

SCAREFEST 2
PRESENTS

THE CLOWN

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT

Darkness.

A rat scurries its way across a dust ridden floor from a small gap in a wall floorboard to the other side of the room.

It pauses and stands on its hind legs, sniffing curiously with its whiskered pointed snout.

The room is dark, but there appears to be an extra layer of darkness slowly approaching the rat on the floor. A liquid darkness.

The rat turns its head towards the incoming darkness. It squeals in a high pitched tone - its tail SNATCHED as the rat is quickly taken away by something unseen.

A furious sound of a slippery chewing lasting only seconds.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Daylight gloriously seeps inside through the windows, radiating the empty room and freshly laminated wooden floor.

HALLWAY

The bright sunlight shines through bevelled glass on the front door.

The front door opens. Two figures enter inside carrying suitcases.

LAURA JACKSON, 29, pretty and attractive face with a medium sized figure. BEN JACKSON, 33, tall with dark hair and an appearance that wouldn't look out of place as a model in a flash magazine advertizing an even flashier car.

They both pause together in the hallway, looking delighted.

LAURA

It's beautiful. Absolutely beautiful.

Ben takes two suitcases and makes his way into the -

LIVING ROOM

Ben puts the cases down and surveys the empty room.

BEN
I'm glad you haven't changed your
mind.

Ben is joined in the room by Laura. He takes her close to him and kisses her.

BEN
It's gonna cost an arm and a leg
but -

Laura puts her fingers to his mouth as if to silence him.

LAURA
Forget the money side of things
for now. Let's just enjoy this
moment. This is where we're going
to be spending the rest of our
lives together, raise our kids.
We're going to be a family at
last.

Ben smiles and hugs Laura, raising her off the ground in his gentle embrace.

She laughs as he hoists her over his shoulder playfully.

A mobile phone jingle is heard. Ben gently puts Laura down and takes the mobile from his jacket pocket.

His expression of happiness changes to one of depression.

BEN
Shit. It's Mr. Denilson.

Laura fails to hide her look of disappointment.

LAURA
Don't answer it -

Ben already has.

BEN
(feigning pleasant
manner)
Mr. Denilson - yes - yes
sir...absolutely.

Laura looks disheartened.

BEN
(on phone)
No problem, Mr. Denilson, I'll be
right there.

Ben ends the phone call and looks at Laura with a knowing expression.

BEN

I've got to go to work, Laura.
Denilson needs me to cover his
ass again.

LAURA

Again? How many times is that
now? You should be the boss over
there, not him - it's not fair.
You do all the work for him!

HALLWAY

Ben heads to the front door.

BEN

I know but the money's too good.
Look, just watch out for the
removal guys. They'll be here
soon. If they give you any
trouble or there's any problem -

Laura smiles reassuringly at Ben.

LAURA

I can handle myself, Ben. Go.

Ben smiles back as he opens the door.

LAURA

I love you.

The door closes behind Ben and he is gone before he can
reply.

LATER

Laura walks up the staircase. It has several white carpeted
steps that are in between walls before it winds and another
several lead to the top of the floor.

Laura is on her mobile.

LAURA

I'm just checking it all out
again, you'll have to come down
and stay with us, mum...well,
yeah, once we've sorted
everything out...the bedroom will
look brilliant once we've
decorated.

INT. KITCHEN

Laura wipes her hands across the fully furnished kitchen.

LAURA

(on phone)

Fully furnished kitchen - brand new. It's amazing...well worth the price, mum...Right now? I'm just waiting for the delivery men, removal guys, to get here. Ben? He's really happy...no, he's at work. As usual.

A knock from the front door. Followed by the sound of a doorbell.

LAURA

Speak of the devil. The removal guys are here, mum, I've got to go. I'll call you later. Love you.

She hangs up and heads to the front door.

LIVING ROOM

Laura notices a door in the staircase riser, slightly concealed by it's very faint outlines. A basement door.

HALLWAY

Laura answers the front door. A burly man with cigarette hanging out the side of his mouth greets her.

REMOVAL MAN

Mrs. Jackson?

Laura nods.

REMOVAL MAN

Sorry about the delay, traffic was a nightmare. We're CJB removal and delivery.

LAURA

Of course, thank you. Go right ahead.

Laura walks back to the basement as the removal men begin their work.

BASEMENT DOOR

Laura examines the five foot tall door. There is a very thin door handle that looks camouflaged in with the door and wall.

She grips it and opens it.

She can see three steps before darkness engulfs the rest of whatever leads downwards. Pure darkness.

Unnerved, Laura closes the door.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a small garden and a drive way. A medium size hedge separates the Jackson house from the house next door.

A figure stands in the next door garden, creeping around near the bushes and watching the Jackson house.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The room is now furnished. The curtains are half closed and a small lamp gives out a cosy feel to the room. Laura sits on a settee, opposite a widescreen television, with her mobile phone beside her.

ON TV

Cheap looking credits roll on the screen with the title of the show - BEAT THE CHEAT.

A woman is irate at her boyfriend outside a pub as a man with sunglasses dressed in black holding a microphone tries to keep a running commentary.

PRESENTER

Things have really come to the boil here folks - David is being confronted by his girlfriend Mandy after we exposed him as cheating on her with another woman.

David makes a run for it down the high street as the camera crew attempt to pursue him.

PRESENTER (V.O.)

As you see folks, just about every one is capable of cheating. Wonder where your man or woman is tonight? A business meeting? Don't make me laugh!

PRESENTER(cont'd)

Get in touch with us - Beat The
Cheat. We'll see what's REALLY
going on between the briefcases.

BACK TO SCENE

Laura's mobile rings. She answers it quickly.

LAURA

Ben?

BEN (V.O.)

Yeah honey, look, I'm gonna be
late so don't wait up. Denilson's
got me working to the bone here,
really pissing me off.

LAURA

But it's our first night in our
new home!

BEN (V.O.)

I know, Laura I can't get out of
it. I'm really sorry. I'll make
it up to you, I promise. I've
gotta go.

LAURA

(downbeat)

I understand. I guess I'll see
you tomorrow then?

BEN (V.O.)

It's a date. Love you.

The phone goes dead.

Laura tosses her mobile across the settee and stares back
at the television. She sighs with boredom.

She looks across at the staircase and then the small
hallway in between the kitchen and the basement opposite.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DARK

The door swings open. A flashlight beams down the many
wooden steps. Laura, at the top of the staircase, walks
carefully down.

Laura reaches the ground floor of the basement and shines
the flashlight around the room. The walls are bare but
clean, the floor in immaculate condition as if only
recently cleaned.

The room is empty.

Laura shines the flashlight in the corner of the room - a figure, sitting down immediately catches her eye.

Laura screams in surprise and steps backwards against the staircase.

She relaxes. The figure, is in fact, a doll. A clown doll.

Laura walks over to the corner of the room where the clown is sitting.

The clown is a little over four foot tall. It is dressed in a red, white and black costume that resembles the look of a harlequin. It has a frilly collar and it's face is white with red and black make up and an ear to ear smile. It wears a black hat which dangles over it's shoulder with a white bobble at the top.

Laura looks at the clown aghast and confused. She then smiles to herself, quite amazed at the find. She picks it up with her free hand and giggles to herself as she looks at the clown's facial features.

LAURA

(to the clown)

Awww, what are you doing down here alone?

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Laura props the clown in a single chair next to the television and opposite the settee.

She sits back down as another episode of "BEAT THE CHEAT" plays on the TV. Laura looks at the clown.

LAURA

Where *did* you come from, Mr. Clown?

(giggling)

No point you being stuck down there on your own and me up here on my lonesome. May as well join me, Clowney.

As Laura switches back her attention to the TV, the lamp light of the room creates an eerie illumination of the clown's facial features. It no longer looks an innocent, happy smile but more of a smug smirk.

LATER

Laura yawns and gets up from the settee. She switches the television off and heads over to the window.

LAURA

Come on, Ben.

The street outside looks quiet, with a road and another row of houses opposite. She looks to her left at the bushes. There is a figure standing in the next door neighbors garden looking at her. Detected, the figure runs from the garden and away down the road.

LAURA

Oh great, a perv.

Laura pulls the curtains together.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Laura places the clown on a wooden chair a small distance opposite the door.

LAURA

You stay there, Clowney. Maybe you can make Ben laugh when he comes home. I'm sure he'll need it.

Laura turns the lights out and heads up the staircase.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DARK

Ben walks into the room quietly. He can make out Laura sleeping in the bed.

He stumbles around a little as he undresses. He gets into the bed and within seconds, has fallen asleep.

Laura, facing the opposite to Ben, opens her eyes and looks at the bedside cabinet. The clock reads: 2:20 AM.

She looks lost in thought before she closes her eyes.

MONTAGE

1> INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Laura sits on her own on the settee watching the television with a bored expression. The "BEAT THE CHEAT" show plays again. Laura takes the clown from the chair opposite her and moves it so it is sitting next to her on the settee.

2> INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DARK

Ben walks in the room quietly and gets into bed. He crashes out almost immediately. Laura, faking sleep, checks the time on the clock. 2:35 AM.

3> INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Takeaway boxes and bags scattered across the table in between the settee and the television. Laura sits with the clown on the settee as she gorges on a box of doughnuts.

Laura finishes a glass of wine and kisses the clown on it's cheek. She drunkenly stands up and turns the television off.

LAURA

'Night, Clowney. Thanks for the company...again.

Laura switches the living room light off and sways up the stairs.

The clown's expression has a beaming smile.

4> INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Laura cradles the clown as she weeps whilst watching a romantic movie on the television. The table is packed again with takeaway wrappers and boxes.

Laura finishes her glass of wine and goes to refill it from the bottle on the table - but it is empty.

Wiping tears from her eyes, Laura stands up turns the television off and then the lights. She heads upstairs.

The clown's expression has changed to sad and miserable.

5> INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Laura watches "BEAT THE CHEAT" as she sits back lazily on the settee with the clown under her arm.

An empty bottle of wine is on the table and a quarter filled glass.

LAURA

(to the clown)

Am I getting fat? Am I ugly?
Would you say - I'm a pig? Maybe
that's why Ben never comes home.
Maybe he's got someone else.

The clown remains motionless, it's original expression remains.

Laura laughs mockingly at herself as she gets up and turns the television off. She heads to the staircase and turns the lights off.

LAURA
(to the clown)
'Night again, Clowney. Thank God
I found you. You're the only one I
can talk to right now.
(giggling)
Overweight, ugly. Add nut case to
the list as well.

Laura heads up the staircase.

The clown's expression is angry.

END MONTAGE

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Laura is watching television with the clown huddled next to her. She stands up and closes the curtains.

She sits down. Her mobile phone rings. She looks at the clown.

LAURA
Let me guess. Ben won't be home
until late.

Laura picks the phone from the table and answers it.

LAURA
Hi Ben.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Not Ben.

LAURA
Oh, sorry. Who is this?

A small silence. A ruffling sound can be heard down the phone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Why did you close the curtains?

Laura looks horrified. She ends the call.

Her mobile rings again. Laura takes it and looks at the screen. It is an unknown number.

She hesitantly answers it.

LAURA
Who is this?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I'm the man that's been watching
you. Since you first moved in a
couple of weeks ago now.
(excited, breathing
heavily)
I know you need me. New house and
new life... You need a new lover
too. You're gonna get it too,
whore. You just need -

Laura hangs up the call.

She looks terrified. She shakes as she calls Ben on her
mobile.

BEN (V.O.)
(on phone))
Laura?

LAURA
Ben - I need you home right now!
There's some guy who's been
watching me, he just called me up
and said he was gonna do...stuff
to me.

BEN (V.O.)
What?

LAURA
Ben, just please come home now!
I'm scared!

BEN (V.O.)
Look, I'll be right there. Hang
up, call the police right away.
Tell them what you told me. Call
me back straight away. OK bab-

Laura's phone dies. She tries to turn it back on but the
battery is dead.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A police car is outside. A vectra pulls up alongside it.
Ben steps out of the car and walks towards the house.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Two police officers are standing together as Laura sits on the settee. One of the officers is writing notes in his pad.

Ben enters the room looking shocked and confused.

OFFICER
Ben Jackson?

Ben nods.

BEN
Yes, that's me. What's going on?

OFFICER *1
We had an emergency call about a possible stalker and we have taken all the details from your wife.

BEN
Yeah, so what now?

OFFICER *2
We have to advise you to get a land line, a home connection. There's not a lot more we can do with this right now. It's more then likely a prank call, a one off.

The police leave and Ben hugs Laura comfortingly.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A white van drives up and stops outside the driveway. A man dressed in blue overalls steps out and heads to the door.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

A knock on the front door.

Laura opens the door and looks at the man in blue overalls. He is bulky and tall, mid 40's with thinning hair.

MAN
Good afternoon, I'm here to install your telephone.

LAURA
Oh...I never got round to calling you guys? Are you sure?

MAN

The police called us after something of a disturbance last night? They said it was urgent so here I am.

Laura looks unsure of the man.

LAURA

OK, give me a minute. They gave me a number to call on my mobile so I'll just need to check -

The man BURSTS inside and sends Laura to the floor. He slams the door shut.

STALKER

You dumb bitch! You're the easiest one yet!

He grabs Laura and drags her into the living room by her hair. Laura screams in pain.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The STALKER slaps Laura round her face, instantly silencing her. He pushes the table over and gets on top of her, pinning her down. He grabs the television remote from the settee and turns it on, increasing the volume.

He glances at the clown sitting at the end of the settee.

STALKER

You are one weird bitch!

Laura tries to push the stalker off her, but he is too strong. He slaps her around the face again. He starts to take his overalls off.

The clown's head slowly turns. It looks down at what the stalker is doing on top of Laura. The clown's legs begin to shake, it's hands start to rattle.

Long black and brown colored spiral shaped tentacles extend from the clown's legs and arms. It's face morphs into a furious expression.

The stalker looks up in amazement and horror.

The clown wraps one of it's tentacles around the stalker's torso and pulls him away from Laura. It dangles him in the air. The clown's expression turns into a demonic smile.

One of the other tentacles slides it's way inside the stalker's mouth. His throat bulges as the tentacle slides deep inside.

Laura looks on in horror. She crawls to the corner of the room and huddles up into a ball, unable to stop watching.

Another set of tentacles burst from the clown's mouth - making the doll resemble a demonic octopus.

The tentacles group together and force their way up to the stalker's naked buttocks. They RIP inside him - blood gushes from his forced open rectum.

Blood flies from the stalker's midriff as a tentacle bursts it's way out.

The stalker's body is TORN in half by the tentacles of the clown. Blood gushes like a fountain, splashing onto the ceiling, the floor and the walls.

Internal organs, split bones and ribs splash down on to the pool of blood on the floor.

The tentacles wrap themselves around the legs on the bottom half of the stalker's torn apart body and tear them away.

Another set of tentacles wrap around the arms on his top half and his head. They pull the arms from their sockets. His neck is SQUEEZED tightly - a sizzling sound as his neck is melted and his head separates.

The tentacles zoom back into the clown's body and mouth in a flash. The clown then begins to dissolve, transforming into a vat of dark ooze, a black liquid thick as oil.

The ooze spreads across the floor, extending up the walls and covering the ceiling.

The ooze has covered the entire room, all except Laura who remains shocked in the corner of the room. She looks as if she is trapped - or protected - in a type of air bubble.

The ooze visibly throbs and makes small gurgling sounds as it absorbs the blood and limbs of the stalker.

In seconds, the ooze gushes backwards, retreating back inside the small remains of the dissolved clown. It begins to build a shape, a form. As if by magic, the clown has rebuilt itself as if nothing happened.

The room is sparking clean.

Laura screams, the television has a chat show with an audience erupting with cheers as a member of the show is thrown off the studio, drowning out her hysterical cries.

Shaking, Laura looks at the clown opposite her on the settee. She trembles, crawls to the table that has been placed back on it's legs as if nothing ever happened.

She takes her mobile phone and gulps. She searches for a name on her address list until Ben's name pops up on the screen. She calls the number.

BEN (V.O.)
Hey babe, how are you?

LAURA
(hysterical)
BEN! Ben - the clown - a guy
tried - it killed him - blood
everywhere...please...come
home...help me!

BEN (V.O.)
What? Calm down Laura! What the
hell is going on now?

Laura takes a deep breath, she cant take her eyes off the clown.

LAURA
The clown...it's - it's alive!

A small silence.

BEN (V.O.)
The clown is alive? That doll
thing you found in the basement?

LAURA
YES!

BEN (V.O.)
(exhaling deeply)
Laura...I know you've had a bit
of a traumatic time with the
phone call last night and being
at home on your own is not easy.
But you've got to understand I'm
at work. I don't have time enough
as it is - I really don't have
time to talk about killer clowns.

LAURA
I'm not making it up Ben! This
guy - the one who called me,
whose been watching me - he came
round pretending to be man from
the phone company. He attacked
me, the clown - it - it *changed*.
The blood - everywhere...then
it...it drunk it...

BEN (V.O.)
STOP! Laura, you need to quit
watching that TV so much.

BEN(cont'd)

(beat)

I've got to get back, I'm in the middle of a meeting and Denilson is gonna be pissed if I don't clinch this deal.

(beat)

If you don't like the clown, throw the fucking thing out. I'll call you later.

The phone call ends.

Laura drops her mobile to the sparkling clean laminated floor and stares at the clown, trembling, too afraid to move. It seems to stare back at her.

Laura breathes heavily, her vision blurry. She passes out.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DARK

The room is dark as night has set in. Laura stirs on the floor. Her eyes flicker open. She sits up in urgency - looks around the room, breathing heavily.

The clown is no where in sight.

Laura stands up. She looks out of the window. The van the stalker had arrived in has disappeared.

Laura gently massages her head as she turns the lights on.

LAURA

(to herself)

I am losing it.

A tapping at the front door.

HALLWAY

Laura stops in the hallway and looks at the door. Another tapping sound. No one can be seen through the glass of the door.

LAURA

God, snap out of it.

Laura walks headstrong to the door and opens it.

She looks around. The street is quiet, a gentle wind makes the bushes and tree branches sway, the noise created is calm like a distant ocean.

Laura takes a deep breath of the fresh air, closing her eyes trying to relax. She looks down at the doorstep - the clown is sitting in front of her, it's head tilted so it looks directly at her.

Laura looks fearful and steps back - but her gaze is captured by the clown's expression. She freezes, the clown's sinister eyes glowing a bright yellow, it's smile a distorted smirk.

Laura smiles. She looks calm, relaxed, hypnotized and possessed by the gaze of the clown's glare.

LAURA

(calm, dreamily)

You got rid of the van didn't you, Clowney? I don't know how but...you did it for me. You saved me. You protected me.

She picks the clown from the doorstep and brings it inside the house, closing the door behind her.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben's car pulls up on the drive way. He gets out of the car and heads to the door.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Ben walks inside. Laura is watching the television with the clown beside her.

She looks back at him.

BEN

Wanna tell me what the hell that was all about earlier?

Laura looks apologetic.

LAURA

I'm sorry - I really don't know what happened. I fell down - hit my head - I kind of - tripped out for a moment.

Ben sits down next to her. He looks at her reddened cheeks.

BEN

You "tripped out"? What did you fall on? An iron? What happened to your face?

LAURA

I - I got a little emotional. I'm much better now, I feel more with it. I'm sorry, I just don't know what happened.

LAURA(cont'd)

(beat)

Why are you home early?

BEN

Well, I would have been home as soon as you called but I had to finish my meeting. Denilson would have gone ape shit. I thought you might be happy to see me.

LAURA

I am!

BEN

And that I would take you out for the night, get you out of the house. I think you need it.

LAURA

Oh...Ben...

(looking at the clown)

That would be just what I need.

Ben looks at the clown.

BEN

I thought you hated that thing.
Let me get rid of it.

Laura holds tightly to the clown.

LAURA

No, no. It's nothing to do with it.

(beat)

You're right. A night out is just what I need.

Ben heads up the staircase.

BEN (O.S.)

I'll get changed. It's watching all that shit on the box, Laura. You need a hobby, join a club, maybe a gym even.

Laura cuddles the clown as she turns her attention back to the television with distant, gazed eyes.

INT. RESTAURANT

The restaurant is very plush and lavish. Classical music plays gently.

Ben and Laura are seated at a table. Their dinner plates are finished and they look more than content at each other.

BEN

You've certainly perked up tonight, been more like the old you.

LAURA

Well, you too. All that non stop work. I feel refreshed. Must be being out of that house.

BEN

Good. That's good. I'm glad.

Ben smiles unconvincingly, he looks like he something on his mind.

LAURA

What is it?

BEN

I'm glad you're feeling better. I've got something to tell you and I'm not sure if you're going to like it.

Laura looks at him, expressing him to tell her.

BEN

I've got to go out of town for a couple of days on business. Denilson needs me to tie up this deal and they want it to happen on their turf.

Laura sighs, crestfallen.

LAURA

That's the whole reason for this dinner isn't it? Nothing to do with me or how I was feeling!

Other people in the restaurant look over. Laura calms down, embarrassed but annoyed.

BEN

(softly)

Laura...stop being so paranoid. I'm on the verge of a massive deal. If I get this, I could end up working for myself instead of Denilson. I need your support on this, OK?

Laura nods in reluctant agreement.

LAURA

OK.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Ben kisses Laura goodbye at the doorstep. Ben walks to his car and drives away. Laura walks back inside the house.

LIVING ROOM

Laura angrily walks in and sits in the chair next to the television, opposite the settee where the clown is sitting.

LAURA

(to the clown)

Ben's boss. This Denilson is a real pain in the ass. He's wrecking everything. Making him work all these hours, sending him a billion miles away...

(beat)

Maybe Ben likes being away from me...maybe he isn't working at all...perhaps he's with another woman.

The clown looks lifeless, it's normal pose.

LAURA

(spitefully)

If he is cheating on me...I'll kill him.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM

Laura goes through Ben's bedside cabinet. It is filled with folders and files relating to his work. She finds a diary. Flicking through the pages of the diary, she finds Denilson's mobile and work number.

She finds a page with Ben's personal details, including his mobile phone password : LAURA

LAURA

(to herself)

Why would you even need a password?

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Laura takes out her mobile phone. She taps in a phone number. It rings.

MR. DENILSON (V.O.)

Who the hell is this?

LAURA

Hello, sorry to disturb you, I'm Ben Jackson's wife, Laura Jackson. I'm hoping you could help me.

MR. DENILSON (V.O.)

Sure..sure, I remember you. We met before, at the Christmas party a few years back. Shame we had to cancel them, but budget restrictions are a bitch. What can I do for you, Mrs. Jackson?

LAURA

(lying)

Where is Ben exactly? I mean, what hotel is he staying in. He never mentioned it and I need to call him.

MR. DENILSON (V.O.)

Ben Jackson? He's in...hang on a sec...Manchester. Hotel? I dunno, I'll need to check on that, I don't know that type of thing, you know? I'm too busy running things on the top level. He should know, why didn't he tell you before he left?

LAURA

I don't know...I'm sorry.

(beat)

I just feel lonely right now. Like I need someone to be with me.

A small silence. Laura grimaces at her own remark.

MR. DENILSON (V.O.)

Lonely huh? You know, if you're feeling so lonely, how about me popping by and us having a few drinks? I finish in a few hours. I hate to see my employees down in the dumps. And if you are Ben's wife, then I look at you as my employee. We are one big happy family.

LAURA

(shaking)

That would be great...

MR. DENILSON (V.O.)
I like to make my employees
happy. Very happy.

Denilson sniggers like a pig down the line.

MR. DENILSON (V.O.)
I got your home address. I'll be
there in a couple.

Laura hangs up, looking disgusted at herself. She takes the clown from the settee and grabs it, looking at it deep in it's lifeless eyes.

LAURA
Do this for me. Please, please do
what you did last time.

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

A mercedes drives up to the house and pulls in to the drive way.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

The door bell rings. Laura walks up and answers the door.

MR. DENILSON, late 50's, a poirot styled moustache with a chubby stomach is there gleaming with a bottle of wine in his hand.

Laura fakes a welcoming smile.

LAURA
Come in.

Mr. Denilson walks inside. He looks around the small hallway. He looks at Laura and starts to feel her arms up and down.

MR. DENILSON
You seem nervous, my dear.

Laura gulps and takes his hand in hers.

LAURA
This way. Follow me.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM

The clown is sat in a wicker chair in the corner of the room.

The door opens and Laura leads Mr. Denilson inside. She sits at the top of the bed and nervously looks at him.

He slams the door shut and begins to undress.

Mr. Denilson notes the clown in the corner. He laughs out loud.

MR. DENILSON

Shit, I knew you were some kinky bitch when you flirted with me at that party a few years back. You like to be watched, huh? Watched by a clown? Fuck me, that's some weird shit, girl.

LAURA

(under her breath)

Not quite how I remember it.

Denilson undresses. He has a string vest on and a pair of panties.

He gets on top of Laura and kisses her.

Laura turns away in disgust. Denilson begins to feel her body with his hands. Laura's face is one of anguish.

She pushes him off of her angrily. Mr. Denilson is stunned.

MR. DENILSON

Hey, what the fuck's the problem, bitch? You invited me over, you wanted this!

Mr. Denilson gets up to leave, puts on his trousers and shirt. Laura lays back on the bed looking ashamed and at the motionless clown in the corner.

MR. DENILSON

Worthless whore. You ain't shit.

The clown becomes alive. It's legs tremble, it's arms begin to throb and move.

Mr. Denilson opens the door to leave. He looks back.

MR. DENILSON

I'm gonna hit that, but when you let me. If you don't let me, you're hubby is gonna be pretty pissed off when I tell him what a whore you are. Think about that -

A tentacle SNAPS round Mr. Denilson's neck and drags him across the room. It tightens it's grip and hoists him high in to the air.

The clown has morphed into it's octopus state - tentacles fly everywhere, flapping and eager to attach themselves to Denilson's body so they can tear it apart.

The tentacles wrap tightly around Mr. Denilson's body. Tighter. Tighter. Blood spews from his mouth.

Mr. Denilson's body becomes smaller, crushed as the tentacles of the clown squash him. A sizzling sound, spirals of smoke emerge as his body is becoming fried and squashed at the same time.

A tentacle is shoved down Denilson's throat - a bulge in his neck followed by his exposed chest and stomach creating a line splitting it almost open.

The tentacle reaches it's aim and splurts out of his rectum, wrapping it self like a shoelace around the body of Denilson and squeezing all the blood from his body.

A moment passes.

The body of Mr. Denilson SPLITS apart - limbs, organs, blood and bone fly EVERYWHERE. The room is a tomb of blood.

The clown dissolves in seconds - forming into it's liquid of an oozy black oil. It spreads across the bedroom, the entire room bar Laura who is spared in a protective air bubble.

Laura watches both horrified and delighted.

The ooze reduces back and reforms in to the clown. The room is left looking sparkling clean.

Laura cries. Her cries turn into hysterical laughter. She walks up to the clown, grabs it and hugs it.

LAURA

Everything is going to be OK now,
it's going to be just how it
should be.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben's car pulls up into the driveway.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Darkness. Ben walks inside and closes the front door. There is a light seeping from the kitchen. He hangs up his coat and walks in to the

KITCHEN

A radiant Laura sits at a candle lit table with dinner on the table and a bottle of Mr. Denilson's wine awaiting to be opened.

Ben looks unimpressed.

BEN

What are you doing still up?

LAURA

Once I got your text that you'd be home tonight I thought I'd make you something special. It's your favorite.

BEN

Laura, it's 1 AM. I'm tired, I've experienced a plane trip from hell, someone smashed my car window in the parking lot and the drive home was like a nightmare. I just want to get to bed and go to sleep.

He walks out of the kitchen and can be heard walking up the staircase. Laura is left sitting on her own.

INT. HALLWAY

Laura checks Ben's coat's pockets. She finds his mobile phone. She turns it on and enters the password - LAURA.

She checks his messages.

ON MOBILE:

FROM KAREN: IM GONNA MISS U...BACK TO THAT OLD BAG HUH? LOLZ...C U NEXT TIME LUV U KAREN XXXX

Laura is stunned. She shakes as she checks an earlier message.

ON MOBILE:

FROM KAREN: DATS GOOD UR BOSS IS WELL GUD 2 U HE SORTS U OUT TIME OFF AND EXCUSES 4 U 2 MEET ME...SWEET! C U SOON LUV KAREN XXXX

Laura looks heartbroken. She walks slowly in to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ben storms down the staircase and into the room with the clown in his grasp. He throws it across the room and looks angrily at Laura, sitting blank faced on the settee.

