

PINK FREUD



FADE IN.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ziggy Freud (30s), noticeably irritated, listens to a PATIENT ramble.

PATIENT

So then she called me a wimp, can you believe that shit?!

(hangs head)

I almost said something...

ZIGGY (V.O.)

Once, I was an esteemed Psychoanalyst.

He grabs a cast iron statue off his desk and throttles his Patient to death.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

Until I felt compelled to kill a man.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Ziggy, shirtless and covered in tattoos, gets shit kicked by some goober.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

For the next twenty years, I learned how to fight to survive.

He takes an uppercut to the jaw -- CRACK!

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

ZIGGY (V.O.)

Then, studied the Gospel of Floyd.

Ziggy, twenty years older and a lot more grizzled, plays guitar to a crowd of hobos.

ZIGGY

"... Mother do think they'll try to break my balls?"

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ziggy stands precariously on the edge of a small highrise.

ZIGGY (V.O.)
Then, dropped acid, so I could fly.

He jumps off the edge, soars like an eagle, and... plummets head-first through a windshield -- SMASH!

A SLOTH in a dragon embroidered robe slowly crawls from the sewer and smites Ziggy with an open palm to the solar plexus.

ZIGGY (V.O.)
Then, a Geriatric Radioactive Kung Fu Sloth resurrected me and combined all my powers into one seriously confused force to be reckoned with.

SLOTH
Serve retribution, Freud-San...
COUGH! HACK!

The Sloth dies in Ziggy's arms. Ziggy caresses its head, then, throws it into a greasy dumpster.

ZIGGY (V.O.)
From that moment on, I had become...

He slowly walks off under the dim limelight of the alley.

PINK (V.O.)
Pink.

SPINNING GRAPHIC TITLE CARD:

Pink Freud
in
The Candy Cane Capers!

NARRATOR (O.S.)
In this episode! Pink takes on...
'The Candy Cane Capers!'

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CANDYLAND BAY - DAY

The entire beach berm is a magical winter wonderland dotted with tall trees of thick gnarly sugar poles topped with tufts of Candy Floss.

A rowboat bobs about fifty yards offshore.

ROWBOAT - CONTINUOUS

A queer, greasy-faced Inuk, I-TOOK-A-LOOK (50), baits a fish hook with a long colorful Gummy Worm. He casts it off to the side -- ZING PLOP!

It doesn't take long till he gets a good bite --

ITOOKALOOK

Oh yeah! Show me the Gummy!

He wrestles in a small Blue Gummy Whale, a five-pounder. It flops around for a moment, till he clubs it good -- THUD!

He opens a cooler and lobs it onto a pile of Gummy Whales.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Itookalook loads his daily haul into a van parked roadside. He turns as an unmarked cruiser pulls up behind him.

ITOOKALOOK

Ah, shit.

DETECTIVE PINK FREUD (50s), exits the cruiser.

His plaid suit, bow tie, and pink glass spectacles really bring out the creep factor.

PINK

Well, well. If it isn't Itookalook, the Igloo Peeping Tom.

He comes upon the van.

ITOOKALOOK

Hey, Pink, my man. Why the shakedown, huh?

PINK

What's in the hold, fruitcake?

ITOOKALOOK

Oh, just collecting snails and shit. Y'know, for the family. Times are tough and --

Pink dumps the cooler.

PINK

Are you aware that Gummy Fishing is a felony in the state of Baked Alaska?

Itookalook sulks, guilt-ridden.

ITOOKALOOK
Wha --? How'd those get there?

PINK
I hate being neurotic, it's all
so... psychoanalytical.

Pink grabs a handful of Gummy Worms from the tackle box.

PINK
Alas, neurosis is merely the
inability to become comfortably
numb.

He rams them into Itookalook's mouth --

PINK
WHERE THE WHALES GOING?!!

ITOOKALOOK
Oh, gawd! please, no! ahhh,
mmfff...

He pukes out Gummy juice.

ITOOKALOOK
C'mon, Pink?! They're going where
they always go!

Amidst the scuffle, Itookalook's jacket popped open, causing
various corn syrup sundries to spill onto the ground.

Pink tears it open wider to expose a crudely sewn pocket
stuffed with Candy Canes.

PINK
What's this shit?

ITOOKALOOK
Oh --! Those...?

Itookalook's pupils are dilated as fuck.

PINK
Wait a sec...

Pink takes one of the Canes and gingerly licks it, spits.

PINK
These are laced with TBSD!

ITOOKALOOK
TB -- What?

Pink grabs him by the throat...

PINK
Trippin' Balls Sugar Dust!

Then... rams more Gummy Worms into his mouth --

PINK
WHERE'S THE COOK LAB?!!

ITOOKALOOK
Oh, gawd! please, no! ahhh,
mmfff...

He pukes out more Gummy juice.

ITOOKALOOK
C'mon, Pink?! They cook 'em where
they always cook 'em!

PINK
The old cannery.

Content at this resolve, Pink violently assaults Itookalook with a big fat Gummy Whale anyway --

ITOOKALOOK
Oh gawd! ahhh --!

EXT. PIER - OLD CANNERY - NIGHT

A broken down warehouse in a deserted shipyard. A KID THUG (12), strung out on Candy Cane, stands on the lookout.

Pink slides down a rope into frame, upside down.

PINK
Psst! Hey, kid. Wanna' sucker?

He holds up a lollipop.

KID THUG
Hell, yeah!

Pink sucker punches him in the mouth. Kid Thug falls like a boss.

PINK
Enjoy.

INT. OLD CANNERY - CONTINUOUS

Armed Goons walk around while poachers carve up Gummy Whales on a steel table. They gut them open to retrieve smaller multi-colored undigested gummy fish.

At another station, lab technicians dip Candy Canes into a fluorescent chemical bath, then sift them with highly potent doses of Trippin' Balls Sugar Dust.

Suddenly -- BANG! BANG!

Everyone stops to shit a brick. A TOAD-faced Goon (20s), slowly approaches the door.

TOAD
What'ya wants?!

EXT. OLD CANNERY - CONTINUOUS

Pink stands in the shadows.

PINK
Where 'id' was, there Ego shall be,
and the Ego is always curious to
find resolve. Knock, knock!

TOAD (O.S.)
Umm... who's *there*?!

PINK
Fuck.

A long beat, then... Pink steps into the limelight.

PINK
Say it!

TOAD (O.S.)
(deflated)
Fuck who?

INT. OLD CANNERY - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! A wad of lead tears open the door --

PINK
FUCK YOU!

Pink dives into the cannery, hits the ground with a roll, and manages to get behind a barrier. Mayhem ensues as everyone runs or unloads their gun at Pink -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

In the heat of destruction, Pink lights a cigarillo.

PINK
 Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.
 Other times, it's an enormous
 phallus that belongs to a gnome
 named Grimble Frumble.

PINK'S SHOTGUN STOCK: "Property of Grimble Frumble"

Pink emerges from behind the barrier -- BLAM! -- and falls hard as he takes a bullet in the leg.

PINK
 Ahhh! You Fascist Trendy Whore!

A FASCIST TRENDY WHORE sticks his craggy neck out from behind a sack of candy floss.

FASCIST TRENDY WHORE
 OK, that... that's just uncalled
 for!

Pink shoots out the ceiling lamps -- BOOM! SMASH! FIZZLE!

Pitch black, then, prismatic rays of light shoot from Pink's eyes and cut through the darkness as --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER

Saturday matinée, the place is jam-packed with KIDS on the edge of their seat. All wear the iconic 3-D glasses.

They scream in unison with their on-screen legend as he delivers his final reprisal --

KIDS
 It's time to Taste the
 Painbow!

PINK
 It's time to Taste the
 Painbow!

BACK TO SCENE

A GOON in a NEON MASK calls out.

NEON MASK GOON
 Taste the Painbow!? That's your
 catchphrase? OK, I'm not *physically*
 close enough to puke all over you
 but assume --

BOOM! Pink shoots him in the head -- SPLASH! It explodes like a bag of Skittles.

EXT. PIER - MOMENTS LATER

The LAST GOON crawls along the boardwalk, broken and bloody. Pink limps out from the Cannery.

LAST GOON

Oh, gawd! No...! Get away from me,
you crazy bastard!

PINK

(sing-song)

*"Craazy... tripping on sugar I am
craazy, gummy whale fishing."*

He rams more lead into Grumble Frumble's phallus.

PINK

The first ideology of civilization
is that of swift justice. In all my
years of psychoanalysis, I have
never before met someone more
deserving of the full penalty of
retribution.

He plugs the barrel into the Goon's mouth.

PINK

The way you made them suffer, fills
me with the urge to --

BOOM! The Last Goon's head erupts into a Skittle rainbow all over the boardwalk -- SPLASH!

Pink curiously picks up a handful of that well-deserved brain candy and throws it into his mouth.

PINK

Mmm ...

He saddles Grumble Frumble's phallus over his shoulder as he stares at the Christmas lights across the bay.

FADE TO BLACK: