

STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM THE LIONFISH

Written by

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INT. LIFE IN THE TROPICS - AQUARIUM - AFTERNOON

Through the schoolchildren and the jobless stoned strides red-socked **PAUL** (early 40s, side parting), face ablaze, sweating.

PAUL
I can't see her, Jen, where'd you-

INT. THE DEEP END - AQUARIUM - AFTERNOON

A tight space, one wall the full length of itself the dry side of a window into a vast, deep tank.

Here is rooted **ANI** (9, backpack-sandals-sun-cream), staring, stock-still and mouth gaping, into the blue-

INT. WHALE WAY - AQUARIUM - AFTERNOON

Under a curving glass tunnel marches Paul, with **JEN** (39, washed out) squeezing between him and a handrail.

PAUL
-took your eyes off her.

Shadows sailing above them in the teal green.

JEN
Think it's probably our-

INT. THE DEEP END - AQUARIUM - AFTERNOON

At the glass, Ani's gawking. She inches her nose closer to the water: inside, a scuba diver melts around a giant barrel jellyfish, all billowing yellow and purple trim.

Ani waves.

The diver folds and turns, OKs Ani and kicks off behind the jellyfish, her long, blonde ponytail melting to fade.

FOOTSTEPS.

PAUL (O.S.)
-keep a tighter eye on her, Jen.

Ani pushes forward, her forehead at the glass, watching as the jellyfish and the scuba diver ease off into the dark.

JEN (O.S.)
ANIJESUS!