Cliff and Wendy

By

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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
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.
WENDY
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)
It’s cool isn’t it?

Wendy nods her head.

WENDY
It’s 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.
CLIFF
You don’t like it?

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.
WENDY
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 Cliffs I’m sorry.

Fuck you. 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.
CLIFF (CONT’D)
No. I mean...shit, I’m so sorry. I haven’t had many girls in my room okay.

WENDY
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)
WENDY
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