

INTERNAL CHAOS

By

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final draft

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BLACK SCREEN:

"Regret is the difference between good and evil."

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

SPACE

The layout is marvelous. The stars are glowing bright, accommodating the shooting stars we see flying by.

Earth has a perfect aura of blue surrounding it as the sun slowly starts to creep around.

The scenery continues moving around through space, showing the other planets.

A chess board appears with a chair on each side.

The base is made of oak bark, and the playing board is made of flesh and bone.

GOOD (O.S.)

Billions. Billions of voices are heard around the world. They all have different thoughts and opinions on how to make the world a better place. How can you not enjoy this place?

EVIL (O.S.)

(Sinister laugh)

You don't truly believe the rubbish in your mind you just let spill from your mouth?

GOOD (O.S.)

Your words mean nothing.

EVIL (O.S.)

My words mean everything. Why do you think I'm adorned so much? You on the other hand. You're not respected because you only speak and display illusions.

GOOD appears wearing all-white Angelic attire, beautiful flowing feathered wings with a hellfire aura radiating.

Good takes a deep breath, closing its eyes, bringing its

hands up, placing them together in prayer hands, placing them against its lips.

Slowly, the hellfire comes from its body, and within a few seconds, we see EVIL.

The hellfire aura makes the tattered grim reaper cloak look eerie.

There's holes allowing us to see the bones underneath. There's also spattered bloodstains, and chains wrapped around it.

The stick of the scythe is composed of rotted flesh coating human bones, and the blade is serrated skulls.

The two turn looking at each other allowing the energy radiating from them to speak before they take their seats.

Good brings up its chess pieces, and they're all Holy pieces consisting of angels, crucifixes and so on.

All of them have their own movements, and different Holy auras.

Evil brings up its pieces, and they're all Demonic pieces consisting of demons, pillars forming 666, and so on.

All of them are snarling with different movements, and dripping blood.

EVIL

Everyday. Everyday we play this game,
and no matter how it ends, you still
don't accept me as a friend. Why is
that?

GOOD

We have completely different agendas.
I care about the lives of others. You
could care less as long as when they
die, you collect their souls.

EVIL

(Laughs)

Aren't you the one that's supposed to
make sure they walk "The righteous
path?" Why can't you accept without
me, you have no purpose?

GOOD

And without me, you wouldn't exist.

EVIL

Maybe. But this cycle of people doing whatever they want without consequences continues because of you.

GOOD

(Sighs)

Are we playing the game, or are we about to sit and talk?

EVIL

We can play. But do you know what I find funny?

GOOD

Tell me, so we can get the game started.

EVIL

The answer resides in this game we play. Every piece is useless as long as the "King" doesn't get touched. And what does the "King" do while these movements transpire? He sits back watching, until he has no choice but to come out because his defense is down.

(Scoffs)

Don't you find it odd, even with our "Queens" being able to move around the board freely, she can still get captured, and the "King" doesn't go rescue her?

GOOD

(Sighs, disappointed)

This is the story of your existence. All you know is the negative, praying everything will turnout for the best in your interest.

EVIL

Accepting my character has been established eon's ago. My truth hurts you, which is why you still try to find the good in these people.

Good moves one of its pawns.

GOOD

Are you ready to play, or are you
about to keep talking?

Evil moves one of its pawns.

EVIL

The pawns are the most underrated
pieces, and they cause so much chaos.
The Only thing is, they can only move
one space at a time. Kinda reminds you
of children, and how their parents
treat them.

GOOD

Explain.

EVIL

A child can keep parents together. But
you have some parents who'll use the
child against the other parent if
things don't go the way they expect.
And like the Pawn...if it's not
protected, it'll easily fall into
harm's way.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN:

"Procreation brings happiness, but you have those who use it
for benefits."

~Bernard Mersier~

SOUL ONE: THE CONDOM

FADE IN:

CLOSE UP - DANTE FACE

The four-month-old brown skin boy lying on a fluffy white
pillow wearing a white beanie snug on his head is sleeping
peacefully.

DANTE (V.O.)

My parents love me.

(Clears throat)

Pardon my raspy voice. It probably
runs on my father's side. But right
now, I'd like to share something

special. The meaning of love through the eyes of my parents, and mine. It all started nine months ago.

EXT. THE GAS STATION - NIGHT

The last car resting by a gas pump pulls off.

Coming from around the corner is the jaw-dropping twenty-four-year-old DOMINIQUE.

Her smooth caramel skin and shoulder length hair meshes together great with her petite body.

Approaching the gas station door, she walks in without a care because this is her neighborhood.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

While inside the gas station, she begins browsing.

The GAS STATION ATTENDANT stares in awe wishing he could sleep with her.

As she continues shopping, loud music can be heard outside coming to a stop, followed by a door being opened and closed.

Turning our attention to the door, in walks the twenty-four-year-old JAMAL.

He's on the husky side, clean cut with a dark brown skin complexion.

He's dripping with jewelry.

He walks up to the counter prepared to pay for his gas.

Dominique comes up holding two packs of noodles, some chips and a pop.

Jamal turns looking at her.

DOMINIQUE
Can I help you?

JAMAL
Can you?

DOMINIQUE
(Scoffs)

Can you move so I can pay for my stuff?

Jamal notices the items and cracks a smile.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

What?

JAMAL

Don't tell me that's dinner.

DOMINIQUE

So?

JAMAL

How about you let me take you out to dinner?

DOMINIQUE

No thanks. I wouldn't want you to spend your rent money.

JAMAL

(Laughs)

Rent money?

He goes in his pocket and pulls out a wad of money.

DOMINIQUE

What does that mean? You could be the typical nigga saving up his checks, just so you can stunt.

JAMAL

Look out there and you tell me.

DOMINIQUE POV

She sees the fully kitted all-black Yukon with tinted windows.

BACK TO THE SCENE

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Well?

DOMINIQUE

You're working with a little something.

JAMAL

Are you gonna let me put some real food on your stomach?

DOMINIQUE

That's about all you can do.

Jamal smiles, putting his hands up, taking a step back.

JAMAL

No problem, beautiful. You just look like you're in a tight spot for food, so why not lend a hand?

DOMINIQUE

Do you do this with every woman you meet?

JAMAL

Honestly, I'm used to women approaching me.

DOMINIQUE

Right.

JAMAL

I'm Jamal by the way.

DOMINIQUE

Dominique.

JAMAL

Well, Dominique. How about you leave this stuff here, and go wait in the truck?

Dominique places her items down, looking at him strangely.

DOMINIQUE

You trust me to sit in your truck alone?

JAMAL

Ain't nothing in there you could take I can't replace. And if you decide to get down on me, I can only blame myself.

DOMINIQUE

Okay. I'll be outside.

She smiles, rubbing her hand across his face before making

her way out the gas station.

Jamal turns looking at her ass as she makes her way to his truck getting in.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Why did you go through that process?
It's not that hard to fuck her.

JAMAL
Sometimes you gotta let hoes feel
special. Let me get sixty on pump
three.

Jamal places a hundred dollar bill in the slot.

The gas station attendant takes the money ringing up the total, and then he gives Jamal his change.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
She's known around here.

Jamal takes his change and places it in his pocket.

JAMAL
Did you hit?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Nope. Wish I could.

JAMAL
Then you shouldn't be talking. Have a
good one.

Jamal walks out of the gas station.

FADE TO BLACK:

DANTE (O.S.)
This was the beginning of their love.
Although...I think my mother wanted me
more than my father. Have a look for
yourself.

INT. JAMAL TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck is parked on the outskirts of a park we can see in the distance through the windshield.

Jamal is sitting in the driver seat taking a sip from his

liquor, followed by a pull from his cigarette.

Dominique is sitting in the passenger seat cleaning the dirt from under her nails.

DOMINIQUE

What are you gonna do about this situation?

Taking another sip from the bottle, he shakes his head looking forward.

JAMAL

What do you mean? I'm giving you the money to take care of that.

DOMINIQUE

And I told you, I don't believe in abortions. You better man up and accept what you did.

JAMAL

You don't believe in abortions, but you sell pussy? Explain.

DOMINIQUE

I don't have to explain shit! We're speaking about what happened between us.

He takes a pull from his cigarette and then slams the butt down in the ashtray.

She looks at him rolling her eyes.

JAMAL

Bitch, I know for a fact I had a condom on! Go find that weak ass nigga who got you knocked up.

DOMINIQUE

Yo weak ass did, nigga! Why did I even bother letting you hit?!

JAMAL

Bitch---

DOMINIQUE

First off, you can quit this tough shit with ya soft ass. Second, if you call me another bitch, I know

something.

Jamal reaches under his shirt for his gun, and she places a hand up in face, followed with laughter.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

Why are you reaching for a gun you won't use? And even if you did, I already told my people everything they need to know. Where you hang. Where you keep yo shit.

(Scoffs)

What real nigga tells a woman he just met that much information after a few dates? So since you're pussy-whipped, and we both know it. Get ready to take care of me and this baby. That's all there is to it.

Jamal removes his hand, leaning back in his seat, taking another sip from the bottle.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Take me home.

With no further words, Jamal starts the truck up, and pulls off.

FADE TO BLACK:

DANTE (V.O.)

See what I mean? My dad grew to love me, although they still argued from time to time. They would take me to this place where they'd talk with a stranger about who I should live with. Dad would go through this every other week with the stranger, but he felt it was worth it. Here we are, four months later.

INT. DOMINIQUE BEDROOM - NIGHT

DANTE POV

We can tell from the view and how the sound of clutter is gently moved by his little hands, he's lying on his stomach.

The entire bed is filled with clothes, makeup kits, paper plates with old food, utensils and empty pop cans.

All of this rests on top of a sheet-less stained mattress.
The bedroom door is open, allowing us to see the hallway.
Dominique can be heard talking loud.
It sounds like she's pissed off by the way she's yelling.

DANTE (V.O.)

Mommy loves leaving things for me to place in my mouth. I don't know if it's because I'm not loud enough, or if she doesn't understand my words. But...she always comes when this weird taste and bright color fills my mouth causing me to scream.

We see Dominique quickly storm past the bedroom door still talking loud.

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

She must be talking to dad. How do I know? Because the other men I've seen her get loud with, she seems to enjoy it while sitting on them, or if they're on top of her as she makes some strange sounds.

We hear a door being slammed.

Dante slowly inches across the bed, reaching for a knife resting on top of a paper plate.

Just as he gets ready to grab the knife, Dominique comes to the door.

As messy as her room is, she's dressed to the nines.

From looking at her expression we can tell she has an attitude storming over to Dante snatching him up, staring at him sucking her teeth, wishing he was never born.

DOMINIQUE

What the hell are you doing?

(Scoffs)

You're just as stupid as your father. Always doing some dumb-shit. But you're not about to ruin my night. I'm trying to get lit and collect these niggas spending money. Since grandma said you kept her up all night, I got

something special for you.

She places him down, and then reaches on the floor picking up a baby bottle with some milk left inside.

With a smile, she moves over to the dresser, which is just as filthy as the rest of the room.

Opening the bottle, she places some more milk inside, followed by opening up a double shot of vodka that she pours in.

She closes the bottle, and then shakes it up real good making sure the vodka mixes with the milk.

Walking back to the bed, she picks Dante up, and then places the bottle in his mouth.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

This should keep you down for the night. I guess I should change ya pissy ass diaper.

(Scoffs)

Ya punk ass daddy is gonna wish he stayed with me.

DANTE POV

His vision is slowly fading.

DANTE (V.O.)

Whatever is in my milk...it doesn't taste the same as in the beginning. There's a weird burning sensation in my stomach, but I'm too tired to speak. Maybe it's good for me, considering I love staying up late. But mommy knows best.

Within a few more blinks, Dante is fast asleep.

FADE TO BLACK:

DANTE (V.O.)

This new milk my mother gave me went on for weeks. I would always throw it up, but she kept giving it to me. Whenever she would let dad see me he would ask what's wrong, and she would say it's something babies go through. I wonder why she never told him about

the special milk? Ah, well. Here we are, another Saturday night. Mom is going out again, and grandma is watching me for the night.

INT. DOMINIQUE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Surprisingly, unlike her bedroom, the bathroom is actually clean.

DANTE POV

Dominique is standing by the sink with her arms folded across her chest staring down at Dante in his baby bather in the tub halfway filled with water.

DANTE (V.O.)

By this time, I was accustomed to the special milk. It still made me sleepy, but I was able to stay awake. Right now I'm just relaxing, enjoying my bath.

Dominique's phone begins ringing, and she quickly answers.

DOMINIQUE

What's the word?

(Listens)

Girl, I only deal with real D boys, not the small time niggas. Hundreds and up if they fuckin' with me.

(Listens)

Are you on the way?

Dominique walks out the bathroom, but we can still hear her talking.

We can tell by the way the water is rising, the alcohol is kicking in, and he's starting to drift off.

DANTE (V.O.)

It's close to nap-time. But...why am I still in the tub? It's okay. I'm sure mom will be back in a minute.

The apartment door can be heard opened and slammed closed.

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

Maybe she went downstairs to let her company in. I'll just lay here and take a little nap. She'll be back

before I know it.

The water level becomes higher as Dante slides down into the water.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. DOMINIQUE BATHROOM - NIGHT - AN HOUR LATER

DANTE'S POV

He's under the water looking up at the ceiling.

The apartment door can be heard opened, and then closed.

The confusion and aggravation can be heard in Dominique's mother Tamala voice.

TAMALA (O.S.)

Did this girl leave my grandson in her room? He's supposed to be in his crib, especially if she left before I got here. That girl, I swear.

We hear her moving through the apartment towards Dominique's room.

The sound of the door knob being rattled is heard, letting us know the door is locked.

TAMALA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Maybe she took him with her. She needs to spend more time with her son. It doesn't matter if she's not with his daddy, that's still her child.

Footsteps are heard approaching the bathroom.

She reaches the door, and we can see she's a fairly aged brown skin woman.

When she realizes what she sees, she instantly breaks down crying, rushes to the tub grabbing Dante's dead body, placing him against her chest.

BACK TO THE SCENE

TAMALA

Oh my God! Not my little man! Lord please, not my little man!

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

Dante looks at peace inside his casket with a white rose on each side of him.

Some music can be heard in the background.

Jamal is standing over his only child's casket, wishing he had got custody.

DANTE (V.O.)

I'm finally in a better place, but my father is in pain. It's okay. The angels told me what he contracted from mom will bring him to me soon. The angels also told me that what mommy has will kill her before dad. Well...how did you like my love story? If mommy didn't want this type of love, all she had to do was...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dominique is standing in her bra and panties looking in the mirror with a sinister smile.

JAMAL (O.S.)

Come on girl, you got daddy waiting too long.

DOMINIQUE

Here I come.

She looks down with her eyes.

DOMINIQUE POV

On the sink is a pill bottle of "ART" pills. In her left hand she's holding a condom in the wrapper and in her right is a safety pin she uses to puncture little holes into the condom.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Placing the pin down, she looks back up in the mirror with the same sinister smile, winking at her reflection before walking out.

DANTE (V.O.)
 ...Let the condom do what it was
 designed to do.

FADE TO BLACK:

"You're blessed with children for reasons beyond your
 thoughts. Don't accept blessings if you'll take them for
 granted."

~Bernard Mersier~

COME BACK TO:

SPACE

Now the background is showing various supernovae.

Good and Evil have a good game going.

GOOD
 Sad ending. The life of a child
 doesn't get taken seriously in the
 eyes of some.

EVIL
 Did you just say this was sad? You're
 supposed to intervene at the moment
 you know things are turning sour? So
 is it sad because it happened, or sad
 because you didn't step in?

GOOD
 Dwelling in everyone's soul doesn't
 mean I can make them do what's right.
 An innocent child shouldn't suffer, or
 die because of someone's selfish
 needs. But when there's an entity like
 you bribing souls with delusions,
 tragic outcomes like your story
 happens.

EVIL
 Bribes? How do I bribe them? Are you
 speaking about things like this?

Evil snaps its fingers.

On the side of the gaming area various sexual items appear,
 along with money and jewelry.

Good looks at what Evil made appear, and sighs softly.

GOOD

Yes. These very things and more are some of the reasons why people ignore my influence.

EVIL

(Sinister laugh)

These things are necessities in life.

GOOD

These things are bribes as I said. Money gets a little leeway, only because it's needed for survival. Although people tend to use it for other reasons.

EVIL

My "Influences" make people overlook love and new life? Do you know how crazy you sound?

GOOD

Nope. My presence means nothing to people who love what you present.

EVIL

Really? Let's take a look at the rook. The rook is always moving on the straight and narrow. I'll use this piece to describe people who are married, or in a solid relationship. They remain with one person, never deterring from their loved ones. But sometimes their mate has other plans, which I believe is called cheating.

GOOD

What does that have to do with me?

EVIL

Because you're the one that's supposed to keep the couple solid. But...you slack from time to time, and tragic outcomes occur.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN:

"When you tell someone you're "In-love" that's verifying you cherish them as your own life."

~Bernard Mersier~

SOUL TWO: COPPER RINGS

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING

We hear police sirens wailing in the background.

CLOSE UP - MARIE FACE

A beautiful lightish-brown skin woman with an adorable baby face, hazel eyes and long black hair.

BACK TO THE SCENE

She's sitting on the bed staring off into the void.

The cars are heard pulling up coming to a stop.

The sound of car doors are heard opening and Marie remains with the same blank expression.

Police officers are heard talking while banging on the front door, but she doesn't budge.

The front door is heard kicked in, along with the sound of a gun being cocked.

MARIE (V.O.)

Am I a fool for believing the words "I love you?" Or am I a fool for making myself believe the words were true?

Just as the bedroom door comes flying open with officers right behind it, Marie brings up a Desert eagle, placing it to the side of her head.

They take aim.

OFFICER

Drop the weapon!

With the same blank expression, she doesn't budge.

MARIE (V.O.)

Love. A highly appreciated word that's so dangerous, you'll never know where it'll have you in the end.

OFFICER

Last time! Put the weapon down, now!

She cracks a sly smile slowly standing up with the gun still pressed to the side of her head.

BLACK SCREEN:

OFFICER (O.S.)

Don't move!

A gunshot is heard.

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning sky is peaking through the blinds onto the king size bed where Marie and her husband TYLER lie asleep under the blanket.

The alarm ringing on the nightstand by the bed reads 7:00 a.m.

Marie slowly turns over and extends her arm for the alarm, finally reaching it, turning it off.

With a smile on her face, she turns to look at her husband, and then gives him a kiss on the cheek.

MARIE

Wake up, handsome.

A slight smile comes across his dark skin face, turning on his side embracing her, giving her a kiss.

TYLER

Everyday is a beautiful day when I wake up next to you.

MARIE

That's not helping you get between these thighs, so cut it out.

TYLER

Should I roll over and try again?

MARIE

The oven is cold, baby.

TYLER

I know how to warm it up.

He uses his tongue in a provocative manner.

She laughs, hitting him softly on the arm.

MARIE

Not if you want breakfast before you
leave for work.

TYLER

My breakfast is right here.

MARIE

You better save that for dinner. Do
you want me to make you something for
lunch, or are you buying something?

TYLER

Don't worry about it, I'll grab
something.

MARIE

Okay. Let me get up and make
breakfast.

She gives him a kiss, and then gets up from the bed.

Standing up in her baby blue negligee, we see she has a nice
well-rounded body, which makes him lean over and slap her on
the ass.

She looks back blushing before making her way out the room.

Tyler sits up in the bed running his hand across his waves,
reaching on the nightstand for his phone.

After entering his password, he scrolls for a few seconds,
and then he stops appearing pleased from what he sees.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marie places Tyler's fully loaded breakfast on the table.

Tyler comes into the kitchen wearing his mechanic uniform.

He walks over to Marie and gropes her ass, while kissing her
on the neck.

MARIE

Didn't I tell you the oven is cold?

With his face still nestled against her neck, he moves his hand forward between her thighs.

TYLER

Seems like it's warming up to me.

She laughs, turning around, pushing him back.

MARIE

Sit down and eat your food.

TYLER

My food---

She places a finger to his lips.

MARIE

Go eat.

He takes his seat.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Do you think you'll get off early today?

TYLER

Depends on how many cars come in. Why, what's up?

MARIE

Because I was thinking...

She walks over to him placing her hand under his chin making him stare up into her eyes.

TYLER

...Thinking what?

She makes him turn his chair so he can face her.

Before he can blink, she takes one of her legs placing it on his shoulder, while grabbing him by the back of the head.

MARIE

Well, if you could come home early and prepare something nice for me. I'll remind you why you married me...

With her leg still on his shoulder, she leans down licking his lips before giving him a kiss.

MARIE (CONT'D)

...And why you'll never cheat on me.

He snaps out of his trance looking at her smiling.

TYLER

I uh...I'll try my best to make that happen.

Taking her leg down, she leans down giving him a kiss.

MARIE

We're solid, right? You know you can have me anytime, and any way you want. If you decide on getting off early that's up to you.

TYLER

Oh, I'm getting off early.

MARIE

We'll see. Eat your food before it gets cold. I gotta go get ready.

She walks out the kitchen.

Tyler smiles, eating some of his food.

He pulls his phone out beginning to text.

INT. THE GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Tyler is under the hood of an expensive truck hard at work.

Taking a break, he stands up, and we see his uniform, hands and parts of his face covered with oil.

He pulls a bandanna from his pocket wiping his hands, while looking around at the other workers.

He prepares to walk off, and that's when MECHANIC comes up to him.

MECHANIC

How's it going?

TYLER

It'll be ready by the time he gets here.

MECHANIC

That's always a good thing to hear.

TYLER

Come on, now. Look who's working it.

MECHANIC

Can I get an answer to my question?

TYLER

What was the question?

MECHANIC

Does your wife have a friend she can hook me up with?

TYLER

Oh, that. I never bothered to ask.

MECHANIC

What? Why not?

TYLER

What would I look like asking my wife to hook you up with one of her friends? Really think about that.

Mechanic looks at him, shrugging up his shoulders.

MECHANIC

A good friend, hooking up his friend.

TYLER

(Laughs)

I'm going on break.

MECHANIC

(Laughs)

That wasn't a good answer?

Tyler walks off laughing heading towards the front of the garage.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler comes out standing to the side looking around, going in his pocket for his lighter and cigarettes.

He takes a cigarette from the pack and places it in his mouth

prepared to light it, when a burgundy Carola pulls in coming to a stop.

Opening the car door stepping out is the remarkable brown skin WOMAN.

Tyler places his cigarette and lighter back in his pocket, watching her approach.

TYLER

How's your day going?

She pauses looking him up and down, rolling her eyes.

WOMAN

(Sassy tone)

Good.

TYLER

Damn, don't say it like that. What brings you in today?

WOMAN

Obviously, there's something wrong with my car.

TYLER

I believe I know that much.

WOMAN

You know what?

She puts her hand up in his face before walking away.

TYLER

Come on, don't act like that. If you leave now your car could get worse, and then what?

She pauses, turning back around.

WOMAN

I'll take that chance.

TYLER

You'd rather drive somewhere else and possibly wait for who knows how long to get your car fixed?

WOMAN

Do I have to deal with you?

TYLER
If you want the best working on your
car, yes.

She does a quick smirk.

WOMAN
(Sighs)
I guess I'll stay.

TYLER
That's a good choice.

WOMAN
Whatever. Are you about to come take a
look at my car?

TYLER
I most certainly am. Tell me what's
going on with it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BANK - AFTERNOON

Marie has just finished a transaction with a man who moves
out of her line.

She gets up from her seat, and heads toward the back.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BREAK-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

When she enters the break-room, she sees her COWORKER with
her head down, crying tears of misery.

MARIE
...Are you okay?

COWORKER continues crying, slowly lifting her head with tears
running down her face.

COWORKER
(Sniffling)
My husband is in the hospital.

Marie covers her mouth, making her way over to her taking a
seat.

MARIE

Oh my god. I'm so sorry to hear that.

COWORKER

Look, I don't mean to be rude, but I gotta go.

MARIE

Just call me when you leave, and I'll come over so we can talk.

COWORKER

Thank you. I'll be sure to call you.

Coworker gets up and leaves the room.

Marie sits shaking her head, quickly pulling her phone out so she can text Tyler.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

Baby, I'm going over to my friend's house when I get off. Her husband is in the hospital, and she's in pretty bad shape. When she told me, I instantly thought about you, and how I'd feel if you were in his state. I love you, and I'll see you later on tonight.

BACK TO THE SCENE

She sends the message, and then places her phone back in her pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. COWORKER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marie and Coworker are sitting at the kitchen table having a glass of wine.

MARIE

How is he doing?

COWORKER

The doctors said he's finally stable. He wasn't able to talk while I was there, but they said he'll be fine.

MARIE

Thank God he's going to be okay.

COWORKER

When he gets home he'll have to take

it easy and cut down on what he eats. I've been telling him this, but his ass is so damn hard headed.

MARIE

You know how men are.

COWORKER

Stubborn till the very end. Wanting their woman by their side, but don't wanna listen.

MARIE

That's true. But you gotta love how real men will always make sure you're number one without thinking about another woman.

COWORKER

That's why I rushed to the hospital. He's my shadow, the same as I'm his.

MARIE

That's a beautiful interpretation of a relationship.

COWORKER

You and Tyler don't think this way?

MARIE

We do. I just love knowing there's still couples who actually believe in the true meaning and bond a marriage creates.

COWORKER

It is a rarity in this day and age.

MARIE

I agree.

Coworker takes the last sip from her wine.

COWORKER

Let me go use the bathroom, and make a call to see how he's doing. I'll be right back.

MARIE

Okay.

Coworker gets up from the table and leaves the room.

Marie takes a sip from her glass, and then goes in her purse retrieving her phone.

Turning the screen on, at first she's confused because she doesn't see a missed call or text from Tyler.

But from confusion she becomes concerned, thinking something might be wrong.

She calls him and she gets sent to voicemail.

As she sits holding her phone, Coworker comes back into the room smiling, ready for another round.

Coworker prepares to speak, and then she notices the look of concern on Marie's face.

COWORKER

Is everything okay?

Marie is still in somewhat of a trance staring at her phone.

COWORKER (CONT'D)

Marie. Marie, are you okay?

Marie comes from her trance.

MARIE

...I'm sorry. Listen, I have to go. I'm sorry if I sound rude, but I haven't heard from Tyler, so I gotta go see what's going on.

COWORKER

That's fine. I hope everything is okay.

MARIE

I'll let you know when I get home.

COWORKER

Okay.

Marie gets up from the table leaving the room

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIE CAR - NIGHT

Marie is coming down the quiet street of their suburban neighborhood as the rain pours down.

Approaching their house, she becomes confused seeing the burgundy Carola parked in their driveway.

Pulling over a few houses down, she looks back at the house confused because there's no lights on, and the fact that there's an unknown car in her driveway.

Reaching in her purse, she pulls her phone out prepared to call Tyler, and then she pauses, shaking her head no.

She turns the car off, and then gets out.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Approaching the front door of their house, she pulls her keys out, and then she changes her mind and decides to go around back to where their bedroom is.

As she approaches the bedroom window, she's still confident her husband is probably just sleeping

When she reaches the window she finds out she was right about him being asleep, but...he's not alone.

MARIE POV

Tyler is lying asleep under the covers with Woman.

Woman quickly wakes up from under the covers in her bra and panties, grabbing her phone off the nightstand.

Tyler wakes up.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Marie's expression of devastation speaks volumes as she continues watching the two get dressed, and then leave out of the room.

The front door can be heard opened, and Marie quickly ducks down behind a bush, continuing watching the car.

MARIE POV

We see Tyler walking Woman to her driver door, opening it for her.

Before she gets in, they give each other a passionate hug and kiss.

BACK TO THE SCENE

The rain blends in with the tears coming from Marie's eyes as she watches the car pull off, and Tyler making his way back into the house.

The pain surging in Marie can't be described making her way back to her car.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARIE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Getting inside the car, the pure pain she's going through can't be explained, and that's when her phone starts ringing.

Pulling the phone from her purse, she looks at the shirtless picture of Tyler on her screen.

She lets it ring a few more times before answering, placing it on speakerphone.

MARIE

Hello?

TYLER (V.O.)

How's everything going, baby? Is your friend doing okay?

MARIE

She's fine.

TYLER (V.O.)

And you?

MARIE

I'm just fine.

TYLER (V.O.)

Okay, cool. When do you think you'll be home?

MARIE

I'm already heading that way. I should be there in like ten minutes.

TYLER (V.O.)

Do you need me to set anything up?

Food. Bath. A stress relieving loving making session.

MARIE

I'm good. I just wanna lay down and get some sleep.

TYLER (V.O.)

Cool. I'll see you when you get here. I love you.

Marie is silent.

TYLER (V.O) (CONT'D)

Baby?

MARIE

...Sorry, I don't know what happened. I love you, too.

She hangs up before he can get another word out.

After placing her phone back in her purse, she looks back at the house with her watery eyes, shaking her head.

Sitting in silence, she finally starts the car up and backs up so she can park in their driveway.

Turning the car off, she steps out.

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING

Marie is sitting on the edge of the bed with a blank stare, removing the phone from her ear.

She looks back seeing Tyler asleep.

She gets up and leaves the room.

It's silent.

Marie comes back into the room holding the Desert Eagle, stepping over to Tyler.

She gently places the barrel to the side of his head, guiding it in circles on his temple.

Tyler slowly opens his eyes smiling, until he sees Marie aiming the gun at his head.

He gets ready to move out the way, and she cocks the hammer,

pausing him in his tracks.

MARIE

Move again, and I'll shoot you twice.

TYLER

Baby, what the fuck is this about?

MARIE

Was that bitch worth your life?

TYLER

What bitch? What are you talking about?

MARIE

I'll try this one last time. The bitch you fucked in our bed last night, just to turn around and try to fuck me, saying you love me. Was it worth it?

TYLER

Baby, I---

BANG!!!

MONTAGE:

Going back to the beginning of the movie, instead of seeing Marie, now we see Tyler.

Tyler wakes Marie up in the same manner as she woke him up.

Instead of Marie cooking, we see Tyler preparing breakfast.

Tyler is having a conversation with Mechanic trying to get him to stop from crying, while they stand in the garage.

Marie is having a deep conversation with the man we saw standing in her line, which leads to them exchanging numbers.

We see Tyler and Mechanic sitting at the kitchen table having a drink.

Tyler is staring in the window looking just as disappointed as Marie, seeing her in bed with the man she exchanged numbers with.

Tyler is aiming the gun on Marie. When she gets ready to speak, he fires a round.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING

Indistinct police sirens are heard.

Tyler is sitting on the bed with the same blanked out expression as Marie.

Looking on the bed behind him, we see Marie's dead body with a gunshot wound to the head.

TYLER (V.O.)

No matter how much you dedicate your love whole-heartily to someone, doing everything under the sun for them, showing them you only want them. If they wanna be with someone else, there's nothing you can do to stop them.

(Sighs)

Are we as people dumb for having the emotion of love, or dumb for falling for people who dish out a heavy load of fake love?

The sound of the door being kicked in is heard, but unlike Marie, Tyler quickly stands up placing the gun to his head, cocking the hammer, turning to face the door.

When the officers come into the room, they quickly take aim at him.

OFFICER

Drop the---

Tyler doesn't give him a chance to finish, pulling the trigger blowing his brains out.

Officer rushes over to check his condition.

CLOSE UP - TYLER FACE

As the blood comes down his face, it would appear he's still confused.

TYLER (V.O.)

The only thing that keeps a woman happy is herself. All you can do is hope she'll remain happy with you because if she cheats...as a man, what

would you do?

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

"The only thing in life that's yours is your life."

~Bernard Mersier~

COME BACK TO:

SPACE

Now the background is various images of romantic and domestic encounters, switching back and forth.

The game is getting intense with more pieces removed from the board on both sides.

EVIL

That emotion "Love" has some deadly outcomes.

GOOD

The outcome is only deadly because you come along installing "negativity" causing the love to perish.

EVIL

How can I ruin a relationship if "Love" outshines darkness?

GOOD

Because people love following others, even if it means ruining what they have.

EVIL

Speaking of people following. That makes me think of the knight. Although this is an important piece like the others. Have you noticed the movement it makes is an "L" for losers?

GOOD

(Laughs)

That's a good one. But what does that have to do with following?

EVIL

Even though the movement is an "L" it can also create a box, which is what

most people are stuck in, following and believing what someone else says and does. It's just like the "King" but we'll get to him later.

GOOD

And this "Box" you speak of. How do you think people get trapped inside it?

EVIL

Because people are comfortable being surrounded by others because they can't stand on their own.

GOOD

I agree to disagree. There's people who stand on their own who don't care about other people's opinions.

EVIL

True. And those are the people who don't like loners for that exact reason. The funny part about those people is they have no idea about the true character of a loner, and why they choose to stand alone.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN:

"Weakness is a predator's favorite dish."

~Bernard Mersier~

SOUL THREE: MISCONCEPTION

INT. THE STAGE - NIGHT

We come in on a stage.

The ANNOUNCER is standing in the middle getting his ear-piece together.

ANNOUNCER

Good evening, and welcome to this epic debate y'all been waiting on between two internet sensations. Both parties claim a full understanding will get accomplished, leaving one to

respectfully admit the other was wrong for what they claimed was right. If y'all are ready, let's see how the outcome will end between men and females. Coming to the stage is Cathy, the leader of the women against raunchy men or W.A.R.M for lack of better words. And her opponent is Deion.

CATHY is in her late-twenties.

She comes on stage from the left.

For those who rate people, she would get ten's all across the board.

As she takes her seat, Cathy and the Announcer become confused because Deion didn't come out.

CATHY

(Deep sigh)

This is exactly what I'm talking about. Ladies, do you see this? A man will always talk big shit, and show up late.

The Announcer turns to look at her.

ANNOUNCER

Deion would like to know if he can smoke on stage?

CATHY

What?

ANNOUNCER

He wants to know if he can smoke when he comes out. He doesn't care if you say yes or no, but he's showing respect.

CATHY

(Sighs)

Whatever gives him courage. He picks tonight to show respect, thinking it'll help cover up the words he boisterously uses on the internet.

ANNOUNCER

With that said, here comes our other

guest, Deion.

Deion is in his late-twenties.

He comes out staggering, holding two fifths of tequila, and one of them is almost empty.

From his appearance, you would think he's a bum off the streets.

He plops down on his seat, taking a deep breath placing the bottles down.

Cathy and the announcer look at him shaking their heads.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...You good, fam?

Deion takes a swig from the bottle, swallows, and then shakes his head.

DEION

Why wouldn't I be okay?

ANNOUNCER

...Not saying you're drunk, but---

CATHY

Don't sugarcoat his ignorance. He knew what this debate was about and he came out here drunk, and didn't groom. Again. Ladies, do you see what I'm talking about? On social media he looks somewhat decent, but look at him in real life. He probably has a basic job, but he's out here demanding all these specific qualifications from women. I'm embarrassed I'm about to debate with this clown.

The Announcer covers his mouth to stop from laughing.

Deion shrugs up his shoulders, and finishes off the rest of the liquor.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Look at him. Speechless.

DEION

I'm not speechless. I just can't disagree with the truth. Yes, I have a

fast food job, and when I post pics on social media it's borrowed clothes, jewelry and money from my friends. Man, I should've taken this seriously. I see this is something you need to prove, and I was just talking shit. I'll finish the debate, but I won't dare accept confrontation on this level again.

He picks up the unopened bottle extending it towards her.

DEION (CONT'D)
Would you like a drink?

CATHY
(Scoffs)
One, I don't drink cheap. Two, if I wanted to drink I would've brought one with me.

Deion opens the bottle, taking a swig.

DEION
Can't say I didn't offer. Um...did the debate already start?

CATHY
This is a waste of my time. Yes, it started once you spoke to me.

ANNOUNCER
As y'all can see, the debate is already lit! Cathy started off with a mean streak, and I don't know about y'all, but I'm waiting for Deion to actually respond.

DEION
Hey, she's on fire. Let her keep going.

The Announcer shrugs up his shoulders.

CATHY
Why do men think if a woman doesn't have a phat ass with her hair and makeup done she's either ugly or stuck up?

DEION

Women think the same thing about men.
If we don't have a certain physique,
dick size and money, we're bums,
right?

CATHY

No. A bum ass nigga is someone without
money, but swear up and down he's
ballin'. Something like yourself.

DEION

I can't argue with that. I am a bum
ass nigga.

CATHY

You should probably take another sip
because I'm far from done with you.
Men like you need to start respecting
women. And after tonight, I'm highly
confident you and others like you
will.

Deion shrugs up his shoulders, taking another sip, nodding
his head in agreement.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Here's another one for you. Why do men
want these specific qualifications
from women, and if we don't meet them
we're nothing more than bitches? But
if we tell y'all what we want in a
man, y'all would be quick to try and
meet the qualifications for a few
days, and then fall off if you don't
get none?

DEION

Considering how you just explained I'm
a bum ass nigga, I don't know if me
saying women expect nothing but the
best from men would count.

CATHY

No. No, it won't count.

DEION

I figured that much. Since I'm a man,
we believe we earned and deserve
whatever we want from a woman.

CATHY

And exactly what makes y'all believe you deserve or even earned the right to exclusive privileges?

DEION

...Because we're men, and without us, where would the world be?

CATHY

(Laughs)

Typical ignorant response from a male. Do you or do you not know women bring life into the world?

DEION

I know this.

CATHY

Then why would you say something so foolish?

DEION

It sounded right in my mind, but I agree. Without a woman there would be no life. Again, you hit another strong point.

CATHY

You can stop telling me what we both already know. Can you answer the other part of the question, please?

DEION

Damn...can you repeat that part? Sorry, this drink is starting to catch up with me.

CATHY

(Sighs)

Just like a man. You can't remember the simple things women love that'll keep them happy, but you'll remember if she said you can get some pussy.

(Scoffs)

I asked why do you men attempt to meet what we want for a couple of days, but if you don't get some pussy within that time, y'all fall off.

DEION

If we're going all-out meeting your

needs making sure you're happy, we feel we deserve some type of reward. Why should we continue proving what you see can get accomplished, and it goes on without a reward?

CATHY

That's your logical answer?

DEION

Yeah.

CATHY

If men swear up and down all they want is a Queen, then keep pushing forward no matter what. Don't run that bullshit, "I'm not built for a woman like her." You knew that from the beginning, so why bother wasting her time?

DEION

...I'm starting to believe there's no hope in me winning this debate.

CATHY

Nah, don't run that excuse. You knew from the beginning you didn't want this debate. But by you being I guess a man, your pride made you come on here just to make a fool of yourself, and the men who follow you.

DEION

Speak that shit.

(Takes a swig)

I think---I think I might need a cigarette. All of this truth mixed with the liquor has got my um--um--um...

(Repeatedly snaps fingers)

What's the word I'm looking for? It starts with---

CATHY

Are you trying to say equilibrium?

DEION

That's the word, I think. That means balance, right?

CATHY

That's something else men like you do. Always trying to use words you can't pronounce or know the meaning.

DEION

I mean...I believe I got the notion right. I just can't...I can't think clearly right now because as I said---

.

CATHY

An alcoholic's excuse. That's the biggest gripe women have against men. Y'all swear you're men, but don't do or hold down the title of what a real man is.

DEION

And what exactly is a real man?

CATHY

Something you or men like you will never know.

ANNOUNCER

Damn!!!

CATHY

(To the announcer)

You don't have to beat on a dead horse by hyping it up.

ANNOUNCER

I feel you, but damn. I think you finished him off with that one.

CATHY

I didn't finish him off, yet. Look at him sitting over there looking dumb, letting his following down.

Deion just looks on, taking a sip from the bottle.

ANNOUNCER

Man, she's killing you out here, fam. They're telling me in my ear-piece, the women are going crazy, and the men think you're soft. Are you gonna bite back or just sit there and drink?

DEION

I'm all bark, no bite. I'm sorry I disappointed my following. I had no idea she would come out this strong. I figured once she saw me in person I would win hands down. But since that's not the case. I have no choice but to agree with what's right.

ANNOUNCER

Fam, I can't see this debate ending without you having some form of comeback. Put the bottle down, and focus. Not siding with her, but goddamn. This can't be the finishing blow.

CATHY

The debate is far from over. He just needs a cigarette to get it together. You know men who drink feel they need a cigarette and a blunt, just like they feel they need a side bitch.

ANNOUNCER

And she's still going hard.

Deion takes a sip, and then laughs.

DEION

I noticed. Well, I don't need the cigarette yet, I'm good. As far as side bitches go. Maybe the side bitch fulfills the happiness the main doesn't.

CATHY

Maybe if he was doing what he was supposed to be doing as a man, he'd get everything his heart and mind desires in one woman at home.

DEION

Do you think so?

CATHY

My man enjoys every ounce of what I give him without a complaint.

Deion laughs, but he quickly stops, catching himself from hurling.

CATHY (CONT'D)

See what happens when you find the wrong shit funny? Just like y'all laugh about the women you sleep with until you find out she's pregnant. When y'all hear the word "Pregnancy" y'all turn into church mice.

Deion starts laughing again.

The Announcer looks at him confused.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Look at you. That's the only thing men are good for. Laughs, excuses, and his imaginary spectacular dick game. Other than that, what are y'all really good for?

Deion's laughter becomes louder, standing up shaking his head.

CATHY (CONT'D)

(Scoffs)

Not only was this a joke, but it truly was a waste of my time. This so-called debate is over. Ladies---

DEION

You're right about this being over.

Cathy looks over at him stunned.

CATHY

What did you say?

DEION

I said, you're right about this being over.

CATHY

That's the smartest thing you said tonight. Not to mention you're finally correct about something. I'm glad you're accepting your defeat like a man.

DEION

I didn't say all that.

CATHY

Then, what are you---?

DEION

Just be quiet. You've been talking all night as if you would truly give a fuck about the answers I gave you. You already had it set in your mind that no matter what I said you would be right. I didn't think this would be completely biased, but I should've known better. And now...now you believe you've just obtained a victory?

(Laughs)

You are a character, I swear.

Cathy applauds him.

CATHY

He finally said something without mispronouncing a word, and actually used them correctly. I am so proud of you. Let me guess. After saying your few little words, you believe you won?

DEION

It's not about winning. There lies your problem.

CATHY

It's not about winning? Then what is it about?

DEION

An understanding.

CATHY

Oh, we're supposed to have an understanding? I understand---.

DEION

You understand you're runnin' your fuckin' mouth. I ain't even mad at you. You gained a following of people just like you who know how to run their mouths before thinking, and that's what's up.

CATHY

Hold on. We're not---.

DEION

You and your legion are biased as fuck, and I don't understand why. Y'all wanna start this so-called superior following because you and your members have no flaws, right? The name of your group is "Warm" demanding respect using a word pertaining to pussy? Does that make any sense coming from women who want respect?

Cathy stares at him in silence.

DEION (CONT'D)

Did the high level of arrogance calm down?

CATHY

I feel the same way I did when I came out. I'm just letting the drunken fool have his moment.

Deion covers his mouth as if he's stunned, while laughing.

CATHY (CONT'D)

This whole debate or whatever you wanna call this was nothing but a joke to you. So, how about you---

DEION

You sit ya ass there and watch this. Wait, excuse me. Can you please sit there and watch what's about to come on the screen, since you don't wanna hear words from a drunk?

CATHY

I'm glad you cleaned that up. Now, what can you possibly show me that has to do with this debate?

DEION

You'll see. Start the video, please.

We see a recorded live video of Deion smiling sitting in his car, well dressed with some nice jewelry on.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

What's up, y'all. I made this video bright and early before my debate tonight. I kept this one to myself

because it holds a deep meaning. Hold on a second.

(Into the phone)

Fam, you ready? If you're ready, text so I'll know.

A ding goes off.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

Aight. As I said, this was pre-recorded for my debate tonight. Since I know I can't bring someone on the show with me, I got him here with me live on the video chat.

Another screen opens and we see a handsome light skin male with blonde tip dyed dreadlocks, and a clean cut goatee.

This is Cathy's boyfriend LANCE.

Cathy becomes outraged, standing up from her seat pointing at the screen.

CATHY

What the fuck are you doing talking to my man?!

Deion places a finger to his lips telling her to hush before picking up the bottle taking a sip.

The Announcer stands just as shocked as Cathy.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

What's going on, homie, you good?

LANCE (ON THE TELEVISION)

You know me, man. Same old shit, doing what I need to continue growth.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

I feel that. You know about my debate with your girl tonight, right?

LANCE (ON THE TELEVISION)

Yeah, I know about that crazy shit. If she would've sat her ass down and listened, she wouldn't be in that position.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

(Laughs)

You tried to stop her, fam?

LANCE (ON THE TELEVISION)

(Laughs)

Man, I know how you get down when you're debating. You've been the same way since elementary, so why would you change?

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

(Laughs)

True. So since she didn't listen, what did you tell her after the fact?

LANCE (ON THE TELEVISION)

Dealing with her, you really can't tell her shit, but you'll find that out tonight. But, uh, yeah. All I said was bring your best A-Game because he ain't nothing to fuck with. He talks shit on social media for his own amusement, but if you were to actually talk with him...that's something completely different.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

I appreciate you for telling her that much. How did she end up being your woman?

LANCE (ON THE TELEVISION)

...Keeping it real with you since we've been homies for all these years, and I don't care that she'll see this tonight. Most would think I'm a simp, and that's cool too. But...I met Cathy after she finished up the last nigga in a gang-bang. I don't know if I was pussy-whipped, or if I saw something in her I shouldn't have been looking for. But...I invested time in her, getting to know her better, and that led to us being a couple.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

WOW! Not even coming at you or your girl, but damn. I guess at the end of the day, you're the one fuckin' her, so that's all that matters. So if she was a runner, why is she talking all this respect women shit, and she

didn't even respect herself?

LANCE (ON THE TELEVISION)
No disrespect taken. The most logical answer I can give you is when I got with her and started showing her different things in life, she took that and I guess for lack of better words woke up. I truly can't say her true motive behind this movement, but I can say after she sees this...

He picks up a clear cup filled with liquor, and takes a sip.

LANCE (ON THE TELEVISION)
I should've told her this to her face, but this seems like something that'll stick in her head quicker. After the show...she might as well be on the hunt for a new man. What I thought was happiness when I found her is no longer in her body. She's more focused on saying men ain't shit, and she got a good one at home. I don't get it.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
Damn, don't drop your woman, fam.

LANCE (ON THE TELEVISION)
She dropped me a long time ago. I don't know or care to know if she was cheating on me. But...when she started her little movement, this house hasn't been a happy home.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
I won't even get in-depth with that topic, but, damn. I'm pretty sure there's a good reason why you feel this way, and I don't know if there will be a discussion when she gets home. But I wish you happiness if that's the move you're about to make.

LANCE (ON THE TELEVISION)
I appreciate you, Bro, and thanks. Have fun with your debate tonight. Bring everything you got so she'll get an understanding.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

You know I will. I'll get back with you.

ANNOUNCER

DAMN!!!! He just responded with---

DEION

No need for all that. The debate is still going on, right?

CATHY

When the fuck did he amazingly grow a pair of balls to say he's leaving me?! This weak ass---

DEION

Ma'am. Ma'am, calm down. There's more to go.

CATHY

And you! You've been cool with my man for all these years, and you're just now saying something?

DEION

Shit, if you think that's bad, you're about to hate this.

We see Deion somewhere else posted in his car.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

What's up again? This is part two before my debate tonight. I know what some of you ladies are thinking right now. He set all this up. He probably paid her man off to say what he said, which is something the typical weak ass nigga would do, and I'm cool with y'all thinking that. So, that's why I made this video.

(Into the phone)

Text and let me know when you're ready.

A ding is heard.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

This video is for the ladies.

Another screen opens and we see Cathy's friend SHAWNA on the screen.

She's a sexy redbone with long Shirley temple curls, and natural beauty.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
Baby girl, what's going on?

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)
Hey, D!!!! Are you ready for the
debate tonight?

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
I hope so.
(Laughs)
You know ya girl better than I do. Do
you think I'm ready?

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)
(Laughs)
I love what she's doing with the
movement, and I appreciate her heart
for doing it. But if you're doing
something like this, make sure you
tell your true story before you get
people to follow you.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
Hold on. How can you give her credit
and dog her out in the same breath?
That's a contradiction, right?

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)
I said I'm proud of the movement she
started, but...

She places her hand over her face, slowly dragging it down,
looking back into the camera disappointed.

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)
If you're comparing what she doesn't
tell the members of her movement, then
yes, my words are contradicting. She's
out here making people believe she has
no flaws knowing damn well she's had,
and still does have some major flaws.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
Oh, shit. Are you about to air her out
or leave it as it is?

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)
D, you know me and how I get down.

I'll send you the greasy texts she was sending other people about me, but swear up and down I'm her girl.

(Laughs)

Hell yeah, I'm airing her out.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

(Laughs)

Damn, look how ya homie getting down on you. Yeah, make sure you send me those texts later. But if you know she's greasy, why do you still hang with her?

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)

I gotcha. I hang out with snakes because you gotta be ready for when it thinks about attacking, that way you can stop that shit before it even makes a move. Since I got them text messages, it appears she's ready to attack, so let me end her ass now.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

Gone head, homie.

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)

Ya know, it's really not even about airing her out. It's about getting her to be true with herself and these women who follow and believe everything she says. Shit, she talks about their asses, too.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

Get the fuck outta here. She's clowning her own fans?

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)

As if she's not in the same boat. All up in her room like "Look at this dumb bitch. Or how stupid can she really be staying with a nigga she know ain't shit?" And I'm sitting there like "You only mad because that married nigga with money didn't leave his wife for you, but you praise your man highly and you out here cheating on him." Break that down for me.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

Goddamn, look at that.

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)
Yeah, look at that. You know how I am,
and I'm not ashamed of what I do. The
catch is I can openly admit it with
pride. But ya girl---ya girl is doing
too much. I can go deeper.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
(Laughs)
I think I'm good. Don't forget to send
those texts. I gotta get home so I can
get ready for tonight.

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)
Not a problem. Is the pool finished so
we can get the cookout going?

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
Two more days, and we can get it
crackin'.

SHAWNA (ON THE TELEVISION)
Aight. I love you, and have fun
tonight.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
Love you, too. Tune in and enjoy.

CATHY
No that bitch didn't! That bitch out
here making up stories for your
useless drunk ass, and for what?! To
get noticed or to get some dick from
you?! You got my man and my girl
turning against me, and they've been
with me since I started this movement!
How much did you pay them? I can't
believe you know the two people I
truly love.

Deion takes a swig, and then laughs.

DEION
What makes you think I paid them off?
What would I gain from that?

CATHY
Help from two fake ass people
assisting a bum ass drunk who went to

these extremes so he can possibly win this debate!

DEION

Are you mad about the truth they spoke, or the fact that you have to own it?

CATHY

I'm not about to own those lies they spoke on my name. What? I'm supposed to sit here and agree with the trash they just said? I don't think so. I'm not thinking about them or you.

DEION

And they're lying just so I can win this little debate? Not because it's true?

CATHY

How about you finish off that bottle like I finished you in this debate. And when I get home, my ex man is getting his---

ANNOUNCER

Sorry to cut you off, but Deion, what kind of pool do you have?

CATHY

Probably some generic ass pool he doesn't know how to put together, and that's why it's taking so long. I'm amazed he knows what a pool or water is. Drunk ass bum.

Deion takes a swig, and almost spits it out from laughing.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Laughs and false assistance is all you brought with you tonight?

(Scoffs)

My real ladies who follow me, y'all---

.

DEION

Wait. Before you wrap all this up, I got one more video for you.

CATHY

Who is it this time? Somebody else
you've been knowing for years that
knows me, and they're about to speak
more lies?

DEION

Just watch.

ANN POV

On the television we see one of the bottles of liquor Deion was drinking from under a faucet in the sink getting filled with water being held by a firm looking brown skin female hand.

Now that the bottle is filled, she turns the water off, and then turns her camera so we can see the elaborate kitchen, and if you look through the glass doors leading outside you can see the pool Deion was talking about almost done with construction.

Moving from the kitchen, she steps into the living room.

She turns to her right and proceeds down a hallway with various different paintings hanging on both sides of the hallway.

She gets to the end of the hall, and gently pushes the partially cracked door open.

Inside the room we see Deion wearing the same pants and shoes he's wearing now.

He's in a trance looking down at the adorable baby girl lying asleep on the bed beside him.

ANN (O.S.) (ON THE TELEVISION)

Baby, I got---

Deion looks up at her smiling, placing a finger to his lips.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

You see I just got her to sleep, and
you wanna come in here all loud.

ANN (O.S.) (ON THE TELEVISION)

(Laughs)

I'm the one that's gonna be up with
her while you're gone, so it doesn't
matter.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

(Laughs)

Keep that in mind when I get home.

ANN (O.S.) (ON THE TELEVISION)

Whatever. Are those the pants and shoes you're wearing?

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

Yup. They go perfectly with my point.

ANN (O.S.) (ON THE TELEVISION)

Well, here goes the other part.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

(Laughs)

Are you gonna bring it to me, or do I have to get up and get it?

ANN (O.S.) (ON THE TELEVISION)

Are you trying to get some tonight, or are you staying up with your daughter?

With the biggest smile, he hops up from the bed rushing over towards her, grabbing her by the waist causing her to laugh.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

Should I bring home the whip cream, ice cream and cherries?

ANN (O.S.) (ON THE TELEVISION)

Boy, cut it out. Tell me why you decided on wearing what you got on?

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)

Since I know how the majority of people think these days, no matter what I say, it'll go right over their heads. They'll be looking at my outfit first so they can have something to talk about and make meme's. But what they don't know is these shoes are worth five grand, and the pants and shirt were three grand a piece. Of course it's not about the price. It's about the whole point I'll prove at the end of this little debate.

ANN (O.S.) (ON THE TELEVISION)

That's what made me fall in-love with you in high school, and why I'm still

in-love with you to this day.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
Why is that?

ANN (O.S.) (ON THE TELEVISION)
You love letting people think they're better than you, but you never think you're better than them after you prove your point. The way you think is so sexy.

She moves in for a kiss, and Deion leans back avoiding the gesture.

ANN (O.S.) (ON THE TELEVISION)
I know you didn't just move away from me.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
I know the only beauty my eyes desire seeing didn't just try to kiss me without showing herself doing it.

As the two laugh, she turns the camera so that her and Deion can be seen.

Ann is a petite woman with a seductive educated look going on because of her wire-framed glasses.

The two embrace with a deep kiss, and then they look into the camera smiling.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
Not only is she my business partner, and the mother of my daughter. She's also...

Ann holds up her left hand showing off her diamond wedding ring.

DEION (ON THE TELEVISION)
The reason why I got my life together the day I met her. And now, she's the woman I'll spend the rest of my life with. Enjoy the show tonight.

The Announcer and Cathy are speechless.

Deion guzzles the rest of the water in the bottle before looking at Cathy smiling.

ANNOUNCER

...You just flipped the whole script with this one. A new light has definitely been shined on you. So...not only are you married, you have a daughter?

DEION

The woman you just saw has been the love of my life since high school, and our daughter is the only child between us. As far as business wise, she owns two beauty salons, and she's working on being a paralegal. Now on my end, I'm part owner of three graphic design companies, along with a degree in linguistics, and I have my own landscaping business.

ANNOUNCER

WOW! All of this was kept under the radar. Why didn't you let all of this be known before accepting the debate?

DEION

What would make this situation different if people knew this about me? But more importantly, why should I disclose my actual life to people who never had a thought about me until now, just because they follow my social media life? But as my wife said, I love letting people think they're better than me.

ANNOUNCER

This is so different right now. So---?

CATHY

Wait a minute. Everything I said you agreed with was all a front? This bummy appearance clearly was a front. And you pretending to be drunk was all for what?

DEION

So you and your warm movement can feel right about every man.

CATHY

That doesn't make sense.

DEION

Of course it does. Just like your ex man as you called him told the truth about how he met you, and why he loves you. Just like your girl was telling the truth about what she said, but I'm not about to show the texts she sent verifying her words. And do you know why?

Cathy sucks her teeth, folding her arms across her chest.

CATHY

...Why?

DEION

Because when you generalize everything as a whole as if there's nothing good you're generalizing everything with, what makes you so different from the things you're judging?

CATHY

All men are the same, so I don't feel I'm wrong for feeling the way I do.

DEION

There lies the misconception. Everybody is quick to follow something or someone, having no idea if the person or what they chose to follow has a solid foundation. This can be said about a lot of things in life, but that's not what this is about. This is about you being hellbent on proving men ain't shit, and you're no better than the men you claim ain't shit.

Deion puts his hand up.

DEION (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for those last words. By me saying that, it makes me no better than you. And before you or anyone else says something, no, I'm no better than anybody. I'm just out here trying to make it like everybody else, and instead of pointless debates.

(Clears throat)

People should be worried about things

that can affect their lives like sex trafficking. Children coming up missing. Racism. Rapists. You know, shit like that. But that's too much like right. The only things people will talk about after this is my clothes, and who they feel won, missing the whole message.

Deion walks over to the Announcer and gives him a play.

DEION (CONT'D)

People can't be fake and real because eventually they'll get exposed. And people can't be real while being fake to fit in lowering their character. But If you focus on yourself, you won't have time to worry about anybody or anything because you'll be focused on your happiness.

Deion picks up the two bottles prepared to walk off stage, and then he pauses, turning back around.

DEION (CONT'D)

I didn't smoke while I was out here because the people told me in the back the announcer hates smoke around him. That's what most would call courtesy. Something you said men don't have. And one more thing...

(Scoffs)

I'm not a celebrity or an internet sensation. I'm the average man who does what he's supposed to do, and doesn't take shit. Those titles and fame is what she seeks. Me...I just want people to gather and grasp a full concept and stop being one-sided.

Deion turns back around, and then makes his way off stage.

The Announcer stands stunned, silent, turning his attention to Cathy.

Cathy sits silent with a look of shame, shaking her head.

She notices the Announcer about to speak, and she holds her hand up.

Sitting there for a few more seconds, she finally stands up,

shaking her head as she makes her way off stage.

The Announcer is still stunned, but he finally turns looking into the camera.

ANNOUNCER

Well, damn. I definitely didn't see the outcome turning out like this. I won't say there was a winner or loser, nor will I say who was right or wrong. I did gain something from both parties that'll have me thinking tonight. Hopefully for those of you who tuned in, you can say the same. Thanks for watching the show. Goodnight.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

"Why follow in the footsteps you can't fill, when you can lead with your own?"

~Bernard Mersier~

COME BACK TO:

SPACE

The background is now showing various healthy friendships, and friendships filled with deceit, switching back and forth.

GOOD

For once, we have something we agree on.

EVIL

We agree on a lot of things. You just choose to disagree because that's your character. Truth be told, we have everything in common.

GOOD

Do we really have everything in common?

EVIL

Yes. For instance, let's look at the word "Friendship."

GOOD

...I'm listening.

EVIL

People believe every person they first encounter is a friend.

GOOD

Not all of the time, but continue.

EVIL

Okay. The company people keep around them are labeled as "Good friends, best friends" etcetera. And why is that?

GOOD

Because they have love and trust for each other.

EVIL

Jesus loved and trusted Judas. And what did Judas do?

Good is silent, stroking its face intrigued.

EVIL (CONT'D)

See what I'm saying? The instincts of the soul are so tricky, you don't know if a person is your friend or not. In life, you get one, maybe two real friends. The rest are people you think are your friends, but they have other agendas in mind. Something like me and you.

GOOD

We are not friends.

EVIL

We are. The difference between me and you is we know how each other is cut, so we don't put trust or love into each other. Unlike these people in the world. They remind me of the bishop. Always moving sideways, until they eventually cross a person out not paying attention.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN:

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

~Bernard Mersier~

SOUL FOUR: EVE'S APPLE

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

People talking can be heard.

THE CONCRETE

The moon is reflecting in the blood spreading across the ground.

BACK TO THE SCENE

We see JERMAINE. A dark skinned man in his early-twenties lying face down in a pool of blood. His .357 magnum lies beside him.

The back of his head is blown out.

JERMAINE (V.O.)

The same pace my blood is spreading across the ground is exactly how I ended up in this situation. Slow and sweet, the wool was pulled over my dumbass eyes.

The sound of an ambulance and police sirens are heard.

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

Let's go back to the beginning.

The blood returns into his head, and the hole closes up as his gun returns into his hand and he stands up.

The bullet that killed him returns to the nine-millimeter it was fired from being held by his childhood friend WILLIS who we see wearing a hoodie and mask placing the gun back under his shirt, making his way back to the burnt orange Cutlass.

A look of hate is on Jermaine's face as the bullets he fired returns in the gun, and he starts moving backwards placing the gun back under his wife beater.

Returning back to the Cutlass, he gets in on the driver's side.

Jermaine turns looking at Willis releasing his arm, turning

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

The smoke from the blunt fills the car as Jermaine's puffs on it.

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

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

Arriving back at Jermaine's house, we see Willis' fully loaded Expedition parked in front, while the Cutlass pulls into the driveway backwards coming to a stop.

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

The lights come on revealing the nicely decorated living room.

On the glass table there's piles of money, drugs, bullets, a bottle of liquor and an ashtray filled with blunt tails.

Jermaine removes the gun from under his shirt, and then takes a seat on the sofa, while Willis sits down on the loveseat.

Willis is a handsome brown skin man that's clean cut in his early-twenties.

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

Jermaine takes the blunt from behind his ear, unrolling it.

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

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

Jermaine goes back to the sofa taking a seat staring at his phone.

Whatever he's looking at has him in a bad mood biting down on his bottom lip.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He pulls his phone out looking at the screen.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

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

The message reads...

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

Jermaine picks up the blunt taking a hard pull.

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

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

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

WILLIS

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Jermaine gathers himself.

JERMAINE

Damn, my fault, man. Come in.

Willis comes into the house, closing the door behind him.

WILLIS

What was that all about?

JERMAINE

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

WILLIS

What happened to Cassandra?

JERMAINE

Just have a seat.

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

Jermaine grabs a "Garcia Vega" and quickly splits it, emptying the tobacco on the table prepping it to be rolled.

WILLIS

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

Jermaine stays focused rolling the blunt.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Nigga if you don't speak---

JERMAINE

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

WILLIS

So why are we still sitting here?

JERMAINE

I'm about to finish rolling, and then

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

WILLIS

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

Jermaine finishes rolling, and then looks over at Willis
before looking down at his gun, and then back at Willis.

JERMAINE

What?

WILLIS

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

JERMAINE

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

WILLIS

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

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

WILLIS (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is---

JERMAINE

Make it good.

WILLIS

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

Jermaine's finger slowly moves back and forth on the trigger.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

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

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

JERMAINE

What makes you think if we ride out

right now we'll find him?

WILLIS

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

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

WILLIS (CONT'D)

I didn't mean any disrespect.

Jermaine places the blunt behind his ear.

JERMAINE

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

WILLIS

I'm ready.

Willis gets up and makes his way out the house.

Jermaine places the blunt behind his ear, grabs his gun, and
places it under his shirt before making his way to the door,
turning the lights out before leaving.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. JERMAINE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two come from the house making their way towards the
Cutlass.

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

Jermaine pulls the blunt from the side of his ear, lighting
it, taking a nice pull before getting in, unlocking Willis'
door so he can get in.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JERMAINE CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

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

Willis takes the blunt and takes a pull, nodding his head appreciatively.

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

WILLIS

Where did this shit jump off at?

JERMAINE

I don't know.

WILLIS

You don't know?

JERMAINE

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

WILLIS

Man, you keep coming at me like I had something to do with the shit? I know you're pissed off right now, but I didn't have shit to do with it. You need to calm down.

Willis passes the blunt.

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

JERMAINE

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

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

As they sit waiting, Willis gets uneasy.

WILLIS

What's the plan?

JERMAINE

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

WILLIS

Where ya mask at?

JERMAINE

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

WILLIS

Man, all these people out here might---

.

JERMAINE

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

JERMAINE POV

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

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

Jermaine opens the car door, and Willis grabs his arm attempting to stop him.

WILLIS

Fam, wait one---.

JERMAINE

You better let me the fuck go!

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

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

By the time Mel actually pays attention, the four shots in his chest makes sure he wakes up from his trance, falling back to the ground.

Jermaine steps over aiming the gun down at Mel.

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

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

He makes his way back to the Cutlass.

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

Willis lies dead, causing us to turn our attention to his shooter.

A tall dark skinned man named STAN. He has a bald head, and he's wearing all-black matching the all-black Benz he gets inside of.

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

INTERCUT WITH

INT. STAN BENZ - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

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

His phone rings.

He picks it up looking at the screen.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

He answers the call, taking a pull from his cigarette.

STAN

Hey, baby.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

Did you take care of 'em?

STAN

We'll never speak on it again.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

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

STAN

Yup. You got everything ready?

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

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

STAN

Why is that?

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

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

STAN

(Laughs)

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

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

I love you.

STAN

Love you, too.

Stan hangs up with a slight smile taking another pull from his cigarette.

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

JERMAINE (V.O.)

And that's how I ended up in this situation. Set up by a motherfucker I grew up with through thick and thin, and a bitch I swore was the love of my life. Both of 'em played me, and she played us both. The dope game is a shady business, but I'll be goddamn if the pretend love of a fake ass nigga and a shady bitch doesn't cut deeper. The downfall of a man will always come when he puts his trust in pussy, money and the nigga he claims is his only friend. If I'm reincarnated...I'll know ahead of time to not trust anybody.

FADE TO BLACK:

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

~Bernard Mersier~

COME BACK TO:

SPACE

Now the background displays women seeking love, and women being promiscuous with random men, switching back and forth.

It's still a close knit game.

GOOD

Another subject I can agree with you on.

EVIL

As you should. I told you we're friends. But you won't let me get that close to you, the same as I won't let you get close to me because we both know if that was allowed, one would no longer exist.

GOOD

I agree with not allowing you in my world. I don't agree with not being able to exist without you. Truthfully, I have no idea why you exist. Things would be so much better without you.

EVIL

Are you talking just to hear yourself talk?

GOOD

No. You just can't handle what I said because of course, you're always negative.

EVIL

Now, this is the most entertaining thing you said. It makes me think of everybody's favorite piece, the "Queen".

GOOD

Why?

EVIL

In reality, she's the most powerful piece on the board, although the "King" should be. But like a woman's involvement in various other things, she's the huntress. Yet she's still viewed as just your basic "Woman." I'm using her as the example because the "King" doesn't care for his "Queen."

GOOD

A "King" values the worth of his "Queen." Where do you come up with this ridiculous logic?

EVIL

He values his "Queen" but sends her out to the wolves to defend him?

(Laughs)

Men only value women until they sleep with them. After he gets deep inside her physically and mentally, the value he had surely decreases. And in some cases, it instantly drops the moment they have sex.

GOOD

All men don't view women the same, and every woman is not easy.

EVIL

This is true to an extent. In the beginning love had substance, so it was easy spotting who was and who wasn't easy. But now it's difficult because people love rough degrading sex and money. Things people have no problems with until it hits home in the worst way.

GOOD

And what does any of that have to do with a "King" valuing his "Queen"?

EVIL

Because the "Queens" only value the "Kings" if he has something to give her. Other than that...she prefers being free, collecting as many men as she

can, but swears up and down she wants love.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN:

"Your reflection doesn't mean that's who you are."

~Bernard Mersier~

SOUL FIVE: THE SAME SIDED COIN

INT. THE BROTHEL - SOPHIA ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting in front of a mirror, applying makeup is SOPHIA.

She's wearing some sexy lingerie that looks scrumptious on her golden brown skin.

Her natural long black hair resting on her shoulders brings out her amazing light brown bedroom eyes.

While applying her makeup you can sense the annoyance, tired of the life she's living.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Can we blame men when our emotions get to runnin' wild? Do we look at ourselves thinking we might be the problem? Of course not. How did those words slide outta my mouth with ease, and I'm a woman? Why do we jump through hoops for a man we believe is the one? Before you get offended, and start thinking "Who does this little young bitch think she is?"

Through the mirror, we can see her client getting up, opening the door, walking out, closing the door behind him.

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

Considering I've been in the business since I was eighteen, and I'm twenty three now, I think I can speak a lot.

She runs a comb through her hair a few times, applies some lip gloss, cracks a smile, and then stands up.

As she moves towards the bed, we see various fetish items

hanging on the wall, and on the bed there's various size dildo's and anal plugs.

But at the moment, we're more focused on her mouth-watering full body as she takes a seat on the bed.

Looking at the nightstand, we see various oils, Ky-Jelly, beads and a stack of money.

She looks at the money and scoffs, focusing her attention back on getting dressed so she can leave.

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

When I first started here I barely made a hundred dollars on a packed night. Well, let me be honest. When I first started I was only giving out hand-jobs and massages. When the other women working told me if I wanted some real money, I'd have to go all the way. Well, you see what I'm making now.

She stands up so she can pull her pants up, and then she reaches down for her shirt placing it on.

After adjusting her clothing, she takes the money from the nightstand, and then makes her way to the door, grabbing her purse, placing the money inside.

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

A lot of ladies can understand my upgrade. The first dude you thought was the one, you started off with simple hugs, kisses and maybe massaging his dick through his jeans. After a few days or maybe even on the first night, you were sucking dick and swallowing just so you can get a few trinkets, thinking you got him hooked. Throwing that out there for the ones that's judging, and my story has just begun.

With a smile, she places her purse on her shoulder, and then leaves out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Sophia stands in the hallway by her door, we can hear various people having sex through the walls, and some people have their doors open.

She takes a deep breath, and then makes her way down the hall towards the staircase heading downstairs.

While moving along looking in the rooms with open doors, we see various people having sex.

Some of the sexual scenes we see might be strange to others, but it doesn't matter because people pay for what they want, and the women aim to please.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Continuing her way downstairs, we see the area by the doorway is filled with men, and various women of all sizes and races dressed provocatively.

Sophia walks up to the Madam standing off to the side, and the two give each other a hug.

Sophia goes in her purse pulling a few bills out, extending them to the Madam, which she takes and folds up, placing them between her breasts.

They give each other another hug, and then Sophia makes her way out the back door of the building.

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

Don't think I forgot about the question I asked. I'm just waiting to leave my place of establishment before I elaborate.

CUT TO:

INT. SOPHIA BATHROOM - NIGHT

With candles lit around the bathtub, and a mini table resting to the side with a bottle of red wine, and a wine glass with no more than a sip left in it, we see Sophia propped up against the tub reading a book.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Is it legit to say "There's no win for a woman these days, or hell, even before a lot of us were born?" No,

it's not safe to say, because of the things men say about us, we do our best to try and prove them right. You don't think so?

She places her book down, and then grabs the glass, swallowing the last bit.

Placing the glass back down, she picks up the book and continues reading.

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

In the words of Mother Teresa "I have found the paradox, that if you love until it hurts, there can be no more hurt, only more love." You can't deny we relate with these words. The ones in denial are like the women who swear up and down they're not hoers just to gain the attention of a man. But for those who agree, please keep that in mind as I carry on with my story. Right now, let's talk about the men for a second.

CUT TO:

INT. SOPHIA BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's lying on the bed with red satin sheets wearing a lace bra, with her lower half covered by a blanket.

A pornographic movie is heard playing in the background that she has her eyes locked on.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

One thing men will never know is if we really had an "Orgasm." They think because we're squirting and creaming everywhere, adding on some extra loud moans we caught our nut. Here's a hidden secret...a woman will display any form of deep affection if you're giving her what she wants. A performance is a small thing for a woman. But my personal favorite...if we're lying there tired, a man will be like "Yeah, I worked that ass-out." I would think after being bent up in so many positions, yeah, ya as should be tired. None of this matters to a man

because he got his nut off. And even with us knowing this, what do we do? We make sure he gets that nut.

(Laughs)

If you're still keeping up with what I've been saying, then you understand. Back on the "Orgasm" tip. I can't tell you how many partners I've had, but...I can tell you I've only had one true "Orgasm" and that came from my first love.

Her eyes are still locked on the screen as she reaches over for a few seconds, and then she brings forth a nice size dildo.

With a comforting look on her face, she slowly slides the dildo down under the blanket.

The way she closes her eyes from the sensation, we can only imagine she knows what she's doing.

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

Ask a woman how many "Real Orgasms" she's had, and I bet you, she'll have to think about it. Not because it was so many, but because she's relapsing on the few she's had. The man I gave my virginity to was the only one who made me cum. No, it wasn't because of his dick size, stroke game or any other irrelevant things most of you are thinking. He gave me a mental orgasm, which increased the desire to sleep with him. After that night, I've never experienced an orgasm like that ever again.

Judging by her expression, she's getting close to her climax.

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

You're probably thinking "Why didn't we stay together if he's the one who gave me the mental and physical orgasm?" After that night he became the typical male, just ramming inside of me. No stroke, affection, mental satisfaction or even lasting long enough so I can somewhat come close to that one magical night.

The moan she releases, along with the way her body is shaking, and how tight she closes her eyes with a tear rolling down, you can tell she's satisfied.

Taking a few minutes to gather her bearings, she brings up the dildo with a smile, licking it before placing it to the side.

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

Pardon my moment you just witnessed. I've been working all day, and this is the first time I actually got a nut. But...yes, men don't know if we came or not. I can't speak for all women, but if I wanna get off, I think about that one night. But what man is worthy of experiencing how good the pussy can truly get? When men say "I eat pussy for my pleasure." Women feel the same way about giving head. We're thinking this is the only way he'll get inside of me because I'm nowhere near wet. And I believe men feel the same way when they're down there slurping away.

INT. THE GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

Sophia is standing at the slurpee machine debating on what flavor she wants.

SOPHIA POV

SEAN comes up to the counter. He's a dark skinned man in his early-thirties.

While he's being rung up, a heavy set, but beautiful woman comes into the gas station.

Apparently she loves what she sees, looking at Sean as if she's ready to take him right there in front of everybody.

She approaches him just as he gets his change, and that's when he turns looking at her stunned.

Sean just shakes his head no.

The woman walks off.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Sophia walks up to pay for her slurpee.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

If this was social media the whole scenario would've played out differently. As easy as she displayed herself, he would've been all up in her inbox doing his best to get on. But in real life, dudes refuse to be seen with any woman that's not up to the world's standards as far as "Beautiful." It's a pure sin if she's a big girl. But...the big girls are the main ones they go after calling them "Thick" and so on.

(Scoffs)

MEN.

Sean is staring at Sophia.

She rolls her eyes, and then proceeds to pay for her slurpee.

SEAN

Can I talk to you real quick?

SOPHIA

If you're about to ask for my number, the answer is no.

After paying for her slurpee, she makes her way towards the door, and Sean quickly gets in front of her, opening the door.

She looks as if she wants to blush, but she keeps it cool walking out, and he's right behind her.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

As she walks to her black Cadillac, Sean is following her every step, fascinated with what he's looking at.

Sophia does a quick head glance, seeing Sean is behind her.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

You're persistent, ain't ya?

SEAN

I can't let a woman as fine as you go by without shooting my shot.

She gets to her driver door and turns around looking at him.

SOPHIA

You're only being persistent because of my looks?

SEAN

Unless you're about to inform me about something deeper, that's all I have to go on.

SOPHIA

The woman in there is beautiful. Why did you turn her down?

SEAN

I won't deny her beauty, but I won't agree on taking something easy. If it's easy, it's not for me.

SOPHIA

And what makes you believe I'm not easy?

SEAN

If you were easy, we wouldn't still be having this conversation.

SOPHIA

Not true. I could be going along with what you're saying just to see if you have a good dick game, or money to take care of me. So, I ask again. How do you know I'm not easy?

SEAN

The only way I'll find out is if you accept my number. If you're not trying to accept my number, I'm sorry for wasting your time.

SOPHIA

...Well played.

SEAN

(313) 555-7845. My name is Sean. Thank you for the compliment, and I hope to hear from you.

She puts the number in her phone, and he turns ready to walk away.

SOPHIA

Wait a minute. You're not about to stand here and watch me call you?

He turns back around looking at her.

SEAN

That's what desperate niggas do. You'll either call me or you won't. Nice talking with you...

SOPHIA

Sophia.

SEAN

Nice talking with you Sophia. And again, I hope I'll hear from you.

He walks off.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Majority of men today ain't worth a fuck, and that goes for "Literally" as well. Either I'm not used to hearing the words he spoke, or I'm just slipping because I'm used to the basic approach from men. I guess there's only way I'll find out.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BROTHEL - SOPHIA ROOM - NIGHT

There's three guys and six women in her room drinking and doing drugs having a good time while half dressed listening to the music playing.

Sophia is standing up against the wall wearing some latex clothing watching them.

One of the men comes over to her offering a drink, and she shakes her head no, continuing watching the others engage with each other.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

I don't drink or do drugs while I'm on the job. Not because I can't. I just feel I don't need something to say in so many words "Block me out from what I'm about to do." I understand we as women feel "If a man can do it, I can

do it." There shouldn't be any
ridicule behind it. Look...the shit
talking is said because we're viewed
as the source of life, and we're
giving away the good soil for what?
Here's what I find funny?

(Laughs)

Some women would view myself and women
like me as whores, but they do the
exact things we do for free, just to
get on social media and have sob
stories. Men have been calling us hoes
from the beginning, but they want a
woman that acts just like us without
the excess baggage. Pretty funny,
wouldn't you think?

The people in the room start getting intimate with each
other.

Sophia shakes her head, taking a deep breath before engaging
with them.

The beginning of a perfectly planned out orgy begins in front
us.

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

Threesomes, orgies or whatever you
call them have been going on since men
and women were placed on this earth.
Not encouraging people to do it, but
if you feel that's the move for you,
why not? Especially if you're getting
good money for it. As far as engaging
with the same sex...it's no different
than being with the opposite sex. The
process is still the same. The only
difference is you're licking and
sucking on the same parts you have or
plastic. And contrary to belief. A lot
of people love this type of shit. If
they don't, it's because they can't
find someone to do this type of shit
with them.

(Laughs)

Married couples or what most would
call "Swingers." This gives them a
different type of rush. Men always try
slipping it in with the woman they
supposedly love. And women do the
same, mixing it up with a man or a

woman. And like I said, same sex isn't respected by most, but if they had the opportunity they'd accept it because it's all about making your mate happy.

(Laughs)

Something else that's funny considering people complain about cheating as if having a threesome isn't cheating. How can you claim a person as your whatever label you place on them, and you're sharing them with someone else?

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

TWO SHOT - SOPHIA AND SEAN

They're sitting by the window having a nice conversation while waiting for their food.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

As you can see, I gave him a try. And so far, I'm digging him as a person. Nothing to the extremes of wanting to jump in the bed with him, but he could possibly work his way up to being the one.

SEAN

So what are you into? Like as far as movies, music, all of that good stuff?

SOPHIA

Movie wise, if it doesn't catch my attention off the back I would hope the story-line is remarkable. I love a good story from beginning to end, but it can't be boring. With music...it has to appease my ears and warm my soul with the beat and words.

SEAN

Hm. That's deep right there.

SOPHIA

(Laughs)

What makes you say that? You didn't expect that type of response?

SEAN

(Laughs)

Well---yeah, let me not lie. Women these days don't get deep with their responses or conversation.

SOPHIA

Hopefully you've just learned all women are not the same, just as all men are not the same.

SEAN

Yes, I did.

SOPHIA

Good. So tell me something about yourself?

SEAN

You probably wouldn't believe it, but I'm an accountant. Truth be told, I'm a loner. I like peace and quiet. Old school music or jazz. From time to time, I like to go down by the water to release whatever I felt was stressing me out. I'm single. Well, that's obvious because we're on this date. I---

SOPHIA

Hold on. Just because we're on this date doesn't mean you're single. You could be married, have a girlfriend, a crazy side chick, who knows.

SEAN

Greedy men who believe they won't get caught do things like that. And didn't we just agree all men and women are not the same?

SOPHIA

Indeed we did. I was just seeing if you would flip the script on me.

As they continue talking, a brown skinned MAN in his mid-thirties walks by, and then he stops doing a double take, coming back to their table.

SEAN

Not happening. So tell me something

about yourself.

SOPHIA
I work in the---

MAN
Excuse me. I'm sorry to intrude on the conversation, sir, but I have to ask her a question. Are you working later on tonight?

Sophia and Sean look up at him confused.

SOPHIA
Excuse me?

MAN
I'm sorry if it's coming off as rude, but I was just wondering because---

SOPHIA
Wondering what? I don't know you, and I know for damn sure you don't know me.

MAN
There's no need to make a scene. I was simply asking you if---

SOPHIA
No, it definitely won't be a scene. Sean, I'm sorry, but I'm leaving. You know my number, so call me if you want to hook up later.

Sophia grabs her purse, stands up, and then shoves through the Man making her way out of the restaurant.

The Man just looks on with a sly smirk, while Sean sits at the table confused.

SEAN
Can I ask you something?

The Man looks at him.

MAN
What would that be?

SEAN
What was all of that about?

MAN

Listen. I don't know what she was feeding you. But...

He goes in his pocket, pulling out his wallet, opening it, taking a card out, which he places on the table.

MAN (CONT'D)

If you wanna know the truth, call that number. And just a heads up...

He leans down into Sean's ear.

MAN (CONT'D)

If you pay her right, she loves getting beat and choked. It turns her on.

The Man stands up, taps Sean on the shoulder, and then walks off.

Sean picks up the card looking at it astonished.

Biting down on his lip with anger, he goes in his pocket, pulls out some money and drops it on the table before leaving the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. SOPHIA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sophia is on the couch reading a book, having a glass of wine.

The irritation of what happened in the restaurant is laced on her face.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

I swear to God, if people would mind their own business instead of trying to put somebody on blast, things might be different. We all know this will never happen because people feel they have to expose somebody for their greater good, without exposing themselves. Married men and women. People who claim their in-love, or in simple relationships, all have the same common interest of attempting to expose somebody without speaking about themselves. If I could---

The sound of the doorbell interrupts her.

Rolling her eyes annoyed, she takes one more sip from her glass before standing up walking to the door.

She takes a deep breath as she opens the door and at first she has the biggest smile, until she gets punched dead square in the mouth.

BLACK SCREEN:

SOPHIA (O.S.)

Most women in the business are concerned about the end game. When they retire, will they have enough money to sit back and live a good life? They start thinking about children and marriage, hoping a man will accept their past. Those things don't even cross my mind. What does cross my mind, which should be on every woman's mind in this business.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sophia is sleeping with her head bandaged, two swollen black eyes, a busted mouth, and tubes inside her mouth.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

This is what scares me, and it finally happened. Yeah, the bruises can heal, or I can spend some money on surgery to gain my sexy back. But at the moment I'm more focused on the fact of if I'll wake up. Ending up in a coma was the last thing on my mind. All I have is my thoughts replaying everything I've done, and now that I'm reflecting on my thoughts...I'm slowly seeing the life I was living wasn't as glorious as I thought. But...

(Deep sigh)

That's not me on this bed. In fact, this is my twin sister Cassie. They say what you do in the streets can touch home, and I'll be goddamn if it didn't reach me, but not at my home.

Sophia comes into frame with sorrow in each step she takes, stopping beside her sister's bed.

Gently placing a hand on her head, she leans down giving her a kiss.

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

My sister caught the wrath of my lifestyle, and she's nowhere near like me. She had plans on saving herself to start a family with the man she felt was right. She's educated, hard working and stood her ground. Now...now she's in a position where I can have the plug pulled to end her suffering, or I can let the suffering continue in hopes that she'll wake up.

(Sniffles, sobs)

Presentations and attitudes are identical twins in women of every race. Yes, there are women who don't behave the way women like me behave, only craving the next big dollar amount, using our bodies without a care. For the women that's not like us, it's sad if some of you suffer behind our actions. But that's because there's more of us than you, so men will always think all women are the same.

Doctors come into the room looking over Cassie.

Sophia remains in the room with tears in her eyes.

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

...We can't get mad at men when our emotions run wild. We should look at ourselves for subjecting our bodies and emotions to a man for the wrong reasons, and maybe things could start to change. But we all know that won't happen because we have an obsession for money, and we always gotta feel like we're better than the next woman, despite the fact we're all riding in the same boat. Some of us might be at the helm for various reasons, but we're all viewed the same, and we accept it for what we want and a status.

One of the doctors walks over to her saying a few words, and she lowers her head sobbing, shaking her head yes.

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

Living life with money means nothing if it costs losing someone you love. Having sex for money giving away pussy you claim as good is a contradiction. If it was, one maybe two males would know. Life presents easy ways out you think are right, but everything that's easy comes with harder consequences you would've never imagined. But...this is the life of women like me representing the same sided coin. We keep doing what we do until the pressure busts the pipes, and we have to deal with life flooding us with a reality we knew was there, but tried so hard to ignore.

One of the other doctors goes over to Cassie's life support machine.

BLACK SCREEN:

We hear the machine go flatline.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

What you do can affect the people you love without them even knowing.

"Why join a group of identical people knowing you can stick out on your own?"

~Bernard Mersier~

COME BACK TO:

SPACE

The background is showing Kings enjoying the fruits of life, mixed with engaging in war on battlefields.

It's getting close to the end of the game.

EVIL

We're down to the main attraction of the board. The one piece everybody must protect, but what can he do when he's by himself?

GOOD

Continue to defend himself, and his

territory.

EVIL

(Laughs)

By moving one space at a time, and can easily be taken at any moment? Where do you get your logic?

GOOD

Where do you get yours? Patience is the true road of virtue to gain what you want. You don't have to always move at a fast pace to get what you need done.

EVIL

Nice reply. Sadly, that's not true in this case. Did you know that "Kings" have no idea why they're "Kings?" They just accept the title and continue putting up an image of why people believe he should be the "King."

GOOD

What makes you believe he doesn't know why he's the "King?"

EVIL

Considering you and I know since we've been around, there's truly only one "King" unless what we know isn't true.

GOOD

Right.

EVIL

This is where the so-called "King" has no idea why he's the "King." And in some cases, he doesn't even want the title, but life makes him feel like he has no choice.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN:

"Are you acting on your own instincts, or the words and influences of others?"

~Bernard Mersier~

SOUL SIX: PREMONITION OF LIFE

INT. THE CHURCH - NIGHT

Sitting on a pew in the empty church is CORTEZ, mid-twenties.

Somber is perspiring from his brown face as he wipes it down, sighing deep, looking down at the bible resting on his lap.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Do you wanna know what's funny about life? Once you begin learning...that's the exact moment you begin planning your life. Now, here's the kicker. You can plan everyday all day, but life will throw you all types of temptations to deter you.

Closing his eyes, he leans his head back in deep thought.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNG CORTEZ BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

On the bed propped up against the headboard with pillows behind his head is eight-year-old Young Cortez reading a book.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

You can be focused solely on broadening your knowledge, determined on being somebody important in life. And what does life do?

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ FATHER LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

On the table there's all kinds of expensive jewelry, piles of money, a blue bandanna and two glock 40's with a ton of clips.

Young Cortez comes into the room ready to pick up one of the guns, and the front door comes open and in walks his father.

The first thought you would get from his attire, tattoos, the physique shown through his fitted beater, and what's on the table, you would say he's a heartless gangster.

Young Cortez looks at his father afraid, but his father gives him the nod of approval to pick the gun up.

With a smile, Young Cortez picks up the gun, and aims it at the wall.

His father looks on with a smile.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Life says "Come have a look at the street life." It catches the eyes of most because of the glorious things that come with it, making you believe this is the route you should take.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Students are doing projects at their desks, while the teacher looks on.

Young Cortez has his attention on a pretty little light skin girl sitting a few rows away from him.

He looks down at his desk with confidence, folding a piece of paper before tapping the student next to him in the other row, extending the paper.

The student takes the paper, and then the note gets passed along until it reaches the girl he was staring at.

When she receives it, he quickly lowers his head so she doesn't notice him.

Still with his head down, the student next to him slides the note back on his desk.

He opens it, and apparently he's in-love with what he sees, looking over at the girl, and she's looking at him with the same love in her eyes.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Crushes can turn into marriage when you lay your eyes on the one, and you know they feel the same way about you. When you reach this conclusion, you'll do your best to make sure you'll never lose them.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

Young Cortez is surrounded by the other girls in his classroom.

We turn our attention to the benches where we see the girl he gave the note sitting alone crying.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

But when life shows you the various varieties it has to offer, all of them with different perks...the one you swore was the one becomes nothing more than a memory, if that. Once again, life dismantled your plan, replacing it with what it feels is best for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

We come in on a fight ready to start, but Young Cortez quickly jumps between the two boys defusing the situation.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

You can decide on being non-violent, wanting everyone to get along without the use of guns or fighting, helping them find a peaceful resolution.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

Young Cortez is balled up in pain on the ground getting stomped by a gang of boys.

After a few more seconds they stop, and then they all walk away laughing.

Young Cortez stands up bruised and bloody, staring at the kids with hate in his eyes.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Here comes life putting hands on you in the worst way possible. This makes you become something you didn't have plans on becoming, and in some cases, it can make you racists, suicidal or forever filled with hate.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ FATHER BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Pre-teen Cortez is on the bench cranking out.

He sits up with sweat pouring down his toned body reaching on the side for his water bottle.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Drugs and alcohol is the furthest thing from your mind, craving a healthy body and physique for your own reasons. Or it could be for sports, or to attract women. No matter the reason why, that's the choice you decided you'll stick with.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORTEZ FATHER BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

A barbecue is going on.

We move to the table where Cortez father slaps down his last card winning a game of spades.

Standing up from the table, he makes his way towards the grill, and that's when Pre-teen Cortez comes up to him.

They have a few words, and his father points towards his seat.

Pre-teen Cortez takes his father's seat looking around at the other adults laughing, talking and drinking, and then he turns his attention to his father's cup.

Pondering for a few seconds, he decides on picking it up to have a sip, and that's when his father comes beside him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

Pre-teen Cortez looks up at his father, he's nervous about what could happen.

His father is looking down at him smiling, giving him the nod of approval with a cigarette hanging from his mouth.

Pre-teen Cortez smiles, and then takes a sip from the cup.

When he swallows the liquor, he turns to the side ready to hurl.

As he wipes his mouth, his father presents him with the lit

cigarette.

Pre-teen Cortez takes the cigarette, and then looks up at his father.

His father gives him the okay to take a pull.

Pre-teen Cortez takes a pull, and he turns his head to the side hurling.

His father and the others at the table look on laughing.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

There's nothing wrong with experimenting, trying something you see everybody doing. That's the line "Life" runs in your ear without telling you the consequences. So in this situation, who do you blame when you have a mind to think on your own?

CUT TO:

INT. THE SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Teenage Cortez is standing by the lockers with a bunch of his friends.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Friends hold a special place in your heart if they show the same amount of loyalty you show them.

Teenage Cortez girlfriend comes up to him.

He gives her a kiss, wrapping his arm around her waist.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Teenage Cortez is coming out of the building with some of his friends.

They're laughing and talking, until one of them taps Teenage Cortez, pointing down towards the street.

TEENAGE CORTEZ POV

His girlfriend is talking with one of his friends, getting a

little bit too friendly with each other.

It appears as if they're exchanging numbers.

When they finish, she goes her separate way, while the friend looks back seeing Teenage Cortez.

The way he's motioning at his phone, and then towards Teenage Cortez girlfriend walking away, it seems like he's trying to signal that she's no good.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Looking at Teenage Cortez, he doesn't seem bothered.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

This is where life opens your eyes for the good or bad, but you begin realizing those people you call "Friends" are the luggage holding you down, or they're actually trying to help you weed out the fake ones. This part of life can only be understood depending on how you've been living. But they always say "In life you get one, maybe two real friends."

CUT TO:

INT. TEENAGE CORTEZ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Teenage Cortez comes into the room looking exhausted from a hard day's work, taking a seat at his computer desk.

Taking a deep breath, he sighs in relief because he's no longer on the clock.

He goes in his pocket, and pulls out his wallet, opening it, taking the money out.

As he counts the money out, a smile is on his face, placing some of it to the side, and then he places the rest back in his wallet.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Money was something you learned to appreciate because that's one of the key things you need in life for survival. But you don't mind sharing since you know somehow you'll make it back, and helping others in need was

something that lingered in your heart.

He reaches for a jar on his desk already filled with money.

He opens the jar, and then places the money he placed to the side inside.

CLOSE UP - THE JAR

The label on the jar reads for the homeless.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

Teenage Cortez comes out of the gas station drinking a slurpee with a look of arrogance on his face.

A homeless man comes up to him, and before the man can get a chance to speak, he splashes the slurpee in his face.

As the homeless man stands embarrassed, the people who witnessed it laughs, pointing over at Teenage Cortez giving him an encouraging round of applause.

Teenage Cortez looks on with a smile as he makes his way to his car.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

At this moment "Life" comes around massaging the thought of money should be the only thing you care about so you can be in a position of power. The massage feels so good, you believe what life is telling you. Now, whoever doesn't have the amount of money you have, they're beneath you. But in the same breath, you want everyone to respect and love you. There's some who do, but they're just as cruel as you, so that really doesn't count as you sit on top of the mountain alone.

CUT TO:

INT. THE AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

Teenage Cortez is standing at the podium wearing his cap and gown.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Something in your heart could possibly be telling you to be a hero, speaking for the little man making sure they get treated like everyone else. It's a brave step, but you don't care, accepting all of the backlash as long as people get a fair share.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STUDIO - NIGHT

Teenage Cortez is in the booth placing his headphones on, moving around hyping himself up.

He picks up his Styrofoam cup, takes a nice sip, and then places it back down.

Within seconds, he begins rapping, using all types of hand gestures displaying what he's rapping about.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Look how your good friend "Life" introduces you to "Contradiction" and my, oh my. Now you're trying to have the best of both worlds, playing both sides of the field thinking there will be no consequences. But you don't have a side. And therein lies the problem you may or may not find funny. But...what does it matter as long as nobody addresses you?

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALTAR - NIGHT

Cortez is standing at the altar with his wife.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

They say everybody wants to settle down, start a family and feel loved by that special one. You can have these same intentions, adding another positive notch on your resume.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORTEZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Cortez is standing on the porch of his house.

Standing in front of him is a mob of angry women, including the one he married.

Some of them have children resting on their hips, and the others are just furious, getting held back by the ones who don't have children with them.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Here's where the infamous friend
"Life" begs to differ. Look at you out
here with multiple children, by
multiple women, having no true bond
with the mother or child. But, hey,
life said this was the right move.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cortez and his wife are sitting on the sofa enjoying life, looking at their children enjoying what's on the television.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

This is the point in life you strived
so hard to reach. A strong family. A
good job you can retire from with
enough money so you and your family
can live a good life. All you wanna do
now is relax, watch your children grow
and reflect on the good life you
lived.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The wife and children are sitting in the living room mourning, looking at pictures of them and Cortez in a scrapbook.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Then again..."Life" comes back around
reminding you even though you changed
for the greater good, you still have
to pay for the things you've done
before the change. On that note, this
is something only you and "Life" will
know the outcome.

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE CHURCH - NIGHT

Cortez lifts his head, and we can see the exhaustion written on his face.

Standing up on his feet, he stretches, taking a deep breath.

Clinching his bible tightly, he moves from the pew, and then makes his way to the front of the church.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

The path you decide to take should be what defines you as a person. Of course, you have people living through other people's lives, and I guess if you don't know who you are that's cool. It's not a route I would recommend, but who am I to tell somebody how to live their life?

He gets to the front of the church, and he pauses looking up at the cross.

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

Remember how I told you in the beginning that life is funny? Well, here's the kicker. Nobody knows when they'll die, and yes, some of us involve ourselves in things that will speed up the process, and some of us die from natural causes. Here's the kicker.

He looks down at himself in the casket.

He reaches down, touching his face, and then...

BLACK SCREEN:

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

I'm not one to speak on anybody's religion because you believe what you believe. Me...I believe as you live and breathe you're already in hell. I mean, everything they say about hell in the bible is what you see and live through everyday. And heaven...heaven is rewarded and the moment you die...everything else after death is unknown, which is another kicker. But, how about this?

INT. CORTEZ FATHER LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Cortez mother and his father are sitting on the sofa drinking and having a conversation.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

What if the life you were living was just a glimpse showing you how things could go, and when you died for that moment of rest...when you reopened your eyes, this is when your life actually begins? Would you play out what you saw, or would you change things? There's only one thing that needs to be answered.

While the two continue drinking and laughing, Young Cortez comes into the room.

He walks up to the sofa and stops.

YOUNG CORTEZ

Mom. Dad.

The two stop talking, giving him their attention.

CLOSE UP - YOUNG CORTEZ FACE

He's staring at them with a stone cold face.

YOUNG CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Why are we alive?

CORTEZ (V.O.)

That's the only thing we need to know.

BLACK SCREEN:

"Knowledge means nothing if you don't properly use it."

~Bernard Mersier~

COME BACK TO:

SPACE

The background is now focused on Earth as we see souls leaving and entering the world.

Only the Kings, pawns and knights are on the board.

EVIL

And when it's all said and done, and the "Kings" only have a few men remaining, what do they do? Stare at each other from afar because they're scared to get face to face. And do you know why?

GOOD

Because with everybody out of the way, the realization sets in that neither "King" should be fighting the other.

EVIL

A constant war that happens everyday with a different "King" having no real reason behind the carnage they're about to start, leaving millions to die, but won't dare die for them.

GOOD

And if that doesn't work, the only other option left is...

They both knock their kings over.

EVIL

To lay down and die, allowing new "Kings" and pieces to rule hoping for a different outcome, already knowing it'll be the same.

GOOD

Unfortunately, you can't argue with the truth.

EVIL

Using people who believe in you, and doing whatever you want because they allow it is a beautiful convenience people love abusing because it's fun...until the same fun they inflicted on others comes back to them. That's when it's cruel, but it wasn't cruel while they were doing it.

The two stand up from the board, and it disappears as they stare at the earth.

GOOD

Referring back to what you said

earlier. What do you think life would be like without you in it?

EVIL

...Things would probably be like they were before the first murder, and various other acts of dectet. Or maybe it would be like it was before things in time were recorded. But if that's not a good enough answer, just know I'm required in this world.

GOOD

Why?

EVIL

Because without me, everyone would behave the same. But more importantly...how would you be able to tell the difference between an honest person and a snake? All things don't remain the same forever as far as people acting like other people.

GOOD

Snakes blend in with the innocent perfectly fine.

EVIL

That's why it's your job to keep the grass cut so they can see them. But since they have free-will. They enjoy allowing me to coil around their soul, seeking your help after my bite, which by that time it's too late.

GOOD

Free-will is a major part in this game we continuously play.

EVIL

Of course it is my friend.

GOOD

I told you, we're not friends. But...we do go hand and hand.

EVIL

I'll accept that much. Are you ready to collect some more pieces?

GOOD

It's not like we have a choice.

EVIL

Right. Well, enough talk. Let's go do what we do best, and see if we can reach a different outcome when we play.

They turn into balls of energy, one fire and the other is a bright glowing aura which makes their way into the earth.

As we continue seeing the souls leaving and entering the world, now we see explosions going off on various spots of the earth as it slowly fades to black.

"Everything taught isn't always correct."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS