

BALLOON RELEASE

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"Why eat in portions when you can finish a whole meal in one sitting and be full?"

~Bernard Mersier~

LIVE VIDEO RECORDING

Messages from random people flood the screen giving their condolences.

A group of males and females are seen in the background drinking and smoking, embracing one another, doing their best to comfort each other over the loss of their loved one.

Balloons are attached to the table with various liquor bottles covering it.

THUG (O.S.)

For the homies viewing what's going on, as you can see it's mad love. Much love to our fallen soldier, gone but never in life will be forgotten. You bitch ass niggas, don't think we don't know where you ho ass niggas be at. This shit is on sight! Fuck you weak ass niggas! Y'all caught our nigga slippin', bet that. No mercy will be shown on you---

Speeding cars are heard in the background gaining everyone's attention as the cars come to a stop.

Thug turns his attention to the people getting out of the cars, instantly opening fire.

Screams are heard as Thug scrambles for cover, but somehow remains recording what's happening.

SHOOTER, early twenties, light brown skin with a low fade only wearing shorts, holding an ak-47 spots him and runs over towards him.

The other people shooting in the background can still be seen.

SHOOTER

Good looking, Bro.

THUG (O.S.)

Fa sho, fa sho. You know---

Shooter quickly takes aim and shoots him without thinking twice.

The phone falls to the ground, but we can still see the murderous intentions in Shooter's eyes.

He picks up the phone and stares directly into the camera, showing no remorse, viewing the hate messages filling the screen.

He turns to look at his crew.

SHOOTER

Make sure all these bitch ass niggas
is dead, fam! The only motherfucker's
breathing leaving this bitch is us!
Fuck these ho's!

(Looks back into the camera)

For the rest of you ho ass niggas,
blame ya bitch ass boy for this!

He turns the camera to show Thug.

If it wasn't for the fact of the hole in his head and his brains spilling onto the concrete, he would be a handsome light skin young man.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)

You ho ass niggas think everybody is
your homie, and this nigga was a bitch
nigga. He was mad the nigga y'all
buried was fuckin' his bitch. But,
fuck all that. We're out here bare
faced! Y'all know what it is and where
we're at. But y'all some ho's, so
ain't shit up. And one last thing.
When you bitch ass niggas think about
going to the funerals of all these ho
ass niggas that died today, or think
about having another one of these weak
ass balloon releases! Believe me,
we'll be there to clean the rest of
you bitches up!

He places the phone on the ground, and then aims the gun at the screen, while the hate messages continue flooding the screen.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)

Y'all can be tough on this fake ass
internet shit, but real street shit,
y'all families will get the flowers
they'll always regret.

He opens fire.

BLACK SCREEN:

"How can you tell who really has your back, when there's so
many identical fake smiles surrounding you?"

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: