

BLACK WATER

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CRAIG'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

CRAIG (30s), tall, heavy, and unshaven, sits in boxers and a football shirt. He's gaming, curtains drawn to avoid glare on the TV.

His fingers move rapidly over the controller. The game is intense, but his eyes are half-open and his breathing slow.

Surrounded by empty energy drink cans and junk food wrappers, he looks oddly content despite the grime.

Suddenly, the sound of the front door slamming echoes through the flat, shaking the walls.

Craig smirks. He knows what's coming.

ROOMMATE

(O.S.)

What the fuck is this shit?

CRAIG

(muttering, mocking)

What the fuck have you actually done today?

His bedroom door bursts open. ROOMMATE (20s) stands there, furious.

ROOMMATE

What the fuck have you actually done today?

CRAIG

You work because you have to. I don't. In a couple more days, I'll have a huge inheritance pumping up my bank account.

ROOMMATE

You've cleaned nothing. Did you even make the phone calls I asked?

CRAIG

Not my problem.

ROOMMATE

You're a mess.

CRAIG

You're poor. I've got rich relatives. Inherited wealth. It's great. I recommend it to everyone.

ROOMMATE

You're arrogant. And I want you out. I'm sick of living like this.

Craig puts down the controller, stands, and marches out, slamming his shoulder into Roommate as he passes.

CRAIG

I'm not going anywhere.

INT. CRAIG'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Craig heads straight for the fridge. Roommate follows.

Craig opens the fridge and carelessly tosses food onto the floor.

Roommate grabs Craig's wrists, trying to stop him. They wrestle. Craig breaks free.

CRAIG

I've paid my rent. On time. You want it clean? Then clean it or hire a cleaner. That's not me.

ROOMMATE

You never leave the flat. You do nothing. It's not fair.

CRAIG

I've got more money coming. Get used to it. Don't like it? Move out.

ROOMMATE

I need this place for my job. What the fuck do you need it for?

Craig grins, pulls out a bottle of milk, and pours it onto the floor.

CRAIG

Best get a mop and bucket, haven't you?

Roommate snaps. He grabs Craig and slams him against the fridge.

ROOMMATE

You signed the same contract I did.
We have to keep this place livable.
Free from pests. Free from mould.
But you, Craig, are nothing but a
pest.

INT. CRAIG'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY

Roommate has Craig in a tight headlock, dragging him toward the front door.

Craig wriggles and grunts, trying and failing to break free.

CRAIG

(struggling)
You can't do this to me!

ROOMMATE

I've had enough. Get out!

Roommate throws Craig out and slams the door shut, locking it.

INT. CRAIG'S CAR - NIGHT

Craig's car is as filthy as his bedroom. Food wrappers and drink cans litter the floor.

Craig lies curled up on the backseat, a small pillow under his head, a thin blanket over him.

CRAIG

(groaning)
This is such fucking bullshit.

He tries to sleep but can't get comfortable. After tossing and turning, he sits up and checks his phone.

One unread message: "Will reading tomorrow at 3pm. Be there."

His face lights up. He does a celebration dance on the backseat.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(singing)
I'm in the money...

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Craig and his family sit in a stuffy lawyer's office. Craig, in shorts and a colourful shirt, is surrounded by his mum, dad, two sisters, and three brothers—all dressed like they've come from a funeral.

The LAWYER holds official-looking documents.

LAWYER

(reading)

To my daughter Beth and her husband
John, I leave my house and all
possessions within.

Mum and Dad smile, holding hands.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

And to my grandchildren Lucy,
Ellie, Thomas, Gray, and Louis, I
leave the total of my savings at
Great Western Bank. Which, as of
today, totals just over one million
pounds.

(looking up)

Split five ways after tax, that's
approximately £160,000 each.

The grandchildren beam, hugging and kissing each other while trying to stay dignified.

Craig looks around, confused and angry. He stands.

CRAIG

And where the fuck is mine?

The lawyer calmly packs the documents into his briefcase.

LAWYER

That concludes the reading of the
will.

CRAIG

I visited her like everyone else. I
went to her birthday. I saw her in
hospital. Why the fuck do I get
nothing?

The lawyer raises an eyebrow and exits.

The family turn away, avoiding Craig's gaze.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Mum and Dad head to their car. Craig follows, desperate, tripping over his own feet.

CRAIG

I've got nowhere else to go. You don't need her house. Just let me stay there for a while. Otherwise, I move back in with you—and none of us wants that.

Mum and Dad exchange a look, then turn to Craig.

MUM

It's not an option.

CRAIG

Of course it is.

MUM

The house...

CRAIG

What?

DAD

It's been condemned. It's getting knocked down. The land's already sold. Three new houses are being built—and they're already sold.

CRAIG

What?

DAD

And living with us? Not a chance. We're going on a six-month cruise and the whole house is being renovated.

CRAIG

Already spending your fortune.

MUM

Craig...

Dad unlocks the car and gets in, honking the horn for Mum to join him.

CRAIG

I've got nowhere else to go.

MUM

We can't keep bailing you out. I'm
sorry. I love you, but I'm sorry.

She gets in. Dad drives off. Craig is left alone.

EXT. GRANNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Craig walks with purpose toward an old, boarded-up house. A sign on the lawn reads: "Do Not Enter. Danger."

Around the back, Craig finds a ladder. He props it under a window and climbs up, grinning.

INT. GRANNIE'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - DAY

Craig smashes the boarded window with his shoulder, elbow, and fist. Climbing through, he cuts his arm on a jagged edge.

He's bleeding heavily. Panicked, he looks around the empty room.

CRAIG

Fuck!

INT. GRANNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Craig stumbles in. He flicks the light switch—nothing.

CRAIG

Oh, you've got to be fucking
kidding me.

He spins both taps on the sink.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Please, please, please...

Water finally flows. He sighs in relief.

But the water turns black. He frowns, lets the sink fill halfway, then shuts it off.

Still bleeding, he hesitates, then dips his hand in. Up to the wrist.

The water solidifies—like rubber. Fear flashes in his eyes.

He tries to yank his hand out but it's stuck. Bleeding. He scans the room—nothing.

He attacks the sink, trying to rip it from the wall.

Suddenly, the bathtub taps burst open. Black liquid pours in, turning to rubber.

The rubber in the sink cracks—he's free. Relief.

But then, a black blob monster rises from the tub, made of the same rubbery liquid.

It reaches for Craig.

Craig screams.

The monster grabs his throat.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END