

IDENTICAL SHADOWS

By

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final draft

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"What is beauty without looks?"

~Bernard Mersier~

BLACK SCREEN:

BEAR (V.O.)

Tonight I'm hosting a little party.
But before the party begins, keep your
mind focused on this. "Why do men and
women cheat?"

FADE IN:

INT. THE JEWELRY STORE - MORNING

VIDEO CALL

REBECCA is on the screen with her brunette hair tied in a ponytail.

A rogue of blush colors her tanned cheeks with tears glossing her green eyes, covering her mouth staring at the diamond ring being held.

REBECCA

Oh my God, I love it.

MYRON (O.S.)

This is your weekly upgrade. It had
your name written all over it.

REBECCA

Baby, I love you. What time are you
coming home?

MYRON (O.S.)

I love you too, honey buns. I got some
errands to run, but I'll be back in
time so we won't be late for the
party.

REBECCA

You're helping me clean up today,
right?

MYRON (O.S.)

Yes. I told you I would.

REBECCA

Okay. Be safe while you're out. I love

you.

MYRON (O.S.)

I love you, too.

The call ends.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Standing by the jewelry case in an expensive suit is MYRON, mid-thirties.

Myron defines what you would call a "Gentleman's, gentleman." He has luxurious blonde hair styled to perfection. Crystal blue eyes, and a face camera's couldn't resist taking.

The WORKER is standing behind the display case smiling.

He hands the ring back to her.

MYRON

I don't know if you could hear her reaction, but she loves it.

WORKER

That's wonderful. Will you be purchasing it today?

MYRON

Yes ma'am, I will.

WORKER

Great. Just step down here with me.

The two make their way down to the register.

WORKER (CONT'D)

Okay. Your total today will be
50.000.00

Myron pulls out his leather designer wallet, opening it, removing his black card extending it to the worker.

She takes the card, and then begins the process of checking him out.

His cheeks start getting rosy from the tingling feelings inside.

After his card is cleared, she hands it back along with the receipt, and a pen.

While he's signing the receipt, the Worker places the ring inside a box, and then places it in a small bag.

Myron finishes signing off on the ring, and then places his card back into his wallet.

WORKER (CONT'D)

Love is such a beautiful thing. I'm
happy you two love each other.

Myron picks up the bag.

MYRON

She's the love of my life. Thank you,
and have a good day.

Myron walks out of the store.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE MALL - CONTINUOUS

Stepping into the fairly crowded mall, Myron begins making his way towards the exit.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE MALL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It's clear blue skies.

People are entering and leaving the mall.

Myron comes out and pauses, taking a deep breath of fresh air, releasing the orgasmic desires he has for his wife.

He makes his way towards his 2020 black Porsche parked a few rows away from the entrance.

Once he reaches the car, he pulls his keys out, and then presses the button turning the alarm off, and unlocking the doors.

He opens the door and gets in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MYRON CAR - CONTINUOUS

Myron places the bag on the passenger seat.

He takes a few minutes getting comfortable before placing his seatbelt on.

As he looks out at the people making their way towards the mall, he releases a low sigh.

MYRON (V.O.)

Rebecca is the woman I gave my undying devotion without thinking twice. She's the woman who...

(Low sigh)

I thought she was the one who completed me as a whole. Looking back on how we became one, she's the one who completed me for the moment.

He starts the car up and rolls the windows down before turning on the radio.

An upbeat tempo song plays as he pulls out.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MYRON CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

As he cruises down the street with medium traffic, he's tapping his hand on the side of the door, bobbing his head to the music.

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

Speaking as a man. We'll do and say things to have sex, and it's not for pleasure. The bragging story is what we're seeking. Women say "All men are dogs" and I agree. Stray dogs will hump and eat anything, the same as a man. When I saw Rebecca I knew she would never be loyal, but I had to have her.

He pulls up to a red light.

Another car pulls up.

He looks over seeing a couple laughing and kissing.

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

Look at them. He doesn't know if she's had a roster of men in her life. And even if he does, he doesn't care. Considering I met Rebecca at a

swingers party, that says what about me? Hell, I own four businesses. I'm a lab tech assistant. And in my mind, I believe I'm terrific in bed. The only thing these perks changed was her bank account.

The light turns green, and he pulls off.

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

Knowingly sharing my wife with other men doesn't bother me, since I shared the previous wife. Call me weird, but I'm stuck on the fact I haven't fully gained her love.

(Laughs)

Actually, I don't want a divorce, giving her half of everything I earned. The price men pay seeking satisfaction without thinking is amusing.

(Soft chuckle)

You're probably thinking "Just cheat and get it over with." Well, when it comes to cheating...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE JAZZ BAR - CONTINUOUS

The band is playing some soulful music.

People are sitting at their tables having drinks and talking as more people come in taking their seats.

We turn our attention to the sultry Latino diva RAYVEN, mid-thirties.

She's sitting at her table alone, drinking a Grand Margarita.

She's wearing a sleeveless sheer black dress showing her perfect breast sitting up in her black bra.

Her long black hair is draped over her shoulder.

A light layer of makeup applied, but you can tell she doesn't need it.

Her light brown eyes scan the room.

You can tell all she wants is a few drinks without being

bothered.

Picking up her glass, taking a sip, the way her luscious lips coated with lipgloss press against the glass, you can't help but want a kiss.

RAYVEN (V.O.)

When men cheat, they think we stick around because the sex is good. When a woman cheats, it's smooth. Men ignore that women don't require sex. We stick around because we haven't found someone more established than the cheating bastard we're with. So we let men believe his dick is the only dick we'll ever need.

The music comes to a stop.

Rayven looks around the room for a waiter, finishing off the last of her drink.

GREGORY, a man in his mid- thirties comes over.

He places his cognac glass down on the table before taking his seat.

He's an attractive brown skin man wearing a suit matching his brown skin complexion.

A pinkie ring resides on his left hand, and a thick gold chain hangs from his neck.

From his smile, deep cut waves and the way he's staring at Rayven, you can tell he thinks he's a player, moistening his lips surrounded by his thin cut goatee.

Rayven looks at him with her eyes, and then clicks her tongue.

GREGORY

How's everything going over here?

RAYVEN

The same as every other female in here.

GREGORY

And that would be?

RAYVEN

Waiting for the show to start and another drink, avoiding listening to something with no substance.

GREGORY

Damn, baby girl, you don't have to act so cold.

Rayven turns looking at him.

RAYVEN

The basic approach is the reason why I'm cold. The response you wanted would've made you say "Can I buy you a drink?" Sounds about right?

GREGORY

No. My next words would've been my introduction. Then I would've asked you your name. Why would I buy you a drink without knowing your name?

He releases a brief laugh, hoping she caught the joke.

Rayven rolls her eyes, releasing a fake laugh.

RAYVEN

You think I'm easy, don't you?

GREGORY

No.

RAYVEN

Yes you do.

GREGORY

What makes you say that?

Rayven holds her left hand up showing off her large expensive wedding ring.

RAYVEN

This wedding ring I know you saw should've made you ask "Am I married, or am I just wearing it to keep men from talking to me?" Since you didn't, you must think I'm easy.

Gregory is silent, taking a sip from his cognac.

RAYVEN (CONT'D)

Since the waiter is taking all day,
and the show hasn't started. Do you
think I'm married, or am I wearing it
as a deterrent?

GREGORY

Judging by the attitude in our voice,
that's my cue to leave a happily
married woman alone.

RAYVEN

My delivery made you believe I'm
married?

GREGORY

Yes.

RAYVEN

Why do you think I'm sitting here
alone?

GREGORY

You're more than welcome to tell me.

Rayven gets ready to respond, and that's when the WAITRESS
comes over to her table.

WAITRESS

Sorry for the wait, ma'am. They act
like I'm the only one working here
today.

RAYVEN

Oh, it's okay, sweetheart. Take your
time.

WAITRESS

Thank you. What can I get you?

RAYVEN

Can I have a "Grand margarita" with
salt and sugar around the rim, with
three thin slices of lime?

WAITRESS

Okay. And what can I get for you, sir?

RAYVEN

Bring him two double shots of
"Marancheville."

Gregory sits back stunned, taking a sip from his glass.

WAITRESS

Okay. I got you down for one "Grand margarita, and two double shots of "Marancheville?"

RAYVEN

Yes, ma'am.

WAITRESS

Okay. I'll be back with your drinks.

The Waitress walks off.

GREGORY

Well damn.

RAYVEN

What?

GREGORY

Something simple would have sufficed.

RAYVEN

Then you should go sit with a simple woman. Besides...

She picks up his glass and takes a sip.

RAYVEN (CONT'D)

The next round is on you.

GREGORY

Impressive.

RAYVEN

(Sighs)

Do you know men are only good for certain things if a woman doesn't solve the problem on her own? Now...am I easy, or am I married?

The band comes back to the stage, along with the seductive slim FEMALE POET wearing a fitted dress with her crinkly hair puffed out in an Afro.

The talking slowly desists.

The Waitress comes back, placing their drinks down on the table.

Rayven takes a sip from her drink, winking at Gregory.

RAYVEN (CONT'D)

Answer that question after her performance.

The lights go dim.

The Female Poet has the spotlight on her .

FEMALE POET

I hope everybody is having a good time.

The room applauds.

FEMALE POET (CONT'D)

That's good. Bare with the name of the poem, but understand the meaning. I'm sure some of you have been down this road, or you're probably still on it looking for the exit ramp. I call this piece "Chasing Death."

The room applauds.

The band tunes up the music.

She closes her eyes, feeling the vibe of the music.

FEMALE POET (CONT'D)

Gentle words and a cold enfold warms my soul chasing your clammy bones. Death, you don't know how much I love you, wishing you would love me. You gave me a world filled with all the orgasms I could handle, Every emotion expressed as I'm manhandled. Death, you don't know how much I love you, wishing you would love me. You tease me with your allure. Moving in and out of my life silently like my shadows breath. My heart leapt when you cuddled me under your dark cloak. Naively, I thought it was love, not seeing the joke. Eyes closed, heart froze, death, you took my last breath from my soul. Death, you don't know how much I love you...but now, I'm about to make you appreciate why you should've loved me. I'm moving on to a

greener pasture, realizing you only wanted my emotions resting in the hereafter. Death, my dear death... Life would've been nice if you accepted "Us" instead of just "Self."

She lowers her head.

The band plays a few lasting notes before coming to an end.

The lights come on.

A thunderous applause is heard.

The Female Poet takes a bow before making her way off stage.

The band plays another tune.

Rayven takes a sip from her drink smiling, nodding her head in agreement.

GREGORY

That was beautiful.

RAYVEN

After hearing what she said, can you answer that question?

GREGORY

Well...

The two continue talking while having their drinks.

RAYVEN (V.O.)

The words in her poem lingers in my mind. But women like me prefer the things money can buy. We know no man other than our first will love us for us. Just like a man, women keep a roster.

(Scoffs)

Why can't men be honest saying "Your beauty and body is what I'm really interested in?" Men who think we base ourselves solely on wordplay believes...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE GYM - CONTINUOUS

Random talk is circulating through the room.

Finishing up his last rep on the bench is MARQUEZ, mid-thirties.

The Latino man has his long black hair pulled back in a ponytail.

He has some bulk about him, but not to the point it looks freakishly scary.

He scans the room working out his arms, loosening them up.

MARQUEZ (V.O.)

When you know your body is cold, it's not vain to show it off. Every woman loves a man with a hardbody. Women are always talking about wanting a provider over everything, and that's a lie. If you have a body and the looks, when she asks what you do for a living, you'll be finishing up diggin' her out, debating on if you wanna keep her. Women swear they're so complicated, and they're not.

He stands to his feet moving through the room.

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

A simple way to deal with women is to look at 'em as if you're working out. You want her heart solid as your chest, only beating your name. The grip when she hugs you should be strong as your biceps and triceps. The strength you put behind your words has her always speaking about you with anybody she encounters. And as far as her mind...her mind should be tight and defined like your abs. Precise words having her drooling over you. When she gets outta line, treat her like your body when you take a break from the weights. I guarantee she'll get her act together, the same as you would when you see your body out of shape.

As he approaches the heavy ropes, JASLYN, a devastating Puerto Rican woman with long brown hair and dark brown eyes, is making her way to the ropes as well.

She's wearing a sweaty green spandex bra that can barely contain her breast, and some black biker shorts that make her

ass and thighs look amazing.

Marquez pauses in his tracks, damn near ready to drool staring at her.

She catches him staring, and does a slight smirk, continuing on her way to the ropes.

They both grab their own separate ropes prepared to get their workout started.

MARQUEZ

This might sound like a line, but---

JASLYIN

That means it's a line, but I'll listen.

MARQUEZ

Your body is amazing. Do you come here often?

JASLYIN

I'm working out here now, so what does it matter?

MARQUEZ

Because I've never seen you in here before, and oh my God.

JASLYIN

That's a good thing. When I'm done, go back to the point when you didn't see me.

MARQUEZ

Damn. Why are all of the beautiful women so mean?

JASLYIN

Because we know men like you call every woman with a body and looks beautiful, hoping it'll break the ice. When you should just say "I wanna hit and quit." That's why.

She begins moving her ropes.

Marquez looks at her smiling, beginning to move his ropes.

MARQUEZ

I'm not trying to hit. But I was hoping we could have a conversation.

JASLYIN
Everybody hopes for something, and in some cases those prayers are answered. In your case...

She starts getting into the groove.

JASLYIN (CONT'D)
I don't see that happening.

Marquez starts getting into the groove, trying to keep his pace at the same speed as hers.

MARQUEZ
The conversation you think I'm speaking about is far from what I want.

JASLYIN
And what kind of conversation do you want?

MARQUEZ
The simple gym talk. What's your favorite exercise? Do you workout for strength? To stay toned. Things like that.

JASLYIN
Hm. I was expecting another corny line.

MARQUEZ
Because beautiful women are used to boys telling them corny lines. But when they find out a man was only trying to give out a compliment and have a civil conversation, she'll respond like you just did...shocked.

JASLYIN
(Laughs)
You get points for that one.

MARQUEZ
(Laughs)
How many?

JASLYIN

If you couldn't tell by the tone of my voice, then you don't need to know.

MARQUEZ

It's kinda hard to tell considering you're breathing just as heavy as I am. That can throw off the delivery.

JASLYIN

Can you tell the difference in a woman's tone when it's delivered during sex?

MARQUEZ

Where did that come from?

JASLYIN

The same place the answer will come from.

MARQUEZ

Shit. Well to answer your question, yes, I can tell the difference during sex.

JASLYIN

What's the difference now?

MARQUEZ

Working out is for physical appearance, stamina and health. Having sex is a pleasure releaser and sometimes a stress reliever.

JASLYIN

Meaning they're both the same.

MARQUEZ

Explain.

JASLYIN

Just like we're controlling these ropes, you control the flow while having sex. You can speed it up with some force, and then gradually slow it down moving with ease before picking the speed and force back up. There's your stamina, pleasure and stress reliever all in one if it's mixed right. The health and appearance part...

She starts slowing down, causing Marquez to slow down.

JASLYIN (CONT'D)

When you reach an orgasm at the same time, staring into each other's eyes, you'll see beauty words can't describe, leading to a strong and healthy relationship.

Finally she comes to a stop, placing her ropes down, and Marquez does the same.

MARQUEZ

You blew me away with that.

She wipes the sweat from her face, smiling, stepping into him, patting him on the chest.

JASLYIN

Playa to playa. I always see you when I come in here to workout. Do you know why I finally decided on working out with you?

MARQUEZ

Please, let me know.

She holds up her left hand showing her wedding ring, while pointing at his.

JASLYIN

We're both married, yet we'll speak with someone new even though we have someone at home. So are we about to act like these rings will prevent us from controlling each other in sexual positions, or are we about to be talkative gym partners?

MARQUEZ

(Tongue tied)

I, uh--.

She places a finger to his lips.

JASLYIN

Stand here and think about it. I'm about to grab some water bottles. You want one?

MARQUEZ

Yeah.

JASLYIN

And since I know you're about to look at my ass, I'll put some more bounce into it for you to decide.

She winks at him, and then walks off.

Marquez stands stunned.

MARQUEZ (V.O.)

Running across a woman with the same mind-frame as you is an instant turn on. Marriage becomes boring staying up under each other all day everyday. Fuckin' all day in the same positions, or even it's something new, the act is still the same and it's boring. So in your mind you're like "I need some new friends." Not on nothing sexual, but someone new to talk too, or just to see if you still got it. Boredom can hit you in many ways, and that's something most don't understand.

(Laughs)

If you're not careful playing this game, you'll end up cheating because you're so caught up with someone new, you'll forget about the person you have at home. And just when you think you got away with murder. Your partner is saying...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Indistinct low talking is heard.

Rebecca is sitting at a table with a stack of books beside her, and a coffee cup.

She's a beautiful fair skin petite Caucasian woman wearing a T-Shirt and jeans.

The cover of the book she's reading has a couple holding each other displaying pure intimacy. The title reads "My love is your lies."

REBECCA (V.O.)

Men swear we can easily be replaced as if we can't return the favor. When we don't fall in line with what they're saying, they automatically start thinking about a new woman to lure in with the bullshit. They really start thinking about it if they know your background. Hell, even if you had one partner before him, it crumbles his precious little world because he feels he's the only one you should've been with.

(Laughs)

He'll never say this is true until he's upset. That's when that door of silence flies open with a ferocious yell. In the meantime, he displays his anger in the bedroom. Pounding on you like he's tenderizing a steak. His strokes are faster than a "New York minute" leading to it ending within a minute. Then he'll tell you things like "It's so big, you could barely take it." In your mind, you're like "Sir, this greatness was designed to push out a new life. It's meant to withstand whatever you think you're pushing inside of me." But if you're pounding me, mix some affection in there, so I can mix the grip up, increasing the flow of the waterfall.

She flips the page, and then places the book face down on the table.

Picking up her coffee cup, she downs whatever is left inside, and then stands up to throw the cup away.

As she walks over to the trash can to throw the cup away, we see the front of her shirt which reads "It's A1" There's an arrow coming out the mouth of a skull pointing down.

After throwing the cup away, she heads over to where the doughnuts and coffee are being sold.

While waiting in line, she looks over the fresh doughnuts, pondering on which one she wants.

The person in front of her takes their coffee and doughnut, and then moves out the way allowing Rebecca to step up to the CASHIER.

CASHIER

What do you think about the book so far?

REBECCA

Brilliance. The truth she's saying without being biased has me focused on every word.

CASHIER

And let me guess. You want another coffee?

REBECCA

Yes. And can I have two of those strawberry doughnuts with the chocolate glaze?

CASHIER

Not a problem. Do you want your coffee the same way?

REBECCA

Yes, ma'am.

CASHIER

One second.

Rebecca goes in her pocket, and pulls out her credit card.

The cashier comes back, placing the coffee and doughnuts down.

Rebecca swipes her card.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Wait till the end. It'll blow your mind.

REBECCA

I can believe it. Thank you for suggesting it to me, and your kind service.

CASHIER

You're very welcome, and enjoy your book.

Rebecca grabs her coffee and doughnuts, and then makes her way back to her seat.

Before she picks up her book, she takes a bite from one of the doughnuts, followed by a sip of coffee.

REBECCA (V.O.)

What are women these days? We're certainly not the gleaming glow in a man's eye, or the rhythm making his heartbeat. Well women like me who settled for a preference and lifestyle, we're no longer making our men's hearts burn with desire. We allowed them into our greatness. We filled their heads with so many lies, they flipped what we said making us believe the lies are true.

She takes another bite from the doughnut, and then flips the page.

Anger outlines her face.

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

What if we told men the truth as soon as they approached us? "I only want sex just like you." The conclusion will be the same, except he'll want it right there on the spot. Don't dare tell a man he's horrible in bed, especially if you've slept with him more than once. He'll start calling you every degrading name in the book. So we remain silent because we love the lifestyle we thought was heaven, and it's actually hell. We talk to our family and friends about the fucked up situation, and oddly, we all have the same fucked up stories. So, what do we do when this fails?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEAR DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The layout of the room is exquisite.

The golden brown skin tone man sitting at the table with no shirt on is BEAR, mid-thirties.

He's bald-head with sideburns perfectly lined up connecting to his neatly trimmed goatee, with a beauty mole on the left side of his face.

Tattooed on the left side of his chest is an image of the world with a crown resting on it.

An expensive bottle of Bourbon, a Bourbon glass and a bowl of ice is on the table.

Bear grabs three pieces of ice placing them in the glass, and then he slowly pours some Bourbon inside.

BEAR (V.O.)

Me and other men around the world would like to know the real reason why women cheat. Women continuously ask "Why do men cheat?" and they already know the answer? Wait...I take that back. A woman will swear up and down she has no idea why a man cheated on her, but she has pure facts about why he ain't shit.

He downs the glass, and then pours another.

He stands up making his way out of the dining room, stepping into the family room.

Tranquility is the first thing you'll experience when you walk into the room.

Bear walks to the patio door looking outside, while taking a sip from his glass.

BEAR POV

The freshly done wooden deck makes the furniture and stereo system resting on it look marvelous.

There's a large brick fire pit resting off to the side not far away from the pool.

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

Off the rip, everyone searches for "Perfection" in a relationship. After a few dates and an outstanding one night stand, or even if it was iffy iffy, the process of "Perfection" begins construction in the mind of one of the parties. The other party has no idea because they had one goal in mind. "Let me lay it down good and get what I want." And of course if that doesn't work, I can always say I hit

that.

(Laughs)

Men and women think the same, so don't think this is one-sided. A woman having insecurity issues is one of the reasons why men cheat. A relationship is just like the comfort of your home. If you have it laid out splendidly, you shouldn't need anything extra or something new. So if you knew how your mate was cut in the beginning and you didn't like it, why did you stay?

