

The Shark in the Attic: A Screenplay

Wendy and Craig tumble out his jeep
and into her ivy-covered home, giggling and horny.
Their hair is golden, eyes blue, teeth white.
A glistening pink tangle on the living room floor,
they are oblivious to the purring from the attic.
Wendy stops her pre-orgasmic moan and cocks a perky ear.
What's that sound? she asks with telltale wide eyes
that spark hushed, insistent violas, flatulent bassoons.
Craig, by way of an answer, covers her mouth with his.
At uncomfortable angles we watch fins gingerly descend
the attic ladder as the violas and bassoons swell,
joined by labored, asthmatic purring as the lovers
undulate in oblivious frenzy
until a finned shadow blankets their pinkness.
The violas saw in terror, bassoons bleat in fear
as Wendy and Craig scream and scramble
the shadow upon them, tearing and gnashing.
Flesh rips, blood spurts across the room in arabesques.
From high above we see the lovers scattered
in chunks across the bloody carpet,
a glimpse of tailfin slither across the lawn.

The crusty old sheriff, his ambitious young deputy
examine the scene and argue about the evidence.
The Deputy is educated, cityslick.
The Sheriff rural and intuitive.
They do agree, though that they must stop
the perpetrator of what they hope
will be a series of bizarre murders.

Mrs. Green, tall and tan, gazes out her window
at Raul, the gardener, squatting brown and shirtless
among the impatiens that border the pool.
She gently caresses her bosom, indicating desire
and calls to him, How about something cool?
His cocoa gaze is insolent as he asks for a Diet Pepsi.
She mixes martinis, offers him one.

He spits out the olive, indicating desire
and soon they are in her boudoir, tangled
in glistening brown, oblivious
to the purring at the window,
the fishy eye on the pane.
What's that noise? Mrs. Green asks breathlessly.
Your heart, querida, Raul sneers
before covering her mouth with his.
Flatulent bassoons, insistent violas,
a great crash of glass, short spell of screams.

The Deputy, The Sheriff and his daughter, Kitty
have dinner in her trailer and talk about the case
the biggest in Carbondale in twenty years.
The Sheriff insists it is the work
of a transplanted New York maniac.
The Deputy says the evidence points to something
other than human: the killer is a local shark.
The Sheriff explodes, This is Pennsylvania!
and storms out, followed by Kitty.
Daddy, please come back, for my sake.
She's not his little girl anymore
but a woman in love, with a deputy.
The Sheriff will try: he's been both
mother and father to her since her mama ran off,
and, arm in arm, they head back to the trailer
amid crickets, purring, violas and bassoons.

Hair, There & Everywhere is closing up.
Randy, the owner, is in a bitchy mood.
He's bitchy because he knows
he will not have a glistening sex scene
of any shade before getting gnashed.
In the mirror we see the shark slither
across the floor behind him
and snuggle into the broom closet.
Randy hears purring, the woodwinds and strings
and, at their insistence, heads toward the closet.
He shrugs, opens the door,
and screams with comic relief.

The Deputy works late at the office.
Kitty's picture propped on his desk.
He comes upon a locked, secret drawer
which he jimmys open.
He finds clippings about a series of bizarre murders twenty years ago.
THE CATWOMAN OF CARBONDALE STRIKES AGAIN!
Something clicks inside his head.
He must get to Kitty! He runs to his car
but is whacked by a blunt fin
into useless unconsciousness.

The Sheriff gazes at an old family portrait.
A baby Kitty smiles in her mother's arms.
Tabby, oh Tabby, where did you go?
he sighs before something clicks
and he runs to his car.

Kitty wait for The Deputy,
impatiently watching TV.
She hears several thuds outside,
turns down the volume. Darling, is that you?
Labored, asthmatic breathing is the response.
Trusty violas and bassoons shriek danger
but Kitty opens the door and screams--
A smiling shark towers over her!
Don't scream, don't scream, the shark purrs.
It's Mama. I've come back for you

Kitty is wide-eyed as the shark unzips
and a glamorous woman in black leotard emerges
with Cleopatra eyes and drawn on whiskers.
She reaches for Kitty with Fu Manchu fingernails.
Mama? Kitty gasps.
Yes, darling. I've come back for you.
They said I was crazy, an unfit mother.
They wanted to take you away from me.
I showed them. I made them pay.
Mama? is all Kitty can say.
Yes, sweetie, Mama's here. Come to Mama.

How I've waited for this moment!
It's only the asthma
kept me away so long.
I had to distract them so I could reach you
and now we can be together forever.
Her paws on Kitty's shoulders.
The Sheriff bursts in---Tabby!
She flies at him. A tangle
leotard and khaki rolls about the floor
as Kitty sobs uselessly.
Shots from nowhere (The Deputy's gun)
end the struggle.
The Sheriff and Tabby lie together
as uncomfortably as they had twenty years before.
Kitty is blank and beautiful in The Deputy's arms.

Epilogue

A lovely blooming garden. An elegant white building.
The Deputy and A Doctor tsk tsk outside an oak door.
A sunny yellow room, cheery calico cat curtains
and bedspread. A dinner tray sits untouched
next to a vase full a roses, an empty tin of sardines.
Crouched in a corner, we find Kitty
lapping up a saucer of milk.
She looks up and smiles at us
through a milky mustache.