

TITLE CARD: The Single Most Amazing Piece of Chocolate Ever

INT. JOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joy turns on the camera mounted atop her computer. She is very close to the lens, blocking a view of the room.

Joy is in her mid-twenties. She's dressed like a punk rocker, her spiked hair dyed three different colors, black lip stick, studded bracelets, and a mesh-shirt.

She holds up a thick bar of chocolate to the camera; it has a single bite taken out of it.

JOY

This! This is by far the single most amazing piece of chocolate I have ever had in my life and let me tell you, I have had a lot of chocolate. I have had chocolate in England, I have had chocolate in France, I've had it in Africa, South America, Australia, Thailand, Taipei, and Taiwan. No one knows chocolate like I do. This is premium, grade A, spiritually uplifting, orgasm inducing, accept no substitutes, chocolate from heaven.

Joy pauses to take a second bite from her bar of chocolate. She closes her eyes and takes the time to savor the flavor, the texture. She is obviously letting the taste hit everyone of her taste buds.

Leaning back in her chair she basks in the after glow of the experience. With her body no longer central in the frame more of her room is visible. It's a girly, girl's room that has been ransacked.

The colorful bed covers have been turned over. Once happy stuffed animals have been decapitated, their stuffing spilling out like the intestines of a disemboweled human. Mirrors have been shattered, posters torn, and the heads in every photo have burned out with a cigarette.

JOY (CONT'D)

Silky perfection. Well, not perfection but close. It's not some thing you can just launch into, chocolate. This. This is something you have to experience over time. Any fool can get a candy bar from the dime store, take five bites, and go on with his life. But to truly take the time to savor every aspect of a piece of chocolate is an art so few will ever master. Every piece has its own

(MORE)

## JOY (CONT'D)

qualities. Personally, I like milk chocolate. I don't know, there's something almost innocent with milk chocolate, it's pure. My mother, she likes dark chocolate. She used to like milk, she was like me, dark was to bitter, but now that she's older, experienced more, she likes the dark. You have to be careful when you chose your chocolate. The shape and texture define the experience. My chocolate comes in bars and needs to be thick. I like that satisfying feeling when my teeth break off a piece, my mouth gets to take in that one piece and as the flavor hits I also know that there is the promise of more. Once I've taken that bite I have to resist the urge to chew the chocolate. It melts so fast, it can go away if you don't take your time. I just like to have it sit on top of my tongue, maybe gently rub it against the roof of my mouth. Let it melt. After a while it will get soft and mushy, it spreads slowly around my mouth filling it up. Until... Well, you see there is a single reason chocolate is not perfect. People have several reasons for not being perfect but chocolate only has one. It doesn't last forever. Make no mistake to love chocolate is to embrace violence and relish in destruction. That's what's so sad about that guy with dime store candy bar; he doesn't even understand that he is destroying something he loves. He's simply full filling a whim, a passing desire. He has a need; he quickly satisfies it and moves on. The dime store will have another inexpensive piece of candy the next time he has a fleeting desire to vanquish. Chocolate as good as this, is wasted on a man like that. He would finish it in five minutes. Devour it without regard for the amazing opportunity it is. (near tears) You have to take your time, small bites, that you don't rush it, draw it out. Make each taste count, because every time you indulge it you are partaking in a unique, sensual, and ultimately violent death. Even the best chocolate is fleeting. Sometimes, if I get a really good piece, like this one,

JOY (CONT'D)

I'll save it for a long time. Because I know that once I open it, once I take that first taste, its fate is sealed. Sure I can take small bites, leave a little for latter, but eventually it will be gone and I'll be left alone with only a used wrapper.

Joy takes a very small bite; it does carry the same satisfaction.

JOY (CONT'D)

After I finish this piece of chocolate I won't have another one for a very long time. The thought of loosing another piece will be too much. But eventually, I'll feel that need again, the desire to be connected, and I'll find myself another piece of good chocolate and maybe I can make last longer than this one, maybe I won't destroy it so fast. Maybe it will be perfect. Maybe it will last forever.

Joy looks down at the remainder of her chocolate bar. She careful folds the wrapper over what is left and set it on the desk before reaching up to turn off the camera.

THE END