

INT JUSTIN'S & JIMMY'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN MID-AFTERNOON

Post-It note stuck to the refrigerator with the reminder that 'Rent is Due'.

INT JUSTIN'S & JIMMY'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM MID-AFTERNOON

Justin is sitting on the edge of the couch and up right. Thinking of a way to come up for rent. Jimmy is sitting to his right on the love seat. There's a bong on the coffee table in front of Jimmy.

Justin springs to life with an awesome idea!

JUSTIN

(looking at Jimmy, who's not paying attention)

I got it! We'll dress you up as a clown and have people slap you for two bucks a slap.

JIMMY

(startled & turning to Justin)

What...? Clowns...? Where...? Are they knocking?

Justin looks at Jimmy confused.

EXT. SIDE OF STREET AFTERNOON

Justin and Jimmy are standing on the street corner. Justin is doing some final adjustments to Jimmy's clown outfit. Jimmy is holding an advertisement.

JIMMY

I don't think it's going to work.

JUSTIN

What are you talking about? Lift your chin up.

JIMMY

(looking up)

This whole getting slap thing. I don't think it's such a good idea. You know?

JUSTIN

(touching up Jimmy with white makeup)

What are you talking about? It's perfect. It can't fail. People are going to be amazed...

JIMMY  
(interrupting)  
People are going to be slapping the  
shit out of me.

JUSTIN  
(looking and sounding happy)  
Nobody's slapping the shit out of  
you.

JIMMY  
Wha...what are talking about?  
  
I'm getting my ass kicked for two  
bucks a pop.  
(Jimmy hunches over and starts  
to undress)  
You know what...? I'm not doing  
this.

JUSTIN  
(trying to stop Jimmy from  
undressing)  
Hey, hey...wait, wait. C'mon. What  
are you doing?

JIMMY  
(stops from undressing)  
I'm not doing this.

JUSTIN  
(trying to sound convincing)  
Dude, for real, wait, wait, wait...  
(Jimmy stands upright)  
Look man, they're off balance.  
They're sitting in a car. How much  
damage can they do?  
(Jimmy ponders)  
They're in traffic. They're busy.  
Two bucks to slap a clown...? Now  
that's funny. You just made  
someones day; made'em smile. How  
can anyone slap a clown that just  
made them laugh? They may just give  
you two dollars and drive away. And  
if they do slap you, it'll be soft.  
I guarantee it.

JIMMY  
(pauses, looks at Justin)  
You guarantee it?

JUSTIN  
I guarantee it.

JIMMY  
(picking up the sign and  
walking towards the corner)  
How can you guarantee that  
someone's not going to slap the  
shit out of me?

JUSTIN  
I promise. For real, nothing bad is  
going to happen...okay?

JIMMY  
(sounding displeased)  
Yeah, whatever.

EXT. EAST SIDE OF STREET CORNER - AFTERNOON

A mid-size car slowly pulls up with a woman driving by  
herself. SLAPS is holding a sign that reads "SLAPS the CLOWN  
- Slap a clown for \$2".

WOMAN #1  
Are you Slaps the Clown?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
(leaning over and looking  
through the open passenger  
front window from a short  
distance)  
Yes, ma'am.

WOMAN #1  
Are you in need of a slap?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
Seriously? No, not really.

WOMAN #1  
Then why are you doing this?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
Rent.

WOMAN #1  
Rent?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
Yes ma'am. Want to help me out?

WOMAN #1

No, not really. I think it's pretty sad that you have to get slapped in the face in order to pay rent.

JIMMY/SLAPS

You think it's sad and you still don't want to help me out?

WOMAN #1

Why don't you get a real job?

JIMMY/SLAPS

This is the best we can come up with at the moment.

WOMAN #1

We?

JIMMY/SLAPS

Me and my roommate.

WOMAN #1

Where's your roommate?

JIMMY/SLAPS

(takes a look around)

He's around here somewhere?

(he spots him talking to GIRL on the sidewalk eating ice cream)

Oh, there he is.

WOMAN #1

Where? Him...? Why isn't he doing this?

JIMMY/SLAPS

Good question.

WOMAN #1

Well, did you ask him?

JIMMY/SLAPS

Ask him?

WOMAN #1

Ask him.

JIMMY/SLAPS

(leans up calling out)

Hey Justin. Justin!

JUSTIN  
 (holding an ice cream cone)  
 Yeah?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
 Hey, why aren't...

WOMAN #1  
 (interrupting Jimmy)  
 Why aren't you out here doing this  
 with him?

JUSTIN  
 Excuse me?

GIRL walks away.

WOMAN #1  
 (shouting a little louder)  
 Why aren't you out here doing this  
 with him? If it's both your rent?

JUSTIN  
 (looks at stop light then back  
 at WOMAN #1)  
 Light's green.

The traffic light turns green. JUSTIN waves and WOMAN #1  
 drives off.

EXT. NORTH SIDE OF STREET CORNER - AFTERNOON

A pretty girl in a nice car pulls up to the stop light. Her  
 arm is extended out the window with two dollars in her hand.

PRETTY GIRL  
 (shouting out)  
 I've got two dollars! Two dollars!

SLAPS walks toward the passenger window as it rolls down.

JIMMY/SLAPS  
 Hey, how you doin'? Can I help you?

PRETTY GIRL  
 Yeah, can I slap you?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
 (fake laughing)  
 Ha, ha...can you slap me?  
 (sounding goofy)  
 Sure you can. Let me come around  
 here...

SLAPS does a silly walk around the car. By the time he reaches the drivers door PRETTY GIRL is already standing outside her car. SLAPS finds himself face-to-face with PRETTY GIRL.

PRETTY GIRL  
Here's your two dollars.

Without thinking SLAPS automatically grabs the two dollars that PRETTY GIRL is handing to him.

JIMMY/SLAPS  
(looking confused)  
Wait a minute...I don't think  
you're suppose...

PRETTY GIRL gives SLAPS a good smack across the face. He stumbles and catches himself on the car. SLAPS is caught off guard.

SLAPS staggers backwards away from PRETTY GIRL hunched over and holding his cheek. PRETTY GIRL is getting back into her car.

PRETTY GIRL  
Bu-bye...thank you.

JUSTIN quickly walks up to SLAPS. SLAPS is holding his cheek with the same hand that's holding the two dollars. PRETTY GIRL drives off.

JUSTIN  
Hey, great job, buddy. Keep up the  
good work.

JUSTIN snags a single dollar from SLAPS hand, pats him on the back and quickly walks away. SLAPS watches in disbelief both JUSTIN walking away, PRETTY GIRL driving away and the one dollar he's left with.

EXT. SIDE OF STREET - AFTERNOON

SLAPS walks up to JUSTIN.

JUSTIN  
Hey, what's up? That little slap  
didn't hurt you. She was only...

JIMMY/SLAPS  
(interrupting JUSTIN)  
No, no...it's not that.

JUSTIN  
What is it?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
It's our pay agreement?

JUSTIN  
Pay agreement?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
Are you thinking 50/50?

JUSTIN  
Oh, you mean our split?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
Yeah, our split.

JUSTIN  
I was thinking all this went  
towards rent...but, yeah  
sure...50/50 sounds fair.

JIMMY/SLAPS  
No. That's not fair.

JUSTIN  
Well, you just said...

JIMMY/SLAPS  
(interrupting JUSTIN)  
I was wondering what you were  
thinking when you took that dollar  
from my hand, because 50/50 is  
definitely NOT fair.

JUSTIN  
You don't think 50/50 is fair?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
No! Seriously? Not unless you're  
out here with me it ain't. We'll  
pay the rent but anything left over  
is mine.

JUSTIN  
That's not really fair, is it?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
Sure it is.

JUSTIN

What?!

JIMMY/SLAPS

That's what it's going to be or I'm  
not doing it. Swear to God.

A car pulls up to the curb next to SLAPS and JUSTIN. An  
eighteen year old male wearing a "wife-beater" comes out the  
front passenger door.

TEENAGE BOY #1

Yo, clown. Can I slap you for two  
dollars? I gots my two dollars  
right here, yo.

SLAPS is uncomfortable and doesn't want this teenager to  
slap him. He feels this guy is really going to smack him  
hard.

JIMMY/SLAPS

I'm on break. Can't you see I'm  
talking here?

TEENAGE BOY #1

(smirking, leans against the  
parked car)

That's fine, yo. I can wait.

JIMMY/SLAPS

Well, you're going to wait for  
quite some...

JUSTIN

No, no... I think we're done here.  
75/25 is fine with me. Breaks over.  
(JUSTIN pats SLAPS on the  
back)

You can go back to work now.

JUSTIN walks away.

TEENAGE BOY #1

(sounding excited)

Alright, Holmes! Let's do this!

JIMMY/SLAPS

(looking concerned at TEENAGE  
BOY #1)

Wait, what...?

(looks for JUSTIN)

Justin...? Wait, where you going?

Hey, Justin...?

EXT. STREET SLAPS - AFTERNOON

TEENAGE BOY #1 and SLAPS standoff.

JIMMY/SLAPS

The thing is you're not suppose to get out of the car.

TEENAGE BOY #1

What's the difference, yo?

JIMMY/SLAPS

You're off-bal... nevermind, let's get this over with.

SLAPS takes in several deep quick breaths. TEENAGE BOY #1 smirks and cracks his knuckles. He winds up and smacks SLAPS across his cheek.

\*OW\*

Next scene shots are of SLAPS getting slapped by a variety of many different people.

EXT. SIDE OF STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

SLAPS and JUSTIN are sitting on the curb about three feet from each other. JUSTIN is eating his ice cream cone and SLAPS is smoking a cigarette.

After some time, JUSTIN stares at SLAPS for a moment then speaks up.

JUSTIN

You alright? You hanging in there?

JIMMY/SLAPS

(takes a drag)

Well...

SLAPS turns his face towards JUSTIN. Although his makeup is pretty much smeared all over, his right side is red and the makeup is worn off more than any other spot on his face. A slightly swollen eye, a busted lip and a tissue stuck in his right nostril.

JIMMY/SLAPS (CON'T)

...what do you think?

JUSTIN sees SLAPS face and feels sorry.

JUSTIN  
Want to stop?

JIMMY/SLAPS  
(pauses and smiles)  
What do you think?

JUSTIN  
(smiles)  
Let's get out of here.

Both JUSTIN and JIMMY stand up. JIMMY throws down his cigarette and removes his hat.

JIMMY  
I wonder how much we made?

JIMMY pulls out dollar bills from his pockets. TEENAGE BOY #1 pulls up in the same car but has three male friends with him. All four get out.

TEENAGE BOY #1  
Yo, Holmes! I brought some friends.  
We all got two dollars.

JIMMY  
No. I'm off. I'm done for the day.

TEENAGE BOY #1  
(looking at JUSTIN)  
Is that true? Aren't you his  
manager or something.

JUSTIN  
Yeah, we're done for the day.

JIMMY  
Sorry.

TEENAGE BOY #1  
Sorry? I drive up here and you tell  
me I'm sorry? Na...that ain't gonna  
work, homey.

JIMMY  
I don't know what to tell ya...I'm  
done. That's it. You got your shot  
in. What do you want?

TEENAGE BOY #1  
I want to slap you, bitch.

JIMMY

Bitch? I got your bitch...

JUSTIN stands in front of JIMMY stopping him from going ahead any further. Just when the four TEENAGE BOYS are about jump JIMMY and JUSTIN a police siren chirps.

Everybody calms down.

An officer exits the patrol car.

OFFICER

What do we got going on here?

JUSTIN

Nothing. Everything is okay. We were just leaving.

JUSTIN spins JIMMY around trying to leave.

OFFICER

What's going on?

(addressing TEENAGE BOY #1 and his friends)

What are you guys doing here?

TEENAGE BOY #1

This guy, or clown rather, has a sign that says two dollars a slap.

OFFICER

What?

(addressing JUSTIN and JIMMY)

Hey you two, c'mere.

JUSTIN and JIMMY slowly walk back.

TEENAGE BOY #1

Two dollars a slap.

OFFICER

A slap?

TEENAGE BOY #1

(giggling)

Yeah, so we came to slap him.

OFFICER

Well that's not going to happen.

(addressing JUSTIN and JIMMY)

Is this true? Two dollars a slap?

Lemme see that sign.

The officer holds and reads the sign.

OFFICER (CON'T)  
You guys got I.D.?  
(looks over at TEENAGE BOY #1  
and his friends)  
You guys, get out of here.

TEENAGE BOY #1 and his friends get in their car to drive off.

OFFICER (CON'T)  
(looking at JUSTIN)  
I suppose you're the genius behind  
this operation, right?

JUSTIN  
Why would you say that?

OFFICER  
I just want to know what you said  
to get this guy to do this...cause  
this is crazy.

JUSTIN and JIMMY look at each other.

OFFICER (CON'T)  
Get out of here.

JUSTIN and JIMMY start to leave.

OFFICER (CON'T)  
Hey, take this with you.

The officer is holding out their sign. JUSTIN and JIMMY go to grab the sign.

OFFICER (CON'T)  
Tell me. Did you make enough?

JUSTIN looks at JIMMY. JIMMY smiles slightly and nods.

OFFICER (CON'T)  
Then it was worth it.

JUSTIN, JIMMY and the OFFICER smile at each other.

OFFICER (CON'T)  
Don't let me catch you out here  
again with out a permit.

JIMMY  
Yes, sir.

JIMMY starts to turn around but notices JUSTIN still standing there.

JUSTIN  
Excuse me, did you say "permit"?

THE END