

# THE LITTLE MERMAID MEETS JAWS

**\$MERMJAWS**

*Screenplay generated by bMovies*

# The Little Mermaid Meets Jaws  
 \*Under the sea, you are the next meal.\*

\*\*Logline:\*\* A wide-eyed mermaid's dream of joining the human world collides with a 25-foot great white that's turning beach season into an all-you-can-eat buffet, forcing her to lure the beast with the one thing it can't resist-her voice.

### ## Synopsis

Ariel, the curious youngest daughter of King Triton, has long collected human trinkets from shipwrecks. Her collection grows when strange attacks begin on the surface: swimmers vanish in crimson clouds, leaving only flippers and sunscreen behind. Triton bans all contact with the shore, but Ariel sneaks up anyway and witnesses the dorsal fin slicing through the waves like a periscope of doom. On Amity Island, Police Chief Martin Brody struggles to contain panic while dismissing mermaid sightings as hysteria. Ariel befriends Brody after saving a drowning child, trading her shell necklace for his badge in a pact to end the terror. Together they discover the shark was drawn by the vibrations of Ariel's forbidden songs, which echo like dinner bells through the water. In the middle act, the shark devours Ariel's friend Flounder during a reconnaissance dive, leaving only bubbles and a single crab claw. The climax unfolds on the Fourth of July, with Ariel perched on the Orca boat singing "Part of Your World" as a lure while Brody rigs an oxygen tank rigged with bioluminescent algae. The shark lunges, swallows the tank, and explodes in a shower of glitter and chum that rains down like grotesque confetti. Ariel watches the human world she craved float away on bloody waves, then swims home clutching Brody's badge as her new treasure. The final image shows her singing softly to an empty ocean, the tune now answered only by distant fins circling.

### ## Tone & genre

Darkly comic suspense thriller played with deadpan cinematic realism. The joke lives in the straight-faced collision between innocent mermaid fantasy and clinical shark-hunt procedural, never winking at the audience.

### ## Look

Desaturated 1975 Kodak stock with teal underwater murk giving way to arterial red blooms. Anamorphic lenses flare on sunlight piercing the surface; practical shark rigs and miniatures create weighty, lumbering movement instead of sleek CGI grace.

### ## Characters

- \*\*Ariel\*\*: Wide-eyed optimist whose seashell bra now doubles as a flotation device for human survivors.
- \*\*Chief Martin Brody\*\*: Grizzled land-dweller who treats mermaid testimony like any other unreliable witness statement.
- \*\*King Triton\*\*: Bearded authoritarian whose trident now functions mainly as a shark-prod that never quite connects.
- \*\*The Shark\*\*: 25-foot silent predator whose only personality trait is an insatiable preference for anything that sings.
- \*\*Sebastian\*\*: Panicked crab who spends every scene calculating escape vectors that all end in the same direction-down the shark's gullet.

### ## Screenplay

**FADE IN:**

#### **EXT. UNDERWATER GROTTO - DAY**

Sunlight filters through turquoise water. ARIEL, 16, red hair flowing, examines a rusted anchor. She hums softly. Bubbles rise like musical notes.

A low, two-note motif rumbles through the current.

**ARIEL**

(whispering to a nearby fish)

Did you hear that? Sounds like... music from up there.

The fish darts away. A dark shadow crosses the sand.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. AMITY BEACH - DAY**

CHIEF MARTIN BRODY, 40s, stands on the sand, staring at a half-eaten surfboard. Tourists scream in the background. A fin slices the surface fifty yards out.

**BRODY**

(into radio)

It's not a boat wake. It's not a dolphin. It's... bigger.

**INT. MERMAID THRONE ROOM - DAY**

KING TRITON slams his trident. ARIEL swims in late, dripping seawater and human sneakers.

**TRITON**

No more surface visits. Something is hunting both our worlds.

**ARIEL**

But Daddy, the humans need help. They're just... floating there.

**TRITON**

Then let them sink.

**EXT. THE ORCA - NIGHT**

Brody and Ariel meet for the first time. She surfaces beside the boat, holding the half-eaten surfboard.

**ARIEL**

I saw it take the boy. It didn't even chew.

**BRODY**

You got a name, kid?

**ARIEL**

Ariel. I collect things that sink.

**BRODY**

Then you're gonna love what we're about to do.

They shake. Her hand is webbed. He doesn't flinch.

**EXT. UNDERWATER REEF - DAY**

Ariel and FLOUNDER search for clues. The two-note motif grows louder.

Flounder hides behind coral.

**FLOUNDER**

Ariel, that song you hum-it's calling it.

**ARIEL**

Then I'll stop singing.

The shark's snout emerges from the gloom. Flounder is gone in a single gulp. Only bubbles remain.

**ARIEL (CONT'D)**

(flinching)

...or maybe sing louder.

**EXT. JULY 4TH BEACH - DAY**

Chaos. Swimmers. Fireworks. The shark takes a man on a yellow raft. Brody radios from the Orca.

**BRODY**

We're taking it offshore. Ariel, you're the bait.

**ARIEL**

(on the radio)

I've always wanted to perform for a big audience.

**EXT. THE ORCA - DUSK**

Ariel perches on the bow, singing "Part of Your World." Her voice carries across the water. The fin circles.

The shark surges. Brody releases the rigged oxygen tank wrapped in glowing algae.

The shark swallows the tank whole. It turns, confused. Then the tank detonates in a silent underwater blossom of light and shredded cartilage.

**INT. UNDERWATER GROTTO - NIGHT**

Ariel returns alone. She places Brody's badge beside her collection of human things. She begins to hum again-softly, experimentally.

The two-note motif answers from far away. Another fin. Then two more.

Ariel stops singing. The fins keep circling.

**FADE OUT.**