

LAST NIGHT STAND

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What a girl hopes is just a one night stand quickly turns into a night of terror after she unleashes her hookup's crazed grandma.

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INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - 3:40 AM

RILEY, 24, in a deep snore, snaps awake. She looks over at the young geeky man beside her, WYATT, 22. Tying a bun in her hair, she takes her phone and leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A faint beeping noise echos. Attempting to navigate in the darkness, Riley tiptoes to the nearest door. She slowly opens the door to a yellow plastic barrier.

RILEY

Oh.

She quickly closes the door and tiptoes to the next.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Riley sits with her legs crossed on the toilet lid. She quickly types on her phone and it DINGS almost immediately.

OVER TEXT:

JENNY

How was it?

RILEY

The usual.

JENNY

??

RILEY

Lol it was fine... But like he talked too much.

JENNY

Like he was nervous?

She looks over at the sink. There, toiletries lay perfectly spaced apart. They match the Attack on Titan shower curtains.

RILEY

Idk. Who cares onto the next!

JENNY

Ok whore ;)

Riley scoffs and sits in silence for a moment.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Riley carefully closes the door behind her. A faint beeping noise fills the silence. Rather than going back, she follows the sound to the strange yellow room.

She stands before the door, light sneaking out the bottom. She wiggles the door open to a plastic barrier. Its yellow color screams caution but Riley tears open the velcro window.

Inside, an OLD WOMAN lays silently beneath dim lights. Wires and machines surround the mattress.

RILEY

Um, ok.

She turns around to leave and knocks over a lamp.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Riley picks it up. Behind her, the old woman peeps through the window. Riley leaves.

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Riley sneaks back into the room to see a half-awake Wyatt.

WYATT

Where'd you go?

RILEY

To pee.

WYATT

(turning over)

Oh okay.

Suddenly he jolts back.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Hey I have a question.

RILEY

So that room with the-

RILEY (CONT'D)

Yeah?

WYATT

Was-was it good?

RILEY

Sure.

WYATT
Oh, okay! Awesome.

They hear loud, fast footsteps echo from the hallway.

RILEY
What was that?

Wyatt looks panicked. He sits upright immediately. Out of the drawer in his nightstand he pulls out a baby monitor.

RILEY (CONT'D)
What's that?

He stares at the screen, panic in his eyes.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Wyatt? Do you have a kid?

WYATT
Stay here please.

He runs out, leaving the monitor on the bed.

RILEY
No Wyatt what the- ugh!

She huffs. Movement from the screen catches her eye, and she takes the small tablet. She sits alone, the monitor in her hand the only light in the room. Beside the bed, a crawling figure finds its place in the closet.

Through the monitor she sees the interior of the odd quarantine room she saw before; the bed is now empty. Wyatt steps through a large tear in the plastic barrier. He runs his hands through his hair and paces.

WYATT
Grandma?!

His attention turns back to the hallway and he cautiously steps out of the room. Riley stares at the screen, confused. The closet door softly rumbles. She stares into dark space and quickly flips the monitor, illuminating the closet door.

Wyatt walks into the room and SLAMS the door.

RILEY
What the hell is going on?

WYATT
Okay listen. My grandma's a little sick...

RILEY
Like how sick?

WYATT
(sternly)
Pretty sick. The doctors didn't
know what to do! And- And they
wouldn't see her- so I've kept her
here.

RILEY
Okay aaand?

WYATT
I've outlined a plan in case she
escap-like gets out.

RILEY
Right.

Riley starts putting on her shoes as Wyatt babbles away.

WYATT
Riley, you have to listen.

RILEY
NO! This is weird and it's scaring
me! I'm just gonna go...

Her voice trails off as she sees the closet door is open.
Inside, is the faint outline of a thin body. The figure
lunges out and grabs Wyatt, its nails wrapping around his
neck.

Without hesitation, Riley BOLTS out of the room, screaming.
Louder screaming continues behind her.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

She runs down the stairs and shakes the doorknob, which is
locked. She tries a window, but its framed with iron bolts.

RILEY
(surprised)
Oh shit.

She reaches into her pocket and comes up empty-handed.

CUT TO:

INT. WYATT'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Riley's phone rests on the nightstand. Behind this, Wyatt's face is being slammed repeatedly into the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Riley runs back to the door and pounds on the door.

RILEY
HELP ME! HELPPP!

The screaming has stopped. Riley stares at the stairs in fear. Footsteps stomp down the hallway, Riley screams and runs into...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She runs around the island in a frenzy. Scratching noises come from the hallway. Riley frantically grabs something from the nearest drawer. It is...a rubber spatula.

Wyatt's grandma slowly emerges out of the dark. Riley is cornered. As grandma walks, she steps on her gown, pulling it down from her shoulders. It's spotted with light stains and is wet below her waist.

Her lips move with no sound and the few remaining strands of her grey hair stick to her drooling lips.

GRANDMA
(babbling)
Hi...hi- Sorry. Wait, wait please.

RILEY
What the fuck.

She creeps closer, scratching her protruding collar bone.

GRANDMA
(to open air)
Did you hear? Did she?

RILEY
Stop! Stay back!

Riley holds up the spatula. Grandma stops, glaring at Riley.

GRANDMA

Wait... wait!

Just as she crouches to attack Riley, Wyatt's fist SMASHES her face! Her head flies back and she collapses.

Riley is in shock. Wyatt reaches for her hand and pulls her up. He wraps her in his arms.

WYATT

Are you okay?

RILEY

I don't know...what about you?

WYATT

You're leaving now.

Riley is surprised by his sudden assertiveness. She grins, Riley is *surprised* by his sudden assertiveness.

RILEY

Okay, but what are you gonna do about that?

She points to the limp body on the floor.

WYATT

I'll take care of it.

He leads her to the door and rummages through his pockets. He pulls out a ring of keys. He takes the only gold one and unlocks the door.

RILEY

Hey, this was a lot.

WYATT

Yeah, uh...look I'm really sorry about tonight. We came back- And I usually lock the door... but you we're *just--*

GRANDMA

--WAIT PLEASE!

Grandma BITES Wyatt's outstretched arm. Blood drips down. He pulls back in agony, leaving the door ajar. Riley looks out the door, and at Wyatt, who fights off his feral grandma.

With a deep breath, she steps towards Wyatt, and WHIPS the spatula at his grandma. It has absolutely no impact. The grandma turns towards her with a bloody face and crazed eyes.

She is about to pounce on Riley but instead slips on the spatula and hits her head on the floor.

Riley immediately checks on Wyatt, who clenches his arm in pain. She takes off her shirt and uses it as a tourniquet for his arm. He looks away awkwardly.

RILEY

You literally just saw me naked.

WYATT

Yeah, I know.

They hold each others gaze. Riley leans in, but grandma stirs.

RILEY

Wait no.

WYATT

Yeah no let's deal with that.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - APPROACHING DAWN

The two sit beside each other on a swinging bench, looking out into the sunrise. Wyatt yawns and Riley yawns in response. She rests her head on his shoulder.

RILEY

So, what's up with your shower curtains?

WYATT

Huh? Oh they're really old-

RILEY

Sshhh, it's ok. Next time we'll just stay at my place.

Our view pulls back and Wyatts grandma is unconscious and tied up by their feet.

Distant sirens echo throughout the street.

WYATT

That would be the police.

FADE TO BLACK.