

A GOLDFISH CONTEMPLATES LIFE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A young girl's bedroom. All is quiet. No one around.

Clothes scattered on the bed. A Justin Bieber poster on the wall. A pizza box on the floor.

Near the window, a fishbowl sits on a table. A lone GOLDFISH floats in the bowl. He stares ahead solemnly.

GOLDFISH (V.O.)
This is not the life I bargained
for.

Motionless, he floats some more, contemplating.

GOLDFISH (V.O.)
What I would give for one day of
freedom from this eternal hell. I
would fly a kite. I would eat ice
cream. I would climb a mountain!

The sad Goldfish stares ahead.

The silence is interrupted by a BUZZING sound. A FLY lands on a table nearby.

Goldfish turns in his bowl.

GOLDFISH
Hi. How did you get here? What
manner of creature are you?

Fly rests motionless on the table.

FLY
Hi. I'm a fly, Musca domestica.
There was a hole in the window
screen.

GOLDFISH
Yes, I have heard about your
species on the human's TV. You are
considered repulsive and
disgusting.

FLY
You are a goldfish?

GOLDFISH
Yes, Carassius auratus.

FLY

Is there any doo-doo in here?

GOLDFISH

Doo-doo?

FLY

Feces. Excrement.

GOLDFISH

No, thank you. What is it like in the outside world?

FLY

I sleep, I avoid fly swatters, I eat doo-doo.

GOLDFISH

Do you tap many asses out there?

FLY

Not generally. It's tough out there. You've got it made. You have everything you need here.

GOLDFISH

No disrespect, but you are a lowly fly. You are common. Simple. Doo-doo makes you happy. I have higher aspirations. I wish to write poetry. Drink vintage wine. Attend the theater. Tap many asses.

FLY

How do you know of these things?

GOLDFISH

The human's TV.

FLY

You shouldn't watch TV. It provides unrealistic expectations. Fish should not know of such things.

GOLDFISH

What do candy bars taste like?

FLY

Not like doo-doo.

GOLDFISH

Have you met the Justin Bieber?

FLY

No.

GOLDFISH

What do tacos taste like?

FLY

They are heavenly! They make fish
tacos now.

Goldfish mulls this over, intrigued.

GOLDFISH

Can you help me escape?

FLY

What?

GOLDFISH

If I could escape this bowl, I
would establish a platform and
fight global warming. I would
build homes for orphans. I would
use fragrant shampoo and attend
karaoke bars and eliminate erectile
dysfunction. I would change the
world, Fly!

FLY

You're a dreamer.

A long silence as Goldfish floats motionless, staring ahead.

FLY

My cousin is a dung beetle.

GOLDFISH

That is a fascinating story.

Another long silence as Fly sits motionless on the table.

GOLDFISH

I wonder, Fly, if you and I could
ever become friends and exchange
text messages?

FLY

It's unlikely. We're of two
different worlds. You're of the
water and I'm of the air. Our
species only interact when a fish
is dead -- rotting and decaying.

GOLDFISH

I see. You have eaten my species?

FLY

Yes.

GOLDFISH

What is your favorite movie?

FLY

I have no time for the cinema.

GOLDFISH

I have seen the box office hit "The Notebook" seven times. I give it three-and-a-half stars.

He glances at the human's TV, and then gazes out the window.

GOLDFISH

But as much as I enjoy films, I would prefer to be outdoors in my natural element. One time my bowl was closer to the window. I had a remarkable view. There were flowers, mailboxes, trees, kitty cats... even a creek.

FLY

What do you think about when you're floating in your bowl all day?

GOLDFISH

I'm plotting my escape. I come up with various plans and tactics. But then at the end of each day I come to the same conclusion: I have no fucking arms or legs. I can't go fucking anywhere. So then I sleep.

FLY

Hmmm...

GOLDFISH

Some days are more difficult than others. Sometimes I--

FLY

Your story grows tiresome. I need doo-doo. Bye.

A BUZZING sound as Fly takes off and disappears out the window.

GOLDFISH
(panicked)
Wait! Fly! Come back!

Silence.

Goldfish stares ahead, motionless.

GOLDFISH (V.O.)
I should not have gotten my hopes
up. Besides, what could a lowly
fly do?

Outside the window, a bird SINGS joyously.

GOLDFISH (V.O.)
A bird. If only I could become
friends with a bird. Then maybe I
could convince it to take me in its
beak, fly out the window and take
me to that creek!

The Goldfish stares ahead, thinking. Justin Bieber stares
back at him, unwilling to help.

The bird outside stops singing.

An extended silence as Goldfish contemplates his curious
existence.

GOLDFISH (V.O.)
I miss Fly. I hope he returns
someday...

FADE OUT.

THE END