

Shark (Inis Airc)

By

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EXT. GARDEN OVERLOOKING SHORELINE. DAY.

Pull focus to outline of MAN kneeling in dirt.

Pan up to mid-shot of Man.

Man begins to mix water into the dirt, creating thick mud.

He continues to mix. He is distracted yet intent.

NARRATOR
(V.O.)

So we're leaving.

No more rowing to Boffin drunk. No more 60-strong Mass of a Sunday. Leaving en masse having gone round in wet circles all of a Saturday night trying to find a disappearing shark in the bitch Atlantic.

Old John had lost his two sons on the same day two years before. We all knew John and John-Joe and Pa-Jo and a few saw them leave that time they went to feed the sea their bones.

The surf rose up to meet them. Only Pa-Jo's body was ever found.

Man begins to pack mud onto the top of his head. He makes a line across the dome of his skull.

NARRATOR
(V.O.)

So we're leaving.

I've packed Shark dirt onto the edges of my head, square that it is. This dirt and I will fuse and my tears at leaving will travel a few miles around my circumference before the sea takes them too.

Come leaving with me, land. Come leaving with me, sea. Let's leave and leave and leave and leave.

Man finishes the ring of dirt around the vertical circumference of his head.

(CONTINUED)

The ring frames his face.

He is filthy from the effort.

He begins to cry softly.

NARRATOR

(V.O.)

So we're leaving.

And John Sr. is still at his door -
the one of us all to stay behind
needing, as he does, to shepherd
the restless spirits of his two
dead boys.

I feel the dirt fuse with my skin -
my border - and step into the boat.

I turn back to see John Sr. fall
back, dead, into the shore.

Man looks up and left in one quick motion, as if awoken by
an alarm.

THE END