

ONLY TOWARDS YOU

By

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final draft

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FADE IN:

INT. THE CHURCH - MORNING

A closed casket rests in front of the room.

DONNA, a beautiful light skin woman with long curly hair wearing something casual comes into the room.

She's carrying a folding chair in her left hand, and in the right she's holding a gift bag with three white roses sticking out.

Reaching the casket, she places the bag down, and then unfolds the chair, propping it beside the casket.

She takes a seat on the chair.

Grief heavily outlines her face.

We can tell she wants to cry, but she's doing her best holding back the tears.

DONNA

I won't say I didn't see this coming because I did. I will say I was hoping you'd smarten up, but look at us now.

(Soft chuckle)

Don't worry, I won't lecture you. You didn't listen while you were alive, so why would you listen now?

(Low chuckle)

Do you remember our plans? Do you remember we said we'll grow old together while sitting on the beach looking back laughing at all the fun we had?

She lowers her head sighing, but somehow manages to get a slight delightful laugh out.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I don't have a lot of time, so let me get this off my chest. You know how we get down, so I don't want everybody in our business.

She goes in the bag pulling out a cute little diary placing it on her lap.

The way she places her hand on the cover with the brightest

smile, we can tell what's in the book made her feel special.

DONNA (CONT'D)

The first few pages had me in tears reading about the abuse you went through. No one believed you were getting molested as child causing your thoughts of suicide. Fast-forwarding to when we met, it verified you loved me, until...

She releases a sarcastic chuckle, shaking her head, opening the diary flipping through the pages.

DONNA (CONT'D)

...Our friendship and what I thought was love was a lie. You dragged me through the mud behind my back, but made sure I was clean when we were together. Why were you talking about me behind my back? You thought I wanted the little boy who placed you here? I'm calling him a little boy because you and I both know he's far from a man.

(Scoffs)

You thought I wanted him, and I was the only one telling you, you should leave him alone?

She takes a moment gathering her thoughts, thinking of how her friend died believing she would betray her weighs heavy on the heart.

After a few more seconds, she does a low sniffle looking down at the diary, and then the casket shaking her head.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You were the sister I wish I had growing up, and I thought you felt the same about me. But...I guess the love from a man's penis is thicker than a bond between friends, and longer than the rough road I went down with you.

No longer able to hold back her tears, she places her hands over her face crying.

Sulking in sorrow, she keeps her hands over her face as we listen to the cries.

Finally calming her emotions, she slowly drags her hands down her face along with the tears.

Taking one last look at the diary, she sighs deeply, placing it on the floor.

She goes back in the bag, but this time she pulls out a picture frame.

From feeling sad, she looks at the picture smiling, delighted with humor.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I remember when I took this picture. It was the day before your birthday, and we decided we should celebrate the day before and on your birthday. Me being me, I thought it was a ladies night out.

(Scoffs)

From looking at my face you knew I was uncomfortable, but because you were my best friend, I went along with it. For some reason you just knew he was the one.

She stands up staring at the picture before finally placing it on the casket.

We see the picture has been ripped in half, leaving the image of a dark skin muscular man wearing a tank top.

The smile on his face signifies whatever he was doing, he was enjoying himself.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Look at him. Look how happy he looks. I had to remove you from the picture. I felt it would be inappropriate showing the miserable person in what was supposedly a happy relationship.

(Laughs)

This was the day before your birthday. ...You were perfectly happy until you told him our location. And then it went from being fun, to all about him within seconds.

She points her finger at the picture, shaking it with deep emotions.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I caught a bad vibe from you right off the back when you approached her. No man with genuine intentions would approach a woman with that typical line, and then laugh as if you were playing, knowing you were serious. But...I understand why your approach was so basic. Women these days love hearing trash thinking it's cute.

(Scoffs)

Unfortunately for my best friend...well, the woman I thought was my best friend. In her case she had no idea of what she was stepping into. She was desperately seeking love. What she thought she wanted in a man, she thought she found it in you.

She places her hand up towards the picture as if he was about to speak, and she was telling him to stop.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Do you wanna know what makes this sad? The day she found out your money was a mirage, your loyalty was less than a grain of sand, and your street portrayal was only relevant when it came to the fights between you and her.

(Scoffs)

But...the day before her birthday should've been her sign you were no good. Sadly...she stayed with you, thinking the dream of happiness she searched for finally came true. ...She also forgot no matter how many good dreams you have, a nightmare is always right around the corner.

Still staring at the picture, she just shakes her head before turning her attention back to the gift bag.

She reaches inside, and then pauses for a moment, as if something is holding her back from the item she wants to retrieve.

After a few seconds, she pulls her clenched hand from the bag, and the tears start falling again.

With her clenched hand, she rubs it across her brow in

aggravation, trying to grasp why she's in this situation.

Slowly lowering her hand, she opens it revealing a pair of torn blood stained panties.

DONNA (CONT'D)

(Sobbing)

This was some birthday gift he gave you. You kept telling him no, and he still took what he wanted. Due to your past nobody believed he raped you. And when he said it was something you wanted because you saw it in a movie didn't make it any better. What virgin would want her first time aggressively violent?

(Sniffles)

Even with me going down to the police station filing a report with you, it didn't serve you justice. I was the only one who believed you, and you stabbed me through the heart and in the back.

She gently places the panties beside the picture.

While she continues sobbing, she pats the panties before taking her seat.

DONNA (CONT'D)

From that point on people thought you were sprung on his sex, when in reality you had no choice in the matter. Whenever he wanted it, and how he wanted it was no longer an option for you. The day he proposed a threesome, and I turned him down before he could even think about attempting to persuade me, I guess that's when you began thinking I wanted him behind your back.

(Laughs)

I guess I can't blame you. He was sleeping with any and everything behind your back, and sometimes blatantly in front of you. Why? Not just because you bragged on him so much, but he knew you wouldn't stand your ground and leave or speak back. That's when he got you turned out on women because you had no choice but

to join in the threesome's he wanted.
(Scoffs)

The irony is within that same week,
that's when he convinced you to stop
communicating with me. Once he did
that...there was no stopping him. He
had full control over you, and that's
why we're sitting here talking like
this.

She gets up from her chair and begins pacing back and forth
shaking her head, sobbing, regretting the entire aspect of
why she's speaking with her dead friend, instead of trying to
do something to prevent what happened.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Why didn't I do something? Why did I
let him stop me from helping you, and
you were my sister? Who made him God,
deciding our bond should end?

She pauses, and starts rubbing her chin looking around.

As if a light bulb just went off in her head, she looks up in
the air snapping her fingers, knowing she has the answer to
what she just spoke about aloud.

DONNA (CONT'D)

My mother told me when I was younger
there's nothing wrong with helping
people, but you can't help those who
don't help themselves. That's why I
didn't push harder to help you. That's
why I was submissive when you told me
he said we couldn't talk, but I knew
you truthfully didn't wanna go through
with what he said. ...In your mind,
which was his mind welded into
yours...when you met him, and
everything he put you through...you
came to the conclusion that you didn't
need me anymore.

Still pondering as if she has something else she wants to
speak on, she finally smiles, walking back to the chair
taking a seat.

Continuing laughing, she reaches down in the bag grabbing the
three roses.

Holding the roses in her left hand, she taps her heart as

if she's placing the blame of what happened to her friend on herself, but in actuality, she's acknowledging what she's about to say, feeling she won't be in the wrong.

She glances at her watch, and then she looks at the roses cracking somewhat of a smile.

DONNA (CONT'D)

My time is almost up. Well...I brought you three roses. Two for each crucial moment in your life, and one personally from me. The first rose I'll place down is for your miscarriage only you and I know about.

She places one of the roses on the casket.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Despite him knowing you were pregnant, he would still beat on you, and make you smoke and drink. You had the ability to birth a new life, and you still loved him more than yourself, and your own child. So, this rose is for the life of an innocent child who didn't deserve what happened.

(Scoffs)

This next rose is for the everlasting gift he gave you.

She places another rose on the casket.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Being loyal to a clown got you one thing I'm guessing he made sure you'll keep. Herpes was the only true gift he gave you without hesitation. Another secret kept between me and you. In a strange sense, even if you did move on, it would've been hard considering what he gave. True, there's medications for it, but it's embarrassing revealing this to someone.

(Sniffles)

This last one...

She places the final rose on the casket.

DONNA (CONT'D)

...Here's mine from me to you. I love

myself the same way I loved you, if not more. I wish you loved yourself like you loved him, and maybe you'd still be here. Then again...maybe this was the only way you could escape the pain in your life. Only you know the truth. But, I'll tell you this much. No matter how much you talked about me behind my back, I'll forever love you. I wish you were here with me now, but we can't always have what we want, nor can we question what apparently was meant to happen. I hope wherever you're at, you're at peace.

She walks to the head of the casket, and then turns around gripping both sides, slowly placing her head down on the casket in a loving manner, closing her eyes.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I hope what he put you through happens to him while he rots in jail. It didn't take long for the jury to convict him. Aside from him getting what he deserved...it was funny watching him kicking and crying as they dragged him off, saying what happened was an accident. I loved her.

(Chuckles)

So, my last few words to you are...the image you believed was true was an act. He was only tough towards you because you allowed him.

She places a soft kiss on the casket, and then slowly stands straight.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I love you. Until we meet again.

As she wipes her eyes as she makes her way to the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHURCH - MORNING

Now, the room is filled with grieving family and friends.

Standing in front of the casket is Donna's friend BRITTANY wearing a black dress with her hair down.

As tears run down her pretty brown cheeks, we notice the gift bag with the three white roses sticking out beside her foot.

Resting on the casket is the picture we saw earlier, only now we see Donna standing next to her boyfriend, and as it was explained, he's the only one happy in the picture.

Just from looking at Brittany, we sense it's taking a lot for her to be here mourning her dead friend.

BRITTANY

(Sobbing)

...I'm sorry I'm taking so long, but understand, she was more than a friend. She was the sister I wish I had.

She reaches down in the gift bag pulling out a piece of paper.

As she looks it over, she takes a deep breath, and then slowly exhales.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Before I begin with my poem, I would just like to say...

(Deep breath)

I won't say I didn't see this coming because I did. I was just hoping she would've opened her eyes before it came to this point.

(Sniffles)

I would also like to say, I brought with me an item that might offend some just like the picture I placed on the casket, but her family has to know the pain she went through that was ignored. I also have her diary with me, which will back up my words and the picture.

(Sniffles, clears throat)

With that said...I'll start with my poem. I call it only towards you.

Gaining her focus, she glances down at the paper, and then back up at the people.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

A spider's web has many layers,
catching you off guard if you're not

aware, once snared, the complication of escaping becomes aware. A predator in its own nature creating this contraption for survival, feeding on its victim until it goes idle, this metaphor will be flipped so it can reflect you two as an item, you blindly flew into the web, and now we're here saying goodbye to you. His eyes spoke the lies salivating the cortex of your mind, while his lips adored the confusion he installed in your mind, a beautiful presentation of lies, Within minutes, your heart was no longer yours, clutched in the cold grasp of his hands due to his perfectly orchestrated lies. The oil painting was ruined by your own tears streaming down your face. Your inner beauty of light is going dim, taking the mental and physical abuse from him, you know it doesn't matter to him, destroying your beauty and vaginal hem are the only things that mattered to him. The fly caught on the spider's web. Seconds away from your eternal bed, apologies won't bring you back from the dead, you allowed his nonsense to linger in your head, and he made sure by any means his presence was the only thing lurking in your head, and now you're dead. He's crying lies of apologies on his jail bed. My tears are lacing every word now, which I should've told you before you ended up dead. He only acted that way towards you because you refused to get rid of him.

She wipes her eyes, taking a nice breather, staring at the people in their chairs.

They're silent for the moment digesting her words before slowly starting to clap.

As the clapping grows louder, we slowly fade out.

"Without a real friend watching your back, it'll always be exposed for a dagger to easily stab you."

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END CREDITS