

BLACKS BEHAVING BADLY (A BLACK BLACK COMEDY)

Written by

J. Fluker

jkinfluker@gmail.com

COLD OPEN

EXT. BEAT STREET - DAY

Beat Street's a special melting pot of talent. Where future rappers hone their deliveries, still sell their jams by cassettes, and engage in battles with words and dance moves instead of guns.

Still, crimes of passion run rampant and the city seems to be a magnet for weirdness.

If you don't leave by thirty, you never will. If you ever do leave, odds are you're not coming back. *Just like Sesame Street.*

PERRY BLACK a.k.a PARDNA

A young buck fresh from fro to toe, struts down the sidewalk, bobbing his head to the beats bumping from his ear phones.

PARDNA

joins a quick jump rope game, does a dozen different handshakes with each person gathered there, walks off.

PARDNA

joins kids playing hopscotch, sees a CREEPY KID drawing a white chalk outline that looks suspiciously like him, runs off.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

It's suddenly pouring rain outside. ASH, 20s, Asian, too cool for school, plays a game on her phone. Pardna enters, jacket over his head. Ash smiles. She's clearly into him.

PARDNA

It's a monsoon out there.

ASH

There's this thing called an umbrella. You should look into it.

PARDNA

Sage advice, Ash. Got milk?

ASH

For days, nigga.

Ash dances. Pardna laughs, takes that as a yes, moves to the back. An elderly white COUPLE enter.

ASH (CONT'D)

Hi.

ELDERLY MAN

Uh... hello.

Pardna returns to the counter with a bottle of chocolate milk. Ash rings him up.

ASH

Anything else, Pardna?

PARDNA

Naw, I'm good.

ASH

That'll be a buck fifty.

Pardna slips her the change. Suddenly, the elderly Couple take guns out of their coats!

PARDNA

What kind of geriatric Bonnie and Clyde shit is this?!

ELDERLY WOMAN

Get on the fucking ground!

Pardna hits the floor.

ASH

Seriously?

ELDERLY MAN

(to his wife)

Ethel!

ELDERLY WOMAN (ETHEL)

Don't use my real name, fool!

ELDERLY MAN

Could you dial it back a bit?

ETHEL

Nigga, you knew I was a ride or die bitch when you married me.

Ash and Pardna exchange looks. *Is this really happening?* The Elderly Man turns to Ash, gives her a polite smile.

ELDERLY MAN

Open the register, please.

ETHEL

COME ON! SHOW ME THE FUCKING MONEY!!!

ASH

Okay. Just chill.

Ash opens the register. The Elderly Man slowly climbs over the counter, takes the cash, slowly climbs back over.

ELDERLY MAN

That's going to hurt tomorrow.

ETHEL

(to Ash)

Thank you!

Ethel fires into the air, grabs her husband, and they run out the door.

PARDNA

I swear. Shit happens every time
it rains.

TITLE CARD: BLACKS BEHAVING BADLY

ACT ONE

INT. RAY-RAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

RAY-RAY -- 20s, the kind of person who's wearing the latest fashion and has the latest gadgets, but you have no idea what they actually do for a living -- sits on his couch, watches TV, smokes a blunt.

ON TV

An unseen reporter holds a mic up to a tearful POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER

Then I said, "Woogie-Boogie, boy!"
But the blind, old, paraplegic
nigger just kept minding his own
business and not breaking the law.
(sniffs)
I h-had to shoot at him twice just
to scare him!

TV REPORTER (O.S.)

Don't feel bad. It's getting
harder and harder to scare them.

The TV REPORTER looks into the camera and we see he's wearing a white KKK hood over a suit and tie.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

There you have it. We're going to
have to find new ways to fuck with
those darkies. Coming up at five,
could a bored billionaire really
create a slavery-themed amusement
park? Fingers crossed! White
Knight, KKK News.

RAY-RAY

Why the hell do I have this
channel?

Ray-Ray clicks the remote, changes the channel.

ON TV

Police chase a tricked out Caddy. It's slower than the
infamous O.J. Simpson white bronco fiasco.

A camera zooms in and we see the Caddy's driver is Ethel!

She leans out of the driver's side window, flips the cops
off.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)
This is some crazy shit.

Keys jingle outside the door. It opens and in walks Pardna.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)
What's good, Pardna?

PARDNA
Hey-hey, Ray-Ray.

They do a complicated thirty second handshake, sit on the couch.

PARDNA (CONT'D)
Yo, I was robbed by them!

RAY-RAY
Nigga, you lyin'. The Lyin' Nigga.
You should fight crime.

PARDNA
I ain't wearing no spandex though.

RAY-RAY
Unless Honey ask you.

Ray-Ray shoots Pardna a knowing grin.

PARDNA
That was -- Look, we was just
trying something!

RAY-RAY
Uh-huh. Home girl turnt you out,
nigga!

Ray-Ray lies back on the couch, laughs.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)
Nigga be wearin' dresses and
e'erythin'.

PARDNA
Fuck you.

Pardna stands, paces back and forth.

PARDNA (CONT'D)
I'm all man! Nigga, I'm the top
dog. I go where I want, when I
want and Honey know she just got to
be cool with that.

Pardna's phone rings. *Imagine the most emasculating ring tone you've ever heard. Got it? This one's worst.* Pardna winces, answers his cell.

PARDNA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hi, Honey. What am I doing?

Ray-Ray bends, grabs his ankles. Pardna flips him off.

PARDNA (CONT'D)
 Thinking about you, girl.

Ray-Ray blows him a kiss. Pardna throws a pillow at him.

PARDNA (CONT'D)
 Meet you for dinner tonight? You
 got it.

Ray-Ray stops laughing, sits up.

PARDNA (CONT'D)
 Love you. No, I love you more.
 No, I love --
 (to Ray-Ray)
 Damn. Lost the signal.

RAY-RAY
 Nigga, you crazy? We're hittin'
 Kelly's Delight tonight. I ain't
 missin' that strip club blow out,
 going outta bidness sale for
 nothin'!

PARDNA
 Shit. I forgot!

RAY-RAY
 Just call Honey back and tell her.

Pardna shifts his cell phone from hand to hand.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)
 Nigga, don't act like you don't
 know the number.

PARDNA
 She... uh... Might not be home.

RAY-RAY
 Shee-it. I thought you was the
 man. Top dog. Woof woof woof!

PARDNA
 I got a good thing going with
 Honey, man. I don't wanna mess it
 up.

RAY-RAY
 Look, nigga. We just gonna hit the
 club, get fucked up, then you can
 go on your gay date with Hummus.

PARDNA

Honey.

RAY-RAY

Right. Knew it was some kinda
condiment.

PARDNA

This is why you still single.

RAY-RAY

Don't hate.

The door's kicked open. A LITTLE GIRL with a bat slung over her shoulder rushes in, hits Ray-Ray over the head.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)

What the shit?!

LITTLE GIRL

Pay me my child support!

RAY-RAY

Nigga, I ain't your daddy!

LITTLE GIRL

Aw man!

The Little Girl turns to Pardna, aims the bat at him.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

You ever been to the Porter
Projects?

Pardna shakes his head.

EXT. KELLY'S DELIGHT - NIGHT

Pardna and Ray-Ray walk up, see a line that stretches around the block. The back of the line includes: An IMPATIENT PRIEST, a KID with a fake mustache wearing a hat and trenchcoat standing on ANOTHER KID's shoulders, and a VENTRILOQUIST DUMMY minus the ventriloquist.

PARDNA

Damn. We ain't never gonna get in.

RAY-RAY

Oh yeah we is. Follow my lead.

Ray-Ray makes his way to the front of the line, Pardna behind him.

REMUS, black, possibly the oldest former slave alive, stands behind a velvet rope, list in hand.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)

Make way! V.I.P.s coming through.
Remus! What's up, my nigga?!

REMUS

Dunt yous nigga me, boyeez. Yous
sem bed chillins, wut ye iz.

PARDNA

Remus, can you get us in? It'll
just be for a little while.
Promise.

REMUS

Yous tink I gwinter ris dis job
Massa giv me o'er yur black asses?
Hell naw! No ye git on bek to the
end o' de lines!

