

THE CONDOM

By

Bernard Mersier

[BernardMersier8913@gmail.com](mailto:BernardMersier8913@gmail.com)

BLACK SCREEN:

"Conception was designed for happiness, but you have those who use this for their own benefits."

Bernard Mersier

CLOSE UP - DANTE'S FACE

We see a peacefully sleeping four-month-old boy with a smile on his innocent brown face, lying on a fluffy white pillow. A white beanie is snugly on his head.

DANTE (V.O.)

My mother and father love me.

(Clears throat)

Pardon my raspy voice. It probably runs on my father's side. But right now...I'd like to share something special. I wanna share what love truly means. Not just through my eyes, but the eyes of my loving parents as well. It all started nine months ago.

EXT. THE GAS STATION - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: DETROIT, MICHIGAN - SUMMER 2018

The gas station is located on a dim corner with streetlights flickering on and off. Luckily for the customers, the bright lights coming from the gas station gives a little comfort. The last car resting by a gas pump pulls off.

Coming from around the corner wearing some skimpy shorts and a T-Shirt is DOMINIQUE. She's in her early-twenties, jaw-dropping sexy with the perfect body, smooth caramel skin and long hair.

You can tell by her walk she's filled with confidence, knowing she can have any man she wants with the just the bat of an eye. Approaching the gas station door, she walks in without a care because this is her neighborhood, and basically knows everybody.

While inside the gas station, she begins browsing. The GAS STATION ATTENDANT stares in awe behind the glass wishing he could sleep with her, but considering he knows how she rolls, he doesn't have a chance.

As she continues shopping, loud music can be heard outside that comes to a stop, followed by a truck door being heard opened and closed. Turning our attention to the door, in comes JAMAL, mid-twenties on the husky side, clean cut, dark brown skin, dripping with jewelry, wearing fancy clothes.

Cool as the wind that followed in behind him, he walks up to the counter prepared to pay for his gas. Dominique comes up holding two packs of noodles, some chips and a pop. Jamal turns looking at her, and he has to catch himself from being overwhelmed by her body and beauty.

Dominique likes what she sees, but plays as if she's annoyed, trying to see what he's about.

DOMINIQUE

Can I help you?

JAMAL

Can you?

DOMINIQUE

If that's all, can you move so I can pay for my stuff?

Jamal notices the items and cracks a smile showing his pearly whites, shaking his head.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

What?

JAMAL

Don't tell me that's dinner.

DOMINIQUE

So?

JAMAL

How about you let me take you to dinner?

DOMINIQUE

No thanks. I wouldn't wanna spend your gas money.

JAMAL

(Laughs)

Gas money?

He goes in his pocket pulling out a wad of money, mainly hundreds and fifties. This completely gains Dominique's attention, but she can't let it be known.

DOMINIQUE

What does that mean? You could be the typical nigga who saves up all his checks, just to stunt like he ballin'.

JAMAL

Is that right? Look out there and you tell me.

DOMINIQUE'S POV

She looks out the gas station door and sees the fully kitted all-black Yukon with tinted windows. That's all she needed to seal the deal. Not only because she loves drug dealers, but because that's how she makes ends meet, charging for her services.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Well?

DOMINIQUE

I guess you working with a little something.

JAMAL

So, are you gon' let me put some real food on your stomach?

DOMINIQUE

We can do that. It's nothing more than dinner, right?

Jamal smiles putting his hands up, taking a step back.

JAMAL

It's nothing more than that, beautiful.  
I'm not a creep out here in these streets.  
You look like you're in a tight spot for  
food, so why not lend a hand?

Dominique blushes.

DOMINIQUE

Do you do this with every woman you meet?

JAMAL

Honestly, I'm used to women approaching  
me. This is a first.

DOMINIQUE

Is that right?

JAMAL

Yes, ma'am. I'm Jamal, by the way.

DOMINIQUE

I'm Dominique.

JAMAL

Well, Dominique. How about you leave this  
stuff here, and go wait in the truck?

Dominique places her items down, looking at him strange.

DOMINIQUE

You trust me to sit in your truck alone?

JAMAL

It's nothing in there you could take that  
I can't replace. And if you decide to get  
down on me, I can only blame myself.

DOMINIQUE

You keep it real. Okay. I'll be outside.

She smiles at him rubbing her hand across his face, before  
making her way out the gas station.

Jamal turns looking at her ass as she makes her way to his truck getting in. Turning back facing the gas station attendant with a smile, Jamal already knows he'll be sleeping with her by the end of their date.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Why did you go through that whole process?  
It's not that hard to get with her.

JAMAL

I know. But sometimes, you gotta make hoes  
feel special. Let me get a box of magnums,  
and sixty on pump three.

Jamal places a hundred dollar bill in the slot.

The gas station attendant takes the money ringing up the total, and then he gives Jamal his change and condoms.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

It's good you're taking the smart route  
with her. She's known around here.

Jamal takes his change placing it in his pocket, and then he grabs the condoms.

JAMAL

Have you got down with her?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Nope. I wish I could.

JAMAL

Then don't worry about what I do. Have a  
good night.

Jamal walks out the gas station.

The gas station attendant looks on shaking his head.

FADE TO BLACK:

DANTE (V.O.)

This began the love between my mother and  
father. Although, I think my mother wanted

me more than my father. Why you ask? Have a look for yourself.

INT. INSIDE JAMAL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Jamal is sitting in the driver seat looking flashy as usual, but at this moment, his cool composure has been replaced with anger, as he takes a sip from the liquor bottle, followed by a pull from his cigarette.

Dominique is sitting in the passenger seat cleaning the dirty from under her nails, not caring the situation can reach a critical point.

DOMINIQUE

So, what are you doing about this situation?

Taking another sip from the bottle, he shakes his head looking forward.

JAMAL

What do you mean? I'm giving you the money to get it taken care of.

DOMINIQUE

And I told you, I don't believe in abortions. You better man up and accept what you did.

JAMAL

You don't believe in abortions, but you out here hoeing? Explain.

DOMINIQUE

I don't have to explain shit! Regardless of what you think I do, that has nothing to do with what happened between us!

He takes a pull from his cigarette and then slams the butt down in the ashtray, turning to look at her with rage in his eyes. She looks at him rolling her eyes, not impressed by the tough guy.

JAMAL

Bitch, I know for a fact I had on a

condom! You better find that weak ass nigga who got you knocked up!

DOMINIQUE

You weak ass nigga! Why did I even bother letting you get some of this good shit?

JAMAL

Bitch---

DOMINIQUE

First off, you can quit this so-called tough shit, because I know you soft. Second, if you call me another bitch, I know something.

Jamal goes to reach under his shirt for his gun, and she places a hand up in face, followed with laughter.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

I don't know why you reaching and we both know you won't use it. And even if you did, I already told my people everything they need to know about you, from where you hang and where you keep your shit. I should've known yo ass was soft, because no real man tells a woman he just met that much information after a few dates. So, since you pussy-whipped, and we both know it. You're about to take care of me and this baby, and that's all there is to it.

Knowing she spoke the truth, Jamal removes his hand and leans back in his seat, taking another sip from the bottle.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Take me home.

With no further words, Jamal starts the truck pulling off.

FADE TO BLACK:

DANTE (V.O.)

See what I mean? Now despite the arguments, my dad grew to love me. They



still argued from time to time, and he would always take me and mom to this place where they would talk with a stranger about who I should live with. In my mind, I was confused why I couldn't have them both. But I'm happy, and despite what dad goes through every other week with the stranger...he's happy as well. Here we are, four months later.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DANTE'S POV

We can tell from the view and how the sound of clutter gently moved by his little hands, he's lying on his stomach. The entire bed is filled with clothes, makeup kits, paper plates with old food and empty pop cans. All of this rests on top of stained mattress, because the sheet is nowhere to be found.

The bedroom door is open, allowing us to see the hallway. Dominique can be heard talking loud. It appears as if she's angry the way she's yelling.

DANTE (V.O.)

Mommy loves leaving things for me to place in my mouth. I don't know if it's because I'm not loud enough or she doesn't understand the words I'm saying. But...she always comes when this weird taste and bright color fills my mouth, causing me to scream.

We see Dominique quickly storm pass the bedroom door still talking loud, but we couldn't get a good look at her.

DANTE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She must be talking to dad. How do I know? Because the other men I've seen her with who get loud, she seems to enjoy how they speak, because she ends up on top of them or they're on top of her, causing her to make some strange sounds.

We hear a door being slammed.

Dante slowly inches across the bed, reaching for a knife

resting on top of a paper plate.

Just as he gets ready to reach for the knife, Dominique comes to the door, and now we get a good look at her.

As messy as her room is, she's dressed to the nines, wearing a fitted dress with heels. Her hair is curled and her makeup is flawless. Looking at her expression we can tell she has an attitude, storming over to Dante snatching him up, staring at him sucking her teeth, wishing he was never born.

DOMINIQUE

What the hell are you doing?

(Scoffs)

You're just as stupid as your father. Always doing dumb-shit, instead of what you're supposed to do. But, you're not about to ruin my night. I'm trying to get lit and collect the niggas spending money. So, since grandma said you kept her up all night, I got something special for you.

She places him down, and then reaches on the floor picking up a baby bottle with some milk left inside. With a smile, she stands up walking over to the dresser, which is just as filthy as the rest of the room. Opening the bottle, she places some more milk inside, followed by opening up a double shot of vodka pouring it inside.

She closes the bottle shaking it real good with a smile, making sure the vodka mixes with the milk. Walking back to the bed, she picks Dante up placing the bottle in his mouth.

DOMINIQUE

This should keep you down for the night. I have to make sure I put you in the other room, and lock my bedroom door. I don't want people thinking I don't take care of you. I guess I should change your clothes and pissy diaper, too.

(Scoffs)

Your punk ass daddy is gon' wish he stayed

with me.

DANTE'S POV

His vision is slowly starting to fade, staring at his mother looking down at him with a look of disgust.

DANTE (V.O.)

Whatever she put in my milk...it doesn't taste the same as in the beginning. There's a weird burning sensation in my stomach, but I'm too tired to speak. Maybe it's good for me, considering I love staying up late. But, who am I? Mommy knows best.

Within a few more blinks, Dante is fast asleep.

FADE TO BLACK

DANTE (V.O.)

This new milk my mother gave me went on for the next few weeks. I always seemed to throw it up, but she kept giving it to me. I couldn't complain...it did help me sleep. Whenever dad would see me, he would ask what's wrong me. She would always say it's something babies go through. I wonder why she never told him about the special milk. Ah, well. Here we are, another Saturday. Mom is going out again, and grandma is watching me for the night.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S HOUSE - THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Surprisingly, unlike her bedroom, the bathroom is actually clean. We can only assume because this is where she spends majority of her time, she has no choice but to keep it clean.

Dominique is standing by the sink with her arms folded across her chest staring down at Dante in his baby bather in the tub halfway filled with water.

DANTE (V.O.)

By this time, I become accustomed to the special milk. It still made me sleepy, but I was able to stay awake. Right now,

I'm just relaxing, enjoying my bath.

Dominique's phone resting on the sink begins ringing. She quickly picks it up with a smile.

DOMINIQUE

What's the word?

(Listens)

Well, who all gon' be there? You know I only deal with real D boys. I don't have time for small time niggas. I need hundreds and up if you spending with me.

(Listens)

Shit, I'll be in there shaking this ass. You know I got cakes for days. When you coming to get me?

Dominique walks out the bathroom, but we can still hear her talking.

DANTE'S POV

He's looking out into the hallway, but we can tell by the way the water is rising, the alcohol is kicking in, and he's starting to drift off.

DANTE (V.O.)

Yeah...it's close to naptime. But...why am I still in the tub? It's okay. I'm sure mom will be in here at any moment.

The apartment door can be heard opened and slammed closed.

DANTE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm guessing she went downstairs to let her company in. It's cool. I'll lay here and take a little nap. She'll be in here before I know.

The water level becomes higher as Dante slides down into the water, still looking outwards toward the hallway.

FADE TO BLACK:

AN HOUR LATER

INT. DOMINIQUE'S HOUSE - THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

DANTE'S POV

He's under the water, but still looking towards the hallway. The apartment door can be heard opened and closed.

TAMALA, Dominique's mother voice can be heard. We can hear the confusion in her tone as she moves around the room.

TAMALA (O.S.)

Did this girl leave my grandson in her room? He's supposed to be in his crib, especially if she left before I got here. That girl, I swear.

We hear her moving through the apartment towards Dominique's room.

The sound of the door knob being rattled is heard, letting us know the door is locked.

TAMALA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Maybe she took him with her. She needs to spend more time with the boy. It doesn't matter if she's not with his daddy, that's still her child. Let me use this bathroom. I'll call her later.

Footsteps are heard approaching the bathroom.

She reaches the door, and we see she's a fairly aged brown skin woman wearing something with sophistication.

When she realizes what she sees, she instantly breaks down crying rushing to the tub grabbing Dante's dead body from the water, placing him against her chest as the water stains her clothes, the same as the tears coming from her eyes.

TAMALA

Oh my God, What is wrong with her?! Not my little man! Lord please, not my little man!

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

As we saw in the beginning, Dante is peacefully sleeping, but now at a wider angle, we see he's inside a casket with white roses on each side of him.

Some music can be heard in the background, but it doesn't compare to the weeping coming from Jamal standing over his only child's casket, wishing he could've got custody preventing this from happening.

DANTE (V.O.)

I'm finally in a better place, but my father is in pain. It's okay. The angels told me what he contracted from mom will send him to me soon. The angels also told me, if mommy doesn't get killed in jail, what she gave daddy will kill her quicker than what she gave him. Well...how do you like my love story? As I said...I have no idea why it turned out this way. But the irony is if she didn't want to deal with this type of love, all she had to do was...

CUT TO:

INT. THE MOTEL - THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dominique is standing in her bra and panties looking in the mirror with a sinister smile.

JAMAL (O.S.)

Come on girl, you got daddy wanting to long!

DOMINIQUE

Here I come.

She looks down with her eyes.

DOMINIQUE'S POV

On the sink is a pill bottle of "ART" pills. In her right hand she's holding a condom in the wrapper and in the left is a safety pin she uses to puncture little holes into the condom.

Placing the pin down, she looks back up in the mirror with the same sinister smile, winking at her reflection before turning towards the door.

DANTE (V.O.)

...Let the condom do what it was designed to  
do.

She walks out the door.

FADE TO BLACK:

"You're blessed with children for reasons beyond your  
thought process. Don't accept a blessing if you're taking  
it for granted."

Bernard Mersier

**TITLE CARD**

END CREDITS