

Something's Fishy

By

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INT. LOWER DECK OF BOAT - DAY

We open to see people boarding a cruise in groups of two. The point of view is from inside the boat facing the entrance as people rise from the steps. Every couple embraces in some way, whether holding hands or an arm around a shoulder. From what we can see so far, inside the ship is brightly lit, with gaudy lavish wall details.

Enter TILLY and ARNOLD, the only couple not embracing. TILLY, a mid-30s to early-40s woman wearing designer cat eye sunglasses, a mini bodycon dress, and holding a tiny designer purse enters first. She is conventionally attractive.

ARNOLD, a man of roughly the same age follows not far behind her, a suitcase in each hand. He appears sheepish, skinny, and has bad posture. He is wearing a fancy suit and big, round, thick glasses. He catches up to Tilly as she continues across the deck, surveying her surroundings.

ARNOLD

You like it, baby?

Tilly halts in place and turns to face Arnold. She takes another quick look around before speaking. We now see the rest of the entrance, with two winding staircases, high ceilings, deep red carpets, and a gigantic chandelier hanging above.

TILLY

It's nice. Where's our room? I'm tired.

Arnold swiftly bends over and abruptly places the suitcases down.

TILLY

Careful, my jewelry's in there!

Arnold pauses and gently places a hand over the right suitcase. He looks up at Tilly

ARNOLD

Right. So sorry, my love.

Arnold puts his hand in his pocket, rummaging around when he pulls out a folded piece of paper. He unfolds it and reads it aloud.

ARNOLD

Deck 5, Room 528.

He smirks and looks up from his paper at Tilly

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

The Cupid's Arrow Suite. Only the best  
for you.

Tilly smiles and raises her eyebrows.

TILLY

You've outdone yourself.

Arnold smiles giddily, grabs the suitcases, and takes the  
lead up the winding stairs as Tilly follows not far behind.

INT. ROOM 528 - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

From inside a lavish cruise ship room, a door is unlocked and  
slowly opens. Out from the door pops the head of Arnold.

ARNOLD

Yep! This is it!

Arnold enters the room followed by Tilly. It is a pink-themed  
room with a queen-sized bed covered in rose petals. There's  
champagne on a table next to the bed and a plasma screen TV  
mounted on a wall of windows facing the ocean across from it.

Arnold immediately finds a desk and starts unloading his  
belongings, notably first a bulky laptop. Tilly surveys the  
room as she surveyed the ship before. She grabs a champagne  
glass and looks out the window at the ocean, her eyes fixed.  
Arnold's phone rings and we see over Tilly's shoulder him  
answering rather quickly.

ARNOLD

Hi, James, so glad you called, I  
wanted to discuss the merger...

Arnold gets up, still on the phone, and walks into the  
hallway, his voice trailing off. Tilly is still staring at  
the landscape ignoring her husband.

INT. CRUISE DINING ROOM - EVENING

Arnold and Tilly sit at a table covered in a white tablecloth  
at a fancy dining hall. The large high-ceiling room is dimly  
lit, with a candle on the table illuminating Arnold and  
Tilly's faces. Arnold is once again talking on the phone.

ARNOLD

With my plan, consumer investments would skyrocket! It could influence even more people to invest! I know it may seem like a risk for a multi-million dollar company, but the outcome, if positive, could make our lives even easier than ever! You and your lady could retire, and as for me...

Arnold eyes Tilly, her chin in her hand, the other hand twirling a half-full wine glass absent-mindedly. Her eyes glaze over as she stares into space. She appears dissatisfied with her evening. Arnold turns away to finish the call abruptly.

ARNOLD

...It's not important, the fact is this merger is the way to go. Thank you for your time, bye now.

Arnold ends his call and turns to Tilly, placing his hand over hers which rests on the table. Tilly glances at Arnold only with her eyes. She is frowning and still appears dissatisfied.

ARNOLD

Darling, I hope you're enjoying this trip.

Tilly looks down at Arnold's hand.

TILLY

The ship is nice.

She looks at her glass and twirls it again.

TILLY (CONTD')

This wine is a little weak.

Arnold gives Tilly a weak smile and a half-hearted, uncomfortable LAUGH. Tilly glances at him with disdain again. Arnold then grabs his wallet out of his pocket, pulling out two hundred-dollar bills. He extends them to Tilly.

ARNOLD

Here. For drinks tomorrow. Go relax and treat yourself.

Tilly grabs the money, and examines it with a small smile, and speaks to Arnold without looking at him.

TILLY  
Thank you, dear.

EXT. TOP DECK - DAY

We see Tilly sitting on a chair by the pool, taking the final sip of a bright pink daiquiri, her straw making a SLURP sound. There are a couple of other empty daiquiri glasses on the table beside her. She is wearing the same designer sunglasses as before and a black one-piece bathing suit, as well as a hilariously big sun hat.

Tilly absent-mindedly slurps what little is left of her daiquiri, scrolling through her phone, when a splash in the pool causing drops of water to hit her catches her off guard. She angrily looks up to see, past the child who splashed her, a HANDSOME MAN setting up at a seat to relax across the pool. Tilly raises her eyebrows and pulls her sunglasses slightly down her nose to get a better look. The man is toned and tan, a dreamboat. He sits in the seat and reclines it.

Tilly stares ahead intrigued for a moment, then pensive. She is interrupted by a text. It is from Arnold, and reads "Can't make the pool today... work stuff. Sorry darling" with a broken red heart emoji at the end. Tilly slowly looks up from her phone, her eyes fixed on the man. She manages to get up, albeit wobbling a little, and grab a bottle of sun tan lotion next to her. She over-confidently stumbles over to the man. The handsome man looks up to see Tilly standing over him, the sun behind her exaggerating the shadows on her face and body. Tilly shoots him a sultry smile.

TILLY  
Hi there.

The handsome man examines her with a confused look.

HANDSOME MAN  
Um... hi?

TILLY  
You look like you might need help with your suntan lotion.

Tilly holds up the suntan lotion bottle, her head turning to see it as if it has surprised her.

TILLY (CONTD')  
Oh! Lookie here.

Tilly looks back at the man with a sensual look in her eyes.

TILLY (CONTD')  
Maybe I can be of assistance.

Tilly smiles wider and leans over the handsome man, her hands settling on the edge of his seat. The handsome man is clearly uncomfortable and scoots away slightly.

HANDSOME MAN  
I'm okay, thank you.

Tilly stands up straight, giving the man an exaggerated pout. She squeezes a bit of the lotion on her hand. She conjures up her best baby voice

TILLY  
(Baby voice)  
Are you sure?

The man cringes.

HANDSOME MAN  
Yes, and I don't mean to kill your  
vibe but this is like, super  
inappropriate. I'm married, and I'm  
sure you are too. Now please leave me  
alone before I call security.

Tilly drops her act. Her hands drop to her sides, the lotion on one falling onto the ground. She gives him a hurt look. There is an uncomfortable moment of silence between them as if Tilly is waiting for him to change her mind. She then scoffs and turns around, stumbling to the bar not far from the pool. The man watches her leave for a moment, then shakes his head, and then looks at his phone.

INT. ROOM 528 - NIGHT

It is the middle of the night, and as Arnold lies asleep, one arm wrapped around Tilly, Tilly lies awake. She has left space between her and Arnold although his arm is still around her waist. She is looking at the night sky through the window.

All of a sudden she hears FLUTTERING outside her door. Her eyes suddenly widen. She pulls Arnold's arm off of her and carefully gets up. More FLUTTERING sounds. She eyes the door. Gradually, she slips out of bed and tip-toes to the door. She takes a breath, then opens the door only a crack, looking through with one eye.

To her surprise, a young man with big white wings wearing a diaper is standing with his back to her, desperately trying to fix something. She gasps in shock and closes the door. She reflects for a moment, then slowly opens the door again, this time all the way. She walks up to the figure and stands behind him, unsure of what to do for a moment.

TILLY  
(Whispering)  
Excuse me.

The figure turns around abruptly, hitting Tilly in the face with the bow part of a bow and arrow. It is revealed to be CUPID. Tilly grabs the hit side of her face and scowls in pain.

CUPID  
Oh my god. I'm so sorry.

Tilly rubs the side of her face.

TILLY  
I'm okay. I'm okay.

Tilly drops her hand as they both stare at each other in silence.

TILLY  
Am I on acid or something? How are you-

CUPID  
I know, I know. It's hard to believe.  
Yeah. I'm real.

TILLY  
I have to be dreaming.

Tilly pinches herself.

TILLY  
Ouch! Okay, so I'm awake. (A BEAT)  
What are you doing here?

Cupid sighs and motions to the bow in his hand.

CUPID

I was on a mission, flying over the ocean when I noticed the arrow rest on my bow was a little misaligned. So, I spotted this cruise ship, and well...

Cupid shrugs. Tilly is staring at the ground in disbelief which changes to realization. Cupid begins to turn away when he is interrupted by Tilly.

TILLY

Wait!

Cupid whips his head around.

TILLY

I might need some help.

CUPID

What's in it for me?

TILLY

What do you want?

Cupid thinks to himself for a moment then looks back at Tilly.

CUPID

A good review would be nice. I'm a trainee cupid. The better the reviews, the easier my life let's just say.

TILLY

Done. What's the site?

Cupid rolls his eyes and pulls a business card out of a pocket on his diaper. He extends it to Tilly.

CUPID

It's on my card. Now, what do you want?

Tilly grabs the card, examining it for a second, then bites her lip and looks up apprehensively.

TILLY

Promise you won't judge?



CUPID

You give me that five-star review, I  
give you whatever, no judgment. Now,  
what is it, so I can get back to my  
bow?

Tilly takes a deep breath before she speaks.

TILLY

Well...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 528 - DAY

Arnold awakens to a slight breeze. He finds Tilly not next to him but sipping more champagne, standing in front of an open window, facing the ocean.

ARNOLD

The window's open...

Tilly's head whips back.

TILLY

Can't I enjoy the sea?

Arnold smiles.

ARNOLD

Of course. No worries my dear.

Tilly looks back at the ocean and glances upward, spotting a figure behind a cloud in the distance and smiling.

EXT. TOP DECK - DAY

We are back at the pool. The handsome man walks to the chair he was relaxing in the day before. Far above the handsome man and the entire cruise ship floats cupid behind a cloud with his arrow aimed. He is completely focused, his aim on the handsome man.

CUPID

(to self)

Come on... come on...

Cupid's arm is shaky. He takes a deep breath and releases the string. The arrow seems to be going towards the handsome man for a moment when it takes a downward dip toward the sea. Cupid raises his eyebrows.

CUPID

Shit!

Cupid looks to his left and right then makes a quick escape. Back at the surface of the sea, we see the arrow hit the water.

INT. ROOM 528 - NIGHT

Arnold sits in bed with his laptop sitting in his lap, quickly typing away. There is an open space next to him where Tilly should be. Arnold abruptly stops typing and looks across the hotel suite at the bathroom, the door half open and the light still on.

ARNOLD

Babe? You've been in there a while!

Arnold waits for her response to no avail. He appears confused. He gets out of bed and walks over to the bathroom, peering in to see the room empty. He appears even more confused, his eyebrows furrowing.

EXT. TOP DECK - EVENING

Tilly stands at the edge of the boat, her hands on the railing, peering over the edge. Her hair is blowing slightly in the breeze and her face is puffy from crying. She sniffles intermittently. All of a sudden there is a tap on her shoulder. Tilly turns around to see Arnold, who quickly withdraws his hand, examining Tilly's state with concern.

ARNOLD

Are you alright?

Tilly holds back tears as she shakes her head. Arnold brings her into his chest and rubs her back.

ARNOLD

What's wrong, my love?

Tilly weeps, barely being able to get a word out for a moment.

TILLY

It's just... there's this shark...

Arnold immediately stops rubbing her back and now looks extremely concerned.

ARNOLD

Come again?

Tilly's weeps dwindle. She sniffles and looks up at Arnold.

TILLY

I've never been so deeply affected by something in my life. Earlier today something was drawing me towards the ocean, so I was looking out to it and I just noticed this shark fin circling the boat, and I'm telling you, I feel like I've known that creature my whole life. Since then I haven't been able to stop thinking about him-

ARNOLD

Him? How do you-

Tilly motions to her heart, tears welling in her eyes again.

TILLY

The heart knows things the mind just doesn't. My heart is my sixth sense, I was just blind to it... Until today.

Arnold sighs and laughs uncomfortably.

ARNOLD

Maybe you should get some sleep.

Tilly begins to weep again as Arnold walks her to the exit.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ROOM 528 - DAWN

Arnold awakens, laying on his side and facing the wall. He turns over to find Tilly is not lying in bed next to him but sitting at his desk writing. He sits up to see papers scattered around the floor, with various drawings of a shark on each one. Arnold looks slightly frightened.

ARNOLD

Baby?

Tilly doesn't respond, she continues to scribble away.

ARNOLD

Tilly!

Tilly stops her scribbling and looks over her shoulder enough to see him. Her eyes are bloodshot and her hair is a mess.

ARNOLD

I don't mean to ruffle any feathers  
but what's... um... happening here?

Arnold smiles and laughs to ease the tension, a tinge of apprehension in his face and tone. Tilly turns all the way around and gets up, holding a small notebook in her hands. She ambles over to the bed.

TILLY

Love. That's what's happening here.

ARNOLD

Excuse me? Don't tell me...

TILLY

He's changed my perspective on the world. My heart is fluttering just thinking of him. I'm sorry if that upsets you.

Arnold's mouth is slightly agape and his eyes are as wide as saucepans.

ARNOLD

Um... I don't know what to say.

Tilly gets up and walks to Arnold, putting a hand on his shoulder.

TILLY

We can still be friends.

Tilly leaves the room as Arnold stares into space in complete shock.

INT. CRUISE DINING ROOM - DAY

In the empty dining room, the CAPTAIN, an older gentleman, is overlooking the sea out near a wall of windows on the side of the room. We hear a door swiftly open and slam shut, then across the room storms the CO-CAPTAIN, a slightly younger man maybe in his forties. He stops next to the captain and looks at him.

CO-CAPTAIN

We need to do something about the shark.

CAPTAIN  
It's best we don't.

CO-CAPTAIN  
Someone could get hurt. We could  
easily capture it.

The captain turns to face his co-captain

CAPTAIN  
Cars kill thousands more people than  
sharks yearly. Hell, *vending machines*  
kill more people yearly. Say we  
capture that fish. Could you imagine  
the response? Activist groups would  
rip us to shreds faster than that  
shark could any person.

The co-captain pauses and sighs before speaking again.

CO-CAPTAIN  
Alright. I trust you know what you're  
doing.

The captain smiles.

CAPTAIN  
Good. Now let's not discuss this  
again.

INT. ROOM 528 - DAY

Arnold sits in bed on his laptop alone in the suite. We see on the screen he is typing into an internet browser: "Woman sudden obsession with a shark". He presses search and the first few results are links to therapist networks and mental health facilities. Arnold buries his face in his hands and runs his fingers through his hair in distress. There is a sudden knock at the door. Arnold opens the door to find an OLDER BLONDE WOMAN appearing extremely distressed and anxious.

OLDER BLONDE WOMAN  
Sir, is this your wife?

The woman holds up her phone to show Arnold a video of Tilly looking extremely disheveled, throwing various expensive items including purses and shoes over the boat and incoherently out to the sea. The video is hardly finished when Arnold pushes the woman aside, running into the hall.

EXT. TOP DECK - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Tilly is near the edge of the boat with one of her suitcases open, almost empty. A crowd is surrounding her enjoying the show, some watching in amusement and others filming and laughing. Tilly is about to throw a pearl necklace overboard when she is interrupted by the voice of Arnold.

ARNOLD

STOP!

Tilly turns to face Arnold who is standing about 50 feet away. The crowd also turns to face him, everyone quieting down.

ARNOLD

What game are you playing Tilly? What do you want me to do? Please just make this stop!

TILLY

I can't stop my heart and neither can you! It's guiding me to my one true love!

Arnold shakes his head.

ARNOLD

(to self)

This ends now.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Arnold stands outside of a door with a label on it reading "Captain's Quarters". He knocks frantically. Footsteps are heard behind the door and the captain opens it.

ARNOLD

Sir, I need to talk to you about-

CAPTAIN

The shark? You're hardly the first to bring it up. 20 people today! God! Vending machines kill more people yearly! *Vending machines!*

ARNOLD

I'm willing to put up some money for it.

CAPTAIN

Do you honestly think-

Arnold leans in and whispers something in the captain's ear. The captain takes a deep breath and pauses to think for a moment.

CAPTAIN

Alright, consider it done. I'll gather my crew immediately.

EXT. TOP DECK - DAY

Tilly is hauling another suitcase towards the edge of the ship when she hears a loud CREAK and BEEP noise. She rushes to the edge and looks over the railing to notice a small fishing boat being lowered into the water, with a crew holding a fishing net entering it. She yells over the edge.

TILLY

What's going on here!?

ARNOLD

They're catching that shark.

Tilly turns around to see Arnold not far behind her with his arms crossed. Tilly begins to panic.

TILLY

NO! THEY CAN'T DO THIS!

Tilly leans over the edge.

TILLY

STOP! YOU MONSTERS!

Tilly hyperventilates and paces back and forth, facing the floor. She looks back up at Arnold with a crazed look in her eye.

TILLY

I know what I have to do.

Arnold's eyes widen.

ARNOLD

Tilly, NO!

Before Arnold can stop her, Tilly backs up, makes a running start, and jumps the railing into the water. In a panicked state, Arnold hesitates for a moment, looking around, then

finally jumps the railing in after her. A SPLASH is heard, then moments later another SPLASH.

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Tilly is bobbing up and down in the water, frantically swimming, calling out for the shark.

TILLY  
Sharky! Sharky!

Arnold is swimming behind her, breathing heavily and swimming sluggishly, trying to keep up. Tilly suddenly disappears underwater, causing Arnold to hold his breath and go underwater as well.

Under the water, Tilly is looking around, beginning to swim deeper. The outline of a shark is barely visible just past Tilly, as she reaches out for it. Suddenly, from Arnold's perspective, a cloud of red stains the water just past Tilly, and the red begins to move past her toward him. Just behind Arnold, a fishing net lowering into the water is seen.

INT. LOWER DECK BALCONY - DAY

From the perspective of the balcony, we see the fishing boat being lifted from the water. The captain stands on the balcony, waiting for the crew to enter. The crew files onto the boat in a single line, at the end of the line follow Tilly and Arnold, both shivering and wrapped in towels. Tilly is crying. She walks up to the captain.

TILLY  
You are a despicable man. How could  
you kill him?

The captain appears taken aback.

CAPTAIN  
The shark? Trust me, it was my last  
resort. Too many complaints from  
passengers, including the man right  
there. Your husband, I presume?

The captain points at Arnold and Tilly looks back at him, scowling. She turns back to the captain.



TILLY

I have a request. If you don't follow through I promise I will leak to the press that you put my life in danger and make sure your ass is fired.

The captain sighs.

CAPTAIN

Fine. What do you want, money?

Tilly shakes her head and smiles.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: One year later...

We gradually zoom in on a particular trailer in a trailer park, a light turning on, illuminating the windows.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A microwave BEEPS and a hand opens it, taking out a TV dinner. The hand is revealed to be Tilly's, who is wearing a loose-fitting T-shirt and sweatpants. She grabs another TV dinner and walks over to the living room next to the kitchen, where a taxidermied shark, the one from the cruise, hangs on the wall above the couch. Tilly sits on the couch and turns the TV on, the TV displays various shots of underwater scenery. A NARRATOR on the TV speaks.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Up next on shark week, the battle between our crew and a gang of great whites off the coast of California!

Tilly smiles and looks at the shark on the wall, trying to shove food from one of the TV dinners down its throat with a fork. She laughs and pats the shark's head.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

We zoom out of the trailer park as Tilly's laughs and the TV are heard.

FADE TO:

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

We zoom in on a mansion.

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A woman who shares a resemblance to Tilly, just younger named ALEXANDRA sits on the couch and pours herself a glass of red wine. She twirls the glass and takes a sip. Arnold walks in tying a plaid robe and sits next to Alexandra, putting an arm around her while simultaneously grabbing a TV remote and turning on the TV. On the TV screen, we see a group of fishermen on a fishing boat pulling up a net with a writhing shark inside. Arnold is about to change the channel when Alexandra interrupts him.

ALEXANDRA

No, wait! I love shark week!

Arnold sighs, withdrawing his arm from Alexandra. He grabs the bottle of wine, takes a swig, and sinks back into the couch with the bottle in his hand.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.

