



CIMPLE

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FADE IN:

INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

In the brightly lit room furnished nicely with a wall flat screen television, the room is smoked out, accompanied by the loud sound from the video game.

Darryl and Ryan are sitting on the sofa playing the game.

Both of them are in their mid twenties, wearing some urban Summer attire.

Darryl is a high yellow, lanky pretty boy with long dreadlocks.

Ryan is dark-skinned and on the husky side.

In front of them on the glass table are bottles of beers, a pack of cigarettes and an ashtray that needs to be dumped, with a lit blunt resting on top of the butts.

As the two continue drinking and talking shit, Darryl's phone starts ringing.

He pauses the game, and answers the phone, placing it on speaker.

SHARICE (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Baby, I'm---

DARRYL

What the fuck took you so long to call me?

SHARICE (OVER THE SPEAKER)

I was getting us something to eat. I was making sure---

DARRYL

I don't give a fuck about none of that. How do you even know I want the shit you bought? You check in with me before you do shit, or did you forget?

SHARICE (OVER THE SPEAKER)

(Ashamed tone)

...I didn't forget.

DARRYL

What did you say? Speak the fuck up.

SHARICE (OVER THE SPEAKER)
I said---

DARRYL
Just shut the fuck up. What did you
get to eat?

SHARICE (OVER THE SPEAKER)
Chinese.

DARRYL
Why the fuck would you---the next
words from your mouth better be you're
outside.

SHARICE (OVER THE SPEAKER)
(Shakey tone)
I'm less than three minutes away.

DARRYL
I suggest you turn those three minutes
to "I'm outside, Daddy."

SHARICE (OVER THE SPEAKER)
(Soft sigh)
I'm outside, Daddy.

DARRYL
Take that motherfuckin' sad shit outta
your voice before I give you something
to be sad about.

SHARICE (OVER THE SPEAKER)
I'm sorry, Daddy.

DARRYL
Why do I even fuck with you? You lucky
you got a phat ass. Hurry up. You
better make this shit up for pissing
me off.

SHARICE (OVER THE SPEAKER)
Daddy, I'm---

He hangs up and places the phone to the side.

Ryan takes a sip from his beer, giving Darryl a nod of
approval.

RYAN
You gotta keep them hoes in line, fam.

I love that shit.

Darryl picks up the blunt and takes a pull with a slight smirk.

DARRYL

Nigga, you lucky you my nigga. Don't be disrespecting my bitch.

The two stare at each other with stone faces for a hot second before they break out laughing, giving each other a play.

RYAN

That's why you my nigga. You say fuck these hoes and stand on that shit.

DARRYL

Hell yeah, fuck these hoes. These bitches need to know their place and know to check in before they do shit.

RYAN

Goddamn right. Did you ask her about hooking me up with one of her friends?

DARRYL

Yeah, I told the bitch to do it, but she's acting like her friends ain't hoes like her.

RYAN

So, is she gonna do it?

DARRYL

If the bitch don't, fuck it, we'll run her.

RYAN

(Laughs)

You think she'll go for that shit?

DARRYL

Nigga, I'm the man around this bitch. If she don't, she knows---

The doorbell is heard.

RYAN

Damn. Three minutes turned to I'm outside quick as hell.

DARRYL
She fuckin' knows better. Go let her
goofy ass in.

RYAN
Aight.

Ryan gets up and makes his way towards the stairs.

DARRYL
And if that bitch don't have bottles
with her, tell her to turn right the
fuck back around and go get some.

RYAN
(Laughs)
Nigga, you silly.

DARRYL
I'm deadass serious. And tell her just
like that.

RYAN
(Laughs)
I gotcha.

Darryl takes a sip from his beer, followed by a pull from his
blunt.

DARRYL
Motherfuckers think shit is sweet. And
if that nigga don't deliver the
message right, I'm blowing his shit
out. Why do I fuck with either one of
them motherfuckers?

He picks up his phone and fiddles around for a second before
he starts scrolling.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
I need to be fuckin' with some bitches
like this. That bitch up there pussy
is old news, and to be honest, it
really ain't worth it.
(Low laugh)
Yeah, that nigga can have that bitch.
I already see the one I want.

Footsteps are heard coming down the steps.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Did the bitch bring bottles?

RYAN (O.S.)
Nah, but she told me to give you this.

Darryl puts his phone down, takes a sip, and then slowly turns around.

DARRYL
It better be---

His eyes get wide when he sees Ryan aiming a nine-millimeter at him.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Nigga, what the---

RYAN
Shut the fuck up, bitch ass nigga.
Let's do this the easy way. Grab the
shit and we can end this on a good
note.

DARRYL
My nigga. What the fuck---

Ryan fires a shot at the wall causing Darryl to duck.

RYAN
Didn't I say shut the fuck up? Kee
fuckin' talking and the next one is
getting lodged up in your bitch ass
head.

Darryl slowly stands up with his hands in the air.

DARRYL
Aight nigga, calm down. Goddamn, you
selling me out over a bitch?

RYAN
I'm confused why she lets you treat
her like a bitch, and I know for a
fact you're a bitch. But, we can take
that up another time. Hurry up, nigga.

Darryl slowly makes his way over to a wall closet, and Ryan is right behind him, keeping his aim on him.

DARRYL

After the all the shit we been through, you're saying fuck me over a bitch?

RYAN

Nigga, you ain't been through shit. I do all the dirt around this bitch. I just let you feel like you're the man so I won't have to kill your bitch ass. And the bitch is part of it because she does give some good ass head, and she got some good pussy.

Darryl reaches the door and places his hand on the knob.

DARRYL

(Scoffs)

Bitch made nigga. I never would've---

Ryan shoots him in the knee.

Darryl screams, dropping to the floor.

RYAN

I tried to have some form of respect because we grew up together, but fuck it. Since you're pussy-whipped, I don't need you to open the safe because you told her the combination.

Darryl spits to the side before looking at Ryan with hate in his eyes.

DARRYL

On my mama. You better---

Ryan shoots him twice in the head, ending his words.

RYAN

Go join the bitch, since you were about to lie on her name.

Placing the gun away, Ryan kicks Darryl's legs to the side so he can open the door.

Turning the light on, a smile comes across his face staring at the safe.

Without hesitation, he opens the safe and marvels at the drugs and money.

Kneeling down, he grabs a duffle bag beside the safe and opens it.

He begins filling the bag.

Once he empties the safe, he zips the bag, releases a low sinister laugh, and then stands to his feet.

When he closes the door, just as he gets ready to face the stairs, he gets struck by four bullets, knocking him back on the floor.

As he lies on the floor trying to catch his breath with blood coming from his mouth and chest, Sharice calmly walks over to him and takes aim at his head.

Sharice has long black hair and brown-skinned, with a voluptuous body, that fits perfectly with her crop top and leggings.

She's in her mid twenties.

Confusion is spilling from Ryan's eyes.

RYAN

(Barely able to breath)

Why...Why are you---

SHARICE

Because they don't call us "Bad bitches" for nothing, pussy-whipped, nigga.

RYAN

You---

One round to the head ends Ryan's life.

She picks up the bag and places it on her shoulder before turning around heading towards the stairs.

As she walks up the stairs, she's laughing low.

When she reaches the top of the stairs...

Boom!!!!

The loud blast from the shotgun knocks her down the stairs, landing at the bottom with a hole in her chest, dead.

A person is heard coming down the stairs, and now we see,

Gnarly.

He's wearing all black with black leather gloves, holding the sawed off shotgun down by his side.

The man in his mid twenties has golden brown skin, a slender build and strawberry blonde hair cut down into a fade with waves in his hair.

He looks down at Sharice's body with no remorse as he kicks her to make sure she's dead.

Satisfied with the kill, he pulls his phone out to make a call, placing the phone to his ear.

GNARLY

Yeah, it's done.

(Listens)

Actually, the shit went smoother than I thought.

(Listens)

She performed better than what she does in bed, but none of that shit matters now.

(Listens)

Well, niggas should act like they had a piece of pussy before and shit like this wouldn't happen. Bad bitches are meant to fuck, have a story to tell and leave 'em the fuck alone.

(Listens)

Niggas better start using their brain instead of their dick. It's that simple.

Placing the phone away, he picks up the bag and then makes his way upstairs.

FADE TO BLACK:

"Murder is the person you shake hands with because you need them in your presence believing you have their trust."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: