

Chaos For The Fly

Written By T.M. Vornes

Pam sits on her bed smoking a cigarette. The Addams Family movie is showing on her television. Pam's only conscious behavior is the mechanical way she lifts her hand to her lips and takes a long drag from her cigarette. With each drag her chest heaves in deep unison. Each heaving inhale is followed by another mechanical movement of her arm over to an ashtray resting on a nightstand. Her gaze unchanged as she exhales a cloud of smoke that drifts into the air. Its thick at first then dissipates near the foot of the bed where her sleeping child lies. She's heavily focused on nothing while mechanically pulling the cigarette to her lips dragging again systematically before ending with a few taps over an ashtray.

A rustling can be heard outside of Pam's open door. Through her window she can make out two men fighting near the tree line. The two men fighting become several men in uniform detaining a wiry looking individual. Pam moves quickly to close her curtains and shuts her door. As she closes her door she sees flashing blue and red lights coming up her drive. Police sirens over take the once peaceful quiet night. Pam's heart races as she takes more frequent and less mechanical pulls from her cigarette. She finishes it, dabs it out in her ashtray and lights another. The newly lit cigarette dangles from her clenched lips as she looks around for her robe. While searching she feels her ponytail brush her shoulders agitating her so she wraps it around into a tight bun. With both hands moving frantically to pin her bun tightly, Pam exhales smoke from both sides of her mouth while the center of her lips are still clenched tight on her cigarette. Pam jumps, startled by three heavy knocks at her door.

"Just a moment!" she yells, pulling on her robe.

The robe is a cotton blend, thin, light and no match for the curves of her body. Her shape easily perceived as the robe draped her frame. She exhales still clenching the cigarette. She quickly looks herself over and decides to tighten her belt and pull her lapels apart. Doing so exposes her cleavage protruding past the laced edge of her nightgown. When she opens the door a man dressed in black stands before her. The bold F-B-I letters of his flack jacket shine with cascading red and blue squad car lights dancing along his frame. Pam notices no two car's lights blink in perfect unison. The strobe light effect briefly reminds her of her youth. She smiles as she greets the agent.

"What's all the commotion officer?" He lifts a picture to her face.

"Do you know this man?" He asks bluntly. Pam shakes her head not seeing that the face is completely unfamiliar to her. "I'm Special Agent Lennox. The man in the photo is Hershel Wyles a known serial rapist and murderer." Agent Lennox pauses retracting the photo. Pam opens her door fully. She sees Hershel seated in the back of a squad car. She props herself upon the door frame with one hand. Her other hand removes the cigarette from her mouth. Propping herself against the door frame like she

did causes her robe and nighty to rise exposing more leg. Agent Lennox takes notice of her leg. Following his eyes, Pam takes a step forward.

“I don’t know him.” She reiterates.

“We’ve been tracking him for years. The last two hours lead us through the wooded area to your front yard. You were lucky. He doesn’t hesitate to kill.” An agent behind Lennox picks up an object catching Pam’s eye. A light on the object chimes on and Pam deciphers what it is. She looks over at Wyles and then again at the agent.

“He’s been in these woods for hours. I caught up to him crouching just past the tree line, no doubt stalking you.” Pam leans her head a bit, looking around Lennox.

“Excuse me! Miss! That camera belongs to me. A friend of mine just left an hour ago. They phoned me saying they couldn’t find it. I must have missed it when I searched earlier.”

The Female agent eyes the camera for a moment then nods her head in agreement. She walks over and hands the camera to Pam.

“Nice shot of you and the kid before he lost it. Probably fell out of his pocket as he climbed into the car.” The female agent’s nose twitches. “Awful strong bleach smell miss. You been cleaning?” Pam looks into her eyes and smiles.

“More so sanitizing, than cleaning. I have a sick baby.” The woman nods and walks away. Agent Lennox fumbles through an F.B.I. protocol and hands Pam a card. They agree to keep in touch then he leads the troops and Hershel Wyles back down the dark road. On Pam’s returns to her previous post on the bed she hears Morticia Addams speaking on the television.

: Normal is an illusion. What’s normal for the spider is chaos for the fly:

She sits at the edge of the bed and looks at her child before turning on the camera. The first five photos are of her interacting with her baby. The next forty-two show a more gruesome scene of pam dismembering a body in the once blood drenched bathroom, washing down the walls as she throws bleach about, and laboriously treading to the back of her car parked near the door filling the trunk with garbage bags filled with the dismembered body. As she sits Indian-style on her bed looking through the camera she notices the blood stain on her palm and the other one on the bottom of her slipper. She had hidden them while talking to Agent Lennox. She chuckles thinking of what just happened in her life. The baby coos when Pam leans over to pick him up.

“Remember baby, we are always the spider, never the fly.”

Resources:

Rudin, S. (Producer), & Sonnenfeld, B. (Director) (November 16, 1991). The Addams Family (Motion Picture). United States. Paramount Pictures.