

## **The Fishmonger**

EXT. row of terraced houses - early morning

We pan along a row of terraced houses in a small fishing village, coming to a stop at the shop of the Fishmonger, WILLIAM DAVIS. The door opens and MR. DAVIS leaves his shop for the short walk down to the harbour, to pick up his daily quota of fresh fish.

Mr William Davis is a perfectionist, he lives alone and structures his life around routine.

EXT. HARBOUR - EARLY MORNING

MR. DAVIS arrives on the quay pushing his trolley. The fishermen approach him bearing their catch in white polystyrene crates. In a few short transactions we see MR. DAVIS pay for all the fish. In his quiet demeanor and economical motions it is clear this is a well practised routine.

Negotiations complete, MR. DAVIS Slowly pushes the days catch back towards his shop.

EXT. ROW OF TERRACED HOUSES - THE NEXT MORNING

We pan along the row of terraced houses, coming to a stop again at the shop of the Fishmonger, WILLIAM DAVIS, just as he leaves his shop with his trolley for the short walk down to the harbour.

EXT. HARBOUR - EARLY MORNING

We see the fish in their white polystyrene boxes on the quay. MR. DAVIS is about to start loading them onto his trolley when he stops and stares up at the road where we see a

CUT TO:

White van with the legend;

*Albert Leech, Fresh Fish wholesalers*

A group of fishermen are clustered around the van as MR. LEECH, a short fat man, carefully hands over some cash to the excited fishermen.

As MR. DAVIS watches he is spotted by MR. LEECH who pushes through the fishermen and hurries over to him

MR. LEECH  
My fish. Mine.

He points to the group of fishermen counting their money.

MR. LEECH  
Bought 'em. Mine.

He grins at MR. DAVIS. The group of fishermen stare down at the two men. MR. DAVIS turns and stares at them. They turn away sheepishly.

Without a word MR. DAVIS quietly picks up his trolley and heads back towards his shop.

EXT. MR. DAVIS FISH SHOP - EVENING

A hand drawn sign in the window

*No fish today.*

FADE TO  
BLACK.

EXT. MR. DAVIS FISH SHOP - VERY EARLY MORNING

MR. DAVIS hurries out of his shop. Anxiously he scans the harbour as he pushes his trolley down the hill.

EXT. HARBOUR - EARLY MORNING

MR. DAVIS hands out cash to the fishermen. Beside him his cart is loaded with the familiar white polystyrene crates stuffed with fish.

With a screech of brakes the white van pulls up at the quay. MR. LEECH jumps out. He stops as he sees MR. DAVIS gravely shake hands with one of the fishermen, and start to push his loaded trolley up the quay.

As MR. DAVIS passes MR. LEECH, their eyes lock. Mr. DAVIS nods impassively and continues up the hill.

MR. LEECH looks after him in a slow boiling rage.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

In quick succession we see a number of images showing:  
MR.DAVIS'S shop window, each day there are less fish in it.

INTERCUT WITH

MR.LEECH buying more and more fish from the fishermen.  
We end with a shot of MR. DAVIS'S shop window empty of fish.

FADE TO  
BLACK.

EXT. MR. DAVIS FISH SHOP - VERY EARLY NEXT MORNING.

MR. DAVIS jogs anxiously through the rain towards the harbour.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE VILLAGE - VERY EARLY MORNING.

The white van zooms past, water splashing up from puddles.

CUT TO:

MR. DAVIS steers his trolley down the hill, it slips and bounces off walls in the rain.

CUT TO

MR. LEECH glares through the steering wheel and the wipers at the rain. He changes gear and the engines whines at a higher rev.

CUT TO:

MR. DAVIS almost stumbling, sees the harbour ahead and no van. His face clears and he increases speed.

SUDDENLY

The white van hurtles around the corner.

CUT TO:

IN THE VAN

MR. LEECH gasps. MR. DAVIS and his trolley appear directly in front of him. He slams on the brakes. The van skids left, right, left

CUT TO:

Like a rabbit in a cars headlights MR. DAVIS Freezes as the van skids towards him.

At the last second, he shuts his eyes.

WHACK!

In an almost graceful slow motion dive, MR. DAVIS flies through the air, ending up with a giant splash, in the water of the harbour.

Mr. LEECH jumps out of his van and runs to the edge of the quay. He looks into the water in shock.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - MOMENTS LATER

Light flickers downward in lazy beams, disturbed by the impact of the rain on the water's surface.

The sounds are muffled, gurgling gently.

MR. DAVIS hangs suspended in the water. If it wasn't for a nasty bruise on his forehead he would look quite comfortable.

Slowly he opens his eyes.

MR. DAVIS'S P.O.V.

Swimming in front of him, gazing at him calmly, are several fish, of all shapes and sizes.

MR. DAVIS stares back in surprise.

The fish stare.

MR. DAVIS stares.

A beat.

Suddenly MR. DAVIS coughs, a stream of bubbles arching upwards. He starts to kick his legs.

EXT. HARBOUR - MOMENTS LATER

Fishermen and villagers drag a sodden MR. DAVIS From the water. Quickly they perform resuscitation manoeuvres on him. MR. DAVIS suddenly coughs up water and comes to, gasping. He looks around slowly, unblinking.

He smiles.

FADE TO  
BLACK.

EXT. MR. DAVIS FISH SHOP - THE NEXT DAY

The windows are blocked up, the sounds of hammering comes from inside.

EXT. MR. DAVIS FISH SHOP - EVENING

A hand written sign on the door

*No fish for the foreseeable future.*

EXT. MR. DAVIS FISH SHOP - MORNING

A building suppliers truck reverses towards the shop. Villagers stand about looking curious.

EXT. HARBOUR - AFTERNOON

Fishermen stand in little clusters talking quietly while glancing up towards the fish shop.

Drilling and hammering continue to emerge from the shop.

EXT. HARBOUR - THE NEXT DAY

Mr. LEECH climbs from his van. The harbour is deserted.

Suddenly a giant cheer comes from the row of terraced houses.

EXT. MR. DAVIS FISH SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

A giant crowd is clustered around the former fish shop. Mr Davis can be seen on the roof, emptying live fish into

his chimney, where they can be seen swimming down into the small window, where the box room used to be. We pan over and see more fish in the master bedroom window. We continue past the toilet and down the stairs, where yet more fish appear in the large shop front window.

MR. LEECH pushes his way through the cheering crowd and stares open mouthed at the display. As he watches, a long queue starts to form. Over the door is a newly painted sign;

*Mr. Davis's Aquarium.*

On the rooftop, Mr. Davis finishes pouring water into the chimney. He looks down at the crowd in satisfaction.

He nods quietly.

THE END.