

Dark Pet

Written by  
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FADE IN

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - EVENING.

A small apartment front door opens, followed by wet business shoes rushing in. The room light turns on.

JACKSON, early 30s, rattles his umbrella, getting rid of the wet conditioning from the city weather.

The lights blink off.

Jackson turns the lights back on.

We see the umbrella thrown onto the ash-gray couch. Jackson paces alongside, unbuttoning his white shirt, catching his breath slowly.

JACKSON  
(whispers)  
Rats...

Only managing to untie four buttons from his chest, he lands on his messy clothes pile at the end of his couch and lets out a sigh of overwhelming relief.

Jackson looks at the stack of newspapers that is hidden up in the corner. He takes out a crumpled newspaper from his ocean blue jacket and unfolds it in his fingers.

Jackson flicks through the dry paper to find the latest sports news. Reading in silence about player 17's cardiac arrest.

The room falls to a standstill.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

The coast guards says mass rescue operations are underway as-

Jacksons jumps before shrinking his face in anger, crumbling and throwing the paper behind him. He stands up abruptly, walking to the back of the TV, reminding himself of the unplugged power cable.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Apocalyptic scenes unfold in MAUI.  
First responders.

Jackson covers his ears with his palms, looking at the blank, black TV screen. In a daze, he stumbles backwards. Darting towards the bathroom, slamming the ruined door behind him.

INT. BATHROOM - LATE EVENING.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
 (muffled)  
 - Had to pull people from the water  
 who jumped.

Jackson leans against the bathroom door. Staring at himself in the mirror cabinet.

He pulls himself off the door and hovers over the sink, his hands supporting him.

While opening the mirror cabinet; Desperately trying to find the correct pill bottle, he knocks over several toiletries.

After finding his antipsychotics, Jackson looks back at himself with hazy vision.

He drinks from the tap after throwing back numerous pills into his mouth. Removing his blazer in discomfort, he lays it on the toilet seat.

Jackson waits a moment, waiting for a response from the TV.

There is only silence.

The tautness in Jacksons shoulder releases for a moment as he stands upright, chuckling to himself, caressing the side of his face.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER.

We hear the shower falling in a cloud opaque room, masked by poor singing.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
 (singing)  
 I WANT A PERFECT BODY. I WANT A  
 PERFECT SOUL. I WANT YOU TO NOTICE...

A rhythmic knock startles Jackson. He looks out at the translucent curtain in shock.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

The fall of water slowly becomes voiceless.

He waits for a response before hearing a loud thud in his living room. In a panic, Jackson grabs the towel, covering his waist, and steps out of the bath tub.

The broken door squeaks open. A living room with newspapers scattered on the floor, ripped from head to toe. Dirty clothes hung from lamp shades, couch cushions surgically opened. Stuffing and paper whirling like falling leaves.

A ceiling light flickers in and out of power, swaying at the pace of a swing.

Whilst Jackson sees his favourite "Guns n Roses" t-shirt lying on the ground with several tears in it, he covers his lips to keep from screaming.

The shirt is splattered with the bloody remains of a hideous man who has been completely covered in black ink.

When she looks at Jackson, her eyes are a stark white.

She screams, shattering the mirror and trembling the space with her ere cry.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
(screams)  
AAAAAHHHH!

FADE TO BLACK.