

Birthday Party  
by  
Robert Campbell

robert@robertcampbell.net  
818-752-4391

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

CLAIRE, a worn-down 40s, holds up a cupcake with an unlit candle on it, and presents it to GWEN, late-teens, comatose.

CLAIRE

I can't light it, of course, 'cause of the oxygen, but...

She puts the cupcake on a table.

CLAIRE

Your brother sent you a birthday card in the e-mail. He's sorry he couldn't make it again this year, but his work is keeping him busy. Your father would have been here, but... you know how he is.

(beat)

Suzie Wilkins, you remember her? From down the street? She said to say, Hi.

(beat)

I was thinking that maybe this year for your birthday you could open your eyes. Give yourself a nice present. Open your eyes, and show those doctors.

(beat)

We could even make it a surprise. I could turn my head away like I'm getting something from my purse, and when I turn back... your eyes will be open.

(beat)

I could just look in my purse...

She turns away from the bed.

CLAIRE

and when I turn back, your eyes will be open.

She turns back. Nothing.

CLAIRE

That's okay. You'll open them when you're ready.

(beat)

My birthday is coming up next month. Are you waiting to give me a surprise present? That'll be nice. That'll be a nice present.