Pink Is The New Black!

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HICK BAR - REDNECK COUNTRY - EVENING

TIM PIGGOTT (30’s) pretty-boy face, fashionably cut blond hair, muscled, dressed in a starched pink shirt, tight jeans and sneakers is having a few beers with his friend GEOFF STONE (30’s) wiry, fit, chiselled face, black flat top, ripped tee shirt and equally tight pants.

The time-worn juke box plays bluegrass in the background as the boys cozy up to each other, whispering, touching, giggling.

Across the alcohol stained bar, through the haze of cigarette smoke, body heat and odor, stand three good ol’ boys. RANDY (late 20’s), JAKE (late 30’s) and Marlon (30’s).

Dressed in the local town hard-case uniform, checkered shirts undone to near navel level, baggy carpenter pants, straining against beer-filled bellies and Caterpillar boots.

They watch, stalking. No stealth here, merely hate.

Tim pulls out a wad of bills.

TIM
One more?

Geoff puts his arm around his friend.

GEOFF
Sure baby. Another won’t hurt.

As he speaks he proudly taps his six pack.

Tim turns to the bar motioning to the obese BARTENDER (40’s). He waddles over in Tim’s direction.

BARTENDER
Another?

TIM
Yessir! Two.

The bartender reaches for two beers and belying his size nimbly decapitates both in one swift movement.

Tim is impressed, throws him a flashing smile and winks cheekily as he tosses over the money. The bartender snarls, throws the bottles across the bar and turns, lumbering to join the other three men. Looming, menacing drinking machines.
Tim hands a beer to Geoff.

TIM (CONT’D)
Guess this’ll be our last one.

As he finishes they hear a shout from across the bar.

JAKE (O/S)
Fuckin’ faggots.

Geoff looks past Tim.

GEOFF
Right. Gotchya. You wanna finish up?

TIM
Sure. Just paid good money for these.

The two clink bottles and chug on the beer. Tim finishes first, emitting a huge belch.

GEOFF
Shit man! Where’d that one come from?

TIM
Always happens when I drink quick. S’friggin’ embarrassing when you’re on a date.

Geoff finishes his drink wipes his mouth and once more puts his arm around his friend’s shoulder.

GEOFF
Lucky it’s just me then huh?

They laugh and leave the bar holding each other.

EXT. BAR CAR LOT - SAME EVENING.

Tim is standing next to an old dust covered Dodge, bearing the scars of various RTA’s. Neglected, abused. He looks over at Geoff peeing in the bushes.

TIM
Come on man. Time to go.

GEOFF
Dead right pal. It’s time to go.
Aaahh.
Geoff savors the emptying of his bladder, then laughs at his own humor. Zipping his fly he turns to see the three rednecks standing outside the bar door.

JAKE
Hey faggots!

TIM
C’mon man. Let’s split.

As Geoff walks over to the car, the three bullies grab him throwing him across the hood. He free-styles through the dust leaving a swathe of clean metal in his wake, winding up in a heap next to Tim.

Tim helps his friend to his feet.

TIM
You O.K. man?

Geoff angrily dusts himself down.

GEOFF
Sure baby. Sure.

When he looks up he is confronted by the three aggressors who have him and Tim penned in against the car.

GEOFF (CONT’D)
What the fuck’s wrong with you guys?

Marlon steps forward. Nose to nose with Geoff. His surviving teeth chipped, crooked and discolored. As he speaks, globules of beer flavored spittle hit Geoff in the face.

MARLON
We don’t take too kindly to your sort ‘round here. We ain’t got no queers here and we don’t wan’em. You hear me you fuckin’ shit stabber!

Geoff turns his face, wiping away the putrid fluid.

GEOFF
Oh, I hear you all right pal. Loud and clear.

Jake grabs Tim by the collar, pulling him around like a rag doll.
JAKE
So what we gonna do with you huh, pretty boy?

Randy is now leaning against the Dodge cleaning his dirt caked nails with a flick knife, blade ominously sharp glinting in the waning evening sun.

RANDY
I was readin’ in one o’ those magazines, GQ? Forget. Anyhow, they say the worst thing you can do to a man is rape’em.

Jake has Tim on the floor, pulling him around, kicking, stamping. Tim’s getting roughed up good.

JAKE
Well this one’s sure pretty ’nough to fuck.

Jake gets close to Tim.

JAKE (CONT’D)
But then I figure you’d like it, right?

Tim turns his face away.

Randy heaves himself off the car.

RANDY
Yeah, s’pose.
(beat)
Let’s just tow ’em around.
(beat)
I’ll get some rope.

As Randy heads for his car, Jake drags Tim to his feet.

JAKE
You won’t be so pretty after this boy.
(beat)
I guess you could say we’re gonna fuck you two in a diff’rent kinda way.

Jake laughs and releases his grip on Tim who takes his chance. He head butts Jake in the face. Jake’s hands fly upward in pain. Tim runs into the woods. Marlon is at a loss, dithering.
TIM
Run Geoff. Run!

Geoff needs no prompting. He’s off like a hare running in the opposite direction. Jake screams at Marlon and Randy.

JAKE
Get him! Get him an’ bring him back!

He turns chasing after Tim.

EXT. WOODS - MINUTES LATER

Tim is running blindly through the thick vegetation. Jake on the other hand knows the woods and takes a clearer route, gaining ground with every stride. As he draws level, he screams to Tim.

JAKE
O.K. gay boy. I’ve got you now. You’re gonna pay!

Tim continues to run for a few seconds then stops. All is quiet. No sound of Jake running or shouting. Tim strains to hear anything.

Suddenly, like an enraged bull, Jake rushes from the undergrowth grabbing Tim, pushing him backwards. Tim tries desperately to stay on his feet but Jake’s bulk is too much.

The two men hit the ground hard, breaking through the rotting wooden cover of a disused mineshaft.

INT. MINESHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

After the twenty foot drop Tim is winded, while Jake cries out in pain.

JAKE
Fuck! Fuck! I think I broke my legs!

Tim gains his breath, looks at Jake’s legs and sees a mess of bone sinew and muscle, blood oozing like a broken lava lamp.

TIM
This ain’t good my friend.
JAKE
I ain’t your fuckin’ friend.

Tim sits back and looks at the pathetic figure of Jake.

TIM
No, you’re right.
(beat)
Least I can do is make you feel more comfortable.

Tim edges towards Jake.

TIM (CONT’D)
I’m trained...

Jake interrupts harshly.

JAKE
You touch me you freak and I swear I’ll kill you!

Tim decides to back off. He pauses.

TIM
You know, I often wonder where all this hate comes from. I mean, is it only gays?

JAKE
(in pain)
We got no blacks, Jews nor faggots in our town. We’re clean man, fuckin’ clean.
(beat)
We don’t need any of that shit, ’specially fucking paedophiles.

TIM
You mean like me?

JAKE
Yeah you, ya sicko!

Tim shakes his head in disbelief. Gets as comfortable as possible.

TIM
White supremists?

Jake is beginning to shake with the pain.
JAKE
Just proud to be American man.
Proud.
(beat)
C’mon man. You gonna get us outta here or what?

Tim looks up at the opening.

TIM
Too high. No grip on the walls.
Just have to wait. Sit it out.
(beat)
My pals’ll find me.

Tim once more moves forward. Stretches out his hand.

TIM (CONT’D)
Look. We’re gonna be stuck here for a while.
(beat)
What’s your name? I’m Tim.

Again, Jake spits venomously at Tim.

JAKE
(shivering)
Told you once man, touch me an’ I’ll kill ya!

Tim shuffles back to his position. Shrugs. Jake drops his head, suffering. He mellows momentarily, more out of self-pity than anything else.

JAKE (CONT’D)
Jake. Name’s Jake.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

Jake is slowly slipping into delirium.

TIM
Gotta stay with me Jake. Stay awake. My buddies will be here soon. Then we’ll take care of you, but I need you to be here, right?

Jake nods his head, moaning with the mind-numbing pain. Tim keeps the conversation going.

TIM
So have you?
JAKE
(hesitantly)
Have... I what?

TIM
Y’know. Killed anyone?

Jake closes his eyes and whispers.

JAKE
No. Just talk.

Tim quickly leans over and shakes Jake’s shoulder.

TIM
Wake up Jake. I need you awake!

Jake’s eyes open.

JAKE
You?

TIM
Yeah. A few. Done some tours.

JAKE
What’s it like man?

Tim smiles.

TIM
Easy after the first one.

JAKE
Did ya stab ’em up the ass?

Jake tries to laugh but can only cough, aggravating his pain. Tim ignores the remark.

He then hushes Jake.

TIM
Sshhh! I hear something.

In the distance a call.

VOICE (O/S)
Tim! Tim! You here?

Tim immediately stands up shouting.
TIM
Over here! We’re over here!

He turns to Jake.

TIM (CONT’D)
You gotta stay with me man. Me and my pals will get you what you need.
(beat, shouting)
Over here! Geoff, We’re down here!

EXT. MINESHAFT HEAD - MOMENTS LATER
Geoff and three friends WILL, PAT and TRAVIS (30’s) all athletic, smart, crisp, are pulling Tim from the mineshaft by means of a rope. Tim clambers out of the chasm.

TIM
Man, am I glad to see you guys.

All four men hug.

JAKE (O/S)
(weakly)
Tim....Tim....don’t forget me!

Geoff nods towards the shaft.

GEOFF
Your chaser?

TIM
Yeah. Pretty banged up.
(beat, shouting to Jake)
Don’t worry Jake. We’re gonna take care of you. Just deciding what to do.

Tim looks around.

TIM (CONT’D)
We’ve gotta take care of him and quick!
(beat)
We need something heavy.

He spots a boulder and heads toward it.

TIM (CONT’D)
C’mon guys. I need help here.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:
The four men are standing around the mineshaft opening, the clay colored boulder perched just shy of the lip. Tim stands next to the rock, rope in hand.

TIM
(shouting)
Jake! Jake! You still with me?

JAKE
(faintly)
Yeah....Just...throw the rope.
(beat)
Just throw it!

Tim looks at his buddies and smiles.

TIM
Here it is pal.

Tim throws the whole rope into the shaft as his friends start to heave the boulder.

TIM (CONT’D)
So Jake. You got what you wanted, now you get what you deserve.

The boulder falls into the shaft and we hear a bone-crunching sound as Jake is crushed. Tim peers down the hole, satisfied.

TIM (CONT’D)
Good. Taken care of. The others?

Tim eyes his friends mischievously.

GEOFF

TIM
Car?

TRAVIS
Burned out.

TIM
They in it?

GEOFF
Well and truly. Gone for good! Charcoal, man. Char fuckin’ coal!

Tim turns away.
TIM
Sweet! Pay the bastards back.

TIM (CONT’D)

The friends walk away congratulating themselves, high fives, back slaps, whoops.

TRAVIS
Where we headin’ next?

TIM
No plans yet. Just drive I guess. (beat)
But wherever it is, they’ll sure know we’ve been there when we leave.

FADE OUT:

THE END