

WHO WILL SURVIVE

written by

C. East

OPEN ON BLACK SCREEN.

TILT DOWN TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The NOISES OF THE CITY SOUND.

Rain pours down. The white of the moon converges with the bright colors of scattered bodegas to reflect off puddles and form a glossy haze throughout the area.

MOVE IN SLOWLY ON MILES, 30s, handsome without trying draped in all black. Standing on the opposite sidewalk, scouting the building from afar, he puts out his cigarette.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

A lit joint passes between CHAEL, a grizzled 40-something with graying hair, and a group of scantily dressed young women. Their conversation consists of unintelligible laughter.

TEYANA, a gorgeous black woman, leans close into Chael, whispering in his ear. Chael listens intently, leaning forward in his chair.

Then, Chael hands one of the other ladies the joint, takes a swig of vodka, and leaves the room with Teyana. She leads him through the foyer and through a doorway...

INT. APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM

...into a darkened master bedroom. The moonlight shimmers into the room through the corners of window curtains. Music echoes from the rest of the apartment.

Chael takes an even larger pull of vodka, slams it down and smiles. Leans in to kiss.

...Teyana pulls away. Pauses. Takes a sip of vodka for herself. Leans back in.

TEYANA
(whispering)
You didn't order me here just so
you could get a good fuck.

Chael smirks.

TEYANA (CONT'D)

I asked to come here to get fucked.

She leans in again...

TEYANA (CONT'D)

There's a difference.

They both grin.

CHAEEL

Yes ma'am.

Teyana unstrings her corset. Her full-figured profile, accentuated by the lit moon, glistens.

Chael soaks it all in: the voluptuous thighs, immaculate breasts, luscious lips.

She arranges herself on top of him, pushing his back to the bed. Her beasts fall gracefully in between his hands when:

TEYANA

Do you have condoms?

CHAEEL

Um, no.

Pause. A moment of eye contact. Then:

CHAEEL (CONT'D)

Does that matter?

TEYANA

It should.

CHAEEL

But *does* it?

Another moment of eye contact.

TEYANA

I'll take my chances.

Their bodies slam into each other...

Teyana quickly undoes his belt... Pulls his shirt over his head... The rest of the clothes follow before the couple quickly become a blur of naked bodies.

Teyana's arms and legs guide Chael into her. He grasps the headboard and enters her roughly, causing her moans to pierce through walls. Her nails and teeth burrow into him. They're entwined.

Soon enough, Chael climaxes loudly, compulsively. His hips grind tightly before easing back into position, resting softly on the bed. They both lay back, out of breath.

CHAEL

Wow.

TEYANA

Yeah.

Chael looks to Teyana.

CHAEL

D-did you cum?

TEYANA

Oh well, I mean, almost.

CHAEL

Right.

Teyana reaches for her phone, checks her text messages.

TEYANA

Where's the bathroom?

Chael points to his left, still panting from the workout.

Teyana rolls out of the bed and walks to the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Teyana enters the bathrooms, and immediately turns on the loud vent fan. She shuts the toilet lid down, sits on top, and searches for a porn video on her phone. She proceeds to finger herself, trying to finish what Chael started.

She turns the volume up ever-so-slightly, as the fan blocks out most of the noise.

Once the job is finished, she cleans up, washes her hands and face and exits the bathroom...

INT. APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM

...walking back into the master bedroom to find...

Chael, with a sliced throat, butchered on the bed. She screams at the top of her lungs, causing the women from the other room to come rushing in and eventually following suit.

EXIT THROUGH THE WINDOW and return to the sidewalk we started on, as Miles, back turned, lights up another cigarette, and walks the opposite direction.