

CRAZY

by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. JOHN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT 1

The screen SNAPS to life.

A frazzled MAN stares into the camera, wild-eyed.

JOHN

Hello. My name is John, and I am
not crazy.

He steps back and starts pacing. The basement is littered
with clutter, a reflection of his mental state.

JOHN

So this chick moved in across the
street not too long ago, and I've
been keeping an eye on her. Not
creepy stalker watching her, just
observing, you know? I don't care
how it sounds. I don't care what
anyone else says. I've done my
research, and I'm right. I know I'm
right. I just need you to see with
your own eyes. If you can see
proof, you'll understand. You'll
believe. I mean, if I'm right, then
I'll be a hero.

He stops pacing.

JOHN

And I know I'm right.

He looks back at the camera.

JOHN

My neighbor is a real-life, honest
to God vampire.

John turns the camera off.

2 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

John sits in front of his computer. He adjusts the camera to
focus on his face as he surfs the Internet.

JOHN

So she's been here for sixteen
months. Wait, no. Seventeen months?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)

Yeah, seventeen. Seventeen months, and she looks exactly the same. I mean, exactly the same. Same weight, same hair, same clothes, same everything. And she's not getting any older, either. At all.

He stops on a web page, and his face lights up. He starts reading from the screen.

JOHN

Here. Wikipedia. "Deaths of neighbors..." Yeah. And here. "Poltergeist-like activity... pressing on people in their sleep."

He looks at the camera and starts counting off on his fingers.

JOHN

So she only goes out at night. At least, I've only seen her out at night. Anyway, two people who lived within walking distance of her house died after she moved in. I'll concede that the one may have been a heart attack, but there's no way the other one was natural causes. And three, I've woken up dozens of times in the middle of the night, can't breathe, heart pounding. All this after I first started putting the pieces together. And a woman who never changes her haircut? Vampire. There's no other explanation.

He picks up the camera and takes it to the window. He zooms in on a nearby suburban house.

JOHN (O.S.)

Right there. That is a vampire's house.

He turns the camera back on his own face.

JOHN

And I'm going to prove it.

3 INT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

3

The camera sits on the dashboard of the car, recording the view through the windshield as the car glides through city streets.

The car rolls to a stop. The camera lifts and zooms in on a YOUNG COUPLE walking down the other side of the street.

JOHN (O.S.)
So vampires don't have a
reflection, right? I'm about to
prove that I'm not crazy.

He focuses on the woman as she runs ahead of the man and stops in front of a large PANE GLASS WINDOW. She beckons for the man to come take a look. She's smiling, laughing.

And her REFLECTION laughs back.

JOHN (O.S.)
Hmmm...

The camera shifts, finding the woman's boyfriend. The younger man is staring RIGHT AT THE CAMERA, and he doesn't look happy.

JOHN (O.S.)
Shit.

John fumbles with the camera, dropping it on the dashboard. The car shifts into gear and speeds away.

JOHN (O.S.)
Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

4 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

The wild eyes are back, staring into the camera again. He starts pacing once his rant gains steam.

JOHN
Okay, so the reflection thing
doesn't prove anything. I mean,
Wikipedia? Come on. What do they
know about vampires? Real vampires,
I mean. Have any of them ever seen
a real vampire? Do any of them live
down the street from a real
vampire?

The rant's crescendo tops out, John's eyes wild.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I am not crazy! She's a vampire!
She's one of them! I can prove it!

His demeanor shifts to nervous, unsure.

JOHN

I can prove it.

He pauses for a moment. Think, think, think.

Then it hits him.

He runs to the camera and turns it off.

5 EXT. WOMAN'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

5

The camera peeks into a driveway where a single car sits silent. The view is obscured by medium-sized bushes.

John's HEAVY BREATHING can be heard from behind the camera. He's scared.

The front door of the house opens. John flinches and ducks back. When he does, a LEAD PIPE comes into view for just a moment.

The woman walks to her car, facing away from him.

Now's his chance.

Quickly and quietly, he rushes from his hiding place toward the woman. She turns at the last moment, and confused terror flashes across her face.

The pipe comes down hard. A small CRY escapes John as he hits the woman in the face.

She goes down to the ground, out cold.

JOHN (O.S.)

Oh, man. Oh, man. Uh, uh...

The camera follows his line of sight as John scans the neighborhood. Not a soul in sight.

His view jumps from the car, to the woman's body, to her front door, then back to her body.

He sets the camera down on the ground and walks over to the woman. He hesitates, drops the pipe, and reaches down to grab the woman's arms.

(CONTINUED)

He drags her out of the frame, back toward her house.

A moment later, he returns to pick up the camera. He shuts the camera off.

6 INT. WOMAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

6

The camera comes to life, focused on the TERRIFIED woman, BOUND AND GAGGED in a chair in the center of the kitchen. Her face is bruised from the pipe.

John turns the camera on his own face. He considers saying something poignant, but nothing comes to mind.

Frustrated, he turns the camera back on the woman. He holds the camera on her for a long time.

JOHN (O.S.)
I know what you are.

She struggles, her cries muffled by the gag.

JOHN (O.S.)
And I'm going to prove it.

He turns away and scans the kitchen. Then he finds what he's looking for.

A CARVING KNIFE.

Taking the carving knife in his free hand, he turns around and stalks back toward the woman.

Her eyes go wide with fright. She screams behind the gag and struggles against her restraints.

Tears come to her eyes.

John hesitates. Clumsily, he pokes the knife at her once, twice.

Then he stabs her in the heart.

JOHN (O.S.)
Ahhhhh!

The woman screams from behind her gag and begins to cry.

He watches her bleed out, watches her die.

John waits, but nothing happens.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (O.S.)
Aren't you supposed to change or
something? Disintegrate? Catch on
fire?

Her strength drains out of her. She goes limp.

John moves closer.

JOHN (O.S.)
Hey, are you... you're a... you,
uh... you can't be...

The woman's body goes limp, her dead eyes open in a glassy
stare.

John is stunned.

JOHN (O.S.)
But you're a vampire...

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)
No, she wasn't.

John jerks the camera up. Although the kitchen was empty a
moment ago, the BOYFRIEND is standing just a few steps away.

The boyfriend bares his FANGS and HISSES.

John has found his vampire.

The boyfriend LUNGES at the camera.

Without letting go of the camera, John falls to the floor.
The camera shakes with the sign of a struggle.

The camera settles. A STREAM OF BLOOD rolls into frame from
the direction of the man's neck.

The boyfriend picks up the camera, smiling, his face covered
in blood and gore.

He searches for the camera's power button.

CUT TO BLACK