

INT. BRIGITTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An obnoxious door BUZZER breaks the silence in Brigitte's dark apartment. It's a clean, open space, with a few items. There are no photographs, just a few pieces of art on the walls. An open tool box sits on the floor, next to a half assembled shelf.

JONESY, an orange cat, stalks through the apartment, to the sole bedroom.

The buzzer persists.

INT. BRIGITTE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonesy hops up onto the bed, licking BRIGITTE's face. Brigitte, a woman in her late 30s, pushes at the cat as it licks her hair. She tosses and turns, but the BUZZER is relentless.

BRIGITTE

What the hell Jonesy, get off.

She sits up and checks the clock on her cell phone - 2:30 AM. Her hair ruffled and loose, she wears simple pajamas and a tank top. She doesn't get out of bed.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

WHO IS IT?

No answer. The door continues buzzing. Brigitte grudgingly gets to her feet, and grabs a steel softball bat from behind the night stand.

INT. BRIGITTE'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brigitte carries the bat in one hand as she shuffles down the hallway. She looks through the peep hole.

A WOMAN stands in the hallway, her face obscured by long black hair. She wears a worn nightgown and no shoes. As the Woman sways back and forth slowly, the hall lights flicker on and off behind her.

Brigitte steps back from the door, gripping the bat to her chest.

She gathers herself and looks through the peephole again, but the Woman is gone. She unlocks the padlock, pulls back the chain lock, and quickly opens the door.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nothing. The hallway is empty. The bulb flickers ominously. She steps forward, her hand still on the doorknob, and looks up and down the hallway. Nothing.

BRIGITTE

Hello?

Behind her, black hair hangs down from the ceiling, brushing the top of her head. Brigitte reaches up to feel what's tickling the back of her neck. She feels the coarse black hair in her hand as she slowly looks to the ceiling, her eyes growing wide.

She screams as the Woman engulfs her like a black cloak.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGITTE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Brigitte yells and thrashes in her bed sheets, waking up to the sun in her face. Her cell phone rings, almost vibrating off the bedside table. Jonesy watches her from the corner of the bed.

Brigitte grabs the phone off the table and check the caller ID: "GOLDWIN." She flips it open and answers.

BRIGITTE

Goldwin? Hello? Hello!

She missed the call. Jonesy MEOWS at her.

The phone vibrates again. A voice mail.

Brigitte plays the message.

GOLDWIN (O.S.)

Hey Bree... It's your brother.  
(beat) I know we haven't talked in awhile. I can't do it anymore. I'm done. I moved out and I don't plan on going back. You fucking deal with her.

Brigitte immediately calls him back. The phone rings but there's no answer.

BRIGITTE

Shit!

INT. CUBICLE FARM - NOON

Brigitte sits in a cubicle with headphones in, working on her computer. Her desk is sparsely decorated, a lone succulent in the corner. The only other item is a photo of Brigitte, alone, in Hawaii.

She sneaks her phone out of her pocket and checks the screen. No calls. Her jovial co-worker JANET walks up, all smiles.

JANET

Hey girl, it's time for lunch!  
Let's get the hell out of here.

BRIGITTE

I have to make a phone call first.

JANET

Yeah, no problem. I need a smoke.

Both women head for the exit.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - NOON

Brigitte paces back and forth staring at her phone. Janet leans against a wall, having her cigarette while she waits.

Brigitte scrolls down to a contact entry listed as "MOMSTER." Hesitating before pushing the call button, she grits her teeth and puts the phone to her ear. It rings.

CUT TO:

INT. TRISTAN FAMILY HOME, LIVING ROOM - NOON

An old rotary phone RINGS on a side table in a dark bedroom. The Woman, obscured by shadows, shuffles back and forth, mumbles and laughs.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

No answer. Brigitte throws the cell phone in her purse and walks over to Janet.

BRIGITTE

Let's go.

JANET

Everything OK? Is it that guy  
you're seeing tonight?

BRIGITTE  
It's nothing. I don't want to talk  
about it.

Brigitte walks past her, leading the way.

JANET  
He didn't cancel...?

BRIGITTE  
No it's just... it's my mother.

JANET  
(catching up)  
Oh! Is she giving you a hard time?  
I know my mom can be crazy when she  
wants to talk! It's always  
something silly.

Brigitte speeds up, passing Janet on the sidewalk.

JANET (CONT'D)  
(trying to catch up)  
Wait... I've never heard you talk  
about your mom before.

BRIGITTE  
Janet. Please. Let's just get our  
food and get back to work.

Brigitte charges on, her head down, now in a bad mood. This  
doesn't deter Janet.

JANET  
OK, but what about that date  
tonight? Chris set you up?

Brigitte smiles and nods, glad for the subject change,  
laughing as they continue their walk.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte stares at herself in the mirror. Her make up is  
nicely done, her hair is up. She checks her phone again. No  
calls. She puts it back into her purse.

She wears a simple dress, which she tugs at self consciously.  
She takes her high heels off and stands barefoot in the dimly  
lit bathroom, stretching out her toes.

Brigitte hears a shuffling noise behind her in the stalls and  
looks around quickly. The bathroom seems empty, only one of  
the stall doors is closed. The lights flicker.

BRIGITTE

Hello? Is someone in here?

No answer. Brigitte leans over to put her heels back on. She can see the underside of the stalls. Someone stands with bare feet in the one with a closed door. Brigitte hurriedly puts her shoes back on, glancing at the closed stall door.

It creaks open and stops. Brigitte backs up. She stumbles in her uncomfortable heels and steadies herself on the sink.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Excuse me? Do you need help?

The stall door is open a crack but all Brigitte can see is a dark shadow in the dim bathroom lights.

A gnarled hand reaches around the front of the door and pulls it open. Brigitte backs up into the bathroom door and finds the handle. It's the Woman.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

What the hell...

The Woman moves through the stall door like a shadow, reaching her gnarled hand for Brigitte who gathers her senses and bolts through the bathroom door to the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Brigitte rushes out of the bathroom, closing the door behind her. She looks around at the restaurant, almost bumping into a WAITER.

WAITER

Ma'am, did you need something?

She steadies herself, glancing back at the bathroom door.

BRIGITTE

I think there may be an older woman in the bathroom who needs help? I'm not sure-

WAITER

Thank you for letting us know, we'll have someone check on her immediately. Are you OK?

BRIGITTE

I'm fine.

Brigitte finds her date, a gentleman named DOMINIQUE. He is strikingly handsome with kind eyes. He gives Brigitte a warm smile as she awkwardly sits on the edge of her seat, with her purse in her lap.

DOMINIQUE

I was getting worried, thought you had fallen in!

BRIGITTE

No.

She plays with her silverware. Dominique tries to brighten the mood.

DOMINIQUE

Well. Uh, they already brought the wine, I just picked something. I hope it's OK?

BRIGITTE

Yeah it's fine.

She picks up her glass and drains it. Dominique watches her wide eyed. She gets her phone out of her purse again and flips it open.

DOMINIQUE

Expecting a call?

BRIGITTE

Yeah.

DOMINIQUE

Did... Did I do something? I thought you wanted to do this, Chris said you were looking forward to tonight?

Brigitte grimaces.

BRIGITTE

Something came up. I should leave.

She gets up.

DOMINIQUE

Is there anything I can do?

Brigitte waves the Waiter over to refill her wine glass as she sits down heavily.

BRIGITTE

I'm not ready to date at all.

Before the Waiter leaves she grabs the bottle off his tray, and refills her glass. She drains the glass again.

DOMINIQUE

Oh. I see. I'm sorry-

BRIGITTE

It's OK. There's nothing to do, nothing anyone can do.

She downs another drink and fills her glass, sets the bottle on the table.

DOMINIQUE

Maybe I should just take you home?

He tries to grab the wine bottle but Brigitte grabs it at the same time. It sloshes on Dominique and he pulls his hand back, wiping it on a napkin. Brigitte takes a swig directly from the bottle, staring into nothing.

BRIGITTE

Maybe. It's not fair to drag anyone into my mess.

She drinks from the bottle.

DOMINIQUE

Do you want me to call you a cab?

Brigitte ignores his question.

BRIGITTE

If you met my family you'd understand.

Brigitte lays her head on the table and groans. Dominique looks around nervously as Diners notice her strange behavior. She manages to sit up to drink from the bottle.

DOMINIQUE

I think we need to leave.

Brigitte's phone begins to RING, loudly, and the other Diners are staring now. She gets out her cell phone, spilling the contents of her purse all over the floor. She starts crying and looks at the phone in her hand.

Dominique gets out of his chair and picks up her stuff, giving her a worried glance as he gives her back her purse.

BRIGITTE

Thank you. Oh God, it's her.

She shows him the phone, it says "MOMSTER." Dominique gives her another worried look.

DOMINIQUE  
I'm calling you a cab.

The MAITRE'D walks over and whispers to Dominique but Brigitte can't hear him. She takes another swig from the bottle.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)  
We were just leaving.

Brigitte's face falls as she looks around the room. Everyone is staring at her. Dominique stands up and gives the Maitre'D a wad of cash and pulls Brigitte out of her chair.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - LATER

Brigitte walks with Dominique, her head on his shoulder. She stumbles and he pulls her back up. She still has the bottle in her other hand.

BRIGITTE  
I'm so sorry for all of this.

DOMINIQUE  
There's the cab. Come on.

He takes the bottle from Brigitte and sets it on the curb. She turns to him clumsily as the cab drives up.

BRIGITTE  
Thank you. God I'm so sorry.

She rests her head on his chest and sobs. He gently pulls her away and helps her into the cab. He hands the driver a slip of paper and some cash.

DOMINIQUE  
(to CABBY) Her address.  
(to Brigitte) Get some rest.

Brigitte leans against the taxi seat and closes her eyes, tears streaming down her face.

INT. BRIGITTE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brigitte lays in bed, her dress still on, staring at the ceiling in the dark. The phone on her bedside table is blinking in the dark, "1 NEW VOICEMAIL."

She grabs her phone off the night stand, staring at the blinking light. She listens to the voice mail from "MOMSTER."

GIGGLING alternates with CRYING, SHUFFLING. It sounds like the phone was dropped and then picked up again.

WOMAN

Bree.... Bree...

The message ends. Brigitte snaps her phone shut and slams it on the night stand. She pulls the covers over her head.

EXT. TRISTAN FAMILY HOME - TWILIGHT

The moon hangs over a large, 2 story country home with a large attached garage. There are no neighbors for miles, and the house sits on its own 10 acre plot. In the distance, storm clouds gather, threatening to rain. Fog rolls in thick waves around the house.

Brigitte, still in her dress from the date, walks slowly across the front lawn towards the garage. The doors are open and black, like gaping maws.

A 1975 red sedan sits in the driveway. Chewing noises interrupt the quiet scene as Brigitte draws closer to the car. The Woman is hunched over behind the car, like a vulture with her road kill. Flies buzz around her, landing in the Woman's hair. Brigitte swats away a fly.

BRIGITTE

Hello?

The Woman ignores her, and chews on something fleshy and pink that Brigitte can't quite see.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

She pulls on the shoulder of the Woman, causing her to spin around. Her face is a black hole with a large bloody grin with jagged teeth. In her hands she holds the remains of a kitten.

Brigitte stumbles back in horror. She trips on her heels and falls backwards in the grass. The Woman scrambles to her at supernatural speed, with bloody hands and mouth gaping.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

No! No!

She kicks the Woman away from her and she backs up, gagging and crying.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGITTE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Brigitte fights her sheets, throwing her pillow onto the floor and almost falling out of bed. Her cell phone RINGS and she scrambles to pick it up.

BRIGITTE

Hello?!

JANET

Where the hell are you! You're super late! I covered for you!

BRIGITTE

Oh shit!

She throws the phone down and scrambles out of bed.