

BESIDE ME

Written by

Bernard Mersier

BLACK SCREEN:

"The brightest smile from a fake friend cuts deep."

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rap music is heard faintly as the doorbell rings.

Ethan comes into frame making his way through the partially furnished living room, heading to the front door.

He's a pretty boy in his mid twenties, light-skinned with a slender build and long wavy cornrows.

Only wearing black track pants and a shoulder gun holster holding a .45, he gets to the door and opens it.

Stepping back, he allows his right hand man Conner to come into the house.

Conner is in his mid twenties, a little bit taller than Ethan, dark-skinned with a low fade and bulky.

He's wearing all black.

Ethan closes the door, and then focuses on Conner.

They give each other love.

CONNER

What's good, fam?

ETHAN

We've been comfortable letting the grass get high and now, nothing but snakes are slithering around this motherfucker waiting to attack at any moment.

CONNER

Who are you talking about?

ETHAN

Them niggas down at the one spot in the hood.

CONNER

What? We both thought they were legit niggas.

ETHAN

There lies the problem. We
"Thought," but didn't know shit.

CONNER

So, what do you wanna do?

ETHAN

I don't know. We're both at fault
for our judgement.

CONNER

Okay, we'll get over that.

ETHAN

See, that's the shit I'm talking
about. We're so used to being on
top bathing in bullshit, we're not
thinking right. You're saying we'll
get over it, but what if we fuck
around and do the shit again, only
this time it ends with our fuckin'
lives? You gotta think, bro.

Conner nods in agreement.

CONNER

Okay. So, what's the plan?

ETHAN

They gotta die, there's no question
about that. But, we can't just jump
in the trenches. Even though
they've been smooth sailing,
they're not stupid. So, we gotta
put this shit together the right
way.

CONNER

I'm with it.

ETHAN

Cool. Come on, let's have a drink
and figure out how we're gonna
solve this shit.

The two make their way into the dining room.

There's a small table covered by a long white tablecloth,
and two chairs.

On the table is a fifth of cognac in front of each chair,
and a cognac glass.

Ethan goes to one end of the table to take a seat, and Conner sits across from him.

Ethan picks up the bottle and pours a glass.

CONNER

So, what do you have in mind?

ETHAN

(Takes a sip)

Before you go after a man, you have to know his weakness. Every man has a weakness. Even us.

CONNER

I don't know about all that.

ETHAN

Because you're only viewing weakness from one angle. Weakness can also be things you lust after, and so on. So again, every man has a weakness. Even you and me.

CONNER

Okay, I'll go with that. What do you think their weaknesses are?

ETHAN

(Takes a sip)

One of every man's weaknesses. Power, pussy and money. Not in that particular order, but one if not all three are their weaknesses.

CONNER

Which one of the three do you think is their weakness?

ETHAN

What do you think? This is our shit we're talking about. Where's your input?

CONNER

Personally, I would say money.

ETHAN

(Takes a sip)

I would agree. But, since they're still eating good fuckin' with us, and stealing shit on the side, it can't be that.

CONNER

I know you don't think it's power.

ETHAN

If we don't get this shit right by the end of the night, they'll have the power.

CONNER

So, it's pussy.

ETHAN

The beginning and end of every man's weakness. He'll do anything for it. In some cases, you have niggas who take it because they believe they need it that bad. Me...

(Takes a sip)

Pussy could never be weakness.

Conner looks at him confused, while pouring a drink.

CONNER

How can you say pussy isn't your weakness, but you just said that's the source of every man's weakness?

ETHAN

Because once you realize if you put your all into a bitch, you'll look stupid in the end when she fucks you over, but you knew it could happen. So, you keep 'em around for what they're made for and keep it at that.

CONNER

But, you got a girl?

ETHAN

And you see how I treat her. See, we're getting off track. Fuck her right now. We know these niggas weakness, so we should...

He points at Conner.

CONNER

Gather up some bitches to set them niggas up.

ETHAN

Exactly.

CONNER

That's not a problem. I know a gang of shady bitches that'll do anything for a dollar, if not free.

ETHAN

(Takes a sip, laughs)

You over there talking about me and my girl. Nigga, what are you doing hanging around a gang of hoes and you have a woman?

CONNER

(Laughs, takes a sip)

Shit, nigga, I love a variety. I got the main bitch at home, and the other hoes for when I feel like switching it up.

ETHAN

(Laughs)

That's why you're my nigga. That's some real shit.

CONNER

Being real is the only thing I know, fam.

ETHAN

Heard. I need you to do me one favor.

CONNER

What's up?

ETHAN

Put your gun on the table.

Conner looks at him confused.

CONNER

What?

Ethan unsnaps the button holding the gun.

ETHAN

You know I hate repeating myself.

CONNER

Nigga...

He prepares to stand up, and that's when the barrel of a .38 at the side of his head stops him.

Standing beside Conner is one of Ethan's henchmen, holding a chrome .38.

Ethan removes his gun and places it on the table.

ETHAN

Now, if you're a real nigga as you claim, and you know goddamn well I'm a real nigga, you only get one shot at this. I think you should have a drink first, and then put your gun on the table.

Fear is in Conner's eyes, listening to the chamber spinning.

He places his nine-millimeter on the table, and then picks up the glass with his trembling hand, downing what's left in his glass.

Ethan takes a sip from his glass.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

So... How long was your fake ass gonna continue smiling in my face, knowing you were fuckin' my bitch on a regular?

CONNER

It's not---

Ethan forms his fingers in the shape of a gun prepared to aim at Conner.

CONNER (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. Yeah, I was fuckin' your bitch. You shouldn't even be mad.

ETHAN

Why is that?

CONNER

Because you don't give a fuck about the bitch.

ETHAN

That's true, but goddamn. You could've at least had the common courtesy... Fuck that. As a man. As my right hand man, you should've had the decency to tell me you could fuck the bitch, and let me take it from there. But, no.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You decided to say fuck me like you were fuckin' her. One of my enemies would've at least said something as soon as they did it.

CONNER

If I told you the day it happened, what would've been the outcome?

ETHAN

How the fuck would I know? You didn't tell me the day it happened.

CONNER

...True.

ETHAN

(Sighs)

You know... Fake ass niggas fallout over some shit like this because as I said, weak niggas act like they never had a piece of pussy before, and a nigga in love would be heartbroken his closet friend is fuckin' his bitch. That's not what's about to happen tonight. You'll forever be a bitch ass nigga in my eyes, but we're not about to fallout over some pussy. We've been through too much shit together, and we're better than pussy because it comes and goes. My bitch is gone, and will never be found.

CONNER

So... What's with fam holding the burner against my head?

Ethan downs his glass.

ETHAN

He's there to make sure you respond correctly after what comes next.

CONNER

What's next?

Ethan slides his chair back.

Clarisa comes from under the table licking her lips before looking at Conner, smiling.

Clarisa is Dominican with long curly brown hair, and stunning light brown eyes.

A look of sickness is on Conner's face, knowing what his girlfriend just finished doing.

Ethan looks down at Clarisa with a smile, caressing the side of her face.

ETHAN

Did you make sure there wasn't a drop left?

CLARISA

Yes, daddy.

ETHAN

Good girl.

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

ETHAN (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Stay right there. I'm gon' want some more of that after I'm done talking to your man.

She looks at him smiling.

CLARISA

Okay, daddy.

Ethan focuses on Conner.

CONNER

She should've done the shit out in the open, if you really wanted to spit in my face.

ETHAN

I wanted it to be a fucked up surprise like it was when I found out what you were doing. So with that said, we're even on that note. Before I forget because I'm not fake. My man had some, too. Did you like that shit, fam?

HENCHMEN

I see why he kept her ass on lock.

ETHAN

I swear.

CONNER

Now that you and that bitch over there disrespected me on a level bigger than me, what's next?

ETHAN

One question will decide if you leave with your life.

CONNER

What is it?

Ethan picks up his gun, cocks it and takes aim on Conner.

ETHAN

If you could go back and change it, would you do it?

CONNER

No doubt.

One gunshot fired by the henchmen ends Conner's life, right before Ethan takes aim on the henchmen ending his life.

Clarisa prepares to speak, and Ethan quickly takes aim on her, firing a round in her head, ending her life.

Placing the gun on the table, he sighs as he goes in his pocket, pulling out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter, placing them on the table.

He takes a cigarette from the pack, places it in his mouth and lights it.

Releasing another sigh, he pours a glass.

Taking a sip from the glass, he follows it with a pull from his cigarette.

ETHAN

Then you shouldn't have done it in the first place. This is why you can only have trust in yourself. It's always the ones close to you that'll fuck you over before an enemy. You're born alone and you'll die alone for a reason.

He takes one more sip before standing up from the table, leaving the room.

BLACK SCREEN:

"Majority of people are never content with what they have because they believe they deserve it all, and will do anything to get it."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: