

LOST PET

written by

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PANEL 1

INTERIOR, NIGHT. An APARTMENT in the 1920's America. We're looking through an OPEN WINDOW from the inside out - where it's RAINING. Through the rain we see some fire escape stairs and behind them, just barely through the heavy rain, other houses with some windows emitting light. Not this apartment, though. This apartment is DARK.

The WINDOW CURTAINS are dancing in the wind. What we can see from the inside of the dim apartment is pretty barren. A chair, some rubbish, a hole in a wall. Looks like it's been empty for quite some time.

PANEL 2

Basically the same panel, only now we see a SHADOWY FIGURE outside the window. SQUATTING on the fire escape stairs railing and ready to get inside the apartment.

CAPTION:                   It's as simple job as you can get.  
                                  And maybe that's the **problem**.

PANEL 3

A typical NOIR DETECTIVE is entering the apartment through the open window. He wears a coat, a hat, and has everything you think a detective should have. We still can't really see his face, though. Too dark for that.

CAPTION:                   Maybe that's why I took the **damn case**. It should be  
                                  beneath me.  
  
                                  It should be so damn easy even a kid running a  
                                  lemonade stand might be able to figure it out.  
  
                                  And like I said..

PANEL 4

The DETECTIVE lights a CIGARETTE in his mouth with a shiny LIGHTER while at the same time a thunder and a lightning STRIKE outside. You can use the following sound effect(s) for the thunder, but it's OK if you don't. We are in the center of a STORM. In the combined light of the lighter and the lightning, we finally see his face. Handsome, grizzled, maybe some scars here and there. Again, just as you would have expected from a noir detective.

CAPTION:                   **Maybe that's the problem.**

SFX:                         KRAAAK

PANEL 1

The DETECTIVE is standing in the dark so that we again see almost exclusively just his SILHOUETTE, plus also the smoke from his cigarette that is now dancing in the same direction as the window curtains. If we can even see it in the dark, the rain water is dripping from his coat. He's reaching for something in his POCKET.

CAPTION: A guy lost his **cat**.

**A science guy**. Always stuck in his lab surrounded by books.

It was probably more of a library than a lab. Or something in between, I guess.

PANEL 2

CLOSEUP on the FLASHLIGHT that the DETECTIVE got from his pocket and is now SWITCHING ON.

SFX: CLICK

CAPTION: I was kinda surprised he even noticed or cared the cat's gone. The poor thing's probably better off without him if you ask me.

'Cause I don't even think it's **the first time the cat's gone missing**. It's like it just wants to get rid of the guy but he wouldn't let it.

But hey, no need to dance around easy money. There's currently **a dry spell** when it comes to investigators in this town for some reason. And I ain't gonna wait around 'till it fills up again.

PANEL 3

Thanks to the flashlight we now see more of the apartment. It's a DUMP, basically a long abandoned squat. The DETECTIVE is still dripping some water from his coat and hat and will be for some time.

CAPTION: Though the spell still ain't dry enough, apparently. Last I heard, **Johnson** was "**investigating**" the same case couple weeks back. Or at least I think it was for the same guy. And the same cat.

So either Johnson never found the cat, or he did and it ran away again.

PANEL 4

The DETECTIVE enters another room. Looks like this used to be a LIVING ROOM. There is an old rotting armchair. The wallpaper is wet and crumbling, exposing the bare walls. Water dripping from somewhere up and outside the panel and creating a small puddle in the corner.

CAPTION: But based on how much Johnson's been hitting the sauce lately, I'd bet my money on the option number one.

CONTINUED: (3)

**PANEL 5**

ANOTHER PANEL of the DETECTIVE exploring the living room.

**CAPTION:**

This is an old rotting building. Been empty for couple years.

What most people don't know is that lots of stray cats and dogs started living here not long after it got abandoned. They come here to hide from the rain, bring some food they got off the streets, stuff like that.

When you step inside, all the walls are soaked in the smell of cat piss. So much so that the only thing you could do to get rid of it is to just tear the whole thing down.

**PANEL 6**

WIDE SHOT of the DETECTIVE standing in a barren room, staring through another window, his right hand down, almost like in defeat, holding the flashlight that is now just aimlessly illuminating the floor. We still see more of the DETECTIVE, though, because there is another lightning and thunder outside the window.

**CAPTION:**

So the question is..

...on a night like this..

**SFX:**

KRAAAK

**CAPTION:**

...why is this place **so god damn empty?**

PANEL 1

A SIMILAR PANEL. The light from the storm is gone. And the light from the flashlight IS GETTING WEAKER.

SFX:                   tzzz  
                          tzzzzzz

PANEL 2

The DETECTIVE is jerking with the flashlight to get it going again, though its light is still weak.

CAPTION:               **Shit.**  
                          The battery's dying.  
                          I thought I got a new one just before I left the  
                          office.  
                          It's like **everything's wrong here.**

PANEL 3

The flashlight is working fine again, so the DETECTIVE is looking around the living room.

CAPTION:               Mostly **the smell.**  
                          It's not just the cat piss and dog shit. The fresh air  
                          that the storm brought makes you almost ignore that.  
                          **Almost.**  
                          It's something else.  
                          Like something **died** here.  
                          A hundred years ago and a hundred times over.

PANEL 4

The DETECTIVE is now entering a BEDROOM that has a window, a bed, and... pretty much nothing else. The flashlight is ACTING UP again, we barely see anything in the room. Only the ruff shapes of the bed. But there is something SHINY on the ground.

CAPTION:               Everything in my body and soul is now screaming at me  
                          to **get the fuck out of here** as fast as I can.  
                          I'd call it a hunch, but...  
                          My hunch never used a **megaphone** before.

PANEL 5

LOW ANGLE SHOT. The DETECTIVE is KNEELING, holding the thing we saw before, and SHINING ON IT with his flashlight. It's a FLASK. Because of the low angle, we see a part of the CEILING. There is another lightning and a thunder. And in the LIGHT OF THE STORM, we see SOMETHING on the ceiling, though we can't be really sure what it's supposed to be. It almost looks like... bunch of TENTACLES? But if so, they have a WEIRD TEXTURE. They almost look like they are at least in part covered in FUR. Like they are something between tentacles and long animal tails.

CAPTION:               I know that flask..

CONTINUED: (5)

**PANEL 6**

CLOSEUP on the FLASK. It has some BLOOD SMUDGES on it. You can have fun with the design so that it looks distinct enough for it to make sense that the DETECTIVE recognized it.

CAPTION:

**Johnson...?**

PANEL 1

CLOSEUP of the DETECTIVE reaching for a GUN from his HOLSTER.

CAPTION: It's as simple job as you can get.

PANEL 2

CLOSEUP of the DETECTIVE'S FEET. The weird tentacles are now reaching them, ready to WRAP AROUND THEM.

CAPTION: And that was **the problem**.  
Because I couldn't see it.

PANEL 3

CLOSEUP of the flashlight FALLING to the ground.

CAPTION: In the last few moments it all **clicks**.  
I don't know what that thing is, but I do know **two things**.

PANEL 4

CLOSEUP, the tentacles are wrapping around the DETECTIVE'S HAND with his REVOLVER, making him unable to fire it.

CAPTION: That whatever this thing is, it's definitely **not a cat**.

PANEL 5

CLOSEUP on the GROUND where the flashlight and the flask now are. The DETECTIVE'S feet are ABOVE the ground. The CREATURE is pulling him up.

CAPTION: And that I wasn't supposed to **bring it back**.

PANEL 6

BIG PANEL. Over the ceiling, an ELDRITCH FURRY TENTACLE MONSTER is spreading. It looks as a cat as much as THE THING in the kennel from the John Carpenter movie of the same name looked like a dog. Its tentacles are wrapped around the DETECTIVE and it is now ready do devour him.

Within the spreading monstrosity, we can see other HUMAN BODIES, connected to the creature, their life sucked out of them to feed it. Almost like they are COCOONED to it. Some are basically just skeletons, some look more "fresh". Some might even still be alive, somehow.

CAPTION: **Non of us were.**