Cliff and Wendy

Ву

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INT. PARTY HOUSE-KITCHEN-MORNING

Rays of sun shine through the window into the empty, unkempt kitchen. It stays silent for a moment...till a young MAN wearing only his underwear walks into frame.

Half-asleep, he wobbles to the refrigerator, opens it, pulls out a pint of milk, shuts the door, and walks out of the room.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

OPENING TITLE

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. PARTY HOUSE-KITCHEN-NIGHT

The rays of sun have turned into moonlight, the emptiness has turned into a mass of partying people, and the silence has turn into an orgy of sounds: music, talking, laughing, clinking, and clanking.

INT. PARTY HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Its the typical sort of house party; young men and woman mingle in conversation throughout the minimalistic arrangement of the home.

A young woman, in her early twenties sits on a couch next to a group of rowdy boys as they play a video game on the newest system.

This is WENDY, she holds a cigarette in one hand and a beer bottle in the other while blankly staring into the war game on the television.

She deeply sighs, one of the young man next to her notices her anguish. He sits the controller in his hands down onto his lap.

> GAME PLAYER You don't like games, baby?

She rolls her eyes.

WENDY I have a name and it doesn't consist of baby. She gets up and leaves, the game player shrugs his shoulders and continues with the game.

INT. PARTY HOUSE-KITCHEN-NIGHT

LATER: Wendy leans against the marble counters sipping on another beer as a ditzy thin girl talks excruciatingly fast to her.

> DITZY GIRL -I was like "I'm not anorexic I'm just skinny so don't tell me to go and eat, bitch".

Wendy pays little attention.

DITZY GIRL(CONT'D) Anyways we totally ran into them at the concert and I was like "Oh no, oh hell no!" And you'd never guess what she did when she saw me...she ran away isn't that funny?

Wendy sighs.

WENDY

Hilarious.

INT. PARTY HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

LATER: Wendy sits on the floor with another beer in hand. The party seems to have died down a tad but its still obnoxiously loud.

A finger taps on Wendy's shoulder, she turns and sees the owner of the finger; a short, dazed looking young man by the name of CLIFF stands before her. He holds a beer in his hand, wears dingy clothes, and looks as though he might smell.

CLIFF

Hey.

WENDY

Hi.

Cliff smiles.

CLIFF What's your name? Wendy.

Cliff nods his head.

CLIFF

Sweet. I'm-

He lets out an airy belch.

CLIFF(CONT'D)

Cliff.

Wendy looks at him questionably.

WENDY

Charming.

Wendy continues to drink her beer.

CLIFF I've seen you with like eight beers tonight aren't you wasted yet.

Wendy swallows her drink and lowers the glass.

WENDY I'm on the borderline.

Cliff nods his head.

CLIFF

Damn.

WENDY You've been watching me?

CLIFF Well sorta.

WENDY

Really?

CLIFF Yeah but not in like a creepy voyeuristic binoculars way.

Wendy glares at him, mouth open.

WENDY

Uh-huh.

CLIFF

I actually wanted to say "Hi" earlier but I was to nervous.

She smiles.

CLIFF(CONT'D) So I drank a bunch and decided why the hell not.

The smile fades.

WENDY So do you live here or something?

Cliff takes another drink.

CLIFF Yeah, yeah. I'm Paul's roommate. He lets me stay here cause I provide him with the weed connection.

Wendy nods her head. While taking another drink she eyes the graphic design on the t-shirt he is wearing.

WENDY I dig your shirt.

Cliff looks down at his shirt as if he forgot what he is wearing.

CLIFF Oh yeah thanks. I made it.

WENDY

How?

CLIFF Well I drew this shape, thingy and I gave it to a place and they slapped it on a shirt for me.

WENDY

You draw?

CLIFF Yeah, its one of my hobbies.

WENDY

You drew that?

Cliff nods his head.

CLIFF(CONT'D) Yeah? Would you like to see my room?

Wendy stares at him, then sighs.

WENDY Why not, since you got such a way with words.

Cliff smiles.

CLIFF

Ha-sweet.

Wendy sticks out her hand.

WENDY

Help me up.

INT. PARTY HOUSE-CLIFF'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Wendy leads into the small room. Cliff, coming from behind, shuts and locks the door whiles her eyes capture the surroundings:

A mattress on the floor, a clunky computer on an unstable desk, a giant boom-box, clothes scattered about, and numerous empty food bags.

CLIFF You can sit on the bed, don't worry I just changed the sheets this morning.

Wendy walks over to the bed, sits, and takes another drink.

CLIFF(CONT'D) Sorry about the mess.

WENDY

Meh, it's around what I expected.

Cliff's face shows excitement, he then claps his hands together.

CLIFF You wanna see something cool?

Wendy smiles.

Sure.

He holds up his index finger.

CLIFF

Just hold on one second.

Cliff goes over to his closet.

CLIFF(CONT'D) I gotta find it.

After digging around in the closet for a moment...

CLIFF(CONT'D)

Ah-ha.

Cliff pulls out a neon blue, twisty-plastic bong.

CLIFF(CONT'D)

Found it.

He brings it over and holds it out to Wendy for her to gaze at.

CLIFF(CONT'D) Its cool isn't it?

Wendy nods her head.

WENDY Its pretty. Blue's my favorite color.

CLIFF No shit, mine too!

Cliff grabs a lighter off the unstable desk, then sits next to Wendy. He hits the bong, blows out a huge cloud of smoke, and then hands it over to Wendy.

> WENDY Oh no thanks.

> > CLIFF

What?

Cliff coughs.

WENDY I don't want any.

Cliff clears his throat.

Wendy shrugs her shoulders.

WENDY It's just not my thing.

She then takes out a new cigarette, lights it, and continues to smoke it.

WENDY(CONT'D) Mostly because my social experiences with pot have consisted in sitting around with a bunch of deadbeats in a gross apartment with giant pot posters on the wall whiles listening to them quote Spicoli...its dreary.

Cliff seems not to care.

CLIFF

Hmmm...well your loss.

Cliff hits the bong again and blows out another cloud of smoke, this time practically in Wendy's face. She fans the smoke away with her hand.

> CLIFF(CONT'D) So do you just drink?

> > WENDY

No.

CLIFF

Then what-

He coughs.

CLIFF(CONT'D) Then what do you do?

WENDY

Well though, I do despise most mindless trendy things like Starbucks, MTV, and of course pants with words on the ass. I have a strange love for ecstasy.

CLIFF Damn. That's hardcore. WENDY Yeah, My only fear is that I'm gonna end up cooking a baby in the oven like in that one Urban Legend.

CLIFF Did that really happen?

Cliff continues to hit the bong whiles looking at Wendy.

WENDY No that's why its called a legend. Its what you tell gullible people who eat random trivia the way Michael Jordon eats his Wheaties.

Cliff blows out smoke.

CLIFF Are you calling me gullible?

Wendy shrugs her shoulders.

WENDY

Maybe?

Cliff continues to cough.

CLIFF Holy shit. This needs more water it's too harsh. I don't feel like moving though.

Cliff leans overs and sets the bong on the floor. He scoots rights next to Wendy.

WENDY Woah thats close.

Cliff doesn't seem to hear her.

CLIFF

You know I really knew that wasn't real...the baby thing, I knew it was phoney bologna. I ain't stupid.

WENDY I never said you were.

CLIFF I just got that vibe, ya know?

Cliff puts his arm around her shoulders. She rolls her eyes.

Okay.

She takes a drink of beer.

CLIFF

So what gets you horny?

Wendy's eyes widen as she swallows her gulp of beer.

WENDY Oh you know commitment, monogamy just the typical girly things.

Her tone turns to angry.

WENDY(CONT'D) Are you fucking serious?

She knocks his arm off her shoulder and scoots away from him.

WENDY Fuck you. CLIFF I'm sorry.

Cliff gives off a guilty expression.

WENDY Go look up some pussy on the internet-

She points at the computer.

WENDY(CONT'D) -if that's all you want because you are not getting up mine.

CLIFF I'm sorry...so sorry. I'm so stoned and stupid.

Cliff buries his face in his hands.

WENDY You honestly thought that would work?

CLIFF

Yes.

Cliff lifts up his head abruptly.

I see why.

Cliff stands up, grabs the bong off the floor, and continues to smoke it.

Wendy drops her cigarette butt into her beer bottle, then sets the bottle on the floor.

Cliff coughs out smoke, he slams the bong down on the desk.

CLIFF FYI I don't look up pussy on the internet, do I look like someone who can afford the internet? I'm drinking a Milwaukee's Best, my prized possession is a 35 dollar piece of plastic.

He points at the bong.

CLIFF(CONT'D) This is a Windows 98 for Christ sake.

WENDY Then what do you use it for playing space invaders.

CLIFF

I write.

Wendy appears confused.

WENDY

What?

CLIFF I use it for writing.

Now she seems intrigued.

WENDY

Really?

Cliff nods his head.

CLIFF Graphic Novels.

WENDY Comic Books?

CLIFF Well that's the dorky way of putting it.

WENDY You got anything I can read?

Cliff shoots back his response.

CLIFF

No.

WENDY Oh come on I promise to be nice.

CLIFF It's not that I don't want you to its just that there is nothing. It's mostly just nonsensical sentences arranged in a nonsensical way.

Cliff drunkenly plops down onto the chair in front of the computer monitor and looks into it.

CLIFF(CONT'D) Most of my time writing is spent staring blankly into this screen, with my fingers levitating above the keys waiting for me to punch some words out, but it's never the way I envisioned it. When I wanna think I can't, when I don't wanna think I can. I'll never understand why sometimes I'm blank and other times ideas never stop pulsating into my mind. What are these ideas, and why do they haunt me?

Wendy smiles at Cliff.

WENDY That was beautiful.

Cliff turns away from the monitor to look directly into Wendy's eyes.

CLIFF

Really?

She nods her head.

CLIFF(CONT'D)

Ha, wow.

Cliff smiles.

CLIFF(CONT'D) Maybe I should write that down, huh?

WENDY

Yeah.

He turns to the computer, pulls out the keyboard and begins to type.

Wendy stretches her body out across the bed, presses her head down onto a pillow, and watches Cliff type with a gleam in her eye.

The typing stops, Cliff turns and smiles once he spots Wendy laying down, watching him.

CLIFF

All done.

Wendy laughs under her breath.

WENDY

Lay by me.

Cliff's face freezes in awe.

CLIFF Ummm...are you sure?

She nods.

He scoots his body next to her on the bed, he lays on his back, she soon flips to her back aswell.

They both stare vacantly into the ceiling.

Cliff sighs.

WENDY This is so bleak; laying here on your twin size bed in the beer soaked air with the smell of weed (MORE)

and Saltines on your breath, but I don't think I would want this night to end any other way.

Wendy tilts her head onto Cliff's shoulders, he smiles and closes his eyes.

CLIFF

Me either.

END CREDITS