

CLOWN INFESTED AREAS

Written by

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"Congestive Heart Failure" Joke by

Matt Colbo

FADE IN:

INT. CALEB'S KITCHEN - DAY

A label marked "BILLS" sticks above a weaved-basket filled with mail.

MATT COLLINS (25) perches on a sofa with his dress shirt buttoned all the way up, but not tucked in, his long hair sticking all over the place, and dark circles under his eyes.

He cradles a beer with both hands.

MATT

Assuming you are healthy, your heart when working normally, acts, sort of like a pump, or rather, two pumps.

He shares a comforter with CALEB COLLINS (22), who looks equally haggard, but is more clean shaven.

MATT (CONT'D)

You see your right heart expands to draw deoxygenated blood in from the body and contracts to pump it out to the lungs to become oxygenated. And at the same time, your left heart draws in oxygenated blood from the lungs and then pumps it out to the rest of your stupid, misshapen body.

Caleb closes his eyes forcefully, as if trying to shut his brother out of his life.

MATT (CONT'D)

Now sometimes, irregularities can occur that prevent your heart from pumping properly. "Congestive Heart Failure" is an interesting one. Say your heart loses some of its contractile force due to high blood pressure, for example.

JUSTIN JONES (33) looms over a large map of the district, spectacles showing his age, cup of coffee in hand, blueprints pushed off to the side.

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

This will result in the pooling of blood in your left heart, or left ventricle chamber, and in response to this, the cells in your left ventricle will enlarge to push against the higher circulatory resistance caused by the increase in blood pressure, which is a great solution, but only in the short term.

SAMMY SMITH (29) in hoodie and sweats receives a text and shows it to Justin.

ON PHONE

"80 6 if shtf"

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

Much like your parents' decision to try to save their marriage by having, well, you.

JUSTIN

(quietly)

What is shtf?

MATT (O.S.)

But because of these enlarged cells, the left ventricle chamber then becomes much smaller.

SAMMY

(mouthing)

Shit hits fan.

Justin looks at it, looks to the Caleb and Matt, and nods to Sammy.

MATT (O.S.)

Resulting in less blood being able to fill into it.

Sammy deletes it off his phone.

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

And because the blood coming into the left ventricle has nowhere to go, it begins to back up into the lungs and from there, because it's all a cycle, it'll back up into the right heart and then you've got congestive heart failure on your hands.

Justin places a red thimble on the map and lowers his head to level of the table before him.

JUSTIN

Itinerary one more time?

MATT (O.S.)

Not unlike, how the incessant, heated disagreements between your timeworn mother and father is also, on your hands. The name "Congestive Heart Failure" though is apt because fluid then leaks into your alveolar air spaces making it difficult to breathe, and with all this, blood pressure increases, yet again.

SAMMY

Yezzir. Costumes 2015. En route to garage by 2030.

MATT (V.O.)

And the original hypertrophy of muscle cells in your left ventricle is no longer a help, and since the contractile force of your heart has decreased...

Justin moves a red thimble on the map from one location to the next.

SAMMY

Makeup from 2100 to 2130.

MATT (V.O.)

It certainly can't pump against the new, much higher resistance and because of that...

SAMMY

Alleyway on Brooklyn Ave by 2200. En route to 15th Ave by 2215 by I-5. Estimated time of arrival 2230.

Justin slowly moves the red thimble from the alleyway behind garage through traffic to 15th Ave.

MATT

Your body in response to the heart not pumping sufficient blood, thinks "well gee golly, ha, I mustn't have enough fluid!" So it tells your kidneys then to return any liquid you take in, meaning you'll retain a lot more water.

SAMMY

Out of the house by 2300. En route by foot to A Lot Like Bar with an ETA of 2315.

Justin moves the red thimble to the bar down the street.

Sammy tries to block out Matt, who just seems to be getting louder and louder.

MATT (O.S.)

Which has to go somewhere, so it leaks into your legs, abdomen, and all over the body, and can result in the gaining of 2 to 3 pounds per day.

SAMMY

Out of bar by 2330. En route to Kappa Sigma Fraternity by foot with an ETA of 2345.

Justin moves the thimble from the bar to the frat house.

MATT (O.S.)

Which as you can imagine, will cause rapid accumulation of total body weight.

SAMMY

From there, we have an exit time of 0100, en route to 21st Street house party by 0130.

Justin moves the thimble to 21st.

MATT

And after just one month, someone afflicted by this disease could amass up to 100 extra pounds!

Sammy looks over at Matt, distracted. Justin looks too.

SAMMY

Out of 21st by 0145, with an ETA to garage by 0300.

Justin moves the thimble back to the garage.

MATT (O.S.)

There is effectively no way that a human being could gain weight at this rate, by any other mechanism.

SAMMY

Pre-trip okay?

JUSTIN

Pre-trip okay.

The two look over at the brothers on the couch. Caleb finally sits up and rubs the sleep from his eyes.

MATT

And that is why, it seems as though it is the only rational explanation as to what must be happening to your mom.

Caleb laughs his contagious, smoker laugh.

CALEB

We have the same mom, dick.

MATT

It's a good joke though, no?

Justin walks over to the CALENDAR next to the basket of bills.

He grabs the magnetic marker on top and circles the 31st day of October.

JUSTIN

Happy Halloween.

SAMMY

Happy Halloween.

MATT

Happy hallo fucking ween.

Matt tosses a beer over to his brother.

CALEB

I'm thirsty.

Caleb pops open the beer. He slurps it down to keep it from fizzing out.

EXT. JUSTIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The four friends -- dressed in clown outfits, but with no make-up on -- stand on the second level of the apartment building.

Justin locks up the apartment with a big black duffel bag slung across his shoulders.

Sammy smokes a pink e-cig, while looking at his phone.

Matt stands with his hands in his pocket, blank staring out over the railing.

Caleb smokes a cig, with sunglasses on his face and a flask in his hand.

MARY (60s), Justin's neighbor, places her hand to her chest as she tries to walk by the clowns.

CALEB

Hi, how are ya?

Caleb gives her a friendly nod and smile, SMOKE EXHALING out of his nostrils.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A toddler plays in the grass. He points to the four friends walking down the middle of the isolated street.

The boy's mother throws them a death glare and picks up her son.

In the direction the friends are going, traffic looks hectic.

Charlie looks to the opposite side of the street of the mother and sees a waitress tending tables at an outside restaurant.

Her and the customers give them no heed, as if every day normal life.

Coming up to the intersection, a college-aged person dressed up as a cow and another dressed up as a cowboy carry a shit ton of beer.

COW

Hey, hey, hey! Clowns! Whoo.

The cow tosses Matt a beer.

MATT

Ya boy.

Justin gently pushes Matt in the shoulder toward the correct destination.

The four friends walk up a driveway to a detached, rundown garage.

INT. COLLINS GARAGE - DAY

A large, dirty mirror sits in the middle of the garage, with boxes stacked high around it.

Caleb sits in an old-school barber chair. Justin slowly applies clown make-up onto his face, while he smokes a cig like a crack addict.

Matt, already with make-up on, looks incredibly focused lying on a couch playing with a Rubik's cube.

He glances at the movie HIGH NOTE playing on the tiny TV plugged into a generator.

Sammy sits diligently at Matt's feet sipping a beer from a cozy.

He takes a drag from his e-cig and blows out smoke.

SAMMY

You know that your sense of hearing
is the last sense to go after you
die.

Matt works on his Rubik's cube, Justin applies make-up, and Caleb sits pleasantly as the makeup is applied to him.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

So when a person dies, he or she
will hear what you say to them
(looks over at Matt)
right before they pass over.

CALEB

A little morbid.

JUSTIN

Don't move.

Matt sits up slightly, no longer focused on his cube.

MATT

What the shit. Is that true? Do you think that's why people always have some sort of catch phrase after they kill someone in the movies?

Matt excitedly sits up higher.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hasta la vista, baby. Do I feel lucky? Well, do ya punk. Famous last words heard by the punks getting their good in.

Matt sits flabbergasted as to why the others aren't as excited as he is.

SAMMY

Harry doesn't kill him in that movie though.

MATT

Yes, he does.

SAMMY

Have you ever even seen Dirty Harry?

MATT

Regardless, I think it's blasphemous that movies haven't even acknowledged this fact.

CALEB

I'm pretty sure Arnold says that line and then blows the T1000 away, too.

Matt looks at each of his friends. All three go about their business as usual.

MATT

I guess it's just me that thought that was an interesting fact, Sammy.

SAMMY

It's okay.

Matt lies back down on the sofa.

CALEB

Why you so serious?

JUSTIN

A manner in which a person does a thing is a manner in which said person will do most things.

Justin takes a drag as he does the finishing touches. Caleb contemplates what Justin just said.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Caleb and Justin nod their heads together in approval looking at themselves in the mirror.

INT. COLLINS GARAGE - DAY

Time lapse of the four friends doing various activities to stay busy.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - JUSTIN'S CAR - SUNSET

Garbage litters the alleyway.

The four friends stand next to each other in front of a piece of shit Toyota Corolla.

Justin watches the map and blueprints from before catch on fire. He then uses the FLAMES to light a cigarette.

MATT

Goin' to a Chapel and we're...

Matt comes in and lights his own.

MATT (CONT'D)

Goin' to get married...

Matt shakes Caleb excitedly.

INT. JUSTIN'S CAR - SUNSET

The four friends drive through heavy traffic to their first party. Caleb and Matt drink beers, while Justin smokes a cigarette. Sammy sits neatly in the passenger seat with good posture.

The Toyota crawls to a stop at a traffic light.

A police car barely makes the light going the other direction and pulls up alongside them.

Two cops look right at the friends.

Justin blows out his drag and gives the cops a little wave and a smile that says, "Hi, how's it going?"

Matt rolls down his window, chewing gum and wearing aviators.

He stares down the cops with a smile. The cops stare back. Cops drive off.

MATT

Cot Dayum, fuckin' pigs.

CALEB

God damn, fuckin' pigs.

SAMMY

God damn, fuckin' pigs.

JUSTIN

God damn, fuckin' pigs.

Daniel turns on a SONG from his iPhone. The blown out speaker in the back does its best to handle the bass.

Justin drives off across the city and into the sunset.

INT. FIRST HALLOWEEN PARTY - NIGHT

The four friends walk into the packed house filled with many different costumed people.

Beautiful, scantily-dressed women dance with each other.

Scooby Doo and Shaggy play beer pong.

A fucked-up Randy Johnson smokes a blunt.

The three friends mix into the various social groups.

Justin greets one of his friends quickly and heads toward the back room. He beckons for the others to follow.

All four enter the back room.

INT. FIRST HALLOWEEN PARTY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The friends exit the back room looking slightly more fucked up and head outside on their way to another party.

EXT. MARS BAR - NIGHT

Justin, Matt, Caleb, and Sammy receive the help of a bouncer, dressed normally, but with cat whiskers drawn on his face, to skip the long line of costumed people.

The bouncer and Sammy catch up as the Justin, Matt, and Caleb head inside.

Justin flicks out his cigarette and throws it away before he enters, his face serious as he makes eye contact with a group of females still waiting in line.

INT. MARS BAR - SAME TIME

The friends enter into a overflowing, costumed bar.

Three ghosts sing CONSTANT SORROW on stage.

They see their friend ANDREW (late 20s) bartending who offers them free shots. They each take them quickly and mingle through the crowd.

They make their way up to the

SECOND FLOOR

and pass another bouncer with whiskers into a more secluded room. A few men dressed in suits sit along a brown, leather sofa.

The men greet Sammy cheerfully, then shake hands with the three other clown friends.

The door closes.

EXT. KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY - NIGHT

Besides the spatter of beer cans, the house looks richly decorated, with the lawn neatly trimmed.

Fraternity brothers dressed as members from TOY STORY do a two-story beer bong.

Justin, Matt, and Sammy walk up to the front door. Caleb greets a few members before catching up with the others.

INT. ALPHA OMEGA FRATERNITY - SAME TIME

Justin, Matt, Caleb, and Sammy enter the three story frat house and witness a boatload of fraternity brothers and sorority sisters dressed in costumes.

They bump and grind together, as if it went out of style ten years ago.

Three bros walk up to the clowns aggressively. Caleb comes from behind to greet them by jumping into one of their arms.

The bros see that it's Caleb and greet him with enthusiasm.

They then shower the rest of the clown friends with enthusiasm. One bro takes them into an elegant dining room filled with other frat brothers doing lines of cocaine off of a large, glass dining room table.

The door closes.

EXT. LAST HALLOWEEN PARTY - NIGHT

Justin, Caleb, Matt, and Sammy walk up the concrete steps to a house that would look nice if college kids weren't living in it.

The shrubs are overgrown, trash is thrown across the grass, and one of the windows in the front is completely missing.

Girls use a slip n' slide in their skimpy outfits.

The outside has a large amount of students going crazy -- far more than the other parties.

INT. LAST HALLOWEEN PARTY - NIGHT

Foam escapes the adjacent foam-filled living room.

Two guys looking like JOHN TRAVOLTA and SAMUEL L. JACKSON from PULP FICTION dispense ecstasy pills from their silver guns into the mouths of random people.

Matt quickly makes out with a random chick and becomes the life of the party.

INT. LAST HALLOWEEN PARTY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Justin, out in front, turns a corner -- his expression turns from smiling drunk to serious. A STROBE LIGHT SHINES across his serious, clown face.

The three others right behind him. They also turn serious.

The friends run into a huge guy named BIG D (24) guarding a door to one of the back rooms.

Matt greets him enthusiastically.

MATT

Big D, hows the big dick treating ya?

Big D gives Matty a smile.

BIG D

Matty, always commenting on my big dick.

He greets Matt back and lets Matt, Sammy, and Caleb into the back room.

Justin stays outside with the big guy.

BIG D (CONT'D)

You're not coming in?

JUSTIN

Nope.

John Travolta and Samuel L. Jackson walk by and greet Big D, and then make their way in.

BIG D

You sure?

JUSTIN

Yep.

Justin and Big D stare at each other.

INT. LAST HALLOWEEN PARTY DRUG ROOM - NIGHT

The Head Honcho (24), his Colleague (23), two college-aged female students, plus the three clowns sit openly in the room filled with couches and glass mirrors.

Lines of cocaine spread across each and every one of the mirrors.

The Colleague hands a mirror to Matt.

John Travolta and Samuel L. Jackson walk in and pat Matt on the back.

MATT

So, three guys were talking one morning about how drunk they were--

JOHN TRAVOLTA

That's what I like to see, Matty.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON

Matty Ice, back in his natural habitat.

MATT

Hey what's up, guys. About how drunk they were the night before.

Matt holds everyone's attention to focus on him as he snorts a fat line of coke.

MATT (CONT'D)

First guy. Man, I was so drunk last night I got home and blew chunks.

Sammy greets The Head Hauncho, who looks like your everyday college student that excels in chemistry, and hands him an envelope filled with cash.

MATT (CONT'D)

Second guy. Oh, yeah? Well, I was so drunk that on the way home I was pulled over and given a DUI!

John Travolta dispenses a pill out of his gun into the mouth of one of the girls.

MATT (CONT'D)

Third guy. That's nothing. I was so drunk that on the way home, I picked up a prostitute and my wife caught us in bed!

Sammy follows The Head Hauncho goes back to a closet.

MATT (CONT'D)

First guy. No, no... You guys don't understand. Chunks is my dog.

While everyone laughs at Matt, Sammy pulls out a huge fucking Colt .45 and hits The Head Hauncho in the back of the head.

Caleb slowly pulls out a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN and BLASTS a lamp to smithereens when Colleague attempts to go for a gun.

The room quickly goes still.

Matt pulls two 9mm pistols and aims it at John Travolta and Samuel L. Jackson.

INT. LAST HALLOWEEN PARTY HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Justin stands outside intently watching Big D.

The SOUND of Caleb's shotgun blast barely penetrates the loud EDM MUSIC PLAYING in the house.

Justin slowly pulls out his pistol as Big D turns to put his ear to the door.

Justin grabs him and pushes him through it.

INT. LAST HALLOWEEN PARTY DRUG ROOM - SAME TIME

Justin hits Big D over and over again until the big man stops moving on the ground.

Justin, Matt, and Caleb forcefully shoves everyone onto the ground.

JUSTIN
Time, Sammy?

Sammy checks his watch.

SAMMY
Four minutes sixteen.

Justin tosses Matt a bag of zip ties.

JUSTIN
Matty.

Matt and Caleb begin tying up the drug dealers.

Justin searches the closet. Sammy pushes The Head Hauncho over to Matty and Caleb.

Justin pulls out a shoebox full of cash and another one filled with pills. Sammy comes over and helps search.

Matt pulls out ball gags and starts putting them in each of the dealers' mouths.

Caleb ties up The Head Hauncho.

Justin dumps both boxes into Sammy's tiny clown back pack. He grabs the main dealer's face menacingly.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Where's the blow?

He shoves his face away.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Sammy, look under the bed. Caleb
check the cushions.

Justin throws him a long knife.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Time?

SAMMY
One Minute ten.

Matt puts the ball gag into The Head Hauncho's mouth.

BANGING comes from the door.

The friends freeze.

Matt high-tails it to the door.

Matt, Justin, and Sammy look at each other. Caleb finds the kilos of blow and excitedly non-screams in delight.

Justin puts up his finger to shush him.

JUSTIN
(quietly)
To Sammy.

Justin stands next to Matt. Caleb puts the blow into Sammy's bag.

Matt cracks open the door.

Justin, Sammy, and Caleb hold guns to the dealers' heads as they try calling out for help.

The girl Matt was kissing earlier peeks at Matt through the cracked-open door.

MATT
Five minutes, baby girl.

RANDOM GIRL
Hurry up, Matty.

MATT
Promise. Five minutes.

The girl walks away. Matt shuts the door.

Caleb, Justin, and Sammy start grabbing their belongings and tidying up their costumes.

Matt pulls his gun on the closest dealer to him, who is still trying to make as much noise as possible.

MATT (CONT'D)

You ready for my catch phrase?

Matt cocks his pistol. Justin grabs his arms and pushes the pistol away.

JUSTIN

What the fuck are you doing?

MATT

What? I'm just messing around.

He pushes Matt towards the door.

Justin lets Caleb and Sammy exit the now calm back room first. He pushes Matt to follow him.

JUSTIN

Go.

Justin looks back at all of the tied up, struggling college drug dealers.

He gives them a little salute and exits.

EXT. LAST HALLOWEEN PARTY - NIGHT

The friends exit the party. The partygoers unaware of what had just occurred.

They walk towards the back of the house into the

ALLEYWAY

They get into the Toyota Corolla.

Justin takes off his wig, as Sammy begins changing out of his outfit.

Matt, still in costume, jumps around in the back excitedly.

MATT

Oh, man. You should have seen their faces. So good.

CALEB
(mockingly)
You ready for my catchphrase.

Matt and Caleb burst out laughing.

The two friends in the front aren't as enthused, but Justin manages a smile.

The friends drive away.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. UNIVERSITY WAY - NIGHT

A slight snow gently comes down onto the usually busy street and begins covering all of the cars that are parked along the side.

I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS PLAYS in the background.

Justin stands next to his car dressed in a Santa outfit. He smokes a cigarette with his fake beard pulled down.

He goes to the trunk. As he opens it, he slips on the snow and hits his shin.

JUSTIN
Mother fucker.

Clearly frustrated, he puts his head onto the license plate.

He grabs two handguns and checks them, and places them on his bulletproof vest.

He buttons his Santa coat up.

Justin grabs a long knife and puts it on his boot and walks back to the front to finish his cigarette.

Matt -- dressed in an elf outfit -- and Caleb -- dressed in a Frosty the Snowman outfit -- walk up to Justin.

MATT
Hi, Santa.

CALEB
Hey, Santa. Good morning.

JUSTIN
Ol' Saint Nick to you.

Justin puts his beard on. He leans down and pokes his head next to the car window.

Sammy sits in the passenger seat in a reindeer outfit.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
You coming, Sammy?

Sammy stares at his friend. He reluctantly gets out.

The four friends head to a house that looks to be having a Christmas party.

Matt gets really excited and keeps jumping on the other friends.

Justin keeps shrugging him off. He flicks his cigarette out with his fingers and tosses it.

FADE OUT.