

Pimp Juice

By

Mike Shelton

FADE IN:

EXT. GHETTO - NIGHT

On a dimly lit street corner, four men, all in their early 40's and dressed in stereotypical pimp wear (big hats, long coats, the whole bit), stand next to a fire in a barrel.

They are FREDDIE, JO-JO, WILLIE, and ALI BABA.

Each of them sips from a 40, except for Jo-Jo, who clutches a shiny, gold urn littered with emeralds and rubys and stares at the burning fire.

JO-JO

It just ain't right, man. It just ain't right.

WILLIE

You said it, muthafucka. Grandpoppa Pimp should be with us right now.

Freddie motions toward the urn.

FREDDIE

He is.

WILLIE

Not like that, asshole. Here like we are.

ALI BABA

Here's to Grandpoppa Pimp.

Ali Baba dumps some of the contents of his 40 to the ground, causing Jo-Jo to become furious.

JO-JO

Man, what the fuck you doin'?

ALI BABA

Just givin' some to my dead homie.

Jo-Jo smacks the bottle from Ali Baba's hand.

Ali Baba looks at him, in confusion at first, then anger.

ALI BABA

What crawled up your ass and died, man?

JO-JO
Grandpoppa didn't drink nothin' but
red pop-ade, and you know this.

FREDDIE
He's just payin' his respects.

JO-JO
No, I'm payin' my respects. I'm
gonna take Grandpoppa's ashes to
the one place they belong.

The three men stand silent for a moment, waiting for Jo-Jo
to fill them in. He doesn't.

WILLIE
Where?

Jo-Jo points off in the distance.

JO-JO
There!

It's revealed that Jo-Jo is pointing at the Pop-Ade factory
across town.

We know it's the Pop-Ade factory because its giant, pitcher
shaped mascot, "Mr. Pop-Ade", sits on top of it and waves to
people on the highway, preaching the good word of fruit
flavored deliciousness.

FREDDIE
The Pop-Ade factory? What makes
you think he belongs there?

JO-JO
Cause I know Grandpoppa
Pimp...better than anybody.

Jo-Jo walks away, onward and upward toward the factory.

The three men watch him for a moment before turning away.

ALI BABA
That nigga's crazy.

WILLIE
Word, Ali Baba, word.

EXT. POP-ADE FACTORY - NIGHT

The dark and gloomy factory casts an ominous glow over the landscape with its cold, gray walls.

Multiple smokestacks cast large tufts of smoke into the atmosphere.

A spotlight on the ground casts a creepy shadow against the walls, and shines its light onto Mr. Pop-Ade, the only non-depressing thing in the whole area.

Jo-Jo squeezes his way through a hole in the fence, being very careful to not draw the attention of the factory's only noticeable security, two GUARDS, situated in a small hut a few hundred feet away.

Once Jo-Jo is on the other side, he spots an open dock door across the vast parking lot.

He looks between the hut and dock door, and when he's sure nobody's watching, tucks the urn under his arm, strikes a Heisman pose, and makes a break for it.

INT. POP-ADE FACTORY - NIGHT

Jo-Jo blazes through the open dock door and stops just a few feet inside.

He spots a map, and moves toward it.

From a distance, the map looks quite intricate, but once he's upon it, it looks like a children's place mat at Denny's.

He studies it for a moment, until he finds exactly what he's looking for. The red room.

He taps the location on the map and looks at the urn tucked securely under his arm.

JO-JO

This is it, Poppa. You're gonna
get a proper burial.

Jo-Jo heads off toward the red room.

INT. POP-ADE FACTORY, RED ROOM - NIGHT

Jo-Jo enters through a set of large doors and marvels at the site before him.

Conveyor belts run every which way and dump powdered, red Pop-Ade mix into large steel vats.

A stairway is connected to each vat, allowing workers to see the product from above.

Jo-Jo does a quick once over of the room, and when he spots no one, makes his way toward the nearest vat and up the staircase.

He stands at the top of the staircase and watches the powdered mix empty into the vats and mix around.

The swirl is so fluid, it's hypnotizing. So much so, that Jo-Jo fails to see a SECURITY GUARD making his rounds.

The Security Guard spots him as he stares into the vat.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey!

Jo-Jo is snapped out of his stupor. He looks to the guard, and without hesitation, tosses the entire urn into the mix and jets down the steps as the Security Guard makes chase.

The Security Guard speaks into a walkie talkie.

SECURITY GUARD

We've got a code four in the red room, code four. Suspect is on the run toward the south dock, repeat, the south dock.

INT. POP-ADE FACTORY, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jo-Jo runs as fast as he can through the narrow hallway, until two GUARDS turn a corner in front of him. He freezes.

A stare down is in the works, and the Guards look quite menacing with their flashlights.

Jo-Jo quickly looks back from where he came. Nothing. He contemplates heading that way until a guard chimes in.

GUARD # 1

I don't think you wanna go that way either.

JO-JO
Oh yeah? Why not?

The guards look at each other, then shout to the other end of the corridor.

GUARD # 1
Hey, Pop-Ade!

GUARD # 2
Hey, Pop-Ade!

The other end of the corridor is suddenly filled with the massive presence that is MR. POP-ADE, a seven foot tall red mascot, shaped like a pitcher.

A devious grin and two beady eyes make up the face. A screen on top gives its wearer the ability to see.

MR. POP-ADE
Holla!

Jo-Jo belts out a long, high pitched scream, truly horrified by the living mascot in front of him.

Jo-Jo looks between the advancing Mr. Pop-Ade and Security Guards, unsure of where to go.

Just as Mr. Pop-Ade and the guards are ready to pounce, Jo-Jo dives out of the way, just enough out of Mr. Pop-Ade's vision that he slams into the two guards and causes the three of them to tumble to the ground.

Jo-Jo gets up and darts toward the south dock as the guards and Mr. Pop-Ade attempt to get untangled.

Guard # 1 speaks into his walkie talkie with urgency.

GUARD # 1
He got by us! Shut the door! Shut it now!

Guard # 2 looks at the roly-poly Mr. Pop-Ade.

GUARD # 2
Nice going, Pop-Ade.

MR. POP-ADE
Ah, suck my fruity dick.

GUARD # 1
We're not out of this yet, c'mon.

The guards get up. Mr. Pop-Ade tries to right himself, but before he can the two guards are rolling him along.

MR. POP-ADE
Hey! What are you doing? Stop!

With a final, heavy push, the guards send Mr. Pop-Ade rolling down the corridor.

INT. POP-ADE FACTORY, SOUTH DOCK - NIGHT

Jo-Jo scrambles for the exit. The dock door up ahead slowly closes. It's gonna be a close one.

A scream echoes from behind, and he turns to find Mr. Pop-Ade coming at him faster than an avalanche.

JO-JO
Aw, hell no!

Jo-Jo picks up speed, doing all he can to avoid the giant pitcher and the door closing on him.

With just a few feet to go and the door close to closing, he dives and slides free and clear under the door. But wait!

His giant pimp hat is gone, and lying perfectly still on the other side of the door.

He lunges for it, quick as a cat, and retrieves it just as the heavy steel dock door slams shut.

Jo-Jo gets up, dusts himself off, and positions the pimp hat perfectly atop his head as the loud slam of Mr. Pop-Ade bangs against the door.

JO-JO
Now that's what I'm talkin' about.

Jo-Jo struts away.

INT. POP-ADE FACTORY, SOUTH DOCK - NIGHT

Guards 1 & 2 stand at the shut dock door. Guard # 1 speaks into his walkie talkie.

GUARD # 1
He got away. Better get hold of Vandelay A-S-A-P.

INT. POP-ADE FACTORY, SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Two guards monitor various surveillance equipment. PETER VANDELAY, (40's), storms into the room.

VANDELAY

Does somebody want to tell me just what the fuck happened tonight?

One of the guards brings up the footage of Jo-Jo on a monitor.

Vandelay watches it intently, and notices Jo-Jo throw the urn in the vat.

VANDELAY

What is that? What did he throw?

GUARD

We're not sure, sir. It appears to be a canister of some sort.

VANDELAY

You got me out of bed for this? A canister?

GUARD

We were told to alert you if any of the mixes had been compromised, sir.

Vandelay thinks it over for a moment.

VANDELAY

Right, right. Good work.

GUARD

Should we alert the factory personnel to discard the batch, sir?

Vandelay can't believe what he just heard.

VANDELAY

Are you kidding me? Do you know what the dollar value of one of those vats is?

GUARD

But, sir, I think--

VANDELAY

You're not paid to think! You're paid to do what I tell you to do, and I'm telling you the batch stays. Got it?

GUARD

Yes, sir.

VANDELAY

Splendid. Now, what do we have of note on tomorrow's shipping schedule?

The guard looks through a log on his desk.

GUARD

Ramova Falls, sir.

VANDELAY

Excellent. Instruct the shipping department to send the contents of that vat to Ramova Falls and Ramova Falls only. If something does happen to go awry, we'll be able to pinpoint it.

GUARD

Yes, sir.

VANDELAY

Good. Carry on. I'm sure we'll be laughing at all this come next week when the Pop-Ade corporation continues to bring in millions of dollars.

GUARD

Yes, sir.

VANDELAY

Damn, I love my job. And remember, Ramova Falls only. That little shit hole town is too far under the radar to be a risk should we have any issues.

GUARD

Do you think we'll have issues, sir?

VANDELAY
From a canister? Not a chance.

INT. POP-ADE FACTORY, RED ROOM - NIGHT

The urn spins around at rapid pace in the vat where Jo-Jo deposited it until it slams into one of the side walls and busts open.

The ashes of Grandpoppa Pimp spill out and are instantly absorbed into the powdery, pink mix. The amount is so minimal in the giant vat, that no color alteration takes place.

BEGIN MONTAGE: PREPARING THE SHIPMENT

- A large machine is hooked up to the vat.
- The large machine sucks the powder into a hopper.
- The hopper is transported to a packaging line, where the powder is emptied into small plastic containers.
- The containers are boxed up.
- The boxes are stacked in a truck.
- The truck exits the shipping dock.
- The TRUCK DRIVER looks at the welcome sign for Ramova Falls as he passes it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The town of Ramova Falls. A place with such a tremendous hometown feel, you expect George Bailey to run down the street shouting "Merry Christmas" at everyone any second.

People hustle along the sidewalk and move in and out of various shops. Light traffic moves along, and we catch all the action as Leroy Anderson's "The Waltzing Cat" leads us on a guided tour of the town.

It's a place of hope, a place of prominence.

The Pop-Ade truck driver finishes stacking boxes onto a hand dolly and makes his way toward a store entrance on the corner. As he does, he passes...

KING ALOYSIUS (40's). He's dressed in full on purple pimp wear and holds a cane with a small glass orb situated on top of it.

The music screeches to a halt. What the fuck is this guy doing here?

He leans against a lamppost and flashes a gold toothed smile at the passersby.

KING ALOYSIUS
Wassup? How you doin'?

King Aloysius watches the Pop-Ade driver enter the store.

Inside, JIMMY'S MOM (40's) is relieved to see him, and promptly takes one of the Red canisters off his hands.

She pays the cashier, and darts out of the store into an apartment next door.

An attractive WOMAN (20's) walks past. She holds a stack of papers in her hand.

King Aloysius grins and tips his giant hat.

KING ALOYSIUS
You lookin' for work?

The woman stops.

WOMAN
Excuse me?

KING ALOYSIUS
I said...

King Aloysius looks around suspiciously before he leans in close to the woman.

KING ALOYSIUS
...you lookin' for work?

WOMAN
Not with you.

She quickly walks away. King Aloysius yells after her.

KING ALOYSIUS
I was just gonna let you know I
doctor resumes on the side, you
toothy bitch!

King Aloysius adjusts his jacket.

KING ALOYSIUS

Damn.

A Hispanic man walks up and stands next to King Aloysius. He wears a long gold robe and a sombrero with a crystal ball situated on top of it.

He is SANCHO, THE SOOTHSAYER ON THE STREET (30's).

King Aloysius just stares at Sancho as he cheesily smiles back at him.

King Aloysius looks away and scans the street, going about his business.

KING ALOYSIUS

What you want, Sancho?

SANCHO

The soothsayer on the street.

KING ALOYSIUS

What?

SANCHO

That is my name. Sancho, the soothsayer on the street.

KING ALOYSIUS

That's what I said.

SANCHO

No, you just said Sancho.

King Aloysius turns back to Sancho.

KING ALOYSIUS

Man, what did I tell you?

Sancho thinks for a moment.

SANCHO

Not to sleep with Bubblehead cause she'll make my dick itch?

KING ALOYSIUS

No, after that. About your name.

Sancho draws a blank.

SANCHO

I...do not remember.

KING ALOYSIUS
Your ass you don't remember. It's
too long, man.

SANCHO
It is?

KING ALOYSIUS
Yeah. You wanna be a player out on
these streets, you gotta have a
name that commands respect. A name
like King Aloysius.

Sancho rubs his chin and smiles.

SANCHO
King Aloysius. I like that.

KING ALOYSIUS
That's the idea.

SANCHO
Can I have it?

King Aloysius takes a step back in shock.

KING ALOYSIUS
Fuck no. Get your own name, nigga.

Sancho thinks it over for a moment, and shakes his head.

SANCHO
That's okay. I'll just be Sancho...

KING ALOYSIUS
Good.

SANCHO
...the soothsayer on the street.

King Aloysius sighs in frustration.

KING ALOYSIUS
You got business to discuss? Cause
you're kinda fuckin' up mine.

SANCHO
We can discuss business if you
would like.

KING ALOYSIUS
Oh, is that right?

King Aloysius looks a little up the block and snaps his fingers at CHERRY and PEACHES (both 20's).

These girls are definitely working the streets, but refrain from giving off the skank vibe. They're high class hos, and the seductive way they approach proves it.

CHERRY

Hey, King.

KING ALOYSIUS

Sancho...

SANCHO

The soothsayer on the street.

King Aloysius is agitated.

KING ALOYSIUS

...this is Cherry and Peaches.

SANCHO

That is funny. They're both fruits.

CHERRY

Who you callin' a fruit, asshole?

KING ALOYSIUS

No, no, no. I just meant your names. They're both fruits. I mean you no disrespect.

KING ALOYSIUS

Yeah, it's a regular fruit salad goin' on, and I get to be the banana. Anyway, Sancho here wants to talk business.

CHERRY

What kind a business we talkin'? A little five knuckle shuffle? Around the world? Peaches here will go ass to mouth for an extra fifty.

Peaches nods in confirmation.

SANCHO

I'm sorry, but I do not wish to put my mouth on her ass.

CHERRY

Well, that ain't what it means, but I guess if you don't know, you ain't interested. Tell you what, you give me eighty bucks and pay for a room, and we'll have ourselves a good fuck.

SANCHO

That is most outrageous!

CHERRY

Fine. I'll give it to you for seventy five, but that's as low as I'm goin'.

SANCHO

But I don't want to make the sex with you.

KING ALOYSIUS

Then why'd you say you wanted to talk business?

SANCHO

Just making conversation. I thought you'd tell me how things were going with your herb business.

KING ALOYSIUS

What? Fuck, man, I don't know. You see Guy around?

Sancho scans the area.

SANCHO

I do not.

KING ALOYSIUS

Then I don't know how business is. He'll be here soon.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

An ice cream truck with a sign that reads "HERB'S HERBS" pasted to its side and a large speaker mounted to the top of it is stopped at a red light.

In the driver's seat sits GUY KRACKER (30's). He's a thin, white man dressed in khaki pants and a blue, button down shirt.

He is the whitest white man you could ever meet, and plays air guitar over the opening riff of Van Halen's "Beautiful Girls" as it plays on the radio.

The light turns green and Guy drives off. His high pitched, nasally singing blares through the speaker.

GUY

*She was a-seaside sittin' just
a-smokin' and a-drinkin' at
ringside. On top of the world, oh
yeah.*

The truck approaches a billboard for the channel 12 news that features on site reporter ANNIE MERRIWEATHER (30's).

She's dressed in a semi-casual business suit, arms folded across her chest, and smiles down on the passing traffic.

Guy stops and admires the billboard for a moment.

GUY

*She had her drink her hand, she had
her toes in the sand, and whoa!...*

Guy points at the giant, smiling Annie.

GUY

...what a beautiful girl, ah yeah!

Guy drives off and the truck disappears from sight.

INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY

In the busy news room, Annie sits at her desk and scours through a stack of papers.

After a moment, she looks at the people around her, far too busy to pay any attention to her aggravation.

ANNIE

*You've got to be kidding
me? There's nothing good off the
wire?*

GUNTHER, (60's) and a very gruff looking man walks up, and drops a folder in front of Annie.

GUNTHER

*Got a hot one for you. Take care
of it.*

Annie picks up the folder in excitement.

ANNIE

What have we got? A bank robbery? Drug bust?

GUNTHER

Nope. Better.

Annie's excitement quickly fades as she scans the contents of the folder.

ANNIE

Are you kidding me? Another puff piece.

GUNTHER

People like puff pieces. Keeps their minds off all the bad stuff going on out there.

ANNIE

The bad stuff is what makes news! The people deserve better, Gunther.

GUNTHER

Just do the story, will ya? Take Rollo. Oh, and try not to get so excited about Ramova Falls' catastrophes.

Gunther walks away.

ANNIE

Catastrophes? Yeah, right. Last catastrophe Ramova Falls had was when the mayor couldn't shit for a week.

Annie gathers her things.

EXT. KING ALOYSIUS' CORNER - DAY

Sancho stands, eyes closed and deeply meditating.

King Aloysius looks to Cherry and Peaches, who are stumped.

KING ALOYSIUS

Man, what the fuck are you doin'?

Sancho opens his eyes.

SANCHO

I have a new revelation for you.

King Aloysius folds his arms across his chest.

KING ALOYSIUS

I'm listening.

Sancho lowers himself, slightly bent at the knees.

He raises his hands over the crystal ball situated on top of his head and slowly moves them over it.

He stares, deep in thought as he summons his powers.

King Aloysius whacks him on the arm.

KING ALOYSIUS

Man, knock that shit off. Just tell me what you see.

Sancho stands up straight. He stares at King Aloysius with great intensity.

SANCHO

There is a flood coming, but not just any flood. This is a crimson flood that will affect many lives.

King Aloysius raises an eyebrow.

KING ALOYSIUS

You say crimson wave?

SANCHO

Yes, yes. Very crimson.

KING ALOYSIUS

You tellin' me that all my hos are gonna be on their rag? Damn!

King Aloysius kicks the ground in anger.

CHERRY

No way. We both just had it, remember? You made me fuck that guy that was into it.

KING ALOYSIUS

Right, right.

SANCHO

The prophecy does not lie.

King Aloysius, still upset by the news, looks to his girls.

KING ALOYSIUS

Just get out there and do what you can. I can't believe this shit.

The girls head off as Guy's ice cream truck pulls up.

Van Halen is still on the radio and Guy still on the mic.

GUY

Here I am, ain't no man of the world, all I need is a beautiful girl. Ah yeah, beautiful girls.

King Aloysius covers his ears until Guy cuts the engine and steps out.

He smiles a large smile and waves at King and Sancho.

GUY

(high pitched and nasally,
like the singing)
Hi King! Hi Sancho, the soothsayer
on the street.

Sancho folds his hands and bows.

SANCHO

Greetings, Guy Kracker.

KING ALOYSIUS

Man, what did I tell you?

Guy thinks it over.

GUY

Don't sleep with Bubblehead because she'll make my dick itch?

KING ALOYSIUS

What is it with you muthafuckas and Bubblehead? No, man. The singin'. I'm talkin' about the singin'.

GUY

What about it?

KING ALOYSIUS
 Don't do it on the mic! That white
 ass voice of yours is too much.

GUY
 Yeah, but Van Halen, that's a jam.

KING ALOYSIUS
 I'm gonna jam my foot up your ass
 if I catch you singin' one more
 time. Now, where's my money?

Guy reaches into his pocket and takes out a wad of bills.

He hands the bills to King Aloysius, who thumbs through them
 and nods his head in approval.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Looks like you been busy.

GUY
 Not too much, really. It was
 amazing. As soon as I got out on
 the street I was flooded with
 people looking to buy some herb.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Even better.

GUY
 Yeah, all these teenagers. Looks
 like you're going to be responsible
 for a lot of culinary geniuses.

King Aloysius looks at Guy in confusion.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Man, what the fuck are you talkin'
 about?

Guy points at the truck.

GUY
 The oregano, silly! You know, what
 I've been selling for you?

King Aloysius looks at Sancho.

SANCHO
 It is very tasty.

King Aloysius looks at the two in shock.

Guy pats his stomach.

GUY

Gonna be lots of good spaghetti out there soon. I can feel it.

KING ALOYSIUS

You're fuckin' with me, right?

GUY

No, why would I do that?

King Aloysius stuffs the wad of money in his pocket.

KING ALOYSIUS

Fine, man, fine. You just keep doing what you're doing, get that oregano on the streets.

Guy salutes King Aloysius.

GUY

Aye aye, captain. So, what are you guys chatting about?

King Aloysius gestures toward Sancho.

KING ALOYSIUS

Sancho's got a new prophecy.

Guy folds his arms across his chest, and turns toward Sancho. His eyes wide with happiness.

GUY

Really, Sancho, the soothsayer on the street? Good for you. What is it?

Sancho bends slightly at the knees and places his hands over his crystal ball.

Guy joins in, bending slightly at the knees as well. He looks at Sancho with genuine interest.

KING ALOYSIUS

You muthafuckas is crazy.

SANCHO

It's...a crimson wave.

GUY

Crimson wave?

SANCHO

Yes, and many animals. I see many zebras and leopards.

King Aloysius waves his hands.

KING ALOYSIUS

Hey, you didn't say shit about no animals before. What's that got to do with my bitches?

Sancho stands up straight and shrugs his shoulders.

SANCHO

I do not know.

King Aloysius kicks the ground.

KING ALOYSIUS

Damn!

Guy raises a finger.

GUY

I got it. A bunch of leopards and zebras are going to escape from the zoo, and they're going to eat a bunch of people. Blood is crimson.

KING ALOYSIUS

I need to get myself a new corner.

Guy nods in agreement.

GUY

Good idea. You don't wanna be out here in plain sight when the zebras and leopards come.

King Aloysius motions toward the truck.

KING ALOYSIUS

Go, man, just go. Sell some more herb.

GUY

You know, I've been meaning to ask you about that.

KING ALOYSIUS

What?

GUY

The sign says "Herb's Herbs", but we only have one herb. Shouldn't it be "Herb's Herb"?

King Aloysius just stares at him.

GUY

Don't worry. I'll take care of it.

JIMMY (8) zooms past the group. He wears a green hat with a small feather tucked in it, and his arms are extended like he's flying.

JIMMY

I'm flying! I'm flying!

The three men follow him with their eyes until he disappears into an apartment doorway.

KING ALOYSIUS

Now that's one fucked up little white kid.

Guy claps his hands together.

GUY

Okay guys, back to work. Catch you on the flip side!

Guy walks back to the truck and gets in.

He rings a small bell attached to the roof and picks up a microphone as he drives off.

GUY

Get your herb here! Fresh herb! I got the best herb in town!

King Aloysius flinches.

KING ALOYSIUS

I don't know what it is, but when he gets on that microphone his voice be goin' right through me.

SANCHO

It's his salesmanship. Gives me tingles.

Sancho smiles. King Aloysius looks at him, deadpan.

KING ALOYSIUS
Man, shut the fuck up.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A very sweaty Jimmy enters and stands in the living room.

JIMMY
Mom! Mom!

Jimmy's Mom quickly enters the room.

JIMMY'S MOM
Jimmy? What is it?

JIMMY
I was flying, Mom. I was really
flying!

Jimmy's mom sighs in relief.

JIMMY'S MOM
That's good honey, but you scared
me half to death coming in here and
yelling like that.

JIMMY
I'm sorry.

JIMMY'S MOM
Do you want something to
drink? You look awfully hot.

JIMMY
What do we have?

JIMMY'S MOM
I don't know. Let's take a look.

They exit to the

KITCHEN

Jimmy sits at the table while Mom searches the fridge.

JIMMY'S MOM
We have cola, milk, orange juice,
apple juice, and purple stuff.

Jimmy sticks his tongue out in disgust.

JIMMY
Purple stuff? Yuck. Don't we have
anything else?

Jimmy's mom shuts the fridge door and turns to him.

JIMMY'S MOM
I'm sorry, Jimmy, but that's all
we...oh, wait a minute. Almost
forgot.

She goes to the pantry and grabs a small red canister with
the words "POP-ADE" written on it.

Jimmy claps his hands in excitement.

JIMMY
Yay! Red!

JIMMY'S MOM
Yes, but I'm afraid you can't have
any, young man.

Jimmy's excitement quickly disappears.

JIMMY
Aww. Why not?

JIMMY'S MOM
Because this Pop-Ade is for little
boys that know better than to wear
their hats in the house.

Jimmy sheepishly removes his hat and puts it on the table.

JIMMY
Sorry.

JIMMY'S MOM
Better.

Jimmy's mom grabs a pitcher and scoops some of the red
powder into it.

JIMMY
You remember what today is, don't
you, Mom?

JIMMY'S MOM
No. What's today?

JIMMY
Mom! It's allowance day!

Jimmy's mom remembers.

JIMMY'S MOM
Oh, right. I remember.

She finishes making the Pop-Ade and pours some in an ice filled glass. She puts the glass in front of him.

JIMMY'S MOM
I'll be right back.

Jimmy smiles with glee as his mom leaves the room.

He picks up the glass of Pop-Ade and looks at it.

JIMMY
Mmmm. Red.

Jimmy takes a big drink from the glass and sets it down.

A moment later his eyes bulge widely. He quickly grabs the glass and slams the rest of it down.

He sets down the glass and looks at his hat.

He picks it up, smooths the brim, and places it atop his head slightly cocked to the side to cover one eye.

He leans back in his chair and slowly bobs his head. His upper lip is stained red from the Pop-Ade.

Jimmy's mom returns with three dollars in hand. She places the money on the table and Jimmy quickly snatches it up.

JIMMY
Now that's what I'm talkin' about.

He smiles as he counts the money. Jimmy's mom reaches over and quickly snatches a bill away.

Jimmy shoots her a mean glance with his exposed eye.

JIMMY
You crazy? Gimme my money.

Jimmy's mom waves the bill in the air.

JIMMY'S MOM
What did I tell you about the hat? If you can't obey my rules, you don't get all the money.

Jimmy slowly gets up. He grins from ear to ear.

JIMMY

Now, we can do this the easy way,
and you just hand me that dolla, or
we can do it the hard way.

Jimmy's mom places her hands on her hips.

JIMMY'S MOM

Excuse me? Are you threatening me?

Jimmy points a finger at her.

JIMMY

I'm gonna have my money. Whether
or not I gotta pimp slap your ass
is up to you.

Jimmy's mom is fuming.

JIMMY'S MOM

Why you--

She takes a step toward Jimmy, but stops when he raises his hand. He stands firm.

JIMMY

Do I gotta smack a bitch? Huh?

Jimmy's mom stands frozen in shock. He motions for her to hand over the dollar.

She slowly extends her hand and Jimmy grabs the bill. He quickly puts it in his pocket.

Jimmy walks toward the exit. He turns back in the doorway.

JIMMY

Don't be fuckin' with my
flava. You've been warned.

Jimmy exits as his mom stands frozen. She takes a deep breath, and walks to the table.

She pours a glass of Pop-Ade and takes a large swig.

After a few seconds, her eye twitches.

She reaches up and pulls the sleeve of her shirt down, just enough to expose one of her shoulders, and exits the apartment.

EXT. KING ALOYSIUS' CORNER - DAY

Sancho and King Aloysius stand on the corner.

Jimmy exits from his building and approaches them. He walks with a swagger.

KING ALOYSIUS
You keep talkin' that shit and
you're gonna have some crystal
balls in your mouth.

Jimmy stands between them. He puts his hand out.

JIMMY
Yo! Gimme five, my nigga.

King Aloysius is shocked.

Cherry and Peaches walk up.

KING ALOYSIUS
What?

JIMMY
I said gimme five, muthafucka.

Jimmy extends his hand a little further, with authority.

CHERRY
Look at this little kid. He's
tryin' to be a straight up mack.

King Aloysius laughs at him.

KING ALOYSIUS
Man, get the fuck outta here.

Jimmy smirks and adjusts his shirt collar.

JIMMY
You just a hater.

Jimmy walks away while King Aloysius watches in awe.

KING ALOYSIUS
Crazy ass, white kid.

CHERRY
Shit. I bet his dick don't even
touch his underwear yet.

Jimmy's mom exits the apartment. She walks up to Sancho and rubs the crystal ball on his sombrero.

CHERRY

Now look at this bitch.

JIMMY'S MOM

Hey, baby. You lookin' for a good time?

Sancho stands perfectly still.

SANCHO

Would you like to go to a movie?

She rolls her eyes and turns to King Aloysius.

JIMMY'S MOM

How bout you?

King Aloysius looks at her sternly.

KING ALOYSIUS

Bitch, don't make me bite you.

Jimmy's mom smiles.

JIMMY'S MOM

I might like that.

King Aloysius waves her off.

KING ALOYSIUS

Blow.

JIMMY'S MOM

That's twenty bucks.

KING ALOYSIUS

No, blow, as in get the fuck outta here, blow. Twenty dollas? Shit. You small time.

Jimmy's mom shrugs her shoulders.

JIMMY'S MOM

Suit yourself. You want some of this?

She reaches into her purse and pulls out a plastic container filled with red Pop-Ade.

She offers it to King Aloysius and Sancho.

King Aloysius shakes his head, but Sancho reaches for it.

King Aloysius stops him.

KING ALOYSIUS

No. We cool.

JIMMY'S MOM

You don't know what you're missing.
This shit's off the hook.

She takes a large drink and offers it up again.

JIMMY'S MOM

Try some.

KING ALOYSIUS

No thanks.

She sticks the container right in his face.

JIMMY'S MOM

Try some!

King Aloysius pushes it away.

KING ALOYSIUS

Bitch, I don't want any of your
nasty ass Pop-Ade!

She laughs loudly.

JIMMY'S MOM

Sooner or later, everyone will be
drinking it. You won't be able to
stop it!

CHERRY

Listen here, you fuckin'
skeeze. Get your ass out of here
or I'll have Peaches punch you in
the coochie.

Peaches punches the palm of her hand.

SANCHO

Doesn't she speak?

KING ALOYSIUS

No, but she moans like a
muthafucka.

JIMMY'S MOM

You hos are just jealous that I'm
gonna take all your men.

CHERRY

Bitch, I will claw your
muthafuckin' eyes out.

Cherry advances, but King Aloysius stops her.

King Aloysius moves Jimmy's Mom's along.

KING ALOYSIUS

Alright, crazy bitch. Time to get
movin'.

King Aloysius shakes his head as Jimmy's mom walks away.

KING ALOYSIUS

Damn, I need to find a new
corner. I ain't even playin' no
more.

Sancho stands, oblivious.

KING ALOYSIUS

Where were you on that one, Sancho?

SANCHO

The soothsayer on the street.

KING ALOYSIUS

Nigga, if you correct me one more
time, I swear I'm gonna...

King Aloysius perks up and looks at his surroundings.

He spots numerous people, each dressed very lavishly in
large hats and bright colors, leaning against various
buildings and lampposts.

Sancho looks at King Aloysius.

SANCHO

What's wrong?

KING ALOYSIUS

I don't know, man. Something's
weird. Check that out.

King Aloysius gestures across the street.

Sancho looks to see a MAN (20's) in a bright orange suit.

He leans against a building with his left hand planted
firmly on his crotch. He looks side to side.

SANCHO

What about him?

KING ALOYSIUS

Muthafucka looks like he's tryin'
to pimp my territory.

SANCHO

So?

KING ALOYSIUS

So? You don't go tryin' to work
your way into another pimp's
turf. I think I need to have some
words.

CHERRY

Yeah. Stab his ass, King.

King steps forward, but stops when he sees the woman he ran into earlier approach the man in the orange suit.

When she's close, the man in orange steps in front of her. She attempts to get around, but it's no use.

She stops and swings her purse, but the pimp is too fast. He grabs it, and with great speed he applies makeup and tears at the woman's clothes to make her look slutty.

When he's done, he presses the girl against the building.

She tries to run, but he grabs her and forces her to drink from a flask that he takes from his pocket.

Red Pop-Ade flows freely into her mouth. The overflow runs down her chin and onto her shirt. It leaves a pink stain.

As the last drops slowly trickle out of the flask, the woman stands perfectly calm. Her hand rests on her hip as she looks around the street like a ho on the hunt.

King Aloysius stands in shock for a moment. He looks around to find many more brightly clothed people. They grab anybody they can and make them drink.

King Aloysius spots two MEN. One wears a zebra print outfit, and the other a leopard print. They walk toward King Aloysius and Sancho with a swagger.

The man in the Zebra print waves a flask at King Aloysius.

ZEBRA MAN

Hey, muthafucka. You want some of
this Pop-Ade?

LEOPARD MAN

And I got me some fine ass bitches
down on tenth street if you lookin'
to get yo' dick wet.

He points at them and turns to Sancho.

KING ALOYSIUS

Look! It's a zebra and a
leopard! Run! It's the crimson
wave!

King Aloysius runs off, but slowly. His platform shoes are
just too much trouble for him.

Sancho runs off in the opposite direction.

Cherry and Peaches look at each other, shrug their
shoulders, and walk off, working what their mommas gave them
as they move down the street.

Mass hysteria is afoot as various pimps and hos emerge from
different homes and alleyways, each with a red Pop-Ade
mustache.

INT/EXT. GUY'S TRUCK - DAY

Guy drives along and looks at the numerous brightly clothed
people with wonder.

Each one he passes gives him a nod, and shows him a
container filled with red Pop-Ade.

GUY

Oh boy. I think I've struck gold!

Guy pulls over to the curb, and a mob of pimps and hos
flocks to the truck.

Guy pokes his head out the side window, and a PIMP steps to
the front of the group.

He offers Guy a gold chalice filled with red Pop-Ade.

GUY

No thanks. You guys looking to buy
some herb?

The pimps and hos groan in agony and cover their ears with their hands.

GUY
Hey, you guys alright?

PAINED PIMP
Man, shut the fuck up!

They slowly shuffle away from the truck.

Guy shakes his head.

GUY
Okay, suit yourself.

Guy goes back to the driver's seat and watches the scene through the front window.

Guy bites his upper lip and snaps his fingers.

GUY
I'll try the mass audience approach.

Guy picks up the microphone.

GUY
Get your herb here! Herb's Herb,
the best herb in town!

The pimps and hos fall to the ground in convulsions as Guy's voice booms through the speaker atop the truck.

GUY
Fresh herb! Fresh herb here!

PAINED PIMP
Stop, muthafucka, stop! It
hurts! It hurts!

The convulsions become more intense with each word.

Red foam shoots from their mouths and they shake in full on, distorted seizures.

Guy watches the scene in fear.

GUY
Oh boy.

Guy drives away, keeping a close eye on the group.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

King Aloysius hobbles along with very labored breathing. He's clearly run out of gas.

He stops and rests against a building in an attempt to catch his breath. All around is quiet.

From a building next door emerges the GOODYEAR PIMP, (30's), and one of the fattest men anyone could encounter in their lifetime.

He wears a matching track suit with its jacket unzipped about a third of the way to expose a slew of gold chains and chest hair.

GOODYEAR PIMP

Hey, man.

King Aloysius, caught off guard, raises his cane to strike.

KING ALOYSIUS

Get your crazy bootleg ass away from me!

The Goodyear Pimp raises his hands. King Aloysius recognizes him and lowers the cane.

GOODYEAR PIMP

What the fuck's your problem? And what the fuck you doin' on my turf?

KING ALOYSIUS

I ain't got time for this shit right now, Goodyear Pimp.

GOODYEAR PIMP

You got time to be hanging out on one of my corners, you got time to talk. So what's goin' down?

KING ALOYSIUS

I don't know what the fuck's goin' down, but it's crazy.

Goodyear Pimp looks around at the eerie silence.

GOODYEAR PIMP

Shit, muthafucka, you all wiggled out. You better stop gettin' high on your own supply.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Bitch, I ain't high. You know
 what? Fuck you and your fat
 ass. Deal with it yourself.

King Aloysius takes a step, but The Goodyear Pimp stops
 him. He eyes Aloysius' cane.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 What the fuck you doin' with
 Grandpoppa Pimp's cane?

KING ALOYSIUS
 He left it to me.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 You? What the fuck did he leave it
 to you for?

KING ALOYSIUS
 Cause after he died, I became head
 pimp of the county.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 Well ain't that some bunk ass shit.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Shit, I'm the pimpinest muthafucka
 on the planet, and you know this.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 Just cause you got Grandpoppa
 Pimp's cane don't mean you the
 pimpinest muthafucka on the planet.

KING ALOYSIUS
 He left me his caddy too. You
 know, the fly purple one.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 Muthafucka.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Don't sweat it, nigga. I'll still
 let you run your business with
 Bubblehead and the rest of your
 skank ass hos. I'm keepin' Peaches
 though.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 You done peeled one of my bitches?

KING ALOYSIUS
 Damn straight, and I ain't payin'
 you no pimp movin' tax neither.

They have a brief staredown. The Goodyear Pimp concedes.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 You know what? Keep her Choosey
 Susie ass. I need me a fuckin
 sandwich. I'll deal with your ass
 later.

The Goodyear Pimp retreats into a nearby sandwich shop.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Yeah, keep workin' on that heart
 attack, you fat muthafucka.

King proceeds onward, but doesn't get far when he sees a group of pimps and hos in the distance.

The pimps shoot craps against the side of a building and drink from 40s while the hos put on an obscene amount of makeup.

Without hesitation, he runs back the way he came.

INT/EXT. GUY'S TRUCK - DAY

Guy drives along, speaking into the microphone.

GUY
 Herb! Get your herb
 here! Delicious herb!

Guy spots King Aloysius running toward him.

GUY
 Hi, King!

King Aloysius jumps in the truck.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Drive, muthafucka, drive!

Guy jumps back in fear.

GUY
 Jumping gee willikers. What's the
 trouble, King?

King Aloysius gestures to the back of the truck.

Guy looks to see a mob of pimps and hos scattered on the ground, each one of them in convulsions.

KING ALOYSIUS
That's what's wrong!

King Aloysius leans over and steps firmly on the gas pedal.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The truck speeds away with the pimps and hos still in convulsions.

A separate mob of pimps and hos approaches from behind.

They stand over the group in convulsions and pour red Pop-Ade into their mouths.

The convulsions stop. Each one gets up and the gang, now doubled in size, helps dust each other off. Pimps and hos should always look their best.

INT/EXT. GUY'S TRUCK - DAY

The truck speeds along. King Aloysius stares wide-eyed out the window with his foot firmly planted on the gas pedal.

GUY
Stop! King, stop!

Guy slams on the brakes and the truck skids to a halt.

King Aloysius refuses to lay up on the gas, the engine revs.

GUY
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

Guy smacks King Aloysius in the face and he removes his foot from the gas pedal.

Guy gives King Aloysius a stern look.

GUY
What's wrong with you? You trying to make us crash and ruin your nice truck?

KING ALOYSIUS
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

GUY
Well, alright. Just don't let it
happen again, Buster.

Guy turns back toward the front window.

King Aloysius reaches over and grabs him by the collar.

KING ALOYSIUS
Muthafucka, don't you ever smack
me. I'm the pimp. I do the smackin'
around here!

King Aloysius shakes Guy.

GUY
Let...me...go. Let...me...go.

King Aloysius shakes him a few more times and releases his grip. He sits back in his seat and adjusts his jacket.

KING ALOYSIUS
You just let that be a lesson to
ya. Nobody lays hands on King
Aloysius.

Guy stares out the front window. Another mob of pimps and hos stands before them, each with a container of Pop-Ade.

Some pimps smooth their hats while others adjust there jackets. Hos still apply makeup, except for BUBBLEHEAD, (50's), a gross looking ho who scratches at her crotch ferociously.

GUY
Uh, King?

KING ALOYSIUS
Just get out of here, Guy. I don't
like this shit, and I sure as fuck
don't wanna be anywhere that
Bubblehead's hangin' out.

BUBBLEHEAD
My hoo hoo itches!

Guy and King Aloysius reel back in disgust.

KING ALOYSIUS
Man, that's just nasty.

King looks in the passenger side mirror and adjusts his hat.

A hand with a giant ring on each finger reaches through the window and grabs him.

King Aloysius screams and Guy looks over.

GUY

Oh, golly!

KING ALOYSIUS

Oh golly shit, muthafucka, go!

The RINGED PIMP has an arm firmly around King Aloysius' neck. He slowly brings the other one up. It holds a container of red Pop-Ade.

Guy reaches over and smacks the ringed pimp on the forehead. He freezes and looks at Guy.

Guy raises his hands.

GUY

Now listen, buddy. I don't want any trouble.

The ringed pimp releases his grip on King Aloysius and covers his ears.

King Aloysius looks at the pimp in revelation.

KING ALOYSIUS

That's it. That's how I get my shit back.

GUY

What?

The ringed pimp groans louder and walks away.

KING ALOYSIUS

That honkey ass voice of yours...

King Aloysius points at the ringed pimp.

KING ALOYSIUS

...they can't stand it.

King Aloysius grabs the microphone and sticks it in front of Guy's mouth.

GUY

What are you doing?

KING ALOYSIUS

Sing.

Guy pushes the mic away.

GUY

But you told me not to sing
anymore.

KING ALOYSIUS

Fuck what I said, just sing!

Guy thinks, but draws a blank.

King Aloysius, frustrated turns on the radio and scans through the channels. He stops on a DJ.

DJ (V.O.)

This one's going out to chip in
Blanco City. Take it away, Barry!

Barry Manilow's "Copacabana" starts in. King smiles.

KING ALOYSIUS

Aww, hell yeah. Sing that.

GUY

I didn't know you liked Barry
Manilow.

KING ALOYSIUS

Just sing the muthafuckin' song!

King Aloysius sticks the mic back in Guy's face and he starts in.

GUY

*Her name was Lola, she was a
showgirl. With yellow feathers in
her hair and a dress cut down to
there, she would merengue, and do
the cha-cha...*

The pimps and hos shake violently. King's plan is definitely working.

GUY

*...and while she tried to be a
star, Tony always tended
bar. Across a crowded floor, they
worked from eight till four. They
were young and they had each other
who could ask for more?*

The violent seizures continue and pick up in pace.

GUY
At the Copa...

Three pimps explode.

GUY
...Copacabana...

A pimp and two hos explode.

GUY
*...the hottest spot north of
 Havana. At the Copa...*

A ho explodes.

GUY
Copacabana!

Four pimps explode.

GUY
*Music and passion are always in
 fashion at the Copa...they fell in
 love.*

The remaining pimps and hos go up in a burst of liquid.

Red Pop-Ade flies everywhere, soaks the windshield.

King Aloysius slowly lowers the microphone. He and Guy stare at each other.

GUY
 Oh my God. I just killed those
 people!

King Aloysius raises a hand for a high five.

KING ALOYSIUS
 That's what I'm talkin'
 about. Kabloom! Like muthafuckin'
 Scanners and shit.

King Aloysius keeps his hand in the air. Guy does nothing.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Don't leave a brotha hangin'.

GUY
But I killed them.

KING ALOYSIUS
And you gonna be killin' a lot more
too. These muthafuckas is
everywhere, and your white ass is
the key to stopping them.

GUY
But why?

KING ALOYSIUS
We'll figure all that out
later. Right now, we need to make
sure nobody else drinks that shit.
I think that's what's doin' it.

GUY
Shouldn't we call the authorities?

KING ALOYSIUS
Trust me, the cops ain't gonna do
shit. Why do you think I moved my
business here? It's like white
people heaven. No crime.

GUY
What about the news?

KING ALOYSIUS
Why? So you can finally meet that
girl up on the billboard? Worry
about gettin' laid another time.

GUY
I thought if we exposed it,
something would be done.

KING ALOYSIUS
Somethin' is bein' done, and we the
ones that's doin' it.

GUY
So, where to?

KING ALOYSIUS
Only one place I can think of
around here with a huge stash of
Pop-Ade.

Guy just stares.

KING ALOYSIUS
Mister Kwan's.

Guy smiles.

GUY
Alright! Let's get this beezy to
Mister Kweezy!

King Aloysius stares. Guy shrugs.

GUY
My neezy?

KING ALOYSIUS
Don't ever do that again. Drive.

Guy steps on the gas and the truck zooms off.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Sancho inches along the side of a building in an attempt to stay out of sight. All around is quiet.

The Goodyear Pimp enters from a nearby gangway, eating a massive sausage sandwich.

He spots Sancho leaning against the building and approaches.

GOODYEAR PIMP
Hey, Sancho.

SANCHO
The soothsayer on the st--

Sancho turns and spots the Goodyear Pimp. He jumps back, a little in shock.

SANCHO
You just...stay right there. I
don't want any Pop-Ade.

GOODYEAR PIMP
Pop-Ade? Shit, I wish I had me
some fuckin' Pop-Ade.

Sancho watches him apprehensively.

The Goodyear Pimp takes notice of his labored breaths.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 What's wrong with you? Why you
 breathin' so hard?

SANCHO
 The pimps. There are many.

The Goodyear Pimp laughs.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 Shit, ain't no pimps on these
 streets but me and King Aloysius,
 and that muthafucka ain't nothin'
 but a poser runnin' around town
 like a little bitch.

Sancho moves in and grabs the collar of the Goodyear Pimp's
 track suit when he's in the middle of taking a massive bite
 from his sandwich.

SANCHO
 You must believe me! It's the
 prophecy! It has come true!

The Goodyear Pimp doesn't move.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 I think someone's been smokin' a
 little too much of King's bunk ass
 weed, if ya ask me. Now, I suggest
 you take your hands off me before I
 go and stick that crystal ball on
 top of your head up your ass.

Sancho removes his grip and takes a step back.

SANCHO
 As you wish.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 Now, listen to me. I don't know
 what you're talkin' about with all
 this nonsense, but I like to keep
 all that crazy shit off my
 corner. You dig?

SANCHO
 But--

The Goodyear Pimp raises a hand to cut off Sancho.

GOODYEAR PIMP

Do you hear what I'm sayin'? I keep that crazy shit off my corner. Now get your ass outta here before you really make me mad.

Sancho looks past the Goodyear Pimp to see a group of six Pop-Ade converted pimps swaggering toward them.

Each has a Pop-Ade filled container that they drink from, and a ho on their arm that they showcase for sale.

Sancho points them out.

SANCHO

They're coming!

The Goodyear Pimp turns to see them and laughs.

GOODYEAR PIMP

Shit, those fools must think it's Halloween.

SANCHO

You must run! It's the prophecy! The crimson wave! The zebras and leopards! It's all coming t--

Sancho is cut off by the Goodyear Pimp's sandwich being stuffed in his mouth.

He calms down, and after getting a taste of the sandwich, spits it out quickly.

SANCHO

Is that mayonnaise?

GOODYEAR PIMP

Damn straight. Makes everything better.

SANCHO

Yuck!

Sancho flees from the advancing pimps.

The Goodyear Pimp turns to find the Pop-Ade pimps only a few steps away.

GOODYEAR PIMP

Now listen here, everybody. Like I just told that guy, I like to keep all the crazies off my corner, so I

GOODYEAR PIMP
 suggest y'all be movin' along the
 other way before I bust up one of
 your heads.

The Goodyear Pimp holds a stern demeanor.

The pimps and hos stand still before him.

PIMP # 1
 Hey, man. You want the hookup? My
 bitches'll make you like a
 boomerang, you just keep comin'
 back.

The Goodyear Pimp spots one of their Pop-Ade filled
 containers and snatches it away.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 I think I'll be havin' me some of
 this.

PIMP # 1
 Shit, help yourself, muthafucka.

He pops the cap on the container. the pimps and hos
 exchange pleasant, knowing glances.

The Goodyear Pimp takes a massive drink. Pop-Ade runs down
 the side of his mouth and onto his chest. This guy is a
 total slob.

He empties the container and tosses it to the ground. A
 moment later, his eyes bug out. He clutches his chest.

GOODYEAR PIMP
 Damn, maybe I shouldn't had that
 mayonnaise.

He collapses to the ground with a grunting scream. The
 pimps and hos move in.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sancho stops as he hears the Goodyear Pimp's scream echo
 through the air.

SANCHO
 Godspeed, Goodyear Pimp.

Sancho continues on down the street.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Pop-Ade pimps pour the contents of their containers on The Goodyear Pimp, who lies on the ground in a large, gelatinous clump.

The jacket of his track suit heavily stained with red Pop-Ade.

His eyes bulge open and glow with a deep red color, not unlike the Pop-Ade.

GOODYEAR PIMP
Behold! I am...

The Goodyear Pimp attempts to get up, but his size heavily inhibits him. Another push.

GOODYEAR PIMP
Behold! I am...

Fail. Another, more forceful push and the Goodyear Pimp is able to get himself to his feet, very slowly.

He pulls up the pants of his track suit to hide the massive butt crack that was previously exposed.

GOODYEAR PIMP
Behold! I am...

The red in his eyes swirls around like the waves of a Pop-Ade ocean crashing against the rocks.

GOODYEAR PIMP
Super Pimp!

He juts his hands out in front of him about a foot apart, and the space is soon occupied by red streams of lightning.

An empty container at his feet slowly fills with Pop-Ade and causes him to laugh maniacally.

The six Pop-Ade pimps stand before him in worship.

The Goodyear Pimp holds his fingers out like guns, and shoots a small stream at each of their near empty containers, promptly refilling them.

GOODYEAR PIMP
With our numbers and my power, the city is ours. Can you dig it!

The six pimps cheer in excitement as the Goodyear Pimp slowly raises his hands above his head.

EXT. MISTER KWAN'S CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

MISTER KWAN (60's) stands in front of his disheveled store with broom in hand. He sweeps up a large pile of glass that was once his storefront window.

Guy and King Aloysius speed up to the curb in their ice cream truck and get out.

GUY

Mister Kwan! What happened?

MISTER KWAN

(thick Asian accent)

It was unbelievable. Fifty of them, they ransacked my store and took all the red Pop-Ade.

KING ALOYSIUS

Just the red?

Mister Kwan points through the broken window to the inside of the store.

At first glance, it appears that Mister Kwan sells nothing but Pop-Ade, with each shelf filled with a different colored canister.

MISTER KWAN

Just red. Everything except what's in the back.

An entirely empty shelf near the front of the store confirms his story.

Guy glances through the store until he sees a pair of motionless legs wearing seersucker pants on the ground, sticking out the back end of an aisle.

GUY

Whose feet are those?

Mister Kwan looks at Guy and King Aloysius, but says nothing.

Guy and King Aloysius quickly rush into the store.

INT. MISTER KWAN'S CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Guy and King Aloysius stare at the body of the PIMP that belongs to the legs in shock. Mister Kwan soon joins them.

MISTER KWAN
Oh, him. He crazy.

GUY
Is he dead?

MISTER KWAN
Of course he's dead. Can't you see that?

The face of the body is revealed. It stares at the ceiling in a blank, open mouthed stare. It's nose and mouth covered in red stains.

KING ALOYSIUS
I know he's dead, but why?

MISTER KWAN
I just told you. He crazy. They come in here and try to steal all the red Pop-Ade. This guy, he was the worst of them all.

INT. MISTER KWAN'S CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mister Kwan watches as a group of pimps and hos finish ransacking his store. The exit with armfuls of red Pop-Ade canisters.

MISTER KWAN (V.O.)
There were so many of them. I could do nothing but watch as they took everything I had. But there was one, and he was clumsy.

A PIMP in a seersucker suit drops a canister of Pop-Ade. It cracks and the red powder spills all over the floor.

In a flash the seersucker pimp is on the ground, snorting the powder straight from the floor.

MISTER KWAN (V.O.)
He spill it, but does he leave it? No way, Jose. He started snorting it like it was cocaine or something.

KING ALOYSIUS (V.O.)
Cocaine?

MISTER KWAN (V.O.)
That's what I said. Cocaine. But
I guess he had too much.

He hoovers it until something seems to break inside of him. His eyes go wide, and he twitches. In an instant, he falls to the floor, dead.

INT. MISTER KWAN'S CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY - PRESENT

Mister Kwan mimics the twitches.

MISTER KWAN
And then he died.

KING ALOYSIUS
That's some crazy ass shit right
there.

GUY
You bet your sally it is.

KING ALOYSIUS
What the fuck does that even mean?

GUY
I'm just agreeing with you.

KING ALOYSIUS
You call the cops about this,
Mister Kwan?

MISTER KWAN
No.

KING ALOYSIUS
Good, cause we got this, but you
oughta know you some bunk ass
Pop-Ade on your shelf.

Mister Kwan is filled with anger.

MISTER KWAN
My Pop-Ade is best Pop-Ade in town!

Mister Kwan raises his broom, ready to strike.

Guy intervenes just as King Aloysius strikes his best Kung Fu pose.

GUY

Hey, cut it out! Now, maybe you do have the best Pop-Ade in town, Mister Kwan, but you have to stop selling it for a bit.

MISTER KWAN

Stop selling it? That's what everybody buys.

GUY

But there's something wrong with it. It's doing something to people.

MISTER KWAN

Something?

KING ALOYSIUS

It's turnin' all of them into me.

Mister Kwan is confused.

MISTER KWAN

Large black men?

KING ALOYSIUS

Pimps, muthafucka, pimps. Get with the program. There's something wrong with the red Pop-Ade, and it's turnin' anyone who drinks it into a pimp...or ho, dependin' on what gender you are.

MISTER KWAN

There aren't female pimps?

KING ALOYSIUS

Them's madames. Totally different. Look.

King Aloysius motions toward the library across the street.

On the steps stands MISS PEW (60's), the town's resident library lady.

She wears the traditional sweater and long, wool skirt of a library lady, but accessorizes it with an elaborate feather boa, wrapped neatly around her neck.

MISTER KWAN

Miss Pew?

KING ALOYSIUS
That's a madam.

MISTER KWAN
How do you know?

KING ALOYSIUS
Cause ain't no ho gonna be caught
dead on the streets in no
muthafuckin' orthopedic shoes.

MISTER KWAN
So, what do we do? How do we stop
this?

KING ALOYSIUS
Well, since they got most of your
Pop-Ade, it's gonna be bad out
there. All we can do now is use our
secret weapon.

King Aloysius slaps Guy on the back.

MISTER KWAN
He's our secret weapon?

KING ALOYSIUS
His voice. Somethin' about it
drives them crazy, and if he sings?
Forget about it.

GUY
I make them explode.

MISTER KWAN
That's crazy.

KING ALOYSIUS
So what we need to do is get out
there on the streets and stop 'em.
They keep movin' along like they
are and we're done.

MISTER KWAN
Not me. I have to stay and protect
the store.

GUY
I still think we should just call
the police.

KING ALOYSIUS
 You think they give a fuck? Cause
 they don't. Nobody does.

GUY
 I know somebody who does. Mister
 Kwan, do you have a TV around here?

MISTER KWAN
 Of course I do.

GUY
 Good, we need to check out channel
 twelve.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Ah, shit.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Annie interviews GLADYS PHRUMP (70's), who holds a small dog
 dressed in a princess costume.

ANNIE
 So, when did you first realize that
 Princess was actually a princess?

GLADYS
 She told me she was.

ANNIE
 She...told you?

GLADYS
 That's right. One day she came up
 to me and said "Mommy, I'm a
 princess."

Annie stands deadpan.

ANNIE
 Your dog talks to you?

GLADYS
 Yes. Doesn't everybody's?

Annie quickly turns toward the camera.

ANNIE
 Talking dogs. Just another of the
 wonderful things we experience on a
 day to day basis here in Ramova

ANNIE
 Falls. This is Annie
 Merriweather. Channel twelve news.

Annie signals for ROLLO (40's), the cameraman, to cut the transmission.

ANNIE
 I swear. If I have to do one more
 of these stupid puff pieces, I'm
 gonna shoot myself. No offense.

GLADYS
 None taken. I thought it was a
 bullshit idea for an interview too.

As Rollo packs up his gear, he notices something in the distance. A group of four pimps and three hos. They stand on a corner and sip from containers of Pop-Ade.

One ho stands in the street and flashes a lot of leg.

ROLLO
 Look at that.

Annie and Gladys look toward the group.

Gladys is immediately overcome with fear.

GLADYS
 We have to get inside.

ANNIE
 Inside? Why?

GLADYS
 It's them. They're taking over. Me
 and Princess saw it all from our
 window. You must go!

Annie and Rollo watch Gladys shuffle off.

ANNIE
 What do you think her problem is?

ROLLO
 Outside of the talking dog? I don't
 know, and I don't think I want to
 find out, either.

ANNIE
 Why not? This could be just the
 piece we're looking for to put us
 on top. No more puff pieces.

ROLLO

Didn't you hear what she said? She saw it from her window. Never question an old lady who sees things from her window. They know everything.

ANNIE

Don't be silly, Rollo. I'm gonna ask if they want an interview.

She shouts to the group.

ANNIE

Hey, you guys interested in doing an interview for channel twelve news?

The inquiry gets the group's attention, and they're soon shuffling their way toward Annie and Rollo.

A PIMP in a feathered hat waves a container of Pop-Ade, while another in a GREEN VELVET suit approaches.

FEATHERED PIMP

You want some of this Pop-Ade?

GREEN VELVET PIMP

How bout a little hey hey? My bitches can make your toes curl like Cheetos.

ROLLO

I don't like this, Annie.

ANNIE

Oh, it's perfectly fine. These men are just offering us some of their nice, malt liquor and Cheetos.

ROLLO

One, I don't think that's the kinda Cheetos he's offering, and two, I ain't never seen no malt liquor that looks like that.

ANNIE

Oh, quit being such a scaredy cat. They're probably just re-enactors or something.

ROLLO

What the hell are they re-enacting?
Shaft?

ANNIE

Just get the gear ready. C'mon,
it'll be fun.

Suddenly, Guy and King Aloysius screech to a halt in the ice cream truck next to them.

Guy reaches his hand out to Annie.

GUY

Get in, Annie Merriweather!

ANNIE

Who are you?

GUY

I'll be more than happy to
introduce myself to you at a more
appropriate time, but you guys
really need to get in the truck,
like now.

ANNIE

But, I was just getting ready to
interview those guys.

KING ALOYSIUS

Bitch, get in the truck!

Annie is shocked.

ANNIE

Well, I've never met someone so
rude in all my l--

Rollo picks her up and moves her into the truck.

INT/EXT. GUY'S TRUCK - DAY

Guy slams the door of the truck closed, and they look out the front window at the pimps and hos walking in the middle of the street.

ANNIE

Somebody better explain what's
going on, and I mean now!

Guy and King Aloysius look to each other. They know what needs to be done.

King Aloysius flips on the radio and tunes it. Guy stops him and gestures toward the glove compartment.

GUY

There's a tape in there.

King Aloysius opens the glove compartment. It's filled with tapes. Each one is marked "Guy's Awesome Mix" and has a corresponding number with it.

King grabs a tape at random.

GUY

No, not that one. Give me volume two.

KING ALOYSIUS

Are you serious? We don't have time for this shit. They're comin'!

Guy reaches over and immediately grabs the tape he wants.

KING ALOYSIUS

Man, how the fuck did you do that!

GUY

They're arranged by level of awesomeness.

Guy pops the tape into the cassette deck and steps out of the truck.

KING ALOYSIUS

Where you goin'?

GUY

Up. Hit play when I tell you to.

Guy grabs the microphone and ascends.

On top of the truck he looks down at the pimps and hos, who eyeball him with fury.

FEATHERED PIMP

Who gave you permission to be sellin' your ice cream on my street, muthafucka?

KING ALOYSIUS

We ain't sellin' no fuckin' ice cream! And this ain't your street, it's mine.

GREEN VELVET PIMP
 Shit, looks like somebody don't
 know who's runnin' shit around
 here.

The two pimps advance. Guy jumps into action.

GUY
 Hit it, King!

A slight flinch from the pimps and hos at Guy's scream, and King hits play on the cassette deck.

Twisted Sister's "I Wanna Rock" booms through the speaker.

GUY
I wanna rock...rock!

The retreat begins, and two hos blow up instantly.

GUY
I wanna rock...rock!

A pimp bites the dust. King Aloysius' covers his ears, but watches the scene with joy.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Yeah!

GUY
I want to rock...rock!

Au revoir to another pimp and ho, leaving just the Feathered and Green Velvet Pimps, who hold their hands to their ears to drown out Guy's voice.

GUY
I wanna rock...rock!

The pimps drop to their knees, totally powerless against Guy's voice on the mic.

GUY
*Turn it down you say, well all I
 gotta say to you is time and time
 again I say no...no...no, no, no,
 no!*

And with that, the pimps are no more. The street is soaked with red Pop-Ade, and despite the last of them being gone, Guy keeps on going.

He breaks into an impromptu dance and displays just how little rhythm he has.

GUY

*Tell me not to play well all I
gotta say when you tell me not to
play, I say no...no! No, no, no,
no!*

The music cuts and Guy freezes. King Aloysius steps out of the truck.

GUY

Why did you stop the music. I was rocking up here!

KING ALOYSIUS

Time to go.

Disappointed, Guy climbs down and gets back in the truck.

Rollo and Annie can't believe what they just witnessed.

GUY

Did I get them all?

King Aloysius smacks his hands together in celebration.

KING ALOYSIUS

Aww, yeah yeah!

King continues his celebration. Rollo leans forward from the back of the truck.

ROLLO

What...the fuck...happened?

GUY

I killed them.

ROLLO

No fucking shit you killed them! I saw the explosions. But how? Why?

KING ALOYSIUS

It's his voice. It's so white they can't stand it.

ANNIE

They?

GUY

The pimps and hos.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Fake pimps and hos. There's
 somethin' wrong with the red
 Pop-Ade. Anyone who drinks it turns
 into one.

Annie perks up.

ANNIE
 A tainted mass produced
 product? Right here in Ramova
 Falls?

KING ALOYSIUS
 Your eyes ain't fuckin' with ya,
 baby.

ANNIE
 Yes! This is it. My big break.

ROLLO
 What are you talking about, Annie?

ANNIE
 This is huge and we're right in the
 middle of it. We can be the
 first to break the story. Get the
 equipment up.

GUY
 We don't have time for that. We
 have to get moving.

KING ALOYSIUS
 No, she's right, Guy. Get that
 equipment up. I got somethin' I
 wanna say.

ANNIE
 You? I'm the reporter here, Mister.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Ain't no mister about it, lady. I'm
 the king, and I need to address my
 people.

EXT. TV CITY - DAY

A wall of TV screens fills the front window, with each
 screen broadcasting the face of King Aloysius delivering his
 message to the people.

A small speaker at the top of the window transmits sound.

KING ALOYSIUS

For all y'all just tunin' in, I'm gonna lay it on down for ya one more time. The red Pop-Ade is bad, and if you drink it, you're gonna end up looking like me, only not quite as fly. Don't drink the red Pop-Ade. Just say no.

Sancho walks down the street. His eyes dart from side to side in nervousness. He catches a glimpse of King Aloysius on the TVs and stops to watch.

KING ALOYSIUS

Take it from King Aloysius, America. Stay away from the red Pop-Ade, and if you live near the Pop-Ade factory, get over there and tell them what's goin' down. If you don't know if you live near the Pop-Ade factory, just look for a building with a big, red muthafucka on it.

ANNIE (O.S.)

You can't say that on the air.

KING ALOYSIUS

What the fuck you talkin' about?

ANNIE (O.S.)

Never mind. Just keep going.

KING ALOYSIUS

We need help out here, people. Send it quickly before Ramova Falls is overrun by fake ass wannabes.

INT. PETER VANDELAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Vandelay watches King Aloysius on the TV. He quickly sits up in shock.

VANDELAY

Ramova Falls? Shit!

Vandelay quickly rushes for the phone.

KING ALOYSIUS (O.S.)

We're heading to our headquarters now to gather a plan. Headquarters

KING ALOYSIUS (O.S.)
 is the Chateau de Aloysius. Two
 Two Seven Papaya Street in Ramova
 Falls. Listen for our signal, and
 holla at ya boy!

ANNIE (O.S.)
 Signal?

GUY (O.S.)
 Guy's awesome mix, volume two!

The opening of Billy Joel's "Piano Man" emits from the ice
 cream truck's speaker just as the transmission goes black.

Vandelay talks on the phone.

VANDELAY
 We've got an issue in Ramova
 Falls. Alert the chemists, and get
 them to Ramova Falls A-S-A-P. Two
 Two Seven Papaya Street.

EXT. TV CITY - DAY

Sancho stares at the black TV screens in deep thought.

SANCHO
 Two Two Seven Papaya Street. That
 is where I must go. Som-Som, show
 me the way.

Sancho waves his hands over the crystal ball on his
 sombrero, until an arrow appears over his head.

He nods in approval.

SANCHO
 Thank you, Som-Som.

Sancho turns to begin his trek, but stops immediately.

The Goodyear Pimp and three HOS block his path.

HO # 1
 Hey, baby. You lookin' for a date?

SANCHO
 No, no, no. No date for Sancho.

HO # 1
Oh c'mon, baby. I go ass to mouth.

Sancho slowly backs up.

The Goodyear Pimp holds out a gold chalice filled with red Pop-Ade.

GOODYEAR PIMP
Then how bout some of this?

Sancho stands in silence for a moment, until he bolts in the opposite direction.

He treks along as fast as he can, and Som-Som immediately activates. "WRONG WAY" shines above his head in bright red letters, accompanied by an annoying beep.

SANCHO
Be quiet, Som-Som.

Sancho ducks into an alley against a wall. The wrong way warning continues.

Sancho peeks out to see the Goodyear Pimp and the hos advance.

Sancho rests his head against the wall, his eyes closed in what he thinks is his demise.

Piano Man rings out in the distance. Sancho opens his eyes to see Guy's ice cream truck approach. Guy's singing blows through the speaker.

GUY
*Sing us a song, you're the piano
man. Sing us a song
tonight. Cause we're all in the
mood for a melody, and you got us
feelin alright!*

Sancho makes a break for the street, and waves his arms wildly to flag them down.

INT/EXT. GUY'S TRUCK - DAY

The group spots Sancho up ahead. Guy stops singing.

GUY
Is that Sancho, the soothsayer on
the street?

KING ALOYSIUS
Nobody looks that silly. Hurry up
and grab him.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sancho turns back. The Goodyear Pimp and the hos are dangerously close now. Sancho takes his hat off.

SANCHO
Som-Som, deactivate G-P-S.

The warning stops.

SANCHO
Som-Som, activate boomerang.

A slight click and the crystal ball now illuminates a pale blue color.

Sancho rears back and flings the hat like a frisbee.

It hits one of the hos in the chest, and sends her to the ground.

FRISBEE HO
Ow, my titties!

The hat returns to Sancho and he catches it.

SANCHO
Thank you, Som-Som.

The ice cream truck pulls up. King Aloysius leans out the passenger's side window.

KING ALOYSIUS
Sancho, get in.

SANCHO
I shall be with you momentarily.

Sancho whips the hat at the Goodyear Pimp with everything he has.

It zips through the air with a whipping sound, headed right for his head.

Sancho raises a hand in victory, but a moment too soon.

The Goodyear Pimp catches the hat easily, and perches it atop his head.

SANCHO

My hat!

GOODYEAR PIMP

It's my hat now. Time to get pimp
slapped.

The Goodyear Pimp juts his hands out at his sides, building up a red current between his fingers.

KING ALOYSIUS

Oh, shit!

King Aloysius jumps out of the truck and pushes Sancho out of the way just in time.

A liquid stream of red Pop-Ade splashes against the ground.

King Aloysius and Sancho hurry to the truck.

INT/EXT. GUY'S TRUCK - DAY

Guy grabs the microphone and jumps back into the song.

GUY

*And the waitress is practicing
politics, as the businessmen slowly
get stoned...*

The hos go down immediately, but the Goodyear Pimp experiences only a minor level of discomfort.

GUY

*...yes they're sharing a drink they
call loneliness, but it's better
than drinking alone!*

The Goodyear Pimp shoots for the speaker and blows it out. The cassette deck eats the tape and spits it out in a nasty web. Guy looks at it, upset.

GUY

Billy!

Sparks fly everywhere.

Guy throws the mic down in disgust.

GUY

Darn!

ANNIE

Just get out of here, Guy.

GUY

No, I can do this, music or not!

Guy opens the door and steps out of the truck.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Guy and the Goodyear Pimp square down, high noon, western style. Guy points at him.

GUY

Just you and me, buddy, and I'm gonna kick your heinie.

Guy takes a deep breath.

The Goodyear Pimp raises his hand.

Guy sings a single note, but it's not the same. He sounds exactly like Barry White!

The hos on the ground are suddenly rejuvenated.

Guy grabs at his throat, unable to believe what's going on. He tries again. Still Barry White.

KING ALOYSIUS

Aww, hell no!

GOODYEAR PIMP

You lose, Aloysius. You ain't gonna be conducting no kind of business in this town no more. It's mine.

The crowd cheers.

CROWD

Goodyear run this muthafucka, hey
hey! Goodyear run this muthafucka,
hey hey!

The Goodyear Pimp laughs a hearty laugh, and summons the red current in his hands.

With no other alternative, Guy jumps back in the truck and floors it in reverse.

This battle goes to the Goodyear Pimp, and to celebrate, the group breaks into an elaborate dance number reminiscent of Bollywood and the Thriller video. Mini skirt covered asses shake all over the place.

INT/EXT. GUY'S TRUCK - DAY

Guy turns the truck around and continues the retreat. Sancho quietly sobs in the back seat.

SANCHO

Som-Som, I have abandoned you. Please forgive me.

KING ALOYSIUS

Shit, man, we'll get your hat back later. If not, I'll give you one of mine. I got lots of hats.

SANCHO

Not like Som-Som.

King Aloysius turns to Guy.

KING ALOYSIUS

You okay, Guy?

GUY

I feel okay.

His voice is still as deep as the ocean.

KING ALOYSIUS

Oh yeah, we fucked.

ANNIE

What are we gonna do?

KING ALOYSIUS

Nothing we can do, but stick to the plan and get back to H-Q. We can try to fix Guy there and hope this whole mess gets taken care of.

INT. CHATEAU DE ALOYSIUS - DAY

The group sits in a semi-circle, except for Guy, who stands before them and clears his throat.

KING ALOYSIUS

Okay, try it again.

Guy clears his throat one more time and takes a breath before belting into song.

GUY

*Welcome to the jungle, we've got
fun and games.*

No good. Barry still lives in his throat. Guy stops in frustration.

KING ALOYSIUS

We're gonna definitely be needin' a new plan.

GUY

But what?

KING ALOYSIUS

Shit, I don't know, man. The only thing we had to go on was your voice. I don't know what to do now.

ANNIE

Didn't you say something about them not liking his voice because it was too white?

KING ALOYSIUS

Yeah, what about it?

ANNIE

What if we find something equally white to substitute?

KING ALOYSIUS

Yeah, but you don't talk like that.

ANNIE

Of course not, I'm a highly trained reporter. My voice is meant to be soothing on the ears. I'm thinking of something different altogether.

KING ALOYSIUS

Which is?

SANCHO

Yes, fill us in on this mystery.

ANNIE

I haven't figured that out yet.

KING ALOYSIUS

Well damn, woman. What are you wasting our time for then?

ANNIE

I don't see you coming up with any ideas.

KING ALOYSIUS

I would if you'd be quiet for seven seconds.

GUY

Hey, you guys just need to chill out and groove, you know what I'm sayin'?

Guy looks nervously from side to side.

KING ALOYSIUS

Aww, man, it's gettin' worse.

ROLLO

Worse? What do you mean, he still sounds the same.

KING ALOYSIUS

Guy don't talk like that. It's shuffling his words around. If we don't fix him soon, he'll be speakin' jive.

GUY

Ain't that a bitch.

A quick knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Vandelay and two chemists, ROSEN and MCNAMARA. Both carry a large steel briefcase.

GUY

Who's this muthafucka?

VANDELAY

Peter Vandelay, Vice President of Operations for the Pop-Ade Corporation.

Annie signals to Rollo.

ANNIE

Quick, get the camera.

KING ALOYSIUS

Oh, Vice President of Operations
for the Pop-Ade company, huh? Well
I hope your ass been vice
presidentin' enough to fix this
mess.

VANDELAY

We saw the report on TV, and we're
here to help contain the situation.

Annie sticks a microphone in Vandelay's face.

ANNIE

How exactly did it come to be that
the town has been overrun by pimps
and hos?

Vandelay looks nervously at the mic and camera.

VANDELAY

Uh...well...you see, we recently
found out that one of our vats had
been compromised, and the contents
of that vat has been shipped here
to Ramova Falls. This is an issue
that everyone at the Pop-Ade
corporation is taking very
seriously, and we hope to have it
rectified as soon as possible.

ANNIE

Isn't it true that the Pop-Ade
corporation has a long standing
history of poor quality control?
That the bottom line reigns?

VANDELAY

Nothing could be further from the
truth, I can assure you of that.

ANNIE

Then how do you explain the "Green
Episode" of two thousand and four?

VANDELAY

Chemically, there was nothing wrong
with that batch. Lots of people's
hair falls out every day.

ANNIE

And the "Orange Scare" of two thousand five?

VANDELAY

Thousands of men are diagnosed with impotence every year.

ANNIE

And the "Purple Fiasco" of--

VANDELAY

Look. We're here to help, not talk about past catastrophes.

ANNIE

But I'm simply pointing out that the Pop-Ade corporation has created some of the biggest health scares of the twenty first century.

GUY

Yeah, girl. Lay it on down.

VANDELAY

That's it. Were leaving.

Vandelay and the chemists turn toward the door, but Sancho blocks it.

SANCHO

You will not be going anywhere, Mister Vice President man.

VANDELAY

Is the inquisition over?

Vandelay looks to Annie. Annie looks to Guy and King Aloysius.

KING ALOYSIUS

Yeah, it's done.

ANNIE

What? I'm not compromising my journalistic integrity.

KING ALOYSIUS

Yeah, you are. If they think they can help, we need them, cause we fuck outta other ideas.

GUY

Word.

VANDELAY

Splendid, then let's get to work,
shall we?

Vandelay leads the chemists toward the kitchen and smiles a snarky smile at Annie, who can only stand in silent defeat.

KING ALOYSIUS

Look at the bright side, when this
is all said and done, you're gonna
have one hell of a book to write.

Annie perks up at the thought.

INT. CHATEAU DE ALOYSIUS, KITCHEN - DAY

Rosen and McNamara are surrounded by numerous beakers filled with various colored liquids. They're busy putting the final touches on what they hope is the antidote.

McNamara looks at a slide under a microscope.

MCNAMARA

If our calculations are correct,
this should be exactly what we need
to fix the problem.

VANDELAY

Excellent. Aloysius, come here
please.

KING ALOYSIUS

It's King Aloysius, and why?

VANDELAY

So you can test it out. You want to
return to normal, don't you?

KING ALOYSIUS

Man, I ain't one of them.

VANDELAY

You're not?

KING ALOYSIUS

Naw, man. I'm a legit mack.

Vandelay is frustrated.

VANDELAY

How the hell am I supposed to know?

KING ALOYSIUS

I'll show you.

Guy leads Vandelay to the window. They look out to see a group of pimps and hos, holding court.

KING ALOYSIUS

These people that are drinkin' your product, they just fake ass wannabes. Look at that guy there...

King Aloysius points to a pimp in a cowboy hat.

KING ALOYSIUS

...pimps don't wear cowboy hats. They wear pimp hats. But that nigga didn't have a pimp hat in his wardrobe, so he grabbed the closest thing he could, which is probably some shit he wore to the company ho-down three years ago.

SANCHO

Ho-down. That is funny.

KING ALOYSIUS

And that muthafucka there. Any respectable pimp knows that it takes more to have a pimpmobile than just spray painting "pimpmobile" on the side.

Vandelay spots a pimp standing next to a little shitbox hatchback. Sure enough, "Pimpmobile" is spray painted on its side".

Vandelay notices a man in a fur coat, who stands off to the side and looks at the crowd with shifty eyes.

VANDELAY

What about that guy in the fur coat?

KING ALOYSIUS

That's just Petey the Flasher. He ain't all there. Know what I'm sayin'?

Petey opens his coat up to expose his goods. Jimmy's Mom stands off to the side and notices it. In a flash, she lunges at his crotch and hooks onto it.

Petey tries to shake her off, but Jimmy's Mom appears to have a wicked case of lockjaw.

In only a few seconds, Petey shakes in orgasmic ecstasy and reaches into his pockets. He throws money into the street as a deterrent.

Jimmy's Mom unhooks, wipes her mouth, and picks up the cash, fighting with the other pimps and hos that go for it.

Petey slinks off, thoroughly freaked out over what happened, yet somewhat satisfied.

KING ALOYSIUS
Look at 'em. Just fightin' over
that chump change. Sad.

A loud, sexual moan rings out.

VANDELAY
What's that?

KING ALOYSIUS
I'd know that moan anywhere.

King Aloysius scans the area until he spots Peaches being railed against the side of a building by a FAT BALD MAN.

Cherry stands behind him, playfully smacking him in the ass.

VANDELAY
Friends of yours?

KING ALOYSIUS
Them's my bitches.

VANDELAY
What the fuck are they doing out
there?

KING ALOYSIUS
What a good ho should be
doin'. Makin' my money.

He shouts out the window to the girls.

KING ALOYSIUS
Yo! Finish up with that muthafucka
and get up here. It's not safe!

Peaches moans in confirmation and Cherry gives a thumbs up with her free hand.

King Aloysius and Vandelay move away from the window.

VANDELAY

Well, you've certainly established who is and isn't a pimp, King Aloysius, but that doesn't alleviate our problem. Who do we test it on?

Everyone looks to Guy, who stands off to the side and hums in his deep voice. He stops.

GUY

What's clickin'?

The door slowly creaks open.

Everyone turns to see a PIMP in a fuchsia suit in the doorway. One hand is planted firmly on his crotch, the other waves a cup of Pop-Ade.

FUCHSIA PIMP

What's goin' down, James Brown? I got bitches and Pop-Ade for all you muthafuckas! Thirty dollas.

KING ALOYSIUS

Get him!

In a flash, Sancho and Rollo are on top of the pimp, taking him down to the ground.

FUCHSIA PIMP

Watch the threads, man!

They quickly move him to the couch and push him down on it.

Rosen and McNamara hurry over with a beaker filled with brown liquid.

Sancho grabs Fuchsia Pimp's nose and holds it closed, causing his mouth to pop open.

Rosen pours the contents of the beaker into his mouth, and the group stands in wait.

Fuchsia Pimp swallows, and the excitement builds. Silence for a moment.

FUCHSIA PIMP

One of you muthafuckas owes me some
Pop-Ade.

KING ALOYSIUS

Fuck!

The Fuschia Pimp twitches. Something is wrong, horribly wrong. He screams in agony as the left side of his face bubbles up.

KING ALOYSIUS

What the fuck's happenin'?

ROSEN

It must be a side effect of the
antidote.

KING ALOYSIUS

A fuckin' side effect is dry mouth
or a four hour hard on. This
muthafucka looks like he's melting.

When the twitching and screaming finally ceases, the Fuschia Pimp sits on the couch and resembles the elephant man.

FUCHSIA PIMP

Kill me. Please kill me.

Everyone reels back in horror.

KING ALOYSIUS

Damn! What the fuck did you put in
that shit.

MCNAMARA

It was a simple formula. Just red
and green Pop-Ade mixed together.

King Aloysius looks at the brown concoction in the
container.

KING ALOYSIUS

Alright, people, new rule. Nobody
drinks the brown Pop-Ade.

Peaches and Cherry enter the apartment with wads of money
stuffed into each fist.

KING ALOYSIUS

Where'd you get all that?

CHERRY

Some of it we stole from the fake
ass bitches, but business has been
good. People kept telling us they
heard about the run on hos in
Ramova Falls and drove in.

ROLLO

If they know there's a run in hos,
then where the hell are the cops?

KING ALOYSIUS

Shit, they probably at home. There
ain't no crime here.

ANNIE

Prostitution isn't a crime?

KING ALOYSIUS

Hell no! It's every Americans God
given right to fuck for cash.

Guy swallows and scratches at his throat.

GUY

I be needin' a drink.

Guy moves to the fridge and grabs a small bottle. The label
isn't visible, but the liquid inside is deep red in color.

King Aloysius spots Guy opening the bottle.

KING ALOYSIUS

I don't know if you wanna drink
that, man. That shit's been in
there forever. Nasty.

GUY

Well, you ain't got no Courvoisier
up in this mug.

Guy takes a long swig and looks at the bottle, pleased.

GUY

Hey, this stuff is pretty
delicious.

Guy's voice is back! Everyone perks up, especially Guy.

Fuchsia Pimp flinches.

GUY

I'm me again. I've got my voice
back!

FUCHSIA PIMP

Stop talking. And kill me. Kill
me now. Oh God, my muthafuckin'
face hurts!

ANNIE

It's the bottle. That's what did
it.

VANDELAY

And that's how we'll win. What is
it?

Guy slowly turns the bottle to reveal the label. It's
"Cran-Apple Juice".

VANDELAY

Perfect. McNamara, get on the horn
and instruct the purchasing
department to get their hands on
all the cran-apple juice they can.

ROSEN

Cran-Apple? That's it?

ANNIE

Sometimes the most effective method
is the easiest.

ROSEN

Yeah, but c'mon. Cran-Apple?

KING ALOYSIUS

That's not just cran-apple.

King Aloysius takes the bottle from Guy and feeds it to the
fuchsia pimp. A quick spasm and his face returns to normal.
He looks around, unsure of where he is.

FUCHSIA PIMP

What's going on? Who are you
guys? Why am I dressed like this?

KING ALOYSIUS

That's Hater-ade.

INT. POP-ADE FACTORY, SOUTH DOCK - NIGHT

Our heroes watch as a full load of cran-apple juice is offloaded from a truck.

Vandelay beams with glee.

VANDELAY

Soon, we'll introduce the
antidote--

KING ALOYSIUS

Hater-ade.

VANDELAY

Right. Hater-ade, into the
population, and soon things will be
back to normal in Ramova Falls.

GUY

I don't think it's going to be that
easy.

VANDELAY

Of course it is. Market research
shows that people will drink
whatever we tell them to. We'll
simply tell them to drink this.

Vandelay points at the cases of hater-ade stacked up next to them.

GUY

No, you don't understand. They're
looking for red Pop-Ade and red
Pop-Ade only. It's all they want.

VANDELAY

Already taken care of.

Vandelay takes a walkie talkie from his belt, speaks into it.

VANDELAY

Hey, Jerry, how are we doing with
our labeling?

JERRY (O.S.)

Moving along like clockwork, sir.
I'll send a sample to the south
dock right away.

VANDELAY

Excellent.

Vandelay hooks the walkie talkie on his belt.

KING ALOYSIUS

What you got cookin'?

VANDELAY

The Pop-Ade Corporation is in the middle of rolling out single serve bottles in our various flavors. Part of our energy division. Twice the sugar at half the price, in a convenient sports bottle.

A WORKER walks up and hands a bottle to Vandelay.

VANDELAY

We're simply using the labels from that division to cover up the cran-apple labels.

Cherry eyes the bottle.

CHERRY

Looks like bottle I use for douching.

Vandelay shows the bottle. The label reads "Pop-Ade Energy" in large letters, and "Red" in smaller letters at the bottom.

VANDELAY

I've been on the horn with marketing all day, trying to figure out the best way to introduce this project into the market.

KING ALOYSIUS

Introduce? Man, just drop the shit from a helicopter.

VANDELAY

We thought of that, but decided against it. Too much injury risk. We don't want our customers getting conked on the head with bottles now, do we?

KING ALOYSIUS

They ain't my fuckin' customers. My customers are businessmen, like

KING ALOYSIUS
 you. Guys that like to dress up
 like Little Bo Peep and have one of
 my girls whip they ass.

Vandelay becomes uncomfortable. King Aloysius looks closer
 at Vandelay. He snaps his fingers.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Hey, ain't you--

VANDELAY
 So, we've decided that tomorrow
 morning, every street corner in the
 Ramova Falls area will be stocked
 with plenty of red hater-ade,
 cleverly disguised as red pop-ade.

ANNIE
 Tomorrow morning? What about
 tonight?

ROLLO
 Yeah, isn't the idea to stop the
 spread as soon as possible?

SANCHO
 This is true. The night time is the
 right time.

VANDELAY
 Market research shows that pop-ade
 sales are at their highest during
 the day.

GUY
 That may be true, but we're not
 exactly looking to increase sales.
 We just want our town back.

VANDELAY
 And you'll have it. Tomorrow
 morning.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Aww, bullshit, we ain't waiting.
 C'mon, Guy, let's go sing at those
 muthafuckas.

GUY
 Righty-O.

Guy and King Aloysius move toward the exit. The rest of the
 gang follows close behind.

VANDELAY

Where do you think you're going?
You'll never win without the
hater-ade.

KING ALOYSIUS

We're ending this now. I'm gonna
gather all the pimps up in one
place, you just make sure the
hater-ade is there.

VANDELAY

Where?

KING ALOYSIUS

The stadium.

VANDELAY

And how do you propose to gather
them all up?

KING ALOYSIUS

Cause I'm the king, muthafucka. I
know what my people want.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The ice cream truck slowly drives along with King Aloysius
and Annie sitting on top. Cherry and Peaches are on top as
well, performing a striptease. A large group of pimps and
hos follows after them.

KING ALOYSIUS

If I broke my leg, I'd walk with a
limp, look at me bitches, I'm the
Pied Pimp!

Annie throws orange sheets of paper at the crowd. Upon
closer look they read:

"THE PIMPINEST EVENT OF THE YEAR. THE O-PIMP-ICS. GET YOUR
ASS DOWN TO THE STADIUM AND WIN YOURSELF A MEDAL IN ONE OF
OUR MANY EVENTS, INCLUDING: SPINNINEST RIMS, SHINIEST GRILL,
AND CRUNKIEST CANE".

ANNIE

It's working. I can't believe
they're following us.

KING ALOYSIUS

Of course they are. Our secret
weapon is no joke.

King Aloysius motions downward to tufts of smoke that stream out of the back of the van.

Annie takes a whiff. She recognizes the scent.

ANNIE
Is that? You know.

KING ALOYSIUS
Only the finest herb in Ramova
Falls.

INT/EXT. GUY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The inside of the truck is filled with a huge cloud of smoke. A pile of herb burns in the back and slowly filters out through a crack in the door.

Guy drives, but his eyes are horribly squinted. He's high as hell, and laughs uncontrollably.

GUY
It's not oregano. It's not
oregano.

Rollo slowly climbs into the passenger's seat.

ROLLO
Oregano. Fuck, I could really go
for some spaghetti right about now.

SANCHO
Hey, I want some spaghetti too.

GUY
Spaghetti it is.

Guy quickly swerves toward the curb and stops dead.

EXT. GUY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Annie and King Aloysius steady themselves.

King Aloysius peeks over the side to see Guy, Rollo, and Sancho, piling out of the truck.

ANNIE
Why did we stop?

KING ALOYSIUS
Aww, man. They're high!

ROLLO
Spaghetti!

King Aloysius looks to the crowd behind the truck. They stand perfectly still and take in the fumes from the truck.

KING ALOYSIUS
Stay here. I'll be right back.

King Aloysius climbs down the truck and heads to the three men.

KING ALOYSIUS
What the fuck are you guys doin'?

GUY
Just stoppin' for some spaghetti.
Right there.

Guy points to the closest building to them. It's a Driving School.

KING ALOYSIUS
Look, just get back in the van and roll down the windows. You're all high.

SANCHO
We are not high. We are hungry.

KING ALOYSIUS
Alright, you're hungry. Let's just get to the stadium. I'm sure there's lots of food there.

Guy eyes King Aloysius up and down. The fumes from the back of the truck are starting to dissipate.

ANNIE
Uh, King?

KING ALOYSIUS
What's up, baby?

ANNIE
It's starting to wear off.

KING ALOYSIUS
Shit. Alright, guys, back in the truck.

GUY

Wait. You didn't answer my question.

KING ALOYSIUS

You didn't ask me one you contact high havin', muthafucka.

GUY

Spaghetti. I want some.

SANCHO

Me too. Delicious spaghetti.

Rollo snaps to. He had fallen asleep where he stood.

ROLLO

Spaghetti!

King Aloysius leads them to the truck.

KING ALOYSIUS

Cool, man. Spaghetti. At the stadium.

King Aloysius gets them back on the truck. They chant in unison.

GUY/ROLLO/SANCHO

Spaghetti! Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

King Aloysius looks at the pimps and hos. The herb has worn off and they're moving to them now.

A ho climbs up the side of the truck near Annie. She quickly backs up. Cherry and Peaches don't see it, too caught up in their bumping and grinding against each other.

ANNIE

King! Little help here!

The ho reaches the top and moves to Annie, who still backs up to get away.

King Aloysius watches, and in a moment of quick thinking, calls out to Guy.

KING ALOYSIUS

Hey, Guy. What do you want?

Guy quickly pokes his head out the door and sings.

GUY
Spaghetti!

He holds the note. The large group on the ground drops and covers their ears in pain.

Cherry and Peaches stop their dance. They spot the ho and Annie.

The ho on the roof is too caught off guard to react and explodes in a flash of red Pop-Ade that soaks Annie.

The flood is too fast for her and she swallows some of it.

King Aloysius backs up searching for her, but can't see over the edge of the roof.

Guy goes silent, and the convulsing group rights itself.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Annie? You alright, girl?

Annie appears, slowly and seductively crawling on her knees toward the edge of the van.

ANNIE
 Hey there sexy, you looking for a date?

KING ALOYSIUS
 Muthafucka.

Chery and Peaches attend to Annie.

CHERRY
 She'll be alright. We'll show her the ropes.

KING ALOYSIUS
 She ain't no ho, you dumb bitch. She's a reporter.

CHERRY
 Well fuck you then. Deal with it your damn self.

King Aloysius smacks his hands together in anger.

KING ALOYSIUS
 You just hang on, baby. We'll get you fixed soon enough.

A HO approaches King Aloysius.

HO

You got any red Pop-Ade? I'll suck
yo' dick, man. I'll suck yo' dick!

KING ALOYSIUS

Bitch, get the fuck outta here.

King Aloysius gets into the truck and takes off. The pimps and hos resume their pursuit of the truck.

Bringing up the rear is The Goodyear Pimp. He watches the truck drive off, and picks up one of the flyers at his feet.

He holds it up to Som-Som, and a warning signal flashes. It says "TRAP".

The Goodyear Pimp, pleased with his discovery, turns and walks in the opposite direction.

INT/EXT. GUY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Sancho looks out the back window and catches a glimpse of The Goodyear Pimp walking away, but is more concerned with his hat. He immediately sobers up.

SANCHO

Som-Som!

Sancho watches as The Goodyear Pimp and Som-Som get further and further away. He sulks to the floor.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Goodyear Pimp walks along until he spots a purple Cadillac with shiny gold rims parked on the curb. He smiles, pleased with his find.

GOODYEAR PIMP

Now, that's what I'm talkin' about.

In a flash, he's inside the car, hot wiring it, and taking off down the street. Slowly. This car is for cruising.

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

Vandelay supervises a crew as they unload the cases of hater-ade and stack them neatly on the field.

The ice cream truck pulls through an opening at the other end and cruises toward him.

It stops, and King Aloysius gets out. Annie still sits on top and looks seductively down at Vandelay. Cherry and Peaches watch the scene.

ANNIE

Hey, Bo Peep. You lost your sheep?
that's a bad Bo Peep.

CHERRY

Hey, this bitch got skills. She's
workin' my Bo Peep angle and
everything.

Vandelay adjusts his tie.

KING ALOYSIUS

Don't worry about it, man. I got
people that do far weirder shit
than you do.

VANDELAY

Really?

KING ALOYSIUS

Yeah, I got one guy that pays me to
do his wife. You believe that? He
gives me money to fuck his wife.

King Aloysius notices BOB, (50's) staring back at him in shock.

KING ALOYSIUS

Oh hey, Bob. We still on for
Tuesday?

Bob slowly shrugs, but then nods in agreement.

KING ALOYSIUS

Cool, man, cool. You tell the
missus I'm gonna break that shit
off real good.

King Aloysius turns back to Vandelay.

KING ALOYSIUS

So, we just about done with the
unloadin'?

Guy and Sancho exit the truck.

GUY

Spaghetti!

Annie covers her ears. King Aloysius sighs.

KING ALOYSIUS
Knock it off, man. You ain't that high.

GUY
I'm not?

KING ALOYSIUS
No, now let's get set up. They'll be here soon. Where's Rollo?

SANCHO
He's passed out in the truck.

KING ALOYSIUS
Damn, you guys is some lightweights.

VANDELAY
What about her?

Vandelay points at Annie, who dances seductively on top of the truck, getting pointers from Cherry and Peaches.

Guy notices and whatever shred of highness he has immediately disappears.

GUY
Annie!

Annie covers her ears. King Aloysius intervenes.

KING ALOYSIUS
You gotta stop talkin', Guy. She turned into one of them.

GUY
(whispering)
But how?

KING ALOYSIUS
You blew up a ho that climbed on the roof. The splash must have gotten on her.

VANDELAY
Can't we just give her some of the hater-ade?

KING ALOYSIUS
We could, but I think she's the reason we're still being followed. She's one of them, and

KING ALOYSIUS
 she's with us, so we must be cool.
 We gotta leave her up there for
 now.

Annie sways back and forth again, moving her hips and hugging herself.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Yeah, she'll be cool up
 there. Let's get set up.

CHERRY
 Hey, maybe they want some of what
 we got.

Cherry grabs Peaches and they move into a heated make out session. Every guy's fantasy right before their eyes.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Sure, baby, sure.

Sancho watches in amazement.

SANCHO
 Ah yes, twist the nipple. Now put
 your hand on her bottom. Give it a
 good squeeze. That's the good
 stuff.

Guy motions behind King Aloysius. He turns to see Jo-Jo, Freddie, Willie, and Ali Baba talking amongst themselves.

KING ALOYSIUS
 Jo-Jo?

Jo-Jo looks over, and is happy to see King Aloysius.

JO-JO
 King! What up, playa?

Jo-Jo walks over and soon the two men are engaged in an elaborate handshake.

KING ALOYSIUS
 What are you guys doin' here?

JO-JO
 We heard about the O-pimp-ics and
 want in on the action.

KING ALOYSIUS
It ain't like that.

JO-JO
What you mean? We got the flyer
right here.

Jo-Jo shows him one of the orange flyers.

KING ALOYSIUS
I know, but it ain't...shit, man,
haven't you heard?

JO-JO
Heard what?

KING ALOYSIUS
About the tainted Pop-Ade.

Jo-Jo freezes.

KING ALOYSIUS
You didn't hear about it, did you?

JO-JO
Uh uh.

KING ALOYSIUS
A bad batch of red got out of the
factory and into Ramova
Falls. Anyone who drinks it turns
into a pimp or ho.

Jo-Jo looks around nervously.

JO-JO
Uh, no. I don't know nothin' about
that.

King Aloysius eyes him suspiciously.

Vandelay notices Jo-Jo from a distance and moves in to take
a closer look. He inspects him thoroughly.

VANDELAY
You! You're the one who did this!

KING ALOYSIUS
What you talkin' bout, Vandelay?
Jo-Jo's cool.

VANDELAY

He's the one who tainted the
Pop-Ade. He threw a canister into
one of the vats!

GUY

(whispering)

Canister? What canister?

JO-JO

It was Grandpoppa Pimp's ashes. I
thought he'd like it if his final
resting place was in a batch of red
Pop-Ade.

Vandelay covers his face with his hand.

VANDELAY

Oh my God. It's a dead guy's ashes.
We've allowed people to consume a
dead guy's ashes. We're ruined.

KING ALOYSIUS

We? Ain't no we here, bro. This
shit's on you. And what the fuck is
wrong with you anyway? Sounds to me
like you knew about it.

VANDELAY

We knew the vat had been
compromised, but we weren't sure
with what. I gambled with it, and I
guess I lost.

KING ALOYSIUS

I got a new gamble for ya. Always
bet on black.

King Aloysius walks away and unpacks the cases of hater-ade,
setting them on a nearby table.

Sancho walks up and whispers in Vandelay's ear.

SANCHO

Just like the Wesley Snipes, he is.

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT - LATER

The good guys stand single file in front of a stage with a
podium and microphone on it. Vandelay stands at the podium.

Everyone looks straight ahead at the entrance, and soon it's filled with a mass of pimps and hos shuckin' and jivin' their way into the stadium.

GUY
Here they come.

KING ALOYSIUS
Alright, everybody, get on the clock.

JO-JO
What are we gonna do?

KING ALOYSIUS
They need to drink what's in those bottles. That should fix everything.

Vandelay leans away from the mic in front of him.

VANDELAY
What should I say?

KING ALOYSIUS
Read the cards, man.

VANDELAY
They don't make any sense.

KING ALOYSIUS
Just read 'em.

CHERRY
Or I'll cut your muthafuckin' dick off.

Vandelay looks at Cherry, who stares menacingly at him with a switchblade drawn.

Vandelay moves back to the mic.

The crowd, now fully inside the stadium, stands in wait.

VANDELAY
Hello, everybody, and welcome to the first annual O-pimp-ics!

The crowd shouts in celebration.

VANDELAY
We expect to have a high level of competition, right from the get go, with our first event...

Vandelay looks at the index card in his hand.

VANDELAY

...spinniest rims? What the fuck
is that?

From the crowd emerges little Jimmy, riding a bike. He
peels out right in front of the group.

JIMMY

I'll show you niggas what
spinniest rims means.

Jimmy hops off the bike and spins the outer rim of his front
tire, it moves along, not unlike a spinner you'd find on a
car. It flows effortlessly, and soon the crowd is cheering.

After a moment the wheel stops its spin, and Vandelay
applauds the effort.

VANDELAY

Very well done. Now, anyone else?

The crowd looks around, not another rim in sight.

VANDELAY

Well then, I suppose this year's
award for spinniest rims goes
to...

JIMMY

King James.

King Aloysius is furious.

KING ALOYSIUS

King James? Why you little mutha--

VANDELAY

King James. Come up and get your
medal and complimentary bottle of
red Pop-Ade.

Vandelay holds a bottle of hater-ade and a crude "medal"
fashioned out of cheap ribbon and a Pop-Ade cap.

CROWD

Red Pop-Ade!

GUY

Oh, golly!

The crowd dashes after the bottles of pop-ade on the tables
and a riot is in the works.

Our heroes can only run as far away from the table as possible, hoping that it'll be spread out evenly.

Guy looks up and sees Annie, still dancing on top of the truck.

He glances back and forth between her and the empty mob, until he spots a lone bottle on the ground under the table.

He dashes for it and slides under the table, grabbing it in his clutches without a problem. He looks at it and smiles.

He gets up and stands face to face with Jimmy's Mom, who lunges for the bottle. Guy pulls it away.

JIMMY'S MOM

Give it here, sucka.

GUY

No. It's mine. You can't have it.

Jimmy's Mom takes a step back, annoyed by the voice. Guy keeps going.

GUY

That's right, I said back up. I, uh, I own you...bitch!

Jimmy's mom and a few others within earshot drop to the ground. Guy darts for the truck and ascends to the roof.

Annie, whose shirt seems to have disappeared since we last saw her, greets him as warmly as she can, by shaking her rack in front of him.

ANNIE

You here for the party?

Guy nods and hands Annie the bottle. She inspects it.

ANNIE

Red Pop-Ade? Oh, you sexy sonofabitch.

Annie opens the bottle and slams its contents. She momentarily freezes, which segues into a few light spasms.

She shuts her eyes, and a moment later opens them, confused by her surroundings. She looks at her modified appearance.

ANNIE

Oh my God. What did I do? What happened to me?

GUY

Well, you turned into one of them,
and just a minute ago you shook
your boobs at me. I think that just
about covers it.

ANNIE

I shook my boobs at you?

GUY

Uh huh.

ANNIE

Did you like it?

GUY

Well...uh.

SANCHO (O.S.)

I did.

Annie looks over the edge. Sancho looks up at her and
flashes a thumbs up.

SANCHO

Your boobies is very nice.

Annie covers herself with her hands, slightly creeped out by
Sancho. Guy's blue shirt is soon wrapped around her
shoulders.

GUY

Here.

ANNIE

Thank you.

GUY

No problem.

King Aloysius yells up to them.

KING ALOYSIUS

Guys, look. It worked.

Guy and Annie look down at the crowd, which is now nothing
more than a mob of people who don't know where they are.

GUY

It worked.

ANNIE

It did? You mean it's over?

GUY

Yes, we won!

Annie is upset.

ANNIE

No, it can't be over. I missed the whole thing. How can I do my story now?

Sancho scans the crowd, unable to find what he's looking for.

SANCHO

It's not over.

ANNIE

It isn't?

SANCHO

No, there is still one more pimp out there.

The group looks around. King Aloysius finally catches on.

KING ALOYSIUS

Shit, he's right. There is one more, and it's the worst muthafucka of 'em all.

JO-JO

Who?

A 70's blaxploitation riff echoes through the night, as the bright purple Cadillac convertible cruises into the stadium.

It stops on the edge of the field.

KING ALOYSIUS

The Goodyear Pimp. And that muthafucka stole my car.

The Goodyear Pimp stands on the driver's side seat.

GOODYEAR PIMP

Give it up, Aloysius. You can't defeat me. Just accept the fact that I own this town now.

KING ALOYSIUS
It's King Aloysius, and watch your
feet on the tuck and roll, bitch.

The Goodyear Pimp opens the car door and steps out.

GOODYEAR PIMP
You ain't gonna give up, are you?

KING ALOYSIUS
You got it, muthafucka.

In a flash, The Goodyear Pimp shoots a current at King Aloysius, who narrowly ducks out of the way.

King Aloysius watches the Goodyear Pimp advance.

KING ALOYSIUS
That's some heavy shit, right
there.

GOODYEAR PIMP
Don't worry. Cherry and Peaches
will be in good hands.

CHERRY
I ain't about to go to work for
your fat ass.

GOODYEAR PIMP
Shut your mouth, bitch. In a
minute it won't be up to you.

Jo-Jo spots a container of real Pop-Ade on the ground. He quickly snatches it up.

JO-JO
King! Catch!

Jo-Jo tosses the container high in the air. Everyone watches as it rotates, seemingly in slow motion.

King Aloysius reaches up and snatches it from the air, inspects it.

KING ALOYSIUS
What the fuck am I supposed to do
with this shit?

JO-JO
Drink it. If you do, you'll have
powers like the Goodyear Pimp.

GUY

He's right, King. Do it.

King Aloysius slams the Pop-Ade. Everyone stands in wait, most notably The Goodyear Pimp, ready to strike.

After a moment, King Aloysius breaks the silence.

KING ALOYSIUS

Man, this shit didn't work.

JO-JO

What, why not?

KING ALOYSIUS

Cause I'm already the pimpinest playa on the planet.

GOODYEAR PIMP

Adios, muthafucka.

The Goodyear Pimp continues his assault, and shoots a bevy of currents at King Aloysius, who can only roll out of the way in defense.

He rolls along until he backs himself into a wall at the edge of the field.

The Goodyear Pimp smiles a platinum-toothed smile, certain that he's won.

Jo-Jo looks to the sky.

JO-JO

Help us, Grandpoppa Pimp, help us.

INT. MISTER KWAN'S CONVENIENCE STORE, STOCK ROOM - NIGHT

A stack of red Pop-Ade boxes sits quietly in the corner.

JO-JO (V.O.)

Help us, Grandpoppa Pimp, help us.

The boxes jostle about. Slowly at first, but eventually picking up speed. They tumble to the ground, causing Mister Kwan to enter shortly thereafter.

He looks at the boxes jumping around on their own and stands in fear.

The boxes break open, and the powder spills out.

It swirls around on the ground, faster and faster until it takes on the form of a tornado.

Mister Kwan screams as the tornado busts through the roof. Pieces of wood and shingles fly everywhere.

Mister Kwan hits the deck.

A moment passes and all is silent. A pile of rubble on the floor.

Mister Kwan shuffles underneath it and emerges, covered in dirt.

MISTER KWAN

I need to go back to wherever the
hell it is that I'm
from. Everything is crazy.

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

The Goodyear Pimp still has King Aloysius cornered.

He runs the current over his head, slowly building it up to what he hopes will be a final, devastating blow.

Sancho watches intently, paying close attention to The Goodyear Pimp's head. He notices something. He doesn't have Som-Som.

Sancho looks toward the car, and sure enough in the passenger's seat is Som-Som.

Sancho has found his friend. He whistles a quick melody, and Som-Som is soon floating to him.

Sancho catches Som-Som and perches it atop his head, smiling triumphantly. A sudden cackle of The Goodyear Pimp's current snaps him out of it.

GOODYEAR PIMP

Countdown to the end, Aloysius.
Five...

Sancho removes Som-Som and looks at it.

GOODYEAR PIMP

...four...

Guy watches the scene and runs a hand over his throat.

GOODYEAR PIMP

...three...

Jo-Jo sees a red tornado coming in from the distance.

GOODYEAR PIMP

...two...

King Aloysius holds his cane like a baseball bat, a look of determination on his face.

GOODYEAR PIMP

...one...

KING ALOYSIUS

It's King Aloysius, and don't you ever forget it.

In perfect sequence, our heroes use their "powers".

Guy sings...

GUY

*Shoulda been gone! Knowin' how I
made you feel, and I shoulda been
gone!*

...and distracts The Goodyear Pimp just enough to disrupt his current.

Sancho flings Som-Som and nails him in the back of the head. He lurches forward toward King Aloysius.

King Aloysius hits a home run on The Goodyear Pimp's jaw. He throws the cane aside, grabs the Goodyear Pimp by the lapels, and beats him mercilessly.

KING ALOYSIUS

Didn't I tell your fat ass not to be fucking with my shit? Huh? I don't care if you got some bullshit powers. I run this town muthafucka.

King Aloysius beats the ever loving shit out of the Goodyear Pimp, until he tires and tosses him into the quickly advancing...

Red Pop-Ade tornado that moves stealthily along and disrupts only what it wants to, which is The Goodyear Pimp's day.

The tornado scoops up The Goodyear Pimp and rises.

King Aloysius looks closely at the tornado. He sees a face, and it's not The Goodyear Pimp's.

KING ALOYSIUS
Grandpoppa Pimp?

The face smiles a diamond grilled smile.

KING ALOYSIUS
Holy shit. It is Grandpoppa Pimp.
Right on, muthafucka.

GRANDPOPPA PIMP
Stay black, my brother.

The tornado momentarily morphs into a giant fist, before it takes off into the night with The Goodyear Pimp still securely in its grasp.

The crowd watches in silence as the tornado moves slowly out of sight.

When it's no longer traceable, the first person to chime in is Vandelay, who does nothing but clap.

The crowd takes notice, and soon joins in.

Vandelay moves to the mic.

VANDELAY
Thanks for coming out, everybody!
This show has been brought to you
by the good folks at the Pop-Ade
Corporation. Remember, Pop-Ade
kills your thirst!

Vandelay steps off the stage to King Aloysius. Sancho, Guy, and Annie are right behind him.

KING ALOYSIUS
Pop-Ade kills your thirst?

VANDELAY
Not bad for on the fly, huh?

KING ALOYSIUS
I got a better one. How bout
"Pop-Ade kills innocent people by
turning them into exploding
liquid?"

VANDELAY

Funny, that's funny. We may have a spot for you on the marketing team. I trust we can all keep this a secret between friends, right?

Vandelay looks around to everyone. None of them are interested in what he has to say.

BUBBLEHEAD (O.S.)

My hoo hoo itches! My hoo hoo itches!

The crowd looks to Bubblehead, still scratching like mad. King Aloysius smiles.

KING ALOYSIUS

Hey, Bubblehead. I got a job for ya, girl.

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

Outside the stadium, Vandelay is being escorted into a police car by two OFFICERS. Vandelay is horribly disfigured from consuming the brown Pop-Ade.

OFFICER # 1

Peter Vandelay, you're under arrest for criminal negligence and reckless endangerment. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to--

VANDELAY

Oh cram it, cop. This is all a technicality. I'll be out in a few hours.

Vandelay looks to our heroes, who stare at him from a short distance.

VANDELAY

You hear me? A few hours. Pop-Ade has the best lawyers money can buy. That money can--

Vandelay goes wide with shock. Something's hit him.

VANDELAY

Oh, God. My dick. My dick itches! Please scratch it. Please! I'll give ten thousand dollars to the person that scratches my dick. Pl--

He's cut off by the door slamming in his face, but still continues his plea.

Annie stands disappointed.

ANNIE

What a shame. This is going to break everywhere and I won't get any kind of story.

GUY

I wouldn't say that.

SANCHO

This is true. You could do a story based on the scratchy penis.

ANNIE

Are you kidding? This is huge news. Nationwide.

GUY

True, but guess who gets to grant the exclusive interview with the people that actually lived it?

Annie realizes he's right.

KING ALOYSIUS

Hey, that's right. You a smart muthafucka, Guy.

GUY

I do have one condition though.

ANNIE

Being?

GUY

That the interviewer has to go out on a date with me.

Guy beams proudly. King Aloysius and Sancho are surprised at how smooth Guy sneaked that one in.

ANNIE

And here I thought you would never ask.

KING ALOYSIUS

No shit. It's about time.

GUY

About time? We've only known each other half a day.

KING ALOYSIUS

You preachin' to the wrong nigga, friend. I'm used to folks gettin' mini-van quickies in the alley.

Guy and Annie stare blankly.

Sancho perks up.

SANCHO

I am very interested in learning about this "mini-van quickie".

CHERRY (O.S.)

You need to learn about ass to mouth too.

They look to Cherry and Peaches, in the middle of another make out session. What the hell is wrong with these two?

KING ALOYSIUS

You muthafuckas is made for one another. You have your people call my people, and in case you're wonderin', I'm my people.

Annie remembers something, or someone.

ANNIE

Oh God, what happened to Rollo?

The back of the truck swings open and out stumbles Rollo, still somewhat high.

ROLLO

Here I am! Where's the spaghetti?

The group laughs at him as they proceed out of the stadium.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - DAY - TWO WEEKS LATER

The group sits around and watches a taping of Annie's exclusive report.

INSERT: TV

ANNIE

And with the town of Ramova Falls back to normal after a hefty scare at the hands of the Pop-Ade corporation's "Red Menace", one can only ask the question "When will corporations stop thinking of only the bottom line?" This is Annie Merriweather, channel twelve news.

BACK TO SCENE:

Guy flips off the TV and the room breaks into applause. Annie cordially bows.

KING ALOYSIUS

That was good, Annie, but those muthafuckas ain't ever gonna think about anything but profits.

ANNIE

Then I guess I'll just have to keep exposing them, won't I?

KING ALOYSIUS

Just you?

CHERRY

I'll do some exposing if you want.

Peaches nods in agreement. Sancho salivates.

SANCHO

I would like that. Very much.

ANNIE

Me and the channel twelve news.

GUY

Haven't you heard. Annie's been given the position of consumer watchdog down at the station.

KING ALOYSIUS

How am I supposed to know? You muthafuckas never tell me anything.

SANCHO
Everybody knows, King Aloysius. It
was foretold by Som-Som.

KING ALOYSIUS
Whatever, Sancho.

SANCHO
The soothsayer on the street.

FADE OUT.

KING ALOYSIUS (V.O.)
Man, shut the fuck up.

THE END