takes*

*'Til I Ernie Ford
You diamonds
And Ernest Tubbs
Of rubies too
Stay Faron Young
Loretta Lynn me
'Cause our love song's
Overdue*

*One way ticket to Nashville
I'm sure as hillbillies
Become songwriters
For record deals*

Chapter Fifty-One

. . .

Billionaire Badger n' da Middle of the Road

Bailey grinned and posed for pictures by an obelisk with a Roman centurion guard, Randolph recognized, carrying a Roman guidon (banner) bearing the letters SPQR, as Bailey's vulgarian retinue shouted vini, vidi, vici, in exalted unison, meaning I came, I saw, I conquered.

Satan savors the bloody bull Cape buffalo's exotic African savage savanna flavor with his long, slurping, purple tongue. But it is not to be as Nothin' is pounding and stomping the ground. His slashing hooves cut as daggers, fighting front hooves of fury stomp and stronger back legs kick the over half-ton bilious beast with five inch claws and frightening fangs to the ground, trampling and trouncing him thoroughly. Then, Randolph relieved at the turn of events in his favor now, makes this ridiculous rip roaring riposte, "If it was the year of the ox, bears could eat oxen . . . but not African Cape buffaloes!"

Nothin' butts, bucks and batters the beaten bear while wheeling and maneuvering with ancient African animal agility, speed, innate intelligence, plus, a searing passion to kill and win. Romping and reveling in the magnificence of musth, (a sexual fever in which animals become unpredictable and aggressive) makes Nothin' a twice as formidable, dominate, courting male bull who's displaying a most threatening posture and running endurance.

Satan bleats like a female in heat, carrying polar bear poundage of pulverizing power, muscle, girth, cataclysmic, undaunted obduracy and an assailant's angst. The carnivores fangs gnashed, braced and bared, drooling for a taste of buffalo hide.

Nothin' is the prohibitive underdog and as such takes a stand in the pit. The bear of bears pricks his ears, raises his mighty hulking hump foraging for food and charges Nothin's stance at a gallop fifty feet away. Barely missing and spinning in a blind brutal embarrassed U-

turn, Satan is exposed, when honed horns hardened by the African equatorial sun in the motherland of mankind prevailed with a mighty cru-de-gra and hooked into the bear's massive belly. Nothin' is fierce, sending flesh and fur flying with blood from the gutted, fallen giant grizzly bear's pelage! Nothin's tail goes up. He paws the ground and wham! It's a bear/buffalo wreck.

Nothin' was wise as any warrior on the plains, fighting off the most vicious predators known: the lion, the crocodile, the blood and gore loving, roving packs of wild dogs, etc. As Randolph said, "They ain't no social animals in Africa; it's a jungle out there and no contest for this North American teddy bear's picnic."

Nothin' had seen constant slaughter, and he recalled at his near victory now, seeing the valiant struggle put up by a white bearded gnu as it was brought down by lions, strangled, suffocated, disemboweled and eaten in minutes. Sync, the perverse parrot, lands on Nothin's haunch again like an egress in the wild to celebrate, and the dirtiest of bird's whispers to the buffalo, "Home piece, you's a waaay baad ass, droopy-eared, big broad, flat black, nasty nose niggah, muthafucka!" However to repeat, bears love cattle blood, being omnivorous, both carnivorous and herbivorous, although leaning much more towards carnivorous. Thus, they choose and love blood best, licking, sucking and drinking it by the bucket like Dracula. These two Wall Street poster animals, the bull and bear, compete to the death now when Satan stands ten and a half feet tall, his full height, with a gaping hole, gushing blood and growls his grizzly greatness. At the same time, back at the rail yard and meadow just outside of Detroit, still, over six million investors stayed and prayed for J.C. while waiting for word of victory or defeat in the pit.

Policing the area and mucking the cages and circus caravans of chips were over a thousand roustabouts and roughnecks from Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland and every nearby city. Roosta Red and his whole gang with no name, which potentially could include proudly over one million Michigan blacks from the ghettos of Detroit and even white-collar and blue-collar suburbia, bonded as before, after the '68 World Series win, when both races romped and reveled arm in arm at the victory parade, just one year after the second worst urban righteous race riot in American history. Roosta's gang with no name continued guarding the five boxcars and the six triple trailers of money, locking

up the security assignment, while avoiding the dirty boot job concession, by protecting Mia, Vernice, Mother Randall, and Gertrude Simmons in their trailer. They also watched over the bank cashiers and performers collecting in the field. Then they watched over the singing stars on stage and backstage, along with guarding the animals in cages and pens.

The tamer animals drink from buckets and hoses until allowed by the crowd and new hired trainers and handlers to go back to the babbling brook and drink from the stream. These animals work for food, care and love. The big cats perform for catnip cushions. Then Infamil (human baby formula) and Yez Zer Zats My Baby, Zoo Cream, is for the baby animals and all the boomers (the mob of kangaroos) eat it up.

A demonstration of top speed was to be held with the two cheetahs, Quick n' Quicker. But because of the crowd's sensational size, it was cancelled. When turned loose to run around the grounds at night at Kostiers' Institute, after all the grass eaters are in the barns, both cheetahs run so fast: Quick once came back with a rabbit in his mouth, only to be outclassed by Quicker who returned with a nightingale in hers.

The pachyderm wallah was established at once by Kozmo, Saturday, the day before, when he said, "Get those performin' animals in pens and put the elephants and hippos in a mud wallah, quick! Dig it out with a steam shovel, earthmover, whatever, five or six feet deep and three hundred feet around and hose it down. Then cut strong poles first, put in post holes and razor wire the perimeter . . . a lot."

Holific holograms gild the sky of a Canadian morning to cherish outside of Detroit. But still sprawled on a great wide, once open meadow, as far as the eye could see, was a spent six million many that remained a potential internecine troublesome gatherum.

Then suddenly, a miscellaneous collection of monarch orange and black antisocial butterflies, fluttering the fearsome fertile fields became fierce buzzing African killer bees, hornets, wasps, fire ants, spiders, snakes and skunks, that attack the unmanageable malignant many in the meadow. And they fled, ridding it of psychobabble as rouser-rabble, by inciting a stinging insect incident and riot in the Detroit streets full of horrified humanity, swelling and pushing pass the limit now as far as they can go. Thereby, running the played out, old dead broke, spent, unwanted away and boldly bringing the wanted

new big spending middle class demo maniacs (having a fondness for crowds) and amediphiles (people drawn to crowds who crave the sights, sounds and urging of others) in. This hoax, perpetrated by the House of Louse with a holific hologram on King Kaizen super screens, was to dismiss the complacent common crowd they deemed an ugly outgrowth of poverty. All while the world heard J.C. saying in a TV and radio ad, "Meet me in the meadow, my message to unfold."

Black rhinos and white rhinos live separate in South Africa. Rhinos and hippos, both vegetarians, eat one hundred pounds of vegetation a day, each. Elephants can eat six hundred pounds. The white rhinos are bigger than the black rhinos causing Randolph to quip as he read this in a repeated TV spot for the show, "Ain't that some familiar do do?" Brown Eyes and Churchill are the hippos' names, thriving now at last in the malleable Michigan mud.

Elephants in Scripture Park's, two by two, Noah's Ark Exhibit, eat bananas and sugar cane treats. These two spoiled, homosexual, bull pachyderms, Heavy and Butterball, have nothing to do but walk in the procession. Also in the parade are six Rancor Circus female Asian elephants, the better performers and/or workers. These Indian elephants eat a quarter of a ton of fruit a day, and all the elephants loved the sweet ripe melons of every kind.

Rhinos eat well. A two and one half ton rhino eats hay, drinks gallons of water, chomps on roughage, nibbles leaves, grass twigs and copulates constantly with a three-foot penis. Then there's an alfalfa desert for all the herbivores. "We big tent baby", exclaimed Randolph on tape, in a repeat showing of the Saturday Show commercials, with him petting and feeding J.C.'s manna to his prize giraffes named Slim and None. Randolph sang this made-up non-sensical ditty.

*Ain't no giraffes in the Circus
 'Cause they too tall
 On the train Jack
 When they rollin' down the track
 They might snap they long
 Neck
 Back*

He petted the sheep, goats, donkeys, and maybe one camel, "Spittin' stankin' camels", as he called them. In the future Elaine wanted two scores of she asses, twenty yokes of oxen, two hundred sheep, five hundred horses and fifty camels! "Damn!" Randolph shouted when he re-read the contents in the briefcase containing the master plan of Scripture Park.

Rancor Circuses seventy-six trucks, trailers, vans, etc., continued to carry the circus equipment, as is its task, and many of the big rig, brightly painted eighteen wheel trucks were positioned at the top of the road to form the gate. The giant triple trailer trucks were still strategically behind the loading dock in a wide semi-circle to the Scripture Park train, providing privacy and closed ranks protection for the performers on the platform, and this space also served as a headquarters, bank and dressing area for all the professional performers and workers with the show.

Not since P.T. Barnum's, Joice Heth, has there been a black woman as curiously watched and listened to as Insane Elaine's current DVD video and DAT, `Temporary Insanity`, blasting on TV and radio, while the word spread like a plague about her and J.C. There's an aureate, crystal clear bird's eye, day sky view, but only a spotlight directed at the loading platform performers, super screens, white TV lights, tiki torches and fires in oil drums will pinpoint the event and dangerously guide the choppers at night, that numbered over a thousand in the meadow, still incoming and outgoing with the rich and/or media, tie-in people, police, medivacs and vendors, when they saw an open parking possibility.

Confidential agent Bailey pits individuals, organizations, countries and animals against each other for fun and sport, thus, the Klan vs. NAACP litigation. Bailey's waterworks words to live by are also advertised on TV, "You can live for weeks without food, even eat each other . . . however, you'd die in a week without water. I buy n' sell water, as all water gourmets will have a going concern in the near future. H2O, that's as practical as it gets! Water connoisseur, water hole, well water stores, private reservoirs are rapid growth and this water bearer market enables me to present my newest water company, `Aquarius`, for the discriminating drink of the day. I invest in lakes, rivers and streams to guard against water shortage, drought, epidemic death and natural catastrophe. I would love to own Niagara Falls, rain, snow . . . the very air!"

Sensing his host slake maddening misanthropic miscreant meaning, Randolph half jokingly tells the gang, "You ladies watch our scratch now, but Pearson, Rev., the guards, Carter, Holy Joe and T.R., waaay watch the water cooler around this water bug, crazy old man."

. . .

In the pit at a thirty-five mile per hour gallop, the behemoth of bears swipe of the paw is immensely powerful. The jaws of death and cutting, ripping, tearing claws are the war weapons of Satan the bear, the omnivorous bad omen to the raging mad bull, Nothin'; two thousand pounds of wild darkest Africa's Cape buffalo, the bear sees as beef jerky, and they tear into one another again, understanding the insult to injury.

Nothin' bites Satan's ear. Satan takes the bull by the bony armor plated, hooked, spike horns that puncture his left paw and he taste his own blood. Reiterating, some bears love blood more than bee honey, and as Satan can't staunch the flow of blood, he's as a delicious Sunday morning breakfast of his starving savage self. But now the bear longs for the one ton of bloody rare African Cape buffalo meat, six foot tall at its haunches, to go on the hoof. Nothin' thinks back to the plains' predators and a camelopard chewing his cud as a murder of crows fly above a crash of white rhino in the veldt.

(And this just in from Bitch Ho's Laptop Dance, literally)

All A's

(An Angry Agitated Antagonistically Aggressive African Animal Against Another Annoyed American Animal Assassin at an Arena)

Rhinoceros
Rhinoceri
Fuckin' in the veldt
Anytime they felt
Adolescent male
Evil elephants
Rape 'em and
Stomp a mud hole
In they thick ass chest
They like flexin' and frontin'
They young way absurd trouble huntin'

In mammoth musth stages
Rogue elephant muthafuckas
Explode and kill rhinos
I heard in sex rages
Hyenas laugh at that shit
On the Serengeti Plains
They all be better off and safer
In the Rancor Circus
Steel caravan
Cages . . . I guess
Satan's a bad news bear
Fuzzy wuzzy was a bear
Grizzly paws
Grizzly claws
Grizzly fangs and gangs of hair
Grizzly strength
Grizzly speed
Grizzly mad
Over a thousand pounds of
Montana mountain grizzly bear
(Grrrr!)

*Up against an African Cape
 Buffalo named Nuthin'
 Nuthin' but horns and hooves
 Sharp as spears
 Snortin' blood mean as sin
 Buttin' brayin' blowin'
 Fartin' shitin' pissin'
 The bold son of a bitch bull
 Leadin' his own herd
 Across the plains crawlin'
 With lions crocks and hippos
 Too
 He avoids rhinos and elephants
 'Cause an egress on his
 Shoulder
 Told 'em to*

*Bovine blood is what
 A bear adores
 More than honey
 Berries and fruit
 Grizzlies eat meat
 Fish and fowl
 And if they can't catch me
 They'll fuckin' eat you*

Bitch Ho wisely wrote promptissimo again on her laptop, and instantly entered it all on her Web site, sharing her unedited pieces with an Online access audience, estimated at over four hundred million potential customers worldwide on the Web, and all since the TV and radio coverage accelerated her fame as a sensational spontaneous sexy soul sister streetwise spaced out, secular songwriting savant.

Randolph continued to explain on a TV repeat, how thirteen to fifteen thousand pound elephants rule unchallenged in captivity as in the wild. Elephants that eat, consume and devour dozens of bread loaves and mega-fauna avidly and constantly, while ignoring terrifying tigers nearby in cages that eat sixty, seventy and eighty pounds of meat in a night.

Bailey, the Michigan black Irish bear of Wall Street, relished the Rancor Circus animals for brutal blood sport. Bailey, the ski masked, anonymous, Illuminati white knight to the Klan for the White Lion/2A deal; Bailey, the eminence grise of world leaders, with his unruly hoary ruffs and mane, and an accompaniment of the same praetorian honor guard, Randolph encountered at Kostiers some nights ago, entertained his entourage of distinguished rich white men and women, still clad as was the fashion in ancient Rome, while he demonstrated his dominating demonic desire to rule the world's water supply.

The reviewing stand came complete with a vomitorium, where the despicable decadent deliriously degenerate Bailey, laughingly encouraged regurgitation and offered more potent Roman purple punch, after the purging, shouting out, "I've got a pond full of ten pound rainbow trout waiting in the woods for Satan, when he wins!" But alas, Nothin' is fiercer and rips open Satan's stomach. The gutted, gored, grizzly bear crumbles in a furry-balled blood bath on the ground, yearning in yelps and gasping in gulps of air for his vicious vanquished life in vain.

Randolph is at once elated and begins to shamelessly hambone and human beat box again, as is his crass crude custom when beating the odds on a big bet. And as this was the biggest bet of his life, he expressed himself, dancing and laughing, while flaunting the joy of his wild success.

Bitch Ho was carrying her songwriting paraphernalia and she began to type in new lyrics to songs barely audible and in melodic infancy, songs yet born of melody, too new to know the category or singer. This compelling creative urge struck her so hard, she typed like a banshee screams to a manic extreme, as her eyes glazed over and she salivated slightly when the mother lode hit. Then she began to whelp softly when down verbatim putting it, almost forgetting her sobriquet, as a pastiche for her cognoscenti online is cyber-harvested, live!

Turn of the Century

*When the ghetto is
 Razed
 At the turn of the
 Century
 And \$weet Reparation paid
 To descendants of
 Black slaves
 When America's not
 An unequal utopian
 Penitentiary
 Forget about crack
 At the turn of the
 Century
 I ain't gonna look
 Back
 Hence all drugs are
 History
 We're exploring outer
 Space
 At the turn of the
 Century*

*When two thousand
 Comes
 We'll unfold the Mars
 Mystery
 We gonna wear space
 Clothes
 At the turn of the
 Century
 Be radiation exposed
 I suppose
 By perception
 Extra
 Sensory*

*The turn of the
Century
Will turn the tide
In my favor
Potentially
Outlive your
Doctor
At the turn of the
Century*

*Smile at your dentist
Say good bye
To phantom pain
Tell the undertaker
To fuck off and
Bury or burn
Hissself
Alive in his
Crematorium*

*It's the turn of the
Century
Turn it out
It's the turn of the
Century
And my turn
To shout
And discover another
More than the other
Turning to dust*

*The wheels keep on
Turnin'
Summer turns into
Fall
It's a turn in the
Weather
Takin' a turn
For the better
It's the turn of the
Century
Now to the letter*

*It's the turn of the
Century
For a left turn in
Life
The earth turns on
It's axis
To turn things
Around strife
It's the turn of
The century
One mille-second after
Mid-nite
I'll turn to you
With love*

*It's a turn of events
At the turn of the
Century
And there's no turnin'
Back
I've got an artiste
Alternative
In a railroad terminus
Built at the turn of
The century*

*It's a travelogue
That chronicles
Twenty days of
Tickin' time
In the dog days
Of the month of
August
In the life of a
Black man in show
Business*

*Turn the pages
In the book of the
Ages
Taking you into
The next millennium
Of mankind*

*On the blue planet
The countdowns
Movin' right along
To the sunrise of
A brand-new
Big bright brave
Bold beautiful world*

*Greater each day
Golden gild in ev'ry way
May you live 'til
The next turn of
The century
Returns and say
Hip-Hop hooray!*

Janet was more intriguingly beautiful to Randolph, standing there a full-grown Mormon white woman, dripping with an afterglow essence so sexy, he looked at her longingly with unabashed polygamy lust. All the men did, as she was more exquisite than ever. Her contacts were removed, revealing eyes that cast a metallic glint or reflection, a spark.

Something solid gold shone up front this time, not dark and smoldering, but bright blue-eyed as delftware and auburn haired, bushy tailed, pure shining sedate sensuality. Her smooth skin underneath the dark powder and brown paint was lily white and pinkish to see. She stood and smiled faintly at first, then sanguine, as warmth and charm emerged in her coy contrite feminine way, and she was a rosy cheek, lifelong romance, Randolph could not resist, as before.

Question Mark, as the gang now referred to Mark in private, after they picked up on Randolph's saying it first, caught on and was most fitting, much more so than Mark the Great White Shark. At any rate, Mark commandeered a phone and called his beloved Mia, who was there breathless and excited with her big news, and they both chattered away like the two Scripture Park, crazy, out of control chimps, Peanuts n' Popcorn, until Mark stopped and listened to her news first.

Right off the bat she said if J.C. was up to all his old tricks and some brand-new ones, the President of the United States, the governor of Michigan and the mayor of Detroit would come in by helicopter. Everyone worldwide was at the TV, radio and Internet twenty-four hour coverage, that brought the throngs upon them by water, air and land, until a forest of fans stood at the cusp of autumn, a Michigan monolith united as one. They came still again and stood until there was no space, no room to move, not even elbow room. And Mia cracked, "They're vertical Siamese sardines, so we need two J.C.'s now."

"The broadcast from the blimp said Kostiers is mimetic of a muezzin on a minaret atop a mosque in Mecca, mulcting myrmidons with minatory miff mentalities to make a mighty wave. The Michigan many swelled to such powerful proportions, cavorting in roiling seas of humanity, held captive audience, that when they all attempted an unrestrained wave, it appeared oddly enough as a fissure in the earth's crust!"

Mark just looked at J.C. standing there in street clothes, a blue t-shirt, dark trousers and his white sneakers, smiling his prophetic smile and having his own private joke as Mark continued imagining cloning him. The impossible, perplexed puzzling miracle of him, J.C., being in two places at one time would be God's working in mysterious ways at

its mind-boggling best, to say the least. And a flummoxed Mark sat down distracted by the daydream as in a drunkards daze and mused, "Hell Mia, we need two butts for all this crap. If we had two J.C.'s, you could keep one J.C. busy and I'd book this J.C. in Central Park."

Kozmo was elated, as Randolph, at the apparent possibility and good fortune of beating the water robber baron Bailey. Boss Bailey was his cantankerous, contemptible, overly aggressive and dominant, curmudgeon self. The better control freak of better control freaks was bragging to his not so game now gambling guests, that he'd simply order up Randolph's money in cashier check form, if he should lose. But Randolph insisted when he overheard this, on having two more mail cars connected to hold Bailey's double losses that should be in twenties. Pearson and Carter stayed vigilantly with the six stockholders, off duty, armed cop Detroit security guards, and promised them a big bonus along with Pete and Jake for their continued cooperation.

Randolph's bet money remained on the train in stacks of twenty dollar bills, bagged in mail sacks on the first mail car, to be connected to an empty second mail car now, that's connected to an empty third mail car, all in front of Nothin's cage, to be chained back on his flatcar. The big African Cape buffalo, as Satan, the big bloody near beaten battling bear, was down resting, licking his wounds with the profane parrot Sync, signifying his oaths of scurrilous bile, while still sitting on Nothin's raked, clawed, bloodied, hard bitten buffalo haunch and hide for lunch.

Casper was enthusiastically embarking on the greatest move of his illustrious career, by sticking with Randolph's Halcyon 21st Centertainment Company, as Janet suggested he call it now. Casper preferred Randolph's deal, refused to re-sign, dumped Kaizen and didn't talk to the other overanxious army of agents who waited with superstar seven-year contracts and astronomical advances. They would entrap the singer songwriter, slide guitar virtuoso, who plays an old National guitar; he slides a small bottle on, upon a tall table stand to get that soulful flatlands, hill country, Clarksdale, Mississippi delta sound, that makes him the holy ghost of the blues.

Michigan Malaise

*As August kisses
Autumn
After apple blossoms
Bloom*

*When red cherries
Ripe for pickin'
And the robins
Chirp in tune*

*Then the bees are
Hidin' honey
Before the silver
Snowflakes fall*

*Detroit is sittin'
Mighty pretty
And the Ren-Cen
Buildings standin'
Tall y'all*

*Monarch butterflies
In my stomach
Over you
One time
One shot
Topless model rendezvous*

*I'm etchin' sketches
That your eyebrow
Pencil drew
Applyin' color with
Your sexy lipstick
Hue
(Repeat the last whole line)*

*On assembly lines
I dream I'm your
Love slave
In an automotive
Aura
To the grave*

*Be Cleopatra
On Lake Erie's
Barge of love
You inspire
The car designs
That I think of*

(Repeat the last whole line)

*Michigan malaise
I'm workin' nights
Designin' days*

*With a Midwestern
Square
In a sorted love
Affair
Yeah!*

*I get a shortness
Of my breath
And my pulse
Is racin' sweat*

*When you pose
Buck wild naked
As jay birds get*

Headlights chrome
Rubber
Detroit dealt
A sassy classy
Chassis
My soul felt

Showroom rust
Conveyor garter
Belt
Handles like a woman
Make a man's heart
Melt

Yes I'm fittin'
In the mitten
Hand in glove
Iron fisted state
Potholder shaped
Blue sky above

Piston's poundin'
Square pegs
Ground down into
Round
You make my engine
Purr
A revved up Motown
Sound

(Repeat the last whole line)

Michigan malaise
America's amazed

*I'm Detroit River
Gamblin'
U bet I f-u-c-k-i-n'
Win*

*But if we lose
It all
My gorgeous
Friend*

*I've got four
Great Lakes
To go jump in*

_____TOP_____

Recorded two days earlier in downtown Detroit with Teddy Kotex's Band, Ev'ry 28 Days and the Detroit Symphony orchestra, featuring the majestic voices of the Michigan Opera Company singing on the chorus, along with Motown greats from the present and the past, and as a special extra added hook attraction, an awesome aria of soul sounding suspiciously like Aretha at the end of the powerful piece! Buddy Gee, the hot local black D.J., dropped the DAT/DVD and all indications so far were fantastic. The sensational song sung and composed by Casper, arranged by the great Chiefy Inabinet and his young able assistant, Aaron `charts` Lloyd, who, together arranged all of the commissioned and composed secular music on the show, was given gratis (after cost and taxes) to the city to help the poor and unemployed in dilapidated Detroit, as soon as Randolph knew of its existence, via a video shown on a TV in the reviewing stand this same Sunday morning.

Teddy Kotex and Lil' Robert T. Life hung on Randolph's every word, watched every deal being discussed or conceived and decided to stay deeply involved, as this was the cool cash cow capitalistic gains, unparalleled above affirmative action adventure of all time.

Now, not even the sky was the limit, and they were all into it together and thick as thieves with Randolph, all except Vicious Val. But her husband, the embarrassed egotistical Einstein, who could not control himself, broke out in pitiful loyalty oaths and vowed to

Randolph, so much so, that he had to be quieted by the tempting tantalizing teasing Toy, Val's sexy secretary, who purple pie-eyed, pleasure plied and verified Randolph's sexual tension thinking; 'til he felt a surge and powerful pull, compounded by an urgent urge in his groin, culminating with a so sexcruciatingly compulsive craving, that he grunted his crude 2 B rude n' lewd n' da nude, carnal desire in her direction, making her drop a paper cup of water at the thought of their coarse crested coitus. Gwen was well aware of them all and ready for the eventual endless expectant others to come after her great and grand man, Ran.

Randolph not only refused the cashiers check Bailey offered earlier, but forced the black market billionaire to get the hard cash on a Sunday, then supply himself as a personal escort to the Detroit National Blessin' Bank, an institution Randolph intended to start in the first available empty bank building he could find in Detroit, and finance: ev'ry ghetto, tenement, projects, slum, trailer park and rural wrong side of the tracks. Every place the poor and downtrodden of all races dwelled, he would finance the people and support all their feasible, achievable hopes and dreams nationwide, for a fee. And he'd do this, all because of a great unbelievable serendipity, a wonderful fortuitous fluke, an explosion of élan unequaled, the acme of the expression, the right idea at the right time and place.

Chapter Fifty-Two

. . .

On the Money Side of the Street

Now the skies were filled with flying fans even again, and the barges floated, packed with people from all over America. They also hurried all around the world, coming in droves to share the sacred secular special spectacle billed aptly the Sepia Second Comin'.

But unfortunately, as to be expected, so great was the crunch of humanity; the roads were clogged and officially closed. The water taxis were stopped by the Coast Guard along with the helicopters in the meadow, and Detroit Metro Airport flights to the event were canceled as were the trains, for it was all too overwhelming and quite physically impossible to manage, contain, or try to do now with any sanity. So, they began to downsize, the perfect dénouement for an impacted with the people piece of street life dismissed Diaspora, and a Detroit detour disaster, discouraged disjointed derailed and dislodged. Thus, ending a manmade miracle masterpiece to grace their lives forever, thanks to a Michigan Malaise in August; twenty dog days the world will never forget, after the Turn of the CenturyY2K.

Casper: "He missed! And Nothin' busted somethin'! He's winnin', Down Time; he's doin' it!"

Janet: "Watch it! He missed again!"

Rev.: "He's draggin'! Get him Nothin'!"

All: "Nothin'!"

Randolph: "That did it . . . he's down. He ain't gonna get up. Ah! He gored him. Oh yeah, he's stompin' him!" Nothin' becomes a one bull African Cape buffalo herd stampede, and dispatches Satan under the hooves and on the horns of his hard hostile hatred. Then he snorts, faunches and bellows over the dead bear defeated now, on his own short- range, grizzly stomping ground.

Bitch Ho: "He did it, Ran, listen to 'em . . . and look at him, Ran. He did it! He kicked that growlin' grizzly bear's natural ass . . . Nothin' ruined that big ol' bruin. Yea!"

The winners chant, "Nothin'! Nothin'! Nothin'!" Then they all imitate cash registers ringing, "Bling! Bling! Bling! Ka-Ching!"

To reiterate, the betting line is ten to one. And it's an automatic split between the three bookies of every dollar bet. Accordingly, Bitch Ho bet \$110 K and won \$1,100,000; Pearson bet \$10K and won \$100,000; Randolph bet \$300K and won \$3,000,000; Gwen bet \$100K and won \$1,000,000; Rev. bet \$100K and won \$1,000,000; Janet bet \$50K and won \$500,000; Joe bet \$50K and won \$500,000; Joel bet \$50K and won \$500,000; J.C. bet \$100K and won \$1,000,000; Space bet \$50K and won \$500,000; Mark bet \$50K and won \$500,000; Mia via Mark, unknowingly bet \$50K and won \$500,000; Vernice via Randolph, unknowingly bet \$100K and won \$1,000,000; Randolph, also remembered the two punk pilots and placed a \$100 grand bet for each in their absence. Plus, he backed some of the gang's bets on Nothin' gladly.

Monika bet \$100K and won \$1,000,000; Casper bet \$100K and won \$1,000,000; Claude bet \$10K and won \$100,000; Kozmo bet \$50K and won \$500,000; Carter bet \$25K and won \$250,000; T.R. bet \$100 K and won \$1,000,000; Jake bet \$100.00 and won \$1,000; Pete bet \$250.00 and won \$2,500 and the six off-duty Detroit cop guards bet \$50.00 apiece and won \$500.00 each.

Space: "Hey, all you guys who bet on the bear got Nothin', Nothin', Nothin', yea!"

The losers mumble, "Nothin'."

Einstein bet and lost \$100K; Val lost \$100K; Teddy lost \$75K; Lil' Robert lost \$100K; Melanoma lost \$100K; Toy lost \$1K, her life's savings; Boyer lost \$50K; Rev. Rump lost \$75K; Bailey lost \$15 huge! Griego lost \$10K and Ann lost \$5K, but Bailey's greedy gambling glum guests bet and lost \$25 huge! So the combined winnings totaled \$30,506,500; and the losses totaled \$40,716,000, not counting the illegal bets placed by the Michigan many in the meadow or the exotic side bettors with additional bookies worldwide, calculating the odds.

Rump: "Shit . . . I missed that money, man, goddamn."

Teddy: "How did you do, Einstein? You so fuckin' smart."

Lil' Robert: "Yeah, you's a real way heavy dude."

Einstein: "No comment. Damn!"

Val returns with Joel, both sporting grass stains and twigs on their clothes, and in their hair, along with a look of guilty par-tay on their flushed faces that Einstein does not see, as he too is guilty, butt of a bad bet and in the doghouse forever, when Val attacks like a pit bull. "You had to be a know-it-all; I told you to hedge your bet, but no, shit . . . you mothafuck! You let a big black, dumb ass nigga make a damn fool outta us!" The Johnson's would have to hustle hard working for Randolph to replace the one hundred grand apiece he proudly paid them.

Casper: "Hey, Down Time, you bad ass, you da man, and I'd a been way rich, goddammit, if I'd of bet the three huge I posted for insurance!"

Pearson: "But I followed your lead, Randolph, and now I can appeal to the object of my affection (Bitch Ho) and purchase two first-class tickets for a trip to Berchtesgaden, Austria, where the eagle's nest is, then worship at the secret wolf's lair high command shrine in East Prussia." A laughing, joking Pearson finally made the ten K bet.

Joe: "Me too all the way, I figured you must know somethin' 'bout Nothin' we didn't." Joe has plans to improve his sound system, but most of all; he plans to promote his popular profitable production of halos and other electronic biblical tie-ins for the show.

Bitch Ho: "Me too, Ran, I got over phat on 'em. Look at Nothin' down there lookin' up here." The buffalo was as a fighter out on his feet and on his last legs, but still showing an evil eye. Bitch Ho had her one hundred thousand dollar stock certificate that doubled as a bet down. She then sweetened the pot and chanced another ten grand out of pocket, on her marker, which Randolph covered while she celebrated her millionaire status with a laconic smile.

T.R.: "Whoa, ya see that shit. Every minute he checks out that ol' bear to see if he's dead, shit." Nothin' gores and stomps Satan with his third wind to make sure the bear is still dead. T.R. true to his convictions, shot his Halcyon holdings and bet the whole hundred grand on Nothin' to win, so he could lease the suite of office space he dreamed of in Detroit.

Rump: "Fuck it, I lost a goddamn bundle! But I'm still rich and I still gots you, shit." Rump embraces Monika and kisses her full on the lips. Although Rump lost big, seventy-five grand in a personal check to Carter, his woman, Money Honey, bet her Halcyon heart on Nothin', for that fall wardrobe, a new apartment and fancier furniture she had her green eye on! The other big winners: Casper, J.C., Joel, Mark, Gwen, Space, Rev., Janet, (white Janet), Carter, and Kozmo all had big personal plans on how to spend and/or invest their winnings. The losers: Bailey and his now ungainful, grouchy grumpy guests, Ann, Griego, the Johnson's, Lil' Robert, Teddy Kotex, Melanoma, Toy, Rev. Rump and Boyer grumble, "Nothin'."

Randolph: "Like a Roman batterin' ram, the Zulu buffalo horn military maneuver, a great football fullback, Jim Brown, a heavyweight great, Joe Louis hisself, rippin' renderin', gruelin' smashes to the bear's big bulky body. Blows impossible to withstand, sent that ol' bear to his death. But it took its toll: Nothin's wounded, his flanks, his legs, his haunches, his nose is cleaved and his ears are slashed and soaked with blood. What a heroic battle, Nothin's a true champ!"

Kozmo: "Boss man, Claude says he may have to be destroyed."

Randolph: "Naw, not Nothin', just get some weed (marijuana) and water down there, and a vet. He needs a vet with a lotta nerve!" Bailey faints.

Ann: "Oh my God! Mr. Bailey! Mr. Bailey! Oh, somebody get a doctor!"

Randolph: "Then get a vet for my animal and Dr. Kevorkian for yours!" Randolph figures Bailey is either faking or overcome by the size of his loss on the bet, and he breaks up over the thought of Michigan's Dr. Death coming out of confinement to euthanize the old black Irish curse.

Mark: "Oh, shit."

Griego: "Help! Anybody know CPR?"

Randolph: "Naw, but if ya beat box a few bars." Randolph exalted by his victory over Bailey, begins to hambone and human beat box, mouthing off a thigh slapping celebration, as Casper and T.R. who join him, deride and debase the bossy billionaire decidedly.

Griego: "Sit him up some! Don't let his head slip. Oh, my God! He's not breathing!"

Janet true to her caregiver calling and nosy nurturing nature helps out. "I'll do it, I know how, move!"

Ann: "Good, please save him . . . please!"

Janet goes to work on Bailey mouth to mouth, but he flat lines. "He's not responding. Oh . . . his heart's stopped and he's lost his pulse."

J.C., however, is there religiously and comes righteously to the rescue. "Let me have him."

Janet: "Be my guest, big mouth." Janet rolls her angry, pretty blue eyes at J.C. for exposing her as an imposter to the gang.

Ann: "What are you doing? Does he know CPR?"

Randolph: "The best kind, the kind that can make a blind man see, a cripple walk, and a deaf man hear." But Randolph thinks to himself (with the Amazer` Pocket ` Lazer), and Bailey begins to stir.

Griego: "He's coming around."

Ann: "What did J.C. do?"

Toy: "He spit in his hands and rubbed Mr. Bailey's temples."

Teddy: "That's what I saw, shit."

Einstein: "Amazing!" Bailey comes around.

Boyer: "Another miracle, he's another Messiah!"

Randolph: "Sez you."

They all were credulously gathered around Bailey and marveling at J.C.'s power, that only Randolph knew now was slight of hand, laser shock therapy.

Bailey: "What happened . . . where am I?"

Randolph couldn't resist the joke and cracked, "In waaay south Hell . . . Michigan, old man."

They all laughed nervously at the close call as Ann explained, "Sir, you either fainted or had an extreme anxiety attack of some kind. This man brought you back around." Ann points to J.C., who is towering over Bailey and praying.

Bailey: "I felt lips on me, that wasn't him was it?" Bailey hopes out loud.

And Ann reassures him, "No sir!"

Then Janet takes the blame, "That was me."

Causing Bailey to smile and moan, "Ohhh, that's better. Oh, now I remember, the bear Satan was soundly defeated and I lost . . . heavily." Bailey slumps back down.

But Randolph reminds him again, "You owe us forty-eight huge cash and no millennium notes, (one thousand dollar bills) if ya get my meanin'."

Bailey stays lucid and admits, "I get it. I shouldn't have bet with Vegas and Atlantic City or Detroit. I overdid it, . . . Oh!" Bailey's eyes are bulging and he's white as a Klansman's robe.

Ann: "Sir!"

Randolph: "He's cool, he just lost big-time. How much did ya bet, Bailey? Ya blaspheming besotted old fool."

And Carter runs it down, "He bet five huge in Vegas and the same bet in Atlantic City and Detroit. Sam Bach confirmed it, and Sam's sorry for not imposing break the bank betting caps on us. But he's out of control with glee about Bailey's messenger betting with his bunch of big buck business buddies! Not to mention the exiguous bets placed by the millions in the meadow and bettors worldwide."

Randolph is impatient to be paid and prods Bailey, "Where's that vault ya said me and Gwen could grab all we could carry out of, old guy?"

Bailey is groggy from embarrassment and loss. But the old man stays firm and spells it out "You'll get paid in Brighton; it's a few miles up the tracks. And I'll escort you safely anyplace in Michigan you want to go to from there. Do you want the bear for your trophy?" Bailey doesn't want the carcass of Satan hanging around in his pit.

Randolph: "No, I don't want 'em." Randolph holds his nose.

Kozmo: "I'll take him, boss man." Kozmo ever thinking of attractions, alive or dead, accepts and arranges by phone to have the bear picked up discreetly.

An impending strange doom comes over Randolph in a caveat chill. "Solid n' da wallet."

Bailey: "Then it's settled. I'll make you a good deal on that buffalo. How much do ya want for 'em?" Bailey pretends to be blind to Randolph's strong feelings for Nothin'.

Randolph: "You ain't got that much, ya old way rich, blood thirsty, silver spoon spoiled, evil black hearted bastard."

The odd feeling returns stronger this time as Rev. nudges him, "Pssst, Randolph, over by that crane, see 'em?" Rev. points to Slick the clown with his two companions, and in the clearing, sure enough, standing there in oversized floppy shoes, sans stilts, is Louse, the bête noire of his nightmares.

And why is Louse there with Kuni and Fugi? Randolph surmises his half-brother obviously is in cahoots with Bailey, and they must be hooked up with counterfeiting, the Kaizen buy-out bid, the White Lion/2A/KKK purchase deal and those Amazer `Pocket´ Lazers and Amazer `Super´ Lazers now. Then maybe, Louse and Kuni bet, and were also curious to see the outcome of the battle of beast in the pit. If any of this is the case, Louse must want a showdown at this juncture and at this time and place in Hell, Michigan. So Randolph shouts, "Yeah, I see that piece of garbage and he's mine!" Randolph takes off running after Louse.

Gwen: "Ran!" The excitement of this chase and eventual enemy clash is more powerful than the animals were in effect upon them all watching the action from the reviewing stand. This is the main bout, as Randolph nears the man he dreamed facing most of all in a fistfight.

Mark takes off behind Randolph as it is his place more than Pearson's to watch Randolph's back, and he's on the case yelling, "Oh shit!"

Bailey acts uninvolved again and plays innocent to the fast unfolding drama, asking, "Where's he running off to?"

Randolph reaches Louse and says, "I see ya, don't even try it. Come here, come on, I'm gonna break ev'ry bone . . . hey!" Louse still in circus clothes: orange wig, big oversized floppy shoes and white-face clown make-up, swings brass knucks at Randolph, misses and runs off again around the edge of the pit in a comic circle.

The gang and company are pumped and encourage Randolph with Bitch Ho screaming, "Get 'em Ran, kick his black bony, white face clown ass, Ran. He gave us the finger! Shit."

Then Rump rants and raves, "Get him, gawddammit!" Unaware he's against his own flesh and blood.

Louse runs up near Casper and gets by him.

Casper: "I got him! Look out!"

Randolph: "T.R., Holy Joe, get those other two, it's Kuni and Fugi, his daughter!" Kuni and Fugi run off to their white BMW and driver waiting in the nearby dirt parking area, where helicopters, pilots and chauffeur driven limos are waiting to take Bailey's gussied, goose flesh, glued to the ground now, gobbledygook guest home.

Teddy: "Shit, he's slidin' down in the pit!" Louse goes down under the railing, bumping and bouncing on his buttocks into the pit with the wounded Cape buffalo and dead bear.

Lil' Robert: "Goddamn!" Louse is face to face and inches from Nothin'.

Louse: "Whoa . . . Whoa . . . Whoa!" Realizing his death-defying dilemma, Louse attempts to calm the heavy breathing bruised and battered bloody beast, but Nothin' falls to its knees.

Kozmo: "Nothin's done in, he can't stand up. He's down!"

Randolph slides into the pit after Louse. "Ok, ya butt ugly bastard, it's just us; ya can't get out. I got'cha!" The two arch rivals circle around the fallen Cape buffalo and dead bear on the ground.

And Louse yells, "Don't touch me, Randolph, you'll be sorry!"

Randolph assumes his old navy fighting stance and crouch, to send a straight left jab smashing flush against Louse's right eye and he hollers, "Oh!" Louse is stunned and staggering around in a daze, dropping the brass knucks at the blinding impact of the punch, when Randolph tells him, "That's for my right eye, ya rat face devil!"

Before Louse can recover, he's hit with another left jab, which blackens, bloodies and blinds his left eye and he yells, "Ooh! I'll kill you for that punch!" The punch is harder with more snap, and Louse goes down on one knee with both eyes closed and loses a smaller, black, cylindrical object this time.

Then Randolph scolds him, "And that's for the other eye, ya dog filth slime!" Randolph circles Louse who's panic-stricken and can't escape.

"Get back! Help me! He wants to kill me! Stop him, oh! Nooo, no, no!" Randolph slaps and slaps Louse unmercifully back and forth with the palm and back of his huge hard hand.

And Randolph talks to him angrily, "I found out you're my half brother, but I'm still gonna beat you senseless, you dirty schemin' demon!" Louse attempts to run again.

"Ohhh! I can't get out. Help! Ohhh! Stop him! Ohhh!" Louse is bloody and beaten, in constant retreat and gripped by fear as Randolph keeps talking, reciting a laundry list of reasons why he must pummel Louse to a pulp. "And this is for C.C., the fire, and puttin' my name on a box of lion crap!"

A vicious right cross to the jaw from Randolph, knocks a screaming Louse to the ground, and the Cape buffalo grunts his approval when Louse screams, "Ohhh! Stop him!"

Louse stumbles and slips, doubled up on his feet as Randolph let's loose a quick sharp upper cut that sends him flying, spinning and sprawling on the floor of the pit, face down in a pile of bear scat, while Randolph announces, "And this is for that seafood poison!" Then just when Randolph holds Louse's unconscious, fist flogged, fragile fractured feces face up for the biggest blow of all.

Casper shouts, "Stop, Down Time, you'll kill him! He's not worth that. Please, Down Time!" Casper, Mark and Kozmo have joined Randolph in the pit to stop the slaughter.

Mark: "Yeah, nigga, we made a financial killin'. Quit while you're ahead; anyway, he's out cold."

Louse is unconscious and still, but Randolph refuses to drop Louse's head and asks, "Did ya get Kuni and Fugi?"

Kozmo points up at the reviewing stand and answers, "T.R. and Joe got 'em. Look, see, we got 'em both, boss man! Let's go back up."

Fugi, although considered a martial arts expert at Tae Kwondo especially, did not put up a fight because as Ann, she could not resist handsome Holy Joe and surrendered to his charismatic coronary Casanova charms without a struggle.

The tension builds and they all become concerned Randolph will kill Louse, so Gwen makes an appeal, "Ran . . . don't kill him, honey, stop!" Gwen pleads with Randolph from the reviewing stand.

And Rev. adds, "Come on up, son; we've got some unfinished work to do. We've got a big show tonight!"

Jake, the blatant brakemen/fretful fireman, uses his brains and brings Randolph the end of his rope and tells him, "Grab this rope, I've got it tied tight to the crane. Pull yourself up!"

Then the thoughtful Casper wonders aloud, "What about this guy?" Casper points to Louse, who is a limp, spent heap on the ground next to a small object, that Randolph knows by instinct is an Amazer `Pocket` Lazer.

Randolph picks it up quickly, moves away and gives the order, "Leave him, just get Nothin' out of here for now, he's exhausted." Randolph, Mark and Casper haul themselves up to the others as Kosmo hooks up Nothin's cage to the crane with Claude's help.

And Mark grunts out of breath, "We gotta get that scratch from Bailey!"

Bailey's there in front of them, unmoved, when they reach the reviewing stand and Randolph demands, "Bailey, put it in writing; we want Rancor Circus back!"

The blustering billionaire never blinked but continued on business, as always, answering bluntly, "Alright! Now let's get over to my Brighton bank, I'm bored!"

Nothin' stands and weakly stumbles back in his cage with the white, plucky parrot, Sync, perched upon his bloody back as oxpecker birds do on the plains in Africa. And Sync avows, "Nothin', you gonna get up into some good pussy with Mabel n' da stable!" Mabel is Nothin's mate, and Randolph and the gang laugh.

Randolph hollers down in the pit sympathetically, "He's goin' in his cage . . . damn! Yeah, he feels safe there, and I don't blame him. Lift 'em up with care, put 'em back on the flatcar. And Kozmo put a rope 'round that guy; he's my half butt brother, hoist 'em up too. I'm takin' him back with me, him and his two doomsday cult Japanese sidekicks." Pearson gets more rope from Jake, then he and Casper tie the three prisoners hands behind them, when Randolph refused to use the off-duty cop guards handcuffs.

Showing an obvious about-face now concerning Louse, Randolph causes Casper to ask, "We're all goin' back on the train then?"

A clearheaded collected Randolph answers him, "Yeah, we gotta make one stop. Put water and coarse grass (marijuana plants) up in there, guys, and don't jostle him, he's way precious cargo."

In a terse termagant's tone, Sync the paltry parrot joked, "And bird seed, ya big black ugly cocksucka, ya!" Causing the gang and company to laugh out loud again with Randolph at the popular pissed off parrot.

But Bailey bore down, "You're a lucky fool, Randall! That was a fluke, and it'll never happen again in a million years! Everybody knows a bear of that size and strength is more powerful and vicious than an African Cape buffalo. It's absurd to think otherwise. Why, I've pitted a tiger against a grizzly, and he cowered in the arena, scared out of his wits. No animal has ever been able to beat a grizzly. We put a full-grown African silver back gorilla from the Rwandan Forest in the pit, and he only lasted five minutes. He was flung like a ball and slapped, clawed and chewed up unmercifully. I don't get it; I've had them all in that pit from time to time. It's against all the laws of nature I tell you. I saw a grizzly all but break a lion into. The big cats lungs were crushed; he was mashed and mauled beyond belief!"

Bored at hearing this cruel carnage and seeing all this vapid violence, Janet chimes in, "Is this all you do, force fight helpless animals who don't know better?" The new Janet, all alone now and quite white, wearing a plain pair of jeans, a blue silk T-shirt, shades and running shoes, was still a femininely super fine, felicitous found out, fascinating fraud.

But Bailey blusters on, "You administered mouth to mouth and revived me, correct?"

Janet felt a need to handle Bailey, and she chose her words, "No, I didn't revive you, Mr. Know It All over there did that." Janet cuts her eyes at J.C. and continues, "I merely tried to do a little CPR and failed."

Bailey remembers her lips and recalls, "Soft sweet, warm full, strong lips, and you slipped me your tongue."

This accusation got her angry, even though it was true and she reacted, "I did not!"

Bailey knowing the facts, loved the game and went on, "Did too, I felt it, I'd know that!"

The two looked at each other, a sexual smirk of sorts passed between them and a caught in the act Janet replied, "You're mad, I wouldn't. You're delirious."

Bailey enjoyed the confrontation with the gorgeous woman and both accused and complimented her, "You did it, and you know I know it, you fresh foxy flirt. By Jupiter, you're a well sexed woman!"

Janet: "I am not! So what, you filthy, rich old coot."

Bailey: "You're a brazen hussy and a hell of a good lookin' . . .? Weren't you an Indian woman . . . or Pakistani?"

Bailey received a report on Janet when she was made-up and wearing Hindu clothing in Randolph's retinue at the rail yard, supplied by the same secret source J.C. uses for his incredible infallible indiscreet intuition and incriminating incursions, the infamous H.D. Louse.

Janet, however, painfully told the truth, "Neither . . . I was merely a white woman from Salt Lake City in makeup, a wig and contacts, out for an adventure that backfired in her face. You old goat."

The deceptive thought appealed to the blame worthy billionaire and he bragged, "Adventure you say, why I have adventures daily. Daily Bailey they call me, ask anybody. A white woman you say, Salt Lake eh . . . well, there's hope for you and me yet."

Bailey's vision improves and he sees the real Janet, but all around them the others were discussing winnings and loses, when a diffident Melanoma said weakly, "I bet it all . . . on the bear, R n'R."

Randolph knew her folly and told her so, "You're a damn plethora pubed, crotch-hairy fool, Melanoma."

But Gwen was quick to warn her, "Stay over there with your sad tales of woe. Ran and I need some love time together. And I hope you get alopecia areata (loss of body hair). I want to see you suffer trichotillomania and tear out all of your own body hair, until you're glabrous (hairless) as a newborn baby's ass, you female Big Foot, vaginosis pussy bitch!"

This made Melanoma mutter, then howl like the werewolf between her legs, "And I hope ya git gallopin' big titty cancer too, bitch, with inverted nipples. Ya hung like a Holstein heffa, mufucka!"

Bitch Ho saw her chance to grab some attention and reminded Gwen, "Aw Gwen, you'll have plenty of time to do Ran. Let us have him 'til then, shit."

The gang boards the provided presidential private club car again to go to one of Bailey's banks nearby in the state for the cash.

Monika lay in Rump's lap and sided with Bitch Ho, "Yeah, Gwen, we want to talk to 'em about the show and stuff."

Casper sensed the catfight coming and changed the subject, "I didn't know you could still run like that, Down Time."

Randolph was relieved and came back with, "You too, Ghost, you still got legs, man."

The men began to stand around the three captives and Kozmo pointed to Louse and jovially said to Randolph, "I thought you'd kill this guy, boss man. You were mean as Nothin' to your own brother."

All: "Half brother!"

Randolph o.k.ed the correction, "Yeah."

If ever there was a collection of skulking rats caught in a trap, it was these three, Louse, Kuni and Fugi sitting there bound over in captivity on the train. Louse grouses and begins to recite his never heeded good advice, "Never give out your mother's, and/or my mother's in this case, social security number to someone you don't know over the phone. Beware of credit card theft fraud." Louse looks straight at Randolph, who is watching his trapped, beaten bloody, white-faced, orange hair clown, half-sibling, and thinks Louse is a mirror image of the incubus incarnate as he drones on saying to Randolph, "You're going to have to take prophylactic measures to insure day to day business. So every time you make a purchase by credit card, jot down the amount on paper and use one card at a time only."

Randolph looked at his half brother, Herman David Louse, AKA Martin Akata, né Slick the clown, the supercilious anathema, who nettled and niggled him, Randolph, to a position of power in show business unknown to anyone of his race before, with boring hard fast tips, rules and made up seemingly sensible sayings, such as, "Only through others abject failure can you succeed in a snide, capitalistic society. And in outraged outcry, humanity can throw itself upon the mercy of mankind, but one race cannot. So remember all the other nationalities are watching and be proud."

Randolph recalled Louse's L.A. Black Dispatch Manifesto in that paper, and these same type mocking and to most, meaningless messages faxed to him on the Black Albino, while he waited at Three Mary's Medical Center and wrestled with the planted Neo-Nazi quack Müller's handiwork and his hospital Hitleresque humbugs. But now he could look leer and laugh at calling Louse's lackluster Leo label, Lousy Records. He grinned at his older, by one year, half brother who was still speaking with his glib, bedeviling manner, in his surreptitious quest to corner the niche market on black billionaire bourgeoisie guile. His delusions and accomplishments were clear now, and Randolph spoke of them by name when he said, "Franchisee, Kuni pawn, ya gave out a lotta Unimix (government nutrient issue from America and the U.N.) in Somalia to them starvin' Marvin's, and ya sold all them rural bush cats used drums, tambourines, bongos, congas and boom box crap from the American ghetto dumpster, right, clown?"

The gang and company are captivated and he continues, "Shoot 'em down peacefully with rhetoric that ricochets off good ideas loaded in the barrel of tolerance, that's my motto. Your Leo label, ya Royal T's Cigarettes, the Royal Tobacco Company Cigarettes, hand rolled on ya secret farms in South Africa are almost damn good ideas. The Duke's for Duke Ellington, Count's for Count Basie and Lady Day's for chicks, both regular and with Menthol, a favorite cancer stick flava of blacks, like Kool killers, they smoke. I can dig it, but without carcinogens, not to mention, maybe AIDS victims lickin' the papers and rollin' 'em up. Then ya Zulu beer is a secret cream and sorghum mixture for future African-American alcoholics, huh?"

And the bloodthirsty Bailey butts in, "Yes, with my goddamn water!" Louse is silent, but he used Bailey's watered down water. He bought it and sold it in plastic bottles to the natives in Africa.

Randolph continues, "As admirable or unadmirable as that might be, the bottom line is, you're on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange, and I've seen ya cigarette packs crumbled up and empty Zulu beer cans and Panther Psst wine bottles at the rail yard and in the meadow, a lot."

Louse smiles at the off hand compliments and says in black dialect, ala Stepin' Fetchet, "Honesty be da best policy, and I'm mo' git me some mo' money 'cause my right hand itch."

Randolph ignores his bloodstained, half brother's gallow's humor to make light of the serious situation. Suddenly, Randolph reaches over quickly and fearing the worst, Louse jumps, but Randolph unties the befuddled vain villain who says, "Don't give the money to the seller when buying a home, put it in escrow, and also go through a reputable independent of the deal realtor."

Randolph knew he had to free Louse, Kuni, and Fugi by his laser induced new found concentration and deductive reasoning, and he acted again out of these fresh, sheer, intuitive feelings, that this would be in his own best interest in the end.

Knowing he was free, with puffy, bloodied black eyes, Louse spanned the gawking gathering he still considered thralls, and squinted at Randolph whom he still considered common and desultory. And as he, Louse is a Mensa mastermind manipulator he calls the gang, "Gofer, subservient dolts."

A chorus of boos and curses ring out when Louse in white clown makeup and costume, orange fright wig and oversized floppy shoes leaves, followed by a rather quiet Kuni in a black and white clown costume, with his second in command, dangerous, love struck dumb for Holy Joe, daughter, a camouflage clothes clown, red head band wearing, paramilitary, and maybe, Japanese red army terrorist trained white-face Fugi, following behind him.

Mark mutters, "Bozo maniac mothafucks." Randolph and Mark are there as all three clownish competitors get into the white BMW with black tinted windows, a trademark vehicle for yakuza, Japan's mobsters.

Kuni winks at Randolph and says, "Later, ichiban kurochan gaijin (number 1 black foreigner), when I wake from this bad dream, I . . ."

Randolph takes his gut cue and punches the little amber Asian gangster in the nose, saying, "Wake, huh? Yeah, Wake Island, that was for that, ya pidgin grammar, confused Confucius, chinky stinky, yella belly, Buddha head, pie face, slope-head samurai sissy. And if ya lost face, I'll give you a real sharp sword so you can commit Hari Kari. But not any other Asians, they and all other honorable ancestors are cool with me.

Just you and your chump butt crew, suck sick senior citizens, bedpan snot! When I think of those brave marines raisin' the flag on that mountain (Mt. Suribachi at Iwo Jima on February 23, 1945), Randolph snaps and slaps Kuni hard in the mouth as Louse shouts a triumphant, "I'll give your best to Claudia and mother!"

And a startled, bloody broken nose, punched out Kuni, shouts to his driver to, "Go!" in Japanese.

They leave in a blinding cloud of dust and choking cough inducing, black exhaust smoke, hurrying back to prepare and demonstrate the Amazer `Pocket` Lazer to a promissory public, via live TV in the meadow, with the mighty Michigan many guinea pigs, when J.C. returns. However, if the effect of J.C.'s performance is not impressive enough to justify a Sepia Second Comin' hustle worldwide, they will go with a contingency plan B, and the House of Louse will peddle the then, not so divine demonstrable designer device, via vendors on the grounds and sell them retail on the spot by mail order infomercials and telemarketing phone operators in Omaha, for one hundred and ninety-nine dollars a pop. Bailey's galvanic waterpower batteries not included. The whole package is a lightweight, `heavy water`, waterproof, liquid laser, battery panel you wear on your belt or keep in your pocket to operate the laser dispensing tube with an instruction booklet and money back guarantee.

The tube is four inches long, one inch in circumference, and you can palm it in your hand as it has three known unique, revolutionary functions mainly, but experimentally much more: It is a defense mechanism and can shock an attacker at fifty feet away, galvanize and render them unconscious or worse depending on the force gage of the galvanometer, which is activated to immobilize, temporarily blind them or strike them deaf and dumb, and all according to the manuals' explanation of the numbers on the remote control panel packet, worn or carried on your person.

The first stage shock treatment can heal aches and pains, minor cuts, bruises, acne, stop ass gas and toothaches for a time, remove unwanted facial and body hair, toenails, fingernails, warts and bunions, cure clap, herpes and yeast infection. The second stage reverses renegade reflux, eliminates many minor illnesses: measles, mumps etc., except the common cold. Then it corrects all over the counter and commercial TV recited warnings of side effects, plus, pharmaceutical

poison from medical medicine mistakes, quack HMO physicians prescribe. It restores 20/20 vision, some blindness (Randolph's), hearing from borderline deafness, and short-term memory loss. In the third stage, it may arrest anal, contracted AIDS, and even mild heart attacks are temporarily treatable with an electric cardiac cable charge for fifty dollars extra, and it is effective ninety per cent of the time. In some special psychosomatic cases, the laser causes cripples to walk with re-strengthened minor repaired and/or rejuvenated limbs. The device clears up speech impediments from vocal problems and speaking disorders by restoring damaged, unsevered vocal chords. This miracle magical method of laser self-healing lowers blood pressure dramatically and regenerates some nerve damage. It packs a definite migraine headache remedy result, curls straight hair and straightens kinky hair, and then tans fair skin and/or lightens dark complexions. In Randolph's case, it caused him to become smarter in his life choices.

The Amazer `Pocket` Lazer is a galvanism gizmo at its best as an unequalled sexual tool for men and women alike, when beamed gently on the genitals and activated there. The pleasure desired will be attained simply by applying pressure on the button of the number for arousal, orgasm, multiple orgasms or extreme horny headboard banging, wall crawling hog-wild ecstasy, underlined in the instruction booklet!

These liquid laser H2O batteries only last for one week, usually on the average. Then they must be replaced with these same special H2O charged batteries, Bailiwick Industries makes and distributes for fifty dollars wholesale to Kuni Enterprises. Kuni will sell them retail for sixty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents per unit, and sponsor the House of Louse Entertainment Corp. on TV. This proposed transaction could potentially purchase Kaizen America Entertainment and White Lion 2A/KKK Motion Pictures for Louse, Kuni, and Bailey.

Randolph and Mark are unaware of any of the above and Mark remarks, "Incidentally, R n'R, a House of Louse actually does exist in England and is a long noted last name of noble notables and nobility there. But be that as it may, I'm certain at our antiheroes House of Louse estate, he has a big buck wild mad naked, profane portrait, twat trophy of Claudia Charles, draped across his four poster, king size, mirror overhead, canopy bed. It's golden framed and hangin' on his master bedroom mansion wall, and I'll bet on it, R n'R."

Randolph thought and added, "Yeah, that evil educated eavesdropper had good taste in women, and we haven't heard or seen the last of him, her, or them." Then he seriously began to surmise again and figured that Elaine came to Kostiers, and he, Kostiers called Bailey, who had hooked up with Kuni, who sponsored Louse, and Louse knew Elaine's fame and connection to him, Randolph, small world.

His memory jogged further by the laser now, he remembered vaguely a goateed Dr. Rev. Ratford and his matronly high yellow wife, called Big Bertha, (Conte-Louse Ratford) who was a known infamous midwife in D.C. The rumor was Dr. Rev. Ratford was drummed out of medicine, defrocked as a pastor and left then collecting huge alley rats for some secret experimentation in the neighborhood between fourth, fifth and New York Avenue Northwest, the notorious Goat Alley. If Randolph's sharpened memory served him well, this cunning culpable couple could be the same noisome nuts who gave Louse his laughable last name, raised him and Big Sista, then inseminated Elaine with J.C., as she said. This crafty criminal would be about eighty-five, if alive, and could very well have done the cruel but crucial R & D that co-created the Amazer `Pocket` and Super Lasers with Louse.

Now it all came back in a flash, and he remembered where he first heard about the deadly Dr. Rev. Jonah P. Ratford. It was in his father's radio station, WRNR, his namesake, when he was four or abouts that he first saw the glassy-eyed adoption cover-up, illegal immoral abortion clinic monster his father refused to do public service announcements for. This demonic dark dreaded dangerous depraved little man was considered an anathema and pariah to all who knew him. And he caused Ray John Randall to curse violently and shrill, "Not after the muthafuckin' baby shit you pulled, niggah! (Attempted blackmail of Mother Randall over Louse's illegitimate birth) Now get the hell out of my joint, before I break my foot off in your spooky sneaky stankin', black ass!" So this outraged outburst and odd occurrence, laced with an overt overflow of obscenities, related to the earlier bastard birth of Louse, must have been the beginnings of Randolph's rank inappropriate utterances of blasphemous bile.

The two men walked back to the truncated train, housing Randolph's first money from the meadow, and standing by the steps to the prestigious private club car was Jake, the blunt brakeman/facetious fireman with Pete, the perturbing, wannabe, hard boiled, red-neck engineer and the six Halcyon stockholder, off-duty Detroit cop armed guards. Randolph and Mark inquire about an

addition to the abbreviated train, beyond the second and third empty mail cars for Bailey's forty-eight million dollar, expected private lost bet cash money, now behind and attached to Nothin's water tanker. And Pete tells them it's a big container shipment for the rail yard. However, with further prodding, Pete reveals the shipper is Bailey.

J.C., the misbegotten Messiah of the millennium, hands Mark a cell phone call, and Randolph and Mark beamed with pride at their sweat equity, CPT, TV stock compensation package in the great holy man, J.C. A contract that Mia got signed in the trailer by the black owners, and she told Mark, who told Randolph and he said, "We own fifty-one per cent of Colored People's Time TV!" Mark then tells Mia, "The big buff won!" He explained the private, exotic side bet that he took the liberty and placed for her with the three bookies and yelled again that she and Vernice won big-time. He informed her of Randolph's three hundred grand bet, plus, those placed in absentee for Vernice, Harry and Smug Doug, which netted them one huge each, and of Randolph's intentions to issue all the owed bet dividend money to the lucky stockholders, when they return.

Bailey's grandstand groupies and gentry guest left in helicopters or limos back to whence they came, in and out of the state. The truncated train was now a full train with twenty-five container cars packed with an important shipment Randolph had a haunting hunch about. So he privately took out the small black tube like object he found beside Louse in the pit, and deduced by more mere deduction, he had half of an Amazer `Pocket` Lazer deal in his ham-fist. The batteries and remote control panel for it are the main concern of Louse, Kuni and Bailey, he thought, as he secretly borrowed and used a box cutter, looked in boxes and realized finally what was in those twenty-five packed container cars, headed for his event!

Randolph tried to solve the phenomenal mystery of J.C. standing before him, as they traveled on the train to Brighton; however, they could only gesticulate at the omniscient miracle man, paragon of prophets, J.C., big and tall, black as tar oracle. They were astounded to see the stark blessing of an aureole over and around his baldhead and shoulders, especially when he administered his unbelievable prescient talents. J.C. was the apotheosis of the cyber-age, seemingly having the ultimate numinous acts and reactions favored by God and man for the people.

Unlike Jesus, J.C. did not hang from the sixth to the ninth hour, hollering and writhing in agony on the cross. He was chosen by a truly, mad, religious, fanatic mother, who taught a young J.C. from birth, he was the true reminder, representative of God. And as an acted out aberration, mock visitation from fake heaven verified this fact, J.C. was fooled gifted, and tricked talented into thinking he could see the truth, heal, be a mind reader and hold the secrets to plants, animals, weather, whilst exhibiting a rather natural ability to wing it when stuck for an answer, with no drinking, drugs, or sex allowed . . . yet. Anyhow, his noble nimbus was intact and he could turn the wildest animals into a petting zoo with an arcane Amazer `Pocket` Lazer. And Mia told Mark he did just that on a taped rerun of Saturday's sermons for the Sunday morning crowds of Huckleberry Finns, who ran lose in the rail yard now, increasing their numbers to over one hundred thousand jocular unsupervised kids.

Insane Elaine explained to J.C., his lineage is on her side of the holy family, connecting them both with the Davidic line, continuing back to Uncle Adam, up to Cousin Ham, to Uncle David, to half brother Jesus by royal decree and a wild fertile imagination, then two millenniums to J.C. So, J.C. believes and develops demigod like Amazer `Pocket` Lazer powers and skills. He is most impressive in a great white robe and becomes a barefoot living shrine, serving smoked holy mackerel, mouth-watering manna and ruby red Passover wine to the lucky ones in the multitudes of the mighty Michigan many.

J.C. did this after absolution, as in the washing of the body. His strict apostolic type liturgy he performed as a high priest at Eucharist with consecrated bread and wine only used in the sacrament. J.C. is not Jesus to Randolph and Mark because he isn't ubiquitous as he thinks, and as he is cutting it close by missing from his multiplying ministry in the meadow, Randolph is concerned.

Jesus was ascetic austere and self-denying. J.C. owns a bar but intends to baptize mega many converts in the Detroit River, using his huge faith healing blessed hands, while palming an Amazer `Pocket` Lazer. This way he believes he can cure many of the afflicted, in a tremendous tandem triage of infirmed, in the meadow. Jesus could cleanse the leper and change stone to bread and water to wine. He loosed them of demons and raised the dead. At times J.C. wishes he could go as Jesus did, back to the Father and deposit his own holy blood. When he's at his bar, the commodious, loud, jubilee joint, noisy crowd and really into it, Gospop! entertainment, grooving on hardwood floors, surrounded by imported olive trees in planters from Israel,

arranged in a grove setting under a high wood beam ceiling with thick rafters, supporting a crucified neon red devil, he held smaller astonished crowds in the palm of his Amazer `Pocket` Lazer hand, by as the musicians said, `gettin' house`.

Now J.C. was on tape with the super shoal audience of millions in the meadow via the super wide screens there. The multicultural, ecumenical multitude longed for the sacred healing spiritualistic spit, he spat in his Amazer `Pocket` Lazer hands. J.C.'s powerful reputation grew ever since Iscariots, where the word spread and all the Jesus freaks converged and congregated for a religious experiment/experience, to try out their acts in a showcase before being accepted in Scripture Park's stage show by Elaine. All who frequent J.C.'s bar know that he is rumored to walk sometimes at night on the murky Ford Lake in Ypsi, and he prays behind a water tower in town, owned by Bailey, called the Big Dick by kids because it's shaped like a giant, erect, circumcised penis and serves as Louse's suspected house in Michigan (this book's cover).

Randolph noticed that Martha, Magdalene and Mother Mary over praise only when it comes to Joel, and not he or J.C., as they worshiped Joel and washed his feet with their tears and dried them with their hair.

Gwen kisses Randolph's tears of joy that roll down his happy, but still secret, first American black billionaire face with love, as Rump expounds his predilections, "Muthafucka, I'm gonna have to have a talk with you about the show! Shit. I mean Elaine can open; anybody else can be in the middle. But next time we hit the stage, I'm havin' my whole gawddamn Sodom n' Gomorrah Baptist Church Mass Ass Choir behind me, mo' buck wild mad naked again, up under them gold trimmed bright red robes, sexposin' bootay and thangs, butt cracks moonin' and my devilish danglin' drippin' Big Dick, Big Foot Black Baptist Band, kickin' me dead in the hind pots, when I close the sonovabitch, see?"

But Randolph reproves the raunchy reverend. "I should kick you in ya black butt for screwin' around with my moms."

Rump: "Say what, niggah, your moms, you jokin' . . . oh, I get it, muthafucka, you playin' the dozens, you jonin' snaps on ya self again. Shit, I'll help ya. Fuck ya mama in a slime pit, her twat split, she shit, and I didn't get but a little bit . . ."

Randolph lowers the boom. "Yeah, porno preacher, I heard all about it. And speakin' of not gettin' but a little bit, you can kiss that (fifteen huge) bye-bye."

Confused and unsure of Randolph's meaning, Rump shrugs it off when the vain glorious, sex goddess, Monika rejoins him with a cool mixed drink and hot sexy grin.

Lil' Robert shoots the breeze with his wild expectations. "Yeah, now the way I see this shit, R n'R. You got a boss show, man. But you need a big name, and Casper Lonesome is the only one who can headline it. But all that gospel shit, I dunno. We got the boss blues man that's gonna put them squirmin' assholes in the seats, man! That's what I'm takin' 'bout, shit!"

Einstein is a superfluous middle man speaking on his own now and says, "Val has chastised me plenty, R n'R, about my decisions on this wager, but she knows I recuperate quickly. Now I've been taking notes and as I see things, I agree with your earlier proposal to set up your show, Scripture Park permanently in South Central L.A., the City of Angels! That could work, let's do it! Just leave it to me I'll handle it! I will manage it and promote it for you exclusively!"

Val, incensed at her hapless hubby's hubris, attacks again. "Promote, you nuts, ya big headed loser! I told you to hedge your bet. Nooo, you said, the bear is king on land. For some dumb reason you insisted he's the savage ruler, yeah, sure! Shit."

Einstein: "Sweetheart, please, you're embarrassing yourself, and me. R n'R is not impressed. Valerie please, restrain yourself!"

Monika, the beautiful, sees the sharks circling and leaves Rump, who's snorting cocaine, to put in her bid. "Ran . . . no excuses, you have more than enough moolah to make `Men From Mothafuckin' Mars´ now. So, when do we shoot?"

Randolph can see the éclat in her oddly mismatched aqua, electric eyes and as he knows, even if this is only an ephemeral event, he has the means and money to do it all now and he tells her emphatically. "Good question, supastar, and just think I got so mad at you before all this, I could've made you the star of Kaizen's first snuff film. As soon as the Scripture Park stage show ends, I'm makin' you Halcyon 21st Centertainment Corporation's first movie icon. Monika is deliriously

hugs and kisses happy with Randolph, and will hold him to his potentially profitable promise to her. Randolph takes Space aside and speaks sotto voce, so Bailey and his people won't hear. "Spaceman, you get anythang on that angry animal fight?"

Space: "I got it all, every bloody bit, but in snapshots man."

Space used a small German camera he borrowed from Pearson and sneaked it passed the Roman guards to snap the pictures he needed of the bull versus bear contest in the pit at Hell, Michigan. More footage means more great fodder, so Randolph reasons rightly, "Good guy, Spaceman, you must have mega footage by now?" And if he hadn't any pictures of the animal annihilating animal encounter, Bailey did, as he always filmed his beast battle blood baths with audio, and viewed them whenever he felt like it in private.

Space concurs whispering, and explains, "Bailey's guys filmed the fight for him. And I've got so much more tape on us; it'll take a month to edit it all." Mia didn't wait for the edited version, nor did the fans that saw snippets of Space's raw footage he left with her. She showed teaser trailer type tapes on TV and the Internet in his absence of the gang's exploits, that were now beginning to be demanded for confirmed play dates on movie screens everywhere!

Satisfied, Randolph smiles, "Yeah."

Boyer grits his teeth, grins and bares his sheepish soul, offering Randolph fifty-one per cent of the gate for Scripture Park, if his company Pearly Gate can be the ticketer tonight and every performance thereafter. Randolph is all by-the-balls business and says, "Set it up with Mia or T.R., it's cool, fool."

And a relieved Boyer explains, "Great, R n'R, and you won't regret it, because my people are already at the event and ready to go worldwide!"

Also forgiven, but for his defalcation and euchre, Mark speaks his concern. "What are ya gonna do about Louse, Kuni and Fugi now? Ya can't stop 'em; hell, they went legit. They'll own White Lion/2A/KKK, and they'll have Kaizen soon, the bid's sixteen billion."

Magic money words over everyone's head but Bailey's, and he booms back in, "Sixteen billion you say, why you'd need a captain of industry, majority partner for that. You'll never buy those companies with what you've got. What exactly are your earnings and winnings? I bet you don't have a hundred million, do you? You're out classed, no clout. So what do you do? Who do you know? Who has clout and Michigan money power? Who . . ."

All: "Aw, shut up!"

Rev. however, thinks it over and speaks his mind agreeing with Bailey. "He's right though, son, it seems like the more we get, the more we need."

Randolph spares himself that timorous thought and expresses another wisely, "Well, I feel real good, I just kept my promise to myself, I got Louse." And adding it all up again in his mind, he realized Bailey didn't know his total take, nor about the tax free big billion dollar check stashed solid in his wallet, pride in his slide. But best of all, the old water and power king said he'd bet again loud and clear!

Val is relentless as a bloodhound and tries to tree Randolph. "Yes, you need big money, even if you start up an I.P.O., you're gonna need . . ."

Bailey boldly takes over and butts in a bullish bear again, "I.P.O., who said that? Why I know more about I.P.O.'s than anybody! How do I know? That's me, I wrote the book on 'em. Tell 'em, Annie. I po'ed everybody!"

The darting black-eyed Susan woman was quick to back Bailey up and said gladly. "Yes, Mr. Bailey wrote the book on initial public offerings in this state. Oh, and here's Brighton! Ok, everybody, this is the bank stop." The train stops across the tracks from a two story, red brick and mortar building in a small sleepy Michigan town.

And Griego took over, "It won't take long; we called ahead, and the bank's right across these tracks."

Val views Randolph as a dormant account because she has yet to figure out how to approach him and win, still she tries to reach him saying, "Forty-eight million, plus, Vegas, Atlantic City and Detroit winnings, huh, not bad, but not near enough, R n'R, believe me. I know

I've lost considerable credit in your eyes, since I took the Adam and Eve commercial idea, and Melanoma and Teddy, and Lil' Robert. But trust me, this Scripture Park show could be a blockbuster, somethin' to really shout about!"

Randolph blows her off in jest, "I'm happy as a rich white man now, Val, can't ya tell?" He then imitates a simple-minded, dimwitted, geechee guy, as he plots to hold Bailey to another sucker bet to end all sucker bets: a billion bucks that he has that same amount.

And Val silver-tongues him soundly. "Don't make faces at me, R n'R, I'm serious. We can do more with that money in CD's, T-bills, money market and mutual funds."

This brought Bailey back with a virulent vengeance, "Wrong, wrong, wrong, don't listen to her! I'm Billion Dollar Bailey, and who is she, some penny ante, wet behind the ears, black bottom fisher tryin' to put a slick one in her side pocket. So don't fall for it! Water, water, cool fresh water! I can get you a lake right in this area. When you see it, you'll drool. It's near here just say the word. And for your religious event, I've even got my eye on the Sea of Galilee and all other sacred liquid assets." The gang enjoys a holy water laugh.

This offends Joel and he recites the words of Christ. "If any man thirst let him come unto me."

And a vixen-eyed Val voices a, "What about a woman?" remark under her horny hot for-him-breath.

Randolph loves Bailey's comeuppance and goes on the good foot. "Yeah, Joel, I see welfare recipients in need, and me doin' a special deal for them. They'd have to work and buy in though, no free ride. I'd build 'em homes, state of the art shoppin' centers. I'd open up Blessin' Banks in the hood; I'd give 'em commercial loans for business start-ups. I'd even lobby to pass a \$weet Reparation Bill for my black brothas and sistas, Native Americans, Mexicans and Asians too!"

They enter the bank, as Bailey explodes, "Welfare, why that's idiotic! They're impecunious imperceptible implausible, black, brown, red and white, poor and stupid, otiose, indolent people, an utter waste of time, energy and money. Tommyrot!"

The bank, normally closed on Sunday, is empty except for Randolph's party and three bank employees, as a tall, thin, balding, bifocal-wearing, pallid clerk comes up to Bailey. "Yes sir, Mr. Bailey, here's pen and paper. We have a cash receipt, and the cash is bagged and ready in the amount of forty-eight million in twenties, payable to . . .?"

Randolph expresses his excitement. "Halcyon 21st Centertainment Corp.!"

And then the clerk asked, "How do you spell that, sir?"

All: "H-a-l-c-y-o-n!"

Bailey wrote out the transfer of ownership for Rancor Circus back to Randolph, "Here you are. This guarantees you own Rancor Circus. Gimme a buck, and the transfer is legal."

Bailey is all business, and holds on to the written agreement until he receives the dollar transferring Rancor Circus to Halcyon 21st Centertainment Corp.

Randolph: "Give 'em a buck somebody." Esprit de corps returns to the gang and company as everyone reaches for a dollar.

But T.R., who secured the business-operating license for Scripture Park, is first to comply, "Here ya go, man."

The bossy billionaire takes the dollar bill, and Randolph snatches the agreement and lets T.R. check and okay it. Then Bailey whispers in Randolph's ear as to the whereabouts of the counterfeit money he bought Rancor Circus with. "Now, about that little matter of two million dollars funny money? Just between you and me, I'm a famous notaphilist (collector of paper money) and I'd like it back now."

Bailey presses Randolph who calls Kozmo, "Yeah . . . Kozmo!"

Kozmo comes over, receives the ownership of Rancor Circus back from Randolph and they talk, "Bless you, boss man."

And Randolph whispers loudly for fun, "Do you still have what Bailey paid you for Rancor Circus?"

Kozmo answers the same way whispering, "Yeah . . . it's where I told you!" And the gang begins to snicker.

Now Randolph speaks up a little louder with a serious bent. "Good, here's the deal, Bailey. I'll give you that back. I'll give it to you as soon as we unload the bet winnings cash in my bank, and not a Michigan minute before."

Bailey uses the Brighton Bank as a legal stash for his investments and has infinitely more than enough legit hard cash on hand to pay Randolph's piddling millions promptly. The bank employees and the cop guards load the bags of money onto the second mail car, as Carter, Pearson with Rev. and T.R. examine each bag inside the bank. "What! You don't trust Henry Caesar Caligula Bailey? This is the biggest insult I've ever endured! Why if I were a younger man, I'd . . ." Bailey attempts the bravado from a long gone day in his life.

And Randolph jokes, "If you were a younger man, you could still get your black Irish up and into Janet's pants, you old poot. Now that's it gang, let's load up and hit the road."

Mark is excited and holding a phone receiver in his hand. "What are you really gonna do, nigga? This is it! I rang Mia up again; she says the jubilee joint's jumpin'! The crowd is redoubling and trebling again, now it's at max, over nine million mothafuckas! But she only collected a mere scintilla of that money in cash. She says all six triple trailers are loaded with three more boxcars, making eight boxcars full, locked and guarded. The Scripture Park, Rancor Circus and Detroit River Bank cashier/credit card people almost got crushed and ceased collecting and counting for now. Then Cryin' Brian sent ten big blue chip companies at ten million a pop to shoot commercials with our chaps and the crowd for color. Mia paid that railroad guy Gire and the police commander and fire chief guy another hundred large. So the celebration macrocosm of mankind for the new millennium is still on!"

"The house band's red hot and Insane Elaine is still doin' it with her peeps in all that humanity insanity! The President's a no show, as is the governor; he called out the National Guard for security again in vain, and the mayor of Detroit's absent, but your mom, Gwen's mom, Rev.'s wife came.

The surprise news that Mother Randall and Gertrude Simmons are at the event, gets righteous reactions from Rev., Gwen and Randolph as Rev. Rump remembers, and realizes they're his old romances and mumbles under his breath, "Two of my hot, old hoochie coochie mama ho's, man."

And Mark continues, "Everybody's out in the pasture waiting to see and hear J.C. when he returns to walk on water across to Canada! Mia says to tell you it was wise not to leave J.C. in the pasture and his waxed legions have been building up avid anticipation for him out there all day! Oh, and have him bring his passport."

Randolph and Mark look at J.C. again, who's standing with an equivocal smile on his face in the doorway. "J.C., can you really walk on water, man?" Mark asks.

And Randolph uses Redd Foxx like repartee "Forget that. Hell, J.C., can you swim?"

Then Kozmo poses a pointedly pertinent practical question. "Who owns the meadow and that railroad yard? Somebody owns it?"

And money talks as Bailey answers him in a fustian voice. "I think you know the answer to that one. I wondered how long it would take you jack leg meanderers to figure it out."

Randolph dropped his guard, sucked in his pride and asks like a riled up Richard Pryor, "You own the meadow we're on now?"

Unmerciful Bailey lets him have it with a verbal right cross to the jaw. "The train you came to Detroit on and the goddamn rail yard, any questions?"

Feeling awkward and hurt Randolph bargains weakly on a boxer's bicycle, throwing up his guard. "So how much will you rent me the space for, you water on the brain, old crazy miser?"

The old cash codger's pirate's pernicious punch this time is to the groin, a low blow even for Bailey, a sucker punch indeed, and Randolph is caught leading with his business right, back pedaling out of bankrupt breath.

Randolph is bobbing and weaving, jabbing and staying out of verbal range from the damaging LBO blows to the solar plexus, sure to come and doing very well, although over and out matched by a heavyweight billionaire slugger with a take over target killer instinct. Wide open and set up for a cocksure raised rent knockout now, Randolph danced, faked, feinted, clenched, stayed on the financial ropes and went down for the automatic, non-ownership eight count. He's wobbly on his feet, hurt bad and bleeding profusely from every high interest loan orifice, and almost even groggy to fall as Bailey delivers his hard right land grabbing, landowner heavy hidden hand. "For you, forty-eight million per day, and not a penny less!"

But the blow glances and is without power when Randolph is able to parry it, duck and fight back. "You can go back to Hell, Michigan, and jump head first into that bloody bear pit!" Randolph realizes he's got big money coming from Mia and Cryin' Brian, but still not the equivalent of a billion big bucks in Bailey's eyes. So, it's a perfect set-up for his best Sunday punch, the tax-free cashier's check in his back pocket.

The next to the last round is coming up as Bailey swings and misses with a foreclosure and eviction combination, "Take it or leave it, throw in the towel!" A phone rings and no one answers it.

Ah, saved by the bell. Randolph recuperates and comes back strong saying, "Naw, you forget I got money (counterfeit bills) that belong to you, remember?"

And they meet toe-to-toe in the center of the ring for the final round and Kozmo as referee says, "Yeah, I'm still keepin' some of it in the possum belly with Nothin', boss man."

Then going for a quick TKO, Bailey picks up momentum and goes after the prize purse, muttering, pshawing and yelling, "Possum belly!" Bailey darts out of the bank and across the tracks to the flatcar carrying Nothin's cage.

And Kozmo follows and hollers, "Hey, come back here!"

Sure of a win now because of his hard street training and preparation strategy for this very fight, Randolph shrugs and says with confidence, "Let him go."

Kozmo steps in again to referee a fair fight shouting, "Boss man, are you just gonna let him go to the train?"

Walking behind them, Randolph grunts a firm, "Yeah."

Kozmo watches with the, in for a shock, giggling gang, as Bailey approaches Nothin's flatcar. "Look at him go, old fart. He's goin' to Nothin's flatcar and the possum belly. Hey, boss man, he's hip to circus talk. Stop, fool!"

Randolph figures the snake must be a harmless pet and only used as an act to frighten folks and keep Oona working as a snake charmer. Therefore, Oona's cobra reminded Randolph of Louse's laggardly lion, so he allows Bailey to go to the flatcar.

Billionaire water bearer, robber baron Bailey reaches underneath Nothin's flatcar and into the compartment there. He pulls out the flat, round, woven basket from the compartment, puts it down beside the tracks, gets on his knees and removes the lid. Suddenly, he's surprised and stunned to be greeted by the great hooded, defanged (although they grow back quickly) king cobra, Ssseth, the Death, who rises to a phantom violin playing as if it's a snake charmer's flute. Hissing and rearing upright, then towering over his kneeling bug-eyed intended victim, Ssseth quasi-lethal lunges and seems to grin like a cockatrice at Bailey, who falls back dead away in Janet's arms again. All while an out of breath Kozmo shouts out commands and eases the big (maybe yes, maybe no) non-poisonous snake back in the basket and slams on the lid.

All: "Ssseth!"

The sibilant slough, slithering slobbering snake is put back in the possum belly, and they all head back to the bank, stalked by a dirty, sweaty, smelly, disheveled desperate Bailey, who burst back in the door now like a funky mad, toga wearing, ancient Roman bank robber, taunting Randolph. "Dice, poker, odds or evens, rock, paper n' scissors, two out of three, you name it, I wanna get even!"

Randolph schemes on the mega-rich, unsuspecting, sucker betting, chronic compulsive, pathological, greedy gambler before him, on the ropes and about to kiss a fortune good-bye, to a stupid, inferior, black po' ass nigga, he thought. So Randolph didn't miss a beat and said, "I bet you a billion dollars, that I'm a billionaire too."

Bailey jumped, biting at the bait and boomed back, "A billionaire you say, why you'll never see a billion, not in my state, boy!"

But Randolph is firm and finishes his statement, "That's the bet, I've got a billion bucks cash money."

And an unbelieving Bailey berates him and attacks, "What, why you're crazy as your old, rank mouth, coon gospel singer."

Unrattled, Randolph counters convincingly, "I'll put up my end of the show and all my winnings, see?"

White water and white power Bailey licked his cracked chapped, bloody blue lips at the thought of recouping his loses, even if only in lieu of a billion, he restored his hitherto honor in the bargain, and he bellowed, "So, you want to make me an Affirmative Action, minority, deal breaker, billion dollar bet, right?"

"Yeah, all I got against what's in ya vault there. I want this bank building, the rail yard and meadow property and ownership rights to the big long train we came to Detroit on, plus, ya private car and the twenty-five container cars of Amazer `Pocket` Lasers, Amazer `Super` Lasers, and ev'rythang else up in 'em, and add the film ya got of the buffalo n' bear fight, old dude. Now how much ya got up in that vault, ya old dollars and cents devil?"

Bailey felt Randolph must be nigger high on a King Kong kilo of something or other and completely zonked out of it being so close to a white man's mega money, and he blatantly billionaire bragged, boasting out loud in magniloquent magnanimity, "Three billion, my end on the Kaizen deal with your brother and Kuni tomorrow morning, and I've got much more where that came from, under the vault in lower levels you wouldn't believe downstairs! Tell you what, since I can't possibly see you coming up with such a figure, you're on!"

Randolph is thrice lucky because first, this same Brighton Bank can become his Blessin' Bank for the people. And second, Bailey is betting in front of witnesses; so for global big business reasons, he's sure not to welch when he loses. Then third, to top it off, Randolph still possesses a small sample of the contemptible conniving counterfeiters monster two million dollar mistake in the possum belly with Ssseth, the Death, who fooled Bailey and the gang, as they all still wisely believe, although regularly defanged and/or milked of poison, the toothless tall snake is lethal.

Bailey continues on course to his own self-conquest, "I lost a pile to you and those three betting parlors. It's embarrassing to say the least. So here goes, you call your banker broker bookie, the NAACP, Jesse Jackson, Oprah, Robert L. Johnson, founder of BET TV, whomever. (Bailey chortles.) And if you've got one billion bucks, the amount you said anywhere, it's a bet, black boy!"

The gang is dumbstruck, even Rump is still and quiet now. The tellers working in the vault stop moving and breathing, and the giant vault door is wide open, exposing loads and loads of legit, mint green cash money! Randolph verbally punches the power mad, prejudice old foggy in his patrician nose, lashing out a fast furious fusillade of a street fighter's hard bare knuckled balled up fists. "Winner take all if I win! Ev'rythang I ask for in and under this bank building, that train out there and ev'rythang attached to it and on it, and the meadowland, include the train we came to Detroit on, back at the rail yard and the whole rail yard!"

Bailey thinks again and can't see how Randolph, a black man, could possibly produce a payday as prosperous as one billion dollars, and he accepts the amended extended bet with a snide, cold shrug, answering in an audible agitated voice, "It's a bet, black Priapus, (god of phallus) super stud stupid sepia sucker, and if you've got any evidence, whatsoever, proving you had a roll in the hay with the movie screen queen, dumb blonde of the last millennium, (Marilyn Monroe) you can have it all!"

Randolph: "Solid n' da wallet, but she won't dumb and she won't blonde."

The entire bank is electrified with bone chilling, blood curdling suspense, when Randolph reaches in his back pocket, pulls out his billfold, takes out the Cadillac of cashier checks and shows it to the stone faced, old racist, rotten rich, bad luck of the Irish, white man. Now Randolph's big black, hot hand for the new millennium is revealed in all its Detroit River Bank glory, as the gang gathers and surrounds the two cagey riverboat like gamblers to see.

Then hocus pocus, they all witnessed the curled lock of not flaxen nor dirty platinum blonde, but darker, plain Jane pubic hair attached to the famous notables nude autographed photograph, he takes from another compartment in the wallet, with a grinning reflection of

himself in the medicine cabinet mirror, snapping the picture naked and aroused. A note on the back says, `Thanks for the multi-big Oooh's, R n'R, you turn me your slave. But then again, we shall overcome, right?` Signed Marilyn.

Now as a heavyweight champion, prize fighter's fist would smash, crack, then shatter an opponent's glass jaw, Randolph's hardcore heroic hustle hits bully bigot billionaire Bailey hard enough to break through the glass ceiling, sending shards of crushed diamonds and pure gold dust in silver showers down upon them from the fallen financier's faulty Fort Knox like facility. And with second childhood puerility and amplified flatulence, denigrated, water baron, water and power billionaire Bailey defecates his now tarnished, torn and tattered toga.

Bitch Ho screams her earsplitting seven octaves at the sight of the nine zeros. Gwen removes her top, then hilariously hambones and human beat boxes brilliantly, while shaking her pointy tipped, black nipple areolas, unleashed sports bra full of topless, beautiful bosomy brown breasts. Carter does the Philly Slop with Rump. Pearson gives a goose-stepping, shit heel clicking, and stiff Nazi salute to Randolph and fires twelve shots in the ceiling from his German Luger. Monika's green and blue eye each go white from dollar signs. Space bangs his clapboard and shouts while taping the whole thing for posterity, "Lights, camera, Affirmative Action! This is the last slate!"

T.R., Joe, Kozmo, Casper, Lil' Robert, Einstein, Teddy Kotex and Boyer bow down in solemn respect, chanting, "You da damn man . . . Mr. Mufuckin' Millennium Man! FIRST BROTHAMAN, BLACK MULTI-BILLIONAIRE BREAKTHROUGH!"

Rev. cries softly into his semen stained handkerchief, thanking his Lord Jesus Christ, Heavenly Father and Melanoma. An invidious Val continues to solicit Randolph and seems to turn an odd shade of sniveling, groveling greedy green. Melanoma removes her low-slung panties and does a victory dance, showing a shock of her big black, tousled, hirsute vagina, gaped wide open as the vault. Toy is overcome like Marilyn Monroe was, pillow to bedpost, headboard to wall, ceiling to floor, in Randolph's Alvin Hotel bedroom, and she, Toy, actually swoons, panting purplish passionate pleasurable, multiple orgasms, plus, presenting purple painted pubes and a sodden, vulnerable violet vagina. Janet slaps dots (bendis) on her forehead, face and rosy pink, beautiful white body.

Joel is finally moved to speak in his own words and let's go with, "Well I'll be a goddamn Golgotha, prayer book mouth muthafucka! This nails my Jesus actin' ass, R n'R!" Randolph slips him half of the Amazer` Pocket` Lazer and promises the other half, to put him on an equal par with J.C., for tonight's big show in the meadow.

Mark pees his pants in anticipation of the future now with a gang of money. "You should've got him for his hydroelectric, superpower plants, his dams, rivers, lakes, reservoirs, artificial waterways and thousands of thousands of acres of land worldwide! Shit, he owns the water rights to everywhere! Ah well, another missed opportunity after all." Mark's tough tight thin-lipped grin pretends to accuse Randolph of pissing away a greater fortune from Bailey.

J.C. takes a cup of water from the water fountain, pours it upon the floor and walks on it with uncontrollable glee and quips, "Randolph, I'm rehearsing my miracle for tonight." Thereby, almost admitting to one and all his friable falsity. Then he astounds them by raising himself a foot above the floor with obvious aid of an Amazer` Pocket` Lazer and walks on thin air!

After J.C. demonstrates his walking on air stunt while showing the Amazer` Pocket` Lazer to the gaping gawking gang, Randolph announces, "Both J.C. and Joel will be walking on water tonight, and then the world can do the same trick for two hundred and ninety-nine dollars a pop."

Casper: "Down Time, they oughta put up a statue to you for this tremendous happenin', man!"

All: "Shit yeah!"

Randolph: "Naw, Ghost, I just hope I beat a path for somebody to follow."

Mark: "Ya sound like Martin Luther King, nigga."

Einstein: "I'm hot on your trail, believe me!"

Rump: "Yeah, shit, it's a muthafuckin' shortcut to the gawddamn bank, shit! Gimmie my muthafuckin' scratch, R n'R, gawddammit!" They all hold the Sinister Minister back.

Gwen: They'll name buildings and great places after you, honey." Randolph and the gang ignore Rump as he harangues on in tongue while having a conniption, holiness hissy fit.

Mark: "They'll name a beastly bologna sandwich after ya, nigga."

Randolph: "I'm a pathfinder (as an African Cape buffalo leader of the herd is deemed) and I get even just like Nothin' did. So there's a street, a boulevard or road out there somewhere with my name on it."

Bitch Ho: "Hell yeah, Randolph Rd., Ran!"

All: "Randolph Rd!"

Bitch Ho sits down at a vacant desk and uses her King Kaizen Kombo, combination music box, DAT/DVD recorder, and laptop computer. She composes the eponymous `Theme of Randolph Road´ in three minutes flat online, as the gang of gangs, starring in the greatest reality-based, live, syndicated pay TV show ever, gangs around her and reads it aloud in unison, with feelings of great harmony and prosperity to come, in the Twenty-first Century and Third Millennium for all.

White Janet, as they all call her now, who is back in the fold, chances one more of her creatively catchy clever titles and offers, "Or `Romance Rd´, R n'R, if you're super sensitive about using your own name."

But Gwen (hottest n' da bodice) keeps abreast of things and reminds her, "White Janet, watch all that romance, sweet talk with Ran now."

And Randolph says, "Change `Randolph Rd.´ and `Romance Rd.´ to `Finance Rd´. and you get over like a fat hood rat in Harlem Habitat."

The Theme Of Finance Rd.

*Take Finance Rd.
 All the way up
 A buttercup
 Of sun will erupt
 You won't hear me complain
 When it rains*

*Take Finance Rd.
 All the way down
 When clouds are gray
 Don't wear a frown
 I know a place
 Where skies are blue*

*I wrote you a love sonnet
 And this is what I said
 I'll be lovin' you
 As long as apples are red*

*The road of life's
 A maple drive
 Money tree lined canopy
 At rainbow's end
 Veer left off of
 The avenue ennui . . . ennui*

*Take Finance Rd.
 All the way out
 Fresh mornin' dew
 Is meltin' about*

*That's where I fell in love
 With you
 The street where hopes n' dreams
 Come true
 That's the theme of Finance Rd.*

By Sharon Baker

Lil' Robert: "Bold n' da billfold, say waaay amen somebody!"

Sync: "Pride n' da slide, Fatha, it is muthafuckin' finished."

Randolph: "Naw, ya way white, uptight, profane pissed off parasitic, dung pickin', punk pecker parrot butt, funky feathered, foul-mouth fowl, birdbrain sucka! It ain't hardly finished fatha. It's just freakin', breakin' off beginnin'! It's the god-blessed, diddley squatted, confounded career Fake 2 da Moon move of the mofo new millennium, man! It's time to overthrow they tired thievin' tyranny and restore respectable righteous integrity in politics, plus, supply and demand. Hit me band! It's a free will offerin' to the poor and confined n' da mind like a mug. So after I stop in Ypsi to pickup the left behind, leftover, so thought loonies in the lower level at Kostiers Institute, you know, all the dreaded ones havin' seizures with electrodes on their heads, suffering electro convulsive therapy from a Thymatron machine, electroshock device, without an anesthesiologist, or some even hooked up to respirators. Then, I'd like to take this waaay phat, certified monsta motha, solid in my wallet, to a check cashin' joint in Detroit, just to see the look on the cashier's face. BOO-YAA!"

The gang and company detonates a lachrymal landslide of laughter, ha ha hee hee ho ho, ho's! for the labor of love and largesse their laudable loyal Lothario leader, with a legendary Loch Ness Monster third leg down his loins and limbs launches to lay loads of his lush long loot for equity interest on them and lucky investors with a luxury living wage, looming large leeway legacy for life, as he's tryin' 2 B a legitimate libertarian, hardcore, folklore future quadrillionaire!

Sync: "The nigga's mufuckin' got lovable ladies, big dick suckin' n' fuckin'; he's a ass beatin' buckin', cool fool shit muckin', pretty pussy luckin', treat all the waaay fine women, beat all the baad butt men, at his leisure, in this lucre lovin' world, where the glory of God is the Devil's instead. Aw, shut my shit ass, dirty birdie, potty mouth." Sync, the now panegyric preaching parrot takes a profanity purist cue, just short of the contemplative life from Randolph's glaring gaze and continues correctly. "He codifies and calibrates the antithesis of hate. He's an epochal . . ."

All: "BROTHAMAN!"

They saluted him, and Randolph snatched the flag from its stand in a corner of the bank. Bitch Ho found the appropriate track on her King Kaizen Music Box. Then the gang sang this dead-bang Baba Uhura patriotic piece with pride, joy and waaay brotherly love while marching through the tiny town in God's good grace and gleaming Michigan sunshine!

Our Flag Old Glory

*Our Flag
Our Flag
Old Glory
Our Flag
Is flying high*

*Red white and blue
Old Glory
Is flying in the sky*

*A twenty-one gun salute
The high school band
To boot*

*The whole town's marching
Down Main Street
To the drum and bugle beat*

*Carrying our flag
Our flag Old Glory
Our flag is flying high
The big parade is coming
And Uncle Sam is too*

*Today is all American Day
In each and every way
We'll wave our flag
Old Glory
For the whole wide world
To see*

*From town to town
All over
These fifty super states
This nation is united
For God and liberty*

*Our flag
Our flag
Old Glory
Our flag is flying high*

*Red white and blue
Old Glory
Is flying in the sky*

*Our flag
Our flag
Old Glory
Our flag is flying high
Red white and blue
Old Glory
Is flying in the sky*

THE END. . . NAW, THE ENTR'ACTE!

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