

No Fun
an original screenplay by
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FADE IN:

White and Blue balloons fill the screen as credits roll. The balloons pull back revealing a man dressed in a SUPERMAN costume french kissing a FRENCH MAID.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: 'No Fun'

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A CLOWN sits on a couch. WYATT BRIGGS (30's). He looks slightly out of his elements.

All around him there is LAUGHTER. MUSIC. Costumed party-goers walk to and fro with drinks. Wyatt looks around.

WYATT'S POV - BOBBY A.K.A. SUPERMAN

Bobby remains glued to FRENCH MAID. We PAN, taking in other couples as they talk and flirt.

Wyatt shift uncomfortably.

A NURSE sits down beside Wyatt. She smiles at him. He smiles then turns around to sip his drink. Nervous at the prospect. He musters up his courage and turns back to the woman. She now flirts with a man in DEVIL HORNS. Wyatt frowns. Gets up.

Wyatt steps up to Bobby. He waits for Bobby to acknowledge him. Clears his throat. Bobby stops kissing the French Maid and turns to Wyatt, still embracing her.

WYATT
I'm gonna head home.

BOBBY
You all right?

Wyatt scans the crowd.

QUICK CUTS

ALI BABA and CHER sharing a laugh.

EVA BRAUN and EINSTEIN kissing.

S&M MAN and LITTLE BO PEEP whispering sweet nothings.

WYATT
Fine. Great. I'm just going to head home.

Bobby and Wyatt stare at one another blankly.

BOBBY

Okay.

Bobby turns back to the French Maid, picking up where they left off. Wyatt leaves.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A BEAT UP SEDAN chugs its way down a relatively deserted suburban street.

INT. BEAT UP SEDAN/MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt drives. Still dressed as a clown.

WYATT

There'll be lot's of women there,
Wyatt. It'll be a good time, Wyatt.
(beat)
Some good time, Bobby.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

The sedan comes to an abrupt halt.

INT. BEAT UP SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt removes his red clown nose and wig, tossing them into the passenger's seat. He unzips the costume a few inches, and tries to pull his arm through the sleeve. But he doesn't have enough room in the front seat. He scowls. Opens the car door, arm stuck in his sleeve.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt tries to unzip the costume more to free his arm. But the zipper is stuck.

WYATT

Damn it.

He wrestles with the sleeve, pulling with all of his might to free his arm. He loses his footing, slamming into the car door and closing it. Concern suddenly grips him. He tries the door. It's locked. He tries it again, in disbelief. Looks in the window.

WYATT'S POV - KEYS

The keys dangle from the ignition.

Wyatt frowns. Looks himself over. Sighs and walks toward the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC PLAYS. A typical night crowd smokes, laughs, and boozes it up. A SILENCE befalls several of the bar room conversations, heads turning to see...

WYATT. He ignores the attention. Saunters up to the bar next to a teary eyed woman. PAIGE ANDERSON (30's). Wyatt's appearance grabs her attention.

Wyatt signals to the BAR TENDER. He steps up, giving Wyatt a once over.

WYATT

Can I get a coat hanger?

BAR TENDER

A what?

WYATT

A coat hanger.

BAR TENDER

What's in it?

WYATT

No. No. I locked my keys in my car. I need a coat hanger.

BAR TENDER

Oh.

(yelling O.S.)

Hey, Suze. Bring me a coat hanger.

(to Wyatt)

You want a drink?

WYATT

Whiskey and Coke.

The bar tender moves off. Wyatt takes a stool next to Paige.

PAIGE

You really a clown?

Wyatt shoots Paige a sideways look.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

'Cause I could really use some cheering up.

WYATT

Yeah, well, you're talking to the wrong guy.

Paige seems hurt by this. Wyatt notices.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry. This hasn't been
my best day.

PAIGE
What's the matter?

Wyatt starts to say something, then stops.

WYATT
I wouldn't want to bore you to death.
(beat)
You?

PAIGE
Where should I start.
(beat)
What's your name?

WYATT
Wyatt.

PAIGE
I'm Paige.

Paige shakes Wyatt's hand. He smiles awkwardly.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
So what's with the -

She indicates the costume.

WYATT
Costume party.

An awkward silence. Paige smiles to herself.

PAIGE
You know, I've never had a drink
with a clown before.

Wyatt smiles awkwardly.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE UP COAT HANGER

The coat hanger has been bent into a loop. It swipes inches
above the depressed car lock, slipping across its surface.

WYATT (O.S.)
Shit.

Wyatt wrestles with the hanger, trying to pry the lock free. Paige leans back against the car, hugging herself against the cold.

PAIGE

I really appreciate this. I normally save a twenty for the ride home, but...it's been a particularly shitty day. But, you know. I really hate cabs anyway. This'll be much nicer.

Wyatt wrestles with the hanger.

WYATT

Ain't it though?

PAIGE

God, it's freezing out tonight. I can't wait to get home and just crawl into bed.

Wyatt's ears perk up. He tries to open the lock more fervently. Paige turns her back to the car.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

When we get back to my apartment, I really want to repay you.

Wyatt looks up at Paige, surprised. The LOCK pops up.

INT. BEAT UP SEDAN/MOVING - NIGHT

The RADIO plays. Paige sits in the passenger seat, pulling the lock up and down. Up and down. Wyatt swallows hard. Wyatt looks over at her. She pulls down the visor.

PAIGE

God. I look a mess.

Paige begins to rummage through her purse. She finds her lipstick. She scoots forward in the seat to get a better look at her reflection. Her skirt shimmies up, exposing her thigh.

Wyatt steals a look. A CAR HORN!

Wyatt swerves the car. The contents of Paige's purse, splash out onto the floorboards.

WYATT

Sorry.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The sedan pulls to an abrupt start.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt puts it in park. Paige smiles at Wyatt. She suddenly leans toward Wyatt. He swallows hard, anticipating a kiss. Paige reveals a big red wig that she was sitting on. Wyatt pulls back. Paige laughs at the wig and hands it to Wyatt. She smiles.

PAIGE
Thanks for the ride.

WYATT
Yeah. No - no problem.

PAIGE
If you want to come up to the
apartment I can pay you back.

Wyatt smiles nervously.

WYATT
Okay.

Paige turns to get out but stops abruptly. Something catches her attention.

PAIGE
Oh my God.

WYATT
What?

PAIGE
I just saw a shadow. Someone is in
my apartment!

Wyatt crouches down to get a look at the apartment.

WYATT'S POV - APARTMENT WINDOW

A shadow moves across the window.

Wyatt and Paige exchange nervous looks.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The door creaks open. A LARGE CLOWN SHOE steps in. Wyatt steps into the threshold. Paige huddles close behind. She stops him. Hands him a GLASS VIGIL CANDLE from a end table. Wyatt takes the candle, painted with a picture of Jesus.

He starts down a hallway. He slowly passes the bathroom, turning the candle in his hands. FLUSH!

Wyatt spins around. Presses himself up against the wall, poised to strike. The door opens. A MAN steps out. The two men SCREAM. They run down the hall. The MAN grabs a lamp, stopping in a stand off before Paige.

PAIGE

Jimmy?

JIMMY (30's) wields the lamp like a sword, his fly open.

JIMMY AND WYATT

You know this guy?

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Paige paces. Wyatt sits uncomfortably on a sofa. Jimmy searches his pockets for a cigarette.

JIMMY

Paige. I need to talk to you. Alone.

WYATT

I should probably -

Wyatt stands. Paige sits him back down.

PAIGE

I told you to give me all the keys, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I kept one.

PAIGE

So you lied. Well that's a surprise.

JIMMY

Paige! We need to talk.

PAIGE

Whatever you have to say, you can say in front of Wayne.

WYATT

Wyatt.

PAIGE

Wyatt.

Jimmy does a slow burn at Wyatt. He takes a seat.

JIMMY

Things didn't work out with Shelly.

Paige folds her arms. Scowls.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We had this big fight. She threw all my stuff out the window and told me not to come back. I grabbed everything I could and took off. It wasn't until I got halfway across town that I realized...I forgot something.

PAIGE

Yeah? Well, what?

JIMMY

I uh, I left the pictures.

PAIGE

Pictures! I thought you burnt those, Jimmy!

JIMMY

Yeah, well, I never got around to it.

Paige glares at Jimmy.

PAIGE

You're an asshole.

Paige storms off to the bedroom. Jimmy glares at Wyatt, then hurries after Paige. Wyatt looks around. He's unsure what to do. He can hear snippets of their conversation from the next room.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Come on, Paige. I can't go back there.

PAIGE (O.S.)

You have to go back there!

JIMMY (O.S.)

She chased me out with a baseball bat, Paige. She'll hospitalize me if she sees me.

PAIGE (O.S.)

Fine!

Paige storms out of the bedroom. Wyatt sits back, trying to pretend relaxed.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go.

Paige storms out the door. Wyatt, stands, unsure of what is happening. He turns to leave, then stops, throwing a nervous smile and wave at Jimmy. Jimmy glares back.

INT. BEAT UP SEDAN/MOVING - NIGHT

Paige stares out the window. Wyatt drives.

WYATT
So uh. So how far are we going?

PAIGE
Just down the road.

A beat.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
I can't believe he left them there.

WYATT
Yeah...huh. Those pictures.

Wyatt glances at Paige for a response. She doesn't give one.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The sedan pulls to a noisy stop.

INT. BEAT UP SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Paige looks at the house.

PAIGE
This is it.
(beat)
Can you go in?

Wyatt looks surprised.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
I mean, you don't have to. It's just that, I don't know what I might do, you know? I might go crazy on her or something.

WYATT
Oh. Sure.

Wyatt turns off the car and gets out.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Wyatt walks up to the door. There is the faintest sound of music. He KNOCKS. No answer. He KNOCKS AGAIN. HARDER.

Still no answer. He pauses for a moment, listens to the music, then returns to the car.

INT. BEAT UP SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

Wyatt hops in.

WYATT
There's this music, but nobody answers
the door.

PAIGE
Did you knock hard enough?

Wyatt nods.

WYATT
I don't think anybody's home.

Wyatt starts the car. Paige puts her hand on his leg.

PAIGE
I really don't want to leave without
those pictures.

Wyatt considers this. He flashes a strained smile. Kills the engine. Paige leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
You're an angel.

Wyatt flashes a nervous smile.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

The sedan still sits in front of the home.

INT. BEAT UP SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Paige takes a final drag off her cigarette and throws it out the window. She puts her head back and yawns. Wyatt examines his cigarette.

WYATT
You know, this is the last thing I
expected to be doing tonight.

PAIGE
Smoking?

WYATT
No. I mean, this. I feel like a
detective.

Wyatt takes a long drag off his cigarette. He smiles and turns to Paige. Her eyes are closed. He turns back to his cigarette.

WYATT (CONT'D)

It's been a crazy night, huh? But you know, even though, I'm having a decent time now. I mean, I met someone new and...it's kind of funny how people meet, you know? Not funny 'ha ha', but you know, funny.

Wyatt frowns.

WYATT (CONT'D)

God. What am I trying to say?

Wyatt looks to his right. Paige lies with her eyes closed. Wyatt leans closed to her.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Paige?

No answer. He slumps back, talking to his cigarette.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Maybe we can go out some time?

Wyatt frowns and gets out of the car.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Wyatt sits on the front stoop smoking a cigarette. Paige steps up beside him and sits down.

PAIGE

How long have you been out here?

WYATT

A little while.

PAIGE

This is getting ridiculous. It's two AM.

Paige gets up and KNOCKS on the door relentlessly.

WYATT

I already tried that. There's nobody home.

PAIGE

That could be a good thing.

Paige begins to wander around the side of the house.

WYATT
We should just come back in the morning.

Paige pretends she doesn't hear him. She keeps walking around the side of the house. Wyatt exhales.

PAIGE (O.S.)
Hey! Come here!

Wyatt gets up and moves around the side of the house. Paige hovers at a window, staring inside. Wyatt steps up beside her.

WYATT
(sotto)
What are you doing?

PAIGE
(sotto)
I found it. Look! There it is!

Paige points.

WYATT'S POV - BOX

The LUNCH BOX sits on a dresser.

WYATT
(sotto)
You sure that's it?

PAIGE
(sotto)
Positive.

Paige tries the window. It's unlocked. She looks at Wyatt expectantly.

WYATT
You're not serious.

PAIGE
Look, it's not a crime if the window's unlocked and you're only taking something that belongs to you.

WYATT
This is mental.

PAIGE
I get it. You're just not man enough.

WYATT
What? No. I -

Paige glares. Wyatt surrenders. He moves scans the yard, then gently lifts the window. It sticks halfway. He pushes on it with all his might, but his over-sized shoes slip in the dirt.

PAIGE

Come on. You can fit through there.

Wyatt smirks. He reluctantly slips one leg in the window, desperately trying to pull himself through the tight opening. Paige pushes him through the window.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt flops into the room, slamming into a book case. A lamp wobbles, then falls. He snags the cord just before it hits the ground. Places it back on the shelf.

RELAXATION MUSIC fills the room. Wyatt sees the source: a clock radio dimly illuminating an unmade bed heaping with blankets.

Wyatt slowly creeps across the room, lifting the box.

A LIGHT brightens the room. A WOMAN sits amidst the heap of blankets. She looks at Wyatt. Wyatt look back, stunned.

She SCREAMS. Throws the clock radio.

Wyatt ducks, the clock radio smashing to pieces against the wall. He takes off running.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CRASHES, CLATTERING emit from the home. Wyatt's silhouette passes behind the back lit curtains concealing the home's interior. He turns as a book smacks into his chest. He darts out of the front door.

PAIGE waits with the car started. The WOMAN rushes from the home in her tee-shirt and panties, wielding a fire poker. Wyatt hops into the moving car. He runs along side the car, clown shoes slowing him down. He tosses the lunch box inside, then dives into the open door.

The car screeches off, Wyatt's door still flapping.

WOMAN

I got your license plate, asshole!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens. Paige enters, clutching the lunch box. Wyatt follows with a limp, holding his lower back. A SHOWER is heard.

WYATT
I could really use a drink.

PAIGE
Yeah. Sure. There should be a beer
in the fridge.

Paige sets the lunch box down on the coffee table. She hears the shower.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
Jimmy?

Paige notices Jimmy's clothes draped over her couch.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
You have got to be kidding me.

WYATT
Hey, listen...

Paige starts to move toward the bathroom and then stops.

PAIGE
Oh. I forgot, didn't I?

Paige rifles through a desk drawer, coming up with a five dollar bill.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
For the ride.

Wyatt looks at the money quizzically.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
Excuse me for a minute.

Paige moves down the hallway. Wyatt frowns at the money, then moves to the kitchen. Paige descends the hallway, knocking on the bathroom door.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
Jimmy.

JIMMY (O.S.)
What?

PAIGE
What are you doing?

JIMMY (O.S.)
Gettin' warmed up. Why don't you
join me?

Paige steps into the bathroom.

PAIGE
 You're not sweet talking your way
 into my panties, mister.

Wyatt steps from the kitchen, sipping a beer. He looks up
 the hallway.

JIMMY (O.S.)
 How 'bout sweet talking you out of
 them?

Paige closes the door behind her.

PAIGE (O.S.)
 (coy)
 Jimmy...

Wyatt crosses to the couch and sits down. He stares blankly
 at the lunch box sitting on the coffee table in front of
 him. We hear a shower curtain rattle.

JIMMY (O.S.)
 Come on. Get in.

PAIGE (O.S.)
 I'm still mad at you, you know.

JIMMY (O.S.)
 (ripe with innuendo)
 Oh, I know.

Paige laughs. Then the sound of the couple kissing.

Wyatt frowns. Sits forward on the couch. He sets his beer
 down and leaves.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wyatt treks across the parking lot to his car. He checks
 his pockets. Empty. Tries the car door. Locked. He bends
 down, looking through the window at...

WYATT'S POV - CAR KEYS

Dangling from the ignition.

Wyatt's body slumps. He turns and walks out of frame. A
 BEAT.

He shuffles back into frame, carrying a large landscaping
 ROCK. He smacks the rock against the car window until it
 shatters. He unlocks the door and gets in.

INT. BEAT UP SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt starts the car. Pissed off and miserable. Something suddenly occurs to him and he kills the ignition.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

ON LUNCH BOX: Wyatt walks into the room. He picks up the lunch box and throws the now crumpled five dollar bill down on the coffee table. He leaves with the lunch box...and the pictures.

FADE OUT.