

THE SQUAD gazes upon the glory of THE #BlockParty

**JOEX**

I don't like `em! They ain't right.

He breaks out into his (poor rendition) YMCA dance.

**JOCK**

My girl is so out because of us.

He looks conflicted & then he gets an incoming call.

**CZR**

Well, h'what are we gonna do now?

The night has just begun. I start singing KATO.

**LEO**

CZR sings a lot for someone who can't sing.

He smiles & busts out his Jonn Hamm dance moves.

**JOCK**

We should go back to my girl, they're wondering where we went. They like ya'll.

**JOEX**

Fuck that, let's let loose! Whoo!

He does a little rev-it-up gesture he probably does with his muddin' friends, it makes no impact here.

**LEO**

I mean, we'll get back there. . . eventually.

**CZR**

Yeah, I like `em a lot too. Mnph! Mama Stun.

**JOCK**

NO! Do not call her by her volleyball name!

**👑LEO**

JOCK, my brother in Christ! Look at these possibilities! Why have just one girl?

We scan the epic exclusive scenery we chanced ourselves upon. I couldn't help but notice it looks just like High School but w/ no parental supervision. Cliques, clans, & crews everywhere; all in their own little universes with their niche fashion, doing their preferred drugs, playing their styles of music, & w/ hormones raging. Angst & Lust body spray.

We stand around a while longer appreciating the variety of options. A guy beside me is talking about how he just took a drug test as he heats up a titanium nail to rip a dab. We look like cops standing there, which causes some friction w/ our neighbors. I picked up on this because 2 GIRLS were asking JOEX. They claimed their names were Sharon Peters & Amanda Huginkiss.

I take them for liars, so I choose to ignore them. Plus I'm still rollin' & don't want to sexually assault anyone else. *But we do have them looks privileges*, it's only assault if it's unwanted & they are flirting. They want the two studs though, they only opened up to JOEX because he's the most unintimidating & approachable.

**JOCK**

Let's check out this house party, shall we?

**.JOEX**

I'm already with it!

JOEX pursues the dab rig. Me? *I'm not really a druggie,* and I am starting to feel some inhibition coming back. I do enjoy a cold beverage or a neat whiskey, but I'm just feeling new strange wants. It's freedom. *I want freedom... to be. . . me. Who am I under this façade?* This ego & identity I've constructed of myself? *Am I even really who I want to be?* Or—

🎵 Billy Idol - Eyes without a face 🎵

This crowd is playin' some jams! JOCK is still in possession of the karaoke mic & the son-of-a-bitch is uninspired letting it go to waste. I snatch it from him & put it to good use. The bitches *try* to interrupt me, telling me I need to meet someone. . .

The song finishes & I'm back to reality amongst friends wondering what the next move is. I realize I'm still tripping because I was just in a 1980s MTV music video in my mind singing that song. (O.S.) SLOW CLAP.

**X**

Bravo. I'm glad you like my playlist. May I?

🎵 Don McLean - American Pie 🎵

He commandeers the mic & proceeds to rally the block within earshot to an 8-min. sing-along. Glorious.

👑 LEO

Fuckin' goosebumps! This is what it's all about, damnit. We're just gonna party. Stop worrying & go with the flow.

**JOCK**

I mean, who are we to not go with the flow? Titties are flashing all around us, look.

Just then I realized I was surrounded by mystery drug users from the attic. We introduce ourselves to X & JOEX explains how we never use our government names, only our street names. Callsigns all day. I acknowledge the DRUGGIES as LEO starts a FREESTYLE RAP. Freestyling annoys me, so I'm glad I have an excuse to step away, even though their presence is off-putting.

It's a plea of acceptance that quickly turns to trauma dumping, so it would be awfully rude to dismiss them—but it drones on long enough for it to be my turn to freestyle & I actually consider it. Instead, I encourage them to group up, follow each other's socials & figure out what tf we took.

My SQUAD is organizing as well and calls me in to talk about <sup>THE</sup> Game Plan. *I can't focus*, too much going on! I'm sobering up (or at least wish) & going into deep thought about our fortuitous circumstances.

**CZR**

I've gotta apologize for my behavior tonight.  
We should've just stuck to the plan.

**JOEX**

Hey, shut up & smoke this.

**CZR**

I really need to sober up, it's barely 9.  
JOEX shoves it in my face & I oblige. I pass it.

**LEO**

No thanks, I don't smoke Primo. Anymore.

I feel my blood boiling & am no longer amused.

*How embarrassing!* I need some fuckin' water or I feel a panic attack might be forthcoming. Are they fucking with me? I look to the DRUGGIES (I really need to stop calling them that, they're in the same circumstance I'm in, less-so actually) & are they plotting? No, they're enchanted, they just might be venerating me. Fuck I need out. CALI just needs to come get me & we can get back to our bubbles.

JOEX feeds me a double shot of Crown w/ a shit eating grin on his face. The bastard is enjoying himself, but I'll be damned if he doesn't know just what I need & when. He's a shaman of sorts, a druid of old.

Some COLOURS must've got attracted to the spot from the freestyling. JOEX says they're a TRAP set & their pressing of us is bad news & to be prepared to fight.

 Sure.

Dreadlocks GIRL comes near. I've gotta shoot my shot. LEO shows interest too. JOCK doesn't seem to be having much fun anymore as JOEX talks to these guys. X invites the crowd to the jam circle & we all mosey. I go to get in between LEO, but X taps on my shoulder.

**X**

What are you majoring in?

**CZR**

Me? I dropped out— of High School. I'm trying to go back though because life is hard.

**X**

Oh? Hm, you should do what I did & make your own way. Join the Corps.

I was considering enlisting in the military to try to reverse my misfortunes in life, but he was serious. He's a reservist but has a cousin who is a Poolee who could refer me. I don't need to think about it, I'm sure I want to set this up. He makes a call, we exchange info & I am left with purpose. These people have life goals & it's due time I get with the program.

**JOEX**

Smoke this shit.

**CZR**

No JOEX, I don't think I will. You're looking at a future United States Marine.

**JOCK**

Why the fuck would you wanna do that?

**LEO**

I think it's a fine idea. Not everyone can rely on scholarships or daddy's money.

**CZR**

You comin' with me, LEO?

**LEO**

Oh, Heavens no. I have my own cheat codes.

I stand in the middle of the street with confidence in my heart that I have a path, as everyone should. Everyone is so beautiful with so much life here. I embrace the crowds & lets loose an interpretive dance through them to the sounds of tribal drums. As I pass through the TRAP SQUAD I do a lil C-Walk, which gets them to bust out their moves. LEO is w/ the Dreadlocks GIRL, they're cute. Then X cues his speaker.

🎵 KATO (feat. Jon) Turn the Lights Off 🎵

He must've heard me earlier. Unf\* this is exactly what I needed to hear rn. After we all cringe out w/ our meme dances, a couple asses bump up on my crotch for some bumping & grinding. I get a breathtaking residual rush from one of the drugs I presume & I wonder if it's gonna be like this all night?

As the song ends I notice some poor girl struggling to to do a keg stand because her friends weren't confident enough. I rush to help & she does a gnarly stand. She's appreciative of me & encourages me to do one next. As if I had a choice, JOCK & LEO were already reaching for my hip & thighs like pros.

My phone starts ringing in my pocket whilst upside down. I know it's my love life calling. My not-so-distant past that I'm forsaking for my bourgeoisie ambitions. My keg stand was not gnarly as I spit a mouthful out. They set me down disappointed, but JOEX steps up to save face. I ignore the call. I just know it's not a forever thing & we should talk in person.

I spot JOCK's GF marching down the road looking for us as JOCK is in the middle of a radical keg stand. She's gonna fall in love all over again.

**JOCK'S GF**

Why are you ignoring CALI?

**CZR**

I'm sorry, I was unaware you—

**JOCK'S GF**

She's almost here, I suggest ya'll get back.

The TRAP SQUAD challenges us to a Flip-Cup match. My SQUAD gets pumped, but I look JOCK'S GF dead in her eyes in a pitiful plea. Gotta come back down to reality to get reigned in by the women.

### **JOCK**

CZR, you— oh, hey babe. When did you get here?

### **JOCK'S GF**

It's time to go. CALI is about to be here with a carload & the sisters want ya'll to be there to set up before the party starts.

Awe! There is sadness in the streets, but I have a feeling that they'll get along just fine. JOCK kicks rocks as we follow his GF up the road. She makes him hold her hand as a final show of dominance. This same fate awaits me.

I had planned to apologize to her and her Sisters, but I now realize I can't. It's exactly what they want. No, I must double down & be even more unabashed me. Yes, instead of having a meaningful talk w/ any of them, I should instead express myself through revelry for their festivities.

The me of this morning would be wishing I were joking because I am usually reserved prim & proper, but I have elicited more positive responses in others as a savage than as a gentleman. I must, however, find a balance between this unbridled psyche & still have a sincere rapport. I acknowledge that I had an epiphany that I cannot yet grasp that has given me newfound insight & train of thought. Likely all from this unknown drug.

TBC...