



## GLUTTONY OF THE PRAYING MANTIS

Bernard Mersier

Inspired by some true events

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FADE IN:

**INT. WOMB - DARKNESS**

A faint heartbeat pulses.

RASHAWN, a fetus, floats in the amniotic glow, ready to enter the world.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
They say a man's emotions don't  
matter. But... What does that matter,  
right? Hear me out, and you tell me if  
I'm right or wrong.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY - MORNING**

SUPERIMPOSE: Detroit, Michigan, August 26, 1980 7:00pm.

A room hums with the soft cries and gurgles of NEWBORN BABIES.

Some are wailing, others are sleeping peacefully.

The camera glides past cribs, settling on BABY RASHAWN.

He has striking blood-red hair, and albino-pale skin.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
Like a woman, a man craves real love.  
But what is love? I believe you only  
get to experience it once. Don't jump  
on me yet. Let me explain.

CUT TO:

**INT. RASHAWN'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NURSERY - AFTERNOON**

RASHAWN'S MOTHER, (20s), a radiant brown-skinned woman, cradles baby Rashawn in a rocking chair, with her eyes locked on him with fierce love.

RASHAWN'S FATHER, (20s), handsome and dark-skinned, stands nearby, mirroring her devotion.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
This was my first taste of real love.  
It wrapped me up, and filled me with a  
joy I can't explain. Not everyone gets

this, but I did because my parents  
showed it to me the second I arrived.

RASHAWN'S MOTHER

My handsome boy. Mommy's gonna teach  
you how to spot the right woman.

RASHAWN'S FATHER

And Daddy will show you how a man is  
supposed to respect a woman.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

With them guiding me, I was certain  
I'd find my own kind of love, just  
like what they share.

CUT TO:

**INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON**

YOUNG RASHAWN (8), his blood-red hair is now sandy blond, and  
his complexion is golden brown.

He's laughing, running with the other KIDS.

They're chasing each other, carefree.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

This is when I started learning about  
friendship. Friendship is the  
foundation of love. If you can't be  
friends with someone, then true love  
will never grow.

CUT TO:

**INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON**

TEEN RASHAWN, (13), with long cornrows, is sitting at a desk  
in the back.

He steals a glance at a PRETTY GIRL, and then refocuses on  
his work.

A CLASSMATE slides a note onto his desk.

INSERT NOTE

Do you like me? Circle yes or no.

Rashawn circles "yes," and passes it back, sneaking a look.

The Pretty Girl smiles at him.

He grins, and then returns to his work.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

My first crush taught me something. My mother told me to read people before assuming. My crush liked my looks, not me. So I treated her like one of my friends.

CUT TO:

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON**

The lunchroom buzzes with laughter and chatter.

TEEN RASHAWN, (16), now with long sisterlocks, sits at a table with CARL and LEWIS.

Carl's a try-hard poser.

Lewis is a flashy pretty boy with slick hair.

Rashawn is wearing some simple clothes, with an open notebook beside him.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

When I reached high school, my hormones were getting the best of me. I was viewing women with sexual thoughts, but I still had the manners of a gentleman. Now, here's the catch from a man's point of view. You have dudes who swear up and down they're fuckin' every girl in school, and then you have your virgins, like myself. The fella's would try to pick on me about it, but it didn't bother me because I knew they were lying about fuckin'. Saving my virginity is something I'm savoring while searching for that loving feeling my mother and father share between each other.

LEWIS

Man, I'm blowing these bitches back out, fam.

CARL

Check this cat out.

LEWIS

I ain't lying. Ask around, they'll tell you.

CARL

Nigga, stop lying. Why ain't none of your hoes over here with you? Why don't I see no bitches buying your clothes, shoes or none of that good shit?

LEWIS

Why do I need a bitch to buy me shit, when I got my own bread? But my bitches can't be around me messing it up with the other ones. Don't you know the rules, pimpin'?

CARL

Real pimps keep all their hoes around, making sure they stay on their job. The main hoe is his woman, and she makes sure he stays laced from head to toe. Now, what type of pimping are you doing?

LEWIS

(Scoffs)

You don't know shit. Shawn, tell this nigga what pimping is all about.

RASHAWN

I can't speak on what I don't do.

LEWIS

See, I knew this nigga was still a virgin.

RASHAWN

What makes you think that?

LEWIS

Tell me what some good pussy feels like.

RASHAWN

Can you tell me what it feels like without using what you heard or read in class?

Lewis sits silent.

CARL  
(Laughs)  
Oh, snap. My man's put you out there.

LEWIS  
Fuck you, and this nigga. I get pussy.

CARL  
(Laughs)  
Yeah, your laptop gives you all the  
pussy you can handle.

Rashawn sees GIRL #1, GIRL #2 and AYIESHA come into the lunchroom.

Girl #1 and Girl #2 walk and look stuck up, which actually goes great with their tall slender shapes.

AYIESHA, is a petite light skin girl with long black hair.

Eying the girls up and down, Girl #2 catches him staring.

She taps Girl #1 gaining her attention, pointing over at Rashawn.

Rashawn winks with a slight smile, nodding his head for them to come over to the table.

RASHAWN  
(To Lewis)  
Can you stand on your words about  
blowing bitches back out?

Lewis looks at him, confused.

LEWIS  
What? I told you to ask the girls  
around school about me.

RASHAWN  
Bet that.

LEWIS  
Nigga, my word is premium truth.  
You're saying Bet that as if-

GIRL #1  
-What's going on?

Lewis' eyes get wide.

Carl lowers his head, lightly clearing his throat.

Rashawn sits back with a victorious smile.

RASHAWN

Y'all should sit down with us. We're having a good conversation I think you ladies would enjoy.

Ayiesha stands in silence, staring at Rashawn.

GIRL #2

And what would that be?

RASHAWN

Tell 'em what we're talking about, pimpin'. I mean, Lew.

LEWIS

We, uh-

CARL

-We're talking about how you beautiful ladies carry yourselves with respect.

GIRL #1

Oh, really? I was thinking more so on the lines of how y'all swear y'all getting pussy.

GIRL #2

Me too.

GIRL #1

Well?

Rashawn sees the conversation going in the favor of the ladies.

RASHAWN

Nah, Carl is telling the truth. We admire how mature you ladies are.

GIRL #2

Nah, we're right. You're just covering up for your boys, and I like that.

GIRL #1

He's good with the words and cover-ups, I agree. Let's sit and entertain their pretend conversation.

Girl #1 take a seat next to Lewis.

Girl #2 takes a seat next to Carl.

The cocky attitudes that resided in Carl and Lewis no longer exist, sitting silent, blushing.

Ayiesha takes a seat next to Rashawn.

Rashawn turns to look at her for a hot second, and then focuses back on the other four.

GIRL #1 (CONT'D)

To answer your pretend conversation topic, women carry themselves as the treasure men want because we know you're using the head between your legs, which is useless as the one on your shoulders. Y'all call it playing hard to get or stuck up, when it's actually showing you what you can have, but you don't have the mind capacity to get it.

GIRL #2

Let the church say Amen.

GIRL #1

Amen.

RASHAWN

I beg to differ.

GIRL #2

What did you say?

RASHAWN

You heard me just fine.

GIRL #1

The one with a little bit of sense.  
What makes you think differently?

RASHAWN

I have more sense than you know. But anybody can display the image they want people to see that's completely opposite from who they are.

GIRL #1

Who would go through all of that extra



bullshit?

RASHAWN

A person who wants attention, and ends up looking stupid. Or they'll end up in a situation they regret for being something they're not.

Carl and Lewis crack sly smiles.

Girl #1 and Girl #2 turn up their noses.

Ayiesha has a delightful smile forming.

GIRL #1

Well, I'm a woman who carries herself as one. I'm nowhere near a hoe.

GIRL #2

I'm right there with you.

RASHAWN

I never said you were a hoe, nor is it my business if you are. My point is that people portray one thing, and that's not who they are. Explaining who you are must mean you have a guilty conscience.

GIRL #1

(Scoffs)

Whatever. This conversation was a waste of time.

Girl #1 gets up from the table, and walks off.

GIRL #2

Wait up.

She gets up following behind her.

Lewis and Carl get up following behind the girls in hopes of getting to know them better.

Rashawn sits back laughing, and then he realizes Ayiesha is still sitting beside him.

He looks at her confused because she's just sitting there, smiling.

RASHAWN

What?

AYIESHA

Why don't you talk like the other boys  
in school?

RASHAWN

I'm no different from the next. Some  
just prefer putting up that image  
attracting the ones who don't know  
better.

AYIESHA

Right. So, tell me your definition of  
a good woman.

RASHAWN

As far as what?

AYIESHA

What type of woman would you consider  
dating?

RASHAWN

I haven't given it much thought. It's  
not something important at the moment.

AYIESHA

Really? You're telling me there's no  
one in school you find interesting?

RASHAWN

Nope.

AYIESHA

Hmm.

She picks up his pencil, and then writes down her number on  
his notebook.

AYIESHA (CONT'D)

Maybe somebody is interested in you.

She rubs her hand across his face before getting up, walking  
off.

Rashawn sits back with a smirk.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

When Ayiesha gave me her number, I

felt like I was that guy. I instantly started thinking about experiencing sex for the first time after we got to know each other. Then I started thinking about how my father treats my mother, so I can treat Ayiesha the same way. While my friends are running around lying about fuckin', I'll actually get it accomplished one day soon.

CUT TO:

**INT. RASHAWN'S PARENTS HOUSE - RASHAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Rashawn is lying on top of the covers on his king size bed in his boxers, holding the television remote flicking channels, with the cordless house phone up to his ear.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

This is the part of my life when I started building good communication skills. My mother told me if a woman is into me she'll play bashful when I ask her questions, but she'll also flirt off-hand. The ones who consistently talk about sex are the ones I should avoid. My father told me if the conversation is flowing smoothly, everything will piece itself together perfectly without holding the phone, listening to the air. He also told me the temptation in a woman's voice combined with how she looks can throw me off from learning her true character. With that said... this is how my first conversation with Ayiesha went.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

Can you answer that question I asked you in the lunchroom?

RASHAWN

What type of woman would I consider dating, right?

AYIESHA (V.O.)

Good memory.

RASHAWN

My mother told me to never forget a person's words and actions. A woman I would consider dating needs a natural flow with her words and actions like my mother.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

Oh, God. Don't tell me you want a woman that's just like your mother.

RASHAWN

What type of man wants to view his mother in the woman he's dating? But, no, I'm far from a mama's boy if that's what you're thinking.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

Nice reply. If you're not a mama's boy, then what would you consider yourself?

RASHAWN

Before I answer that. Why were you staring at me while we were talking in the lunchroom?

AYIESHA (V.O.)

After hearing you get those two together, what woman wouldn't wanna know more about you?

RASHAWN

Why didn't you agree or disagree with what your friends were saying?

AYIESHA (V.O.)

For one, they're not my friends. I didn't agree or disagree because I wanted to see if you could tell what type of woman I am on your own.

RASHAWN

Interesting.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

What's interesting?

RASHAWN

They're not your friends, but you hang out with them. And you didn't respond

because you wanted me to find out who you are on my own. That's interesting.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

What kind of woman do you think I am?

RASHAWN

A woman who should open up, and stop hanging around people she doesn't like. If I had plans on dating you, I would be looking at you suspect right now.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

Why?

RASHAWN

A woman interested in a man speaks her mind. People who hangout with people they don't like means they'll hang around anybody showing them attention. You'd look at me suspect if I told you some shit like that.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

...You're right.

RASHAWN

It's not about being right. It's about you liking me, but for some reason, you won't tell me why.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

Do you want the truth?

RASHAWN

If you want this to go further than this conversation, it would be nice.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

(Low tone)

...Because I'm a virgin.

RASHAWN

I didn't catch that.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

In your words, "You heard me just fine."

RASHAWN

You're afraid to tell me how you feel because you're a virgin? I don't get it.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

Guys lose interest when they find out a girl is a virgin? No man wants to sit back and wait until a woman is ready to give him some.

RASHAWN

Is that what you believe all guys think?

AYIESHA (V.O.)

You're telling me they don't?

RASHAWN

I can only speak for myself. So, I can tell you I don't think like that.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

Really? You're one of the finest guys in school. The girls are all over you. And you're telling me you haven't had your share?

RASHAWN

Have you heard anything about me having my share?

AYIESHA (V.O.)

Guys always tell women to keep it on the low so they can continue feasting.

RASHAWN

Do I seem like that type?

AYIESHA (V.O.)

(Sighs)

No.

RASHAWN

Thank you.

(Shy laugh)

And thank you for saying I'm fine.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

(Laughs)

Don't act like you didn't know.

RASHAWN

I'm the average looking guy. And I'll tell you something else.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

I'm listening, Mr. Modest.

RASHAWN

I'm a virgin, too.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

(Laughs)

Get the fuck outta here.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

I'm serious.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

Now, that's hard to believe.

RASHAWN

Why? Because men only think about sex?

AYIESHA (V.O.)

That, too. But look at you. It's hard to believe you're-

RASHAWN

-Yes, I'm a virgin. Do you feel like you should stop talking to me?

AYIESHA (V.O.)

No. No, why would I? We're in the same boat.

RASHAWN

On that level, yes, we are.

AYIESHA (V.O.)

I would've never thought that. Damn, we've been talking on the phone this long.

Rashawn looks over at the clock reading 12:58.

RASHAWN

Shit. We've been on the phone for some hours.

AYIESHA (V.O.)  
I know, right.

RASHAWN  
Well, I guess we can talk some more  
tomorrow in class.

AYIESHA (V.O.)  
Listen. Can you uh...  
(Clears throat)  
Can you...

RASHAWN  
-Can I?

AYIESHA (V.O.)  
...Don't take this the wrong way. But  
after school, can you come over and  
chill with me? I know we won't get to  
talk much in school, so can you come  
over for a few hours?

RASHAWN  
Guys use that line to get pussy.

AYIESHA (V.O.)  
(Laughs)  
I'm not a guy, and I'm pretty certain  
you don't have a pussy.

RASHAWN  
(Laughs)  
You would be right.

AYIESHA (V.O.)  
Are you coming over?

RASHAWN  
Yeah, I can do that.

AYIESHA (V.O.)  
Cool. Don't stand me up, Mr. Modest.

RASHAWN  
(Laughs)  
Bye.

He hangs up, and places it on the side table.

Propping himself up on his pillows, he changes the channel  
one last time, and then places the remote on the side table.



He stares at the television until his eyes slowly begin closing.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

Once I gained a friendship with Ayiesha, I began combining everything I learned, especially after she told me her intimate secret about being a virgin. The average man would think Ayiesha is inviting me to some pussy, but that's far from true. Ayiesha is a woman that's seeking the same thing I'm seeking. Love.

**INT. AYIESHA PARENTS HOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON**

Unlike your typical basement, Ayiesha's parents basement is laid out like a bedroom.

Some R&B music is playing faintly.

Rashawn is standing by the wall looking over the various pictures of Ayiesha and her family.

Ayiesha comes down into the room wearing a skirt and halter top, carrying two glasses of lemonade.

She steps behind him smiling.

AYIESHA

It amazes me how I went from a chubby little girl to what I am now.

RASHAWN

You were still cute. I believe you would've turned out the same slim or chubby.

He turns around looking at her, smiling.

She blushes, extending him his drink.

AYIESHA

Thank you for the compliment.

RASHAWN

(Takes the glass)

And thank you for the beverage.

She releases a shy laugh.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)

What's this conversation you wanted to have that we couldn't talk about in school?

AYIESHA

As a man, why are you still a virgin?

He takes a sip, and then spits it out from laughing.

AYIESHA (CONT'D)

(Laughs)

What?

RASHAWN

Because I'm a man I shouldn't be a virgin?

AYIESHA

Not saying it like that. It's just surprising to hear a man our age is still a virgin.

RASHAWN

I'm a virgin because my mother told me whoring with my body won't get me a woman who'll always love me for me. And my father told me sex is a repetitive outcome, but love is permanent. Add those words, and here stands the man you can't believe is a virgin.

AYIESHA

That's deep. When you do decide on having sex, it'll be with the woman you love, and she loves you the same?

RASHAWN

There you go. And what about you? Why are you a virgin?

AYIESHA

I don't wanna end up being a bragging story.

RASHAWN

Smart girl. Although the dudes you hear talking about sex do be lying.

AYIESHA

I can believe it. Dudes love running their mouths just to hear themselves talk.

(Clicks tongue)

Come here, I wanna show you something.

She walks over to the bed taking a seat.

Rashawn raises his eyebrow, taking a sip from his glass.

AYIESHA (CONT'D)

Boy, come over here.

Shrugging up his shoulders, he makes his way over to the bed, taking a seat next to her.

She opens the drawer on her side table, and reaches inside, pulling out a colorful diary.

With a bright smile, she extends it to him.

RASHAWN

What's this?

AYIESHA

If you take it and open it, you'll see.

RASHAWN

You want me to read your diary?

AYIESHA

Boy.

RASHAWN

Aight, aight.

He takes the diary with a smile, opening the cover, flipping a few pages.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)

Are you serious?

AYIESHA

Hard for you to believe?

RASHAWN

For lack of better words.

AYIESHA

Every poem you said in class, I wrote them down in my diary. They help me get through the hard times.

RASHAWN

Hard times? What kind of hard times do you go through?

AYIESHA

(Sighs)

...They only occur when my father visits.

She lowers her head.

Rashawn places the diary down, turning to look at her.

RASHAWN

He doesn't-

AYIESHA

-Remember, I'm a virgin? But I think I would feel better if he did what you're thinking, instead of the way he talks to me.

RASHAWN

I-wow. I'm sorry to hear that. Why does he-

AYIESHA

-He blames me for my mother breaking up with him.

RASHAWN

That's fucked up.

AYIESHA

I agree. How can you blame me for the outcome you knew could happen having unprotected sex?

RASHAWN

Exactly.

AYIESHA

That's why after he leaves... I come down here in my room, pull my diary out, and read all of your poems as if you're reading them yourself.

RASHAWN

...I'm glad my words are able to help you.

She takes his hand, and places it on her thigh.

He prepares to move it, and she clinches it tighter.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)

We shouldn't do this.

AYIESHA

"True love will shield you from pain.  
And pain will never be an emotion felt  
once you embrace love."

RASHAWN

"Once you combine the love in your  
heart with the one it's meant for,  
you'll become one vessel."

AYIESHA

"...And you'll forever be one."

RASHAWN

That's the first poem I ever wrote.

She moves his hand higher between her thighs.

They both release a soft moan.

AYIESHA

We can make your words come true.

She leans over giving him a kiss.

They embrace for a moment, and then he pulls back.

RASHAWN

Do you think this is right?

With his hand still between her thighs, she reaches back into her drawer, and this time, she pulls out a condom.

She looks at him with intimacy in her eyes.

AYIESHA

Promise me... promise you won't treat me  
how my father talks about me.

RASHAWN  
...I promise.

They begin making out.

Gradually, a sex scene plays out.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
This is the love I've been waiting to  
experience. A taste of euphoria  
engulfs me, inhaling the love from  
Ayiesha. Everything my parents taught  
me was true. And when our blissful  
moment came to an end...

BLACK SCREEN:

AYIESHA (O.S.)  
I'll always love you.

RASHAWN (O.S.)  
And I'll always love you.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON**

Students are moving around the hall.

Rashawn comes walking down the hall feeling like he's walking  
on sunshine.

His dreads are pulled up in a ponytail, and he's wearing  
designer clothes.

He gets to his locker prepared to open it, and that's when  
Carl and Lewis come walking up.

LEWIS  
Look at you. New look. Your hair is  
tied up. Somebody had a wonderful  
night of masturbation.

RASHAWN  
You must be talking about yourself. I,  
unlike you, don't need porn when I  
feel horny.

CARL  
Well, damn. Talking like that, I would  
say he finally got some pussy.

Rashawn opens his locker.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

Instead of worrying about me, how about you two tell me how things worked out with those girls?

LEWIS

She's playing hard to get, but I know I'll get her.

CARL

I was up all night talking to mine. She kept talking about the bible, and blah, blah. She's trying to use that to avoid me clapping them cheeks, but I'm on it.

Rashawn pulls his books out, and then closes his locker.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

You two kill me, I swear.

Looking past Carl and Lewis, he sees Ayiesha coming down the hall with another boy.

Carl and Lewis are still talking.

Rashawn doesn't hear them, keeping his eyes glued on Ayiesha and the boy walking past him.

LEWIS

Rashawn. Rashawn, are you listening?

Ignoring Lewis, he makes his way behind Ayiesha.

When he's close enough, he reaches out, grabbing her arm.

She turns around, looking at him confused.

The boy she's walking with stops, turning around confused.

Ayiesha turns to look at the boy, signaling him to keep walking.

RASHAWN

What's going on? Who was that?

Ayiesha turns back around looking at him.

AYIESHA  
Just a friend.

RASHAWN  
A friend? A friend made you ignore me?

AYIESHA  
(Sighs)  
Don't start with the jealous boyfriend routine.

RASHAWN  
Jealous boyfriend? Wait, wait, wait.  
What about what we-

AYIESHA  
-Rashawn, listen. You're very smart.  
Handsome. The perfect ideal man any  
woman would want. But that's the  
thing. ...You're perfect for a "Woman."  
Not me.

RASHAWN  
(Raises his eyebrow)  
I'm not following you.

AYIESHA  
(Sly laugh)  
Everything your mother and father  
taught you was the truth, but they  
forgot to mention one key thing.

RASHAWN  
...What?

AYIESHA  
Women act just like men. We play on  
your emotions. We lie. We use whatever  
you tell us to our advantage. Whatever  
it takes to fuck you, we'll do it.

RASHAWN  
But... you said you were a virgin.

AYIESHA  
I lost my virginity when I turned  
sixteen.  
(Sighs)  
My first wasn't the best, but when you  
told me you were a virgin, I had to  
make sure it was the best for you.



Rashawn's heart sinks to his feet.

RASHAWN

My poems. The story about your father.  
You told me you loved me. ...It was all  
a lie.

AYIESHA

No. I really love your poems. My  
father does talk bad about me because  
it's true. It makes me sad because I  
want him to accept this is who I am.  
And as far as me loving you...

(Gives him a kiss)

I love you as a person. Your looks.  
Especially what you're working with.  
Maybe when you get some more  
experience, you'll become a true woman  
pleaser in bed. Keep this in mind. Any  
woman can lie about the last time  
she's had sex if she knows how to work  
her muscles. I know you're calling me  
a hoe right now, which is fine. Just  
know one thing...

(Gives him another kiss)

I'm the hoe that made you a man. Call  
me sometime. We can get some practice  
in.

Ayiesha walks off.

Rashawn stands in the middle of the hall with the same lost  
expression.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

"Pain." An emotion my parents told me  
to expect, but not like this. They  
didn't tell me with love, pain that  
feels like the end of the world comes  
with it. The world became silent. My  
eyes felt cemented open, and my mouth  
was dry. Seeking out "Love" blinded me  
from the hurt I experienced. This is  
where I learned the ups and downs of  
"Trust." Once I was betrayed... my heart  
turned into stone, and everything a  
person told me was a lie.

Five years later...

**INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - FRATERNITY PARTY - NIGHT**

Loud music.

Drinking, dancing and loud talking circulates throughout the room filled with college students having fun.

Rashawn comes into the house with a big smile.

Everyone seems excited to see him as he makes his way through the room.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

By this time I could care less about love. I relinquished that emotion the day Ayiesha crushed me. Hell, even the dictionary version was a fraud. Women don't understand regardless of the fact we're men... we do have feelings. When a man gets his feelings hurt, he lashes out on every woman because of the first woman who broke his heart. It's a pitiful excuse men use, but after so long, he's just accustomed to hurting every woman he meets out of pure spite.

Rashawn makes his way over to the table covered with various liquor bottles.

He picks up a bottle of Rum, and pours a nice cup.

After pouring his drink, he stands by the table watching everyone having a good time.

FRATERNITY SISTER, an attractive brown-skinned woman comes up, taking a sip from her cup staring at him.

Rashawn looks at her, and then takes another sip from his cup.

FRATERNITY SISTER

Are you really about to act like you don't see?

RASHAWN

I see you. Now, what?

FRATERNITY SISTER

Are you enjoying the party?

RASHAWN

I just got here, and this is my first drink.

FRATERNITY SISTER

Then you should slam that one so you can catch up.

RASHAWN

Why should I do that? I love taking everything I do slow so I can enjoy it.

She gives him a nod of approval, taking a sip from her cup.

FRATERNITY SISTER

That's the kind of talk I love to hear.

RASHAWN

And why is that?

FRATERNITY SISTER

Because it's possible you might have the stroke game that can handle a woman like me.

RASHAWN

(Takes a sip, laughs)

What does it take to handle a woman like you, that makes you different from any other woman I've been with?

FRATERNITY SISTER

No gag reflex.

RASHAWN

Been there.

FRATERNITY SISTER

Extra wet pussy.

RASHAWN

If a woman is feeling a man off the back, she'll automatically come drenching.

FRATERNITY SISTER

We can do some things-

RASHAWN

-You, me and another girl. You don't have a problem with swallowing. Anything you name, I've done, and some. When a woman says "I can't be handled. " I already know off the rip I'll lay her down. Do you know why?

Fraternity sister has an attitude, downing the rest of her cup.

FRATERNITY SISTER

Tell me.

Rashawn downs his drink, and then looks at her smiling.

RASHAWN

No woman ever speaks on if she can work her walls when she's getting pounded, or slow stroked. That's what a man searches for when he's offered some pussy. If that's never mentioned... What makes fuckin' you any different from the next woman?

The words arouse Fraternity sister, stepping into him with a smile.

FRATERNITY SISTER

There's only one way to find out.

RASHAWN

I'll tell you what. I'm about to have a few more drinks. When I'm nice and buzzed, I'll come find you so we can go back to my dorm.

FRATERNITY SISTER

Don't wait too long. The faucet might stop dripping.

RASHAWN

(Kisses her cheek)  
I highly doubt that.

Fraternity sister winks at him, and then walks off.

Rashawn watches her walk off with a smirk before focusing his attention back on the liquor.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

This is why men don't have respect for women. Why should we, and it's easier than taking a breath? No, this isn't the way we should think, but as you can see, women look at us the same way. Nobody wants love. They just want a night of possible fun. All of this just to brag or complain, repeating the same process day in and day out. Sex is a win-win for both parties, yet we complain about love when we thought the person we had sex with was the one, knowing they weren't. Why complain? We're all only out to satisfy a craving? If that's not true... Why do we sleep with countless people expecting a different outcome from what we already know?

MONTAGE:

- Rashawn and Fraternity Sister hook up in his dorm.
- Rashawn with another woman in his car's backseat.
- Rashawn with a different woman in a hotel.
- Rashawn follows a woman into a public bathroom, smiling.

END MONTAGE:

BLACK SCREEN:

RASHAWN (V.O.)

Eventually... After having sex with somebody new everyday, whether it was good or bad, it became boring. I sat back thinking... "Why am I letting the hurt from my past affect my present? Shouldn't I be seeking a relationship that holds genuine love?" Then I remembered, I live in a world where everybody acts the same, so why pry myself from the crowd? Besides... Who needs love, when you can have sex with whoever you want and keep your emotions locked away? I tried to pull myself from the crowd because depression was sinking in. Then I realized people only view me as one

thing... and I didn't know how to view myself.

**INT. COLLEGE - DINING HALL - AFTERNOON**

Rashawn is sitting at a table by himself with two subs and a glass of juice on his table.

He takes a bite from his sub, while looking at the sports highlights on television.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

Another day, another nut. Boredom, depression and arrogance has taken over my life. I really wanna revert back to the beginning and change what I experienced. Then I realized if I change what happened, who knows how things would play out. Maybe it was meant for my life to play out this way. On another note, maybe I didn't actually pay attention to my parents. I'm just another body waiting to be used. Honestly... anybody who says they don't need love is dangerous. They're the ones who need it more than the ones who have it.

MYRA, an attractive dark skin woman comes over to his table holding her lunch.

She has a nerdy nice girl aura about her, with a backpack to match.

Rashawn looks over at her.

RASHAWN

Yes.

MYRA

Why are you sitting alone?

RASHAWN

I usually have a flock around me, but since I wanted some space, I'm here alone.

MYRA

Hm. Okay.

Rashawn is confused by her reply, and the fact she's walking

off.

RASHAWN

Hold on.

She stops.

She waits a few seconds before turning around looking at him.

MYRA

What?

RASHAWN

Why did you ask me that? There's plenty of people in here eating alone?

MYRA

The other people are studying or talking on the phone. They don't look sad and lonely like you. But since you're the big man on campus who needs his space, I'll leave.

RASHAWN

No, no, no. Please, have a seat.

MYRA

Are you sure? I don't want people thinking I'm trying to join your flock.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

I'm sure.

She comes back to the table taking a seat across from him.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)

Sorry about being a dick, I was in deep thought about a few things. My name is Rashawn.

MYRA

I'm Myra.

(Low whistle)

I hope whatever you're going through you get through it.

RASHAWN

It's been years, and I'm still not certain if it's worth getting over.

Why change it, ya know?

MYRA

That doesn't sound good. I can't force you to talk about it, but I'll let you vent if you want to. Nobody should carry that much weight on their shoulders.

RASHAWN

I don't believe in placing my burdens on someone else when they have their own problems to work through. Adding my issues will only make their life harder.

MYRA

Sounds like a man who's suffering from heartbreak, but he's scared to admit it since he just knew it would never happen to him.

Rashawn raises his eyebrow, taking a sip from his juice.

RASHAWN

Dig that. What made you say that?

MYRA

The tone of your voice and delivery. I'm pretty sure you keep it bottled up, letting it beat you up inside. That's why you have a cocky attitude.

RASHAWN

Okay, you got my attention. The tone of my voice and delivery gave you this conclusion about me?

MYRA

Right. You can tell a lot about a man by his voice, delivery and attitude. Yours say you've been hurt by someone you loved, and at one point you knew how to handle it, but you stopped using the outlet that gave you peace.

RASHAWN

I am impressed.

MYRA

Are you gonna tell me the outlet you



stopped using? Because whatever you're using now, it's not working.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

Wait a minute. Before we get deep into me, tell me something about you.

MYRA

What do you wanna know?

RASHAWN

I don't know. The first thing that comes to mind you wanna tell me.

MYRA

Wrong reply.

RASHAWN

Wrong reply?

MYRA

Correct. You're a strong man. Maybe not at this moment because of what you're going through, but you're a strong man. Ask me what you wanna ask me.

Rashawn closes his eyes, and rocks his head side to side.

RASHAWN

Fine. It's no coincidence you came over here for this random talk. Do you think I'm an easy pity fuck? Or do you really want answers to the questions you asked me?

Myra smiles, taking a sip from her juice.

MYRA

Getting my nails done is more important and entertaining than fuckin'.

RASHAWN

Oooo weee. This girl has some spice.

MYRA

No, seriously. I wanted to talk because as I said, you look sad and lonely, and I'm in the same boat.

RASHAWN

You're in the same boat as me?

MYRA

I'm sure you know by now you don't  
judge by looks.

RASHAWN

Oh, I learned that a long time ago. I  
also learned you don't judge a person...

RASHAWN

By their words because  
actions speak stronger.

MYRA

By their words because  
actions speak stronger.

They both look at each other smiling, nodding their heads.

MYRA

Since we're on the same page. How  
about you tell me about that outlet  
you stopped using.

RASHAWN

I don't know. The last time I let a  
person know that part of me, they used  
it to their advantage.

MYRA

Are you gonna let what she did dictate  
everything in your present?

Rashawn is silent.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Well?

RASHAWN

Nobody ever put it to me that way. I  
guess I should leave her in the past  
where she belongs.

MYRA

My point. Believe it or not, even if  
you've been hurt by one person or  
multiple people, all of us are not the  
same.

RASHAWN

I've heard that plenty of times, but...  
your voice and delivery sounds the  
most convincing.

MYRA

(Laughs)

Thanks for using my words.

RASHAWN

Thanks for helping me feel a little more at ease. But my outlet. Uh... I used to write poetry.

MYRA

Get outta here. I don't believe it.

RASHAWN

Why don't you believe it?

MYRA

I don't believe it because I write poetry, too.

RASHAWN

Stop it.

MYRA

Oh, you don't believe me?

She goes in her backpack fumbling around for a second, and Rashawn does the same.

They both place their notebooks on the table at the same time.

MYRA (CONT'D)

There's only one thing I can say right now.

RASHAWN

And that is?

MYRA

My notebook is cooler than yours.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

Whatever. My poems are better than yours.

MYRA

Let's switch 'em up and see.

The two exchange notebooks.

They both have a look of interest on their face.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

They say "misery loves company." When the company leaves, you're stuck with extra misery they installed in you. But in this case... something about Myra is digging me out of my hole of depression. Am I slippin' again? Is she pulling a fast one on me like Ayiesha? I love being heartless, but she's chipping away at the stone. Why is she trying to revive an emotion I no longer need? Is it for her benefit or mine? I think I'm starting to feel the urge to seek out the real essence behind "Love" again.

**INT. LIBRARY - AFTERNOON**

Rashawn is sitting at a table alone wearing a wife beater and shorts.

He's in a good mood, jotting something down in his notebook.

Poetry books and a large slushy is resting beside him.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

After speaking with Myra for the past couple of days, I started to loosen up being cold towards women. Myra is slowly chipping away at the stone, and I have no problems with it. As you can see, I got back into writing poetry, and discovering new things. Did you know some of the female praying mantis eat their mate after pregnancy? The males, even if they lose a limb or their head, he continues trying to fuck. You would think the male is more aggressive, but in some cases it's the female. After the session is over, and she lays her eggs... she's off to the next. It's weird how you can relate species with humans.

He takes a sip from his slushy, and gets right back to writing.

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

The beauty of returning back to

writing is when me and Myra have our competitions in the dining hall, although it's nothing more than friendly competition, I believe it's helping us bond. Especially on my end.

While he continues writing, his phone is heard ringing.

Placing his pen down, he goes in his pocket, pulling out his phone.

When he sees Myra's picture, he quickly answers.

RASHAWN

What's going on?

MYRA (V.O.)

Ooo, answering on the first ring, and your tone is excited. I feel loved.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

Yeah, yeah. What are you doing?

MYRA (V.O.)

Studying. Bored out of mind. And you?

RASHAWN

Brushing up on my rhyme and reasons in the library. Although I don't have to since there's no real competition.

MYRA (V.O.)

(Scoffs)

Believe what you want in that little brain of yours.

RASHAWN

Hater.

MYRA (V.O.)

Anyways. What are you doing in the next couple of hours?

RASHAWN

Nothing, really. Probably order something to eat, kick back and watch some movies.

MYRA (V.O.)

Scratch all that. Let's go grab

something to eat, and then play some air hockey.

RASHAWN  
Air hockey?

MYRA (V.O.)  
Oh, you're too good for air hockey?

RASHAWN  
Of course not. I'm just trying to spare you the ass-whoopin'.

MYRA (V.O.)  
Somebody got some big balls.

RASHAWN  
(Laughs)  
In more ways than one.

MYRA (V.O.)  
Anyways. I'll see you in a few.

She hangs up on her end.

Rashawn places his phone back in his pocket.

Taking a sip from his slushy with a smile, he goes back to writing.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
This should be interesting. I've never been on a date with a woman that doesn't end in sex. When I visualize all of the sexual things I'll do with Myra, my heart takes over, and my heart outweighs my sexual desires. Myra is a good friend, and I'm comfortable with us remaining solely friends. Then again... a good friendship is the foundation for a perfect relationship. Ah, well. I shouldn't be thinking this way. I've had my share of women I was done with right after our night of fun. With Myra... she gives me a feeling of joy I haven't experienced since my younger years. I appreciate her for that. I'll make sure we remain good friends.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT**

Some students are seen walking around the campus grounds, along with some cars and the local bus.

Rashawn and Myra come into the scene holding hands.

The two have smiles on their faces indicating they had a good time as they make their way to Myra's dorm.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

There's no doubt in my mind Myra and I have the perfect friendship. That's where I went wrong with Ayiesha. But Myra said leave her in the past where she belongs, and I'm doing just that.

MYRA

You suck at air hockey, and you were talking so much cash shit.

RASHAWN

I don't suck, I was distracted.

MYRA

(Laughs)

You were distracted for four straight games?

RASHAWN

Yep. Bouncing titties can be a big distraction.

MYRA

That's the best you can come up with?

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

Yuppers.

MYRA

(Laughs)

Lame.

RASHAWN

I'll be that.

MYRA

These past few weeks have been so much fun.

RASHAWN

True. Thanks for helping me get out of that shitty place I was in mentally.

MYRA

You did the same for me. I'm glad we became good friends.

RASHAWN

One of the keys to a good relationship is a strong friendship.

MYRA

Relationship?

RASHAWN

Not saying that's what we'll become, but you know. A good friendship usually turns into a good relationship.

MYRA

That's real. After I broke up with my ex, I realized we didn't last because we based the relationship on sex and appearance.

RASHAWN

You know my story, so, hey.

MYRA

Right. But, why did you mention this?

RASHAWN

No particular reason. Just throwing it out there.

MYRA

Nah, I know you. You don't just throw things out there without wanting it to happen or you're about to make it happen.

RASHAWN

Nice to know you pay attention.

MYRA

It's nice to know you always try to change the topic when I catch you in your little games.



RASHAWN

(Laughs)

Got me again.

MYRA

We're almost at my dorm. Are you gonna keep avoiding the answer?

RASHAWN

To be honest, I was thinking about us taking that next step. But then I was like nah, I don't wanna ruin the friendship we have.

MYRA

Didn't you just say a good friendship creates a good relationship?

RASHAWN

Because it's true. But every good friendship doesn't have to become a relationship. Things change once you become an item with someone.

MYRA

But the friendship remains the same.

RASHAWN

And there's the problem. You try to act as if you're nothing more than friends, avoiding the seriousness in the relationship. Or one party might take the relationship too serious, forgetting about the friendship. The shit is crazy.

MYRA

That's why you need balance in order for it to work.

RASHAWN

Right. Well, that's why I threw it out there. It ran across my mind, but I got over it.

MYRA

Right.

They approach Myra's dorm.

Staring at each other for a few seconds smiling, they finally

give each other a hug.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Another fun night down.

RASHAWN  
There'll be plenty more.

MYRA  
I know. Talk to you tomorrow.

RASHAWN  
Fa sho.

He turns to walk away.

Myra stares at him, and then she clears her throat.

MYRA  
Shawn.

He stops, and turns around.

RASHAWN  
What's up?

MYRA  
My roommate won't be back tonight.

RASHAWN  
Didn't we just agree if we took this  
further than friendship it wouldn't  
turn out for the best?

MYRA  
We didn't agree on anything. You said  
you were over it.

RASHAWN  
Myra...  
(Sighs)  
This ain't the move.

MYRA  
Are you telling me you'd be  
comfortable seeing me dating somebody  
else on campus?

RASHAWN  
He wouldn't look as good as me.

MYRA  
Stop with the jokes.

RASHAWN  
(Sighs)  
No. I wouldn't be comfortable seeing  
you dating somebody on campus. I also  
wouldn't feel comfortable if we take  
it further and it ends what we have  
now.

Myra walks down to him.

MYRA  
If you think negatively, it'll enter  
our lives.

RASHAWN  
(Laughs)  
Is that some kind of lame reverse  
psychology?

MYRA  
No... plain old-fashioned truth.

RASHAWN  
...Myra.

MYRA  
Hey...

She moves in, giving him a kiss.

When she pulls back, they both have blank expressions.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
The love in our friendship will seal  
the love we have for each other. Have  
faith.

With glossy eyes, he leans in to give her a kiss.

When he pulls back they're both smiling, wiping the tear  
falling from the other's eye.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
No matter the outcome... we'll always  
remain friends.

RASHAWN  
...Always and forever.

The two make their way inside Myra's dorm.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

Unlike my first time with Ayiesha, and the countless other random women. This time... this time it actually felt right. This is the feeling I was searching for. Pure love. But once you obtain this feeling... What do you do?

Six years later...

**INT. THE PENTHOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Myra is lying asleep on the king size bed.

The sun is beaming through the balcony window with a warm embrace resting on her face.

Rashawn comes into frame wearing nothing but his boxers carrying her breakfast.

Moving to the side of the bed, he places the tray down on the side table.

He takes a seat on the bed beside her, looking at her with a smile.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

We ended up getting married. I must say, my wife was right when she said our relationship will be perfect. We both erased our past, and happiness wraps us with a loving feeling everyday.

Gently, he rubs his hand down her face.

She slowly starts to wake up.

RASHAWN

Wake up, beautiful.

MYRA

(Half woke)

Hey, handsome.

RASHAWN

I got you some breakfast.

Myra sits up on the bed.

MYRA  
You're so sweet.

RASHAWN  
It's not being sweet when the woman  
you love deserves it.

MYRA  
Are you trying to butter me up for  
something?

RASHAWN  
Is it working?

MYRA  
(Laughs)  
Let me eat something first, and I'll  
get back to you.

RASHAWN  
I'll keep it in mind.

MYRA  
What do you have planned for the day?

Rashawn leans in closer to her face.

RASHAWN  
I was thinking we could stay in bed  
all day, and-

MYRA  
-I hope you don't think this is what  
marriage is all about?

RASHAWN  
Uh... no. It wasn't about sex before we  
got married, so why would things  
change?

MYRA  
I'm making sure we're on the same  
page.

RASHAWN  
Of course.

MYRA  
Good. Now, what do you actually have  
planned for the day?

RASHAWN

I was thinking we could have a nice romantic dinner. Try our luck at the casino, and then take a walk on the beach.

MYRA

That sounds more like the move.

Myra begins eating.

While she's eating, Rashawn has a blank stare.

MYRA (CONT'D)

What?

RASHAWN

Nothing. Just staring at the love of my life.

MYRA

Well, can you do it after I'm finished eating, please.

RASHAWN

(Low chuckle)

Let me go get ready.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek, and then gets up making his way to the bathroom.

Myra sits on the bed sighing, continuing to eat her food.

**INT. PENTHOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

In the bathroom, Rashawn starts his shower water, and then stares at his reflection in the mirror.

A look of satisfaction resides in his eyes and smile.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

Women love sex just as much as men, but just like a man, the shit gets overrated if it's constantly mentioned day in and day out. You begin thinking to yourself, "Damn. Is this the only quality in me this person sees? " With that being said, I'm not offended by the way my wife just reacted. I'm sure people can relate when you're in love, and your lover has the kind of sex you

can't help but experience every chance  
you get.

Dropping his boxers to the floor, he steps into the shower.

CUT TO:

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The layout of the restaurant is beautiful.

MYRA

This is a nice place.

RASHAWN

Nothing but the best for my wife.

MYRA

(Laughs)

Oh really? Or did you hear something  
about this place that you like?

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

That's part of the reason, too.

MYRA

It's fine. As long as we're spending  
time together that's what matters.

RASHAWN

That's right. So, how are you enjoying  
the honeymoon?

MYRA

This is lovely, I can't lie. I'm  
spending time with the man I love.  
This is somewhere I've never been. I  
love it. Thank you.

RASHAWN

Thank you for accepting the proposal.

MYRA

Remember what we agreed to while we  
were in college? Why wouldn't I accept  
the proposal?

RASHAWN

Speaking on that. You never told me if  
you would be okay if I had turned you

down that night.

MYRA

Obviously I wouldn't have been okay with it. Why do you think I married you?

RASHAWN

You know what I'm asking. I told you why I would feel uncomfortable if it didn't turn out like this. You never told me your reason.

MYRA

Ah. I figured you'd know. But I'm thinking you just wanna hear the words.

RASHAWN

A little stroke of the ego wouldn't hurt.

MYRA

Stroking my husband's ego will be my pleasure. I would've felt uncomfortable because you were the only man on campus who actually looked at me as a woman, and not a body. Not somebody to fuck for the night, and then pretend as if you care. But treating a woman like an actual woman. That's the key to any woman's heart.

RASHAWN

You don't say.

MYRA

Don't act like you don't know. If you were like any other man, you would've just sought out to have sex with me. Of course I would've turned you down, but you know what I'm saying.

RASHAWN

That's not my character, you're right. Still, that's not the only reason why I wasn't pressed about having sex with you.

MYRA

What's the other reason why?



RASHAWN

...Maybe some other time.

MYRA

Why don't you just tell me now?

RASHAWN

Because I'm having a wonderful evening with my wife, and that part of my life is locked away.

MYRA

I can respect that. Whenever you feel you're ready to open up, you can tell me.

Rashawn reaches across the table, grabbing her hand.

RASHAWN

Thank you, baby. That's why you're the love of my life.

MYRA

You're very welcome. With all of this kindness pouring from your heart, dinner is on you?

Rashawn pulls his hand back, laughing.

RASHAWN

What's wrong with the money or credit cards in your purse?

MYRA

(Laughs)

Are you really about to make the love of your life pay for dinner while we're on our honeymoon?

RASHAWN

I wouldn't do that, we split everything. But that's not why I'm paying for dinner tonight.

MYRA

Whatever you think you'll get tonight, forget about it.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

We'll see.

MYRA  
(Laughs)  
We sure will.

They continue laughing, picking up their menus.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
A man should pay all the bills, and a woman should remain in the house cooking, cleaning and taking care of the children. I don't know how people view this as correct or love, but who am I? Personally, it sounds like a slave either way you cut it. Myra and I split everything down the middle. If one doesn't have it, the other one holds it down until further notice. That's what I believe love in a relationship or marriage should be about. But... People have different opinions, and again, this is my story.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BEACH - LATER**

The moon looks beautiful reflecting off the calm waves of the waters moving in on the beach.

Rashawn and Myra are holding hands, smiling, walking along the beach, enjoying the wind against their skin.

MYRA  
(Sarcastic tone)  
Knowing you picked that restaurant for yourself, I must say the food was good.

RASHAWN  
If I suggest going there again, you wouldn't decline the offer.

MYRA  
(Laughs)  
Blah, blah, blah.

RASHAWN  
(Laughs)  
I thought so.

MYRA  
I know, calm down.

RASHAWN  
I'm calm.

MYRA  
Good. It's such a beautiful night.

RASHAWN  
Not as beautiful as you.

MYRA  
(Scoffs)  
Will you be using lame clichés all night?

RASHAWN  
I don't know. I didn't give it much thought.

MYRA  
Oh, lord.

RASHAWN  
What? You don't think I have a bright future in comedy?

MYRA  
Only people like my sister who don't have good taste would enjoy those corny jokes.

RASHAWN  
Speaking of your sister. Why was she acting so bitter at the wedding?

MYRA  
(Soft sigh)  
No matter what I accomplish or my happiness... My sister will always have a deep hatred towards me.

RASHAWN  
Why?

MYRA  
Don't act like you didn't pay attention to my sister when you saw her.

RASHAWN

I mean, she's cute and all, but-

MYRA

-Regardless of the fact, my sister believes I look down on her.

RASHAWN

I didn't notice.

MYRA

And you never will. But because of her looks, she feels every man should focus solely on her.

RASHAWN

Her low self-esteem makes her portray herself as a hoe, and hates your happiness because you don't display yourself as a hoe? That's interesting.

MYRA

It's been that way since we were little. It doesn't even bother me these days.

RASHAWN

It's strange. A person hates someone who loves them because of their own lifestyle.

MYRA

We see this on a daily basis in the world. It's just bothering you at the moment because now you know my sister really doesn't have love for me like I have love for her.

RASHAWN

That's fucked up.

MYRA

The show will go on regardless, so it shouldn't bother you like it doesn't bother me.

RASHAWN

You're right.

MYRA

Anyways. What were you gonna tell me

in the restaurant you said we can talk  
about later?

Rashawn continues holding her hand, but you can sense him  
tensing up.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Did you hear me?

RASHAWN  
...I heard you.

MYRA  
Are you about to tell me?

RASHAWN  
(Sighs)  
...I thought the woman who took my  
virginity was the love of my life. She  
played it smoothly. My dumbass was  
following everything my parents told  
me, but they forgot to mention one  
thing.

MYRA  
What was that?

RASHAWN  
...Disguises are so realistic, if you're  
not paying attention, you'll be  
deceived.

MYRA  
You're the first man I ever heard  
upset about a woman giving him some.

RASHAWN  
I wanted to wait for the right one,  
and she took that from me. So, from  
there on, I just bounced from woman to  
woman, and then you came along.

MYRA  
And this will be your last stop.

They stop walking.

Rashawn turns to look at her with passion in his eyes.

RASHAWN  
I have no complaints.

MYRA  
Neither do I.

The moon looks exquisite reflecting off of them as they embrace and kiss.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
Bliss. The true understanding and connection with love that's not saturated. Marriage is a beautiful thing in the beginning. After the fairy tale comes to an end... real life takes over and reminds you what this feeling can do to you mentally.

FADE TO BLACK:

Eight months later...

BLACK SCREEN:

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
Our friendship is barely standing on broken legs. The love we had in the beginning is squirted out at random. But we remained married. In my mind... I began wondering about things. So, this is where we stand now.

**INT. DOCTOR OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

The doctor is having a few words with Myra.

Rashawn is sitting off to the side looking at the two.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
By this time, the fun and romance in our marriage is at an all-time low, and Myra being two months pregnant doesn't make it any better. They say a woman's attitude changes during pregnancy because her body and emotions are changing, and that's understandable. But what's her reasons for changing before the pregnancy? Myra is the love of my life. My world. But... I'm starting to think the love we had while we were in college will never rekindle. When a man starts feeling this way, he's thinking about two things. My woman is cheating on

me, or I'm not good enough. Either way, I can't leave my wife, but something has gotta give.

The doctor leaves the room.

Myra sits with her head low, sighing.

Rashawn stands up, and makes his way over towards her.

RASHAWN

I can't wait until you deliver. I hope it's a boy.

Myra looks at him with an attitude.

MYRA

You'll love whatever we have, right?

RASHAWN

There's no doubt about that. I'm just hoping-

MYRA

-Then gender shouldn't matter. Hell, if it's twins, the genders won't matter.

RASHAWN

Okay, I understand where you're coming from. I'll love our child or children no differently than how I love you.

MYRA

Good. Considering I'll be the one carrying up until delivery, you should be more focused on our health, not the gender.

RASHAWN

What's with the attitude? Where is this coming from?

MYRA

I feel like you're not taking this seriously like I am.

RASHAWN

Huh?

MYRA

Huh? I hope it's a boy. Me and my son will be out here doing this and that. He gon' look handsome like his daddy. None of that shit matters. Our child will not be something just for you to show off.

RASHAWN

I never said it would be. Where are you getting all of this from?

MYRA

(Sighs)

Let's just drop it. If it's okay with you, can we get something to eat?

RASHAWN

Why wouldn't it be okay with me?

MYRA

You tell me? Just because you're excited about OUR child, don't forget I'm the mother that's carrying.

(Sighs)

Think of a place to eat. I gotta use the bathroom.

She walks out shaking her head, mumbling some words under her breath.

Rashawn stands baffled, shaking his head, sighing deep.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

See what I mean? I'm not understanding how her whole aspect of what she thinks about me changed. Every time I try to talk to her about it, I get that same attitude you just heard. Women believe a man should just sit and take what she dishes out, but when he serves it back, now he ain't shit.

(Sighs)

Again... this all goes along with being in love, right? Call me odd, but I don't think a fucked up attitude for no reason can be considered with love. It doesn't take much for a twig to break, and I'm just waiting to break off from the slender piece of wood I'm hanging on to.



**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

RASHAWN POV

Bible passage - Genesis 2:23 "This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called 'woman', for she was taken out of man."

RASHAWN (V.O.)

This. This can go so many ways. It's probably why the world is evolving into something new everyday. Some say it's for the best, and others believe from these few words alone, things should remain the same. But for now, we're focusing on these words and what you've seen and heard. Are men meant to be alone? Think about it. Before Eve came along, I'd say Adam was doing fairly well.

Rashawn continues reading, flipping the pages of the bible slowly, releasing a soft chuckle.

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

In the same breath, Adam probably needed Eve. After all, once she bit the fruit and shared it with him, the whole world opened up. Or maybe Adam already knew what was going on, and opted to ignore it because he didn't care. A man should never be questioned about his actions. And if you do question him, just accept his response and keep it moving. But... What is a man? Is he a loner? Comfortable without having a woman, knowing the truth behind her and the world. Or is he a pretender? The one who knows what's going on, but pretends he doesn't so his woman will remain satisfied. Meanwhile... he's miserable inside, but he displays happiness.

He places the bible down to the side, sighing deeply.

A gospel program is shown on the television in front of him on mute.

Turning his head to the right, we see Myra.

She's asleep under the covers, with her head snuggled nicely on the pillow.

A look of comfort resides on her face.

Rashawn gently caresses her cheek.

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

My perfect companion. Yes, despite the drama we're going through with this pregnancy and so on, she's the best woman I've ever been with. I believe we're the perfect Adam and Eve minus taking a bite from the forbidden fruit. Although you would think she did, and she's patiently waiting for me to take a bite.

While caressing her face, she slowly opens her eyes.

Delicately, she grabs his hand, holding it against her cheek, smiling.

MYRA

Waking up to your handsome face is a feeling that can never be replaced. I love you.

RASHAWN

I love you, too.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

As I said. Despite this petty shit we're going through, I believe she's the rib removed directly from my body. Then again... Is this love she faithfully shows when she awakes genuine? You heard how she gets when she's fully awake. Have I been blinded by the mist preventing me from seeing her true objective, just like with Ayiesha? Love. A man's feelings. We think we know what we want, but we don't. We think we know what love is, but we don't. Even with her telling me why she loves me, I still truly don't know if it's true. I guess I'm saying that because there should never be negative energy in our marriage, especially if it goes unexplained.

She releases his hand, preparing to come from under the covers, and he stops her, leaning over giving her a kiss.

Sitting up on the bed, he places his pants on, after which, he grabs a blue wife beater, placing it on.

Standing to his feet he leaves the bedroom.

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Walking down the bare hallway, he makes his way into the kitchen.

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The kitchen is clean and basic, comfortable enough for eating in peace.

He makes his way to the refrigerator, opening it, scanning over the various beverages, condiments and foods.

He focuses his attention on the bottle of Jack Daniels which he grabs, and then closes the door.

Walking over to the sink, he grabs a cognac glass from the rack, and then makes his way out of the kitchen.

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Stepping into the nicely furnished living room, he pauses at the front door, placing the bottle and glass down on a coffee table.

He slips his feet into some old gym shoes, and then opens the front door.

He grabs the bottle and glass, and then makes his way outside.

**EXT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS**

Stepping out onto the porch, he inhales deep, releasing calm, looking around the neighborhood with an expression of delight etched on his face.

He walks towards the steps, and then stops, taking a seat.

He pours a glass of liquor, and then places the bottle down.

Across the street is a big vacant lot, and a few houses can be seen further in the distance.

Music is heard from cars driving past in the distance.

The streetlights are flickering on and off.

Focusing back on him, it's hard deciphering what mood he's in as he surveys the area, stroking his five-o'clock shadow.

Rashawn has gained some weight that he has broken down into muscle, which is why the wife beater looks splendid on him.

Reaching inside his pocket, he pulls out a pack of Newports and a lighter, placing them down beside him.

He moistens his lips still with no true emotion on his face.

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

Going back to the beginning if you've been keeping up. Are the emotions of a man important? Do you truly only experience genuine love one time? Everything has a seed it blossoms from creating the beginning of its purpose. So... Where was "Love" first planted and nourished, growing into an emotion highly used? When did a man's emotions become questionable?

He picks up the glass and downs it.

Closing his eyes, he nods his head from the harsh taste.

Opening his eyes, he takes a cigarette from the pack, placing it in his mouth.

Digesting the burning sensation, he picks up the lighter, lighting his cigarette.

Taking a nice pull, he exhales as smooth as his expression.

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

We all know Eve cared about Adam's emotions, but that changed when she bit the apple. Or did she disregard his emotions from the jump? Did she play along with what he wanted to keep him happy so she could lure him into biting the apple.

(Scoffs)

Adam and Eve. The world's first perfect couple. The beginning, end and possibly the true meaning behind the

word "Love" and the answer to if a man's emotions matters. Now... Eve complimented Adam perfectly. They knew each other just as sure they knew night would turn day. Somehow, Eve was persuaded she could enhance her already perfect life and then she convinced Adam into the same world, and that's when things went downhill.

Pouring another shot, he quickly downs it, followed by a pull from his cigarette, still showing no expression.

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

Adam was here first, so maybe he didn't care if people cared about his emotions because he didn't have a mate. But he knew about the tree, and he still bit the apple. Eve knew what she had was perfect, but still indulged in the fruit. Was Adam deeply in love after being a loner for so long, finally thinking about emotions because he has a mate? Was Eve bored with her perfect man? Or was she being greedy, wanting the best of both worlds?

(Coy laugh)

They say because of what happened then, this is why we suffer with emotions we can't control, but we make ourselves believe we can. It's funny when you think about it. If we knew how to control these emotions... we would still be with the one we lost our virginity to because we would know each other perfectly like the rib and the body it came from. This goes back to the passage I was reading, along with the beginning of my story. So, I guess it's true. You only experience genuine love once, and a man's emotions don't matter?

He pours another shot, but instead of downing it, he savors the taste by swishing it around in his mouth before swallowing.

Standing to his feet looking around, he takes one last pull before flicking his cigarette to the side.

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

I believe I finally know the difference between being in love with someone, and using the word to get what I wanted. I also believe I know why women don't care about a man's emotions. I used to say I love you to women for specific things. On a better note, when I said it to Myra the first time I actually meant it. Why should a woman care about a man's emotions when they look at us for the same reasons we're looking at them? But because we're men and can easily move on so they think, we shouldn't have any form of emotions because we're heartless. Understandable because I felt that way until I met Myra.

(Sighs)

When this is over, evaluate what you heard and saw and you tell me. Right now, I want you focusing on this. Are we meant for one person? Or are we meant to have as many mates as we want? Should I have ignored love from the jump and focused on sex and material things?

Grabbing his cigarettes and lighter, he places them in his pocket and then makes his way from the porch, heading across the street towards the vacant lot.

As he draws closer to the lot looking at the ghetto surrounding him, he absorbs the ugliness, finding beauty in what he sees.

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

They say the heart of a woman is delicate and shouldn't be treated lightly. If you really think about it... the heart of a man is the delicate one. It's always taken for granted because he allows it. Look at what men do for women now, knowing they're no good. But... beauty and love is depicted differently in everyone, yet it remains with the same overall meaning.

Stepping into the vacant lot, he pauses when he kicks a bottle.

Looking down at the bottle and the surrounding trash, he shakes his head.

Not in shame, but more so trying to wrap his mind around what he's thinking.

RASHAWN (V.O) (CONT'D)

Being in love is like this vacant lot. You can fill it with whatever you want, or you and your mate can fill it together. What matters is making sure the foundation is durable for the long haul. Without this, you'll be lucky if your relationship lasts a week. People these days don't date based on foundation. I believe in the words I just spoke, but I could possibly be fake considering what I'm going through. And just like this lot, a woman will treat a man's emotions no differently. She'll either build on them, keeping it clean. Or she'll treat them just as filthy and empty.

CUT TO:

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Rashawn and Myra are snuggled under the covers.

His arm is wrapped around her, while her head rests on his chest.

A smile resides proudly on her face.

He begins caressing her ear, but he doesn't seem deeply in love with her as she is with him.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

The story started with me and Ayiesha, and now we're here with me and my wife. Beauty personified into perfection on the inside, overflowing onto the outside with a solid foundation. What more could a man ask for if he already has his missing rib restored?

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON**

It's a clear day.

Rashawn and Myra are wearing shorts and T-Shirts sitting on a blanket, having a picnic.

Rashawn reaches over, grabbing her hand.

RASHAWN

Whoever said beauty can't be found in  
the darkness obviously never ran  
across my baby. You define my  
happiness, and I'm glad you  
continuously shine it upon me.

The way she blushes, you would think she just had an orgasm.

MYRA

(Gives him a kiss)

Thank you. Did you say romantic words  
like that to Ayiesha?

RASHAWN

She told me she believed the words in  
my poems were meant for her, but I  
never said anything to her like I just  
said to you. Smart ass.

MYRA

(Sarcastic tone)

Sure. Tell me anything.

RASHAWN

A boy tells girls anything because he  
fears losing her. A man speaks truth  
into his woman's heart, letting her  
know his heart means nothing without  
hers.

She's mesmerized with glazed eyes.

A single tear falls from her eye, and before it can get a  
chance to roll down her face, he licks it off, followed by a  
kiss on the cheek.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)

Wetness produced from your body should  
only come from the place I love my  
face in.



MYRA

Words like that are the reason we have  
a baby on the way now.

He inches in closer, placing his hand on her thigh with  
passion, slowly moving it up.

RASHAWN

I'm not complaining.

Before she can get a word out, his tongue is already in her  
mouth, and she embraces him back with passion.

Continuing kissing, he slowly lays her down on the blanket,  
and then...

ROSE (O.S.)

(Laughs)

You freaks need to get a room. Don't  
nobody wanna see all of that.

The two take a break from their intimacy, turning to look at  
ROSE, (30), approaching them with her man.

They give each other one more kiss, while laughing.

Rose and her man are still laughing.

Rose is a sight of beauty. Not much of a body, but her face  
makes up for it.

Rose and her man take a seat with them.

While the four sit talking, we notice Rashawn is secretly  
eying Rose.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

Being a beautiful woman inside and  
out, and holding your man down is one  
thing. But having all of this and you  
take everything in life seriously with  
no fun... that can turn ugly. You  
remember what Myra said about her  
sister? I never found out if the words  
were true, but the way Myra is acting  
now, I'm starting to think it's the  
other way around. In my mind, I  
figured there's only one way to find  
out.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROSE APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Although it's close-knit, the kitchen has enough room to place you at ease.

Rashawn and Rose are sitting at the kitchen table having a conversation while drinking and smoking.

Containers of Chinese food, an ashtray and a bottle of cognac are on the table.

From the vibe and facial expressions, it seems the two are really digging each other.

RASHAWN

Thanks for having this conversation with me. I love your sister to death, but I don't understand what's with her attitude lately. And this was before we were expecting the baby.

ROSE

That's your fault for not finding out that side of her before you started dating. So, the question is this. Did you continue talking to her for pussy, or were you really feeling her, regardless of not trying to find out her bitchy side?

Rashawn downs his cup, and then picks up one of the lit cigarettes from the ashtray.

He takes a conceited pull, exhaling arrogance.

RASHAWN

You already know the answer to the question. If you didn't, we wouldn't be having this conversation.

She releases a seductive laugh before downing her cup.

She picks up her cigarette from the ashtray, taking a pull.

ROSE

Yeah, I know the answer. But I bet you can't honestly tell me why you continued fucking with her after seeing me.

RASHAWN

(Pours a glass)

I don't know you, aside from what your sister told me. The only part I agree with that she told me is the cocky attitude. You're beautiful, and your characteristics fit you. But by your response, I know you just wanna fuck. You would remind me of all the women back in my day I dealt with up until I met your sister. So... me fucking you would accomplish what?

She gets up from her chair, and seductively walks over to him, taking a seat on his lap.

He releases a low sigh, but does his best remaining calm.

ROSE

If your nose wasn't so open back then, you'd see why I'm the woman you should've waited on.

She aggressively kisses him, and he embraces her, placing her on the table.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

A man needs fun. He needs to relax without all the unnecessary madness. He also needs a female friend who understands the problems he's having with his woman. Sometimes... that woman is your woman's sister. Maybe Rose is right. I should've waited for her instead of marrying Myra. Nah. This is no different from Ayiesha. Not saying this is right, but it's better than dealing with Myra for the moment.

CUT TO:

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The room layout would place you in the mindset of being in a bar.

A spade game is going on with some music playing fairly loud.

Rashawn and Myra just won playing against Rose and her man.

Standing off to the side is STACY, (30s), and her male

friend.

Stacy is short and on the healthy side, well-portioned in the right places.

Rashawn and Rose are disguising it perfectly that they slept together.

Meanwhile, Rashawn notices Stacy and her male friend are having some issues.

RASHAWN

(To Rose)

What's wrong with your girl and her man over there?

Rose turns looking at the two, and then back at him, waving them off.

ROSE

I'm amazed they're still together. He's always kissing her ass, and she still treats him as if he's not good enough for her.

RASHAWN

Damn.

Myra stops shuffling the cards, placing them to the side, looking at Rashawn.

MYRA

You don't have to worry about those problems, do you baby?

RASHAWN

Of course not. I have the complete woman by my side, and she understands me inside and out.

ROSE

(Scoffs)

Oh my God, are we playing cards or are we about to have some type of mushy ass conversation?

MYRA

(Laughs)

Don't be jealous.

ROSE  
What do I have to be jealous about?

MYRA  
Seeing two people in love with each other without faking it to make it.

ROSE  
Whatever.

RASHAWN  
(Laughs)  
She hit it right on the nose. Let me hit the bathroom. We can keep playing when I come back.

MYRA  
I love you.

RASHAWN  
I love you, too.

He gets up from the table, and makes his way towards the bathroom.

Myra and Rose continue their conversation at the table.

While making his way towards the bathroom, he's paying attention to the conversation Stacy and her male friend are having.

He nods his head as if he's plotting on sleeping with her as he walks into the bathroom.

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Stepping over to the mirror, he wipes his face down, and then cracks a slight smile.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
After having so much fun, and understanding this new side of Myra. I realized a solid relationship is perfect. Having fun is great. But... What does any of it mean if neither party understands you?

CUT TO:

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Rashawn and Stacy are sitting at a table of what would appear to be a fancy restaurant from the layout.

Candles and a bottle of champagne are on the table.

The two look as if they're having a nice conversation while eating.

RASHAWN

So, what was going on with you and  
dude the night of the card game?

STACY

I was trying to explain to him as I  
always do, he doesn't have enough to  
keep me stable. I truly don't need him  
because I can hold my own. But if a  
man wants to be with me, he has to  
bring something good to my table.

RASHAWN

Damn, check you out. What about love?  
Does that play a part?

STACY

Love won't put food in your stomach,  
and pay your bills. It's only good if  
you have the finances to go along with  
it.

RASHAWN

Wow. That's a new one for me.

STACY

I'm guessing you and your wife have  
both.

RASHAWN

We make it work with what we got.

STACY

(Scoffs)

It must not be working out for the  
best.

RASHAWN

What makes you say that?

STACY

You wouldn't be having a dinner date with another woman if things were going well.

RASHAWN

Not necessarily true. There's nothing wrong with a man having female friends as long as he keeps it at just that.

STACY

Every man says the same thing you just said, and end up fuckin' the woman who was supposedly only a friend.

RASHAWN

That's what boys do. If a man knows he has a good woman at home, he knows how to tame the dog in his pants.

Stacy takes a sip from her champagne, and then licks her lips seductively.

STACY

What if the woman finds something interesting in the man, and wants to find out if he's what she thinks he is?

RASHAWN

That would mean she doesn't respect the man's relationship. And if by chance he puts it down on her, she'll get with him and end up doing the same to him when she gets tired.

STACY

Every man swears he can lay it down. When it's game-time, the woman is left disappointed.

RASHAWN

Any woman I've been with... let me stop.  
(Laughs)  
The conversation is going off topic.

STACY

The conversation seems perfectly fine to me.

RASHAWN

Oh, really?

STACY

Yup.

They both take a sip from their glass, continuing their conversation.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

Now, she's something else. She has the potential of being a great wife because she can hold her own. She knows how to have fun, and she's taking the time to get to know me. It makes you wonder why she's single. With all of these great assets... Some women feel no man will ever truly be worth settling down with. She feels no man will ever understand her. It kinda reminds me of the Myra I met in college.

(Sighs)

I'm thinking about Myra, but I'm here doing this.

CUT TO:

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Occupying the living room having drinks, laughing and talking are Myra, Rose, Stacy and VICKIE, (30s).

Vickie is a beautiful big girl who carries herself well, medium in height.

Vickie is pretending like she's having fun, but by the way she has her cellphone clinched in her hand, it lets us know she's having relationship issues.

Rashawn comes into the room smiling, walking over to Myra, giving her a kiss.

Rose and Myra gush over the kiss.

Vickie looks at them, and then lowers her head back into her phone, hoping a call or text will come through.

RASHAWN

You want something while I'm out, baby?



MYRA

Just for you to come back home the same way you're about to leave.

RASHAWN

You know that's gonna happen regardless.

MYRA

Make sure you uphold those words.

They give each other a kiss.

ROSE

(Laughs)

Yeah, yeah, yeah. You two love each other, we get it. Can you let him go, so we can get back to what we were doing?

STACY

(Laughs)

Exactly. This is the ladies' time. We're talking about baby names, and planning your baby shower. You need to let him go be with his friends, or whatever he's about to do.

MYRA

(Laughs)

Y'all shouldn't be hating like this.

ROSE

Ain't nobody hating on you. We just want our respected time together without the presence of a man.

STACY

Preach!!!

The two toast, and then down their drinks, laughing.

MYRA

I need you two to raise up off my man. Whenever y'all get a man you'll be the same way.

RASHAWN

They'll never get a man like me because you already have me.

MYRA

Always and forever. Go do what you're about to do, and bring my sexy daddy back home in one piece like I said.

RASHAWN

Yes, ma'am.

ROSE

Get up outta here, boy! You're holding my sister up.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

I'll be back, baby. I love you.

MYRA

I'll forever only love you.

They give each other a kiss.

Rose and Stacy blow raspberries, while pouring another round.

Before walking out the door, Rashawn catches a glimpse of Vickie, and a look of wonderment comes across his face.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

One can't help but wonder why out of a room filled with beautiful women having fun, there's always one you can tell is faking it. But, why?

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON**

The rain is drizzling down, possibly ready to pour as Rashawn and Vickie walk through the park.

RASHAWN

Don't take this wrong. But why are you single, and you're a good woman?

VICKIE

(Sighs)

Don't look at me differently after what I'm about to tell you.

RASHAWN

Why would I do that?

VICKIE

Because men always view women as bitches when they find out about their past. But those are the same men who swear they'll never judge.

RASHAWN

I don't think people should judge, especially if they have flaws.

VICKIE

I agree.

RASHAWN

So, tell me what you were about to say.

VICKIE

Honestly? I gave my heart, body and soul to the wrong men. ...I wasn't thinking about that at the moment.

RASHAWN

Everybody goes through trial and error. It's all about learning from your mistakes so you don't make them again.

VICKIE

How do you know when you found the right one?

RASHAWN

The conversation will ignite the part of you that truly needs attention other than what your body and eyes desire.

VICKIE

I never looked at it that way.

RASHAWN

I was the same way in the beginning before I met Myra. But once she made me realize what was what. My eyes have remained open.

VICKIE

That's beautiful.

RASHAWN

You'll find your beauty once you take  
the time and focus on what you need.

VICKIE

I think I just found it.

The rain starts coming down hard.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

Let's hurry up and get to your car.

The two take off running.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

One thing a man should know before  
approaching a woman is his intentions,  
and sticking with them. In this case,  
with a woman lost in her emotions, if  
you're building her character, do just  
that and let it be. Because if you  
don't... she'll either become a strong  
woman who wants you as her man. Or  
she'll become a strong spiteful woman,  
lashing out on every man.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Rashawn is walking down Jefferson continuing on his voyage.

He observes the various men and women interacting with each  
other in various ways on the busy street.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

Look at 'em. Talking lies and eating  
lies, all for one night of what they  
hope will be worth the drinks and  
possibly using condoms. You're  
probably thinking I got some nerve at  
this point in my story. You're  
probably thinking how was I able to  
sleep with all of those women? Well,  
that's one of the great benefits of  
social media. But my story is far from  
done. Here's something else I wanna  
mention.

(Coy chuckle)

I believe the "Adam's apple" is a big

ball of lies. Hence the concept of having a lump in your throat. The bigger the apple defines the lies he's hiding. And as far as with women, they have cycles cleansing their body. Me... I believe it was bestowed upon them so they'll have time to reflect on their relationship selections, and figure out the right next move. The pain is so they'll know not to make the same mistake, but it doesn't turnout that way.

Continuing with his walk, he comes to the Belle isle bridge.

Walking along the bridge, he pauses in the middle, admiring the view.

Taking a deep breath, he goes in his pocket pulling out a cigarette and his lighter.

Placing the cigarette in his mouth, lighting it, he takes a calm pull with a smile.

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

You're probably thinking I played with all these hearts and went unscathed. You're probably thinking I ain't shit for what I did. You're probably thinking how can I say Myra is the love of my life, but I fucked her over in ways no man should treat the woman he loves.

(Takes pull, laughs)

Well...

CUT TO:

**EXT. BELLE ISLE BRIDGE - MORNING**

We see Rashawn hanging from the bridge shirtless and disemboweled with a bullet hole in his head and chest, along with a deep wound in his left thigh.

Police cars and the coroner van are on the bridge.

Forensic officers are taking pictures and looking for clues.

Moving away from the bridge but staying focused on Rashawn, we see people standing on the grass and sidewalk looking on in disgust at the scene.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
For every heart you collect there's a  
debt. So, how did I end up like this?

CUT TO:

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Myra is sitting on the sofa crying her eyes out, clutching a piece of tissue.

Sitting on the other sofa with their heads lowered in shame are Rose, Stacy and Vickie.

MYRA  
(Sobbing)  
...All of you. All of you slept with my  
Husband, while smiling in my face. You  
two I can get over. But my sister.  
(Soft laugh)  
...My own sister. How are you able to  
look at yourself and have no shame in  
what you did?

ROSE  
(Sobs)  
There's no excuse for what I did. I  
know I don't deserve your forgiveness.  
But... I had to tell you what was going  
on because it was killing me inside.  
It's not like I couldn't get my own  
man. He just... his words got the best  
of me.

The other two nod their heads in agreement, sobbing low.

MYRA  
This is sickening. And you're  
absolutely right. There's no excuse  
any of you can give me, and you don't  
deserve my forgiveness. But as much as  
the three of you are wrong, he's no  
better. The love of my life was  
sharing what was supposed to be  
exclusively mine. The father of my  
child I'll deliver was nothing more  
than-

Rashawn comes through the door holding some flowers and a big teddy bear, smiling ear to ear.

The ladies turn their attention to him.

The smile quickly turns into a look of bewilderment.

RASHAWN

What did I walk in on? Baby, why are you crying?

Myra gets up shaking her head, walking out the room.

Throwing the flowers and bear down, Rashawn looks at the women with hatred in his eyes.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)

What's wrong with my baby?

ROSE

She knows everything, and we all know that you slept with every woman in this room to satisfy your own selfish needs. We're no better, but you... you hurt her the worse.

Rashawn quickly makes his way to the bedroom.

While the ladies continue sitting on the sofa in shame, a loud crack is heard, followed by the sound of a body hitting the floor.

They quickly get up, and make their way to the bedroom, and another loud crack is heard.

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Myra is standing over Rashawn's unconscious body, holding a Louisville slugger.

Sadness with a touch of pleasure resides on Myra's face, breathing calm as if nothing ever happened.

The three women stand speechless as Myra turns her attention to them.

MYRA

Help me get him in the car.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WOODS - LATER**

A nice size fire good enough for us to see what's going on

burns slowly.

Rashawn is shirtless and gagged tied to a tree with a noose around his neck.

Rose is standing beside him rubbing the dull part of a machete up and down his abs.

Vickie and Stacy are standing in front of him holding nine-millimeters showing no emotions.

Myra is off to the side holding the rope for the noose.

Despite the situation he's in, there's an unnerved look of happiness on his face.

MYRA

Look at every woman's dream.

(Light laugh)

Well, since we're all here without you sneaking around telling one of us lies, laying your head with who you see fit for the night. Don't you feel like you're in a TIGHT spot?!

She pulls the rope, tightening the noose.

She holds it for a few seconds, and then releases it.

Slowly catching his breath, Rashawn remains calm, releasing a muffled laugh.

ROSE

Look at him! Knowing he's about to die, he's still an arrogant bastard! Why haven't we killed him yet?

VICKIE

I agree. Let's just kill him.

STACY

No. He deserves every bit of this. Killing him quickly will only give him the satisfaction of getting over on us.

Rashawn's muffled laugh grows louder.

ROSE

What's so funny?!



Rashawn continues laughing.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
I said what's so funny?!

She snatches the gag from his mouth.

As his laughter calms down, he looks at them smiling.

RASHAWN  
You're absolutely right. I am an  
arrogant bastard. Do you know why?  
It's because of women like all of you.

They all look at each other confused, and then back at him.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)  
I figured there would be silence. I  
also figured y'all would blame me  
instead of yourselves, or any of the  
women out here.  
(Laughs)  
Should I explain or is the killing  
about to start?

STACY  
There's nothing you can explain that  
will get you outta this. Just admit  
you're no good, and should be erased  
from this earth.

RASHAWN  
(Laughs)  
Strong words from a bitter woman who  
dated a married man for years. You  
ended up heartbroken thinking he would  
leave his wife, knowing he wasn't.  
That's why you're single. It has  
nothing to do with the fact a man  
doesn't deserve you. You just don't  
know what a good man is unless he's  
already taken.

The other women look at Stacy stunned.

Stacy lowers her head in shame.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)  
(Laughs)  
As tight as you ladies are, nobody  
knew that? Shall I continue?

VICKIE

How about you just shut up? Don't you think you've said and done enough?

RASHAWN

Says the woman three body counts away from sleeping with the entire area code. It confuses me how they don't know your phone stays dry because you're dried up, and used up. That's why you hang out with them. You can't go anywhere in the city without a whole block knowing you for one thing.

Vickie lowers her head in shame.

Rashawn begins laughing.

Fed up with how Rashawn is talking, Rose slams the machete in his left thigh.

His laughter turns into a brief scream as she twists the blade.

Doing his best holding back from moaning in pain, he just stares at her, smiling.

The other three women look shocked.

ROSE

Do you think you can continue dragging us through the mud? Is that what you really think?

RASHAWN

(Light laugh)

Oh, you're my favorite.

ROSE

Oh yeah?

RASHAWN

No doubt in my mind.

She snatches the blade from his leg, and cocks it back, ready to whack him across the mouth.

MYRA

Sis, no! Don't do it.

Rashawn stares at Rose smiling as she stares at him with rage

in her eyes.

Her hand is shaking, holding the blade anxious to kill him.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Come over here and hold the rope.

ROSE

Why are you sparing him?

MYRA

I'm not. Just come hold the rope,  
please.

Gaining her composure, she lowers the blade, but keeps her eyes on him.

ROSE

I can't wait until we kill you.

She spits in his face before walking off.

He licks the spit from his lip, laughing.

RASHAWN

Spitting is something new for you,  
ain't it?

She pauses in her tracks ready to turn around.

MYRA

Just come take the rope. It'll be over  
soon.

Standing there for a few more seconds debating on turning around, she finally continues walking over to Myra.

She takes the rope.

Myra takes the machete from her before making her way over to him.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

That's right, do what your big sister says. No matter how hard you try, you'll never be like her. You'll never have a man that'll love you for you. You have no idea who you are. That's why I picked her over you in the first place. You're nothing but looks and a

fun time.

(Laughs)

You three should be thankful you had a piece of me! I made you morons realize your true potential! If there was no me, you'd all still be dense!

The three women are silent.

Myra walks up in his face.

MYRA

And what am I?

RASHAWN

You're nothing like them.

MYRA

Why is that?

RASHAWN

Because you... it doesn't matter.

MYRA

It does. Apparently you slept with them, I guess to teach some type of lesson. Why did you sleep with me?

RASHAWN

...it wasn't about sleeping with you. You know that from college.

MYRA

What was it about?

RASHAWN

...Being in love for once in my life.

MYRA

(Soft chuckle)

You're in love with me, but you slept with them? Let me guess. They gave you something I couldn't?

Rashawn is silent, lowering his head.

She places a finger under his chin making him look up at her.

MYRA (CONT'D)

I know that's what you believed was true because they told me. Look.

Despite how serious I take things lately because of the pregnancy, you could've talked with me, just like we always used to talk. That's what truly being in love is all about. Communication. Never losing the love you share with your heart over bullshit, you know we can work through like we did everything else. You do know that, right?

With tears rolling down his face, he inhales deep, exhaling sorrow.

RASHAWN

...You're right.

MYRA

(Clicks tongue)

My handsome husband who is so poetic forgot his own words, and what made our paths that crossed gel into a marriage. But, I'll tell you something else. Granted I know these other two, but if we do or don't continue talking after this it's fine. But, my sister. My sister will always be in my life. Do you know why?

RASHAWN

...Because she was here before all of us, and she'll be there after us.

MYRA

See how we think just like men, if not twenty steps ahead? We wait to see how far things will go, letting you think we're stupid? Sad, sad thing. Our love was as easy as the air we're inhaling, but you opted to hold your breath. You're still holding your breath now.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, and then looks deep into his eyes.

MYRA (CONT'D)

I need one thing from you, baby.

RASHAWN

...Anything.

MYRA  
Tell me you love me.

RASHAWN  
I-

She places a finger to his lips.

MYRA  
-Not with your lips.

She steps back and to the side, clinching the machete tight.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
Just like when we were in college...  
speak the truth from the inside.

She cocks her arm back, and before he can get a word out, she swings with full force connecting with his stomach.

BLACK SCREEN:

We hear two gunshots, followed by the sound of his insides spilling onto the ground.

RASHAWN (V.O.)  
And there you have it. Or did things go the other way around? When a man cheats, he doesn't want his woman to find out. Not because of the fear of losing her. It's the shame of knowing he's fake, all up in her face swearing he loves her, while kissing her with another woman's pussy on his lips. The shit is sickening. So...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The rain is pouring down as Rashawn stabs Vickie to death inside of her car.

Stacy comes out of the front door of her house making her way down the stairs, when Rashawn comes up behind her from the side of the house wearing all-black and a ski mask.

Without hesitation, he shoots her in the back of the head.

Rashawn has Rose pinned up against the wall with a gun in her mouth.

As her tears flow, and sobs linger, he pulls the trigger with

ease blowing her brains out.

Rashawn has Myra pinned down on the bed, choking her.

She's trying her best to get free while his grip gets tighter.

RASHAWN

(Crying)

I killed them for you. Now... I gotta kill you, so you won't live with the pain I bestowed on you.

With a swift motion, he breaks her neck.

END OF MONTAGE:

BLACK SCREEN:

RASHAWN (V.O.)

The outcome truly doesn't matter. Every race, shape and sexuality goes through this. Some with ease, and some have tragic outcomes. Love places you in tight spots. You don't know what you'll do if you're hurt or if you hurt the person you love, unable to cope with the pain you caused.

#### **EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT**

Rashawn is sitting on the porch as he was before he started his walk.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

It's a man's world, yet Adam was deceived. Women come from men, yet they're blamed. But the first couple fell, and here we are.

He exhales, smiling.

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

Some truths go unquestioned because we're taught they're right. But, only two things are certain. You're born alone, and you'll die alone. So, is love a one-time deal? Do a man's emotions matter? Are we meant for one person?

He flicks the cigarette, stands up and enters the house.

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Rashawn pauses, taking his shoes off, inhaling a savory aroma.

He heads into the kitchen.

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Myra, in provocative lingerie, is cooking, smiling seductively.

RASHAWN

You got the house smelling just as good as you.

She sighs, clicking her tongue.

MYRA

And you're still using the same stale comments from the yesteryear.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

And you still love 'em.

MYRA

If that makes my husband feel good about his lame comments, yes. I'm over here soaking wet after that one.

RASHAWN

Oh, shit.

He scurries over towards her and she looks at him smiling, holding her hand up.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)

(Laughs)

What's up? You're soaking wet, and I'm thirsty. Why are you holding up my process?

MYRA

Boy, go sit your thirsty ass at the table. I'll give your face a full rinse if you act right.



RASHAWN

Do I have your word?

She blushes, hitting him lightly on the arm.

MYRA

If you don't go sit down, I'll change  
my mind.

RASHAWN

Just say you wanna finish cooking.  
That changing your mind shit is a lie.

With a serious face, she stares directly in his eyes.

MYRA

Do you wanna test those waters?

He extends his right hand towards her thighs, and she slaps  
his hand, releasing a soft laugh.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Rashawn.

RASHAWN

(Laughs)

Aight, I'll go take a seat.

He makes his way towards the table.

Myra laughs, returning back to cooking.

There's candles on the table, a bottle of wine and a platter  
with the lid over it resting in front of his chair.

Beside the platter there's a wine glass with an envelope  
propped up against it.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)

Look at this here. What's the special  
occasion?

She turns back looking at him.

MYRA

I can always cancel this shit and  
clean up. Are you about to let me  
cater to my King, or do you want me to  
treat you like a boy?

RASHAWN

Can I at least see the card inside the envelope?

MYRA

Goodnight.

RASHAWN

Okay, okay, I'll shut the fuck up.

MYRA

Thank you.

She returns back to cooking.

Rashawn takes his seat, and gets comfortable.

RASHAWN

One more question, and I won't say shit else.

Myra releases a sigh of joy, turning to look at him.

MYRA

And what would that be?

RASHAWN

How did you know I was coming back early?

MYRA

I do believe you're my husband, right?

RASHAWN

And you'll never have another one.

MYRA

Yes, God blessed me with the best man walking this earth. So by him doing that, I could never take it for granted. I know you inside and out like I do myself.

RASHAWN

That's so sweet.

MYRA

I knew that's something you'd like to hear.

(Laughs)

Truth is, when you go anywhere you

always tell me where you're going. You don't just up and leave.

RASHAWN

And just like that, my mood has been crushed.

MYRA

Stop crying, you big baby. Everything will still fall perfectly into place.

RASHAWN

We shall see.

Myra laughs as she makes her plate, and then comes to the table placing her plate down in front of her chair.

With the brightest smile as she moves down to Rashawn, she picks up the bottle of wine.

She pours him a nice size glass, and then places the bottle down.

Rashawn looks on at her smiling.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)

Does this mean it's time to eat?

MYRA

(Kisses his cheek)

What did I tell you?

Rashawn smiles, placing his hands in the air.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Now, can you pick up the envelope and see what's inside?

Placing his hands down, Rashawn picks up the envelope, opens it and removes the card.

The card is rather fancy and erotic.

Opening the card, he begins reading.

MYRA (CONT'D)

(Soft tone)

Can you read it aloud, please.

RASHAWN

You made me realize beauty is more

than appearance. Beauty is loving yourself, knowing no matter what, the person who loves you will never make you feel ugly. Not only do I thank you with my undying devotion... I give you my heart, which possesses my soul that's forever thankful I mated with yours.

Rashawn's eyes water up as he places the card down.

He looks at her doing his best to hold back the tears.

She's looking at him, smiling.

RASHAWN (CONT'D)  
That was wonderful, baby.

MYRA  
(Soft laugh)  
You're not the only poet in this house.

RASHAWN  
That's true. But-

MYRA  
(Laughs)  
-Don't even say it. We can have a little battle after we're done.

RASHAWN  
(Laughs)  
If you feel like losing, we can have at it.

MYRA  
Right. Are you ready for the rest?

RASHAWN  
Yes.

MYRA  
Pull your chair back, and just relax.

Without hesitating, Rashawn moves his chair.

Myra moves back over to the counter and fiddles around for a few seconds, moving some of the canisters out the way.

With her right arm, she moves it up towards her mouth, and

the way she tilts her head back, it would appear she swallowed something.

Lowering her arm, she turns back around facing him, holding a silk blue bandanna in her hand.

Seduction resides in each step she takes walking back towards him.

Rashawn watches her blushing.

When she reaches him, she straddles down on his lap with passion, and he releases a soft moan, staring into her eyes with intimacy.

MYRA (CONT'D)

We are one vessel. No one can ever part us. Therefore, I know you trust me as I trust you.

RASHAWN

You're the only woman I'll forever trust.

MYRA

Good. Close your eyes.

With a smile, he closes his eyes.

She wraps the scarf around his eyes, but doesn't tie it too tight.

Turning to look at the table, she removes the lid from the platter.

We see a small bowl of strawberries, a small bowl filled with whip cream and a small bowl filled with chocolate pudding. She takes one of the strawberries, and dips it inside the whip cream.

With a nice amount of cream on it, she faces him smiling.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Now... take your left hand, and place your fingertip on my lips.

RASHAWN

Huh?

MYRA

You trust me, right? Take your left

hand, and place your fingertip on my lips.

Shrugging up his shoulders, he goes along with what she asked.

One at a time, she seductively sucks on all of his fingers, except for the ring finger.

We hear soft moans coming from Rashawn.

She holds his ring finger with passion.

MYRA (CONT'D)

When you feel the warmth of my mouth on this finger, I want you to open your mouth.

He nods his head okay.

She removes the lid, and on the platter there's a bowl of strawberries, a bowl of chocolate syrup and a bowl of whip cream.

She picks up one of the strawberries.

Slowly... she places the finger in her mouth, while extending the strawberry towards his open mouth.

When he wraps his lips around the strawberry taking a bite, she places the whole finger in her mouth.

When she removes her mouth, his ring is gone.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Are you enjoying yourself, baby.

RASHAWN

(Soft tone)

Yes. What are you trying to do to me?  
And did you just-

She places a finger to his lips, silencing him.

MYRA

-I'm doing what any wife would do for her husband. It's not reassurance that you'll never leave me. You're a grown man, you'll do what you want, just like I'm a grown woman who can do whatever I want. All I'm doing is

expressing my devotion to you. It's up to you to decide if it's genuine.

We can see wet spots forming on the scarf from his tears.

He sniffles lightly, and then licks his lips.

RASHAWN

From the moment we met... I knew we would always remain good friends. But when we took that step you felt we should take...

(Sniffles)

I knew you would be the first and last woman I would ever love.

MYRA

And I feel the same way about you.

(Gives him a kiss)

Are you ready for the last part?

RASHAWN

Yes.

She turns around, and dips her finger in the chocolate, swirling it around for a few seconds.

When she takes her chocolate covered finger out, she places it in her mouth.

Dipping her finger into the chocolate one more time, she piles the pudding on nice and thick, and then dips it in the whip cream.

Facing him again, she places the chocolate covered finger towards his mouth, while picking up his left hand.

MYRA

Just like last time. When you feel the warmth from my mouth, open yours.

As before, she slowly places his finger in her mouth, and he opens his.

As she sucks on his finger, he sucks on hers.

Removing her mouth, we see there's an upgraded wedding ring on his finger.

Realizing what she's done, he's ready to remove the scarf, but she stops him.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Don't rush. Treat this like the first night I invited you into my dorm, and let me have control. You can resume your position as King when it's over. Okay?

RASHAWN

Okay, baby.

MYRA

The flavors you just tasted, I know you know what they are. But do you know why I used them?

RASHAWN

I'm listening.

MYRA

(Gives him a kiss)

The whip cream represents what you make me do effortlessly without having to perform at your best. You know how to treat my body the way I like it.

(Gives him a kiss)

The strawberry represents the warm, pink, juicy place we both know you love your face in, waiting for me to release the flavor you can't hold yourself back from swallowing down.

(Gives him a kiss)

The chocolate represents the woman who loves you with her entire being, and will never allow another man to take your position. Making it seem like I prepared us a nice meal was a ploy. Even with that being said, I didn't have to go through these extremes. I just wanted to do something new for my King, since I've been acting like a bitch.

RASHAWN

In this world or the next... you'll never be a bitch in my eyes.

MYRA

(Gives him a kiss)

I know. Close your eyes, I'm about to remove the blindfold.



She removes the blindfold from his eyes.

He keeps them closed for a few more seconds before finally opening them.

When his sight clears up, he sees her holding his left hand up with the new ring she placed on his finger.

Words can't express the emotions racing through his body, embracing his wife tight.

RASHAWN

(Sobbing)

I love you so much.

MYRA

Our love is inseparable. What did you tell me after our first night experiencing each other?

He releases her, looking into her tear filled eyes identical to his.

RASHAWN

(Sobbing)

Your soul helped me release my past, allowing yours to guide me into a better future.

MYRA

And I'll never lead you astray because your soul is walking side by side with mine, helping me understand the same concept.

They begin making out, passionately.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

It's crazy how a person can love you as much as you love them. But as my wife said... an adult will do whatever they wanna do, and there's nothing you can do to stop them. The key to what she said is if you truly love someone, no one else will ever cross your mind because they can't compare to the one who has your entire being, the same as you have theirs.

They continue making out.

It gets deeply intimate as the screen...

SLOWLY DISSOLVES:

**INT. RASHAWN AND MYRA'S - BEDROOM - LATER**

Rashawn and Myra are lying in bed under the covers.

Myra has her leg wrapped around his waist, with her head on his chest.

Rashawn is propped up on his pillow with a look of satisfaction.

His arm is wrapped around Myra in a loving manner.

A movie can be heard on the television, but neither of them are paying attention.

MYRA

Did you enjoy yourself, baby.

RASHAWN

I enjoy myself every day knowing  
you'll be laying in my arms at night.

MYRA

That's good. I love you.

RASHAWN

I love you, too.

The two remain in the same position watching television until they doze off.

RASHAWN (V.O.)

That's my story. So, do you only  
experience genuine love once? Does a  
man's emotions matter? Are we meant  
for one person, or should we be able  
to have as many mates as we want?  
Well, I can tell you love is based on  
how you love yourself. A man who  
values his emotions knows who he can  
and can't share them with. If he  
doesn't value his own emotions, why  
would anyone else? People sleep around  
because they gave their love and  
emotions away too many times, so now  
they're heartless and prefer being  
single without a need for love or

emotions.

(Sighs)

So, when you look at someone else wondering "Why are they in love with a person who cheats on them? Or how are they in love with someone who beats on them, and so on?" That's how they feel they should be treated, which in their eyes is love. It may seem strange but in the same breath, those same people are looking at you wondering "How do you accept the complete opposite claiming you're in love?" Genuine love is mating with the person who will treat you the same way you'd treat yourself. After all... you can't love someone else without loving yourself first. In my opinion... you truly only experience genuine love once. Once you have it, you hold on to it. If you lose it, you can always get it back if both parties are willing to mend it.

(Low chuckle)

And if a man's emotions don't matter, you can't get mad if he cheats on you considering whatever you put him through. People only feel like they need multiple mates if the one at home makes them feel like it's not a home.

The two drift off to sleep, while the program on television is still heard.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

END CREDITS: