

KILL ME

Written by

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INT. LIBRARY - DAY

GREG, a nerdy, unattractive, nineteen-year-old wearing khaki cargo shorts and a faded T-shirt with the iconic 'Einstein tongue' picture, sits down at an empty table. Several other students study silently at adjacent tables. GREG opens his laptop and it immediately erupts with the sounds of a woman groaning loudly.

GREG slams the laptop shut and looks around at the other students staring at him and snickering.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

CLOSE UP of GREG's hand writing in a small notebook: "DAY 24 - OPENED PORN IN LIBRARY." The sound of the snickering library goers is still audible.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

GREG sits in bathtub with a straight razor in his hand. He positions the blade on his wrists at various angles making puzzled faces.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of GREG's hand writing in notebook: "CUTTING WRISTS - MIGHT MISS ARTERY, MIGHT BE TOO PAINFUL FOR TOO LONG, TOO MUCH BLOOD, TOO DIFFICULT TO REMOVE CORPSE FROM TUB."

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

GREG walks along a steep hill while holding a donut. As he tries to bite the donut, he trips and sends the pastry rolling down the hill into a ditch. A couple of runners snicker as they pass by him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP of notebook: "DAY 28 - TRIPPED AND DROPPED DONUT DOWN HILL."

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

GREG tries to tie a makeshift noose from a neck tie attached to a ceiling fan. He tugs on it quizzically and measures his head against the opening.

CLOSE UP of notebook: "HANGING - 'ROPE' MIGHT BREAK, FAN MIGHT FALL, MIGHT MISS WIND PIPE, MIGHT BE TOO DIFFICULT TO CUT CORPSE DOWN."

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

GREG turns around after just receiving his coffee, bumps into someone, and spills the coffee on himself.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

CLOSE UP of notebook: "DAY 44 - SPILLED COFFEE ON SELF."

EXT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT

GREG looks over the top of a tall parking deck at cars driving below.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of notebook: "JUMPING - MIGHT HIT OTHER PEOPLE, LEDGE MIGHT NOT BE TALL ENOUGH, CLEANUP TOO MESSY."

INT. BATHROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

GREG stands next to a bathtub filled with water while holding a toaster. He holds to toaster over the water and thinks.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of notebook: "TOASTER IN BATHTUB - WATER MAY NOT BE CONDUCTIVE ENOUGH, TOASTER MIGHT HAVE SAFETY FEATURE, MIGHT BE TOO PAINFUL, DIFFICULTY PULLING CORPSE OUT OF WATER?"

INT. BATHROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

GREG carefully reads the labels on various pill bottles in a medicine cabinet.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of GREG writing in notebook: "PILL OVERDOSE - UNKNOWN REACTIONS OF VARIOUS PILLS, MIGHT JUST THROW UP... OR GET HIGH." GREG sighs as he finishes writing and closes the notebook in frustration.

He holds his head in his hands for a moment and then looks at his phone. The Facebook app is open and the "Friends" list shows one name: JAKE JOHNSON.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

JAKE JOHNSON, also a nineteen year old, stands in the middle of a living room in the midst of a high-energy party wearing only jorts and a T-shirt folded into itself. Another partygoer holds the bag from a box of cheap wine while JAKE continuously drink from it. He's cheered on by other chanting partiers.

As JAKE drinks, seemingly without breathing, he holds up his phone to see a call from: GREG. JAKE answers the phone as he closes the valve on the bag. The party cheers loudly.

JAKE

Greg?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

GREG

Jake?... I Didn't think you'd pick up.

JAKE

Holy shit dude, I haven't talked to you since graduation, how are you?

GREG

(after a pause)

I need you to help me kill myself.

JAKE vomits.

GREG (CONT'D)

Listen, you don't have to but... if you could maybe come up for a day or two--

JAKE

Hey, yeah man I'm down for a weekend trip, but--

GREG

Good, I'll explain when you get here.

GREG hangs up. A group of partygoers are taking bong rips in the background, one starts coughing up smoke.

PARTYGOER

Oh man, Gabe just got *killed*.

JAKE turns from his phone to look at them then vomits again.

EXT. IDYLLIC COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

JAKE and GREG walk together amongst a crowd of other students. Jake is turning the pages of GREG's notebook with curious eyes.

JAKE

Wow.

GREG

Yes, I told you already I--

JAKE

(closing the notebook)

Don't worry bro, we're gonna fix this shit in your head.

GREG

No I just need you to--

JAKE

(putting his hand on GREG)

Shh, I got it all figured out, we're gonna *It's a Wonderful Life* this shit, c'mon.

JAKE leads GREG into a building.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

JAKE leads GREG down a corridor of dorm rooms.

JAKE

Now I couldn't figure out who you hang with up here but I figured Ryan might know. I forgot you both went here.

JAKE walks up to a door and loudly knocks on it.

RYAN (O.S.)

(from the room)

Who the fuck is that?

JAKE looks confident, GREG not so much.

GREG  
Listen, I'm trying to tell you  
that--

RYAN opens the door, annoyed. RYAN is dressed almost exactly like JAKE, with colored chino shorts and a short sleeve button down, but his eyes are red. His expression changes to a smile when he sees JAKE.

RYAN  
Jake Johnson? Holy shit bro what  
are you doin' here?

JAKE  
("dapping" RYAN)  
I'm here helping out Greg with  
somethin'.

RYAN  
Who?

JAKE  
(gesturing to GREG)  
You remember Greg, from high  
school?

RYAN squints at GREG for an uncomfortable amount of time.  
JAKE frowns awkwardly.

RYAN  
(shaking his head)  
Nah.

EXT. STARBUCKS PATIO - DAY

GREG and JAKE sit around a table with drinks. GREG sits up straight while casually stirring an indiscriminate cup of coffee. JAKE has his feet up on the table and intently scrolls through something on a laptop. He sips on some multicolored iced drink.

GREG  
You're not going to find anyone. I  
keep telling you I have no friends.

JAKE  
Hey you have me, don't ya?

GREG  
You barely know me. We've never  
hung out.

JAKE

And I'm honored you chose me to be  
your lord and savior.

GREG

...You're the only number I had in  
my phone.

JAKE frowns then closes his laptop.

JAKE

Look man, you gotta give me  
somethin'.

GREG shrugs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Alright, what do you do in your  
spare time?

GREG puts the suicide notebook on the table.

JAKE (CONT'D)

OK... how about any  
accomplishments?

GREG

I can't even manage to kill myself.

JAKE takes another sip from his drink in contemplation. GREG  
tries to sip his coffee but visibly burns his tongue.

JAKE

Well what about your parents? Do  
they know what you're up to?

GREG

(fanning his tongue)  
Uh...

INT. OTHER BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is filled with psychedelic art, lava lamps, and  
beanbag chairs. In an empty space in the middle, GREG'S MOM,  
42, sits poised with her eyes closed on a yoga mat. She looks  
earthy wearing a psychedelic headband and a drug rug with a  
tie-dye design.

GREG stands in front of her.

GREG'S MOM  
Go where the wind takes you dear...  
(grimacing)  
Just like your father did.

EXT. STARBUCKS PATIO - CONTINUOUS FROM BEFORE CUTAWAY

GREG  
They don't really care.

JAKE  
You know I don't remember you being  
such a downer.  
(with realization)  
Yeah, actually the last time I saw  
you was at my grad party. Remember?

ANGLE ON GREG's face with a blank stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

*GREG sighs as he stands on a stoop in front of a house with a party raging inside. A COUPLE bursts out of the door and pushes GREG to the side. JAKE is at the door.*

JAKE  
You two have a good night!  
(noticing GREG)  
Oh, Greg... I didn't see you there.

*GREG flashes an awkward smile then follows JAKE inside.*

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

*The house is filled with high schoolers dancing, drinking, and causing a ruckus. JAKE goes to talk with some people in a corner leaving GREG to wander by himself.*

EXT. BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

*GREG wanders onto the back porch and sits by the pool where there is less commotion. He looks at his reflection in the water.*



GIRL (O.S.)  
 Hey, don't I know you?

GREG turns to see JESSICA. She's the same age as GREG and also awkward though more attractive. She walks up to him from the crowd.

GREG  
 I uh... don't think--

Suddenly, two large GUYS burst out onto the porch in horseplay. They attempt to stop short of JESSICA, but their momentum causes them to shove her into the pool. Everyone around stops to see JESSICA flailing in the moderately deep pool. GREG is closest to her.

JESSICA  
 (screaming)  
 Shit, I can't swim!

GREG tries to quickly get up, but his hand slips and he ends up awkwardly falling into the pool.

ANGLE ON JAKE who runs onto the back porch with worry. He joins the crowd of ONLOOKERS.

ONLOOKER 1  
 Jessica fell into the pool, but  
 that other kid went in to help her.

JAKE  
 (concerned)  
 Wait, is that Greg? I don't think  
 he can swim.

JAKE quickly strips and dives into the pool.

EXT. BACK PORCH - LATER

JESSICA sits wrapped in a towel with a few people consoling her. GREG wraps himself in a towel from JAKE then walks towards the door. JAKE walks over to console JESSICA.

POINT OF VIEW of GREG as he walks towards the house. Partygoers glare at him and whisper. The chorus of whispers rises and some are audible.

WHISPERS (V.O.)  
 Why would he go after her if he  
 can't swim? Who is that anyway? Was  
 he even invited? He should just  
 leave.

*GREG runs around the side of the house out of view. JAKE turns from JESSICA to look for GREG, but is confused when he can't find him.*

END FLASHBACK

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STARBUCKS PATIO - CONTINUOUS FROM BEFORE FLASHBACK

ANGLE STILL ON GREG with a blank stare.

JAKE  
(snapping)  
Hey, hey come on you can't keep  
zonin' out on me, bro.

GREG turns to look at JAKE.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Alright, so let's say your life is  
worth ending, what do you want me  
to do? Just kill you?

GREG  
No... just help me figure out how I  
can do it.

JAKE picks up the notebook and fingers through it.

JAKE  
Hmm... you didn't try shooting  
yourself?

GREG  
How am I going to get a gun?

JAKE  
Well, we could go ove--

GREG  
Gun might jam, might miss vital  
parts of brain, bullet might hit  
another person through the wall.

JAKE stares at GREG. GREG avoids JAKE's eyes.

JAKE  
See? You're just gonna shoot down  
every idea anyway.

GREG sighs and starts rubbing his face. JAKE rolls his eyes.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 Alright, look. Tonight instead of  
 this shit.  
 (gesturing with the  
 notebook)  
 You're gonna go home and write  
 something that's worth living for  
 OK?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

JAKE leans against a wall alone, lit by the street lights. He is talking on a cell phone with a serious face.

JAKE  
 Don't you remember?  
 (emphatically)  
 Yes. Greg. From high school... No  
 that's Clark.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

GREG sits at his desk with a pencil in hand, like usual, but with a new, empty notebook open in front of him. He holds the pencil to the paper, but can't write anything.

GREG  
 Hm.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JAKE AND GREG

JAKE  
 No no not Ryan... by the way I'm  
 pretty sure he does coke now.

GREG writes something, stops, then shakes his head and erases it.

JAKE looks more exacerbated.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 I swear I'm not making this up just  
 to hook up with you.

GREG is doodling a picture of a noose.

JAKE looks even more exacerbated and now takes a drag from a cigarette.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Yeah maybe I should just let him do it... No he already tried that... and that.

GREG rests his face on the table between his folded arms. The notebook has labelled diagrams of some sort of suicide contraption.

JAKE sits on the ground with his head between knees. The only light flickers then goes out.

EXT. PARK - DAY

JAKE and GREG sit on a bench during another nice, sunny day. JAKE is looking at the new notebook that GREG wrote in the night before.

JAKE

Damn it Greg, what the hell is this?

GREG

Well, I think if we get the right dimensions and work out all of the--

JAKE

I know this is a fucking dystopian suicide machine. Not what I meant when I said, 'write something to live for.'

GREG

I really think this will wor--

JAKE

(turning to the landscape)  
C'mon man, what about chicks, and sunsets, and bacon... and all that shit? I mean you may not have the best hand dealt to ya, but it could be worse.

GREG sighs.

GREG

I... just want to accomplish this one thing. I thought you could help, but...

JAKE sighs and thinks for a moment.

JAKE

Alright, look. I'll agree to help build your weird-ass thing but if I find one person who doesn't want you to die we're callin' it off, deal?

JAKE holds up his hand for a high five. GREG misses and hits JAKE in the face.

MONTAGE

- JAKE and GREG sit together in GREG's room at night and talk inaudibly. JAKE talks and GREG writes in his notebook.

- JAKE looks annoyed and throws a crumpled piece of paper in the air. GREG tears out pages of the notebook and crumples them.

- JAKE measures the distance between the ceiling fan and the floor. GREG stoically takes note.

- JAKE is alone and again talks on the cell phone, he hangs up, frustrated.

- JAKE drops a rock off of a parking deck. GREG stands at the bottom and takes note as the rock hits him in the head. JAKE laughs. GREG cracks a smile.

- GREG says something deadpan to JAKE as JAKE ties a rope to a piece of metal. JAKE looks back at GREG, somewhat surprised, and laughs. GREG smiles.

- JAKE talks on the phone again, he angrily hangs up and sighs.

- JAKE, looking somewhat agitated, hammers something off screen while GREG sketches something. GREG shows him he sketch and they both laugh heartily.

END MONTAGE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

GREG and JAKE admire something large off screen. They look disheveled.

JAKE  
(jokingly)  
Not bad for someone who never  
accomplished anything.

GREG  
I had help.

JAKE  
Ah c'mon, I could never have  
thought up something as fucked up  
as this without ya.

JAKE laughs and GREG smiles. Their faces turn awkwardly  
serious after a few seconds.

GREG  
You... uh... want to--

JAKE  
Yeah, yeah.. But first I wanted to  
tell you something.

GREG  
You didn't find anyone did you?

JAKE  
Admittedly... No. Frankly, not a  
single person cared if you killed  
yourself or not... And some said I  
should join you.

GREG makes an 'I told you so' face.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
But look at what we've  
accomplished, man.  
(gesturing off screen)  
It's really fucked, but it shows  
you have talent.

GREG  
You helped me.

JAKE points to GREG in agreement.

JAKE  
Yes I did, and ya know why?

GREG  
Because you also think I should  
kill myself?

JAKE

No no no, you're missing the point.

GREG

I mean you did help me build a  
*suicide machine*.

JAKE

I did it because I cared about you  
Greg. Don't you get it? *I'm* the one  
person, and I'm not gonna let you  
die.

GREG half smiles, but then frowns a bit.

GREG

(gesturing off screen)  
What are we supposed to do with  
this?

JAKE smiles and walks forward.

JAKE

I had an idea.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

GREG and JAKE pose for a picture by a professional  
photographer. They are both wearing suits and smiling. After  
some pictures they turn to look at something off screen in  
the gallery.

RYAN walks up behind them, intently staring at the same  
thing.

RYAN

Is that it?

JAKE

(enthusiastically)  
Yeah!

JAKE leans closer to RYAN and lowers his voice.

JAKE (CONT'D)

And can you believe they offered  
*six hundred bucks* for this thing?  
(shaking his head)  
They were saying shit like, "I like  
how it represents the absurdity of  
society's masochistic work ethic."

RYAN keeps his unwavering gaze.

RYAN

Huh.

As JAKE continues saying things to RYAN, JESSICA walks up behind GREG, surprising him.

JESSICA

Hi Greg.

GREG stumbles back and hits a small, round sculpture sitting on a pedestal. It falls and rolls away. GREG quickly takes off his jacket and throws it onto the pedestal. A patron walks up and observes the new 'piece.'

PATRON

(contemplative)

Mmm.

JESSICA giggles after seeing this and GREG blushes.

GREG

What, uh... are you doing here?

JAKE stops talking to Ryan after noticing Jessica's arrival.

JAKE

Jessica! What are you doing here?

JESSICA

I was up here visiting my friend when I heard about your, uh, art show.

JESSICA looks over towards the suicide piece with a puzzled face.

JAKE

I tried to call you but you never picked up.

JESSICA

Oh yeah, I had like no service on the way up here.

They all stand awkwardly silent for a moment.

JAKE

(turning back towards

RYAN)

So anyway, Ryan, back to my story.

JAKE's conversation fades out, leaving JESSICA and GREG alone.



JESSICA  
(looking towards the  
suicide piece)  
So you, uh, made this?

GREG  
(nervously)  
Uh, yeah, well...

JESSICA  
(nodding)  
I like it. It's creative.

GREG  
Thanks... I've kind of always  
wanted to do art, but... I didn't  
want to end up like my parents.

JESSICA nods in understanding.

JESSICA  
It's been awhile, hasn't it? You...  
want to catch up over...

GREG  
Coffee?

JESSICA  
(smiling)  
Sure!

JAKE, noticing the romance, turns to GREG.

JAKE  
Just make sure to get it iced this  
time.

They both laugh. JESSICA awkwardly laughs too, and then she and GREG walk out of the gallery. JAKE watches them leave, then turns back to face the suicide piece.

RYAN is still there but he's on his phone now.

RYAN  
Hey look at this.  
(showing his phone to  
JAKE)  
Some dumbass tried to kill himself  
by jumping off a parking deck, but  
it wasn't high enough.

JAKE  
Tch. Amateur.

FADE TO BLACK.