

# C L O W N E D

(FIRST DRAFT)

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FADE IN

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Looking down upon a tall cornfield, still under the night sky. Its quiet, almost peaceful. Far in the distance FLASHLIGHT BEAMS rush through the field.

On the outskirts is a dirt car park. A single car occupies it.

Down at the edge, BEAMS shine through the thick maze. As they draw closer the silence is disturbed by vague screams.

Suddenly out fall JOE (18) and DAN (18) in a heap on the floor. They pick themselves up off the ground.

JOE  
I think we lost him.

DAN  
Dude that was so close, I'm loving this.

Joe throws Dan a shady look. They begin walking to the car.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Oh come on, How many horror films have we seen?

JOE  
I don't know. Hundreds? Maybe thousands?

DAN  
Exactly, we live for this shit. Look around you we are practically in a Stephen King novel. How can you not be loving this?

Arriving at the car, Dan driver side, Joe passenger. They converse over the roof. Joe yields with a cheeky grin.

DAN (CONT'D)  
(pointing at Joe)  
There's my nerd.

JOE  
Its lucky we aren't you know, this would be the perfect "they think they've got away" moment right before-

A CHILDREN'S NURSERY RHYME interrupts, *POP GOES THE WEASEL*, its coming from the field. Joe and Dan freeze.

A beat. Joe shakes his head, he knows what Dan is going to do.

JOE (CONT'D)  
(mouths to Dan)  
Get in the car.

Dan smirks, he can't resist, turns to look. Joe stares straight ahead.

DAN  
Okay, we are in a Stephen King  
novel.

Joe reluctantly caves, slowly turns to see...

A JACK IN A BOX on the edge of the cornfield where they stood moments ago.

JOE  
Lets go, NOW!

DAN  
Wait, watch.

Gradually the music intensifies, it won't be long now. Joe grimaces, Dan's exhilarated.

Back on the box, chiming away like a ticking time bomb....POP!

The toy goes off, simultaneously a STEAM PUNK KILLER CLOWN erupts from the field, masked, letting out a SINISTER LAUGH.

Dan and Joe swiftly scramble into the car.

INT. DAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Dan slightly panicked now drops his keys in the footwell.

Through back window, Steam Punk sprints towards them.

Dan's hand wonders the footwell, he finds the keys.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dan's car speeds off, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Steam Punk emerges from the dust cloud, his costume covered with dots of paint, wielding a BAT in one hand, PHONE in the other.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Dan's car carefully manoeuvres around the narrow bends, a darkened woodland accompanies either side.

INT. DAN'S CAR - DRIVING

Joe rummages around the glove box while hyperventilating, pulls out an INHALER, takes a hit. Dan drums the steering wheel, bouncing with excitement.

DAN

Woooooo! Fuck that was intense. I feel like Neve Campbell and Jamie Lee Curtis right now, except with brighter career prospects.

Joe takes another inhaler hit. Dan looks slightly concerned.

DAN (CONT'D)

So the asthma is still a thing huh?

Another inhaler hit, Joe calms, sparks up a joint.

DAN (CONT'D)

Do you think that's a good idea?

JOE

(defensive)

We could of been killed, I'd say that's a fairly acceptable excuse.

DAN

What? By who? Pennywise the lonely uber nerd? Some recluse who got bored of sniffing his mum's socks every night and thought, hey I know what'll be fun. I'll dress up as a child's entertainer, join a group of other loser's and run around the countryside trying to scare people. Then maybe, just maybe, I'll be less of a loser.

Rant over, Dan takes a deep breath.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Fucker probably doesn't even have  
the lung capacity to blow up a  
balloon.

Joe chuckles to himself. A well received ease of tension.

JOE  
You're a fine one to talk, remind  
me, what is the drama club's next  
production?

DAN  
Romeo and Juliet.

A little more laughter from Joe.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Amateur dramatics is no laughing  
matter my friend. Do you think the  
playboy bunnies laughed at Leonardo  
DiCaprio? No, they hopped on top  
off him and played a game of human  
buckaroo.

Joe shakes his head.

JOE  
Where do you come up with this  
stuff?

DAN  
Theatrics runs in the family, now  
pass me that joint.

Joe hands over the joint. Dan takes a big drag. Exhales.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Why are you bitching anyway? This  
was your idea, You wanted to pull  
the ultimate-

Dan back tracks.

DAN (CONT'D)  
No sorry, experience the ultimate  
prank for your birthday. A slightly  
twisted request, but hey, your my  
friend, I love you.

Joe cringes.

JOE  
Firstly, NEVER say that again,  
Secondly, this wasn't exactly what  
I had in mind.

DAN  
Reality is often disappointing.

Dan turns to Joe. Gives him a cheeky wink.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Easter Egg.

Joe looks completely dumbfounded. *What does that mean?*

JOE  
What?.. STOP!!!

Dan abruptly slams on the brakes, TYRES SCREECH as the car comes to a resounding halt. Joe and Dan stare dead ahead, eyes fixated on something on the road.

Dan drags on the Joint, passes it to Joe, he drags.

DAN  
(while exhaling smoke)  
No. Way.

Through the windscreen, CAR HEADLIGHTS illuminate the back of a YOUNG GIRL in a white dress, bare footed, stood in the road.

Dan and Joe continue to stare utterly bewildered by the situation.

JOE  
There's no chance this is related  
right? We're miles away.

DAN  
Well, the alternative is a girl  
randomly walking country roads,  
bare foot, at night, alone, either  
way she's mental.

Dan begins slowly backing the car up.

JOE  
What are you doing?

DAN  
Backing the car up, genius.

JOE

Why?

DAN

In case we have to ram her.

JOE

Please tell me your joking. Lets just get out and talk to her.

Dan brings the car to an aggressive stop.

DAN

(aggravated)

Look man, we can turn back and play knife tag with the homicidal clowns or, we get this bitch out of our way by any means necessary. What do you want to do?

Joe slumps into his seat, accepting defeat.

JOE

Fuck.

DAN

That's what I thought, grab the flashlights.

Joe begrudgingly obliges, Dan switches off the engine, they exit the car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Darkness greets Joe and Dan as they exit. A brief flicker of LIGHT from the flashlights, and again.

DAN

Fucking flashlights.

Joe gives his a WHACK, finally it works, Dan follows suit.

They approach suspiciously, Joe's light fixed on young girl, she is unmoved, dormant. Dan scans the treelines and embankment that surrounds them on both sides.

DAN (CONT'D)

This just gets creepier, and creepier.

Now only a few feet away Joe stops in his tracks, puts his arm in front of Dan, who's enthusiasm has diminished.

JOE  
(whispers to dan)  
Wait, she's holding something.

DAN  
It's a dead baby, it's always a  
dead baby.

JOE  
Excuse me miss? Everything okay? Do  
you need help? Or a lift?

Silence.

DAN  
(shouting)  
Oi!

No acknowledgment.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Fuck this, lets go.

JOE  
No we can't just leave her here.

DAN  
You've got 30 seconds till I park  
my car up her arse.

Joe slowly edges forward, he reaches out, hands shaking.

JOE  
(whispers to self)  
Please don't be a dead baby, please  
don't be a dead baby.

Joe timidly grasps her shoulder. Young Girl turns ominously  
away from the shadows and into the light revealing...

BLOODY FACE CLOWN, grinning from ear to ear, face decorated  
with blood, cradling a disfigured toy doll.

Dan drops his flashlight in shear shock, Joe rapidly about-  
turn's and makes for the car, he loses his footing, falls,  
flashlight crashes against the concrete. Lights out.

As quickly as he fell he's up, flashlight in hand, whacking  
it while he runs.

The outline of the car is faint, Just a few feet now.  
Another WHACK, nothing, WHACK, WHACK, WHACK.

A momentary burst of light shows...

A JACK IN A BOX on the hood of the car. Joe leaps backward, lands on the seat of his pants. The flashlight flies off into the dark.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Dan? Dan where are you?

Joe jumps to his feet and pulls out his PHONE. He sets the camera to record, the FLASH comes on.

The SCREEN captures Dan laying on the ground surrounded by Killer Clowns. Bloody Face Clown looms over him, removes a BUTCHERS KNIFE concealed in her doll, raises the knife up..

Joe stops recording, he can't watch.

JOE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

As Joe scrambles up the embankment and into the forest, horrifying screams fill the air.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Branches tear away at Joe, slashing his face as he runs for his life.

Dan's screams fade away into the distance.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

An age old tree fills the view. The forest is mute until...

Joe stumbles into sight, he collapses at the base, panting violently. Reaches for his inhaler, takes a hit.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DAN'S CAR - DUSK

HEAVY BREATHING REPLACES SOUND IN SCENE

Joe and Dan gear up, PAINTBALL GUNS at the ready. Giggling like school child about what is to come.

INHALER HIT SOUND

EXT. CORNFIELD - DUSK

HEAVY BUT STEADIER BREATHING REPLACES SOUND IN SCENE

Armed with their paintball guns Joe and Dan enter the cornfield.

INHALER HIT SOUND

EXT. CORNFIELD - OPPOSITE END - NIGHT

DEEP SLOW BREATHS REPLACES SOUND IN SCENE

Joe and Dan sneak to the edge, guns and flashlights (switched off) trained on a group of Killer Clowns stood in a grassy plain, armed with various WEAPONS preparing for a night of scaring.

They share a smile, Dan nods to Joe, *You ready?*, Joe reciprocates. They switch on the flashlights.

SOUND OF VAGUE WHISPERS

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - RESUME SCENE

Joe jumps to attention, backs up into the tree, his head darting back and forth, looking for the source of the WHISPERS. There coming from all angles.

MULTIPLE WHISPERS (O.S.)

Where is he?... This way... He's close... Joe.. Joe... JOE...

The last one sounded close, Joe bolts out of there.

Silence, until...

An AXE flies into the tree, moments later, SAD FACE MASK CLOWN enters view, he signals in Joe's direction. An army of Killer Clowns passes by, Sad Face removes the axe and follows.

Their flashlights sweep across the vast woodland, all the while WHISTLING a playful tune.

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT

Glorious MOONLIGHT glistens off the still lake.

A decrepit cabin overlooks the lake and a small wooden pier with an old row boat tied up.

Joe emerges from the forest looking beat, he examines the area.

JOE  
Where the hell am I?

The wind carries the sound of the clowns whistles.

Joe rushes over to the cabin, enters.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Age has not been kind to this derelict place, it's furniture is covered in dust, the wood wet and rotten.

Joe searches the cabin, a MAP hangs upon the wall.

The WHISTLES that were once distant, sound much closer.

Joe whips away the dust, eyes frantically examining the map, finger runs across it, stopping on a road located at the other end of the lake. Bingo.

Joe turns to leave, before he reaches the exit a beam of LIGHT shines on the door.

JOE  
Shit.

Joe quietly moves toward a broom closet, hides away.

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Killer clowns converge on the cabin, Sad Face directs the group to search the surrounding woodland.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT - SAME TIME

INSIDE CLOSET

Joes POV, through a crack in door, and the open front door, watches Sad Face direct the Killer Clowns away from the cabin.

A sigh of relief Joe rests against the wall, a slither of moonlight illuminates part of his face...

Suddenly a CREAK in the wood, sound of metal CLINKING the steps, the moonlight turns to a shadow.

CABIN

Sad Face enters, drags his axe in tow, whistling the same tune as earlier, his spare hand throwing objects to the ground, being purposely loud, as if he were putting on a show.

INSIDE CLOSET

An uncomfortable SCREECHING sound makes Joe tremble with fear, he shuts his eyes, praying it'll all go away.

CABIN

Sad Face drags a CHAIR across the room, places it directly in front of the closet, sits and teasingly strokes the axe, his eyes poised on the door.

INSIDE CLOSET

Joe remains silent, eyes still closed, hand over mouth.

CABIN

A few moments pass, Sad Face lets out a sigh of frustration, he gets up, carefully placing the chair back.

Removes a phone from his pocket and casually strolls towards the exit, stopping in the doorway.

SAD FACE

Time to blow your house down little pig.

Sad Face hits call.

INSIDE CLOSET

Joe's phone RINGS, **NO WHERE TO RUN** plays loud, he rolls his eyes, the irony is not lost on him, he scrambles to shut it off, the song ends on "No Where to--"

Silence.

SAD FACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Run.

BAM!

An axe flies into the door, the blade partially penetrating it, BAM again, wooden debris covers Joe, he drops to the ground and starts furiously kicking the rotten back wall.

CABIN

Sad Face swings over and over like a mad man, crashing his axe into the door.

INSIDE CLOSET

Joe kicks away desperately at the rotten wood, it finally gives, he throws himself through a small opening, dropping his phone in the process.

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Joe crawls through a dense thicket to the corner of the cabin, popping his round the corner. The path is clear to the row boat.

A quick look over his shoulder, Killer Clowns move rapidly through the forest, descending on the cabin, drawn by the sound of the attack.

No way back, no choice, he makes for the row boat, sprinting like his life depended on it, never once looking back.

Reaches the boat, his hands clamber to untie the knot.

A glance toward the cabin, the clowns have reached it, Joe quickens the pace, the knot is free.

Joe pushes the boat away with all his strength, he takes a run up.

Sad Face bearing down upon him.

Joe leaps onto the boat, a second later and he was dead.

As the boat sails into the distance Sad Face stands alone on the pier, eerily waving Joe off.

EXT. OTHER END OF LAKE - NIGHT

The row boat beaches onto the pebbled shore, its back drop a breath-taking forest, both beautiful and foreboding.

Joe takes a deep breath, and enters the unknown.

INT/EXT OLD LADIES CAR - NIGHT

Drivers POV, driving slowly down a typical country road, HEADLIGHTS lighting the edge of the forest, suddenly Joe falls into view, slams his hand on the hood.

An OLD LADY is at the wheel, innocent face with a touch class, Joe approaches the door, she hits the locks.

JOE  
Please help me.

The old lady is apprehensive. Joe can see this.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Listen, if you leave me here there is a good chance I will die, and I don't want to die, I just need to get out of here and get to a phone, can you help me?

A beat. The car unlocks, Joe rushes inside, they drive off.

INT. OLD LADIES CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Joe stares vacantly out the window, watching the wildness pass by. The Old lady notices.

OLD LADY  
Are you okay dear?

JOE  
Please just get out of here as fast you can before they find us.

OLD LADY  
They? Who is they my love?

JOE  
Clowns, not real clowns, just kids dressing up as them.

OLD LADY  
Oh yes, my grandson told me of this, children running around playing silly games.

JOE  
I thought it was just a game, we just wanted to mess with them, but they...I think they killed my friend, and I just left him there. Alone.

Joe buries his head in his hands, overcome with emotion, the asthma attacks return.

OLD LADY

Now now darling, don't be so brash.  
It is probably all part of their  
show.

Joe takes a few hits of his inhaler.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

We will arrive shortly at my home,  
I shall personally see to it the  
authorities are contacted and  
arrive promptly, okay dear?

Joe's demeanour calms, he allows himself to smile.

JOE

Okay.

EXT. OLD LADIES COTTAGE - NIGHT

Old ladies car pulls into the stoned drive way of a charming country cottage, draped in vines and flower baskets.

Old Lady and Joe exit the car, enter the cottage.

INT. OLD LADIES COTTAGE - NIGHT

A delightfully quaint open plan kitchen, adjacent is a cosy living room with a log fire burning, very homey.

Old Lady and Joe enter the kitchen, she directs him to the living room.

OLD LADY

Take a seat dear, I'll put the  
kettle on.

Joe obliges, sits on the sofa.

Old Lady, pops about the kitchen, makes a cup of tea, brings it over to Joe.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

There you go my love, now, I'm just  
going to call the police, you try  
to relax.

JOE

Thank you.

OLD LADY  
My Pleasure.

Old Lady walks to the kitchen door.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
I'll be right back.

She smiles to Joe, he can't help but return the gesture. Old lady exits.

Joe sips his steaming cup of tea taking in the warm aura of the room, this feels like a safe place.

He places the cup down on a small side table along with his Inhaler.

Joe notices a turned down photo frame on the table, *that looks odd*, his hand reaches for it.

The kitchen door opens, his hand retreats. Old Lady enters.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
The authorities are on there way.

Joe turns his attention to Old Lady.

JOE  
How long will they be?

OLD LADY  
Oh no more than 20 minutes? We are a bit out in the sticks here, please take a seat. Relax.

Old lady sits in an arm chair opposite Joe, staring at him in a peculiar way.

Some time passes.

There's an awkward tension now, Joe sips his tea nervously looking about the room for something to talk about.

Above the fireplace is an OLD CLOCK.

Next to it, a PHOTO of a YOUNG LADY in a rather extravagant gown standing on a stage.

JOE  
(pointing to the picture)  
Is that you?

OLD LADY

An age ago, I had once dreamed of  
being on the silver screen, but  
life had other plans for me. I was  
rather beautiful wasn't I?

Joe squirms, a little embarrassed.

JOE

Yes you were.

Old Lady replies rapidly.

OLD LADY

How's your tea dear?

JOE

It's delicious, thank you.

OLD LADY

Drink it up, there's a good boy.

Joe not wanting to be impolite down's it in one.

Old Lady smiles, Old Lady takes the cup from Joe and enters  
the kitchen.

Old Lady looks out the window as she washes dishes, back to  
Joe.

Joe begins to look a bit uneasy.

JOE

I feel weird.

OLD LADY

It's just shock my love, but don't  
worry you will see Daniel again  
soon.

A look of terror takes over Joe's face.

JOE

I never told you his name.

Joe tries to get up, he falls into the side table knocking it  
over, collapses to the floor on his hands and knees,  
breathing heavy.

Old Lady's once innocent face now stares menacingly out the  
window, LIGHT from a car pulling into the drive shines upon  
her.

## OLD LADY

And now it's time for the final act.

Joe's POV, blurred and dazed, he looks out into the kitchen, Old Lady stands staring down at him, his eyes flutter, when they open again, Steam Punk stands in the kitchen, Joe's eyes shut, black.

INT. CAR TRUNK - DRIVING

Darkness, only the sound of an engine ROARING can be heard, then a BUMP.

BEGIN FLASHBLACK

EXT. CORNFIELD - OPPOSITE END - NIGHT - SAME SCENE

ENGINE ROARING AND HYPERVENTILATING REPLACE SOUND IN SCENE

A storm of paintballs rain down like hell fire on the unsuspecting Killer Clowns, they run and duck for cover.

Joe and Dan laugh hysterically as they bombard the group with round after round, until, Joe's gun jams, Dan's runs out of ammo.

Silence, Steam Punk pops up and hurtles toward Joe and Dan.

Joe and Dan struggle to re-arm their guns, Dan pulls out a pack of paintballs, drops them in a panic.

Steam Punk sprints across the grassy plain at ferocious speed, bat cocked, ready to swing.

Joe and Dan bail out.

BUMP IN THE ROAD

EXT. CORNFIELD - MIDDLE OF FIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CAR SLOWING DOWN AND HEAVIER HYPERVENTILATING REPLACE SOUND IN SCENE

With Joe and Dan, still carrying their guns as they flee through the golden maze,

Joe turns his flashlight on the trail behind him to reveal... Steam Punk a mere 5 metres or so from him.

Joe chucks his gun into Steam Punks path, he misses. Dan does the same, Steam Punk trips, hits the ground, hard.

SOUND OF CAR STOPPING

END FLASHBACK

INT. CAR TRUNK - SAME SCENE - NIGHT

Darkness once again, the sound of the heavy hyperventilating is briefly broken by a car door SLAMING, then the patter of footsteps edging closer.

Joe's POV, the trunk swings open, Steam Punk and Bloody Face loom large over him, they reach in, heave him out into...

EXT. CORNFIELD - CAR PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Still JOE'S POV, his breathing even more laboured, Steam Punk and Bloody Face either side dragging him by his arms through the car park he fled hours earlier.

In the distance Sad Face stands in the middle of a semi circle of Killer Clowns, lined up like a firing squad, ready for an execution.

Joe is thrown to the dirt, the group encircle, Steam Punk and Bloody Face place Joe on his knees, hold back his arms, bow his head. END OF JOE'S POV.

Sad Face breaks from the pack, and stands over Joe, axe drawn back, ready to swing.

On the blade, raised high in the night sky, it plunges down out of view, all that's left is the backdrop of night and the sound of a sickening CRUNCH.

Sad Face gazes down upon Joe.

The Axe's landing place was not Joe's head, but the ground a few inches or so in front of him.

Joe is alive, he flops forward, laying face down on the dirt.

Back on Sad Face, he removes his mask to reveal....

DAN!!

DAN  
Happy Birthday Bud.

No response from Joe, only gasps for air as he lay barely alive on the ground.

A look of grave concern comes across Dan's face, he crouches down and turns Joe over.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Hey dude, it's me, it was just a  
prank man, it's okay, relax,  
where's your inhaler?

Joe can't respond, he's slipping in and out of consciousness, wheezing, death slowly grasping him.

Dan frantically searches Joe's pockets, nothing. He looks the group standing around him.

DAN (CONT'D)  
(in a panic)  
Guys did any of you see a fucking  
inhaler!?

Steam Punk removes his mask to reveal a waspy looking blonde haired nerd.

STEAM PUNK  
No he didn't have it with him when  
I got him.

DAN  
Fuck, okay Joe stay with me your  
going to be okay.

Joe's breathing has stopped, his eye's glazed over, Dan pushes and prods Joe, praying for a reaction.

DAN (CONT'D)  
(shouting to the group)  
Call an ambulance, now!!

Dan begins to weep as he performs CPR on Joe's motionless body.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Come on buddy, come on, come back.

EXT. CORNFIELD - CAR PARK - NIGHT - LATER

Blue FLASHING LIGHTS flicker above the immense beauty of the cornfield.

In the car park is an army of police cars and an ambulance.

Looking down on Joe's lifeless corpse, a hand comes into view and zips up a black body bag.

Dan, an emotional wreck, sits hand cuffed in the back of a police car, an officer slams the door shut. Dan's sorrowful eyes gaze out the window, in the reflection of the window, Joe's body passes by on a stretcher, Dan turns away, head in hands.

INT. OLD LADIES COTTAGE - NIGHT

The Old Lady once again stands looking out the kitchen window, a car pulls into the drive, light again shines upon her face, but this time that light is BLUE.

Tracking past Old Lady through the kitchen and into the living room, the side table now upright.

The table now takes full view, Joe's inhaler placed on top, behind it the picture frame now the right way up, but out of focus, as the focus diminishes on the inhaler, the picture frame slowly comes into focus revealing...

A FAMILY PICTURE, Dan and Old Lady embracing one another.

CUT TO BLACK



