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Bernard Mersier

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**Story 1**

**THIS IS FOR GOD**

"Until a child becomes an adult, their parents are God in their eyes."

Bernard Mersier

**FADE IN:**

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

We come in on FATHER MATHEWS staring at us. He's fairly handsome for his age, disregarding the salt and pepper hair, because his baby blue eyes and smooth milky skin go perfectly together.

He quickly blesses himself.

FATHER MATHEWS

My son. Although our father created us in his image, he knew we'd never be perfect. We know sinning is wrong, but sometimes we can't help ourselves. So I ask you, my son.

(Deep breath)

Do you believe you'll be forgiven your sins?

The silence is almost eerie.

FATHER MATHEWS

Did you hear me, my son? Do you believe---

BANG!!! The loud shotgun blast echoes throughout the booth.

Father Mathew's head explodes, covering the walls with blood and brain fragments.

Staring at the brains and blood on the wall, we hear someone exhaling smooth as the smoke that comes across the screen.

Seconds later, a person wearing black leather gloves tosses a newspaper in the booth on top of Father Mathew's dead body.

**INSERT THE NEWSPAPER**

The headline on the "Detroit Free Press" reads "Priest found not guilty of raping ten-year-old boy." There's a picture of him on his knees praying in front of the courthouse with members of his congregation standing around for support.

**SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:**

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

We come in on a white floor with black diamond shape patterns.

The sound of an annoying dripping faucet is heard.

Staying focused on the floor, a trail of watery blood begins spreading.

As the blood expands, the sound of someone exhaling sharply is heard.

BRENDAN (V.O.)

They say life is continuous energy.

Slowly moving across the floor, we stop at the bathtub.

The upper torso of a woman with fair white skin and short black hair is slumped over the tub.

The bloody water on the floor is coming from her slit throat, mixed with the water from the tub.

BRENDAN (V.O.)

I don't know if this is true. ...But the energy residing inside of me...good or bad, I'll carry on with perfection.

Brendan's hand covered by a black leather glove reaches for her head pulling it back.

Her head is connected by a thin piece of flesh, one good slice away from decapitation.

Brendan places his "Kool" with a clear filter tip out on the stomp grinding it in making sure the fire is out before removing the filter, lowering the head.

He pats her on the head as if she's a good dog.

**CUT TO:**

INT. THE BATHROOM - AN HOUR LATER

The room is filled with police officers taking pictures and looking for clues.

One of the officers wearing latex gloves lifts her head removing the cigarette butt, placing it in an evidence bag.

Another officer wearing latex gloves sticks his hand in the bloody water draining the tub.

BRENDAN (V.O.)

The police are a complete joke.  
Colorful puppets making you believe they serve and protect. They make you believe you're safe, while giving you tons of excuses why they can't catch a psychopath, instead of saying they're fucking incompetent.

The officers in the room step back staring in horror inside the tub.

The lower half of the woman is gone, but her insides are in the tub.

BRENDAN (V.O.)

A well deserved death, considering she helped the pedophile priest abduct and indulged in sexual engagements with children. Some would say this is wrong because I'm not "God". Well, if "God" stood behind his words, I wouldn't be delivering the wrath.

**CUT TO:**

INT. THE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The only light seen is coming from the slits of the door at the end of the hallway.

Brendan slowly approaches the door, softly pushing it open revealing the bathroom.

Stepping into the all-white bathroom cleaned spotless, Brendan makes his way towards the medicine cabinet.

The mirror on the cabinet is painted over with a picture of Jesus with his eyes closed crying.

BRENDAN (V.O.)  
 Followers of "God's word" will judge you, while desecrating the word. Irony, I would say. People still have no idea why Jesus wept. He wept for the mindless praising him, having no idea why. I don't believe in "God's word", so there's no need for his tears.

He opens the cabinet looking over the various mental medications.

BRENDAN (V.O.)  
 If this "God" everyone believes in is real, why are people like me or far worse still alive? Is it because good can't exist without evil? If that's the case, that says what about "God"?

He begins skimming through the bottles.

BRENDAN (V.O.)  
 People should believe and know one thing. Death is inevitable.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING - {FLASHBACK} 1986

The Catholic Church is packed.

The people are embracing the song being sung by the choir.

At the front of the church dressed as a family from the 70's, clean cut with high standards are six-year-old YOUNG BRENDAN and his parents SOPHIA and DARWIN.

Their innocent baby blue eyes are radiating not just from the sun coming through the stained glass windows, but from the inner joy of hearing the Lord being praised.

BRENDAN (V.O.)  
 This is the perfect family in America's eyes seeing no flaws in our character. ...If people only looked behind the closed door.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BRENDAN'S PARENTS ROOM - AFTERNOON

The room decor is religious based. Paintings of Jesus,

crucifixes and various other religious materials are on the nightstands, walls and dressers.

The wind is gently blowing the soft pink drapes, while the sun shines in the room.

With his arms and legs shackled around the metal bars of the old fashioned bed, Young Brendan lies in fear wearing nothing but his boxers.

We hear the door come open.

Sophia and Darwin walk in wearing white robes.

Sophia is holding a goblet walking towards Young Brendan, while Darwin holding a pair of scissors walks toward the end of the bed.

Sophia places the goblet down on the nightstand, and then looks at Young Brendan smiling.

Young Brendan struggles to get free.

Sophia places a calm hand on his face stopping his movements, caressing him as if he's Darwin.

SOPHIA

Just relax, Brendan. We're embarking on something God wants. You believe and love our God, right?

Young Brendan slowly nods his head yes.

SOPHIA

That's my big boy. Now, remember. No matter how aggressive this can possibly get, this is for God so we'll be welcomed into his kingdom.

Darwin moves closer opening the scissors placing them on the bottom leg part of Young Brendan's boxers beginning to cut.

Young Brendan becomes nervous again, and Sophia gently cuffs his face relaxing him.

SOPHIA

It's okay. This is part of God's plan. And even though I know this is your first time.

She reaches on the nightstand grabbing the goblet, caressing

it in an orgasmic manner.

Darwin is finished cutting the boxers, removing them.

SOPHIA

When the time comes, we'll collect the  
juices God has blessed us with inside  
of this goblet, which we'll drink  
from. Are you ready?

He's still unsure about what's going on closing his eyes,  
nodding his head yes.

SOPHIA

You'll be reborn in his name, and you  
can truly say you're a man in God's  
eyes.

She leans down giving him a kiss on the forehead.

Sophia and Darwin remove their robes revealing their naked  
bodies.

Sophia gets on the bed standing over his face, while Darwin  
moves up going down on Young Brendan.

Disturbed by what his father is doing, all Young Brendan can  
do is squirm.

SOPHIA

Enjoy yourself, Brendan. And keep one  
thing in mind. You can use your teeth  
on your mother. Pain and love go hand  
and hand.

Sophia slowly squats down on Young Brendan's face. Moving  
towards the blowing drapes, we can hear the moans coming from  
Sophia.

BRENDAN (V.O.)

This went on for years. Countless  
threesomes or one on one, all in the  
name of God. That's until I began  
reading and understanding. After  
that...I showed my parents the error  
of their ways.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT - {FLASHBACK} 1996

The kitchen is set basic with three chairs around a wooden  
table.

A large butcher knife rests inside the carved turkey on the table.

Sophia is standing over the sink wearing lingerie washing the dishes.

TEENAGE BRENDAN comes into the kitchen wearing all-black with his long black hair wet and crinkled staring directly at his mother.

He stands there for a few seconds before making his way towards the table taking the butcher knife from the turkey.

Placing the knife in his back pocket, he slowly moves towards Sophia.

TEENAGE BRENDAN  
Are we having our usual group session  
tonight or will it be me and you?

He's a few steps from being behind her, when she turns looking at him smiling.

She steps towards him reaching out touching his face in a seductive manner.

SOPHIA  
You're old enough to make that  
decision on your own.

Moistening his lips seductively, he steps into her.

TEENAGE BRENDAN  
Well if you don't mind, I'd like to  
try something new with you.

Turned on by what he said, she leans in for a kiss and he turns his head.

SOPHIA  
What's wrong?

He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

TEENAGE BRENDAN  
Nothing. Just let me do this.

She smiles caressing his face.

SOPHIA  
I'll be submissive, master.



TEENAGE BRENDAN

Thank you. Go stand by the sink.

SOPHIA

Yes, master.

She winks at him before placing her hands on the counter, spreading her legs.

Teenage Brendan slowly approaches pressing hard against her making her moan feeling his manhood against her ass.

He clenches her tight by throat with his left hand.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

There's no love deeper than what you can have for "God". But right now...you'll experience a love "God" himself couldn't fathom. Are you ready?

She begins moaning as if he's penetrating her.

