



## ALANAH'S LOVE

Bernard Mersier

FADE IN:

**EXT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - GROSSE POINTE - NIGHT**

A colonial-style house with blue shutters glows under streetlights, with its manicured lawn, pristine hedges, and a 2020 jet-black Jaguar gleaming in the driveway. An upstairs window flickers with light and a WOMAN's silhouette passes by.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room is a shadowed den, draped in black with chains dangling from the ceiling.

Low MALE whimpers are echoing.

CLOSE UP ALANAH FACE

ALANAH, (30s), caramel-skinned, is a vision of a seductive menace in a leather bra and thong, sitting at her desk.

Tormenting thoughts dwell in her eyes, pondering something, provocatively moving her tongue up and down against the corner of her mouth.

Coming to a conclusion, she moves her eyes downward, and then slowly brings them up, with the dimple in her right cheek revealing from her sinister smile, inhaling the aroma of death.

ALANAH (V.O.)

My thoughts haunt me. People always  
say "Let the Lord handle your  
problems, or wait for Karma."  
(Scoffs)  
...Well, fuck that.

INSERT COMPUTER DESK

Her computer screensaver reads "Uplift a woman, you'll uplift a nation."

~Cillena P~

On the desk is a cat-o-nine tails, a pair of handcuffs and some leather gloves.

Seduction oozes from her mouth-watering body, and at first

glance this would be an instant turn on, until you see the combat knife with deep ridges clinched in her right hand stained with blood.

She stands up and moves through the chains, walking by the queen size bed with a black canopy and sheets.

Reaching the other side of the room, she pauses and tilts her head to the side in wonderment, as an innocent smile spreads on her face staring at...

ALANAH POV

DAVID, (30s), is soaking in sweat and bloodied, hanging naked with his arms cuffed to ceiling chains, and a leather gimp mask unzipped over his face.

His body quivers, with cuts weeping blood.

She walks towards him, placing a hand on his chest, and he flinches.

Her eyes gleam with delight as she traces the knife's tip along her lip, pricking it lightly.

Grabbing him by the back of the head, she moves in, gliding her tongue across the mouth of the mask before releasing his head, looking at him smiling.

ALANAH  
(Sexy tone)  
Baby, make me cum.

DAVID  
(Shaky tone)  
Bitch... let me go.

December weather is in her chuckle, poking the tip of the knife in his chest.

Once the blood comes forth, she keeps the tip in, trailing it down his body.

He moans through his clenched teeth as the trail ends between his thighs.

She slowly glides the ridges back and forth across his manhood, teasing him with pain.

With his adrenaline pumping, he tenses up knowing he's seconds away from death.

ALANAH  
We're just getting started.

DAVID  
(Begging pathetically)  
Please, don't kill me. Please. What do  
you want?

The sound of him begging amplifies the desire for murder,  
snuggling her face against his stomach tasting the blood,  
dropping soft kisses.

ALANAH  
(Moaning seductive)  
Tell me. Are you a moaner or a  
screamer?

Unsure if there's a right or wrong answer, he swallows hard  
bracing himself for the outcome.

DAVID  
I'm-I'm a moaner.

Deeply aroused, she tongue kisses his nipple, but the cold  
daggers in her eyes as she grabs his penis tightly speaks of  
disappointment.

ALANAH  
That's a shame. I love my men  
screaming.

Treating his penis like a fingernail file on an annoying nail  
is how she uses the ridges on his penis, aggressively cutting  
it off.

Haunting screams fill the room.

Blood pours from where his penis was once connected.

Pleased with her actions, she tosses the meat to the side,  
and then closes the zipper muffling his screams.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
We'll talk when you calm down.

The way her body moves as she walks towards the bedroom door  
is a sight of heaven.

CLOSE UP TATTOO

Covering her entire back are screaming lost souls, tombstones

and serpents.

A cynical laugh ejects from her mouth walking out the room, closing the door behind her.

Within a few seconds, David's screams come to an end and he drops his head dead.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: ALANAH'S LOVE

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - WORKOUT ROOM - MORNING**

The symphony is heard playing.

Wall mirrors cover the entire room, along with various workout equipment.

Alanah is practicing her combos on the punching bag with her earbuds on wearing a black spandex bra and leggings, with her hair in a ponytail.

It looks like she's been caught up in a thunderstorm the way the sweat rolls down her body.

Each punch she lands there's a loud "THUD" letting you know not only is she good with her hands, but there's some power behind her punches.

ALANAH (V.O.)

For some reason and I don't know why,  
but women today are not comfortable in  
their skin. They dress up like dolls  
and alter their bodies for the  
attention of a man, and then they'll  
talk about the next female, but  
they're exactly like 'em. Why do women  
go through all this for a person who  
only views them as a bragging story?

She hits the bag with a quick four piece combo, and then moves across the hardwood floor to the weight bench taking a seat.

Reaching down, she picks up her water and almost drinks the entire bottle.

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

Everyday I'm either in the gym or  
boxing. A man running pitiful rerun

lines on me is pointless because I know I'm tight. And for the men who don't like how I'm shaped or look, oh, fucking well. I love me regardless.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Alanah is standing under the shower head with her eyes closed, letting the water fall down her body.

ALANAH (V.O.)

No matter who he is, all men approach with pussy on the brain, even if he claims he wants a true commitment.

Opening her eyes annoyed, she grabs the milk and honey body wash from the rack, applying it on her loofah, lathering it up real good.

She scrubs herself like a rape victim feeling dirty, hoping the filth will come off.

ALANAH (V.O) (CONT'D)

They basically view us as hips, thighs, ass and titties. Hoes are comfortable with that because that's all they display. But you can't tell a hoe she's a hoe, which is fine. Live your best life.

Rinsing off, she turns the water off, and steps from the tub.

Wrapping a black towel around herself, she turns to face the fogged up mirror and with one swipe, she sees the blank expression on her face staring back at her.

Searching her own eyes desperately needing answers explaining who she is, she comes up with nothing, sighing, lowering her head.

**CLOSE UP THE GLASS SKULL HOLDER**

She grabs her toothbrush, and toothpaste, and then stares at her reflection trying to wrap her mind around something.

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

Women with their shit together own a numerous amount of vibrators in various shapes and sizes. We can fuck

ourselves fast or slow, mixing it up for genuine satisfaction. A man only bases his character on his body, money and dick, with no idea why he has these blessings. But hey... hoes make it easy for them.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALANAH'S CAR - MOVING - LATER**

Upbeat music is playing.

ALANAH POV

Various people are moving around the downtown area.

The sun glaring in her eyes radiates beauty as she bobs her head to the tunes.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Being a marriage counselor, I meet some interesting people. Like David from last night. David was addicted to sex, and believed that faithful pussy wasn't enough. So, when his wife found out she divorced him. But for some reason, he figured he could line me up for his next piece of ass.

(Laughs)

When will men learn chasing after pussy is playing with death? A woman is either fucked up from a previous relationship or she's flat out crazy. Either way, we come with luggage. Is a nut and bragging story really worth it, knowing we won't let the shit go easy?

Coming to a stop at a red light, she retrieves a piece of gum, and as she waits for the light to turn, a horn is heard.

Looking to her left, she sees MAN #1 in his grey Chrysler 300 smiling at her, sticking his tongue out indicating he wants to eat her pussy.

Disgusted by the typical actions a man would give her, she focuses back on the light turning green.

The horn is heard again.

Knowing it's him, she looks over and Man #1 is mouthing some foul words, giving her the finger before driving off.

ALANAH POV

As he drives off we see his license plate that reads...

INSERT PLATE

THEMAN#1

She scoffs continuing on her way to work.

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

That's what I'm talking about. A man believes every woman he encounters is a hoe, and she should automatically accept what he offers. Yet again, dumb bitches giving away pussy are more at fault. Money, good looks and dick sizes got these hoes out here making non-relevant niggas feel special. The irony is after they fuck these men, they turn around complaining saying men ain't shit.

(Chuckles)

That's the beauty of having a vibrator you can fuck without the headache.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALANAH'S OFFICE - LATER**

You would feel right at home when you walk into her office the way it's laid out like a living room.

CLOSE UP HER DESK

On her desk there's a beautiful family portrait from when she was eleven-years-old posing with her parents Linda and John.

On the other end of the desk sits a black glass casket used to hold pens, and propped up against the casket is an eerie sewn together girl doll with the eyes closed, smiling.

Written on the casket in gold calligraphy letters reads. "A soul never rests."

Alanah is sitting behind her desk reading a file on her laptop.



Taking a break, she looks at the time on her watch, and rolls her eyes, annoyed because her client hasn't arrived.

A deep sigh comes from her mouth ready for lunch, but she decides to wait a few more minutes.

In need of something to occupy her time, she reaches inside her purse, and grabs her keys, unlocking her desk drawer, opening it.

INSERT INSIDE THE DRAWER

There's a ball gag, handcuffs, Ky-jelly, anal beads and a small spiked padded paddle.

Frozen glass ready to crack is how her eyes look picking up the ball gag.

Sorrow perspires from her body because of the memory replaying in her mind.

ALANAH (V.O.)  
Before you label me, listen to my  
story.

She slowly opens her mouth, placing the gag inside.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

**INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The room is dim with heavy metal music playing fairly loud.

Pornographic images are painted on the walls and torture contraptions are arranged around the room.

Cigarette smoke clogs the air the men in the room are inhaling and exhaling wearing various S&M attire, drinking, smoking and snorting coke.

We turn our attention to the pillory in the corner where YOUNG ALANAH (11), is on her knees trapped inside crying with a ball gag in her mouth, wearing a shirt and jeans.

She's wiggling around trying to escape.

We see her father JOHN (30s) and his older brother FRANK (30s) standing by the basement door.

John's eyes are bloodshot holding a cup, constantly scratching his neck, and licking his dry lips in need of a

fix.

John looks like shit. Uncombed hair, and patches in his beard.

His older brother Frank is wearing a bondage outfit with his eyes glued on Young Alanah.

Frank swishes the saliva around in his mouth, tasting the incest.

FRANK

She's your payment?

John's hand trembles, while placing the cup to his lips.

JOHN

Charge everybody in here, and that should clear my debt and some.

Frank pretends to entertain the idea, turning his attention to the men, clearing his throat loud enough to gain their attention.

They stare in silence.

FRANK

(Points at Young Alanah)

Would any of you men pay for the experience inside of that lovely virgin?

A thunderous YES followed with sadistic laughter is heard.

An obese man wearing a leather mask and thong walks up to Young Alanah preparing to take the gag out.

John takes a sip from his cup upset, staring directly at the obese man.

JOHN

What the fuck are you doing?!

The man looks over at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The mouth is mine! Her daddy will be the first one experiencing those benefits.

The man holds his hands up, stepping back.

FRANK

Enjoy yourselves, but don't severely damage her. Save some for me.

The men laugh.

CLOSE UP YOUNG ALANAH

Closing her eyes tight, tears fall to the floor as the herd gathers around until she's no longer seen.

**INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Blow up dolls are chained against the walls, and hanging from the ceiling.

Indistinct laughter from the men is heard.

Although Frank accepted Young Alanah for his debt, John is still nervous because he doesn't know if he's in the clear.

JOHN

Are we good?

Frank's face is stone cold staring at him.

John feels used, giving up his daughter for payment, and his debt isn't cleared.

Ready to walk off, Frank places his hand on John's shoulder.

John looks at him with pitiful eyes, and Frank cracks a smile.

FRANK

Stop running your tab so high, and you won't be in this position. Are you pitching or catching?

JOHN

(Licks lips, scratches neck)  
You got some rocks or a few lines?

FRANK

That shit is not allowed in my house.  
I got some coke if you sniff it off her back.

JOHN

(Smiles)  
Let's do it.

FRANK  
That's my little brother.

Frank grips John's ass, and he embraces it with a smile.

They laugh walking back into the room.

END FLASHBACK:

**INT. ALANAH'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Shame anoints her body despite she had no escape out of the situation.

Removing the ball gag, she puts it away and locks the drawer, turning to look out the window.

Wishing she could go back and possibly change what happened, she stares at the sun, and her empty corridor eyes drop a veil of darkness.

ALANAH (V.O.)  
Talk about some tough fatherly love.  
Some would agree with what happened  
because they feel pussy is payment for  
everything. Some would think I'm a  
whore, and I allow men to continue  
degrading me. The overall view men  
have about women. She deserved it  
because she's a hoe who loves it.

The sound of the door opening is heard.

"It's about time.", is the expression she has when she turns to face the door and we see... LLOYD (30s).

A handsome brown skin man dressed sophisticated, glowing bright, ready to get some things off his chest.

Closing the door with a smile, he approaches the desk.

ALANAH  
You're late, and I'm heading out the  
door.

A deer caught in headlights is his expression.

LLOYD  
Just give me a few minutes, please.

ALANAH

Place my plans on hold because you're late?

LLOYD

I'm sorry. See, I was out running some errands, and I totally forgot-

ALANAH

-Was it worth missing your session?

He's speechless.

Recognizing he really needs her advice, she gives a slight smile.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

(Sighs)

Five minutes.

Grateful for her time, he makes his way towards the sofa and she becomes irritated again.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

He looks back at her confused.

LLOYD

Can I have a seat?

ALANAH

Five minutes. You don't need a seat for five minutes.

He stares at her staring at him, seeing she's serious.

There's an awkward silence for a brief moment, and then he clears his throat.

LLOYD

I'm still having the dream.

ALANAH

Didn't you leave that issue with the Lord?

You can tell from his expression that heartache dwells heavy in his body.

LLOYD

It's hard getting over walking in on your wife... with a man you thought was her brother.

ALANAH

Craving what you saw, believing what your desires told you, overlooking her issues. Understand your flaws so you can overcome this issue.

LLOYD

(Sighs)

I wish it was that easy.

ALANAH

It is. But if you keep thinking about it, you'll never get over it.

LLOYD

Maybe you're right.

ALANAH

I know I'm right.

LLOYD

(Low laugh)

Can I ask you something?

ALANAH

Sure.

LLOYD

What's the story behind the doll and casket?

She uses her eyes to glance over, and then back at him.

ALANAH

You've been coming here for six months, and now you wanna know? Why?

LLOYD

I had to focus on myself first. If it's something personal, don't worry about it.

ALANAH

It reminds me that despite the fact I'm no longer beautiful, there's something worth smiling about.

LLOYD

What are you talking about? You're beautiful.

ALANAH

The outer beauty of a person means nothing if the inside is ugly.

LLOYD

Really?

ALANAH

Look at the reason why you're here. Now, your five minutes are up. I'll see you at your next session.

LLOYD

Can we grab some dinner and continue the discussion?

ALANAH

Negative.

LLOYD

Why?

ALANAH

For one, I'm not giving you my house number. For two, once I leave here, I have a serious discussion planned with my bed.

LLOYD

You don't have a cell?

ALANAH

I'm not a sociable person, so no.

LLOYD

Are you serious?

ALANAH

If you're continuing your sessions, stop right there.

LLOYD

...I'll see you next week.

ALANAH

Be on time.

He walks out the room.

She picks up the doll disgusted about the memory behind it as she begins playing with the arms.

ALANAH (V.O.)

This was the only thing you gave me.  
Something just as ugly as you. The  
womb of a whore birthed pure innocence  
she allowed to get treated like a  
whore... and you were okay with it.

Closing her eyes, she breathes deep.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

**INT. JOHN AND LINDA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Crack-house is the first thought that would enter your mind when you set foot in here.

Roaches are crawling across the dirty walls and floor covered with empty liquor bottles and dishes.

The furniture is worn out with cigarette burns and holes.

The glass table in front of the sofa is cracked in half, with a baggie filled with crack rocks, an ashtray, a homemade crack pipe and a box of cigarettes resting on it.

LINDA, (30s) and John are sitting on the couch getting wasted.

The prime example of how crack can turn a beautiful melanin woman into something nightmares are made of is what best describes Linda.

Linda blows out the smoke from the crack she just finished, and then places her pipe on the table.

John takes a hard hit from his homemade crack pipe, holding in the smoke, turning to face Linda puckering his lips.

Without thinking twice, she gives him a kiss so they can exchange the smoke.

They sit back laughing with cottonmouths needing water for their parched throats.



JOHN  
(Points at the rocks)  
This shit should last.

LINDA  
(Chews the side of her thumb,  
worried)  
We're clear from the debt?

JOHN  
(Places a cigarette in his mouth)  
Yup. I told you he'd take her.

LINDA  
(Sigh of relief, lights his  
cigarette)  
Good.

Turning her attention to the traumatized Young Alanah, a  
devious plan constructs in her mind.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Her mama is a good hoe, so I'll show  
her the ropes.

Young Alanah is sitting in the corner on a wooden chair  
holding the doll she has on her desk.

Blanked out... you would have to check her pulse to know she's  
alive.

John is so foul, he made her put the semen covered clothes  
back on.

JOHN  
You are good at what you do.

Proud being labeled as a hoe, Linda winks, sticking her  
tongue out, using her fingers to slap it hard.

LINDA  
Let me show you my appreciation.

JOHN  
Let's make a bet.

LINDA  
What?

JOHN  
Make me bust in less than three

minutes, and I'll do all the catching  
with the next clients.

His words make her horny.

She starts kissing on his neck, moving her hand between his  
thighs.

LINDA  
(Seductive tone)  
Meet my mouth in the bedroom.

When she stands up, he slaps her on the ass making her  
release a bashful giggle before making her way to the  
bedroom.

John takes a pull from his cigarette looking over at Young  
Alanah.

JOHN  
You should join us. Daddy loves how  
you feel.

He laughs getting up from the sofa making his way to the  
bedroom.

Young Alanah is still spaced out, and then the silence is  
broken by loud rap music.

**INT. JOHN AND LINDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The light from the lamp in the corner exposes the bedroom  
that's just as filthy as the living room.

Linda is on her knees going to work, moving her head fast.

John is laid across the dirty mattress biting down on the  
sheet covering his face muffling his moans.

CLOSE UP THE DOOR

Young Alanah has the same blank stare holding a butcher knife  
in her right hand, and a hammer in her left, watching Linda  
giving John a blowjob.

As John's moans grow louder, Young Alanah rushes over and  
slits Linda's throat.

Blood sprays from her throat, as she gurgles on blood,  
falling to the side dying a slow death.

JOHN  
Bitch, why did you stop?

He removes the sheet and Young Alanah pounces on him, placing the knife to his throat.

Staring into her vacant eyes, he knows this is no longer the innocent little girl she once was.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Calm down, princess. Daddy loves-

YOUNG ALANAH  
-Daddy loves the way I feel.

She taps his head with the hammer.

YOUNG ALANAH (CONT'D)  
Let's see if daddy loves this.

Keeping the knife on his throat, she brings the hammer down with force.

END FLASHBACK:

**INT. ALANAH'S OFFICE - MORNING**

She places the doll back, smiling.

ALANAH (V.O.)  
My favorite uncle helped me clean up the mess. God bless his soul letting me live with him. Being the man he is and his profession, it helped me become the woman I am.

CUT TO:

**INT. DINER - AFTERNOON**

The sound of silverware against plates and chatter is heard in the cozy little diner that looks like it came straight from the 80s.

Waitresses are walking across the black and white tiled floor, and customers are sitting at the counter watching the cooks prepare their meals.

Alanah is sitting at a booth by the window and whatever she's looking at in her file has her full attention with a smile.

ALANAH (V.O.)

What women sleep on when it comes to men is how they treat their mother. If he treats his own mother like shit, what makes you think your so-called "good pussy" is special? Now before you say differ, yes, there are some men who can fool you. They'll treat their mother like gold, and then turn around and treat you like shit. You gotta be on your game, not your hormones.

She looks up seeing the bubbly WAITRESS (20s), coming her way, so she closes the file.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order?

ALANAH

Yes. Can I have your porterhouse steak medium rare and a baked potato?

WAITRESS

You sure can. Can I get you anything to drink?

ALANAH

Can I have a coke, please?

WAITRESS

Yes, ma'am, I'll be right back with your drink.

The Waitress walks off.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Not too long ago, I dated a man named Kevin. He treated me with the respect every man should treat women God blessed on this earth. He never mentioned anything sexual because spending time with me was all he wanted.

(Sighs)

I'm pretty sure you can guess why we ended. But if women treat men like they do us, we're labeled bitches and hoes. Irony, wouldn't you say?

The Waitress comes back placing her drink and straw down.

WAITRESS

Here you go, and your order will be out in a few minutes.

ALANAH

Thank you.

The waitress walks off.

Alanah watches her walking off frustrated, biting down on her lip, but when she opens the file, she's instantly happy.

ALANAH (V.O.)

I wish there were more women like me to stand up, helping the blind see the truth. Maybe it'll happen one day.

(Laughs)

Right. And one day men will be able to give birth.

INSERT THE FILE

We see the gruesome pictures of the men she murdered, formed together in a heart shaped collage.

CUT TO:

**INT. SUPERMARKET - LATER**

The supermarket is clean spick and span, filled with people taking their time shopping.

Alanah is standing with her purse on her shoulder, holding a basket with a few items inside, watching the workers bring out freshly baked buns, doughnuts and bread.

Coming up pushing a buggy filled mainly with meats and canned goods is DANNY (mid-20s).

You can tell by looking at his light bright face and long ponytail he's conceited.

When he sees Alanah, he takes a step back marveling.

Clearing his throat, he pushes his buggy towards her.

DANNY

The soft ones are in the back.

She blushes, but doesn't turn around.

ALANAH  
Considering I put lotion on 'em  
everyday, they should be.

DANNY POV

Seeing her ass from afar is nothing compared to seeing it up  
close and personal.

Danny bites down on his lip in-love.

DANNY  
I wouldn't know.

She turns around smiling.

ALANAH  
Do you wanna find out?

DANNY  
Good response. I like that.

ALANAH  
That doesn't answer the question.

DANNY  
Maybe.

Eying him up and down, she looks at his left hand, and sees  
his wedding ring.

Looking back in his eyes knowing he's a player, she gives him  
a coy smile.

ALANAH  
Are you debating because you're shy or  
because your wife wouldn't appreciate  
you grabbing another woman's ass?

DANNY  
My wife?

She smirks pointing at the ring.

He looks down at his hand flipping it over as if he didn't  
know he had the ring on.

DANNY  
That's from my first marriage.

ALANAH

Why do you still wear it?

DANNY

It reminds me to watch who I give my heart to.

ALANAH

(Sympathetic tone)

Aw, she broke your heart?

DANNY

You can say that.

ALANAH

Well?

DANNY

If you give me your number, we can talk about it.

ALANAH

Can you cook?

DANNY

Anything you name, I can make it.

ALANAH

Make my dinner tonight and I'll take your number.

DANNY

Straight up?

ALANAH

I can always go home and make my own, forgetting this conversation happened.

DANNY

Nah, I'll hook us something up.  
Where's your phone?

ALANAH

I have a good memory.

DANNY

(313) 555-9743.

ALANAH

What's your name?

DANNY

Danny.

ALANAH

Alanah.

DANNY

Don't play me.

Making sure she has him where she wants him, she steps into his face, almost kissing him, caressing his chest.

ALANAH

When I see something I want, I don't play with it. Have my dinner ready.

Watching her walk off bewitched, he can't help but think about the evening he's about to have with her, and then he realizes she didn't get any bread.

DANNY

Hold up, you forgot your bread.

She turns around looking at him.

ALANAH

Grab something fit for the meal. If it turns out good, you can have some of this cake.

Installing the thought of them having sex, he nods with confidence thinking he pulled an easy one night stand, not knowing he's her next victim.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Coming from the dining room stepping onto the hardwood floor in the hallway with paintings on the white walls is the handsome butler TOMMY (mid-forties).

Tommy is a tall brown skin man, who seems like he's always happy as long as Alanah is happy.

Making his way to the front door stepping to the side, a smile is on his face watching Alanah come into the house.

TOMMY

Are you ready to eat?



ALANAH

What are we having?

TOMMY

Roast duck and asparagus, with lemon garnish.

ALANAH

You got fancy with it tonight, huh?

TOMMY

Shall I make your plate?

ALANAH

No, I have a date.

TOMMY

Do you want me to wrap it up for later?

ALANAH

Yeah, I'll probably be hungry when I get home.

She walks towards the stairs anxious to get to her room so she can prepare for her date with Danny.

Tommy comes to the bottom of the stairs looking up at her.

TOMMY

Todd called earlier.

She turns to look at him.

ALANAH

(Sighs, annoyed)

What did he want?

TOMMY

He wanted to know when you'll be free for a date.

ALANAH

(Rocks her head side to side)

I'll let him know.

TOMMY

Enjoy your evening.

ALANAH

Thank you.

She makes her way upstairs, and he walks back into the dining room.

As she comes up the stairs, there are paintings of women trapped in their mind with their thoughts.

Walking past the closed doors, she heads to her bedroom, opening the door, walking in.

She turns the lights on, and then walks over to her computer desk, opening the drawer, reaching inside, grabbing one of the many minute phones, placing it on the desk.

Debating on how she wants the night to unfold, she taps her finger on the phone, and then it dawns on her.

Moving over to the closet opening it, she has various bondage attire, whips, chains, handcuffs, studded paddles, dog collars and more.

Thumbing through the clothes, she turns her attention to the spiked dog collar with a long chain.

ALANAH (V.O.)

The weakness of man resides between the thighs of every woman walking this earth. He either wants it for pleasure, profit or both. Sadly, women don't recognize this incredible power can be used without it being tarnished.

She takes the dog collar, and then walks over to the bed placing it down.

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

When you're fucking a man, this is what's going through his mind. "If I put some speed and authority in my strokes to make her moan, the pussy will be all mine."

(Laughs)

Since I've had damn near every race and size inside of me in one day, let me tell you. Unless you can compare dick with starvation, it's irrelevant.

She walks over to her dresser, opening the drawer.

INSERT INSIDE THE DRAWER

Inside are syringes, pills, Rohypnol, valium, librium, xanax, Heroin, Cocaine, Meth and more.

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

Danny must take me for fuckin' fool.  
Why can't men be upfront and say they  
wanna fuck, but they have a woman at  
home?

(Picks up a Heroin baggie)

Tommy can drop me off, and pick me up.

Placing the Heroin down, she walks into the bathroom, closing the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. LISA HOUSE'S - LATER**

Danny is standing by the door checking his breath, slicking his hair back, making sure he's suave for his encounter.

The doorbell rings, and he quickly opens the door.

There stands Alanah wearing a full-length black leather trench coat with the matching purse, carrying a black overnight bag.

DANNY

Goddamn, you are so sexy.

ALANAH

Can you let me in?

He steps to the side allowing her to come in, and then he closes the door behind her.

She looks around the house that you can tell a woman with good taste did the decorating.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

This is nice.

He comes up standing beside her.

DANNY

Thanks. What's in the bag?

She looks at him smiling.

ALANAH

A change of clothes. If the food is

good, there's a chance the dick might be good, so why not stay for a morning recap and breakfast? But if this bothers you, I can call Uber back and leave.

DANNY

No problems. I'm digging your style.

ALANAH

Most men do. Where's my food?

DANNY

Do you want me to take your coat?

ALANAH

I'll let you know after I try my food.  
Lead the way.

They make their way into the dining room.

Resting on the table is a bottle of red wine, two wine glasses, a basket with fresh butter rolls and their meal.

He pulls her chair out so she can sit.

She hangs her purse on the chair, and places the overnight bag by her feet, looking at the meal with a smile of approval.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Pasta is my favorite. Good choice.

DANNY

I left the glass empty because I wasn't sure if you're a wine drinker.

ALANAH

I'm actually a cognac girl, but this works.

She picks up her fork, twirling it in the noodles, getting a good helping to place in her mouth.

Blown away by the taste, she goes for seconds.

DANNY

What do you think?

ALANAH

(Chewing)

Pour me some wine and we're in business.

He grabs the bottle, and pours two glasses.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I almost forgot. Can I have some water?

DANNY

Yeah.

He makes his way into the kitchen.

She opens her purse, and removes the syringe filled with Heroin, dropping it at her feet.

Just as he returns with the water, she closes the purse.

He hands her the glass.

ALANAH

Water helps when I'm drinking.

He takes his seat looking at her smiling.

DANNY

Cool with me.

ALANAH

So, what happened between you and your wife? What's her name?

DANNY

Lisa.

ALANAH

How did she break your heart?

DANNY

Constantly accusing me of cheating, knowing I would never cheat on her.

ALANAH

How long were you married?

DANNY

Five years.

ALANAH

Women have a tendency to get insecure  
if they have a good man.

DANNY

I think she was cheating on me.

ALANAH

That's always an option.

DANNY

(Sighs)

She has no idea how much it hurt me...  
when I told her we should part ways.

(Sniffles)

I guess her love wasn't as strong as  
mine.

ALANAH

I see.

DANNY

Why are you single?

ALANAH

(Takes a sip of wine)

Wait, are you about to cry?

DANNY

Nah. When I think of her, I get a  
little choked up.

ALANAH

Aw, that's love. Well, I'm single  
because of the way men behave.

DANNY

How do we behave?

ALANAH

(Takes a sip of water)

When you see a beautiful woman, you  
either sugar-coat some bullshit or if  
she calls you on your bullshit, you  
don't produce.

DANNY

I don't sugar-coat or bullshit.

ALANAH

Do you keep a lock on your phone?

DANNY

No. Why should I, when I have nothing to hide?

ALANAH

Everybody has something to hide.

DANNY

Not me.

ALANAH

Why did you agree to cook me dinner?

DANNY

I like how we were cutting it up. The conversation showed you have a sense of humor, with your head on your shoulders.

ALANAH

(Rolls eyes)

That made you wanna cook me dinner?

(Scoffs)

Let's cut the bullshit.

DANNY

(Takes a sip)

What?

ALANAH

A woman shouldn't be controlling this situation.

DANNY

(Shy laugh)

What are you talking about?

ALANAH

Do you plan on fucking me tonight or are we about to sit around and bullshit?

DANNY

(Takes a sip, wipes lips)

Well, what I had in mind was-

She shakes her head no, wagging her finger at him.

ALANAH

-See, stop right there. Men are dominant. Power is in their

actions and words making a woman do his every command. But you got me sitting here, feeding me some bullshit?

She stands up taking her coat off, dropping it to the floor, revealing a leather bondage outfit.

Stepping over to him, he licks his lips catching the drool that was about to fall.

He gets ready to speak, and she places a finger to his lips.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
I'm controlling the situation.

She grabs the chair, and turns him to face her.

As if she's preparing to straddle down on a horse, she places one leg around him, and then takes a seat on his lap with force.

He releases a soft moan reaching for her waist, and she grabs his wrist.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
Just sit here and don't do shit.

DANNY  
(Blushes, licks lips)  
Okay sexy.

ALANAH  
Good.

Closing his eyes, she slowly licks from his neck up to his ear, gently biting the top.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
(Seductive tone)  
Are you gonna make me your bitch or are you gonna be my bitch?

He opens his eyes, staring at her confused.

DANNY  
What the fuck are you talking about?

She reaches between his legs, grabbing his dick with a tight grip.



ALANAH

(Serious tone)

Are you gonna be my bitch or will you  
make me yours?

DANNY

Bitch, if you don't let my dick go.

You would think she just experienced an orgasm by the way she  
kisses on his neck, moaning softly.

Enjoying the sensation, he gets into it grabbing her ass.

Knowing he would go along with whatever she did, she sits  
straight up aggravated, slapping him hard across the face.

ALANAH

You're my bitch.

Rage is in his eyes, grabbing her by the throat, pushing her  
back on the table, holding her down.

DANNY

Bitch, I should kill you! You don't  
put your fucking hands on me!

She moans, licking her lips, sliding her hand between her  
thighs.

Keeping his hand on her throat, he leans down in her face.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm about to beat yo ass... and then I'm  
gonna fuck you.

ALANAH

(Moaning)

Beat me before you fuck me, daddy. I'm  
your bitch.

Grinning, he slaps her hard on the thigh, causing her to moan  
louder, placing a finger in her mouth.

DANNY

You're the type of bitch I've been  
looking for.

He lets her throat go, and then takes his shirt and pants  
off.

She sits up with her hand still between her thighs, staring

at him with lust in her eyes.

ALANAH

Before you beat me daddy, can you do one thing?

DANNY

(Grabs his crotch, smiling)

What, bitch?

She gets up, walking to her chair, opening the purse, pulling out the spiked dog collar, which she places around her neck.

Turning to face him, he's in a trance.

Winking, licking her lips, she moves towards him, while playing with the chain.

ALANAH

(Moaning)

Treat me like the dog I am. Sit down in your chair, and make me come eat my meal.

DANNY

(Nods in agreement)

Get to it. I got a mouth-full for you.

She bites down on her lip, switching hard to the other side of the table.

Getting down on her knees, she tosses the end of the chain under the table near his chair.

He looks on smiling, sitting down.

Picking up the chain, he wraps it twice around his hand, pulling her towards him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

When you get over here, grab my phone outta my pocket. I'm recording your nasty ass, so my boys-OUCH!

He slides back looking down at her.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Bitch...

His eyes roll in the back of his head before falling off the chair.

She comes from under the table holding the empty syringe, looking down at him.

ALANAH

Any female that wants her ass beat is  
either crazy or the bitch has a  
disease.

Removes the collar

Wanting some lips on your dick landed you in some shit.

She starts clearing the table off, placing the dishes in her overnight bag.

CUT TO:

**INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER**

Danny is sleeping on the bed with his arms pulled up to his head handcuffed to the bars on the headboard.

His legs are closed tight with shackles on his ankles.

Alanah has on black leather gloves sitting on the bed placing a piece of ice on his nipple, slowly moving it around.

DANNY

(Half woke)

Baby?

ALANAH

Wake up and give me some of that dick.

Still feeling the buzz from the drugs, he thinks Alanah is Lisa.

DANNY

Pull it out, and get it hard.

ALANAH

(Moaning)

Open your eyes so you can watch me,  
baby.

DANNY POV

He slowly opens his eyes.

His vision is distorted, but when it clears, he sees Alanah sitting beside him, smiling.

DANNY  
(Confused tone)  
What the fuck?

He tries sitting up, and that's when he realizes he's restrained.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is this?!

ALANAH  
This is the bed you thought you'd fuck  
me on? The same bed Lisa rests her  
head at night with your nasty ass.

Looks around the room

She has good taste in style, but shitty taste in men.

DANNY  
If you don't fucking let me go, I know  
something.

She holds up a pair of pruning scissors opening them, placing  
the print of his dick between them.

ALANAH  
Shut the fuck up before I give you the  
pussy you should've been born with.

You can see the anger on his face, grinding his teeth.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
That's a good bitch. Here's the  
script. You're about to tell Lisa  
you're a piece of shit.

DANNY  
Fuck you.

ALANAH  
Apparently, you don't understand how  
severe the situation is.

She squeezes the scissors a little, and you can see the fear  
in his eyes, biting down on his lip.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you again. You're about to  
tell Lisa she deserves better.

Staring into her cold eyes, he knows she's not playing.

DANNY  
...I'll do it.

She puts the scissors down, and reaches over grabbing his phone off the nightstand.

DANNY  
When I get free-

ALANAH  
-You'll beat my ass, right?

DANNY  
I'm straight fuckin' you up.

ALANAH  
Trying to fuck is the reason why  
you're in this position.

She calls Lisa and puts the phone on speaker, placing it down on the nightstand.

As the phone rings, she picks up the scissors, placing his dick back between them.

LISA (V.O.)  
You miss me, baby?

DANNY  
Whenever you're not around me, I miss  
you.

LISA (V.O.)  
That's so sweet. Why does it sound  
like you have me on speaker?

Alanah gently squeezes the scissors and his eyes get wide, staring at her trying to remain calm.

DANNY  
I'm getting ready for a shower.  
Listen, it's something I have to tell  
you.

LISA (V.O.)  
I'm listening.

DANNY  
Promise me when you get home we'll

discuss what I'm about to tell you?

LISA (V.O.)  
(Nervous tone)  
What is it?

DANNY  
I-I've been cheating on you. I'm still  
out in these streets fuckin' bitches.

LISA (V.O.)  
What?!

DANNY  
You deserve a better man and not a  
piece of shit like me. But if it means  
anything, you do have my heart.

LISA (V.O.)  
I do every fuckin' thing for yo ass  
and you out there with other bitches,  
and coming back fuckin' me?! You  
goddamn right we'll discuss this when  
I get to my house!

Lisa hangs up.

Alanah sits laughing, keeping the scissors on him.

He's staring at her wishing he could get free and break her  
neck.

ALANAH  
Goddamn. You're fuckin' over a good  
woman, and this ain't even your house?  
When will you fuckin' men learn?

DANNY  
Fuck you, bitch. Get out.

ALANAH  
I would stay and wait for the owner to  
tell me that, but I don't have the  
time.

Pats him on the chest, smiling

Don't you feel better getting that off your chest?

DANNY  
I'll see you again.

Placing the scissors on the bed, she moves down towards his face, giving him a kiss on the forehead.

ALANAH  
I highly doubt that.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER**

Alanah comes into the room wearing her coat, carrying the overnight bag, and the clattering of the dishes is heard.

She walks over to her computer desk taking a seat, placing the bag down beside her.

Moving the mouse, turning the screen on, her background picture is of her in a bondage outfit covered in blood, licking a bloody knife.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

The cursor moves to a document labeled "Alanah's love" which she clicks on.

She's writing a book on the men she encountered and the methods she used to kill them with pictures.

Scrolling down, she comes to a stop on a picture of Lloyd she took without him knowing with an incomplete poem underneath it.

As she sits reading over the poem, Tommy comes to the door.

TOMMY  
Excuse me.

She turns to look at him.

ALANAH  
Yes.

TOMMY  
Todd called again. What should I tell him?

ALANAH  
Give me a couple of days, and I'll have something for you. Did you feed the dogs?

TOMMY

Suffering ate with no problems.  
Damnation tried to bite me, so I had  
to beat him. I think it's time we lay  
him down.

ALANAH

(Sighs deep)

That damn dog. Let's wait a few more  
days. If he doesn't act right, we'll  
put him to sleep.

TOMMY

Okay.

ALANAH

Thanks for everything.

TOMMY

It's my pleasure. Goodnight.

He walks off.

She turns back to the computer.

No matter how many men she's killed, you can see the tender  
side of her coming out staring at the picture of Lloyd,  
rubbing her thumb across his lips.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Are you different from the others or  
are you good with witty wordplay, only  
caring about yourself? It scares me to  
find out because what if you are  
different?

(Deep sigh)

I doubt it. All men are the same, only  
out to get a nut, and could care less  
how the female feels. I wonder if Lisa  
feels the same.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The lights are still on.

Danny is under the covers with his eyes closed, while LISA  
stands in the doorway with her hands on her wide hips.



LISA  
What's this bullshit you wanna discuss  
before I throw you outta my house?!

He doesn't respond.

She makes her way towards the bed and becomes confused  
looking at the blood splattered around the room.

She's hesitant at first, but she slowly grabs the blanket,  
pulling it off, stepping back, releasing a blood curdling  
scream.

Danny's dead body lies on the blood soaked sheets with  
multiple deep hack wounds in his chest and stomach.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE UP ALANAH FACE

With her eyes closed and a smile, she has a small battle ax  
tainted with blood snuggled against her face.

ALANAH (V.O.)  
Hopefully, she'll be thankful.

**INT. ALANAH'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Alanah is standing next to the window watching the rain hit  
against the glass thinking about when she was raped.

ALANAH (V.O.)  
Why did they do this to me? Was a debt  
worth destroying my life?

It's as if she can feel the rain against her palm, relating  
with how the tears were flowing from her eyes the night she  
was raped.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

**INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - NIGHT**

Techno music plays in the packed underground club where a  
rave party is going on.

The room is filled with people wearing bondage and Gothic  
outfits dancing, sharing drugs, drinking and attempting to  
have sex on the dance floor.

Moving through the dance floor, we see people expressing a different side of four-play kissing with razor blades in their mouths.

Off in one of the corners, there's a girl on her knees with two guys in front of her.

Alanah is sitting at the end of the bar wearing a full leather bodysuit and mask, drinking a martini with three olives.

The bartenders behind the bar are shirtless pouring drinks, and taking shots.

ALANAH POV

Frank is at the other end of the bar wearing a leather wife beater with the pants to match, and a dog collar around his neck, talking to a group of females.

You can tell from looking at his face and gray hairs, the drugs and living a hard life has taken a toll.

Alanah finishes her drink, and then stands up making her way down to Frank with a seductive walk, moving between the women, leaning down in Frank's ear.

ALANAH

Why be bothered with teasers, when you  
can have a sure thing?

FRANK

What do you have in mind?

ALANAH

I want you to make me get down on my  
knees in the alley, so you can have  
your way with my mouth.

Turning to the bar, he picks up his drink downing it before extending the chain on the collar.

FRANK

Lead the way.

She grabs the chain, and they walk off.

They make their way through the people heading towards the back door, walking outside.

**EXT ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Steam is coming from the sewers in the filthy alley covered with trash and broken glass.

A homeless person climbs out of the big dumpster eating some half rotted food, staggering off down the alley past a black van.

Another homeless person in tattered clothes with a skull cap down over their face rolls around on a cardboard box.

Alanah and Frank come out making their way behind the dumpster.

She turns facing him, grabbing his shoulders, pinning him against the dumpster.

FRANK  
(Smiling)  
You're a rough one.

ALANAH  
(Steps back, seductive tone)  
You have no idea. Come on.

FRANK  
Come on, what?

She hits him with a two-piece.

ALANAH  
Make me get on my knees.

FRANK  
(Licks blood the from his lip)  
Bitch.

He swings, and she dodges the punch, hitting him again, followed with a kick, making him go back into the dumpster.

ALANAH  
(Laughs)  
This is sad. You can't do better than this?

He quickly grabs her, and pins her against the dumpster, slapping her a few times.

FRANK  
I'm taking more than your mouth behind

this.

ALANAH  
(Sinister laugh)  
That's the uncle I know.

FRANK  
What?

ALANAH  
(Laughs)  
You heard me.

Staring at her confused, he places his hand on her mask, ready to remove it.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
(Laughs)  
Don't worry. I'll be a savage like you  
and your friends were with me.

Removing the mask, his eyes get wide.

Just as he gets ready to speak, he gets knocked upside the head with a bat, falling to the ground twitching.

Alanah looks down at him smiling.

Tommy was the homeless person rolling around on the cardboard home.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
Let's get him in the van.

Tommy drops the bat, and then grabs Frank's ankles, dragging him to the van.

END FLASHBACK:

#### **INT. ALANAH'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

She's still staring out the window, but unlike when we saw her depressed, there's a pleasurable smile on her face.

ALANAH (V.O.)  
Revenge means nothing if you don't  
enjoy and savor it. That's why I enjoy  
mine like the blissful touch of the  
Holy Ghost.

The door is heard opening.

Slowly moving her hand down the window, she nods her head, turning around to see Lloyd wearing a wet black trench coat.

LLOYD  
I'm on time today.

ALANAH  
Can I ask you something?

LLOYD  
Sure.

ALANAH  
The dream you keep having about  
killing your wife. If you could go  
back... Would you do it?

LLOYD  
I never gave it much thought.

ALANAH  
Sure you have.

She walks over to him

The moment you laid eyes on her with another man, you were  
thinking about what?

LLOYD  
(Rubs his chin in thought)  
Honestly?

ALANAH  
Yes.

LLOYD  
I probably would've killed her.

ALANAH  
And you didn't, because?

LLOYD  
Options.

ALANAH  
What were the options?

LLOYD  
Spend my life in jail or divorce her  
and take everything.

ALANAH

What if you knew you could get away  
with it? What then?

LLOYD

Where are you going with this?

ALANAH

Let's talk about it over some food.

LLOYD

Um, I'm-I'm not dressed for a date.

ALANAH

(Smiles, pats his shoulder)  
Just come on.

CUT TO:

**INT. PIZZERIA - LATER**

Majority of the customers inside are teenagers, but everyone  
is laughing and talking, having a good time.

Alanah and Lloyd are sitting at a booth with a deep dish, a  
pitcher of coke, two cups and a slice of pizza on their  
plates.

Outside the window, we see they're in the slums with cars  
speeding up and down the street, along with people walking  
around.

LLOYD

I've never been here.

ALANAH

This is my favorite pizza place.

LLOYD

(Looks around confused)  
I'm shocked you come down here. It's a  
little rough around these parts.

ALANAH

I can handle myself. Don't let my job  
fool you.

LLOYD

Scared of you.

ALANAH

You probably should be. Okay, pay attention. When a person is hurt, their first thought is to inflict the same pain a hundred times worse. They don't follow through with it because they fear the outcome. But if they planned before executing their actions, they'll be in the clear.

LLOYD

(Takes a sip)

Pain isn't always the answer.

ALANAH

Why?

LLOYD

A broken heart can heal if you allow yourself to pick up the pieces.

ALANAH

What if the person came to the conclusion they'll never trust or love again?

LLOYD

I'm listening.

ALANAH

(Nods head, takes a sip)

What if someone did something so horrible, it completely erased the emotion of love?

LLOYD

Then the person should confront whoever hurt them and find out why.

ALANAH

What if that doesn't work? I mean, this person destroyed every fiber of the word love.

LLOYD

(Folds arms across his chest)

Who hurt you?

ALANAH

Excuse me?

LLOYD  
Who hurt you?

ALANAH  
What makes you think I'm talking about myself?

LLOYD  
I know you are. Come on with it.

ALANAH  
Um, I'm talking about another one of my clients. Just like you, his wife cheated, and it crushed him. I figured since you can relate to this topic, I can have this conversation with you.

LLOYD  
Sure. It's okay to open up.

ALANAH  
There's nothing I need to say.

LLOYD  
(Grabs her hand)  
Therapists can talk to people other than their therapist. I won't judge you.

She's in a trance, staring at him.

Still holding her hand, he goes to reach for her face, and she snaps out of it, quickly grabbing her purse, opening it, pulling out her wallet.

ALANAH  
I, uh-I need to get going.

LLOYD  
Alanah.

Pulling out some money, she places it on the table, putting her wallet back in her purse.

ALANAH  
Huh?

LLOYD  
Look at me.

She looks at him with a straight face.



ALANAH

Okay?

LLOYD

You can allow yourself to love.

ALANAH

Right. I'll be going.

She gets up from the table.

LLOYD

I'm here if you need me.

She sees the concern on his face.

ALANAH

I'll keep that in mind.

She walks out of the restaurant.

Lloyd sighs deep, taking a sip from his coke.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHENE PARK - NIGHT**

The park is empty, but the streetlamps give the park a little bit of light.

The view of the water is beautiful.

Alanah is sitting on a bench wearing a black windbreaker staring at the water, holding a cup of coffee.

ALANAH (V.O.)

(Sips)

He doesn't know what he's talking about. Why would I allow myself to love, and end up more fucked up than what I am?

(Sips)

They say you can't understand love without pain, and the pain helps you find love. At one point in my life, I thought this was true. Remember when I told you about Kevin? He made me realize once you reveal your past to a man, the fairy-tale dream comes to an end.

She takes a sip from her cup.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The all-white room is furnished beautifully.

Alanah and KEVIN (30s), are sitting on the sofa laughing about their date.

Alanah is wearing a soft pink dress with her hair down and Kevin is wearing a suit that goes great with his brown skin.

ALANAH

I've never had this much fun in my life. Thank you for showing me I can live.

KEVIN

I'm happy as long as you're happy.

ALANAH

I wish you could've been in my life from the beginning. I'd probably have a different view on men.

KEVIN

Who caused you that much pain to make you think all men are the same?

She sighs, lowering her head.

With a church boy smile, he places a finger under her chin making her look at him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You can tell me. I'm here for you.

ALANAH

(Deep breath, nods her head)  
What I'm about to tell you, you might have a different view on me.

KEVIN

We're in this together. Nothing will change how I feel about you.

ALANAH

Okay. When I was younger... My father used me for his debt.

KEVIN

Used you? What do you mean?

ALANAH

My father was a crackhead. Instead of paying off what he owed, he used me. For eight straight hours, random men, including my father and uncle had their way with my body. Shameless pain no woman should endure.

He's speechless, rubbing his chin.

She stares at him with uncertainty in her eyes.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What?

KEVIN

That explains why you're not sexually affectionate.

ALANAH

Yeah. I feel like if I let a man inside me, he'll treat me no different from them.

KEVIN

I can understand why. I'm so sorry that happened to you.

Relieved he understands her situation, she looks at him smiling.

ALANAH

Thanks for understanding.

She tries to give him a hug, and he holds his hand up.

Confused, she sits back wondering what's wrong.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What?

KEVIN

That's a sad story and all, but I believe after spending time with me, you shouldn't have those thoughts.

ALANAH

Are you serious?

KEVIN

How long will you allow your past to  
stop you from your sexual desires?

He moves closer trying to touch her, and she moves back  
disgusted.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Alanah, I know you want me. You yearn  
to experience my sexual side.

ALANAH

I think you should leave.

KEVIN

Leave? You're telling me to leave?

ALANAH

You're a fuckin' inconsiderate  
bastard, so yes, you should leave.

KEVIN

(Chuckles)

I'm inconsiderate because I know you  
wanna fuck me, but you're using this  
story as an excuse?

She slaps him across the face, and then stands up prepared to  
walk out the room.

He's quick on his feet grabbing her, turning her around,  
following it with a hard slap.

Holding her tight by the arms, she keeps her head turned  
silent.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You know what I think? I don't think  
you were raped. I think you decided to  
see how many dicks you could handle,  
and after it was over you felt  
ashamed, recognizing you're a whore.  
You created this story about being  
raped so people would have sympathy  
for you.

(Laughs)

You can't fool me.

Slowly, she turns to face him.

ALANAH

You think I'm a whore?

KEVIN

I know you are. The only difference between you and the average whore is you got things going on for yourself. Other than that, you're just like the other whores walking around with your head high, hoping a man such as myself doesn't expose you for the trifling bitch you are.

ALANAH

(Lowers her head)

You're no different from the rest. All this time we spent together, you put up a good act making me think you actually cared.

KEVIN

I care about you. That's why you're about to let me hit that ass for caring about a hoe.

(Kisses her cheek)

Looking in your eyes now, I can tell you wanna top me off.

ALANAH

(Licks lips, smiles)

...And I will.

KEVIN

Use your teeth, and I'll fuck up that smile.

ALANAH

I won't.

She slowly moves down.

CLOSE UP KEVIN FACE

He closes his eyes smiling, listening to his zipper coming down.

KEVIN

Make sure you get it real-

WHACK!

His eyes are wide as blood slowly comes down the middle of his face.

She stands up smiling, using her finger to wipe the blood.

ALANAH  
Women should always receive head  
before men.

Watching the blood coming down his face, she leans in, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
Get it together, boo.

She steps to the side, and his body drops face forward with an ax stuck in his head.

Alanah looks at Tommy, looking down at Kevin's dead body.

TOMMY  
What shall we do with him?

ALANAH  
Chop him up, and spread him across the  
city.

TOMMY  
(Chuckles)  
Are you okay?

ALANAH  
I'm fine. Lesson learned.

TOMMY  
That would be?

ALANAH  
I'll always be viewed as hoe, if I do  
or don't fuck.

TOMMY  
You're not a hoe.

ALANAH  
Oh, I know. Hoes end up like this one.

She walks off.

Tommy cracks a smile, pulling the ax from Kevin's head.

END FLASHBACK:

**EXT. CHENE PARK - NIGHT**

She's smiling, taking a sip from her coffee.

ALANAH (V.O.)

This is our special place. His head is  
at the bottom of the water.

She takes another sip.

MAN #2 comes up wearing all-black taking a seat next to her.

Scoffing under her breath, she uses her eyes to look at him.

MAN #2

What's going on?

ALANAH

Shit. Why are you all up in my  
personal space?

He grabs her and she drops her coffee, facing him.

MAN #2

Don't get smart, bitch.

ALANAH

(Annoyed tone)

What do you want?

MAN #2

I can take what I want. I'm giving you  
the chance to give it to me.

He slowly releases her.

She rubs his face, looking at him, smiling.

ALANAH

(Moaning)

You wanna fuck me on the bench?

With her other hand, she eases it in her coat pocket,  
flicking out the blade on her knife.

Man #2 is confused staring at her.

She leans over and bites his bottom lip, easing her hand  
between his thighs.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? Take it.

He pushes her down on the bench aggressively. having his way with her, and that's when she pulls the blade out, sticking him hard.

His eyes get wide as she repeatedly stabs him.

As the blood comes from his mouth, she looks at him smiling, twisting the knife.

She snatches the knife out and turns him to the side so she can stand up.

Looking down at his dead body, she wipes the blood off her knife on his shirt before walking off.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Add another memory.

**INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - MORNING**

Alanah is relaxing with her eyes closed on her stomach getting massaged with hot oil.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Without a strong mind, your physical will easily get taken advantage of. With that said, every woman should pamper herself before dealing with a man.

CUT TO:

**INT. SAUNA - LATER**

Alanah is leaning back against the wall with her eyes closed in the steam filled room with a towel wrapped around her.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Tonight, I'll be dealing with Todd. His entire conversation revolved around eating my pussy. I've been blowing him off because all he talks about is eating my pussy. But why do men say "Let me eat that pussy?" and it doesn't involve teeth? I've never experienced it with or without teeth, but goddamn. Men are eager to put their face in some unknown pussy, but



lose eagerness when it comes to love and commitment. Dumb hoes falling for that scam is another reason why real women can't make it in the world.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHINESE BUFFET - AFTERNOON**

The restaurant is packed.

Alanah is sitting at her table with plates of different sushi, drinking Saki.

ALANAH (V.O.)

I can't get my mind off Lloyd, but I don't need another incident like I had with Kevin. Lloyd has me open, and I shouldn't feel this way. Maybe it's a sign from God showing me I can open up and trust again? Then again, the first sign was wrong, so this probably won't be any different. I'll let the cards fall and play it from there.

She picks up a piece of sushi, placing it in her mouth, chewing in euphoria.

CUT TO:

**INT. SEX SHOP - LATER**

The place is filled with chatter from the customers while a porno is heard playing.

Alanah is looking over porno movies.

ALANAH (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking. How am I killing all these men, and the police are nowhere near catching me? Well, when your uncle's profession is getting rid of bodies, you pick up fast. A true murderer with no conscience gets caught if they wanna get caught. Pretend killers on the other hand, they get caught seeking fame, and in the end feel guilty, finally finding God... so they claim.

(Picks up a DVD)

Bitches like this make women like me

look bad. More focused on how many dicks they can take and money, instead of realizing her worth as a woman. Another reason why men think we're all hoes. They want us to act like these bitches, but claim they want a good woman. You figure it out.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Alanah comes into the house energized and Tommy is standing by the door.

TOMMY  
Are you relaxed?

ALANAH  
Yes indeed.

TOMMY  
Your guest is in your room as you requested.

ALANAH  
Did he create my romantic scene?

TOMMY  
I'm sure you'll be ecstatic when you see it.

ALANAH  
Let me get upstairs. What are your plans for the night?

TOMMY  
Television until your guest leaves.

ALANAH  
Do you need anything?

TOMMY  
No. Everything I need is waiting for me in my room. Enjoy your night.

ALANAH  
You do know he'll probably need some assistance after I'm done?

TOMMY

Let me know.

She makes her way upstairs walking into her room.

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The lights are off with lit candles spread around and a trail of rose petals leading to the bathroom.

She takes a seat on the bed taking her shoes and shirt off, revealing the blue laced bra underneath.

Getting up from the bed, she heads into the bathroom.

**CLOSE UP THE SINK**

On the sink is a bowl of chocolate covered strawberries, a cognac glass and a bucket of ice with a bottle of cognac inside.

Walking to the sink, she takes a few cubes from the bucket placing it in her glass before pouring a drink.

ALANAH

(Sips)

This is perfect. I love a good stiff one. No pun intended.

(Sips)

This is lovely. You deserve something special.

Taking one more sip, she puts the glass down, and removes her pants, revealing the matching panties.

Picking up the glass, she turns facing the bathtub.

**ALANAH POV**

Candles are lit around the tub.

TODD, (30s), is resting in a bubble bath barely conscious. His brown skin is battered and bruised, and he's handcuffed to the water knobs.

She takes a seat on the floor beside the tub placing her glass down before caressing his face.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Aw, you poor baby. What happened?

TODD  
(Groggy tone)  
Please... please, just-just let me go.

ALANAH  
I can't let you go until you give me  
some head. That's what you wanted to  
do, right?

Smiling, she sits up on her knees getting in his face.

TODD  
(Pleading, groggy)  
Let me go home. I just wanna go home.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead.

ALANAH  
If you can make me cum we'll work  
something out.

She laughs, taking a sip, standing up making her way out the  
bathroom.

CLOSE UP TODD FACE

He's dozing in and out of sleep.

FADE TO BLACK:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER**

CLOSE UP ALANAH

She's lying on the bed staring at the ceiling smiling.

Bringing her right arm up, she's holding one of her minute  
phones.

Taking a deep breath, she presses the call button, placing  
the phone to her ear.

LLOYD (V.O.)  
Hello?

ALANAH  
Were you busy?

LLOYD (V.O.)  
Alanah?

ALANAH

If you're busy, I can call back.

LLOYD (V.O.)

No, I'm not busy. What's going on?

ALANAH

What's your definition of love?

LLOYD (V.O.)

Love shows without words or physical engagements. It pours from the smallest things, such as a smile.

ALANAH

Sex has nothing to do with it?

LLOYD (V.O.)

No. Sex without knowing a person holds no pleasure. You're cheating yourself from the true orgasm, which is getting to know them.

ALANAH

So you deeply loved your wife, but she didn't love you the same?

LLOYD (V.O.)

I was blinded from what I needed to know.

ALANAH

Can we try another date?

LLOYD (V.O.)

Just let me know when.

ALANAH

Okay. Enjoy your night.

LLOYD (V.O.)

You do the same.

Hanging up the phone, a school girl crush resides on her face.

ALANAH (V.O.)

He so reminds me of Kevin, but I just know he's different.

Closing her eyes, she releases a sigh of sadness.

ALANAH

Why can't the rest of you men be like him? Is it hard to actually want a woman for who she is without being inside her?

There's complete silence.

She instantly becomes upset, slanting her eyebrows down, scrunching up her mouth.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I know you hear me talking to you?

From upset to finding humor in what she said, she cracks a smile.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. What was I thinking?

She holds up Todd's tongue.

Turning her head to the side, Todd's head is resting on the blood soaked pillow case, with the eyes and mouth open.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Get you some sleep. I'll use this tomorrow.

She closes his eyes.

**INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT**

The scenery is laid back.

A loud cheer from a group of men watching the game is heard.

On the table next to Alanah and Lloyd's pool table are two pitchers of beer, two beer mugs and shots of whiskey.

Alanah is taking aim on the eight ball, hitting the cue ball with finesse dropping it in the corner pocket.

She places her cue on the table, raising her arms in victory.

ALANAH

Drink up and rack 'em!

LLOYD

(Laughs)

That was luck. Don't start talking

shit.

ALANAH

(Laughs)

Oh, but I am.

LLOYD

You're something else.

ALANAH

Don't try to kiss my ass. Down that shot and stop delaying this ass beating.

He laughs making his way over to the table grabbing a shot downing it, coming back to the pool table.

Grabbing the balls, he begins placing them on the table.

LLOYD

You're a complete woman.

ALANAH

Am I?

LLOYD

You're beautiful. Smart. You definitely have a sense of humor. What more can a man ask for?

ALANAH

Food and sex.

Finished racking, he removes the rack stepping back.

LLOYD

I was speaking about a man, not a boy.

She picks up her cue, chalking it.

ALANAH

Excuse me.

LLOYD

What made you decide on this place?

He rolls her the cue ball and she stops it, setting it up for her shot.

ALANAH

It's a cool place to relax and get

away from the Q&A.

LLOYD  
I couldn't agree more.

She breaks the balls and they go all over the table.

ALANAH  
I think you needed this more than me.

He takes aim on a solid in the corner.

LLOYD  
Do you think so?

He lands his shot.

ALANAH  
I know so.

Moving around the table, he looks for another shot.

LLOYD  
I know something you don't.

ALANAH  
What?

He takes aim on another solid.

LLOYD  
You're about to lose this game.

ALANAH  
(Laughs)  
Somebody gained some confidence.

LLOYD  
It's not confidence, it's the truth.

ALANAH  
The night is young. We got two  
pitchers and shots. Bring it on.

CUT TO:

**INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER**

The two are sitting at a table laughing and joking with a pitcher of beer and two mugs.



We can see people bowling in the background.

The sound of pins being knocked down, laughter and talking is heard.

LLOYD

(Laughs)

I see you stopped talking shit.

ALANAH

(Laughs)

I'm letting you win because I spanked that ass when we played pool.

LLOYD

Tell me anything.

ALANAH

I ain't lying.

LLOYD

Right. Check this out.

ALANAH

What?

LLOYD

How do you feel about kids?

ALANAH

Where did this come from?

LLOYD

Random questions help you get to the truth quicker.

She takes a sip from her mug with a smirk.

ALANAH

And who told you that?

LLOYD

A wonderful woman I get counseling from.

ALANAH

Lame, but cute.

LLOYD

At least I tried.

ALANAH

Work on it.

LLOYD

Come on with the answer.

ALANAH

Not in my future.

LLOYD

Why?

ALANAH

This world is ugly. I can't bring a new life into the world, and things are only getting worse.

LLOYD

You lay down the path you want your child to follow.

ALANAH

And a child will still be curious about the wrongs.

LLOYD

You know as well as I do, you have to experience the bad in order to understand the good.

ALANAH

If that's the case, why don't you have children?

LLOYD

It's not from lack of trying. I thought my sperm count was low, but I found out she was on the pill.

ALANAH

Why would she be on a pill?

LLOYD

Something I've been trying to figure out myself.

ALANAH

You know the answer. But just to pacify you, we'll say she feels like me. Why bring a child into this bullshit? In reality, she used you for

what she needed, and you stayed in denial.

LLOYD  
I can't argue with that.

ALANAH  
Why did you really ask that question?

LLOYD  
In case we make something happen, I'll know where you stand.

ALANAH  
Make something happen?

LLOYD  
Yeah.

ALANAH  
You mean... be a couple?

LLOYD  
What could go wrong?

ALANAH  
What could go right?

LLOYD  
Who's in denial now?

ALANAH  
It's certainly not me.

LLOYD  
Oh, it's you.

ALANAH  
Break it down.

LLOYD  
The pain from your past keeps your guard up, and that's understandable. Now, here's the thing. If you're not in denial, you wouldn't have asked me my definition of love.

ALANAH  
So you're saying?

LLOYD  
You're falling in-love with me, yes.

She's silent, trying not to blush.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
Can I get a response?

ALANAH  
I'm not answering what you already  
know.

LLOYD  
So, I'm right?

ALANAH  
(Laughs)  
Let's move on to the next topic.

LLOYD  
(Laughs)  
Okay. Why are you single?

ALANAH  
It's for the best.

LLOYD  
(Takes a sip)  
Why?

ALANAH  
I love my virginity.

Surprised, he takes a sip from his beer.

LLOYD  
You're a virgin?

ALANAH  
Technically, yes. Surprised?

LLOYD  
No. What do you mean, technically?

ALANAH  
First base is the furthest I've gone.  
Is that a problem?

LLOYD  
No problem. I'm just amazed you openly  
admitted you're a virgin.

ALANAH

(Sighs)

When you've been through what I call  
"a life" being a virgin is for the  
best.

LLOYD

You were talking about yourself in the  
pizza joint?

She shrugs up her shoulders.

ALANAH

Can't fool you, can I?

LLOYD

Since the truth is out. You can tell  
me who and what this person did to  
hurt you.

She sighs deep, lowering her head.

He moves his seat over to hers, reaching out, taking her  
hands.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

You can trust me. I swear on my life,  
I won't judge you.

Lifting her head, you can see the shame on her face.

ALANAH

Those are some strong words.

LLOYD

They're also true words.

ALANAH

I really like you, Lloyd. But you  
shouldn't use those words. You don't  
know me.

LLOYD

I'll take my time getting to know you  
if you let me.

ALANAH

Lloyd-

He places a finger to her lips.

LLOYD  
I'll cherish your heart like my own.

Lost for words, all she can do is stare.

He moves in for a kiss, and before his lips can touch hers, she snatches her hands away, standing up.

ALANAH  
I can't do this.

LLOYD  
Alanah.

With watery eyes, she looks at him knowing they can never be together.

ALANAH  
You're a good man, Lloyd. You deserve better.

She rushes away.

Watching her leave, he takes a sip from his beer trying to understand if he's doing something wrong.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER**

Alanah is wearing a black gown with her hands on the sink and her head low, breathing heavy.

She lifts her head, staring at her reflection showing mixed emotions.

ALANAH  
What's wrong with you? Why can't you accept what he's offering?

INNER VOICE (V.O.)  
I'll tell you why.

ALANAH  
Why?

INNER VOICE (V.O.)  
Because you think he's different from the rest, and he's not. He's trying to ease in our panties, just like Kevin.

ALANAH

He's nothing like Kevin or the others.

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

What's wrong with you? Did you forget  
men will do and say anything to fuck?

ALANAH

Not him. He's the one.

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

How should we get rid of him?

ALANAH

I'm not killing him.

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

Did you say force bleach down his  
throat, washing away his lies?

ALANAH

No! He's a good man.

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

We thought daddy was a good man.

ALANAH

Shut up! He was a piece of shit!

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

You think Lloyd is any better?

ALANAH

I know he is. You watch and see.

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

How do you think he'll feel when you  
tell him our past?

She's silent, closing her eyes.

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

(Sinister laugh)

That's what I thought. Look at me.

She opens her eyes, and her reflection is smiling.

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

Kill him.

ALANAH

...He'll accept me. You watch and see.

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

What if he doesn't?

ALANAH

I'll cross that bridge when I get to it.

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

Kill him or leave him alone. We have happiness within. A man can't give us happiness because they'll never accept us. They view us as hoes. Nothing more, nothing less.

ALANAH

Good night. I'm done talking with you.

INNER VOICE (V.O.)

You'll find out.

She turns her back walking away, turning the light off and closing the door.

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - WORKOUT ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Alanah is wearing a sweaty royal blue sports bra and leggings as she jumps rope.

She goes for a few more seconds, and then she stops, placing the rope on the floor.

Walking over to the punching bag, she hits it soft, gradually hitting it harder.

ALANAH

This is it. I can finally experience what a relationship is.

While punching the bag, a surge of pain quickly rushes through her causing her to stop, scrunching up her face.

Shaking off the effect, she begins punching the bag again, but... the voices she's trying so hard to block out begin speaking.

FRANK (V.O.)

He loves what you're showing him. He doesn't know the real you.



She starts hitting the bag harder.

ALANAH

Shut up.

DAVID (V.O.)

Are you cutting his dick off, too?

DANNY (V.O.)

Nah, homie. She'll probably butcher his ass like she did me.

You can see the anger on her face as she hits the bag harder and faster.

ALANAH

Shut the fuck up. You bastards deserved to die.

TODD (V.O.)

Cut his tongue out like you did me, you freak bitch.

JOHN (V.O.)

My bitch won't have sex with another man. She misses how daddy strokes it.

ALANAH

Leave me alone! Shut the fuck up, and leave me alone!

Frank, Danny, David, Todd, John, Kevin and more voices start talking, laughing and yelling at once.

She hits the bag one last time before dropping to her knees, grabbing her head, screaming in pain.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you want from me?!

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

**INT. JOHN AND LINDA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

John is naked, tied down, bending over a table, whimpering. His face and body is bruised and bloody.

Young Alanah is standing directly behind him, holding a long plastic broom.

YOUNG ALANAH  
Just breathe deep. It'll be over  
before you know it.

JOHN  
(Pleading)  
Don't do this. I'm sorry.

She grips the broom tight ready to shove it as hard as she can inside him.

YOUNG ALANAH  
You're a catcher. This should be easy.

JOHN  
Alanah, please-

With a smile, she shoves the end of the broom into his ass.  
He screams in pain, feeling her pushing it deeper.

YOUNG ALANAH  
Take it, bitch!

CUT TO:

**INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Frank is strapped down on a steel slab, naked, sweaty, shaking and screaming.

Alanah is standing to the side of him using a blow torch on his dick.

She pauses, and his screams slowly calm down, but he continues shaking, breathing heavy.

ALANAH  
You sound exactly like I did when you  
and your friends tore me open.

She places the blow torch down.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
But unlike you, I have a heart. I'll  
take away the pain.

She bends down, and grabs a bottle of 100% rubbing alcohol.

Leaning down in his face smiling, we can hear his teeth clicking together.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

It's like you told me. After the pain wears off, I'll be able to take it with ease.

(Kisses his cheek)

I hope in your case it's true. We're far from finished, bitch.

She opens the bottle, and pours the alcohol on his dick.

As he screams, a delightful smile comes to her face.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

She's down on her knees staring in Todd's eyes, holding up a rusty hand saw.

TODD

(Groggy, frightened)

Baby girl, wait. Wait, just-

She grabs his face hard, placing the saw on his neck, sawing with anger.

Blood sprays on her face and his screams turn into the gurgling of blood.

ALANAH

Is this the best your mouth can do?

CUT TO:

**INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Danny has tears coming down his face.

Alanah has her back turned, reaching in her overnight bag.

DANNY

This is what I get for chasing a phat ass.

ALANAH

No.

Faces him holding the ax

This is what you get for being a dirty dog. Loyal dogs stay with one master, instead of chasing what they hope could be

better.

She cocks the ax back.

DANNY  
Fuck you, you dirty-

She swings with all her might connecting with his chest.

His body twitches, and he coughs up blood as she grinds the ax before snatching it out.

ALANAH  
I told you about that word.

She begins hitting him over and over with the ax.

END FLASHBACK:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - WORKOUT ROOM - AFTERNOON**

She's still on her knees, holding her head, crying.

ALANAH  
You bastards deserve worse. Leave me  
the fuck alone!

Tommy rushes in running over to her, kneeling down.

TOMMY  
What's wrong?

She looks up at him with tears coming down her face.

ALANAH  
(Sobbing)  
...They won't leave me alone. They  
don't believe I found happiness. Why  
are they bothering me?

TOMMY  
Don't let the words from shallow  
people prevent you from happiness.

ALANAH  
Do you think he's the one?

TOMMY  
You'll always have me if he's not.

ALANAH

Thanks. What should we have for dinner?

TOMMY

Have something simple.

ALANAH

Why?

TOMMY

Get it done and over with, so you can explain what he needs to know.

ALANAH

What would I do without you?

TOMMY

We'll never know because I won't leave you. Jimmy sends his thanks for the cars.

ALANAH

He's more than welcome.

TOMMY

You should go and get freshened up.

ALANAH

I will.

He gets up walking out the room.

She wipes her face, taking a deep breath, trying to focus.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

If his words are true, he'll accept me as a whole.

She gets herself together standing to her feet, walking out the room.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Alanah is wearing a black sheer dress with her hair done sitting at a small glass table.

On the table there's burning candles, a bottle of wine, two glasses and their meal.

You can tell she's excited, but a little nervous from the smile on her face.

Lloyd steps into the room with Tommy looking sophisticated.

TOMMY

Here's the man of the hour.

ALANAH

Thank you.

Tommy walks off.

Lloyd takes his seat, staring at her in awe.

LLOYD

You look magnificent.

ALANAH

Thank you. I really don't get a chance to dress up.

LLOYD

You're beautiful either way.

ALANAH

You're such a sweetheart. I hope you're hungry.

He looks at the food, smiling.

LLOYD

This looks great.

ALANAH

Just to let you know, I didn't make this.

LLOYD

That's fine. Spending time with you is enough for me.

(Eats some food, chewing)

This is pretty good.

ALANAH

I'll make sure to tell Tommy you like it.

LLOYD

I'd like to apologize about last time.

ALANAH  
That was my fault.

LLOYD  
No, I came on strong. I was in the wrong.

ALANAH  
The fear of accepting a man caused my reaction. Virgin issues, I guess.

LLOYD  
Which is why I'm apologizing for being rude, and not taking my time. I hope you can forgive me.

ALANAH  
Don't worry about it.  
(Deep breath)  
But what I'm about to ask you is something serious.

LLOYD  
Okay.

ALANAH  
Can you accept a woman's past?

LLOYD  
Nothing can be done to change the past, so why go backwards?

ALANAH  
What if her past is still her present?

LLOYD  
Alanah, your past won't change how I feel about you.

ALANAH  
I haven't told you what it is.

He stands up and walks over to her, extending his hand.

Nervously, she takes his hand standing to her feet, staring in his eyes.

He uses his thumb to glide it smoothly across her lips.

He slowly moves in for a kiss, and she turns her head.

LLOYD  
Just go with the flow. If you don't  
like the feeling, I'll pull away.

She closes her eyes, and he plants a kiss on her.

At first she's nervous, but she gets into it, kissing him  
back.

They kiss for a few seconds longer, and then he pulls back.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
It wasn't so bad, was it?

ALANAH  
...No. No, it actually felt good.

LLOYD  
I have something to say.

ALANAH  
What?

LLOYD  
I've had feelings for you since I  
started coming to see you. The dates  
we had, short and strange, I enjoyed  
them. You're a wonderful woman, and I  
think we should take that step  
further.

ALANAH  
What?

LLOYD  
I think we should be a couple.

She takes a step back.

ALANAH  
You need to know about my past. Right  
now, you're reacting off what you've  
been seeing and hearing.

LLOYD  
There's nothing about your past that  
will make me change my mind.

ALANAH  
Lloyd... I appreciate your feelings. I  
hope you'll accept the real me.



He becomes a little leery.

LLOYD

What do you mean, the real you?

ALANAH

The woman before you is a lost soul,  
wishing she could rewind time, and  
change what happened.

LLOYD

Who did this to you?

ALANAH

People I can never forgive.

LLOYD

I'll give you the happiness you need.

ALANAH

Lloyd-

LLOYD

-We'll be happy together.

She sighs, turning her back.

ALANAH

That's the story of my life. The last  
man who promised me happiness hurt me  
in a way I could never imagine.

He steps up behind her.

LLOYD

I'm sorry for what he did, but I'm not  
him. I'll never hurt you.

ALANAH

How can I be sure?

He places his hands on her shoulders.

LLOYD

Because there's no pleasure in  
inflicting pain on the innocent to  
satisfy your own desires.

She turns around with glossy eyes.

ALANAH

Are your words true?

He wipes the tear coming from her eye, placing his hand on her heart.

LLOYD

True as every beat your heart takes. I love you for who you are.

ALANAH

You'll always love me?

He leans in trying to give her a kiss, and she turns her head.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

You'll accept me, flaws and all?

LLOYD

Yes.

ALANAH

We'll see.

She walks off to the kitchen and he follows.

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

They come into the elaborate kitchen making their way to the basement door.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

My main flaws are my dogs, Suffering and Damnation.

LLOYD

Those are some strange names. How are they your main flaws?

ALANAH

They don't know how to behave.

LLOYD

That's nothing that can't be fixed. All you have to do is tame them.

She opens the door, turning the lights on.

ALANAH

They need more than taming. You'll

see.

She walks down the stairs, and he follows.

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

The layout is for a teenage girl, but towards the back is another door.

Lloyd pauses looking around the room admiring what he sees.

LLOYD  
This is interesting.

ALANAH  
Do you think so?

LLOYD  
I understand now.

ALANAH  
What do you understand?

LLOYD  
You come down here reliving your  
childhood, so you won't have to deal  
with the pain from the person who hurt  
you.

ALANAH  
(Light chuckle)  
This helps my problem... but the pain  
will probably never get laid to rest.

LLOYD  
Baby, I told you I'm here for you.

ALANAH  
Follow me.

Confidence perspires from his body, anxious to solve her problem so they can become one.

Giving him a kiss on the cheek, she blushes, and then heads towards the door, and he's right behind her.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
I've always dreamed about an actual  
relationship.

Coming to the door, she steps to the side, and he moves up

grabbing the knob.

LLOYD  
Dream no more.

She grabs his hand, making him look at her.

ALANAH  
Thank you, Lloyd.

He turns the knob slowly, opening the door walking in, and she's right behind him, closing the door.

The room is dark.

LLOYD (O.S.)  
What's going on?

ALANAH (O.S.)  
Your love for me is blind until you  
see the truth. Just relax.

LLOYD (O.S.)  
What do you feed your dogs? That's a  
nasty ass smell.

She turns the lights on.

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Lloyd stands adjusting his eyes and when his vision clears, his face shows pure horror.

LLOYD POV

Wooden beams hold up the ceiling, and the walls and floor consist of dirt with skeletal remains.

Taxidermy has been performed on the multiple mutilated dead men sitting at tables wearing casual clothes.

The shelves against the wall have skulls and jars filled with organs on them.

A small table is in the middle of the room with a bowl of slop resting on it, and tubes inside.

The tubes are connected to masks being worn by John sitting on the right at the table, on a chair chained up, with the chains connecting to the wall, and Frank sitting to the left in the same position.

Frank's body has severe third degree burns, and open wounds with infections setting in.

I.V.'S are in their veins so they can receive water.

Both men look like they're on their last breath.

Lloyd turns his head to the side vomiting.

Alanah grabs a Desert Eagle from off the shelf sitting next to Todd's head.

LLOYD

Jesus.

ALANAH

Don't be shy. Go meet Suffering, my uncle Frank. And my pedophile father, Damnation. These are the men who showed me all men are the same. The others are random men who only wanted sex. But I told 'em you're different.

Lloyd is petrified finding out the secret Alanah's been keeping.

Trying to grasp hold of the situation, he takes a deep breath, but doesn't turn to face her.

LLOYD

(Scared tone)

Alanah... you need help.

ALANAH

What?

She grabs his arm, making him turn around.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

You wanna be a couple, right?

Places the barrel under his chin

Prove these bastards wrong, and go speak. Or prove 'em right, and I'll arrange a spot down here for you.

He swallows hard, nodding his head in agreement.

LLOYD

I'll go talk.

Keeping the gun on him, she gives him a kiss on the cheek.

ALANAH

Good boy.

She aims the gun at his head.

Frozen in fear, he keeps his eyes on her.

Death or compliance with what she wants are his only options, so he chooses life, turning around. making his way towards John and Frank.

As he walks towards the table, she places the gun down, and then grabs a spiked paddle covered with dried up blood following behind him.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

The love for God is deep, and can only be understood if you truly believe. I'm not God, but I used that analogy because If what you've been telling me is true, this will end how I envisioned it.

Reaching the table, he covers his mouth.

LLOYD

What did you envision?

ALANAH

Take their masks off. Worry about what I envisioned after you prove your love.

He's hesitant, staring at the two, appearing as if he's ready to hurl.

Slowly, he removes the mask from John, and slop mixed with blood comes from his mouth.

Lloyd catches himself from vomiting before taking the mask off Frank, and slop mixed with blood comes from his mouth.

Alanah cocks the paddle back, ready to hit him upside the head.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

She was right. You're no different from the others.

LLOYD

Whoever she is... she's just as fucked  
up as you.

ALANAH

But... you said you wouldn't change how  
you feel about me.

Tears are forming in her eyes, disappointed that Lloyd can't  
accept the reason why she's this way.

LLOYD

You have dead bodies in your basement.  
Did you really think I'll accept this?

ALANAH

(Sighs)

Why didn't I listen to her? You know  
what?

As soon as he turns towards her, she hits him upside the  
head, knocking him to the floor.

CLOSE UP LLOYD

He's unconscious with blood leaking from his forehead.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - BACK ROOM - LATER**

Wearing nothing but his boxers, Lloyd is sitting where the  
table was between John and Frank.

His arms are extended out with chains around his wrist.

A nine-millimeter is in each hand and duct tape makes sure  
his hands are secured tight with a finger on the triggers.

The barrels of the guns are in John and Frank mouths duct  
taped.

Alanah is standing to the side holding a cattle prod wearing  
a bondage outfit.

The expression on her face shows the fun and games are over.

The look in Lloyd's eyes shows pure fear, not knowing what's  
about to come next.

Tapping the prod on her palm, she looks at him, smiling.

ALANAH

Do you know what this is?

LLOYD

No?

ALANAH

This is a cattle prod. Since I know you love me as much as I love you, I'll give you one more chance.

LLOYD

What's wrong with you?

ALANAH

I told you, these are my flaws. It's your job as my man to help me with my flaws. They're pedophiles, so it should be easy.

LLOYD

I'm a man of God. I can't kill someone for you.

She laughs, poking John with the prod, shocking him, causing him to jerk, releasing a muffled moan.

ALANAH

You can't kill for me, but you can easily claim me as yours so we can fuck? Treat this as if it's your dream, and you can finally kill your wife.

She pokes John again.

Lloyd lowers his head, sighing.

She sighs disappointed, walking over to Frank.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

This piece of shit accepted me as payment for a crack debt. This bastard, my father and all of their friends took turns sodomizing me!

She pokes Frank over and over, while staring at Lloyd.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

That's not enough to kill for the woman you love?



LLOYD

This isn't the right way, Alanah. This won't end the demons plaguing your mind so you can have peace.

She steps in front of Lloyd.

ALANAH

(Laughs)

Let me see if I can put this short and simple. When I touch you with this rod, you'll kill them, and then I'll kill you.

LLOYD

Alanah, don't do this. We can find a different solution.

ALANAH

I see you've made your decision. We were wrong thinking this could work.

LLOYD

Alanah-

ALANAH

-Bye, Lloyd.

As she gets ready to poke him with the prod, he closes his eyes, slowly squeezing the triggers.

SMASH CUT:

**INT. ALANAH'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING**

The drapes are open so the sun can shine in.

Instead of the small glass table, it's been replaced with a long one with chairs around it.

Alanah is sitting at the table wearing something casual.

In front of her on a plate is a medium rare steak, green beans, mashed potatoes and a glass of orange juice on the side.

ALANAH

I'm glad the situation ended with us both being happy.

LLOYD (O.S.)  
 (Tape recording)  
 So am I.

ALANAH  
 I love you, baby.

LLOYD (O.S.)  
 (Tape recording)  
 I love you, too.

ALANAH  
 You haven't touched your food.

LLOYD (O.S.)  
 (Tape recording)  
 I was waiting for you to feed me.

ALANAH  
 You spoiled brat.

LLOYD (O.S.)  
 (Tape recording, laughs)  
 You love it.

ALANAH  
 I do.

She gets up, and walks down to the other end of the table,  
 but he's still not shown.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
 I had this made just for you.

LLOYD (O.S.)  
 (Tape recording)  
 That's because you love me.

ALANAH  
 That's right.

She smiles, picking up the knife and fork, focusing on his  
 plate.

CLOSE UP THE PLATE

There's a piece of his heart and brain seared, with mashed  
 potatoes on the side.

She cuts a piece of the brain, and dips it inside the  
 potatoes.

Lifting the fork prepared to place it in his mouth... now he's shown.

Still wearing nothing but his boxers, he's propped up in a tall chair.

Straps are around his head and body, making sure he doesn't fall.

The top part of his head has been removed showing what's left of his brain.

His throat is slit, and there's a large hole in his chest from getting his heart removed.

Grabbing his chin, opening his mouth, she puts the fork inside, dropping the organ and potatoes on his tongue.

Placing the fork down, she uses her hands to make him chew.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Is it good?

She stops making him chew.

Now we see Tommy is the reason why Lloyd's voice is heard, because he's pressing play on a recorder.

LLOYD

(Tape recording)

I love it as much as I love you.

She smiles, giving him a kiss on the lips.

ALANAH

Your heart was in the right place, but  
your mind fucked it up.

She focuses her attention on Tommy.

TOMMY

Shall I place him with the others?

ALANAH

Place him in my room. I'm not done  
with him, yet.

TOMMY

Okay.

ALANAH

Thank you, uncle. You've been there since I told you what your nasty ass brothers did to me. Thank God they're no longer an issue.

TOMMY

Good riddance. I hope you have peaceful dreams now.

ALANAH

Do you think I'll ever find someone who'll accept me?

TOMMY

I accept you. That's all that matters.

ALANAH

You're right. The only male I need in my life is you.

She walks over to him, and they hug.

TOMMY

The Jag is all polished up and detailed waiting for you.

ALANAH

Thanks. Do you want anything while I'm out?

TOMMY

Just make it home safe.

ALANAH

I'm always safe.

She walks off.

Tommy pushes play on the recorder.

LLOYD

(Tape recording)

I love you, baby.

She continues walking.

She gets to the front door, and opens it, stepping outside.

Standing on the porch, she looks around at the peaceful scene.

ALANAH (V.O.)

Maybe I'll never find love. They say there's somebody for everybody, but I can't believe it. If that was true, people wouldn't have a roster of people they fucked. But as long as women give up easy pussy or sell it, men will continue looking down on us as hoes.

She turns her attention to a bird resting on a branch.

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

But if there were no women, what then? A woman is a woman, no matter how she lives her life. The first thought shouldn't be "easy pussy" when you encounter a woman because you don't know what she's been through. The irony of it all is men will call women hoes, but will go all out to try and fuck that hoe. The day women wake up and realize the power we have, the world will be a better place. Until then... I'll continue doing my part disposing of pussy hungry men.

(Sighs)

As sweet as Lloyd was... in the long run he couldn't kill for me, but was eager to start a relationship so he could fuck me. Remember what I told you in the beginning? No matter who he is, they all approach with pussy on the mind. Play your cards right ladies. Stop letting men play them for you.

She walks down the steps walking over to the Jaguar getting in, starting it up, and pulling out of the driveway.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

"Before you judge, understand why and see if you can help. Her past only exists if you constantly put it in her face."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: