

RICKY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

A secluded one-story home just off a narrow, gravel road. A RUSTY OLD CLUNKER sits parked in the driveway.

A tire-swing hanging from a tree in the front yard gently sways back and forth.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MIMI (mid 30s, modestly attractive) lies asleep in bed. A sliver of moonlight shines through her window onto her face, accentuating a fresh bruise around her eye. Bandage across the bridge of her nose.

She rustles slightly and turns to her side, facing --

A SHADOW standing at her bedside. Staring down at her. Very still. Very silent.

Mimi opens her eyes. Stares at the shadow at her bedside for a few moments.

Delayed reaction, she gasps and jumps up. Flicks on a light, exposing strange bruises on her neck.

She exhales, her hand pressed to her heart. Catching her breath, she sighs in relief.

MIMI

(Southern drawl)

Geezus Christ, Charlotte. You gotta stop doing that. It scares Mimi.

CHARLOTTE (11 - cute as a button with dorky thick-rimmed eyeglasses) stands there in her pajamas. Eyes to the floor. A fresh bruise accompanied by a scrape on her forehead.

CHARLOTTE

(Southern drawl)

I'm sorry.

MIMI

You can't just stand there in the dark like that, starin' at people! ESPECIALLY when they're sleepin'. It's kinda creepy.

Charlotte nods sheepishly. Mimi feels bad for her and gently palms her shoulder.

MIMI (CONT'D)
What are you doing up, huh? You
have another one 'a them
nightmares?

Charlotte shakes her head.

CHARLOTTE
Someone's here.

MIMI
What do you mean, someone's here?

CHARLOTTE
At the door. They were knocking.

Mimi looks to her clock - *12 o'clock.*

MIMI
Are you sure it wasn't a dream?
It's midnight. Everybody's asleep.

CHARLOTTE
I thought it was Daddy at first.

Mimi hugs an arm around her, comforting her.

MIMI
You KNOW it couldn't 'a been Daddy.

CHARLOTTE
I wasn't dreaming. Someone was
knocking on the door. I looked out
the window. And there was a man
outside.

She stares at Charlotte frozen. Suddenly alarmed.

MIMI
Who was it?

CHARLOTTE
A clown.

MIMI
(delayed)
A clown?

Charlotte nods.

MIMI (CONT'D)
What was the clown doin'?

CHARLOTTE
Just standing in the dark. Staring.

FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte peeks out from the hallway and watches --

Mimi tiptoeing to the door. Floorboards creaking with each step, cutting through the tense silence.

She looks back to Charlotte.

MIMI
(whispers)
Stay there, okay?

Turns and faces the door. Inches closer to the peephole, the light from outside shining through onto her eye.

MIMI'S POV - Nobody is outside.

She turns to Charlotte.

MIMI (CONT'D)
I don't see nobody out there,
honey.

CHARLOTTE
I wasn't lying!

MIMI
I know you weren't. You were just
having a nightmare--

A LOUD SLAM at the door gives them a jolt. Mimi looks back at Charlotte with wide eyes. Charlotte shaking in fear.

MIMI (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Charlotte? Honey? I need you to go
into my bedroom and get Ricky,
okay? He's under the bed.

Charlotte whimpers, tears streaming down her cheeks. Frozen in sheer horror.

Another SLAM at the door - Mimi jumps back, gasping. She turns to Charlotte again.

MIMI (CONT'D)
Now!

Charlotte scampers off.

Mimi faces the door again. Remaining still. Long silence.

MIMI (CONT'D)
Who's there?

No response.

She creeps up to the door. Slowly leans in towards the peephole --

MIMI'S POV - A MAN in an ANGRY CLOWN mask stands at the door with an axe. Staring at her. Two other MEN behind him, also toting axes. One with a HAPPY CLOWN mask, the other wearing a SAD CLOWN mask.

MIMI (CONT'D)
What do you want?

Angry Clown glances back at his partners in crime. And chuckles. The other clowns join in.

MIMI (CONT'D)
Just leave us alone! Please! I... I already called the police.

The laughter outside grows into maniacal cackling.

MIMI (CONT'D)
I ain't jokin'! They're on their way right now--

WHAM! In a flash, Angry Clown swings his axe at the door.

Mimi jumps back in terror, falling to her backside while screaming frantically.

WHAM! The paneling around the door starts to give, the door caving in slightly. *WHAM!* Each strike incites more and more hysterical laughter. *WHAM!*

Wood splinters fly as the edge of the axe breaks through. *WHAM!* Smashes wide hole. *WHAM!* The hole widens.

MIMI (CONT'D)
Charlotte!!!

Angry Clown peeks in through the hole. Steps away and cocks the axe back, ready to swing again just as --

Charlotte emerges from the hallway with a massive shotgun in her arms --

She slides the shotgun across the floor, to Mimi --

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Angry Clown smashes the knob off the door and kicks it in.

As the door violently swings open --

BOOM! A gunshot to Angry Clown's chest sends him staggering backwards --

Mimi emerges from the house, marching forward with the shotgun pointed - *BOOM!* Blows the top of Angry Clown's head clean off, taking off a chunk of the mask, blood splattering.

She stands over him. *CHA-CHUK!* Shucks the shotgun and *BOOM!* Blasts another gaping hole through his chest.

ANGLE ON the shotgun's wooden stock - *RICKY* is engraved.

Her chest heaves rapidly. Eyes wild with rage. Charlotte watching from the door.

As Mimi continues to collect her breath, she looks up at the remaining clowns.

Happy Clown and Sad Clown exchange a glance.

They drop their axes and take off running.

AT THE END OF THE DRIVEWAY

Happy Clown races across the gravel road like a world-class sprinter, leaving Sad Clown lagging behind.

CHA-CHUK! BOOM! An echoing shot catches Sad Clown in the back of the knee.

SAD CLOWN
Fuuuuuucccccckkkk!!!

He falls to his belly, screaming in agony. He clutches onto his wound, blood seeping out from between his fingers.

ACROSS THE GRAVEL ROAD

Happy Clown stops and looks back. Not sure if he should go back for his remaining friend.

AT THE END OF THE DRIVEWAY

Sad Clown removes his mask, breathing heavily. Revealing a pudgy, far-from-intimidating face.

Crawling on his belly, he reaches desperately for his buddy.

ACROSS THE GRAVEL ROAD

Happy Clown watches as --

BOOM! His friend takes a shot to the back of the head, brains splattering all over the road.

Happy Clown dashes into --

THE WOODS

And fights his way through the thick brush, branches scratching him up as attempts an escape.

He weaves his way between trees, struggling to see his way through the darkness.

BOOM! A GUNSHOT echoes from the distance. *BOOM!* Another. But they all miss.

HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A STATION WAGON sits at the shoulder, just at the edge of the dark woods.

Happy Clown emerges from the trees and dashes to the STATION WAGON. He pulls on the driver's side door handle. But it's locked.

HAPPY CLOWN

Oh, for fuck sake!

He takes a deep breath. Fishes through his pockets.

HAPPY CLOWN (CONT'D)

Come on, come on, come on!

Finds his keys. Unlocks the door and immediately hops in behind the wheel.

INT. STATION WAGON (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Inserts his keys into the ignition. The engine coughs but doesn't start.

HAPPY CLOWN

Just my God damn night...

Tries again as if turning his keys harder will work. But the same result.

HAPPY CLOWN (CONT'D)
You piece of cocksucking,
motherfucking garbage! Start!

As he continues to struggle --

Headlights glow in the distance. Behind him. He catches a glimpse through his rearview. Freezes.

Happy Clown thinks on his toes as the headlights glow brighter. Getting closer.

He ducks down slightly, eyeing the approaching vehicle through his rearview - it's the RUSTY OLD CLUNKER.

Happy Clown quickly crouches down as far as he can.

RUSTY OLD CLUNKER slows. Drifting along side Happy Clown's STATION WAGON.

INT. RUSTY OLD CLUNKER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Mimi gives the STATION WAGON a quick once-over from behind the wheel, shotgun propped up on the passenger's seat, as Charlotte looks on from the back.

But Mimi doesn't see anybody. And keeps moving.

INT. STATION WAGON (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Happy Clown waits with bated breath ducked below the steering wheel. He slowly pokes his head up. Sees the RUSTY OLD CLUNKER far ahead in the distance.

He takes a deep breath and sits up straight. Tries the ignition again - it starts!

Takes another deep breath. And shakes his head, laughing.

EXT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

A two-story home standing at the end of the street of a middle-class, suburban neighborhood. Every house looks the same. Driveways, yards, two-car garages.

Happy Clown's STATION WAGON parks in the driveway right next to a SPORTS CAR.

INT. STATION WAGON (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Happy Clown kills the engine. Looks up at the house. Opens the door - but stops.

He shuts the door again. Removes his mask.

Meet ARTHUR (mid 30s, everyman looks). He looks like he could be your friend's dad.

Arthur (aka Happy Clown) shoves the mask under his seat.

Looks in the dashboard mirror, his face glazed with sweat. He fixes his hair. Gazes at his reflection for a moment. And exits the car.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He quietly enters. All the lights off.

Slowly shuts the front door and tiptoes his way up the stairs.

BEDROOM

The door cracks open. Arthur stands at the door, staring at REBECCA (mid 30s, mildly attractive) who lies seemingly asleep in bed.

He sneaks in, quietly shutting the door behind him. As he approaches the bed, he removes clothes, tossing them to the floor.

As Arthur sits at the edge of the bed and peels off his socks...

REBECCA

Have fun with your "friends"?

He lies down and shimmies his way under the covers.

ARTHUR

I thought you were asleep.

REBECCA

Well. I'm not.

An awkward pause.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You missed your son's basketball game tonight.

Arthur sighs.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
What do you guys do all night
anyway?

ARTHUR
We were just having a couple beers,
watching the game.

REBECCA
I don't smell beer on your breath.

ARTHUR
I'm not cheating on you if that's
what you think.

REBECCA
No. That would require another
woman finding you attractive. I'm
not worried about that.

ARTHUR
That's real nice talk right before
bed. Thanks for that.

REBECCA
I want you to stop spending so much
time with your friends.

ARTHUR
Must we have this conversation
right now?

REBECCA
Face it, Arthur. Your friends are
losers.

ARTHUR
They're not losers.

REBECCA
Fred hasn't been employed for like
two years and Jeff couldn't spell
the word "employed" if he had a
Fred sounding it out for him.
(beat)
They're fucking losers.

Arthur rolls to his side, away from Rebecca.

ARTHUR
Good night, Rebecca.

He shuts his eyes.

REBECCA
Whatever.

She turns to her side, away from him. A long silence until --
DING-DONG! The doorbell rings.

Arthur opens his eyes. Turns to his back. Panic hitting him like a bucket of water.

Rebecca rolls over, faces him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Who's that?

Arthur shakes his head, worried. Rebecca senses something amiss.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I swear, if that's Fred... no way in hell he's crashing on our couch again.

ARTHUR
I'm pretty sure it's not Fred.

DING-DONG! The doorbell rings again.

REBECCA
For the love of God!

She sits up, flicks the light on.

ARTHUR
What are you doing?

Rebecca gets out of bed and storms out of the room.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Rebecca! Honey! Just let it ring!

STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She marches down the stairs.

REBECCA
I've had it up to here with you and your fucking friends, Arthur!

Arthur chases after her desperately.

ARTHUR

Rebecca? Honey? Don't answer the door. Let's just go back to bed, huh?

She reaches the bottom of the stairs, approaches the --

FRONT DOOR

REBECCA

Don't Rebecca-honey me! It's two in the God damn morning for Christ sake! We both have work early, our son has school...

She peers out through the peephole, Arthur frozen at the bottom of the stairs.

Silence.

ARTHUR

Honey?

Rebecca turns to Arthur. Bewildered and scared.

REBECCA

There's a little girl in a clown mask outside.

Arthur feigns surprise.

ARTHUR

What?

Arthur slowly approaches the door. Inches his face towards the peephole and looks out.

REBECCA

What is a little girl in a clown mask doing at our door at two in the morning?

ARTHUR'S POV - All black.

ARTHUR

I don't see anything.

BOOM! A GUNSHOT blasts through the door, taking off Arthur's head and splattering blood all over Rebecca.

She jumps back screaming hysterically, crimson streaming down her face.

Arthur's headless body continues to stand, wobbling until falling smack onto the floor.

EXT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The RUSTY OLD CLUNKER sits behind Arthur's STATION WAGON, engine running.

INT. RUSTY OLD CLUNKER (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Mimi, behind the wheel, dons the blood-stained angry clown mask, the top part of it shredded from her head shot on Angry Clown earlier.

Charlotte sits in the passenger's seat with the sad clown mask over her face.

Mimi stares up at the house.

MIMI
Who's laughin' now, asshole?

And drives off.

CUT TO BLACK:

MIMI (V.O.)
This gun has been in the family for years. Your grandpa, God rest his soul, named it after his daddy.

FADE IN:

INT. MIMI'S KITCHEN (HOUSE IN THE WOODS) - NIGHT - LATER

Mimi and Charlotte sit at the table and eat cake. Charlotte has the sad clown mask tilted on top of her head.

The shotgun sits on the table between them.

ANGLE ON - RICKY engraved on the wooden stock.

CHARLOTTE
His name was Ricky?

MIMI
That's right. Ricky was your GREAT grandpa. Now, before MY daddy - YOUR grandpa - died, he gave this gun to me.

(MORE)

MIMI (CONT'D)

And he told me that if anybody ever tried harming me or my little baby Charlotte... I'll always have great grandpa Ricky there to protect me.

Mimi stares across at Charlotte, dead serious.

MIMI (CONT'D)

One day, honey, this gun will belong to you.

Charlotte smiles while eating her cake.

Mimi smiles at her warmly while lighting a cigarette.

CHARLOTTE

Uh-oh.

MIMI

What?

CHARLOTTE

You're smoking.

MIMI

I know, smoking's bad for you. It's something you should never do. It's a nasty habit. But if you do ever CHOOSE to smoke, you shouldn't do it until you're much older. Okay?

Charlotte nods.

CHARLOTTE

Daddy gets mad when he finds out you've been smoking. REALLY mad.

Mimi looks at the bruise on Charlotte's cheek. Lowers her eyes sadly for a moment. But looks up at and smiles.

MIMI

Well. We won't have to worry about Daddy getting mad no more. He can't hurt us ever again.

At the end of the table --

Daddy sits slumped back in his chair, gaping hole in his chest, shirt drenched in blood. A look of terror frozen on his face, eyes still open.

Mimi puts out her cigarette, smiles at Charlotte. Pats the wooden stock of the shotgun.

MIMI (CONT'D)
NOBODY can hurt us. Nobody.

FADE OUT:

THE END