

Clownhunter
by Jason Quinn

Jason Quinn
310.882.1445

FADE IN

A small CLOCK in the corner counts up from 0:00.

INT. LIMO (PARKING LOT) [PLA01] -- DAY

Rich, drugged out partygirls. COURTNEY (22), snorts a big line of COKE off a space alien MIRROR.

Her rich slut friends EVE (22) and SHAYLA (19) laugh and groove to the FUNK.

Courtney's sister ASHLEY (19), also a privileged, vacant trollop, reaches out to Courtney.

Courtney shakes off Ashley's hands and gains focus.

COURTNEY

Let's go fucking kill somebody!

All CHEER, except the Asian girl in the leather bondage suit and dog collar, LING LING (18). She stares straight ahead.

SHAYLA checks out Ling Ling. Ling Ling glares at Shayla.

SHAYLA

She's great. She doesn't even blink.
I want one.

ASHLEY

My dad can totally get you one. She even speaks English. Watch this.
Ling Ling, count to ten.

LING LING

One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, ten.

Everyone cheers.

ASHLEY

I taught her that one.

SHAYLA

Does she do foot massage?

COURTNEY

Only for money.

SHAYLA

How much?

COURTNEY

A dollar.

SHAYLA
All I've got is a twenty. Eve, do
you have ones?

EVE
Fuck you.

ASHLEY
It's okay. For twenty you can beat
her up a little.

Ling Ling stares straight ahead.

SHAYLA
That's hot. Let's start with the
foot massage.

Shayla puts her feet up on Ling Ling's lap.

Ling Ling smiles and massages Shayla's feet.

Eve does a line of coke off the alien mirror as the girls
start grooving to a new song.

The chauffeur mirror slides down VWOOT and the music drops.
MILLS (40), black, in a Driving Miss Daisy era costume.

MILLS
On the way, Miss Colbert, should I
run through the Strada?

Eve looks up from her line and smiles. Ashley looks pissed.

ASHLEY
We don't need more.

COURTNEY
But we do. Absolutely, Mills.

Courtney waves him off and the chauffeur mirror slides closed.

EVE
I'd totally fuck your chauffeur.

COURTNEY
One dollar.

ASHLEY
Courtney!

Shayla writhes in bliss.

SHAYLA
Pay her. This is amazing.

COURTNEY
We need more. It's my birthday.

ASHLEY
Chelsea's birthday, too.

COURTNEY
Not my fault she doesn't want to
play with the big kids. She still
doesn't eat meat.

SHAYLA
I don't eat meat.

EVE
You swallow more cum than Ronald
McDonald. That counts.

SHAYLA
No it doesn't. It's like eggs.

EVE
Yeah. Eggs are meat, stupid. Baby
chickens.

Courtney spaces out. Ashley snaps her fingers.

ASHLEY
You okay? Hey!

COURTNEY
(wasted)
She just can't fucking handle it.
She can't handle anything.

EVE
Yeah your sister's a total fucking
psycho. Not you, Ashley.

SHAYLA
She's not psycho. She's just bummed
about Palmer. He was such a sweetie.

COURTNEY
Palmer is a fuck.

ASHLEY
He'll get his.
(mimes shooting)
Bang.

Everyone laughs.

SHAYLA
(to Ling Ling)
You are fucking amazing.
(to everyone)
Wait. I thought girls had eggs.
Doesn't that make sperm more like
bacon?

EXT. ROADSIDE [RSA01]-- DAY

A BMW drives down an open country road. It pulls to a stop.

CALVIN (22) and BLAKE (21), rich preppies, get out of the car and go to the trunk.

They open the trunk, revealing a bound man. MR. TIBBS (35) squirms, DUCT TAPE on his mouth, ROPES around his torso.

Calvin rips the duct tape off Mr. Tibbs. Blake winces.

Mr. Tibbs freaks out. Calvin motions Mr. Tibbs to calm down.

MR. TIBBS

Why are you doing this? Who are you? What did I do?

(begging)

What did I do? Please?

CALVIN

Quiet, Mr. Tibbs. This is a special day for you.

BLAKE

A very special day.

MR. TIBBS

(confused)

Let me go?

Blake and Calvin laugh.

CALVIN

Oh, yeah.

Calvin places a RED RUBBER CLOWN NOSE on Mr. Tibbs.

MR. TIBBS

What are you doing?

Calvin and Blake pull Mr. Tibbs from the trunk and toss him to the ground.

Blake leans down and with a small KNIFE, cuts the rope around Mr. Tibbs legs. Mr. Tibbs scrambles free of the ropes.

MR. TIBBS (CONT'D)

(pulls off nose)

What the fuck is wrong with you people?

Calvin pulls a PISTOL from behind his pants.

CALVIN

Put the nose back on.

MR. TIBBS

What?

CALVIN

(points the gun)

Put the nose back on.

Blake walks to the car and pulls out a big RIFLE.

Mr. Tibbs stands, shaking. He puts on the nose.

BLAKE

That's a good clown.

CALVIN

Now run, bitch.

Mr. Tibbs turns and scrambles away.

BANG. BANG. Mr. Tibbs falls, shot dead at 4:20.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT [PLB01] -- DAY

A roadside motel. A mix of expensive and crappy CARS.

A VERY CRAPPY CAR dies rolling into the parking lot.

POOPS THE CLOWN (35) shifts to neutral and uses the car's weight to turn into an open spot. He hits the parking break.

BILLS and EVICTION NOTICES litter the passenger seat. As he opens the door, his cell phone RINGS.

POOPS THE CLOWN

(answers phone)

George Smiley.

VOICE

(TELEPHONE / FILTERED)

Is this George Kissinger Smiley?

POOPS THE CLOWN

It is.

VOICE

(TELEPHONE / FILTERED)

We are trying to collect a debt for--

(Beep. Beep.)

--Clinic. Eight hundred and fifty-four dollars.

POOPS THE CLOWN

My insurance said they'd cover that.

VOICE

My paperwork says the insurance deemed it as a voluntary procedure.

POOPS THE CLOWN
My appendix burst. I almost died.

VOICE
I just have what they gave me. It
says voluntary. You owe eight hundred
fifty-four dollars. We have sent
several letters regarding--
(Beep. Beep.)
Can you please--

POOPS THE CLOWN
I have another call.

VOICE
Could we set up installm--

POOPS THE CLOWN
I don't owe--
(Beep. Beep.)
I need to take that.

Poops clicks over the phone.

BEGIN INSERT CELL PHONE SCREEN --

MISSED CALL. Poops cusses quietly and clicks back over.

BLOOP. DROPPED CALL.

END CELL PHONE SCREEN --

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Fuck me.

Poops checks a SCRIBBLED UPON FAST FOOD WRAPPER on the
passenger seat. 5pm, \$500 underlined, in costume.

EXT. PARKING LOT [PLB02] -- DAY

Standing nearby at a very crappy car, SPOOKY (30), a mime
smoking a CIGARETTE.

Poops gets out of the car.

Behind them, two hot stripper clowns, HOOTERS (21) and BUBBLES
(21) go into one of the motel rooms.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Hey.

The Mime nods a hello.

Poops phone BEEPS.

Poops clicks the phone a few times and listens.

ANGELA'S VOICE MAIL

(FILTERED / PHONE)

George? It's Angela. I'm really sorry I killed your dog, but that's not really why I slept with Larry. That was just a really dumb excuse I made up to try and make you feel better. It's over. I just don't really want you anymore, sexually. It's not just the clown thing, either. You're probably better as the clown. But I don't want to have to fake it. You're way too poor. If you're gonna be a clown, at least be a famous clown like Jack or Krusty. Being a shitty little clown sucks, and it just isn't funny after a while. And, oh yeah, if you ever scrape together enough money, you really should consider some sort of penile enhancement surgery. I never wanted to say anything before, but, now, I don't know, you might as well know.

BEEP. Poops tosses the phone into the back of his car. He walks toward the motel, adjusting his wig.

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSB01] -- DAY

OBADIAH (55), in a Hawaiian shirt and dockers, opens a black CASE on the bed. He pulls out a SNIPER RIFLE.

His guests, MR. MORMON (35) and his son JACQUES (21) nod approvingly. They wear bad Italian suits.

OBADIAH

I know the guy who designed this. Uzbekistan. We're selling them in Kandahar.

MORMON

Should we have some here?

JACQUES

It looks like a toy.

OBADIAH

It's not a toy, it's a killing machine.

JACQUES

A killing machine? Prove it.

Obadiah cocks and checks the weapon.

MORMON

He doesn't need to prove anything to us. If Obadiah says it is so, it is so. Forgive him, lord.

OBADIAH

No worries. It's for my daughter's birthday. It's her first.

JACQUES

Gun, maybe.

OBADIAH

(glares at Jacques)

Maybe I should test it out for her. Gimme some ammo.

MORMON

Wouldn't you rather--?

OBADIAH

No. Gimme some ammo.

EXT. PARKING LOT [PLB03] -- DAY

Mormon and Jacques follow Obadiah, who carries the rifle. From the top of a staircase, they survey the parking lot.

Alone in the lot, Spooky The Mime leans against his car, smoking his fourth cigarette.

JACQUES

What are the rules?

OBADIAH

You'll get them when everyone else does. This is just a test.

MORMON

Do you drink their blood?

OBADIAH

Only on the first kill.

MORMON

For us, only when they're menstruating.

OBADIAH

You'll be good at this game.

Obadiah leads Mormon and Jacques away and past an ICE MACHINE. They go down a side staircase and walk back toward the lot.

Obadiah creeps up within twenty meters.

Obadiah leans his rifle on a car and points at Spooky's head.

INSERT RIFLE SITE [PLB03] - CLOSE-UP

Spooky smokes.

END INSERT RIFLE SITE

Mormon moves in behind Obadiah.

MORMON

You just gonna shoot him?

OBADIAH

Yep.

MORMON

Doesn't really seem sporting.

OBADIAH

Nope.

A soft POP. Spooky falls, dropping his cigarette.

MORMON

Nice shot.

OBADIAH

Good rifle. Quiet.

Obadiah and Mormon approach Spooky, who kicks on the ground.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)

Get the body. We can use him for a drinking game. Look at this fucking loser. I wanna shoot him again.

Obadiah swings the rifle around. Mormon cringes.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)

Kidding. Don't be such a pussy.

Spooky lies dead at 8:40.

INT. CLOWN'S MOTEL SUITE [MCC01] -- DAY

A dozen clowns linger, adjusting makeup, chatting each other up and noshing from a large table filled with hors d'oeuvre.

Poops enters the room, largely unnoticed.

WHISKERS, 30, a French Harlequin clown, and SMOKY, 40, a half-assed white-face clown, share a JOINT.

WHISKERS THE CLOWN

Well, most of these people aren't real clowns. I was trained at the Harlequin school outside of Lyon.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
(passes the j)
I took an online class through a JC.

WHISKERS THE CLOWN
Exactly my point. I took four
different classes in smile theory.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
My diploma has balloon stickers on
it. Man, other clowns are kind of
scary-looking.

Whiskers exhales, nodding in agreement.

RABBI GOLDMAN, 40, a clown in a yarmulke, chats up hotty
stripper clowns Hooters and Bubbles at the vegi tray.

RABBI CLOWN
I didn't know that everyone would be
dressed like clowns. This is fun.

HOOTERS THE CLOWN
We never get invited to clown parties.
I didn't even know you had them.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Mostly we do clown-themed bachelor
shows, two clowns in the shower- no
penetration kinda stuff, really hot.

HOOTERS THE CLOWN
Penetration's extra.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Five hundred for starters. If you
want us to tag-team shit on your
face or anything, it gets pricey.

HOOTERS THE CLOWN
We're very high-end. We provide a
true bisexual clown girlfriend
experience. Got any cash?

RABBI CLOWN
In the car.

LEAKY, 25, and HUMPER, 25, tramp clowns, slam GLASSES OF
WINE that they refill from a BOTTLE. Humper toots his HORN.

LEAKY THE CLOWN
Me, too. Just here for the pussy.

TUGGS, 25, a Raggedy Ann clown, babbles at mob boss BIG SAL,
60, and SHWARMA, 30, his bodyguard.

TUGGS THE CLOWN
Five hundred bucks? I said, sure.
Why not? I mean, five hundred bucks
is rent, at least when you share a
North Hollywood minivan with a Puerto
Rican family.

Poops approaches the buffet table.

A hot girl clown, BOBO, 21, hands him a glass of wine and
smiles, flirting.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Welcome to the party. Cheers.

They drink.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Thanks. I'm, uh, Poops the Clown.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Cute. I'm Bobo. You just made it.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Is it going to start?

BOBO THE CLOWN
Already has. See the cameras?
They're watching. That's so hot.

Bobo looks around the room at mounted SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Should we be doing something?

BOBO THE CLOWN
Maybe. What can you do?

POOPS THE CLOWN
I make balloon snakes. I have a big
bottle of seltzer water. I can fit
inside small boxes.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Wow. Very hot.

POOPS THE CLOWN
What about you?

BOBO THE CLOWN
This is my first night as a clown.
I'm hoping to get pie-faced.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Yeah? Me, too.

Sal, distracted, pulls on Shwarma.

SAL THE CLOWN
This ain't right. That's the
accountant.

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
You sure, boss?

SAL THE CLOWN
Fucking right I'm sure. What the
fuck is--?

Sal scans the room. The other clowns play cocktail party.
Sal gets a look of numb realization.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Aw fuck. It's a clownhunt.

Sal looks down at his wine glass, which BLURS out of focus.

He stumbles toward the door but falls. As he does, other
clowns get wobbly and fall behind him.

Shwarma reaches down to help Sal up, but collapses onto him.

Poops, drugged, looks at Bobo, who smiles, wasted. She
collapses. Poops stands, wobbling.

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSC01] -- NIGHT

Calvin sits in front of a laptop, watching the clowns in the
other room. Behind him, Obadiah, Mormon, Jacques, Eve,
Shayla, Ling Ling, Ashley, Courtney and Blake.

CALVIN
Clowns are dropping.

Everyone CHEERS. Calving gets up and he and Blake go to
exit. On the way out, Blake grabs a DUFFEL BAG. The guys
exit and the others party.

OBADIAH
Spread them out. It'll be more fun.

MORMON
For Jacques, we had thirty. Genuine
Palestinians. Why did Courtney want
clowns?

OBADIAH
Since she was little, Chelsea's been
afraid of clowns. She's too old to
live with that superstitious, bullshit
fear. Anyone can kill a Mexican,
but to face down that thing that
terrifies you most, and then blow
it's fucking head across the pavement.
That makes you strong, my friend.

MORMON
(raises glass to toast)
You should be very proud. Cheers.

They CLINK glasses. Obadiah calls for attention.

OBADIAH
At dawn, the clowns wake and we kill them. Their point values are on their ankle-bombs. One kill at a time. GPS and guns have been supplied by our friend, Mr. Mormon. Safety matters, so no hallucinogens past midnight.

EVE
Coke's okay, right?

OBADIAH
Like we'd give you a gun. Seven hours. Get some sleep.

COURTNEY
We're good, dad. Thanks.

The kids go back to partying.

Obadiah leads Mormon out of the room. Jacques lingers, unwanted by the partying women.

EXT. FIELD A [FAC01] -- DAY

POOPS lies passed out in a field, a CUFF-SHAPED BOMB around his ankle tied by ROPE to a cuff on Bobo. His eyes snap awake. He looks around, disoriented.

Nearby, Whiskers and Tuggs lie similarly conjoined. Past them, Rabbi Goldman and Hooters and Humper and Bubbles.

Whiskers rises, shakes himself off, looks around. Tuggs sleeps. He checks out his ankle.

INT. MOTEL PARTY SUITE BALCONY [MBC01] -- DAY

Courtney aims a big, mounted RIFLE, surrounded by the others.

OBADIAH
When she fires, the game begins.
(to Courtney)
Just relax, honey. Point and shoot.

EXT. FIELD A [FAC02] -- DAY

Whiskers tries to untie the rope but can't. He gets up.

POP. Whiskers falls, shot in the head. From a distance, CHEERS. Whiskers dies at 13:00.

EXT. FIELD B [FBD01] -- DAY

Big Sal the Clown snaps awake.

He lies tied to Smoky, who snores peacefully.

Nearby, Shwarma springs to a crouch, pulls out a knife, and disconnects herself from Leaky, who sits awake but confused.

Shwarma runs over to Sal and immediately sets to cutting him free of Smoky.

SAL THE CLOWN
Did you hear that?

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
You okay, boss?

Smoky stirs.

SAL THE CLOWN
Fine. That's GPS?

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
(checks ankle cuff)
And enough C4 to leave us flaky.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
(yawns)
Flaky? Breakfast?

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
No. Flaky like when you cook so fast you become instant ash. Like popcorn. We're fucked.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
I don't understand.

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
There's a river a few miles South, but I don't know if it's reachable. They could be here any minute.

Leaky comes to. He gets up and stumbles, still drugged.

Leaky climbs back to his feet and looks around, confused. He whips it out to pee on a tree.

Sal, free, rises and calls to him.

SAL THE CLOWN
Over here, Bozo.

Leaky looks over, confused, waves him off and finishes peeing.

LEAKY THE CLOWN
What's going on?

Smoky sits on the ground, pulling on his ankle-cuff as Leaky shuffles over.

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
Leave it.

Smoky shrugs and obeys.

SAL THE CLOWN
You can't disarm it?

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
I can try.

LEAKY THE CLOWN
What's going on? Where's the party?

SMOKY THE CLOWN
There is no party, man. Some kind of practical joke.

SAL THE CLOWN
It's no joke.

In the background, more POPS.

Smoky pats himself down and finds a JOINT and LIGHTER. Thrilled, he fires up.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
You hear that. That's gunfire.

LEAKY THE CLOWN
No biggie. So there are some hunters.
Probably hunting deer.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
You're really freaking me out, man.

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
I can do it. I need a bubblegum wrapper.

SAL THE CLOWN
Do you have to smoke that shit out here?

Smoky shrugs and passes the j to Leaky.

LEAKY THE CLOWN
Yeah. He does.
(hits it)
Thanks, man. So what's the big deal?

EXT. FIELD A [FAD01] -- DAY

Tuggs sits on the ground tied to Whiskers, who bleeds from the head. She can't get the rope untied.

POP. POP. Shots fired in their general direction, Humper and Bubbles, Rabbi and Hooters, and Poops and Bobo 3-legged race away from the shots and toward the woods.

Tuggs pulls at her anklet, but it isn't coming off.

She kicks at Whiskers.

She's really freaking out.

Tuggs looks toward the shooters.

They stand together on the ridge.

EXT. FIELD A (ABOVE) [RID01] -- DAY

*

Courtney and Ashley haphazardly fire RIFLES. Ling Ling (unarmed) and Calvin, Blake and Jacques (with guns) follow.

COURTNEY

This is so much fun.

ASHLEY

For my birthday, I want Australians. That 'putting another shrimp on the Barbie' and 'g'day mate' shit pisses me off. Fucking Australians.

Calvin walks up, checking out the GPS.

CALVIN

They're in two groups. We may get a few of the others so we don't get in your way. Is that cool?

COURTNEY

Sure. Just don't kill the one guy. My dad wanted to do it himself.

CALVIN

Which?

COURTNEY

The old, fat one.

ASHLEY

Uncle Sal's not old.

Calvin and Blake head away from the women. Jacques remains. Ashley stops and turns on him.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Fuck off, you French piece of shit!

Jacques stands confused.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
You heard me turd-burglar. Step the
fuck off! Ling Ling!

Ling Ling strikes a fighting pose. Jacques shrugs and runs. Ashley turns and she, Ling Ling and Courtney walk.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I can't believe that fucking loser.

COURTNEY
He's our cousin.

ASHLEY
Fuck you. Really?

EXT. FIELD A [FAD02] -- CONTINUOUS

Tuggs, crying and hyperventilating, still fails to get her cuff off. She kicks and squirms.

Courtney, Ashley and Ling Ling walk up, rifles at ease.

ASHLEY
Well God, nobody even told me. He
probably thinks I'm a jerk.

COURTNEY
Duh.

Tuggs stops struggling. She gives a big, crying clown smile.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Couldn't even run. That sucks.

ASHLEY
We should have given them knives.
(to Ling Ling)
Insult her.

LING LING
You suck, bitch.

ASHLEY
More.

LING LING
Your shoes are from Target.

COURTNEY
(to Ashley)
You want to shoot her?

ASHLEY

I couldn't. It's your birthday and this one's like a freebie.

Tuggs cries. Courtney and Ashley ignore her.

COURTNEY

Yeah, like when you're killing flies with a flyswatter and you find one crawling around with no wings.

Courtney aims at Tuggs, who crumples up and sobs.

ASHLEY

Well, go ahead.

TUGGS THE CLOWN

Please don't shoot me.

COURTNEY

Please don't shoot me? That's not even funny. You're a bad clown.

Courtney points and fires. BANG. Tuggs dies at 17:20.

EXT. WOODS A [WAE01] -- DAY

Poops and Bobo, tied together, struggle through the woods.

Far ahead of them, Rabbi Goldman and Hooters and Humper and Bubbles sneak through the trees.

SHOTS. Clowns in front scramble. Humper and Bubbles fall.

Poops stops Bobo and they duck, listening.

POOPS THE CLOWN

That's a twelve-gauge.

BOBO THE CLOWN

Are you sure?

POOPS THE CLOWN

No.

BOBO THE CLOWN

Shouldn't we try and keep up?

POOPS THE CLOWN

Let's hope they go after them.

Poops looks around, away from both the fleeing clowns and the oncoming bullets.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

This way.

Poops pulls Bobo but she pulls back.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Why go that way?

POOPS THE CLOWN
Why not go that way?

Poops drops to the ground.

He works on the rope tying their ankle-cuffs together.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Got a knife?

POOPS THE CLOWN
I don't even have any candy. We are
totally fucked.

Poops gives up on the rope and stands back up.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
I need a knife. Let's go.

BOBO THE CLOWN
I'm tired.

EXT. FIELD B [FBE01] -- DAY

Shwarma runs up to Sal, Smoky and Leaky. She's upset.

Smoky and Leaky finish up a JOINT.

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
They're coming from the South. Sparse
woods and low meadow. It's like a
fucking safari.

Leaky and Smoky exchange confused looks.

Sal, concerned, faces their coming attackers.

SHWARMA THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Those trees give them perfect cover.
If they're smart about it, they could
get within fifty yard without us
seeing anything.

LEAKY THE CLOWN
What's the fucking problem? Somebody
thinks they're funny.

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
We were drugged.

LEAKY THE CLOWN
I been drugged before. No biggie.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Long as I still have my kidneys.

LEAKY THE CLOWN
My ass is sore, but that coulda been
the bar mitzvah.

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
This isn't funny. Your ankle
bracelets are filled with explosives,
probably on a proximity switch. The
area is surrounded by electrical
fence and those shots you hear are
other clowns being shot.

Smoky hits a pipe and shrugs.

LEAKY THE CLOWN
What a load of crap.

Leaky checks out his ankle-cuff. It's pretty high tech.

SHWARMA THE CLOWN
I'm taking this off.

EXT. WOODS A [WAE02] -- DAY

Poops and Bobo, winded, sit on the ground.

Poops saws the rope with a sharp rock, making little progress.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Can you run more, yet? They could
have dogs.

BOBO THE CLOWN
They don't have dogs.

POOPS THE CLOWN
How do you know? They could have
fucking trained Gila Monsters for
all we know. We have to go.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Jesus. I'm a clown, not a fucking
Kenyan marathon runner. We ran like
three or four minutes solid.

POOPS THE CLOWN
They're going to find us and
apparently, they intend to kill us.
Unless you want me to chew off your
ankle, you're coming.

Poops pull Bobo up and they stumble away together.

EXT. FIELD B (ABOVE) [FBE02] -- DAY

Obadiah and Mormon carry their guns through the trees. Mormon stops and starts clicking the GPS.

MORMON

I think they're this way.

OBADIAH

You see, it's still the monarchy, a straight line from Charlemagne to George Dubya. Our current Fuhrer had two male descendants on the Mayflower. His paternal great great great grandfather owned a big chuck of the state of Pennsylvania pre-civil war and he made his money in iron. Of course, round the time of the civil war, iron meant munitions, and so the current president's family has been profiteering off American wars a long time, making big money off the dead bodies of fine, upstanding, poor American men.

They come over the ridge, above Sal, Smoky, Leaky and Shwarma.

MORMON

Right there.

OBADIAH

George Dubya is related by blood to seventeen previous American presidents. Seventeen. It doesn't seem possible, but it's true. Monarchy, disguised as democracy.

MORMON

I think that's them down there.

OBADIAH

Bush can run his lineage all the way back to William the Conqueror. That's as good as Charlemagne, who we Omegatrons know was visited by monkey Jesus and blessed with his seed.

MORMON

Praise Bubba.

OBADIAH

When Jeb is President, we'll institute the theocracy foretold by Harriman and Haliburton back when Prescott was financing the nazi war machine. All we need is a century of war.

MORMON
Omegatrons shall prevail.

OBADIAH
Amen.

Mormon's GPS BEEPS. He click a few buttons.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)
What's that?

MORMON
(checks the GPS)
One of the cuffs broke.

OBADIAH
Who? How long?

MORMON
Should be ten seconds. Right there.

EXT. FIELD B [FBE03] -- DAY

Shwarma holds her broken ankle cuff, which still connects around her ankle. It BEEPS down, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP--

Shwarma tugs at the ankle cuff, but it's not budging. Smoky and Leaky and Sal look confused.

Shwarma springs up and runs across the field.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Hey, is every--?

BOOM! Sal, Smoky and Leaky cringe as clown chunks fall.

SHWARMA is dead at 21:40.

EXT. FIELD B (ABOVE) [FBF01] -- DAY

Mormon looks at the GPS.

OBADIAH
Who was it?

MORMON
The bodyguard.

OBADIAH
I wanted to kill her myself. But it's good. Now he's exposed.

MORMON
Do you think he's scared?

OBADIAH
That's what I'm aiming for.

EXT. FIELD A [FAF01] -- DAY

Ashley, Courtney and Ling Ling walk through the field. Ashley sees movement in the trees and fires. BANG. BANG.

CALVIN
Whoa! Don't shoot.

BLAKE
Hey! Stop!

Ashley and Courtney pull down their weapons and Calvin and Blake jog up. Calvin stops to notice Whiskers and Tuggs.

COURTNEY
You guys kill anybody?

BLAKE
No. Nice shooting. Who bagged Zippy and Dickbrain?

ASHLEY
Courtney killed them both.

CALVIN
Cool. High five.

Calvin and Courtney high five.

BLAKE
You drink the blood? You're supposed to drink the blood?

COURTNEY
As if. He's a Negro.

BLAKE
What about the girl?

COURTNEY
Total trailer trash. I'd probably get diarrhea or something.

CALVIN
It's bad luck not to drink. Jupachiro says so.

COURTNEY
I'll be okay.

BLAKE
Can I drink her blood?

COURTNEY
Ew. Go crazy.

Blake pulls out a SCREWDRIVER and a STRAW.

EXT. WOODS A [WAF01] -- DAY

Poops drags Bobo through the woods.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Come on! Hurry!

BOBO THE CLOWN
Can we rest again?

POOPS THE CLOWN
Are you trying to get shot?

BOBO THE CLOWN
They may not even be after us.

POOPS THE CLOWN
You think? Aha!

Poops drags Bobo to a piece of BROKEN GLASS.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Over here.

Poops drops and Poops sets to the ropes.

BOBO THE CLOWN
What are you going to do?

POOPS THE CLOWN
Time to rest.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Finally. Jesus! You're like a total
runner or something.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Ow! Dammit!

Poops cuts himself. He's bleeding.

BOBO THE CLOWN
You gotta be careful.

Poops wipes the blood on his pants and grabs the glass.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

POOPS THE CLOWN
I'm being hunted in the woods. I'm
just fucking jingles.

Poops cuts at the rope.

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSF01] -- DAY

Eve, in lingerie, carries a PILLOW over to a BOOMBOX.

She picks out a CD, puts it in and presses play.

MUSIC. Eve starts to dance.

EVE

In this corner, weighing ninety-eight pounds, Eve!

The bathroom door opens and Shayla comes out, also in lingerie, also with a PILLOW.

EVE (CONT'D)

And in this corner, weighing one-hundred twelve--

SHAYLA

Fuck you! A hundred four, thank you. Cunt.

EVE

One hundred seven, maybe! Still bigger than me.

Shayla WHACKS Eve with her pillow.

Eve hits her back. They pillow fight.

The door opens and they stop fighting.

Jacques enters, looking away. He hustles in one of the rooms.

Eve and Shayla watch.

Jacques comes out, putting on his coat.

JACQUES

I forgot my coat.

Jacques grabs his gun and exits.

Eve looks at Shayla, who nails her with a pillow.

EVE

You bitch!

Eve hits Shayla.

Shayla hits Eve.

They pillow fight.

EXT. FIELD B [FBF02] -- DAY

Smoky, shellshocked, sits smoking a J. Leaky looks around the field, kicking at a CLOWN SHOE.

Sal says a little prayer and crosses himself.

SAL THE CLOWN
We should go.

LEAKY THE CLOWN
Who made you king?

SAL THE CLOWN
(to Smoky)
Let's get out of here.

Smoky gets up, offering the J to Sal, who declines.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
You comin'?

Leaky looks around the field and kicks at the dirt.

POP. Leaky, shot through the chest, falls to his knees.

Sal and Smoky see and look back to see Mormon and Obadiah, firing at them from the treeline.

Sal faces them as Leaky falls.

EXT. FIELD B (ABOVE) [FBF02] -- DAY

Obadiah and Mormon watch, content.

MORMON
Another shot?

OBADIAH
One at a time.

Sal turns and runs away. Smoky is way ahead of him.

Leaky, shot, climbs to his feet and convulses to a death over the next twenty seconds, as Mormon and Obadiah approach.

MORMON
That was a really good shot.

OBADIAH
Thanks. I like to give them a little time. Headshots are so, I don't know, humane.

Leaky bleeds. Obadiah stands over him, giggling.

Leaky is dead at 26:00.

EXT. CREEK [CRG01] -- DAY

Rabbi Goldman & Hooters trail Humper & Bubbles across a creek.

HUMPER THE CLOWN
Over here!

RABBI CLOWN
Should we follow them?

HOOTERS THE CLOWN
Might as well.

RABBI CLOWN
Hold on! Hold on!

Humper and Bubbles wait for Rabbi and Hooters to catch up.

RABBI CLOWN (CONT'D)
Do we know where we're going?

HUMPER THE CLOWN
Away. Anywhere?

RABBI CLOWN
Does anyone know where we are?

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Sonora is West somewhere.

RABBI CLOWN
That's not really enough, is it? We
can't just wander. Even if we get
away, we may not survive the
wilderness.

HOOTERS THE CLOWN
It's like fields and shit. It's not
really wilderness. We can't go back.

HUMPER THE CLOWN
They shot those clowns. I'll take
my chances.

The girls agree but Rabbi Goldman is unconvinced.

RABBI CLOWN
Can we at least get the cuffs off?

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Better not. Those look like C4.
Whoever is hunting us wants us
together.

RABBI CLOWN
It's just rope. Nobody has a knife?

EXT. FIELD A [FAG01] -- DAY

Courtney, Ashley and Ling Ling hunt. Ashley fires off several rounds. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

COURTNEY
Don't waste your bullets.

ASHLEY
I like the way it sounds. It's gonna
make me cum.
(BANG. BANG.)
Not really. But it's hot.

COURTNEY
You so need a guy.

ASHLEY
I have a guy.

COURTNEY
Dad doesn't count.

ASHLEY
Fuck you. Least I'm not still all
busted up over my sad little
boyfriend.

COURTNEY
(hurt)
Hey.

ASHLEY
Sorry. Don't worry about it,
Courtney. I think you'll be able to
get him back.

COURTNEY
I don't want him back.

ASHLEY
I meant get revenge. Yeah, seriously,
fuck Palmer. He deserves a bullet.

BANG. Ashley fires into the sky.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I think I killed a bird. Fetch,
Ling Ling.

Ling Ling stares.

COURTNEY
Save your bullets, dipshit.

ASHLEY
What? It was a pretend bird, okay?

EXT. WOODS A [WAG01] -- DAY

Poops cuts at the rope, mostly severed. His hands are bloody.

BOBO THE CLOWN

So I told the guy that if he didn't have my size, any size bigger would do, because clowns can have big feet and all, but then the big shoes gave me blisters. Is that working?

(Poops saws at rope)

I guess I should be hurt you want to leave me.

Poops looks at her, incredulous.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

I understand. You're not into clowns.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Are you nuts? We're being shot at. We can run a lot faster separated.

BOBO THE CLOWN

You're not leaving me?

POOPS THE CLOWN

Well, I mean, we may be better off if we split up--

BOBO THE CLOWN

(hugs Poops)

Don't leave me. Ever!

POOPS THE CLOWN

Uh--

Bobo checks her ankle, now free.

Poops tosses the bloody glass.

BOBO THE CLOWN

Good job. How are your hands?

POOPS THE CLOWN

I'm good.

BOBO THE CLOWN

So where do we go? What do we do next? This is so scary.

Poops looks around through the trees.

POOPS THE CLOWN

This way.

EXT. CREEK [CRG02] -- DAY

Rabbi Goldman sits with Hooters, who chews on the ropes.

RABBI CLOWN

You are so pretty. Do you know that?
Biting that rope is kind of sexy.
Primal. Yeah, bite it. Grr!

Hooters glares at him, then chews on the ropes.

RABBI CLOWN (CONT'D)

You remind me of a girl I knew when
I was a young man. I lived in a
little village by the sea, a shlachem,
back in an old country that doesn't
even exist anymore. The girl, she
was the daughter of a baker. The
baker made the best muffins you ever
tasted, with just a pinch of glashen,
anyhow, his daughter, she was an
angel. A real shednyevka.

Rabbi Goldman repositions himself to watch Hooters cleavage.

RABBI CLOWN (CONT'D)

Yes. She and I were quite an item,
and the whole vatlaskel thought we
would be married. But then the war
came, and while I was losing this
left arm keeping the motherland at
so called peace, she was back in
Dubrovnik, trading fifty-fifties for
Hershey bars.

HOOTERS THE CLOWN

I almost got it. Hold still.

RABBI CLOWN

You are the sexiest clown I've ever
seen. Grr.

HOOTERS THE CLOWN

Not now. Really. Come on. If we
make it out of here alive, I'll throw
you a free one, but can we focus on
the relevant for just one second? I
need to get this off.

Hooters chews on the rope.

RABBI CLOWN

You'll really give me a free one?

HOOTERS THE CLOWN

Sure. Once we're safe. Got it!

Hooters unties the rope, freeing their ankle-cuffs.

RABBI CLOWN
We better get out of here.
(leers)
Yeah.

POP. Hooters flinches, shot.

Blood splatters onto Rabbi Goldman.

Behind them, Blake holds a RIFLE.

BLAKE
Got one.

Rabbi Goldman scrambles up and runs away, past Calvin who taunts him with his gun.

HOOTERS is dead at 30:20.

EXT. FENCE [FEH01] -- DAY

Sal rushes through trees.

He bursts into a clearing. Smoky stands at the base of a long, ELECTRIC FENCE.

Sal shuffles up to him.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Don't touch it.

SAL THE CLOWN
Really?

Smoky sits down on the ground. Sal stands next to him.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Not like they're gonna make it easy.

Smoky pats himself down and finds a small PIPE and LIGHTER.

He checks it, approves and takes a hit.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
You're wondering why they didn't
just shoot us all?

Smoky holds his breath but nods.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
They think it's funny. Sick fuckers
think it's funny, that's all. Take
some clowns out to the woods and
execute them like a bunch of Cambodian
village girls. What a crackup, eh?

SMOKY THE CLOWN
(exhales)
Yeah. But why us? Why me?

SAL THE CLOWN
I don't know why you, kid.

Smoky offers Sal the pipe, but Sal tisks it away.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
It's a sick world. Let's go.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Where?

SAL THE CLOWN
Anywhere. We're a harder target if
we keep moving.

EXT. CREEK [CRH01] -- DAY

Blake and Calvin get back together in the woods.

Calvin motions for quiet.

Calvin checks his GPS and points forward into some trees.

Behind those trees, Humper & Bubbles hide, freaking out.

Bubbles goes to run but Humper sees Blake and pulls her down.

Calvin motions that they're over there and that they should split to flank them.

Blake runs to the side, on his way around.

Calvin sneaks forward.

Humper and Bubbles press against the trees.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Are they coming?

HUMPER THE CLOWN
Shhh--

Bubbles presses against Humper, scared.

Calvin climbs through sparse trees, quietly.

Calvin holds his gun ready to shoot.

He crouches and sneaks forward.

On Calvin's flank, Blake sneaks through trees.

Blake is well ahead of Humper and Bubbles.

They see him coming back toward them.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
We have to run.

HUMPER THE CLOWN
He doesn't see us. Stay close and
be quiet.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
We have to run.
(sobs)
I don't want to die.

Humper mouths "No!"

EXT. WOODS A [WAH01] -- DAY

Bobo struggles to follow Poops through the woods.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Wait! You're going too fast.

Poops stops and waits as Bobo huffs up.

It takes her a while.

POOPS THE CLOWN
It's not my job for you to keep up.

BOBO THE CLOWN
You'd just leave me out here?

POOPS THE CLOWN
I'll send back help. If you can't
keep up, it's really not my problem.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Nice. Very gallant.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Gallant? Fuck gallant. I'm aiming
for breathing. Let's go.

BOBO THE CLOWN
You have to slow down.

POOPS THE CLOWN
You have to speed up.

Poops jogs off.

Bobo scrambles after him.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Wait, goddammit.

Poops turns and points.

POOPS THE CLOWN
I'm going this way. Just keep moving.

Poops tears away, not looking back.

Bobo jogs to a stop and watches him disappear into the woods.

Bobo catches her breath and checks her bearings.

POPS in the background.

She smiles and follows Poops' path.

EXT. CREEK [CRH02] -- DAY

Blake sets up in some trees. He checks his GPS, showing TWO DOTS between Calvin and him.

Two other dots are visible near the edge of the screen.

Hiding in some other trees, Bubbles hyperventilates. Humper freaks out.

Nearby, Calvin creeps up.

CRACK. They hear Calvin's footsteps. Bubbles looks at Humper and nods at him. "Now."

Bubbles and Humper burst from the trees, running toward Blake. Blake sees them coming and gets a good look into his site.

INSERT SITE VIEW [CRH03]

Bubbles runs SLOW-MOTION toward Blake.

BACK TO SCENE

Blake licks his lips. He fires.

BANG. Bubbles falls.

Humper drags her up. She's shot in the arm.

BANG. Another round misses both of them. They hustle away.

Blake checks the GPS. The two dots rush away from the center of the screen, but another dot is right beside him.

Blake looks up just as he gets punched by Sal. Sal stands, scary and crazy-looking. Blake drops. Sal kicks at Blake on the ground, over and over.

In the trees, Humper carries Bubbles away.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Oh wow? I got shot.

HUMPER THE CLOWN
You'll be okay.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Are you saving me? That's hot.

HUMPER THE CLOWN
Just keep running.

Bubbles passes out. Humper stops, considers, and runs away.

Sal stomps Blake into paste. Smoky picks up the gun.

CALVIN (O.S.)
Blake? Did you get one?

SAL THE CLOWN
Yeah, he got one. I'm going to blow
you're fucking head off, punk!

Smoky points the gun off in all directions. In the trees, Calvin hears Sal and gets defensive.

CALVIN
Blake?

BANG.

SAL THE CLOWN
(to himself)
Real bullets?
(loud)
Hear that, motherfucker? That's
your dead friend's brains being blown
all over the creek. Come get him,
you fucking pussy!

Blake is dead at 34:40.

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSI01] -- DAY

Eve dances to FUNK.

Shayla dances into the room carrying MARGARITAS. She hands one to Eve.

EVE
I think we should fuck the chauffeur.

SHAYLA
Really?

EVE
(dancing)
I dunno.

SHAYLA
Wanna do more coke?

Shayla takes a drink.

EVE
Do we have any more?

Shayla drinks and nods. She boogies into the bathroom.

Shayla boogies out with a ZIPLOCK GALLON BAG of COCAINE. Eve's eyes bug.

EVE (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

SHAYLA
It was in the bathroom.

EVE
The bathroom?

SHAYLA
Yeah. In the briefcase in the
bathroom. His combo was four-twenty.
Totally obvious.

EVE
Damn.

Eve opens and tastes the bag. She freaks out.

EVE (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

SHAYLA
Uh huh.

Eve and Shayla dance.

EXT. CREEK [CRI01] -- DAY

Calvin, scared, sneaks through the trees.

SAL THE CLOWN (O.S.)
I'm gonna fucking execute you, you
piece of shit!

Calvin tiptoes away.

Hiding, Humper hears Sal and heads through the trees, scared.

Sal comes through the same location.

EXT. FENCE [FEI01] -- DAY

Sal and Smoky head toward the fence. Sal has Blake's RIFLE and SMOKY holds the GPS.

SMOKY THE CLOWN

They're tracking us with this. I think it's the ankle-cuffs, unless they fed us something or inserted a chip in our brains. Or our asses.

They stop at the fence.

SMOKY THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

I can't tell where he went, but it looks like there are clowns here and here, and over there.

SAL THE CLOWN

Stay away from them. Make them work.

SMOKY THE CLOWN

I think there's something here.

Smoky runs away from Sal, then rejoins him.

SMOKY THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

Yeah. You know, I think all the other clowns, me included, are these little yellow dots.

SAL THE CLOWN

So?

SMOKY THE CLOWN

You're the blue dot. Just you.

SAL THE CLOWN

Yeah.

SMOKY THE CLOWN

So what makes you special?

SAL THE CLOWN

The people hunting us. Kind of like family. They are family. My brother. I'm a fucking bonus point.

Humper stumbles out of the woods, sees them, sees the fence, and runs toward it.

Smoky and Sal watch him. Humper's going to try to climb it.

SMOKY THE CLOWN

Stop!

EXT. WOODS A [WAI01] -- DAY

Bobo falls down. Poops tears on, well ahead of her.

Bobo checks her leg. She climbs up and pushes on.

Poops runs through trees. Poops hops over a log. Poops runs through trees. He looks behind him.

Bobo is far behind, but still coming.

Poops stops to wait for her. Bobo keeps coming. Poops waits.

Bobo sees Poops waiting and stops. Poops waves her over.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Why are they hunting us?

BOBO THE CLOWN

What makes you think I know?

POOPS THE CLOWN

I don't know. You think there's a time limit?

BOBO THE CLOWN

I don't know.

POOPS THE CLOWN

I just can't help but think that eventually, even if they can't shoot us, they'll just flip a switch and BOOM, instant dead clowns.

BOBO THE CLOWN

I just hope it kills us, and doesn't blow off a limb or something. That'd suck, to be like a one-legged clown.

POOPS THE CLOWN

I could take it off if I had a bubblegum wrapper. Or a paperclip.

BOBO THE CLOWN

That's crazy.

POOPS THE CLOWN

It's going to explode. I'd rather it not be on my ankle when it does. Do you have any gum, or a paperclip or bobbypin or something?

BOBO THE CLOWN

No.

EXT. FENCE [FEI02] -- DAY

Sal and Smoky stand near the fence. Humper approaches.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Don't touch that. It's electric.

HUMPER THE CLOWN
How do you know?

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Sign.

Smoky points to a sign that reads DANGER: ELECTRIC FENCE.

HUMPER THE CLOWN
Is it on?

SMOKY THE CLOWN
I'm guessing it is. Don't touch it.

SAL THE CLOWN
Leave it alone.

Humper examines the fence. He reaches out.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Don't!

Humper pulls his hand back.

HUMPER THE CLOWN
I wasn't gonna.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
It's not funny. You shouldn't stand
so close.

Jacques steps out of the trees.

JACQUES
Freeze!

Humper turns and hits the fence. He grabs on and shakes.

Sal pulls his gun and aims at Jacques.

Jacques sees the gun and bails, diving back into the trees.
Sal shoots BANG BANG.

SAL THE CLOWN
We gotta go.

Humper shakes, attached to the fence. Smoky and Sal pass.

Humper falls, dead at 39:00.

EXT. MEADOW [MEJ01] -- DAY

Bubbles lies on the ground, bleeding. Rabbi Goldman, running away, sees her and runs to her.

RABBI CLOWN

Are you okay?

Bubbles stirs. Rabbi Goldman drags Bubbles up.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN

What happened?

RABBI CLOWN

We have to go.

He scans the area and runs her toward some trees. They hide in the brush.

RABBI CLOWN (CONT'D)

You're shot.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN

It's okay. That bastard.

RABBI CLOWN

What happened?

BUBBLES THE CLOWN

I was running with this guy and he left me.

RABBI CLOWN

Maybe you passed out.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN

That's no excuse. You helped me.

RABBI CLOWN

I'm a man of God.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN

Yeah? That's hot.

RABBI CLOWN

(blushes)

I think the wound is superficial.
You'll be alright.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN

Yeah? It makes me kind of woozy.

SAX Music.

RABBI CLOWN

Yeah?

EXT. WOODS A [WAJ01] -- DAY

Bobo and Poops sit on a log.

POOPS THE CLOWN
So, why are you following me?

BOBO THE CLOWN
You think you know what you're doing,
not like all those other clowns.

Poops shakes his head.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Everyone else totally freaked out
when that guy got shot. You were
cool. You didn't cry like a pussy
or anything.

POOPS THE CLOWN
I didn't have time. I might still.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Yeah, but now it would be with the
weight of the situation dragging you
down. That's kind of cool, too.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Who are you?

BOBO THE CLOWN
Just a girl caught in a kill-or-be-
killed coke party who occasionally
wants a little hardcore clownsex.
Who are you?

POOPS THE CLOWN
(dumbfounded)
You're nuts.

Bobo toots her horn. HONK. HONK.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
We gotta get these cuffs off.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Look. I'm horny like twice a year.
Is it weird because we're being hunted
like dogs? Sure. Maybe. But the
heart wants what it wants. So, are
you gonna fuck me or what? It'll be
fine. Uh! Uh! Boom!

Distant GUNSHOTS. Poops looks at Bobo, who shrugs.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
What? It gets me hot.

EXT. FENCE [FAJ01] -- DAY

Sal leads Smoky along the fenceline. Smoky puffs a big BLUNT.

SAL THE CLOWN
Can you put that shit out?

SMOKY THE CLOWN
It's not like they'll track us by
smell, and if I have to get shot at,
I may as well be high.

SAL THE CLOWN
That shit's bad for you.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
That's all a government lie. The
herb keeps me healthy. The Lancet,
that's the English journal of
medicine, did a study back in 1998
where they showed you can smoke all
the time with no long term effects.

SAL THE CLOWN
Bullshit.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
No. They did. Everyone knows.
They decriminalized it all over
Europe. It's just this administration
that has a hard-on against weed.
And that's just because they're
fucking gutless scumbag whores for
whitey's drugs- prescription meds,
tobacco and alcohol- all of which
kill off lots of people- weed never
killed anybody. It's a conspiracy.

SAL THE CLOWN
You really believe that bullshit?

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Yep.

SAL THE CLOWN
My son was a pothead. Is a pothead.
Who knows. Stupid little bastard
kept getting DUI's. Nobody should
go to jail because they're too stupid
to call a taxi. He drove through a
Mr. Donut and killed eight Japanese
tourists. He gets out next year.

Smoky takes a hit and stares at Sal.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Give me a hit off that.

EXT. MEADOW [MEJ02] -- DAY

Sax music. Rabbi Goldman makes out with a passed out Bubbles. She comes to, confused.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Hey, what's--?

Bubbles pushes away. Rabbi Goldman holds her.

RABBI CLOWN
Oh, thank God.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
What's--?

RABBI CLOWN
You're okay. You dropped off.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
You saved me?

RABBI CLOWN
Well, you were--, yes.

Bubbles shakes herself awake.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
God, thanks. You saved me.

RABBI CLOWN
Yeah.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
You saved me. I kinda have this
thing for guys who save me. Sort of
a damsel in distress has to put out
complex. You know what I mean?

RABBI CLOWN
I think I do.

Bubbles blushes, smiles and takes off her top, revealing a
scary CLOWNFACE BRA.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Take me, now.

Rabbi Goldman, overjoyed, goes to embrace Bubbles.

BANG. Rabbi Goldman falls.

Mormon and Obadiah stand twenty yards away, both pointing
their guns at them.

Bubbles screams as Rabbi Goldman's body bleeds.

She runs. Obadiah and Mormon walk up to the Rabbi.

Obadiah kicks the body over. Rabbi Goldman spits blood.

RABBI CLOWN
Five minutes. You couldn't wait
five--

Rabbi Goldman.

MORMON
(checks his gun)
That was me, right?

OBADIAH
Maybe.

MORMON
Did we both get him?

RABBI GOLDMAN is dead at 43:20.

EXT. FENCE [FEK01] -- DAY

Sal and Smoky stand at the fence smoking the j.

Bubbles runs out of the woods toward the fence.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Don't touch the fence!

Bubbles runs toward them.

Then she sees Sal's gun and stops.

SMOKY THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
It's okay, honey. We're on your
side.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
What's going on? Why are they doing
this?

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Calm down. You're shot. Are you--?

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
What the fuck is going on?

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Calm down.

SAL THE CLOWN
We're being hunted. Isn't it obvious?

EXT. WOODS B [WBK01] -- DAY

Poops puts his shirt back on. Bobo relaxes.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Hear that?

Ashley and Ling Ling creep through the woods. In the distance, Courtney reloads.

Poops pushes Bobo down. Ashley checks the GPS, confused.

ASHLEY

(chewing gum)

They're like, right here.

Poops sees that she's chewing gum and rushes her. Ling Ling does not react.

Poops punches Ashley and she drops. He grabs her gun.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Chewing gum!

Ashley crumples.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

Chewing gum, goddammit!

ASHLEY

Ling Ling!

Ling Ling faces off as if to fight. Poops aims back and forth at Ling Ling and Ashley,

POOPS THE CLOWN

I have a gun. Chewing gum! Chewing gum!

ASHLEY

Give him some gum!

Ling Ling pulls out a PACK OF GUM and gives Poops a piece.

POOPS THE CLOWN

The whole fucking pack!

Ling Ling gives Poops the pack of gum.

Poops aims the gun at them and runs to the trees.

Ashley gets up, rubbing her jaw.

ASHLEY

Why didn't you stop him?

EXT. FENCE [FEK02] -- DAY

Smoky checks the GPS.

Bubbles finishes the J.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Nobody's moving.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
We're not moving either.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
You're right. But they have these,
too. It's just a matter of time.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
This isn't funny at all. What are
we gonna do?

Smoky searches himself for drugs.

SAL THE CLOWN
Fight. What else is there to do?

In the trees, Jacques sneaks into position.

He creeps behind some trees. He steps on a twig that CRACKS.

Sal and Smoky look up and toward the trees.

Jacques ducks down, excited.

Sal and Smoky look out toward the trees.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
He's out there.

SAL THE CLOWN
Yeah.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
I would have tried to climb that
fence.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
It's okay.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
(flirting)
You guys totally saved me. I totally
owe you.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Not at all.

EXT. MEADOW [MEK01] -- DAY

Obadiah and Mormon stand over Rabbi Goldman's dead body. Mormon leans down and digs through his pockets.

MORMON

You have all the books?

OBADIAH

Found them last night. He even had a secret account we didn't know about. Caymans. About eight million. He had real talent.

MORMON

You have a replacement?

Mormon stands up and offers Sal Rabbi Clown's WALLET.

OBADIAH

Keep it. We may get out of that business for a little while.

MORMON

(takes cash from wallet)

I know you may want to minimize your exposure, so I was hoping you'd consider using my shop to clear-- I could keep you totally clean.

OBADIAH

That's a nice offer.

MORMON

(pockets the cash)

It's better than a nice offer. It's easy money for you with no more headaches. No more skimming accountants. We pay straight gross percentages. You supply, we fulfill.

Mormon tosses away the empty wallet.

OBADIAH

This whole thing's a headache. Had I known it would end like this, I wouldn't have done it. Return is tough. Unloading is tough. I have two kilos in the motel. What the fuck can I do with it? It's only money in places we don't want to be.

MORMON

But it doesn't have to be over, over.

OBADIAH

I'm afraid it does.

MORMON
(checks his gun)
Oh, no. Please? Just--

OBADIAH
Some things aren't worth the headache,
even if they're profitable. This is
one of those things.

MORMON
But I can help you--

Mormon points his gun at Obadiah and fires. CLICK.

OBADIAH
They were blanks. You didn't think
I would trust you with live rounds,
did you? You're a fuckwad, Mormon.

Mormon swings his rifle at Obadiah. BANG.

Obadiah moves to the side and Mormon falls, shot in the side.
BANG. BANG. Two more shots to the chest.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)
Cleaning house is cleaning house.
Once I kill Sal, there's no way to
trace the money or the guns or the
diamonds back to me.

Mormon kicks and bleeds. Obadiah laughs.

MORMON
I would have never betrayed you.

OBADIAH
That's true. But that's because
you're a pussy.

Obadiah aims and fires point blank.

BANG. Mormon is dead at 47:40.

EXT. FIELD A [FAL01] -- DAY

Ashley hyperventilates. Ling Ling watches emotionless.
Courtney runs up as Poops disappears into the woods.

COURTNEY
What happened?

Ashley rubs her face, sobbing. Courtney looks to Ling Ling.

LING LING
The clown kicked her ass.

COURTNEY
Why didn't you shoot him?

LING LING
She was out of bullets.

Courtney laughs. Ling Ling suppresses, then laughs, too.

ASHLEY
Fuck you. I'm going back. Ling Ling, protect me.

COURTNEY
I need her. I'm actually hunting.

ASHLEY
A clown beat me up. I need her.

COURTNEY
Fine. Ro-sham-bo.

Courtney and Ashley play rock-paper-scissors. Courtney wins.

ASHLEY
Two out of three.

Courtney shrugs and they play again. Courtney wins.

COURTNEY
You always pick rock.

ASHLEY
I can never decide on time. C'mon, Courtney, I need Ling Ling.

COURTNEY
Fine. Take her.

Ashley smiles and Ling Ling stands with Ashley.

ASHLEY
Now, you're my human shield.

EXT. WOODS A (TRENCH) [WAL01] -- DAY

Poops sits in a small trench. He pops the gum into his mouth and checks the ALUMINUM WRAPPER.

BOBO THE CLOWN
What are you going to do?

POOPS THE CLOWN
I'm taking this thing off.

He rolls the wrapper into a wire and connects the two sides of the ankle cuff.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
As long as you maintain the circuit,
it shouldn't go off, right?

BOBO THE CLOWN
I don't know. I'm going to stand
over there.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Good.

Poops and Bobo separate. Poops sits down. Using the chewed gum, he affixes the wire to the cuffs.

Bobo ducks low.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
If I explode, you probably shouldn't
try this.

Poops slides the ankle cuff off around his ankle. Poops closes the cuff and sets it down.

He walks over to join Bobo.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
You want me to do yours?

BOBO THE CLOWN
No thanks. Mine's different.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Why?

Poops checks out Bobo's cuff. It's smaller- just a cuff.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Maybe they don't blow up the girls?

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSL01] -- DAY

Eve and Shayla dance, holding SHOTS. They're plastered.

Shayla spills her shot on her dress.

SHAYLA
Fuck. Now I have to change.

EVE
No. That looks good. Like after
your date with those Samoan guys.

SHAYLA
Fuck you.

Shayla takes off her dress and digs through a closet.

Calvin enters, heading straight for the bathroom.

CALVIN
Sorry. I have to shit.

EVE
Charming.

Shayla changes outfits. As she does, Calvin PEES, loudly.

SHAYLA
Who was that?

EVE
The gay one.

CALVIN (O.S.)
I'm not gay.

EVE
Explain prom.
(Silence.)
Precisely.

Calvin exits.

EVE (CONT'D)
Wash your hands. Ew.

Calvin goes back in the bathroom, washes his hands, and comes out, wiping them on his pants.

CALVIN
Happy? I don't want to worry you or anything, but one of the clowns has a gun. We'll get him. He's on GPS. But just be careful.
(lingers)
So I guess I'll go.

EVE
Unless you'd rather get high and fuck us.

Eve and Shayla go back to dancing.

Calvin tosses his gun and starts dancing.

EXT. FIELD A [FAL02] -- DAY

Poops and Bobo walk together. Ashley stands with Ling Ling.

LING LING
Stop!

ASHLEY
Go get him.

Ling Ling runs for Poops and Bobo. Poops pulls the gun and fires, CLICK.

He tosses down the gun. He and Ling Ling square to fight.

EXT. FENCE [FEL01] -- DAY

Jacques sneaks though the trees near Sal, Smoky and Bubbles.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
What do we do?

SAL THE CLOWN
This ain't right.

Sal checks the gun. He fires it into the air. CLICK. CLICK.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Damn it.

Sal drops the gun. Jacques steps from the trees, gun raised.

JACQUES
Freeze.

Sal, Smoky and Bubbles raise their hands.

SAL THE CLOWN
Where'd you get that gun?

JACQUES
Freeze, damn you!

SAL THE CLOWN
You're not Obadiah's kid.

JACQUES
So?

Sal puts down his arms. Jacques fires his gun. BOOM.

No effect. Sal laughs. Sal reaches out and grabs the rifle.

SAL THE CLOWN
You didn't think they'd really give
you live ammo?

Sal takes the rifle and hits Jacques. With a rapid series of WHACKS, Sal puts Jacques on the ground.

JACQUES
You're not supposed to fight back.

SAL THE CLOWN
Go fuck yourself.

WHACK. WHACK. JACQUES is dead at 52:00.

EXT. FIELD A [FAM01] -- DAY

Ling Ling faces off versus Poops.

ASHLEY
Kill that clown!

Ling Ling does karate moves.

LING LING
Chow chun chilla chun ke tao chen!

Subtitles: (I will skullfuck your ancestors!)

POOPS THE CLOWN
That can't be good.

Ling Ling does a standing, flashy kick.

Poops backs up and does a few novice karate moves.

ASHLEY
Nice company you're keeping.

Ashley glares at Bobo from across the field.

Ling Ling approaches Poops.

POOPS THE CLOWN
I don't have any issue with you.

Ling Ling attacks. She smacks Poops upside the head.

Poops, dazed, gets into a fighting stance.

Ling Ling attacks with a flurry of kicks, ending with a bell-ringer to the balls that drops Poops.

Poops writhes on the ground.

ASHLEY
Finish him!

BOBO THE CLOWN
No!

Ling Ling stands over Poops.

LING LING
Ki-ya!

Ling Ling does a wrestling drop move, but Poops slides out from under it and scrambles to his feet.

Ling Ling climbs up and faces him.

EXT. FENCE [FEM01] -- DAY

Smoky and Bubbles share a J. Behind them, Sal pounds on Jacque's body.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
So explain this to me again.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
It's a damsel in distress thing that's sort of coupled with a sexual dyslexia that compels me, in very specific situations, to want, need really, sex with my perceived protagonist.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Okay.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Basically, whenever a man saves me, a woman, even, I get this obsessive need to sexually pleasure them.
Hero worship.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Okay.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
You like head, right?

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Sure.

Sal tosses away the rifle, leaving a puddle. Sal approaches.

SAL THE CLOWN
We gotta get the fuck outta here.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
Right now?

SAL THE CLOWN
Yeah. Right now.

Obadiah steps out from the woods, gun raised.

OBADIAH
Not so fast.

SAL THE CLOWN
Run!

BANG. Obadiah shoots Smoky, who falls.

Sal and Bubbles escape into the forest. Smoky climbs up, shot, and runs off as Obadiah reloads.

INT. MOTEL BALCONY [MBM01] -- DAY

Eve and Shayla carry a BOTTLE OF SCHNAPPS out to the balcony.

A LARGE RIFLE is mounted on the balcony railing.

Shayla drinks from the bottle as Eve checks the rifle site.

INSERT TARGET VIEW [MBM02]

EXT. FIELD A [FAM02] -- DAY

Ling Ling, badass, fights a beaten and weary Poops.

Ling Ling beats the crap out of Poops.

Ling Ling gloats over Poops' prone body.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. MOTEL BALCONY [MBM03] -- DAY

Eve aims the rifle.

SHAYLA

Do you think we really need money?

EVE

Yeah. The clown or the chinagirl?

SHAYLA

I don't like thinking that my life is always going to be judged by how much money my dad has, or my boyfriend has, or my husband has. It just doesn't seem right.

EVE

Do you know where the safety is on this thing?

SHAYLA

Remember that guy with the jaguar but he had shitty teeth. He had lots of money and he didn't even bother fixing his teeth and he still had that killer car.

Eve clicks the safety off of the rifle.

EVE

I think he was just British.

She moves the aim back and forth between Ling Ling and Poops.

EXT. WOODS C [WCM01] -- DAY

Smoky drags himself through the woods, bleeding. Ahead of him, Bubbles escapes through the trees.

Sal runs in from the side and runs alongside Smoky.

SAL THE CLOWN

Keep going.

Smoky falls. Sal stops for him.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

Run, kid. You gotta run.

Smoky coughs, sits up.

SMOKY THE CLOWN

It's okay. Go.

Sal looks at Smoky, who pats down his bloody side. He pulls out a JOINT.

SMOKY THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

Last one.

Smoky pulls out the lighter. He takes a long hit.

Smoky passes the J to Sal, who takes a hit.

SMOKY THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

You better go.

SAL THE CLOWN

I'm sorry. I'll kill that motherfucker.

SMOKY THE CLOWN

I hope you do. Somebody needs to bang that hot clown.

SAL THE CLOWN

Which way?

Smoky points. Sal takes another hit, gives Smoky the j and hustles off through the trees.

Smoky sits, smoking the joint.

CRACK. Footsteps coming from the opposite direction.

Smoky holds his wound and takes another hit.

Obadiah enters from the treeline. He scans for clowns.

INT. MOTEL BALCONY [MBM04] -- DAY

Eve points the rifle back and forth at Poops and Ling Ling. POP. Shayla looks up, holding a BONG.

SHAYLA

What did you do?

EVE

They only had a few clowns. I can replace the chinagirl.

EXT. FIELD A [FAM02] -- DAY

Ling Ling falls, shot. Poops struggles up and runs off. Bobo, Ashley and Courtney stand, shocked.

BOBO THE CLOWN

What? I didn't kill her.

ASHLEY

Dad's going to be pissed. She was expensive. She had a Harvard MBA.

Ling Ling kicks, and is dead at 56:20.

EXT. WOODS C [WCN01] -- DAY

Obadiah sits down next to Smoky.

SMOKY THE CLOWN

Seems kind of an elaborate way to spend a kid's birthday.

OBADIAH

Family tradition.

SMOKY THE CLOWN

I take it your check is going to bounce? That'll piss off my ex.

OBADIAH

The check is fine.

SMOKY THE CLOWN

I wish I could take off the makeup. I don't want my kids to know I died like a clown.

OBADIAH

I wouldn't worry. You'll be found in a mass clown suicide that will be brushed under the rug as a deviant sex cult. No shame in that, eh?

SMOKY THE CLOWN

You're not a nice man.

OBADIAH
Probably true.

SMOKY THE CLOWN
I'm going to come back as a ghost
and kill you.

OBADIAH
Good luck with that.

Smoky breathes hard. Smoky forces another hit.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)
You know, if you boil a frog slow--
ah, never mind, you're already a
cantaloupe. Sorry I didn't get you
in the head. That could take some
time to bleed out. Only have a few
bullets. You want me to whack you
with the rifle?

Obadiah reaches down and takes Smoky's j.

EXT. PARKING LOT [PLN01] -- DAY

Poops runs toward the motel parking lot. He ducks along the side of the building.

At the corner, he scans the cars. The LIMO stands with the door open. Mills walks around to the driver's side.

Poops watches and scans the lot for movement. Mills leaves the limo and walks upstairs toward the rooms.

Poops looks around, then makes a break for the limo.

He jumps into the back seat and closes the door.

INT. LIMO [PLN02] -- DAY

Poops hides in the limo, bleeding out his nose. He hits the lock to lock the doors.

He scrunches into the corner and waits, breathing hard.

He calms down and looks out the limo windows.

The parking lot looks calm. Poops leans back and thinks.

The front door opens and Poops dives low.

The divider is closed and whoever is up front doesn't check the back. Poops lies still.

Poops hears the door shut and a BEEP BEEP of the limo being locked with him inside.

Poops checks the door. Locked.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Fuck.

Poops checks the divider. Nope. He checks the sunroof. It's electric.

Frustrated, Poops falls back onto the seat.

He checks the wet bar. Fully stocked.

Poops shrugs and opens up a BOTTLE OF SCOTCH.

He pours himself a GLASS.

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSN01] -- DAY

Eve throws up in the bathroom.

Shayla and Calvin flirt.

SHAYLA
You're not going to hunt anymore.

CALVIN
I don't think I want to. The screaming is a little weird.

SHAYLA
Yeah. I mean, what's the point?

CALVIN
Practice mostly. Never know when the commies or Arabs will be here to take over. Gotta keep vigilant.

SHAYLA
Seems like such a waste. I mean, especially when it's the military and the guys are in great costumes. Cute guys like that should be fucking.

CALVIN
You like army guys?

SHAYLA
I like uniforms. Costumes. Anything that heightens the sexual experience. Toys, turnicates. Soldiers fighting is like hot French maids dusting.

Eve comes out of the bathroom.

EVE
Where's the coke?

SHAYLA
It's down in the limo.

EVE
Why the fuck is it down in the limo?

SHAYLA
I thought we were going to Taco Bell.

EVE
Fuck. You idiot.

Eve exits the motel room, flipping them off. Shayla smiles.

CALVIN
You have more coke?

SHAYLA
(taking off dress)
Under the bed. She totally needs to
slow down. You want some?

CALVIN
Sure.

EXT. WOODS C [WCN02] -- DAY

Obadiah smokes the burnt-down J, sweating.

OBADIAH
We started the business when we were
kids. Just numbers at first. Sal
was a natural with points, and it
turned out I had a think for tax
shelters. That's when we founded
the church, and after that, the whole
operation was nothing but money. We
grew so fast we had to steal safes
to hold the money.

Obadiah coughs. He's in bad shape.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)
The donations were better than the
illegal stuff, so we went totally
legitimate, nothing but hookers and
drugs. All sold through the church.
(crosses himself)

I guess Jerry was seventeen when I
knew he needed help. But I didn't
help him. Hell, my dad never helped
me and I like to think it made me
stronger. Made me capable of the
things I had to do to achieve this
grand vision. And it's a grand
fucking vision.

Obadiah inspects the disappearing j.

He takes a last hit. He coughs a bunch.

Obadiah puts out the j on Smoky, who lies dead.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)

Now I own forty-two churches and no fewer than six members of congress. And all it took was a complete willingness to fuck the prone as hard as they'll take it. And the prone rarely break, so it's sweet money. So, fuck him. Let him deal with his own shit and jail is just a place to learn what you want to do with the rest of your life, right?

Obadiah walks away, talking to himself and coughing.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)

I talk to Jesus every day. He tells me to attack Afghanistan and Iraq, that waging wars on terrorism and drugs is good for whitey. He says sex education should happen at home, between parents and their children, and that vacations are important. These are the simple things I teach. That's not bad.

Smoky is dead at 60:40.

INT. LIMO [PLO01] -- DAY

Poops drinks his scotch. BEEP BEEP. The door opens.

Mills pokes his head inside. Poops raises his glass to toast.

MILLS

Aw, man. You're gonna get my seats all bloody.

POOPS THE CLOWN

I'm not bleeding.

MILLS

You will be if you don't get the fuck outta my limo.

Mills looks around and gets inside, closing the door.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Damn! They gonna blame me.

Poops hands Mills the Scotch. Mills takes a swig and puts the bottle away.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Sorry. I didn't see my car. It was here last night.

MILLS

You drive the Festiva?
(off Poops' nod)
They towed it. It was in the Assistant Manager's spot.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Fuck me. No way.

MILLS

Fucked it up getting it on the truck, too. I mean, fucked it up more.

POOPS THE CLOWN

I knew five hundred bucks was too much to play a clown. I just figured they'd want me to jack off for them or something. Hell, I would have done it, too. This is bullshit.

MILLS

Welcome to my world. You see my cummerbund?

EXT. WOODS C [WCO01] -- DAY

Sal runs. He trips, hurting his ankle. He writhes in pain. Somewhere else, Obadiah carries his gun through the woods.

OBADIAH

There's nothing you can do. Maybe you should just come out and take it. Artie died proud, with an erection the size of a Vienna sausage. When shit goes tits up, somebody has to pay. It's about maintaining respectability. We found that cunt girlfriend of yours. Cut her up pretty good. Thought maybe you stuffed the diamonds inside her. Had to be sure, you know. We have the security deposit box key, so you might as well just come die. We have everything.

(Checks GPS)

You're lucky I'm such a fat, lazy fuck. I haven't walked this far since I was forty. I'm close, you fat fuck. You hear me? I'm hunting you down like a fucking dog. You piece of shit.

Obadiah catches his breath. Sal struggles on.

EXT. ROADSIDE [RS001] -- DAY

Poops runs out of the parking lot and into the road. He scans the road. A CAR approaches and Poops flags it down. The car stops and Poops opens the passenger door.

Poops starts to get in, then looks back.

DRIVER (O.S.)
You want a ride or not?
(Poops thinks)
C'mon buddy, what's the deal? I'm
not going to make you blow me or
anything.

POOPS THE CLOWN
I need a cell phone. Please!

DRIVER (O.S.)
Coverage sucks.

A hand offers Poops a CELL PHONE. Poops grabs it and dials. 9-1-1. BUSY SIGNAL. He dials again. 4-1-1. RING. RING.

VOICE RECORDING
What city, please?

POOPS THE CLOWN
San Anselmo Police.

Beeps and Clicks.

VOICE RECORDING
That number is five-five-five, five-five-five-five. You will be connected automatically for an additional two dollars. One moment, please.

Poops looks into the car, considers, says nothing. BUSY SIGNAL. Pissed, he dials.

RING. RING. SOME GUY answers, muffled by MOANS.

SOME GUY
Angela's house of obedience.

POOPS THE CLOWN
(hangs up)
Fuck.

Poops reaches in and hands back the cellphone.

DRIVER
You done? You want a ride or what?

EXT. WOODS B [WBO01] -- DAY

Ashley leads Courtney and Bobo (blindfolded).

ASHLEY

This is going to be the highlight of
your day.

BOBO THE CLOWN

What is this?

ASHLEY

Birthday surprise. You're going to
have to thank Calvin.

BOBO THE CLOWN

You better not mean suck him.

ASHLEY

No, although I'm sure that'd work.
Just thank him. He did something
pretty good.

Ashley pulls off Bobo and Courtney's blindfolds.

Tied to a tree is PALMER, 22, cute and stupid and gagged.

BOBO THE CLOWN

Palmer!

COURTNEY

You're awesome.

ASHLEY

Yeah. I knew you'd like it. You
wanna talk to him?

BOBO THE CLOWN

Oh yeah.

Palmer struggles at the tree. Ashley rips off his gag.

PALMER

You bitch.

ASHLEY

Hi, Palmer.

PALMER

(to Bobo)

I broke up with you. Get over it.

COURTNEY

How stupid are you?

PALMER
What? You gonna kill me, Courtney?
Cuz your sister sucks at fucking?

Bobo looks at Ashley, who holds up the gag. Bobo walks away.

BOBO THE CLOWN
No. I want to hear him.

PALMER
This is stupid, Chelsea. You don't have to do this.

Ashley hands Bobo the gun. Bobo gets a cartridge from Courtney. She loads the rifle. She aims.

PALMER (CONT'D)
Hey!

ASHLEY
Shoot him in the balls.

PALMER
This is not funny!

ASHLEY
Wait!

Ashley runs up to Palmer and pulls out her lipstick.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
He's gotta look like a clown. Without the makeup, it'd be, like, murder.
(adds makeup)
Let's call him Buckshot.

Ashley scampers away. Bobo aims the rifle.

BOBO THE CLOWN
You know, there was a time when I would have done anything for him.
And I did. But today is a new day.

Courtney and Ashley giggle with anticipation. Bobo aims.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Die, gaspumper.

Bobo pulls the trigger. BANG. Palmer, shot, jerks against the tree. BANG. BANG.

COURTNEY
Yeah, Chelsea.
(to Palmer)
Fuckwad!

Palmer is dead at 65:00.

EXT. FENCE [FEP01] -- DAY

Obadiah walks through trees, checking the GPS. Down at the fence he sees Jacques and Humper dead.

OBADIAH

Looks like you're causing trouble,
Sal. You did me a favor. I hated
that greasy little fucker.

(holds his chest)

Too much walking.

EXT. PARKING LOT [PLP01] -- DAY

Eve comes down the stairs, adjusting her hair and going sexy.

She saunters to the limo. Behind her, Sal runs along the edge of the lot. She doesn't see Sal.

She looks around and taps on the window.

EVE

Where is that guy?

Poops comes back in from the road and sees Eve standing at the limo. She sees him.

He points his finger at her like he has a gun.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Don't scream.

EVE

You don't have a gun.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Don't I?

Poops cocks his finger and approaches Eve.

EVE

That's so stupid. That's not even--

WHACK. Poops punches Eve. She drops.

Flabbergasted that a clown would hit a girl, Eve bounces back up and glares.

EVE (CONT'D)

That's the best you can do, bitch?

POOPS THE CLOWN

(confused)

Yeah.

Eve slugs Poops, who drops. Eve kicks Poops in the stomach.

EVE
You hit a girl, you asshole. Ki-ya.
(kicks, rhythmically)
Now-- where's-- the-- jig-- with--
the-- coke?

Eve stands, pissed. Poops quivers on the ground.

EVE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get a gun and blow your
fucking head off, you piece of shit
clown. You hear me?

Eve kicks again as Mills appears. Eve stops kicking and
composes herself.

EVE (CONT'D)
There you are.
(fixes hair, sexy)
I thought maybe you could help me.

MILLS
Yes, Miss?

Eve walks up to Mills and flirts.

EVE
You're on a break, right?

MILLS
I'm always working, Miss.

EVE
That's a shame. I was hoping you
could fuck me in your limo.

MILLS
Well, I--

WHACK. Eve falls, smacked in the head by Poops' tire-iron.

MILLS (CONT'D)
What'd you do that for?

POOPS THE CLOWN
You're kidding, right?

MILLS
They gonna blame me.

POOPS THE CLOWN
We're all getting out of here.

Eve is dead at 67:00.

EXT. FIELD A [FAP01] -- DAY

Courtney, Bobo and Ashley walk together. Bobo carries something bloody.

ASHLEY

I don't even like ostrich. It's all bumpy and weird. Totally gross.

COURTNEY

Tortoise is cool, though. I have a whole outfit made of tortoise.

BOBO THE CLOWN

How come we never make purses and clothes out of the people we kill?

COURTNEY

Human skin is pretty poor long-term. It's a little like pigleather, but it damages easy. I had a bag once that was made of the stomach skins of some refugees- it was such a great color- but it just didn't last.

ASHLEY

It'd be cool just to make a necklace out of fingerbones, like in kung fu movies. I'd wear that to a club.

(to Bobo)

You should wear that to a club, Chelse--

COURTNEY

What are you gonna do with that thing, anyway?

BOBO THE CLOWN

I want to mail it to his mom. Pussy.

ASHLEY

That may not work so well. Calvin had to shoot her in case she looked for Palmer.

BOBO THE CLOWN

(stops walking)

Calvin killed Mrs. Guthrie?

(laughs)

Phenomenal. You know he had a cousin?

ASHLEY

Yeah.

They continue walking.

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSP01] -- DAY

Shayla lounges on the bed. Calvin comes out of the bathroom with his rifle.

SHAYLA

Hey.

Calvin walks to the edge of the bed.

CALVIN

Hey.

Shayla strikes a pose.

SHAYLA

The guns just make me totally hot.
Why don't you join me?

CALVIN

(checks gun)

Yeah?

SHAYLA

Yeah.

CALVIN

Okay.

Calvin grins, puts down the gun and takes off his shirt.
Calvin goes to get in bed.

SHAYLA

Point the gun at me.

Calvin looks confused.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Come on. Point the gun at me and
make me fuck you. You can do it.

Calvin picks up the gun, unsure, and points it at her.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)

Oh God, yes! Now tell me to
masturbate while I blow you.

CALVIN

Uh--

KNOCKING at the door.

Calvin considers putting on his shirt, decides against it,
puts down the rifle. Shayla relaxes on the bed.

SHAYLA

Hurry up. I'm ready to go.

Calvin tries to look through the peephole but can't see.

He looks back at the bed where Shayla waits.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)
Just lock it.

More KNOCKING. Calvin considers and opens the door.

WHAM. The door kicks open and Calvin falls back.

Sal walks into the room. He picks up the rifle off the nightstand. Shayla looks up, terrified.

Calvin scrambles up to run but Sal shoots him in the back.

BANG. Shayla screams. Calvin is dead at 69:20.

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSQ01] -- DAY

Shayla screams. Sal points the gun at her, decides she's no threat and walks to the window.

He closes the blinds on the window. Shayla continues screaming. Sal motions her to be quiet.

EXT. FIELD B (ABOVE) [FBQ01] -- DAY

Obadiah walks, sweating like crazy.

OBADIAH
You've made it a long way, you fat fuck. But there's no way out and I'll eventually get you. I'm going to shoot you six or seven times, at least. No need for an open casket.

(checks GPS)

You remember the year Bonds hit seventy-three, and everyone knew he was juiced. He was a little guy and he got big and started hitting everything. You know that all started because of that 2000 playoff game against the Mets, when Franco rang him up on that called inside strike to end the playoffs. It was bullshit. The ball was inside and Barry knew it and he took it and the ump rang his ass up in a hurry to make a tee time. But the thing was, that pitch, until then was the way to get him out. High and inside, just off the plate. Well, Barry spent that whole offseason learning how to take that pitch and hit it into the water. Keep it fair, get the bathead around.

Obadiah stops and wheezes.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)

In 2001, he hit about fifteen home runs off that pitch. But the pitchers couldn't adjust, because he could take the outside pitch out, too. What's even crazier is that PacBell that year had a lefty home run factor of forty-nine. Barry was the only guy hitting them out of there.

(coughs)

I can't wait to blow your fucking head off. You hear me? What was I talking about?

Obadiah has a coughing fit.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)

I am so gonna kill you, you piece of shit.

EXT. FIELD A [FAQ01] -- DAY

Courtney, Ashley and Bobo head toward the motel.

They walk though the field, near Whiskers and Tuggs (dead).

COURTNEY

I can't believe that cunt shot Ling Ling. She better buy me a new one.

ASHLEY

You know her dad will replace her.

COURTNEY

So did you actually fuck that clown?

BOBO THE CLOWN

Yeah. What? It's my birthday.

COURTNEY

Then we have to find him.

ASHLEY

Maybe you should feed him Palmer's cock.

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSQ02] -- DAY

Shayla screams. Sal tugs at his hair.

Shayla runs out of breath, hyperventilates for a second.

SAL THE CLOWN

It's about f--

Shayla starts screaming.

EXT. FIELD A [FAQ02] -- DAY

Poops, with nothing but the tire-iron, sneaks along the edge of the field.

He can see Bobo with Courtney and Ashley.

Poops looks around- just him and the women.

Poops charges with the tire-iron.

Bobo sees him coming.

BOBO THE CLOWN

No!

Ashley turns and both she and Courtney hold up their guns.

They fire BANG BANG BANG BANG CLICK CLICK.

Poops rushes up and hits Ashley in the arm with the tire-iron. WHACK.

She falls, screaming.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

No!

POOPS THE CLOWN

Let her go!

COURTNEY

Let who go? Ashley, are you okay?

POOPS THE CLOWN

(to Bobo)

Are you okay?

Bobo looks at Poops, not believing.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

I came back for you.

Ashley wails, but Courtney laughs and Bobo blushes.

COURTNEY

He came back for you! Classic!

BOBO THE CLOWN

(touched)

Oh, Poops... Really?

ASHLEY

(rolling, in pain)

Kill him twice. You fucking bastard!

COURTNEY

There's something you should know.

(clicks GPS)

Each clown is on this thing. Let's see. I didn't know your clown name so I put you in here as sad loser clown. Fuck you, clown!

Courtney pushes the GPS. In the distance, an EXPLOSION.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Maybe you were stinky gay clown?

POOPS THE CLOWN

I took that off.

(to Bobo)

You're really with them?

COURTNEY

She said she didn't want to kill anybody. But she's family. Once she got a taste for it.

Bobo tosses away the piece of Palmer.

BOBO THE CLOWN

It's not like that.

COURTNEY

(fighting pose)

You are such a chicken-shit, Chelsea. We can take this asshole.

BOBO THE CLOWN

Fight? He has a weapon-thing.

Poops swings at Courtney.

She ducks and leg sweeps him, knocking him down.

She goes to hit him but he blocks her and she falls.

Poops stands up. A SMALL ROCK hits him in the forehead.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Ow! Damn!

ASHLEY

(throwing rocks)

Ha! Fuck you, clown!

Poops hops around, dropping the crowbar.

Ashley throws another SMALL ROCK, hitting him in the chest.

Bobo grabs the tire iron and hits Poops in the side.

Poops, hurt, and Bobo fight over the tire iron.

Poops punches Bobo and gains possession. Bobo, hurt, cowers.

Poops waves the crowbar over her.

Courtney carries Ashley away.

BOBO THE CLOWN
I'm sorry, Poops.

Bobo runs off with them.

Poops deflates and tosses away the crowbar.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Fuck me.

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSQ03] -- DAY

Shayla screams. Calvin bleeds on the floor.

Sal points a gun at her.

Shayla screams.

SAL THE CLOWN
Quiet.
(Shayla screams)
Shut up. Please?

Shayla screams.

BANG.

Sal creeps onto the balcony.

Shayla is dead at 73:40.

EXT. FIELD A (ABOVE) [FAR01] / MOTEL BALCONY [MBR01] -- DAY

Obadiah walks through the field, winded.

OBADIAH
Goddamn, you walk a lot you fucking
piece of shit.

Obadiah looks toward the motel.

Sal stands on the balcony, the big rifle pointed at Obadiah.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)
You dirty fucker. Good for you.

Through the site, Obadiah checks the GPS.

Obadiah starts clicking through the buttons.

Sal pulls the trigger. CLICK.

SAL THE CLOWN

Uh oh.

Sal jumps back inside.

INTERCUT MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSR01] / FIELD A [FAR02] -- DAY

Sal jumps into the room.

He checks the room and grabs a HAIR DRYER and some SCISSORS.

In the field, Obadiah works on the GPS.

OBADIAH

Goddamn they make this complicated.

Back in the motel room, Sal cuts the hair dryer cord and plugs it in. It sparks.

Sal puts the wire to the ankle cuff, mildly shocking himself.

In the field, Obadiah clicks the screen through to the blue dot in the motel.

He clicks it as it disappears.

In the motel room, Sal's ankle cuff shorts out.

Relieved, Sal gets up and goes back to the balcony.

END INTERCUT

INT. MOTEL BALCONY [MBR02] -- DAY

Sal grabs the rifle and looks for ammo, but there's nothing.

Then he finds one bullet.

EXT. FIELD A (ABOVE) [FAR03] -- DAY

Obadiah looks at the GPS, pissed.

He hits the buttons again.

Obadiah looks up at the motel, hitting buttons.

EXT. FIELD A (TRENCH) [FAR04] -- DAY

Poops stands in the field as Bobo, Courtney and Ashley run away, toward the already dead Tuggs and Whiskers.

In the distance an EXPLOSION.

Ashley and Courtney wait for Bobo near Tuggs and Whiskers.

Bobo catches up. They all look back toward Poops, who checks them, and looking toward the motel, sees Obadiah.

Obadiah turns and sees Poops, Courtney, Ashley and Bobo running away from him.

Obadiah glares at Poops, who stands, breathing hard, holding the crowbar.

Poops grabs his side and collapses.

Ashley, Courtney and Bobo watch from near Tuggs and Whiskers.

Obadiah sets the screen on his GPS.

He chooses ALL BOMBS, and nods at his daughters.

Bobo realizes what he's doing and yells to him.

Obadiah is too far away and can't hear what she's yelling.

EXT. FIELD A [FAR05] -- DAY

Courtney and Ashley look confused at Bobo.

BOBO THE CLOWN
No, daddy, no!

COURTNEY
What's the fucking problem?

Bobo looks around at Tuggs and Whiskers and their in tact ankle cuffs, looks at Obadiah and starts to move.

BOBO THE CLOWN
Move!--

EXT. FIELD A (ABOVE) [FAR06]-- DAY

Obadiah hits the button.

BOOM! Ashley, Courtney and Bobo explode.

Poops stands in the field.

Obadiah point his rifle at Poops.

Obadiah stops and checks. One more bullet.

OBADIAH
Shit.

Obadiah, leaving Poops, turns and runs toward the motel.

Poops falls in the grass, clutching his side.

Courtney, Ashley and Bobo are dead at 76:00.

EXT. PARKING LOT [PLS01] -- DAY

Obadiah lumbers toward the motel rooms.

Sal waits behind a corner with his rifle, ready to use it as bludgeoning weapon.

Obadiah, approaching, senses he's in danger.

OBADIAH

I know you're there, Sal. Come out and we can finish this thing. I'm out of bullets.

SAL THE CLOWN

Yeah? Me, too.

OBADIAH

I can still kick your ass.

SAL THE CLOWN

Well come on out.

Obadiah sneaks around a car.

As he makes his way around the car, Sal stands, gun drawn.

Sal, woozy with pain and blood loss.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Keep it together.

OBADIAH

I thought you were out of bullets.

SAL THE CLOWN

I'm gonna kill you with the gun.

Obadiah moves into a good position. He stands and fires. BANG. He hits the wall behind Sal. CLICK.

Sal grins, stumbles forward.

Obadiah runs through cars. Sal tracks him and fires. BANG. He missed. CLICK.

SAL THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

Motherfucker.

OBADIAH

Now things get interesting.

Obadiah turns and approaches, checking the heft of his rifle.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)

Never were worth a shit with a gun.

SAL THE CLOWN

I'm used to having people kill people
for me. You have practice.

OBADIAH

I saw what you did to Jacques. You're
the one with practice.

SAL THE CLOWN

Little fucker didn't have any bullets.
I imagine that's one of your jokes.

OBADIAH

He was the son of my now departed
partner. I didn't want him getting
problematic after I shot his dad.
You did me a big favor by killing
him, although I wanted to tell him
about his father before he died.

SAL THE CLOWN

You're a sick piece of shit.

OBADIAH

I protect myself, just like you tried
to do. Avoided exposure. You came
here for your daughter-in law's
birthday dressed like a clown.
Begging for it.

SAL THE CLOWN

She told me it was a theme party.

OBADIAH

You stupid fat fuck.

(faces Sal)

Let's go.

Sal, bleeding, stumbles forward.

OBADIAH (CONT'D)

This won't even be a fight.

Obadiah pulls a small GUN. He laughs and COUGHS. He points
again, but pauses to COUGH. He points one last time.

SAL THE CLOWN

No. Looks like it won't.

BANG. Obadiah falls, a huge gunshot wound through his chest.
Mills stands behind him, holding a gun.

MILLS

Man I hated that guy.

Obadiah is dead at 78:00.

EXT. PARKING LOT [PLS02] -- DAY

Poops enters the parking lot with the crowbar.

Sal stumbles into the center of the lot and collapses.

They pause to make sure they're not trying to kill each other, then both Mills and Poops go to help him.

SAL THE CLOWN
He's fucked up.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Get him inside.

Poops and Mills carry Sal to the motel room.

INT. MOTEL PARTY ROOM [MSS01] -- DAY

Calvin and Shayla are dead in the room.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Oh God. Did you do this?

They lay Sal on the bed.

Sal, bloody, breathes hard.

Mills goes into the bathroom.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
When did you get shot?

SAL THE CLOWN
A while ago. It's been a while.

POOPS THE CLOWN
We need to get you to a hospital.

SAL THE CLOWN
No. You don't.
(coughs)
There's something else.

Sal digs into his pocket.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Relax. Don't struggle.

MILLS (O.S.)
Uh, clownguy?

POOPS THE CLOWN
George.

Sal pulls a small package and hands it to Poops.

SAL THE CLOWN
I don't need this.

Mills exits with the bag of coke.

MILLS
Yeah, George, we got a little
situation.
(wipes forehead)
That's cocaine.

Sal laughs. Poops stares.

POOPS THE CLOWN
That's a lot of cocaine.

Mills opens the bag and spills out a PILE.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Hold still, you'll be okay.

SAL THE CLOWN
You're a good kid. Don't do that
coke. That's a bad drug. Stick
with--
(coughs)
Marijuana. Russian hookers and--

Sal starts short, sharp breathing.

Mills pops up off his big line of coke.

Mills shakes his head, flying.

MILLS
Oh, Hilary, you cheap dirty whore--
You want some of this shit? Damn!

POOPS THE CLOWN
No, I'm good.

Poops turns back to Sal, who breathes out, dead.

Mills looks around, and cuts himself another line.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
Sal?

Poops checks Sal. Nothing. Behind him, Mills reseals the bag of coke.

MILLS
You sure?

Poops ignores him, so Mills shrugs and does the line.

Sal is dead at 80:00.

Mills, jittery and sweating, carries the coke like gold.

MILLS (CONT'D)
We should go.

Poops checks the small package. He opens it and spills it onto the motel room desk. DIAMONDS.

Big, shiny, glittering diamonds.

MILLS (CONT'D)
Damn!

POOPS THE CLOWN
Oh my God.

Poops and Mills look at each other. They look at the diamonds. Mills checks out the cocaine.

MILLS
Maybe I get the coke and you get the diamonds?

POOPS THE CLOWN
Okay.

MILLS
Can I just have two for earrings?

Poops scoops up two big diamonds and hands them to Mills.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Let's go.

Mills clutches his chest.

MILLS
Yeah. Damn.

Poops scoops up the diamonds.

Poops watches Mills clutch his chest and sit on the bed.

POOPS THE CLOWN
You okay?

MILLS
Damn.

Mills lays down on the bed.

MILLS (CONT'D)
I think I did too much--

Mills starts to shake. Mills convulses on the bed.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Oh shit.

Poops jumps over to the bed and holds Mills, who shakes.

Mills spasms and foams.

Poops freaks out.

Mills falls off the bed.

POOPS THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

You can't die. I have no idea how
to unload that much coke. Or any
coke. Hash, maybe-- don't die!

Poops shakes an unresponsive Mills.

Mills dies at 81:20.

EXT. PARKING LOT [PLS02] -- DAY

Poops exits the motel room with the diamonds and bag of coke.

He walks to Calvin's BMW, pulls out CALVIN'S KEYS, and BEEP BEEP unlocks the car.

He opens the door and gets in.

Looking across the lot, he sees a piece of fabric in the door to the limo.

Poops gets out and goes to the limo.

He opens the door.

INT. LIMO [PLS03] -- DAY

Bubbles cowers in the limo. She sees Poops and smiles.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Are you okay?

BUBBLES THE CLOWN

Yeah.

POOPS THE CLOWN

Let's get out of here.

Bubbles takes Poops' hand and he heads her over to the BMW.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN

Nice car. We're really getting away?

Poops looks around as he opens the door for her.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Looks like it.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN
Killer.

She gets in.

With a spring in his step, Poops moves to the other side of the car and gets in.

He REV'S the engine.

BUBBLES THE CLOWN (CONT'D)
I kind of have this thing for guys
who save me.

POOPS THE CLOWN
Yeah?

BOOM! The car explodes.

EXT. FIELD A [FAS01] -- DAY

The blast site.

Burst spots of Whiskers and Tuggs.

Courtney and Bobo lay in pieces on the ground.

Ashley stirs.

FADE OUT