



THE GENEROUS HOST

Bernard Mersier

BLACK SCREEN:

Generous. / Adjective: (Of a person) Showing a readiness to give more of something, as money or time, than is strictly necessary or expected.

Host. / Noun: A person who receives or entertains other people as guests.

"A secretive smile of flirtation is a faithful partner in a relationship."

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

EXT. THE STREET- AFTERNOON

It's a beautiful summer day with indistinct talk, music and the sound of cars filling the Downtown area.

The lovely couple in their early twenties, DEVIN and BRI come from around the corner with smiles, holding hands.

Devin is tall, dark and muscular with tattoos covering his arms, jewelry lacing his body and a crisp fade that looks splendid when the sun hits his waves.

Bri is short, brown skinned, has long hair and is stacked. The perfect body. Nice size breasts, hips, thighs, ass and no stomach.

BRI

Date night tonight, right?

DEVIN

I told you it's all good. You can cook us up something to eat, and then we can kick back, drink, smoke and—

BRI

Watch the movie, cuddle and go to sleep.

DEVIN

(Laughs)

Now, you know damn well that's not about to happen.

BRI

And why is that?

DEVIN

(Grips her ass)

Because you know I can't get enough of
this good shit right here.

BRI

(Playful hits his chest)

Is that the only thing you can't get
enough of?

DEVIN

Shit, well, you know I love—

BRI

(Laughs)

Never mind.

DEVIN

(Laughs)

Well, you asked.

BRI

Uh huh. So, what are we drinking on
tonight?

DEVIN

We'll figure it out when we get in the
store.

As they approach the store, CORNELL, a tall, lanky light
skinned male in his early twenties with baby dreads pushes
through them.

Devin quickly lets Bri hand go.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck is your problem, nigga?!

Cornell turns around with a tight mean mug, placing his hand
under his shirt.

CORNELL

Is you good, nigga?!

Bri grabs hold of Devin, stopping him from reacting.

CORNELL (CONT'D)

That's what I thought, nigga.

Cornell turns and continues walking.

Devin looks on, sucking his teeth, balling his fist.

BRI

Don't even worry about that weak shit.

DEVIN

I wasn't worried to begin with. But, that was a bitch ass move.

BRI

You see the first thing he reached for was a gun, so you already know he's a bitch. Let that shit go.

Devin hesitates for a moment, nodding his head.

DEVIN

Yeah, you're right. Let's get up in this store.

Devin walks up and opens the door for her, while looking off in the direction Cornell went with hate etched on his face.

Bri notices it, and gains his attention to make him come into the store.

There's a few people in the store as Devin and Bri walk up to the counter.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

After that bullshit, I can drink dark and white.

BRI

Will you calm down? That shit is said and done, and his punk ass is gone. Don't let that fuck up our day.

DEVIN

You're right. So, what are you thinking?

BRI

I'm thinking we should—

CORNELL (O.S.)

It is that bitch! I thought you don't do meetups, hoe?!

Devin slams his fist on the counter, quickly turning to face Cornell standing at the door.

DEVIN

What the fuck is yo issue, Bro?!

CORNELL

Nigga, you should be happy I'm putting on game about that nasty ass hoe you cuffing.

DEVIN

You gotta reach it, to pull it. Call my woman a bitch again, and I'm gon' fuck around and find out if you can.

CORNELL

Nigga, fuck that bitch! And—

Before he can finish, Devin runs up on him, hitting him dead square in the mouth, dropping him to the floor.

Bri stands back with a slick smile, watching Devin pummel Cornell.

DEVIN

Bitch ass nigga, you got a weak ass jaw, but you was talking shit?! Matter of fact.

Devin stops pounding him, feeling for his gun, and he immediately becomes confused.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

And yo bitch ass was frontin' like you had heat!

He looks back at Bri, while Cornell lies on the floor moaning in pain with a bloody face.

DEVIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Bri makes her way over to him, as he looks down at Cornell before spitting on him.

DEVIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You hoe ass niggas better learn your place, and stay in your fuckin' lane.

He kicks him hard in the stomach before he walks out with Bri.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOOD - NIGHT

With no streetlights, the all black Lincoln pulls up at the last house on the corner and comes to a stop.

Devin gets out on the driver's side holding a bag, walking over to the passenger side, just as Bri gets out, and the two make their way to the house.

BRI

I'm so ready to relax and get this movie started.

DEVIN

Yeah, after putting that lil nigga in his place, I can do a couple of rounds and pass out.

BRI

(Soft laugh)

You think you're the shit.

DEVIN

(Laughs)

Nah, I ain't saying that.

BRI

(Laughs)

Uh huh

They walk up on the porch, and Bri pulls her keys out unlocking the door, walking in. Just as Devin prepares to enter, Cornell, now in all black runs up behind him, placing a gun to his head.

CORNELL

Get yo bitch ass in the house, nigga!

The force of how he shoves him, makes Bri stumble forward.

Once inside the house, Cornell pistol-whips Devin, causing him to drop to the floor.

Bri prepares to scream, and he quickly aims at her head.

CORNELL (CONT'D)

Bitch, just get on the fuckin' floor and shut up.

Without saying a word, she gets on the floor, kneeling next to Devin, while he holds his head, moaning.

DEVIN

What the fuck is this shit about?

Cornell keeps his aim on him, pulling out some zip ties, throwing them on the floor.

CORNELL

Tie your bitch up. That's all you gotta worry about right now.

Not knowing if Cornell will shoot them, Devin does what he's told, and as soon as he's finished, Cornell pistol-whips him across the face, knocking him flat on the floor.

BRI

Leave him alone!

CORNELL

Didn't I tell you to shut the fuck up?
But since you runnin' yo fuckin' mouth. You don't do meetups, huh?

BRI

I have no fuckin' idea what you're talking about!

CARLOS (O.S.)

Of course you don't. Sadly, like niggas use bitches on the regular, making 'em think they love 'em, that's why you're in the situation.

Carlos comes in wearing all black, closing the door behind him with murder in his light brown eyes. In his mid thirties, his appearance gives off a pretty boy with good hair, smooth brown skin and a thin goatee, but he's far from what he gives off.

Cornell aims at Devin, as he looks at Carlos with confusion in his eyes.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Let's make this shit quick, so we can get the fuck on.

(To Devin)

You can get up and sit next to your bitch, or you can stay on the floor. Either way, hurry up and make something happen.

Devin slowly sits up next to Bri.

DEVIN

Who the fuck are you niggas?

CARLOS

Who we are doesn't matter. We're here for 'Endless throat.' Is that you or your bitch?

Bri looks at Devin confused.

BRI

What the fuck is he talking about?

Devin's expression verifies he knows what Carlos is talking about, but Bri is still confused.

CARLOS

Nobody knows what I'm talking about?
Well, tell me who these belong to.

Carlos goes in his pocket and pulls out a pair of laced pink panties, tossing them on the floor.

Bri's eyes get wide, and Devin sighs, lowering his head.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Those panties, and who the fuck knows how much more was spent is the reason why you two will die tonight.

BRI

Why does he have my panties?

DEVIN

Ba-baby, I'm sorry.

BRI

What the fuck do you mean, you're sorry?

CARLOS

Well, whatever your name is. Endless throat has one of them legal prostitute pages. And on that page, you offer a lot of things. One of them used to be meetups.

Bri looks at Devin with fury in her eyes.

BRI

Tell me he's fuckin' lying!

CARLOS

If it was a lie, we wouldn't be here.
Back to—

BRI

Hold the fuck on! This nigga was
posting pictures of me on the internet
and selling my panties?!

CARLOS

You do have good dick riding skills.
If you were my type, I'd give you a
go.

Bri begins struggling to get free, furious about the news she
just heard.

BRI

You put my fuckin' business out in the
streets?! What the fuck is wrong with
you?!

CARLOS

Take accountability, too. You, like a
lot of these wild ass bitches these
days be letting niggas film y'all
eating dick and so on, thinking he
won't share the shit. Why, I don't
know. But back to the point of this
evening. Because of all of that, my
dumbass little brother got baited into
a meetup, and guess what?

BRI

You can leave me outta this shit.
Whatever he did—

CARLOS

He robbed and killed my little
brother.

BRI

I—

CARLOS

Save that sorry shit because it won't
bring him back. Now, we all know why
we're here...

Cornell Quickly shoots Devin twice in the head, and this
causes Bri to scream.

Carlos snickers, pulling out his nine-millimeter, stepping over to Bri, kneeling down, cuffing her face, aiming the gun at mouth.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

What does a good girl supposed to do
when Daddy has his dick in her face?

Tears begin flowing from Bri's eyes, which causes Carlos to laugh, gripping her face tighter, forcing her to open her mouth, so he can stick the gun inside.

With his eyes locked with her, he slaps her cheek hard, three times.

CARLOS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

What the fuck do women get outta that?

CORNELL

It's a man's way of letting her know
she's his worthless bitch.

He pulls the trigger, blowing her brains out.

CARLOS

Oh.

He stands up and puts his gun away.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I don't know how that weird internet
shit works, but bitches better be
careful asking for generous hosts, and
then say they don't do meetups. Real
niggas know if they pay for anything,
something comes with it. Let's get
outta here.

The two leave the house.

END CREDITS: