

POTTYMOUTH

A Short Comedy Written by

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FADE IN

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Open on a tiny trailer, the rattiest-looking trailer in a ratty-looking trailer park.

A U.S. Postal truck pulls up. MAIL CARRIER 1, stout African-American woman (40s) gets out, followed by tall, heavily muscled but not brain-gifted MAIL CARRIER 2, (20s) Italian. Mail Carrier 1 hands him a registered letter.

CARRIER 1

Okay, knock and do like I told you.

He reads the name on the letter, clears his throat, knocks.

The door is opened a crack by a diminutive white loser, WILBUR SNUDGE (30s). He looks nervous.

CARRIER 2

Wilbur Snudge? Wilbur F. Snudge?

WILBUR

Whop. Guinea. Greaser. I mean yes.

CARRIER 2

I have a registered letter for you, sir...

Wilbur reaches around the door for it. Mail Carrier 2 approaches, waves to Wilbur.

CARRIER 1

You need to sign for it, hon.

WILBUR

Sure. Nigger. Jungle bunny. Spear chucker. Schwartzer. Schwuggie.

MAIL CARRIER 2

Hey! Watch it, you racist little--

CARRIER 1

It's cool. He can't help it.

MAIL CARRIER 2

Huh?

CARRIER 1

He's got Turret's syndrome.

MAIL CARRIER 2

Ooooh. Okay... What?

Wilbur opens the door. He has a striped wool ski hat with the dangling yarn ties on each side, an ancient t-shirt with a faded Mr. Bubble logo, shorts pulled up to his chest.

Wilbur signs, and, as he opens the envelope, which contains a key, the mail carriers drive off to their next trailer park adventure. Wilbur reads the letter:

MALE ATTORNEY (V.O.)

Dear Wilbur. It is with great sadness that I inform you your dear Aunt Edna has passed away.

WILBUR

Fuck. Shit. Twat.. I mean damn.

MALE ATTORNEY (V.O.)

Being the sole heir to her estate, and her favorite nephew, despite your... impediments-- she has bequeathed her property at 233 Euclid to do with as you wish...

INT. TAXICAB - DAY

Wilbur rides in back, a single suitcase on his lap. Up front, separated by a bullet-proof plexiglas shield, a Palestinian CAB DRIVER listens to soft ARABIC MUSIC on the radio, with occasional DISPATCHER outbursts.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The cab pulls up in front of a two story Victorian-era "painted lady," paint cracking and peeling from neglect.

Unfortunately, the area in which the once stately home is located has decayed into a run-down ghetto overrun with hoods, drug dealers, crack heads and gangs.

TAXI DRIVER

(thick accent)

Thirty three eighty. Plus tip.

As he gets out, Wilbur pulls out two twenty dollar bills.

WILBUR

Change please? Camel jockey, sand nigger, towel-head?

The taxi peels out, shutting the door with its speed.

WILBUR (CONT'D)
What's your problem?!

INT. LATE AUNT EDNA'S HOUSE - DAY

Wilbur opens the door, shuffles in, explores. Sheets and dust cover the musty old furniture.

He checks the refrigerator. Cobwebs. He opens the pantry. Nothing but a skinny marmalade cat. It meows.

WILBUR
What's your name? Aww! You musta
been Aunt Edna's, may she rest in
piss. Peace.

He pets it. It purrs.

WILBUR (CONT'D)
I'm gonna call you 'Cat.'

Cat chomps down on his finger.

WILBUR (CONT'D)
Ow! FuckShitPiss! I've got to go
out and find you some COCK! I mean
food.

He puts on his knit ski hat with the pull down ties, looks in the mirror by the door, worried. He looks out the front door window, back at the cat, out the window.

WILBUR (CONT'D)
Wish me luck. FuckShitPiss!
CuntlipsAssface! Sorry Twat. I mean
Cat.

EXT. LATE AUNT EDNA'S HOUSE - DAY

Wilbur nervously descends the steps. He passes a slick, handsome African American THREE CARD MONTE DEALER with a one-legged table. He shuffles three cards. Two young African-American TOUGHS, pants at half mast, watch Dealer, baffled.

MONTE DEALER
(to Wilbur)
Hey, my man. Gimme a buck an' try
your hand.

WILBUR

Fuck no. Nigger! Sorry! I mean--
Nigger dick!

MONTE DEALER

Whatchoo say, mothafucka?

Wilbur shrugs apologetically, tries to hurry on.

WILBUR

Nothing. Assface. Black ASSFACE! Oh
shit!

He begins to run.

MONTE DEALER

Come here my little racist bitch.
I'm gonna pound you a bran' new
face.

The Monte dealer drops table and cards and races after Wilbur. The two Toughs run as fast as they can while holding their pants up. Wilbur runs headlong into a mixed CROWD of Blacks, Jews and Hispanics waiting for a bus.

WILBUR

Oh no! JiggerbooBeanerShvoogie--
sorry,KikenoseSheisterDirtySanchez!
WetbackSpookTacobender! Oh fuck!

Shock and outrage rumble through the crowd like an earthquake. A few swing and punch him, try to grab him, but he tips a garbage can over, breaks free. Now an angry mob of thirty chase him down the street.

Panting, Wilbur rounds a corner into an alley. He tries a back door. Locked. The crowd rounds the alley corner.

EXT. BAPTIST LIGHTHOUSE MISSION - MOMENTS LATER

A MARQUEE above DOOR reads: "BAPTIST LIGHTHOUSE. ALL ARE WELCOME." He tries the door. Open! He lunges inside and slams the door, just in time.

INT. BAPTIST LIGHTHOUSE MISSION - CONTINUOUS

A PASTOR reads from the Book of Job to a somber CONGREGATION. The pastor looks up when he sees Wilbur.

PASTOR

Welcome, pilgrim. Join us.

WILBUR
FuckShitPiss! PrickAssCuntjuice.

PASTOR
Please. Be seated.

WILBUR
Asslick. Asslick Browneye.

PASTOR
(smiles, nods gently)
Of course. You're welcome.

Wilbur begins to calm down.

WILBUR
Fuck you. I mean, thank you.

PASTOR
Well, everyone, what do you say we
give our new friend a warm welcome?

They respond warmly:

PARISHIONERS
Fuck you! You suck! Motherfucker!
Honky Dickhead! Cocksucker!
Assface! Cracker! Dicklick!

Wilbur smiles broadly.

EXT. BAPTIST LIGHTHOUSE MISSION - SAME

SIDEWALK SIGN reads: "WELCOME TOURRETE'S ANONYMOUS."

FADE TO BLACK