

ALANAH'S LOVE

By

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BLACK SCREEN:

"A woman who remains sleep will never know her worth."

Bernard Mersier

FADE IN:

EXT. GROSSE POINTE - NIGHT

Street lamps illuminate the area filled with luxury cars and homes. This is a city of tranquility with no worries about crime.

A crisp summer breeze rustles the leaves on the tree in front of the colonial style house with blue shutters, a nicely trimmed lawn and hedges, and a 2016 jet-black Jaguar parked in the driveway.

The only light in the house is coming from one of the upstairs window, which we see the silhouette of a person walk pass the curtains.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALANAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP - ALANAH'S FACE

She's the vision of a GODDESS, mid-thirties. Smooth brown skin, long curly brown hair and luscious full lips. Tormented thoughts she can't seem to shake dwell in her hazel brown eyes.

Muffled whimpers of a man in pain can be heard, bringing a crease to the side of her mouth attempting to smile. Moistening her lips provocatively, she begins pondering on something, moving her tongue up and down against the corner of her mouth.

Coming to a conclusion nodding her head, she moves her eyes downward, slowly bringing them back up.

The dimple in her right cheek is revealed from her sinister smile, inhaling the aroma of death in the air.

ALANAH (V.O.)

My thoughts haunt me. Not because I regret what I've done. They haunt me because I shouldn't be this way. People would always

tell me let the Lord handle my problems or  
let Karma come around. ...Well, fuck that.

WIDER ANGLE--

We see she's sitting at her computer desk in her all-black room with chains hanging from the ceiling.

The screensaver on her flat screen monitor behind her has a quote which says "UPLIFT A WOMAN, YOU'LL UPLIFT A NATION"  
CILLENA P.

The knotted cords on the CAT O NINE TAILS hang over the monitor. On the desk is a pair of handcuffs and leather gloves.

Alanah enjoys a darker side of sex only a few would accept.

Standing to her feet with seduction oozing from her body, the leather bra and thong makes her mouth-watering body with nice size breast, a flat stomach and wide hips more tempting.

At first glance this would be an instant turn on, until you see the combat knife with deep ridges clinched in her right hand stained with blood.

Ready for the whimpering to end, she moves through the chains walking pass the queen size bed with a black canopy and sheets.

Reaching the other side of the room, she pauses tilting her head to the side...and an innocent smile spreads on her face staring at...

ALANAH'S POV

We see DAVID, mid-thirties. His arms are raised and shackled at the wrist by the chains hanging from the ceiling, with his legs spread and ankles shackled by the chains on the wall.

He's quivering naked, with sweat running down his body at the same pace as the blood coming from the multiple cuts placed on his brown flesh.

A leather mask with the zipper open covers his head. We can only imagine his facial expression of pure terror underneath.

Alanah stands to the side marveling his pain. His body

jerks when she gently places her hand on his chest. Orgasms spill from her eyes placing the tip of the knife on her lip.

The sight of his blood has her hormones racing, gently pricking her lip licking the blood off.

Grabbing him by the back of the head, she moves in gliding her tongue across the mouth of the mask.

Releasing his head, she looks at him smiling.

ALANAH

(Sexy tone)

Baby, make me cum.

DAVID

(Shaky voice)

Bitch, let me go!

December weather is in her chuckle, poking the tip of the knife in his chest.

Once the blood comes forth, she keeps the tip in beginning a trail down his body.

Moans are heard through his clinched teeth.

The trail ends between his thighs.

She slowly glides the ridges back and forth across his manhood, teasing him with pain.

With his adrenaline pumping and breathing increasing, his body tenses up with fear, knowing he's seconds away from death.

ALANAH

We're just getting started.

DAVID

(Begging pathetically)

Please, don't kill me. Please. What do you want?

The sound of him begging for his life amplifies the desire

to kill him, snuggling her face against his stomach tasting the blood, dropping soft kisses.

ALANAH

(Moaning seductive)

Tell me...are you a moaner or a screamer?

Unsure if there's a right or wrong answer, he swallows hard bracing himself for the outcome.

DAVID

I'm--I'm a moaner.

Deeply aroused, she tongue kisses his nipple, but the cold daggers in her eyes grabbing his penis tight speak of disappointment by his reply.

ALANAH

That's a shame. I love my men screaming.

Treating his penis like a fingernail file on an annoying nail you can't wait to get rid of is how she uses the ridges on his penis, aggressively cutting it off.

Haunting screams fill the room, the same as the blood pouring down from where his penis was once connected.

Delighted with her actions, she tosses the meat to the side, closing the zipper muffling his screams.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I'll be back when you calm down.

Turning her back walking towards the bedroom door, her walk and backside is just as tempting like the rest of her body.

CLOSE UP - TATTOO

Covering her entire back are screaming lost souls, tombstones and serpents.

A cynical laugh ejects from her mouth walking out the room, closing the door behind her.

David drops his head...and his lifeless body hangs in silence.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD

INT. WORKOUT ROOM - MORNING

The room is equipped with everything you need to get in shape from a treadmill, speed bag, a weight bench with a hundred and fifty pounds on the bar, and more on the floor.

Wall mirrors cover the entire room, so she can see the results of her workout from every angle because she's vain. The symphony can be heard coming from Alanah's earbuds as she practices her combos on the punching bag.

She's wearing a black spandex bra and leggings with her hair pulled in a ponytail. It looks like she's been caught up in a rainstorm how the sweat rolls down her body.

Each punch she lands there's a loud THUD letting you know not only is she good with her hands, but there's some power behind her punches.

ALANAH (V.O.)

For some reason, I don't know why. Women today don't feel comfortable in their skin. They dress up as dolls and pincushions, altering their bodies for the attention of a man. They'll call the next female ugly or a hoe, and they're exactly like 'em. Why do women go through all this for a person who only views them as a bragging story? Me..

Hitting the bag with a hard quick four piece, she takes a break wiping the sweat off.

Pleased her speed and power is on point, she moves across the hardwood floor to the weight bench taking a seat.

Reaching down by her feet she picks up her water bottle in need of hydration, almost drinking the entire bottle.

ALANAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Everyday I'm either in the gym or boxing, because I love pain. A man running pitiful rerun lines about my body is pointless, because I know I'm tight. And for the men that don't like how I'm shaped or look,

oh, fucking well, because I love me  
regardless.

(Scoffs)

Men.

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Alanah is standing under the shower head with her eyes closed, letting the waters fall down her body.

ALANAH (V.O.)

I don't care who he is. All men approach women with pussy on the mind, even if he claims a true commitment is all he wants.

Opening her eyes annoyed by the thoughts running through her mind, she grabs the milk and honey body wash from the rack applying it on her towel, lathering it up real good.

She scrubs herself like a rape victim feeling dirty, hoping the filth will come off knowing it won't.

ALANAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)

They view us as hips, thighs, ass and titties. They think saying "I love you", nicknames, dinner dates, compliments and pretending to care should keep us happy. In the case of hoes those aspects are true, because that's all they want and display. But you can't tell a hoe she's a hoe. In her mind, she's a bad bitch. She doesn't realize she's a plain bitch being a slut with her body.

Rinsing off, she turns the water off, and then steps from the tub onto the brown rug on the white floor.

Wrapping a black towel around her, she then turns facing the fogged up mirror, and with one swipe, she sees the blank expression on her face staring back at her.

Searching her own eyes desperately needing answers explaining who she is, she comes up with nothing, sighing, lowering her head.

CLOSE UP - THE GLASS SKULL HOLDER

On the sink she reaches for grabbing her toothbrush.

Applying the toothpaste, she stares at her reflection trying to wrap her mind around something.

ALANAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Women who hold their own ignoring these scams called "Running game" buy vibrators. We can fuck ourselves fast or slow, mixing it up gaining genuine satisfaction, which is something a lot of these women need to start doing. Men base their character on body and dick, with no clue why they have these blessings. But hey...these hoes make it easy.

Smiling wide showing her perfect pearly whites, she begins brushing her teeth.

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH'S CAR - {DRIVING} - MORNING

ALANAH'S POV

The people outside in the Downtown district of Detroit are enjoying the weather, going in and coming out of buildings, standing at bus stops or walking down the packed sidewalks.

Alanah is cruising with the flow of traffic with the windows down, enjoying the fresh air and nice breeze.

The sun glares in her eyes radiating beauty, bobbing her head to the tunes playing.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Being a marriage counselor, I meet some interesting people. Like David from last night. David was addicted to sex, so in house pussy wasn't enough. He had extra hoes on the side, and when his wife found out she divorced him. In his mind, he had me lined up as his next piece of ass.

(Laughs)

When will men learn chasing after pussy is



playing with death? A woman is either fucked up from a previous relationship or she's flat out crazy. Either way, we come with some luggage. Is getting a nut trying to leave really worth it, knowing we won't let the shit go easy?

Coming to a stop at a red light, this is her opportunity to retrieve a piece of gum from her cup holder. Opening the wrapper placing the gum in her mouth, she chews in bliss enjoying the flavor.

As she waits for the light to turn, a HORN is heard beeping three times.

Looking to her left, she sees MAN #1 in his Grey Chrysler 300 smiling at her, sticking his tongue out indicating he wants to eat her pussy.

Disgusted by the typical actions a man would give her, she focuses back on the light turning green.

The horn is heard again.

Knowing that it's him, she looks over and Man #1 is mouthing some foul words, giving her the finger before driving off.

ALANAH'S POV

As he drives off we see his license plate that reads "THEMAN1".

She scoffs continuing on her way to work.

ALANAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)

This is what I'm talking about. A man thinks every woman he encounters is a hoe, and she should automatically accept what he has to offer. Yet again, the dumb bitches giving away pussy are more at fault. Money, good looks and dick sizes got these hoes out here making non-relevant niggas feel special.

(Smiles)

That's the beauty of having a vibrator you can fuck without the headache.

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH'S OFFICE - MORNING

You would feel right at home when you walk into her office the way it's setup like a living room. Bookshelves are up against the wall filled with various books, a nice leather sofa, some chairs and a fish tank by the open window so the breeze can come in.

CLOSE UP - HER DESK

On her desk there's a beautiful family portrait of her when she was eleven-years-old posing with her mother and father Linda and John.

On the other end of the desk sits a black glass casket used to hold pens, and propped up against it is an eerie sewn together girl doll with the eyes closed smiling.

Written on the casket in gold calligraphy letters reads:

INSERT WORDS

A SOUL NEVER RESTS.

Alanah is sitting behind her desk reading a file on her laptop.

Taking a break, she looks at the time on her platinum watch on her right wrist.

INSERT THE TIME

11:29.

Rolling her eyes, she becomes annoyed the client she's waiting on hasn't arrived.

A deep sigh comes from her mouth ready to go grab some lunch, but she decides she'll wait a few minutes longer.

In need of something to occupy her time, she opens her brown COACH purse hanging on her chair, reaching inside grabbing her keys.

Only having four keys on the key ring, it's not hard finding the one she needs to unlock her desk drawer. Placing the key in the lock turning it, she pulls the drawer out.

The contents inside make you wonder if she engages in her

dark sexual activities on the job.

INSERT INSIDE THE DRAWER

There's a ball gag, handcuffs, Ky-jelly, anal beads and a small spiked padded paddle.

Frozen glass ready to crack is how her eyes look picking up the ball gag.

Sorrow perspires from her body, because of the memory replaying in her mind bringing forth tears.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Before you label me, let me explain.

No longer able to deny the images in her head, she slowly opens her mouth placing the gag inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S BASEMENT - NIGHT {FLASHBACK}

SUPERIMPOSE: DETROIT, MI 1993

The room is dim. Heavy metal music plays fairly loud, as we see the pornographic images painted on the walls and torture contraptions arranged around the room.

If you're into exploring sexual pleasure on another level, this is the place for you.

The smell of cigarettes lace the air, while the men in the room wearing various S&M attire stand around drinking, smoking and snorting Coke.

But at the moment, we should be more focused on the pillory in the corner.

ANGLE ON--

YOUNG ALANAH on her knees crying with a ball gag in her mouth, wearing a shirt and jeans.

She's wiggling around trying to get out of the pillory, frightened not knowing what to expect.

What sick bastard would have an eleven-year-old in this predicament?

TWO SHOT -- JOHN AND FRANK

We see her father JOHN and his older brother FRANK standing by the basement door.

John eyes are bloodshot holding a cup, constantly scratching his neck, licking his lips in need of a fix.

His older brother FRANK wearing a bondage outfit is standing next to him, keeping his eyes glued on Young Alanah.

Frank swishes the saliva around in his mouth, tasting the incest.

FRANK

She's your payment?

John's hand trembles placing the cup to his lips.

JOHN

Charge everybody in here, and that should clear my debt and some.

Frank pretends he's entertaining the idea knowing he'll accept her, because he has a deep desire to sleep with his niece.

Turning his attention to the men, Frank clears his throat loud enough to gain their attention, pointing towards the pillory.

They stare at him waiting for what he has to say.

FRANK

Would any of you men pay for the experience inside of that lovely virgin?

A thunderous YES followed with sadistic laughter is heard.

ANGLE ON--

An obese man wearing a leather mask and thong walks up on Young Alanah preparing to take the gag out.

John takes a sip from his cup upset, staring directly at the obese man.

JOHN

What the fuck are you doing?!

The man looks over at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The mouth is mine! Her daddy will be the first to experience those benefits.

The man holds his hands up, stepping back smiling.

FRANK

Enjoy yourselves, but don't severely damage her. Save some for me.

The men laugh.

CLOSE UP - YOUNG ALANAH

Closing her eyes tight, tears fall to the floor as the herd gathers around until she's no longer seen.

John and Frank walk out the room.

Frank is a real sexual deviant, and doesn't care who knows. Not just because of the back room, but the blow up dolls chained against the walls, and hanging from the ceiling.

The laughter from the men inside the room is heard.

Although Frank accepted Young Alanah for his debt, John is still nervous, because he doesn't know if he's in the clear.

JOHN

We good?

Frank's face is stone cold staring at him.

John feels used, not just because he gave up his daughter for payment, but his debt isn't cleared.

Ready to walk off, Frank places his hand on John shoulder. John looks at him with pitiful eyes, and Frank cracks a smile.

FRANK

Don't run your tab so high, and you won't be in this position. Are you pitching or catching?

Either way doesn't bother John, but he needs a quick fix first, scratching his neck, licking his lips.

JOHN

You got some rocks or a few lines?

FRANK

I don't allow that shit smoked in my house. I got some coke if you sniff it off her back.

Knowing Frank is about to solve his addiction, John cracks a smile, nowhere near ashamed he's about to take part in the rape of his own child.

JOHN

Let's do it.

FRANK

That's my little brother.

Frank grips John ass, and he embraces it with a smile.

They laugh walking back into the room.

COME BACK TO:

INT. ALANAH'S OFFICE - {PRESENT DAY}

Shame anoints her body despite she had no escape out of the situation, but she still feels less of a woman because of what happened. Removing the ball gag, she puts it away locking the drawer turning to look out the window.

Wishing she could go back and possibly change what happened, she stares at the sun omitting rays of joy, but her empty corridor eyes drop a veil of darkness.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Talk about some tough fatherly love. Some would agree with what happened, because they feel pussy is payment for everything. Some would think I'm a whore, continuing letting men degrade me. The overall view men have about women. She deserved it, because she's a hoe who loves it.

The sound of the door opening is heard.

"It's about time." Is the expression she has turning to face the door and we see...

LLOYD. A handsome brown skin man dressed sophisticated, glowing bright, ready to get some things off his chest.

Closing the door with a smile, he approaches the desk.

Alanah is over it closing her laptop, looking at him puzzled why he even bothered showing up knowing he's late.

ALANAH

You're late. I'm heading out the door.

A deer caught in headlights is his expression, because he just knew she would still have the session with him.

Lloyd attempts to turn on the charm, hoping she'll at least give him a few minutes of her time.

LLOYD

Just give me a few minutes, please.

She's not going for it. Her mind is set on leaving, and he's aggravating her good nerve because he's still here.

ALANAH

Place my plans on hold because you're late?

LLOYD

I'm sorry. See, I was out running some errands, and I totally forgot---

ALANAH

Was it worth missing your session?

He's speechless because his reason why he's late wouldn't be a valid excuse, and he had so much he needed to speak on.

Recognizing he really needs her advice, she gives a slight smile.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

(Sighs)

Five minutes.

Grateful for her time, he makes his way to the sofa and she becomes irritated again.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Expecting he can get comfortable so he can tell his story, he looks back at her confused.

LLOYD

Can I have a seat?

ALANAH

Five minutes. You don't need a seat for five minutes.

He stares at her staring at him, seeing she's serious.

There's an awkward silence for a brief moment before he massages his throat, clearing it.

LLOYD

I'm still having the dream.

ALANAH

Didn't you leave that issue with the Lord?

You can tell from his expression heartache dwells heavy in his body.

LLOYD

It's hard getting over walking in on your wife...with a man you thought was her brother.

ALANAH

Craving what you saw, believing what your desires told you, overlooking her issues. Understand your flaws, so you can overcome this issue.



LLOYD

(Sighs)

I wish it was that easy.

ALANAH

It is. But if you keep thinking about it,  
you'll never get over it.

LLOYD

Maybe you're right.

ALANAH

I know I'm right.

LLOYD

(Low laugh)

Can I ask you something?

ALANAH

Sure.

LLOYD

What's the story behind the doll and  
casket?

Catching a quick attitude, she uses her eyes glancing over  
at the casket and doll, and then back at him.

ALANAH

You've been coming here for six months,  
and you're just now deciding to ask? Why?

LLOYD

I had to focus on me first. If it's  
something personal, don't worry about it.

Looking over at the doll, another painful memory is  
rehashed, holding back the pain so he won't notice.

ALANAH

It reminds me despite I'm no longer

beautiful, there's something worth smiling about.

He cocks his head to the side baffled, because in his eyes she's a vision of beauty.

LLOYD

What are you talking about? You're beautiful.

Knowing the reason why she said those words, his failed attempt trying to make her smile goes right out the window.

ALANAH

The outer beauty of a person is nothing if the inside is ugly.

LLOYD

Really?

ALANAH

Look at the reason why you're here. Now, your five minutes are up. I'll see you at your next session.

LLOYD

Let's grab some dinner and continue the discussion.

ALANAH

Negative.

LLOYD

Why?

ALANAH

For one, I don't want you having my house number. For two, once I leave here, I have a serious discussion planned with my bed.

LLOYD

You don't have a cell?

ALANAH

I'm not a sociable person, so no.

LLOYD

You can't be---

ALANAH

If you're continuing your sessions, stop  
right there.

Hearing the tone in her voice lets him know it's his cue to  
exit.

LLOYD

I'll see you next week.

ALANAH

Be on time.

He walks out the room.

The memory he made her recap makes her pick up the doll,  
hating the fact she has to relive a painful memory.

Playing with the arms on the doll like she's five-years-old  
doesn't help ease the pain from the dreadful memory  
clouding her mind.

ALANAH (V.O.)

This was the only thing you gave me.  
Something just as ugly as the woman you  
turned into. The womb of a whore birth  
pure innocence to get treated like a  
whore...and you were okay with it.

Closing her eyes, she breathes deep.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1993 {FLASHBACK}

Crack house is the first thought that would come to mind  
when you set foot in here.

Roaches are crawling across the dirty walls and floor  
covered with empty liquor bottles and dishes.

The furniture is worn out with cigarette burns and holes, and the glass table in front of the sofa is cracked in half.

A baggie filled with crack rocks, the ashtray, a homemade crack pipe and a box of Newports are on the table.

TWO SHOT -- LINDA AND JOHN

The two are sitting on the couch getting wasted. Linda blows out the smoke from the crack she just finished, placing her pipe on the table.

The prime example of how crack can turn a beautiful melanin woman into something nightmares are made of. Unlike the happy family picture on Alanah desk...this is what her family looks like behind the mask of happiness.

John takes a hard hit from his homemade crack pipe. Holding the smoke in his mouth, he faces Linda puckering his lips out, and without thinking twice, she gives him a kiss so they can exchange the smoke.

Finishing getting each other high off the same rock, they sit back laughing, dry mouth, needing some water for their parched throats.

Sitting back with his glossy red eyes, John points at the baggie filled with crack rocks.

JOHN

This shit should last.

Linda is still worried about the debt rocking back and forth, chewing on the side of her thumb.

LINDA

We're clear from the debt?

He takes a cigarette from the pack placing it in his mouth.

JOHN

Yup. I told you he'd take her.

Relieved by the news, she picks up the lighter from the table lighting his cigarette.

LINDA

Good.

Turning her attention to the traumatized Young Alanah, a devious plan constructs in her mind.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Her mama is a good hoe, so I can show her the ropes.

ANGLE ON--

Young Alanah sitting in the corner in a wooden chair holding the doll she has on her desk.

Blacked out...you would have to check her pulse to know she's alive.

John is so foul, he made her put on the clothes covered with semen.

John looks at Linda smiling, exhaling cool and laid back.

JOHN

You are good at what you do.

Proud being labeled as a hoe, Linda winks her eye sticking her tongue out using her fingers slapping it hard.

LINDA

Let me show you my appreciation.

JOHN

Let's make a bet.

LINDA

What?

JOHN

Make me bust in less than three minutes, and I'll do all the catching with the next clients.

His words made her horny. She starts kissing on his neck, moving her hand between his thighs.

LINDA

(Seductive)

Meet my mouth in the bedroom.

She only cares about pleasing her man, instead of her daughter who was raped by a room full of men.

When she stands up, he slaps her on the ass making her release a bashful giggle, making her way to the bedroom.

Greed flows through John's body taking a pull from his cigarette looking over at Young Alanah happy he raped his own child, and in a matter of seconds, he's about to have sex with her mother.

JOHN

You should join us. Daddy loves how you feel.

With no shame in his game, he laughs getting up from the sofa making his way to the bedroom.

ANGLE ON--

Young Alanah is still spaced out. What happened on this night is a memory she'll never forget.

The silence is broken by loud rap music coming from the bedroom.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The light from the lamp in the corner exposes the bedroom that's just as filthy as the living room. It's clear these parents only care about the next high and a dollar.

Linda is on her knees between John legs going to work, moving her head fast up and down.

John is laid across the dirty mattress biting down on the sheet covering his face muffling his moans as his body jerks ready to cum, holding back.

CLOSE UP - THE DOOR

Slowly opening and there stands Young Alanah with the same blank stare holding a butcher knife in her right hand, and

a hammer in her left, watching Linda giving John a blowjob.  
John's moans grow louder.

Young Alanah rushes over slitting Linda's throat. Blood sprays from her throat, gurgling on blood falling to the side on her back, dying a slow death.

JOHN

Bitch, why you stop?

He removes the sheet and Young Alanah pounces on him, placing the knife to his throat.

Staring into her vacant eyes, he knows this is no longer the innocent little girl she once was.

But he figures he can still reason with her, so she doesn't slit his throat.

JOHN

Calm down, princess. Daddy loves---

YOUNG ALANAH

Daddy loves the way I feel.

Tapping his head with the hammer loving the sound against his skull, she raises the hammer ready to bash his head in.

YOUNG ALANAH (CONT'D)

Let's see if daddy loves this.

Keeping the knife on his throat, she brings the hammer down with force.

SMASH CUT:

INT. ALANAH'S OFFICE - {PRESENT DAY}

She places the doll back smiling.

ALANAH (V.O.)

My favorite uncle helped me clean up the mess. God bless his soul letting me live with him. Being the man that he is and his profession, it helped me become the woman I am.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Waitresses walk across the black and white tiled floor, some bringing out orders while others take them.

