

GASTROPODIA
by Ginger Lazarus

A dark, bare room with a phone. X creeps in, hunted. SHE rushes for the phone and furtively, furiously dials.

X

This is Agent X reporting in. I may not have—

Freezes, hand over the phone. Listening.

Confirmation. I repeat: confirmation of all suspicions. The giant slugs. Are here.

*Noises in the dark. Movement in the shadows. Jolts, looks around.
Resumes in rising desperation.*

Listen. The whole leaving a trail of slime bit.... That's only the garden variety. I repeat: only stupid slugs leave slime. The others...move among us. And they are damn good at impersonations.

Distinct sounds of slithering. Panic.

You think you've been trained to see slugs in the landscape—you think nothing can disguise their glutinous hides or stalker eyes. But one day your boss comes into your office and slams the door, or that nice chatty cab driver takes you on a detour, or you wake up and turn to the lover in your bed...

Slithering grows louder. Looks at her hand in abject terror.

...and you see...the sick delight in their faces...as your eyes shoot out from your head, and slime drips from your fingers....

Holds up her hand, dripping slime. From the darkness, hideous sluggish laughter.