

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

SHORTCOMINGS OF MANKIND

WRITTEN BY

SIR. MACBETH MALEKUTU

Sir.Macbeth Malekutu (c) 2019

**Draft
information**

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1.SHORTCOMINGS OF MANKIND BY SIR. MACBETH MALKEUTU

What will it profit a man if he gains the whole world, yet forfeits his soul? Or what can a man give in exchange for his soul?

-Matthew 16:26

FADE IN

INT. STAGE- NIGHT.

WE SEE A BLACK STAGE WITHOUT THE LIGHT. BUT THERE IS SOME ASSURANCE OF RUBBERNECKS IN THE MIST OF DARKNESS.

Intense music playing in the background. We don't see anyone. We only hear A voice.

OLD MAN(V.O)

"My Heavenly Father, Whose voice I hear in the winds, And whose breath gives life to all the world,Hear me!

(Pause.)

I am small and weak, I need your Strength and wisdom. Let Me Walk in Beauty, and make my eyes Ever behold the red and purple sunset.

(Pause.)

Make My Hands Respect the things you have Made and my ears sharp to hear your voice. Make Me Wise so that I may understand the Things you have taught my people.

(Pause.)

Let Me Learn the lessons you have hidden In every leaf and rock.

(Pause.)

I Seek Strength, not to be greater than my Brother, but to fight my greatest Enemy:myself.

(Pause.)

Make Me Always Ready to come to you with Clean hands and straight eyes. So When Life Fades, as the fading sunset, My spirit may come to you,Without shame."

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3.SHORTCOMINGS OF MANKIND BY SIR. MACBETH MALKEUTU

CLOSE ON: to a saying which is classical :I disdain to die
skintness, I am dying for freedom.

We only hear the voice over in the mist of darkness but we
see a small light brightening slowly, giving us the stand of
a black mic and a black and white chair.

Old man input narrate with a drift and accent of Morgan
Freeman.

OLD MAN VOICE(V.O)

Every time I am trying to walk,
I fall next to a grave.

It's seems and sound like a call far,
above; voices far above.

I only hear dirges,
since i lost my old brother and
younger sister.

I dream tiny coffins written my name,
Tiny coffin moving between corridors,

I hear people reading epitaphs,
And i see my mourners.

I see pall bearers! I hear dirges!
It's time to repose.

I am shrouded,
I am covered with winding sheet.

I see wreath upon my pall,
Lend me a tear before my wake.

Pause.

SILENCE.

Dramatic music.

INT. CHURCH- DAY.

HOUSE OF THE LORD FULL OF PEOPLE, the front seat is blocked and packed by sexy good looking women. Who esteem powerful Dominie. They are wearing super high heels. They have amazing hairstyle. They keep on pulling their hairs.

CUT TO:

It seems like the Chaplain like what is in the firing line-slinky and x-rated jam but tricky to see. He takes a snapshot with his eyes. He sees interesting overwhelming short skirt with curves.

CUT TO:

We see one lady walking in:who is a good looking for her rest of her life. She seems like she might get aged. But it seems likes she dropping some signals to the Sky-pilot. The Sky-pilot is drawn attention to her. She is wore a red suite matched with black high heels. Lip color is out of this world. She looks like the Pastor's lunch after church. She is too earnest with black shade glasses.

CUT TO:

INT. PLOT STUDY ROOM- NIGHT.

The room is full of bloke and we see one bod who seems to breathe instructions for everyone but he is dummy-run, not matured to do what is trying to do. His mug face is full of fear and confusion. We see a dog bodes the whole floor. And the Bod is rolling some bog roll.

We see the bollocks and the whole situation is a bum-suckers. It seems like not everyone knows. The situation looks like a barbecue stopper. We see a group of medicos who looks like experimenter of ages. We see books about mongrel and human nature. A woman is tied up with chains and she is bend down in doggy style.

Someone might think she is a gigolo lady but she not an easy charver and you might not sleep with her if she wasn't chained. She bend so hard we can see blessed dedicated raw leaves. The dog looks impatient to climb on her and start mating. The erection is strong and finale. The lady look so unconscious and she can't even open her eyes. The two gentlemen are pushing the dog behind her. They didn't place a french letter on a male dog.

DOCTOR 1

Bulldoze it through. Impel it through. Is the dog phallus in?

DOCTOR 2

Yes, intromittent organ is logged.

The woman is cheesed off and she can't scream without moving her legs. The canine is going slow and freezes. All the doctors or some cheap whip pretending to be knowledgeable about science are going outside.

The door opens and closes.

The door locks.

Slow sad dramatic music playing in the background.

EXT. STREET- AFTERNOON.

Close on:to a dirty street and contaminated water is running with decomposed plastics. We see destitute and homeless man on the street, smoking cheap cigarette. Slept with boxes and black dustbin plastic.

CUT TO:

He wore two trousers and two jackets. His socks and sneakers are not the same. He wore a blue hat. His bear are big and dirty. Rats are running around next to him.

CUT TO:

You might reckon that he is fishing for a cheap pussy but he is broke as fuck. Oh! FUCK SHIT! the left hand is going through the trouser as if the man is looking for a buried missile. He trying to blowjob but the whole thing is too big-like a donkey thing, kind of a horse pipe.

CUT TO:

The escorts are cheap, dirty and unhelpful, unhealthy and sick pass by within himself he thinks he might take a ride.

We see a broke bitch, cunt, low style and poor escort.

Dressed dirty clothes and unfit to work. She is smoking stupid dope and her hair is nothing but a stinking forest with decompressed carcass in it. Someone should call God because his children are dying.

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6.SHORTCOMINGS OF MANKIND BY SIR. MACBETH MALKEUTU

STREET MAN

(Condescending.)

If God was a woman, man could have done a better job in prostitution business. God is a man and woman feel overpowered. They go the cheap way to survive.

Beat.

Silence.

Intense music.

He is feeling ashamed and honest about his life. He is shouting to those poor girls passing by.

STREET MAN

(Disrespectful and rude voice.)

Hey, everyone! I am selling my dick for 50\$. I am selling my dick for 50\$. Anyone! Everyone! Or you want a cheap pussy?

Someone might ask where does he get such confidence. Someone might say fuck him. But he is getting frustrated and angry. He is a bit uppish, pride makes him to let the cats out of the bag.

He stand up and scream!

Rats are falling off and plastics are flying away.

STREET MAN (cont'd)

Hey. I said I am selling my fucking dick. Hey, The fuck kippers, who pussy around. I used to be the most richest person around the country. I made this city and the city is throwing shit at me.

Intense disturbing music playing in the background.

STREET MAN

I AM THE CITY!!! I AM THE FUCKING CITY! You all are rednecks and thugs because I used to burn the midnight oil. Backroom boys! Hard at work, not at the limelight like bitches. Current modern time, 21 first century is a fuck up thing. I mean back in the days.

(MORE)

STREET MAN (cont'd)

Oh Baby! Back in the days! When I used to fuck your mom and your dad fuck my mom! Making money like nobody's business. Cashing out dollars every morning. Eating English breakfast.

(SCREAMING))

I AM THE CITY. I USED TO BE THE COUNTRY BOY. I don't want to talk about music. I used to play a track in the morning after I tab that shit. You know the red,old and wet pussy? Oh man! I miss such shit! Ass for days!Oh shit! I used to be God.

Silence sad music playing in the background.

STREET MAN (cont'd)

But I am down the road and no one is managing cock a snook at me. I deserve a shout out! Someone high five me! You see, fuck you pig. You are clean because of me. People thinks I am a load of codswallop, yeah straight up talk. I can say that again.

Walking around with cocksure and bold pride.

STREET MAN (cont'd)

Notwithstanding such I will never show crocodile tears. I will never be a pussy and cut grass. I am trying to acknowledge the corn but I will never absquatulate.

Beat.

Silence.

Intense-less sad music.

Dog barking in distance.

Silence.

We hear chatter conversations.

Birds chipping in distance.

Close on, to other old homeless females (40's) making fire. They seated together as if they are lesbians but yes they are lesbians. Someone might think they are couples. They wore old clothes without shoes.

The street man is looking at them with gregarious eyes.

STREET MAN (cont'd)

Sometimes life is a cry wolf so that you can cut and run. But don't cut no ice to it.

Someone with full of regrets and asking himself some question. He wakes up and look at the sun set. His hands are dirty with long nails. He hasn't taken a bath in years. His one eye is blind. He has putted two belt around the waits.

STREET MAN (cont'd)

I lost my divorce case in 2001. The judge was a black man. Eggplants! He was so rude and he didn't recognize his reflection. His decision was encourage by the fact that of race. When a black person is in charge there is no order. He didn't like me because I was making money. I was uneducated but I made millions than him. I am smart than certain punks with degrees.

Intense music playing in the background.

STREET MAN (cont'd)

It was conspicuous enough that I was going to blow off his skull. After the court. I burned his ass. Two bullet! Two Bullet! I have no mercy if you cross wrong borders and trying to open doors you can't close; you are death as a dodo.

Out of his pockets,he take out two rand and five cents. He look at it with shame and disappointment. He is at his mid 50's and he looks like a father to someone. His lips are so dry and old and his bears are running within his noise and lips. Someone might say he is a fucker,who fucked up everything he has. Never seen someone fuck luck(closing the channel of opportunities) like him.

STREET MAN

Life is tiny coffin between corridors.

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9.SHORTCOMINGS OF MANKIND BY SIR. MACBETH MALKEUTU

CUT TO:

After a moment we only see big-budget heels and stylish toes and nails painted with red ink. We see extraordinary beautiful modeling legs stepping in front of the old man.

CUT TO:

The eyes of the old man go big and his nose go wide as if hears and see something he used to see back in the days.

CUT TO:

Close on, to a lady we can't see her face but only her legs. She put down the cup of coffee and takeaway near the old man.

HE RUSH TO EAT.

THE LADY STOP HIM WITH THE HEEL.

LADY

Basic rules. Wash your hands.

The old man take out the bottle of water. Pour left hand and pour his right hand.

He rush to eat again.

THE LADY STOPS HIM AGAIN WITH A HEEL.

She hand him a bottle of clean water.

He open the bottle of water and wash his hands.

They both chuckles.

HE EAT FAST AND TALK WHILE CHEWING.

OLD MAN

I miss your legs and that perfume.

(Pause.)

Remarkable! Impressive! A woman is a man's greatest blessing.

Silence.

We still see the legs of the lady. We don't know who is she.

LADY

We all have a skeleton in the cupboard but sometimes time beat us and we let a cat out of the bag before the right time.

(MORE)

LADY (cont'd)

Law of diminishing utilities and your conventional necessities drove you to the wall.

The very same beautiful leg get back into a car.

Pause.

STREET MAN

How's that money going? You need to strike when the coast is clear, far away from any coast.

LADY

None of your business. I will strike when the time is right. I have situation at hand which requires my precious attention. I will pick you up when I need to pick you up.

STREET MAN

Oh REALLY! DON'T YOU GET LAID? There you are; the dog in the manger! You know life is like one night stand and one night stand brings the best rare opportunity.

(Pause.)

Tear down the curtains and get the shit. Don't be a doldrums and down in the dumps. Key up Bitch!..because I can't swing a cat here anymore.

(Pause.)

I need expensive pussy at the hotel with a Tom Ford smell. Some nice clean feet to eat some strawberry on. Some big breast! bigger than my mouth and I can take off that bikini with teeth. Jesus! Life is too short without human nature! I feel like touching heaven.

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11.SHORTCOMINGS OF MANKIND BY SIR. MACBETH MALKEUTU

INT. MALL - NOON.

We don't see his face. We only hear music and see his hands and his feet and legs.

SFX: We hear Hip hop soundtrack playing in the background.

SUPER: Love Shop. 15:30am. Valentines Day. We see a hands of a queer looking man buying red roses. He is holding a lot of things and stop for a moment to look around and laugh.

He look at the things he is holding and look at the rose he want to buy and his facial expression says "what a bargain! What a fuck!"

MAN VOICE(O.S.)

There is no room to swing a cat.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT.

We see a far beautiful house outside zooming close until the light of a kitchen bright through the window. The full view of the house is brightened by the full moon. Voice from the house or the night in distance chat. We hear a men's voice;shouting and being pejorative and a women's soft voice;screaming and crying.

MAN VOICE(O.S.)

(Harsh voice.)

You pathetic whore! Cunt worthless bitch! You bloody tramp! You drag everyone down. You make people to fail. You bring bad luck to everyone,why don't you be a good woman? Bible said "if a man find a women,find a good thing," But you are the worse thing i ever meet in my life. I am trying to help you.

WOMAN VOICE(O.S.)

(Screaming.)

You are so mean and weak! You are so pejorative and sucks! Every man is a impolite solid waste! You are cowpat! Dog dirt! Crap!

MAN VOICE(O.S.)

You can name me dirt but i tried to help you. i have been running in and out for you. If it's not therapy, it's hospital. If it's prison,it's clubs.

(MORE)

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12.SHORTCOMINGS OF MANKIND BY SIR. MACBETH MALKEUTU

MAN VOICE(O.S.) (cont'd)

If it's not club, it's whoring. If
it's not whoring, it's drugs. I am
tired of your childhood conditions
with it's impulse perpetuation.

(Pause.)

You are your family's history. You
are your childhood experience. You
are the crap you experienced!

CUT TO:

We see a door open.

And a men is dragging a women out of the house. The woman is
naked.

CUT TO:

She goes back to door and break it down.

CUT TO:

We still see the full view of the house brightened by the
full moon.

SUPER: Flushing in the bathroom.

WOMAN VOICE(O.S.)

How about you flush yourself and go
meet your crazy punk bitch ass mom in
heaven,son of a bitch!

WE HEAR BANG! BANG! BANG!

SFX: Hip Hop soundtrack playing in the background.

Someone comes out but we only see beautiful red panted toes
of a women and skinny jeans with blood stains at the door.
Someone might think its a woman who was speaking to the
homeless man earlier.

Close on to the right hand of a woman,holding a black
pistol. The hand drop the pistol on the floor.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NOON.

We see queer and dewy-eyed TERENCE, 25, African male, good-looking, tall and dark in complexion wearing yellow specs, and holding a newspaper and red flower on his left hand and having a distance chat with JACARANDA, 20 years of age, African-white female who is queer-looking with the drug addict eyes. She appears very teetotal and gloomy. She tattooed extravagant messages with Rastafarian hairstyle.

TERENCE

I can't move on and forget about my girl.

JACARANDA

We had this dirge before and you know i am with George. I am trying to bury my Achilles' heel. Lora is been inanimate for years now.

We see Terence grasping Jacaranda with his two hands, close to him. And exercise the power of his anger on her face.

Jacaranda is shaking and frightened.

TERENCE

(With harsh voice.)

Don't be so rude and imperfect about my Lora. Don't you dare mention 'death' women! A cunt like you is responsible for my daughter's death. You were whoring while she needed you, huh? Drinking! Drugs! fucking! Dicks! Blow Jobs! You are so much worthless than a whore. You are useless pathetic bitch! If i see you again. I will end your worthless life, one and for all.

Terence push her on the ground and whip her with a newspaper.

INT. INSIDE THE CAR - NIGHT.

Its raining.

We see clique and wet behind the ears; GEORGE African male, mid-30s, dressed in black. He is not voluble and he looks very innocent but he can kill anything.

SFX: We still hear hip hop soundtrack playing again in the car.

We see George typing on his Phone.

ON SCREEN

'I am waiting.Where you at.'

Jacaranda look at the text without responding and roll her eyes.

SUPER: The text went unread.

George start to get frustrated and impatient.

Door opens.

GEORGE

(With serious face.)

Where have you been? Are you cheating on me?

JACARANDA

With my baby daddy.

GEORGE

Are you cheating on me?

JACARANDA

I said "i was with my baby daddy.

George grasp her hair and pull her closer.

GEORGE

I asked you question!

Silence.

JACARANDA

I am not cheating.

Silence.

Looking her like a female dog.

GEORGE

Good.

George start to finger her and kiss her extremely hard. And she is giving him the impression that she don't want to be kissed.

George adjust the chair of the car back and force her to come on top. George forceful penetrate her, and they make uncomfortable love.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER.

We see a normal middle house kitchen with normal style and eating table at the corner. On that table George is seated down alone as if he waiting for his favorite cup of tea. Smoking and drunk like fish.

GEORGE

(Angry voice.)

Oh baby doll,how's that chamomile tea going? Move your ass up before i kick your motherfucking ass three times poor motherfucking punk.

Beat.

Silence.

Laughing.

We see Jacaranda making tea with two cups. She take out a small bottle written " Batrachotoxin" which she pour and stir it into George's cup and smile alone.

She immediately flush into a sink and hide the empty bottle into her breast.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

We see them seated without music or anything playing. The silence is too much. They both drinking and George start to touch his stomach. He seems like he want to vomit but he hold it.

He tries to run to bathroom but fall down,near the table.

We see Jacaranda seated without moving and she pretend as if there is nothing happening.

She continues drinking her tea.

George tries to stand up and seat back and he fall again to Jacaranda's feet.

JACARANDA

Can i help you son of a bitch? Did you eat Batrachotoxin by mistake? I didn't know a piece of shit like you can die or shit himself. Look at your self...

Jacaranda stand up and she goes to kitchen rug. She takes a knife.

She pull out George's pants and cut off his balls.

George is choked by the poison. He can't talk because the poison is pulled up the muscles.

Jacaranda takes the balls and place them on the plate and microwave them.

George is bleeding to death on the floor.

Jacaranda take out the cooked balls of George and force him to eat them. She forces them into his mouth.

Laughing.

Silence.

She is thinking about something dangerous. Perhaps about burning the place, killing George or leaving George like that.

She pour petrol down and stop slowly as if she thinking about something.

She get her phone and start to press. She look at George.

JACARANDA (cont'd)

I have something in mind. You won't die here. You sick pig.

The phone is ringing.

JACARANDA (cont'd)

I want to report a crime. A male who is been abusing me. He raped me today but I brought a beacon home for you.

She leave it hanging without dropping.

EXT. STREET - DAY.

After five years we see a fancy lady walking and who look like Jacaranda but we can't recognize her because of her make ups and new outfit plus expensive hairstyle.

It seems like she changed her names and gained a bit of weight. She looks like a rich housewife.

We see a new description of a old Jacaranda.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY.

We don't see the owner or anything lives in it and on the top mountain, we see a fancy modern house, furnished with black and white mining bricks, the parking lot is beautifully paved by small black stone and white sand. Where there is no sand nor stone; we see two German cars with a number of plates named " God."

INT. HOUSE - LATER.

We hear smooth jazz playing softly in the background and we see no one. Every room has some pile of books from the kitchen, bedroom, living room, bathroom and to the garage. The kitchen is furnished in a modern fancy way, the bedroom is in a white form; clean sheet and white wall.

INT. STUDY ROOM - LATER.

Smooth jazz music continues to play in the background. We see the floor covered with plastic green grass and the sofa is blue and the table is blue; on top of the table we see mac laptop and papers, telephone and some pens. The office chair looks familiar with green grass and orange dustbin next to a chair.

We only hear long, annoying and noise footstep.

After a moment we see 1930-1940's black and white vintage style formal shoes entering a study room. We hear the sound of dialing and its ringing on a loudspeaker.

WOMEN (O.S.)

Good morning Mr. Dean Kruger.

DEAN

Morning Anita. I need to purchase property for rental purposes. Can you transact 1,3 million into my account, ASAP?

WOMEN (O.S.)

Well yeah sure. Noted.

DEAN

I will be left with 45million, right?

WOMEN (O.S.)

No, 50 million. The balance is 50 million.

DEAN
Thank you, Anita.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER.

We see the full length of DEAN KRUGER'S face. Mid 30's, tall, normal build body and with rich black natural hair. He looks like a black witted person. He leaned to the wall while urinating. His urination is making a lot of noise and annoying.

The narrator is showing us two pictures; We see the fancy life of Den and his poor background impediments.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
Dean Kruger is married to Monet because of he is lucky and won jackpot money. His money is making him connect with fancy people. If it wasn't about the money, he would be selling drugs or in jail.

Silence.

Beat.

Soft jazz music is playing in the background.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
He was a lonely guy alone and extremely poor without any friends. He was rejected by many people and failed many times in high school and never went to varsity. His mom was a domestic worker. She was fired because she was drinking alcohol and being naked on duties. But before she was fired she got a warning and unpaid month for sleeping with his boss's son. and she forgot her bikini at work.

Silence.

Beat.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
After his mom lost the job, Dean worked as a sex male and tomboy for old rich women at the age of 15 and after five years he was a sex addict and was registered as a sex offender.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER.

Extremely beautiful, she looks like the most wanted women in the world of as far as dating is concern, Painting her nail fingers and seated on a sofa, it is Monet Kruger who used to be abused Jacaranda who was 24 years of age but now at her 30's years of age, white woman, who is barred, disdain, poor and pretend to be dewy-eyed and wet behind the ears, dressed extremely fancy.

We only hear the voice of Dean. We don't see his face.

DEAN(V.O.)

Hi Monet, have you thought about having babies?

Monet is showing the face of a cheater, pretender, and hypocrite. He responds knowing that she doesn't want babies.

MONET

(Screaming.)

Hi Dean. Mm, no yet but I am not ready. It will be fun if we try.

We see witted, clean, blade head Dean come to the seat next to Monet. He kisses her and Monet kiss him back.

MONET CON'T

If we try making a baby, are we financial ready? I mean, are you ready financially?

Dean responds as if someone touched his Grey part. He starts to feel uncomfortable if Monet start to ask questions about his money.

DEAN

Don't worry about finance. Let me worry about that. Perhaps you could get a job, you know?

OLD MAN(V.O.)

Monet is not the type of woman who can work. She more like a stripe dancer or kind of into sex business. She would sell her beauty to make money.

She gets bored when Dean talks about her getting her a job.

Monet doesn't know if Dean won a Jackpot. She heard rumors and she trying to figure something out.

INT. STUDY ROOM - NIGHT.

We see a casket but we don't know yet who is inside. It doesn't seem like it's a funeral service. The internal decoration is white with a black pillow.

We see Dean inside sleeping. Dressed in strong black. Wore white sneakers.

Door opens.

A moment of silence. Monet is pissed.

MONET

(As if she hate it)
You tend to annoy me with that.

DEAN

Please be silent. I am in the highest office on earth. I am talking with above Knowledge.

Monet is playing along but she is bored. He raise up without hesitation.

DEAN

Can you excuse? Give me a room to swallow my own space.

Monet's phone ring. She is not answering. She put it to silence.

True caller display it as unknown. Her eyes start to change and run around.

Dean rest back in the casket without hesitation.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER.

Monet is going to the window. She looks around before she answer it. She look outside first. She suspect as if someone is watching her.

CHILD VOICE (O.S.)

(Very innocent voice.)

I understand your situation right now. You have a situation.

MONET

(With a surprised
voice.)

Who is this?

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)

I am apple of discord. Not apple of
one's eye.

MONET (cont'd)

Excuse me?

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)

I am the person who can see what you
want and you are the person who is
with what I want.

(Pause.)

I have ample to time to dine with
you.

Monet is looking around. Shaking as hell! The glass of water
fall down. The light goes on and off.

MONET

(Shaking.)

No!No! I don't want to get back to
that life. I guess you called the
wrong person.

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)

I guess you are about to make a wrong
decision Bitch. Listen up closely;I
know everything about you and you are
everything about you. Total bitch
cunt! I know a lot about the time you
burned the house.I know something
about George.

Silence.

A beat.

Intense steps music.

CHILD VOICE(O.S.) (cont'd)

I can call the police and I have
interesting friends in jail. I don't
think they will like your skinny ass.

Scary silence.

Monet is putting the phone down on top of the brown table.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY ROOM -LATER.

The door open slowly. Monet is piping if Dean is still sleeping in the casket.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER.

Monet is picking up a phone on the table.

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)

(Rude voice.)

Your mom didn't teach you phone manners?

(Pause.)

Are you aware you under circumstance that require you to shut the fuck up and do as I say?

Shaking.

MONET

How old are you?

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)

I am old enough to know that Dean have 50 million and he is the jackpot winner. That's how old I am. And I am old enough to fuck you up.

MONET

(With a serious voice.)

Go to his casket and close it. Not close it,lock it a bit until he pee.

The light goes off and on again.

CLOSE ON:MONET IS STILL THINKING. SHE SWEATING. NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY ROOM -LATER.

Monet push the door. We see Dean is still sleeping. She push the casket and lock it.

Dean is screaming. Kicking inside. Monet is standing aside thinking.

Intense music playing in the background. Close on to Monet's face. She is burning out. She is very confused.

DEAN

Monet! Monet! Monet! Please let me out. I don't like casket. I can't breath.

MONET

Where is the 50million?

We see inside the casket. Dean is surprised by the question.

DEAN

I have no idea what you talking about. Where do you get such ideas? I have just few property and I am renting them out. Come on,let me on.

Monet is leaving room rushing.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Monet pick up the phone. She realize the caller is dropped. She sees the sneaker near the table. She wear them. She hold her stomach as if she is having pains.

MONET

(Screaming.)

Oh shit! God please help me!

She fight her way up and rush to bathroom,without forgetting her phone.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Monet is urinating. After a while she looks where she urinated and she sees blood. Blood mixed with water.

She is with the facial expression like oh my God what the fuck is going right now.

It seem like the pains stopped. The phone rings. Monet answers.

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)

Task one successful done but I don't
give a fuck Sheeple.

MONET

It seems like you enjoy your shizzle.
I have stomach pain, I need to see a
doctor.

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)

No.

MONET

(Screaming.)

What do you want, Smartmob?

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)

(laughing.)

In life we angst for the sake of
strength and we undergo and sustain
huge amount of pain for sake of
maturity. But I want him to suffer
for the sake of suffering; for the
sake of pain.

Intense music playing in the background.

Beat.

Kids step in the background.

CHILD VOICE(O.S.) (cont'd)

If you don't fast up, I will visit
your mom and your daughter. And I
will kill them like a son of bitch
you are. Don't push me! There is a
gun in Dean's office.

Silence.

Beat.

INTENSE MUSIC PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND.

MONET

(With rude voice.)

LISTEN UP! TAKE HIM OUT OF THE
FUCKING CASKET AND TIE HIM UP WHERE
CAN SEE EVERYTHING. STOP SHAKING
BECAUSE DEAN IS NOT BIG WIG.

INT. STUDY ROOM- NIGHT.

Monet open the casket, holding the gun. Dean is moving with a shocked face. She ask him to tie his one hand and one foot on the chair rounded by a casket.

DEAN

The is something I can give. Who do you mell with? Are you into peril? I can help. Please don't do anything stupid.

MONET

I don't want anything.

Monet is talking on the phone with billio attitude.

We see Dean tied up with red ropes over a chair. He is so shocked and thinking but he can see there is no way out.

Monet is moving near the window while speaking on the phone. And we see a bus full of young girls passengers wearing black.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

Close on to a the moving bus but we nothing but movement of camera.

Close on, to the bus with girls aged 10 and 12. They are wore interesting attire. The bus have smoke coming from inside going to outside through the windows.

Close on to the number plate written in red "GOD DECLARED."

Outside the bus we see the bus branded with big letters "GOD FORBEAR ANYONE TO TOUCH HIS CHILDREN."

INT. INSIDE THE BUS - NIGHT.

Intense sick sad music playing in the background.

Music stops.

Extreme silence.

Inside the bus we see white beach soil inserted with red flowers. Some seats are empty in a weird and strange way.

And on empty seat we see flower planted.

We see girls wore branded t-shirt. The decoration of the bus inside is shocking and depressing.

We girls wore t-shirt branded "rape."

We see another one with "abused".

We see another one with "molested."

We see another with "poverty" and we see another with "killed."

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

We see Monet moving away from the windows as if she saw something. She seems so shocked and scared.

Monet is moving around trying to think. We still don't hear the voice of a child who is speaking on the phone. Monet seemed trapped on the house.

She can't make serious moves and escape, She can't call police because here past trapped her because somebody who is unknown knows her past.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT.

We see a nice house.

We only hear cricket and frog but there is no ocean or river near by. We only see the gates of the house and security at the gate. Who is very short and smoking cigar. He has a gun and he busy lighting around with a touch.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT.

On a close long range to short people wearing mask. We see short people on phones and walking around.

We are not sure if they are kids or dwarfs but they look like children. We see other seated on the table. We see others on the rug. We see other drinking shitless fuck mug.

The house is floored with a green grass. White casket are lighting up the whole room. The casket are seated around the corner. There place is quite as if its cemetery. We see cemetery on the other side. The place is cold because of the air and trees within.

Close range to cemeteries, that are beautiful finished and grassed with flower and stones, written names of people.

The passage going to cemeteries is written "DON'T CROSS WITHOUT GOD."

We see other side created as if its for praying. The bibles are being putted together on the table. The short on the phones don't stop. They walk slows as if they are having intense calls.

They have interesting routes. They walk at the same time and stop at the same time. Everything seems rehearsed as if they are operating by one person. They don't talk to each other and they don't speak the same language.

INT. DEAN'S HOUSE STUDY ROOM- NIGHT

Monet is pointing a gun at Dean. Dean refuse to talk. It seems like Monet is talking instruction from the child over the phone.

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)

Ask him his personal story. The story about his mom. They way she was raped and who raped her. If he can't tell, shot or eat his dick.

Dean still refuse to tell a story.
Monet is just in between instructions.

CHILD VOICE(O.S.) (cont'd)

He can't tell you just a fucking story. It's just a fucking story which fucking goes by the board.

Monet is kicking Dean's legs. She is not saying anything.

MONET

If you tell me story me, I will let you go.

DEAN

Really?

MONET

Yeah

DEAN

WHAT ABOUT THE ONE ON THE PHONE?

Silence.

BEAT.

SLOW TENSE MUSIC.

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)

I have no intention to drop a
bombshell and I don't want to pass
the buck. Let's keep it hardcore like
a red rug to a bull.

(Pause.)

Let the motherfucker tell a story.

Intense music is playing in the background.

Dean is telling a story but we see exact what happened.

FLASHBACK- INT. HOUSE -NIGHT.

OLD WOMAN(V.O)

I was raped by my stepfather, the
whole night. He forced me to drink
alcohol, and injected drugs on me. He
toke me to the table, for one fuck
round until he come.. Forcing her big
thing into my ass.. He looked like a
porn star. That day my mother was
working late shift. The interesting
part, he was using condoms... playing
safe on my ass. He was putting big
thing on my mouth, until I vomit. I
was feeling the beauty of pain,
suffering and pangs. After that, he
buys me sweets things and clothes. I
was in high school and turning 21
years of age. I never told my mom
about that son of a black bitch.

Beat.

Silence.

Intense sick music playing in the background.

OLD WOMAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

The following weekend he did the same
thing on me again, He came with his
two friends, drunk and high as fuck.
I was in my room, He called me out to
tag along. He asked where's mom and I
should join them but I was fucking 21
and I must join three barbarians who
I don't even fuck know them. They
started pushing me over the wall.

(MORE)

OLD WOMAN (V.O) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And my step father started first with his big thing. And the other two morons came until 2 am in the morning. After what they did to me... I mixed all poisons I could get in the house, and put on their beers except for my stepfather. And my stepfather wanted his morning glory, I had a small knife on my hands, when he toke out his dick, I fucking cut it and put it on microwave, fry that thing and put on his mouth. Those two morons were death in the morning bleeding with their mouths with big stomach, about to blase.

She is shocked and terrified.

Silence.

Beat.

OLD WOMAN(V.O) (CONT'D)

I was raped for the second time and arrested in the morning for justifiable homicide. I served three years in prison. And when I was released my mother had died and left this house for me. I was not allowed to attend the funeral. The pain and the pain: it molded and shaped me. I am seeing physiologist to settle down all the past and pains. Reading books to sharp my mind. I am currently working for consulting company.

Monet is impressed and start to feel pity for Dean. The child on the phone can't give Monet a break. Monet goes back to the phone.

MONET

Do we let him go? He told the story!
He story the story! What fuck? Hello?
Child? Child?

Call ended.

Dean look at Monet if he want to vomit. Dean is meting with anger. Fuming as if he want to bleed his anger out.

DEAN
(Screaming and
rude.)
YOU SON OF A MALE ESCORT! YOU SON OF
A BITCH.

Monet is stepping away and away bit by now. Monet point a
gun him.

DEAN STOPS REACTING.

DEAN (cont'd)
Talking it by and large, If I had a
chance,i would have impregnate you
and left you die with hunger. And be
penniless like my son of a bitch
father left me.

Beat.

Silence.

Intense music.

DEAN (cont'd)
JUST FUCK! JUST FUCK! AND LEAVE LIKE
THAT. BECAUSE PEOPLE LIKE YOU THEY
ARE JUST SLUT AND CUNT AND CUNT AND
SLUT ARE PEOPLE LIKE YOU. YOU ARE
DEALING WITH MOTHERFUCKERS AND THEY
WILL MOTHERFUCKING SHOW YOU YOUR
BLACK BITCH MOTHERFUCKING MOM.

PHONE RINGS. MONET AVOID HIM.

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)
Monet,time is a driving force behind
every activity and we don't have time
for such subdue talks.

MONET
(Laughing.)
You got be kidding me. Why are you
holding me here?

CHILD VOICE(O.S.)
I am coming to pick up Dean. I need
to slaughter him by myself, to please
gods.

Call ended.

DEAN

Monet, you are my wife. We are married. Please tell me what's going? Please heal me out. Please! Please! I can't afford to die. I won't be lucky to enter the heaven. Cut me some slack,okay? I am so lucky to have you in my life. You are the best stuff in the world!

Monet is not saying anything for a moment.

MONET

Wow! I am the best stuff in the world? I wish I was dick. Back to basics,have you raped anyone?

DEAN

That bitch you talking about is feeding you with wrong information. I am one of the best great guy in the country. I am the great guy in the country. You know it.

MONET

Being a great doesn't constitute nothing because pastors are raping as well. We all have past and our past should help us to create better future, not to perpetuate and block the future.

(Pause.)

That child is coming and She sound so evil and evil. It's clear that you did something to her and she is seeking something in return.

Silence.

Intense music.

DEAN

I raped and killed her mom. Her mom was a drug and escort. She wanted more after we had sex and she tried to blackmail me.

MONET

Then what happened?

DEAN

Nothing.

MONET
WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?

DEAN-FLASHBACK
One day I saw her profile online. I needed sex. I called her with a different number. I asked a friend to call her and arrange a meeting for two people. I wasn't going to pay. And she said, "she can take people fucking her". We fuck her until she want to stop and we didn't want to stop. We fucked her the whole night and in the morning.

Dean become quite as its the end of the story.

MONET
DON'T BE FUCKING SILENCE! AND THEN?

DEAN
I invited more guys to come in.

MONET
Come in and do what?

FLASHBACK:We see a lady who looks like she been laid the whole night. Non stop. She is tried and she want to stop. She begging for help but the guys are busy hammering home.

DEAN-FLASHBACK
To fuck her again the same morning, after we fucked her.

Monet feel like cutting Dean's balls.

MONET
How many fucking guys and for how long?

We see a lady getting laid harsh by three guys.

DEAN-FLASHBACK
Two. And for 3 hours. She was so strong..,she was still coming after those three hours.

Dean laughing as if its funny.

MONET
Did you guy's pay her more? Because you guys fucked her more.

DEAN

I paid my share. I don't know about the other guys.

MONET

You were the leader. And what afterwards? Who killed her?

DEAN

I don't know.

Monet hit him with a pistol on the forehead. Dean falls down. We see Monet picking him up. Dean is groaning and breathing heavy. He is bleeding.

Monet is removing the casket from the stand. We see it slayed flat on the ground. Monet goes near a book shelf and grasp a bundle of books and throw it at Dean. She take another heavy books and throw it to Dean. Dean is tied up but he trying to duck.

MONET

(Screaming and harsh.)
I am asking you one simple question.
What the fuck happened to her?

DEAN-FLASHBACK

We kept her for two days. We cleaned her and feed her. She toke some shower and got clean clothes.

MONET

She never went home?

DEAN-FLASHBACK

We wanted to do experiment. One of the guys was a doctor.

MONET

What kind of a doc?

DEAN-FLASHBACK

Science doctor or something. I don't know. He wanted to try science about human and animal. He keep a guys ho-staged at his place. He invited the guys to join us.

MONET

What do you mean by "trying science about human and animal?

DEAN-FLASHBACK

He force the lady to sleep with a dog. And he forced the guy to sleep with a same dog.

MONET

What a fuck! Are you fucking sick?

DEAN-FLASHBACK

And He forced the dog to sleep with that lady. The dog was more trained and responding well. He force the dog to sleep with a guy. They both die pregnant.

MONET

Who die pregnant?

DEAN

Both. Fuck! I told you everything. I fucking told you everything. Can you just stop?

Monet is hitting him with a sticker.

MONET

Who was pregnant?

DEAN-FLASHBACK

The guy was pregnant with twins. And the lady was pregnant as well.

MONET

(Shocked.)
With puppies?

DEAN

Yes.

Monet is pushing him down. She drags down his pants. She sees scissor near the table and grab it. She hold his dick up high.

MONET

Where is the fucking lolly?

DEAN

(crying and shocked.)
What is lolly?

MONET

Hey,hey Wang! Where is the fucking wad? Fuck you. Are you fucking stupid. Get a fucking book and read. I mean money,wank?

Dean is pointing at the walled paint.

Silence.

Monet is pulling it out the wall and sees a safe with encrypted password.

Monet is pointing a gun at him. Demanding passwords.

DEAN

200654019868_ DEAN

Pressing and dialing. safes opens.

We see four boxes with full of money. Monet look at it to see if its not fake.

OH MY GOD! GUN SHOT...STRAIGHT TO DEAN'S HEAD. MONET IS A KILLER SINCE BEFORE. IF YOU KNOW HER A REASON TO SHOT YOU, SHE WILL SHOT YOUR DICK OFF.

JESUS! SHE SNAPPED OFF HIS DICK. BLOOD SPLASHING ALL OVER MONET.

Dean is rolling on the floor. The house becomes dark. After a moment we see four short people in the house. We see them putting Dean's body inside the casket. We are still not sure anything about their age. They are wore black.

Monet is saying something but there is no language. No one can hear her. She is trying to hold them but the are like smoke: untouchable.

We see them throwing paper inside the casket. Their t-shirt is written "Go to Hell."

And they are throwing paper into Dean's casket. The house is full of soil and grass that we don't know where it comes from.

We see them praying in silence. After a while they put flowers into Dean's casket. They wrap it around with a red sheet. They make their way out.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOME - NIGHT.

We see the same bus with flowers inside and soil. We see other people seated as if they are in heaven. They all, wore black. The bus outside is written "Go to hell."

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON.

Close on, to a dusty street.

We see old underwear and sneakers on the street, the old man who is homeless. He seated at the corner alone. Next to him, there's small fire next to him.

His at mid 50's and his name is LEE JONES. The most condescending and ridiculous person ever on earth.

His black and long hair. His black eyes are burning with passion to live life again. The dry hands with long nails.

We hear dog barking in distance.

Wind rushing.

Indistinct conversations.

Omnibus music.

We hear the engine car stops.

Doors opens and closes. We see Monet leaning on the car.

Monet is smoking for a while. They both look at each other for a while. Monet give him a cigarette and light it for him.

They both chuckles looking at the smoke.

MONET

I am not actually a wet blanket. How was the place for two years?

LEE JONES

Well you didn't welched to rescue the lolly. The place was a load of codswallop.

MONET

I believe we won't have load of shit down the road.

Lee is laughing.

LEE JONES

Let me take a whiz.

He goes on the other side of the car. And urinate near the road. He looks elated while urinating.

Monet is laughing but looks so mystified.

He is done and zipping his trouser.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

Oh fuck, I miss a settee. Where do we go from here? Hotel? Five star? or do I get some steak?

MONET

I got apartment for you. Nothing fancy but better than the street under the bridge.

LEE JONES

As long it's not inglorious. I need a bath and clean clothes. And some coffee.

MONET

Why not? are you still a couch potato?

LEE JONES

How can one be a couch potato while sleeping under the bridge for years? Come on man, the your hocus-pocus.

MONET

How does it feels to bury the hatchet?

LEE JONES

It cut deep. It's a personal one.

Both laughing.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. LEE JONES'S BEDROOM- NIGHT.

Lee woke up in the middle of the night. He got nowhere to run but to the corner. We see a young boy who is 15 years of age which is Lee Jones.

We see old man who seems to be Lee Jones's FATHER(50's) who look like someone who cracks a whip.

Lee Jones is seated at the corner and his father is drinking and holding belt.

Close to a old WOMAN, mid 50's. She is seated at chair. She is wore night dress. We can't figure out what is her story.

We see Lee Jones is getting a whip.

FATHER

(Rude.)

Your mother died and she knows that you are not my son. Woman are sneaks. They can go to the grave with a secret. She was fucking whoring around and that's why you pop in-

Pause.

Silence.

FATHER (cont'd)

She used to pop kids like pop corns. She didn't keep her legs closed. She liked shit under her dress

The father is pointing at the woman. Young Lee Jones looks confused and surprised.

We see the old woman walking from the chair to rest in a doggy style in bed. Young Lee is moving slowly to her. She take off her underwear.

Young Lee get a whip from his Father and Young Lee rushes to drop his pants down and penetrate the old woman. The old woman looks very thirsty and dry. She seems enjoying the Young Lee. His father lean against the wall and drink.

The old woman is moaning.

FATHER

I don't know if I am your father or what but you are a man now. You mother is not here. Go for it. Maybe you fucking your mom right now or you granny.

Pause.

Silence.

Lee Jones is looking at him. He feels like splitting.

INT. FOOD MARKET- NIGHT.

We see Lee Jones alone buying food. He pushes troll.
Chewing gum like nobody's business.

Two black couples, mid 30's holding hands, pass by him. They
both talking in different language he doesn't understand.

LEE JONES
Is that your flame?

Silence.

They both look at each other. They are so mystified who is
he talking to.

LEE JONES (cont'd)
I am talking to you. is that your mud
moll?

BOYFRIEND
(Rude.)
Hey man, who are you. What is a flame
and moll? Where you from? what's up
with your accent.

LEE JONES
You guys look ugly. She looks chanky.
Where do you get self-esteem after
you fuck your moll? Don't you know
how to get sexy girls?

Laughing and being full of shit.

LEE JONES (cont'd)
I said,listen up. Open your fucking
ears. I wouldn't have a self-esteem
after I fuck your moll. Look at her
feet,they are so fugly! Look at her
face, She looks like a dog. Does she
take a bath or shower?

The boyfriend is pulling her girlfriend together. The
girlfriend is crying and feeling sorry for herself.

Lee Jones is pointing fingers and snapping fingers.

There is nothing wrong with a girlfriend. Lee Jones is just
picking up a fight. He just feels like telling anyone a
shit.

BOYFRIEND

Chief back off now. Just fuck off
okay. You need professorial ASAP.
Please help yours before its to late.
Get some help.

LEE JONES

If you love shit,you love shit. If
you pick up crap, that means you like
a crap. But she not nice hey. Do you
feel safe at night?

The boyfriend is being inferno and raucous.

BOYFRIEND

Please dude,back off. Just get the
fucking out of here.

Lee Jones is pulling and dropping off grocery. Moving thing
out the shelf. He is kicking the stock and damaging the
glasses.

The two couples are staring at him as if he is insane. Lee
Jones is moving close to him.

LEE JONES

If I was you when I fuck her,I was
going to close my eyes, because she
is a scag. Fucking skootchie!

Boyfriend and girlfriend are leaving without buying
anything.

BOYFRIEND

People are so sick. I mean they can't
help themselves.

GIRLFRIEND

(With pity voice and
looks.)

Perhaps that's true. I am fucking
skootchie. I am ugly.

The boyfriend is holding her together. They hug. But it
seems like the girlfriend enjoyed the pity party.

BOYFRIEND

Don't let that guy play with your
mind. He is a sick fuck. Don't let
him play in your mind. We don't know
these cock sucker.

Crying.

GIRLFRIEND

I once read something before which
across lots me about what that cock
sucker said.

BOYFRIEND

What is it,that you read?

GIRLFRIEND

There is nothing wrong when you look
ugly, but there is something wrong
when you feel ugly. I know I look
ugly but I don't feel ugly about
myself. Or feel ugly.

BOYFRIEND

I don't like that analogy. It's not
right.

GIRLFRIEND

What about it?

BOYFRIEND

It's absolutely all-overish. Come
let's go home.

GIRLFRIEND

Sometimes we have to talk about gray
areas. Do you know that poem about
Parker, where by she says a lot about
hating things.

Boyfriend is not playing along but the girlfriend will
continued and play along.

GIRLFRIEND

"I do not like my state of mind;
I'm bitter, querulous, unkind.
I hate my legs, I hate my hands,
I do not yearn for lovelier lands.
I dread the dawn's recurrent light;
I hate to go to bed at night.
I snoot at simple, earnest folk.
I cannot take the gentlest joke.
I find no peace in paint or type.
My world is but a lot of tripe.
I'm disillusioned, empty-breasted.
For what I think, I'd be arrested.
I am not sick, I am not well.
My quondam dreams are shot to hell.
My soul is crushed, my spirit sore;
I do not like me any more.
I cavil, quarrel, grumble, grouse.

(MORE)

GIRLFRIEND (cont'd)

I ponder on the narrow house.
I shudder at the thought of men....
I'm due to fall in love again."

BOYFRIEND

Nice poem.

Uncomfortable and embarrassed.

EXT. STREET- NIGHT.

We see Lee Jones driving on a highway alone. Jazz music playing in the background.

Close on to the road, we see a lady mid 30's stuck outside the road. Her old car is parked after yellow line. Her name is KRISTIE, a black African American.

Dressed in yellow. Short skirt and sneakers. She is quite short. Long stylish hairs. She is a middle class woman married with no kids.

She got a black eyes and big lips and chubby cheeks. She has a beautiful leg and feet. Her toes are painted with white nail polish.

She is waving to Lee Jones to stop. Lee Jones doesn't stop but he stops far from her. He doesn't give her attention. But the waving doesn't stop until it caught Lee's attention.

Engines stops.

Door opens and closes.

Lee Jones is taking a whiz. Smoking. He look at the lady for a moment.

KRISTIE

(Screaming.)

Hey, can you help? My wheel is flat.
I have been waiting here for two
hours. It's my daughter's birthday. I
am late with 20 minutes.

Lee Jones is walking back to the car.

Door closes and engine start. The car move back to the lady.

The windows open slowly.

LEE JONES

You car is old. Why don't you leave
it here and you will arrange for a
pick up tomorrow.

The lady is backing and filling about Lee's help. She kind
of regret why he stopped him.

KRISTIE

No,i can't leave it here. It's a
brand new shit. I bought it last week
with the bank. My boyfriend helped
there and there.

LEE JONES

That old crate of yours? If your
boyfriend help you there and there,
he doesn't carry a torch for you.

Lee Jones step out of the car. Taking out a chain at boot.
He put on the car and lock it.

The lady is waiting and freaking out.

Dog barks in distance.

We hear the sounds of crickets.

Wind is rushing.

The moon is full out.

KRISTIE

Can I help?

LEE JONES

Don't worry .I am almost done. I need
a anti-fogmatic.

KRISTIE

You need what?

LEE JONES

I mean raw rum.

KRISTIE

I peg your pardon?

Lee Jones is getting frustrated. He look at her from top to
bottom.

LEE JONES

I mean whiskey. You should get yourself a book to read. Sell this flivver of yours and buy books.

The lady is mystified.

Doors opens and closes. Engine start.

They both get into a same car.

KRISTIE

Your car is not better than mine. Where do you get it?

LEE JONES

The citizen of this country own lots of cars. One person owes three cars,what the fuck for? I take one.

KRISTIE

So you are stealing?

LEE JONES

(Chuckles.)

What a balderdash you talking about girl? Everyone is stealing. The different between me and other people is that I steal illegally and other people the like your president, they steal legally. They write bill or contract and sign it. They control the world by bullshit constitution. The very same constitution is written by someone who is not better than us. and the very same people who are not better than us they control the world for fucking no reason.

KRISTIE

If you steal,according to constitutions; you go to up the river.But if they steal,they are getting expensive investigation first and bribe the Judge to delay their case.

LEE JONES

Poor people steal small things and they got to clink for a very long time forever and rich people steal big things and they go to hoosegow for a very seasonal time.

The car park alongside the road.

The engine stops.

The doors open.

Lee Jones is taking a whiz on the left side of the road.

The lady is taking whiz on the right side of the road.

Intense music playing in the background.

Lee Jones is taking a snapshot at the lady while urinating.

The both get inside the car.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

Do you have some sense of adventure?

KRISTIE

Yeah, sure. And you?

LEE JONES

When I look at you, I feel so
adventurous. Have you meet someone
and fucked them like never before?

KRISTIE

I beg your favor?

Silence.

Intense music playing.

They both making eye contact for a while.

They both laugh and chuckles.

LEE JONES

I like your feet. They make me so
randy. I like your cleavage... they
give me a hard beat. And that your
lip color got someone attitude. I
love the color.

They both chuckles.

KRISTIE

My lip color got some attitude.

They both grasp each other like cats. They start kissing and
undressing each other.

Moaning beggings! The lady come's on top Lee Jones. She throw his shirt outside. Lee Jones throws her underwear outside.

Romantic jazz music plays in the background. The volume goes high.

They parked outside the road. Door opens. Lee Jones is collecting clothes. He laughs.

He comes back to the car. Door closes.

We hear soft jazz music playing in the background.

KRISTIE

I have never done this before.

LEE JONES

Don't think about your boyfriend.
Don't what's wrong with married people, particularly who go to church. They think everyone is holly.

KRISTIE

What are you taking about?

LEE JONES

In my books, are you aware that your husband, might be fucking someone out there? He is with some bearcat.

Silence.

Pause.

LEE JONES

I understand that look.I have been there. I have given therapy to three thousand married husbands. And they are fucking craving for one thing.

KRISTIE

What is one thing?

LEE JONES

To fuck a sexy woman with ass for days. Oh yes! A man is driven by human nature. look at you. You know why he is married to you?

KRISTIE

What's wrong with me and why he married me?

LEE JONES

I am telling you the truth. Perhaps you should check his whats-app or ask him if he never visited escort. Don't trust a man too much even though you are married. A man is always hungry for foxy.

KRISTIE

Why do you think he married me?

LEE JONES

Because you have wife's characteristics. You can make a house budget. You are educated and well raised. You have manners and you can raise kids. You go to church, Perhaps you can cook and clean.

KRISTIE

What are you trying to say to me? He married me because he loves me.

LEE JONES

He married you because you can hold family together. Some girls out there are so sexy and damn good in bed but they are beauty without brain. And most married guys go around fucking them.

INT.TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT - MORNING.

We Lee Jones wore like an old man who lost hope in life. Someone who might question God. He seated at the brown wood chair. Behind him there is a yellow walled paints.

Next him we see a SON(20's) wore a short and a FATHER (40's) wore a shot as well. It seems like a father is accompanied his son to do driver license.

They keep giving Lee Jones a bad look.

And Lee Jones is giving them back a bad look. Lee Jones is not chuffed by they way the two look at him. After he look at them,he appear like someone who have collywobbles after the intense looks they had. The son and the father look at each other.

LEE JONES

Are you copper?

FATHER

No, chauffeur.

LEE JONES

Wow, corking! Do you drive horse and traders?

FATHER

Private cars. Noble people.

LEE JONES

So you accompanied your, boy?

FATHER

That's father hood.

LEE JONES

But he is a big oke, to be brought up here. Does he have fanny?

Pauses.

Silence.

Intense music.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

To me he looks like a piece of shit, because he is a old fag with a dick. I remember at his age I brought myself alone here, without no son of a bitch father.

The boy is looking at Lee Jones with a impression of "dad, who is this guy? Can you do something about him. and fuck him already."

Lee Jones speaking to the boy.

LEE JONES

Hey boy. My father never supported me in any way but I think you have big balls to fuck any Afro-Caribbean pussy in the world and after that, you don't have big balls to man up and do yourself some license alone?

Intense music.

The father is getting fed up and subdued with the conversation. The son doesn't blind a eye but you can see he is pissed off like never before.

SON

Fuck you man!

The father is trying to discipline him.

FATHER

No,no,no son.Don't be like that.
Don't say anything. He is a batty.

They both stand up. And Lee Jones is still seated on the brown wood chair.

LEE JONES

Let a boy,see it through. He exposes himself. Tell your dad to shut the fuck up and you don't need his fucking ass around here. He should be fucking your mom,making the next baby.

Silence.

Dramatic music.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

You look like someone want to do their own things without anyone fucking around your ass. Overcrowding nuts parents,right kiddo?

Silence.

Dramatic music.

Pauses.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

Hang out with your dad, you will be too soft to hustle out there. Without street smart, you might a well go to urban style and suck sissy well-off boys.

Pauses.

The father seems like a coward.

The son start to defend himself.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

So,do you know how to frig? And do you know how know use french letter?

The father and Lee Jones are seated down. After such intense conversation from Lee Jones. Things get messy.

The son step up from the chair and he go spare.

SON

Hey, geezer, why don't you shut your gobbles? You are a crap! I mean you sound like you are better than other people. And you headed enough in life. You are a gobshit and grot.

Silence.

Pause.

SON (cont'd)

Of course my dad, should just fuck the shut up. Because I didn't want him here. He is too weak nowadays to fuck mom. His dicks is going off during live show.

Lee Jones blast all out with laughter.

LEE JONES

Oh my God, hard cheese! Your dick is going off during live show? Man, get yourself checked. Joe Bloggs!

SON

My mom is always dressed sexy for him but he can't notice anything.

LEE JONES

Your mom will end up getting it outside under your noise. What do you think son?

SON

She does already. She bend hard out there. My dad is one of those stupid husband, who thinks marriage is holy. They get married and think all guys are death. Thinking Nobody can wink to his woman and thinking his wife won't go around fucking. Going to church with your wife you end up thinking life is a church.

Lee Jones stand up.

LEE JONES

I am the one who fucked your wife.
First time meet up and straight in
bed. That's tight wet thing...Jesus
Christ! She was so tight down there.

Pause.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

Let me give you my blessings, Numpty
shit.

Lee Jones urinate on top of the father. The son is laughing
as if that is not his father. The kid seems heartless.

We see a father pulling his bag close to him. The hands goes
softly into the bag.

JESUS CHRIST! WE SEE A GUN COMING OUT!

Everyone is running outside. Lee Jones is stepping back. The
father is pointing the gun at him. Everything seems like a
joke for Lee Jones and the son but the father looks likes he
got some ball to pull the trigger.

LEE JONES

You don't have to do anything stupid.
Easy about the whole things. I am
sorry but relax.

SON

My dad doesn't have balls for
anything.

LEE JONES

You mean he doesn't have balls to
fuck and kill?

SON

Yeah right.

FATHER

My son, step out of this. You are my
son, why would you treat me like that?
In fucking public? I brought you here
to get license. I paid for
everything. For the past years I have
been nothing but to support you.

His hand is shaking with a gun.

SON

The problem with you, is that you want ice cream to do your duties. It's your fucking duty. I don't have to pay you for raising me.

Lee Jones is moving close to the son. The Father is a kind of person who get cut down deep with words. Words hurt him so bad. If you say something that relate with him in a negative way or anything that pull up his weakness, he react bad. He can kill you and regret later.

SON (cont'd)

You amount to nothing. You pussy fuck! Put that gun down, gun is for fuckers!

Pauses.

Intense looking at each other.

SON (cont'd)

You call yourself a father or a man, you son of a bitch. Such nuts like you. I said put the fucking gun down!

We see the father as if he seems to obey his son. He want to put it down but he can't accept disrespect. Even though he can't put it down but he can't or have no balls to kill anyone. He is one of those guys who can't say no or yes...he so neutral- run-to-the mill guy.

HE CAN'T EVEN FUCKING SAY ANYTHING IF HE IS HUNGRY. HE WANT TO WEEP.

SON (cont'd)

PUT THE FUCKING GUN DOWN. YOU PUSSY FUCK!

FATHER

Its a last time, you pull such a jive with me.

The Father is putting the gun down. He is crying. You can see he told himself he is a pussy and the labels Lee Jones and the son pulled up are running up his head dry.

He whip like a baby and feel sorry for himself.

Lee Jones is walking closely to him and kick a gun away from him. The facial expression says "we told you, you are not a killer and you got no balls." The son feel so sick with the impression: I told him not come here with me. Look now!

IN. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

CLOSE ON TO: Sylvia, African American female, mid 60's who is seated at the table guzzling tea. She look worried and disappointed.

She looks likes hoodlum-the master mind of every activity. There is boiling argument between the three of them. The two people who are seated with her is Lee Jones and Monet.

Lee Jones is seated and nodded at the corner and Monet is leaned on the furnished cupboard, near the window.

Inside Sylvia home there is a interesting books about war and history. She looks like someone who always steal and never get caught. She is a smoker with blue eyes and short with interesting body shape.

She is wearing cross belt with a belt and brown bottle neck, matched with white sneakers of New Balance.

SYLVIA

This is a last delicacy of my esse.
Lee Jones, have they fucked you up
enough?

Interesting question for Lee. It put him in the good moods. Turn him on. Since well he feels like people own him a lot. Lee Jones with his slang lexicon words and being dramatic and emotional.

LEE JONES

Yeah sure, You mean well-heeled stock? I averse them. They are lank more than anyone in the city. They have kids who are bragging and posting about their shit. Oofy people? For fuck sake God knows how I feel about them. I abhor oofy barbarians.

Monet is supporting him with her face expression. Sylvia is taking them to the basement-where the party is about to start.

INT. BASEMENT- LATER.

CLOSE ON TO: The work of Sylvia and the planing. She been working alone and collecting money. We see three guns on the table. Black gloves and black clothes.

SYLVIA

You can't afford to mess up the mission. We play by the rules. Don't let your emotion influence your decision.

We see raw data of a house. The drawings- the way in and the way out. And the owner of the house- Mark Thomas, who is known as a businessman who own oils across Africa.

CLOSE ON TO: Sylvia, Monet and Lee Jones are watching from the top screen TV showing the pictures of Mark Thomas.

Sylvia is the master mind of every activity- directing the presentation to the two. She looks she know the corner.

Mark Thomas own a estate- that looks like a farmer. Big enough to jump into the yard but impossible to get into the house. All the house doors are finger print and automatic.

No one can get access to the house without being noticed but it's not a big house.

Close on: The pictures of Mark Thomas driving a cheap car.

Close on: The pictures of Mark Thomas wearing cheap sneakers.

LEE THOMAS

But he drive a simple car? A cheap car.

SYLVIA

Have you read the book called "Stop acting rich or the Millionaire next door?"

MONET

So according to that book, this is our guy? I mean your analogy.

SYLVIA

Well...yes. His identical twins are studying in Dubai. He is paying the ridiculous amount of the lolly just for accommodation.

LEE JONES

How much is fucking out of his pocket?

SYLVIA

1,5 million per month.

MONET

Just for two coed? Per month? I mean just for 30 days? Fuck him. That's a waste of money.

Beat.

Silence.

Dramatic music playing in the background.

LEE JONES

(chuckles)

Those two tutee are his daughters. Sylvia how do we chase this nigger down?

MONET

I can't even afford to pay 500rand for my rent.

LEE JONES

I didn't afford to pay 500rand for your school. Let's fucking kill it down and you might afford something in life, if we dice to Mark Thomas who is big gun.

Back to Sylvia with a rude voice.

Sylvia is a bygone, she is matured to handle such two blood fighting between themselves.

LEE JONES

How do we rob this wig-dig?

SYLVIA

We don't. And I said rule number one: Don't your emotion influence your decision.

FLASHBACK-INT. SYLVIA'S CHARITY FOUNDATION- DAY.

We see a small house with well-raise children's who are 8 to 10. And they are well taken care of. They are having breakfast and seated on small tables with yellow chairs. They look happy. The person who singing for them is no better than Sylvia who is in charge of the foundation. She is dressed in pajamas.

FLASHBACK- EXT. SYLVIA'S FOUNDATION- DAY.

We see outside the gate written in bold black panted letters: Sylvia Foundation.

INT. BASEMENT- NIGHT.

We see again two women dress and one man. The other woman is Monet and the bygone is Sylvia. The best of all is Lee Jones who look drunk.

SYLVIA

We need to know everything about Mark Thomas's schedule. What time does he eat. What time does he sleep? What time does he pray? I mean everything.

Giving instructions to Lee Jones. Snapping fingers.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

I know the security who used to work for Mark and he hate his guts. Pay him and gets something from him. Anything useful.

LEE JONES

Roger that.

To Monet giving instructions. Winking eyes and clapping hands.

SYLVIA

Everyone have some sort enfeeblement. A man is not complete without any blemish towards human nature.

Beat.

Silence.

Intense omnibus music playing in the background.

Monet is getting keen into the conversation through her facial expression. She feels like the master mind of every activity is a dream.

MONET

And Sylvia, what do you suggest is his weakness? Cause the Bible says "The lack..

Sylvia interrupted her.

SYLVIA

The weakness of a man is lack of faith. I got you on that one.

MONET

Then what is it ? I mean no wits games please. The analogy things and games. Get to the fucking point.

SYLVIA

Sex and beautiful legs on high heels heel...interesting hairstyle and make ups. He is the most busy dog in the country but nothing weigh him down like a beautiful woman who is ready to be fucked.

Monet is not happy about the mission. She feels like splitting. She look at Lee Jones and he gives her that look of "DO IT FOR ME,PLEASE!

She is not feeling very well about the request but she want to give it a try.

LEE JONES

What do you think,Monet?

Monet is thinking and walking around. It's a big short for her. The guy is dangerous and he will want to fuck her.

MONET

It's so scary. The guy is not like those guys. He is not like anyone. He is a big short. One wrong move I am death.

SYLVIA

Do you know the Mafia law?

No one is responding.

Beat.

Silence.

Intense music playing in the background.

SYLVIA

If anything might go wrong and it will go wrong. If we expect some chocolate along the way,we might as well abort the mission.

She knows she will get hurt and lose something. She kind of feel it already.

MONET

No,i will do it. We don't have to abort the mission.

Every one looks excited and relived. Back to Sylvia giving instruction to execute the information.

SYLVIA

Both of you have a task to mark it out. Let's action accordingly.

Lee Jones and Monet,they look at her as "is that it?" Bad vibes looks and they look at each other.

LEE JONES

Is that it?

Pause.

SYLVIA

Too many question waste time. Get the security and get information. Monet will do casting couch with the guy and get the bloody information. I have a final way to shake down this hombre bitch.

MONET

How? I mean give us some fucking leads.

Sylvia chuckles and she got that facial expression of: I KNOW WHAT I AM DOING AND I AM THE FUCKING MASTER MIND OF EVERY ACTIVITY.

SYLVIA

We need to arrange three lady,will be four by you. And one girl must have HIV or any disease that can transmitted to Mark Thomas. Something that can fucking peel off his skin to death slowly. Monet you must be in charge of french letter, just needle all around it and make sure Mark Thomas don't realize anything.

Everyone looks so interested and keen.

Silence.

Beat.

Omnibus music playing in the background.

Lee Jones and Monet are shaking down they're heads.

SYLVIA

Everyone get the fuck out of my
domicile. Let's go and burn the
fucking midnight oil.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY.

Close on: to a table with two gentleman seated across each other. We can't see the face of other guy who is with Lee Jones. His hat is too close with his face. We see Lee Jones having a conversation with a SECURITY GUARD, mid 50's and looks like a foreign. He speak french. He hand over a list of schedule with times and dates.

SECURITY GUARD

Où est mon argent?

Dramatic music playing in the background.

LEE JONES is taking cash out of his pocket and pass it to other guy. The other guy push the yellow A4 envelope to Lee Jones.

FLASHBACK-ON MARK THOMAS.

We see Mark Thomas performing his schedules. While security is speaking to Lee Jones- we see him doing what is security guy talking about.

SECURITY GUARD(SPEAKING FRENCH)

Il gym à six heures et sept heures.
Il muse à 21:00 pendant trente
minutes. Il a lu trente minutes. Il
dort tard et se réveille tôt. Vous
pourriez le frapper pendant la
journée pendant le week-end. Il
baise chaque nouvelle femme tous les
jours. Tu devrais t'en sortir avec la
fille. Je ne sais rien de son argent,
mais il a un bureau. Sa vie simple,
vous pourriez ne pas être motivé
quand le voir. Et vous pourriez
sentir qu'il vaut la peine de voler.
Il avait l'habitude de travailler en
Russie.

LEE JONES

Autre chose? Toute information utile?

The security guy is taking out a small phone out of his pocket. It doesn't look usual like other phones.

He hand it over to Lee Jones. And Lee Jones look at it as if "what the fuck is these? It look like to Lee Jones.

LEE JONES

I paid a lot of money to get some info, no bullshit dog. What a fuck is these?

SECURITY GUARD

(Chuckles)

Avec ce petit téléphone, vous pouvez ouvrir la porte principale et le silence toute alarme. Je sais que ça a l'air petit, mais c'est votre chemin. Je pense que mon travail est fait ici. Si vous voulez plus d'informations s'il vous plaît payer plus.

LEE JONES

I need you to ship the country. ASAP.

He hand him some money again. The Security look at it with some smile

LEE JONES

Lay low until the situation is down. If you try to fuck with me, I will fucking cut you off. Let me say this in French so that you can understand me motherfucker.

Silence.

Beat.

Intense music playing in the background.

Lee Jones moves closely to him and whisper near his ear.

LEE JONES

Take this lolly. Ship the green belt. Bung low for a while. Until then. You understand English when one is giving instructions?

Speaking in french in discourteous voice.

LEE JONES

(Raising his
voiced.)

Prends ça à la sucette. Expédiez la
ceinture verte. Un peu de bonde.
Jusque-là. Vous comprenez l'anglais
quand on donne des instructions?

INT. HOUSE- LIVING ROOM.

A remarkable established hotel designed with art and modern
style of architecture. The carpet and the tile is matched.
The wall is made and panted in white.

The forest paint is walled near where Monet and girls are
having conversation. The white sofas are remarkably
decorated with flowers and a small table.

We see Monet about to execute her mission to visit, Mark
Thomas. She is wore a black festoon matched with black high
heels designed by Christian Louboutin.

CUT TO:

She looks nerves but Monet is a thug lady. She know her game
and she is trying not to show it out. She made a long hair
which is black. She really look like sky-high rough trade in
the business.

CUT TO:

Her lip stick color is remarkable upon her. She got a camera
on her bag which will capture every arena that is protected
in the house.

CUT TO:

She is rounded among four escort. Who seem classy as well.
It seem like Mark Thomas like five sum situation. Monet is
giving them red french letters and some coconut oil.

MONET

Who's affected?

The lady who is wearing black gold step forward and Monet
hand over a french letter that is needed to her.

She take it to her and put at her bag.

Intense moment between the two. Monet look her as if she
doesn't know what is she doing.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

62.SHORTCOMINGS OF MANKIND BY SIR. MACBETH MALKEUTU

She inserted headphones and chewing gums. Monet grab the headphones out of his head and throw it in the dust shitcan.

CUT TO:

She comes back. She lean aside like hip hop gangster and look at the lady, if she look well proper. She ask for a gum out of her mouth. The lady is rolling her eyes and she kind of getting pissed with Monet's shit.

CUT TO:

She split it at Monet's hands with all of the shit out of her mouth. Monet instruct her to open her mouth. She hold her cheeks...and look at her teeth. All of the ladies. No one is even moving a feet. Its only Monet moving around and inspecting sex mules.

Silence.

MONET (cont'd)

Hmm...besmirched. Not clean. They look like hard cushion. Please grab some teeth brash and coll-gate. Sort it out,please!

She look at the other two ladies and she is giving positive signals by winking.

The other lady is back. Monet look at her again. She is showing some facial expression as if something is off. She pull up her short skirt.

Shit intense moment and embarrassment. But the lady looks like she doesn't give a flipping-toss.

CLOSE ON: WE SEE DIRTY WHITE UNDERWEAR WITH YELLOW STAINS.

MONET

(Loud voice.)

For the fucking King of Kings...do you have a boyfriend or some sense of high regards and self-respect towards YOURSELF?

SHE LOOK SO COLD AND CHILLED. Monet knelled down.

MONET

(Raising voice.)

What the fuck? You are rendering a service as escort lady. You are fucking disgusting. Take care of your fucking ass.

She dragging her dirty underwear.

MONET (cont'd)
Go and fucking take a shower. You
must be done in two minutes.

Pause.

Silence.

Intense music playing in the background.

Door opens and closes.

CUT TO

INT. SHOWER- SAME DAY.

The shower is tiled with pink and red towels. We hear water moving: the sounds of a shower.

She steps out naked.

INT. LIVING HOUSE- SAME DAY.

Monet taking some new classy clothes for the lady. Some new pair of high heels. And a brand new underwear. She gets dressed in front of other ladies.

CUT TO

She put the French letter below her breast. She nods without saying anything. She look at other ladies wind up before her.

MONET
(Rude.)
Are we ready to do some fucking
business?

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE- NIGHT.

We see four ladies landing on the most amazing black car in the world. Number plate is not written. Dressed in black. Shades on and hand bags. They look classy and successful. You can't figure out what they are up too but they smell something good. The music is playing in the background gently. Lee Jones is taking a snapshot from the corner near by seated in the car. He is looking after them.

EXT. MARK THOMAS'S ENTRANCE GATE- NIGHT.

The cameras are all over and the gate open slowly, with two big dogs barking. The gates closes. The car is driving slowly going in. The house is within the trees that makes the view to appear beautifully ranged.

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT.

The glass door open slowly. We hear jazz music playing in the background. Four ladies walk in with the power of seduction.

MARK THOMAS, white, mid 40's approaching ladies holding a glass of wine. He looks so white and pile. He direct them to seat on the sofa near by. He pick Monet to go into a room with him. After Monet stands ,he offers a glass of wine.

Monet is not born in the woods to be scared by an owl. She act brave but she knows she will get her integrity knocked down. Ladies are looking around to see way in. The house look so normal- no where you could think there is money or cameras inside.

INT. MARK THOMAS'S ROOM- SAME DAY.

The bedroom is furnished with expensive furniture. Monet stand gleaned as if she is impressed but her eyes are running all over with the walls and she is looking for something. While they are busy kissing Mark Thomas take out a gun and put it under the bed. He take out his phones and put it near the sofa. He stops kissing Monet.

MARK THOMAS
(Disturbed.)
I am coming. Give me a minute.

CUT TO:

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

65.SHORTCOMINGS OF MANKIND BY SIR. MACBETH MALKEUTU

INT. KITCHEN- SAME DAY.

He pour water into his glass. We see him opening a brand new white vodka. He is trying to play all of those ladies. He takes out a tray and put glasses, cigars and two bottle of vodka.

INT. ROOM ENTRANCE-SAMES DAY.

He share some vodka with those three ladies. They take it with appreciation. He offer some three Cuban cigars. They chuckles and smile. He hand over envelopes to each. And they put in their handbags. He smiles and goes into a room where is Monet is located. He is holding a glass of vodka.

INT. MARK THOMAS'S ROOM- SAME DAY.

He offer Monet some vodka. Monet drinking it like water. They start kissing and kissing. They moan and undress each other. Mark is on top moaning.

CUT TO:

Monet comes out. Her lipstick is no longer there. They try to fix it for her. Monet is pulling the lady who is affected close to her and whispers.

MONET

(Whispering.)

Don't forget to use that condom.
Let's burn this motherfucker. I don't see any money or anything that is convincing.

They go silence. They both undress before they go in. They go in with just high heel on themselves. They sound and look high and drunk. Monet is a bit surprised.

CUT TO:

Three ladies are going in. The go wild into Mark Thomas. They kiss him and the one who is affected is already on top of him, using the condom that is needled small holes.

CUT TO:

We see four ladies leaving Mark Thomas's house. We see them in slow motion.

Silence.

Intense music playing in the background.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE GATE- SAME DAY.

They are walking inside the car. And they ask each other questions.

INT. INSIDE THE CAR-SAME DAY.

Monet is taking off her high heels and wear sneakers.

MONET

Please someone tell me good news.

Lady who is affected is responding.

The car start to move. Heading and passing forest.

LADY

(Exhale shapely.)

Yes... we did what you asked.

With intense respond.

MONET

I didn't fucking ask about all of you... The main thing was to fucking affect that guy. I am looking for that... huh? Nothing much.

LADY

Yes. We fucked him...i mean fucked him..He is HIV positive as we speak. Well fuck which one day he will find out and fucking murder me... First of all she will start doing random questions one by one and get someone to talk...

Pause.

Silence.

LADY (cont'd)

What do you think? We come from poverty. If he offer me to rat out... I will fucking rat and frame someone. We are doing this for money. She fucked us a rich regular client.

Pointing fingers to other silence three ladies.

LADY

I don't what do you do but you are not a fucking prostitution. You fucking us and you fucking our business and you fucking our client to fucking get what you want.

MONET

I can fuck anyone, anywhere, anytime to fucking get what I want. You sounds like evidence.
Stop the car.

The car stops not far from Mark Thomas's house.

Silence.

Intense music playing in the background.

They look at each other.

Monet takes out a gun shot one lady. Two are screaming. She shot the next one. The other stops screaming. And she shot the last one.

The door opens. She pushes all of them outside. They fall on top of each other, in the middle of the road.

It's dark at night. In the middle of the road we see three bodies wrapped around each other.

Intense music playing the background.

Few miles near the bodies, we see the fire rolling up. Close to the fire its a same car which Monet used with those ladies. We see her walking up on the road and she get accosted by another car which driven by Lee Jones.

We hear the sounds of engine from the distances.

LEE JONES

You are one son of a bitch I know.

MONET

You are one hell of a shit father I ever I worked with.

The door opens and closes.

LEE JONES

So, did you kill them?

MONET

The only way to kill a son of a
bitches is to work with a son of
bitches.

INT. BASEMENT- NIGHT.

Back to the master of mind of every activity:Sylvia. They
both disguised interesting clothes.

SYLVIA

Well done on your task. Impressive
news.

MONET

But we didn't get all the
information.

SYLVIA

People who open their legs,they can't
get all the information.

Lee Jones is jumping into to cut down the heat. The
conversation becomes intense. He is trying to slacken
everyone down.

MONET

Well, a fancy Mark Thomas fuck me and
he must die....Whoever is fucking my
pudenda under circumstance of casting
chesterfield, he must die. I am the
only one who knows his dick. I am
going to cut it off.

SYLVIA

(Rude and angry.)

We are not fucking killing anyone.
The trick is to get money and get out
in a constitutional manner. I have a
plan to fucking do these.

LEE JONES

Let's hear it ASAP!

Monet is sending some signals.

MONET

(Screaming.)

I hope it's not about fucking a
virile again.

Silence.

Pause.

Intense sad music playing the background.

SYLVIA

Hey! Hey! Shut your gobbles man. I am the fucking thinker here. I have drawn all moves. It's my idea and I am the driving force behind this operation.

Lee Jones is outpouring with anger. He move close to Sylvia with extreme passion of beating her down. And Monet jump between them and try to push everyone aside from each other.

Sylvia is not moved and threatened. She is a ghetto cookie bitch. Her bold eyes made contact with Lee Jones without blinking like aliens, Jesus for fuck sake.

MONET

Okay, everyone relax and work out something. Time is money and this operation statutory our precious time.

Lee Jones back off and remains stationary at the corner.

LEE JONES

Okay-let's rack one's brain.

SYLVIA

No need to muse. I have a foundation which is legally registered charity.

LEE JONES

(With surprise and
impatience.)

What the fuck? We are not playing church and patronage here. We patricide and swindle Mark. That's it.

MONET

At any rate, let's hark her for a second.

LEE JONES

No man..she is crazy. She think she is God. There is no fucking God. Her ideas are bullshit. Full of gobbledygook bitch.

SYLVIA

I am not full of twaddles...we will force Mark Thomas to transfer his money into my account as donation. 50 million is my desire... I will pay each of you 10 million each. I know the guy who have hard cash... You will receive your 10 million in cash.

Monet chuckles ad bite her lips.

MONET

Moving money like that will make pandemonium. We want to live,not to go to a tollbooth please.

SYLVIA

I am the master mind behind every activity. I have big guns working on that.

Lee Jones laughs.

LEE JONES

What is the leverage upon to make him transfer lolly?

SYLVIA

He is been sleeping with minor and offering them cash. We will threaten him with the evidence we have about minor.

Sylvia desperately want the mission to happen. Lee Jones looks impressed.

LEE JONES

Why not? Let's do it. I can wrap everything around my mind except knowing why you are so eager and keen to get this money?

SYLVIA

We both want to get off the street.

Lee Jones is trying to figure out something but he can't find anything by looking Sylvia.

Pause.

Silence.

Suspecting music playing in the back round.

MONET

Seems like a best plan ever. Let's
fucking get over with this and move
on.

SYLVIA

Let's get some forty-winks

LEE JONES

I don't need zizz. I will have enough
repose when I am quietus beside when
I am sleeping I am losing my episode.

They look each other like dogs. Sylvia looks like someone
who is hiding something or doing this whole operating for
one thing which Lee Jones is suspecting.

Intense atmosphere.

Silence.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-NIGHT.

Close on to identical twins: Both girls with brown hairs.
They look extremely beautiful.

Sylvia is next to them. They look so weak. As if they don't
have blood.

Sylvia is next them. Crying with one eye. She hold they're
hands together.

She kneel down next to them and nob his head,to pray.

Sad music playing in the background.

SYLVIA

(Sad emotional
voice.)

Our Father,Who art in heaven
Hallowed be Thy Name;
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass
against us;and lead us not into
temptation,but deliver us from evil.
Amen.

Intense silence music. We see a doctors coming up.

He request Sylvia to go outside and talk. It seems like there is no good news.

Sylvia is breathing shapely. Putting her hands behind her pocket jean. She take them out. She start to bite her lips. She gives a Doctor a signal to wait. She walk around going left and going right. She grasp a plastic cup to get some water.

DOCTOR

We got a match.

Pause.

Silence.

Sylvia is impressed but she can't express her happiness except for crying. She is amazed by getting such miracles news. Tear are running down her face.

We see a full close on to Sylvia, wearing jean and timberland.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

It's been three months. The hospital need money to process the procedure or we need to let your twins go home.

Sylvia seated quite as if she doesn't hear anything. But her emotion run expression. She look so stressed and depressed.

She stand up and look at the man before him. She is about to lie.

SYLVIA

Someone promised to fund my charity but I need some few hours.

DOCTOR

(Biting his lips.)

How many hours? I mean we don't have time. We need it before the end of today or tomorrow.

Pause. Silence.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

I am acting in a service of boon for you. I might get into trouble if i prolong your request that you are a failure in terms of adjusting your cash flow to maintain your expenses.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (cont'd)

I have the board on my ass but its
up to you now for them, to decide
Sylvia. I don't want to be a jest of
the court.

SYLVIA

(Deep rude voice.)

I need a fucking few hours. Shut the
fuck up. I have been very
industrious. I got a plot going right
now. Cut me some slack okay.

Sylvia kicks the door to open and kick it back to close.

INT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE- NIGHT.

We see three guns. Monet and Lee Jones dressed in a thug
manner: Disguised in black vizard and gloves.

They are wearing socks on top off new balance sneakers.

Sylvia is dressed in dressed overall. The mask is black.

Three of them take off the mask.

Sylvia is talking to Lee Jones and Monet. Sylvia is very
feriouse and zealed

SYLVIA

I think we good to roll.

Silence. No one is moving or saying anything from Monet and
Lee Jones.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

In my understanding we agreed to
perform such course in my
instructions based on the fact that I
have deftness in such faculty.

LEE JONES

What makes you think we are not
fervid to proceed with the joint
venture with you? Perhaps a guilty
mind need to confess.

To Monet who is bored.

SYLVIA

Monet, anything on your loaf?

Silence.

SYLVIA (cont'd)
(Screaming.)
Monet, anything on your kop?

MONET
I am ready to get half of my money.
That's how sorted I am.

SYLVIA
We go forward. Nothing is open for
exegesis.

LEE JONES
What is the action now?

SYLVIA
The action is Mark Thomas.

INT. PRIVATE DOCTOR - MORNING.

We see mid 50's male patient who is Mark Thomas. He is seated and dressed in blue shirt and brown trouser plus simple shoes.

He doesn't look expensive at all but doing a medical check up on high rank say something else.

Dressed in white jacket and black high heels and black trouser. White, mid 40's. We see a female CRACKERJACK with HIV equipment.

The doctor take Mark Thomas's hand and inject blood out into a kit HIV.

The blood is running.

CRACKERJACK
Let's wait.

The crackerjack is pulling out some papers.

She take out a pen.

CRACKERJACK
I need to ask you some HIV question
as far as sexuality is concern, okay?

MARK THOMAS
Yeah. Sure.

CRACKERJACK
Are you sexually active?

She takes off her eye glass.

Silence.

Pause.

She wear them again.

MARK THOMAS

I am 40 years of age. What do you mean by stating "Am I sexual bright-eyed and bushy-tailed."?

CRACKERJACK

Do you have sex?

MARK THOMAS

Yes.

CRACKERJACK

Are you married?

MARK THOMAS

Sole. Unwed.

She look at Mark Thomas with disgusting expression.

CRACKERJACK

And who do you have patootie?

MARK THOMAS

No.

CRACKERJACK

So who do you have sex with?

MARK THOMAS

I get some catch ups and hook ups.

The doctor look confuse.

CRACKERJACK

(Mystified.)

From the nature of my understanding I am so beclouded. I am a bit addled. You mean you meet girls from the club?

MARK THOMAS

No.I book and some girls are for sale to human nature.

Still confused. She off wear her glasses. Four her arms. Within her mind she is like "i have never meet such patient in my life"

She trying to shake her head and nod but she is bound by policies not to judge.

She look at the kit HIV result. She is not happy and she feel pity for the patient.

She open a drawer and pull out consultation contact details for professional counseling and physiologist details.

She look at Mark Thomas. Something is wrong. The looks are so intense.

She continues with asking question.

CRACKERJACK

Let me visit your previews respond.

Silence.

Pause.

CRACKERJACK (cont'd)

You said you get pickney rendering service of human nature, in exchange with what?

MARK THOMAS

In exchange of fiscal.

CRACKERJACK

These girls are normal girls or escort girls?

Silence.

Pause.

MARK THOMAS

Escort are not less worth than a lady who is rendering human nature in marriage or just for fun. Its just a normal slog like any other slog. Or perhaps your might install a definition of a normal girl for me please.

CRACKERJACK

Well. We are not here for analysis of your stuff or employees that render human nature to what? To exchanged physically with money.

Pause.

CRACKERJACK (cont'd)

My final question,do you eschew within such companions passionate relationship or service?

MARK THOMAS

Yes.

She look at Mark Thomas with that expression of "what the fuck, you are affected and what the fuck do you mean you abstain?

CRACKERJACK

From my understanding: Based on the result. You are HIV positive. You previews encounter provided such irregularities but we have open station for help in as far psychological is concern.

Mark Thomas is busting out. He can't believe it. He want to break down to hell with tears and scream but he knows who played him.

He is so cold. He can't talk or move anything.

CRACKERJACK (cont'd)

Mr Thomas,are you okay?

He is not saying anything. He is drowning in deep shit. The flashback memory is playing the card.

He can't believe it. He is so dry in face.

CRACKERJACK (cont'd)

Do you need emergency room,sir?

He comes back into a real state.

MARK THOMAS

Well, thank you so much for your service.

Giving her the contact details.

They both stand up. The doctors doesn't know if she has to shake hands or say bye in what manner.

Mark Thomas takes the papers and dump them in a shitcan.

Sad music playing in the background.

We see Mark Thomas walking out very downcast. He feels like his life is over as he walk out. His face is written many things.

Italian opera music playing in the background.

INT. MARK THOMAS'S ROOM- NIGHT.

Italian opera music playing in the background.

We see Mark Thomas. Crestfallen in posture that way he is seated. The displayed posture give us the man with the most regret of his life which he intend to revenge someone for it.

Next to him;its a class of whiskey. A bottle of whiskey.

All of the sudden the electricity goes off.

All the lights goes off.

We see a small torch going behind the door.

The light goes on again.

The music continues to play.

The goes off again.

EXT. YARD- NIGHT.

We see three people jumping in. They walk behind the window. The lights are out.

They walk around the wall.

Its Lee Jones. The next one is Monet and the last one is Sylvia.

The main doors opens and it doesn't close. We see Mark Thomas with a torch. He looking outside but he can't see anything.

He didn't close the door.

CUT TO:

We see three people get in. They don't make noise.

INT. INSIDE - NIGHT.

Mark Thomas comes back in and closes the door. The house is still dark.

He goes back to the room near the bathroom to switch on the light.

BOOM! BOOM!

Light on but he can't see anything suspicious in the house.

The music start to play.

He goes back to where he was seated.

Music in the backgrounds stops to play.

Lee Jones appear behind him. Monet appear after Lee Jones.

Sylvia is standing behind them.

Mark Thomas is not scared. Speaking to all of them while seated and drinking whiskey.

MARK THOMAS

The kind of people I was thinking about. The shitcans infected me with HIV.

Three guns pointing at him. They are moving slowly towards Mark.

Mark Thomas is not moving. He keeps on zipping his whiskey.

MARK THOMAS (cont'd)

So you want to take it out off my ass?

SYLVIA

We want money out of your ass.

MONET

You live cheap but you are a loaded motherfucker.

LEE JONES

Move your ass. We need some money.
You got nothing. No fucking kids! No
fucking wife! You got no
responsibilities. You don't deserve
such money.

Lee Jones is moving Mark Thomas to the main room which look
like an workroom.

Lee Jones forces him to seat down.

Sylvia get the laptop and open it for him.

Monet is getting the phone close to him.

Sylvia is dropping a paper to Mark Thomas. The paper is
written 4236547967 ACCOUNT NUMBER, WIRE 50 MILLION.

Lee Jones is giving Mark Thomas his vantage eye glasses.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

Wear them. You need to see 50 million
running out of your account.

Mark Thomas is not willing comply with the situation.

MARK THOMAS

I don't get robbed my hapless yokels.

Silence.

Lee Jones slap him.

LEE JONES

Wire the fucking money or I will
break you up.

MARK THOMAS

What are going to do with that money
anyway?

Lee slap him again. He kicks the table instead of kicking
him.

MONET

We are not here to hurt anyone. We
just need the money.

SYLVIA

Give us the money Mark. Wire it into
the account.

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

81.SHORTCOMINGS OF MANKIND BY SIR. MACBETH MALKEUTU

Lee Jones is boiling some water. The electric kettle steams.
Mark Thomas become uncomfortable.

Lee Jones is taking a kettle. He looks Mark Thomas.

MONET

Lee that's so unnecessary.

LEE JONES

We need to teach these motherfucker
some basics. He is old..why is he
stubborn?

Mark Thomas is very bothered now. His face is changing.

On the kettle there is hot water. Boiled as hell!

He pour hot water on his shoes.

Mark Thomas is burning but he is playing hard-ass if he not
feeling anything. There is a steam coming out of the shoe.

Mark Thomas shrieks. And roar. His face is changing.
Groaning!

MARK THOMAS

I am not fucking giving my money to
piss of shit! The unfortunate
motherfucking rednecks.

Lee Jones pour some more.

LEE JONES

Time is moving, Mark!

MARK THOMAS

Suck my cock! You son of bitches. You
call yourself a thug.

Lee Jones pour some.

Mark groan in silence. Closing his eyes. Biting his lips.
Shaking his heads. Three guns on his neck. Monet and Sylvia
are ready to shot a thing.

MARK THOMAS (cont'd)

Fucking Jesus. Stop!

SYLVIA

Wire the money Mark.

Silence.

Pause.

MARK THOMAS

Hmmm...i need to take off my shoes.

LEE JONES

No..you son of a bitch. No you son of a bitch. You want some more boiled water? huh? Wire the money, right now.

Silence.

Pause.

Lee Jones stick his shoes on his balls. Crack it all around. Move it and move it.

MARK THOMAS

What did your parents? What did your parents do while our parents where getting wealthy?

Pauses.

MARK THOMAS (cont'd)

Sucking cocks!

Lee Jones slap him with a book.

MARK THOMAS (cont'd)

You are sucking cocks and they sucked cocks!

MONET

You keep on fucking talking. I will fucking pull the trigger. I don't fucking need your money. I don't give a shit about your money.

Pause.

MARK THOMAS

How was my cock?

MONET

How's HIV going? Running through your vain and sucking your cock?

MARK THOMAS

I will hunt you down like a dog you are and kill you. And I will do the same to you.

Mark Thomas is trying to move.

LEE JONES

Stay put where you are dullard. How about we try some oil..i mean hot oil?

Lee Jones is opening the rug and take out everything out.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

Do you have oil? You piece of shit.

Lee Jones is lighting a stove and take the pot and put it on the stove. Pour some oil.

Everyone is waiting and looking.

MARK THOMAS

Okay I can't transfers 50 million at once. And I don't have 50 million. 50 million is within the asset.

LEE JONES

How much do you fucking have?

MARK THOMAS

I have half of that.

Mark is looking at the account. He is trying to type the figures.

Phone tone messages in Sylvia's pocket.

phones rings.

Everyone is waiting.

DOCTOR(O.S)

We got the money. We are happy. The procedure with the kidney transplantation start in few minutes. Congratulations. I wonder how you come with such figures. These is the most expensive kidney transplantation ever in our lazaretto.

Called dropped.

Intense moment between Monet, Sylvia and Lee Jones. That moment of someone is fucking up.

LEE JONES

What about the rest?

MARK THOMAS

What about the rest?

SYLVIA

No it's fine. We need to go.

Pause.

Silence.

MARK THOMAS

Hmm..what's up with the rush?

Mark get a slap.

Lee Jones and Monet are mystified now with the current situation.

LEE JONES

We still need another 25...right?

MARK THOMAS

I don't have. Another 25 will blow whistles. Black and white situation. I will give you a chance to walk away.

Pause.

MARK THOMAS (cont'd)

One more black move...i will bring down the music but I kind of figured you have much problem within you. You all fucking broke...

Lee Jones is surprised.

Sylvia is leaving.

The door open and closes.

LEE JONES

I said we need a fucking half.

There is something wrong. Nothing is connecting. Everyone is moving out. Lee Jones is left alone in the main room. Lee Jones is pointing the gun to Mark Thomas.

Sylvia is out of the pictures. She have no words.

Monet is on Sylvia's ass.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET- NIGHT.

WE SEE THREE PEOPLE RUNNING BEHIND EACH OTHER.

To Sylvia.

LEE JONES
What the fuck is going?

Sylvia is walking and she is not saying anything.

SYLVIA
My daughters had a contretemps.

Lee Jones is pulling her back. Push her to the wall.

LEE JONES
What? Huh? Are you fucking us?

Pointing a gun at Lee Jones.

SYLVIA
Hey ..hey twopenny-halfpenny. Hands
off me.. now.. I need to go to the
fucking hospital.

Monet is standing behind. Like a ghost.

MONET
She is fucking us... that account was
a hospital account. She paid the
conventional necessities.

LEE JONES
What's conventional necessities?
What's happening?

Pauses.

MONET
She fucked us. She got no foundation.
She was paying cost at the hospital.

The engine of the car start. Sylvia is inside.

MONET (cont'd)
Tail it.

Lee Jones and Monet are rushing inside their car. Rush
behind the wheel with Sylvia who is driven by some guy.

CUT TO:

THE CAR FOR SYLVIA STOPS AT THE HOSPITAL ENTRANCE.

LEE JONES AND MONET PARK BEHIND THEM.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-NIGHT.

We see doctors in the room accosted by Sylvia.

Sylvia shake hands with them.

We see two girls who looks like they just came from a huge successful surgery.

DOCTOR

The process was successful. They will live and grow up. We had to get the best help in the country.

Sylvia is being humble. She just chuckles. She take their hands. They gather around the two daughters and pray.

SYLVIA IS LEADING THE PRAYER.

SYLVIA

I praise you, Lord, because you have saved me and kept my enemies from gloating over me.

2

I cried to you for help, O Lord my God, and you healed me;

3

you kept me from the grave. I was on my way to the depths below, [b] but you restored my life.

4

Sing praise to the Lord, all his faithful people! Remember what the Holy One has done, and give him thanks!

5

His anger lasts only a moment, his goodness for a lifetime. Tears may flow in the night, but joy comes in the morning.

6

I felt secure and said to myself, "I will never be defeated."

7

You were good to me, Lord;

(MORE)

SYLVIA (cont'd)

you protected me like a mountain
fortress.

But then you hid yourself from me,
and I was afraid.

8

I called to you, Lord;
I begged for your help:

9

"What will you gain from my death?
What profit from my going to the
grave?

Are dead people able to praise you?
Can they proclaim your unfailing
goodness?

10

Hear me, Lord, and be merciful!
Help me, Lord!"

11

You have changed my sadness into a
joyful dance;

you have taken away my sorrow
and surrounded me with joy.

12

So I will not be silent;
I will sing praise to you.
Lord, you are my God;
I will give you thanks forever.

ALL OF THEM SAYS "AMEN.

LEE JONES KICKS THE DOOR. Everyone jump up and scream. The
doctors are moving to the corner.

Sylvia is not moving. She look at Lee Jones without blinking
an eye.

Lee Jones is walking close and slowly to Sylvia. Pointing a
gun at him.

LEE JONES

What's the fuck is going?

Pauses.

Silence.

No one is saying anything.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

I want my fucking money. No one is
saying anything.

He is kicking the bed. Sylvia is being protective.

SYLVIA

So what Lee Jones? Are you going to shoot my kids?

A gun straight to her face. Sylvia is not blinking the eye.

LEE JONES

We had a fucking agreement. You fucking transfer the money to your charity account and we share it accordingly. That was the fucking agreement.

(Pointing kids with a gun)

There was nothing about the hospital kids being sick.

Monet is not saying. She is being surprised by the kids.

SYLVIA

We do whatever we need for survival. But what's survival without saving someone?

LEE JONES

I need that money now. I need my fucking money now.

SYLVIA

It's not your fucking money. We robbed Mark.

MONET

You paid the hospital?

SYLVIA

Paid hospital. All of it.

MONET

What about me? I slept with Mark Thomas for saving your kids?

Pause.

Silence.

MONET (cont'd)

We need the money.

SYLVIA

Kidney transplantation is done.

Monet is freezing. Lee Jones dying with surprise.

SYLVIA

What? Are you going to shot me? And the kids? For what? For money?

Monet is crying. Lean against the wall.

LEE JONES

We fucking need that money.

SYLVIA

What are you going to do? fleece the hospital now? People who save lives... are you going to mess up with them in favor of being selfish? In fucking favor of your needs? The money is gone. You are so wrapped in one's self.

Pauses.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

What do you get after you pull the trigger?

Pause.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

Nothing but peccant of conscious. You know what differentiate me from you?

Pause.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

It's because people like me they compose sin for the right action. And people like you they compose sin for sin. You rob to get pleasure and I rob to save lives.

Lee Jones still pointing a gun at Sylvia who is talking without fear. The beautiful twin girls are sleeping. Lee Jones is keep looking at the girls.

He is a thug but he is getting touched bit by bit by the situation. His face start to draw some impression. The shake of his head and biting of his lips says a lot about sensitiveness.

He lean against the wall.

MONET

Lee we have to go. We don't have time. Black and white cars will be here now. Someone alarmed them.

Lee Jones is jammed. He can't move anything.

The girl on the right wakes up and look at Lee Jones. Sylvia rush to her and comfort her like a mother.

SYLVIA

It's okay baby. Don't you worry,okay?

Silence.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

Everything will be okay.

BABY

Who is he? Why is he pointing a gun at you?

Sylvia is not saying anything.

BABY

Will God forsake us?

SYLVIA

God will never forsake us.

The baby look at at Lee Jones without blinking.

BABY

Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

LEE JONES

Why is he praying?

Sylvia look at him with that impression "do you really fucking care,what people do?"

SYLVIA

Oh Jesus..do you do you really care about people praying?

LEE JONES

I knew you were going to fucking play us. I knew something was fuck up with you.

SYLVIA

Can't you be fucking satisfied that i saved kids?

LEE JONES

They are not my fucking kids. They are just not my fucking kids, okay?

Silence.
Pause.

LEE JONES

(Rude and screaming.)

They are not my fucking charge. Do you think they need to be saved? They don't fucking condign it.

SYLVIA

You mean-spirited whore!!!

Interrupted.

Pause.

Silence.

BABY

What will it profit a man if he gains the whole world, yet forfeits his soul? Or what can a man give in exchange for his soul?

Intense music playing in the background.

Close range to Monet who is bleeding and falling down. Everyone is shocked.

LEE JONES

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

The slow motion on everyone's face.

Sylvia is drawing the gun out.

Who shot Monet...we can't see anyone. Lee Jones is moving around with a gun.

Lee Jones is walking out like a solders and still he doesn't see anyone who look suspicious.

Sylvia is coming out as well. The kids are looking at her in a different way.

BABY
What's going on?

SYLVIA
I have to protect my kids.

The doctors take Monet to emergency room.

CUT TO:

Lee Jones and Sylvia are guarding the emergency room.

LEE JONES
It's your fault...

SYLVIA
I didn't shot her and beside she arrange to fucking infect Mark Thomas with HIV..what do you call that? Do you think he will let it go?

LEE JONES
It was your fucking idea.

SYLVIA
It was our fucking idea in the name of money.

We really can't see who is shooting. The gun is installed silencer.

Sylvia is bleeding...from her stomach. She get a hit again at her left leg.

The shorter is outside..perhaps few kilometers away. He shooting from the distance.

Lee Jones pull Sylvia inside the emergency room.

EXT. ROOF TOP - SAME DAY.

We see Mark Thomas with a extensive big gun. he is wearing a mask.

He stop shooting and seating down. He light out a cigarette and take out a bottle of whiskey with handkerchief.

He cry's with one eye. He is speaking alone. Zipping whiskey.

MARK THOMAS

They had to suffer...one had must sleep with a burden of their deeds.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT.

We see Monet and Sylvia stabled but in critical condition. Lee Jones feel remorse about the whole thing. He feel responsible for the outcomes.

Monet and Sylvia are separate from the kids room.

Lee Jones enter the space where is Sylvia's twins and they are wide awake. They look at Lee Jones and get sacred.

The doctor is seated near by.

DOCTOR

Don't be afraid. He with us.

BABY

Where's Sylvia?

Lee Jones respond with sadness and with that impression of he is not telling the truth.

LEE JONES

She is coming.

BABY

When?

Pause.

Silence.

LEE JONES

I don't know your name but you know..would you like to pray?

BABY

You don't care about people who pray.

Pause.

BABY (cont'd)

Do you know a prayer?

LEE JONES

No... I mean...

Interrupted.

BABY

I praise you, Lord, because you have
saved me
and kept my enemies from gloating
over me.

2

I cried to you for help, O Lord my
God,
and you healed me;

3

you kept me from the grave.
I was on my way to the depths
below, [b]
but you restored my life.

4

Sing praise to the Lord,
all his faithful people!
Remember what the Holy One has done,
and give him thanks!

5

His anger lasts only a moment,
his goodness for a lifetime.
Tears may flow in the night,
but joy comes in the morning.

6

I felt secure and said to myself,
"I will never be defeated."

7

You were good to me, Lord;
you protected me like a mountain
fortress.
But then you hid yourself from me,
and I was afraid.

8

I called to you, Lord;
I begged for your help:

9

"What will you gain from my death?
What profit from my going to the
grave?
Are dead people able to praise you?
Can they proclaim your unfailing
goodness?"

10

Hear me, Lord, and be merciful!
Help me, Lord!"

11

(MORE)

BABY (cont'd)
You have changed my sadness into a
joyful dance;
you have taken away my sorrow
and surrounded me with joy.
12
So I will not be silent;
I will sing praise to you.
Lord, you are my God;
I will give you thanks forever. Amen

LEE JONES
AMEN.

Speaking to the doctor.

LEE JONES (cont'd)
Can we talk outside?

They both go outside the room.

CUT TO

DOCTOR
Don't worry, they will live. They are
stable now. They got lucky but they
might not be the same.

LEE JONES
What do you mean they might not be
the same?

DOCTOR
Someone might not talk and someone
might not walk.

Lee Jones is confused and surprised. He groan and lean
against the wall.

He kicks the bottle water near by and takes a table and
throw it against the wall.

LEE JONES
Fuck! Fuck me! Oh okay now...they
might not talk or they might not
walk.

Pause.

Silence.

LEE JONES (cont'd)
I got go..i will be back.
(MORE)

LEE JONES (cont'd)
I need to play some music to the
situation.

INT. MARK THOMAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Mark is entering the house. He switches the light on and
boil some water.

He turns the music on.

The kettle is boiling. He making some tea for himself.

Lee Jones come out of nowhere while Mark Thomas is still
trying to zip his tea.

Lee Jones pushes the tea on his mouths. He take the kettle
and cast it to Mark Thomas.

Mark Thomas is trying to run but the floor is slippery.

He falls down. Lee Jones cast the seat to him; it hit his
head. Lee Jones grab a bottle of coffee split it to Mark
Thomas.

He take eggs and hit Mark straight on his head. Mark is
rushing to the door but it's locked . He is trying to open.

Pause.

Silence.

Lee Jones is waiting, looking at him,holding a knife on his
left hand.

Mark Thomas is looking at the window but they are too small
for anyone to jump or squeeze. Mark Thomas is leaning
against the wall near the door.

LEE JONES
They can't walk Mark...The can't
fucking walk...

MARK THOMAS
I don't care. I am not haleness
because of them. I was hoping
you might enlightening me...how one
might approach such situation if one
I want to lex talionis.

(MORE)

MARK THOMAS (cont'd)

(Screaming.)

I am fucking HIV now. I am fucking HIV positive....because who ever they are to you... they can't walk and I can't live...50-50 situation don't you think Lee Jones? What did you expect?

LEE JONES

(Chuckles)

Its quite...epigrammatic.

MARK THOMAS

It is..not to mention the fact that you are a jest of the moment. Sylvia played you...and you are doomed. Its much better to be HIV positive with money...but its a sick thing to sick being broke...

LEE JONES

I will burn you alive....

MARK THOMAS

Considering the nature of your circumstances;of course you will.But you can kill me now but they can't walk..for the rest of their lives.

Lee Jones start to feel pity for himself. He is reversing from his decision. He is crying. Lean against the wall.

LEE JONES

I never wanted to kill anyone.We just wanted the money...

Silence.

Pause.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

You didn't do anything wrong. We wronged you.

(exhale and sigh.)

We toke your money. We injected you with a disease. You are a man of distinguished diplomatic in the community. You've done great things for the nations.

MARK THOMAS

I always wonder why me? and for what I did to your sister and friend.

(MORE)

MARK THOMAS (cont'd)
I just wanted revenge. I don't
deserve HIV. I wish I could take it
the fuck out of my body.

They are both crying. Lee Jones is not saying anything. He
open the door and drop down the knife.

Mark Thomas is seated near the wall. He is surprised why is
he leaving.

MARK THOMAS (cont'd)
(Screaming.)
I can help them. I can arrange the
best physicians in the world. And the
rest we perish it upon God through
faith.

LEE JONES
What will it profit a man if he gains
the whole world, yet forfeits his
soul? Or what can a man give in
exchange for his soul?

We see the back of Lee Jones leaving without saying
anything. And he doesn't want his help.

Back to the door. Close range to Mark Thomas seated down.
There is a bottle of whiskey next to Mark. He look at it and
open it. Thinking twice about it and smashes it through the
wall.

He cry's alone.

Sad music playing in the background.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME DAY.

Monet and Sylvia sleeping next to each other. They are both
looking at the ceiling.

Hoping miracle might turn up. Monet is cry with one eye. Lee
Jones is waiting at the door. Its a very sad day for all of
them. He have no words for them.

DOCTOR
Well based on the test result we
presumed that someone might not talk
and someone might not walk but
unfortunately they are both not
walking.

LEE JONES

(Shocked.)

What do you mean "they can't walk"?
They each have two feet.

Lee Jones is crying but he is playing along.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

You mean wheelchair? I don't want to
say sorry but I am so sorry. I wish I
could turn around the situation.

Sylvia is crying.

SYLVIA

It's okay. I mean what can i say?

LEE JONES

What did we expect anyway? I mean
what comes after misdemeanour ?

Monet and Sylvia not saying anything.

LEE JONES (cont'd)

Shit happens but we are here because
we made some choices. We made some
choices. We reap the outcomes now. No
hard feelings about it. That is the
crime for you. Unfortunately things
didn't work out for us. It worked out
for the kids, at least. We knew the
outcomes.

END!