

Beyond the Sea

FADE IN:

EXT. SOMEWHERE AT SEA - NIGHT

The moon is the only thing that illuminates a dark sea.

The putter of a engine grows as a lone FISHING BOAT glides across the water. It's rusty, falling apart and the painted words 'THE LOVECRAFT' are barely visible on the back.

At the helm is MR. PHILLIPS, an elderly fisherman with a white beard and a red face from years at sea. The whiskers around his mouth are brown from decades of smoking. He wears the typical yellow slicker.

At the bow is HOWARD, a younger, clean shaven man. He's holding a photograph of himself with a woman. They are both sitting in front of a birthday cake, blowing out the candles at the same time.

Cowering in fear under a blanket beside him is FRANCIS, middle-aged, face covered in bruises and blood. He has his left arm bandaged up.

He looks dazed.

FRANCIS

Please don't go. I don't want to go back.

HOWARD

You're taking us back there Francis. You have to.

FRANCIS

No, no, no, no. I can't do this. I can't. Please.

He pulls the blanket over his face, trembling.

Howard kneels in front of him and pulls out a Smith & Wesson Model 3 revolver. He pulls the blanket away from Francis' face.

HOWARD

Francis, you're taking us to the wreckage or I'm shooting you and dumping your body overboard. No witnesses.

Francis looks to Mr. Phillips, who immediately looks in another direction, whistling. He wants none of this.

FRANCIS

Maybe I'm better off with the bullet.

Howard stands back up and tucks the pistol into his pants. He looks back out to the sea.

MR. PHILLIPS

Howard, can I talk ta ya for a minute?

Howard walks towards the cabin to speak with Mr. Phillips. The cabin barely covers one person.

Francis lifts the bandage off his arm. There is a bite mark underneath it. The area looks infected, turning black. He immediately hides it.

MR. PHILLIPS

Is dis really tha best idea? When dat fella washed ashore, he was babblin' gibberish abou' sea monstas and what-not. He's not thinkin' right.

HOWARD

It's my sister. I have to find her. If this guy survived whatever the hell happened to them, then there's a chance she did too.

MR. PHILLIPS

I jus' don't like our chances, dat's all.

HOWARD

I'll stay out here as long as it takes.

A thick fog rolls out from the distance.

MR. PHILLIPS

Looks like we'll be hittin' some trouble now.

Howard turns around to see the fog.

HOWARD

Shit.

Francis peeks over the side of the boat and sees the incoming fog. His eyes widen with fear.

FRANCIS

We're here.

Howard walks over to Francis.

HOWARD

What do you mean? Where's here?

FRANCIS

The fog. It comes out of the darkness. I'm telling you one more time, not to do this. Death awaits for those who enter the fog.

Howard pulls out his gun one more time.

HOWARD

Then I'll shoot death in the face.
(to Mr. Phillips)
Head forward.

Mr. Phillips pushes forward. The fishing boat speeds up and disappears into the white fog.

IN THE FOG

The fog is dense. You can barely see the person next to you let alone anything in the water.

HOWARD

Slow it down Phillips.

The engine slows as the boat glides through the fog.

Francis pulls the blanket over his head once more.

HOWARD

(shouting)
EMMA! EMMA, are you out there?

Silence.

The dead calm sends a shiver down Howard's spine. He hears Francis muttering to himself under the blanket. He walks over and rips it off him.

Francis lets out a slight scream. His instinct is to cover his arm. He looks to Howard.

FRANCIS

You've brought death upon us.

HOWARD

Where is my sister? Where is the boat?

Francis shakes his head. He's no help.

Something swims pass the boat and bumps into it. The boat rocks back and forth.

HOWARD

What was that?

He looks over the bow, but can't see very well.

A clearing up ahead. Howard takes notice. He points to it and Mr. Phillips nods. They head in that direction.

IN THE CLEARING

A boat lies in the water. It's destroyed. A body hangs from the mast. Blood smears the sides and there are no signs of life.

HOWARD

Jesus Christ.

Mr. Phillips brings the fishing boat close. Howard reaches out to it and grabs the railing. He quickly climbs out and over onto the second boat.

ON DESTROYED BOAT

It's barely staying afloat.

Howard looks around. Scratches and weird barnacles cover the boat. He rushes to the stern and reads the name.

"THE DUNWICH"

Immediate rejection hits him.

HOWARD

This is her boat. Where is she?
Francis get over here, help me
look for her.

Francis shakes his head no and stays on The Lovecraft. He pulls the blanket back over him.

Howard pulls out a flashlight and flips the switch. He points it to the body hanging above him. It's a man. Weird hieroglyphic symbols are cut into his naked body.

He looks around the boat, no sign of her.

PLOP.

He turns to the sound, sees the calm water in now disturbed. He points the light around the water.

HOWARD

EMMA?

Dark clouds circle in. A storm is coming.

Howard frantically searches around the water.

Something catches his eye.

Someone or something off in the distance clutching a broken piece of wood. Floating off by themselves.

He points his flashlight towards it.

It's EMMA.

HOWARD

She's over here! Guys she's alive.

He jumps in the water and swims towards her.

Mr. Phillips moves the boat closer to Emma.

Howard grabs her and swims to the boat. Mr. Phillips helps pull up Emma, then Howard.

INT. FISHING BOAT

Mr. Phillips looks down and stares at Emma in horror. He points to her and tugs on Howard's shoulder.

He's catching his breath.

MR. PHILLIPS

Howard, look.

Howard looks down at Emma.

Emma has gills. They expand and contract, desperately wanting to be in water.

HOWARD

What is that?

Francis stands up and points to Emma.

FRANCIS

She's infected. She's one of them.

He points to her, but notices his hands are now slimy and webbed. He pulls his hand back and hides it.

A tentacle crawls over the side of the boat and wraps itself around the neck of Francis. It pulls him over the boat and into the water.

HOWARD

What the hell was that?

They run to the starboard. They see a giant yellow eye under the water looking back at them.

They fall back in terror.

It rains.

The rain is hard, making it hard to hear each other speak. So you have to yell.

HOWARD

We need to get the hell out of here, now.

Mr. Phillips nods and runs towards the cabin. He starts the engine, but it stalls.

Black smoke rises from the engine room.

HOWARD

That's not good.

Mr. Phillips runs down to inspect the engine.

Howard pulls out his gun and kneels beside Emma.

HOWARD

Emma, can you hear me? Sis, are you alright?

Emma opens her eyes, they are glaucoma like. She screams.

He crawls backwards, startled and stands up at the starboard, gun drawn.

She flips over onto her stomach. She convulses.

Her back arches high and fins rip through her skin along her spine. Red translucent fins down her back. She spider crawls after Howard. And lunges at him.

They fall into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Emma convulses again, her fingers mutate and fuse together. She spreads her fingers apart causing webbing to stretch.

Howard swims up to the top of the water.

He breaks the surface gasping for air.

He swims to the boat and climbs up the back, the easiest place to get back on unassisted.

INT. FISHING BOAT

Howard reaches for his gun, it's gone. Lost at sea.

Mr. Phillips gets the engine running. He runs back up to talk to Howard.

Another tentacle emerges from the water. It swings at Howard and Mr. Phillips, destroying the cabin.

It slithers back under water.

Two webbed hands grab the side of the boat. It's Emma.

Sharp jagged teeth fill her mouth. She slithers onto the boat and reaches out to Howard.

EMMA

How...ard....help....me...

She crawls towards them, using her nails to drag her body. Her legs have molded together and her feet are now shaped like a mermaid tail.

MR. PHILLIPS

We need ta leave now. That's not
ya sister anymo'.

Mr. Phillips runs back to the helm. Francis stands there. His skin is scaly, eyes are yellow and gills on either side of his neck.

His initial wound is pulsating.

He reaches for Mr. Phillips. They wrestle with each other. Francis opens his mouth and spits black tar like goo onto Mr. Phillips face.

Mr. Phillips stumbles back and falls over the side of the boat. Francis jumps in after him.

In a panic, Howard reaches for a tin case. He struggles to open it, but finally manages to and pulls out a red flare gun.

Only two flares.

He climbs the partly damaged mast. Rain hits his face hard, making it hard to keep his eyes open.

He aims the flare gun towards the sky.

Pulls the trigger.

POOF.

A single red flare shoots out of the gun, illuminating the sea a pinkish-red. In that moment, Howard sees hundreds of eyes starring back at him from the surface of the water.

HOWARD

Oh my God.

One by one, these creatures pull themselves onto the boat. Each one more hideous than the next.

Howard looks down at Emma, she reaches up to him.

HOWARD

I'm sorry Emma.

Howard's tears run down his face, mixed with the rain. He reloads the flare gun.

Last one.

He aims it at Emma.

HOWARD

God, please forgive me.

He pulls the trigger.

The sticky substance that covers her body reacts to the flare. She catches fire quickly.

Emma thrashes around, throwing bits of the flames around the boat. The other creatures back away. They fear it.

The boat's partially on fire, but the rain seems to fight the flames back.

A single light catches Howard's eye. Not far off in the distance. It points towards him.

HOWARD
HEY!! Over here! HELP!!!

Howard waves his one free arm frantically. The fire below him is dying, the creatures regain their place.

Mr. Phillips crawls back onto the boat. He's not the same. He's one of them now.

The light grows bigger, it belongs to a boat.

It gets closer.

Howard looks relieved, some sort of rescue is here.

The tentacles slither up once more. They wrap around the boat, slowly. They constrict and the boat cracks under the pressure.

Tighter.

Tighter.

The boat snaps in half, water rushes in sinking the boat. Howard holds onto the mast for dear life as he topples over and crashes into the water.

Darkness.

INT. FISHING BOAT - DAY

A man's eye opens wide, his pupil dilates. The sun beats down on his face. He rubs his eyes to adjust to the brightness. It's too much.

It's Howard.

He sits up, his body aches and bruises cover his face.

TWO MEN stand on the boat. One behind the wheel, the other sits and watches Howard. He walks forward offering a hand.

Howard takes it.

The man pulls him up, checks to see if he is okay.

MAN
Hello. My name is Richard. You
were out for a few hours. We
rescued you from your wreckage.

Howard rubs his eyes some more and puts his hand to his forehead, throbbing pain.

RICHARD

You're going to be okay. We're taking you home with us.

HOWARD

Home? Where is that?

RICHARD

R'lyeh. The ancient one will be pleased with you as a sacrifice.

Howard stops, he stares at Richard.

HOWARD

Sacrifice?

He notices something off about Richard, easy to miss at first. It's his neck.

Gills.

The water around them stirs. Something massive from below breaches the surface.

The boat stops.

Before Howard's eyes, something emerges from the water.

It's massive.

It looks like land at first, green and round, but it continues to rise from the water. Two bright yellow eyes exit the water, stare directly at Howard.

Two peaks emerge from behind the head. The more this being reveals of itself, the more grotesque it looks. The peaks are attached to it's back.

They are wings.

Tentacles hang from it's green scaly face. It's human-esque body emerges next. Water drips off this being like giant waterfalls.

Arms next, with claws for hands.

The massive being blocks out the sun.

The two fishermen on the boat kneel before this being. Howard looks on in awe.

The being lets out a blood curdling screech.

Howard slowly kneels before the being, surrenders himself
and bows his head.

FADE OUT: