

CLARK THE SHARK

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Children play in and around the busy pool.

A child too small for his age, RORY, struggles with a kick board in the water.

RORY

Look mom!

Rory's MOM acknowledges him and resumes chatting with PAM, a focused life guard with a killer body and no class. Even while chatting, Pam's eyes constantly scan the pool. A kid runs past her.

PAM

(Shouting)

Walk please!

Rory's lost his kick board. Tries to reach for it, but his little arms can't make it. He sputters on some water. Got it!

Then, rising out of the water... a SHARK FIN!

Rory pulls the kick board to himself.

The shark fin bee-lines for Rory.

Spying the fin, a YOUNG GIRL screams.

Pam perks her head and spots the girl like an alert dog.

Children and parents panic.

Rory sees the fin and panics, losing the kick board.

The shark is coming right for him!

Rory's eyes grow wide--

The fin bears down--

Rory starts to go under--

Up pops CLARK, a well-meaning blue-collar puppet shark.

CLARK

I'll save you.

Rory screams in terror.

FREEZE FRAME ON CLARK

TITLE OVER: "Clark the Shark"

CLARK (CONT'D)
Play along.

Rory screams in genuine terror.

Pam runs for the pool, followed by two life guards from inside: CHAZ, a beefy lughead, and RUDY, armed with a permanent sneer. They all have orange floatation buoys.

Clark drags Rory out of the pool. Rory's okay.

CLARK (CONT'D)
It's alright Pam, I got 'im.

Pam smacks Clark across the face with her buoy, hard, knocking him down. She embraces little Rory head first into her breasts.

PAM
(to Rory)
Are you okay sweetie?

RUDY
We've kicked you out before, shark.

CLARK
(picking himself up)
It's Clark.

CHAZ
Yeah, everyone knows you're banned from the pool.

CLARK'S POV

Pam's hair blows in the breeze; she practically glows. Everything is soft and warm and diffuse. She's beautiful.

PAM
Get the fuck outta here or I'll turn you into chum.

REALITY

The crowd starts to turn on Clark.

EDWARDS (O.S.)
Break it up! I've got a pool to
run here.

The crowd calms and parts for EDWARDS, a semi-oblivious pool
manager.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)
Oh, I see.

CLARK
He was drowning.

EDWARDS
Chaz?

CHAZ
Maybe.

EDWARDS
Rudy?

RUDY
Kinda.

EDWARDS
Boy?

Head still in Pam's bosom, Rory nods.

CLARK
I sorta... saved him.

EDWARDS
Really?
(changes his tone)
Really. You saved him. So what do
you want? Free passes? Lessons?

CLARK
I want...
(glances at Pam)
I want to be a lifeguard.

PAM
You can't be serious.

EDWARDS
(thinking)
No one else has a shark.

PAM
He's a biologically perfect killing
machine.

CLARK
I'm a changed shark now.

CHAZ
Sure you are.

CLARK
I've gone twenty-three days without eating someone. Come on, sir. Pam could show me the ropes.

PAM
This is bull.

CLARK
Shark.

EDWARDS
(to Clark)
She's right. You have to understand, I can't have any incidents here. If I don't like the way things are going after one week-- you're out.

CLARK
Really?

EDWARDS
You got a job.

The crowd BOOS. Clark's happy as a clam. His eyes meet Pam's but she shakes her head, disgusted.

INT. STAFF CHANGE ROOM - DAY

Clark gets himself psyched up like a boxer before the big match. He hops from side to side for a moment, then we follow Clark as he goes down the long hall towards the pool, towards daylight. As he emerges from the exit--

EXT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

The place is deserted-- not a soul in sight. Clark surveys the pool, deeply satisfied. Clark approaches Pam as she suns herself at the lifeguard station.

CLARK
Hey Pam. Zinc?

He offers a tube of zinc.

She ignores him.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Ah, you're right. Sure is hot out.

She continues to ignore him.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Where is everyone?

Without acknowledging him, Pam points past Clark.

Clark looks to the fence. A CROWD of people stand outside, all watching to see what will happen. One takes a photo.

PAM
I could have been a scientist, but
I like children. I like workin'
with the fuckin' munchkins, so...

Clark doesn't get it.

PAM (CONT'D)
Children don't like sharks, I don't
sharks.

CLARK
You're honest. I like that.

Silence.

CLARK (CONT'D)
So. I guess we both like swimming.

PAM
Is that why you're here? To hit on
me?

CLARK
A guy can't live off plankton
alone.

PAM
You don't eat plankton.

CLARK
Yes I do.

PAM
Why don't you go scoop some leaves
or something.

CLARK
 Maybe we can start over. Get a
 drink after work.

PAM
 Maybe you can suck my balls.

CLARK
 What ba--

A beach ball hits Clark upside the head. Followed by another
 beach ball from the other side. Chaz and Rudy.

Pam enjoys Clark's torment.

CHAZ
 Back over here.

CLARK
 Get lost.

Rudy leans right into Clark's face.

RUDY
 How many people have you eaten,
 shark?

CLARK
 I'm past that.

PAM
 You know, a drink does sound good.

CLARK
 Yeah?

PAM
 (to Chaz and Rudy)
 Come on boys. Party in the staff
 room.

RUDY
 Yeah, poker and shots for anyone
 who's not a cold-blooded rookie.

CLARK
 What if Mr. Edwards comes back?

PAM
 Ha!

Outside the fence, Edwards hocks popcorn to the crowd wearing
 a plush shark fin hat.

EDWARDS
Popcorn! Get your great white
popcorn!

CLARK
Drinking? On duty?

RUDY
You chicken, shark?

Chaz, Rudy, and Pam walk to the staff room.

CHAZ
Ha ha. He's chicken. Good one.

CLARK
You need a fourth? I suck at cards.

Pam turns to face him while backing away.

PAM
It's your rotation. Someone will
spell you off in five, six hours.
Stay focused.

RUDY
Come on, babe.

Rudy slaps her ass. She turns and hits his shoulder. Hard.

CLARK
I'll just watch the pool then.

Clark watches them go.

INT. STAFF LOUNGE - DAY

Empty shot glasses hit the table. Music plays.

Pam, Chaz, and Rudy collect themselves from their last shots.
Could have been their fifth. Tequila everywhere.

A beat.

PAM
Fuckin' shark likes me.

Chaz and Rudy burst out laughing.

EXT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Clark scoops leaves out of the pool with a net.

From the change room, Rory emerges, sees Clark, screams, and turns around, running right into his mother.

Clark sighs as Rory and mom leave.

INT. STAFF LOUNGE - DAY

Pam, Rudy, and Chaz are playing Texas Hold'em for shots. Chaz adds an empty shot glass to a row of four others.

CHAZ

I lost that fair and square.

PAM

(to Rudy)

Two more for you. Come on Rudy.
Rudy can't fail.

She pushes shots toward him. Rudy accepts.

CHAZ

I like that we work with a shark.
Cuz then like, we don't have to do
anything.

Rudy shuffles the deck and starts to deal.

RUDY

Okay, next round is worth either
five shots or a bathing suit.

Pam flashes a fake you-wish grin and tosses her cards aside.

PAM

I'm going to the little mermaids
room.

RUDY

Hey Pam, later on can you practice
CPR on me?

Chaz and Rudy giggle. Pam leaves.

EXT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Clark reclines on a deck chair, talking aloud.

CLARK

I mean yeah, I like her. Weirder
thing have happened.

There' an inflatable killer whale pool-toy in the adjacent chair facing Clark. A psychiatrist for Clark's problems.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Ah, you're right. I should open up to her.

(practices aloud)

Hey Pam, you know-- are you a vegetarian? I mean, I'm not, but, if I was with you, I think maybe I could live off plankton alone. Plankton and maybe shellfish.

Chaz and Rudy come out, totally drunk.

RUDY

(sing-song)

Clark's got a crush on Pam's tiiiiitties.

CLARK

Do not!

CHAZ

Do too!

Chaz and Rudy do crazy dives into the pool.

CLARK

(to himself)

Idiots.

Drunk, they horse around trying to hold each other under.

Clark heads towards the staff lounge.

CHAZ

Rudy? Rudy!

Clark turns, interest piqued. Rudy is nowhere to be seen.

Chaz dives under the water.

Clark watches from a distance.

A beat. Chaz's body gently bobs to the surface, face down.

CLARK

Oh no.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Pam breathes a heavy sigh.

PAM
(to herself)
I work with losers.

She hears an EMERGENCY WHISTLE and again perks her head like an alert dog.

EXT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Pam pulls up her one-piece as the toilet flushes.

EXT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

SLO-MO -- Clark runs towards camera, orange floatation buoy under his fin.

The crowd is hushed-- unable to tear their eyes away.

Clark dives into the water.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pam hauls ass out of the bathroom.

EXT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Clark heaves an unconscious Chaz out of the pool. Clark plunges his open mouth to Chaz's face.

The crowd holds their breath.

Clark did CPR! Chaz coughs out water.

The crowd at the fence cheers; Clark realizes it's for him.

Clark's body stiffens. His nose twitches.

At the other end of the pool, underwater, Rudy's nose BLEEDS.

Clark turns around slowly.

His nose twitches again.

CROWD
(Various voices)
Save him! Get the other guy! You
can do it, Clark! Come on, Clark.
Goooooo shark!

Pam stops in the doorway from the office. As she realizes what's happening--

Clark dives in the pool.

UNDERWATER - CLARK'S POV

We swim for Rudy, getting closer and closer, as the submerged Rudy comes to, opens his eyes, and can't breathe, blood trickling from his nose. Terror sweeps across his face and he flails his arms--

POOLSIDE

The pool thrashes uncontrollably. Pam sprints and dives in.

The thrashing stops.

Pam hauls Rudy out of the pool.

Rudy chokes out water, collapses, and screams in pain.

He turns to see his shoulder-- and the screams turn to half-crazed laughs! His arm's okay! What was he thinking?!

Laughing, Rudy relaxes the other way-- his other arm looks like shredded beef. Rudy's laughs of relief turn to wails of sorrow.

Clark stands there like a guilty guppy. The fence crowd is panicking, running away, averting their eyes, etc.

Pam has retrieved a white towel and puts it on Rudy's wound.

PAM
How could you?!

CLARK
His nose was bleeding!

PAM
Call 9-1-1!

CLARK
I only ate him a little!

PAM
(increased urgency)
Call 9-1-1!

CLARK
Ahhhhhh!

Clark runs for the office. Pam continues to apply pressure.
Chaz comes to-- and he's horrified.

CHAZ
Oh God. Rudy? Rudy? Why did we
drink so much tequila?

PAM
(freaking out)
Why was there a shark in the pool?!

CHAZ
(losing it)
I always win the drowning game.
Why am I so strong? Oh, my
strength is my curse.

EXT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Two PARAMEDICS tend to Rudy.

Clark, Pam, Chaz, and Edwards look on.

PAM
He gets nosebleeds.

CHAZ
(aloud)
That's a lotta morphine.

The paramedics hoist Rudy onto a stretcher. Rudy, high as a kite, beckons Clark over.

RUDY
Hey Clark.

CLARK
About the arm.

RUDY
Thanks for saving me. I mean it.

CLARK
I didn't.

RUDY
You were there.

CLARK
It was Pam.

RUDY
No. I owe you.

CLARK
I ate you.

RUDY
You're the best.

CLARK
Okay.

The paramedics wheel Rudy away. Chaz follows.

CHAZ
I'm coming with ya buddy.

EDWARDS
Clark.

Clark meets Edwards' gaze, then hangs his head in shame.

CLARK
I'm fired. (beat) I have to go
call my sponsor.

Clark sulks off.

PAM
Christ on a-- He didn't do
anything. He's not right for a
pool, but-- the drinking was my
fault.

EDWARDS
I could never fire you, Pam.
(checks her out)
You're too good for business.

PAM
I quit.

Pam storms away.

PAM (CONT'D)
Creep.

EDWARDS
What we need... are dolphins.

He smiles at this and leaves with a skip in his step.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

Clark slogs through the parking lot, destination: unknown.

From out of the pool exit, Pam motors past Clark with her day bag on her shoulder.

CLARK
I didn't mean to eat Rudy.

PAM
He's not my boyfriend.

CLARK
He's no good anyway.

PAM
He's an asshole.

CLARK
He tastes like carp.

Pam smiles and pauses.

PAM
I think I do need a drink.

CLARK
Are you asking me to go with you?

PAM
I just quit.

CLARK
That's it?

PAM
You don't treat me like a piece of meat.

Clark considers this. They start to walk away together.

CLARK
I thought you loved your job.

PAM
I said I like children.

CLARK
They're delicious.

Pam laughs.

CLARK (CONT'D)
So what do ya want to do?

PAM
I'm easy.

CLARK
Yes!

PAM
Easy for drinks.

CLARK
You like surf-n-turf?

FADE OUT.