

FUN WITH WORDS

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So God created mankind in his own image, in the image of God he created them; male and female he created them.

Genesis 1:27~

FADE IN

INT. LIBRARY DEN - NIGHT

The thunder heard in the background gives the all-black dim room an eerie feel.

On the desk there's a cognac glass, an ashtray and some expensive scotch.

A person wearing all-black comes into frame clutching an old leathery book.

Stepping behind the desk, the person takes a seat, placing the book down.

The face remains unseen.

PERSON

(Deep, eerie voice)

Why do I exist? Most would say "It's because good can't exist without evil." I think differently and I'll tell you why later. Now... let's focus on the word "Fear." A word installed from birth dwelling inside of everyone. Then again, what is "Fear" but a mere word? A word along with plenty of others designed and taught for specific reasons. Because of those reasons books were created. And what are books? Stories created by someone to install an emotion within you.

The person opens the book and flips a few pages. Reaching for the scotch, the person pours a glass and then places it to the side.

PERSON (CONT'D)

Words, just like books whether they're created for entertainment, truth or lies. They all revolve around the same topic, leaving a person to decipher the truth. For example. Fiancé and Fiancée.

PERSON (CONT'D)  
 They're expressed differently in various cultures, but the definition is the same. So what happens when a person doesn't uphold their end and doesn't respect their mate?

BLACK SCREEN:

**AMALGAMATION**

FADE IN:

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

We come into a cozy bedroom. Lying under the covers on the king size bed is FIANCÉE. She's a beautiful brown skin woman in her mid-twenties wearing lingerie.

A look of failure is on her face, closing her eyes, shaking her head.

The bedroom door is heard opened and then closed. FIANCÉ comes into frame wearing nothing but his boxers.

The muscular dark skin man in his mid-twenties makes his way to the bed.

Once he gets comfortable, he looks at Fiancée with a smile, scooting closer to her.

Opening her eyes, she turns and looks at him with the same look of failure.

FIANCÉ

What?

She faces forward, sighing low.

FIANCÉE

What's the reward for a woman who does wife duties and she's nowhere near becoming the wife?

FIANCÉ

What are you talking about?

FIANCÉE

It's a simple question.

Shaking his head, he sits up straight against the headboard,

looking forward.

FIANCÉ

Here you go with the bullshit. You have a man who buys you anything you want. Shows you off. Eats you right and dicks you down. What more do you need?

(Sighs)

Goddamn. If you're gonna be like this, ain't no point in getting married.

FIANCÉE

You didn't plan on marrying me anyway, so that doesn't matter. You only proposed to pacify me and that's fine.

FIANCÉ

Oh, god. What's wrong? Is your period about to start?

FIANCÉE

No.

FIANCÉ

Bad day at work? Do you need a drink? Did you get into it with one of your friends?

FIANCÉE

There were some words exchanged with my friend, but we solved the problem.

FIANCÉ

Then why are you coming at me with the bullshit?

FIANCÉE

Because I can finally say I've had my last serving of your bullshit.

FIANCÉ

Here you go with this shit. Look, if you wanna leave, just fuckin' leave. I won't lie and say I'm not gonna miss you, but I can't keep going through this shit.

FIANCÉE

You won't miss me. That's why it's easy for you to say I can leave.

FIANCÉ

Now you know how I feel, right?

FIANCÉE

I'm not saying that. I'm speaking the truth. Anybody who can let someone go easily doesn't care. They can pretend to care, but they don't.

FIANCÉ

What---what is it that you're looking for? I figured we both had a good day, but I see you wanna start with the bullshit. What are you trying to gain from this?

FIANCÉE

I just want the reward for a woman who does wife duties, but she's not the wife.

FIANCÉ

I told you the reward. I put a roof over your head. Food in your stomach, clothes on your back and dick you down. What more is there?

She turns and looks at him with sorrow in her eyes.

FIANCÉE

...That's all you believe a woman deserves?

He turns looking at her confused, shrugging up his shoulders.

FIANCÉ

What else do you need? What do you do that makes you think you're entitled to something more?

FIANCÉE

Damn. Now you're talking to me like I'm some "Easy night, Friday fuck." She looks back forward. I see where the love lies, now.

FIANCÉ

NO, I'm not...I'm not...Goddamn. You know I'm not talking to you like that. I'm just confused where this is coming from.

FIANCÉE

I told you where it's coming from.

FIANCÉ

Okay. Well, explain it to me, please.

She turns back to look at him with conviction in her eyes.

FIANCÉE

A woman who makes sure you stay on your shit only deserves a roof over her head and food in her stomach? A woman who listens to your beautiful words and harsh insults only deserves to be shown around like she's a trophy? A woman who does everything for you sexually only deserves to get eaten up and dick? A woman who'll give her last breath to make sure you keep going only deserves to be just a fiancée? Is that what you believe?

FIANCÉ

No, That's not what I believe. I'm asking you, what do you want?

She sighs, turning face forward, lowering her head.

FIANCÉE

A woman who does that much for a man who doesn't know what she wants has to be a dumb bitch.

FIANCÉ

Baby, you're not a dumb bitch. Just...just tell me what you want.

FIANCÉE

(Sighs)  
...Respect.

FIANCÉ

Huh?

FIANCÉE

The words I had with my friend were about you fuckin' her and my sister. Of course I didn't believe it. But after the three of us had our discussion, well, you can't argue with the truth.

He becomes confused trying to touch her, and she blocks his hand.

FIANCÉ

I don't---

FIANCÉE

Let's not go that route because I saw the pictures and videos from those bitches I cut off earlier.

FIANCÉ

(Sighs)

Baby, listen. I---

FIANCÉE

It doesn't matter because I'm not leaving you.

FIANCÉ

...You're not?

FIANCÉE

That's not what a wife would do. My job is to obey and accept what my husband says and does.

(Sighs)

So...that's what I'll do. Yes, it hurts. But I put myself in this position and there's no one to blame but myself for being a fool.

He lowers his head in shame.

FIANCÉ

...I'm sorry.

FIANCÉE

Of course you are. And knowing how those bitches are, you'll be sorry when you do it again, and I'll continue looking stupid for taking you back.

FIANCÉ

Baby...I swear on God, that'll never happen again.

FIANCÉE

Right. Can---can you just make us some drinks and change the topic?

FIANCÉ  
 Seriously?

FIANCÉE  
 One day I'll be your wife, since I've  
 been acting like one for so long. I  
 worked too hard to get to this point  
 and quit.

He tries to embrace her and again, she stops him.

FIANCÉE  
 Please, just...just get the drinks. I'll  
 always love you. I'm dumb for doing  
 it, but...I'll always love you.

He sighs, lowering his head as he gets out of the bed. On the  
 verge of crying, she reaches on the nightstand for her  
 magazine and picks it up.

Opening the book, she begins reading to try to get her mind  
 off the pain.

As she flips through the magazine, two gunshots go off  
 startling her.

Fear outlines her face, listening to the footsteps  
 approaching.

The look of fear turns into satisfaction.

FIANCÉE  
 Thank you, baby.

BEST FRIEND (O.S.)  
 No...thank you.

Two gunshots go off, one hitting her in the chest and the  
 other in the head.

With her dead body on the bed, BEST FRIEND comes over to the  
 bed and takes a seat, holding the nine-millimeter he used to  
 kill fiancée and fiancé.

He's a fairly handsome brown skin man in his mid-twenties.  
 Tears are falling from his eyes, looking back at her dead  
 body.

BEST FRIEND (CONT'D)  
 Thank you for showing me a woman can  
 come between a man and his best



friend, all because he wanted to fuck her, and she used him to kill his friend. After such betrayal, no one should live.

He places the barrel of the nine-millimeter in his mouth and blows his brains out.

His body falls back on the bed dead.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LIBRARY DEN - NIGHT

Resting in the ashtray is a Cuban cigar. The person picks up the glass and takes a nice sip.

PERSON

Who's to say what a person really does twenty-four hours in a day? I guess that's where trust comes into play. Moving along.

The person flips some pages in the book and then stops.

PERSON (CONT'D)

Another word people use a lot is "Hate." Such a strong word. I believe you should only use the word when you're ready to act on the emotion and embrace the comeback for the action. In some cases, people use the word not knowing they're using it the wrong way.

BLACK SCREEN:

**THE INTERVIEW**

FADE IN:

It's a split screen, side by side. On one side there's INMATE #1.

A rough looking brown skin man in his early-twenties with frizzy cornrows wearing an orange jumpsuit. On the other side is INMATE #2.

A bald-headed Caucasian in his mid-forties. His body is covered with random racial tattoos and he's also wearing an orange jumpsuit.

## INMATE #1

I'm trying to understand why crackers can do and say whatever they want and nobody says shit about it. They imitate any and everything niggas do and closed minded niggas think the shit is sweet. I don't get it.

## INMATE #2

What happened to the good old days when niggers knew their place? The days when they worked for you. The days when you could beat their ass for no reason. The days when their cunts knew they were only good for their cunt. The days when white people were superior. You can tell the dumbass that decided to give them freedom was not a pure blooded white American.

## INMATE #1

What I don't understand about history is if there were these strong black kings and queens, how the fuck did we become slaves? What was so scary about these pale motherfuckers that had them shook? There's no fuckin' way I could've been a slave. And I don't give a fuck about anybody who's offended by what I'm saying because there's no legit real reason why they were slaves.

## INMATE #2

Look at the dumb bastards. We gave them freedom and they still don't know how to act like civilized people. They should bring slavery back. The coons love acting and getting treated like animals no different from when they were slaves. The things they complain about slaves going through as inhumane, they indulge in them for pleasure. Only these days they call it fetishes. So...if we would've called it fetishes back then, what would they have to complain about? Not a goddamn thing. You know why? Because they know who the superior race is. The ignorant monkeys should be thanking us for breeding them into what they are.

Slaves who believe they're free,  
knowing they'll never be free no  
matter what any piece of paper says.

(Scoffs)

Pointless protests bitching about  
their rights and injustice only makes  
pure white blooded Americans like  
myself laugh. Yeah, the nigger mixers  
care about the protests. But pure  
blooded white Americans like myself  
just sit back and laugh, waiting for  
another protest that'll go nowhere.

INMATE #1

Back in those days they wore hoods to  
hide their cowardly faces. And the  
ones who didn't wear hoods hid behind  
the ones who did. Their white trash  
whores loved sneaking off to fuck  
niggas, but if they got caught, they'd  
claim rape. Irony of that is that shit  
still happens to this day. The only  
difference is instead of hiding behind  
hoods, they hid behind high powered  
positions. The white trash whores do  
everything they can to look and act  
like black queens. Now when they get  
caught fuckin' or dating a nigga and  
they know they'll get cut off from the  
family, they flip the script leaving  
the nigga looking stupid.

(Scoffs)

But that doesn't stop the program.  
They still be out there fuckin'  
niggas, only this time they'll make  
sure they don't get caught or do their  
best to land a successful black man.  
That way if their people feel a way,  
it doesn't matter because she's with a  
nigga with money. Oreo niggas make  
sure they can get away with this type  
of shit, thinking because they put a  
smile on the devil's face they're in  
their good gracious.

INMATE #2

Give a monkey a banana and it'll do  
anything. That's my summary when  
you're talking to me about niggers.

INMATE #1

Once you take in that stray dog and tend to it. As soon as it can get on its feet, it'll trade on you when you're used up and it no longer has a purpose for you. That's how I feel about the crackers in the world.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Wow, that's interesting. Can I ask you something?

INMATE #1

What's that?

INMATE #2

Go right ahead.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

You're in here for the rest of your life, correct?

INMATE #1

Yup.

INMATE #2

I sure am.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

You're in here for the murder of your best friend.

INMATE #1

...Me and the homie had a disagreement about something and I had to do what I had to do before he got down on me.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

You're in here for the brutal murder of your wife who was six months pregnant.

INMATE #2

I'm still fighting my case because as I stated, I had nothing to do with killing my wife and child. They need to look over the evidence and scene again, and they'll see I'm telling the truth.

INMATE #1

By you asking me that question, are you trying to ask me if I feel bad about killing my homie? Yeah, I do. But like I said, I had to do what I had to do.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

That's not why I asked.

INMATE #1

Then why did you ask?

INMATE #2

What was your purpose of asking?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Because of all the hatred you have towards one race, and you believe all of them should be killed. Yet... you're in here for bringing harm upon your own race.

They both get a look of aggravation on their faces.

INMATE #1

You know what, fuck this. I said what I said. You'll never understand because you're a cracker.

He leaves the room.

INMATE #2

That right there is what I'm talking about. Nigger lovers will never see the truth. You'll never learn until one of the black bastards stabs you in the back. This interview is done. The thought of knowing I've been speaking with a nigger lover is making me sick.

He leaves the room.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LIBRARY DEN - NIGHT

The person flips some pages.

PERSON

How can you hate someone without

getting to know them on your own? In the same breath, how can you hate the people you know, but get offended when someone brings harm to them the same as you? Let's look at a better word that I'm sure a lot of people use and swear they have it, but don't. "Happiness."

The person picks up the cigar, takes a pull and then places it back down.

PERSON (CONT'D)

If people had a strong belief in the word "Happiness" I probably wouldn't exist. But since people feel they have to judge others before judging themselves to see they're the same, well...I think that's one of the reasons why I'm around. But for those who actually have "Happiness" in their lives... they can relate with this story.

BLACK SCREEN:

**ORGY**

FADE IN:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

The room is filled with steam. Leaning back against the tub filled with bubbles is MALE. He's a handsome Caucasian in his early-thirties with baby blue eyes, a thin goatee and blond short hair. A smile of satisfaction is on his face.

MALE (V.O.)

Respect. That's what it all boils down to. If there was more respect, this could possibly be a place worth working harder to make it a better place. Sadly, there's people out there claiming to have morals which they break regularly, and then turn around asking for forgiveness when they get caught. Or if they don't get caught, they keep it to themselves, walking around with their head up their ass, unable to smell their own shit because they're used to the smell.

Picking up a glass of wine from the floor, he takes a sip and then places it back.

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

Flesh. What is flesh? Nothing more than a vessel for the soul to linger inside of if you believe in those type of things. I look at it as something meant to be used up until it can't be used no more. It's meant to be touched, kissed and penetrated. The soul purpose of the flesh is to achieve orgasms. If that's not what it's made for, then why do we always have the strong urge to reach one?

Reaching down on the floor again, this time he brings forth a cigarette.

Taking a pull, he releases a cloud, and then inhales, placing the cigarette down.

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

But back to the word "Respect." Words like "Marriage, Husband, Wife" and so on wouldn't stop people if they didn't exist. Hell, it doesn't stop them now. Those made up words are the reasons why people claim to have morals, just to turn around and cheat. I figure if you wanna sleep with someone else, even though you're with someone, why not have a threesome? It cuts out sneaking around and when it's done, you can keep both of them or get rid of both of them. That's for the people who claim to have morals, but they're constantly cheating on their mate. If you understand the meaning behind sex, then yes, it's possible you'll settle down with one person because you know it goes deeper than an orgasm. Although the orgasm is the goal, again, from my view...sex is sex, no matter who you're with. Depending on the lifestyle you live and how you let people treat you or wanna be treated, that adds spice or it can lead to an instant turn off. If a person fucked more than one person, they're a whore and that's something everybody should

understand. Don't believe me? Look in your bible if you're into that type of thing.

Picking up the glass of wine, he finishes it off, and then places it back down with a smile.

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

Ultimately, it goes back to "Respect."  
If you can accept a person's past.  
Their present. Know there's a possibility of a lingering Ex that wants to fuck your mate, but you're confident your mate won't do it, then you can enjoy sex just as easy as taking a breath. And one more thing...

(Light laugh)

Life is nothing but one big ongoing "Orgy." We're here to have fun, drink, laugh and fuck. If you can respect that...you can respect what makes other people comfortable without judging them.

Standing up naked in the tub, we can tell he has a nice build.

Stepping from the tub, moving towards the bathroom door, he opens it.

MALE POV

There's a room full of people engaging in sexual activities, drinking, laughing and talking.

He steps into the room, closing the door behind him.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LIBRARY DEN - NIGHT

The person flips some pages in the book.

PERSON

How can you tell a person what's right from wrong without getting offended if they think what you're doing is wrong? When you actually pay attention to words, you can have fun with them when you know all the meanings and where they stem from. So...here's a word



that'll touch a nerve...

The person picks up the glass, takes a sip and then places it down.

PERSON (CONT'D)

"God." Don't drop your jaws and get offended. I, personally, find this word delightfully intriguing. They say there's only one "God" who created everything in his image, but "God" is viewed differently in other cultures. Some even view "God" as a woman. Then there's people who don't believe there's a "God." That's neither here nor there. This "God" I'm about to speak on is seen in multiple things other than deities, entities or a supreme being that hasn't been seen.

BLACK SCREEN:

**CELEBRITY**

FADE IN:

INT. THE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is lavish. There's carts filled with food, liquor and desserts. Standing in front of a wall mirror is RAPPER, early-twenties.

He's wearing an all-black jogging suit with the hood over his head.

His face is covered with a full black mask with a slit where the mouth is, which is where his blunt is hanging from.

RAPPER (V.O.)

What is a "God?" Maybe I'll tell you, although I shouldn't. I shouldn't tell you because who are you? You're a peasant. You're someone who needs a "God" to give what you think is a life a purpose to live. You need something to follow so you can strive to become it, thinking you can do better. You need relatable words to feel like you're not alone, not caring if the words are true or false. Face it. Without a "God" your life is useless.

(Takes a pull)

What is the life of a "God?" Why should I tell you and I know you'll never experience it? Do you think you'll be able to go places you read and hear about whenever you feel like it? Taste things your wallet can't afford, but your mind forces you to believe someday you will. Having people waiting for you on hand and foot, better than the cheap shoes on your feet. Be able to do and say whatever you want to people and all they can do is be offended, but they know to keep a smile on their faces. Spend endless amounts of money as if you're the BEP. Face it. All you'll ever do is dream about it because without a "God" you have no idea about going about it.

(Takes a pull)

Why are "God's" talked about so much? I could tell you, but there's no point, considering no one will ever talk about you like a "God." There's nothing special about you. There's nothing attractive about you. You should look at yourself and ask yourself "Was I born strictly to worship a "God" because that's all I do."

(Takes a pull)

So, again. What is a "God?" A "God" is a person that was once like you, but now that I'm better than you, I can talk badly about you. I can destroy your character and you'll still worship me because without me, who would you be? I could say the same about myself, without you there would've been me. But none of that matters because now I'm the only "God" you see and worship. Even if you decide you no longer have faith in me.

(Evil laugh)

There's billions of other people just like you to replace you, and I could care less about them just like you. I am the only "God" that speaks truth to fools like you because there isn't an ounce of individuality among any of

you. I am the only person you mimic  
and obey.

There's a knock at the door.

STAGE WORKER (O.S.)  
You're on in ten!

RAPPER  
I'm on the way.

Taking one last pull from the blunt, the Rapper looks at  
himself and laughs.

FADE TO BLACK:

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any  
likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in  
the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:  
Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."  
~Exodus 20:4-5~

INT. LIBRARY DEN - NIGHT

The person flips some pages.

PERSON  
Makes you think twice about why people  
act a certain way you wouldn't expect.  
What a sin. Speaking of "Sin." People  
love casting stones at others about  
their sins, and they don't understand  
while doing that, they're committing a  
complete sin that goes unnoticed.  
Well, it's noticed, but I don't  
believe people realize it's a sin.  
Even if they did...would it stop them  
from doing it?

BLACK SCREEN:

**GOSSIP**

FADE IN:

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The only source of light is coming from the television.  
PEACHES is sitting in her gamer chair playing the game. From  
the glare in her eyes and the way she's biting down on her  
lip the game must be intense.

Instantly filled with rage, she slams the controller on the floor, releasing a deep sigh of frustration.

Turning to the side, she picks up a glass of Cognac and takes a nice sip before placing it back down.

Looking back at the screen with rage, she prepares to pick up the controller and her phone starts ringing. Glancing at the phone with her eyes, she debates on answering, but at the moment the urge to play the game has the upper hand.

The phone stops ringing and she picks the controller up, placing it on her lap.

Taking another sip from the glass, she swallows with a smile, relieved and ready to play.

Holding the controller ready to start the game, the phone starts ringing again.

Looking back at the phone, she shakes her head, sighing, knowing the person won't stop calling.

Annoyance is in her hand, picking up the phone, answering, placing it on speaker, putting the phone back on the table.

PEACHES

What's going on?

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)

What are you over there into?

PEACHES

Chillin', playing the game. What's up?

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)

You heard about the new girl?

Peaches picks up the remote for the television and puts it on mute.

PEACHES

What about her?

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)

She was up in the club like she's the baddest bitch in there.

PEACHES

So? All of us should feel that way when we walk in there. It's our job to

gain them niggas full attention so they can spend that bread.

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
That's facts and all, but this bitch was on a different level. If you were there you wouldn't have that "Non give-a-fuck" attitude in your voice.

PEACHES  
I doubt it. I'm a showstopper in that bitch, so I'm good.

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
And that bitch said "Your show has come to an end."

PEACHES  
What?

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
Oh, you heard me right.

PEACHES  
I didn't. What the fuck are you talking about? That bitch said "My show has come to an end?"

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
Exactly what I said. That bitch said "She's the only bitch in there that's natural from head to toe and no bitch can compete."

PEACHES  
What does that have to do with me? Again, every bitch that works there including you and myself should be on that level.

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
If you would've let me finish, you would've heard me say she said "Tell your girl it's a new real bitch in town and I'm taking her spot."

PEACHES  
...Is that right? She must've made a few little dollars tonight and got some lil no name niggas off in the back room.

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
 Nah, she was fuckin' with them real  
 niggas that got cake.

PEACHES  
 Fa real?

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
 Why do you think I'm calling you? This  
 that bitch first night and she runnin'  
 around like she runnin' shit. We gotta  
 do something about that bitch.

PEACHES  
 That's true. Why didn't you get that  
 bitch together right there on the  
 spot?

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
 Girl, you know I don't have the pull  
 in there like you. If I woulda beat  
 the bitch ass I probably would've got  
 fired, and then shit really would've  
 got real.

PEACHES  
 Right, right. Where are you at now?

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
 I just got home. I'm not even  
 comfortable yet because I had to call  
 and tell you this shit.

PEACHES  
 I feel you. Does she work tomorrow  
 night?

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
 She's still up there right now.

PEACHES  
 Bet. Let me get dressed and I'll be  
 there in a minute. We'll get this shit  
 straight tonight.

FRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
 Hurry up.

Peaches hangs up on her end. Sighing deep, she stands up and  
 then makes her way over to the wall turning the lights on.

Wearing a sports bra and some spandex shorts, we see the voluptuous light skin woman in her early-twenties is a sight of beauty with long hair and some tattoos on her body. Looking around the floor, she picks up some black jogging pants, placing them on before picking up the hoodie to match, placing it on.

Dressed and ready to go, she grabs her car keys off the table and then leaves the room. It's a cool, silent night.

Her house is located in a fairly decent neighborhood. Coming from the porch, she makes her way to the car parked in front of the house.

She gets in the car and gets comfortable. Removing the hood, now we see ADULT MALE, early-twenties. The brown skin thug has various tattoos covering his face. Reaching down under the seat for a split second, he retrieves a nine-millimeter.

He cocks the gun and then places it on his lap. Taking a deep breath, releasing anger, he pulls his phone out and makes a call.

ADULT MALE

You sure that nigga was talking shit about me?

(Listens)

And you know where he's at right now?

(Listens)

I'm on the way.

Tossing the phone to the side, he starts the car up and pulls off.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LIBRARY DEN - NIGHT

The person flips some pages.

PERSON

The bird gets away, while the messenger and receiver end up with the short end of the stick. There's one more word that's my favorite I wanna share before I go. Have you ever wondered what the true purpose of a woman is? Since the beginning of time she's been labeled a vile beast. I mean, if she was meant for companionship, it doesn't seem like

she's appreciated much. Not that I care. I Just wonder why the only source of keeping humanity alive gets called everything but a woman.

BLACK SCREEN:

**W.H.O.R.E.**

FADE IN:

BEGIN MONTAGE:

A montage of beautiful women of all sizes and races posing provocative shall be shown during the voiceover.

WOMAN (V.O.)

If there were no clothes would judgment be passed? At one point in time it was natural for everyone to be nude. Since we live in a world where being covered is correct, if a woman bares her beautiful flesh she's labeled everything but a woman. Even those who place labels behind closed doors, they lust after what they see.

(Seductive laugh)

Do women belong in this world if we're getting treated like trash by not just men, but other women as well? It's funny when other women judge women like me as if only one man has seen them naked. Oh that's right, they call it "The healing process" to cover up what they've done. I'm sorry, their mistakes they knew they shouldn't have done. And then men...

(Low chuckle)

The men act as if the women they're with now were never like me or worse. The killer part is when they think they have a chance with a woman like me, I'll receive all types of compliments. If I shoot him down, I'm everything from Bitch on down. Coincidence, that's the same result after they fuck or get tired of fuckin'. From a woman's position, it's a constant lose, lose.

(Scoffs)

The only way to win this ridiculous



game is to remain a virgin. But why should we cheat ourselves from satisfaction coming from something other than our hand or a toy? You know what I say? For the men who only view women as a piece of pussy, why do you even bother with something beneath you and you have your male friends who are on the same level as you? Why lie to get some, knowing you don't stand on your words, swearing you're a man? And for the women who judge, what makes you different? Even after you heal, you'll repeat because it's an embedded condition. The difference between women like you and me is that women like me own and accept the consequences of our repetitive actions. Meanwhile, women like you swear you're innocent, and underneath the makeup you're no better than me.

(Sinister laugh)

Still...what matters to women like me that most of you frown upon is "While he's ogling raunchy enticement" he can easily get a good woman, so he claims. And why are you women worried about women like me? Looking, acting and even competing with me, but you swear your man would never leave you for a woman like me.

END MONTAGE.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LIBRARY DEN - NIGHT

The person closes the book.

PERSON

Of course you all know there's more words and stories, which as I said all revolve around the same thing with different meanings. It's up to you to determine the truth. It's all about "Fear." If you have no "Fear" then you'll have no problems finding the truth because you're different from the ones who follow everything but the truth. I guess the only thing left is

for me to explain is why I exist.  
Well...

The person stands up, and then picks up the book. A loud rumble of thunder is heard as the room starts shaking, slowly falling apart.

When it's done, the once library den is now the valley of death with lightning bolts crashing through the sky.

The person's hands turn into bones and the book morphs into a scythe.

Standing the scythe to the side, now we see the person who was telling the stories is the GRIM REAPER.

The cloak is tattered and we can see some of the bloody bones underneath.

GRIM REAPER (V.O.)

It has nothing to do with good or evil  
why I exist. I exist strictly to  
collect souls, whether their good or  
bad. When it's your time, you'll come  
to me first. If you don't believe me,  
well...you can always read and find out  
for yourself what's the truth and a  
lie.

The Grim Reaper points the scythe at the screen.

GRIM REAPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'll be waiting for you. Placing the  
scythe on its back, the Grim reaper  
turns and starts walking away.

Within a few seconds it vanishes. The loud sound of the  
thunder continues as we slowly fade to black.

END CREDITS