

DANCE OF THE DUNCE

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FADE IN

We hear the sounds of children laughing and an inaudible female voice.

INT. 2ND GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Carl Jones, a precocious 2nd grader, is seated in front of the classroom and he is wearing a dunce hat. Classmates are laughing and mocking him and his teacher is scolding him.

MS. LINKS

Carl, if you don't learn to stop clowning around, you will never, never, never make anything of your life.

CUT TO:

INT. 5TH GRADE - DAY

Carl is at the blackboard writing: "I will not clown around at school." It is on the board 40 times.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. CRANES OFFICE - DAY

Carl is now in the 12th grade. He is seated in Mr. Cranes' (the Guidance Counselor) office. Mr. Crane is in his 30's and although pleasant looking, is very stearn.

MR. CRANE

So Carl...what is it you want to do with your life?

CARL

Well...hmm! If I knew that Mr. Crane, I wouldn't be sitting in your office taking hits of man ass now would I?

MR. CRANE

You know son...it is that kind of attitude that has kept you from achieving what you are capable of achieving.

CARL

Well, it's not that I'm not motivated. I would say that it's more of a question of poor leadership. Let's cut through the flirting and get to the main event...what does my test indicate would be my ideal vocation?

MR. CRANE

It says here Carl, and I have to tell you I'm not one bit surprised, but it says that you could be a very successful ball retriever at the driving range.

CARL

Nah...I'm not that into sports.

MR. CRANE

Alright, it also says you could be very successful selling used toilets.

CARL

Well that sounds like a pretty shitty job!

MR. CRANE

Sorry buddy but it's your tests. I don't pick the careers. Oh look at this, your scores also indicate you would make a terrific clown.

CARL

Well that's fantastic. Anything else?

MR. CRANE

Nope. I think being a clown could prove to be a good choice for you. You have had plenty of practice being the class clown.

Crane laughs.

CARL

Yeah that's some funny shit. Any indication what kind of clown I should attack?

MR. CRANE

I think you misunderstood...this doesn't say anything about attacking clowns Carl.

CARL

I meant, you donkey raping anal tongue dart, does it indicate circus clown, or rodeo clown, or party clown???

Mr. Crane stares at Carl for a bit. Then he slowly pulls out a referral notice.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Carl is seated in front of the principals desk and is being reprimanded by the principal.

TRANSITION TO:

MONTAGE:

It is 1 year later. We see a montage of Carl interviewing for a myriad of jobs and not landing anything. He has even gone so far as to apply for a golf ball retriever and a used toilet salesman.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Carl is seated outside of a Starbucks. He is reading the Help Wanted ads in the local rag. He circles an article that reads: "Bobo's School of Clowmanship is holding auditions on Saturday. Financial aid and scholarships are available. It's never too late to reach your potential."

EXT. BOBO'S CLOWN SCHOOL - DAY

Carl, dressed as a clown, walks up to the door and takes a deep breath before he goes inside.

CARL

I can't believe it's come to this.

INT. AUDITION HALL HALLWAY - DAY

Carl and a slew of other people dressed as clowns are in the lobby awaiting their turn for their audition. A clown on a tricycle rides by and thumb-flips his bell/horn. Carl Jumps out of the way.

CARL

Very funny...ya fucking clown.

(to himself)

Oh shit, did I really just say that?

Then we hear a voice from the audition hall door:

AUDITOR

Carl Jones?

CARL

Yeah! Coming.

Carl makes his way to the audition hall.

INT. AUDITION HALL - DAY

Carl is onstage and there are 3 auditors sitting in the auditorium.

AUDITOR I

Okay Mr. Jones. Let's see what you can do.

CARL

I'm sorry, but what exactly is it you want me to do?

AUDITOR I

Well, why don't you start by telling us why you want to be a clown, and then tell us the name of your character and why you chose it.

CARL

Ummm...okay. I ah want to be a clown because my high school guidance counselor said I tested very high on being a clown. Also, I like to make people laugh, and I can only assume that clowns probably pull some serious tail.

AUDITOR II

I'm sorry. What was that?

CARL

Well you know...clowns are performers right? And everyone knows that chicks dig actors.

AUDITOR III

Okay, not exactly what we were looking to hear but proceed.

CARL

Well the other thing is, by the looks of those fucking clowns out in the lobby, I would pretty much have to be a bucket of brain dead tard drool not to get into this school.

AUDITOR

(dumbfounded)

Okay, okay Mr. Jones. Let's move on. What is the name of your character and what is your specialty?

CARL

Umm, okay. My clown name is fucky the clown and I....

AUDITOR II

I'm sorry, what did you say?

AUDITOR III

Did you say fucky the clown?

CARL

Yeah, what's wrong with that?

AUDITOR II

Sir, we will have you know that we take the clown business very serious. We are a reputable school and we will not tolerate a clown with that name.

CARL

Wow dude....chill. I think you heard me wrong. I said my name was Fuggy the Clown. It's a cross between funzy the clown and soggy the clown. Fuggy.

AUDITOR III

Well, we may have to consider changing that. Let's move on. What would you consider your area of expertise?

CARL

Uh you know I'm a goof. I like to be goofy, and making people laugh.

AUDITOR II

Okay. That's great Fuggy. But can you do anything special? For example, can you juggle balls?

CARL

No dude. But my girlfriend's a master.

AUDITOR I

Okay next!

CARL

Did you yo-yo's really say that you take the clowning around business very serious?

AUDITOR II

Next! Who's next?

INT. CLOWN SCHOOL ADMISSIONS OFFICE - DAY

It's 4 weeks later and Carl is seated in the Admissions office with an Auditor. He is looking over the 2 year curriculum.

CARL

Dude...I can't believe you guys picked me. I mean I thought I did pretty well at my audition but you guys all acted like you had salty slugs in your butts.

AUDITOR I

Yes well...we felt you had some raw talent that we feel could be molded into something special. Plus, there really wasn't a lot to choose from. But I have to tell you Mr. Jones, you are going to have to clean up your act a bit.

CARL

No worries chief. I hear ya loud and clear. Hey, you guys don't let those faggity mimes into your school do you? I will beat those bastards with a baseball bat. A real one I mean. Not a make-believe one. Let's see'em try that mimey running away shit when I am beating them like a Mexican trying to cross the border. (he mimes hitting somebody) Whap! Whap-whap!

The Auditor is absolutely exasperated. There is a knock on the door.

AUDITOR I

Come in! Please!

Laugho the Clown enters the room. Laugho is dressed in his Clown garb. He is very clean looking and is very clowny.

AUDITOR I (CONT'D)

Oh hello Laugho. Fuggy, this is Laugho. Laugho is another student who will be entering this years class. We have high hopes for the both of you.

LAUGHO

Hi Fuggy! How are you today?  
(laughs like a clown and makes the  
flower on his lapel twirl)

CARL

Dude...seriously?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

It is 6 months later. We see a montage of Carl and Laugho sitting in class as well as performing on stage. As always, Carl does not do what is asked of him. He puts his own slant on it as seen by the following:

Carl is on stage riding a unicycle without the seat on it. Laugho is riding next to him. Carl knocks him off of the apparatus.

We see Laugho juggling perfectly.

Carl, onstage, makes phallic shaped balloon objects.

Carl is seated at his desk making drawings of Spongebob Squarepants having sex with Laugho.

Carl is onstage blowing bubbles through a dildo.

Laugho is doing handstands on a ball and is bouncing himself across the stage.

Carl puts hot water in another clowns waterballoons, which are used for juggling. A balloon pops and the guy scorches himself.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORS OFFICE - DAY

It is a year and half later. Carl and the Auditor are sitting in the Auditors office.

AUDITOR I

I am sorry Carl. But this just isn't working out. You have been here a year and a half and you just don't get it.

CARL

I don't get what? How to be a fucking clown? Look, what do you want me to do...be one of those nimrods that goes: (in goofy  
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)  
voice) "Hey boys and girls, look at me. It's silly willy and I've got balloons and I can juggle and I can ride a unicycle, and blah blah blah!"

AUDITOR I  
Yes...that's exactly what we want. All you do is screw around and you don't take anything serious.

CARL  
It's fucking clown school Einstein! Clown School.

AUDITOR I  
Yes, but it is a school and we just can't have you part of our program anymore. We have lost 30% of our enrollees over the past year and a half because of you.

CARL  
Dude...there's like 2 months left and then I graduate. Let me hang and I'll chill.

AUDITOR I  
Yeah well, you said that last year and then you put hot balm in Sparkys underwear.

CARL  
Well, that, that was just a misunderstanding.

AUDITOR I  
Then you put perma-bond glue in Slippys shoes, the one day he chose not wear socks.

CARL  
Serves that cocksucker right. He should've known better. Always acting like he slips. No matter where he is or what he's doing, he fucking slips.

AUDITOR I  
That's his character Carl! What about the time you loosened the screws on Hoppy's unicycle wheel?

CARL

Hello!! His name is Hoppy. Not ridey! He has no business riding a damn unicycle.

AUDITOR I

I'm sorry but you've gotta go.

CARL

Let me get this straight. You are kicking me out of clown school for clowning around? That's fucking poetry dude.

AUDITOR I

You don't appreciate what it means to be a clown. The discipline. The showmanship. The art of it all.

CARL

The "Art of it all?" Are you kidding me? You're telling me that pulling rubber turds out of my ass isn't art?

AUDITOR I

That's exactly what I am saying.

CARL

Alright fine then. I will show you. I will out clown all of the fucking clowns you got in this stupid school.

AUDITOR I

Please go.

CARL

Hey I got one for ya...do you know why the clown got kicked out of Disneyland? Because he was fuckin' goofy!

AUDITOR I

Go! Get. Get out of here. You will never make it as a clown. Leave now!

CARL

I got another one for ya. Why do clowns wear make-up? So people can't see their fucked up faces and see that they got zits and shit.

The Auditor presses the intercom button.

AUDITOR I  
Security!

CUT TO:

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

It's 4 weeks later. Carl is seen mopping the floor of a run down used car dealership. He makes his way into the bathroom and continues to mop. He sees a newspaper next to the stall. It is opened to the entertainment section. The top story has a picture of Laugho the clown. The article reads: "Laugho the Clown saves child at birthday party."

Carl rips the paper up and continues to mop.

FADE TO BLACK.