

FISHBOWL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DIANA'S HOME - NIGHT

A needle drops onto a vinyl record, filling the air with a sultry, bass-heavy '70s groove. A rotary phone clicks rhythmically...

INTERCUT - DIANA & FALLON'S PHONE CONVERSATION (V.O.)

FALLON (V.O.)  
(mock gasp)  
Look at you, drinkin' alone like a tragic heroine.

DIANA (V.O.)  
I prefer the term "self-sufficient."

A glass clinks. Scotch pours—two fingers, no ice.

FALLON (V.O.)  
It's been a year since you dumped the grump. Single life got you finding your inner Gloria Steinem?

— DIANA (early 30s, radiant, stylish) steps into her bedroom—a sleek, post-modern sanctuary of 1975. Geometric patterns, a shag carpet, a chrome vanity and bold, abstract art loom over a low, platform bed. She drapes a silky, plunging jumpsuit over her frame, adjusting a delicate gold chain at her collarbone. A smirk tugs at her lips.

DIANA (V.O.)  
No bra burning, but I now own an impractical fur coat and started talking back to men at work.

FALLON (V.O.)  
Vive le revolution!

— A vanity drawer slides open brushing past perfume bottles and a silver letter opener, its blade catching the dim light.

DIANA (V.O.)  
And tomorrow, we fishbowl.

FALLON (V.O.)  
(flat)  
You're really serious about this.

— In the kitchen—an angular, postmodern space, Diana slices a lemon with a large chef's knife, licking the lemon juices, savoring the tartness.

DIANA (V.O.)  
Relax. It's anthropology. I'm observing. Maybe participating.

FALLON (V.O.)  
It's a key party with extra steps.

— Diana glides through the dim hallway, her hand brushing against a vintage brass candlestick holder. Solid. Heavy.

DIANA (V.O.)  
And what's wrong with that? Men do it all the time. Why shouldn't I?

FALLON (V.O.)  
Because men are animals. You're five whiskey sours away from waking up the next day and regretting feminism.

DIANA (V.O.)  
I can handle myself.

— She shuts off a lamp, her silhouette stretching unnaturally in the moonlight.

FALLON (V.O.)  
I know that tone. The "I'm-about-to-do-something-stupid" voice.

DIANA (V.O.)  
It's my "I'm-living" voice.

FALLON (V.O.)  
Just don't end up in next week's crime blotter.

— Caught in the dim light and angular shadows lounges Diana on her plush, postmodern couch, swirling scotch in her glass.

DIANA (V.O.)  
Trust me, Fallon. I know exactly what I'm doing.

The record skips. The shadows stretch unnaturally. Something unsettling in the air.

FALLON (V.O.)  
...Famous last words.

INT. SWINGERS' PARTY - NIGHT

A lavish '70s dreamscape of shag carpets, velvet furniture, and mirrored walls. The air is thick with cologne, perfume, and anticipation. Disco pulses—a sultry, hypnotic rhythm.

A glass fishbowl brims with car keys, each a promise of the night's possibilities.

Diana steps through the haze of smoke and chatter, whiskey sour in hand, the ice clinking softly. She wears her confidence like her plunging jumpsuit—effortlessly.

She glides, mingling like a pro:

— A tanned tennis instructor winks, drink in hand. She smirks but keeps moving.

— A bohemian artist in a sheer caftan brushes her arm. Diana chuckles but slides away.

— A power couple—him in a three-piece suit, her in gold lamé—share a knowing nod. Diana lingers...then continues.

She has a type: charm, confidence, a touch of danger.

Her gaze lands on HIM: VINCENT, mid-30s, built from confidence and quiet menace. He lounges at the bar, rolling the stem of his glass between his fingers. Dark eyes meet hers, a trap set.

With a wolfish smile, he lifts his glass to her. Diana exhales—intrigued...and doomed as she approaches.

The party swirls around them, but Diana and Vincent stand in a pocket of stillness, two forces circling before collision.

VINCENT  
(low, smooth)  
Whiskey sour. Classic.

Diana sips, unbothered.

DIANA  
Some things don't need improving.

VINCENT  
(smirking, amped presence)  
A woman who likes her vices uncut.

DIANA  
Better than watered-down  
temptation.

She glances at his drink.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Scotch. No ice.

VINCENT  
You say that like you disapprove.

DIANA  
I say that like I've met men like  
you before.

VINCENT  
(leaning in)  
You wouldn't *survive another me*.

Diana exhales a slow, knowing smile.

A challenge. One Vincent accepts without hesitation.

He gestures toward the fishbowl, keys clinking as another  
guest tosses theirs in.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
You gamble?

DIANA  
Depends. You rig the game?

VINCENT  
(grinning, slow sip)  
Always.

Diana tilts her head, considering him, her own smirk just as  
sharp.

DIANA  
I guess I like my odds.

A charged silence crackles - the kind belonging to a couple  
who will absolutely destroy each other.

But neither of them rushes it.

Vincent straightens, loosening the tension slightly. He lifts  
his glass to her.

VINCENT  
I'm sure we'll have more to talk  
about later.

DIANA  
I'll make sure you're worth the  
wait.

Diana turns first, slipping into the crowd without a backward glance.

Vincent watches—a smirk curling like smoke, slow and knowing.

Across the room, Diana leans in close to the bohemian artist, laughter light but eyes shadowed. Vincent clinks glasses with the woman in gold lamé, murmuring something low.

They play at distraction. But even from across the party, their eyes catch—just for a breath too long.

INT. SWINGERS' PARTY - LATER

The party is at a simmering peak—laughter is looser, bodies lean closer, and the air hums with expectancy.

The Fishbowl sits at the center of attention, glowing under the soft shimmer of a chandelier. A HOSTESS—statuesque, draped in silk—taps her glass, calling for the ritual to begin. A hush falls over the room.

HOSTESS

Ladies, the night is yours.

Murmurs of excitement, nerves masked by cool smiles. One by one, women step forward, dipping a hand into the bowl, fingers grazing cold metal and glass.

A BRUNETTE in a backless gown plucks out a set of keys. A man in a navy blazer smirks—hers. They exchange a knowing glance before melting into the crowd.

Another flushed with wine and thrill, pulls a keyring shaped like a miniature boxing glove. Its owner—a stocky man with thick hands—leans back, pleased. She hesitates, but the rules are the rules. He extends a hand. She takes it.

Diana watches, whiskey sour now a mere ghost of ice and citrus. This is the moment. She steps forward, steady, unfazed.

She plunges her hand in. Keys shift under her touch. Some smooth, some sharp. Her fingers close around something cool, something...odd. And pulls it free.

A SET OF KEYS DANGLING FROM A TINY, POLISHED SILVER DIE. The number six etched deep on one side.

Diana blinks. A slow, creeping realization slithers through her.

Across the room, Vincent's smirk spreads, catching light. He lifts his glass to her, savoring her reaction.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Looks like we have another match.

Eyes turn. Some knowing. Some envious. Diana schools her expression with a slow, deliberate smile. She holds up the keys, die glinting.

DIANA

Lucky number six.

Vincent pushes off the bar mov, easy, unhurried.

VINCENT

Or unlucky, depending on how you play.

He stops just close enough for her to feel the heat of him, danger veiled beneath charm.

Diana savors the moment before pressing the keys into Vincent's palm, fingers barely brushing his skin.

DIANA

I like a little risk.

VINCENT

Then you'll love what's next.

The party fades around them. The die swings from his keychain, a promise, a warning.

INT. DIANA'S HOME - NIGHT

Crickets chirp in the night air as Diana and Vincent step inside. The faint scent of whiskey lingers, mingling with her perfume.

Vincent takes it in, eyes flickering over the space with quiet admiration...and assessment. He clocks the exits, the hallways, the layout in an easy, charming demeanor.

VINCENT

You have good taste.

DIANA

A fresh start deserves a fresh space.

Vincent smirks.

VINCENT

How long since the divorce?

Diana stills for half a second—just enough for Vincent to know he's right. She crosses the room, flipping through her vinyl collection.

DIANA

You always this perceptive?

VINCENT

Only when I'm interested.

She slides a record free, placing it on the turntable. A soft crackle before the music drapes over the room—sultry, slow, a perfect undercurrent.

DIANA

Make yourself at home. I'm going to slip into something more comfortable.

Vincent nods, watching as she disappears down the hallway. The moment she's gone, his gaze sharpens. He moves through the space casually, yet deliberately, noting the placement of furniture, the weight of the doors, the locks on the windows. His fingers graze the edge of the bar cart.

He selects a bottle, pours himself a drink—scotch, neat.

VINCENT

(to himself)

Some things don't need improving.

Diana returns, now draped in silk, effortlessly sensual. She leans against the doorway, watching Vincent as he sips his drink, perfectly at ease in her space.

DIANA

Comfortable?

VINCENT

Getting there.

She steps closer, tilting her head in quiet amusement.

DIANA

You analyze everything, don't you?

VINCENT

It's a habit. Can't help it.



DIANA

And what have you figured out about me?

Vincent sets his glass down, studying her. The tension is palpable—charged with something darkly electric.

VINCENT

You like control. But you also like testing limits.

A flicker of something in Diana's expression—curiosity? Amusement? She doesn't deny it.

DIANA

And you?

Vincent steps closer, deliberate, his presence intoxicatingly steady.

VINCENT

You tell me.

DIANA

You like to see how far people are willing to go.

The words settle between them. Diana takes another step, her lips curving into a slow smile. Slowly, she grips Vincent's glass, takes a sip of his scotch. The moment is intoxicating for both.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I suppose we will have an interesting night, then,

Vincent watches her, his own smile measured, masking something deeper.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I suppose we will.

She turns, moving toward the living room.

Vincent lingers, eyes trailing her before they flick toward the world she thinks is hers.

INT. DIANA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A record spins, sultry and slow. Diana and Vincent move in tandem, drinks in hand, bodies close but not touching—yet.

The low lighting casts golden halos around them, the air thick with the intoxicating mix of liquor, music, and something unspoken.

Vincent swirls his scotch, watching the amber liquid move before lifting his gaze to Diana.

VINCENT

It's impressive...A woman like you,  
making it all on her own.

Diana smirks, sipping her whiskey sour.

DIANA

That supposed to be a compliment?

VINCENT

Of course. Just rare. Most women  
wouldn't know what to do with your  
level of independence.

Diana tilts her head, studying him.

DIANA

You say that like it's a bad thing.

VINCENT

(chuckles)  
Not bad. Just unnatural.

Diana's smile tightens, letting it roll off her shoulders, stepping closer, challenging without words.

DIANA

Dunno about that. Feels pretty good  
to me.

An unreadable glint in Vincent's eyes before raising his glass in a toast.

VINCENT

To exceptions, then.

They clink glasses, but the moment lingers. Diana downs her drink, setting it aside before reaching for his hand.

DIANA

Come on. I know you're not scared  
of a little dancing.

Vincent allows himself to be led, his grip firm but yielding. The rhythm guides them—slow, deliberate movements, the tension pulling them tighter.

Subtly, Vincent begins steering - his hand at the small of Diana's back, his pace dictating hers.

VINCENT  
You've built quite the life. But I wonder...

Diana raises an eyebrow as she moves against him.

DIANA  
You wonder...?

VINCENT  
If you ever get tired of pretending you don't need anyone.

DIANA  
(a quiet laugh)  
And there it is.

VINCENT  
There what is?

DIANA  
That tone. That little chip on your shoulder disguised as insight.

Vincent grins, all charm and something just beneath it.

VINCENT  
You read too much into things.

DIANA  
Or maybe I've met enough men like you before.

Vincent's grip tightens—just slightly, but enough. A flicker of something in his eyes. He leans in, voice a velvet murmur.

VINCENT  
And yet, you're still here.

Diana holds his gaze, the air humming with something neither can name.

The record crackles, the music dipping into a softer refrain.

INT. DIANA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent and Diana are close, their bodies pressing together in the dim light. Their lips brush—soft at first, then deeper. Vincent's hands move over her back, teasingly slow.

Diana nuzzles into him, her breath warm against his skin. A gentle, playful bite on her lip. A low chuckle from Vincent.

VINCENT

...I like you like this. Soft. Not pretending.

Diana pulls back slightly, still smiling but studying him.

DIANA

Pretending?

VINCENT

You know. The act. All you women play it.

The warmth in Diana's eyes cools just a fraction.

DIANA

What act?

VINCENT

The whole "I'm in control" bit. The game of it. But we both know how it ends.

Diana stiffens just enough for Vincent to notice. He strokes a thumb along her jaw, but she's not leaning in anymore.

DIANA

...I think I need another drink.

She steps away smoothly, reaching for her glass, but her posture has changed. More guarded.

VINCENT

Alright. How about we play a game?

Diana, mid-sip, lifts a brow.

DIANA

I thought we already were.

VINCENT

Not like this. Real questions. No dodging.

Diana chuckles, setting her glass down.

DIANA

That depends. Are you the type who likes to win at all costs?

Vincent's fingers tap rhythmically against his glass.

VINCENT  
Winning isn't the point. It's about  
control.

Diana shifts slightly, leaning back, but not relaxing.

DIANA  
Alright. Ask away.

VINCENT  
Why'd your marriage end?

Diana blinks, then exhales a quiet laugh.

DIANA  
That's your opening move?

VINCENT  
You can tell a lot about a person  
by what made them walk away.

Diana considers him, eyes narrowing. Takes a drink.

DIANA  
(flat)  
I didn't walk away. I ran.

VINCENT  
From what?

DIANA  
The same thing every woman runs  
from when she realizes her life  
doesn't belong to her anymore.

Vincent nods slowly, swirling his drink. His voice drops just  
enough to curdle the air.

VINCENT  
And now? You think you're free?

Diana stiffens, but covers it with a smirk. That question was  
a little too loaded.

DIANA  
Free enough to end this game if I  
don't like where it's going.

She rises, stretching just enough to appear unbothered.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
It's late. Let me call you a cab.

She moves toward the phone. Vincent doesn't.

VINCENT  
You're not enjoying yourself?

DIANA  
I was. Until now.

The line is dead. Diana frowns, clicking the receiver a few more times.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Weird. My phone's out—

VINCENT  
That *is* weird.

His voice is smooth, but something inside Diana tightens. She moves toward the front door and turns the knob.

The door opens an inch before Vincent's hand slams against it. Diana pauses, her breath labored.

She turns slowly. Vincent is in her face, watching her with something unreadable in his gaze.

DIANA  
You should go.

VINCENT  
Should I?

Diana's pulse kicks up. The record spins, the music now an eerie backdrop. Diana removes herself from the door and steps carefully back toward the kitchen, reaching for her purse. Vincent slowly spins around towards her.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
You don't understand. Women like you...you think you own the world now. That you can do whatever you want. Take what you want. Fuck who you want.

Diana grips the edge of the counter, subtly positioning herself near a knife block.

DIANA  
You need to leave. Now.

Vincent exhales, almost disappointed as he makes his way forward.

VINCENT  
But, that's the thing about freedom. It's an illusion.

Vincent rushes. Diana grabs a knife, but faster than she expects, he's in front of her. She swings...

Vincent catches her wrist mid-air, grip like iron. She struggles, twisting, but he yanks her forward, slamming her wrist against the counter. The knife clatters to the floor.

Diana rams her knee into his side. He grunts but doesn't let go.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This is exactly what I mean. Always fighting. Never knowing when to submit...

Diana digs her nails into his arm, forcing him to loosen his grip. She stumbles back, rushing toward the back door—

Locked.

Her breathing quickens. Diana attempts to unlock the door, but Vincent lunges at her, missing his target with a THUD.

She bolts down the hallway toward her bedroom—

Vincent follows, slow at first. Watching. Amused. Then, as she nearly reaches the door, he moves in a blur of motion.

Diana barely gets the door half-closed before Vincent SLAMS into it, forcing his way in. She grabs a lamp off the bedside table—

SHATTERS it against his shoulder. Vincent grunts but SNATCHES her wrist, twisting—

Diana cries out, struggling. She lunges for the window—

Vincent yanks her back by her hair and tosses her with force. She SLAMS against the dresser. The breath rushes from her lungs—

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You weren't paying attention, Diana. I always rig the game.

She turns to run but Vincent is already there. He slams into her, tackling her hard into the wall. Her head cracks against it.

Darkness crashes in.

BLACK

Vince's voice crashes in.

VINCENT  
I knew you were special...

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diana gasps wide-eyed, surveying her surroundings. She lies bound to her bed, wrists tied tightly to the headboard with silk scarves, ankles secured. She breathes hard, eyes burning with defiance, but there's no give in the restraints.

Vincent sits beside her, running a hand along her arm, savoring his twisted victory.

VINCENT  
The moment I saw you. Women like  
you think you hold all the power.  
You don't. Not here. Not now.

Diana keeps her expression neutral, though she shifts slightly, testing her restraints.

DIANA  
You want me to submit, right? Isn't  
that what this was all about?

VINCENT  
(smiling, stroking her  
cheek)  
It's about balance. The world's  
been tipped too far in your favor.  
Someone has to remind you what it  
feels like to be powerless.

He presses his fingers lightly around her throat—not choking, just feeling. Measuring. A slight squeeze.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
You fight, you struggle...but deep  
down, you like this, don't you? The  
feeling of losing control. The  
weight of someone stronger,  
deciding everything for you.

Diana keeps her breathing even, playing along. She lets her body relax, her lips parting just slightly, eyes heavy-lidded.



DIANA

...I understand more than you  
think.

Vincent leans in, savoring the moment. Just as his lips graze hers, she strikes — HEADBUTTING him with all her strength. Vincent reels back, dazed.

Diana twists her wrists, wrenching free of the loose knot she'd been quietly working on. Her hand flies to the vanity beside her, grabbing the silver letter opener...

Vincent lunges, but she slices his arm. He growls, clutching the wound, eyes flaring with rage. Diana removes the restraints from her ankles, scrambles off the bed and bolts for the door.

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A deadly game of cat and mouse unfolds. Diana moves swiftly through the dimly lit hallways, heart pounding. The record player skips, filling the air with eerie, broken music. Shadows stretch and twist from the flickering fireplace.

Vincent stalks after her, methodical, blood seeping down his arm.

VINCENT

You think you're different? You  
think you're better than me?

Diana grips the brass candlestick holder, pressing her back against the wall. When Vincent passes, she STRIKES, bashing him across the head. He stumbles, but doesn't fall.

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Diana runs to the kitchen, yanking open a drawer, fingers closing around a sharp knife...

From behind, Vincent's twisted reflection looms in the glass oven.

She ducks just as he lunges. They grapple violently, slamming into counters, knocking over glasses. Vincent seizes her wrist, twisting the knife free - it lands on the floor of the living room.

The duo wrestle to the ground, Vincent straddling Diana with his hands on her throat, pushing into it. Diana pounds her fists onto Vincent's thick forearms.

He releases a sick smile at her face - as the colors of her pigment and lips begin to change.

Diana KNEES Vincent in the groin. Hard. He relents. Diana doesn't hesitate - she knees him again in the groin. And again, finally kicking and digging a heel so deep into Vincent's pants it stabs through, drawing blood and inspiring a measured scream.

VINCENT  
(aghast, offended)  
You bitch---!

Vincent weakly lunges at Diana. They struggle into the...

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Where Diana's eyes dart to the record player. She SLAMS the tonearm down. A high-pitched screech fills the room. Vincent flinches.

That's the opening she needs.

Diana grabs the nearest bottle of whiskey from the bar cart and SMASHES it over his head, shattering it.

Vincent crumples to the ground, stunned. Without a second thought, Diana grabs the kitchen knife on the shag rug and POUNCES. A brutal struggle--both fighting for control. Diana straddles Vincent. He is strong, but Diana is relentless.

With a final, desperate CRY, she drives the knife into his chest. His body jerks--then stills, his eyes staring into oblivion.

Silence.

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

A victorious Diana hovers over Vincent's lifeless body, chest heaving, blood stains on her wardrobe. The shag carpet beneath Vincent soaks up his crimson like ink.

Diana staggers to the lounge chair, sits, opens a drawer and pulls out a cigarette from a pack with trembling fingers. Lights it. Inhales.

The phone rings.

She jumps, then stares at it. It wasn't working before. She can only chuckle under her breath as she slowly picks up.

DIANA  
(exhausted)  
...Hello?

FALLON (V.O.)  
(laughing, oblivious)  
Wow! You're breathless. Sounds like  
he finished strong.

Diana observes Vincent's carcass in her living room, before exhaling smoke. She notices Vincent's key's on the drawer, picks them up, observing the silver die with "6" stamped on it.

Her lips curl into the smallest of smiles.

DIANA  
Yeah. He's taking a permanent nap,  
now.

Diana unceremoniously tosses the keys next to the dead carcass.

CUT TO:

THE FISHBOWL FROM THE SWINGERS PARTY FULL OF KEYS.

SMASH CUT TO  
TITLE:

"FISHBOWL"

CUT TO BLACK.