THE SELFIE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT: SOFTWARE COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

DAVID KNOWLES, 28, nerdy, bored, with a very prominent mole on his nose, sits at his workstation. The place is littered with sheaves of paper, a can of coke, and a half eaten hamburger.

He works on a spreadsheet filled with numbers, charts and graphs, on his laptop.

He takes a bite of the burger, sips the coke, and munches. Gives a prolonged sigh.

He puts his head in his hands and tugs at his hair.

In the foreground, other workers sit, busy at whatever they are doing.

David takes a look at them. A pretty young programmer looks his way and smiles.

David takes a moment to realize that she smiled at him and smiles back. But she’s turned away by that time.

The manager, a pompous immaculate ass, NIGEL YOUNG, confronts the pretty programmer. She stands up. He yells at her.

David ducks down and pretends to be busy. The lashing is over. Nigel looks around. David chooses an inopportune moment to peek up. Nigel spots him and starts to come over.

Nigel’s phone rings. He stops, takes out his mobile and answers it. He turns and walks away. David exhales in relief.

The pretty programmer gets up and walks towards another section. She happens to look in David’s direction. He smiles. The girl makes a gesture that says “YUCK”.

David ducks down again. His face is red in embarrassment. He peeks over the laptop, but the girl is nowhere to be seen.

He opens the webcam on his laptop. Sees himself. Makes the “Yuck” face that the girl made. Takes a snapshot. Makes more faces and clicks them.

Opens one of them in a photo editing software. He sees the mole on his nose. Fingers it. Clicks one of the tools and erases the mole.

He suddenly sits up, shocked. He rubs his nose.
Rushes out towards the Men’s Room.

INT: MEN’S ROOM – DAY

David examines his nose in the mirror. The mole’s gone. He can’t believe his eyes.

He looks at his nose from all angles. He even gently scratches the place where the mole was. But it’s not there.

INT: DAVID’S WORKSTATION – DAY

He sits in front of the laptop. Stares at the photograph. Puts a blue dot on his right side cheek. Gets up and walks to the Men’s Room with a hand over the spot where he placed the blue spot in the photograph.

INT- MEN’S ROOM – DAY

David looks in dumbstruck wonder at his reflection in the mirror. There’s a perfectly round blue spot on his cheek, exactly where he’d put it in the selfie.

INT: DAVID’S WORKSTATION – DAY

He sits in barely controlled excitement, his fingers twiddling, and thinking of what to try next.

He deletes the blue dot. Then he notices the half eaten burger in the selfie. He makes it whole. The burger in front of him becomes whole.

Then, he copy pastes the can of coke. Voila! Now there are two cans of coke on the table. He does it again and again. There are half a dozen coke cans on the workstation now.

He switches to a browser and runs an image search for diamonds. He takes a picture that shows a heap of diamonds. He edits the picture to remove the background, and then places it on his desk in the selfie.

Almost instantaneously, a pile of diamonds appear in the very spot on his desktop.

He looks up over the laptop. Nigel is back, and he seems to be headed for him.

Alarmed, David clicks on one of the coke cans in the selfie, and deletes it. Next, he deletes the second burger.
His eyes are on Nigel as his right index finger works on the laptop’s touch screen, selecting the objects, while his left index finger works the delete button.

One by one, the objects disappear.

Nigel is almost at David’s workstation.

Unknowingly, David puts his finger on his own image, selecting it.

His left index finger presses down on “Delete”.

FLASH CUT TO
WHITE:

FADE OUT.

THE END