

Play

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“Show me some ID!” demanded the bouncer.

With my right hand, I fumbled through my pocket. I take out my Hong Kong ID card and hand it to him. In my left hand, I hold my jacket.

The bouncer eyeballs the card, turning it over. He hands it back to me and gestures towards the escalator. I can hear the Hip Hop and EDM music blaring away.

Behind me, Thomas and Benson, two of my friends show the bouncer their IDs. We make our way up the escalator and into the club.

Suddenly, the lighting goes from glaring bright to blind darkness. The flickering neon lights on the club wall outlining the club’s name “PLAY”. The bass blasting through the speakers vibrates through my every body part. Across the club, the DJ has one hand on the mixer and one hand on his headset. My friends and I make our way to the bathroom. I push on a stall door and it opens. We step inside.

“Alright boys, ha ha ha” I shout with a big smile. I pull out an oversized bottle of vodka from under my jacket.

“Who wants to do the honors,” loudly shouts Thomas, even though his face is right in my face, smirking at me.

A sickening cheer comes from the stall next to us.

I see a smile forming on Benson’s face.

I unscrew the lid, take a deep breath and put the bottle to my lips. The bitter sweet taste fills my mouth as I take a big gulp. I swallow hard and hold my breath until the taste dies from the back of my throat. I look at Benson. He punches me in the shoulder.

“TODAY, WE CELEBRATE BOYS. WE WORKED HARD. NOW WE PLAY HARD,” Thomas shouts at the top of his voice, as if we can’t hear him easily even though the three of us are in the toilet cubicle standing, literally nose to nose, face to face, chest to chest, almost touching each other with very little room to spare. He grabs the bottle from me and takes a shot.

I can hear guys outside our stall pushing on the door. Another cheer comes from the next door stall. In the background, the music intensifies. The DJ puts on Travis Scott and the club soars to life. You can feel the intensity building, even in the cubicle. Our three bodies shake, rattle and roll in unison, in harmony with the pulsating noise.

Benson, Thomas and I continue doing shots, each shot winding itself and increasing its potency exponentially through our veins. A massive, and sudden feeling of euphoria comes over me. I can feel my body becoming unbalanced, unhinged, unworldly. I feel as light as a feather. I feel easy to move.

Benson grabs the empty vodka bottle and hides it on the floor behind the toilet. We step out of the stall and make our way to the dance floor.

As we shove through the crowd, I feel strong, virile, macho, masculine, a real tough guy, excessively confident. I sense girls glaring at me. I feel heavenly.

“Hey, that’s them!” shouts Thomas. He grabs Benson and me and drags us to the table where the rest of my friends are sitting. My friend Aiden had rented a table. I greet him with a strong handshake. Benson lights a cigarette.

Across the dance floor, waiters carrying champagne, Red Bull and fireworks make their way to a table. Everyone cheers.

I turn to my right, and more waiters make their way to our table. They too are carrying a giant bottle of Grey Goose, Red Bull and more fireworks.

I sit down on the couch next to Benson. The music in my ears makes me ecstatic. The waiters put the Grey Goose and the Red Bull into a tub of ice.

I look up. The DJ bobs his head to the beat. The people on the dance floor swerve back and forth. No one is embarrassed to bust out their moves.

Aiden hands me a glass of vodka and Red Bull. We cheer and drink.

I get up and step onto the dance floor. I feel pure joy. The music moves my body. Benson and Thomas join me. We dance together, three great friends celebrating our hard work, our victories over graduating from school, our next years at university, our next challenges in the world, our futures together, and everything else we can think of in our stupor, onward and upward. Three great friends. It can’t get any better than this.