

# Chapter 1

## On The Other End

A talent agency executive had just settled into his office to start his routine morning tasks. He was just about to take a sip of his coffee when the office door swung open without warning.

It's Jerry, one of his more persistent scouts, stepping in holding a leather briefcase and it appears somewhat urgent. "Just hear me out," he pled quickly before his boss could object. "I've got something I think you should see. Some new scripts. Just came in from one of my sources."

He moved swiftly across the room, popped open his briefcase, and pulled out a manila folder packed with a few loose pages. "These are just rough drafts," he admitted as he handed the papers over, "but they're creative—really different."

His boss gave him a skeptical look as he took a sip of his coffee. He sat his mug down and reached for his reading glasses shaking his head. He adjusted them, glanced at the title page and frowned.

"*It Ain't Funny?*?" he read aloud, arching a brow. "What is this?"

"Just read it through," Jerry urged, dropping onto the office couch. "Then I'll explain."

His boss sighed and turned his attention back to the first page.

### **Take 1: The Road to Celibacy**

*Act Title: On The Other End*

*By: Alex Black*

Have you ever just felt drained?

I'm talking emotionally, physically, mentally—everything.  
So I remember when I officially decided to stop dating.

Now I can only speak for myself, but that meant at that point I was making a decision:  
No emotional attachments. None. Not a single thread. So no more "*sex*."

But let me tell you what happens when a woman hears a man say that. In her head?  
She's already calling bullshit. To her? You're lying. She will swear you're married with a whole nother family living in bliss—or you're gay. Or both.

The boss stopped utterly confused and said, "*Nother?* What is this, Jerry?"

Jerry chuckled. “Black is... obviously Black—or Southern. Or both,” still slightly giggling at the order of his response. “It’s a play on words, sir. *Whole nother*, like *not-her* family. It’s part of the act. Just read it to the end, I promise it’ll make sense.”

With an exasperated sigh, Jerry’s boss kept reading.

Well a couple of days after making that decision,  
I’m in the mall right next to Spencer’s when I met this blonde.  
I could tell she wasn’t a natural blonde. She had a bleached short haircut  
so I could see her roots. It was really cute on her and I told her,  
“*Not all dark-skinned women can pull that off.*”

I called her #BlondeCoCoPuff.  
She looked at me sideways and said, “*You ain’t funny.*”

His boss paused again. “Blonde is typically used when referring to a white woman. This lady is not. You do realize that, right?”

“It’s the setup,” Jerry explained. “It’s misdirection. He plays with stereotypes to twist the humor. Trust me—it’s layered.”

“Hmm,” the boss grunted, and turned back to the page.

Fast-forward about six months. It’s late. I’m on her couch but about to head out. She had been helping me work on this upcoming tour faithfully. So she looked at me and said, “*Black, you should just stay the night.*”

Now this was only my second time at her place that late. But her pad? Top tier. Stylish. Clean. Comfortable.

This ain’t no broke chick is all I’m saying.

So you know I was like, “*Bet, but I’m sleeping on the couch.*”  
She sucked her teeth and rolled her eyes. “*Boy, shut up.*” Then added, “*Me too,*”  
slightly looking back at me ever so seductively.

I thought to myself, “*That’s my girl...smh .. **But not yet!***”

I meant what I said. No emotional attachments. Not even one! It took the will of God, but I stayed with her on the couch. We cuddled for a while—until she fell asleep. Then I grabbed my gun and moved to the other end of the couch.

It’s a few weeks later. Same place. Same spot. Same thing. She’d had a few drinks and wasn’t all the way asleep yet. She had started making comments in the form of questions.

Comments like, “*Don’t you know I could get anybody I want?*”

**[Video Clip Insert: Interview Footage]**

*A woman sits in a studio, speaking to a reporter.*

**The Woman:**

“Yeah... that’s when I first realized I might be falling for Alex Black. Or maybe I already had. But now that I think about it... ‘falling’ isn’t even the right word.”

**Reporter:**

“I’m not sure I follow. What do you mean?”

**The Woman:**

“Falling would mean losing my balance right?”

**Reporter:**

“Sure. You can say that.”

**The Woman:**

“He told me all of life’s balances are mine. So I couldn’t lose anything I wanted if I just held on to the ones I loved.”

**Reporter:**

“Wow, sounds powerful.”

**The Woman:**

“Black words always hit different.”

**[Video Clip Insert End]**

Cut back to me.

I don’t remember exactly what I told her, but it must have been some G shit—because she fell right to sleep.

So I grabbed my gun and moved to the other end of the couch.

A few weeks later, we’re at my place this time. We’re in the guest room. That’s the #HouseRulez. Especially if you’re #BareAss, but that’s another story.

I leaned in and whispered, “*I need to sleep. Good Night. We’ll grab something to eat when I wake up.*”

Now it’s my place. A different spot but same thing. I grabbed my gun to head to the other end of the house.

Right when I stood up she turned over. She leaned up, reaching out half-asleep and said, “*Baby wait a minute...*”

I turned around to respond—“Huh?”—and my swollen Johnson slapped her across the face.

And she caught it like it was a reflex. I’m talking about with her lips and had it in her mouth! All in one motion.

I instantly thought to myself, “*Oh My God ... That’s my girl! .. smh*

***But not yet!***”

I pulled away and up out of those grips quick. Been there, done that.

But I did put down my gun and moved her to the other end of the house.

I’m Alex Black.

The boss lowered the script, slowly removing his glasses.

“Jerry... seriously?”

Without saying a word, Jerry jumped up. He pulled a new stack of photographs from his briefcase and laid them across the office desk.

“I know,” he said quickly, reading the disapproval on his boss’s face. “But look at these shirts!”