

NOIR

***“the Good Girl,
the Detective,
and the Femme Fatale.”***

Written By Reyshan Parker

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***"THE GOOD GIRL,
THE DETECTIVE &
THE FEMME FATALE***

**WRITTEN BY
REYSHAN PARKER**

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and events are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living, or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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ISBN 978-1-300-69745-9**

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**Cover Art by
James Allen**

Distributed by Lulu.com

**Published by Lulu Press, Inc.
United States of America**

FORWARD

America, the land of the free, home of the brave; the land of opportunity where millions have flocked to escape persecution and to make a new life for themselves. Since its inception, America has stood as a model for liberty and freedom. From the outside it appears as a shining star, a beacon of hope for the rest of the world. But from inside the reality of the streets and the everyday struggle becomes as apparent as in any nation.

At times it is a place where all we have to rely on is our wits. It is a culture rich in diversity yet filled with prejudice, racism, classism, sexism, and every other "ism" you can imagine. People act as if they are exempt, but we all have our prejudices in one form or another. We all think that we are somehow better than everyone else in

some way. Whether it is a poor man thinking that he is wiser than the rich man because of the hardships he must endure, or the rich looking down on the poor and thinking that they have more ambition because their money has proven their success and bought them many acquaintances. Gays want to marry as much as red-necks want guns. Why can't we have both and just agree to disagree. In the words of a modern martyr with a simple message, "Why can't we all just get along?".

How do we maneuver our lives in a way that keeps us from falling prey to the vultures around us? How do we manipulate reality in such a way as to enrich our own? What was once a pillar of the world has become fraught with the same human plights and degradation that affect each and every one of us around the world. The trials and tribulations of making it through another day, befuddled by the inexcusable absence of an American dream long since forgotten reminds us that we're not special; manifest destiny was just a nice way of saying we'll take what we want and to hell with the rest of you.

The power itself gives rise to the greed and deceit thought necessary to control a populace. Thus, pushes people for retribution from their own blindness. In the

awareness of the information age, it becomes harder and harder to pull the wool over our own eyes. That is the core of our frustrations in the psyche of a trickle-down, corporate nation. How then do we find solace on the dark and dreary streets that are home to so many downtrodden Americans who have lost their faith in the dream?

The dream is not dead; it just varies occasionally. It's all in our perception. Do we sink to the level of the powerful, or do we do what we must in order to survive? And how is it possible to expel all your energy attempting to simply survive and create change at the same time? Survival is key. It is at the heart of our selfish desires, for self preservation drives even the best of us to our limits. The facade of moral stipulations must be thrown out, like an old pair of shoes that no longer serve their purpose of comfort and stability. When wronged we seek to right those wrongs through any means possible... through means that may not always appear to be justified.

Sometimes it is the only choice we have. If the truth is what we all seek, then love must become our priority in order to embrace the things that are not always seemingly right. What happens when we

want that dream, and it doesn't come to fruition? We continue to fight for it. That is what makes us human. That is what makes us American. Our flaws... our beautifully deceptive flaws - and the struggle continues, unabated and perpetual.

But in reality it's all in how we go about it. Moment by moment, choice by choice, and day by day, until the end.

TIME:

Now

PLACE:

The Dark City

CHAPTER I

THE GOOD GIRL

Before I entirely let you in as to why I am pointing this gun at the man in the hat and why there is a dead fat man on the floor, I thought maybe we should get to know each other first.

Where to start?

Well... my name is Melanie Diangelo, and I love cupcakes. No, actually I'm obsessed with them. When I can't sleep, I count them. Not by numbers but by flavors. Then, if I really can't sleep, I count them by flavors and by types of icing. And if I still can't sleep, I count them by flavors, icing and colored sprinkles. I guess they're kind of my thing. And yes, if I could marry a cupcake, I would. I mean, think about it: they're sweet, kids love them, and they sometimes have a hard shell, but they are always soft on the inside, and always satisfying. I mean, even when a cupcake is

bad, it's still good, you know? Kind of like sex. Shoot, now I need a cupcake, or maybe sex?

M m m , so good... red velvet with marscapone frosting is the best. Jealous much? I would be. My husband, he didn't much care for cupcakes. Or me for that matter. Sometimes I used to sit up at night wondering how I ended up in bed next to the snoring pig.

In reality I feel like I barely knew him. I feel that way about myself sometimes too. That's silly right? How can someone not know themselves? I *am* me, at least the last time I checked. It's strange to think that I've spent the last twenty seven years in this skin, and whenever he did choose to touch it, I always felt a million miles away.

It's like I'm here, but I'm really not. I heard from one of those television psychiatrists that abused women sometimes feel that way. I guess it's sort of like an out of body experience. Or maybe I just live in the clouds. I don't know anymore. At least I didn't until I met the man at whom I'm currently pointing this gun.

It's true; holding a gun really does make you feel powerful. Actually this is the first time I've felt alive since me and Frank got married. It seems like we met a lifetime ago.

This was before he became a bookie, and way before my obsession with cupcakes.

Right after high-school I moved to the city to go to college. I wanted to be a journalist and I took a few classes. I left my hometown after the love of my life committed suicide. He had actually left me for someone else, but we'll get to that.

A broken heart is a hard thing to deal with, but at least I dealt with it better than he did. Don't get me wrong, I think everyone contemplates suicide while in the midst of extreme heartbreak. You know the kind that feels like your chest is going to cave in, and you kind of wish it would? I can only imagine that this is how he felt. Or at least I hope he did, but I wouldn't wish that type of pain on my worst enemy...

Anyway, I worked part time at this little bakery downtown. It was called The Sunshine Surprise Bakery. I liked that name, mainly because it was such a sunny name, and who doesn't love surprises? This might be where my obsession started. It was my favorite place to be. The smell of fresh-baked cakes and sweet icing always at your finger tips, literally. The place was like heaven. It reminded me of my grandmother. She could always put a smile on my face and she made the best cupcakes.

I couldn't wait to get to work every day. I even started skipping classes just so I could work more. Obviously my grades began to slip, and eventually I was working full time at the bakery. They were the best days of my life.

That's when I met Frank.

I was a sweet, small town girl, and he was a rough and tough bad boy from the city streets. I guess that's what attracted me to him. You know the whole opposites thing. He had come in to pick up a cake for his grandmother's seventieth birthday. He walked in, cigarettes rolled in his shirt sleeve, his leather jacket hanging loosely over his well-formed chest and those tight black jeans. What was a girl to do? I was smitten.

He talked me up with that brooding Italian-esque accent of his to the point that my boss almost had to ask him to leave. Eventually, I relented and gave him my number. It's not like I had a choice, but then again, I wanted to. I just didn't want to appear too easy.

It was great at first. He would take me out almost every night showing me off to his friends and his family. They all loved me. I think I was the first decent girl he had ever brought home. He was so sweet for a while.

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He used to buy me flowers for no reason, and whenever we would fight, which wasn't often, he would wake the entire neighborhood singing sappy love songs outside my window until I was forced to forgive him or get evicted. It was actually very nice at first.

Then one day I was late. And by late I mean I was in trouble, and by in trouble I mean, I was prego. Frank actually took it very well -better then I did. I was a mess, I didn't know what to do, didn't even know if I wanted a baby. He was from a Roman Catholic family who insisted that we get married. They were all actually ecstatic over the idea. I still wasn't sure, but what choice did I have? So I went along with it.

I tried to tell my parents, but every time I did, I froze. They were terrible alcoholics, even though they refused to admit it. The fights in my house were epic. Two drunken idiots battling it out over lumpy mashed potatoes. They would never understand, and definitely would never have approved of Frank, that's for sure. So, I decided it was simply best to leave them out of it.

We were married one month later. It was a small wedding in his mothers back yard. I wore a second-hand wedding dress from the salvation army. It *was* very pretty

aside from the wine stain on the train that refused to come out no matter how hard I tried. Frank would later burn it in the backyard after my declaration of how I should never had married him. The backyard would become a place where he would take out many of his frustrations with me. But I digress.

The first two months of our marriage were as normal as any. Frank had taken over running his recently departed uncle's books, and the money seemed to be rolling in. Things were going good, that is until the night I lost the baby.

Frank wasn't home. I had decided to move some things into the attic. We had one of those pull down staircases, you know the kind? Anyway, I was coming back down when a dizzy spell hit me. I tried to hold onto the wires, but I just lost it. I fell about eight feet straight down, landing on my side and smacking my head on the ground. I was actually knocked unconscious. The next thing I knew I woke up in the hospital to Frank's mother crying next me and Frank screaming at everyone: the nurses, the doctors, the receptionists even. He trashed the room like a rock star in a hotel and the police were finally called. He ended up spending the night in jail, while I had to endure his entire family trying to comfort

me while they streamed sympathy tears and told me how it was all going to be alright.

It wasn't.

Everything was pretty much downhill from there. Frank started to change. He would come home angry, and he started drinking heavily. I don't know if it was the company he was keeping, the job, the stress, me, or a combination of everything, but he wasn't himself anymore. He would stay out all night long. We barely made love, and when we did, it was always rough, and I stopped enjoying it all together. Then the abuse started. Anything and everything was my fault. It didn't matter if it was a bet that went sour or a wrinkle in his shirt, everything was my fault. And I paid the price for it.

I guess this is when my obsession with cupcakes really began. They reminded me of happier times before this life started. I tried desperately to pretend I wasn't even living. I hoped that it was all just a nightmare but there was no escape, at least at the time. I suppose this all turned me into the person I am now; taking charge of my own existence, holding this gun and feeling alive for the first time in years.

And you know what? It feels good!

CHAPTER II

THE DETECTIVE

Okay, so you're probably wondering how I ended up standing next to a dead body with two extremely attractive women pointing guns at me? Well, there's not exactly a simple explanation for it. But here it goes...

It all started the day my mentor was murdered.

The city was dark and quiet that night. It had just rained. The smell of the city had temporarily been washed away, replaced by that cool refreshing scent of crisp clean night air. Gone for the moment was the stench of the numerous dumpster's filled with rotting food and rats. Gone were the acrid fumes of the nonstop traffic and refineries. The smell of corruption and power had also been vanquished for the time being.

But no amount of rain could entirely

wash it away. Because underneath every peaceful moment lurks a menacing presence constantly threatening to turn it all upside down. The truth is: I was too lost in my own situation at the time and didn't smell it as we walked out of the bar, but underneath that sweet fragrance there was murder in the air.

It had been quite an eventful day up until that point. I suppose I should preface this story with the notion that I may or may not have a gambling problem. It's not by choice that I found myself with this affliction, but by my desire to actually make something out of myself.

You see I always wanted to be a photographer. Not a cheesy wedding photographer, and definitely not at Sears taking pictures of snot-nosed kids against the placid facade of a lush forest, a sunny beach, a pale sunset, or any of the other numerous fake backgrounds employed in most dental offices to give a sense of adventure and serenity.

Truth be told, that *was* my first job. However, the seedy type of work in which I am currently employed, did eventually give rise to my inspiration as an actual artist.

I wanted my photographs to depict the true nature of the city and its inhabitants, to

be hung on walls of museums and art galleries, so that the poshest and snobbiest could get an idea about how the rest of us lived: a world cloaked in shadow and poverty, which *they* prefer to wear their sleep masks to block out. While their dreams came true, the means for the rest seemed to go out with the garbage.

I come from the underbelly of society, a place where not many like to look. I suppose that's why I have been repeatedly rejected from the mainstream art world and also how I came upon becoming a photographer for an ex-cop turned private investigator. It's that, or my photography suck? But I'm going with the former.

At his core Earl Jones was a decent man. He was ostracized by the police force for attempting to expose a scandal that no one in the established machine wanted out. And so he had reluctantly walked away, tossing a coffee pot across headquarters as he made his triumphant departure.

He was an astute man who had a knack for seeing through the bullshit. He was my father's age, fifty-four, graying with constant dark circles under his eyes from years of boozing. He and my father had been close their entire lives, getting through high school together before my father dropped

out. Later, he would become a snitch for Earl after getting caught up in a narcotics sting. When he was killed because of it, Earl took me in. I was twelve. I resented him for a long time, and he didn't help by getting drunk and claiming that it was all his fault. Eventually, I came to accept that it wasn't.

He always knew of my desire to be an artist but saw it as an unachievable goal. But, not to be completely unsympathetic to my dreams and understanding my love for the camera, he gave me a job as a photographer, or as I thought of it, his in-house spy. I was good at it too. The adrenaline rush that comes from following a suspect, sneaking into their homes, eavesdropping on their lunch conversation. I have to admit, it was a thrill.

Perhaps that's how my father felt as he recklessly put himself in that unsavory situation knowing at any time he could be caught. I suppose I'll never really know. But I'll tell you what I do know. The man who killed my father spent ten years in prison and was then released on good behavior. He didn't make it out long before his body washed up in a levy, but that's another story.

As I mentioned before I may or may not have a gambling problem. I just have always

hungered for that big score, you know the one? The one that would allow me to open my own gallery, to buy myself into that prestigious world, if you will. The saying is, "luck be a lady," but to me, she's always been more of a seductress, so I guess I do have a problem...

This all started when I got a line on a sure thing. Earl had always said that there was no such thing, but what can I say? I also believe in love at first sight. I had gotten an inside tip, or what I thought to be an inside tip from a local bookies goon. His name was Sylvio and we occasionally played poker together. I found him to be a rather straight- forward guy. We were sitting in the back of the Blue Lagoon Lounge. We all drank and smoked our fair share of vices that night, but Sylvio had managed to put down an entire bottle of scotch throughout the evening.

The sun was coming up. Sylvio was three sheets to the wind and winning. I had gone all in on a pair of Jacks, and he had called. There was around twenty grand in the pot. The river came up a deuce giving him three of a kind. There I was, out ten grand. I thought he was feeling sorry for me.

"Damn shame, better luck next time

kid," he said.

"Don't worry about it, just my life savings, no big deal," I said, dryly joking back at him.

"You played a real good game. Can you keep a secret?" he asked me.

"Yeah sure, you know I can."

"Next Thursday night's fight, Hinderson is going down in the forth. My Boss has it all laid out. I feel bad taking your life savings... If you're broke, how am I supposed to take any more of your money?" he said while chuckling and downing the rest of his bottle.

I tried to hide my indignation, but I was curious.

"So the fix is in?" I asked.

"I didn't say that, but it's a sure thing. Keep it to yourself, Frank would have my ass if he knew I let the cat out the bag."

"Appreciate the tip," I told him, not necessarily absorbing the actual implications of my newfound information. I knew his boss, Frank Diangelo. I had made bets with him in the past; I won some, I lost some, but I always paid. We were good. What I didn't know was that he had put out the rumor in order to weed out some of the more talkative persons in his employment. Sylvio happened to be one those. Regardless, the next day I found myself in Frank's office

making the bet.

His office was inside a lumber restoration facility. A cover business I was sure. It was supposed to be an environmentally friendly lumber establishment. But what did a greedy, greasy, egotistical Italian care about saving the planet? As far as I could tell the only thing he really liked were tax write-offs on illegal earnings.

I walked through the lumberyard on my way to his office. It was set up in a small trailer at the back of the facility. The smell of sawdust and glue was potent, and saws buzzed obnoxiously loud in the background. A smoke stack plumed from the incinerator where they burned the unusable recovered lumber, and no doubt those who could not afford to pay.

The place always left me on edge even though I normally didn't have anything to worry about. I entered his office as sure-footed as I had ever been, completely confident of the wager I was making.

The office walls were covered in centerfolds; it was really the only good thing about the place. This time, however, I was distracted by a real-life beauty.

A woman was standing by Frank, almost hovering over him; a beautiful but timid

looking brunette. Her hair was brushed over one side of her face. I could see what looked like a shiner hiding behind the curtain. But there was something about her that instantly made the butterflies swarm through your chest.

"Davey Boy, what's new?" Frank asked.

I diverted my eyes and brought my attention to him.

"Finally recovered from your last fiasco I hope?" he smiled with boyish villainy at the prospect of my return and his easily inflated pocket book.

But I couldn't help looking back at the fallen angel in the room.

"I'm good, Frank," I said.

"Honey, could you excuse us for a minute? I need to chat with this gentleman for a moment." He pointed at me, then to the door, motioning for her to leave. "Then we'll finish our little chat about that mutt," he seemed to snarl as he said that.

"Yeah, sure Frank," she said sheepishly, heading towards the door. She locked her good eye with mine as she brushed passed me. I noticed the ring on her finger and made the connection. She smelled good too, like cupcakes. Too sweet for the likes of Frank.

"I've recovered thank you," I said with

confidence, "me and a few buddies have come into a nice chunk of change, and we're looking to invest it."

"Well, you've come to the right place. What do you need?" he asked.

I knew I couldn't bet directly on Hinderson going down in the forth, so instead I made a flat \$100,000 dollar bet on Stevenson winning. I now know why Frank was so willing to take such a large wager, but I didn't care at the time. I walked out of that office feeling good.

Frank's wife was standing outside the door. She looked up at me with a sweet half smile, her head cocked slightly to the right to keep her bangs in place.

"Hi," she said.

"Hello," I said politely, then just kept on walking.

I try to make it a rule not to mess around with my bookie's wives, but I couldn't help turning around after a few steps and looking back.

She was still there. Staring at me, watching me go. She seemed to blush, then turned her head and walked back into Franks office. I watched *her* go, then headed on my way.

I had a fight to catch!

I headed to the closest local sports bar: a

little corporate place called Sports-Bar-U.S. You know, a true American watering hole where the working class gathers to eat pounds of hormone filled wings the size of your face and drink watered down forty-two ounce beers while they cheer on their millionaire heroes and try to numb the fact that they must eventually return home to their wives and children. I have to say did not admire them one bit.

I was bellied up to the bar watching the fight with the usual meat-heads making rude comments and losing themselves in drink until the inevitable clash of the douche-bags took place outside.

In retrospect, I would have done better betting on their fight, but I was too engrossed in my big score. The fight seemed to be going according to plan. It was the fourth round, and Hinderson had been taking a beating the whole time. Then, out of nowhere his stamina seemed to return, and he literally pummeled Stevenson to bits within the first minute of the round, knocking him unconscious with a fierce left hook.

I sat there in disbelief for several moments before I began contemplating suicide as opposed to the idea of burning to death in the incinerator. Then it hit me. It

wasn't Hinderson who was taking the fall, it was Stevenson. Or so I have come to assume. It may have actually been a legit fight, but that's not the point. I was in Frank's pocket, and it was deep. Plus, I had no way of climbing out. It was not a good position to be in.

My only hope was to lie low and win as many poker games as I could over the next week in the hopes of at least having something to show when I would unceremoniously be dragged to his office to face the music.

If he at least knew I was good for it, and trying to make an effort, I might be alright. So, for the next few days I scrounged whatever I could to keep playing tables. I have to say, when your life is on the line, you play like it. I never played so well in my entire life. I had amassed a few thousand dollars relatively easy, but I knew it wasn't enough. On the fourth night I found myself playing high stakes with a few out-of-towners who happened to know the right people. The same people I happened to know through being a regular on the scene.

Obviously gambling was illegal in our city, but that didn't stop the entrepreneurs in the community from taking advantage of

the simple human desire to take risks.

Games of all sorts took place through the back alley doors of bars and old speakeasies. Many establishments realized it was one of the few ways of surviving economic crises, besides dealing drugs and prostitution of course - you know, the necessities of a downed economy.

Anyway, I had been playing well again all night long, and it was finally down to me and the man from Kentucky. We were going head to head with ten grand on the line. Phillomena, a sexy young Latin woman, had entered the bar about an hour before and had been eyeing me ever since. She wore a stunning red dress, and I could smell her fragrant perfume even over the stench of cigarettes and cigar smoke billowing and swirling in the shafts of morning light that spilled through the shades of the front windows.

She sipped on the contents of a rocks glass, but I couldn't quite make out what she was drinking from where I was sat. She licked her lips with each sip as her eyes bore into me. I had to look away, I needed to focus on the task at hand.

I was holding pocket aces, and there were two jacks and a ten in the flop. This was my chance to end it. I decided to go all

in. The man from Kentucky called, and we laid down our cards.

Just my luck, he was holding a jack and a ten. The turn came up a three, no good. I held my breath as the dealer turned over the river. The odds were not in my favor, but stranger things had happened. The moment seemed to last forever. Phillomena sipped her drink and licked her lips again. I puffed a long drag on my cigarette. A bead of sweat dripped from the man from Kentucky's nose, and then the river hit the table: ace of hearts, my lucky day!

CHAPTER III

THE FEMME FATALE

Honestly I'm surprised. I always thought I was the most manipulative woman I knew, but standing here now, I realize how truly fucked up the rest of this world is. I'm not even sure there are exceptions. I am about to murder a man whom I have made do my bidding as easily as taunting a dog with a piece of steak. I feel kind of bad about it, but people do way worse things everyday. Like I said, there are no exceptions. And for what? Money of course. Oh, and freedom.

My name is Sandra Bloom, and I am standing here next to this dead, fat bloated pig pounder holding a gun in some guy's face, why? Because I do what I want.

To sum it up, I hated my life. Well, maybe I just hated the life I had created for myself. I suppose it doesn't really matter now. But it's not like a girl really asks for a

lot of shit out of this world. Just the basics, a rich husband, so she can have a nice house, fancy jewelry, designer clothes with matching handbags and shoes, four course meals that come up as easily as they go down, and a little respect once in while. That's all a girl really needs. Doesn't seem like that much to ask for. And honestly it's not that hard to accomplish, with the exception of the respect part.

The problem is once you get all those things, you can't help but want even more out of life. Freedom, happiness, self-sufficiency coupled with a strong sense of self. Sometimes we ask for the wrong things first. And most the time we have to be careful what we ask for because we just might get it! Trust me, I know. And then what? I mean, don't get me wrong, I've come a long way from the trailer park to get to where I am. The strings I've had to pull along the way weren't always easy. Now I find, as I get older, it's become increasingly harder to play the puppet master. Every night I sit alone in front of my vanity mirror sipping Martinis and watching each new wrinkle as it appears. All the while my former life slowly fades out of existence. I have come to the realization that I am nothing but a housewife and a trophy to my congressional husband.

Oh, that's right, I forgot to mention, I am married to a congressman. Talk about losing your identity. Never marry a politician unless you want to reduce your entire identity to that of an accessory; one that is no more important than the watch he wears on his wrist or the tie you'd like to hang him with. I had managed to use my looks to make a successful modeling career for myself. Sure, I had to fuck my way out of the trailer park. But who doesn't?

Once I was out, I never looked back. I remember the first time I saw Congressman William Bloom. I was doing a runway show in Chicago. I had heard a rumor that he was attending, and I had done some checking up on him just in case. He was single and had been for a while; a perpetual bachelor as far as the Internet was concerned. From the looks of him though it might not have been by choice.

He came from old money. His family seemed to dabble in all the great industries. They had their hands in everything from oil and steel, to lumber and the defense industry.

Admittedly, I was a bit nervous as I walked up onto the runway that night. I was wearing an elegant silver evening gown. It was tight and low cut. A wide sexy slit

allowed my left thigh to be seen if I stood just right.

I knew how to work it, and I did.

The hairs on the back of my neck stood on end just knowing he was out there watching. With each illustrious step I could feel the anxiety in my belly growing.

Then I saw him. He was sitting front and center on the left side of the runway. He was even bigger and looked much younger in real life than in his pictures. The power he exuded permeated the room. It was electric enough to give me goosebumps. I strutted down the runway locking eyes with him as I passed. He could give me everything I ever wanted. I'd never have to work again, I thought. But like I said before, be careful what you wish for...

I made sure to do a little turn right in front of him, blowing him a kiss and shaking my ass as I returned down the runway. I could feel his eyes locked on me the whole time, right up until I disappeared backstage. They bore down on me even heavier my next two trips down the runway. Fashion be damned, I might as well have been completely naked up on that stage as far as he was concerned. I know this because he would later tell me just that.

There was a reception in the hotel

ballroom after the show. I put on a revealing black cocktail dress in anticipation of the congressman's attending. Of course he was there. I was surrounded by a group of artists and intellectual types when I saw him enter. I remember thinking it was a good thing I wasn't wearing panties, because they would have been bored right off of me.

I watched the large brute of a man cross the room flanked by his entourage of bodyguards. When he stopped to grab a glass of champagne, I decided to make my move. I excused myself from the pack of drooling geeks, and began my approach like a cheetah stalking it's prey. His animal magnetism caused my eyes to narrow in on my prize, and I was prepared to pounce when he noticed me approaching.

I saw what first appeared to be a glimpse of fear in his eyes like a gazelle, and for a moment I worried I may have to give chase. But then the look was gone, and he puffed out his chest and gave me a smile as big as the man himself. His bodyguards parted for me like Moses parting the Red Sea. I walked straight up to him, taking the champagne from his hand and caressing his tie.

"Well, hello," he said as calmly as possible.

"I like your tie," I told him as I sipped his

champagne.

"Thank you, and I like your dress Miss...?"

"Sandra, please."

"Well, Sandra, you looked amazing up there this evening."

"Oh, I'm glad you noticed Mr. Bloom."

"You would have to be blind not to notice a woman as lovely as yourself."

"You are too kind," I said, putting on my best southern charm.

"William, please," he insisted as he grabbed two more glasses of champagne from a passing tray.

I downed the one I held, and set it on the tray as it moved to my left. He handed me the fresh glass.

"A toast to Sandra, the woman who stole the show tonight," he said, holding up his glass.

I held up mine towards the congressman.

"If you're not careful, it won't be the only thing I steal tonight," I told him coyly as our glasses clinked together. The crystal vibrated ever so slightly as I lifted it to my lips.

"Well, I have a feeling tonight may be very good night," he said with a mischievous glint in his eye.

"If you're lucky, William," I said, returning the look. "Are you staying in the hotel?" I asked sipping my champagne while keeping my eyes on him the entire time.

"I am indeed," he responded with a nod.

"As am I," I told him. I was actually staying at a hotel down the street. However, I wouldn't be staying there that evening, or the next, or the night after that as a matter of fact.

I had him wrapped around my little finger from that moment on. It would be less than a year from that moment to the moment he would propose.

Again, be careful what you wish for. Men are fucking assholes. They are too easy to control. As long as you have great tits and an ass, they'll pretty much do your bidding until you get married. But once they feel like they own you, the party's over. Especially when there are plenty of tits and asses out there to pull the strings that you used to reign.

Women are fucking bitches, and I say that knowing that I'm one of them. So don't piss one of us off or else. As my grandmother used to say, "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." A true statement, and words to live or die by, if you ask me. I mean just ask the fat bloated pig pounder on

Reyshan Parker

the floor next to me, he knows...

And soon, so will the man at the end of
this barrel.



Attending college for acting, Reyshan Parker soon discovered writing and completed his B.F.A. in playwriting, with a minor in Film at Ohio University in 2007. While studying under Charles Smith and Erik Ramsey, he wrote several plays, notably Risk, Best Intentions, and Strike: the musical, an Appalachian comedy, which won the Humble Play playwrights festival in 2007, and was produced by ARTWest theatre company in 2008. Also in 2007 Reyshan wrote, directed, and produced "Casual Fine Dining," a mocu-mentary about a small restaurant, followed by "Poor Crusader's," a documentary on the Appalachian economy, Disorder, a short about a PTSD soldier, and The Closet, a psychological thriller. Reyshan developed the concept for "Noir," prior to attending the Savannah College of Art and Design in 2009 and spent the next three years developing the complex story perspective. Reyshan studied producing under Andrew Meyer, Directing under Lubomir Kocka, and Screenwriting under Michael Nolan, David Engelbach, and Amy Lerner Maddox. Reyshan graduated with his MFA in writing and directing in 2012, and currently lives in Savannah, Georgia, where he is in pre-production for the feature film version of "Noir".