

ALANAH'S LOVE

By

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final draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. GROSSE POINTE - NIGHT

Streetlights illuminate the high class environment.

We're focused on the colonial style house with blue shutters, nicely trimmed grass and hedges and a 2020 jet-black Jaguar parked in the driveway.

There's only one window with the lights on.

The silhouette of a woman is quickly seen walking by.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALANAH BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Muffled whimpers coming from a man are heard indistinctly.

CLOSE UP - ALANAH FACE

She's the vision of a GODDESS. Smooth melted caramel complexion that matches her eyes. Long dark brown hair and full luscious lips.

Tormenting thoughts dwell in her eyes.

She's pondering something, provocatively moving her tongue up and down against the corner of her mouth.

Coming to a conclusion, she moves her eyes downward, and then slowly brings them up.

The dimple in her right cheek is revealed from her sinister smile, inhaling the aroma of death.

ALANAH (V.O.)

My thoughts haunt me. People will  
always tell you "Let the Lord handle  
your problems, or wait for Karma."

(Scoffs)

...Well, fuck that.

BACK TO THE SCENE

The room is all-black with chains hanging from the ceiling, along with other kinky contraptions.

INSERT COMPUTER DESK

On her computer the screensaver reads "Uplift a woman, you'll uplift a nation."

Cillena P.

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

Alanah is sitting at her computer desk wearing a matching leather bra and thong set.

Seduction oozes from her mouth-watering body.

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

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

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

ALANAH POV

DAVID, mid-thirties. His arms are raised and shackled at the wrist by the chains hanging from the ceiling.

His legs are spread with shackles on his ankles connected to the chains on the wall.

Sweat mixed with blood from multiple cuts placed on his brown flesh runs down his naked quivering body.

A leather gimp mask with the zipper open covers his head.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Alanah stands to the side marveling at his pain.

He jerks when she gently places her hand on his chest.

Orgasms spill from her eyes placing the tip of the knife on her lip.

The sight of his blood has her hormones racing, gently pricking her lip.

Grabbing him by the back of the head, she moves in, gliding her tongue across the mouth of the mask.

Releasing his head, she looks at him smiling.

ALANAH  
(Sexy tone)  
Baby, make me cum.

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

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

Once the blood comes forth, she keeps the tip in beginning a trail down his body.

Moans are heard through his clenched teeth as the trail ends between his thighs.

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

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

ALANAH  
We're just getting started.

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

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

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

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

DAVID  
I'm--I'm a moaner.

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

ALANAH

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

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

Haunting screams fill the room.

Blood comes pouring down from where his penis was once connected.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

We'll talk when you calm down.

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

Not to mention the perfect shape and size of her buttocks and the way it jiggles.

CLOSE UP - TATTOO

Covering her entire back are screaming lost souls, tombstones and serpents.

BACK TO THE SCENE

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

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

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD

INT. WORKOUT ROOM - MORNING

The symphony can be heard playing.

Wall mirrors cover the entire room.

Various workout equipment is placed around the room.

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

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

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

For some reason, I don't know why. Women today don't feel comfortable in their skin. They dress up as dolls and pincushions. They'll alter their bodies for the attention of a man. They'll call the next female ugly or a hoe, and they're exactly like 'em. Why do women go through all this for a person who only views them as a bragging story? Me...

She hits the bag with a quick four piece combo.

She moves across the hardwood floor to the weight bench taking a seat.

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

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

Everyday I'm either in the gym or boxing. A man running those pitiful rerun lines on me is pointless. I know I'm tight. And for the men who don't like how I'm shaped or look, oh, fucking well. I love me regardless.

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH BATHROOM - MORNING

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

No matter who the man is. All men approach with pussy on the

brain, even if he claims he wants a true commitment.

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

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

ALANAH (V.O) (CONT'D)

They basically view us as hips, thighs, ass and titties. They believe saying "I love you, nicknames, dinner dates, compliments and pretending to care should keep us happy." When it comes to hoes those aspects are true because that's all they want and display. But you can't tell a hoe she's a hoe, which is fine. Live the life you believe is best.

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

She wraps a black towel around herself, and then turns facing the fogged up mirror.

With one swipe, she sees the blank expression on her face staring back at her.

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

CLOSE UP - THE GLASS SKULL HOLDER

She grabs her toothbrush, and toothpaste.

BACK TO THE SCENE

She stares at her reflection trying to wrap her mind around something.

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

Women who hold their own ignoring these scams called "Running game" buy vibrators. We can fuck ourselves fast or slow, mixing it up gaining genuine satisfaction. This cuts off what men base their character on, which is

their body, money and dick, having no clue why they have these blessings. But hey...these hoes make it easy.

She begins brushing her teeth.

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Some upbeat tempo music is playing.

ALANAH POV

Various people are moving around the downtown area.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Alanah is cruising with the flow of traffic.

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

Being a marriage counselor, I meet some interesting people. Like David from last night. David was addicted to sex, but he believed faithful pussy wasn't enough. He had extra hoes on the side, and when his wife found out she divorced him. He figured he could line me up for his next piece of ass.

(Laughs)

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

Coming to a stop at a red light, she retrieves a piece of gum.

As she waits for the light to turn, a hoen is heard beeping.

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



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

The horn is heard again.

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

ALANAH POV

As he drives off we see his license plate that reads...  
THEMAN#1

BACK TO THE SCENE

She scoffs continuing on her way to work.

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

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

(Chuckles)

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

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH OFFICE - MORNING

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

CLOSE UP - HER DESK

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

On the other end of the desk sits a black glass casket used to hold pens.

Propped up against the casket is an eerie sewn together girl doll with the eyes closed, smiling.

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

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

Taking a break, she looks at the time on her watch.

Rolling her eyes, she becomes annoyed that her client hasn't arrived.

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

In need of something to occupy her time, she reaches inside her purse, grabbing her keys.

She unlocks her desk drawer, and opens it.

INSERT INSIDE THE DRAWER

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

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

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

Before you label me, listen to my story.

No longer able to deny the images in her head, she slowly opens her mouth placing the gag inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - FRANK BASEMENT - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: DETROIT, MI 1993

The room is dim. Heavy metal music plays fairly loud.

Pornographic images are painted on the walls.

Torture contraptions are arranged around the room.

Cigarette smoke clogs the air.

The men in the room are wearing various S&M attire, drinking, smoking and snorting coke.

We turn our attention to the pillory in the corner.

YOUNG ALANAH is on her knees trapped inside it, crying with a ball gag in her mouth, wearing a shirt and jeans.

She's wiggling around trying to escape.

BACK TO THE SCENE

TWO SHOT -- JOHN AND FRANK

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

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

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

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

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

FRANK

She's your payment?

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

JOHN

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

Frank pretends he's entertaining the idea knowing he'll accept her because he has a deep desire to sleep with his niece.

Turning his attention to the men, Frank clears his throat loud enough to gain their attention, while pointing towards the pillory.

They stare waiting for what he has to say.

FRANK

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

A thunderous YES followed with sadistic laughter is heard.

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

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

JOHN

What the fuck are you doing?!

The man looks over at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

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

The man holds his hands up, stepping back.

FRANK

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

The men laugh.

CLOSE UP - YOUNG ALANAH

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

John and Frank walk out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

Indistinct laughter from the men is heard.

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

JOHN  
Are we good?

Frank's face is stone cold staring at him.

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

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

John looks at him with pitiful eyes.

Frank cracks a smile.

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

Either way doesn't bother John, but he needs a quick fix first, scratching his neck, licking those dry lips.

JOHN  
You got some rocks or a few lines?

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

Knowing Frank is about to solve his addiction, John cracks a smile.

JOHN  
Let's do it.

FRANK  
That's my little brother.

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

They laugh walking back into the room.

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - ALANAH OFFICE - MORNING

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

Removing the ball gag, she puts it away and locks the drawer,

turning to look out the window.

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

Talk about some tough fatherly love. Some would agree with what happened because they feel pussy is payment for everything. Some would think I'm a whore, continuing to let men degrade me. The overall view men have about women. She deserved it because she's a hoe who loves it.

The sound of the door opening is heard.

"It's about time." Is the expression she has turning to face the door and we see...LLOYD.

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

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

Alanah is over it.

She closes her laptop, looking at him puzzled.

ALANAH

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

A deer caught in headlights is his expression.

LLOYD

Just give me a few minutes, please.

ALANAH

Place my plans on hold because you're late?

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

Was it worth missing your session?

He's speechless.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
(Sighs)  
Five minutes.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

He looks back at her confused.

LLOYD  
Can I have a seat?

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

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

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

LLOYD  
I'm still having the dream.

ALANAH  
Didn't you leave that issue with the  
Lord?

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

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

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

LLOYD

(Sighs)  
I wish it was that easy.

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

LLOYD  
Maybe you're right.

ALANAH  
I know I'm right.

LLOYD  
(Low laugh)  
Can I ask you something?

ALANAH  
Sure.

LLOYD  
What's the story behind the doll and  
casket?

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

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

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

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

LLOYD  
What are you talking about? You're  
beautiful.

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

LLOYD  
Really?



ALANAH

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

LLOYD

Let's grab some dinner and continue  
the discussion.

ALANAH

Negative.

LLOYD

Why?

ALANAH

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

LLOYD

You don't have a cell?

ALANAH

I'm not a sociable person, so no.

LLOYD

Are you serious?

ALANAH

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

Hearing the tone in her voice lets him know it's his cue to  
exit.

LLOYD

I'll see you next week.

ALANAH

Be on time.

He walks out the room.

She picks up the doll disgusted about the memory behind it.

She begins playing with the arms on the doll like she's five-  
years-old.

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

Closing her eyes, she breathes deep.

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - LINDA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

The furniture is worn out with cigarette burns and holes.

The glass table in front of the sofa is cracked in half.

INSERT THE BROKEN GLASS TABLE

A baggie filled with crack rocks, the ashtray, a homemade  
crack pipe and a box of cigarettes are on the table.

BACK TO THE SCENE

TWO SHOT -- LINDA AND JOHN

The two are sitting on the couch getting wasted.

The prime example of how crack can turn a beautiful melanin  
woman into something nightmares are made of.

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

John takes a hard hit from his homemade crack pipe.

Holding the smoke in his mouth, he faces Linda puckering his  
lips out.

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

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

John points at the baggie filled with crack rocks.

JOHN  
This shit should last.

Linda begins worrying about the debt rocking back and forth, chewing on the side of her thumb.

LINDA  
We're clear from the debt?

He takes a cigarette from the pack, placing it in his mouth.

JOHN  
Yup. I told you he'd take her.

Relieved by the news, she uses her lighter to light his cigarette.

LINDA  
Good.

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

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

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

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

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

John looks at Linda smiling, exhaling cool and laid back.

JOHN  
You are good at what you do.

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

LINDA  
Let me show you my appreciation.

JOHN  
Let's make a bet.

LINDA

What?

JOHN

Make me bust in less than three minutes, and I'll do all the catching with the next clients.

His words made her horny.

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

LINDA

(Seductive tone)

Meet my mouth in the bedroom.

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

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

JOHN

You should join us. Daddy loves how you feel.

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

Young Alanah is still spaced out.

The silence is broken by loud rap music.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LINDA BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

CLOSE UP - THE DOOR

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

giving John a blowjob.

BACK TO THE SCENE

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

Blood sprays from her throat.

She's gurgling on blood falling to the side on her back, dying a slow death.

JOHN

Bitch, why did you stop?

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

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

Calm down, princess. Daddy loves---

YOUNG ALANAH

Daddy loves the way I feel.

Tapping his head with the hammer loving the sound against his skull, she raises the hammer ready to bash his head in.

YOUNG ALANAH (CONT'D)

Let's see if daddy loves this.

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

SMASH CUT:

INT. PRESENT DAY - ALANAH OFFICE - MORNING

She places the doll back smiling.

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

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

Waitresses are walking across the black and white tiled floor.

Customers are sitting at the counter watching the cooks prepare their meals.

Alanah is sitting at a booth by the window looking at something in a file folder.

Whatever she's looking at has her full attention with a smile.

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

She looks up seeing the bubbly WAITRESS with a wide smile coming her way.

Closing the file, she looks up at the waitress smiling.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order?

ALANAH

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

WAITRESS

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

ALANAH

Can I have a coke, please?

WAITRESS

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

your drink.

The Waitress walks off.

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

(Sighs)

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

The Waitress comes back placing her drink and straw down.

WAITRESS

Here you go. Your order will be out in a few minutes.

ALANAH

Thank you.

The waitress walks off.

Alanah watches her walking off frustrated, biting down on her lip.

She picks up the file and opens it, instantly happy again.

ALANAH (V.O.)

More women like me should stand up, helping the blind see the truth. Maybe it'll happen one day.

(Laughs)

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

INSERT THE FILE

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

Closing the file, taking a deep breath, releasing joy, she places the straw in her coke taking a sip.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON

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

Alanah is standing with her purse on her shoulder, holding a basket with a few items inside.

She's watching the workers bring out freshly baked buns, doughnuts and bread.

Coming up pushing a buggy filled with mainly meats and canned goods is DANNY.

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

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

Clearing his throat, he pushes his buggy towards her.

DANNY

The soft ones are in the back.

She blushes, but doesn't turn around.

ALANAH

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

DANNY POV

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

Danny bites down on his lip in-love.

DANNY

I wouldn't know.

She turns around smiling.

ALANAH

Do you wanna find out?

DANNY

Good response. I like that.



ALANAH

That doesn't answer the question.

DANNY

Maybe.

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

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

ALANAH

Are you debating because you're shy?  
Or is it because your wife wouldn't  
appreciate you grabbing another  
woman's ass?

DANNY

My wife?

She smirks pointing at the ring.

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

DANNY (CONT'D)

That's from my first marriage.

ALANAH

Why do you still wear it?

DANNY

It reminds me to watch who I fall in-  
love with.

ALANAH

(Sympathetic tone)

She broke your heart?

DANNY

You can say that.

ALANAH

Well?

DANNY

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

ALANAH

Can you cook?

DANNY

Anything you name, I can make it.

ALANAH

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

DANNY

Straight up?

ALANAH

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

DANNY

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

ALANAH

I have a good memory.

DANNY

555-9743.

ALANAH

What's your name?

DANNY

Danny.

ALANAH

Alanah.

DANNY

Don't play me.

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

ALANAH

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

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

DANNY

Hold up. You forgot your bread.

She turns around looking at him.

ALANAH

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH HOUSE - NIGHT

Coming from the dining room stepping into the hardwood floor hallway with paintings on the white walls, a fancy light hanging above, and plants sitting on corner tables is the handsome butler TOMMY.

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

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

TOMMY

Are you ready to eat?

ALANAH

What are we having?

TOMMY

Roast duck and asparagus, with lemon garnish.

ALANAH

You got fancy with it tonight, huh?

TOMMY

Shall I make your plate?

ALANAH

No, I have a date.

TOMMY

Do you want me to wrap it up for later?

ALANAH

Yeah. I'll probably be hungry when I

get home.

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

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

TOMMY

Todd called earlier.

She turns to look at him.

ALANAH

(Sighs, annoyed)

What did he want?

TOMMY

To know when you'll be free for a date.

She ponders on it for a hot second, rocking her head side to side.

ALANAH

I'll let him know.

TOMMY

Enjoy your evening.

ALANAH

Thank you.

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

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALANAH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She turns the lights on.

Walking over to her computer desk, she opens the drawer, reaching inside grabbing one of the many minute phones, placing it on the desk.

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

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

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

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

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

While a man thinks he's fucking, this is what's going through his mind. If I put some speed and authority in my strokes getting her to moan, the pussy is mine.

(Laughs)

Since I've had all colors and sizes inside me in one day, let me tell you. Unless you can compare dick with starvation, it's irrelevant.

She walks over to her dresser opening the drawer.

INSERT INSIDE THE DRAWER

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

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

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

She picks up a baggie filled with Heroin.

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

Tommy can drop me off, and pick me up.

BACK TO THE SCENE

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

CUT TO:

INT. LISA HOUSE - NIGHT

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

The doorbell rings, and he quickly opens the door.

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

DANNY

Damn, you're fine.

ALANAH

Can you let me in?

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

She looks around.

The way the house is setup, you can tell a woman with good taste did the decorating.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

This is nice.

He comes up standing beside her.

DANNY

Thanks. What's in the bag?

She looks at him smiling.

ALANAH

A change of clothes. If the food is good, there's a chance the sex might be good. Why not stay for a morning recap and breakfast? But if this bothers you, I can call Uber back and leave.

DANNY

No problems. I'm digging your style.

ALANAH

Most men do. Where's my food?

DANNY

Do you want me to take your coat?

ALANAH

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

They make their way into the dining room.

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

He pulls her chair out so she can sit, and then he takes his seat.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Pasta is my favorite. Good choice.

DANNY

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

ALANAH

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

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

Blown away by the taste, she goes for seconds.

DANNY

What do you think?

ALANAH

(Chewing)

Pour me some wine and we're in business.

He grabs the bottle pouring two glasses.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I almost forgot. Can I have some

water?

DANNY

Yeah.

He gets up making his way into the kitchen.

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

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

He hands her the glass.

ALANAH

Water helps when I'm drinking.

He takes his seat looking at her smiling.

DANNY

Cool with me.

ALANAH

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

DANNY

Lisa.

ALANAH

How did she break your heart?

DANNY

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

ALANAH

How long were you married?

DANNY

Five years.

ALANAH

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

DANNY

I think she was cheating on me.

ALANAH

That's always an option.



DANNY

(Sighs)

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

(Sniffles)

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

ALANAH

I see.

DANNY

Why are you single?

She takes a sip from her wine, appearing concerned.

ALANAH

Wait. Are you about to cry?

DANNY

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

ALANAH

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

DANNY

How do we behave?

She takes a sip of water.

ALANAH

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

DANNY

I don't sugar-coat or bullshit.

ALANAH

Do you keep a lock on your phone?

DANNY

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

ALANAH

Everybody has something to hide.

DANNY

Not me.

ALANAH

Why did you agree on cooking me dinner?

DANNY

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

She rolls her eyes, taking another sip.

ALANAH

That made you wanna cook me dinner?  
(Scoffs)  
Let's cut the bullshit.

He takes a sip from his glass.

DANNY

What?

ALANAH

A woman shouldn't be controlling this situation.

DANNY

(Shy laugh)  
What are you talking about?

ALANAH

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

He takes a sip of his wine, wiping his lips.

DANNY

Well, what I had in mind was---.

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

ALANAH

See, stop right there. Men are dominant. Power is in their actions and words, making a woman do his every command. But you got me sitting here, feeding me some bullshit?

She stands up taking her coat off, dropping it to the floor.

She's wearing a leather bondage outfit.

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

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

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

She grabs the chair, turning him to face her.

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

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

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

He blushes, licking his lips.

DANNY  
Okay sexy.

ALANAH  
Good.

Closing his eyes, he waits patiently.

She slowly licks from his neck up to his ear, gently biting the top.

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

He opens his eyes, staring at her confused.

DANNY  
What the fuck are you talking about?

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

ALANAH

(Serious tone)  
 Are you gonna be my bitch? Or will you  
 make me yours?

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

You would think she just experienced an orgasm kissing on his  
 neck, moaning softly.

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

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

ALANAH  
 You're my bitch.

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

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

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

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

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 I'm about to beat yo ass...then fuck  
 you.

ALANAH  
 (Moaning)  
 Beat me before you fuck me, daddy. I'm  
 your bitch.

Grinning, he slaps her hard on the thigh.

She moans louder, placing a finger in her mouth.

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

He lets her throat go.

He takes his shirt and pants off.

She sits up with her hand still between her thighs, staring at him with lust in her eyes.

ALANAH

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

He grabs his dick with confidence, looking at her smiling.

DANNY

What, bitch?

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

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

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

ALANAH

(Moaning)

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

He nods his head with arrogance.

DANNY

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

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

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

He looks on smiling, sitting down.

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

DANNY (CONT'D)

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

He slides back looking down at her.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Bitch...

His eyes roll in the back of his head, falling out of the chair.

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

ALANAH

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

She takes the collar off.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LISA BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

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

His legs are closed tight with shackles on his ankles.

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

DANNY

(Half woke)

Baby?

ALANAH

Wake up and give me some of that dick.

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

DANNY

Pull it out, and get it hard.

ALANAH

(Moaning)

Open your eyes so you can watch me, baby.

DANNY POV

He slowly opens his eyes.

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

DANNY  
(Confused tone)  
What the fuck?

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

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

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

Looking around the room, she smiles.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
She's got good taste in style, but shitty taste in men.

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

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

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

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

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

DANNY  
Fuck you.

ALANAH  
Apparently, you don't understand how

severe the situation is.

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

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

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

DANNY  
...I'll do it.

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

DANNY (CONT'D)  
When I get free---

ALANAH  
You'll beat my ass, right?

DANNY  
I'm straight fuckin' you up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alanah gently squeezes the scissors.

His eyes get wide staring at her trying to remain calm.



DANNY

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

LISA (V.O.)

I'm listening.

DANNY

Promise me when you get home we'll  
discuss what I'm about to tell you?

LISA (V.O.)

(Nervous tone)

What is it?

DANNY

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

LISA (V.O.)

What?!

DANNY

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

LISA (V.O.)

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

Lisa hangs up.

Alanah sits laughing, keeping the scissors on him.

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

ALANAH

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

DANNY

Fuck you, bitch. Get out.

ALANAH

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

Patting him on the chest keeping the scissors on him, she looks at him smiling.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

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

DANNY

I'll see you again.

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

ALANAH

I highly doubt that.

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alanah comes into the room wearing her coat, carrying the overnight bag.

The clattering of dishes is heard.

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

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

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

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

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

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

She sits reading over the poem.

Tommy comes to the door.

TOMMY

Excuse me.

She turns to look at him.

ALANAH

Yes?

TOMMY

Todd called again. What should I tell him?

ALANAH

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

TOMMY

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

ALANAH

(Sighs deep)

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

TOMMY

Okay.

ALANAH

Thanks for everything.

TOMMY

It's my pleasure. Goodnight.

He walks off.

She turns back to the computer.

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

She rubs her thumb across his lips.

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

(Deep sigh)

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LISA BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights are still on.

Danny is under the covers with his eyes closed.

LISA is standing in the doorway with her hands on her wide hips.

LISA

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

He doesn't respond.

She makes her way towards the bed.

She looks confused at the blood splattered around the room.

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALANAH BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP - ALANAH FACE

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

Hopefully, she'll be thankful.

INT. ALANAH OFFICE - AFTERNOON

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

Why did they do this to me? Was a debt worth destroying my life?

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

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - UNDERGROUND CLUB - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALANAH POV

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

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

Alanah finishes her drink, and then stands up making her way

down to Frank with a seductive walk.

She moves between the women, leaning down in Frank's ear.

ALANAH

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

FRANK

What do you have in mind?

ALANAH

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

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

FRANK

Lead the way.

She grabs the chain walking off.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

He looks at her smiling.

FRANK

You're a rough one.

She takes a few steps back.

ALANAH  
(Seductive tone)  
You have no idea. Come on.

FRANK  
Come on, what?

She hits him with a quick two-piece.

ALANAH  
Make me get on my knees.

Shaking his head, he licks the blood from his lip.

FRANK  
Bitch.

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

She stares at him laughing.

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

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

FRANK  
I'm taking more than your mouth behind this.

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

FRANK  
What?

ALANAH  
(Laughs)  
You heard me.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
(Laughs)

Don't worry. I'll be a savage like you  
and your friends were with me.

Removing the mask, his eyes get wide.

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

Alanah looks down at him smiling.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Let's get him in the van.

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

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - ALANAH OFFICE - AFTERNOON

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

Revenge means nothing if you don't  
enjoy it. I savor mines like the  
blissful touch of the Holy Ghost.

The door is heard opening.

Slowly moving her hand down the window, she nods her head.

She turns around and there stands Lloyd in a wet black trench  
coat.

LLOYD

I'm on time today.

ALANAH

Can I ask you something?

LLOYD

Sure.

ALANAH

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



LLOYD  
I never gave it much thought.

ALANAH  
Sure you have.

She walks over to him, stopping in his face.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
The moment you laid eyes on her with  
another man, you were thinking about  
what?

Rubbing his chin thinking about what she asked, he looks at  
her, raising his eyebrow.

LLOYD  
Honestly?

ALANAH  
Yes.

LLOYD  
I probably would've killed her.

ALANAH  
And you didn't, because?

LLOYD  
Options.

ALANAH  
What were the options?

LLOYD  
Spend my life in jail or divorce her  
taking everything.

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

LLOYD  
Where are you going with this?

ALANAH  
Let's talk about it over some food.

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

She pats his shoulder, smiling.

ALANAH  
Just come on.

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZERIA - AFTERNOON

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

TWO SHOT - ALANAH AND LLOYD

They're sitting at a booth with a deep dish, a pitcher of coke, two cups and a slice of pizza on their plates.

Outside the window, we see they're in the slums.

Cars are speeding up and down the street, along with people walking around.

LLOYD  
I've never been here.

ALANAH  
This is my favorite pizza place.

Lloyd looks around at the environment.

LLOYD  
I'm shocked you come down here. It's a little rough around these parts.

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

LLOYD  
Scared of you.

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

He takes a sip from his coke.

LLOYD  
Pain isn't always the answer.

ALANAH  
Why?

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

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

LLOYD  
I'm listening.

Nodding her head okay, she takes a sip from her coke.

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

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

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

He sits back folding his arms across his chest, staring  
directly in her eyes.

LLOYD  
Who hurt you?

ALANAH  
Excuse me?

LLOYD  
Who hurt you?

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

LLOYD

I know you are. Come on with it.

ALANAH

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

LLOYD

Sure. It's okay to open up.

ALANAH

There's nothing I need to say.

He reaches over grabbing her hand.

LLOYD

Therapists can talk to people other than their therapist. I won't judge you.

She's in a trance staring at him.

Still holding her hand, he goes to reach for her face, and she snaps out of it.

Quickly grabbing her purse, she opens it, pulling out her wallet.

ALANAH

I, uh--I need to get going.

LLOYD

Alanah.

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

ALANAH

Huh?

LLOYD

Look at me.

She looks at him with a straight face.

ALANAH

Okay?

LLOYD  
You can allow yourself to love.

ALANAH  
Right. I'll be going.

She gets up from the table.

LLOYD  
I'm here if you need me.

She sees the concern on his face.

ALANAH  
I'll keep that in mind.

She walks out of the restaurant.

Lloyd sighs deep, taking a sip from his coke.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHENE PARK - NIGHT

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

The view of the water is beautiful.

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

ALANAH (V.O.)  
(Sips)  
He doesn't know what he's talking about. Why would I allow myself to love, and end up more fucked up than what I am?  
(Sips)  
They say you can't understand love without pain, and the pain helps you find love. At one point in my life, I thought this was true. Remember when I told you about Kevin? He made me realize once you reveal your past to a man, the fairy-tale dream comes to an end.

She takes a sip from her cup.

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - ALANAH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room all-white room is furnished beautifully.

TWO SHOT -- ALANAH AND KEVIN

The two are sitting on the sofa laughing about their date.

Alanah is wearing a soft pink dress with her hair down.

KEVIN is wearing a suit that goes great with his brown skin.

ALANAH

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

KEVIN

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

ALANAH

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

KEVIN

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

She sighs, lowering her head.

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

KEVIN (CONT'D)

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

Taking a deep breath, she nods her head okay.

ALANAH

What I'm about to tell you, you might have a different view on me.

KEVIN

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

ALANAH

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

KEVIN

Used you? What do you mean?

ALANAH

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

He's speechless, rubbing his chin.

She stares at him with uncertainty in her eyes.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What?

KEVIN

This explains why you're not sexually affectionate.

ALANAH

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

KEVIN

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

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

ALANAH

Thanks for understanding.

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

Confused, she sits back wondering what's wrong.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What?

KEVIN

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

ALANAH

Are you serious?

KEVIN

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

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

KEVIN (CONT'D)

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

ALANAH

I think you should leave.

KEVIN

Leave? You're telling me to leave?

ALANAH

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

KEVIN

(Chuckles)

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

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

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

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

KEVIN (CONT'D)

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

(Laughs)

You can't fool me.

Slowly she turns to face him.

ALANAH

You think I'm a whore?



KEVIN

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

She lowers her head saddened.

ALANAH

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

KEVIN

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

He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

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

She winks, licking her lips, nodding her head yes.

ALANAH

...And I will.

KEVIN

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

ALANAH

I won't.

She slowly moves down.

CLOSE UP - KEVIN FACE

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

KEVIN

Make sure you get it real---

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

She stands up smiling, using her finger wiping the blood.

ALANAH

Women should always receive head  
before men.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Get it together, boo.

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

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

TOMMY

What shall we do with him?

ALANAH

Chop him up. Spread him across the  
city.

Tommy chuckles.

TOMMY

Are you okay?

ALANAH

I'm fine. Lesson learned.

TOMMY

That would be?

ALANAH

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

TOMMY

You're not a hoe.

ALANAH

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

She walks off.

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

COME BACK TO:

EXT. PRESENT DAY - CHENE PARK - NIGHT

She's smiling taking a sip from her coffee.

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

She takes another sip.

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

Scoffing under her breath, she uses her eyes looking at him.

MAN #2

What's going on?

ALANAH

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

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

MAN #2

Don't get smart, bitch.

ALANAH

(Annoyed tone)

What do you want?

MAN #2

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

He slowly releases her.

She rubs his face, looking at him smiling.

ALANAH

(Moaning)

You wanna fuck me on the bench?

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

Man #2 is confused staring at her.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? Take it.

He pushes her down on the bench aggressively. having his way with her.

She pulls the blade out, sticking him hard.

His eyes get wide as she repeatedly stabs him.

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

She snatches the knife out, turning him to the side standing up.

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

Add another memory.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - MORNING

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

INT. SAUNA - CONTINUOUS

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

Tonight, I'll be dealing with Todd. His entire conversation revolved around eating my pussy. I've been blowing him off because all he talks about is eating my pussy. But why do men say "Let me eat that pussy?" and

it doesn't involve teeth? I never experienced it with or without teeth, but goddamn. Men are eager to put their face in some unknown pussy, but lose eagerness when it comes to love and commitment. Dumb hoes falling for that scam is another reason why real women can't make it in the world.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE BUFFET - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant is packed.

Alanah is sitting at her table with plates of different sushi, taking a sip from her Saki.

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. SEX SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The place is filled with various people.

The chatter of other people and a porno playing is heard.

Alanah is looking over porno movies.

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

other hand, they get caught seeking fame, and in the end feel guilty, finally finding God...so they claim.

She picks up a DVD.

ALANAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Bitches like this make women like me look bad. More focused on how many dicks she can take and money, instead of realizing her worth as a woman. Another reason why men think we're all hoes. They want us to act like these bitches, but claim they want a good woman. You figure it out.

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH HOUSE - NIGHT

Alanah comes into the house energized.

Tommy is standing by the door.

TOMMY  
 Are you relaxed?

ALANAH  
 Yes indeed.

TOMMY  
 Your guest is in your room as you requested.

ALANAH  
 Did he create my romantic scene?

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

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

TOMMY  
 Television until your guest leaves.

ALANAH  
 Do you need anything?

TOMMY

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

ALANAH

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

TOMMY

Let me know.

She makes her way upstairs walking into her room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALANAH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights are off with lit candles spread around.

A trail of rose petals are on the floor leading to the bathroom.

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALANAH BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP - THE SINK

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

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

ALANAH

(Sips)

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

(Sips)

This is lovely. You deserve something special.

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

Picking up the glass, she turns facing the bathtub.

ALANAH POV

Candles are lit around the tub.

TODD is resting in a bubble bath barely conscious. His brown skin face is battered and bruised, handcuffed to the water knobs.

BACK TO THE SCENE

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Aw, you poor baby. What happened?

TODD

(Groggy tone)

Please...please, just--just let me go.

ALANAH

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

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

TODD

(Pleading, groggy)

Let me go home. I just wanna go home.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead.

ALANAH

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

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

CLOSE UP - TODD FACE

He's dozing in and out of sleep.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ALANAH BEDROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

CLOSE UP - ALANAH



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

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

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

LLOYD (V.O.)

Hello?

ALANAH

Were you busy?

LLOYD (V.O.)

Alanah?

ALANAH

If you're busy, I can call back.

LLOYD (V.O.)

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

ALANAH

What's your definition of love?

LLOYD (V.O.)

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

ALANAH

Sex has nothing to do with it?

LLOYD (V.O.)

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

ALANAH

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

LLOYD (V.O.)

I was blinded from what I needed to know.

ALANAH

Can we try another date?

LLOYD (V.O.)  
Just let me know when.

ALANAH  
Okay. Enjoy your night.

LLOYD (V.O.)  
You do the same.

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

ALANAH (V.O.)  
He so reminds me of Kevin, but I just know he's different.

Closing her eyes, she releases a sigh of sadness.

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

There's complete silence.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
I know you hear me talking to you?

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. What was I thinking?

She holds up Todd's tongue.

BACK TO THE SCENE

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
Get you some sleep. I'll use this tomorrow.

She closes his eyes.

INT. THE POOL HALL - NIGHT

The scenery is laid back.

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

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

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

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

ALANAH

Drink up and rack 'em!

LLOYD

(Laughs)

That was luck. Don't start talking shit.

ALANAH

(Laughs)

Oh, but I am.

LLOYD

You're something else.

ALANAH

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

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

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

LLOYD

You're a complete woman.

ALANAH

Am I?

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

Food and sex.

Finished racking, he removes the rack stepping back.

LLOYD

I was speaking about a man, not a boy.

She picks up her cue, chalking it.

ALANAH

Excuse me.

LLOYD

What made you decide on this place?

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

ALANAH

It's a cool place to relax and get away from the Q&A.

LLOYD

I couldn't agree more.

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

ALANAH

I think you needed this more than me.

He takes aim on a solid in the corner.

LLOYD

You think so?

He lands his shot.

ALANAH

I know so.

Moving around the table, he looks for another shot.

LLOYD

I know something you don't.

ALANAH

What?

He takes aim on another solid.

LLOYD

You're about to lose this game.

ALANAH  
(Laughs)  
Somebody gained some confidence.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOWLING ALLEY - AN HOUR LATER

TWO SHOT - ALANAH AND LLOYD

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

We can see people bowling in the background.

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

LLOYD  
(Laughs)  
I see you stopped talking shit.

ALANAH  
(Laughs)  
I'm letting you win because I spanked  
that ass when we played pool.

LLOYD  
Tell me anything.

ALANAH  
I ain't lying.

LLOYD  
Right. Check this out.

ALANAH  
What?

LLOYD  
How do you feel about kids?

ALANAH  
Where did this come from?

LLOYD  
Random questions help you get to the  
truth quicker.

She takes a sip from her mug with a smirk.

ALANAH  
And who told you that?

LLOYD  
A wonderful woman I get counseling  
from.

ALANAH  
Lame, but cute.

LLOYD  
At least I tried.

ALANAH  
Work on it.

LLOYD  
Come on with the answer.

ALANAH  
Not in my future.

LLOYD  
Why?

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

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

ALANAH  
And a child will still be curious  
about the wrongs.

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

ALANAH

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

LLOYD

Not from lack of trying. I thought my sperm count was low. Come to find out, she was on the pill.

ALANAH

Why would she be on a pill?

LLOYD

Something I've been trying to figure out myself.

ALANAH

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

LLOYD

I can't argue with that.

ALANAH

Why did you really ask that question?

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

Make something happen?

LLOYD

Yeah.

ALANAH

You mean...be a couple?

LLOYD

What could go wrong?

ALANAH

What could go right?

LLOYD

Who's in denial now?

ALANAH  
It's certainly not me.

LLOYD  
Oh, it's you.

ALANAH  
Break it down.

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

ALANAH  
So you're saying?

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

She's silent, trying not to blush.

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

ALANAH  
I'm not answering what you already know.

LLOYD  
So, I'm right?

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

LLOYD  
(Laughs)  
Okay. Why are you single?

ALANAH  
It's for the best.

He takes a sip from his mug.

LLOYD  
Why?

ALANAH



I love my virginity.

Surprised, he takes a sip from his beer.

LLOYD  
You're a virgin?

ALANAH  
Technically, yes. Surprised?

LLOYD  
No. What do you mean, technically?

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

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

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

LLOYD  
You were talking about yourself in the  
pizza joint?

She shrugs up her shoulders.

ALANAH  
Can't fool you, can I?

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

She sighs deep, lowering her head.

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

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
You can trust me. I swear on my life,  
I won't judge you.

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

ALANAH  
Those are some strong words.

LLOYD  
They're also true words.

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

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

ALANAH  
Lloyd---

He places a finger to her lips.

LLOYD  
I'll cherish your heart like my own.

Lost for words, all she can do is stare.

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

ALANAH  
I can't do this.

LLOYD  
Alanah.

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

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

She rushes away.

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

CUT TO:

INT. ALANAH BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alanah is wearing a black gown with her hands on the sink,

head low, breathing heavy.

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

ALANAH

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

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

I'll tell you why.

ALANAH

Why?

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

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

ALANAH

He's nothing like Kevin or the others.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

What's wrong with you? You forgot men will do and say anything to fuck?

ALANAH

Not him. He's the one.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

How should we get rid of him?

ALANAH

I'm not killing him.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

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

ALANAH

No! He's a good man.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

We thought daddy was a good man.

ALANAH

Shut up! He was a piece of shit!

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

You think Lloyd is any better?

ALANAH

I know he is. You watch and see.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

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

She's silent, closing her eyes.

INNER VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Sinister laugh)

That's what I thought. Look at me.

She opens her eyes, and her reflection is smiling.

INNER VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Kill him.

ALANAH

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

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

What if he doesn't?

ALANAH

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

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

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

ALANAH

Good night. I'm done talking with you.

INNER VOICE (O.S.)

You'll find out.

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

INT. WORKOUT ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

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

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

ALANAH

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

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

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

FRANK (O.S.)

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

She starts hitting the bag harder.

ALANAH

Shut up.

DAVID (O.S.)

Are you cutting his dick off, too?

DANNY (O.S.)

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

You can see the anger on her face hitting the bag harder and faster.

ALANAH

Shut the fuck up. You bastards deserved to die.

TODD (O.S.)

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

JOHN (O.S.)

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

ALANAH

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

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

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

ALANAH  
What the fuck do you want from me?!

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - LINDA BASEMENT - NIGHT

John is naked, tied down, bending over a table, whimpering.

His face and body is bruised and bloody.

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN  
Alanah, please---.

With a smile, she shoves the end of the broom into his ass.

He screams in pain, feeling her pushing it deeper.

YOUNG ALANAH  
Take it, bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - FRANK BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

ALANAH

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

She places the blow torch down.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

But unlike you, I have a heart. I'll  
take away the pain.

She bends down grabbing a bottle of 100% rubbing alcohol.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

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

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

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

She opens the bottle pouring the alcohol on his dick.

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

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - ALANAH BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

TODD

(Groggy, frightened)  
Baby girl, wait. Wait, just---

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

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

ALANAH

Is this the best your mouth can do?

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - LISA BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny has tears coming down his face.

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

DANNY

This is what I get for chasing a phat  
ass.

ALANAH

No.

She turns towards him with the ax.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

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

She cocks the ax back.

DANNY

Fuck you, you dirty---

She swings with all her might connecting with his chest.

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

ALANAH

I told you about that word.

She begins hitting him over and over with the ax.

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - WORKOUT ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

ALANAH

You bastards deserve worse. Leave me  
the fuck alone!

Tommy rushes in running over to her kneeling down.



TOMMY  
What's wrong?

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

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

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

ALANAH  
Do you think he's the one?

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

ALANAH  
Thanks. What should we have for dinner?

TOMMY  
Have something simple.

ALANAH  
Why?

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

ALANAH  
What would I do without you?

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

ALANAH  
He's more than welcome.

TOMMY  
You should go and get freshened up.

ALANAH  
I will.

He gets up walking out the room.

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

Lloyd steps into the room with Tommy looking sophisticated.

TOMMY

Here's the man of the hour.

ALANAH

Thank you.

Tommy walks off.

Lloyd takes his seat, staring at her in awe.

LLOYD

You look magnificent.

ALANAH

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

LLOYD

You're beautiful either way.

ALANAH

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

He looks at the food smiling.

LLOYD  
This looks great.

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

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

He takes a fork full, placing it in his mouth.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
(Chewing)  
This is pretty good.

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

LLOYD  
I'd like to apologize about last time.

ALANAH  
That was my fault.

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

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

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

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

LLOYD  
Okay.

ALANAH  
Can you accept a woman for her past?

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

ALANAH  
What if her past is still her present?

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

ALANAH  
I haven't told you what it is.

He stands up walking over to her, extending his hand.

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

He uses his thumb gliding it smoothly across her lips.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LLOYD  
I have something to say.

ALANAH  
What?

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

think we should take that step further.

ALANAH

What?

LLOYD

I think we should be a couple.

She takes a step back.

ALANAH

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

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

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

He becomes a little leery.

LLOYD

What do you mean, the real you?

ALANAH

The woman before you is a lost soul, wishing she could rewind time.

LLOYD

Who did this to you?

ALANAH

Someone I can never forgive.

LLOYD

I'll give you the happiness you need.

ALANAH

Lloyd---

LLOYD

We'll be happy together.

She sighs, turning her back.

ALANAH

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

He steps up behind her.

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

How can I be sure?

He places his hands on her shoulders.

LLOYD

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

She turns around with glossy eyes.

ALANAH

Are your words true?

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

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

You'll always love me?

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

You'll accept me, flaws and all?

LLOYD

Yes.

ALANAH

We'll see.

She walks off to the kitchen and he follows.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

ALANAH

My main flaws are my dogs, Suffering  
and Damnation.

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

They don't know how to behave.

LLOYD

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

She opens the door, turning the lights on.

ALANAH

They need more than taming. You'll  
see.

She walks down the stairs, and he follows.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The layout is for a teenage girl.

Towards the back is another door.

Lloyd pauses looking around the room admiring what he sees.

LLOYD

This is something interesting?

ALANAH

Do you think so?

LLOYD

I understand now.

ALANAH

What do you understand?

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

(Light chuckle)

This helps my problem...but the pain will probably never get laid to rest.

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

Follow me.

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

Giving him a kiss on the cheek, she blushes heading to the door, and he's right behind her.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

I've always dreamed about an actual relationship.

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

LLOYD

Dream no more.

She grabs his hand making him look at her.

ALANAH

Thank you, Lloyd.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dark.

LLOYD (O.S.)

What's going on?

ALANAH (O.S.)

Your love for me is blind until you



see the truth. Just relax.

LLOYD (O.S.)

What do you feed your dogs? That's a  
nasty ass smell.

She turns the lights on.

Lloyd stands adjusting his eyes.

When his vision adjusts, his face shows pure horror.

LLOYD POV

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

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

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

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

The tubes are connected to masks being worn by John sitting  
on the right chained to the wall, and Frank sitting to the  
left chained to the wall.

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

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

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

Lloyd turns his head to the side vomiting.

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

LLOYD

Jesus.

ALANAH

Don't be shy. Go meet Suffering, my  
uncle Frank. And my pedophile father,  
Damnation. These are the men who

showed me all men are the same. The others are randoms, only wanting sex. But I told 'em you're different.

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

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

LLOYD  
(Scared tone)  
Alanah...you need help.

ALANAH  
What?

She grabs his arm, making him turn around.

ALANAH (CONT'D)  
You wanna be a couple, right?

She puts the barrel under his chin, and his eyes get wide.

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

He swallows hard, nodding his head in agreement.

LLOYD  
I'll go talk.

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

ALANAH  
Good boy.

She aims the gun at his head.

Frozen in fear, he keeps his eyes on her.

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

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Love for God is a deep love, only being able to understand it if you truly believe. I'm not God, but I used that analogy because if what you've been telling me is true, this will end how I envisioned it.

Reaching the table he covers his mouth.

LLOYD

What did you envision?

ALANAH

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

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

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

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

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

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

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

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

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

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

(Sighs)

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

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

CLOSE UP - LLOYD

He's unconscious with blood leaking from his forehead.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE BACK ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

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

His arms are extended out with chains around his wrist.

A nine-millimeter is in both of his hands. Duct tape makes sure his hands are secured tight on the guns, with a finger on the triggers.

The barrels of the guns are in John's and Frank's mouth duct taped.

They're sitting in chairs close to him, but still chained to the wall.

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

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

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

Tapping the prod in her hand, she looks at him smiling.

ALANAH

Do you know what this is?

LLOYD

No?

ALANAH

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

LLOYD

What's wrong with you?

ALANAH

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

LLOYD

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

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

ALANAH

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

She pokes John again.

Lloyd lowers his head, sighing.

She sighs disappointed, walking over to Frank.

ALANAH (CONT'D)

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

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

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

LLOYD

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

She steps in front of Lloyd.

ALANAH

(Laughs)

Let me see if I can put this short and

simple. When I touch you with this rod, you'll kill them, and then I'll kill you.

LLOYD

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

ALANAH

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

LLOYD

Alanah---

ALANAH

Bye, Lloyd.

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

SMASH CUT:

INT. THE DINING ROOM - MORNING

The drapes are open so the sun can shine in. Instead of the small glass table, it's been replaced with a long one with chairs around it.

Alanah is sitting at the table wearing something casual. In front of her on a plate is a medium rare steak, green beans and mashed potatoes with a glass of orange juice on the side.

ALANAH

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

LLOYD (O.S.)

(Tape recording)

So am I.

ALANAH

I love you, baby.

LLOYD (O.S.)

(Tape recording)

I love you, too.

ALANAH

You haven't touched your food.

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

ALANAH  
 You spoiled brat.

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

ALANAH  
 I do.

She gets up walking down to the other end of the table.

He's still not shown.

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

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

ALANAH  
 That's right.

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

CLOSE UP - THE PLATE

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

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

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

Still wearing nothing but his boxers, he's propped up in a tall chair. Straps are around his head and body, making sure he doesn't fall.

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

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

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

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

ALANAH (CONT'D)

Is it good?

She stops making him chew.

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

LLOYD

(Tape recording)

I love it as much as I love you.

She smiles, giving him a kiss on the lips.

ALANAH

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

She focuses her attention on Tommy.

TOMMY

Shall I place him with the others?

ALANAH

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

TOMMY

Okay.

ALANAH

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

TOMMY

Good riddance. I hope you have peaceful dreams now.

ALANAH

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



TOMMY

I accept you. That's all that matters.

ALANAH

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

She walks over to him, and they hug.

TOMMY

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

ALANAH

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

TOMMY

Just make it home safe.

ALANAH

I'm always safe.

She walks off.

Tommy pushes play on the recorder.

LLOYD

(Tape recording)

I love you, baby.

She continues walking.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE PORCH - CONTINUOUS

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

ALANAH (V.O.)

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

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

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

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

(Sighs)

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

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

FADE TO BLACK:

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

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS