

Clown Divorce

written by

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INT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two people sit at a kitchen table, an uneaten meal between them. The woman looks put-upon, she stares up at the ceiling with a frustrated look on her face, her eyes on the verge of tears.

CINDY

I just don't feel like you're taking this seriously. I feel like you never take anything seriously.

The camera pans over and we see a man wearing sad clown makeup. His red nose and curly, rainbow-colored hair belie the grave look on his face as he straightens a flower attached to his colorful suspenders.

BOSCO

I'm taking this serious, I swear. I've never been more serious in my life.

CINDY

I want to believe that. I really do. But it's our kids we're talking about, I need to be sure I can trust their safety to you.

BOSCO

Cindy, I promise you, the gun was only loaded with a little red flag that says "bang!", the kids were in no danger!

CINDY

I'm just not comfortable with my children having access to a gun at all!!

BOSCO

That's fine. That's fine, I completely understand. I can buy a case to keep them in, and put a lock on the case. Here, I'll put it on my shopping list right now! Look!

He reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a pen, but the pen just keeps coming. He pulls out 3 feet of pen before Cindy rolls her eyes with a sigh.

CINDY

This is exactly what I'm talking about!

BOSCO  
I'm sorry! I'm taking this  
seriously, I swear! This is my best  
pen!

He finally finishes pulling out the pen and writes a note to  
buy a gun case.

BOSCO (CONT'D)  
See? See, I've written it down. Buy  
a gun case. I'll have it by end of  
day saturday!

CINDY  
Bosco, I...

BOSCO  
What? What can I do to make you  
more comfortable? I want to fix  
this.

CINDY  
Bosco, I just don't think this is  
working...

Bosco stands up and emphatically stomps his foot, which is  
clad in a comically-oversized red shoe and lets out a squeaky  
noise.

BOSCO  
Dammit, Cindy, what more do you  
want from me, I'm doing my best!

CINDY  
I know! And I shouldn't be mad at  
you for that, but I am!

BOSCO  
Well what the hell do you want me  
to do?!

CINDY  
NOTHING!! I DON'T KNOW!!

BOSCO  
Is this about Chuckles?!

Cindy's expression goes stone cold.

CINDY  
Don't you dare bring up Chuckles.

BOSCO  
So it IS about Chuckles!!

Cindy stands up, face red with rage

CINDY  
IT'S NOT ABOUT CHUCKLES!

BOSCO  
IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT CHUCKLES!!

Bosco produces a cream pie, seemingly from thin air, and throws it right past Cindy's head. It splats against the wall as she gives Bosco an offended glare.

BOSCO (CONT'D)  
I WAS NEVER AS GOOD AS CHUCKLES! I  
NEVER LIVED UP TO CHUCKLES!! NO  
MATTER HOW MUCH WORK I'VE DONE, WE  
HAVE KIDS NOW AND YOU STILL CAN'T  
GET PAST CHUCKLES!!

CINDY  
YOU'RE MORE OBSESSED ABOUT CHUCKLES  
THAN I'VE EVER BEEN!

BOSCO  
OH REALLY?!

Bosco reaches over and picks up a porcelain clown figurine.

BOSCO (CONT'D)  
THEN EXPLAIN THIS!

CINDY  
That's a collectable! You know  
that!

BOSCO  
Oh really?! Well then what about...

Bosco walks over to a door at the side of the room, and as he goes to reach for the handle, Cindy leaps into his way, attempting to block the door before he can go inside.

CINDY  
No!

Bosco stops and stares at Cindy, who looks suddenly nervous.

BOSCO  
What's in there, Cindy?

CINDY

Nothing! Our bedroom. You know what's in there, and I know you just want to go into the Chuckles Closet again.

BOSCO

You wouldn't be this nervous about the Chuckles Closet, Cindy, what else is in our bedroom?!

CINDY

It's nothing! You're paranoid!

The two glare at each other for a tense moment. Bosco then pushes Cindy aside and opens the bedroom door. We see a naked clown man leave the room, and Bosco's eyes stare daggers at Cindy.

A moment later, another clown man comes out of the bedroom. Then another. And another. A whole stream of naked clowns leave the room, and Bosco's withering glare intensifies as each one leaves the room. Cindy looks more and more ashamed as time goes on.

CINDY (CONT'D)

It's not what it looks like!

Camera slowly pans out as Bosco pulls at his wedding ring. An entire fake arm detaches, which he throws to the ground, revealing a ringless hand beneath. He storms off as the stream of naked clowns continues to pour out of their bedroom.