SOPHIA

Yes. Yes. Give it to me hard and deep. Make mama---

Her next words are replaced with a loud shriek of pain, but Teenage Brendan quickly covers her mouth, continuing forcing the knife in and out between her legs.

We see the blood spilling from between her thighs, hearing the knife cutting up her flesh.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

I don't know if this is pleasurable...but this is how I felt when my father raped me as a child. You two speak upon "God" and how what happened is something he would condone. I read no such thing. Your "God" doesn't exist.

Sophia's eyes roll in the back of her head, and the slight whimpers we heard go silent, hearing the knife snatched out.

Teenage Brendan slings her hard to the side.

Staring down at her dead body, he watches the blood forming under her with a slight smirk before looking up.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

INT. BRENDAN'S PARENTS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darwin is sitting at the edge of the bed naked, sweaty, watching a homemade video of him, Sophia and Young Brendan.

He's moaning with intense eyes staring at the screen, enjoying every moment happening.

We see the bedroom door slowly open, and there stands Teenage Brendan with the bloody butcher knife in hand.

Darwin is so wrapped up masturbating, he doesn't hear Teenage Brendan walking up standing beside him.

While Darwin stays focused on the screen appearing as if he's about to climax, Teenage Brendan clinches the knife tighter, aiming towards the side of Darwin's neck.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

You'll never get another orgasm at my expense.

Darwin's eyes widen, stopping what he's doing, but keeps his eyes locked on the screen.

DARWIN

Bren---

Before he can finish his name, Teenage Brendan grabs his head tight slamming the knife into his neck.

As Darwin chokes on his blood trying to speak, Teenage Brendan twists the knife.

As Darwin takes his last breath, Teenage Brendan snatches the knife from his neck letting Darwin's dead body hit the floor.

Watching the blood spill from Darwin's mutilated neck, Teenage Brendan spits on him, and then tosses the knife focusing on the screen.

The tears begin glossing his stone cold eyes watching what his parents made him do in the name of "God".

DARWIN (ON THE TELEVISION)

That's right, son. Punish her for not abiding "God's Word".

A single tear falls from Teenage Brendan's eye as he walks

towards the television snatching it to the floor.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

You two made me realize I am "God" and  
you defiled me.

Teenage Brendan walks out the room.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**BLACK SCREEN:**

BRENDAN (V.O.)

I called the police on myself. You're probably wondering why I'm free? Call it a skin privilege or a good attorney with videos showing what I went through. I only spent a few months in an asylum before I was free. Now that we're all caught up...let's continue where we left off.

INT. BRENDAN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT {PRESENT TIME} 2017

The light from the ceiling flickers on and off showing the grim basement.

The walls are painted black, and we see various S&M instruments tainted with blood hanging on the walls.

We can hear heavy metal music playing faintly in the background.

Brendan is sitting at a desk naked with his back to us, appearing as if he's hard at work on something.

Calligraphy letters are tattooed big across his back reading "I live to kill"

Various other Demonic and sacrilegious images cover the rest of his body.

BRENDAN (V.O)

If people took responsibility for their actions or even thought about the consequences, maybe I wouldn't be doing this. People can't deny I am "God", because I can take and create life when I please.

He sits straight extending his arms stretching, cracking the

knuckles on his massive hands.

Standing up from the desk, we see his hair is down to his chest as he walks to the other side of the room.

**INSERT THE DESK**

There's an open book with human flesh as the pages. A switchblade tainted with blood and a piece of flesh hanging from the tip rests beside the book.

Carved on the pages, we see some of Brendan's sadistic thoughts and pictures, giving us a more in-depth glance of how sick he really is.

Moving over to where Brendan stepped off, we see a woman trapped in a guillotine with her hands shackled to the floor.

Whimpers are coming from the beautiful woman who appears to be in her early-twenties, with tears falling from her big green eyes.

A ball gag is in her swollen mouth. Blood mixed with saliva drips from the side of her mouth.

BRENDAN

Are you enjoying this as much as I am?

Her whimpers intensify shaking her head no, causing Brendan to release a sadistic laugh.

BRENDAN

Isn't this your fantasy?

Brendan kneels down coming back up holding a jar with her teeth inside.

BRENDAN

This was in case you thought about biting me.

He places the jar down, and then caresses her face.

BRENDAN

You wanna go home?

She nods her head yes, continuing whimpering.

BRENDAN

I'll let you go home. Just do one thing.

He steps off for a hot second, and when he returns he's holding a black nine-millimeter with demonic inscriptions on it.

Her low whimpers turn into loud muffled screams.

BRENDAN

Calm down. Calm down or I'll put a fucking bullet in your head, right now! Shut up!

She goes silent.

BRENDAN

That's a good girl. I said I'll let you go, and I will. All you have to do is finish your meal.

Stepping closer in her face, he places the barrel to the side of her head and with his other hand, he gets ready to remove the gag, and then he pauses.

BRENDAN

Do a good job, baby.

He removes the gag.

Before she can get a word out, he inserts himself inside her mouth with force.

Not satisfied by her performance, he cocks the hammer.

BRENDAN

Bitch, you better get to work. Eat your meal!

Her cries mixed with noises from her giving him a blowjob, and his moans are heard.

BRENDAN

That's right. Go faster. Go faster, baby. Come on. I know you can do it.

His moans grow louder gripping her head, forcing himself inside her mouth harder and faster.

BRENDAN

Yes! Yes, you're almost free! I'm almost there! I'm almost...

He holds her head tight forcing himself all the way in her

mouth, and you can hear vomit spilling out as he reaches his climax pulling the trigger blowing her brains out.

His moans slowly calm down releasing her head.

While trying to catch his breath, he stares at the blood coming from her head onto the floor.

BRENDAN

I told you I'll let you go home. Hell has a special place for whores.

Brendan walks away leaving us staring at the woman's brains falling from her skull.

BRENDAN (V.O.)

The only form of heaven you'll experience is from the death I'll give you. Your hell is being allowed to live for your unpunished sins. Your "God" is nothing if he'll always forgive you with blessings for your sins.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

"There's always a lie mixed with the truth."

Bernard Mersier

## **Story 2**

### **BLIND WITH TWENTY-TWENTY VISION**

"Distinguishing right and wrong is hard for most because of their beliefs."

Bernard Mersier

### **FADE IN:**

INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

### **STEVEN'S POV**

His eyes are locked on the door.

STEVEN (V.O.)

I shouldn't be here. In fact...I should receive a medal. What they call "Crimes" I view as doing my job.

Scum has no purpose in the world. If more people like me wearing the badge knowing right from wrong stood up, the world would be a better place.

Keeping his eyes glued on the door we hear footsteps drawing near.

The door comes open, and in walks Detective CARTER.

It would appear he has a firm physique, how his all-black suit fits snug giving his rose skin tone and slicked back hair a certain charm, holding his case files with authority.

Closing the door behind him, he walks towards the table placing the files down, before taking a seat folding his arms across his chest staring directly into Steven's eyes.

CARTER

Officer Ward. Before we begin, I'd like to know one thing.

STEVEN

What?

CARTER

Are you proud you brought shame on the badge, making people believe what they thought was true?

STEVEN

(Slight chuckle)

Every man and woman on the force should follow in my footsteps. You're asking if I'm proud of what I've done, yes. As far as people who don't like the police...those are the people who don't understand the meaning behind serve and protect.

CARTER

I'm a man of the law, and I would never do what you did.

STEVEN

That's because you're a coward. These so-called people you claim as innocent were destroying the city. What part of your brain makes you believe they're innocent?

CARTER

So, you're God? Whoever you see as guilty that's the bottom line?

STEVEN

No, I'm not God. But in that same breath, you can't use God in this situation.

CARTER

Why?

STEVEN

If you're using God it proves my actions are right.

CARTER

Explain.

STEVEN

If you've read the bible it explains itself.

CARTER

In other words, the bible is your alibi?

STEVEN

No, the bible is my facts proving I'm not the criminal. The people I disposed of are criminals.

CARTER

Do you believe in the bible? Or did you have this preset, attempting to use religion as an excuse? It's sounding somewhat similar to the "Twinkie" defense?

STEVEN

Unless you're agreeing with the bible justifying my actions it doesn't matter.

CARTER

You have a point.

STEVEN

I know I do. Maybe after this conversation I'll tell you if I truly believe.



CARTER  
I think you will.

STEVEN  
We don't get paid for thinking. We get  
paid for knowing and acting on the  
knowledge of knowing.

CARTER  
All I need is answers.

Carter grabs six of the files opening them one at a time,  
slowly sliding them over in front of Steven.

**STEVEN'S POV**

We see six different crime scene photos consisting of African-  
American males gruesomely murdered.

One of them is a fifteen-year-old gunned down.

STEVEN  
Now what?

CARTER  
You have no remorse for the lives you  
took?

STEVEN  
They were drug-dealers and  
gangbangers. I'm actually surprised  
their families gave a shit. Dealing  
their drugs in our community is the  
reason why I killed them.

CARTER  
Our community?

STEVEN  
Don't play dumb. You know what I mean  
by "Our community".

CARTER  
I truthfully don't. Please, explain.

STEVEN  
There's no need. I know why you're  
responding this way.

CARTER  
Do tell.

STEVEN

Because we know the superior officers are listening and watching behind that mirror. You don't wanna be in the same situation I'm in, knowing deep down inside you feel the same as I do.

CARTER

If I were anything like you, I would accept the fact I'm crazy with no legit reason behind the crimes I committed. You and I are nowhere near the same.

STEVEN

You can say what you want. But when you lay down at night...I know it eats away at you wearing a mask of shame, refusing to rid the world of this rubbish.

CARTER

What made you snap?

STEVEN

(Laughs)

Avoiding the fact I'm right? Well to tell you the truth, I've been this way since I understood what the world needs.

CARTER

And what is that?

STEVEN

The world needs a cleansing from niggers.

CARTER

No human being is different from the next.

STEVEN

Apparently, you don't look in the mirror much.

CARTER

Why did you kill a fifteen-year old boy?

STEVEN

(Laughs)

Are you serious right now?

CARTER

This whole conversation is serious.

STEVEN

He was in a white neighborhood looking suspicious. Fifteen or not, we both know how these young niggers are these days. If he would've continued living he would've ended up a thug anyway.

CARTER

You truly disgust me.

STEVEN

The feeling is mutual. But, I noticed one more file. Is it something I've done or something you wanna frame me for?

CARTER

Why frame you, when you're already in a grave you'll never come from?

STEVEN

Is that what you believe? Pinning something on me I didn't do would give you and the people who think I'm guilty a reason to place me behind bars.

CARTER

That's far from why. I saved this one for last, because it sent chills through my soul.

STEVEN

I can't wait to see this one.

Carter opens the file taking a quick glance shaking his head before sliding it in front of Steven.

### **STEVEN'S POV**

We see the body of a dead young African-American woman lying on her side nude, severely banged up lying in a pool of blood and garbage.

CARTER

The body of twenty-two-year-old Shanice Whittier was found in an alley beat up, raped and shot twice in the back of the head.

STEVEN

(Laughs)

The young whore was one of my favorites. My first thought was strangulation. But then I thought...why not show her the true value of a whore? I took my time. I digested every nasty drop of sweat from her useless body, while making her wipe her own tears as I plowed into her. And when it was over...I ended her pathetic life.

CARTER

The sad part...you stand firm on every word that came from your cold-hearted mouth.

STEVEN

The truth is cold.

CARTER

Which is why I'm glad she took a piece of your penis we found stuck in her teeth.

STEVEN

(Laughs)

She couldn't get enough of me. Once she bit me, I was completely aroused. I bludgeoned her until she realized biting is something she shouldn't have done.

CARTER

You're a sick man.

STEVEN

I'm not sick. The scum you know I removed along with the ones who'll never be found were sick.

CARTER

How many more?

STEVEN

I've removed a lot of niggers from the world. Would you like to know where I placed their bodies?

CARTER

No thanks. Save it for the judge, jury and God. My job is done.

STEVEN

What was your job?

CARTER

Grasping the concept you're a sick maniac who deserves what's coming to him.

STEVEN

Would you like to know if I believe in God?

CARTER

Sure.

STEVEN

If God created us in his image. Where the fuck did the niggers, spicks and other races come from?

Carter shakes his head collecting the files placing them back in a stack before standing up prepared to walk away.

STEVEN

You're silent because you know I'm right.

CARTER

Ask God when you meet him.

Carter turns his back walking towards the door.

STEVEN

Just so you know. When I'm cleared...I'll continue where I left off.

Carter pauses at the door.

CARTER

What makes you believe that?

STEVEN

Because pure white people who know every race, especially the niggers must be disposed of stick together.

CARTER

(Light chuckle)

Believe what you want. I'm done listening to your nonsense.

Carter opens the door walking out, closing the door behind him.

STEVEN

(Laughs)

You know I'm right! Stick by your own!

Steven continues laughing as the screen slowly fades to black.

**BLACK SCREEN:**

STEVEN (V.O.)

Apparently the judge and jury agreed with the other cowards of the world, sentencing me with life in jail. It doesn't matter. My brothers who understand are in jail with me. They'll help me get rid of the niggers we're locked up with.

INT. PRISON SHOWER - AFTERNOON

**STEVEN'S POV**

He's staring at the wall in the shower as the water pours down his face.

STEVEN (V.O.)

If the world wasn't fucked up I wouldn't be in jail. It saddens me my white brothers and sisters meaning the judge and jury placed me here. But, whatever. As I told Detective Carter, I'll be fine.

The sound of footsteps can be heard on the wet floor.

Steven turns his attention where the footsteps are coming from, and we see four muscular tatted white men in towels staring at him smiling.

TATTOOED MAN

Ain't you that cop who killed all the niggers?

STEVEN

Yes, my brother. Unfortunately like you, the others who I thought was our brother's and sister's placed not just me, but all of us who believe niggers should be killed behind bars.

TATTOOED MAN

Yeah. Those Crackers feel the niggers have a say so, knowing goddamn well their only purpose in life is to be slaves.

STEVEN

Finally! I've got in touch with my brothers who understand where I'm coming from.

They remain with the same comforting smiles, slowly approaching Steven.

TATTOOED MAN

Oh, we agree with you. There's just one thing.

STEVEN

What's that, my Brother?

Tattooed man swings his left effortlessly, knocking Steven to the wet shower floor.

Now we see aside from the blood leaking from the side of his mouth, Steven is a handsome African-American.

The towels the men were wearing are seen dropping to the floor.

Steven attempts to get up, but one of the men makes sure he doesn't, placing a foot in the center of his back, kneeling down gripping his head under the chin.

Tattooed man steps behind Steven looking down at his wet naked flesh smiling.

TATTOOED MAN

You did good eliminating the niggers we couldn't get to. But, the fact

still remains...you're a nigger.

STEVEN

Wait! Wait, I'm---

TATTOOED MAN

You're a good nigger who helped us out. Now shut the fuck up and take your reward.

**CLOSE UP STEVEN'S FACE**

The pure terror shown on his face and the laughter heard in the background is nothing compared to his lingering screams.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

"Hate is a meal digested by closed-minds, having no idea why they ate the meal."

Bernard Mersier

**Srory 3**

**HOW MANY WRONGS MAKE A RIGHT?**

"You can't satisfy someone if you're not happy with self."

Bernard Mersier

**FADE IN:**

EXT. THE BEACH - AFTERNOON

It's a beautiful sunny-day. The beach is packed with people enjoying the nice breeze.

Moving through the people we see BLAKE and DARRELL holding hands walking along the beach.

The sun has taken its toll on Blake's Caucasian skin, as water drips from his hair.

Darrell is a tall African-American with a perfectly chiseled body covered with tattoos.

And although his swimming trunks match Blake's, his perfect smile makes him stand out.

As they move along the beach, some of the people stare at them disgusted believing gay people are an abomination.



The stares don't budge Darrell, but you can tell it burns Blake soul.

BLAKE

(Sighs)

Being openly gay is legalized, and people still view us as if we're the cause of AIDS.

DARRELL

Who cares what they think?

BLAKE

I care. We're no different from them, yet we're viewed as outcasts.

Darrell releases his hand, wrapping his arm around Blake's waist.

DARRELL

As long as you know I love you, what these people think shouldn't matter.

Blake blushes feeling loved, wrapping his arm around Darrell's waist.

BLAKE

You always pick me up when I'm down.

DARRELL

All we need is each other.

BLAKE

You're right. I won't let it happen again.

DARRELL

It's an expected reaction because we're only human. But, I would like one thing.

BLAKE

What's that?

DARRELL

Make your famous meal tonight.

Blake glides his hand lovingly across Darrell's abs.

BLAKE

I'll make sure my man is full. I

love this delicious frame.

DARRELL

That's one of the many reasons why I love you.

BLAKE

What do I get for this meal?

DARRELL

The satisfaction I give you every night with a bonus.

BLAKE

Well, let's hurry up and get home.

DARRELL

I was thinking the same.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blake and Darrell's lower half is covered by the colorful pattern blanket on the king size bed.

Blake's head is rested on Darrell's chest with his arm wrapped around him.

Darrell is leaning back against the headboard with his hands behind his head.

BLAKE

Did you enjoy your meal?

DARRELL

As always. Did you enjoy yourself?

BLAKE

Every time we make love I enjoy myself.

DARRELL

Good. I do my best making sure you're satisfied in more ways than one.

BLAKE

And I appreciate you for that. But, I've been thinking.

DARRELL  
About what?

BLAKE  
I think it's time you move in.

Darrell closes his eyes, sighing deep, shaking his head.

DARRELL  
Here we go with this again.

BLAKE  
Don't you think we should take that  
step?

DARRELL  
You already know my situation.

BLAKE  
Yes, I know all of this. And I told  
you there's enough room for us and  
your siblings. I don't understand why  
you won't move in.

Darrell becomes aggravated getting up from the bed, causing  
Blake to sit up.

DARRELL  
Why would you ruin a perfect day with  
bullshit? If you know I'm faithful,  
what's the big deal if I move in or  
not?

Darrell grabs his phone resting on the glass nightstand  
turning the screen on seeing the time becoming more  
irritated.

DARRELL  
Shit, I'm running late.

Darrell gets up from the bed naked searching for his clothes,  
while Blake stares at him knowing their relationship is  
crumbling.

BLAKE  
I'm sorry for bringing it up again,  
but---

Darrell finds his boxers quickly placing them on, along with  
his swimming trunks.

DARRELL

None of that matters right now,  
because I neglected my priority.

BLAKE

I apologize if I'm the reason why  
you're running late, but...am I not a  
priority, too?

Darrell places his wife beater on, and then grabs his phone  
from the nightstand.

DARRELL

You're a man with insecurities, and I  
think we should spend a few days  
apart.

BLAKE

Are you serious?

DARRELL

I gotta go.

Darrell walks out the room without looking back.

Blake sits on the bed with glossy eyes and his emotions all  
over the place.

INT. THE DENTIST OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The door comes open and out comes a satisfied PATIENT, with  
Blake right behind proud of his work.

But the happiness quickly turns into disarray, because he  
hasn't heard from Darrell all day.

He goes back into the room closing the door sighing biting  
the side of his thumb, pacing back and forth.

Fed up with waiting, he pulls his phone out calling Darrell.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Darrell is sitting behind his nicely organized desk wearing a  
nice suit and glasses looking over account files on his  
laptop.

His phone resting on the desk begins ringing. Looking down  
with his eyes, he sees Blake calling.

As if Blake means nothing still, he ignores the call.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

INT. THE DENTIST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blake's heart sinks lower with each call continuously sent to voicemail. With the thought of Darrell standing behind his words pounding in his mind, Blake attempts contacting him one more time.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Still hard at work on his laptop, Darrell becomes annoyed hearing his phone go off.

He looks down seeing a text message.

Pausing from his work taking a deep breath of frustration, he picks up the phone reading the message.

**INSERT PHONE SCREEN**

"We have a serious issue that needs a resolution. I'll be there in a minute."

Darrell shakes his head placing the phone down taking another deep breath, fed up with how his day is going.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

INT. THE DENTIST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blake places his phone back in his pants pocket walking out the room with determination, walking past RECEPTIONIST #1, who looks at him confused.

RECEPTIONIST #1  
Is everything okay, Mr. Weis?

He continues making his way towards the door not looking back.

BLAKE  
Everything is fine. I'll be back.

He walks out the door.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Darrell comes into the office closing the door behind him, walking to his desk taking a seat.

Taking a deep breath cracking his knuckles, he prepares to get back to work, and then he pauses looking down at his phone.

He ponders on checking it, knowing it's more than likely missed calls and text messages from Blake.

He sucks his teeth picking the phone up turning the screen on, seeing there's a text message. Shaking his head he opens the message, and his eyes widen.

**INSERT PHONE SCREEN**

"I can't believe you're treating our love as if it ain't shit. That's okay. You'll explain yourself in a matter of minutes."

Lost in thought he stares at the message for a few seconds, nodding his head side to side, finally placing the phone in his pocket leaving the room.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

INT. INSIDE BLAKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Blake places his phone back in the cup-holder and you can tell by his expression he's not in the best mood gripping the steering wheel tight waiting for the light to turn green.

While he's waiting, he looks to the right noticing a couple sitting on a bench appearing deeply in love.

The sight makes him recap on him and Darrell in the beginning of their relationship, but he quickly blocks out the emotions of love becoming engulfed with rage again, facing forward seeing the light is green.

The way he pulls off we know he has one thing in mind, and nothing will stop him.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Darrell comes back to the office wiping his face with a paper towel.

Once he's done...the way his eyes widen and mouth drops, you'd think his life just flashed before his eyes.

DARRELL  
What the fuck?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blake comes into the office and RECEPTIONIST #2 looks up at him ready to speak, but he continues making his way towards the back paying her no attention.

As he nears Darrell's office, he notices the blinds on the windows are down, and he hears arguing.

Walking up grabbing the knob ready to open the door, he pauses when he hears...

SABRINA (O.S.)  
All I need is an explanation for this  
bullshit! This mumble mouth shit not  
helping!

Filled with his own emotions now wondering what's going on, Blake turns the knob snatching the door open walking in.

**BLAKE'S POV**

We see Darrell standing behind his desk with his hands up in fear.

Darrell's wife SABRINA is aiming a nine-millimeter at his head.

She's a devastatingly beautiful caramel woman with a slim waist. But despite her slim waist, she's equipped with hips, thighs, ass, a flat stomach, perfect full breast and lips, and long curly black hair.

Darrell keeps his hands up looking over at Blake.

Sabrina keeps her aim on Darrell, looking over at Blake confused.

SABRINA  
Can I help you?

BLAKE  
What is this about?

SABRINA

None of your fucking business! You can go!

BLAKE

I can't do that. Sabrina turns her aim on Blake.

SABRINA

Excuse me?

BLAKE

I said I can't do that.

SABRINA

Why is that? Matter a fact, do me one even better. Who are you?

BLAKE

I'm Darrell's---

DARRELL

Blake, stay out of this. Sabrina, listen. I'm sure this situation---

She quickly turns her aim back on Darrell.

SABRINA

This situation is about to get real fucking ugly if---

BLAKE

Get that gun out of my man's face!

Sabrina lowers the gun looking at Blake with confusion spilling from her eyes.

Darrell sighs deeply, lowering his head knowing the gig is up.

SABRINA

Excuse me?

BLAKE

You heard me just fine. Now, as far as this situation you're talking about, why don't you---

SABRINA

Wait, wait, wait. Did you just say my man is your man?



BLAKE

Your man?

(Laughs)

You're delusional. A man who's been gay his entire life would never be with a woman.

SABRINA

Gay his entire life?

She turns looking at Darrell.

SABRINA

What is he talking about?

Darrell slowly lifts his head looking at her.

DARRELL

Baby, I can explain.

BLAKE

Baby? Why are you calling her the name you whisper in my ear when we make love?

Sabrina quickly covers her mouth ready to hurl after hearing what Blake said.

BLAKE

Explain.

Darrell immediately tunes Blake out coming from behind the desk to comfort Sabrina, but with her mouth still covered, she uses the gun signaling him to keep away.

DARRELL

Sabrina, baby, I can explain.

BLAKE

Why are you catering to her? I'm the one you lay with at night.

No longer able to hold it back, Sabrina releases a yell that can be heard from miles away.

Darrell quickly wraps his arms around her. Blake folds his arms across his chest.

BLAKE

What the fuck are you doing?!

Darrell continues ignoring him trying to get Sabrina to catch a breath.

BLAKE

I know goddamn well you hear me talking?! I need you to---

Darrell continues holding Sabrina, turning back looking at Blake.

DARRELL

Will you shut the fuck up?! I'm tending to my wife!

Blake's eyes look like a deer caught in headlights.

BLAKE

Your wife?!

Darrell continues ignoring him focused on Sabrina, keeping his arms around her.

Sabrina slowly gathers her breathing calming down.

Realizing Darrell is holding her, she instantly stands straight shoving him back.

SABRINA

Get your hands off me! How the fuck could you do this to me?!

DARRELL

I can---

SABRINA

You can't explain shit! Can you explain how you have a whole woman, a WIFE at home, but you out here fucking a man?!

Blake stands silent against the wall digesting the conversation.

DARRELL

I'm Bi-sexual. What can I say?

You would think she bit into a lemon the way her face frowns up, placing the gun in her purse, taking a step back staring at him.

SABRINA  
You're Bi-sexual? You're telling me as  
you stand here in front of me as a  
man, you're Bi-sexual?

DARRELL  
Yes.

SABRINA  
And you were Bi-sexual before we met,  
right?

DARRELL  
Actually, I recently realized---

SABRINA  
You're full of shit. That's what you  
realized?

DARRELL  
I'm not arguing about my sexuality.

SABRINA  
Because you can't! Do you realize  
saying you're Bi, that means you're  
fucking confused?! That's what Bi  
means, confusion!

DARRELL  
I'm nowhere near confused. You're  
confused by what you just found out,  
and I understand. I should've told you  
from the beginning.

SABRINA  
Oh, I'm confused about finding this  
out. But believe me, I'm not about to  
deal with it either. You're not worth  
my energy, tears or respect.

Darrell stares at her not impressed by what she said.

She shakes her head disappointed, turning to look at Blake.

SABRINA  
As for you...I can't even be mad at  
you. But, I'll tell you this much.

She goes in her purse pulling out a folded piece of paper.

SABRINA

I don't know if you're naturally gay. Something probably happened to you as a child or you're just like this one over here. But, you explain what this paper says.

She walks over to Blake shoving the paper in his chest before walking out slamming the door behind her.

Blake unfolds the paper looking over it, while Darrell stands with his head down sighing knowing he's fucked royally.

Finished reading over the paper, Blake looks over at Darrell with a straight face.

BLAKE

So...that's the reason why you wouldn't move in with me. Everything you've been telling me was a lie.

Darrell keeps his head down.

DARRELL

I'm not in the mood for this conversation. You heard the truth.

BLAKE

Had you told the truth from the beginning, we wouldn't be having this conversation. Aside from what I want from you, there's no way you can give me that. Your wife was right.

Darrell slowly lifts his head, breathing anger.

DARRELL

A gay man is siding with a heterosexual female because she had a gun yelling at the top of her lungs.  
(Laughs)  
Ain't that funny?

BLAKE

Not as funny as your pretend life. Yes, I'm gay, and I'm proud of who I am. You on the other hand, you're exactly what your wife labeled you as. You're a confused man sleeping with anybody who allows him.

Darrell releases a thunderous laugh.

DARRELL

I heard the dramatic version of this bullshit, and now you're delivering the settle version. The funny part that neither one of you will understand.

Darrell takes a few steps towards him, and then pauses folding his arms across his chest as arrogant as his words.

DARRELL

I'll continuing fucking both of you, and won't shit change.

With a straight face, Blake stares at him for a few seconds, and then cracks a sly smile.

BLAKE

That should be the outcome after what transpired. But since I can only speak for myself...I'll opt to be alone. This situation has taught me something I should've known from the beginning.

DARRELL

And what would that be?

BLAKE

When you take in untamed stray animals giving them your undying soul, it'll still resort to what it knows best.

DARRELL

(Scoffs)

And you loved every minute of it.

BLAKE

I sure did. And now...I'll keep it as a constant reminder.

Darrell stares at Blake approaching him, taking his right hand placing the paper in his palm, clutching his hand with a tight grip.

BLAKE

This is the price you pay for love, and I gladly embrace it. You'll wish in the end you could've been a man, instead of the coward you are.

Without further words, Blake turns his back walking towards the door, while Darrell looks down at the note and then back at Blake laughing.

DARRELL

She added some incentive making you side with her, but you're gay?

(Laughs)

I'll see you tonight, baby. Make my favorite meal.

Blake doesn't look back walking out the door.

Darrell continues laughing making his way behind his desk getting comfortable in his chair.

Keeping the paper in his hand, he grabs his phone off the desk with his left prepared to make a call, and then he pauses placing the phone down.

Interested in seeing what the paper says, he unfolds it beginning to read, and his joyous moment quickly goes left.

#### DARRELL'S POV

We see the paper is the results of an AIDS test, and the results are positive.

Darrell's eyes are glazed with water, ashamed of himself after what he read.

Placing the note on his desk, he picks the phone up calling Sabrina, and he's instantly sent to voicemail.

Shaking his head with remorse, he calls Blake getting the same response.

Knowing he has AIDS eats away at him calling other people to inform them they probably contracted it as well.

Oddly, everyone he calls sends him to voicemail.

Darrell places the phone down covering his face sighing, and that's when his phone rings.

Slowly pulling his hands down, he picks up the phone answering with tears coming down his face.

SIDE CHICK (V.O.)

Hey baby, what's going on?

DARRELL  
Nothing much. I need to tell you something.

SIDE CHICK (V.O.)  
You'll be over in the next thirty minutes?

DARRELL  
Nah, it's something important.

SIDE CHICK (V.O.)  
I'm listening.

DARRELL  
When was the last time you had a check up?

SIDE CHICK (V.O.)  
What?!

**FADE TO BLACK:**

"Greed can destroy you in more ways than one."

Bernard Mersier

**Story 4**

**HIGH PRICE GARBAGE**

"You can't put a price on something priceless."

Bernard Mersier

**FADE IN:**

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

We come in on the reflection of the moon seen in a pool of blood.

JERMAINE (V.O.)  
The same pace my blood is spreading across the ground is exactly how I ended up in this situation. It was slow and sweet, pulling the wool over my dumbass eyes. When you do dirt, eventually you'll get buried beneath it. I was one of the many who knew, but swore up and down it would

never happen to me.

The sound of an ambulance and police sirens are heard drawing near.

JERMAINE (V.O.)

Let's go back to the beginning.

The blood returns into JERMAINE'S head, a dark skin man in his early twenties stretched out wearing a wife beater and shorts.

His .357 magnum isn't far from him.

The gun is placed back in his hand before his body rises from the ground.

The hole in his forehead seals up as the bullet comes out the back of his head returning to the nine-millimeter it was fired from being held by his childhood friend WILLIS who we see wearing a hood placing the gun back under his shirt, making his way back to the burnt orange Cutlass.

A look of hate is on Jermaine's face as the bullets he fired return in the gun.

Moving backwards placing the gun back under his wife beater, we see the eagerness etched on his face.

Now that he's reached the Cutlass, he gets in on the driver side.

Jermaine turns looking at Willis holding his arm.

Willis releases his arm turning back looking forward, while Jermaine picks up the lit blunt from the ashtray placing it in his mouth.

The smoke filling the car returns back into the blunt and Jermaine's mouth.

We can tell by the way the tip is burning he's taking a hard pull.

Jermaine extends the blunt over to Willis, and he takes it nodding his head appreciative.

As they continue driving backwards to Jermaine's house, we can tell the conversation they're having is serious.

Arriving back at Jermaine's ranch style house, the Cutlass



pulls into the driveway coming to a stop.

The two get out and we see Jermaine placing the blunt they were smoking back behind his ear, before going into the house.

The lights come on revealing the nicely decorated living room with brown leather furniture and glass tables.

On the glass table in front of the sofa are piles of money, drugs, bullets, a bottle of liquor and an ashtray filled with blunt tails.

Jermaine removes the gun from under his shirt taking a seat on the sofa, while Willis sits down on the love seat.

Jermaine has the gun aimed at Willis for a few seconds, and then places it down on the table.

Jermaine then takes the blunt from behind his ear, unrolling it, and we can tell this is the beginning of the serious conversation they were having.

Willis gets up from the love seat making his way back to the front door walking out, and Jermaine is following behind.

Jermaine is shoved back while reaching out for Willis, before the door is closed.

Jermaine goes back to the sofa taking a seat staring at the screen on his iPhone.

It appears whatever he's looking at has him in a bad mood biting down on his bottom lip, damn near drawing blood.

Jermaine places the phone back in his pocket, and begins counting one of the piles of money on the table smiling, while a lit blunt burns in the ashtray.

Jermaine takes the blunt from the ashtray placing it in his mouth before getting up from the sofa making his way back into one of the rooms in the back.

For this brief moment in time we get to truly admire the living room, seeing Jermaine has money he doesn't care about spending, knowing he'll get it back.

Jermaine comes into the living room with a lit blunt in his mouth pausing, staring at the table in front of the sofa.

JERMAINE (V.O.)

This is the beginning of the end. Look at me. In my mind this is a regular night. Everything is going smooth as ass cheeks. This night made me appreciate the saying "Anything can happen in a day."

Jermaine takes a pull from the blunt making his way towards the sofa without a care in the world, taking a seat marveling over the money.

Taking one last pull he places the blunt in the ashtray, before picking up one of the stacks of money beginning to count.

While enjoying the crisp bills sliding across his fingers from his drug deals, a loud ding goes off causing him to take a break from counting the cash.

He pulls his iPhone out looking at the screen.

**INSERT PHONE SCREEN**

He clicks on the message and we see it's from a beautiful Dominican woman with baby brown eyes and light skin. Her name in his phone is "My baby Cassandra".

The message reads "Baby, I'm in the hospital. Mel almost raped me. You're the first person I reached out for. I know you'll handle business, but please, come see me first. I don't know what to do without you. I love you. Please come see me before you do anything.

A monument of rage hits him knowing his woman was almost raped by someone he should've been taken care of, but he took him lightly because in his mind he wasn't a threat.

Jermaine picks up the blunt taking a hard pull, followed by a sip from the bottle.

Just as he gets ready to grab his gun, the doorbell rings.

He jumps up from the sofa speeding towards the door snatching it open, reaching out for Willis.

Before he can get a good grip, Willis shoves him back.

WILLIS

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Jermaine gathers himself.

JERMAINE

Damn, my fault, man. Come in.

Willis comes into the house looking at him confused, while Jermaine lowers his head ashamed he was about to do bodily harm to his friend.

WILLIS

What was that all about?

JERMAINE

It's some shit I should've got out the way. But, since I didn't, my baby is in the hospital.

WILLIS

What happened to Cassandra?

JERMAINE

Just have a seat.

Jermaine takes a seat on the sofa, while Willis takes a seat on the love seat.

Jermaine grabs a "Garcia Vega" quickly splitting it emptying the tobacco on the table prepping it to be rolled, while Willis looks at him waiting to hear about Cassandra.

WILLIS

Speak up, nigga. You know Cassandra is like a sister to me.

Jermaine stays focused rolling the blunt.

WILLIS

Nigga, if you don't speak up, I---

JERMAINE

She was almost raped tonight! That hoe ass nigga Mel put my baby in the hospital!

WILLIS

So, why are we still sitting here?

JERMAINE

I'm about to finish rolling, then I'm going to see my baby. After that, I'm killing his ass tonight.

WILLIS

That's the stupidest shit I ever heard  
you say.

Jermaine finishes rolling looking over at Willis with hate in  
his eyes, before looking down at his gun, and then back at  
Willis.

JERMAINE

What?

WILLIS

Before you take this shit left, just  
let me---

JERMAINE

Let you what, nigga?! My baby in the  
hospital, and you just called me  
stupid!

WILLIS

Cassandra can wait. Not saying it like  
that, but---

Jermaine picks up the gun, cocking the hammer aiming at  
Willis.

Willis knows Jermaine will kill him if his next words aren't  
to his liking, so not only does his tone of voice change, but  
his whole demeanor.

WILLIS

All I'm saying is---

JERMAINE

Make it good.

WILLIS

We both love Cassandra. I'm just as  
fucked up about this as you. Why not  
get this nigga now, and we can check  
on her later?

Jermaine's finger slowly moves back and forth on the trigger  
debating on pulling it, while Willis does his best keeping a  
calm composure.

WILLIS

You can't tell me that ain't real  
shit.

Jermaine bites down on his lip, slowly lowering the gun.

Willis remains calm, but he knows to keep his words in check.

Jermaine looks over at the fancy gold clock hanging on the wall reading "1:20", before looking back at Willis hesitant.

JERMAINE

What makes you think if we ride out  
right now we'll find him?

WILLIS

You know that nigga love spending on  
hoes at the same club.

Jermaine nods his head agreeing, picking up the finished rolled blunt.

WILLIS

You know I didn't mean any disrespect,  
right?

Jermaine places the blunt behind his ear.

JERMAINE

I'm already over that. Let's go get  
this nigga so I can be by my baby.

WILLIS

I'm ready.

Willis gets up from the love seat making his way towards the front door, and Jermaine gets up following behind him.

Willis opens the door walking out, and before Jermaine walks out, he turns the lights off closing the door behind him.

INT. /EXT. IN FRONT OF JERMAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two come from the house making their way towards the driveway where the Cutlass is parked, while Willis fully loaded Expedition rests in front of the house.

Jermaine pulls his keys out turning the alarm off, while Willis waits to get in on the passenger side.

Jermaine pulls the blunt from the side of his ear lighting it taking a nice pull before getting in.

Jermaine starts the car up, and the loud roar from the horsepower rings out through the neighborhood as they drive

off.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jermaine takes three hard pulls from the blunt holding the smoke in before passing it to Willis.

Willis takes the blunt taking a pull, nodding his head appreciative.

Slowly releasing the smoke, Willis looks over at Jermaine with his eyes focused on getting to their destination.

WILLIS

Where did this shit jump off at?

JERMAINE

I don't know.

WILLIS

You don't know?

JERMAINE

I didn't get into all that. I read the message, and here we are. For your sake, he better be here.

Willis looks at Jermaine offended.

WILLIS

Why do you keep coming at me like that? I know you pissed, but I didn't have shit to do with it. You need to calm down.

Willis passes the blunt to Jermaine.

He takes it, taking a pull realizing he's being an asshole.

JERMAINE

You're right. I'm pissed this shit jumped off, and I'm taking it out on you. My fault, bro.

They pull up in front of the crowded parking lot of the strip club where people are coming out.

As they sit waiting, Willis gets uneasy seeing Jermaine place his gun on his lap.

WILLIS  
What's the plan?

JERMAINE  
As soon as that nigga come out, I'm  
killing him. Period.

WILLIS  
Where yo mask?

JERMAINE  
I don't need that shit. The last thing  
that bitch ass nigga will see is the  
hate in my eyes for fucking with my  
baby.

WILLIS  
Man, all these people out here might---

JERMAINE  
I don't give a fuck about none of  
that! These motherfuckers know who I  
am, and how I get down.

### **JERMAINE'S POV**

We see MEL coming out of the club. He's high yellow, tall and lanky wearing a lot of jewelry.

Two delicious strippers are by his side making their way to his Range Rover.

Jermaine grips the gun tight opening the car door, and Willis grabs his arm attempting to stop him.

WILLIS  
Fam, wait one---

JERMAINE  
You better let me the fuck go!

Willis quickly lets his arm go, and Jermaine gets out of the car.

Mel is so caught up with the fact he's about to sleep with two females, he doesn't see Jermaine running up taking aim, but the strippers and others in the parking lot do, screaming and taking cover.

By the time Mel actually pays attention, the four shots in

his chest makes sure he wakes up from his trance, falling back to the ground.

Jermaine steps over aiming the gun down at Mel, while we hear the people screaming in the background.

Just as he gets ready to pull the trigger, his brains fly from his forehead, dropping to the ground dead.

As Jermaine lies dead, and the people still screaming mixing with the sound of squealing tires are heard, we turn our attention to Willis standing not far from Jermaine with his hood over his head.

We can see the satisfaction on his face before making his way back to the Cutlass.

Just as he gets ready to get in on the driver side, automatic gunshots rip through the night mowing him down.

Willis lies dead with a lost expression on his face, causing us to turn our attention to his shooter, which is a tall dark skin man with a bald head wearing all-black getting back inside of an all-black Benz.

The Benz pulls off into the night leaving the chaotic scene behind.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE THE BENZ - CONTINUOUS

The mysterious shooter continues driving with a cigarette in his mouth lighting it, taking a calm pull with no expression.

His phone rings.

He picks it up looking at the screen.

**INSERT PHONE SCREEN**

The contact name reads "My Baby" and we see a picture of Cassandra with a smile you can't resist.

He answers the call taking a pull from his cigarette.

STAN

Hey, baby.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

Did you take care of `em?



STAN

We'll never speak on it again.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

I love you, baby. Are you on the way?

STAN

Yup. You got everything ready?

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

The blunts are rolled, and your drink is in a bucket on ice. Warm up your meal yourself.

STAN

Why is that?

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

I prefer you getting me wet as opposed to doing it myself.

STAN

(Laughs)

That's my baby. I'll see you in a few after I make this run.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

I love you.

STAN

Love you, too.

Stan hangs up with a slight smile taking another pull from his cigarette continuing driving off into the night.

Meanwhile, we go back to where Jermaine is laid out.

We can hear the sound of police and ambulance sirens in the distance making their way.

JERMAINE (V.O.)

And that's how I ended up in this situation. Set up by a motherfucker I grew up with through thick and thin, and a bitch I swore was the love of my life. Both of `em played me, and she played us both. The dope game is a shady business, but I'll be goddamn if the pretend love of a fake ass nigga and a shady bitch doesn't cut deeper. If I'm reincarnated...I'll know

ahead of time to not trust anybody.

We can hear the tires of the police cars and ambulance coming to a stop, followed by car doors being opened, and footsteps approaching Jermaine's dead body.

**SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:**

"There's a difference between people loving you or something about you. Learn your place."

Bernard Mersier

**Story 5**

**DECOMPOSITION**

"An orgasm is pointless if it wasn't enjoyable."

Bernard Mersier

**FADE IN:**

INT. CAMERON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

We come in on a vein filled arm with multiple cuts and track marks resting on a wooden table.

Although the wounds are old, the scars look grotesque on the brown flesh.

Shallow breathing and something being tapped on the table is heard.

CAMERON (V.O.)

People claim they know "Love" having no idea of the true meaning. Some believe the dictionary, while others believe it's found in orgasms. Truth is...love is your "Flesh". Something everyone takes for granted.

The sound of a lighter being flicked is swiftly heard, followed by a calm exhale.

CAMERON (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking. How can I speak on mutilation seeing my arm? I was once like you. I believed the dictionary version, so I was out here sharing my flesh with plenty of

women. That's until I met the one people call a "Soulmate". It's a killer word. You give another person your flesh in exchange for a euphoric experience, identical to masturbation. The only difference is adding another person who'll help with the load, which sometimes...it can be a downer if they don't do it better than your hand.

Cameron takes a hard pull from whatever he's smoking.

CAMERON (V.O.)

Don't think I'm straying from the situation at hand. I was merely breaking down how sex is pointless bullshit. If you can make yourself have an orgasm, why involve someone who won't appreciate your flesh? But, let's get back on my soulmate.

Cameron extends his right arm which is the perfect match to the left, holding a lit cigarette between his fingers.

CAMERON (V.O.)

Like these wounds, we were identical. At least that was my thoughts. I didn't realize the manipulation allowing the consistent feasting upon my flesh. I enjoyed her devouring me, making me believe it was love. Seven years I blindly indulged in flesh consumption, while her poison consumed my soul. Actually...I wasn't blind. I knew about the random men, but I didn't care. My love was already diminished, and my soul was corrupted.

Cameron takes a finger on his right hand gliding it across the scars on his left arm.

CAMERON (V.O.)

Most would think these scars are from depression. Each of these cuts represents every affair she had with a male or female, STD and physical altercations.

Cameron lowers his arms, standing up beginning to move around.

CAMERON (V.O.)

If you plan on removing yourself from pain, embrace the task for a complete deletion.

As Cameron moves through the house, we see the face of a beautiful brown skin woman in various pictures hanging on the walls, but her body has either been cut or burned out.

CAMERON (V.O.)

The sight of her body embeds hell in my eyes. You're probably thinking why not remove the pictures? Due to the fact my flesh only desired her, I kept the face for relapse purposes when it wasn't about flesh.

Continuing moving through the house, Cameron comes to a stop at two closed doors, one on the left and the other is straight ahead.

Opting to move forward, he opens the door which leads into the bathroom, and it looks like a massacre took place.

Blood is covering the walls and floors, along with pieces of flesh and organs.

Cameron walks over to the sink placing his hands down gathering his thoughts, before wiping the blood from the mirror.

Now we see he's a pretty boy, despite the multiple thin bleeding razor cuts on his face.

The words "I hate you, Pig, Disgusting" and various other degrading words are cut into his thin frame.

CAMERON (V.O.)

This is my greatest accomplishment. Not the constant reminders carved on my love, but the room. This room is symbolic. It truly defines "Love and the soul". A person in-touch with the meaning of life would appreciate this room. Once you let your love get taken for granted it ends in chaos.

Cameron continues staring in the mirror with a blank stare for a few seconds, before slowly attempting to smile.

CAMERON (V.O.)

To some, this is beauty. Others would think I'm insane, classifying this as murder. Well, love is murder when placed in the wrong hands. And no, this isn't the outcome of the rebirth of the woman who destroyed my flesh.

This is from various other women who were no different from her.

Cameron walks out the bathroom turning to the other closed door.

When he opens the door...the bathroom is nothing compared to what we saw in the bedroom.

Shackled to the blood soaked bed is the empty shell of CANDICE, the beautiful woman we saw in the pictures.

Although she's shackled, her naked body has been split in half.

CAMERON (V.O.)

There lies the threshold where countless nights of consumption took place. Women like her and the others helped me understand women only love the flesh of a man, and not his entirety. Yes, I'm a man and we're no different from women, but women want your flesh and entire being, easily moving on if things don't go the way they expected. Yet...they'll always be attached to you, constantly draining whatever piece of a soul you have left.

He walks in the room over to the bed, pausing looking down at her.

Her cold brown skin is tainted with blood, and her eyes show the agonizing terror she went through before dying.

He begins playing in her long curly hair, slowly moving down to her lips rubbing his thumb across them in a sexual manner.

CAMERON (V.O.)

Here lies my poison. She'll never infect another as she did me. Besides, she was mine once we merged. Look

at her. The perfect, imperfection ever created.

Continuing moving down her body, he begins fondling her breast as if she's still alive.

We can tell by his heavy breathing he's aroused.

Moving further down, he slowly moves his fingers across the strings of mutilated flesh.

CAMERON (V.O.)

The imperfections were removed, so now she's perfect. I even went as far as removing the entrance to her corruption. Now...there's only one thing left.

The sound of a belt being unbuckled is heard, followed by a loud thud hitting the floor.

Cameron gets in the bed snuggling his head up against hers, looking at her smiling, before looking straight ahead in the camera.

He reaches down on the floor, and we hear the sound of a hammer being cocked on a gun.

CAMERON (V.O.)

As I lie in damnation, it's only right I add what she installed in me. This way when we meet in the next life, we'll already be one.

He gives her a kiss on the forehead pulling back with a smile, licking the blood from his lips enjoying the taste.

He brings his right arm up holding a Colt python we heard being cocked.

Without hesitation he opens his mouth placing the barrel inside, and before he can close his eyes, he squeezes the trigger blowing the back of his head off, splattering blood and brains against the wall.

His head slumps to the side nestling against hers.

CAMERON (V.O.)

Maybe in the afterlife we'll make it work, because our true intentions are finally mixed properly. This is

what "Love" truly is. Death as one vessel reawakening with new flesh, making the wrongs right.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

"A gateway to confusion can be found in plenty of things other than drugs."

Bernard Mersier

**Story 6**

**OFF LIMITS**

"Vessels are adored ignoring the shadows speaking the truth."

Bernard Mersier

**FADE IN:**

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We come in on SYDNEY sitting at her vanity wearing a black negligee, slowly gliding a comb through her long brown hair.

Sorrow speaks from her tanned flesh with a twinkle of joy radiating from her sea blue eyes knowing she can have any man she wants.

She places the comb down, and then rubs her fingers down the reflection gaining a twisted form of self satisfaction.

Placing her hair in a ponytail, she releases a sigh of pleasure looking down at the makeup on the vanity.

She picks up the red lipstick looking back in the mirror applying it slow as a man taking his time on a woman's body.

Placing the lipstick down licking her lips in a provocative manner, she closes her eyes shaking her head sadder before opening them.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Why can't I have the perfect man? A woman can be a man's personal slut in the bedroom, sophisticated in the streets, and still end up with the short end of the stick.

(Sighs)

For the life of me, I don't

understand why men can't commit? Take me for example. I have my own everything, an amazing personality, and I'm level headed. I'm probably not every man's cup of tea, but I'll be goddamn if I don't get the water boiling.

Standing up from the vanity, we see her body is pure temptation how the fabric applies itself to her skin, with a flat stomach and perky well-rounded breast.

She makes her way to the Queen-size bed with red satin sheets taking a seat.

She inhales a deep breath of exhaustion, releasing comfortably, knowing one day she'll get the man she wants.

She gets under the sheets, but she's restless tossing and turning, appearing as if it's something deep on her mind.

Finally settling down, she turns on her side.

We can feel the love coming from her eyes and expression, staring at what's yet to be seen.

### **SYDNEY'S POV**

Hanging on the wall is a picture of a handsome Caucasian man shirtless on the beach smiling, flexing his muscles.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

There's the love of my life. The only man who treated me with respect, and in return I showed him the same. Sadly he was taken away from me, and I've been single ever since.

She rolls on her back staring off at the ceiling.

You can tell the pain from losing her first love is bothering her.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

The world is a cruel place. It focuses on evil, rather than love. Maybe if things were different my man would still be alive.

(Sighs)

All I can do is continue living my life. Maybe one day I'll find



someone to fill the hole in my heart.

Tired of thinking back on the love of her life, she closes her eyes trying to get some rest.

INT. ART STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Sydney is sitting at her desk staring at a picture of a woman she drew crying resting by the lake.

Pondering on if the picture needs more detail, she takes a break turning her laptop on reading the news.

**INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN**

The Main headline is about a serial rapist on the loose claiming his 19th victim.

We turn our attention back on Sydney, still staring at the screen deep in thought.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

This is why casual dating or being alone on the streets is dangerous. You have no idea what's going on in the mind of a person portraying one thing, having a completely different agenda. No wonder I've only been with one man. Majority of men today only care about---

RUSSELL a tall Caucasian man on the slender side with a nerd appearance comes up gaining her attention holding a carryout bag.

RUSSELL

I'm sorry for disturbing you.

SYDNEY

No, you're fine.

RUSSELL

I uh...brought you some food.

SYDNEY

Aw, you didn't have to do that.

RUSSELL

It's okay. I figured you might be hungry.

SYDNEY

Thank you, Russell.

RUSSELL

It's from the new Thai restaurant down the street. I hope you like it.

SYDNEY

I love Thai food. Thank you very much.

He places the bag on her desk, and they catch eye contact with an awkward silence.

RUSSELL

Well, enjoy your food.

SYDNEY

Thank you again.

He walks away.

She opens the bag taking the containers out prepared to open them, and Russell comes back staring at her.

RUSSELL

Sydney.

She looks up at him.

SYDNEY

Yes.

RUSSELL

Would you like to go out tonight?

SYDNEY

Oh, Russell, I---

RUSSELL

I came off aggressive, right? I apologize.

SYDNEY

No, it's not that. I'm just surprised.

RUSSELL

Why are you surprised?

SYDNEY

I'm used to men hounding me for sexual reasons. And here you are, the ideal

perfect gentleman. I'm surprised by your approach.

RUSSELL

I just want to take you out, and hopefully get to know you better. If you decline my offer, that's fine. I'd completely understand.

SYDNEY

Russell---

RUSSELL

I get it. Thanks for giving me this much of your time. Again, enjoy---

SYDNEY

What time are you picking me up?

He stares at her shocked by her response, as she looks at him smiling.

RUSSELL

Are---Are you serious?

SYDNEY

(Shy laugh)

Does somebody have a change of heart?

RUSSELL

No---No, um...does eight sound good?

SYDNEY

That would be just fine.

RUSSELL

Eight it is. Thank you so much for this. You won't regret it, I promise.

He quickly walks off smiling, excited she accepted his offer.

She sits at her desk blushing, shaking her head, opening one of the containers prepared to eat.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

I know he's not my first love, but...maybe he can be my new beginning.

**CUT TO:**

INT. THAI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

**TWO SHOT--RUSSELL AND SYDNEY**

They're sitting at a table by the window eating and laughing.

SYDNEY

This is a nice place. Thank you for bringing me here.

RUSSELL

You're welcome. So, if you don't mind me asking, why are you single?

SYDNEY

I can't be with someone I don't love. I haven't had the urge to be with a man since I lost my true love.

RUSSELL

Did it at least end on a good note?

SYDNEY

...He was murdered.

RUSSELL

I'm sorry for asking. I had no idea it was something crucial as murder.

SYDNEY

It's fine. I'm slowly beginning to get over it. At least I still have the memories we had.

RUSSELL

That's true.

SYDNEY

Well, enough of the past. What made you decide on taking me out?

Russell blushes clearing his throat.

RUSSELL

Honestly...I had my eye on you since I started.

SYDNEY

Really?

RUSSELL

Yes. No other woman in the building  
can compare to your beauty.

She tries holding back from blushing, but her emotions won't  
allow her.

SYDNEY

Oh, stop it.

RUSSELL

I'm serious. I'm amazed the other guys  
haven't approached you.

SYDNEY

They only wanted one thing. I can't  
give up my body for a one night fling.  
I'm worth more than that.

RUSSELL

That's highly respectable. Why did you  
agree on coming with me?

SYDNEY

You didn't come at me as the typical  
hound. And...there's something about  
you that reminds me of my first love.

RUSSELL

I must say, I'm flattered.

SYDNEY

You're not the only one. It feels good  
being with a man who wants nothing  
more than conversation. I appreciate  
you, Russell.

Russell looks at the mediocre watch on his wrist, and then  
Sydney.

RUSSELL

Speaking of which, I need to get you  
home.

SYDNEY

Says who?

RUSSELL

A true gentleman never keeps a woman  
out late. If you have interest in me  
as you claim, I'm sure we'll

have plenty more dates.

She blushes.

SYDNEY

I know for a fact there will be more dates.

EXT. SYDNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sydney's has a nice two level house in a quiet neighborhood.

Russell's black Yukon with tinted windows is parked in the driveway.

EXT. /INT. RUSSELL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sydney and Russell are laughing recapping on their night having a drink.

SYDNEY

Thank you for the lovely night. I haven't had this much fun in a long time.

RUSSELL

Thank you for allowing me to show you a good time. You always seem down and out, so I figured why not show a woman as beautiful as you a good time.

She blushes.

SYDNEY

You're so sweet, Russell.

RUSSELL

You're the sweet one.

He smiles leaning over attempting to give her a kiss, and she looks at him leery leaning back.

SYDNEY

What are you doing?

RUSSELL

I wanted a little taste of the sweetness.

SYDNEY

I don't know how it worked with

your previous dates, but I don't get down like that.

Continuing with a smile, Russell stares at her with lust in his eyes, as she looks on in fear of what could happen next.

RUSSELL  
How do you get down?

SYDNEY  
I think you should leave.

Russell quickly locks the doors.

Sydney has shivers going through her body, praying Russell doesn't rape her.

SYDNEY  
Russell, whatever you're thinking...please, don't do it.

RUSSELL  
Tell me how you get down.

SYDNEY  
Russell, listen to me. All I'm saying is---

RUSSELL  
You love playing the victim, locking yourself in a shell of pity?

SYDNEY  
Russ---

Before she can get his name out, he grabs her tight by the back of the head pulling a knife out placing it to her throat.

Sydney swallows deep, wide-eyed staring into the deranged eyes of Russell, enjoying the fact he has her where he wants her.

RUSSELL  
Now, you can give me what I want. Or I'll treat you like I did the others. The choice is yours.

While he's staring at her with a sinister smile rubbing the knife gently across her throat, he doesn't realize she's slipped her hand in her purse retrieving a taser.

Sydney closes her eyes tight and a tear rolls down from the corner of her right eye, slowly nodding her head yes.

Russell acknowledges the nod, but because he's sadistic that's not enough.

RUSSELL

I'm sorry, but was that a yes?

Sydney nods her head yes and Russell presses the knife harder against her throat drawing a little blood.

Sydney tenses up, releasing a low shriek.

RUSSELL

Be a good bitch and say the words.  
Hearing it come from your mouth will  
make it more enjoyable.

SYDNEY

Take me, Russell. I was wrong for  
leading you on. Being inside of me is  
what you deserve.

RUSSELL

That's a good bitch. Just lay back and  
I'll handle the rest.

Russell extends his long tongue placing it on the nape of her neck, slowly trailing it up. Just before he reaches her lips...He screams from being shocked.

Before falling back into the driver seat he cuts Sydney's throat, but not deep enough to kill her.

Sydney places the taser between his thighs holding it there for a few seconds watching him shake.

While he's incapacitated, she grips the neck of the bottle on the floor tight lifting it up, cocking it back.

SYDNEY

You bastard!

She brings the bottle forward cracking him upside the head.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

EXT. THE PIER - NIGHT

The hatch on the Yukon is open, and we see Russell hog-tied



and gagged with a bleeding head in the back slowly starting to wake up.

SYDNEY (O.S.)

You couldn't leave well enough alone.

Russell wakes up realizing he's tied up attempting to get free.

He sees Sydney standing in front of him smiling holding a combat knife.

SYDNEY

At first...I thought you had potential. You were a gentleman. Far as I knew, sex was the last thing on your mind. Then you showed me you're no different from the people who took my first love away.

She walks up to him placing the tip of the knife on his face. He tries turning his head mumbling words.

She grabs his head holding it still, placing the knife on the back of his ear.

SYDNEY

Now, you told me you'll treat me like the others. I have no idea what that means, but...

With a quick motion, she takes his ear off.

Although his screams are muffled, they're still pretty loud. She laughs, tossing the ear to the side.

SYDNEY

We're about to have some fun before I kill you.

Keeping her eyes on him, she steps back watching him scream as blood trails down his face from his missing ear.

SYDNEY

By the time it's over, you'll scream louder than this. One thing I noticed about men. You all have a complex about whose dick is bigger. Well...

Sydney drops her pants and panties.

Despite he's in pain, the sight he sees makes him begin hurling, and the vomit seeps out from the side of the gag.

SYDNEY

I didn't need a full sex change because my man loved it. Sadly, that's what got him killed. People couldn't understand how a man of his caliber could be in love with a transgender. But, enough talk. You're about to be famous, because you'll be victim number twenty.

Sydney pulls her panties and pants up, while Russell continues screaming.

She climbs in the back of the Yukon sitting on Russell's ass, using the knife to cut his belt.

She presses the button to close the hatch.

As the hatch closes, we see her taking his pants off aggressive, while his muffled screams can still be heard.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

"The eyes see mirages, while the mind sees the truth."

Bernard Mersier

**END CREDITS**