



The Concert

Scenario

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**“If there were a lesson to be learned, it would be to love deep, love real,
and embrace life and live like today is your last” –Psoemetry**

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CHAPTER 1: INTRO

Narrator: Newport News, Virginia. The Daily Journal Office on a weekday morning. Things are somewhat slow at the office. Several people are just sitting around the office drinking coffee and chatting. Leigh the newest member on the staff, is disappointed again because she didn't get the hoped for promotion. She feels grossly overlooked by the other full-time writers.

Narrator: (Shardonnay Patois, a distinguished writer and wife of the owner of the Daily Journal, Pettaway Patois, enters the office with a huge coffee mug in her hand. Her stylish glasses rest on the bridge of her nose. She looks across the room at the young Journalist hopeful, smiles then walks towards her).

Narrator: Shardonnay: (looks stern slightly turning her head)

Shardonnay: "Walk with me"

Narrator: They head for Mrs. Patois' office

Shardonnay: "Your name is Leigh...is that correct"?

Leigh: "Yes"

Narrator: They enter the office, Shardonnay places her cup on the desk then has a seat. Takes a deep breath and looks over her glasses at Leigh.

Shardonnay: "Have a seat Leigh"

Narrator: Leigh quickly sits as Shardonnay stands and begins walking around the room. Shardonnay picks up various pictures and smiles fondly as she places them back in their places.

Shardonnay: "You haven't worked here long have you dear?"

Leigh: "Not long but..."

Shardonnay: "My husband and I started this company more years ago than I care to count. He worked for his father at another large newspaper. My husband felt that he wasn't able to grow like he wanted to. He felt he was being held back. Much like you feel right now."

Leigh: “But Mrs. Patois I...”

Shardonnay: “Please, call me Shardonnay” (Shardonnay laughs lightly)

Shardonnay: “I don’t know why in the world my parents would name me after a drink. I suppose changing the C to an S was supposed to make a big difference. Lord knows the kids gave it to me while I was in school.”

Narrator: (She sits on the edge of her desk closer to Leigh and continues)

Shardonnay: “I know you’re hurt, disappointed...PISSSED that you didn’t get that promotion.”

Leigh: (objects) “I’m not disappointed”

Shardonnay: “You’re disappointed and all of the above. I understand. And it’s alright. But here’s what you do young lady. Don’t you dare give up. I’ve been watching you and reading your work. It takes a very special kind of person, man or woman, to be a journalists. And there are more than one type of journalist. You keep working. You’ll find your place.”

Narrator: (Leigh slumps back into her chair.)

Leigh: “With all due respect Mrs. I mean Shardonnay. Is this where you tell me how much I remind you of yourself?”

Narrator: (Shardonnay returns to her seat.)

Shardonnay: “On the contrary. You’re nothing like me. And do you know why Miss Leigh? Because there is only one me and there can only be one me.”

Narrator: (She folds her hands together and leans forward on her desk)

Shardonnay: “Just like there should only be one you. We’re writers. We’re not some fly by night dictation taking whosawhatzits. We are unique. You and I. And we should understand that uniqueness until the world feels it in their blood the same way we feel it in ours. And if we can’t create with each stroke of our pens....that magic that the world so desperately seeks....so desperately needs....then”

Narrator: (Shardonnay strikes her desk.)

Shardonnay: “Then what’s the point?”

Narrator: (Leigh is sitting fully upright now.)

Leigh: “I want to write more than you’ll ever know Shardonnay”

Narrator: (Shardonnay rocks back in her chair)

Shardonnay: “Then stop worrying about promotions and what people think about your work who have no clue what good work is.”

Shardonnay: “Leigh, take a look out this window. Do you see those people out there?....Now those are the ones that matter. Do you feel me?”

Narrator: (Leigh nods her head)

Shardonnay: “Then get out of my office and start acting like you know how great you are and find out what those people want.....and gurlie....you give it to them”

Narrator: Both ladies are smiling now as Leigh starts to dash out of the office. She turns back and gives the bosses’ wife a huge hug. She rushes out of the office.

Narrator: (It’s a beautiful day outside. Leigh walks with a happier gate to the parking lot where her car is. She drives an older car, kind of beat up looking but she is thankful for the car (when it runs)

Narrator: (She talks to the car in an attempt to get it started. She talks sweetly and encouraging, making promises to the car if it starts. The car finally starts and she hops in and begins to just drive. She turns on the radio and starts singing to the tunes and bouncing.)

Leigh: “I’m kinda hungry. What shall I eat todayyyy?”

Narrator: (She turns into a nearby food spot and pulls up to the drive through)

Leigh: “Good afternoon.”

Drive Thru Hostess: “Good afternoon. Welcome to The Right Place, May I take your order please?”

Leigh: “Yes, I would like to order a number 7 combo.....

Hostess (Interrupting continually) “Will that be all today?”

Leigh:” No I would like that with onion rings instead of fries. Hold....”

Hostess: “Will that be all for you today?”

Leigh: “No the pickles please and no.....”

Hostess: “Anything else?”

Leigh: (irritated now) “No tomatoes and.”

Drive Thru Hostess: “What’s your drink?”

Leigh: “Coke please”

Drive Thru Hostess: “Would you like to add a dessert with that?”

Leigh: “Ah, no thanks”

Drive Thru Hostess: “Would you like to super size that order today?”

Leigh: “Ah, no that will be all”

Drive Thru Hostess: “Would you like to donate to our local charity?”

Leigh: “Ahhh no thanks, just my order please. How much do I owe?”

Drive Thru Hostess: “8.97. Please pull to the second window”

Narrator: (Leigh Pulls to the window and pays for her order. Drives to the first window and picks up her order. Checks the order then pulls off.)

Drive Thru Hostess: “Thank you and please come again”

Leigh: “Thank you, you have a nice day.”

Narrator: (Leigh continues to drive listening to the radio and eating now.)

Leigh: “These are my people.....reach my people.....darn. Be my own greatness.”

Leigh: “Oh no baby no don’t do this to me. Not now Not nooooo”

Narrator: (One last **KABOOM!** and the car dies. Leigh gets the car to coast into one of the parking spots at King Lincoln Park. Frustrated, she gets out of the car and lifts the hood. White smoke comes pouring out. She slams the lid shut then leans against the car)

Narrator: (King Lincoln Park is a park located at a Senior Citizen High Rise building. There is a small quiet lake just off from the park area. A few park benches are scattered here and there. Occasionally there might be some younger people who come to enjoy the quiet of the park. Leigh begins to walk toward the park benches and the people.)

Leigh: “I might as well make the best of out a bad situation. It’s early yet. Maybe I can get some kind of work started today. Dang.”

Narrator: (She pulls her phone from her pocket, starts to record, and holds it directly in front of her mouth and speaks.)

Leigh: “My name is Leigh Marshall and I’m a reporter for the Newport News Daily Journal. I’m here in the Lincoln Park community speaking with some of the local residents. Here’s someone now. Excuse me sir”

Narrator: A young man possibly in his late 20’s is passing by.

Young Man: “Whut up shorty?”

Leigh: “Hi, My name is Leigh Marshall and I’m a reporter for the Newport News Daily Journal and....”

Young man: “You a cop ain’t ya?”

Leigh: “Um no sir. My name is Leigh Mar....”

Young man: “You can’t fool me. You’re a cop.”

Leigh: “Sir, I’m not a cop, I’m a reporter and.....”

Young man: “Yooooou don’t fool me bruh. You got that wire don’t cha...?”

Leigh: “This? No this is my recorder. I use it when I’m....”

Young man: “Tryin to set me up? It’s a wire.....I know a wire when I see one.”

Leigh: “Sir, ah..a if it were a wire you couldn’t see it. I promise you...I just want.”

Young man: “Get away from me! Leave me alone or you’ll wish yo mama was never born.....YA FEEL ME?” (He quickly runs off}

Leigh: “What the heck was that all about? Oh, here’s someone else. Excuse me ma’am. My name is Leigh and.....”

Crackhead: “You got some spare change lady? Maybe a few extra dollars? My house burned down yesterday and I’m trying to get some money for a hotel and some food. Any amount will do. Ten, Twenty dollars....any amount will do fine please...”

Leigh: “I’m sorry, I don’t have any money.”

Crackhead: “You got some spare change? Maybe I can get me some cigarettes. Any amount will do. Or maybe a few dollars. See I just need some money so I can pay my rent.....”

Leigh: “Rent on the house that burned down yesterday?”

Crackhead: “Naw, I mean, I’m tryin ta...I’m uh, I need money for my hotel room so I’ll have a place for me and my family to stay while I um, wait for the insurance money to get another house and see...”

Leigh: “Really lady?”

Crackhead: “You gonna give me some money?”

Leigh: “Nope”

Crackhead: “Well forget your stank crack head looking ole ugly...”

Leigh: “Neeext. I can’t believe this crap. Oh, there’s a woman who looks.....sane. Excuse me ma’am.”

Narrator: (Leigh sees an older woman feeding the pigeons)

Millie: “Yes young lady, how might I help you?”

Leigh: “My name is Leigh. I’m a writer of sorts. Well, at least I try to be. I wanted a job in my field so, until I could actually get my own column at the Newport News Daily Journal, I decided to get out in the community and do what I could do and see just what happened.”

Millie: “ You thought you could get your feet wet here at the Lincoln Park Senior Housing Project?” (Millie chuckles)

Leigh: “Actually that’s my car over there. It broke down as I was passing by here so I coasted into a parking spot and decided to make the best of it and work on my interviewing skills”

Millie: “Really? Innovative....I like that in a young person. My name is Mildred, my friends call me Millie.”

Leigh: “Awesome, can I interview you Millie, I mean Mildred?”

Millie: (laughs lightly) Child, you are welcome to call me Millie if you like and you certainly may interview me. Of course I’m just an old woman who might not be such a good subject for you.”

Leigh: “Thank you so much. Compared to the other two uh...subjects...you’ll be a prize I’m sure.” (they both laugh)

Leigh: “Ok, I’m ready when you are”

Millie: “I could have been Millie Jackson. (chuckles) “Of course I’m older than Millie Jackson, but I tell you something, I am surely every bit as sexy.”

Leigh (thinking) (I know we are going to hit it off just fine. Millie is very handsome in spite of her years showing. In spite of her pleasant laughter, her eyes seem like they are filled with such sadness. I can tell by her gaze that those old eyes have some stories to tell...and I definitely want to listen.)

Millie: “Well child, you gonna get a pen and paper or are you just going to keep staring at me?”

Leigh: “Oh no Millie, I use this device on my phone. It’s like a mini tape recorder. See?”

Millie: “Well I’ll just be. What will they think of next? That’s real nice”

Leigh: “Thank you.”

Millie: “I use to be a writer once a very long time ago.”

Leigh: “Really? I’m impressed. Maybe that’s what it is. Your spirit is that of...the spirit of a writer.”

Millie: “See that high rise right there? That’s where I live. I’ve got some of my work right up there. Come on up. Let me show you some of my things.”

Leigh: “Cool, let’s go.”

Leigh: (Maaaaan, this place smells like pure urine. I can’t believe someone as fancy dressing as Millie lives in this dump. Ugghh)

Walter Hargrove: “Excuse me ma’am. Got some change?”

Leigh: “No sir, I’m sorry I don’t.”

Walter: “You think I’m going to drink it up don’t cha?”

Leigh: “No sir, I just don’t have any change. What is his deal man?”

Walter: “I’m just hungry that’s all.”

Millie: (Gently but firmly) “Luther, leave that woman alone. Ask Eloise for some lunch if you’re hungry. She’ll feed you. It’s fried chicken and corn bread today.”

Millie: “Leigh, that’s Luther Hargrove. He’s harmless. Give him a drink and he’ll be your best friend. Only thing is, the doctor said the drinks are slowly killing him. But I guess he feels sometimes death may be the lessor of the two evils.”

Leigh: “And what’s the other evil?”

Millie: “Living in this place....or the life he has.”

Leigh: (sadly) “I see. Here’s the elevator, what floor are we taking?”

Millie: (chuckles) “Oh we’re not taking the elevator. Come on baby.”

Leigh: “No? What floor do you live on?”

Millie: “Floor number 6”

Leigh: (Laughing) “You’re joking right? Seriously, what floor?”

Millie: “Floor number 6, and if you want to make it alive, you’ll come with me.”

Narrator: (Leigh thinks Millie’s laughter is very pleasant. It reminds her of music)

Leigh:” Six floors huh. Dang”

Millie: “The fire department will have to open the door to let you out....and that’s if you aren’t dropped back where you came from. Then if you live, honey....you’ll still have to walk. Soooo, make it easy on yourself and....let’s walk”

Leigh: “Yes ma’am. After you.”

Leigh: (She’s GOT to be kidding me. My legs are killing me man. My heart is beating out of my chest but I can’t let this old woman hear me breathing like I can’t make it. Dang. How many more floors? Six right? Awww man. My legs.....ah. One more flight. She’s already at the top. She’s got to be use to this. Finally....I’m bout ta pass out here.”)

Leigh: (Breathing hard) “How do you do this every day?”

Millie: “Here, let me shut that door dear. It’s because I do it every day that I can do it every day. It’s basically how I get my exercise. (Footsteps towards the apartment door)

Millie: “This is me right here. Come on in.”

Leigh: “Wooooow, your place is very organized and clean. It looks just like one of those real expensive magazine shots. I’m scared to move it looks so nice in here. You must be rich with all this stuff!”

Millie: “Don’t be silly dear. Here look, these are some of my literary awards.”

Leigh: “Ohhhh SNAP! You won the golden Quill and Scroll award?! These awards are so beautiful. I can’t believe I’m standing next to a Quill and Scroll award winner. No one will believe me.”

Millie: (Sadly) “That award is the last one I received before my Albert passed away. **(Pauses)** The night I received this award Albert was supposed to be with me. We were running late so he told me to go ahead, and he would meet me there.” (Sound of award being placed onto a table)

Leigh: “May I touch it?”

Millie: “Sure honey. He never did show up. Our children were there, our grandchildren were there, all of our friends but no Albert. It was the most important night of my entire life...so I thought....and he never showed up. I was so upset with him. He was the SLOWEST man I ever knew. So unorganized that sometimes I didn’t know if I was his mother or his wife.”

Leigh: “I can’t believe I’m holding this award. It’s the most beautiful literary award I have ever seen. Please continue Millie”

(sound of blinds being closed)

Millie: “Later during the celebration I received a call from the hospital. I’d wondered why he was moving slower than usual that day. I was so caught up in myself that I didn’t even realize that something was wrong. And he wouldn’t tell me. I’m going to get myself a bottle of water, would you like one Leigh?”

Leigh: “Yes thank you.”

Millie: “Here you go. The last thing he said was, ‘I’m proud of you.....nothing is going to mess up my baby’s day today. (voice begins to crack) “He was usually right about things but....not this time.” (sound of award being placed back on table)

Leigh: “Are you alright?”

Millie: “Now don’t you mind these old tears honey. It’s all I have that I can share with him. God knows I loved that man. If I had only known, I would have rather have had him than that award.” (pause and deep sigh) “We got the call from the hospital. I’m thankful that I got a chance to tell him good-bye. That’s the night that I put my pen and pad down and didn’t pick it back up again for many, many years.”

Leigh: (softly) “Wow” **(short pause)** “This water is so good Millie. I like the slush in it. It’s freezing cold and sho nuf welcomed by my throat. It’s so hot outside.”
(sound of paper) “Is this a manuscript? Is this something you’re working on now Millie?”

Millie: “I didn’t start back writing until recently.”

Leigh: (reading) “The Concert. Millie is this a manuscript?”

Millie: “It is indeed”

Leigh: “That’s so exciting! When will you submit it for publication?”

Millie: “Oh no, I can’t submit it dear.”

Leigh: “Sure you can. Just do it!”

(sound of Millie getting up from her seat)

Millie: “I can’t publish it because it’s not all my work. Someone else helped me to write it.”

Leigh: “But...”

Millie: “Are you hungry? I’m hungry. I’ll fix something for us to eat. It’s getting late. I’d like you to stay over tonight if you don’t mind. There are some things I’d like to share with you. That is, unless you have someplace you need to be.”

Leigh: “I got no place to be. Besides I still haven’t heard back from the repair dude. Heck I just do have a job. Freelance pays on delivery. I’m good ta go.”

Millie: “Very well then. I’ll fix dinner. You just relax and make yourself at home.”

(Sounds of pots and pans and cooking.)

Leigh: “I sure hope she can cook. She looks like she can burn. Wow, a manuscript by a Quill and Scroll winner right here on the table beside me. The Concert. Interesting.”

Millie: “Dinner is done. I usually turn in early so after we eat I’m going to bed. You can have the guest room down the hall to your right. There’s a bath with a shower and some items for you to freshen up. If you need anything just let me know.”

