



Proudly Presents

THE SECRET LANGUAGE OF FISH

WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

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Characters:

Lance, a freshman boy

Alexis, a freshman girl

Jilly, a male fish

Frieda, a female fish

(Alexis enters a biology classroom with a backpack. Lance is setting up their lab assignment.)

Lance: Hey, Alexis.

Alexis: Hi. Where's Ms. Tuttle?

Lance: She left us a note. She said she wasn't feeling well, and we're on the honor system.

Alexis: Did she leave the frog?

Lance: Already on the lab table.

Alexis: Well, are you ready to start?

Lance: Sure, but first, the note asked if we'd feed the fish in the tank.

Alexis: No problem. I have a Betta in my bedroom.

Lance: I *betta* you do.

Alexis: *(Not really laughing)* Ha ha ha. Lance, you're a regular David Letterman.

Lance: *(Sprinkling flakes into the aquarium)* Who's hungry for some fish flakes?

Alexis: They'd probably prefer ground up worms or something.

Lance: No, fish love these flakes. *(ala Tony the Tiger)* They're g-r-e-a-t!

Alexis: *(Taking the fish food from Lance)* Let me see that. *(Reading the content label)* Yummy. Contains: Fish meal, dried yeast, dehulled soybean, Sorbitol, Lecithin... Trust me. They'd prefer worms.

Lance: *(Beat)* Do you think they communicate?

Alexis: *(Squatting, looking at the fish through the glass)* What? The fish?

Lance: Yeah.

Alexis: They must. I'm sure all species do.

Lance: But how? They have no facial expressions. They probably don't even have a sense of humor. How do they communicate?

Alexis: I don't know. Maybe they have some sort of secret language or something.

Lance: Secret language?

Alexis: Sure. They're probably looking at us right now and thinking we're two of the oddest things they've ever seen.

Jilly: If only they knew. Right, Frieda?

Frieda: Right, Jilly.

Jilly: (*Looking up at the floating fish flakes at the top of the tank*)

Look! More fish flakes. (*Sarcastically*) Yum.

Frieda: (*Beat*) I'd rather have worms.

Lance: Well, I guess we'd better start dissecting our frog.

Alexis: Sounds like a plan. The quicker we do it (*Lance immediately giggles*) the quicker it will be over. (*Beat, irritated*)

The second I said those words, I knew you'd react that way.

Lance: (*Smiling*) What?

Alexis: I've yet to meet a freshman boy who doesn't turn an innocent comment into something dirty.

Lance: No, I'm sorry. I was just thinking about something funny.

Alexis: Yeah? Like what?

Lance: Nothing.

Alexis: No, really, I want to know. I said, "The quicker we do it, the quicker it will be over." You started giggling the second I said, "Do it." (*Crosses arms*) So what were you thinking about that was so funny at *that* exact second?

Lance: Promise you won't get mad?

Alexis: Promise.

Lance: Okay. I was picturing you with a scalpel in your hand, ripping open our frog.

Alexis: What's so funny about that?

Lance: Come on. A girl? With a scalpel?

Alexis: (*Not amused*) Yeah?

Lance: Cutting up a slimy frog?

Alexis: For your information, Lance Cartwright, someday I intend to go to medical school.

Lance: I'm sorry.