Swat
FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

JACK (40s) sits in an armchair. He reads a tabloid newspaper through glasses perched on the edge of his nose.

BZZZZZ...

Jack’s eyes narrow and search for the source of the noise.

A FLY darts in front of his face then settles on the arm-rest of his chair.

Jack’s eyes focus. He rolls the newspaper with care not to disturb the fly... then pounces...

... THUD! ... BZZZZ - Missed, the fly buzzes off.

Jack closes his eyes and lets out an irritated sigh. He gets to his feet. Stays still... Silent. His eyes search...

An evil smile spreads on Jack’s face as he locates -

THE FLY -

- perched on the wall.

Jack creeps towards it, rolled up newspaper raised -

A huge SHADOW falls over Jack. He looks over his shoulder. Face turns to horror. He cowers.

WIDER

A CREATURE - human body/fly head, about as big as Jack was to the fly - snaps a ‘human’ swat where Jack once stood. He raises it up to inspect -

CREATURE POV - FLY VISION

Jack’s squashed, dead body, caught in the grid of the swat.

CREATURE (O.S.)
(subtitled over buzzes)
Got the bastard!

A huge SHADOW falls over the creature.

FADE OUT.