Leigh: “Food looks slammin’. Cool beans on the rest. Thanks Mil. (Lord, please don’t let this woman be some crazy in the middle of the night killer. Other than that, I thank You for this food I’m about to eat. Amen.)

Narrator: (It’s the next morning.)

Leigh: (thinking) (Yawn) “Sleep came real easy last night. **(sniffing)** Is that French toast I smell cooking? And eggs and bacon? And coffee? Man I can’t believe this. Let me get up.”

(Sound of footsteps approaching the door)

Millie: (singing) “Good morning Leigh. Are you hungry?”

Leigh: “You look real nice Millie. Dang you look like a movie star. Every strand of hair is perfectly in place...is that Chantecaille you’re wearing? “

Millie: “Thank you, and why yes it is Chantecaille. How did you know?”

Leigh: “I recognize it from a gift I got one year. And to answer your question.....Man I’m starvin like Marvin.”

Millie: (they both laugh) “Alright then, breakfast will be ready soon.”

(Sound of Millie leaving the room)

Leigh: “You ain't gotta tell me twice sistah.” **(Thinking)** (I wonder how someone as classy as Millie could live in a place like this. I mean she looks like she has money. The furniture has got to be expensive. A blind man could see that. I’m gonna take this shower real quick and get dressed. Maaaaan breakfast smells good. She washed my clothes too?) Millie ain’t no joke.)

(Sound of shower and Leigh singing in the shower.)

Leigh: “I am ready to eat. Boy everything looks so good.”

Millie: (Blesses the table) “Well, let’s eat then”

Leigh: “This food is past delicious Mille. So tell me.... what’s your story?”

Millie: “What would you like to know Leigh?”

Leigh: “Only what you want to tell me.”

Millie: “Well, let’s finish eating first. I always over cook so I can bag up the left overs for our homeless ministry some of my friends and I have here in the building. Don’t let your food get cold dear. Eat up.”

Leigh: “Cool”

(Sounds of eating.)

Millie: “Finished?”

Leigh: “I’m stuffed. Can’t eat another bite if I tried.”

Millie: “Wonderful. Here, help me pack up these left overs.”

(Working sounds. Small talk then a knock on the door)

Millie: “My pickup is here. Grab some of these bags baby.”

(Sound of the door open and bags being passed out. Small talk. Door closes)

Leigh: That’s nice that you all do this to help people less fortunate than yourselves. Real nice.”

Millie: (softly) “Come here dear. This is where it all began. “

Leigh: “That’s a nice computer.”

Millie: “Oh no dear, this is far more than just a computer. This machine saved my life. It’s almost like a best friend to me.”

Leigh: “A computer your best friend? (Puzzled slightly) I can kinda see that.”

Millie: “Leigh, let’s go for a walk”

Leigh: “What?”

Millie: “Walk with me.”

(Sound of door opening and descending the stairs. The outside door opens. Sounds of the park, birds, water etc.)

Millie: “After my husband died some years ago, I went into a severe depression. I didn’t want to live and I just quit writing. Finally, my son came and took me to live with his family. He hoped to help me get my writing itch back by taking me to events. Nothing worked.”

Leigh: (thinking) (The way the wind blows through her silver hair reminds me of clouds in the spring. I know I’ll have something to write about now. I’ll show everyone back at that paper.)

Millie: “I have a daughter who is also a writer. She came over sometime later...in fact not too long ago I would say. And she took me to live with her. **(Lite chuckle)** My baby girl, she was always so wild that one. She actually bought me my computer and told me she was not going to leave me alone until I wrote

something. She even took me to an online group on something called “Black Planet dot com. Aaaand she helped me join this group for writers. ‘Meet friends’ she said. ‘Write’ she said. And then she left me alone looking at the page she had pulled up for me. And that my dear, was the beginning.”

(Sounds of greeting people as they continue to walk)

Millie: “I sat at that computer for a while, and my daughter, bless her darling heart, came back into the room. She leaned over my shoulder and created a profile for me. No picture, no real information, except that I was a writer. And oh yes, that I was living in Newport News, Virginia. Then she left. That’s when the message came.”

Leigh: “And what message was that?”

Millie: “The message from ‘him’”

Leigh: “Who? What him? Hold on and let me check my time. I’ll save this file and restart. One second.....go!”

Millie: “Let’s go back to the apartment. The message came on the computer that simply said...‘nice weather we’re having today isn’t it?’ I didn’t know what to say so I just replied, ‘having weather is always nice.’ Here’s the building...you ready?”

Leigh: “Noooo not those stairs again! (they both laugh)

Millie: “He asked me for my name but, I couldn’t tell him my real name sooooo, (she burst into laughter) I told him my name was Lauren. Then he said his name was Troy. We shared a few things with one another and then before I could do anything, there it was on the screen..”

Leigh: There was what on the screen Millie?”

Millie: “The Concert!”

Leigh: “Now I’m really confused. This whole book?”

Millie: “No, not the whole book. Just a short scenario. I had to finish it. And it was spicy and, oh my dear, I said to myself...’this must be a young man. But the excitement to write again was coming back. I could feel it in my blood. I couldn’t let on that I was almost 76 years old. So.....I played along and I joined in on the game. He would write a little something and pass it to me and then I would write an answer and pass it back. Here.....This is where the story began. Go ahead....Read it.”

Leigh: (Clears her throat and begins to read aloud) “When Troy Met Lauren. Ok.... Lauren and I were meeting in Midtown Manhattan for a Prince Tru Being concert. We had been talking to each other online and we both loved Price Tru Being, so when the tickets fell into my hand, I thought it would be a perfect first date.”

Leigh and Troy Together: “I parked in the lot across from Carnegie Hall and”

Troy: (walked to the spot where we had agreed to meet. As I approached, I could see she was wearing a very sexy dress with an empire waist. It came just above her knees and showed some sexy legs. Once we were seated, we chatted, getting to know each other better since we were now face to face. As I leaned over to talk to Lauren, I picked up a very nice fragrance and her hair had that just shampooed aroma, like coconut oil or something. Her makeup was light but accentuated all of her facial features. Prince Tru began his set by telling the audience that he had a special guest in the audience who had started a fan club on ning.com and would be interviewing him after the concert. The house lights were dimmed and the music started. We stood in the aisles and danced to his music. We were swaying in rhythm. All of our favorite songs were sung, and the mood turned completely romantic. As Lauren got more and more excited, the hem of her dress

began to ride up her thighs and the view was magnificent. Prince Tru then did his special number 'Truly'. Lauren all but swooned as each high note was struck with the finest precision. Holding Lauren in my arms facing away from me I became as hard as Superman's belt buckle . The bulge in the crotch of my slacks was very visible. Lauren looked down, noticed it, smiled and said.....(to be continued by Lauren)

Leigh: "Wow. When you read this, what did you do?"

Millie: "What else could I do? Was I shocked? Yes I was. But for whatever reason, I just joined and continued the story. He would write some and then, I would write some and it went on for days. We played what I call, 'Scenario Tag' and it was sooo much fun. Please continue."

(continues to read as her dialogue fades and blends into the actual story....)

Leigh: (reading) "Is that a hammer in your pocket....."

Lauren: "Is that a hammer in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?"

(Troy and Lauren laugh) (in a deep sexy voice Lauren continues)

Lauren: "Dance with me Troy."

("Truly" softly is heard in the background as they dance. Sounds of clapping and sounds of approval are heard. The song ends and more clapping)

Lauren: "It's time for my interview. Will you wait for me Troy?"

Troy: "I wouldn't have it any other way. (In a sexy whisper Troy speaks) "Go get your interview."

(sound of light quick footsteps)

Narrator: (After the interview)

Troy: "That didn't take too long. Would you like something to eat?"

Lauren: "I I don't think....."

Troy: "Maybe we can go out for some desert or something."

Lauren: (He's so tender and gentle. Oh my gosh his muscles are sooo huge. He's so handsome, relaxed and confident.)

Troy: "Maybe we can go out for something to drink, apple juice or tea?"

Lauren: ("He remembered that I don't drink. How thoughtful. Oh my gosh.")

Troy: "I just need to stop by my car real quick. I promise you'll be safe and we won't be gone long. It's up to you. You're the boss. You call the shots."

(Sounds of a car door open and close. Some rustling and the door shuts.)

Troy: "Let's go. I hope you like this little spot. It's a favorite of mine and a very well kept secret. We're here."

Lauren: "This is so nice."

Lauren: The lights are perfectly dimmed and it's...it's so romantic."

Troy: "Care to dance?"

Lauren: "Sure"

Lauren: (Thinking) (I can't believe how closely he's holding me. I can't believe I'm holding him like he's the last man on this earth. He smells so good. I can feel his heart.....and it's pounding.....or is that mine?)

Troy: (thinking.) (It's the last song. Everyone is gone except us.) **(Troy whispers)** "Time to go Queen."

Lauren: (Thinking) (Lord knows I am not ready to go. I don't want to turn this hunk of a man loose.)

"Alright. I'm ready Troy." **(Lauren thinking (LIES!))**

Troy: "You look a little chilly. Here baby take my coat."

Lauren: "How thoughtful, thank you"

Troy: "Did you have a nice time?"

Lauren: (in a high-pitched voice) "Yes"

Lauren: (thinking) (Oh wow, I'm so embarrassed. Where did that voice come from?)

(He's moving closer)

Troy: "I'm glad. So did I."

Lauren: "I, I had a very nice time Troy"

(Sound of soft kissing.)

Lauren: (thinking) (I can't believe he's kissing me. My spine just exploded, and fire is burning throughout my entire body. I think the earth just trembled.... Or was that me? I'm hanging around his neck like an ornament. Oh God, a strong pulse just riveted through my body. I want to open my eyes and look at him. What if his eyes are open? I'll be so embarrassed. I'm going to look. No don't look. I'm going to look. Gasp his eyes are open.... He's smiling at me. I'm so embarrassed.)

Troy: "Will I see you again?"

Lauren: "Well, we're both free and unattached right? I wouldn't have it any other way."

(The car door opens)

Troy: "Buckle that seat belt now and drive safely"

Lauren: "Thank you I will and you do the same"

Troy: "I will"

(Sound of car starting and driving away)

Lauren: (thinking. (I'm back at the hotel now. (Yawns) I am soo tired. Was that a dream or did it actually happen?) (sound of the door opening to the room)(I'm going to take me a good hot shower then hop into bed. Maybe I should take a cold shower) (laughs to herself)(I think I'll pamper myself and put on my red teddy.)

(Sound of phone being picked up)

Lauren: "I Know it's late but can I please have a bowl of ice cream sent up to my room? Is it too late?"

It's not...greeeeeat. Thank you. How long? Perfect. Thanks hon. Bye" (sound of hanging up phone. Walking to the shower)

(Sound of shower running)

Lauren: (Thinking.) (I feel much better. Ready for my ice cream. I wonder what's taking it so long? It's just a bowl of ice cream. I guess they didn't have to agree to send it. Sometimes room service can be a little slow. I wonder if they forgot. I'm going to bed)

(There's a knock on the door)

Lauren: "Fiiiiinally.

Lauren: (Sound of Lauren walking to the door. The door opens) "I thought you'd never get....here.

(Lauren chimes) "Troy! How did you know I ordered ice cream?"

Troy: "I told you I would see you again."

Lauren:**** "And see you again I did."

Lauren: (To be continued by Troy...)

Troy: "I walked in with a bowl of fresh ice cream, two scoops and a wicked smile. Lauren was surprised, but pleasantly so. Her suite was well appointed and had a sitting area in the first room with the bedroom through an inner door. The small love seat had a small coffee table in front of it so I sat the ice cream down and we sat side by side. Lauren leaned over and placed a kiss on my lips and she tasted so sweet.")

Lauren: "I'm glad you're here Troy. But let's set the rules before I have to hurt you."

Troy: (She took her spoon and drew a line through the ice cream bowl)

Lauren: This side is mine, and this side is yours."

Troy: "And just why is my side so much smaller than your side?"

Lauren: "Uh, who ordered the ice cream?."

Troy: “But it’s not fair!” (Lauren took the spoon and redrew the line, this time making my portion smaller than before.)

Lauren: “Listen you, do you have any other questions or protests before I draw this line again?”

Troy: “Uh, no” (I decided to quit while behind. I was born at night, but it wasn’t last night.”)

Lauren: “I thought you’d see it my way Troy.”

Troy: (We proceeded to eat from the bowl. The ice cream was delicious. Lauren turned on the television and tuned on the Sirius Radio Station. Lauren found some really nice music.)

Lauren: “Shall we dance again?.”

Troy: (As I held her in my arms, our bodies seemed to fit. I had both of my arms wrapped around her body and my hands clasped around her waist while she extended her arms up and around my neck.)

Troy: (The kissing followed. Her tongue searched my mouth as did mine hers. When we stopped dancing and sat back on the love seat, she leaned into my shoulder and I put my arm around her. We talked, kissed, caressed and just enjoyed each other. It was about 3 a.m. and we both were sleepy so we went into the bedroom. We lay on top of the covers, holding each other until we drifted off to sleep. When I woke up the next morning, I was still holding her with her head nestled on my chest. She opened her eyes slightly and I said.)

Troy: “Wake up sleepy head.”

Lauren: “Good morning”

Troy: (To be continued by Lauren)

CHAPTER 2: THE MORNING AFTER

Lauren: (I stretched and reached quickly under my pillow. I retrieved the mint that had been placed there earlier and, popped it into my mouth. There will be no morning breath here. I noticed that he too had found the mint under his pillow. I started to get up and he gently pulled me closer to him. The strap on my teddy slipped off my shoulder revealing my cleavage. He smiled as he fixed the strap and pulled me closer.)

Troy: “How did you sleep last night?”

Lauren: “Like a dream. I had a dream about ice cream....lots of chocolate ice cream.”

Troy: “Really?”

Lauren: “Yes really. I never joke about ice cream.” (“I playfully hit him in his chest. He grabbed my hand and held it to his heart. I continued”)

Lauren: “I was swimming in it and, it.....was....soooooooo cold.” (He lifted my hand to his lips and kissed my fingertips.)

Troy: “Was it a good cold or a bad cold?”

Lauren: (I sat up a little resting on my elbows. His fingers found their way to my chin and slowly traced my body, down my neck and gently down my chest stopping at the top of the center of my breasts. He drew an imaginary circle and kissed me ever so lightly.)

Troy: (In a soft sexy voice) “As much as you love ice cream, I’ll bet it was a good dream.”

Lauren: (He kissed my shoulders, first one then the other) (Whispers) “Troy.....”

Troy: “Shhhhhhhhhh”

Lauren: (Softer with voice slightly trembling) “Troy”

Troy: “Shhhhhhhh”

Lauren: (Then he brushed my cheek with the back of his hand. His touch was electric.)

Troy: “Would you like some breakfast?”

Lauren: (He leaned across my body to pick up the phone)

Troy: “You can have whatever you want.”

Lauren: (He crossed my body again, this time kissing me quickly on my lips. Then he playfully winked.)

Troy: “What EVER you want.”

Lauren: (I sat up in bed, bouncing like a child) “Whatever I want?”

(short pause as Lauren awaits the response)

Lauren: “Good then, I want a T-bone steak, no make that porterhouse. I want it covered with Vidalia onions and portabella mushroom. On second thought, hold the onions. I want ketchup, not steak sauce. And uh, some home fries and....let’s see.....some scrambled eggs, not too soft, not too hard and a diet coke. Ha ha, just kidding about the diet coke. I’ll have a glass of water with lots of ice. Oh, and some grapes washed twice and layered in a bowl of ice, crushed not cubed.” (He was sitting up now)”

Troy: “Daaaaaang! Are you serious?”

Lauren: (I slipped out of bed and stood before him) “Troy, you said.....anything.”

Troy: (laughing) “That I did Ren, That I did.”

Lauren: (He dialed room service and ordered just what I asked for. I could not believe this man. Should I pinch myself now or later? I ran my fingers through my hair and stretched. Tilting my head to the side, I took a good look at him lying there in my bed looking like a hot fudge sundae on a cool Monday morning.)

Lauren: “I’m going to take a shower while we wait for our breakfast Troy.” (I spun around and grabbed my silk robe and headed for the shower)

Lauren: (To be continued by Troy)

Troy: “Let’s see, steak, porterhouse, catsup (ewwww) eggs, toast etc. Makes a good breakfast. I’ll order some water for Ren and some orange juice for me.” (The sounds of Tru Being reverberate throughout the suite and the aromas are lifting my spirit. I imagined that Ren was now in the shower with hot sudsy water cascading off of her naked body. Mmmmmm. A few minutes later, she reentered the room with a luxurious bath robe wrapped around her. It was a short robe going to about mid-thigh, surely an appetizing sight.”)

Lauren: (sexy playful) “I wanted to check up on you. I didn’t want you to steal the furniture while I was out of the room.”

Troy: (lustfully) “It ain’t the furniture I’m likely to steal Lauren.”

Lauren: “You naughty man.”

Troy: (Teasing) “Mmmmmm, what BIG eyes you have”

Lauren: “You’re looking a little too low to be talking about my eyes Troy. You must be a Q.”

Troy: “How can you tell?”

Lauren: “Because your tongue is hanging out of your mouth.”

Troy: (I protested with my hand over my heart) “I’m wounded.”

Lauren: “Po thang. I’m going to get dressed before the food arrives.”

Troy: (Lauren returned to the bathroom. When she emerged 15 minutes later, she was wearing some white sling backs and black capris pants that did a great job of hurrying her anatomy and highlighting her thighs and butt. She had on a white shirt that was not tucked in and the first few buttons were not fastened, showing some cleavage and, a sexy black lace bra. She walked over to the sofa, straddled my legs, and sat down on me. Our lips met and this woman took control of me.

Troy: My tongue traced the outline of her lips while my hands pulled her closer to me. She was perched on top of me, and my aroused manhood was pushing at her bottom. The kisses deepened and I felt her tongue in my mouth. Probing, searching, tasting and I

eagerly returned the favor. The more I kissed her, the more I wanted to kiss her. I kissed her face, her neck, and trail kissed down her neck until I reached the V between her breasts. I kissed, licked and sucked what was available until I could get my hands between us to undo buttons. I had one button left to undo when the knock came on the door. Dang! It was room service. I was already getting fed what I wanted and needed. Perhaps I could just send them away?)

Troy: “Why don’t we just send them away?”

Lauren: “Negro please! You are going to feed me after trying to eat most of my ice cream last night.”

Troy: (The room service guy came in and put the food on the table and set everything out. The food was delicious and the steaks were cooked to perfection. We talked about a variety of things while we ate, including poetry, writing and Ren’s CD. At times she fed me and I fed her. Sometimes we kissed over the table .She was eating a piece of toast when a small section broke off and fell between her breasts.)

Troy: “Let me help you with that.”

Lauren: “Of course Big Daddy”

Troy: “Come to me” (Lauren came around the table and straddled my lap again presenting her chest to me. I took a dive for the barrier reef immediately with my tongue searching between the twins. She started undoing her remaining buttons to accommodate my adventures. Finally, the clasps of the bra demanded to be released and they were. Her nipples were now swollen with desire and it was like sucking a small grape into my mouth.”)

Lauren: “Is this your desert?”

Troy: “Nawwwww, this is my main course.” (She put her hands behind my head again and.....)

Troy: (To be continued by Lauren)

Lauren: (I felt my voice becoming husky. This man was so deep into my chest it seemed he’d enter my body at any second.)

Lauren: “Troy” (my breathing was getting deeper)

Troy: “Yeah babe?”

Lauren: (his voice was muffled)

Lauren: “Troy” {panting} (He felt sooooo good).

Troy: “Yeah babe”?

Lauren: (he was breathing fast and deep now as well) (I felt my body begin to surrender and I struggled beneath the bonds of passion.)

Lauren: “Take me”! (Then my cell phone alarm went off)

Troy: “Take you”?

Lauren: (He was very excited now)

Troy: “Take you? Are you ready for me to take you to.....?”

Lauren: (I leaped to my feet and shouted) “To the airport! What time is it”!? ((His lips were still puckered and an expression blended with disbelief and confusion crossed his face. He shook himself.)

Troy: “Take you to the airport? What the heh”?

Lauren: (I quickly buttoned my blouse.) “I’m so sorry baby, but I had totally forgotten about the concert.”

Lauren: (He stood up looking as if Pinocchio had jumped into his pants and told the biggest lie he could ever think of.)

Troy: “We just came from the concert last night. What concert are you talking about”?

Lauren: (I began looking for my keys and tossing things frantically into my suitcase. I had never dreamed that he would be such a delicious man, nor did I or could I ever have imagined that things would go this far.)

Lauren: “I have a concert in Atlanta tonight. I’m opening for CJ at the Fox Theatre”
(He shook his head and asked)

Troy: “ Now how could you forget something like that”?

Lauren: (I was frantic, what if I miss my plane and can't get another flight out? I still had to return the rental car. I leaned my head back and closed my eyes.) “STUPID! STUPID! STUPID!!!”(Troy slowly came behind me. He put his big strong hands on either of my shoulders and began to gently but firmly massage. His voice was softer now.)

Troy: “Don't worry about it. I'll take you to the airport and call someone to pick up the rental car. I'll take care of everything. Double check and make sure you have everything and you're not leaving anything behind. Do you have everything”?

Lauren: (I felt like crying. What will this man think of me now? I nodded, feeling my bottom lip tighten, I blinked my eyes so I wouldn't cry. He picked up my suitcase and grabbed the keys to the room.

Troy: (Whisper) “Come on Princess”

Lauren: (Pinocchio was at full mass now. He must be so very angry with me. My voice cracked as we walked into the office).

Lauren: “Troy, are you angry with me”? (He didn't look at me but asked,)

Troy: “For what”?

Lauren: (I lowered my eyes. Turning, he looked at me and again asked)

Troy: (gently) “For what”?

Lauren: (I motioned towards his pants and softly answered) “You know”

Troy: (**He laughed slightly**) “Oh slugger there? Nah, it's just one of them thangs baby gurl. What time is the show?”

{Random exchange of voices as they check out}

Lauren: {I felt so guilty. I didn't mean to tease him}

Lauren: “The doors open at 7 and the show starts at 8”

Lauren: (He checked me out and paid for the room. I was surprised. Is he for real? I gave him the keys to my rental and he opened the door for me. We had to hurry so I wouldn't miss my flight. Troy started the car and winked at me.)

Troy: "Opening for Ms. C J ? My Baby"!

Lauren: (He seemed excited as we headed towards the airport. I half expected for him to lay me out, but he didn't. So why didn't I feel relieved? Soon we were at the gate and it was time to say good-bye. I felt the tears falling now. I asked him, "Will I see you again"? (He gently wiped the tears from my eyes and smiled)

Troy: "I'm as close as your heartbeat"

Lauren: (I shook my head) "No really, when will I see you again?" (I heard them call for my flight as he took my hand and kissed it. He smiled,)

(Airport sounds)

Troy: "Go do Ms. C J proud."

Lauren: (As I walked away I stopped to see if he were watching me.....and he was gone. He didn't wait. My heart began to sink. I wondered what would have happened if I made love to him last night. Sure, we had been talking for some time during our long distance friendship. But we DID actually just meet. That would have been wrong. But then the morning after, would that be any more right? It didn't matter anyway since I was leaving him behind. I was safely on the plane now and heading back to Atlanta. The scene played over in my mind where Whitney Houston in The Body Guard ran off the plane and back into the arms of that fine white man, Kevin Costner. But, this was real life and there would be no running off of any planes into anybody's arms today. Nope....., not today.)

(It didn't take long for the plane to land. Yet it seemed like hours. I had been crying, just a little. I pulled out my shades to cover any traces of tears so when my son picked me up he would be none the wiser. Once outside of the terminal I saw him. He was as handsome as he wanted to be. He waved and he hurried to give me a hug and a great big kiss.

Youngest son: "Welcome home mommy!" {in a singing tone} "How was Prince Tru Being"?

Lauren: (I tried to smile) “As awesome as ever” (He began to just chatter away. I tried to listen but finally gave up. When we reached our home, he was still talking.

Youngest son: “Your manager said she would pick you up in about an hour. Ms. C J wants everyone there to do a dress rehearsal. It’s going to be televised so she wants everything to be right. Plus we have to set up your concessions tables.”

Lauren: (My heart hit the floor. “Televised? No one said it would be televised.” (I was shocked) “I didn’t know it would be televised. “ (My son leaped from the car and grabbed my luggage)

Youngest son: “Don’t worry, be happy mom. – But you might want to hit the showers, you smell like men’s cologne. You’ll do great.....relax. You’re The Psoemetris”!

Lauren: (As he hurried into the house I thought) “I know that little rascal did not just tell me to take a shower. Hummmmm, I’d better go take a shower.”

Lauren: (When we reached the Fox about an hour later, everyone was there. C J looked so radiant. She had arranged for everyone to have a room at a nearby hotel. She didn’t want anyone to be late. As a promotion, the hotel paid for it all. Lucky for me.)

(I was handed the keycard to my room and given my wardrobe by my stylists. I was informed that my makeup artist would be over by 5:30 and because of some technical problems, the dress rehearsal had been pushed back for two hours. My son had already left to go pick up his girlfriend.

Lauren: “Two hours! What in the name of Charleston Blue was I going to do for two hours?” (Just then I heard a voice behind me)

Troy: “I can think of a few things”

Lauren(super excited) (It was Troy!)

Lauren: (To be continued by Troy)

Troy: (Peachtree Street was very crowded and the traffic was backed up even when I was exiting off I-20. I drove around a few cars and went through some yellow lights. Having

my friend Malcolm use his Piper Cub 2 seater to fly me to Atlanta had been a last minute inspiration. There was something about this woman that kept me enchanted and I intended to find out what it was. Locating her was the next hurdle. I went to The Fox, asked for her and was told her dress rehearsal would be delayed for two hours, and that she was probably at the hotel. She had told me she would be staying at the Georgian Terrace so I went to the front desk. As I approached, there she was waiting on an elevator. She must have felt my presence because she turned around just as I was answering her question about what to do for the next two hours.)

Lauren: “Troy! What are you doing here?”

Troy: “What? You don’t want me here? (playfully) I mean I can leave if you don’t want.....”

Lauren: (Softly) “Shhhhhhh, stop it.....you play too much. Of course I want you here. (A little choked up) I just can’t believe you would....I mean I’m so... you know...”

Troy: (Troy clears his throat politely) “Do you really want to know what to do for the next two hours? Come on, come with me. I’m a show you something”

Troy: (There was a street Café a block down from The Fox and we casually walked to it. The afternoon temperature was mild and there was a nice breeze blowing in from the northwest. We ordered coffee. I had cheesecake with mine and she had ice cream with hers as we sat and talked. I told her about my childhood. It was important to me that this woman got to know me and I get to know her. Physically, she was alluring, sexy and sensual. And I loved to touch her. I wanted to see the emotional, spiritual, and mental side of her. I told her about my beginnings in rural Arkansas, and about how my dad had left the family when I was two years old. How he had never provided for my support, nor did he interact with us as a father.)

(He had lived about 10 miles away and the only time we saw him was when we went to see him. We would hitch a ride to his home, which was a country storefront, right after church on Sundays.)

(Sometimes my mom would pack a box of food for us to take to him. She had taught us to love him no matter how he treated us. Many winters passed where we had little food

to eat and, he never brought us anything to help. He told my mom that we would never amount to anything. But all of us became very successful. I only wished that he was still alive so I could walk up to him and say, 'Look dad, I made it!' I watched the struggles of a single mom and vowed that when I had children, I'd endure anything to stay with them and make sure they had a father present in the home.

I attended college in Arkansas and then moved to New York when I graduated and began working with one of the large computer companies where I was like a lost ball in high weeds. I soon learned to adapt. I met many new friends and learned from them while they learned from me. I started writing when I was 14 but stopped when I finished high school right after I told my freshman advisor that I wanted to be a writer. He told me, 'Son, writers often starve to death and Black writers are the first to starve. If you want to write, do it as a hobby and go into something that can feed you and your family. Write as a hobby.' So I did. I started back writing some 20 years later and met a friend online who encouraged my writing. Each time I wrote a poem, I would share it with her. Over the years she collected those poems and had them typed up and put into a binder. She presented the collection to me as a birthday gift. I was eternally grateful.)

Troy: (I used that collection to self-publish several chapbooks locally. I also remained active in church and in the community. I sat on several boards of community organizations. I poured my heart out to Lauren for an hour while we just sipped coffee. Occasionally Lauren would reach across the table and touch my hand, or give it a squeeze. I suggested we get back to her room. She needed to, at least, get a few minutes of rest before returning to The Fox. We walked along holding hands, and occasionally bumping each other playfully with our hips. I slowed down a bit so she could get a step or two ahead. From that vantage point I would watch her rear end.)

(When she walked, her hip action swayed her butt from side to side gently. I could feel a stirring in my groin. I think she realized what I was doing because she turned her head, looked over her shoulder and smiled seductively. When we got back to the hotel, we went to her room after checking the front desk for messages. As soon as we got inside, she tossed her purse on the sofa and pushed me against the door. In her heels she

stretched just a mite and her lips met mine. Gently and caressingly we stood there looking at each other breathing rapidly.)

Troy (panting) “Uh, you need some rest before going to the theatre, so why don’t we continue this after the concert”?

Lauren (smiling somewhat breathy) “Okay, Just remember, we have a date”

Troy (adjusting his clothing): “I’m glad you mentioned that. I made late reservations for us at the Mary Mac Tea Room. I’ll get a room here at the hotel on my way downstairs.”

Troy: (We kissed again and held that kiss for five minutes while our tongues explored each other. Lauren smiled the most beautiful smile. She almost cooed as she spoke)

Lauren: “See you at The Fox”

Troy: (That being said, we kissed again and I walked out the door...)

Troy: (To be continued by Lauren)

Lauren: (I could not believe what was happening. No man had ever pursued me like this before, ever. What made me so special? Just the thought of him made my entire body burn. I decided to jump into the shower, cold this time. The cold water was a shock at first, but as my skin began to cool, I welcomed it. Tonight is a very big night for me. I had been making my rounds here and there to some of the smaller local spots presenting my ‘soft spoken word poetry.’ Who would have ever thought that Tyler Perry would have brought Ms. C J out to The Apache Café on that wonderful ‘God Blessed’ Thursday night.)

(I opened my mouth to receive the cool water on my tongue. Careful not to swallow, I just let it roll around in my mouth before setting it free. I closed my eyes and leaned against the wall waiting unsuccessfully for my insides to match my now chilled outsides. It wasn’t about to happen. Even the thought of that man made my blood steam.)

Lauren: (I heard a pounding on the door. Quickly I grabbed my towel and hurried out of the shower.) “Who’s there”?

Sylvia: “Gurl open up!”

Lauren: (The voice on the other side was loud and urgent. What time was it? How long had I been in the shower? Cautiously I cracked the door)

Sylvia: “ Gurl let me in! It’s me Sylvia”

Lauren: (I stepped back from the door as she rushed in)

Sylvia: “ Put some clothes on. I ain't tryin ta see you naked honey”

Lauren: (Sylvia swayed into the room with her makeup kit and towels draped over her arm.)

Sylvia: “Nice place here. Chile is your hair wet? Let me see. Gurrrrrrrrl your hair IS wet. I ain't got time to curl your hair! Let me see.....Do I have my wigs? Dang I left my wigs. I'll think of another style for you

tonight. You still naked? Heffa git some clothes on before you catch a cold. You nervous? Sis, I’m nervous fo ya.”

Lauren: (I began dressing as she grabbed her blow dryer and began working her magic.) (Sylvia continued rushing me.)

Sylvia: “Come on now, daylight’s burning. Let me see what you’re wearing tonight.”
{Sylvia continues talking.}

Lauren: (I suddenly remembered why I always had Sylvia do my makeup and hair at the last possible moment. She just could not stop talking)

Sylvia: “Gurl, that is SHARP right there. I’ve got just the perfect colors to go with that! Awwwwww sookie sookie nah.” {continues talking}

Lauren: (She talks too much, but is an absolute genius. She tied my hair back and went to work on my makeup. Then she did my hair. When she finished I was so excited about what she created.)

Lauren: “Oh Sylvia!”

Sylvia: (sound of her collecting her things) “I know, I know, I’m a genius. {**gently**} Now get dresses Chile cos YOU ‘BOUT TA BLOOOOW UP!!!”

Lauren: (She slapped me a high five and was gone as quickly as she had arrived. I put my outfit on for the concert, whispered a prayer and locked the door behind myself.

(Troy was heavy on my mind and, I knew if I was going to get through this night I would have to stay focused. Once back stage , C J gave me a big hug and told me how great I looked. She handed me a bottle of Pepto and smiled. She must have been reading my mind)

Lauren: (I took a huge swallow and handed it back to her. We quickly ran through the show, then it was ‘get ready time’ as the crew called it. I could hear the audience as they began coming in. There were so many people. When I saw my son I felt better. Then I saw Troy. What was he doing? I watched him walk up to the front row and pull his wallet out. The guy on the front row got up from his seat and took something from Troy. Troy sat in his seat. Front row center. The lights began to flicker. My heart jumped. I assured myself,)(“ I can do this”)

Lauren: (All those people.....wow. This can go either way. Then he caught my eye. He smiled and waved and gave me a hearty ‘thumbs up’. I smiled and waved, then caught the kiss he had thrown me. I laughed when Troy motioned that I looked hot. The stage hand gently tapped my shoulder)

Dave: “Places please”

Lauren: (Then he squeezed my shoulders and smiled)

Dave: “Tear it up Ms. Lauren.”

Lauren: (I placed my hand over his and nodded) “Thank you Dave”*****

Announcer: “Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Thank you all for coming tonight to share this awesome evening with us. Now without further delay, PUUUUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR MISSSSSSSS CCCCCC JJJJJJJJJ!”

(The crowd cheers and claps)

Lauren: (I was so nervous but at that moment I had made up my mind that I would grab every bit of passion I was feeling for that man in the front row and throw it into my poetry for that evening.)

Announcer.: “Ladies and gentlemen.....LAUREN!”

Lauren: (I grabbed the mic and took control of the stage, the audience and my passion. I was in heaven and everyone in the house must have gone with me.)

(Lauren performs Kiss Me Again)

KISS ME AGAIN

I look deeply into your dark eyes
Your eyes search my soul
You touch my hand and I tremble
You lean close to me and I see the
Tender smile on your handsome face.
And my heart starts to race.

You pull me closer to you until we touch
And the feeling grows that I needed so much
My senses catch the scent of your manliness
You hold me so tight I can barely breathe
And then.....we kiss.

My head starts to swim and my knees start to bend
My heart wants to whisper, Baby kiss me again.
Baby, kiss me again.

My eyes are now closed because of the bliss
My body's on fire, should I be feeling like this?
My head is now resting upon your strong chest
I hear your heart beating, I'm becoming restless

THE CONCERT SCENARIO

Your hand touches my face as you tilt back my chin
Your eyes are closed now....and
Kiss me again, baby kiss me again

Ooooh dady my soul wants to say
You release my storm when you touch me that way
I could lay here forever, captive in your arms.
I open my eyes so slowly
There's no smile on your face as you're looking at me.
Your hands brush over my body and rest on my cheek
You're only a man, why do I feel so weak?
I feel your hot breath on my neck and then
My voice softly whispers baby kiss me again
Baby kiss me again

Lauren: (The night ended with C. J. doing two encores followed by several standing ovations. I was too thrilled when I heard her call my name.

Lauren: (The curtain went up and I reentered the stage. I took C.J.'s hand and we both bowed.)

Lauren: (How kind of her to encourage them to support me. The curtain closed just as it had opened. With me standing there in awe of it all. I heard a small commotion on the other side of the curtain. When I pulled it back to look, there was my son, a security guard and Troy.)

Lauren: "It's alright Dave, they're with me" (I introduced my son to Troy. We talked for a little bit, then my son and his girlfriend left. Troy took my hand and kissed me on the cheek. He was smiling)

Troy: "Good job"

Lauren: (I said my good bye's to everyone and of course introduced the man of my dreams to C J . We then left for Mary Mac. Holding hands, we ate while few words were

spoken. Occasionally Troy would caress my finger tips or lean over and gently kiss me on my lips. I stretched my leg towards him under the table and Troy instinctively grabbed my foot. He placed my foot in his lap and removed my shoe with his free hand. He continued to eat with the other hand.)

(Troy's touch on my foot was like magic. Those big hands were so skillful and soothing to the touch. I put the last spoonful of ice cream in my mouth and let it slide down my tongue. I leaned back, closed my eyes and smiled. I didn't even know I was smiling. That's how good he was. Troy gently tugged at my foot)

Troy: "Let's go."

Lauren: (He paid the bill and left a nice tip for our waitress. He extended his arm and I placed my 5'1 frame just under his heart. I felt so safe as he towered over me. I never knew he was so tall. Once we reached my room I handed Troy my key card. He opened the door for me then lifted me into his arms and carried me over the threshold. I tossed my purse onto the table as we passed it. When we reached the bed, Troy pulled back the covers ever so gently he laid me down. The look in his eyes was so intense.....)

Lauren: (back to Troy)

Troy: (whispering) "May I undress you?"

Lauren: "Do you really want to?"

Troy: "More than anything in the world."

Lauren: (whispers) "I'm yours"

Troy: (I kissed Lauren long and hard. I inhaled the air that she exhaled, I slowly began to remove Ren's clothing, piece by piece. First her heels, then the dress that slid off her body aided by her silken panty hose. All of Laurens' undergarments matched and were sensuous to the touch. Now she lay there in a matching bra, panties and pantyhose.

Laurens' hair was splayed over the pillow and she was smiling a contented smile. I stepped back a few paces and just took in the visuals. I could see her chest rise and fall matching the pulsing in my manhood. As I stood there I began to strip my clothing off. Lauren instructed me to wait so that she could remove the rest of my clothing herself.

She had me sit on the side of the bed while she removed my shoes and socks. I had already removed my jacket and left it in the other room. Ren removed my shirt and necktie. She slowly undid my belt buckle. From somewhere in the other room a soft R&B old school love song began flowing out of the speakers. Once she removed my slacks, she pulled me up from the bed and we danced the dance of intimacy. My arousal nestled against her naval while her ample breasts pushed up against my upper torso. She had slipped her heels back on and it had pushed her pelvic into me and I loved the feeling. Her fragrance was invading my brain as my heart raced. The silky feel of Laurens' pantyhose against my bare leg put my senses on overload. Occasionally she would raise one of her legs and caress my bare leg with her encased leg and my bulge would grow larger. My arms went to Laurens' waist and my hands dropped down to cup her butt. I caressed it, held it and pulled her closer to me if that were possible.

Lauren surprised me by returning the favor. She wantonly caressed my butt and purred as she did it letting me know it was enjoyable. Our feet stopped moving and we stood there in the same place moving our bodies to the music. It reminded me of when I was in high school and we had those Friday night dances in the gym.)

Troy: (We would stand in the middle of the floor or, more likely a darkened portion of the gym floor and dry grind. By the end of the evening, the boys often had juices running down their legs while the girls giggled and stuck their little pointed chests out because they realized they had that power over us.

Lauren and I stood there stroking each other going back and forth, back and forth. We went back to the bed where Ren lay on her back as I stood on the side of the bed slowly removing her pantyhose. As I peeled the pantyhose off each inch of skin I exposed seemed to call my name. My boxers were standing out like a tent and Ren was caressing me through the fabric. I undid her bra and lay down beside her and we cuddled, kisses and held each other close.)

Troy: (I was amazed at Laurens full breasts and filled my hands with them. They were firm, yet soft, and I wanted to make love to them. She rolled on her side and draped her leg over mine and rested her head over my heart. She listened to my heart going...'THUMP.....THUMP.....THUMP.....THUMP!')

Troy: “Lauren looked at me and said..... .(To be continued by Lauren)

Lauren: (speaking softly) “I think I’m falling in love with you Troy”

Lauren: (Troy looked gently into my eyes while his hands carefully stroked my breasts. He kisses my eyelids and I could feel and hear his breathing deepen.)

Lauren: “I’ve never met anyone like you before.” (My voice got quieter, softer, quivering as I spoke) “Troy, what if....”

Lauren: (Troy placed his finger tip across my lips and smiled. Tears were filling his eyes. Oh my gosh!)

Troy: (softly speaks): “I fell in love with you the moment I laid my eyes on you.”

Lauren: “I reached up to catch a tear that had gathered in the corner of his eye. I missed, and it fell, almost in slow motion. It splashed on my chest, in the small curve of my breasts. Troy lowered his head slowly as other tears gathered in that special place and then he.....he drank his tears from the well of my chest.)

Lauren: (My skin began to tingle. I never wanted a man the way I wanted this man. I cradled his head and a sea of love welled up from so deep inside of me from a place I never knew could ever be possible. Troy moved his mouth from the left then to the right and, I could feel the perspiration begin to surface on my face.)

Lauren: (Looking up, he ran his hands across my face. I smiled as his hands skillfully traveled across my body. Not missing a single spot. Then Troy touched me there, and there and.....there and, I LOVED IT! My body begged for it and his body heard.)

Lauren: (I closed my eyes and felt him hover over me. He ran his fingers through my hair and I could hear the music playing in the background. The music slowly began to get dimmer with each touch, until, it vanished all together)

CHAPTER 3- THE SWEETNESS

Troy: (As I suspended myself in midair over Ren's body, she smiled such a serene and seductive smile at me. With Miss Patti,.....{Lauren named her bras after her favorite singers}....already off, Lauren's perky breasts beckoned me to come and devour.

On my knees at the foot of the bed I removed Lauren's black pantyhose and her black lace high thigh cut panties. Slipping them over her rear end, then sliding them down her thighs, legs and off her feet, only served to arouse more an already engorged shaft. I found my slacks where they had been discarded and removed a condom from my pocket. It was a natural feeling condom because I wanted to feel as much of Lauren as I possibly could. Lauren took the packet from my fingers...)

Lauren: "Here, let me do that"

Troy: (I stood on the side of the bed with my member at full attention. Lauren stroked it gently with her hands wrapped around it and I thought I was going to have an orgasm right in her hands. Sensing that, Lauren gave it a gentle squeeze and the need to cum left me. She rolled the condom on, I admired her handiwork and then pulled me down onto the bed on top of her. We continued kissing like two high school teenagers.)

Troy: (While I kissed Ren's lips and sucked her nipples, my hand traveled the length of her body and found that inviting patch of hair. I ran my fingers through it until I found her nub, coaxed it out of its hood then gently and slowly caressed it until it stood at attention. Ren's little man in the boat was alive and well. Lauren reached down, grasped my sheathed tool and pulled it and me toward her wet center)

Lauren: (whispers) "Now"

Troy: (Lauren guided me inside of her and I watched her eyes roll back in her head as the full length of me entered. We started a slow, rhythmic stroke and soon harmonized it between us. Our bodies fit like a hand and glove.)

Troy: (I sucked Lauren's breasts and we made love. We continued stroking each other and the sounds of our wet lovemaking filled the room. Suddenly, Lauren rolled me off of

her, mounted me and rode me like a stallion. I continued sucking her breasts as she rose and fell on my engorged shaft. Up down, up down, up down, up down. There seemed to be an urgency in our stroking as if we could not get enough of each other.)

Troy: (Ren continued stroking and I was beginning to feel the fullness in my balls. Seeming to know that, she started stroking faster. Lauren reached behind me, gently grasped my balls and caressed them. By this time the whole bed was moving to our rhythm and I literally could not get deep enough inside her. Our breathing became labored, ragged, and urgent. I was calling her name but, I'm not sure what language I was speaking in because I could not understand what I was saying. Suddenly the stroking became more frantic as Lauren gently squeezed my balls and I had a tremendous explosion.)

(While I was at the height of my increased, frantic, urgent stroking, Ren came with a flourish. I was stroking so hard that I was lifting us both off the bed. As I watched Lauren rise and fall on my ebony shaft, I noticed how wet I had become with her juices. When Lauren came, a torrent was released and it mingled with my juices as we created a wet spot on the sheets as big as the Mississippi River. Lauren contracted the muscles of her center and milked my fluid from me. Then she collapsed on me and we remained in that position with me still inside her. As our bodies both cooled down and slowed down, I could feel Lauren's pulse through my manhood and I loved the feeling. Lauren rolled off me and curled against me. We kissed again then she wanted to go take a shower. I protested)

Troy: "No, I want you near me."

Lauren: "But I smell..."

Troy: "Like sex. And that's how I want it."

Troy: (I rolled Lauren over so her back was to me and she curled with her knees slightly drawn up. Her butt pushed back to me. My arms over her body caressing her breasts. We were touching from head to toe. We were spooning; The afterglow of lovemaking. My shaft was nestled between her cheeks and it felt good leaving it there. We slept.)

I CAN'T BELIEVE

I can't believe this man was so deep inside of me
He touched my thighs with his hands;
They parted like the Red Sea.
Then he took a ride in me....
So deep inside of me.
Oh this man
Oh this man.

The music played softly on the radio
He took my garments layer by layer
Nice and slow.
Then the rodeo
Took me head to toe.
Oh this man
Oh this man.

A beautiful silence . First it filled the air.
Beautiful music, as he stroked my hair.
Then he touched me there....
Chocolate EVERYWHERE!
Passion is building. I can feel the sound.
Oceans of motion.....lay my body down.
Such an awesome sound.
Soaring heaven bound.
I can't believe that I am so in to you
Got me doing things thought I'd never do.
Made an art of me, and every part of me.
Oh my man. Don't let me go...
Never let me go.

CHAPTER 4: THE AFTERGLOW

Lauren:(I opened my eyes. It was light outside. I rolled over and there was Troy, still holding me as if his life depended on it. The sheets beneath us were damp and sticky. Carefully I slid from between his arms and out of the bed. I didn't want to wake Troy. What time was it? 11:00. Checkout time was at 12 noon.

I ran my fingers through my hair. I always did that when I was a little on edge. What in the world did I just do? I can't believe what happened had actually happened. Yet I didn't feel a bit guilty. Could it be that I actually do love Troy? I mean, he just took me like a cave man and rode me like.....oh my gosh.....and I actually liked it. I mean I reeeeeeealy liked it.

I walked to the showers, not bothering to grab my robe or any clothes. After all, Troy saw it all last night. Why try to hide anything now? I shook my head, look at him. Look at him, lying there so peaceful in my bed sleeping as if he actually belonged there. I must be crazy or mad, or something. I can't believe that we did what we did. And what's worse, I can't believe I wanted more.

The moment Troy touched me last night, every inhibition I ever held on to was gone. Like that, all gone. Gone like the vegetables I hated when I was a young girl.)

(Sounds of the shower being turned on and running)

Lauren: (I started the shower and looked at myself in the mirror. You're not a young kid anymore Lauren. You'd better pull yourself together on this one. Guard your heart and get prepared.

I stepped into the shower. The water flowing swiftly and streaming over my body felt so relaxing. Last night Troy worked muscles I didn't even know I had. Of course, don't think I didn't do a little sumpin sumpin to him too now. I had to smile at that. {laughs softly} I must have stayed in that shower for nearly an hour. I kept adjusting the water as it cooled down to make it hot again.

I decided to wash my hair since I was in the mood for some ‘me time’ in the shower. As I stepped out of the shower I could hear voices and someone leaving the room. That Troy, he must have ordered breakfast. He’s just too wonderful! I wondered if he remembered. I dried quickly and let the towel drop to the floor, then blow dried my hair until every curl was relaxed.)

Lauren: (talking aloud to herself} “How shall I wear you today? Up in a sophisticated style or on my shoulders?” (Troy had never seen my hair resting on my shoulders, so I decided to do the shoulders thing)

Lauren: (singing} “ All done. And you look marrrrr-va-lous.”

Lauren: (kisses at herself in the mirror) (I think I’ll surprise Troy and wear my birthday suit for breakfast. That will shock the shingles off his rafters.) {softly laughs to herself} (I quickly opened the bathroom door, sashayed out and ...)

Lauren: “Oh I am sooo sorry!” (Troy was standing in his bath robe, pants and shoes. And there was my stylist Sylvia, my manager Toni and my SONS! Awwww man, not my sons! I couldn’t grab for my towel because it was on the bathroom floor. No clothes anywhere. I only had a few changes of clothes with me for after the show to wear home. I felt my blood rise as my two sons looked at Troy.)

Sylvia (smiling): “Gurrrrl git yo groove on cos SISTAH....I ain’t mad atcha!”

Lauren: (Sylvia gave a brisk hi five to Toni who was holding the most beautiful flowers in her arms. I dipped back into the bathroom to retrieve my towel. I heard Toni call out behind me...)

Toni: “ummm, we were just about to leave. I just apologized to this, hunk of a man. I told him we must have the wrong room. You see the hotel manager gave us a key card so we could surprise you gurl .”

Toni and Sylvia: “SURPRISE!”

Lauren: (My youngest son grabbed the spread from the bed and hurried it over to me and passed it through the bathroom door)

Youngest son: {Softly} “Here mom. Don’t want you to catch a cold.”

Lauren: (I could have just passed out) “ Baby I am soooo...”

Youngest son: “No worries mommy. Dude is cool peoples. He told us he had slipped in to surprise you while you were in the shower.”

Lauren: (When my baby boy winked at me I knew he didn’t buy that story)

Youngest son: “ I brought you some flowers too. Great show last night.”

(sounds of an angry oldest son in the background)

Lauren: (My youngest son didn’t buy that story and apparently neither did my other son. Kissing me quickly on my cheek my youngest son hurried off to help restrain my other son)

Youngest son: “You earned it mommy. Do you”

(The oldest son yells as his brother pulls him from the room)

Oldest son:” Did you touch my moms man? What did you do to my moms man? If you hurt my moms I’ll...”

Sylvia: “Well, that went well”

Toni: “I’ll just put your flowers down on the bed. Kisses”

Sylvia: “I don’t think she needs no more kisses Toni”

Toni: “We’ll just go now”

Sylvia: “By the looks of this bed she don’t need no more sexualizations”

Lauren: “Excuse me?”

Sylvia: “Oh you’re ok chile. You did the dang thang. {teasing and laughing} “You know that thunder we heard last night? Boom Bam Kaboom!”

Toni: “Uh, let’s go Silv”

Lauren :{irritated now} “What are talking about now Sylvia?”

Troy :{puzzled} “It didn’t rain last night. The weather was calm”

Sylvia (laughs} “Not in here baby. Whooooo massive!”

Lauren: {embarrassed} “Well I never!”

Sylvia: “Yeah you did, last night. “

{Troy starts laughing as Toni speaks louder now}

Toni: “ok, we’re going now. Nice meeting you Troy. I’m so sorry. Awesome show Lauren. Come on here gal! I am so sorry y’all. Come on!”

Sylvia: “Don’t apologize on my behalf Toni. Naw gurl, ain’t nobody sorry in here....right Troy? Y’all are just naaaasty. Loud and nasty. But in a good way. “

Toni: “SYLVIA!”

Sylvia: “Look, we gotta go” {the door closes. Sounds of muffled arguments as Troy continues to laugh}

Lauren (To be continued by Troy)

Troy: “(When handed a bag of lemons, make lemonade. The last five minutes went by in a blur. I thought to myself, these people are a trip. Don’t they know how to knock? Ren and I stood in our respective spots looking at our feet or nondescript spots on the hotel room rug. Feeling her embarrassment, I swallowed the last bit of laughter begging to escape. At least I had the presence of mind to go to the bed and pull the comforter over our wet spot.

I don’t think any explanation regarding my presence in the room really fooled anyone. When Sylvia and Toni left, they had that, **‘Gurl, you ain’t fooling nobody and you betta have your story straight when we get together cause yo azz gon have to tell every single thing including all the moans, groans, grunts and whatever pillow talk was going on while y’all were turning each other out’** look on their faces.

There are times when words will not suffice, and this was one of them. While she was still burning a hole through the floor with her eyes, I closed the distance between us by taking her in my arms.)

Troy: “I’m sorry darling. It happened so quickly. There was nothing I could do. I told them I had on the extra robe because I was going to help you with your hair. I hope you weren’t too embarrassed”

Troy: (Lauren slightly frowned in disbelief at my explanation. There was a slight pause then we both burst into laughter)

Lauren: (Laughing) “Troy, I had all these things I wanted to say to you when I got out of the shower. I almost blurted them out before I realized they were here. But, I won’t let anything spoil what we shared.”

Troy: (We took time to hold each other and kiss deeply.)

Lauren: “Troy, we cant start this now. We’re late for checkout”

Troy: “Checkout? Oh Toni forgot to tell you when they went to the front desk they set up a complimentary chit for another night on the hotel. It seems like they enjoyed the perks that the concert provided. C J mentioned the hotel during her closing comments and now all of their rooms are booked for every weekend this summer.”

Troy: (Lauren was very happy about that news)

Lauren: “ Oh? I guess we need to find something to do.”

Troy: “Well I do have something in mind.”

Lauren: “I’ll bet you do Troy. Does it have anything to do with me tossing this comforter aside?”

Troy: “It certainly does. But you do need to get dressed.”

Lauren: “Really? Where are we going?”

Troy: “Wear something dressy. We’re going to church and then dinner at Mary Mac’s.”

Troy: (I brought the rental unit around and we were soon on I-20 going east towards Augusta. We reached First A.M.E. Church just as they were starting the 1:30 service.)

CHAPTER 5: TIMES LIKE THIS

Troy: (Reverend Bishop was sitting in the pulpit while the worship leader stirred things up. He smiled at me when he saw us sit down near the front. When they asked for visitors to stand, I reluctantly stood because I knew that Ren would not stand if I hadn't. Reverend Bishop reminded the church as to who I was and asked about my daughter, their former Youth Pastor. After a thoroughly enjoyable worship experience, we left F.A.M.E. and headed towards downtown Atlanta.)

Troy: (Our reservation at Mary Mac was at 4p.m. We requested and received a table in the corner. It was secluded and somewhat romantic. The Tea Room was simple yet elegant. The aromas coming from the kitchen could have driven a hungry man crazy.)

Troy: (I ordered the strip and Ren ordered the T-Bone. We also had some stir fry veggies, baked potatoes, and for drinks, I ordered lemonade and Ren ordered water with a twist of lemon. In about 10 minutes our meals were served while we munched on some delicious appetizers. The waitress looked at Ren and told her to save room for desert. I was full. I couldn't eat another bite.

Troy: (The Georgian Hotel was only 3 blocks away so we decided to walk. We walked along holding hands and chattering. When we reached the hotel I gave the keys to a valet, told her where the car was parked and asked her to retrieve it and park it for me. Back in the room we got comfortable. I put my robe on again and Ren did the same. I took her in my arms and asked her,)

Troy: “What would you like to do tonight?”

Lauren: “You sure you want to know?”

Troy: “Why not?”

Lauren: “Well, I'd like to.....”

Troy: (To be continued by Lauren)

Lauren: (Troy was sitting on the edge of his seat)

Troy: “What would you like to do?”

Lauren: (I ran my fingers through my hair removing the bow that kept my ponytail at bay. My hair dropped about my shoulders. I could see by the way Troy’s eyes lit up that he liked it. His smile was adorable.)

Troy: “Well, what would you like to do?”

Lauren: (I began walking towards Troy crossing my steps like a cat as I began to tease him.) “I’d like to take a shower.”

Troy: “What is it with you and showers?”

Lauren: (Troy’s expression became puzzled as I continued to tease him.)

Lauren: “Well, I thought you knew”

Troy: “You thought I knew what?”

Lauren: “I don’t know if I can tell you this or not”

Troy : “Ok, you got me sitting straight up in my chair now. You, you can tell me anything.”

Lauren: (Troy swallowed hard as I reached him and curled up in his lap. I brushed my hair against his face. Troy took his hand and gently stroked my hair. Mmmmmmmmm, I loved it. His question was softer now.)

Troy: “What is it?”

Lauren: (I leaned back so I could get a better look into his eyes. They were so big, so dark, and so mysterious. I answered softly)

Lauren: “I’m really a....” (I turned away trying not to laugh. Troy shifted nervously in his seat causing me to bounce in his lap. His arms instinctively grabbed my waist so as not to drop me. He was noticeably nervous)

Troy: “You’re really what? What is it? Drugs, alcohol? What is it? You can tell me anything. I’m there for you.”

Lauren: (I put my arms around his neck and placed my lips right at the tip of his ear as if afraid that someone else would hear my terrible secret. Then I whispered...)

Lauren: “I’m really a m...”

Lauren: (Troy leaped from the chair with a sound almost of terror)

Troy: “Nooooooooooooooooo!”

Lauren: (I lay in a wasted heap on the floor as a slight surge of pain gripped my bottom. Troy quickly moved away from me. In shock and disbelief, he tries to speak.)

Troy: “You’re a m.....you’re a m?”

Lauren: (I pulled myself to my feet holding onto the chair with one hand and nursing my throbbing hip with the other. I blew my hair from my face.)

Lauren: “Mermaid! I was going to say that my secret is that I was a mermaid and I wanted to take a shower with you. Owwww.” (Troy’s tense expression relaxed as a look of relief gave way to a short burst of laughter. Then noticing my pain, his compassion kicked in)

Troy: “Come here you.”

Lauren: (I had never seen this expression on his face before)

Troy: “Come to me.”

Lauren: (His eyes were so compelling. I felt my body moving towards his, didn’t feel my feet moving though. I stopped just beyond his reach.)

Troy: “Come to me now.”

Lauren: (Troy gently reached out to me and I seemingly drifted into his big black strong arms. As Troy held me he whispered....)

Troy: (whispering) “I’d love to take a shower with you my little mermaid. Well, not little, but I’d still love to take a shower with you. {Lauren playfully slaps Troy. He pretends to be hurt} I can’t believe you just slapped me. I’m just finding out all kinds of things about you today. First I find out you’re a dang fish. And now I find out you’re abusive. Third I find out that....I like it.”

Lauren: (Troy pulled me to himself and went right for the neck. I just could not believe all this was happening. Never in my wildest of wildest dreams would I have ever thought I would meet someone like this. AND he was single. AND he had a job. AND he was so much fun, and intelligent to boot! I felt my clothing begin to fall to the floor. He never looked or stopped as I spoke to him)

Lauren: “Troy”

Troy: “Yes my little starfish?”

Lauren: (Troy’s voice was muffled now as he began his journey downward. I interrupted him. I was feeling over heated and very dehydrated. I touched his shoulders and asked.)

Lauren: “I’m very thirsty, can you get us some ice and bottled water? Please Troy”

Troy: “We’ll be in the shower soon. You won’t be thirsty for long you little dolphin you.”

Lauren: “I’m thirsty Troy.”

Troy: {almost singing} “I’ll be right back”

Lauren: (As he vanished through the door, almost running, I quickly grabbed my bag. I had a nice thong set I never wore. It was red hot with black lace with a matching bra with the mid cup missing. I hid the set in the corner of the chair. After the shower I would slip into them. I removed the rest of my clothing to get ready for our shower. I didn’t really want water. It was a little trick so I could set up the fun after the shower.

I could see that in Troy’s haste to get some bottled water he didn’t completely shut the door. I started towards the door in my birthday suit. I looked down at my body and noticed how toned it was becoming. Being with Troy was doing me some good. I don’t think crunches could accomplish what I was looking at. And they weren’t as much fun either. I chuckled to myself and reached for the door. The door flew open and in darted Ricki.)

Ricki: {singing} “Oooooo chile, It’s too early to be naked. Honey chile, I gots ta show you sumthin!”

Lauren:{ shocked} “Ricki! What th ?”

Lauren: (Troy rushed into the room behind him dropping the ice and the bottled water and snatched Ricki by his collar.)

Lauren: “Troy wait!”

Ricki: { wiggles free} “Hold it big fella. I want the same thing she wants.”

Lauren: (I covered myself with the bedspread.)

Ricki:{singing} “Relax gurl friend. Your secret is ah safeah.....with ah meah”

Lauren: (Troy was angry. He grabbed Ricki roughly by his shirt.)

Troy: “Who is this clown?!”

Ricki: “Ohhh hurt me. Hurt me real good. Iiiii love it when it’s rough!”

Troy: “Negro I will stomp a mud hole in you’re a....”

Lauren: “Baby wait! This is Ricki my designer. Please don’t hurt him!”

Ricki: “Please, what she said. I’m family”

Lauren: (Troy shoved Ricky to the floor. Ricki, always looking for a moment, spoke slightly above his breath)

Ricki: “You know you want me baby”

Troy: “What did you say homes?”

Ricki: “I, I said you know you grumpy.....maybe”

Troy: “Don’t you know how to knock before you just barge into a room?”

Rick: “The, the door was open. I, I didn’t know.....I mean we never knock. Lauren is always alone. Sorry Precious. “

Troy: “Here baby, take my robe.” {to Ricki} “Get up fool!”

Ricki: “I, I’m sorry Lauren. I didn’t know you would be in here with this incredible hunk...I mean hulk. I only came to show you the afternoon reviews. You killed it last night girlfriend”

Troy: “And you’ve got half a second to get out of this room before I kill you. And tell your people to start knocking.....Lauren’s not alone anymore.”

(The sound of the door opens as Lauren can be heard encouraging Troy)

Troy: “You alright sweetness?”

Troy: Good. No harm, no foul bro. Just knock for Pete’s sake, ok dude?”

(Ricki responds and the door shuts.)

Lauren: (Troy locked the door and checked it twice. He then placed the privacy lock on and double checked it. Troy turned to me and placed his hands on his hips. He stood silent for a second then pointed at me.)

Troy: “You must have been a Playboy Bunny in another life. You sure have a way of letting people see you naked.”

Lauren: (I got into bed and sank under the fresh crisp silky black sheets. I pulled Troy’s robe around me. Ricki had a bigger mouth than any woman in the Industry. I knew I was going to catch it now from the gang. I felt almost depressed. Troy sat on the bed and asked...)

Troy: “Would you like me to get you some more ice?”

Lauren: (Laughing) “Don’t you dare go out that door again until I get dressed.”

{Troy laughs and cupped my face in his hands.)

Troy: “You look wonderful. And they all know you do. I mean look at you. You have the body of a woman in her early twenties.”

Lauren: (I pulled the covers closer to me. Now I was really depressed. Tomorrow I had to go back to work. It would be business as usual. I turned my head so he wouldn’t see the tears that were trying to well up in my eyes. I felt Troy’s hand stroking my hair again. Man I loved it when he did that. Troy continued talking {faint sound of Troy talking} but I wasn’t listening. I couldn’t listen. In just a few hours all this would be over. Troy leaned closer to me and I quickly grabbed his neck putting my chin on his

shoulders so he wouldn't see my expression. The robe fell open so it was my bare chest on his.)

Lauren: (Oh Troy. I'm so glad I met you. And at the same time, would it have been better for me if I had not? Ricki was so right and I never realized it until now. I HAVE always been alone. And they always just come in my room so openly because there had never been a reason to knock. We were all just girls like that....and Ricki too. And, we never knocked)

Lauren: (I felt Troy lifting me from the bed. My robe dropped to the floor as he headed towards the shower.)

Troy: "You sure you don't want some of that nice cold ice water now?"

Lauren: (As we reached the shower I shook my head and quietly answered)
"All I want now is something black and hot"

Lauren: (At my words his grip tightened. Troy lowered me slowly to the floor. I turned and started the shower...) {sound of shower starting}

Lauren: (To be continued by Troy)

Troy: (I lifted Lauren from the bed. The bathrobe slid to the floor as I headed towards the shower.) "You sure you don't want some of that nice ice cold water now?"

Lauren: "All I want now is something black and hot"

Troy: (At those words my grip tightened as well as my shaft. I lowered Ren slowly to the floor. She turned and started the shower as I stood there stripping my clothes off. Bending over like Ren was left her round apple bottom perched up for me. I walked up behind Lauren and began to gently caress her buns. Lauren began to purr like a sexy kitten and rotated her butt in a very seductive way. I simply could not resist. I planted a kiss on those buns. All I needed was some butter to go on those hot tasty buns. When my lips touched her cheeks, she pushed back to make sure she was giving me all that I desired.

The bathroom began to steam from the hot water so we decided to get into the shower. Lauren had a complete assortment of body washes, gels, and they all seemed to be

from either Body Works or Victoria's Secret. There was lavender, apple cinnamon, jasmine and others. Lauren picked a bottle, opened it and gave it to me. Then she selected a loofah from her basket and gave that to me also.

Lauren: "Cleanse me"

Troy: (I went over her entire body and the suds completely covered her. Then I stood back admiring her body and my handy work.)

Lauren: "You're not done yet mister. You missed a few spots."

Troy: "Where?"

Lauren: "Here."

Troy: (Ren pointed to her golden triangle.)

Troy: "I think I can fix that." (I smiled as I applied gel to the satiny pubic hair. While soaping her body, I took the opportunity to let my hands explore. I started with the lower legs, moved behind the knees and then the thighs. By the time I got to the inner thighs, my hands were seeing perfect symmetry.

Lauren opened her legs slightly as my fingers touched the center of her womanhood. With the foamy suds all over my fingers as well as all over her, my fingers slid into some otherwise tight places and lingered for a little while.)

Lauren: "That wasn't the spot I was saying that you missed, But you're doing a good jobdon't stop."

Troy: (As I began moving slowly in and out between her legs, Ren's breathing quickened and the nipples on her full breasts showed their excitement. They gave the sistah away. I continued fingering her until I knew she wanted to cum. Then I eased off and continued kissing my sweet baby.)

CHAPTER 6: MORE LOVE

Troy: “You’re falling down on the job. I only have soap on my hands. What do you intend to do about that?” (Without saying a word Lauren body rubbed me.)

Lauren: “Turn around so I can get your back.”

Troy: (I turned my back to her and she rubbed me again. Lauren then took a loofah and began a hand job. With soapy slippery hands, Lauren started stroking me with up, down and twisting motions. Then she peeled back my foreskin and, focused on my swollen purple head. Ren had me backed against the shower wall and was making me want to move. When Ren knew I could go no further, she intensified her stroking while looking directly into my eyes.

As she stroked, the hot water cascaded off her breasts and somehow my arousal factor grew. By now, Lauren knew how I sounded when I was about to cum, so she gave my shaft a tight squeeze and my orgasm subsided. I took Lauren by the hands and said)

Troy: “Let’s finish this shower baby. I have a surprise for you.”

Lauren: “What is it?”

Troy: “If I told you it would not be a surprise any longer would it?”

Troy: (We finished and got out of the shower and I tossed Ren her robe then I put mine on. We headed for the pool on the top floor. Once we got there, instead of going to the pool, we went to the hot tub. I had reserved it for two hours, just for us.

Ren squealed in delight and walked to the hot tub in front of me. The swish, swish action of her butt in front of me brought back the hard on that I had lost when we got onto the elevator. Apparently Ren felt she needed to continue her cleaning so she grasped my shaft and began stroking again. Using the bouncing of the water Lauren put her legs around me and presented her honey pot to my lower 40. As I entered her, she shuttered and.....)

Troy: (To be continued by Lauren)

Lauren: (I closed my eyes as I felt his massive flesh entering me. Then a thought crossed my mind.)

Lauren: “Troy, did you lock the door?”

Lauren: (The hot soothing water was swirling aggressively around us now. Troy held me tightly as if he were trying to save his life....and mine.)

Troy: “Y-yes.”

Lauren: (Remembering his track record of us and doors I asked again.) “Troy, are you sure?” (His lips were deep into my neck now.)

Troy: “I did. I promise you I did.”

Lauren: (Feeling a little panicky I insisted.) “Troy can you please check?” (Troy only held me tighter.) “Troy?” (Troy ignored me lifted me gently and suddenly I could feel water rushing all around me. What was he doing? He’s about to take me under water.... {panicky} (I can’t believe!)

Lauren: “Troy WAIT!” (I took as large a breath of air as my lungs could hold. And we were under. I could feel our bodies spinning as if caught in a whirl wind. Water was churning from all sides of me. I held on for dear life as Troy moved deep inside of me. I was terrified, yet the sensation was unbelievable. There was all kind of movement. We were intertwined like wild tangled roots growing free. Troy lunged upwards. I could see the water’s surface as we rushed towards it. I held on and tightened my legs around his waist. Grasping his neck tighter as this man stood straight up. I gasped for air, once, twice and we were going back down. I almost screamed as the water crashed around us and, then.....bubbles.

I don’t know if I was able to hang on because of fear or, if it just felt too good to let go. The entire scene was just crazy.

More swirling. More bubbles. I could feel my breasts gently being nibbled on. Gently at first then more aggressively. My mind was exploding with thoughts. I no longer cared about the door being locked or even closed. I felt wild and dirty and clean and OH MY GOSH!

Troy was going up again! We surfaced. His muscles ripped under my grasp. All of them at once and at the same time individually. It was just too crazy! I shook the water out of my eyes and gasped for air. Troy was in total control. I looked into his eyes and I grabbed all the air that I possibly could just in case he submerged again. The expression on Troy's face was so intense.

His body began to vibrate fiercely. I felt my thighs tighten around him. Almost convulsing, Troy dove again. Ohhhhhhhh SPLASH!!! Did I get enough air this time? My mind was spinning. We were on the floor of the hot tub and Troy was riding me like a mad man. And I loved it! He battled against the forces of the water rushing everywhere.

Lauren: 'Oh god, I'm going to die.' (The last of my air was leaving my lungs. There was nothing I could do. I relaxed my legs around this beast and almost instinctively he darted for the surface again. Troy gently placed me on the step of the hot tub. I gasped for air and he dove. My chest was heaving now as the water dripped off me.)

Lauren: (To be continued by Troy)

Troy: (She relaxed her legs around me and almost instinctively I darted for the surface again. I gently placed Ren on the stairs leading from the hot tub. As she stood there on the stairs, Ren closed her eyes and her breathing began to return to normal. Her luscious breasts were heaving, and they made a delicious sight.

As I stood admiring her assets and my engine was beginning to whine again. We took another shower together. We donned our robes and went back to the room to get dressed. Instead of our regular clothes, I had something special for both of us. Black leather pants, boots, black leather vests and caps.....dress appropriate for riding motorcycles.

The Harley was in the valet parking area but I didn't trust the valet to retrieve it so I went and got it myself. I roared up to the entrance to the hotel and told Ren to hop on. Her leather pants were tight and her bottom was beautifully encased in stretch leather. I road pretty fast and she held on for dear life.

We took I-85 past the airport and found my secluded little cabin off the highway. Once we got into the cabin my hands were all over that leather. I sucked her breasts while her

hands stroked my engorged staff. When I came, it was intense. We made love over and over again until we were totally exhausted and satisfied. We lay there, our bodies quivering, shaking and feeling quite satiated.)

Troy: (To be continued by Lauren)

Lauren: “Troy, we’d better get back.” (I touched him on his shoulder then went to the bathroom and quickly washed up. Suddenly my phone began ringing.”

Toni: “Hello”

Lauren: “Hi Toni, what’s going on?” (Toni was all excited. She said she hadn’t called me because she knew I was probably with my new man. I ran my fingers through my hair as Troy got up and came over to me. He kissed me on the back of my neck.)

Troy: “I’m going to wash up real quick and we can go.”

Lauren: Troy gave me a loving tap on the bottom and then disappeared into the bathroom. How well I knew that this week would soon come to an end. Troy was singing. I could hear the water running.

Lauren: “Wow....oh I’m sorry Toni, what did you say?”

Toni: “Gurl, you need to get back here. Things are getting crazy.”

Lauren: “What’s wrong?”

Toni: “I need you to get here ASAP”

Lauren: “Alright, I’ll be there. Just give me about two hours.”

Toni: “Two hours? No, I need you to get yourself together and come on to the hotel conference room A right now!”

Lauren: “Wait! I’m not at the hotel. I’ll need about two hours. I had plans. We weren’t supposed to be back at work until tomorrow anyway.”

Toni: I’ll give you an hour and a half but I really need you here Lauren.”

Lauren: “Alright then, bye”

Toni: “Alright. Dress to impress. It’s going to be an all nighter.”

Lauren: “Bye Toni”

Lauren: (I hung up as Troy was coming back into the room. He looked so good in his leather. The smell of leather. I loved it.)

Troy: “Are you hungry?”

Lauren: (I shook my head no as I began to gather my things)

Troy: “What’s the matter babe?”

Lauren: “I’ve got a meeting tonight.”

Troy: “Aaaaand after the meeting?”

Lauren: “It’s going to be a long night for me Troy.” (Troy smiled and grabbed his helmet.)

Troy: “No worries. We’ll still hook up after. Here’s your helmet.”

Lauren: (Troy gently grabbed my shoulders and looked deeply into my eyes. Feeling the tears gathering I quickly turned away so Troy wouldn’t see.)

Troy: “What’s the matter?”

Lauren: (I placed the helmet on my head) “Can we just go Troy?” (Troy sat down and crossed his arms.)

Troy: “Yes we can go, as soon as you tell me what the matter is.”

Lauren: (I headed for the door and pulled it open quickly.)

Lauren: “Let’s just please go.” (Troy was right behind me now. He reached over me and shut the door. Were we fighting? It didn’t feel like a fight, at least none that I was accustomed to. He took me by the hand and led me back to the bed. Sitting down he pulled me onto his lap. I turned away but he tenderly brought my face back to meet his. Brushing my hair out of my eyes Troy asked me again...)

Troy: “What’s the matter?”

Lauren: (I sighed very deeply) “It’s over.” (Troy sat back looking surprised.)

Troy: “You’re breaking up with me? Oh wait, you can’t break up with me because I never asked you to be my woman.”

Lauren: (I looked at Troy. I stood and headed back to the door. He playfully ran and shut the door again.)

Troy: “Can I ask you first before you dump me?

Lauren: “Ask me what Troy? Ask me what?”

Troy: {smiling} “If you’ll be my woman?”

Lauren: (I turned and looked at the door then at Troy.) “Troy, I would love to be your woman, but I can’t do the long distance relationship thing. I just can’t. You live in Texas and I live in Atlanta. My work is here or where ever the gig might be and you.....” (Troy took my hand)

Troy: “My work is where I tell it to be. I’m not tied down by corporate America. I’m a writer so wherever I lay my hat is where I say it is, so, yes or no?”

Lauren: (I looked at my watch) “I’m...I just don’t know. I mean these few days together were just wonderful but....I mean it was magic but once the magic ends then what?” (Troy pulled me to his chest and embraced me.)

Lauren: “I mean, what we just experienced isn’t every day normal. It was exciting but it was.....it was.”

(Troy pushed me back from him so he could see my face.)

Troy: “It was what? And how do you know it was....it was.....you know?”

Lauren: (I pulled away from Troy.) “We have to go. I can’t be late.” (Troy stepped in front of the door.)

Troy: “We need to talk about this Lauren. We need to talk about this now. What are you afraid of? Do you want me to say I’ll never ever leave you? Do you want me to say I’ll always love you? Do you want me to say that I’ll make crazy love to you every day

several times a day? What do you want me to say? Do you want me to ask you to marry me? What do you want from me Lauren? If you don't tell me I won't know. I mean nothing is broken here.....what's the problem?"

Lauren: (I spun around.) "My heart is breaking, okay? My heart is breaking because what we had this weekend was magical and I don't want to lose it. I don't want to watch you walk or ride or fly or however the heck you're going to leave my life. I've been alone for a long time. A very long time. And then you come and take that loneliness away. And now, tomorrow will be business as usual. I'll go back to my home and my work and you'll go back to Texas. I don't want a computerized lover. I need you here with me so I can hold you, touch you, smell you." (The tears were falling now like rivers. Troy opened the door)

Troy: "I'll be at the hotel during your meeting baby doll. We need to talk. You don't have any reason to be afraid of losing me. Let me get you to your meeting then after, we'll get something to eat and then we'll talk. After what we've shared there is no way I'm giving you up without a fight. Every part of my body from my mind, my eyes, my heart and parts south are deeply in love with you. Can we talk later?"

Lauren: (I nodded my head yes and soon we were on his bike again flying.)

Lauren:(To be continued by Troy.)

Troy :(Stunned beyond belief I followed Ren out of the cabin door and out to where the bike was parked. Lauren had a distant look in her eyes and was looking out over the lake. I started to walk toward her but she turned and looked at me. I could see the resolve in her eyes. I slipped my helmet on my head and started the bike. Ren climbed on behind me and we started the trip back to Atlanta. It had only taken us 35 minutes to get there, but it seemed like it was taking hours to get back. I was glad that I was riding in front as tears welled up in my eyes. It had been years since trusted anyone with my heart. And Lauren had broken it to pieces.)

(Five years ago I had given my heart to Mira. We planned a June wedding date. Mira called me every day to tell me what she was doing and to bounce ideas off me. Her budget had been unlimited as I had opened a checking account for her with a gold card at

Barbados National Bank. Mira told me about the banquet director and how helpful he had been in helping her make arrangements.

They would go to dinner in the hotel and Mira would share with him all that she had done that day and what she needed. He would give her directions and make calls to make it easy for her. Then the daily calls stopped coming. Mira would call every two to three days explaining how busy she had been. I knew she was busy so I had no problem with her schedule. I knew my baby was working very, very hard. I asked Mira if she needed anything else and she said,”

Mira: ‘No, I’m satisfied.’

Troy: (The anniversary of our engagement was that next weekend so I decided to fly there and surprise her. I was super horny by now and I needed some tender loving that only Mira was going to provide me. I called the office and had my secretary get the pilot on the phone to get the corporate jet ready for the trip. The plane landed in Barbados and I had the limo take me to the hotel.

I had picked up a diamond tennis bracelet as a gift for Mira. I knew she would be so surprised after working day and night to plan a grand wedding. I went to the front desk, got a room key card and took the elevator up to the penthouse suite. I opened the door quietly and went inside. All of the lights were off but music was playing. I had one light bag and I dropped that on the thick carpeted floor and headed for the bedroom. I was going to surprise her, so I stripped out of my clothes so Mira would wake up next to a naked man in her bed. I heard the noises first and I knew what it was as soon as I heard it. I thought perhaps Mira had been horny too and had ordered an adult movie. I opened the door to the bedroom and slowly entered the room. Mira’s back was to me. She was on her knees straddling a man and riding him. She was pumping for all she was worth. I stood there looking at them in stark painful disbelief. He was the first to see me and yelled...)

Renaldo : ”Hey! Who are you? What do you think you’re doing man?”

Mira (screams):, “oh no!”

Troy: (She grabbed a sheet and turned to look at me. Heartbroken I managed to speak) “Happy engagement anniversary Mira.” (I tossed the tennis bracelet to her.)

Mira: “Baby wait! It’s not what it looks like.”

Troy: (I could hear her crying as I walked away, never looking back. I headed for the airport. By the time I got to the plane it had been fueled and was ready for takeoff. I never saw Mira again after those brief minutes in the bedroom. I called my secretary from the plane and had her close the accounts and cancel the gold card. Then I buried myself in my work and swore off dating. I would NOT go through that heartbreak ever again.....)

(Ren and I arrived at the hotel on my bike and I drove it to the front entrance. I asked the valet to keep my bike while I walked Ren to the elevator. Lauren pushed the button to take her to her room. She had to change because she had her appointment. I smiled at Lauren and told her to take care and that I would see her later. I gave her a gentle kiss on the lips and the elevator doors closed tight. I went back outside, got on my bike and headed back to my summer house in Stone Mountain. Once there, I put the bike away, grabbed my bags, told the housekeeper I was heading back to Austin and asked her to take care of everything.)

Troy: (At the airport I was escorted directly to my corporate jet when I got to Hartsfield. As soon as I got on board the pilot was given clearance to taxi to the runway. Once the sleek jet climbed and banked to the west and picked up speed the fluffy clouds rolled by and we cut through them. I put some music on and picked up something to read. Soft slow jams were playing on the radio. I closed the book, closed my eyes and the jet streaked towards Austin and healing.)

Troy: (To be continued by Ren.)

CHAPTER 7: ENDINGS

Lauren: (I couldn't wait to get back to Troy. The idea of his not being in my life was almost unbearable. What must Troy be thinking right now. My heart ached terribly as if at any moment it would explode. I was running late for my meeting. I hurried to my room, showered quickly then dressed for the meeting. I was so late by now. As quickly as I could I rushed to the meeting. When I entered the conference room everyone was already seated and waiting for me.)

Toni: {whispered} "Where have you been? We've been waiting for you. Here Lauren, sit here."

Lauren: (The others were nervously looking at me and checking their watches. I noticed two very distinguishably dressed individuals seated at the table also checking the time.) "I apologize for being late. Something came up and..." (Toni patted my hand.)

Toni: "It's fine dear, we're all here now. The reason we are here tonight is to go over the recent show. I want to let everyone know right now that the reviews were very, very good. In fact, they were much better than good. They were awesome!"

Lauren: (The room exploded in applause as she continued.)

Toni: "Ricki will go over the stats."

{Ricki greets the guests. Ricki gets up to speak as his voice begins to fade into Laurens thoughts}

Lauren: (Ricki stood and began speaking as my thoughts drifted away until I could no longer hear a word he was saying. The only thing I could think of was returning to my room to resolve any issues that had come up in our relationship now.

The only thing I could think of or wanted to do was to get back there to Troy. The idea of Troy not being in my life was almost unbearable. What must he be thinking right now? My heart ached terribly as if at any moment it would explode.)

Lauren: (All of a sudden everyone was hugging and dancing. Toni introduced me to Wanda and James, our new investors. Wanda was a fairly tall woman with a very stylish cut. She extended her hand and I accepted it.)

Wanda: “You’re quite an artist.”

Lauren: (Ricki slapped me on my back.)

Ricki: “oh don’t be shy. Give her a hug. We hug around here.”

Lauren: (I cut my eyes at Ricki as Wanda opened her arms to embrace me, her new investment. I quickly hugged Wanda and thanked her for her interest in our projects. Then James stepped up. He was dressed to the tee and smelled like money. As James extended his arms for his hug Ricki eagerly awaited his turn. The diamonds on this man’s watch almost blinded me. I embraced James as well.)

Lauren: “Thank you James, we appreciate you both. This was, rather is indeed good news.” (I smiled and gathered my things.)

Sylvia: “Hold up, where you goin?”

Lauren: “I have a meeting with Troy”

Sylvia: “You talkin ‘bout Mr. Ever Ready? {laughing} “Gurrrrrrrl, hunk of a man? Y’all just can’t keep your hands off each other can you chile? {popping gum} I hear ya tho. (She popped her gum and patted her stylish doo.) If he was in my bed 24/7 three days straight and the only reason I would get OUT of bed was to shower and start all over again...huntee gurl uh uh! I’d be rushing back too ya heard? But listen here Sistah.....this here is bizznis, ya hearing me? What would it look like you skippin out now? We ‘bout ta go to a party in yo honor. In.....yo.....honor. Yo honor. You gotta holla at Rocky latah.”

Lauren: “Oh no she didn’t. Listen Sylvia....”

Sylvia: “Naw, naw, naw sista gurl. You comin with us here. You see all these folks in this room? Yeah.”

Lauren: “But I have to....”

Wanda: “You can ride with me in my limo....Super Star. Toni and Sylvia will also be riding with me. Then we can discuss your upcoming tour that starts in one week. You, my dear, are about to really blow up.”

Lauren: (Wanda motioned an explosion and everyone laughed. Wanda took my arm to escort me out of the room. The lights were turned off and the door was shut and locked after the last person exited. When we arrived at the celebration, it was just amazing. No corners were cut and you could clearly see that someone was very, very pleased with the product we had to offer. There was food everywhere.

The aroma was so inviting. I walked from table to table looking. A strange voice came from behind me. When I turned, some back in the day pimp daddy looking guy was standing there. His gold teeth flashed brilliantly as he smiled.)

Roger: “What are you waiting for? Dig in! My name is Roger Willgo from Willgo Enterprises. “

Lauren: (We shook hands then he began loading his plate)

Roger: “You see my slogan is.....’If you want somebody to go.....Roger- Will Go!” {laugh uncontrollably}

Lauren: “Oh Father please help me.”

Roger: “Try some bourbon chicken. It’s really good. I had five helpings already. I mean it’s good!”

Lauren: (Roger pushed me with his elbow and continued loading his plate. Seemingly impatient for me to lift my plate and begin preparing it, he took a plate and fixed it and handed it to me.)

Roger: “Don’t worry about watching your figure baby gurl. I can do that fo ya.” {more uncontrolled laughter.}

Lauren: (I smiled and took the plate. Leaning towards him I said) “And I need you to go.”

Roger: “Roger Will go!” {continued laughing} “Get it?” {Laughter stops} “Oh, you.....want me to go?”

Lauren: {sweetly} “Will you please? I don’t mean any harm. I just...you know.”

Roger: “No problem baby gurl. I’ll be just a hoot and a holla away if you need me.”

Lauren: “Thank you for fixing my plate. Please excuse me. I need to speak with Alexis.”

(Ricki intercepts Lauren)

Ricki: “Lauren, this is Sho Gun, (almost whispering) He’s a famous rapper. Isn’t he delicious?”

Lauren: “Here Ricki, have some chicken”

Ricki: “Oooooooo, I love bourbon chicken. However did you know?”

Lauren: “Excuse me Ricki. I need to catch Alexis. We’ll chat.”

(Lauren catches up with Alexis)

Lauren: “Alexis, gurl I have to go.”

Alexis: “This champagne is soooo good. Go? Go where? To the little girls’ room? Ok, I’ll go with you.”

Lauren: “No chile. I need to go back to my hotel room.”

Alexis: “Chile are you crazy or nuts? Do you see all these fuine and rich men up in here at this party? I got champagne in my glass. Did you hear me? CHAMPAGNE!!! You already got your naked hunk back in the bed just waiting on you to come bounding through the door, I gots ta get me one.”

Lauren: “Alexis, I am not playing. I need to go.”

Alexis: (sips her glass and clears her throat) “Look at that sweet thang right thur. Oh look he turned and looked back. (squeals) he turned and looked again look! That’s mine right there gurl, that is Mine! Now you see? THAT’S what I’m talking ‘bout.”

Lauren: “Give me that glass. I need to go NOW Alexis!”

Alexis: “Thua, gurl you trippin. What you want me to do Ren, huh? What you want me to do? Give me my glass back. (Turns to server) Refill please baby. Thank you baby.”

Server: “You’re welcome ma’am”

Alexis: “You hear that? It doesn’t get any better than this. Listen Ren, I didn’t drive. I rode with you in the limo. Remember? What is up with you? Did he hit that so good you can’t be away from him for even a second? This is YOUR big day. We all just got paid and you’re actin like the reviews were terrible and you bout ta get shut down.”

Lauren: (nervously) “You just don’t understand.”

Server: “Another drink ladies?”

Lauren: “No thank you hon. Alexis you just don’t understand I...”

Alexis: (loudly) “I’ll have another....(laughs) and another.”

Lauren: “Lex!”

Alexis: “It’s free gurl shut up.”

Lauren: “You’re drinking like a fish, what are you doing?”

Alexis: “Gurrrrrrrrl I’m bout ta get TORE UP! Then one of these fiiiiine brothas up in here is gonna take me home and take advantage of me.”

Lauren: (Just above a whisper) “Have you lost your dag on mind? What the heck is wrong with you? I mean come on Alexis! Are you serious?”

Alexis: (pauses) Look Ren, I ain’t had a good lay in weeks. Make that months. I’m itching for a reeeel good scratchin. (gets excited) Look he’s coming back.”

Laruen: “Alexis....”

Alexis: “I said shut up gurl”

Teddy: “Hi ladies. What’s good? I’m Teddy.”

Alexis: “Oooooo you can be my Teddy bear any time. I’ll catch back up with you later Ren.”

Lauren: “Alexis?”

Alexis: “Lov ya sis. Hugs n kisses.....don’t wait up for me.” (she giggles as they leave)

Lauren: (whispers under her breath) “Ole ho. Oh snap, there’s James and Toni. Let me catch them real quick. Excuse me...”

James: “Oh hi Superstar, we were just talking about you.”

Lauren: “I’m sorry, I just needed to mention that Alexis is getting drunk and some guy named Teddy just took her off somewhere.”

James: “Security”

Security officer: “Yes sir”

James: “Look man, go find Teddy. He’s with one of our new family. Tell him to keep it chilly.”

Security: “You got it”

James: “Now, with that taken care of, let’s talk shop. Everyone should be ready. Come with us into the conference room. We need to go over some things and get some papers signed.”

Lauren: (thinking) “This sounds like it’s truly going to be an all nighter. I hope Troy makes himself comfortable in my room or even his until I get finished Maybe I should call him and let him know that things are running really late.”

Lauren: “James, Toni, give me a second I need to make a quick call.”

(The sound of a phone ringing endlessly. **Lauren thinking**) “He must really be upset with me....Ya think?

Everything I ever wanted is right through that door, contracts, money, blingage, the whole nine. Well gurl, gone and git cho money.”

Toni: “Whooo look at the time. Let’s wrap this up and we’ll see everyone tomorrow.”

James: “Everyone good? All minds clear?” (various response and sounds of salutations echo)

Lauren: “Thanks for the lift. I’ll see you all later today.” (those left in the car laugh and say final good nights and good mornings)

Lauren: (sound of card sliding into her room door lock) “I can’t believe it’s after 4. Troy’s probably asleep by now.” (door opens) “Troy baby! (He’s not here. He must be in his room. Oh how I want him to just hold me one more time before he leaves for Texas. Just one more time. Maybe even kiss me gently and tell me all my fears were for nothing and that he would never leave me. Not ever. He must have decided to stay in his room. I’ll let him sleep and check on him later today.”

(the sound of Lauren jumping into bed)

(**sound of** phone ringing)

Lauren: (sleepily) “Hello?”

Toni: “Good morning. It’s 9:00, get up and let’s get going. We meet in about two hours”

Lauren: “Ok thanks Ton...” (Jumps out of bed) “Let me jump in the shower real quick then go by Troy’s room.” (Phone clicks as Lauren gets ready.)

(The door opens and closes as she hurries to the elevator. The elevator dings as you hear)

Elevator voice: ‘Going down.’ Then Elevator voice: ‘Main lobby’

Narrator: Lauren goes to Troy’s room and knocks but there is no answer.

Lauren: “Let me try the front desk, maybe he went out to eat already.”

(sounds of people working)

Wilson: “Good morning!”

Lauren: “Good morning. I’m trying to find Mr. Johnson. Troy Johnson.”

Wilson “It’s you! I saw you. You opened for the show at the Fox Theatre. I love spoken word! I bought your CD. I knew you were staying here! Can I get your autograph please? Can you put to Wilson, Wilson Gregory....with love.....my biggest fan”

Lauren: “How about if I put ‘thanks Wilson from Lauren? And then date it.”

Wilson: “That’ll work.”

Lauren: (thinking) (I can’t believe someone is actually excited about my work. No one ever reacted like that to me before. I guess things are changing for real.)

Lauren: “Here you are Mr. Gregory.”

Wilson: “Please, Wilson”

Lauren: “Wilson. Now about Mr. Johnson....”

Wilson: “Oh, Mr. Johnson checked out yesterday. He autographed a copy of his book for me. I got that yesterday too.”

Lauren: “H-he left ye-yesterday?”

Wilson: “Yes ma’am he left yesterday.”

Lauren: “Well, did he say anything?”

Wilson: “Only that he was finished here. Can we take a selfie together please?”

Lauren: (softly almost distant) “Sure baby, come on and get your picture.”

Wilson: “Hey y’all, look it’s Lauren from the show!”

(sounds of clamor as others come asking for pictures and autographs.

Wilson: “Thank you for the pictures Ms Lauren.”

Lauren: “You’re very welcome.”

Manager: “Are all of you on break now? Stop bothering our guests. Everyone, back to work. Thank you Ms. Lauren. That was real nice of you to take time with those young people. You are such an inspiration.”

Lauren: “My pleasure. Have a good day. Bye now.”

Narrator: (Later that year)

Lauren: (Thinking)(“It’s been months since I last saw Troy. I think God that I am being kept so busy. The nights are always the hardest for me though. Troy wouldn’t answer my

calls so I finally gave up just threw myself deeper into my work. My poetry has become sharper, more alive and filled with emotion and passion. I'm getting calls to do guest spots on shows like Oprah and Ellen....Once I hit Oprah there

was no stopping me. All she had to say was) "This artist is going places" (Lauren chuckles) (and now my CD sales have shot to platinum. Platinum for spoken word, Oh my goodness! Life is really good, for everybody. New cars are rolling in, new homes, and new lovers. Hump! This should have been the time Troy and I could truly be spending enjoying each other. But then, my time is so limited, it's possible the end results would have still been the same.)

Narrator: Two years later

Lauren (My tour dates increased over the next few years. I am all over the papers and selling CD's and books of poetry. I even wrote a book about my life's experience and titled it, "The Concert" In no time at all, it made the best sellers list. I have everything I could possibly ever want. And, I keep up with the papers as well. Enough to know what's going on in Troy's life also.

Troy has written four books since the last time I saw him and they are all best sellers. Troy is always in the news for literary awards and the like. He does a lot of community service as well. Hummm, I remember once my son came back from the grocery store with an Ebony Magazine. Troy was on the cover smiiiiiling and looking as handsome as ever....with some woman at his side, who was also smiling.

It's not enough that my heart fell to the floor at the hotel and broke....no it disintegrated. And now it's breaking all over again.)

Lauren: (In a way, this is kind of good because I thought my heart was gone. Man, I spend HOURS trying to imagine what could have possibly gone wrong. Was it something I said or did? We were supposed to talk after my meeting. Troy said 'ok' and then he left. Was he using me? Oh my gosh, Troy was using me! (she starts to weep) (There is a pounding on the door.)

Lauren: (Through tears) "Who is it?"

Ricki: “It’s me gurl friend, Ricki the wonderful.”

Lauren: “Not today Ricki, not today.”

Ricki: “I’m not going away.” (He knocks louder then starts to sing) “I’m not going away.”

Lauren: (snatches the door open) “What is it Ricki? I don’t feel like company right now.”

Ricki: “That’s good, because gurl friend you don’t act like company. Hey look at my bling. Whooooo. I look goood don’t I?”

Lauren: “I’m sorry Ricki. I apologize, I’m just not in the mood for guests. Can you please come back another time?”

Ricki: “Nelson Onley”

Lauren: “What?”

Ricki: “N....O....Look, I stopped by your favorite junk food joint and picked up some of that barbecued chicken you loooooove. Look, it’s your favorite. Besides you are just skin and bone here lately and that is so not sexy gurl. How you gonna be talking about love looking like a stick. A hungry stick at that. And look.....ooooo two strawberry parfait. Two gurl.”

Lauren: (deep sigh) “Come on in and sit down. Relax” (thinking) (Ricki was many things to me. Little Ricki was what I sometimes affectionately called him. But when it came to friendship, Ricki was always there for me....always.)

Ricki: (bouncing in the chair) “Listen, you need to talk and get things off your chest. What chest you have left that hasn’t withered away. Tell me everything and don’t leave out the juicy stuff. Pass the biscuits.”

Lauren: “I thought you didn’t eat bread. (mocks) ‘bad for the thighs honey

Ricki: “You let me worry about my thighs and tell me what the tea is gurlie. Besides, if the leaves grow...spread em. That’s my shade for tha day. Ante way.....Talk!”

Lauren: “Bless your darling heart. If it’s all good, I would like to skip the juicy stuff. Oh my gosh oh my gosh. (The tears start to fall again)

Lauren: “I thought he was the love of my life. That night in the cabin we were supposed to talk (her voice fades but can be heard as soft music plays just above the sound of her voice)

Ricki: “Here, take this tissue.....you silly goose. (singing) You TOLD Troy to leave you and well, he did.”

Lauren: (through tears) “What are you talking about Ricki? I loved Troy, why would I tell him to leave me? I was afraid he would leave me, and he did.” (Cries harder)

Ricki: “Come here baby. There, there now. Here, take these tissues. Look at you. A big star like you.”

Lauren: “Why Ricki? Why did Troy leave me like that? No good-bye, no nothing. And Troy never returned my calls. Why would he do that to me? What did I do?”

Ricki: “Let me be straight with you as always.....Duh. Hence the words....”IT’S OVER”

Lauren: “What?”

Ricki: “It’s over. You silly, you told Troy it was over.”

Lauren: “I never said that!”

Ricki: “Yes you did, you just told me you did.”

Lauren: “I was talking about what we shared for that long weekend was over. I didn’t know how to deal with Troy having to go back to Texas. I didn’t mean I wanted to end the relationship. I was afraid it would end by Troy going back to Texas. Oh god no!”

Ricki: (speaking softly) “Honey, you’d think being a writer you could have expressed yourself a little bit better on that one.”

(The phone starts ringing)

Lauren: (cries harder. She picks the phone up and absentmindedly hangs it back up without answering) “I never meant that Ricki.”

Ricki: “When Troy asked you to be his woman, did you answer?”

(The phone starts to ring again. Lauren picks it up and puts it back down again)

Ricki: “Well did you answer?”

Lauren: “Answer what?”

(The phone rings again)

Ricki: “Did you answer the man’s question?”

(She picks up the phone and hangs up again)

Lauren: (still crying) “What question Ricki? What question?”

(The phone rings again and Lauren picks up)

Ricki: (irritated) “Here, give me that phone. You’re not even listening to me now.”

Lauren: (getting angry) “Ricardo, I am upset now in case you didn’t notice!”

Ricki: (angrily) “I told you never to call me that! I know you’re upset Ice Cream, but that’s the problem with you!”

Lauren: “I hate it when you call me Ice Cream! Ricardo, what are you talking about?”

Ricki: “That’s so like you Ice Cream. When you get upset you NEVER listen. You never ever listen. We could tell you the room is on fire and it’s all about you. You never hear us when you’re upset, and you didn’t hear Troy either!”

Lauren: (Gasps) “What?”

Ricki: “There, I said it.”

Lauren: (starting to calm down) “I never listen?”

Ricki: (calmer) “Never”

Lauren: “Never?”

Ricki: “Neveerrrr”

Lauren: “I never listen? Ricki, why didn’t any of you tell me I had this, this problem?”

Ricki: “Helloooo! You never listen.”

Lauren: “What are you saying?”

Ricki: “I rest my case”

Action: (Lauren starts to cry again)

Ricki: (gently) “Lauren, please stop crying. I’m sorry I called you Ice Cream. Please don’t cry. You’re low on makeup and we have a meeting today. That’s what I actually came over here to tell you and Gurrrrrl you look a messs.”

Lauren: (blows her nose) “Why didn’t you tell me we had a meeting?”

Ricki: “Because you don’t listen” **(They start laughing)**

Lauren: (I held on to Ricki so tightly and he held me back. The tears didn’t stop but at least I felt the comfort of a man. A man named Ricki.)

CHAPTER 8: MOVING ON

Lauren: (It's been about four years now since I last saw Troy. I have toured, opening for many popular R&B artists. And now people were opening for me. We have traveled all over the world. I was lecturing as well as doing spoken word concerts and charity work in hospitals and where ever the calls were coming from.

Everything the team touched turned into platinum. We purposely avoided the Austin, Texas area for the obvious reasons. I still saw Troy actively publicized in papers and top magazines. Troy now had his own television talk show that was just a pulse beat away from overtaking Oprah's stats. I had to stop reading about Troy in the news once I read that he was getting married. Had I continued reading, I would have also read that he had called the wedding off and was single again.

I never dated, well not seriously. I just couldn't find anyone like Troy. No one touched my passions like he did. So many poems found a home in the memory of that passion, and through those memories, the world could share and, feel just a tiny piece of what Troy and I shared. It was indeed magical, even to them. Finally, the inevitable happened. We got booked in Austin Texas. I picked up the phone and called Toni. She and James had since hooked up and gotten married. And, they worked so well together."

Toni: "Hello. This is Toni, talk to me."

Lauren: "Austin Texas? Toni, really? I don't do Austin Texas and you know I don't do Austin Texas."

Toni: (Clears her throat) "Calm down Ren. They made us an offer we couldn't refuse."

Lauren: "No they made YOU an offer you couldn't refuse. I told you I don't do Austin Texas!"

Toni: "Listen Lauren"

Lauren: "No Toni, you listen. Since they made YOU an offer that YOU couldn't refuse.....YOU do Austin Texas!"

(Phone hangs up and Lauren starts to cry. The phone rings and rings and rings. Finally Lauren answers)

Lauren: “I’m not doing it.”

Toni: (Stern but concerned) “Listen Lauren. We are all getting on that plane and you are, my dear, going to do Austin Texas and that’s the end of it. This is your manager speaking to you. Do you hear me? Besides, what are the chances you’ll see the man? And what’s the big deal anyway? What’s Troy got that any other man doesn’t have? What, what? Two arms, two legs and a jimmy? I mean really, what does this man have that any other man doesn’t have?”

Lauren: (softly) “He has my heart Toni. The man has my heart.”

(The phone hangs up)

Lauren: (I guess Toni is right and the others too. It has been four years. Four lonely years and, I was acting like it was just yesterday. I can’t run away from Austin for the rest of my life. I have an obligation to the team. We needed to enjoy the fire while it’s hot.) “ (sigh) Ok Toni, we shall go to Austin, Texas.”

(Airport Sounds: Flight 25-94 Boarding for Austin Texas at gate C-22.)

Teddy: “You got everything babe?”

Alexis: “Yes Sweetie. Your mom and the kids said to call them when we get settled in Texas. Whooooo Austin here we come baby.”

Wanda: “That’s right you two did get married didn’t you? You have kids too huh? How many.”

Teddy: “Four”

Alexis: “Count em, one two three four. Four boys”

Wanda: “Daaaang, that’s one a year isn’t it?”

Teddy: “Mind yo biznez bruh, mind you biznez.”

Toni: “Where are the kids?”

Alexis: “Teddy Bear’s mom is watching them so I can come on the flight and help Lauren.”

Toni: “Bless her darling heart. Four babies.”

Alexis: “Lauren got us first class tickets whooooo.”

Sylvia: “Gimme five chile. I never flew first class before.”

Alexis: “Hey Sylvia...come on let’s get our seats so we can see what they have to drink on this trip.”

Sylvia: “Ooooooh Kaayyyyyy”

Lauren: “uh uh uh some things Never change.”

Sylvia: “Thanks for the upgrades Lauren. I never flew first class before. I always said, if the plane crashes, first class is the first to go. At least let me have that extra split second of life....(laughs) Whatever! If you go, you just go. I never liked first class, that was just not for me.” **Lauren:** “All y’all stupid.” (They laugh)

Flight Attendant: “We are about to land, please return your trays to their upright position and fasten your seat belts and remain in your seats until the overhead light has been turned off”

Toni: “Lauren I just want to thank you for doing this gig. It’s a very important benefit for troubled youth. The limo will be picking us up out front and taking us to the Ventana Del Soul. Because the tickets are selling out, we added four shows. One Friday, two on Saturday and the final show will be on Sunday. All sold out.”

Lauren: (Distantly) “That’s great Toni.”

Narrator: (They arrived at the hotel)

Toni: (Gasping) “Honey, the hotel is just beautiful. Look, everyone, take some time, relax and do what you need to do. Be on time for the show and no mess ups.”

Narrator: (Later that evening)

Sylvia: It’s 6:00, everyone should be ready. The rides will be here around 7.”

Alexis: “Are you ok Lauren?”

Lauren: “I’ll be fine. You know I noticed several magazines in the lobby featuring Troy. Each cover he was with a different woman, seemingly.”

Sylvia: “Forget Troy! Just keep your focus on tonight. You will do just fine chile”

Toni: “Come on everyone....it’s showtime.”

(Sounds of a crowd bustling in the venue. Mic checks etc. Music starts to play and the crowd gets louder.)

Announcer: “Ladies and gentlemen. Lauren!”

(The crowd goes wild)

Lauren: “I’m going to slow things down a little and share a piece that’s been dear to my heart for some time now.

(Lauren Performs Memory)

MEMORY

My heart beats for you

An alluring melody.

Taking me by surprise,

I loved you

On

Purpose

The memory of your eyes

Burned swiftly through

My soul

And the sounds

Surrounded.....

THE CONCERT SCENARIO

Me.

I didn't want for you to go

I didn't mean for you to go

I didn't need for you to go

But yet....

You left me.

And now lying in my bed

With your memory in my head

All my thoughts through

Tear drops shed....

I'm so empty

Daylight brings a brilliant sun

Kissing me upon my face

The warmth is wonderful

But it isn't you.

As the dew engulfs the ground

More tears within my soul are found

In my longingness of longing

There's only you.

I didn't want for you to go

I didn't mean for you to go

I didn't need for you to go

But yet You left me.

And now staring at the phone
Wondering if you're at home
I hunger for all things
That equal
We.
My soul calls to you
An unmistakable symphony
I reach for you
Cos you loved me
On purpose
My heart reaches
For the phone
Screaming softly
"I'm so alone"
And hearing your voice
It whispers
"Please, forgive me"

Lauren (An overlay of her thoughts as the piece is performed.) "As I recited this piece, I could feel the audience feel every stroke of my pain. They were very quiet. I heard and felt their tears as well. I finished the number and turned to face my band to allow the opportunity to quickly dry my own tears. Hopefully the audience didn't notice. My band members gave me an encouraging "you're doing fine" kind of look. Then the entire room fell silent.

As I turned back to face the audience, there was a roar of approval for the number. I smiled and my eyes moved over the sea of fans. Slowly I looked from the left and acknowledged them with a gentle wave. My eyes scanned the crowd now slowly moving to the right. Many of them were standing, but my eyes rested on a man seated in the front row center. He was very tall and very dark and he was holding Vera Wang roses, my now favorite flowers.)

(He was clapping vigorously. Slowly he moved towards the edge of the stage, and I slowly joined him. I knelt down as he extended his arms with the flowers in them. The roar subsided as I reached out to receive the flowers. Troy almost whispered, “Hi baby. Good to see you. You look great.”

Lauren: “I blinked back my tears and touched his with my fingertips. (whispers) “What happened?”

Troy: (Gently and quietly) “Go do your show.”

(Someone in the audience) “Hey man, that’s Troy Johnson, the famous playwright! I’ll bet that’s the woman from his last novel...”Never To Love Again. Man I’ll bet that’s her!”

Action: Lauren smells the flowers

Lauren: “Alexis, please take these for me. Put them in some water.” “Okay guys, let’s do this”

(Lauren performs Pass The Jazz)

PASS THE JAZZ

The music made my head start to bob (that's my jam)

With a melody sweeter than sweet.

That's when my whole body started to move

And I couldn't hardly keep my seat. Yeah

I saw him standing over there looking mighty mighty

Good to me.

He tilted his head as he touched his brim
Oh the things I could do to him.
Slowly he walked to where I stood
Moving like he was floating on air.
It felt like everyone was looking at me
But honey, I didn't even care.
He reached out his hands to me.
He had such a confidence stance.
His six foot frame bent down to me
And smiled "Miss Lady, may I have this dance?"

(And then I, and then he, and then we, and then we.)

Certainly I took him by his hands
They were so big and so soft and so clean
I thought to myself, when we hit that dance floor
I'll show him some moves he ain't never seen.
We began to gently sway
One two, one two , one two stepping in time.
I imagined that I was his, and I wished that he were mine
(He was a smooth operator)
And we never missed a beat.
The crowd began to gather around
As the music moved our feet.

This man took me in his arms and I swear I thought I would melt.
He held me so tight, when his breath hit my neck,
You can imagine just how good it felt.
(And then I and , and then he, and then we, and then we.)
I could hear the crowd's clapping slowly drifting away
And soon not even the music could be heard
This man started singing gently into my ear

THE CONCERT SCENARIO

And my heart, like a sponge, drank every word.
And we danced one two one two one two stepping in time
Til my heart was no longer my own.
And he held me so tight, as on deep into the night

It seems like our feelings had grown.
We swayed and we dipped and we twisted and we turned on that magical night filled
with bliss
And we spun and we spun with the youngest of fun . And he sealed what we felt with a
kiss.

(And then I, and then he, and then we, and then we.)

A sadness began to fill my heart as I knew that this night would soon end.
This wonderful man could never share my life. For you see, I already had a friend.
And we danced one two one two one two, now more slowly stepping in time.
As he held me so tight, he gave me his heart and he said always it would be mine.
Then he tilted his head as he touched his brim.
Oh the things I could do to him
Slowly he walked from where I stood....moved like he was floating on air.
It felt like everyone was looking at me, but honey, I didn't even care.

His six foot frame bent down to me and smiled....." Baby, thank you for the dance"
And I told the DJ as he walked out of my life leaving me with his raz a ma taz, Pour me a
water, and don't spare the ice.....and DJ please.....pass the jazz.

Lauren: (as music plays) "Thank you everyone for coming. We love and appreciate you.
Thank you for your support. Stay safe. You don't have to go home but you gotta get outta
here.....(Laughs) Good night Everyone!"

(Sound of lights turning off one by one. The crowd leaving and talking and laughter starts to die down.)

Sylvia: “Lauren, Troy’s here for you. I’ll talk to you later sis. If you need me...hollah”

Lauren: “Thanks Sylv” (thought) (“My heart is thundering. I can’t move. The closer he gets to me I can feel my knees shaking harder. I think I’m going to pass out. I have to get a hold of myself.”)

Lauren: “How are you Troy?”

Troy: “Can we go somewhere and talk? Please?”

Lauren: (softly) “Come with me to my dressing room.” (thinking) “My head is spinning now. It’s taking forever to get to my dressing room.”)

(The door opens, and the light clicks on. The door closes)

Lauren: (Almost tearfully) “Why did you leave me?” (Troy doesn’t answer) “You can’t imagine what you put me through Troy Johnson!” (Still no response)

Lauren: “Aren’t you going to say anything? What are you doing? Get up, what are you doing?”

Troy: “I never stopped loving you. (whispers) You are in my blood Lauren.”

Lauren: “Wh-what are you doing?”

Lauren: “That’s a ring box. It...it’s empty. What?”

Troy: “Come sit.” (Gently) “Do you see this box? The box is empty for a reason. But in my pocket.” (Lauren gasps as Troy continues) I bought this ring four years ago right before you broke my heart. No no please don’t get up. Lauren, if you would have me, I would love to be your husband. If you would forgive me. I would love to have you as my wife.”

Lauren: (In a small voice) “Forgive? You? Oh Troy, could you ever forgive me?”

(Troy kisses Lauren)

Lauren: “Yes, yes, yes I forgive you and yes I will marry you.”

THE CONCERT SCENARIO

Leigh reads: “And they were married six months later and named the hottest couple in the literary world. And to think....it all began with A CONCERT!”

CHAPTER 9: EPILOGUE

Leigh: (closes the book) “Wow. That’s the only word I can muster up. Wow. So, why can’t you publish this? I really enjoyed it. What’s wrong? Why are you sad?”

Millie: When we had written the last chapter of this book, there was nothing else to do. At least Troy thought for us to meet. For some idiotic reason I agreed. We even made a date. You see, during the time we were writing this special crazy love story, I felt as if I were that young vivacious woman, full of life and vigor. I felt young again and life was exciting again. I felt as if Troy was taking me into his arms and loving me passionately. Then that cruel little thing called reality came tap, tap, tapping at my door. Here, I’ll take that dear. I’ll put it back in the living room in its special place.”

(Millie sits down)

Millie: “What would Troy think of me if he found out I wasn’t 40ish or whatever age his character’s love interest might be? Troy would just hate me.”

Leigh: “Here’s a tissue Millie. Are you alright?”

Millie: “I’m fine dear. There’s more. No, not another manuscript. You see, I agreed to meet Troy at the Old Country Buffet on Mercury Boulevard. Troy was so sweet I couldn’t stand him up.”

Leigh: “So you met Troy then?”

Millie: (Chuckles) “Heavens no child. I begged my daughter Lauren to go instead. (She starts laughing) You should have seen her little face. It was so funny. I think Ren almost cursed.”

(They are both laughing now)

Leigh: “So, she went then?”

Millie: “Lauren and I both went. It wasn’t that busy during the week for breakfast. That’s why we chose that time. I went in with my daughter, but I never planned to stay long. We agreed that Lauren would meet this young man and maybe have a cup of

coffee and then we would leave. I would sit at another table alone. No need for forcing her to do this and be a third wheel too.”

Leigh: “I hear ya on that one Millie.”

Millie: “Who would have known they would hit it off so well.”

Leigh: Lauren took your man?”

Millie: (laughing again) “You are silly aren’t you Leigh?”

Leigh: “Sorry Millie, I must have gotten carried away. Please....finish.”

Millie: “Well, she, my daughter, dressed very casual and we went on in. Lauren was still protesting when we got to the Buffet. When we arrived inside, there was a very handsome young man standing by the register. Oh he was so handsome. I explained to my daughter that she need not feel guilty at all. Those few days in our fantasy land had worked miracles for me. I told her to....go for what she knew.” (Millie laughs almost embarrassed.) “Is that still hip?”

Leigh: “I’m impressed Millie.” (Leigh thinking) (“Oh man, I’m feeling a spirit of sadness and I don’t know if it’s coming from Millie or me.”)

Leigh: “Take some more tissue Millie. Please continue.”

Millie: My daughter walked towards the register and the young man smiled. He said, ‘Lauren?’ My daughter looked back at me. I could tell that she was unsure. But there was something about the expression on her beautiful face. So, I encouraged her to go on.”

Millie: “I had certainly had my moment. Troy paid for their coffee and offered his arm to her. Just like Troy had done to Lauren so many times in our story. I watched them take a seat and my daughter began to glow a wonderful glow. And my, Troy looked so handsome.”

Leigh: “Man I am all ears”

Millie: “I was thirsty, so I went to the water fountain to take a sip before I left. I reached the fountain about the same time as an older gentleman reached it. The man

graciously stepped back then he said the most peculiar thing. As I leaned to get a drink, he said....'Nice weather we're having' As I stood up and, he leaned to take a drink I responded, 'having weather is always nice.'

Leigh: "Hummm"

Millie: "I thought it was the strangest thing."

Leigh: "Then what happened?"

Millie: "I left. My daughter, however, is still seeing this young man. Thank goodness she's a writer. They come to visit me often and I adore him. It makes my heart glad to see them together like that. They're getting married next month."

Leigh: "Now Millie.....That's kind of weird. I don't know what to say. Your daughter is marrying your man. But it's really not your man. It was a fantasy life you had going on the internet. Wow! And now you're alone again. That's kind of messed up. But at least you're writing again. Too bad you can't get the manuscript published."

Millie: "My daughter and her fiancé are due to come over any minute."

Leigh: "Well then, I'm going to go. I figure I have stayed long enough. I want to be gone before they arrive."

(A knocking on the door)

Leigh: "Well Millie, that's my cue to jet."

Millie: "Oh no Leigh, you must meet my daughter Lauren."

(The door opens, and Lauren and Troy Jr. enter.)

Millie: "Lauren, Troy...this is my new friend Leigh. She's a writer too."

(They greet her)

Troy Jr: "My father is going to be joining us. I introduced Lauren to him and we were both surprised that the two of you live in the same building. My dad moved in here last week! For some odd reason he suddenly decided he wanted his independence."

(Knock on the door)

Lauren: “Mom, this is Troy’s father. Troy Sr.”

Millie: “Pleased to meet you, and is this your wife with you?”

Troy Sr: “No, this is my sister. Haven’t I seen you somewhere before?”

Millie: “I don’t think so.”

Leigh: “Now I really have to leave. I’ll call a Lyft.”

Lauren: “Please don’t leave now. We’re going out and we would love to have you come along.”

Leigh: “I really do need to get going...you see I...”

Troy Sr.: “Oh my goodness! Where did you get this manuscript?”

Millie: “That’s mine. I wrote it.”

Troy Sr.: “And so did I!..... Ren?”

Millie: “Troy?”

Both: “YES!”

Leigh: “Well I’ll just be ham boned. It was the dude from the story. And now living right in the same building. How cool is that?”

Millie: “Leigh, now you must stay.”

Leigh: “And so, stay I must. There is certainly more of this story to get and I’m going to get it.”

Leigh: “Later on they actually did publish this story. It’s currently on the bestseller list and to beat all, I’m sitting here watching the screen play. How about that! I guess having weather IS always nice. Here, have some popcorn.”

END?