

THE BEGINNING AND END OF BERNARD MERSIER

Bernard Mersier

Inspired by some true events

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BLACK SCREEN:

"My worst enemy is the person I love the most...ME."

~Bernard Mersier / King Gnarly~

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

While Bernard argues with himself in the background, we can hear water dripping from the faucet in the white tiled bathroom.

Within a few seconds, BERNARD MERSIER comes into frame.

He's a reddish brown skinned man in his early forties. He has a bald head, thin goatee, a tattoo on the left side of his chest, a tattoo on his left arm, a brand on his right arm and a tattoo on his back.

Wearing nothing but a towel around his waist, you can't help but notice the tucked .38 snub nose.

Sweat covers his body, shaking his head, moving towards the sink, placing his hands down on the counter, lowering his head.

BERNARD

...Why? Why was this life handed to me?  
I always do the right thing and  
still...chaos seems to find me. Am I not  
a child of God he blesses when you do  
right?

(Sighs)

...Ending my life seems like the best  
option, but...I know I'm relevant for a  
reason. Please...God. Help me understand  
why I'm still alive.

A sinister laugh echoes in the room.

Remaining with his head down, Bernard uses his eyes looking around the room.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I'm trippin'. Again...God---

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

What do you expect to happen calling  
out for God?

BERNARD

(Talking low)

This is all in my mind. There's no point in answering what I already know.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

Do you really know? Sounds to me like a pathetic line I listen to every night before we go to sleep?

Bernard shakes his head, rubbing his right hand down his face.

BERNARD

I'm not about to do this with you. I know who I am and I know why I'm asking God---

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

Asking God for what? How do you have faith in someone you've never seen, easily disrespecting all of his rules?

Bernard is doing his best to try and block out the voice.

BERNARD

...You're nobody. You're trying to prevent me from blossoming.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

(Sinister laugh)

Make yourself believe that bullshit. You know if you release me...things will be so much better. Look at you. This body holds the essence of a savage, yet you want us to portray ourselves as cotton candy, only good for a taste or two and then we're tossed to the side. Fuck that.

BERNARD

(Deep inhale, slow exhale)

...I know who I am. Who the fuck---as a matter a fact. Why am I letting you disturb my peace?

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

(Low snicker)

You don't have to convince me. Make yourself believe. Look me in the eyes

and let me know you stand on what you said. Oh, I forgot. Only real niggas look men in the eyes. I'm sorry. Continue waddling in your self-pity.

BERNARD

...You're saying I'm not real?

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

I'm not saying a motherfucking thing. I just wanna know exactly who "Bernard Mersier" is. Because in my eyes, he's a person who knew what was right, but he still fucked up. I could be wrong. I won't know until you look me in the eyes.

Bernard bites down on his bottom lip, slowly raising his head with his eyes closed.

BERNARD

Will you leave me the fuck alone after I do this?

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

Do you think this will get rid of me?

Bernard opens his eyes and sees himself, but the reflection has long strawberry blond sisterlocks, wearing a blue bandana.

KING GNARLY (CONT'D)

Now that we're confronting each other as men, what do you have to say?

BERNARD

I'm not fucked up. You want me to believe I'm fucked up, but I'm far from it.

KING GNARLY

What makes you believe that?

BERNARD

Apparently you're my inner conscious or alter ego. I don't give a fuck which. But with that being said, you know why I'm a good person.

KING GNARLY

Aww. Because you were so good to all

the females, fake family and friends  
 you'll leave it all on the floor for?  
 Sadly, none of them would do the same  
 for you. Is that what you're talking  
 about?

BERNARD

There's no need to argue with myself  
 and I know the truth.

KING GNARLY

I know you're wrong. I just want you  
 to explain why do you think I'm lying.

BERNARD

Not a problem.

FADE TO BLACK:

**ONCE LOVERS, BETTER FRIENDS (Written by Daddy's girl)**

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

This version of Bernard has medium length sisterlocks in his mid twenties.

The light from the television and the screensaver on the laptop are the only sources of light.

Bernard is propped up against the headboard, barely able to keep his eyes open, staring at the television.

Ready to call it a night, he tries getting comfortable and that's when a notification goes off gaining his attention.

He's really not interested, but he turns on his side and clicks the notification.

It's an audio message from his ex "Daddy's girl."

He sucks his teeth, and then opens the message, pressing play.

DADDY'S GIRL (OVER THE SPEAKER)

(Soft tone)

I know you don't give a fuck about my  
 feeling right now, and I know that's  
 your defense mechanism. ...I just wanna  
 say these last words and you can carry  
 on with your life. I'll always love  
 you, but I can't sit around while you

constantly break my heart, knowing there's someone out there better for me. So...I wrote you this poem.

(Clears throat)

I once loved you. I loved you as if you were my first love. You meant the world to me, and in certain ways you still do. Only it's different from love. We were once lovers, who cared so deeply for each other. I know you loved me, but you pushed me away. You gave up on me and honestly, you gave up too easily, instead of seeing this could work. But we were once lovers, now better friends. We're good friends and not having you in my life as my best friend, The one who has my back, would be like the end of the world. I'm glad we're able to still be friends, Instead of those other couples who break up and just literally hate each other. Although at the start, I kinda did hate you to a point, Just not enough to say we're no longer friends. I was just hurting, hating that you gave up on me so easily. We were once lovers who cared so much about each other. I admit and will never deny our love was truer than what you wanted to admit. But I guess we're just better friends. If we're meant to be, then it'll happen again. But right now, I'm with another and I believe he is my soulmate. I know I can be wrong and it's still you all along. Although I am over you but if you're my soulmate, I'll fall for you again. For if something is meant, it'll be when the time is right, not right now. My place is with the other guy. We were once lovers, now better friends. At least for right now, maybe even eternity. Who knows? We can't choose our futures, nor can we read them. Though some like to believe this is true.

When the message comes to an end, he snuffles, doing his best not to let a tear fall with his shaky finger ready to play it again.

Realizing he's the reason why the relationship ended...he shakes his head, turning on his back staring at the ceiling, slowly closing his eyes, allowing a single teardrop to fall.

CUT TO:

**FOREVER (Written by Ms. One)**

INT. THE DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

This version of Bernard has medium length hair in his early twenties.

Bernard is sitting at the table staring at a letter from his girlfriend Ms. One.

A smile creases his face, opening the envelope, removing the letter.

INSERT THE LETTER

MS. ONE (V.O.)

(Seductive tone)

*Will you always love me? Will you always be there? Will you always be truthful? Will you always be fair? I will always love you. I will always be there. I will always be faithful. Even if it seems I don't care. We haven't been together for a month yet, But it feels like an eternity. I would happily spend the rest of my life with you. In your heart is where I'll always be! I know there will never be another to love and treat me the way you do. That's why I could never in my wildest dreams find myself leaving you. We will have our ups and downs. We will even fuss and fight. But I'm confident our love will survive and stay tight. I promise I'll be faithful. I only want you! I just ask that you make this promise, too.*

With a smile, he pulls his phone out to call Ms. One.

CUT TO:

**YOU'RE WHAT I CALL A DIFFERENT TYPE OF MAN (Written by Brooklyn sensation)**

EXT. THE PARK - AFTERNOON

On this beautiful day, we see GABRIEL sitting on the park bench.

The beautiful dominican in her early thirties has shoulder length hair, wearing shorts and a fitted tank top showing off her curvaceous body.

Resting beside her is a notebook and a cup of coffee.

Inhaling the fresh air, she smiles, picking up her cup, taking a sip.

Placing the cup down, she picks up her notebook, removes the pen and then opens it.

Filled with inspiration, she begins writing.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

*You're the type of man I can appreciate and treat with respect. You're the type of man who cares even though you don't show it. You're the type of man who can back up the shit you talk about. You're the type of man who brings substance to our conversations. So sometimes, it's like a sexual stimulation for my mind, Which produces the most amazing mental orgasms. You're the type of man that is just as sexy as ever. You're the man who can literally turn me on with words. You're the only one who sees right through me. The only one who figured me out, and hasn't judged me for who I used to be. The only one that even when I'm mad, I still want at the end of the day. The only one I wish was with me now, just holding and kissing me. You are the man I don't regret meeting. You are the man that I love with every fiber of my body. You are the man who deserves to be treated like a King. You are the man I would literally do anything for.*

Closing the notebook, she places it to the side with a smile, picking up her cup, taking a sip.

CUT TO:



**I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE LOVED (Written by Mama bear)**

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sitting on the edge of the bed wearing a matching bra and panty set is MAMA BEAR, early-thirties.

She has a delicious body, mocha skin and medium length hair.

She's watching a romance movie with watery eyes.

You would think it's the movie that has her teary-eyed, but it's the thoughts racing through her mind.

MAMA BEAR (V.O.)

(Sadden tone)

*I always wanted to see it, touch it,  
feel it and be caught up in love  
trances. Love is something I've been  
trying to seek and fall into. It never  
seems to come my way. False love is  
just lust, not something with the full  
potential of lasting. Love is the  
beauty, the essence of all things.  
Love is something we're capable of  
doing, and programmed. Although you  
have some that do it better than  
others. I want love to come find me. I  
don't think love knows I'm alive. Love  
doesn't know I'm breathing. This poor  
heart of mine is empty. Love, where  
are you? Love, have you forgotten me?  
Love, what did I do wrong? Love, did I  
miss my opportunity Love has me  
sitting at home watching love movies  
and listening to it through tempos.  
Love, where are you? Damn, where are  
you? Love, are you saying I can't feel  
you, touch you or see you? Love, why  
do you have me feeling empty?  
Did I let love slip away? Love, you  
left me. Love, why are you hiding from  
me?*

As the tears roll, she manages to form a smile, knowing one day she'll find the love she seeks.

CUT TO:

**CHASING DEATH (Written by Bernard Mersier, inspired by the emotions from Brandy)**

INT. THE JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

The room is packed with random low chatter heard.

This version of Bernard is in his mid twenties, medium length sisterlocks.

He enters the club wearing a suit, taking a seat by the stage.

BRANDY, early-thirties, comes on stage.

A beautiful Nigerian with smooth chocolate skin and a fit body.

She walks to the front of the stage and stops.

Before the lights go dim, she glances around the room and spots Bernard.

She cracks a sly smirk as the lights go dim and the spotlight is placed on her.

BRANDY

Thank you all for coming out. I had another poem in mind, but since the atmosphere is lovely tonight, I'd like to share a poem I wrote about someone who was special in my life. Would y'all like to hear it?

The crowd says yes.

She walks to the band to inform them of the tempo.

Bernard folds his arms across his chest.

She comes back to the front of the stage.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Alright, y'all, here we go.

The band plays a soulful tune.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

(Sultry tone)

*Gentle cold words, chasing your clammy bones, Death, you don't know how much I love you wishing you would love me. You gave me a world of orgasms I can handle, Every emotion expressed as I'm*

*manhandled, Death, you don't know how much I love you, wishing you would love me. You tease me with your allure. Eyes closed, heart froze, death, you almost took my soul. You move in and out of my life, silent as my shadow. My heart leapt when you cuddled me under your cloak, Naively, I thought it was love, not seeing it was a joke. Death, you don't know how much I love you. But now, I'm about to make you appreciate why you should've loved me, Moving on to a greener pasture, realizing you only wanted my emotions in the hereafter. Death, my dear death... Life could've been better if you accepted "Us" instead of "Self."*

The applause is thunderous, accompanied with people whistling.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

People are still applauding as the lights come on.

Bernard stares at her with watery eyes, while Brandy looks at him and winks before walking off stage.

CUT TO:

**THE MORNING AFTER (Written by Princess)**

SPLIT SCREEN VIDEO CALL

This version of Bernard is in his early twenties with long hair.

On one screen we see Bernard lying on his side in bed, shirtless.

On the other screen we see PRINCESS, early twenties.

The beautiful brown skin woman is lying on her stomach in bed wearing lingerie with the canopy curtains open.

BERNARD

Man, we've been talking for four hours.

PRINCESS

So? Are you ready to go to bed?

BERNARD

Nah, I was just saying.

PRINCESS

Saying, what?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

See. This is why people think we're fuckin'.

PRINCESS

Only two people think that.

BERNARD

True. I don't know why, but hey. You can't make people believe the truth.

PRINCESS

So, do you really think you can write better than me?

BERNARD

(Soft laugh)

I can.

PRINCESS

Anyways. I wrote something topping that weak ass poem you wrote me.

BERNARD

Why does my shit gotta be weak?

PRINCESS

(Laughs)

You wrote it, you tell me.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Fuck you.

PRINCESS

You wish you could. Anyways, are you ready to hear it?

BERNARD

Come on with the trash.

She gives him the finger before reaching on the side for her notebook.

PRINCESS

I call it "The morning after."

BERNARD

Ooo, it's already a classic.

PRINCESS

Fuck you, Listen.

(Clears her throat)

*The sunrays take over from the moon's shift. I turn over slowly so I won't disturb you. I move my hand to where I know your hip is, but you're not there. Instead, your blue T-Shirt lies there. My heart is pounding just a little as I move to the shower. The warm water loosens muscles only discovered from last night's love-making. The soreness makes me laugh nervously. Maybe you left. I step out of the shower. Lotion up and slip into your T-Shirt. Your flag hangs proudly over the headboard. And needing a scarf, I place that on, too. Stepping out of the bedroom into the living room, I see you. Back turned to my innocent eyes, I'm viewing the scratches, with a gasp. As if you knew I was standing there for hours. You turn around, cracking a smile at your unknowing Crip. My hand gestures for your glass. The Kool-Aid reminds me of the week I had treats before I felt I deserved. You pull me in a hug. I run my fingers apologetically across the love lines on your back and wince. But I know you wouldn't want it any other way. You take fingertips to my back, pressing so passionately. It reminds me of the CD player you left, to give me your full attention. You kiss me slow and Kool-Aid sweet, as we lean over the balcony. Your hair is wild from sex and swimming as the sand tickles my cheek. Your lips run across the cinnamon smell on my neck as if you need to taste it. Your grip makes me feel as if you don't want me to*

*fall. But in truth, you just never want to let go. It's ironic how things turnout. Just like our conversations on the phone. As we both doze off into fantasy. I know you'll always be there with me...the morning after.*

Bernard is amazed, giving her a thumbs up.

BERNARD

Well, damn. Damn near made me believe we're fucking.

PRINCESS

That's what you call good writing.

BERNARD

I guess. I'll write something to top your lil erotic poem.

PRINCESS

More like you'll end up beating off to my poem.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

That too. But, I'm about to call the love of my life, so, I'll hit you up later.

PRINCESS

(Laughs)

You better call her before she beat that ass.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Niggas stay with jokes. Alright my nigga, I'll hit you up later.

PRINCESS

Okay.

BERNARD

I love you, Princess.

PRINCESS

Love you, too.

CUT TO:

**SEXUAL FEELINGS (Written by Daddy's girl)**

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

It's an intimate setting with candles lit around the room.

Resting in a bubble bath with rose petals is DADDY'S GIRL, early twenties.

She's a beautiful, brown skinned woman with a short hairstyle.

With her eyes closed, you can tell she's at peace, relaxing in the warmth of the water.

Opening her soft brown eyes, she turns to look at her phone resting beside her glass of wine on the table beside the tub.

Slowly reaching over, she picks up her phone and turns the screen on.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

There's a picture of her and Bernard with medium length sisterlocks, hugging in the park.

She clicks her tongue against the roof of her mouth, placing the phone back.

A slight look of aggravation comes across her face, but she quickly brushes it off.

DADDY'S GIRL (V.O.)

I don't know why this picture is my screensaver. He ain't nothing compared to the nigga I'm with now, so I need to delete the picture and respect the fact I moved on.

Moving her hand down between her thighs, a look of pleasure comes across her face.

DADDY'S GIRL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then again...

(Releases a soft moan)

*When there are rainy days and cold nights, These are the days I need you to hold me tight in your arms. Hold me close and keep me warm. Tell me I'm your good luck charm. Look me in the eyes and tell me I'm the one for you.*

*Tell I'm your dream, morphed into  
reality. Lay me down gently, Make love  
to me essentially. Caresses my body  
from head to toe not missing a spot.  
Let's make your body heat rise. Take  
my body on a journey that truly never  
ends, It always seems to just begin.  
Make me cum so I know that it's yours.  
Do what you want with my body because  
it's yours. Rub me, lick me, kiss me  
and tease me. Do what you want with my  
body, as long as it's pleasing.*

Releasing a moan of satisfaction, she bites down on her bottom lip with lust in her eyes, reaching back on the table, grabbing her phone.

CUT TO:

**A GLASS (Written by Bernard Mersier, created from the emotions of Lilly)**

INT. THE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The windows are open allowing the sun to come in.

LILLY, late twenties, enters the room.

Light skinned, short, big and beautiful. She has long crinkly hair and light brown eyes, wearing baggy clothes, stepping over to the sink filled with dishes.

Shaking her head, she releases a soft sigh.

LILLY (V.O.)

Why do good women get treated like  
shit? Is it because of our actions? Or  
is it because niggas love breaking the  
spirit of a good woman, just to have a  
fuckin' story to tell?

She prepares some dish water, applying the liquid soap.

Once the sink is full, she begins placing some of the dirty dishes inside.

LILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Men swear up and down they want a good  
woman and as soon as he gets one, he  
fucks her over. Flip the script, when  
a nigga is down and out, he'll run



back to the woman who had his back.

(Scoffs)

Niggas. Why be bothered with 'em?

(Soft sigh)

Because we crave love and protection.

And still...a man doesn't realize the heart of a woman is like a glass.

(Sighs)

*Resting amongst other beautiful glasses, She's the only one who feels she has no form of attraction. Shockingly, a man chooses her, It's uncertain if he picked her because she's average, But he promises her a life of happiness. Her life is in a state of awe, Nothing awkward like the Southpaw, A hard blow to the jaw when a fancy glass steps into the house that's ajar. Now she's resting in a filthy sink, The first thing grabbed, she shattered without him having to think. Her life was ruined because she believed what a man told her was a real fairytale fate.*

Preparing to place a glass in the water, it slips from her hand, falling to the floor, shattering.

CUT TO:

**SUNSET (Written by Bernard Mersier, inspired by Light bright)**

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

It's around sunset.

Wearing a soft pink bikini set and sunglasses on the beach, lying down on a towel on her back is LIGHT BRIGHT, mid twenties.

A vision of beauty is what you would be looking at when you lay eyes on the slender light skinned woman.

She looks relaxed, bathing in the sun.

Bernard is holding the camera walking over to her, spilling some water on her stomach, causing her to quickly sit up.

LIGHT BRIGHT

You asshole!

BERNARD (O.S.)

(Laughs)

I figured you needed to cool off.

LIGHT BRIGHT

You play too goddamn much!

She throws some sand at him.

BERNARD (O.S.)

Here you go, acting like you're all  
mad and shit.

LIGHT BRIGHT

You think I'm not?

She prepares to stand up, and he places a hand on her  
shoulder.

She jerks away, sitting up on her towel, staring out at the  
water.

BERNARD (O.S.)

Are you really about to act like this?

Keeping her eyes forward, she slowly licks her lips.

BERNARD (O.S.)

*A sinful orchestra caresses my  
eardrums, making the hairs on my neck  
rise. Succumbing to the pleasure I  
love, Sweat embodies my body, trying  
to handle it like a person without  
thumbs. Stars remind me it's time for  
rest, There's never a day I'll ignore  
climaxing watching my baby undress, I  
adore my lovely sunsets.*

(Soft sigh)

Alright, I'll leave you alone.

He gets ready to move, and she grabs his hand.

Turning to look at him, she removes her sunglasses and a  
smile comes across her face.

LIGHT BRIGHT

You think you're cute, don't you?

BERNARD (O.S.)

Not as cute as you.

LIGHT BRIGHT  
This we know. Come here.

She moves in for a kiss and the video ends.

This version of Bernard has long length sisterlocks in his early thirties.

Sitting on the edge of the bed in the dark room wearing nothing but his boxers, Bernard stares at the laptop screen smiling.

He looks back at Light bright snuggled under the covers.

He smiles before standing up, leaving the room.

CUT TO:

**SLOW FROM YOUR LIPS (Written by Bernard Mersier, inspired by Southern Belle)**

INT. THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Low indistinct chatter is heard in the fancy restaurant.

Sitting at a table alone is SOUTHERN BELLE, late twenties.

Brown skin, chinky eyes and voluptuous is what we're staring at with her long brown dreadlocks up in a ponytail wearing a strapless black dress.

Aggravation is on her face, picking up her glass of wine, taking a sip.

Placing the glass down, she sighs, annoyed.

SOUTHERN BELLE (V.O.)  
Always on the bullshit. I don't even know why I waste my time. He had me get dressed up and his ass is late. It's cool. He won't be happy until I leave his ass alone completely.

A waiter comes over to her table.

WAITER  
Excuse me, ma'am.

She looks at him.

SOUTHERN BELLE

Yes.

WAITER

Mr. Mersier wanted me to give you something.

SOUTHERN BELLE

And where is he?

WAITER

I was informed he won't be able to join you tonight, but he said order whatever you want.

SOUTHERN BELLE

(Sighs)

It figures. What are you supposed to give me?

He extends an envelope.

Shaking her head, she takes it and places it on the table.

SOUTHERN BELLE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

WAITER

Of course. Let me know when you're ready to order.

The waiter walks off.

Pissed off, she stares at the envelope debating on opening it.

Shrugging up her shoulders realizing the night can't get any worse, she picks up the envelope, opens it and removes the letter.

INSERT THE LETTER

BERNARD (V.O.)

*Your dimples bring out the beauty in your cheeks, Hands down defeat, Keep that pose and don't speak. Lips tempting as the apple shared between Adam and Eve, Please don't leave, I only need to hear one thing, Licking your lips so I'll plead, Hearing it leave, An orgasmic "You're what I*

*need." Slow from your lips...Ah, you're such a tease.*

She releases a bashful laugh, placing the letter down.

Prepared to take a sip from her wine, she pauses when a cuban link chain is placed around her neck. The charm is a heart with the heartbeat sign going through it.

She releases a low gasp, placing her hand on the charm.

Bernard leans down and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

This version of Bernard has long sisterlocks, early thirties.

BERNARD (O.S.)  
Are you still mad?

SOUTHERN BELLE  
(Shy laugh)  
Take a seat, jerkface.

Bernard goes over to the other side of the table and takes a seat. He's wearing a black suit.

BERNARD  
I take that as a no.

SOUTHERN BELLE  
Yeah, yeah. Why did you go through...you know what, never mind.

BERNARD  
You didn't find this romantic?

SOUTHERN BELLE  
(Laughs)  
Let's just eat. I'm not about to play with you.

BERNARD  
Sounds good to me.

CUT TO:

**I'M WANTING YOU (Written by Ms. One)**

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lying in bed on her back wearing lingerie is MS. ONE, early twenties.

A slim, tasty chocolate woman with shoulder length hair.

A seductive smile is on her face as she talks on the phone.

MS. ONE

What are you doing, my sexy, sir?

BERNARD (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Nothing. Watching a movie.

MS. ONE

You'd prefer to be watching me,  
wouldn't you?

BERNARD (OVER THE SPEAKER)

(Laughs)

Here you go. Don't start with this  
shit.

MS. ONE

(Seductive laugh)

What? Am I lying?

BERNARD (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Not at all. I'm just saying---

MS. ONE

(Low moan)

Is it hard?

BERNARD (OVER THE SPEAKER)

What?

MS. ONE

You heard me.

BERNARD (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Nope. I sure didn't.

MS. ONE

Can I sit on it?

BERNARD (OVER THE SPEAKER)

(Laughs)

Woman, what tip are you on.

MS. ONE

You know what tip I'm on.

BERNARD (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I don't. How about you tell me?

MS. ONE

*Hoping and wishing for another time  
when we can get together, Waiting for  
the right moment, the second it gets  
better. I think about the night we  
shared, the feeling so nice. I wish  
you were here with me so we can do it  
twice. No interruption to spoil our  
day, No one there to get in the way.  
Just me and you together, soul to  
soul, I just wait for the moment when  
you make me lose control. A whisper in  
your ear will let you know I'm ready,  
Just a piece of your love will keep me  
steady. I just ask for one more day,  
one more night, Give me the chance to  
give it to you right. What do you say,  
baby? What do you wanna do? Because  
like I said in the beginning...I'm  
still wanting you.*

Bernard can be heard breathing heavily.

MS. ONE (CONT'D)

Did you get the pictures I sent you?

BERNARD (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Yeah...yeah, I got 'em.

MS. ONE

Enjoy yourself like I'm about to enjoy  
myself. I'll see you tomorrow. I love  
you.

BERNARD (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I...shit. I love you too.

MS. ONE

(Seductive chuckle)

Bye, sir.

She hangs up with a smile.

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is staring at King Gnarly in the mirror staring at  
him with a sinister smile.

KING GNARLY

Wow. Those are some amazing women. One stood out the most, but, wow. Those are some amazing women. How did you manage to fuck it up with all of 'em? Especially the one that stands out.

BERNARD

How did I fuck it up? You're the one who fucked it up! You're the selfish bastard who feels the only person that matters is you. You fucked up my happiness.

KING GNARLY

I can't fuck up what you allow. Besides, who needs love?

(Evil laugh)

You're still hung up on those women, especially the one. You know, I liked her, too. She had a mean spirit in her, and that was a turn on for me. But back to what I was saying. You're still hung up on all of those women, and I can guarantee you, they're not wasting one goddamn second of their time thinking about you.

BERNARD

You would say some hateful bullshit.

KING GNARLY

If telling the truth is hateful bullshit, then yes. Don't be mad at me because you can't let go, fuck up.

BERNARD

I'm not a fuck up, and I'm not hung up! I just know I had genuine love, and I allowed you to ruin it for me each and every time.

KING GNARLY

You're not hung up?

BERNARD

No.

KING GNARLY

So...that's why you write all your little pathetic poems because you're



not hung up?

(Laughs)

Give me a fuckin' break. My God, how did I end up inside a weak ass nigga like you?

BERNARD

I don't know about that weak shit, but I wonder the same thing. Why are you inside of me? All you do is fuck up everything good in my life.

KING GNARLY

Look at that. I'm the reason why things turn to shit in your life, but you can easily stop the shit from happening.

Bernard sucks his teeth, shaking his head.

BERNARD

...

KING GNARLY

Are you gonna write a sad ass poem about our conversation in your notebook?

BERNARD

I don't write sad poems. My poems have meanings, expressing...never mind.

KING GNARLY

They express the love you have for the women you're hung up on.

(Laughs)

See. Was that hard to admit?

BERNARD

I'm sick of you.

KING GNARLY

Let's hear some garbage---excuse me. Some of those lovely poems you wrote about the people you love.

BERNARD

You do know I write about more than just that, right?

KING GNARLY

Of course. Hell, I'm with you every waking fuckin' day. Okay, fine. Throw some of those other poems you wrote in there, too. Just make sure you share some of those loving poems about the people you love. Especially our favorite. Damn. You really---

BERNARD

I know who you're talking about and I'd appreciate it if you'd stop mentioning her.

KING GNARLY

Somebody got their panties in a bunch.

BERNARD

Fuck you.

KING GNARLY

Okay, okay. Come on with the poems.

CUT TO:

**H.E.A.D. (Written by Bernard Mersier, inspired by the one who got away)**

INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

Random talk circulates through the packed bar with people enjoying themselves drinking, watching the game, dancing or playing pool.

This version of Bernard is in his mid twenties, medium length sisterlocks.

His male FRIEND is sitting beside him.

The two throw back their shots, followed by a sip of beer.

Bernard goes in his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes, placing them on the counter.

Taking a cigarette from the pack, he places it in his mouth and lights it.

FRIEND

What's the plan after this?

BERNARD

I can't call it. You can drop me off.  
I'm calling it a night.

FRIEND

Nigga, it's still early. Where the  
hoes at?

BERNARD

(Takes a pull)  
You got 'em.

FRIEND

Nah nigga, you got 'em. Stop being  
stingy with hoes.

BERNARD

You know that's a lie. If I don't  
share anything else, hoes are  
definitely something I share.

FRIEND

Real talk. Oh shit, I forgot to ask.  
What happened with that one chick you  
were telling me about?

BERNARD

Who?

FRIEND

The one...the light skinned chick with  
the nice ass lips.

BERNARD

Oh, her.

FRIEND

Did you smash or what? With those lips  
I know she can suck a mean dick.

BERNARD

Nah, I didn't smash.

FRIEND

You didn't smash? Did you at least get  
some head?

BERNARD

Head.

(Snickers)

Oh, I got some head.

FRIEND

Straight up? How was it?

Bernard throws back another shot, followed by a pull from his cigarette.

BERNARD

*Sleazed oozed from her tongue, glazing her lips. Her appearance resembled a rabid dog from all the slob. I'm thinking how long can this go on? No breather, Her no gag reflex is strong. I'm sure you're taking this provocative, but you're wrong, This is the mental and verbal breakdown when a woman is done. When you hear the word "Head" it's attention grabbing. But the way I used it can go both ways. In this particular situation and even before it reached this point... Her energy always drained me.*

FRIEND

...So, was the head good or not?

Bernard laughs, picking up another shot, tossing it back.

BERNARD

Order some more rounds. I gotta take a piss.

(Laughs)

Was it good or not?

Bernard gets up and walks off laughing.

His friend is confused, picking up a shot, tossing it back.

FRIEND

...I guess it wasn't good.

CUT TO:

**THE LINGERING EX (Written by Bernard Mersier, inspired by My favorite ex)**

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

This version of Bernard has medium length sisterlocks, late twenties.

Bernard is sitting in front of the television playing

football online with his friends.

His phone starts ringing.

He pauses the game, and then reaches over on the table, grabbing his phone.

Seeing a picture of a seductive light skin woman, he quickly answers, placing it on speaker before putting it back on the table.

BERNARD

What's going on beautiful?

BOYFRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Nah nigga, this ain't her.

BERNARD

Hm, okay. Then who is this?

BOYFRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)

The nigga that took your place.

BERNARD

The nigga that took my place? Cool beans. So, what do you want?

BOYFRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I'm also the nigga that's gon' rock yo shit up if you keep talking to my girl.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

This nigga.

BOYFRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I don't know what the fuck you find funny. She's scared to tell you, so I'll do it for her. Leave my girl the fuck alone. You hear me?

BERNARD

Cuz. First of all, our girl is the one who calls me.

BOYFRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Nigga did you just say "Our girl?"

BERNARD

What part of that shit you don't

understand?

BOYFRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
This nigga think it's a joke. I know  
where you live, bitch ass nigga.

BERNARD  
And if you were a real nigga, you  
woul'da been at m door instead of  
calling me like a little bitch. Now,  
if she tells me to leave her the fuck  
alone, I can respect it. I probably  
wouldn't do it because I don't respect  
you.

BOYFRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
Who the fuck do you think you are?

BERNARD  
*An unsolvable enigma that has you  
furious shifting pieces to get the  
full picture. You ate the rotten core,  
and everything positive she says about  
me applies toxins on your pores. "Why  
is she always speaking about me and  
you're a hundred times more?" Because  
they we were good friends before the  
war, Yeah, you came along scooping her  
up from the floor, But the war wasn't  
over. I'm something you'll never  
understand, even if you hear both  
sides of the story.*

The boyfriend is heard breathing heavily.

BOYFRIEND (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
Man---

BERNARD  
Go holla at our girl and figure out if  
you still wanna be with her.

Bernard hangs up and then unpauses the game.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Niggas today act like they never had a  
piece of pussy.  
(Scoffs)  
Clowns.

CUT TO:

**IRREPLACEABLE (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to Shawn P)**

EXT. THE CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Silence. A gloomy day that looks like it might turn to rain.

This version of Bernard has his hair pressed resting on his shoulders, early twenties.

Bernard comes into frame wearing all black, holding a bottle of liquor.

He walks for a few more minutes before coming to a tombstone maker in the ground.

He seems calm, staring down at the marker.

BERNARD

Some things are hard to believe.  
Reality can be a bitch. I can't  
believe I'm standing here looking at a  
marker, instead of you being here with  
me, laughing, drinking and smoking.  
They say when it's your time it's your  
time, but fuck that. I feel your time  
was sped up, and that shit still  
doesn't sit right with me.

(Sighs)

What can I do, right?

He opens the bottle and takes a nice sip.

Shaking off the burning sensation, you can tell the pain is starting to hit him.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

*First cousins torn from each other for  
what? I was recapping the other day,  
No ropes or stunt doubles jumping from  
abandoned windows, Not a care in the  
world, knowing will survive for  
another day. Making plans to hang with  
you the next day, One phone call  
canceled what we had planned for the  
day. I find myself hearing your  
laughter. I'm the only one sitting in  
box seats looking down at an empty  
field. Until I can literally hear your  
laughter from you, The memories I have  
makes sure my days are never blue.*

He takes another sip, and then lowers his head, sighing low.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
I'll always love you, cuzzo.

He pours the entire bottle out before turning his back, walking away.

CUT TO:

**F.A.C.E. (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to Brooklyn sensation)**

INT. THE BUS STATION - AFTERNOON

People are moving around, entering and exiting the building as chatter is heard.

This version of Bernard has a low fade, late thirties.

Bernard gets off the bus and enters the building carrying his luggage with a look of depression on his face, but you can tell he's trying his best to seem happy.

BERNARD (V.O.)  
It's easy to hurt feelings and not give a fuck about it. That's where stupid niggas including myself go wrong. Why do niggas love hooking up with good women and then fuck 'em over? I'll tell you why. It's because women boosted our egos to the point of "Why can't I do whatever the fuck I want and leave you with no choice but to accept it?" Stupid as it sounds, it's the truth. But with glory comes a consequence. The consequence is losing the woman who loved every fiber of you. Now...you have to deal with that same pain you installed in her, but yours is far worse. In my case...

(Sighs)

*Complications occur when angels resurrect love in soulless bodies, Falling into her temptations, enjoying the conversations, The perspective of giving her my love has me contemplating. She thought it was sealed until I showed her my emotions are still negative, A fallen angel crushed emotionally is stranded on*



*earth, I'm looking stupid because I  
knew her worth, Darkness doesn't  
deserve another chance when the light  
shows you your true worth.*

Bernard exits the building, stepping out onto the packed sidewalk.

He takes a seat on the bench, placing his luggage down, lowering his head.

Sighing low, all he can think about while he waits for his ride is the love he ruined.

CUT TO:

**VICIOUS CYCLE (Written by Bernard Mersier, inspired by the emotions from Crystal)**

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It's your basic overnight stay kind of room, nothing too extravagant.

Lying in bed under the covers staring at the television with a satisfied expression is CRYSTAL, early thirties.

She's a beautiful brown skinned woman with big brown eyes.

This version of Bernard has a low fade, late thirties.

Bernard comes from the bathroom wearing nothing but his pants.

Mixed emotions outline his face, unsure if he's sad knowing he's wrong for what he did.

Walking to the bed he takes a seat and then places his shoes on.

Crystal sits up smiling, rubbing his back passionately.

CRYSTAL

Do you really have to leave?

BERNARD

Do we really have to have this conversation every time we link up?

CRYSTAL

Here you go with your little funky ass

attitude. I swear, you act like you don't enjoy what we do.

BERNARD

I didn't say I didn't and I didn't say I did. I'm just saying, every time when we're done, you ask the same thing and you already know the answer. Why do you constantly do that?

CRYSTAL

If you'd take the time to actually talk to me, you'd know things are about to change.

BERNARD

One, I talk to you everyday about anything and everything. Two, you say that same shit every time, so give me something better.

Crystal sits up in her bra with an attitude.

CRYSTAL

Why do you always try to ruin a perfect night?

BERNARD

That's you, not me.

CRYSTAL

You know something, B?

With his shoes placed on, Bernard reaches down and picks up his shirt, placing it on before standing up from the bed.

BERNARD

I know a lot of things.

CRYSTAL

Ain't no point in trying to talk like an adult with you, so fuck it.

BERNARD

You can talk to me. Just don't talk to me about the same shit, knowing nothing will change.

CRYSTAL

I'll show you better than I can tell you.

BERNARD

Okay. Are you staying here for the night or are you leaving?

CRYSTAL

What difference does it make to you?

BERNARD

But I'm acting childish? Alright, I'm out. Can I get my hug and kiss?

CRYSTAL

...Why would you want a hug and kiss from a liar?

BERNARD

(Sighs)

Fuck it. Alright, hit me up and let me know when you get home or if you're staying the night.

Bernard makes his way towards the door.

Crystal stands up and now we see she has the perfect body as she gets out of the bed.

CRYSTAL

Hold on.

Bernard pauses at the door and slowly turns around.

Crystal walks over to him and wraps her arms around his neck.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Can you please stop acting like I don't give a fuck about you, and you know I'll do anything for you?

BERNARD

Everything except one thing.

CRYSTAL

I'll change it if you stand true to your words.

BERNARD

I always do.

CRYSTAL

Then I'll make it happen.

BERNARD  
We shall see.

She leans in to give him a kiss.

CRYSTAL  
I love you.

BERNARD  
I love you, too. Let me know what  
you'll end up doing.

Releasing her arms, she steps back looking at him smiling.

Bernard gives her a slight smirk, laughing low under his  
breath as he opens the door, leaving the room.

Remaining with a smile, Crystal shakes her head, making her  
way back to the bed taking a seat.

CRYSTAL (V.O.)  
(Sighs)  
He doesn't know how much I love him.  
(Soft sigh)  
*Deceit lies in the shadows seeking  
sorrow. A grain of salt turned into a  
pillar of misery, I promise him things  
I know I won't deliver, He knows who I  
am, and he still gave me his heart, he  
promised and delivered. Unfortunate  
for his mate as well as mine, I still  
view him as mine, Even though he knows  
the treachery behind my eyes.*

She laughs, laying down across the bed, continuing watching  
television with a smile.

CUT TO:

**COGNAC (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to Mama Bear)**

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

This version of Bernard is in his late thirties with a low  
fade.

He's propped up against the headboard in the dim room wearing  
nothing but boxers with a glass of cognac in his hand, slowly  
nodding his head to the music playing on low in the  
background.

Taking a sip from the glass, euphoria comes across his eyes.

Staring at the glass as if he never had the drink before, he stirs the ice around.

Placing the glass back to his lips, but instead of taking a sip, he places his tongue inside and moves it around in a provocative manner.

A look of arousal is in his eyes, slowly removing his tongue, immediately downing what's in the glass.

While shaking the ice around in the glass, he grabs the bottle from the nightstand and pours another round.

Licking the corner of his mouth, he begins thinking.

BERNARD (V.O.)

*Relishing my sins, worshiping her character, It adds a bonus engaging sexually together, Going beyond sexual pleasures, Needing a merger, solidifying our souls belong together. She's the perfect creation, opening my eyes for the revelation. Every inch of her tastes like an exquisite sensation, Pacing my movement, wanting for the release of the flavor I love tasting. Stirring aged cognac in my glass, Softly sighing as it touches my tongue, The flavor overwhelms my insides with undying love, All she has to say is "Ahora Mismo" my love.*

Taking a sip from his glass, he shows a seductive smile.

BERNARD

I wonder if she'll let me get a double shot.

He picks up his phone prepared to make a call.

CUT TO:

**BEAUTIFUL LIE (Written by Bernard Mersier, inspired by a conversation with Tasha)**

INT. THE CAR - MOVING - AFTERNOON

This version of Bernard has medium length sisterlocks, late twenties.

Bernard is sitting in the passenger seat scrolling through his phone with a look of annoyance on his face.

The beautiful light skinned woman driving is TASHA, early thirties.

What makes her stand out is her hazel eyes that remain focused on the road.

She does a quick glance with her eyes, and notices Bernard seems annoyed.

To ease the tension, she reaches over and places her hand on his lap, which he instantly moves.

TASHA

What's wrong with you?

BERNARD

Nothing. I'm just curious where we're going to eat.

TASHA

That's why you're on your phone, probably looking at other bitches when you could be talking to me?

Bernard looks over at her confused.

BERNARD

Other bitches? Is that your first thought when I'm on my phone?

TASHA

What else could it be?

BERNARD

I'm not ignoring you. I'm just waiting to see where we're going. Where's the harm in that?

TASHA

Because you're on some other shit.

BERNARD

I'll roll with that.

TASHA

And you're still fucking around. Why not just be real with me?

BERNARD

When haven't I been real with you?

TASHA

Right now. Right now, you remind me of my bitch ass ex.

BERNARD

Oh, my. You're comparing me to...fuck it.

TASHA

You can easily say fuck it because you don't give a fuck.

BERNARD

Can I ask you something?

TASHA

And what bullshit might this be?

BERNARD

Cool beans. I just wanna know if you think I'm stupid.

TASHA

Have I ever called you stupid?

BERNARD

That has nothing to do with if you think I'm stupid. Women call every new piece of dick they encounter daddy, so that means what?

TASHA

Bernard, we're not about to do this shit. Just say what's on your mind.

BERNARD

Why don't you tell me about the other dude you've been fucking for the past few months?

TASHA

Other dude I've been fucking? Bernard---

BERNARD

*When I first laid eyes on you, I figured a few seconds of your time would be divine, and once I received*

those seconds, I became overwhelmed. Disrespecting or cheating on you never crossed my mind, so, I'm astonished, my exact thoughts don't run through your mind. I seen the freaky text messages you sent him identical to the ones you'd send me, along with the multiple naked pictures only I should see, I'm disturbed knowing you're having sexual acts with him, coming home doing them with me. You think I'm overthinking? Should I censorship my mind from the pictures and videos he sent me? It doesn't matter...I'll still be an idiot believing a beautiful lie.

Tasha has glossy eyes.

TASHA

I can---

BERNARD

Don't worry about it. Just know that I know. Find us a good place to eat.

CUT TO:

**REPLACED WHILE TOGETHER (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to Daddy's girl)**

INT. THE AIRPLANE - MORNING

This version of Bernard has medium length sisterlocks, late twenties.

Bernard is sitting by the window, dozing in and out of sleep.

His phone resting on his lap begins vibrating.

Picking the phone up, he sees a text from Daddy's girl.

Opening the message he sees it says.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

...Hey.

Sighing, he places the phone down because she has no idea he's in route to come see her.

Within a few seconds, he instantly gets upset, picking up the



phone so he can respond.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

BERNARD (V.O.)  
*Siamese twins, love and lies,  
 deceptive upon human eyes, supposedly,  
 your heart doesn't lie, but the  
 arteries flow with lies. Is the stormy  
 weather really worth staying? I knew I  
 was replaced beforehand because your  
 body language told me I was the second  
 man.*

He sends the message and then follows it with.

BERNARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 We can talk more when I land.

Placing the phone back down, he stares out the window and his phone vibrates.

Picking up the phone, looking at the screen, he cracks a slight grin, shaking his head.

CUT TO:

**TAKE HER PLACE (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to a old friend)**

INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

This version of Bernard has a bald head, late thirties.

Some jazz plays in the background of the partially crowded bar.

Bernard and DUDE are playing a game of pool.

Dude takes a shot and misses, aggravated, pounding his hand on the table.

Bernard looks at him confused, taking a sip from his beer before picking up his stick.

BERNARD  
 What's wrong with you?

DUDE  
 Nothing, I'm good.

BERNARD

...Okay.

Bernard prepares to take his shot.

DUDE

This is some bullshit.

Bernard looks over at him confused.

BERNARD

Do you wanna say what's up or are you gonna bitch all night? Eventually, I'm gonna block the shit out and I don't know what to tell you after that.

Dude takes a sip from his beer, shaking his head.

DUDE

...It's ole girl.

Bernard takes his shot.

BERNARD

What about her?

DUDE

She's already with another nigga.

BERNARD

So? I thought it's all about fuck these hoes?

DUDE

Yeah, fuck these hoes, but this shit is different with her.

BERNARD

How? You looked at her as a hoe too, so I'm confused.

DUDE

You won't get it because you're comfortable with that single shit.

BERNARD

I'm not trying to get it. Just get the shit off your chest so we can have a good night. If not, let's bag this shit up and you can drop me off at the crib.

DUDE

You know what, fuck it. I don't know why I'm thinking about the shit right now anyway.

BERNARD

Maybe because you love her and now you're mad you fucked up, and somebody else is hitting it.

DUDE

I don't love these hoes.

Bernard takes a sip from his beer.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

So sad.

DUDE

What's sad?

BERNARD

*The beauty has evacuated, Concrete kisses are the only thing left after the evaporation. Feeling the other man's hands when you grip her waist, Disrespected, visualizing the man who took your place. Men swear they don't care if another man takes their place, Behind closed doors, he'll cry, begging and calling her to reclaim his place. Maybe you shouldn't have dogged her, Knowing you'll never find another woman to take her place.*

Dude grips his stick tight, lowering his head, sobbing low.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Niggas never think shit out before they do dumbshit. You think about that while I go take a piss.

Bernard walks off.

Dude remains with his head down, regretting he let the one woman he loved go.

CUT TO:

**MY WHISPER (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to**

**Danielle)**

INT. THE CAR - AFTERNOON

This version of Bernard has a low fade in his late thirties.

Sitting in the passenger seat of FRIEND #2 car, the two are in the parking lot of a store.

Bernard is staring at DANIELLE, an attractive, slender brown skin woman.

She's ringing up customers.

FRIEND #2

Why are we here? I thought you said you were over her.

BERNARD

I am. I just feel I need---

FRIEND #2

Need what? If the shit is done, let it be done.

BERNARD

I understand that. I just don't want things fucked up, that's all.

FRIEND #2

Why does it matter?

BERNARD

Because above all...if you started off as good friends, even if you break up, you should remain good friends.

FRIEND #2

Fuck all that. Like I said, if it's done, it's done.

BERNARD

(Sighs)

You. Anyway, look at this.

Bernard goes in his pocket and pulls out a folded piece of paper, extending it to Friend #2.

He takes the paper and opens it.

FRIEND #2

Okay.

BERNARD

How about you read it?

Friend #2 begins scanning over the paper.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Read it out aloud, so you can understand why we're here.

FRIEND #2

(Sighs)

*A wildfire spreads as I rush for water. I'm about to die trying to save a friendship that shouldn't matter. We both did an identity change, Accepting my consequences, I'll die peacefully in the flames. No longer holding a gripe from what I heard or wasn't told. Finding my whisper in death puts me at ease, I hope your next friendship or relationship reminds you of what you had real with me.*

Friend #2 has a satisfied expression of approval, nodding his head.

BERNARD

You get it, now?

FRIEND #2

Yeah. Yeah...this was dope. Are you about to read it to her in the store?

BERNARD

No.

FRIEND #2

You know you could've just texted this?

BERNARD

I know. But it'll mean more giving it to her, looking in her eyes.

FRIEND #2

And what do you think will come from this?

BERNARD

I don't know.

(He takes the paper)

Like I said, I just don't want things  
fucked up. I'll be right back.

Bernard gets out of the car.

FRIEND #2

Hm. Maybe she's the one you shoulda  
stuck with.

CUT TO:

**THE DISENGAGED HEART (Written by Bernard Mersier, inspired by  
emotions from Chocolate)**

EXT. THE PORCH - AFTERNOON

It's a clear sunny day in the middle class area.

Cars are coming up the street, children are outside playing  
and there's various people out on their porches.

This version of Bernard has medium sisterlocks, late  
twenties.

He comes out of the ranch style house wearing nothing but  
shorts and flip flops.

A white Intrepid comes down the street, coming to a stop in  
front of the house.

Bernard comes down the steps and makes his way towards the  
car.

The window comes down and we see CHOCOLATE, early thirties.

She has the softest brown eyes and a heart warming smile.

Bernard gets to the car and stops.

BERNARD

You're not getting out?

CHOCOLATE

I'm not staying long.

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

What's up, B?!

Bernard looks back.

BERNARD

What up doe?

He focuses back on Chocolate.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Okay. Can I at least get a hug?

CHOCOLATE

(Low laugh)

You thought I was playing about what I said on the phone, didn't you?

BERNARD

Truthfully, I don't understand why you're mad.

CHOCOLATE

Of course you don't. Most narcissistic people never do.

BERNARD

I'm a narcissist? You gotta be shitting me.

CHOCOLATE

I'm not.

BERNARD

How about you just get out and---

CHOCOLATE

How about you shut up for once and give someone else some attention.

BERNARD

...I do---

CHOCOLATE

You're not shutting up.

Bernard stares at her with a blank expression.

CHOCOLATE (CONT'D)

Thank you. Now, since you thought what I said on the phone was a joke, let me tell you in your face.

(Seductive laugh)

*My body has had enough. View this as a*

*controversial spark, Embracing the dark, Shutting down what I thought was a heart because we're both at fault. We can love and hate each other from afar, One minute we're together and then we're apart, That's why I flipped the switch disengaging my heart.*

She uses her finger, signaling him to come closer.

He leans down in the window.

With a seductive smile, she leans forward just enough so that their lips almost connect.

CHOCOLATE (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll always remember me, maybe you won't. But you'll forever know you fucked up with a real one.

She gives him a light kiss.

CHOCOLATE (CONT'D)

Carry on with your day.

She pulls off down the street.

Bernard stands watching her drive off with her last words rattling around in his mind, making him think about how he ruined their relationship.

CUT TO

**UNBREAKABLE BOND (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to Princess)**

EXT. THE PARK - AFTERNOON

Bernard and Princess are sitting on the park bench having drinks, staring at the water.

This version of Bernard has long braids.

PRINCESS

How's things with you and the wife?

BERNARD

Same old shit.

PRINCESS

Don't act like you don't love her.



BERNARD

I love her. It's just annoying the way she thinks about us.

PRINCESS

You know my nigga feel the same way.

BERNARD

Even after the conversation I had with him?

PRINCESS

(Takes a sip)

Yuppers.

BERNARD

What the fuck is wrong with those two?

PRINCESS

It's hard for people to understand a man and woman can strictly be friends without fucking.

BERNARD

Hold on. Who said I don't wanna hit?

She takes a sip, looking at him confused.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

(Laughs)

You know I'm playing, don't even say shit.

PRINCESS

(Laughs)

Yeah, you better clear that shit up.

BERNARD

But you make a point. I don't know why that's so hard for people to understand.

PRINCESS

Maybe they're scared of losing a good one, and that's some type of way to express love.

BERNARD

That's stupid ass fuck.

PRINCESS

(Laughs)

I didn't say it would make sense. I'm just throwing some shit out there.

BERNARD

Speaking of a real friendship. Are you still writing?

PRINCESS

Not like I used to.

BERNARD

Well, I wrote you something last night since I knew we would be hanging today.

PRINCESS

(Sighs, laughs)

This ain't no freak shit, is it?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

No nigga. You wanna hear it? It's short.

PRINCESS

Go for it.

Bernard takes a sip.

BERNARD

*We're the paradox people desperately need to understand because we're only friends, Your sins are my sins, meshing perfect like a breeze on tanned skin, Whether we're together or on opposites end of the earth, Our bond makes sure we remain friends until God says it's time for our lives to end. Always and forever, you'll remain my number one female friend.*

Princess cracks a slight smile, taking a sip from her cup.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Well?

PRINCESS

Corny as usual.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Fuck you.

PRINCESS

(Laughs)

You so wish you could. But fa real, I liked it. I feel the same way about you.

BERNARD

That's why you're my Princess.

PRINCESS

Always and forever.

They pick up their cups and toast, followed with a sip.

BERNARD

Where are we going after this?

PRINCESS

Let's go get some pizza and then chill out somewhere.

BERNARD

Bet. Just make sure you roll the window down. You know how me and heat don't mix.

PRINCESS

(Laughs)

Yeah, we know you catch them heatstrokes quickly.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Whatever.

The two continue laughing and drinking.

CUT TO:

**TRUE FRIENDSHIP (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to those who cheat on their mates)**

SPLIT SCREEN

On the night before a bachelorette and bachelor party, the best man and the Fiancé are enjoying a casual dinner at a nice restaurant, while the Bridesmaid and the Fianceé are

doing the same at a different location.

BEST MAN

I'm happy for you, man.  
 Congratulations on finally taking that  
 big step.

FIANCÉ

Thanks. I had to settle down one of  
 these days.

BEST MAN

Hopefully, one day I'll do the same.

FIANCÉ

I'm certain you'll meet the right one.

BEST MAN

Maybe God will bless me like he  
 blessed you.

BRIDESMAID

Girl, I am so happy for you.

FINACEÉ

I appreciate it. I finally met the man  
 of my dreams and he's everything I  
 expected him to be.

BRIDESMAID

As long as you're happy, I'm happy.

FIANCÉ

Man, why haven't you found the one to  
 settle down with?

BEST MAN

You know I gotta have a different one  
 every night.

FIANCEÉ

Girl, I'm waiting for you to tell me  
 when you're getting married.

BRIDESMAID

I highly doubt it'll be anytime soon.

FIANCÉ

You're telling me out of all the women  
 you deal with, none of them makes you  
 wanna settle down?

BRIDESMAID

I hate bringing this up on a special day, girl, but...can you keep a secret?

FIANCEÉ

Of course, what's wrong?"

BEST MAN

Dude, if I tell you something, it'll be between us, right?

FIANCÉ

No doubt. What's going on?

BRIDESMAID

The reason why I can't settle down is because I found out I have full blown AIDS.

BEST MAN

I can't get married because I have full blown AIDS.

FIANCEÉ

I'm so sorry to hear that.

BRIDESMAID

Don't worry about it, girl. This is what I deserve for doing the things I've done.

FIANCÉ

Damn. I don't know what to say.

BEST MAN

Don't worry about it. I'll be alive for the wedding, so that's all that matters.

BRIDESMAID

You never showed me a picture of the lucky man. I know it's not the same guy you haven't talked about for months.

BEST MAN

Let me see a picture of the woman trying to take my best friend from me. I know it's not the one you stopped talking about.

BERNARD (V.O.)

Both parties show their pictures. At that moment...the four become a square. The best man and the bridesmaid faces drop. Not only do they have the virus. They passed it along to the people they thought their friends were done with, so now everybody has it. Funny, but sad. The greed to have what your friend has amplified your hunger to pursue it, which turned into a new infection called "True friendship."

CUT TO:

**1 & 1 (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to Ms. One)**

INT. THE SHOWER - NIGHT

This version of Bernard has long hair, early-twenties.

Bernard has his hands against the shower wall with his head down, letting the water crash against his body.

Something is weighing heavy on his mind and you can tell by the way he's gently biting his lip.

A song is heard in the background that comes to an end.

Another song comes on that gains Bernard attention, making him look up with a slight smile.

BERNARD

This first time I admitted I was in love. This was the song that placed me in that state.

He starts lip syncing the song, while bathing himself.

BERNARD (V.O.)

*Time paused for this serenade. Our conscious spoke while we danced, Placing your heart on my chest hearing the words "I'll forever be your man." Excellent hand execution across your back like the movement of our feet, Whispering tantalizing words easing into your ear, No matter if we're not together, I'll always be near if you whisper you need me near.*

CUT TO:

**WITHOUT YOU...THERE'S NO ME (Written by Bernard Mersier,  
dedicated to my mother)**

INT. THE BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

This version of Bernard has a low fade in his late thirties.

Bernard is sitting on the bed talking on the phone.

BERNARD

Okay, I'll talk to you later. I love  
you too.

He hangs up and places the phone in his pocket.

Getting up from the bed, he moves over to his computer desk  
and takes a seat.

Opening the laptop, he moves the mouse around turning the  
screen on.

There's a blank document on the screen.

He cracks his knuckles and then prepares to type.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN

*No woman can ever replace the woman who would go to the max  
for me, birthing me. Her authority hits harder than a belt,  
Around her, respect is the only concept. Granted, she gave me  
birth, While I was coming out, I decided I didn't want her to  
give me birth, Explaining to me to there's penalties if you  
do dirt, Tough love hurts, But she knows she gave birth to a  
man who knows his worth. I can purchase things of value and  
explain funny or sad stories that's hilarious to me... But  
without my mother, there is no me.*

Looking over what he typed to make sure it's to his approval,  
he saves it and then closes the laptop.

Turning his attention to the side, he stares at the picture  
of him and his mother when he was a baby.

He touches the picture with a warming sensation.

BERNARD

I'll always love you.

CUT TO:

**SON TO FATHER (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to my father)**

EXT. CHENE PARK - NIGHT

It's a calm night with a slight breeze.

This version of Bernard has a low fade in his late thirties.

He's sitting on a rock by the water smoking a cigarette with a bottle of cognac beside him.

He picks up the bottle and takes a sip, followed by a pull from his cigarette.

There's something troubling him, licking his bottom lip before taking another sip from the bottle.

BERNARD (V.O.)

*Identical shadows walk the same path,  
but sometimes one set of footprints  
goes astray. At some point you have to  
decide on moving on, or remaining  
still trying to fix the past. This  
isn't something to get off my chest or  
rekindle what should've never left.  
Even if my children approach me  
feeling the same way I feel about you,  
That's up to them to approach me the  
same way I'm approaching you. But son  
to father, man to man...I'll always love  
you, even though I didn't have you.*

Taking another sip, he takes one last pull from his cigarette before putting it out, lowering his head.

BERNARD

*...Maybe I should start saying I love  
you more.*

CUT TO:

**THE FAT HUNGRY BEAR (Written by Bernard Mersier, a poem I wrote in 3rd grade)**

A cartoon scene plays out displaying what's being told.

BERNARD (V.O.)

*Once upon a time, there was a poor  
hungry bear named Bernard who wanted  
something to eat. So...the next day, he*



*got some carrots and apples and ate them all up. As he kept getting food, he got fat. So fat that he broke his cage. He decided to take a walk through the forest, and he found a cave where he could sleep.*

CUT TO:

**BUSY LOVING ME (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to Lilly)**

INT. THE BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

This version of Bernard in his early thirties has long sisterlocks.

Bernard lies his sleeping daughter down on the bed and then sits beside her, staring with a smile.

While looking at her, he starts noticing how she favors her mother.

The joyous look he has slowly vanishes, turning into a frown.

BERNARD (V.O.)

*You can overlook what you thrived for with twenty-twenty vision. Famine was destroying me, and on drunken nights, she still adored me, My thoughts are pondering "Why does she adore me?" Overwhelmed with a daughter bestowed to me, And her mother, who is a good woman, is with another man because I only love me. I don't want forgiveness or an understanding... Just know the only person I know how to love is me.*

Bernard gives his daughter a kiss on the forehead, and then stands up from the bed.

BERNARD

*...Me and your mother will make sure you don't end up with a selfish man like your daddy. I love you.*

Bernard leaves the room.

CUT TO:

**FOREVER SUMMER (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to my**

**children)**

EXT. THE BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

It's a sunny day.

Some music can be heard faintly in the background.

This version of Bernard has a bald head in his early forties.

He's sitting on a lawn chair, drinking lemonade.

Placing his glass down, he looks up at the sky with a smile.

BERNARD (V.O.)

*Bathing in innocent blue skies,  
hearing the flutter of heartbeats  
saying "Daddy, I love you." The birds  
chirping are their laughter, basking  
in the sunlight, Marveling their  
smiles as my stars at night. Daddy's  
days always feel like Summer when I  
envision you all.*

He picks up his glass and takes a sip.

BERNARD

No matter how things are and what was  
said and done...I see my reasons to  
continue moving on is because of all  
of you. I love you all.

CUT TO:

**ON MACKAY (Written by Bernard Mersier, dedicated to Ms. One)**

EXT. THE STREET - AFTERNOON

This version of Bernard has long sisterlocks, early thirties.

It's a nice summer day in Detroit with people moving around  
the streets and cars crowding seven mile.

Bernard comes out of a liquor store holding a bottle of pop  
that's actually filled with liquor.

Taking a sip, Bernard begins walking down the street.

BERNARD MERSIER (V.O.)

I hope no one judges or takes offense.  
No matter what, deep

within me, this woman aside from my mother and daughters will remain my first true love. I had the right intentions, but a slight misunderstanding had me suspicious, so suspicions and intentions nullified each other landing me in the position. It was a genuine road of love turning into war, ending with what we began with never rekindling for another tour. Assimilate these words from my heart because it's my fault only craving a sexual appetite, not respecting the pain it brings. On a Summer day...this is how it began.

(Sighs)

*On an adventure with the twin going to see some beautiful women with plans on getting it in, But when I walked in, The beauty I saw before me, shy and poetic like me, The vision put my first intentions to an end. Time to depart and I didn't create a beautiful work of art. When she grabbed my hand, the kiss she gave me was something new I couldn't understand. Late night conversations listening to her poems should've made me understand, Persistence and relentless listening to my heart saying be the better man. Visiting, no cares about her illness because with her...Her kiss and poems should've been my sign to no my emotions will be tormented. We became the perfect couple people envied, no separating her from me, But like all perfect things, The ignorant side I had hidden came out of me, Now I'm annoyed she's always up under me. We started having kids, the disease she contracted came from something foolish I did. She still stuck around tighter than skin on ribs, I continued behaving like a spoiled kid, doing things on purpose to piss her off. A whole family and the relationship is basically over, You read the beginning so add this and come up with your own closure. This is for those who thought she was always wrong about her actions. Yes, she did things I felt*

*were wrong, but that's not the point of this psalm. Maybe I should have gone with my first mind. Maybe I needed that experience for memories and experience. The first time Bernard A. Mersier fell in love... It happened on Mackay.*

Coming to a stop on the corner of a street, Bernard takes a sip from the bottle, staring at the street sign.

A smile comes across his face, taking another sip before moving on.

BERNARD

If people only understood why I feel the way I feel.

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

King Gnarly has a saddened expression and Bernard's head is lowered with his hands on the sink breathing heavily.

KING GNARLY

...That's so sad. I...I never knew those are the reasons why you feel a certain way about those people. I---I apologize.

BERNARD

Get the fuck outta here.

KING GNARLY

No, I'm serious. Despite living inside of you, I never paid attention to this side. Maybe you're right. I am the reason why things are fucked up in your life.

Bernard looks up at King Gnarly.

BERNARD

Thank you. For once you actual give a fuck about someone other than yourself.

KING GNARLY

Yes. I finally understand where you're coming from. Truce.

BERNARD

Thank---

KING GNARLY

(Laughs)

You damn, fool. What made you believe that?

(Laughs)

You see. This is why things are fucked up in your life. You have no backbone. You see how things work out when you let me take the lead? Fun shit. No bullshit is tolerated and so on.

BERNARD

And chaos.

KING GNARLY

You can't reach the top without destroying shit along the way. If the chaos I created halted something from happening at the moment, there's nothing stopping it from happening again.

BERNARD

The madness you created can't be fixed.

KING GNARLY

Why is that?

BERNARD

Because there's no telling when you'll come out and fuck things up on purpose as usual.

KING GNARLY

Do you not remember the fun times we had? Do you not recognize when I speak on real shit, it makes people think because it's the truth? Face it. You can't live life without me. Maybe if you'd let me have full control, things would balance themselves out perfectly.

BERNARD

I doubt that.

KING GNARLY

Well, since...hold on. What's the gun for?

BERNARD

I haven't decided yet.

KING GNARLY

Again, you can't even keep it real with yourself. But...since I've heard all of your sob tales and mushy bullshit. It's time to tell things from my perspective.

BERNARD

Uh huh.

KING GNARLY

When I'm finished, we'll decide if we're gonna use that gun for what I know you wanna do.

CUT TO:

MY CITY (WRITTEN BY KING GNARLY)

A montage of Detroit will play displaying what will be told.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Teddy bears linger around poles reminding us of lost souls. Inhaling gunsmoke is the only air we know. Red and blue should be living in harmony, but aside from a gang point of view. Red and blue lights set trip on melanin, easily getting away with the dirt they did. "By any means" is the motto to get the bills reading "In God you trust." Sex and violence are the prime suspects involved with the money we lust, All the women are sluts, Men are viewed as just some nigga I fucked, Meanwhile, the children are looking around like what the fuck? Hustlers kill their own race, while screaming fuck every other race, Preachers desecrate their oath doing the sins they know shouldn't take place, All of this money accumulated, and still, homeless people don't have a place to rest. Music replaced*

*knowledge, T-shirt embroideries and roses paying homage from listening to what's supposedly knowledge. People look at my city as a source of negativity, and they grew up in the same energy. Detroit, Michigan is my city, The best teacher who raised me, forever claiming the 313 till the end of me.*

CUT TO:

**IMITATION YOU (Written by King Gnarly)**

Scenes will play out what's being said.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Rumors originated by your gold-plated friend. Parting the red sea is what you're thinking when you see their face. Analyze them and their congregation before acting off instinct. If the rumors are true, why do they still fuck with you? Smooth lies in your face. Running back helping with the dirt on your name. Confronting them in the same place, Amazingly, the person who was gossiping tongue has been replaced with grace. Swearing up and down they'd never speak bad on you, In reality, they're just hurt losing you and their little idiotic crew. People don't spread rumors just because they hate you. They hate you, and wanna be you, Scouring for anything to get people to replace you.*

CUT TO:

**UNTIL... (Written by King Gnarly)**

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A man drinking liquor straight from the bottle covered with sweat, paces back and forth wearing a hole in the carpet.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Domestic violence festers your mind. Paranoia or did the seeds of truth flourish? Locked phones and emails, no*

*sweat, It's been a while since she gave you something wet. Upset you can't react without proof. Her male best friend was fingering her before she introduced you two, That's cool, until he starts hanging around more than usual. Beating her ass or killing her makes you look like a fool, Just admit the crew was right and run her with the other nigga she fuckin' more than you.*

Taking one last deep sip, he flings the bottle across the room, releasing a scream of frustration, dropping down to his knees.

CUT TO:

**I LOVE YOU (Perfect excuse) (Written by King Gnarly)**

A woman is standing in the kitchen over the stove crying, covering her face with her head lowered.

The front door is heard opening and closed.

Footsteps are heard and then her man enters the room.

He walks over to her and places a hand on her shoulder.

Still crying, she turns around, slowly lifting her head.

Now we see she has a black eye and a swollen jaw.

With a straight face, he places his hand under her chin, staring into her eyes.

MAN

*The shiner was a gift because you complain you don't get enough of my time, I cheated on you numerous times, Stole your money, and it still hasn't been filed as a crime, Fucking your friends stay on my mind. You hoe...I mean baby, you know you're my one of a kind, I love you, so stop bitching about bullshit wasting my time.*

He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

MAN (CONT'D)

*Now, hurry up and make me something to*



*eat. Have it ready by the time I get out of the shower.*

He leaves the kitchen.

She lowers her head, sobbing.

CUT TO:

**STOP FAKING (Written by King Gnarly)**

INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Some 90's rap music is playing.

KING GNARLY, early thirties and his friends are playing cards, drinking and smoking.

Playing his last card, it appears he lost the game, but it doesn't stop him from having fun, continuing to talk shit, getting up from the table.

Standing off to the side, he pours a cup prepared to drink, and that's when his phone vibrates.

Pulling his phone out, he answers, placing it to his ear.

KING GNARLY

Hello?

(Listens)

Wait...you---hold on, slow down.

(Listens)

Let me move.

He makes his way through the room, heading to the bathroom, walking in closing the door behind him.

KING GNARLY (CONT'D)

Okay. Now, what were you saying?

(Listens)

This shit again. Didn't we just talk about this yesterday?

(Listens)

We did. We talked about this shit.

(Listens)

Nope, I'm not about to go through this and you know better. So, I'm about to tell you this, and then I'm getting back to the game. I'll only say this one time, so if you still choose to act dumb, don't fuckin' call me.

(Takes a sip)  
*He's literally eating the pink, and you let him keep going, instead of pushing him back, saying "This head is weak." Now you got him thinking he's the one you want. Stop swallowing, taking facials, dick in the ass, all of the freaky shit you said you wouldn't do until marriage. Giving it up is an option no one can judge you for, just know, since you keep giving it up to a nigga who doesn't please you, this is the reason why you're a campfire story with the crew. You didn't tell him his shit was trash, and that's why he's clowning you.*

(Listens)  
 Go figure it out.

He hangs up, shaking his head, walking out the room.

CUT TO:

**GNARLY WORLD (Written by King Gnarly)**

INT. LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

King Gnarly is standing in the store wearing some jeans and a jersey with his sisterlocks pulled up in a ponytail.

He's scanning over the liquor debating on what he wants.

While he continues debating, an attractive woman enters the store and he catches her attention.

With a smile, she walks over to him and pauses, staring at him.

He turns to look at her with a straight face.

WOMAN

What's going on handsome?

KING GNARLY

Debating on what I wanna drink.

WOMAN

Can I drink with you?

KING GNARLY

Why would you wanna drink with me?

WOMAN

Why wouldn't I? You don't be beating on women or any of that crazy shit, do you?

KING GNARLY

No.

WOMAN

Okay then. Why wouldn't I wanna drink with you?

KING GNARLY

(Low laugh)

*Tears of sorrow warm my soul, Dark liquor, cold, Cigarettes and hoes...the roundabout of how my days go. I use the word "Bitch" with no discretion because you label yourself a "Bad bitch." Not thinking with your brain, Thinking you deserve merits for giving everybody brain, I sit back watching you easy nymphos untamed. This is a brief synopsis because dating me should not be an option. I'm heartless and a faithful woman is far-fetched in my eyes.*

The woman stands speechless.

KING GNARLY (CONT'D)

So...do you still wanna drink with me? Or do you just wanna fuck, which is what you should've said from the jump?

WOMAN

Damn, daddy. I love how you keep it real.

KING GNARLY

Right.

He laughs making his way towards the door.

WOMAN

Are you gonna give me your number?

He continues walking.

KING GNARLY

If I see you again and you know what

you want, I just might.

He walks out the store.

She stands laughing .

CUT TO:

**CONCENTRATION CAMPS OF AMUSEMENT (Written by King Gnarly)**

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

Cold silence cloaks the room.

King Gnarly is wearing a black suit with a calm expression residing on his face as he sits on the stand.

LAWYER

Before we go further with why you're on trial. Do you have anything to say?

King Gnarly fixes his tie with a smile, and then stands up.

KING GNARLY

Sure.

(Clears throat)

The thing I find funny, and I'm sure everybody knows it, but chooses to have a blind eye. But, I'll speak the truth.

(Sucks teeth)

*Prisoners are in tight spaces, all  
races, murders with twisted faces,  
Ready to shank or strangle you with  
shoelaces. You need weight so you  
won't easily get shanked, In the hole  
eating slop off a tray, hoping you'll  
see the light of day, And when you do,  
you gotta defend yourself from a man  
trying to make you his bae. Religion  
is found if someone takes your rectum,  
Thinking about the woman who gave you  
two wet holes and her rectum. Wrongly  
accused prisoners are released with an  
apology, Knowing an apology won't  
remove the horrors when they close  
their eyelids. The amusement parks  
playing with people lives, Not  
thinking about if the prisoners form  
together with escape in their eyes,  
Continuing the murderous escapades*

*they never left behind.*

There's silence for the moment and then...one person starts to applaud and others join in.

KING GNARLY (CONT'D)

Sentence me or let me go.

The room is filled with applause as King Gnarly takes his seat and the judge begins banging his gavel.

CUT TO:

**YOU KNOW THE NIGGAS (Written by King Gnarly)**

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT

King Gnarly is sitting on the bench wearing a T-Shirt and shorts smoking a blunt with a bottle of beer resting beside his feet.

His FRIEND comes up and takes a seat next to him.

King Gnarly passes him the blunt.

KING GNARLY

What's the word?

FRIEND

You heard about what happened, fam?

KING GNARLY

I heard.

FRIEND

That's some fucked up shit.

KING GNARLY

I agree. Y'all know where the nigga at, right?

FRIEND

Who are you talking about?

King Gnarly picks up the beer and takes a swig, placing it back down.

KING GNARLY

You're gonna sit here smoking and drinking with me, and act like you don't know who did that shit or had it

done?

FRIEND

Nigga, just say it. Because right now, I have no idea what the fuck you're on. Fam was out, and he got caught slippin'.

KING GNARLY

That's what you believe? Check this.

(Spits to the side)

*Shitfaced, riding with the homies showing devilish grins. Heaters cocked, anybody outside life can be considered chalked up as a loss. The pavement was absorbing brain matter, The one who got away made up a story so the hood won't get at him. Niggas swear everybody cool, Ending up murdered by the so-called best friend from elementary school. Aside from an enemy, who else knows your dirt and the life you live? In life you get one maybe two real friends, If you get set up or killed, it was designed by one of your "Pretend friends."*

Friend takes one last pull from the blunt and passes it.

King Gnarly takes the blunt and passes the beer to Friend.

FRIEND

...If you put it that way. The niggas with him did get away without shit happening.

KING GNARLY

(Takes a pull)

Then you and your crew need to get that together.

FRIEND

Facts. I'll get up with you.

KING GNARLY

No doubt.

They give each other a play, and then Friend walks off.

King Gnarly takes a pull from his blunt, shaking his head.

CUT TO:

**THE REFLECTION BEHIND THE MIRROR (Written by King Gnarly)**

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

King Gnarly is wearing a towel, staring at his reflection in the mirror.

He picks up the glass of liquor on the sink and takes a sip.

Placing the glass down, a look of hate comes across his face.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Getting robbed and gang fights, a  
bloody face with agonizing pain  
lingering through the night, missing  
out on random one nights, faithfully  
going home to the love of my life.  
Friends I thought were friends  
creating blemishes out of spite, Die-  
hard throwing up drunk nights, a  
chaotic relationship, humorous  
rekindling with her that same night.  
I'm having a drink while writing this,  
thinking about if I would change the  
episodes in my life. NEVER!!! Those  
episodes gave me the knowledge to help  
me grow in life.*

A slight smirk comes across his face, winking at his reflection, giving himself a thumbs up, picking up the glass, taking a sip, walking out the room.

CUT TO:

**BEFORE YOU SPEAK (Written by King Gnarly)**

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A man and his woman enter the barely clean room arguing.

MAN

Why can't you stop taking to this nigga? Why is it every time something fucked up with us goes on, that's the first nigga you run to?

WOMAN

Why do you care? Leave me the fuck alone if it's bothering

you that much. Or better yet, have a discussion with him.

MAN

Oh, you think this shit is sweet? I left the bitch ass nigga a DM, and he hasn't responded yet, so he gets the point. I'm talking about you. Why can't you...

Her phone goes off.

Pulling her phone out, her eyes get wide.

MAN (CONT'D)

What, it's a text from your bitch ass ex?

WOMAN

It's an audio message.

MAN

From him?

WOMAN

Duh.

MAN

Don't get fucking smart. Play the message and put it on speaker.

She plays the message.

KING GNARLY (OVER THE SPEAKER)

For some reason you think I want your girl. Here's something to give you a quick understanding of what tree your dumbass is barking up.

(Inhales, exhales)

*Why are you coming at me with your chest out about my Ex? Neither of us hit when she was a virgin, so the pussy is basic at best, Son, get a blanket and pillow, after this story you'll get some good rest. All women are hoes, minus the one you kiss. The one who swallowed a continent worth of kids, Brushing won't exclude your mouth from being a parent to those aborted kids. Let me borrow that game was her hood name, Multiplayer came*



*along, now she's the leader of gangbangs. Putting your face in the place, raw sex or latex, Thinking you accomplished something warming up a leftover plate, I could seal your fate, Take our bitch out on a date, Keep her out late, The only reason you got a feel and a taste, is because you're the pussy she loves to taste, Dumb nigga, pick up your face, Vagina and penis pubic hairs stayed layering her face, I guess your dick wasn't that good, so you don't know what gender is her taste, Toilet bowl nigga needing a snake, She's probably hitting you with a dildo from how much of her shit you take. Before you speak, get to know me, Don't let her gas you up to get fucked up over some pussy, homie.*

The message comes to an end, and she places her phone back in her pocket.

WOMAN

I think you get it now. Feel free to continue making yourself look like a dumbass because I know you're gonna message him.

She walks out the room.

He stands with anger pulsating through him, pulling his phone out prepared to do exactly what she said.

Thinking about what he heard and what she said, he slams his phone to the ground, breathing heavily.

CUT TO:

**LOVING ABORTION (Written by King Gnarly)**

INT. NURSERY - AFTERNOON

We come in on a woman sitting on a rocking chair in the corner holding her baby, rocking slowly.

You would think the tears falling from her eyes are because of the love she has for her child, but that's far from true.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Happiness engulfed you carrying his seed, Blindness is something you opt for, knowing he wouldn't be there for you or y'all seed. No matter how many pictures, videos or gatherings you bring to his attention, He'll always be the loving father who regrets you didn't abort the child before existence.*

Although she loves her child as she continues rocking in the chair, she knows in her mind she won't stop until she gets the father to be a part of their loves.

CUT TO:

**MY ADVOCATE (Written by King Gnarly)**

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

The scenery is beautiful. The sky is clear and the sound of the waves is peaceful.

King Gnarly is sitting between the thighs of a beautiful woman wearing a two piece bikini.

The woman is retwisting his sisterlocks, while he sits taking a sip from his glass, followed by a pull from his blunt.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Before stepping into the world deflecting everything negative it has to bring, She informs me of the animosity strings connected to enemies, family and friends. Any goal I'm trying to achieve she's never optimistic, spewing confidence. Lovers and friends, silent and deadly like hitmen. I create the blueprints, she constructs them with dedication showing true grit. I'm the designer and she's my advocate.*

She takes a break, and leans down giving him a kiss.

CUT TO:

**THE GOSSIPING BITCH (Written by King Gnarly)**

A montage of men and women having various conversations with

people on the phone is shown.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*They love spreading lies and half stories. Using the people they swear they love with no shame, seeking what they believe is the ultimate fame, tarnishing their victims names, not giving a fuck as long as they obtain what they set out to claim. When the spotlight is on them, they become mute, lobotomized, their game and fake friends dissolving like sugar in the rain. Hear a full story before you believe a person spitting venom on someone's name. Don't follow the footsteps of a coward because they're just out to ruin someone else. Scared to speak on the people who does real shit that's fucked up..*

CUT TO:

**GNARLY CREW (Written by King Gnarly)**

BLACK SCREEN:

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

Dark stories hold golden expectations. Myths are historical, intriguing you to learn more. Men can't be labeled the king until proven worthy. Here's a short horror, true life story.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Sitting at a table filled with money and a bottle of liquor is DARK KNIGHT, early thirties.

He's a muscular dark skinned man with a low fade, wearing nothing but jeans.

He takes a sip from the bottle and then picks up some money beginning to count.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Playing in the dark can end your life before it starts, Holding heaters like sparklers, giving you vision in the*

*dark, Empty shell casing hitting the ground showing your heart, And before you know it... You reached and surpassed milestone marks.*

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

MYTH, early thirties, is an attractive light skinned man with freckles.

He's sitting in the chair getting a lineup while talking with the barber.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Violence is a golden silence, A baby face sitting in isolation seems harmless. Reaping planted hoes in a splendid harvest, Loyalty maxed out, so what do you call this? Something spoken upon, but not sure about the words told, A myth you want to find out about if you have the nerve.*

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

King Gnarly is cranking out on the weight bench.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Being afraid gets you beat up and robbed for everything. Speaking your mind gets you knocked down, hoping you'll stay down, Absorbing blood and rumors that help outline the crown, Feet finally, firmly planted down, Marveling at the people who hate you have the crown.*

CUT TO:

EXT THE CLUB - NIGHT

King Gnarly, Dark Knight and Myth get out of the car in the parking lot and begin making their way to the club.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Dark stories have perfect endings.*

*Kings die for what they believe in. If you think it's a myth, find out the truth behind what you heard or read. The Gnarly crew, a certified horror story brought from me to you. A king shines in the night, but the night is actually daylight, Coated with a myth that makes you think twice about valuing your life.*

CUT TO:

**YOU CAN'T GET MAD (Written by King Gnarly)**

A montage of a man and a woman spending time together, going to different places, but when it's over, the woman goes home to her husband, and the aura of love she had while she was out with the man is no longer there.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Bodies gelling with the mattress, Holding your mate with a numb arm and they're unaware of the affair that happened. Round after round like cheap drinks at the bar the affair continues. One party gets too sentimental, Mad that the affair is discontinued. You can't get mad knowing a person loves being sexual with you...But they'll never be with you.*

CUT TO:

**CREATE A BITCH (Written by King Gnarly)**

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There's a group of men playing cards, drinking and smoking.

One of them gets up from the table and walks out the house, taking a seat on the porch, pulling his phone out.

He begins looking through the pictures of his ex-girlfriend.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*Tangled C4 lines with lies. Lying to social media hoes, sitting hazy, thinking about the woman who was once yours, But hoes made you leave her alone. She gave you unconditional love*

*forgiving your intentional sins, You  
still wanted hoes on the back end,  
Trading a happy home for hoes  
releasing fake moans. While you're  
kicking it with the homies laughing  
about bitches and hoes, In the back of  
your mind you wish you still had the  
one that's gone. Realizing you created  
a treacherous handful for the next  
man, Sadden thinking about the man who  
has your once better hand, The homies  
can't keep you warm like a woman can,  
And you can't say you loved her and  
you treated her like a one nightstand,  
Sitting alone looking goofy holding  
lotion with your dick in your hand.*

Done with looking through the pictures, he attempts to call her and he's instantly sent to voicemail.

Sighing, he places his phone back in his pocket, but he straightens up so the guys inside won't notice he's heartbroken.

CUT TO:

**WOMEN FUCK AND LEAVE, TOO (Written by King Gnarly)**

EXT. THE CAFE - AFTERNOON

King Gnarly is sitting at a table alone with a cup of coffee on his table.

He's doing something on his phone, but the couple arguing about their relationship coming down the street grasps his attention.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

*She went from "Queen" to "The easy  
bitch." Knowing you're both hoes, You  
attempted to start a relationship for  
growth. You thought you were in love,  
but you were pussy-whipped over a hoe.  
You thought she loved your dick and  
teenage ways, ignoring her actual  
game. Freaky hoes line us up and knock  
us down just like we do them. It  
catches you off guard when you run  
across one with her own, a mind and  
good pussy. Easy bitches fuck anything  
that nuts as long as they get what*

*they want. Women build with men turning into his personal "Easy bitch." That's if the commitment and experience is worth it.*

Furious the argument isn't going his way, the man walks off, leaving the woman who continues shouting at him.

King Gnarly just shakes his head, returning back to what he was doing on his phone.

CUT TO:

**MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST (Written by King Gnarly, dedicated to a good woman I knew)**

BLACK SCREEN:

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

I'd like to tell you a story about a woman I met named "Ms. Lies non-orgasmic trust." A beautiful woman full of potential on a rocky road, but when I approached, she didn't appreciate me being a gentleman. She told me I should treat her like a hoe. I was confused, but she explained why men should treat women like women and hoes like hoes.

EXT. THE STREET - AFTERNOON

It's a cool summer day with a nice breeze.

King Gnarly comes walking down the street listening to his headphones.

As he approaches the corner, he notices MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST, mid twenties.

The short seductive light skinned woman wearing a skimpy outfit is standing on the corner.

He walks past her and then does a double take, making his way back towards her.

KING GNARLY

How are you doing today, beautiful? My name is Gnarly.

MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST  
(Scoffs)

...

KING GNARLY  
Damn. What's with the attitude?

MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST  
Niggas always approach me with a street name or one of their homies name as if I don't know the game, but I'll play along because I love being entertained by lames. After they get a dose of the good shit I find out their real names, using their credit cards getting what I want, having them scream my name. Sprung is what they instantly become, but when I tell them all I wanted was one, now I'm the biggest hoe. But they won't speak on the spending spree they took me on, while my ass and pussy juice is on their face and tongue, kissing their woman and children at home.

KING GNARLY  
Well damn, baby girl, it seems like you experienced this more than once, so you must love to fuck. You probably keep the niggas in your phone in chronological order, starting from the one who eats it good, beats it good and the one who does both with the cash to spend so you can get whatever you want.

MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST  
(Scoffs)  
I don't keep waste in my phone. I'm the only one who can make me release an authentic moan. You niggas can have the dick to fit, but don't know what to do with it. Y'all always wanna hit it from the back and be done in one stroke, maybe two. And if you don't have the proper tool, you complain when the best doesn't produce a Tsunami for you to swim through. Why should I get extra excited about somebody trying to fuck, knowing I'll swallow him up?



KING GNARLY

I guess "love" isn't an option in your playbook, so you must solely be out for wealth. What man made you believe all men ain't shit, but you'll still use both sets of your lips, not caring about the disrespect?

MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST

My first love I knew was a bum, but I was being dumb, going along with love. He's the first one I ever made cum and when our child came along, he was long gone, but he'd come back around when his hand was numb, and my dumbass would let him break me off. He was the beginning of this route I'm on, and the others I added on don't make it any better. But me and my child have needs, so if giving up what I know is good will supply our needs, a hot bath and soap washes away my pornographic scenes.

KING GNARLY

I can't knock your truth.

MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST

Hold up, we're not finished.

KING GNARLY

I'm listening to you.

MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST

Why did you approach me? And how do you know I don't wanna give it a go with you?

KING GNARLY

I just wanted to acknowledge your beauty.

MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST

And now that you know I'm a hoe, you're ready to go?

KING GNARLY

You called yourself a hoe, and who am I to tell you, you're not one?

MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST  
 Hoes gotta keep up a beautiful  
 appearance and body to pull the dumb  
 niggas in. So, how can you tell the  
 difference between a woman and a hoe  
 right off the back?

KING GNARLY  
 Tell me.

MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST  
 A woman would've ignored your basic  
 approach. A hoe will let words easily  
 come from her throat, having you  
 spending your money on a hoe because  
 she'll go to extremes the average  
 woman won't.

KING GNARLY  
 Smooth with your game. Thanks, and  
 I'll let you get back to doing you.

MS. LIES NON-ORGASMIC TRUST  
 I'll see you around so we can do the  
 one on one thing, or you can bring  
 your friends for a gangbang.

KING GNARLY  
 You're still a woman, so have some  
 kind of pride about your name. One  
 dick shouldn't have you out here like  
 the city train. Again...who am I to tell  
 you anything? You're the reason why  
 your name will remain the same.

He walks off, and she watches him for a few seconds before  
 following behind him.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)  
 That's how I learned a new definition  
 between women and hoes. And that  
 particular woman...she continued being a  
 hoe, dying alone, but she was a good  
 friend I got to know.

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bernard and King Gnarly are staring at each other with  
 straight faces.

BERNARD

...I guess you're not a bad person after all.

KING GNARLY

Neither are you. We just view things differently, and react based on who we are.

BERNARD

I can dig it.

KING GNARLY

I can too. But unfortunately, we have a major problem.

BERNARD

What? We just agreed we're both good people, so what's the problem?

KING GNARLY

Yeah, if you wanna go with the whole "Good can't exist without Evil" you're right. But...I don't wanna take that route. You brought a gun into the conversation and we're gonna use it.

BERNARD

(Sighs)

Oh God. Just when I thought shit was gonna be normal.

KING GNARLY

The rightful owner is finally at the helm. Why do you keep speaking about God, and you don't believe in him? Do you see what I mean about you? You do and say shit so you can fit in. And every time, you get fucked more than you win. What was the purpose of this whole debate between us if you didn't pay attention to both sides of the story?

BERNARD

You don't believe in God, which is why this life is hard. Maybe prayer is what you need. Church is our next step. We'll get baptized and start afresh. I listened to everything said between us, and I've decided I need to

get rid of you.

KING GNARLY

I believe in a God, trust me. But that's not up for debate because truthfully, no one can judge anybody's religion, if in fact they have one. I'm not the enemy. The enemy is you. So, guess what?

Bernard pulls the snub nose from the towel, slowly raising it to his head.

BERNARD

Wait...what's going on? I said I'll ask for forgiveness and pray for our sins. Stop it! Lower the gun!

Bernard's hand trembles with the barrel placed to his temple.

King Gnarly looks on with a sinister grin.

KING GNARLY

The villain always wins. Listen to the chamber clicking. Look at all this sweat pouring down my handsome face. And one more thing, aside from you won't be missed.

BERNARD MERSIER

...God---

BLACK SCREEN:

BANG!!!!

INT. THE BEDROOM - MORNING

Bernard wakes up in bed covered with sweat.

He looks around the room for a brief moment and then gets up from the bed, making his way towards the bathroom.

Turning the water on in the sink, he throws some water on his face, sighs and then covers his face.

With the water still running, he slowly lowers his hands and an evil smile is revealed.

KING GNARLY (V.O.)

A king can never have a drop of bitch

in his blood.

He winks at himself.

BLACK SCREEN:

"There's an angel and demon residing within...and then there's me."

~King Gnarly~

END CREDITS