

CLOWN SHOES

Written by

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PROPERTY OF JULIA RIBAS

EXT. CLOWN UNIVERSITY, BOSTON - DAY

An establishing shot of Clown University, which looks exactly like Brown University, but spunkier (we'll leave that to the designers).

INT. ACADEMIC ADVISOR OFFICE - DAY

DONALD MCDONALD sits behind a desk, rummaging through paperwork, as average-looking JOE fidgets in the chair across from him.

DONALD

So, Joe, it seems that you have yet to declare your major.

JOE

That's exactly why I'm here. Thanks again for meeting me, Mr. McDonald.

DONALD

Please, call me Don.

JOE

Donald McDonald?

DONALD

Not to be confused with my brother, Ron.

JOE

Your brother is Ronald McDonald?

DONALD

That's Professor McDonald to you, kid.

JOE

I haven't had him yet. Heard he brings students Happy Meals on Fridays.

DONALD

(quickly)

Yeah, he also cheated on his wife.

JOE

What?

DONALD

So, let's talk about your goals here at Clown University.

Donald looks directly into the camera.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Not to be mistaken for Brown University. We outrank them in both acceptance rate and drop-out rate.

He looks back at Joe.

JOE

You know, Don, I didn't think there were "majors" in clown school. I thought everyone kinda just did the same thing.

DONALD

Oh, on the contrary!

BUBBLES enters, in a traditional clown costume.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Bubbles! What can I help you with, my friend?

BUBBLES

I just wanted to know if my petition for my "Miming" minor went through?

DONALD

Well, not any more, Bubbles.

BUBBLES

(yelled)  
Fuck!

He smacks his hand over his mouth and sighs.

DONALD

(to Joe)  
I don't usually recommend that minor to extroverts.

Bubbles cries into his hand. He's suddenly trapped in a box. He mimes the box.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Ah, what the heck. I'm feeling generous. I'll throw you a bone.

Bubbles prepares to catch said bone. Donald plays along, miming throwing a bone. Bubbles pretends to catch it in his mouth. He exits, panting like a dog.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
 So, you see, we have lots of  
 options here at Clown.

Suddenly, PENNYWISE enters, blood all over his costume.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
 Hi, Professor, how are you?

PENNYWISE casually approaches, sipping coffee out of a mug that says "Killing it!" He speaks normally, like any professor would.

PENNYWISE  
 God, grading those midterms was a  
 nightmare.

DONALD  
 Which class?

PENNYWISE  
 Intro to Human Butchery.  
 (to Joe)  
 Have I had you in class before?

JOE  
 (nervous)  
 Uh...couldn't get off the waitlist.

PENNYWISE  
 Well, feel free to *float* by my  
 office anytime.

Pennywise hands Joe a red balloon on a string. He sips his coffee.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)  
 Ugh, thank god for this. I was  
 really on edge this morning...  
 like, about to kill someone.

Donald and Pennywise chuckle. Joe laughs uncomfortably. Pennywise exits, bantering with Don.

JOE  
 Don, I don't know. I don't really  
 see myself going the traditional  
 route with my education...I don't  
 wanna go full circus, but also not  
 a huge fan of the murder thing...

DONALD

That's a-ok, Joe. We have plenty of opportunities, in all clown departments.

Julia Ribas enters. She appears to be a normal (very attractive) woman.

JULIA RIBAS

Hey, Don. Sorry to interrupt. I'm in a class this quarter but I was wondering if I could move to the upper division level?

DONALD

Sure, which one?

JULIA RIBAS

Uh, well I'm in "Intro to Friendzone," and I'm trying to get into "Committment 201?" Can you wave the enrollment restrictions?

DONALD

Oh, sorry, Julia. Professor McDonald was no longer qualified to teach Commitment 201 so we cancelled it.

JULIA RIBAS

Oh. Ok. I've been waiting like 3 years for this class but what's one more!

Julia laughs through her tears. She exits.

DONALD

See? All kinds of clowns at this school. People who think they can get out of the "Friendzone" pre-requisite...

(he cracks himself up)

Now, Joe, there are a lot of other majors, like, let's see..."Landlord Studies" could be good for you! The only pre-req is "Outlet Painting 118."

JOE

No offense, but my parents want me to have a *real* job.

DONALD  
 Fair enough. You can also major in:  
 "being gluten-free by  
 choice", "using Bing for more than  
 just searching "GOOGLE", oh, and  
 Political Science.

DONALD TRUMP enters.

TRUMP  
 Donald.

DONALD  
 Donald.

TRUMP  
 Can I get a copy of that extension  
 course catalogue?

DONALD  
 Sure thing.

Trump takes the catalogue.

TRUMP  
 This thing is *huuuuge*. Almost as  
*huuuuge* as those shoes.

We see Joe's clown shoes for the first time.

JOE  
 I mean that's why I came to Clown  
 University in the first place.  
 Because you know what they say  
 about men with big shoes...

All three men look into the camera.

ALL  
 Big di-

CUT TO:

A screen displays the Clown University Crest, as we hear the  
 distorted circusy alma mater.