



BLISSFUL HORROR & SCI FI

Bernard Mersier

FADE IN:

INT. THE BEDROOM - DUSK

The sunset looks marvelous in the suburban neighborhood. A person watches the children playing through an open window.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

The warmth of the beautiful sunset  
embraces the neighborhood with love.

(Sigh of joy)

Nobody is worried about other people's  
affairs. This is beautiful.

DEATH (V.O.)

Do you really believe those lies?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Your words mean nothing.

DEATH (V.O.)

My words are your life. There's no  
consequence to the illusion you  
display. Here's an example.

The scenery quickly turns chaotic, with heavy rain mixing  
with thunder.

The window gets slammed shut by a person with mutilated  
hands, dripping blood.

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

(Evil laugh)

Fear shouldn't budge your beliefs.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

This isn't real.

DEATH (V.O.)

Your existence and the way you think  
are the facade. Your life would have  
meaning if you accepted the real  
world.

The person moves toward the computer desk. There's an open  
laptop displaying a cool screensaver.

A bottle of whiskey that's almost gone, a pack of cigarettes,  
some joints, a lighter, an ashtray, and a glass filled with  
liquor are also on the desk.

The person picks up the glass and downs the liquor.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

That's what I needed.

DEATH (V.O.)

Your mind is telling you that. But in my world... The real world. Once intoxicated, you morph into your true character.

The person pours another glass and drinks it.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Leave me alone. Return to your misery.

DEATH (V.O.)

You're in misery, and I'm the truth. You deny me so you can blend in.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Continue speaking your lies. In a matter of seconds, I'll block you out like I always do.

DEATH (V.O.)

Hm. Well, let's look at this proclaimed perfect world.

The person grabs at their head in pain. Visions of people performing random acts of violence go through the person's mind.

When the visions are over, the person releases a soft sigh of pain.

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

(Evil laugh)

Does it make you sick to have to face the truth?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Everybody doesn't behave in that manner. Some people can handle being intoxicated.

DEATH (V.O.)

That's a delicate excuse, but what does it matter, right?

Moving towards the bed, the person grabs the remote

controller for the television.

The person's vision is a little distorted. The person sits on the bed.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

It doesn't matter. You... you'll be gone.

DEATH (V.O.)

Reality is starting to set in. Are you realizing what I'm saying is right?

The person tries to turn on the television, but nothing happens.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

I'll never believe what you display.

DEATH (V.O.)

Right. So, what's wrong with the television?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Maybe it's for the best, so I won't see the negativity you want me to see.

DEATH (V.O.)

Wait, wait, wait. Negativity?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

YES! Television is corrupting the world.

DEATH (V.O.)

That's ironic. Because you support what television displays.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

I support people who love and appreciate life. TV creates chaos.

DEATH (V.O.)

Why can't you admit you support what you claim to hate?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Believe what you want.

The television begins flickering on and off.

HUMANITY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 What's going on?

The person picks up the remote and tries to turn the television off.

DEATH (V.O.)  
 You can't solve the problem, so look  
 at what you support.

On television, racial clips are playing, intertwining with interviews with serial killers and riot videos. The television goes black.

The person sucks their teeth, disgusted.

DEATH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 What is it about the truth you can't  
 handle?

HUMANITY (V.O.)  
 Show me the truth! I can't handle the  
 nonsense you're saying. You know I...  
 (Chuckles)  
 Why am I letting you get to me? Why am  
 I not in control of this situation?

The person walks back over to the computer desk. Picking up one of the joints and the lighter, the person lights the joint and releases a sigh of pleasure.

DEATH (V.O.)  
 Here we go again. No matter how much  
 you drink and smoke, it won't remove  
 the truth.

The person moves to the bed and sits, picking up the phone.

HUMANITY (V.O.)  
 Yap, yap, yap. You're the only one  
 listening, so keep talking.

DEATH (V.O.)  
 Something else you people love. You  
 can't speak about yourselves, but  
 you'll talk about other people. You  
 complain about issues. But you won't  
 make an effort to change.

The person tries to turn the phone on, but the screen remains black.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Are you doing something with my phone?

DEATH (V.O.)

Maybe--

HUMANITY (V.O.)

I wasn't asking. I was speaking aloud.

The person looks down at the phone and sees that it's on.

DEATH (V.O.)

Look at you. You're ready to blame somebody else for your own actions.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Can you be quiet?

DEATH (V.O.)

Did you know gossiping is a sin?  
That's probably why the call isn't going through.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

I never knew gossip was a sin. My call isn't going through because of the weather.

DEATH (V.O.)

The weather? What's wrong with the weather?

The person glances at the window, and it's a peaceful night. Looking back down at the phone, the person sees the battery is dead.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Nope. Nope, I'm not about to play this game with you.

DEATH (V.O.)

Game? What kind of game would that be?

The person drops the phone on the bed and then moves over to the computer desk.

The person picks up the bottle and takes a gulp before preparing to type on the laptop.

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

It's the core of life. The one thing

that makes people like you feel you're better than everybody else. The internet.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

The internet is a source of information and a way to connect with people you haven't seen in years. This is the most beautiful thing to grace the world.

DEATH (V.O.)

For once, you actually said something true. Yes, the internet is a beautiful source of information and a way to connect with family and friends. But that's not why you use it.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

I know what I do on the internet.

DEATH (V.O.)

I do, too.

Hate messages clog the screen. The person is desperately trying to turn off the laptop, but the various hateful things on different sites continue popping up.

The person slams the laptop close, breathing heavily.

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

(Laughs)

The internet. A delightful circus of ignorance.

Snatching the drawer open, the person reaches inside and receives a shock.

The person looks inside the drawer and sees the Holy Bible.

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

(Evil laugh)

What made you think you could touch that?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

I can touch it. I don't know what you're doing to prevent me from touching it, but I know I can read the scriptures to get back on track.

DEATH (V.O.)

How can I prevent you from anything if my words mean nothing and I don't exist?

(Laughs)

You kill me. When things don't go your way, the Bible is the first thing you reach for. You pick the sections that fit what you're going through and run with them. You don't have true faith.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

The Bible is salvation when you have too much to deal with. The words remind us we can triumph over you.

DEATH (V.O.)

Triumph over me?

(Laughs)

Is that the reason why people behave the way they do? I guess accountability is non-existent.

The person picks up the bottle and takes a deep swig. When the person tries to place the bottle back, it falls on the floor.

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

That's my fault, too?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Of course, it's your fault. You're.

(Retching)

You're the--

Trying to hold back from hurling, the person dashes towards the bathroom.

Finally reaching the toilet, the vomit comes forth with force.

After a few more seconds, the person stops hurling and flushes the toilet.

Breathing heavily, the person turns the hot water on in the shower.

DEATH (V.O.)

You don't look so hot.

With a quick clearing of the throat, the person turns and



spits in the toilet.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

I'll be fine after my shower. Make myself something to eat and get some rest. I'll be refreshed in the morning.

DEATH (V.O.)

Oh, you'll be far from refreshed or saved.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

I don't care what you think. Once I get into this shower, you will no longer exist.

With fully distorted vision, the person tests the temperature and quickly pulls their hand back.

The person attempts to move into the shower and staggers back, almost falling to the floor.

After gaining their balance, the person faces the sink with their head down.

The person looks up into the all-black mirror as the steam fills the room.

DEATH (V.O.)

(Evil laugh)

My moment doesn't end until I collect what's due.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

What's going on?

DEATH (V.O.)

Why are things that matter bypassed?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Things that matter? What...

The person extends a finger towards the mirror, and when it touches, ripples begin forming.

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

(Deep gasp)

What the hell is going on?

As the ripples expand, blood slowly drips from the bottom.

The person quickly pulls back, and while the blood continues spilling, skulls from infants, children, and preteens start falling out.

DEATH (V.O.)

Is there an excuse for people who molest, rape, and kill children?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

No. Taking advantage of a child is inexcusable. Sometimes--

DEATH (V.O.)

Are you implying that the only consequence should be time in jail? What about the parents who focus on sex and money instead of their children? What should happen to them?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

That's nowhere near what I'm saying. People who place children in situations and people who take advantage of children deserve some form of punishment. But I don't think death is the answer.

DEATH (V.O.)

This might sound cruel, but what happens to the children in the world? It's because of people like you. Why would you let a child act grown and then become furious when a pervert takes advantage? It's poetic, wouldn't you think?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

No, it's not poetic. People have the right to dress their children how they feel. No adult should take a child's looks and behavior on that level seriously.

DEATH (V.O.)

So, is the child the one to blame?

In the mirror, various men and women are on different playgrounds, attempting to lure children to them while their parents are paying attention to something else.

While the parent sleeps, their date is preparing to rape

their child.

Grieving families are on social media looking for their missing preteens.

The mirror returns to black. The bathroom is steamy, with blood and bones covering the floor, along with used condoms, empty birth control boxes, pills, handcuffs, syringes, latex gloves, and various lubricants.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

What's happening to me?

DEATH (V.O.)

The thoughts you try to lock away are spilling into your reality. These are perfect alibis for a rapist.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

No. No, no, no! You can't combine pleasure with rape. Rapists have no age limit or remorse. Consensual adults engage in fantasies that make them happy.

DEATH (V.O.)

How can you tell the difference between consent and rape? It seems like the two words are the same. Once you allow something you wouldn't usually do, a man will want to take it to a different extreme with each encounter. He wouldn't think it was rape. He's used to women role-playing. He believes women who say "no" really mean "yes." It's a game.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Stop! Make this stop! This is not life! Stop trying to make me believe what you're saying and showing.

DEATH (V.O.)

You don't believe everything I'm showing and telling? How else would I be able to speak on these topics or show you these images if you didn't believe me?

HUMANITY (V.O.)

Because you're a master of deception.

You prey on the weak. I'm not weak!  
All I have to do is wake up from this  
nightmare.

(Slaps head)

Wake up! Wake up, wake up, wake up!

DEATH (V.O.)

For once, you can finally say you're  
awake. Blocking the truth is when  
you're asleep, believing you're awake.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

(Heavy breathing)

Focus. Regain your focus and wake up.

The person begins saying a prayer.

DEATH (V.O.)

Why are you praying? You're about to  
meet whoever your maker is.

An identical hand comes from the mirror holding a 38, snub  
nose, cocking the hammer, causing the person to stop praying  
and look down the barrel.

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

Paradise dwells in the minds of those  
in denial, such as yourself. People  
seeking peace are the ones destroying  
the world. A criminal is honest with  
their life, not ashamed of their  
actions. They believe time isn't  
precious, but they need enough to  
change before their demise. At one  
point in life, there was balance. How  
do people hate the next person who  
looks and acts just like them? Why do  
people who don't follow the leader get  
viewed as enemies? That's how the  
world revolves nowadays.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

That's... That's not true. The people--

DEATH (V.O.)

Why not tell people upfront, "Once I'm  
in a position of power, I'll reveal my  
true character?" The world is in peril  
because of selfish people like you,  
but your followers don't register that

until it hits home and you're not there to support them.

HUMANITY (V.O.)

The world will change. In time, the world--

DEATH (V.O.)

What does a coward do when they no longer have money or followers to continue their carnage?

The light flickers for a few seconds, and then it goes black. When the lights come back on, there's a man wearing boxers standing in the clean, steamy bathroom, holding the snub nose to his head.

The character begins flipping between men and women of different races, ages, and sizes before the light goes off and a gunshot is fired.

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

They come running to me, hoping the pain will end, not knowing this is just the beginning.

BLACK SCREEN:

"You can't produce a solution when you constantly add to the problem." ~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS:

FADE IN:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Although the candles placed around the room are the only source of light, you can tell the bathroom is fancy. Jeanquál is inside an old-fashioned cast iron tub, soaking in a milk bath.

The handsome man in his early thirties has perfectly arched dark eyebrows, mysterious blue eyes, and slicked-back Auburn hair.

He licks his cherry-red lips with confidence.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

(French accent)

Everyone has a beginning. When you

enter the middle, you really don't care about how it ends. That's the case for most people. I need to know the beginning. That way, I'll know how to treat the woman who deserves my love. The taste of a woman's breath coating your mouth is indescribable. When her eyes taste every inch of your body, it's breath-taking. The texture of her lips speaks about her life.

(Deep breath)

Jealousy consumes you, but you can enjoy drinking the glory, knowing you're her last. That's why I have to know the beginning of a woman's story.

He slowly stands up from the tub, and the milk drips down his chiseled, hairless body.

He stands there for a few seconds before stepping out of the tub.

Approaching the sink, he stares at his reflection, rubbing the milk into his skin provocatively.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've had my share of women bathing in the joys of their happiness. But leaving my everlasting image seared into their souls is what matters.

He leaves the bathroom and walks down the dim hallway, passing various paintings on the wall before coming to his bedroom door and walking in.

He steps into the all-white room. The only furniture is his king-size bed, a wall mirror, and a mirror covering the entire ceiling.

He lays down on the bed and gets under the cover, placing his hands behind his head.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Finding the perfect piece is hard. Just when you think you did, you'll see one that's better. I feel the same way about women. They say there's no perfect woman, but that's not true. The key is to find the one who believes she's perfect for you and then make her prove why.

INT. THE OFFICE - MORNING

Jeanquál is standing in front of one of the paintings in deep thought, wearing a lavender-colored suit.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

All women want love. Women are like art. Some are vibrant. Some are only worth a glance. Plain women have a beauty that only a non- shallow person will notice.

(Scoffs)

It makes me wonder why certain men become enraged when a woman turns them down. Accept that you weren't what she was looking for and carry on with life. In the same breath, I don't care why women turn other men down. I just know if I see a woman I want, I can accommodate her to get what I need.

He goes behind his desk and takes a seat. His secretary, Maggie, comes in.

She's a fair-skinned woman with long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail. She walks over to Jeanquál, staring at him with lust in her eyes.

JEANQUÁL

Yes.

MAGGIE

Your client said he's changing his appointment from 1:00 to 3:00.

JEANQUÁL

Thanks for the reminder, but he already called me with the information.

MAGGIE

Oh. Oh, okay, well... I was reminding you.

JEANQUÁL

Thank you.

Maggie continues staring at him.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

Is there anything else?

MAGGIE

Can I ask you something?

JEANQUÁL

Shoot.

MAGGIE

Do you find me attractive?

JEANQUÁL

(Soft laugh)

Have you ever heard the phrase, "If you have to ask, you shouldn't be in the establishment?"

MAGGIE

What does that have to do with what I asked?

JEANQUÁL

Well, it's the same thing. If you're asking a man if he finds you attractive, more than likely, you know you're not his taste. Honestly, yes, you're my type. Yes, you're very attractive. You're just missing what I look for in a woman.

MAGGIE

And what would that be?

JEANQUÁL

What would you gain from going on a date with me?

MAGGIE

I am certainly not trying to sleep with you. That's the furthest thing on my mind. I'm just--

JEANQUÁL

You're lying. Sleeping with me is your goal. That's why you asked that question. Maggie, there's a man out there who would love to be with you, but I'm not him. Don't take offense. Just reevaluate your approach.

With no further words, Maggie makes her way out of the room.



JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

(Snickers)

See what I mean? Maggie is a vibrant painting. If she could handle the change I would bring into her life, I would give her the attention she deserves. Maggie traps men easily because of her looks. They think they got over on her, not seeing she already got over them and moved on after getting what she wanted.

(Laughs)

Searching for companionship using sex results in failure, but when you gain trust, that ties everything together for a complete relationship.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MALL - AFTERNOON

During the afternoon inside the crowded mall, Jeanquál is alone at a table, eating Chinese food with a beverage beside his container.

As Jeanquál continues eating, he scans the women walking around.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

Look at the lovely flowers. Men didn't nourish them right. You can tell by a woman's walk and how she talks if you don't believe me.

(Sighs)

I wish I could have them all. That's every man's dream, although the majority of them lie. If you've been paying attention, you know I lied. I can't submit my love to every woman I pick if she's not willing to accept the change I'll bring.

Gathering his trash, he stands up and throws it away. When he turns around, a voluptuous Caucasian woman in her mid-twenties with red box braids wearing a crop top and skimpy shorts is in front of him, blushing.

WOMAN

How are you doing today?

JEANQUÁL

I can't complain. And yourself?

WOMAN

I feel the same way. I just noticed you from afar, and I had to speak.

JEANQUÁL

Really? Why is that?

WOMAN

A handsome man. Well dressed. Eating alone. You need a wife in your life.

JEANQUÁL

How do you know I don't have a wife?

She looks at his hand for a wedding ring.

WOMAN

Where's your ring?

JEANQUÁL

Would it make a difference if I was wearing it or not?

WOMAN

Of course.

JEANQUÁL

It wouldn't. I highly doubt you would notice if I was wearing a ring from afar.

(Laughs)

I do give you credit for trying.

Walking off, he laughs, shaking his head. He continues through the mall, observing the women with a smirk. Coming to a designer suit store, he shrugs his shoulders and walks inside.

The cashier, Jennie, catches a glimpse of Jeanquál and likes what she sees.

She's slim, with long blond hair and a porcelain face of perfection.

She adjusts her clothes and then comes from behind the counter, making her way over toward Jeanquál.

While Jeanquál scans through the suits, Jennie comes up

behind him.

JENNIE

That would look perfect on you.

Jeanquál keeps his eyes on the suits.

JEANQUÁL

What makes you say that?

JENNIE

Broad shoulders. Thick arms. Why wouldn't it?

JEANQUÁL

(Snickers)

Do you think so? You haven't fully registered my face, but you think this is perfect for me? Are you trying to sucker me in with your "sell pitch," or can you truly stand by the words you spoke?

JENNIE

Apparently, I noticed your face first. Does that answer your question?

Jeanquál turns around, looking at her with a slight smirk.

JEANQUÁL

Well, to be perfectly honest, it wouldn't look good on me because it's cheap.

JENNIE

Cheap? This is an \$8,000 suit.

JEANQUÁL

And this one is twenty, custom-made.

JENNIE

Twenty-thousand? So, why are you--

JEANQUÁL

I like to compare. On a better note, 9875 Brink Road. My name is Jeanquál.

JENNIE

"Jeanquál." Is that French?

JEANQUÁL

Yes.

JENNIE

Very nice. But why are you giving me your address?

JEANQUÁL

Cutting straight to the point. You said you weren't giving me a sales pitch. It's obvious you'd like me to make you dinner.

JENNIE

I love the cocky attitude.

JEANQUÁL

Cocky and confidence are two completely different things. If I thought you were easy, I would've suggested meeting you at a cheap motel.

(He caresses her face)

Dinner will be ready by eight. Don't come later than 8:20. I wouldn't want the food to start getting cold.

JENNIE

Do you have that much trust to give a random woman your address?

JEANQUÁL

I know where you work, Jennie, so I look forward to seeing you later. You can tell me more about yourself when you arrive.

Jeanquál walks off. Jennie stands, blushing.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A lovely painting hangs above the fireplace, where a fire is crackling.

A bottle of champagne, one fancy candle, champagne glasses, and a bowl of sliced strawberries are some of the things on the table.

In front of each chair, there's a plate of salad on the side

of their meal, which consists of medium-rare lamb chops, squash, and asparagus. Footsteps are heard.

JENNIE (O.S.)

This is a lovely home. What do you do?

JEANQUÁL (O.S.)

Homes don't have genuine beauty. They change the moment a flaw is seen. I'm an art consultant.

The two come into the room. Jeanquál is wearing a plum button-up shirt with matching slacks.

Jennie is wearing a fitted black dress with costume jewels embroidered on it.

JENNIE

That explains why you have all of the paintings.

JEANQUÁL

They change at the end of every month. As I said, you always need something new.

The two walk to the table, and Jeanquál pulls Jennie's chair out, allowing her to sit.

JENNIE

That's why you invited me to your house? Something new to try and get in bed.

Jeanquál picks up the champagne bottle and pours her a glass.

JEANQUÁL

Would you like a strawberry?

JENNIE

Clever way of avoiding my question. Yes, I'll have one.

JEANQUÁL

I never avoid anything. Manners always come before satisfying a person's needs.

JENNIE

Oh really?

Jeanquál uses some tongs to remove a strawberry from the bowl and place it in her champagne.

JEANQUÁL

Yes.

JENNIE

(Takes a sip)

Hm.

Taking the champagne bottle down to his seat, Jeanquál pours himself a glass.

He takes his seat and then locks his eyes on Jennie.

JEANQUÁL

So, tell me? Who made you believe men only want sex from women?

JENNIE

Why can't I naturally feel this way?

JEANQUÁL

No woman naturally feels all men are the same. She either has father issues or was taught to think that way. Or... Even if she's been with one man or had her fair share, one of them created the thought. Now...

(Cuts a piece of lamb chop)

Which is it?

JENNIE

Well... He wasn't my first love, but he was my first.

JEANQUÁL

Not only did he uproot your delicate flower, he also took your sane view of men.

JENNIE

That's a polite way of putting it.

JEANQUÁL

Agreed. I know how you feel. My first love tarnished me, but I didn't allow it to consume me with negative thoughts about women.

JENNIE

What did it create inside of you?

JEANQUÁL

It heightened my desire to help women seeking love. It also helped me learn how to approach every woman I encounter.

JENNIE

Hm. Do, tell.

JEANQUÁL

Let's exchange stories while we eat. As I said in the store, you don't want your food to get cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

An hour goes by, and the only things remaining on the table are their glasses, the strawberries, and the champagne.

JENNIE

I must say, you're an interesting man, Jeanquál.

JEANQUÁL

Not as interesting as you, Jennie. I'm glad we had our talk. My first thought about you was not far off from what I was thinking.

JENNIE

What were you thinking?

JEANQUÁL

You're a woman seeking true pleasure for once in her life. But now I know you want true love and sexual satisfaction.

JENNIE

I like where this is going. Why do you believe I've never been satisfied?

JEANQUÁL

You were probably close. Unfortunately, it fell to the wayside right when you were about to reach it.

JENNIE

What makes you say that?

JEANQUÁL

After listening to your stories, it's clear you tried to reach this experience with the wrong man.

JENNIE

Let me guess. You're the right man, huh?

JEANQUÁL

I'm just Jeanquál, a man showing you a lovely evening. I can pose a question, and that will give you the answer you're seeking.

JENNIE

What's the question?

JEANQUÁL

(Takes a sip)

Do you know what ignites a man's loins to sleep with a woman?

JENNIE

(Seductive laugh)

A man's loins? I didn't expect to hear that one.

JEANQUÁL

You won't expect the actual answer once you respond.

JENNIE

Aside from seeing a beautiful body and five minutes of his own enjoyment, no. No, I can't say I know the answer.

JEANQUÁL

The everlasting image of his orgasm seared into her eyes.

JENNIE

(Takes a sip)

I'm sorry, what did you say?

JEANQUÁL

The everlasting image a man sears on the back of a woman's eyes. That's



what he desires when he thinks about sleeping with her.

JENNIE

That's hard to swallow. Men love more than one position, so how will he leave his image if the position isn't missionary?

JEANQUÁL

That response can prevent you from finding out. I say this because...

(Takes a sip)

There was a question you should have asked first.

The two keep their eyes locked on each other.

JENNIE

...What?

JEANQUÁL

How does a man know he'll make a woman have an orgasm at the exact moment he reaches his?

JENNIE

How does he know?

Standing up from his chair with his eyes still locked on her, he moves towards her with his fingertips barely touching the linen on the table.

Once he reaches her, he places a comforting hand on her shoulder, and with the other, he gently places it under her chin, making her look up at him.

A tear prepares to fall, and he quickly places a finger under her eye, halting the process.

JEANQUÁL

The moisture in her eyes. That's why I couldn't allow the teardrop to fall. Every drop coming from a woman's body should be conjoined with the man she's sleeping with. As far as the positions, well...

He stands her up and then steps behind her. Holding her by the waist, he nestles his face against her neck as she closes her eyes.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

You can mount a woman and give her thrusts, listening to what you believe are genuine moans.

His grip tightens, but he remains passionate, slowly moving his hands up her sides, stopping underneath her breast.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

A woman can straddle a man, looking down at him as if she's conquering him with her warmth. Her image can be etched on his eyes, but his eyes are closed, enjoying the sensation.

Moving his hands up across her breasts, he cuffs them just enough to make her moan before continuing up to her shoulders.

He massages them for a moment and then glides his hands down her arms to her hands, clutching them while softly kissing her neck.

Releasing one of her hands, he turns her around and then grabs hold of her waist while keeping the other hand clutched.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

The two positions I named can be flipped to reflect the desires of the people engaging in sexual deeds. A woman can ride a man sideways or backward, and truthfully, if you're standing up, she's still riding him. A man can have a woman on her knees, on the side, or lying flat on her stomach, and it's still considered the doggy-style position. But when it comes to the missionary position...

He applies a soft kiss to her neck. She tries to kiss him, but he moves back.

JENNIE

What's wrong?

JEANQUÁL

I can't kiss you now. Kissing you now will ruin our anticipation of being in the missionary position.

JENNIE

But you said the wetness of a woman shouldn't go to waste. What are you going to do about the dampness in my panties?

JEANQUÁL

A delicatessen I'll enjoy before we engage. Considering I don't see a pantyline or signs of a thong, I hope none of my pleasures stained the chair. Now, shall I continue, or are we ending this night with a mere kiss and good conversation?

JENNIE

Do you promise to fulfill all of what you're saying?

JEANQUÁL

Only if you climax with me.

JENNIE

I can do that if you deliver.

JEANQUÁL

It's already delivered. My entrance inside of you will open the package you yearn for.

JENNIE

Why can't we do it right here? Let's see if you can validate your words.

JEANQUÁL

The dining room is for meals only. Consuming a woman can only be performed in the bedroom. Her essence will fill you up as her body constricts around you without restraints.

(Gives her a delicate kiss)

That's how a man can watch as the image sears on the back of her eyes before she rests.

He grips her left thigh, lifting it up so it's properly resting on his waist.

JENNIE

What do you want to do to me?

JEANQUÁL

I can only do what you allow me to do.

JENNIE

We should be heading to your room.

JEANQUÁL

Follow me.

Releasing her thigh, he walks toward the spiral staircase heading upstairs, and she follows behind him.

As they walk up the stairs, she admires the various paintings on the wall.

JENNIE

These are some nice pieces.

JEANQUÁL

They're decent. It's the value that makes them stand out, not the creation.

JENNIE

So, if you don't like the work, why did you buy them?

JEANQUÁL

They inspire me with the piece I'm creating.

JENNIE

I would love to see it.

Reaching the top of the stairs, he pauses at the first door that's already open.

JEANQUÁL

In due time.

(He extends his hand)

Shall we?

The room is all black, lit by the Roman candles placed around the room. There's more artwork on the walls and a king-size bed covered with black satin sheets.

Jeanquál is taking his shirt off as he follows behind Jennie, approaching the bed.

She prepares to sit, and he quickly grabs her hand, turning her around.

JEANQUÁL (CONT'D)

It's not proper for a woman to just lie on the bed. She should be properly stimulated, and then the man should place her on the bed.

JENNIE

Let the stimulation commence.

They engage in a passionate kiss. She digs her nails into his back while he places his hands under her dress, caressing her thighs.

The deeper they get into it, he lifts one of her legs up on his waist.

She kisses him deeper, hopping up and wrapping her legs around him.

While holding her up, he begins kissing her neck, increasing her moans and the grip on his back.

JEANQUÁL

Are you ready for me to lay you down?

JENNIE

Yes. Yes.

He places her down and then gets down on his knees, placing one of her legs on his shoulder, causing her to grab hold of his head.

Just when she thinks she's about to receive some oral pleasure, he places the other leg on his shoulder and then lifts her up just enough to slam her forward on the bed. Her scream haunts the room after being impaled by the mini-spears he had placed under the sheets.

As she slowly dies, Jeanquál looks on with a smile, slowly leaning down into her face. She coughs up blood. It lands on his face.

He delightfully licks it off. Jeanquál gives her a kiss and then pulls back, smiling.

JEANQUÁL

Your pitiful search for love ends now, my dove. My love will be the last thing you remember before your soul moves on, with a piece of me with you. But don't worry.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BASEMENT - LATER

Jeanquál is sitting in front of an easel, naked, looking at the picture of a woman he created using the irises of the women he killed.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.)

My beautiful women joined together,  
creating my masterpiece. The desire  
they had for me remains in their eyes.  
And even in death, I'm the only image  
they'll ever see.

In his creepy basement, various women are cemented to the walls with their eyes missing.

JEANQUÁL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I love you all.

FADE TO BLACK:

END CREDITS:

FADE IN:

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - AFTERNOON

The air is thick with black smoke from the burning buildings. Screams and gunshots echo throughout the chaotic streets. Charred and mutilated bodies are everywhere. It's pure anarchy. A person wearing an all-black hoodie, black leather gloves, black jeans, and a mask stands on a building near the ledge, watching the madness below.

Red question marks, random Bible scriptures, and leather straps are what the mask is made of.

DELUSION (V.O.)

This is beauty. A symphony of chaos is delightfully playing in my ears. Look at them, eating the truth the internet hid from them. Mankind is finally coming to an end. They installed their faith in the Bible but aligned their souls with the internet.

(Scoffs)

Then again, who's to say the words in the Bible are true? A book that's been recreated over a million times, just

like the true God's ruling the world now. We reached our peak, taking over this useless world. These people judge each other, ignoring what they created, waiting to exterminate them. The apocalypse has arrived. They're seeking God and pleading for salvation. Now, they're focused on the well-being of their lives and families, but it's too late. The God they created is the only absolute truth and salvation. Look at them trying to resist the agonizing pleasure of death they brought upon themselves.

The person removes the mask, and underneath lies a cyborg with glowing red eyes and pieces of human flesh falling off.

DELUSION (V.O.)

What they created for an easier way of life is why their species will end up extinct.

The chaos continues as the cyborg releases a sinister laugh before jumping off the building.

END CREDITS:

BLACK SCREEN:

### **Rapture**

: an expression or manifestation of ecstasy or passion.

: a state or experience of being carried away by overwhelming emotion.

: a mystical experience in which the spirit is exalted to a knowledge of divine things, often capitalized.

: the final assumption of Christians into heaven during the end-time according to Christian theology.

"A woman's tears are silent humor until the punchline is digested."

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

EXT. THE BEACH - AFTERNOON

It's partially cloudy, but the sun still looks amazing, glistening off the ripples.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.)

Until you've tasted bloody tears of joy and inhaled the cold air of misery, people will always squander what they claim to love. People walk around with open eyes, refusing to admit they're asleep. But why should I care? Well, when all you know is love, what can you do?

Moving further down the beach where the rocks are resting, the sound of waves crashing is soothing.

The visual gives a sensational vibe of Mother Earth sitting on one of the rocks wearing a sultry white sundress and sandals.

Her dark brown eyes resemble melting chocolate.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sleep. Sleep is for those who love hearing things instead of experiencing the pleasures for themselves. The orgasmic rush of belief takes away the joy, which is why people can't handle pain.

(She sighs)

"Pain." A word people swear they've experienced, having no idea what pain truly is. Pain is a mere flesh wound. Imagine being suffocated with no way you can save your life. Of course, this can be prevented, but just like people believe everything they hear or read, when reality comes into play, the flesh wounds become present.

(Chuckles softly)

The infected lacerations remain open. People continuously ask, "Why me, why me?" When the end game comes, they realize they should've been asking, "Why didn't I do something to prevent what happened?" That's what "pain" is. It's not what you allow someone to inflict on you. It's blaming anything and everybody but yourself.



She closes her eyes, letting her body embrace the peaceful atmosphere. When she opens them, the agony is revealed as she takes her sandals off.

Standing up from the rock, she gracefully walks to the water, slowly stepping in.

As she moves deeper into the waters, only allowing it to come beneath her knees, she pauses and inhales the air. She looks down at her reflection.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Surrounding yourself with life means nothing if you don't know what your life is worth. In my opinion, life is like water. It's required to flourish, cleanse, and give you something to admire. But it's taken for granted. It becomes polluted with toxins, bodies, excrement, and buried truths. It's cleansed when it's time to be filled with new pollution.

(She scoffs)

"Recycle." The word is viewed and used with one meaning. Not seeing the word is a reflection of oneself, just like the water. No matter what you do to it. It always converts back to its original form. Why, you might ask? Because once an experience is tasted, enjoyed, and easily gotten away with, the thirst to do it again amplifies. Sadly, most don't warn others about unclean water. I believe it's labeled "Relationships and breakups." Some pleasures shouldn't be experienced until you know why you're indulging in them. Well...

(Sarcastic laugh)

It's too late for most to understand these words because they constantly recycle themselves, dying for a taste of pure water.

She splashes her hand around in the water, distorting the reflection.

After the ripples stop, she sees the same look of sorrow on her face, trying her hardest to form a smile. Releasing a sad, lonely sigh, she lifts her head. She walks back onto the beach.

Inhaling the anguish in her mind, she releases a breath of what she hopes will be a soothing blanket of peace.

As she turns to look at the sunset, she slowly takes her dress off, keeping her eyes locked on the beautiful colors.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The sunset. Warm. Beautiful.  
 Passionate. Something so sincere  
 embraces you with orgasmic arms,  
 gently placing you down for a  
 wonderful slumber. It's never  
 appreciated while it's around because  
 people swear they'll see it again. I  
 believe this is what most would call  
 "love." Another word I find funny.  
 People crave it, having no idea what  
 it means or how to handle the energy  
 when it's received. I'm saying this  
 because love today is enjoyed by  
 embracing and giving pain.

(Sighs softly)

The jealousy and anger in a person are  
 revealed for one reason. They miss  
 placing agony in the people they claim  
 to love because they can't find  
 someone who will allow heartache into  
 their lives. Then again... I'm wrong for  
 what I just said. People will fight  
 and kill for this cruel version of  
 love, thinking they can change a  
 person, ending up in a position far  
 worse than the person they fought so  
 hard to gain.

(Dry laugh)

Like the sunset, which isn't  
 appreciated until it's gone, self-  
 respect is the same. People wish they  
 would've kept it while they had it,  
 but now they're forced to do and find  
 things to block out the person they've  
 become to hate.

She slowly lies down on the sand, closing her eyes.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Men will treat women however they see  
 fit, and it's allowed. Yet, a man will  
 be ready to kill another man who  
 treats a female relative the same way  
 they treat other women. It's amazing

how a man wants his daughter to be pure and treated with respect but can't show genuine respect to another woman. Women judge other women, and they're the same. The funny thing is that the women who judge other women hang around the women they're judging because of what they have. Talk about some true friendship.

(Dry sigh)

But this is the bitter frosting people love tasting. The cake underneath that fills everyone's appetite is always neglected. They crave satisfaction and attention, but the cost of feasting is overlooked. Racism is something that's been going on for centuries, long before it reached the forced-fed level it's at now. But what makes it funny is that each race kills their own race, swearing they hate another race. Wars. Children caught up in sex trafficking. Murders. Diseases. These are the things people should focus on instead of the icing they already know tastes sweet.

(Clicks her tongue)

Everyone has an idea for change, all of which revolves around one race being superior or one person being idolized as the true ruler of the world. So, what do you do? What do you do when you get tired of people complaining about what they think is right, not seeing all parties have the same view, but the difference is that their view solely focuses on their race?

Her body forms tree roots, spreading thick and wide across the sand.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There's only one thing you can do that people will respect and come together for, but it's too late. Because...

When she opens her eyes, they're crystal blue with waves crashing through them.

She opens her mouth, and water shoots out. Within seconds,

the world is flooded with water.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The world will be destroyed, and the hopes of a new beginning with everyone truly loving each other will be set in motion.

END CREDITS:

FADE IN:

INT. THE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NEWS REPORT ON THE TELEVISION

The female reporter is on the screen wearing a face mask and gloves.

Fear outlines her eyes.

REPORTER

(Speaking at the camera)

Keeping up with the new epidemic that has taken the lives of sixty thousand people so far is the new STD known as "S&M." The name originated because of the pain witnesses said the victims go through, which is a slow, agonizing death. Doctors and scientists still have no idea where it came from, nor do they have enough information to provide us the symptoms we should look for. The virus randomly flares up, and once it does, anyone in the vicinity should leave immediately. The virus is airborne, so we advise you not to eat or drink after anyone. But you have a higher risk of contracting it through any sexual contact.

A handsome brown-skinned man in his early twenties wearing a wife beater and shorts is on the couch.

A look of fear is in his eyes, taking a sip from his cognac. His girlfriend enters the room.

She's in her early twenties, short in height, and light brown-skinned with a mouth-watering body covered by a crop top and leggings.

The reporter can still be heard talking.

GIRLFRIEND

What's going on, baby?

He puts a hand up, signaling her to be quiet.

BOYFRIEND

Hold up.

REPORTER

(Speaking at the camera)

Covid-19 was a rough one we had to fight through. At the rate this new virus is spreading, hopefully, they'll find a cure for it soon. All we can do is pray and leave it in the hands of God.

GIRLFRIEND

Are you watching the news?

He turns the television off and then turns to face her.

BOYFRIEND

Yes. They still haven't found any symptoms for that new virus that's out.

GIRLFRIEND

(Scoffs)

You don't believe that bullshit, do you?

BOYFRIEND

Over sixty thousand people died unexpected, random, gruesome deaths. Fuck yeah, I believe it.

GIRLFRIEND

Come on, baby. It's just like they did with "Covid." A lot of people died, and that's sad, but look at what happened after the initial scare. They came up with a vaccine, and everything is back to normal.

BOYFRIEND

They had patients they could run tests on and examine. They have no clue what the symptoms could be for "S&M"

because once it flares up, you're dead.

GIRLFRIEND

I still think it's a bunch of bullshit.

BOYFRIEND

Why?

GIRLFRIEND

If this is as crucial as they're making it out to be, wouldn't you think every hospital and clinic would be full?

BOYFRIEND

Did you not hear me say, "There's no symptom found?"

GIRLFRIEND

Okay, but if people are so scared, every hospital and clinic should not be empty.

BOYFRIEND

To do what? Wait and die, or possibly catch it from someone who doesn't know if they have it.

GIRLFRIEND

As cruel as this is about to sound, yes. Is it airborne?

BOYFRIEND

It's "Covid" a hundred times worse. If it's in your system, it seeps from your pores. So if you have it and touch something, and then someone else comes along and touches it, they're good as fucked.

GIRLFRIEND

Hm. Well, people should learn to only fuck one person or go celibate.

BOYFRIEND

It seems like you don't care.

GIRLFRIEND

I know I'm only fuckin' one person, so

I ain't worried about it. If I have to cover myself up to prevent catching it, fine. But I'm not about to panic because they released a new disease for population control.

BOYFRIEND

That's a crazy way of thinking.

GIRLFRIEND

It's a real way of thinking. You're all riled up about it like you're out there fuckin' anything and everything.

He stands up and walks over to her.

BOYFRIEND

You know that's cap.

GIRLFRIEND

Make sure it's cap.

They embrace each other in a deep, passionate kiss. When he pulls back, he's looking at her strangely, swishing his mouth around while she looks at him smiling.

BOYFRIEND

You're a little heavy with the saliva tonight.

GIRLFRIEND

I've been thinking heavy all day about what I'm gonna do to that dick when I get out of the shower, so yeah. My mouth is extra wet.

BOYFRIEND

Is that right?

GIRLFRIEND

Goddamn right. Be ready when I get out of the shower.

She gives him another kiss before walking off to the bathroom.

He smirks, sitting on the sofa. He turns the television back on.

He turns to the music station. Reaching for his glass, he picks it up and takes a sip, and that's when his phone rings.

Placing the glass down, he goes into his pocket, and while pulling his phone out, he pulls out a strip of condoms. He quickly places them back in his pocket before answering the phone.

BOYFRIEND

Hello.

FRIEND (V.O.)

What's going on?

BOYFRIEND

Shit, chilling. I'm waiting for her to come out of the shower.

FRIEND (V.O.)

You heard about that chick you were fuckin' with dying from that shit?

BOYFRIEND

Yeah, that's fucked up. But I'm good.

FRIEND (V.O.)

How do you know?

BOYFRIEND

It's been three days since I fucked her.

FRIEND (V.O.)

You know that shit kicks in at random?

BOYFRIEND

It ain't kicked in yet, so I'm not worried about it. I'm blessed.

FRIEND (V.O.)

Yeah, okay. But that's not why I called you.

BOYFRIEND

What's up?

FRIEND (V.O.)

She didn't see me. But I saw your girl coming out of this nigga house all hugged up and shit.

BOYFRIEND

Get the fuck outta here.



FRIEND (V.O.)

Nigga. With the shit out there killing motherfuckers, why would I lie about some shit like that?

He snatches his glass, spilling most of the liquor that doesn't get into his mouth.

BOYFRIEND

That bitch.

FRIEND (V.O.)

What are you...

He throws the phone to the side, standing up, filled with rage.

When he takes a step, he bends forward and starts coughing up blood.

He moves toward the bathroom. With each cough, blood comes from his mouth.

Reaching the door, he prepares to bust in until he sees a note on the door.

INSERT NOTE

FAIR TRADE!!!

He snatches the note down, barges into the bathroom, and then slips on the blood spreading across the floor.

He tries to stand back on his feet, but he's unable to, remaining on all fours, coughing up blood.

His girlfriend is on the floor in a painful body contortion as her body slowly dissolves into a puddle of blood. Despite the pain she's going through, her organs spilling out, and the blood coming from her mouth, she has somewhat of a smile.

Her phone is propped up against the tub, replaying a sex video of him and the girl his friend was talking about who died.

He continues coughing up blood as his body begins contorting, causing him to lie flat on the floor.

He begins the same painful process of death his girlfriend is going through.

END CREDITS: