

BIRTHDAY BASH

Written by

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Based on a true story

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EXT. STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

DEIDRE, 38, and ANGELA, 25, Cross the lot from the store. Two cars parked adjacent. Angela withdraws her car keys and opens her car door.

ANGELA
Is Gary doing anything for your birthday?

Deidre scans the lot. Aside from the traffic on the other side of the parking lot, they're alone.

DEIDRE
Yeah. I thought he'd be here.

Deidre pulls out her phone and flashes Angela the screen.

DEIDRE (CONT'D)
But look, I finally got his picture for you.

A clean-cut GARY, 27, gleams with a boy-next-door innocence. Angela reaches for the phone. Deidre yanks it away.

DEIDRE (CONT'D)
Almost dead. I need to charge it.

ANGELA
Charge it on the way to O'Riley's. My treat. Invite your man to bring a friend.

Angela wiggles her eyebrows. Deidre climbs into her car.

DEIDRE
I'm sure he's waiting for me.

ANGELA
Yeah, I'm sure. He'd better not stand you up. I know what he looks like.

Angela laughs, gets in her car, waves, and leaves.

INT. DEIDRE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

On her phone, Deidre pulls Gary's number up and pauses. With a sigh, she drops it into her shirt pocket. Keys in the ignition. She glances at the rearview mirror.

GARY, 27, in a ski mask reflects from behind her seat. He swings a towel across her face. She SCREAMS, muffled.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The trunk of her car opens. Deidre THRASHES against the car. Gary presses her from behind and ties her hands behind her. She strains to see his face. He shoves her into the trunk.

INSIDE THE TRUNK

Gary, still masked, SLAMS the trunk closed. Pitch black.

Her muffled voice cries out.

DEIDRE

Oh my god. Somebody help me.

The car's engine RUMBLES. It drowns her voice.

OUTSIDE

The car pulls across the lot and rolls onto an empty side street alongside the building.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

A distant RING emerges from the car.

INSIDE THE TRUNK

RING

The light of a cell phone illuminates Deidre's face. This call could save her life.

RING

Deidre wriggles to the phone. The button BEEPS with her chin.

DEIDRE

Hello?

SOLICITOR (V.O.)

(Heavy Indian accent)

Hello. How are you today?

DEIDRE

I need help. Please send someone.
My phone is --

SOLICITOR (V.O.)

Yes, I'm calling to offer you
fantastic rates for your phone
service --

DEIDRE
No. Listen to me --

SOLICITOR (V.O.)
I cannot help you until you first
answer a couple of questions,
please.

DEIDRE
I need some god-damned --

SOLICITOR (V.O.)
I am sorry. I cannot help if you do
not let me finish. Have a nice day.

CLICK

The lit screen suspends her attention. At the top of her
phone, the battery's power nears its limit. She GROANS.

The icon of a red phone at the bottom, "Emergency call. Touch
and hold," gather her attention on the screen.

Deidre plants her face against the phone. The button BEEPS
against her chin. TWO RINGS and a voice answers.

911
911. What's your emergenc --

Dead.

DEIDRE
Please. No. Please. Please.

Deidre breaks down. She's near the end of her wits. The car
stops and her body shifts. Deidre lifts her head and listens.
The engine cuts. The door SQUEAKS, and the trunk UNLATCHES.

EXT. RESORT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The back of the car shines under the parking lot lamp. Gary,
still masked, jogs around back. He pushes the trunk open.
Deidre's curled up. Broken. Quiet. Pleading.

His shoulders rise and fall with a deep breath. He carefully
lifts her out, stands her up, and steps back.

Deidre attempts to gain her composure.

DEIDRE
Why are you doing this to me?

Gary steps forward, open arms, and grins.

With a swift hard kick, she nails him in the groin. He WHELPS and grabs his nuts. He doubles over and falls to the ground.

DEIDRE (CONT'D)

Fucker.

He MOANS in pain.

Deidre leans against the car. SLIPS her hands under her feet to the front. She unties the knot with her teeth and flings the rope aside.

Double-take between the man and the trunk. She dashes and grabs the tire iron. Panting, she lifts it overhead.

Gary stares at her wide-eyed. His voice cracks.

GARY

Wait --

Gary strains to grab her ankle.

DEIDRE

No.

With a newfound energy, she swings the tire iron. The man SCREAMS in agony. He stops. She continues.

DEIDRE (CONT'D)

Nobody does that to me. Nobody.

Exhausted, Deidre tosses the tire iron into the trunk. She picks up and slips her phone back into her pocket.

The night is still and so is the man. She scoffs.

A classy resort appears in the distance with a valet awning out front. A limo parked underneath. Cars in the lot.

DEIDRE (CONT'D)

What?

Deidre falls to her knees and peels the mask off. Gary's eyes linger half-closed. Blood bubbles from his lips.

GARY

But, you wanted a memorable birthday...

DEIDRE

Happy Birthday to me.

INT. DEIDRE'S CAR - NIGHT

DEIDRE
The first memorable birthday I've
had.

The resort reflects in her rearview. The car starts up. She
peers over her right shoulder, throws the gear in reverse,
and backs up.

KA-CHUNK

DEIDRE (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday to me.

EXT. RESORT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The car HICCUPS over the body and drives away.