

THE CONDOM

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BLACK SCREEN:

"Conception is meant to bring happiness, but you have those who use it for benefits."

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

CLOSE UP DANTE FACE

The four-month-old brown skin boy lying on a fluffy white pillow wearing a white beanie snug on his head is sleeping peacefully.

DANTE (V.O.)
My parents love me.
(Clears throat)
Pardon my raspy voice, it probably runs on my father's side. But right now, I'd like to share something special. The meaning of love through the eyes of me and my parents. It started nine months ago.

EXT. THE GAS STATION - NIGHT

The last car resting by a gas pump pulls off. Coming from around the corner is the jaw-dropping twenty four-year-old DOMINIQUE.

Her smooth caramel skin and shoulder length hair meshes great with her petite body.

Approaching the gas station door, she walks in without a care because this is her neighborhood.

While inside the gas station, she begins browsing. The GAS STATION ATTENDANT stares in awe wishing he could sleep with her.

As she continues shopping, loud music can be heard outside coming to a stop.

Turning our attention to the door, in walks twenty-four-year old JAMAL.

He's on the husky side, brown skin, clean cut and dripping with jewelry.

He walks up to the counter prepared to pay for his gas.

Dominique comes up holding two packs of noodles, some chips and a pop. Jamal turns looking at her.

DOMINIQUE
Can I help you?

JAMAL
Can you?

DOMINIQUE
(Scoffs)
Can you move so I can pay for my stuff?

Jamal notices the items and cracks a smile.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)
What?

JAMAL
Don't tell me that's dinner.

DOMINIQUE
So?

JAMAL
How about you let me take you out to dinner?

DOMINIQUE
No thanks. I wouldn't want you spending your rent money.

JAMAL
(Laughs)
Rent money?

He goes in his pocket, pulling out a wad of money.

DOMINIQUE
What does that mean? You could be the typical nigga who saves his checks, just to stunt.

JAMAL
Look out there and you tell me.

DOMINIQUE POV

She sees the fully kitted all-black Yukon with tinted windows.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Well?

DOMINIQUE

You're working with a little something.

JAMAL

Are you gonna let me put some real food on your stomach?

DOMINIQUE

That's about all you can do.

Jamal smiles, putting his hands up, taking a step back.

JAMAL

No problem, beautiful. You just look like you're in a tight spot for food, so why not lend a hand?

DOMINIQUE

Do you do this with every woman you meet?

JAMAL

Honestly, I'm used to women approaching me.

DOMINIQUE

Right.

JAMAL

I'm Jamal by the way.

DOMINIQUE

Dominique.

JAMAL

Well, Dominique. How about you leave this stuff here, and go wait in the truck?

Dominique places her items down, looking at him strangely.

DOMINIQUE

You trust me to sit in your truck alone?

JAMAL

Ain't nothing in there you can take I

can't replace. And if you decide to get down on me, I can only blame myself.

DOMINIQUE

Okay. I'll be outside.

She smiles, rubbing her hand across his face before making her way out the gas station.

Jamal watches as she makes her way to the truck.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Why did you go through that process?
It's not hard to fuck her.

JAMAL

Sometimes you gotta let hoes feel special. Let me get sixty on pump three.

Jamal places a hundred dollar bill in the slot. The gas station attendant takes the money, rings up the total, and then gives Jamal his change.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

She's known around here.

Jamal takes his change and places it in his pocket.

JAMAL

Did you hit?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Nope. Wish I could.

JAMAL

Then you shouldn't be talking. Have a good one.

Jamal walks out.

FADE TO BLACK:

DANTE (V.O.)

This was the beginning of their love. Although...I think my mother wanted me more than my father.

INT. JAMAL TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck is parked on the outskirts of a park we can see in the distance through the windshield.

Jamal is sitting in the driver seat taking a sip from his liquor, followed by a pull from his cigarette.

Dominique is sitting in the passenger seat cleaning the dirt from under her nails.

DOMINIQUE

What are you gonna do about this situation?

JAMAL

(Takes a sip)

What do you mean? I'm giving you the money to handle it.

DOMINIQUE

And I told you, I don't believe in abortions. You better man up and accept what you did.

JAMAL

You don't believe in abortions, but you sell pussy? Explain.

DOMINIQUE

I don't have to explain shit! We're speaking about what happened between us.

He takes a pull from his cigarette and then slams the butt down in the ashtray.

She looks at him rolling her eyes.

JAMAL

Bitch, I know for a fact I had a condom on! Go find that weak ass nigga who got you knocked up.

DOMINIQUE

Yo weak ass did, nigga! Why did I even bother letting you hit?!

JAMAL

Bitch---

DOMINIQUE

First off, you can quit this tough shit with ya soft ass. Second, if you call me another bitch, I know something.

Jamal reaches under his shirt for his gun, and she places a hand up in face, followed with laughter.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

Why are you reaching for a gun you won't use? And even if you did, I already told my people everything they need to know Where you hang. Where you keep yo shit.

(Scoffs)

What real nigga tells a woman he just met that much information after a few dates? So since you're pussy-whipped, and we both know it. Get ready to take care of me and this baby.

Jamal removes his hand, leans back in his seat and takes another sip from the bottle.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Take me home. With no further words, Jamal starts the truck up, and pulls off.

FADE TO BLACK:

DANTE (V.O.)

See what I mean? My dad grew to love me, although they still argue. They would take me to this place where they'd talk with a stranger about who I should live with. Dad would go through this every other week with the stranger, but he felt it was worth it. Here we are, four months later.

INT. DOMINIQUE BEDROOM - NIGHT

DANTE POV

We can tell from the view and how the sound of clutter is gently moved by his little hands, he's lying on his stomach. The entire bed is filled with clothes, makeup kits, paper plates with old food, utensils and empty pop cans.

All of this rests on top of a sheet-less stained mattress. The bedroom door is open, allowing us to see the hallway.

Dominique can be heard. It sounds like she's pissed by the way she's yelling.

DANTE (V.O.)

Mommy loves leaving things for me to place in my mouth. I don't know if it's because I'm not loud enough or if she doesn't understand my words. But...she always comes when this weird taste and bright color fills my mouth causing me to scream.

We see Dominique quickly storm past the bedroom door.

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

She must be talking to dad. All of the other men she gets loud with, she enjoys it while sitting on them, or if they're on top of her.

We hear a door being slammed. Dante slowly inches across the bed, reaching for a knife resting on top of a paper plate.

Just as he gets ready to grab the knife, Dominique comes to the door.

As messy as her room is, she's dressed to the nines. She storms over to Dante, snatching him up, staring at him sucking her teeth.

DOMINIQUE

What the hell are you doing?

(Scoffs)

You're just as stupid as your father. Always doing some dumb- shit. But you're not about to ruin my night. I'm trying to get lit and get these niggas money. Since grandma said you kept her up all night, I got something special for you.

She places him down, and then reaches on the floor picking up a baby bottle with some milk left inside.

With a smile, she moves over to the dresser, which is just as filthy as the rest of the room.

Opening the bottle, she places some more milk inside,

followed by opening up a double shot of vodka that she pours in.

She closes the bottle, and shakes it up real good. Walking back to the bed, she picks Dante up and feeds him the milk.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

This should keep you down for the night. I guess I should change your pissy ass diaper.

(Scoffs)

Ya punk ass daddy is gonna wish he stayed with me.

DANTE POV

His vision is slowly fading.

DANTE (V.O.)

Whatever is in my milk...it makes it taste funny. There's a weird burning sensation in my stomach, but I'm too tired to speak. Maybe it's good for me, considering I love staying up late. But mommy knows best.

Within a few more blinks, Dante is fast asleep.

FADE TO BLACK:

DANTE (V.O.)

This new milk my mother gave me went on for weeks. I would always throw it up, but she kept giving it to me. Whenever she would let dad see me he would ask what's wrong, and she'd say it's something babies go through. I wonder why she never told him about the special milk? Ah, well. Here we are, another Saturday night. Mom is going out again, and grandma is watching me for the night.

INT. DOMINIQUE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Surprisingly, unlike her bedroom, the bathroom is actually clean.

DANTE POV

Dominique is standing by the sink with her arms folded across

her chest staring down at Dante in his baby bather in the tub halfway full.

DANTE (V.O.)

By this time I was accustomed to the special milk. It still makes me sleepy, but I'm able to stay awake. Right now I'm just relaxing, enjoying my bath.

Dominique's phone begins ringing, and she quickly answers.

DOMINIQUE

What's the word?

(Listens)

Girl, I only deal with real D boys, not them small time niggas. Hundreds and up if they fuckin' with me.

(Listens)

Are you on the way?

Dominique walks out the bathroom, but we can still hear her. We can tell by the way the water is rising, the alcohol is kicking in, and he's starting to drift off.

DANTE (V.O.)

It's close to nap-time. But...why am I still in the tub? It's okay. I'm sure mom will be back in a minute.

The apartment door is heard opened and slammed closed.

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

Maybe she went downstairs to let her company in. I'll just lay here and take a little nap.

The water level becomes higher as Dante slides down into the water.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. DOMINIQUE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DANTE POV

He's under the water looking up at the ceiling. The apartment door is heard opened, and then closes. Aggravation is heard in Tamala's voice.

TAMALA (O.S.)

Did this girl leave my grandson in her room? He's supposed to be in his crib, especially if she left before I got here. That girl, I swear.

We hear her moving through the apartment.

TAMALA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Maybe she took him with her. She needs to spend more time with him. It doesn't matter if she's not with his daddy, that's still her child.

She reaches the door, and we can see she's a fairly aged brown skin woman.

When she realizes what she sees, she instantly breaks down crying, rushes to the tub grabbing Dante's dead body, placing him against her chest.

TAMALA (CONT'D)

Oh my God, not my little man! Lord please, not my little man!

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

Dante looks peaceful inside his casket with a white rose on each side of him.

Jamal is standing over the casket, wishing he had custody of his son.

DANTE (V.O.)

I'm in a better place, but my father is in pain. The angels told me what he contracted from mom will bring him to me soon. The angels also told me what mommy has will kill her before dad. Well...did you like my story? If mommy didn't want this type of love, all she had to do was...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dominique is standing in her bra and panties looking in the mirror with a sinister smile.

JAMAL (O.S.)
Come on girl, you got daddy waiting.

DOMINIQUE
Here I come.

She looks down with her eyes.

DOMINIQUE POV

On the sink is a pill bottle of "ART". In her left hand she's holding a condom in the wrapper and in her right is a safety pin she uses to puncture little holes into the condom. Placing the pin down, she looks back up in the mirror with the same sinister smile, winking at her reflection before walking out.

DANTE (V.O.)
Let the condom do what it was designed
to do.

FADE TO BLACK:

"You're blessed with children for reasons beyond your thoughts. Don't accept a blessing if you're going to take it for granted."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS