

The Goldfish
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FADE IN:

1 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

From a sunny street that is tree-lined, daylight creeps into the modestly decorated home. The house is embellished with family pictures and simple looking furniture.

DAVID, 33, dad-like vibes with big tired eyes. Average height and average built, pretty unspectacular. His depressive and sluggish demeanor suggest that he is sleep deprived.

VIDA, 30, is David's wife. She has messy and untamed hair; her free-spirited clothes loosely flow around her petite body.

David and Vida are both lying down on opposite sides of the same couch while watching T.V.

VIDA

Thank GOD for Saturday's. Well.. at least this one... since you're like actually home.

David creeps a smile and lightly giggles.

DAVID

I know. I know. I swear I wouldn't have gone to law school if I knew how long it would take me to pay back these student loans.

VIDA

Yeah, Yeah. But you gotta admit, it feels good to finally have some peace and qui-

DAVID JR. (DJ), 5, Vida and David's dimpled and chubby son, distraughtly interrupts his parents conversation just as an only child would.

DJ

Mommy... Daddy...

DAVID

Hey, little Buddy! What's up?

Vida extends her arms out to embrace her son.

VIDA

What's wrong? Did you have a bad dream during nap-nap?

(CONTINUED)

DJ accepts Vida's hug and positions himself on his mother's lap.

DJ

No... I had a good dream! Superman blew up a REALLY really bad guy and then the-the bad guy turned into cookies!

VIDA

Then why do you look so sad buddy?

DJ

Because when I woke up I got really hungry and remembered I had cookies in my drawer.

David sighs.

DAVID

What did we tell you about keeping food in your room?

DJ slumps his shoulders.

DJ

That food does not belong there.

DAVID

So why were cookies in your drawer David Jr. Jacobs?

DJ

(Stammering) Because-Because-sometimes Mr. Bubbles and I get hungry.

VIDA

Mr. Bubbles? Do you feed Mr. Bubbles cookies?

DJ

Yeah, mommy. We share.

DAVID

But we have special fishy food we give to Mr. B every day for breakfast and dinner.

DJ

I know daddy but I eat breakfast, lunch, AND dinner every day and I'm still hungry all the time!

(CONTINUED)

VIDA

So... you've been giving the fishy cookies every day? Since you got him?

DJ

Yes, chocolate is his favorite... just like me! He told me he didn't like the one with the raisins, so please don't buy that one anymore.

David and Vida glance at each other with worry in their eyes.

DJ

But... today... when I woke up from nap-nap, Mr. Bubbles didn't want any of the cookies..and that made me sad.

VIDA

What do you mean... he didn't want any of the cookies.

DJ

He just stayed sleeping! He didn't wake up even after I called him again and again!

David and Vida lock eyes with blank expressions; having an entire conversation with the concern on their faces.

VIDA

Mommy and Daddy are gonna go check on Mr. Bubbles, stay here and watch some cartoons while we're gone... and don't think we forgot about you eating in your room Mr.

CUT TO:

2 INT. DJ'S ROOM - DAY

In the corner of the Superhero-themed room, we see a round fishbowl on a night stand. As Vida and David approach, we see Mr. Bubbles, an obviously dead goldfish, floating upside down on his back.

VIDA

Oh my god.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Oh. my. god.

David gently taps on the glass fishbowl.

VIDA

We're screwed.

DAVID

Ok. How bad can this ACTUALLY be?
You'll stay here to keep watch and
I'll just pick up a new fish.

Vida sits on DJ's bed and places her head in her hands.

VIDA

You don't understand.

DAVID

I do understand. The fish is dead.
We get a new, and LIVE, fish to
replace Mr. Bubbles. Boom. Problem
solved.

VIDA

Dude, you really don't get it. When
you were putting in overtime at
work, DJ and I went to five
different pet stores until he
decided on Mr. Bubbles... he said
he liked the way Bubbles had cool
zigzags and bright colors. That
freaking fish is one of a kind.

David sits next to Vida on the bed.

DAVID

Wow.

VIDA

What?

David pauses.

DAVID

(Jokingly) We raised a murderer.

Vida giggles.

VIDA

You're silly. This is fine, really
we're fine. Let's bring him in here
and just uhh... tell him the truth.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
We kinda don't have a choice, huh?

VIDA
This... this is good! This will be
a good lesson. But we should
probably spare the murderer part.

DAVID
Ok. I'm following your lead.

Vida raises her voice loud enough to be heard from the
living room and says:

VIDA
DJ YOU CAN COME BACK TO YOUR ROOM
NOW.

DJ enters the room and sits on the bed while facing his
parents.

DJ
Did you figure out what's wrong
with Mr. Bubbles?

DAVID
We did sweetie he-

David's phone begins to ring. He takes it out of his pocket
and holds the phone in his hand.

VIDA
Who is it?

DAVID
It's Mr. Johnson.

VIDA
David. We're in the middle of
something, let it go to voice mail.

DAVID
I have to take this, it's an
important client.

DJ, confused, looks up at his father.

DJ
What's important Daddy?

David pauses then looks down at his son. He silences the
phone and places it back in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
Nothing buddy.

David ruffles DJ's hair.

DAVID
Like I was saying, Mr. Bubbles...
he went away.

DJ
No, he didn't... he's right over
there.

DJ points to the fishbowl housing the dead fish.

VIDA
Well... he's there, but not really.
You see sometimes fish stop doing
things... forever.

DAVID
Do you understand what mommy is
saying?

DJ
No.

DAVID
Well, Mr. Bubbles is in fishy
heaven. He's gone bye-bye. He's...
dead.

DJ's eyes begin to swell with tears.

VIDA
Oh sweetie, come here.

Vida embraces DJ and whispers:

VIDA
It's ok to cry love.

DJ gently begins to cry.

DJ
I'm really gonna miss him.

DAVID
We know bud. He's gonna miss you
too. Let's send him off to fishy
heaven.

Vida grabs the fish bowl with Mr. Bubbles inside and leads
the trio outside of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

3 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Vida, David, and DJ are all standing over the toilet.

VIDA
Any last words?

DAVID
We are gathered here today to
celebrate the life of Mr. Bubbles.
You've been good to our family. You
will always be one of us. We will
miss you.

VIDA
I will never forget you Mr. B.

DJ
I miss you, Mr. Bubbles. I can't
wait to see you when I make it to
fishy heaven.

Vida helps DJ pour Mr. Bubbles into the toilet.

DJ
Bye-bye.

DJ pulls on the toilet knob.

DAVID
How ya feeling buddy?

Vida and David intently watch their son, anticipating his
next move.

DJ
I'm sad but I think Mr. Bubbles
would want us to eat cookies... you
know... to celebrate him.

VIDA
Sure baby, as long as we eat them
in the kitchen.

Vida and David hold hands on their way to the kitchen while
DJ trails behind.

FADE TO BLACK