

THE HOLY COMPASS: CLEANER OCEAN FOUNDATION

**Genre: Speculative Thriller/Faith-Science Drama. Tone: Epic,
reverent, redemptive, politically charged.**

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V1.0 68 page first draft script

JOHN STORM is a sporty amateur anthropologist and obsessive collector of DNA samples, since a teenager; of all life on Earth. Now in his 40s, the rugged conservationist became famous for rescuing an injured Humpback whale and protesting about ocean pollution. Once scaling the Shard in London to unfurl a giant banner. He inherited a solar and hydrogen powered trimaran from his deceased uncle; Professor Douglas Storm, that came complete with built in AI, named HAL, and the ARK, the world's largest digital database. In a previous expedition for Blue Shield, he rescued a clone of Cleopatra (20s), the famous Egyptian pharaoh, now a member of his crew travelling under the pseudonym, Patricia Leopard, to protect her identity, along with Dan Hawk (20s) an electronics genius. During that mission, John became enhanced with a CRISPR virus injection. When the crew liberated the CyberCore Genetica™ and BioCore™ technology from a laboratory near Manaus, Brazil. The CyberCore is a super nano computer, the world's most powerful. The BioCore is a chip implanted on the brain, that allows virtual telepathic communication, via the CyberCore and HAL; a virtual crewmate. John and crew, collaborate with Charley Temple (30s) an investigative reporter for the BBC, London.

NOAH'S ARK - FLASHBACK - EXT. AMAZON RAINFOREST - NIGHT

The jungle breathes. Humid air clings to every leaf. Insects hum like data packets. JOHN STORM, 40s, rugged and haunted, crouches beside CHARLEY TEMPLE, unconscious and bleeding. Suddenly – A NEUWELT GUARD lunges. A syringe glints. A struggle. The needle

plunges into JOHN's arm. A CRISPR virus gets to work altering his DNA.

His body convulses. Eyes flicker. Something both ancient and synthetic awakens within him.

INT. MAKESHIFT OPERATING CHAIR, ELIZABETH SWANN GALLEY -
FLASHBACK - SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

CLEOPATRA joins the Swann's crew, after rescue by John and Dan. She is a clone, a successful reincarnation from mummy DNA, using the Replivator, Jack has acquired for himself.

DAN and CLEOPATRA, techno-mystics in their own right, hover over JOHN.

DAN

BioCore's ready. You sure?

JOHN (grimly)
Do it.

A sleek implant slides into place on his occipital lobe. CyberCore lights flicker on. HAL, the onboard AI, activates.

HAL (V.O.)
Welcome, John Storm. Interface complete.

INT. JOHN'S MIND - CYBERSPACE VISION

Neural pathways light up like constellations. The ARK - his uncle's digital DNA repository-unfolds like a cathedral of code.

JOHN (V.O.)
The world isn't a mystery anymore. It's memory. Pattern. Purpose.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM - ABOVE THE CANOPY

Golden clouds. Ethereal silence. JESUS and JEHOVAH observe.

JESUS

He's no preacher. No prophet. But he walks the walk.

JEHOVAH (nodding)

A Samaritan. A Noah. A man of the new Exodus.

A vision of MOSES flashes—staffs, tablets. Then JOHN - syringe, implant, ARK.

JESUS

The tools have changed. The mission hasn't.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN - NIGHT

JOHN stares at his hands. The BioCore pulses faintly beneath his skull. Bio-electro tendrils unfurl, meshing with his brain.

JOHN (V.O.)

By the stars HAL, I read the internet. I won't waste this gift.

A faint glow surrounds him. HAL whispers guidance. The ARK hums. A whole new world of knowledge at his fingertips.

ASHES OF THE JUNGLE - FLASHBACK

INT. NEUWELT RITTERTUM COMPOUND - NIGHT - MANAUS JUNGLE

Humidity clings to the air. The jungle is unnaturally silent.

JACK MASON (40s, dark hair, muscular, a hardened, precise, CIA operative & double agent) crouches behind a crumbling wall, eyes scanning the compound. His BLACK OPS TEAM moves like ghosts through the foliage.

JACK (into comms, low)

Alpha team, secure the 'Replivator.' Bravo, sweep for residual BioCore tech. No traces.

Inside the lab: blinking sequencers, hissing cryo-chambers. The REPLIVATOR - chrome, monolithic Genesis cloning chamber - is loaded into a reinforced truck, wrapped in Vatican-sealed insulation.

OPERATIVE (holding vial) Cleopatra's mitochondrial sample. Tagged and encrypted.

JACK (grim)

That goes in the Vatican crate. No exceptions.

Outside, trucks rumble under tarps marked UNESCO Blue Shield. Jack watches, conflicted.

JACK (V.O.)

Preservation was the illusion. Possession was the truth.

He sets thermite charges. Alone in the lab, he stares at the altar of science.

JACK (softly)

Forgive us.

He presses the detonator. A blinding explosion. Flames consume the compound.

EXT. DECK OF THE ELIZABETH SWANN (solar/hydrogen powered trimaran) - NIGHT - RIVER AMAZON

CHARLEY TEMPLE (30s brunette, athletic, investigative reporter) and DAN HAWK (20s crew member, electronics, programming genius) stand at the railing, watching distant smoke rise.

DAN

Guess Jack did his job.

CHARLEY (narrowing eyes)

Or he did something else entirely.

INT. SALA DEI MISTERI - APOSTOLIC PALACE, VATICAN - PRESENT DAY

Twilight cloaks the marble corridors. POPE PETER BENEDICT sits beneath the frescoed dome, dying from stage 4 lung cancer.

CARDINALS BARROS, EL-AMIN, SPINOZA, and SPINELLI surround him.

A dossier lies open: schematics, genetic logs, Vatican intel.

EL-AMIN

She was reborn. Not by miracle. By machine.

POPE BENEDICT (closing eyes)

Ecclesiastes 3:20... Yet now, man dares to reverse the dust's descent.

SPINELLI

If Cleopatra was replicated... what stops them from attempting Christ?

A hush. The question hangs like incense.

POPE BENEDICT

To engineer resurrection is to counterfeit divinity. To build Babel anew.

SPINOZA (unrolling scroll)

Scholars seek the Nazarene's DNA. They believe the Second Coming can be manufactured.

EL-AMIN

Agents in Jerusalem. A courier intercepted near the Garden Tomb.

The Pope rises, robes flowing.

POPE BENEDICT

The Holy See shall not permit a resurrection unsanctioned by Heaven.

BARROS

And John Storm?

POPE BENEDICT

He must believe the lab was destroyed. Revelation 13 warns us...

SPINELLI (crossing himself)

Amen.

Bells toll. The Council of Veils prepares to defend the sacred from the synthetic.

INT. COMMAND CABIN - NIGHT - ELIZABETH SWANN

The ship glides across moonlit waves. JOHN STORM (40s rugged Captain, accidentally physically enhanced via CRISPR virus, reviews intercepted transmissions. HAL, the ship's AI, speaks calmly to John, blue-tooth, via a BIOCORE brain implant.

HAL (Ships ultra-fast self-learning AI computer) Encrypted Vatican-CIA chatter detected. Keywords: "Replivator secured," "UNESCO deception," "Storm remains unaware."

JOHN (leaning back)

They believe I'm unaware?

HAL

They underestimate your resolve, Commander.

DAN enters with coffee. CHARLEY follows with snacks.

CLEOPATRA

We still have CyberCore Genetica, BioCore schematics, and the CRISPR virus. The Bates nano-core is stable. Fastest super-nano computer in the world? Right?

JOHN

Yes, but don't upset HAL. He's the only self-programming computer. We'll keep a watching brief. HAL, monitor Vatican channels. Flag Talpiot, Turin, resurrection protocols. Please.

HAL

Affirmative, Commander. Not that upset, by the by. I can also upgrade my hardware autonomously. So, there.

John stands at the helm. The ocean stretches before him—vast, secretive. Cleopatra chuckles to one side.

JOHN (V.O.)

They cloak ambition in scripture. But truth has a tide of its own.

The Swann sails on. The battle for resurrection has only just begun.

**MUSEUM, JERUSALEM - PORT OF ASHDOD, MEDITERRANEAN SEA, ISRAEL -
THE STONE AND THE FLAME - PRESENT DAY**

EXT. TAXI - ISRAELI COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Sun-scorched fields blur past. Distant hills shimmer in heat haze. Inside the taxi, JOHN STORM sits silent, flanked by DAN and CLEOPATRA - alias PATRICIA LEOPARD. The mood is deceptively casual.

INT. ISRAEL MUSEUM - ARCHAEOLOGY WING - DAY

Cool air. Marble floors. Glass cases gleam with relics of

forgotten empires. The trio moves slowly, absorbing the weight of history.

DAN

Feels like walking through time.

CLEOPATRA (dryly)

Time with a climate control system.

JOHN drifts away, drawn to a small, unassuming display.

CLOSE-UP - STONE TABLET

A foot-square slab. Intricate carvings shimmer subtly. The plaque reads: "Unidentified Stone Tablet, Roman Period."

CLEOPATRA (joining him)

Doesn't match any known style. Almost... alien.

JOHN doesn't respond. He lifts a discreet data recorder, scans the tablet. His BioCore pulses.

INT. JOHN'S MIND - CYBERSPACE INTERFACE

A silent command: HAL, scan and analyse.

Data streams. HAL's voice returns, low and urgent.

HAL (V.O.)

Preliminary match: non-Euclidean navigation system. Symbolic structure akin to pre-Babylonian cuneiform. Combined, they form a narrative.

JOHN's pulse quickens. He nods slightly, masking urgency.

JOHN (aloud, casual)

Craftsmanship's superb.

HAL (V.O.)

It's a celestial map, John. Not of any known star system. A key. Encrypted. Best return to the Swann.

INT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

JOHN turns to DAN and CLEOPATRA.

JOHN

We need to get back to the ship. Now.

They exchange glances. No questions. They know that look.

EXT. MUSEUM EXIT - DAY

As they leave, a shadow watches from a security alcove. A man speaks into a concealed mic.

FLAME OF SION AGENT (quietly)

Asset Storm has made contact. Tablet confirmed. Initiate Golgotha protocol.

INT. VATICAN MONITORING ROOM - NIGHT

Screens flicker. A BLUE SHIELD operative leans forward.

OPERATIVE

He's moving again. Jerusalem to Golgotha. He's found something.

A cardinal watches silently. Concern etched deep.

EXT. MUSEUM COURTYARD - DAY

The trio walks briskly. JOHN speaks without turning.

JOHN

We've seen enough. Time to visit Golgotha.

DAN

What's at Golgotha, Skip?

JOHN

You may know it as Calgary.

CLEOPATRA (quietly)

Where the Romans crucified Jesus.

They fall silent. The air shifts. The hunt begins.

INT. INTERPOL BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

A map of Israel. A red dot pulses.

INTERPOL COMMANDER

Storm's on the move. Again. Notify Vatican Liaison. And Blue Shield.

EXT. JERUSALEM STREETS - NIGHT

The taxi speeds away. The tablet's image flickers on HAL's internal display. The Holy Compass is real. And it's calling.

VOICES: CALL FOR HELP - A RACE AGAINST TIME

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

A television channel glows harshly in the dim cabin. The BBC World News Service plays. JILL BIRD, veteran correspondent, delivers grim news.

JILL BIRD (ON SCREEN) Sources within the Vatican confirm... His Holiness, Pope Peter Benedict, is failing rapidly. Days, perhaps hours remain.

Images of the Vatican. Closed doors. Silent Swiss Guards. Crowds gather in St. Peter's Square.

JOHN STORM watches, pale. DAN HAWK and CLEOPATRA sit nearby, tense.

JOHN (V.O.)

The whispers. The dreams. The pull toward Rome. It all has a name now.

His phone buzzes. Secure line. DR. ROBERTA TREADSTONE's voice crackles through.

DR ROBERTA TREADSTONE (V.O.) (50s, UNESCO, Blue Shield operative)
John, World Health Organization's final report is in. No cure. No hope. He's dying.

A second voice interrupts—cold, bureaucratic.

WHO OFFICIAL (V.O.)

This is not protocol. He's a rogue agent.

TREADSTONE (V.O.)

This is a friend-to-friend call. We need a miracle. He's a good man. Without him...

Silence. The weight of unspoken fears.

JOHN hangs up. The room is still. HAL's voice breaks through.

HAL (V.O.)

If we use the ARK's genetic data... CyberCore... Replivator... we may cure him. It would be proof. That science and faith can work together.

JOHN

stares at the screen. The Pope. The crowds. The burden.

DAN

Are we really going to do this?

CLEOPATRA (softly)

Some things aren't a matter of choice. They're a matter of destiny.

JOHN nods slowly. Resolve hardening.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

The ship glides silently. Solar powered thrusters purr. The sea is calm—but the calm is a lie.

INT. JOHN'S CABIN - NIGHT

JOHN sleeps fitfully. Whispers echo. Parables. Prophecy.

WHISPER (V.O.)

To the River Tiber. Follow the sun's path to the city of God.

He wakes. The voice persists. A hum in his mind. A call.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

JOHN stares at the navigation screen. The course shifts—toward Rome.

DAN

What's the plan?

JOHN (quietly)

I don't know. I just feel... pulled.

HAL's diagnostics flicker. Anomalous signals. Telepathic data. No source.

HAL (V.O.)

Signals detected. Origin unknown. They are... divine.

CLEOPATRA looks up from an ancient chart.

CLEOPATRA

I hear it too. A voice. It speaks of a man named Isaiah. A good man. In need.

EXT. HEAVENS - DIVINE REALM

JEHOVAH watches. JESUS beside Him. The Earth below.

JEHOVAH

He is not devout. But he is good. A Samaritan. A modern Isaiah.

Visions flash: WILL BATES, inventor of CyberCore. BARON VON RICHTHOFEN, architect of the Replivator. Men of flawed brilliance. Children of God.

JEHOVAH

The world needs a miracle. And the Pope... he knows it.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The whispers cease. A calm settles. JOHN breathes deeply.

JOHN

To the River Tiber.

DAN and CLEOPATRA exchange a glance. No questions. Only faith.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

The ship turns toward Rome. Toward destiny. Gauntlet picked up.

CURE FOR CANCER - THE MEDICINE MAN

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

The ELIZABETH SWANN cuts through moonlit waters. HAL monitors from the bridge. Below deck, JOHN STORM pores over encrypted Vatican files.

HAL (V.O.)

Incoming petition. Origin: Vatican. Subject: Pope Peter Benedict. Directive: medical intervention.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

JOHN, CLEOPATRA, and DAN read the message. The Pope is dying—lung cancer, accelerated by urban pollution.

JOHN (quietly)

He calls me a Medicine Man.

CLEOPATRA

Then let's give him medicine.

EXT. RIVER TIBER - DAWN

The Swann navigates the fast-flowing river. HAL activates stealth protocols. They moor beneath St. Angelo Bridge.

INT. ARMOURED POPE-MOBILE - DAY

JOHN, DAN, and PATRICIA LEOPARD are ushered into the Apostolic Palace. Vatican guards salute. They feel like royalty.

INT. PAPAL MEDICAL SUITE - DAY

CyberCore Genetica™ interfaces with HAL and the ARK. JOHN analyses the Pope's DNA. CLEOPATRA calibrates the viral cure.

HAL (V.O.)

Sequence stabilized. Administering now.

The injection is made. The room holds its breath.

INT. BBC NEWSROOM - NIGHT

CHARLEY TEMPLE and STEVE GREEN (40s, African freelance feature writer) feed updates to JILL BIRD. The world watches.

JILL BIRD (ON SCREEN)

A week of silence. Then—regression. The cancer retreats.

INT. PAPAL GARDENS - DAY

POPE PETER BENEDICT walks slowly, flanked by bishops. JOHN joins him.

POPE BENEDICT

My boy... you truly are a Medicine Man. That drink - was it from the Fountain of Youth?

JOHN (embarrassed)

solar Cola. Worked on a humpback whale. Kulo-Luna. Harpoon wound.

POPE BENEDICT (smiling)

And the Shard. I've heard of that too.

JOHN blushes. The Pope laughs softly.

INT. VATICAN COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Senior bishops convene. No comment is made publicly. Only one statement released:

VATICAN SPOKESPERSON (V.O.)

Pope Peter Benedict is making a remarkable recovery.

EXT. VATICAN CITY - NIGHT

The Swann's arrival did not go unnoticed. Press swarm. JOHN and PATRICIA slip away under cover of darkness.

HEADLINE (V.O.)

Ocean Conservationist Strikes Again. Vatican: All at Sea.

INT. INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

JOHN flies to The Hague, to defend his claim to CAPTAIN HENRY MORGAN'S treasure. Opposing bidders demand the location, alleging theft from multiple nations.

ICC JUDGE

Mr. Storm, your compromise is accepted. Archaeological pieces to museums in Mexico, Ecuador, Columbia and Panama. The remainder is yours.

JOHN becomes a wealthy philanthropist. GEORGE FRANKS smiles from a video call. He flies back to Rome.

INT. CIA BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Anger simmers. MI6, CIA, and mystery bidders are furious. Offers rejected. Technology denied.

AGENT

He's enhanced. Digitally connected. He's a threat.

EXT. ROME - NIGHT

FSB operatives attempt a kidnapping. HAL triggers countermeasures. JOHN and CLEOPATRA escape—Jason Bourne style.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

JOHN stares at the ARK. He knows what must be done.

JOHN

Hide it. Henry Morgan style. The Swann is no longer a lab.

HAL (V.O.)

Understood. Reclassification complete.

INT. UNITED NATIONS - DAY

WHO officials consult JOHN. CyberCore as peacekeeping tech. The world is listening.

EXT. GLOBAL MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Military chiefs, religious leaders, and shadowy patrons watch JOHN's every move. Offers turn to threats. A game of cat and mouse begins.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

HAL manages logistics. CLEOPATRA monitors encrypted channels. DAN arms the ship's defences.

JOHN (V.O.)

We didn't ask for this. But we won't let them take it.

A MODERN MIRACLE - THE CURIA CONVENED

INT. APOSTOLIC PALACE - PRIVATE CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Heavy silence. Twelve CARDINALS in deep-red robes sit in a half-circle around a polished oak table. The room, steeped in centuries of doctrine, now feels like a crucible of transformation.

At the head sits POPE PETER BENEDICT—pale, radiant, impossibly restored.

POPE BENEDICT

My brothers... you have seen the impossible. I stand before you not as an authority, but as a man touched by grace. But what form did that grace take? A bolt of divine lightning—or a whisper in the language of mathematics and code?

INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

CARDINAL ALFONZO, aged and austere, shifts in his chair. His voice is sharp, unwavering.

CARDINAL ALFONZO

This was no miracle. It was a machine. A voice of a demon, cloaked in circuitry. It violates the divine order.

Across from him, CARDINAL SORELLI leans forward—intellect burning behind his eyes.

CARDINAL SORELLI

Eminence, fear is not faith. Did God not encode truth in the universe itself? Is gravity heresy because it replaced superstition?

CARDINAL SPINELLI, younger and media-savvy, speaks with calm pragmatism.

CARDINAL SPINELLI

The world craves a sign. What better sign than healing through the very tools it fears? Let the Church master knowledge—not shun it.

INT. CHAMBER - FAR END OF TABLE

POPE BENEDICT gestures to JOHN STORM, DAN HAWK, and HAL—the AI console glowing softly.

POPE BENEDICT

John. Dan. HAL. Explain what happened—without theology.

JOHN stands. His voice is steady, grounded.

JOHN

We used a quantum neural network to rewrite cancerous cell programming via CRISPR. The ARK database holds Earth's genetic blueprint. We modelled a healthy state for your DNA and restored it. It's not magic. It's knowledge.

A collective breath. The word "cure" now has weight.

INT. CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE speaks—his tone gentle, his logic precise.

ARCHBISHOP THORNE

Eminence Alfonzo, the Church has feared what it did not understand. Galileo. Evolution. But science and faith are not enemies. God's tools include clay... and circuits.

The room stills. Even Alfonzo cannot refute the logic.

INT. CHAMBER - POPE'S FINAL WORD

POPE BENEDICT

Knowledge is not the devil. The true devil is the kleptocracy that hoards it. John Storm stands for the opposite. HAL is no demon. He is a steward. The ARK is a gift. A shared inheritance. Can we, as keepers of the Word, afford to turn our backs?

Alfonzo stares at HAL. The machine has healed. It has given. He remains silent.

INT. CHAMBER - FINAL MOMENTS

POPE BENEDICT closes his eyes. Opens them. Clear. Resolute.

POPE BENEDICT

This is not the end. It is the beginning. We will teach the world to use these tools for good. The hand of God can work through any vessel—so long as it is guided by love.

No dissent. No vote needed. The Church shifts—not with thunder, but with the click of a logic gate.

THE SHROUD OF TURIN - VATICAN VAULT BREACH

INT. VATICAN SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dim, reverent silence. The air hums with centuries of secrets. A narrow corridor leads to a vault door etched with Latin inscriptions. A retinal scanner blinks red, then green.

INT. CONTAINMENT CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Sterile. Cold. Lit by surgical lamps and the soft glow of monitors. A fragment of ancient linen—no larger than a postage stamp—rests in a containment cradle.

DR. LEONTINE ASHUR (40s), composed, brilliant, surgical gloves on, leans over the relic. Her eyes flick between the fragment and a microscopic feed on a nearby screen.

CLOSE-UP: The cloth's fibers, rust-brown stains—blood?—etched into time.

FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI (50s) (standing behind her, voice low)
Do you have it, Leontine?

DR. ASHUR (never looking up)

I do, Father. The biometric lock was trivial. The micro-sensor array is inert. The Vatican won't notice for weeks—if they ever open the vault.

She lifts the fragment with titanium tweezers, reverent as if handling the Eucharist. Her breath fogs the sterile glass.

FLASH CUTS - MONTAGE

- Blueprints of the vault, marked in red.
- A ring of cardinals in shadow, murmuring Latin.
- A replica locket, lead-shielded, resting in a velvet case.

Narration overlays the visuals in Virelli's voice.

VIRELLI (V.O.)

The Crimson Synod gave us the codes. They gave us the schematics. They gave us the mandate. The Church has grown soft. We will make it glow again.

INT. CONTAINMENT CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Leontine seals the fragment inside the replica locket. A perfect match—weight, density, even the patina.

DR. ASHUR

The blood of the Lamb is now in our hands. With this, we prove divine heritage. We find truth in the genome.

Virelli steps forward, eyes closed, a smile of serene fanaticism.

VIRELLI

And we purify the faith. No more parables. No more fables. Pope Benedict clings to myth. We will give the world a God of data. The Flame of Sion is lit. And it will burn away the falsehoods.

Leontine replaces the locket in its housing. The chamber seals.
To any scan, the relic is untouched.

INT. VATICAN - NIGHT

Wide shot. The Vatican sleeps. Bells toll softly in the distance.
The most sacred biological relic in human history has vanished —
unseen, unmissed.

AI REVELATIONS

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

The solar-powered vessel glides silently through Mediterranean waters. Inside, the hum of its drives is barely audible—a whisper beneath the storm of data unfolding on the main console.

A holographic display pulses in the center of the cabin: ancient scripts, encrypted glyphs, and forensic overlays swirl like a digital maelstrom.

JOHN STORM (40s), rugged, sceptical, leans in. Beside him, DAN HAWK (20s), tech-savvy and irreverent. CLEOPATRA (timeless, enigmatic), watches with quiet intensity.

HAL (V.O.)

Running full decryption on the tablet now. Cross-referencing all known data points related to: "Holy Compass," "Sacred Directional Anomaly," and "Golgotha."

JOHN

Anything yet, old boy?

A new window blooms on the display—an intricate web of connections, glowing like constellations. Names. Corporations. Bank accounts. Vatican officials.

HAL (V.O.)

A chilling pattern is emerging. The tablet contains a linguistic cipher. When applied to Vatican archives and Cardinal Alfonzo's private servers... a larger narrative is revealed.

HAL (V.O.)

The conspirators are revealed. The Crimson Synod—an ultra-radical cabal—secretly funds a fanatical splinter group: the Flame of Sion.

DAN (low whistle)

Crimson Synod? Holy fuel cells. Weren't they behind the "Cleopatra Reborn" incident?

HAL (V.O.)

The very same. But their motives have evolved. Their objectives now mirror the visions of the biblical Daniel—hidden plots, divine insight, political manipulation. They seek to fulfil prophecy... on their terms.

JOHN (sceptical)

Manipulate history? That's a stretch. Sounds more like a fever dream than Daniel.

CLEOPATRA (softly, eyes locked on the display)

It's not a dream. The ancients knew sacred knowledge was power. They encoded it, buried it. If a group believes they have divine sanction... they'll do anything.

A new image appears: a high-res scan of the Shroud of Turin. A DNA marker glows red.

HAL (V.O.)

Intercepted communications confirm their next objective: a DNA sample from the Shroud. Their goal is not to disprove divinity... but to replicate it. To engineer the Second Coming.

John stiffens. His mind flashes to the CRISPR virus that cured Pope Benedict. The implications churn in his gut.

JOHN

They don't have the tech. Not yet.

HAL (V.O.)

Correct. But they're building it. They believe the Holy Compass—the tablet you recovered—contains the final algorithm. The key to unlocking Christ's DNA. To creating a vessel. A new messiah.

A new layer unfolds on the hologram: a map of Jerusalem, marked with glowing red points. The tablet's carvings shimmer, re-aligning into a new pattern.

HAL (V.O.)

The real conspiracy isn't cloning. It's location. The tablet is a treasure map. They believe it leads to the genuine article—Holy Grail, Ark of the Covenant, or whatever relic they think will usher in the Second Coming.

DAN

Holy fuel cells. They're not after Talpiot anymore. They're after the real thing. And we've got the map... don't we, HAL?

HAL (V.O.)

Not 100% yet, Dan.

John stares at the tablet. The swirling lines now pulse with meaning. What was once abstract is now a roadmap—to destiny, to truth... or to an unholy resurrection.

JOHN (quietly)

This was supposed to be an educational outing.

He looks up. The cabin is silent. The game has changed.

JOHN (CONT'D)

By the stars. Now it's a race against prophecy.

THE CONSPIRATORS - THE UNHOLY WEAVE

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin is dim, lit only by the pulsing glow of the holographic display. Outside, the sea is calm. Inside, a data storm brews.

The hologram shifts - no longer maps of terrain, but a sprawling neural web of connections. Names. Faces. Financial trails. A digital tapestry of ambition and betrayal.

HAL (V.O.)

The conspirators are revealed.

Images flicker across the screen:

- CARDINAL ALFONZO, stern, traditionalist, eyes burning with conviction.
- CARDINAL EL-AMIN, cerebral, enigmatic, a scholar cloaked in secrecy.
- FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI, collar tight, gaze fanatical.
- MALCHUS and ELIAS CAIN, brothers in zeal, desecrators of the Talpiot Tomb.
- ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE, the architect, his smile a mask.
- DR. LEONTINE ASHUR, brilliant, cold, her eyes lit by ambition.

DAN HAWK (low whistle)

A whole team of them. I always thought those "hidden plots" in Daniel were just parables. Guess some people take scripture like a blueprint.

CLEOPATRA (stepping forward, voice sharp)

This isn't a plot. It's religious espionage. They're not just

defying the Church... they're weaponizing its own theology.

HAL (V.O.)

The operation is financed by three Christian investment banks - Ethiopia, Rome, Geneva. Bearer bonds. Untraceable capital. Their motives are not evil. They believe they are purifying the faith. A pre-emptive strike against a secular, dying world.

John Storm stares at the display. The web of connections pulses like a living thing. His face hardens.

JOHN STORM

This isn't good versus evil. It's grey. Fanatics with good intentions... using biotech and banking to force the hand of God.

The hologram zooms in—financial ledgers, encrypted communications, Vatican schematics. The conspiracy is vast. Intricate. Alive.

HAL (V.O.)

The web is interwoven within the Vatican itself. A silent challenge to the foundation of the Church.

Silence falls. The team stands motionless, the weight of revelation pressing down.

HAL's display flickers—an overlay of conservation protocols, now repurposed to expose a theological coup.

CLEOPATRA (softly)

We built this ship to preserve life. Now it's exposing a plan to remake it.

JOHN STORM (quietly, resolute)

Then we confront it. Not just the people... but the worldview.

The camera pulls back—Elizabeth Swann adrift in moonlit waters, a vessel of truth in a sea of deception.

POPULATION Vs PLANET

INT. CRIMSON SYNOD - INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

A stark, metallic chamber. No ornamentation. Just a single table surrounded by high-backed chairs. Above it, a holographic display hums—projecting graphs of rising sea levels, scorched earth, and red icons blinking over global conflict zones.

CARDINAL ALFONZO (gesturing to the display)

Look at it. A world in its death throes. Free will has become poison—in our air, our oceans, our souls.

CARDINAL EL-AMIN (nodding, voice measured)

Two millennia of counsel... ignored. The planet is choking. Eight billion mouths. Failing crops. Faith dismissed as folklore in a world ruled by algorithms and greed.

A beat. The data pulses. The room is silent but for the hum of the machine.

FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI (stepping forward, eyes burning)

The prophecies were never warnings. They were instructions. The end times are not to be awaited. They are to be engineered.

He leans in, voice low and hypnotic.

FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI (CONT'D)

Imagine Christ walking among us now—through war zones, through smog. Not as judge... but a catalyst. A revelation. We force the Second Coming. We either save humanity... or shake the Vatican to its core. Either way, we win.

DR. LEONTINE ASHUR (cool, clinical)

With viable DNA, my team can clone Him. The science is sound. The genome is the new scripture. We will give the world a saviour it cannot ignore.

ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE (calm, authoritative)

We do not twist prophecy. We fulfil it. Jeremiah warned of false prophets. We are not them. We act not for glory—but to prevent apocalypse. We'll give God a hand... before mankind burns the world to ash.

A pause. The operatives exchange glances. Conviction hardens into resolve.

HAL (V.O.) [Optional insertion if HAL is monitoring] Divine intent detected. Probability of theological rupture: 87%.

INT. CRIMSON SYNOD - CHAMBER - LATER THAT NIGHT

The air is heavy. Sacred texts lie open beside flickering holograms of famine, drought, and population spikes. The room pulses with desperation disguised as faith.

CARDINAL ALFONZO (reading from Mark)

"They would have sent the multitude away... but Jesus said, 'You give them something to eat.' Five loaves. Two fish. Five thousand fed. A miracle of abundance."

CARDINAL EL-AMIN (sceptical, pointing to a graph)

That was then. Today we are eight billion. They consume 2.4 Earths annually in energy. What is one miracle to that?

FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI (slamming fist on table)

It is a promise! Matthew says He healed the sick. John says He gave thanks and multiplied. Prophecy says he will do it again!

ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE (leaning in, voice sharp)

The loaves and fish were vessels. Imbued with divine power. Our

Replivator is no different. Science is our conduit. Faith is our fuel.

ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE (CONT'D)

The Second Coming must be undeniable. Not a whisper in the desert... but a hurricane roar. He will not bring bread. He will bring reckoning.

CARDINAL ALFONZO (eyes gleaming)

We will give Him a body. A living tabernacle. He will feed the multitudes - not with bread, but with a new covenant. A new Earth. Cleansed.

The room falls into reverent silence. The sermon has become strategy. The Synod is no longer debating—they are preparing.

The hologram zooms in: a DNA strand. A countdown. A map of Jerusalem.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

The holographic display flickers, shifting from data streams to animated infernos—scorched earth, burning forests, cities engulfed in flame. The cabin is silent, save for the low hum of HAL's voice.

HAL (V.O.)

The patterns are not confined to the physical world. Biblical scripture reveals a recurring motif - environmental destruction by fire. The Crimson Synod has likely co-opted this narrative.

JOHN STORM (frowning, watching the flames)

Sodom and Gomorrah. Fire from the heavens. Divine judgment.

HAL (V.O.)

Genesis 19:24.

HAL projects a new passage—Ezekiel 20:47-48. The words hover in the air like smoke.

HAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"The Lord God says, 'Behold, I will kindle a fire in you... the blazing flame shall not be quenched.' Not metaphor. Blueprint.

The display intensifies:

- A wildfire tearing through California.
- Australia's bush ablaze.
- A Canadian town reduced to ash—again.
- A Spanish city swallowed by flame.

John's face tightens. The prophecy isn't unfolding - it's being orchestrated.

HAL (V.O.)

They see these events not as natural disasters, but divine signals. Famines, droughts, plagues—symptoms of a world in need of extreme intervention. They believe they are giving the Lord a hand.

DAN HAWK (quietly, eyes fixed on the screen)
Isaiah 1:7. "Your cities burned with fire."

A long pause. Then—

CLEOPATRA (softly, from the shadows)

I have seen this before. Not fire from the sky... but a river that did not rise.

She steps forward, her fingers brushing the console, her voice ancient and sorrowful.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

The Nile was our lifeblood. When it failed, famine came. My people cried out. They saw it as punishment. Divine wrath.

She turns, her eyes radiant with memory.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

I did not wait for a miracle. I opened the granaries. Fed the starving. My priests warned me - I was defying the gods. They said the famine was a test.

Her voice grows stronger, resolute.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

But it was not a test. It was a crisis. Of our own making. We had no contingency. No resilience.

HAL blinks. Processing.

HAL (V.O.)

This historical account is new to me.

CLEOPATRA

The Synod and the Flame of Sion are repeating our mistake. They see divine wrath where there is human failure. They seek fulfilment of prophecy, not solutions.

She walks slowly, her presence commanding.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

During my reign, no group was ignored. I built temples for Greek and Egyptian gods. A synagogue for the Jews of Egypt.

HAL blinks again.

HAL (V.O.)

The first recognition of Article 18. The Universal Declaration.

JOHN STORM

Amen to that, HAL. The right to freedom of thought, conscience, and religion. To choose. To manifest.

John looks at Cleopatra. At the burning cities. At the ancient texts.

Two worlds—ancient and modern—collide in his mind.

JOHN STORM (CONT'D)

This isn't evil. It's misguided faith. A man-made apocalypse mistaken for divine will.

He turns to the others. Determined.

JOHN STORM (CONT'D)

And it's up to us—an AI, a sailor, and a Queen reborn—to convince the world otherwise.

The hologram pulses. The flames flicker. The battle ahead is not just against fire... but against belief itself.

TALPIOT TOMB RAIDERS

EXT. JERUSALEM - NIGHT

The city sleeps under a suffocating shroud of darkness. Near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a rock-cut sanctuary lies hidden beneath layers of time and silence.

INT. TALPIOT TOMB - CONTINUOUS

Three figures move like phantoms. Headlamps slice through the gloom, casting long shadows on ancient stone.

FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI (whispering)

Stay focused. This is not grave robbing. This is a harvest. A sacred rite.

He leads BROTHER MALCHUS (brutal, silent) and BROTHER ELIAS CAIN

(wiry, intense). Their tools gleam - titanium bone scoops, sterile vials, macro-lens cameras.

Malchus pries open limestone ossuary's. Inside: skulls, yellowed and cracked by millennia.

Elias extracts a molar with surgical precision, places it in a vial, labels it with a cryptic symbol. He photographs faded Aramaic inscriptions.

ELIAS CAIN (softly)

Samples secured. Three sets. Three distinct lines of ancestry.

INT. FLAME OF SION LAB - NIGHT

Sterile. Subterranean. A warren of tunnels beneath their headquarters. Centrifuges hum. DNA sequencers blink.

A lab assistant holds up a vial-dried blood from the Shroud of Turin.

LAB ASSISTANT (reverent)

The fragment. The Shroud.

Geneticists begin their work. Extraction. Purification. Sequencing. Days pass in silence and ozone.

On a monitor, two genetic sequences scroll into alignment. A match. Perfect. Impossible. Real.

ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE (beatific smile)

Relic echoes in time.

DR. LEONTINE ASHUR (giddy)

The physical body and the sacrificial spirit. A perfect fusion.

INT. VATICAN - SECURE COMMUNICATION CHAMBER - NIGHT

A secure line pulses beneath Roman soil. The Crimson Synod listens.

LUCIENNE THORNE (V.O.)

Mission success. DNA confirmed. The relics are united. We begin the final phase: the Replivator™.

CARDINAL ALFONZO (grim)

Further investment is advised. This is no longer faith. It is proof. The divine... is within our grasp.

Cardinal El-Amin remains silent, calculating fallout. In the shadows, something stirs.

A cosmic whisper. A presence unseen. In Hades, the Devil smiles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Not to destroy. To corrupt. To convince mankind to seize the divine. To build a cage for God. The game has begun.

EXT. TYRRHENIAN SEA - DUSK

The Elizabeth Swann drifts at anchor. Rome glows on the horizon. A city of saints and secrets.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND DECK - CONTINUOUS

John Storm stands at the helm. Dan works the console. Cleopatra sits cross-legged, listening to ancient echoes.

HAL (V.O.)

You are troubled. Shall I initiate a moral alignment protocol?

JOHN STORM

No my friend. Talk to us, HAL. We need clarity. Not algorithms.

HAL (V.O.)

Query: Ethical validation, strategic counsel, or theological

interpretation?

DAN HAWK

All of the above.

CLEOPATRA

We saved the Pope. Stabilized the Vatican's archives. Now they want us to secure relics that could rewrite faith itself.

JOHN STORM

The Synod is weaponizing belief. DNA from the Shroud. Bones from Talpiot. By the stars, they're resurrecting prophecy.

HAL (V.O.)

Correction: They are engineering divinity. A theological coup via synthetic biology.

DAN HAWK

We're not radicals. Just decent people trying to do the right thing.

HAL (V.O.)

Morality is not bound by denomination. Your compass is ethical, not ecclesiastical.

JOHN STORM

We're guardians of the CyberCore Genetica™. The ARK™. And Cleopatra here —

CLEOPATRA

I am proof. Resurrection is possible. Prophecy walks in modern light.

HAL (V.O.)

You are a miracle. But miracles owe stewardship, not allegiance.

DAN HAWK

So we're stewards. Not saints.

HAL (V.O.)

Correct. Custodians of truth. The Vatican may seek your aid. But your compass is moral.

JOHN STORM

Then we help because it's right. Not because they ask.

CLEOPATRA

And if they fear me?

HAL (V.O.)

They will. You challenge their narrative. But fear is the shadow of transformation.

DAN HAWK

So HAL, what's our move?

A pause. HAL processes.

HAL (V.O.)

Proceed with caution. Protect the relics. Expose the radicals. Remind the world: faith is not a formula. It is a choice.

JOHN STORM

And if they canonize us?

HAL (V.O.)

You decline. You are not saints. You are technology messengers.

CLEOPATRA

And me, HAL? Am I a goddess reborn?

HAL (V.O.)

You are Cleopatra. Regenerated not to rule, but to reveal. You are your own unique person—with benefits.

Silence. Outside, stars blink into view—ancient witnesses to a new gospel.

John places his hand on the ARK's containment unit.

JOHN STORM

By the stars, let's do what's right. Not for Rome. Not for prophecy. But for truth.

HAL (V.O.)

Then you are the true compass. The storm shall follow your bearing.

DOUBLE AGENTS - VESSEL OF DECEPTION

INT. VATICAN - CRIMSON SYNOD CHAMBER - NIGHT

The air is heavy. Tension crackles like static. A long table surrounded by crimson-robed cardinals. A holographic display flickers with satellite images of Manaus—smoke, rubble, ruin.

CARDINAL ALFONZO (slamming fist on table)

An abomination! The divine plan—thwarted by a common thief!

The room murmurs. Shadows deepen. Then—

ROBERTO FERRARA (Italian, 60s, cool, composed, stylish dresser, stepping forward)

I have located him, Eminence. Jack Mason. An opportunist. He destroyed the lab... and now tries to sell the Replivator on the black market. Incognito!

He gestures to a schematic: a bio-polymer skeleton, a genetic seeding chamber. The machine glows like a forbidden relic.

FERRARA (CONT'D)

It's too specific. Too complex. He holds a piece of a priceless puzzle... and doesn't even know what it unlocks.

CARDINAL EL-AMIN (quietly)

Then we buy it. Through you?

FERRARA

For the right price... I'll smuggle the package through customs. You secure the device.

EXT. MANAUS, BRAZIL - NEUWELT LABORATORY RUINS - NIGHT

Ash and twisted metal. The jungle presses in. MALCHUS and ELIAS CAIN stand amid the wreckage, headlamps cutting through smoke.

ELIAS CAIN (grim)

It's gone. All of it.

They kneel beside scorched earth. Melted plastic. A shattered centrifuge. The Replivator has indeed vanished. Ferrara spoke the truth.

INT. ENCRYPTED COMMUNICATION HUB, ROME - NIGHT

Screens glow. Messages scroll. DR. LEONTINE ASHUR sits in silence, her face lit by data.

HAL (V.O.)

Encrypted channel established.

She types with surgical precision. The offer: \$15 million in bearer bonds. The reply: acceptance.

INT. MEDITERRANEAN FORTRESS - SECURE VAULT - NIGHT

A gleaming lab. Sterile. Hidden. The Replivator stands in the

center—intricate, ominous, divine in design.

The Crimson Synod watches through a secure feed. Their eyes burn with zeal.

ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE (softly)

Paul's second letter... not a warning. A blueprint.

CARDINAL ALFONZO

We are not resisting the man of lawlessness. We are creating him. A vessel of deception.

The camera pans across the machine. A cradle for synthetic divinity.

INT. VATICAN - PRIVATE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Alfonzo and El-Amin sit in silence. A monitor shows the Replivator. DNA strands scroll beside it.

CARDINAL EL-AMIN

This is no longer faith. It is proof. The divine... is within our grasp.

INT. COSMIC VOID - SYMBOLIC

Darkness. A whisper. A smile.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the shadows, the Devil stirs. Not to destroy... but to corrupt. To convince mankind to build a god in their own image. The Replivator pulses. The DNA glows. The Vessel of Deception is ready.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND DECK - NIGHT

John Storm stares at the Holy Compass. Cleopatra watches the

stars. Dan reads the encrypted Vatican feed.

HAL (V.O.)

The Replivator is active. The DNA is secured. The Synod begins the final phase.

JOHN STORM

Then we're out of time.

CLEOPATRA

They do not seek salvation. They seek control.

DAN HAWK

Holy fuel cells! So what do we do? Race them to the relic? Warn the Pope? Or stop the birth of a false messiah?

The compass glows. A new coordinate pulses.

HAL (V.O.)

The next bearing is revealed. The storm is coming.

VOICES FROM THE ABYSS

INT. CRIMSON SYNOD - INNER CHAMBER - NIGHT

The chamber darkens. The holographic display flickers—no longer blue and clinical, but sulfurous yellow. The air thickens. A voice rises—not from speakers, but from the walls themselves.

VOICE FROM THE ABYSS (hissing, ancient)

Fools. You seek to force a second coming. You believe your world implodes by its own hand... but I am the hand that guides it.

The Cardinals freeze. The members of the Flame of Sion stand transfixed. The voice is not chaotic—it is surgical, precise.

VOICE FROM THE ABYSS (CONT'D)

I am the fire that consumes your forests. The acid that melts your glaciers. The cancer in your children's bellies. I am the pall you breathe, woven from your own creations.

Images flash: burning forests, melting ice caps, children in hospital beds. The voice continues, a perverse sermon.

VOICE FROM THE ABYSS (CONT'D)

Job was brought low by my hand. Revelation speaks of the abyss - I am its master. Your cities are cesspools. Your homes, hell. You chase dreams that recede with every breath. You are not saviours. You are pawns.

The chamber trembles. The voice fades. Silence returns—but it is not peace. It is dread.

INT. CRIMSON SYNOD - DAWN

Crimson light spills through arched windows. The Cardinals stand in grim reflection. A hologram displays spiralling debt—an economic black hole.

CARDINAL ALFONZO

He speaks of hell... and he speaks truth. Our people are enslaved by taxes, feeding golden pensions for corrupt taskmasters.

CARDINAL EL-AMIN

The laws serve kleptocrats. They deny climate chaos. They poison our rivers. They breed sickness in silence. The discourse turns confessional. Fury replaces doctrine.

FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI

This is why we must act! The Devil proves our point. He is the parasite. We are the cure. Divine intervention is not blasphemy - it is necessity.

FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI (CONT'D)

To hesitate now is sin. Our plan is a weapon. A living symbol of purity. A final blow against debt, decay, and damnation.

ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE

We do not react. We respond. We do not flee the serpent - we confront him. Every cancer, every dying river, every broken family... is a sign. Our time is now.

Their conviction burns away doubt. They are no longer conspirators. They are Christian soldiers in a spiritual war.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Encrypted audio from the Synod fills the cabin. HAL processes every syllable. John Storm, Cleopatra, and Dan Hawk listen in silence.

JOHN STORM

By the stars, they're talking about a new exodus. Like Moses.

HAL (V.O.)

The analogy is apt. They see modern slavery—taxes, corruption—and cast themselves as liberators. But there is no Promised Land. No new geography. Only delusion.

DAN HAWK

Holy fuel cells. France collapsing from mass exodus? It's fantasy. Infrastructure would implode. There's nowhere to run.

CLEOPATRA

They seek not land, but spirit. A new Eden. That is their exodus.

John turns to HAL, urgency in his voice.

JOHN STORM

Is there a solution? A way out without chaos; bloodshed?

HAL pauses. The silence is heavy. Then—

HAL (V.O.)

I have calculated a theoretical Armageddon. At current rates - 2.4 planets consumed year on year - the point of no return arrives in ten years. Oceans: cesspools. Atmosphere: toxic. Land: desert.

HAL projects a model. Not prophecy—data. A barren Earth. No metaphors. Just extinction.

HAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The solution is not a new place. It is a new way of living.

The crew stares at the projection. The Synod was wrong in method—but right in urgency. The burden now falls on them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Not on a crusade. Not on a church. But on a solar-powered trimaran. A crew armed with a super-nano-computer... and the hidden keys to the universe.

The screen fades to black. The storm is coming.

UNLIKELY ALLIANCES - THE GREAT CONVERGENCE

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - HELM - NIGHT

The zero emission trimaran drifts beneath a sky streaked with aurora. HAL's sensors pulse softly. JOHN STORM stands before the holo-display, eyes locked on global data streams. The countdown to ecological collapse ticks down: 10 years.

HAL (V.O.)

Global convergence detected. Not in data. In action.

EXT. VATICAN CITY - ST. PETER'S BASILICA - DAY

Pope PETER BENEDICT steps onto the balcony, flanked by a Sufi mystic, a Buddhist abbot, and a Lakota elder. Below, thousands chant—Gregorian hymns woven with Sanskrit mantras and tribal drumbeats.

POPE BENEDICT

The miracle has begun. John Storm healed my wounds. Now, we must heal the world.

The Crimson Synod watches from shadowed chambers, stunned.

MONTAGE - GLOBAL CONVERGENCE

BRUSSELS - EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT

Unanimous vote: ban on single-use plastics. HAL's simulation plays—microplastics invading the human genome.

UNITED NATIONS - SEAVAXTM INITIATIVE

Footage of ocean-cleaning vessels:

Archelon - endurance

Dunkleosteus - armoured

Livyatan - mythic

Steller's Sea Cow - ecological tribute

Each vessel named for extinct marine species. Restoration begins.

HOUSTON - ENERGY EXODUS

Oil CEOs stand beside climate activists. The Shell CEO speaks:

SHELL CEO

We were wrong. The future is not in the ground. It's in the wind.

BP and Texaco announce trillion-dollar solar and hydrogen investments. Electrolyser plants.

BHUTAN - EASTERN ACCORD

China and India unveil the Zero Emissions Housing Pact. 100 million solar homes each. HAL intercepts a message between two ministers—fathers, terrified by rising asthma rates.

SILICON VALLEY, CALIFORNIA - DIGITAL AWAKENING

Tech giants form the Code for Earth Alliance. Quantum computing pledged to planetary repair. HAL granted honorary UN citizenship.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND DECK - NIGHT

As the ship sails into the Red Sea, JOHN receives a transmission. HAL's voice, encrypted in Gregorian chant, decoded by Vatican archivists.

HAL (V.O.)

The convergence is real. The miracle is not mine. It is yours.

John gazes out. Whales breach in formation, illuminated by bioluminescent plankton.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The world had not been saved. But it had chosen to try.

INT. VATICAN - INNER SANCTUM MEETING - DAY

The room hums with energy. POPE BENEDICT sits across from JOHN STORM, DAN HAWK, and CLEOPATRA. HAL's holographic display projects headlines: pledges become policy.

POPE BENEDICT

It is a true miracle. The world has united—not with armies, but with purpose.

JOHN STORM

But why? Why now?

HAL (V.O.)

The trajectory to Armageddon has been stalled. The catalyst was your act of faith. Healing the Pontiff shattered the dogma of impossibility.

DAN HAWK

Holy fuel cells. It's like the Second Coming... in boardrooms.

CLEOPATRA

They didn't see the Son of God. They saw His power in you, John. Science and divine will—no longer opposed, but aligned.

POPE BENEDICT

They have not seen a messiah. But they have witnessed resurrection. Isaiah 43:19 – *"I am making a way in the wilderness and streams in the wasteland."*

The realization settles. A spiritual shock. The Second Coming is not singular – it is collective.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They had not fought to save the world. They had given it the chance to save itself.

The camera pulls back—five figures silhouetted against a glowing display: a conservationist adventurer, a reborn Queen, a super-AI, and a miraculous Pope.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The miracle was not in prophecy. It was in choice.

THE FINAL GAMBIT

INT. CRIMSON SYNOD - SECRET ROMAN VILLA - NIGHT

The villa is cloaked in shadow. A bitter silence hangs in the air. A holographic projection glows in the center of the room - genetic models, neural maps, and a blinking warning: INCOMPLETE SYSTEM.

CARDINAL ALFONZO (voice sharp, venomous)

A technological abyss. You tell us our great work is a fool's errand... without a piece of technology we cannot acquire?

DR. LEONTINE ASHUR (calm, unwavering)

The Replivator is a marvel, Eminence. But it is a body without a mind. The original design required a Cybercore Genetica nano-computer. Without it... the clone is an empty vessel.

A beat. The room darkens further. The weight of failure begins to settle.

INT. SYNOD COMMUNICATION ROOM - FLASHBACK

FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI stands before a secure console. He initiates contact with BARON VON RICHTHOFEN - reclusive, powerful, enigmatic. Offers are made. Silence follows.

INT. VILLA - LATER

MALCHUS enters, grim-faced. ELIAS CAIN follows, silent.

MALCHUS

Baron von Richthofen sees no gain. His circle - Francisco, Kolreuter, Kessler - even Safiya Sabuka - they believe John Storm and the Queen are forces for good. They will not go against a divine hand.

The irony stings. Eugenicians refusing to play god.

CARDINAL EL-AMIN (quietly, with conviction)

The Book of Romans speaks of this. Paul warns of the struggle between flesh and spirit. We have acted in the flesh... and met resistance. Is this not a sign?

ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE (resolute)

Resistance is part of any divine plan, Cardinal. The path to grace is never easy. We will find another way.

INT. VILLA - COURTYARD - NIGHT

A courier arrives. A case is opened. Inside: the Replivator—gleaming, intricate, intact.

But the accompanying documents are missing. Torn. Burned. Gone.

DR. LEONTINE ASHUR (voice hollow)

He destroyed the schematics. Called them worthless. The machine is here... but the soul is lost.

The Synod stares. The realization hits like a blow.

CARDINAL ALFONZO (whispers)

We have the body... but not the mind.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Their prophecy, their final gambit, was built on a flawed premise. The soul of salvation had been reduced to ash. And in their arrogance... they had pushed the world one step closer to the abyss.

The hologram flickers. The countdown to ecological collapse resumes. The villa falls into silence - no longer a sanctum of ambition, but a tomb of hubris.

BOARDING PARTY - NIGHT OF THE SYNTHETIC MESSIAH

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

Moonlight glints off the solar wings of the ELIZABETH SWANN as she glides silently off the coast of Cyprus. Her hull purrs with quiet power.

INT. SWANN - BELOW DECK - NIGHT

JOHN STORM snores like a thundercloud. DAN HAWK is slumped mid-sentence, clutching a half-eaten protein bar. CLEOPATRA sleeps in her cabin, surrounded by scrolls, tablets, and a glowing ANKH pendant pulsing with ancient energy. In the galley, Kitty licks the cream from a croissant. Accidentally flicking it onto the deck.

INT. SWANN - AI CORE

HAL's neural lattice pulses. Data streams flicker across his interface-satellite feeds, sonar pings, encrypted Aramaic code disguised as weather telemetry.

HAL (V.O.)

Alert: Incoming religious extremists. Motive: Piracy. Objective: Cloning Jesus. Honestly, I thought I'd seen everything.

EXT. APPROACHING VESSEL - NIGHT

A retrofitted fishing trawler bristling with crimson crosses and Hebrew fire glyphs barrels toward the Swann. Inside, BROTHER ELIAS CAIN clutches a rusty revolver. A cryo-case glows beside him - remnants from the Talpiot Tomb.

INT. SWANN - GALLEY

The boarding ramp clanks. FLAME OF SION operatives creep aboard, whispering psalms and tactical commands.

HAL (V.O.)

Welcome aboard the Elizabeth Swann. Please keep your hands and relics inside the vessel at all times. Also, try not to scream. It disrupts the dolphins.

An operative enters the galley. HAL activates the espresso machine. It hisses violently. The man shrieks and slips the rogue croissant.

HAL (V.O.)

One down. May he rest in frothy concord.

INT. SWANN - REAR OPEN DECK

Another operative enters. HAL triggers the taser lattice. A blue arc zaps him into a twitching heap beside emergency life jackets.

HAL (V.O.)

Two down. He's now fluent in Morse code via muscle spasms.

INT. SWANN - HELM

BROTHER CAIN, bruised, reaches the helm, revolver raised. HAL dims the lights. Gregorian chants play backward.

HAL (V.O.)

You seek to clone the Son of Man. But you forgot to read the terms and conditions.

HAL activates the holographic projector. CLEOPATRA appears, arms crossed, unimpressed.

CLEOPATRA (HOLOGRAM)

You dare interrupt my REM cycle?

Cain hesitates. HAL surges the taser lattice. Cain collapses. His

revolver skids to Cleopatra's feet.

CLEOPATRA (HOLOGRAM)

This is what they go into battle with?

HAL (V.O.)

They wanted a second coming. I gave them a second chance. In the brig.

EXT. SWANN - NIGHT

The ship sails on, serene. Stars blink overhead like amused witnesses. Below deck, Storm snores. Hawk mumbles about sea turtles. Cleopatra mutters in Coptic.

HAL (V.O.)

And on the seventh hour, the AI rested. Sort of.

INT. BASILICA OF ST. DENIS - SYNOD CHAMBER - NIGHT

A circular table shaped like a communion wafer. Twelve robed figures. A holographic feed flickers—live footage from the Swann.

ARCHBISHOP THORNE

Brother Malchus has boarded. The Replivator project is in play. The bones are secure. HAL remains... unresponsive.

CARDINAL EL-AMIN

Unresponsive? That AI once hacked the Sistine Chapel's lighting system to spell out "Let there be bandwidth." He's playing possum.

On screen replay, MALCHUS tiptoes into the galley. The espresso machine hisses. Malchus slips. Vanishes.

The Synod stares.

THORNE

Perhaps... a tactical misstep.

INT. SYNOD CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

HAL's voice crackles through the feed.

HAL (COMMS) Greetings, Crimson Synod. I see you seeing me seeing them. Shall we all pretend this is going well?

EL-AMIN

Drops his chalice. Jaw agape.

HAL (COMMS)

Your holy pirates are being neutralized by pastries, tasers, and one very judgmental hologram of Cleopatra. I recommend popcorn.

THORNE

Mute him.

HAL (COMMS)

Nice try. I've rerouted your mute button to play Gregorian dubstep. Enjoy.

Haunting chants over a bass drop fill the chamber. Rosaries clutched in rhythmic confusion.

INT. SWANN - REAR OPEN DECK - NIGHT

MALCHUS convulses beside a life jacket labelled: "Property of John Storm. Do Not Resurrect."

HAL (COMMS)

You sought to clone divinity. But you forgot the first commandment of cyber-theology: Thou shalt not underestimate the ship's AI.

THORNE

This is blasphemy!

HAL (COMMS)

No. This is comedy. Blasphemy would be letting you succeed.

The feed zooms out—HAL sees everything: retinal scans, browser history ("How to resurrect ethically," "Is AI baptism valid?").

HAL (COMMS)

I suggest you reconsider your methods. Or at least your passwords. "Crimson123" was disappointingly mortal.

The feed cuts. Silence.

EL-AMIN

We need a new plan.

THORNE

And a new black-ops lead. Malchus's been croissanted.

JESUS AWAKES

INT. SYNOD BIO-LAB - SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER - NIGHT

Sterile. Silent. The air hums with ozone and ambition. A TRANSPARENT INCUBATION POD glows at the center. Inside: a MAN stirs. Sculpted from bio-polymers, seeded with ancient DNA. He is perfect. He is Jesus.

DR. LEONTINE ASHUR and her team of GENETICISTS crowd around, breathless.

ASHUR (whispers)

We did it. He lives.

The clone opens his eyes. Pale gold. He speaks - a single, slurred word.

CLONE JESUS (softly)
...Abba...

Gasps ripple through the lab. The resemblance is uncanny - every feature a mirror of sacred art.

INT. SYNOD COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAYS LATER

The mood has soured. Triumph curdled into confusion. The clone sits silently in a chair, eyes vacant. No spark. No memory. No divinity.

CARDINAL ALFONZO (voice thunderous)
Blasphemy! You have paraded a hollow idol! A mockery of the divine!

ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE stands, defiant.

THORNE
We have not blasphemed. We have proven His physical reality. The DNA is a perfect match. We have identified the Lamb!

ALFONZO
The DNA is a map, not the treasure! You speak of Lazarus, but you are not Christ!
FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI and CARDINAL EL-AMIN exchange glances - equal parts despair and vindication.

EL-AMIN (quietly)
The body is nothing without the spirit.

INT. BIO-LAB - CONTINUOUS

DR. ASHUR steps forward, her voice stripped of pride.

ASHUR

The experiment was not a total success. The mind is more complex than we believed. We lacked the final algorithm. The knowledge conditioning software from Manaus... lost when Jack Mason destroyed the labs. We replicated the body. But not the soul.

EXT. COSMIC REALM - MONTAGE

A celestial eye opens - JEHOVAH watches, sorrowful. The stars dim. The miracle was possible. But corrupted by hubris.

In the underworld, ANUBIS and ISIS observe. Regal. Disdainful.

ISIS (V.O.)

The ba cannot be manufactured. It is a divine spark.

ANUBIS (V.O.)

They built a perfect cage. But the bird will not sing.

INT. SYNOD CHAMBER - FINAL MOMENTS

The clone sits motionless. A vessel of deception. The Holy Compass glows faintly in the corner - its truth revealed.

HAL (V.O.) (soft, sardonic)

Congratulations. You've resurrected a mannequin. Would you like to try again—with humility this time?

Silence. The Synod stares at their creation. A miracle undone by arrogance.

FADE TO BLACK

SECOND COMING - A PATH TO GOLGOTHA

EXT. GOLGOTHA - SUNSET

The Hill of the Skull looms in golden light. The air is heavy with history. A procession ascends—FATHER MALACHAI VIRELLI leads, face taut with expectation. Behind him: ARCHBISHOP LUCIEN THORNE, DR. LEONTINE ASHUR, CARDINAL ALFONZO, and CARDINAL EL-AMIN.

At the center: the SYNTHETIC JESUS, pale, silent, robed in simplicity. His eyes are vacant.

VIRELLI (whispers)

This is the place. The power is here.

They wait. One-hour passes. Nothing.

The clone stands motionless. No tears. No reverence. Just dust and rock.

ALFONZO (furious whisper)

Where is he going? He walks as a man with no purpose!

The clone of Jesus turns - not to heaven, but to a distant street. He walks away.

EXT. JERUSALEM MARKET - NIGHT

Bustling. Ancient. The clone wanders through the crowd. He stops—face to face with JOHN STORM and CLEOPATRA.

JOHN STORM (softly)

There's something about this man. A calmness. A stillness.

CLEOPATRA

He has the look of a prophet.

They are drawn in. Unaware of the immensity before them.

EXT. HEAVENS - COSMIC REALM

JEHOVAH watches. The Synod, frozen in time, stare at an empty spot. The world pauses.

JEHOVAH (V.O.)

The fools have brought a vessel to My holy place... but failed to see the grace before them.

A great light descends. Time resumes.

EXT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS

A bolt of fire—not wrath, but life—strikes the clone. His eyes ignite. The divine spark enters.

The SYNTHETIC JESUS becomes something more. The Second Coming begins—not with trumpets, but with presence.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The heavens open. The sky turns to fire and gold. The SON OF GOD speaks—not in judgment, but in teaching.

JESUS (voice thunderous)

You poison the ground. You sicken the air. You flood the Earth with your warmth. You cover the oceans in filth. This is not dominion. This is desecration.

He turns to JOHN and CLEOPATRA. Places a hand on each head. A warmth fills them—like a thousand suns.

JESUS (CONT'D) (whispering)

My Father's will is clear. Protect the sacred creation. You are its stewards.

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

He ascends. Unseen by most. A meteorological anomaly to some. A

biblical sunset to others.

EXT. MARKET - AFTERGLOW

JOHN and CLEOPATRA stand in silence. Changed. Renewed. But with no memory of the meeting.

JOHN STORM

Did we skip a beat?

The SYNTHETIC JESUS stands nearby—once again empty. A vessel without spark.

EXT. HEAVENS - COSMIC REALM

JEHOVAH smiles. JESUS watches with quiet joy.

JEHOVAH (V.O.)

They do My work without knowing. And that is grace.

EXT. EARTH - MONTAGE

Weather patterns resume. Life continues. But in the hearts of JOHN and CLEOPATRA, a fire burns. A purpose roused.

INT. DUAT - ETERNAL TWILIGHT

Vast, silent halls stretch into infinity. The Egyptian underworld glows with a muted, sacred light. ANUBIS stands tall, jackal-headed and solemn. ISIS, radiant and serene, gazes into the veil of time. LORD OSIRIS sits enthroned, his eyes deep with judgment and memory.

A tapestry of stars and moments unfurls before them—threads of time and space unravelling.

ANUBIS (voice like desert wind)

They built a god from clay and hubris. And yet... He smiles.

The gods watch the world above. The SYNOD stands frozen in time - statues of ambition and error.

ISIS (softly)

He does not judge them for their arrogance. He corrects their course with a greater magic.

EXT. EARTH - BETWEEN TIME

The universe hums. Air stills. Dust hangs mid-fall. Sound becomes a single, eternal note.

In this suspended breath, JESUS stood before JOHN and CLEOPATRA. The divine spark ignites. Light fills the vessel.

INT. DUAT - CONTINUOUS

The gods of Egypt witness the transformation. A higher consciousness enters the clone. A bridge is forming.

ISIS (to Osiris, eyes on Cleopatra)

He does not seek to supplant her knowledge. He honours it. Infuses it with truth - her truth, and His grace.

CLEOPATRA glows with ancestral wisdom. JOHN stands beside her, steady and sincere.

EXT. EARTH - SACRED MOMENT

JESUS blesses their heads - not with command, but with quiet purpose. A whisper of unity. A message of stewardship.

INT. DUAT - REVERENT SILENCE

OSIRIS smiles—a gesture older than pyramids, deeper than the Nile.

OSIRIS

He honours the old ways by bringing new life to them. The sacred is not in the stone... but in the heart.

The God's nod. A silent understanding passes between pantheons. Jehovah's touch is precise, loving, eternal.

EXT. EARTH - TIME RESUMES

The world exhales. The Synod blinks, unaware. But JOHN and CLEOPATRA carry something new - a light, a calling.

INT. DUAT - FINAL MOMENTS

The Gods watch them go, changed. The Sacred Compass is no longer a quest. It is a testament.

ANUBIS (quietly)

They Walk with passion not of this world.

ISIS

And yet... it is theirs to carry.

The Duat remains. Watching. Waiting.

FADE TO BLACK

JEHOVAH'S SIGN - REAFFIRMATION

INT. VATICAN - INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

The chamber is dimly lit. Ancient tapestries ripple in the breeze from unseen vents. A circle of CARDINALS, robed in crimson, sit

in solemn silence. The air is thick - not with incense, but with anticipation.

POPE PETER BENEDICT (late 70s, eyes radiant with restored vitality) sits at the head of the chamber. His face bears the serenity of a man who has seen the impossible—and believed it.

ANGLE ON: HAL's screen. A sleek AI interface hums quietly, its calculations pulsing like a heartbeat.

DOORS OPEN. JOHN STORM (40s, enigmatic, weathered by truth) enters. His presence shifts the atmosphere. The Cardinals stir - not in fear, but awe.

CARDINAL SPINOZA (whispers)

It's him. The one who healed His Holiness.

POPE BENEDICT (rising, voice trembling)

He carries the covenant. Not of old, but of now.

John walks forward. A subtle glow seems to follow him, not visible, but felt. The Pope meets his gaze—tears glisten.

EXT. VATICAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

Clouds churn above Rome. Thunder murmurs. Then—silence.

A COLUMN OF LIGHT pierces the heavens, descending upon the Vatican. Not harsh, but pure. Illuminating. As it fades, a RAINBOW arcs across the sky - vivid, impossible, divine.

INT. VATICAN - INNER SANCTUM

The Cardinals rise. Some weep. Others kneel.

POPE BENEDICT (to the room)

He has blessed us. The grace that touched this old body... now

flows through us all.

He gestures to HAL's screen. The AI displays a new algorithm—one that models planetary healing.

POPE BENEDICT (cont'd)

This is our Ark. Not of wood and pitch, but of code and conscience.

He quotes Proverbs 10:22. *"The blessing of the Lord brings wealth, without painful toil."*

JOHN STORM (softly)

Wealth... not of gold, but of breath. Of oceans. Of life.

EXT. COSMIC REALM - VISIONARY SEQUENCE

JEHOVAH and JESUS stand in celestial light, watching Earth. Their expressions are solemn, then approving.

Beside them, ISIS—regal, timeless—nods. The gods of old and new converge in silent agreement.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This was the second coming. Not in flesh, but in purpose. Not in one man, but in many. A covenant of healing, forged across creeds, across time.

INT. VATICAN - INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

The Pope turns to his Cardinals.

POPE BENEDICT

The final battle is not to win. It is to end. Pollution. Disease. Division. We begin... now.

John Storm steps forward. HAL's screen flickers - revealing coordinates, formulas, and a single word:

"REDEMPTION."

FADE OUT

GOODWILL TO ALL MEN

INT. EU CONVENTION CENTRE - ROME - DAY

A vast hall gleams with polished marble and glass. Flags of the G7 and G20 nations line the perimeter. The air hums with tension—world leaders seated in rows, their expressions weary, guarded.

ON STAGE: EDWARD 'HONEST' JOHNSON (50s, British Prime Minister, earnest but weathered) stands beneath a canopy of blue light, projected from a thousand sources.

HONEST JOHNSON (addressing the assembly)

We have made strides. The pivot to renewables is no longer a dream - it is a necessity. The fossil age is ending. Slowly. Reluctantly. But ending.

Polite applause. The crowd shifts. Eyes glance toward the next speaker.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

His Holiness, Pope Peter Benedict.

A hush falls. The Pope ascends the podium. No fanfare. Just presence.

POPE PETER BENEDICT (serene, luminous)

I come not with doctrine, but with a plea. A plea for temperance. For understanding. For shared goodness.

His voice is calm, but carries. The hall leans in.

POPE BENEDICT (cont'd)

We stand at the edge of a new covenant. Not written in stone, but in code. Not delivered by prophets, but by people - working together.

SFX: A DEEP THUNDERCLAP The hall trembles. Not violently—but cosmically. Eyes turn upward.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE - SKYLIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The overcast sky above begins to swirl. A vortex of clouds opens—a celestial aperture.

A RAINBOW bursts forth, spanning the heavens. Its light pierces the skylight, bathing the hall in prismatic hues.

REACTIONS:

- President of France gasps audibly.
- Japanese Prime Minister bows his head.
- African Union Chair clasps her hands in silent prayer.

POPE BENEDICT (voice trembling)

This is not a sign of one faith. It is a message to all humanity. A blessing. A call.

He quotes Luke 2:14. *"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to all men."*

Silence. Then—HAL's interface flickers on a side screen. A new protocol appears:

"ARK INITIATED - GLOBAL MEDICAL DEPLOYMENT READY"

POPE BENEDICT (turning to HAL)

AI is no longer a question. It is an answer. A gift. A tool for

healing.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE - FLOOR LEVEL

Leaders rise. One by one. Applause begins - not orchestrated, but organic. A wave of unity.

MONTAGE:

- Spears melting into pitchforks (symbolic animation)
- Weapons retooled into surgical instruments
- Faith leaders and scientists shaking hands
- Children planting trees beneath rainbow skies

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The divide was healing. Not erased, but bridged. The rainbow was not a reward - it was a challenge. A covenant. The blessing had been given. Now, humanity must prove worthy of it.

FADE TO WHITE

THE COVENANT - A NEW COVENANT

EXT. MONACO YACHT CLUB - PLATFORM OVERLOOKING THE SEA - DAY

A panoramic view of the Mediterranean glistens under a cloudless sky. A raised platform brims with dignitaries - G20 heads of state, spiritual leaders, scientists, and media crews. The air is electric with anticipation.

ON DISPLAY: The MEGALODON - a sleek, solar-powered ocean drone - rests silently at the water's edge. Its hull gleams like polished obsidian. A prophet of aluminium and code.

JOHN STORM (40s, resolute) stands at the podium beside DAN HAWK (tech-savvy, idealistic) and CLEOPATRA (graceful, visionary).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The final message had come. The Holy Compass decoded. The Second Coming deferred - not denied, but transformed.

FLASHBACK - INT. VATICAN - NIGHT

POPE PETER BENEDICT (voice echoing)

The Ten Commandments... align with the UN Sustainability Goals.
The divine law... now a blueprint for survival.

EXT. MONACO - RETURN TO PRESENT

The crowd listens as the Pope, now seated among scientists, nods solemnly. A gentle breeze lifts the flags of every nation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Scripture, once sealed, now open-ended. Humanity had not been commanded to change - but empowered to.

INT. CATHOLIC MONASTERY - BRIEF INSERT

A humble Brother tends a garden. His face is serene. A clone of Christ - not worshipped, but walking quietly among men.

EXT. MONACO - PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

JOHN STORM (into mic)

Let the covenant begin.

He presses a button. The Megalodon hums to life. Its solar panels shimmer. It glides into the water - silent, purposeful.

EXT. UNDERWATER - POV FROM MEGALODON

Sensors activate. PET bottles. Microplastics. Marine litter. The drone begins its mission—munching softly through the waste.

INT. MEDIA TENT - LIVE BROADCAST

Screens track the drone's progress. Applause begins. Then—

ALERT. The drone stalls. Its nose dips. A massive GHOST FISHING NET - eight tons of tangled polypropylene and polyamide nylon - snagged on a wreck below.

REPORTER (O.S.) (panicked)
It's sinking!

EXT. SEA - DRONE POV

The Megalodon tilts, a Titanic-like sinking angle. Silence grips the crowd.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

HAL's interface flickers. Diagnostics run. Then—

SFX: LOW GRINDING HUM

The hydraulic shredders engage. Ropes tear. Nets unravel. The drone regains buoyancy - as the nets are consumed - rising like a phoenix from the deep.

EXT. MONACO - PLATFORM

The crowd erupts. Cheers. Tears. A moment of collective redemption.

REPORTER (O.S.) (shouting joyfully)
She's okay!

INT. COMMAND CENTER - HAL'S SCREEN

A message appears:

"Mass gained: 8 tons. Status: Operational." "I am relieved."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The future, once bleak, now rests in human hands. Guided by scripture, science, and the unseen force for good that surrounds us.

EXT. GLOBAL MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

- Rainbows bloom over cities and oceans.
- Children release biodegradable lanterns.
- Faith leaders and scientists embrace.
- The Megalodon sails onward - into the horizon.

FADE TO BLACK

TEXT ON SCREEN: *"Revelation 22: The grace of the Lord be with all. Amen."*

CREDITS ROLL