

BLACK...

We hear muffled retro electro and a thumping beat as if we're standing outside of a party.

1

INT. CLUB - CLOAKROOM AND HALLWAY - NIGHT

1

A dim-lit space. Dark floor and walls. And in the wall there's a rectangular hole with a counter, the COAT CHECK, enlightened by a large lamp. Seated at it, in a beige suit and uncombed hair, is CHARLIE MAGPIE.

He's 18 but looks younger, he's skinny and average in height but there is a certain nonchalance about him.

CHARLIE can't sit still. He takes a wrinkly page he ripped out of a magazine out of his pockets and looks at it. It reads "HELP WANTED! Legendary club "THE NEST" is looking for staff! BE PART OF THE FORMATION!". He can't take the smile out of his face as he's looking around the room taking everything in. He puts the page back into his pocket

CHARLIE calms down as he spots the clubdoor. As if in trance, he can't take his eyes off the door, from which sounds, fog and beaming lights are emerging. The clubdoor remains closed.

Suddenly, a COUPLE enters the hallway and approaches the coat check. CHARLIE startles, sits up straight and looks at them with an expectant smile. They give him nothing but a dirty look, smash their coats on the counter. CHARLIE tries to keep smiling but looks at the coats with frustration. He gives the COUPLE a tag and they leave.

CHARLIE's gaze follows the COUPLE to the clubdoor and as it swings open, he tries to get a glimpse of what's going on inside. The music gets louder and he sees sparkly light beams and glittery fog emerging from the inside. The clubdoor closes.

Charlie's expression changes from initial frustration to disdain as more coats and bags smash on the counter. First slow then faster and faster until...

a GIRL smashes a red sequin top on the counter.

Charlie looks at it in fascination completely ignoring the GIRL. The GIRL looks at CHARLIE sideways, wrinkles her nose and walks away.

Afraid to touch, CHARLIE scans the coat with lust, the red sequins illuminating his face. He slowly lowers his hand to touch the sequins and as he does...

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The clubdoor swings opens and the music gets louder. His eyes shoot wide open. Disco ball sparkling. Fluorescent dress dancing. Lights flashing. Glistening jewellery dangling. Embroidered snake. Mouth moaning.

... the clubdoor swings closed and the music is muffled.

Charlie looks perplexed and takes his hands off the top fast. He shakes his head as if to wake up from a dream. He gathers himself and carefully puts the top on a hanger next to the other coats.

He walks back to his seat at the counter. He doesn't seem to be fully present. He sits there in silence, head bent, back arched.

Another COUPLE approaches and smashes their coats on the counter. CHARLIE doesn't react. The COUPLE first looks at him weird and try to get his attention by waving at him, but then just leaves.

CHARLIE continues to sit there in trance with the coats lying in front of him. We hear the clubdoor swing open and closed, but CHARLIE remains in his position until he slowly turns his head back towards the sparkly top. He changes his gaze to the clock. It shows 01:59. Back to the top. Back to the clock. To the top. To the clock. Top. Clock. Top. Clock.

The clock shows 02:00. He snaps out of it and looks around him. Nobody there. He slowly gets up and tiptoes to the top, grabs it and runs out of the door.

2

INT. CLUB - CLOAKROOM AND HALLWAY - NIGHT

2

Back at the COAT CHECK. The same muffled retro electro music and thumping beat. CHARLIE, wearing his sequin top over a checkered shirt, is sitting on the counter, dangling his feet. He is chewing gum. He blows a gum bubble.

The clubdoors swings open and a GUY exits, leaving the door ajar.

CHARLIE immediately notices music and the flashing lights. He gets off the counter fast and runs towards the door to spy through the gap. His face is lit up in flashes, his eyes wide. For CHARLIE, the door is closing as if in slow-motion and he desperately tries to prolong his glimpse by moving his head with the door. The Door slams shut.

The light in CHARLIE's eyes dies and he walks back to his position. Annoyed, he slumps into his seat and sits with his arms crossed. After a while, he looks at the clock. 01:43. He looks down at his top and a smile overcomes his face. He starts feeling it up and as he runs his fingers through the sequins...

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The music gets louder. His eyes shoot wide open. Disco ball sparkling. Fluorescent dress dancing. Lights flashing. Glistening jewellery dangling. Embroidered snake. Fingers on sequins. Mouth moaning. Lights reflecting on a disco ball. Fluorescent dress dancing. Glistening jewellery dangling. Mouth moaning.

... a coat with enormous pink flowers is smashed on the counter.

CHARLIE's eyes twitch in frustration. But as he notices the coat and flowers, he collects himself. The flower seems to get bigger and bigger illuminating his face, and his look becomes more and more intense. He takes a peek at the clock. 02:00. A little smirk. He takes the coat and runs.

3 SEQUENCE: INT. CLUB - CLOAKROOM AND HALLWAY - NIGHT 3

Back at the COAT CHECK. CHARLIE, wearing the flower coat as a skirt, sitting on the chair with his feet on the counter. He's chewing gum. Swinging doors. Smashing coats. Giving out tags. Trying on clothes. Smashing coats. Giving out tags. Dangling clothing hangers. Feeling the sequins. His eyes shoot wide open. Mouth open. Smashing coats. Spinning around. Flowers. 2:00. Grabbing. Bags disappearing. Lustful eyes looking from left to right. Stealing coat. Dancing through the racks. Looking through the clothing pieces. Smashing coats. Giving out tags. Putting glasses on. Putting everything in a bag.

...Suddenly, the GIRL from the first night is pointing an accusing finger at him. Charlie stands still for a moment, mouth open, fear in his eyes, which are partly covered by sunglasses.

4 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 4

BLACK... We hear a racing heartbeat.

CHARLIE is running. Heavy Breathing. Distant POLICE SIRENS.

BLACK... Heartbeat continues

CHARLIE is running. Heavy Breathing. POLICE SIRENS coming closer.

BLACK... Heartbeat continues

CHARLIE is running, Police car caught up with him. Heavy Breathing. Close POLICE SIRENS.

BLACK... Heartbeat continues.

CHARLIE is walking into a stark white room. Fluorescent lighting. He's having his MUGSHOTS taken. His mugshot sign reads: CHARLIE MAGPIE and a serial number.

Front. Right side. Left Side. Front again.

CHARLIE doesn't lose his nerves. He acts extremely cool, as if he's done all of this before. His hair is undone and he's still chewing gum. He's wearing blue aviator sunglasses, red sequin top, psychedelic jacket, red sequin flower corsage around his neck and purple shorts.

CHARLIE walks into his cell and lies on his bench. He changes his position frequently. He looks both dreamy and bored. Time passes quickly.

In the background, we hear white noise and incomprehensible chatter coming from an old TV, hanging in the corner of the room.

Charlie notices a distant noise, which sounds like a crowd chanting...

FREE THE MAGPIE! FREE THE MAGPIE!
FREE THE MAGPIE...

At the same time, the tv channel suddenly switches. Charlie looks at the screen in disbelief: He sees his mugshot flickering on the screen while a reporter is commentating...

Late last night, Charlie Magpie was arrested at legendary club "The Nest", where he worked as the cloakroom boy. According to police, Magpie allegedly stole fashion goods worth over 10'000 dollars. Shortly after his arrest, Magpie's mugshot turned into a global phenomenon online, with millions of people retweeting and sharing his mugshot with the hashtag #FreeTheMagpie. In a surprising twist, MAGPIE's former employer "The Nest" dropped the charges stating "We have always loved Charlie, he's part of the family and who can blame anyone who looks so damn good?"...

Midway through the report, CHARLIE's jail gate opens and he is escorted to the exit by a POLICE OFFICER. The report goes on...

At this very moment, thousands of fans have gathered in front of the police station calling for Charlie's immediate release.

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CHARLIE is baffled and keeps his eyes fixed on the door, not looking at any of his surroundings. The chanting gets louder and louder...

FREE THE MAGPIE! FREE THE MAGPIE!
FREE THE MAGPIE...

The door swings open. Cameras flash. Photographs of Charlie's Mugshot are held up. Paparazzi and fans scream:

CHARLIE! LOOK HERE! CAN I GET AN
AUTOGRAPH! CHARLIE!...

CHARLIE stands still without reaction, then starts smirking. CHARLIE steps forward into the light.

6

INT. CLUB - CLOAKROOM AND HALLWAY - NIGHT

6

CHARLIE emerges from the light, enters the club, flashing lights and screaming fans behind him. The exit doors close and the people from the club gather around him, cheering him on, wanting to take pictures. CHARLIE brushes them off and walks towards the coat check.

We hear the same muffled retro electro music and thumping beat. Everything is the same only that there is a new cloakroom boy working at the counter, BOBBY.

CHARLIE swaggers towards BOBBY and gives him a pitiful look. CHARLIE throws his coat on the counter, wrinkles his nose and struts away.

BOBBY conspiratorially looks down at the coat. Lifts his head. Looks straight into the camera, smirks and lifts his eyebrows.

Music gets louder as if club doors swing open. CREDITS