

IGNORED FLAGS

Bernard Mersier

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Bernardmersier8913@gmail.com  
(313) 454-8234

BLACK SCREEN:

Police sirens and cars coming to a complete stop are heard, followed by car doors immediately opening.

"You can't complain about a narcissist if you contribute to boosting their ego."

~Bernard Mersier~

EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

It's your typical slum area with a few decent houses.

DEVONTA, early-twenties, comes out of the house wearing nothing but jogging pants.

The handsome brown skin man with a slender build is covered in sweat, leaking blood from the bullet hole in the right side of his chest and multiple cut marks, holding a nine-millimeter.

As he comes down from the steps of the house, officers quickly take aim on him.

OFFICER

Put the weapon down! Put the weapon down, and get down on your knees!

DEVONTA

I'll put the weapon down, but listen. It was self defense.

OFFICER

Last time! Put the weapon down! Get down on your knees or we will shoot!

DEVONTA

Okay! Okay!

Devonta slowly gets down on his knees and places the gun down.

One of the officers quickly rushes over to him and kicks the gun to the side, before forcing Devonta flat on his stomach.

Pulling his handcuffs out, he aggressively places Devonta under arrest.

DEVONTA (V.O.)

Women call men "Narcissists" and I'm

confused why? But when we call them Bitches and hoes" now we ain't shit because we don't appreciate them as women. Crazy shit if you ask me. They love getting treated like shit, but as soon as we act on the actions they want, all of a sudden we become the villains.

(Scoffs)

Right now, as you can see, I'm in a fucked up situation. How did I end up like this? It's a story about giving a woman what she wants, and how it can quickly backfire.

BLACK SCREEN:

A MONTH EARLIER...

EXT. THE HOOD - NIGHT

It's a cool Summer night.

Cars are parked in front of the liquor store in the rough part of the city.

Various music can be heard playing.

Making their way to the store are BRITTANY and SHA'QUESHA.

Both of the beautiful women are in their early-twenties.

Brittany has beautiful light brown skin, average height and a devastating body with no stomach.

She's wearing a crop top and leggings with her hair in a ponytail.

Sha'quesha is short in height, dark brown skin with the same body type as Brittany, with a little bit more weight.

Sha'quesha has a ghetto mentality and displays it with everything she does and says.

Brittany is more so the conservative type, but she has a hood side she keeps put away until she has to bring it out.

They enter the store.

The store is fairly crowded with people from the neighborhood.

Moe, early-twenties, slim and brown skin walks up to the two.

MOE

What's up Qwee, Qwee, Britt?

SHA'QUESHA

About to grab a bottle and head around the corner to the party.

MOE

That's what's up. I'll see y'all over there.

BRITTANY

Aight.

Moe walks out the store.

The two make their way to the counter and begin looking over the various liquors.

SHA'QUESHA

What should we get?

BRITTANY

It really doesn't matter. You already know there's a gang of shit over there, so whatever we get will be for us.

SHA'QUESHA

Right, right. How about some "tequila, make your knees weak?"

Brittany looks at her and laughs.

BRITTANY

What type of night are you trying to have?

SHA'QUESHA

I might find a lil freak to have some fun with.

BRITTANY

I thought were still fuckin' with Carter?

SHA'QUESHA

So?

BRITTANY

You standing here talking about some  
"tequila makes your knees weak" and  
you know that nigga crazy.

SHA'QUESHA

And I'm the main ingredient that makes  
him crazy.

BRITTANY

(Laughs)  
Girl, you silly.

SHA'QUESHA

Don't act like you don't know what I'm  
talking about.

BRITTANY

Oh, I know, trust me. I got waterfall  
of insanity between these thighs, and  
a endless throat that makes a nigga  
moan "it'll always be my dick." But,  
my ho phase is over.

SHA'QUESHA

(Laughs)  
Girl, we're nowhere near ho's. We're  
getting a nut just like these niggas  
do. We're the ho's they love to fuck.  
Them hoe ass niggas, hey, we may or  
may not love to fuck 'em, but we love  
spending they money.

BRITTANY

(Laughs)  
Okay. Back to this drink.

While the two are laughing and debating on what to get,  
Devonta comes into the store.

He's wearing something basic with a bashful look on his face.

He walks by the two and he does a double take, quickly trying  
to act as if he wasn't staring, but Sha'quesha catches him.

SHA'QUESHA

It's rude to look without speaking.

Devonta turns around with an embarrassed smile.

DEVONTA

What?

SHA'QUESHA

You heard what I said. Why stare when you can shoot your shot and see where it goes?

Brittany laughs, tapping her on the arm, making her turn to look at her.

BRITTANY

Don't put him on the spot.

SHA'QUESHA

He's already on the spot. Don't look at what you know you want, but you're scared to approach and see if you can get it.

Devonta walks down to them.

DEVONTA

You're absolutely right. It's hard to approach women in this day and age because from a man's point of view, there's no correct way.

The two stop giggling, focusing their attention on him.

SHA'QUESHA

What do you think the correct way is?

DEVONTA

It depends.

SHA'QUESHA

Depends on what?

DEVONTA

Well...from what you said. I should approach you as if you and your girl are selling pussy, considering you don't know who I was looking at.

BRITTANY

Damn.

DEVONTA

So...if I would've approached either one of you that way, would I be wrong?

SHA'QUESHA  
Hell yeah, you would be wrong. Do we  
look like ho's?

DEVONTA  
What does the appearance of a person  
have to do with who they truly are?

BRITTANY  
Look at him.

Sha'quesha turns to look at Brittany.

SHA'QUESHA  
Don't blow his head up. He came up  
with that on the fly with nothing to  
follow it up with.

DEVONTA  
Actually I do. Can you answer the  
question?

Sha'quesha turns her attention back on him.

SHA'QUESHA  
Appearance doesn't determine the  
person, you're right. So, now what?

DEVONTA  
If you don't mind...

He stares at her with a straight face, hoping she can grasp  
the fact he's asking for her name.

SHA'QUESHA  
My name is Sha'quesha. But people call  
me Qwee, Qwee.

DEVONTA  
Qwee, Qwee, yes I did a double take  
when I saw what I saw because I was  
looking at your friend.

Sha'quesha steps back and places a hand on her chest,  
surprised by the way he responded.

SHA'QUESHA  
Excuse me?

DEVONTA  
You don't have to excuse yourself. You

came at me as the common nigga on the hunt for pussy, when I was only admiring your friend's beauty.

SHA'QUESHA  
Boy, if you don't---

BRITTANY  
Qwee, Qwee, leave him alone. Let's just get this drink so we can go to the party.

SHA'QUESHA  
..You're right. Nice hearing from you---

DEVONTA  
Devonta. I talked to Qwee, Qwee, but what's your friend's name?

BRITTANY  
Brittany. And it was nice hearing from you, Devonta.

DEVONTA  
Hopefully it doesn't end here.

SHA'QUESHA  
Unless you're about to buy our bottle, yes, it ends here.

DEVONTA  
If that's what Brittany wants, I can respect it.

BRITTANY  
You don't have to buy us a bottle.

SHA'QUESHA  
Shit. If that's what he wants to do, let him do it.

BRITTANY  
No. What he can do is buy his own bottle, and if he feels comfortable, he can come to the party.

Sha'quesha looks at her confused.

SHA'QUESHA  
Are you serious?



BRITTANY

What's wrong with him coning?

SHA'QUESHA

Ain't shit wrong in our eyes. But you know---

BRITTANY

Them niggas over there got random ho's on deck, so it don't even matter. Besides...

(Whispering)

Tequila makes your knees weak.

Sha'quesha laughs.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Devonta. Would you like to come to the party around the corner?

DEVONTA

If it doesn't cause problems, sure.

BRITTANY

Okay. Well, buy you a bottle and then follow us. Are you driving?

DEVONTA

(Shy laugh)

Actually, no. I just got off work and decided to stop here for a drink before heading home. I'm not from around here.

SHA'QUESHA

Why would you stop here if you're not from around here, just to get a drink?

DEVONTA

Stores close early where I live.

SHA'QUESHA

So---

BRITTANY

Will you leave him alone? Devonta, grab what you're gonna drink. We're about to grab ours, and we'll meet you outside.

DEVONTA  
Sounds good to me.

BRITTANY  
(To the cashier)  
Can I have a fifth of tequila and two  
big blue cups, please.

SHA'QUESHA  
What tip are you on?

BRITTANY  
I'll find out as the night plays out.  
This one is on me.

The cashier places the bag on the counter, and Brittany swipes her card to pay for it.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Devonta, we'll see you  
outside.

Sha'quesha grabs the bag and the two make their way out the store.

SHA'QUESHA  
Do you really think this is the move?

BRITTANY  
What harm can come from it?

SHA'QUESHA  
Something about this nigga vibe ain't  
sitting right with me.

BRITTANY  
Why? Because he wanted to talk to me  
and not you?

SHA'QUESHA  
Nah, fuck all that, I'm serious. He  
doesn't seem right.

BRITTANY  
If he turns out to be something other  
than what I think, I'll let it be and  
he can get home, the same way he got  
here.

SHA'QUESHA  
Britt, I'm telling you---

Devonta comes out of the store with a goofy demeanor, holding a pint of liquor in a paper bag.

DEVONTA

All set.

Sha'quesha looks at his pint and sucks her teeth.

SHA'QUESHA

Not much of a drinker I see?

DEVONTA

I drink here and there.

SHA'QUESHA

Don't know how to hold---

BRITTANY

Maybe he's just a social drinker. Come on, let's get around the corner.

The three begin walking.

DEVONTA

So, what's the occasion for the party?

BRITTANY

Nothing special. Just friends getting together for a fun night.

SHA'QUESHA

You and your friends don't have random parties?

DEVONTA

I uh---I actually don't have a lot of friends.

SHA'QUESHA

And why is that?

DEVONTA

As you can tell, I'm really not a sociable person.

SHA'QUESHA

Yet, here you are coming to a block party with some girls you don't know. You must really wanna get to know her.

DEVONTA

To be honest, I'm just trying something new.

SHA'QUESHA

Uh huh.

BRITTANY

Will you stop with all of the questions and let's just focus on having fun? Damn.

SHA'QUESHA

Okay, okay.

They get around the corner where the street is packed with people and cars.

Loud music, laughter and smoke fills the air as everyone enjoys themselves.

The three make their way to Brittany's black Focus and come to a stop.

Sha'quesha places the bag on the hood of the car and then takes out the cups and bottle.

Opening the bottle, Sha'quesha pours their cups.

Sha'quesha picks up her cup and takes a sip, while looking around the area.

SHA'QUESHA

There's some nice ones out tonight.

Brittany laughs, picking up her cup, taking a sip.

BRITTANY

You only had one sip and your knees are already weak.

SHA'QUESHA

(Takes a sip)

You got some nerve, considering your knees have been weak since our new company appeared.

BRITTANY

(Laughs)

Oh, no you didn't.

JAMEL, early-twenties, comes into frame.

The reddish brown skin male with a slender build is wearing some jogging pants and a wife beater, holding a cup of liquor.

The way he's staggering towards them indicates he's kind of buzzing.

JAMEL  
Sup Britt, Qwee, Qwee?  
(Looks at Devonta)  
Who is this?

BRITTANY  
This is my friend, Devonta. Devonta,  
this is our friend, Mel.

DEVONTA  
What's up?

Devonta sticks his hand out for a play and Jamel looks at him sideways, taking a sip from his cup.

JAMEL  
It's all good. Where are you from,  
fam?

DEVONTA  
Harper woods.

JAMEL  
(Confused tone)  
Harper woods? What are you doing down  
here?

SHA'QUESHA  
(Takes a sip)  
Um. Same thing I said.

JAMEL  
Whatever. You want something to drink?  
Smoke?

Devonta holds up his pint.

DEVONTA  
I got my own, thanks.

Jamel takes a sip, while looking at him sideways.

JAMEL

Right. Well, if the nigga cool with y'all it's all good. I'll leave y'all to it.

BRITTANY

Where are you going?

JAMEL

I'm about to see what's up with these dice and try to break a few niggas.

SHA'QUESHA

I'm going with you.

JAMEL

Come on. Alright, Britt and...

DEVONTA

Devonta.

JAMEL

D. I'll get up with y'all.

Jamel and Sha'quesha walk off.

Brittany takes a sip from her cup smiling, keeping her eyes on Devonta.

BRITTANY

I hope you're not nervous?

DEVONTA

Nah. Why would you say that?

BRITTANY

Just wondering. Harper woods, huh? You better not get too drunk. That's a long bus ride home.

DEVONTA

I know. Gotta pace myself.

BRITTANY

(Laughs)

Boy, relax and have fun. I'll take you home if I have to.

DEVONTA

Are you sure? I wouldn't want you to go out of your way.

BRITTANY

It's fine. I invited you here, so it's only right I take you home.

DEVONTA

Thanks.

BRITTANY

Will you loosen up.

(Laughs, takes a sip)

Take a drink and cut free. You can't be around me all uptight and shit.

Devonta laughs, taking a sip from his bottle.

DEVONTA

You must want me to stay around you.

BRITTANY

We'll know as the night progresses.

Sha'quesha looks back and signals for Brittany.

SHA'QUESHA

Girl, come over here!

Jamel looks at Sha'quesha.

JAMEL

Will you leave Britt and---

SHA'QUESHA

Devonta.

JAMEL

That nigga. Will you leave them alone?

Jamel focuses back on the dice game.

Sha'quesha brushes him off, and continues trying to get Brittany to come over and watch the game.

DEVONTA

Seems like you got some good friends.

BRITTANY

Yeah. We've been cool since elementary.

DEVONTA

It shows. Especially in Mel.

BRITTANY

(Takes a sip)

What do you mean?

DEVONTA

It seems like he...I don't know. He has that don't give a fuck attitude, but you can tell he cares.

BRITTANY

You would be right. Mel is like a big brother to me. If I'm ever in trouble, there's no limit to what he'll do for me.

DEVONTA

That's a good person to have in your corner.

BRITTANY

(Laughs)

I guess. Come on, let's go over here.

DEVONTA

Are you sure?

She looks at him, taking a sip from her cup.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

(Laughs)

Come on.

The two laugh making their way towards the crowd surrounding the people shooting dice.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITTANY'S CAR - LATER

From looking out the windows, you can see the peaceful area lit up by streetlights.

Sha'quesha is buzzing, sitting in the passenger seat looking around the area, while taking a sip from her cup.

Devonta is sitting in the back behind Sha'quesha.

SHA'QUESHA

I guess you weren't lying about living in a good neighborhood.



DEVONTA  
What made you think I was?

SHA'QUESHA  
You know how niggas---

BRITTANY  
Anyways. Here you are, safe and sound.

DEVONTA  
Thank you very much. It was nice  
meeting you two.

He gets out of the car and closes the door.

Brittany waits for a second, and then gets out of the car  
following behind him.

BRITTANY  
Hold up.

Devonta stops a few steps away before reaching the porch.

He turns around and looks at her smiling.

DEVONTA  
Sup?

BRITTANY  
You forgot something.

DEVONTA  
And what would that be?

She pulls out her phone and holds it up.

DEVONTA  
Oh. I figured if you wanted me to have  
your number you would've given it to  
me.

BRITTANY  
Boy, give me your number so I can go.

DEVONTA  
(Soft laugh)  
Aggressive, much?

BRITTANY  
Okay, fuck it. Nice meeting you.

She turns to walk away.

DEVONTA  
555-8321

She stops and then turns around smiling.

BRITTANY  
See how easy that was?

DEVONTA  
Do I get a good night hug?

BRITTANY  
Be happy if you get a call.  
(Soft laugh)  
Enjoy your night.

She walks back to the car smiling, while Devonta stands smiling before entering the house.

Brittany gets comfortable in the car and then pulls off.

SHA'QUESHA  
It's a wrap on him, right?

BRITTANY  
Why would you say that?

SHA'QUESHA  
No car. Lives with mama. Boring  
conversation. What is there to pursue?

BRITTANY  
You never know. It might be a diamond  
in that coal.

SHA'QUESHA  
(Takes a sip)  
That's for the people who enjoy  
wasting time, hoping they'll find a  
diamond.

BRITTANY  
(Laughs)  
That says a lot about the niggas  
you've been with.

SHA'QUESHA  
(Laughs)  
I use them niggas for fun and a nut.

I'm not looking for love.

BRITTANY  
There lies the problem.

SHA'QUESHA  
It'll turn into your problem if you  
decide to keep talking to him.

BRITTANY  
Yeah, yeah.

SHA'QUESHA  
Don't say I didn't warn you.

BRITTANY  
Let's go get something to eat. I'll  
decide on what to do with him later.

EXT. DEVONTA'S MOTHER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Now that it's daylight, we see it's a peaceful area with  
children outside playing and people sitting on their porches.

Brittany pulls up in front of the house, coming to a stop.

Devonta comes out of the house wearing something casual.

Brittany gets out of the car wearing a sundress, making her  
way towards the house.

DEVONTA  
I'm so glad you could make it.

BRITTANY  
I told you when I have some free time  
from work I'll come kick it with you.

DEVONTA  
Thank you for giving me this much of  
your time.

BRITTANY  
It's nothing.

DEVONTA  
Just a heads up. My mother is very  
sarcastic.

BRITTANY

(Laughs)

She can't be that bad.

DEVONTA

(Laughs)

I'm not saying that. I'm just saying she has a dry sense of humor and kinda takes things seriously.

BRITTANY

She can't be that bad.

DEVONTA

If you say so.

BRITTANY

Come on. Let's get in here so I can meet your mother.

DEVONTA

(Laughs)

Okay. Wait, one more thing.

BRITTANY

What?

DEVONTA

I know you said you have to do a few things before we go out, but where are we going, if I might ask?

BRITTANY

Worry about that later. Now, let's get in here.

The two make their way into the house.

The layout of the room is basic, aside from the nice Japanese pictures on the wall.

Something playing on the television is heard.

Walking into the kitchen, we see DEVONTA'S MOTHER, a beautiful dark brown skin woman.

She's sitting at the kitchen table watching television, smoking a cigarette.

DEVONTA

Mom. This is my friend, Brittany.

Brittany, this is my loving mother

BRITTANY

Nice to meet you.

Taking another pull from her cigarette, she puts it out and then focuses on the two.

DEVONTA'S MOTHER

Nice to meet you.

DEVONTA

I'm about to go check on the girls.  
I'll be back.

Brittany looks at him confused.

BRITTANY

The girls?

DEVONTA

Yeah.

BRITTANY

You didn't tell me---

DEVONTA

(Soft laugh)  
My sisters.

BRITTANY

(Soft sigh)  
Oh.

DEVONTA

I told you I don't have kids.  
(Laughs)  
I'll be right back.

Devonta walks off.

Brittany is standing silent, looking around the room.

Devonta's mother takes a sip from her tea and then lights a fresh cigarette.

DEVONTA'S MOTHER

So...

Brittany looks over at her.

BRITTANY

Yes, ma'am.

DEVONTA'S MOTHER

You don't have to be extra.

BRITTANY

(Shy laugh)

I'm sorry.

DEVONTA'S MOTHER

No need. So, where did you two meet?

BRITTANY

We actually met at the store. We talked for a minute, and then I invited him to a party, so I could get to know him better.

DEVONTA'S MOTHER

Hm.

(Takes a pull)

Do you two like each other?

BRITTANY

(Shy laugh)

He's a cool friend. I haven't given it much thought about taking it any further.

DEVONTA'S MOTHER

That's good. Keep it strictly friendship.

Brittany looks at her confused.

BRITTANY

...Why would you say that?

DEVONTA'S MOTHER

I wouldn't let him date my daughters.

Brittany gets ready to respond and that's when Devonta comes back into the room with his two sisters.

The adorable brown skin girls are ten and thirteen.

DEVONTA

These are my beautiful ladies.

Brittany is trying to register what his mother said, but she

gets herself together and focuses on the girls.

BRITTANY

They're so cute.

DEVONTA

These are my special ladies.

DEVONTA'S MOTHER

Don't make it seem like they're so innocent. They have their moments.

The little girls laugh and run off.

BRITTANY

Well, it was nice meeting your mother and sisters. I'll come back later to pick you up.

DEVONTA'S MOTHER

What do you two have planned?

BRITTANY

Nothing special. Dinner and a movie.

DEVONTA

(Soft laugh)

As long as I pick the movie we're good.

BRITTANY

(Laughs)

Whatever. Okay, I'll see you in a few.

Brittany leaves the room smiling, but in the back of her mind, she's thinking about what his mother said.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMEL HOUSE - THE DINING ROOM - LATER

Brittany, Sha'quesha and Jamel are sitting at the table playing cards while listening to music.

On the table there's an ashtray, a bottle of liquor, shot glasses and snacks.

JAMEL

What y'all got up for the night?

SHA'QUESHA

If my jump off doesn't slide through,  
nothing.

JAMEL

(Scoffs)

Your jump off? You do know you're not  
a nigga?

SHA'QUESHA

What's the difference?

JAMEL

Niggas don't give a fuck about who  
they fuck.

SHA'QUESHA

Neither do females.

JAMEL

Niggas don't give a fuck about the  
freaky shit they do with bitches as  
long as we fuck.

SHA'QUESHA

Neither do females as long as the dick  
is good.

He looks at her and laughs, taking a cigarette from the box.

JAMEL

Get the fuck outta here.

SHA'QUESHA

You find that hard to believe?

He lights his cigarette.

JAMEL

Hell yeah.

SHA'QUESHA

Why?

JAMEL

If that's the case, then why do y'all  
swear you wanna be treated like women  
and y'all some freak hoes just like  
us?



SHA'QUESHA

The same reason why y'all niggas feel like y'all should be treated like kings, knowing you won't appreciate it because you got other bitches treating you the same way.

Jamel nods his head in agreement, downs his shot and follows it with a pull from his cigarette.

JAMEL

If you put it that way, I guess there's no real difference.

SHA'QUESHA

That's right.

He pours a shot.

JAMEL

Cheers to the honest ho's.

SHA'QUESHA

Hold up, nigga, I ain't no fuckin' ho.

JAMEL

Didn't we just agree---

SHA'QUESHA

I agreed that men and women act the same as far as when it comes to fuckin'.

JAMEL

So, what are you?

Sha'quesha raises her shot glass.

SHA'QUESHA

A bad bitch with good pussy a lot of niggas wanna hit, but the dick probably can't fit.

The two laugh, toast and down their shots.

Brittany looks on, shaking her head, laughing under her breath.

Jamel turns his attention to Brittany.

JAMEL

Britt, what's your plans for the night?

SHA'QUESHA

She'll probably try to plan something with that ole cornball ass nigga.

Brittany looks at her stunned.

BRITTANY

As a matter of fact, I am.

JAMEL

Who are y'all talking about?

SHA'QUESHA

That weird ass nigga that was at the party.

Jamel looks at her confused, taking a pull from his cigarette.

SHA'QUESHA (CONT'D)

The nigga who stayed up under her ass all night.

JAMEL

Oh, the goofbot nigga. Why are you wasting your time on that nigga?

BRITTANY

(Scoffs)

Now here you go.

JAMEL

I don't give a fuck, I'm just wondering. Dude didn't sit right with me, but it's on you, whatever you do.

SHA'QUESHA

I said the same shit. Well, I got her back if she fuck with him and things get wild. But, his character wasn't sitting right with me either.

JAMEL

I mean I got her back. Y'all know what I mean by what I said.

BRITTANY

It'll be nice if somebody asked  
Brittany how she feels about him.

SHA'QUESHA

Well?

JAMEL

Well?

BRITTANY

So, he's not the typical hood nigga.  
He's shy. He's not a heavy drinker or  
smoker. And so on. What's so wrong  
with that?

JAMEL

You gotta watch shy niggas. They're  
always plotting some bullshit.

SHA'QUESHA

Tell her.

BRITTANY

(To Jamel)

Then what does that say about you?

JAMEL

If I'm quiet, I know some bullshit is  
about to go down and I need to be  
alert. That nigga you fuckin' with was  
being quiet and up under you for no  
reason.

BRITTANY

How do you know he just didn't feel  
comfortable?

JAMEL

Then he shouldn't have been there.  
Niggas gon' learn about chasing pussy,  
pushing the bar to try and get it.

(Scoffs)

Shit. You females gon' learn about  
chasing dick or leading these cupcake  
ass niggas on, believing they'll get  
some pussy.

BRITTANY

Ain't nobody leading him on, and he  
hasn't mentioned anything sexual since  
we've been talking.

JAMEL

That right there should let you know  
he only wanna fuck.

BRITTANY

How is that?

JAMEL

If you don't know, that's fucked up on  
your judgement.

BRITTANY

Anyway, the only thing wrong with him  
and that might even be light is what  
his mother said.

SHA'QUESHA

What did she say?

BRITTANY

She wouldn't let him date her  
daughters.

SHA'QUESHA

Did she say why?

JAMEL

Fuck, why. That's not good enough to  
let you know to leave that nigga  
alone?

BRITTANY

No.

SHA'QUESHA

Why not?

BRITTANY

Because you know there's some mother's  
who view their sons as their pride and  
joy, and nobody can have them. Or she  
could be one of those bitter black  
bitches who hate that her son is with  
an established fine woman.

SHA'QUESHA

Lives at home with mama. No car.  
Probably no real job. Corny. And his  
mother told you not to fuck with him.

Brittany stares at Sha'quesha dead in the eyes.

BRITTANY

And?

JAMEL

And, let's keep playing. She's grown,  
let her live her life. If she wanna  
ignore the flags, hey.

Jamel begins dealing the cards

Sha'quesha takes a shot, looking at Brittany, shaking her  
head.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITTANY HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brittany and Devonta are sitting on the bed laughing and  
drinking, while some R&B plays fairly loud in the background.

Brittany is wearing a tank top and shorts and Devonta is  
wearing a wife beater and shorts.

DEVONTA

Hanging with you tonight has got to be  
one of the best days of my life.

BRITTANY

(Takes a sip, laughs)  
Get outta here with that corny shit.

DEVONTA

I'm serious. All of my relationships  
were boring, unless I was spending  
money, and that was just to keep them  
happy.

BRITTANY

No wonder you don't talk about your  
exes.

DEVONTA

All they did was use me.  
(Takes a sip, laughs)  
Ain't nothing worth talking about on  
that note.

BRITTANY

True.

DEVONTA

What happened with you and your last relationship?

BRITTANY

(Takes a sip, sighs)

The worst thing a man can do to me is lie.

DEVONTA

He lied about his real character?

BRITTANY

Oh, no. He was legit with who he was. He lied about being able to lay dick down.

DEVONTA

(Laughs)

You broke up with him because he lied about his dick game?

BRITTANY

Hell yeah. A woman can only fake it so long before the truth comes out.

DEVONTA

That's wild.

(Laughs, takes a sip)

Never heard of that one.

BRITTANY

Well, shit.

DEVONTA

But, he was a good nigga?

BRITTANY

Of course. He was just bad in that area.

DEVONTA

And what made him bad?

Brittany takes a sip and then looks at him with a slight smirk.

BRITTANY

Why do you wanna know?

DEVONTA

I mean...I don't have to know. I'm just curious.

BRITTANY

I could tell you. But it'd probably be better if I showed you.

DEVONTA

(Soft laugh)

Wait, what?

BRITTANY

(Soft chuckle)

You don't record yourself getting it in?

DEVONTA

I---I mean, I thought about it.

BRITTANY

What stopped you?

Devonta takes a sip and then looks at her with a slight smirk.

DEVONTA

Why do you wanna know?

Brittany places her cup down, and scoots closer to him.

BRITTANY

Maybe I wanna compare.

Without giving him a chance to reply, she's all over him, kissing aggressively.

An erotic sex scene plays out as we slowly fade to black.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Devonta comes from the bedroom wearing nothing but his boxers.

He pauses and stretches.

The smell of something cooking grasps his attention.

Making his way towards the kitchen with a smile, he sees Brittany standing over the stove cooking, wearing a nightgown.

He steps up behind her and wraps his arms around her waist.

BRITTANY  
Good morning, handsome.

DEVONTA  
Good morning, baby.

BRITTANY  
I hope you're hungry.

DEVONTA  
After the fun we had and did last night, hell yeah, I'm starving.

BRITTANY  
(Bashful giggle)  
Good. That's why I'm up now, so I can put something on your stomach.

DEVONTA  
I was thinking more of putting something in your stomach.

He nestles his face against hers, and begins kissing.

BRITTANY  
That sounds good, but I'm not in the mood right now.

Devonta becomes confused.

DEVONTA  
You're not in the mood? Come on, baby. You're already dressed for it, and you can feel I'm ready. I thought you like spontaneous, freaky shit?

BRITTANY  
I do. But right now, I'm just not in the mood.

DEVONTA  
All of the freaky shit we did and recorded, and you're telling me you're not in the mood?

She turns around and stares directly into his eyes, folding her arms across her chest.



BRITTANY

I don't give a fuck what we did or recorded. If I'm not in the mood, I'm not in the mood.

DEVONTA

(Snickers)

Here I was thinking you were a good woman. You're nothing but the average easy ho.

BRITTANY

Think whatever the fuck you wanna think. Then again, you don't get paid to think, do you?

In a fit of rage, he hauls off and slaps her and before she can react, he slings her hard to the floor.

While she lies on the floor in pain, he places a foot on her chest to make sure she can't move.

Looking around the counter, he grabs her phone.

DEVONTA

You better beg, and scream like you love it, the same way you did last night.

He turns the phone on record and then proceeds to get on top of her.

A rough sex scene plays out, with his hand around her throat as she complies with what he told her to do.

When he's finished, he stops recording.

Breathing heavily, he stands up and looks down at Brittany while she cries.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

That was better than last night. I believe this will be a long, strong lasting relationship. And if you think about reporting this, or denying me from seeing you. I'll expose you for the freak bitch you are, and then, I'll kill you.

He knocks the skillet over onto the floor.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)  
Get up and make something else.

He walks off.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)  
(Low laugh)  
Sure felt like you were in the mood.

Brittany curls up into a ball while she continues crying.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - DAYS LATER -  
AFTERNOON

Devonta is sitting on the couch playing the game, appearing to be enjoying himself.

Brittany comes into the room wearing some shorts and a T-Shirt prepared to clean.

BRITTANY  
Are you almost finished?

Devonta keeps his eyes locked on the game.

DEVONTA  
I will be in a few minutes. Why, what's up?

BRITTANY  
It's the weekend, so I wanna do some cleaning.

Frustration appears on Devonta's face.

DEVONTA  
Why do you wanna---

Apparently he lost the game, causing him to slam the controller down and stand up in rage.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)  
Why would you fuckin' wait till now to clean up, and you see I was in the middle of a good game?!

BRITTANY  
(Scoffs)  
You know what? Go back to playing your little funky ass game. I'll start in the kitchen.

She turns her back and walks towards the kitchen.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
I'm so fuckin' stupid.

Devonta follows behind her.

DEVONTA  
What did you say?

Ignoring him, she makes her way to the sink.

Devonta steps up behind her.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)  
What did you say? What are you so  
fuckin' stupid about?

As soon as his hand touches her shoulder, she turns around  
and shoves him back.

BRITTANY  
I'm fuckin' stupid for dealing with  
your ass, instead of listening to what  
everyone was trying to to tell me!

DEVONTA  
Is that right?

BRITTANY  
You're goddamn right, that's right!

She notices he's ready to slap her, but she beats him to the  
punch, hitting him hard across the jaw.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
It fuckin' figures. As soon as I crush  
your little so-called manhood you're  
ready to fight so you can feel like a  
man! Beating and raping a woman  
doesn't make you a man. It makes her  
fuckin' stupid for tolerating the  
shit, knowing she can leave or have  
somebody take care of her problem.  
But...it differently doesn't make you a  
man.

Devonta's body shakes with anger, contemplating his next  
move.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

(Sighs)

If you don't mind, I'll go start my cleaning in the living room.

As she walks by him, he instantly grabs a butcher's knife from the rack.

The sound makes her turn around and her eyes get wide, staring at Devonta with the knife to his throat.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

DEVONTA

(Tense tone)

You don't think I'm a man? You think I'm a worthless piece of shit? You feel you're fuckin' stupid because you're with me?! I thought you loved me?!

BRITTANY

Vonta...calm down. Put the knife down and let's talk.

DEVONTA

No, fuck that! I'm not a man, right? Why do you care if I kill myself?

BRITTANY

Killing yourself will prove what?

DEVONTA

I'll be getting rid of the nigga that made you feel like you're fuckin' stupid.

She tries to take a step towards him, and he presses the knife against his throat, drawing some blood.

She covers her mouth and steps back.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

Don't act like you care about me now! I'm not a man? What is a man, huh? You tell me.

BRITTANY

Devonta, you're---

DEVONTA

I know what you think a man is. Your little friend in the hood. That's what you think a man is. You think that nigga is better than me?

BRITTANY

He has nothing---

DEVONTA

Shut up! I should end my life right here in front of you, but you don't deserve it. You don't deserve to watch a good man die because I don't fit what you think is a man. I actually love you, but you don't love me the same.

BRITTANY

I do love---

DEVONTA

No you don't.

Keeping the knife on his throat, he slowly makes his way by her, heading towards the front door.

She follows behind him with fear in her eyes.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

I don't know if you'll miss me when I'm gone or dead, but just know this. I'm sorry for making you feel fuckin' stupid, and giving all of my love to you.

He tosses the knife to the side, and then storms out of the house.

Brittany stands with her mouth covered, and her emotions all over the place.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOOD - LATER

Jamel tosses his cigarette to the side before making his way inside the store.

He speaks to CARNELL, early-twenties, dark skin and husky.

He then speaks to the other people, giving them a play before walking up to the counter having a conversation with the cashier.

Devonta comes into the store, and Carnell along with the other people look at him confused as he walks up and stands beside Jamel.

DEVONTA

I'm gon' need you to stay the fuck away from my girl. Stop calling, texting. All of that good shit. You hear me?

Keeping eye contact with the cashier, Jamel just laughs.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

Laugh all you fuckin' want, but you heard what I said.

Jamel keeps his eyes locked on the cashier.

JAMEL

You know...  
(Sighs)  
You'd been better off just running up and blowing my shit out.

DEVONTA

I'm a real nigga. If I have to beat your ass, I wanna look in your eyes before I swing.

JAMEL

Is that right?

DEVONTA

Nigga, keep---

His words are cut short by Carnell placing a hand on his shoulder.

CARNELL

Everything good, J?

JAMEL

I don't know.

Jamel turns to look at Devonta in his eyes.

JAMEL (CONT'D)  
Is everything alright...

He points at Devonta.

DEVONTA  
Devonta.

JAMEL  
(Snaps his fingers)  
Yeah, that's right.  
(To Carnell)  
Y'all take him outside and I'll be  
right there.

With no choice, Devonta walks out the store with Carnell and four other guys.

Jamel focuses back on the cashier.

JAMEL (CONT'D)  
Let me get a pint cold, some Swisher's  
and some squares.

Jamel places some money on the counter.

With his items bagged, he takes it and then walks out of the store.

Making his way towards the side of the building in the filthy alley, Carnell has Devonta pinned up against the wall, while the other four are standing around.

Jamel walks up, taking the liquor from the bag, opening it, taking a sip as he steps up to Devonta.

Carnell lets him go.

JAMEL (CONT'D)  
Now...I'll give you two options.  
(Takes a sip)  
Do you want an ass-beating or do you  
wanna lose your life?

Devonta tries to show he's not scared, but it's not a convincing job.

JAMEL (CONT'D)  
Let me answer for you. I could kill  
you. Not because you're coming at me  
about pussy I never had interest in

hitting. And not even because her stupid ass won't leave your bum ass alone. I should kill you for trying to check the realist nigga in her life and you're trying to isolate her, so you can have your way with her because you're a bitch.

He takes a sip and then places the bottle down before going in the bag, pulling out the cigarettes.

Opening the pack, he takes one out and places it in his mouth.

DEVONTA

(Clears throat)

Listen. I realize I approached this situation wrong. I see that now. But, you know how it is when you love somebody. You don't think, you just react.

Jamel lights his cigarette, takes a calm pull and laughs.

JAMEL

That slick shit works with her and whatever other bitches you used them corny lines on. See, I'm sure you beat her ass, but I can't prove it. Even better, I can't even get mad because her dumbass won't leave you.

DEVONTA

I've never---

JAMEL

If you have or haven't, that's not my problem. This is a consequence you deserve. And if you have beat her ass, you're about to find out how she felt.

Devonta prepares to speak and Carnell drops him with a hard right.

The rest join in and begin stomping on him, while Jamel stands watching, taking a sip from his drink, followed by a pull from his cigarette.

CUT TO:



INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - LATER

She's cleaning in a good mood, while listening to some old-school slow jams.

Taking a break, she prepares to make her way to the kitchen and the doorbell is heard.

Heading towards the front door, she opens it and Devonta's bruised, bloody body falls into her, causing them to collapse on the floor.

She's stunned, holding him.

BRITTANY

What happened to you?

She gets to her feet and then slowly helps him up.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Talk to me. What happened?

She helps him take a seat at the dining room table.

DEVONTA

Your...your friend did this to me.

BRITTANY

Who?

DEVONTA

Jamel.

BRITTANY

Jamel? Why would---what were you doing down there?

DEVONTA

I wasn't. I was at the mall and he was with his friends. He tried to confront me about being with you, and I told him our relationship is good. He got loud and started disrespecting you. I wasn't about to let him do that. I got loud with him, and they rushed me.

BRITTANY

Disrespecting me? Why the fuck would he disrespect me?

She storms off to the kitchen.

She can be heard fiddling around

DEVONTA

He thinks you're a dumb bitch for  
being with me. He's confused why you  
never fucked him. And---

She comes back carrying a cold towel with ice inside it.

Stepping over to him, she places the towel on his face and he  
winces.

BRITTANY

Why haven't I fucked him?! We never  
looked at each other that way, so why  
would he start now?

DEVONTA

You know him better than me. I started  
to call up my crew to retaliate or  
call the police, but---

BRITTANY

You don't have to do any of that. Just  
clean yourself up.

She hands him the towel and then steps away.

Although he's in pain, he manages to crack a sly smile, while  
wiping the blood from his face

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE HOOD - CONTINUOUS

Jamel, Catnell, the four guys and Sha'quesha are standing in  
front of the house drinking, laughing and smoking.

SEAN, early-twenties, light brown skin, slender build and  
long deadlocks.

He takes a sip from his cup while looking at Sha'quesha,  
smiling.

SEAN

Qwee, Qwee, when you gon' let a real  
nigga dig up in that?

She uses her body language and fingers to speak

SHA'QUESHA

Oh, no. Qwee, Qwee doesn't fuck with  
the little wee wees.

Everybody laughs.

SEAN

Yeah, whatever. You know what it is.

SHA'QUESHA

I heard about what is, so that's why  
I'll pass.

Everybody breaks out laughing again.

JAMEL

Qwee, what's wrong with that nigga  
Britt fuckin' with?

SHA'QUESHA

I never liked the bum ass nigga from  
the jump, but what about him?

JAMEL

He came down here on some bullshit.

SHA'QUESHA

Straight up?

JAMEL

Hell yeah. So---

His phone starts ringing.

Pulling his phone out, he sees it's Brittany calling.

JAMEL (CONT'D)

Hold up, it's your girl.

(He answers)

Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN:

Brittany is standing beside Devonta, while he's still wiping  
the blood from his face.

BRITTANY

What the fuck is wrong you?!

JAMEL

Whoa! What fuckin' tip are you in?

BRITTANY

You know what fuckin' tip I'm on. What the fuck is wrong with you?!

JAMEL

I don't know what the fuck you on. But I do know if you keep yelling at me it'll be some fuckin' problems.

BRITTANY

Nigga, ain't nobody scared of you! Now, why the fuck are you mad because we never fucked and we don't look at each other that way?

JAMEL

Huh?

BRITTANY

Huh my ass. You mad because we're not fuckin', so that makes me a dumb bitch?

JAMEL

I don't know what that nigga told you, but right now, yeah, you are a dumb bitch.

BRITTANY

Fuck you, mel!

JAMEL

No bitch, fuck you! You over there believing whatever bullshit he's telling you, and we've known each other for years! I hope he is beating yo ass like we beat his ass for---

BRITTANY

So, you did jump him because he was standing up for me?!

JAMEL

Fuck you, him and this bullshit conversation! Get the fuck---

Sha'quesha quickly grabs the phone.

SHA'QUESHA

What is wrong with y'all?

BRITTANY

And you, you hopeless bitch. You're no different from hoe ass Mel.

SHA'QUESHA

Excuse me?

BRITTANY

You need to be excused, you easy bitch. You and your fake ass friend over there can happily stay the fuck outta my life.

SHA'QUESHA

Hold on, one mother fucking minute! I know Goddamn well---

Brittany hangs up and the screen focuses on her and Devonta.

Her phone begins ringing.

Looking at the screen, she sends Sha'quesha to voicemail.

DEVONTA

You didn't have to do that, baby.

BRITTANY

Yes I did. Our shit ain't perfect, but that ain't nobody's business, but ours.

DEVONTA

I agree.

BRITTANY

Don't agree. Work on making our shit better. Get rid of whoever you need to like I just did. I'm about to make us dinner.

She walks off.

Devonta forms a devious smile, releasing a low chuckle.

DEVONTA

(Low tone)

Gotcha.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

Low indistinct conversations are heard in the nicely laid out

restaurant.

Brittany and Devonta make their way inside appearing happy, dressed to the nines, making their way towards a table by the window.

The two take a seat across from each other.

BRITTANY

This is nice.

DEVONTA

I figured we needed to do something nice considering what's been going on in our relationship.

BRITTANY

Oh yeah?

DEVONTA

You don't think this will be a good first step to getting things back to how they were in the beginning?

BRITTANY

It depends.

DEVONTA

Depends on what?

BRITTANY

On who's paying for this lovely attempt to rekindle feelings that should've never turned sour.

DEVONTA

(Sucks teeth)

Really? If I'm the one who suggested it, wouldn't that mean I'm treating?

BRITTANY

It would be the first.

Devonta gets aggravated, cracking his knuckles, staring at Brittany with ice in his eyes.

DEVONTA

Here I am trying to be nice and you're sitting there---

SARA the waitress comes over to their table, placing their

menus down and two glasses of water.

SARA

Good evening, my name is Sara and I'll be your waitress for the night. Is the lovely couple ready to order?

Brittany smiles, while Devonta continues looking at her with the ice in his eyes for a few seconds before turning his attention to Sara, cracking a smile.

DEVONTA

I'll have two Jack Daniels with light ice.

SARA

Okay. And for the lovely lady?

BRITTANY

I'll have a glass of white wine and a sprite, please.

SARA

Okay. Take your time with your orders, and I'll be right back with your drinks.

Sara walks off.

Brittany looks at him and clicks her tongue against the roof of her mouth.

BRITTANY

Jack Daniels, huh? What type of money did you come into?

DEVONTA

Your best bet right now...

(Takes a sip)

Keep your fuckin' mouth shut and enjoy the night.

BRITTANY

(Sarcastic tone)

Let's not make the tough guy mad. I'd hate to go through one of our usual brawls.

DEVONTA

You think this shit is funny? See...I knew I should've just fucked you once

and left you alone. I don't like going upside your head, but you do and say shit to make me do it. Does that shit turn you on?

BRITTANY

I shouldn't have fucked you in the first place, but my inner hoe took over. But, you got this situation wrong. You get off on hitting women because we all know you can't whoop nobody else's ass.

DEVONTA

You know what?

BRITTANY

What? You wanna get loud in here so I can prove my point?

Devonta bites down on his lip with anger, nodding his head okay.

Sara comes back and places their drinks down.

SARA

Here are your drinks. Are you ready to order?

Brittany looks at her with a smile, and then looks at Devonta.

BRITTANY

Can we have a few more minutes? My man isn't sure if he wants his beef medium or well done.

SARA

That's fine. I'll come back.

Sara walks off.

Brittany takes a sip of her wine and then winks at Devonta.

Devonta cracks a sinister smile, taking a sip from his drink.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brittany and Devonta can be heard arguing, seconds before the



bedroom door comes open and Brittany storms in with Devonta right behind her.

DEVONTA

Why do you always have to fuck up a good night?

BRITTANY

You fucked up the night! You're always fuckin' up a good night!

She takes a seat on the bed, breathing heavily.

Devonta stands to the side with a look in his eyes saying he's ready to punch her.

DEVONTA

I always fuck up the night?!

BRITTANY

That's what I said!

DEVONTA

(Sinister laugh)

Oh...you got big balls tonight.

BRITTANY

I always had 'em. And they're for goddamn sure bigger than yours.

DEVONTA

Oh, shit.

She goes in her purse and pulls her phone out.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck me right now?

She begins texting.

BRITTANY

Thank whatever the fuck you wanna think. You do that shit anyway.

DEVONTA

(Low chuckle)

I know what it is. You think that nigga forgot you said fuck him for me, and you can call him up to vent?

She continues texting.

BRITTANY

If I really needed him for help, he would do it regardless of what I said to him. But, I don't need him because I can hold my own.

DEVONTA

Now you wanna sit here and lie? That's cool too. So, you really think that nigga will come and save you?

BRITTANY

Either you're scared of him or wanna talk to him. Either which way, like I said, he has nothing to do with this.

DEVONTA

Okay, okay. Let's figure something out.

BRITTANY

Figure what out?

DEVONTA

Call him.

BRITTANY

You call him. Apparently you have an obsession with him.

DEVONTA

(Low laugh)

I'll ask one more time...nicely. So...I suggest you call him.

She looks up at him with no fear in her eyes,

BRITTANY

Or what? Are you gonna---

He quickly grabs her tight by the jaw, leaning down looking into her eyes, with insanity in his eyes.

DEVONTA

You don't wanna know the consequences if you don't do it. If you do...don't call him after I let you face go and find out.

Slowly releasing her, he keeps his eyes locked on her, watching as she slowly lowers her head to call Jamel.

Just as she gets ready to place the phone to her ear, Devona grabs her hand.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)  
What the fuck do you think you're  
doing? Put that shit on the speaker.

Scared about what he could possibly do, she lowers the phone and then places it on speaker.

JAMEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
Why are you calling me?

She's silent, looking at Devonta staring at her with the same insanity in his eyes, giving her the nod approval to speak.

JAMEL (CONT'D, OVER THE SPEAKER)  
Can you hear me?

BRITTANY  
Yeah. Yeah, I can hear you.

JAMEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
Okay. Why are you calling me?

BRITTANY  
Don't act like that.

JAMEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
Are you still fuckin' with that nigga?

BRITTANY  
(Shaky tone)  
I mean---

DEVONTA  
What up, fam?

JAMEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
I figured she had me on speaker, and  
I'm not backing down from what I said.  
So, since you heard that, what's up?

DEVONTA  
Calm that shit down. You really don't  
want it with me.

JAMEL (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
You didn't learn from the first ass-  
beating. Look like I said before. Fuck  
you and her. Don't call my fuckin' no

more or the next time I see you I'm shooting on sight.

He hangs up on his end.

Brittany sits sadder, knowing she ruined a perfect friendship.

Devonta looks at her smiling.

DEVONTA

And you thought that nigga was gonna save you.

(Laughs)

For wasting my precious time to prove I'm right, you might as well---

She throws her phone to the floor and quickly gets up on her feet swinging.

A brawl plays out as we slowly fade to black.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Devonta is sitting on the couch having a drink, smoking a cigarette and talking on the phone.

There's a knot over his eye and his lip is swollen.

DEVONTA

Nigga, I get treated like a king around this bitch.

(Listens)

If she doesn't, she knows what'll happen.

(Takes a sip, listens)

Tell who? She don't have no fuckin' friends, I made sure of that. I do still wanna get at that bitch ass niggas and his boys, but---

The doorbell is heard.

He takes a sip, followed by a pull from his cigarette.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

I'll call you right back.

He places the phone in his pocket and then gets up from the couch, making his way to the front door.

Opening the door, his eyes get wide with confusion staring at OFFICER SNYDER with two other officers behind him.

Officer Snyder is dark skin, tall and muscular with a baldhead.

OFFICER SNYDER  
Devonta frisk?

DEVONTA  
Yes.

OFFICER SNYDER  
Can you turn around and put your hands behind your back?

DEVONTA  
I'm sorry, for what?

OFFICER SNYDER  
You'll find out once you get downtown.

DEVONTA  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. I know my rights. I have the right---

OFFICER SNYDER  
You have the right to do this the easy way or the hard way. The choice is yours.

With no further words, Devonta turns around upset, placing his hands behind his back.

Snyder places the handcuffs on him and squeezes tight, making Devonta release a moan of pain.

OFFICER SNYDER (CONT'D)  
Guys like you make me sick.

DEVONTA  
(In pain)  
What did I do?

OFFICER SNYDER  
Playing dumb won't help you. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Devonta is sitting at the table with a calm expression, while Officer Snyder sits at the other end of the table staring at him.

DEVONTA

Now what?

OFFICER SNYDER

I just wanna know one thing.

DEVONTA

What's that?

OFFICER SNYDER

Do you have any sisters? Of course I know you have a mother, aunts and so on. But, do you have any sisters?

DEVONTA

Actually I have two younger sisters.

OFFICER SNYDER

Two younger sisters.

DEVONTA

That's right.

OFFICER SNYDER

So, how would you feel if someone did what you did to Brittany to your sisters?

DEVONTA

What is it that you think I've done?

OFFICER SNYDER

You know why you're here, so don't act stupid.

DEVONTA

Just because she said I did something to her that means it's the truth?

OFFICER SNYDER

Why would any woman lie about something like that?

DEVONTA

(Soft laugh)

You don't know how women work these days, do you?

OFFICER SNYDER

Women are women, no matter how you're trying to define them. So again...how would you feel if someone did that to one of your sisters?

DEVONTA

I don't have to worry about this fake shit I'm being accused of happening to one of my sisters, because I teach them what they should and shouldn't do.

OFFICER SNYDER

Do you teach them to avoid manipulative niggas like you?

DEVONTA

I'm nowhere near manipulative.

OFFICER SNYDER

You're right. You're not manipulative. You're a piece of shit, that thrives on women in desperate need of love. And once you get what you want from them, they're no longer useful to you.

DEVONTA

(Laughs)

This is the funniest shit I heard today. How about we get back to the topic about why I'm down here for no reason.

OFFICER SNYDER

You think this is a game?

DEVONTA

I don't care what you call it, but it's funny.

OFFICER SNYDER

You won't think it's funny when them big boys be raping your little ass in jail.

DEVONTA

(Laughs)

That shit won't ever happen. But, since she said I supposedly raped her. Can she prove it?

OFFICER SNYDER

There's no doubt in my mind she can prove it.

DEVONTA

Right. Again, you don't know how the women in this day and age think, so I'm not worried about this fake charge.

OFFICER SNYDER

I would be worried if I was you.

DEVONTA

But I'm not. I can tell you why, but it's better if you see for yourself.

OFFICER SNYDER

Tell me.

DEVONTA

I just said it'll be better if you see it. I, unlike her, have proof that what she's trying to accuse me of is false.

OFFICER SNYDER

And where is this proof?

DEVONTA

On my phone. You'll see women these days love getting choked, spit on and all of that other good shit. And if you tell 'em no, they'll get real aggressive demanding you to do it.

OFFICER SNYDER

You're sitting here telling me that women love the idea of being raped? Do you know how stupid that sounds?

DEVONTA

I agree with you. But you can't argue with the truth. Just look at my phone and you'll see. As a man I find it



weird and sick like you. But trust me...they love it more than what you think.

OFFICER SNYDER

That doesn't sound nowhere near believable, but I'll look at your phone.

DEVONTA

You do that. You'll see what she's accusing about is exactly what she asked me to do.

OFFICER SNYDER

Right.

The Officer Snyder stands up prepared to leave the room.

DEVONTA

Don't try to send my videos to your phone. I know you'll be thinking about it after you see how I lay it down.

Officer Snyder stops at the door and then turns around looking at him disgusted.

OFFICER SNYDER

You disgust me.

Officer Snyder walks out of the room.

DEVONTA

Whatever.

Devonta sits at the table with a smirk, laughing low under his breath.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brittany comes out of the steam filled bathroom wearing a towel, combing through her hair prepared to relax in bed and then...

DEVONTA (O.S.)

You thought that shit you pulled earlier was cute, right

Looking over by the bedroom door, you would think she sees a ghost by how wide her eyes get, dropping the comb to the

floor with her mouth wide.

Devonta is standing by the door drinking a pint of liquor with a sinister look on his face.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

You thought it was cute, right?

BRITTANY

I---I don't---

DEVONTA

You know what the fuck I'm talking about, bitch. Don't worry. I'm not about to beat your ass, although I should since you tried to tarnish my name with rape. But no...beating your ass is basic and it ain't worth the little work. I'll tell you what is worth it.

With a sinister smile, he takes a sip while walking towards her.

She's slowly backing up, ending up falling back on the bed, sitting up looking at him with fear in her eyes and quivering lips.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

Do you know what would be worth it?

BRITTANY

(Shaky tone)

Vonta, don't---

He grabs her tight by the back of the head and she shrieks in fear.

DEVONTA

Open your mouth, bitch.

With quivering lips, she slowly begins opening her mouth, but since her pace is aggravating him, he squeezes tighter, causing her to quickly open her mouth.

He pours the rest of the liquor inside the bottle down her throat.

Continuing to hold her head, he laughs as she begins vomiting.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)  
Don't act like you're not used to  
this, bitch. I want this same  
treatment later. But right now...

With her head still clenched, he makes her look up into his eyes, with tears falling from hers and vomiting still coming out of her mouth as she tries to catch her breath.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)  
You're my freak bitch, right?

In fear of her life, she slowly nods her head yes.

He taps the right side of her face three times with some force.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)  
Don't nod your fuckin' head, say it!

BRITTANY  
(Sobbing)  
...Yes.

Filled with anger, he balls his fist tight.

DEVONTA  
Fuck around and don't answer it right  
this time, and I'm gon' rock you shit  
up. Now, SAY IT!

BRITTANY  
Yes, daddy, I'm your freak bitch.

DEVONTA  
That's what the fuck I thought. And  
guess what else.

He reaches under his shirt and pulls out a nine-millimeter.

She tries to jerk away, and he squeezes tighter causing her to release a light moan.

With a sadistic smile, he places the gun under her towel between her legs.

She tenses up with wide eyes.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)  
Like I told you before. If you ever  
think about leaving me, I'll fuckin'

kill you. But after today, I changed my mind. I'll just make sure no nigga will be able to gain access to my pussy after I put a few extra holes in it. And then I'll make sure you won't be able to put shit in your mouth except liquids after I get done fuckin' it up. Do you understand me?

BRITTANY

...Yes...yes, daddy.

DEVONTA

You better, bitch.

Removing the gun, he slings her to the floor into the vomit.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

Clean that shit up before it starts stinking and then come downstairs and make me something to eat. When it's said and done, I already told you what I want, so prepare your throat for it.

As she tries to sit up, he kicks her in the butt making her fall back down in the vomit.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

Soon as you start being a good nigga to these hoes, they think they can just up and leave you. Dumb bitch.

He makes his way towards the door.

DEVONTA (CONT'D)

Hurry the fuck up! I'm hungry!

Brittany lies in the vomit ashamed about the way her life is going, sobbing heavily.

EXT. THE HOOD - AFTERNOON

Jamel and some of his friends are sitting on the porch drinking, smoking and laughing while listening to some music.

Sha'quesha pulls up in front of the house in her beige ford coming to a quick stop, quickly getting out of the car.

DOUG, early-twenties, short and brown skin.

He takes a sip from his cup, watching Sha'quesha approach the

porch with an attitude.

DOUG

What's up with Qwee, Qwee?

She walks up on the porch next to Jamel, and he takes a sip from his cup looking at her confused.

SHA'QUESHA

Have you heard from Britt?

JAMEL

Why would I and she cut me off?

SHA'QUESHA

This ain't the time to be fuckin' funny.

JAMEL

Does it sound like I'm trying to be funny? She said fuck me for that hoe ass nigga, so fuck her too.

SHA'QUESHA

Mel, stop being a dick. Have you heard from her?

JAMEL

I keep telling your ass, no. You're her homegirl, call her.

SHA'QUESHA

I've been calling her all day and she hasn't answered.

JAMEL

(Takes a sip)

Well, shit. Pull up at her crib.

SHA'QUESHA

I did that. Her car was gone and she didn't answer the door.

JAMEL

I don't know what to say. She's probably out with that hoe ass nigga. Like I said, she cut me off, so, what do you want me to do?

SHA'QUESHA

That's the problem. What if he's done

something to her?

JAMEL

Britt is good with those paws. Man,  
damn. What do you want me to do?

SHA'QUESHA

Get the fuck up and come help me find  
out what's going on with her.

JAMEL

She wouldn't be stressing out over me,  
so I'm good.

He gets ready to take another sip and she slaps the cup from  
his hand.

The porch goes silent.

Jamel looks at her with rage in his eyes, while she stares at  
him with a straight face, placing her hands on her hips.

SHA'QUESHA

What? You don't beat on bitches, so  
don't act like that's what you wanna  
do. Stop putting up this hardcore act  
for these niggas and come help me find  
out what's up with our girl.

With no further words, she makes her way back down to her  
car.

Jamel still has the rage in his eyes, wiping the liquor away  
that splashed on his face.

Reaching the driver door, she turns back and looks at him.

SHA'QUESHA (CONT'D)

Nigga, come on!

Opening the door, she gets in and slams the door behind her.

Jamel sits sucking his teeth before finally standing up,  
making his way down the steps.

The guys on the porch break out laughing.

DOUG

She pulled that nigga hoe card.

Jamel quickly pulls his nine-millimeter from under his shirt

and turns around, aiming at the guys on the porch.

They all go silent with fear, putting their hands in the air.

JAMEL

None of you weak ass niggas would be laughing if it was one of y'all daughters, sisters or any other female you claim to love, so what's so fuckin' funny?

They remain silent.

JAMEL (CONT'D)

Oh no. Keep that same energy y'all just had while y'all was laughing and reverse that shit.

(Scoffs)

I can't believe I hangout with you niggas. Shit is funny unless it hits home. Yeah, I'm pissed at Britt, but that's still my nigga, like I thought she was y'all nigga.

(Scoffs)

I see I cut the wrong nigga off.

Placing the gun back under his shirt, he makes his way to the car.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Devonta is tied down to the bed unconscious, but the ropes aren't tight enough to hold him down.

As he slowly wakes up, he becomes confused finding out he can't move.

As he squirms around trying to get free while talking trash, he finally simmers down when he sees Brittany.

Fear glazes his eyes, staring at Brittany holding the nine-millimeter aiming at him.

DEVONTA

Baby. Baby, what---

BRITTANY

Shut the fuck up. Your life has to be in danger for you to acknowledge me as

your baby? What type of bitch shit is that? You raped me. You beat me. You degraded me. You made me say fuck my friends. Yes, my dumbass is accountable because I remained faithful and in love with you. And for what? Eventually you would've ended up killing me, and possibly getting away with it. So...

(Cocks the hammer)

Should I kill you and see how it turns out? Or should I just have you arrested and let the law and god deal with you?

DEVONTA

(Shaky tone)

Britt...I know---I know our shit has been rocky, and certain things I know I shouldn't have done. But you...you gotta understand. I did that shit because I was afraid you'd leave me. You're the first woman I ever loved and you loved me for me. I couldn't find it in my heart to let you go. Yeah...I wanted to instill fear in you, but I shouldn't have taken it as far as I did.

BRITTANY

(Soft chuckle)

You know...that's the same thing Evette said. Along with Marla, Christian, Shantell, Dumpster dive and so on. They let you get away with bullshit, ending up with you landing in my lap. Again...I know my accountability. I'm just sad you did the same thing to me like you did to them.

(Sighs)

What should I do now?

DEVONTA

You went through my phone and were running your mouth with them other bitches about me? You better kill me. That's what you better do.

BRITTANY

(Chuckles)

That's what you want me to do because



that's a coward's way out of things.  
I'm not going to do that. I have  
something better in mind.

Placing the gun on the nightstand, she leans down and picks up a baseball bat.

DEVONTA

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Don't---

His words are replaced with a moan of pain from being hit across the stomach with the bat.

BRITTANY

Shut the fuck up, bitch!

She continues hitting him with the bat until he begins vomiting.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I want that same treatment when I'm done. I love that nasty shit.

She hits him a few more times before tossing the bat to the side, picking up the butcher knife from the nightstand.

While trying to catch his breath, she begins cutting him on various parts of his body.

His screams of pain echo throughout the room.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

You like this, don't you, bitch?

She stops cutting him, and then grabs him tight by the face, placing the blade on his throat.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Tell me what I wanna hear.

With tears pouring down his face and vomit leaking from his mouth, he looks at her dead in the eyes.

DEVONTA

...I'm--I'm sorry.

She lightly cuts him on the throat and he releases a scream of fear.

BRITTANY

Say that shit the way I wanna hear it,

bitch.

DEVONTA  
 (Shaky tone)  
 I'm sorry, baby.

She takes the knife and starts digging into his chest where his heart is.

She smiles while listening to his screams.

BRITTANY  
 You better get this shit right or I'm  
 about to fuckin' kill you!

DEVONTA  
 I'm so sorry for what I did, Goddamn!  
 Please! Please, just don't kill me!

BRITTANY  
 That's a good, bitch. Look at you  
 begging like a little bitch seeking  
 mercy, but you never thought about  
 showing me mercy while you were doing  
 what you did to me. So...  
 (Places the blade on his neck)  
 Why should I let you live? Why should  
 I let you live and you would've had no  
 problems killing me? Why should I let  
 you live so you can do this same shit  
 to another woman?

DEVONTA  
 (Shaky tone)  
 It's fucked up the way I treated you,  
 I know. But killing me will solve  
 what? On my life, if you let me live,  
 you'll never hear from me again, I  
 swear to God. Just please, don't kill  
 me.

BRITTANY  
 (Light chuckle)  
 If I would've continued being stupid,  
 you would've ended up killing me with  
 no problem. Wouldn't you?

He's silent.

She presses the blade tight against his throat drawing some blood.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
Wouldn't you?

He remains silent, squeezing his eyes closed tight.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
You know what...I changed my mind.

Placing the knife down, she picks up the gun and then stands to her feet.

Turning to face him, she aims the gun at him, while pulling her phone out.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
Let me record the way your shit sprays  
from your head when this bullet  
connects with it.

DEVONTA  
Brittany, please! Don't---

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Nine, one, one. What is your  
emergency?

She fires two rounds in the air.

OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Hello? Hello, is everything okay?

BRITTANY  
(Scared tone)  
I'd like to report a case of domestic  
violence and an attempt on my life.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Are you okay? Where are you now?

BRITTANY  
(Scared tone)  
I'm scared for my life, hiding in the  
closet. Please, send someone quick.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
I have a unit in your area now, and  
they're on the way. You just hang in  
there, ma'am.

She fires another round.

BRITTANY  
(Scared tone)  
Please, hurry!!!

She hangs up, and looks at him smiling.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
I told you I wasn't gonna kill you,  
coward. You're not obtaining the  
reward you're seeking.

Placing the gun under her shirt, she makes a phone call while walking out the room.

SHA'QUESHA (V.O.)  
Girl, where are you?

BRITTANY  
(Sighs)  
I'm at home.

SHA'QUESHA (V.O.)  
Why didn't you answer the phone or the  
door when I came over?

BRITTANY  
It's a long story. But one thing is  
for sure. I'm finally---

Devonta comes up behind her and grabs her, causing her to shriek and drop the phone.

Sha'quesha can be heard as the two begin tussling.

From tussling, it turns into a fight that's equally balanced.

Brittany pulls the gun out and he quickly knocks it from her hand.

Hitting her with a good punch, she falls to the floor and he quickly picks up the gun.

Without hesitation, he fires four rounds ending Brittany's life.

DEVONTA  
Bitch! I'm glad your thot ass is dead,  
bitch!

He spits on her.

Thinking about picking up the phone because Sha'quesha can still be heard, he pauses when he hears the police sirens drawing near.

Looking around in a panicked state because he knows he can't explain Brittany's dead body, he turns the gun on himself and shoots himself on the right side of his chest.

He releases a scream of pain as he makes his way towards the front door.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Police cars pull up coming to a stop.

An ambulance comes up next.

Officers quickly get out of their cars as Devonta comes down the stairs.

OFFICER

Put the weapon down! Put the weapon down, and get down on your knees!

DEVONTA

I'll put the weapon down, but listen. It was self defense.

OFFICER

Last time! Put the weapon down! Get down on your knees or we will shoot!

DEVONTA

Okay! Okay!

Devonta slowly gets down on his knees and then places the gun down.

One of the officers quickly rushes over to him and kicks the gun to the side, before forcing Devonta flat on his stomach.

Pulling his handcuffs out, he aggressively places Devonta under arrest.

Sha'quesha pulls up and the two quickly get out of the car making their way towards the house, and officers stop them.

SHA'QUESHA

Is she okay?!

OFFICER

Ma'am calm down. Right now, there's nothing we can tell you.

SHA'QUESHA

Is my friend okay? I was on the phone with her and I heard gunshots?

While Sha'quesha continues being loud with the officer, as Devonta is being placed on a stretcher to be placed in the ambulance, he locks eyes with Jamel.

Sly as a fox, Devonta winks at Jamel and blows him a kiss.

Jamel nods his head, while sucking his teeth.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Devonta is handcuffed to the bed with a look of exhaustion.

His wounds are bandaged up.

Officer Snyder comes into the room and stands at the head of the bed.

Devonta looks at him and sucks his teeth.

OFFICER SNYDER

How are you feeling?

DEVONTA

Glad I'm alive.

OFFICER SNYDER

I just bet you are. Sadly, the same can't be said about that beautiful young lady.

DEVONTA

(Sighs)

I'm sad it had to come to that, but look at what she did to me. I'm the true victim in this situation.

OFFICER SNYDER

Oh, you're something.

DEVONTA

(Scoffs)

Here you go again. What's so hard to register in your brain there are women who abuse men?

OFFICER SNYDER

There's no lie about that. But you're not a man suffering from abuse.

DEVONTA

What do you think, I did this to myself, so I can have a reason to kill her? Come on, think for a second.

OFFICER SNYDER

I believe you should be doing the same thing. But thinking might be a little bit too much for you to accomplish.

DEVONTA

I guess. If you don't mind, I'd like to get some rest. I've been through a lot today.

OFFICER SNYDER

I'm sure you'll get all of the rest you need when this is said and done, and that girl's best friend testifies to what she heard over the phone before her friend died.

DEVONTA

Her word against mine. So, we'll see how that plays out.

OFFICER SNYDER

You're right. And your gunshot wound.

DEVONTA

What about it?

OFFICER SNYDER

You said you were trying to leave the house and she shot you in the back, correct?

DEVONTA

That's right.

OFFICER SNYDER

Then why was the entry hole located in the front and not the back?

Devonta sits up looking at him confused.

DEVONTA

Wait, what?

OFFICER SNYDER

You do know you don't have to talk to me without a lawyer? But if you feel---

DEVONTA

Yeah, that's right. I'm not saying shit else until I get my lawyer.

OFFICER SNYDER

That's fine. I guess you can somewhat think after all.

DEVONTA

Whatever. Thanks for the visit. You can leave.

OFFICER SNYDER

I will. Oh, one more thing. I hate to be the bearer of bad news. Your family---

DEVONTA

What about my family?

OFFICER SNYDER

They were murdered today.

Devonta starts trying to break free from the handcuffs filled with anger.

DEVONTA

What the fuck you mean, my family was found murdered?!

OFFICER SNYDER

Exactly what I said. I'll be leaving now.

DEVONTA

Come back here! Who killed my fuckin' family?! Who killed my family?! No!



No...not my family.

FADE TO BLACK:

ONE MONTH LATER...

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Reporters and other people are standing around waiting for the arrival of Devonta to see and hear the outcome of his trial.

The paddy wagon along with a few more police cars come pulling up, stopping in front of the courthouse.

Officers get out and then open the paddy wagon door so Devonta can step out.

Shackled and wearing his orange jumpsuit, sorrow resides in Devonta's eyes, still grieving about hearing the loss of his family.

Officers grab him by both arms and begin escorting him towards the courthouse as the reporters flock around.

Just as they get ready to ask questions, automatic gunfire is heard causing the people who didn't get hit, along with Devonta to drop to the ground.

Officers attempt to return fire, but the wave of masked men have the upper hand, gunning the officers down.

As Devonta cowers on the ground in fear and the people wounded moans are heard, one of the masked men walks up to Devonta holding a riot shotgun.

Devonta looks up at the character with fear in his eyes, and quivering lips.

DEVONTA

(Pathetic begging)

Please...please don't kill me.

JAMEL

Did you think about that shit before you killed my friend, and then had the nerve to be happy about it?

DEVONTA

...Huh?

Jamel lifts his mask and then winks and blows a kiss at Devonta.

JAMEL  
Join your family, bitch.

DEVONTA  
W---

The shotgun blast smoothly takes Devonta's head off.

Jamel and the rest of the men quickly run off to the cars that's already running and get in, pulling off, leaving the scene in chaos.

BLACK SCREEN:

"Wrongful actions affect more than just you depending upon the person you run across."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: