

Blue Zenith  
by  
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EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

NARRATOR sits by a campfire, LOOKING AT US. We see a river behind him. The lively flame makes his otherwise still face move.

NARRATOR

I tell the tale of Gregory - a boy with aberrant interests. Aberrant means weird. Now you might be asking yourself: what exactly qualifies as an aberrant interest?

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT -

GREGORY hides underneath a wardrobe of grey hoodies and jackets. A layer of acne and sweat blankets his expression of pure excitement. His eyes are unblinking, staring intently into an aquarium.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The boy liked eels. Big eels, little eels. Slippery eels. Long, majestic eels. Eels, eels, eels. They dominated his thoughts.

Past the thick glass walls, schools of vibrantly colored fish swim back and fourth above a lively reef. Despite their objective beauty, Gregory's gaze is focused on a small, ugly crevice at the bottom of the aquarium. From the crevice, a moray eel pokes out its head and looks around. Gregory's eyes widen.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

Gregory enters his hovel. Bags of discarded trash and instant ramen cups pile high. The walls are decorated with pictures of eels. He pisses into a bottle. He caps it, and places it amongst his collection of pee bottles.

NARRATOR

He had read all there was to know about 'em. He knew the name of every species. Moray... And others. He was infatuated by them. Whereas other children would harbor grand ambitions to be an astronaut or a race car driver, the boy yearned for nothing else than to be an eel.

Cut to later that evening. Gregory leans against his window, smoking a vape.

He watches people pass from below his complex. They do so in schools, wearing vibrantly colored clothing. A calendar in his room has the day after tomorrow circled.

Cut to the next morning. Gregory's alarm rings, but he's already sitting up. He takes a shower. Combs his greasy hair. Styles it. Puts on a suit.

EXT. CITY - STREETS - MORNING

Gregory roams, armed with a digital camera. He's clad in muted greens, browns, blacks.

POV as he snaps sneaky street photos. A stranger in his own world.

EXT. CITY - PARK - EVENING

Gregory licks soft serve ice cream while watching people pass by in vibrantly colored clothing. His tongue slithers unnaturally around the swirl. Melted ice cream drips down his hand and to the ground. A street violinist performs, the MUSIC CONTINUING as we...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. RURAL RIVERSIDE - EVENING

A YOUNG GREGORY, no older than 15, squats in the sediment of a riverbank. The summer sun sets beyond the opposite bank, silhouetting him. We come close to his hands outstretched in the water. A long, thin, dark form approaches from the depths.

A slender eel slithers around Gregory's fingers as he coaxes it, a curious intimacy in their interaction. He ventures deeper into the river as the water rises to his torso.

One by one, more and more eels begin to circle and slide around Gregory's pale body illuminated by the golden sun. We hear the street violinist's MUSIC CRESCENDO, now a full orchestra. A magical, unreal moment.

Gregory raises his arms as Jesus did upon crucifixion, orchestra heavenly, a holy matrimony with eels, **beauty...**

ABRUPT CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - MORNING

Serene silence as water laps. Gregory sits on a dinghy, bobbing in a foggy river. The same setting as both the flashback and the narrator's, but a different time.

He stops the motor and raises it out of the river. CLOSE UP of water sliding down each of the four blades. The unluckiest clover.

Gregory retrieves a rope, securing each of his limbs to a separate blade of the motor. With his teeth, he starts the engine.

From the bank, we witness Gregory's limbs separate from his body. What's left of him rolls to the side of the boat. Content that he is almost complete in his transformation, he peers into the murky depths.

Shadows of eels slither along, attracted to the blood and flesh clouding the water. Paradise awaits. Gregory takes one last deep breath before rolling over the side of the boat.

We see him dip beneath the surface and slowly begin to sink. A silence hangs over the scene. The river is calm.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

We return to the narrator. He has his back turned to us as he gazes at the river.

NARRATOR

Some say he's still out there between the holes and crevices and at the bottom of the sea. Some say his body underwent a transformation - that it became long and slippery. His nose disappeared and he grew many rows of razor-sharp teeth. But that's just what some people say. Now whatever you happen to believe, you just remember: if you ever come across an eel about the size of a small man washed up on the beach, don't pity them.

He turns to look at us.

NARRATOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

They are exactly where they ought to be.

INT. RIVER DEPTHS - DAY

Gregory's lifeless eyes stare out into the watery void as plants begins to sprout from his limbless body.

FADE TO BLUE.

End.