

THE SYMBOL

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

SUPER: Minneapolis - Wednesday

Dark. And quiet. Not a breath of wind.

SUPER: ~~Wednesday~~ - No, Tuesday

A flickering light above a steel door. A rat inspects some food near a dumpster. A door SLAMS.

ASHLEY (35), chubby geek in glasses, in an ill-fitting waitress uniform and skirt. She locks a door, tugs the handle and heads cautiously through the alley when --

Two THUGS (both 20s, but maybe 30s) appear from nowhere. Black SKI MASKS cover their faces. One wears a set of BRASS KNUCKLES, the other has only his wits.

Ashley SCREAMS.

THUG 1

Don't scream, lady!

She SCREAMS again.

THUG 2

He said don't scream. Are you deaf?

ASHLEY

Huh?

THUG 1

He said are you deaf?

ASHLEY

Yes. I'm legally deaf.

THUG 2

Oh great.

ASHLEY

Huh?

A sudden BREEZE brushes past them.

THUG 1

I told you this was a bad idea.
Haven't you heard? There's this...
guardian out there. Some kind of
ghost.

THUG 2

I don't believe in ghosts.

Ashley squirms, suddenly flustered. Seductive. Like an
Oriental Shorthair in heat.

ASHLEY

I suddenly feel very hot. And wet.

THUG 1 & 2

Huh?

At the top of the alley -- A DARK FIGURE on a MOTORCYCLE.

The bike rumbles like THUNDER. Chromed-out. Super clean. Its
fuel tank and fenders a sleek PURPLE. Matching tassels dangle
from the handle grips.

Thugs 1 & 2 freeze in their tracks.

ASHLEY

Ohh... It's him.

A great wet SPLASH!

Thug 2 looks over his shoulder at Ashley. She's in the throes
of ecstasy, vigorously massaging her crotch. She stands in a
puddle, and it ain't rain water.

DARK FIGURE dismounts. Purple suede boots, matching slacks and
a frilly satin shirt. Hands clenched in tight fists.

THUG 1

Sir, we're sorry. We--

Thug 1 smashes himself in the face with his brass knuckles. He
goes down hard. A strong wind blows him against a fence.

Thug 2 high tails it. DARK FIGURE reaches out. Thug 2 hits the ground, then gets swept next to his partner.

DARK FIGURE steps into a sliver of light. It is HIM. The PURPLE ONE. The SYMBOL. It's --

PRINCE

Both of U hooligans shall bear witness
to my abundance.

Thug 2 looks on in horror as Thug 1 gets blown up and over the fence like a rag doll. WILHELM SCREAM.

THUG 2

I thought you said both of us will
bear witness to your abun--

Thug 2 is blown over the fence. WILHELM SCREAM.

Prince saunters over to Ashley. The puddle of her orgasmic juices isn't a puddle anymore. More like a small lake.

CLOSE ON: Prince's nostrils flaring.

PRINCE

I can tell by your aroma that you're
excited 2 see me.

Ashley composes herself.

ASHLEY

Those thugs could have killed me. I
never knew you had super crime
fighting abilities.

PRINCE

No one does but U. And Susanna Hoffs.

ASHLEY

But how? Why?

PRINCE

It all began so innocently...

FLASHBACK

INT. PRINCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Prince seated at a desk. A bedazzled purple curtain behind him. And smoke. Lots of it.

PRINCE (V.O.)

It was 1988. I was on top of the world. Millions of records, sold out concerts. That's when I got the call.

The phone RINGS. Prince answers.

PRINCE

Hello, Michael Keaton. Yes, I would love 2 do the soundtrack 2 Batman. What? You're shitting me? I don't know why Jack Nicholson gets top billing. It's your movie. I agree. Ciao. No, in this case ciao means goodbye.

Prince rises from his desk, goes across the room to the window and stares pensively out into the night.

PRINCE (V.O.)

At that moment my mind was made up.

BACK TO SCENE

ASHLEY

To be a superhero? To protect the innocent people of Minneapolis?

PRINCE

No. I mean yes. I mean fuck Jack Nicholson.

Prince sighs, looks to the sky.

PRINCE

I must go.

He turns away, heads down the alley.

ASHLEY
Hey... Prince?

He turns back as Ashley timidly approaches.

ASHLEY
Prince, all my miserable life I've been an overweight, semi-attractive, ignorant slut. I've slept with hundreds of men. But they didn't love me. And I didn't love them. I just... I wanted to feel better about myself.

PRINCE
Dearest Ashley. All I can leave U with is this... My new album, *Purple Milk Snake Vol. 1*, drops on May 17th.

ASHLEY
Now, when you say "drop" you mean like, it comes out on May 17th?

PRINCE
No. I mean it will literally drop from the sky.

INSERT

Prince laughing as he rides in a PURPLE SLEIGH, bobbing back and forth, tossing out copies of his new CD while

DOWN BELOW

Dozens of outstretched hands. Screaming. Weeping and

THEN

A miniature purple sleigh hovering above a spinning GLOBE.

BACK TO SCENE

The motorcycle RUMBLES. Peels out. Gone.

Ashley's passed out on the ground.

Thug 1 reappears, rifles through her pockets and makes off with a wad of cash. He runs down the alley and

WHAM!

slips and falls in a puddle of Ashley's grool.

CUT TO BLACK:

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Fuck Jack Nicholson... Fuck him...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Alarm clock on a night stand. Stuffed animals. A jewelry box and...

Ashley in bed, tossing and turning. Sheets twisted around her like a flag in the wind.

ASHLEY

Fuck him sideways... Fu--

She sits up abruptly. Confused. Breath racing, eyes darting.

ASHLEY

Oh my god. It was all a dream.

A DOG BARKS from inside the house. She throws the covers off the bed, gets up and leaves.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

If you shit in the house I'm gonna start diggin' through kitchen drawers!

The bedroom. Empty. But...

On the bed, amidst the sweaty sheets, is one hell of a WET SPOT and...

...a PURPLE ROSE.

FADE OUT.