

FEAR OF CLOWNS

by

Kevin Kangas

For more information see:  
<http://www.kangaskahnfilms.com/blogs.htm>

© 2002 Kevin Kangas

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

LYNN, asleep, squirms on the bed. She's early thirties, very pretty, thin-bodied. She MUMBLES in discomfort.

IN HER DREAM

is A YOUNG GIRL in the back seat of a station wagon. She plays with a Barbie, shows it toward CAMERA at the people O.S.

Someone SHOUTS, high-pitched but distorted in a dream-like fashion.

WOMAN

Henry, watch out--!

The young girl's eyes move up from her Barbie toward the front of the car--slow, too slow.

EVERYTHING SPEEDS UP, the frame shaking like an epileptic suddenly got hold of the camera.

Only a half-second has passed, but the young girl is now lying sideways on the back seat and her forehead is smeared with blood.

She sits up slowly, dazed. Whatever she sees in the front seat disturbs her. Her lip begins to shake, tears welling in her eyes.

Something pops into her peripheral vision. She turns.

A CLOWN has appeared in the window next to her. He SHOUTS something unintelligible to her, and then RIPS HIS CLOWN FACE OFF to reveal a bloody skull--

The little girl SCREAMS--

--and Lynn bolts upright on her bed, screaming. She stops immediately as she realizes where she is, but it takes her a moment to calm down.

She turns to the clock--it's 5:38.

LYNN

Shit.

She jumps up and heads for the shower.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Small neighborhood diner. Wooden chairs and small tables. Lynn rushes in and spots JULIE sitting alone. She rushes over to join her friend.

LYNN

I am so sorry--

JULIE

(friendly ribbing)  
Sure, whatever it is is so important that you don't want to tell me on the phone, but it's not so important you can't be--  
(checks watch)  
--a half hour late.

LYNN  
I fell asleep--

JULIE  
(pointing at an empty plate)  
Look! I finished all the chicken fingers. I'm going to have to go to the bathroom and make myself throw up.

Lynn smirks at her friend and sits down.

LYNN  
I need a drink.

She motions for the waitress and orders a glass of red wine.

JULIE  
So spill.

LYNN  
(swallows, takes a breath)  
I'm getting a divorce, Julie.

JULIE  
Shut up.

She sees that Lynn's not kidding and her smiles lowers like a draw-bridge.

JULIE  
What? Since when?

LYNN  
Things have been bad for...about a year now. I guess things have never been that great.

JULIE  
Well...I just...why didn't you tell me?

LYNN  
You know...you're--

JULIE  
Don't even. I'm your friend first.

Manager second.

LYNN

I thought we could work it out.  
Bert kept making promises and I  
kept waiting for him to keep them.  
Guess what I just found out.

(doesn't give her a  
chance)

His ex-wife's name is still on the  
deed to the house. The house I'm  
living in. He said as soon as I  
sold my house and moved in, he'd  
have it taken off. And you know  
how I found out her name's still  
on it?

Julie shakes her head.

LYNN

The internet. I had to find out on  
the goddamn internet.

She realizes her voice has started to rise in volume, so she  
takes a sip of her recently-delivered wine, and calms herself.

LYNN

I don't know if that was the final  
straw. It was everything. Julie,  
I don't know anything about him.  
I don't know how much money he  
makes because he didn't want us to  
have a joint checking account. He  
always says he's working late at  
night but he won't give me a  
number to call other than his cel  
phone. And that place...it gives  
me the creeps.

JULIE

It's a sanitarium. They do that.

LYNN

(shrugs, moot point)

I told him I was leaving and that  
I was taking Nicky. He hit me.

Julie is shocked.

JULIE

He...hit you?

LYNN

(nods)

I was packing some things. I said  
I was taking Nicky and I'd be  
filing for a divorce. He hit me in

the back of the head.

JULIE

Did you call the police?

LYNN

No. I just wanted to get out of there. That was a month ago.

JULIE

You separated a month ago and didn't tell me?

LYNN

I didn't want to bother you, what with all the stuff you've already got on your plate...

She stops as she sees the look on Julie's face; How Ridiculous.

JULIE

So what are you going to do?

LYNN

Get the divorce. Once I get full custody of Nicky, I'll start trying to reassemble what's left of my life. In California.

JULIE

You're going to move?

LYNN

I told Phillip yesterday. I didn't tell him why.

JULIE

How'd he take it?

LYNN

He was shocked, you know, at first. But he was very supportive as always.

Julie pulls out her cel phone and starts dialing.

JULIE

Okay, the first thing I'm going to do is cancel the exhibit tomorrow night--

LYNN

Nononononono, please Julie.

Julie reluctantly hangs up.

LYNN

You've worked so hard, and to tell you the truth, it'll be good to meet some new people. Take my mind off.

JULIE

Lynn. We'll just postpone it. I don't think it's a good idea for you to be doing an exhibit when you've got this much on your mind.

LYNN

It'll be good. No, great.

JULIE

You sure? Really sure?

LYNN

Really.

JULIE

Where are you staying?

LYNN

A friend of mine is out of the country for a couple months. She said I could stay at her house until I find someplace of my own.

JULIE

What about Nicholas?

LYNN

Every other day. The lawyers had a temporary agreement drawn up.

JULIE

In this state, you'll have no trouble getting sole custody.

LYNN

(nods)

I'm not worried about that. It's just...this can't be my life, Julie. I can't be a divorced mother. I just, I can't.

JULIE

People change, Lynn.

LYNN

(wistful)

I don't think I ever really knew him in the first place...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The moon casts a faint light through the window. Lynn is asleep in her bed, this time without the nightmares.

OUR VIEW

looks down upon her, and for a moment there's the impression that someone is in the bedroom standing over her. But then we

MOVE slowly across the bed toward the window, passing the nightlight plugged into the wall panel, right up to the window and

THROUGH IT

into the dark night. We get a nice bird's eye view of the street.

Pools of black shadow lie everywhere. The houses along the street are all dark grey shapes set against a starless sky. Each house appears very middle-class suburban.

All is quiet. Still.

Across the street from Lynn's, SOMETHING MOVES FROM UNDER THE SHADOW OF A TREE.

Still hidden in the darkness under the leaves, it's impossible to tell what it is. Then THE CLOWN moves into the light and we can see he's got some sort of bag in his hand. The streetlight above catches him in total silhouette, so it's impossible to tell much about him.

And yet, there's something definitely sinister about him. Is it the peculiar sight of a clown standing in a deserted street in the dead of night? Or something else...?

The clown scans the houses across the street and his gaze stops at the house two doors up from Lynn.

He turns to look directly at Lynn's house, and makes a shrugging motion, very much like, "What can I do? My hands are tied."

He moves across the street, taking a new grip on whatever's in the bag, and the bag falls into the street.

He holds a giant axe. Even in the dim light, the silver axe-blade gleams like mercury.

Silently, the house awaits his entrance. Taking his time, he moves toward the door.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Lynn rushes out of her house, clearly late for something. She stops in confusion as she sees five cop cars and an ambulance

in front of the house two doors down.

A good bunch of the neighbors--moms and kids--stand about in groups, pointing and asking questions. Lynn goes over to a neighbor, GALE, a chubby motherly type who's shaking her head without realizing it.

LYNN

Excuse me...I'm house-sitting for Margaret. Could you tell me what's going on?

GALE

(tsks)

Oh it's just awful. If we're not safe here, where on earth can we possibly move to?

She tsks again, but otherwise isn't forthcoming.

LYNN

Do you know what happened?

GALE

The Olsons. All of them. Killed while they slept.

LYNN

Killed?

GALE

Butchered, from what I hear.

(off Lynn's look)

I know. How could something like that happen here? While we slept? This is a nice neighborhood.

LYNN

My god...

She breaks it off and shakes her head.

DETECTIVE PETERS, a young guy who looks more like a rock star incognito, wanders over with a pad of paper.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Morning folks. You all know the Olsons?

GALE

Of course. Who are you?

DETECTIVE PETERS

Sorry.

(flashes the badge)

Detective Peters. Homicide, of course. Either of you happen to

hear or see anything unusual last night?

GALE

Why yes.

(Peters is interested)

There was a carfull of raving psychopaths parked in front of the house about midnight, but I figured if we left them alone, they'd go away.

Detective Peters is put off by the sarcasm coming from someone who appears so motherly. He looks to Lynn, who smiles uncomfortably.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Maam. I need to know if you saw anything out of the ordinary last night, or heard anything.

GALE

Don't you think I'd have called the police in that case?

DETECTIVE PETERS

Maybe. Maybe not. It might not have struck you as strange at the time, but maybe now, with what's happened...

LYNN

What exactly happened?

DETECTIVE PETERS

(not particularly sympathetic)

Your neighbors have been murdered. I can't tell you any more than that right now.

He hands them both a card.

DETECTIVE PETERS

If something comes to you, give me a ring huh?

GALE

That's all? That's all the questions you're going to ask?

DETECTIVE PETERS

Oh hey. Sorry. Did either of you happen to kill the Olsons?

Gale is not amused. Lynn's watching them carry a bodybag on a stretcher out of the Olsons' house. Something about the

sight has trapped her gaze.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
(didn't really need  
an answer anyway)  
Okay. Thanks. One of my guys will  
be over to take your names.

LYNN  
Detective? I'm sorry, I'm already  
late.  
(she digs in her  
purse and pulls out  
a card)  
This has my name and cel phone  
number on it. I'm...house sitting  
here for the next couple of weeks.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
(looking at the card)  
An artist, huh? You don't much  
look like an artist.

GALE  
Says the rock-star detective.

Peters spares her a glance, but ignores her. The way Lynn  
stumbled over the half-lie seems to have caught the  
detective's attention.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
How long you been...house sitting?

LYNN  
About four, no, five nights.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
(nods his head)  
I may have to come by later and  
ask you a few questions, Miss...  
(checks the card  
again)  
Blodgett.

LYNN  
Sure, I understand.  
(beat)  
Oh, no! I'm sorry, I've got an  
exhibit tonight, so I won't be  
back at all today. Tomorrow should  
be fine though.

GALE  
Why don't you leave her alone? Do  
you think she did it? Is that what  
your keen detective mind is  
telling you?

The detective turns a bemused smile on Gale.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Wow. You're Miss Cleaver on the outside, but the inside's a real bitch, ain't it?

GALE

Ex-cuse me?

DETECTIVE PETERS

I guess I'm not so good with the sarcastic reh-par-tee.

He stumbles over the word like it's too hard to wrap his tongue around, but there's a quiet intelligence in his eyes. An intelligence that just filed Gale under "B" for bitch.

He wanders off shaking his head.

GALE

His superior's going to hear about this.

LYNN

(rushing off)

Well, it was nice meeting you, I'm really really late now.

GALE

(calls after her)

I'm Gale. Gale Wroten.

Lynn waves back without looking and hightails it to the car.

INT. GALLERY - DAY

The gallery looks new. Shiny hardwood floors. Small rooms showcase paintings on the wall, with new wave furniture awaiting the pretentious ass of some wannabe art critic.

Lynn rushes in. AMANDA, 23, steps out with a clipboard. She's cute in a mousy, Lisa Loeb kind of way.

AMANDA

Lynn, hey.

LYNN

Sorry I'm late. You'll never believe the morning I'm having.

AMANDA

No worries. Everything's going pretty hokay. OOPS still hasn't delivered two of the pieces, but everything else is here.

LYNN

Phil around?

AMANDA

Yup.

As if he heard, PHILLIP REID rounds the corner. He's kind-faced, late thirties, dressed in an old-fashioned brown suit-and-vest. He's got the makings of a slight gut.

PHILLIP

Lynn, some of these new pieces are amazing! You've been doing great work lately. Fabulous stuff.

LYNN

Thanks, Phil. And thank you so much for this.

PHILLIP

It's my pleasure.  
(takes on an  
aristocratic air)  
You know how prestigious it is to once again be showcasing the great Lynn Blodgett at my gallery.

LYNN

Oh, please.

PHILLIP

If Picasso were still alive, I'd turn him down to get you.

AMANDA

Ass kisser.

LYNN

Well, thanks. It means a lot to me.

PHILLIP

What do you think? Should we expect a crowd tonight?

AMANDA

I think you'll be pleasantly surprised...

On Lynn's questioning look...

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Same place, plus a hundred people. No one speaks loud. It's all QUIET MURMURS over wine or mixed drinks.

Lynn's standing against a back wall with Amanda. She looks

dazed.

LYNN

(quiet)

How...on earth...did you get all these people here?

AMANDA

WWW dot I hate clowns dot com. I posted it on their message board.

LYNN

But...if they hate clowns, why would they come?

AMANDA

It's a love-hate thing.

Lynn shakes her head; she doesn't understand, but who's complaining?

She touches Amanda's arm to signal that she's moving. She begins to weave aimlessly among the people, pausing just long enough to catch whether they like her stuff or not. Most seem to.

INTO ANOTHER ROOM

not as crowded as the main room. A COUPLE murmurs about the painting in front of them, while across the room is TUCK, 28. He's dark-skinned Latino, dressed like a model. He's staring deeply at one of Lynn's clown paintings.

She sidles up, trying to be sly.

LYNN

So what do you think?

TUCK

(spares her a quick look, then back to the painting)

I'm not an art critic or anything...

LYNN

Who is?

TUCK

(nods, then back to the painting)

It's okay. I don't know what the clown fetish is all about--I think the artist has issues.

Lynn smiles. Not what she expected to hear.

LYNN  
(good-natured)

Oh?

TUCK  
Well...they're clowns, for  
chrissakes.

But hers are all so...scary. Did  
you see the one where you walk in?  
I think I remember that one from  
Stephen King's It.

Lynn smiles. She's looking forward to embarrassing him when  
she introduces herself.

LYNN  
But you're no art critic.

TUCK  
No. Tucker Flynn. My friends call  
me Tuck.

He extends his hand.

LYNN  
Lynn--

TUCK  
--Blodgett, I know.  
(mischievous smile)  
I saw your picture in the program.

She smiles and reappraises him.

TUCK  
I didn't want to blow your cover.  
Not right away anyway.

LYNN  
So what do you really think?

TUCK  
They're good. I mean...they're  
great.  
(the smile returns)  
You've still got issues, but...I  
think they're phenomenal.

She can tell he's sincere about his appreciation. She's  
touched.

LYNN  
Thanks. You from the web site?

TUCK

Web site?

LYNN

Oh, nothing. What made you stop by tonight?

TUCK

This is the best gallery in Baltimore. I've bought a couple of pieces here.

LYNN

Anything of mine?

TUCK

No. Honestly, I never noticed your stuff before, but I'll definitely be keeping my eye out now.

There are serious looks going on between them, a quick chemistry that seems to be catching Lynn off guard.

LYNN

Well...I hope you have a good time.

She starts to move off.

TUCK

Hey. You wanna--  
(shrugs)  
--maybe go out and get a drink later?

LYNN

Uh---

Is she searching for an excuse or thinking about accepting? She's married, she can't be going out on dates.

LYNN

It's just a bad time.

He smiles his understanding.

TUCK

Sure. No problem.

She turns to move off.

TUCK

How 'bout tomorrow?

She stops.

LYNN

It's complicated.

TUCK

Oh.

LYNN

I'm married.

TUCK

(sudden  
understanding)

Ooooh...

LYNN

I mean, I'm separated.

TUCK

(no problem then)

Oh. Great. I mean, not great like  
I'm happy about it---

(realizes he's  
screwing up)

Hi. I'm Tuck. I'll be right back.

He heads over to the nearest tuxedo's waiter and grabs a champagne glass. He holds it up to toast Lynn, then DOWNS it in one swallows.

Then he grabs two others off the tray and returns to Lynn.

TUCK

I thought if it didn't cost too  
much, I could get a guided tour of  
your work.

Lynn smiles at his persistence. There's something immaturely endearing about him. His smile is contagious.

She takes the drink.

LYNN

I could probably put it on your  
tab.

Tuck's glad she's going along for the ride. He steps up to the painting in front of them.

TUCK

Take this one. I notice that this  
clown seems to be in a lot of your  
paintings. What's the significance?

The more astute viewers will recognize the clown as the one from the dream in the beginning. In the painting, he's staring out at us with a look of sinister intent. He's in a stark white hallway with strange objects on the wall.

She stares at it intently, as if she's never seen it before,

as if she's falling into it.

An excited Amanda pops up behind her, saving her from answering.

AMANDA

Boss. The mayor is here.

LYNN

The mayor? Of the city?

AMANDA

No, of Sesame Street.

(notices Tuck)

Who's the hunk?

Lynn's still shocked about the mayor thing, but not so much that she can't be embarrassed too.

LYNN

Sorry. Tuck, this is my number one cheerleader, Amanda. She created my web site and does all my other promotion for me.

Tuck smiles at her ga-ga expression.

TUCK

Nice to meet you.

AMANDA

Um hmmm. I'd like to shake my bonbons all over your--

LYNN

Amanda. Go tell Phillip I'll be right over.

AMANDA

Okay.

She gives Tuck one last lascivious look, and then she's off.

LYNN

Sorry about that.

TUCK

It's flattering.

LYNN

I guess I should go say hi to the mayor.

TUCK

Is he really here, or is that just a ploy you two use to impress people?

LYNN

I think he's really here.

TUCK

Impressive. Can I get your autograph later?

LYNN

Sure. Hang around. I'll be back.

She gives him a fleeting smile and walks away. As soon as her back is turned to him, she makes a face. What the hell is she doing?

And then her expression turns to dismayed shock.

BERT, her soon-to-be ex-husband, rounds the corner, a wine glass in hand.

BERT

Lynn! There you are.

LYNN

(quiet)

What the hell are you doing here?

BERT

What? What's the matter?

LYNN

Who's watching Nicky?

BERT

He's in great hands, don't worry.

LYNN

So why are you here, Bert?

BERT

I came to see your new exhibit, of course.

LYNN

Bert. What the hell is wrong with you? We're not friends.

(as if he's forgotten)

You filed for divorce.

BERT

Only because you were going to.

LYNN

We're not doing this here. Please leave.

BERT

Don't get all apoplectic on me. I didn't realize you'd get so upset.

LYNN  
Why wouldn't I? This is an important night for me.

BERT  
All right. I'll go.

LYNN  
Thanks.

He takes a final sip of his drink before putting it down.

BERT  
I'll call you later.

He's gone before he can see the look of disgust that crosses Lynn's face.

She takes a calming breath before she goes looking for the mayor.

INT. GALLERY - LATER

The crowd is mostly gone. Lynn's walking through room after room. She's looking for Tuck, but trying not to act like it.

Room after room (and blank spaces reveal that the gallery was successful in moving some of her paintings) and no Tuck. She's starting to get discouraged.

She comes back around to the front counter and there he is talking with Phil. Lynn suppresses a smile.

PHILLIP  
Here she comes!

TUCK  
Can I get that autograph now?

He lifts something from the counter that was hidden behind his body. It's one of Lynn's paintings.

LYNN  
But...that's...

PHILLIP  
Your new admirer just purchased your most expensive piece, my dear.

LYNN  
That's eight thousand dollars...

TUCK  
And worth every penny. When it's

worth two-hundred grand, you'll  
beg to buy it back.

(to Phillip)

Go ahead and wrap it up. I'll get  
her to autograph it once it's  
hanging up in my house.

Phillip doesn't get it for a moment. Then he sees the blush  
on Lynn's cheek. He gets it.

PHILLIP

Oh. Oh...of course.

He begins wrapping as Lynn and Tuck exchange looks.

LYNN

Do you mind me asking what you do,  
Tuck?

TUCK

Wanna see?

LYNN

(playful flirting)

I think that would depend on what  
it is you do.

PHILLIP

I'm just, uh, I've got to get some  
tape from the other room.

Clearly uncomfortable with their flirting, he goes into  
another room.

TUCK

Seriously. You want to see what I  
do, my office isn't very far away.

LYNN

Okay. But only because you just  
paid my rent for three  
months.

(louder toward the  
other room)

Phillip, I'll be back soon. I'm  
going to see Mr. Flynn's office.

EXT. GALLERY

Tuck escorts Lynn outside and opens the passenger door of his  
Porsche. He shuts the door after she pulls her legs in.

ACROSS THE STREET

in the shadows of an alley stands a man. He watches as Tuck  
gets in the Porsche, starts it and drives away.

As it exits the scene, the man steps forward to watch its progress. We see it's Bert, a menacing scowl on his face.

INT. TUCK'S OFFICE - LATER

Tuck lets Lynn into the office. She takes a look around as he goes to the alarm and turns it off. The office is very nice. Clean, well-organized, tastefully decorated.

TUCK  
This is my office.

It's big. She walks down the hall, Tuck following behind her, indulging her whim to lead.

LYNN  
So...what do you do?

TUCK  
Look at the pictures.

She's been walking by the pictures on the wall, but now she stops to take a better look. The pictures seem to be of elaborate roller coasters at various theme parks.

LYNN  
I still don't get it.

TUCK  
My company designs roller coasters. Disney, King's Dominion, Busch Gardens, you name it. I've got a coaster there.

Lynn's impressed.

LYNN  
How old are you?

TUCK  
Old enough to pick touch football over tackle.

LYNN  
Why don't you want to tell me?

TUCK  
How old are you?

LYNN  
(smiles)  
Touche.

She's peering close to one picture. It shows some crazy sumbitch standing on the highest point of a tall roller coaster, no car.

TUCK

That's me.

LYNN

No.

She looks closer. It's a far off shot, but it sure looks like it could be him.

TUCK

Every time they finish a new coaster of mine, I like to stand at the highest point.

LYNN

You're out of your mind.

TUCK

(shrugs)

I'm a thrill seeker, what can I say?

The playful smile never leaves his face. She's clearly amazed at the guts it takes to do what he does.

Tuck leans in close over her shoulder as she stares at another picture.

TUCK

Impressed?

She's not spooked by how close he is. She doesn't want to let on that she's impressed though.

LYNN

I don't really like roller coasters.

He's non-plussed. He moves past her down the hall toward an exit door.

TUCK

How do you feel about...

He opens the door and flicks on the light. It's a giant game room. A pool table in the center. A twenty foot shuffleboard game to the side. A big screen TV in the corner with a sofa in front of it. A refrigerator, the works.

TUCK

...shuffleboard?

She follows him into the room. It's getting harder and harder to hide being impressed.

TUCK

Can I get you a beer?

He's at the fridge. Lynn has a moment. Put a halt to it right now, before it all gets out of hand. The reasons are many: In the middle of a divorce, Tuck is younger than she is, she's got a kid. She doesn't even really know this guy.

LYNN

Sure.

TUCK

(as he's getting them)

So how'd you get set up at the gallery?

LYNN

Oh, Phillip owns it.

TUCK

Seems awfully young to own an art gallery, doesn't he? I picture gallery owners as, you know, over fifty.

LYNN

He inherited it when his parents died.

(sheepish)

It seems funny now, but I actually met him...on the internet. An art forum.

When he found out I was in the same city, and a painter...he offered to take a look at my stuff.

TUCK

I guess he liked it.

LYNN

(nods)

We've had a bunch of showings, but none went like tonight.

For a second she looks like she thinks she shouldn't have said that. She breaks eye contact, but quickly looks back and smiles.

TUCK

So how about a game of pool?

EXT. TUCK'S OFFICE - LATER

Tuck locks up the office behind them as they leave.

TUCK

Not to sound sexist, but for a girl, you're pretty good at pool.

LYNN  
Not to sound sexist?

TUCK  
Yeah, that's why I prefaced it  
that way.

From around a bush steps a MUGGER. He's mean-faced and alert.  
All business.

MUGGER  
Gimme your money.

Tuck moves protectively in front of Lynn. The mugger's not  
intimidated, more interested in Lynn.

MUGGER  
Gimme the purse and there won't be  
no trouble.

Tuck eyes the mugger for a moment, then holds his hand out to  
Lynn. She gives him the purse.

He tosses it to the mugger, who catches it in his knifeless  
hand. The mugger reaches in, pulls out the wallet and pockets  
it. He smiles a little more confidently.

MUGGER  
What else she got?

TUCK  
You got the money. Get out of  
here.

MUGGER  
I think you best run off,  
loverboy. I'll see her home.

TUCK  
Take the easy score. It's all  
downhill from here.

The mugger edges in. Tuck pushes Lynn back farther.

TUCK  
(never taking his  
eyes off the mugger)  
When you get the chance Lynn,  
throw a rock at my office window.

The mugger rushes. He feints and slashes across Tuck's  
stomach. Tuck jumps back, but there's a rip across his shirt  
now.

Holding the knife up, the mugger admires the thin red coat  
now along one side.

MUGGER

Wanna reconsider, loverboy?

Nothing from Tuck. Still riveted on the mugger.

The mugger takes two steps and jabs the knife. Tuck steps to the side, grabs the mugger's hand and jams an elbow into his side.

The instant Tuck grabs the mugger's arm, LYNN HURLS HER KEYCHAIN, five pounds of keys, at the office door. It doesn't shatter the window, but spider-web cracks appear and a LOUD ALARM BEGINS GOING OFF inside.

When Tuck elbows the mugger, he drops the knife. Tuck uses his weight to whirl the mugger away from him, causing him to tumble off balance and fall. A METALLIC CLATTER as a gun falls out of the mugger's waistband.

The mugger snatches the gun.

TUCK

Run!

Lynn and Tuck run off toward the end of the building.

The mugger briefly points his gun at the fleeing couple, but something keeps him from firing. He's pissed. He spares one irritated glance toward where the alarm is WAILING, and he runs off in the other direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR - LATER

Tuck's car pulls up in front of the house Lynn's staying in. Lynn, exhausted, doesn't move to open the door right away. She stares at the house.

TUCK

You sure you're all right? I can take you to a friend's house...

LYNN

I'm okay. You're the one who got stabbed.

TUCK

Slashed, not stabbed. I've done worse shaving.

Lynn nods absently as if she's not even listening. She reaches for the door handle.

LYNN

Well...good night.

TUCK

Hey.

He grabs her arm gently.

TUCK

I'll call you tomorrow.

She barely nods, gets out of the car and walks to her house. Tuck waits until she's in the house before he pulls away.

INT. HOUSE

Lynn leans back against the front door and closes her eyes. Exhausted. With the mugging on top of her exhibit, it's just too much. She's ready to drop.

She trudges into the kitchen and pours herself a glass of wine. The PHONE RINGS.

She spares a look at the clock--pretty late for a call--and picks up the phone.

LYNN

Hello?

Behind her, something outside moves past the kitchen windows.

PHILLIP (PHONE)

Lynn?

LYNN

Phillip? What are you doing up this late?

A non-rhythmic tapping can be heard coming from somewhere in the other room. Like a branch against a window.

PHILLIP (PHONE)

You've had me worried sick. I've called ten times since eleven o'clock.

LYNN

But...why?

PHILLIP (PHONE)

You leave the exhibit with some strange man you don't even know, and you wonder why I'm worrying?

LYNN

You're right. I'm sorry.

PHILLIP

Where have you been all this time?

Lynn notices the tapping. She moves into the television room. The tapping seems to be coming from outside the sliding glass door.

LYNN

Long story. Long long story.

She can't see anything outside the window, it's so dark.

LYNN

You'll never believe what happened.

She flicks on the lightswitch next to the door.

The clown stands there revealed in the light. Like Lynn's worst nightmare, like the clown in the painting Tuck pointed out, the one that Lynn paints often, the one from her dream.

His pupil-less eyes, however, are black as night. The soulless eyes of a shark.

He's staring right at Lynn.

PHILLIP (PHONE)

What? What happened?

The clown cocks his head and leans closer, his breath fogging the glass. Lynn faints, the phone dropping uselessly to the rug.

With a rumble, the sliding glass door opens to the clown's pull. He steps inside the house.

PHILLIP (PHONE)

Lynn? Hello?

FADE OUT:

From the BLACK comes voices. Echoes, distant and distorted.

VOICE

(coming into focus)

Can you hear me? Miss Blodgett,  
can you open your eyes?

LYNN'S POV

as she opens her eyes. Someone's leaning over her waving something under her nose. It's a MEDIC.

MEDIC

You with me now?

LYNN

Yes...

She sits up with his help.

MEDIC

Do you feel okay? Does anything hurt?

LYNN

No. I don't think so.

MEDIC

Did you hit your head when you fell?

Lynn sees there's a COP standing behind the medic listening. His presence distracts her for a moment.

LYNN

Uh...no. I don't think so.

MEDIC

Do you want to go to the hospital?

LYNN

No. I'm all right.

The medic nods and begins to pack up his things as Lynn moves to a chair. The cop steps forward.

COP

So what happened?

LYNN

I--

(the remembrance  
floods back)

--there was someone standing  
outside my back door.

COP

Right here?

He points to the sliding glass door which is open about two inches.

LYNN

Yes.

COP

It was open when we got here.

Lynn's eyes widen. It was open? It--the clown--came into the house?

COP

We'll search the house. I don't  
think anyone else is here though.

LYNN

How did you know to come?

COP

A friend of yours called. Said he was talking to you on the phone and it sounded like you collapsed. Can you describe the guy that was outside your door?

LYNN

He was dressed like a clown.

COP

What? A what?

There's a TAP on the front screen door. They look to see Detective Peters letting himself in.

COP

(to Lynn)

'Scuse me a minute.

He intercepts Peters before he can make it over. There's HUSHED CONVERSATION between them ending in a questioning glance to the cop, who shrugs.

Detective Peters comes over and sits down across from Lynn.

LYNN

Don't you ever sleep?

DETECTIVE PETERS

Not so much. You say you saw someone outside?

LYNN

Yes. Right outside the glass when I turned on the light.

DETECTIVE PETERS

And was he black or white?

LYNN

He was a clown.

DETECTIVE PETERS

A clown?

LYNN

Yes.

DETECTIVE PETERS

There was a clown standing outside your window at one a.m.?

LYNN

(knowing how it  
sounds)

Yes.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Was he lost? Wandered away from  
Barnum & Bailey's and got trapped  
in suburbia?

She says nothing, just glares back at him. He purses his lips  
thoughtfully.

DETECTIVE PETERS

This a P.R. stunt?

LYNN

(confused)

What?

DETECTIVE PETERS

I know what you do, Miss Blodgett.  
(off of her "so  
what?" look)  
You paint pictures. Of clowns.  
This some kind of publicity stunt?

LYNN

Does it look like a publicity  
stunt?

DETECTIVE PETERS

No. But looks can be deceiving.

LYNN

(getting mad)

That's great. How profound. I'd  
like you to leave.

DETECTIVE PETERS

No need to be rude.

The cop catches his eye.

COP

The house is all clear.

Peters nods.

DETECTIVE PETERS

I'm just saying, if this is some  
stunt, it's a serious crime to  
call the police.

LYNN

I didn't call the police.

DETECTIVE PETERS

I know, I know. Your friend did.  
The guy that owns a gallery full  
of your clown paintings.

He stands up.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
I'll be talking to you soon. I've  
got some other questions.

Lynn doesn't say anything. She follows them to the door.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
'Night.

Lynn shuts the door without a word. She stands there, the  
thoughts running wild through her exhausted head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALLERY - DAY

Lynn walks in, holding hands with her son NICHOLAS, aka  
Nicky. He's about five years old.

Phillip, Amanda, and MR. PARRISH turn from one of Lynn's  
paintings toward her. Mr. Parrish is a distinguished older  
man, dressed very well and holding a cane, though he doesn't  
appear to need it.

LYNN  
Hey...what's going on?

MR. PARRISH  
Have you ever been spanked by a  
clown, Miss Blodgett?

Lynn doesn't know whether to laugh or be offended.

LYNN  
Excuse me?

Mr. Parrish hands her a photograph. In the photo is a clown  
mugging for the camera with a bunch of kids at a birthday  
party.

MR. PARRISH  
My father. He used to be a clown  
for neighborhood birthday parties.  
A very strange thing. This man who  
brings joy and smiles to everyone  
around him...is also the man who  
comes home and spansks you...hits  
you with his hand or his belt. Not  
happy to do it, mind you, but  
doing his duty as a father  
punishing a son.

Lynn's listening patiently, but can't see where he's going.

MR. PARRISH

You paint magnificently. I don't like the ones with the frightening clowns though. I don't know why you waste your time with those. But the ones like this...

He points to the one they were all admiring when Lynn came in. The clown in the painting gazes sadly on the wilted flower in his hand.

MR. PARRISH

Incredible. Perfect. His expression...I want you to capture that for me.

LYNN

I'm sorry, Mr...

MR. PARRISH

Parrish. Endle Parrish.

LYNN

I'm sorry, Mr. Parrish, I don't know what you're talking about.

MR. PARRISH

I want you to paint a picture of my father. I want you to show me a clown saddened that he has to spank his son.

Lynn's expression says it all. How strange. Lynn looks to Phillip or Amanda for support. Neither says anything, but they're smiling. Like something else is coming.

LYNN

Mr. Parrish, I'm sorry but I don't do commission pieces. I'm not even sure I could--

MR. PARRISH

Ten thousand dollars. Cash if you'd like.

She's speechless for a moment. Even Phillip and Amanda are shocked. They knew the guy was loaded, but that's more than even they expected.

LYNN

I don't, I mean, I could sell you that one for a lot less.

MR. PARRISH

No. It has to look like my father.  
I want an original painting of my  
father and I need it in three days.

LYNN

That's just impossible. I can  
recommend a number of excellent  
painters--

MR. PARRISH

No. It must be you.

LYNN

I'm sorry, I can't do it.

MR. PARRISH

Twenty thousand dollars. That's my  
final offer.

LYNN

You don't understand--

PHILLIP

Lynn, could we speak to you for a  
moment?

LYNN

(to Amanda regarding  
Nick)

Can you keep an eye on him?

Amanda nods. Nicky's happy playing with his action figures on  
a bench.

Phillip pulls her into the other room, leaving Mr. Parrish to  
gaze at her paintings.

LYNN

I can't, Phillip. I don't have the  
time right now.

PHILLIP

Make the time. You can't be too  
busy for that kind of money.

LYNN

I am. I'm getting divorced. That's  
why I'm going to move. Get away,  
get a new start.

He doesn't act surprised. Either that, or he doesn't think it  
matters.

PHILLIP

You've got to think this through,  
Lynn. Can you imagine what this is  
going to do for your other

paintings? For your reputation?  
Once people hear Mr. Parrish paid  
twenty thousand for one of your  
paintings, it will open the flood  
gates. You won't be consigned to  
showing your paintings in my  
gallery...you'll be all over the  
country.

Lynn's starting to see the picture.

LYNN  
I'm not sure I can do it.

PHILLIP  
Of course you can.

She's not so sure. She gives him one more unsure look before  
going back into the other room.

MR. PARRISH  
You'll do it?

LYNN  
I can't promise you I'll get it  
done.

He ignores her.

MR. PARRISH  
(handing her the  
photo again)  
Excellent. My phone number is on  
the back. Call me when you've  
finished and let me know how you'd  
like the payment.

She takes it. Mr. Parrish hangs the cane on the crook of his  
arm, and if he had a hat, he'd probably doff it.

MR. PARRISH  
Good day.

He swaggers out.

AMANDA  
(in awe)  
Twenty thousand dollars...that'll  
buy a lot of bandwidth.

Neither Phillip nor Lynn know what she's talking about.

AMANDA  
Tres geek, huh?

LYNN  
Yeah.

PHILLIP

What happened last night? I called the police but wouldn't tell me anything.

LYNN

I'm sorry. I don't even know where to start.

AMANDA

(totally in the dark)  
What? What happened?

LYNN

You'll never believe it...get me some coffee and I'll tell you about it.

EXT. BASEMENT - DAY

The backyard of a run-down house. Concrete stairs lead down the back to a basement door.

A noise. Like a MUFFLED SHOUT followed by a dull THWACK. It's coming from inside the house.

INT. BASEMENT

The basement is dark and bare, undecorated cinderblock walls. The concrete floor is uncarpeted. A thin mattress sits in the corner surrounded by opened soda cans and other trash. The windows are covered so that the only light is from a bulb in the ceiling.

A simple wooden table stands in the center of the room, an answering machine sitting on top of it. Next to the table is a wooden stump.

The clown, breathing heavily, holds an axe.

No warning. He swings the axe into the stump as hard as he can, YELLING like a savage.

CLOWN

GEEEEEEEEEEEEHHHHT!

He pulls the axe out, mumbling as he exhales from the effort.

CLOWN

--better.

Again he swings the axe, again the YELL.

CLOWN

GET!

Pulls it out.

CLOWN

Better.

Over and over again, reciting the litany, a cruel smile on his face.

INT. GALLERY - LATER

Lynn and her friends have retired to the more comfortable reception area. Nick has his action figures battling underneath the magazine table.

LYNN

The police took our statements,  
but it didn't seem like they  
thought they'd catch him.

AMANDA

That's a really nice area. I can't  
believe someone mugged you.

PHILLIP

What happened when I called you?

Lynn has an internal debate. She decides to spare herself the embarrassment of the clown story.

LYNN

I don't know. I guess it all just  
caught up to me. I must have  
passed out.

AMANDA

You passed out? What's that like?

LYNN

It felt a lot like hitting the  
floor.

PHILLIP

You need to take it easy, Lynn.  
And I don't think that includes  
leaving with strange men at night.

LYNN

Is that you, dad?

AMANDA

He's right. You should stay away  
from that guy.

(beat)

Give me his phone number and I'll  
pass him the message.

Lynn smirks at her.

LYNN

Anyway. I have to get going to the mediation. You're sure you're all right with watching Nicky for an hour?

AMANDA

Not a problem. I don't have class until four.

LYNN

Great. Thanks a lot.

AMANDA

Don't thank me. I'm billing you.

PHILLIP

What exactly is supposed to happen at this mediation?

LYNN

(shrugs)

I'm not sure. I think we have to sit down and decide who gets what, and what his visitation rights are going to be.

INT. MEDIATION ROOM - DAY

A sterile meeting room with a lacquered table and office chairs. There's a sweating metal pitcher of water at the center of the table.

LYNN

Are you out of your fucking mind?

Lynn and her lawyer MARTY are on one side, Bert and his lawyer OSBOURNE across from them. The MEDIATOR, a man with a wooden face, sits at the head of the table.

MEDIATOR

Mind the language please.

Osbourne's a no-nonsense older man and looks like he's accustomed to taking apart multi-million dollar corporations before breakfast.

OSBOURNE

That's what we want. Sole custody of Nicholas. Half of the ownership of every painting you've created since you married, or half the price if you've sold them already. You can keep your car. Bert won't ask for any palimony, but you'll have to pay child support.

Lynn looks at Marty in disbelief, then back at Bert.

LYNN

You can kiss my ass.

MEDIATOR

Miss Blodgett, that's not helpful.

OSBOURNE

And please direct your comments to me.

LYNN

Why? Is he too chickenshit to talk to me?

(shakes her head)

I can't believe I'm hearing this. Marty?

Marty seems like more of your public defender type attorney.

MARTY

That's not going to fly, guys. Lynn gets sole custody. Full alimony and child support. Bert can keep his house--

OSBOURNE

The house was his before the marriage. It's not in her name at all. Our terms aren't negotiable, Marty.

Your client has no home--very unstable for the child. If she tries to buy one before the divorce goes through, we'll pursue half of it.

LYNN

(to Bert)

Oh my God...

Osbourne tries a sympathetic smile and fails.

OSBOURNE

(to Marty)

You don't want to play hardball with me. I'm short stop in the majors, and you couldn't play outfield in the minors.

Marty knows he's outclassed.

MARTY

We just want a fair deal,

Osbourne. That's all we're looking for.

OSBOURNE  
We're offering you a fair deal.

MARTY  
He wants her to pay child support? He's a doctor, for godsakes.

OSBOURNE  
He's been unemployed for over six months.

LYNN  
What? What's he been doing?

OSBOURNE  
It's not your business.

LYNN  
It's not my business? He's still my husband, you son of a bitch. Where has he been going everyday?

MEDIATOR  
Please, Miss--

LYNN  
No! I want an answer. Where the hell has my husband been going every day for the past six months if he wasn't going to work?

MEDIATOR  
Okay, let's call it a day.

Lynn slams her hand on the table.

LYNN  
Bullshit!

Marty touches her arm and raises his eyebrows to let her know she's getting out of line. She takes a moment to calm down.

MEDIATOR  
Let's meet Monday after everyone's had a chance to cool down.

MARTY  
(before Lynn can speak)  
Sounds good.

He reaches across to shake Osbourne's hand, but Osbourne only nods and begins packing his papers into his briefcase.

OSBOURNE

I'll fax our terms to your office.  
You do have a fax machine?

MARTY

Of course.

Osbourne nods and guides Bert out of the office. Neither meet Lynn's smoldering gaze.

LYNN

You really stuck it to him, Marty.

He's surprised by her attack.

MARTY

What? What do you mean?

Lynn doesn't respond. She fights back tears.

LYNN

I'm not losing Nicholas. I can't  
lose him.

MARTY

It'll be all right. We'll get him.

She doesn't look reassured.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

It's the dark basement again. Same table. Same answering  
machine on the table, but the red light is blinking now.

The clown stands in front of the table staring at the light.  
The red casts a dull reflection in his black eyes.

He pushes the button. The voice that issues from the machine  
is deep and electronically altered.

VOICE (FROM MACHINE)

You want to get better, don't you?

The clown nods imperceptibly.

VOICE (FROM MACHINE)

You are getting better. Not much  
longer and you'll be cured. But  
first...take the van.

CLOWN

The murder van...

There's a pause as the voice seems to consider this. Is it an  
answering machine or some kind of intercom?

VOICE (FROM MACHINE)  
Do not kill her. Follow her.  
Frighten her. Make her doubt her  
own sanity. But do not harm  
her...yet. Let no one else see  
you. Go.

The clown turns and leaves.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Lynn walks in, her cel phone to her ear.

LYNN  
I'm not kidding you. He's going  
for full custody, Julie. He wants  
me to pay him.

JULIE (PHONE)  
That bastard.

LYNN  
God, I feel like I'm having a  
nervous breakdown. I'm telling  
you...there was a clown outside my  
door last night.

JULIE (PHONE)  
You said that. You were probably  
just exhausted.

LYNN  
I feel like I'm living in a  
nightmare, Julie.

JULIE (PHONE)  
Just take some deep breaths. So  
what are you going to do?

LYNN  
I'm going to paint that picture  
for Mr. Parrish. Then I'm going to  
use that money to hire the best  
attorney in town to kick his  
lawyer's ass!

JULIE (PHONE)  
That a girl!

LYNN  
Hey, I got someone calling on the  
other line, could be my lawyer.  
Can I call you back later?

JULIE (PHONE)  
Sure thing. Talk to you soon.

LYNN

Bye.

(clicks a button)

Hello?

TUCK (PHONE)

Lynn. It's Tuck.

Lynn smiles. Even with the events of the day, Tuck can bring a smile to her face. She's got it bad for him.

LYNN

Hi. How are you?

TUCK (PHONE)

I was gonna ask you the same thing.

LYNN

I'm okay. I mean, about last night. It's just, well there's other stuff--

TUCK (PHONE)

Wanna go get a bite to eat?

She's tempted, but there's so much to do.

LYNN

I'd like to, but--

There's a KNOCK on the door.

LYNN

Hold on a minute.

She goes to the door and opens it. Tuck's standing there, his cel phone to his ear. He's got his mischievous smile in place.

TUCK

(into phone)

Hey Lynn, can I call you back?

Lynn smiles and plays his game.

LYNN

(into phone)

Sure.

They both hang up. Lynn opens the screen door for him.

TUCK

So I was thinking...the circus is in town and if you wanted to go see some friendly clowns for once...

That idea doesn't thrill Lynn.

LYNN

I don't think so.

TUCK

Why are you so afraid of clowns?

LYNN

I'm not afraid of them.

TUCK

You are too.

LYNN

I am not. Just because I paint them--

TUCK

Just because you paint scary clowns. Only scary clowns.

Lynn walks away, picks her mail off the table and busies herself sorting it.

LYNN

That doesn't mean I'm scared of them.

TUCK

What does it mean then?

That stumps Lynn.

TUCK

It's okay. There's even a word for it. Coulrophobia.

LYNN

Coulrophobia?

TUCK

Fear of clowns. Lot of people have it.

LYNN

Really?

TUCK

I'm not smart enough to make up a word like that.

LYNN

So what are you afraid of?

He takes a moment. A playful smile on his face. Weighing the moment; to tell the truth or lie?

TUCK  
Silence. Being alone.

He's still smiling. But something in his eyes is daring her to understand his words.

LYNN  
Lots of people feel that way. So how could you possibly be alone?

He doesn't answer.

TUCK  
Want to do something strange?

LYNN  
That's a loaded question.

TUCK  
You like to take pictures?

LYNN  
Sure. I do a lot of photo-referencing.

TUCK  
Grab your camera. Come on.

Again, she knows she shouldn't be doing it. There's something about him that draws her though. Like a moth to the flame.

LYNN  
Okay. Just let me call Amanda first...

EXT. HOUSE

Today, Tuck has his motorcycle, a sleek black machine that looks built for speed.

LYNN  
On that?

TUCK  
Perfectly safe.

He hands her a helmet. He hops on and helps her mount the bike behind him.

TUCK  
Hold on.

He starts the motorcycle and ROARS off, Lynn gripping him tightly around the waist.

Behind them, a van with tinted-black windows starts up and pulls out.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Tuck pulls his cycle into a cul-de-sac off of the main road. A high fence runs the entire length of the road, but there's a hole in it where it curves for the cul-de-sac.

He helps Lynn off and stacks the helmets on the back.

TUCK

Come on.

He leads her to the hole and helps her climb through.

Once through, they're in a wooded area. Lots of trees and ivy and overgrowth.

Tuck takes her hand and leads her.

EXT. LAND OF MYTH

They emerge from the woods into a huge clear area. Everywhere you look is the remnants of what used to be a theme park devoted to fairy tales.

A plastic statue of Jack (no sign of Jill) lies on the ground covered by weeds. A tall beanstalk like the one Jack might have climbed (had his been made of metal) creeps up to the sky but doesn't go as far as it used to. A castle that was once pristine is falling to ruin and ivy threatens to pull down its every wall.

LYNN

Where are we?

TUCK

It was called The Land Of Myth. They closed it down about fifteen years ago.

LYNN

Oh my God...I've been here. As a kid.

TUCK

Me too. It was popular for a while.

As they talk, they're walking through what's left of the displays. Lynn begins taking pictures.

TUCK

Kind of creepy now, isn't it?

LYNN

Tell you the truth, I thought it was kind of creepy back then.

TUCK

You did?

LYNN

Something about it gave me the willies. But now, to see it like this...why did they leave everything here?

TUCK

Don't know. Maybe it was hard to move. Maybe no one wanted it.

She keeps snapping pics.

TUCK

We'll have to compare pictures sometime.

LYNN

You take pictures?

TUCK

Yep. I took a lot of photography classes in college.

LYNN

I wish I'd brought some black and white film.

TUCK

It's okay, you can make them black and white with a computer.

LYNN

Really?

TUCK

Sure. You can do just about anything with a computer.

There is movement behind them as the clown peers from around one of the exhibits.

Lynn says nothing. She's mulling over something in her mind. Tuck senses it and gives her time, just keeps checking out all the relics.

LYNN

Listen. I have to level with you. My life is kind of a train wreck right now.

TUCK

So?

LYNN

Well...what are we doing?

TUCK  
(shrugs)  
Getting to know each other.

LYNN  
Why?

Tuck's playing stupid.

TUCK  
What do you mean, why?

LYNN  
Come on. I'm attracted to you and  
I think you're attracted to me.  
But this is...it's just a bad time.

TUCK  
(playing stupid)  
You're attracted to me?

Lynn stops walking and smirks at him until he gives.

TUCK  
Okay okay. So we're past the  
subtext. What's the problem?

LYNN  
It's really complicated.

TUCK  
You said that already. You're  
getting divorced. What's  
complicated?

LYNN  
You asked for it.

TUCK  
Give it to me.

CLOWN POV

He's stalking them. They continue to talk, oblivious of the  
fact that there's a psychotic clown standing fifty feet  
behind them.

He moves closer still.

RESUME

LYNN  
--and he's trying to take my son  
away from me.

TUCK

Why is the house still in his ex-wife's name? How long's it been since he was married to her?

LYNN

Ten years.

TUCK

That's...strange.

LYNN

That's not even the half of it. Now I find out that he hasn't been working for the better part of a year. He'd leave the house everyday, but where he went...?

TUCK

Jesus.

LYNN

See, I have a lot of stuff to work out before I can even...you know.

Tuck only smiles.

LYNN

I should have known, I mean he's a man with a cat. Single men with cats are bad news. At least, that's what the magazines say.

TUCK

(laughs)

Did you get enough pictures?

LYNN

Ready to go?

He nods. They head back the way they came, not seeing the clown as he circles around a structure to keep out of their sight. At one point, he's close enough to reach out and touch them.

BACK AT THE MOTORCYCLE

Lynn climbs on back as Tuck pulls on his driving gloves. He straightens the motorcycle, and in the side mirror the clown ducks back into the bushes.

TUCK

Ready?

She grabs him around the stomach.

LYNN

Yeah.

He takes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Tuck pulls his cycle up to the curb and turns it off. She hops off just as Detective Peters gets out of his car across the street. He looks like he's been waiting for a while.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Miss Blodgett?

Lynn turns and sees him. Tuck does too, and something passes across his face. He can tell Peters is a cop, and there's instant friction. Like two alpha males trying to stake out their territory.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
How you doing?

LYNN  
Fine.

There's the briefest moment where the detective waits for Lynn to introduce him to Tuck. She doesn't, so he takes the initiative.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Detective Peters, homicide.

TUCK  
Homicide?

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Yeah, that's when somebody dies.

TUCK  
(no shit)  
Thanks.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
There was a murder yesterday a few doors down.

(looks to Lynn then  
back to Tuck)  
Now Miss Blodgett is seeing clowns  
in her backyard.

Tuck shoots Lynn a questioning look. She rolls her eyes, like she's tired of this guy. Tuck turns his attention back to Peters.

TUCK

Takes a clown to catch a clown,  
huh?

He laughs like he's kidding, but Peters gets the jibe. He gives a little laugh, makes a show of examining Tuck's motorcycle.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
You know what us cops call these?

TUCK  
No.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
A donorcycle. Whenever there's an accident with one of them, we pick up the rider and his brain's all scrambled but the rest of him is A-okay. Perfect organ donor.

Tuck's not impressed.

TUCK  
You know what we call cops where I come from?

DETECTIVE PETERS  
No, what?

TUCK  
We don't.

He kick-starts the motorcycle and drives off, giving a wink to Lynn.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Who's your friend?

LYNN  
Can I help you with something?

DETECTIVE PETERS  
I don't know yet.

LYNN  
Why are you here then?

DETECTIVE PETERS  
I'm a detective. I'm...detecting.

LYNN  
(tiring of it)  
And what are you detecting?

DETECTIVE PETERS  
...I've got a funny feeling about you, Miss Blodgett.

LYNN  
Well. Try and keep it in your  
pants, would you?

She turns on her heel and heads to her door. The detective  
watches her ass the entire way but makes no attempt to follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

Lynn's sketching from the picture of Parrish's father.  
Nothing fancy, just some concept sketches to get the look  
down.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE -SAME TIME

Amanda's at the computer. She types something, reads, smirks,  
types something again.

She tries again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Lynn's got about ten pages of sketches next to her. Outside  
her window, night has fallen.

But the sketch she's working on now is different. She's got  
colored pencils and charcoal, and is pencilling the clown she  
seems to be obsessed with.

Except now his eyes are exactly like the one she saw outside  
her sliding-glass door the previous night. Black, reflecting  
a pinprick of light.

She stops and takes a good look at her handiwork. Then  
realizes that she's put off her paying project to do more  
sketches of her obsession.

LYNN  
For God's sake...

She pushes it to the side and begins setting up her easel to  
paint.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE -SAME TIME

Amanda scrolls down, clicks. A new page pops up. Amanda  
begins reading, but suddenly sits back.

AMANDA

Woah.

She reads some more, scrolls down.

AMANDA

Woah.

She grabs the phone, casting a glance at the clock. Ten forty. Might be a little late with Lynn having Nicky. Disappointed, she hangs up the phone.

With a click of the mouse, she opens up her email and begins writing. Just a quick note. She clicks SEND.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

Lynn paints. Broad strokes, getting a feel for the paper, for the piece.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)

Mom-meeeeeee!

She's instantly broken out of her artist trance. She rushes up the stairs.

LYNN

You thirsty, Nicky?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE/BATHROOM -SAME TIME

The bathroom is steamy as Amanda steps out, one towel around her body as she uses another to dry her hair.

She moves into her bedroom. The head towel gets tossed onto the bed. She begins blow-drying her hair with the electric hair dryer on her dresser.

Casually. No hurry. She spares a glance at herself in the mirror as she blows her hair back. She notices the curtains of her room move gently in the breeze behind her.

She frowns and switches off the dryer. She goes to the window. She has to climb onto the bed to get to it, and immediately there's a slight TINKLING of glass.

Behind the bed lies broken glass. There doesn't seem to be any of it on the bedsheet.

Amanda frowns even more. What the--?

She pushes the curtain out of the way. There's a hole in her window about the size of a baseball. Or a fist.

For a moment it really doesn't bother her. Some kid must have thrown something through her window.

Then she sees her window screen lying in the grass outside, partially bent. She pushes curtains aside to look at the top of the window. It's unlocked.

Her eyes go wide. She's frightened but not the kind prone to panic. She goes for the portable phone by her bed...it's not there. Just an empty cradle.

She curses almost silently. Where did she put it?

She takes a quick look around her bedroom but doesn't see it. Looking at the doorway leading into the dark hallway, she seems to have a hard time swallowing.

She creeps to the doorway and listens for the sounds of an intruder.

Silence. For one moment she's in indecision. Maybe it's nothing (she forgot to lock the window), could have been a baseball. If someone broke into her house he would have fled when he heard someone was home...

INTO THE HALLWAY

she moves slowly, one hand held to the towel around her body. She passes the living room (no one there) and gets to the kitchen. She quickly moves to the wall. Stops.

Another empty cradle. No phone.

That's strange. That's wrong. Sensing something in her peripheral vision she turns her head slightly.

The clown stands in the opening between the kitchen and dining room.

Amanda's startled, but only for a moment. And then, rather than being scared, she scoffs.

AMANDA

What the hell are you supposed to be?

The axe, which had been hanging out of sight by his leg, THWACKS into the kitchen wall.

CLOWN

Better.

That does it. Amanda runs for the front door. The clown doesn't bother pulling his axe out of the wall. He moves quickly around the other side, intercepting her before she gets to the door.

He grabs for her--only gets the towel--it comes loose. A now naked Amanda stumbles as the towel is jerked from her. The clown tosses it to the side and grabs her by the hair before she can scramble more than a few feet.

He drags her struggling form back into the kitchen. He grabs her by the neck and SLAMS her back into the wall so her feet aren't touching the ground anymore.

She's choking. Has to use both hands to keep from suffocating completely.

The clown is suddenly aware of her nakedness. He runs a finger down from her shoulder to the curve of her breast. He studies her like he's never seen a naked women before.

She makes a desperate grab at his face, raking her nails down one side of his cheek. The gashes aren't deep, but they take off some of his paint. He SLAMS her head against the wall.

Casually he tosses her to the floor.

She's choking, trying to get her air back. Weakly crawling backward away from him.

He wrenches the axe from the wall.

She tries to beg--can't talk, her larynx is crushed--puts an arm up.

The clown takes a two handed grip on the axe. Getting ready to chop wood.

He swings.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Lynn's finished a painting. Very nice, but not as clean as her paintings on display. And it's missing something...some emotion. She's looking at the photo closely then looking back at the picture.

LYNN

What are you missing...?

She can't figure it out and she's too tired to try. She covers the painting and goes to bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Lynn enters from the front door. The PHONE IS RINGING. She rushes to get it, leaving the front door open.

The phone stops ringing the moment her hand touches it. She

curses silently.

TUCK (O.S.)

Knock knock.

LYNN

Hi.

Tuck's standing right outside her screen door.

TUCK

You're probably getting sick of me, aren't you?

Lynn pretends like she is, gives him a sympathetic smile.

LYNN

Now that you mention it...

TUCK

I called earlier...

LYNN

I was dropping Nicky off with his father.

TUCK

Oh. Well, did you want to do lunch?

LYNN

Where?

TUCK

At La Casa Tucker.

LYNN

I should be painting...and do you really have a job?

TUCK

Come on. Best food in the state.

Indecision again. Again, what she wants to do beats out what she should do.

LYNN

All right. I can spare an hour or so.

He gives her his winningest smile.

TUCK

Excellent.

EXT. TUCK'S HOUSE - LATER

Lynn pulls her mini-van up behind Tuck's motorcycle. The

house is huge. Tuck gets off his cycle and leads her into the house.

INT. TUCK'S HOUSE

Lynn follows him in and WHISTLES appreciatively. Two spiral staircases run on both sides of the foyer to the second level. Expensive art adorns the walls.

TUCK  
(trying to be modest)  
I got a good deal.

LYNN  
(not buying it)  
Hm-hmmm.

TUCK  
It ain't much, but I call it home.  
What's your pleasure? Chinese,  
Italian, you name it.

LYNN  
Is your maid going to cook it?

He flashes a reproachful smile.

TUCK  
I don't have a maid.

An orange cat strolls out from a side room.

TUCK  
Hey Tiggs, we have a guest.

Lynn sees the cat, sees Tuck squat down to pet it, and she smiles sardonically as she remembers what she said about men and cats.

LYNN  
Do you have a bathroom? I have to  
pull my foot out of my mouth.

TUCK  
It's okay. Tiggs is no ordinary  
cat. He's a wolf at heart.  
(stands up)  
So what would you like to see on  
the menu?

LYNN  
Surprise me.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

Detective Peters, OFFICER PATRICK and another cop stand at the door, having already knocked. Peters knocks again, loud

and insistent.

No answer. Peters turns to the cop.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
See if any of the windows are  
broken.

The cop heads around the side of the house.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
(into his radio)  
Dispatch, this is four-oh-one.

DISPATCH (RADIO)  
Go four-oh-one.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
I need info on a three-twenty-two  
that happened in Queen Anne's  
County two nights ago. I need  
addresses on both victims.

DISPATCH (RADIO)  
Copy.

Officer Patrick--behind him--clears his throat.

OFFICER PATRICK  
Assault and battery, huh?

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Huh? No, attempted robbery.

OFFICER PATRICK  
That's three-twenty-one.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Nuh-uh.

OFFICER PATRICK  
Yeah.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Did they change it?

OFFICER PATRICK  
No. Always been three-twenty-one.

Peters is miffed. This is the kind of shit that ruins his day.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
(into radio)  
Dispatch, this is four-oh-one  
again.

DISPATCH (RADIO)

Go four-oh-one.

DETECTIVE PETERS

(into radio)

That three-twenty-two may be a  
three-twenty-one.

DISPATCH (WALKIE-TALKIE)

Say again?

DETECTIVE PETERS

(into radio)

I need info on an attempted  
robbery. Whatever the number is.  
One of the victims is named Lynn  
Blodgett. I need the name and  
address of the other.

DISPATCH (RADIO)

Copy. Hold on.

DETECTIVE PETERS

(to Patrick,  
frustrated)

Fuckin' codes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUCK'S HOUSE - LATER

Tuck and Lynn sit at the table, having just finished a lunch  
that probably should have been a dinner. Lynn leans back,  
patting her stomach.

LYNN

Wow. I have to tell you, I'm  
surprised.

TUCK

Why?

LYNN

You really don't strike me as the  
kind of guy who can cook.

TUCK

Ouch.

(picks up his plate  
and hers)

Do I strike you as the kind who  
can wash dishes?

LYNN

Maybe with a dishwasher.

TUCK

Make yourself at home while I

clean up.

LYNN

Sure you don't want help?

TUCK

I'll be all right.

She wanders into what passes as a living room, but is more like a small museum. Bookshelves line one side, and a huge plush couch separates the entertainment center from it. A family of four could live in his big-screen T.V.

She peruses his books while they talk back and forth between rooms.

TUCK

You said you should be painting.  
What are you working on? Wait, let  
me guess: A clown.

LYNN

Ha ha. Stick to cooking. I've got  
a commission piece to do. Has to  
be done in...well, two days now.

TUCK

Not much time for a painting.

LYNN

The money's supposed to make up  
for it.

TUCK

Can I ask what your going rate is?

LYNN

For this piece, I'm getting twenty  
thousand.

TUCK

Ha! I told you that painting I  
bought from you was a steal.

Lynn's been flipping through occasional books. Tuck's interests are wide-ranging. There are a bunch of art books. On a lower shelf sits a stack of magazines. Lynn sees one she recognizes and pulls it out.

LYNN

We'll see. I'm really not sure I  
can do what the guy is asking.

TUCK

What's he asking?

Lynn flips through the magazine called "MODERN PAINTER" and

sees a page which has been bent in to save the place.

LYNN

A picture of his father.

The page opens to reveal a large photo of Lynn, followed by an article about her.

TUCK

Doesn't sound that tough.

Lynn frowns. She was under the impression that Tuck knew nothing about her when they met.

She flips to the front and notes that the magazine is months old and has a subscription label on it with Tuck's name and address. Not a recent buy.

LYNN

His father was a clown and he wants him to look a certain way.

She grabs another magazine out of the stack. One called "ART GALLERY". There are two pages folded in. The first is a painting of hers with its name (MARY'S CLOWN) and her name under it. The second page shows a picture of her with a short biography next to it.

Now she's alarmed.

TUCK

I meant to ask you. You think it's strange that guy tried to mug us with a knife when he's got a gun in his coat?

She's doesn't want to panic. Ask him about it? Was their meeting just a chance thing, or has he been...stalking her?

LYNN

Maybe it wasn't loaded.

TUCK

We wouldn't have known that--

He's interrupted by THE DOORBELL. Lynn hastily drops the Art Gallery mag on top of a pile of magazines next to the fireplace, then goes toward the front door as Tuck answers it.

Detective Peters stands on the front stoop.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Lynn Blodgett here?

Clearly, Tuck's not pleased that Peters has stopped by.

TUCK

Yeah.

LYNN

(steps into his line  
of sight)

What is it, detective?

DETECTIVE PETERS

Could you come with me?

TUCK

What's going on?

DETECTIVE PETERS

I need to talk to you, Miss  
Blodgett. Let's go back to your  
house.

Since Peters is ignoring him, Tuck physically steps between  
Peters and Lynn.

TUCK

What's going on?

DETECTIVE PETERS

You want to step out of the way?

TUCK

You want to talk to my lawyer?

Lynn puts a hand on his arm.

LYNN

It's okay.

(to Peters)

I take it this is important?

DETECTIVE PETERS

Very.

Tuck doesn't seem to notice that Lynn's a bit relieved to be  
getting away.

LYNN

Thanks for a great lunch.

TUCK

My pleasure. Give me a call later,  
huh?

LYNN

I will.

OUTSIDE

Detective Peters sees her to her car.

LYNN

Can you tell me what's going on?

DETECTIVE PETERS

Not here.

LYNN

Nicholas--my son--nothing's--

DETECTIVE PETERS

It's not about your son. Please follow me back to your house.

He heads to his car.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Lynn and the detective enter. As they shut the door we can see Officer Patrick right outside the door.

LYNN

Well?

DETECTIVE PETERS

Sit down. Please.

He escorts her into the living room and gets her to sit on the couch.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Amanda Greene was murdered last night.

Her head jerks back like she was punched.

LYNN

What?

DETECTIVE PETERS

I'm sorry, I know she worked for you.

She's a strong woman. Doesn't want to show her tears, so she fights them back.

LYNN

She was my friend.

It's the only thing she can get out. The tears course down her cheeks.

DETECTIVE PETERS

There's more. I wish I were better with the tact, but I'm not.

LYNN

What?

DETECTIVE PETERS

The scene of--where she died...I mean, it's not just that. We don't have the coroner's report yet, but I'd bet my shield that...

(licks his lips,  
probably shouldn't  
say anything)

...well, I think the person that killed your friend is the same person that killed the family three doors down from you.

LYNN

What?

She's having a hard time dealing with it. Any of it. Amanda...dead, killed...same as the neighbors...

DETECTIVE PETERS

I don't think it's a coincidence. I think someone is zeroing in on you.

Lynn's too surprised to speak.

DETECTIVE PETERS

I've already said more than I should. But there's more. I need to know I have your complete confidence, that you won't repeat what I'm about to tell you. To anyone.

She nods, afraid to trust her voice.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Amanda fought back against the person. We've recovered blood and tissue from under her fingernails. And...grease paint.

LYNN

Paint?

She's glancing at her paints next to her easel.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Grease paint. Like you'd buy in any Halloween or costume shop.

LYNN

I'm sorry, I just, I don't understand.

Peters take a photo out of his jacket pocket, not showing it

to her yet.

DETECTIVE PETERS

The window that he entered from...

He's not sure how to say it...he shrugs and hands her the photo.

She looks at it, not comprehending what she's looking at. A window with a hole in it. But below that, smudged white and a red dot centered below it. Then it hits her. Her eyes widen in shock.

She stands up and moves to her sketch pad. She flips it open to the clown--her clown--that she drew the night before. She holds the picture next to the sketch.

It's pretty obvious that if her clown were real, and he pushed his face against a window, it would leave those marks. White forehead, red nose. Evil. Peering in Amanda's window. Just like he peered in her window.

She holds the sketch and the photo out to Peters. He takes them, but it's like he already thought.

DETECTIVE PETERS

I admit that I didn't take you seriously with your clown story the other night.

LYNN

To tell you the truth...I'd convinced myself it was some hallucination, or shock from being mugged.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Well, you have my assurance that I'm taking you deadly serious now.

LYNN

Thank you.

DETECTIVE PETERS

This what he looked like when you saw him?

LYNN

Yes.

DETECTIVE PETERS

His eyes are black like that?

LYNN

Yes.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Huh. Can I have this?

LYNN

Yes.

He stands, starts backing his way to the door.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Whoever this guy is...we'll get him. You need to watch yourself until we do though. I'll have someone out in front of your house at all times.

Lynn stays strong, nods.

DETECTIVE PETERS

I'll call you if I come up with anything.

Once he's gone though, the tears flow. She weeps almost silently for her friend.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A car is parked under the shade of a tree. Bert's SAAB pulls in next to it, but during the conversation, the person in the other car can't be seen.

Bert rolls his window down. He tries to act like he's watching something in front of him while he talks.

BERT

What the hell is taking so long?

HESTON

You don't want to take that tone with me.

The man's got a dangerous voice. Bert backs off.

BERT

It was--you were supposed to have done it by now.

HESTON

Clearly, there's been a problem.

BERT

And what is that?

HESTON

First, the guy she's been hanging out with. I could go around that. Other problem, well, it's a clown.

BERT

What?

HESTON

There's a clown been following her.

BERT

A clown?

HESTON

For a shrink you don't hear so good.

BERT

Tell me about this...clown.

HESTON

Only saw him once. Your wife and her new beau went sightseeing at an abandoned amusement park. The clown followed them.

BERT

What did he look like?

HESTON

He looked like a clown. Face paint. Frizzy thing around the neck.

Bert knows something. He stares forward for a moment, debating, but doesn't address it.

BERT

So what's the problem?

HESTON

People are getting killed all around your soon-to-be-ex. The cops are swarming.

BERT

What are you talking about?

HESTON

A family, couple doors down. Then last night, a girl that works for her.

BERT

Amanda?

HESTON

Whatever. My source in the department says they got grease paint off the window the perp came in.

(on Bert's clueless

look)  
Like clown makeup. This is gonna  
take more money.

BERT  
I don't think so.

HESTON  
Your choice. I'll just take what  
you've given me as a deposit for  
services rendered. Have a nice  
life.

His car starts.

BERT  
Wait! How much more?

HESTON  
HMMMMM...psychotic clowns, cops  
galore. Another ten.

Bert winces. He's not happy about it.

BERT  
All right, but that's it. I can't  
pay you any more.

WE COME AROUND SO WE FINALLY SEE HESTON

HESTON  
The whole make-it-look-like-a-  
mugging is out. Get your alibi  
ready, doc. They're gonna question  
you.

Heston is the "mugger" who tried to rob Lynn and Tuck.

HESTON  
I'll do it when the money's  
transferred. She's as good as dead.

His car pulls away. Bert watches him drive off, but his mind  
is on something else. Something nagging at his brain like a  
name on the tip of your tongue.

INT. GALLERY - LATER

Lynn enters. All the make up in the world can't disguise the  
fact that she's been crying.

Phillip's at the front desk doing paperwork. He sees her and  
rushes over.

PHILLIP  
Oh Lynn, I'm so sorry.

He hugs her. She takes a couple of deep breaths, fights off the urge to cry again.

LYNN

I'm okay.

PHILLIP

You sure?

LYNN

(wan smile)

Yeah. When did you find out?

PHILLIP

About an hour ago. Some detective came by to ask questions.

LYNN

Detective Peters?

PHILLIP

Yes. That was him.

She shakes her head at his persistence.

LYNN

(kidding)

I think he's been following me.

Phillip's concerned.

PHILLIP

Why would a detective be following you?

LYNN

I was joking. At least, a little. He seems to pop up all the time.

PHILLIP

That's strange...Oh, hey.

He retrieves some papers from behind the counter.

PHILLIP

I didn't show this to the detective. I hope I won't get in any trouble.

LYNN

What is it?

PHILLIP

Amanda sent us all an email last night.

Lynn looks at it.

PHILLIP

It's about Mr. Parrish. His father wasn't just a clown; he was a convicted child molester. One of the children disappeared, but they could never prove he had anything to do with it.

LYNN

Oh my God...

PHILLIP

The second page has some pictures.

Lynn looks. The pictures are from the trial. One picture in particular sticks out: Mr. Parrish's father sitting behind the defendant's desk with a deep look of remorse on his face.

Feeling overwhelmed, Lynn backs herself onto a bench.

PHILLIP

I'm sorry, I should have waited to show you--

LYNN

No, it's all right Phillip. I have to give this to the police. Amanda sent this to us last night sometime before...

(can't bring herself  
to say it)

I have to give this to the detective.

PHILLIP

If you don't want to paint for him, I understand.

LYNN

I have to. I need the money.

(off his look)

I have to get a new lawyer. Bert's trying to take Nicky away from me.

PHILLIP

He can't do that...

LYNN

He can.

(overwhelmed)

I just don't feel like I could paint anything right now. I've got cops in front of my house--

The PHONE RINGING interrupts her. Phillip answers it.

PHILLIP  
Flinner Gallery. Oh, hello Mr.  
Flynn...

Lynn shakes her head: She's not here.

PHILLIP  
No, I haven't seen her today.  
(beat)  
I'll tell her you called when I  
see her. Bye bye.

He hangs up.

PHILLIP  
What's that all about?

LYNN  
(doesn't feel like  
going into it)  
I don't feel like talking to  
anyone right now.  
(occurs to her)  
Hey, did he ever buy anything from  
the gallery before?

PHILLIP  
Well...I don't think so.

Her cel phone picks that moment to RING. She looks at the  
number: it's Tuck. She doesn't want to talk to him, but she  
doesn't want her phone to keep ringing.

She puts up a finger to Phillip to give her a minute, and she  
moves off to talk.

INTERCUT LYNN/TUCK

Tuck's leaning against his car.

LYNN  
Hello.

TUCK  
Hey, there you are. I tried to  
reach you at home and at the  
gallery.

LYNN  
Yeah, I'm running around...

TUCK  
So, is everything okay? What did  
that detective want?

LYNN  
Amanda, my assistant...she was

murdered last night.

TUCK

...what?

LYNN

Someone attacked her in her house.

TUCK

My God...Did they catch whoever did it?

LYNN

No.

TUCK

Is there anything I can do? Do you need anything?

LYNN

No. No.

TUCK

Jesus. Why would anyone do that? Do you want me to come by--

LYNN

No, it's...listen Tuck.

(deep breath)

I think we uh, I need some time to deal with all this...alone?

He's disappointed, but hides it in his voice.

TUCK

Sure, I understand. I'm here for you, okay?

LYNN

Thanks.

TUCK

You watch yourself, huh? Where are you now?

LYNN

I'm...outside the police station.

TUCK

Okay. Give me a call if you need anything. Anything at all.

LYNN

Okay. I'll talk to you soon.

TUCK

Okay. Bye.

LYNN

Bye.

COME AROUND TUCK

to see he's been standing in front of the gallery looking at Lynn's car. He knows she's lying. His expression is hard to read.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASEMENT - LATER

White cement steps lead down to the basement door. Bert, doing his best to be covert, creeps to the window looking into the basement.

From his vantage through a crack in the curtains, he can see THE CLOWN sitting in a chair. The room is very dark, but his shape is there.

Bert creeps down the steps and tries the knob. It opens and he slips in. INSIDE, he keeps his back to the door.

BERT

(whispered hiss)

What are you doing?

The clown's head turns slowly. He looks back to the answering machine on the table, then again to Bert. He stands.

CLOWN

Doc-tor?

BERT

Yes. What are you doing, Doug?

The clown cocks his head at an angle. He talks very slow, very stilted.

CLOWN

My name is Shivers. Shivers the clown.

Bert's edgy and uncomfortable. The darkness is pervasive, and oh yeah, there's a homicidal clown twenty feet away.

BERT

All right. Shivers. What are you doing?

CLOWN

What you told me. Getting better.

BERT

(confused)

What? No. What you did--Amanda had nothing to do with getting better.

CLOWN

A-man-da?

BERT

Yes. The girl you killed. This, what you're doing, I thought we'd talked about it. You've got to stop this. You should come back and start therapy with me again.

CLOWN

You're...confusing me.

He takes a step up toward Bert, who instantly recoils.

BERT

Wait. Just...just wait until you hear from me. I'll call you. I'll help you.

CLOWN

Help me get better?

BERT

Yes. Just wait for me. Okay?

The clown's breathing heavily.

CLOWN

Yes.

Bert doesn't take his eyes off the clown as he opens the door and backs out. The clown watches him go, then sits back down.

The phone begins RINGING.

AT BERT'S CAR

Bert rushes to his car, jumps in and locks the door. He fumbles with his cel phone and dials from his phone book. BUSY.

BERT

Damnit!

(redials, it's ringing)

What the hell do you think you're doing? I thought we agreed using Doug was a bad idea.

(beat)

Why? Because he's nuts! Yes, that's my professional opinion!

(beat)

Come on Shane. This, this isn't

going to work. I've got--look,  
this could come back and bite me  
on the ass. Can you come by my  
house tonight? Okay.

He hangs up, starts the car and drives off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

Lynn's got her easel set up in front of her while she sketches. There are a number of sketches already set out on the floor, but she's not happy with them.

She's got the newspaper clipping of Mr. Parrish's father in front of her, referencing it.

EXT. HOUSE

Officer Patrick's sitting on the front bench reading Stephen King's IT. He looks up as a car passes, watches it drive by, then goes back to his book.

HESTON'S POV

He's parked five houses down across the street. A canvas bag is on the seat next to him.

INT. TUCK'S HOUSE

Tuck enters, tossing his keys onto a table in the foyer. He heads into the living room, picks up the remote from the table and turns to drop back into the couch--

--and he sees the Art Gallery sitting on top of the pile of magazines. He goes to it, picks it up, confused. Definitely not where he left it.

He flips it open to the marker and Lynn's face stares out at him. Then the next magazine below it with another page-marked at Lynn.

He puts two and two together immediately. Mentally curses himself. He grabs the phone and dials Lynn's number.

INT. LYNN'S HOUSE

Lynn paints. Pages of sketches are strewn about her. All forgotten. Her mind is now on one thing, the painting in front of her.

The PHONE RINGS but Lynn pays no attention. She's so focused that she probably doesn't even hear it.

She's immersed in the work. Paying no attention to anything around her. In the zone.

EXT. HOUSE

Officer Patrick zips up as he walks around from the backyard where he was apparently taking a piss. A van pulls up in front of the house with PARTY-PLUS on the side.

A HAPPY CLOWN gets out and walks up the sidewalk.

IN HESTON'S CAR

Heston leans forward, very interested in what's going on. He wasn't expecting this, but maybe there'll be an opening...

PATRICK

can't believe it--a clown walking up the sidewalk--he fumbles out his gun and points it at the clown, who doesn't notice it because he's reading from a clipboard.

OFFICER PATRICK

Stop right there!

The clown's startled, just about drops his clipboard.

HAPPY CLOWN

WOAH! What the hell?

OFFICER PATRICK

Get over here, get on the ground!

HAPPY CLOWN

All right, okay--

OFFICER PATRICK

NOW!

The clown lays down on the ground. Officer Patrick gets on top and handcuffs him.

HAPPY CLOWN

I didn't do nothin', I was called out here.

OFFICER PATRICK

Sure you were. You got ID on you?

HAPPY CLOWN

Inside the suit. You gotta zip down the zipper, in my back pocket there.

From around the back of the house creeps SHIVERS THE CLOWN. He grips the strings from a dozen floating helium balloons. He sees the cop working to get the other clown's ID.

He walks out more confidently, coming up behind the two. The

cop's got the happy clown's ID out and is looking at it.

Shivers shifts hands, releasing the balloons to reveal that he's been holding his axe, hidden by the balloons the whole time.

INT. TUCK'S HOUSE

Through the foyer window, Tuck can be seen starting his motorcycle and PEELING off.

EXT. LYNN'S HOUSE

The happy clown, looking over his shoulder back at the cop is the first to see Shivers. A giant axe in his hands.

HAPPY CLOWN

Hey...

Patrick turns just in time to see the descending axe blade. It takes him in the back of the neck, almost decapitating him. His body falls onto the happy clown who starts hyperventilating.

Shivers spares him a look, then starts to turn toward the front door. As if he has some sixth sense though, his gaze is caught on Heston's car.

HESTON

has his mouth wide open. He's trying to sit very still.

HESTON

Holy shit...

The clown seems disturbed. From this distance it's hard to tell if he can see Heston, but he seems to be staring right at him.

Shivers turns suddenly, stalking back the way he came.

The happy clown has his eyes closed, must be going into shock or something. Hyperventilating still.

Heston's surprised by the sudden turn and takes a look up and down the street. Doesn't see any witnesses. He reaches into his canvas bag and grabs out a cheap rubber clown mask, pulls it over his head.

He quickly pulls his car in front of Lynn's house. He gets out of the car--one hand inside his jacket conceals the gun from earlier--and hurries up the front walk.

Past the dead cop and the pinned clown. He runs smack into the front door which surprises him by being locked. He SLAMS his shoulder into it.

INSIDE

Lynn's startled from her work by the BANG against her front door. She puts the brush down as there's another BANG.

She bolts to her feet just as the third SLAM shatters the lock and blows the door open. Heston moves in fast, kicking the door shut behind him, and stops to listen.

From Lynn's POV, she saw the clown-masked intruder move past the room she's in. She's terrified, but stifles her scream. The man is not in her sight now.

She looks around for a weapon, anything, but there's nothing, no help at all.

Heston doesn't wait long. Not hearing anything, he assumes she's upstairs asleep. He quickly creeps up the stairs toward her bedroom.

Lynn didn't hear him go up the carpeted steps. Quietly she creeps to the edge of the wall, peers around the corner. He's not in sight.

Did he go to the kitchen or up the stairs? She eyes the door. Ten feet away and closed.

She creeps out quietly, reaching for doorknob, keeping her eyes darting back and forth between the upstairs and the kitchen.

Her hand's on the knob when Heston comes out from the bedroom. His eyes widen inside the mask as he sees her at the door.

He FIRES without aiming.

The bullet splinters a chunk out of the door but misses its mark. Lynn SCREAMS and runs toward the back of the house, toward the glass door.

EXT. LYNN'S HOUSE

Tuck pulls up on his motorcycle and gets off. He sees the dead cop, the clown pinned underneath him, and leaps off his motorcycle.

As he runs to the house there's a GUNSHOT.

INT. LYNN'S HOUSE

Heston FIRES AGAIN and rushes down the stairs after her.

Lynn runs into the sliding glass door, pulls it, but it's locked, she fiddles with the lock--both ways, still won't budge--she sees the stick wedged to keep it shut, grabs it--

HESTON

HEY!

She turns, holding the stick in front of her like a sword. She's terrified.

Heston's there, made all the more menacing by his clown mask.

HESTON

Nothin' personal, lady. Just delivering a message from your husband. He says goodbye.

He raises the gun level to her head.

TUCK dives into Heston's back, bearing him to the ground. Heston drops the gun to keep from slamming headfirst into the carpet.

Tuck struggles to keep control, keep Heston down, but Heston's trying to get up, get some leverage. They're grappling for control, rolling and sliding across the floor like a couple of high-school wrestlers.

Neither one sees Lynn pick up the gun.

INT. BERT'S HOUSE/BEDROOM

In the background RUNNING WATER can be heard. Bert pulls off his shirt, then massages his trapezius like his neck is bothering him.

He looks up at the KNOCK on his front door.

He leaves his bedroom and heads for the front door. He looks through the peephole, sees no one, then opens the door.

There's no one there. There is a van with tinted windows in front of his next door neighbor's house. He looks at it, but it doesn't register.

He goes back inside and shuts the door, rubbing at his aching neck some more.

IN HIS BATHROOM

He steps into the steaming hot water, lies back. It's a little cramped, but he doesn't seem to mind. He takes a second to let the heat soak into his muscles.

Then he reaches over the side of the bathtub and grabs his book. We can see that he left the bathroom door cracked open slightly.

He relaxes, getting into the book. There's a CREAK from right outside the bathroom door. Bert lowers the book and looks toward it.

It must be his imagination, but the door looks like it's open a little farther. He goes back to reading. Turns the page.

There's another creak, but this time there's something different. Without lowering the book, Bert can feel it.

There's a pregnant moment where he looks like he's not going to lower the book and look. But he finally does.

The clown stands in the bathroom doorway, the axe in hand. Bert looks like he's just run into a bear and doesn't know whether to run or play dead.

BERT

Now, hold on a minute--

The clown rushes him, jabbing the axe point viciously into Bert as he tries to get up.

Blood mixes into the water as the clown continues to stab, stab, stab.

INT. LYNN'S HOUSE

Heston jabs an elbow at Tuck's head. Tuck turns his head but still takes it in the cheek hard. It's enough to let him slip out of Tuck's grasp. He turns to run--

--Lynn, a distant look in her eye, stands there pointing the gun at him.

Tuck stands up.

HESTON

Lady...you don't know how to use that.

Famous last words. Lynn pulls the trigger. Glass shatters behind Heston. He turns to look and sees a ruined picture featuring a bullet hole.

He turns back to her and smiles but the smile dies as he feels something on his chest. Blood is soaking his T-shirt.

Heston has enough time to realize he's in a direct line between the picture and the gun, then the life fades from his eyes. He collapses sideways.

Tuck is shocked. Lynn can't seem to get her eyes off of Heston's body.

TUCK

Lynn. Give me the gun.

She turns her eyes from the dying man to Tuck. Their strange lack of depth gives Tuck cause for concern.

TUCK  
(reassuring)

Lynn.

He holds his hand out. After a moment, she hands him the gun.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LYNN'S HOUSE - LATER

Police cars are clustered in front of the house. Lynn and Tuck stand off to the side trying to stay out of the way. There's an uncomfortable distance between them that Tuck's trying to figure a way into.

TUCK  
Hey...listen, I wanted to explain  
about the magazines.

He hopes she'll say forget about it, but she doesn't. He goes on.

TUCK  
I've been a big art fan for years,  
all kinds, and I first saw your  
art in those mags. When I heard  
about the showing downtown, I  
thought it would be neat to see  
some of your paintings up close.

LYNN  
You said you saw my picture in the  
program.

TUCK  
I did. That's just not the only  
place I saw your picture. I didn't  
want you to flip out and think I  
was a stalker, which...is probably  
what you're thinking right about  
now.

Lynn's noncommittal. Detective Peters comes out of the house and heads over to them. He pulls Lynn away from Tuck so he can talk to her privately.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Well. Helluva shot, Miss Blodgett.  
He's pretty dead.

LYNN  
Good.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Remorse. I like that. It seems  
your husband paid that guy to kill

you.

LYNN

For a detective, you have the shittiest people skills I've ever seen.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Thanks, I've taken classes.

LYNN

Why would Bert do that? He's divorcing me, he's taking everything--

DETECTIVE PETERS

I'll make a wild guess and say he's got a sizeable life insurance policy out on you.

LYNN

Oh. Oh my God...

DETECTIVE PETERS

Yeah. We found a tape recorder in Mr. Hitman's car. He'd taped a few conversations with your husband, conversations where your husband hired him to kill you.

LYNN

No...

DETECTIVE PETERS

Yep. Plain old greed. I guess getting the hitman to dress up as a clown must have been him being creative. Hell, it's as good a disguise as any.

LYNN

But he wasn't the clown I saw--

DETECTIVE PETERS

He probably changed outfits.

LYNN

I don't think so.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Are you positive?

She thinks. That night on the porch, it happened to so fast, it was dark and she fainted...she just can't be sure.

LYNN

He had makeup on when I saw him.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Probably figured out a mask was  
much less work. Easier to take off.

He's got his mind made up and he's starting to convince her.

LYNN

Why didn't he kill me that night  
then? After I fainted?

DETECTIVE PETERS

Maybe he got scared off by your  
friend on the phone. We'll never  
know for sure.

(waves it off)

You just take it easy. We're  
looking for your husband now.

LYNN

You don't know where he is?

DETECTIVE PETERS

We think he's on the run. No sign  
of him at his house. Don't worry  
about it, we'll get him soon.  
Whatever you were asking for in  
this divorce thing...ask for more.  
You'll get it.

She nods, realizing the implications for her and Nicholas. No  
way will they give custody to Bert now.

DETECTIVE PETERS

If you have any other questions,  
give me a call.

(hands her a card)

My home numbers's on the back.  
Night or day, doesn't matter.

LYNN

Okay. Thanks.

He smiles reassuringly and leaves. Tuck comes over.

TUCK

I heard. I think you should try  
and get some sleep.

Lynn nods, but looks doubtful.

TUCK

Can I give you a call tomorrow?  
When everything's more normal  
again?

She thinks it over, decides she wants him to.

LYNN

Okay. I guess I could give you a second chance, seeing that you saved my life and all.

TUCK

(his smile's back)

Great.

He gives her a quick hug, gets on his cycle, and rides off. Lynn turns back toward her house and watches the cops, waiting for them to finish their work.

CUT TO:

INT. LYNN'S HOUSE

Lynn's in bed again, tossing and turning.

IN HER DREAM

A sterile, white hall, infinitely long. People move in and out of our sight, all blurry, out of focus. As they clear out we see a YOUNG BOY sitting on a bench.

He looks at us sadly.

YOUNG BOY

Dead. They're all dead.

He stands up and points a finger at us accusingly.

YOUNG BOY

They're all dead!

THE CLOWN's face pops into view staring right at us, smiling like a demon.

LYNN

sits up in bed, her heart racing. Looks around, starting to get her bearings.

She sees a clown doll sitting on her dresser that wasn't there before. Who could have put that there...?

All at once, it begins to turn its head, its eyes glaring a malevolent red--

LYNN

sits up in bed for real this time, looking immediately to her dresser. No clown doll there.

She looks out the window; the sun is coming up on a new day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALLERY - DAY

Lynn, Phillip and Mr. Parrish are staring at a painting that is propped on an easel in the middle of the room. Mr. Parrish stares in wonder.

MR. PARRISH

It's amazing. Simply amazing.

We see the painting. It's the one Lynn was working on of Mr. Parrish's father, and it captures the look he wanted, to perfection. Tears appear in his eyes.

MR. PARRISH

It's even better than I could have imagined. I can't thank you enough.

(to Phillip)

Please. Wrap it up.

Phillip takes the painting off to wrap it. Mr. Parrish pulls his checkbook out and begins writing. He finishes, signing his name with a flourish.

MR. PARRISH

What was the final price agreed upon?

LYNN

Twenty thousand.

Mr. Parrish nods, he knew. He hands her the check. She takes it without looking at it.

MR. PARRISH

I'll spread the word about your talent, Miss Blodgett. You have quite a future before you.

LYNN

Thank you.

Mr. Parrish walks to the front door to where Phillip is waiting with his painting.

MR. PARRISH

Good day.

He takes his painting and leaves.

PHILLIP

Wow. Home run, Lynn.

She smiles, looking at the check.

LYNN

I can sure put this to--  
(frowns, then blinks)  
Oh my God.

PHILLIP  
What?

LYNN  
This check is made out for a  
hundred thousand dollars. He gave  
me a hundred grand.

The PHONE RINGS. Phillip gets it.

PHILLIP  
Hello? Mr. Flynn?

He shoots a questioning look to Lynn. She nods and reaches  
for the phone.

PHILLIP  
Hold on please.

LYNN  
Hello? Pretty good actually. A  
hundred thousand dollars good.  
(beat)  
I'll tell you later.  
(laughs)  
Thanks. Uh...well, convince me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PHILLIP'S - NIGHT

Phillip is busy in the kitchen making what looks to be an  
elaborate meal. He checks in one of his cabinets for noodles--  
none there.

He begins to go downstairs to get some but something in his  
backyard catches his eye. There's someone out there standing  
in the shadow of a tree.

Phillip frowns. From his vantage it's hard to see anything.

He goes back the way he came, through his hall, into his  
bedroom. Looks out the back window.

He's got a slightly better view, but it's still not great.  
The person almost looks like...a clown. Phillip draws back  
away from the window, frowning.

He walks back into the hall and turns into the guest room on  
the corner of his house. One window faces the backyard while  
another next to it faces the side of his house. He looks out  
the backyard window.

Has to blink once. The clown is gone. Unless...Phillip tries to peer around to see if the clown is behind the tree, but it doesn't look like it.

Phillip leans back again and doesn't see the clown staring in the side window at him.

He turns to leave as the clown raises the axe, swings it at the window. On the axe crashing through glass:

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Tuck escorts Lynn into the theater. It's huge, covered wall to wall in advertisements for movies.

LYNN  
Nice theater.

TUCK  
Only the best for you.

LYNN  
Will we be able to get popcorn?

TUCK  
With butter. And a Coke.

He winks like, I got the hook-up.

JEFF appears at the top of the stairs leading to the second level.

JEFF  
Hey Tuck! I'm about ready. You're gonna be in theater eight.

TUCK  
Great. Thanks. We're gonna grab some concessions.

JEFF  
I can send Bobby down to do that.

TUCK  
No, that's cool. I know where everything is.

JEFF  
Help yourself.

He jogs back to the projection booth, punching the code to get through the door.

Tuck motions Lynn to follow him behind the concession booth.

INT. STAIRWELL

A thin set of concrete steps runs down to a steel door, all bathed dimly yellow by the auxillary lights.

The clown makes his way slowly up the steps. The giant axe in one hand. A canvas bag in his other hand, THUMP THUMPING with every step.

Something short and thin is inside the bag, and it's not moving. Something that looks like a small body...

INT. MOVIE THEATER/CONCESSION

A bucket of popcorn sits on the counter next to the soda fountain. Tuck is filling two cups at the same time.

LYNN

You're like an expert. If I didn't know better, I'd swear you've done that before.

TUCK

Burger King when I was in high school. It's a lost art.

LYNN

You know, I worked at a theater when I was in high school. Didn't last two months.

TUCK

They don't know what they lost.

He lets off of the taps at the same time. Both sodas are identically filled. He waits until the foam goes away and finishes filling them.

He pops a top on them and hands her one.

TUCK

Ready?

LYNN

(suddenly occurs to her)

What are we seeing?

TUCK

I was thinking some scary horror movie where you'd have to snuggle close to me, but given the past couple of days...

(shrugs)

I opted for a sappy love movie instead.

LYNN  
Good choice.

They head toward the auditorium.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM

Jeff is carrying the reel of film--it's the entire movie rolled together, and it's so big he can't even see around it. He slides it onto a platter and threads it through the projector.

BOBBY, a pimply teen, pops out of the bathroom and shouts down.

BOBBY  
I'm gonna go make sure the doors  
are all locked up.

JEFF  
Okay!

Bobby disappears out the door as Jeff finishes threading the film.

As he stands up, movement at the far end of the projection booth catches his eye.

He squints. It's hard to tell. Small pools of light at each projector are the only illumination. Most of the room is in darkness.

Still...something's off. The shape isn't right at the far end.

Jeff makes his way slowly toward the end.

He's twenty feet away from the spot when the clown steps out of the shadow. The only thing in his hand is the axe, but it's shadowed in the darkness behind a film platter.

JEFF  
(jumps)  
Hey!  
(relieved for a  
moment)  
Scared the shit out of me.

Then he realizes--it's late at night and there's a clown in his projection booth. It dawns on him: Someone's playing a joke.

JEFF  
Did Bobby put you up to this?

The clown takes a step toward him.

CLOWN

She'll pay.

JEFF

This ain't cool, man. You can't be  
up here. This is--

The clown takes another step, splashing a shaft of light onto  
the axe blade.

JEFF

Woah.  
(steps back)  
I'll get Bobby for you.

He takes another step. The clown raises the axe. Jeff turns  
to run, panic growing on his face.

The clown hurls the axe. It spins twice and smacks solidly  
into the back of Jeff's head. He drops.

The clown moves to him and grasps the haft of his axe. He  
tugs at it, pulling Jeff's head from the ground, but the axe  
doesn't come out.

He has to put one foot on Jeff's head, and with a vicious  
yank, rips it free. He doesn't bother wiping it off as he  
moves toward the door.

The clown moves to the small window that looks down into the  
theater. He can see Tuck and Lynn seated in the middle of the  
auditorium.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Tuck picks that moment to look back. From his vantage point,  
the shape is too dark behind the window for him to recognize.  
Thinking it's Jeff, he waves.

The clown backs away from the window.

TUCK

I think he's getting ready to  
start it.

LYNN

Good. This is a little past my  
bedtime.

TUCK

I'm glad you came out. I wasn't  
sure you would, you know, given...

LYNN

(nods)

Might be good for me to see a  
movie, forget it all for a couple  
of hours.

TUCK

(nods)

That's the right attitude. Who's got Nicholas?

LYNN

Julie. She's been dying to take him for a while anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen's a wreck. The table is flipped on its side, and papers and a bowl of fruit are scattered on the floor.

MOVING

to the phone jack, a wire plugged into it. FOLLOWING the cord we see the cradle of the phone, and a spiral-cord trailing off...

...to the phone. A hand clutches it limply. We follow the hand past the bracelet up the arm to where it ends at the shoulder. The arm is no longer attached to a body, but cut cleanly at the top.

MOVING

across the floor now marred with puddles of blood to where Julie lies butchered. Her face, other than spatters of blood, is untouched, but her body is in pieces.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Bobby's testing the doors to make sure they're all locked and won't open without a key, even from the inside.

That taken care of, he hops the concession counter and turns off the frozen drink machines. He heads through the back and comes out at the rear concession entrance.

He takes a step toward the stairs, but stops and makes a sudden decision to head into the bathroom.

WHISTLING no particular tune, he enters a stall and unzips, not bothering to shut the door.

The clown's boots on the tile floor don't make enough noise to alert Bobby.

Bobby's done pissing and shakes.

The clown stands right behind him outside of the stall.

Bobby tucks himself back in his pants and is about to turn when the clown RAMS the axe point through his back, throwing the helpless teen against the wall in front of him. Something major's been hit; blood is running out of his chest like a river.

His strength leaving, Bobby falls to one knee over the toilet. The clown JERKS the axe out of him, and without the support, Bobby collapses completely.

The clown turns. Listens.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Tuck and Lynn are getting a little antsy.

TUCK

If this takes much longer, I'm gonna demand my money back.

She smiles.

LYNN

What do you think the hold up is?

Tuck shrugs that he doesn't know.

A HOLLOW SOUND, muffled, seems to come from the entrance to the auditorium.

TUCK

What's he doing now?

The clown walks slowly into the auditorium. He's completely out of sight of Lynn and Tuck; until he rounds about the third row of seats, he'll be out of sight behind the concrete wall that supports the stadium seating.

TUCK

(joking)

I'm gonna have to speak to a manager if you don't start the movie, Jeff!

No expression from the clown.

Tuck is looking at Lynn when the clown rounds the first row of seats. She's looking right at the clown, and the look on her face is enough to wipe the smile off of his.

The question forms on his face, but he turns to look, and sees.

The clown has stopped at the foot of the first stair. He holds the bloody axe in both hands.

LYNN

No...

CLOWN

You're gonna pay.

Tuck stands, pulling a terrified Lynn to her feet. Tuck grabs his soda, but keeps an eye on the clown.

The clown mounts the stairway, one at a time. No hurry.

Tuck pushes Lynn behind him, backing her down the aisle away from the clown. By the time the clown is on the same aisle level as they are, he's at one end and they're at the other.

The clown considers this. He takes a step forward. Tuck pushes Lynn down a step. The clown backs up. Tuck doesn't move.

TUCK

Move slowly down the stairs.

Lynn, almost dazed, does. Instead of following, Tuck moves up a stair. The clown doesn't even look at him. Focused entirely on Lynn, watching her like a cat about to pounce.

TUCK

Hey!

Tuck doesn't even exist to the clown.

TUCK

(to Lynn)

Wait.

She stops. The moment hangs, all three staring at one another. Lynn and the clown as if in a trance, Tuck's mind racing with indecision.

TUCK

RUN!

He throws his soda at the clown and runs down the stairs toward Lynn. The soda's a great throw. It gets the clown's attention, something coming at him from his peripheral vision. He bats it away with his axe, then crosses through the aisle in pursuit of the fleeing couple.

Lynn and Tuck burst out the auditorium door. Tuck, thinking quickly, overturns the large trash can in front to block the door.

TUCK

Come on!

He grabs her hand and pulls her toward the front doors. They smack into them and can't understand why they don't open.

They're just push-lever doors, but they don't realize Bobby has locked them with a key.

THE CLOWN

has run into the auditorium door, which is jammed shut by the trash can. He kicks at the door.

TUCK

runs to the single door to the side of the main entrances and tries to open it. No joy there either.

LYNN

Break them!

TUCK

With what? It's reinforced safety glass.

Tuck hears the sound of the DOOR hitting the TRASHCAN as the clown kicks it.

TUCK

Come on!

He grabs her hand and heads down the side corridor leading back toward the theaters.

THE CLOWN

has kicked the door enough that the trash can no longer jams it. He slides out and strides toward the front.

Tuck and Lynn emerge through the corridor door, right back in front of the auditorium entrances. Tuck cautiously goes right back to the theater they came from.

He opens the door as wide as he can without hitting the trash can, lets Lynn slide in, and he follows.

THE CLOWN

stands in the lobby where Tuck and Lynn were moments before. He's listening, but there's no sound.

His gaze travels from the glass doors to the concession stand. Considering. Back to the doors.

A table next to the concession stand has paper and pens for entering a contest. The clown goes to it, propping his bloody axe on top while he grabs a sheet of paper and a pen.

He begins writing.

INT. DETECTIVE PETERS' HOUSE - SAME TIME

Peters is in shorts, T-shirt and socks. He's putting together a puzzle at his kitchen table. It looks to be about 10,000 pieces, but he's doing pretty good.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

Thrill me!

Peters puts down the puzzle piece he's holding and goes to his computer. He clicks a couple of buttons and his email pops up, displaying the message "NEW EMAIL".

It reads "BLOOD SAMPLE #4990345 DIC: PETERS". The second line reads "DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE KNOWN SEX OFFENDER DOUG RICHARDSON".

Peters is getting interested now. He reads on and something catches his eye.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Oh shit...

Under WHEREABOUTS next to a list of dates it says "COMMITTED: ROUNDVILLE MENTAL INSTITUTION, DOCTOR: BERT TOKYO".

Peters grabs his cel phone and dials a number.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Vic, it's Peters. Yeah, I'm up late. Look, we got a problem. That blood sample from the girl's fingertips--came back a match to a DOJ sex offender named Doug Richardson.

Something from the other end.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Yeah, not Heston and get this: He's got Leber's congenital amaurosis. No I didn't make that up. It's a rare disease, normally causes blindness, but in some cases it can cause the sclera of the eye to turn black. And to top it off, this guy was a psych case over at Roundsville and you'll never guess who his doctor was.

(smiles as Vic guesses)

Right. I think he had two people trying to kill her. Send some uniforms over to her house, have them wake her up and secure it. Call me when that's done.

Vic says something on his end.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Right. Hey, see if we can get some  
pics of this guy. Yeah.

He hangs up, but looks worried.

IN THE AUDITORIUM

Tuck rushes Lynn up the stairs to the door at the top. He  
peers through the small window--coast looks clear--then leads  
the way through.

They're on the second floor, a small level overlooking the  
front lobby. A stairway leads down the front.

Tuck moves to the projection-room door and pulls on it. It's  
locked; a numeric keypad is set into the wall.

LYNN

(whisper)

Knock on it.

TUCK

Too loud. He's got his radio on in  
there anyway.

Tuck tries a combination, pulls gently. Still locked. He  
tries another, pulls again. Locked.

Lynn takes a look at the keypad. Five numbers.

LYNN

Are you kidding? There's a hundred  
and twenty combinations.

TUCK

You have another idea?

He keeps trying.

DOWNSTAIRS

The clown stands in the center of the lobby. Whatever he did  
with the paper, there's no sign of it now.

He's listening. The sound of Tuck trying combinations can  
barely be heard, and from the lobby it's hard to know where  
it's coming from.

The clown hefts his axe and walks back toward the  
auditoriums, passing the stairwell to the second floor. He  
suddenly stops though, realizing the sound is coming from  
above him.

He backtracks and begins climbing the stairs.

ABOVE

Lynn has moved to the top of the stairs and is peering down them. Suddenly, the top of the clown's head comes into her sightline, but because of the angle, he doesn't see her.

She rushes back to Tuck.

LYNN  
(harsh whisper)  
He's coming!

Tuck's still trying combos. Nothing's working.

TUCK  
If he gets to the top, run back  
into the theater.

He keeps going.

THE CLOWN

is halfway up the stairs. He can definitely hear them now. The paint smile on his face seems to widen. His stride, however, doesn't quicken.

AT THE TOP

Lynn's petrified, watching the stairs with her back against the wall. Anticipating the appearance of her deepest fear brought to life.

And appear he does. Slowly, inevitably, his head appears, then his axe. Step by step he's almost to the top.

LYNN  
He's here...

Tuck looks quickly, goes back to the codes. As the clown gets to the top step, the door surprises all three of them by opening to Tuck's pull.

They dart in to the projection room as the clown rushes at them. Tuck pulls the door shut just in time as the clown slams into it.

The clown pulls on the door, but it's locked again.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM

Lynn and Tuck take a breather. Safe for the moment.

TUCK  
Jeff!

There's no one in sight.

TUCK

He may be on the second level.  
(points to the phone)  
Call the police. I'll go find  
him.

She goes to the phone and picks it up. For a moment you can see that she thinks it's going to be dead, but it's not. Like a prayer answered, she's got a dial tone.

She hits 911.

INT. DETECTIVE PETERS' HOUSE - SAME TIME

Peters is dressed now and heading for the door. He forgets his keys, goes back for them on the counter, and his radio CRACKLES to life, scaring the crap out of him.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Peters.

COP (RADIO)

She's not at the house. It's empty.

DETECTIVE PETERS

No sign of a break in?

COP (RADIO)

Nope. However, dispatch just got a 911 from a woman who says she's, uh, being chased by a killer clown. At the Columbia Golden Arts theater.

DETECTIVE PETERS

They have units on the way?

COP (RADIO)

Yeah.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Tell the supervising seargent I'm ten minutes away.

He rushes out the door.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - SAME TIME

Tuck comes down the stairs. Lynn's running his way.

TUCK

Did you get through?

LYNN

Yes. I left the phone off the hook. They say they're on the way.

TUCK

(nods)  
Good. Jeff isn't up there.

LYNN  
You don't think he's...

TUCK  
I hope not. Come on, let's see if  
the back door's open.

He leads her toward the door the clown originally came in. He stops suddenly.

TUCK  
Wait here.

LYNN  
What?

TUCK  
He's been here.

He tries to block her view, but she sees anyway. Jeff sits, his back against the door. Blood glistens all over him and his eyes are wide open, forever staring at nothing.

LYNN  
Is the door open?

Tuck gently moves Jeff's body out of the way, then tries the door. Doesn't move. He throws himself against it, but it still doesn't budge.

Lynn begins searching through Jeff's pants.

TUCK  
What are you doing?

LYNN  
Looking for keys.

Tuck's surprised by her initiative; you don't see him going through the dead guy's pants. She finishes, coming up empty.

TUCK  
Nothing?

She shakes her head, hopeless.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER

Four patrol cars with flashing lights are parked in front of the theater as Detective Peters pulls up in his unmarked.

One OLDER COP hurries over to intercept Peters.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Detective Peters, homicide.  
Where's your sarge?

OLDER COP  
Hasn't shown up yet. All the doors  
are locked, I got guys on  
perimeter around the building.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Why haven't you gone in? There's  
a woman trapped in there with--  
well, a murderer.

OLDER COP  
Can't go in.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Why not?

The cop motions him over, they go to the front door. A piece  
of paper is taped on the glass door facing out. Written in  
child-like scrawl are the words "COME IN THEY DIE".

Peters sees it, refrains from cursing.

OLDER COP  
I've called in the tac team.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
This guy's not taking hostages.

The older cops shrugs. Nothing he can do. Peters knows it too.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
Dammit.

He stares in through the glass impotently.

INT. MOVIE THEATER

Tuck and Lynn rush back to the phone.

TUCK  
Tell them we're trapped in the  
projection room.

Lynn picks up the phone, which she left off the hook. Tuck's  
looking around for a weapon. The best he finds is a broom  
with detachable end. He unscrews it and is left with a five-  
foot pole.

LYNN  
Hello? Hello?

She clicks the hang-up button a couple of times.

LYNN

The line's dead.

INTERCUT

The junction box where all the phone lines come in and go out. They're hanging out of the box like stray hair, having been ripped out.

BACK TO SCENE

TUCK

You have your cel phone?

LYNN

(shakes her head)

It's in my car. You?

TUCK

Didn't want anyone to get in touch with me tonight. Okay, no problem. We can wait it out here. The cops should be here any minute. We'll just wait.

Lynn moves to a group of doors, if only to keep herself busy. The one on the left has a restroom sign on it. The other two doors have nothing on them.

LYNN

Where do these go?

Tuck comes over and shrugs. Then he KICKS one door, shattering the lock and throwing it open. He reaches in and flicks on the light.

TUCK

(answering her question)

Manager's office.

They check out the room. Lynn confirms the phones don't work in this room either. Tuck's interested in a giant monitor with buttons on it.

The monitor shows different parts of the theater; every camera in the building is patched into it.

Tuck pushes a button and the view switches to one particular camera. He pushes another and it moves to another camera.

TUCK

Take a look at this.

(she does)

Security cameras.

Tuck pushes button after button, searching for any sign of the clown. He doesn't seem to be on any of the cameras.

LYNN

Where is he?

Tuck hits the button that shows all sixteen cameras at one time. Two of the monitors show the outside parking lot which has police cars and officers all around.

TUCK

Look. The cops are here.

Lynn smiles with relief, but the smile dies as she realizes something.

LYNN

What are they waiting for? Why aren't they coming in?

Tuck sees what she means. The cops seem to be taking up siege positions.

TUCK

Uh...I don't know. Unless they think he's got us hostage...

LYNN

So we're on our own.

Now that it's been said out loud, it starts to sink in. Tuck tries to be optimistic.

TUCK

Don't worry. We're safe here.

The sound of METAL HITTING PLEXIGLASS makes Lynn jump. It happens AGAIN.

TUCK

Oh shit. He can reach the projection window from the smaller theaters.

LYNN

Can he get through?

TUCK

...I don't know.

WHACK! Then silence. Lynn and Tuck move out of the room and wait in the center of the aisle, staring down past the projectors into the darkness. Expecting the clown to appear.

Then WHACK!

After a moment of silence, Tuck leads Lynn slowly toward where the sound came from. Bracing for the next slam, but the silence drags.

They approach the window looking down into the theater. Very slow. Like the clown's face is going to appear suddenly.

It doesn't, but what they see in the theater takes Lynn's breath away. Shock. Fear. Hopelessness. It's all reflected in her expression.

TUCK  
(sotto voce)  
Oh shit...

The clown stands in front of the theater screen, his axe gripped in his left hand. His right hand rests on the shoulder of Nicholas, who stands there in a daze. For some reason the boy doesn't seem to be afraid.

The clown sees them in the window. He looks at Nicholas, then back to Lynn and Tuck. His look says everything: The boy for you.

TUCK  
I'll distract him. You get Nicky out of there.

The shock seems to have focused Lynn.

LYNN  
No. He'll kill you.

Lynn's sudden calmness worries Tuck.

TUCK  
Hey. I'm not gonna let anything happen to either of you.

LYNN  
I'm okay. I'm okay.  
(reassuring smile)  
I'm going out there but I need you to do something for me.

TUCK  
(can't believe it)  
You're what?

LYNN  
I'm tired...I'm tired of being scared. And I won't let him hurt my son. Now listen to me.

INT. AUDITORIUM

The clown stares at the now-empty window into the projection room. Nicky's having a hard time keeping his eyes open.

LYNN (O.S.)

All right.

The clown turns. Lynn stands at the foot of the theater. Defiant and angry, but it's impossible for her to completely conceal her fear.

LYNN

I'm here. Let him go.

The clown turns. Sees her. He smiles, but it's a gruesome, sadistic smile made even more hideous by his makeup. He releases the boy.

LYNN

Come here, Nicky.

He does. Lynn kneels down in front of him, keeping her eyes on the clown.

LYNN

(quiet)

Nicky, I want you to go outside and wait for me. Understand?

He nods.

LYNN

Go on.

He walks out, casting one glance back at his mother.

When he's gone, the clown takes a step toward Lynn.

LYNN

Wait!

(the clown stops)

Why are you doing this? What do you want?

CLOWN

To get...better.

He moves to the aisle. Lynn moves into a row of seats to keep as much distance as possible between them.

LYNN

But why me?

CLOWN

It was your fault.

One step at a time the clown comes up. Lynn backs up until she's at the foot of the other aisle. She backs her way farther up the stairs as the clown begins to cross the row.

She's half-way up when he gets to the foot of the aisle leading up to her. Gaining ground even though he's not

rushing.

He puts a foot on the stair. Lynn's not moving. Too petrified to move...or waiting?

The clown takes another step, his grip on the axe tightening.

LYNN

Wait!

The clown stops. Lynn's terrified, trying to hide it. Desperate. Hoping this works.

Without turning her own head, she points back toward the projection booth.

LYNN

Look!

Instinctually, the clown does.

A blinding BEAM OF LIGHT streaks out of the projector redirected at the clown. It's a broad beam, 30,000 candle-watts of power, full in the face.

He YELLS IN PAIN, turning away, but too late. He's blinded, maybe permanently. Lynn shields her eyes and slides her way across the row of seats.

Still averting her eyes from the light, she accidentally kicks over a soda. The clown hears it, YELLS ANGRILY. He climbs the stairs to her level and moves in her direction, trying to hone in on the sound. He swings the axe in front of him, even though he's not close to her.

The projector light is no longer following him. Lynn's frozen, watching as the clown feels his way across the seats.

Coming closer. Lynn moves away, accidentally kicking ice from the soda she just knocked down. The ice makes TIC TIC sounds as it falls to the next level.

The clown, now knowing he's on the right track, starts to move quickly toward her through the row.

Lynn turns and runs. The clown follows, stumbling against the seats in his blind chase.

Her shoes now wet, Lynn slips as she tries to cut out of the aisle, crashes against the wall. She turns--the clown stands above her, his axe raised to deliver the killing blow--

TUCK (O.S.)

Hey.

The clown turns toward the voice. He can't see it, but Tuck's holding a broom handle like a baseball bat.

Tuck swings for the fences. The pole splinters in half as it THWACKS into the clown's forehead. He falls back against the stairs.

Tuck pulls Lynn to her feet and pushes her ahead of him. He turns to look back at the clown.

Amazingly, the clown is already standing, the axe raised over his head for a huge swipe at Tuck. Tuck's got nowhere to go. In desperation, he lunges at the clown and grasps the axe handle as it starts its downward arc.

He manages to stop it, but he has to hold on for dear life. The clown is much stronger than he is, and now can feel him. The clown releases one hand from the axe and grabs Tuck by the throat.

With an iron grip, the clown begins to choke him. Tuck desperately grasps out like the clown, his hand grabbing at the clown's throat.

He squeezes, but the clown doesn't seem bothered. Just cocks his head slightly and continues to choke the life out of Tuck.

Tuck pushes the axe to the side and SLUGS the clown in the face. The clown is stunned for a second. Tuck PUNCHES him again. It seems to have the opposite effect, and brings the clown out of his daze.

The clown swings the axe with his left hand in a swipe meant to cut Tuck in half at the stomach.

Tuck barely catches it again. The clown's getting pissed. He's still got a grip on Tuck's neck, and he uses it to throw Tuck to the ground.

He takes his wood-chopping grip and raises the axe for a massive swing.

DETECTIVE PETERS (O.S.)  
DROP IT OR YOU'RE DEAD!

The clown turns his head to the new threat. Detective Peters and two cops stand at the entry to the auditorium, and every one of them has a gun pointed at him.

The clown turns back to Tuck, a hateful sneer on his face. He looks like he's gonna chop him anyway. Peters' finger tightens on the trigger.

DETECTIVE PETERS  
DON'T!

The clown looks back to the cops. The tension finally relaxes from his grip. He throws the axe to the ground.

Peters motions the cops over to the clown, and doesn't take his sights off until he's securely cuffed. He goes over to Tuck.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Jesus...

He extends a hand to Tuck and helps him up.

DETECTIVE PETERS

That is the biggest fucking clown  
I have ever seen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER -LATER

Lynn, hugging Nicky protectively, and Tuck are in the lobby of the theater, again strobed by flashing red and blue lights from the police cars outside.

Detective Peters finishes talking to some of the cops and joins them, a grim look on his face.

DETECTIVE PETERS

How you holding up?

LYNN

We're okay. What about Julie?

DETECTIVE PETERS

She's dead. I'm sorry.

Tuck tries to comfort Lynn by putting his arm around her. For a moment, the three almost look like a family. Peters notices this and seems to feel a little awkward, shifts uncomfortably.

DETECTIVE PETERS

The paramedics are going to need  
to take Nicholas to the hospital  
for a while. Just do a few tests.  
You can ride in the ambulance if  
you want.

She nods, shock setting in.

TUCK

I'll follow you.

They follow Peters outside toward the flashing lights.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LYNN'S CAR - NIGHT

Lynn, dead tired, on her way home from the hospital. Nicholas is asleep in the passenger seat. There's a BEEP from the back

seat.

At first Lynn doesn't notice it. It BEEPS again, and she remembers her cel phone in the back seat. She grabs it and sees she has a message.

She dials her voice mail and listens.

VOICE MAIL OPERATOR  
Today, two thirty-four a.m.

PHILLIP (PHONE)  
(weak, barely audible)  
Lynn...Lynn...

The line goes dead. Lynn looks at her car clock: 3:32

Lynn has a terrible thought. What if the clown went to Phillip's like he did to Julie's? She dials the phone, gets a BUSY signal.

LYNN  
Oh no...Phillip.

She turns down a side street, headed toward Phillip's.

EXT. PHILLIP'S - NIGHT

Not many lights on at Phillip's house. Lynn looks at Nicky, still asleep, then back to Phillip's. Nothing looks amiss. Phillip could be asleep. Maybe it was nothing...

She locks the car doors and heads up the walkway. At the front door she pauses. It's open a crack.

LYNN  
Oh no...

She pushes the door open, dreading what she's about to see, while dialing 911 on her cel phone.

INSIDE

The place is trashed. Chairs and tables overturned. Pictures ripped from the walls.

Lynn makes herself go in.

LYNN  
Phillip...? Please...

She moves in, completely expecting to find Phillip's body, the phone in her hand forgotten. Bracing herself for what she's about to find.

PHILLIP (O.S.)  
Lynn?

She can't believe it. She starts to move toward his voice, but stops when she sees him. He's standing in the hall, his back to her. Something's not right though...

PHILLIP

I heard it on the police scanner.

LYNN

Phillip, what...?

Phillip turns, but the face that meets her is nightmarish.

His face is roughly painted, like he did it himself. He looks like the shark-toothed clown from one of her paintings. Lynn recoils, confused.

Not really scared. Yet.

PHILLIP

He didn't kill you. I had my doubts; he wasn't the brightest bulb, was he? I think he actually believed it was his parents that your dad drove off the road.

LYNN

What...what are you talking about?

Phillip strolls into the kitchen.

PHILLIP

I'm not one for long explanations. Suffice it to say I've been keeping my eye on you for a long time now. Over twenty years. There was a time I thought I could simply forget what you did...

He pulls a large butcher knife out of the drawer and holds it up, inspecting its edge.

PHILLIP

Of course, that didn't last. And now...now, you're going to move away? You think you can get away from me now?

He's moving slowly around the room. Discretely putting himself closer to the door.

LYNN

I don't understand...what--why are you dressed like that?

PHILLIP

I see it like it was yesterday. I

was twelve. Sitting on the bench  
in the waiting area. Doctors  
rushing around...hurt, sick people  
everywhere. That awful smell...

He's rambling, staring at the blade, mesmerized by his  
reflection maybe, but now he's closer to the front door than  
Lynn is.

PHILLIP

And what I keep remembering--it  
haunts me in my sleep--was those  
policemen who walked by.

(mimics one)

"The little girl, she distracted  
him. Drove right into them."

Then his gaze locks on her. She doesn't know what he's  
talking about.

PHILLIP

I knew Bert, you know. He treated  
me for years. That's how I met  
Doug--the clown. He was so nuts  
that it didn't take much to  
convince him that killing you  
would make him all better. Of  
course, he was a loaded gun. He  
came after me tonight, but...I  
straightened him out.

His expression goes grim. Lynn can't absorb it, doesn't  
understand any of it.

PHILLIP

Don't worry, you can ask your dad  
what I'm talking about when you  
visit him in hell.

He raises the blade and rushes at her. She stumbles back,  
shoving a tall lamp in his way. He trips over it and falls,  
catching himself at the last second. He regains a measure of  
his dignity, brushing at his pants as he stands.

It might be funny if it weren't for the huge knife in his  
hand.

Lynn's trying to stay cool even though she's deathly  
frightened of the way Phillip looks, the clown makeup  
covering his face.

LYNN

Phillip. Listen to me. I'm your  
friend. I want to help you.

PHILLIP

Do you?

LYNN

Yes.

PHILLIP

Then please...let me stab you.

He feints her way her again. She dodges around the side of the sofa.

LYNN

Phillip--

PHILLIP

Stop calling me that. My name is Shane.

They are circling each other, the sofa a barrier between them.

PHILLIP

Would you like to know why you're so afraid of clowns?

She does, but she says nothing.

PHILLIP

At the hospital, some vapid nurse told you your parents were never coming back so you started crying. There was a clown at the hospital trying to cheer up the kids that day and...he came up behind you and touched your shoulder. I guess he was trying to make you smile. But...you saw him and wouldn't stop screaming bloody murder.

(beat)

Isn't it interesting how that one moment has shaped the rest of your life?

LYNN

And you've been...following me all these years?

PHILLIP

Yes.

Lynn's expression says just how nuts that is.

LYNN

And Amanda? Julie? Even Nicky?

PHILLIP

FUCK you, Lynn! What about my parents? What about ME?

LYNN

What about you?

She surprises him by moving a little closer, her face showing sympathy and kindness.

LYNN

Phillip...you're nuts.

She punches him square in the face. He's shocked, and hurt, falls back on his ass as blood starts to gush from his nose.

Lynn turns and runs.

OUTSIDE

She rushes to the car, fumbling at her keyring for the car key. She gets to her door, still sorting through her keys and naturally, she drops them.

Phillip bursts out the door, furious. He sees her car, that she's not in it. He turns to look the other direction as she stands up with the right key in her hand.

He hears, turns toward her. Too late--she's unlocked the door and slid in. He rushes over as the car starts, leaping on the hood as if he can stop her from getting away.

In reverse, she guns it.

Phillip slides off and hits the driveway painfully. Lynn has braked her car short of the road. She puts it in park. Stares at Phillip as he slowly stands up.

She looks at Nicky in the back seat, still asleep. Something's going through her mind but it's hard to tell what it is.

Phillip is walking toward the car now. Twenty feet away.

Lynn puts her hand on the shift lever. Takes a good look at the letters. R D N 1 2 3. Reverse takes her away from the nightmare walking toward her.

Phillip is fifteen feet away and closing.

Lynn pulls the lever down. Was it one click or two?

She stomps on a pedal and her car surges forward. Phillip has time to raise the knife before the car hits him, tossing him back into the yard like a rag doll.

She checks on Nicky--still buckled up and unbelievably still asleep. Back to front where Phillip lies in an unmoving heap.

Lynn lays her head on the steering wheel in utter exhaustion as SIRENS can be heard approaching.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The PHONE RINGS, and Lynn bolts upright in bed. She snatches it off the hook.

LYNN

Hello?

DETECTIVE PETERS (PHONE)

Lynn? Thank God you answered. I don't want you to panic--

LYNN

What? What's happened?

DETECTIVE PETERS

Look, I've got men on the way, they'll be there any second.

LYNN

What is it?

DETECTIVE PETERS

(exhales)

Doug Richardson--the clown...he escaped from the prison. I'm sure he's headed out of state as fast as he can go, but I'm sending men over there just to be safe. I want you to stay calm...

LYNN

When?

DETECTIVE PETERS

We're not sure, we--

She's already put the phone down and is moving down the hall toward Nicholas' room. Detective Peters keeps talking, but his voice soon fades away to nothing.

She passes Nicholas' room and goes to the front door. Checks the locks. Still locked, the security chain latched.

Relieved, she moves back to Nicholas' room. His door is half-closed, and pitch dark inside.

She pushes the door open, but it's still too dark to see Nicholas' bed.

Lynn flicks on the light.

The light comes on for an instant and immediately blows out. But in the snapshot flash Lynn sees the clown standing in front of her son's bed looking down on him, and at the flick of the switch, the clown begins to turn her way.

The room is pitch-black before their eyes can meet.

Lynn's fear is all-consuming. She unwittingly moves back against the wall, staring into the dark gaping hole into her son's room, so suddenly a mouth into madness.

Too paralyzed to scream, Lynn stares into the darkness, waiting for the clown to appear.

CLOSE ON THE DOORWAY

At any second, the clown's horrid face will loom out of the black, like a floating head, leering at her.

CLOSE ON LYNN

Lynn's lip trembles. She can't blink. Fear grips her every muscle.

CLOSER ON THE DOORWAY

BLACK - ROLL CREDITS