

"DIRE STRAITS GIBALTAR"

by CLEANER OCEAN FOUNDATION

Genre: Speculative Eco Cli-Fi Thriller

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NEWS FROM THE DEEP

INT. GLOBAL NEWSROOM - MONTAGE

A rapid-fire sequence of global news feeds. Screens flicker, glitch, and overlap—CNN, BBC, Al Jazeera, NHK—all broadcasting chaos.

Visuals:

- A sleek white yacht off the coast of Cádiz.
- A pod of Orcas breach in formation.
- One slams into the hull—slow motion impact, water exploding.
- The yacht tilts violently. Screams.
- Cut to aerial drone footage: a fishing trawler's rudder twisted like taffy.
- Spanish radio chatter—panicked, garbled.
- Coast Guard vessels retreating.

- Oil tankers veering off course.

SOUND DESIGN:

- Overlapping news anchors.

- Low-frequency orca calls.

- Sirens, sonar pings, static.

- A haunting, cello-driven score builds tension.

INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO LONDON - NIGHT

JILL BIRD, composed but visibly shaken, addresses the camera.

JILL BIRD

"Scientists admit to being baffled. Theories range from trauma-induced aggression to environmental protest. But no explanation accounts for the scale, precision, and apparent intent behind these attacks."

Cut to a marine biologist from Woods Hole, eyes wide.

MARINE BIOLOGIST

"It's not just social learning. It's tactical. Coordinated. Like they're sending a message."

EXT. STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR - DAY

A colossal freighter, *Odysseus Rex*, lists in the water. A gash runs along its hull—clean, surgical.

Visuals:

- Helicopter footage zooms in on the tear.

- The freighter's captain, pale and trembling, points to the sea.

MARINE BIOLOGIST (CONT'D)

"They knew exactly where to hit. Like a scalpel."

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN HYDROGEN SHIP - CONTROL ROOM - THE
ULTIMATUM - NIGHT

Dim lighting. Screens glow with sonar maps and news feeds. CAPTAIN JOHN STORM, 40s, rugged, introspective, sits in the skipper's chair. HAL, his onboard AI computer companion, ever present.

VISUALS:

- His hand runs through salt-and-pepper hair.
- HAL's interface pulses softly.
- The hum of the ship's propulsion is the only sound.

JOHN STORM (mumming)

"Nobody can explain how that happened."

HAL (V.O.):

"The acoustic signature was percussive. Surgical. Multiple high-impact strikes at a single, precisely chosen point."

INT. COMMUNICATIONS STATION - CONTINUOUS

DAN HAWK, 20s wiry and restless, leans over his console.

DAN HAWK

"We're the only ones who've pumped out a whale's stomach."

Flashback montage:

- A young humpback tangled in ghost netting.

- John freeing it.

- A probe extracting a slurry of microplastics—colorful, toxic, heartbreaking.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - RETURN

HAL's voice shifts tone—more urgent.

HAL

"Perhaps they need to speak with Suki Hall."

John's eyes narrow. A name from the past. A maverick. A risk.

JOHN STORM

"What about Suki Hall?"

HAL overlays her last paper: The Biocommunicative Model of Cetacean Society. Diagrams of sonar pulses, neural overlays, and the term Acoustic Resonance.

HAL

"She posits that cetaceans feel toxicity. That their communication is biological, not just vocal."

John and Dan exchange a look. The mystery has a lead. The mission has a direction.

JOHN STORM

"We need to find her."

Cue music swell. FADE TO BLACK.

KUNA'S AWAKENING

EXT. ARCTIC OCEAN - UNDERWATER - DAY

A vast, crystalline world. Sunlight filters through icy blue depths. The water is alive with shimmering particles and gentle currents.

KUNA, a majestic adult humpback whale, glides effortlessly through the water. Her flukes span wide, her body sleek and powerful. She sings—a low, melodic rumble that echoes through the deep.

Around her, a group of YOUNG CALVES tumble and play, their movements clumsy but joyful. Kuna circles them protectively, her song a lullaby of peace.

CLOSE ON KUNA'S EYE

Suddenly, her expression shifts. A flicker of tension. The water around her seems to tremble.

INT. KUNA'S MIND - PSYCHIC SPACE

A storm of static. Not sound, but sensation. Vibrations like barbed wire tear through her consciousness.

The playful scene distorts. The calves' chatter fades into a cacophony of sorrow.

FLASH IMAGES - TELEPATHIC PULSES

A STILLBORN ORCA CALF, drifting lifelessly.

DEAD PODS scattered across the ocean floor.

CLOUDS OF WHITE PLASTIC, swirling like a second sky.

A METALLIC TASTE. SUFFOCATION. POISON.

Kuna flinches. Her body stiffens. Her song falters.

EXT. ARCTIC OCEAN - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The MATRIARCH, an ancient humpback with deep scars and wise eyes, approaches. Her shadow falls over Kuna.

She emits a low, resonant rumble.

MATRIARCH (SONIC PULSE)

What is it, child? What do you hear?

Kuna responds with a trembling pulse.

KUNA (SONIC PULSE)

Pain. And dying.

The matriarch is silent. Her gaze is knowing. She circles Kuna once, then drifts away slowly.

INT. KUNA'S MEMORY - FLASHBACK - FRASER ISLAND

A YOUNG KUNA, tangled in a ghost net. Her flukes bleed. She thrashes weakly.

KULO-LUNA, her mother, circles in panic.

Suddenly, a HUMAN FIGURE dives into view—SHUI RAZOR. Shui

is joined by John Storm, They slice through the nets with their diving blades. Kuna is freed.

Kulo-Luna and Razor lock eyes. No malice. Only gratitude.

INT. KUNA'S MEMORY - FLASHBACK (CONT'D) - THE ELIZABETH SWANN

A sleek trimaran glides across the water. On deck: JOHN STORM and SUKI HALL. They tend to Kuna's wounds.

Their touch is gentle. Their presence, calming.

Kuna sings softly. They listen.

EXT. ARCTIC OCEAN - UNDERWATER - RETURN TO PRESENT

Kuna turns from the calves. Her body pulses with resolve.

She swims to the matriarch. They exchange a final, sorrowful song.

KUNA (SONIC PULSE)

I must go.

The matriarch nods, her song fading into the current.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - WIDE SHOT

Kuna breaches once, her massive body silhouetted against the Arctic sky.

She dives. Her flukes disappear beneath the surface.

The water stretches endlessly before her—a highway to the unknown.

INT. KUNA'S MIND - FINAL PULSE

I am no longer just the daughter of Kulo-Luna. I am the emissary.

FADE OUT

ELIZABETH SWANN INTERCEPTS SIGNALS

EXT. MID-ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A vast, glittering expanse. The sea is calm, deceptively serene. The sky above is endless, mirrored perfectly below.

The ELIZABETH SWANN, a sleek hydrogen-powered trimaran, glides silently across the swells.

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

JOHN STORM, rugged and contemplative, stands at the helm. The soft hum of the ship's electric thrusters is a steady comfort.

Beside him, SUKI HALL, 30s, Japanese, sharp-eyed and quietly exhilarated, leans over a console displaying a holographic sonar map—an intricate, glowing topography of the ocean floor.

SUKI

Amazing, isn't it? (tracing a contour) We're seeing the

abyssal plains like never before.

HAL (V.O.)

Indeed, Miss Hall. And not just the floor. I am detecting unusual cetacean sonar signals. The density and patterning are highly atypical. Almost... coded.

John's eyes narrow. He steps closer to the screen.

SCREEN POV - SONAR MAP

The usual chaotic symphony of clicks and moans begins to shift. Lines coalesce. Patterns emerge. A grid overlays the waveforms—rhythmic, deliberate.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

SUKI (softly) That's... not right. (typing rapidly)
Multiple species. Orcas, humpbacks, sperm whales... even fin whales. All using the same pattern.

She overlays spectrograms. The sounds weave into a structured web—complex, beautiful, and deeply unsettling.

John watches, silent. A memory flashes: BBC report, the gash in the *Odysseus Rex*. The impossible wound.

EXT. DECK - ELIZABETH SWANN - MOMENTS LATER

A shadow passes overhead.

John steps out, shielding his eyes. The sea around the Swann is alive.

A pod of ORCAS—twelve strong—surface in formation. Their dorsal fins slice the water like obsidian blades. They circle the ship with eerie precision.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Sonar pulses intensify. The hull vibrates. The air hums with pressure.

HAL's core whirs. Data streams cascade across a secondary screen - decoding, translating.

Then—silence.

HAL (V.O.)

POISON. STOP. LISTEN. POISON. STOP. LISTEN.

The words hang in the air like thunder.

Suki gasps, hand to mouth. Her eyes glisten.

SUKI

I can't believe this... Thank you, HAL.

HAL (V.O.)

No trouble, Miss Hall. (a beat) It is... satisfying.

John stares at the screen. Then at the orcas. His breath catches.

JOHN (quietly)

It's not chaos. It's communication.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

DAN HAWK, wiry and skeptical, leans in.

DAN

Are we sure about this, Commander? Could be seismic. Or military. Submarines, carriers... sonar interference.

HAL (V.O.)

The patterns are inconsistent with known seismic or anthropogenic sources, Master. Hawk. The bio-acoustic signatures are unequivocally cetacean. Semantic patterns are consistent across species.

Dan falls silent.

John doesn't respond. He watches the orcas, their pulses now gentle. Expectant.

They've delivered their message.

EXT. MID-ATLANTIC - WIDE SHOT

The Swann floats in the center of a living ring. Orcas breach and dive. The sea is no longer silent—it's speaking.

INT. BRIDGE - FINAL MOMENTS

John turns to Suki. She meets his gaze. No words are needed.

HAL's interface pulses softly.

HAL (V.O.) (low, reflective)

The investigation has begun.

FADE OUT

RAZOR'S REDEMPTION

INT. CONTROL ROOM - THE OCEAN STAR - NIGHT

A sleek, futuristic space. Walls of glowing screens map the world's oceans in real time—currents, shipping lanes, thermal scans, acoustic overlays. The hum of data pulses through the air.

SHUI RAZOR, early-60s, weathered but composed, stands alone. His face is lined not just by age, but by reckoning. He watches footage of ORCA ATTACKS—ships breached, sailors panicked, sonar pulses rippling through the deep.

SHUI (V.O.)

Every ghost net. Every bottle. Every careless act. I helped poison the sea.

He turns from the screens. A glowing COMM PANEL awaits.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - "RAZOR'S REFLECTION" TALK

Shui on stage, TED-style.

Archival footage of whaling ships, ocean dumping.

His voice raw, unfiltered.

SHUI (V.O.)

I didn't come to preach. I came to confess.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - RETURN TO PRESENT

Shui exhales. He presses the comms button.

SHUI

Shui Razor to Elizabeth Swann. Come in, John.

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

SUKI HALL stares at the incoming transmission. Her eyes widen.

SUKI (softly)

I can't believe it...

JOHN STORM watches the screens, thoughtful.

JOHN

Answer him, Suki. He's not the man he was.

Suki hesitates, then presses the comms.

SUKI

Shui Razor from Elizabeth Swann... come back, partner.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - THE WANDERER - CONTINUOUS

A beat. Then:

SHUI (COMMS)

Is that you, Miss Hall? The voice of reason?

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

Laughter erupts. A moment of levity.

SUKI

I guess it is, Mr. Razor.

SHUI (COMMS)

Hello, all!

CREW (in chorus)

Hello, Shui!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - THE OCEAN STAR - CONTINUOUS

Shui's smile fades. He leans closer to the mic.

SHUI

I wondered if you were reading what we were reading.

Those orcas... they worry me.

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

Suki's expression turns solemn.

SUKI

They worry us too. They're telling us something.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - THE OCEAN STAR - CONTINUOUS

SHUI

It's not just the big stuff. It's the microplastics. The

toxins. The things that poison their children. They have a right to be angry.

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

John steps forward.

JOHN

You've changed, Shui.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - THE WANDERER - CONTINUOUS

SHUI

The ocean changes everyone, John. For some, it takes longer.

He taps a screen. Maps of garbage gyres appear.

SHUI

Our fleet's been tracking plastics for years. We've got more data than any government. Maybe it can help you.

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

JOHN

Any help would be appreciated. We've a theory. But we need hard proof.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - THE OCEAN STAR - FINAL MOMENTS

Shui smiles. Not the smirk of a pirate—but the quiet resolve of a man reborn.

SHUI (V.O.)

I hunted the ocean once. Now I fight for it.

He watches the orca footage again. This time, not with guilt—but with purpose.

FADE OUT

CONVERGENCE EMOTIONAL REUNION

EXT. OPEN ATLANTIC - DAY

The ELIZABETH SWANN slices through the Atlantic ocean like a blade, her wave piercing triple hull whispering against the waves. Ahead, the AZORES shimmer—emerald islands adrift in endless blue. But this is no voyage of leisure.

INT. SWANN - BRIDGE - DAY

Monitors flicker with frenetic energy. HAL's interface pulses with spectral data. The air hums with tension.

SUKI HALL (brilliant, intuitive) hovers over a holographic console, eyes wide with awe and concern. Beside her, JOHN STORM (weathered, resolute) watches the horizon, hand resting on the console.

SUKI

The signal complexity is off the charts. HAL's picking up frequencies I didn't know whales could produce. It's not just orcas anymore. Humpbacks, fins, sperm whales... Even pilot whales. It's like a planetary conference call,

John.

John turns, absorbing the weight of her words.

EXT. OCEAN - HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

A distant SPRAY erupts. Then—BREACH.

A massive HUMPBACK WHALE arcs skyward, silhouetted against the sun, crashing down in a thunderous plume of foam. The sound reverberates through the Swann's hull.

JOHN

HAL, identify that breach.

HAL (V.O.)

Recognizing unique fluke and dorsal fin markings...

Species: Humpback whale. ID: Kuna.

Suki gasps, hand to mouth.

SUKI

Kuna...

John's stoic face softens. A flicker of memory—Fraser Island, a young whale, a daring rescue.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

KUNA breaches again, closer. Her immense body glistens, marked with familiar scars and barnacles. A living monument to survival.

HAL (V.O.)

Signal spike confirmed. Multi-layered communication between Kuna and Mediterranean Sea Orcas. Intensity suggests coordinated urgency.

Suki bolts for the railing.

SUKI

Kuna! Here, girl!

Kuna swims closer, playful, powerful. Her eye—enormous, intelligent—locks onto Suki. Recognition. Joy.

EXT. SWANN - DECK - CONTINUOUS

Suki whoops and dives into the water, clothes and all. A beat. John follows, fully dressed, his dive clean and purposeful.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

DAN HAWK (Electronics genius, tech-savvy, soulful) and HAL observe silently. Awe and longing etched across Dan's face.

EXT. OCEAN - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Suki and John swim toward Kuna. She dips her head. Suki strokes her barnacled skin. John touches her pectoral fin—rough, ancient, alive.

Laughter bubbles from them. A moment of pure connection.

CLOSE ON - KUNA'S EYE

A flicker. Not just joy—concern. Urgency.

Suki presses her forehead to Kuna's head.

SUKI (softly)

What is it, girl? What are you trying to tell us?

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

HAL's tannoy voice cuts through the moment.

HAL (V.O.)

Message intensifying. Pattern indicates distress.

Coordinated cry of "Poison." Multiple species involved.

Severity: extreme.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

John's hand remains on Kuna's flank. He closes his eyes, feeling the vibration—deep, persistent.

JOHN (V.O.)

I've seen the rage of the orcas. Heard their plea. Now I feel her warning. This isn't just reunion. It's a call to arms.

Kuna dives, circling once before surfacing again—her breath a misty exclamation.

WIDE SHOT - THE SWANN, THE WHALE, THE HUMANS

A fragile alliance forged in salt and memory. The ocean speaks. And they are listening.

FADE TO BLACK

THE LANGUAGE OF PAIN

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MAKESHIFT SCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

The lab glows with a chaotic beauty. HOLOGRAPHIC SCREENS flicker and pulse, casting spectral light across the walls. The air hums—not with machinery, but with urgency.

SUKI HALL stands at the center, her face lit by data streams. HAL's voice murmurs from the console, calm amidst the storm.

SUKI

They're not just communicating, John... They're showing us. They're telling us a story.

JOHN STORM enters, drawn by the tension. He watches as Suki manipulates the display—sonar pulses forming eerie, fetal shapes. A ghostly echo, repeating.

HAL (V.O.)

Signal motif isolated. Repeating structure. Symbolic representation: fetal form. Interpretation: generational loss.

John stares at the image. A tiny, perfect silhouette. Silent. Haunting.

INT. LAB - MOMENTS LATER

A NEW DATA STREAM floods the room. SHUI RAZOR's fleet is transmitting. The screens shift—now showing underwater drone footage.

ON SCREEN - DEEP SEA FOOTAGE

A drone glides through murky water. Its lights reveal a graveyard—DEAD FISH drifting in a toxic current. Their silver scales dulled, lifeless.

Then—A BLOOM OF PLASTIC. Miles wide. A shimmering cloud of garbage. The surface glints with chemical residue.

Then—A GHOST NET. A monstrous web, half-submerged, threads catching the last rays of a dying sun.

SUKI (whispers)

It's not just data. It's testimony.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Suki and John watch in silence. HAL overlays sonar patterns with visual data. The result is devastating.

HAL (V.O.)

Cetacean signal matches environmental imagery.

Interpretation: multisensory transmission. Emotional encoding confirmed.

JOHN

They're showing us what they feel.

EXT. OCEAN - MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

- Orcas gliding through slicks of oil. - Humpbacks navigating through plastic blooms. - Sperm whales diving past ghost nets.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Suki's eyes well with tears. She touches the fetal sonar motif again.

SUKI

They know. They've connected the dots. Oil. Plastic. Toxins. Fish. Death.

HAL (V.O.)

Cetacean memory confirms historical awareness of oil tankers. New correlation: plastic production and trophic contamination. Glass fibers.

FLASHBACK - CETACEAN MEMORY - STYLIZED SEQUENCE

- A YOUNG WHALE listens to elders sing of KULO-LUNA, the giant who sank pirate whalers. - The legend of MOBY DICK, the sperm whale who defied their harpoons.

These are not myths. They are sacred history.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

SUKI

They've always resisted. But now... Now they're fighting back.

HAL overlays recent incidents—boats rammed, hulls

shattered, tankers disabled.

HAL (V.O.)

Pattern confirmed. Non-random aggression. Interpretation:
strategic protest. Immune response.

John steps forward, voice low.

JOHN

They're acting as the ocean's immune system. Fighting a
virus they can't understand. And we're the virus.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The Swann floats in silence. Beneath her, the deep pulses
with ancient song.

INT. LAB - FINAL MOMENTS

Suki and John stand together, surrounded by the whales'
story—pain, memory, defiance.

SUKI

The silent screams have found a voice. And we can't
ignore it anymore.

FADE TO BLACK

THE POD OF FURY

EXT. OPEN ATLANTIC - DUSK

The ELIZABETH SWANN glides silently across darkening waters. The sky is bruised with twilight. The air hums—not with wind or radio—but with a deep, rhythmic vibration. It pulses through the hull like a heartbeat.

INT. SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

SONAR SCREENS flicker. The crew is tense. SUKI HALL stands frozen, eyes locked on the display. JOHN STORM, weathered and resolute, hovers near the console marked MERLIN.

SUKI

John, we cannot do that.

JOHN

I know, Suki. But if they threaten to breach our hull... Merlin will activate. We have to be ready.

Outside, the sea churns. A POD OF ORCAS—twelve strong—circle the Swann. Their movements are deliberate, powerful. Not playful. Not curious. This is a display of fury.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

HAL's voice cuts through the tension.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm. Decoding sonar pattern. This is not mere aggression. It is a message. A broadcast. Universal.

The speakers crackle. A low, resonant thrum fills the room. HAL's translation appears on screen:

SCREEN TEXT "POISON. DEATH. STOP."

Suki's breath catches. John's jaw tightens. The message is clear: the ocean is speaking.

EXT. HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

A new vibration rises—melodic, ancient. Then—BREACH.

KUNA, the humpback whale, erupts from the seawater in slow-motion grace. Her splash sends a wave over the Swann's deck.

SUKI

Kuna...

She runs to the railing, voice trembling with hope.

SUKI (CONT'D)

Here, girl!

Kuna begins to sing. The sound is vast, layered, filled with memory. HAL's monitors spike. A new translation appears:

SCREEN TEXT

"This ship carries a very good man."

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The orcas' pulses falter. Their rhythm softens. But they demand more.

SCREEN TEXT

"PROOF. GIVE PROOF."

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Kuna responds. Her song deepens—emotional, reverent. She sings of Fraser Island. Of near-drowning. Of John Storm and Shui Razor cutting her free.

She swims between the Swann and the orcas—a living bridge of trust.

Her next song describes the Swann: hydrogen fuel, silent engines, a clean hull.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

A few orcas peel away. They approach the hull, clicking rapidly. Sonar pulses test the metal. No poison. No contamination.

They return to the pod. Their clicks now curious. Respectful.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

HAL's voice, softer now.

HAL (V.O.)

Final message received. "This vessel is what humans should use. It is a new way."

John clutches his head. His vision blurs.

FLASHBACK - PACIFIC OCEAN - YEARS EARLIER

Young John Storm dives into cold water. A GREAT WHITE SHARK looms. He gashes it with a speargun. He frees Kulo-Luna.

BACK TO PRESENT

John stands surrounded by the same creatures. But now—he is not fighting. He is being recognized.

Suki sobs openly. Tears of joy stream down her face.

SUKI

It's a miracle.

EXT. OCEAN - FINAL MOMENTS

The orcas leap - one after another - in perfect formation. A breathtaking display of synchronized power.

A 21-GUN SALUTE.

A confirmation from the deep: JOHN STORM is a hero of the ocean.

Even HAL falls silent, his AI core overwhelmed by the beauty of truth.

FADE OUT

SCENE 8 - KUNA'S GIFT

EXT. OPEN ATLANTIC - NIGHT

The sea is calm, but charged. The POD OF ORCAS, once furious, now glide in silence. Their black-and-white forms swirl around KUNA, the great humpback, who moves with serene majesty.

Her presence is a balm. The orcas respond—not with aggression, but reverence. Their sonar pulses soften, harmonizing with her rhythm.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The crew watches in hushed awe. SUKI HALL stands at the window, hand pressed to the glass. JOHN STORM is motionless, eyes fixed on the water.

SUKI (softly)
They're listening to her...

HAL's monitors flicker with low-frequency patterns. The silence is sacred.

HAL (V.O.)
Pollution is a universal language.

EXT. OCEAN - MONTAGE

- Plastic gyres swirl in toxic spirals.
- Rivers disgorge sludge, bottles, chemical foam.
- Coral reefs bleach into ghostly white.
- Microplastics drift like invisible snow.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

KUNA turns toward the Swann. She emits a deep, resonant tone—sonic and telepathic.

CLOSE ON JOHN

The sound hits him like a wave. His eyes widen. The world dissolves.

VISION SEQUENCE - JOHN'S MIND

- Coral dying, fish gasping in poisoned currents.
- A dolphin tangled in a ghost net, struggling.
- Plankton choked with toxic dust.
- A nursery of unborn whales, poisoned before birth.

John gasps. He clutches the console, overwhelmed.

HAL (V.O.)

The vision is not a narrative, Captain. It is a transfer of data. A direct look into their reality beneath the waves.

VISION SHIFT - HUMAN WORLD

- Babies born with microplastics in their blood.
- Mothers unknowingly passing toxins to their children.
- Families eating contaminated seafood.
- Corporate boardrooms, sterile and detached, profiting from destruction.

HAL (V.O.)

Human sperm count down 50% in four decades. Infants in remote regions show measurable microplastic levels. Humanity is also being poisoned.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

John sinks to his knees. His face is pale, eyes wet. He had come to save the whales. But they were saving him—from ignorance.

HAL's interface glows. It begins translating John's emotions—rage, sorrow, empathy—into sonar pulses.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The orcas pause. They receive the message. They feel his regret. His fury. His love.

KUNA sings again—low, powerful, ancient. Her song carries John's truth.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Suki kneels beside John. She takes his hand. The crew is silent, but changed.

JOHN (hoarse)

They're not victims. They're sentinels.

EXT. OCEAN - FINAL MOMENTS

The orcas circle the Swann once more. Not in anger. In unity.

Kuna breaches—slow, graceful. Her splash is a benediction.

The crew watches, no longer observers, but witnesses.

HAL (V.O.)

The burden is now shared.

FADE TO BLACK

THE TRUTH BENEATH THE WAVES

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MAKESHIFT SCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

The lab hums with quiet intensity. HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAYS shimmer across the room, no longer abstract data—but a terrible, irrefutable truth.

SUKI HALL stands at the central console, her face etched with exhaustion. She gestures to a glowing cloud on the main screen—a microscopic blizzard of plastic particles.

SUKI

It's unequivocal, John. The orcas aren't just reacting to pollution. They're responding to saturation—microplastics in their prey. Plankton. Krill. Every trophic level.

She highlights a phytoplankton cell—its structure studded with glowing fragments.

SUKI (CONT'D)

It's systemic.

NARRATION (V.O.) - DAVID ATTENBOROUGH STYLE

In the depths of the Atlantic, a silent transformation is underway. The very foundation of marine life—plankton, krill, the base of the food web— is being infiltrated by synthetic particles. Invisible. Ubiquitous. Lethal.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

HAL integrates a new data stream. SHUI RAZOR's deep-sea team reports flash across the screen.

SCREEN TEXT Orca Calf Mortality Rate: +180%
(Mediterranean, 2010-2025) Dolphin Fertility Decline: -
60% in affected zones

DAN HAWK leans forward, his skepticism gone.

DAN

It's not just overfishing. They're starving. Humans, poisoning themselves out of existence.

SUKI

Even if we stopped today, the poisoning would continue. The orcas' attacks aren't random. They're protests. Intelligent. Desperate.

NARRATION (V.O.)

Across the oceans, apex predators—whales, dolphins, orcas— are sounding an alarm. Their fury is not instinctual. It is strategic. A response to a world unraveling beneath the waves.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB - CONTINUOUS

JOHN STORM clenches his jaw.

JOHN

If the data is so damning... Why aren't humans protesting with the same fury?

HAL's voice responds, calm and clinical.

HAL (V.O.)

Biomagnification is steeper in marine animals. Humans are omnivores. We farm. We diversify. Apex marine predators consume only contaminated prey.

SUKI

But we're farming ourselves out of land. Fresh water is vanishing. Forests are falling.

JOHN

And we're relying more on seafood— which is increasingly toxic. It's a vicious circle.

DAN

Swings and roundabouts?

HAL (V.O.)

Not quite. Bluefin tuna, for example, are brimming with poisons. Each step up the food chain magnifies the contamination.

NARRATION (V.O.)

The tuna—once kings of the Mediterranean— now swim with bellies full of microplastics. Their numbers have plummeted by over 80% in fifty years. Not just hunted. Poisoned.

INT. BRIDGE – CONTINUOUS

John paces. He stares at the holographic krill, then the simulated gyre—bleeding plastic into the ocean.

JOHN

These goals... the UN targets... They're meaningless without action. Rhetoric against a tidal wave.

He stops. The memory of the orcas' fury. Kuna's agonizing vision.

JOHN (softly)

It's no wonder they're upset. We're not just poisoning their home. We're poisoning their future. We're poisoning our own.

NARRATION (V.O.)

In the silence that follows, the truth hangs heavy. The ocean is not just suffering. It is speaking. And for the first time, humanity may be ready to listen.

FADE TO BLACK

SCENE10 - TURNING POINT, THE MATRIARCH'S LAMENT

EXT. COAST OF SPAIN - DAY

The turquoise waters shimmer under the sun. Yachts and tourists are absent. The Mediterranean sea is eerily still.

UNDERWATER POV - KUNA, THE HUMPBACK Her massive form glides with solemn grace, flukes pushing a gentle wake. She leads the sleek trimaran Elizabeth Swann through hidden reefs.

ON DECK - ELIZABETH SWANN The crew watch in silence. The zero-emission hydrogen powered thrusters hum faintly, ghostlike.

The boat drifts into a secluded cove.

EXT. HIDDEN COVE - CONTINUOUS

The once pristine beach is a grotesque tableau:

Thick mats of rotting Atlantic sargassum choke the shallows.

Plastic bottles, fishing lines, and ghost nets litter the sand.

The air is heavy with a sickly-sweet stench.

And there, half-submerged in the foam— THE MATRIARCH. An immense orca, regal yet broken. Her flank bears a fresh,

gaping wound from a propeller strike.

Around her, a dozen orcas circle slowly, their haunting song filling the cove.

ON THE BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN

JOHN STORM grips the railing, eyes fixed on the dying whale. SUKI HALL covers her mouth, tears welling. DAN HAWK stands frozen, his skepticism shattered.

The pod's mournful dirge vibrates through the hull.

CLOSE ON - THE MATRIARCH'S EYE She lifts her head weakly, locking gaze with the crew.

A surge of energy ripples outward. HAL (V.O.), translates the pulse into words that echo in the cabin:

HAL (V.O.)

We are dying. Our songs are silent. Our children are poisoned. The plastic chokes our breath. The net is the rope around our neck. This is our last transmission. This is our end. Do not make this your end too.

The crew are overwhelmed. Suki sobs openly. John's face hardens with resolve.

JOHN STORM (whispering)

I won't let her die in vain. The world will hear this.

HAL (V.O.)

How could this have happened, Captain? The signs were clear. Why was humanity so blind?

John has no answer. Only grief.

CUT TO: INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

JILL BIRD, senior anchorwoman, sits before the camera, grave. Behind her, footage of the cove plays: the dying Matriarch, the circling pod, the plastic-strewn beach.

JILL BIRD

This is the culmination of a mystery that has gripped the world. What scientists are calling The Matriarch's Lament is a tragic, final plea from the heart of the ocean. For centuries, humanity has taken from the seas without thought. Now, it seems, the seas are asking for a final, terrible price.

The mournful orca song fills the studio, raw and unfiltered.

MONTAGE - GLOBAL REACTION

- Crowds gather in city squares, watching the footage on giant screens.
- Children cry, clutching parents' hands.
- Fishermen pause at sea, radios silent.
- Politicians watch grimly in conference rooms.

EXT. HIDDEN COVE - SUNSET

The Matriarch lies still. Her pod sings one final,

unified note—a requiem.

On the Elizabeth Swann, John Storm lowers his head, a vow burning in his eyes.

FADE OUT

THE MAN FROM JAPAN - OCEAN HERO - STUDIO AUDIENCE, LONDON

INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO - LONDON - NIGHT

The studio is sleek, sterile, humming with electronics. Red tally lights blink on the cameras.

At the glass desk sits JILL BIRD, immaculate posture, calm smile. Behind her, a massive screen flickers to life, revealing SHUI RAZOR — rugged, weathered, eyes sharp with conviction.

JILL BIRD (cheerful, broadcast tone)

Viewers may remember Mr. Razor from a few years back, when he cut a baby humpback whale free of ghost nets in Hervey Bay, Australia. Now, he's at the center of a new kind of activism.

(turns to screen, softening) Mr Razor, welcome. Please, tell us about the day you met the humpback whale; Kulo-Luna.

SHUI RAZOR (grinning broadly) Call me Shui, Jill.

JILL BIRD (smiling back)

Of course. Shui. You placed a bet on Kulo-Luna to beat your whaling boat?

SHUI (laughs, low and rumbling)

That I did. Never seen a whale so purposeful. It was like she was speaking to me... not with words, but with certainty. She meant business.

JILL (leaning in, intrigued)

Communicated?

SHUI

Aye. She sank our ship, the Suzy Wong. A resounding message, received, loud and clear.

JILL

And the Jonah?

SHUI (laughing harder)

Still buying her beers for that one.

JILL

And you won a sizeable sum?

SHUI

Let's just say it gave me the seed money for our Marine Foundation.

The audience chuckles lightly. Jill's smile fades as she pivots.

JILL

And what are you working on now?

SHUI (eyes darkening, voice heavy)

The orca attacks in the Gibraltar Strait. They're being misunderstood, Jill. Vilified as monsters. In truth... they're the victims.

JILL (concerned)

How so?

SHUI

It's the pollution. The oceans are choking.

The screen behind Shui changes: footage of a beach smothered in rotting sargassum, plastic bottles tangled in the weed, a dead turtle half-buried in the mess.

SHUI

The plastic and chemicals are poisoning their food. Causing stillborn calves. A matriarch died this morning. The grief... you could feel it.

JILL

But why attack the boats?

SHUI

Because the plastic has a signature. Our DNA is all over it. Every bottle, every bag. To them, it's a territorial war. We've invaded their home. They're fighting back.

JILL (quietly, almost to herself)

And the sargassum plague... is that linked?

SHUI

We caused that too. Dumped chemicals. Warmed the oceans.

JILL (whispering)

Climate change.

SHUI

Call it what you like. We made their home uninhabitable.
The ocean speaks, Jill. And now... we must listen.

CUT TO - BBC FOOTAGE The viral video of the dying orca
matriarch, her pod circling in grief. The mournful song
fills the studio.

The audience falls silent. Even the cameras seem to weep.

JILL (voice breaking, genuine)

Thank you, Shui. Thank you for being the voice of the
whales.

WIDE SHOT - STUDIO The broadcast ends. The studio
audience rises, applause swelling into a thunderous
ovation.

On the giant screen, Shui Razor bows his head slightly –
a fisherman turned marine warrior, carrying the ocean's
warning to the world.

FADE OUT

BLACK TIDE TANKER

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - WIDE SHOT The ocean, once calm, now
thrums with a low, malevolent energy. Mist clings to the
horizon. The silhouette of a MEGA-FREIGHTER emerges: THE

BLACK TIDE. A floating city of steel, its hull streaked with grime, plows through the waves, leaving a scar of frothing wake.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - FLYING BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dim red lights glow across the consoles. JOHN STORM grips the railing, eyes fixed on the main screen.

HAL (V.O.) (flat, synthesized)
Captain Storm?

JOHN
I hear you, HAL.

SHUI RAZOR (COMMS) (urgent whisper)
They're going to sink it, John.

On the screen, the BLACK TIDE looms larger, monstrous, unstoppable.

JOHN (under his breath)
Crikey...
I think you're right, Shui.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - WIDE SHOT A small flotilla shadows the freighter: the Elizabeth Swann, the Ocean Star, and a handful of other vessels. Their lights flicker against the steel giant.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE The screen splits: DAN appears, jaw set, grim. SHUI RAZOR appears beside him in the Ocean Star, eyes burning with conviction.

HAL (V.O.)

They're scanning the ship for weak areas. Using sonar. The entire pod is working as one. Tactical cohesion unlike anything I've recorded.

DAN

Makes sense. A weak point saves them effort. HAL—are there any?

A beat of silence. The tension is palpable.

ON SCREEN - HOLOGRAPHIC MAP The freighter's hull shimmers with translucent red lines.

HAL (V.O.)

You'd be surprised. Older steel ships—corroded, neglected—can be as brittle as glass. These are the vessels rogue skippers favor.

JOHN (staring, voice low)

They're not just angry. They're organized.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DEEP OCEAN A vast, silent cathedral of blue-black. Dozens of ORCAS glide into formation, sleek bodies moving with predatory grace. Their clicks and whistles echo like coded signals.

They are not a pod. They are a council. A navy. Lining up their assault.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE John's knuckles whiten on the console. His eyes flicker between the freighter and the sonar feed.

JOHN (quiet, to himself)

They're preparing for war. And the Black Tide has no idea what's coming.

FADE OUT

THE CHASE

INT. BLACK TIDE - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bridge is dim, lit by the sickly green glow of radar screens. Cigarette smoke curls in the stale air. The ship's engines throb like a heartbeat beneath the steel floor.

At the center, CAPTAIN SILAS CROWE, 60s, stands with his hands clasped behind his back. Weathered face, eyes like cold iron, a scar cutting across his jawline. His uniform is immaculate, but his boots are salt-stained, betraying years at sea.

He stares through the reinforced glass at the endless black horizon. The ocean mist beads on the window, distorting his reflection into something ghostly.

FIRST OFFICER (quiet, uneasy)

Captain... we've picked up shadows on the scope. Small vessels. They've been trailing us for hours.

CROWE (voice low, deliberate)

Let them trail. Buzzards circle a lion, but they don't strike.

He turns, his gaze pinning the officer like a harpoon.

CROWE

And if they do... the sea will take them, same as it takes everything.

He lights another cigarette, the flare briefly illuminating his face—hard, unreadable, carved by years of compromise.

CROWE (to himself, almost a whisper)
The ocean doesn't care who it swallows.

The engines rumble louder, as if in answer.

CUT TO: The sonar screen flickers—red blips gathering beneath the freighter. Silent hunters closing in.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The ocean is a vast, restless plain. Mist clings to the horizon. Out of it, the ELIZABETH SWANN bursts forward—a hydrogen-powered trimaran, hydrofoils slicing the waves, leaving only a whisper-thin wake.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE

Red-lit consoles glow. JOHN STORM grips the helm, eyes locked on the forward display.

SHUI RAZOR (COMMS) (urgent, sharp)
They are going to sink it, John.

The words hang like a curse.

JOHN (into comms, tight)
I'll get ahead of the tanker, Shui. Over.

EXT. OCEAN - WIDE SHOT

The BLACK TIDE looms on the horizon—an immense, rust-streaked freighter, plowing a toxic furrow through the Atlantic. A floating factory of desecration.

Behind the Swann, SHUI'S CLEANUP FLEET churns in pursuit—trawlers, skimmers, patched-up vessels forming a ragged blockade.

SHUI (COMMS)
Go, John! We're right behind you. (beat, awed) How in the deep is that thing so fast?

UNDERWATER - THE DEPTHS

Darkness. Silence. Then movement—KUNA, sleek and spectral, glides through the gloom. Around her, a council of ORCAS led by KAELEN, a massive alpha bull.

Their clicks and whistles echo like coded signals. Sonar pulses ripple across the Black Tide's hull, mapping every rivet, every corroded plate. They move with predatory grace, a silent armada preparing for war.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE

DAN leans over the navigation console, tension in his voice.

DAN

HAL, how are we doing?

HAL (V.O.)

Five nautical miles ahead and closing. Interception in seven minutes, thirty-two seconds.

The Black Tide grows on the horizon, blotting out the stars.

JOHN (to himself, grim)

Come on, girl. Faster.

He pushes the throttles. The Swann surges, a streak of silver defiance against the freighter's black bulk.

INT. BLACK TIDE - BRIDGE

Dim, smoke-stained. CAPTAIN SILAS CROWE stands at the window, mug of stale coffee in hand. His face is weathered, cynical.

Through the glass, he watches the Swann skim past his bow. For a moment, admiration flickers.

CROWE (mutters)

Damn fine lines on that greyhound.

Then his gaze hardens.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The Swann cuts across the freighter's path, a warning shot of conscience.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE

John activates the comms array. His voice booms across the waves.

JOHN

Come in, Black Tide! Captain Crowe, this is Captain John Storm of the Elizabeth Swann! Respond immediately!

Only the grinding roar of the freighter's diesel engines answers.

JOHN (into comms, sharper)

Elizabeth Swann to Black Tide, do you read me, Captain Crowe?

Silence. Heavy. Deliberate.

DAN (angry, slamming console)

They're not going to respond, John. He's ignoring us.

JOHN

No, Dan. He's not ignoring us. He's daring us.

The words hang in the air like a gauntlet thrown.

UNDERWATER - THE ORCAS

Kaelen and his pod feel the shift. Their whistles sharpen, their formation tightens. Human resolve mirrors their own.

The ocean holds its breath.

FADE OUT

BOARDING PARTY

EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

CAMERA: AERIAL SHOT - The Elizabeth Swann slices through moonlit swells, hydrogen fuel cells glowing faint blue. Ahead, the Black Tide looms—silent, rust-streaked, a monstrous leviathan.

SCORE: Low cello drone builds, layered with distant whale calls—eerie, anticipatory.

INT. SWANN - BRIDGE

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP - JOHN STORM's face, lit by console glow. His jaw tightens.

JOHN (quietly, to HAL)
No response. That's our answer.

SFX: Soft electronic chime as HAL activates.

EXT. SWANN - AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA: TRACKING SHOT - The Swann veers hard, arcing around the freighter's stern.

SFX: WHOOSH! of compressed air. VFX: Grappling hook launches—CLANG!—magnetized to the hull.

CAMERA: WHIP-PAN - JOHN bolts forward, rope taut.

EXT. BLACK TIDE - HULL - NIGHT

CAMERA: LOW ANGLE - JOHN scales the steel flank,
silhouetted against moonlight.

VFX: Wind simulation, water spray, rust textures. SCORE:
Percussion intensifies—heartbeat rhythm.

EXT. BLACK TIDE - DECK - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA: STEADICAM - JOHN lands, sprints across the deck.

SFX: Footfalls on steel, wind howling.

Two DECKHANDS emerge.

CAMERA: MEDIUM SHOT - Their faces shift: shock →
aggression.

FIGHT CHOREOGRAPHY:

- Shoulder charge sends one sprawling.
- Wrench swing blocked—CRACK!—second collapses.

JOHN (murmuring)
Sorry about that.

CAMERA: TRACKING SHOT - JOHN vaults pipe, scales ladder.

INT. BLACK TIDE - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA: HANDHELD - Gauges blink. Diesel haze. SCORE:
Dissonant strings, rising tension.

CAPTAIN SILAS CROWE turns, grizzled and defiant.

JOHN

Captain Crowe, I presume?

CROWE

Who the blazes are you? This is a private vessel!

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP - JOHN's eyes, cold.

He grabs CROWE, lifts him effortlessly.

JOHN

Can you hear me now?

VFX SEQUENCE - HAL ACTIVATION

CAMERA: INSERT - Neural pulse flickers across JOHN's temple.

JOHN (V.O.)

HAL, patch their comms into our decoded Orca singing.
Live sonar. Main tannoy. They are about to sink you
Captain.

SFX: System boot-up hum. VFX: HUD overlay-sonar waveforms
ripple outward.

EXT. BLACK TIDE - DECK - CONTINUOUS

SFX: Tannoy crackles. Then-

SCORE / SFX HYBRID: A haunting symphony erupts:

- Clicks, whistles, moans.

- Deep bass pulses mimic sonar.

Layered with real orca recordings, modulated to sound

alien, intelligent.

VFX: Subtle tremors in the ship's hull. Lights flicker.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP - CROWE's face drains of color.

CROWE

That's not possible...

JOHN

Oh, believe me, it is.

Drops CROWE-THUD.

JOHN

They've surveyed this rust bucket. They know exactly where to strike.

HAL VOICEOVER - SYSTEM WIDE BROADCAST

SFX: HAL's voice cuts through the tannoy—calm, synthetic, omnipresent.

HAL (V.O.)

It's true, Captain Crowe. The only reason Captain Storm is here with you is to prevent the cetaceans from sinking this vessel. Not for your sake, but because of the catastrophic contamination from such an event.

VFX: Soundwave pulses ripple across bridge monitors.

CAMERA: WIDE SHOT - Crew members exchange terrified glances.

EXT. OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE

CAMERA: UNDERWATER SHOT - Kaelen's pod circles, dark torpedoes in formation.

VFX: Bioluminescent glows. Sonar pulses. Intelligent choreography.

SCORE: Orca chorus intensifies—layered with HAL's voice, creating a surreal duet.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

JOHN

You were about to dump toxic waste. The orcas know. They remember.

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP - A SEAMAN steps forward, trembling.

SEAMAN

We're not going to prison for this, Captain!

MURMURS:

Agreement. Mutiny brews.

SEAMAN

We're not dumping a damn thing!

INT. BRIDGE - FINAL BEAT

CROWE

Lads, let's not be hasty... It's a bust, okay.....

Captain Storm? We'll turn state's evidence. Sound good?

JOHN

That's a promise?

CROWE

Of course. You can have the safe. Logs, manifests...
money too.

JOHN

I'll pretend I didn't hear that last bit. (beat) Lead the
way, Captain.

CAMERA: SLOW PUSH-IN - Crew relaxes, but tension lingers.

SCORE: Orca chorus fades into silence. A single sonar
ping echoes.

FADE OUT

THE TRUCE

INT. BLACK TIDE - BRIDGE - DAWN

JOHN STORM kneels beside the open safe. Inside: a trove
of documents—stained, meticulous, damning. Pinpointing
"Vanta Logistics" and Gregor Malvane.

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP - John's gloved hand lifts a logbook.
Pages flutter, revealing frantic, half-erased entries.

SCORE: Sparse piano notes, layered with ambient sonar
pulses.

JOHN

HAL, we have enough. And the skipper here has given his word.

HAL (V.O.)

Understood, Captain. Translating commitment for marine transmission.

VFX: HUD overlay pulses across John's visor. Data streams into HAL's neural cloud.

EXT. OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

KUNA, the graceful orca, floats beneath the Deep Whisper buoy.

SFX: Her song begins—soft, inquisitive clicks and whistles.

CAMERA: UNDERWATER TRACKING SHOT - Sound waves ripple outward.

VFX: Bioluminescent shimmer trails her movements.

EXT. OPEN SEA - CONTINUOUS

A powerful response echoes back—KAELEN, the bull orca alpha male, replies in resonant click-patterns.

KUNA (V.O.)

The Orcas' lead wants your word, John. They trust you, because I trust you.

CAMERA: WIDE SHOT - The vast ocean, silent witness to a fragile pact.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN CROWE stands pale, shaken.

JOHN

Did you hear that, Captain Crowe? They want my word. What about your crew?

EXT. BLACK TIDE - FOREDECK - SHORTLY AFTER

The crew gathers—weathered faces, wary eyes.

CAMERA: CRANE SHOT - A maritime council beneath a vast, indifferent sky.

SCORE: Low strings swell with solemnity.

JOHN

Come on, men. We all know this wretched trade. Most of you were forced onto this ship by circumstance, not choice.

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP - The two deckhands John subdued earlier. They nod—respect earned.

JOHN

Your choice now. Help us stop this. Help us bring down Vanta Logistics. Help us heal the ocean.

VFX: HAL's silent scan overlays each crew member—digital vote recorded.

CAMERA: SLOW PUSH-IN - Hands rise. Hesitant. Then resolute.

SCORE: Builds to a hopeful crescendo.

EXT. BLACK TIDE - OPEN SEA - MOMENTS LATER

The freighter begins to turn—its vast bulk shifting course.

CAMERA: AERIAL SHOT - The Black Tide pivots toward the horizon.

HAL (V.O.)

Destination: Tema, Ghana. Interpol port under Project AGWE.

INT. SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

HAL feeds data to JOHN.

HAL (V.O.)

Operators displeased. Gregor Malvane, Chairman. Dual Cypriot and Liberian citizenship. Vessel registered in Comoros—lax oversight. Vanta Logistics: founded 2003, Valletta. Core business: "special cargo." Fleet: 12 tankers. Fines, lawsuits, shell companies. The Black Tide is flagship with modified tanks, untraceable sludge.

JOHN

Thanks for that, HAL. Quite a coup.

DAN

Holy fuel cells...

JOHN (nods)

Justice floats.

EXT. OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The orcas feel the shift. Intent changes. Trust solidifies.

CAMERA: SLOW MOTION - Kaelen breaches, tail slap echoing across the waves.

SCORE: Orca chorus layered with HAL's sonar motif.

VFX: Water droplets suspended mid-air, shimmering like stars.

KUNA breaches—higher than ever. Her eyes meet JOHN's across the distance.

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP - JOHN's face, softened by awe.

INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO - MONTAGE

JILL BIRD reports, voice filled with quiet triumph.

JILL (V.O.)

The Black Tide, escorted into Tema by anti-pollution vessels, has become a global symbol of ocean justice...

The UN's IMO takes note.

CAMERA: NEWS FOOTAGE - Ships flanking the freighter.
Orcas breaching. Crew disembarking.

VFX: Overlay of UN documents, satellite maps, and
headlines. Gregor Malvane in cuffs, arrested by Interpol.

INT. SWANN - BRIDGE - LATER

Ghana's coast appears on the horizon.

SHUI (V.O.)

Storm, I feel like I've won the jackpot again!

DAN (laughs)

Lucky Shui.

HAL (flatly)

I have no feelings to share.

CAMERA: WIDE SHOT - JOHN watches the horizon. Orcas
breach in the distance.

SCORE: Gentle reprise of the orca theme, now in major
key.

JOHN (V.O.)

The ocean was not healed—not yet. But the world is
listening at last.

FADE OUT TO BLACK AND ROLL CREDITS