

Not It

by

The Good Poop

FADE IN:

INT. SEWER - DAY

Three figures in ski masks, each carrying a duffel bag and shining a flashlight, run like hell, splashing water in the run-off.

They stop at an intersection of tunnels to catch their breath and remove their masks.

JOAN, late 20s, attractive but masculine, bangs her buggy flashlight against the wall.

JOAN

Your Plan B's always suck. If there's a C, from now on we should skip to that.

HOWARD, 30s, confident, handsome except for a wicked facial scar, has long dreamed of being a famous thief...

HOWARD

They couldn't possibly know that.

JOAN

Who the fuck are you talking to?

HOWARD

The writer. He said --

NARRATOR(V.O.)

Sorry, how's this? He long dreamed of being a famous thief, millions of followers on Twitter, Sixty Minute specials...

JOAN

Who the...?

HOWARD

Lose the narrator. That's the last thing we need down here.

LEON, 30s, straps a headlamp on. A grown-up boy scout: rope on his shoulder, tiny pockets with tools, eye goggles, a whistle on his neck. Everything but merit badges.

LEON

Which direction?

Smiling, Howard takes a selfie, fixing a lock of hair.

HOWARD

It doesn't matter. All sewers come out eventually.

LEON

Are you getting cell signal?

JOAN

Not even he'd be dumb enough to post while we're still down here.

LEON

I mean in case we get stuck. We could just keep going in circles.

JOAN

No calling for help, I'd suck a dick before going to prison.

HOWARD

There's the spirit, it's all about trying new things.

Choosing a direction, she storms off in a huff of splashes.

LATER

They come to a stop when Joan's flashlight dies.

LEON

It's ok, I've got spares.

JOAN

Of course you do.

They wait while she changes the batteries. A handful of RATS scurry by Leon causing him to squeal.

HOWARD

No worries, Leon.

Howard, playing the hero, kicks at them. Joan thrusts a pistol into his side.

JOAN

Do it again and I'll feed them your balls.

Howard grins, confidence unbroken.

HOWARD
Curious about them, aren't you.

NARRATOR(V.O.)
Joan would strike out at anyone who attacked animals, children, or the hit series a Handmaiden's Tale.

HOWARD
You've been warned about interrupting.

LEON
Maybe he knows the way out of here?

JOAN
Doubt it, know-it-alls like that usually know nothing.

HOWARD
From his perspective, he knows everything that happens to us, tragedy or triumph. But he's just an observer, he won't be any help.

NARRATOR(V.O.)
I COULD warn you about the...

LEON
The what? Warn about what?!

NARRATOR(V.O.)
Let's just say don't stop to make any paper boats.

JOAN
Screw him, we have to keep moving.

They trudge ahead.

LATER

Exhausted, they stop at another intersection of tunnels. Howard takes a selfie of the three of them.

LEON
These batteries won't last forever.

HOWARD
You worry too much. You can't prepare for everything, and you shouldn't want to. Life is one part plan and two parts destiny.

JOAN
Or in your case two parts soft.

LEON
Shhh.

Distant SOBBING sounds from one of the tunnels.

JOAN
What the...

HOWARD
I do believe those are the cries of
destiny. Come on.

They tip-toe along, trying not to splash. Finally, they
reach a

SMALL CONCRETE ROOM

A figure sits on the floor watching a movie on an Ipad.

HOWARD
I say, sir...

The figure jumps, kicking his legs in the air like Eddie
Van Halen. Orange wig, makeup, oversized shoes...a CLOWN.

JOAN
Jesus Francis Christ, I thought
these two were cliché.

HOWARD
You'll have to forgive her,
lifelong identity crises can make
you cranky.

CLOWN
Wh-what do you want?

LEON
We'd like --

HOWARD
-- you to show us around. We'll
make it worth your while.

CLOWN
Go away!

JOAN
What are you doing down here? And
why did you jump like that?

NARRATOR(V.O.)

The clown had a rare mental disorder which caused him to leap uncontrollably at any sudden noise. It had become such an embarrassment that he took to solitude.

CLOWN

You brought a narrator? You people need help.

HOWARD

Yes, yours. If you could just show us the way out of here...

Joan pulls her pistol on the clown.

CLOWN

I don't care, shoot me. That narrator's gonna keep telling people stuff about my sad life, stupid quirks, the type of porn I watch. I'm not going with you.

Howard points to the whistle on Leon's neck.

HOWARD

Give it a blow, would you?

The Clown panics.

CLOWN

No, no, no...

Leon blows. The Clown does another Van Halen kick.

HOWARD

Like I always say, everything happens for a reason. Let's go, Clown, unless you want Leon to keep tooting. Do you have a name? Let me get a pic. What movie were you watching? I think your particular mental disorder is fantastic! Very distinguishing.

Howard walks the dejected clown out, arm draped on his shoulder, snapping a selfie of them.

FADE OUT: