

EVERYDAY CLOWNS:
ALL ROADS LEAD TO HOBOKEN
SE01 EP1

an original webseries by

William Gilmore

William Gilmore
812 Palisade Ave., #5
Union City, NJ 07087
718-702-6685
millcreekprod@hotmail.com

INT. CIRCUS TENT - NIGHT

Three figures, wrapped tightly in a faded sideshow tarp, sleep peacefully on hay bales. They appear almost cherubic in their slumber, save for the white makeup, garish eye-shadow, oversized painted lips and flamboyant puffs of hair. They are clowns. To be specific, they are clowns with the Stingely Brothers 1.5 Ring Circus, the second largest collection of has-been acts ever assembled under the small top. The minor face twitches and fluttering of eyes beneath closed lids indicate the clowns are dreaming.

First is LALO, the youngest and sweetest (and shortest) of the trio. Naive and innocent of the world beyond the striped tents of Stingely's circus, Lalo dreams of cotton candy, corn dogs and the ballet.

Next comes GINGER SNAPS. Middle-aged with a hefty paunch and the gruffness of a teamster, he dreams of performing for children . . . alone . . . in a dark basement. The children press in around him, placing their hands on his body while softly chanting his name like good little Stepford Children, "Ginger Snaps, Ginger Snaps." Ginger cackles evilly in his sleep. He is, decidedly, the creepy clown.

Last is MR. FANCY PANTS. Sad and forlorn even in sleep, he lays rigidly upon his makeshift bed of hay, arms folded petulantly across his chest, a large contingent of helium balloons clutched tightly in one hand. His downward painted frown is pulled even lower by the involuntary tics and spasms of tortured slumber.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Mr. Fancy Pants, in a pair of Jackie O sunglasses, reclines on a beach lounger, gurgle-slurping that last drop of an Orange Crush through a straw. His clutch of balloons provides shade in place of an umbrella.

Through the dunes, SUGAR POPS approaches. Dressed somewhere in between a circus bare-back rider and a follies girl, her seemingly never-ending legs glide easily and gracefully across the hot sand. Mr. Fancy Pants peers over the top of his Jackie O glasses for a better look.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Hello, nurse!

Mr. Fancy Pants drinks her in like a tall glass of water, his eyes tracing the contours of her body so as not to forget a single curve, the gentle bend of her knee, the roundness

of her hips, the ample bosom forced into a tiny ruby-sequined leotard, and the scruff of beard neatly trimmed along the square of her jaw.

Sugar Pops hands Mr. Fancy Pants another Orange Crush.

SUGAR POPS

Can I get you anything else, Honey Buns?

MR. FANCY PANTS

You mean besides yourself, Sugar Pops?

SUGAR POPS

I like to save the best for last.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Then maybe just a cigar. For now.

SUGAR POPS

Cuban? Or Exploding?

MR. FANCY PANTS

Why not both?

Sugar Pops extracts an oversized cigar from her cleavage and places it between her lips. She lights it, drawing seductively on one end, much to Mr. Fancy Pants' appreciation.

The tip of the cigar suddenly explodes in a brilliant flash of flame. The woman's hair is blown back and singed. Streaks of soot smudge her face. Mr. Fancy Pants cackles delightedly. The woman seems unfazed. She hands the splintered cigar to Mr. Fancy Pants.

SUGAR POPS

Liked that, did you?

MR. FANCY PANTS

The classics never grow old.

Sugar Pops sits on the edge of Mr. Fancy Pants' lounge.

SUGAR POPS

Unlike you, unfortunately.

MR. FANCY PANTS

What're your sayin', Sugar?

SUGAR POPS

You used to make me laugh; now I just laugh at you.

SUGAR POPS (CONT'D)

You've grown stale, Fancy, with your exploding cigars and Whoopee cushions. I need a fresh start.

MR. FANCY PANTS

I don't understand.

SUGAR POPS

I found another. Several, actually. You look a little pale, Fancy. What d'ya say we. . .

Sugar Pops reaches behind her back.

SUGAR POPS (CONT'D)

. . . Remove that sunblock.

She produces a jar of . . .

MR. FANCY PANTS

Noooooo! Not the Albolene!

Gloved clown hands burst through the lounge's plastic webbing and grasp onto Mr. Fancy Pants arms and legs, pinning him in place. Sugar Pops scoops a handful of Albolene from the jar.

SUGAR POPS

Don't be such a baby, Fancy. It only stings for a Second.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Please, you can't take a clown's makeup.

SUGAR POPS

What about me, Fancy? Hmm? What did you take from me?

MR. FANCY PANTS

Ummm, your virginity?

SUGAR POPS

Ohhhh, sorry. I lost that in a gang bang with some midgets in Mexico.

MR. FANCY PANTS

You can't call 'em midgets, Sugar.

SUGAR POPS

In Mexico you can.

She slathers on the Albolene. Mr. Fancy Pants writhes and screams in pain.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Oh, it burns! It burns! The
Albolene, it burns!

SUGAR POPS

Just let it soak in. . . .

The Albolene liquefies causing Mr. Fancy Pants' makeup to smear and run in a colorful mess.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Oh God, I'm melting, melting. Almost
gone.

Sugar Pops wipes her hands on Fancy's towel.

SUGAR POPS

What a frightful mess I've made.
What with the Strongman, the Lion
Tamer, the Trapeze Triplets, even
the Ringmaster, but surprisingly
enough, never the Sword Swallower.
He just didn't go for the beard like
I thought he would.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Why, Sugar, why?

A gold, braided rope drops from the heavens. Sugar reaches
for the tasseled end.

SUGAR POPS

(sweetly)

Does evil need a reason?

Sugar tugs the rope. A low whistling sound is heard. It
grows in intensity. Mr. Fancy Pants and Sugar Pops look to
the sky.

A large black anvil free falls toward them.

SUGAR POPS (CONT'D)

When I said I loved you, I lied.

Just as they are about to be squashed by the anvil, Mr. Fancy
Pants opens his mouth to scream

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - MORNING

Mr. Fancy Pants bolts upright on his hay bale (makeup intact).

MR. FANCY PANTS

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He catches his breath. Looks around the empty field. Panic sets in.

MR. FANCY PANTS (CONT'D)
 AUUUUUUUUUUGH!

His screams wake Ginger Snaps who joins him in his anguish.

GINGER SNAPS
 AUUUUUUUUUUGH!

MR. FANCY PANTS
 AUUUUUUUUUUGH!

GINGER SNAPS
 AUUUUUUUUUUGH!

Lalo wakes. He screams as well.

LALO
 AUUUUUUUUUUGH!

GINGER SNAPS
 AUUUUUUUUUUGH!

MR. FANCY PANTS
 AUUUUUUUUUUGH!

LALO
 Where--where are we?

MR. FANCY PANTS
 The fairgrounds.

LALO
 But where is everybody?

MR. FANCY PANTS
 Gone.

LALO
 Gone? Gone where?

GINGER SNAPS
 They left us, kid. The circus skipped town without us.

LALO
 Why would they do that?

MR. FANCY PANTS
 Maybe they didn't think we were funny anymore.

LALO
 But we're . . .
 (jazz hands)
 . . . Hysterium!

GINGER SNAPS
 Were Hysterium. Now we're just. . .

MR. FANCY PANTS
 Clowns without a circus. C'mon,
 let's go.

Mr. Fancy Pants trudges across the empty fairgrounds, his balloons trailing behind.

LALO
 Go where?

GINGER SNAPS
 (ominously)
 Into town, kid.

LALO
 With the townies? They won't like
 that.

MR. FANCY PANTS
 Got no choice. We gotta hole up
 'til the next circus Comes to town.

LALO
 How long will that be? It's almost
 end of season. We're Supposed to go
 to Florida.

MR. FANCY PANTS
 We're taking a detour, kid, to
 Hoboken.

GINGER SNAPS
 Hoboken? I'm dying!

OPENING TITLES - EVERYDAY CLOWNS

EXT. HOBOKEN - DAY

The Hoboken bus pulls up to a busy street corner. Lalo steps off the bus clutching his prized reproduction of an oil-painting featuring a chicken. Ginger Snaps follows with a seemingly empty burlap bag over his shoulder. Mr. Fancy Pants is last. His clutch of balloons gets caught in the bus' doorway. A sharp yank frees them, but several escape their tethers and drift away.

MR. FANCY PANTS
Dammit! Now I've only got 32.

GINGER SNAPS
Balloons are cheap, Fancy.

MR. FANCY PANTS
Yeah? You got any money?

LALO
Why's everybody staring?

The clowns look around. The Townies are indeed staring. Mothers pull their children closer, old women spit, men look ready to fight.

MR. FANCY PANTS
We're out of context. It scares them.

LALO
What do you mean?

GINGER SNAPS
We got no tent. It's like we're naked to them.

MR. FANCY PANTS
Just keep walking. Act like you belong.

The clowns move down the street past horrified expressions.

MR. FANCY PANTS (CONT'D)
Hello.

GINGER SNAPS
How ya doin'?

MR. FANCY PANTS
Nice day.

GINGER SNAPS
How 'bout those Bears, huh?

MR. FANCY PANTS
(under to Ginger)
Think they're buying it?

GINGER SNAPS
Not a chance.

Calliope music suddenly fills the air.

LALO

Listen! It's the circus!

Lalo bolts away.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Lalo, no!

GINGER SNAPS

Come back!

Lalo ignores them and runs towards the music. He dashes into the street. Tires screech. Lalo looks up to see an ice cream truck bearing down on him. He throws his oil painting up. A chicken cackles in terror as. . .BAM! Lalo is struck by the truck. He is thrown back several feet and lands motionless on the hot asphalt.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Clown down! Clown down!

As the dazed ICE CREAM TRUCK DRIVER steps from his vehicle, Mr. Fancy Pants and Ginger Snaps race onto the scene dressed as medics. They carry a canvas stretcher. They unroll the stretcher and place it on the ground next to Lalo. They lift Lalo onto the stretcher then grab the wooden handles. As they lift, the handles detach from the stretcher, leaving Lalo on the ground. Fancy and Ginger run off with just the wooden handles. Lalo sits up and chastises them. He lies back down on the canvas. Fancy and Ginger run backwards back onto the scene. They reattach the handles to the canvas.

ICE CREAM TRUCK DRIVER

Is--Is he going to be okay?

Ginger appears next to the driver as a COP.

GINGER SNAPS

Keep moving, people. Nothing to see here. Hey! This your truck?

ICE CREAM TRUCK DRIVER

Yeah, but it wasn't my fault. He came outta nowhere.

GINGER SNAPS

Outta nowhere?

Ginger slaps the Ice Cream Truck Driver.

GINGER SNAPS (CONT'D)

I gotta cite you for violation of codes 1492, 1776 and 1968.

(shyly)

That was the summer of love.

Ginger gives the driver a huge kiss.

GINGER SNAPS (CONT'D)
And you violated it!

Ginger slaps the Ice Cream Truck Driver again.

GINGER SNAPS (CONT'D)
Now look here, you got under-inflated
tires, overinflated prices and you
got no creamcicles!

Lalo sits up.

LALO
WHAT!? No creamcicles?

GINGER SNAPS
No creamcicles.

Lalo faints.

LALO
Ohhhhhhhh.

Mr. Fancy Pants, as a buxom Long Island nurse, checks Lalo's pulse.

MR. FANCY PANTS
Docta, Docta, he's crashin'.

GINGER SNAPS
(as Groucho Marx)
Crashing? With a face like that I'd
say he's already crashed.

Ginger dumps some pills into the truck driver's hand.

GINGER SNAPS (CONT'D)
Now take two of these and call me in
the morning. Or better yet, take
four now and forget this ever
happened.

Ginger raises the truck driver's hand to his mouth causing him to swallow the pills. Ginger steps out of frame.

The truck driver blinks disorientedly. He looks around. The street is empty.

ICE CREAM TRUCK DRIVER
Did I just run over a clown? Usually
it's just kids.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - EVENING

Mr. Fancy Pants seems to be examining Lalo's eye. Lalo squirms and fidgets in pain.

LALO

Owww! OWWW!

MR. FANCY PANTS

Hold still, will you.

LALO

It hurts.

MR. FANCY PANTS

It's supposed to hurt. There.
Finished.

Fancy steps back to admire his handiwork. A large purple circle has been painted around one of Lalo's eyes.

GINGER SNAPS

Wow, that's a hell of a shiner you got there kid.

LALO

Yeah?

MR. FANCY PANTS

Could'a been worse though. A lot worse.

LALO

Thank Mr. Cluckles for that. He jumped right out in front and saved me from that--that--

GINGER SNAPS

Ice cream truck.

LALO

Ice cream truck? You mean like a concession?

MR. FANCY PANTS

Yeah, sorta.

LALO

But there was no tent.

MR. FANCY PANTS

That's the way of this world. No lights, no mirth.

GINGER SNAPS

No pizazz.

MR. FANCY PANTS

No pizazz. Just bricks and misery.

LALO

I don't like it here. I want to go home. Back to the circus.

MR. FANCY PANTS

I know, kid. We all do.

Mr. Fancy Pants leads Lalo towards the street.

LALO

Maybe Mr. Cluckles will rescue us. He'll just show up like he did today and lead us all home.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Mmm, maybe.

LALO

(to his chicken oil painting)

I'm never going anywhere without you again, Mr. Cluckles.

(to Mr. Fancy Pants)

Do you think he'll ever come back for real? Mr. Cluckles?

Mr. Fancy Pants looks to Ginger Snaps. Ginger shakes his head and draws his finger across his neck. Fancy waves him off.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Of course he will. He's the patron chicken of comics everywhere. Someday when the world needs a good laugh, Mr. Cluckles will be there.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The clowns exit the alleyway. Across the street is the Hudson River. Beyond that are the twinkling lights of Manhattan just after sunset.

LALO

Oooh! What's that?

A faint glimmer of a smile plays at the corners of Mr. Fancy Pants' lips.

MR. FANCY PANTS

That is the greatest show on earth.
New York City.

GINGER SNAPS

It looks like the world's biggest
carnival.

MR. FANCY PANTS

(nodding)

A 24-hour midway where anything can
happen. It's the show for the show.

Fancy crosses the street and heads out onto a pier. The
others follow.

LALO

You mean. . . Ringling Brothers?

GINGER SNAPS

And Barnum and Bailey?

MR. FANCY PANTS

Yep. They play their biggest show
of the season right over there in a
place called Madison Square Garden.

LALO

(awe struck)

Madison Square Garden.

GINGER SNAPS

Pshaw, like you know anything about
the show.

MR. FANCY PANTS

(sadly)

I know a few things.

LALO

Were-were you in the show, Mr. Fancy
Pants.

MR. FANCY PANTS

Yeah, I was in the show. I was in
the show for 21 days once. It was
the greatest 21 days of my life.

GINGER SNAPS

With Ringling Brothers? What was it
like?

MR. FANCY PANTS

In the show, they got 3 full rings of acts. In the show, you never have to carry your own trunks. You get fresh whoopee cushions for rehearsals. And in the show, all the ladies have long legs and beards.

LALO

Can we go there? To New York?

MR. FANCY PANTS

No. We don't go to the show until we're in the show.

GINGER SNAPS

Join up with Ringling Brothers?

LALO

And Barnum and Bailey.

MR. FANCY PANTS

That's exactly what I mean. Here.

Mr. Fancy Pants hands each a balloon.

MR. FANCY PANTS (CONT'D)

Make a wish and let it go.

The clowns make their wish and let the balloons go. They drift lightly toward the city.

GINGER SNAPS

Now you've only got 29.

MR. FANCY PANTS

(shrugs)

Balloons are cheap.

The clowns turn to leave. A dark figure emerges from the shadows and drops down onto the pier in front of them, it's long black cape spreading out behind it. It could be Batman, or Darth Vader or even Dracula.

Lalo and Ginger step back nervously. Mr. Fancy Pants stands his ground.

The figure rises slowly revealing the thin silhouette of a man clad in a black leotard, his face painted white.

LALO

What is it, Mr. Fancy Pants? What is it?

MR. FANCY PANTS
(grimly)
It's a mime.

The MIME waves and gestures clownishly.

MIME
(subtitled)
Greetings, Buffoons!

The mime laughs evilly, but silently.

CUT TO BLACK:

END EPISODE 1