

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 4:14 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Subject: whats up

I had another dream last night.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 8:08 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: What's up

We agreed you wouldn't tell me about those dreams anymore. Our therapist says it's the best way to stop them from occurring, remember?

Had a great writing session on Java Man yesterday, excited to get it typed up and to you, for your edits and additions.

Your *writing* partner,

Allan

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 8:10 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: whats is up

No the canser dreem. Im afrade its not just a drem. Need you to look at my shin wen yo cum in, compare it to the picshur yo took last week.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 9:47 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: Fiction

Jason, buddy, you don't have cancer. All the MRIs and CAT scans have come back negative. I wouldn't call the doctor again—Julie knows the receptionist at the clinic, they're going to start blocking your number.

Brian Lawson has cancer, not you. We're *basing* Brian on you—but he's not you. He's fictional. Remember, everything we're writing is fiction (especially when one of your employees or customers guesses right when they see themselves in there!). And all the kinky sex scenes are yours, remember

we agreed to tell everyone that, too.

P.S. I deleted the picture of your leg. Julie found it, wasn't pleased. I told you we didn't need a shot all the way up your thigh. Have Kathryn take them from now on. Okay?

Allan

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 9:50 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: Fiction

Lets make Brian a dricleaner. Then my canser will go away. Unless that's not wut yo want.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 9:52 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: Fiction

Of course I want your cancer to go away—what am I saying, you don't have cancer! And no, Brian can't be a drycleaner. The name of the book is Java Man, for crying out loud. No one hangs out at the drycleaner. No one wants to read about drycleaners. The setting is everything—all the relationships revolve around the coffeeshop. We are not changing it.

Sorry, had to get that off my chest. Every night, repeat to yourself, "Java Man is fiction, Java Man is fiction, I am not Brian Lawson, Brian Lawson is not me..." (I don't want to speak for our therapist, but I'm sure she would agree with this technique.)

Back to spreadsheets. (I should do a spreadsheet that calculates the number of neurons necessary to write a book vs. doing spreadsheets – a 99:1 ratio, I'm betting!)

Allan

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 9:53 AM

To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: Fiction

Okay then a candeestore. Everyone luvs candee.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 9:54 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: Fiction

But they don't hang out there.

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 9:55 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: Fiction

ITS FIKSHUN ALLAN!

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 9:57 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: Fiction

I know, but...we'd have to set it on a different planet, because it's not a plausible scenario here on Earth.

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 10:00 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: Fiction

Few. Now I can sleep at nite. Lets make it Tattooine. We can hav all kinds of inside StarWars humur, and jokes about peepl having a tattoo of their planet on their arms..confushun wether someone is talking about theyr tattoo, or theyr planet.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 10:12 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: Friction

Unfortunately, on Tattoine they call tattoos 'erthmarx', so, we lose our biggest joke. We'll have to stay on Earth, in a coffeeshop. Sorry.

Jason, you have to separate from this character. If nothing else, if it helps, think of Brian as you, in an alternate reality."

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 10:14 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: Friction

On Tattoine. Pleze.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 10:15 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: Friction

No.

Hey, did I ever mention, Brian Lawson loves to serve white chocolate mochas. Decaf ones. Sometimes he gives them to people even when they order something else, just to sell them on such a great drink. Nothing we need to add to the book, just good backstory for us, helps flesh out his character. (And oh what a character Brian is!)

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 10:31 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: Friction

ALLAN...I WUD NEVER DO THAT.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 10:36 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: Fiction

Exactly. Brian's not you, that's for sure.

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 10:37 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: Fiction

Wut a putz this guy is! Lets mess with him, big time. Make him a terrorist.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 10:52 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: Fiction

Jason, Brian is our hero. We have to make him likeable. People have to pull for him.

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 10:53 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: Fiction

Only a terrorist wud giv peepl wite choclt mokas, or decaff.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 11:07 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: Fiction

Okay, he doesn't do that.

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 11:08 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: Fiction

I stil hate him now.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 11:22 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: Fiction

Holy crap, we can't have you writing a story about someone you hate.

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 11:23 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: Fiction

Its fickshn, Allan. I can fake it.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 11:49 AM
To: Jason Gray
Re: The truth

I have good news, you don't have to fake it. I didn't want to tell you this, but now I have no choice: Brian is you. You were right, it's about you. You do all sorts of stupid things, and get cancer.

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 11:59 AM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: The truth

O no.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 12:08 PM
To: Jason Gray
Re: The truth

And then at the end, it turns out it was all a bad dream. That's the last page.

From: Jason Gray
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 12:08 PM
To: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Re: The truth

Oh thank God. I *luv* the "it was all a drem" twist, evry time it happens.
Evry time.

That means my canser dremms will tirn out to b dremes 2. A drem within a drem. Thats a gr8t konsept. We shood rit it.

From: Harris, Allan (USA Bank)
Sent: Wednesday, January 28, 2004 12:58 PM
To: Jason Gray
Re: The truth

You lost me. Dream within a dream? Really confusing concept. I re-read your e-mail 50 times, still don't get it. (Spaced out a staff meeting while I tried to get my head around it, now I'm in the boss's sh#thouse.) We'd be smart to stick with what sells.