

The Claw

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INT. BEDROOM- NIGHTTIME

A young woman, ANN, walks into her room. She is wearing pajamas and uses her t-shirt to wipe her mouth. Ann grabs a black makeup box and places it on the ground.

She grabs a long mirror and places it against the wall. She sits in front of the mirror, opens the box.

Creak...

The door slightly moves.

It breaks the quiet illusion of her routine.

She stares at the door.

She slowly stands up and walks towards the door.

She closes the door.

CLAP!

The lid of her makeup box closes. The house is quiet.

She stares at the box, rolls her eyes and sits back down in front of the mirror.

She puts her hand in the box.

Hairbrush.

She begins brushing her hair, slowly.

She puts the brush in the box.

Claw clip.

She holds the clip in her mouth, gathers her hair at the back of her head and clips it in place.

She grabs a cotton pad and micellar water and begins to wipe away her makeup.

She wipes her cheek. It stings.

She wipes her chin.

She wipes her forehead. She winces.

She wipes her forehead again. Her eyes squeeze shut.

She raises her head to wipe it again, but drops the cotton pad and grabs her arm.

She breathes heavily.

She leans down to grab the cotton pad.

Her hair falls in her face.

She stops.

Breathe out...

Breathe in..

Breathe out...

She raises her eyes to the mirror.

Two front pieces of her hair are down.

She visibly flinches.

She reaches up to the left piece of hair and tugs it lightly.

Her hair feels tight.

Breathe out...

She reaches her hand to the back of her head.

Her hands reaches the back of her head.

And goes deeper

And deeper...

And deeper into her head.

Her hand twitches in her head.

She has a coughing fit and pulls her hand out to cover her mouth.

Her hand is covered in blood and hair and it smears into her face.

She looks in the mirror.

She puts her hand in the box.

A pair of tongs.

She grabs the tongs and reaches to the back of her head.

She puts the tongs into the back of her head and wiggles them.

She winces and blinks and breathes heavily as she buries the tongs further into her head.

She starts coughing again but keeps the tongs in her head.

Blood starts pouring from her mouth.

The tongs stop and she clamps them down.

Breathe in...

Breathe out...

SQUELCH!!!!????!!!!

The tongs are reefered from her head, with her hair still attached to the clip.

The claw clip is covered in blood and chunks of skin.

She unclips her hair and drops the claw clip into the box.

She puts her hand in the box.

Hairbrush.

She begins brushing her hair.

She puts her hand in the box.

Headband.

She puts the headband on her head.

She picks up the fallen cotton pad and begins wiping away the blood and hair and makeup.

THE END.