

THE INTENTIONAL HEARTBREAKER

By

Bernard Mersier

Final version 2022

BernardMersier8913@gmail.com

"If it's allowed once, it only gets worse."

Bernard Mersier

FADE IN:

INT. ICU - NIGHT

Lying asleep on the hospital bed hooked up to an EKG machine with her head bandaged, and her once beautiful brown face bruised up with deep black swollen eyes is TOYA, mid-twenties.

The atmosphere is filled with heartache and despair, as we ponder on how she ended up in this condition.

As we listen to the machine beeping, we see she's slowly trying to open her eyes, as the sound of the machine begins decreasing.

The screen slowly starts fading to black, and her monitor goes lower, and lower. Before it turns black, we hear the flatline.

BLACK SCREEN:

A MONTH EARLIER

INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

It must be the weekend judging from the crowd and the music playing as we watch everyone enjoying themselves.

TWO SHOT - TOYA AND DREA

Toya is wearing a casual fitted dress. Her body is just as delicious as her face. Breasts that sit perky, a flat stomach, breeder hips and thighs, so you can just imagine what it looks like when she stands up.

Her friend DREA is in her mid-twenties. Drea's nice petite body is no slouch, with a beautiful face and glowing brown skin, wearing a shirt and some fitted jeans.

Toya takes a sip from her drink as she nods her head, surveying the room for a man she thinks would be in her league.

Not seeing a man worth her time, she sighs, picking up her glass, taking a sip.

TOYA

It's jumping tonight. It ain't no niggas worth talking to, but it's jumping.

Drea takes a sip looking at Toya confused.

DREA

Are you serious? Look at all these niggas in here.

TOYA

They ain't nothing to jump up and down about.

DREA

(Scoffs)

Well, everybody can't be like yo boo, Wayne.

TOYA

That's my best friend, not my boo. And what does he have to do with this?

DREA

When it comes to men. If he's not ballin' like him. If he doesn't look, dress, smell, hell even talk like him, yo ass ain't interested.

TOYA

That's a lie. You know damn well I gotta trophy shelf full of niggas. I'm just picky when it comes to giving up the pink lemonade.

Drea tries taking a sip and almost spills her liquor from laughing.

DREA

This bitch said pink lemonade. I'm done.

TOYA

(Laughs)

You need me to break it down for you?

DREA

(Laughs)

Nah, I think I got it.

TOYA

(Laughs)

As long as we're on the same page.

While the two are laughing and drinking, despite the music playing fairly loud, along with the talking and laughter from people in the background being heard, we hear a man clearing his throat.

CORY (O.S.)

Excuse me, ladies.

The two turn to look at him.

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

Before y'all say anything. No, I'm not about to run some cheap lines.

He turns his attention to Drea.

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

No disrespect towards you queen. You are without a doubt beautiful, and I have no problem with buying you a drink. But I'm really over here because I want to get to know your friend.

The two look at each other and laugh, picking up their glasses trying not to spill their liquor while taking a sip.

DREA

(Laughs)

I'm glad you said what you said. That was the lamest shit I ever heard.

CORY (O.S.)

I understand. Well, I'll leave you ladies alone.

TOYA

No, wait a minute. We'll have the drinks. Pay "D" no mind.

CORY (O.S.)

Are you sure?

TOYA

Yeah, come on and squeeze in.

Drea picks up her drink taking a sip, snickering as Cory

stands between them.

He's a tall well-groomed dark skinned man in his early-thirties. He's dressed nicely, nothing too flashy.

You can't say he's big, skinny or muscular, but you can tell he has some weight to go with his height.

CORY

What would you ladies like?

DREA

The lady of the hour can order for us.
I need a bathroom break.

Drea gets up laughing as she makes her way to the bathroom.

Cory watches her walk off, and then focuses his attention back on Toya.

CORY

What were you ladies drinking?

TOYA

Patron.

CORY

Nice. Regular or top-shelf?

TOYA

Is this a greasy line you're thinking about running?

CORY

No. I don't even know what being greasy means. What I do know is when you offer to buy a woman anything, she should begin thinking about what kind of man he is.

She takes a sip from her glass, impressed.

TOYA

I wasn't expecting to hear that. Well, we were drinking regular patron. I don't know if you would consider this cheap or we're following a trend, so I can't tell what kind of man you are just yet.

(Takes a sip)

By knowing this much. What kind of

women do you think we are?

CORY

Two best friends are having a girls night out drinking, and probably talking about guys. One of them is looking for a date, and the other one isn't impressed by the selection she sees.

(Soft chuckle)

Now, I wouldn't say that's a cheap drink, and I can't say you're a follower because I don't know you. All I can say is price doesn't matter if it's something you want.

TOYA

Look at you. Which woman do you think I am?

Just as he gets ready to respond, Drea returns, taking her seat.

DREA

What are we drinking?

Cory looks at Toya smiling.

TOYA

I'll stick with what we're already having. And this nice man---

CORY

I'm sorry. My name is Cory.

TOYA

Cory said he'll buy you whatever you want.

DREA

Oooh, I'm with that.

Drea immediately signals for a bartender.

Cory and Toya look at each other smiling.

CORY

That answers your other question.

TOYA
(Laughs)
I'm Toya, and this is my girl Drea.

CORY
Nice to meet you.

DREA
Hey, here comes the bartender.

Cory and Toya break out laughing.

The three sit laughing and drinking, having a good time, but Cory and Toya are more so trying to get to know each other.

INT. TOYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The queen size bed with large puffy white pillows go great with the sheets, blanket and drapes.

The room is basic, but it displays comfort with some pictures on the wall, her shoe rack off to the side, and a few plush animals on the bed.

Toya is lying in bed on top of the blanket in her matching bra and panty set.

She's enjoying her buzz flipping through channels on the television she has mounted on the wall.

Not seeing anything of interest, she turns to the music station, and then puts the television on low.

She grabs her phone from the nightstand, and begins going through her contacts.

She pauses on Cory's name debating on calling him, but she quickly moves along because in her mind she would seem desperate.

Moving down her list, she stops on her friend Wayne's name.

A big smile comes across her face as she starts a video chat.

It doesn't take him long to answer the call.

SPLIT SCREEN

Toya is lying on her side smiling, trying not to reveal she's only wearing her bra and panties.

Wayne is in his mid-twenties. The attractive brown skin man wearing a fitted blue hat and jewelry appears to be outside at a party judging by the people we see and hear walking past him in the background.

TOYA

Boy, where are you?

WAYNE

Shit, I should be with you. You naked over there?

TOYA

(Laughs)

You worried about the wrong shit right now. Where yo ass at?

WAYNE

On the block at this little get together.

A guy that walks past does a double take, coming back trying to see who he's talking to.

Wayne quickly moves him out the way.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Get yo thirsty ass on.

We can hear the guy laughing in the background.

TOYA

(Laughs)

Yo ole overprotective ass. What if I wanted to holla at him?

WAYNE

You'd have ya hotass here. What did you get into tonight? You look wasted.

TOYA

I was at the bar with Drea getting fucked up as you can see. This dude kept buying us drinks, so that's why I'm feeling good.

WAYNE

(Laughs)

He went through all that just for your number?

TOYA

(Laughs)

How do you know I gave him my number?

WAYNE

Because I know you. When you get drunk, you turn into a whole dude thinking you pimpin'.

TOYA

(Laughs)

I don't have to think about what I already know. You know me better than that.

WAYNE

Yeah, yeah. Did he call you yet? Or did you call him?

TOYA

Neither.

Wayne takes a sip from his cup, and then sucks his teeth.

TOYA (CONT'D)

Is somebody catching an attitude?

WAYNE

Never that.

We can hear the people in his background trying to gain his attention.

TOYA

(Laughs)

Your fans are calling you.

WAYNE

My number one fan is on the phone.

TOYA

(Laughs)

Fuck you.

WAYNE

(Laughs)

I'll let you know when I'm free. Let me get back to this shit, and I'll hit you up tomorrow. Are you good?

TOYA

Of course.

WAYNE

Aight. I'll holla at you later.

He hangs up on his end.

Toya places the phone back on the nightstand, and then lies on her back, looking up at the ceiling smiling.

Although they're nothing but good friends, you can tell by their communication they wanna start a relationship, but they don't wanna ruin their friendship.

INT. THE POOL HALL - NIGHT

The hole in the wall establishment layout lives up to the name "Hole in the wall." There's very few people in the cheaply decorated building with some jazz music playing.

Despite it being four empty pool tables, the few people inside are either walking around, or they're at the bar having drinks.

Cory and his friend FRANKIE are occupying the fifth pool table, appearing to have a nice game going on, with their mugs filled with beer resting on the table.

Frankie, mid-thirties. He's a tall lanky dark skin man with long dreadlocks wearing a button up and jeans.

Cory takes his shot, and accidentally knocks the eightball in.

The two break out laughing, placing their cue sticks up against the table.

Cory picks up his mug, and then walks over to the side of the table Frankie is standing on.

The two take a sip from their mugs.

FRANKIE

You said you were gonna win this game, right?

CORY

Yeah, yeah. I fucked up, so what?
(Laughs)
I guess we can count this as your

first win tonight.

FRANKIE

(Laughs)

It's not hard to beat your simple ass.
I'm just letting you enjoy your
moment.

CORY

I'll let you believe that.

FRANKIE

Anyway. How did things go at the bar
tonight?

CORY

It was okay. I met this one woman that
seems interesting.

FRANKIE

Oh yeah?

CORY

Yeah. She might have some potential.

FRANKIE

(Sighs)

You do know there's other women out
here that's better than her?

CORY

That might be true. But I shouldn't
have let her go.

FRANKIE

If you would've listened to me instead
of getting in your feelings, you
wouldn't be in this position.

CORY

Having feelings comes with being in a
relationship.

FRANKIE

And look what that got you.

CORY

For a man who doesn't keep women
around, you sure do have a lot of shit
to say.

FRANKIE

(Laughs)

As long as you keep reeling 'em in, I'll be around to collect the friends. Speaking of friends. Does this new one have any friends?

CORY

She does. But...I don't think you'll be interested.

FRANKIE

Why do you say that?

CORY

Something about her vibe makes it hard to determine her character. Even after we had a few rounds, it was still hard deciphering who she really is.

FRANKIE

But you do know how the one you're talking to is cut?

CORY

She's putting up a good front. But behind it all, she's looking for love. She's scared to open up, but I'll fix that.

FRANKIE

That's the same thing you said about the one you can't get over.

CORY

Well, you can't win 'em all. Besides, I'm guessing I left a good lasting impression with no hard feelings. All I can do is hope for the best with this one.

FRANKIE

I hope something good comes from this, too. Because uh...I'm starting to think you should remain single.

CORY

There's nothing wrong with being single. I just want a woman who'll appreciate my true feelings for her.

FRANKIE
(Laughs)
Aw, he's so sensitive.

CORY
(Laughs)
Fuck you.

The two cheers, followed by taking a sip.

INT. WAYNE'S CAR - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Some rap music playing on low circulates throughout the fairly clean Caprice.

