

Deep Lagoon Boarding School

by

Pink Smoothie

Fictional Events

In an old and untidy boarding school that is close to a very mysterious swampy lagoon, there were parents hugging, motivating their children to study for the upcoming school year. But two siblings, a boy and a girl did not have parents to dismiss or hug. CARLOS SERRANO, 27, the siblings' lawyer and current guardian opened the back car door to SAMANTHA, 5, and MARCOS SMITH, 12. Samantha had long, curly red hair that usually was in pigtails, white porcelain skin, and green eyes. Her brother, however, had messy curly brown hair and brown eyes. They both had cat eyes, and were usually childish about some things. Carlos the lawyer was tall, with black hair with exotic Latin facial expressions, tanned skin, and caring brown eyes.

Carlos looked at the siblings, and then smiled sadly.

CARLOS

We're here.

Samantha looks at the lawyer angrily, frowning her eyebrows together.

SAMANTHA

I don't want to be here! I want to be at home, sleeping, waiting for mommy to make breakfast!

Samantha got out of the car, and stomped her feet angrily, looking at her older brother. Her face red, and she looked like she was about to cry. Marcos sighs and pats his little sister's head.

MARCOS

You're old enough to go to school Samantha. And Mother and Father wanted us to come here.

Samantha whined.

SAMANTHA

That's not fair! I don't want to be here!

The little girl kicks a rock and her eyes started to fill with tears. Carlos motioned his head towards the car so that he and Marcos could talk quietly, trying to be silent enough so that Samantha couldn't overhear them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLOS

Why haven't you told her?

He said in a way that his voice almost sounded like wind.

MARCOS

Angered, Marcos struggles to hold back from shouting at Carlos; then he does.

Oh, so you expect me to tell my five-year old sister that our parents just died and that we're orphans?!

Carlos shakes his head and sighs. Choosing his words carefully, he replies with a firm yet caring tone.

CARLOS

She's your responsibility, Marcos. You need to take care of her, and she deserves the truth.

The lawyer sighed, looking at the boy in front of him carefully. His parents had been his best friends, and it affected him as much as it affected the siblings. Carlos is the legal guardian of the siblings outside school, but now, the paperwork he carried on his suitcase, would make the headmaster of this boarding school the legal guardian of the Smith siblings *inside* school.

MARCOS

I'll tell her when I think she's ready to know the news, Uncle. I promise.

Carlos checks his watch and then high-fives Marcos.

CARLOS

Right. I better take you to the headmaster's office, since he'll be your legal guardian at school from now on.

Carlos, Samantha, and Marcos entered the boarding school, searching for the principal's office. However, a group of children aged from nine to twelve, were sitting in the entrance of the boarding school, watched attentively the eleven-year-old boy and his five-year-old sister. CLARA EVANS, 11, and her friend TATIANA MICHAELS, 12, talked about the two newcomers.

CLARA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He's a new kid. I mean, I haven't seen him here.

TATIANA

Me neither.

2 INT. HALLS & PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - AROUND 10 AM.

2

The school's inside was a lot better than what the siblings had thought. The walls were painted a light blue, trophies were scattered across the walls, and the atmosphere seemed cozy. Marcos and Samantha went up with Carlos to the Principal's office. The headmaster of the boarding school was named THOMAS "TOM" HIGGINS, 40, and had an aspect of kindness, he seemed charismatic, small and was a fat English man. But unlike the man in front of them, the office was dark, cold, and gloomy, with a rotten smell that seemed like a four-week old pizza, books and maps scattered around the desk, ancestral objects, and an old computer was continuously beeping, alerting the principal that something was happening.

Tom smiles a sickengly-sweet smile, and looks at the two siblings intently. He then looked at Carlos, and stretched his hand

TOM

Good morning, children. I'm Tom Higgins, the principal of Deep Lagoon Boarding School, and will be your guardian from now on. Mr. Serrano, could you please lend me the papers that will make me the school legal guardian of the Smith siblings?

Carlos opens the suitcase quickly and chuckles. He then hands the pen to the principal, and shakes his hand reluctantly.

CARLOS

Ah, yes, Mr. Higgins. There they are!

Thomas signs the papers immediately and swiftly.

TOM

Call me Tom, Mr. Serrano.

Carlos nodded, yet he couldn't believe that he was the one

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

that was handing out his best friends' children. Mr. Higgins had a high-pitched voice and sounded like a bastard. Those were two of the reasons Carlos didn't trust him.

SAMANTHA

I want to go home!

Tom sighs and rolls his eyes. He shouts at the door.

TOM

Carla! CARLA!

The headmaster's secretary hurried inside the room. CARLA, 27, looked annoyed.

CARLA

Yes, Mr. Higgins?

Tom fakes a smile, in order the children cannot think that he's mean and horrible in real life.

TOM

Could you please show Samantha the little girls' dorms? I'm sure she'll want to meet her new friends!

Carla nodded, grabbing Samantha's arm quickly and they both left the office.

CARLOS

Goodbye, Marcos. I'll see you on the holidays, alright? Be good, study, and pay attention in class. Where's Samantha? I would like to say goodbye to her, too.

Tom sighs and screams for Carla, again.

TOM

CARLA! Mr. Serrano wants to say goodbye to the girl!

Carla enters the room again, Samantha following close behind. Carlos immediately goes and hugs the little girl.

CARLOS

Be good, alright? I love you, Samantha. Goodbye, kids. Thank you for your time, Mr. Higgins

Mr. Higgins rolls his eyes, closing the door behind Carlos

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

swiftly and rapidly. You can obviously sense that the principal was really happy that the lawyer had left. Mr. Higgins motioned Carla to go with Samantha to the little girls' dorms again, so he can talk with Marcos in peace.

TOM

Finally! Why don't you tell her? About your parents' death?

Marcos remained silent with a serious and worried look, looking thoughtful yet angry.

3 EXT & INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY AND SCHOOL COURTYARD.

3

We're in the library and the caretaker of the boarding school, JACK PERKINS, 59, suspects something. He was skinny, with short brown hair that was almost fading from his head, and caring blue eyes. He was a type of person that everyone could trust him, and had always a smile on his face. He listens intently... strange noises, branches crashing against each other ... There is something suspicious in the forest. He leaves the boarding school and goes to the forest to investigate. You can obviously sense that the suspense is in the air. Mr. Perkins hisses.

JACK

Who's there?

PLAASSSS!

JACK (CONT'D)

I said, who's there?

PLAASSSS!

Suddenly, the air gets gloomier and colder, as if someone evil and with bad intentions had just arrived. Swiftly, the not identified figure hit Mr. Perkins with something, just in the head, making the old caretaker lose his conscience.

TO BE CONTINUED...