

OPERATION GET RID OF PINKY

by

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Registered WGAw

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INT. JAIL - DAY

ALLEN, (22), tall, black, slouches in his seat waiting patiently in front of a pane of glass. He looks around, bored, as a GUARD can be seen standing on the other side of the room. In front of Allen is a pink box with a pink bow.

Allen quickly sits up in his seat as he sees a PINK GLOVE grab a phone from the other side of the glass. Allen quickly picks up the phone and looks into the glass in shock.

The VOICE on the other end of the phone is real 'ghetto' and belongs to PINKY.

PINKY

How come it took you this long to see me?

ALLEN

Goddamn! I know you like pink and All, but what the hell did they do to you in here.

PINKY

Let's just say prison changes a bitch. I swear when I find that undercover cop who put me in here, there's going to be some slicing and dicing going on.

Allen puts his finger over his mouth.

ALLEN

Shhh, be quiet. One of the guards might hear you. By the way, you get them pills I sent you?

PINKY

Yeah. I got them shits.

ALLEN

What do you need them for anyway?

PINKY

I got a serious colon infection up in here. My shit looks like bloody shredded wheat.

Allen's cheeks fill with vomit. He quickly covers his mouth to not let it out. He lifts his head back and swallows the vomit.

ALLEN
(grimaces)
So, when you getting out?

PINKY
Soon. I'll probably do the rest of
my time on house arrest.

ALLEN
That's what's up. It'll be just like
ol' times.

PINKY
I got some things I'm going to need
you to do once I get out, though.

GUARD (O.S.)
Times up.

ALLEN
All right. I'll see your pink ass
when you get out then. Oh, shit!
I almost forgot.

Allen opens up the pink box and lifts up a pink bar of
soap attached to a piece of rope.

ALLEN
I got you some soap on a rope to
keep that fat ass of yours clean.

PINKY
I don't need that shit. I got
bitches in here that do that
for me.

We see the pink glove hang up the phone.

INT. CAR - DAY

DAVE, (25), black, holds the steering wheel, bobbing his
head to music. He looks into his mirror and realizes a
cop car behind him has its sirens on.

DAVE
You got to be kidding me!

Dave pulls the car over to the side of the road.

EXT./INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

A COP, (40's), white, chubby, walks up to Dave's car.

COP
License and registration.

Dave mumbles while handing him the paperwork.

COP
There has been a report of a stolen Neon.

DAVE
Who the fuck wants to steal a purple Neon?

COP
Don't get smart with me boy!

DAVE
Look up in your computer. I am innocent!

COP
That's not my job!

DAVE
Not your job? Well, what the fuck is your job?

The Cop mumbles under his breath.

COP
To pull you over.

The Cop walks away and sits back in his car.

SUPER: 30 MINUTES LATER

INT. CAR - DAY

Dave sits, disgruntled, in the car. He bangs the steering wheel in rage.

DAVE
What the fuck is taking so long?

The Cop walks back up to Dave's car and hands Dave his paperwork back along with a ticket.

DAVE
What is this for?

COP
Can't you read?

Dave quickly reads the ticket.

DAVE
I had my seat belt on! I had to take it off to reach into my glove compartment.

COP
Sign the ticket, please.

DAVE
(mumbling)
Get the fuck out of here.

Dave signs the ticket.

INT. ALLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Allen is playing a video game on a laptop computer. Dave walks in.

ALLEN
What took so long?

DAVE
Man, I got fucking pulled over!

ALLEN
For what?

DAVE
Being black.

Allen laughs.

DAVE
Do you believe the pig said there was a report for stolen Neons?

ALLEN

Who the fuck steals a purple Neon?

DAVE

That's what I said.

ALLEN

You're cool, though. I know you got insurance.

DAVE

Fuck no I ain't cool! I got a ticket for not wearing my seatbelt.

Allen laughs again.

ALLEN

Seatbelts save lives.

DAVE

How the fuck do you get a ticket for twenty dollars and seventy-two cents?

Dave hands the ticket to Allen.

ALLEN

That is crazy.

DAVE

Why didn't they just round it up? Or, God forbid, they round it down.

Allen puts down the ticket and continues to play the video game.

DAVE

Man, you need to stop playing these games and get a job.

ALLEN

Nigga, leave me alone! I know what I'm doing.

DAVE

You better not let your dad hear you talk like this. Come to think of it, you better not let him catch you playing with the computer again.

ALLEN

I'm not worried about my pops. See, you made me mess up.

Allen slams the controller to the ground.

DAVE

You remember the last time.

ALLEN

Anyhow, I was thinking... do you think you could hook me up at your job?

DAVE

I will talk to my boss.

ALLEN

Good looking.

Allen's father, CALVIN, (42), wearing a UPS uniform walks in the door. His eyes are droopy from a hard days work.

ALLEN

Damn, pops! You all right?

CALVIN

Fuck, no I ain't all right!

DAVE

(to Calvin)

You still working at UPS?

CALVIN

Can't you kids read today?

Calvin points at his uniform.

DAVE

It was a rhetorical question. Allen, didn't you work there?

CALVIN

That punk only lasted two days.

ALLEN

Man, I ain't working for no under
payed slaves.

Allen and Dave laugh.

DAVE

How long you been there for now?

CALVIN

About ten years.

DAVE

And they still didn't promote you yet.

ALLEN

He's the head nigger in charge.
They stopped using the whips on him.

Allen and Dave continue to laugh.

CALVIN

At least I have a job.

(looks at Allen)

I know if someone don't find one
soon, there will be someone looking
for a place to stay.

Calvin and Dave laugh. Calvin quickly stops laughing as
he notices his computer is turned on.

CALVIN

What the fuck you doing with
my computer?

ALLEN

(stutters)

I think mom was playing with it.

CALVIN

I ought to...

Calvin raises his hand back, ready to strike Allen.

DAVE
I better get going.

Dave gets up from the couch, grabs his work bag, and walks toward the door.

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY

CHARLES, (28), tall, black, stands next to KEITH, (27), black, cornrows, who points at a group of FEMALES across the street. Dave approaches and greets Charles and Keith with a handshake.

KEITH
What's good, Dave?
(smirks)
You got any deals for me?

Charles laughs.

DAVE
Yeah, laugh it up. Just wait till I get this promotion and I cop that big-body Benz. Then we'll see who's laughing.

A HOT WHITE GIRL passes by.

KEITH
Damn, that jawn looks good as Shit! Stinking dog.

DAVE
Come on, man. She got a buttbody.

CHARLES
Buttbody? I've heard of buttaface, but buttbody?

Dave points at the girl.

DAVE
Yeah. Everything looks good but her body. Bitch looks like Paris Hilton on crack.

KEITH
(smiles)
I thought you liked Ricans.

DAVE
Hold up. She's Rican.

Dave wipes his eyes and squints, trying to get a better look.

DAVE
She does have a little ass on her. The fucking sun must've been in my eyes.

KEITH
Get the fuck out of here!

Coming out of the store, listening to a walkman is RAY, (25), white, mumbling lyrics to a rap song.

DAVE
Where are we, Eight mile?

Keith and Ray shake hands as Ray passes by.

CHARLES
You know boy?

KEITH
Yeah. We used to work together. My man loves himself some black jawns.

DAVE
Come on! What black jawn is going to let him smash? Boy needs to stick to smashing fruit, like Gallagher.

CHARLES
I feel you on that.

Charles gives Dave a pound.

KEITH
Ya'll some fucking haters.

DAVE

All right I'm out. I got to go
make this money.

Dave shakes hands with Charles and Keith and walks across
the street.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Dave eats at a table with his BOSS, (45), Asian, delayed
speech like in the kung-fu movies. Next to the boss is
AKMAL, (25), Islamic, long beard, and speaks with a
strong Middle Eastern accent. A WAITER refills their
water glasses. Dave's boss reaches into his pocket and
puts a small pill container on the table with the label
E-RECT.

DAVE

What the...

BOSS

E-rect! This is the new Viagra,
boys. Keeps your penis hard for
a minimum 48 hours.

AKMAL

Who in their right mind would
want their dick, excuse me...
penis, hard for that long?

BOSS

Let me just tell you that my ol'
lady ain't complaining.

DAVE

So, what happens when you got to
piss?

BOSS

That is the one downside. My
bathroom walls are like waterfalls.
But, never mind that. I need you guys
to sell a couple cases of this.

AKMAL

A couple cases!

BOSS

You two are my best salesmen, so I
know you can get it done. Then
again if you don't, your jobs may

be on the line.

The boss takes a big bite of his sandwich.

DAVE

So, I guess a raise is out of the question?

BOSS

I'll tell you this. If you two meet your goals for this upcoming month, I will talk to the district manager and see what I can do.

AKMAL

(under his breath)

Bullshit.

The boss stops eating and looks at Akmal.

BOSS

What did you say?

AKMAL

Nothing. Nothing at all.

DAVE

(to boss)

So, are you still hiring? Cause I have a friend that really needs a job.

BOSS

Is he a hard worker?

DAVE

(smirks)

When it comes to selling, yeah, I guess you could say that.

BOSS

Have him stop by the office to fill out an application.

The boss makes a 'quotation' gesture with his hands.

BOSS

Is he Afro-American?

Both Dave and Akmal look at the boss like he's crazy.

DAVE

Yeah.

BOSS
Then it shouldn't be a problem
getting him hired then. Gotta
love that affirmative action.

Silence.

DAVE
I'm going to give my boy a call
now and let him know.

Dave moves away from the table and pulls out his cell
phone.

BOSS
Make sure he knows he will have
to take a piss test. I know you
home boys love to smoke the reefer.

Dave gives an unfriendly smirk at his boss and dials a
number.

Akmal turns to his boss.

AKMAL
You can't be serious?

The boss wipes his mouth with a napkin, gets up from his
seat, and pats Akmal on the shoulder.

BOSS
Damn! I gotta piss like Smarty
Jones! Pick up the check for me.

The boss walks away. Akmal looks at him angrily as he
leaves, then picks up the check.

AKMAL
Fucking cheap ass!

EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Dave, with his cell phone to his ear, looks at a SKINNY
WHITE GIRL crossing the street holding hands with a BLACK
MAN.

DAVE
(shakes head at black man)
Are you serious?
(into phone)
Yo, Allen!

ALLEN (V.O.)
What's up, Dave?

DAVE

I talked to my boss and I think
your in. All you got to do is
fill out an application and
take a piss test.

ALLEN (V.O.)

Piss test! How the fuck am I
going to pass that? My piss
is dirtier than those hoes
you fuck wit.

DAVE

Ha ha. Word on the street is
you been fucking fat bitches for
change.

ALLEN (V.O.)

What about this piss test?

DAVE

Don't worry about it. I got you on
this one.

Dave shuts off his cell phone.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

PINKY'S CREW, three black girls with different colored
scarves over their heads, SHADOW, BLINKY and POKEY,
huddle on the steps.

SHADOW

I can't wait to see my girl.

POKEY

It's going to be on now.

The front doors of the jail open to a pink haze. The
camera pans up to reveal pink slippers, pink dress, pink
gloves, pink bandana and a pink head covering. It is
Pinky. The only part of her body that isn't covered in
pink is her eyes.

PINKY

I'm.... back.

Pinky's crew hugs her with excitement. A THUG GIRL walks
past and sees the girls all hugging Pinky. She turns to
a SHORT MAN walking by.

THUG GIRL

(shouts to short man)
Look, this bitch thinks she

cute wearing all pink.
(to Pinky)
Bitch, you ain't cute.

The thug girl laughs uncontrollably.

BLINKY
Fuck you, hoe! You know who your
talking to?

POKEY
Bitch, I'll cut your nipples off
and feed um' to you!

THUG GIRL
You bitches ain't gonna do shit.

Pinky touches two members of her crew gently on the
shoulders, then she approaches the thug girl slowly, like
a snake stalking its prey.

PINKY
You talking to me?

THUG GIRL
Yeah, bitch.
(throws hands up)
What you wanna' do?

Pinky looks around to see if anybody is watching. She
walks right up to the thug girl, gets real close, then
shanks her a few times with a knife.

The thug girl falls to her knees, holding her side.
Pinky passes off the knife to Shadow, who then passes it
off to Pokey.

The short man, stunned, sees this and then starts
running, shouting...

SHORT MAN
Somebody call 911!

Pinky bends down and whispers into the thug girl's ear.

PINKY
The name's Pinky, bitch.