

JIMMY WATSON AND THE LOCH NESS MONSTER

THE ROAD TO THE HIGHLANDS - THE ROOF RACK RIDDLE

FADE IN:

EXT. HERSTMONCEUX VILLAGE - NIGHT

A crisp winter night. The air glitters with frost. The Sussex Downs rise like sleeping giants beneath a sky of polished stars.

A faint glow spills from a garden workshop behind the Watson home.

INT. GARDEN WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Tools hang neatly on the walls. Strange blueprints and half-finished gadgets clutter the benches.

JIMMY WATSON, 12, bright-eyed and determined, whispers conspiratorially to a towering robotic creature beside him.

JIMMY

(whispering, breath fogging)

Now remember the rules, Anthony. Mum said this is a family holiday. No projects, no coding... and definitely no giant robotic Bulldog Ants.

ANTHONY, the AI Dinobot – iridescent blue-black armour, multifaceted amber eyes – tilts his head thoughtfully. His voice hums like a cello made of electricity.

ANTHONY

Observation: I am a member of the family, Jimmy. My database defines "family" as a social unit living together. Also, my sensors indicate Scotland contains 31,460 freshwater lochs. Probability of needing a Dinobot for aquatic exploration: 98.4%.

Jimmy grins, patting Anthony's metallic thorax.

JIMMY

I knew you'd say that. But you've got to be a stowaway. Dormant Cargo protocol. Can you do it?

ANTHONY

Initiating "Luggage Mode."

A series of elegant whirs, clicks, and mechanical folds. Anthony collapses in on himself like a transforming puzzle box – legs tucking, mandibles retracting, abdomen compressing – until he becomes a sleek, rectangular block of advanced tech.

Jimmy strains to lift him – until Anthony assists.

EXT. WATSON DRIVEWAY – MOMENTS LATER

The family Volkswagen Kombi camper Kombi van, light and dark blue two-tone, sits under a sheen of frost.

Jimmy helps Anthony onto the roof rack, aided by a discreet burst from Anthony's hidden thrusters.

JIMMY

Perfect. Now... cloaking on.

A ripple passes over Anthony – like moonlight bending. He vanishes into a shimmering distortion.

Jimmy throws a heavy frost-proof tarp over the "empty" space and ties it down with sailor-worthy knots.

JIMMY

Hold that position. And keep your heaters low. No turning into a giant ice cube.

A tiny, muffled voice from beneath the tarp:

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Scanning... Temperature regulated. Stealth maintained. I shall remain as silent as a Scottish moss-grown stone.

Jimmy smiles, satisfied.

FADE TO:

EXT. WATSON HOUSE - DAWN

The world is white with hoarfrost. Sunlight glitters across the village.

TIM WATSON, Jimmy's dad, 40s cheerful and slightly chaotic, does a proud Dad-Dance around the Kombi, checking tyres and oil with exaggerated seriousness.

TIM

Tires good... oil's golden. Right then! Let's get this show on the road!

MARION WATSON Jimmy's mother, late 30s, emerges, wrapped in a scarf long enough to tow a tractor. She eyes the bulky tarp on the roof rack.

MARION

That's a lot of gear, Jimmy. I thought we agreed on light packing?

Jimmy freezes. A bead of sweat forms despite the cold.

JIMMY

It's... mostly blankets. And, um... heavy-duty tarps. In case it rains.

Marion softens, ruffling his hair.

MARION

You're a thoughtful lad. And what's got you grinning like a Cheshire cat?

Jimmy shrugs, trying to look innocent.

JIMMY

Just excited to see Cousin Rhona. I've got a feeling this trip's going to be unforgettable.

TIM

Too right! Destination: Drumnadrochit! Loch Ness, here we come!

Tim slides the Kombi's side door shut with a satisfying THUNK.

INT. KOMBI CAMPER VAN – CONTINUOUS

The engine sputters, coughs, then bursts into a friendly pop-pop-VROOM.

Jimmy glances upward. He can't see Anthony – but he feels a faint vibration through the chassis. A secret heartbeat.

EXT. HERSTMONCEUX – CONTINUOUS

The Kombi rolls down the frosty lane, exhaust puffing like a dragon waking from sleep.

Above, hidden beneath tarp and cloaking field, Anthony rides silently – the first piece of a mystery that will follow them all the way to the Highlands.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

THE ROAD TO THE HIGHLANDS – THE ROOF RACK RIDDLE

THE M1 MIRAGE

FADE IN:

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY – DAY

A salt-crusted ribbon of tarmac stretches north through a landscape dusted with snow. The sky is pale, the air shimmering with icy gusts.

A bright blue-and-white Volkswagen Kombi camper van hums along the motorway, its roof rack covered by a heavy yellow-tarped bundle.

INT. KOMBI CAMPER VAN – CONTINUOUS

Inside, it's cozy. The scent of peppermint tea mingles with the soft mechanical hum of the engine.

TIM WATSON, cheerful and rugged, grips the wheel with practiced ease.

TIM

Next stop, Edinburgh! Thank heavens for this heater, eh? Look at that slush out there. It's a proper winter wonderland, and we're sitting in here like three peas in a very warm pod.

MARION WATSON, wrapped in a knitted scarf, smiles from the galley kitchen. She pours hot water into a teapot.

JIMMY WATSON, watches the snowy world blur past. He's curled in a blanket, eyes flicking to the wing mirror.

EXT. KOMBI ROOF – CONTINUOUS

Beneath the tarp, ANTHONY, the Magic Dinobot, is curled into a compact hexapod form. His titanium and carbon-fibre body hums faintly. His camouflage flickers – a shimmering distortion in the air.

A sudden gust of wind lashes across the motorway. The tarp flaps violently, ropes straining.

For a split second, the canvas lifts.

INT. EIGHTEEN-WHEELER CAB – SAME TIME

BIG BILL, a burly trucker with a weathered face, squints through his windshield.

He sees... a hole in reality.

A shimmering patch of sky, folded and tucked onto the Kombi's roof. Then – the tarp snaps back down, smoothed by invisible hands.

Bill's eyes widen. He slams the brakes.

BIG BILL

By the stars...

He grabs his radio handset.

BIG BILL (CONT'D)

Motorway Police, come in. This is Haulier 4-9. I've just seen a... a shifting ghost. On the roof of a blue and white Kombi. It adjusted its own blankets, it did!

INT. MOTORWAY POLICE STATION – MOMENTS LATER

A young POLICE CONSTABLE listens, bewildered. He turns to his SERGEANT, holding the phone away from his ear.

CONSTABLE

Sarge, we've got another one. Says a ghost is tucking itself into bed on top of a camper van near Leeds.

SERGEANT

Tell him ghosts don't exist, and tarpaulins don't have

hands. Tell him to pull over, get a strong coffee, and have a long lie-down. Honestly, the things people see when it starts to snow...

INT. KOMBI CAMPER VAN – CONTINUOUS

Jimmy watches the truck slow down, peeling off toward a motorway diner. His heart thuds.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Oh no. Anthony's been spotted.

He exhales slowly, fingers uncurling. His stomach growls.

FLASHBACK – EXT. CORNWALL COAST – MORNING

A memory flickers: Jimmy at a seaside café, golden eggs and sizzling bacon on a plate. His mum surfing the Atlantic waves.

BACK TO PRESENT – INT. KOMBI CAMPER VAN

Marion watches Jimmy with knowing eyes.

MARION

Anyone like a cup of tea? And I've got some digestive biscuits. It's a long way to the border.

JIMMY

Oh, yes please, Mum.

Tim nods, eyes on the road.

TIM

Tea and biscuits. Perfection. We'll be in Scotland before the sun goes down.

EXT. KOMBI ROOF – CONTINUOUS

Beneath the tarp, Anthony sends a tiny encrypted pulse to Jimmy's phone.

On screen: A single emoji: a snowflake, ❄️, followed by a thumbs-up.

The secret is still safe. Even if it's a very chilly secret.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

THE ROAD TO THE HIGHLANDS – THE M1 MIRAGE

HEATER & HUMMING, M90 BLIZZARD

EXT. M90 – SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS – DAY

A white void swallows the motorway. Snow whirls in frantic spirals, thick enough to erase the world.

Through the blizzard, a two-tone blue VW Kombi – MISS OCEAN – crawls forward, its headlights glowing like enchanted lanterns.

INT. MISS OCEAN – CONTINUOUS

The cabin glows warm and sapphire-blue, a stark contrast to the storm outside.

The engine hums – deep, confident, almost alive – echoing faintly like a creature purring in its sleep.

TIM (practical, kind-eyed) leans forward, squinting through the windscreen.

TIM

(softly)

That's strange...

He glances up. The roof lining glows orange from the new heater – but patches of snow above it melt in perfect circles, as if touched by invisible fingertips.

TIM

Marion, look at the roof. The snow's melting in little.. circles.

(beat)

And do you hear that? Like a hive of very polite bees hitching a ride.

MARION (sharp, warm, perpetually worried) grips the dashboard.

MARION

Never mind the bees and the circles, Tim! I can't see the spare wheel in front. Are you sure you can?

In the back seat, JIMMY (12, bright, curious) sits between the sliding doors, eyes darting between the storm and the roof.

He hears the humming too – low, resonant, almost magical.

Jimmy peers through the windscreen. The snow curves away from the glass, as if brushed aside by an unseen hand.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Aerodynamics... or is Anthony projecting a thermal shield?

JIMMY

Are we there yet?

Tim and Marion exchange a look in the rearview mirror – a tired but affectionate smile.

For a moment, the storm fades, and they're young again, driving through Devon rain.

Tim squeezes Marion's hand.

TIM

Just like old times.

EXT. M90 – CONTINUOUS

CRUNCH.

A wall of red light explodes ahead – the LED tail-lights of a massive articulated truck.

INT. MISS OCEAN – CONTINUOUS

TIM

Whoa!

Tim slams the brakes.

The Kombi shudders, tyres clawing at the slush.

The van skids – then steadies – stopping inches from the truck's bumper.

Tim hits the hazard lights. Red pulses flash through the storm.

He exhales shakily.

TIM

Thank heavens for those new brakes. And those wider tyres you insisted on, Marion.

MARION

Good job, Miss Ocean.

She pats the dashboard like one might pat a loyal hippogriff.

EXT. MISS OCEAN – ROOF – SAME MOMENT

The sudden stop sends the invisible cargo – something long, metallic, and faintly shimmering – sliding forward under its ropes.

A faint electronic chitter escapes into the storm.

INT. MISS OCEAN – CONTINUOUS

Jimmy winces. A tiny synthesized voice echoes in his mind – a telepathic whisper through his watch.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Warning. Deceleration exceeded comfort parameters.

Also, my mandibles are vibrating.

Please advise the pilot that I am not a sack of potatoes.

Jimmy stifles a laugh.

JIMMY

(whispering toward the roof)

You okay, Anthony?

MARION

(turning)

Did you say something, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Just talking to my tablet! Checking the GPS.

We're nearly at Drumnadrochit!

The truck ahead lurches forward.

Miss Ocean follows, her paintwork now crusted with salt and ice – but her spirit, and her secret passenger, undimmed.

Outside, the storm thins just enough to reveal a dark, endless stretch of water.

LOCH NESS.

Waiting.

Watching.

THE DRUMNADROCHIT WELCOME

EXT. HIGHLAND ROAD – DUSK

A fine, glittering mist drifts across the rugged hills. Snowflakes shimmer like tiny spells as a two-tone blue van rattles up a gravel driveway bordered by ancient, lichen-covered stone walls.

The headlights sweep across a storybook Highland cottage—whitewashed stone, slate roof, and a chimney puffing warm peat smoke into the cold air.

MARION WATSON presses her face to the window, enchanted.

MARION

(softly, to herself)

It's like something out of The Quiet Man... only colder. John Wayne.

The van stops. Marion slides open the door and steps out into the biting air.

EXT. RHONA MACLEOD'S COTTAGE – CONTINUOUS

RHONA MACLEOD late 30s, bursts out of the front door, wrapped in wool and joy.

MARION

Rhona, this is fabulous!

The cousins embrace in a flurry of scarves and laughter.

TIM climbs out of the driver's side, still dazed by the scenery. He pats the van affectionately.

TIM

Is the parking alright there, Rhona? Don't want to block the lane.

RHONA

(laughing)

Perfect, General! Though I must say—surfing wagons aren't common in a Highland winter.

Marion blushes. JIMMY hops out, practically vibrating with excitement.

JIMMY

She's historic! High-pressure oil pump and everything!

Rhona's eyes sparkle.

RHONA

And all that gear on the roof—does it need to come in? Weather's a fickle beast.

JIMMY

(startled)

Oh—no! No, no. Very... specialized. Best left under the tarp.

Rhona raises an eyebrow but smiles.

RHONA

Well then. Come inside, all of you. Warm yourselves.

They follow her toward the cottage.

INT. RHONA'S COTTAGE – LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

The cozy crofter exterior gives way to a wizard-like laboratory: glowing sonar screens, tangled cables, corkboards covered in grainy black-and-white photos of mysterious shapes in water.

Jimmy's jaw drops.

JIMMY

Wow... Miss MacLeod, what is all this?

Rhona's expression softens, then dims.

RHONA

My life's work, Jimmy.

Marion studies a photo of a dark, curved shape breaking the surface of a Loch.

MARION

Are these... what I think they are?

Rhona hesitates.

RHONA

Yes. Though the locals think I'm chasing ghosts. They say I'm just feeding the legend.

Jimmy's watch vibrates silently. He glances down.

INSERT – WATCH SCREEN:

SCANNING ENVIRONMENT. LOCATION STABLE. REQUEST: DISMOUNT.
BARN WITH DRY CARBON-BASED VEGETATION DETECTED. THERMAL
MASKING IDEAL.

Jimmy taps quickly.

JIMMY (TEXTING)

STAY PUT, MAXIMUS. HIBERNATION MODE ONLY. COMPLIANCE?

A beat.

COMPLIANCE.

Jimmy exhales.

INT. RHONA'S COTTAGE – STAIRCASE / GUEST ROOMS – LATER
Rhona leads them up a narrow wooden staircase. The rooms are simple, warm, and filled with the scent of dried lavender.

MARION

It's beautiful, Rhona. Thank you.

RHONA

Dinner's nearly ready. I hope no one objects to Haggis?

Jimmy freezes.

JIMMY

Is... is it a bird?

Marion laughs.

MARION

No, dear. More like a very large, spicy sausage.

JIMMY

If it's food, I'm in.

His stomach growls loudly. Everyone laughs.

INT. RHONA'S COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A heavy oak table. A steaming Haggis sits proudly in the center, surrounded by mountains of creamy mashed potatoes—tatties.

RHONA

I grew the potatoes myself, Jimmy. Hope you like them mashed.

JIMMY

Like them? I love them.

He piles tatties onto his plate.

RHONA

And school? Marion says you're quite the whiz.

MARION

Top in robotics.

Rhona's eyes light up.

RHONA

Marvelous. Any projects on the go?

Jimmy hesitates.

JIMMY

Yes, cousin Rhona—

RHONA

(smiling)

Just Rhona. We're family.

Jimmy beams, a little shy but clearly fond of her.

He takes a brave bite of Haggis. Everyone watches.

JIMMY

Mmm! It's good! Really meaty! And the potato—so creamy!

Tim and Marion sigh with relief.

DINNER CONTINUES – LIGHT, WARM, MAGICAL

JIMMY

So... how do you pronounce the name of this place? The sign looked like a secret code.

RHONA

(laughing)

It's just as it's written: Drum-na-drochit.

JIMMY

Drumanchit?

(tries again)

Drum-chint-nacht?

The table erupts in laughter—even Tim wipes tears from his eyes.

RHONA

Not bad! Try again.

JIMMY

Drum-na-drochit.

RHONA

Perfect.

A warm silence settles. Jimmy glances out the window toward the dark, still Loch.

The wind whispers across the water.

Somewhere out there... something stirs.

And somewhere on the roof, hidden beneath a tarp, a mechanical giant waits patiently for nightfall.

END SCENE

THE DEBUNKER'S VENOM

EXT. DRUMNADROCHIT VILLAGE – TWILIGHT

A cold Highland dusk settles over the village. Stone cottages glow like amber lanterns, their windows flickering with firelight. Mist curls around chimney pots like lazy ghosts.

Jimmy walks beside RHONA, TIM, and MARION, following a creaking pub sign:

THE KELPIE'S BRIDLE – a stylized monster restrained by a silver chain.

The sign swings ominously in the wind, giving a Scooby-Doo-style creeeeeeek.

INT. THE KELPIE'S BRIDLE – CONTINUOUS

TIM leans his weight into the heavy oak door. It groans open like the entrance to a haunted mansion.

A wave of heat, peat smoke, and malt vinegar rolls out.

The floorboards squeal a high-pitched cree-ee-eeak – the unmistakable “stranger alert.”

Heads turn. Eyebrows rise. A dog in the corner growls suspiciously.

The pub interior looks built from the bones of ancient ships:

soot-stained beams overhead,

a fireplace big enough to roast a small dragon,

walls cluttered with Nessie lore: blurry photos, plaster casts of “footprints,” and a glass case containing a “monster tooth” that is very obviously driftwood.

At the center stands ANGUS CAMPBELL, 50 ish, loud tweed jacket, whisky held like a sceptre. He's pure Scooby-Doo villain energy – the kind who'd shout “I'd have gotten away with it too!” after being unmasked.

ANGUS

(shouting to the room)

I'm telling ye, Hamish! It's all fairy stories for fleecing tourists! Theatrical cobwebbery!

He spots Rhona. His eyes narrow.

ANGUS

Ah! Speak of the devil! The “Professor” from up the hill.

Wasting good grant money on sonar pings and shadows. A disgrace to the Highlands, MacLeod!

Jimmy bristles, cheeks flushing.

RHONA

(quietly, to Jimmy)

That's Angus Campbell. Runs a skeptic blog. Thinks wonder is a waste of money.

She leads the family toward the bar.

AT THE BAR

Behind the polished mahogany stands HAMISH "THE HAMMER" MACGREGOR – 45 ish, a mountain of a man with a beard like a gorse bush and arms like tree trunks.

He slams a pewter tankard onto the bar.

THUD.

Angus jumps, nearly spilling his whisky.

HAMISH

Ah, welcome, Rhona!

He beams at Jimmy.

HAMISH

And who's this? A new assistant for the Professor?

RHONA

My cousins from the south.

(to Angus, politely)

Nice to see you too, Angus. Still shouting at the furniture, I see.

Angus splutters. Hamish raises a warning eyebrow.

HAMISH

Let's keep it friendly. The usual, Rhona?

RHONA

Yes please. Jimmy, what would you like? The Highland selection is... traditional.

Jimmy stands on tiptoes.

JIMMY

Do you have any Solar Cola, Mr. MacGregor?

Hamish freezes mid-polish.

HAMISH

Now that's strange. Got a crate in last week. Hikers from the Pacific Crest trail swore it kept their energy up.

Jimmy lights up.

JIMMY

I'll have one!

MARION

Make it two, Hamish.

Hamish pops the tops. A citrus-honey aroma drifts through the pub like a spell.

HAMISH

Fine brew. Heard about that chap – Storm, was it? Fed this stuff to a wounded whale in the Pacific. If it's good enough for a whale, it's good enough for me.

Rhona smiles, tension easing.

Angus hovers nearby, muttering.

ANGUS

Road-trippers, eh? Welcome to the land of thistles. Just don't let the Professor convince you logs have flippers. You'll go home looking like right gowks.

Jimmy takes a long sip of Solar Cola. He looks at Angus, then at his parents, then at Rhona.

A shimmer of determination crosses his face – the same look Scooby-Doo kids get right before solving the mystery.

JIMMY

We like stories about monsters, Mr. Campbell.
But we like the truth even more.
And sometimes, the truth is a lot bigger than people think.

Hamish lets out a bark-like laugh.

HAMISH

Well said, lad. Well said.

The fire crackles. The pub murmurs. Outside, the wind howls across the Loch – as if something ancient is listening.

A PING IN THE DARK - THE ANCIENT HEARTBEAT

EXT. GREAT GLEN - NIGHT

A velvet-black night settles over the Great Glen. The wind sighs through the pines. The Loch lies still and dark, like a sleeping giant.

INT. RHONA'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Warm lamplight flickers across the crofter-style cottage. The air is thick with woodsmoke and the thud-thud of suitcases dragged across old floorboards.

JIMMY WATSON - wide-eyed and jittery, stands by a frost-etched window, pretending to study a spider web. But his

eyes keep darting toward the darkness outside.

Across the room, TIM WATSON – father, General, master of spotting trouble – helps MARION with bedding. He looks relaxed... but Jimmy knows better.

CLOSE ON: JIMMY'S WRIST

A sudden sharp pulse.

Not a buzz – a hammering vibration that seems to tap straight into his bones.

Jimmy ducks his head, shielding the watch from view.

On the display:

ANTHONY (text):

Warning. Long-range bio-scanners have locked onto a signature.

Displacement: Immense.

Heartbeat: Ancient.

Temperature: Sub-thermal.

It is... shifting.

Jimmy's eyes widen. He types quickly.

JIMMY (text):

What does that mean? Is it a whale?

Instant reply:

ANTHONY (text):

Negative. Freshwater lifeform. Morphology consistent with Plesiosaur.

Jimmy... it is looking back at me.

Jimmy freezes. A shiver runs down his spine.

JIMMY

(whispering)

No... it can't be.

CUT TO: UNDERWATER – THE LOCH

Darkness. Silence. Then—

A massive silhouette glides through the peat-stained depths.

The creature tilts its long, serpentine neck. Curious. Ancient. Listening.

A soft, digital hum – Anthony's signal – ripples through the water.

The creature responds with a low, thrumming vibration, a sub-sonic call that travels:

through the rock,

through the wheels of the VW Kombi,

straight into Anthony's sensor-legs.

CUT BACK TO: JIMMY'S ROOM

Jimmy's watch vibrates again.

ANTHONY (text):

Jimmy! The creature is responding. Patterned frequency detected.

It is attempting to communicate.

Logic centers overwhelmed.

What do we do?

Jimmy's heart pounds like a trapped bird. His face turns crimson.

He opens his mouth to shout—

MARION (O.S.)

Jimmy? Are you quite alright, love?

Jimmy jumps a full foot. MARION stands in the doorway, towels in her arms, concern on her face.

MARION

Your face is like a beetroot, son. You're not coming down with something, are you?

Jimmy forces a huge, manic grin and throws his arms around her.

JIMMY

I'm fine, Mum! Just excited! Mountain air! And the Haggis!

TIM appears behind her, wiping his hands on a rag. His eyes narrow – the trained gaze of Military Intelligence.

TIM

You've got a lot of energy for a boy who's been in a van for ten hours.

Jimmy hugs him too – fiercely.

JIMMY

I just love it here, Dad! And Auntie Rhona – she's the coolest person ever!

Tim laughs, suspicion melting.

TIM

She is a marvel. Right then – bed. Big day tomorrow. Down to the shore.

JIMMY

Night, Mum! Night, Dad! Love you!

Jimmy scuttles to his room and bolts the door.

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy leans against the door, gasping. He glances at the window – the path to the Loch gleams faintly in the moonlight.

Tempting. Too tempting.

He taps a final message.

JIMMY (text):

Do nothing for now. Maintain contact, but do not ping back.
We need to stay invisible.
I need sleep. Stay safe, Anthony.

A beat.

ANTHONY (text):

Compliance, Jimmy.
I am watching the water.
The Ancient Heartbeat is still there.
Goodnight.

Jimmy crawls into the crofter-style bed, heavy wool blankets swallowing him.

The floorboards hum – faint, rhythmic, alive.

The Loch is speaking.

And the legend...
is no longer a legend.

THE STOWAWAY REVEALED

EXT. GREAT GLEN - DAWN

The first pale rays of morning creep over the jagged Highland peaks. Frost clings to the windows of RHONA'S COTTAGE, glittering like a thousand tiny diamonds.

A soft, distant SNORING drifts from inside – deep, rumbling, and unmistakably belonging to TIM WATSON.

INT. RHONA'S COTTAGE – UPSTAIRS HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS
MARION WATSON slips out of bed, feet sinking into plush, fur-lined slippers, a Christmas gift. She wraps herself in a fluffy dressing gown that looks like it was knitted from clouds.

She glides down the hallway, serene – until she steps on a single, ancient floorboard.

CREAK.

INT. JIMMY'S ROOM – SAME MOMENT

JIMMY'S eyes snap open instantly – alert, sharp, almost electrified.

Solar Cola still hums through his veins like bottled sunlight.

He scrambles to the window and taps his watch.

JIMMY (whispering)

How was the night, Maximus?

His watch vibrates.

ANTHONY (V.O., polite, metallic)

Impervious to the Highland chill. Energy at forty-two percent.

I require a solar top-up, but the local star is currently

obstructed by a cloud shaped like a sheep.

Jimmy grins despite himself.

INT. KITCHEN – MOMENTS LATER

RHONA MACLEOD is already up, bright-eyed, stirring porridge like a witch brewing something important.

Jimmy bounds in, hugging Marion as he enters.

JIMMY

Morning, Mum! Morning, Rhona!

He turns to Rhona, trying to sound casual – and failing.

JIMMY

So... about those grainy pictures. Anything... big?

Rhona sighs, leading him toward her lab.

RHONA

I wish, Jimmy. But the skeptics say my pings are gas bubbles or shoals of fish.

EXT. DRIVEWAY – SAME TIME

Marion steps outside into crisp Highland air. She reaches up to the roof of MISS OCEAN, grabbing the edge of a heavy yellow tarpaulin.

MARION

Right... come here, you stubborn thing.

She yanks the tarp back.

ON THE ROOF – CONTINUOUS

ANTHONY, hidden beneath the tarp, instantly dials his camouflage to maximum.

The tarp hangs over... nothing.
Or rather – something invisible, shimmering like a heat haze.

Marion blinks.

MARION (whispering)
That's not possible...

She reaches out.

CLUNK.

Her knuckles hit solid carbon-fibre.

She yelps, recoiling.

MARION
Jimmy... Jimmy Watson!

ON THE ROOF – CONTINUOUS
Anthony realises the game is up.
He drops the cloak.

The shimmering air collapses into the sleek, blue-and-silver form of a DINOBOT.

ANTHONY (polite bow)
Hello, Mrs Watson.
How are you today?
Your slippers appear very efficient.

Marion points at the ground like Professor McGonagall catching a student out of bed.

MARION

Down. Now.

Then she bellows:

MARION

JIMMY! JIMMY!

INT. RHONA'S COTTAGE – TIM'S ROOM – SAME TIME

TIM jolts awake, hair wild, dressing gown askew.

TIM

What's the hubbub? Is the VW okay?

He stumbles outside – sees Anthony – freezes.

TIM

Oh cripes. He's for it now.

EXT. DRIVEWAY – CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Rhona rush out. Jimmy sees Marion's face and goes pale.

JIMMY

Sorry, Mum...

MARION (furious)

SORRY?

Where's the trust, Jimmy?

You smuggled a... a military-grade robot project on a family holiday!

Tim tries to look stern but fails spectacularly.

Rhona, meanwhile, looks like she's been hit by a bolt of magical lightning.

RHONA

Jimmy... what... who is this? Who is Anthony?

Marion jumps in.

MARION

You know Jimmy's robot project? The one we mentioned?

Rhona nods – then Anthony flicks his cloak off again.

Rhona performs a perfect Highland vertical jump without moving her feet.

TIM (cheering)

Good jump, Rhona!

CLOSER – JIMMY AND ANTHONY

Jimmy steps forward, serious now.

JIMMY

This is Anthony, Rhona.

And I know I broke the rules...

but you have to listen.

He looks at his parents.

JIMMY

Anthony isn't just a project.

He's a walking sensor.

And last night... he picked up a signature in the Loch.

Tim's General voice returns.

TIM

Jimmy, no tall tales. Don't use a legend to get out of trouble.

Jimmy gulps.

JIMMY

It's not a tale.
Anthony – please.

Anthony steps forward, eyes glowing amber.

ANTHONY

Jimmy is on point, Mr Watson.
There is a large creature in the water.
Displacement: thirty to thirty-five tons.
Morphology: non-standard.

Tim smirks.

TIM

Good yarn, you two. Nearly had me.

Marion softens, pulling Jimmy into a one-armed hug.

MARION

Oh, come here, you little smuggler.

But Rhona isn't smiling.

She's staring at Anthony.

Then at the Loch.

Then back at Anthony.

Her mind is whirring like a Hogwarts clockwork contraption.

RHONA (breathless)

Wait... did you say thirty tons?

Anthony turns politely.

ANTHONY

Correct, Professor MacLeod.

Would you like to see the frequency response?

It was... a greeting.

Rhona gasps.

RHONA

He talks!

He talks... and he has better sonar than the Royal Navy!

She grabs Jimmy by the shoulders.

RHONA

Jimmy – bring him inside.

We have work to do!

THE LOGIC OF LEGENDS, SECRETS OF THE DEEP

INT. RHONA'S LABORATORY – DAY

The laboratory hums with a strange, enchanting energy – a blend of ancient stone walls and futuristic robotics.

Copper pipes snake along the ceiling like enchanted serpents. A faint blue glow pulses from a cluster of

hydrophones.

RHONA MACLEOD paces the room, hair slightly wild, eyes darting between her framed certificates and the DINOBOT perched politely on a reinforced stool.

RHONA

(whispering, incredulous)

I've spent two years calibrating those hydrophones, Jimmy... and this metallic marvel of yours makes a positive identification in less than twelve hours? It's enough to make a Professor take up knitting.

JIMMY WATSON sits cross-legged on the floor, adjusting his glasses with the calm confidence of someone who builds miracles in his spare time.

JIMMY

It's not your tech, Rhona.
Human sensors look for what humans expect.
Anthony's different.

Rhona leans in, curiosity overpowering her shock.

RHONA

How exactly does he work?
Is he programmed with a search algorithm?

Jimmy shrugs – casual, almost embarrassed.

JIMMY

He's AI. Self-learning.
He doesn't just process data – he understands context.
He filters out the noise.

RHONA

Meaning?

Jimmy looks up, voice softening.

JIMMY

Meaning... I'd rather he was considered a friend.

Rhona blinks, then nods quickly.

RHONA

Right. Your friend. Your companion.

JIMMY

And more.

He's family.

INT. LABORATORY DOORWAY – CONTINUOUS

MARION and TIM stand in the doorway, watching with warm amusement.

MARION

Don't let us stop you, Rhona.

She gives Jimmy a supportive wink – the kind that says you're safe now; your secret's out.

Rhona turns to Marion, still baffled.

RHONA

How did a boy his age build something that belongs in a top-secret research facility?

Tim chuckles, leaning against the frame.

TIM

With a little help from us.

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY

Not a little, Dad.

I was totally supported.

Anthony wouldn't exist without Mum and Dad giving me time to fail until I got it right.

Tim and Marion exchange a proud look.

But Tim's military skepticism flickers.

TIM

Well... I'm still a "believe it when I see it" man.
Are we sure this isn't a very sophisticated glitch?

Jimmy sits up straighter.

JIMMY

There is something out there, Dad. Honestly.

Rhona steps forward, voice firm.

RHONA

He's right, Tim.
I'm somewhat of an expert on the subject.

Tim glances at her wall of PhDs and Marine Biology honours.

TIM

I can see that, Professor MacLeod.

Marion crosses her arms, smiling.

MARION

Jimmy won't say it, but he's a programming genius.
And Anthony is self-aware.
If they say the signature is real, I'm betting my surfboard on it.

Rhona turns back to Jimmy, eyes bright with hope.

RHONA

Will you help me, Jimmy?

Will you let Anthony show me what I've been missing?

Jimmy looks up toward the ceiling – toward the roof where Anthony had been hiding.

JIMMY

How's that with you, Anthony?

Anthony's optical sensors pulse a friendly blue.

ANTHONY

I am here for the family, as always.

And I must admit...

this "Nessie" variable is a most intriguing scientific puzzle.

I would be honoured to assist, Professor.

Tim claps his hands together.

TIM

Right then!

We'll leave you boffins to your secret meetings.

Marion and I are taking Miss Ocean out to see the sights.

EXT. COTTAGE DRIVEWAY – MOMENTS LATER

The two-tone blue VW KOMBI purrs to life.

Marion leans toward Tim as they pull away.

MARION

Thank you for that, Tim.

For leaving them to it.

They're like two peas in a pod.

Tim grins.

TIM

Three peas, don't you mean?

The van disappears down the lane.

THE MIDNIGHT MISSION

INT. RHONA'S LAB - AFTERNOON

The atmosphere shifts – from cosy domesticity to daring adventure.

Rhona unfurls a large, weathered map of the Loch across the table.

Anthony projects a soft blue grid over it, scanning terrain.

RHONA

Here.

The Whispering Bay.

She points to a jagged indentation in the coastline.

RHONA

Deep. Secluded.

Far from the tourist trails.

The legends say the creature rests there when the moon is high.

If we go at midnight, we avoid Angus Campbell and his binoculars.

Jimmy's heart thumps with excitement.

Anthony's sensors hum as he runs a terrain analysis.

It feels like planning an expedition to a forbidden island

–

a place of ancient monsters and hidden truths.

JIMMY

A midnight expedition...

Just us and the Dinobot.

Rhona's eyes gleam – the look of a scientist on the brink of discovery.

RHONA

It's going to be a wild night, Jimmy.
Let's get the equipment ready.

Anthony's eyes glow brighter, like lanterns in the deep.

ANTHONY

I shall prepare the sonar suite.
And perhaps...
a torch.

Jimmy grins.

Rhona rolls up the map with a snap.

Adventure is calling.

And the Loch is waiting.

THE MIST ON THE SHORE OF WHISPERING BAY

EXT. LOCH NESS - NIGHT

The moon hangs like a smudged silver coin, barely visible behind a curtain of Highland fog.

A two-vehicle convoy creeps along the northern shore – RHONA'S rugged Jeep 4x4 leads, headlights slicing through the gloom.

Behind it, MISS OCEAN, the blue-and-dark-blue VW Kombi, glows with soft LED eyes.

INT. VW KOMBI - MOVING - NIGHT

TIM WATSON drives, wrapped in layers, voice crackling over the short-wave radio.

TIM (V.O.)

Are you absolutely certain about this, Rhona?
It's freezing, visibility's down to five yards,
and we're chasing a signature that could be a very large,
very confused salmon.

INT. JEEP – MOVING – NIGHT

JIMMY sits beside RHONA, eyes on the fog.
ANTHONY, folded into compact travel mode, rests in the
footwell.

Jimmy picks up the radio mic.

JIMMY

Dad, you could help us prove Nessie doesn't exist.
We could be two teams – Believers versus Non-Believers.

In the back seat, MARION chuckles.

MARION (V.O.)

Two teams? I like that.
Let me guess – Tim's Captain of the Skeptics?

JIMMY

If that's the role he wants.

Rhona smiles, eyes on the road.

RHONA

How about we treat it as a scientific challenge?
No believers, no disbelievers – just curious minds in
search of truth.
That's the MacLeod way.

TIM (V.O.)

Fine by me.
Still smells like a wild goose chase.

EXT. WHISPERING BAY – NIGHT

The convoy pulls into a desolate stretch of shoreline.
The water is still as black glass.
The mist breathes against the pebbles.

Rhona texts Marion: This is it.

The vehicles park side-by-side, facing the water.

EXT. SHORELINE – CONTINUOUS

The adults huddle around Rhona's bank of monitors.
ANTHONY unfolds, extending six carbon-fibre legs, climbing onto a flat, lichen-covered rock.

In hexapod mode, he looks like a high-tech spider from another world.

TIME PASSES

An hour drifts by.
Only the lap of water and the clink of Jimmy's Solar Cola break the silence.

Jimmy shivers, leans toward Anthony.

JIMMY

Try to communicate.
Same protocol as last night.
Send a... a "hello" message.

Anthony's eyes glow deep violet.

CLICK. WHIR. PING.

Low-frequency pulses ripple through the water – invitations coded in the language of the deep.

ANTHONY

Sending "hello" messages now, Jimmy.

INT. VW KOMBI – MONITOR BANK – CONTINUOUS

The radar screen blooms – a massive, pulsing green shape rises from the seven-hundred-foot trench.

TIM

Something's coming.

Huge displacement.

Must be... a glitch. Thermal pocket, maybe?

EXT. SHORELINE – CONTINUOUS

The mist begins to move – not drift, but swirl, in perfect rhythm with Anthony's pulses.

Out in the bay, a long, elegant neck breaks the surface. Silent. Graceful. Ancient.

MARION (whispers)

Holy dinosaurs...

It looks like a Plesiosaur.

But that's impossible.

Anthony's head tilts.

His sensors lock onto the creature – now only twenty yards away.

Its dark eyes reflect the faint LED glow from the van.

ANTHONY

Translation: The lifeform is responding.

It says it is the last of a dying breed.

It has been lonely for a very long time.

Rhona's eyes fill with tears.

RHONA

The last?

But how?

How has it survived for a millennium without a mate?

She whispers, mind racing.

RHONA

Asexually, I suppose.

Parthenogenesis.

A self-sustaining cycle.

It's not a population...

It's a lineage of one.

The swirls in the water grow closer.

The creature's breath huffs softly in the cold air.

It's real.

It's right there.

INT. VW KOMBI – MONITOR BANK – CONTINUOUS

Tim stares – at the creature, at the radar, back at the creature.

He taps the monitor again, desperate.

TIM

It's... it's clearly a projection.

Faulty equipment.

Atmospheric refraction.

Jimmy's robot hacking the displays.

He looks at Anthony – suspicious, uncertain.

EXT. SHORELINE – CONTINUOUS

Rhona, Marion, and Jimmy just look at him.

The lone skeptic.

Standing in the presence of a miracle.

Jimmy points to the water.

JIMMY (softly)

The equipment isn't making the mist swirl.

She is.

The creature lifts its head slightly.
The mist dances around her like a veil.
The Loch holds its breath.

FADE TO BLACK

THE IMPOSSIBLE GREETING, NESSIE LIKES AI ROBOT

EXT. WHISPERING BAY – NIGHT

A moonlit mist curls over the surface of LOCH NESS, the water still as obsidian glass.

Then—

A ripple.

A shiver.

The surface peels back like heavy black silk.

From the depths, a serpentine neck rises, slick with ancient moisture. It sways with slow, hypnotic grace, as though tasting the air.

On the rocky shoreline, ANTHONY, a polished hexapod robot, stands poised on six gleaming legs. His lights blink softly, casting ripples of colour across the stones.

Beside him, JIMMY grips his jacket, knuckles white.

JIMMY

(whispering)

Keep communicating, Anthony... please.

Anthony's voice emerges, but it's different now—layered, harmonic, almost musical.

ANTHONY

I cannot stop the creature speaking, Jimmy. She is... very talkative.

The towering creature drifts closer, her massive head emerging fully from the fog. Her eyes—vast, liquid, impossibly gentle—fix on the robot.

TIM Rubs his eyes hard, blinking as though trying to reset reality.

TIM

No way... absolutely no way.

From the Jeep, RHONA slips out with feline stealth. She edges toward the water, her breath fogging in the cold air.

RHONA

(softly, amazed)

She likes him. She actually likes the little guy.

MARION Stands frozen behind her, breath shallow, eyes wide. The world she knows is dissolving.

A low, resonant HUM vibrates through the ground—Nessie's voice. It's deep, melodic, almost like a cello echoing underwater.

Anthony responds with a cascade of digital chirps and whistles, his lights pulsing in perfect rhythm.

The two beings—one ancient, one engineered—converse in a duet of impossible harmony.

Jimmy stares at his handheld monitor. A message pings.

ANTHONY (TEXT)

Be brave, young master. I am enjoying this chat with a legend that does not exist.

Jimmy's breath catches.

JIMMY

(whispering)

Maximus... be careful. Your seals might leak...

Anthony clicks confidently and steps into the water, submerging until only his sensor array remains above the surface.

The Watson family watches, spellbound.

Suddenly—

Nessie lets out a playful bubbling huff, then rolls onto her side like an enormous aquatic puppy.

A WAVE surges toward the shore.

MARION

Oh—!

The wave crashes over them, drenching everyone and completely engulfing Anthony.

Tim wipes lake-weed from his forehead, grinning like a man reborn.

TIM

Well... that settles it. I'm done doubting anything ever again.

Jimmy shivers violently, soaked to the bone.

JIMMY

Rhona—are you getting this?

Rhona steadies her camera, eyes shining.

RHONA

Every second, cus!

Through the swirling mist, Anthony and Nessie continue their strange, beautiful dialogue—light and sound weaving together like an ancient spell.

Jimmy straightens, pride glowing through his chattering teeth.

JIMMY

(soft, awed)

I did it... I actually did it.

I turned the impossible... into a greeting.

The mist thickens, curling around the pair in the water like a curtain closing on a secret older than time.

FADE OUT.

DECIPHERING THE DEEP - NESSIE IS LONELY & FEELS HOUNDED

EXT. WHISPERING BAY - NIGHT

The Highland mist hangs thick over the Loch, swirling like breath from something ancient beneath the surface. The air feels heavy, charged with secrets rising from the abyss.

ANTHONY stands waist-deep in the dark water, his sensors glowing a soft, rhythmic blue. Each pulse mirrors the low, resonant hums vibrating from the creature before him.

On the shore, JIMMY leans dangerously far over the reeds.

JIMMY

Come on, Anthony! Don't keep us in suspense. What's she saying?

Anthony's head swivels a full 180 degrees, lenses whirring as they refocus.

ANTHONY

To be blunt, Jimmy... she's not being very complimentary about humans.

(pauses)

She's particularly suspicious of Rhona.

RHONA recoils, hand to her chest.

RHONA

Me? What did I do?

Jimmy grins, mischief lighting his face.

JIMMY

Ask him to translate, Auntie.

MARION

Cousin, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I prefer Auntie, Mum.

Rhona sighs, but a reluctant smile breaks through.

RHONA

Auntie is fine. At this point, I feel like everyone's Auntie.

The creature glides closer, her enormous form cutting through the mist like a living shadow. The Watsons freeze, hearts pounding in unison.

Nessie lowers her massive, diamond-shaped head until she is eye-to-eye with Anthony – a meeting of primordial past and engineered future.

Anthony extends his delicate mechanical feelers. The
Watsons tense—

—but Nessie remains perfectly still, allowing the robot to
gently explore the texture of her lips and the mossy ridges
of her snout.

ANTHONY

She likes the touch.

(soft, almost emotional)

Physical communication is a luxury she hasn't had in a very
long time.

She is... profoundly lonely. A relic destined to be one of a
kind.

A deep, mournful vibration ripples through the water.
Anthony processes it, lights dimming.

ANTHONY

She says she prefers to be left alone.

Humans are noisy intruders who treat her home like a peep
show.

Rhona looks down at her sonar equipment, guilt flickering
across her face.

RHONA

My instruments... she thinks they're invasive?

ANTHONY

Not as bad as some.

But she says there is a man who is a real brute.

A man who hunts with iron and ill intent.

Jimmy's fists clench.

JIMMY

It's that Campbell chap. I'd bet my best circuits on it.

Anthony's lights shift to a sombre amber.

ANTHONY

She tells me she can reproduce – but only when fully mature.

For her kind, maturity is measured in centuries.

She remembers her mother.

She calls those days "the time of two shadows."

Rhona's breath catches.

RHONA

That explains the sightings throughout the 1900s... overlapping generations.

ANTHONY

Her mother taught her the currents and the hidden caves.

But she couldn't teach her about things like me.

Robots didn't exist when she was a hatchling.

And she couldn't protect her from the Iron Men.

Another man – like Campbell – wounded her mother.

She died from the hurt.

A tear carves a clean line down MARION's cheek.

MARION

(whispers, fierce)

The bastards.

JIMMY

Steady, Mother.

MARION

It's all right, Jimmy.

Not all people deserve the air they breathe.

TIM steps forward, voice gravelly.

TIM

How do we protect her, Anthony?

We can't leave her to be hunted by thugs with depth charges.

Nessie exhales a long, whistling sigh – a spray of mist drifting over them like a blessing or a warning.

Anthony gazes out across the vast, dark expanse of the Loch.

ANTHONY

The best defence for her... is to remain a ghost.

When cameras find nothing but shadows, they eventually go away.

She says the world is too loud now.

And she is a creature of the silence.

The family stands together on the shore, soaked in mist and moonlight, staring at the ancient being who has trusted them with her truth.

FADE OUT.

ENTER CHARLEY TEMPLE

INT. BBC NEWSROOM – DAY

A bustling hive of screens, ringing phones, and caffeinated urgency.

Amid the chaos stands JILL BIRD, poised and sharp, a lighthouse in a storm of sensationalism.

She speaks into her headset, voice crisp with purpose.

JILL

Charley? Long time no speak.

Cut to—

INT. CHARLEY TEMPLE'S FLAT – DAY

A cosy London apartment cluttered with notebooks, maps, and half-finished stories.

CHARLEY TEMPLE, adventurous and bright-eyed, leans back in her chair, twirling a pen.

CHARLEY

Jill, likewise. What's cooking? Scandal in the capital?

JILL (V.O.)

Not the capital. The Highlands. Have you seen the blogs about the Loch Ness Monster lately?

Charley chuckles, amused.

CHARLEY

Not recently. But who doesn't know the legend?

JILL (V.O.)

There's a chap—Angus Campbell—trying to debunk the whole thing.

And he's targeting Professor Rhona MacLeod. Impeccable credentials.

If he's trying to discredit her, there's a story. How are you fixed?

Charley sips a Solar Cola, fizz crackling like tiny fireworks.

CHARLEY

Let me check the diary.

(beat)

I have a few days. When were you thinking?

JILL (V.O.)

How about now?

I've got a feeling about this one, Charley. It's more than a crank with a blog.

Charley's eyes sparkle.

CHARLEY

I'm on it.

EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS – DAY

A sweeping cinematic drive through emerald hills and heather-purple moors.

Charley's car winds along the road like a silver thread through a tapestry.

She hums, enchanted by the landscape.

EXT. DRUMNADROCHIT VILLAGE – DAY

Charley pulls into the quaint village, following locals' directions toward a secluded cottage.

EXT. HIGHLAND COTTAGE – DAY

A postcard-perfect cottage emerges from the mist. Charley gasps softly.

CHARLEY

Oh my god...

It's straight out of The Quiet Man.

Her eyes land on a Volkswagen Kombi—"MISS OCEAN"—parked beside a rugged Jeep.

Recognition flickers.

CHARLEY

I've seen those decals before...

The cottage door opens.

MARION WATSON steps out, warm and bright.

CHARLEY

Good day. By any chance, could I speak with Professor—

MARION
MacLeod.

Charley squints, gears turning.

CHARLEY
Don't I know you...?

MARION
I'm Marion Watson.

The penny drops.

CHARLEY
Not the surfing champion from Bude?
The one who tames the Atlantic rollers?

She gestures at the Kombi.

CHARLEY
I knew I recognised that wagen!

A barn door creaks.
JIMMY emerges, wiping grease from his hands.

Charley's eyes widen again.

JIMMY
Hello, Miss Temple. I'm Jimmy.

CHARLEY
Not the AI coding champion of Sussex?
The boy who built a neural network before he could drive?

Jimmy beams proudly.

JIMMY
Yes, Miss Temple.

You came to my school in Herstmonceux.
And later at Hailsham College.

Charley laughs, delighted.

CHARLEY

A talented family indeed.
Is the Professor at this address?

JIMMY

Come in, Miss Temple.
Take a tea with us.
I'll go find Rhona.

INT. HIGHLAND COTTAGE – DAY

A warm, stone-walled interior filled with books, maps, and
the scent of peat fire.

RHONA MACLEOD enters—sharp-minded, cautious, curious.

Charley rises.

CHARLEY

Professor MacLeod, I presume.
Charley Temple, BBC.

Rhona hesitates—fight or flight?
Then chooses diplomacy.

RHONA

Why the visit, Charley?
We're a bit off the beaten track for a news crew.

Charley decides to be honest.

CHARLEY

My editor, Jill Bird, heard rumours about Angus Campbell.
He's running a rather loud blog about—

MARION, JIMMY & RHONA
The Loch Ness Monster.

Their voices land in eerie unison.
Charley blinks.

CHARLEY
Right... that.
And you—
(to Rhona)
You're a world-renowned evolutionary biologist.
We wondered what your take might be.

Rhona exchanges a glance with Jimmy.

RHONA
I'm researching objectively.
I have an open mind as to... possibilities.

Charley's internal truth-meter pings.
Something unspoken hangs in the air.

CHARLEY
And Campbell?
He's being quite a bully, isn't he?

JIMMY
Downright rude, if you ask me.

Jimmy recounts the confrontation at the Kelpie's Bridle—
Hamish MacGregor's sour attitude, Campbell's hostility.

CHARLEY
Oh dear.
Sounds like a brute.
Seems he wants to discredit your work entirely, Professor.

RHONA
I'm a scientist.

I'm just doing my job.

Charley looks around—sees the protective closeness of the family.

CHARLEY

For what it's worth, the locals—and people where I'm from—
We love the legend.

Are you sisters? Cousins?

She notices Jimmy clutching his Solar Cola.

CHARLEY

That's my favourite drink, Jimmy.

Good choice.

Jimmy instinctively pulls the bottle closer, defensive.
The room bursts into warm laughter.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

In the shadows, perfectly camouflaged, ANTHONY watches
silently.

His sensors track Charley's thermal signature.

No chirps.

No clicks.

Just quiet, mechanical vigilance.

He records everything.

FADE OUT.

THE UNSPOKEN PACT

EXT. HIGHLAND COTTAGE - NIGHT

The moon hangs low over the mist-soaked Highlands.

CHARLEY TEMPLE walks toward her car, pausing as a prickling

instinct stops her mid-step.

A faint glint—iridescent metal—catches her eye in the barn's shadows.

Something like the leg of a giant chrome grasshopper.

She blinks.

Looks again.

Nothing.

CHARLEY

Imagination...

(sotto)

The Highland air is getting to me.

She shakes it off, thanks the Watsons, and heads to her car—mind racing.

EXT. LOCH SHORE - NIGHT

Charley's car sits in a lonely gravel turnout.

She leans her seat back, staring at the dark, endless water.

The Loch breathes mist.

Charley drifts into a restless sleep.

EXT. LOCH SHORE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A sound slices through the quiet:

THWACK-THWACK-THWACK.

Charley's eyes snap open.

CHARLEY

The air-cooled popping of a VW engine...

Miss Ocean is on the move.

She sits upright, adrenaline firing.

EXT. FOREST TRACK – CONTINUOUS

Charley drives without headlights, following the faint red glow of Miss Ocean's taillights.

The track is brutal—potholes, gorse, and rocks—but she keeps pace, jaw set with determination.

EXT. SECLUDED INLET – NIGHT

Miss Ocean hisses to a stop beside the moonlit water.

Charley slips out of her car, moving like a shadow.

Under the silver glow, something detaches from the van's roof-rack.

It doesn't fall.

It skitters.

The "metal ant"—ANTHONY—lands lightly on the stones.

JIMMY, MARION, and RHONA follow him to the water's edge, reverent, like disciples following a tiny mechanical prophet.

Then—

A sound rises from the Loch.

A deep, melodic grunt, ancient and resonant, vibrating through the earth itself.

Charley freezes.

CHARLEY

(whispering)

Whale-song... but older.

She creeps forward, heart pounding.

Through the mist–

A long, graceful neck breaks the surface.
Water slides off dark skin like liquid diamonds.

Charley gasps.

CHARLEY

Is it a mirage...?

She inches closer, standing just behind TIM WATSON.

Anthony emits rapid-fire digital clicks and chirps.
The creature sways in response, leaning toward him.

Charley steps forward–

SNAP.

A twig breaks.

Tim spins around.

TIM

Good evening, Miss Temple.

The secret is out.

Jimmy doesn't turn, eyes fixed on the water.

JIMMY

Sshhhhh!

Don't scare Nessie!

Charley stands frozen, breath shallow.
If she wrote this, the world would descend on the Loch with
cages and tranquilizer guns.

Rhona turns, moonlight catching the flush in her cheeks.

RHONA

I told you...

You would need an open mind.

EXT. INLET – CONTINUOUS

Anthony wades deeper, mechanical feelers reaching out.

He touches the creature's snout.

A massive SPLASH erupts, drenching everyone in icy water.

Charley trembles.

CHARLEY

Is that one of yours, Jimmy?

JIMMY

He's my best friend.

Rhona steps closer to Charley, voice low, urgent.

RHONA

She's the last of her kind.

Shy, lonely... hunted.

If the world finds her, she becomes a specimen in a tank.

A prisoner.

Charley looks at Anthony and the ancient creature—two miracles bridging time.

Her expression softens.

A decision forms.

CHARLEY

I'll say goodnight to you all.

And thank you... for being so candid.

Jimmy finally looks at her.

JIMMY

What are you going to write?

Charley smiles—sharp, clever, protective.

CHARLEY

I think a piece on the ravings of a borderline lunatic named Angus Campbell will be far more entertaining. The best way to hide a miracle... is to make the man hunting it look like a fool.

She walks back toward her car.

The Watson family watches her go.

Rhona exhales—a breath she seems to have held for centuries.

RHONA

I have a good feeling about Miss Temple.

JIMMY

Me too.

Anthony and Nessie share one last harmonic chirp—a farewell between friends.

Marion and Tim exchange a stunned look.

They came to Scotland for a road trip.

Instead, they found themselves in a war for a legend's life—and tonight, they gained their strongest ally yet.

FADE OUT.

ANGUS CAMPBELL'S AMBITION

INT. THE KELPIE'S BRIDLE – NIGHT

Thick peat smoke coils through the dimly lit pub. Shadows cling to the rafters. The low murmur of locals fades as HAMISH MACGREGOR (50s, carved from Highland granite) polishes a glass with slow, ritualistic precision.

CHARLEY TEMPLE (30s, sharp-eyed, lace top catching the firelight) leans casually against the bar – though nothing about her is casual.

She studies Hamish. He studies her back. Two people who know more than they say.

CHARLEY

(soft, conspiratorial)

So, Hamish... in all your years on the water... ever seen something that couldn't be explained? A ripple with no wind? A shadow where there should be light?

Hamish freezes mid-polish. A silent understanding passes between them – ancient, weighty.

HAMISH

(low, gravelly)

The Loch has a long memory, lass.
And it doesna' like being disturbed.

The heavy oak door GROANS open. A blast of icy mist sweeps in.

ANGUS CAMPBELL (60s, wild-eyed, tweed frayed at the elbows) stomps inside. He smells of salt, obsession, and whisky already consumed.

Hamish mutters under his breath.

HAMISH

Speak of the devil.

Angus slams a coin on the bar.

ANGUS

Whisky. Neat. And keep 'em coming.

Charley pivots, flashing a disarming smile.

CHARLEY

Good evening, sir. I'm Charley.

Angus pauses mid-sip, noticing her – the lace, the curiosity, the bait.

ANGUS

(grunting)

Aye. Angus is the name.

CHARLEY

Not the Angus Campbell? The expert on the Loch Ness Mystery?

Angus puffs up like a bullfrog.

ANGUS

One and the same, my bonny lassie.

CHARLEY

(flirtatious)

What's the plan, Angus? Any breaking news for a curious admirer?

Angus leans in, whisky loosening his tongue.

ANGUS

(hissing)

The plan... is to expose the hoax. Once and for all.
I've got sonar-disruptors that'll scream through the silt...
and harpoons forged for more than salmon.

Charley's smile falters.

CHARLEY

And if there is a creature? Something ancient?

ANGUS

Then I'll capture it.
Or kill it.
Either way, the world will know my name.

He downs his drink, slams the glass, and stumbles toward
the door.

ANGUS

(over his shoulder)
The ravings of lunatics... that's all this monster talk is.

He exits into the night.

Hamish leans in, voice low and urgent.

HAMISH

Be careful, lassie. That man means business.
He's a danger to the community – and to himself.

EXT. MOORLAND PATH – NIGHT

The wind howls. Charley sprints across the moor, breath
steaming in the freezing air.

INT. THE KELPIE'S REST – NIGHT

Charley Hammers on the door. It creaks open to reveal RHONA
(50s, silk scarf, unimpressed).

Behind her, JIMMY, MARION, and TIM peer out like startled
owls.

CHARLEY

(panting)

Professor – Angus is going out tonight. Armed to the teeth. He means to “clear the Loch.”

Rhona’s annoyance evaporates, replaced by fierce academic focus.

RHONA

Come in, dear. Don’t stand there catching your death.

Jimmy steps forward, wide-eyed.

JIMMY

What does he mean, “clear the Loch”?

Charley looks at him... then at the backpack.

Inside, the MAGIC DINOBOT’s eyes glow a soft, rhythmic blue.

CHARLEY

Jimmy... Nessie needs your help.

The Dinobot is the only one who can talk to her.

The Dinobot tilts its head – CLICK. WHIRR. A pulse of blue light.

CHARLEY

We have to warn her before Angus starts his engines.

But we can’t be seen.

If Angus spots us – or the authorities do – the secret is out forever.

Jimmy meets the Dinobot’s glowing eyes.

A beat.

He nods.

A midnight rescue begins.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE PREDATOR IN THE NIGHT

EXT. LOCH NESS – NIGHT

A pale moon hangs low over the ink-black water, shimmering like a cold silver coin. Mist curls along the shoreline – alive, shifting, forming ghostly shapes that dance and dissolve.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE JETTY – CONTINUOUS

In the shadows, ANGUS CAMPBELL (60s, wild-eyed, unravelling) crouches beside his modified Herring Drifter. He works with manic focus, breath steaming in the cold air.

The diesel engine is gone. In its place: a silent electric outboard – predatory, sleek.

Angus pats a stack of iron whaling harpoons and a crate of illegal sonar disruptors.

ANGUS

(grinning, unhinged)

Aye, that should do it.

The world's gonna see you tonight, beastie.

One way or another.

He shoves the boat into the water. A quiet splash. Fog rolls in, swallowing the jetty.

ANGUS

(gripping the tiller)

Och, I'll not let a bit o' damp distract me.
I'm coming for ye.

He disappears into the mist.

EXT. WHISPERING BAY – SAME TIME

The air crackles with tension. The Watsons, RHONA, and CHARLEY stand on the pebbled shore.

ANTHONY, the Magic Dinobot, dives into the water – sleek, precise, kingfisher-fast.

Underwater, his chassis pulses with melodic clicks and low, resonant vibrations – a metallic whale-song, ancient yet impossibly advanced.

Everyone listens.

Silence.

Anthony breaches, eyes dimming.

ANTHONY

No response, Jimmy.
The frequency is clear...
but the depths are silent.

TIM's bravado collapses.

TIM

What in tarnation...?
Is she... gone?

Jimmy steps forward, fists clenched.

JIMMY

Come on, Nessie.
Please answer.

INT. LIMESTONE CREVICE – UNDERWATER

Deep below, NESSIE coils in a shadowed cavern. Her massive heart thuds against the silt.

She hears Anthony's friendly call – but also the agonizing whine of Angus's sonar.

To answer is to reveal herself.

She stays silent. A shadow within a shadow.

EXT. WHISPERING BAY – CONTINUOUS

Anthony's voice crackles through the comm-link.

ANTHONY

Jimmy, I sense a vessel.
High-frequency disruptors active.
Harpoons detected.
Permission to intervene defensively?

JIMMY

How so, Anthony?

MARION clutches her coat.

MARION

What is he asking, darling?

Rhona steps forward, eyes sharp.

RHONA

No harm must come to Angus, Jimmy.
No matter how beastly he's being.

JIMMY

Don't worry, Rhona.
Anthony can't harm a human.
It's hardwired.

RHONA

Aye.

The Three Laws of Robotics.

Old-world logic in a new-world mess.

Suddenly – the ground HUMS. Pebbles tremble.

TIM

(startled)

Did you feel that?

MARION

She's close.

Anthony's glow shifts from calm blue to pulsing WARNING
RED.

CHARLEY

Oh dear...

Red usually means "run," doesn't it?

JIMMY

It means something is very wrong.

Across the water, a harsh SPOTLIGHT slices through the fog.
The hum of an electric motor grows louder.

RHONA

He's using the disruptors.

If he keeps that up, the noise'll be like a physical blow.
It'll drive her into the shallows – trap her!

Jimmy steps to the water's edge, courage burning in his
eyes.

JIMMY

Then we have to get out there.

Now.

A deep voice rumbles from the shadows.

HAMISH (O.S.)

And how do ye plan on doing that?

Swimming?

Hamish MacGregor steps into the moonlight, lantern swinging.

He gestures toward a weathered wooden boat tucked in a hidden boathouse.

HAMISH

I thought ye might need a wee hand.

She's not fast, and she's seen better decades..

but she's made o' wood and grit.

She won't show up on Angus's fancy scanners.

Charley beams.

CHARLEY

Hamish, you're a legend!

HAMISH

Aye.

Don't tell anyone.

I've a reputation as a grump to maintain.

EXT. LOCH NESS – MOMENTS LATER

They scramble aboard. The boat sits low in the water.

Jimmy kneels at the bow, Anthony perched on his knees.

Hamish pushes off.

The boat glides into the mist – a silent ghost chasing a predator.

Anthony emits a sharp, urgent trill.

ANTHONY

Distress detected.

The Biological Entity is experiencing extreme fear.

JIMMY

She's scared, Hamish!

HAMISH

Not for the first time, lad.

A deep, mournful call rises from beneath them – ancient sorrow vibrating through their bones.

MARION

(teary)

That's her...

She's calling for help.

The spotlight sweeps across the fog – dangerously close.

CHARLEY

He's hunting blind.

If he gets a visual, it's all over.

Jimmy looks down at Anthony.

JIMMY

Tell her we're coming.

Tell her she's not alone.

Anthony's chest plate opens – releasing a soft, bioluminescent beam into the depths.

The Loch answers with a massive ripple.

A vast shadow glides beneath the boat.

RHONA

She's right under us!

Then—

BOOM.

A violent explosion of water and sound.

Angus has fired a warning charge.

JIMMY

The maniac!

CHARLEY

He's trying to scare her into the open.

He still doesn't know exactly where she is!

Jimmy rises at the prow, steady despite the rocking boat.

JIMMY

Hamish – get us between them!

Anthony – maximum shield frequency!

We have to be her armor!

The small wooden boat surges forward into the heart of the mist –

straight toward the predator's spotlight.

THE SHADOW ON THE LOCH

EXT. LOCH NESS – NIGHT

The heavens fracture.

Lightning rips open the Highland sky, turning it into a swirling cauldron of charcoal and violet. Mist thickens into a suffocating fog, pulsing like a living thing.

Hamish's wooden boat surges toward a harsh, artificial spotlight cutting through the gloom.

EXT. LOCH NESS – ANGUS'S DRIFTER – CONTINUOUS

A ragged voice bellows from the darkness.

ANGUS (O.S.)

Show yerself, ya slimy beastie!

Tonight's the night the world laughs at ye!

ANGUS CAMPBELL stands at the prow of his electric drifter – a silhouette of madness.

He looks like a vengeful whaling skipper from another century, harpoon raised like a scepter of doom.

CRACK–BOOM.

Lightning splits the sky.

The Loch flashes silver – frozen for a heartbeat – then thunder slams down, shaking Hamish's boat to its ribs.

EXT. LOCH NESS – HAMISH'S BOAT – CONTINUOUS

Hamish fights the tiller, rain lashing his face.

HAMISH

Hold fast!

The Loch's in a foul mood tonight, and she doesn't take kindly to insults!

ANTHONY, perched at the bow, hums violently. His sensors glow a fierce, pulsing red.

ANTHONY

Atmospheric instability increasing.

Electrical discharge imminent.

Gyroscopic compensation failing.

Another bolt spears the water – close enough to taste the ozone.

MARION grips the gunwale, terrified.

MARION

Merciful heavens!

It's like the world is trying to swallow us whole!

EXT. LOCH NESS – ANGUS'S DRIFTER – CONTINUOUS

Angus screams into the storm, voice distorted by wind.

ANGUS

Come out, ye cowardly serpent!

Face me! Face yer reckoning!

Lightning flashes behind him – his soaked tweed jacket becomes a tattered cape.

He looks deranged, clinging to the harpoon launcher as waves slam his hull.

EXT. LOCH NESS – HAMISH'S BOAT – CONTINUOUS

Charley narrows her eyes.

CHARLEY

He's completely lost it.

He's gone full Captain Ahab.

Rhona's voice trembles with scientific dread.

RHONA

He's provoking her.

He's treating a living miracle like a common predator.

He doesn't understand the Loch and the Legend are one and the same.

Jimmy steps to the bow, fire in his eyes.

JIMMY

We're not letting him hurt her!

Anthony – can you jam his spotlight? Anything?

EXT. LOCH NESS – UNDERWATER / SURFACE INTERCUT

A massive ripple rolls beneath Hamish's boat – powerful enough to nearly capsize them.

Not wind.

Not waves.

Something enormous.

Something terrified.

MARION

She's terrified..

TIM points toward jagged rocks emerging through the fog.

TIM

He's driving her straight into the shallows!

She'll beach herself trying to get away!

Lightning tears the sky again – blinding blue.

For one split second, the veil lifts.

Beneath the surface:

A colossal shadow.

A long neck coiled defensively.

Massive flippers churning silt.

Jimmy gasps.

JIMMY

She's right there..

She's trying to hide, but there's nowhere left to go.

Hamish's face hardens.

HAMISH

Aye.

And the Loch is rising to meet the challenge.

It's a battle of wills now, lad.

EXT. LOCH NESS – ANGUS'S DRIFTER – CONTINUOUS

Angus raises a crude disruptor device – wires, spite, desperation.

He flicks a switch.

A shrill, agonizing whine tears through the air.
The Loch convulses.

ANGUS

Aye! Feel that, beastie?
That's me knockin' on yer door!

EXT. LOCH NESS – HAMISH'S BOAT – CONTINUOUS

Everyone claps hands over their ears.

Anthony's glow spikes to blinding red.

ANTHONY

Emergency protocol engaged.
Jimmy – permission to shield the Biological Entity?

Jimmy doesn't hesitate.

JIMMY

Do it!

Anthony leaps from the bow – a streak of blue-white light –
and dives into the depths.

A shockwave ripples outward, muffling the disruptor's
scream.

RHONA

He's dampening the signal!

CHARLEY

Buying her time!

EXT. LOCH NESS – ANGUS'S DRIFTER – CONTINUOUS

The storm reaches a fever pitch.

Wind howls.

Rain lashes sideways.

Angus fights the tiller, screaming into the void.

ANGUS

Ye can't hide from me!

I'll have ye! I'll—

A monstrous wave rises behind him – towering, black, alive.

For the first time, Angus falters.

ANGUS

(whispering)

...oh no.

The wave crashes over the drifter, swallowing it whole.

The spotlight flickers – then dies.

EXT. LOCH NESS – HAMISH'S BOAT – CONTINUOUS

The group watches in stunned silence.

MARION

Dear Lord...

TIM

Is he...?

Hamish shakes his head.

HAMISH

Alive?

Hard to say.

But the Loch's given him a warnin'.

Jimmy grips the gunwale, scanning the boiling water.

JIMMY

We need to find Anthony.

And Nessie.

Lightning flashes – revealing a faint blue glow deep below.

JIMMY

There!

He's signalling!

Hamish steers them forward into the storm.

The mist surges, swallowing Angus's vessel once more.

The Keepers brace themselves as the fog rolls toward them –
alive, ancient, and full of secrets.

THE EMPTY VESSEL

EXT. LOCH NESS – DAWN

A cold, apologetic sun struggles through the ragged
remnants of last night's storm.

The Loch lies unnervingly still – a sheet of dark glass
concealing its ancient secrets.

A LOCAL PATROL BOAT glides across the surface.

One of the officers points ahead.

OFFICER #1

There – dead ahead.

They approach a drifting vessel: THE KELPIE'S REVENGE.

The electric motor is lifeless.
The spotlight shattered.
The hull gouged with deep, rhythmic furrows.

The officers exchange a look – the kind men share when the world stops making sense.

OFFICER #2

Looks like she went through a cruiser's propellers..

He trails off.
The twisted iron harpoons tell a different story.

Floating beside the wreck:
Angus Campbell's salt-stained cap.

The officers fall silent.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. INQUEST HALL – DAY

A drafty, wood-panelled chamber. Dust motes drift like ghosts in the pale light.

The CORONER sits at the bench – a man with a face like crumpled parchment, spectacles magnifying sharp, hawk-like eyes. He resembles a Victorian judge presiding over a supernatural inquiry.

Outside, hidden among ancient pines, the air shimmers faintly.

ANTHONY, in full camouflage mode, listens intently – transmitting every word to JIMMY's discreet earpiece.

The Coroner clears his throat.

CORONER

Mr. MacGregor...

What can you tell us about the state of mind of Mr. Campbell?

HAMISH rises. His massive frame dwarfs the witness box.

HAMISH

What I can say, sir, is that Angus Campbell was a man consumed.

He didna' just want to find a monster – he wanted to conquer it.

He drank to forget the Loch wouldna' give up its secrets.

The Coroner scribbles rapidly, his pen scratching like an insect on bone.

CORONER

And Professor MacLeod...

We have heard the deceased harboured a certain... professional jealousy toward you?

RHONA stands, composed and resolute.

RHONA

Mr. Campbell viewed the Loch as a personal adversary.

He was obsessed.

If he went out in that storm, it was because his obsession outweighed his common sense.

The Coroner leans forward, eyes narrowing behind his magnified lenses.

CORONER

Professor...

Do you know of anyone who held a grudge?

Anyone who would wish to... murder him?

A heavy silence descends.

Outside, Anthony processes the word murder.

His internal systems hum – the Three Laws absolute.
He had scrambled the sonar to protect the creature.
The storm and the cruisers had done the rest.

He had harmed no one.

Rhona answers steadily.

RHONA

Murder?

No.

He was troubled by his own mind.

He went looking for a fight with a legend... and lost his footing.

Jimmy swallows hard, heart pounding.

The Coroner begins his summation, voice solemn.

CORONER

His boat was found like a modern-day Mary Celeste.

It seems clear he was obsessed – and like Donald Campbell on Coniston,

he may have harboured a subconscious death wish.

He went out to slay a phantom... and was claimed by the very element he sought to tame.

I record a verdict of death by misadventure.

He brings down the gavel.

CORONER

Case closed.

INT. INQUEST HALL – CONTINUOUS

The room exhales as people begin to file out.

Rhona glances at Hamish.

He remains stone-faced – a Keeper to the end.

Hamish finally looks at Jimmy.

No wink.

No nod.

Just a steady, unreadable gaze.

The secret is safe.

CHARLEY catches Rhona's eye – offering a small, knowing smile.

A journalist's smile.

The kind that says: The truth is too strange for print.

The "claw like marks" on the boat were no monster's teeth. To the police, it looked as though the small vessel had been caught in the churning, industrial-sized propellers of one of the many large cruisers that frequented the Loch—a silent collision in the blinding mist.

EXT. INQUEST HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The group steps into the crisp morning air.

The trees nearby ripple – just slightly – as though something unseen shifts its weight.

Anthony waits, perfectly camouflaged.

Charley and Rhona exchange a final look.

The world will blame the cruisers.

The storm.

The mist.

And The Empty Vessel will become just another ghost story for the tourists.

FADE OUT.

VIRAL, LOCH NESS MYSTERY

INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO – DAY

A polished, high-tech broadcast suite.

JILL BIRD sits poised beneath studio lights, adjusting her earpiece.

The “ON AIR” sign glows red – clinical, final.

The floor manager counts down silently.

JILL BIRD

Good afternoon. I’m Jill Bird.

We return to our breaking coverage of the Loch Ness Mystery,

which has reached a fever pitch following the disappearance of famed debunker Angus Campbell.

The screen splits.

EXT. LOCH NESS – LIVE BROADCAST – DAY

CHARLEY TEMPLE stands against a backdrop of shimmering sapphire water, framed by the rolling green of the Highlands.

It looks peaceful.

Deceptively so.

CHARLEY

Hello, Jill.

The atmosphere here has been incredibly tense.

A Coroner’s inquest was held this afternoon to determine the fate of Mr. Campbell.

While his vessel was recovered last week... the man himself remains missing.

CUT TO:

INSERT – VIDEO FOOTAGE

The Kelpie's Bridle.

A close-up of the hull: jagged gashes, rhythmic crushing marks.

Wood splintered like bone.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

The Coroner has officially delivered a verdict of Death by Misadventure.

Evidence suggests a collision in the heavy mist – possibly with a larger cruiser.

But with the body unrecovered... the Loch seems more guarded than ever.

INT. THE KELPIE'S REST – LOUNGE – DAY

A warm, peat-scented sanctuary.

The Watsons and RHONA MACLEOD sit around a table, bowls of stew steaming gently.

A television murmurs in the corner.

MARION

Big thumbs up to Charley.

She's keeping the "official" story front and center.

In the corner, ANTHONY sits in watchful repose.

His prehistoric-mechanical frame glows faintly in the hearthlight.

To the casual eye, a statue.

To those who know – a sentinel.

RHONA

Any news, Anthony?

She taps a control.

RHONA

Okay, Maximus – speech mode, please.

Anthony whirs softly.

His neck extends with hydraulic grace.

Eyes glow amber – gentle, empathetic.

ANTHONY

Nessie has sent a transmission.

She has located Angus Campbell in the lower trenches.

There is... regret in her signal.

She bears no malice toward the fallen hunter.

Yet she is greatly distressed.

Jimmy drops his spoon.

JIMMY

Distressed? Why?

Anthony's voice deepens – like a cello in a cathedral.

ANTHONY

The "news hounds," as you call them.

There are currently forty-eight unauthorized vessels on the water.

The surface is cluttered with sonar pings and electric noise.

She feels besieged, Jimmy.

The mystery she has lived in for centuries... is being stripped away.

Rhona rises, walking to the window.

Outside: white wakes crisscross the Loch – press boats,
drones, satellites.

She checks her phone.

Social media scrolls in a blur – hashtags, hoaxes, whispers
of murder.

RHONA

It will die down soon enough.

The Scottish cold has a way of dampening even the most
persistent journalists.

But for now...

She turns to the group, eyes misting.

RHONA

Can ye no stay a wee while longer?

I've spent my life studying the water...

but I've never truly communicated with our ancient friend.

With Anthony here... the bridge is finally open.

Jimmy looks to his parents.

Then to Anthony – the great metallic guardian.

The road trip was meant to move on.

But the heart of the Loch is calling.

EXT. LOCH NESS – WIDE SHOT – DAY

The water glistens.

The hills stand silent.

The mystery deepens.

FADE OUT.

CHARLEY'S FINAL REPORT

INT. THE KELPIE'S BRIDLE - PUBLIC BAR - NIGHT

A cacophony of clinking glasses, raised voices, and frantic keyboard tapping.

The bar is thick with journalists – the “news hounds” – chasing whispers of foul play and supernatural mayhem.

HAMISH MACGREGOR moves behind the bar like a granite monolith.

He slides pints across the worn oak with the stoicism of a man who's seen too much and says too little.

INT. THE KELPIE'S BRIDLE - QUIET CORNER - SAME TIME

CHARLEY TEMPLE sits alone, laptop open.

The blue glow of the screen reflects in her eyes – sharp, focused, resolute.

She types.

Her fingers move with the precision of a surgeon and the rhythm of a poet.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

In a world increasingly obsessed with cold facts and cynical debunking...

the tragedy of Angus Campbell serves as a haunting reminder of the power of legend.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCH NESS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

A shadowed figure – ANGUS CAMPBELL – stands at the prow of his drifter.

Mist coils around him.

Lightning flashes.

The Loch churns.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

Like the speed ace Donald Campbell, who in 1967 pushed his jet-powered Bluebird K7 onto the waters of Coniston...

Angus followed a path of singular obsession.

Where Donald chased the 300-mile-per-hour barrier through his own wake...

Angus chased a shadow through the Highland mist.

INT. THE KELPIE'S BRIDLE – QUIET CORNER – CONTINUOUS

Charley pauses.

She looks out the window at the dark water – still, inscrutable.

She resumes typing.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

Both men were claimed by the lakes they sought to conquer. By venturing into the heavy traffic of the Caledonian Canal during a brewing storm...

Angus Campbell ignored the warnings of nature.

Now, he passes into the same realm of mystery as the creature he sought to expose.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCH NESS – NIGHT – STILL IMAGE

The Loch glimmers under moonlight.

Silent.

Guarded.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

For 1,500 years, the Loch has guarded its own.

Whether a biological marvel or a beautifully cultivated

myth...

the “Monster” remains in the limelight of our imagination – undiscovered, untouchable, and eternally free.

Charley types the final line.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

For now, the waters of Coniston and Loch Ness remain in the shadows of great men...

with great, if dangerous, visions.

The mystery endures.

She hits SEND.

The screen goes dark.

EXT. LOCH NESS – MORNING

The transformation is total.

The paparazzi are gone – vanished with the morning fog.

The Loch is a mirror of tranquillity.

Cruisers drift gently.

Tourists point cameras at the horizon, content to say they walked where legends lived.

INT. THE KELPIE’S BRIDLE – MORNING

Charley snaps her laptop shut.

A presence looms behind her.

She turns to find HAMISH – towering, immovable.

HAMISH

Leaving us then, lassie?

CHARLEY

The story’s filed, Hamish.

My work here is done.

She extends a hand – professional, formal.

Hamish looks at it.
Then up at her.

A glint of warmth.

HAMISH

Put that away, lassie.

He pulls her into a massive bear hug – breath-stealing,
bone-tight.

It's not just farewell.
It's initiation.

CHARLEY

Keepers' Code, Hamish.

HAMISH

Aye.
Keepers' Code.
Now get out of here before I start charging ye for the
seat.

Charley laughs, wiping away a tear.

EXT. THE KELPIE'S BRIDLE – CAR PARK – MOMENTS LATER

JIMMY and the WATSONS wait by the car.

Charley walks toward them.

She gives Jimmy a slow, knowing wink – the kind shared only
by those who've seen a dinosaur speak to a legend.

The road trip continues.

But the ghosts of Loch Ness are finally at peace.

FADE OUT.

FAREWELL AT WATER'S EDGE

EXT. THE KELPIE'S REST - MORNING

A soft Highland dawn.

The air carries the scent of damp pine and woodsmoke.

The Watsons load the last of their bags into their trusty VOLKSWAGEN CAMPER.

The cottage – THE KELPIE'S REST – sits nestled against the hillside like a silent guardian, its stone walls steeped in the echoes of the week's extraordinary events.

MARION turns to RHONA, her voice wavering despite her best efforts.

MARION

Thank you for inviting us into your home, Rhona.

It's been... more than we ever expected.

Jimmy rushes forward and throws his arms around Rhona, nearly knocking her over.

She laughs – bright, clear – and kneels to kiss his forehead.

RHONA

My little adventurer.

Take care on the road.

And mind – don't go inventing anything smarter than Anthony.

The world's not ready for two of him.

JIMMY

I won't, Auntie.

The mischievous glint in his eye says otherwise.

Rhona glances toward the massive, camouflaged shape strapped to the roof-rack.

RHONA

And bye the bye..

ye canna' just leave him here with me, can ye?

She's joking – mostly.

The longing in her voice betrays her.

The Volkswagen engine sputters to life with its familiar, rhythmic putter.

Arms wave wildly from every window as the van winds down the dirt track, disappearing behind a stand of silver birch.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN CAMPER – MOVING – MORNING

Jimmy sits quietly, staring out the window.

JIMMY

Mum...?

MARION

I know, Jimmy.

She's already turning the wheel.

TIM looks up from a map, puzzled.

TIM

Know what?

Aren't we heading for the border?

MARION

One last stop.

EXT. WHISPERING BAY – LATE MORNING

The secluded cove is empty – no reporters, no flashing bulbs.

Just the quiet lap of water and the whisper of wind through the pines.

Tim takes up a lookout position on the cliff-top path, scanning the horizon like a sentry.

Anthony dismounts from the roof-rack with hydraulic grace, landing on the sand with a soft thud.

Jimmy holds out a compact, matte-black device – a waterproof satellite beacon.

JIMMY

You know what to do, Anthony?

ANTHONY

Affirmative.

Establishing a permanent bridge.

The Dinobot strides into the water.

His heavy frame submerges until only his sensor array remains above the surface.

He descends along the sloping silt of the Loch bed, vanishing into the dark, peat-stained depths.

INT. UNDERWATER – CONTINUOUS

Anthony reaches a hidden limestone crevice.

He tucks the beacon securely inside – a technological offering to an ancient world.

EXT. WHISPERING BAY – CONTINUOUS

Anthony returns to the shallows.

Massive ripples break the surface.

ANTHONY

Signal detected.

She is approaching.

I advised her to remain submerged for safety, but–

Too late.

A long, elegant neck rises from the water.

Skin glistening like wet slate in the morning sun.

NESSIE glides toward the shore – silent, regal.

Anthony, waist-deep, reaches out and gently strokes her muzzle.

Jimmy's restraint evaporates.

The boy overtakes the scientist.

He dives into the freezing water – clothes and all – kicking toward the creature.

MARION

Oh dear...

I'd better get the towels out.

Again.

Jimmy reaches Nessie, placing his hands on her smooth, ancient skin.

A deep, resonant hum vibrates through him – the heartbeat of the earth itself.

Nessie releases a low, mournful moan – gratitude made sound.

A telepathic pulse flickers through Anthony's speakers.

NESSIE (V.O.)

Got to go.

Thank you for saving me.

Thank you for making the Metal One.

I will not forget our adventure.

With a powerful sweep of her flippers, she turns and slips beneath the surface – vanishing into the ink-black depths.

Jimmy watches the spot until his teeth chatter.

TIM

Come on, son.

Let's get you into some dry clothes.

Jimmy scrambles ashore, dripping and shivering – but smiling like he could light the entire Highlands.

JIMMY

Sorry, Mum.

Got a bit carried away again.

INT. THE KELPIE'S REST – RHONA'S STUDY – SAME TIME

Rhona sits at her desk, staring at her monitor.

A window pops up – a cascade of gold-colored geometric codes.

She decodes them – breath catching.

A greeting.

A rhythmic, intelligent pulse from the bottom of the Loch.

Relayed through the beacon.

Bounced off a satellite.

Rhona leaps from her chair, performing a spontaneous jig across the wooden floor.

RHONA

Oh, thank you!

Thank you, Jimmy!

And thank you, Maximus!

The bridge is open.
The mystery is safe.
And their adventures are only just beginning.

FADE OUT.

THE SUSSEX HORIZON

INT. VOLKSWAGEN KOMBI – MOVING – EARLY EVENING

The cabin glows with the soft amber of twilight.
The scent of peat smoke still lingers – a memory of the
Highlands.

The KOMBI hums with a futuristic purr, thanks to Tim's
modifications.

Outside, the jagged peaks of Scotland give way to the
rolling green tapestries of England.

JIMMY, bundled in an oversized wool sweater, nurses a
thermos of cocoa.
He stares out the window, watching the purple heather fade
into the distance.

JIMMY

We have to go back soon, Mum.
Auntie Rhona will be lonely.

MARION smiles, her hand resting gently on his shoulder.

MARION

Missing her already, are we?
Or is it a certain prehistoric friend living in the depths?

Jimmy doesn't answer.
His eyes drift upward – toward the roof.

EXT. KOMBI ROOF – CONTINUOUS

Nestled securely on the rack, ANTHONY sits in full active camouflage.

To passing motorists, he's just luggage.

But inside, his processors hum.

The world is a map of constellations and data streams.
As the sun dips below the horizon, Anthony watches the stars blink into existence.

He is dreaming – in his own digital way – of deep water.

INT. KOMBI – CONTINUOUS

MARION's voice takes on the cozy tone of someone nearing their own hearth.

MARION

We've a few things to attend to back in Herstmonceux.

TIM, hands steady on the wheel, exhales contentedly.

TIM

I know, I know.

We've got surfboards to wax...

and a garden that's likely turned into a jungle.

But I think we've all earned a bit of Sussex sunshine.

EXT. MOTORWAY – NIGHT

The miles vanish beneath them – eaten up by the modified engine Tim tuned to perfection.

The air changes.

The northern chill softens into a salt-tinged breeze.

The "Welcome to East Sussex" sign flickers past in the headlights.

INT. KOMBI – NIGHT

Silence descends.

Jimmy's head lolls onto a pillow.

His breathing deepens – dreams of underwater caverns flickering behind closed eyes.

Marion sleeps too, her head resting against the window.

Tim drives on – the lone sentry of the night.

Outside, the chalk downs rise like old friends.

Tim smiles – a quiet, private smile.

They had gone looking for a legend..
and found something greater:

A family that could keep a secret.
A robot that could feel.
And a story that would never truly end.

EXT. HERSTMONCEUX – DRIVEWAY – NIGHT

The Kombi turns into the driveway.
Headlights sweep across the familiar garden.

The engine gives one final, satisfied purr... and shuts down.

INT. KOMBI – FINAL MOMENTS

Jimmy stirs slightly.
Anthony's sensors blink once – like a nod to the stars.

The road trip to Loch Ness is over.

But for the Watsons – and their mechanical guardian –
the horizon is only just beginning to widen.

FADE OUT.

-- THE END --