

The seven sin series: PRIDE  
Prides fall

By

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FADE IN:

INT.JAMIE'S LOFT APARTMENT-MORNING

A young man is in his bed. The alarm clock goes off and a hand slams the off button. This pathetic soul is JAMIE. Impish and chubby with baby corn teeth. His brother ROBERT, who is slender with a flock of sea gulls hair cut and on fire gay, gets ready for work.

ROBERT

Oh my God, what a night. I'm surprised I'm not walking with a limp.

Robert, in thong underwear walks away into the bathroom with a string hanging from his butt.

JAMIE (V.O)

(Jamie, stares up at the ceiling)

My name is Jamie and let me just say, the first site of the day should not be my freshly gang banged brother with a man-pon rip cord hanging from his welcome crack.

JAMIE

(Puts his finger in his mouth like a gun.)

Get out of bed. Get out of bed or die.

ROBERT

(Sticks his head out of the bathroom door)

Go on, do it. I knew a man once who shot himself by putting a gun in his ass. What a lucky gun.

JAMIE

So what are you using now, super absorbent?

ROBERT

I'm not your scratching post JJ, just pull the trigger and leave me your Mel Torme collection.

JAMIE

Do me a favor, go start me a hot bath and drown yourself.

ROBERT

Fine, fine, I'll be out of the shower pronto, and if I were you, when I'm done, I would buy a new tooth brush.

JAMIE

So you have been brushing with my toothbrush, Robert you sick bastard.

ROBERT

Brushing? No, let's just say that when I pull my plug, I enjoy a good scrubbing. Taaa

JAMIE

Piss stick pimp.

ROBERT

Vagina vegan, and in case you forgot, I'd prefer to be called Fin. Remember the rhyme, Fin, Fin likes it in the end. Don't forget tonight, the party for Lance.

Robert starts his shower and breaks into a chorus of "It's raining men" while Jaimie sets up on the side of the bed.

JAMIE (V.O)

(While scratching himself,  
then sniffing his fingers)  
Yea it's safe to assume, my life is  
one big fuster cluck.

INT.PATTI-O-FURNITURE'S PUB-LATE NIGHT

A late night bar party is already well under way as is the drinking. A flickering neon sign that says "Patti-o-furniture's pub" hangs over the bar. Friends are around the bar gathered in a tight group.

JAMIE(V.O)

Even though my brother is a walking sperm bank, he still knows how to party. I mean serious, next day pissing eighty proof kind of drinking. He is truly a cross

JAMIE(V.O)  
 dressing, bow legged, deep  
 throating god among mere bar  
 twinkles.

JAMIE  
 Bar tend, another round of  
 ta-kill-ya. Me and my brother rob-  
 uh Fin are looking to go to shooter  
 town tonight. Right, you flaming  
 Freddy Mercury wanna be?

ROBERT  
 What do we drink to this time, oh  
 bi-curious closet monkey of mine?

JAMIE  
 Don't even think of putting me into  
 your "gay for the stay club". I  
 like my companions to sit when they  
 piss.

ROBERT  
 Remember, It's only gay if you look  
 em in the eyes. OK, then, to  
 sitting pissers.

Everyone in the group raises their glass and says-

GROUP  
 To sitting pissers.

JAMIE  
 You should try tapping something  
 without a pucker once. Might make  
 you come back a man.

ROBERT  
 Oh sure, I can see it now. The  
 smoking jacket, a pipe and June  
 walking in telling me I was a  
 little hard on the beaver.

Everyone in the group raises their glass and says-

GROUP  
 To being hard on the beaver.

ROBERT  
 No thanks, I prefer a pair of high  
 knit stockings, a good tea bagging  
 and a water bong and it won't be  
 the beaver he will need to be hard  
 on. Whooaaa

Everyone in the group raises their glass and says-

GROUP

To a good tea bagging.

JAMIE

Bar tend, another round of ta-kill-ya. What do we drink to, you hammer toed cock jockey?

ROBERT

I know, to the strong arm in my little harem, To Lance. It's his night. To Lance who's arms are strong.

Everyone in the group raises their glass and says-

GROUP

To Lance strong arms.

JAMIE

I have an idea, let's get a tattoo.

ROBERT

Really, where do you want to get it?

JAMIE

On my arm, you get a tramp stamp.

ROBERT

No, you dumb shit, what parlor?

JAMIE

I don't know, how about Dante's hell hole.

ROBERT

Nice choice. You should get one that's ultra manly tribal. You know like a unicorn with two Christmas tree balls hanging from the base of his horn.

JAMIE

Sure and you can get one on your chin that says the party starts here.

MONTAGE:

As sleazy jazz music plays-

Jamie and Robert in a cab laughing and drinking, city streets rolling by.

More downtown lights, Dante's hell hole sign flickering in neon.

A black man standing on the street corner stretching taffy with his hands, he looks over and sees Robert standing there smiling with a glazed look in his eyes.

A family overlooking the grand canyon with a father rubbing his little rascal sons head and then shoving him over the edge.

Jamie in the tattoo chair laughing with a slut standing next to him and pointing downward instead of his arm nodding his head wildly.

Robert and the black man are coming out of the bathroom, the black man smiles and waves goodbye.

A scene of a weeping clown outside shaking a can of spray paint and spraying a P on the side of a large wood pole while a dog with a flock of sea gulls haircut dry humps his leg.

Jamie's face grimacing as Robert, with a dry milk ring around his mouth laughs in the background.

INT.JAIMIE'S LOFT APARTMENT-DAY MORNING

The alarm clock goes off, a hand slams into it, turning it off. Jamie is sprawled there with a cigarette smashed against his face. Robert comes out of the bathroom.

ROBERT (O.S)

That was insane. You were insane.  
How did we get home?

JAMIE

(Peeling the cigarette off his  
face and lighting it.)  
You're asking me? I don't remember  
much after the eighth shot.

ROBERT

You remember Dante's though, right?  
Tell me you remember Dante's. You  
don't, do you?

JAMIE

The tattoo parlor? I remember talking about a tattoo and you getting a tramp stamp. Did you get it?

ROBERT

No pretty boy, but you sure as hell did. Enjoy your shower. I'm having a colanoscropy. The doctors adorable.

JAMIE

What the hell are you carrying?

ROBERT

Custom stirrups, I'm not an amateur. Toodles.

Jamie sits up to go to the bathroom. There is an over sized bulge in his underwear. Reaching in to turn on the shower, he then goes over to the toilet to take a pee. Digging into his underwear, he feels packing. Expanding his waist band he looks down.

JAMIE

What the hell?

A view of Jamie's back as he slowly unravels the wadding.

JAMIE

Please don't let it be what I think it is. Please don't let it be.

Front view of his face, looking down in disbelief

JAMIE

AAAAAAHHHHHHH, PRIDE, what the hell have I done? where's the phone, where's the phone...

He picks up the phone and calls Robert.

JAMIE

Hey, why the hell didn't you stop me? Don't give me that crap, you could have stopped me. Did you even get one? You son of a bitch and you let me do this to myself? Why pride, why the hell did you let me get pride tattooed on my prick? Well you know what, you were a twin and your birth killed your brother. Go to hell.

Jamie slams the phone down and goes back into the bathroom, looks down at it and tries to reason with himself.

JAMIE

(Waist band pulled out)

Hum, Yea, OK. Let's be cool. It's not so bad, right? Nice font, 12 point courier. I am kinda proud of the old boy. Maybe it'll grow on me. Hell it might even get me more..

The phone rings and Jamie runs in to get it. He looks at the caller I.D.

JAMIE

(Jamie picks up the phone)

Shit, Karen.

JAIMIE

(Answering the phone)

Hi sweetheart. Yea sorry I didn't get back to you last night. Yea tonight sounds great. Floral arrangements for the wedding? Sounds wonderful, can't wait. Love you too, Mmm bye bye.

JAMIE

How in the hell am I going to explain this to her. Hey honey, funny thing happened last night on the way to the bingo hall. I had my dick branded.

JAIMIE

(Jumping up and down)

Shit, shit, shit. OK. OK calm down. Let's just get cleaned up and, I need a drink.

INT.PATTI-O-FURNITURE'S PUB-DAY

Jamie talks with the bartender. A TV on the wall behind them is highlighting the international yodeling competition and it's loud.

BARTENDER

Man you were out there last night. Bought 12 rounds for everyone, it was crazy. You kept talking about how you were the pride of your team

BARTENDER

when you played football in high school. Kept going on about it.

JAMIE

Pride huh? What else did I say? Anything stupid?

They both stop to watch the TV for a moment. On the screen, they're showing a middle eastern beauty pageant where all of the contestants wear burkas. They crown Ms. Istanbul, but instead of flowers, she gets a goat. She's very excited.

BARTENDER

You had 12 shots brother. It's impossible not to say anything stupid. But so was everyone else, so relax. Want another beer, want a massage?

JAMIE

Na, I better get going. Thanks man.

INT.JAMIE'S MOM'S HOUSE-DAY

Jamie and his MOM sit talking at the dinner table in the kitchen, drinking large Hawaiian style exotic volcano drinks. Even though she is a senior citizen, she is a real fire cracker.

MOM

So how are the wedding plans going?

JAMIE

Huh, oh there fine. Look ma, I've been meaning to ask you, if for some reason I were to postpone the wedding just for a short while, would you be too disappointed?

MOM

Why on earth would you do that? Karen is a wonderful girl. Smart, witty, hot.

JAMIE

It's not that, your right she's great. The whole thing is great. It's just that something's kinda come up.

MOM

You're scared? You're afraid of commitment? You're too good for her?

JAMIE

Ma, stop, no. None of that, it's just I'm not sure I'm ready.

MOM

It's a pride issue, isn't it?

JAMIE

What, I'm sorry, no, what did you-

MOM

You know sometimes, when you are confronted with tough situations like this, you sometimes simply have to hunker down and swallow your own pride. Take your own man pill.

JAMIE

Ma, you don't know what you're asking. That not as easy said as done.

MOM

Oh sure we can allow ourselves to let our pride get all swollen, but you see how that can be hard on... everybody, stiffen us to the reality that sometimes pride has to be slapped on the head and put back where it belongs.

JAMIE

Yea, OK ma. You know, look I gotta go. Thanks for the talk.

Jamie gets up to leave, goes outside, as mom stands at the front door waving.

MOM

I hoped this helped and remember, take your pride by the hand and choke it until it knows whose boss, no matter how messy it gets. Bye bye now.

Jamie looks around and speeds up his pace.

## INT.KAREN'S HOUSE-EVENING

Jamie and his fiance, KAREN finish up on the floral arrangements and have a seat on the couch. Karen has a medium pear shaped body and a lazy eye.

KAREN

Perfect, everything is going to be perfect. I love you so much my flounder headed pemperstank. We're gonna be sooooo happy. Oh, by the way, I spoke with your mom today.

JAMIE

(Taking a drink of beer)  
Oh and how did that go.

KAREN

She feels you might have a pride issue.

JAMIE

(Spiting out his beer)  
She does huh? I don't know why she would have that idea.

KAREN

I told her she was stupid and wrong. I told her there is no way you're going to let your pride rear its ugly little head and penetrate our nuptials. Sweetheart we all have to be humble when we give ourselves to one another. And now for a little treat for my honey who's been so good lately.

She slides down to her knees as if to service Jamie orally.

KAREN

Somebody's in his cave. Where's my boner bear?

JAMIE

No sweetheart I..

KAREN

Come on now, let's get that mushroom headed turkey neck outta there for a little fun. I got some cock flossing to do.

JAMIE

Baby I'm really not in the, I kinda feel..Why is everything food with you? No..please, of all that's holy..

KAREN

(Smearing her lipstick purposely around her mouth)  
 Playing hard to get huh? Want me really whore it up do you? Well lets get it on man bitch. I'm gonna suck this ham hock so hard, your chest is going to collapse.

She fights to get his pants off.

JAMIE

No really I..aaahhhh

KAREN

(Slapping his thigh hard)  
 Get your fricken ankles in the air, I wanna blow on that rusty trombone. When I'm finished with you, I'm gonna need a tetanus shot.

Karen looks down in disbelief, then looks up.

KAREN

What's this, pride? Huh, you had the word pride tattooed on your crank? You tattooed your dick, and the only word you could think to put on it was pride?

JAMIE

Listen, I can explain.

KAREN

What are you going to do, impale me with you're pride stick? Why not have flames tattooed down the side for speed while your at it. It can be your pride ride. Why the word pride? Why not Excalibur? That way it could be your valiant glistening meat sword. So you know, there is no way in hell I will ever have your pride prick in my mouth or any other part of me again...EVER. Now get out.

He gets up to leave and turns as to say something.

KAREN

Get out.

As he walks through the door, it slams hard.

INT.JAIMIE'S LOFT APARTMENT-MORNING

The alarm goes off, and again a hand slams the alarm clock. Robert is in the background polishing his stirrups. Swedish techno-rap is playing.

ROBERT (O.S)

Man last night was insane, you were insane.

JAMIE

It was a dream, a fricken dream.

ROBERT

(His arms outstretched)

I dream for some, A nightmare to others. Merlin the magician, remember in the movie Excalibur? Anyway, careful when you piss, you know what they told you about scarring. Keep plenty of Vaseline on it. That shouldn't be a problem for you. I can't believe you did it myself.

As Robert walks off, a rear view of his specially modified pants that have an access flap that is buttoned for easy sex. Stitching on it says, deposits only.

JAIMIE

(Opening his waist band again)

Shit, No,no,no,no,no

He gets up to go to the bathroom. Slowly unwinds it until he gets to the last part. As he slowly pulls his waist band out, the last part of the evening comes flooding back.

FLASH BACK:

INT.DANTE'S HELL HOLE-EVENING.

Jamie's in the chair with a slutty girl with the tattoo "slut" on her arm with an arrow pointing up to her head, watching on.

JAMIE

So what's your name and what do you do.

SLUT

I'm a slut dancer over at the four seasons. My real name is Cindy but at the four seasons I go by Fall, It's a season, get it.

Jamie motions to the tattoo artist while pointing to his member.

JAMIE

Do it.

TATTOO ARTIST

OK man, it's your tool.

FLASH FORWARD:

INT.JAMIE'S BATHROOM-MORNING

As Jamie gazes down at the open waste band, a glow of light emanates from the inner nether region, as he lets out a yell.

JAMIE

AAAAAAHHHHHHH, Fall, I had Fall tattooed. I want my pride back.

BLACK SCREEN: WHEN THERE IS PRIDE, THERE COMMETH THE FALL.

FADE OUT.

The End.