

"Fear nurtures the heart for love."

Bernard Mersier

FADE IN:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

We come in on a television showing a video game on pause. Slowly panning away, we see the clutter scattered about the nicely furnished, spacious living room. Dishes, pop and beer cans are on the table, along with open chip bags, ashtrays that need emptying and liquor bottles.

Sneakers, house shoes, flip flops and socks are seen on the floor. On the sofa there's a blanket, video game controllers and remote controllers. If we were to remove the mess this would actually be a cozy living room.

The sound of the front door being opened and closed is heard. We hear footsteps, and then they stop.

We turn our attention to WOMAN #1. A beautiful fair skin Caucasian woman with long brunette hair, deep gorgeous green eyes and an adorable face. Standing in her peacoat and jeans, she scans over the room annoyed.

Taking a deep breath, sighing frustration, she takes her coat off revealing her custom made T-Shirt reading "It's A1". There's an arrow coming out the mouth of a skull pointing down. Walking over to the sofa, she places her coat down.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)

What are women these days? We're certainly not the gleaming glow in a man's eye, or the rhythm making his heartbeat. I won't say this for all of us. But for women like me...women who settled for a preference and lifestyle. We're no longer the women who make our men's hearts burn with desire. We allowed them into our greatness. We filled their heads with lies. Then they flipped what we told them on us, making us believe the lies we told them are true.

Placing a hand over her face, she sighs, slowly pulling her hand down. With another deep sigh, she begins cleaning the living room.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What if we told men the truth off the rip? Just tell 'em up front we want a serious relationship. They'll think we're playing hard to get or we were once hoes now needing a savior. What if we only want a nut just like you? The conclusion will be the same, except he'll want it right then and there because that's what hoes do. Don't dare tell a man he's horrible in bed, especially if you've slept with him more than once. Sometimes once is good enough for him to call you every degrading name in the book. So we remain silent because we love the lifestyle we thought was heaven, and it's actually hell. We talk to our family and friends about the fucked up situation, and oddly, we all have the same fucked up stories. So, what do we do when this fails?

Gathering up the dishes, she makes her way towards the kitchen, walking in pausing. Looking around the elegant kitchen, she sighs looking at the dishes piled up in the sink. Open loafs of bread, cheese wrappers and various other snacks are on the island.

Anger spills from her body walking to the sink, placing the dishes down. She opens the dishwasher, and then loads it with the dishes that were in the sink. Once it's filled, she places some liquid inside, closes the door, and starts it up. With the remaining dishes, she drains the old dish water and then makes some fresh water so she can clean them.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)

Despite the fact his ass is the one who made this mess, we clean it up. While cleaning, you begin thinking back on when the relationship started. Romantic dates. Dinner. Superb foreplay healing our bodies, ending with a euphoria of endless orgasms. But now...now we barely go out. If dinner is involved, we're the ones preparing it. And sex. During sex, we're treated like whores, and all women are not into this bullshit. Women like me are, but still. It goes by so fast we don't even know if we

were wet or not. But like the dishes, we allow it because we love the lifestyle. Besides, we find other ways to make up for the nut we didn't receive. These days a vibrator is a woman's best friend.

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

WOMAN #1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Clearing your mind from the bullshit your man has said or done isn't easy, but you do it. If you don't, you'll be the only one running around looking crazy. Some of us don't clear our minds, going along with his foolishness knowing he's getting pure enjoyment from our anger. All of this so we can pretend to enjoy fucking him, watch him go to sleep, wake up and do it all over again.

(Dry laugh)

This is the price you pay living a life you thought you wanted.

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

Coming from the kitchen making her way down the hallway with pictures along the wall, she comes to a stop at the bathroom. Opening the bathroom door, the sound of her tongue clicking against the roof of her mouth is heard.

Clothes are all over the floor. The toothpaste on the sink is open, with toothpaste coming from the tube. There's a used washcloth in the tub, and the toilet seat is up.

Woman #1 comes into the room wearing a wife beater and jogging pants, with cleaning gloves on. She picks the clothes up, tossing them into the hallway before she starts cleaning.

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)

When you're in a relationship. Well, you're single, but you go along with the whole relationship title. You already know you'll be picking up after your man physically, and painfully mentally. A disgusting mess you didn't deal with in the beginning. Worrying about checking his phone,

social media and where he was going didn't matter because he told you, and let you check everything you wanted without questioning. Sadly, everything doesn't remain like they were in the beginning. And here we are...

(Scoffs)

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

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

WOMAN #1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Everything I've said so far is minor if you wanna live a good life. But even with me saying that, everyone has a breaking point. Yet, women like me refuse to break until the lifestyle breaks. Of course we can have maids doing the cooking and cleaning, but there's nothing like cleaning your own, considering you never know what you might find.

Finishing up with the cleaning, she steps into the hallway, picking up the dirty clothes. She makes her way through the lovely house reaching the basement door, opening it, walking downstairs.

Coming down into the basement that's laid out just like the living room with a bar, now we see WOMAN #2. She's a beautiful Latino woman with long black hair pulled back in a ponytail. Her body is nicely portioned wearing the same wife beater and jogging pants Woman #1 was wearing, carrying the clothes.

Walking over to the fancy washer and dryer, we see a pile of clothes off to the side. She places the clothes she was carrying on top of the dryer before taking out the clothes that were already in the washer. She places them in the dryer, places some dryer sheets inside, and then closes it.

The clothes on top of the dryer she places inside the washer, and then adds some from the pile inside so she can have a full load.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

One thing you can think about while doing your laundry is the painful memories of your relationship you're washing away. Then again, when you gain some new happy ones you're right back down here washing those away as quick as you gained them. Funny how everything you do in life you can compare it with your relationship or lack thereof.

(Smug laugh)

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

She places some pods in the washer, closes it, and then starts it up along with the dryer. Standing there for a few seconds pondering on something, she then walks over to the bar, walking behind the counter grabbing a tall shot glass and an expensive bottle of tequila.

Pouring a shot, she quickly downs it, followed by pouring two more repeating the process. Letting the shots marinate, she pours another one, placing it down, staring at it. Looking into her eyes, you would think they're glossy because of the shots, but that's far from true.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When men see women down shots the way I just did, they instantly think they'll get some pussy for the night. They don't think maybe she's a hard drinker who loves getting wasted. Or she's had a long day, possibly suffering through some shit. But when it comes to women like me, they hit the nail on the head.

She downs the shot, closing her eyes, shaking her head. When she opens her eyes we see the tears prepared to fall, but she quickly regains her composure, slamming her hand on the counter before leaving the basement.

Coming into the kitchen, she walks over to the island and pauses. The tears are still in her eyes, turning her attention towards the refrigerator. Opening both doors of the refrigerator, she glances at the various foods and drinks inside.

She begins taking various meat out, placing them on the island. Returning back to the refrigerator, she grabs some heads of lettuce, and then she pauses, placing them back. Looking at the meat she pulled out, she sighs, pulling her phone out.

Scrolling for a few seconds, she stops on a catering service, calling them, placing the phone to her ear. She starts pacing back and forth while speaking on the phone.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

When you're done with all the cleaning and you know your man will be home in a matter of hours, it's time to get dinner prepared. Back then it was dinner for two. Now...dinner is for you, him and his friends because you know they're coming. Those same friends he forgot about when you first started dating, but after he got some pussy, you became a distant memory.

(Sighs)

The friends who compliment you more than he does is something else we became accustomed too. Of course they're only complimenting you trying to fuck, but at least for that moment it makes us feel somewhat like a woman. I'm sorry, what am I saying? That emotion was trying to sprout. But why fuck his friends knowing they'll tell, and he'll fallout with you before his friend? So...that's why you fuck somebody that doesn't even live in the radius of your neighborhood. You can only use a dildo and finger fuck yourself for so long, until you want the real thing and a tongue.

She gets off the phone, and then places the meat back in the refrigerator. Standing there pondering for a few seconds, she makes another call. Placing the phone to her ear, she leans up against the island, tapping her fingers on the counter.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

Knowing you're about to have a long night consisting of food and drinks, loud talking, and not to mention getting ignored. You call your girls over so you won't feel like a shadow in a dark room. Technically, they're not my girls. They're women just like me looking for the next fresh upgraded lifestyle, and will do anything to get it. Yes, we act like we're good friends, the same way we act as if we're happy in this relationship. Deep down inside...we only hang around each other to see what men like the most about the other woman so we can exactly copy every word, move and look.

Walking out of the kitchen, she heads to the staircase leading upstairs. She walks past a few closed doors, and paintings on the wall, making her way to the bedroom.

Stepping into the beautiful bedroom, she takes a seat on the king size bed covered with a black and white spread, blanket and pillows. She says a few more words on the phone, and then hangs up, placing the phone on the bed.

Looking around the room, we can tell she's forcing herself to appear happy, but the loneliness and loss of self-respect is starting to outshine the cover up. Getting up from the bed, she walks over to the flat wall mirror placed on the bathroom door.

She stares at her reflection trying to form a smile. Slowly, she removes her jogging pants, and then the wife beater. She begins posing in her bra and panties trying to smile, but the pain of what she goes through on a regular basis is starting to kick in.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

It's crucial when you don't recognize yourself. You go through all these changes to make sure his attention remains solely on you. From petite to thick, thick to big, big to in between. Surgeries, piling on makeup, fake hair, eyes and eyelashes. You're a different bitch everyday you wake up, but you can never wake up as the woman you were before you met him. And

what does he do for us? What the fuck
does he do to make us go through all
these hoops, while he remains the
same?

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

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

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

WOMAN #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sorry about that moment you saw. I'm
trying to mix other women with women
like me, knowing women like me only
have one emotion, which is greed.

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

WOMAN #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is why we jump through those
hoops. The clothes, cars and money.
Those are the only things in life that
matter bestowing love upon you. Kinda
reminds you of when you first met him.
The love constantly coming from his
wallet was hard to resist.
(Devilish laugh)
On a better note...this woman has to
make sure she's the sexiest bitch in
the house tonight.

With a new aura in her walk, she makes her way to the
bathroom, walking in. The bathroom looks splendid. She steps
over to the shower, opening the door, turning the water on.
We hear a deep sigh, and then nothing but the shower running
is heard.

Stepping into the shower, now we see WOMAN #3. A beautiful
brown skin woman with chinky light brown eyes. She's wearing
a bonnet, so her hair style and length is yet to be
determined. As she stands with the water hitting against her
beautiful skin, she closes her eyes with an orgasmic
expression.

WOMAN #3 (V.O.)
Sex makes the world go round.

Something we all love, but don't necessarily enjoy. Yes, there's a difference. You have women who actually love having sex with their man because they receive a natural orgasm without having to fake it, or display fake moans for his pleasure. Women like me fake our orgasms, get all loud and call them nicknames as they plow into us, stroking their ego hoping he'll hurry up and finish. We do all of this because it's part of the plan, but as I said, you can't have morals if you're attempting to accomplish this goal.

Opening her eyes, she looks around, and then grabs a loofah, and some body wash. After applying the body wash on the loofah, she places it back. She begins bathing herself as if it was the hands of a man touching all over her body, enjoying the sensation.

WOMAN #3 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A woman's body is so pleasurable, delicate, delicious, and can provide sensations you'll never be able to explain if treated right. How can I say that when I allow this man to treat me as if I'm a back alley two dollar bitch? How can any woman that fucked with more than one man say such things? Because we know the truth, and why we engaged with those different dicks. And for some reason, every man except for the very first one we made love to are all the same. An exception can be made with some women, when speaking on the man who took their virginity. He was probably the one who knows the texture and priceless value of a woman's body, and being inside of her pleasure. Or he was just like the men we complain about, but can't live without out 'em because that's are preference.

(Soft moan)

But...every woman knows the true reason why they didn't remain with their first. Most say because the sex was trash, but how would you know if you're a virgin? Most would say

because after it was done, he started treating them like a useless bitch. But you knew he would do that before you decided to fuck him. Hence, that's why you keep attracting the same type of men, but swear you want a good man. You out there looking for splendid sex, and not the inner feeling of being truly loved. You're basing the quality of your pussy on how you'll hook a man, not seeing if you keep giving something out over and over, the value of the shit being good becomes real low. Whoever was the first man to say you had some good ass pussy, an ignorant switch in your head flipped on, and look at your body count now. Well...that goes for women like me.

Continuing bathing herself, it appears she's more into touching on her body the way she's biting her lip.

WOMAN #3 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Experiencing the cream and warm splash from a woman's quenchable well is something very few men experience at the same time. A lot of men will be quick to say they have, but the thing with that is he doesn't know we're actually thinking about the one who actually made us perform the act effortlessly. So, how can he tell the difference? That's a secret I shouldn't have shared that women like me do, but it had to be said. A Mixture of moving like the sands of time and an earthquake, sending uncontrollable tremors through our bodies is what we seek, and that only comes with knowing exactly every crevice to touch and taste. But...we settle for the constant jack hammer pounding because we have to stroke the ego, and continue to get the spoils of life we care more about.

From looking like she's taking a shower, it appears as if she's about to climax, rinsing the suds from her body. She takes a deep breath, biting down hard on her lip as she turns the water off, and then reaches outside the shower door to

retrieve her towel to wrap around her.

Stepping from the shower, she walks up to the sink, wiping the fog from the mirror. The orgasmic look she had is fading away as she looks at her reflection.

WOMAN #3 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It's getting close to that time, so let me get back into character. A created freak who only cares about her looks, body and money. I'm pretty sure the women I call my girls are doing the same thing. We can't break this image. Breaking this image could possibly ruin what we have going on. So, the show must go on.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

Sitting at the table are Woman #1, Woman #2 and other women of different races and sizes, all wearing some form of seductive attire, with the hair and makeup to match.

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

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

Woman #3 comes into the room in a fitted sexy outfit. Now we see she has long brown dreadlocks with blond dyed tips, and she's thick with a flat stomach.

If you didn't know any better, you would swear she's the happiest woman alive, but behind the makeup and fake smile, you can see the pain in her eyes.

The women finally notice her, and they all smile, saying some words towards her. Woman #3 displays a fake smile, and then makes her way towards the table, taking a seat.

WOMAN #3 (V.O.)
 Here we are. A table full of created lost souls, and money hungry bitches.

Each one with an ego bigger than the other, but swear we're all friends. Did you see how they reacted when I came into the room? Granted, I responded in a fake way as well, but that's only because I know the gesture was fake. How do we tolerate each other when we all feel the same way? Who else can we relate with?

(Smacks lips)

It's not like people reached out helping us when we were molested as children, or drugged at a party getting raped. They call speaking with us easing the pain reaching out, when it's really just an excuse to hear our trauma, running back telling a complete stranger making fun of it with them. This doesn't happen to all women, but for the majority of women like me, one of these scenarios happened, and we figured it's mandatory for a man to view us as nothing more than wet holes. Women are sweet as pie and precious as the air we breathe, but women like me...we're a bitter substance that only tastes sweet to our identical twins and the men we let use us just to gain his lifestyle.

While the women are sitting and talking, Woman #3 prepares to get her something to eat, when a fairly handsome brown skin muscular man comes up beside her, tapping her shoulder with an empty, holding a beer in his other hand.

She looks up at him, and he hands her the plate, stepping back so she can stand up. We can see the disgrace in her movement as she stands up, and then moves around the table making him a fully loaded plate.

She comes back to him, and he takes the plate, and then extends her the beer. Taking the beer, opening it, she leans in for a kiss, and he takes the beer, and then walks off.

Looking out the corner of her eye, she sees a few of the women seen what transpired, shaking their heads, laughing under their breath.

Women #3 clears her throat, gaining the attention of all the women. She says some harsh words towards the women who were

laughing, and a big argument breaks out.

WOMAN #3 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This shouldn't have even turned into an argument because we've all seen things our men have done to embarrass us in front of company. Some are worse than others, going as far as showing or posting explicit videos of our sex lives. But women like us argue because while you're trying to keep what you saw a secret so you can tell people later on, adding your own twist, you can put it on blast while everyone is around. But we thrive on drama and gossip because truthfully that's all we have. It's weird the women arguing go through the same things if not worse. But until then, don't ever think you're better than me. Weird, ain't it?

The argument appears to be getting heated, as some of the women start standing up, swaying their heads side to side, with their hands on their hips.

The other women not arguing sit back eating their food, and drinking, enjoying the words being said.

We do a close up on Woman #3 face as she continues arguing with anger written on her face, and coming from her mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

We come in on Woman #3 lying in bed under the covers. A look of emptiness dwells in her eyes. The sound of her man and his friends shouting, listening to music and playing games can be heard in the background.

WOMAN #3 (V.O.)

When the arguing with your pretend friends is done. You cleaned your house earlier, took an orgasmic shower, ate and had a few drinks gaining a good buzz. What do you do? Lie in bed alone, listening to your man having a good time with his friends until he gets wasted, and then comes to bed to as he would say "tear

it out the frame." but the frame remains intact. Well, ours do. We say men are dogs that's scared to love. It sounds good, but we don't put our accountability along with why they're this way. We don't take into consideration we're only dealing with him for money, and in some cases sex if the size fits what we think will satisfy us. Two people using each other for the wrong things, so why would either party be scared of loving a person knowing they're getting used? The only difference between men and women is women are more hurt that we gave away our goods, and whatever shameful acts we did while doing it. We put up the front like we don't care, bouncing to the next man without thinking twice. We behave just like them, and that's where they have the upper hand over us because we as women should know our worth.

(Sighs)

Well, women like me know our worth, and our worth is letting a man do anything to us, as long as the funds are unlimited. Ask a woman like me about our first love, and watch the ice melt around our cold hearts. We'll swear up and down we hate him for whatever reason, except the true reason. He wasn't exactly the man we wanted at that moment, so we moved on in search of the great life. The man we deal with knows about him, and makes sure physically and mentally he stays off our mind, because he knows if our true love was to come back around, we'll be gone. So at the end of the day, what do women like me do?

She reaches on the nightstand, grabbing her fancy blindfold that reads "Number 1 bitch" placing it over her eyes.

WOMEN #3 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We continue satisfying his sexual needs, satisfying ourselves afterwards, praying the sexual acts we performed keeps him around. We keep altering our bodies and personalities,

praying he'll keep his focus on us. We keep putting up with him treating us like his personal property, praying he doesn't find another woman who'll go through what we've been through, and Lord forbid if she looks good with a better body. Why? Because we know if he leaves the lifestyle is over, and the odds of getting a new man after telling him what we've been through is pointless as finding a body in quicksand. So we go to sleep dreaming about actually being loved by a man who'll appreciate us as a whole, knowing when we wake up the perfect dolce performance we did today, we'll repeat it tomorrow, unless he pushes us to the left.

She clicks the button on the lamp cord, turning the lights off. The activity going on downstairs is still heard, along with her deep sigh, and snuffle.

FADE TO BLACK:

"True love is experienced once. The rest is convenient lust."

Bernard Mersier

END CREDITS