

SNEAKY LINKZ

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BLACK SCREEN:

"The pain when people find out their mate cheated has nothing to do with love.

Disgusts consumes them, knowing their mate is doing the same sexual acts with them with someone else.

Realizing they were told lies about their performance in bed. Realizing materialistic things and money meant nothing, but above all...

Accepting a person who wasn't meant for you will never love you.

Something everyone knows, but because of their character, they believe they can change it."

~Bernard Mersier~

DISTORTED DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
You had to know this was gonna happen.
You probably didn't think it would go
this far, but you knew it would
happen.

Someone is heard spitting to the side, breathing heavily.

DISTORTED DEEP VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
People show their true colors when you
least expect it. But that's not the
problem. The problem is...

The sound of a hard pull from a cigarette followed by a calm exhale is heard.

DISTORTED DEEP VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hearing it come from your mouth and
seeing it in your eyes is cool. Right
now, I just need you to impress me,
and show me you can't die.

Three gunshots are heard.

EIGHT HOURS EARLIER.

FADE IN:

A LIGHT SKIN FEMALE HAND

French manicure tips quickly glide across the phone screen

texting the message "Baby, what are you doing?"

Waiting for the person to reply, another screen opens up. Loud rap music is playing and resting on the lap of a man wearing some torn up black skinny jeans is a cellphone.

A rough looking tattooed dark skin hand picks up the phone, turns the screen on and then goes to the text messages.

He replies "Smoking on one with this cup of yak, sitting in the studio waiting to go in the booth and drop this fire." He places the phone down waiting for a response.

On her screen she quickly replies "You need to be here between these thighs, sipping on this water."

On his screen, he picks up the phone ready to respond and that's when a phone call comes through, and on the screen it reads "Debt."

He turns the music down, and then answers the call, placing it on speaker.

KEYSHA (OVER SPEAKER)

What are you doing?

He goes back to the text message and replies "As long as your throat is ready to carry, I'm with it."

TYRELL

Sitting in the car vibing to my music.
What's on the floor?

KEYSHA (OVER SPEAKER)

Nothing right now. I was seeing what's
up with you before I made plans.

On the female screen she types out the message "This is a twenty-four hour abortion clinic, baby. You know what it is."

TYRELL

Shit, I really can't call it right
now. Fam just texted me and asked if I
was coming to the studio.

He responds to her text saying "That's why you're my bad bitch."

KEYSHA (OVER SPEAKER)

Okay. Go handle your business and when
you're done, we can figure

something out.

On her screen she replies "You know it, daddy. How long are you gonna be?"

TYRELL

Okay, bet, I shouldn't be long. Soon as I get finished, I'm flying straight to you.

He replies to the text saying "Give me about an hour and I'll be there."

KEYSHA (OVER SPEAKER)

Take your time. I'm off and ready to kick back and chill.

On her screen she replies "Okay, daddy. It'll be smooth and wet just how you like it."

TYRELL

That's what's up. I'm about to try and get this shit done now, so I can hurry up and get to you.

He replies to the text "That's what's up."

KEYSHA (OVER SPEAKER)

Okay.

She ends the call. On her screen, she sends a text message saying "N.I.M. tonight. I'm trying to see something."

He releases a sigh of frustration, and then he looks at the message.

Releasing a humorous laugh, he replies "LMMFAO!!!" He places the phone down laughing as the screen slowly fades to black.

TITLE CARD:

EXT. TYRELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyrell pulls up to the ranch style house in the suburban neighborhood in his all-black truck.

He gets out of the truck and now we see he's a tall dark skinned man in his early twenties.

He has long dreadlocks, wearing designer clothes, dripping with jewelry.

Placing a blunt in his mouth, he lights it and takes a pull with arrogance as he approaches the house.

Reaching the door, his phone goes off indicating he has a text message.

Pulling the phone from his pocket, he looks at the message while taking a pull.

INSERT PHONE

Come and get this pussy, daddy. With a low cocky laugh, he puts the phone back and then enters the house.

Stepping into the room lit by candles, he looks around, taking a pull, staring at the glass of Cognac on the table. Picking up the glass taking a sip, he swallows with delight. Focusing his attention on the hallway, he stares at the rose petals on the floor leading to the bedroom.

Making his way to the bedroom, he sees a note on the door that reads "You're the only one for me."

A cocky smile comes across his face, grabbing the doorknob, slowly opening the door.

Before he can get a good glimpse of the layout, he gets knocked out by a bat to the head.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Tyrell slowly opens his eyes with distorted vision. When it clears up, he sees razor blades glued on the ceiling fan spinning slowly in front of him.

Panic instantly consumes his body causing him to try and move back from the blades, and then he realizes he can't move. Uttering cuss words, he examines the room and sees two people wearing all-black chained down to chairs with black bags over their heads.

He also sees MIKE tied down on the soiled mattress. Mike is a handsome brown skinned man in his early forties.

Wearing nothing but his boxers, Mike is uttering cuss words as well, while trying to get free.

The room is decrepit with a disgusting smell lingering. Moving back so we can see the entire room, we see Tyrell standing on top of some boxes placed on a chair.

Just like Mike, Tyrell is in his boxers with his arms pulled back and tied with rope connecting to the hooks in the wall. There's a knot on his forehead from getting struck with the bat, along with a few more bruises and blood.

The way he's positioned, if he moves an inch closer his throat will get cut by the blades on the fan.

He goes from panicking to being filled with fear and anger.

TYRELL

What the fuck is this?!

MIKE

How the fuck should I know?! I'm in the same position as you.

TYRELL

Somebody needs to start explaining this shit. Why do they have bags on their heads?

MIKE

If I knew, I'd tell you.

TYRELL

They can fuckin' talk. I know y'all hear me. Say something.

The two people in the chairs are trying to get free.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

Great. I'm in a room that smells like fresh shit with a nigga tied down on a bed, and two more motherfuckers with bags over their heads.

MIKE

I think you should try and calm down.

TYRELL

Calm down? I'm stuck on this chair inches away from getting my throat cut, and you're telling me to calm down?

MIKE

Bitching about it won't help the situation.

TYRELL

Maybe you can stay calm because you're into this type of shit. But, this ain't what I do.

MIKE

No, I'm not. But this isn't helping the situation with you bitching.

TYRELL

What do you suggest we do? Wait until I slip and cut my throat? Listen to you trying to make this situation seem peaceful? I'm all ears, fam.

MIKE

There's no need to be a dick...
(Clears throat)
What's your name?

TYRELL

My name? At a time like this, you wanna know my name?

MIKE

It might help with figuring out why we're here.

TYRELL

It might help with figuring out...you know what? I'll entertain this. My name is---

The door opens and in walks a fairly tall person wearing all black baggy clothes, leather gloves and a full face red and black skull chain link mask.

There's an eerie aura about the character closing the door before proceeding into the middle of the room.

The character stops and then places a hand on one of the people chained down.

Tyrell looks confused, mustering up some courage, staring at the character with hate in his eyes.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

I knew it. Some freaky ass bondage shit, trying to make a snuff film. Look, this shit has nothing to do with me. So cut me down and I'll let y'all

have at it.

The character keeps a hand on the person's shoulder while staring at Tyrell.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? Cut me down so I can get the fuck on.

Mike remains silent, keeping his eyes on the character. Slowly, the character points over at the right corner of the ceiling.

Tyrell looks where the character is pointing and sees a camera recording.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

There's only one somewhat innocent person in this room. Rest assured all of you will die tonight, but I feel you should at least know why. Just to make things fair...one of you knows everything, but never spoke on the truth.

Silence cloaks the room as the character keeps eye contact with Tyrell.

You can tell thoughts are racing through Mike's mind by his expression.

Tyrell on the other hand still feels cocky, sucking his teeth staring at the character.

TYRELL

What type of lame shit is this? Fam, get me the fuck down and stop bullshitting.

The character calmly walks over to Tyrell and pauses.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

Enough of your fuckin' games. Cut me---

The character hits him hard in the gut and causes him to lose his breath, almost hurling hunching forward, nicking his forehead on the blades.

He releases a low moan, standing back in his position, still trying to catch his breath.

MIKE

We see that approach isn't working.

TYRELL

(Wheezing)

I don't see you trying to figure something out.

MIKE

I'm trying to figure out what we have in common so we can possibly get out of this.

The character turns looking at Mike doing a slow nod of approval.

TYRELL

We don't have shit in common. I don't know the true purpose behind this, but if you're gonna kill us just do it.

The character moves back to the person it had its hand on and slowly pulls the bag off revealing DAWN.

Mike and Tyrell eyes get wide staring at the tears rolling down her face.

Dawn is in her early thirties, brown skin and has long hair. Duct tape is wrapped around her mouth. The character leaves the room. The two are still shocked.

She looks around the room terrified.

MIKE

Baby.

TYRELL

Baby? Hold up. You mean to tell me that's your woman?

MIKE

Yeah that's my woman. What about it?

TYRELL

(Low chuckle)

You got jokes, I get it. We need something to lighten the mood.

MIKE

It ain't a joke. What's funny about my woman for three years being in

this room?

TYRELL

Three years? Three...this shit is crazy.
You believe she's faithful, right?

MIKE

Say what the fuck you gotta say.

TYRELL

Look. I'm not the type to get into it
with a nigga over some pussy.
Especially if you don't know better.
Shit, even if you do now, my beef is
not with you, it's with her.

MIKE

What?!

TYRELL

We've been fuckin' for years. Grant
it, I didn't know about you because
that's not my business. But, I've been
rearranging her guts, bro.

MIKE

(Laughs)

You've been fucking my woman. Now
that's funny.

TYRELL

What's funny about it?

MIKE

Look at you and look at me.

Tyrell looks at him confused.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That wasn't a good point. But I'm a
successful businessman who can buy her
whatever she wants. Take her wherever
she wants. And I don't need to brag
about my performance in bed.

TYRELL

Bro...do you really think all that shit
you just said stops bitches from
fuckin' other niggas? Are you that
dumb?

MIKE

I know you're talking out the side of your ass right now.

TYRELL

Okay, let's say that. Can you explain how I know who she is?

MIKE

She probably took one of your demo CDs on the street. You look like one of those mumble mouth I'm a rapper type of nigga.

TYRELL

(Laughs)

Again with the jokes. Don't try to downplay what I do because you just found out your bitch is eating my dick. I can call her a bitch because that shit turns her on. That's a fun fact.

MIKE

If I wasn't tied down to this bed you wouldn't be talking shit.

TYRELL

Bro, I told you I'm not about to beef with you over some pussy. Even if we were free to throw the fair one, I'd feel bad for beating yo ass over some pussy we're sharing. That pussy must be godlike to you.

MIKE

You'll never know.

TYRELL

(Low laugh)

This nigga refuses to believe me. Bro, if we didn't get caught up in this weird shit we'd be fuckin' tonight.

MIKE

I get it, you wish you could sleep with my woman, I understand. But that shit ain't in your future, junior.

TYRELL

Junior? Man...I wish the bitch

mouth wasn't taped up so you can ask her.

MIKE

You gon' stop calling my woman a bitch. I know that.

TYRELL

Or what? What the fuck are you gonna do?

MIKE

I don't have time for you.

(To Dawn)

Dawn. Dawn, baby, what is he talking about?

She closes her eyes tight, letting the tears roll down her face.

Shame outlines her face, opening her eyes, staring at him. From looking at her, he knows what Tyrell was saying is true, but he doesn't want to believe it.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Seriously. Are...are you serious right now?

As the tears continue flowing, we hear her mumbling words of what would appear to be sorrow.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Just...just shut the fuck up. How could you do this to me?

TYRELL

I tried to tell your stupid ass.

Mike turns to look at Tyrell with fury in his eyes.

MIKE

You shut the fuck up! Mind your goddamn business while I'm speaking with my woman.

TYRELL

Our woman.

MIKE

(To Tyrell)

You heard what the fuck I said.

(To Dawn)

Back to you, bitch. I do every goddamn thing for you, and you're out here fuckin' a nobody? I wish we were free and you could talk, so I could knock the bullshit excuse back down your throat. I can't believe---

The character comes back into the room carrying a closed paint bucket, closing the door.

The room is silent as the character moves to the bed, stepping up on the mattress, preparing to place the bucket on the hook attached to a pulley.

While doing this, Mike tries to grab the character's ankle and this causes the character to stomp him hard in the chest, returning back to what it was doing.

TYRELL

(Low laughs)

You didn't have to do him like that, bro. He's just mad after what he heard.

Finished hooking the bucket up, the character removes the lid and then comes down from the mattress. The character prepares to leave the room.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

We know what we have in common. I'm fuckin' the bitch he's in love with, and she's still fuckin' him, making him believe she's faithful so she can keep getting what she wants. There, you can let us go.

The character walks over to Dawn and pauses, placing a hand on her shoulder.

She cringes, releasing a low shriek.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

Yeah, that bitch. We're sharing her.

MIKE

Sadly to say, I agree.

The character pulls out a stainless steel butterfly knife and opens it.

Dawn's eyes get wide feeling the cold steel pressed against her throat.

The character holds the knife in place on her throat, while staring at Tyrell.

TYRELL

What? That's what we have in common.

MIKE

You can kill the nasty bitch as long as it gets me outta here.

The character slowly shakes its head no, and then points to the other person chained with a bag over their head.

TYRELL

I'm sure whoever that is has nothing to do with me. If that's another nigga she's fuckin', then that's on them two. You can let me go.

The character lowers the blade and then walks over to the other person.

Tyrell is talking trash. Mike is breathing heavily, shaking his head, disgusted by the news he found out.

Dawn continues crying with her head lowered in shame, unable to look at Mike.

The character gets to the other person and pauses, placing a hand on the bag.

Mike stops talking trash, focusing on who the person could be under the bag.

The character removes the bag and reveals KEYSHA. The beautiful light skin woman in her early thirties has her mouth duct taped and her eyes are wide open with confusion. Tyrell instantly gets upset, but he knows he can't move.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

Motherfucker, you let her go!

Dawn gets an attitude looking at Tyrell as if she's ready to kill him.

Mike looks over at Keysha with a straight face.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

Baby.

Keysha stares at Tyrell with the same expression. The character moves back over to Dawn.

Placing the knife back on her throat, the character slowly glides the knife up to her chin, and then places the tip of the blade under the duct tape.

With a smooth swift motion, the character cuts the duct tape and then snatches it off.

Dawn releases a moan of pain, followed by swishing her mouth around to block out the pain.

Once she's settled, she focuses back on Tyrell.

DAWN

You lame ass nigga. You were talking all that shit about me and you got a whole bitch!

TYRELL

Fuck you right now. I need to know what he did to my baby.

MIKE

Amazing. As soon as she can talk, she talks shit to you, but says "Fuck me" and I'm her man.

DAWN

Oh, get the fuck over it. Put your big boy boxers on and suck it up. I needed more than what you were giving me.

MIKE

I shouldn't have given you that much, you dirty bitch.

TYRELL

Fuck what both of y'all are talking about. I need whoever that is to tell me what's wrong with my baby.

Keysha remains with the same blank stare. The three begin arguing over each other. The character puts the knife away.

The character steps back in the middle of the room. The three continue arguing for a few more seconds before focusing on

the character.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Now that everybody sees everybody, and knows what you have in common. All that's left is the countdown till your deaths.

The character leaves the room. The three look at each other trying to debate who'll get thrown under the bus, but Keysha still has the same expression looking at Tyrell.

TYRELL

Apparently, my baby is the innocent one in this situation. So, I don't know about you two, but I need to convince whoever that is to let us go.

DAWN

And what makes her so innocent?

TYRELL

Because all she does is go to work, come home, cook and wait for me to get home.

MIKE

(Low tone)

And eat dick.

Tyrell looks over at him confused.

TYRELL

What was that?

Mike turns his head to look at him.

MIKE

Don't tell me you took offense?

TYRELL

I wanna know what the fuck you said.

MIKE

I said...And. Eat. Dick. That's what you said my woman does with you, right?

DAWN

Hold on. You just said this motherfucker can kill me, dragged my ass through the mud, and you were

fucking another bitch?

MIKE

Cut the dramatics. I already knew about your pathetic sneaky link over there. I just didn't believe you would actually sleep with something like that.

TYRELL

Something like that? If you were laying pipe down right, she wouldn't have crept off on your moist ass.

MIKE

(Scoffs)

She was a whore from the hood. I'm sure you met her in the same spot I did. Anyway, once it was confirmed you two were sleeping together, I found out you had a girlfriend, so I looked at it as a fair trade.

DAWN

A whore from the hood?

MIKE

Exactly. Any woman that lets you fuck on the first date after two drinks, your appearance and car is a whore.

DAWN

But you stayed with this whore for three years and was ready to propose. So what does that make you?

MIKE

At first I was pussy-whipped, I can't even lie. But the more I found out about you, I started falling in love. Dumbass mistake on my part.

DAWN

It wasn't a mistake. You knew you found---

TYRELL

Scratch all that.

(To Mike)

You're telling me you already knew about me and her? So that little show

you put up was a front?

MIKE

That's right.

TYRELL

And since you knew about us, you decided to fuck my woman?

MIKE

What did you tell me? "I'm not about to beef over some pussy."

TYRELL

That's not a piece of pussy. That's the woman I love.

MIKE

I just said the same thing about Dawn, so now you see how I feel.

Keysha remains with the same stare and expression. Dawn's eyes start watering a little after hearing Mike really loves her.

TYRELL

No, we don't feel the same. The way I feel---

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

What made you decide to sleep with Mike?

The three look around confused.

KEYSHA (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Not just because of the videos I received with Tyrell and that other woman. It's the fact he lied to me every night with a straight face, claiming I was the only one for him.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

But you knew he was lying.

KEYSHA (OVER THE SPEAKER)

...I knew. I just...I just thought I could change him. He made me feel like I was the only thing that mattered in the world, and I thought I made him feel the same.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
 Girl, you know the only thing dogs
 change is the owner if they get to
 roam free.

KEYSHA (OVER THE SPEAKER)
 (Sighs, sniffles)
 I know.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
 The one thing you haven't told is why
 you're part of what's going to happen.
 Personally, I wish it didn't have to
 be this way, but...you allowed yourself
 to get involved in some bullshit.

KEYSHA (OVER THE SPEAKER)
 (Scared tone)
 Wait. I'll leave him alone. I'll move
 on. Please, don't do this.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
 It has to be done.

KEYSHA (OVER THE SPEAKER)
 Please, no!

Keysha screams echo over the speaker, and Tyrell's screams
 blend in with hers.

He closes his eyes sobbing as tears begin rolling down his
 cheeks.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
 That was recorded earlier. And in case
 you were wondering why she didn't
 respond when you were talking to her.
 Her eardrums were pierced deep with Q
 tips. The duct tape is just
 decoration. Her tongue was removed as
 well. The icing on the cake...gluing her
 eyelids open so she won't miss a
 thing.

TYRELL
 Who the fuck are you?!

The door comes open and in walks the character carrying a
 bottle of clear tequila, closing the door.

The character places the bottle down on the table, and then

moves to the center of the room, pulling the cord on the ceiling fan until it's at max speed.

Tyrell's tears are still falling from his eyes, but you can sense the anger in his face staring at the character. The character steps in front of Tyrell and pauses.

Tyrell coughs up a nice amount of spit and lets it rip in the character's face.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

Fuck you, coward. You could at least have some respect for yourself and show your face.

The character pats him on the side, and then walks behind him.

Knowing he's about to die, Tyrell looks at Keysha with deep sorrow in his eyes.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

I know I wasn't shit and I'm sorry.
But believe me now when I tell you, I---

He doesn't get to finish his sentence because the character pushes the chair forward and the blades begin cutting through his throat.

Making sure the job gets done completely, the character cuts the rope allowing him to hang as the blades continue cutting through his throat.

Dawn and Mike shriek in fear looking at the horrific scene and the blood spraying around the room.

Moving back over to the table, the character grabs the bottle of tequila and then walks over to Keysha.

The character caresses the side of her face before opening the bottle.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

You're actually the innocent one, but you made one mistake. I'm sure Mike wouldn't mind, but...certain things can't be allowed.

MIKE

What are you talking about?

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
"N.I.M." That's what I'm talking
about?

MIKE
"N.I.M.?" I don't know what that
means.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
Neither did I. I had to ask around to
find out what it means. And when I
did...

(Low whistle)
It blew my mind.

MIKE
What does it mean?!

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
That baby you wanted with your girl
for three years. Well, she wanted it
with Tyrell. "N.I.M" means "Nut in
me." But what really makes it bad is
that she was gonna let you believe it
was yours.

Dawn lowers her head.

MIKE
You were gonna do me like that? How
fucking heartless are you? What did I
do to you?

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
Ah, don't worry about it, man. Good
old Keysha was willing to have the
baby for you, and let you know it was
yours. But like I said...certain things
you just can't be allowed.

MIKE
No, no, no! What are you about to do?!

The character cuts the duct tape from her mouth and snatches
it off.

She opens her mouth to try and scream and we see the piece of
tongue left.

The character grabs her by the jaw holding her mouth open.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Please, please don't hurt my baby!
Kill me! Anything, just don't kill my
baby!

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

What was that you said, Mike? "Two
drinks will have a bitch ready to
fuck." Let's see what a fifth does.

Mike screams as the character begins pouring the liquid down
her throat.

As the liquid continues flowing, smoke starts rising from her
insides being burned by the acid.

Releasing her chin, the character steps back and watches the
blood and her insides coming from her body before she slumps
over.

Mike's yells of sorrow linger in the room. Dawn appears as if
she's ready to hurl from the horror, doing her best to hold
it back.

The character focuses its attention on Mike with tears coming
down his face, sobbing under his breath.

The character moves over to Mike and stares at him.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER) (CONT'D)

Don't be sad, Mike. I told you
everybody was going to die tonight, so
why are you crying?

MIKE

You didn't have to kill the baby, you
bitch. You didn't have to kill the
baby.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

You're sad you lost a baby you were
going to have with a bitch side, and
you have a whole woman you claim to
love?

DAWN

That's the same thing I was thinking.

MIKE

Fuck you and her! The baby didn't have
to die behind this bullshit!

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
 I agree. But the woman carrying the baby involved the baby in this bullshit, so she's still at fault. And no, you would never fuck me. And after this, you'll never fuck her again.

MIKE
 (Low sobs)
 Who are you? Why are you involved in the lives of people who don't concern you? How do you know so much about this situation?

DAWN
 It doesn't matter if she tells us or not. The only thing we can do is accept the penalty coming towards us, and let God figure out our punishment in the next life.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
 God?
 (Laughs)
 In the situation all of you created, I can't believe you have the audacity to reference God? That's pathetic on a different level. But to answer your question, I'm the person none of you should've fucked with.

MIKE
 That doesn't answer---

The character places a foot on his throat causing him to open his mouth and gasp.

Placing a hand on the bucket, the character prepares to empty the contents.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
 People love playing the victim, knowing they're the attacker. That's one of the problems in the world today. No consequences for people's actions. That stops with you tonight.

The character proceeds to tilt the can forward and diarrhea feces spills out, falling into Mike's mouth.

As he gags and chokes, the character continues pouring until

the can is empty. Dawn looks disgusted.

Once the can is empty, the character removes its foot. With his face covered with feces, Mike lies gagging, trying to spit out what's in his mouth.

The character quickly pulls the butterfly knife out and cuts Mike's throat.

Mike lies dying a slow disgusting death, choking on feces and blood.

The character focuses on Dawn, who still has a look of disgust.

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
Men. No matter the race or status of their character, they're all full of shit.

(Sighs)
That just leaves me and you.

DAWN
Saved the best for last, huh?

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
I wouldn't say the best, but it was designed to end this way.

DAWN
Really? And why is that?

RACHEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)
I would love to answer that, but it's not my place.

DAWN
Whose place would it be?

Silence cloaks the room.

DAWN (CONT'D)
I'm listening.

The character faces her and then removes the mask. Dawn's eyes get wide.

REGGIE
Because this is a matter for you to discuss with your real husband.

DAWN
 ...Oh...my...God.

REGGIE is a handsome brown skin man in his early forties.

REGGIE
 If you believed in God and our vows,
 you along with these other people
 wouldn't be in this situation.

DAWN
 I...Reggie...I---

REGGIE
 You know...if you really loved me, you
 should've said let's get a divorce. Or
 maybe we should spend some time apart.
 That's what love is. But no, we had to
 go through this bullshit, and for
 what?

Her sniffing becomes louder, almost choking with each breath she takes.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 That shit doesn't sound like an answer
 to me. I'll tell you what I think you
 believe. And then I'll tell you what
 it created in the end, aside from the
 people who died tonight. Are you
 ready?

She slowly closes her eyes, nodding her head in shame.

DAWN
 (Sobbing)
 ...Yes.

REGGIE
 Bitches love to keep up with other
 bitches. From their looks, all the way
 down to the way they act and dress. A
 stupid competition, ignoring the fact
 while they're judging each other,
 they're acting just like the person
 they're judging.
 (Low chuckle)
 Then you have the women who are
 nothing like those type of bitches,
 but they put up an image as if they
 are, only to get mad when a

man approaches them for what they're portraying. Another stupid fun fact because those type of women swear they want a good man, but view men as whores. Strange.

He goes in his pocket and pulls out a cigarette, placing it behind his ear.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Then you have actual good women who carry themselves as women and desire a good man. These women keep to themselves, waiting for the right ideal man to come along. Problem with that is they don't know the difference between a good man, and a man portraying he's a good man just to get some pussy.

(Spits to the side)

Once he gets the pussy and she does every freaky thing imaginable, her value as a good woman to him becomes void, and now she's just another bitch to brag about. But the true catch is when he shows her the real savage he is, now she's in a tight spot because she cut off her friends, family, endured countless degrading moments and so on. Now the only person she knows and "Fears" not "Love" is him. That's the ultimate goal for ninety percent of men. The eight percent attempts to try and complete that goal, but they don't have the heart or mind frame to complete it and they end up becoming a pushover for every woman they encounter.

(Sucks teeth)

That two percent...

(Soft laugh)

That two percent of real men who accept their woman's past and present, standing beside her creating an amazing future. That two percent gets fucked over in the worse way. For some reason being a stand up man is viewed as soft. Being there for your woman is frowned upon as if the man is a bitch. Why? Because woman are used to that one dude that fucked them over, and

they haven't bounced back from it. So, that two percent tries their best to get things back to how they were in the beginning, no matter if he keeps getting fucked over. So I ask...which woman do you think you are, and what percentage of males do I fit in?

DAWN

You're...you're a good man, Reggie.

REGGIE

(Sarcastic laugh)

See. See, that's another reason why we're all here in this bullshit. You don't know how to communicate. I asked what percentage I am in, and you said "I'm a good man." Does that answer the question?

DAWN

(Sobbing)

...No.

REGGIE

I didn't think so. Would you like to try again?

DAWN

You belong in the two percent, Reggie.

REGGIE

That's where you're wrong, my loving wife. I converted to the two percent when I met you. Do you know why?

DAWN

...Just tell me.

REGGIE

You truly didn't give a fuck about me. Goddamn. In the midst of death and deceit, you still stand on the fact you never loved me.

DAWN

I never said I didn't love you.

REGGIE

You said that shit every time you said you loved me. I was just being

dumb. But, you can't tell me why I changed for you?

DAWN

Because you saw the potential in me, and you loved what you saw.

REGGIE

Not what I saw, but the woman you displayed. I never was a big fan of that saying "you can't turn a hoe into a housewife" because technically everything walking this earth has been through a hoe phase or they're still going through it. The catch is if you can make the hoe remain faithful. That's what I was thinking while I was getting to know you.

DAWN

Don't place all of this on me and you have a fair share as well.

He steps back and places a hand over his heart, staring at her stunned.

REGGIE

Do tell. What's my fair share?

DAWN

You didn't have to make a commitment after we fucked on the first night. You didn't have to spend random amounts of money on me thinking it would make me happy, instead of spending time with me. You didn't have to give me dry answers to certain things because you thought I was being sarcastic with the things I was asking. Oh yes, baby. You have your fair share.

REGGIE

You stand on that?

DAWN

Just as sure as either you'll kill me or let me go.

REGGIE

Hm. Well, we know the answer to what

you just said.

DAWN

Then do it and get it over with.

REGGIE

No. No, I'd like to share this moment with my piece of shit wife, first.

DAWN

She probably was a piece of shit when you met her. But you kept piling shit on her and made it worse. Like I said, accept your share.

REGGIE

I never knew you were so witty.

DAWN

If you would've paid me more attention, you would know a lot more.

REGGIE

...Maybe you're right.

DAWN

Mmhmm.

REGGIE

Still. All of that shit you just said made you sleep with that nigga over there and made this nigga believe you two were in a serious relationship? That shit you just said made you bounce from dick to dick, knowing you have home? Maybe it's not the most perfect home, but we could've fixed it, if you knew how to communicate.

DAWN

The only communication you respond to is me being your personal slut. And if I'm not performing the freaky shit you want done, you go on a spending spree or drown me with degrading words. Don't talk to me about communicating. The words you just preached, you should hear 'em again and see how they fit this relationship, marriage or whatever.

REGGIE

Damn. You actually do pay attention.

DAWN

Don't start going soft. Keep that raw ass energy going. That's one thing you forgot about that little two percent you're bragging about.

REGGIE

What's that?

DAWN

A woman can worship the ground you walk on, doing everything you ask us to do, and that still won't be enough. A man has to feel superior as if he's God, and when a woman treats him that way, he starts looking down on her as if she's nothing.

(Scoffs)

The essence of a bitch dwells in men, too. It's all about which side he decides to let dictate his life.

Speechless. He covers his mouth in a sly fashion, closing his eyes, nodding in agreement.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Aww. Is the angry jealous man who can't accept his part in this fucked up marriage silent?

(Laughs)

I thought I was supposed to be the only one with a pussy that loves to get fucked.

REGGIE

Speaking of pussy.

DAWN

(Sighs)

The shit was trash. You had better. Something along these lines, right?

He opens his eyes and looks at her confused.

REGGIE

Huh?

DAWN

I was just saying what you were going to say.

REGGIE

That's nowhere near what I was gonna say. Unlike you, I enjoyed our sex life.

DAWN

The occasional days when it occurred.

REGGIE

Right. Anyway, that's not what I was gonna say. I was gonna ask if you at least told them?

DAWN

What? About my trichomoniasis? No, why would I?

REGGIE

That's some foul shit, don't you think?

DAWN

Considering I don't know who I got it from, no. Nobody said they had to run in me raw. Again...people need to take accountability for their actions.

REGGIE

You heartless bitch. You gave that shit to me and you know I was only fuckin' you.

DAWN

Oh, fuckin' well. I'm sure you got it cleared up, and they're dead, so it doesn't matter. That's the only way a woman can truthfully get attention from her man. Give him a disease. Tell him it's his baby knowing it ain't. Or fuck his friends. Other than that, you niggas look at us as a fun and easier way to get a nut without using your hand.

REGGIE

You really are fucked up in the head, bitch. Here I was thinking I

could change you, and you loved me.

DAWN

Maybe if you thought like a man instead of a bitch, you woulda been comfortable with us just being fuck buddies and none of this would've happened.

REGGIE

(Low chuckle)

Thinking like a bitch. I got you.

Removing the cigarette from his ear, he places it in his mouth, after which, he goes in his pocket retrieving a lighter.

DAWN

Oh my. What, you need to calm your nerves? The high and mighty man fell from his tower, and now he's mad a bitch got down on him and she doesn't care.

Lighting the cigarette, he takes a calm pull and smiles, slowly making his way in front of her, stopping.

She looks at him with passion in her eyes, cracking a smile.

DAWN (CONT'D)

What is it, baby? You wanna spit on me? Slap the bitch outta me, making me grovel and beg for you to forgive me? You wanna start over from scratch and make it work?

He blows smoke in her face, and she inhales it, still looking at him smiling.

REGGIE

None of that, baby.

DAWN

Well, what---

With a quick motion, he hits her hard in the stomach, causing her to lose her breath.

REGGIE

(Takes a pull)

Right now, I just need you to shut the

fuck up and listen.

She's gasping, trying to catch a breath as saliva falls from her mouth.

He turns his back, takes a few steps forward and stops. Reaching under his shirt, he pulls out a .38 and then turns to face her.

You would think the tears building in his eyes and the anger outlining his face is because of the situation, but it's because he's still in love with her.

Taking a pull from his cigarette, he cocks the gun and then aims at her head.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

You had to know this was gonna happen.
You probably didn't think it would go
this far, but you knew it would
happen.

She spits to the side, continuing to breath heavily.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

People show their true colors when you
least expect it. But that's not the
problem. The problem is...

He takes a hard pull, inhales and exhales with anger.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Hearing it come from your mouth and
seeing it in your eyes is cool. Right
now, I just need you to impress me,
and show me you can't die.

He fires three shots and then lowers the gun. Taking one last pull, he throws the cigarette to the side, and then begins sobbing.

She's sitting in the chair wide eyed, thankful he didn't shoot her, but confusion plagues her mind why he didn't shoot her.

DAWN

...Why didn't you---

He remains with his head lowered.

REGGIE

Why didn't I kill you?

Slowly lifting his head, he looks at her with his watery eyes.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

It's easy to kill people you know have done you wrong. You can sleep like a baby after that. Killing a person you love, knowing they did you wrong. That'll haunt you for the simple fact despite how greasy they were to you...

(Soft sigh)

You knew how they were cut, and you still dealt with them because you loved them. People can say love is easy to shake off, and those are the same people who no longer recognize their own reflection.

DAWN

Reggie...Reggie, I'm sorry.

REGGIE

You're not sorry. There's no longer a need to keep up the lie.

DAWN

No, I'm truly sorry for everything. You're right. All we had to do was communicate with each other.

REGGIE

(Soft snicker)

When your life is on the line you realize all the fucked up shit you did was pointless. Then when you find out it's not your time, you'll say you're thankful, but you'll continue doing fucked up shit.

(Scoffs)

I'll give you this much. You were right about one thing.

DAWN

...What's that?

REGGIE

Men are just like bitches if not worse. We say women are emotional,

when really it's us. We do believe we should be treated as gods, knowing we're only doing the bare minimum to deserve the devotion a woman is showing us. So on that part...you're right.

DAWN

Baby, you know I don't look at you as a bitch.

REGGIE

Dawn, it's okay. You made me realize I am accountable for what happened tonight, and there's nothing I can say or do to change what happened.

DAWN

Reggie.

REGGIE

It's cool.

When he places the gun away, he goes in his pocket retrieving a key to the lock on her chains.

She stares at him confused as he approaches her.

DAWN

What now?

He steps behind her and places the key in the lock, unlocking it.

With the lock removed, he takes the chains off. She moves her arms around trying to regain the feeling in them.

REGGIE

There's one thing I need from you, and the rest is up to you.

Standing to her feet, she turns and looks him in the eyes. With a warm, loving smile, he places a hand to her cheek and holds it there.

Throughout everything that transpired, the same loving feeling resides on her face as she holds his hand against her cheek.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

The next man you encounter who

truly loves you. Please...please don't do him like you did me. There's a man who deserves your genuine love. Make it work for me.

Tears start building in her eyes.

DAWN

Bae, we can make it work.

REGGIE

(Soft laugh)

I wish that was true. To be honest... the real reason why I didn't kill you is because I would have to kill myself. Without you in my life I'm dead. If I would've killed you, it would've been Selfish, stopping the man who will show you the love you want. That's what love is about. Maintaining it, but letting it go if things get critical. I'll always love you.

With passion lacing his lips, he moves in for a kiss and she embraces him.

When he pulls back, a tear falls from her eye and he gently uses his thumb to wipe it away.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

A man will give my angel her wings and halo so she can fly above the bullshit, living a good life in heaven. Until then...bye, baby.

She prepares to speak, and he places a finger to her lips, shaking his head no.

He gives her a kiss on the forehead, and then turns his back to walk away.

DAWN

Reggie.

He stops, but doesn't turn around.

REGGIE

Yeah?

DAWN

...Think about giving us another chance.

He pulls the gun out and extends it to the side before placing it down on the table.

REGGIE

I told you whatever happens next is on you. Bye, baby.

He opens the door and walks out. Looking around the room at the horror, the once sensitive emotions she displayed quickly vanish, forming a sinister smirk, walking over to the table.

She picks up the gun and scoffs, opening the door, walking out.

Reggie is walking towards the stairs, and that's when Dawn cocks the gun, aiming at his head.

DAWN

You really don't pay attention to the shit you say. Why would you leave a gun with someone who has no problems fuckin' you over?

He stops, but doesn't turn around.

REGGIE

I pay attention to everything. Like I said, whatever happens now is on you. I see you made your choice.

DAWN

Damn fool. You were dumb to think you could change me. You were dumb to think I loved you. And now you're about to die like the dumb bitch you are.

REGGIE

True. But there's one thing about bitches I admire, but niggas do it way better.

She squeezes the trigger and the gun clicks. Confused, she squeezes the trigger again getting the same result, and then BANG!!!

Her body drops hard, face first with a hole in her head.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
When he makes you believe he's hurt..

He turns around with a sinister smile.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
It's so you'll have no idea he has a
good woman on the side.

The sound of high heels are heard as he places a cigarette in his mouth.

RACHEL comes up standing beside him, and she uses her lighter to light his cigarette.

Rachel is a slim dark skin woman in her early thirties. Blowing the smoke to the side, he turns looking at her with a smile.

They embrace in a passionate kiss, and then pull away. Staring at him with a sexy glare in her eyes, she gently runs her finger under his chin and then turns to walk away. Before she can get far away, he turns around and gives her a light pop on the ass.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Good game.

She releases a bashful laugh and continues walking. He catches up with her and the two make their way down the stairs.

SLOWLY FADES TO BLACK:

"A vain person uses the word "Love" effortlessly as long as people are giving them what they want."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS