

Too Dumb to Live

By

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This screenplay was produced.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1d7viXKMWjM&t=>

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

An empty syringe sits on the kitchen table until a hand delicately picks.

We don't see the person's face; just his hands as he sets the syringe in the sink, grabs a bottle a liquid, pulls the plunger out of syringe, and carefully pours the liquid inside.

The hand proceeds to open a refrigerator. Several bottles of different pop stand inside.

The hand darts between the different types as if it's making a hard decision before finally settling on Coca-Cola.

An odd high pitch laugh rings out as we follow this mysterious person back to the sink.

The hand opens the bottle, pours just a tad of the soda out before inserting the foreign liquid into the bottle.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The hand sets the bottle down on the table, grabs a red marker, and opens another door that leads into the utility room.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the wall are a series of pictures of kids that look to be from the age of 15 to 18. High schoolers. The hand reaches up and slowly crosses out a picture.

Slowly. As if he's enjoying the act of doing so.

Just at that moment, his phone vibrates, breaking the silence. The hand digs into his pocket, pulls it out, and looks.

It's a text message and it reads "I'll be there in about thirty mins."

He responds with "I'll be waiting for you." In that moment, we close on another picture. But unlike the others --

This one is not crossed out!

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

We're looking right at the guy we saw in the picture.

CLIFFORD COLEMEN. At first impression, he looks to be about 17 years old. He's got a Coca Cola in hand and earbuds plugging both ears.

The earbuds obstruct all sounds trying to get to him including his MOM who's next to him in the driver's seat.

She reaches over and rips it from his ears.

CLIFFORD

Ey Mom!

MOM

Hey Clifford, do you always have to have this THING on?!

CLIFFORD

Yeah. So what?

MOM

So, I'm trying to talk to you and you're all plugged in. You know, you're gonna bust your ears drums out if you keep blasting that music out.

(beat)

What are even listening to?

CLIFFORD

Ey Mom! Just give it here.

MOM

This better not be rap.

She sticks the earbuds in her ears, there are a couple beats of silence and she gaps.

MOM

Clifford! I am ashamed of you. This isn't anything a boy your age should be listening to. I mean, do you hear the crap they're talking about. Doing drugs and sucking!

(beat)

This stuff - It's affecting your brain. I don't want you to end up killed with some gang in Chicago - okay?

Sometimes I come down stairs and
you're - you're playing this
violent game - killing people -
stabbing them.

MOM

Then you go over to their bodies
and bend over the dead guy several
times.

(scoffs)

I don't even want to know what
that means.

CLIFFORD

Alright Mom! I get it.

MOM

No you don't get it! If this kid
has any drugs - like the cocaine
in the song you were listening to.
Don't snort with him! Okay? If
he's got a gun in the house - you
call one of your friends and have
them pick you up immediately.
Okay?

CLIFFORD

(annoyed)

Yes. Of course.

MOM

Otherwise I'll be back to pick you
up after work at uh, about seven.

The car slows to a stop. Clifford immediately opens to door
to escape his mother.

MOM

And Clifford...

He turns back to look at his mom.

MOM

You and your father and I - we're
gonna have a talk about the music
you listen to.

CLIFFORD

Yeah. I'll look forward to it.

He closes the door and his mother drives off.

CLIFFORD

(under his breath)

Jesus.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

Clifford rings the door bell several times and waits.

Nothing. Rings a few more times. Still nothing.

He snatches his phone from his pocket and looks at the time.

It's 1:00. The time they had planned. Why is no one coming!?

He sends his friend a text message. "Do u not like me anymore?" There's no response.

Clifford peaks in through the window, but there's no one to see. The teenager reaches for the door handle to try it, but stops for a second.

He's not sure if he should intrude, but he shakes the worry off and turns the knob.

It's open and Clifford invites himself right inside!

INT. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLIFFORD

Ey! I'm here man!

(to himself)

Obviously.

He begins to wonder if he's even home.

CLIFFORD

Ey man! Like why don't you stop jerking off and get yourself down here!

He slowly advances through the house, the floor cracking under his feet, until he gets to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Right in that moment, Clifford catches something out of the corner of his eye. He turns to face it.

The pantry door is wide open and inside stands a tall YOUNG MAN. He's got his back to us, his hands at his side, as he oddly stands there motionless. Not even a finger twitches.

Clifford just stands there for a moment. He's weirded out and his heart's pounding a little. His mouth trembles for a moment, but he gets it out.

CLIFFORD
 Ey Brian man. What are doing?
 (gets closer)
 Are you alright man?

The young man doesn't move in the slightest. Clifford reaches out and taps him lightly on the shoulder.

YOUNG MAN
 AAAAHHH!

Startled, Clifford jumps back as the young man turns around!

The young man looks to be about the same age as Clifford. His name is BRIAN TRICK.

BRIAN
 Oh god bro! You scared me!

CLIFFORD
 I scared you?! Wha - what we're
 you doing?

BRIAN
 Just looking for something to eat.
 You know, to fill me up on the
 inside but maybe food isn't what
 I'm hungry for.

CLIFFORD
 What, um, you didn't hear the
 doorbell.

Instead of answering, Brian oddly stares at Clifford. Then quietly says...

BRIAN
 You know, Clifford, you really
 shouldn't of come here.

They both awkwardly stare at each other for a beat. Then Brian breaks into a high pitches of laughter. It's contagious and Clifford catches it too.

BRIAN
 It's just a prank bro!
 (laughs even harder)
 I got you good didn't I?
 (even harder now)
 I'll get ya better later though.

Brian then abruptly stops laughing and glares at Clifford who's still laughing as if he burning hi soul.

He then notices the change of tone and fights to control his laughter. When he's got it under control, Brian speaks again.

BRIAN
What's so funny Clifford?

CLIFFORD
What, um, man, you the...

They stare at each other for another awkward beat until Clifford can no longer stand the silence.

CLIFFORD
So man, I'm assuming we're the only ones home. Where your parents at?

BRIAN
They're not here right now.

CLIFFORD
What about your brother man?

BRIAN
Him. Oh.
(several beats)
I killed him.
(another beat)
Last night.
(beat)
You wanna see his dead body!?

Clifford suddenly has a strong urge to get the hell out of this house! He can't be serious? Can he?!

Once again, Brian erupts into laughter.

BRIAN
Ohh! Ohh! Look at your face! Ohh!
(laughing hard)
Ohh! I can't! You look like I'm
about to kill you!

Clifford isn't laughing this time. This weird. Too weird.

Bizarre! He wasn't anything like this at school.

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

They're both sitting on the couch looking at the TV. A video game loads up. Clifford's phone is at five percent.

CLIFFORD
Ey man, you mind if I use your
phone charger.

BRIAN
Yes. I do mind.

CLIFFORD
Can I - Can I just have it man.

BRIAN
No.

CLIFFORD
Why the hell not?!

BRIAN
Because I don't want you to.
(beat)
Because I don't want you to call
the cops right before I cut you.

Clifford has no idea how to respond to this. His dark sense
of humor is not funny.

BRIAN
You want some kind of liquid
Clifford?

Clifford gawks at him.

BRIAN
You want something to drink?

He doesn't want anything to drink, but if it means Brian
will leave for a moment, totally!

CLIFFORD
Yeah, you got a coke.

Brian claps his hands and jumps up from the couch.

BRIAN
(sniggers)
Ohh! I'd hoped you'd ask for that.

He runs up stairs leaving Clifford with a dumb founded look
upon his face.

CLIFFORD
(to himself)
Oh hell no!

Clifford snatches his phone from his pocket and calls a friend. After a few rings, he answers.

FRIEND

Hey it's Clifford! The Big Red Dog!

CLIFFORD

Screw you.

FRIEND

I got a girlfriend but thanks anyway.

CLIFFORD

Ey look man. What are you doing right now?

FRIEND

Just playing COD.

CLIFFORD

Could you uh, could you come pick me up man?

FRIEND

You still don't have a driver's license! You're so sad dude!

CLIFFORD

(irritated)

Ey look man! I'm at the guy's house - this new guy I met in school and he's like acting um - weird. He's got this weird dark sense of humor. I just wanna get out of here.

FRIEND

Who's this guy?

CLIFFORD

Um, his name's Brian. Unless he's lying to me.

FRIEND

Brian Freeman?

CLIFFORD

Ey um, no, Brian Trick.

The friend burst of laughing.

FRIEND

You gotta be shitting me! Why would you hang out with him?!

Clifford is even more worried now.

CLIFFORD
What? What?! Spit it out!

FRIEND
That guy is crazy dude! I dunno if he's like hooked on lactation porn and meth or somethin but I would not go near that guy.

He's panicking now.

CLIFFORD
Why!?

FRIEND
That guy's crazy. I had him in a business class and he's like - always talking the most efficient way of killing dogs. Why would you even hang with this freak?

CLIFFORD
Ey, I dunno! He seemed normal to be when I met him.
(spots something)
Ey look, don't hang up. Just hold on a second.

FRIEND
Just talk into the phone when ya need me dude.

Against the wall sits an old computer. Windows XP. The monitor is on. Clifford approaches the computer and looks to see what's on the monitor.

ON THE SCREEN

It's a pretty typical desktop setup. It's got a few personal files along with My Computer, My Documents, My Network, etc.

But next to my documents sits something unusual. It's a folder than reads My Kills.

Fear flashes across Clifford's face for a brief moment, but he calms himself and clicks on it. It can't be what he thinks it is.

Inside the folder are several video files titled with people's names.

CLIFFORD

Oh god.

He fears what he might see but it's too late to turn back now. He has to see!

He clicks on a video titled Jim Peterson. His heart begins to pound harder as waits in anticipation for the old computer to load the file.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - ON VIDEO

We're looking at someone. They're tied up against the wall.

It's JIM PETERSON, 18, terrified.

The video quality is low. The footage is blurry, static filled with the addition of the date on the right hand corner. It looks to be 1990's camcorder.

JIM

Please. Wh-why are you doing this?

The camera pans over and we see a man who looks to be in his fifties. It's BRIAN'S FATHER.

BRIAN'S FATHER

So you're a senior, right?

JIM

Ye-ye-yes.

BRIAN'S FATHER

And you're about to graduate - go out into the world? Isn't that right.

Jim just stares at him in pure terror.

BRIAN'S FATHER

Well, we can't have that.
(looks at the camera)
Isn't that right Brian?

BRIAN

Of course dad.

Brian sounds nervous. A complete 180 of his normal self.

BRIAN'S FATHER

We can't have another porn
addicted, coke snorting, weed
smoking, mother coddled, rap
listener, stupid millennial going
out into this world.

The terrified young man tries to speak, but his lips just
tremble.

BRIAN'S FATHER

Let me ask you, why do we
celebrate the Fourth of July?

JIM

Uh, uh,
(beat)
For fireworks - the invention of
fireworks.

Brian's father does a face palm, rubs his eyes for a moment,
takes a deep breath and continues.

BRIAN'S FATHER

Jim. Let's say you're driving in
your car. You can drive right?

Jim nods his head.

BRIAN'S FATHER

Then I don't even have to kill you
but anyway - you're driving in
your car and you're going sixty
miles an hour, so how long would
it take to go sixty miles?

JIM

Um, um, twenty minutes. Um, shit I
dunno.

BRIAN'S FATHER

Jim. Who was the first president
of the United States of America?

JIM

Um, well, um, Kanye West? Well,
um, no, he's still alive, um.
(beat)
George W. Bush?

Brian's father sighs in frustration.

BRIAN'S FATHER

This is what I'm talking about.
This is why you have to die.
(beat)
Do it Brian.

Brian takes a knife and reaches out to kill Jim.

JIM

NO! NO! NO!

ON CLIFFORD

Clifford watches in horror. Right before it happens, he turns off the monitor to save himself the horrific sight.

His heart is pounding now! He's got to get out of this house!

The phone is in his hand's in no time and he's screaming into it.

CLIFFORD

(frenzied)

Ey man, you gotta come pick me!
You gotta come pick me up right
now.

There's no response but he can hear gun fire from his video game in the background.

CLIFFORD

Answer the phone!

In anger, he throws his hand up in the air. The phone shoots from his hands and flies into the utility room.

He stops for a moment and looks at the basement door leading outside. Then his phone. He chooses the phone.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He grabs the phone off the floor and is about to speak again when he notices something on the wall from the corner of his eyes. He turns to face it, then approaches.

It's the series of pictures on the wall we saw earlier. Most of them have been crossed out except for one. It's Clifford.

The panicking amplifies by ten!

Brian's going to kill him!

CLIFFORD

Oh god!

He's panicking now. His whole body vibrating. Clifford hangs up on his friend, and begins to call the cops. The phone is at one percent. 9 - 1 - DEAD!

CLIFFORD

DAMN IT!

He's got to get out of here, but right as he's about to turn something clicks in his mind.

CLIFFORD

(to himself)

It doesn't take that long to get a bottle of coke.

A voice rings out.

BRIAN

Who are you talking to?

Clifford casually turns toward him, attempting not to show any sign of fear. But he's not doing a good job.

CLIFFORD

Ey - uh - no - I was just - you know - talking to - myself. Just pretty stressed, with like, finals and everything. I uh- probably shouldn't even be here. I should be studying.

BRIAN

The term just started Clifford.

Ice freezes around Clifford's body after he hears those words. He tries to move, but he's unable to.

BRIAN

What are you doing in here?

Brian begins to slowly advance toward Clifford; one step at a time. In his left hand is a bottle of coke and his right hand is hidden behind his back.

CLIFFORD

I was just, you know, looking for the bathroom.

BRIAN

Stop lying to me Clifford.

In that moment Clifford realizes where he's been. He's been here! He's been listening the whole time!

CLIFFORD
You-you-heard?

He gives a little mirthless chuckle.

BRIAN
Of course. It doesn't take that long to get a bottle of coke.

He shakes the coke violently around in his hands as he speaks. Every second he grows closer to Clifford. He wants to run, but there's nowhere to go! Nowhere at all!

CLIFFORD
Why are you doing this?

BRIAN
I never understood why they all ask that. It's as if they think it's going to save them.

BRIAN
It'd just be a waste of time. A waste of breath.
(beat)
But you know what's funny Clifford? Who let you in? Me? No. You turned that door knob and you walked into your grave.

He's only a couple feet away now.

BRIAN
See, I gave you a chance to live but no no no no, your curious little mind just wasn't satisfied. You had to come into this house and now...
(beat)
...you have to stay here with me.

Brian stands practically right in front of Clifford for a moment of pure silence. THEN - Brian pulls his right hand out from his back to reveal a KNIFE!

He swings it at Clifford who pulls the laundry rack in front of him to block the attack.

CLANG! The knife hits the metal. Brian strikes the knife through the middle of the cart but Clifford leans back just far enough, only dodging it by an inch.

Clifford hangs onto the cart with his life. It's the only thing between him and the guy trying to kill him.

Brian's about to swing again but Clifford grabs a towel off the hanger and whips it right through the middle! SMACK! It hits Brian right in the face.

He stumbles back, covering his face in pain.

BRIAN
DAMN LAUNDRY!

This is his chance! Clifford shoves the laundry rack aside and kicks Brian right in that vulnerable spot.

BRIAN
AHHRRRRRRRRR!

He's on the floor now, screaming in pain - his face bright red. He's angry.

BRIAN
The pain level of your death just increased by ten Clifford!

But he's in no position to fight back. Clifford runs for it! Out the utility room.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

He's picking up speed -- adrenaline kicking in. He turns the corner heading for the stairs when a door in front of him comes flying open.

Brian charges out, knocks Clifford to the ground, and pins him down. The lunatic grabs the coke, screws off the bottle and dumps it right onto Clifford's face!

BRIAN
(while dumping it)
You know Clifford. You really shouldn't drink this stuff. It's BAAAAD for ya!

Some of that coke falls into Clifford mouth. He's poisoned now and his vision immediately becomes blurry.

Brian face is red as he laughs hysterically hard.

BRIAN
Now it really is poison water!

Clifford attempts to stand up but his leg muscles fail forcing him back to the ground.

BRIAN

Don't worry Clifford. The poison won't kill you. Although when I'm done with you, you'll probably wish it did!

He's laughing so hard now that he can barely breath.

Everything goes dark.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Clifford eyes flicker a few times before he fully wakes up.

The young man attempts to move but a rope restrains him to the wall.

A video camera sits on a tripod at the other side of the room. That's when it dawns on him. He's in the same spot Jim was and he's being filmed.

At that moment, Brian enters the room with the knife in one hand and a old stereo in the other. Clifford stares at him in terror.

BRIAN

You know Clifford, you snore louder than my younger brother. I almost wanted to gut you too there.

CLIFFFORD

You're crazy.

Brian's heard this all too many times.

BRIAN

No no no no, I'm not crazy Clifford. I'm just a byproduct of someone else's madness.

Brian plugs in the stereo and sets it on top of the freezer.

BRIAN

So if you haven't figured it out by now, I'm going to kill you.

(laughs)

But first I want you to hear a song from good old Bobby Darin. My father killed him by the way.

I'm going to do a little
preliminary death dance for you
and when the song dies...
(beat)
...so do you. So enjoy it!

Brian places a CD inside, clicks play, and the song begins.

It's Bobby Darin's Mack the Knife. At first the song sounds up beat, but it's not. It's really not.

Brian swings the knife back and forth with a bit of hop in his step to the intro of the song. His back to Clifford who fights with the rope, but it's no use.

The numbers on the radio count down from three minutes. Once the lyrics start, Brian whips the knife out, keeps his arm extended, and does a 180.

He's now pointing the knife right at Clifford whose still fighting with the rope. Brian smiles at his pathetic attempt and slowly dances toward him.

He's actually a good dancer. His moves are simple but effective. Effective in scaring the life out of his victim.

He throws the knife up in the air and catches it with the other hand, before throwing it again. It's like a juggling act.

He's also crossing his feet. One in front of the other as he juggles the knife.

Brian rolls Clifford's sleeve up and begins to lightly cut into his arm. He grinds his teeth and cries out in pain.

Brian finishes cutting and shuffles backward, still facing Clifford. He takes the knife, sticks it in his mouth, and licks his victim's blood off. This nauseates Clifford and he turns away.

Brian performs another 180. Now he's got his back to Clifford. He's only got until the end of the song to somehow escape! There's got to be something he can do!

Only two minutes of the song remain now.

Then Clifford spots something. A pair of scissors! It's right there on the floor!

He examines the rope that bounds him. It's just thin enough that maybe he can cut it. He extends his arm out to grab it - fingertips right at it when -

Brian unconsciously slides right into the scissors, driving them away but only by a bit. But a bit means out of reach.

Clifford slams his fist in frustration. A long cardboard box sits next to him. He may be able to use that to reach the scissors. But he's got to hurry!

Only 1 minute and 20 seconds of the song remain. The terrified young man waits for that opportune moment. The moment Brian turns his back.

The lunatic dancer is now swinging the knife back and forth while twisting his torso. He suddenly jumps in the air, lands on one foot and twists around.

He's facing away! Clifford uses the box to pull the scissors toward him. It's working. He continuously darts his head between Brian and the scissors.

He slowly but surely draws them in. GOT IT! He frantically cuts away at the rope, freeing himself. Miraculously, Brian keeps his back turned away.

He's now able to pull the rest of the rope off himself.

FREE! Clifford stop for a moment to look at Brian. Back still turned.

He's twerking and swinging the knife in-between in legs.

Clifford just has to stop and look at him for a moment as if to say "Really?"

Mistake! Brian unexpectedly bends over and looks between his legs. His face lights up with surprise.

Clifford scrambles to his feet - heading right for the door!

The psychopath is right behind him - knife raised.

BRIAN
(screaming)
You finish my song!

Clifford swings the door open. Brian thrusts the knife through the air but BANG! The door closes just in time. Brian attempts to open it, but Clifford is holding it shut from the other side.

BRIAN
(caterwauling)
It's my door and I'll open it when
I please. You get your filthy
hands off my doorknob!

Clifford knows he can't hold on forever. He's just got to run! And that's what he does! He sprints up the stairs to the main level. He can hear Brian at the bottom.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

The door! He spots a door leading out to the deck/backyard.

Clifford runs for it and attempts to open it. Locked! A piece of wood obstructs the path of the door.

He reaches down to remove it when he realizes Brian is at the top of the stairs. He's got to hide.

ON VIDEO CAMERA:

Brian is filming the hunt with his camera. He points it at himself and begins to speak.

BRIAN

Hello there sad people who've got
no life and watch this shit. I'm
just playing hide and seek with my
buddy Clifford here.

We spot a big patch of red on the floor. Blood from Clifford's arm.

BRIAN

You're staining my floor Clifford!
You know, it's okay, I'll just
have to sell your bones on the
deep web!

That high pitched laugh rings out again. We're scanning through the living room, approaching the kitchen.

BRIAN

Come out, come out where ever you
are.

ON CLIFFORD:

He's squatting there - behind the center island. He breath is in short loud quivers. It's too loud! He cups his hand over his mouth to silence it. He can hear Brian entering the kitchen.

ON VIDEO CAMERA:

Brian points the camera back at himself.

BRIAN

Just to let you fools know, I'm a
good hide and seek player. I can
find Clifford no matter where he
hides.

He shrieks out in laughter. A lunatics laugh.

BRIAN

Come out - come out! You big old
red dog! HAHAHA!

ON CLIFFORD

Clifford grinds his teeth in anger. He hates those
references. He's dealt with them his whole life, but his
fear trumps his anger.

He can hear footsteps. One by one. CLICK CLACK CLICK CLACK.

Then they stop right before the center island. Silence.

Complete silence.

He waits and waits and waits. Nothing! Has he left?!
Clifford peers around the corner. There's no one there.

Clifford just crouches there; paralyzed. A knife creeps into
view from overhead. The knife stops - then raises up for the
kill!

BRIAN

(whispers)

Up here Clifford!

Clifford head shoots up. Brian's right there! He's laying on
top of the center island, his arm's dangling over. He swings
the knife at Clifford's head!

Clifford dives across the floor - the blade only cutting
air!

He fights to his feet - Brian's right behind him!

Up the stairs darts Clifford!

BRIAN

The front door's not up there
Clifford! HAHAHAHAHAH!

He's almost to the top step when Brian snatches his leg and
yanks him back down. He rolls down the stairs - stomach
first and crashes onto the landing.

Brian jumps on top of him and strikes the knife toward Clifford's chest, but he intercepts. They struggle with the knife. Brian pushing toward! Clifford pushing away!

Their arms shake - their muscles battle one another. Brian's stronger! He can feel it. If he doesn't do something clever soon, he's going to die.

Brian's thumb expands past the knife. He knows what he has to do! He extends his head forward a tad and sinks his teeth into the killer's thumb

BRIAN
AAAAA!AAAA!

He loses his grip from the knife and cries out in pain.

Clifford scrambles up the stairs and...

INT. UPPER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

...shoots down the hall but Brian's already recovered and he's moving -- FAST! Clifford runs into a bedroom, slams the door shut, and locks it!

INT. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

We're in an open bedroom. The only thing remarkable about this room is the bed and the window overlooking the backyard.

The rest is simply unutilized space.

He's got to get out of here! Brian bangs his body into the door.

BRIAN
(screaming)
YOU OPEN THIS DAMNED PIECE OF WOOD
BEFORE I KILL YOU WITH IT!

Clifford spots another door, he runs for it, and frantically swings it open. The bedroom morphs into a large, spacious bathroom. Clifford slams that door shut and locks it.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He feels safer now, but he's only deeper inside the house of death. He can still hear Brian pounding away at the entrance door.

He swiftly examines his surroundings. A WINDOW! Clifford rushes toward it, draws up the shades and looks out it. Below the window sits the lower part of the roof. He's got no choice but to jump! He proceeds to frantically unlock the window!

BANG! Brian's just gotten through the first door and in no time is beating away at the second. Brian begins screaming out like a wild animal that's burning from the inside out.

BRIAN
 You taking a dump in there
 Clifford!? I musta really scared
 the shit out of you!

He's got one latch unlocked and he pulls on the other one.

It's tight - really tight - almost stuck! The lunatic relentlessly pounds at the door.

BRIAN
 YOU OPEN THIS DOOR! OPEN IT! OPEN
 IT! OPEN IT! OPEN IT! OPEN IT!

The terrified teenager continues to yank at the latch. If he doesn't get that thing open soon...

CLIFFORD
 Goddamn it! Come on! Come on!

BRIAN
 YOU'RE GONNA DIE IN A BATHROOM
 CLIFFORD!

Clifford opens the window and...

BRIAN
 I'm gonna take a dump in that
 toilet and I'm gonna tie your head
 around the toilet seat and -- YOU
 OPEN THIS DOOOOOR!

...pushes out the screen. Right at that moment - SLAM! Brian enters the room with his video camera back in hand.

He approaches the window, pauses for a moment, and then darts back out the door!

EXT. GARDEN - DAWN

It's dawn now. The sun is sinking in the sky, but there's still a good amount of light left. Clifford's got a feeling if he doesn't get out by dark -- he won't get out at all.

He sees the drive way just right out of the garden but at that moment a car pulls up the drive way. He crouches down to hide from the driver's line of sight.

Music blasts from the car's speakers and we can hear a man confidently singing along. But it's not the type of music most full grown men listen to or would want others to hear.

It's Old MacDonald Had a Farm.

The car stops the top of the driveway and sits there. The music is still blasting! It looks as if the person sitting inside is Brian's father.

Clifford runs the opposite direction. He can sneak out from the backyard. He sprints for the garden's gate and opens it.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

He rushes across the patio when he spots someone on the stairs of the deck. It's Brian and he's still holding that video camera.

BRIAN

You know Clifford, you're only making this video better. The last guy - he was so easy. There was no real foreplay. But you.

(beat)

You really want to live. Don't you Clifford!? But that's only making me more and more aroused and when I get you and wrap my little fingers around your throat - It's going to be greatest climax in all my videos!

Clifford just takes off running.

BRIAN

You can run Clifford! But I can walk faster!

He pumps his arms picking up speed, but randomly trips and pitches across the ground. Brian's casually walking. Clifford jumps to his feet and to run again, but trips over a stick and tumbles again.

Brian's walking, but he's somehow gaining on him. Up ahead a fence blocks off the backyard from the outside world. If he can just get to it and climb it!

TRIP! Clifford crashes into the ground again! BUT HE DIDN'T EVEN TRIP ON ANYTHING!

Brian's literally right behind him.

BRIAN

What'd you trip on Clifford?! A horror movie cliché?! HAHAHAAA!

He climbs to his feet AGAIN, but Brian's cornered him against the house. The only escape is the basement door. He's got to go back inside again.

He reaches for the door, yanks it open and attempts to close it, but Brian grabs the door handle and steps inside.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brian isn't saying anything at this point, but his eyes say it all. They're narrowed - focused - ready for the kill.

Clifford stands there, tired of running. He's got no choice but to FIGHT!

He charges, but Clifford kicks the knife which goes flying from Brian's hands. Clifford delivers a sloppy punch which hits Brian right in the face!

But they both scream out. Clifford holds his wrist in pain.

He never learned how to throw a punch.

Before Brian can fully recover, Clifford lashes out with the other hand and strikes Brian in the face again.

They both scream out once more. Clifford flaps his hand in the air trying to relieve the pain. Brian takes this as his chance to strike.

He whips his fist through the air -- the haymaker - but completely misses Clifford! SMASH! His fist crashes right into the wall and he bellows out in pain.

Both young men jump around in pain like the ground is burning hot under them. It's quite amusing.

In that moment we realize neither of them know a thing about fighting. Essentially, they're beating themselves up.

They're both recovered now and Brian's charging. Clifford looks around for weapon. Something! Anything!

Finds a sock on the ground, grabs it and begins violently whipping it in the killer's face.

Obviously, it does nothing.

Brian grabs Clifford arm and twists it outward.

BRIAN
Hey Clifford. How's that sock
working out for ya?!

He then head-butts Clifford in the face which sends him flying backwards to the floor. Brian holds his broken nose from the strike and cries out in immense pain.

It takes a moment for Brian to stop screaming. Clifford painfully climbs to his feet.

BRIAN
It's time to put this big red dog
down.

Clifford is so sick of these damn references!

CLIFFFORD
You make one more Clifford
reference and I swear - I swear -

He stops awkwardly for a moment, trying to think of something bad-ass to say. Brian just waits for it.

CLIFFFORD
- I swear, um
(beat)
I'll hurt you?

BRIAN
You're not Liam Neeson Clifford
but you know what you are? You're
just a stupid big red-

CLIFFFORD
Ey wait wait wait! How do you know
all these quotes?
(beat)
You still read that shit!?

The smile dissipates from Brian's lips and we get an edgy long silence. Brian's face slowly transforms into that of a madman. How dare he insult him like that!?

He screams out in anger and knocks Clifford to the ground. He then spots a wet towel hanging out of the bathroom door. He grabs it and extracts his revenge.

BRIAN
You remember this Clifford!?

He whips him in the face and Clifford bowls in pain. One violent thrash after the next.

BRIAN
How does that feel Clifford?! Does it feel good?! Huh?! Does it get you going!?

Clifford spots another towel in front of him, grabs it and whips Brian back. He shrieks out and staggers backward while Clifford climbs to his feet.

TOWEL FIGHT!

Brian whips his wet towel out but Clifford is on the defense.

He extends his towel out in front of his face and blocks the attack.

They both stand there, whipping their towels in circles - intimidating each other. Water flies everywhere from Brian's.

Clifford strikes outward with the towel, but so does Brian at the same time. WHIP! The towels collide and bounce backward but Brian is ready for the next attack.

He trashes out and whips Clifford's hands which loosens his grip from the towel which goes flying backwards.

He grabs the sock he was using from before. Towel vs sock. He runs at Brian to hit him with it, but gets wiped in the face which sends him flying backwards.

Brian stands there twirling the towel in excitement as Clifford crawls across the floor.

BRIAN
I'm afraid you've lost Clifford.
Well I'm not the one thats afraid.

He begins laughing hysterically at his own stupid joke.

Clifford needs a real weapon. Real defense! Several mallets sit in the corner. He reaches out and grabs one and stands to his feet.

When Brian realizes he's got a real weapon, he freezes.

CLIFFORD

Ey Brian. How's that towel working
out for you?

Before he can respond, he bashes the psycho killer right in
the face knocking him out cold.

At that moment, Clifford lets out a huge breath. A sigh of
relief. Now he can get out of here. It's over.

Or so he thinks.

A voice rings out from the stairs.

FATHER

Son! Is that brat dead yet?!

Any relief Clifford breathed out is sucked right back in the
next breath. He freezes there.

FATHER

Son! Bring me the body! We're not
done yet.

No response.

FATHER

Brian?! You get your fat ass up
these steps boy!

(beat)

I got a belt kid and I will use
it!

(several beats)

BRIAN!?

Clifford tip-toes across the basement heading for the door,
but accidentally bumps into a toy box.

Everything goes quiet for a moment and then we hear the
father traveling down the stairs, but he's not saying
anything.

Clifford just races for the door. Right in that moment, the
father emerges with a rifle.

FATHER

Come here you filthy teenager!

Clifford rips the door right open and sprints out -- the
father not far behind him.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The sun is gone now leaving it dark out.

FATHER
Damn varmint!

A shot rings out from behind and whips past Clifford.

FATHER
Goddamn I've gotten old! You're
lucky you're not in Vietnam son!

Another shot cries out in the night.

Clifford races to the old playhouse and hides behind it.
It's old and the wood is beginning to rot away.

There's a little door at the back of the playhouse and
Clifford peaks inside and shrieks. A body of a kid sits
inside.

FATHER
Looks like you found little Danny
boy!

Clifford crouches behind in terror, the father approaching
on his position.

FATHER
Yeah! We had to take that little
bugger out of the equation. I
couldn't afford him. He ate too
much - kept ripping his clothes -
kept asking for help on his
goddamned math homework. He was
weak. I couldn't sell that bugger
on eBay so I just took him out!

CLIFFORD
ALL YOU PEOPLE ARE CRAZY!

FATHER
NO! You people are crazy. You keep
reproducing and reproducing and
REPRODUCING! There's over seven
billion people on this planet. Why
should feel bad for taking a few
out!?

The father is so close now. Clifford doesn't know what to
do.

If he runs, he'll get shot. If he stays, he'll get shot.

FATHER
I taught my son this and he and I
take out morons! Stupid little
millennials like you!

CLIFFORD

I'm not stupid! You are! You're killing people!

FATHER

Yes you are stupid son. You intruded upon this house and you stayed long enough to get yourself in this predicament. You're a blockhead boy!

Clifford looks for something to back with - finds a stick on the ground and grabs it.

FATHER

You're going to die now son! Think about that for a second! Let it seep in! You are going to -

He steps around the corner and Clifford strikes! The old man cries out and Clifford makes his run for it.

Faster and faster and faster! GO GO GO! The father takes his his weapon, sets his finger on the trigger, and aims it at Clifford. He breaths in and out focusing himself and --

- takes the shot! WHAM! The recoil whips the rifle back and it hits the father in the face sending him to the ground.

Clifford's still running; unscathed. He's pumping his arms back and forth like he's Jesse Owens.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A car is sitting idle on the drive way. It's Clifford's mother. Clifford climbs into the car, panicking.

MOM

Clifford?! What's wrong?!

CLIFFORD

Mom! Drive! Drive! Let's go!

MOM

Calm down and talk to me first!

CLIFFORD

Ey no no! They're trying to kill me. We need to get the hell outta here!

MOM

Clifford!? No one is trying to
kill you? Okay?

CLIFFORD

Mom!

MOM

It's the gaming - that rap music!
It's twisting your mind.

CLIFFORD

Mom! JUST DRIVE! IT'S NOT THE
MUSIC!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Clifford turns his head and shrieks!
Brian and his father stand outside the window.

CLIFFORD

DRIIIVEE!

Mom glares at him and pulls down the window.

MOM

How was it?

FATHER

He was great. It got a little
rough there at the end, but no
he's a good kid.

MOM

That's good to hear. You have a
good time Clifford?!

Clifford can't believe it! They're acting normal now.

MOM

Clifford.

CLIFFORD

Uh yeah. Depends what your
definition of a good time is.

Brian leans through the window.

BRIAN

We gotta hang out more bro.

MOM

Actually. Next week me and your
father will be going out of town
and I thought I could leave you
here for the week.

Clifford takes a big large gulp.

FATHER

Yes, Brian and I would love to see him again. We can finish that card game right?

MOM

(re: Clifford)

Does that sound good to you?

CLIFFORD

(grits his teeth)

Yes. I'd love it. I'd love it.

MOM

Well we gotta get back for dinner. It was great talking with you.

BRIAN

Take it easy bro.

Mom rolls up the window. The father and Brian both smile creepily at Clifford. Mom just thinks it a nice goodbye smile but Clifford knows its sinister intentions.

She pulls off the driveway. Clifford turns back to see them both waving from the driveway.

MOM

Lovely people huh.

Clifford's mouth literally drops open! Shit!

- THE END -