

CONFESSIONS OF A POLICE CLOWN

Law. Order. Pies.

Screenplay

by

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The story will be played for realistic comedy - which means the essentially truthful moods and attitudes will be portrayed accurately, with an occasional bizarre or super-realistic crescendo. The acting will never be so-called "comedy" acting.

-As cited in the script for "DR. STRANGELOVE Or: How I learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb"

ACT I: SEND IN THE CLOWNS

SFX: A whistle is blown.

FADE IN:

Under a large blue nose, a white gloved hand holds a whistle to a pair of lips and blows it a second time.

A pair of big, red floppy shoes running, a SQUEAK with each footfall.

A brightly colored clown in big red shoes wearing an old London Bobbi police uniform and hat running past colorful store fronts.

A second pair of big shoes, green, also running, also squeaking. Just above the shoes hangs a large white sack with a dollar sign stitched into its canvas.

CLOWN POLICEMAN chasing CLOWN ROBBER.

The Clown Policeman and Clown Robber run around the center ring of a circus past colorful plywood store front props. Sounds of LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE can be heard.

An audience full of smiling faces. Reg children and clown children alike with smiling faces.

A tiny clown car pulls up and a half dozen CLOWN POLICE stumble out of the tiny car and join the chase.

MEDIUM SHOT: LIEUTENANT BUDDY LAUGHS stands leaning in the doorway of the arena watching the circus clowns perform. His silhouette highlights his large clown features: big orange Afro, billowy jumpsuit, large shoes. A glint of light reflects off the over sized police badge pinned to his chest. He smokes a very large cigar and takes in the scene with a vacant, faraway look. Oblivious to all he sees, yet not missing any detail:

A REG MOTHER buys a bucket of Crackerjacks from the vendor for her FAMILY.

A VENDOR hands a hot dog to a small REG BOY.

A CLOWN COUPLE hold hands and laugh.

A REG BOY receives a balloon animal from a CIRCUS CLOWN in the stands.

A CLOWN FATHER holds a young CLOWN SON on his shoulders.

A ventriloquist, OFFICER GEORGE and his dummy OFFICER OTTO approach Buddy.

OFFICER GEORGE

I think we're done.

OFFICER OTTO

Permits good, inspections clean. Everything's in order.

Buddy says nothing and takes another look around. To his right he eyes three boys under the grandstands, about ten years old: two REG BOYS and one CLOWN BOY. One of the reg boys has a balloon and proceeds to inhale the helium inside. He then smiles and speaks with a high pitched voice and the other two boys crack up. The balloon is passed to the next boy who also inhales the helium and likewise squeaks as he talks. Buddy grows concerned as the helium filled balloon is passed to the clown boy. Otto and George both turn in the direction of Buddy's gaze and see the boys.

BUDDY

(Unconsciously, under his breathe)

Don't do it son.

The clown boy grabs the balloon and inhales and jolts in shock. He lets go of the balloon which flutters away as the boy cackles in a high-pitched voice, his eyes dilate and cross and he falls backwards flat on this back.

Buddy runs over to the boy, followed by Otto and George. The other boy's scared screams gets the attention of their parents in the seats above them and Buddy arrives just as the clown boy's MOTHER does.

MOTHER

Oh my god, what happened!?

As she runs and cradles the boys head in her lap, a large yellow flower in her hat waves back and forth across her face.

BUDDY

He's OK, he just inhaled a bit of helium is all, he'll come to in a moment.

MOTHER

(To the boys)

Scott, David, you know helium is bad for him.
You both know better than that! I'm ashamed
of you.

DAVID

We didn't know, we're sorry!

The clown boy's eyes opened and he sits up, looks around then
buries his face in his mother's bosom to hide his scared
tears. A HONK as his nose presses in.

BUDDY

He'll be fine ma'am.

Buddy drops his cigar on the straw littered dirt floor and
crushes it with his over sized left shoe. He walks out. George
and Otto look at each other without a word and follow him out.

EXT: ARENA PARKING AREA - AFTERNOON

The three police clowns walk in silence past a rusty chain
link fence. Otto speaks up.

OTTO

Can I ask you something Lieutenant?

BUDDY

Sure.

OTTO

Why the circus?

Buddy looks at Otto considering the question.

BUDDY

Yeah, I guess I'm still tryin' to figure that
out too. It feels like under the big top
everyone is equal.

Otto looks down to the ground as George carries him, then
slowly returns his gaze to Buddy.

OTTO

When do you think it will happen out here?

GEORGE

(Puzzled)

When will what will happen out here?

OTTO

You know George.. equality. An even playing field.

GEORGE

Oh.

BUDDY

Things are getting worse. In there regs dress as clowns and clowns dress as regs and clowns dress as regs dressed as clowns.. its all fun and games. They are all one. Out here, well, ...

GEORGE

Well what?

OTTO

Its a different story.

They walk in silence towards a brown sedan.

OTTO

(Excitedly)

Shotgun!

GEORGE

(Groans)

Ohh..

Buddy walks around to get behind the wheel as George places Otto in the passenger seat, straps him in, then gets into the back seat. A FVRTPH sound escapes as he sits, he shifts and tosses a Whoopee cushion out the window.

The car lurches out of the parking lot, Otto looks out the window with a big smile.

EXT: HIGHWAY - DUSK

In a gray dusk, a police cruiser pulls over an ice cream truck. A large POLICE CLOWN gets out of the cruiser. He stands tall, his yellow jumpsuit billows as he forces his straw hat onto his head of blue hair.

The FLAP of the Clown's large blue shoes and the SPATTERING of the ice cream truck's exhaust the only sounds.

The Police Clown walks past the open service ledge of the truck, past balloons and torn and faded images of Bomb Pops, Toasted Almonds and Spiderman. He TENSES as movement in the truck causes the truck's suspension to CREAK and he hears the loud CLANK of steel.

He raps on the driver side open window frame and the barrel of a gun pokes out and a quick FLASH and a small CRACK echoes down the road.

The truck drives away in a cloud of highway dust as the police clown falls on his back across the white line of the shoulder. A dark stain quickly spreads across his chest and a white pompom button slowly turns crimson.

His hand shakily finds a small canister of pressurized gas in his belt and releases a pin. A large balloon fills and lifts up into the air twenty feet and stops at the end of its tether, tugging in the breeze.

A white strobe inside the balloon flashes like a beacon, shining intermittently upon the smiling face of the dead police clown beneath it.

INT: HENNESSY'S FUNERAL HOME - EVENING

The POLICE CLOWN lies in full uniform in the colorful casket at the end of the funeral parlor, still smiling. The dark, velvet room is full of people who walk past to pay their respects. Clowns and regs alike dip their fingers in the pails of Holy Confetti then make the sign of the cross. As the clowns walk past each leaves in the casket a perfectly crafted balloon animal.

BUDDY sits at the back of the room, in the corner, struggling with a balloon. A small pile of knotted, discarded and deflated balloons clutter the seat beside him. He does the best he can then stands and walks towards the casket.

Snippets of DIALOGUE reach his ears as he walks and SCANS the crowd.

A older female clown says to her friend: "How many, how many more before something is done, I want to know?"

Two regs in hushed tones: ".. the squeaker's head was stuffed into the cotton candy machine until he suffocated." "Cotton candy boarding?" They LAUGH.

An older man with a terrible toupee and handle bar mustache littered with bits of confetti joking with cronies: "... Oh shut up! We got pie on our faces for sure!"

A dapper clown dressed to the nines, ruffled sleeves and clean white gloves stares at BUDDY as his sidekick speaks: "... no one seems to know who's pulling the strings. Everyone's a bit uneasy..."

Buddy makes his way to the casket, places his knot of a balloon animal inside then walks towards the grieving WIDOW and her teen aged CHILD.

BUDDY

I am so sorry for your loss. Emmett was a good cop. And a good man.

MRS. KELLY

(Sniffling)

Thank you Lieutenant, thank you.

CHILD

Lieutenant what are you going to do about this? I don't want my dad to be dead. I don't want him to be just another name on a list.

BUDDY

First off, your dad will never just be a name on any list. He'll be deeply missed. I assure you we'll get the guy.

CHILD

When?!

MRS. KELLY

Honey, now is not the...

BUDDY

No, no, its OK. He's got every right to feel this way.

MRS. KELLY

(Quietly)

She's a girl.

BUDDY

Trust me, we are doing all we can to find his killer and -

CHILD

Everyday more and more killing and all we see
are you cops pulling over ice cream trucks.
What the hell? Does anybody know what's
happening? Does anyone care?

OFF SCREEN: "I can assure you that I care and will not rest
until justice is served."

MAYOR KEITH SMITH, III and DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHN ALBANO walk
up to Buddy unnoticed and enter the conversation.

MAYOR

(Inflating chest and
softening eyes)

I am sure the Police Clown Unit is doing all
it can in these troubled times, but I am
making a point to get my office personally
involved.

(Looking at Buddy)

It appears you can use some help Lieutenant.

BUDDY

(Angered)

What we can use is your support and room for
us to do our jobs. Every time me or my men
make a move your office -

D.A.

(Interjecting)

I think what these men are saying Mrs. Kelly,
son -

MRS. KELLY

(Quietly)

She's a girl.

D.A.

(Continuing)

- is that all of us, all enforcement agencies
are cracking down and will get to the bottom
of this.

(Taking her hand)

Once again, very sorry for your loss.

The D.A. gracefully pulls Buddy and the Mayor aside.

D.A.

Jesus guys, sort out your shit another time.

BUDDY

Then let us do our jobs.

MAYOR

Not this again Lieutenant. I am just echoing the sentiments of the public. Some of them feel you're targeting the ice cream service industry rather harshly.

BUDDY

Everyone knows those trucks are peddling bad shit. Bad shit to certain communities and not others. People are dying, and not just clowns. Let me do my job!

MAYOR

Really Lieutenant... all ice cream trucks are bad? Maybe your unit is just a bit tunnel visioned? I notice you are not hitting up the pie trucks?

D.A.

Enough! Mr. Mayor, Lieutenant. Do either of you understand what is going on here. Take a look around.

PANNING the very diverse and intimidating crowd, all eyes watching the three officials.

D.A.

(Continuing, more quietly)

I don't know what the hell is going on here, but someone put out the call and this has become the place to be. Buddy, no one is getting in your way and if you have legitimate impediments let me know.

(Looking at the Mayor)

Keith, it's a big year for you, but if this crime spree escalates kiss your re-election good bye. This grandstanding will kill us both.

The D.A. smiles and moves toward a man working a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey on his shoulder.

D.A.

(Under his breath)

Jesus I hate clown funerals.

Buddy and the Mayor stare at one another until the Mayor turns and walks through the crowd. He walks past OFFICERS GEORGE and OTTO and glances at the mime and fellow police clown OFFICER BARRY GOODMIME standing next to them. The Mayor shakes his head and exists.

INT: POLICE LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

BUDDY enters a locker room in his civilian outfit and proceeds to his locker. Next to him is a REG COP who also just arrived.

They both remove their shoes and place their watches and wallets in their locker and begin to change. The reg cop reaches in and grabs a starched blue police shirt and pair of pants. Buddy reaches in his and pulls out a white ruffled jumpsuit with yellow and red polka dots.

The reg cop removes his night stick. Buddy grabs his rubber chicken.

A standard issue .38 pistol. An old flint lock blunderbuss pistol. Police whistle. Slide whistle.

Polished black shoes. Polished red shoes.

As the men dress, two reg cops stop to talk at the far end of the row of lockers not caring they are being overheard.

REG COP #1

It was the damndest thing I ever saw. I get the call, 'another clown dead' and I head over.

REG COP #2

After you stop off at Milton's for a drink first right?

REG COP #1

Of course, there's always time for Milton's. So I pull up and get to the scene - expecting a bloody clown shot to death, stabbed ...

REG COP #2

Always colorful crime scenes are they not?

REG COP #1

Oh, wait 'till you hear this. I walk up to the truck - its friggin' speakers still blaring the jingle, and then I see him.

REG COP#2

Yeah?

REG COP #1

The fucking clown is under the front driver's side wheel of the ice cream truck. It looks as if the fucker ran himself over with his own goddamn truck!

REG COP #2

How the fuck he manage that?

REG COP #1

I don't know, but what a fucking sight to see. His body crushed, a pool of blood still flowing out but the goddamn guy still has a fucking smile on his face.

REG COP #2

Always fucking smiling!

They both laugh and walk away.

Still dressing, the reg cop adorns himself with blue tie, badge and squares his police hat onto his buzz shaved head. Buddy adorns himself with the Police Clown issued squirting flower, an extra wide bow tie, and a hat which he presses down on his orange hair.

There is a moment as they both look at pictures taped to the inside of their locker doors. Buddy looks over at his neighbor's locker.

BUDDY

(Trying to break the ice)

That's a handsome boy...

REG COP

That's my daughter.

The reg cop slams his locker door and walks away in a huff. Buddy keeps his head up as long as other cops were present, but now sits down on the bench and sighs. He looks up into his locker and sees a tiny, perfectly executed balloon animal.

DISSOLVE: EXT: SUBURBIA - DUSK

Dozens of police cars, an ambulance and barricades have closed off a side street in a bucolic neighborhood. Lights flash, radios squawk. They form a half circle around a single house and stop traffic over a small bridge crossing a river. Bystanders gawking behind yellow tape.

INT: HOUSE - KITCHEN

Huddled in a corner is a MOTHER and two crying KIDS. She is shielding them from JOHN, a tall and lanky fisherman still in his waders and holding a pistol while peering furtively out the window.

A pile of fish stiffen on the kitchen table. John takes a final swig from a bottle.

JOHN

(Very rattled)

Oh shit, shit. The whole fucking force showed up. Fuck.

WOMAN

Maybe it's not too late to -

JOHN

(Screaming)

Shut the fuck up before I blast your guts out! Just shut the fuck up!

EXT: SQUAD CAR

An REG OFFICER grabs a bullhorn out of his car and speaks into it.

OFFICER #1

Listen, we don't know what has happened but I am sure we can figure this out if you just come out. Or at least send the children out.

Another OFFICER walks up looking into his notebook.

OFFICER #1

What do we got?

OFFICER #2

Neighbors confirmed it's the husband, John Brooks. He's been down at the mud hole all day with a jar of salmon eggs and a bottle of Wild Turkey.

OFFICER #1
Did he catch anything?

OFFICER #2
Several small ones, no keepers, but he kept
them anyway.

OFFICER #1
Christ.

They look at the house with no purpose, neither one knowing
what to do next.

OFFICER #1
(Through bullhorn)
What do you say John? Come on out so we can
talk about this.

JOHN (OS)
Fuck you mother suckers, I ain't going
nowhere.

OFFICER #1
Then please let your family out John. We
don't want anyone to get hurt. Do we John?

JOHN
No. But if you step any closer I'll gut these
kids like carp.

OFF SCREEN: the sound of broken glass and screams is heard.

OFFICER #2
Geez, what do we do?

The sound of a sputtering muffler breaks the silence as a
police clown squad car arrives on the scene.

OFFICER #1
Fucking great, this is all we need.

Out steps a barrel chested and confident police clown, BUFFORD
BOLGER. A young BUDDY gets out of the passenger side.

Bufford is a big lumbering clown, his jumpsuit and neck ruffle
makes him look even bigger. He sizes up the situation and
walks towards the officer with the bullhorn.

The police clown's squad car's muffler continues to sputter in
the background.

BUFFORD

What do we got Officer?

Officer #1 looks around like he does not even see Bufford.

OFFICER #2

Well, a husband seems to have taken his wife and kids hostage. He's got a gun and he's drunk as shit.

BUFFORD

OK, thanks. Let me see what I can do. Let's sock it to 'em.

He walks back to his car.

OFFICER #2

What does that mean?

OFFICER #1

Let's hope it means the shit hits the fan and his ruffled neck gets put on the block.

Bufford opens the trunk of his car, fishes around for some items, slams it shut and walks slowly towards the house.

JOHN

(Through the window.)

Get the fuck away from me you fucking clown!
Don't you dare take one more step or I'll
kill them all!

Bufford stops, sets down a few items on the double yellow line in the street but keeps a few juggling pins in his hands which he then proceeds to juggle.

CUT: KITCHEN

John stands holding the curtain back and staring at the juggling clown.

JOHN

What the fuck? Man I am way too shitfaced...
I can't believe my eyes.

(Yelling out window)

Are you fucking shittin' me? Fucking
squeaker! Get the fuck out of here before I
blow your fat ass back to the circus!

CUT: EXTERIOR

OFFICER #1

Now John, no one is shooting anyone.

(Under his breath)

Unless you want to take out the clown.

Officer #2 looked at his superior officer, looking for a queue on how to react. He gets it, then smiles.

JOHN (OS)

You'd shoot me for sure if I come out.

OFFICER #1

Not if you came out peaceful like with your hands in the air. Nobody wants any trouble John. Right?

(Beat)

Say, how'd you do today? Any keepers?

CUT: KITCHEN

John stares out the window at Bufford as he juggles. He watches as suddenly, effortlessly, Bufford flips his feet and is instantly up on a unicycle. He starts moving in small circles.

JOHN

What the fuck clown?! Get the hell away from me!! I hate clowns!!

(Under his breath)

Damn he's pretty good though... Oh well.

He thrusts his arm out the window and pulls the trigger three times.

CUT: EXTERIOR

Cops and neighbors all dive for cover. Bufford is not fazed, does not miss a beat and keeps his routine going.

Buddy dives behind the police clown car. He takes a moment but when he tries to get up he winces and falls down in pain. He presses the button on his shoulder mounted walkie-talkie, speaks into it for a few seconds, then falls back to the ground.

BUDDY

I'm hit!

All eyes glued to Bufford. Another shot rings out, then another. Bufford is juggling and riding his unicycle in bigger circles. He puts one pin under his arm and keeps two pins going in one hand. He reaches into his jumpsuit with his free hand and pulls out a stick and a plate.

Effortlessly, the stick is perched upon his nose and the plate is spinning on the end of it while both hands resume juggling all three pins.

He's dazzling to watch.

OFF SCREEN: A woman's scream.

Bufford drops his pins, the plate smashes on the macadam and he rides his unicycle over the curb then up the walkway and throws himself off the cycle and in through the front door.

Moments later several cops walk out of the house with a handcuffed John. Behind them is Bufford walking out with the wife and children in his arms.

Bufford leads them to an awaiting ambulance then walks towards Officer #1.

BUFFORD

Good work, sending your men around back while I kept him distracted.

OFFICER #1

(Oblivious)

Uh.. yeah., right.

BUFFORD

Yeah, uh huh.

Bufford looks around and walks towards his car. Sees Buddy with PARAMEDICS. They look serious.

BUFFORD

You ok?

BUDDY

Yeah, I think so.

One of the paramedics runs and gets a stretcher for Buddy.

PARAMEDIC

He took one in the shoulder. Went right through. Bleeding good, but no vitals.

BUFFORD

You took a bullet and still called it in?
There is definitely more to you than meets
the eye.

The paramedics get Buddy up on the stretcher and wheel him to the ambulance. Bufford walks alongside the stretcher and reaches into his jumpsuit and removes a small balloon animal in the shape of a gorilla.

BUFFORD

Here, take this. You've earned it.

(To the paramedic)

Take good care of him.

PARAMEDIC

Will do officer.

Bufford then walks away to pick up the pieces of the plate, his pins and his unicycle.

DISSOLVE: POLICE LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

The same perfectly executed balloon gorilla is in BUDDY'S hands. He looks at it a moment more, reaches up to touch the spot in his shoulder where the bullet hit, stands, replaces it on the top shelf of his locker.

He shuts his locker door, picks up a horn that sat on the bench next to him, examines it carefully, squeezes the rubber bulb emitting a short HONK then hangs it on his belt and exits the room.

CUT: POLICE BRIEFING ROOM

Dozens of reg and clown cops sit or stand in the room, most with coffee in hand, some with seltzer, waiting for the morning's "Hill Street Blues"-style role call.

An older and aged BUFFORD BOLGER, now Captain of the Police force, is at the podium raising his arm to quiet the room.

BUFFORD

Alright, let's get going. Although the Mayor is not ready to use the term, I certainly am. The killing of Officer Kelly was nothing less than a hate crime. I've called in extra resources and put a hold on personal time.

GROANS and CURSING from many reg cops.

BUFFORD

(Con't)

May I remind many here that it ain't just clowns being killed, so it behooves us all to find out just what the hell is going on.

(Looking around)

Where are the boys from S.Q.U.A.T.? Make some room will ya!

Two or three regs, standing towards the back and listening with arms folded look around a bit for space and part so that Bufford could now see three serious looking midgets in dark blue uniforms and Kevlar vests staring back at him.

BUFFORD

Welcome boys.

They nodded back menacingly, and shortly.

BUFFORD

I want daily reports from all undercover agents and yet another round of interrogations. Shaggy and Maffi, I want you two on Kelly's shooter.

(sigh)

Also, as some of you may already know, last night it appears Doctor Clint Winston, aka the Dr. Clownlove, was murdered.

OFF SCREEN: "Is there a Dr. in the house?" "No more there ain't." A few chuckles.

BUFFORD

(Angrily)

People are dying. A good cop and a good man was killed. It ain't just clowns no more. And the drugs.. - this new helium laced "H" as its being called - is infecting this city. Anybody OK with that? Whoever is okay with that doesn't belong here.

(Pausing to shift gears)

Alright, so the Mayor plans to give a quasi-spontaneous speech tomorrow afternoon outside the convention center. No doubt he'll offer his unique view on recent events. We'll need stepped up security detail.

(Scanning room)

Goodmime, I need you front and center on this one, but in back. Or in the middle. Maybe on the right, but definitely front and center.

GOODMIME stands in a nook in the wall and nods silently at the Captain.

BUFFORD

Any questions?

(Beat)

OK good. Look, whatever each of you believes, the shit is hitting the fan. Keep your eyes open. Some idiot thug is bound slip up at any moment. I want us to be there. Alright, let's sock it to 'em. Dismissed.

Bufford walks away from podium and heads directly to the seltzer machine. He passes OTTO and GEORGE who stand before a map on the precinct wall. Otto points at various spots marked with pins as George looks on confused.

Buddy spurts some hot seltzer into a mug with a black velvet clown image on it. He keeps his hand on the lever as Bufford grabs his mug, in the shape of a juggling pin, and Buddy fills it up.

BUDDY

So, the doctor. What is known?

BUFFORD

Forced break in, signs of struggle, cotton candy.

BUDDY

And?

BUFFORD

And nothing. Nothing missing, nothing ransacked. He was just killed.

BUDDY

There ain't no "just" anything and you know that. I'm going to check it out.

BUFFORD

Figured you would.

Buddy looked into the distance, turned his head and saw a large bumper sticker on a cork board with the Mayor's face on it. "We Can Talk Right?" in bold lettering.

BUDDY

A speech, that's all we need now.

BUFFORD

It's an election year, what do you expect?

BUDDY

I expect lots of angry rhetoric, a frenzied crowd and maybe even some goose-stepping.

BUFFORD

Buddy, that kind of talk won't help anything. But.. I'll make sure the trains aren't running during the rally... eh I mean speech.

Buddy's eyes glaze over, he's lost in thought.

BUFFORD

I've seen that look before. What are you thinkin'?

BUDDY

I may pay the fuhrer a visit is all. Talk security or some shit.

BUFFORD

Now's not the time Buddy, nothing good will come of it.

BUDDY

Yeah, when would be good? After more cops are killed? After another dozen clowns are mowed down or found overdosed in a pile of their own confetti?

BUFFORD

Take a breath, go for a walk. This will only make matters worse.

BUDDY

No worries, I'll behave myself. I need to try.

Buddy downs the rest of his drink and sets his mug down.

BUFFORD

Hold on.

(Turning behind him)
 Otto, George, you're with Buddy.

BUDDY
 Don't trust I can handle myself?

BUFFORD
 I trust you, not the Mayor. Good to have a witness or three.

Otto and George walk over to the two cops.

GEORGE
 What's up?

BUDDY
 We're going to say "Hi" to the Mayor.

BUFFORD
 Be nice.

INT: MAYOR'S OFFICE

MAYOR SMITH sits behind a large mahogany desk with many phones, all of which are ringing. He has one to his ear and talks loudly.

MAYOR
 Yes, a terrible tragedy... yes a good cop.. yes, now it must stop... Yes, I just need your blessing, Hell, I really just need your signature. Okay.. yes.. we can talk right? I really just need your money.

The phones are incessantly ringing.

The Mayor cups his hand over the phone and shouts.

MAYOR
 Sarah!! Get in here.

(Back to the phone)
 Let's not call it that.. it's just a solution is all. Not a final one.

(Away from the phone)
 Sarah!!

In through the doors walks the Major's assistant SARAH.

MAJOR

What is going on with the phones? Who the hell is calling?

SARAH

A lot of ordinary citizens, worried. And some officers from the police clown unit are asking for -

MAYOR

I know what the police clowns want.

SARAH

We can't keep avoiding their calls. They are trying to -

MAYOR

Trying to make a political issue out of the trooper's death.

SARAH

I disagree. They are -

MAYOR

They are attempting to distract from my speech tomorrow, and we shouldn't even be discussing this now.

The Mayor holds up his hand to silence her, turns and speaks into the phone quietly. Sarah stands silent and still.

The Mayor spins back around.

MAYOR

(Into the phone)

Yes, I will see you tomorrow. Thanks.

He hangs up the phone, letting the others continue to ring unanswered and looks at Sarah.

MAYOR

Look, Sarah... you need to stop dwelling on these police clowns. We have -

SECRETARY (OS)

You can't go in there Lieutenant.

BUDDY, OTTO and GEORGE barge into the office.

MAYOR

Alright Sarah, please give us a moment.

Sarah exits the office.

MAYOR

Lieutenant, officers, what a pleasant surprise. Although you can see that I am terribly busy at the moment. Hold on a sec will you?

The Mayor answers a phone.

MAYOR

Yes? You there? Of course I will see to it. See you then.

(Hanging up the phone)

Sorry Lieutenant, it's a busy time.

BUDDY

We won't take up much of your time Mr. Mayor.

The phone rings again and the Mayor motions helplessly and picks it up.

MAYOR

What is it? When? Yes, immediately afterward.

(Hangs up)

Sit, please.

BUDDY

No, we're fine. Look about tomorrow's speech. We'll have our full security detail out there and ready, but in light of the atmosphere I strongly recommend postponing it. Or at least moving it to an internal venue. We're not anticipating any trouble and I'd like to think you feel the same.

MAYOR

Trouble Lieutenant? I am certainly not looking for trouble. However, it seems you and your posse may be gearing up for some?

(Not letting Buddy reply)

Look, we live in tough times Lieutenant, but it's precisely times like these men of courage take to the streets and connect with the people.

BUDDY

Calling the sharp escalation of clown murders "tough times" is exactly my concern. Going out there and stirring up the terrified passions of the public is not -

MAYOR

Listen Lieutenant, you and I have never had to mince words and I don't plan on it now. We've usually agreed to disagree in the past and this time is no exception. I don't expect us to ever see face to face.

BUDDY

I have the authority to cancel any public gathering or demonstration if there is a risk to public safety.

MAYOR

And I have the authority to kick your ass off our goddamn force and shut down your whole damn unit.

Buddy has much more to say, but holds his tongue and walks out of the office. Otto and George follow. The Mayor watches them leave.

MAYOR

Sarah!

Sarah appears in the doorway.

SARAH

Yes Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR

Disconnect my fucking phones.

INT: CLUCKY'S BAR - AFTERNOON

A balding, bulbous-nosed and drab looking clown named TOMMY GANSEY sits at the bar with a very large cigar in his mouth. CLUCKY the owner/bartender holds a lighter to the stogie. The bar and most of the booths are empty.

GANSEY

(Sucking the cigar)

Oh I scored a beaut today Clucky my man. What a score.

CLUCK

Oh yeah?

GANSEY

Oh yeah. You should'a seen it -

(Alarmed)

Hey wait... this ain't gonna explode is it?

CLUCKY

Hmm it might. How 'bout you paying your tab now?

GANSEY

(Inhaling deeply, basking
in the stogie.)

So yeah, a clear 20 G's, just like that!

CLUCKY

Well you know what they say Gansey, no one likes sore winner. Can you pay your tab now?

GANSEY

Nahh, just let me bask in this for a moment will ya?

CLUCKY

Aren't you up to your suspenders in debt? To some pretty unfunny characters? You should pay up.

GANSEY

What the fuck? Now you're my mother?

(Looking around)

I'll pay it, of course I will. But trying to turn this into even more to pay my debts off in full is an even better idea right?

CLUCKY

Give me a second Gansey, I gotta take care of something 'round back. Its been one of those nights, if you know what I mean.

Clucky walks to other end of the bar.

GANSEY

(Still boasting.)

Ahh. Some people are just too damn jealous of good fortune.

Two stools down from Gansey is a drunk face down on the bar.

GANSEY

(To no one in particular)

It was a deal in the making for months man,
my making. Acquire then sell some goods, add
a nice markup, and everyone is happy.

(Under his breath)

Removing the competition ain't to shabby
either.

Clucky walks back over.

GANSEY

Hey Cluck, buy this guy another drink on me.

CLUCK

That's my sister.

(Beat)

It's a helluva thing ain't it?

GANSEY

(Confused)

What? My deal?

CLUCKY

I say it's a hell of a thing, is all. Am I
right?

Gansey ain't too bright, but he ain't no bozo either. He
stares up at Clucky and takes another long drag of his cigar.
He's working hard to figure something out. In the mirror
behind Clucky he sees a shadow move. He has figured it out. He
goes a shade more pale under his white face.

CLUCKY

Like I said it's been one of those nights
Gansey, one of those nights.

Gansey looks suddenly defeated. Then terrified. He spins
around on his stool and walks towards a booth in the corner.

As he approaches the booth a silhouette takes shape. A slight,
extremely thin and gray faced figure dressed in tight fitting
black clothes with faded gray stripes sits in the booth. Its
the DARK MIME.

Gansey attempts to be casual but is stumbling over all his
words.

GANSEY

Oh hey, didn't see you there. I've heard a lot about you.

The Dark Mime sits motionless.

GANSEY

Yeah, I mean hey, uh.. let me buy you a drink. Are you drinking? Do you drink?

(Over his Shoulder)

Clucky, bring... uh... another round on me.

Clucky nods. Gansey looks down and sees nothing at the table.

The Dark Mime motions Gansey to sit with a subtle nod of his head. Gansey sits. Uncomfortable, trying not to make eye contact with the gray face, but can't help himself.

Clucky approaches the booth with a bar towel over his shoulder and hands out before him as if carrying a tray of drinks. His hands are empty. He sets down two invisible drinks. Holding the tray under his arm, Clucky goes through the motions of cracking the top off two bottles and pouring them both into invisible glasses. Finished, he turns and walks away.

Gansey sits twitching nervously, an ash drops from his cigar onto his lap. He starts to sweat.

The Dark Mime sits like a piece of slate. A nervous laugh barks out of Gansey's mouth.

GANSEY

(Over his shoulder)

I guess we don't have to tip you eh?

CUT: BEHIND THE BAR

Clucky casually reaches down and pulls out a large wooden mallet and places it gently on the bar. He lifts the towel from his shoulders and continues drying real glasses.

CUT: BOOTH

The Dark Mime smirks and reaches for an invisible drink. He brings his hand to his lips and tosses back a shot. Gansey awkwardly mimics the mime.

A long moment. Much going on behind the gray face, long ancient history unfolding. Gansey grows still and stares deeply into the Dark Mime's eyes... as if under a spell.

GANSEY

What? Hey, I was actually looking for you, well, your friends. I have some of the money I owe you. Yeah, five big ones.

Dark Mime motionless, but a storm behind the eyes.

GANSEY

I mean... hey .. it's a start right? I'm good for it, just like I told them.

No movement or the blink of an eye from the Dark Mime.

GANSEY

Well, yeah.. okay, okay. I muscled in where I shouldn't have. I'm ambitious right? I got ideas you know. Gotta do what ya gotta do. Do you talk at all? You're making me nervous. I did what I had to do.

Still staring. Raging eyes.

GANSEY

(Nearing panic)

Oh god... what? Clucky, Where's my drink?

In a flash the Dark Mime stabs a bloody hunting knife into the table between them. Gansey instinctively puts his hand on his right hip, but knows his knife is not there.

GANSEY

(Terrified)

Fuck! Alright alright. Shit were you there? How did you know? Fuck okay, shit. Look I didn't kill him. I just fucked him up a bit, wanted to scare him. It was -

The Dark Mime stands. Gansey stands.

GANSEY

Shit, I fucked up. Okay, fifteen grand, you can have it all. Sorry, I thought I could use the extra to pay you back sooner. Fuck, what else can I do? What can I do? I'll leave, leave town now. You'll never see me again. Please don't kill me... or... or worse... please god not worse.

Gansey never saw it coming. In jujitsu-like moves and with angry intensity, the Dark Mime goes to work on Gansey. It is quick and silent. He goes for the throat first then knocks the air from Gansey's lungs so no screams but we hear the CRACK of a rib, the SNAP of an arm, the CRACKLE of several fingers and a fist to the face causes a a loud HONK and CRACK of Gansey's nose as blood squirts. Then a quick flurry as his fingers and nails carve a bloody letter "C" bleeds on his forehead.

Gansey collapses in shocked pain into the vinyl seat of the booth, his eyes never leaving the mime's.

With a look and a simple gesture - slowly pointing his finger and touching Gansey's heart, then bringing the finger back to touch his own - Dark Mime speaks volumes and makes it inarguable clear that he now owns Gansey and holds his life in his hands.

The Dark Mime then glides out of the bar like a vampire.

Gansey sits motionless, lifeless, silent... for a long time. Clucky brings over a beer, looks him over.

CLUCKY

Like I said, its one of those nights Gansey,
one of those nights.

Clucky raises an old fashioned bottle of seltzer and lets Gansey have it in the face.

He then returns to his bar.

EXT: SOUTH SIDE RESIDENTIAL COMPLEX - DAY

An ice cream truck is being pulled over by an undercover beige sedan. The vehicles pull over and roll to a stop. Various pedestrians turn and walk away.

GEORGE gets out and walks towards the truck. OTTO sits in the passenger side of the bucket seat and watches through the windshield.

George approaches truck. A reg sits behind the wheel. A very tall, gaunt Bill Irwin look-alike reg.

GEORGE

License and registration please.

DRIVER

(Incredibly nervously)

Uh, yeah, sure. Um, hold on.

Driver hands him his documents while George peers intently.

GEORGE
 (Into walkie-talkie)
 Otto, Johnson, Jay. That's J-A-Y. Chicago.
 Let me know.

George steps back and peers into the bay of the truck, then back at driver.

GEORGE
 Anything but ice cream back there?

DRIVER
 No, no squee - uh, officer. Only ice cream.
 Bomb pops, push up pops.. hey you want some?
 Want some ice cream, if you know what I mean?
 On the house of course.

OTTO (OS)
 (Through George's walkie-talkie)
 Geez, a rap sheet a mile long, and very far
 from home huh? Uh.. yeah, he's on probation
 and he's out of his neighborhood. Take him,
 I'm calling it in.

George places his hand on the butt of his gun.

GEORGE
 Step out of the car please.

DRIVER
 Ah man, can't we work something out? I can't
 do this again.

GEORGE
 Please step out of the car.

The driver does so and George has the hand cuffs on him very quickly.

GEORGE
 You are under arrest. You have the right to
 remain silent.

Another police car pulls up to the scene and two REG COPS get out.

OFFICER #1
 What do we got here?

GEORGE

He's too far out of his neighborhood, his probation officer won't be too happy. He must be loaded up.

OFFICER #2

'Must be'? You haven't even checked? You better be right.

One of the officers walks around to the back of the truck and steps inside. A moment later he appears at the service window with a large canister.

OFFICER #1

These ain't for blowing up balloons. C'mon Harry, there are quite a few back here.

OFFICER #2

Sure. Hey pal, do you think your partner can help us carry these things?

They all turn to look at Otto sitting quietly in the police car, staring intently.

The officers laugh and get to work unloading the truck.

George escorts the hand cuffed driver to the back seat of the police car, pushes him in, closes the door and gets in behind the wheel.

INT: POLICE CAR

OTTO

What was that all about?

GEORGE

Nothing.

He reaches for the radio.

OTTO

Another joke?

GEORGE

It's nothing Otto.

OTTO

Next time I get to handle the arrest alright?

GEORGE

(Jerking his thumb at the
perp behind the cage.)

Not now man.

OTTO

Fine, we'll talk later. But next one is mine.

George puts the car in gear and they drive off, the prisoner in the back seat eyeing them both in confusion.

EXT: CONVENTION CENTER MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Large crowd on a sunny day. Political posters, banners and buttons are visible everywhere, all with the solemn - almost angry - face of MAYOR KEITH WARREN SMITH III artistically stylized in patriotic and human overtones.

An empty podium is flanked by the mayor's private, dark suited security detail, who in turn are surrounded by the city's finest. All through the crowd more cops, clown cops and the security detail.

CUT: EDGE OF CROWD

GOODMIME walks around the edge of the crowd doing what he does best. He spots oblivious passerby's and mimics their postures; slips in behind them and follows their walk; hands invisible flowers to pretty girls, kicks pretend sand in the face of their boyfriends.

In front of a large fountain he sets down an invisible bag and begins to build a large glass box. He industriously clears the space - making sure no pedestrians walk into his space - and "yelling" at those who do. Laboriously he pulls out of his bag one large sheet of glass after another and painstakingly assembles them.

He locks in the top panel and in a dreadful miscalculation he inadvertently encloses himself inside the box. He struggles, yet is thwarted at every attempt to escape this glass box. He panics and starts banging, kicking and screaming inside the box. Onlookers smile.

Through Goodmime's earpiece we hear a call go out.

THROUGH EARPIECE

Suspicious perp in long coat near west
entrance. Officer Goodmime, can you move in?

Goodmime stops for a second listening, then spins around and looks to his right. He spots a clown in a black trench coat, nervously scanning the crowd.

THROUGH EARPIECE

Goodmime, do you copy!?

Goodmime suddenly gets extremely serious and thrashes even more against the glass box, but in vain. Onlooker's smiles turn to laughs.

THROUGH EARPIECE

We got him.

Goodmime stops and look to this right again and sees two REG COPS casually escorting the trench coated clown away and into a nearby police vehicle. He hangs his head, sadly, and falls to his knees.

A young girl of seven sitting on the fountain's edge watching Goodmime with her parents jumps down off the wall and walks hesitantly towards the glass box. She stops a foot away from it and looks at the mime. She walks fully around it, sizing up the situation, then stops.

GIRL

(Excitedly)

We can just lift it up. Let's try!

She bends down, coaxing the mime to follow her lead, which he obligingly does and they both, after very strenuous effort, are able to lift the large glass box up and toss it off to the side. Goodmime jumps for joy and hugs the little girl. The crowd cheers and claps. Goodmime removes a flower from his lapel and gives it to the little girl as she runs back beaming to her parents at the fountain.

As he stands admiring the little girl, a regular officer appears behind him.

OFFICER

What happened? Why didn't not respond?

Goodmime shrugs, a bit shamefully.

Officer shakes his head and walks away. Goodmime picks up an invisible broom and begins sweeping up.

THROUGH EARPIECE

Buzzard has landed. Here we go.

EXT: CONVENTION CENTER MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

The MAYOR walks onto the stage and stands behind the podium smiling for the cameras. With consummate timing he holds up both his hands to humbly quiet the crowd.

The applause slowly dies down, the camera flashes abate and the mayor speaks.

MAYOR

Thank you! Thanks for such a warm welcome.
I'm not sure that I deserve it.

OFF SCREEN: "Yes you do!"

Another round of cheers and whistles. Again the mayor holds up his hands to quiet the crowd.

MAYOR

Okay I do.

(Waiting for laughter to
die down)

Just kidding. I'm not doing anything you
wouldn't do. I mean, clearly we're all the
same.

The mayor leans forward scanning the crowd, taking the throng into this full confidence and winks.

MAYOR

We can talk right?

The crowd erupts twice as loud as before when he executes his well-worn catch phrase. The Mayor holds up his hands and the crowd settles down to listen.

MAYOR

I'm just trying to do my job. I am here to
make sure the people are served, that the
people are well represented. My job is to
make sure that every day people...
hardworking regular people... regular people
like you and me, have a safe place to bring
up our families. Places free from crime...

FROM CROWD: "Yeah!"

MAYOR

..free from grime.. free from harassment. My job is to provide you with a safe environment with which to ply your trade, raise a regular family and live according to regular uncorrupted values with regular people. Are you surrrrrre we can talk?

Mayor Keith plays the audience like a xylophone.

FOOT CLOWN

(Mumbling to his partner)

Are you sure we can talk?

MAYOR

You know... I sometimes wonder why our hard earned tax dollars are going to support people who aren't necessarily tax paying members of our society. I wonder why our hard earned wages go towards the well-being of people other than us. I wonder..."

Pausing for dramatic effect, lets the crowd reaction rise.

CUT: FRINGE OF CROWD:

GOODMIME sticks his fingers into his mouth and feigns vomiting.

MAYOR

I wonder if the tension in the air of late is not simply a side effect of all you regular folk out there also wondering. Wondering if every unit of our community is ready to do what it takes, is up for the challenges ahead. We face challenging times my fellow citizens, times when hard decisions and sacrifices need to be made. We regular folk need to band together, take bold action and meet this head on. Who's with me?

Loud crowd applause.

DISSOLVE: INT: BUDDY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

BUDDY and BUFFORD sit at a kitchen table at Buddy's house. Two empty bottles of wine, a half a bottle of scotch and three old fashioned bottles of seltzer rest between them. Buddy' wife CLARA is washing dishes.

BUFFORD

Damn the bastard certainly knows how to play them all don't he?

BUDDY

Yeah, like an exploding xylophone.

Bufford shoots Buddy a pained smile then glances at Clara who ignores the joke with a smile as she stacks clean pie tins.

Buddy knocks back his drink.

BUDDY

Still, to this day, I can't get past him just showing up out of nowhere? Yet he knows everyone.

BUFFORD

Seems to know them all in a biblical sense.

BUDDY

And they like him? Why do they all like him? Don't they hear the filth that spills out of his mouth? Do they not see where he's going?

BUFFORD

Yeah, he'll hit Poland first.

CLARA

Now Bufford...

BUFFORD

(With a humble smile)

Sorry Clara.

BUDDY

Did you see him at the funeral? He looked downright disgusted meeting the family and never attempted to get close to the casket.

BUFFORD

Just a photo op.

BUDDY

That's right, a goddamn photo op as Emmett lay dead in the same room.

BUFFORD

Ah hell, he could care less about him. He's just a victim of what is going on these days, not the instigator.

BUDDY

Ahh... I sure as hell can't figure it out.

Clara finishes the dishes and sits down beside her husband.

BUFFORD

It's the times, they are a changing'. Old thugs replaced by new thugs. Old drugs replaced with new drugs.

(Beat)

Old captains replaced with new captains.

BUDDY

(Shooting him a look)

Bufe, not now. Not tonight. Not -

BUFFORD

Then when Buddy?

CLARA

Yeah, Buddy, when?

BUDDY

Oh Clara not you now, c'mon.

CLARA

I am just saying you need to start thinking about it. I know you don't care for the politics, nor the spotlight, but Buddy that is exactly why you should consider it.

BUFFORD

She's right. You think I made it all this way with my politics?

BUDDY

(Slurring a bit and
adamantly)

Hell no. You walked softly and carried a big shtick.

BUFFORD

Exactly, so that's the least of your worries.

BUDDY

Oh yeah? And my biggest worry?

The question hangs in air as if the answer is as obvious as the bulbous noses on their faces. Buddy downs his glass, lowers it to the table. He looks at his wife and smiles. He looks at Bufford.

BUDDY

'Projecting images is just a game. Know yourself and know the truth. Hey Eddie can you catch us a ride'

BUFFORD

(Touched)

Wow, word for word, you remembered it.

CLARA

What is it?

BUDDY

When I was recuperating at the hospital after Bufe's heroically insane juggling antics nearly got me killed all those years ago, he wrote this in the inside cover of Red Skelton's autobiography.

Clara's look and silence begs for an explanation. Bufford looks at Buddy, a black velvet painting come to life.

BUDDY

I took it to heart. It never left me.

(Looking at BUFFORD)

Seems like you wrote it all those years ago for this moment right here don't it?

BUFFORD

Oh, I wish I could take credit for such future thinking. I was just getting off on Springsteen is all.

BUDDY

Yeah, I bet.

Bufford finishes his glass then gets up and walks around the table towards Clara.

BUFFORD

As always dear, no one fills a pie tin with more delicious goodness than you.

He leans in and kisses her on the cheek. His nose HONKS as it touches her skin.

CLARA

Thanks Bufe, I love you too.

BUFFORD

I love you Bud, but this little girl right here is the best part of who and why you are my friend. What one does for love...

BUDDY

Okay.. its time to go. I'll walk you out.

They walk down the hall and stop at the coat rack. Bufford grabs his red sports coat, pork pie hat with no top and his fish and they walk out to the porch.

Off in the distance the far away sound of an ice cream's trunk jingle can be heard.

BUDDY

Fucking trucks.

A moment passes.

BUFFORD

Buddy, you know I'll never ask you to do something you don't want to do, so your next move is your own. Trust I mean that. I'm out. I'm too damn old. And I got that feeling in my bones there is a new ringleader out there and us clowns are just not in his plan.

He turns and walks down the porch, grabs his unicycle and effortlessly sits himself upon the seat. Once perched on the seat however, he has to work to keep his balance.

BUFFORD

They're going to torch the big top Buddy. Burn it all to the ground.

He turns and rides down the street, pumping the peddles, flailing his arms, struggling to stay balanced. He rolls down the road in a herky-jerky fashion, hits a curb and falls into a pile of garbage bags.

BUFFORD

God dammit.

(Beat)

I'm OK.

He's back up in no time, erratically moving into the shadows. Buddy watches for a moment, then turns and walks inside.

EXT: DIRTY STREET IN A EUROPEAN CITY - DUSK

Rain falls from thick black clouds on a rough cobblestone street. A dirty horse pulls a creaking wooden carriage noisily in the deserted section of town.

A SMALL MIME, just a kid, gray faced and soaking wet, crouches in fear in the dark shadow of a doorway. The CLACKETY CLACK of the carriage approaches. Closer, closer still.

The mime panics and bolts out from the doorway and into the street in front of the carriage. The mime cries out silently then turns and runs away down the street. The sound of whips cracking as the horse and carriage give chase.

The mime is running as fast as he can. The rain pummels him. The carriage is gaining. He darts to the right and around a corner into a dead end alley. He stops, turns and hears the clack of the hooves getting closer. As the horse turns the corner the boy mime opens his mouth in a silent scream and pees himself as -

INT: LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The DARK MIME jolts imperceptibly as if remembering a bad dream and continues to stare out from the shadows, his hand unconsciously slides down to his crotch to ensure all is dry.

In the middle of the room is a large conference table around which a dozen men, mostly regs, a few clowns, sit quietly and stare at the large intercom in the center of the table. A red light flashes as a deep DISTORTED VOICE squawks out of the mesh speaker.

VOICE (OS)

For those of you paying attention today. Are we "...ready to do what it takes?" "We need to band together, take bold action and meet this head on."

(Beat.)

The time is now. Operation Bad Humor goes into effect now. Tonight. All trucks out! Everybody rolls... and rolls hard!

(Beat)

Our dear and mutual friend will provide each of you your instructions for the night.

A GASP escapes many lips as Dark Mime moves out of the shadows and approaches the table. No one knew he was there hiding in plain sight.

Dark Mime slowly glides around the table behind each of the terrified men, placing a large envelope on the table before each one.

VOICE (OS)

We've been planning this for months. You all now have your orders to obey! We all are frighteningly aware of what our dear friend is capable... I trust no one needs reminding? He has my full confidence.

(Pause.)

There will be no fuck ups tonight. There will be no tolerance for errors. There will be no forgiveness.

Everyone in the room pales, nervously shifting in their seats, sweat bursting through pores.

VOICE (OS)

Pull this off boys and we will awake to a new dawn and the start of a new world order. No more fucking clowning around.

There is a loud CLICK, the red light goes off and the intercom goes dead.

The men stay seated, no one speaks and each look around furtively for the Dark Mime, but he was nowhere to be seen.

DISSOLVE: INT: AT THE CIRCUS - MAIN RING - NIGHT

Murder Montage at the circus:

- Joyous festivities, happy smiling faces.
- Uniformed vendors and ushers being discreetly knocked out and replaced by shady characters in similar uniforms
- Large canisters covertly hidden being opened up, expelling "H"
- Gas hissing.. Wavy air...
- Carts rolling through the stands with secret canisters hissing gas

- Clowns in the audience smiling harder...laughing...
squeaking...

- Knives flash ... Guns are fired

Chaos ... screaming ... blood ... Death ... Pies

FADE TO PLAID
END OF ACT I

ACT II - DEATH OF A CLOWN

INT: CIRCUS - MAIN RING

An extremely colorful and surreal scene under the big top. Several people, mostly clowns, lay bloody in a chaotic sprawl in and around the main ring. Whipped cream is everywhere.

All sorts of activity as police, paramedics, midgets, detectives, dwarfs, crime photographers and harlequins document the crime scene.

BUFFORD stands amidst the technicolor carnage, staring down at a dead adolescent clown who's head was nearly shot off. Half a smile stretches across his ravaged face covered in whipped cream.

BUDDY approaches. They scan the room.

BUDDY

Twenty seven people dead, all but two clowns.

BUFFORD

Witnesses?

BUDDY

Most too dazed and confused to provide any coherent information.

BUFFORD

What happened here?

BUDDY

We'll find out, I've called in the harlequins.

BUFFORD

What else?

BUDDY

Turns out this ain't the only place hit. Another circus cross town, and three bakeries so far.

BUFFORD

Geez..

BUDDY

So back to here.. uh.. we got one still talking.

BUFFORD

Bring 'em over.

Buddy shakes his head.

BUFFORD

Alright, we'll go to him.

They step over jump-suited corpses, bodies tangled together. A midget waddles by snapping photographs and steps through the legs of another midget on stilts taking more photographs from above.

They approach the grandstand where there sits a RODEO CLOWN who's denim overalls are soaked with blood and whipped cream. OTTO and GEORGE stand nearby.

BUDDY

This is Dusty Buttons. He's been sitting right here in this seat since it happened last night.

GEORGE

It appears he may have rassled with one too many bulls.

Dusty Buttons sits motionless, staring straight ahead.

BUFFORD

Mr. Buttons, can you tell us what you saw last night?

Dusty seemingly not registering the question directed at him, but speaking nonetheless.

DUSTY

Pies. Pies for all.

Bufford looks quizzically at Otto.

OTTO

All witnesses are telling the same story. Seems the pie vendors were dealing more than pies.

BUFFORD

What do you mean?

GEORGE

They were dealing "H". Well.. delivering it anyway.

(Turning around)
Hey, Brutus, can you bring one of them over here?

A midget stops in his tracks and walks towards George. He struggles to carry a large helium canister nearly as big as himself. He stops and stands it up before George.

GEORGE
Thanks Richard. We've found hundreds of these empty canisters, mostly inside vendor cards and the boxes they carry through the stands.

OTTO
Seems many of the normal vendors left early that night and their replacements walked through the crowds selling pies and balloons, while secretly dispersing "H" from these canisters.

Buddy cups a hand over the opening of the tank's nozzle and with the other quickly turns the valve back and forth. A quick hiss and he brings his hand to his nose.

BUDDY
(Grimacing, blinking his eyes)
This took planning, a significant effort.

BUFFORD
And contacts in high places.

OTTO
Yeah. Dozens of vendors, truck loads of canisters... a coordinated attack.

DUSTY
It was beautiful... air filled with color... we all got very happy... we were laughing...then the pies started flying. It was the largest pie fight you've ever seen... just beautiful and then... and then...

BUFFORD
Then what son?

DUSTY
Then everybody started squeaking a high pitched squeaking ... and laughing, but not in a good way...

BUDDY
The "H" kicking in.

DUSTY
(Continuing)
...then screaming. All of them.

A tear runs down Dusty's face, leaving a trail through the blood and whipped cream.

DUSTY
(Continuing)
All of us. At once. Fist fights, everyone punching and fighting. Then knives popping out... and shooting.. and blood... so much blood...

Dusty continues to talk, but trails off into muttering.

BUDDY
Nobody's talkin'. The Ringmaster's under sedation, the fat lady won't eat and the insect trainer's frantic over there looking for runaway fleas.

BUFFORD
(Absently)
Hope he catches them.

BUDDY
And the surveillance system was disabled moments before the place erupted. Came back on as soon as we arrived on the scene.

GEORGE
Hell of a time for a system crash. Was it Windows?

OTTO
It didn't crash George. It was shut down.

GEORGE
But who would do that? They missed all the stuff that happened.

A masked HARLEQUIN with a large scepter approaches and addresses Buddy.

HARLEQUIN

Pardon me Lieutenant Buddy Laughs. We have received word from our team at the tenth avenue crime scene over our wireless receivers sent from our high frequency radio transmitters.

BUFFORD

At the Crazy Eddie's?

The Harlequin nods then motions like he hears someone speak and moves his scepter to his ear. He cocks his head, listens intently, then lowers the scepter and stands back at ease.

BUDDY

And?

HARLEQUIN

Sir, there appears to be a common denominator at play in all these events. Empty canisters, mass delusions, evidence of this new "H" is undeniable.

Buddy's walkie-talkie chimes. He puts in his earpiece.

BUDDY

Yeah? Uh huh. Each site? Uh huh. Yeah. Yeah. Here we have pies. Uh huh. What? You don't say? Yeah. OK. Thanks.

(Pulling ear piece out.)

That was Goodmime. Same shit at the east side Chuck 'N Cheese.

BUFFORD

Damn, even bigger than we think.

BUDDY

Seems so.

DUSTY

Are there any more pies? I'd like some more pies please.

INT: POLICE STATION - BUDDY'S OFFICE

BUDDY sits behind his desk moving papers around and casually glancing up at a black and white TV mounted from the ceiling outside his office. He can see it through the glass partition but cannot hear it.

The massacre and chaos at the circus is the top story, photo after photo of dead clowns flicker across the screen.

He looks away and picks up a small bundle of balloons and sets to work on it. Frustration quickly sets in. He tosses it down and stares up at the black and white TV showing another bloodied yet smiling clown face and bolts out of his office.

CUT: OUTSIDE BUDDY'S OFFICE

Buddy races across the room and reaches up to the TV and starts twisting knobs, pulling them off in his hands, then smacking the sides of it.

All the cops and perps in the room get quiet and turn to watch. GEORGE turns in his chair, OTTO's head slowly spins fully around on his shoulders.

Buddy can't seem to turn the damn thing off so rips the chord from the wall. The screen goes black, save for a tiny white dot.

Buddy turns and walks to his office. Cops return to normal activity.

A group of very well dressed aides, headed by the MAYOR, barrel through the office. GOODMIME off to the side pretends to get shoved by one of the throng and throws himself into the water cooler. He spends a few moments dramatically righting the water cooler and begins wringing invisible water from his clothes.

MAJOR
(Barging into Buddy's
office)

We can talk right Lieutenant? What do you got for me? You got nothing. Jack shit is what you got.

BUDDY
Its only because -

MAYOR
- because you've been ignoring my memos and this morning I hear you are racially profiling the inhabitants of this city and stripping them of their god given rights under your own discretion? Who the hell gave you the right to do what you are doing?

BUDDY

Racial profiling?! You want profiling? Take a look at the wall of dead profiles behind you... see anything in common?

Buddy points to the wall behind them full of colorful images of dead clowns, all smiling.

MAYOR

What I see are a lot of terrified people in the streets and law enforcement officials-

(looking down at the
balloon on the desk)
doing god knows what the fuck?!!

BUDDY

(Violently smashing balloon
with hand)

Law enforcement officials being told they can't question witnesses, can't get subpoenas signed, forced to release key -

MAYOR

I don't want excuses. I want you to find the bastard responsible! I want results Lieutenant!!

Buddy stares and watches the Mayor storm out of the office past Goodmime who is busy mopping up invisible water.

Sensing an audience, Goodmime slips on the pool of water and with arms flailing attempts to steady himself by grabbing the power cord from the unplugged TV. Instantly his body goes into electric shock and under the influence of the high voltage coursing through his body he dances into the center of the room and slams into the Mayor. They get tangled up for a moment and the Mayor shoves him aside and storms out.

Goodmime over-reacts to the shove and with wild pirouetting misses one, two, three desks and falls perfectly into the chair behind his desk. He opens the Mayor's appointment book - cleanly picked - and buries his nose in it.

Buddy watches the scene outside his office and lets it pass without a word. Then flops down into his chair.

EXT: RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A very dirty and beaten up ice cream truck drives slowly down the street. OTTO & GEORGE drive past it, both turning their heads to stare, then they turn their car around and pull it over.

OTTO
I got this one.

GEORGE
No, Otto, I got it.

OTTO
C'mon man, this ain't' fair. One time I want to go out and do this. Just one time.

GEORGE
Not this time, Otto, sorry.

George opens the door, exits and just as the door closes behind him Otto speaks.

OTTO
(Under his breath)
Jerk.

George opens the door and pokes his head into the car.

GEORGE
What did you say?

OTTO
Nothing.

George looks at Otto, then slams the door. We hear his footsteps as we walks away from the car. Otto watches through the windshield muttering to himself.

OTTO
(Hushed, sarcastic tones)
Just one time I ask, just once. But nooo... I should just get out with him next time, not give him a choice.

(Beat. Watching George
through windshield)

Okay, ask for license and registration, look mean. Okay, yep, step back place your hand on your gun. So tough. He's not calling it in. Oh what, he doesn't even want me to do that now? Look at him, gabbing away. And here he comes, he'll call it in himself huh? Fine, whatever you need to do.

George opens the door and gets in.

GEORGE

He's legit. Been on the route for 18 years.

OTTO

And you took him for his word?

GEORGE

Yeah. That and he had Bufford's PBA fish.

A moment of silence as they wait for the truck to drive off.

OTTO

Next time George, next one is mine.

INT: BUFFORD BOLGERS'S OFFICE

BUDDY enters the office carrying a Clarabell the Clown doll in his hand. There is a tiny noose tied around its neck.

BUDDY

Have you seen some of the shit that's been -

He stops talking as he looks up and sees BUFFORD sitting behind his desk. The desk is littered with clown toys and dolls and all sorts of carnival accouterments all modified to reflect violence and death: a Jack-in-the-Box is decapitated; a knife sticks out the chest of H.R. Pufnstuf. Ronald McDonald is disemboweled.

BUDDY

Jesus.

BUFFORD

Disturbing, I know.

BUDDY

Why is this directed at us? We're the victims?

BUFFORD

We're easy targets.

Bufford gets up and walks to a credenza and opens the door. He pulls out an old box.

BUFFORD

This is nothing new Buddy. In the early days of the unit, I got lots of fan mail, as creative as these. Here's my favorite.

Bufford opens the box and pulls out a meticulous and beautifully crafted jester doll and matching scepter. It looks like it belonged in a museum, only the scepter is thrust through the heart of the jester, a dark maroon stain hiding the jester's colorful uniform.

BUDDY

Jeez, I guess I never put a lotta thought into it. I know it must've been tough for you but I had no idea Bufe.

BUFFORD

I didn't want you to, felt there was no need. I've held on to this for a long time. No one has seen it, well no one I know at least. Kinda says it all don't it? Someone went through the trouble to make such an exquisite figurine, really beautiful, ornate and detailed only to destroy it. Turned it into a vile expression of hate.

Bufford places the box and Jester on his desk and walks to the window, facing out towards tarred rooftops littered with whirring condensers, vents and rusted water tanks.

BUFFORD

It isn't pretty out there.. but its mostly good.

They stand in silence and look around at the macabre figurines.

BUFFORD

From time to time letters have come in, various threats of every sort, but what I do find interesting is that now its more than letters.

BUDDY

What do you mean?

BUFFORD
 (waving his hand across
 his desk)
 It feels to me that all of this is a
 purposeful reference to my jester.

 BUDDY
 But no one knows about it. Hell, I didn't
 know about it.

 BUFFORD
 No one I know of, knows about it. Maybe
 someone happened upon it when they shouldn't
 have?

 BUDDY
 You mean someone has been rooting through
 your office?

 (Beat)
 You think we're being watched?

 BUFFORD
 (His look intensifies)
 Naah...just the old paranoia of mine.

Bufford extends his index finger and Buddy gently tugs it.
 FVRTPH!

 BUFFORD
 (Continuing)
 I think we should be careful.

 BUDDY
 So what now?

Bufford walks back to his his desk and switches on a figurine
 of a monkey with bulging eyes clapping cymbals together.

 BUFFORD
 (Quietly)
 I think its time to rally our troops. We have
 some work to do.

EXT: CITY BLOCK - OUTSIDE MILTON'S TAVERN - LATE AFTERNOON

Across the street, a small white car of European origin with
 black pin-striping, sits parked in a loading zone. GOODMIME
 sits behind the wheel. He holds an invisible camera in his
 hands.

POV: THROUGH TELEPHOTO LENS

He's watching people enter and exit the bar, clicking random photos. A few businessmen. A politician's aide. Even an undercover cop or two he recognizes.

Goodmime lowers his camera, leans back and starts to unfold and read an invisible newspaper. He turns a page. Then another. Another look across the street. Checks his watch.

He starts car and drives away.

EXT: MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

BUDDY is dressed in a billowy black jumpsuit and large black shoes. He walks up to a back, unlit door and breaks into the building. He shuffles quickly down the halls and heads directly to a locked door with the name "Dr Clint Winston, PCP, PhD." stenciled on a small plaque on the door. A quick lock pick and he is in.

He moves silently through the multi-roomed office and checks the filing cabinets. He heads right to the cabinet labeled "G thru L". His fingers flip past several patient files, "Henny... Izzard... Johnston... Klinger... Lamar... Latrobe... Lauguna... Lenny..." He slams the draw closed. His walkie-talkie chimes.

BUFFORD (OS)

Buddy you there?

BUDDY

(Answering quietly)

Yeah, Bufe.

CUT: INT: POLICE STATION - BUFFORD'S OFFICE

BUFFORD sits at his desk, his head cocked to keep a large red Mickey Mouse phone to his ear. On the blotter is a large brown envelope and a letter with the masthead:

CUT: CLOSE UP OF LETTER:

FROM THE OFFICE OF DOCTOR CLINT WINSTON, PCP, PhD.

Chief Bufford Bolger: Consider this your only warning. We demand you schedule a press conference to immediately and officially announce the disbanding of the police clown unit citing gross incompetence and negligence. There will be more deaths. You will die. Obey this and your squeaker friend may not. We know his secret. We will expose it, unless you do what we say.

BUDDY (OS)

You there Bufe?

Bufford stares at the letter, unmoving.

BUDDY (OS)

Bufe?

Bufford starts and places the letter into his desk drawer.

BUFFORD

Yeah, I'm here.

BUDDY (OS)

Everything OK?

BUFFORD

Yes, fine. Where are you?

BUDDY (OS)

Nevermind, but I can't really talk.

BUFFORD

Look, I just wanted to say - well.. Its time Buddy.

BUDDY (OS)

Time for what Bufe?

BUFFORD

Winter Quarters.

BUDDY (OS)

What? Why?

BUFFORD

Please trust me here Buddy. I don't want anything to happen to her. I'd say you should join her but I know you won't.

BUDDY (OS)

Damn it Bufe, what are you not telling me?

BUFFORD

You must do this. They are going to burn it down Buddy. And I need to tell you one more thing -

CUT: INT: DR OFFICE

Buddy hears a door open and shuts another filing cabinet draw.

BUDDY

Shit, sorry, Bufe, I got to go. We'll talk at the alley.

CUT: INT: POLICE STATION - BUFFORD'S OFFICE

Bufford hears the line go dead and sits staring at the letter.

BUFFORD

(Talking to no one)

I need you to trust in the truth Buddy.

He places the phone back in its cradle and looks down at the note in his hands.

BUFFORD

You'll be fine Buddy, I promise. You'll be a great Captain.

EXT: MANSION IN WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Bright lights frame massive marble columns of a private residence in a quiet well to do neighborhood. Security guards stand in the front yard and on either side of the main gates of the driveway.

Across the street, a small black car of European origin with white pin-striping, sits parked in the shadows of a large willow tree.

GOODMIME sits behind the wheel.

The silence of the scene broken by the sound of engines and a sweep of white light as a small convoy of black limos turn into the street and come to a stop before the driveway. The gates open automatically. The car doors open and out step a few black suited businessmen who casually walk through gate.

Across the street, Goodmime holds his invisible camera in his hands and we here the "CLICK" of a dozen pictures being snapped.

They reach the house and are greeted by a small group of tuxedo-ed men as the door closes behind them all.

Goodmine sets his camera down in the passenger seat, starts the car and quietly pulls a u-turn and drives off into the night unseen.

INT: CIRCUS - CLOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

OTTO and GEORGE are situated in a small backstage part of the circus where the clowns get ready for their performances. Otto sits on a high dresser, George sits on the arm of a small sofa nearby. GOODMIME enters, looks around, then then moves to stand towards the back of the room. He leans on an invisible post and begins flipping through an invisible magazine.

GEORGE

Why are we here? What has happened?

OTTO

Not sure. Buddy called and wanted to gather the troops, so to speak.

GEORGE

But, Buddy is not here.

OTTO

Yes, thank you for that. Barry, have you heard from Buddy?

Goodmime shakes his head no.

OTTO

Give him a call would you?

Goodmime tosses his magazine aside and pulls a large invisible phone out of his pants. He laboriously dials the phone and holds it to his ear.

BUDDY walks into the alley, walks over to the dressing mirror, grabs a cigar out of a large music box on the desk. He lights, inhales, relaxes.

Goodmime hangs up the phone.

BUDDY

Okay, Clara is on her way out of dodge. Bufe said it was time for Winter Quarters.

Buddy looks around the room. Otto's eyes narrow, George goes white and Goodmime places both hands to the sides of his head.

BUDDY

Where's Bufe?

GEORGE

(Looking around the room)

He's not here.

OTTO

Haven't heard from him yet, I'm sure he's on his way. What do we need to do?

Buddy grabs a chair, spins it around and straddles it. Goodmime does the same with an invisible chair while George grabs Otto and they sit down on the sofa.

BUDDY

Bufe knows something. He could not tell me what, but he will when he arrives. While we wait, what do you guys got?

OTTO

Well, we're still working the trucks. Many new drivers hitting the streets - mostly regs but a few bad clowns - all with rap sheets a mile long. They're all now crammed in our holding cell. No one's saying nothing.

GEORGE

Not a word.

OTTO

They're all terrified of something.

GEORGE

Terrified.

OTTO

Something's going on, something bigger than them.

BUDDY

Ah c'mon, no one's got nothing to say. Where does the "H" come from? How does it get on their trucks? Who pays them? Get 'em talking.

OTTO

A few of them mentioned a clown named Gansey who seems to be helping with the "H" distribution. A couple have even handed him cash themselves.

GEORGE

They say he's pretty damaged, can't miss 'em.

BUDDY

What do you mean?

GEORGE

Broken arm, face slashed to hell, the letter
"C" carved into his forehead.

OTTO

Not sure what that's all about.

GEORGE

There's also been talk - around the precinct
- of someone called the "Dark Mime". May have
been the one who busted this Gansey guy up.

Goodmime jerks to attention.

BUDDY

Does that mean anything to you Barry?

Goodmine shakes his head negative, but not too convincingly.

Buddy stares long and hard at Goodmine.

BUDDY

You speak up if you know something. This is
too damn important.

Goodmine nods his head in agreement.

BUDDY

Go on.

OTTO

Not much more than that. The search is on for
a mutilated clown and we'll try to get a
handle on this Dark Mime shit. Other than
that..

BUDDY

(Looking at Goodmime.)

Has the Mayor's appointment book provided us
anything?

Goodmime takes out Mayor's appointment book and begins
gesturing and mouthing his words.

BUDDY

OK, keep scoping out the addresses. Let us know what else you find.

Buddy checks his Mickey Mouse watch.

BUDDY

Where the hell is Bufe?

GEORGE

Still not here, I guess.

BUDDY

Okay, we all know he's never late. Something happened, I am going to find him. You two find Gansey. Barry... find this darkie. Otherwise, you all know what to do. Be careful.

Buddy gets up and starts to walk out and stops.

BUDDY

And if need be, go to the Reg Cops for help, we need it. Just watch your backs.. more than ever.

INT: BUFFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BUDDY enters. He walks around the room, pausing to take in many black and white photographs hung on the walls.

He sits in Bufe's chair behind the desk. He talks into his walkie-talkie.

BUDDY

Bufe, do you copy? Where are you Bufe?

He drops the walkie-talkie on to the desk and randomly opens drawers, ruffles through papers. Picks up a few files sitting on the desk.

BUDDY

What happened? What do you know and why wouldn't you tell me? Or did you not feel the need to...

He sits up straight, and turns his gaze to the credenza in the corner. He walks over, opens the door and peers inside. In the back is the pristine figurine of a jester impaled on his own scepter. But now there is a letter stuck on the scepter.

Buddy grabs the letter and as he reads we see the "FROM THE DESK OF DR. WINSTON" on the back.

BUDDY

Damn it Bufe, why didn't you tell me!

Buddy balls it up, throws it across the room and runs out the door.

INT: GEORGE & OTTO'S POLICE CAR - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

GEORGE and OTTO sit quietly in their sedan. They slowly cruise the empty streets, both peering into dark driveways and loading bays looking for something, anything.

OTTO

(Facing the window)

I'm so ready.

GEORGE

Ready for what?

OTTO

My first arrest. I can feel it in my wood.
Next one is mine.

George sighs and continues to scan the shadows.

OTTO

I'll assume your silence means 'yes'.

An ice cream truck recklessly turns the corner in front of them and speeds ahead, swerving badly.

OTTO

Alright, let's go.

George hits the lights and siren and pulls the truck over. Both cars come to a stop.

OTTO

This is mine George, you can't stop me this time.

GEORGE

Otto, with all the shit that is going on you are going to pull this now?

OTTO

Damn it George, when?

GEORGE

How are you going to -

OTTO

I need to DO something! I am so full of rage and all I am allowed to do is sit here.

GEORGE

How do you expect -

OTTO

Enough George! Its' always Otto do this, Otto do that. Like I'm a fucking puppet with god knows who pulling my fucking strings.

GEORGE

(Sigh)

But you can't -

OTTO

I am done. No more. This one is mine!!

GEORGE

Ok, ok, fine. Go, this is all you. I got your back.

OTTO stares incredulously at George. They both then turn to look through the windshield at the ice cream truck.

OTTO

Ok, perhaps I overreacted. Tell you what, I'll get the next one. You go, and I'll cover you and call it in.

GEORGE

OK, wise choice. Cover me.

George reaches for the door.

OTTO

Be careful, this truck doesn't look right.

George exits the car.

EXT: WAREHOUSE DISTRICT STREET - NIGHT

GEORGE approaches the truck. He looks back at OTTO who watches from their car and then puts his hand on his holster.

He makes it to the driver side window and sees the back of a grimy afro of a clown.

GEORGE

You're driving pretty recklessly back there.
License and registration please.

CLOWN

Sure, sure.. hold on a second will ya. I got
it here.

George notices a broken arm and then broken fingers fumbling
for paperwork. The clown turns quickly and the only thing
George sees is the bloody "C" on his forehead. He does not see
the small canister pointed at him.

GANSEY

Suck on this squeaker!

Gansey pulls the trigger and a violent cloud of "H" blasts
George in the face. He stumbles back and trips and falls.

The ice cream truck clunks into gear and takes off into the
night.

George, scrambles to his feet and races back to his car.

INT: GEORGE & OTTO'S POLICE CAR - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

George fumbles for the door and sits behind the wheel.

OTTO

Shit George, are you OK?

GEORGE

Yeah, I think.. fuck. He hit me with "H". I..
I.. wow.. it was fucking Gansey..

OTTO

Gansey! Let's go!

GEORGE

I.. I'm not sure I should drive. Wow.. I see
strange colors...

OTTO

What the fuck do you mean? You can't do this
now? He's getting away!

GEORGE

Wow... easy..what's the rush... we got time..

OTTO

Ok.. ok.. fuck it, I'll drive.

GEORGE

What? Huh?

OTTO

I said I'll fucking drive! Put me on your lap. Put me on your fucking lap he's getting away!

George leans over and clumsily grabs Otto and sits him on his lap and gets his hands on the wheel.

OTTO

OK, let's get this fucker!

The sedan peels off with a screech of tires. The chase is on.

The car barrels down the deserted street behind the battered ice cream truck. Both vehicles swerve violently. George and Otto's hands are both at "10 and 2", but George is gazing vacantly out the passenger window and Otto's eyes are fixed on the road ahead.

OTTO

For fuck's sake George, can you help me drive here!

GEORGE

Wow man, the streetlights are drifting by.. long strings of light..

The steering wheel jerks to the left, Otto screams.

OTTO

Goddamn it, get it together man. Keep it together!

INT: BATTERED ICE CREAM TRUCK - NIGHT

GANSEY is manic, eyes wild, bouncing in the bucket seat as he speeds through the streets, turning this way and that way. Tires screech and the truck leans on its suspension.

He glances into the side view mirror and sees the police sedan's headlights swaying back and forth.

GANSEY

Fucking clown lovers.

EXT: WAREHOUSE DISTRICT STREET - NIGHT

The ice cream truck and sedan clumsily race through the empty streets, the sound of screeching tires echoes off empty warehouses stretching endlessly into the night.

INT: GEORGE & OTTO'S POLICE CAR - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Both cops frantic, heads turning every which way. GEORGE stares at the back of OTTO's head.

GEORGE

Dude, what's up with your hair? Its like plastered to your skull.

OTTO

Dude, what the fuck? Would you at least call this shit in! Grab the goddamn radio.

Otto drops a hand off the wheel and George fumbles and grabs the radio.

GEORGE

Uh, hey man. Uh. We're uh.. "Hi".

OTTO

(Loudly)

Car 27, we're on a high speed chase in the warehouse district. Battered ice cream truck heading west towards I65.

GEORGE

Hey let's just say we want some ice cream. Maybe he'll stop then?

OTTO

Backup requested. Repeat. Send backups, anyone. Over.

GEORGE

Whew.. sure glad that's over. Thank god... I can't take more of this.

The car swerves hard to the right and both of the cops swing to the left and their heads slam against the window.

OTTO

Fucking bastard!

GEORGE

Ow Dude! Are you ok? Your head... that fucking sound... is your fucking head hollow?

OTTO

Put down the radio, grab the wheel and pay fucking attention. He's getting away.

INT: BATTERED ICE CREAM TRUCK - NIGHT

Gansey is pushing the limit of the clunky truck but can't lose them. He looks to his right and reaches down for a steel canister rolling around on the floor.

GANSEY

Ok, you want to catch me? You want a treat fuckers? I'll give you a taste.

He holds the canister in his good hand and attempts to steer with his broken one but cannot control the wheel. The truck swerves and knocks down a lamp post, hits some random boxes, knocks out a fire hydrant - water geysers into the air - and crashes through a fruit cart. Cantaloupe and watermelon smear his windshield.

He rights the truck, checks the rear view mirror and screams.

GANSEY

Eat this!

He tosses the canister out the window but it hits the frame, the top cracks open and it falls back into his lap. The "H" blows up into his face. His broken fingers can't grab it, he takes his other hand off the wheel to fish between his legs as the truck jumps the curb and blows through the display window of a bakery store, right into a giant birthday cake.

EXT: WAREHOUSE DISTRICT STREET - NIGHT

The police sedan swerves around a waterfall and some fruit and comes to a stop in the street before the bakery. Several other REG POLICE CARS simultaneously converge on the scene.

INT: GEORGE & OTTO'S POLICE CAR - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

OTTO and GEORGE stare through the windshield, wide eyed. Blue and red light flicker across their stunned faces.

GEORGE

Here's your chance Otto.

George starts laughing.

GEORGE

Go ahead and get 'em tiger, they're all yours! Book 'em Dano!

George laughs hysterically and fall across the bucket seat leaving Otto to sit and watch as the reg cops get out of their cars and approach a frantic Gansey.

EXT: WAREHOUSE DISTRICT STREET - NIGHT

GANSEY is bloody, the cast on his broken arm is shattered and he is wide eyed and shouting in a very high-pitched voice. He spins in paranoid circles in the broken glass on the sidewalk.

Several REG COPS have their guns drawn and slowly approach, screaming for Gansey to put his hands up and drop to the ground.

GANSEY

Where is he? Where is he? Fuck me? No no no no no.. where it that dark fucker.. aggh..

He is swatting at invisible blows from an unseen assailant. He's out of control.

The reg cops ultimately pepper spray him and wrestle him to the ground.

GANSEY

Watch out for the mime. He's coming for me. Watch out!! Watch out!!! He's coming!!

The cops haul him up, drag him with much effort to a nearby paddy wagon, toss him in and slam the doors shut.

GANSEY

NO!! Not here!!! Don't leave me here in the dark. He'll get me? He's coming to get me!!!

EXT: BOMB POP DISTRIBUTORS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A small white car of European origin with black pin-striping, lights off, noiselessly drives into the scene and comes to a stop not too far from the loading docks.

GOODMIME is behind the wheel. He glances down at the appointment book in his hands then at the warehouse sign.

Goodmime moves to open his car door, but stops suddenly. Lights flash across his rear view mirror. A black sedan pulls into the driveway.

Out walks a man in overcoat and fedora, his shadow cast large against the corrugated walls of the warehouse. He walks up to and through the doors of the warehouse.

Goodmime is panicked. He looks around into the night. Outside the car the WIND STARTS TO HOWL. He grabs an invisible gun from the passenger seat, checks that it's loaded and slips it under his belt. He grabs a few more invisible items and tucks them away. He then zippers up an invisible jacket right up to his neck and places an invisible hat on his head. He takes a deep breath, slowly releases it.

The WIND HOWLS FIERCE and LOUD although the litter and trash in the gutter and loading dock lay undisturbed. The branches stretched out above and casting shadows across the car's hood are motionless.

Goodmime goes to open the door, but has to struggle. The WIND ROARS as he uses all his strength to squeeze out of the tiny car. As soon as he does his body is blown horizontal, feet off the ground as he desperately hangs on to the door.

He manages to get his feet back on the ground and plants himself, but he struggles hard against the HOWLING WIND. The door violently slams shut. He's blown back a few feet, but holds strong, leaning hard into the wind. He barely manages a step, then another, when he's blown back again, both his feet scraping the macadam as they slide backwards.

He doubles his efforts, makes one last attempt to walk, to move forward, to get to the warehouse, but he cannot do it. A tired look of terror in his eyes as he is violently blown away and out of the scene.

INT: BOMB POP DISTRIBUTORS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The DARK MIME stands in the hallway of the warehouse in the shadows. We hear a door close, then footsteps. The man in the overcoat walks towards the mime. As he approached he removes his fedora and we see its the MAYOR.

MAYOR

Any trouble delivering the goods?

The Dark Mime nods slowly.

MAYOR

Good, Jakob good. We'll get this over with and then hit target B. Now where is he? He conscious?

Dark Mime nods, then moves aside and extends his arm to invite the Mayor to walk into the next room.

CUT: NEXT ROOM

In the center of the empty room under a spot light is a small wooden chain with a clown tied to it. Its BUFFORD. He's struggling against the ropes. Bufe's nose and mouth are bleeding, the blood sprays as he exhales with spastic effort to free himself. He hears footsteps and tenses up, stills himself.

Into the light steps the Mayor.

MAYOR

So, here we are. You did not follow my instructions Chief. The PC Unit still exists. As do you. But both only for a moment more.

Bufford looks around and suddenly Dark Mime is standing next to the Mayor.

MAYOR

You will be a message to the rest of them. If we can get to you, we can get to anyone, and get everyone is what we will do. I am not here to make any demands, nor strike any deals, nor monologue. Consider yourself dead.

(Beat)

I did however feel the need to look into your eyes and watch your reaction when I say Buddy is next. Yes, your man Buddy. What do you say to that?

The MAYOR reaches over and rips the tape off Bufford's face. Bufford lets out a grown and takes a few deep gulps of air.

MAYOR

Huh? You hear what I say? He's a dead man. Your protege? Your apprentice? Your next in line? Just what do clowns call it huh? Or let me ask you, does it even apply in this case?

Bufford says nothing. Although bloodied, his face still has a smile.

MAYOR

You know what the fuck I'm talking about don't you.

Bufford still nothing. Still smiling.

MAYOR

God damn it say something you fucking clown.

MAYOR swings and punches Bufford in the face. Bufford takes it, looks up with a smile.

MAYOR hits him again. Bufford takes it again. This time spits out a tooth.

BUFFORD

You're the fucking clown scumbag.

MAYOR

I hate all of you fucking squeakers!

The MAYOR punches him again, blood splatters, and the chair tips over and crashes to the ground.

EXT: BOMB POP DISTRIBUTORS WAREHOUSE - EXTERIOR - NIGHT

The WIND HOWLS and we see the small white car of European origin with black pin-striping sitting quietly. Off to the right of the scene a hand, then another, then the head and body of GOODMIME as he crawls on the ground still struggling against the wind. One hand, then another. As he moves to lift his left knee his entire body is swept up and blown out of the scene. Again.

INT: BOMB POP DISTRIBUTORS WAREHOUSE

BUFFORD coughs and moans loudly. MAYOR walks over and leans down, takes a gun with a silencer out of his jacket.

MAYOR

Its over. You, your lieutenant, the whole fucking unit is over. All you clowns. And mark my words, your boy, your Buddy, ha, he'll be exposed publicly before he's killed. Two deaths Bufford, he'll die two fucking deaths!

He spits on Bufford and points his gun at his face. Bufford is gasping, blood spilling from his mouth.

BUFFORD

Sock it to me you fuck.

The Mayor screams and pulls the trigger until the gun is empty. Bufford's bullet ridden body is still, blood stains his jumpsuit. A big smile on his face.

MAYOR

Wipe that goddamn grin off your face!

The Mayor leans down and smacks Bufford's face with the end of the gun.

MAYOR

OK, Jakob, dispose of this fucking clown.

The MAYOR stares at Dark Mime then walks away into the shadows and disappears.

The Dark Mime slowly walks up to Bufford. With one hand he rights then holds up the chair and with the other hand he carves the letter "C" into Bufford's forehead. He then lets the chair and Bufford's lifeless body fall to the ground.

EXT: BOMB POP DISTRIBUTORS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The door to the warehouse opens and the DARK MIME walks out. He looks back and forth and freezes, eyes staring at the sight under the nearby street light.

He watches a mime appearing to walk against a terrific wind. Goodmime stops suddenly, and looks right back at the Dark Mime. He points and silently screams like a "Body Snatcher".

Dark Mime grins and slowly slides back and disappears in the shadows.

Goodmime eventually stops screaming, lowers his arm. He stares at the door of the warehouse.

CUT: INT: BOMB POP DISTRIBUTORS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The door to the warehouse opens and GOODMIME walks in without a sound. His invisible gun poised and ready as he enters and scopes out the scene.

He walks through the hallway and into the next room and his eyes widen. A look of horror and dread wash over his face as he see's Bufford's murdered body. He sinks to his knees and for the first time Barry Goodmime makes a sound: he sobs.

INT: BUDDY IN OFFICE - NIGHT

BUDDY sits in his office, a half empty bottle of scotch on his desk. The room is dark, lit by the flickering images from the TV in the station beyond his glass walls.

On the screen an anchorwoman reports the tragic news of the grizzly homicide of Captain Bufford. Bufford's image appears on the screen, suited in full PC Uniform.

TELEVISION IMAGE:

ANCHORWOMAN

We now go to Loren Cruize on the scene of this tragedy.

LOREN

Tragic indeed Lindsey. It appears Captain Bufford Bolger was kidnapped, taken to this warehouse, tied and bound and killed in cold blood. The first clown to rise to the rank of Captain of the police force. Neither the D.A., the police nor the police clown unit has released any statements as of yet. We will keep you updated as more details come in.

ANCHORWOMAN

Thanks Loren for the devastating news. And nice shoes by the way.

(Beat)

Asked to comment early today, the Mayor had this to say.

CUT: A quick cut to the Mayor standing before his campaign poster, angry, pounding his fist on a podium.

MAYOR

No more killing, this... ends.. now!!

The anchorwoman asks us to stay tuned for more details. A quick transition and on the screen is an older clown in a formal jumpsuit sitting at an opera and admits confidently to the camera, "I have a going problem."

Buddy downs his glass of scotch.

FADE TO BLACK
END OF ACT II

ACT III - NO MORE CLOWNING AROUND

INT: CLUCKY'S BAR - NIGHT

Tight shot of GOODMIME sitting at the bar. Dark and quiet night at Clucky's. Kinks' "Death of a Clown" plays on the jukebox.

Goodmime collects his drink - Peppermint Schnapps on the rocks - from CLUCKY the bartender. Before a sip is taken, he fumbles for a match that does not exist to light a cigar that is not there. His lips contract and his pupils dilate as he inhales. He sits alone, staring down at his drink. Clucky places a real astray before him knowing he'll not need to clean it.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)

You look lonely.

Clucky glances to his left and then back at Goodmime. Goodmime grabs the shot, drinks it, and pushes the empty towards Clucky who dutifully fills the glass and caps the bottle.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)

Next one's on me Clucky.

Clucky reaches behind him and grabs a shot glass and places upside down before GOODMIME and then walks away to the other end of the bar.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)

I've seen you here before. The silent type, I know, so I won't pry.

(Beat)

But you look pained.

Goodmime stares at the upside down shot glass.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)

I saw it on the news, kinda sucks don't it? The head of your kind going down. Well.. not exactly your kind, but a death anyway..

Goodmime rights the upside down glass. Clucky heads over.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)

I'm here to talk if you want to.

Clucky pours the schnapps.

Goodmime downs the shot and motions for another one. And one for the woman.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)

Thanks baby, I know you feel pain and I am here. You don't have to be alone.

Goodmime inhales deeply, sits upright, squares his shoulders, grabs his shot glass to toast with the woman, but turns to see an empty bar. No one there except Clucky at the far end, cleaning a bunch of pint glasses. Last call was an hour ago.

The song on the jukebox ends and Goodmime walks over to the machine, puts a real quarter into it and hits play again. Not for the last time this evening.

INT: POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

GANSEY is handcuffed and in a bright orange jumpsuit picking the scab on his forehead with the hand that pokes through his cast. He looks like shit. OTTO sits still on the table and GEORGE walks around the table, periodically pounding it with his fists for emphasis.

GEORGE

Okay man, start fucking talking.

GANSEY

Huh? What? About what?

GEORGE

You know about what you fuck. Tell us what the fuck you've been doing, who's' involved, how big of an operation. We want it all.

GANSEY

Whoa whoa.. I don't know anything... I'm not nobody...I mean I'm not the guy...

OTTO

You're not what guy?

Gansey looks at Otto, an involuntary snort escapes him, then he turns to George.

GANSEY

Is he for real?

GEORGE

Don't look at me. Answer him!

GANSEY

(To Otto)

I'm not nobody.

OTTO

What you are is a dirt bag you scumbag. You're the clown hauling round a truckload of "H" sellin' premium, unmixed shit and killing clowns. Ain't that right George?

GEORGE

Uh huh.

OTTO

How could you? You're going away for a long time.

GEORGE

That's right.

(Pounding his fist on the table)

A long time.

OTTO

Putting aside resisting arrest, drugging a law enforcement official and the high speed chase, let's just talk about the possession of such a large quantity of "H"... shit you'd be lucky if we even get you to trial.

GANSEY

No no...you got it wrong.

GEORGE

Fuck that....they gonna lynch you Gansey boy. They gonna lynch you old school from the top of the flag pole.

GANSEY

What? No no...I'm telling you...

OTTO

And killing a cop. A Police Captain even. That takes the cake, don't ya think?

GEORGE

Doomed.

Gansey jumps up screaming.

GANSEY

What?! That's not me... I wouldn't kill no cop. I didn't kill no cop. Shit I ain't no cop killer.

GEORGE

Just the killer of clowns? How the fuck could you do it?

OTTO

Sit down... so you're just a drug peddler huh? Grunt? Or are you the kingpin? Either way you're in big shit. You ain't gonna be safe nowhere. You're fucked Gansey, and we gotcha good.

GANSEY

No no I'm telling you it ain't me!

OTTO

Oh come on... we got you drivin' an ice cream truck full of "H", we got you with nearly twenty G's in small bills, we got eyewitness speaking your name -

GEORGE

Lots of fucking witnesses.

OTTO

- from here to yesterday testifying that you are the mastermind of it all. That you're calling all the shots.

GANSEY

I...I...

GEORGE

You... you what? You got something to say before we start beating it out of you?

GANSEY

Yeah... yeah I just... I mean... yeah I handled some drops... delivered some stuff.. but I'm not all that... I'm not the guy... I'm nobody man.

Gansey drops his head and a hard silence falls on the room. George paces and lights another cigarette. He lights a second one sticks it in Otto's mouth then drops the lighter and pack on the table. He spins a chair around, straddles and sits.

GANSEY

(Looking at Otto)

You think I can get one?

George nods and watches Gansey fumble to retrieve and light one.

GEORGE

Enjoy it dirt bag, it will be your last.

INT: CIRCUS MAIN RING - NIGHT

BUDDY sits on the circular main ring of the circus. The greatest show on earth is long over, a lone spotlight captures him toying with a small balloon animal in contemplative silence. His walkie-talkie on the bench on one side of him, an unopened bottle of bourbon sits on the other side.

A noise is heard off screen. Then footsteps. Buddy turns surprised to see a CLOWN staring him down.

The clown moves closer, head bowed.

CLOWN

We are saddened, and sorry for your loss lieutenant. He was a great man.

The clown reaches into his red jumpsuit and pulls out a small balloon animal and sets it on the wooden ring next to Buddy. He walks away.

Another CLOWN enters and stands before Buddy. Without a word this one removes his hat, wig, red rubber nose and wipes a bit of white makeup from his face. He is a reg dressed as a clown. He too has a small balloon animal and places it next to the other one and walks away beyond the spotlight's glow.

Without a word spoken, Buddy watches a line of clowns - clowns and regs alike - walking past and placing a token of appreciation and respect for the loss of Bufford on the main ring of the circus.

OS: A DOOR SLAMS AND FOOT STEPS

Buddy casually grabs his walkie-talkie, stands and looks into the darkness.

OS: "We can talk right?"

Buddy and the line of clowns and regs freeze for a moment and look off the stage left. Out of the shadows steps the MAYOR.

MAYOR

What a moving tribute we have here. Sorry if I did not bring my balloon.

At the sight of the mayor, the clowns and regs panic and disperse. The regs high tail it out. The clowns run in circles, bump into and crash over one another for a moment or two, then escape into the shadows. One midget clown sheepishly sneaks back into the light, reaches down to grab his pansy decorated hat, places it atop his head, bids adieu, then scurries off into the darkness.

MAYOR

Fucking clowns.

(Turning his attention to
Buddy)

Figured I'd find you here. Your so damn predictable. And unfortunately for you, way out of your league. You should have resigned like I had demanded of Bolger. But I guess he was just too damn proud and didn't mind seeing you and all he worked for be destroyed.

BUDDY

Don't bring Bolger into this, unless you want to confess.

MAYOR

Confess? Confess you say? That's good. How about you start huh? I'll confess, tell you everything, right after you do.

Buddy stares. Behind his back his finger is non-randomly pressing his walkie-talkie Send button.

MAYOR

You know what I am talking about. I know your secret. Now that you have seen my true face.. I think it's time for you to show yours.

INT: POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

GEORGE, OTTO and GANSEY in a haze of smoke. Silent, until George's walkie-talkie starts emitting bursts of static. He reaches for it then stops and listens. He looks at Otto and nods.

GEORGE

I'll be right back.

George walks out of the room. Otto & Gansey sit silently, Gansey takes a deep drag of his cigarette.

The door opens and George enters. He walks to the table, leans down and whispers something into Otto's ear, then grabs the butt from Otto's mouth then smashes it the ashtray.

OTTO

Okay, Gansey, you need to start taking now.
Who are you working for?

GANSEY

No one. What?

Gansey's hands go up to his forehead to touch his scab.

GEORGE

(Walking towards then
behind Gansey)

No one huh? Who cut up your forehead Gansey?
Nice work.

GANSEY

Uh, nothing. No one. I walked into a door.

George silently approaches and rips the scab off Gansey's forehead.

GANSEY

Fuck man, what the shit!

OTTO

You need to start talking, or this is going
to get worse. Who are you working for? Who
killed Bufford?

Gansey has blood running down into his eyes.

GANSEY

Fuck man... I can't. He'll fuck me up even
more.

GEORGE

Not more than we will -

OTTO

George, enough. Gansey, who?

(Beat)

George, can you get him a towel or something.

George walks out of the room. Otto and Gansey eye each other silently.

George and returns with a towel he throws into Gansey's face.

OTTO

Look, whoever did it to you, don't worry.
You're locked up tight and going no where.
They can't touch you.

GANSEY

(Nervously rambling)

Yeah, right. This guy can get anywhere. He's
fucking invisible. You don't know. You don't
hear 'em, don't see him until its too late.

GEORGE

Who?

GANSEY

(Continuing)

He's in my head man. He'll fucking know.
He'll fucking know I ratted. He'll know I
told you.

OTTO

Who will know? The Dark Mime?

Gansey was wiping blood from his face, but suddenly freezes,
his face grows even more pale.

GANSEY

(Shaking his head)

I can't man, I just can't.

George walks over and grabs Gansey out of the chair.

GEORGE

Enough of this, I am so done with you. Start
fucking talking asshole!!

OTTO

George, easy! Take it easy. Now Gansey, you
need to talk and do it now.

GANSEY

Ok, I'll talk. But not with him here.

GEORGE

What the -

OTTO

George, maybe it best you give us a moment,
huh?

George stares dumbfounded at Otto, but reluctantly agrees.

GEORGE

I'll be watching you you fuck. One move and
your fucking dead.

George leaves the room. Gansey breathes a sigh of relief and
leans back in his chair. He looks up at Otto who sits across
from him, staring hard.

GANSEY

I owed money, stole some and this fucker
caught me. I don't know how. And he took my
knife. He's fucking everywhere. And fucked me
up. He's fucked up! Sick bastard.

Gansey looks at Otto, who says nothing.

GANSEY

Since then he's been telling me what to do.
Well, not him ... a voice on the phone tells
me what to do. Mostly load the trucks, make
sure they're full. I take the cash, leave it
for him.... But that's it man. That's all.

Otto sits and stares, coaxing him on with his silence.

GANSEY

I swear that's it. I didn't kill any cops, or
anyone. The dark fucker is messed up man, a
sadistic fuck. He's probably doing all the
killing. He probably got your boss. He's a
sick creepy fucker...

Gansey all of a sudden looks terrified. She starts looking
around the room.

GANSEY

Fuck, shit. I'm fucking freaked out now.
Shit... we're safe here right?

Looking at Otto.

GANSEY

We're safe here right? He can't get in.
Right??!

(Getting hysterical)
 Shit, say something. Why don't you say something?! Fuck.. fuck me. Help?? HELP!! HELP!!!

GEORGE enters the room.

GANSEY
 Shit, man, fuck. This is fucked up. You're both fucked up. I want a lawyer, get me out of here.

GEORGE
 This ain't nothing, man, believe me. You want to see fucked up. Take a look at this.

With the last words, the interrogation mirror becomes clear and standing behind it is the DARK MIME.

Gansey screams and falls off his chair, scrambles away into the corner of the room.

GANSEY
 Fuck no! I told you!! NO!!! NO!!!!

The light behind the two way glass goes out, its a mirror again. George lifts Gansey up and slams him against the wall, then grabs his cast and smashes it against the wall.

GEORGE
 Talk! What else do you know?

GANSEY
 Ow. Fuck man. Where is he? Where'd he go? He's coming for me.. help me!

OTTO
 We'll help you if you start fucking talking. Where do you leave the money? Who picks it up? What else do you know!

GANSEY
 OK OK.. shit.. an abandoned warehouse .. Spirograph place.. I drop the money in a dumpster.. I think its where he lives. Maybe...

GEORGE
 And what else!!

GANSEY
Nothing! That's it.

GEORGE
Bullshit talk! Who killed Bufford?

The light behind the mirror goes on and again the silhouette of the Dark Mime can be seen.

GANSEY
(Screaming)
I don't know.. its just a voice on a phone. I know nothing else. I'm nobody, nobody!

The light goes out, its a mirror again. There is a moment of silence, Gansey's lips trembling in fear. He looks deflated.

OTTO
Is there anything else you pathetic piece of shit?

George tosses him back in his chair, walks towards the door.

GANSEY
Yeah.. uh.. I heard something about a fake cop, or a fake clown. Your boss, I think, Laughs. He's next.

OTTO
What are you talking about?

GANSEY
They are going to kill him too.

GEORGE
Who? How? When?

GANSEY
That's it. That's all I know. I don't fucking know anything else, I don't fucking care. I'm done... fuck me.. I'm nobody. Never was...

George and Otto look at each for a moment, then George knocks on the door and two REG COPS enter, gather up Gansey, and escort him out. Gansey is muttering silently to himself.

George grabs Otto and they run out of the room.

INT: BEHIND THE MIRROR - INTERROGATION ROOM

GEORGE and OTTO walk into the room and see GOODMIME taking off a gray and black outfit and wiping gray grease paint off his face, revealing the white face underneath.

GEORGE

Thanks Barry, nice work. That was a great idea.

Goodmime nods thanks.

OTTO

(To George)

George, open your radio.

George removes his walkie-talkie and presses the intercom.

OTTO

Ok, everyone up on their Morse code? Did we get Buddy's message?

OS: "We got it Officer Otto."

OTTO

Ok, thanks.

(To Goodmime.)

Barry, I want you out to the Spirograph factory right away, take backup.

Goodmime nods.

OTTO

Everyone else, looks like Code Plaid.
S.Q.U.A.T. team, positions. We have no time.
Let's roll!

INT: CIRCUS BIG TOP - NIGHT

BUDDY and the MAYOR stand in the circle of light.

MAYOR

Look, I told your Captain before he died that I am not one to giving long speeches, and I am not about to do so now. I will get your confession.. one way or another.

MAYOR smiles confidently and takes a small step back, as if in expectation. He looks around.

Buddy too looks around into the shadows.

MAYOR

Dammit where are you Jakob? Fuck! Now guys now!

Buddy drops his walkie-talkie and goes for his gun but he was never a quick draw. Before he is able to get a grip he hears several footsteps and the cocking of gun hammers.

Into the light step several of his security detail all holding pistols with silencers.

MAYOR

Oh you had your chance Buddy, you blew it.

The Mayor walks over to the walkie-talkie and smashes it with his foot.

MAYOR

Grab him, follow me.

The security thugs subdue Buddy and follow the Mayor down a hallway into Clown Alley. They enter the small changing room and force Buddy into a chair, all guns still pointing at him.

Mayor looks around and spots a large old truck sitting upright on his short side and slides it over with some effort and sits down.

MAYOR

Okay, then. You've spent a lot of time at this circus, came here as often as you could huh? Well tonight I aim to ensure you never leave. But first, you will confess your sin to me.

BUDDY

Even if I knew what the fuck this was all about, don't you think for a second I'd give you - you, whoever ever the fuck you are - the pleasure.

MAYOR

'Whoever the fuck I am' huh? Oh that's good. You know who I am? I am nobody. But everyone. I am everywhere, everybody. Its amazing what a little plastic surgery and some prostheses can do for ones sense of self. You didn't know Clownlove swung both ways did you?

Buddy says nothing.

MAYOR

We can fucking talk right? I know who you are. I know what you did. The good doctor told me everything before he.. well, while he pleaded for his life. He just offered you up, just like that. Pathetic really, but very interesting. I did not know you two were acquaintances, who would've known right? Or the better question, who does know?

Buddy is silent, stone faced.

MAYOR

I imagine your wife knows. Yeah, I know she's down there in her little hole waiting for her hubby .. her real hubby to return to her...

BUDDY

You don't dare lay a hand on her -

MAYOR

Confess! I want to hear it from your lips. I want to understand it man... I know what you did.. but for the life of me I can't fucking figure out why?

BUDDY

And you never will.

MAYOR

Why the fuck would anyone want to become a clown?

(Sigh)

Modern medicine.. its a miracle. We can be anyone we want to be. And I have. I've been a lowly criminal to the head of the largest "H" ring in the area. I've gone from a penniless loser to the mayor of a major city. The fucking mayor. I went from a clown to reg. I've been everyone... and now.. until you confess.. I am your worst fucking nightmare.

BUDDY

You're out of your mind, whoever you are.

MAYOR

Your kind is done. You think you clowns got problems now? Wait until my new and improved "H" hits the streets. It'll hit like a hurricane, blowing in from all directions. You clowns won't know what the fuck hit you until you're dead. Second hand smoke? Fuck that. How about second hand death. You are all going down you fucking clowns!

The Mayor stands, pulls something out of his pocket.

MAYOR

I know the truth, I know what you are hiding you sick bastard and you are going to tell me all about it. You are going to explain your sins. You will confess to me!!

BUDDY

(Looking around at the guards.)

Go ahead and shoot you fuckers, you are not getting shit from me.

The Mayor stands up abruptly, knocking over the trunk he was sitting on which thuds hard to the floor.

The Mayor motions for the guards. Three of them fall upon Buddy, holding him down. The fourth holds a gun to Buddy's forehead.

The Mayor opens his hand to expose a small canister of "H" and a funnel, it looks like a small air horn.

MAYOR

Oh no? How about a little truth serum to get you talking? Would you like that? You're going to be my first customer for the new and improved "H" you fucking clown!

He puts the canister right into Buddy's face.

MAYOR

Got anything you want to say?

BUDDY

Sock it to me.

The Mayor pulls the trigger and there is a loud HISS and a burst of air blows into this face.

EXT: SPIROGRAPH FACTORY - DUSK

GOODMIME walks on the grounds of the abandoned factory, its overgrown with tall weeds. He approaches a dumpster and peers inside. Nothing.

He turns and looks down the long driveway leading to the factory. Its an old cobblestone driveway.

SFX: We hear a torrential rain and hooves and wooden wheels clacking over cobblestone.

He stands and as if in a trance. He slowly raises his hands before him and holds them out --

CUT: EXT: EUROPEAN CITY - DUSK

GOODMIME sits on the wooden carriage cracking, the reins in his hands as he whips the horse. In the road before him, seen through the heavy rain is the full grown DARK MIME running for his life. He turns the corner, the carriage follows. A large pair of double wooden doors looms large, one of them slamming shut. Dark Mime is gone.

Goodmime stops the carriage. Drops down to the cobblestone and --

CUT: EXT: SPIROGRAPH FACTORY - DUSK

GOODMIME walks to the double wooden doors of the warehouse and stops. He removes his invisible gun, pushes one of the doors open without a sound and enters.

CUT: INT: SPIROGRAPH FACTORY - DUSK

The warehouse is large and open, mostly empty. Old equipment, boxes and miscellaneous debris litter the ground. In the exposed rafters above cables, old conduit and pipes of all sizes hang down from the ceiling. Two rusted irons stair cases can be seen on either side of the room linking to a small catwalk above.

Goodmime walks through the room quietly as he looks around. He reaches for an invisible object and holds it before him with both hands. He hears a NOISE off screen and turns to his right --

CUT: INT: EUROPEAN CITY - BLACKSMITH SHOP
- DUSK

GOODMIME turns to his right and sees a large pile of casks stacked in the corner. He tightens his grip on a iron rod in his hands. He starts to approach and the DARK MIME jumps out wielding a large hammer.

The Dark Mime leaps over a bench and brings the hammer down with a loud CLANK as Goodmime defends himself with the iron rod. They fight violently, hammer and rod clashing each other, the walls, random chains hanging from the ceiling.

Dark Mime swings the hammer and the rod is knocked out of Goodmime's hands as he goes down --

CUT: INT: SPIROGRAPH FACTORY - DUSK

Goodmime falls to the ground and rolls against the warehouse wall. Not a sound. Dark Mime stands before him empty handed. He drops the invisible hammer and turns and runs to and up the staircase.

The rusty stairs and catwalk creak and shake with each of the mime's steps, its the only sound. Goodmime gets up and joins the chase and --

CUT: EXT: EUROPEAN CITY - BLACKSMITH SHOP
- DUSK

The Dark Mime drops his real hammer with a thud and runs to the back of the shop, opens a window and escapes out. A peel of thunder shakes the shop walls. Goodmime gets up and follows.

The sound of each footfall and the groan of old of iron can be heard loudly as the mimes scramble up and down and along the fire escapes of the old buildings.

As he runs past, Dark Mime grabs random chairs, clothes hung out to dry and boxes and tosses them down at Goodmime. A flower pot nearly catches Goodmime but he nimbly dodges it and watches it crash to the ground below.

A few people in the street below look up into the rain and shriek in alarm.

Goodmime catches up to Dark Mime, trips him up, and they begin to thrash about on the landing. Goodmime swings a right hook and --

CUT: INT: SPIROGRAPH FACTORY - NIGHT

Goodmime connects with a punch to Dark Mime's jaw. He spins and counter punches and hits Goodmime square in the nose. Blood spurts down Goodmime's shirt.

Fists fly, punches land and miss. Not a sound escapes either's lips. Suddenly the catwalk loses one of its supports and both mimes are thrown down and --

CUT: EXT: EUROPEAN CITY - FIRE ESCAPES -
DUSK

Goodmime grabs onto a gutter pipe as the fire escape swings down. Dark Mime begins to slide off but his hand grabs hold of the ends of the landing. His body slides off and is dangling in the air.

Many shrieks and screams for the crowd of bystanders below.

Dark Mime's face is calm, angry. He looks up at Goodmime, who returns his stare.

INT: CIRCUS BIG TOP - DUSK

The MAYOR tosses the canister aside, steps back and expectantly waits to watch the "H" take control of Buddy's clown DNA and drive him instantly insane.

Buddy sits still staring at the Mayor. Nothing happens. Mayor looks at the guards. He goes pale, looks dumbfounded. Buddy smiles.

BUDDY
You stupid clown!!

The Mayor realizes this mistake, too carried away in his delusions. He lets out a primal scream.

MAYOR
Kill him!!

INT: CLOWN ALLEY - JUST DOWN THE HALLWAY FROM CHANGING ROOM

GEORGE and OTTO stand to either side of the hallway opening. Both have guns drawn and held to the side of their faces.

They are listening intently to Buddy and the Mayor from afar.

DIALOGUE OFFSCREEN:

MAYOR

Confess. I want to hear it from your lips. I want to understand it man... I know what you did.. but for the life of me I can't fucking figure out why?

BUDDY

And you never will.

MAYOR

Why the fuck would anyone want to become a clown?

(Sigh)

Modern medicine....

George looks over at Otto with a quizzical face. Otto is likewise confused.

OTTO

(Whispering)

I'm as lost as you are, just stay focused and keep your radio open.

George nods then feels for his walkie-talkie. He whispers into it.

GEORGE

(Whispering)

Hold tight... stay sharp...

They listen again, the dialogue seems to be increasing in intensity. They hear movement, a deep thud, and George tightens his grip on his gun.

BUDDY (OS)

You stupid clown!!

MAYOR (OS)

Kill him!!

George dashes into the hallway, grabs Otto with his free hand and bolts down the alley. Otto screams into his walkie-talkie.

OTTO

GO! GO! GO!!! TAKE HIM!!

EXT: EUROPEAN CITY - FIRE ESCAPES - DUSK

GOODMIME holds on to the gutter pipe and start down at DARK MIME who is dangling from the fire escape.

The rain begins to let up. The CROWD below mutters in horror. The fire escape loosens again, each mime desperately holding on.

Dark Mime looks down, then looks up at Goodmime. Goodmime looks panicked, afraid. A bit sad.

The clouds part, and a shaft of gray light illuminates the twisted smile on Dark Mime's face as he extends his hand to Goodmime.

Goodmime not sure what to do, obviously confused, but just as he reaches for his hand, the landing snaps off. The fire escape and the Dark Mime fall to the street --

CUT: INT: SPIROGRAPH FACTORY - DUSK

The rusty catwalk snaps and falls with the Dark Mime to the warehouse floor. Dark Mime's legs are obviously shattered and pinned under the heavy iron. He thrashes about and shouts without a sound.

The double doors of the warehouse burst open. Light from several klieg lights pierce the darkness as the REG and CLOWN COPS alike enter the building, all with their weapons drawn and slowly approach the Dark Mime.

Goodmime scrambles off the catwalk and down the stairs. He walks to the Dark Mime, stands over him and opens his mouth as if to speak, but does not. He turns and begins to walk out.

He bends down and picks up his invisible hat, places it on his head. Another step and he picks up his invisible gun, checks it out and holsters it. He bends down again to grab something that he then holds in his hands as he walks toward the doors.

As he passes a young REG COP he stops. He looks at his hands, smiles, looks up at the cop and tosses him his invisible object.

The Reg Cop is surprised and drops his night stick and catches the invisible object in his outstretched hands.

Goodmime walks out the doors into the night.

INT: CLOWN ALLEY - CHANGING ROOM

The guards stand back and ready their guns and point them at BUDDY.

MAYOR stands shaking in nervous anticipation.

MAYOR

What the fuck are you waiting for?! Pull your
goddamn trigg--

Out of nowhere three ferocious midgets of the S.Q.U.A.T. Team leap out from behind a garment hanger, a dresser and one pops out of the large trunk. They are all blasting away. The guards don't know what hit 'em.

One midget rolls across the ground and Buddy doesn't lose a moment. Buddy springs from his chair towards the Mayor. He holds his hand out and another midget tossed him a gun that he catches as he slams into Mayor, head butts him in the face and forces him over the midget crouched behind his legs.

In a flash, all four guards are dead and the Mayor is down with Buddy on top of him with the barrel of a gun deep into his mouth.

GEORGE and OTTO burst into the room and see all midgets standing with guns pointing at the dead guards and with Buddy yelling.

BUDDY

I am a reg you sick mother fucker, a reg! And
more of a reg than you'll ever be!

Buddy looks around and on the floor is the canister of "H"? He grabs it and aims it at the Mayor. The midgets look around at each other nervously, then at George.

BUDDY

You're going to pay you sick fuck!

Buddy is ready to pull the trigger.

OTTO

Buddy, no! Don't do it!

Buddy looks at all eyes staring at him, then turns back and looks down at the terrified face of the mayor.

BUDDY

This is for Bufe you scumbag!

He squeezes the trigger.

The Mayor's goes wide-eyed and lets out a shrieking cackle. Buddy leaps off him as the Mayor's body convulses violently on the floor. Hands and fingers scratch into his chest, neck and face, tearing both clothes and flesh. Blood flies.

One of the midget's passes out.

The Mayor cries out in an inhumanly high-pitched voice.

MAYOR

I never wanted to be a clown!

One final jolt and he dies. His body lies still.

Not a sound in the room.

BUDDY

Get him the fuck out of here.

The midgets circle around the body of the mayor and haul him up and carry it out.

GEORGE

What just happened? What was he talking about?

OTTO

Buddy.. is it true? Are you a reg?

Buddy turns to face them both.

FADE TO PLAID
END OF ACT III

EPILOGUE:

INT - BUDDY'S OFFICE - DUSK

BUDDY sits behind his desk reading a report. He's no longer a clown, he's a flesh-faced reg. OTTO and GEORGE walk in, George carries a small box. On Buddy's desk is the impaled jester figurine.

GEORGE

Hey Buddy, got a minute?

BUDDY

Yeah, guys, what's up?

OTTO

We found him. David Obersky, a clown from Milltown, wrong side of the tracks.

GEORGE

a.k.a the mayor.

BUDDY takes the file from George and leans back in his chair.

OTTO

Small timer, a few misdemeanors, all crimes against other clowns or clown groups. Parents divorced, ready to send him to juvie, but then he up and disappeared. No one knew where. Parents assumed he was dead.

BUDDY

(nearly under his breathe)

A reg pretending to be a clown takes out a clown killing clown pretending to be a reg.

GEORGE

What?

OTTO

Still lots of unknowns Buddy. How did this guy from nowhere become Mayor? How'd he get so powerful?

GEORGE

Did Dr. Winston do his face?

OTTO

Where did the "H" come from? Who created it?
How?

BUDDY

Good questions. We'll get the answers, I
promise.

OTTO

And Buddy... Why did you do it?

BUDDY

I do have the answer for that one, but..

Buddy motioned to the TV on in the background. The following
promotion was heard:

VOICE OVER:

Coming up next, don't miss our exclusive interview with
Lieutenant Buddy Laughs and his wife Clara as they share with
us the secret they harbored for many years, and tell us why he
did it.

All three had turned to watch the promo.

GEORGE

You're gonna to be on TV?

BUDDY

Yeah, well, I've been lying for too long, I
needed something like this to make it happen.

(Glancing down at his
watch)

Look let's continue this conversation on the
way to Hennessy's ok?

The three police clowns exited the office and Buddy shuts off
the lights.

CUT: VISUAL: CLOSE UP OF TELEVISION SCREEN

BUDDY and his wife CLARA sit holding hands in a studio. Buddy
wears reg clothes, displays flesh colored face, and Clara is
dressed in her finest bloomers, blue hair and holds a colorful
parasol.

Across from them is an older Barbara Walters type INTERVIEWER.

INTERVIEWER

So radical plastic surgery to change who you were and living a secret life all of these years. It must have been extremely hard?

BUDDY

It was hard.

INTERVIEWER

And you said Captain Bolger knew this all along? He kept this secret with you?

BUDDY

Yeah, Bufe found out while I was in the hospital recuperating from a gunshot wound I got in the line of duty. I guess he could relate to not fitting in. He asked the hospital staff to keep my secret safe, and to their credit and certainly his - they did. I owe Bufe a lot.

INTERVIEWER

Any regrets?

BUDDY

Plenty. I wish things were different back then, or at least I wish I was different, stronger, but I wasn't. I regret the lie I had to maintain to my friends, partners and coworkers and I only hope they can understand. I fell in love and neither I nor the world was ready.

INTERVIEWER

Ready for what?

BUDDY

Clara and I would have both been outcast had we come forward as who we are, and what we are. So I did what I felt I had to do. There was no other way.

INTERVIEWER

So you did it all for love?

Buddy looks at Clara and taps her hands.

BUDDY

What other reason is there?

INT: CLUCK'S TAVERN - NIGHT

CLUCKY stands behind the bar watching the interview of Buddy and Clara.

PATRON

Hey Clucky, turn that off will you? The game is on.

Clucky turns to give the patron a look. There is no malice in his face, nor compassion. Just a plain, tired and uninterested expression.

Clucky shakes his head and reaches for the remote control and clicks over to a baseball game. A large clown is up on the mound preparing to pitch.

INT: HENNESSY'S FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Regular BUDDY stands next to his clown wife CLARA holding hands against the funeral parlor wall. BARRY GOODMIME stands on his other side.

CAPTAIN BUFFORD BOLGER lay out in a regal casket in the center of the room, smiling big. A long line of regs and clowns alike wait to pay their respects. As they do, each lay a small balloon animal in the casket. Or on the casket. Or on the table next to the casket, or on the floor. There are many.

Several folks approach Buddy and shake his hand and kiss Clara on her white cheek. Just as many pass right by with slight looks of dismay, or disrespect. Buddy seems just as much hated or respected a always, just in reverse. He squeezes Clara's hand tightly.

Buddy catches the face of D.A. ALBANO as he pays his respects and approaches Buddy with a smile. He takes Clara shoulders in his hands, smiles big, then kissed both her cheeks hard. HONK.. HONK.. as his cheek presses against her nose.

He steps sideways before Buddy and holds out his hand. Buddy takes it and shakes it with admiration and pride.

D.A.

You know Buddy, I was thinking. Bufford was the first clown to be the Captain of the Police force. How would you like to be the first reg Captain of the Police Clown unit?

Buddy smiles, looks at Clara who is already smiling back.

D.A.

You have no say by the way, its already done.
Congratulations.

The D.A takes Buddy's hand in his and shakes it vigorously.

BUDDY

Thank you, I'm honored.

Next to Buddy, Goodmime does a small bounce and cheerfully claps his hands with a big smile.

D.A.

And Barry, I did not forget you. I have a special position you may be interested in.

Goodmime freezes with anticipation.

D.A.

How would you like to be head of security for the new Mayor?

Goodmime's eyes bulge out of his head. He looks at Buddy who nods with approval and he vigorously nods his head up and down and shakes the D.A.'s hands very enthusiastically.

D.A.

Great! And I am sure you will want to get started right away.

The D.A. steps back, and raises his hand towards the main doors and says loudly.

D.A.

Ladies and gentlemen, may I introduce to you, Mayor elect Otto!

GEORGE and OTTO enter the room.

Otto is all smiles, dressed in a three piece suit and his hand is raised and waving.

OTTO

Thank you, thank you all. Its truly an honor!

FADE TO PLAID

THE END