

EXT. BEACH - SHORE - DAY

It's a picture-perfect day at the beach. Monsters sunbathe on the sand and play in the water.

Emma and Jordan build a sand castle together. Jordan uses her big hands to scoop out a moat and upturn sand. Emma uses her nimble fingers to shape the castle face.

Jordan is dressed in a modest onesie swimsuit that fit her at the mall, but is a bit too small now, particularly around her chest.

Emma is dressed in a daring black bikini in a statement of self-confidence.

In the background, Clawdia holds out a pinching crab and chases poor Jack along the shore.

EMMA

This sand castle is looking absolutely marvelous. I wish I could live in it myself!

JORDAN

Maybe someday!

EMMA

Let's see. This will be our grand foyer where we'll host our lavish parties. And this is our bedroom, big enough for the three of us. And Jack will get his own treehouse.

JORDAN

How come Jack has to sleep outside but you let animals in the house?

EMMA

Because Jack is a boy! And I need Clawdia for our spoon sandwich. You may not like her but she's a valuable asset.

JORDAN

(sotto)  
Emphasis on "ass"...

TIFF (O.S.)

Nice sandcastle.

Emma and Jordan look up. Standing above them are elf couple, TIFF and BIFF (20s).

Tall and slender Tiff glistens with ocean spray, and has surprisingly large breasts for her frame. Her boyfriend, Biff, is a beefcake and his chest is almost as big as girlfriend's. Almost.

JORDAN

Thanks.

BIFF

We saw you across the beach and dig your vibe.

TIFF

Care to join us for a drink?

JORDAN

Oh, I'm flattered but I'm actually here with my girlfriend.

Jordan motions to Emma, who shoots the couple a dirty look.

BIFF

We would be open to a fourth but, the thing is...

TIFF

We prefer those with a more... mature figure.

Tiff runs her hands down her bosom and winks.

TIFF (CONT'D)

More to play with, you know?  
(to Jordan)  
And you've got A LOT to play with.

Jordan blushes and Emma audibly SNARLS, baring her fangs. Jordan places a calming hand on Emma.

JORDAN

(to Tiff and Biff)  
Thanks, but no thanks.

BIFF

If you say so.

TIFF

We'll be over there if you change your mind.

Tiff and Biff walk away while Emma glares daggers at them.

EMMA

Jordan, you're too nice with these cretins!

JORDAN

What am I supposed to do?

EMMA

Pummel them! Tear them apart, limb from limb!

JORDAN

Geez, Emma, that's a bit extreme.

EMMA

I would grind their bones into dust! And then--!

SPLASH! A rogue wave drenches Emma and Jordan, and also destroys their sand castle. Emma's tirade is quenched. She wipes her wet, matted hair from her eyes.

JORDAN

Oh no! Our castle!

EMMA

(sigh)

We didn't even get to take a picture with it.

In the background, Jack and Clawdia run away from a giant and very angry Crab Parent.

JORDAN

It's okay! We'll just build it again. But I think we gotta cool off first. Imma run and get us some ice cream. Meanwhile, you get started, okay?

EMMA

Very well.

Jordan hustles off while Emma digs into the wet sand. Suddenly, her hands find a shining metal object.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Hello, what's this?

Emma pulls the object to the surface.

EMMA (CONT'D)

A magic lamp! Oh, my lucky stars! I know just what to wish for!

Emma rubs the lamp and thick smoke billows from its spout. A majestic and voluptuous female Genie emerges with all her splendor.

GENIE

Aha! You've freed me! And now I shall grant you one--

EMMA

I wish for big breasts!

The Genie's face falls. She raises her eyebrows at giddy Emma.

GENIE

You want breasts? Not untold riches? Worldwide fame? World peace, even?

EMMA

Tig ol' bitties! Gimme gimme!

GENIE

(sotto)

Ugh, you'd think people would change over a millennia.

(to Emma)

Alright, how big do you want 'em?

EMMA

I... actually hadn't thought of that. Bigger than my hands? Bigger than my head? Big enough to smother someone to death?!

GENIE

(sighs)

I don't have time for this. Okay, try this out.

The Genie SNAPS her fingers.

GENIE (CONT'D)

You will now have the biggest breasts around. Meaning: you'll be a couple sizes bigger than anyone within eyesight-- in this case, bigger than me.

Emma looks down at her washboard chest. Her mosquito bites suddenly spring to life and begin to swell. Cleavage forms and grows wider and deeper. Her petite bikini top balloons and quickly fills to capacity, sideboob spilling out.

While the Genie is a solid DD-cup, Emma has grown to an astounding F-cup. Emma fondles her newfound assets, each breast bigger than her handspan.

EMMA  
(drooling)  
Mmm, boobies...

GENIE  
Be mindful, your breasts will only stay as big as your nearest competitor. If your companion is small--

The Genie deflates her breasts in an instant. Emma's hands suddenly become empty with mere B-cups. She frowns.

GENIE (CONT'D)  
Then you will be small. But if your companion is large--

The Genie's breasts inflate even bigger than before to the size of her head! Her nipple piercings weigh like mighty door knockers upon her knockers.

Accordingly, Emma's breasts comically swell to the size of bean bag chairs! Her bikini top SNAPS! The sudden weight knocks Emma on her back and she's pinned down by her titanic tits.

EMMA  
Whoa!

GENIE  
Then you will be GIGANTIC. So best be mindful of your surroundings lest you-- Oh for Pete's sake!

The Genie looks down to see Emma caressing her breasts and tweaking her nipples, no shame of public indecency nor the fact she may in fact be crushed by her own weight.

GENIE (CONT'D)  
You know what? Fuck this. I've seen enough. Back in the lamp. Another thousand years.

The Genie allows herself to be sucked into the magic lamp. A seagull snatches the lamp and flies away.

With the Genie out of sight, Emma's breasts slowly deflate and she returns to her senses.

EMMA

■ My Goodness! I could sit here and grow all day! Such wonderful, beautiful breasts! But why keep this gift all to myself? Perhaps I'll pay a visit to that snotty elf couple from before. They'll see what a true woman looks like!

MOMENTS LATER

Biff and Tiff sunbathe. A moving figure in the distance catches Biff's eye and he sits up.

BIFF

Well well, look who it is.

TIFF

Please tell me it's the big girl.

BIFF

Sorry to say it's the small one.

TIFF

That's too bad. But perhaps we can still have fun with that little whelp.

Biff and Tiff's sneers turn into confusion and then awe as they watch Emma approach.

TIFF (CONT'D)

Oh my.

SLOW-MOTION

Emma jogs towards Biff and Tiff in a slow, exaggerated pace like in Baywatch. With each stride, however, Emma's formerly flat chest grows in size and weight. B cup, D cup, E cup, the two elves can't believe their eyes to Emma's evolution.

Emma's tiny bikini is stretched and warped into a skimpy sling-kini, hardly even capable of containing her billowing bosom, nor her enlarging areola.

By the time Emma finally reaches the elf couple, her breasts have grown so large that they hang down to her belly button. Biff and Tiff's eyes are bewildered and their jaws drop.

EMMA

Oh, hello again. Don't mind me passing through.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

On my way to fetch some ice cream.  
Do you mind if I borrow this?  
Thanks.

Emma takes Tiff's sunscreen and squirts a heavy load upon her breasts. She massages the lotion upon her massive chest, her tiny hands dwarfed by her immense girth.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You have no idea what a burden and  
a blessing these girls are. Maybe  
someday you'll look like a real  
woman.

Emma strides away with a bounce to her step.

EXT. BEACH - SNACK SHACK - DAY

A long line of customers stand before the bar counter. Among the customers is a very visible Jordan who towers above the rest. Emma spots her from a distance.

EMMA

What's taking her so long?

Emma looks down as her chest flares with growth, aiming to overtake Jordan's bountiful bosom. Emma grins.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Why don't we go help her out?

BAR COUNTER

Jordan desperately tries to get the single bartender's attention, but customers slip past her to get their orders in first.

JORDAN

H-hello? Sir! Hello!  
(to herself)  
Ugh, I'm gonna be here all day!

EMMA (O.S.)

Excuse me! Pardon me! Coming  
through!

Emma boldly marches through the line, swaying her gargantuan gazongas to THWACK customers away. With each swing, her breasts grow fuller and heavier, reaching down to her knees.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Bartender!

THUD! Emma lifts and SMACKS her medicine ball-sized breasts upon the counter.

BARTENDER

Wait your turn and I'll be with you  
in a -- HOLY SHIT!

EMMA

Hi, my friend and I would like a  
couple scoops of ice cream, please.

As Emma speaks, her breasts continue to balloon, enveloping the bartop and tipping over cups and glasses. The Bartender's gaze is fixated upon Emma's bosom.

BARTENDER

Y-yes, miss! Waddy want?

EMMA

Rainbow Sherbert for her, and  
Cookies and Cream for me.

Milk leaks from Emma's massive nipple.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Extra cookies, because I have  
enough cream already.

BARTENDER

R-right away!

JORDAN

(whispers to Emma)  
Oh Gods, Emma, what the heck  
happened to you this time?

EMMA

(whispers to Jordan)  
I'll tell you in a bit.

BARTENDER

Here are your cones, miss.

EMMA

Thanks.

Emma tries to reach for the cones but can't get past her chest.

EMMA (CONT'D)

On second thought, can you put them  
in here for me?

Emma pulls open her chasm of cleavage.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Easier for me to carry.

The Bartender GULPS and tucks the cones into Emma's cleavage. Ice cream drips and trickles down her breast. Emma lifts her breast and licks it up. She winks at the Bartender.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Emma and Jordan exit the Shack, eating their ice cream.

JORDAN  
So you found a Genie that gave you magic boobs?

EMMA  
Yep! Simply marvelous.

JORDAN  
And you're not at all worried about being this size as long as we're together?

EMMA  
Not at all! We'll be bosom buddies!

Emma mashes her chest against Jordan's. For once, Jordan looks small in comparison.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Besides, there's absolutely no chance I'll ever meet anyone bigger than--

Emma and Jordan look out to the ocean. A fifteen-meter tall GIANTESS surfaces from the water. While her breasts are relative D's on her frame, Emma has a lot of catching up to do. A LOT.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Oh Gods~!

Emma's breasts explode with growth. They quickly tear through her sling-kini and PLAP upon the sandy beach. Emma's dinner-plate sized areola stretch to accommodate the increasing surface area, her nipples harden and stand erect.

Words simply fail to describe the booby monstrosity Emma becomes. Emma clings for dear life onto her mammoth mammaries, writhing from the pleasure of their growth. Bean bag chairs become the size of mini coopers and grow even further still.

Beachgoers evacuate Emma's danger zone. The Snack Shack is CRUSHED. By the end of it, Emma's breasts have become each the size of whales.

GIANTESS

Holy crap! Jordan, is this your girlfriend?

Emma's predicament hasn't fazed her one bit. She gropes as much breast as she can feel, lost in ecstasy.

JORDAN

(sighs)  
Unfortunately, yes.

THE END