

OUR 13TH BIRTHDAY

Written by

Bernard Mersier

BLACK SCREEN:

Preteens are heard talking and laughing.

"Bullshit comes to an end, no matter how many followers you have, making you believe you can't be touched."

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

INT. THE DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Paper plates, silverware, a lighter, and a box of birthday cake candles sit neatly arranged on the polished dining table.

Around it are Machi's friends, Becky, Lucas and Jasmine.

Becky is slender with long blond hair, and blue eyes magnified by glasses.

Lucas is short and brown-skinned with a carefully sculpted low fade.

Jasmine is light-skinned and lithe with her long black hair pulled back into a ponytail.

The thirteen year old's are perched on the cusp of something unknown.

Their mothers murmur in hushed tones off to the side, a wall of adult apprehension.

Inside the kitchen, Tiffany leans against the counter, her smile strained, eyes glued to her daughter, Machi.

Tiffany is in her mid twenties, petite and brown-skinned.

Machi stands beaming beside the table, her gaze fixed on a large pink box tied with a shimmering ribbon.

Next to it sits a smaller, equally festive pink box.

Machi is short, slender and brown-skinned, with long, curly black hair that seems to absorb the light.

TIFFANY

I can't wait to see what your cake looks like.

MACHI  
(Without turning)  
It's just a cake, Mom. What's  
important is that my friends showed  
up for our birthday.

TIFFANY  
(Frowning slightly)  
I've been meaning to ask. Why do  
you call it our birthday?

Machi turns, her smile unwavering, unsettling.

MACHI  
Because they make me feel special.  
Without the love from them... I  
wouldn't know who I truly am.

Tiffany's confusion deepens.

TIFFANY  
Sweetie, I don't understand. Your  
father and I show you love. And how  
did they help you understand who  
you are?

MACHI  
The love from you and Dad is  
expected, and it helped in more  
ways than you know. The love from  
my friends out there... they showed  
me---

The back door swings open with a violent bang.

Que stumbles in, reeking of stale beer and simmering rage.

He's in his late twenties, short, out of shape, brown-  
skinned, and radiating a dangerous energy.

Tiffany's face crumples with concern.

Machi's smile remains fixed, a terrifying mask.

QUE  
This shit ain't over yet?

TIFFANY  
(Pleading)  
Bae. Please, don't---

MACHI  
(Cutting her off,  
sweetly)  
We were waiting for you, Dad. My  
party wouldn't be complete without  
you.

QUE  
(Scoffs)  
Whatever.

He pulls out a dented flask and prepares to take a swig.

MACHI  
Dad, can you wait to drink? I had  
Mom buy you something special.  
Although, I noticed you already  
opened it.

QUE  
That shit in the refrigerator?  
Yeah, I opened it. It tasted like  
shit.

MACHI  
(Dismissing him)  
That doesn't matter. Just wait  
until I cut the cake and we sing  
happy birthday before you drink.  
Please.

QUE  
(Scoffs again)  
Will that help speed this shit up?

MACHI  
Yes, Daddy.

QUE  
Then let's get the show on the  
road.

He shuffles out of the kitchen, radiating sour resentment.

Tiffany sighs, looking at Machi with a mixture of pity and  
fear.

TIFFANY  
Sweetie, don't pay attention to  
your father. You know---

MACHI

Mom, nothing can ruin this day. Can you make Dad's drink and pour some wine for you and the other ladies? I'm about to take the cake out.

TIFFANY

(Searching her face)

Are you sure you're okay?

Machi places the small pink box on top of the large one, a macabre little stack.

MACHI

I have my parents and friends. All of you have made me so happy.

She picks up the boxes and walks out of the room, her smile never faltering.

Tiffany stands frozen, utterly bewildered.

Inside the dining room, Que leans against the wall, radiating animosity.

The others continue their forced small talk.

Becky notices Machi entering.

BECKY

Here comes the birthday girl.

Jasmine's eyes flicker towards Machi, a cruel glint in them.

JASMINE

You mean the slow girl who'll end up with a drunk like her father, who'll beat on her everyday like her father beats on her mother because she's too stupid to leave?

The three erupt in stifled laughter.

LUCAS

(Nervously)

Calm down.

Machi approaches the table and carefully places the boxes down.

The three struggle to contain their amusement.

The mothers focus their attention on Machi, a palpable unease spreading among them.

Tiffany enters the room carrying a tray with wine glasses and a cognac glass.

She delivers Que his drink with a trembling hand, then nervously offers wine to the other women.

MACHI

I would like to thank my best friends for coming to my party. You don't know how much this means to me.

JASMINE

No problem, M.

BECKY

Yeah, you know we'll always be here for you.

LUCAS

Fa sho.

MACHI

And that's why I love you guys. Because of that, I had this cake made special for us.

She carefully removes the ribbon and opens the larger box, revealing the cake.

It's a grotesque mockery of innocence. A giant circle emoji face with hearts for eyes and a sickeningly wide smile.

Becky, Lucas, Jasmine, and Machi names are scrawled across it in garish frosting.

Everyone except Que finds the cake disturbingly unsettling.

QUE

Can we speed this up so I can get to my drink?

The mothers exchange horrified glances.

Machi looks at him, her smile unwavering.

MACHI

Right. Sorry, Dad. Unlike traditional birthday parties, I have something different planned.

She methodically lines up six paper plates and cuts six generous slices, placing them carefully.

Before passing them out, she inserts a birthday candle into each slice, adds a plastic fork, and lights the candles.

She places a plate in front of Becky, Lucas, and Jasmine, then loads the remaining three onto the tray to deliver to the mothers.

Each woman reluctantly places her wine glass down and takes a plate.

Machi walks back to the table.

TIFFANY

Sweetie, where's my piece?

MACHI

Mom, I have this under control.  
Just go along with me.

TIFFANY

(Laughing nervously)  
Okay.

MACHI

Thank you. Now, I want everyone to close their eyes and make a wish. Blow out your candle, and then tell me how the cake tastes. After that, we can sing happy birthday. Mom, Dad. You two take a sip after everyone tries the cake.

JASMINE

...This... This is something different.

MACHI

It'll all make sense. Okay.  
Everybody, make a wish.

The three friends exchange confused glances but obediently close their eyes.

Everyone closes their eyes for a long second and then opens them, blowing out the candles in unison.

They each take a bite of the cake.

Que and Tiffany take long, luxurious sips from their glasses.

JASMINE

Honestly... This cake is...

Suddenly, everyone besides Machi begins to gasp for air, clutching at their throats.

They collapse to the floor, writhing in violent seizures, foaming at the mouth.

MACHI

(Her voice cold and clear)

It's the worst fuckin' cake you ever tasted. That's probably what you would've said if your mothers weren't here. Cake infused with a heavy dose of cyanide should taste horrible. They say the death can be quick, or it can be slow and painfully lasting up to an hour. In the case of you three bitches, I hope it's quick because you don't deserve to live for what you put me through.

She walks over to Que, who is coughing and choking.

MACHI (CONT'D)

You don't deserve the hell you're going to. God shouldn't have allowed you to exist.

Moving to Tiffany, she looks down at her with undisguised disgust, shaking her head slowly.

MACHI (CONT'D)

In your case, I know you'll die slowly. I didn't spike your wine with a heavy dosage. I want your death to be slow and agonizing because you didn't stop your filthy husband from what he was doing to me, and had me do. Just because you enjoy him treating you like shit, you thought it was okay for him to treat me the same? I got something special for you before you die.

She walks over to Jasmine, who is gasping her last breaths.

MACHI (CONT'D)

The bitch who thinks she's better than everybody. Look at you and your bitch-ass followers. Yeah, my mother is a dumb bitch and my father is a rapist. But you're about to die not



MACHI (CONT'D)  
knowing who your father is because  
your mother doesn't know, since  
she's the biggest hoe in the city.  
And your followers...

(Sinister laugh)  
Becky, Lucas... All of you all  
pretended to be my friends. You  
pretended to be my family. But you  
saw me as nothing more than a toy  
to play with, a source of  
entertainment for your twisted  
games. You enjoyed it. You told me  
I was worthless. But you're not  
laughing now, are you?

(Laughs)  
All of you are products of your  
mothers. Spineless ass-kissers, and  
pretend leaders who thought there  
would be no consequences for your  
actions.

(Crazy laugh)  
I would like to thank you and your  
mutts for bullying me, making me  
wake up so I wouldn't become like  
the bitch over there I call my  
mother.

She walks back to the table and moves the cake before  
opening the small box.

She pulls out an emoji cupcake.

The emoji has demonic eyes and a sinister smile.

She places a candle in the cupcake and lights it.

With a bright smile, she closes her eyes and begins singing.

MACHI (CONT'D)  
Happy birthday to us. Happy  
birthday to us. Happy birthday to  
us! Thank God, all of you bitches  
are dead.

She opens her eyes and blows out the candle.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

"If you're a follower, be prepared to accept the same  
consequences that will fall on you, or someone you love."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: