

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 gigarette 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'm.

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  
Dead. Travis got 'em with the  
Dodge. Had fun man. Shoulda heard  
'em. Screamin' like fucking babies.

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)  
O.K. guys. Great job. Another  
successful tour.

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