

BLIND, TWENTY-TWENTY VISION

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Steven Ward, a rugged African-American in his early thirties is sitting calmly inside the interrogation room with his brown eyes locked on the door.

STEVEN (V.O.)

I shouldn't be here. In fact, I should receive a medal. What they call "crimes" I view as doing my job. Scum has no purpose in the world.

With his eyes glued to the door, he listens to the approaching footsteps.

The door comes open and in walks Detective Carter.

It would appear he has a firm physique because his suit fits snugly, giving his rose skin tone and slicked-back hair a certain charm.

He's holding case files.

Closing the door behind him, he walks towards the table and places the files down before taking a seat, folding his arms across his chest, staring directly into Steven's eyes.

CARTER

Officer Ward. Before we begin, I'd like to know one thing.

STEVEN

What?

CARTER

Are you proud you disgraced the badge, making people believe what they thought was true?

STEVEN

(Soft chuckle)

Every man and woman on the force should follow in my footsteps. You're asking me if I'm proud of what I've done... Yes. As far as people who don't like the police are concerned, those are the people who don't understand the meaning behind "serve and protect."

CARTER

I'm a man of the badge, and I would never do what you did.

STEVEN

That's because you're a coward. These so-called people, whom you claim are innocent, were destroying the city. What part of your brain makes you believe they're innocent?

CARTER

So, you're God? Whoever you find guilty, that's the bottom line.

STEVEN

No, I'm not God. But in that same breath, you can't use God.

CARTER

Why?

STEVEN

If you're using God, it proves my actions are right.

CARTER

Explain.

STEVEN

Pick up a Bible and read it.

CARTER

In other words, the Bible is your alibi?

STEVEN

No, the Bible is my facts proving that the people I disposed of had to be eliminated.

CARTER

Do you believe in the Bible? Or did you have this preset, attempting to use religion as an excuse? Sounds somewhat similar to the "Twinkie defense?"

STEVEN

Unless you agree with the Bible justifying my actions, it doesn't matter.

CARTER  
You have a point.

STEVEN  
I know I do. Maybe after this conversation, I'll tell you if I truly believe in the Bible.

CARTER  
I think you will.

STEVEN  
We don't get paid to think. We get paid to know and act on the knowledge we have.

CARTER  
All I need is answers.

Carter grabs six files and opens them one at a time, slowly sliding them in front of Steven.

Steven looks over the photos of the teenage African-American males brutally gunned down.

His expression says he's unbothered, sliding the files to the side.

STEVEN  
Now what?

CARTER  
You have no remorse for the lives you took?

STEVEN  
They were drug dealers and gangbangers. I'm surprised their families gave a shit. They were dealing drugs in our community, so that's why I killed them.

CARTER  
Our community?

STEVEN  
Don't play dumb. You know what I mean by "our community."

CARTER  
I truthfully don't. Please, explain.

STEVEN

There's no need. I know why you're responding this way.

CARTER

Why?

STEVEN

Because we know the superior officers are listening and watching behind that mirror. You don't wanna be in this same situation I'm in, knowing you feel the same way I do.

CARTER

If I were anything like you, I would accept the fact that I'm crazy with no legitimate reason behind the crimes I committed. You and I are nowhere near the same.

STEVEN

You can say what you want. But when you lay down at night, I know it eats away at you wearing a mask of shame, refusing to rid the world of this rubbish.

CARTER

What made you snap?

STEVEN

I've been this way since I understood what the world needs.

CARTER

And what is that?

STEVEN

The world needs a cleansing from niggers.

CARTER

No human being is different from the next.

STEVEN

You don't look in the mirror much.

CARTER

Why did you kill a fifteen-year-old boy?

STEVEN

Are you serious right now?

CARTER

This whole conversation is serious.

STEVEN

He was in a white neighborhood looking suspicious. Fifteen or not, we both know how these young niggers act. If he would've continued living, he would've ended up a thug anyway.

CARTER

You disgust me.

STEVEN

The feeling is mutual. But I noticed one more file. Is it something I've done or something you wanna frame me with?

CARTER

Why frame you when you're already in a grave you'll never come from?

STEVEN

Is that what you believe? Pinning something on me I didn't do would give you and the people who think I'm guilty a reason to place me behind bars.

CARTER

That's far from why. I saved this one for last because it sent chills through my soul.

STEVEN

I can't wait to see this one.

Carter opens the file, takes a glance and shakes his head before sliding it in front of Steven.

Steven cracks a slight smirk, looking at the body of a dead young adult African-American woman lying on her side, nude, severely banged up, lying in a pool of blood on top of some garbage.

CARTER

The body of twenty-two-year-old Shanice Whittier was found in an alley, beaten, raped and shot twice in the back of the head.

STEVEN

The young whore was one of my favorites. My first thought was strangulation. But then I thought... Why not show her the true value of a whore? I took my time. I made her wipe her tears while plowing her, ingesting every ounce of her useless body. And when it was over, I ended her pathetic life.

CARTER

The sad part is that you stand firm on every word from your cold-hearted mouth.

STEVEN

The truth is cold.

CARTER

That's why I'm glad she took a piece of your penis we found stuck in her teeth.

STEVEN

She couldn't get enough of me. Once she bit me, I was completely aroused. I bludgeoned her until she realized biting was something she shouldn't have done.

CARTER

You're a sick man.

STEVEN

I'm not sick. The scum I removed was sick. The scum I removed that still hasn't been found was sick.

CARTER

How many more?

STEVEN

I've removed a lot of niggers from the world. Would you like to know where I placed their bodies?

CARTER

No thanks. Save it for the judge,  
jury and God. My job is done.

STEVEN

What was your job?

CARTER

Grasping the concept, you're a sick  
maniac who deserves what's coming  
to him.

STEVEN

Would you like to know if I believe  
in God?

CARTER

Sure.

STEVEN

We were created in the image of  
God. So, where did niggers, spicks  
and other races come from?

Carter shakes his head, collecting the files, placing them  
back in a stack before standing up, prepared to walk away.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You're silent because you know I'm  
right.

CARTER

Ask God when you meet him.

Carter turns his back and walks toward the door.

STEVEN

I'll continue where I left off once  
I'm released.

Carter pauses at the door.

CARTER

What makes you believe you'll go  
free?

STEVEN

Because pure white people who know  
every race, especially niggers must  
be disposed of, we stick together.

CARTER  
(Chuckles)  
Believe what you want. I'm done  
listening to your nonsense.

Carter opens the door and walks out, closing the door behind him.

STEVEN  
(Laughs)  
You know I'm right! Stick with your  
own!

Steven continues laughing.

INT. THE COURTROOM - MORNING

It doesn't take long for the jury to find Steven guilty of his crimes.

Sighs of sorrow and applause are heard in the courtroom.

As he's being escorted out of the courtroom, a sinister smile is on his face.

He turns to look at the family and friends of the people he killed, blowing them a kiss.

Guards have to hold the people back trying to rush and attack Steven.

He remains with a smile.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
The judge and jury agreed with the  
cowards of the world, sentencing me  
to life in prison. It doesn't  
matter. My brothers who understand  
will be locked up with me. They'll  
help me get rid of the niggers  
we're locked up with.

INT. MEN PRISON SHOWER - AFTERNOON

Steven is alone in the prisoner shower with his head against the wall.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
If this world wasn't so fucked up,  
I wouldn't be in prison. It saddens  
me that the judge and jury placed  
me here, but whatever. As I told  
detective Carter, I'll be fine.

The sound of footsteps are heard on the wet floor.

Steven turns his attention to where the footsteps are coming from.

He sees four muscular, tatted white men in towels staring at him, smiling.

TATTOOED MAN

You're the cop who was killing the niggers, right?

STEVEN

Yes, my brother. Unfortunately, like you the others who we thought were our brothers and sisters placed all of us who believe niggers should be killed behind bars.

TATTOOED MAN

Yeah, those stupid crackers feel niggers have a say. They know goddamn well their only purpose in life is to be slaves.

STEVEN

Finally! I've reached my brothers who understand where I'm coming from.

They remain with the same comforting smiles, slowly approaching Steven.

TATTOOED MAN

Oh, we agree with you. There's just one thing.

STEVEN

What's that, my brother?

The tattooed man swings his left effortlessly, knocking Steven to the floor.

The men drop their towels on the floor.

Steven attempts to get up, but one of the men makes sure he doesn't, placing a foot in the center of his back, kneeling, and gripping his head under the chin.

The tattooed man smiles, stepping behind Steven, staring at his wet naked flesh, smiling.

TATTOOED MAN

You did good eliminating the  
niggers we couldn't get to, but the  
fact remains, you're a nigger.

STEVEN

Wait! Wait, I'm---

TATTOOED MAN

You're a good nigger who helped us  
out. Now, shut the fuck up and take  
your reward.

The pure terror shown on his face and the laughter heard in  
the background can't compare to his lingering screams.

BLACK SCREEN:

"Hate is a meal that closed minds enjoy eating without  
knowing why."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: