FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

JESSICA, late 20s, short red hair, minimal makeup, sits alone at a desk. On the desk lays a computer with an empty document on it. The clock reads 3:37. Visibly distressed, she buries her head in her hands. All over the room are crumpled up pieces of paper and junk food wrappers. All over the walls spans dozens of pieces of papers with sketches, drawings, writing and poems. In the dead silence, as her head remains buried in her hands, ambiance builds slowly. It peaks and then comes to an abrupt stop as her phone, which is next to the computer, starts to ring. She tiredly looks up from her hands and reads who’s calling.

PHONE: MOM

She squints, and then reaches for her glasses which lay on the other side of the computer. She puts them on and looks at the phone. She sighs in disappointment. The phone stops ringing and the notification goes away, now revealing all her past calls. As she goes back into her hands, she does not even turn her phone off.

PHONE: MOM (12) 3:37, BRAD (3) 12:46, POPPA (2) 8:18

MOM (text)

This isolation isn’t healthy for you, maybe try going out tonight?

There are more calls and texts under but you can’t read them. The room returns to silence. After a few seconds, a faint scratching sound is heard behind her. She slowly turns over to look at the corner behind her. This reveals that the sound is deriving from a spider, once she gazes on it the sound stops.

Confused, she rubs her eyes, afterwards the spider is gone, but the web remains. She stands up and marches over towards the web but she loses her motivation halfway through. She gets distracted by the only light other than the computer, which is coming from the Atlanta skyline that her window overlooks. She shakes her head and rushes over to close the blinds, cutting off the only other source of light. Right before, however, in the reflection of the window she sees the spider behind her, dangling from the ceiling. She still closes the blinds, which cuts off her last connection to the world, and after a second of silence, turns swiftly and aggressively to where the spider was. She misses, and in fact notices that nothing was even there at all.

Confused, and a little scared, she drops down. Her breath quivering as she pants. Her hair gets all messy as she frantically moves it out of the way. She looks around the room, at all her creations, displeased. She sees, on the big painting strait ahead of her, the spider. Since she sees the spider, this leads to grabbing a shoe next to her and proceeding to stand up and approach her painting slowly. Once she gets close enough to the spider; she slams it and the painting with the shoe, she misses and the spider goes around and behind the paint. In a second of rage, she rips the painting off and in half. She looks at the wall and then on the back of the painting to reveal no spider. In a split second, she sees the spider crawl behind one of her sketches of a character in the corner of her eye. She reaches over and in another fit of rage rips that one off too. The spider still is not on it, but she doesn’t check. She continues down the line of her creations tearing down everything.

She makes her way around the entire room, as she is doing it tears start leaving her eyes. At the end of her rampage there remains one piece of work left. She grabs it and tears it up, leaving everything in the room destroyed. On the wall in front of her lies the spider, now sitting there.

Slowly she snatches it in the palm of her hand. She then slowly opens her palm to reveal the spider. She sniffs and then crushes it. After she slowly opens her hand back up to reveal that nothing is there. No spider, nothing.

She looks up and around the room, at what she created. After a few seconds of only silence and panting, she turns towards her desk and grabs her phone. She turns it on and calls her mom.

FADE TO BLACK.