



Ribman

written by

Monisa Brown

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. CHURCH DAY

A bride in sweat pants and corset with hair halfway done surveys a large hall as chairs and tables are set, flowers and shimmery fabrics dance across the room to her satisfaction. Everything is going according plan, her plan. A slightly disgruntled wedding coordinator dressed in professional attire with a bluetooth ear piece and clip board appears and quickly approaches the bride.

WEDDING COORDINATOR
(to bluetooth)
I told your supervisor several times that we specifically requested aubergine and what im looking at is clearly eggplant. Make it right.
(aggressively hangs up)

BEATTY
(calmly, pleasantly)
Everything going alright Artemis?

ARTEMIS
Yes yes, Beatty, everything is perfect. I'll have the correct napkin wear before the guests begin to arrive. I would kill before anything goes wrong with your wedding.

BEATTY
(Laughing)
My sentiments exactly. I cannot thank you enough. It looks exactly like I imagined. Down to the very last crystal.
(she slightly adjusts something nearby)
And Sam loves everything as well, she couldn't be more pleased.

ARTEMIS
(Letting out a sigh of relief)
Well that's good to hear. Now let's see, the only thing we're waiting on is for the caterers to arrive. I'm so happy you decided to cut down a few of the protein options, you really didn't need to waste your budget there.

BEATTY

(Laughing)

You know me Artemis, I can be a...little extra. I am glad we cut back too, besides could you imagine guests eating ribs at the reception? That is my worst nightmare. I'm not quite sure the aubergine or the eggplant napkins could withstand all the barbeque sauce.

They laugh loudly and don't notice a man in a suit across the hall watching them from behind a column.

INT. CHURCH DRESSING ROOM DAY

Montage of the bride sitting in front of a large vanity while she is getting make her makeup done. It's a bustling moment as the wedding party is putting the finishing touches on their outfits. Striaightennig bow ties, and final layers of lipstick. It is a joyous moment people are laughing and the champagne is already flowing maybe it's a little hazy cuz someone is smokin a doobie. A photographer snaps pics trying to capture this moment of pure happiness. The photographer snaps their camera once more and at that exact moment a drip of bbq sauce lands on the forearm of the bride. She's aburbtly yanked out of this joyous moment startled, the music stops. She uses a single finger and tastes the bbq sauce from her arm a puzzled look coming across her face as she looks for the source of the sauce. She catches in the reflection of the vanity a strangley familiar yet unkonwn guest standing in the doorway of the dressing room. Dread starts to spread up her spine as they breifly make eye contact as he retreats slowly from her view. The bride turns quickly to the doorway to try and see him go, disturbing the makeup artist.

MAKEUP ARTIST

Whoa there! Hi okaaaaay, earth to Beatty?

(Snapping at Beatty who continues to stare at the doorway)

Hey what's going on Beatty? I almost messed up the wing of your eyeliner babes! C'mon we gotta finishes this dont tell me your widdle piggies are getting cold now!

BEATTY

Huh? What? Oh n-nohting.

(Shaking her head)

(MORE)

BEATTY (CONT'D)
 I th-thought I saw
 someone. But it's nothing.
 (She tastes the bbq on her
 finger again.)

INT. CHURCH ALTAR DAY

OFFICIATOR
 (And now we will hear the
 vows from the lovely
 couple. Turns towards Sam)

Crowd whoops and cheers.

SAM
 (Quieting the rowdy guests,
 the vows feel like a pre
 game speech)
 How lucky am I to call you mine?
 (turning to guests)
 How lucky am I to call her mine
 huh?
 (Back to Beatty)
 Your love and trust makes me a
 better person, each and every day.
 For all those times that we've been
 together...

Sam's voice fades into the background as Beatty is distracted
 by a single sound rising above the others, roaring above every
 other sound in the hall. She turns away from her beloved to
 find the source of the deafening slurps and smacks only to
 see a man standing at the back of the hall. She squints and
 finds Ribman.

RIBMAN
 (Aggressively eats a rib)
 intense smacking sounds

Ribman shamelessly looks Beatty directly in the eyes as he
 devours rib after rib smothered in BBQ sauce. Sauce and
 Spittle are flying everywhere and yet no one seems to notice
 his aggressive feasting.

OFFICIATOR
 (Gentle whisper)
 Beatty? Beatty? Your vows dear?
 It's your turn to say your vows to
 Sam.

Beatty snaps back to attention.

BEATTY
 My vows? My vows! Yes! Sam, t-
 today I-I join my life to yours...

INT CHRUCH RECEPTION HALL DAY

Everyone is halfway through dinner and is having a good time. Seated at a table elevated above the others sat the wedding party. Amidst the merry making, Beatty cannot shake the strange feeling she got from making eye contact with ribman. As she sits contemplating she looks up only to see him again standing by one of the buffet tables vigorously demolishing a plate of ribs this time but always staring at BEatty.

BEATTY
 (Gasping and grabbing Sam's arm)
 SAM! Sam! Tell me you know that man. Over there by the buffet table? He keeps staring at me and eating ribs. It's unsettling, did he bring his on ribs.

SAM

Who?

BEATTY
 The man eating the ribs!

SAM
 (Still not giving Beatty her full attention)
 Oh. Yeah. Weird. He's not with your side of the family? Not one of your um distant rural cousins or something?

BEATTY
 (Unable to break eye contact with the hypnotic rhythem of the rib eating)
 No Sam, that's why I'm asking you! He's been staring at my like that since the ceremony. Did he sneak in here? Can you ask Artemis to take of this?

SAM
 Sure thing B.
 (She waves for Artemis to come over)
 (MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Hey Arty, we got a rando eatin ribs in the back? can you go take care of that?

ARTEMIS

(fixing their glasses)
Absolutley.

SAM

Hey and ask him where he got those ribs from, we don't even have ribs here.

They watch as Artemis approaches Ribman. The two exchange words and its clear Ribman has no interest in what Artemis has to say. The lights begin to flicker. Artemis goes to take the plate of ribs but Ribman begins to scream loudly like a child who doesnt want to give up a toy, Bbq sauce flying as he tries to protect his plate of ribs. The other guests start to notice that something strange is going on. The lights are flickering violently tables are shaking. Beatty is terrified hiding behind napkins and table cloths. Artemis lunges to take the plate of ribs again.

ARTEMIS

(Each word punctuated by a tug at the plate)
I SAID! THERE! ARE! NO! RIBS! AT!
THIS! WEDDING!

A hurricane of BBQ sauce errupts from the plate twisting threateningly to pull every guest into its gloopy depths. Artemis is swiftly pulled into the swirl. Ribman loses his grip on the plate but continues screaming as the strom rages. Beatty looks up from her hiding spot realizing she is the only that can set things right, she wraps her self in tablecloth grabs a new of food plate and crosses the room towards ribman. As she approaches she realizes he's crying tears of BBQ sauce.

BEATTY

IT'S OK! IT'S OK. You can eat your ribs. No one is going to take your food away. I'm sorry. I'M SORRY.

Ribman seems to calm at the sight of a new plate of food. The hurrican lessens, Artemis and the other guests are released.

BEATTY (CONT'D)

Who are you?

RIBMAN
((quietly in a stained
Voldemort voice)
I am Ribman

BEATTY
Rib...man? What are you?

RIBMAN
Long ago, i was invited to a
wedding at this church. A beautiful
wedding. The blushing bride, the
handsome groom. But they put the
food out before the ceremenony
began. And it was a rib buffet.
Endless ribs, dry rub, smoked any
type of rib you can imagine they
had it. I gorged my self. Ate three
pigs before they even said 'I do'.
By the time we got to the reception
the itis had me. And I died eating
too much of a good thing. didnt
even make it to the chaha slide.