

ARRIVAL - A script for UFO 1996

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Introduction:

FX/MUSIC: Gentle but strange slightly electronic new age music, something with bubbles.

Camera pans along a complex array of coloured tubes, in the background out of focus is a wash of flashing and pulsing yellow, red, green and blue lights. The camera is following one particular tube carrying green fluid. This fluid passes through coils and there are bubbles running through it in one piece of the apparatus. The camera eventually reaches a large glass tank through which one can see a face, decidedly green in colour.

FX/MUSIC: Dramatic chord.

The camera pulls back and the outside edge of the tank is visible. The focus pulls so that one can see the previous lights in the background is a bank of 19 inch equipment racks filled with spectroscopic analysers etc.

DATA BURST LOWER LEFT OF SCREEN (covers two lines): July 19th 1994. London University - Department of Chemical Analysis.

The room is full of equipment, a typical chemistry lab, with three scientists in lab coats. Dr. Robert Fuller- an Egyptologist, Dr. Sven Angstrom- a chemist, and Peter Went- the technician.

Peter rips the printout from a chart-recorder and hands it to Dr. Angstrom, who overlays an acetate with another curve on it.

Dr. Angstrom: Well Bob, this is closer, but it's not what you're looking for, sorry.

Dr. Fuller: Damn! I really thought I had it this time.

Dr. Angstrom: Bob, look. I know how hard things are for you at the moment. This run was on the house, but I can't keep on devoting lab resources to you. It was tough that the research council pulled the plug on you, but you've been at this one for over twenty years. Don't you think it's time you gave it up, and let someone younger have a go?

Dr. Fuller: Do you think I'm past it Sven? Tell me, am I getting too old for it?

In the meantime, Peter is packing equipment away, and running a pink cleaning fluid (from a big bottle marked cleaning fluid) through the route we followed with the camera.

Angstrom: No, not at all. There's still plenty of life in you yet. It's me I'm worried about. I've analysed thousands of samples for you. Everything from "oil of wintergreen" to steeped papyrus leaf. So long as the money was there my superiors were happy for me to analyse this stuff, but now, well, you know how it is. Look, tell you what, you know my great grand-father was one of the explorers who went with Carter, he only got as far as Cairo, came down with a bout of food-poisoning, but Carter did entrust him with the safe return of some artefacts to England. Well, after my father died last year we were clearing out the house, and in the bottom of his desk was a notebook. I've got it for you in my office. I've been keeping it to give to you when you got back from Madagascar; and also to get your mind off this "missing substance"

track.

Angstrom and Fuller walk through a connecting door into an office. Peter is just finishing cleaning the machine, running distilled water through it. Angstrom opens his drawer and gives Fuller an old book

Angstrom (calling back into the lab): Thanks Peter, can you be in at 9 tomorrow?

Peter: Yes Dr. Angstrom. Good night.

Fuller (looking at book): Well, most of it's in code, but there's reference to a panel on the seal which was destroyed when the tomb was opened. Probably nothing in it, but it refers to a much, much older tomb that was located nearby to this one, but which had its entrance completely blocked during the construction of the more modern tomb.

Angstrom: Well there you go then, what about that eh? Why not fly out there with the last of the money from your travel grant and take a look?

Fuller (staring at book even closer now): Yes. I think I probably will.

The camera cuts to a close up of the book. It is a drawing of the panel, showing several hieroglyphs. The camera zooms in closer and there is one picture which is definitely like a "spinner".

FX/MUSIC: dramatic chords whilst....

freeze, and the UFO logo comes over the top.

FX/MUSIC: UFO incidental music

Shots of interior of SHADO HQ. People working at computers, radios etc. The camera is now panning along rows of consoles and monitors showing various displays.

DATA BURST LOWER LEFT OF SCREEN (covers two lines): September 5th 1996.
SHADO HQ.

The camera pulls up to eye level and we see the office door at the end of the control room. The camera then pulls around from that down a side corridor with offices off to the left and right. As the camera moves along we see signs like Accounting: Skydiver, Accounting: Moonbase, Security HQ, Special Investigations Team Room, then the camera settles on a door marked "Media Search Team".

The door opens and a woman carrying a clipboard with a printout on it exits. Before the door closes we see a room, about thirty feet in length, with about ten people, some reading Scientific Journals, some watching television, another with the Fortean times, another "surfing the 'net". The room has a handwritten sign pinned on the wall near the door, "The Paranoia Room".

The woman is Genna Stannings, head of the Media Search Team, whose job it is to search the Press and other media for UFO related incidents. The camera swings around and follows the Genna's bottom along the corridor again, and she stops at another door, next to the main office, marked "Paul Jennings - First Officer".

Pressing a door panel we hear a chime, and the door opens. Paul is sitting at his desk, pouring through reports.

Paul (without looking up): Yes Genna, what is it?

Genna: I think I've found something. An Egyptologist called Bob Fuller has just started a dig in the deserts of Egypt.

Paul: So?

Genna: Well, it would be curious for Dr. Fuller to be digging anyway, his topic of research has always been the embalming process, he's a mummies boy you might say. (Paul smiles). But this dig has uncovered something really strange. I wanted to ask you before I

showed it to the commander. (She hands Paul the clipboard).

The clipboard shows a page from "Current Research in Egyptology". It is a blow up of a wall plaque from a tomb. The plaque shows definitely depictions of a "spinner" spitting a lightning bolt towards a "King of Egypt".

Camera cuts to Paul's face

Paul: Where the hell is this place? This is a hoax surely? Get onto security, we must have a leak. Get me everything you know about Fuller. Paul begins to pick up the phone.

Cut from Paul picking up the phone to a closeup of a phone landing heavily onto its receiver.

Commander: Ok, Paul, what's it all about? That was the foreman from the construction site at the new skydiver-pen wanting to know why you've demanded that his team of tunneling experts fly to Cairo immediately. They'll have to stop work without that team there to advise on soil conditions. It had better be important.

Paul: It is. This is a shot of the wall of an ancient Egyptian tomb. Looks familiar doesn't it? I need to know if this is genuine, and the only way to do that is to ask Dr. Fuller. If it's a fake, we've got to destroy the tomb and find whoever set it up, and if it isn't then we need to get into the main burial chamber as quickly as we can. If this is what I think it is, then there could be the answers to a lot of questions down there. The expert team will be able to advise on the excavation equipment we need to get in there quickly.

Commander: This Dr. Fuller. What's his background?

Paul: Well, that's interesting too. He was offered the post of Professor of Egyptology at London University a couple of years back, when his last grant ran out. He refused the post, and headed off to do a preliminary dig. When he turned up this wall, he was awarded a grant to dig it up, but not much money. His last project went on for over twenty years. Sure it turned up some interesting new drugs and some ideas about the ancient Egyptian diet, crops, and such, but he...

Commander :Whoa Paul, slow down. I've got about as much idea about the ancient Egyptians as I do about the aliens. What was Fuller working on twenty years.

Paul: Sorry Commander. Fuller believed that by using modern analytical techniques he could discover more about the embalming process, he's a sort of mummies boy. (Commander fixes him with a steely stare, as if to say 'This is too serious for that' Paul is a little dissatisfied by this reception to his quip and carries on in a more serious tone of voice.) Well, anyway, he performed spectroscopic analysis on the remains of mummies and worked out the recipe used to make the embalming fluids. He did a good job too, but there was one substance he couldn't identify. He teamed up with a chemist at the same university, a Dr. Angstrom.

Commander: And this mystery substance is.....?

Paul: It's a complex polysaccharide, from its structure Dr. Angstrom theorized that it was able to bind to oxygen much like the haemoglobin in our blood, in fact he made a bit of money by selling the structure of it to a diving research team. We've used a derivative of the stuff ourselves on the deep-ocean project. But try as he might he couldn't identify where it came from. It was assumed to be from some extinct species of plant, a herb maybe. Anyway, the research council got fed up with funding his work, and in 1994 they refused his renewal application.

Commander: Then Fuller suddenly decided to give it up and go back to digging up coffins at..., how old is he?

Paul: Seventy-nine. Quite an undertaking for an old boy.

Commander: I don't like it Paul. There's something fishy here. Get together a security team and head off to Cairo. Meet up with the excavation team, and head out to the dig. In the meanwhile I'll get in touch with the research council and get them to contact Fuller. Oh, and there's an Egyptologist advising for a film on Stage 4. Get Miss Robbins to have him meet you at the airport. He's supposed to be the best there is. God knows the studio is paying him enough.

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On board the SHADAIR jet 10 minutes after leaving Luton airport. We can see Paul Jennings. The interior of the jet has tables, and a bar. Paul gets up and moves over to sit opposite Prof. Meadows, an old professor type in a tweed suit, no matter what the weather! He passes a couple of tables and nods to the people sat there. They are discussing sand dunes, soil etc. On another table there are two men in t-shirts and jeans dismantling a film camera and drinking beer from a couple of strange looking cans with a more bulbous top than usual. One of them knocks it over and nothing spills out, then as Paul passes he begins demonstrating this no-spill can to Paul by holding it over his own head and commenting "Isn't it marvellous what modern technology can do?"

Paul (sitting down at Meadow's table): So, Prof., have you heard of Dr. Fuller?

Prof. Meadows: Yes, of course, he's quite an accomplished researcher, and he should have been a professor by now, but he's one of those people who just like to get his hands dirty, if you know what I mean.

Paul: Good. Would you like to take a look around his latest dig site while you're there? I mean, assessing locations for filming can be pretty boring. His camp site is about 1/2 mile away from where plan to set up. I'll drive you over this evening.

Prof. Meadows: Thank you, that should prove most interesting. I read his preliminary report in "Current Research in Egyptology", fascinating. He believes that the whole process of mummification and burial in tombs arose almost overnight. Some sort of religious thing. I'll say that if he's right, something pretty strange must have happened. Mind you, knowing what the press are like nowadays as soon as they get wind of it they'll put it down to little green men in flying saucers. Those paperazzi have got a lot to answer for when it come to perpetuating these folk stories about UFO's and Mystical Lay Lines. All a load of old tommy-rot if you ask me. Still, I suppose that's what the people want. And if it increases the popularity of Egyptology then that's all the more money for me thank you very much. Am I boring you?

Paul (getting up): No, not at all Professor. But I must go and have a word with the pilot about our landing schedule, excuse me.

Prof. Meadows looks a little put out, then moves seats and looks through the seat backs at the techno's with the camera.

Prof: My that's a complicated looking camera, now when I was your age we didn't have anything that complex at all. I remember the Gobi expedition in 1953, we had two 8mm cine cameras, and one of them broke during the most....

The two technos look at each other then the scene fades back to the chemistry lab.

Back in the chemistry lab seen at the start of the show.

The door to the lab opens slowly and a head pops through the door. It is the head of Dr. Alsoon Villers, the SHADO chief medical officer.

Villers: Dr. Angstrom. Are you here?

Angstrom (from his office): Yes, yes, come through.

Villers walks through the laboratory to the office.

Villers: Dr. Angstrom? Hi, do you remember me at all?

Angstrom: Why yes of course, Alsoon, how could I forget my most promising student. Please sit down, how have you been? It's been so long.

Villers: Yes Dr. It has been quite some time, although it seems only yesterday since I was sat in that lab working on my project.

Angstrom: Quite. But what brings you back after so long? Is this just a social call?

Villers: Yes, and no. I believe that you know a Dr. Fuller?

Angstrom: Yes, he's over in Egypt digging up a tomb. I was the onewho gave him the notebook with the clue to it's location. What's it to do with you?

Villers: Please, bear with me Dr. You have been running spectroscopic analysis of various substances for him?

Angstrom: Yes.

Villers: Do you have the the profile curve of the "mystery substance"?

Angstrom: Yes, but look here...

Villers (holding up hand): Please Dr. Could you show me the exacttechniques that you used in the analysis?

Angstrom: Yes, it's no secret. Now can you tell me what this is all about?

Villers: I have here a sample of a fluid. Can you run this through the same procedure as soon as possible please?

Angstrom: Of course, as soon as Peter gets back from lunch I'll have him set up the equipment, but it will cost you, you know.

Villers (removing envelope from pocket): I can cover it, don'tworry. I have here two thousand pounds in cash, more than enough. You may put it towards getting some new equipment. And this is the liquid.

Angstrom(taking the vial of green liquid):Thank you. Where did this come from?

Villers: As you know Dr. Angstrom, when I was part way through my chemistry course I changed to medicine. From there I went on to do psychiatry and pathology. If you had been following my progress, then you would have lost track of me. I joined the military, as a medical adviser to a deep-sea diving project. We recovered a type of sea weed from a very deep trench, and my analysis shows a structure similar to that of Dr. Fuller's missing substance. I wanted to replicate the conditions of analysis exactly, to see if this plant extract is the same.

Angstrom: Why of course. Come on, I'll set up the run now. No time like the present.

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Still in the chemistry lab.

Dr. Angstrom has donned a white coat, and is reading a lab note book, whilst setting up various test tubes and coils. He takes the tube Villers is holding and inserts it upside down into a vessel. He then gives the vessel a twist and the liquid is sucked quickly down through a pipe.

Angstrom: The run should take about twenty minutes.

Villers: I can wait.

Angstrom: So, you've joined the fascist bully-boy brigade have you? You were always a pacifist. Why the sudden change of heart?

Villers: Not really a change of heart Dr. During my intern-ship I came across several military divers who had exceeded their depth limits during an accident on board a sub-marine. I used to chat to them whilst they were undergoing decompression; there aren't many decompression tanks can go that deep. Anyway, I became friends with them over the months they were there. They told me about the work they were doing, and I got interested, then

joined up. And shortly afterwards I married one of them.

Angstrom (looks shocked, then smiles): I see. Personal reasons. Can't blame you lad. When it comes to changes in people's attitudes, anything can happen. Take young Peter, my technician. He and his sister were attacked late one night whilst driving back from visiting a relative. The car was a wreck, Peter only just escaped with his life, and his sister was never seen again, no body found. Ever since that he's been a little bit odd, always asking questions about people, who they are, what they do. I think it's just to keep his mind off what happened.

Villers: Well, you never can tell with people, everyone's different. That's what makes psychology so interesting. How different everyone can be, yet also how similar.

The door to the lab opens, and Peter comes in.

Peter: Good afternoon Doctor. Oh, we have a visitor, hi.

Villers: Hello.

Angstrom: Peter, this is Dr. Villers. He's an ex-student of mine. His project-work led to the development of the C-11 electro-phoretic gel.

Peter: Dr. Villers, hello. Have I seen you before?

Villers: You may have seen my face on one of the old class photographs they insist on putting up around the place.

Peter: No, I'm sure it was more recent than that, but I just can't remember where. Never mind, it'll come back to me.

Villers(smiling slightly): Maybe.

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In the desert of Egypt we see a trail of three plain grey mobiles. They are low on the ground, much wider than they are high, with extremely wide tracks, one on each side. The underbelly of the centre is just two feet off the ground, and the vehicles give the impression of being equally at home on land, or in the water.

There are two glass panel escape hatches on the roof of the driver's compartment, which has a smoked glass screen. There are a number of smoked glass panels in the roof, but none on the sides of the vehicles, excepting the driver's wrap around windscreen. Leading up to the roof there are hand-holds on both sides of the vehicle. There is a large door at the rear of the vehicle.

Inside the vehicle there are four rows of seating in the passenger compartment and an open sliding door into the driver's cab. The seats are high backed, with padded seats, and a 'horse-shoe' pull-down seat restraint. (We see the same interior in the mobiles, indeed these are the mobiles. To convert into an armoured SHADO vehicle, two of the rows of seats can be removed, and large consoles fitted, plugging into power and data busses in the seat stems).

Prof. Meadows in being bumped around, his glasses keep falling off, and he can't read the magazine attached to the book rest on the back of the seat in front. There is a speaker in the collar around his neck, and a microphone in the front of the collar.

Meadows: Oh, oh dear, goodness me, whatever.... gracious, oh, I'm going to be sick I think. Another dip like that and I'll, oh!

Paul: Come now professor, Don't be worried, nearly there, only another hour to go.

Meadows: Groan, oh etc.

Cut to the outside again, and the mobiles are really going some down the dune, sliding on their bellies almost.

Cut to Dr. Fuller's camp, there are a number of modular units there with extended airlocks, but Dr. Fuller is battling with maps in the desert wind under a khaki tarpaulin propped

up with poles, tagged onto an old khaki tent. He obviously prefers the traditional accomodation on a dig.

In the distance we see the SHADO mobiles approaching over the dunes. A man comes out of one of the modular constructions, holding his hat on his head against the wind.

Man (shouting): Dr. Fuller, we've just received word on the radio that our guests are about to arrive, they should be here any minute now.

Dr. Fuller: Yes, I think these are them. Thanks, oh.

A map blows off and Dr. Fuller follows it. He heads towards the map, playing the "wait till the wind drops and we'll catch up with it oh no" game, but this time it gets stuck under the track of a mobile just pulling up.

The back door of the mobile flips down, and Paul Jennings walks down the ramp.

Paul: Ah, Dr. Fuller I presume?

Dr. Fuller: Yes, and you are.....?

Paul: Paul Jennings, one of the producers. Locations actually. Did you receive our message?

Dr. Fuller: Oh yes, yes, delighted. The only problem is that you've squashed my map.

Paul: Not to worry, come inside where we can talk.

They both climb up the embarkation ramp, and Paul presses a stud near the door, the ramp then pulls up with a clever flipping motion half way along it's length that frees it from the sand and tips most of the sand outside the vehicle. (The actual design is so that a semi-submerged mobile can still open the back door someway.)

Paul: That's better. Dr. Fuller, meet Professor Meadows. Professor Meadows, Dr. Fuller.

Paul presses another wall stud, and a section of the bulkhead between the passengers and drivers lights up with a map of the area, and three red dots, one flashing, appears. He passes a pen to Dr. Fuller.

Dr. Fuller: Oh, thank you, can I? (He gestures towards the map). Thank you.

Dr. Fuller draws on the map with the pen and blue lines appear.

Dr. Fuller: We have pitched camp here, and have uncovered a small obelisk just where we are, good guess heh? We've also uncovered another one here, and we believe there are two more, here and here. We've joined these up, and where they cross is where we're digging next. That's about it.

Meadows: Can we see the obelisk here please?

A red light above the cabin door begins to flash, Paul sees it.

Paul: You two go on and look at your rock. I'd better call the studio and tell them that we're here.

A technician opens the door, and takes his camera with him. Meadows and Fuller follow, then Paul closes the door, and takes a seat in front of the map. Pulling down the restraint he flips open a panel in the arm rest keys in a number and presses a button. The comanders face appears in place of the map.

Commander: Ah, Paul, you've arrived I see. Just to let you know that Villers has returned with the results of the analysis from Dr. Angstrom's lab. It's a near perfect match. The alien's helmet juice is the same stuff as is found in the embalming fluid of Egyptian mummies. We could be onto something here. The other thing is that a UFO has broken through the Outer Solar System defences. We're hoping that the inner system defenses will get it, but it seems to be using the 'magic mirror' effect again, so unless it slows to below lightspeed soon we'll miss it again.

Paul: But if it doesn't slow down, it'll go right past us, what's to worry about?

Commander: If it overshoots close enough to the atmosphere we'll lose it in the flareup. I've got a feeling that the aliens are close to cracking our offworld defenses with this one, I'd prefer not to take any chances. Sky four is stationed in the med. and can be with you in six minutes.

Paul: Thanks. But I don't think we'll need them. I'll report back in an hour.

He flicks off the viewer and scrambles the codelock again.

We are seeing Prof. Meadows and Dr. Fuller examining the top of an obelisk through a camera viewfinder. The obelisk is sticking out of the sand Prof. Meadows has a magnifying glass. The technician is using his camera to record what's going on. He zooms in on the obelisk. The image is rock steady. The viewfinder flicks through a bewildering array of false colours, and we see legends appearing at the top of the screen, UV, INfra- red, X-ray, Utronics, microwave. Then a list of substances scrolls past, then the image switches back to visual and a red arrow is pointing down. The technician points down, and a false colour x-ray appears, with a range indicator showing "maximum range 10 meters", we can see the obelisk extending off down below the sand, to a large square base, and a foundation below that. There is a white line running up the centre of the obelisk, which joins another three white lines running off into the distance. The camera pulls up again, following the line, til we see it stop just below the top of the obelisk.

The technician puts down his camera and gets a pen knife out of his pocket. He begins to dig away at the top of the obelisk. Dr. Fuller sees him and shouts, but the technician has knocked the tip of the stone off. There is a clear perspex-like rod jutting out from the knocked off top, it is glowing white, then red, then green, then white again. The technician reaches out and touches it, just as Paul enters the shelter. There is a brilliant flash of light, and an explosion rips the shelter apart. Of the technician there is just a wisp of smoke. Paul, Fuller and Meadows are lying on the ground, obviously badly injured.

The scene cuts to the Commanders office, where he is watching a jet-copter take off on his view screen. The driver of the mobile is there.

Driver: Well, that's them all off to Pen 5 medicenter. There should be a heavy transporter arriving soon with the tunnelling gear. I've had the mobiles survey the area following the power guides that killed Michealson. Seems that Fuller was a bit out on the four obelisks, there are eight of them, arranged as two squares. Are you going to be sending a replacement for Jennings?

Commander: No, not unless you find something more. I need everyone I can get to find the UFO from this morning. It approached at over light speed, then swung around the Earth just inside the atmosphere. We lost it in the flare up. It must have orbited twice before slowing enough to drop into the ocean somewhere. We sure as hell can't find it now. I'm not willing to bet that it's burnt up, they're too smart for that. No, you take command, you're the senior officer there. Get the tunnelling underway as soon as you can. Nothing elaborate, just small enough to get a probe camera through. Be careful of those wave guides too, I don't want to lose anyone else. And have the scanner data from Michaelson's camera uploaded to the central computers I want it analysed thoroughly. Oh, and if you don't screw up, there may be a promotion for you. Command out.

Commander looks worried, pauses for a moment then presses another button on his desk and a map of Egypt and the mediterranean come up. It has a red dot in the middle of the desert, a green dot in the med. a yellow dot moving towards a blue dot, and another yellow dot

approaching the red dot from the west. There are assorted blue dots all over the map joined by thin red lines, forming a large, rough hexagonal matrix. He picks up a stylus and begins to drag lines from some of the blue dots towards the blue dot marked Pen 5

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Back at the dig site, Tony Giovelli, the driver we saw talking to the commander is looking at a head-up display in the cockpit of the mobile. There is a map projected there with intersecting white lines on it. An expert from the tunnelling team is drawing on the map with a stylus.

Expert: We'll begin here, then head straight in. This surface is just all drift sand. Some of it is quite compressed it's been here centuries, but the mole will be able to cope easily especially if the tunnel is only two feet diameter. The equipment should be here any minute.

Outside the cockpit window we see a heavy transport touch down, and then lift off again, leaving two modules behind.

Tony: Let's get to it then.

He fires up the mobile, and using the differential drives slews the vehicle around to point towards the modules.

Tony: Mobiles 2 and 3. Remote mode. Converge and follow.

The other two mobiles (there are no drivers) startup and follow Mobile 1 towards the modules. Tony presses an illuminated button on the dash.

Tony: Mobile 2. Remote mode. My control.

He operates the controls, but the mobile Tony's in doesn't respond. Instead we see mobile two back up, and latch onto the module.

Tony: Mobile 2. Remote mode. Proceed to preset position Tee-1 alpha, then shutdown.

The mobile then heads off dragging the module behind it.

Tony repeats the same with mobile three and the second module, instructing it to go to Tee-1 beta.

Then he presses the dash again and powers the mobile back to the camp.

The scene changes to SkyDiver 4 in the Med.

Operative: Captain, we have a contact. Bearing two one three range 4k. Target bearing direct minus 10 speed 100 knots.

Captain: That's in a bit of a hurry. It's too fast for an Earth vehicle, it must be the UFO. Relay to SID1 immediately. Is the surface clear for a launch?

Operative, checking screen: Yes Captain, we'll be clear for five minutes.

The captain grabs his helmet, puts it on his head and lies down on a shaped bed at the side of the ops. room.

Loudspeaker SID1: This is SID1. Instructions for Skydiver4. Immediate launch Sky4. Diver4, arm weapons and intercept UFO. Repeat. Immediate launch Sky4. Diver 4, arm weapons and intercept UFO.

The captain presses a button on the wall and the bed shoots off down a tube towards the back of the sub. We see his face lit by flashing lights as he speeds down the tube towards Sky4. The bed emerges into a cockpit, then folds around into a chair. Two doors roll shut over the entrance to the plane. A huge rail appears out of the sea followed by Skydiver4. A bulbous hanger at the tail end opens up, and a sleek black jet rockets up the angled rail blazing fire, then the hanger closes, the rail sinks back onto the flat dorsal surface of the sub, which sinks again.

Operative 1: UFO's signal loaded into Manta firing system.

Operative 2: Fire 1.

Operative 1: Firing 1.

From outside the sub, we see a torpedoe like object shoot down the dorsal launch rail in a flurry of bubbles. Then it launches off the front of the sub and banks sharply right.

Operative 1: Manta 1. Locked and running true.

Operative 2: Load Manta 2.

We see another torpedoe emerge from a hatch and lock into place in the dorsal rail.

Operative 1: Manta 2. Ready.

Op1: Arm sting-guns. If Manta 1 misses it'll pass right by our noses.

Op2: Sting-guns ready. Manta 1 has failed to contact on initial pass. swinging round for second try.

Silence for a few seconds to build tension. We see the UFO pelting through the water, and Manta 1 explodes just below it. There is a massive cloud of bubbles, sediment etc. and the UFO emerges dragging part of the cloud with it, and trailing a little red smoke.

From the front viewports of diver4 we see the UFO shoots past, taking a quick pot shot at the diver, but hitting a reef below it, rocking the diver violently.

Op1: Fire sting-guns.

Op2 presses a button. A hail of silver bullets leaps from the nose of the diver and hits the UFO, which now is trailing lots of red smoke. Another bolt smashes into the mid-section of the diver. and another.

Op1: Fire Manta 2.

Op2: Dorsal rail inoperative.

Op1: Use the ventral launcher.

Op2: Also inoperative.

Op1: UFO's course.

Op2: Heading for the surface. It's not going to finish us off.

Op1: Thank God. Tell Sky4 to stand by.

Op2: Communications are out.

Op1: Damage report.

Op2: Severe damage. Bulkhead breeched mid-section, compartments beta 7 to 10 flooded. Alpha, beta and gamma decks are without power. No comms, no weapons. Propulsion limited to emergency battery surface speed.

Op1: It's up to the captain now.

Cut to above the waves where the UFO breaks surface, and heads off inland, wobbling violently, trailing red smoke. Occasionally it hits the water surface and sinks before emerging again. In doing this it smashes through a small fleet of tiny two man fishing boats.

Cut to the drilling site, where a large machine is pushing a two foot diameter rod into the sand. A huge pile of sand is spilling out of the side of the 'mole' into the top of a module, and a pipe is carrying a concrete like substance back into the mole.

Tony: How far?

Expert: About 3 meters. The lining material is set in the first 200 meters now. Any second now. There, we're in a hollow space. Give it another ten minutes for the liner to set.

Tony: I can't wait that long.

Expert: OK, Ok.

The pole is retracting, and sections of pipe are dropping, clag, into a hopper at the back of the mole. After a while, a drill head emerges, and is passed back into the mole, and winds up in

a special compartment in the hopper.

Tony (nodding to a team sat near a mobile): Go.

The team set a camera mounted in a sling with four supports into the tunnel, and Tony runs back into the mobile, and sits in front of the viewer.

The camera shows a grey lined tunnel wall moving past, then a light gets brighter and brighter. The camera emerges into a green lit room. There is a set of three columns in the center, and slabs around the edge of the room. The camera detaches from its cradle and elevates on a slender arm, panning.

Tony to commander on other viewscreen: Look at this. This is the first real glimpse we've had of the inside of a UFO.

On the slabs around the edge of the circular room are bodies, all shrivelled up, and all with organs removed and placed into jars. The bodies appear to be wrapped in bandages. The camera moves into the room, heading for the central columns. The front of one column is open and we can see an alien in a space suit of strange design with an elongated face plate, and two dark 'eyes' set into the helmet so that it looks like an Egyptian god.

Commander: Look at it. When the Egyptians saw this glowing UFO descend from the sky they must have thought it was some god's chariot. Come to take the souls of the dead to the afterlife. Someone, a very, very long time ago, must have seen the aliens preparing the captured bodies, dissecting them, removing organs. They may have thought that this was how the dead should be prepared for the afterlife. They built effigies of the UFO's, the closest they could engineer was a pyramid probably. My god, how long have the aliens been coming here? There's been no decay either. My guess is that either this UFO was not made to self-destruct, or the obelisks form sort of a preservative force-field. That must mean that this site was a landing pad. What happened?

Tony: We can really only guess commander. The only people who know for sure are long dead and buried.

Commander: Yes. Get a sample of that fluid, bring the camera out, then seal the tunnel. I'm having a team of SHADO's top scientists flown out now. I'll be joining them.

Tony: Any luck with the missing UFO?

Commander: Some. Skydiver4 located it in the med. It attacked, and damaged the UFO, but then we lost contact with diver4. Sky4 is attempting to locate the diver, the UFO was last sighted by Sky4 badly damaged and sinking just off the coast. There were twelve fishermen killed by the UFO when it smashed into their fishing boats. Those that survived the impacts were killed by the UFO's smoke.

Tony: I'm sorry to hear that Commander. Has the UFO wreckage been located?

Commander: No. Skydivers5 and 2 are heading there to assist in the search for diver4 and....

Female computer voice: Warning. UFO detected on proximity scanner. Bearing direct. Evacuate area.

Tony (shouting to others on loud-hail from mobile speakers): Everyone, get to the mobiles. Ricky, get that sample, now. Move it.

There's a lot of activity as everyone dives for the mobiles. Ricky grabs the camera drone and runs for the mobile. The mobiles are backing away, the tracking screens showing the UFO as a golden flashing light. A yellow dot is also coming in. The UFO crests a sand dune and a lance of white light sizzles down the tunnel into the centre of the UFO, exploding it in a massive blast. The sand dunes lift, and the mobiles are thrown about. Multiple missile

launchers spring out of the sides of the mobiles and rocket after rocket flares away towards the UFO. Sky4 screams in and releases a salvo of similar missiles. The UFO smashes down into the Mole and the pods, exploding violently. The entire area is covered with lightening as the obelisks discharge in a massive set of arcs. The people in the mobiles shield their eyes from this incredible display of pure energy, brighter than even the sun.

Fades white, then back to a pink blob, which then resolves into the face of the commander, leaning over the bed of Paul Jennings.

Commander: Well Paul, welcome back to the land of the living.

Paul: The Professor..?

Commander (sadly shaking his head): He didn't make it. Neither did Fuller.

Paul: What about the dig?

Commander: That was one that cost us dearly Paul. We lost three mobiles, a mole, our team of tunnel experts, and ten men. Most of Dr. Fuller's men had left the camp and were heading back to Cairo, but still five of them died. Diver4 has been damaged beyond repair, but thankfully we only lost 1 man there.

Paul: Was it a UFO?

Commander: That attacked or that was under the sand? Both. It seems that exposing the obelisk signalled the aliens that we were getting close to a landing site. Perhaps. Or maybe they thought we were ready to welcome them again? Who knows. Still they came, and they destroyed the UFO. It was in perfect condition too.

Paul: But if the aliens have been coming here for thousands of years, why haven't they taken over already? They could have established bases here, or, or, or well, all sorts of things.

Commander: Your guess is as good as mine. We'll have to put our heads together when you're feeling better. Until then it remains unsolved.

Paul looks queringly at the commander.

Commander: The riddle of the pyramids, Paul.

 END

Theme music etc etc.