

Somewhere Beyond the Sea

Written by

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EXT. DECK OF FB MIL-50P NAVY SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

Four Special Boat Service Royal Navy Marines crouch down on the boat as it comes to a stop in the water, moonlight the only illumination for their clandestine activities.

CAPTAIN TURNER, 40s, holds his hand up for attention.

CAPTAIN TURNER
North, about half a mile. Recon only,
readings and samples. Questions?

CALLAGHAN, 30s, the senior Marine behind the Captain speaks.

CALLAGHAN
And if there are any --

CAPTAIN TURNER
Under no circumstances are you to
engage, we do not know the threat
level or what exposure could mean.

Callaghan nods and stands.

WHITTER and GRANT, both 20s, join Callaghan standing on the deck and proceed to check each other's unusual backpacks.

Each Marine pulls down a hidden visor from their helmets, it lights up with the soft glow of a map on a heads-up display.

They complete their preparation by slipping each arm into a bulky figure-of-eight shaped tubular unit.

With a rising hum, the true purpose of their equipment is revealed as they adjust the angle of their arms and hover a foot above the boat deck.

The three marines streak across the surface of the water, jet suits propelling them out of sight of the boat.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The Marines race across the ocean, just a couple of feet above the slight swell.

Ahead, a soft glow is visible, growing as they approach.

CALLAGHAN
Whit, flank right. Grant, left.

The other two Marines peel off, leaving Callaghan moving slowly forward in direct line to the glowing blue light.

The glow is Tic Tac shaped, fifty feet long, twenty wide, rounded ends, sitting ten feet below the water's surface.

The light pulses, like a heartbeat, changes colour to a deeper blue.

The Marines stop.

WHITTER

It supposed to do that?

GRANT

As long as that's all it does.

They hover, waiting for something else.

CALLAGHAN

Seems to be still again. Back to the mission, footage of every inch, I'll get the samples.

WHITTER

It's under the water, not a lot to get footage of.

CALLAGHAN

That's the mission, get to it.

The light pulses again, a deeper blue bordering on purple, and rises in the water, now just inches below the surface.

WHITTER

Now, what's it up to?

GRANT

Should we back off?

CAPTAIN TURNER (V.O.)

It is imperative that we get full intel, complete the mission asap.

The Marine's answer in unison.

MARINES

Sir!

The light pulses again, and the Tic Tac breaches the waves.

Now exposed, it is clear that the light emanates from a ring around the craft's sleek top.

CALLAGHAN

Sir, you seeing this?

CAPTAIN TURNER (V.O.)
Yes, now --

A hatch on the surface of the craft opens.

GRANT
Fuck.

CALLAGHAN
Steady.

A gloved hand appears from within the craft, waves.

WHITTER
Did it just wave?

CAPTAIN TURNER (V.O.)
Do not, repeat, do not engage.

CALLAGHAN
Sir, what is it?

CAPTAIN TURNER (V.O.)
Not what you think.

GRANT
You already know?

The hand is joined by another, and then a helmeted head and shoulders, thin torso.

Almost human.

WHITTER
We should shoot it.

GRANT
We can't shoot shit with these on.

He waves his hands, covered by the jet thruster units, to illustrate his point and wobbles about in the air.

ALIEN
Wow, where on earth did you get those antique suits?

WHITTER
What the fuck? You speak English.

ALIEN
Well, I suppose so, if that's what you are hearing.

CAPTAIN TURNER (V.O.)
Whitter, who are you speaking to?

WHITTER
The alien, can't you hear it?

ALIEN
Alien?

CALLAGHAN
It's in our heads, careful.

CAPTAIN TURNER (V.O.)
Disengage immediately, return to the
rendezvous point, now.

GRANT
You heard the man, time to leave.

The Marines angle their arm thrusters.

ALIEN
Wait, aren't you my rescue?

CALLAGHAN
What?

ALIEN
Rescue. After the crash, test flights
are always tricky but it's gonna work
one of these days.

CALLAGHAN
What test flight?

CAPTAIN TURNER (V.O.)
Leave now before it's too late.

ALIEN
I'm confused, did it work this time?

He takes his helmet off to reveal a young, smiling, man.

ALIEN (cont'd)
(mouth not moving)
Let's start again. I'm Samuel from
twenty ninety-six. What year is this?

FADE OUT

THE END