

GIRLS' NIGHT OUT

Inspired by a NOLA Legend

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FADE IN.

EXT. GALLATIN STREET - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Five young women (20s), SARA, BRI, MEGAN, EMMA, JADE, best friends, walk down a neon-lit street laughing, taking selfies. The city is alive with music and the chatter of bar-hoppers.

BRI
It's all about us tonight, ladies.
No boys, no drama. Just a perfect
girls' night out!

They all laugh and clink plastic cocktail glasses in a toast.

GIRLS
(in unison)
Cheers to us! Girls rule!

They all huddle close for another selfie.

BRI
Okay! Time for another drink. Pick
a bar somebody.

She waves her hand toward the lineup of establishments skirting the street.

JADE
How about that one?

The girls follow her pointed finger to a rather dingy looking establishment. A weathered sign reads "*BRICK TOP*".

EMMA
Ooh, that used to be a brothel I
think. At least that's the legend.

The girls look at each other with mischief in their eyes.

MEGAN
Sounds perfect!

GIRLS
(laughing in unison)
Perfect!

INT. BAR "THE BRICK TOP" - NIGHT

The girls squeeze their way through the throng of people to the bar.

BRI
(shouting over the din)
Five shots of tequila for my
friends!

The barkeep turns around. Her shock of red hair belies her obvious age. Her faded name tag reads "*BRIDGET*".

BRIDGET
Tequila it is. You girls out for a
party tonight?

BRI
Yes we are!

GIRLS
(in unison)
Woohoo!

BRIDGET
Isn't that fun! Lucky that you
found my place. Pretty girls are
always welcome. You may never want
to leave.

She smiles an eerily crooked smile aimed directly at Bri. Bri momentarily shivers as if a cold draft just struck her.

BRI
This is your place?

BRIDGET
Damn right. Been here a long time.

A beat as she eyes Bri.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Longer than you girls have been
alive...

A beat as Bridget considers an uneasy Bri.

Bridget notices Bri eyeing the sputtering neon sign behind her. "*BRICK TOP BAR*". A beat. That eerie smile at Bri again.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Named after a close friend. She was
quite an "entertainer" in the
Quarter during her time.

Bri nods, looks away to her phone, attempting to end the awkward conversation. From Bri's POV, she examines the last photo on the phone screen. She looks up puzzled, then back to the screen.

BRI
[to herself]
I know Jade was in that pic.

From Bri's POV, the selfie with four laughing girls, Jade is nowhere to be seen. Bri glances to the end of the bar. Jade is laughing and downing her shot of tequila. Bri shrugs, looks away but then catches the reflection in the bar mirror. Sara, Megan and Emma clinking their tequila shot glasses. Jade's image flickers, then fades.

BRI (CONT'D)
(breathing in sharply)
Oh my god!

Then looking to her shot glass.

BRI (CONT'D)
What's in this stuff?

She shakes her head and looks back to her friends. Jade is now absent. She makes her way to the end of the bar.

BRI (CONT'D)
Where's Jade?

The girls shrug, look around with no concern.

SARA
I don't know. Bathroom maybe? She was just here.

BRI
Bathroom. Right. Has to be the bathroom.

Bri breathes deep, attempts to brighten her mood and shake off the foreboding.

BRI (CONT'D)
Okay then! Another pic!

The four girls huddle and make the customary "duck face" toward the phone. They all giggle as Bri brings the phone back down.

EMMA
Bartender! Another round of tequila shots!

BRI

Wait... no.

She's overruled.

EMMA

No? Have you forgotten what this is?

EMMA/MEGAN/SARA

(in unison)

Girls' night out! Woohooo!

Bri smiles but does not share the jubilant mood. She glances down at the pics she just took. From Bri's POV: The four girls, Bri, Sara and Megan in focus, Emma's face blurred beyond recognition. Bri wrinkles her nose, flips to the second pic. Again, Bri, Sara and Megan, mugging for the camera. Emma's presence is not in the photo.

BRI

What?

She looks toward her friends. Only Sara and Megan remain. Bri, now frantic rushes to them.

BRI (CONT'D)

Where's Emma?

MEGAN

IDK. She went to find Jade maybe?
Why are you so hyped? You look like
you just saw a ghost.

BRI

Come on, we've got to find Jade and
Emma and get the hell out of here.

SARA

But we just got here. This place is
rocking!

BRIDGET (O.S.)

More tequila pretty girls?

Bri looks toward the bar. Bridget smiles the crooked smile, holding up the tequila bottle. Bri again notices the bar mirror. No reflection of Bridget. She looks back to Bridget, still holding the bottle above her. Back to the mirror. No reflection. She grabs the arms of the two remaining girls, both dropping their shot glasses with the impact.

BRI
[frantically]
I said let's go!

She marches the girls toward the ladies room, flings the door open.

BRI (CONT'D)
Jade! Emma! Are you guys in here?

No response. She looks frantically among the hand full of women washing their hands, primping their hair, re-applying makeup in front of the lavatory mirror. She notes the reflection of all of them, with Sara and Megan in the spots they currently stood. Bri's reflection is absent.

A beat of shock and disbelief from Bri.

She looks down, back up, feels her arms, her face, back to the mirror. No reflection.

A SCREAM echoes. Apparently from Bri. No one notices nor seems to hear. Bri flees the bathroom back to the bar. The bar-hoppers continue to party, everything is as she left it just moments before. She looks toward the bar. Bridget is no longer tending although no one else seems to notice. Her gaze is now drawn back to the bar mirror. Inside, the reflection of Jade, Emma and Bridget and beside them... flickering, her own reflection appears. She is suddenly fully inside the reflection. Bridget smiles the eerie smile.

Bri looks to Jade and Emma, both staring ahead blankly.

BRI (CONT'D)
Are we...dead?

BRIDGET
Of course you are. Three more
pretty girls for my collection and
your girls' night out will go
on...forever. Isn't that fun?

SLAM TO BLACK.

An ECHO of eerie LAUGHTER (o.s.)