Some of the customers are sitting at the counter on black stools talking and watching the cooks prepare their meals.

The sound of silverware against plates and chatter is heard in the cozy little diner that looks like it came straight from the 80's.

This is a nice peaceful environment if you want to escape and grab a quick bite to eat.

ANGLE ON--

Alanah is sitting at a booth by the window looking at something in a file folder, with a cup of coffee beside her. Whatever she's looking at has her full attention with a smile, picking up the cup of coffee taking a sip.

ALANAH (V.O.)

The key thing women sleep on when it comes to men is how they treat their mother. If he treats his own mother like shit, what makes you think your so called good pussy is special? Now, before you say differ, yes, there are some men who can fool you. They treat their mother like gold, and turn around treating you like shit. You gotta be on your game and not your hormones.

She looks up seeing the bubbly WAITRESS with a wide smile coming her way.

Closing the file, she looks up at the waitress smiling.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order?

ALANAH

Yes. Can I have your porterhouse steak medium rare and a baked potato?



WAITRESS

You sure can. Can I get you anything to drink?

ALANAH

Can I have a coke, please?

WAITRESS

Yes, ma'am. I'll be right back with your drink.

The Waitress walks off.

Alanah takes a sip from her coffee.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Not to long ago, I dated a man named Kevin. He treated me with respect like a man should treat every woman God blessed on this earth. He never mentioned anything sexual, because spending time with me was all he wanted.

(Sighs)

I'm no longer with him and I'm pretty sure you can guess why. But if women treat men like they do us, we're labeled as bitches and hoes. Irony, wouldn't you say?

The Waitress comes back placing her drink and straw down.

WAITRESS

Here you go. Your order will be out in a few minutes.

ALANAH

Thank you.

The waitress walks off.

Alanah watches her walking off batting her eyes, frustrated, biting down on her lip thinking in her mind the waitress is no different from any other woman who would easily fall for the lies a man says.

Picking up the file opening it, she's instantly happy again.

ALANAH (V.O.)

More women like me should stand up,  
helping the blind see the truth. Maybe  
it'll happen one day.

(Laughs)

Right. And one day men will be able to  
give birth.

INSERT PICTURES IN THE FILE

We see the gruesome pictures of the men she murdered,  
formed together in a heart shaped collage.

Closing the file taking a deep breath releasing joy, she  
places the straw in her coke taking a sip.

INT. SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON

The supermarket is clean spick and span, filled with people  
taking their time shopping, enjoying they can shop in  
peace, because the supermarket is in a high scale  
neighborhood.

Alanah is standing with her purse on her shoulder, holding  
a basket with a few items inside, staring at the workers  
placing out freshly baked buns, donuts and bread.

Coming up pushing a buggy filled with mainly meats and can  
goods is DANNY.

You can tell by looking at his light bright face and long  
ponytail he's conceited.

When he sees Alanah, he takes a step back marveling at her  
shape and beauty.

Clearing his throat, he pushes his buggy towards her  
stopping, stepping behind her.

DANNY

The soft ones are in the back.

She blushes, but doesn't turn around.

ALANAH

Considering I put lotion on 'em everyday,  
they should be.

DANNY'S POV

Seeing it from afar is nothing compared to seeing it up  
close and personal, looking at the perfect shape and  
possibility of it being soft.

Danny bites down on his lip in love.

DANNY

I wouldn't know.

She turns around smiling.

ALANAH

Do you wanna find out?

DANNY

Good response. I like that.

ALANAH

That doesn't answer the question.

DANNY

Maybe.

Eying him up and down, she looks at his left hand seeing  
his wedding ring. Looking back in his eyes knowing he's a  
player, she gives a coy smile ready to play along and see  
how far his lies will go.

ALANAH

Are you debating because you're shy? Or is  
it because your wife wouldn't appreciate  
you grabbing another woman's ass?

DANNY

My wife?

She smirks pointing at the ring. He looks down at his hand  
flipping it over as if he didn't know he had the ring on.

He's used to women going after him for his looks, ignoring the wedding ring.

Danny is quick on his feet with a legitimate response.

DANNY (CONT'D)

That's from my first marriage.

ALANAH

Why do you still wear it?

DANNY

It reminds me to watch who I fall in love with.

ALANAH

(Sympathetic)

She broke your heart?

DANNY

You can say that.

ALANAH

Well?

DANNY

If you give me your number, we can talk about it.

ALANAH

Can you cook?

DANNY

Anything you name, I can make it.

ALANAH

Make me dinner tonight and I'll take your number.

She caught him off guard.

DANNY

Straight up?

ALANAH

I can always go home and make my own,  
forgetting this conversation happened.

DANNY

Nah, I'll hook us something up.

With a straight face, she waits for him to say something  
better than the basic line he used.

He's confused because she hasn't pulled her phone out.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Where's your phone?

ALANAH

I have a good memory.

DANNY

555-9743.

ALANAH

What's your name?

DANNY

Danny.

ALANAH

I'm Alanah.

DANNY

I hope you don't play me.

Making sure she has him where she wants him, she steps into  
his face almost kissing him, caressing his chest.

ALANAH

I'm a pleaser. When I see something I  
want, I don't play with it. Have my dinner  
ready.

Watching her walk off bewitched, he can't help but think about the evening he's about to have with her, and then he realizes she didn't get any bread.

DANNY

Hold up. You forgot your bread.

She turns around looking at him.

ALANAH

Grab something fit for the meal. If it turns out good, you can have some of this cake.

Installing the thought of them having sex in his head, he nods with confidence thinking he pulled an easy one night stand, not knowing he's her next victim.

INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Coming from the dining room stepping into the hardwood floor hallway with paintings on the white walls, a fancy light hanging above lighting up the room, and plants sitting on corner tables is the handsome butler TOMMY.

Making his way to the front door stepping to the side, a smile is on his brown face watching Alanah come into the house.

TOMMY

Are you ready to eat?

ALANAH

What are we having?

TOMMY

Roast duck and asparagus, with lemon garnish.

ALANAH

You got fancy with it tonight, huh?

TOMMY

Shall I make your plate?

ALANAH

No, I have a date.

TOMMY

Do you want me to wrap it up for later?

ALANAH

Yeah. I'll probably be hungry when I get home.

She walks towards the stairs anxious to get to her room so she can prepare for her date with Danny.

Tommy comes to the bottom of the stairs looking up at her.

TOMMY

Todd called earlier.

She turns looking at him.

ALANAH

(Sighs, annoyed)

What did he want?

TOMMY

He wants to know if he can take you out on a date.

She ponders on it for a hot second, rocking her head side to side.

ALANAH

I'll let him know.

TOMMY

Enjoy your evening.

ALANAH

Thank you.

She makes her way upstairs, and he walks back into the dining room.

As she comes up the stairs, there are paintings of women

trapped in their mind with their thoughts. Walking pass the closed doors, she heads to her bedroom opening the door walking in.

She turns the lights on walking over to her computer desk opening the drawer reaching in grabbing one of the many minute phones placing it on the desk.

Debating on how she wants the night to unfold, she taps her finger on the phone, and then it dawns on her.

Moving over to the closet opening it, she has various bondage attire, whips, chains, handcuffs, studded paddles, dog collars and more.

Thumbing through the clothes, she turns her attention to the spiked dog collar with a long chain picking it up.

ALANAH (V.O.)

The weakness of man resides between the thighs of every woman walking this earth. He either wants it for pleasure, profit or both. Sadly, women don't recognize this incredible power can be used without it being tarnished.

With one part of the plan she has in store for Danny, she walks over to the bed placing the collar down.

ALANAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)

While a man calls his self fucking, here's what he's thinking. If I put some speed and authority in my stroke getting her to moan, the pussy is mine.

(Laughs)

I've had all colors and sizes inside me in one day, and let me tell you. Unless you can compare dick with starvation, it's irrelevant.

She walks over to her dresser opening the drawer.

INSERT INSIDE THE DRAWER

Inside are syringes, pills Rohypnol, valium, librium, xanax, Heroin, Cocaine, Meth and more.



ALANAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Now, this Danny must take me for fucking fool. Why can't men be upfront and say they wanna fuck, but they have a woman at home?

She picks up a baggie filled with Heroin.

ALANAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Tommy can drop me off, and pick me up after my dinner.

Placing the Heroin down, she walks to the bathroom walking in closing the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny stands by the door checking his breath, slicking his hair back, making sure he's suave for his encounter.

The doorbell rings, and he quickly opens the door.

There stands Alanah wearing a full-length black leather coat with the matching purse, carrying a black overnight bag.

DANNY

Damn, you fine.

ALANAH

Can you let me in?

He steps to the side allowing her to come in, closing the door behind her.

Walking into the house, she pauses looking around.

To her left is the living room furnished with navy blue furniture, a wall flat screen television and Japanese artwork and fans blending perfect with the furniture.

The way the room is setup, you can tell a woman with some taste decorated.

ALANAH

This is nice.

He comes up standing beside her looking around the room nodding his head as if he's the one who decorated.

DANNY

Thanks. What's in the bag?

She looks at him smiling.

ALANAH

I brought a change of clothes. If the food is good, there's a chance the sex might be good. Why not stay for a morning recap and breakfast? But if this bothers you, I can call Uber back and leave.

DANNY

No problems. I'm digging your style.

ALANAH

Most men do. Where's my food?

DANNY

Do you want me to take your coat?

ALANAH

I'll let you know after I try my food.  
Lead the way.

They make their way into the dining room painted light brown matching the wooden table and chairs.

The ceiling fan is spinning on low with the lights dim.

Resting on the table is a bottle of red wine, two wine glasses, a basket with fresh butter rolls and their plates.

Italian sausage and herbs pasta is their meal.

He pulls her chair out so she can sit, and then he takes his seat.

She hangs her purse on the chair, placing the overnight bag by her feet.

Looking at the meal, she has a smile of approval.

ALANAH

Pasta is my favorite. Good choice.

DANNY

I left the glass empty, because I wasn't sure if you're a wine drinker.

ALANAH

I'm actually a Remy girl, but this works.

She picks up her fork twirling it in the noodles getting a good helping to place in her mouth.

Blown away by the taste, she goes for seconds.

DANNY

What do you think?

ALANAH

(Chewing)

Pour me some wine and we're in business.

He grabs the bottle pouring two glasses.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I almost forgot. Can I have some water?

DANNY

Yeah.

He gets up making his way into the kitchen.

She opens her purse grabbing the syringe filled with Heroin, dropping it at her feet.

Just as he returns with the water, she closes the purse.

He hands her the glass.

ALANAH

Water helps when I'm drinking.

He takes his seat looking at her smiling.

DANNY

Cool with me.

ALANAH

So, what happened between you and your wife? What's her name?

DANNY

Lisa.

ALANAH

How did she break your heart?

DANNY

Constantly accusing me of cheating, knowing I would never cheat on her.

ALANAH

How long were you married?

DANNY

Five years.

ALANAH

Women have a tendency to get insecure if they have a good man.

DANNY

I think she was cheating on me.

ALANAH

That's always an option.

DANNY

(Sighs)

She has no idea how much it hurt me...when I told her we should part ways.

(Sniffles)

I guess her love for me wasn't strong as mine for her.

ALANAH

I see.

DANNY

Why are you single?

Seeing through the game he's running, she takes a sip from her wine appearing concerned, going along with the flow.

ALANAH

Wait. Are you about to cry?

DANNY

Nah. When I think of her, I get a little choked up.

ALANAH

Aw, that's love. Well, I'm single because of the way men behave.

DANNY

How do we behave?

She takes a sip of water.

ALANAH

You see a beautiful woman, you either sugar-coat some bullshit or if she calls you on your bullshit, you don't produce.

DANNY

I don't sugar-coat or bullshit.

ALANAH

Do you keep a lock on your phone?

DANNY

No. Why should I, when I have nothing to hide?

ALANAH

Everybody has something to hide.

DANNY

Not me.

ALANAH

Why did you agree on cooking me dinner?

DANNY

I like how we were cutting it up on the phone. You seem like you have a sense of humor with your head on your shoulders. Why not?

She rolls her eyes, taking another sip.

ALANAH

That made you wanna cook me dinner?

(Scoffs)

Let's cut the bullshit.

Seeing a different side from her, he takes a sip from his glass.

DANNY

What?

ALANAH

A woman should not be controlling this situation.

DANNY

(Shy laugh)

I don't know what you're talking about.

ALANAH

Do you plan on fucking me tonight? Or are we about to sit around and bullshit?

He takes a sip of his wine, wiping his forehead.

DANNY

Well, what I had in mind was...

She shakes her head no, wagging her finger at him.

ALANAH

See, stop right there. Men are dominant. Power is in their actions and words, making a woman do his every command. But you got me sitting here, feeding me some bullshit?

She stands up taking her coat off dropping it to the floor, revealing the leather bondage attire.

Stepping over to him, he licks his lips catching the drool that was about to fall.

He gets ready to speak, and she places a finger to his lips.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I'm controlling the situation.

She grabs the chair turning him to face her.

As if she's preparing to straddle down on a horse, she places one leg around him, taking a seat on his lap with force.

He releases a soft moan reaching for her waist, and she grabs his wrist.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

You don't do shit.

He blushes, licking his lips.

DANNY

Okay sexy.

ALANAH

Good.

Closing his eyes, he waits patiently.

She slowly licks from his neck up to his ear, gently biting the top.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

(Seductive)

Are you gonna make me your bitch? Or are you gonna be my bitch?

He opens his eyes, staring at her confused.

DANNY

What the fuck are you talking about?

She reaches between his legs, grabbing his dick with a tight grip.

ALANAH

(Serious)

Are you gonna be my bitch? Or will you make me yours?

DANNY

Bitch, if you don't let my dick go.

You would think she just experienced an orgasm kissing on his neck, moaning softly.

Enjoying the sensation, he gets into it grabbing her ass.

Knowing he would go along with whatever she did, she sits straight up aggravated slapping him hard across the face.

ALANAH

You're my bitch.

Rage is in his eyes grabbing her by throat pushing her back on the table knocking over his glass and plate, holding her down.

DANNY

Bitch, I should kill you! You don't put your fucking hands on me!

She moans licking her lips, sliding her hand between her thighs.

Keeping his hand on her throat, he leans down in her face.



DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm about to beat yo ass...then fuck you.

ALANAH

(Moaning)

Beat me before you fuck me, daddy. I'm your bitch.

Grinning, he slaps her hard on the thigh.

She moans louder, placing her finger in her mouth.

DANNY

You're the type of bitch I been looking for.

He lets her throat go, standing straight taking his shirt off and then his pants.

She sits up with her hand still between her thighs, staring at him with lust in her eyes.

ALANAH

Before you beat me daddy, can you do one thing?

He grabs his dick with confidence, looking at her smiling.

DANNY

What, bitch?

She gets up walking to her chair opening the purse, pulling out the spiked dog collar placing it around her neck.

Turning to face him, he's in a trance. This is something he's never experienced before.

The trap is set. Winking at him licking her lips, she makes her move towards him playing with the chain.

ALANAH

(Moaning)

Treat me like the dog I am. Sit down in your chair, and make me come eat my meal.

Boasting his ego, he looks at her feeling like a pimp, nodding his head with arrogance.

DANNY

Get to it. I got a mouth-full for you.

She bites down on her lip, switching hard to the other side of the table.

Getting down on her knees, she tosses the end of the chain under the table near his chair.

He looks on smiling, sitting down.

Picking up the chain, he wraps it twice around his hand, pulling her towards him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

When you get over here, grab my phone out my pants. I'm recording yo nasty ass, so my boys--OUCH!

He slides back looking down at her.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Bitch...

His eyes roll in the back of his head, falling out the chair.

She comes from under the table holding the empty syringe, looking down at him.

ALANAH

Any female that wants her ass beat, is either crazy or the bitch has a disease.

She takes the collar off.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Wanting some lips on your dick landed you in some shit.

She starts clearing the table off, placing the dishes in her overnight bag.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Danny is sleep on the bed with white sheets, with his arms pulled up to his head handcuffed to the bars on the headboard.

His legs are closed tight with shackles on his ankles. The end of the chain is cuffed to the leg of the bed. Alanah has on black leather gloves sitting on the bed placing a piece of ice on his nipple, slowly moving it around.

DANNY

(Half woke)

Baby, you home?

ALANAH

Wake up and give me some.

Still feeling the buzz from the heroin, he thinks Alanah is Lisa talking to him, getting turned on by what she said.

DANNY

Oh yeah?

ALANAH

Open your eyes, baby.

DANNY'S POV

He slowly opens his eyes, and at first his vision is distorted. When it clears, he sees Alanah sitting beside him smiling.

DANNY

(Confused)

What the fuck?

He tries sitting up, and that's when he realizes he's restrained.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?!

ALANAH

This is the bed you thought you would fuck me on? The same bed Lisa rests her head at night with yo nasty ass.

Looking around the nicely decorated room, she smiles proud of the layout.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

She's got good taste in style, but shitty taste in men.

DANNY

If you don't fucking untie me, I know something.

She holds up a pair of pruning scissors opening them, placing the print of his dick between them.

ALANAH

Shut the fuck up, before I give you the pussy you should've been born with.

You can see the anger on his face grinding his teeth.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

That's a good bitch. Here's how it's going down. You're about to tell Lisa you're a piece of shit.

DANNY

Fuck you.

ALANAH

Apparently, you don't understand how severe the situation is.

She squeezes the scissors a little, and you can see the fear in his eyes biting down on his lip.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I'll tell you again. You're about to tell Lisa she deserves better. And when she gets home, you'll explain you're a no good

bastard.

Staring into her cold eyes, he knows she's not playing.

DANNY

...I'll do it.

She puts the scissors down, getting up grabbing his phone from off the nightstand resting by the bed.

Turning the screen on, she goes through his contact list.

DANNY

When I get free---

ALANAH

You're beating my ass, right?

DANNY

I'm straight fucking you up.

ALANAH

Trying to fuck is the reason why you're in this position.

She calls Lisa putting the phone on speaker, placing it down on the nightstand.

As the phone rings, she takes a seat on the bed grabbing the scissors, placing his dick back between them.

LISA (V.O.)

You miss me, baby?

DANNY

Whenever you're not around me, I miss you.

LISA (V.O.)

That's so sweet. Why does it sound like you have me on speaker?

Alanah gently squeezes the scissors, and his eyes widen looking at her, trying to remain calm.

DANNY

I'm getting ready for a shower. Listen.  
It's something I have to tell you.

LISA (V.O.)

I'm listening.

DANNY

Promise me when you get home we'll discuss  
what I'm about to tell you?

LISA (V.O.)

(Nervous)

What is it?

DANNY

I...I've been cheating on you. I'm still out  
in these streets fucking bitches.

LISA (V.O.)

What?!

DANNY

You deserve a better man, and not a piece  
of shit like me. But if it means anything,  
you do have my heart.

LISA (V.O.)

I do every fucking thing for yo ass, and  
you out there with other bitches, coming  
back fucking me?! You goddamn right we'll  
discuss this when I get to my house!

Lisa hangs up.

Alanah sits laughing, keeping the scissors on him.

He's staring at her wishing he could get free and break her  
neck.

ALANAH

I'll be damn. You're fucking over a good  
woman, and this ain't even your house?

When will you fucking men learn?

DANNY

Fuck you, bitch. Get out.

ALANAH

I would stay and wait for the owner to  
tell me that, but I don't have the time.

Patting him on the chest keeping the scissors on him, she  
looks at him smiling.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Don't you feel better getting that off  
your chest?

DANNY

I'll see you again.

Placing the scissors on the bed, she stands up moving down  
to his face, leaning down giving him a kiss on the  
forehead.

ALANAH

I highly doubt that.

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alanah comes into the room wearing her coat, carrying the  
overnight bag.

The clattering of dishes is heard.

She walks over to her computer desk taking a seat, placing  
the bag down beside her.

Moving the mouse turning the screen on, her background  
picture is of her in a bondage outfit covered in blood,  
licking a bloody knife.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

Moving the cursor to a Microsoft document labeled "Alanah's  
love", she clicks on it.

The document opens.

We see she's writing a book on the men she's encountered and the methods she used to kill them with pictures.

Scrolling down, she comes to a stop on a picture of Lloyd she took without him knowing with an incomplete poem underneath it.

She sits reading over the poem.

Tommy comes to the door.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Excuse me.

She turns looking at him.

ALANAH

Yes?

TOMMY

I forgot to tell you, Todd called again. What should I tell him?

ALANAH

Give me a couple of days, and I'll have something for you. Did you feed the dogs?

TOMMY

Suffering ate with no problems. Damnation tried biting me, so I had to beat him. I think it's time we lay him down.

ALANAH

(Sighs deep)

That damn dog. Let's wait a few more days. If he doesn't act right, we'll put him to sleep.

TOMMY

Okay.

ALANAH

Thanks for everything.



TOMMY

It's my pleasure. Good night.

He walks off.

She turns back to the computer.

No matter how many men she's killed, you can see the tender side of her coming out staring at the picture of Lloyd. Compassion is in her heart, using her thumb rubbing it across his lips on the screen.

Out of all the men she's killed, she's possibly falling in love with Lloyd because of what happened between him and his wife, comparing his pain with hers.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Are you different from the others? Or are you good with witty wordplay, only caring about yourself? It scares me to find out, because what if you are different?

(Deep sigh)

I doubt it. All men are the same. Only out to get a nut, and could care less how the female feels. I wonder if Lisa feels the same.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights are still on.

Danny is under the covers with his eyes closed.

LISA stands in the doorway with her hands on her wide hips filled with anger wanting an explanation to what he was saying on the phone.

LISA

What's this bullshit you wanna discuss, before I throw you out my house?!

He doesn't respond.

She makes her way towards the bed. She looks confused at the blood splattered around the room, and then down at him

worried.

She hesitant at first, but she slowly grabs the blanket pulling it off, stepping back releasing a blood curdling scream.

Danny's dead body lies on the blood soaked sheets with multiple deep hack marks in his chest and stomach.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALANAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP - ALANAH'S FACE

With her eyes closed and a smile, she has a small battle ax snuggled against her face.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Hopefully, she'll be thankful.

INT. ALANAH'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Alanah is standing next to the window watching the rain hit against the glass thinking about when she was raped, as the depression consumes her.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Why did they do this to me? Was a debt worth destroying my life?

It's as if she can feel the rain against her palm, relating with how the tears were flowing from her eyes the night she was raped.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT {FLASHBACK}

Techno music plays in the packed underground club where a rave party is going on.

The room is filled with people wearing bondage and Gothic outfits dancing, sharing drugs, drinking and attempting to have sex on the dance floor.

Moving through the dance floor, we see people expressing a different side of four-play kissing with razor blades in their mouth.

ANGLE ON--

Off in one of the corners, there's a girl on her knees with two guys in front of her.

This environment might be inappropriate to some, but the ones here are enjoying themselves.

ANGLE ON--

Alanah is sitting at the end of the bar wearing a full leather body suit and mask, drinking a martini with three olives.

The bartenders behind the bar are shirtless pouring drinks, taking shots in between.

ALANAH'S POV

Frank is at the other end of the bar wearing a leather wife beater with the pants to match, and a dog collar around his neck, talking to a group of females.

You can tell from looking at his face and Grey hairs, the drugs and living a hard life has taken a toll.

Alanah finishes her drink, standing up making her way down to Frank with a seductive walk.

She moves between the women, leaning down in Frank's ear.

ALANAH

Why be bothered with teasers, when you can have a sure thing?

FRANK

What do you have in mind?

ALANAH

You making me get down on my knees in the alley, so you can have your way with my mouth.

Turning to the bar, he picks up his drink downing it, extending her the chain on the collar.

FRANK

Lead the way.

She grabs the chain walking off.

They make their way through the people heading towards the back door, walking outside.

INT. /EXT.THE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Steam is coming from the sewers in the filthy alley covered with trash and broken glass.

A homeless person climbs out of the big dumpster eating some half rotted food, staggering off down the alley pass a black van.

Another homeless person in tattered clothes with a skull cap down over their face rolls around in a home made of cardboard boxes.

Alanah and Frank come out making their way behind the dumpster.

She turns facing him grabbing his shoulders, pinning him against the dumpster.

He looks at her smiling.

FRANK

You're a rough one.

She takes a few steps back.

ALANAH

(Seductive)

You have no idea. Come on.

FRANK

Come on, what?

She hits him with a quick two-piece.

ALANAH

Make me get on my knees.

Shaking his head, he licks the blood from his lip staring at her with hate in his eyes.

FRANK

Bitch.

He swings, and she dodges the punch, hitting him again, followed with a kick, making him go back into the dumpster.

She stares at him laughing.

ALANAH

This is sad. You can't do better than this?

He quickly grabs her pinning her against the dumpster, slapping her a few times.

FRANK

I'm taking more than your mouth behind this.

ALANAH

(Sinister laugh)

That's the uncle I know.

FRANK

What?

ALANAH

(Laughs)

You heard me.

Staring at her confused, he places his hand on her mask ready to remove it, while she continues laughing.

ALANAH

Don't worry. I'll be a savage like you and your friends were with me.

Removing the mask, his eyes widen staring at her.

Just as he gets ready to speak, he gets knocked upside the head with a bat, falling to the ground twitching.

Alanah looks down at him smiling, and then looks at Tommy who was acting as the homeless person rolling around in the

cardboard home.

ALANAH

Let's get him in the van.

Tommy grabs Frank ankles, dragging him to the van.

COME BACK TO:

INT. ALANAH'S OFFICE - {PRESENT DAY}

She's still staring out the window, but unlike when we saw her depressed, there's a pleasurable smile on her face.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Revenge means nothing if you don't enjoy it. I savor mines like the blissful touch of the Holy Ghost.

The door is heard opening.

Slowly moving her hand down the window, she nods her head.

She turns around and there stands Lloyd in a wet black trench coat.

LLOYD

I'm on time today.

ALANAH

Can I ask you something?

LLOYD

Shoot.

ALANAH

The dream you keep having about killing your wife. If you could go back...would you do it?

LLOYD

I never gave it much thought.

ALANAH

Sure you have.

She walks over to him, stopping in his face.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

The moment you laid eyes on her with  
another man, you were thinking about what?

Rubbing his chin thinking about what she asked, he looks at  
her raising his eyebrow.

LLOYD

Honestly?

ALANAH

Yes.

LLOYD

I probably would've killed her.

ALANAH

And you didn't, because?

LLOYD

Options.

ALANAH

What were the options?

LLOYD

Spend my life in jail or divorce her  
taking everything.

ALANAH

What if you knew you could get away with  
it? What then?

LLOYD

Where are you going with this?

ALANAH

Let's talk about it over some food.

LLOYD

Um, I'm--I'm not dressed for a date.

She pats his shoulder, smiling.

ALANAH

Just come on.

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZERIA - AFTERNOON

Majority of the customers inside are teenagers, but everyone is laughing and talking having a good time, eating their pizza and playing the video games.

TWO SHOT - ALANAH AND LLOYD

They're sitting at a booth with a deep dish, a pitcher of coke, two cups and a slice of pizza on their plates.

LLOYD

I've never been here.

ALANAH

This is my favorite pizza place.

Lloyd looks around at the environment, and he can tell despite everyone is having a good time, it can get wild.

LLOYD

I'm shocked you come down here. It's a little rough around these parts.

ALANAH

I can handle myself. Don't let my job fool you.

LLOYD

Scared of you.

ALANAH

You probably should be. Okay, pay attention. When a person is hurt, their first thought is inflicting the same pain



a hundred times worse. They don't follow through, because they fear the outcome. But if they planned before executing their actions, they'll be in the clear.

He takes a sip from his coke.

LLOYD

Pain isn't always the answer.

ALANAH

Why?

LLOYD

A broken heart can heal if you allow yourself to pick up the pieces.

ALANAH

What if the person came to the conclusion they'll never trust or love again?

LLOYD

I'm listening.

Nodding her head okay, she takes a sip from her coke.

ALANAH

What if someone did something so horrible, it completely erased the emotion of love?

LLOYD

Then the person should confront whoever hurt them and find out why.

His response doesn't give her the answer she seeks.

ALANAH

What if that doesn't work? I mean, this person destroyed every fiber of the word love.

He sits back folding his arms across his chest, staring directly in her eyes.

LLOYD

Who hurt you?

ALANAH

Excuse me?

LLOYD

Who hurt you?

ALANAH

What makes you think I'm talking about myself?

LLOYD

I know you are. Come on with it.

ALANAH

Um, I'm talking about another one of my clients. Just like you, his wife cheated, and it crushed him bad. I figured since you can relate to this topic, I can have this conversation with you.

LLOYD

Sure. It's okay to open up.

ALANAH

There's nothing I need to say.

He reaches over grabbing her hand.

A long lost emotion of love is rekindled from the expression on her face.

LLOYD

Therapist can talk to people other than their therapist. I won't judge you.

She's in a trance staring at him.

Still holding her hand, he goes to reach for her face, and she snaps out of it.

Quickly grabbing her purse, she opens it, pulling out her

wallet.

ALANAH

I, uh--I need to get going.

LLOYD

Alanah.

Pulling out some money, she places it on the table, putting her wallet back in her purse.

ALANAH

Huh?

LLOYD

Look at me.

She looks at him with a straight face.

ALANAH

Okay?

LLOYD

You can allow yourself to love.

ALANAH

Right. I'll be going.

She gets up from the table.

LLOYD

I'm here if you need me.

She sees the concern on his face.

ALANAH

I'll keep that in mind.

She walks out the restaurant.

Lloyd sighs deep, taking a sip from his coke.

EXT. CHENE PARK - NIGHT

The park is empty. The streetlamps give the park a little

bit of light.

The view of the water is beautiful. It's a nice place to relax getting away from reality, but it's not a safe place for a female alone at night.

ANGLE ON--

Alanah is sitting on a bench wearing a black windbreaker staring at the water, holding a cup of coffee.

ALANAH (V.O.)

(Sips)

He doesn't know what he's talking about.  
Why would I allow myself to love, and end  
up more fucked up than what I am?

(Sips)

They say you can't understand love without  
pain, and the pain helps you find love. At  
one point in my life, I thought this was  
true. Remember when I told you about  
Kevin? He made me realize once you reveal  
your past to a man, the fairytale dream  
comes to an end.

She takes a sip from her cup.

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT {FLASHBACK}

The room is furnished with white furniture matching the white walls. A glass table is in front of the sofa with miniature glass figurines, and there's a cabinet filled with fine China.

TWO SHOT -- ALANAH AND KEVIN

Sitting on the sofa laughing about the date they came in from.

Alanah is wearing a soft pink dress with her hair done, and KEVIN, brown skin, is wearing a black suit. This is the first time we've seen Alanah show a genuine smile of happiness in the movie.

ALANAH

I haven't had this much fun in my life.  
Thank you for showing me I can live.

KEVIN

I'm happy as long as you're happy.

ALANAH

I wish you could've been in my life from  
the beginning. I'd probably have a  
different view on men.

KEVIN

Who caused you that much pain to make you  
think all men are the same?

She sighs lowering her head.

With a church boy smile, he places a finger under her chin  
making her look at him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You can tell me. I'm here for you.

Taking a deep breath, she nods her head okay.

ALANAH

What I'm about to tell you, you might have  
a different view on me.

KEVIN

We're in this together. Nothing will  
change how I feel about you.

ALANAH

Okay. When I was younger...my father used me  
for his debt.

KEVIN

Used you? What do you mean?

ALANAH

My father was a crackhead. Instead of

using money for his debt, he used me. For eight straight hours, random men, including my father and uncle had their way with my body. Shameless pain no woman should endure.

He's speechless, rubbing his chin.

She stares at him with uncertainty in her eyes.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What?

KEVIN

This explains why you're not sexually affectionate.

ALANAH

Yeah. I feel if I let a man inside me, he'll treat me no different from them.

KEVIN

I can understand why. I'm so sorry that happened to you.

Relieved he understands her situation, she looks at him with a smile.

ALANAH

Thanks for understanding.

She tries giving him a hug, and he holds his hand up.

Confused, she sits back wondering what's wrong.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What?

KEVIN

That's a sad story and all. But I believe after spending time with me, you shouldn't have those thoughts.

Her world comes crashing down offended he would say such a thing.

ALANAH

Are you serious?

KEVIN

Yes. How long will you allow your past to stop you from your sexual desires?

He moves closer trying to touch her, and she moves back disgusted.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Alanah, I know you want me. You yearn to experience my sexual side, so you can fully be in love.

ALANAH

I think you should leave.

KEVIN

Leave? You're telling me to leave?

ALANAH

You're a fucking inconsiderate bastard. So yes, you should leave.

KEVIN

(Chuckles)

I'm inconsiderate because I know you wanna fuck me, but you're using this story as an excuse?

She slaps him across the face, and then stands up prepared to walk out the room.

He's quick on his feet grabbing her turning around, following it with a hard slap to the face.

Holding her tight by the arms, she keeps her head turned silent.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You know what I think? I don't think you were raped. I think you decided to see how

many dicks you could handle. After it was over you felt ashamed, recognizing you're hoe. You created this story about being raped, so people would have sympathy for you.

(Laughs)

You can't fool me.

Slowly turning to face him, she's not necessarily looking at him, but more so to the side of him cracking a sly smile.

ALANAH

You think I'm a hoe?

KEVIN

I know you are. The only difference between you and the average hoe is you got things going for yourself. Other than that, you're just like the other hoes. Walking around with your head high, hoping a man such as myself doesn't expose you for the trifling bitch you are.

She lowers her head sadder. The man she thought she was in love with views her as nothing more than a piece of ass.

Kevin has no remorse for his words.

ALANAH

You're no different from the rest. All the time we spent together, you put up a good act making me think you actually cared.

KEVIN

I care about you. That's why you're about to let me hit that ass for caring about a hoe.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Looking in your eyes now, I can tell you wanna top me off.



She looks up at him winking, licking her lips, nodding her head yes.

ALANAH

Let my arms go, and I will.

KEVIN

Use your teeth, and I'll fuck up that smile.

ALANAH

I won't.

He releases her arms, and she moves down.

CLOSE UP - KEVIN'S FACE

He closes his eyes smiling, listening to his zipper coming down.

KEVIN

Make sure you get it real...

WHACK! The sound of an ax splitting wood is heard.

His eyes are wide, as blood slowly comes down the middle of his face.

She stands up smiling, using her finger wiping the blood.

ALANAH

Women receive head before men.

Watching the blood coming down his face, she leans in giving him a kiss on the cheek.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Get it together, boo.

She steps to the side, and his body drops face forward with an ax stuck in his head.

Alanah looks at Tommy looking down at Kevin's dead body.

TOMMY

What shall we do with him?

ALANAH

Chop him up. Spread him across the city.

Tommy chuckles.

TOMMY

Are you okay?

ALANAH

I'm fine. Lesson learned.

TOMMY

That would be?

ALANAH

I'll always be viewed as hoe, if I do or don't fuck.

TOMMY

You're not a hoe.

ALANAH

Oh, I know. Hoes end up like this one. Let me go change.

She walks off.

Tommy cracks a smile, pulling the ax from Kevin's head.

COME BACK TO:

EXT. CHENE PARK - NIGHT {PRESENT DAY}

She's smiling taking a sip from her coffee.

ALANAH (V.O.)

This is our special place. His head is at the bottom of the water.

She takes another sip.

MAN #2 comes up wearing all-black taking a seat next to her.

Scoffing under her breath, she uses her eyes looking at him seeing the eagerness in his brown eyes, and shifty smile.

MAN #2

What's going on?

ALANAH

Shit. Why you all in my personal space?

He grabs her and she drops her coffee, facing him.

MAN #2

Don't get smart, bitch.

ALANAH

(Annoyed)

What do you want?

MAN #2

I can take what I want. I'm giving you the chance to give it to me.

He slowly releases her.

She rubs his face, looking at him smiling.

ALANAH

(Moaning)

You wanna fuck me on the bench?

With her other hand, she eases it in her coat pocket, flicking out the blade on her knife.

Man #2 is confused staring at her.

Leaning over biting his bottom lip, she uses her other hand easing it between his thighs.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? Take it.

He pushes her down on the bench aggressive having his way with her, until she pulls the blade out sticking him hard.

His eyes widen as she repeatedly stabs him.

As the blood comes from his mouth, she looks at him smiling, twisting the knife.

She snatches the knife out, turning him to the side standing up.

Looking down at his dead body, she wipes the blood off her knife on his shirt before walking off.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Add another memory.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - MORNING

Alanah is relaxing with her eyes closed on her stomach getting massaged with hot oil.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Without a strong mental, your physical can easily be taken advantage of. With that said. Every woman should pamper themselves before dealing with a man.

CUT TO:

INT. SAUNA - AFTERNOON

Alanah is leaning back against the wall with her eyes closed in the steam filled room with a towel wrapped around her.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Tonight, I'll be dealing with Todd. His entire conversation revolved around eating my pussy. I've been blowing him off, not just because all he wants to do is eat my pussy. But why do men say let me eat that pussy, and it doesn't involve teeth? I never experienced it with or without teeth, but goddamn. Men are eager to put their face in some unknown pussy, but lose eagerness when it comes to love and commitment. Dumb hoes falling for that scam is the reason why.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE BUFFET - AFTERNOON

The restaurant is packed with people sitting at tables eating or getting up to refill their plates.

ANGLE ON--

Alanah is sitting at her table with plates of different sushi, taking a sip from her Saki.

ALANAH (V.O.)

I can't get my mind off Lloyd, but I don't need another incident like I had with Kevin. Lloyd has me open, and I shouldn't feel this way. Maybe it's a sign from God, showing me I can open up and trust again? Then again, the first sign was wrong, so this probably won't be different. I'll let the cards fall and play it from there.

She picks up a piece of sushi placing it in her mouth, chewing in euphoria.

CUT TO:

INT. SEX SHOP - AFTERNOON

The place is filled with various people looking over DVDS, fetish items, condoms, dildos and other things.

The chatter of other people and a porno playing is heard.

ANGLE ON--

Alanah is looking over porno movies.

ALANAH (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking. How am I killing all these men, and the police are nowhere near catching me? Well, when you have an uncle whose profession is getting rid of bodies, you pick up fast. A true murderer with no conscious gets caught if they wanna get caught. Pretend killers on the other hand get caught seeking fame, and in the end feel guilty, finally finding God...so they claim.

She picks up a DVD.

ALANAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Bitches like this make women like me look bad. More focused on how many dicks she

can take and money, instead of realizing her worth as a woman. Another reason why men think we're all hoes. They want us to act like these bitches, but claim they want a good woman. You figure it out.

INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alanah comes into the house energized, ready for her date with Todd.

Tommy is standing waiting for her.

Closing the door, she looks at Tommy smiling letting him know she had a wonderful day.

TOMMY

Are you relaxed?

ALANAH

Yes. I needed that.

TOMMY

Your guest is in your room as you requested.

ALANAH

Did he setup my romantic scene?

TOMMY

I'm sure you'll be ecstatic when you see it.

ALANAH

Let me get upstairs. What are your plans for the night?

TOMMY

Television until your guest leaves.

ALANAH

Do you need anything?

TOMMY

No. Everything I need is waiting for me in my room. Enjoy your night.

ALANAH

You do know he'll probably need some assistance after I'm done with him?

TOMMY

I'm sure you'll let me know.

She makes her way upstairs walking in her room.

The lights are off with lit candles spread around.

A trail of rose petals and candles are on the floor leading to the bathroom.

She takes a seat on the bed taking her shoes and shirt off, revealing the blue laced bra underneath.

Getting up from the bed, she heads into the bathroom.

CLOSE UP - THE SINK

On the sink is a bowl of chocolate covered strawberries, a cognac glass and a bucket of ice with a bottle of Remy inside.

Walking to the sink, she takes a few cubes from the bucket placing it in her glass, before pouring a drink.

ALANAH

(Sips)

This is perfect. I love a good stiff one.  
No pun intended.

(Sips)

This is a lovely setup. You deserve something special.

Taking one more sip, she puts the glass down removing her pants, revealing the matching panties.

Picking up the glass, she turns facing the bathtub.

ALANAH'S POV

Candles are lit around the tub. TODD, brown skin is resting in a bubble bath barely conscious, his face is battered and bruised, handcuffed to the water knobs.

She takes a seat on the floor beside the tub placing her glass down, caressing his face.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Aw, you poor baby. What happened?

TODD

(Groggy)

Please...please, just--just let me go.

ALANAH

I can't let you go until you give me some head. That's what you wanted to do, right?

Smiling, she sits up on her knees getting in his face.

TODD

(Pleading, groggy)

Let me go home. I just wanna go home.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead.

ALANAH

If you can make me nut we'll work something out.

She laughs taking a sip, standing up making her way out the bathroom.

CLOSE UP - TODD'S FACE

He's dozing in and out of sleep.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ALANAH'S BEDROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

CLOSE UP - ALANAH

She's lying on the bed staring at the ceiling smiling, daydreaming.



We can only imagine she's thinking about Lloyd.

Bringing her right arm up, she's holding one of her minute phones.

Taking a deep breath, she presses the call button, placing the phone to her ear.

LLOYD (V.O.)

Hello?

ALANAH

Were you busy?

LLOYD (V.O.)

Alanah?

ALANAH

If you're busy, I can call back.

LLOYD (V.O.)

No, I'm not busy. What's going on?

ALANAH

What's your definition of love?

LLOYD (V.O.)

Love shows without words or physical engagements. It pours from the smallest things, such as a smile.

ALANAH

Sex has nothing to do with it?

LLOYD (V.O.)

No. Sex without knowing a person holds no pleasure. You're cheating yourself from the true orgasm, which is getting to know them.

ALANAH

So you deeply loved your wife, but she didn't love you the same?

LLOYD (V.O.)

I was blinded from what I needed to know.

ALANAH

Can we try another date?

LLOYD (V.O.)

Just let me know when.

ALANAH

Okay. Enjoy your night.

LLOYD (V.O.)

You do the same.

Hanging up the phone, a school girl crush resides on her face.

ALANAH

He so reminds me of Kevin, but I just know he's different.

Closing her eyes, she releases a sigh of sadness.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Why can't the rest of you men be like him?  
Is it hard to actually want a woman for  
who she is, without being inside her?

There's complete silence.

Instantly she becomes upset, slanting her eyebrows down, scrunching up her mouth.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I know you hear me talking to you?

From upset to finding humor in what she said, she cracks a smile.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. What was I thinking?

She holds up Todd's tongue, turning her head to the side

looking at his head resting on the blood soaked pillow case, with the eyes and mouth open.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Get you some sleep. I'll use this tomorrow.

She closes the eyes.

INT. THE POOL HALL - NIGHT

The scenery is laid back. Patrons are at the bar ordering drinks, watching the game on the wall flat screen televisions, playing pool, having a good time while some mellow music plays.

A loud cheer from a group of men watching the game is heard.

On the table next to Alanah and Lloyd's pool table are two pitchers of beer, two beer mugs and shots of whiskey.

Alanah is taking aim on the eight ball, hitting the cue ball with finesse dropping it in the corner pocket.

She places her cue on the table, raising her arms in victory.

ALANAH

Drink up and rack 'em!

LLOYD

(Laughs)

That was luck. Don't start talking shit.

ALANAH

(Laughs)

Oh, but I am.

LLOYD

You're something else.

ALANAH

Don't try kissing my ass. Down that shot and stop delaying this ass beating.

He laughs making his way over to the table grabbing a shot  
downing it, coming back to the pool table.

Grabbing the balls, he begins placing them on the table.

LLOYD

You're a complete woman.

ALANAH

Am I?

He starts racking the balls.

LLOYD

You're beautiful. Smart. You definitely  
have a sense of humor. What more can a man  
ask for?

ALANAH

Food and sex.

Finished racking, he removes the rack stepping back.

LLOYD

I said a man.

She picks up her cue chalking it.

ALANAH

Excuse me.

LLOYD

What made you decide on this place?

He rolls her the cue ball and she stops it, setting it up  
for her shot.

ALANAH

It's a cool place to relax and get away  
from the Q&A.

LLOYD

I couldn't agree more.

She breaks the balls and they go all over the table.

ALANAH

I think you needed this more than me.  
He takes aim on a solid in the corner.

LLOYD

You think so?  
He lands his shot.

ALANAH

I know so.  
Moving around the table, he looks for another shot.

LLOYD

I know something you don't.

ALANAH

What?  
He takes aim on another solid.

LLOYD

You're about to lose this game.

ALANAH

(Laughs)  
Somebody gained some confidence.  
He takes his shot, landing it.

LLOYD

Not confidence. I'm just telling the  
truth.

ALANAH

The night is young. We got two pitchers  
and shots. Bring it on.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOWLING ALLEY - AN HOUR LATER

TWO SHOT - ALANAH AND LLOYD

The two are sitting at a table laughing and joking with a pitcher of beer and two mugs.

We can see people bowling in the background.

The sound of pins being knocked down, laughter and talking is heard.

LLOYD

(Laughs)

I see you not talking shit.

ALANAH

(Laughs)

I'm letting you win, because I spanked that ass in pool.

LLOYD

Tell me anything.

ALANAH

I ain't lying.

LLOYD

Right. Check this out.

ALANAH

What?

LLOYD

How do you feel about kids?

ALANAH

Where did that come from?

LLOYD

Random questions help you get to the truth quicker.

She takes a sip from her mug with a smirk.

ALANAH

And who told you that?

LLOYD

A wonderful woman I get counseling from.

ALANAH

Lame, but cute.

LLOYD

At least I tried.

ALANAH

Work on it.

LLOYD

Come on with the answer.

ALANAH

Not in my future.

LLOYD

Why?

ALANAH

This world is ugly. I can't bring a new life into the world, and things are only getting worse.

LLOYD

You lay down the path you want your child to follow.

ALANAH

And a child will still be curious about the wrongs.

LLOYD

You know as well as I do, you have to experience the bad in order to understand the good.

ALANAH

If that's the case, why don't you have children?

LLOYD

Not from lack of trying. I thought my sperm count was low. Come to find out, she was on the pill.

ALANAH

Why would she be on a pill if you two were married?

LLOYD

Something I been trying to figure out myself.

ALANAH

You know the answer. But just to pacify you, we'll say she feels like me. Why bring a child into this bullshit? In reality, she used you for what she needed, and you stayed in denial.

LLOYD

I can't argue with that.

ALANAH

Now, why did you really ask that question?

LLOYD

In case we make something happen, I'll know where you stand.

ALANAH

Make something happen?

LLOYD

Yeah.

ALANAH

You mean...be a couple?



LLOYD

What could go wrong with that?

ALANAH

What could go right?

LLOYD

Who's in denial now?

ALANAH

It's certainly not me.

LLOYD

Oh, it's you.

ALANAH

Break it down.

LLOYD

The pain from your past keeps your guard up, and that's understandable. Now, here's the thing. If you're not in denial, you wouldn't have asked me my definition of love.

ALANAH

Are you implying---

LLOYD

You're falling in love with me, yes.

She's silent, trying not to blush.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Can I get a response?

ALANAH

I'm not answering what you already know.

LLOYD

So, I'm right?

ALANAH

(Laughs)

Let's move on to the next topic.

LLOYD

(Laughs)

Okay. Why are you single?

ALANAH

It's for the best.

He takes a sip from his mug.

LLOYD

Why?

ALANAH

I love my virginity.

Surprised, he takes a sip from his beer, wrapping his mind around what she said.

LLOYD

You're a virgin?

ALANAH

Technically, yes. Surprised?

LLOYD

No. What do you mean, technically?

ALANAH

First base is the furthest I've gone. Is that a problem?

LLOYD

No problem. I'm just amazed you openly admitted you're a virgin.

ALANAH

(Sighs)

When you've been through what I call a life, being a virgin is for the best.

LLOYD

You were talking about yourself when we were talking in the pizza joint?

She shrugs up her shoulders.

ALANAH

Can't fool you, can I?

LLOYD

Since the truth is out. You can tell me who and what this person did to hurt you.

She sighs deep, lowering her head.

He moves his seat over to hers, reaching out taking her hands.

LLOYD

You can trust me. I swear on my life, I won't judge you.

Lifting her head you can see shame on her face, because she can't bring herself to tell him what happened.

ALANAH

Those are some strong words.

LLOYD

They're also true words.

ALANAH

I really like you, Lloyd. But you shouldn't use those words, and you don't know me.

LLOYD

I'll take my time getting to know you if

you let me.

ALANAH

Lloyd...

He Places a finger to her lips.

LLOYD

I'll cherish your heart like my own.

Lost for words, all she can do is stare.

He moves in for a kiss, and before his lips can touch hers, she snatches her hands away standing up.

ALANAH

I can't do this.

LLOYD

Alanah.

With watery eyes, she looks at him knowing they can never be together.

ALANAH

You're a good man, Lloyd. You deserve better.

She rushes away.

Watching her leave, he takes a sip from his beer trying to understand if he's doing something wrong or if she's not ready to open up.

INT. ALANAH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alanah is wearing a black gown with her hands on the sink, head low, breathing heavy.

She lifts her head staring at her reflection showing mixed emotions.

ALANAH

What's wrong with you? Why can't you accept what he's offering?

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

I'll tell you why.

ALANAH

Why?

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

Because you think he's different from the rest, and he's not. He's trying to ease in our panties, just like Kevin.

ALANAH

He's nothing like Kevin or the others.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

What's wrong with you? You forgot men will do anything to fuck?

ALANAH

Not him. He's the one.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

How should we get rid of him?

ALANAH

I'm not killing him.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

Did you say force bleach down his throat, washing away his lies?

ALANAH

No! He's a good man.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

We thought daddy was a good man.

ALANAH

Shut up! He was a piece of shit!

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

You think Lloyd is any better?

ALANAH

I know he is. You watch and see.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

How do you think he'll feel when you tell  
him our past?

She's silent closing her eyes.

INNER VOICE (CONT'D) (O.S.)

(Sinister laugh)

That's what I thought. Look at me.

She opens her eyes, and her reflection is smiling.

INNER VOICE (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Kill him.

ALANAH

...He'll accept me. You watch and see.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

What if he doesn't?

ALANAH

I'll cross that bridge when I get to it.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

Kill him or leave him alone. We have  
happiness within. A man can't give us  
happiness because they'll never accept us.  
They view us as a hoe.

ALANAH

Good night. I'm done talking with you.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

You'll find out.

She turns her back walking away, turning the light off closing the door.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM - AFTERNOON

Alanah is wearing a sweaty Grey sports bra and leggings jumping rope.

She goes for a few more seconds then stops, placing the rope on the floor.

Walking over to the punching bag she hits it soft, gradually hitting it harder.

ALANAH

This is it. I can finally experience what a relationship is.

While punching the bag, a surge of pain quickly rushes through her causing her to stop, scrunching up her face.

Shaking off the affect, she begins punching the bag again, but...the voices she's trying so hard to block out begin speaking.

FRANK (O.S.)

He loves what you're showing him. He doesn't know the real you.

She starts hitting the bag harder.

ALANAH

Shut up.

DAVID (O.S.)

Are you cutting his dick off, too?

DANNY (O.S.)

Nah, homie. She'll probably butcher his ass like she did me.

You can see the anger on her face hitting the bag harder and faster.

ALANAH

Shut the fuck up. You bastards deserved to

die.

TODD (O.S.)

Cut his tongue out like you did me, you  
freak bitch.

JOHN (O.S.)

My bitch won't have sex with another man.  
She misses how daddy strokes it.

ALANAH

Leave me alone! Shut the fuck up, and  
leave me alone!

Frank, Danny, David, Todd, John, Kevin and more voices  
start talking, laughing and yelling at once.

She hits the bag one last time, dropping to her knees  
grabbing her head screaming in pain.

ALANAH

What the fuck do you want from me?!

She screams.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S BASEMENT - NIGHT {FLASHBACK}

John is naked, tied down bending over a table, whimpering.

His face and body is bruised and bloody.

Young Alanah is standing directly behind him, holding a  
long plastic broom.

YOUNG ALANAH

Just breathe deep. It'll be over before  
you know it.

JOHN

(Pleading)

Don't do this. I'm sorry.

She grips the broom tight ready to shove it hard as she can  
inside him.



YOUNG ALANAH

You're catcher. This should be easy.

JOHN

Alanah, please...

With a smile, she shoves the end of the broom into his ass.  
He screams in pain feeling her pushing it in deeper.

YOUNG ALANAH

Take it, bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S BASEMENT - NIGHT {FLASHBACK}

Frank is strapped down on a steel slab, naked, sweaty, shaking and screaming.

Alanah is standing to the side of him using a blow torch on his dick.

She pauses, and his screams come to a stop, but he continues shaking, breathing heavy.

ALANAH

You sound exactly like I did when you and your friends tore me open.

She places the blow torch down.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

But unlike you, I have a heart. I'll take away the pain.

She bends down grabbing a bottle of 100% rubbing alcohol.

Leaning down in his face smiling, we can hear his teeth clicking together.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

It's like you told me. After the pain wears off, I'll be able to take it with ease.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I hope in your case it's true. We're far from finished, bitch.

She opens the bottle pouring the alcohol on his dick.

He screams, and a delightful smile comes to her face.

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

She's down on her knees staring in Todd's eyes, holding up a rusty hand saw.

TODD

(Groggy, frightened)

Baby girl, wait. Wait, just..

She grabs his face hard, placing the saw on his neck, sawing with anger.

Blood sprays on her face and his screams turn into the gurgling of blood.

ALANAH

Is this the best your mouth can do?

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny has tears coming down his face.

Alanah has her back turned, reaching in her overnight bag.

DANNY

This is what I get for chasing a phat ass.

ALANAH

No.

She stands up facing him with the ax.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

This is what you get for being a dirty dog. Loyal dogs stay with one master,

instead of chasing what they hope could be better.

She cocks the ax back.

DANNY

Fuck you, you dirty...

She swings with all her might connecting with his chest.

His body twitches and he coughs up blood, as she grinds the ax deeper, snatching it out.

ALANAH

I told you about that word.

She hits him over and over with the ax.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKOUT ROOM - {PRESENT DAY}

She's still on her knees, holding her head crying.

ALANAH

You bastards deserve worse. Leave me the fuck alone!

Tommy rushes in running over to her kneeling down.

TOMMY

What's wrong?

She looks up with tears coming down her face.

ALANAH

...They won't leave me alone. They don't believe I found happiness. Why are they bothering me?

TOMMY

Don't let the words from shallow people prevent you from your happiness.

ALANAH

Do you think he's the one?

TOMMY

You'll always have me if he's not.

ALANAH

Thanks. What should we have for dinner?

TOMMY

Have something simple.

ALANAH

Why?

TOMMY

Get it done and over with, so you can explain what he needs to know.

ALANAH

What would I do without you?

TOMMY

We'll never know, because I won't leave you. Jimmy sends his thanks for the cars.

ALANAH

He's more than welcome.

TOMMY

You should go freshen up.

ALANAH

I will.

He gets up walking out the room.

She wipes her face taking a deep breath, trying to focus.

ALANAH

If his words are true, he'll accept me as a whole.

She gets herself together standing to her feet, walking out the room.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Alanah is wearing a black shear dress with her hair done sitting at a small glass table. On the table there's burning candles, a bottle of wine, two glasses and their meal, which is Lasagna.

You can tell she's excited, but a little nervous from the smile on her face.

Stepping into the room looking sophisticated standing beside Tommy is Lloyd.

TOMMY

Here's the man of the hour.

ALANAH

Thank you.

Tommy walks off.

Lloyd takes his seat, staring at her in awe.

LLOYD

You look magnificent.

ALANAH

Thank you. I really don't get a chance to dress up.

LLOYD

You're beautiful either way.

ALANAH

You're such a sweetheart. I hope you're hungry.

He looks at the food smiling.

LLOYD

This looks great.

ALANAH

Just to let you know, I didn't make this.

LLOYD

That's fine. Spending time with you is enough for me.

He takes a fork full, placing it in his mouth.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

This is pretty good. I can get with it.

ALANAH

I'll make sure to tell Tommy you like it.

LLOYD

I'd like to apologize about last time.

ALANAH

That was my fault.

LLOYD

No, I came on strong. I was in the wrong.

ALANAH

The fear of accepting a man caused my reaction. Virgin issues, I guess.

LLOYD

Which is why I'm apologizing for being rude, not taking my time. I hope you can forgive me.

ALANAH

Don't worry about it.

(Deep breath)

But what I'm about to ask you is something serious.

LLOYD

Okay.

ALANAH

Can you accept a woman for her past?

LLOYD

Nothing can be done to change the past, so why go backwards?

ALANAH

What if her past is still her present?

LLOYD

Alanah, your past won't change how I feel about you.

ALANAH

I haven't told you what it is.

He stands up walking over to her extending his hand.

Nervous, she takes his hand standing to her feet staring in his eyes.

He uses his thumb gliding it smoothly across her lips.

She blushes.

He slowly moves in for a kiss, and she turns her head.

LLOYD

Just go with the flow. If you don't like the feeling, I'll pull away.

She closes her eyes, and he plants a kiss on her.

At first she's nervous, but she gets into it kissing him back, holding him.

They kiss for a few seconds longer, and then he pulls back.

She's smiling from ear to ear.

LLOYD

It wasn't so bad, was it?

ALANAH

...No. No, it actually felt good.

LLOYD

I have something to say.

ALANAH

What?

LLOYD

I've had feelings for you since I started coming to see you. The dates we had, short and strange, I enjoyed them. You're a wonderful woman. I think we should take that step further.

ALANAH

What?

LLOYD

I think we should be a couple.

She takes a step back.

ALANAH

You need to know about my past. Right now, you're reacting off what you've been seeing and hearing.

LLOYD

There's nothing about your past that will make me change my mind.

ALANAH

Lloyd...

(Sighs)

I appreciate your feelings. I hope you'll accept the real me.

He becomes a little leery about what she just said.

LLOYD

What do you mean, the real you?

ALANAH

The woman before you is a lost soul, wishing she could rewind time.



LLOYD

Who did this to you?

ALANAH

Someone I can never forgive.

LLOYD

I'll give you the happiness you need.

ALANAH

Lloyd---

LLOYD

We'll be happy together.

She sighs turning her back.

ALANAH

That's the story of my life. The last man  
who promised me happiness hurt me in a way  
I could never imagine.

He steps up behind her.

LLOYD

I'm sorry for what he did, but I'm not  
him. I'll never hurt you.

ALANAH

How can I be sure?

He places his hands on her shoulders.

LLOYD

Because there's no pleasure inflicting  
pain on the innocent to satisfy your own  
desires.

She turns around with glossy eyes.

ALANAH

Are your words true?

He wipes the tear coming from her eye, placing his hand on

her heart.

LLOYD

True as every beat your heart takes. I  
love you for who you are.

ALANAH

You'll always love me?

He leans in trying to give her a kiss, and she turns her  
head.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

You'll accept me, flaws and all?

LLOYD

Yes.

ALANAH

We'll see.

She walks off to the kitchen and he follows.

They come into the elaborate kitchen with marble counters  
and floors, making their way to the basement door.

ALANAH

My main flaws are my dogs, Suffering and  
Damnation.

LLOYD

Those are some strange names. How are they  
your main flaws?

ALANAH

They don't know how to behave.

LLOYD

That's nothing that can't be fixed. All  
you have to do is tame them.

She opens the door turning the lights on.

ALANAH

They need more than taming. You'll see.

She walks down the stairs, and he follows.

The layout is setup for a teenage girl with boy posters on the walls, dolls still in their boxes resting on the shelves, and a bed with fluffy pillows and a pink blanket.

Towards the back is another door.

Lloyd pauses looking around the room admiring what he sees.

LLOYD

Now, this is interesting?

ALANAH

You think so?

LLOYD

I understand now.

ALANAH

What do you understand?

LLOYD

You come down here reliving your childhood, so you won't have to deal with the pain of the person who hurt you.

ALANAH

(Light chuckle)

This helps my problem...but the pain will probably never get laid to rest.

LLOYD

Baby, I told you I'm here for you.

ALANAH

Follow me.

Confidence perspires from his body, anxious to solve her problem so they can become one.

Giving him a kiss on the cheek, she blushes heading to the door, and he's right behind her.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I've always dreamed about an actual relationship.

Coming to the door, she steps to the side, and he moves up grabbing the knob.

LLOYD

Dream no more.

She grabs his hand making him look at her.

Showing her beautiful smile, Lloyd knows at this moment him and Alanah are about to become one as soon as he helps her solve the problem with the dogs.

ALANAH

Thank you, Lloyd.

He turns the knob slowly opening the door walking in, and she's right behind him, closing the door.

The room is dark.

LLOYD (V.O.)

What's going on?

ALANAH (V.O.)

Your love for me is blind until you see the truth. Just relax.

LLOYD (V.O.)

What do you feed your dogs? That's a nasty ass smell.

She turns the lights on.

Lloyd stands adjusting his eyes.

When his vision adjusts, his face shows pure horror.

LLOYD'S POV

The room is an old cellar. Wooden beams hold up the

ceiling, and the walls and floor consist of dirt with skeleton remains.

Taxidermy has been performed on the multiple mutilated dead men sitting at tables wearing casual clothes.

The shelves against the wall have skulls and jars filled with organs on them.

A small table is in the middle of the room with a bowl of slop resting on it, with tubes inside.

The tubes are connected to masks being worn by John sitting on the right chained to the wall, and Frank sitting to the left chained to the wall.

ANGLE ON--

Frank's body has severe third degree burns, and open wounds with infections setting in.

ANGLE ON--

John's entire body is bruised and cut up, with ripped open scab wounds.

I.V.'s are in their veins, so they can receive water.

Both men look like they're on their last breath.

Lloyd turns his head to the side vomiting.

Alanah grabs a Desert Eagle from off the shelf sitting next to Todd's head.

LLOYD

Jesus.

ALANAH

Don't be shy. Go meet Suffering, my uncle Frank. And my pedophile father, Damnation. These are the men who showed me all men are the same. The others are random only wanting sex. But I told 'em you're different.

Lloyd is petrified finding out the secret Alanah has been keeping. Trying to grasp hold of the situation, he takes a deep breath, but doesn't turn facing her.

LLOYD

Alanah...you need help.

ALANAH

What?

She grabs his arm making him turn around.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

You want us to be together?

She puts the barrel under his chin, and his eyes widen.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Prove these bastards wrong, and go speak.  
Or prove 'em right, and I'll arrange a  
spot down here for you.

Knowing the conditions of what could happen if he denies her offer, he swallows hard, nodding his head in agreement.

LLOYD

I'll go talk.

Keeping the gun on him, she gives him a kiss on the cheek.

ALANAH

Good boy.

She aims the gun at his head.

Frozen in fear, he keeps his eyes on her.

Death or comply with what she wants is his only options, so he chooses life, turning around making his way towards John and Frank.

As he walks towards the table, she places the gun down, and then grabs a spiked paddle covered with dried blood following behind him.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Love is deep as God, only being able to understand if you truly believe. If what you've been telling me is true. This will end how I envisioned it.

Reaching the table he covers his mouth.

LLOYD

What did you envision?

ALANAH

Take their masks off. Worry about what I envisioned after you prove your love.

He's hesitant staring at the two, appearing as if he's ready to hurl.

Slowly, he removes the mask from John, and slop mixed with blood comes from his mouth.

Lloyd catches his self from vomiting, before taking the mask off Frank, and slop mixed with blood comes from his mouth.

Alanah cocks the paddle back, ready to hit him upside the head.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

She was right. You're no different from the others.

LLOYD

Whoever she is...she's just as fucked up as you.

ALANAH

But...you said you wouldn't change how you feel about me.

Tears are forming in her eyes disappointed Lloyd can't accept the reason why she's this way.

LLOYD

You have dead bodies in your basement. Did you really think I'll accept this?

ALANAH

(Sighs)

Why didn't I listen to her? You know what?

LLOYD

What?

As soon as he turns facing her, she hits him upside the head knocking him to the floor.

CLOSE UP - LLOYD

He's unconscious with blood leaking from his forehead.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE BACK ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Wearing nothing but his boxers, Lloyd is sitting where the table between John and Frank was tied down to a chair.

His arms are extended out with chains around his wrist, each hand holding a nine-millimeter.

Duct tape makes sure his hands are secured tight on the guns, with a finger on the triggers.

WIDER ANGLE--

The barrels of the guns are in John and Frank mouth duct taped.

Alanah is standing to the side holding an electric cattle prod wearing a bondage outfit.

The expression on her face shows the fun and games are over, and she's no longer the sweet loving Alanah he was in love with.

The look in Lloyd eyes show pure fear, not knowing what's about to come next.

Tapping the prod in her hand, she looks at him smiling.

ALANAH

Do you know what this is?

LLOYD

What is it?

ALANAH

This is a cattle prod. Since I know you love me, as much as I love you. I'll give



you one more chance.

LLOYD

What's wrong with you?

ALANAH

I told you, these are my flaws. It's your job as my man to help me with my flaws. They're pedophiles, so it should be easy.

LLOYD

I'm a man of God. I can't kill someone for you.

She laughs poking John with the prod shocking him, causing him to jerk releasing a muffled moan.

ALANAH

You can't kill for me, but you can easily claim me as yours, so we can fuck? Treat this as if it's your dream, and you can finally kill your wife.

She pokes John again.

Lloyd lowers his head sighing, wishing he would've never attempted to become an item with her.

She sighs disappointed, walking over to Frank.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

This piece of shit accepted me as payment for my mother and father crack debt. This bastard, my father and all of their friends took turns sodomizing me!

She pokes Frank over and over, while staring at Lloyd.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

That's not enough to kill for the woman you love?

LLOYD

This isn't the right way, Alanah. This won't end the demons plaguing your mind so

you can have peace.

She steps in front of Lloyd.

ALANAH

(Laughs)

Let me see if I can put this short and simple. When I touch you with this rod, you'll kill them, and then I'll kill you.

LLOYD

Alanah, don't do this. We can find a different solution.

ALANAH

I see you've made your decision. I guess we were wrong thinking we could work.

LLOYD

Alanah---

ALANAH

Bye, Lloyd.

She gets ready to poke him with the prod, and he closes his eyes, slowly squeezing the triggers.

SMASH CUT:

INT. THE DINING ROOM - MORNING

The drapes are open so the sun can shine in. Instead of the small glass table, it's been replaced with a long one with chairs around it.

Alanah is sitting at the table wearing something casual. In front of her on a plate is a medium rare steak, green beans and mashed potatoes with a glass of orange juice on the side.

ALANAH

I'm glad the situation ended with us both being happy.

LLOYD (O.S.)

So am I.

ALANAH

I love you, baby.

LLOYD (O.S.)

I love you, too.

ALANAH

You haven't touched your food.

LLOYD (O.S.)

I was waiting for you to feed me.

ALANAH

You spoiled brat.

LLOYD (O.S.)

(Laughs)

You love it.

ALANAH

I do.

She gets up walking down to the other end of the table.

He's not shown.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I had this made just for you.

LLOYD (O.S.)

That's because you love me.

ALANAH

That's right.

She smiles picking up the knife and fork, focusing on his plate.

CLOSE UP - THE PLATE

There's a piece of his heart and brain seared, with mashed potatoes on the side.

She cuts a piece of the brain, dipping it inside the potatoes.

Lifting the fork prepared to place it in his mouth...now he's shown.

Still wearing nothing but his boxers, he's propped up in a tall chair. Straps are around his head and body, making sure he doesn't fall.

The top part of his head has been removed showing what's left of his brain.

His throat is slit, and there's a large hole in his chest from getting his heart removed.

Grabbing his chin opening his mouth, she puts the fork inside dropping the organ and potatoes on his tongue.

Placing the fork down, she uses her hands making him chew.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Is it good?

She stops making him chew.

Standing to the side of him is Tommy pressing play on a tape recorder.

LLOYD

(Tape recording)

I love it as much as I love you.

She smiles, giving him a kiss on the lips.

ALANAH

I'm glad you like it. Your heart was in the right place, but your mind fucked it up.

She focuses her attention to Tommy.

TOMMY

Shall I place him with the others?

ALANAH

Place him in my room. I'm not done with him, yet.

TOMMY

Okay.

ALANAH

Thank you, uncle. You've been there since I told you what your nasty ass brothers did to me. Thank God they're no longer an issue.

TOMMY

Good riddance. I hope you have peaceful dreams now.

ALANAH

Do you think I'll ever find someone who'll accept me?

TOMMY

I accept you. That's all that matters.

ALANAH

You're right. The only male I need in my life is you.

They hug.

TOMMY

The Jag is all polished up and detailed waiting for you.

ALANAH

Thanks. You want anything while I'm out?

TOMMY

Just make it home safe.

ALANAH

The only thing out there bad is the men

who take women for granted. I'll see you  
in a few.

She walks off.

Tommy pushes play on the recorder.

LLOYD

(Tape recording)

I love you, baby.

She continues walking.

She gets to the front door opening it stepping outside.

EXT. THE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Standing on the porch, she looks around at the peaceful  
scene.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Maybe I'll never find love. They say it's  
someone for everyone, but I can't believe  
that. If it was true, people wouldn't have  
a roster of people they fucked. But as  
long as women give up easy pussy or sell  
it, men will continue looking down on us  
as hoes.

She turns her attention to a bird resting on a branch.

ALANAH (CONT'D) (V.O.)

But if there were no women, what then? The  
day women wake up and realize the power we  
have, the world will be a better place.  
Until then...I'll continue doing my part  
disposing of pussy hungry men. As sweet as  
Lloyd was...in the long run he couldn't kill  
for me, but was eager to start a  
relationship so he could fuck. Remember  
what I told you in the beginning? No  
matter who he is, they all approach with  
pussy on the mind. Play your cards right  
ladies, and stop letting men play them for  
you.

She walks down the steps walking over to the Jaguar getting

in starting it up. She pulls out the driveway driving off.

FADE TO BLACK:

"Before you judge, understand why and see if you can help.  
Her past only exists if you constantly put it in her face."

Bernard Mersier

Dedicated to the women I know and love.

END CREDITS