

DEVLIN AND THE CLOWN

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FADE IN:

EXT. DINER - NEVADA - DAY

A lifeless terrain surrounds a tired highway property.

Only the sound of trucks and cars can be heard.

A slim MAN, dressed in black leathers, riding on a Harley, veers off the highway and rolls in next to one of the old gas pumps.

He climbs off the bike and removes his helmet, revealing the face of DEVLIN (27), handsome, long surfer-blond hair, oozing with confidence.

He takes off his gloves and packs them in his helmet.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Devlin walks down a grubby hallway to the door of the men's bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Devlin finishes his business, zips his pants up and moves over to a basin.

A flushed toilet goes off and moments later Devlin notices a CREEPY LOOKING CLOWN in the mirror, standing behind him.

It takes Devlin by surprise.

DEVLIN
What the fuck??!!

Devlin spins around, shocked.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
You're a clown.

CLOWN
You're good.

Devlin turns back to the basin and continues washing his hands, but keeps an eye on the clown.

DEVLIN

So, what's the go, Mr. Clown? Is the circus in town?

CLOWN

There's no laughter around here.

Devlin finishes washing his hands. He steps aside and grabs the paper toweling.

The clown takes over.

DEVLIN

Where are you heading?

THE CLOWN

Vegas.

The clown finishes washing his hands. He grabs some paper toweling.

DEVLIN

Look, Mr. Clown. I have to ask.

THE CLOWN

Ask away.

DEVLIN

What's with the clown thing? Why are you dressed up as a clown?

THE CLOWN

Well, I'll ask you this. What do you do for a job?

DEVLIN

I own a cafe.

THE CLOWN

Right. You make coffee. I make children laugh.

DEVLIN

Oh please. You clowns are just so creepy.

THE CLOWN

Have you had a bad experience with a clown before?

DEVLIN

Well, no. But...

THE CLOWN

...Not everyone likes your coffee.

DEVLIN

Whatever. But why are you dressed up as a freaking clown now?

THE CLOWN

That's a good question. Let's just say I like to prepare early. So I put my makeup and costume on in the truck and I guess the driver freaked out.

DEVLIN

Freaked out?

THE CLOWN

Yeah. He wouldn't take me to Vegas. He dropped me in this shit-hole.

DEVLIN

I don't blame him. Clowns scare the shit out of me.

THE CLOWN

We're only here to make people happy.

DEVLIN

Sure you are.

THE CLOWN

Hey! I'm in a bind. I must have left my belongings in the truck. Can you help me out?

There's an awkward silence.

DEVLIN

How much do you want?

THE CLOWN

Are you going to Vegas?

DEVLIN

No. Just came from there. Sorry!

THE CLOWN

Whatever you can spare!

DEVLIN

Tell you what! Take a twenty for your troubles.

Devlin pulls out a bunch of notes.

THE CLOWN

Thank you. Thank you so much. And what is your name?

DEVLIN

Devlin.

THE CLOWN

Devlin. That's an interesting name. Where are you heading?

DEVLIN

Back to L.A. Look, I've gotta go.

THE CLOWN

Hey! What's your address? I'll send you a gift.

DEVLIN

Forget it! It's all cool.

Devlin starts exiting.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

I hope it all works out for you and the clown thing.

CLOWN

Thank you for your generosity and I hope it all works out for too, Devlin.

Devlin feels uneasy with the clown.

DEVLIN

Bye.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Devlin slides his sunglasses on and steps outside. He approaches his Harley and slides his helmet on, before meticulously putting on his gloves.

His eye catches a car exiting the diner's carpark erratically.

It's driven by the clown who drives onto the highway, heading for Las Vegas.

Devlin, pissed off, sticks his finger up.

DEVLIN
Fuck you, clown.
What a piece of shit!

Devlin starts up his Harley and rolls out slowly, dismissing the clown, as he heads for L.A.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Business has closed up for the night. All chairs hang upside down off tables from recently mopped floors.

Devlin sits at a table drinking beer, as he checks the cafe's takings. A TV is on but the sound is down.

Devlin glances up and notices the diner where he met the clown. He quickly grabs the remote and turns up the volume.

ON THE TV SCREEN:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

An ambitious FEMALE REPORTER (28), stands outside the diner, holding a microphone on a live feed. The outside of the diner has been taped off as a crime scene.

TV REPORTER
....the body was found yesterday in this diner's mens room cubicle and the investigation has now been handed over to the FBI. Because, I can now reveal that a manhunt is underway for what authorities believe is a serial killer, who dresses up as a clown before strangling his victims...

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Devlin places his hands on his head in total disbelief.

He walks back to his table, before grabbing the remote and turning off the TV. He slumps in his chair.

DEVLIN
Holy fuck!

He grabs his beer and quickly empties it into his mouth.

He climbs out of his chair again and steps over to the closed curtains, peeping outside. There's nothing unusual.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

I've gotta get out of here.

Devlin walks around to the back of the counter. He leans down and pulls out a pistol. He checks to see if it's loaded.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Devlin, carrying his helmet and a pistol, walks up the stairs cautiously. He stops and looks down the stairwell to see if he was followed.

He steps into the hallway, looks up and down. It's all clear. He scampers over to his door, pulls out a key, opens up and quickly moves inside.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Devlin places his helmet on a side table, flicks on the lights and studies the open plan living room. There's nothing unusual.

He moves over to a window and peeps through the curtain.

Satisfied, Devlin finally relaxes. He places the pistol near his helmet and walks through to the kitchen. He grabs a beer from the refrigerator and walks over to his couch.

He's about to sit down but the open bathroom door down the end of the hallway catches his eye.

He walks over and swaps his beer for the pistol, before cautiously heading for the bathroom.

Devlin arrives at his

BATHROOM -

He slowly slides his hand in and flicks on the light.

He steps in.

The shower curtain's closed. He pokes it with his pistol, before aggressively swiping it.

Nothing.

He looks at himself in the mirror, before bursting into laughter.

Within a second he relaxes and puts the pistol down.

He runs a tap, cups his hands with water and splashes it over his face.

He talks to himself in the mirror.

DEVLIN

Devlin, my friend. You are one
paranoid fuck!

Devlin bends over the basin and wets his hair.

He lifts his head up and sees the clown behind him in the mirror.

CLOWN

Hi Devlin.

The clown surprises him.

DEVLIN

Fuck!

Devlin doesn't turn around. He keeps an eye on the clown through the mirror, as he continues to splash water over his face and hair.

CLOWN

I must say, you scare easily.

DEVLIN

You're a fucking clown.

CLOWN

I'm a good clown.

DEVLIN

You're a piece of shit.
Nothing more. Nothing less.

CLOWN

I guess so. But now the FBI are
involved. That makes it very
tricky.

A knock at the door. Devlin freezes.

CLOWN (CONT'D)

Well. What do you know? It appears
they're already here.

Devlin becomes agitated.

DEVLIN

Just shut your fucking mouth.
Just shut up! Got it?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

This is the FBI. You are completely
surrounded. Open up. Open up now.

The sound of a police chopper hovering outside the apartment
can be heard.

Devlin picks up his pistol. He turns away from the mirror.
The clown has disappeared.

As Devlin steps out of the bathroom, we stay in the room, as
he closes the door behind him.

Hanging on the back of the door, is a clown costume, clown
wig and a black electrical cord.

FADE OUT: