

Scene 1

(Scene opens in a bathroom. Chip is seen furiously masturbating to magazines whilst sitting on the toilet. Chip's Mom is downstairs getting ready in front of a mirror. We cut between the two before dialogue in opening scene)

Mom

(Shouts upstairs)

Lyle!

Chip

(In bathroom, jerking off to magazines)

Just a second I'm taking a shit or sumthin

Mom

(Walking up stairs)

Lyle – it's time to go! Come on!

Chip

(To himself)

I heard you the first time you fawken cooter

Mom

(Gets closer)

If I have to drag you to out that door I will *(Starts opening door)*

Chip

(Shouts)

Don't come in I'm squirting!

(Mom opens door)

Mom

(Look of disgust. Drops handbag)

Oh for god's sake Lyle Chipperson. This again?

Chip

What? I didn't do nothin! I'm just cleaning my peckah ma.

(We see a viscous drip fall between Chip's legs)

Hey look – I dropped the soap. Tss Tss.

Mom

(Looking away)

Get yourself cleaned up and meet me in the car.

Chip

(Pulling pants up)

I wasn't tuggin' at it I fawken swear.

(Cuts to downstairs)

Mom

(Turns to chip)

Now I've got to pick up the dry cleaning later so Lamar's gonna pick you up.

Chip

What is he a fawken body builder or sumthin? Tss Tss.

Mom

Language!

Chip

(Mumbles)

Home run Chipperson.

Mom

(Cuts to outside. Getting in car)

Do your belt up hunny.

Chip

(Struggling)

I'm fuckin trying. What's this some sort of straight jacket or sumthin?

(Get's tangled in seat belt)

Hey look ma – I'm retarded! Tss Tss.

Mom

(Starts driving)

Have you got your bag?

Chip

(Grabs balls)

Right here ma. Filled with hot milk. Wanna sip?

Mom

(Tuts, shakes head)

Why do I bother.

Scene 2

(Pulls up to school)

Mom

(Turns to chip)

Ok sweetie, I'll see you later. Give me a kiss.

Chip

Whatever you say ma, pucker up!

(Sticks tongue out and closes eyes)

Mom

(Furious, holds chip back)

Jesus Lyle, what is wrong with you?

Chip

Fuck you, you started it.

(Mumbles)

Fawken cock tease.

(Gets out)

Mom

(Still in car)

Dinner's in the oven.

(Speeds off)

Chip

Bye ma.

(Sam appears with friends)

Sam

Hey Chip.

Chip

Well if it isn't Sammy Brammuffinz!

Sam

Was that your mom?

Chip

Mind your own beeswax.

Sam

She still fucking that black guy?

Chip

No she ain't never been with Lamar that one time!

Sam

That's not what I heard.

Chip

They're just friends you fawken piece of shit, fuck you!

Sam

Friends with benefits more like.

Chip

No you're not!

Sam

Well why's he always at your house?

Chip

He's just helping her move some furniture or sumthin.

Sam

You mean she's blowing him?

Chip

Yeah? Well why don't you blow on my peckah or sumthin? Tss tss.

Sam

Why would I do that?

Chip

Why wouldn't you do it, that's the question!

Sam

You're mom's a whore, Chip!

Chip

Leave ma alone. She's a saint on earth! (To himself) Cocksucker.

Sam

You're the cocksucker.

Chip

I ain't never sucked them cocks a few years ago!

Sam

You're a fucking moron.

Chip

Yeah? Well you're a less-on. Tss Tss.

Sam

That doesn't even make sense!

Chip

Yes it is!

Sam

(Turns away towards School entrance)

You're an idiot.

Chip

(Follows)

Why don't you go tug on a bunch of dicks or sumthin?

Sam

Stop following me!

Chip

Who are you? The president of who follows people or sumthin?

Sam

Fucking moron.

Chip

Well you're a less-off. Tss tss. Fawken killin' it today.

Scene 3

(Opens in classroom. Mr. Cumia is taking class)

Mr. Cumia

So if you think about it, these police shootings are simply an extension of the inherent criminality of black communities.

(Looks at the clock)

Anyway, back to Hamlet. Who can elaborate on the Prince's relationship with Ophelia.

(Looks around)

Anybody?

(See's Chip doodling. We cut to a picture of a penis with sharp teeth and red eyes shooting laser beams towards a vagina with tits. He's making sound effects to himself)

How about you Lyle?

(Walks over)

Chip

(Doesn't look up. Continues to doodle)

The name's Chip Chipperson you fawken piece of garbage.

Mr. Cumia

(Looks over Chip's shoulder)

Hmm.

(Strokes chin, pointing at picture)

And this is?

Chip

What does it look like? A fawken cooter.

Mr. Cumia

(Class laughs)

And those?

(Points at laser beams)

Chip

What you aint never seen a peckah with lasers firing out of it before?

Mr. Cumia

(Still stroking chin sarcastically)

Can't say I have Chip. So these laser beams. They're what - shooting the cooter?

Chip

It's to make her cummm!

Mr. Cumia

(Beginning to get annoyed)

And this is relevant to Hamlet how?

Chip

Hamlet? What's he like a piece of pork or sumthin? Tss tss.

(Class Laughs)

Mr. Cumia

(Getting tense. Sarcastic)

And we're all laughing! Come on everybody, let's all laugh at Chip! Isn't he hilarious?

Chip

I'm fawken murderin' in here!

Mr. Cumia

(Serious face)

Enough. I've had it with your nonsense, Chipperson.

(Snatches Chip's drawing and tears it)

Chip

Hey what the fuck you do that for?

Mr. Cumia

(Angry)

It's all a big joke to you, isn't it?

Chip

I know it is but what am I?

(Class laughs)

Mr. Cumia

What are you, six?

Chip

Six inches more like. Tss tss.

(Shouts)

Peckas!

(Class erupts in laughter)

Mr. Cumia

(Grinding teeth)

Principle's office. Now.

Chip

(Getting up)

Principle? What's he some sort of prince or sumthin? Where's his crown? Tss tss.

Mr. Cumia

(Shouts)

Out!

Scene 4

(Scene opens in Principles office)

Mr. Sinnamin

Mr. Cumia tells me you've been a bit of a rascalion.

Chip

I aint never done nothing it's bullshit.

Mr. Sinnamin

Relax Chip. We're all here making new friends, creating memories. Just tell me what happened.

Chip

Mr. Cumia's a fawken piece of shit. He's lucky I'm not back there I'd karate chop his fawken legs off. Piece of garbage.

Mr. Sinnamin

Hey now, there's no need for aggression. We're all just trying to make it in this magical world of ours; spreading smiles, sharing joy.

Chip

I hope he dies of old age in a fawken elevator or sumthin.

Mr. Sinnamin

I have an idea. How about we dial it down a little? You know, exchange pleasantries as equals?

Chip

What are you a fawken telephone box or sumthin? I'll dial Mr. Cumias parents. Tell them their son died in a fire covered in a bunch of bees or sumthin.

Mr. Sinnamin

I think we've made some real positive steps here. And hey - if you ever feel down and need a good old pick me up, why not sing along to one of your favourite tunes?

Chip

Why don't you sing into my peckah?

(Squeezes Peckah)

Mr. Sinnamin

That's the spirit. Cracking jokes, making friends. You know, they say laughter is the best medicine.

Chip

Fawk yeah I'm hilarious. Knock knock?

Mr. Sinnamin

Who's there?

Chip

Fawken cootahs or sumthin. Tss tss.

Mr. Sinnamin

I don't get it but hey, that's OK. We're still here just, you know, joshing around, enjoying a little horseplay.

Chip

What's that – some sort of play about horses or sumthin? Tss tss.

Mr. Sinnamin

Why don't you take the afternoon to cool off. Maybe take in the sunshine. Make a few friends, share a few laughs?

Chip

(To himself, leaving)

Why don't you suck my huge peckah?

Scene 5

(Chip is walking down the street and enters 'Ted's used Hypodermic Needle emporium'. Door opens, jingles. Ted is covered in needles)

Ted

Hello sir and welcome to Ted's Used Hypodermic Needle and Prophylactic Emporium. How can I tend to your used needle and sheath needs?

Chip

(Plants a dollar on the counter)

Gimme a bag of condoms. Extra large.

Ted

I'm afraid here at Ted's Used Hypodermic Needle and Prophylactic Emporium we only stock an assortment of second-hand sheaths.

Chip

How much for a ribbed one?

Ted

(Shouts)

What flavour?

Chip

Salt and Vinegar. Make it out to Chip Chipperson.

Ted

That'll be four hundred and fifty three dollars and thirteen cents each. They're very expensive.

Chip

What are you trying to shanghai me or sumthin?

Ted

Here at Ted's Used Hypodermic Needle and Prophylactic Emporium we pry each sheath from the genitals of unsuspected lovers. It takes an awful amount of preparation and concentration to remove them unnoticed.

Chip

I bet you couldn't pry one off my peckah. I'm hung like a fawken swan down there.

Ted

Truth be told, I'm in an insurmountable amount of debt. The Used Hypodermic Needle and Prophylactic business is a cruel mistress. So how many used sheaths can I put you down for?

Chip

A million.

Ted

Oh, I'm afraid we only have three left. Unfortunately we just can't supply stock fast enough to fulfil demand.

Chip

Why have you got a bunch of needles sticking out of you? Who are you Freddie Kruger or sumthin? Tss tss

Ted

Every time I replenish the shelves I get poked and prodded by needles. It's incredibly agonising. I try to avoid them by spinning my arms round incredibly fast and jumping maniacally around the store but for some reason it makes things worse. It's a very painful experience.

Chip

I bet they're all covered up in AIDS or sumthin.

Ted

I think you're right Mr. Chipperson. Since opening this store I've completely broken out in lesions. Here, look!

(Rolls up trousers to reveal lesions)

All in all, this entire business venture was doomed to failure.

Chip

(Swipes dollar back from counter)

Gimme back my dollar.

(Chip leaves store)

Scene 6

(Scene opens in a fast food place. Chip is in queue. Behind him, Uncle Paul is stood behind a 6 year old boy and his mother, also waiting to be served)

Uncle Paul

Hey kid. What's your name?

Kyle

It's Kyle.

Uncle Paul

You want a piece of sucking candy?

Kyle

You've got candy?

Uncle Paul

Suuuuure. Just reach deep into my pocket and have yourself a little rummage.

Kyle

(Starts rooting in pocket)

But there's nothing in there.

Uncle Paul

You gotta pump the lever real fast. Oil the pistons.

(Kyle's Mom shoots a warning glare to Paul before pulling kid away. Paul leans back in)

How about some ice cream?

Kyle

Uhm, OK!

Uncle Paul

All you gotta do is kiss the magic snake. Go on. Give it a little peck on the cheek.

Kyle

Where's the magic snake?

Uncle Paul

Sleeping in my undergarments. Reach in and give it a little good morning tickle. It'll spit on your cheek.

Child

What if the snake bites me?

Uncle Paul

I'll suck the poison from your fingers. Tickle your tummy.

Kyle's Mom

(Looks scornfully towards Paul. Shields Kyle)

I don't want you talking to that man.

Uncle Paul

Mind your own business, old lady.

Kyle

But Mommy - he's got Ice Cream!

Uncle Paul

That's right. We'll share a bleach and salt sundae. Slurp the dribble from your lips.

Kyle's Mom

(To Paul)

You're disgusting!

Uncle Paul

Why don't you shut your mouth you old bag.

Mom

He's six years old! What is wrong with you?

Uncle Paul

I didn't do nothing. He came onto me.

(Licks lips)

Dirty little teaser.

Kyle's Mom

(Leaves)

That's it. I'm calling the cops!

Uncle Paul

God damn tattletales. Pointing and yapping their big mouths. Making up lies. I aint never touched nothing. All a bunch of fibbers saying I tickled them in the tub or sucked on their little toes.

(Chip walks past Uncle Paul, having been served, holding a soda and a bag of fast food)

Oh hey there little boy!

Chip

(Rushes past, knocking Uncle Paul to the ground)

Move it or use it cocksucker!

Scene 7

(Chip is sat outside school with his bag, slurping his soda. Edgar is at a nearby bus stop)

Kenny

Hey there Chip. Aren't you meant to be in School right now?

Chip

Ain't you meant to be running after black guys murderin them for no reason or sumthin? Tss tss. Home run Chipperson!

Kenny

Touche, Chip.

(Sits down next to him)

So, let me guess. Trouble with Mr. Cumia again?

Chip

It aint my fault he sucked too many cocks last week behind the bike shed. Fawken piece of shit. I'll tear his fawken shins off for sport. Beat his mudder to death with them.

Kenny

He's only trying to help, Chip!

Chip

He can help himself to a warm cup of peckah juice. Fawken piece of garbage.

Kenny

And everything's OK at home?

Chip

Who are you like officer question mark or sumthin? Tss tss.

Kenny

Come on, Chip. You can tell me. What's up?

Chip

Nothing's up with Lamar and my mudder that one time.

Kenny

She's with a black guy?

Chip

She's just helping members of the community get back on their feet.

Kenny

(Gets up)

If you say so Chip. And as for this Mr. Cumia bullshit, why not simmer down a little next time?

Chip

(Starts clicking fingers)

I don't care what you tell me.

I'll never simmer down.

(Keeps going until it mixes into credits with Jamey Jasta version)