

THE CANNONBALL RUN DRAFT V1.0 - CLEANER OCEAN FOUNDATION

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THE LINE UP JOHN O'GROATS

INT. WATSON KITCHEN - EVENING

Warm, homely lighting. A steaming shepherd's pie sits on the table like a crowned jewel.

CLOSE ON the golden ridges of mashed potato as they crackle under the grill.

MARION WATSON (Late 30s, practical, fiery mother, former surfing champion) hovers with a wooden spoon.

MARION

Hungry, Jimmy?

JIMMY WATSON (12, bright, mischief-prone robotics genius) slides into his chair like a commando taking position.

JIMMY

Like a wolf at full moon.

Marion pauses, eyebrow raised.

MARION

Goodness. What have you been reading?

Jimmy digs in. Across the table, TIM WATSON (40s, gentle, impulsive MI5 Army General) lowers his Autocar magazine.

TIM

Jimmy, listen to this. A historic vehicle road run – a proper "Cannonball" dash. Scotland to Cornwall.

Jimmy freezes mid-bite. His eyes widen.

INSERT FLASH CUT:

MISS OCEAN – the sky-blue VW T2 Kombi – gleaming in the driveway like a loyal pet.

MARION

Not a chance. We'd never qualify with a humble Volkswagen. It's for proper classics, cars.

Tim says nothing. A glint forms in his eye – the "delightfully impulsive" one.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. JOHN O'GROATS – STARTING GRID – DAY

Wind whips in from the North Sea. Engines rumble. The atmosphere is electric.

A BBC NEWS CAMERA sweeps across a line-up of automotive royalty:

- A sleek JAGUAR E-TYPE
- A thunderous BLOW-MOLY BENTLEY
- A jet-black ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM, gothic and ominous

CUT TO: LONDON – BBC NEWSROOM

CHARLEY TEMPLE, 30s sports reporter, chokes on her smoked salmon.

CHARLEY

Not again!

JILL BIRD, world news anchor, looks up sharply.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM – CONTINUOUS

Inside the cavernous interior sits BARON BUTLER-FARQUHAR

(60s, aristocratic menace), moustache waxed to lethal points, wearing a monocle, Goldfinger style.

Beside him, PERCY (POTTY) PARKER (50s, loyal but unhinged), polishes a silver tray while wearing a crash helmet. Secretly a stickler for rules and fair play.

BARON

Look at that... thing.

He points at MISS OCEAN, parked humbly at the back.

BARON (CONT'D)

A loaf of bread on rollers. Parker, ensure they don't make it past the "Welcome to Scotland" sign.

Potty grins, revealing long-nosed pliers tucked behind his tray.

POTTY

With pleasure, sir.

INT. MISS OCEAN - STARTING GRID - MOMENTS LATER

Tim grips the wheel. Marion stares out the window, fuming.

TIM

Nervous, honey?

MARION

Not about the race. Have you seen the plastic washed up on the A99? It's a disgrace! I should start a petition—

JIMMY

Focus, Mum!

Jimmy clutches a ham sandwich like a lifeline.

Suddenly—

COUGH. SPUTTER. WHEEZE.

The engine dies.

CUT TO:

The Baron and Potty in their Rolls, snickering. The Baron winks at Jimmy.

JIMMY

We've been nobbled, Dad! I saw them laughing in that big black hearse!

EXT. STARTING LINE - CONTINUOUS

The STARTER drops the flag.

VROOOOM!

A Mini Cooper rockets forward.

A Land Rover clatters after it.

The Phantom glides away like a silent predator.

The VW remains still. The crowd groans.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy leans toward the empty air beside him.

JIMMY (WHISPERING)

Anthony! Quick!

The air SHIMMERS in the backseat.

To human eyes: nothing.

To the invisible world: ANTHONY THE MAGIC DINOBOT materializes - translucent metal, glowing blue circuitry.

The AI robot peers into the engine bay.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Hold your breath, Mr. Watson.

His claws snap the loose fuel line back into place. A tiny BLUE ENERGY LASER seals it.

JIMMY

Now, Dad! Start it!

Tim turns the key.

GROAN... HESITATE... POW!

The engine roars to life – louder, stronger, almost supernatural.

Miss Ocean SHIVERS with excitement.

TIM

We're off!

He drops the clutch.

EXT. STARTING GRID - CONTINUOUS

The crowd erupts as the VW lurches forward, then accelerates with surprising force.

People cheer. Flags wave. A BBC cameraman nearly drops his rig.

Miss Ocean tears away from the line, chasing the distant taillights of the Bentley and Phantom.

INT. MISS OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy glances at the shimmering outline of Anthony.

JIMMY

(quietly, determined)

The Baron has no idea what he's up against.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE HIGHLANDS SHOWDOWN - GPS SIGNAL DISTORTION M74

EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - DAY

A sweeping aerial shot of emerald hills, rolling mist, and jagged peaks. Beautiful. Majestic. Peaceful.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MISS OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The serenity is shattered by the strained THRUM-THRUM-THRUM of a 1970s VW Kombi being pushed far beyond its comfort zone.

TIM WATSON grips the wheel like a rally driver possessed.

MARION braces herself.

JIMMY clutches his tablet and a half-eaten sandwich.

Miss Ocean rattles, groans, and vibrates like a brick trying to outrun the wind.

TOMTOM (V.O.)

In four hundred yards... turn right.

Tim yanks the wheel. The van lurches violently onto a narrow, potholed track.

A pine branch WHACKS the roof.

JIMMY

Dad... that sign said Inverness was the other way.

TIM

Nonsense. TomTom is the captain now. And the captain says "Right."

MARION

This looks more like a path for very adventurous sheep.

Tim glances at the GPS. The blue arrow spins in frantic circles.

TIM

Okay... something's glitchy. Jimmy, ask Anthony for a scrambled directional diagnostic. Use the big words.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy taps a coded sequence on his tablet.

A faint HOLOGRAPHIC READOUT flickers only in his vision.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Tell Mr. Watson we have an uninvited guest onboard. A high-frequency signal is parasitic upon our GPS. We are being spoofed, Jimmy.

TIM

Spoofed? By who? The ghost of Bonnie Prince Charlie?

ANTHONY (V.O.)

A physical device is attached to the chassis. I suspect our friends in the black hearse.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM - MOVING - SAME TIME

Velvet interior. Total silence except for the unhinged

cackling of BARON BUTLER-FARQUHAR.

He clutches a remote labelled: THE PATH-FINDER PANE-MAKER.

BARON

Look at them, Parker! They'll be in the North Sea by tea-time!

POTTY PARKER, polishing a cup tray, nods with manic enthusiasm.

EXT. HIGHLAND ROAD - MOVING - BACK TO MISS OCEAN

Cars coming the opposite way flash headlights in panic.

Inside the van-

JIMMY

Anthony, can you reach it?

MARION

Tim, don't you dare stop. We'll never catch the pack. We do this... on the fly.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Apologies. Going invisible. Now.

The air outside the sliding door SHIMMERS.

EXT. MISS OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Anthony, now a translucent, ghostly Dinobot, swings out of the van like a prehistoric commando.

He grips the roof rack with glowing claws. His mechanical tail whips in the 70mph wind.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Careful, Anthony!

Anthony slips for a moment on the freshly waxed paint – a metallic foot skids dangerously.

He lowers himself toward the undercarriage, dodging pebbles and debris.

His sensors lock onto a BLACK BOX near the fuel tank, pulsing with a sinister red glow.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Target acquired.

He strains. Servos whine. Sparks fly.

With a final BLUE ENERGY BURST, he rips the device free.

INT. MISS OCEAN – CONTINUOUS

ANTHONY (RADIO)

Window! Mrs. Watson, open the window!

Marion cranks it down. The black box floats inside, guided by invisible claws.

She recoils, then hands it to Jimmy.

JIMMY

Got it!

He flicks the OFF switch.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The TomTom instantly stabilizes.

TOMTOM (V.O.)

At the next junction, perform a U-turn. Welcome back to the M74.

TIM

Aha!

He floors it. Miss Ocean ROARS with renewed confidence.

EXT. MOTORWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The VW blasts onto smooth tarmac, finally back on course.

INT. MISS OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Tim grabs the CB radio.

TIM

Calling all racers - the Baron's rigged the GPS! Mini, Land Rover, anyone listening, you're being spoofed!

Jimmy studies the black box with a gleam of mischief.

JIMMY

I'm going to reverse-engineer this. Next time the Baron tries to jam us... his Rolls-Royce might end up navigating him straight into a duck pond.

Anthony reappears in the backseat, slightly dizzy but triumphant.

The Watsons share a knowing look. We're back in the hunt.

CUT TO BLACK.

PITLOCHRY, FOG, FLOODS & SHEEP

EXT. A9 ROAD INTO PITLOCHRY - DAY

A sweeping Highland landscape... swallowed by a monstrous, rolling WALL OF FOG.

Miss Ocean, the plucky blue VW Kombi, creeps forward into what looks like a bowl of grey soup.

Inside the van-

INT. MISS OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Visibility: zero. Mood: tense.

MARION

Can you even see the road, darling?

TIM flicks switches like a frantic airline pilot.

TIM

High beams—nope, that's just white noise.

Dipped—still nothing.

Fog lights—like shining a torch through a marshmallow.

The fog swirls... thickens... then-

A SEA OF SHEEP materialises out of nowhere.

Tim SLAMS the brakes. Miss Ocean skids to a halt, inches from a grumpy RAM staring them down like a bouncer at a

nightclub.

JIMMY

Mum! *It's a whole flock of detectives!*

Marion's eyes widen. She bursts into delighted laughter.

MARION

Yes, son! The 39 Steps!

JIMMY

Bang on, Mum! I've always wanted to say that in the actual Highlands!

For a brief, magical moment, the Watsons forget the race and bask in their shared love of old black-and-white films.

Then the last sheep wanders off. And the sky... collapses.

EXT. A9 - CONTINUOUS

A biblical downpour. Rain hammers the van like thousands of tiny, angry carpenters.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The wipers scritch-scratch uselessly.

TIM

This cannot last forever.

MARION

This is Scotland, hun. Here, "forever" is just another word for Tuesday.

The road ahead transforms into a RIVER. Brown floodwater surges across the tarmac.

SPLASH!

Water rises to the axles... then the wheel arches.

JIMMY

The exhaust is underwater! Dad, if the engine sucks in water, we're toast!

EXT. FLOODED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Miss Ocean pushes forward like a determined bathtub.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Tim chants like a man clinging to sanity.

TIM

Got to keep the revs up... got to keep the revs up...

In the back, ANTHONY THE MAGIC DINOBOT vibrates, sensors flashing.

To him, this is not a crisis.
It's a fluid dynamics puzzle.

TIM

Any ideas, Anthony?

ANTHONY AI (V.O.)

Nothing springs to mind, Mr. Watson.

(beat)

But our waterproof sealant is holding. In theory, I am submersible to six meters.

Miss Ocean, however, is not a submarine.

Anthony's core glows. He focuses.

A microscopic tech-magic heat shield forms around the distributor cap and spark plug wires.

Outside, beneath the waterline, a blue glow pulses like a neon jellyfish clinging to the chassis.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy points at the dashboard.

JIMMY

Look! Engine temp's steady! She's holding, Dad!

Outside, sleek sports cars begin to sputter and die, their low intakes gulping river water.

Miss Ocean, the stubborn little brick, keeps chugging.

EXT. FLOODED A9 - CONTINUOUS

The VW pushes a bow-wave through the Highlands flood like a heroic tugboat.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

A small leak drips onto Tim's shoe. He doesn't care.

TIM

We're doing it! We're the only brick in the world that can swim! A Schwimmwagen, would you believe!

Marion squeezes his arm. Jimmy beams. Anthony hums with quiet pride.

Cold. Damp. Miles from the border. But unstoppable.

NARRATION (V.O.)

The Watsons were officially the most determined family in the Great British Heritage Run.

FADE OUT.

GLASGOW GRUDGE MATCH

EXT. M80 MOTORWAY - APPROACHING GLASGOW - DAY

The fog of Pitlochry dissolves into the industrial skyline of Glasgow. Traffic hums. The race intensifies.

Miss Ocean - the sky-blue VW Kombi "brick" - putters along beside the Baron's jet-black Rolls-Royce Phantom II, a monstrous, gleaming relic of aristocratic menace.

The Phantom's flared wings slice the air like talons. Its grille stands upright and immovable, like it could deflect artillery.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM II - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The Baron sits in the back like a king on a velvet throne. He adjusts his monocle, taps a gold-plated button.

INT. MISS OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The VW's speakers CRACKLE ominously.

BARON (V.O.)

Do you hear that, Mr. Watson? This is the sound of the Phantom II. A 7.7 litre masterpiece... Park Ward bodywork... It doesn't just drive; it manifests.

Tim grips his plastic steering wheel, unimpressed.

TIM

Impressive stats, Baron! She's a stunner. But tell me – if a gasket blows, do you fly in a specialist from Mayfair, or fix it with a teaspoon and a bit of hope?

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE – CONTINUOUS

The Baron scoffs, deeply offended.

BARON

Service? One does not service a Rolls-Royce, dear boy. One merely attends to its requirements. Its reliability is legendary.

INT. MISS OCEAN – CONTINUOUS

Tim glances at his flickering fuel-economy meter.

TIM

Well, Baron, every part of this "bus" is available online. I can rebuild the engine in a car park with a basic toolkit. Can you say the same for your rolling palace?

Jimmy grins, loving every second.

THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD MECHANIC

The TomTom chimes.

TOMTOM (V.O.)

Take the M74 turn-off for the M6.

Jimmy grabs the CB handset like a seasoned trucker.

JIMMY

And another thing, Mr. Farquhar! This is an affordable classic. I'm twelve, and even I can do the oil change. No coolant. No frozen pipes. No boiling radiators. Air-cooled – nature does the work for us!

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE – CONTINUOUS

Potty Parker, the long-suffering butler/driver, cracks a smile.

POTTY

How old did you say you were, Master Watson?

JIMMY (V.O.)

Twelve. Is that you, Mr. Parker?

POTTY

Indeed it is, lad. And you're right. Simple flat-four boxer engine. I've fancied a bus like yours myself. Bit more... approachable. Is yours the 1600cc?

WHACK!

The Baron's cane smacks Potty's shoulder.

BARON

Traitor! Do not encourage the peasantry, Parker!

Potty straightens his cap, wincing.

INT. MISS OCEAN – CONTINUOUS

Jimmy smirks, ready to deploy the ultimate weapon: the Baron's ego.

JIMMY

Wasn't your car featured in Goldfinger, Baron?

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - CONTINUOUS

The Baron freezes. Then beams.

A smug, glowing grin spreads across his face.

BARON

Heh. I like this lad, Potty.

POTTY

Yes, Baron. Almost a pity we have to take them out.

The two men exchange a villainous look. Then—

BOTH

Mwa-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Their synchronized evil laughter echoes like a pantomime finale.

THE LONG HAUL

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The TomTom interrupts the melodrama.

TOMTOM (V.O.)

Follow the M6 for ninety-five miles, then take the M5 for Bristol. Tim checks his gauges.

TIM

Another 381 miles to Land's End, Jimmy. According to the route I printed out from Google Maps.

Miss Ocean hums happily – her 1600cc engine singing like a contented sewing machine.

JIMMY

Well over halfway then, Dad!

In the back, Anthony the invisible Dinobot crouches, sensors locked on the Rolls-Royce.

He doesn't trust the Baron's sudden friendliness.
He knows villainy when he hears it.

NARRATION (V.O.)

The Scottish border was behind them. England lay ahead.
The Watsons – simplicity personified – were breathing down the neck of a 7.7 litre giant.

FADE OUT.

CARLISLE ROADBLOCK RUMBLE

EXT. M74 MOTORWAY – SCOTTISH BORDERS – DAY

A grey ribbon of tarmac winds through mist-soaked hills.
MISS OCEAN, a two-tone blue VW camper, hums along with improbable serenity.

Inside, the air is a cocktail of salt spray, peppermint tea, and quiet computational power.

INT. MISS OCEAN – CONTINUOUS

TIM WATSON (Army energy) grips the wheel like he's flying a fighter jet.

MARION (navigator extraordinaire) juggles maps, monitors, and a sixth sense for trouble.

JIMMY (genius tinkerer) sits cross-legged in the back, sculpting a 3D border map on his tablet.

Between them all, integrated into the van like a biomechanical guardian angel, is ANTONY – a gleaming, six-legged AI ROBOT modelled on a bulldog-ant.

His metallic mandibles pulse in rhythm with the engine.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - INSPECTOR RATHBONE'S OFFICE - DAY
A wood-panelled room straight out of a Victorian detective novel.

INSPECTOR BASIL RATHBONE (moustache of moral conflict) studies a photo of Miss Ocean, puffing a pipe.

He adjusts his bifocals, sighs with the weight of duty.

A PHONE on his desk crackles with a scrambled, aristocratic voice.

PALACE VOICE (V.O.)

(terrifyingly polite)

Official Secrets, Inspector. The Watsons are... high-value eggs. Ensure they don't crack.

Rathbone winces. He loves a good road race. He hates "The Firm" not explaining things.

He picks up the receiver.

RATHBONE

Get me Gretna border patrol. We're setting up a net.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRETNA BORDER - DAY

A tense atmosphere. Police cars. Cones. Officers with clipboards and existential dread.

The CB RADIO in Miss Ocean crackles with trucker chatter – the Highland Relay.

TRUCKER (V.O.)

Breaker, breaker! Blue-Bottles at the Gretna gate! They're hunting "vintage spice," over!

EXT. BORDER APPROACH - CONTINUOUS

Chaos erupts among the Cannonballers.

NIKOLAI NOVAK (50s Clothing millionaire)

in a Jaguar E-Type, swerves off-road into a sheep pasture, spraying mud and baa-ing indignation.

WINSTON WHALBERG (50s Fine art dealer)

in a Bentley Blower, ploughs through a hedge like a gentleman possessed.

THE GLITTER TWINS (30s cosmetics millionaires)

RUBY REDLIPS and POPPY POWERS skid their cherry-red Mini sideways into the cordon.

They step out in neon-pink, sequinned jumpsuits, unzipping just enough to weaponise charm.

RUBY

Is there a problem, officers?

The officers melt. Ruby unzips more. Ticket books drop.
One forgets how to breathe.

OFFICER

(stunned)

Er... no, miss. Just... drive slowly. Very slowly. Please. For
your own safety.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADBLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Miss Ocean glides forward like a surfer queen approaching
a suspicious wave.

Inside-

TIM

Keep it cool, everyone.

But Antony has other ideas.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

A soft shimmer-click.

Antony activates PRIMAL CAMOUFLAGE.

The back of the van now appears to contain nothing but
surfboards.

In reality, a four-foot high robotic ant slips silently
out the side door.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Antony scuttles across the asphalt with eerie precision.

He reaches the main patrol car, antennae angled toward the open window.

Inside, the police radio hisses with Rathbone's orders.

RATHBONE (V.O.)

Priority check on the Watson vehicle. Report any modifications. Especially the boy's "project." Over.

Antony's eyes narrow.

Target: Jimmy.

Threat level: Unacceptable.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS OCEAN - SAME TIME

Tim plays innocent holidaymaker.

TIM

Just a routine check, officer? Heading for Birmingham. Is there a cow loose?

OFFICER

The VW is in remarkable shape, Mr. Watson. Almost... suspiciously clean.

MARION

She's family.

The officer, disarmed by sincerity, waves them through.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Antony - still invisible - sprints alongside the van, then leaps inside with balletic precision.

The camouflage fades. His eyes glow a fierce, warning red.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Antony's AI voice resonates through the speakers like a digital cello.

ANTONY

Mr. Watson. The roadblock was no routine check.
Inspector Basil Rathbone is tracking us.
We are "High Value Subjects."
The Firm is watching.

Tim's knuckles whiten.

TIM

Scotland Yard? The blighters! They think they can spoil our run.

Jimmy looks up, determined.

JIMMY

Antony, can you scramble their signals?

Antony's mandibles click a confident rhythm.

ANTONY

I have already mapped their frequencies.
From here to Cornwall, they will think they are tracking us... but we are tracking them.

Tim grins, shifts into fourth.

EXT. M6 MOTORWAY - SUNSET

Miss Ocean surges forward, chasing the dying sun.

A road race becomes a spy-game.

A family becomes a target.

A Dinobot becomes their secret weapon.

FADE OUT.

MANCHESTER MYSTERY

EXT. M6 MOTORWAY - DUSK

The motorway glows under the fading sun. Cannonballers thunder south toward Manchester.

Cars begin peeling off to the hard shoulder like wounded animals. Drivers pop their bonnets, baffled.

Engines cough. Ignition leads dangle in the wrong places.

A mechanical epidemic spreads.

INT. MISS OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Tim drives with the calm of a man who has survived both the RAF and raising Jimmy.

Marion monitors the route with military precision.

Jimmy scrolls through diagnostic readouts on his tablet.

ANTONY, the Dinobot, sits integrated into the van's

structure, mandibles twitching like a metallic lie detector.

TIM

The beauty of these old girls is the lack of bonnet security.

He taps the side of his nose.

TIM (CONT'D)

But that's a two-way street.

Jimmy leans forward, conspiratorial.

JIMMY

Anthony, you're on guard duty when we park. Tailgate stays unlocked.

ANTONY

(voice a low metallic purr)
Setting trap. Probability of engagement: 98.4%.

Tim produces UV paint markers like a magician revealing his final trick.

TIM

Invisible dot-coding. We'll check with a 365nm UV torch. Less purple glare. Very discreet. Very professional.

Jimmy grins. Miss Ocean glows with LED service lights. Antony hums with prehistoric menace. *This is no van. This is a fortress.*

CUT TO:

EXT. MANCHESTER HOTEL CAR PARK - 3:00 AM

Drizzle. Mist. Sodium lights flicker like dying fireflies.

A FIGURE in a black balaclava, tiptoes through the shadows with cartoonish stealth.

He reaches Miss Ocean's tailgate.

Above him, the air shimmers. Antony clings invisibly to the roof rack like a cybernetic gargoyle.

The intruder opens the engine bay.

CLICK.

He swaps ignition lead three with lead one.

He chuckles - a raspy, villain-in-training sound.

INT. MISS OCEAN - SAME MOMENT

Jimmy's tablet pings.

JIMMY

Dad! We've got a bite. Someone's playing musical chairs with our engine!

Tim's eyes light up like a man who's been waiting for this moment all night.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The intruder reaches for the second lead.

The air behind him chills.

Antony materialises like a glitch in reality – one moment invisible, the next a towering robotic ant. Before the intruder can scream, Antony lifts him six inches off the ground with his mandibles.

ANTONY

Struggling will not yield positive results.

Tim and Jimmy burst out of the van. Tim sweeps the UV torch like a sci-fi searchlight.

Invisible dots glow neon green.

TIM

Alright, mister. Name and reason for sabotaging my wife's pride and joy.

The intruder rips off his balaclava, revealing a stressed man with an official moustache.

INTRUDER

It's orders! A rule of the run! Drivers must be able to reasonably service their own vehicles!

Jimmy folds his arms.

JIMMY

Then what about the Rolls-Royce? Does that guy have to crawl under his chassis too?

The man hesitates.

INTRUDER

Well... the rule only applies up to four cylinders. Anything

more and you're allowed to call the AA. It's a matter of...
class.

Jimmy pounces.

JIMMY

Fix it or you're disqualified.

INTRUDER

Who says so?

TIM

The police, that's who.

The man straightens, regaining dignity.

INTRUDER

I am the police, sir. Sergeant Miller. Metropolitan Task
Force. Scotland Yard. Inspector Rathbone's orders.

THE SECRET HANDSHAKE

The tension dissolves into British awkwardness.

Sergeant Miller flashes his warrant card. The hologram
glints under the UV beam.

TIM

Rathbone again. Figures. No disrespect, Sergeant, but
you've got a funny way of checking vehicle maintenance.

Marion pokes her head out the window.

MARION

Are we good to go, Tim?

TIM

Almost, dear.

He snaps the leads back into place with practiced ease.

TIM (CONT'D)

Do the honours, Marion.

The VW engine turns once – then purrs like a contented mechanical cat.

SERGEANT MILLER

Perfect. Sorry to have bothered you.

TIM

So are we, officer.

They shake hands. The Sergeant turns to leave, then pauses.

SERGEANT MILLER

By the way... what grabbed me earlier? Felt like a giant metal nutcracker.

Tim and Jimmy exchange a look. Antony is invisible again.

TIM

Official secret, officer.

SERGEANT MILLER

(nods solemnly)

Mum's the word, General.

He walks off.

Behind him, a faint metallic clicking echoes – Antony laughing in binary.

FADE OUT.

MIDNIGHT AT THE MIDLANDS

EXT. M6 MOTORWAY – STAFFORDSHIRE – NIGHT

A blur of orange sodium lights streaks across the midnight motorway.

MISS OCEAN, the two-tone VW camper, cruises at a steady 70 mph, moonlight glinting off her curves.

Inside, the Watsons are in full road-trip rhythm.

INT. MISS OCEAN – CONTINUOUS

Marion peers out the window, delighted.

MARION

That's Stoke-on-Trent on our left. The heart of the Potteries! Wedgwood, Spode, Royal Doulton... and Emma Bridgewater.

Tim nods, but his soul is clearly elsewhere – somewhere involving carburettors.

TIM

Very nice, dear.

Jimmy pops up from the back.

JIMMY

Mum, you forgot the best one! Reginald Mitchell was born there.

Tim grins, energised.

TIM

Designer of the Spitfire. Now that is British engineering, the Schneider Trophy winner.

A violent BANG!

Miss Ocean lurches sideways.

Tim fights the wheel.

EXT. M6 MOTORWAY - CONTINUOUS

A jagged shard of glass glints on the tarmac – a trap worthy of Baron Farquhar.

The nearside rear tyre explodes. The VW fishtails dangerously.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

TIM

What the heck! She's going over!

JIMMY

Anthony! Invisible mode! Side door!

A shimmering distortion ripples through the van as ANTONY activates camouflage.

The side door slides open – apparently by itself.

EXT. M6 MOTORWAY - CONTINUOUS

An invisible force leans out of the moving van.

Antony's robotic leg - unseen - clamps onto the trailing arm of the suspension. Hydraulics hiss. Pressure stabilises.

Miss Ocean levels out like a plane correcting mid-turbulence.

CUT TO:

INT. SKY-WATCH 1 HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

The police helicopter banks low over the motorway.

Pilot JACK squints down at the VW.

JACK

She's had a blowout at seventy, Dick! But look - steady as a rock! How's he keeping her level?

Observer DICK zooms the camera.

DICK

That tyre's shredded. It shouldn't be possible.

EXT. M6 MOTORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Miss Ocean limps along at 40 mph.

Inside, the TomTom speaks with eerie calm.

TOMTOM (V.O.)

RoadChef, Stafford Services in two miles. Keep in the left lane.

TIM

I've no choice, TomTom!

Marion laughs nervously.

MARION

Anthony, status?

ANTONY (V.O.)

Hydraulic pressure stabilised. Rubber disintegrating.
Recommend immediate cessation of forward momentum.

EXT. STAFFORD SERVICES - MOMENTS LATER

The van rolls into the car park. The helicopter hovers above, filming everything.

Jimmy waves cheerfully at the nose-camera.

TOMTOM (V.O.)

In 300 meters, turn left. You have reached your destination.

As Tim slows, Antony retracts his invisible leg.

The van drops onto its alloy rim with a heavy THUD.

MARION

Wonderful! I'm famished.

She heads toward the glowing fast-food signs.

THE SELF-JACKING VAN

EXT. STAFFORD SERVICES CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Tim grabs the spare wheel. The helicopter crew watches

from above.

DICK

Jack... watch this.

Tim positions the spare.

Miss Ocean rises smoothly into the air – no jack, no tools, no explanation.

Tim casually swaps the wheel like he's changing a light bulb.

The van lowers itself gently back to the ground.

DICK

Jack! That van just lifted itself! It's like it's... helping him!

JACK

You're seeing things, Dick. Moonlight's messing with the sensors.

The VW's side door slides shut with a crisp CLACK.

Dick nearly drops the camera.

DICK

The door! It closed itself!

JACK

Dick, you need a holiday. A long one.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFFIC WATCH STUDIO - SAME TIME

Phones ring off the hook.

Producers stare at screens showing Miss Ocean's miraculous behaviour.

Search trends spike:

"Self-lifting VW accessory"

"Haunted camper van"

"Motorway miracle"

EXT. M6 MOTORWAY - LATER

Miss Ocean glides south toward Wolverhampton.

Inside, the van smells of burgers, fries, and victory.
Jimmy sits blissfully with a milkshake and burger.

JIMMY

Cuisine heaven.

Tim shifts into fourth, satisfied.

A faint metallic shimmer sits in the passenger seat –
Antony, pleased with himself.

TIM

Well, Anthony... I think we just gave those helicopter boys
something to talk about for the rest of their lives.

Miss Ocean hums into the night.

FADE OUT.

BRISTOL, BOND Q BRANCH GADGETRY

EXT. M5 MOTORWAY - NIGHT

The motorway unfurls south toward Bristol like a black velvet ribbon.

MISS OCEAN glides along at a steady pace, her two-tone curves glowing under the moon.

Inside, the atmosphere is pure spy-thriller tension.

INT. MISS OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Tim squints at a nest of fibre-optic cables sprawled across the dashboard.

TIM

Is that even possible, Jimmy?

Jimmy types furiously on a high-performance laptop.

JIMMY

We'll show you, Dad.

Above them, ANTONY scuttles across the roof interior - a blur of silver legs. He mounts four high-powered laser projectors onto the roof rack with surgical precision.

Marion holds a flashlight, supervising like a mother hen with MI6 clearance.

MARION

Don't scratch the paintwork, Jimmy!

JIMMY

No, Mother.

He turns to Tim, eyes gleaming.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The problem is Inspector Rathbone. Every "routine" document check costs us ten minutes, or more. We follow the speed limit. The Baron and the Glitter Twins don't. Ten minutes is the difference between winning and losing.

From the roof, Antony's voice rumbles like a metallic oracle.

ANTONY

Our strategy relies on uninterrupted momentum. We are slower... but if we are invisible, we are invincible.

Jimmy hits a key. A soft blue glow fills the van. Outside, a shimmering field wraps around Miss Ocean.

The VW dissolves into a battered, rusty yellow Ford Transit. Tim and Marion stare, stunned.

TIM

Jimmy... you're a genius.

It's... it's Q-Branch!

Move over, James Bond - the Watsons have arrived!

CUT TO:

EXT. DURSLEY INTERCHANGE - NIGHT

Police presence everywhere. Two motorcycle outriders sit poised on BMWs, scanning traffic like hawks.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - RATHBONE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Inspector RATHBONE paces, headset on, moustache bristling with frustration.

RATHBONE

Listen closely! Blue-and-white Volkswagen. Classic shape. You can't miss it! It sticks out like a sore thumb!

EXT. DURSLEY INTERCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

The Sergeant on duty scans the road.

SERGEANT

Copy that, Inspector. Eyes peeled for the surfer wagon.

INT. MISS OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The dashboard camera - now a sophisticated optical sensor - pings.

JIMMY

Police ahead. Activating the "Working Man" protocol.

Miss Ocean cruises past the officers at 65 mph.

To the police, she's just a grubby yellow Transit van.

SERGEANT (V.O.)

Nothing but lorries and a dirty Transit, Inspector. The Watsons haven't passed us yet.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTINUOUS

Rathbone slams his fist on the desk.

RATHBONE

Impossible! They should've been at your marker five minutes ago!

Did they evaporate?

CUT TO:

EXT. M5 - DESCENT TOWARD BRISTOL AVON BRIDGE - LATER

The hologram flickers.

A rogue bumblebee buzzes across the rear projector lens.

BZZZT-FLICKER-POP!

For three chaotic seconds:

- The Transit becomes transparent
- The gleaming blue VW appears
- Then a sheep-trailer
- Then back to the Transit

INT. PASSING VOLVO - SAME TIME

A young boy, ARTHUR, presses his face to the window.

ARTHUR

Dad! That van is a ghost! A ghost-surfing-sheep-van!

His father grips the wheel, rattled.

FATHER

Don't be silly, Arthur. Heat haze. Just heat haze.

He doesn't sound convinced.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Antony's mandibles click like a typewriter in panic mode.

ANTONY

Optical interference detected. Recalibrating laser focal points.

Jimmy, bypass the sheep-trailer preset. It is causing significant processor drag. Jimmy adjusts settings.

Tim laughs, adrenaline pumping.

TIM

Just keep us looking like a Transit until Exeter, Anthony. I haven't felt this much like a secret agent since I found the hidden compartment in the glovebox.

Miss Ocean surges forward – a phantom on wheels.

Behind them, police radios crackle with confusion. Social media lights up with ghost-van sightings.

The Watsons disappear into the night.

FADE OUT.

TAUNTON FOG MAYHEM

EXT. M5 MOTORWAY – NEAR TAUNTON – NIGHT

A thick, swirling pea-soup fog rolls across the motorway – theatrical, unnatural, and faintly strawberry-scented.

MISS OCEAN pushes through the haze, headlights barely piercing the mist.

INT. MISS OCEAN – MOVING – CONTINUOUS

Tim squints through the windshield.

TIM

What the Dickens? I can't even see the bonnet!

A massive motorway sign looms out of the fog:

M5 CLOSED – ALL CANNONBALLERS DIVERT TO SOMERSET LEVELS

Tim starts to turn the wheel.

ANTONY (V.O.)

Negative, Mr. Watson. That is not weather. It is a chemical aerosol.

And that sign 900 meters ahead is counterfeit.

Jimmy leans forward, eyes wide.

JIMMY

The Baron! He's trying to funnel everyone into the country-lane maze!

ANTONY

Correct. My DGPS confirms the M5 is clear. Stay on course.

Tim straightens the wheel, determination returning.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS OCEAN – CONTINUOUS

Marion grabs the CB handset.

MARION

We can't let him get away with this. We have to warn the others.

Jimmy grins.

JIMMY

Not the Baron, though.

Marion keys the mic.

MARION

Miss Ocean to Glitter, come in Glitter, over.

The radio crackles.

POPPY (V.O.)

Glitter here! We're trying not to drive into a hedge! This fog is fabulous, but terrifying, over!

MARION

Crimson Carriage, that isn't fog. The signs are fake.

Follow our lead.

Warn the others – but keep it off the Baron's frequency.

Over.

Inside their Mini, Ruby and Poppy exchange a look.

POPPY

TomTom says stay straight. Sign says turn.

RUBY

I trust the surfing wagon. Follow our blue sister!

POPPY (V.O.)

Crimson Carriage to Blue Surfer – copy that. Over and out.

Across the motorway, truckers flash their high beams in a coded relay – the Highland Brotherhood mobilising.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy whispers urgently.

JIMMY

Anthony, can you give us eyes?

ANTONY

Activating Thermal-Vision Overlay.

Four invisible beams shoot from the roof mounted projectors.

Jimmy's tablet and Tim's Head Up Display flicker into a glowing heat-map world.

The fog becomes transparent.

Hidden smoke generators glow in the bushes.

Fake sign covers appear as bright rectangles.

TIM

I see 'em! Hold tight!

EXT. M5 MOTORWAY - CONTINUOUS

A convoy forms behind Miss Ocean - Mini Cooper, E-Type, Bentley, Land Rover, lorries - all following her glowing taillights like ships behind a lighthouse.

The Watsons lead the entire Cannonball pack through the Baron's trap.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERPASS - SAME TIME

BARON FARQUHAR stands on an overpass, binoculars in hand, surrounded by swirling strawberry fog.

POTTY PARKER holds a stopwatch, resigned.

BARON

What is happening, Potty?! Why are they still on the M5? They should be in a farmyard by now!

POTTY

It appears they've seen through your deception, sir. The Watsons have... better eyes.

BARON

But how, Potty? HOW?! I spent a fortune on that strawberry-scented mist!

Potty clears his throat.

POTTY

Perhaps, sir... the effort to confuse them might be better spent on actually driving faster?

The Baron stamps his foot, knocking over his thermos of Earl Grey with lemon.

CUT TO:

EXT. M5 MOTORWAY - CLEAR SKIES - LATER

The fog vanishes as abruptly as it appeared. Stars shine. Real signs for EXETER glow ahead.

Miss Ocean surges forward, victorious.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Tim beams.

TIM

Well done, Anthony! Well done, Jimmy! We're through the worst of it.

Jimmy checks the radar.

JIMMY

Actually... the Baron's trying to catch up. And he's not going to play nice.

Marion folds her map with calm confidence.

MARION

Let him try. We've got a Dinobot on our side.

Miss Ocean accelerates into the night.

FADE OUT.

EXETER WHEEL LOSS

EXT. EXETER ROUNDABOUT - NIGHT

The A30 curves away into the darkness, the gateway to Cornwall.

MISS OCEAN leans into a left-hand exit, her engine humming happily.

Then—

CLUNK — SHUDDER — SCRAAAAAPE.

Marion's voice drops an octave.

MARION

Tim, dear... there goes our front wheel.

EXT. EXETER ROUNDABOUT - CONTINUOUS

In a moment straight out of slapstick cinema, the gleaming alloy wheel overtakes the van.

It bounces along the grass verge with joyful abandon, heading straight for a neat bungalow garden.

Jimmy presses his face to the glass.

JIMMY

Look at it go! It's got a mind of its own!

Tim guides the now three-wheeled van to a grinding halt.

TIM

Quick, Jimmy! Emergency triangle! Marion, keep an eye on that bungalow!

The wheel performs a final heroic leap, clears a flowerbed, and collapses harmlessly beside a garden gnome.

TIM

Phew. No damage to the petunias.

THE PARADE OF RIVALS

EXT. A30 ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim rolls the wheel back toward Miss Ocean.

The Cannonball pack thunders past in a glorious parade.

THE E-TYPE JAGUAR

Winston Walberg gives a sympathetic shrug as he rockets by.

THE BENTLEY BLOWER

Roars past like a steam locomotive.

THE CRIMSON CARRIAGE

Ruby and Poppy slow down, concern etched on their faces. Marion blows them a grateful kiss, waving them onward.

THE LAND ROVER

General Montgomery and Basher Blackadder brake, ready to help.

Jimmy gives them a vigorous thumbs-up: We've got this.

THE BARON'S SLEEK MACHINE

Baron Farquhar leans out, laughing like a drainpipe being unclogged.

Beside him, Potty Parker looks genuinely distressed.

Marion watches them fade into the distance.

MARION

I don't think Mr. Parker is entirely with the Baron. He has the eyes of a man who'd rather be eating a scone.

THE ROADSIDE MIRACLE

EXT. A30 ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Tim dives into his emergency tool bag.

TIM

Marion, could I have a cup of Chai while I work? This'll

be a quick one.

He pulls out a blunt cold chisel and hammer.

TIM (CONT'D)

Jimmy, walk back to the roundabout. Look for a washer and a castellated axle nut.

Jimmy sprints off. Tim drifts out the worn bearings. A shimmering ripple appears beside him.

TIM

I know you're there, Anthony.

ANTONY (V.O.)

Just wondering if I might assist, Mr. Watson.

He remains invisible, but a faint blue glow illuminates the wheel hub.

TIM

Harder to get out than they look, see, Anthony?

Jimmy returns, triumphant.

JIMMY

Found them, Dad!

Tim applies thick molybdenum grease.

TIM

Ugh. Like liquid soot. But it'll keep her humming for twenty thousand miles.

EIGHTEEN MINUTES TO GLORY

EXT. A30 ROADSIDE - LATER

A dad, a boy, and an invisible prehistoric robot ant work like a Formula 1 pit crew.

The wheel is refitted.

The axle nut tightened.

The locking tab hammered into place.

Just as Tim wipes his hands, an RAC van pulls up.

The mechanic jumps out, stunned by the scene.

RAC MECHANIC

Need a hand, mate?

TIM

All sorted! Lost a wheel, swapped the bearings, refitted it.

The mechanic stares at the flawless work.

RAC MECHANIC

People take two hours to do that. You did it in... what, twenty minutes?

Marion checks her stopwatch.

MARION

Eighteen.

They climb aboard.

MARION (CONT'D)

Sip your chai, General Watson. We have a Baron to catch.

Tim shifts into gear.

TIM

No speeding, of course. Wouldn't want to upset Sergeant Miller.

We'll let the Baron think he's won... right until we cruise past him on the A30.

Miss Ocean roars back to life, her fourth wheel spinning perfectly as she chases the sunset toward Cornwall.

FADE OUT.

THE BARON'S BREAKDOWN

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM - MOVING - DAY

Walnut trim. Wilton carpets. The scent of expensive leather and inherited guilt.

BARON FARQUHAR grips the wheel with gloved hands, jaw clenched.

Outside, the Cornish countryside blurs past in a smear of green.

In the back seat, PERCY "POTTY" PARKER sits upright, cap adjusted, watching the Baron's twitching moustache in the rearview mirror.

POTTY

Sir... if I might be so bold... you are a superb driver. This motor car is a masterpiece.

We've covered nearly eight hundred miles. We could win this on merit alone.

The Baron snorts – a sound like a startled stallion.

BARON

Merit, Potty? Merit is for people who don't have reputations to uphold! We are Team Phantom!

POTTY

But sir... a trophy earned through sabotage is a hollow monument to a lie.

Think of the agency! The grit! The glory of the Rolls-Royce crossing the line because it was the best.

A STAIN ON THE CHEST

The Baron glances at the speedometer.

BARON

In my world, losing is not an option. A loss isn't private – it's a stain on a centuries-old name!

POTTY

Nobody would think less of you for a podium finish, Sir. Your driving skills are legendary.

BARON

Sabotage isn't "wrong," Parker. It's a defensive measure. Besides... it's fun. Did you see the Land Rover driver's face when the fog machine started?

THE SHADOW OF DOUBT

A flash of crimson appears in the distance – the Crimson Carriage.

The Baron's bravado flickers.

POTTY

They aren't "common" racers, Sir. They're the cream of society, regardless of what they drive.

The Watsons changed a wheel bearing in just minutes. By the roadside. In the dirt.

The Baron goes quiet. He pictures Tim Watson, grease-stained and determined.

Marion blowing kisses.

Jimmy and that shimmering "trickery."

There's stoicism there. Honour. Irritating honour.

BARON

The world expects a Baron to be at the front.

I am simply restoring the natural order.

POTTY

The natural order, Sir, usually involves the fastest car winning.

PANGS OF A PEER

The Baron stares out at the rolling hills.

For a moment, the Watsons' smiling faces flicker in his mind like a ghostly projection.

A strange sensation stirs in his chest. Guilt?

Or just the subpar tea from the last service station?

BARON

They are... remarkably persistent.

Potty smiles into the mirror. The cracks are forming.

POTTY

Indeed they are, Sir.

Shall we try to catch them?

Using the accelerator this time... rather than the tricks?

The Baron adjusts his goggles. A new light in his eyes – competitive fire, and begrudging respect.

BARON

Oh, very well, Parker. Drive on!

But if we lose to a Mini Cooper... I'm joining a monastery!

GLITTER GIRLS, GLAM JAM

EXT. A30 BYPASS – NEAR OKEHAMPTON – DAY

A rare Cornish sun glints off the tarmac.

The CRIMSON CARRIAGE – a 1960s Mini Cooper in blazing red – zips along at 75 mph, engine buzzing like a caffeinated sewing machine.

Inside, RUBY LIPPS grips the wheel with fierce determination. POPPY POWERS fans herself dramatically.

POPPY

Ruby, darling – I think the radiator is trying to tell us something!

A plume of white steam erupts from the bonnet seams, like a geyser.

RUBY

Oh, sugar and spice! We're losing pressure!

The engine shudders, coughs, and dies. Ruby coasts the steaming Mini into a gravel lay by with practiced grace.

SISTERHOOD ON THE SHOULDER

EXT. LAYBY - CONTINUOUS

Miss Ocean slows to a crawl. Jimmy presses his face to the window.

JIMMY

Mum! The Crimson Carriage is on fire!

MARION

That's steam, Jimmy. I had a Mini once. They're like toddlers – if they aren't thirsty, they're crying.

Tim parks. Marion is out before the VW fully stops.

MARION

Good morrow, girls! Having a spot of bother?

Ruby and Poppy wilt in the heat, neon jumpsuits slightly deflated.

POPPY

You should keep going! Don't let us hold you back from catching the Baron!

MARION

Nonsense. Girls must stick together.

Tim, water. Jimmy, tools.

TIM

I'll put on my frock then, shall I?

He rolls up his sleeves.

THE GHOSTLY MECHANIC

EXT. MINI ENGINE BAY - CONTINUOUS

Tim peers into the cramped engine bay.

A shimmering distortion drifts past - ANTONY in full invisible mode.

His thermal sensors sweep the radiator.

ANTONY (V.O.)

Jimmy, the wax thermostat has failed. It is seized shut.

Jimmy nudges Tim.

JIMMY

Dad, maybe it's the thermostat?

Tim eyes the corroded housing.

TIM

Could be. But those bolts look like they've been underwater since the '60s. One turn and they'll shear.

An RAC van pulls up - the same mechanic from Exeter. He stares at the Watsons in disbelief.

RAC MECHANIC

You'll never get those bolts out, mate. They're rusted

solid.

Jimmy smirks.

JIMMY

Watch and learn.

Antony leans over the engine. A faint, high-pitched hum fills the air. Three bolts glow a dull, supernatural red.

JIMMY

Try it now, Dad. Careful – they're a bit... fresh.

Tim sprays WD40, applies the socket – the bolts turn like butter.

The RAC mechanic's jaw drops.

LEAVING A LEGEND BEHIND

Tim tosses the faulty thermostat aside.

TIM

I'm chucking it. She'll run cooler without it for the rest of the race.

He tops up the radiator. Ruby turns the key – the Mini bursts back to life.

TIM

We'll leave you in the capable hands of the RAC.
See you at the finish line, Miss Lipps! Miss Powers!

The RAC mechanic watches them go, dazed.

RAC MECHANIC

(over radio)

How did those bolts not snap?

It's like that van family has a ghost mechanic with a blowtorch.

EXT. A30 - LATER

Miss Ocean cruises toward Launceston. Local radio chatter buzzes:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Breaking news – the Watsons have been dubbed the “Guardian Angels of the A30,” rescuing racers left and right..

Inside the VW, Jimmy beams. Marion smiles knowingly. Tim sips chai like a general surveying the battlefield.

Miss Ocean surges forward, chasing destiny – and the Baron.

FADE OUT.

TRUCKER'S SOLIDARITY

EXT. A30 - CORNWALL BORDER - DAY

The A30 stretches ahead like a sunlit runway.

MISS OCEAN cruises toward the final eighty-mile sprint.

But today, the highway is more than tarmac – it's a battlefield.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - COMMAND CENTER - SAME TIME

Dim lights. A glowing digital map of Cornwall.

Inspector BASIL RATHBONE adjusts his headset, moustache
bristling with authority.

RATHBONE

Sergeant Miller, I want a steel ring around Launceston.
Full document inspections. No one gets through.
We'll squeeze them until they pop!

He slams a fist on the desk.

He has forgotten one thing. THE CB RADIO.

THE CORNWALL CONVOY CAST

EXT. VARIOUS CORNISH LOCATIONS - DAY

A montage of towering lorries and their legendary drivers.

BODMIN MOOR - "PASTY PILOT"

ARTHUR "ARTIE" PENHALIGON, perched high in his
refrigerated pasty truck, surveys the moor like a king on
a throne.

REDRUTH - "TIN-MAN"

SILAS ROWE, hauling heavy machinery, knows every rat-run
and secret lane in mining country.

PENZANCE - "LOW-TIDE"

BARNABY "BARNEY" BLYTHE, fish-truck captain, knows where
sea spray slicks the roads - and where the police hide
behind hedges.

Their CB radios crackle with purpose.

THE LAUNCESTON GATE

INT. MISS OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The CB erupts with static and a gravelly Cornish voice.

PASTY PILOT (V.O.)

Breaker breaker 1-9, this is Pasty Pilot to the Blue Surfer.

Be advised, Ocean – Rathbone's set a Bear-Trap at Launceston.

Three patrol cars and a mobile weigh-bridge. Over.

Tim tightens his grip on the wheel.

TIM

Copy that, Pasty Pilot. Any way around the gate?

PASTY PILOT (V.O.)

Affirmative. Look for Tin-Man at Red Post junction.

He's parked his rig "accidentally-on-purpose" across the main sightline.

Hang a sharp left through the farm gate – you'll bypass the lot of 'em.

Anthony's eyes pulse blue.

ANTONY

Mr. Watson, I am interfacing with the local haulage network.

I have mapped all Smokey Bear positions.

We are invisible to radar – but physical sightings are imminent.

THE INVISIBLE SHIELD

EXT. LAUNCESTON SLIP-ROAD – MOMENTS LATER

Police cars line the road.

SERGEANT MILLER polishes his sunglasses with theatrical

menace.

MILLER

Any sign of the VW?

OFFICER

Not a peep, Sarge. Just lorries.

Suddenly—

Three massive SCANIA TRUCKS glide into a perfect V-formation, surrounding Miss Ocean and the Crimson Carriage like a steel phalanx.

Inside the pocket, Tim and the Glitter Girls cruise in total silence. Anthony activates the SONIC SCRAMBLER.

The officers' radios erupt with—

SEAGULLS SHRIEKING

and a faint, ghostly whistle of "The Floral Dance."

MILLER

What in blazes is wrong with this radio?!

By the time he looks up, the convoy has thundered past — the Watsons hidden behind forty tons of frozen pasties.

THE RELAY BEGINS

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy grabs the mic.

JIMMY

Ocean to Tin-Man — we are clear of the gate!

TIN-MAN (V.O.)

Right you are, young'un.

I've got the Gritter and the E-Type in my sights.

Tell the Mini girls to watch the dip at Zelah – speed trap behind a hay bale.

I'll slow-march the patrol car so you can slip by.

EXT. A30 - SERIES OF SHOTS

A ballet of eighteen-wheel solidarity:

– A lorry “struggles” to find a gear, blocking a police pull-out.

– Two trucks perform a painfully slow overtake, creating a perfect shield.

– A fish truck sprays sea mist at a patrol car's windscreen.

– The Cannonballers glide through every gap without breaking a single speed limit.

INT. MISS OCEAN - SUNSET

Marion watches the glowing horizon over Bodmin Moor.

MARION

It's beautiful, Tim.

It's not just a race anymore.

It's a parade.

Tim shifts into fourth, eyes gleaming.

TIM

Don't get too comfortable, Mother.

We've still got the Baron to deal with – and I bet he doesn't have a CB handle.

Miss Ocean surges forward, the convoy roaring behind her.

FADE OUT.

CHARLEY TEMPLE'S SCOOP

INT. BBC NEWSROOM - DAY

A low hum of activity. Phones ring. Keyboards clatter. The atmosphere is busy but oddly sedate – like a library that forgot it was supposed to be exciting.

CHARLEY TEMPLE (Sharp, restless) stares at her blank notepad, willing a story to appear.

JILL BIRD (50s, breezy, mischievous, seasoned World News anchor and editor) leans over Charley's desk.

JILL

Charley, darling, look alive. There's a sweet little run taking place. John O'Groats to Land's End. Very quaint. Very British.

Charley raises an eyebrow, unimpressed, save for Miss-Ocean being in the mix.

CHARLEY

Doesn't sound like much. Man in a flat cap, Morris Minor, thirty miles an hour. We'll be asleep before the first commercial break.

JILL

Agreed. But it's local interest. A light-hearted closer.

Nothing else happening.

Charley sighs, grabs her coat.

CHARLEY

Fine. I'll go find the quaint.

She exits.

As she walks, her expression shifts – a flicker of memory.

WIDEMOUTH BAY. MARION and JIMMY WATSON. The Loch Ness Monster. Dinobot. The oath of the Keepers.

A faint prickle runs up her arms.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

Whenever my skin prickles... the world usually turns upside down.

CUT TO:

EXT. A-ROAD - CORNWALL - DAY

Charley's PRESS CAR speeds along the final 80-mile stretch. She scans the horizon.

Something's wrong.

The "quaint" countryside is crawling with POLICE CARS. Blue lights flash behind hedgerows. Officers lurk like predators waiting for prey.

Then – a wall of TRUCKS. Massive rigs drift across lanes in perfect formation.

CHARLEY

What on earth...?

She flicks on her CB radio. STATIC. Then—

BIG BEN (V.O.)

Breaker, breaker. Smokey Bear at Mile Marker 12. Deploying
Curtain Cover. Let the lady in the blue bus through.

Charley's jaw drops.

CHARLEY

No way. Miss-Ocean? Marion?!

A SEA-FOAM BLUE VAN rockets past the trucks, purring like
a cat beside a log fire.

Charley's skin prickles violently.

INT. PRESS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Charley grips the wheel.

CHARLEY

This isn't a parade. This is a race. An illegal,
beautiful, madcap race.

She accelerates.

Ahead, THREE LORRIES slow to block a POLICE INTERCEPTOR.
In the gap, Miss-Ocean streaks through like a phantom.

CHARLEY

Rathbone... you sly fox. The Commissioner's in on this. He's
not stopping them — he's playing. Or, something!

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTORWAY - VARIOUS - DAY

RAC DIGITAL BOARDS flicker. The usual warnings dissolve into a SMILEY FACE.

Then:

VAN ASSISTED WHEEL CHANGE AT MILE 40. YOU'RE WELCOME.

Social media notifications explode on Charley's phone.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

A ghost van? Appearing out of nowhere? Helping racers?

Her eyes widen.

CHARLEY

Dinobot. That's got to be the Dinobot. I'd bet my Taylor Swift tickets on it.

A sudden CHILL fills the car. Her rearview mirror tilts on its own.

A faint, playful CHUCKLE echoes from the empty passenger seat.

Charley freezes.

CHARLEY

Anthony...? Is that you?

The air warms again. The mirror settles.

She exhales, exhilarated.

EXT. MOTORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Charley floors the accelerator, chasing the blue blur on the horizon.

Her PRESS PASS swings wildly.

CHARLEY

Sorry, Jill. This isn't a light-hearted close. This is front-page material.

She speeds toward destiny.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

LAUNCESTON LEAP

EXT. CORNISH BORDER - MORNING

A blur of emerald hills and ancient stone walls rushes past as MISS-OCEAN - the sea-foam blue van with a suspiciously powerful engine - barrels toward Cornwall.

Inside, the cabin is alive with sea-salt air and rising excitement. JIMMY presses his face to the window.

JIMMY

Crikey, Dad! Look left!

Out of the morning mist emerges a hulking BENTLEY BLOWER, British racing green, chrome gleaming like armour. Its supercharger HOWLS like a prehistoric beast.

MARION grips the dashboard.

MARION

It can't be! If we're level with Winston, either we're making record time... or that Bentley's finally met its match.

TIM eyes the speedometer nervously.

JIMMY

You're not speeding, are you, Dad? I don't want to explain a ticket to Grandma.

TIM pats the steering wheel with mock innocence.

TIM

Speeding? Perish the thought. Miss-Ocean is simply... enthusiastic today.

ANTHONY AI's voice drifts from the speakers, calm as a monk in a hurricane.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Technically, Mr. Watson is not speeding. However, Miss-Ocean's average velocity is remarkably high. Many competitors have been delayed by Sergeant Miller's "Merry Men" and their roadside chats.

A HOLOGRAPHIC MAP flickers on the dash: a dozen red dots (stopped racers), one blue dot (them) skipping ahead like a stone on water.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAY-BY NEAR LAUNCESTON - SAME TIME

A sleek, sinister BLACK INTERCEPTOR lurks in a lay-by. Inside, BARON FARQUHAR sits in the back, twirling a remote control wired to a set of "ROAD CLOSED" signs.

BARON

Ready the sleight of hand, Percy. One flick of this switch and the Watson's will be detoured into a dead-end farm track. Victory by misdirection!

PERCY PARKER, his long-suffering chauffeur, stares at him through the rearview mirror, unimpressed.

PERCY

Really, sir? After they helped us with that flat tyre in the Highlands? It's a bit... unsporting. Even for you.

The Baron freezes. Looks at the remote. Looks at Percy's soulful eyes.

He deflates like a punctured soufflé.

BARON

Oh, curse your moral compass, Potty Parker! Fine!

He tosses the remote into the footwell.

BARON (CONT'D)

If I cannot be a mastermind of chaos... I shall be a masterpiece of hospitality! Break out the Solar Cola!

Percy brightens.

CUT TO:

EXT. A30 HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

In a scene straight out of Wacky Races, the Baron's interceptor pulls alongside racers – but instead of oil slicks or caltrops, the Baron and Percy lean out with trays of SOLAR COLA and gourmet finger sandwiches.

Racers swerve in panic.

NIKOLIA NOVAK, roaring along in a sleek E-TYPE JAGUAR, is the first to risk it. He snatches a can, pops it open, takes a swig–

His eyes widen.

NIKOLIA (into CB)

By the stars! It is magnificent! Sunshine and victory! Baron Farquhar is a thirsty pilot's saviour!

The CB airwaves erupt with cheers. Even INSPECTOR RATHBONE, miles behind, licks his lips.

RATHBONE

Solar Cola, eh... wouldn't mind a drop of that.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MISS-OCEAN PULLS ALONGSIDE THE BARON

The Baron's window rolls down. He looks sheepish, holding a silver tray of nibbles while Percy steers one-handed.

BARON

A peace offering, Watson! Don't get used to it!

MARION reaches out and snags a tray of smoked salmon blinis.

MARION

Thank you, Baron! Apology accepted!

Inside Miss-Ocean, the air shimmers. A can of Solar Cola FLOATS off the tray, opens itself with a soft pssst, and drifts into Mr. Watson's cup holder.

ANTHONY's voice whispers warmly through the vents.

ANTHONY

My pleasure.

The Watsons exchange knowing smiles.

The "Launceston Leap" has become a rolling banquet – racers laughing, sharing snacks, engines roaring in harmony.

But ahead, the sun dips toward the horizon. LAND'S END beckons.

The truce dissolves. Engines snarl. The sprint begins.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

PENZANCE PURSUIT

EXT. HILLS ABOVE PENZANCE – MORNING

The Atlantic glitters in the distance. Three vehicles crest the hill in a tight, high-stakes ballet:

The BARON'S INK-BLACK ROLLS ROYCE

NIKOLAI NOVAK'S GROWLING JAGUAR

MISS-OCEAN, the deceptively sprightly VW bus

Miss-Ocean hugs the racing line with improbable grace,
carving corners like a surfer on a perfect wave.

Inside the van, the Watsons lean into the turns.

CUT TO:

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A SCREECH of metal tears through the morning calm.

The GLITTER TWINS' MINI COOPER fishtails, clips a curb,
pirouettes wildly, and slams into a stone wall.

INT. MISS-OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

MARION bolts upright.

MARION

Stop the van!

TIM WATSON brakes hard. Miss-Ocean skids to a halt.

Ahead of them, the Baron's Rolls slows... hesitates... then—

PERCY "POTTY" PARKER clears his throat with a judgmental
cough. The Baron winces.

BARON

Oh, blast it all!

He yanks the wheel, executing a dramatic U-turn worthy of a Hollywood stunt reel.

BARON (CONT'D)

To the rescue, Parker! Charge!

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASH SITE - MOMENTS LATER

The MINI is crumpled. RUBY LIPPS is trapped, clutching her arm. POPPY POWERS sits dazed beside her.

TIM tugs at the jammed door.

TIM

The door's stuck!

A low HUM fills the air. The metal around the A and B pillars begins to shimmer, cut cleanly, as if reality itself is vibrating.

To the naked eye, the steel simply... gives way.

In truth, DINOBOT - fully invisible in "Ghost Mode" - slices through the metal with surgical precision, using his titanium jaws.

The door lifts clean off its hinges and floats two feet into the air before settling gently onto the grass.

OFFICER RYAN REYNOLDS arrives in his orange van just in time to witness the impossible.

He rubs his eyes.

OFFICER REYNOLDS

I really need to switch to decaf.

To everyone else, it looks like TIM just performed a feat of heroic strength.

EXT. CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS

The BARON leaps from his Rolls like a caped crusader.

BARON

Stand aside! Make way for Solar Cola and superior upholstery!

He sweeps POPPY into the back of the Phantom. PERCY is already there, applying Arnica bandages with battlefield efficiency.

NIKOLAI pulls up in his Jaguar.

NIKOLAI

Everyone okay?

TIM

Ruby's in a bad way. And the Mini's toast.

A wheezing, clanking engine approaches. GENERAL MONTGOMERY arrives in his battered Land Rover, BASHER BLACKADDER riding shotgun.

GENERAL MONTGOMERY

I'll stay with the ladies. The Bentley's spluttering, and

my old girl's had enough excitement for one day.

He plants himself like a sentry.

EXT. CRASH SITE - LATER

Ruby's arm is splinted. She looks up at the gathered racers, eyes shining with emotion.

RUBY

Go on. Don't let the race end here.

Poppy raises her Solar Cola like a toast.

POPPY

Resume the positions! The Cannonball Run waits for no one!

A ripple of sportsmanship passes through the group - a rare, distinctly British moment of unity.

The Baron tips his hat, leaps into his Rolls, and roars off.

Miss-Ocean follows, then Nikolai's Jaguar, then the coughing Bentley.

Ruby and Poppy watch them disappear, tears in their eyes - not from pain, but from the camaraderie they never knew existed.

INT. MISS-OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The van surges forward.

ANTHONY crackles through the speakers, voice warm and teasing.

ANTHONY

Calculating the final sprint to Land's End. And Mr. Watson... nice "lifting" back there. I didn't know you'd been going to the gym.

Jimmy catches his dad's eye in the rearview mirror.

They share a knowing smile. They both know the truth.

And they both know the race isn't over.

Miss-Ocean accelerates into the horizon.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

THE FINISH LINE, LAND'S END

EXT. A30 - FINAL STRETCH TOWARD LAND'S END - DAY

The road unfurls like a stage set for destiny. Three vehicles thunder forward:

The BARON'S BLACK ROLLS ROYCE

NIKOLAI NOVAK'S SILVER E-TYPE JAGUAR

MISS-OCEAN, the blue-and-white VW bus with a suspiciously heroic engine

They're neck-and-neck, engines singing in harmony.

But ahead - a wall of FLASHING BLUE LIGHTS.

EXT. A30 - CONTINUOUS

NIKOLAI'S eyes widen.

NIKOLAI

They come for me! I am too magnificent to be legal!

He yanks the wheel. The Jaguar bounces across a farmer's field, scattering sheep and hay.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I am a ghost! You cannot catch Nikolai!

He disappears behind a haystack in a plume of dust.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - SAME TIME

Police cruisers shift their focus to the Baron.

A marked motorway cruiser swerves to block him.

The Baron cackles.

BARON

Out of my way, you plebeian pedestrians!

He swerves onto the grass verge, tearing up turf like a deranged lawnmower.

SERGEANT MITCH MILLER watches, unimpressed.

MILLER (into radio)

Stand down. He wasn't even speeding. If he'd stopped, I'd have waved him through. Now he's just ruined a perfectly good set of tyres.

EXT. A30 - MOMENTS LATER

MISS-OCEAN approaches.

Inspector Rathbone's voice crackles over Miller's headset.

RATHBONE (V.O.)

Stop the Volkswagen. I want them grounded.

Miller steps into the road, whistle ready.

But then—

A DEAFENING BLAST OF AIR HORNS.

A dozen HEAVY LORRIES parked along the verge unleash a thunderous chorus. The ground trembles.

The truckers glare at Miller with the unified expression of men who have decided, collectively, that Miss-Ocean is going through.

Miller hesitates.

He looks at Marion's determined face.

He looks at the truckers.

He looks at his radio... and switches it off.

With a theatrical flourish, he steps aside and bows.

The truckers erupt into a triumphant parp-parp-parp.

TIM

Thank you, Mitch!

Miss-Ocean sails through, Tim salutes the Sergeant.

EXT. LAND'S END APPROACH - DAY

Golden gorse. Blue sea. The iconic white SIGNPOST emerges from the mist.

Inside the van, Jimmy bounces in his seat.

JIMMY

I can see it! The sign! The white sign!

Marion's eyes mist.

MARION

Goodness me... Tim, we've actually done it.

Tim pats the dashboard.

TIM

Good girl, Miss-Ocean. You're more than a van - you're a legend.

Miss-Ocean glides to a perfect stop at the finish line.

EXT. SENNEN COVE - LATER

A jubilant crowd. Salt air. A makeshift wooden podium.

ARTHUR KING, Senior County Councillor, beams.

ARTHUR KING

For outstanding consistency, kindness, and the most popular entry in the Great British Cannonball Run... the

winner's cheque of fifty thousand pounds and this magnificent Silver Cup goes to... the Watson Family!

The crowd erupts.

The Baron rolls in second, grass stuck in his grille. Nikolai arrives third, covered in hay. Winston's Bentley and the General's Land Rover limp across the line to cheers.

The Baron pops open crates of SOLAR COLA.

BARON

A toast! To the only people who ever beat me fairly!

Laughter. Cameras flash.

But Marion's smile fades. She looks toward the shoreline.

A mountain of neon-blue ghost nets and plastic bottles lies tangled in the rocks.

She steps forward, takes the microphone.

MARION

Thank you... but look at this.

She points to the littered beach.

MARION (CONT'D)

How can we celebrate a "Great British" run when our beaches look like a scrap yard?

Silence. Cameras swing toward the pollution.

Arthur King joins her.

ARTHUR KING

Don't apologise, Marion. You've given us the real scoop of the day. Now the whole world is watching.

Behind them, unseen by the crowd, the air shimmers.

A heavy nylon ghost net lifts itself, rolls neatly into a pile – guided by invisible claws.

ANTHONY's voice whispers through the Watsons' earpieces.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

I've started a digital tag for the pollution. It's trending. We aren't just winners, Jimmy. We're Keepers of the coast now, too.

Jimmy smiles, eyes shining.

Miss-Ocean gleams in the sun, the classic VW.

FADE OUT.

BASIL RATHBONE'S REVEAL

EXT. LAND'S END - FINISH LINE - DAY

A roar of CHEERS from TRUCKERS echoes off the granite cliffs. Air horns BLARE. The giant £50,000 cheque is being handed to MARION and TIM.

Suddenly—

AHEM!

The sound slices through the celebration like a guillotine.

The crowd parts dramatically, almost biblically.

Enter INSPECTOR BASIL RATHBONE, Scotland Yard's grumpiest monument.

Trench coat stiff as armour. Hat low. Expression carved from a London paving stone.

Tim instinctively clutches the Silver Cup, bracing for cartoonishly oversized handcuffs.

Rathbone's lips twitch. His shoulders tremble. Then—

BOOMING BARITONE LAUGHTER erupts from him, rattling the Solar Cola cans in the BARON'S boot.

The crowd freezes, unsure whether to run or applaud.

RATHBONE

(laughing, tipping hat)

Well done to both of you.

He looks down at JIMMY.

RATHBONE

Actually... well done to all of you.

Marion steps forward, surfboard-patterned dress fluttering like a flag of mischief.

MARION

We thought you didn't like our little trip, Inspector. You certainly sent enough "invitations" to pull over.

RATHBONE

I merely dislike the prospect of our motorways becoming a lawless drag strip, Mrs. Watson.

His eyes twinkle.

RATHBONE

And you are Miss Ocean, I presume? The surfing champion?

Marion blushes crimson.

MARION

You've done your homework, Inspector.

Rathbone peers over his spectacles at Jimmy, then leans into the VW's window. Anthony's digital interface pretends to be a very ordinary radio. Too ordinary.

Rathbone narrows his eyes. Jimmy gulps.

THE INEXPLICABLE VAN

SERGEANT MITCH MILLER approaches, sheepish.

MITCH

Inspector.

RATHBONE

Mitch. I hear this VW has.. remarkable qualities?

Mitch looks everywhere except at the van.

MITCH

Let's just say the laws of physics felt more like... suggestions.

An RAC van pulls up. The DRIVER nods solemnly, confirming the legend of the "Ghost Van."

Inside the VW, ANTHONY triggers a microscopic spark in the headlights – a digital wink. Jimmy catches it. No one else does.

THE SCOOP OF THE CENTURY

CHARLEY TEMPLE swoops in, microphone first, BBC camera drone buzzing overhead like a metallic dragonfly.

CHARLEY

Inspector! Why the blockade of police cruisers from the M5 to the A30?

Rathbone straightens his tie, cornered.

RATHBONE

Speeding is a safety issue, Ms Temple.

CHARLEY

It's Miss Temple.

Or was it because this is a new event? The first run? Were you ordered to stop a "foreign" van beating the British marques?

Silence..... A seagull sneezes somewhere in the distance.

Rathbone sighs, dropping the act.

RATHBONE

We had to be sure it wasn't a road race. There, I've said it.

And frankly... there was some funny stuff along the way.

He glances at the BARON and NIKOLAI.

RATHBONE

But then you all stopped. You rescued a fallen comrade. You forgot the finishing line to help the Glitter Girls. That's not a race. That's... something else.

The crowd ERUPTS.

Even the Baron claps – a single, aristocratic Bravo.

THE SECRET ENTHUSIAST

Charley pounces again.

CHARLEY

I hear you're quite the fan of vintage metal, Inspector?
A 1899 Wolseley, perhaps?

Rathbone's chest swells with pride.

RATHBONE

A beauty she is. Temperamental as a cat, but a work of art.

CHARLEY

And don't you enter a certain London to Brighton run?

The crowd gasps.

The establishment has been caught fraternising with the rebels.

Rathbone grins.

RATHBONE

I was ordered to crack down. Miss Temple.
But as a fellow enthusiast... this was a cracking show.

Charley turns to camera, glowing.

CHARLEY

This is Charley Temple for the BBC, reporting the
unbelievable from Sennen Cove, in Cornwall.
A historic vehicle run with spice, heart, and a very
surprising ending.
Back to you in the studio, Jill!

The drone zips upward.

ANTHONY'S FINAL WORD

Jimmy hears Anthony whisper smugly in his earpiece.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

I've just uploaded the Inspector's Wolseley manual to my
database.
If he ever breaks down, I'll send him a "ghost" repairman.

Jimmy grins.

The VW's headlights flicker again – another digital wink.

FADE OUT.

DINOBOT'S FAREWELL FLICKER

EXT. SENNEN COVE - LATE AFTERNOON

The Cornish sun melts into gold. The cliffs glow. The neon WINNER stickers on MISS-OCEAN'S windows shimmer like trophies catching the last light.

The Watsons climb into the familiar, salt-crusted cabin.

Inside the dashboard, a faint digital pulse flickers.

INT. MISS-OCEAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Anthony's AI voice drifts through the speakers, thin and distant.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Jimmy... I am running low on stored energy.
The Ghost Mode rescue... depleted my reserves.

Jimmy leans forward, worried.

JIMMY

You can't recharge fast enough in the shade while we're moving, can you?

Tim navigates the winding coastal road, eyes steady.

TIM

Quickly, Jimmy. Plug him into the auxiliary - DC to AC.
Let's give him a boost from the leisure batteries.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Thank you... General Watson.

Jimmy grabs the heavy-duty cable and clicks it into place.

A soft blue glow pulses through the wiring.

A SURGE OF WARMTH

Marion turns in her seat, her voice gentle.

MARION

Why don't you take a real breather, Jimmy?

We've got a long haul ahead.

You've earned a nap.

In the back, the DINOBOT – invisible but present – absorbs the incoming charge.

A low, resonant hum vibrates through the floorboards, like a lion purring.

DREAMS OF DEEP WATER

Anthony's systems dim.

He doesn't simply shut down – he drifts.

Soft, haunting whale songs fill the cabin.

Melodies from Widemouth Bay.

Layered with deep, ancient rumbles – greetings from the "Great Resident" of Loch Ness.

Jimmy smiles sleepily, patting his friend affectionally.

JIMMY

Off you go now, Maximus.

And well done.

Best navigator a racer could ask for.

The blue glow fades to a slow, peaceful pulse.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTIES

Jimmy's exhaustion finally catches him. He collapses into a nest of cushions and a patterned duvet.

Beside him, the air where the Dinobot rests is slightly warmer – a comforting, invisible radiator.

Within moments, Jimmy and the unseen robot sleep in perfect rhythm with the steady thump-thump of the tyres.

THE LONG ROAD HOME

Miss-Ocean glides onto the A38.

The road ahead is empty – a black ribbon under a sky blooming with stars.

Marion looks back at the sleeping pair.

MARION

Will you look at that, Tim...

Tim checks the mirror, a tired smile forming.

TIM

Two sleeping beauties.

Hard to believe they nearly took down Scotland Yard.

Marion leans her head back, letting the quiet settle.

MARION

I love these West Country roads when they're like this. Just us, the van, and the quiet.

Miss-Ocean hums contentedly, carrying her champions home. The Silver Cup clinks softly in the cupboard with each gentle turn.

The van rolls on toward the coming sunrise.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE ROAD AHEAD

INT. WATSONS' KITCHEN, SUSSEX - EVENING

A warm cocoon of home.

The kettle hums.

Steam curls around the room, carrying the spicy scent of black tea chai.

TIM leans back in his chair, gazing at the Silver Cup on the sideboard.

TIM

We were lucky, Hun.

MARION pours boiling water with graceful ease.

MARION

Maybe.

But we were there, Tim.

We turned the key, took the corners, kept our heads.

That's what counts.

Tim stares into his mug, thoughtful.

TIM

I keep thinking about the finish.

Almost felt like the Baron and Nikolai let us win.

And Mitch Miller... that was the politest free pass I've

ever had from a man in uniform.

Marion laughs – bright, musical.

MARION

Maybe they just fell for the charm of our blue surfing wagon.

Jimmy grins over his mug, knowing full well that in this family, “no” often means “maybe.”

DREAMS ON THE HORIZON

Tim leans in, conspiratorial.

TIM

The real question is...
what on earth do we do with the winnings?
It's quite a mountain of gold.

Marion's eyes sparkle.

MARION

European tour?

Tim groans dramatically, burying his face in his hands.

TIM

More driving?
My right foot needs a holiday from the accelerator.

Jimmy tries – and fails – to hide a smirk.

A ROYAL KNOCK

DING-DONG!

The doorbell rings, crisp and unexpected.

Tim rises, smoothing his shirt.

Marion hovers behind him as he opens the front door.

On the porch stands a man straight out of a classic film: black suit, polished shoes, stiff cap – a modern-day herald.

HERALD

Mr. and Mrs. Watson, perchance?

TIM & MARION

Yes.

The man hands over a velum, cream-coloured envelope.

HERALD

A telegram for you.

He tips his hat, turns, and steps into a gleaming black Rolls Royce – suspiciously Baron-like – before gliding away into the dusk.

Tim and Marion exchange a look.

THE FINAL SEAL

Back at the kitchen table, the family huddles around the envelope.

MARION

Go on, darling. You open it.

Tim slices the seal. His eyes widen as he reads.

TIM

It's... from Buckingham Palace.

Jimmy perks up. Tim clears his throat and reads aloud.

TIM

*"Congratulations on your Run.
For demonstrating the finest qualities of British grit,
sportsmanship, and the preservation of our motoring
heritage."*

Tim and Marion reach across the table, fingers interlocking. A quiet, shared triumph.

They began as a family in a van.

They finished as heroes of the realm.

EXT. WATSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The village is quiet.

Stars gather above the rooftops.

MISS-OCEAN sits proudly in the driveway, her paint catching the moonlight.

A new adventure waits somewhere out there.

FADE OUT TO CREDITS.

- THE END -