

THE BOWMAN PARTY

Written by

Nolan Bryand

© 2018 Nolan Bryand
This screenplay may not be used or
reproduced without the express
written permission of the author
nolanbryand1@gmail.com
416-629-9124

OVER BLACK

TEXT: The Bowman Party is two weeks away. The last five performers at the Bowman Party have gone onto successful careers. A list of hopefuls are vying for that coveted performance. This is the story of two of those hopefuls.

FADE IN:

INT. DESMOND'S BASEMENT - DAY

The camera points to a single, unoccupied stool.

DESMOND BARRETT (32), average build, handsome male, takes a seat. He meekly stares at the camera.

SUPER: DESMOND BARRETT, CLOWN AND BOWMAN PARTY HOPEFUL

TILLMAN (O.S.)

What can you tell me about the Bowman Party?

DESMOND

Every year, for the last six years, the Bowman family has held a huge birthday party for their son, Adam.

EXT. BOWMAN RESIDENCE - DAY

A mansion.

A fountain in the middle of the driveway. A few luxury cars meticulously parked.

DESMOND (V.O.)

I sent my audition tape in last week. They pick five performers for the live auditions. It's become a stepping stone to a career.

DESMOND'S BASEMENT

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Is this the first time you've ever sent your audition tape?

DESMOND

Yeah.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
How long have you been a clown?

DESMOND
About a year now.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
What did you do before being a clown?

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Desmond, suit and tie, sits at a desk. Next to him sits a brawny PRISONER. The Prisoner wears an orange jump suit, has a neck tattoo and shaved head.

A few PEOPLE sit in the pews, a JUDGE at her bench.

DESMOND (V.O.)
I used to be a lawyer.

JUDGE
Will the defendant please rise.

The prisoner rises, along with Desmond.

TILLMAN (V.O.)
Why would you go from being a lawyer to being a clown?

DESMOND (V.O.)
The lawyer gig just wasn't for me.

JUDGE
For count one, I sentence you to twenty-five to life. For count two, I sentence you to twenty-five to life. And for count three, I find you not guilty.

The Prisoner turns to Desmond.

DESMOND
One out of three isn't bad?

SMACK!

The rock solid right cross of the Prisoner knocks Desmond out cold.

The Judge slams her gavel repeatedly.

JUDGE
Order. Order.

Desmond lays motionless on the floor, his nose all kinds of crooked.

DESMOND'S BASEMENT

His smile no longer present, Desmond rubs his nose.

DESMOND
I've always wanted to be a clown,
though. The lawyer gig was the
safe bet, but this is my dream.
The Bowman Party is my shot.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Would anyone like some freshly
baked chocolate chip cookies?

DESMOND
No thanks, mom. I'm good.

The camera pans to JACKIE BARRETT (63), gray hair, glasses.
A sweet lady. She stands at the bottom of the stairs with a
batch of freshly baked cookies.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Actually, I wouldn't mind a cookie.

JACKIE
Fantastic, dear. You'll love my
cookies.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Do you have any milk?

JACKIE
Yes, dear, of course.

Jackie sets the cookies down, and bolts upstairs.

INT. BARRETT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jackie sits on the couch beside her husband, PHIL BARRETT
(65), bald, larger gut. His hands are crossed... he doesn't
look happy.

SUPER: JACKIE AND PHIL BARRETT, DESMOND'S PARENTS

TILLMAN (O.S.)

It must be wonderful to have your
son back home.

Jackie can't contain her smile.

JACKIE

Oh, yes. I couldn't be happier. I
just love having him back around
the house.

Phil disapprovingly shakes his head, while stoically keeping
his eyes on the camera.

Jackie, oblivious to her husband, continues on with her
gleeful smile.

DESMOND'S BASEMENT

TILLMAN PIERCE (45), glasses and a full beard, dips a cookie
into a glass of milk.

Jackie watches intently, eager to see his response.

TILLMAN

My God, they're fantastic.
(beat)
Did you make these?

She nods enthusiastically.

TILLMAN (CONT'D)

They're amazing. Thank you.

JACKIE

You're quite welcome.

An awkward silence.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Okay, if you need anything else,
just let me know.

DESMOND

Will do, mom.

She walks back upstairs.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

Pretty good, huh?

INT. BOWMAN LIVING ROOM - DAY**SUPER: RICHARD, MONICA AND ADAM BOWMAN**

RICHARD BOWMAN (41), finely dressed, slightly balding. ADAM BOWMAN (7), dressed in a preppy outfit. MONICA BOWMAN (38), beautiful woman, wears a stylish dress.

They sit on a couch, Adam between them both.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

How did this whole thing start?

RICHARD

We wanted to do something special for Adam's birthday. Monica suggested getting entertainment, but the first year didn't get a lot of attraction, and it wasn't very good. So we started bringing in scouts from there on to attract the finest there is.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Why bring in scouts? It's just a birthday party.

Monica scoffs.

MONICA

With the money we have, we need to have the best. And in order to have the best, bringing in scouts was the only way to get that.

(beat)

We don't do mediocre here. Besides, the scouts have brought in some really good acts.

She gets lost in a thought... back to reality.

MONICA (CONT'D)

And I love a good magic act. There's something about magicians that's just... magic.

She shivers with delight.

Richard suspiciously glances at his wife, then peers at the camera. There's definitely some uneasiness here.

INT. PARTY SUPPLY STORE, BALLOON ISLE - DAY

Desmond peruses the isle, cart in hand. He picks a bag off of the shelf, shows it to the camera.

DESMOND

These ones. They've got perfect stretch. Great for balloon animals.

He tosses it in his cart.

CLOWN SUPPLY ISLE

Desmond tries on a few different clown wigs, settles on one.

DESMOND

Perfect.

A big red clown nose on the shelf. He swipes it, holds it to the camera.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

Ah, need a new one of these too.

He clamps it on his nose, but quickly takes it off. He furiously rubs his snout.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

A little tight.

(beat)

At least it won't move.

CASHIER

Desmond sets his items on the counter. A female CASHIER scans them.

CASHIER

That comes to twenty two fifty-five.

Desmond reaches into his pocket and pulls out a twenty dollar bill.

DESMOND

Crap. I only have a twenty.

(to camera)

You got two fifty-five on you?

The camera shakes no.

URIAH (O.S.)
I got this.

The camera scans to URIAH STANFORD (38), slicked back hair, perfectly waxed mustache that curls on the end. It borders on looking fake.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - DAY

SUPER: URIAH STANFORD, MAGICIAN, BOWMAN PARTY HOPEFUL

Uriah struts with a cocky air about him.

TILLMAN (V.O.)
Uriah Stanford. Local magician
who's been in Montague for the last
year.

INT. URIAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

A run down table, in the middle of an eighties style kitchen. Uriah sits at the table.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Why'd you move out of the city?

URIAH
The city was nice and all, but it
was getting stale. It's always the
same old thing out there. I needed
a new challenge.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
What brought you here in
particular?

URIAH
The Bowman Party. That's the
ticket. You get that gig, and
you're set.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
How did you hear about it?

URIAH
Went to Reno last year, watched a
magic show. The guy got scouted
from the party last year. And if
he can win, then I'm a lock.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
 Why didn't you just send your
 audition tape in from the city?

Uriah sneers.

URIAH
 I need to be Montague. Breath
 Montague. Live Montague. Those
 other chumps who send those tapes
 in don't know anything. You gotta
 show the locals that you're
 serious, show your face around.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
 Fascinating.
 (beat)
 How do you feel about clowns
 auditioning?

Uriah almost doubles over with laughter.

URIAH
 Clowns? You kidding me? You think
 clowns have anything to offer? I'm
 not scared of those make up wearing
 fruits.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
 What's wrong with clowns?

URIAH
 Look, there's a hierarchy in this
 business.

Uriah stacks his hands.

URIAH (CONT'D)
 On top you've got magicians.

He moves one hand under the other.

URIAH (CONT'D)
 Then you've got your fire eaters.

His hand moves again.

URIAH (CONT'D)
 Then jugglers.

The hand moves one notch below the other.

URIAH (CONT'D)

Then you've got the guys who dress up as statues and don't move a lick. They're pretty cool.

One more time.

URIAH (CONT'D)

Then down here you've got your clowns.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

You sure don't like clowns.

His face scrunches in thought.

URIAH

It's not that I don't like them... I just think they're losers.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Have you always been a magician?

URIAH

I used to write those "you'll be shocked when you see her now" kind of adds on the internet.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Why did you give up that to become a magician?

INT. KID'S BIRTHDAY PARTY - DAY

Uriah, dressed in a traditional magician outfit, top hat included, stands on a make shift stand in a living room. CHILDREN sit around him.

Holding a rabbit, he places it in a box on one side of the table. He grabs his top hat, shows it to the kids. It's empty. Uriah sets it on the table.

URIAH (V.O.)

Because I'm fucking awesome.

The magician reaches into the hat...

URIAH

Abacadabra.

And pulls out a rabbit. He tips the box over... it's empty. His audience shouts with glee.

Uriah holds the rabbit under his arm. The children surround him in hopes of petting the furry animal.

URIAH'S KITCHEN

Uriah leans in.

URIAH
And I gotta say, it really brings
in the ladies.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Really?

URIAH
Oh yeah.

Right on cue, a WOMAN (40s), rainbow eye shadow, poorly applied, steps into the kitchen, stops at the sight of the camera. She defines haggard to a tee.

WOMAN
Oh, I didn't know you had company.

Her two packs a day voice are what nightmares are made of.

URIAH
It's alright, babe. Your smokes
are on the coffee table in the
living room. Let yourself out.

She rushes out. Uriah follows her with his lustful eyes. The front door **SLAMS** shut off screen.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Wooo, what a rocket. That one
could start your heart through your
crotch, if you know what I mean.

With a satisfied smirk, he sits back in his chair.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Have I seen her before?

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

The woman, in all her trashy glory, approaches a stopped car. She quickly leaves that one and moves onto the one behind it.

URIAH'S KITCHEN

Uriah's smile disappears.

URIAH
No, probably not.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Yeah, I think she's a hooker.

Uriah crosses his hands in front of his chest, clears his throat.

URIAH
No, no. Picked her up at the bar... next question.

CASHIER

Uriah puts the change on the counter.

He winks at the cashier.

CASHIER
Whatever.

She takes the change and rings it through, bags the items.

URIAH
So I hear you sent in your audition tape.

Desmond focuses on his purchase.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Wasn't much point. I've got it in the bag, Bozo.

Desmond turns his gaze to him.

DESMOND
It's Bongo.

URIAH
Oh, pardon me, Bongo.

DESMOND
Leave me alone.

URIAH
What's the matter? Can't handle a little trash talk?

Uriah smiles and takes a step back. He turns to the cashier.

URIAH (CONT'D)

I have an order here for Uriah
Stanford.

(turns back to Desmond)

It's my new outfit. It's gonna
rock the party.

(back to the Cashier)

And you can keep the change.

He winks again.

The Cashier stares blankly at Uriah before walking to the
back. A second later, she returns with a suit, protected by
a cover, and hands it to Uriah.

URIAH (CONT'D)

I'll be seeing you guys around.

He walks away.

Desmond's glare burns a hole in the back of his head.

INT. DESMOND'S BASEMENT - DAY

Desmond broods on his stool.

DESMOND

I've lost a few gigs to him since
he's come into town. Stupid
mustache probably isn't even real.

(beat)

I can do magic tricks too ya know.
It's not that tough.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Can I see one?

That perks Desmond up.

DESMOND

Yeah, just a second.

Desmond scurries away. He comes back with a deck of cards,
spreads them out on a table. Tillman joins him.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

Pick a card.

Tillman crabs a card.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

Write your name on it.

Tillman reaches into his pocket, grabs a pen, writes his name down.

TILLMAN

Done.

DESMOND

Put it back down and mix em' up.

Tillman does as he's told.

Desmond searches around, grabs a clown shoe. He reaches into his pocket, grabs a stick of gum. He pops it into his mouth, frantically chews. He sticks it to the heel of the shoe.

TILLMAN

What are you doi--

SLAM!

The shoe crashes into the table, startling Tillman.

Desmond lifts the shoe, card stuck to the bottom. He shows it to the camera. There's no name on it.

DESMOND

Is this your card?

TILLMAN

No.

Desmond removes the card, throws it to the side. He slams the shoe down again, coming up with another card. He shows it to the camera. Strike two.

DESMOND

This one?

Tillman shakes his head.

TILLMAN

No, sorry.

Desmond tosses the shoe to the side, shrugs his shoulders.

DESMOND

Still working out the kinks.

(beat)

The kids will love it though.

INT. BOWMAN OFFICE - DAY

Richard sorts through pictures of potential performers.

RICHARD

It's harder than it looks. Each year the talent gets better and better. I've got three selected out of seventeen already.

He points to three pictures set aside. All of magicians.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We got a clown this year for the first time.

Points to Desmond's picture.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

His tape wasn't bad. I think we need a little new blood in this competition to shake things up.

Desmond's pic is moved to the "yes" side.

He separates two pictures from the left over pile. Uriah's one of the two. Richard's engrossed in thought.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Honey, can you come in here please?

A few seconds later, Monica enters. She's not pleased.

MONICA

What do you want?

RICHARD

I'm having trouble picking the last one. What do you think?

MONICA

Jesus, you can't do this by yourself?

She examines both pictures, focusing more on Uriah's.

MONICA (CONT'D)

With a mustache like that, he's gotta be good.

RICHARD

You think so? He seemed kind of cocky from his tape.

Monica shakes her head.

MONICA
No, that's the guy.

She lustfully stares at the picture.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Mmmmmmm.

Richard turns to her.

RICHARD
Pardon?

Monica snaps out of it.

MONICA
Oh... just thinking about dinner.
I got Brenda to get lobster for
tonight.

He gives the camera a quizzical glance.

INT. BOWMAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Monica sits on the couch.

MONICA
I wasn't thinking about lobster.
(beat)
Oh my God, that mustache.

She quivers with pleasure.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Just thinking about it makes me
wet.

A wide smile stretches across her face as she becomes lost in a fantasy. She comes to.

She menacingly stares at the camera.

MONICA (CONT'D)
This is between us, got it?
(beat)
Shit, I have to get Brenda to get
lobster.

She bolts from the couch, rushes to the door.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Brenda.

INT. DESMOND'S BASEMENT - DAY

Desmond's buried in his computer, perusing through his emails.

DESMOND

Today's the day that they announce
the five finalists to go to the
live auditions.

He stops, turns around.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

Oh my God, there it is.

The camera focuses on an unopened email from Richard Bowman.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

I can't do it.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Sure you can.

DESMOND

What if it's a no? I don't know if
I can handle a no.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Just open it or you'll never know.

Desmond whips back around to face his computer.

DESMOND

Shit, shit, shit...
(beat)
Okay, I'm gonna do it.

CLICK.

The email is open. A beat.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

So?

Desmond turns around, absolutely elated.

DESMOND

I made it. I'm in.

He jumps up from his seat and runs upstairs. The camera follows him to the...

BARRETT LIVING ROOM

Jackie sits on the couch, Phil on a chair in the corner. They watch television.

DESMOND

Mom, dad... I'm in.

Jackie shrieks with delight, embraces her son. They dance around in joy.

JACKIE

I knew you'd make it.

Phil brings his hand to his head, rubs his eyes. He seems a little frustrated.

DESMOND'S BASEMENT

Desmond faces the camera.

DESMOND

Dad's not a fan of me being a clown. He thinks I should've stuck with being a lawyer. He just doesn't understand it, I wasn't good at it. This is my passion, my dream. I have to try and live my dream.

BARRETT LIVING ROOM

Phil sits on his chair, alone.

PHIL

I really don't care what he does. I just want him to stick with something and be happy. He has a habit of staying with something for a while. Then it reaches the proverbial breaking point when it just becomes too much and then bam, he throws it to the wind.

FLASHBACK - DESMOND'S CHILDHOOD, OLD HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE

-- a YOUNG DESMOND stands on a pitching mound. He nods, winds up, throws a pitch. **CLANK!** His head follows the path of the ball over the fence. He sulks off of the mound towards the bench. The COACH tries to stop him to no avail.

-- young Desmond readies for a putt. The golf ball about five feet away from the hole. He hits it. It rolls slightly to the left of the cup. He drops his club, walks off of the green.

-- a TEENAGE DESMOND pulls a pie of the oven. Pie ingredients litter the kitchen counter. He samples it, shakes his head. He picks the pie up, throws it in the trash, walks out of the kitchen.

BARRETT LIVING ROOM

PHIL

I just don't get it. He's a talented man, but for some reason he's not confident enough to push through those hard points.

(beat)

Maybe I didn't do a good enough job as a father.

Phil stoically stares out the window.

BARRETT LIVING ROOM

Desmond and Jackie separate.

DESMOND

I have to start working on my act.

JACKIE

Okay, dear. I'm so proud of you.

She gives him a big kiss on the cheek.

Desmond leaves and goes back downstairs.

Jackie turns and peers at Phil.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

This is great news, Phil. Cheer up.

PHIL

I'm happy for him, I really am. I just worry what will happen if he doesn't get it.

JACKIE

Oh, stop fretting, you big crouch. He'll get it.

PHIL

What ever you say, dear.

Phil stares at the camera.

BARRETT LIVING ROOM

Jackie sits on the couch.

JACKIE

Everything will be fine. And no matter what happens, I'll have cookies waiting for him.

She smiles.

FLASHBACK - DESMOND'S CHILDHOOD, OLD HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE

-- young Desmond in his ball uniform, at home, eats freshly baked cookies. Jackie sits beside him, comforting him.

-- young Desmond, just off of the golf course, eats freshly backed cookies at home. His mother sits beside him.

-- teenage Desmond, ingredients for pie on the kitchen counter, sits at the table, eats freshly baked cookies. Jackie beside him.

BARRETT LIVING ROOM

JACKIE

Cookies make everything better.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Do you have any now?

JACKIE

No, but I'll make some for you, dear.

Jackie leaves.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Awesome.

INT. URIAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Uriah sits at the kitchen table.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Did you get in?

Uriah, cocky smile, raises an eyebrow to the clearly stupid question.

URIAH
You kidding me?

INT. URIAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The magician sits in front of his computer. He opens up an email from Richard Bowman.

URIAH (V.O.)
Was there every any doubt?

He scans the email, turns to the camera. He nods his head, smiles like a fool and gives a big thumbs up.

URIAH (V.O.)
The rest of the pretenders have no idea what's coming for them.

URIAH'S KITCHEN

Uriah strokes his mustache.

URIAH
This party is about to get Stanforded.

An idiot grin wipes across his face.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Stanforded?

Uriah points to the camera.

URIAH
Count yourself lucky that you heard it here first. It's gonna be everywhere.

INT. BOWMAN OFFICE - DAY

Richard sits at his desk, talks on the phone. A computer in front of him.

Adam plays with a toy truck.

RICHARD

I'm going to need a bigger bouncy castle this year.

(beat)

Because it was too small last year, that's why. What kind of question is that?

(beat)

That was the biggest you have?

He hangs up the phone and turns to his son.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Adam, honey, they don't have any bigger bouncy castles.

Adam tosses the truck across the room, screams at the top of his lungs.

Richard cringes at the shrill sound.

BOWMAN LIVING ROOM

Richard sits on the couch.

RICHARD

He's a little spoiled. His mother gives him whatever he wants. I try to be the disciplinarian, but she always undermines me.

(beat)

I worry that he's gonna be an asshole.

BOWMAN OFFICE

Adam's screams continue. Richard runs the truck back to Adam.

RICHARD

Look, your truck.

Adam slaps it out of Richard's hand, stops screaming.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Adam, that wasn't very nice. I'm
sorry, but we can't get a bigger
castle this year.

ADAM
Mom would do it for me.

Monica storms into the room.

MONICA
What is going on here?

RICHARD
I can't get a bigger bouncy castle.

Adam runs to his mother.

ADAM
I want a bigger castle, mommy.

MONICA
It's okay sweetheart, we'll get a
bigger castle.

She walks away with Adam. She turns around, gives a death
stare to Richard.

MONICA (CONT'D)
I'd get a bigger castle if I were
you.

She and her son exit.

BOWMAN LIVING ROOM

Richard shakes his head.

RICHARD
Every damn time.

He stares into space.

INT. DESMOND'S VEHICLE - DAY

An old beater car. It sounds like it could break down at any
moment. Desmond, dressed in costume, drives. He looks in
his visor mirror.

DESMOND

This was a good choice for the nose. Took a little while to get used to, but it's really secure.

He shakes his head, slightly veers into the oncoming lane.

A car horn **BLARES**.

Desmond swiftly swerves back into his own lane. He looks to the camera, points to his nose.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

See, it didn't move.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The camera follows Desmond up the pathway to the door. He knocks.

It opens. HARRY (38), short blonde hair, polo shirt tucked into shorts, glasses, stands on the other side.

DESMOND

Hi, I'm Bongo.

He extends his hand. Harry obliges.

HARRY

Bongo, thanks for coming. I'm Harry. The kids are out back. They're super excited.

Harry turns around.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Follow me.

Desmond gives the camera a thumbs up.

They walk through the house towards the...

BACKYARD

A group of young BOYS run around like maniacs, screaming at the top of their lungs.

HARRY

They're a little hyper. I just fed them cake. My wife usually handles this part, but the bitch left me a few days ago.

He fixes his glasses.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 She thinks I have an anger issue.
 (to the boys)
 Boys, clown is here.

The boys don't pay attention.

Harry turns to Desmond.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Tough crowd.

He turns back to the boys, cups his hands around his mouth, shouts at the top of his lungs.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Boys. The clown is here. Sit down
 and shut up.

The boys stop dead in their tracks. They all drop to the ground. Not a peep from any of them.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 There ya go. I'm gonna go inside
 and drink. Holler if you need me.

Harry walks back in the house.

Desmond puts a smile on and breaks out a goofy clown voice.

DESMOND
 Hiah, kids.

The boys all respond "hi".

DESMOND (CONT'D)
 Gosh, you're all so far away. Come
 in closer for the show.

BOY 1
 Clowns are losers.

Desmond's taken aback.

DESMOND
 That's not a very nice thing to
 say.

BOY 1
 My dad said says so.

BOY 2
Your dad's an idiot.

BOY 1
He is not.

BOY 2
Is too. My dad says so.

Boy 1 closes in on Boy 2.

BOY 1
Take that back.

BOY 2
My dad could beat up your dad.

BOY 1
No he couldn't.

BOY 2
Yes he could.

Boy 2 grabs Boy 1. The fight is on. The pack of boys surround the two combatants, shouting "fight, fight, fight..."

Desmond turns to the house.

DESMOND
Harry.

Harry jaunts outside, bottle of hard liquor in his hand. He spots the melee.

HARRY
God damn Lord of the Flies back here.

He sets the bottle down, rushes to the fight. Like a wrecking ball, he smashes his way through the pack of boys.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Break it up you little bastards.

One by one, he tosses the boys aside until he gets to the main event. He grabs them by the front of their shirts, brings them in close.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Sit down, shut up and have fun.
Got it?

Rigid nods from his captures.

He releases his grip, smiles.

Harry walks back to Desmond, pats him on the shoulder.

HARRY (CONT'D)
There. They'll be fine now.

He smiles at Desmond for a hot second. He makes his way back to the bottle, takes a giant swig and walks back inside.

Desmond, eyes wide, reaches down and opens his bag, pulls out a set of balls. He juggles.

BOY 1
Loser.

Desmond loses control of the balls.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Desmond stands on the front porch. Sweat beads from his forehead cut a path through his makeup. He has a few bills in his hand. Harry hands him one more bill.

HARRY
And, fifty. Not bad for an hour of work. Geez, I should get into the clown business.

DESMOND
(apprehensively)
Yeah, sure.

Awkward silence.

HARRY
Well, bye.

Harry closes the door. Desmond turns around and walks away. The camera follows behind.

DESMOND
That was intense.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
You ever get called a loser?

Desmond contemplates.

DESMOND
I was a lawyer... so yeah.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Uriah sits in pervert row. A beer rests in front of him. A topless STRIPPER dances on stage. He turns to the camera, give a "rock on" sign with his hands and sticks his tongue out.

Other STRIPPERS walk around.

URIAH (V.O.)
This is my happy place.

STRIP CLUB BOOTH

One arm draped over the top of the booth, and one on his beer, Uriah relaxes.

URIAH
I come here the odd time when I
need some inspiration.

A waitress, SONYA (28), beautiful brunette, approaches the table.

SONYA
Hey there. Fourth time this week,
huh? Bring you the usual?

Uriah gawks at the camera, turns to Sonya.

URIAH
Uh, yeah.
(to camera)
I needed a lot of inspiration this
week.

SONYA
You got it.
(to Tillman)
Are you filming?

A beat.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
No.

SONYA
No, I can see you filming with your
phone.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
 I'm doing a documentary. Couldn't
 get in here with my camera. Please
 don't tell.

She looks around.

SONYA
 Don't let the bouncer see you.
 I've seen him smash phones before.

The waitress leaves.

STRIP CLUB BAR

Sonya stands in front.

SONYA
 Yeah, he's here at least thr--
 bouncer.

The camera view rushes to the floor.

BOUNCER (O.S.)
 Hope you're not taking pics with
 that thing.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
 No, no, just texting.

A beat.

SONYA (O.S.)
 He's gone.

It dashes back to Sonya.

SONYA (CONT'D)
 He's usually here at least three
 times, sometimes five times a week.

The camera pans over to Uriah. Stripper at his side, he
 whispers in her ear. She recoils in disgust, slaps him
 across his face.

SONYA (CONT'D)
 Softer than he usually gets.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
 Do you strip here as well?

SONYA

Strip?

(laughs)

No, that's not for me. I'm working here while going to school.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

What are you going to school for?

SONYA

Education. One year left after this summer.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Congratulations.

SONYA

Thanks.

(beat)

Tips are great here. All the guys are horny and think they can get with me after they get shot down by the girls, so they usually tip like crazy.

STRIP CLUB BOOTH

Uriah rubs his face.

URIAH

That never happens.

He takes a swig of his beer.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Have you been hit with any inspiration yet?

URIAH

No, not yet.

He takes another drink. While the bottle is at his mouth, he has an "ah ha" moment. He slams the bottle down.

URIAH (CONT'D)

Got it. I'll hire one of these strippers to be my assistant.

(taps his temple)

Brilliant.

Uriah leaves the booth.

MONTAGE - URIAH APPROACHES STRIPPERS

-- he walks up to one, says a few words. The stripper stares at him blankly then walks away. Uriah looks at the camera and mouths "maybe".

-- he approaches a stripper at the bar. She takes a drink of water. He asks her. She chokes on the water, followed by intense coughing.

-- he taps a stripper on the shoulder. She turns around. He asks her the question. She laughs hysterically. She calls another stripper over, tells her. They double over in laughter.

STRIP CLUB BOOTH

Uriah comes back, sits down.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
No luck?

URIAH
Nah, I didn't like any of them.

Uriah finishes his beer. Sonya makes her way over.

SONYA
Another one?

Uriah nods his head. Sonya walks away.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
What about her?

He thinks long and hard. Uriah raises his eyebrows and nods his head.

Sonya comes back with his beer.

SONYA
Here ya go.

URIAH
Hey, you'd make a great magician's assistant. Wanna work with me?

SONYA
You're a magician?

Uriah extends his arms in triumph.

URIAH

The best.

SONYA

What would a magician's assistant do?

URIAH

Get cut in half, disappear on stage, stuff like that.

SONYA

Does it pay?

Uriah takes a minute.

URIAH

Yeah, sure.

She contemplates his offer.

SONYA

Why not.

Uriah fist pumps.

STRIP CLUB BAR

Sonya gets a few drinks off of the bar, puts them on her tray.

SONYA

He seems so lonely, I couldn't say no to him. And if he's going to pay, I can find the time. School starts up in a few months again and I need as much cash as I can get.

STRIP CLUB BOOTH

Uriah sips on his beer, puts it down.

URIAH

She totally wants to do me.

The BOUNCER, a big burly man, stands in front of Tillman, completely cutting Uriah out of the frame.

BOUNCER

Hand it over.

URIAH
Okay, but I need to get it back.

BOUNCER
Sure.

The Bouncer takes the phone, drops it on the floor. A massive boot crashes down on it.

The screen spiders.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)
There ya go. All yours.

Tillman peers down at his broken phone, frowns.

TILLMAN
Thanks.

EXT. BOWMAN BACKYARD - DAY

Richard surveys the yard with the house and a pool to his back, pool house beside it. He points to an area in the back of the yard.

RICHARD
I'm going to have the bouncy castle over there this year.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Were you able to get a bigger one?

RICHARD
Took some digging, but I managed to. Cost me an arm and a leg.
(beat)
I'm going to put a tent right in the middle for the show.

He points to another corner.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
The tables for the food and birthday cake over there.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
You really go all out for this, don't you?

RICHARD
I just want Adam to have a happy childhood.

Richard looks at the camera.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

My dad didn't really have much time for me as a kid, so I try to spend as much time as I can with Adam. That's why I run my business from home.

In the background, Monica exits the pool house, fixing her dress. The camera zooms in on her, losing Richard. A good looking YOUNG MAN exits after her, grabs her by the waist and kisses her on the neck.

RICHARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I just want to make sure Adam has a great birthday.

Monica's into it, but notices the camera and Richard. She shoos the young man away. She looks at the camera, points at it and slices her finger across her throat with a threatening stare.

She walks back into the house.

The camera focuses back on Richard.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I wanna make this year one he'll remember.

BOWMAN LIVING ROOM

Monica sits on the couch. She has a slight look of remorse.

MONICA

Look, it's not my fault. I have needs... needs that Richard just can't satisfy. I need to go out there and have my own fun if I want to stay sane around here.

The look of remorse is replaced anger.

MONICA (CONT'D)

If you tell him, I'll cut your nuts off. Understand?

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Yes.

MONICA

Good.

INT. DESMOND'S BASEMENT - DAY

A pile of balloons rest on a table. Desmond grabs one of them. He stretches it.

DESMOND
See, perfect stretch.

He blows it up.

DESMOND (CONT'D)
So easy to blow up, too. These are great.

He manipulates it.

DESMOND (CONT'D)
This one's gonna be a--

POP!

The balloon bursts, startling him. He grabs another one, stretches it.

DESMOND (CONT'D)
Must not have stretched it enough.

Blows it up.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Any gigs coming up?

Desmond works on making the balloon animal.

DESMOND
I'm booked at a senior citizens home this afternoon.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
I didn't know they had clown shows at senior homes.

DESMOND
Sure they do. Everyone needs entertainment.

Desmond holds up the finished balloon dog.

DESMOND (CONT'D)
Perfect.

It **POPS**.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. SENIOR HOME - DAY

Desmond enters through the front door. He's greeted by GEOFF (53), t-shirt tucked into his jeans, goatee, bald. Geoff extends his hand with a big smile.

GEOFF

Hi, you must be Desmond. I'm
Geoff... with a G... not a J.

Desmond shakes his hand.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

So our receptionist kind of doubled
booked today.

DESMOND

Does that mean I'm not performing
today?

GEOFF

No, no, we--

DESMOND

(overlapping)

My website specifically mentions
that I get paid regardless of
cancellations within two hours.

GEOFF

Oh, I know... believe you me, I
know. Our receptionist is new and
made a mistake.

(shakes his head)

A horrible, horrible mistake.

(beat)

Anyway we've come to an agreement
with the other performer to split
the show, if that's okay with you.
Please be okay with it, we have to
pay him too and we may as well get
two performances.

Desmond nods.

DESMOND

That's fine with me.

GEOFF

Excellent. It'll be a great show.

Behind him, a LADY (30s) walks towards the door. She carries a box with a few items in it. She's escorted by two SECURITY GUARDS. She weeps. Geoff scowls at her.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
If you follow me, I'll show you to
your prep area.

Geoff turns around, makes his way down the hall. An OLD LADY (70s) in an electric wheel chair rolls toward him.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Out of the way, hot wheels.

The old lady zips clear, almost falling out of her chair. Geoff carries on like nothing happened.

Desmond glances back at the camera, bewildered expression.

PREP ROOM

Geoff opens the door from the hall and walks in. Desmond follows. Sonya sits on a chair.

GEOFF
I'll be back in about five minutes.
I think we'll start with the other
act first.

Geoff leaves the room.

Sonya gets up from her chair and offers her hand.

SONYA
Hi, I'm Sonya.

Desmond shakes it.

DESMOND
Desmond.

Uncomfortable silence.

DESMOND (CONT'D)
So, they double booked us, huh?
What is it that you do?

SONYA
Oh, I wasn't booked. I'm just here
as a magicians assistant. First
day. I'd ask what you do, but it's
pretty obvious.

Desmond looks at his outfit.

DESMOND

Yeah, I guess it gives it away.

(beat)

You're a magicians assistant?

SONYA

Yeah. Just starting today... well,
just observing, really.

He suspiciously responds.

DESMOND

Who are you here with?

A flushing toilet draws his attention. He looks to a door in the room. It opens and out steps Uriah, in costume.

URIAH

It smells like one of these old
coons died in th--

(sees Desmond)

Bozo, are you the other act?

DESMOND

Shit.

SONYA

Do you guys know each other?

URIAH

He's my competition for the Bowman
Party.

(looks Desmond up and
down)

At least he thinks he is.

DESMOND

I'm just as much of a performer as
you are.

Uriah steps into his face.

URIAH

Clowns ain't got nothing on me.

Uriah beats his chest. Desmond backs off.

URIAH (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right.

GEOFF (O.S.)

Uriah. We're ready to start.

The magician turns to Sonya.

URIAH
Time to make some magic.

SONYA
What do I do?

URIAH
Just take a seat, and watch me work
my magic, babe.

SONYA
Sonya.

URIAH
Right, Sonya.

Uriah walks out of the room, glares at Desmond. Sonya follows behind.

SONYA
It was nice to meet you. Maybe
I'll see you again.

Desmond smiles.

DESMOND
Nice to meet you too.

She leaves the room. Desmond follows her with his eyes. He turns to the camera with a captivated expression.

INT. SENIOR HOME COMMON ROOM - DAY

Uriah stands in front of a table. Sonya sits at the front of the stage.

Approximately two dozen SENIORS gather in front of him. Geoff stands close by.

Desmond watches from the back.

Uriah winks at Sonya. She looks at the camera, confused.

URIAH
Ladies and gentlemen, prepare to be
amazed.

He lights something in his hand. A small ball of fire draws everyone's attention. He pulls a dove from his sleeve, releases it. The dove flies away.

The room claps.

Desmond looks to the camera, rolls his eyes.

URIAH (CONT'D)
For my next trick, I'd like a
member from the audience.

No one volunteers. Uriah walks into the crowd, picks BRUCE (79). He walks him up on stage.

URIAH (CONT'D)
What's your name, sir?

BRUCE
Bruce.

URIAH
Pleasure to meet you, Bruce. If I
could get my lovely assistant to
grab my deck of cards.

Sonya, taken by surprise, glances at the camera, then at Uriah.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Yes, that's you. Come up here.

She reluctantly walks on stage.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Give it up for Sonya, everyone.

Clapping hands. She searches through a bag. They talk quietly to each other.

SONYA
Where is it?

URIAH
It's in there, babe.

Sonya finds the cards, hands them to Uriah.

SONYA
Sonya.

He winks. She shakes her head. Uriah turns to the crowd.

URIAH
Put your hand together for my
lovely assistant.

Desmond, wide smile, claps energetically.

Sonya sits back down.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Bruce, I want you to grab a card
from the deck.

Bruce takes a card.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Remember it, and show it to the
crowd, but don't show me.

Bruce does as he's told, showing the eight of hearts.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Do you remember it?

BRUCE
Yes.

URIAH
Perfect.

Uriah cuts the deck.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Now put the card back in the deck.

Bruce puts the card back in the deck, where Uriah cut it.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Now Bruce, do you believe in magic?

BRUCE
No.

URIAH
Well, you're in for a treat.
Because your card will magically
float out of the deck.

Uriah flips the deck around. The eight of hearts slowly
rises to the top.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Was this your card, Bruce?

A confused Bruce stares blankly.

BRUCE
I don't remember.

GEOFF
Yes it was, Bruce.

BRUCE

Oh.

The crowd claps.

URIAH

Thank you, thank you.

LATER

Uriah bows to the clapping of the crowd. Sonya stands off to the side. Geoff walks on stage. Boos overtake the room.

GEOFF

You want you supper?

Sudden silence.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

(to Uriah)

Thank you very much, Uriah.

Uriah walks off the stage.

PREP ROOM

Uriah and Sonya sit beside each other.

URIAH

That went really well.

(to Sonya)

You did great.

SONYA

I didn't do anything.

URIAH

Don't worry. Step by step. Next week we'll work on cutting you in half.

His creepy eyes stare her down, his hand slides to her knee.

URIAH (CONT'D)

Haven't you always wanted to be split in half by a magician?

Sonya turns to him, ice cold expression. She calmly moves his hand off of her knee. He turns back to the camera with a satisfied smirk.

Expressionless, Sonya stares at the camera, slightly shaking her head.

SENIOR HOME COMMON ROOM

GEOFF

Let's give a big round of applause
for our next performer, Bongo the
clown.

Desmond flashes a thumbs up to the camera, walks on stage.
Claps from the crowd.

He passes by Uriah and Sonya. Uriah give a look of ill
content. Sonya smiles.

Desmond motions as though he's about to talk, halts. He
slowly puts his hands to his throat, looks around in a panic.

He stops panicking, raises his index finger. He reaches into
his mouth and pulls out a handkerchief, tied to another one,
and another one, and so on.

After a few seconds, he pulls the last one out. He lightly
pats his chest and burps.

A few people in the crowd clap.

Desmond reaches into his pants and pulls out a bowling pin.
He arches his head high, sets the pin on his nose.

The pin precariously balances, teetering on the edge.

A glob of bird poop lands directly on his forehead. The pin
crashes to the floor.

The camera zooms in on the dove resting on the chandelier.

Desmond wipes the bird poop off of his forehead. A chorus of
laughter envelops the room, grows louder by the second.

Sonya doesn't laugh. Desmond rushes off the stage. Uriah is
in hysterics beside Sonya.

PREP ROOM - LATER

Uriah laughs. Sonya gives him the stink eye.

SONYA

It wasn't funny.

URIAH

Isn't his goal for people to laugh
at him? I'd say goal achieved.
That couldn't have gone any better.

EXT. BARRETT HOUSE - DAY

Desmond, makeup wiped off his forehead, walks to the front door.

DESMOND

That couldn't have gone any worse.

He opens the door and walks inside. He makes his way to the...

BARRETT LIVING ROOM

The camera follows behind. Jackie sits on the couch, knitting. Phil sits on his chair, reading. They both stop what they're doing and focus on Desmond.

JACKIE

Hi, sweetheart. How'd it go?

DESMOND

I don't really want to talk about
it.

JACKIE

Can I make some cookies for you?

DESMOND

Yeah, that would be great. I'm
going downstairs.

Desmond continues on his way.

PHIL

You don't always have to offer
cookies when something bad happens.

JACKIE

I'm just trying to support our son.

PHIL

It's not support, it's comfort.
Supporting him means helping him
carry on, not baking him cookies to
drown his sorrow. It's a wonder
the boy isn't overweight.

JACKIE

Well I don't see you doing anything, you big grouch. Excuse me while I go make some cookies for our son.

Jackie rises, leaves the room.

Phil gets up from his chair, makes his way to...

DESMOND'S BASEMENT

Phil takes a seat beside Desmond on the couch. Desmond doesn't know how to react.

DESMOND

Umm, what are you doing?

PHIL

What happened today?

DESMOND

I don't want to talk about it.

PHIL

Talking about it makes it better.

Desmond sighs.

DESMOND

A bird shit on my head.

PHIL

What?

DESMOND

A bird shit on my head.

PHIL

How?

DESMOND

This stupid magician named Uriah let a dove loose. It shit on my head during my act.

Phil thinks for a second, shrugs his shoulders.

PHIL

Better than getting punched in the nose, I guess.

DESMOND
I think I'd rather get punched than
shit on.

Phil laughs.

PHIL
Yeah, okay, good point.
(beat)
You're not quitting, are you?

Color Desmond confused.

DESMOND
No, why would I quit?

PHIL
Just wanted to make sure.

Phil pats him on the back, leaves.

A shocked Desmond peers at the camera.

DESMOND
I'm not a quitter.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Okay.

DESMOND
I'm not.

BARRETT LIVING ROOM

Phil and Jackie sit on the couch.

JACKIE
Bird shit?

Phil nods.

PHIL
Right on his forehead.

JACKIE
How did that happen?

PHIL
Magician.

Jackie gives her husband a befuddled look.

JACKIE
A magician shit on his head?

PHIL
A magician let a dove loose, and it
shit on him.

Jackie stares at the camera.

JACKIE
I hate magicians.

INT. BOWMAN BACKYARD - DAY

Early morning.

Richard, wears a bathing suit, goggles and a swim cap. His "dad bod" displayed triumphantly. He walks to the edge of the pool, dives in.

RICHARD (V.O.)
I like to try and get a few laps in
every morning before starting my
day. It's a good stress reliever.

LATER

Richard stands at the edge of the pool, still in his goggles and swim cap. He towels himself off.

RICHARD
It's getting closer to the
auditions, so my stress level is
going up a little. I definitely
needed this today.

He looks back at the pool, then back to the camera.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I usually try to get anywhere from
twenty to thirty laps in. I went
to forty today.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Good morning then.

RICHARD
Not too bad, no.

MONICA
 (overlapping)
 Hey there. What are you guys
 talking about?

Monica, bathrobe, walks out on the pool deck.

RICHARD
 Morning, dear. You're up early.

He goes to kiss her on the lips. She gives him her cheek.

MONICA
 I saw that you were with Tillman,
 so I wanted to come out and see how
 things were going.

RICHARD
 Oh, that's nice. I was just
 telling Tillman about my morning
 routine.

Monica smiles... a big fake one.

MONICA
 Quite the swimmer this one is. You
 know he was an All-American?

TILLMAN (O.S.)
 Had no idea.

MONICA
 Yeah, you think by being such an
 athlete he wouldn't have let
 himself go.

Richard looks himself up and down.

MONICA (CONT'D)
 I'm just joking, honey. You look
 fantastic.

RICHARD
 Always the joker you are.

He goes in for another kiss. Cheek again.

She stares down the camera. Her icy gaze would bring Hitler
 to his knees. She walks back into the house.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 I think she's cheating on me...
 actually, I'm pretty sure she's
 cheating on me.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
You know?

RICHARD
I suspect.
(elated)
Wait, you know? Did you catch her?

TILLMAN (O.S.)
I caught her coming out of the pool house with a guy.

RICHARD
Damn. I need to catch her in the act. She's draining me of my money.
(beat)
Think you can try and catch her?

TILLMAN (O.S.)
I'll try.
(beat)
She'll kill me if she finds out.

Richard nods.

RICHARD
Yeah, that's a distinct possibility.

INT. URIAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Uriah puts the finishing touches on a large spinning wheel. Sonya stands next to him. A set of knives on the table.

SONYA
What am I supposed to do?

URIAH
Stand in the middle.

SONYA
That's it?

URIAH
And I'll throw knives at you.

SONYA
What?

URIAH
Don't worry, I have really good aim. I always hit my mark.

He winks. She cringes.

SONYA

What happened to the sawing me in half?

URIAH

Too boring. Just get over there and I'll throw these knives at you.

SONYA

No, I don't think so.

URIAH

Look, it's really not that bad. Watch.

He picks up a knife.

URIAH (CONT'D)

Bulls eye.

He tosses the knife, misses the target entirely.

THUMP!

The knife sticks into the wall.

URIAH (CONT'D)

That was a warm up.

SONYA

Not happening.

URIAH

Well what do you suggest?

SONYA

I don't know. You're the magician.

URIAH

Okay. Guess I'll have to come up with something else then. In the meantime, how about we go to my bedroom and practice some tricks under the covers.

Uriah grins like a moron.

Sonya, disgusted, glances at the camera, back at Uriah.

SONYA

Pardon me?

URIAH

I have some tricks I want to try
out on you... with my penis.

SONYA

Are you fucking serious?

URIAH

Come on. Why else would you sign
on as my assistant? Take this
mustache for a ride.

Sonya gags.

SONYA

Oh my God. I can't do this. I'm
out.

URIAH

What?

SONYA

I'm done.

She walks out of the living room, leaving Uriah by himself in
disbelief.

URIAH

Who doesn't like this mustache?

EXT. SONYA'S VEHICLE - DAY

Sonya stands in front.

SONYA

I can't believe I used to feel
sorry for him.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

What about the money?

SONYA

It's not worth it.

URIAH (O.S.)

I'll see you tomorrow?

Uriah stands on his front porch.

Sonya flips him off, gets in her car and drives off.

URIAH (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a maybe.

INT. BOWMAN OFFICE - DAY

Richard sits at his desk, phone to his ear.

RICHARD

I'm going to need a cake for about
fifty people.

(beat)

Two grand? For a cake? What do
you put in your cakes?

(beat)

Fine.

He hangs up the phone.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It better be the best dam cake
we've ever had.

A door opens. Monica walks in. She gives the camera a dirty
look.

MONICA

What are you up to?

RICHARD

You always seem to come around when
Tillman is here.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Yeah, why is that?

MONICA

Is it a crime to want to be around
my husband?

She sits on Richard's lap.

RICHARD

Well this is a treat.

MONICA

I'm going out tonight.

RICHARD

Good idea. I'll go with you.

MONICA

No, I need my alone time. Plus,
you have to watch Adam.

RICHARD

Nonsense. Brenda can watch Adam.
Let's go out.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I've been stressing over this party for the last few weeks. I need a little break.

MONICA

I have Brenda the night off. She's been working so hard lately. She deserves it. You need to stay here with Adam.

RICHARD

Oh. Alright then, dear. You go have your alone time.

MONICA

You're the best.

She gets off his lap. A fraudulent smile stains her face as she walks out.

RICHARD

It's really hard to play stupid with her.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

You do a really good job.

RICHARD

I don't know if I should view that as a compliment.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

I would.

RICHARD

I need to get something on her... soon. I'm tired of playing dumb.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

I'm guessing she'll slip up at the party.

Richard cocks his head.

RICHARD

Explain.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

That magician she chose, I think she has the hots for him... I know she has the hots for him. Her exact words were "Oh my God, that mustache. Just thinking about it makes me wet"

RICHARD
The guy with the mustache?

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Yup.

RICHARD
That thing doesn't even look real.
(beat)
She does have a weird fetish for magicians though, so it would make sense. I need to catch her in the act. Think you can do that?

The camera nods.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Excellent.

INT. DESMOND'S BASEMENT - DAY

Computer on his lap, Desmond watches videos of clowns.

DESMOND
You know what all these clowns do that I don't?

TILLMAN (O.S.)
No idea.

DESMOND
They act off of people in their crowds.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Do you think that will work?

DESMOND
After the last show, I'm willing to give it a shot.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
What about balloon animals and juggling?

DESMOND
That's old school.
(points to his computer)
Look at this guy.

A YouTube video of Karcocha plays. Karcocha steps onto the street, interacts with passing vehicles.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

All he has is a whistle. Everyone loves him.

The camera focuses on the screen, then back to Desmond.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Looks like it. Don't you want to be original though?

DESMOND

Yeah, I mean sure, everyone does. But you've gotta pick things from here and there to find out what works for you.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

What about that magic trick?

DESMOND

I was never going to get that right.

(points to the screen)

I'm gonna try this out.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - DAY

Desmond is dressed in his full clown outfit, whistle in his mouth. He follows a few passersby, mimicking how they walk, exaggerating their movements. A few people start to gather around.

He stops in front of someone, blows his whistle while putting his hand up indicating that they come to a stop. He waves other people on, like a police officer directing traffic. He finally lets the person pass.

More people gather. There are a few laughs in the audience. Desmond becomes a little more daring with his gags.

He pats a man on the head as he walks by. The man grabs at his head, smiles upon seeing Desmond. More laughs from the crowd.

A larger MAN and a well endowed WOMAN approach. Desmond zeros in.

They come near. Desmond perks his chest out, imitating having large breasts, while placing his hands underneath his pecks.

The man takes offence to Desmond's mimicking. As he gets closer to Desmond, who's now fondling his fake boobs, the large man cocks his fist back.

INT. PUB - DAY

Desmond sits at the bar, beer in front of him. His wig and clown nose occupy the stool beside him, his makeup smeared off. A pack of ice over his eye. He takes a drink, sets it down.

A BARTENDER goes about her business behind the bar.

Desmond removes the ice pack. The lump under his eye is well on its way to turning black.

DESMOND

That could've went better.

(beat)

Got a few laughs though.

SONYA (O.S.)

Hey there.

The camera turns to Sonya. She sits beside Desmond.

SONYA (CONT'D)

Mind if I sit?

DESMOND

Uriah isn't here, is he?

SONYA

No, I quit.

DESMOND

Really?

SONYA

He's a dick.

DESMOND

I could've told you that.

Sonya examines his eye.

SONYA

What happened?

DESMOND

Some guy cold cocked me on the street.

SONYA

Why?

DESMOND

I kind of mocked his girlfriend for having big boobs.

SONYA

Maybe you're the dick.

Desmond shakes his head.

DESMOND

It was part of the act. You know, mimic people as they walk by, get some laughs. It was going well until I did that.

SONYA

Mocking someone's boobs around their boyfriend probably wasn't the greatest idea.

DESMOND

I know that now.

SONYA

(to the bartender)
Gin and seven, please.
(to Desmond)
How long have you been a clown?

DESMOND

About a year.

SONYA

What did you do before that?

DESMOND

I was a lawyer.

SONYA

You gave that up to become a clown?

DESMOND

Why does everyone say that?

SONYA

Think it's a fair question.

Desmond shrugs his shoulders, puts the ice pack back on his eye.

DESMOND

I wasn't really that good at it...
and my last client punched me in
the nose, so that was the clincher.

She points to his face.

SONYA

Good call on switching to the clown
business.

The bartender gives Sonya her drink. She sets some cash on
the bar, takes a swig.

DESMOND

What do you do?

SONYA

I wait tables at the strip club.

DESMOND

And you're preaching to me about
being a clown?

SONYA

Hey, I'm trying to pay my way
through college.

DESMOND

By stripping?

SONYA

No stripping. I just wait tables.
Tips are paying for half of my
courses.

DESMOND

What are you taking.

SONYA

Education.

DESMOND

Gonna be a teacher, huh? Why a
teacher?

SONYA

I love kids, figured teaching would
be the best place for me.

(beat)

So I would think it would be hard
to walk away from a lawyer's
salary.

DESMOND

It's not about the money, it's
about fulfilling my dream.

URIAH (O.S.)

That's what all losers say.

The camera swings over to Uriah. He walks to the bar.

DESMOND

I thought you said you were done
with him.

SONYA

I am.

(to Uriah)

What are you doing here?

URIAH

Saw your car outside, thought I'd
come in and get a drink. Then I
saw you with this loser. What
happened to your eye? Poke
yourself with a balloon?

Desmond doesn't respond.

Uriah cups his ear.

URIAH (CONT'D)

What's that? I can't hear you.

(beat)

God you're pathetic.

Desmond slumps, drinks his beer.

URIAH (CONT'D)

Come on babe, we've got some work
to do. I have a new act.

SONYA

Um, no. I quit. And how many
times to I have to tell you not to
call me babe?

URIAH

You quit? I thought you were just
done for the day.

SONYA

Don't take hints very well, do you.

URIAH
Whatever. Your loss.
(stares Desmond down)
You gonna bang this loser?

SONYA
You're an asshole.

Desmond rises, grabs his wig and nose, leaves the bar.

URIAH
That's right. Leave.
(beat)
Don't even bother showing up to
that audition. You're a loser,
always will be.

SONYA
What's your problem?

URIAH
My problem is with clowns who think
they can compete with me.

SONYA
You're an ass.

URIAH
You missed the boat with me, babe.
I got something big planned.
They'll be calling me Jesus after
this.

Sonya shakes her head with disgust, gets up and leaves.

Uriah turns to the camera.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Guess it's just you and me.

He grabs Sonya's drink, takes a sip. His face puckers.

The camera turns away from Uriah.

URIAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Whatever. I don't need you either.

The camera moves...

OUTSIDE

Sonya stands on the sidewalk, looking back and forth.

SONYA
I don't know where he went.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
I do.

EXT. BARRETT HOUSE - DAY

Sonya walks to the front door, camera following. She knocks.
A few seconds pass before Phil opens the door.

PHIL
Can I help you?

SONYA
Is Desmond here?

PHIL
Yeah, he just walked in not too long ago and went downstairs. He didn't say a word.

Phil looks at the camera.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

SONYA
There was a bad scene down at the bar. Can we come in and talk to him?

PHIL
Sure, sure. Come on in.

Phil steps inside. Sonya follows, along with the camera.

PHIL (CONT'D)
He's downstairs. You know the way.

They pass by Jackie in the living room.

JACKIE
Hi, Tillman.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Hi, Mrs. Barrett.

JACKIE
Who's your friend.

SONYA

I'm Sonya. Nice to meet you.

JACKIE

Nice to meet you, Sonya. Do you want some cookies?

SONYA

I'm alright. Thank you though.

JACKIE

Oh come now, I have some in the oven. Everyone needs some cookies.

PHIL

(to camera)

Is this a cookie moment?

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Not sure. Might be. He looked pretty upset.

Phil nods his head.

PHIL

(points to stairs)

He's down there.

Sonya walks towards...

DESMOND'S BASEMENT

She steps down the stairs.

SONYA

Desmond?

She comes to the bottom. Desmond sits on the couch, wig and clown nose beside him.

DESMOND

I'm not in the mood to talk right now.

Sonya takes a seat next to him.

SONYA

Don't let that jerk get to you. You have as much of a shot winning that as he does.

DESMOND

No I don't. I'm just a clown. I can't compete with magicians. They've got all the glitz and glamour.

(grabs his nose and wig)

All I've got is a red nose and a fucking wig.

He tosses them across the room.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

Were the cookies ready?

SONYA

Don't give up on this. It's your dream. You can't let him get to you.

DESMOND

There's no point. No one likes clowns anymore... stupid killer clowns ruined it for everyone. There's no point in even trying.

PHIL (O.S.)

I'd like to talk to my son, please.

The camera whips over to Phil, standing at the bottom of the stairs.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Alone.

SONYA

Of course.

Sonya gets up, walks up the stairs.

PHIL

(to the camera)

You too.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Oh.

The camera moves past Phil to the stairs, following Sonya.

It stops at the bottom, turns back around.

SONYA

He said he wanted to be alone.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
And they will be... kind of.

Phil sits beside Desmond. Their voices are faint, but clear.
Desmond discreetly covers his black eye.

PHIL
Did I hear you say you were going
to quit this?

DESMOND
You did.

PHIL
You can't quit this.

DESMOND
Watch me.

PHIL
But it's your dream.

DESMOND
It was a stupid dream.

PHIL
Look at me, will ya?

Desmond uncovers his face. Phil jumps back.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Holy shit.
(examines Desmond's face)
What happened?

DESMOND
Got punched.

PHIL
By the magician?

DESMOND
Some guy on the street.

Phil shakes his head.

PHIL
I thought the clown business would
be safer.

DESMOND
Guess not.

PHIL
Look, you can't quit this.

DESMOND
Why not, you never liked me being a clown anyway.

PHIL
That's not true.

DESMOND
Yes it is. Admit it, you hate the fact that I was a clown.

PHIL
(overlapping)
No it's not.

DESMOND
Yes it is.

Phil raises his voice.

PHIL
No. It's not. I don't care what you do. What I do care about is that you quit everything when things start to get tough. You can't keep on doing that.

DESMOND
No I don't.

Phil stares at his son.

DESMOND (CONT'D)
What, I don't.

PHIL
Baseball, golf, baking.

DESMOND
Okay, three things.

PHIL
(overlapping)
Math class, your psychology major, Arizona State... law.

DESMOND
(overlapping)
Okay, okay. I get it.

PHIL

When things start to go wrong, you bail. You can't keep on running from things.

DESMOND

Why not? It's worked so far.

Phil nods his head.

PHIL

Yeah, it has. But what are you going to do? Keep running from one thing to another?

Desmond ponders.

DESMOND

Maybe?

PHIL

No, no you're not. What kind of life is that? Stay and fight for what you want. Don't give up on your dream. You can't... and I won't let you.

DESMOND

What if I fail?

PHIL

Then pick yourself up, dust yourself off and get your damn ass back on the horse. Losing sucks, but never trying is even worse.

Desmond nods.

DESMOND

Losing does suck.

PHIL

It sure does. But you know what? Winning after you've been beat down makes it all the much more satisfying.

Phil pats his son on the shoulder.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Don't quit this. Get back there and throw the first punch, and make sure they feel it.

Desmond gains motivation.

DESMOND
Okay, you're right. It's time to
start fighting back.

PHIL
Yes it is.

Phil turns around. The camera moves out of sight.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Whoops.

PHIL (O.S.)
It's okay, Tillman. You guys can
come back in now.

The camera turns the corner.

DESMOND
I've got four days to come up with
something that's gonna rock that
party.

SONYA
Want some help?

DESMOND
Really? You'd help me?

SONYA
Yeah... I wanna see you kick his
ass.

DESMOND
You're on.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Cookies are ready.

Jackie walks in with a fresh batch.

DESMOND
Actually, I'm good.

JACKIE
You don't want my cookies?

Disappointment on Jackie's face.

BARRETT LIVING ROOM

Phil and Jackie on the couch.

JACKIE

But everyone loves my cookies.

PHIL

Your cookies are fantastic,
sweetheart. But it wasn't about
the cookies.

JACKIE

But he always eats my cookies.
What am I going to do with them
now?

TILLMAN (O.S.)

I'll eat your cookies.

Jackie smiles.

JACKIE

Thank you, dear.

MONTAGE - DESMOND AND SONYA PREPARING THEIR ACT

- Desmond and Sonya brainstorm. They go back and forth, jot ideas down in a notebook.
- they draw sketches on a whiteboard of a table with a box on top of it.
- Desmond makes a table out of two by fours and plywood. He cuts a hole in the middle.
- they put the box over the hole. Desmond looks into the box. He comes up, satisfied.
- he puts squeaky toys in his shoes, walks downstairs. Sonya records from the top.
- they put a large table cloth over the table.

EXT. BOWMAN BACKYARD - DAY

Richard and Adam walk through the yard.

RICHARD

And I'm going to put the bouncy
castle here.

ADAM
Is it bigger than last year?

RICHARD
Yes, it is.

ADAM
Good.

Richard looks at the camera. He kneels down beside Adam.

RICHARD
Look, Adam. I got a bigger castle
for you this year, but I'm not
going to always be able to get
everything you want.

Adam's perplexed.

ADAM
What do you mean?

RICHARD
Sometimes we can't always get what
we want. But that's okay. Just
because we don't get what we want,
it doesn't mean that it's not going
to be good enough. We just have to
make due with what we have.

ADAM
But mom says I can have whatever I
want.

Richard looks at the camera, back at his son.

RICHARD
Your mom isn't always right.

ADAM
But mom says we have enough money
to buy whatever we want.

Richard shakes his head with disappointment.

RICHARD
Did I ever tell you about when I
was your age?

Adam shakes his head.

ADAM
No.

RICHARD

When I was your age, my family didn't have a lot of money. We couldn't get everything that we wanted. My dad had to work a lot just to get us the things we needed.

ADAM

You didn't live in a big house?

RICHARD

No, we didn't.

ADAM

What did you do?

Richard rests his hands on Adam's shoulder.

RICHARD

I knew that my dad worked hard to get us whatever we had, so I tried to make the best out of every situation. I said I didn't want to live like that, so I made sure I worked very hard to get where I am.

ADAM

Will I have a big house?

RICHARD

If you work hard enough.

ADAM

But mom says that you'll give me money.

Richard shakes his head.

RICHARD

Do you want a big house?

ADAM

Ya.

RICHARD

Then you have to work hard to get to a big house.

ADAM

Why?

RICHARD
Because nothing is worth it if you
don't put time in to achieve it.

ADAM
Oh. Okay.

Richard nods his head triumphantly.

RICHARD
Okay.

BOWMAN LIVING ROOM

Richard sits on the couch, beaming with satisfaction.

RICHARD
It's a start.

INT. PARTY SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Desmond and Sonya walk down an aisle.

DESMOND
Just gotta pick a few more things
up.
(to the camera)
This is gonna be great.

URIAH (O.S.)
You're still filming these losers?

The camera pivots around to Uriah.

DESMOND
Oh great, you.

URIAH
What are you doing here? You're
not planning on going to the
audition tomorrow, are you?

SONYA
We are, and we're gonna kick your
ass.

Uriah laughs.

URIAH
How drole.

He takes an item off of the shelf, examines it, puts it back.

URIAH (CONT'D)

I'm just here to pick up some supplies for the trick that's gonna make everyone jizz in their pants.

SONYA

God you're a loser.

URIAH

Have you guys banged yet?

SONYA

Seriously?

URIAH

I'd be careful with that one.

SONYA

You're a real piece of work.

URIAH

I hear she's got the clap.

SONYA

What?

URIAH

To think, I almost got up in there.

DESMOND

Watch your mouth.

Uriah is a little surprised.

URIAH

Whoa, look who grew a set of balls. I guess she did make a man out of you.

Desmond steps close to Uriah, balls his fist.

URIAH (CONT'D)

Yeah, whatta ya gonna do?

DESMOND

I'm gonna rock that audition tomorrow, and you're not going to know what hit you.

Desmond's fist loosens.

URIAH

You're pathetic.

An EMPLOYEE rounds the corner.

EMPLOYEE
Mr. Stanford, your equipment is ready.

URIAH
Good. I can't look at these fools anymore.

Uriah looks at the camera.

URIAH (CONT'D)
You're just as much a loser as they are.

He walks off.

EXT. PARTY SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Desmond and Sonya stand outside the entrance. They both face the camera.

DESMOND
I really wanted to punch him.

SONYA
You should've.

DESMOND
I don't think that would've been a good idea.

SONYA
But who cares. It would've felt great.

Desmond nods and smiles.

DESMOND
Yeah, it would have.

They look at each other with admiration for a moment, before both turning to the camera. They smile widely.

EXT. BOWMAN HOUSE BACKYARD - DAY

Richard walks to the pool. He has a towel draped over his shoulder, goggles in one hand.

RICHARD
Today's the big audition.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Stressed?

RICHARD
A little bit.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
I'm sure everyth--

MONICA (O.S.)
(overlapping)
Morning, gentlemen.

Monica approaches Richard.

RICHARD
Morning, honey.

Monica glares at the camera.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
If you'll excuse me, I have some
laps to do.

Richard drops his towel on the pool deck, puts his goggles on and dives in.

SMACK!

He lands on something hard and virtually invisible. He grumbles in agony, barely moving.

Monica laughs discreetly.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Oh my God, are you okay?

Richard rubs his face and carefully stands up. He gingerly steps around on the water, searching for the edge of whatever it was he landed on.

RICHARD
Is that... is that plexiglass?

He finds the edge and carefully steps into the water.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
How the hell did it get here?

EXT. BOWMAN RESIDENCE - DAY

One by one, the COMPETITORS arrive. Richard greets each of them.

Desmond and Sonya pull up in Desmond's car. They exit and walk towards Richard.

RICHARD
Hi, thanks for making it out. I'm
Richard Bowman.

He extends his hand. Desmond shakes it.

DESMOND
I'm Desmond, and this is Sonya.

RICHARD
Oh, the clown. Pleasure to meet
you. I didn't realize you had
someone with you.

DESMOND
Last minute thing. Is that okay?

Richard shakes Sonya's hand.

RICHARD
I can't see why not.

Desmond looks at the camera.

DESMOND
Hey, Tillman.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Hi, Desmond.

RICHARD
Is this one of the competitors
you're filming?

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Sure is.

URIAH (O.S.)
You should've kept on filming me.
Would've been a lot more
interesting than Bongo here.

The camera turns around to Uriah. He's dressed in an extravagant outfit.

RICHARD
Hi, Richard Bowman.

Richard extends his hand. Uriah shakes it.

URIAH
Uriah Stanford.
(looks around)
So, this is where I'll be
performing next week. Not too
shabby.

Monica appears out of nowhere, startling everyone.

MONICA
Well hello there. You must be
Uriah.

She totally ignores everyone else.

URIAH
I certainly am. And who may you
be?

MONICA
I'm Monica, Adam's mother.

She extends her hand. Uriah kisses the top of it.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Oh my, such a gentleman. I saw
your picture and knew you had to be
here. Please, why don't you come
with me and I'll show you to the
waiting room.

URIAH
Don't mind if I do.
(to Desmond)
Later, loser.

MONICA
I just love that mustache.

URIAH
Everyone does.

Richard keeps an eye on them as they walk into the house. He gives the camera a nod. The camera nods back.

RICHARD
We'll be getting started around
two. You're on first.

EXT. BOWMAN BACKYARD

A makeshift stage rests in the middle of the lawn. A table, draped with a cloth, sits in the middle. A box sits on the table. Desmond and Sonya, in costume, wait.

Richard and Adam sit in front of the stage. An empty chair beside Richard. Richard looks around then at the camera.

RICHARD
Have you seen Monica?

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Not since she grabbed Uriah.

Richard nods.

RICHARD
(to Adam)
Are you ready?

Adam smiles gleefully and nods his head.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Alright, you're on. Ten minutes total.

Desmond nods and walks off stage. Sonya stays put. Just off stage, Desmond puts the squeaky toys in both his shoes. The act begins.

Desmond saunters back on stage. His shoes squeak with each step. Sonya stands, depressed expression on her face. She is oblivious to the squeaks and Desmond.

Desmond spots Sonya. His eyes widen with wonder. He fixes his clown wig, sports a big grin, and walks by her. She sees him for a second, sighs, and looks away.

Heartbreak. But eureka, he pulls out a flower from his pocket. He hands it to his beauty. She takes it, looks at it and drops it on the floor. She sighs again.

Desmond is baffled. He scratches his head. He spots the box on the table. The clown reaches in, pulls out a long balloon.

He offers the balloon to her. She shakes her head. Desmond squeaks back to the box, digs through it. He comes back up with a few more balloons. He makes a flower out of them, hands it Sonya.

Sonya takes it, looks at it. She ponders for a minute, drops it.

Desmond is puzzled. He crosses his arms, strokes his chin in thought while tapping his shoe. It squeaks with each tap.

Adam laughs. The laughter brings a smile to Richard's face.

Desmond's eyes light up and he smiles with glee. He fastens his hands to his sides, much like Peter Pan would, and nods his head.

He steps to the box, looks in. He digs around. Not deep enough. He puts his head in, followed by his whole body until he completely disappears in the box.

ADAM

Whoa.

Adam peers at his father with wonder. Richard returns the look.

The sound of Desmond's squeaking shoes down a set of stairs. A few seconds pass. A clown horn sounds off from the abyss of the box.

Adam is on the edge of his seat in suspense and intrigue.

Richard looks at the camera, nods his head.

The squeaking foot steps of Desmond rise up. His head pops out of the box, followed gradually by the rest of his body, with another flower in his hand. A tube runs from the flower to a pressure pump in his hand.

He steps out of the box and walks towards Sonya. She's still uninterested.

Desmond motions to the flower. Sonya takes a look at it. She smiles and motions for it. Desmond hands the flower to her, but squeezes the ball in his hand. Water douses Sonya's face.

Desmond laughs with delight... silently, of course. Sonya looks at the audience, frowns with disappointment.

Adam and Richard both clap.

Sonya and Desmond bow to their audience.

RICHARD

Bravo. That was fantastic. Thank you very much.

(beat)

If you can go back into the waiting room, we'll let everyone know by the end of the auditions.

He turns to the camera.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Maybe you could see if you can find
 Monica?

The camera nods.

INT. BOWMAN HALLWAY - DAY

The camera slowly moves forward. The faint sound of moaning originates from a few doors down.

URIAH (O.S.)
 What if your husband catches us?

MONICA (O.S.)
 That turd is outside with Adam
 going over the performances.

The camera closes in on the door. The moaning louder now, Tillman's hand slowly opens the door. On the other side, Monica is bent over, Uriah behind her, pants down. He thrusts away.

MONICA (CONT'D)
 Harder.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
 (whispers)
 Got ya.

Tillman gently closes the door.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sonya and Desmond sit in the corner of the room. The other performers mingle in the background.

DESMOND
 I think that went really well.

SONYA
 You were perfect.

The door to the room opens and Uriah walks in, Monica behind him. Monica's hair is disheveled and her shirt ruffled.

MONICA
 And here is the waiting room.
 We'll come get you when we're ready
 for you.

Uriah gives her the wink and the gun.

Monica closes the door.

Uriah walks to Desmond and Sonya. A large stupid grin plastered his face.

DESMOND

What's wrong with you?

URIAH

How'd your audition go? Bomb like usual?

DESMOND

You wish.

Uriah laughs.

URIAH

Good to see that you grew a pair of balls. Too bad you still don't know how to use them.

(to Sonya)

You're looking sexy today.

Sonya shudders.

SONYA

You make me want to puke.

URIAH

Oh, I'll make you do more than puke, baby.

SONYA

Oh my God.

Sonya turns away from Uriah.

Richard opens the door.

RICHARD

Uriah Stanford.

Uriah turns to the camera.

URIAH

You're gonna wanna see this. I'm about to Stanford this place.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Wouldn't miss it for the world.

EXT. BOWMAN BACKYARD - DAY

Uriah is slightly ahead of Richard.

Richard turns to the camera.

RICHARD
Anything?

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Oh yeah.

RICHARD
Perfect.

They walk to the...

STAGE

Uriah takes his place.

Richard sits next to Adam, Monica already in her seat. She smiles lustfully at Uriah.

RICHARD
You have ten minutes...
(looks at his watch)
starting now.

URIAH
Oh, I'm not gonna need ten minutes.
If I can get everyone to follow me.

Puzzled, Richard looks at the camera then at his son.

URIAH (CONT'D)
Well come on. You all want to see
greatness, don't you?

They all get up and follow Uriah to the...

POOL

Uriah stops at the edge, right where Richard dove in.

URIAH
Ladies and gentlemen, what you're
about to see is not only the
greatest thing you'll see today,
but the greatest thing you will see
in your lifetime.
(MORE)

URIAH (CONT'D)

There is no need for an extravagant performance, as that is for the weak. You will be filled with wonder and awe when you see the magic about to befall you. I present to you, the Jesus walk.

Uriah turns around and confidently steps over the edge.

SPLASH!

The magician flutters around in the water until he gets his footing and stands. He gets his bearings and looks around in astonishment. He pats his mustache.

The camera shakes as Tillman laughs hysterically.

URIAH (CONT'D)

Where did my platforms go?

MONICA

Oh my God, are you okay?

She rushes to the side of the pool.

RICHARD

So that was you.

URIAH

That was me what?

RICHARD

Who put the platforms in the pool.

Uriah is speechless.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(to Monica)

I'm glad you were so concerned about me this morning.

Monica shoots him a fiery gaze.

MONICA

Don't just stand there. Help him out.

RICHARD

He can get out on his own.

Uriah exits the pool.

URIAH

Where's the bathroom?

TILLMAN (O.S.)

I'm pretty sure you know where it is.

A discombobulated Uriah walks away from the pool.

MONICA

I'm going to go make sure he's okay.

RICHARD

No, you're not.

MONICA

Pardon me?

RICHARD

We have three more acts to go, and you've already missed one. You're staying here to watch the rest with Adam and I.

MONICA

Who do you think you are?

Richard looks around.

RICHARD

I'm the guy who pays for all of this.

MONICA

Keep this up, and we'll see about that.

A sly smile sneaks across Richard's face.

RICHARD

Okay, honey. You go check on him. Adam and I will watch the rest of the performances.

Monica glances at the camera, then back at her husband. She looks a little concerned.

MONICA

Good.

She walks inside.

RICHARD

Alright, Adam. Let's go finish the rest of the auditions, shall we?

Adam nods.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Desmond and Sonya stand in front of the camera.

 DESMOND
Right in?

 TILLMAN (O.S.)
Walked right in.

Desmond and Sonya share a laugh.

 DESMOND
I would've loved to see the look on
his face.

 TILLMAN (O.S.)
I've got it all on camera.

They all laugh again.

INT. BOWMAN OFFICE - DAY

The pictures of all five performers are laid out on the desk.
Richard, Monica and Adam discuss.

 ADAM
I want the clown.

 MONICA
The clown, honey? He wasn't that
good.

 ADAM
How do you know? You didn't see
him.

Richard laughs.

 RICHARD
Yeah, you didn't see him. What
were you doing anyway?

Monica peers at the camera. She's suspicious.

 MONICA
I was using the bathroom... I had a
bad case of diarrhea.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Gonna be gonorrhoea now.

Richard laughs again.

MONICA
What was that?

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Nothing, nothing.

Monica turns back to her husband.

MONICA
Uriah clearly would've had the best
act if you didn't move his
platforms.

RICHARD
Yeah, yeah, you're right. He would
have. Okay, I guess Uriah gets the
spot this year.

Adam frowns.

ADAM
But I want the clown. It's my
birthday.

MONICA
Sorry honey, we only want what's
best for you. And right now the
clown isn't what's best.

RICHARD
Alright, let's go tell them who
we've decided.

They get up. Richard holds Adam back for a second, whispers
in his ear. Adam lights up like a Christmas tree.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

The six performers sit down. Richard, Monica and Adam stand
in front of them.

MONICA
We want to thank everyone of you
for coming today. It's always a
pleasure to have this much talent
audition for the party.
(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

But in the end, only one of you can be selected. So without further ado, I would like to congratulate Ur--

RICHARD

(overlapping)

Hold on, Monica. I told Adam that he could announce the winner.

Surprised, Monica gives in.

MONICA

Of course. It is his birthday after all.

Adam steps up. He looks back at his dad. Richard nods. The birthday boy smiles and turns back to the performers.

ADAM

Desmond and Sonya.

Desmond and Sonya jump for joy and embrace each other.

Monica's utter shock is evident.

URIAH

What the fuck?

RICHARD

Watch your language in front of my son, please.

URIAH

How can you give this to those losers? They're a bunch of clowns.

RICHARD

Clowns who didn't fall in a pool.

MONICA

Richard, what are you doing? We decided on Uriah.

RICHARD

No, you decided on Uriah. I didn't decide on him, nor did Adam. Adam wanted Desmond and Sonya.

MONICA

You piece of shit. How dare you go behind my back.

RICHARD
(points to Uriah)
You mean like he was today?

Her face turns beet red.

MONICA
I don't know what you're talking
about.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
He sleeps with hookers. You should
probably get yourself checked out.

Monica is speechless.

MONICA
(to the camera)
I'll ruin you.

RICHARD
No you won't. You won't do a
thing.

MONICA
(to Richard)
I'll take you for everything you
have.

Richard thinks for a second.

RICHARD
No, I don't think adulterers
usually win in these cases.

DESMOND
That's true.

URIAH
You shut up. You're still a loser.

DESMOND
Whatever makes you feel better,
stache.

MONICA
You don't talk about his stache.

URIAH
(to the camera)
You filmed us, didn't you.

Uriah makes a move for the camera, which starts to back up.

URIAH (CONT'D)
 You ruined me. I'll kill y--

His sentence is cut short by Desmond's right hand. Uriah falls to the floor, out cold. His mustache hangs precariously from his upper lip. A fake.

WAITING ROOM - LATER

Desmond and Sonya stand in the waiting room by themselves.

DESMOND
 I knew it.

WAITING ROOM

Uriah, lays in the middle of the floor.

RICHARD
 Nice hit.

DESMOND
 Thanks.

Richard turns to Adam.

RICHARD
 Adam, I need you to go to your room for a little while. The grown ups need to talk.

ADAM
 But I want to stay. This is fun.

RICHARD
 Not now. I'll come up later and get you.

ADAM
 Okay.

Adam walks out of the room.

RICHARD
 Thank you to everyone who came out for the auditions. You all had great performances.

All the performers leave.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Perhaps you could take him with
you.

Two of the performers drag Uriah by his feet.

PERFORMER 1
Why are his shoes wet?

The rest of the performers, along with Desmond and Sonya,
leave.

Richard and Monica remain.

RICHARD
I think a divorce is probably the
best thing here, no?

She pleads.

MONICA
Please, it was a lapse of
judgement. A one time thing.
Please, I'm so sorry.

RICHARD
(overlapping)
Don't even try. We're done.

Monica becomes enraged.

MONICA
I'll take you for everything.

She storms out of the room.

Richard turns to the camera.

RICHARD
What a bitch.

EXT. BOWMAN BACKYARD - DAY

SUPER: THE BOWMAN PARTY

The party is in full swing. Children run amok, a bouncy
castle entertains, and a table full of food is ravaged by the
guests. A few entertainment SCOUTS in suits mingle through
the crowd.

Desmond and Sonya talk to one of the scouts.

LATER

A few people remain. Desmond and Sonya stand in front of the camera.

DESMOND

That went better than I ever imagined.

(reaches into his pocket)

I got a card from one of the scouts. He works for a travelling show and they'll be looking for a new clown in a year or so. In the meantime I'm gonna do local shows and Mr. Bowman asked me to represent him in his divorce proceedings. I couldn't say no to that.

Sonya looks at him with affection.

SONYA

I'm so proud of you.

(to the camera)

We're dating now.

She grabs his hand.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

How did the parents take the news?

DESMOND

Couldn't of been happier. Dad was happy I did the punching this time.

(beat)

Oh, I got something for you.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a wrapped cookie.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

I know how much you love my mom's cookies.

Tillman's hand grabs the cookie.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

I certainly do.

DESMOND

Have you seen Uriah around lately?

TILLMAN (O.S.)

I have.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Ladies of the night conjugate.

Uriah's vehicle pulls up to one of them. She leans in the window. After a few words are exchanged, she gets in the passenger door. The car pulls away.

TILLMAN (V.O.)

He ran into some trouble the other night.

Two police vehicles, lights and sirens running, pull up and block him off. The other ladies run away in a panic.

The police officers get out of their cars. They pull Uriah out of his vehicle, drag him to the ground and cuff his hands behind his back.

The woman he picked up exits the car and walks to him, flashing a badge.

EXT. BOWMAN BACKYARD - DAY

DESMOND

Trouble?

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Undercover sting at Main and Brock.

Desmond and Sonya nod.

DESMOND

He's gonna get all the action he wants at county.

EXT. BOWMAN RESIDENCE - DAY

One last look of the mansion.

TILLMAN (O.S.)

Until next year.

The camera catches a view of a STATUE on the fountain.

TILLMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(whistles)

Must be nice to be able to afford that.

It blinks, frightening Tillman.

TILLMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

It turns to Tillman.

STATUE
Is the party over?

TILLMAN (O.S.)
Umm, yeah, they're cleaning up.

The Statue slumps out of position and walks off of the fountain, grabs his crotch.

STATUE
Thank God. I've had to pee for the last hour.

He walks away.

TILLMAN (O.S.)
They are pretty cool.

FADE OUT.