

LAND FISH

Written by

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INT. VINCE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

VINCE (16) is standing up in the shower, basking in the flowing water as it cascades down his scaly skin.

Vince is a very large fish. He is about eight feet tall and three feet wide at the stomach. His body nearly takes up the entire shower. He has deep blue scales and a permanent bored look on his face due to the way his mouth folds back into his cheeks.

His eyes are on the sides of his head. They are large, vacant, and ugly as they stare into the left and right walls of the shower.

Vince is having a great time. Maybe even a spiritual experience. Using his fins, he shovels the water over his head and down his back, into his mouth, and around his sides.

Everything is going his way. Nothing matters excepts this shower.

Until he hears a loud BANG on the bathroom door. It's his frizzy-haired and frizzy-personality mom, SHEILA.

SHEILA

Vince, you've been in the shower
for 45 minutes. It's almost eight
o'clock.

Vince shakes his head and continues taking the shower. He may be reaching nirvana as the water pours down from the heavens.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Vince, you're going to make your
sister late for her first day of
high school.

At that, Vince perks up. With great emotional difficulty, he turns off the shower and shakes himself off, kind of flopping around as he does this.

With rocket speed, he throws on his jean shorts and white t-shirt that don't quite fit his fish body. He looks very lopsided and wrong wearing human clothing. Vince takes one longing look back at the shower before pushing open the bathroom door.

INT. MOM'S MINIVAN - MORNING

In the back seat of the SUV sits Vince and his sister AMY (14). Amy is perfectly human. She is making an expert friendship bracelet and also expertly avoiding Vince's gaze.

On her wrist are three other beautifully crafted friendship bracelets as well as a sharpie drawing of a peace sign.

In the front seat is an anxious Sheila. She is speeding on a surface street. Sheila digs her razor blade eyes into the other cars at a four-way stop sign. She steps on the gas. They are going to be on time goddammit.

Vince's head is pressed up against the ceiling of the car. He is way too big for his seat, and the circumference of his belly is nearly snapping the seat belt.

He looks over at his sister. She is still deliberately avoiding his gaze. Then he looks down at the friendship bracelet. He watches her fingers stitch the threads into a another masterful knot. And another.

VINCE

The knots are so intricate.

Amy DOES NOT RESPOND.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I also like the choice of colors for this one. The purple and the orange together.

Amy jerks her head up so that she is looking her brother straight in the eye.

AMY

Do you realize we're going to be late? For the first day?

Vince quivers a little.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'll walk into class, and everyone will already be sitting next to their friends. They'll all look up at me. Then watch me find a desk. And it'll be the worst desk. An old one in the very front row with gum all stuck to the bottom. Do you realize that I'll then have to sit down at that desk? And it'll be so quiet. And the desk will be super squeaky. And everyone will be watching.

Vince slowly tilts his head down so he is even more slumped in his seat. He murmurs under his breath.

VINCE

Me too.

A HONK, and Sheila swerve-parks in front of the school.

SHEILA

Get out, get out! Hurry, kiddos.

Amy and Vince shuffle out the door.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Vince, sweetie, wait!

Vince turns to see a his mom's hand waving a delectable peanut butter sandwich wrapped in plastic wrap. His favorite.

VINCE

Thanks mom.

He grabs the sandwich and faces the high school. His sister is already walk-jogging way ahead of him. He drags himself up the steps to his first day of junior year.

EXT. LOWER QUAD - DAY

The asphalt is painted with large white numbers on the ground from one to thirty in rows of six. The class is all dressed in the same P.E. clothes. Each high schooler sits on a different number. They are all human. Vince is the only fish, and he is sweating like crazy in the sun.

He is gigantic.

The P.E. teacher is an incredibly buff old guy named RUFUS who wears only tight red spandex. He paces up and down, in between the rows.

RUFUS

Here in Physical Education Class,
we learn by doing. We participate
by getting our butts off of the
floor and moving. If you don't
move, your grade won't move either.
It will stay an F. It's a simple
rule. Now, our first unit is
basketball.

Rufus holds up a basketball.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY

Vince is having a hard time keeping up with everyone else. He is slow. He is sweating profusely. His team has the ball. But the ball gets stolen, and everyone runs down to the opposite end of the court.

Vince is so slow that by the time he starts running in that direction, everyone is running back toward him. One of his teammates passes him the ball, which he somehow manages to catch. Only a few feet away from the basket, it should be an easy layup.

Vince goes in for the shot, but the minute he looks up at the net, it triggers a flashback.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

A dark, obscured section of net stretches out in the water like a foreboding hand beckoning forward.

A twisted sound echoes through the water, like some kind of low-end machinery rumbling.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY

Vince is standing near the basket with his hands up and elbows tucked, ready to shoot. But he is frozen in place, staring at the net.

The net looks beautiful and menacing, as if it is staring right back at Vince.

Before long, a group of defenders from the other team catch up to Vince and steal the ball. He just stands there, trembling.

Some of his team members look at him with disappointment. He starts to come to, clocking their reactions.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - SIDELINES - DAY

With a lacrosse game taking over the soccer field, the humans are all having a wonderful time getting their exercise on.

At the sidelines, Vince guzzles out of a giant plastic GALLON OF WATER that he keeps beside him.

After drinking almost half of the gallon, he then pours the water all over his head and face.

Some of the human classmates also on the bench look at him, puzzled with this strange behavior.

Rufus holds up some lacrosse gear: a helmet, pads, and a lacrosse stick. Vince looks up.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LACROSSE GOAL - DAY

Vince is now the goalie. He stands in front of a net, holding a stick with a net, looking through a net-like helmet.

He looks from the goal, to the stick, to the field around him through the bars of the helmet.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

A shaky, paranoid camera looks around. In every direction, there is more net. Trapped, restrained. Caught. We are on the deck of a boat. We can't breathe. There is some talking, and then through the net we see a hand.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LACROSSE GOAL - DAY

A lacrosse ball comes WHIZZING toward Vince. It looks like it might hit him in the face, but it just misses him. He turns his head just in time to see it land into the goal behind him.

His teammates are upset.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-ON THE BASKETBALL COURTS, Rufus holds up examples of hockey gear for the class. Vince plays hockey. He runs away from the goal instead of towards it.

-ON THE SOCCER FIELD, the goals are even bigger. Vince is paralyzed.

-ON THE TENNIS COURTS, Rufus holds up a tennis racket, then demonstrates a swing. Vince plays a match.

Vince keeps backing up further and further away from the net and baseline, into the fence. Eventually, he throws his racket down because of it's net-like surface.

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Vince sits on a large, comfy chair. Across from him is the school counselor, BETTY, looking concerned at her desk.

BETTY

Hmm. Something's fishy. It seems to me like you have been experiencing some NET TRAUMA.

Vince looks up at her.

VINCE

Where do you think that comes from?

In a wider shot, we see Vince, a very large fish, and Betty, a very small human, sitting across from each other.

But Betty still can't figure it out.

BETTY

I don't know, Vince.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

On his walk home from school, a series of sprinklers are on in the lawn in front of him. Vince can't help himself.

He jumps off the sidewalk and runs around in the sprinklers, having a grand ol' time until he is soaking wet.

Some of the guys from his class walk by and snicker at him. Vince pulls himself back on the sidewalk. He walks away, but takes one look back over his shoulder at the fountains of water. He can't take his eyes off the sprinklers. He doesn't know why.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amy sits on the living room floor. She is crocheting the beginnings of an elaborate sweater. Her arm is now covered with many more friendship bracelets. She is very focused.

Vince comes into the room, brooding, sipping a tall glass of water. He stops to watch Amy's progress. She doesn't look up.

Vince fixates on the process of crocheting. The detail of the yarn, the needle, the fingers, the patterns it is creating. Almost like... a net.

Time stops. He watches.

AMY
Wanna try?

Vince sits down next to her. She gives him the hook and yarn, tucking and guiding him to hold them in his fins.

AMY (CONT'D)
Point forward. Yeah, now loop the yarn around it like that. Good.

She puts her hand on his fin.

AMY (CONT'D)
Now up. Yep. Like that.

He's really getting it!

Until he's not. His fins are pretty big and the details of the pattern are pretty intricate. Eventually, he starts making the holes too big.

AMY (CONT'D)
Wait, no. Stop, Vince! You'll ruin it!

Vince puts the half-finished sweater down.

VINCE
Sorry.

He watches her try to fix his mistake.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Do you ever just feel like a fish out of water?

Amy looks up at him.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Rufus paces up and down the deck, lecturing the class. He is only wearing a red spandex speedo and lots of sunscreen, particularly on his nose.

The class is all dressed in swim clothes. Vince's bathing suit is too tight for his giant fish body.

RUFUS

No running on the deck, no diving,
no swimming or getting in the pool
without permission. Stay with the
class, kids. No harassing each
other in the locker rooms. Be nice.
Be on time. And we shouldn't have
any problems.

Rufus holds up various swim clothes as he talks about them.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

There is no sport hierarchy but
swimming is one of my favorites. It
better be if I'm going to coach it!
A casual swimming pool swim
requires only swim trunks or a
rather standard bathing suit, like
the kind you use when you go to the
beach or have a barbecue. Swim P.E.
requires more aerodynamic attire.
Such as speedo shorts for men and
one-piece bathing suits for the
girls. Swimming deep in the ocean,
surfing, or scuba diving calls for
a wet suit, and perhaps a scuba
mask, tank, and fins. Like this.

Rufus holds up the ocean swimming gear. It looks very
elaborate. Vince gulps.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Anyone ever gone scuba diving?

Nobody raises their hand.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

What about surfing?

Some arms shoot up in the air.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Okay, and how about any kind of
swimming?

Everyone raises their hand except for Vince. RONNIE, a
scrawny red-headed boy sitting next to Vince, looks over at
him, his eyes bulging.

RONNIE

You've never gone in a pool?

VINCE

My family has a strict no-swimming policy. My mom has a phobia or something.

Rufus blows on a bright red whistle.

RUFUS

Alright boys and girls, let's hit the pool!

Everyone lowers themselves into the pool. Some more mischievous students splash around and basically jump in using the railings. Vince is hesitant, but he eventually follows.

The students separate into five lanes, with groups of four swimmers in each lane. Ronnie ends up in Vince's lane.

Rufus stands on the deck. He is explaining freestyle.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Now scoop the water with your arms like so. Exactly. Come up every three strokes or so for a breath. If you can hold your breath longer, than go for it. We'll do a quick freestyle race, like a relay! One person at a time from each lane, swim to the end of the pool and back, then tap the next person. May the best lane win!

Rufus blows his whistle, and one kid from each lane starts swimming. Vince watches in horror as they effortlessly swim to the other side of the pool and back, tapping the next kid from the lanes. The kids are cheering, screaming, splashing.

Intensity is in the air. Vince's lane is the slowest. It looks like they will get last place. The kids are already dejected and unhopeful.

When the third person from his lane returns to their side of the pool, it is Vince's turn. He takes a deep breath and pushes off of the wall, sending him as fast as a torpedo to the other side.

Something *happens*. Vince doesn't come up for air at all. He just swims, staying under water all the way there and back. He is the fastest one in the pool, the other kids watch in wonder, cheering and screaming.

Finally, he comes up for air. Vince was faster than everyone else in the pool, winning the race for his lane. The students in the lane are jumping and cheering. Vince is shell-shocked.

VINCE
What happened?

RONNIE
We won! You won!!

Vince looks around and then up at Rufus, who is watching him.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Everyone has changed back into their school clothes, slowly filtering out of the lockers and pool area. Vince leaves the locker. He is one of the last people there.

Rufus stops him.

RUFUS
You have a real talent, kid.

VINCE
Who, me?

RUFUS
You ever thought of joining the swim team?

VINCE
Oh, I don't know... my family...there's this thing about water...

RUFUS
I know what it's like to be a big fish in a small pond, Vince. No one at Selmon High can even dream of swimming like you just did. With no training! Something is different about you, Vince. And we have to use our differences TO CONTRIBUTE!

Rufus winks at Vince. Vince looks down at the ground.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The whole family sits around the dining room table: Sheila, Amy, and Vince's father WALTER (60s, stern).

They are all human aside from Vince, who is undoubtedly a very large fish, still.

WALTER
The lentils are a little dry
tonight, Sheila.

SHEILA
Oh.

Sheila takes another bite. Walter looks at her, expectant. She swallows.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Oh, yes. I suppose so.

They eat in silence for an awfully long time.

Eventually, Vince puts his fork down.

VINCE
Why am I so good at swimming?

They all pause and look up at Vince. Sheila coughs.

VINCE (CONT'D)
With every other sport, I'm in the
deep end. I have no athletic
ability. Until Swim P.E.

No response.

WALTER
In this household, we don't talk
about the "s" word. Your mother...
You are acting very shellfish.
Ahem. Selfish.

VINCE
Why? What is it about the water?
How come you've never told me?

Still, nothing.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Something is different about me.
Something's not right. What is it?

Walter looks very angry, but Sheila puts her hand on top of his and looks at her son.

SHEILA
You are a fish, Vince.

A pregnant pause. Until Vince digests it.

VINCE
WHAAAT!!???

Walter is glaring at his wife.

SHEILA
Maybe it's about time we let him
know, Walt.

VINCE
I'm talking about something real,
here. And all of a sudden we're
cracking jokes. You guys have never
been funny. What a terrible time to
start.

AMY
It's the truth. That's why we don't
go in the water. We are afraid of
what might happen.

Vince stands up.

SHEILA
We are afraid of losing you,
darling.

VINCE
This is ridiculous. I'm going to go
run a bath. You can finish dinner
without me. In your pathetic
fantasy.

Vince leaves the room. No one chases after him. The family
looks at one another. Goes back to eating.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vince lays in the bath. Like he can finally breathe.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vince, wearing an orange bathrobe, walks into his room and
sits down on his bed.

Next to him on the bed is an open BIOLOGY TEXTBOOK.

Vince stares at the diagram of a human torso in the book.
Then he looks down at himself, all scaly and floppy. He flips
the pages in the book until he lands on a picture of a fish.

The fish looks almost identical to Vince. He squints his eyes.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vince is laying down in his bed, allegedly asleep.

But he is not asleep. He looks to his left. His alarm clock reads: 2:42 AM. Vince smiles to himself and shuffles out of bed, quietly, discreetly. He pulls out some money from the back of his underwear drawer.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vince tip-toes through the room and sneaks out the back door.

EXT. OCEAN GEAR STOREFRONT - DAWN

As the sun comes up, Vince buys something from a fishing supply and ocean gear store.

Vince sees a fish in a tank, and he peers in at it.

VINCE

Hello. What kind of fish are you?

The fish doesn't respond. But a father and his child nearby look at Vince like he's crazy. Vince turns away, ashamed.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

Vince steps up to the shore. He is wearing a full body wet suit and scuba gear. He has on a mask and fins over his feet, even a small scuba tank. He looks ridiculous.

Hesitantly, Vince steps into the ocean. It is cold at first, but he makes his way into the water.

INT. UNDERWATER - CORAL REEFS - DAWN

Vince tries swimming underwater, although the wetsuit and scuba gear is really clunky. As he swims, Vince is wowed by the beauty of a nearby coral reef. He notices all the different colorful fish swim by.

VINCE

Hi there! Have you ever seen anyone who looks like me?

They don't respond or even notice him.

Vince is distracted by the sound of a large protest. He turns to see a long line of barrier reef anemonefish. They are furious. Some carry signs. They chant in unison.

BARRIER REEF FISH
Save the coral reefs! Protect the
homeland! Diversity is survival!
Protect the youth! Protect the
future! Save the coral reefs!

Even though Vince is a lot bigger than the other fish, he swims over to them and gets in line. He tries to chant along.

One small, quiet anemonefish named PETER looks up at him.

PETER
Where you from, sir?

VINCE
Oh... I'm not really sure. Do you
know? Maybe... where there might be
some people like me?

PETER
People? I've never seen any fish
like you before.

Vince takes his mask off so Peter can get a better look at his face.

VINCE
How about now? Do you recognize me?

PETER
Maybe much deeper in the ocean,
dawg. Did you get separated from
your school?

VINCE
Oh. Yes. I guess so.

PETER
Well, my best bet is that they're
thataway. Once you start seeing the
stingrays you know you're getting
into deeper territory then, bro.

Peter points deeper into the ocean. He then looks at Vince up and down. He reaches out to touch his wet suit.

PETER (CONT'D)
But I've never seen a fish with
scales like this before.

VINCE
They're not scales.

Peter starts chanting again with the crowd for a moment.

PETER
Diversity is survival! Protect the
youth! Protect the future!

Vince chimes in.

VINCE
Save the coral reefs!

PETER (CONT'D)
Save the coral reefs!

PETER (CONT'D)
Good luck finding your school!

Vince nods and swims deeper into the ocean.

On his way out of the coral reefs, he sees a sea urchin.
Intrigued, Vince gets closer and tries to touch it. But the
sea urchin pokes him, hurting Vince's fin.

SEA URCHIN
Hey, boy! Don't you know a thing
about BOUNDARIES?! Sheeesh. Consent
is sexy, boy. Yes means yes!

A disgruntled Vince continues swimming.

VINCE
Oh gosh, I'm so sorry!

INT. DEEP OCEAN - MORNING

Vince swims deeper and deeper into the ocean. It gets darker,
and there are less colorful creatures. He is uncomfortable
from the wet suit, fins, mask, and scuba tank. So he starts
to shed the scuba gear, piece by piece.

First, he takes off the fins on his feet. Then the scuba
tank, and then his mask. As he throws it into the ocean,
Vince holds his breath. But then something happens. His gills
spread, and Vince begins to breathe the water with his gills.
He is shocked by the utter joy of using his gills instead of
his mouth.

As he does this, Vince swims faster and faster. He is getting
free.

Eventually, he unzips the wet suit itself and discards it into the ocean. He is now wearing no clothes for the first time in public. And he is swimming at lightning speed.

A school of small silver fish swim by.

VINCE

Hi. Hello! Have you seen any kind
of fish like me before?

The whole school responds with tiny voices.

SCHOOL

No, not I, not I.

Vince approaches a large heap of discarded human trash decaying at the bottom of the ocean. He looks over it sadly and notices pieces of net in the rubble.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

We are tossing and turning against a thick wall of grey net. A pounding light from above shines in our direction. The faint drawl of distant machinery. Some muffled talking voices at the surface. We swim down, down, but to no avail. We continue to be lifted up, up, as the net clings to our skin. We look up, and a pair of hands is there: lifting, lifting.

END FLASHBACK

INT. DEEP OCEAN - DAY

Vince is breathing heavily from the flashback. He looks around. He is not quite sure where he is. There are no familiar landmarks. Everywhere he looks just appears to be deep sea, an endless void in all directions.

He calls out into the darkness.

VINCE

Hello? Hello?

Vince starts swimming up, up, up to the surface. Gasping for air, feeling swallowed up by the vast emptiness of the sea. Just when he is about to reach the surface, a large sting ray, JANICE, comes swimming in his direction.

JANICE

Hi little guy.

This startles Vince, who turns around to face the sting ray.

JANICE (CONT'D)

How do you do? What brings you to sting ray territory?

Vince slows his breathing, as Janice's face is kind.

VINCE

I was trying to find out what kind of fish I am. But I don't even know if I'm a fish at all. The ocean isn't the place for me.

JANICE

Sure it is, doll. The ocean is so big, there's room for everyone. All kinds of fish in the sea.

VINCE

Have you seen any kind like me?

Janice looks at him for awhile, pondering.

JANICE

No, hun. I guess not. But I'm only a teenager. I could take you back to my family. My dad is an avid traveler. You two would definitely get along. And he'd be able to help you, I'm sure of it.

Vince thinks on it for a moment, then smiles.

VINCE

Alright, then.

Janice leads the way, and Vince follows her deeper into the ocean.

INT. OUTSKIRTS OF STING RAY COMMUNITY - DAY

As they approach the sting ray community, they hear the sounds of the hustle and bustle of daily life. It is like a busy underwater city. Vince can make out the sting rays going about their jobs in the distance.

Before they get very close to the sting ray community, Janice shows him to a circle of cave-like openings in the ocean floor. They stop in one of the caves. Large, thin lines of dark green seaweed climb up the walls of the cave.

JANICE

You'll have to wait here. I need to let them know who's coming so they don't misunderstand when they see you, if you're catching my drift.

VINCE

That makes senes.

Janice spins around and swims further.

JANICE

Toot-a-loo, hon! I'll be back in a jiffy!

VINCE

Thank you!

He watches her approach the sting ray community in the distance.

He takes in the community. A true home, where everyone looks like they belong. It's not unlike watching the ins and outs of his high school during passing periods. Sting rays enter and exit their various offices and institutions, swimming and talking to one another happily as they do so.

But suddenly, the community falls silent. Sting rays swiftly swim back into their houses, caves, buildings, and under the cover of seaweed. What was busy and alive becomes immediately hushed. Almost as if it is on hold.

Vince squints his eyes. Is he missing something? He looks around the ocean, but there are no abnormalities in sight.

By and by, a large creature approaches him, named LARGE the giant squid. Large is almost three times as big as Vince, and he has beautiful thick tentacles that swirl in the water.

LARGE

How's it going?

Large moves his tentacles toward Vince, pressing them up against his skin and all around him.

VINCE

Do you know why the sting rays went back inside? Do they take a midday ciesta?

LARGE

Good question, little one. I'm not sure. Maybe they're running from *something*.

VINCE

Like what?

LARGE

I don't know. Maybe something big.

As Large gets closer to Vince, we see the true size of his whole body, dwarfing Vince who we once considered a very large fish.

LARGE (CONT'D)

And the question you might be asking yourself, is why *aren't* YOU RUNNING TOO?!

Just then, Large yanks Vince toward himself with the tentacles. Vince tries to break free, but the grip is too tight.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Vince struggles against the thick grey net, but it is too tight. He can't break free.

END FLASHBACK

INT. OUTSKIRTS OF STING RAY COMMUNITY - DAY

Vince can't break free. Large's eyes look menacing and psychotic as he brings the helpless fish closer to his mouth.

Vince squeezes his eyes shut, helpless.

Just then, Janice appears behind Large.

JANICE

Put him down!

Large turns around to see the sting ray swimming toward him from behind. He loosens his grip on Vince, who manages to wiggle free.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Didn't you know that his kind of fish is poisonous?

Vince looks puzzled.

VINCE
Poisonous?

Janice shoots him a look, and Vince realizes that he needs to just play along.

LARGE
You're bluffing, tiny ray. But I do
know what tastes mighty fine,
either way.

He turns his whole body to face her. Vince looks around him for a weapon. He sees the thin lines of seaweed crawling up the walls of the cave.

He looks at the seaweed, noticing every detail of the thread-like material. Almost like Amy's friendship bracelets, or her crocheting, or... a net!

Quietly, quickly, Vince pulls the seaweed out and threads it together, using the crocheting method that Amy taught him.

Large inches closer and closer to Janice.

LARGE (CONT'D)
But the real question, is which one
of you will I eat first?

JANICE
You can't eat me. I have friends in
high places.

LARGE
Oh, is that so?

JANICE
And you can't eat him. He'll kill
you with the poison locked under
his skin.

LARGE
Well, we will just have to find
out, won't we.

Large turns around. Vince looks down at his makeshift net. Janice looks over at Vince, shocked that he could make something like that.

LARGE (CONT'D)
Whatcha got there, buddy?

Just as Large starts coming toward him, Vince slings the net overhead and throws it at Large, capturing the giant squid.

The more he moves against the strands of seaweed, the more his tentacles get all tangled.

Quickly, Vince swims in circles with more seaweed around the giant squid. Large gets completely lost in the nets, thriving against his bonds.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Vince lashes out against the edges of the net as it rises up, up, and all the way to the surface. A human pair of hands is pulling him out of the water, gripping tightly on the net as Vince tosses and turns.

And this time, we see further into the flashback. We get a glimpse of a face. The hand belongs to Vince's human father, Walter. He is wearing a sailing outfit, and his face is tanned from the sun. He slings the net, with a young Vince inside, onto the deck of a boat.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Vince is tangled and writhing. He looks around frantically at the wet new territory and the hard wood floor boards. Beyond his father is his mother, Sheila. She is preparing some kind of large cooler, or is it a tank?

SHEILA

What a beautiful fish! The perfect
honeymoon surprise.

Walter reaches back and wraps his arms around Sheila, giving her a deep kiss, their wedding rings both glimmer as Vince flops and flops against the hard wood deck.

END FLASHBACK

INT. OUTSKIRTS OF STING RAY COMMUNITY - DAY

Large is tangled in an exorbitant amount of seaweed now, as Vince continues to wrap and wrap the giant squid.

LARGE

What is this? You're not a fish.
You're...you're from the LAND
WORLD!!

Vince looks down at him, as Large has fallen over onto the floor of the cave.

VINCE
I am a fish. I am LAND FISH!!!

And with that, Vince swims out of the cave and up to Janice, where they watch the giant squid tear helplessly at the bonds.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

A young Vince is plopped into the full bathtub. He fills up the entire tub, his face hanging out. Walter, Sheila, and a young, 7-year-old Amy all come standing over him, looking down at the beautiful fish.

Walter wraps his arm around Sheila.

WALTER
Your mother just didn't have the heart to do him any harm.

SHEILA
Isn't it beautiful, Amy? You've always wanted a brother.

The young Vince looks up at Amy, and he takes his first breath of human air.

AMY
Can we name him Vince?

END FLASHBACK

INT. OUTSKIRTS OF STING RAY COMMUNITY - DAY

Janice and Vince look down at the trapped squid.

VINCE
Thank you for coming back for me.

JANICE
How did you learn to do that?

VINCE
I was captured and taken from the sea. By my parents.

JANICE
Do you still want to know what kind of fish you are?

VINCE

I do know. I've always known.

Vince starts swimming up to the surface of the water. Janice looks up at him.

JANICE

Where are you going?

Vince looks down at her.

VINCE

Home.

Janice shakes her head.

JANICE

Thank you for capturing him. Our city has been terrorized by him since my great grandfather was my age. Many rays have died at his tentacles.

VINCE

No problem. My sister taught me how.

He continues swimming.

JANICE

Wait, I didn't catch your name?

VINCE

You can call me Land Fish.

JANICE

I'm Janice.

VINCE

Don't worry Janice, I'll be back.
This is home too.

And with that, Vince swims up to the surface of the water.