

A BEAUTIFUL SUICIDE

Bernard Mersier

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BLACK SCREEN:

"Grasping reality creates insanity."

~Bernard Mersier~

We hear Ja'mere Talking gibberish.

Anger laces every word coming from his mouth.

FADE IN:

INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ja'mere is still heard talking gibberish.

A piece of paper is quickly slammed on the folding steel table.

Resting on the table is an ashtray filled with cigarette butts, and a lit cigarette, slowly burning out.

Besides the ashtray are lines of cocaine, with a rolled up bill beside it.

Multiple shot glasses are on the table, some are filled with tequila, and others are knocked over.

Amongst the clutter, there's a bloody straight razor and a screwdriver.

Ja'mere angrily grabs one of the shots with his bloody mutilated brown skin hand.

Pulling back, now we see JA'MERE, early-twenties.

If it wasn't for the multiple bleeding cut marks all over his body and face, he would be a handsome man, with a low fade.

Holding a nine-millimeter in his left hand, he throws the shot back, and then throws the glass at the wall.

JA'MERE

Why the fuck would she do this to me?!
I loved that bitch with what little
piece of "give a fuck" in my heart,
and the bitch played me! Why?!

He aims the gun in his face.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

Don't you fuckin' hear me talking to you?! Any other time you'll be running off at the mouth, now your bitch ass is silent. Speak the fuck up!

He places the barrel between his eyes and cocks it.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

Scramble my shit up like you would do with anybody else. I need a fuckin' understanding, so do it. What did you say? Nah, fuck that! Spill my shit, right now! The bitch broke me, nigga!

(Spits to the side)

Okay...maybe you're right. After we talk, get an understanding...then you can spill my shit.

(Soft laugh)

Bet.

Lowering the gun, he picks up the lit cigarette and takes a hard pull before placing it back in the ashtray.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

How could that bitch leave a nigga like me? Okay...yeah, yeah she gave me a place to rest because none of my people wanna fuck with me. And yeah, she kept money in a nigga pockets. That's what the bitch is supposed to do! When a nigga is loyal...

He picks up the bill and quickly hits one of the lines, followed by the last pull on the cigarette.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

I was about to lie about the loyal shit. But since I'm a real nigga, I won't let that fake shit come outta my mouth. Anyways. She left a nigga who laid superior dick down. I'm the nigga who made that pussy realize what catching a real nut feels like.

He looks around the room confused, and then down at the gun.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you talking about,

I'm lying?

Cocking his head to the side with a look of anger, he stares at the gun as if it's about to respond.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

Yeah, she'd fuck herself all day on the internet, so what? That was how she made that extra bread for us, so I ain't mad about that shit.

(Spits to the side)

Okay, I just lied. That shit bothered the fuck outta me. How the fuck can you be out here showing everybody my pussy and how freaky you get? Say what?

Silence.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

No. No, I shouldn't be in my fuckin' feelings over a hoe. Well...she wasn't a hoe when I first met her. And no, she wasn't a hoe after I hit the first time. She became a hoe when she let me do every fuckin' freaky thing that came across my mind. That's when she became a hoe. But...she was everybody's ho. And still...

He picks up another shot, tosses it back and then throws it against the wall.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

I showed that fuckin' slut genuine love, and the bitch told me to get the fuck on! How in the fuck can a slut tell a real nigga to get the fuck outta her life? What did you say?

He quickly hits a line.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you mean I'm fake as hell?! If you were in front of me, I'd beat the fuck outta you for saying that bullshit! You're supposed to be on my goddamn side! All of the motherfuckers I let you get at without thinking twice, and now you got the nerve to side with that bitch?

He hits the last line of coke hard, and then holds his nose, making sure he gets the full effect of the cocaine.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I beat the bitch ass, here and there. She should've kept her fuckin' mouth shut, instead of calling herself saying I need a job this and show her more affection that! Why, bitch?! I allowed you to be a hoe on the internet to provide for us! I told her the shit she needed to hear so she'd keep providing for us! The bitch asked for a nigga to be obsessed with her, so how in the fuck did she build up the nerve to tell me to get the fuck on?!

He begins pacing back and forth, slapping the handle of the gun up against his head.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

You're a real bitch! I don't give a fuck if I told her I loved her...

Fires three rounds against the wall.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

I told the bitch what she needed to hear, so she could keep that extra income coming in!

(Soft sigh)

...I actually did love her. But...how can a hoe easily say fuck me?

Silence.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

Look at this self inflicted pain, combined with the pain that bitch installed in me. This isn't enough for me to endure?!

Silence.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

Oh...now you wanna inflict pain on me?!
Fuck you!

Placing the gun in his right hand, without thinking twice, he shoots himself in his left thigh.

Pain is the furthest thing on his mind, tossing the gun to the side, releasing a sadistic laugh.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)
That shit was weak, just like that
bitch ending our relationship! I'm the
only one who can hurt me!

Frustrated, he grabs the screwdriver from the table with a look of rage in his eyes.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)
I don't have to hear this shit from
you! You sound just like her! Shut up!
Shut up! Shut up!!!

He releases a loud scream of pain as he sticks the screwdriver in his ear.

He begins chuckling, slowly pulling the screwdriver out.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)
Talk shit, now! I know how to block
out bullshit.

He grabs at his head frustrated because in his mind he can still hear a voice.

He snatches the straight razor from the table.

Breathing heavily, there's a blank stare on his face as he begins cutting his forearms.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)
I know what I need to do. I know
exactly what the fuck I need to do.

Continuing to cut his forearms, he slowly makes his way to the other end of the room, and the first thing we see is a chair and then...

MIMI, Ja'mere's ex girlfriend, early-twenties.

The beautiful light skin woman is tied down to a chair in her bra and panties with duct tape wrapped tightly around her mouth.

She has a black eye that's starting to clear up and there's blood coming from her nose.

Ja'mere takes a seat on the chair and stares directly in her

eyes.

Hate resides in her eyes, breathing heavily.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

You thought you could get rid of the realest nigga in your life without a consequence. Huh, bitch? Now...

(Points the blade in her face)

I'll give you one chance to explain yourself. I'll forgive you and we can continue our happy relationship.

Sadistically, he cuts the tape and then snatches it from her mouth.

She continues staring at him with the same hate in her eyes.

JA'MERE (CONT'D)

Well?

She coughs up a loogie and spits in his face.

MIMI

Fuck you, Ja'mere.

With a straight face, he drops the blade and then scoots up.

Reaching down on the side, he gets nose to nose with her before grabbing her tight by the back of the head.

JA'MERE

What the fuck did you say to me, bitch?

MIMI

(Breathing heavy)

I said...fuck you.

He cracks a slight smirk.

JA'MERE

I think you mean, fuck us.

Pulling her head in for a kiss before she can try to turn her head, the barrel of a sawed off shotgun comes up under their chins, and he squeezes the trigger, blowing their faces off.

Their bodies hit the floor.

Moving over to the table, we see the paper Ja'mere placed

down is a loving picture of him and Mimi.

The caption reads "Our love will remain the same forever.

FADE TO BLACK:

"Give a person just enough so they'll know you love them. And give a person just enough to let them know they can easily leave. You always come first."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: