

# FUNNY

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FADE IN:

EXT. DUPLEX IN CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The top story is occupied by a young couple who are away for the weekend. There are no cars in the driveway. There are no lights on upstairs. The lower level is occupied by a single young man who is presently still awake, given the fact that it is well past midnight.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOWNSTAIRS

DONNIE (20S) sits on a couch in front of the TV with the sound on low. Average Joe-type. Kicked back, khakis, T-shirt, scruffy hair and stubble. No need to shave.

The glow from the screen offers the only source of light in the room. Donnie gets up off the couch and goes to the

INT. BEDROOM

To get shoes and a jacket. He returns to the

INT. LIVING ROOM

And turns off the TV. As he does so, a picture of a girl can be glimpsed on the sofa where he was just sitting. Possibly an ex. Donnie enters the

INT. KITCHEN

The digital clock on stove says 1:04 am.

Donnie grabs wallet and keys and heads out the door.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Sure, there is a closer all-night mini-mart/snack shop open, but the night is cool and the air smells fresh and Donnie needs the walk.

He passes a fenced yard with a dog on a leash. The dog barks and pulls against its leash. Donnie jumps, startled out of his revelry.

DONNIE  
I hate that damn dog.

Donnie stops a crosswalk. There is no traffic, yet he waits for the light to change. It does. He crosses.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF TOWN

Industrial, blue collar. Donnie comes upon a curious sight. Standing on the sidewalk outside of a tire factory is someone dressed in a ring around collar, pointed shoes and pointed hat. A CLOWN. The Clown is making balloon animals.

Donnie approaches, staring at the figure. He stops in front of The Clown. The Clown waves at him, ties off the balloon animal he was making, and hands it to Donnie.

DONNIE

Uh, no thanks.

The Clown persists.

DONNIE

(holds up his hands)

No, really.

The Clown makes another balloon animal, ties it off, and presents it to Donnie.

DONNIE

I gotta go. Sorry.

The Clown pops the balloon. Donnie flinches. The Clown scratches his head. Donnie starts to walk away.

He looks back. The Clown puts on the annoying act of looking sad. He shuffles his feet and wipes at imaginary crocodile tears. Donnie shakes his head and continues walking.

DONNIE

Jesus.

AM/PM STORE

Donnie enters the store. A burly Samoan female clerk named ELTEE is behind the counter. She acknowledges Donnie.

Donnie wanders the aisles aimlessly, not even remembering what he came in for. He still can't believe the strange encounter he had outside. He finally grabs some chips and goes to the counter.

DONNIE

Excuse me, but uh... this is going to sound really strange but have you seen someone dressed as a clown standing outside?

ELTEE

A clown?

DONNIE

Yeah, just up the street. As I was coming in.

ELTEE  
Haven't seen him.

DONNIE  
Oh, well. . . it's probably  
just someone's idea of a joke,  
I guess.

ELTEE  
Mmmmm.

Donnie pays and exits. Eltee watches him go.

EXT. STORE

Donnie stands outside. He looks back up the way he came. Now he wishes there was some traffic on the roads. He really doesn't want to walk passed The Clown again. He decides to go the other way and loop his way around back home.

Cringe moment as he sees The Clown across the street. The Clown covers his eyes and steps into the shadows. Emerges again and uncovers his eyes. Peek-a-boo!

DONNIE  
What do you want?

The Clown says nothing. Donnie walks. The Clown follows him, keeping pace on the other side of the street. Donnie stops.

DONNIE  
I don't want you following me!  
You hear!

Donnie takes a few more steps then runs.

EXT. DIFFERENT STREETS

Donnie zig-zags up different streets, attempting to lose The Clown.

EXT. DUPLEX

Donnie stops to catch his breath. The sound of a leash being dragged fast on concrete. The chained dog pounds down the street toward him.

DONNIE  
Oh--!

He turns the other way and sees The Clown. The Clown waves, then runs toward him.

Donnie races down the driveway in a panic. He fumbles with his key and slips inside. Slams the door.

INT. KITCHEN

Donnie leans against the door in a dramatic pose breathing hard. He turns his head to one side and spies the closed blinds. With trepidation he peers through. The Clown looks in right at him.

Donnie jumps back, throws a punch at the blinds.

DONNIE  
That's it, asshole! I'm  
calling the cops!

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

OFFICER GRASSO stands with Donnie in the kitchen. Grasso is skeptical.

GRASSO  
A clown followed you home.

DONNIE  
Yes. . . Look, I know it  
sounds crazy but I swear I'm  
not making it up!

Grasso looks at Donnie, trying to size up his story.

GRASSO  
Well. . . I didn't see  
anything suspicious in my  
sweep outside the premises.

Turns to leave.

GRASSO  
Call back if you have any  
further disturbances.

He exits. Donnie shuts the door after him.

DONNIE  
(dissatisfied)  
Thanks.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Donnie tries to sleep.

EXT. DUPLEX - NIGHT

The Clown is outside trying to get in through a window.

INT. BEDROOM

Donnie hears the noise and opens his eyes in the dark. He gets out of bed and opens a dresser drawer. Inside is a small pistol.

EXT. DUPLEX

The Clown pries at a window screen and slides the window open.

INT. BEDROOM

Donnie stands by the bedroom door, gun in hand.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The Clown clumsily falls through the window into the living room.

INT. BEDROOM

Donnie takes a deep breath and opens the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The Clown stands up in the dark living room. Silhouette.

Donnie steps in the room, sees the standing silhouette of The Clown.

Donnie aims the gun and shoots. The Clown is lifted off his feet and falls backward.

Donnie turns on the lights. He looks down.

He looks at the gun in his hand. The realization hits him that the commotion must have woken up the whole neighborhood. Donnie runs outside.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CRANE SHOT

Donnie stands in the driveway. Outside it is quiet and peaceful. No one else is around. Further out

WIDE ANGLE - CITY AT NIGHT

Tops of skyscrapers. Again quiet, peaceful. There are some office lights that twinkle in the blackened, starlit sky. Even further out

WIDE SHOT OF PLANET EARTH

Earth's crown looms eerily up close, taking up most of the frame. An electronic hum fills the soundtrack. The trials of one man are of no concern to the rest of the universe.  
Return to

INT. LIVING ROOM

Donnie sits slumped against the wall, holding the gun in his hand. The angle changes to include The Clown's pointed shoes sticking up in the shot. Donnie tils his head back and shouts:

DONNIE  
Fuck!

END

Different colored balloons fly up the screen. The credits scroll up "Star Wars"-style as "Stars and Stripes Forever"-type circus music plays. The final credit rolls. The last balloon bursts.

FADE OUT.