

CHOKE

Written by

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INT. COMEDY CLUB. LATE NIGHT

The place is packed. Smoke and glass chinks fill the air. There is a calm though as a new comedian stands on stand. We see only his eyes to begin with. The audience is waiting patiently for his first joke before it's revealed he is completely naked. The smoke and tone help give a dream like feel to the place. He shuffles his papers desperately trying to find his place under the hot stage lights as they beat down on him. The Club Owner of the comedy club looks on with a cigarette in hand.

COMEDIAN

Ummm...

The owner takes a drag from the cigarette.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)

...so, my wife is terrible with money

The crowd mumbles with displeasure. The panic is clear and evident. Beads of sweat leave his forehead and drop to the alcohol stained stage. We continually cut to the club owner watching on with maximum focus.

As the comedian looks down he sees he is now wearing a single sock. This surprises him but also makes him happy to be wearing at least one item of clothing.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)

(slightly more conviction)

I told her to go out and get a second job walking the streets...

We now see he is wearing a second sock, his confidence builds.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)

...and when she came back, I asked her how much money she made

He is now wearing pants and shoes. He goes faster to quicken up the dressing.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)

She said 40 dollars and 50 cent.

He is now wearing a shirt.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)

So I said 'what type of an asshole only pays 50 cent for sex?'

He is now wearing a dinner jacket and a tie.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)
And she said 'all of them'

The crowd goes wild with laughter and the comedian is feeling really good about his act. The Club Owner is unmoved by the now hysterics as she continues to smoke on the same cigarette. The comedian is now dressed like a typical stand up and starts to prowl the stage with the same conviction.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)
(now full of vigor)
My wife is so fat that she..

He looks and see he is now wearing thick woolen mittens. He is confused.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)
(trying to regain
composure)
My wife is so fat that she once..

He is now wearing a thick pair of jogging bottoms over his pants. The sweat starts to get more intense as does the laughter from the audience.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)
(really struggling)
My wife... my wife... is...

He is now wearing a thick hoodie. Then another thick hoodie. Every time we cut to the audience laughing we cut back to him wearing more and more clothes, his body shape is getting larger and larger, his breathing deeper and more labored. Fear and anguish plague his face.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)
(speaking in between
breaths)
My... my... wife...

Now he has on a huge skiing jacket and thick scarf. The lights are glaring down on him as he desperately trying finish the joke. The crowd is going wild with excitement and the scarf begins to be come tighter and tighter around his neck. He is now unable to even say a single word but is trying to with all his remaining strength. With his face purple and drizzled with sweat, a final sound escapes his mouth before his enormously padded body slams to the floor. The crowd erupts with applause. We cut back to the Club Owner who finishes her cigarette.

Next! CLUB OWNER

THE END