

STRIPED FLAMINGO

EP.1 Four Bros Who Own And Operate An Ice Cream Parlor Together

Written by

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**COLD OPEN**

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - TABLE - DAY

**SUPER:** SOMEWHERE, VIRGINIA...

**SUPER:** MONDAY...

A funky and eclectic ice cream parlor with a sixties beach theme. Each wall is painted a different pastel color. Different-colored flamingo trinkets are everywhere.

ANDREW "ANDY" TYNES(25), Black, the neurotic yet meticulous manager and co-owner, dressed in a Striped Flamingo t-shirt and khakis, takes another bite of the white and yellow swirled ice cream flavor "Aloha Andy."

ANDY

This tastes...familiar.

He takes one more bite. EXPRESS NELLY(24), Black, the brash and sarcastic co-owner, dressed in a Striped Flamingo hoodie and baggy cargo pants, and OMAR "O" PETERSON(25), Black, a kind co-owner, dressed in a Striped Flamingo t-shirt and basketball shorts, watch Andy eat.

EXPRESS

Whatcha think?

ANDY

It's good, like very good.

He SMACKS his lips.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Is that coconut?

He takes another bite.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Is that white chocolate?

EXPRESS

Do you like it? Yes or No!

OMAR

Andy, I love you, but watchin' you eat ice cream's gross.

EXPRESS

Omar's got a point.

ANDY  
This is Pina Colada!

EXPRESS  
Took you long enough.

He rolls his eyes.

ANDY  
Don't we have--

EXPRESS  
Nope. This is an elevated version  
of traditional Pina Colada with  
accents of white chocolate, lime,  
and vanilla.

ANDY  
What would we name it?

EXPRESS  
Aloha Andy.

ANDY  
I love it.

Express nods his head.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Approved.

EXPRESS  
(whispers to Omar)  
Told you he'd like it...

He grabs a napkin from the dispenser and writes Aloha Andy  
and its flavors.

OMAR  
My turn.

ANDY  
It looks cool.

Omar passes two bowls of sapphire blue ice cream with white  
swirls and brown pastry pieces.

Andy and Express smell the ice cream.

EXPRESS  
It smells good.

ANDY  
It's very sweet-smelling.

EXPRESS

It's ice cream, it's supposed to  
smell sweet.

ANDY

Shut up, Express.

EXPRESS

Make me.

OMAR

Okay. Okay. Just eat it.

EXPRESS

Here goes nothing.

They take a bite.

EXPRESS (CONT'D)

This is amazing.

ANDY

Holy crap.

Omar perks up in his chair.

EXPRESS (CONT'D)

It tastes like blueberry pancakes.

The door swings open as FITZGERALD "FITZ" CUNNINGHAM(25),  
Black, the no-nonsense co-owner, dressed in a Striped  
flamingo t-shirt and black jeans.

FITZ

Hey.

He walks to the table and takes Express's ice cream.

FITZ (CONT'D)

New flavor?

OMAR

Yeah, tell me whatcha think.

Fitz eats some before he devours it.

FITZ

Holy shit! This is good. Is that  
maple syrup?

Omar nods.

ANDY

I approve this flavor.

FITZ

Me too.

EXPRESS

Same.

Fitz takes Andy's ice cream and eats some more.

FITZ

What's the name for this one?

Omar pauses.

OMAR

Pause for dramatic effect...I call  
it Blue Waffle.

Fitz GAGS as he spits the ice cream back into the bowl.

Express GAGS.

EXPRESS

What?

ANDY

Jesus Christ, Omar.

Fitz puts the ice cream down.

OMAR

What's wrong?

EXPRESS

You named it after an STD?

OMAR

No, I didn't.

EVERYONE

Yes, you did.

Andy nods.

OMAR

But I thought you guys liked it.

ANDY

We do. We just don't like the name.

OMAR

But everyone would get Blue Waffle.

EXPRESS

Yeah, if everyone was fuckin'  
on the same nasty ass person!

FITZ

Not if they paid attention in  
a middle school health class.

EXPRESS (CONT'D)  
Which you clearly didn't.

FEMALE CUSTOMER(20's), enters.

OMAR  
There's not a single thing wrong  
with Blue Waffle!

The DOOR SLAMS as she exits.

ANDY  
Great...just great.

**END OF COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - ICE CREAM BAR - DAY

A long freezer with over forty unique flavors. Omar scoops a large swirl of "Monster Blood" ice cream. He hands KID(4), Black, his ice cream.

Several CUSTOMERS(3-70's), wait in line to order.

OMAR

It's not fair that you guys won't  
sell Blue Waffle.

Fitz presses a button on the old-school register.

FITZ

Please stop saying that.

OMAR

Blue Waffle! Blue Waffle! Blue  
Waffle! There's nothing wrong with  
us having Blue Waffle.

MALE CUSTOMER(20's), White, stares at Omar in disgust. He looks at Fitz.

MALE CUSTOMER

Cancel that.

He gets out of line and exits the parlor.

EXPRESS

Will ya look at that, Omar just  
scared off another customer.

OMAR

It's not my fault--

Andy at the sandwich station looks up from his masterpiece.

ANDY

It's your fault.

He returns to the sandwich.

OMAR

I feel like I'm being judged.

EXPRESS

Well yes.

Omar SIGHS. Andy finishes the sandwich. He grabs a bag of single-serve chips and walks from behind the sandwich station to the dining area.

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - DINING AREA - DAY

Andy walks to a table and places the sandwich in front of MALCOLM ROSENBERG(79), White, a wise sage wrapped in khakis and a sweater vest.

ANDY

Here ya go, Malcolm, your usual.

Malcolm smiles at Andy.

MALCOLM

Thank you, Andy, this looks amazing as always.

ANDY

Y'know they call me the sandwich king 'round here...

Fitz, Express, and Omar look up at Andy.

OMAR

No one you calls you that.

FITZ

No we don't.

EXPRESS

Shut yo bitch ass up.

Andy looks down, defeated.

MALCOLM

Don't worry about them. I'll call you the sandwich king.

FITZ

Please don't. It'll go straight to his head.

ANDY

No, it won't.

OMAR

It will.

He looks back at them again.

MALCOLM

Your friends are funny.



ANDY

You can have them if you want.

Malcolm LAUGHS.

MALCOLM

I bet they make this job fun.

ANDY

They do.

Andy smiles at Malcolm.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Well, Malcolm, I don't wanna bother you. Enjoy your sandwich.

Malcolm nods as he grabs his sandwich and takes a huge bite.

Andy walks to the sandwich station and puts on a new gloves.

The front door swings open. EVA BENNET(25), Black, Andy's devil spawn girlfriend, enters in a bubble gum pink fur coat.

Express, Omar, and Fitz GROAN WITH ANNOYANCE.

Eva struts to the counter and pushes customers out the way.

EVA

Andy?

Andy walks to the counter.

ANDY

Hey, babe, how's--

He goes in for a kiss, but she puts her hand up to block it. He kisses her hand.

OMAR

Eva, settle this for us. What do you think of this name for a new ice cream flavor...Blue Waffle?

She scrunches up her face.

EVA

Ew, that's the stupidest thing I've ever heard, and that says a lot.

OMAR

Whatcha mean?

EVA

Oscar, you're an idiot.

Omar walks back to his station and WHISPERS.

OMAR

You're the stupidest thing I've ever heard, and an idiot.

EVA

Excuse you.

OMAR

Nothing.

Eva focuses her attention on Andy.

EVA

I need forty dollars.

EXPRESS

Forty dollars!

ANDY

I gave you forty dollars this morning. You spent it already?

EVA

Yes, but it's not enough. I saw this coat at the mall and...

She digs into her purse to grab her phone, then shows Andy the picture of the coat—the same fur coat she's in, but in bright hot pink.

**INSERT:** PHOTO OF THE HOT PINK FUR COAT.

ANDY

Eva, aren't you wearing the same--

EVA

No, this is bubble gum pink, not hot pink.

ANDY

There's a difference?

EXPRESS

Yeah...

EVA

No one was talking to you.

He MUTTERS to himself as he walks to his station.

EXPRESS

I didn't wanna talk to you anyway.

EVA

What was that?

EXPRESS

Nothing.

MALE CUSTOMER(40's), Black, and his SON(5), Black, hold their ice cream cones.

MALE CUSTOMER

Can y'all wrap this up?

Eva puts her finger in his face.

EVA

Andy, you know how important the color pink is to me.

FITZ

(under his breath)

I thought it was the color green.

EVA

Andy, give me the money.

She STOMPS her feet.

ANDY

Babe...

EVA

Andy. Buy the coat for me.

ANDY

I want to, but I can't. Money's tight right now with all the repairs we've made to the store, and we're just waiting on a return in our--

EVA

My daddy was right about you.

FITZ

Was it your daddy or your daddy?

Express, Omar, and Fitz LAUGH.

EVA

You got jokes.

FITZ

I can tell a joke or three.

She turns to Andy.

EVA

Buy it.

ANDY

Baby, I can't. You know I want to,  
but I can't. Once I--

FITZ

Not tryna get in your business, but  
Eva, you gotta understand Andy's  
situation, all of o and we've  
unfortunately neglected ourselves  
and loved ones...we're just...

OMAR

Four bros who own and operate an  
ice cream parlor together.

Andy and the others nod their heads in agreement.

She EXHALES DEEPLY. The sky turns gray.

EVA

(deep demonic voice)

Buy it!

Lightning strikes and THUNDER CLAPS.

The boys take a step back.

EVA (CONT'D)

(deep demonic voice)

Wait till my daddy hears about  
this, and you'll be sorry.

She turns to Male Customer and his son, grabs their ice  
cream, and crushes it with her hand, then throws it at Andy.  
But he dodges it.

She storms out of the store.

EXPRESS

I'm sorry, but what in the flying  
freaky fuck was that!

EVA SCREAMS.

They all look at each other. Andy runs to the front doors.

EXT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - PARKING LOT - DAY

EVA

No one says no to me! No one!

Eva kicks and punches Andy's car. She grabs a brick from her purse and throws it through the windshield.

She takes her heel and punctures three of Andy's tires.

OMAR

Are we gonna die?

EXPRESS

Now, who is we? Cuz I ain't French.

FITZ

Aren't you Haitian?

EXPRESS

That's different.

ANDY

Not really.

Andy raises his hand, but Omar pushes it down.

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - DINING AREA - NIGHT

The guys wipe down tables and sweep the floor.

OMAR

Andy, you good man? You've been extra quiet since Eva...Eva-ed.

ANDY

Yeah, I'll be fine.

OMAR

I hate that she destroyed your car.

ANDY

Me too.

FITZ

It's time you break up with her.

ANDY

I can't. I love her.

FITZ

No coochie is ever that good where you allow yourself to be abused.

EXPRESS

I'm gay as hell and know that.

OMAR

Fitz is right. No, cooch is that good to get abused over, and I've had plenty of cooch.

He smirks. Express COUGHS.

EXPRESS

Whore...

He COUGHS again.

OMAR

Didn't you sleep with half of the basketball team our freshmen year?

EXPRESS

If you're gonna speak on something, make sure you have all the facts. It wasn't just freshmen year, it was sophomore year too.

OMAR

You cheap whore--

FITZ

Yeah, yeah, we get it, you're both dirty whores no need to compete...

EXPRESS

Aww. Thanks.

OMAR

Rude.

FITZ

But, honestly, Andy, you need to leave her and maybe file a restraining order.

ANDY

I love her.

FITZ

Is it love or--

EXPRESS

Stockholm syndrome.

FITZ

I wasn't gonna say that, but again, Express has a point. You're too good for her.

OMAR

She doesn't deserve you.

ANDY

I know, but I'm scared that I won't get a girlfriend again. I'm so busy with this place.

He gestures to the store.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I don't have time for myself or anything else, so I can't start over with someone else.

OMAR

I work the same amount of hours as you, and I have lady friends.

EXPRESS

Whore.

He COUGHS.

OMAR

I know you are, but what am I?

EXPRESS

A whore. A dirty whore.

FITZ

Ignore Beavis and Butthead. You can find another girlfriend; you have to put yourself out there like you did with evil. I mean Eva.

EXPRESS

Y'know, we'll help you.

OMAR

I'm always down to help you out.

FITZ

Same here.

ANDY

Thanks, guys. It's just Eva was special, she was--

FITZ

Demonic.

OMAR

Superficial.

EXPRESS

A demonic, belittling, superficial, materialistic, whiny, self-absorbed, psychotic wench that only loved you for your money, and it's not like you had a lotta money to begin with in the first place.

Everyone slowly turns to him. Andy hits him with a towel.

ANDY

Thanks, Express.

EXPRESS

I can continue if you'd like.

The BELL RINGS as the front doors swing open. They all turn to the door.

ANDY

Welcome to Striped Flamingo.

CONDOR(40's), Black, a large, burly man in an all-black suit with a red tie and sunglasses, enters.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What can we get started for you?

Condor walks to the ice cream bar.

CONDOR

Which one of you is Andrew Tynes?

Andy slowly raises his hand.

ANDY

Who's asking?

CONDOR

This message is from Mr. Bennett.

Condor SNAPS his fingers a red scroll appears from a puff of red smoke. It lands in his hand.

FITZ

How'd he do that?

CONDOR

Andrew, you have hurt my daughter for the last time. I will no longer allow the disrespect. Your time is up. By the end of the week, you will regret hurting Eva. Signed, Mr. V. Bennett.



CONDOR (CONT'D)  
You've been warned.

OMAR  
I think I peed a little.

EXPRESS  
Did anyone else find that was kinda  
hot? No? Just me?

FITZ
EXPRESS  
 Andy!
 Andy!  
 Fitz, Omar, and Express stand over him.

FITZ  
What're you doing?

**SUPER: TUESDAY...**

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - SANDWICH AREA - DAY

Andy's face, covered in Sharpie, stares into space.

Omar walks to Andy.

OMAR

Andy?

He places his hand on his shoulder.

Andy SCREAMS.

ANDY

Eva, baby, I'm sorry, please don't  
kill me! Please!

Express and Fitz at their stations look up at him.

FITZ

O, please stop checking on him if  
he's going to do this every time.

OMAR

I cannot stand by as my friend is  
threatened by his demonic  
girlfriend and her father.

FITZ

How bout we talk to her and clear  
this all up?

ANDY

Eva doesn't believe in second  
chances. She doesn't repeat  
herself. She--

THUNDER BOOMS. Everyone jumps.

EXPRESS

Stop being a lil bitch, and sack  
up, dude.

OMAR

Let's meet with her and dead this.

ANDY

We can't close up shop; we need to  
make a profit.

Everyone nods.

EXPRESS

If we're desperate for money, I can turn a trick real quick.

FITZ

Oh god, no, not again. Last time you tricked yourself out, we had to get a trespassing order against Bobby DuVall.

EXPRESS

Oh, Bobby, he had the biggest di--

Omar covers Express's mouth.

OMAR

How about we have her come to us?

EXPRESS

(muffled)

Oh hell no!

OMAR

What's wrong with that idea?

Express moves Omar's hand from his mouth.

EXPRESS

First off, it came from you, so it's already a terrible idea--

Omar pinches Express's nose.

EXPRESS (CONT'D)

Ow. Ow. Lemme go. Ouch. Ow.

ANDY

Stop it!

Everyone turns to Andy, he then SIGHS.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'll figure something out.

THUNDER BOOMS. The store loses power. Omar and Express SHRIEK as they sit in the darkness.

FITZ

This is the second time we've lost power. We should close and try again tomorrow.

ANDY

No. We need to make a profit. I'll check the fuse box.

EXPRESS

Again, I'm willing to turn a trick.

Andy turns on his phone's flashlight and walks to the back of the store.

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - FUSE BOX - DAY

Dark, old cardboard boxes and bags of trash are everywhere.

Andy treks through the darkness. He shines his flashlight onto the fuse box. He opens the fuse box, and all of the switches have been slashed.

ANDY

What the fuck?

A pair of gray hands with long, hot pink talons approach Andy from behind.

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - DINING AREA - DAY

Still dark.

Express, Fitz, and Omar play a game of rock, paper, scissors.

EXPRESS & OMAR

FITZ

Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!      Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!

FITZ (CONT'D)

Okay...I threw rock...O, did you throw rock?

OMAR

Nope, that's not my hand.

FITZ

Express, did you throw rock?

EXPRESS

No. I threw paper.

FITZ

Then whose hand is this?

Express turns on his phone's flashlight. He shines it next to him. Condor sits next to him. They SCREAM.

OMAR

Oh fuck!

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - FUSE BOX - DAY

Andy jumps when he hears the boys SCREAM. He runs to the others. A pair of red eyes stares at him.

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - DINING AREA - DAY

ANDY

Guys! Guys!

He stops when he sees Condor by the front door. The lights temporarily come back on.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh shit! It's him.

Condor SNAPS his fingers, and another scroll appears from a puff of red smoke.

CONDOR

Andrew Tynes, Express Nelly, Omar Peterson, and Fitzgerald Cunningham. Your time is near, for the fate of the flamingo ends in four days.

FITZ

How do you know our names?

CONDOR

Mr. Bennett knows all.

OMAR

How?

CONDOR

He knows everything. He sees everything. He's everywhere.

OMAR

But like how? Is it like an Instagram kinda thing?

EXPRESS

Like mutual followers?

Condor crosses his arms.

ANDY

Please leave us alone.

EXPRESS

Yeah, be mad at him.

He points to Andy.

ANDY

Uh. Really?

Express nods.

CONDOR

Cowardice won't save you.

EXPRESS

I mean, it has in the past.

FITZ

Shut up.

CONDOR

The fate of the flamingo is sealed.

He STOMPS his foot, then disappears in a puff of red smoke.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - TABLE - DAY

The guys use their phones' flashlights. They sit around the table, utterly defeated.

FITZ

Our fate is sealed in four days.  
What the hell does that mean?

ANDY

A multitude of possibilities.

EXPRESS

None of this would be happening if  
you gave Evil forty dollars!

ANDY

It's the principle.

OMAR

What does Principal Jones have to  
do with this?

FITZ

Not that kinda principal.

OMAR

Oh, so Principal Fisher?

Everyone turns to him.

OMAR (CONT'D)

What?

No one responds.

Fitz points to a corner on the opposite side of the parlor.

OMAR (CONT'D)

What?

FITZ

Go stand in the corner.

OMAR

But.

FITZ

Go.

Omar walks to the corner.

OMAR  
This isn't fair...

He MUTTERS to himself.

ANDY  
Can we focus? Our business, maybe  
even our lives, are in danger. We  
have to do something.

FITZ  
Like what?

ANDY  
Omar said it earlier. We talk to  
Eva and her father.

EXPRESS  
Again, what's with this we?

ANDY  
You heard the big, burly black man;  
he said not just my name, he said  
yours, too.

A lightning flash illuminates the sky. A pair of red eyes  
appears in the far end of the parlor. HEAVY LOUD THUDS hit  
the roof and parking lot around the store.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
What was that?

They look up at the roof.

Another LOUD THUD comes from a window.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
What's happening?

They run to the front doors and exit.

EXT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - PARKING LOT - DAY

The sky is filled with dark and heavy storm clouds. Dead  
featherless birds litter the parking lot.

Omar points to the roof.

OMAR  
Uh...guys...



They all look at the roof. Dozens of dead, featherless birds lie on the roof.

EXPRESS

I think I'm gonna be sick.

ANDY

I knew bird flu was going around,  
but I didn't know it was this bad.

He CHUCKLES, then his eye twitches.

FITZ

You need to call Eva now.

ANDY

This is just the bird flu.

EXPRESS

I don't think so.

ANDY

This has to be the bird flu.

EXPRESS

Nope.

ANDY

This is just a bad case of bird  
flu. That explains all of this.

Fitz walks to Andy, grabs him by his shoulders, and violently shakes him.

FITZ

Andy, get a grip and call Eva  
before she bankrupts us.

ANDY

Bird flu?

EXPRESS

He's broken.

ANDY

Bird flu.

OMAR

I got it.

Omar walks to Andy and Fitz. He pushes Fitz out of the way and throws Andy over his shoulder. Omar reenters the store.

ANDY

Bird flu. The government needs to  
do something about this bird flu.

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - ICE CREAM BAR - DAY

**SUPER:** WEDNESDAY...

Andy scoops up two scoops of Cosmic Sherbet in a sugar cone  
and hands it to LITTLE GIRL(6), Black, beyond adorable.

ANDY

Here ya go.

She speaks in a DEEP DEMONIC VOICE.

LITTLE GIRL

Thank you, Andrew.

Andrew leaps back.

OMAR

Oh, c'mon on! Not again!

LITTLE GIRL

The birds were a warning of your  
fate, for the flamingo will  
flounder in several fortnights.

THUNDER BOOMS.

EXPRESS

I'm sorry, did you say fortnight?  
What is this a Shakespeare play?

She turns to Express her eyes glow a fiery red.

Fitz covers Express's mouth.

OMAR

What the fuck? They sent a little  
girl to punk us out.

EXPRESS

I prefer the big guy.

She walks to Fitz at the register. He covers his face.

FITZ

Please don't hurt me.

She doesn't respond. He slowly brings down his hands.

FITZ (CONT'D)

Can I help you? Typically,  
your...kind...people...usually  
don't linger around after they  
threaten us.

EXPRESS

They usually disappear in a puff of  
red smoke.

LITTLE GIRL

Well, can I pay for my ice cream?

EXPRESS

Sure, I guess.

He LAUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY. Express walks to the register and  
presses some buttons.

EXPRESS (CONT'D)

Two scoops of Cosmic Sherbet on a  
sugar cone. That'll be three  
dollars and eighteen cents.

Little Girl reaches into her pocket and hands Express a five-  
dollar bill. He takes it.

She eats her ice cream. The guys watch her in pure terror.

EXPRESS (CONT'D)

Your change is a dollar eighty-two.

She takes her change and steps back.

LITTLE GIRL

Thank you...again, you all will  
fall in three days.

She turns to Express.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

I'll see you soon.

She SNAPS her fingers and disappears in a puff of red smoke.

A BEAT.

EXPRESS

Uh-uh, why she gonna see me soon?

OMAR

Where should I start?

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - FREEZER - DAY

**SUPER:** THURSDAY...

Omar grabs a large barrel of Monster Blood ice cream. He places it on a small cart. He grabs another barrel when, suddenly, two gray hands with pink talons scratch his arm.

OMAR

Ow.

He turns to his right and sees a gray demon with red eyes and pink talons blocks the freezer door.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - ICE CREAM BAR - DAY

Express, Andy, and Fitz work the counter. They jump when they hear OMAR'S SCREAM.

ANDY

O!

They run to the freezer.

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - FREEZER - DAY

FITZ

EXPRESS & ANDY

Omar! O!

Omar!

Andy tries to open the door. But it doesn't budge. Express pushes Andy out of the way and tries to kick the door in.

FITZ (CONT'D)

Are you really kicking a steel freezer door?

EXPRESS

I dunno, I saw it in a movie.

Fitz runs to the wall and grabs a fire extinguisher. He uses it to bash the handle off.

FITZ

O, we're coming.

Fitz BANGS on the handle, but the door creaks open.

They enter the freezer.

ANDY  
Omar? Where he'd go?

Express points to the backside of the freezer door.

EXPRESS  
Guys, look at this.

There's a message written in hot pink ink in bold letters on the backside of the freezer door.

**INSERT: THE HOT PINK MESSAGE.**

ANDY  
Hello, Andrew--

EXPRESS  
Why're you greeting yourself?

ANDY  
Cause it says read aloud for  
dramatic effect.

EXPRESS  
Where?

He points to the very bottom line of the message.

ANDY  
Right there at the bottom.

EXPRESS  
Oh... FITZ  
Can we focus!

ANDY  
Right...

He reads the message aloud.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Hello, Andrew, you've been warned,  
but I can't wait any longer to  
punish you, so I've decided to  
kidnap Omar. You have less than two  
hours to buy my jacket and four  
thousand dollars, or else Omar  
dies. Meet me at my father's  
nightclub—the G-Spot, Eva. PS, read  
the note aloud for dramatic effect.

They LAUGH.

EXPRESS & FITZ  
G-Spot.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
G-Spot.

They LAUGH again.

EXPRESS

Whoa, whoa whoa. So, your girlfriend just kidnapped our best friend, holding him for ransom at her father's nightclub, and we have to be there in two hours or else.

FITZ

Wow, Express, you really know how to summarize.

EXPRESS

Excuse me for catching us all up.

FITZ

Which no one asked for.

EXPRESS

I use good reading strategies when I'm nervous.

FITZ

What?

EXPRESS

Alliteration! Onomatopoeia! Cause and effect!

FITZ

What the hell?

EXPRESS

See, I can't control it. Hyperbole!

ANDY

Eva's gone too far.

EXPRESS

Fact and opinion! Simile!

Andy walks to the office. Fitz and Express follow behind him.

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - OFFICE - DAY

A janitor's closet converted into an office. Andy crouches underneath the desk and punches in the code for the safe.

FITZ

What're you doing?

ANDY

If Eva wants the coat, she's gonna  
get the coat.

Andy grabs a crayon box filled with money. He stands up,  
opens the crayon box, and then counts the money.

EXPRESS

Isn't that our emergency fund?

ANDY

Yeah.

FITZ

But what if--

ANDY

This is an emergency.

He looks down at the money.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Exactly four grand.

EXPRESS

Are you seriously about to give  
that she devil four bands?

ANDY

Yeah. You guys run the parlor, I'm  
heading to the mall to get that  
stupid coat.

FITZ

Be careful. Please.

ANDY

I will.

He puts the money back in the crayon box and exits.

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Fitz counts the drawer while Express sweeps the floor.

EXPRESS

I'm worried...Andy's not returning  
my calls or texts.

FITZ

That's not like him.

EXPRESS

Do you think he's...

Fitz looks down, then back up at Express.

FITZ

Andy's a lotta things, but he's not  
that reckless to get himself--

Andy bursts through the doors with several hot pink fur coats  
and a large crucifix.

EXPRESS

Andy! We were just talking  
about...what's going on, what's all  
this? Are you bleeding?

He puts the coats and crucifix on a table and locks the door.

ANDY

Hide!

EXPRESS

What? Why? What's going--

ANDY

Trust me. Barricade the doors.

Fitz hops over the counter and pushes a table against the  
doors. Express drops the broom and helps Fitz.

EXPRESS

What's happening?

ANDY

Let's just say if we have to suffer  
with hundreds of featherless dead  
birds, then they can deal with a  
dozen unfertilized birds.

He runs and grabs another table.

FITZ

You did not egg the G-Spot.

Andy flashes a nervous smile.

FITZ (CONT'D)

I swear to god, Andrew.

THUNDER BOOMS. The lights flicker.



From a puff of red smoke, Eva in a Juicy Couture jumpsuit, Condor, and MR. BENNETT(60's), Black, lanky in a crisp black suit, red tie, and sunglasses, appears in front of Fitz.

EVA

Imbeciles...

EXPRESS

Oh fuck!

Condor looks down at Fitz and backhands him. It sends him across the parlor. He CRASHES into some chairs.

ANDY

Fitz!

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Express runs to Fitz and helps him to his feet.

EXPRESS

Fitz, you okay?

Fitz nods.

EVA

Miss me, Andy?

ANDY

Honestly...kinda.

FITZ

Really?

EXPRESS

What in the Juicy Couture  
hell is this?

Mr. Bennett SPEAKS IN A DEEP DEMONIC VOICE.

MR. BENNETT

Ah, if it isn't the owners of the  
Striped Flamingo.

FITZ

Uh...no...I...uh...think you're at  
the wrong Striped Flamingo Ice  
Cream Parlor.

Mr. Bennett SNAPS and THUNDER BOOMS.

EXPRESS

What do you want?

EVA

The coat and the four bands.

EXPRESS

Aside from that.

ANDY

We'll give you what you want if you  
give us the himbo.

Eva SNAPS her finger. Omar, bound and gagged, appears from a  
puff of red smoke.

ANDY & FITZ

Omar!

EXPRESS

Omar!

EVA  
Give me what I want.

ANDY  
How do I know you're not lying?

EVA  
Would I lie to you?

She smirks.

ANDY  
You lied about being a demon...uh,  
supernatural entity.

EVA  
You never asked.

ANDY  
I never thought I had to.

EVA  
In my Tinder bio, I said I had a  
devilish personality.

EXPRESS  
Uh, there it is.

ANDY  
I thought that was figurative.

MR. BENNETT  
Give my daughter what she wants.

ANDY  
Let Omar go.

Mr. Bennett SNAPS his fingers, the rope and gag on Omar  
vanish. Andy walks to the several pink fur coats and the  
crayon box of cash and steps forward.

OMAR  
Guys, I'm okay.

Condor steps forward and grabs Omar by the back of his shirt.

ANDY  
Here.

Condor looks back at Mr. Bennett. He nods. Condor takes the  
coats and drops Omar next to Andy. Express and Fitz rush to  
Omar and help him up.

EVA

Like I told you, baby, I always get  
what I want.

She opens the crayon box, takes the money out, and then  
throws it at Omar.

EXPRESS

Is you cool?

EVA

I prefer it hot.

She thumbs through the money.

EVA (CONT'D)

Nice doing business with you.

She turns to Mr. Bennett.

EVA (CONT'D)

Daddy, can we kill them now?

MR. BENNETT

In a minute, princess.

EXPRESS

Is that what the little girl meant  
when she said see you soon?

Mr. Bennett moves in front of Condor. He takes off his  
sunglasses to reveal red eyes. His skin turns leathery and  
gray. Horns grow from his forehead, and two leathery and  
tattered wings sprout from his back.

ANDY

Fuck, he's the devil.

FITZ

You think!

He raises his left hand, and a fireball appears.

MR. BENNETT

Bye-bye now. See you soon, Express.

EXPRESS

Fuck a bag.

Andy throws his hands up.

ANDY

There's gotta be a better way than  
killing us. I mean, look at us. Do  
you really want to kill us?

MR. BENNETT

Yes, I do.

ANDY

There has to be another way.

He leans forward.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

We'll let you take Express if you  
let us live.

EXPRESS

Go to hell.

ANDY

You'll beat me there.

EXPRESS

Why does everyone keep saying that?

MR. BENNETT

Prepare to die.

The fireball grows bigger and brighter.

EVA

Do it, daddy! Kill them! Start with  
the mouthy one.

She points to Express as everyone looks at him.

EXPRESS

Fuck a bag, again.

OMAR

Wait!

The fireball shrinks and dulls.

MR. BENNETT

What now?

OMAR

Sir, your unholiness.

He bows.

OMAR (CONT'D)

I've learned a lot about you when I was held hostage, and I know you like ice cream. I know you like unique flavors.

He walks to the ice cream bar.

OMAR (CONT'D)

I know you're a chocolate-dipped waffle cone with sprinkles kinda guy...demon...entity...

He scoops up two big rounds of Blue Waffle ice cream.

OMAR (CONT'D)

And we would be honored if you tried one of our newest flavors.

He walks to Mr. Bennett and hands him the ice cream cone. Mr. Bennett's fireball goes out. He admires the ice cream.

MR. BENNETT

What flavor is this? I've never seen anything like this before.

OMAR

Try it. It's good.

Mr. Bennett takes a bite.

MR. BENNETT

Oh wow. This is amazing! Is that maple syrup?

He takes another bite.

MR. BENNETT (CONT'D)

Are there blueberries in here?

OMAR

Yes, your wickedness.

Mr. Bennett takes another bite.

MR. BENNETT

What're these crunchy bits?

OMAR

Waffle cone pieces.

MR. BENNETT

This is the best thing I've ever had in all eternity.

OMAR  
I'm glad you like it.

MR. BENNETT  
What's the name of this flavor?

Omar CLEARS HIS THROAT.

OMAR  
Blue Waffle, sir.

Mr. Bennett looks at Omar, then down at his ice cream. Condor raises an eyebrow.

A BEAT.

Mr. Bennett LAUGHS.

MR. BENNETT  
That is hilarious! Like the STD.

THUNDER BOOMS followed by two flashes of lightning.

MR. BENNETT (CONT'D)  
That's the funniest thing I've ever heard in a long time.

OMAR  
I'm glad you like it, sir.

MR. BENNETT  
Who came up with this?

OMAR  
I did.

MR. BENNETT  
Amazing.

OMAR  
And I'm the only one who knows the recipe, so if you kill us, you'll never experience having Blue Waffle again. Ever again.

The GUYS AND CONDOR LAUGH.

MR. BENNETT  
Are you threatening me?

EVA  
Kill 'em, Daddy, so we can go home.

MR. BENNETT

Silence Eva!

THUNDER BOOMS. She crosses her arms.

MR. BENNETT (CONT'D)

Are you threatening me?

OMAR

No. I'm promising you. Let us go,  
and I'll make you a month-long  
batch whenever you want.

MR. BENNETT

Whenever I want?

OMAR

Yes, your leatheriness.

Mr. Bennett takes one more bite of his ice cream. He looks at Omar, then the others.

Mr. Bennett reverts to his human form.

MR. BENNETT

You got yourself a deal.

He extends his hand.

OMAR

There's one more thing.

MR. BENNETT

What?

OMAR

Eva gives us back the money. It's  
our emergency fund.

MR. BENNETT

I like you, Omar.

OMAR

Thanks. I would say I like you, but  
I'm Pentecostal.

Mr. Bennett LAUGHS.

MR. BENNETT

Eva, give him the money.

EVA

But daddy.



MR. BENNETT

Now!

THUNDER BOOMS and lightning flashes. Eva pouts as she walks to Omar and hands him the money.

EVA

This is chump change. I can blackmail Elon, and he'll just triple this.

ANDY

Elon? As in Elon Musk?

EVA

Duh. He didn't get that rich without some help. Shocker, he's not that smart.

FITZ

I knew it didn't, I tell you...

He looks at Mr. Bennett, then looks down.

FITZ (CONT'D)

Never mind.

OMAR

Do we have a deal?

MR. BENNETT

We do.

Mr. Bennett SNAPS HIS FINGERS, and a red scroll and a large feather quill appear from a puff of red smoke. He SNAPS HIS FINGERS again, and Express bent over in a very suggestive way appears in front of them.

Omar takes the quill and the scroll and places them on Express's back.

EXPRESS

Are you really using me as a table?

MR. BENNETT

Relax, it's not the worst way you've been used.

EVA

Gagged.

MR. BENNETT

Like Express.

Condor covers his mouth so he doesn't laugh.

MR. BENNETT (CONT'D)

Sign here.

He points to a blank line on the scroll. Omar signs.

MR. BENNETT (CONT'D)

Here.

He points to another blank line. Omar signs.

MR. BENNETT (CONT'D)

Sign here.

He points to a small blank line.

MR. BENNETT (CONT'D)

Initial here.

Omar signs on the small line. He hands Mr. Bennett the quill. He signs on all the lines below Omar's signature.

Condor walks to Mr. Bennett and holds the red scroll up so everyone can see it. The scroll catches fire and disappears.

EXPRESS

Can I get up now?

MR. BENNETT

What's wrong? Only used to being on your back.

ANDY

Damn double homicide.

EXPRESS

I'm not gonna take this.

MR. BENNETT

You don't say that very often.

FITZ

Nasty work is afoot.

Mr. Bennett takes a step back.

MR. BENNETT

I'll see you in a month.

OMAR

Yes, sir. Weirdly, I'm kinda looking forward to it.

Mr. Bennett looks at Eva.

MR. BENNETT  
You should've dated this one.

Andy SCOFFS.

ANDY  
Uh, hello, standing right here.

EXPRESS  
Who's gagged now?

MR. BENNETT  
Still you.

Condor turns around. He CHUCKLES. His shoulders shake.

EVA  
Daddy, don't forget, after this, we  
have to swing by the White House  
for the blood rit...I mean, what  
White House? There's a White House?

MR. BENNETT  
It's time that we go. I'm looking  
forward to that ice cream.

He takes another bite of his ice cream. He SNAPS HIS FINGERS,  
and vanishes alongside Eva and Condor in a puff of red smoke.  
Express stands up.

Andy, Fitz, and Express run to Omar's side and hug him.

FITZ  
Omar, you genius. You literally  
saved our lives!

EXPRESS  
Even though he made a deal with the  
literal devil.

ANDY  
He made a deal with the devil...

He turns to Express.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
You got bullied by the devil. I  
call that a win-win.

They break from the hug.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything.

OMAR

You're welcome. I told you Blue Waffle was gonna sell.

FITZ

We're just gonna ignore the fact that the Bennetts are in cahoots with Trump and Elon?

EXPRESS

I mean, wasn't it already common knowledge they were associated with the devil?

OMAR

I guess Eva confirmed it.

FITZ

Seems like it.

ANDY

So does this mean I'm single?

Express, Omar, and Fitz turn to Andy. They roll their eyes and walk away from him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What? It's a serious question. Guys, where you going? Come back.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**TAG**

INT. STRIPED FLAMINGO ICE CREAM PARLOR - ICE CREAM BAR - DAY

A decent crowd of customers.

**SUPER:** FRIDAY...

Andy and Omar scoop ice cream quickly. Fitz works the register while Express makes sandwiches.

Malcolm walks to the counter.

ANDY  
Hey, Malcolm.

MALCOLM  
Hey, Andy. Hello Omar, Hi Fitz,  
Hello, the mean one.

Express looks up then rolls his eyes.

ANDY  
You want your regular?

MALCOLM  
Not today; I want to expand my  
taste buds. What's new on the menu?

Andy looks to Omar.

OMAR  
We have two new ice cream flavors.  
Aloha, Andy and Blue Waffle.

MALCOLM  
Mhmm. Blue Waffle sounds good. I'll  
take three scoops in a bowl.

OMAR  
Coming right up.

Omar scoops up Blue Waffle.

The door opens, the bell rings. GRANNY CUSTOMER (80's),  
Black, enters.

EVERYONE  
Hi, welcome to Striped Flamingo!

**END OF SHOW**