BEN

That thing is not sitting in the bedroom. You don't want it, I don't want. Throw the fucking thing out or I will.

LAURA

(trembling)

So...how's Karen?

Ben is stunned.

BEN

Who? What the fuck are you on about? I don't know a "Karen".

LAURA

I guess you are more into girls that like Barbie dolls. What is she...sixteen? Seventeen?

Ben looks furious but blatantly caught out.

LAURA

I checked your phone, Ben.

BEN

What the hell do you want from me? What do you expect from me? You used to look good - you used to make an effort. Nowadays you scoff trash all day long, watch the box twenty-four-seven and call me up about killer clown dolls?

Laura starts to cry as Ben flies off the hanger. The clown, in the corner of the room, quietly, slowly sits itself up.

BEN

You always have a headache and that time of the month seems to be a weekly occurrence with you whenever we do have the time to do anything.

(calming down)

You don't want me - ever thought of it like that? How I might feel?

LAURA

(crying)

You hurt me so bad - you've hurt
me so bad. I never meant to hurt
you Ben...I love you...

Laura's eyes open wide in horror as a tentacle rises behind Ben.

LAURA

(screaming)

NO!

The tentacle thrusts forward and stabs Ben in his back - slicing right through and splattering out of his chest. Blood flies as Ben is lifted from his feet by the tentacle.

Laura screams deliriously as another set of tentacles, eight in all, STAB viciously into Ben's chest, back and stomach, passing through him and then splitting him into several pieces.

Ben's body parts splatter against the walls and drop down to the floor which is drenched in blood in seconds. His head falls on to the glass table and smashes through it.

LAURA

(to the clown)

NO! YOU BASTARD!

Laura grabs a sharp shard of glass from the broken table and angrily stabs at one of the clown's tentacles. The blade stabs inside the dark toil - protruding an unholy dark groan and a bubbling black liquid.

A tentacle creeps up behind Laura and wraps itself around her, lifting her and throwing her into a corner of the room.

The clown's face forms from the octopus. It look's furious.

The tentacles GRAB Laura - one wraps round her waist, two slice through each of her arms. Laura screams in pain.

Another wraps tightly around her neck. Two others dangle tauntingly in front of her face.

The tentacle around her waist begins to froth, a sizzling sound followed by small smoke spirals as it tightens even more around her.

The two tentacles STRIKE - slicing right through Laura's shocked open eyes and out through the back of her head.

Her body is torn in half, her head sliced clean in a fountain of blood.

The octopus transforms into the black ooze and covers the entire room. It absorbs the blood and body parts before retreating back and re-forming into the clown.

The clown doll gets up and walks to the edge of the sparkling clean living room.

The clown opens it's mouth - wider and wider until it extends at least four feet, shark sized dagger sharp jaws inside forefront a tunnel of darkness.

The clown then vomits - a river of blood, body parts, and bones all around the floor of the room. The heads of Ben, Laura, Denilson and the stalker are all splurged out and scattered splattering around the blood soaked floor.

It looks like a lake of blood with floating limbs and organs.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Police and ambulance crews surround the road. A frenzy of media stand away from a crime scene barrier that has been erected.

A man in a beige trench coat walks past the crime scene barrier and up the driveway to the doorstep.

An officer blocks him.

The man in the trench coat shows him his ID badge and the officer lets him enter.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The man in the trench coat, DETECTIVE RISCO (Small, balding man, early forties) walks inside. He walks into a lake of blood.

A crime scene unit investigation is in place, a photographer takes pictures of the violent scenes.

A man in a protective suit walks over to Risco.

PROTECTIVE SUITED MAN

Sir, you should not be in here
without wearing one of these.

DETECTIVE RISCO

Don't worry about me.

PROTECTIVE SUITED MAN

Hell of a mess, sir.

DETECTIVE RISCO

Clearly.

Another officer, wearing boots, walks out from the basement with the clown in his hands. Noticing Risco, the officer walks over to him.

OFFICER *1

I found this in the basement,
Detective Risco. What should I do
with it?

DETECTIVE RISCO

It's nothing. Put it in the bag.
We'll give it a clean up from any
dust then give it to charity.
Some children's home will love
it.

END