

ORDINARY BIRTHDAY

Written by

Malin Lövenberg

+46702518046

malin.lovenberg@gmail.com

<http://www.malinlovenberg.com>

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Music is playing loudly, women and men in their early 20's dancing and laughing in joined tone. In the middle of the huge crowd stands the black sheep: a stiff, uncomfortable fella. He's holding a bottle of energy drink, sipping on it as if it was the most expensive bottle he has ever laid his hands on.

He is awkwardly panning through the room while nodding his head to the music, of course non-synchronized.

He shouldn't have come here. But he promised himself. His 18th birthday would be celebrated in style; he refused to go to bed feeling as empty as he had done all of his other birthdays.

Something good HAS to happen tonight. He swear he'll die otherwise.

Finally, his panning stands at a halt. A girl across the room had met his gaze.

Pure eye contact.

He jumps back, looking another way. Poor thing, she probably didn't mean to look at him. ...Or did she?

He looks back. She's still looking, intrigued. After a long eye-over, she smiles and waves him over.

JASMINE
(yells over the loud
music)
Hi, I'm Jasmine!!

She waits for a response, not getting one.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
(still yelling)
I just broke up with my boyfriend!!

Awkward silence. He's unable to open his mouth. He can feel sweat pouring from his forehead. He wants to act cool, say the dude was probably a douche bag anyway and that he can make her feel better; the way he can at home, by the computer, chatting with his friends... He's considered to be THE ladies man... but just at this moment, nothing seems to be able to come out of his mouth!

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Do, uh... Do you ever talk?

His defense mechanism finally sets in, but still aggravated with himself not responding before, his words come out more hostile than intended.

JACOB
(shouting)
YES!

She jumps back, shocked. He sees that she's scared; how she's looking around in the club to find an escape route. He must fix this - fast.

Maybe he could get closer to her online; they could become good friends without her having to give him her phone number. He's good at talking, she just has to give him a chance.

He leans in closer.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Hey, are you familiar with Myspace?

She smiles awkwardly.

JASMINE
No one uses that shit anymore.

Then she looks over his shoulder, spotting a friend. She waves, smiles happily, walks away... as if it was routine.

He realizes his mistake and rubs his face with his hands.

JACOB
(mutters)
...Facebook.

He was going to set up an account there ages ago... He just hadn't gotten around to it.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(sighs)
It's okay, man. You didn't know.
Next time will go smoother.
Promise.

He feels better. He makes his way to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

The bathroom is empty, nothing filling the room except vomit on the wall and an empty condom wrapper on the floor, both of them seemingly mocking his whole existence.

He's never been drunk. He's never had sex. Does that make him a bad person?

NEFERTITI
(eerie)
My, my, my... What a beautiful specimen...

A woman enters from one of the stall's doors and walks up beside him, touching his shoulders.

JACOB

Ss-sorry?

NEFERTITI

Mmm... Your organs are barely tainted by another person's filthy hands. Your heart is pure.

(smile)

I think you'll do nicely.

She opens his shirt, softly tickling the place where his heart is. This is just like one of these quests in the game he's been playing lately.

JACOB

You're going to eat me, aren't you?

His hands are starting to shake, but the rest of his body is unable to move a muscle.

NEFERTITI

Oh you're an observant one, aren't you?

She rubs her hands upwards, towards his head.

NEFERTITI (CONT'D)

Exercised brain, hm? Those always taste a lot better...!

With one swift movement, she stabs her nails into his skull. Jacob loses control over his hands, dropping the energy drink in his hands. It splashes onto both of them.

Nefertiti screams and loses her grip of Jacob's skull.

NEFERTITI (CONT'D)

What-what is that?!

She starts sizzling and popping, slowly disintegrating into a big pile of thick, yellow liquid. Soon there is only the spilled Energy Drink left.

Jacob stands still, amazed. As blood from his head drips to the floor, he is awakened.

He wants to go home.

Opening the door, he sees Jasmine leaving with her friends. She is laughing loudly, but stops abruptly when she sees him.

He waves, hoping he looks like he just came back from war; he just killed some weird alien or something a minute ago, after all!

She just shakes her head, disgusted. Again, she walks away.

Jacob leaves the club.

Nothing good happened tonight, but he survived.

He knows that if he decides to tell his friends they won't believe him. They'll jokingly say that someone slipped rohypnol into his drink, thinking he was a girl thanks to his long hair and he just ended up having a weird wet dream.

He sighs.

JACOB

Damn.