Wayne is wearing some designer clothes with a cigarette hanging from his mouth, bobbing his head to the music.

Drea is sitting in the passenger seat wearing a two-piece black business suit.

DREA
Thanks for the ride. My whip will be out of the shop tomorrow.

WAYNE
Not a problem. You'll do the same for me, so it's cool.

DREA
Yes, sir. But let me ask you something.

WAYNE
What's that?

DREA
I'm not trying to be all up in your pockets. But why are you riding around in this?

WAYNE
(Laughs)
What should I be riding around in?

DREA
Something that fits your character.

WAYNE
This fits my character.

DREA

You're the most arrogant person I know, and you're telling me this old-school Caprice fits your character?

WAYNE

I'm comfortable. I do things that keep me comfortable. I wear things I feel comfortable wearing. This car is laid back like myself, which ultimately keeps me comfortable. So, yes. This fits my character.

(Takes a pull)

You make good money at your job, but you live in an apartment. Why? Because you're comfortable. When you start doing things just because people expect you to associate yourself with those things, you lose comfort as well as who you are.

DREA

Facts. I feel ya.

WAYNE

Of course it's facts. That's all I speak and know.

DREA

(Laughs)

Whatever, nigga.

WAYNE

Who is this dude Toya met last night at the bar?

DREA

Why are you worried about it, and you're not her man?

WAYNE

Are we about to start with the bullshit, or are you gonna tell me?

DREA

It's a nice day, so we can save the bullshit. Some goofy nigga that kept buying us drinks all night, basically kissing Toya's ass to get her number.

WAYNE

What kind of vibe did he give you?

DREA

Nothing special, Mr. Nosey.

(Laughs)

For somebody who's not trying to be with her, you seem mighty interested about what took place.

WAYNE

(Laughs)

I swore you said we weren't gonna do the bullshit today.

DREA

I'm actually shocked she gave him her number, considering he's nothing like you.

WAYNE

Here you go.

DREA

I don't know why you two just won't get together and call it a day.

WAYNE

Anyways. You wanna grab something to eat before I take you to the crib?

DREA

Is this your way of avoiding what I just said?

Wayne takes one last pull, and then puts the cigarette out.

WAYNE

Nope. You can tell me about it while we eat, or you can tell me about it when I drop you off.

DREA

We can talk about it over some Chinese.

WAYNE

Bet it up.

INT. NURSING HOME - MORNING

The room is cleaned. Faint chatter in the hallway can be heard, mixing with the talk coming from the television.

We see MS. SANDERS, a beautiful brown skin woman in her early-sixties. The elderly woman has long crinkly gray hair with a few traces of black slowly fading away.

She has a few wrinkles showing, but it doesn't take away from her natural beauty and brown eyes.

The look of peace on her face is priceless, sitting on her bed propped up against the pillow watching television.

The door to her room is heard coming open.

She turns her attention towards the door with a smile.

In walks Toya wearing her scrubs.

TOYA

How are you feeling today, Ms. Sanders?

MS. SANDERS

I'm blessed with another day, so that's fine with me.

TOYA

I know that's right. Are you ready to eat now, or are you gonna wait?

MS. SANDERS

What are they serving today?

Toya steps out into the hallway, and then comes back in with a cart which has Ms. Sanders breakfast on it.

TOYA

Your usual scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and orange juice.

Toya pushes the cart over towards Ms. Sanders, turning it to the side against the bed.

MS. SANDERS

(Scoffs)

Lord, do they know how to make anything else?

TOYA

(Laughs)

Come on Ms. Sanders, it can't be that bad.

MS. SANDERS

You can have it if you believe that's true.

TOYA

I'll take your word for it.

MS. SANDERS

As you should. How have things been going with you?

TOYA

Good as things can be. I have my health and a job, so I'm good.

MS. SANDERS

You can always tell when a woman doesn't have a man in her life. Or she wants a man, but she's scared of letting him know.

TOYA

(Laughs)

Why would you say something like that, Ms. Sanders?

MS. SANDERS

Girl, please. I was your age once, and I said the same things you just said.

TOYA

Well, you're right. I don't have a man. Truthfully, I don't think I need one at this point in my life.

MS. SANDERS

Uh huh. What about the man you wanna be with?

TOYA

And who might that be?

MS. SANDERS

You tell me.

TOYA

The only male I talk to daily is my friend, Wayne. And that's all we'll ever be is good friends.

MS. SANDERS

That's the one you should be focused on making your husband.

TOYA

Ooooh, look at you.

MS. SANDERS

(Laughs)

Yes, look at me. I'm old, but I ain't that old to the point I don't know how the game works.

TOYA

Well, tell me something. I'm listening.

MS. SANDERS

This young man, Wayne. He'll do anything for you, right?

TOYA

Yes.

MS. SANDERS

He listens to your stories, good and bad. He makes sure if you need something and you don't have it, he'll get it for you.

TOYA

Correct, again.

MS. SANDERS

He never judges you, and I'm sure he loves you just as much as you love him.

TOYA

You're right about everything you said.

MS. SANDERS

You don't consider that husband's qualifications?

TOYA

All men start off nice. After you give 'em a little something, something, they change up on you.

MS. SANDERS

Has he asked you for a little something, something?

TOYA

...No.

MS. SANDERS

But the men you did let get a little something, something, you knew that's all they wanted.

TOYA

(Laughs)

Ms. Sanders, I need to get back to my hall. You are too much.

MS. SANDERS

(Laughs)

You young people are always running from the truth, but swear you know the truth.

TOYA

I'm not running.

MS. SANDERS

Uh huh. You just keep these words in mind. The honey is only sweet to the man who takes the time retrieving it without getting stung.

Toya stands there speechless for a few seconds, registering what Ms. Sanders is implying.

Ms. Sanders just laughs, and then takes a sip from her juice, continuing watching television.

Gaining a good understanding behind the words she was just told, Toya blushes making her way out of the room.

INT. TOYA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Toya comes into the house looking exhausted, closing the door.

She walks through her nicely furnished living room looking around for a second before heading into the kitchen.

Opening the refrigerator door, she reaches in grabbing an already open bottle of wine, and then she closes the door.

Walking over to the table, she places the bottle down, and then goes back to the cabinet, opening it, grabbing a wine glass.

Preparing to take a seat at the table, her phone begins ringing.

Already annoyed by the rest of her work day after talking to Ms. Sanders, she sighs deeply, placing the glass on the table before going in her scrub pocket, pulling her phone out.

Looking at the screen, she sees it's Cory calling.

She blushes for a few seconds before answering the call.

TOYA

Hello?

CORY (V.O.)

Hi, Toya. This is Cory.

TOYA

Who?

CORY (V.O.)

Um...I'm sorry. I think I might have---

TOYA

(Laughs)

I know who you are. I was just fuckin' with ya.

CORY (V.O.)

(Nervous laugh)

Oh. I'm sorry. I'm not used to this type of humor. I'll know next time.

TOYA

How do you know there'll be a next time?

There's a brief moment of silence as Toya stands smiling.

CORY (V.O.)
I, uh---

TOYA
(Laughs)
Oh my god, will you loosen up? Why are you so uptight?

CORY (V.O.)
(Laughs)
If we continue talking, I'm sure I'll get used to it.

TOYA
That's a good first step.

CORY (V.O.)
How was your day?

She takes a seat and then picks up the bottle, taking the cork off, pouring a nice size glass.

TOYA
Tiring. I'm glad I'm at home so I can sit back and relax.

CORY (V.O.)
Completely understandable. What do you do?

TOYA
I work in a nursing home.

CORY (V.O.)
That's a plus. I guess when I get sick you can take care of me.

TOYA
(Sarcastic laugh)
You got jokes, now?

CORY (V.O.)
(Laughs)
I'm trying.

TOYA
As you said, that's a plus. What do you do?

CORY (V.O.)
I went to school for toxicology. That

didn't turnout so well, so I'm just your average banker.

TOYA
There's nothing wrong with that. At least you have a job.

CORY (V.O.)
True, true. So tell me...why are you single?

TOYA
There's too many hoes and not enough men out here.

CORY (V.O.)
(Laughs)
There's some good men out there.

Toya takes a sip from her glass, rolling her eyes.

TOYA
Show me where, and I'll gladly go.

CORY (V.O.)
You don't think you're speaking with one now?

TOYA
I won't know until you tell me why you're single.

CORY (V.O.)
Actually, I'm going through a divorce right now.

TOYA
So, you go out bar scouting for something to do when you're bored?

CORY (V.O.)
If I was anything like her, yes, I would.

TOYA
What do you mean?

CORY (V.O.)
(Deep sigh)
The reason why I'm going through a divorce is because I caught her

cheating. Actually, she was cheating from the time we started dating, and throughout our marriage. I didn't give it much attention because I was in-love. But when I saw her in our bed with another man...well, a man can only take so much.

Toya is speechless, taking a sip from her glass.

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

Hello?

TOYA

I'm here. I'm just a little bit confused, that's all.

CORY (V.O.)

What are you confused about?

TOYA

Two things, actually. One. Why did you stay with her knowing she was cheating on you? And two, why was she cheating on you?

CORY (V.O.)

She felt I wasn't doing enough, and I wanted to spend too much time with her. Far as me staying with her, well...I guess when you're in-love, you'll do dumb things.

TOYA

I've never been in-love, so I wouldn't know. Even with my first love, I wasn't in-love. Now, what woman wouldn't want her man spending as much time as he can with her?

CORY (V.O.)

I guess she was one of those women. Now, you said you loved your first, but you weren't in-love with him? How does that work? And why did y'all separate?

TOYA

He had a good heart and great conversation. He was there for anything I needed, and the sex was

pretty fair. But, he was a pushover. I loved everything else about him, and I appreciated him being there for me. But what woman can be with a man who has no backbone?

CORY (V.O.)

You have a point there. Seems like we're somewhat the same, but a little different.

TOYA

Just a little bit. Listen, I'm enjoying talking with you. But right now, I wanna finish this wine, take a nice bath and go to bed.

CORY (V.O.)

That's fine. One last thing before we get off the phone.

TOYA

I'm listening.

CORY (V.O.)

If you don't mind, and of course, if you're not busy. Would you mind going out to dinner with me tomorrow? My treat of course.

TOYA

Let me sleep on it, and I'll let you know tomorrow.

CORY (V.O.)

Hopefully, I'll hear from you. Enjoy the rest of your night, beautiful.

TOYA

You do the same.

She hangs up, placing the phone down with a smile.

Standing up on her feet, she grabs her glass and takes a sip as she walks out the room.

EXT. WAYNE'S PORCH - AFTERNOON

Toya is sitting on the steps of the fairly nice looking house in the quiet suburban neighborhood having a drink and conversation with Wayne.

She's wearing some jeans and a shirt.

Now seeing his whole body, and despite that he's sitting down, you can tell he has some height to go along with his athletic frame.

Wayne is wearing some shorts and a wife beater, with his hat turned to the side, and a platinum chain around his neck.

WAYNE

It's something I've been dying to ask you.

TOYA

What's that?

WAYNE

I know we're good friends. We talk about everything, and that's cool. I'm just wondering why you're not my woman?

TOYA

(Laughs)

Are you serious?

WAYNE

Hell yeah. Look at you. Why wouldn't I want you as my woman?

TOYA

You said it yourself. We're good friends.

Wayne takes a sip from his drink, and then follows it with a humorous laugh.

WAYNE

Get the fuck outta here. Drea told me how you really feel.

TOYA

(Laughs)

That bitch.

She takes a sip from her cup, continuing to laugh.

WAYNE

Aw, don't act like that. She was just giving me a heads up. So, how about you try telling me the truth?

She takes another sip from her cup, and then looks at him with a smile.

TOYA

Do you really want the truth?

WAYNE

You know that's all I speak and accept, so, yeah.

TOYA

Wayne...you're an all around perfect guy. From your looks, money, amazing personality and conversations. But you're not the type of man a woman should settle down with.

Wayne takes a sip from his cup blushing, followed by a laugh, stroking down his goatee.

WAYNE

Ain't that a bitch?
(Laughs)
Explain.

TOYA

Look at the way you treat the women you know.

WAYNE

Don't tell me you're on that all men are the same bullshit.

TOYA

No, I know there's a difference. I just know y'all not far off from being the same.

WAYNE

Is that right? Did you know every man treats every woman the same, but adds his own twist?

TOYA

I'm listening.

Wayne pulls out a cigarette, places it in his mouth and lights it, taking a calm pull, exhaling cool.

WAYNE

I'll tell you. What's up with this

dude Cory you were telling me about?

TOYA

He's cool. Nothing really special at the moment. I told him I'll think about going out to dinner with him tonight.

WAYNE

I'll get into that dinner part in a minute. Why did you give him your number?

TOYA

His conversation was cool, and he had a lil sex appeal about him.

WAYNE

The same things you say about me. What else?

TOYA

(Laughs)

Boy, we're not about to have a whose dick is bigger, or any other level of compare and contrast conversation.

WAYNE

See, that's what's wrong with you women today. The first thing y'all go to is his dick size, money and various other irrelevant shit, neglecting what you should be paying attention to.

TOYA

And what exactly should we be paying attention to?

WAYNE

You said you haven't answered him about the dinner date, right?

TOYA

Right.

WAYNE

Video call him.

TOYA

Why would I video call him?

WAYNE

I wanna show you something. After that, I'll tell you the reason behind what I said.

TOYA

You can't be serious right now.

Wayne takes a pull and laughs, shrugging up his shoulders.

WAYNE

Truthfully, I could give less than a fuck. I'm just trying to help my homie out.

Toya takes a sip from her cup, sighing, shaking her head.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Since we see you're not about to---

TOYA

I'm about to call him now.

She pulls her phone out, turning it on, going to her contacts finding Cory's name, hitting the video call button.

It doesn't take Cory long to answer the call.

Wayne sits back so he's not seen in the call, while Toya looks at the phone smiling.

CORY (V.O.)

Hey, beautiful. How's your day going?

TOYA

It's good so far. And yours?

CORY (V.O.)

Waiting to punch-out. I'm on my lunch break right now. Did you think about my offer?

TOYA

Actually, I did.

CORY (V.O.)

I hope the answer is yes.

Toya blushes.

TOYA

Yes, I'll have dinner with you tonight.

CORY (V.O.)

You my dear. You just made my day.

TOYA

I'm glad to hear. Wait, before we both get extra excited, I want you to meet someone.

She passes the phone to Wayne, just as he places a blunt in his mouth, lighting it, looking at the screen.

WAYNE

What's going on with you, homie?

CORY (V.O.)

On my lunch break, taking it easy. I'm ready to head home and get dressed so I can take that lovely lady out to dinner.

WAYNE

That's what's up. Just so we don't get each other twisted, I'm her best friend, Wayne.

CORY (V.O.)

(Nervous laugh)

Man, I'm just somebody trying to get to know her better.

WAYNE

(Laughs)

Shit. I mean I know her, but it's nothing more than that. I just wanted to say what's up.

CORY (V.O.)

Cool, cool. Nice speaking with you.

WAYNE

Likewise. I'll let you two get back to it.

He passes Toya back the phone, taking a hit from his blunt, looking at her smiling.

She takes the phone looking at him confused why he's smiling,

but then she focuses back on Cory.

TOYA

That boy something else.

CORY (V.O.)

He seems cool to me. That's good you have a friend like him around.

TOYA

Don't blow his head up. What time are you talking about going out?

CORY (V.O.)

I was thinking around eight or eight-thirty.

TOYA

Cool. That gives me time to finish up with him, go home, take a bath and get dressed.

CORY (V.O.)

Sounds great to me. I'll text you my address, since I'm sure you don't want me to know where you live.

TOYA

It really doesn't matter, but okay.

CORY (V.O.)

I'll see you tonight.

She hangs up the call.

Wayne sits snickering, taking a sip from his cup, followed by a pull from the blunt.

TOYA

What's so funny?

WAYNE

Nothing at all.

TOYA

Nah, get the shit off ya chest.

WAYNE

He seems like a straight up goofball, but that's cool.

TOYA

How is that cool?

WAYNE

Most goofballs are good niggas. Just because they act differently from me, that doesn't take away the possibility of them being good niggas. It also means you can't fully trust 'em either.

TOYA

So what do you think I should do?

WAYNE

You're a whole grown ass woman, you do what you want. I'm here if you need anything, but I can't hold your hand. Just be smart.

TOYA

Does this go along with the difference between men you haven't told me yet?

Wayne takes a pull from the blunt, raising his eyebrow.

WAYNE

You still wanna know, and you're about to go out with dude?

TOYA

Like you just said, I'm grown, so it won't make a difference. But I'll keep it in mind.

WAYNE

It's all based on pussy and if you boost his ego.

TOYA

(Laughs)

What?

WAYNE

That's what it's all about. Most niggas don't care if you give it up on the first night. Unless of course he's like me, then you have to rearrange whatever thoughts you had about her.

TOYA

(Laughs)

Get the fuck outta here.

WAYNE

I'm speaking real. The whole moral is when you give a nigga some pussy, and you get extra freaky with that shit, he'll either stay and be faithful. Pretend that he's faithful, but he's still fuckin' other bitches. Or he'll just flatout treat you like shit. But...

(Takes a pull)

There's a catch with those options. Because some niggas get pussy-whipped instantly, and go straight into this is my girl mode. Which in my personal opinion it only happens with niggas that's not used to getting pussy.

TOYA

(Laughs)

Let me get my ass up and go.

WAYNE

(Laughs)

Hold on, I gotta tell you the rest.

TOYA

What's the rest?

WAYNE

A man always goes off what you display. This doesn't always determine how he'll treat you, but it plays a big part. And you never boost his ego because he should already know if he did or didn't satisfy you. Boosting his ego can possibly make it worse because you truly have no idea how he's going to treat you after the fact.

TOYA

Thanks for the info, buddy.

WAYNE

You better pay attention. Niggas formats may or may not change after they get the pussy. And a female who swears she'll never be strung out over

some dick be the main ones suffering
life changing effects.

She downs her cup, and then stands up prepared to walk off.

TOYA

I hear ya, homie. I'll hit you up
after my date.

WAYNE

Aight.

She walks off laughing.

Wayne takes a sip from his cup, shaking his head, watching
her walk off to her beige Toyota.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

The ambience of the restaurant is pure serenity. The color
scheme meshes together perfectly, and the large picture
windows allowing you to see the water completes the layout.

Low talking can be heard from the other customers in the room
as waiters and waitresses move across the floor.

Cory and Toya are sitting at a table by the window, with
candles on their tables. A glass of wine rests beside both of
their Surf and turf meal.

The two appear to be feeling each other's vibe, smiling at
each other while having their conversation.

TOYA

This is lovely. I've never been here
before.

CORY

Neither have I.

TOYA

What made you decide on choosing this
place?

CORY

I figured we could enjoy the new
experience together.

TOYA

But you didn't know I've never been
here until I just told you.

CORY

(Laughs)

True. I heard about it being a nice place, so I decided why not bring you here for our first date.

TOYA

I was looking at this as more of getting to know each other instead of a date.

CORY

My bad.

TOYA

(Laughs)

I can't wait till you finally loosen up. Why are you so tight?

CORY

Upbringing, I guess. I come from a strict household, where having a sense of humor wasn't part of the family.

TOYA

Oh, wow. My parents were strict, but at least they knew when to be serious, and when to cut free.

CORY

Is that what helped to create the amazing women you are?

TOYA

Just a little bit. How long were you married?

Cory takes a sip from his wine, and then clears his throat.

CORY

Six years.

TOYA

Six years? You stayed with a woman you knew was cheating on you for six years?

CORY

Crazy, right?

TOYA

It's more than just that. Well, I don't know what being in-love is all about, so maybe I'm wrong.

CORY

Speaking of which. How is it you weren't in-love with your first?

TOYA

I believe when you say you're in-love with someone, you are completely opening up to them. I couldn't see myself opening my entire being without knowing how long we would last.

CORY

How long were you two together?

TOYA

I knew him for a couple of years. We dated for a month. Maybe a month and a half.

CORY

And you broke up with him because he was a pushover?

TOYA

Yup. Does it make sense for a woman to control the entire relationship, and your man never disagrees with anything you say or do?

CORY

You got a point there.

TOYA

I hope you're not a pushover.

She picks up her glass taking a sip, while staring at Cory.

CORY

It doesn't make a difference if we don't plan on taking it further than this.

TOYA

With that kind of attitude, why should we?

CORY

The same reason why you agreed on coming out with me. Curiosity to know if what you were thinking is true.

TOYA

And what was I thinking?

CORY

What do I really want from you in the end?

TOYA

I know what you want. And the odds of you getting it aren't leaning to your favor.

CORY

If that was all I wanted, I wouldn't have wasted the time to bring you here. I wouldn't care about getting to know you. And overall, I wouldn't have approached you from the beginning.

TOYA

Hmm. You're pretty good with the comebacks.

CORY

And you're good at setting up discussions seeking the answers a typical man would say.

They stare at each in silence for a hot second, and then they laugh, picking up their glasses to make a toast.

TOYA

(Laughs)

You just might be cool after all.

CORY

Ironically, I'm thinking the same thing about you.

TOYA

Yeah, yeah.

CORY

I'm glad you gave me this opportunity to get to know you better. I appreciate it.

Toya is doing her best trying not to blush, looking at Cory staring at her with a seductive smile.

TOYA

The pleasure is truly mine. Can this conversation carry on while we eat?

CORY

(Laughs)

I don't see any problems with that.

The connection between the two appears to be growing strong as they begin eating, keeping constant eye contact while they talk.

EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They pull up in Cory's black truck in front of the old fashioned ranch house, where only a few other houses are on the block.

Toya's car is parked in the driveway.

They get out and then meet each other on the sidewalk, both of them smiling ear to ear.

CORY

(Laughs)

Back in one piece, just like I promised.

TOYA

(Laughs)

I wasn't worried. I had a nice time.

CORY

That's good. Uh, I would invite you in, but like I said it's kind of messy since I'm in the process of moving.

Toya looks around for other cars.

TOYA

She's not in there, is she?

CORY

Nah. I told her I'll be back tonight to box up some more things so I can put 'em in storage.

TOYA

Well, let me see how it looks inside.

CORY

Are you sure?

TOYA

Yeah, I'm sure. Come on.

She grabs him by the hand, and the two make their way up to the porch.

Cory goes in his pocket for the keys, pulling them out, opening the door.

He steps to the side, and gestures his hand as a gentleman signaling for her to walk in.

Toya walks in, and Cory follows behind her, closing the door.

It's dark for a hot second, and then the sound of a light switch being flicked is heard, and now we see the room.

It's very spacious, with a bunch of boxes stacked up throughout the room.

Toya stands smiling looking around the room, while Cory stands to the side.

TOYA (CONT'D)

This is nice. I bet it was decked out in here.

CORY

Yeah, she had it laid out. I'm not much on the decorating and furnishing thing. She pointed it out if it looked good, and I'd just buy it.

TOYA

Ain't you sweet.

CORY

I wish she felt the same. Listen, I gotta use the bathroom. Feel free to look around, and I'll be right back.

Cory walks off.

Toya remains still for a moment, taking in the room as if she would love living in the house, and then she starts moving

around.

She steps into the clean kitchen, nodding her head of approval from what she sees, and then she continues moving through the house.

TOYA
This is a lovely place.

CORY (O.S.)
Thank you.
(Laughs)
Too bad I have to move out.

Toya continues moving through the house looking through the rooms.

TOYA
I'm pretty sure you'll find something
just like this, if not better.

She comes to a room that's closed, and that's when Cory comes from the bathroom.

CORY
Thanks.

TOYA
What's in here?

Cory inhales deep, and then exhales sorrow lowering his head, quickly picking it back up looking at the door.

CORY
This was our bedroom.

TOYA
Oh. I guess I don't need to see this
room.

CORY
It's cool. Take a look.

TOYA
Are you sure?

CORY
It's cool.

With a slight smirk, and shrug of the shoulders, she opens the door to the bedroom.

Out of all the rooms in the house, this is the only one still fully furnished nicely with a king size bed covered with black covers matching the furniture.

Toya steps into the room in awe, loving how the setup is laid out.

TOYA

I should have my room looking like this. This is truly beautiful.

Cory comes into the room stepping behind her.

CORY

All of the credit would go to her, but thank you.

Toya turns around looking at him with a devilish smile.

TOYA

I can just imagine the fun you two had in here.

CORY

You would think so, but, no. Sexual encounters were a rarity.

TOYA

And why is that?

CORY

Aside from when I told you I caught her cheating on this very bed. The other issue she had with me was thinking all I wanted was sex. I told her, I have to enjoy every single moment, at any given moment because it's so good.

Toya licks her lips, stepping into him.

TOYA

Really? You don't think she was sleeping with other men because you couldn't satisfy her?

CORY

(Coy laugh)

She was always satisfied. Ain't no slouch this way.

Toya smiles, placing her hand between his legs, grabbing his crotch with affection.

TOYA

Can you back up what you said?

CORY

Of course. But, that's not what I had planned for the night.

TOYA

What if that's what I had planned?

With no further words, he embraces her with a deep passionate kiss.

A sensual sex scene plays out.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

The place is fairly crowded with low chatter being heard as we watch the waiters, waitresses and people move around.

Toya and Cory come into the restaurant following behind the hostess showing them to their table.

The two take their seats across from each other, staring at each other smiling.

TOYA

Thank you for the date, baby.

CORY

Anything for you. I know you're tired of cooking when I spend the night, or eating carryout when you come to the room. But I swear as soon as I get my place, my baby won't have to cook because you'll be waking up to breakfast in your new home with me.

Toya blushes as she reaches over, grabbing his hand.

TOYA

Baby, I don't mind as long as I'm spending time with you. Now that you mention moving, I've been thinking.

CORY

About what?

Slowly releasing his hand, she goes in her purse for a split second and then pulls out a house key, placing it on the table, sliding it in front of him.

Cory sits back lost for words.

CORY

Baby---baby, I can't take this.

TOYA

Why not?

CORY

Don't get me wrong. I'd love to move in with my baby, but that's your home. As a man, I wouldn't feel right if I'm not the one putting the roof over our heads.

TOYA

Those were not only real words, they were romantic, and I love you for that. But this is my choice, and I want you living with me.

CORY

Baby, I don't wanna be a burden on you. I'm sure I'll have my money right in a few weeks. I can hold out until then.

TOYA

You'd rather keep paying for rooms, instead of waking up with me, cooking us breakfast? Come on, now.

Cory blushes, unable to form the words to respond.

TOYA (CONT'D)

Tell me my idea ain't the move?

CORY

You know what?

With a big smile, he leans over towards her for a kiss, and without hesitation, she gives him one.

CORY (CONT'D)

I love you. I promise, we'll have a new house soon.

TOYA

As long as I have you, we have all the time in the world.

CJ, a tall brown skin waiter comes over to their table ready to take their order.

CJ

How are you guys doing today? Are you ready to place your orders?

TOYA

Are you ready to order, baby?

The voice catches CJ's attention, causing him to focus his attention on her.

CJ

Toya?

She looks up confused for a split-second, and then she realizes who he is, showing him the pearly whites.

Cory sits back trying not to show he's upset, but you can sense it coming from him.

TOYA

CJ? It's been a long time. What's been going on?

CJ

I've been good. Staying out the way, taking it one day at a time.

TOYA

That's good. I've been good myself. As a matter of fact, this is my man, Cory.

CJ looks over at Cory, and Cory is still trying to show he's not upset, putting up a fake smile.

CJ

You got a good one right here, man.

CORY

Thanks. I'm glad I have her.

Toya looks over at him smiling.

CJ

Are you guys ready to order or do you need a few more minutes?

CORY

Can we have a few more minutes?

CJ

No problem. Nice seeing you again, Toya.

TOYA

You too.

CJ walks off.

Toya remains with the smile she had, while Cory is still trying his best to keep up the front as if he's not mad.

CORY

Who was that?

TOYA

One of my exes from high school. You're not mad, are you?

CORY

Oh, nah, nah, baby, I'm good. I was just wondering. Listen. Before we go home, can we stop by the storage place? I need to grab some clothes, and a few other things.

TOYA

Of course we can, baby.

CORY

Thank you.

TOYA

I love you.

CORY

I love you, too.

She picks up her menu smiling, debating on what to order, while Cory stares at her with hate in his eyes, sucking his teeth.

INT. TOYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Toya is lying on the bed, on top of the blanket wearing nothing but her bra and panties, smiling, watching something on television she has on low.

TOYA
(Seductive tone)
Baby, what's taking you so long?!

CORY (O.S.)
Here I come.

She positions herself on the bed with a sexy pose pretending as if she's watching television, but she's really keeping her eyes on the door.

Cory comes into the room wearing nothing but some black sweatpants, staring at her licking his lips.

She notices him staring, but she continues pretending as if she's watching television.

CORY (CONT'D)
Look at you, looking all delicious and
shit.

Turning to look at him with a smile, she licks her lips seductively.

TOYA
I can say the same about you.

CORY
Are you ready to try something new?

She sits up on the bed eager to hear what he has to say.

TOYA
And what would that be?

He walks over to the bed picking up the remote, turning to an all R&B station.

CORY
The hardest orgasm you ever had.

TOYA
Oooh, shit.

She gets ready to stand up, and he gently places his hands on

her shoulders stopping her.

He cuffs her chin, looking into her eyes with a smile.

CORY

If I'm blessing you with this orgasm,
you have to let me have full control.
Just follow my lead, and enjoy.

TOYA

(Gushing)
...Okay, daddy.

He goes in his pocket, and slowly pulls out a silk blue scarf, which causes her to blush closing her eyes.

Ever so gently, he wraps the scarf around her eyes, but he doesn't tie it tight.

After which, he pulls out a pair of handcuffs.

CORY

Hold your hands out, baby.

Without hesitation, she extends her arms.

He places one cuff on, and puts her arm behind her back, and then he grabs the other arm, placing it behind her back, putting the other cuff on.

CORY (CONT'D)

Lie back on the bed.

Feeling awkward, but enjoying what's going on, she lies back on the bed.

Cory then removes her panties, tossing them to the side.

He begins kissing on the inner part of her thighs, slowly making his way up.

She thinks he's about to go between her legs, but instead, he comes up kissing on her neck softly, followed by caressing the side of her face.

Now that he's in her face, looking at her smiling, he gives her a kiss.

CORY (CONT'D)

Before I give you this orgasm. I just
need to know one thing?

TOYA
What, daddy?

The smile she had quickly turns into an expression of fear, as she gasps tight from him placing his hand tight around her throat.

CORY
What the fuck were you doing smiling
in a nigga face you used to fuck?! You
miss his dick or some shit?!

She begins struggling not to just get free from up under him, but to get some words out.

TOYA
Ba-ba-baby, I don't---

Before she can finish her sentence, he hits her three good times in the face, turning her gasping and whimpering into tear filled moans of pain, still struggling to get free.

CORY
YOU miss fucking that nigga?! Nod your
fucking head yes, because if you speak
I'll hit you again!

With tears soaking the scarf, and coming down her face, she shakes her head no.

CORY (CONT'D)
What the fuck ever. Since you wanna be
all friendly with a nigga you used to
fuck, guess what?

With his hand still around her throat, enjoying her whimpers and attempts to get free, he leans down licking the tears off her face with a sadistic smile.

CORY (CONT'D)
One thing you should know ahead of
time. If you're thinking about filing
a report on what's about to happen...
(Gives her a kiss)
The police know women like you are
into this type of shit because y'all
always bragging about how you love
getting fucked like whores. They'll
just look at it as a waste of time,
especially since you allowed it.

With his hand still clenched tight on her throat, we can tell by how he's using his other hand, he's aggressively removing his sweatpants, while Toya is still trying to get free.

Apparently he can't get her to open her legs, so he hits her a few more times, and that was the key to get her legs open.

Now that he has her legs spread, he spits a loogie in his hand, and then moves it down between his legs.

CORY (CONT'D)

Since you wanna be a hood bitch, I'll treat you like a hood bitch. Let's see if CJ made you scream like this.

From looking at her expression, and hearing her yell, you can tell the force he used to penetrate hurts.

CORY (CONT'D)

Scream louder, bitch! Scream! Enjoy how you really love being treated!

Toya's screams echo throughout the room as he continues raping her, and the screen fades to black.

EXT. RIVERFRONT - AFTERNOON

The weather is nice. We see people moving about the Riverfront having a good time enjoying the day.

We focus our attention on Wayne and Drea sitting on a bench drinking smoothies, but little do people know, their drinks are laced with alcohol, so that explains their happy expressions.

WAYNE

You know what's missing?

DREA

Don't tell me. You miss your boo, Toya.

WAYNE

That's not my boo. I'm just saying it would be dope if she was here with us. You know how we all get down.

DREA

That's my best friend, the same as yours. But we both know what's up, because we already discussed it.

WAYNE

Yeah, whatever. When was the last time you chilled with her?

DREA

A good lil minute. You know she got her new boo thang, so she's been occupied.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOYA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Toya naked, shivering, whimpering, balled up in the bathtub wet, while Cory paces back and forth holding her phone, taking sips from the liquor bottle in his hand.

CORY

You know every nigga in this fuckin' phone I don't approve of is getting deleted, right?!

Cowering in the tub, she just shakes her head yes.

CORY (CONT'D)

I'm glad we have that understanding. And you know what else?

He takes a deep swig, and then looks at her smiling.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE RIVERFRONT - CONTINUOUS

WAYNE

Yeah, she's been acting strange since she got with him. It's like she forgot who her real friends are.

DREA

Right. Maybe she finally found true love, and she wants that foundation to be sturdy. I don't think she completely forgot about us.

(Laughs)

Don't worry. I'm certain he hasn't replaced you.

WAYNE

Maybe you're right, but it's still odd. And it's not about if he replaced

me or not. It's about---

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOYA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CORY

What's that nigga name you call your best friend?! NOT CJ! I know you fucked him! What's that other nigga name?!

TOYA

(Sobbing)

...Wayne.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE RIVERFRONT - CONTINUOUS

DREA

Wayne, I know you love her just as much as I do. If you would've stepped up in the first place. Not only would she be here with us, she'd also be your woman.

Wayne pulls a cigarette out and places it in his mouth, immediately lighting it, taking a calm pull, exhaling calm.

WAYNE

It's not about being with her. It's about her knowing her worth far as---

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOYA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

When Cory finishes off his bottle, he slings it against the wall, shattering it.

Toya remains balled up in the tub in fear of her life.

CORY

When I met you, I thought you were worth more than words could explain, and anything money could buy. But since you gave it up so easily, and I'm probably not the only one you've done this with. That nigga CJ, and Wayne probably got it easy from you

too. Do you know what you're worth?

She remains silent, balled up against the tub, quivering, crying.

He walks up and slaps her hard across the head, making her bump her head against the wall, causing her moans of pain and tears to amplify.

CORY (CONT'D)

I said, do you know what you're
WORTH?!

Still not responding, we hear Cory laughing, as the sound of his belt being unbuckled is heard.

This causes her to look up with tears streaming down her petrified face.

TOYA

Don't---don't do what I think---

CORY

Who the fuck told you, YOU could
think?! And were you about to tell me
what I CAN'T FUCKIN' DO?!

TOYA

No---no, I was only---

With his pants and boxers down, we can tell what his intentions are.

CORY

Do you think I give a fuck---

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE RIVERFRONT - CONTINUOUS

We see Wayne standing up against a tree taking a leak, while Drea stands back laughing, shaking her head.

WAYNE

Do you think I give a fuck if people
see me?

(Laughs)

If they've never seen a dick before,
oh well.

DREA
 (Laughs)
 Yo ass a whole fool.

He finishes up, and then gets himself together before walking back to Drea, laughing.

WAYNE
 I'm just telling the truth. On a serious note, you should hit our homie up.

DREA
 Why can't you hit our homie up.

WAYNE
 Regardless of the fact I'm her friend. Some niggas really feel insecure about another man calling or texting his woman. And some women go along with that bullshit, talking about out of respect for my man, I gotta do what he says. And what happens? They be obeying a nigga, and the nigga still be fucking her over, and she knows it.

DREA
 Any man that acts like that sounds like a pussy to me. But I can agree with a woman not calling another man if she's in a relationship. Why should I talk to another man, when I got a whole man at home? And don't no woman...

(Coughs)
 Let me speak for myself. I'm not obeying no nigga. And ain't no nigga about to tell me what I can and can't do, while he's still out there doing him. Shit, I ain't the one.

WAYNE
 The same reason why you shouldn't talk to the man you cut off when that nigga you call your man breaks yo heart, having you go through the cycle again. I wasn't talking about you specifically, but you know what I'm saying. Back to the topic. Despite what we think, and fuck him in general. Since neither of us really know how he's cut, just do it, so shit

can remain peaceful.

DREA

If he's anything like what we're thinking, it won't matter if I call her because he'll still feel a way.

WAYNE

That could be true. But when it comes to a female texting or calling her friend and she possibly has a nigga like that, it smooths over easier because---

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOYA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in the tub covered in shame, urine and fear, Toya keeps her head down, sobbing low.

CORY

Shit like this is easy for these simple reasons. And I believe women like you shouldn't get mad because you're the ones who made it this way.

As he pulls his boxers and pants up, we hear him chuckling under his breath.

CORY (CONT'D)

One is dick. Once y'all get that shit and love it, you praise and worship it more than God itself. And then y'all fuck around and say that line "I'll DO ANYTHING for you, DADDY. I got your back." That right there opens the door for all kinds of bullshit. And the other reason...

He goes in his pocket and pulls out a wad of money, unfolding it, cocking his arm back, bringing it forth with some force, slapping her hard with the money.

CORY (CONT'D)

That helps you hoes get over what you went through to get it, because that's the second thing you bitches praise and love more than yourself. Add that with some good dick, and you'll end up like this.

He takes a deep whiff looking around the room, and then he lifts up his arms smelling before finally looking down at her.

CORY (CONT'D)

I guess you were right when you said I need to drink some water. Clean ya ass up, and then come make dinner.

He walks out the bathroom laughing.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE RIVERFRONT - AFTERNOON

Wayne and Drea are laughing and drinking, making their way back to Drea's car.

WAYNE

You think she misses us like we miss her?

DREA

(Laughs)

Are you talking about as far as on the same level as you missing her?

WAYNE

(Laughs)

Gone with that shit. Nah, fa real. What do you think?

DREA

I'm sure she does. But you know how it is when you fall in-love, and all you wanna do is be with that person. I'm sure she's sitting up in the house, or she's out somewhere happy with her boo.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOYA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Reeking of urine and shame, Toya remains balled up against the tub, with the money sticking on her.

INT. TOYA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Toya comes into the house, and it would appear she's in a good mood, placing her bags down from shopping, followed by

closing the front door.

Picking up her bags, still smiling from ear to ear, she makes her way to the bedroom ready to put her clothes away, but the closer she gets, her look of happiness slowly starts fading away.

Taking a few more steps towards the door, she pauses and places her bags down before placing her ear to the door.

Hearing the sound of someone making out in the bedroom completely changes her whole demeanor as she grabs the knob, snatching the door open and storming in the room.

She sees Cory and a slim petite woman half naked on top of the covers making out.

TOYA

What the fuck?!

They continue making out for a few more seconds before turning their attention to her.

Cory looks at her with a smile, wrapping his arm around the woman on the bed.

CORY

Hey, baby.

Toya's face is unexplainable as she places her hands on her hips.

TOYA

Hey, baby?! Are you out of your fucking mind?! You got another bitch in my bed, and you're talking about some hey, baby?!

CORY

(Snickers)

Baby, we were waiting on you.

TOYA

Waiting on me?!

CORY

Yeah. I was warming her up, so as soon as you walked in, we could get straight to it.

TOYA

Get straight to it? You know what?

She leaves the room.

Cory laughs, and then gets up from the bed following behind her.

Toya gets ready to walk out the front door, pulling her phone out, and Cory comes up behind her, grabbing her arm, turning her around.

She still has some rage in her trying to snatch away, and Cory just looks at her smiling.

CORY

Where do you think you're going?

TOYA

I'm not about to fight you to get you outta my house. I'm about to leave, call the police, and let them deal with you. This was the last goddamn straw.

CORY

(Laughs)

That's not what you're about to do.

TOYA

(Scoffs)

Watch what the fuck---

He grabs her by the shoulders and slams her hard against the wall.

His smile has turned into a look of hate.

CORY

I'm about to watch you go back there with that bitch. And when I come in there, both of you know what to do. That's what you're about to do.

Toya motions her lips to speak, and he places his face closer against hers, nose to nose.

CORY (CONT'D)

If you're thinking about talking back, that's fine. If you're thinking about calling the police when I let you go,

that's fine too. But...

He gives her a kiss on the forehead.

CORY (CONT'D)

You need to think about what'll happen when I get out, considering you truly have nothing they can hold me overnight for. The choice is yours.

He lets her arms go, but remains in her face.

The fear consuming her is displayed in her face, lowering her head, sighing deep before looking back up into his eyes, saddened he's treating her the way he does.

TOYA

...You know I don't get down with women.

He smiles, placing his hand under her chin.

CORY

There's a first time for everything, baby. Besides, it's not about you being with another woman. It's more so about keeping your man happy. You love daddy's big dick, right?

She doesn't respond quick enough to his liking, causing him to clutch her chin, making her shriek with fear.

CORY (CONT'D)

I said, you love daddy's big dick, right?

With tears forming in her eyes, she blinks, and nods her head yes.

CORY (CONT'D)

Good. Now, go in there and get familiar with each other. Daddy will be in there after I get me some water.

Closing her eyes, letting the tears fall, she nods yes.

CORY (CONT'D)

One more thing, baby.

With his clenched fist, he gently taps her jaw a few times.

CORY (CONT'D)

Next time I ask you a question, you better hurry up and respond. But above all...

He gives her a kiss, and then pulls back smiling.

CORY (CONT'D)

If you ever think about calling the police on me again, I'll fuckin' kill you, and make sure no one ever finds you. You understand?

With tears pouring down her pretty face, she slowly nods her head yes.

CORY (CONT'D)

That's my real bitch. Go in there and get the waterfalls flowing.

Ashamed of what she's about to do, but due to the fear he's installed in her, she makes her way to the bedroom.

With a cocky smile, he slaps her on the ass.

She ignores it, continuing to make her way to the bedroom.

Cory smiles walking off to get his water.

INT. TOYA'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Ashamed about what she did the day before, she paces back and forth in the living room, hoping Drea will come over, and that's when the doorbell rings.

She rushes to the door opening it, and there stands Drea excited to see her, holding a bag with food, and another one with drinks.

DREA

My girl! How have---

Toya places a finger to her lips, and Drea looks at her confused. Not just because of the finger on her lips, but by the way she's acting.

TOYA

Be quiet, girl. He's in the back sleeping.

Toya lowers her finger, and Drea is still confused, but she

shrugs up her shoulders, walking in the house.

The two make their way into the kitchen, and Drea places the bags on the table before taking a seat.

Toya takes a seat across from her.

Drea goes in the bag pulling out some tequila and two big blue cups, preparing to make their cups.

DREA

So...how's the relationship going? You look exhausted over there.

Toya sighs deeply, shaking her head.

TOYA

We're working on making it better.

Drea finishes pouring the cups, placing one in front of Toya.

DREA

And what exactly are y'all working on?

TOYA

Communication skills. Different ways of expressing the love we have for each other. Doing more things as a couple. Things like that.

Drea takes a sip from her cup staring at Toya with an expression saying I hope you don't expect me to believe what you just said.

DREA

Now, are these issues more about how he wants you to behave? Or are these reasons to help you escape this slavery you're in?

Toya takes a sip, and then looks at Drea, offended.

TOYA

What do you mean, the slavery I'm in? I'm not in slavery. We haven't fully pieced our relationship together for a solid foundation, yet.

DREA

We've been friends since middle school, right?

TOYA

Yeah.

DREA

We know each other...let me correct myself. I used to know you like the back of my hand. But ever since you got with dude, I have no idea who you are. And I believe you don't know who you are.

TOYA

How can you look at me with a straight face and say some bullshit like that?

DREA

The same way you ignored my question from the get go. You truly don't believe you're in slavery?

TOYA

I know I'm not in slavery. You don't understand our relationship because you're on the outside looking in, since I stopped telling you everything like I used to.

DREA

I'm on the outside looking?

TOYA

Yes, you're on the outside looking.

DREA

I see. Answer me this. When was the last time you've seen or chilled with Wayne? When was the last time you were out, period? When did you start putting a mountain of makeup on your face? I'm surprised I'm sitting here talking with you, but then again I'm not because we're limited to how loud we can speak because he's sleeping...in YOUR HOUSE!

Toya is silent, hurt hearing the truth, picking up her cup, taking a sip.

Drea takes a sip from her cup looking at the pitiful look on Toya's face.

DREA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, did we get silent?

Toya takes one more sip, and then wipes the residue from her mouth.

TOYA
...I'm not silent.

DREA
Well?

TOYA
We're---

Cory comes into the kitchen placing a hand on her shoulder, and she slightly cringes, not knowing what to expect.

CORY
Hey, baby, what's going on?

Drea takes a sip from her cup keeping her eyes locked on Cory.

Cory looks over at Drea, and a big smile comes across his face.

CORY (CONT'D)
Oh, I see. You convinced yo girl to share our bed with us? This should be fun.

Drea is stunned, picking up her cup almost downing it after what he said, while Toya remains silent with her head down.

CORY (CONT'D)
What made you decide to join us? Oh, I know. She told you how I lay it down?

DREA
I have no idea what you're talking about, and I didn't know she was into that. But, I ain't the one.

Cory becomes confused looking at her, and then down at Toya, who still has her head down.

CORY
You didn't know she was into women, and you ain't the one? So, what the fuck are you doing in my house?

DREA
Your house?

CORY
That's what I said.

DREA
(Laughs)
I'll leave it at that.

CORY
Unless you tell me what's funny, it's
best you leave it at that.

DREA
(Laughs)
Again, I'll leave it at that. You're a
funny guy.

CORY
Oh, I'm funny?

Cory gets ready to step towards her, and Toya quickly grabs his hand.

TOYA
Baby, calm down. It's not that
serious.

He snatches his hand away, looking at her with hate in his eyes.

CORY
Who the fuck asked you to speak? Did I
ask you for your opinion in this
situation?

Toya is silent, lowering her head, while Drea looks on laughing, taking a sip from her cup.

Hearing the laughter, Cory turns his attention back on Drea.

CORY (CONT'D)
What the fuck is so funny?!

DREA
You, nigga!

CORY
Bitch---

Before he can finish his sentence or take another step, Drea is up on her feet with her gun drawn, aiming directly at his head.

Cory is alarmed, taking a step back with his hands up, stepping behind Toya ready to use her as a shield just in case Drea fires.

DREA

The bullshit you run on her won't fly this way. I should splatter yo shit, but you're not worth the money I paid for these bullets. I'll tell you what you can do, since I'm a bitch.

She picks up her cup and takes a sip.

DREA (CONT'D)

I'll give you ten seconds to not only get outta this kitchen, but outta this fuckin' house before I make your body look and feel like a bitch the first day of her period.

He gets ready to speak, and she cocks the hammer.

Seeing that she's serious, he takes some steps back toward the island, grabbing his keys.

He looks as if he wants to cry out to Toya for help, but Drea uses the gun signaling him to keep it moving.

As he makes his way to the front door, Drea is right behind him making sure he leaves.

Lowering the gun, she stands in the doorway making sure he gets in his truck and leaves.

She closes the door, and lowers her head, sighing deep before making her way back into the kitchen.

Toya is still sitting at the table looking pitiful, finishing her cup, pouring another one.

Drea just stands to the side shaking her head.

DREA (CONT'D)

I guess me and Wayne were right about what we were thinking.

Toya takes a sip, and then looks over at her.

TOYA
Right about what?

DREA
This is why you haven't been around.
This explains why you look older than
what you are, and the piled on makeup.

TOYA
Whatever you're thinking---

DREA
I'm not thinking about anything.
Truthfully, I have nothing to say.
(Sighs)
I'll show myself out. I'm pretty sure---

Toya's phone goes off, notifying her of a text message.

DREA (CONT'D)
He took longer than I thought. I'm
out.

Drea turns her back walking away, and Toya quickly gets up following behind her, grabbing Drea's hand.

TOYA
D...D, please don't go. I need you.

With her back still turned, Drea slowly removes her hand from Toya's.

DREA
...You don't need me. You need to find
you. Until then...

Drea turns looking at her with watery eyes, doing her best not to let the tears fall.

DREA (CONT'D)
...They say the only thing that ends a
true friendship is death. The lies
people tell are funny.

When Drea gives her a hug, the tears begin flowing.

Before Toya can embrace her, she quickly releases her.

DREA (CONT'D)
 (Sniffling)
 ...Bye...Cory's slave.

With no further words, Drea makes her way out the door, closing it behind her.

This is the saddest point we've seen Toya in the movie as she stands with tears falling from her eyes, running across her quivering lips.

She goes into the kitchen picking up her phone, turning the screen on seeing she has a text from Cory.

She opens the message and it reads..

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

If that bitch is still in my house when I get home tonight, I feel sorry for you.

Placing the phone down, she completely breaks down crying in shame for allowing herself to lose focus of who she is, all because she thought she was in-love with a man who claimed he loved her.

Picking her phone back up, she makes a text to Wayne, hoping he'll come over and see her.

INT. TOYA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Toya and Wayne are sitting on the couch laughing, having a drink.

Wayne knows what's going on between her and Cory because Drea told him what happened, but he doesn't mention it because he wants her to have some form of peace at the moment.

Although the conversation is going smoothly, Toya has her phone clutched tight in her hand, looking at the time every few seconds.

WAYNE
 Damn, it's been a minute since we had
 this much fun.

TOYA
 I know, right. I've been so busy, I
 rarely get to hang and enjoy myself.

Wayne was doing his best not to bring it up, in hopes she

would speak on the topic herself. But since she didn't, she leaves him with no choice but to speak his mind.

WAYNE

Busy doing what? Doing everything that nigga tell you to do?

She takes a sip from her cup, rolling her eyes.

TOYA

Really? Drea must've told you what happened, so you're taking it there?

WAYNE

You've been letting it go there this long, so what's the difference now?

TOYA

Whatever she told you, I'm sure she over exaggerated. It's not that bad.

WAYNE

He doesn't have you out here having threesomes, and that's not what you do? He doesn't degrade and beat you?

TOYA

No.

WAYNE

He doesn't?

TOYA

I just told you, no.

WAYNE

Why are you holding your phone so tight?

She looks down at her phone, and then back up at him.

TOYA

He said he'll text me when he's on the way home so I can get dressed for our special date.

WAYNE

(Laughs)

I just bet he does. What is it? A new form of ass-beating?

TOYA

How is the fucked up shit you just
said funny?

She gets up from the couch with an attitude walking off, and Wayne, still laughing under his breath, gets up from the couch following behind her.

WAYNE

Come here, don't act like that.

TOYA

Nah, you always think some shit is
funny.

WAYNE

It ain't like that. You know I'm
playing.

He reaches out grabbing her by the waist, and she tenses up in pain, wincing, pushing his hands down.

He steps back looking at her rubbing her side trying to ease the pain.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

And what Drea told me was a lie,
right?

TOYA

Yes. I bumped my side on something
after she left, and the shit still
hurts.

WAYNE

Man...fuck it.

TOYA

What?

WAYNE

Nothing.

He shakes his head going in his pocket, pulling out a blunt and lighter.

He places the blunt in his mouth prepared to light it, and she quickly stops him.

TOYA

What are you doing?

He takes the blunt from his mouth staring at her confused.

WAYNE

What? I'm not about to have this debate with you about why you're in pain. So, I'm about to smoke and continue having fun.

TOYA

You can't light that up in here.

WAYNE

Huh? Since when did it become an issue with me smoking in your house?

TOYA

As of now.

WAYNE

Damn. This nigga took over yo life, and yo crib. That's tight.

TOYA

He didn't take over shit! I don't know---

WAYNE

You can keep this pretend crazy bitch act because if you were crazy, dude wouldn't be beating ya ass, and controlling everything about you.

She instantly gets upset, stepping up in his face, and he just stares at her unnerved or impressed.

TOYA

Since you don't know what the fuck you're talking about, I need you to---

The sound of the front door being opened is heard, immediately followed by it being slammed.

CORY (O.S.)

Is that bitch still in my house?!

We can tell by the pitch of his voice, and slurring of his words he's drunk.

Wayne stares at Toya with a smirk, while she looks back waiting for Cory to come into the room with a nervous look on her face.

WAYNE

I wonder how this---

Cory comes into the living room staggering with his head down, not realizing Wayne is in the room with her.

CORY

Didn't you hear me calling you?! If I have to---

He looks up seeing Wayne, and now his whole demeanor is different.

Wayne stares at him with the same smirk, not bothered by his tough guy act.

Toya rushes over to Cory, wrapping her arms around him in a loving manner.

Cory continues staring at Wayne, not paying attention to the affection she's giving him.

TOYA

Baby, Wayne stopped over for a few minutes because we haven't talked in awhile. Are we still doing what you have planned?

With his eyes still locked on Wayne, he moves his hands against her arms locked around him to let her know to release him.

CORY

Yeah, we're still doing that. Right now, I'm wondering why this nigga hasn't spoke to me in my house.

Wayne breaks wide laughing, still holding the blunt between his fingers, clapping his hands proud in a sarcastic way.

Cory motions as if he's about to lunge at Wayne, but due to Toya somewhat holding him back, he calms his nerves.

CORY (CONT'D)

I don't see what the fuck you find funny, nigga!

Wayne is trying to stop himself from laughing, which he eventually does, looking at Cory still being held by Toya.

Cory's expression says you should be afraid of me, but Wayne

pays his supposedly game-face no mind.

WAYNE

I'll tell you just like I just told your bitch, property or whatever you look at her as because I know for goddamn sure you don't view her as a woman. I get that. She allows it, so fuck it, why not? But...

He takes a step towards him, and Toya quickly jumps between them.

TOYA

Hold on! It's not about to go down like this!

WAYNE

He ain't with the shits, so of course not.

Cory gets ready to motion towards him, and Wayne just shakes his head, displaying you shouldn't even bother wasting your time unless you want your ass beat.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

You one of them niggas, so behave like the bitch you are. I don't understand why she allows you to treat her like a bitch, and she knows you're a bitch, but that's not my business.

CORY

You think I'm a bitch? You don't think I'll bust yo shit?

WAYNE

(Scoffs)

If you were real, we'd be scrapping instead of talking. Let me tell you this before I go. The only person you put fear in is her.

He places the blunt in his mouth lighting it, taking a nice pull, blowing the smoke in their faces.

Toya fans the smoke away, while Cory stands with a look of rage, but he doesn't budge watching Wayne walk off.

Wayne pauses, and then takes another pull, exhaling calm as his demeanor, turning around looking at the two.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm not sorry for disrespecting you in your house. She doesn't respect herself, so why should I respect anything about this house, or the people who live in it? We know it's her house, but y'all get the point.

(Takes a pull)

Toya, I'll take your advice because I don't know shit. I'll step the fuck outta ya life the same as Drea. Apparently all you need is that bitch.

Wayne walks off towards the front door, and we hear it open, and then close.

Cory is still wrapped up in his feelings, but when we look at Toya, we can tell the words Wayne said are stinging her deep.

We can hear Wayne pulling off in the background, while Cory remains staring towards the doorway for a few more seconds before finally focusing on Toya.

CORY

First you had that bitch in my house. And now, not only did you let that nigga in my house. You let him disrespect me, too?

Toya's expression instantly turns into a look of fear.

TOYA

Baby, listen to---

CORY

What did you say?

TOYA

I'm sorry. I mean listen to me, please. Drea over exaggerated what happened earlier, and he came over to check on me. I told him he had to leave because you were on the way home.

He grabs her tight by the shoulders causing her to release a high pitched shriek of fear.

He gets so close in her face, the spit coming from his mouth lands on her face.

CORY

I don't give a fuck about what you just said! So let me guess! Y'all was fuckin' before I got here?!

Trembling lips and all, she prepares herself to speak.

TOYA

Me and Wayne have never---

He quickly releases one of her arms, and slaps her hard across the face.

She keeps her head turned while crying.

CORY

It's a yes or fuckin' no answer! I don't wanna hear that long drawn out shit!

She remains with her head turned, continuing to cry.

TOYA

No.

CORY

I don't believe that shit, but whatever. Why the fuck did you let him disrespect me in my house?

With tears pouring down her face, she turns looking into his eyes filled with hate.

TOYA

I---I didn't know---

He slaps her again, but this time it's harder than the first, after which, he immediately grabs her by the shoulders, and slings her hard onto the floor.

CORY

Before you even get that stupid ass fuckin' excuse outta ya mouth because that's what you were about to give me! The point is, you let that bitch ass nigga disrespect me in my house, but you say you love me?!

With a swift hard motion with his leg, he kicks her so hard in the stomach, she almost hurls on the floor, lying on her side trying to catch her breath.

Cory looks down at her disgusted.

CORY (CONT'D)

Useless bitch. You're just like all of the other ones I dealt with. I tried to give y'all a better life, and look what happens.

(Scoffs)

Why am I even bothered with you? The pussy is trash. You can't hold your own ground to defend your man. All in all, you're just weak. You know what?

He pulls out a flask taking a deep swig, and then he places it back in his pocket.

While swallowing the alcohol, he looks down at her, and then spits the saliva residue on her.

CORY (CONT'D)

You might as well call off tomorrow.

He coughs up a nice size loogie, spitting it directly in her hair.

CORY (CONT'D)

Hurry up and get yourself together. I feel like doing some ATM.

He walks off.

Toya stays on the floor crying, rubbing her fingers through her hair and saliva, trying to understand why he doesn't respect her, but more importantly, why is she allowing him to treat her this way?

We slowly fade to black as Toya remains on the floor crying, and we hear Cory yelling in the background.

INT. TOYA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE UP - TOYA'S FACE

We see Cory held up on his words when he said she should take the day off.

Her eye is swollen. Lip busted. A nice bruise is on the side of her face, and a handprint is on her throat.

The beauty we saw in her no longer exists. We can also see the mental breakdown pouring from her expression.

Moving from her face, we see her sitting on the bed in her bra and panties, viewing the old bruises along with a few new ones.

Taking a deep breath of sorrow, she reaches over on the nightstand for her phone.

Turning her phone on, she goes into her text messages, and the look of despair sinks even lower seeing the multiple messages from Cory.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

If you don't have the house clean, and my meal by the time I get home...you might as well get ready to check yourself into the hospital.

Sighing deep, she prepares to put the phone down, and then she pauses for a second, and decides to text Wayne.

After the text, she places the phone down, and then gets up from the bed gathering her thoughts so she can prepare to clean.

Putting some clothes on, she begins cleaning the bedroom first.

INT. DREA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Some old-school rap music is faintly heard playing in the background.

The layout of the room is basic with some brown furniture, glass tables with flowers resting on them, some elegant paintings on the walls, and a mounted flat screen.

On the glass table in front of the sofa rests some rolled up blunts, two glasses filled with Tequila, a fifth of Tequila and an ashtray.

Wayne and Drea are sitting on the sofa vibing to the music playing.

Wayne has on a white T-Shirt and jeans, and Drea is wearing a blue wife beater and black jogging pants.

WAYNE

(Laughs)

You had to draw down on his moist ass,
and he didn't even wanna square up
with me. What does she see in that

nigga?

DREA

Man, I don't know. He thought I was soft like yo boo, but he had the wrong one, but the right one.

WAYNE

I keep telling yo ass that's not my boo. But that "Tough guy role" is exactly that. A role.

DREA

You're not foolin' me with that "She ain't my boo, shit." The only reason why you didn't put hands on him then and there, is because you want her to learn a lesson.

WAYNE

And the only reason you didn't plug his ass is because you feel the same way I do.

DREA

True. If this is the route she wants to go down to experience love, what can we do? I'm just saying, you could've prevented this.

WAYNE

What the fuck does that mean? You were there when she met the nigga. You had a funny vibe about his ass, but you didn't say shit. What makes you clear from the situation?

Drea picks up her glass, and takes a nice sip before placing it back down, clearing her throat, looking Wayne dead in his eyes.

DREA

I'm nowhere near exempt because you're right. I should've told his ass to keep it moving, but he was treating us all night. And before you say "That's some shit a desperate bitch would say." Understand, which I know you already do. That's a grown ass woman. Toya ain't new to the game, so I don't see why she let herself get deeply

involved with a bum.

Wayne picks up one of the blunts, lighting it, taking a hard pull, exhaling a thick cloud, inhaling it back in.

WAYNE

Oh, you know why.

DREA

Please tell me, Mr. All knowing.

WAYNE

Women swear you can change a nigga off of your looks. Your ass, and how freaky you can get, and that's cool. But if you're basing yourself off of these things alone, what makes you think a nigga will respect you? He'll play the role, just so he can continue getting the benefits. But, does he "Love you?" Not by fuckin' far.

DREA

...How does any of the shit you just said involve me?

Wayne takes a hard pull, looking Drea in the eyes.

WAYNE

Because women are always talking shit about the next woman as if she hasn't been down the same road, and in some cases it's far worse. Don't get me wrong, niggas do the same fake shit. In reality...

(Takes a pull)

People truly don't give a fuck about another person until the shit gets critical. And by that time, it's too late. But...we swear that's our real friend. And before you say it...

(Takes a pull)

Yes, that person is grown, living their life how they see fit. So answer me this. If that's your friend...why is your first instinct to help by any means, but you don't because you want them to learn the hard way? It's because you know deep down, no matter what you do or say, that person will deny your help with ease as long as

they have a person they feel is better than your friendship.

(Takes a pull)

Fuck Toya, and her feelings. I'm glad she's going through what she's going through.

Drea picks up her glass, and takes a sip, shaking her head as she swallows.

DREA

Pure ignorance from a man that's in-love, mad because he didn't make his move.

WAYNE

You can't tell me---

DREA

I can. You dog every woman you meet, sleeping like a baby because you don't give a fuck about their feelings, and why should you? But when it comes to Toya. That's the only female you're scared of because you feel you'll treat her no different from the others. When the truth is, you're scared of knowing what being loved feels like. Women talk mad shit because, and this is in lack of better terms "A defense mechanism." We blame men for making us heartless, and never place blame on ourselves for allowing the bullshit that happened. So...

(Takes a sip)

When we see our friend in-love, we let the shit ride out because neither our friend or us has experienced what love feels like. But we do know when a nigga ain't shit, and we still roll with the punches, or let our friend go through it in hopes there'll be a happy ending. Truth be told...

(Takes a sip)

What makes males and females fucked up...we'll encounter the person bringing bullshit into our friends life. We'll even speak on how we feel about the situation. Yet in the end...we'll stop speaking with that person before thinking about helping them, no matter

how much they deny our help. So I ain't shit because I should've done more when I displayed the bitch he truly is. And you should admit you're a weak ass nigga that's mad about the fact he knew he could've had a good woman, but you prefer easy bitches stroking your ego.

There's a moment of silence as Wayne takes a pull from his blunt, and Drea takes a sip from her glass.

Wayne's phone goes off, but he doesn't pull it from his pocket.

DREA (CONT'D)

How long are you gonna ignore her texts, knowing you should be there to get your boo outta that situation?

Wayne takes a pull, lowering his head in sorrow, knowing what Drea just said was right.

WAYNE

...You just gon' put all this on my head?

DREA

Nope. I'm no better than you. But you can actually get her outta her situation before I can.

WAYNE

How so?

DREA

Because you love her as much as she loves you. And the only man a woman knows truly loves her for her can end the pain she's going through.

Wayne takes a pull from the blunt, silent, followed by taking a sip from his glass.

DREA (CONT'D)

Every hoe has to realize the end game. This is the sign letting you know.

Wayne pulls out his phone and begins texting, trying to hold back the tears ready to fall from his eyes.

When he's finished, he places his phone back in his pocket, hits the blunt one last time, followed by a sip.

DREA (CONT'D)

Are the words registering?

WAYNE

Only if you'll uphold your part when I make her mine.

DREA

As I said. I love her as much as you. Go get your woman, and my friend together.

WAYNE

Fa sho.

Wayne makes his way out of the room, while taking a hit from the blunt.

Drea sits back wiping the tear that fell from eye, taking a sip from her glass.

INT. TOYA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nightfall comes, and we see Toya in the kitchen preparing dinner.

She pulls her phone out seeing a text from Wayne asking her "What do you want from me?"

She sighs, responding back and then she places her phone on the counter.

The front door is heard opened, and then closed.

She sighs, placing her hands on the sink shaking her head, listening to Cory moving around the house complaining before making his way into the kitchen.

Cory stands in the doorway drinking a fifth of Jack Daniels, staring at her sucking his teeth.

CORY

You did a good job for what it's worth. What's cooking?

Toya remains silent with her head down, shaking her head.

CORY (CONT'D)
Shaking your fuckin' head doesn't
answer my question.

TOYA
...Look on the fuckin' stove, and in
the oven.

Cory gains a look of confusion, taking a sip from the bottle.

CORY
Run that by me again.

TOYA
You heard exactly what the fuck I
said.

Remaining confused, he takes another sip from the bottle
before taking a few steps towards her, placing the bottle on
the table.

CORY
Hm. I see you ready for me---

TOYA
To put me in the hospital? Ready for
you to degrade me more than what
you've already done? Yeah...I'm ready
for all that. Because I'm ready for
the pain to end. But before I let you
do that...I'll make sure you feel
everything you put me through.

CORY
(Laughs)
I want whatever you were drinking
because you lost ya goddamn grip.

TOYA
If you come any closer, you'll see how
bad I lost it.

CORY
Oh, yeah?

She hears him taking a step towards her, and she quickly
grabs the handle of a pan in the dish rack, turning around
swinging with all her might, connecting with his head.

As soon as his head turns one way, she quickly swings again,
making his head turn the other way.

She goes for the knockout blow, and he grabs her by the wrist, taking the pan from her, followed by a punch of his own, but she takes the punch like a champ, swinging back.

The two are brawling like grown men in the streets, using any weapon they can pick up, showing no mercy.

The fight is going great as they tear up the kitchen, until Cory gets the best of her, knocking her to the floor, quickly kicking her in the face, not allowing her to get up.

While he's bending over catching his breath from the ass beating he received, we can hear Toya moaning in pain.

CORY
(Panting)
You bitch!

He stands straight, and then stomps her a few times in the face.

CORY (CONT'D)
Yo dumbass won't try this shit again!
I'm the fuckin' man up in here, you
hear me?!

He stares down at her waiting for a response, but she remains silent.

CORY (CONT'D)
Bitch, you better speak before I stomp
you again.

She remains silent.

His rage slowly turns into a sense of concern. Not because of what he did, but it's a possibility she could be dead.

CORY'S POV

Toya's face is covered with blood, and her eyes are closed with no sign of her breathing.

He slaps her a few times on the cheek, and he still gets no response.

Standing straight, the tough guy turns into a pure female, looking around nervously trying to figure out his next move, pacing back and forth.

The fear is consuming him, picking up the bottle, taking a

sip, still unsure on what to do, and that's when he hears her phone go off.

Taking one more sip, he starts calming down, forming an idea in his head as he picks up her phone from the counter.

He turns the phone on and sees Toya just received a text from Wayne.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

For some reason you're not getting the point, so I'll fully break it down in person. I'll be there in five minutes.

Cory reaches on the table and grabs the bottle.

He takes a sip with a smile, registering how he's about to get out of this situation.

While still going through her text messages, he goes to his name and clears all of the old messages.

He makes up a text sending it to himself from her phone, detailing how Wayne is trying to fight her.

He waits for the sound to go off, before he clears his throat a few times, pulling out his phone, calling the police, and placing the phone to his ear.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what is your emergency?

CORY

(Sounding in distress)

Please! Can you please send the police to 9637 Ashton street?! My wife just texted me explaining how her best friend is trying to assault her, and she's in fear of her life! I'm nowhere near home to break it up, and I'm afraid I won't make it there in time! Please, can you send my wife some help?!

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Sir, calm down, help is on the way.

CORY

Please, tell them to hurry! I can't lose my wife!

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Officers are on the way, sir. Please,
remain calm, and---

He hangs up with a sinister smile, taking another sip from the bottle, making his way out the kitchen.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TOYA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wayne pulls up in his black on black Caprice with tinted windows, coming to a stop in front of Toya's basic house in the urban neighborhood.

He gets out of the car wearing a white T-Shirt and jeans.

Other people can be seen and heard sitting on their porches, or standing on the sidewalk.

As he makes his way towards the porch, Cory comes out of the house.

CORY
You made it just in time.

WAYNE
Shut the fuck up, weak ass nigga.

Wayne pushes through him, making his way into the house.

Cory stands to the side smiling.

WAYNE (O.S.)
Toya?! Toya, where are you?!

We can hear him moving around in the house, and then it goes silent.

While Cory stands smiling, the happy grin is quickly removed by Wayne flying out of the house, hitting him dead square in the mouth.

Not allowing Cory to gain his balance, he hits him again, but this time he drops him to the ground.

While he's down, Wayne begins stomping him.

As he continues stomping on him, the police pull up, coming to a screeching stop, quickly getting out of their cars rushing over to Wayne subduing him.

Wayne is trying to break free from the officers holding him back, while other officers are helping Cory get on his feet.

Cory is dazed with blood coming from his mouth as he attempts to stand on his own.

WAYNE

What the fuck are y'all holding me back for?! You need to be arresting that bitch ass nigga for what he did to my friend!

OFFICER #1

Calm down! Calm down, or we'll be forced to use our tasers!

WAYNE

Did you not just hear what the fuck I said?

OFFICER #2

Sir, is this the man you called us about?

CORY

(Dazed, sobbing)

Yes. He...oh my God, what he did to my wife is...

Cory breaks down crying, while other officers go inside the house to check on Toya.

WAYNE

Are y'all really about to believe this shit?! I just pulled up to check on my friend, and I saw her ass stretched out in the kitchen! Ask any of these motherfuckers out here!

Although the people are standing around talking, and some of them are recording what's happening, none of them will vouch for what Wayne said.

The officers come out of the house, and they signal to the ones holding Wayne to place him in the squad car.

Wayne becomes enraged trying harder to break free from their grasp as they pull him towards the squad car.

The loud trash talking from Wayne is heard, while Officer #2 radios in for an ambulance.

With Wayne in the back of the squad car prepared to pull off, Cory keeps his head low, looking at the car with a devious smile.

The loud talking from Wayne is still heard as the car pulls off.

INT. ICU - NIGHT

We return to the beginning of the movie with Toya lying on the hospital bed.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

It's a good thing the medics got to her when they did. She was on the verge of death.

CORY (O.S.)

(Sobbing)

Despite me and him fighting as the police pulled up...I can't believe he took it this far. They've been best friends for years, and he fully flipped out because she found happiness. ...I just don't understand it.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Be happy your wife is alive and stable. Not to mention the police have him in custody.

CORY (O.S.)

...You're right. I just can't believe her friend would take it this far, especially since she let him know she's happy.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

The blind can't see the truth without some form of help.

CORY (O.S.)

True words.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Thank you, sir.

CORY (O.S.)

Can I go in and sit with her?

DOCTOR (O.S.)
She's stable, but she's not awake. But
if you feel you should be by your
wife's side, I don't see why not.

CORY (O.S.)
I'm glad you understand the pain I'm
going through. Thank you.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
If I were in your position, I would
want someone who understands as well.

CORY (O.S.)
Thank you.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
You're welcome. Go in there and be
with your wife.

Cory comes in looking over the room, having no true concern
about Toya, walking around the bed a few times staring at
her, before finally stopping at the side of the bed.

CORY
You shoulda keep your hands to
yourself. Ah well, it doesn't matter.
Ya lil friend is in jail at the moment
for beating you so badly.

(Laughs)
It seems like he was good for
something aside from running his
mouth. Although I know they'll
probably release him soon, and I'm the
first person he'll come for. That's
fine. I'll be long gone by then. So,
this all revolves around you in the
end. You're the only one who can place
me behind bars, and we can't have
that.

He pulls up a chair beside her bed, and then takes a seat,
grabbing her hand.

CORY (CONT'D)
The woman I kept telling you about
that I called my wife for six years.
Well...she wasn't my wife. She was more
so my slave for six years. And through
all of those years, I treated her
worse than you.

(Laughs)

I was working up to getting you on the level I had her on, but now we're here. So, since I don't know if you'll be exactly like her, far as taking the hell I put you through, somehow escaping like she did and moving on without saying a word...I have to resort to something else.

He goes in his pocket pulling out a syringe filled with cyanide.

He looks at her with a sinister smile, as he places the needle in her I.V.

CORY (CONT'D)

Just so you know...the only thing I loved about you is how you let me use and treat you like shit. The same reasons why I loved the many others I've done the same way. Other than that, there was never any love between us. What man would dare love a spineless woman?

As he injects the cyanide into the I.V., he leans down giving her a kiss on the forehead.

CORY (CONT'D)

Here's the peace you were searching for.

As he stands straight looking down at her smiling, the EKG monitor goes flatline.

Before the doctors can get a chance to rush in the room, he's already at the door opening it, screaming out for help.

As the doctors rush in trying to save her, Cory slithers away without being noticed.

FOUR WEEKS LATER

INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

We come in on VETTE, mid-twenties, an attractive dark skin woman sitting at the bar downing her glass of liquor, shaking her head with depression.

She looks down at the bartender, and she sees he's busy with

some other people at the end of the bar.

Sighing and shaking her head, she pulls her phone out, turning it on looking at the picture of her and her boyfriend, which is probably the reason why she's in the slumps.

Placing the phone back in her pocket, she just waits for the bartender to make his way back towards her.

CORY (O.S.)

Don't take this as a come on or I'm desperate. But it seems like you have a lot on your mind. And if you'd allow me, I'd like to buy you a drink. Again, I'm not pressing the issue. You can tell me to walk away without even looking at me.

VETTE

No...it's fine. I could use another drink, and somebody to talk to. Have a seat.

Cory takes a seat beside her.

When she turns looking at him, it's apparent she likes what she sees from the slight seductive grin she gives him.

VETTE (CONT'D)

My name is Vette.

CORY

My name is Kenny. Nice to meet you, Vette.

VETTE

Likewise. What were you drinking tonight? I wouldn't want you switching it up.

CORY

(Shy laugh)

My first drink of the night will be whatever you're having while we talk.

His response caught her off guard, and apparently has not only made her gain more interest in his conversation, but it was kind of a turn on.

VETTE

I wasn't expecting that, but okay.
Um...I have to use the bathroom real
quick. When I come back, do you mind
buying us a few rounds of something
dark?

CORY

I'll be right here. When you come
back, I'll let you have the honors of
ordering our drinks.

As she grabs her purse blushing, she gets up staring at him
for a few seconds, before she walks off.

Cory sits smiling, pulling his phone out making a call.

CORY (CONT'D)

I got another one on the floor.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We're back in the house where Cory took Toya in the
beginning, except this time it's furnished.

Frankie is sitting on the sofa smoking a cigarette.

FRANKIE

(Into the phone)

That's what's up. Is it anything like
that last one?

CORY (V.O.)

Nah, I'm running something different
this time. Moving all that shit was
overrated. And she has some friends
like the last one had, I'm moving on
to the next.

FRANKIE

Thank God. Hey, if she does have some
friends that's not like the other one,
make sure to put me on. One by one,
we'll get these easy gullible ass
women together.

CORY (V.O.)

That's the script I'm on.
(Laughs)

They swear they can tell the difference between a good man, and a man who ain't shit.

FRANKIE

Raw facts. I'll let you get back to it. Just keep me updated.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

CORY

(Into the phone)

No doubt.

He hangs up, placing the phone back in his pocket.

He stares directly into the camera with a blank stare for a hot second before cracking a devilish grin.

FADE TO BLACK:

"If your life is all you have, how are you comfortable letting someone else control or ruin it?"

Bernard Mersier

