

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

by

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FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A cheesy décor in the vein of T.G.I. Friday's.

ROB, MARK and two other FRIENDS, all twenty-somethings, sit at a table covered in beer bottles and plates of greasy, heart-clogging appetizers. Typical college douchebags.

Rob sits up and slaps his fat belly.

ROB

Excuse me, fellas. I gotta take a massive shit if you know what I mean.

Rob takes his leave. A shit-eating grin appears on Mark's face. He motions for the WAITER, another twenty-something with suspenders, flare and a fuck-my-life look on his face. He's at the table in seconds.

Mark nods toward Rob's empty chair.

MARK

You know that big-titted fucktard who's been scarfing down your Muchos Nachos? Well, it's his birthday today.

The waiter nods and heads off as Rob returns to the table. Mark and co. chuckle to themselves.

ROB

What? Mark, you didn't tell them it was my birthday, did you?

MARK

I wouldn't dream of it, good sir.

ROB

Seriously, bro. I love you like a brother. But if you told them it was my birthday again, well... I just can't be held responsible for my actions.

MARK

Chill out, Rob. Drink your beer.

Rob shrugs and takes a swig of beer.

Loud, rhythmic clapping fills the room. Rob's ears perk up. He looks at Mark. A demonic smile takes up half his face.

A group of WAITERS approach clapping loud and heartily. One of them carries a hot fudge sundae in a glass goblet with a single candle sticking out. Rob turns white and sinks into his chair as they surround him like a pack of wild hyenas.

They burst into a jovial military style chant. The entire restaurant repeats after each line, including Rob's friends who relish every moment of it.

WAITERS

I don't know what I've been told!
Someone here is getting old! Sound off!
One! Two! Sound off! Three, four!

ROB

(livid)

It's not my birthday...

The entire restaurant cackles in a mean-spirited fashion as the waiter sets down the sundae in front of Rob.

ROB

You motherfuckers...

MARK

Sorry, bro. Couldn't resist.

Without warning, Rob grabs the sundae and hurls it at Mark. He ducks. The goblet smashes on the floor. The entire restaurant gasps in horror.

ROB

I'm gonna kill you!

Rob dives toward Mark. The entire table splits in half under his lardy gut as he grabs Mark by the throat and proceeds to beat the shit out of him in front of everyone in the restaurant.

FADE OUT.