

THE FLESH

by

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Based upon the song
by MIC Jordan

FADE IN:

INT. FIRST BEDROOM - MORNING

A little red party dress is crumpled on the carpet - like a garish ball of trash or a parched rose.

SLOW DOLLY CREEP toward a mussed bed occupied by the foregrounded figure of a man seated on the edge, hunching over himself; a conquered woman recovers in unconsciousness in the immediate background.

The buckle of a strewn belt twinkles on the floor, snaking between a flung pair of high heels.

The man, MIC JORDAN, mumbles, head down, dreadlocks hanging to the ground, hiding his face and his shame.

MIC JORDAN
Seeking and not necessarily
finding...

Jordan lifts his head, revealing himself to the camera, and finishes the buttons on his formal shirt.

MIC JORDAN
What we're looking' for...

The beat drops. At that moment, WOMAN #1's eyelids peel open and she raps in soliloquy.

WOMAN #1
I'm lying next to a woman that I
don't want around/Fantasies of
true loves invade my thoughts and
I frown.

Jordan rises from his seat on the bed and walks past the camera, soliloquizing as he does.

MIC JORDAN
Cuz I gots ta get down... At least
that's how I trained myself.

The woman sits up on her bed, undershirt askew, reshaping the waves of down comforter around her as she rights herself.

WOMAN #1
Cuz the chase and the hunt is just
a game and I play it well.

Jordan retrieves his belt; raps in CLOSE-UP.

MIC JORDAN

But I wonder if I'm just creating
hell, custom-made for me/I feel
the darkness calling whenever we
touch and play, cuz see/I hastily
pounced when the cat was
displayed, and seized/But I want
to turn away when I hear her voice
say to me...

WOMAN #1

Anything resembling emotional
attachment.

Jordan returns to his seat on the edge of the bed to finish
dressing himself (cufflinks, tie, jacket). The woman returns
to the embrace of her pillow.

MIC JORDAN

Instantly I'm grimacing while
posted on her mattress/I feel
fiendish cuz I know I'm stoking
sadness/Cuz I don't care about her
feelings, so what we have is not
special or sacred/We're just
dealing/With animal urges,
realizing that's revealing/Cuz the
relationship looked open but
there's a glass ceiling/So what we
do is sexual...

Jordan springs off her bed, out of frame...

WOMAN #1

But isn't really healing.

... And out her front door.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

After he shuts the woman's door gently behind him, as not to
wake her, Jordan flies down the hall, rapping the chorus.

MIC JORDAN

(chorus)

These are my confessions/For I am
weak in the flesh/I lose sight of
what I really ought to seek and
get stressed.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Jordan mashes the ignition and peels out.

MIC JORDAN

(chorus)

So now my heart is cold/Although
her body is hot/I can't have what
I want/So I settle with what I've
got.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

God's-eye overhead view of Jordan laying on his back in another bed. WOMAN #2 falls into frame, landing in a TWO-SHOT beside him.

MIC JORDAN

My tongue is made of silver.

WOMAN #2

My dick is made of diamond.

MIC JORDAN

My words can break a strong
woman's will like a hymen.

WOMAN #2

I have the hands of a lover, but
the heart of a killer.

MIC JORDAN

The feeling keeps 'em coming back
like a crack dealer.

Jordan sits bolt upright.

MIC JORDAN

She's looking for a thrill, and I
provide her with plenty/She says
that I'm delicious, but I leave
her feeling empty.

Jordan hops off the bed and bounds out of the area. Camera rotates around the outer lip of the bed as the woman raises herself onto her knees.

WOMAN #2

My game is hella vicious like I'm
dealing with the enemy/She wants
me for my kisses/I just want what
she can give to me.

INT. HER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jordan scrubs his face and hands in the sink; raps into the mirror.

MIC JORDAN

But immediately afterwards, I'm
saying I gotta bounce/Cuz I feel
uncomfortable even staying inside
of her house/I work the cat till
she's squeaking like a mouse, then
I'm out/Cuz my affection lasts
just long enough to come in her
mouth.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jordan emerges mostly dressed; the woman stretches across the bed expectantly.

MIC JORDAN

And leave her with a frosted
face/But me, I'm lost in space/I'm
a fraud, a fake, a monster, though
I never caught a case/I'm the man
who wasn't there, my identity is
erased/In this race to the bottom,
I've gotten scared of the pace.

Jordan scoops up a strewn belonging and zips out of the room, slamming the door this time.

EXT. THE STREETS - NIGHT

Jordan stalks down the sidewalk, rapping the refrain.

MIC JORDAN

(chorus)

These are my confessions/For I am
weak in the flesh.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

The woman curls up in bed, devastated.

WOMAN #2

(chorus)

I lose sight of what I really
ought to seek and get stressed/So
now my heart is cold...

INT. THE STREETS - NIGHT

MIC JORDAN

(chorus)

Although her body is hot/I can't
have what I want/So I settle with
what I've got.

INT. THIRD BEDROOM - MORNING

Jordan and WOMAN #3 lay in bed together, back to back,
facing opposite directions.

MIC JORDAN

Not too far in the past, when my
hardening heart was smashed/Into
shards sharp as glass, my mind
started to crack/I collapsed, I
couldn't cry, but it wasn't hard
to laugh.

WOMAN #3

I wondered if this darkened path
was the mark of God's wrath.

MIC JORDAN

So the pain I cause is an artifact
of hard knock class/Artifice is
hard to resist with a broad in
your lap/And I do believe in love,
but don't know if I deserve
it/Observing the courses of these
forces made me absurdist.

Jordan turns over, toward the woman; she scoots away, closer
to her edge of the bed.

WOMAN #3

So I laugh as they hurt us,
because the pain is what connects
us/I used to be so faithful, but
became such a slut.

Jordan, absorbing her rebuff, lets himself fall away from
her, onto his back.

MIC JORDAN

It was strange how we change just
to fuck, getting service/Is all
that makes sense when our ideals
become worthless/Kisses become
curses, memory's a savage biz/Cuz
I died inside, but don't know if
(MORE)

MIC JORDAN (cont'd)
 I'd rather live/Was it guilt that
 built this sadness?/Does it matter
 in the end?

Jordan and the woman sit up on the bed in unison and address the camera.

MIC JORDAN & WOMAN #3
 Because all I know is heartbreak,
 so that's all that I can give.

INT. FIRST BEDROOM - MORNING

Jordan and Woman #1 are perched on the edge of the bed - together.

MIC JORDAN & WOMAN #1
 (chorus)
 These are my confessions/For I am
 weak in the flesh/I lose sight of
 what I really ought to seek and
 get stressed.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jordan and Woman #2 are similarly posed.

MIC JORDAN & WOMAN #2
 (chorus)
 So now my heart is cold/Although
 her body is hot.

INT. THIRD BEDROOM - MORNING

Jordan and Woman #3 remain upright and peering into the camera from their posts in the center of the bed.

MIC JORDAN & WOMAN #3
 (chorus)
 I can't have what I want/So I
 settle with what I've got.

EXT. THE STREETS - NIGHT

Jordan and all three of his conquests - Woman #1, #2, and #3 - sing together.

EVERYONE

Gigolo, gigolo, gigolo
Gigolo jig-gigolo, gigolo
I'm just a gigolo
Gigolo, gigolo, gigolo
Gigolo, jig-gigolo, y'all...

THE END