

AFTER MOM'S FUNERAL

by

Julio Weigend

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small, modest living space. Middle-class.

The front door opens.

DANIEL (23) steps in. He's dressed in a black suit and looks miserable.

His phone buzzes. He fishes it from his pocket and looks at the screen.

Daniel locks the door and walks over to the nearest sofa. He puts the phone on the coffee table. He plops down on the sofa, head on the backrest, and looks at the ceiling.

His phone buzzes again.

A text:

"So sorry for your loss. I'm sorry I couldn't be there! :("

Daniel rolls his eyes and starts tapping a response. "Thank you. Prayers are appreciated." He taps Send.

His friend replies: "Of course. She was such a good woman. Much love xoxoxox!!!!"

Daniel's face contorts with anger. He begins to write a reply:

"Actually, she was a totally abusive bitch and I'm glad she's dead. :3 :3"

He chuckles, scoffs, shakes his head. He doesn't press Send. He deletes the text and puts the phone back on the coffee table.

Then it buzzes.

Again.

And again. And again.

Not a text this time. A call. Daniel glares at the phone as it vibrates and moves on the coffee table.

He picks it up, annoyed, but freezes when he sees the ID: "Call from MOM". Obvious fear shows in his face.

He taps the green icon with a trembling finger and puts the phone to his ear.

DANIEL

Hello?

MOM

Well, hello there, sweetie. Do you miss your mother yet?

DANIEL

That's not funny.

MOM

What do you mean, honey? I'm just calling you from my phone. That's all.

Daniel's mouth hangs open. He looks around his apartment: he's alone. Completely alone.

DANIEL

How are you doing this?

MOM

What do you mean, sweet boy?

DANIEL

My mother's phone is in a box in my basement. She's in the ground. You're not her. Like I said: not funny. Who the hell is this?

MOM

Danny, dear Danny. It is me. It's mother. Why are you talking to me like this?

Daniel pinches his nose.

DANIEL

If you don't want me to call the police on you, hang up the phone right now and do not call me again. Bye.

Daniel ends the call. The phone buzzes again. He answers without looking.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Yeah?

MOM

You never called the police before.

'Mom' laughs. Daniel's losing his temper.

DANIEL

Look, whoever this is... if you're trying to mess with my head, I'm sorry to tell you, but that fucking bitch beat you to it.

MOM

Oh, that is so hurtful, Daniel. I only wanted to say goodbye. That's all. I never got to.

DANIEL

Look, who are you and where are you calling me from?

MOM

Well, darling, now you're just being silly. You already know.

Daniel looks at the basement door. 'Mom' giggles over the phone. The call ends.

DANIEL

Hello? Hello!

Phone still in one hand, Daniel gets up and goes to the kitchenette. He opens a drawer and pulls out a large knife. He heads towards the basement door, puts an ear against it...

Nothing.

Daniel puts his hand on the knob... turns it...

... and lets it creak open on its own. Wooden stairs lead down into darkness.

Daniel flips the light switch. Nothing happens.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Shit.

Daniel puts one foot on the topmost step. Wood creaks. Then he descends, little by little.

The light from the apartment behind him slowly becomes more and more distant. The darkness becomes thicker. He stops halfway down the steps.

Daniel turns his phone light on. The light is bright and powerful.

The basement is cluttered with boxes, but otherwise empty.

Daniel breathes a sigh of relief. He switches the light off.

The his phone buzzes. It's MOM again. He answers.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I knew it. You're not down there.

MOM

Are you sure?

Behind Daniel, in the dark, is A WOMAN, a mad grin on her face, skin ghostly white, eyes yellow like you'd think the devil's would be.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daniel wakes up in the sofa. He chuckles, then laughs to himself.

But then he sees: on the coffee table, laid neatly next to each other, are his phone, the kitchen knife he grabbed... and another phone.

Daniel slowly turns his head towards the basement door.

It's open.

Daniel stares at the door in terror. And stares. And stares.

And stares.

FADE OUT.