

Blinking Blue

Written by

Jonah Droge

(818)-224-8151
Jdroge618@outlook.com

EXT. ASTEROID - SPACE

Thousands of crumbled rocks, pebbles, and mountains drift collectively against the void of space and stars.

A massive asteroid tumbles into view, dark. On its surface, a distant light **BLINKS BLUE**.

MUSIC CUE: A low percussive/synth thrum.

Against the rough terrain, we see it's a metallic pole, puncturing into the rock, with the light on its top.

A sleek spaceship descends onto the massive asteroid, 'landing' 20 yards from the light, drilling into the rock to fasten itself. "51st SPACEBORNE" is painted on the side.

Mechanical clanking precedes the spaceship's outer airlock hatch hissing open. EDWARD MATTHEWS, 50s, wearing a slim-fit black spacesuit with a clear visor pushes his way out towards the ground, landing according to procedure.

With each footstep, dust particles snap into place, outlining a small magnetic field around his feet before falling away.

He TROMPS towards the blue light, like wading through two feet of snow. The stars slowly ascend from the horizon line- the asteroid is **ROTATING**.

Another suited pair of feet IMPACT clumsily. WREN, 30s, wearing a similar space suit, steadies herself.

STANTON lands next to her, almost falling as well.

WREN

You good?

Everyone's speech is lightly GROUND UP by radio static except for Wren's, whose voice we hear from within her helmet.

STANTON

Yeah, yeah. Dandy.

WREN

Sweet, let's get going. Clock's a-tickin'.

(To the ship)

Hey! Keep an eye on Ellis for us!

Small white lights on the ship **ILLUMINATE** in-time with an artificial feminine voice. CORE, the ship's AI.

CORE

Of course. All entertainment will
be locked until your return.

ELLIS

(through the radio)
Oh, c'mon, really? That's how you
thank your chauffeur?

EDWARD MATTHEWS

Hey, you lot wanna do your jobs or
do we all need some babysitting?
CORE! How's our timeline?

CORE

We're halfway through the interval;
just over two minutes.

EDWARD MATTHEWS

(to Wren)
Hear that? I don't want any
unnecessary delays, so let's move!

Stanton mock winces at Wren, who stifles her laugh with a
smile. The pair start after Matthews.

Matthews arrives at the pole, kneels, connecting a wire from
his sleeve to the base of the pole.

Blocks of text begin to WRITE THEMSELVES across his visor.

EDWARD MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

(to himself)
...Geronimo...

WREN

What was that? Are you saying it's
positive?

EDWARD MATTHEWS

Possible, not confirmed. Take a
look, make yourselves useful.

Matthews taps a button on his wrist.

The same text builds itself on Wren's and Stanton's visors.

They both scan the data as it comes through with amazement.

WREN

Wow...

STANTON

Jesus... this is a goldmine. Radio waves are off the charts! We've never seen this much energy from a gas giant before.

WREN

And biomatter... but in pulses. Every hour, like it was orbiting the planet.

STANTON

Every hour? Anything going that fast would slingshot into space!

EDWARD MATTHEWS

Well, whatever it is, we need to find it fast. Everyone's gunnin' for this E.T. shit, let's not blow our lead. CORE! This real?

The white lights **IMMUNINATE** once more.

CORE

Yes, captain. The samples in -- probe read positive. And... and--

BEAT

Condensation on Wren's visor rises and falls with her breathing. Static CRACKS softly through her radio.

Matthews turns toward the ship, eyes narrow.

EDWARD MATTHEWS

CORE!

Static on the comms begins to BOIL.

MUSIC CUE: The thrum slowly crescendos.

CORE-... .- -VOYAGER

There is so much --

EDWARD MATTHEWS

What? --ay again? CORE!

VOYAGER

So much more --

The white lights SHUT OFF, the pole blinking on.

Matthews turns back to the Wren and Stanton.

EDWARD MATTHEWS
Anyone --ear wha-- it sai--?

The static rises along with a garbled gurgle... almost alien.

EDWARD MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Ellis! Ell-- -- ammit!

His mouth shouts ferociously, but Wren can no longer hear him. He waves dismissively and returns to his work.

Stanton grins at Wren, tapping his wrist as if wearing a watch. He presses a button on the temple-area of his helmet. His visor goes dark, hiding his face.

Wren, giddy, does the same, her visor TINTING immediately.

As if the sun were rising, light catches the highest tips of the spaceship. It moves down, BATHING the surface of the asteroid in a deep red-orange.

MUSIC CUE: The thrum ascends to a rumbling peak and holds. Jumbled speech transmissions and static are woven in. A GRAND MELODY AND NOISE.

Through Wren's dark visor, the light REVEALS her face. She smiles in wonderment. Her breathing accelerates as she lets a laugh escape. A faded reflection in her visor betrays thick orange and beige stripes of a **massive object**.

Stanton stands adjacent, chest heaving, fixated on the light.

Matthews focuses on the pole, ignoring the event. Wren nudges him. He bats away her arm, but reluctantly turns his head.

His eyes widen. Damn... maybe it's a little impressive.

All three stare, limp with amazement.

Ellis emerges from the ship, looking past Wren in awe.

ON ELLIS- still only hearing Wren, giggling and breathing. Wren's figure turns around and waves at Ellis, miming to take a picture. Behind her, the black void of space has been replaced with an blurry collage of intense orange color.

Ellis beams and gives a thumbs up. He taps a spot on his helmet; a camera lens pops out.

Behind Ellis, the ship's lights FLICK ON, this time **blue**. They PULSE, matching the rhythm of the pole. No one notices.

Wren smiles and throws her arms up.

Ellis, focuses on his shot. His helmet light flashes blue.

WOOSH! A RUSH of air.

END MUSIC CUE

Ellis's visor flies off his helmet. His eyes flood red, his face bloats...and the rest is hidden as his rigid body falls.

Silence.

Wren, FROZEN, watches him bounce off the surface and float up. The ship pulses blue behind him.

WREN

Ellis!

Stanton and Matthews still gaze upwards, clueless.

A panel on the ship slides back, revealing a gun turret. It locks into place, barrel rotating at the remaining three.

"EAT MY DUST" is scrawled on its base, beside a stamp of the American flag.

Wren turns toward Matthews, grabbing his shoulder. Matthews WHIRLS around, instantly catching a bullet in the face.

Wren lets out a cry, WHIPPING to Stanton - he's already limp, air escaping through a puncture in the back of his helmet, glass SHOOTING forward from his visor. He falls from view.

Wren, shaking, struggling to breathe, faces down the ship.

The pole continues to flash blue as we hear her uneven breathing. A cut-off scream. And nothing. **Complete quiet.**

TOP-DOWN of the pole and the ship, BLINKING BLUE in unison. The shadows of four bodies SLIDE across the ground (as their sources float away, unseen).

A horrific, grueling, static-filled SIMULATED BREATH, and--

VOYAGER

There is so much more... to life.

MUSIC CUE: A grand melody and noise **SLAMS** into us like a tidal wave, orchestral and static forces tearing us apart.

JUPITER, GARGANTUANLY OVERWHELMING, a brilliant beige-orange. And its EYE, an irrevocably churning storm. Silhouetted bodies tumble gently through its burning gaze.

END MUSIC CUE & CUT TO BLACK

TITLE:

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