BACK TO THE SCENE

Bear takes a sip, and then makes his way towards the front door.

Reaching the front door, he steps to the side, opening the curtains.

A sigh of relaxation is heard as he stares at his black on black 2020 Escalade parked in the driveway.

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

The things some people will do to make someone happy, or attempt to keep them knowing they have no desires on staying. I wonder who's truly in the wrong? The desperate person or the person knowing it'll be hard finding someone new who'll cater to them like the present giver?

He downs the glass, and then places it on the table.

Just as he gets ready to walk out the door, he pauses when he hears Nicole singing.

He sighs deep, looking at his empty glass.

Picking up the glass, he makes his way back into the dining room.

NICOLE enters the room.

Although she's short in height, the woman in her mid-thirties definitely makes it look good.

Her skin complexion is mocha with long brown dreadlocks, bedroom chinky soft brown eyes and a lovely body.

She has an attitude because Bear isn't paying her attention.

NICOLE

(Southern accent)

Baby, I'm about to go out for a minute. I'll be back before the party starts.

Bear takes a seat, putting some more ice in his glass.

Nicole steps in front of him, placing her hands on her hips.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

BEAR

I heard you just fine.

NICOLE

You're not about to ask me where I'm going?

He pours another round, shaking the glass around.

BEAR

You're not a child. Why do I have to ask you where you're going?

NICOLE

Here you go with the bullshit. If I said "Baby, I'm about to hang with my side nigga." Yo ass would be all up in my face.

BEAR

(Takes a sip)

You and I both know that's a lie. I'm confused why you haven't left, yet.

NICOLE

Straight up? When another nigga start getting yo attention, don't bring yo ass back around crying.

Bear takes a sip, and then laughs before finally looking at her.

BEAR

Judging by what you got on, you'll get more than just one nigga attention, so you're golden.

NICOLE

You know what? Fuck you, B.

She pushes his head, and then turns around walking away.

BEAR

(Laughs)

I already fucked you this morning.

She continues walking.

NICOLE

And that was the last time! As usual,
you enjoyed it more than me with ya
weak ass.

BEAR

Come here.

She pauses in her tracks, taking a deep breath before turning
around, making her way back to him.

Bear stands up with a seductive smile, opening his arms wide
for a hug.

She embraces the hug, holding him tight while he grabs her
ass.

BEAR (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you today? You can't
take a joke?

NICOLE

Because you always think some shit is
funny, and I don't know when you're
being serious.

BEAR

Do you really think I'll let another
man have all this ass I'm holding?

Continuing holding him, she looks up in his eyes.

NICOLE

My ass? That's the only reason why
you're with me?

BEAR

Oh my God. Is your period about to
come down?

NICOLE
(Attitude tone)
You see what I'm saying?

She tries to push him off, and he holds her tighter, while laughing.

BEAR
Calm down, damn. You know I love you.
Why are you acting all crazy and shit?

NICOLE
You need to start showing it more than
you do these little lame jokes.

BEAR
We can go upstairs, and I can show you
better than I can tell you.

NICOLE
Man, let me go.

BEAR
(Laughs)
Aight, I quit. Where are you about to
go?

NICOLE
...And you care now...because?

BEAR
Now who's on the bullshit.

NICOLE
(Smacks her lips)
I'm going to the mall so I can find
something for the party.

BEAR
Do you have enough money to get
everything you need?

NICOLE
(Soft laugh)
I can always use some more.

BEAR
You know where to find it.

With a smile, she gently places her hand between his thighs,
slowly moving it up towards his crotch.

Just as he starts to get excited, she moves it to his left pocket, reaching inside, pulling out a wad of money held together with a rubber band.

She holds the money up in his face, while he looks at her smiling.

BEAR (CONT'D)

You know you're wrong for that brief
tease?

NICOLE

How can I be wrong, and I'll handle
this problem I made sprout out later?

BEAR

I love you, Southern jelly.

She gives him a kiss.

NICOLE

I know you do, jerk. I'll be back in a
few.

They release each other.

When she turns around to walk away, he gently slaps her on the ass.

She looks back at him and winks before slapping herself on the ass with some force.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You know I don't like that weak shit.
Do better, Bear.

She blows him a kiss, and then walks out of the room.

The front door is heard opened, and then closed.

Bear takes his seat, picking up his glass, taking a sip.

BEAR (V.O.)

When you have a real one on your side,
you gotta make her feel special. She's
the one who'll ride for you harder
than your workers, family and friends.
Yeah, they say "We got your back." But
when crunch-time comes, you'll see 'em
just like the air you exhale on a
summer day. Makes you

wonder why I don't treat her like a Goddess.

(Takes a sip)

Despite knowing she's loyal, she still has the tendency to slide off with someone else, because she swears up and down I'm always with another bitch. So I make her feel special, but not a top priority. Not just because I can find another rider. It's because...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Jaslyin is sitting alone going through her phone.

A croissant sandwich and a cup of tea is on her table.

The expression on her face is indecisive, keeping her eyes locked on the screen.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

We see pictures of her when she was leaning more to the big side, but she's enjoying herself in every picture she scrolls past.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Somewhat of a smile creases the side of her face, releasing a slight chuckle, wiping the tear that was about to fall from her eye.

Placing her phone down on the table, she picks up her tea and takes a sip.

JASLYIN (V.O.)

I wonder if I'm the only woman who'll admit when they first fell in-love they lost the love they had for themselves? Everything in my world became nothing, and everything he wanted became my world. In my eyes, I knew my weight wasn't healthy, but at least I was happy. Apparently I wasn't too happy, huh?

She takes a bite from her sandwich.

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

I started 16/8 intermittent fasting thinking he'll actually pay me some serious attention, not realizing I was fueling the fire of the shape he truly likes. I went up and down between my weight placing stress on myself, while he still treated me the same. I can never look like anything less than an image of perfection, although the flaws are seen in my irises, and heard through my pretend happy voice. When I started perfecting my body and appearance, I thought he would be the first one to speak about my progress, but it wasn't him. ...It was his friends.

(Laughs)

Those same friends who complimented me more than he did is something I became accustomed too. Of course they're only complimenting me because they're trying to fuck, but at least for that moment it made me feel somewhat like a woman. But why would I fuck his friends knowing they'll tell, and he'll fallout with me before his friends? That's why I fuck people that live nowhere near my neighborhood.

(Scoffs)

You can only use a dildo and finger fuck yourself for so long, until you want a tongue and the real thing. That's something your husband should deliver without question.

Her phone goes off, indicating she has a text message.

Sighing with despair, she picks the phone up so she can look at the message.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

Mami, get ya sexy ass home, I got a surprise for you.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Sighing, disgusted by the message, she takes a bite from her sandwich.

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

Men never give you the compliments and love you deserve until he knows you're out and about. A man wouldn't have to feel insecure if he showed the attention other men show us, displaying he's proud of the woman on his shoulder.

(Sighs)

But we never say these things because we're happy with what we get, which is a few gifts, "I love you" texts and sex that has our pussy feeling like granite because it's nowhere near as wet as it could be. It goes back to what I said. Somewhere women lose self love within themselves, and it causes men to say shit like...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

This is your typical hole in the wall bar.

Some rap music is playing.

MONTREAL and SHAWN are playing a game of pool for shots.

Montreal is in his mid-thirties, tall, dark skin and muscular.

SHAWN is in his mid-thirties, light brown skin and slender.

Montreal lands the eightball.

MONTREAL

Didn't I tell you I was gonna beat that ass? Didn't I tell you I was gonna beat that ass?

Shawn downs one of the shots.

SHAWN

It's about time you won one, nigga. I've been tappin' that ass since we started playing.

MONTREAL

(Laughs)

Talk all that bullshit while you get them balls together.

SHAWN

Happy niggas kill me, I swear.

Shawn begins racking the balls.

MONTREAL

Now that I'm thinking about it. Run that shit back you were talking about earlier.

SHAWN

What shit? I've been talking since we got here.

MONTREAL

That theory you have about females.

Finished with racking, Shawn steps to the side.

SHAWN

How can you love someone without loving yourself? How can you claim you're in-love with someone without knowing them as you do yourself? The things they should be paying attention to are mirages to them.

Montreal breaks the balls.

MONTREAL

I'm diggin' that.

Shawn sets up for a shot.

SHAWN

Look at who said it

Shawn takes his shot.

MONTREAL

What made you come up with that conclusion?

SHAWN

Because of the lame shit these niggas be telling 'em. "I'll pay all of your bills, and make sure you never need anything." "You're a beautiful Queen with a body of perfection." "I'll never hurt you or lie because I love you." Wet wipe lies, speaking

commandments of what they believe is truth, and women eat it up as if it's the truth. Strong beliefs in what they hope is true, knowing it's a lie.

MONTREAL

What makes this interesting is you have a wife, but you're talking all this real shit.

SHAWN

What's your point?

MONTREAL

You're talking about all these other women, but not your own.

SHAWN

She ain't no different from the next. But since we're not speaking about her, I have nothing to say about her.

MONTREAL

That's kinda fake, don't you think?

SHAWN

No faker than what you tell those bitches so you can get some pussy.

MONTREAL

(Laughs)

I must have pushed a button. I don't say shit fake to no bitch.

SHAWN

Make yourself believe that.

Shawn's phone goes off.

He pulls it from his pocket, looking at the screen.

MONTREAL

(Laughs)

This nigga mad.

SHAWN

Nowhere near it. Come on, B is ready to start the party early.

MONTREAL

Bet it up.

SHAWN

But back to my point. You do lie to them hoes to get pussy.

MONTREAL

Nigga, please. No man should ever lie to get some ass. Listen, sex is like "Communication." If the communication is off, you're not clapping those cheeks. Sexual communication consists of more than just the act, unless of course she's easy and doesn't take accountability because...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS

Standing outside the dressing room door is Nicole's friend KIRA, mid-thirties.

The peanut butter complexion woman with a bob style haircut might be petite, but the way she's wearing her colorful halter top and leggings, you'll do a double take when you see her.

KIRA (V.O.)

Why should women take accountability for our actions when men believe we're easy, and we look at them as some quick cash? Fair trade if you ask me. But they get all crazy after breakups, turning into stalkers. If you had a complete submissive woman, why did you ruin it? Men have no clue what they want. And after all the fun is done, we're nothing more than the average bitch anybody can hit. That's one of the reasons why we cheat. Men are unappreciative once they get the goods.

(Scoffs)

When men cheat on us we put up an Oscar winning performance with tears and dramatics. But that's only so we can continue getting the things we want, stroking his ego, making him feel good.

Kira knocks on the door.

KIRA
Girl, hurry up.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Don't rush greatness.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicole is posing in the mirror wearing a fitted dress showing a look of confidence, but if you look past the disguise, you'll see the sorrow inside her.

NICOLE (V.O.)
Experiencing the cream and warm splash from a woman's quenchable well is something very few men have experienced at the same time. A lot of men will be quick to say they have, but they don't know we're thinking about the one who made us perform the act effortlessly. So how can he tell the difference? That only comes with knowing every crevice to touch and taste.

She begins feeling herself out, turning in multiple angles so she can see the complete package.

NICOLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A woman's body is so pleasurable, delicate, delicious, and can provide sensations you'll never be able to explain if treated right. How can I say that when I allow Bear to treat me as if I'm a back alley two dollar bitch? How can any woman that fucked with more than one man say such things? Because we know the truth, and why we engaged with those different men. And for some reason, every man except for the very first one we made love to are all the same.

She steps out of the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS

Kira looks impressed watching Nicole do a few quick poses.

KIRA

Bear is gonna love this.

NICOLE

Bear has nothing to do with me getting something I feel comfortable in?

KIRA

Okay. But I know you're getting it for him because he loves seeing you in clothes like this.

NICOLE

Everything doesn't revolve around what he wants and says.

KIRA

(Laughs)

Girl, you need to stop playing.

NICOLE

Does it show off everything right?

KIRA

The only thing it doesn't show is the print. Other than that, it's doing what it's supposed to do.

NICOLE

Oh, there will be no print revealing. It's hard enough fending off these thirst bags as is.

KIRA

(Laughs)

See, you're cute with a body, but you ain't all that.

NICOLE

(Laughs)

Haters love talking just to hear themselves talk. It's okay, I still love you.

KIRA

(Laughs)

Baby, I'm far from a hater. Men love pretty thick women, but skinny women do it better, and it's deeper and

wetter.

Kira does a quick little provocative dance.

Nicole steps back laughing.

NICOLE

You're a whole hot mess. Let me go
change so we can go.

KIRA

We're still hitting the shoe store,
right?

NICOLE

We never leave the mall with clothes,
without getting the shoes to go with
'em. Now that I'm thinking about it,
we're hitting the jewelry store, too.

KIRA

To get what?

NICOLE

You'll see.
(Laughs)
Stop talking so I can change.

KIRA

(Laughs)
Well, hurry up.

Nicole laughs making her way back inside the dressing room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She's still laughing while removing the dress.

Down to her powder blue lace bra and panty set, we see a
tattoo of an evil grizzly bear on her left breast, with the
words "I love my Bear" underneath it written in calligraphy
letters.

Starting from her left hip, going across to the right along

her pantyline is a tattoo of cotton candy melting, and
written with calligraphy letters throughout the candy it says
"Cotton Candy Splash."

NICOLE (V.O.)

As you can see, my "Bear" has my heart. If you're wondering about the "Cotton candy" tattoo...

She seductively glides her hands across her waist, and then moves them down between her thighs, and stops.

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

Down there lies the only sweets my man loves savoring with every taste bud on his tongue, washing it down with my natural juices.

She grabs her pants from off the bench, placing them on.

When they get up around her hips, she jumps up and down a few times so she can pull them up.

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

Back to what I was saying before I started speaking with my girl. Some women can have an exception when speaking about the man who took their virginity. He was probably the one who knew the texture and priceless value of a woman's body, and being inside of her pleasure. Or he was just like the men women complain about, but can't live without out 'em because that's their preference.

(Soft moan)

But...every woman knows the true reason why they didn't remain with their first. Most say because the sex was trash, but how would you know if you were a virgin? Most would say because after it was done, he started treating them like a useless bitch.

She picks up her shirt, and places it on.

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

But you knew he would do that before you decided to fuck him. Hence, that's why you keep attracting the same type of men, but swear you want a good man. You're basing the quality of your pussy on how you'll hook a man, not seeing if you keep giving something out over and over, the value of the

shit being good gets lower.

She gathers up the clothes she's about to purchase, and her purse.

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

Whoever was the first man to say you had some good ass pussy, an ignorant switch in your head flipped on, and look at your body count now.

She blows a kiss at herself, and then walks out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS

Nicole and Kira make their way to the cash register.

Some indistinct talking can be heard from the other customers.

When they reach CASHIER #2, Nicole places her items on the counter.

KIRA

Whose coming over tonight?

NICOLE

The usual people. Myron, Rebecca, Marquez, Rayven, and whoever they bring or Bear calls over.

KIRA

They're a party in themselves. I'm surprised all of 'em are still together.

NICOLE

(Laughs)

Look who's talking?

CASHIER #2

Your total is 15.000.00

Nicole goes in her purse, and then pulls out her leather wallet, opening it, scanning through her cards, taking one out, handing it to the cashier.

KIRA

(Laughs)

What do you mean, "Look who's talking?"

NICOLE

Single people are always talking some shit about people in a relationship, or married. The little drama they go through compared to all of the drama you go through is nothing.

Cashier #2 looks at the two trying not to laugh.

CASHIER #2

Here's your card, ma'am.

Nicole takes the card.

KIRA

Drama isn't involved in my life, boo, boo. Those dudes are just mad because I don't wanna stay with 'em.

NICOLE

That's what people call "Drama."

KIRA

Not if you don't pay 'em attention.

No longer able to hold back, Cashier #2 starts laughing, causing Nicole and Kira to laugh.

CASHIER #2

(Laughing)

I'm sorry to laugh, but that does go along with drama.

NICOLE

See. She's a trip ain't she?

KIRA

Y'all don't have to agree with me. I swear the truth hurts.

Cashier #2 reaches down behind the counter, and then brings up some more designer bags the two walked in with, placing them on the counter.

CASHIER #2

You're right. You ladies enjoy the rest of your day.

I've never been called fine. So, if you were trying to get something together, you blew it already by insulting me.

Young Dude #2 and Kira cover their mouths stunned.

YOUNG DUDE #1

My fault, baby. I had no intention of insulting a beautiful queen.

NICOLE

There's no crown on my head. And beautiful and baby are insults, too. But never mind that. Y'all making that bread, right?

YOUNG DUDE #1

You know it.

NICOLE

Right here, no questions asked, let's play "Big bank takes little bank."

Young Dude #1 stands speechless.

Nicole opens her purse, and the first thing he sees is the chrome Judge.

Nicole looks at him as he clears his throat ready to speak, and she shakes her head no, pulling out the money she took out of Bear's pocket.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I don't know how much this is, but you can tell it's not a low amount. Between you and your friend. If y'all can pull out more than what I'm holding, I'll give you the money and some pussy in any location in this mall. That's why you approached us anyway, right?

YOUNG DUDE #1

(Stuttering)

I---I uh, I don't think we can--.

NICOLE

Y'all knew that when you saw these bags we're carrying. But you figured it'll be an easy catch because getting

pussy these days is easy even if you pay for it.

Damn!!!

YOUNG DUDE #2

KIRA
Damn!!!

NICOLE

Calm the uncalled for scene down.

(To Young Dude #1)

Here's some words from a real one. There's only one cigar I love my lips wrapped around blowing because the taste leaves my mouth satisfied. And I know you wanna call me a bitch, but what you don't understand is I'm used to the word bitch by random niggas I turn down, and from my man when we're fuckin' or if he has an attitude with me.

YOUNG DUDE #1

I wasn't about to call you---

NICOLE

Yes you were because that's what men do when they get rejected, swearing up and down a woman shouldn't reject them. Don't let what you saw in my purse scare you. What you should be scared of is my man standing behind you ready to rock yo shit up.

Young Dude #1 gets ready to turn his head, and Nicole gently cuffs his face, preventing him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

There lies the problem with you young dudes, acting without thinking. All women don't need their man to protect them because she can hold her own. But if my man was around, this conversation wouldn't even be happening. You understand?

Young Dude #1 is unsure how to reply.

Young Dude #2 and Kira stand back waiting to see how things will unfold.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Do you understand?

YOUNG DUDE #1

...Yes. Yes, I understand.

NICOLE

Good. Now I know your mother taught you some manners, so how do you depart from a woman?

YOUNG DUDE #1

Have a nice day, ma'am.

Nicole sits pondering on it for a split second, and then she cracks a semi smile.

NICOLE

That's good enough. You young boys better start learning some manners, and stop being followers. The outcome won't always turn out as nice as this.

Young Dude #1 and Young Dude #2 agree, turning to walk away.

Nicole clears her throat loud enough to gain their attention.

They both turn back around looking at her confused.

Nicole takes the rubber band off the money, and then counts out a nice amount of hundreds extending them.

Young Dude #1 looks leery, slowly making his way back to her.

He's still hesitant as Nicole looks at him nodding that it's okay to take the money.

Waiting a few more seconds, Young Dude #1 finally takes the money, folds it up and places it in his pocket.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Women pay for dick, just like y'all pay for pussy. I'm only giving you my money so y'all can actually say you got some bread. Women don't work hard to make the bread because we own the factory, letting the workers make the bread for us. You gentlemen have a nice day.

Kira is dying laughing watching Young Dude #1 and Young Dude #2 walk off.

Nicole taps her on the shoulder gaining her attention, waving

her hand across her throat.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Look at these people recording this shit. If them niggas would've tried to fight us, what do you think they would've done?

KIRA

You're right. But goddamn, you hoed their entire existence, and gave 'em some money to stunt. You're a boss.

NICOLE

My Bear is a boss. I just hold my ground when he's not around like he told me. Let's hit this jewelry store, and then get something to eat.

KIRA

But I need help?

NICOLE

Yes. My baby told me to never bitch up in a situation.

The two continue laughing as they make their way through the mall.

NICOLE (V.O.)

That encounter is one of the key reasons why men don't respect women. Women today fall for that weak ass "You're fine. You're a queen" and all that extra bullshit because he looks good, and proclaims he can take care of her. But as you just saw, when you pull that hoe card, the whole scenario changes.

(Scoffs)

Men will forever think women are easy, and women don't recognize they make it easy for 'em. My Bear ain't shit, but he'll never let anything happen to me. When you're a woman like me, you learn what your man is teaching you, and accept the bullshit he puts you through. But..there is a breaking point. And that breaking point comes when...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MYRON LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

We come in on a television showing a video game on pause.

Slowly panning away, we see clutter scattered about the nicely furnished, spacious living room.

Dishes, pop and beer cans are on the table, along with open chip bags, ashtrays that should be dumped and liquor bottles.

Sneakers, house shoes, flip flops and socks are seen on the floor.

On the sofa there's a blanket, video game controllers and remote controllers.

If we were to remove the mess this would actually be a cozy living room.

The sound of the front door being opened and closed is heard.

Rebecca comes in, placing a hand over her face, sighing, slowly pulling her hand down.

With another deep sigh, she begins cleaning the living room.

Gathering up the dishes, she makes her way towards the kitchen, walking in pausing.

Looking around the elegant kitchen, she sighs looking at the dishes piled up in the sink. Open bread, cheese wrappers and various other snacks are on the island.

Anger spills from her body walking to the sink, placing the dishes down.

She opens the dishwasher, and then loads it with the dishes that were in the sink.

Once it's filled, she places some liquid inside, closes the door, and starts it up.

With the remaining dishes, she drains the old dish water, running some fresh water so she can clean them.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Despite your man and his friends
making the mess, we clean it up. While
cleaning, we begin thinking back on

when the relationship started.
Romantic dates. Dinner. Superb
foreplay healing our bodies, ending
with a euphoria of endless orgasms.
But now...now we barely go out. If
dinner is involved, we're the ones
preparing it. But like the dishes, we
allow it because we love the
lifestyle.

As she washes the dishes, we see a sense of serenity taking
over her body.

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

Clearing your mind from the bullshit
your man has said or done isn't easy,
but you do it. If you don't, you'll be
the only one running around looking
crazy. Some of us don't clear our
minds, going along with his
foolishness knowing he's getting pure
enjoyment from our anger.

Once she's done with the dishes, placing them away, she
cleans the island up.

Coming from the kitchen making her way down the hallway, she
comes to a stop at the bathroom.

Opening the bathroom door, the sound of her tongue clicking
against the roof of her mouth is heard.

Clothes are all over the floor. The toothpaste on the sink is
open, with toothpaste coming from the tube.

There's a used washcloth in the tub, and the toilet seat is
up.

Rebecca walks in and starts picking up the clothes, tossing
them into the hallway before she starts cleaning.

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

When you're in a relationship. Well,
you're single, but you go along with
the whole relationship title. You
already know you'll be picking up
after your man physically, and
painfully mentally. A disgusting mess
that wasn't there in the beginning.
Worrying about checking his phone,
social media and where he was going

didn't matter because he told you, and let you check everything you wanted without questioning. Everything doesn't remain the same, and here we are...

(Scoffs)

After everything is cleaned up, we believe we're right back in the beginning, in-love all over again. Only now we know he's lying, but we let him believe we're believing the lies.

While she continues cleaning, that look of annoyance returns on her face.

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

This is minor if you wanna live a good life, but the breaking point is crucial. Yet, women like me refuse to break until the lifestyle breaks. Of course we can have maids doing the cooking and cleaning, but there's nothing like cleaning your own because you never know what you might find.

Finishing up with the cleaning, she steps into the hallway and starts picking up the dirty clothes.

The front door is heard opened, and then closed.

MYRON (O.S.)

Honey, I'm home.

She looks up at him, and then rolls her eyes.

REBECCA

(Under her voice)

Hooray.

He walks over to her attempting to get a hug and kiss, and she pushes him back.

MYRON

What's wrong?

REBECCA

Do you see what I'm doing?

Myron looks at the clothes she's holding.

MYRON

You're about to do some laundry?

REBECCA

Which is part of the cleaning you said you'll help me with.

MYRON

(Laughs)

I said that?

REBECCA

Nope. You surely didn't.

She moves past him making her way towards the basement, and Myron is right behind her.

MYRON

What is wrong with you? You were happy all day since I've been talking to you, and now you have this attitude out of the blue.

REBECCA

Why would I have an attitude because I believed my husband would help with the cleaning? Why should he help when he has his own fuckin' maid?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca and Myron come down into the basement that's laid out just like the living room with a bar.

Walking over to the washer and dryer, there's a pile of clothes off to the side.

She places the clothes she was carrying on top of the dryer before taking out the clothes that were already in the washer.

She places them in the dryer, and then places some dryer sheets inside before closing it.

MYRON

You know I don't look at you as the maid. I've been out all day buying things for you. How can I spoil you if I'm cleaning?

She turns looking at him with a smile.

REBECCA

Baby, you're so sweet. This conversation reminds me of this laundry. Do you know why?

MYRON

Why?

REBECCA

Clothes are so beautiful when you first buy them. But after you wear them, they get dirty, and you no longer have an interest because you want some new ones.

MYRON

Wait, wait, wait. You're not thinking about---?

REBECCA

No, I'm not talking about leaving you.

MYRON

Well then, what are you---?

REBECCA

You used to be so romantic. You helped with everything around the house. Hell, we actually had fun. But now...now, it's just like these clothes. You pile on excuse after excuse, and then you feel like if you buy me something new everything is all cleaned up, ready to get dirty all over again.

She places the clothes on top of the dryer inside the washer, and then adds some from the pile.

Myron is standing there lost for words.

She places some pods in the washer, closes it, and then starts it up along with the dryer.

Folding her arms across her chest, she stares at Myron waiting for him to say something.

Myron stands speechless.

She sighs deep, and then walks over to the bar.

She walks behind the counter and grabs a tall shot glass, along with an expensive bottle of tequila.

Myron comes over to the bar and takes a seat.

Rebecca shakes her head pouring a shot that she quickly downs, followed by pouring two more repeating the process.

Myron reaches over grabbing her hand, and this causes her to look into his eyes.

MYRON

Don't you think you should slow down?

REBECCA

Nope. Shouldn't you be heading upstairs to find something to wear?

MYRON

Listen, Becca. I know things have been a little lopsided lately.

REBECCA

A little?

MYRON

Okay, maybe a lot. But I'm willing to do whatever you need to make us work like it did in the beginning. Tell me what you need me to do.

Rebecca sighs, pulling her hand back, followed by pouring another shot, downing it.

Letting the shots marinate, she closes her eyes for a few seconds.

When she opens them, she just shakes her head.

REBECCA

Why would I tell you what you should already know?

MYRON

Rebecca, you know how much I love you.

REBECCA

Love isn't expressed by buying me things so I'll stop complaining about the love you don't show.

MYRON

Rebecca, I promise you here and now things will go back to the way they were in the beginning.

REBECCA

There goes that promise I hear at least six times within a week.

(Sighs)

Can you...can you just go get ready so we can go?

MYRON

The party doesn't matter when it comes to making sure you're happy. All I want to do is---

REBECCA

Myron, please. You don't want the chaos we're going through easily noticed when we get there.

Myron prepares to speak, but he gets up walking away, and then he stops.

He looks back at her seeing she's pouring another shot.

He just shakes his head, going in his pocket retrieving the ring box.

He walks back, placing it on the counter before walking off.

Rebecca downs her shot while watching him walk away.

She looks at the ring box on the counter.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Of course what I said was a lie about buying me things to express love. I'll never decline the things he buys me, but sometimes...sometimes I wish he would show me the love he showed me when we met. See...when men see women down shots the way I did, they instantly think they'll get some pussy for the night.

(Laughs)

And that's how me and Myron met. A swinger party turned into romance in his eyes. Me...I saw him as a higher meal ticket than the man I was with

at the time. When me and Myron first started dating I loved him, not his money. After the marriage and love-making died down, I turned into every name in the book. But to this day, he swears he loves me.

Taking a deep breath, she comes from behind the counter making her way towards the ring box.

She stares at it for a few seconds, and then she finally picks it up and opens it, looking at the ring he showed her earlier.

Tears begin glossing her eyes, closing the box, placing it back on the counter.

Sucking up the tears she was about to release, she turns her attention to the rest of the clothes on the floor.

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

Let me further explain what I meant when I told him our relationship is like the laundry. One thing you can think about while doing your laundry is the painful memories of your relationship you're washing away. Then again, when you gain some new ones you're right back down here washing those away as quick as you gained them. Just about everything you do in life you can compare it with your relationship. Or lack thereof.

(Smug laugh)

In the end it's all about morals. Women like me don't believe in morals because we'll do any and everything to obtain and keep this life. Who needs morals when you can buy and do whatever you want? That irritating emotion called "Love" comes around here and there, but the money makes it go away.

Turning her attention back on the ring box, a smile slowly comes on her face as she picks it up, and then prepares to walk out the room.

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

That emotion almost got in the way of this gorgeous ring. While I'm telling

him he should be getting ready, I need to do the same. He's upstairs bitching and complaining, but he's feeling bad at the same time. Men are always displaying they don't give a fuck about us, but as soon as we mention leaving, or even display we're about to be off to find another man. The first thing they do and say is..

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARQUEZ BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The balcony door is opened allowing the breeze to come into the room.

The bathroom door is partially open, and we can hear the shower water running as steam seeps from the door.

Marquez is in his boxers posing in the mirror.

MARQUEZ

Look at you. Take a good hard look at you. The million dollar face and body, with the money to go with it. No wonder women can't help but want you in their bed. Rayven has no idea how lucky she is.

(Laughs)

I'm lucky to have her, but if I'm gonna be completely honest...she should be happy a man like me took the time to speak with her.

RAYVEN (O.S.)

(Drunk tone)

Oh, she's so lucky. She's lucky to have a man that's infatuated with caressing his own body instead of his wife. Lucky to have a man who compliments himself more than he does his wife.

(Snickers)

My luck is all fucked up if that's the case.

Marquez takes a break from posing, turning his attention to Rayven.

Rayven is standing up against the wall, holding a dry

martini, looking at him disgusted.

MARQUEZ

How long have you been standing there?

RAYVEN

As long as you've been staring at yourself in-love with something you believe is God's gift to women, and it's not.

MARQUEZ

(Scoffs)

Put that drink down. Ignorance is not allowed in this house, you know that.

He focuses his attention back on his reflection, and begins posing again.

RAYVEN

The drink has nothing to do with what I'm saying. Now that I think about it...

She steps over to him, and places a hand on his shoulder, slowly leaning in his ear.

RAYVEN (CONT'D)

Do you even know why I drink so much?

MARQUEZ

Because you were an alcoholic when I met you, so why would you stop now? The only difference is you were drinking cheap, but I changed that for you.

RAYVEN

Every waking day since I've been with you, I wonder why I agreed to this?

MARQUEZ

You know why. Look at me, and look at the type of money I keep in your wallet. It's like the first night we met, only you get the same treatment everyday.

RAYVEN

(Laughs)

Do you really think it was your looks that made me sleep with you?

MARQUEZ
Even if it wasn't...

He turns looking at her, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)
Once you had a piece of what you saw
in my jogging pants, you haven't
stopped wanting it since.

Rayven takes a sip from her glass, and then laughs.

RAYVEN
Baby...your dick is like your body. All
that weight, and don't know what to do
with it. But to a woman that's easily
impressed by looks instead of
satisfaction...well, I guess you do have
the right to be the conceited asshole
you are.

Marquez's expression turns serious.

She takes another sip from her glass, laughing.

MARQUEZ
Says the easy access parking lot. It's
hard satisfying something you can't
feel.

Rayven continues laughing, tapping her hand against the side
of his face.

We can see the anger building inside of Marquez.

RAYVEN
Typical line a man would say. Just say
you don't know how to satisfy a woman
the correct way.

He grabs her hand with a little force, slowly moving it from
his face.

MARQUEZ
All jokes aside. Did you forget the
rule about touching my face? You do it
again...

He steps in her face so that they're nose to nose.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)

This average face of yours will get fucked up, and you won't make it to the party.

RAYVEN

Big tough guy.

MARQUEZ

Do you need a reminder from when you tried me back in the day?

He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)

Get your drunk ass in the shower so we can go. I'll be in the basement getting ready.

He gives a hard shove causing her to fall back on the bed, spilling her drink.

MARQUEZ (CONT'D)

This broke bitch apparently forgot who she was talking to.

Marquez walks out the room.

Rayven sits up on the bed sucking her teeth.

She stands up nodding her head pondering on something as she stares at herself in the mirror.

Looking around the room, we can tell she's forcing herself to appear happy.

She stares at her reflection trying to form a smile.

Slowly, she removes her dress, and then begins posing, still trying to smile, but the pain of what she goes through on a regular basis is starting to kick in.

RAYVEN (V.O.)

When a man can't handle the truth, he resorts to violence, or some form of disrespect. That's if he doesn't perform both at the same time. But women like me accept the shit knowing we don't have to. It's crucial when you don't recognize yourself.

(Sighs)

You're a different bitch everyday you

wake up, but you can never wake up as the woman you were before you met him. And what does he do for us? What the fuck does he do to make us go through all these hoops, while he remains the same?

Covering her face with both hands leaving only her eyes revealed, she closes them and a single tear falls down.

Quickly opening her eyes, she shakes it off, wipes her eyes, and then moves over to the closet.

Opening the closet door, she walks in staring at all of the shoes and clothes filling the room.

She begins scanning the clothes.

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

Sorry about that moment you saw. I'm trying to mix other women with women like me, knowing women like me only have one emotion, which is greed.

With a big smile, she spreads her arms in triumph.

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

This is why we jump through those hoops. The clothes, cars and money. Those are the only things in life that bestows love. Kinda reminds you of when you first met him. The love constantly coming from his wallet was hard to resist.

(Devilish laugh)

On a better note...this woman has to make sure she's the sexiest bitch at the party tonight.

With a new aura in her walk, she makes her way to the bathroom, walking in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She takes her bra and panties off, sighing deep.

Stepping into the shower, she stands there letting the water hit against her beautiful skin, closing her eyes with an orgasmic expression.

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

(Laughs)

"The sexiest bitch at the party." Not "The most beautiful woman at the party" but "The sexiest bitch at the party." The days of women calling ourselves "Beautiful" would be an insult today. Following along with the plan of a man's control is so much easier than standing as a strong woman. If we were strong women, we would all look and act different, instead of being exactly what a man wants us to be for his own satisfaction.

(Scoffs)

"Beautiful." Ask a man what the word means when he says it, and the first go around will be nothing but lies. That, or he'll try using some lame joke to throw you off because he has no clue what it means. Or he'll compliment the things you know stand out already as if you don't know. So, peep this. The first thing that pops into a man's brain when he calls you beautiful is...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEAR LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bear and Montreal are sitting on the sofa drinking and smoking, listening to some music coming from the television.

Montreal picks his phone up from the table and starts scrolling.

Bear picks up his glass taking a sip, after which, he pulls a cigarette from the pack on the table.

MONTREAL

Man, look at this beautiful bitch right here.

Bear looks over with his eyes, placing the cigarette in his mouth, lighting it, taking a calm pull.

BEAR

She looks exactly like the other bitches you showed me. From the neck

down, it's all good.

MONTREAL

What else do you need?

BEAR

See. You're one of the reasons why these females are out here acting crazy. Y'all niggas see a woman with a phat ass and some titties, she instantly becomes "Beautiful" and all that good shit. But when the bitch turns you down, you get all in your feelings.

MONTREAL

Display the goods, I'm bangin' the goods. As far as getting turned down, I don't have that problem. Even if I pay for it, I keep the price to a very low minimum.

BEAR

(Laughs)

This nigga here.

MONTREAL

(Laughs)

Look at my track record. Ask them hoes, how I turn regular beds into waterbeds.

BEAR

You think that's because of what you're laying down, and not from her thinking about the one man who truly made her cum? Or in your case, the money you're spending.

MONTREAL

Nigga, of course it's because of me. No daydreaming about another nigga, or the money. It's all me.

SHAWN (O.S.)

I agree with B. If she wasn't a virgin, she's had a few sizes of all kinds in her. And besides, women can adjust to whatever they're about to deal with. That's why they can push out more than one baby at once. So, he

makes a point.

Shawn takes a seat on the other sofa with a beer in one hand, and a glass of liquor in the other.

SHAWN

What makes you think it's all you and not somebody else she's thinking about, or the money?

MONTREAL

Fuck y'all. I showed y'all the videos, so don't front on me.

Montreal picks up his glass, and takes a sip.

BEAR

(Laughs)

I've seen a lot of porn, too. They put up a good act just like the videos you showed us.

Shawn laughs, taking a sip from his beer.

MONTREAL

Don't be mad because I'm turning these bitches out.

BEAR

That's a good one. Makes me think about how things change once people have sex. It can go from good to bad. Bad to good. Once that nut is caught, or if it doesn't get achieved things slowly change. You either don't hear from them again or end up cheating on them.

SHAWN

I see no lies in those words.

Montreal laughs, taking a sip from his drink, turning to look at Shawn.

MONTREAL

I'm sure you don't. You're the only one in this room that's married, and you still be out here fuckin' with other hoes.

BEAR

Those are some real facts. Why is that? Not that I care, but, why?

SHAWN

You can't have a solid fifty-fifty relationship, when the person you're with only gives fifty percent of their character.

BEAR

Meaning?

SHAWN

Just because you got a body and good looks, that doesn't help with my mental support, or any other things as far as my emotions.

MONTREAL

(Laughs)

Emotions? You don't seem like the type to care about emotions. I remember how you used to clown bitches back in the day, and emotions were far from in your character.

SHAWN

This is why you fuck around with so many women. You're scared to express your feelings.

MONTREAL

Shit. I tell 'em off the rip, "It's only for the night."

SHAWN

(Laughs)

And then you end up writing love poems in your room, wishing you could find love.

BEAR

(Laughs)

Let's not forget about that side of you.

MONTREAL

Nah, nah, nah. I just like expressing my creative side because I'm good with the words. I can't love a bitch with a body count higher than mine.

SHAWN

I think your problem revolves around social media. Keeping up with Exes and people you wanna fuck, believing everything they post. Some of it's true, but the majority is bullshit.

BEAR

True, true. But what does the body count have to do with anything? I never understood you niggas who speak on that shit.

MONTREAL

Would you wife a bitch that the whole hood fucked?

BEAR

Truthfully, yes. What's wrong with that?

SHAWN

Ooo, you a wild one.

MONTREAL

Yeah, you on some other shit with this one?

BEAR

I'm on some other shit?

MONTREAL

Yes.

SHAWN

Yes.

BEAR

You only know what a woman tells you, and what you see, right?

MONTREAL

Wherever you're going with this I don't see a good outcome.

Bear takes a sip from his glass, and then pulls out another cigarette placing it in his mouth, lighting it, nodding his head as he takes a pull.

BEAR

Niggas be between thighs tongue

kissing forbidden lips, eating ass and everything else. Now, how many other cats do you think were releasing their kids in every hole on her body?

MONTREAL

Hold on. I don't be---

SHAWN

Don't even let that lie fly out ya mouth. You stay with your face between a bitch thighs, and in her ass.

BEAR

Sitting here trying to front.

MONTREAL

Aight, aight, so what. I still ain't cuffing' no hoe.

BEAR

But if she doesn't tell you shit about her past, how would you know?

MONTREAL

The streets don't lie.

Bear and Shawn break wide laughing, taking a sip from their drinks.

MONTREAL (CONT'D)

What?

BEAR

That's one of the reasons why shit is fucked up in the world. The streets lie more than a person you're fuckin' with. Shit be going left because niggas be like "I heard from such a such." And then when the truth comes out, and "Such a such" ain't around to clarify the lies told, who gets fucked up? The dumbass for believing "Such a such."

MONTREAL

What does that have to do with bitches.

BEAR

(Takes a pull)

Women and money are the main things keeping the streets filled with truth and lies, and they never mix. Niggas will lie about gettin' some pussy just as quick as they would lie about anything else. Pending on the character status, money makes sure the lie sticks, or he'll use the money to hopefully convince other niggas to help with spreading the lies.

(Takes a pull)

By the time the truth comes out, either the bitch is dead for exposing the lie because the nigga got mad and killed her. Or the nigga who started the lie ends up dead because if you'll lie about pussy, you'll lie about anything. Two key things that don't mix, that has the streets filled with truth and lies.

SHAWN

Okay, since you're up in here talking all this shit. What do you know about Nicole?

MONTREAL

Come on with it.

BEAR

I know I was the first to fuck Nicole. I don't know what number I was before we got back together, but I know I'm the last.

Shawn and Montreal are silent.

Bear takes a sip from his glass, followed by a pull from his cigarette.

SHAWN

...You were Nicole's first?

BEAR

Yuppers.

MONTREAL

And then y'all broke up, and you don't know how many niggas she was with? Even if she wasn't with anybody else, why did you take her back?

BEAR

She doesn't know how much pussy I was gettin' either, so what's the difference?

SHAWN

None of that matters. Why did you take her back?

BEAR

Aside from her being a real one, willing to ride with me to the end? Real men just like real women never forget about their first real love because that's the one who knows you best.

MONTREAL

Nicole was your first real love?

BEAR

That's right. Actually, she's my only love.

SHAWN

So what caused y'all to break up.

BEAR

Unlike you two, I can openly admit I wasn't shit. It wasn't about not knowing what I had, but more so not giving a fuck about having it. That's another reason why relationships don't work out. Niggas be worried about a females body count as if he can change it. And females be worried about if a nigga gon' love the quality of her pussy. So yeah, a nigga will treat you like shit because that's all you care about.

SHAWN

So, Nicole came back to you because of what?

BEAR

Nicole came back to me because---

NICOLE (O.S.)

He's the only man who appreciates my worth, the same as I appreciate his.

The three look back stunned seeing Nicole and Kira standing there with the bags they left the mall with.

Nicole has a big smile on her face looking at Bear trying not to blush as he takes a sip from his drink.

MONTREAL
What up doe?

SHAWN
What up doe?

NICOLE
I see y'all started the party.

MONTREAL
Kira, come over here and holla at me.

Kira rolls her eyes.

KIRA
Boy, will you please stop trying because it's never happening?

MONTREAL
Let's see what you say after a few drinks.

KIRA
The same thing, if not worse.

The room breaks out laughing.

While nobody is paying attention, Kira and Shawn make some quick eye contact with each other.

NICOLE
What was the topic of discussion that my name was involved in?

BEAR
I was just telling them why I love you.

NICOLE
Right. Well, love of my life, can I get a few minutes of your time right?

BEAR
I don't see why not.

Montreal gets up from the sofa laughing, taking a sip of his drink.

MONTREAL

She's about to put you in the doghouse, buddy.

BEAR

(Laughs)

Fuck you.

Montreal walks over to Kira trying to wrap his arm around her waist, and she puts a hand up in his face before walking off.

Montreal is right behind her.

SHAWN

I'll leave you two love birds at it.

NICOLE

(Sarcastic tone)

You are far too kind.

SHAWN

(Laughs)

I know, right?

Shawn gets up with his drink, and then walks out the room.

Nicole makes her way over to Bear.

She places her bags down on the sofa before straddling down on him, wrapping her arms around his neck.

NICOLE

You were telling them how much you love me, huh?

BEAR

To be honest, they were asking about your body count, and all that extra shit.

NICOLE

And what did you tell them?

BEAR

What they needed to know. I was your first, and I'll be your last.

NICOLE

(Worried tone)

You didn't tell them about---?

BEAR
That's not their business, so no.

NICOLE
Thank you.

She gives him a kiss, and he wraps his arms around her.

BEAR
What did you get from the mall?

NICOLE
You'll see when everybody gets here.

BEAR
(Laughs)
You're making me wait?

NICOLE
(Laughs)
If you could wait to take my
virginity, waiting to see what I
bought shouldn't even bother you.

BEAR
Did you get me anything?

NICOLE
Was I supposed to?

BEAR
(Laughs)
Like that?

NICOLE
Yup.

He slaps her on the ass.

BEAR
(Chuckle)
Get up off me.

NICOLE
That's what I'll be telling you later
after you see what I'm wearing.

BEAR
We'll see. But fa real, you really
didn't get me nothing?

NICOLE

I don't know, let me see.

She leans over looking in the bags, reaching inside one fiddling around for a minute before pulling out an expensive looking jewelry box with a blue ribbon wrapped around it.

She extends the box to him.

Blushing like a school kid, he takes the box, and then takes the ribbon off.

When he opens the box, his eyes light up brighter than what he's looking at.

BEAR

Holy shit.

NICOLE

Take it out, let me see how it looks on you.

He places the box to the side, and then he pulls out the Cuban link platinum chain with the Bear tattoo Nicole has on her chest as the medallion.

Nicole takes the chain from him, and then places it around his neck with passion.

Bear is still lost for words.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Do you like it?

Bear looks at her with glossy eyes.

BEAR

I love it as much as I love you.

Nicole gives him a kiss.

NICOLE

You better love me more.

BEAR

(Snickers)

I'll think about it.

She hits him lightly on the chest.

NICOLE

Whatever. Let me go get dressed.

She gets up from his lap, and then grabs her bags walking off.

Bear looks back at her with a smile.

BEAR
Southern jelly.

She stops, and then turns around.

BEAR (CONT'D)
You know I'll always love you, right?

NICOLE
My heart only belongs to you.

She turns back around, and then walks out the room.

Bear picks up his glass, and then downs the rest of his drink.

As he goes to reach for a cigarette, a single tear falls from his eye.

BEAR (V.O.)
A lot of you are probably mad right now about the truth I said. And some of you are probably like "It's about time somebody spoke the truth." But you're still being fake with yourself. Discussions like this always ruffle feathers the wrong way because people will get mad about the truth, or hate the fact the truth was told. But none of that matters. When you're only out to make sure you stay happy, nothing else matters.

He places the cigarette in his mouth, and then lights it, taking a calm pull.

BEAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...Love will have you thinking differently if you allow it in your heart.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEAR BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicole comes into the baby blue and white bedroom, placing her bags down on the bed.

Looking around the room, she smiles moving over to the dresser.

She opens the dresser drawer, and a look of intimacy comes in her eyes as she starts pulling out various sexy lingerie items.

NICOLE (V.O.)

Sex makes the world go round.
 Something we all love, but don't necessarily enjoy. Yes, there's a difference. I appreciate my Bear not telling them the reason why we broke up is because I cheated on him. Yes, the love of my life, I cheated on him first. At first, I thought I was doing it to gain a better lifestyle. The truth is, he wasn't paying me the attention I felt I deserved.

(Sighs)

We as women try to make men rush into loving us, not seeing it's driving him away because he doesn't know how to express the loving side we're looking for. Yes, I had my share of men when we broke up, but...none of them could ever complete me on every level like my Bear.

She takes a few items out, placing them to the side.

NICOLE

I'll let him decide on which one I should wear.

Moving over to the bed, she goes in the bag pulling out the dress we saw her wearing.

NICOLE (V.O.)

Knowing you're about to have a long night consisting of food, drinks, loud talking, and not to mention getting ignored. The bright side is your girls will be there with you getting the same treatment, so you won't be the only one feeling like a shadow in a dark room.

(Soft chuckle)

Technically, they're not my girls, and that's including Kira. They're women looking for an upgrade, and will do anything to get it. If I wasn't so wrapped up in my Bear, they'll try to get him behind my back. Women will talk about the life you used to live behind your back, but stay up under your ass because of what you have. It's no different from men and the niggas that stay up under them.

(Laughs)

It's getting close to that time, so let me get back into character. A created freak who only cares about her looks, body and money. If people only knew this is just an image, and I truly love my Bear, all of these bitches wouldn't be here tonight.

She picks up the dress, and then makes her way to the bathroom.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BEAR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

We come in on a lovely spread. There's different cheeses, dips, a vegetable platter, deserts, seafood, steaks, champagne, champagne glasses and more.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Rebecca, Rayven, Kira and other women of different races and sizes are wearing some form of seductive attire with their hair and makeup done sitting at the table.

Various men of different sizes and races are moving about the table making their plates, completely ignoring the women.

You can sense the attitude in the women watching the men make plates and walk off, but they make sure the men don't notice.

Nicole comes into the room wearing the dress with matching shoes.

The women notice her, and they all smile.

Nicole displays a fake smile, and then makes her way towards the table, taking a seat.

NICOLE (V.O.)

A table full of created lost souls,
and money hungry bitches. Each one
with an ego bigger than the other, but
swear we're all friends. How do we
tolerate each other when we all feel
the same way about each other? Well,
who else can we relate with?

While the women are sitting and talking, Nicole prepares to get her something to eat.

Bear comes up beside her, tapping her shoulder with an empty plate, holding a beer in his other hand.

She looks up at him, and he hands her the plate, stepping back so she can stand up.

We can see the embarrassment in her movement as she stands up, and then moves around the table making him a fully loaded plate.

When she comes back to him, he takes the plate, and then extends her the beer.

She takes the beer and opens it.

When she leans in for a kiss, he takes the beer, and then walks off.

Looking out the corner of her eye, she notices Rebecca and another woman, shaking their heads, laughing under their breath.

Nicole clears her throat loud enough to gain the attention of all the women.

There's an awkward silence as they all turn their attention to Nicole.

The doorbell is heard.

There's still an awkward silence as Jaslyin, SANCHEZ and Bear come into the room.

Sanchez, mid-thirties, is Jaslyin's handsome Puerto Rican husband.

Jaslyin is wearing something casual with some sex appeal, and Sanchez is wearing a button up and jeans.

JASLYIN
(Talking low)
What the fuck did we just walk in on?

SANCHEZ
I have no idea.

Nicole points her finger at Rebecca.

NICOLE
What the fuck were you bitches
laughing at?

Rebecca takes a sip from her drink, while staring directly into Nicole's eyes.

REBECCA
Excuse me?

NICOLE
You can excuse yourself the fuck outta
my house if you don't tell me what you
were laughing at.

Bear walks over to Nicole trying to wrap his arm around her waist, and she places a hand up in his face.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Not right now. Because you're the
reason why that bitch over there
thinks she found something funny.

Bear politely steps back, taking a sip from his beer.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
I'm waiting for that answer?

REBECCA
Apparently you had one too many
tonight, especially since you said
your house. But you call me a bitch
again, I know something.

The other women at the table remain silent, taking a sip from their drinks.

NICOLE
Come over here and show me what you
know, you freak BITCH!

Rebecca slams her hands on the table, and then stands up

prepared to rush Nicole.

The women at the table stand up holding her back.

Nicole stands with a smile.

While the chaos is going on, Marquez comes into the room to see what's going on.

Marquez and Jaslyin make eye contact.

The two are amazed seeing each other, but they quickly attempt to make it seem not noticeable, but Rayven sees the body language.

RAYVEN

This is the bitch that has your attention these days?

MARQUEZ

What are you talking about?

Rayven stands up, and maneuvers her way through the chaos, stepping up into Marquez's face, pointing back at Jaslyin.

RAYVEN

You know what the fuck I'm talking about! I saw how you and that bitch looked at each other! She's the reason why you're not fuckin' me?!

While Rayven and Marquez are arguing, Sanchez turns his attention to Jaslyin.

SANCHEZ

What the fuck is she talking about?

Jaslyin looks at Sanchez with an attitude, placing her hands on her hips.

JASLYIN

Are you really about to start some shit with me over some words a drunk bitch said?

SANCHEZ

She didn't say the shit for no reason. What's going on?

JASLYIN

Fuck you, and this weak ass party you

invited me to. You treat me like shit,
and I be on hand and foot at your
beckon call. Kiss my ass.

She turns her back to walk away, and Sanchez grabs her arm
causing her to turn around shoving him.

JASLYIN (CONT'D)

Don't put your fuckin' hands on me
like you crazy! You trying to show out
for these motherfucker's, and the show
you're trying to perform, you really
don't want!

SANCHEZ

Who the fuck do you think you're
talking to?!

JASLYIN

You're the only motherfucker in my
face, so that means what?!

As the chaotic scene continues, leading to a mini brawl, Bear
looks on laughing, taking a sip from his beer, walking out
the room making.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEAR LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Montreal, Shawn, Myron and a few other guys are occupying the
room, drinking, laughing and smoking.

Bear takes a seat laughing, grabbing a cigarette from the
pack on the table.

BEAR (V.O.)

This is what happens when you invite a
bunch of people you swear you're
friends with, knowing goddamn well
y'all can't stand each other for your
own personal reasons. Why didn't I say
something when Nicole put her hand up
in my face? Because she can hold her
own, and that's the main reason why I
took her back. What man wants a soft
bitch that says "I'm in your corner"
but when it goes down, her ass stays
in the corner?

As Bear lights his cigarette, Myron comes over to him with a

concerned look on his face, tapping him on the shoulder.

BEAR

What up?

MYRON

Is that Nicole and Rebecca arguing like they're enemies?

BEAR

It sure is.

MYRON

Why didn't you break it up while you were in there?

BEAR

The same reason why you didn't rush in there when you first heard 'em getting loud with each other. You don't give a fuck about her anyway, so why are we having this discussion?

Myron is silent for a few seconds, and then he cracks a smile.

MYRON

(Laughs)

Yeah, you're right.

BEAR

When all the dramatics calm down, they'll be cool again. Don't let that shit ruin your fun, my guy.

MYRON

Right, right. Let me go fix another drink.

Bear takes a pull from his cigarette.

Myron walks off.

The ruckus in the kitchen mixed with the loud talking in the living room is heard.

BEAR (V.O.)

My Southern jelly loves having these parties in hopes the outcome will be different, and I go along with it because I love a good laugh in my

life. This right here is why people don't get along. You hang around a bunch of fake ass people that smile in your face, but when a crowd comes around, they display what you already knew.

(Laughs)

A gathering of fake people portraying they're real, and when shit gets real, if it goes further than arguments and fights, motherfucker's wanna squash the beef. It wouldn't even be beef if everybody stayed out of each other's way. But we all know this will never happen because people need to stay up in other people's business, while they let the shit going on in their life spiral outta control.

Bear takes a sip from his drink and laughs, taking another pull from his cigarette.

The fun time in the living room continues, while the ruckus in the dining room being heard continues.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

NICOLE (V.O.)

That argument shouldn't have occurred. We've all seen our men embarrass us in some form. Some cases are worse than others, going as far as showing explicit sex videos. Despite me cheating on my Bear, he never went as far as posting or showing our sex life on the internet. Yet, the bitch I was arguing with was trying to keep what she saw a secret so she could tell people later on, adding her own twist. Some people thrive on drama and gossip because that's all they know.

INT. THE SHOWER - NIGHT

Myron is standing under the shower head with his head down, and hands on the wall.

A look of exhaustion rests heavy on his face.

MYRON (V.O.)

Some days...some days I wonder. What can you give a woman who has it all? Been through it all. I mean...can you honestly accept who she was without throwing it up in her face? Of course not. And why should you?

(Sighs)

But you accept it because you let your desires put you in a place that's harder getting out of than it was getting in. What do you do when you're thinking about cheating, and it's eating away at you, but you can't since you're in-love?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MYRON BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom has an old-fashioned feel about it.

Rebecca is lying under the covers staring at what's on the television.

A look of annoyance is on her face as she files her nails.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Myron didn't stand up for me during the argument because he still views me as easy. Yet, it was his idea to get me a new wedding ring every week, thinking I'll resort back to my past. What he doesn't understand is if that's what I wanted to do, I'll just do it, and tell him I did it. Why hide it? Men swear they don't know what they're getting into, just to have an excuse when things don't go their way. So...what do we do?

Myron comes into the room wearing nothing but a towel, still dripping wet.

Rebecca looks over at him and rolls her eyes, continuing to file her nails.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bar is partially packed, and we can hear some mellow music playing.

Montreal is sitting at the bar having a drink with an attractive female.

We can tell he's doing his best to try and take her home, but the expression on her face says she's only keeping interest in his conversation to see how many drinks he'll buy her, and if he's going to spend some money on her.

MONTREAL (V.O.)

Yes, all men have preferences, but if an entrance is open, best believe we're walking straight in. Shawn was right about me not opening up to a female. I'll tell her I can accept her past, but as soon as I get what I want, she's nothing more than some community pussy. In that same breath, she's probably thinking the same thing about me.

(Sighs)

But what does that matter, right? That's why drugs and alcohol were created. The more you feed it to 'em, the higher your odds of sleeping with 'em becomes. Sometimes it can backfire because...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARQUEZ KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rayven is sitting at the glass table with a bottle of vodka that she's drinking straight.

She's been sitting there for a while crying, because her husband doesn't understand her.

RAYVEN (V.O.)

Men love feeding us drinks swearing up and down that's the key to getting in our panties. They don't care about if we were molested as children, or drugged at parties ending up raped. This isn't the case for all women, but for the majority of women like me, one of those scenarios happened, and we figured it's mandatory for a man to view us as nothing more than wet

holes.

(Sighs)

Women are sweet as pie and precious as the air we breathe, but a man can never be satisfied with what he has. As you saw at the party, I don't know if they slept together or not, but the energy shared between my husband and that other chick radiated heavy. Why didn't he show me the respect I deserve? It's because in his mind...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARQUEZ BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marquez is sitting on the bed in his boxers staring at his phone, while some soothing music plays in the background.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

We see random half naked pictures of Jaslyin.

MARQUEZ (V.O.)

Dealing with an alcoholic is more than what people think. Granted, she was right about the connection with me and Jaslyin, but nothing happened...yet. Then again, I should leave well enough alone, but I can't. Boredom hits hard everyday. The arguing gets old, and our sex life...we have no sex life.

(Sighs)

But rushing off to be with someone new only leads to maybe a night of satisfaction, and even if that's not achieved, some form of feelings come along with it. So, why cheat when you're better off dealing with what you already know?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Candles are lit around the room.

Kira is wearing her bra and panties laid back on the bed eating chocolate covered strawberries, occasionally taking a sip from her champagne glass resting on the nightstand.

KIRA (V.O.)

We say men are dogs that's scared to embrace love. It sounds good, but we don't put our accountability along with it. We don't take into consideration we're only dealing with him for money, and in some cases sex if the size fits what we think will satisfy us.

(Sighs)

If you're married, or you're messing around with a married person, it's two people using each other for the wrong things. The only difference between men and women is women get deep in our feelings after giving our goods away. We behave just like men, and that's where they have the upper hand over us because we should know our worth. But when nobody knows your business...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE PENTHOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shawn is staring at his reflection in the mirror with guilt in his eyes.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Why argue with a person you know won't satisfy you on the same level, when you can easily get it from the one who will? Why not stay with the person who satisfies that urge you seek at home? Because if that person is foul enough to help with what you both know is wrong, what makes you think they won't turn around and do it to you?

(Sighs)

None of it really matters during the moment, because you're both assisting each other with what both parties are seeking. In the end...I don't care who you are. If you're cheating...the guilt eats away at you, leading to you taking it out on your mate. They have no idea why you're acting that way towards them, but you know...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jaslyin is walking at a steady pace on the treadmill.

The music she's listening to in her earbuds must be a somber tune because disappointment is clearly showing on her face.

JASLYIN (V.O.)

Women will swear up and down we hate our first love for whatever reason, except the true reason. He wasn't exactly the man we wanted at that moment, so we moved on in search of a great life. The man we deal with now knows about him, and makes sure physically and mentally he stays off our mind. He knows if our true love comes back around, we'll be gone.

(Sighs)

When we first meet people, we expect everyday after if we pursue the relationship to remain magical. Solid. No switching up at no point in time. Sadly, it doesn't remain the same because sex alters the whole relationship. Then they want you to change this, do that, try this. So since you feel unappreciated, you find someone who'll appreciate you, but remain with the one who doesn't.

(Sighs)

We know the new person won't be any different from what we have now, and that makes you think back to your first. Your first was the one who loved everything about you, and most of all...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez is laid back on a chair resting on the freshly sanded wooden deck having a drink.

Some slowed down Latin music is playing from the stereo system off to the side.

Wood is crackling in the firepit.

SANCHEZ (V.O.)

Sex solidifies a relationship. Being real makes a person wanna keep fucking with you as a friend after a break-up. Knowing each others dark secrets makes you continue having sex with each other, even if you both moved on. I know this is how Jaslyin feels about her first, and that's why I make sure she never has contact with him.

(Sighs)

You're probably saying "If I'm treating her right he should be the last person on her mind." I took Jaslyin from an unhealthy lifestyle, and morphed her into something beautiful. If she would've never met me, she probably would've died from health issues. She's always talking about how she was happy before she met me, and I know that's a lie. She's always saying some shit to try and make me jealous.

(Sighs)

Why do I treat her the way I do? Why do I view her as nothing more than something nice to hang on my arm? Because she allows me, and apparently she loves it. That's my arrogant opinion. The truth is, I know if I allow her to have contact with her Ex, not only could he take her back...I'm not the type to fight over leftovers anyway.

(Chuckle)

God's truth, I don't want issues with him. When people who are still in-love hear about how their Ex is getting mistreated, things can get ugly. No matter the reason why the relationship ended, the love they have is a sacred vow because...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEAR BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicole is sitting on the bed wearing some sexy lingerie watching something on television.

She picks up her cognac glass from the nightstand and takes a sip.

NICOLE (V.O.)

When the arguing with your pretend friends is done. You had some good food, had a few drinks, gained a buzz, and you're still going hard. What do you do? You wait for your man to come and "tear it out of the frame." All women can't agree with what I'm saying, but my Bear leaves me motionless.

(Soft sigh)

Yet, I do feel unloved since he only makes love to me when he's in the mood, and I understand why. Men will never admit a woman broke his heart, without doing or saying some foul shit, disregarding he's the reason why she cheated. As you heard in the story, it's a fair trade. So who truly matters in the end?

(Sighs)

They both matter if you're in-love with each other. But once a heart is broken, it heals, but it's never the same. The thought of getting your heart broken again dwells in the back of your mind causing you to think..

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEAR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bear is staring in the mirror wearing nothing but his boxers.

BEAR (V.O.)

What can you give a woman who has it all? Been through it all. And can you accept who she was without throwing it up in her face? Of course you can. Niggas swear they don't love hoes as if their dick was the only dick the person they're with now has ever had. That's a cold contradiction if you ask me. Diggin' through a person's past seeking what you already know makes you look stupid, and it's a weak ass move. Why go through all of that, especially if you claim you love 'em?

(Scoffs)

Nicole probably had her share of men while we separated, just like I had my

share of women, but we don't bring up what can't be changed. People do shit like that picturing the person they're with doing all the freaky shit they do with another person, ending up sick to the stomach. Unless you're on the hunt for a virgin, you might as well get sick to the stomach when you encounter anybody new.

(Chuckle)

The key is maintaining the relationship so they won't do all that freaky shit with someone else while they're with you, turning around kissing you in the mouth swearing they love you.

(Scoffs)

So, what can you give her? The same thing she's giving you. If she's giving you true love, give the shit back. If she's still runnin' around being a hoe, be a hoe right along with her, or leave.

Bear walks out the bathroom.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEAR BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bear makes his way to the bed taking a seat.

Nicole looks at him smiling, taking a sip from her glass.

NICOLE

Are you ready to watch the movie? Or do you wanna do something else?

BEAR

I'm ready to lay with my woman. Whatever happens before we fall asleep will happen.

He props his pillow up, and then lays down.

NICOLE

Baby.

BEAR

What up?

She leans over giving him a kiss, and then she lays her head on his chest, wrapping a leg around him.

NICOLE

I love you.

BEAR

And I'll always love you.

The screen breaks up into separate boxes.

One has Rebecca and Myron cuddled under the covers. Myron seems at peace, but Rebecca is still annoyed.

In another box, we see Shawn and Kira laid up under the covers watching television.

In another box we see the woman Montreal was talking with laying in bed with him.

Another box shows Marquez and Rayven laid in the bed, but they're on separate sides watching television.

Jaslyin and Sanchez are sitting on the bed wearing pajamas watching television.

And of course, Bear and Nicole are in bed watching television.

BEAR (V.O.)

So, why do men and women cheat? It's none of the reasons you heard in the story. It's truthfully because people find out too late they don't wanna be locked down with the person they're with, having nothing in common. That one reason is why people remain stuck. It's easier to keep a person than it is to get rid of 'em.

(Laughs)

And after all the bitching, and uncalled for drama, what do they do? The identical shadows go to sleep, just to wake up and do it all over again.

All of the screens close out.

FADE TO BLACK:

"Deception is the true enemy in a relationship."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS