

Not Today

by

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FADE IN:

INT. PALS HALLWAY. NIGHT

A dark empty hallway, the walls filled with photographs. One shows a clown on his own, the next showing a clown with his wife, the next showing the couple with a pup, the next photo shows the couple with a child and the final photo is of a joyful clown family, with two children and their dog.

The front door opens slowly and a clowns over sized red boots steps in.

PAL is standing in the doorway, revealing him wearing baggy polka dot trousers, a vibrant yellow shirt with an over sized bow tie, and a multi coloured jacket. His face is painted in with white makeup and a huge red smile, hand painted over his mouth. The vibrant face paint is contrasted by the reveal of his glazed over, distant and vacant expression.

Pal closes the door behind him and takes off his bell filled hat, turning and hanging it on the hatstand.

Pal reaches into his jacket sleeve and pulls out a bouquet of flowers and puts them in a vase, throwing his multi-coloured keys next to it. Then reaching into the other sleeve, and pulling a handkerchief from his sleeve. He keeps pulling, and keeps pulling the handkerchief from his sleeve in an endless chain. All while having a completely distant expression on his face.

He puts the handkerchief onto the hat stand, as he turns around and starts walking toward the kitchen the hat stand falls apart. Pal stops in his tracks, he takes a deep breath in.

PAL  
(Sighs) Not Today

Pal walks down the hallway toward the kitchen, shoes slightly honking with each step.

INT. PALS KITCHEN. NIGHT

He walks into his kitchen and goes straight over to a cupboard, opening the cupboard door and staring into it, the cupboard is filled with pie bases. Looking at the lack of options in a dissatisfied way, he squirts his flower into his mouth.

He takes a pie base out of the cupboard and knocks the door closed, he tosses the pie base into the microwave, taps a button, he walks to the counter at the side, he leans back and tries to squirt more drink into his mouth from his flower, realising it's empty.

Meanwhile the pie base in the microwave is slowly growing into a cream filled pie.

He grabs a bottle of whiskey from the side and takes the tube for the flower and puts it into the bottle, putting the bottle in his pocket, then taking another "swig" from the flower.

The microwave makes a honking noise and Pal takes it out and puts it on the counter, grabbing his knife and fork before going into the next room. He walks in and sits down at the empty dinner table. Just before reluctantly taking his first bite of pie, Pal slowly pauses, takes his eyes off his food, turning to the side to see his balloon dog sitting by a can of dog food.

Pal looks alleviated, as he puts down his fork and gets up from the table. Pal walks over with more enthusiasm than before, and grabs the can of food.

He smirks at the balloon dog and starts to open the can of dog food, shifting his weight as it's difficult to open.

The can springs open and inflatable "snakes" pop out and hit Pal in the face and bow tie. He slightly jumps in surprise. His over sized bow tie begins to spin and brush Pal in the face as it picks up speed.

PAL  
(Sighs) Not Today

The bow tie speeds up more, hitting him in the face more violently, he breaks into a fit of rage, ripping the bow tie off his neck and throws it to the side of him, looking to the side as he does. The bow tie hits a family photo and it falls off the side, Pal runs to try and catch it before it falls, but doesn't make it, and the glass in the frame of the photograph cracks.

Pal looks heartbroken before turning it over, he sees the crack in the frame. The crack in the glass divides Pal and Pal's wife with the kids and dog.

In his reflection in the cracked glass, Pal stares back at himself, taking a moment to himself.

Pal puts the photo on the table facing him. Walks over to the table and squirts the flower, full of whiskey, into

this mouth, staring at the photo before turning back to his food.

He picks up his fork again and tries to eat, after a moment he throws the fork down into the pie, and looks over to his picture frame, and sighs.

He takes another long "swig" out of his flower flask.

INT. PALS OFFICE. NIGHT

Pal walks over to a wardrobe, kneels down and pulls out a clown shoe sized shoe box from under the wardrobe. He pulls the lid off and knocks it to the side of the box.

Inside the box is a 357. Magnum revolver, an old dusty clown nose and baby photos of Pal, without clown make up on, along with other paper work.

Pal reaches for the gun and takes it out of the box.

He opens the cylinder, seeing 5 bullets, leaving the sixth slot empty. He spins the chamber and quickly flicks it into the loaded position.

He stands up and turns round to the mirror, he looks himself in the eyes for a moment.

Pal slowly raises the gun to the side of his head. Taking longer breathes, he pulls back the hammer with his thumb. His breathing slows down more. His finger slowly tightens around the trigger, until it starts to resist against his finger. Pal takes a final breath in and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT:

(BANG)

FADE IN:

Pal opens his eyes slowly to reveal the BANG flag hanging from the barrel of the gun and confetti falling all around him.

Pal smiles at his reflection

PAL  
(through a smirk) Not today

CUT TO BLACK:

NOT TODAY