

HW Assignemnt #2 - Happy Birth Day

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1 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

1

The room is silent.

A black backpack sits against the plate-glass door leading out to the patio. In the background we see snow-topped buildings. Distant mountains.

A hair trimmer buzzes in the background. A distant hum.

2 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

2

A man stands in the bathroom, holding the hair trimmer in his hand. His beard is unkempt. His eyes are tired. Dark.

He wears a white undershirt. His hands are stained with blood.

He raises the trimmer to his hairline and begins shaving. The thick, black hair falls in a clumps in the sink. Another. Another.

3 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

3

The backpack sits against the door as a shower starts in the bathroom.

CUT TO:

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

4

The man walks into the living room. His beard is shaved to the same short stubble as his head.

He picks up the backpack and walks out the front door.

5 INT. JEEP, REAR - DAY

5

The backpack sits behind the driver's seat as the man gets in the cab. The door to the Jeep creaks as he opens it. He slams it shut.

The man lights a cigarette. The smoke lingers in the still air.

The man puts the key into the ignition and fires up the Jeep. The sound inside the cab is hollow.

The man looks over his shoulder as he backs out of the parking lot. He faces forward, pushes the shifter into gear, and drives away.

6 INT. JEEP, SHOTS OF OUTSIDE - DAY

6

As the man drives, we see the industrial yard come into view.

Smoke from the factories threatens to blot out the mountains.

We pass old buildings. Shops. The courthouse.

The Jeep comes to a stop next to the cemetery. Across the street is the rail yard.

Laying on the gravel leading up to the railroad tracks, a home-made gravestone for some unknown soul. A makeshift goodbye.

The rail cars screech in the distance, an ominous, reaching cry.

7 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

7

The man gets out of the Jeep, carrying the backpack. He slings it over one shoulder and walks to the cemetery gate.

Again, he looks up and down the street- making sure the road is clear. No cars pass. He's alone.

He drops to one knee and lowers the backpack on the ground in front of him. He opens it.

He reaches in, and pulls out a swaddled baby. Completely covered. Motionless.

He places the baby on the grass next to the wrought-iron fence, zips up the bag, and rises to his feet.

8 INT. JEEP, REAR - DAY

8

The man throws the empty backpack into the back of the Jeep.

He climbs into the cab, slamming the door as he did before.

He turns the Jeep over and drives away.

9 INT. APARTMENT ENTRYWAY - DAY

9

The man walks into the apartment.

It's silent.

As he walks past the bedroom and into the living room, we see a woman laying on the bed. Her limp wrist dangles a motionless hand. Fingers curled.

10 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

10

The man throws the backpack on the couch and sits down in his chair.

In the silence, he turns on the television. He's met with static. LOUD. Chaotic. Static.

The man stares out the window.

We pull away from him and down the hallway, the static growing thinner as we move.

11 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

11

Close-up of the woman's hand dangling off the side of the bed.

The sheets are ragged. Twisted. Bloody.

The static is an afterthought, as ambient as a hair trimmer in the next room.

Her skin is splattered with dark red blood. Her body is motionless.

Blood has pooled at her crotch, staining the sheets. Her eyes look out the bedroom window. Her face is emotionless.

The man walks into the room and runs his fingers through her hair. He kisses the pale, dead curve of her forehead.

He closes her eyes with two blood-stained fingers.

FADE TO BLACK