RAY-RAY

Thanks for nothin'. Song of the
South looking ass.

Remus chases them off.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - A LITTLE LATER

Pardna, at a table, drinks a daiquiri. Ray-Ray power walks
over, rubbing his hands together.

RAY-RAY

We set, Pardna!

PARDNA

What you mean?

RAY-RAY

Let's just say your boy got some
connections.

PARDNA

What's that mean?

RAY-RAY

Mean we goin' see some ass soon.
(re: drink)
Nigga, that a daiquiri?

PARDNA

Yeah. So?

Ray-Ray shakes his head. CINNAMON, 40s, a large stripper,
dressed in a trench coat and heels, carrying an old school
boom box, sashays over to the guys.

CINNAMON
You two ready to party?

Pardna shrugs.

RAY-RAY
Hell yeah, Cinnamon!

INT. NIGHTCLUB - VIP ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Cinnamon sits the boom box down, presses play, starts stripping.

Ray-Ray and Cinnamon bump and grind.

He gets on his knees, puts a dollar in his mouth, mimes oral sex.

Cinnamon takes off her bra, revealing coconuts. Her wig falls off and it becomes apparent pretty quick that Cinnamon's actually a dude.

Ray-Ray's mouth drops open in shock. Absolute horror.

Pardna's dying laughing.

PARDNA
Make it rain, nigga!

Ray-Ray's still speechless. Cinnamon puts Ray-Ray's hands on his hips. Ray-Ray pulls away.

CINNAMON
Come on, hottie!

RAY-RAY
Hell nall! Hell nall!

Cinnamon shrugs, turns to Pardna.

CINNAMON
Wanna see a trick?

PARDNA
Uh...

Cinnamon grabs Pardna's cell phone.

PRE-LAP: SCREAMING.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ray-Ray vomits into a toilet. Pardna's giving his eyes a thorough washing.

RAY-RAY
What was that?!

PARDNA
You know what you saw!

RAY-RAY
Cell phones ain't supposed to be
goin' up nobody's ass, man!

PARDNA
Don't you think I know tha-- Oh
shit! Honey!

RAY-RAY
What about her? We gotta get the
fuck up out of here!

PARDNA
What if she calls?

RAY-RAY
Bruh? You know I love you right?
You my nigga.

PARDNA
Yeah.

RAY-RAY
And I'd do anything for you.

PARDNA
Yeah. Me too.

RAY-RAY
Glad to hear that, but, nigga, you
on your own.

Ray-Ray makes a break for the door. Cinnamon screams again.
Ray-Ray stops, sighs, comes back. Pardna knocks on the stall
door.

PARDNA
You... Uh... Pass it yet?

CINNAMON (O.S.)
What do you think?!

PARDNA
You're the one who stuck it up
there!

CINNAMON (O.S.)
Whatever! One of you get in here
and rub my knees.

Pardna looks at Ray-Ray.

RAY-RAY
Nigga, you crazy.

PARDNA
Rock-paper-scissors.

RAY-RAY
Nuh-uh. You always cheat.

PARDNA
Nigga, how you cheat at a game of chance?

RAY-RAY
You be tryin' to throw me off with them ghetto Jedi mind tricks you learned from Samuel L. Jackson, nigga. That's how.

PARDNA
Nigga, Sam Jackson don't need no mind tricks. He got a problem with you he'll quote Ezekiel 25:17 and that'll be your ass.

RAY-RAY
You right.

PARDNA
You're the one who wanted to go to Kelly's Delight and called this nigga.
(to Cinnamon)
No offense, nigga.

CINNAMON (O.S.)
None taken.

PARDNA
(to Ray-Ray)
So way I see it, this is your fault.

They play rock-paper-scissors. Pardna wins.

RAY-RAY
Fuck! Two outta three.

They play again. Pardna wins.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)
This shit ain't right.
(to Cinnamon)
Okay, I'm coming in. Hello?

Ray-Ray knocks on the door. He slides under it, has a look.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)
Hey, Pardna? This nigga out cold!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - ALLEY - NIGHT

Ray-Ray and Pardna huff and puff as they carry Cinnamon past a dumpster.

PARDNA

Hold up.

They set Cinnamon down. Ray-Ray massages his back.

RAY-RAY

Nigga heavy.

PARDNA

Give me your phone.

RAY-RAY

Don't be sticking it nowhere.

PARDNA

Nigga, you nasty. I just wanna call Honey. Do some damage control.

RAY-RAY

This nigga whipped worst than Kunta Kente.

Ray-Ray hands him his cell. Pardna calls Honey.

PARDNA

(into phone)

Hey, girl. What you doin'? Why am I calling from Ray-Ray's phone?

Pardna looks to Ray-Ray, who shrugs, tries to wake Cinnamon.

PARDNA (CONT'D)

I'm out of minutes. Yeah, it does suck.

Pardna's ring tone plays from inside Cinnamon.

CINNAMON

(giggling)

Ooo! Who is that?!

Ray-Ray muffles Cinnamon's moans.

RAY-RAY

Ooh whee, I wish I went to Baylor!

PARDNA

Ray-Ray!

RAY-RAY

Don't judge! I'm very confused
right now!

PARDNA

(into phone)

That? Oh, Ray-Ray watching a dirty
movie. Nasty ma'fucka. Call you
back soon's I buy some more
minutes, okay? Can't wait for our
date. Love you too. Bye.

Pardna ends the call, lets out a deep sigh, hands the cell
phone back to Ray-Ray.

PARDNA (CONT'D)

I owe you one.

RAY-RAY

One? Nigga, you owe me two. And I
want them deuce.

PARDNA

Let's just get this dude over to
La'Ta'Sheaquinella's and get my
phone up out him for our asses go
to jail.

RAY-RAY

Shit, nigga. Jail ain't no biggie.
All you gotta do is act hard, join
a good cliq, and don't drop the
soap.

PARDNA

Nigga, after that pregnancy scare
with Felicia, you think I want to
add "been to prison" to my
stereotypical résumé?

Ray-Ray thinks about that.

RAY-RAY

No? Yes! Shit, can I change my
answer?

INT. LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Inspirational posters and paintings of strong and sexy black
women line the walls. Old school love making music plays
from a cell phone next to scented candles on a nightstand.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA BLACK

Late 20s, every bit the strong, sassy, smart, independent black woman depicted on the posters and paintings, lies in bed, looks less than impressed with

BIG RICH

30s, built, a wannabe baller.

He's giving it all he's got, trying to heat things up with La'Ta'Sheaquinella. Scratch that. He's trying to get a *spark*.

BIG RICH

Almost... Wait... Big Rich is coming! H-H-Here comes the Brown Bomber... Get ready!

La'Ta'Sheaquinella's had enough. She pushes him back and Big Rich rolls over, sighs.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

It's a'ight. It happens.

BIG RICH

Not to Big Rich it don't. Maybe if you blow on it...

La'Ta'Sheaquinella slaps him upside his head.

BIG RICH (CONT'D)

Ow!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

Nigga, you must be out your damn mind! You think I'm gonna let you put your phallus in my rima oris?!

BIG RICH

(under his breath)
Kelly'd do it.

La'Ta'Sheaquinella reaches under her pillow, takes out a butcher knife.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

Nigga, mention Kelly again! I dare you.

(rolling neck)
I double dog DARE you.

Big Rich falls backwards out of the bed, grabs his clothes.

BIG RICH

Bitch, you crazy!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

What?!

La'Ta'Sheaquinella chases him out the door.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (CONT'D)

I'm so sick of these punk ass,
impuissant niggas! Swear I'ma cut
the next one I see.

Ray-Ray rushes in.

RAY-RAY

Hey, La--

La'Ta'Sheaquinella stabs him in the shoulder.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)

Aw fuck! It's me!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

I know. What your dumbass want
now? Cause it had better not be
money. I don't play with my money.

Pardna enters.

PARDNA

We got a problem.

La'Ta'Sheaquinella puts her knife away -- at least for the
moment -- moves to a painting on the wall, lifts it off,
revealing --

A minor armory -- guns of all sizes and models, ammo,
grenades, knives, a samurai sword, a bazooka!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

Grab one and let's ride.

PARDNA

Damn, sis! I meant my cell got
stuck in a stripper.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

What? First the ghetto ninja gang
war, then the serial-killing
sentient mascots, then those
exploding sex robots from Mars...
Why can't you niggas ever have
normal problems?!

RAY-RAY

I need a band aid!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

This look like a doctor's office to
you?

PARDNA
 I can't let Honey find out about
 the stripper. Please,
 La'Ta'Sheaquinella. You the only
 one who can help us!

Pardna starts crying. La'Ta'Sheaquinella rolls her eyes.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 Stop crying, fool! Can't stand a
 sad bitch.

RAY-RAY
 (sobbing)
 I see spots!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 Hush up your mouth! I'm thinking.

La'Ta'Sheaquinella does some math in the air with her finger,
 claps.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (CONT'D)
 Got it!

PARDNA
 I knew it! You a genius! What I
 say, Ray-Ray? Ray-Ray?

Ray-Ray's passed out on the floor.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 Nigga, stop bleeding on my floor.

La'Ta'Sheaquinella kicks Ray-Ray, who remains unresponsive.

PARDNA
 He ain't dead is he?

La'Ta'Sheaquinella shrugs.

INT. LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA'S HOUSE - THE LAB - A LITTLE LATER

La'Ta'Sheaquinella's marching around in a ghetto fabulous lab
 coat and sun glasses. Pardna and Ray-Ray right behind her.
 La'Ta'Sheaquinella trips, causing a domino effect.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 Damn glasses. Can't see shit.

She throws the glasses off, stands, moves over to a
 chalkboard with an outline of her plan on it. Cinnamon,
 still unconscious, lies on a table.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (CONT'D)

My ray watch is gonna alter our molecular structures and all that shit and shrink us to subatomic size. Then we're gonna get in this modified Legos spacecraft, fly into this dude's nose, find that damn cell phone, and fly out before y'all niggas start to get on my last fucking nerves. Got it?

Pardna holds the ray watch down his pants and Ray-Ray cuts up chalk, snorts it like cocaine.

PARDNA

Yeah.

RAY-RAY

Uh-huh.

La'Ta'Sheaquinella snatches the ray watch out of Pardna's hands, shakes her head.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (CONT'D)

I'm surrounded by motherfucking imbeciles.

RAY-RAY

(re: chalk)

This shit goood.

La'Ta'Sheaquinella sets the ray watch and they all shrink to subatomic size.

PARDNA

Hell yeah!

RAY-RAY

Ah! A cockroach! Oh, it's just La'Ta'Sheaquinella.

Ray-Ray chuckles. La'Ta'Sheaquinella punches his arm.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)

Ow! That's my sore arm!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

I know.

They get in the Lego spacecraft. It rises into the air, floats over Cinnamon, disappears up his nose.

PARDNA (O.S.)

Ew!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (O.S.)

Could be worse.

RAY-RAY (O.S.)
 You right. Hey, why our clothes
 shrank too?

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (O.S.)
 Shut up. That's why.

INSIDE THE STRIPPER (THIS SCENE HEADING CAN'T BE LEGAL!)
 The Lego spacecraft's traveling through Cinnamon's stomach.

INSIDE THE SPACECRAFT

Pardna's looking around in awe. La'Ta'Sheaquinella's at the
 wheel. Ray-Ray's looking at the different buttons.

RAY-RAY
 What this do?

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 Stabilizes the ship. Don't touch
 it.

RAY-RAY
 What that green button do?

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 It's the on switch. Do NOT touch
 it.

RAY-RAY
 What this red --

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 Don't touch shit!

Ray-Ray leans over to Pardna, whispers to him:

RAY-RAY
 I think she like me.

La'Ta'Sheaquinella shoots him a death glare.

PARDNA
 Hey, there's my phone!

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

They see half of Pardna's cell phone.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
Hmm. None of this shit seems
plausible...

After a beat.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (CONT'D)
Fuck it, let's do it. I have to
stay here and make sure you two
don't screw anything up. So?
Who's gonna go out and recover the
phone?

Ray-Ray and Pardna share a look.

RAY-RAY
Nigga, you crazy.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INSIDE THE SPACECRAFT

La'Ta'Sheaquinella watches Pardna and Ray-Ray face off in a very high stakes game of rock-paper-scissors. Pardna wins.

RAY-RAY
Best fifteen outta --

PARDNA
-- Aw fuck! I'll do it.

RAY-RAY
No, no, no. I'll go. You'll be bitchin' about this when we're old and gray if I don't. Talkin' 'bout "I lost the love of my life cause Ray-Ray! Waaah!"

PARDNA
Nigga, I don't sound like that.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
You do sometimes.

La'Ta'Sheaquinella throws a fish bowl helmet to Ray-Ray.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (CONT'D)
Put this on.

RAY-RAY
Why?

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
The smell's gonna be bad enough once you get back. Trust me, you don't want to go out there without it.

RAY-RAY
Knew you liked me.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
Don't make me leave your ass here.

Ray-Ray slips on the helmet, hurries off. He stands by the hangar doors.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (CONT'D)
We'll be able to hear you and vice versa by a com link in the helmet.

PARDNA
May the force be with you.

RAY-RAY
 (chuckles)
 Nigga, shut up.

La'Ta'Sheaquinella presses a button, the hangar opens, and Ray-Ray leaps out.

OUTSIDE THE SPACECRAFT

Ray-Ray floats over to the cell phone, astronaut like.

RAY-RAY
 That's one small step for a black man, one giant leap for mankind!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (V.O.)
 Just get the damn phone already!

RAY-RAY
 Okay, okay.

Ray-Ray pulls at the cell phone. It won't budge.

PARDNA (V.O.)
 Lift with your legs, nigga!

Ray-Ray tries again. No go.

RAY-RAY
 I can't do it, Captain!

BACK IN THE SPACECRAFT

La'Ta'Sheaquinella shakes her head.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 It's like the rectal equivalent of the Sword in the Stone.

Pardna snaps his finger.

PARDNA
 Girl, you a genius.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 I know.

Pardna puts on a helmet.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (CONT'D)
 Where you going?

PARDNA
 (proudly)
 To help my best friend pull a cell
 phone out a male stripper's ass.

Pardna exits out the hangar doors.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 I have like fifteen degrees. How
 is this my life?

OUTSIDE THE SPACECRAFT

Pardna floats over to Ray-Ray, helps him pull up the cell
 phone. It's actually moving.

RAY-RAY
 Shit! It's working!

PARDNA
 Just a little more...

The cell shoots up. Pardna and Ray-Ray high five.
 Everything starts to rumble.

PARDNA (CONT'D)
 What the hell?

RAY-RAY
 This nigga swallow a T-Rex?

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (V.O.)
 Guys, get back here now!

PARDNA
 What about the cell phone?

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (V.O.)
 Just do it!

Ray-Ray and Pardna float back towards the spacecraft. Ray-
 Ray climbs in, but Pardna's pulled down into the lower
 intestines by a monstrous GREEN HAND.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 No!

RAY-RAY (V.O.)
 Pardna!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (V.O.)
 We have to go!

The spacecraft flies up, dodging debris. Each move more
 evasive and daring than the last.

INT. LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA'S LAB - MOMENTS LATER

The spacecraft flies out of Cinnamon's nose, enlarges, and La'Ta'Sheaquinella and Ray-Ray run out.

RAY-RAY
What the fuck was that?!

La'Ta'Sheaquinella's busy searching for something.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
You don't want to know.

RAY-RAY
What about Pardna? We can't just
leave --

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
I know! Hush up your mouth! I'm
thinking. Oh!

She reaches into a desk drawer, takes out a strange ray gun,
aims at Cinnamon.

RAY-RAY
Murder?! I can't go down for this!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
Your blatant idiocy astounds me.

RAY-RAY
(smiles)
Thanks.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
(re: ray gun)
This'll extract any foreign agent
from Cinnamon's body.

RAY-RAY
Then why didn't you use it in the
first place?

La'Ta'Sheaquinella thinks about that.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
Shut up. That's why.
(under her breath)
Also there's a slight chance we
might blow up half the planet.

RAY-RAY
What?

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
Firing now!

La'Ta'Sheaquinella squeezes the trigger, and a laser beam shoots out, covers Cinnamon in a strangely beautiful glow.

RAY-RAY

I don't think it wo--

Cinnamon vomits, sneezes, and shits at the same time. *Which means he's legally dead. Maybe?*

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)

Damn!

CINNAMON

Woo! What was in that peyote?!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

Pardna?

(voice breaking)

Perry?

Pardna rises up from behind Cinnamon, covered in slime. He holds his cell phone in the air triumphantly.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA (CONT'D)

You're alive!

RAY-RAY

That's my boy!

PARDNA

Damn, I need a shower. Hey, what was that thing that grabbed me?

BOOGERMAN, a monster covered in green mucus, rises up. Everyone screams. The Boogerman puts Pardna in a chokehold.

CINNAMON

Too freaky for me. I'm out.

He runs out the door.

BOOGERMAN

Lady La'Ta'Sheaquinella of Earth.
At last I shall have my revenge.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

It can't be... Boogerman?

BOOGERMAN

That's right. Meh meh meh!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

How'd you survive the Time War?

BOOGERMAN

I did unspeakable things! Things no being should ever have to. But the time has come to --

PARDNA

-- Um... I don't really have nothing to do with this, so --

BOOGERMAN

Silence!

(to La'Ta'Sheaquinella)

The Mucus Men shall rise again.
Meh meh meh meh meh meh!

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA

That'll never happen!

BOOGERMAN

My escape from the Time War was just the start. Look at me. Look at me. I'm the captain now. Meh meh--

Pardna slips out of Boogerman's hands.

BOOGERMAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

La'Ta'Sheaquinella fires, blasts Boogerman to smoldering ooze.

PARDNA

(to La'Ta'Sheaquinella)

You know some odd people.

Ray-Ray snorts chalk.

RAY-RAY

This shit goood.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Pardna's at a table, dressed to impress. He checks his watch.

KAWALLA, mid to late 30s, sleepy-eyed, eating cereal from a dog dish, sits at the table beside him. His cat, AFRO KITTY, an adorable cat with the coolest fro you've ever seen, sits across from him. Pardna sees them, does a double-take.

PARDNA

Hey, man. Didn't see you there.

KAWALLA

My camouflage working.

Pardna laughs, realizes Kawalla's serious, stops.

KAWALLA (CONT'D)

Who you waiting for?

PARDNA

Honey.

KAWALLA

You can't date a condiment. It's not legal. I know. I read the internet.

PARDNA

Honey's my girl. The most beautiful girl I ever seen.

KAWALLA

You know what they say: Beauty is in the eye of a great pizza pie.

Kawalla stares at the ceiling, mouth open, in a daze. Pardna stares too, catches himself, stops.

PARDNA

You supposed to have Afro Kitty in here?

Kawalla keeps his eyes on the ceiling as he answers.

KAWALLA

Sign read no dogs. I know.

Kawalla looks at Pardna, leans close.

KAWALLA (CONT'D)

I triple checked.

PARDNA

Oh... Cool.

Pardna checks his watch again.

KAWALLA

Relationships built on lies are like wooden carburetors built on a glass sand castle in the sky.

Pardna looks confused.

KAWALLA (CONT'D)

They can't last.

PARDNA

Got you.

KAWALLA

If there's anything you're keeping from your girlfriend, like you got four talking penguins hidden in your fridge just chillin', cause they on the run, you need to tell her.

PARDNA

I... will. Thanks, Kawalla.

A NERVOUS MAITRE D' crosses over to Kawalla.

NERVOUS MAITRE D'

Uh... Sir? Your feline friend can't be in here and you need a jacket.

KAWALLA

Afro Kitty is my spiritual service animal. Where I go, Afro Kitty goes. And versa vice.

NERVOUS MAITRE D'

Sir, our policy clearly states that all --

KAWALLA

-- Let's test your theory. Afro Kitty and I appear to be occupying this space with no temporal imbalances. Therefore, we can be in here.

The Nervous Maitre d' looks to Pardna for support. Pardna shrugs.

KAWALLA (CONT'D)

Nevertheless, Afro Kitty and I shall disperse posthaste. For this is the nature of things.

Kawalla loudly slurps the rest of his cereal, dabs his mouth with a napkin, stands. He leads Afro Kitty away on a dog leash, gives the Nervous Maitre D' an odd salute, exits.

PARDNA

(to Maitre D')

He's... Yeah. Have you seen Honey?

NERVOUS MAITRE D'

Are you referring to Ms. Combs?

PARDNA

Yeah.

NERVOUS MAITRE D'

She just arrived a moment ago.

PARDNA

Thank you.

NERVOUS MAITRE D'

Ah, there she is now.

HONEY, 20, beautiful, dressed like a million bucks, walks in arm in arm with Remus. Pardna's mouth drops open.

PARDNA

Honey!

NERVOUS MAITRE D'

(to Honey)

The usual, Ms. Combs?

HONEY

Give me a moment.

She turns to Pardna, smiles.

HONEY (CONT'D)

You weren't supposed to find out this way.

PARDNA

Find out what?

REMUS

Do I gut te spell et out fer yous?

Remus points to Honey, humps the air.

HONEY

Yeah, he gives it as good as he gets it. I was surprised too. Had to close down shop for --

PARDNA

-- I get it!

(sighs)

So this is it?

HONEY

It doesn't have to be. What's your credit score again?

PARDNA

Do... Do you realize all the literal shit I went through to save our relationship?! And you're riding Grandpa Shaft's... Shaft!

REMUS

Keep yer voice don, boyee.

PARDNA

You got one more time, old man.

REMUS

Wut! I bus yer damn hed!

Remus puts Pardna in a headlock, punches him in the skull.

HONEY

Stop it! I haven't even ordered
yet!

NERVOUS MAITRE D'

Gentlemen, behave yourselves!

Pardna and Remus crash into the Nervous Maitre D'. They all
fall onto a table, and break it.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. RAY-RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pardna holds an ice pack to his eye. Ray-Ray, La'Ta'Sheaquinella, and Ash enter with chicken and beer.

ASH
Room service!

Pardna and Ray-Ray do their complicated thirty second handshake. La'Ta'Sheaquinella and Ash hug Pardna.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
Don't sweat losing Honey. She a nasty ass gold-digger.

RAY-RAY
Shee-it. Remus ain't got nothin'.
Not unless you count coupons.

ASH
You can totally do better.

PARDNA
Thanks, y'all, but I'm over her. I just met the perfect girl. She been right under my nose the whole time.

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
Good for you. It's about time the Blacks stopped engaging in negative stereotypes.

Pardna walks over to Ash, who beams. A bedroom door opens and IVORY, vampire pale, blonde, blue eyes, walks out.

Pardna walks past Ash, puts his arms around Ivory. Ash looks like she's about to cry.

PARDNA
Everyone, Ivory. Ivory, everyone. We met at that bookstore I always go to.

IVORY
'sup, niggas?

Everyone's mouth hits the floor.

IVORY (CONT'D)
(to Pardna)
Did I say it wrong?

LA'TA'SHEAQUINELLA
 (rolling neck)
 Oh hell no!

INT. HONEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's filled with unopened boxes from not so secret admirers. One of the packages is from a "D. Sterling". Honey, Remus, and Big Rich waltz in.

HONEY
 Everyone remember the rules?

Big Rich and Remus nod.

BIG RICH
 It's been months since Big Rich had an orgy. Big Rich don't usually get down with another guy though...

REMUS
 Shet. Ain't nutin te et. We jus kint let our nuts tuch.

BIG RICH
 Right...

HONEY
 We should get started.

Honey kisses Remus.

REMUS
 Hol dat thot. I got te tak suma dem pills fer my dik.

Remus exits.

BIG RICH
 Big Rich too.

He runs off. Honey sighs. She notices a small package, opens it. It's Pardna's cell phone. Honey's nose wrinkles.

HONEY
 Is that ass?

The phone rings.

HONEY (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hell--

Shit explodes out of the phone, sprays Honey in the face. Honey screams, turns, sees Remus and Big Rich.

REMUS

Welp, et wuz nice noin ya.

BIG RICH

Can't do it.

Remus and Big Rich hurry out the door, leaving Honey runny.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE