

Creature From the Blue Lagoon

By

Grogal

(c) 2015

FADE IN

**EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAY**

Crystal clear water laps gently against pristine white sand. The sun beams down from a cloudless blue sky.

BROOKE (18) and CHRISTOPHER (18), stunningly attractive, athletically built, wearing skimpy bathing suits fashioned from vines and leaves, frolic through the waves.

She runs from him and looks back playfully, allowing him to catch up. He grabs her, lifts her in the air and splashes down into the water with her.

They resurface kissing heavily. Eventually they separate and gaze into each other's eyes.

BROOKE

I still can't believe I get to have you all to myself, here, in such a perfect place.

CHRISTOPHER

Me too. I know both our parents and scores of innocent people perished, but every time I hold you in my arms, I thank God Captain Smith tried to sail *through* the hurricane rather than around it.

They kiss again, groping under the water.

CHRISTOPHER

Mmm, Brooke. You're so sexy.

BROOKE

Oh, Chris. I love you.

Christopher's eyes go wide. He backs off.

CHRISTOPHER

What?

BROOKE

I said I love you. Do you love me?

Christopher stands, putting some distance between them.

CHRISTOPHER

Uh, yeah, I like you. I like you a lot. But like, we're the only ones out here. Do you really need to put a label on it?

BROOKE  
(sullen)  
I guess not.

CHRISTOPHER  
Chill, girl. Don't get all  
insecure. It makes you look fat.

Brooke looks down at her washboard abs, searching for fat.

CHRISTOPHER  
Come on, let's go catch dinner.

Christopher turns on his heels and frolics the hell out of there, leaving Brooke looking confused and hurt.

**EXT. WATERFALL - DAY**

Christopher stands at the top of a cliffside near the water's edge, a makeshift spear in his hand. He stabs it into a swirling pool of water.

Brooke sits on a nearby boulder watching him, a single caught fish by her feet.

BROOKE  
Honey.

CHRISTOPHER  
What up, babe?

BROOKE  
If it turned out someone else  
survived the shipwreck, and she was  
a really pretty girl and she  
thought you were really cute, would  
you still only kiss me.

Christopher stabs the water.

BROOKE  
Chris!

CHRISTOPHER  
I heard ya!

BROOKE  
Well, why won't you answer?

CHRISTOPHER  
Cause it's a trap question. I'm not  
playing your mind games.

BROOKE

You're such a jerk. You know no one else survived. Don't you even care about me enough to just say what'd make me feel good?

Christopher turns, agitated.

CHRISTOPHER

You want me to lie then? Fine. Don't worry, honey. If there was another hot girl on the island who wanted to play slip-and-slide with my cock, I would still totally only hook up with you.

BROOKE

YOU ASS!

Brooke launches at him, but he quickly sidesteps her attack.

She trips, flies into the water and is swept swiftly over the edge of the falls, her SCREAM echoing all the way down.

CHRISTOPHER

BROOKE!

He waits... silence... He leans toward the edge, looking down, but afraid to get too close.

CHRISTOPHER

Can't believe that just happened.

He thinks to himself... sees the single caught fish laying near the boulder and ponders it for a moment.

CHRISTOPHER

Guess I only need one now.

Christopher picks up his fish and disappears into the woods.

#### **INT. CREATURE'S GROTTO - NIGHT**

Covered by a thick blanket of vines and twigs, Brooke lies unconscious on the cave's stone floor, a bruised gash above one eye.

Brooke's eyes flutter open. She looks around groggily...

Raging water flows over the cave's entrance. From somewhere in the dark comes the gruesome sound of BONES SNAPPING and FLESH RIPPING.

She strains her eyes to see when suddenly, emerging from the gloom, comes a humanoid fish-like CREATURE. It's skin a black scaly slime. Each of it's long webbed fingers ends in a razor sharp claw. It GURGLES as it approaches her.

Brooke SCREAMS, throws off the blanket of vines and scrambles back against the cave's wall... she's trapped.

BROOKE  
GO AWAY!

But it keeps coming. Brooke closes her eyes, waiting to be torn to shreds when...

The Creature grabs the blanket and drapes it over her, carefully tucking it around her bare shoulders.

Brooke opens her eyes and watches, confused as the Creature grabs a patch of moss from the pool of water and dabs it gently on Brooke's forehead.

Brooke feels her forehead and the gash, for the first time.

BROOKE  
Wait, did you save me?

The creature stares at her quizzically.

BROOKE  
What are you?

CREATURE  
(wet, from throat)  
Grogal.

BROOKE  
Grogal? Is that your name?

CREATURE/GROGAL  
Grogal.

BROOKE  
Well hi, Grogal. My name's Brooke.

GROGAL  
Grogal?

BROOKE  
No, *Brooke*.

GROGAL  
Grogal.

Brooke giggles. Grogal turns and scampers off into the dark.

BROOKE

I really appreciate all this, but I  
need to go. I'm very hungry and-

A ravaged fish is tossed out of the darkness and lands near  
her. It's body just bones and head. Grogal emerges again  
carrying a flat STONE SLAB.

BROOKE

No, Grogal, you don't understand. I  
can't eat raw-

Grogal sets the slab before her... it contains half a dozen  
SUSHI ROLLS.

BROOKE

...fish. Is that sushi?

She takes one, sniffs it, then pops it in her mouth.

BROOKE

O-M-G. That's delicious.

She grabs another one and inspects it.

BROOKE

Where did you get the rice?

Grogal points to a corner of the cave... a LARGE WOODEN  
CRATE surrounded by grains of rice sits there.

Brooke nods... inspects the roll again.

BROOKE

And cream cheese?

Grogal disappears into the darkness and returns a moment  
later with a TIARA made from vines and flowers.

BROOKE

Is that for me?

Grogal places it on her head and points to the pool of water  
beside her.

She gazes at her reflection, looking like a princess.

BROOKE

(blushing, affectionate)  
Oh, Grogal.

**EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAY**

Christopher stands on the beach, drawing something in the sand with his spear.

At his feet, a pornographic female stick figure with two huge sand mound breasts. He stabs the spear between it's legs and makes a... hole there.

He sets the spear aside, considers the drawing for a beat, then starts to remove his shorts-

BROOKE

Christopher!

His eyes snap to the nearby treeline where Brooke charges toward him.

CHRISTOPHER

Brooke, you're alive!

BROOKE

No thanks to you. We need to talk.

CHRISTOPHER

Uh, okay. Fine. Yeah, as a matter of fact there are somethings I want to say too. Like, uh... well for instance, ummm... WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT BEHIND YOU!

Grogal emerges from the trees and makes his way to Brooke's side. Christopher raises his spear defensively.

BROOKE

Calm down. He's a friend.

GROGAL

(waving "hi")

Grogal.

CHRISTOPHER

Huh?

BROOKE

His name's Grogal. He's introducing himself.

GROGAL

Grogal.

CHRISTOPHER  
That's not his name, that's just  
some noise he's making.

BROOKE  
(gasps, offended)  
Don't make fun of his accent!

Brooke rests a comforting hand on Grogal's shoulder.

CHRISTOPHER  
What's going on here?

BROOKE  
I think we should see other people.

CHRISTOPHER  
That?! That's not a person.

BROOKE  
Well then I think we should see  
other things.  
(re: sand porn)  
Looks like you got started.

CHRISTOPHER  
But what about us?

BROOKE  
You're the one who didn't want  
labels. Grogal hunts better than  
you. He cooks better than you. He  
*protects me* better than you. But  
most importantly he doesn't act  
like I'm inferior. He doesn't  
belittle my emotions. Grogal treats  
me like a lady.

GROGAL  
Grogal.

BROOKE  
Come on, Grogal. Let's go.

Grogal waves "bye" and they walk toward the forest, Brooke  
hanging on Grogal's arm.

CHRISTOPHER  
I get you're trying to make me  
jealous, but this is absurd!  
(no response)  
Does that thing even have a penis?

Brooke turns.

BROOKE

As a matter of fact, he does. And  
he's black so... think about it.

Rage courses through Christopher. He snaps and charges them,  
spear in hand.

CHRISTOPHER

You gill breathing son of a bitch!

He takes aim at Grogal. Brooke turns in time to see.

BROOKE

Chris, NO!

She jumps in the way, taking a spear to the chest. Shocked,  
Christopher pulls out the spear and she falls to the sand.

GROGAL

*GROGAL!*

Grogal charges Christopher, who tries to defend himself with  
the spear. Grogal grabs it, breaks it in half and skewers  
him with both ends. One in the neck. One in the belly.

Christopher falls to the sand, dead.

Grogal goes to Brook and cradles her in his arms.

BROOKE

I'm not gonna make it, Grogal. I  
just want you to know how happy you  
made me. You were the best lover I  
ever had.

Her eyes close and she grows still. Grogal shakes her.

GROGAL

Grogal?

...but she's gone. Grogal looks up and curses the heavens.

GROGAL

GROOOOGAAAAAAAAAAAAAL!!!!!!

Grogal weeps over her body.

ATTORNEY (PRE-LAP)

And that's what my client says  
happened.

**INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

TWO DETECTIVES sit at a table looking incredulously at...

Grogal and his defense ATTORNEY. Grogal's webbed claws nervously tap the table.

The Detectives look at each other again. Detective #1 stands, taking out handcuffs as he does.

DETECTIVE #1

Yeah, alright. Grogal, A-K-A Lagoon Creature, you're hereby under arrest for one count kidnapping and two counts aggravated homicide. You have the right to remain silent...

GROGAL

(to Attorney, confused)  
Grogal?

Detective #1 cuffs Grogal as he reads him his rights.

ATTORNEY

Just relax, Grogal. Do what they tell you and we'll meet after you're booked. But don't say anything with out me in the room.

GROGAL

Grogal!

Detective #1 escorts him away. Detective #2 lingers behind.

ATTORNEY

You really think he killed those kids in cold blood?

DETECTIVE #2

He's an amphibian. He couldn't very well do it in warm blood, could he?

Attorney ignores him and closes a case file on the table.

DETECTIVE #2

Tell me something, doesn't it ever get to you? Spending your whole life defending these monsters?

ATTORNEY

Everyone has the right to a fair trial, even him. That's how the justice system works. Now get outta

(MORE)

ATTORNEY (cont'd)  
here, I got a ten o'clock with the  
Wolfman.

Detective #2 exits, closing the door behind him. Attorney  
presses an INTERCOM BUTTON on the table.

ATTORNEY  
Sylvia, send in my next  
appointment.

WOLFMAN (V.O.)  
(from intercom)  
AAAAROOOOOOOOO!

Attorney sighs and looks out a nearby window...

...a FULL MOON hangs high in the pitch black sky.

ATTORNEY  
It's gonna be a long night.

FADE OUT