

BALLOON RELEASE

Written by

Bernard Mersier

BLACK SCREEN:

"Why eat portions when you can get full off of one meal?"

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

EXT. THE PARK - AFTERNOON

It's a crisp summer day.

People are playing basketball in the background, but the main focus is the gathering of people wearing T-shirts and shorts standing around a picnic bench, the BBQ grill, or walking around drinking and smoking.

A black truck is parked beside the BBQ grill.

On the front of their T-shirts is a picture of a black teenage male, with "In loving memory" underneath it.

More people come to the area grieving, unable to grasp that their loved one is gone.

White balloons are attached to the table.

Resting on the table are various bottles of liquor, food, weed, baggies filled with edibles, pills, shrooms and random guns.

Sitting at the table, filled with anger, is Thug.

The dark-skinned male in his early twenties has long dreadlocks and a rugged beard.

A rolled blunt is behind his ear.

He picks up one of the bottles from the table and necks it.

The people around him look confused, but they don't say anything because they know the pain he's going through.

He goes into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes, a lighter and his phone, placing them on the table.

He puts the blunt in his mouth and lights it.

Taking a hard pull, he holds the smoke in for a few seconds before slowly releasing it.

Spitting to the side, he grabs his phone and then stands up. Holding the blunt in his mouth, he sets his phone up so he can go live.

Now that he's set up, he begins moving around, showing what's going on.

THUG

For the homies not here viewing what's going on, as you can see, it's mad love. Much love to our fallen soldier, gone, but never in life will he be forgotten. And for you bitch ass niggas, don't think we don't know where you hoe ass niggas kick it at. It's on sight! Fuck you, bitch ass niggas! Our nigga got caught slippin', bet that! We ain't showing no mercy when we---

Speeding cars gain everyone's attention, watching the four all-black old-school vehicles come to a complete stop.

Thug turns around seeing the doors open, and out comes a gang of shirtless black teenage males and Shooter holding AK-47s, immediately opening fire as they run onto the park.

The people who didn't get gunned down are running away, screaming in fear.

The ones trying to get the guns from the table or trying to shoot back end up getting gunned down as well.

Thug has taken cover behind the truck, holding on tight to his phone because he's still on live.

Shooter, a light-skinned teenage male in his early twenties spots where Thug is hiding, and he quickly runs over to him.

The gunmen are still shooting in the background while Shooter looks at Thug with a stone-cold face, aiming the gun at him.

Thug looks up at him in fear for his life until Shooter lowers the gun and cracks a slight smile.

SHOOTER

You good?

Thug releases a sigh of relief.

THUG

Fa sho, fa sho. You know---

Shooter brings the gun back up and guns Thug down.

With Thug dead and his phone still recording live, Shooter still has murderous intentions in his eyes.

Shooter picks up the phone and stares directly into the camera, showing no remorse before focusing on his crew.

SHOOTER

Make sure all these bitch ass niggas are dead, fam! The only motherfuckers leaving this bitch breathing will be us! Fuck these hoe ass niggas!

He looks back at the camera.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)

The rest of you hoe ass niggas, blame your bitch ass boy for this.

He aims the camera down at Thug's mutilated body.

Half of his head is gone, and the rest of his body is torn to shreds.

Shooter turns the camera back on himself.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)

You hoe ass niggas think everybody is your homie, and this nigga was a bitch. He was mad that the nigga they buried was fuckin' his bitch, but fuck all that. We're bare-faced. You niggas know what it is and where we're at. And one more thing. If y'all think about going to the funerals of these dead niggas or having another one of these weak-ass balloon releases. Believe me, we'll be there to clean the rest of you hoe ass niggas up.

He places the phone on the ground and then aims the gun at the screen.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)

Y'all can be tough on the fake ass internet, but on some real street shit, all of y'all families will get the flowers they'll always regret.

He opens fire on the phone, obliterating it. Shooter and the other gunmen quickly run back to their cars and get in, speeding off down the street.

BLACK SCREEN:

"How can you tell who has your back with so many fake identical smiles surrounding you?"

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: