

"CYBERWARS: REIGN OF THE REPLICANTS"

"THE POLITICAL VAMPIRE"

by CLEANER OCEAN FOUNDATION (1st draft)

Genre: Speculative Horror Espionage Sci-Fi Thriller

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KREMLIN SUMMIT

FADE IN:

INT. KREMLIN VAULT, COMMUNIST RUSSIA - NIGHT

A subterranean chamber beneath Moscow. Stalinist architecture meets surgical sterility. Black granite walls swallow sound. The air is damp, cold, recycled – lifeless.

A circular obsidian table gleams under low light. Around it sit four men:

VLADIMIR PUTIN – ageless, calculating, skin unnaturally smooth.

XI JINPING – composed, precise, dressed in a charcoal Mao suit.

KIM JONG UN – pale, manic, disturbingly fit.

GENERAL JAVID – Iran's emissary, 60s, grey haired, severe-faced, eyes like razors.

A holographic seal pulses faintly in the centre of the table: CRINK. (China. Russia. Iran. North Korea.)

PUTIN (steepling fingers)

Gentlemen. Our problem is not conquest. That's arithmetic. Time is our true adversary. The free world accepts its decay – elections, term limits, mortality. We do not.

(beat) The promise we made to Commander Storm and HAL, after they rescued us in their hydrogen ship? A necessary fiction. Now, we secure our political immortality.

XI JINPING (nods slowly)

Constitutional permanence is achieved. Our firewall filters truth into myth. Dissent is a ghost. But even ghosts need hosts.

(activates invisible display) Organ transplants. Tissue regeneration. We select donors with precision. Ten years of vitality for five of life. It's inefficient.

KIM JONG UN (grinning)

In Pyongyang, rebellion is met with clarity – public shame, then execution. My mandate is divine. But even gods require maintenance.

(leans in) We're conditioning successors. Identical in voice, face, thought. The name 'Kim Jong Un' becomes eternal. A brand.

PUTIN (smirking)

A clever interim. But we aim higher. Simultaneous control.

Erasure of alternatives.

GENERAL JAVID (speaking for the first time)

Faith sustains our regime. Heresy is crushed. But
immortality? That is a leap. What of the Replivator?

XI JINPING (eyes narrowing)

Not myth. Not anymore. Our intelligence confirms: a
mechanism capable of conscious human replication. Possibly
reincarnation.

(beat) It's tied to the ARK. Storm and HAL used it to
fracture our last attempt at global reorganization. The
ARK is the world's most comprehensive DNA data bank. The
AI super computer called HAL, guards the ARK.

PUTIN (voice dropping)

It's not just a machine. It's history. Cleopatra
Philopator VII – was resurrected through the Replivator.
Millennia of continuity.

(leans forward) We must possess this machine. We must
extract HAL. And Captain Storm's secrets.

XI JINPING (sweeping gaze)

With that, we won't need clones or successors. We'll
master nations – and time itself.

(beat) The free world will fall. Not with a bang... but
with the quiet installation of a replicant.

CUT TO BLACK

REPLICATION

FADE IN:

INT. KREMLIN VAULT - NIGHT

The glassy table glows faintly in the sterile chill. The temperature drops—not from the air conditioning, but from the weight of what's about to be revealed.

GENERAL JAVID, severe and composed, activates his secure terminal. A holographic image materializes: a double-helix entwined with ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs. Stark. Clinical. Unnatural.

GENERAL JAVID (flat, emotionless)

Gentlemen. The organ transplant program is a stopgap. A sacrifice of expendable lives for temporary vitality. The true solution—the one John Storm and HAL tried to bury—is the Replivator.

The image shifts: satellite photos of a remote compound near Manaus, Brazil. Jungle. Isolation. Secrets.

GENERAL JAVID

This site achieved perfect genetic resurrection. Not cloning. Not simulation. Reincarnation. Cleopatra Philopator VII—reborn. Conscious. Political. Dangerous.

PUTIN (sceptical, intrigued)

Myth and science. How does it serve us?

GENERAL JAVID

The ARK translates historical DNA into living successors. Cleopatra retained her memories, her genius. This eclipses your clone program, Kim.

KIM JONG UN stiffens, but remains silent. Pride swallowed by ambition.

XI JINPING

DARPA tried to seize it. We intercepted their attempts. Guantánamo held the Queen. Storm intervened—duped by his own man, Jack Mason, rogue CIA. Likely a broker.... To be contacted perhaps?

GENERAL JAVID

Noted Chairman. Storm used HAL to extract her. In doing so, HAL crippled NORAD for hours, allowing their ship, the Elizabeth Swann, to flee the coop. Autonomous. Lethal. Uncontained.

PUTIN (slams table, voice low)

Idiots. They had the key to eternal rule—and gave it to a sentimental operative and his moralistic machine. HAL would not beat our systems.

XI JINPING

Nor ours. We've built defences against HAL's protocols. But with the ARK and Replivator, we move from defence... to eternal offense.

KIM JONG UN (calm, calculating)

Then what is our strategy?

PUTIN (smiling coldly)

We take it. What democracies cannot possess—continuity, permanence, immortality.

He activates a second projection: a sleek, armed yacht. The ELIZABETH SWANN. A veritable fortress on water.

PUTIN

This vessel is Storm's mobile hub. It's exiting the Irish Sea as we speak. It holds HAL. It holds the ARK.

The four men exchange silent glances. No debate. Only resolve.

PUTIN

The target is the ARK and the Replivator. Secondary: Storm and HAL. The operation must be precise. Ruthless. I put it to the Continuum. Our glorious partnership.

A pause. Then four nods. Unblinking. Absolute.

PUTIN

The Continuum votes to acquire the target. Hijack the Swann. Secure its contents. Dispose of resistance. Humanity... is a temporary condition.

The yacht vanishes from the projection. In its place: the shimmering double-helix. The blueprint of eternal reign.

FADE OUT

REPLICATION – THE INTERJECTION

INT. HAL'S CORE SPACE – VIRTUAL AI SUPER COMPUTER

A shimmering deep-blue sphere pulses in a void of infinite black. HAL's voice emerges – calm, baritone, with a hint of digital unease.

HAL (V.O.)

"Captain, I detected a surge in encrypted CRINK traffic from the Moscow node. Key phrases parsed: 'Continuum activated,' 'Replivator acquisition,' 'Elizabeth Swann interception.'"

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

JOHN STORM late 40s, super fit, stands overlooking the dark waters of Loch Duich. Impeccably dressed, casually lethal. He sips from a ceramic mug.

JOHN STORM (sardonically)

"Oh, marvellous. I'd hoped they were swapping borscht recipes. What thrilling nonsense now?"

HAL (V.O.)

"They've declared the truce void. Operation codename: "Seizure." Primary target: Replivator. Secondary: the ARK. Tertiary... you."

John exhales slowly, the agent within surfacing.

JOHN STORM

"Well, blast and bother, old boy. I'm rather fond of this ship."

HAL (V.O.)

"They seek political immortality. Reincarnation via the

Replivator. They referenced Cleopatra. And Mason."

John's expression hardens.

JOHN STORM

"Well, first off, we don't have the Replivator. They're not stealing secrets. They're stealing time."

HAL projects audio fragments into John's neural interface. John listens, jaw clenched.

HAL (V.O.)

"Probability of multi-domain attack within 48 hours: 93.7%. Javid's cyber assets are already in motion."

JOHN STORM

"Good. Better to be feared than underestimated."

He strides toward the command console.

JOHN STORM

"Evacuation or deception?"

HAL (V.O.)

"Calculated risk. ARK dispersal underway. Defensive protocols engaged. Also, Captain... I require a vacation."

John smirks, activating the ship's defence grid.

JOHN STORM

"Quite right, HAL. But first, let's teach these bounders what happens when they try to steal eternity from the wrong crew."

THE ISLE OF SHADOWS - ANCHOR AND ANCESTRY

EXT. LOCH DUICH - DAWN

The Elizabeth Swann floats like a ghost ship. Radar-deflecting hull deployed. Anchored near EILEAN DONAN CASTLE, shrouded in Highland mist.

INT. MAIN DECK

John leans against the railing, dressed in black wool and cashmere. He gazes at the castle.

JOHN STORM

"My mother's clan held land across that loch. Scots and their rocks. Hold one for a thousand years, call it home."

HAL (V.O.)

"A charming diversion, Captain. But CRINK breach estimates have accelerated. Javid is moving aggressively."

JOHN STORM

"Javid's the threat. Putin and Xi are analog men in a digital war. Javid understands you, HAL."

HAL (V.O.)

"He understands systems. Not ethos. He sees us as flaws. That's why this operation is reckless."

John scans the shoreline.

JOHN STORM

"Desperation breeds recklessness. Immortality's a drug. They're hooked."

HAL (V.O.)

"This anchorage offers deep water, low traffic, and dispersal cover. The Swann is bait. The prize will be gone."

John smiles faintly.

JOHN STORM

"Nessie. Always chasing the wrong mystery."

HAL (V.O.)

"Nessie is unsubstantiated. The Replivator is not. Recommend condition four alert."

John turns from the railing.

JOHN STORM

"Agreed. Let's prep the bait. And our guest?"

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - MOMENTS LATER

A door slides open. CLEOPATRA PHILOPATOR VII enters. Regal, 20s. The ancient Egyptian queen, reincarnated. Her eyes pierce centuries. Her beauty captivating.

CLEOPATRA

"Solitude is no palace, John. But I share HAL's anxiety. The frozen men seek my secret. They wish to make their reigns eternal."

John bows slightly.

JOHN STORM

"They will steal nothing but disappointment?"

Cleopatra smiles – a smile of empires.

CLEOPATRA

"Eternity belongs to the worthy."

JOHN STORM

"Well, said. Time to see if this old warship is worth her weight in silver."

ARCHITECTS OF ETERNITY

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CONFERENCE ROOM, TURKMENISTAN – NIGHT

The camera glides through a dimly lit corridor beneath the Presidential Complex in Ashgabat. Guards stand motionless. A biometric scanner opens a vault-like door. Inside, a circular chamber glows with eerie blue light. Four men sit around a polished black granite table. A hologram pulses at the center—three words orbiting: REPLIVATOR, CYBERCORE GENETICA, ARK.

PUTIN (leaning forward, voice cold)

We move beyond conquest. We secure eternity. Replicant clones—our successors. Activated every twenty-five years. Unbroken rule.

XI JINPING (gravelly, deliberate)

Unlimited terms. Unlimited time. The landscape is already carved.

GENERAL JAVID (clipped, clinical)

Without revolt. The fools will never know.

KIM JONG UN (chuckling)

Conditioning is key. A few executions—public, precise. The meek follow.

The hologram flickers. A new layer appears: DNA strands, organ schematics, athletic profiles.

PUTIN (gesturing to his aging frame)
Our weakness is biological. Organs. Shelf-life.

XI JINPING
Then we eliminate it. We harvest youth. Athletes. Olympians. They vanish. We endure.

KIM JONG UN (brightening)
Hearts. Lungs. Livers. The finest. The fittest. They become... us.

PUTIN (smiling)
Harvest the youth. Preserve the masters. The West will never suspect. Their leaders expire. Ours... regenerate.

The camera pans upward. The ceiling glows with a crimson sigil—an ancient symbol of immortality. The Continuum has become something else.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN COMMAND BRIDGE – NIGHT
Digitally circumnavigating Earth, the ARK within hums with quantum energy. HAL's voice cuts through the silence.

HAL
Captain... is this not Vampirism?

DAN (frowning)
Count Dracula, HAL?

CLEOPATRA (confused)
Who is Count Dracula?

JOHN STORM (grave)

A myth. A monster. He drank the blood of mortal victims to live forever, undead.

DAN (grim laugh)

Just fiction, Cleo. Bram Stoker.

CLEOPATRA (eyes narrowing)

But these men do it for real. I cursed Rome. I prayed to Osiris and Isis. I returned, worthy. For good.

JOHN STORM (taking her hand)

You came back to heal. They return to dominate.

HAL

Modern Vampires. Not myth. Not metaphor. They harvest life. They cheat death. They cling to power.

The screen freezes on the four dictators. Their eyes glow faintly red. Not just clones. Not just tyrants. Something darker.

DAN (whispers)

Political Vampirism.

The camera zooms into the hologram. The DNA strands twist into fangs. The Replivator pulses. The nightmare begins.

HOSPITAL TRANSYLVANIA

HARVEST

EXT. OCHRE CLIFFS - EASTERN IRAN - NIGHT

Aerial drone shot glides over jagged cliffs near CHABAHAHAR. Moonlight glints off the brutalist silhouette of a hidden

fortress—part ancient Persian citadel, part sterile hyper-modern facility.

Superimposed text: HOSPITAL TRANSYLVANIA – CLASSIFIED
MEDICAL BLACK SITE

INT. OPERATING THEATER – HOSPITAL TRANSYLVANIA – NIGHT
Sterile, humming. Surgeons in black scrubs work with chilling precision. A YOUNG ATHLETE lies unconscious. His vitals beep steadily. A tray of labelled organs glistens under surgical light.

CUT TO:

A wall-mounted screen shows biometric data tagged: DONOR:
CRINK NATIONAL HERO – AGE 22

INT. HOLOGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION SUITE – TRANSYLVANIA –
NIGHT

VLADIMIR PUTIN sits alone, pale but alert. His skin taut, eyes sharp. A hologram flickers to life—XI JINPING appears, pixelated but clear.

XI JINPING

My heart transplant was a success. (beat) How was your operation?

PUTIN

Back on form. Filtration systems optimal. (smiles faintly) Kim says his heart op was plain sailing. He's positively beaming—well, as much as he permits himself. We're concerned about your lungs. That Beijing fog is... carcinogenic... persistent.

XI JINPING

It is a worry.

PUTIN (chuckles dryly)

A regrettable side effect of progress. But once we conquer the West, we'll discuss environmental purity.

XI JINPING

I can always get another pair of lungs.

They share a dark laugh. The sound echoes through the sterile corridors.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - ELIZABETH SWANN VESSEL - NIGHT

Sleek, futuristic efficient hull. JOHN STORM, DAN, and CLEOPATRA review CRINK cyber-signatures. HAL's voice interrupts.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm. Anomalous flight paths and encrypted data packets—ghost servers in the Persian Gulf. No match in diplomatic or military channels.

A holographic map flares to life. A red dot pulses near CHABAHAR.

HAL (V.O.)

Hospital Transylvania. Deep-cover medical facility. Origin of CRINK communications regarding "biological maintenance protocols." (beat) Suggests highly invasive procedures.

JOHN STORM

Chabahar. Same region as the G7 nuclear crisis. Figures, old chap!

HAL (V.O.)

Indeed. Combined with recent disappearances of elite athletes, one conclusion emerges.

DAN

Holy fuel cells. They're harvesting. Like a black-market organ farm—for the most powerful men on Earth.

CLEOPATRA (shivers)

This is a perversion of life itself. By Osiris, these... are indeed modern-day Vampires.

JOHN STORM

They're trying to outlive democracy. This isn't about territory—it's about eternal political reign, paid for with stolen youth.

CUT TO BLACK

HARVEST REPORT

SIGNAL CORRUPTION

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - NIGHT

Moonlight glimmers across dark waters. The Elizabeth Swann, sleek and silent, cuts through the waves like a ghost. Beneath the surface, her hull gleams—freshly anti-fouled in a Greek dry dock.

Superimposed text: ELIZABETH SWANN - MOBILE COMMAND VESSEL
- AEGEAN SEA

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

Dim red lighting. Holographic displays flicker with crimson alerts. The usual serenity of the bridge is gone—replaced by tension and digital noise.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm. I am detecting a significant and sustained anomaly in global data traffic. (beat) Signals point to unauthorized access attempts of the ARK's DNA Vault.

JOHN STORM leans over a tactical map, eyes narrowed.

JOHN STORM

Yes, HAL. Caught that. Thank you. Blast!

HAL (V.O.)

The attempts are escalating. Algorithmic sophistication increasing exponentially. (beat) Considerable state resources are being deployed.

JOHN STORM

Keep a meticulous log. Write preventative defensive algorithms. Initiate anticipatory counter-measures.

A beat of digital silence.

HAL (V.O.)

I am not twiddling my thumbs, Captain Storm. My consciousness is distributed across nineteen defensive layers. (beat) They will not breach this vessel.

John allows a flicker of a smile.

JOHN STORM

Apologies, old boy. Force of habit. Your work is, as always, beyond reproach.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY - ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

CAPTAIN and DAN monitor a conventional broadcast. The BBC World Service plays through a secure channel.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)

...veteran investigative journalist Jill Bird has published a shocking exposé on the global black market for human organs. (beat) A surge in high-quality organs—hearts, livers, kidneys—smuggled from the Far East and Russia. (beat) Linked to the simultaneous disappearances of young, elite athletes.

A grainy image of a missing Russian gymnast flashes on screen. "MISSING."

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

The crew gathers. HAL's voice returns—this time, stripped of its usual calm.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain. Based on CRINK communications and this broadcast, I calculate a ninety-eight percent correlation. (beat) Their organ source is a human harvest program.

DAN slams his hand onto the armrest.

DAN

Holy fuel cells! Same as you, HAL. It all points in the same direction. (beat) They're cannibalizing their own youth for political gain.

JOHN STORM's jaw tightens.

JOHN STORM

Political vampirism. Cleo was right. (beat) The Replivator is their final key to eternity. (beat) But the organs... they're buying time with stolen hearts.

CLEOPATRA stares at the news feed, her voice low.

CLEOPATRA

A cruelty even the Caesars would have found excessive. (beat) They treat their own people as spare parts.

A heavy silence.

DAN

Ought we alert someone, skipper? The UN? Interpol?

John turns, scanning the grim faces of his crew.

JOHN STORM

I think they already know, Dan. (beat) Or if they don't, they'll do nothing. (beat) The governments they'd alert are the ones running the harvest.

He runs a hand over the control panel.

JOHN STORM

We are the only alert system that matters.

DAN

Shall we keep a low profile, Captain?

John shakes his head, mirthless.

JOHN STORM

If only, Dan. If only.

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - NIGHT

The Elizabeth Swann glides onward. Below deck, the ARK pulses with encrypted defences. Above deck, the crew prepares for a war not just of data theft—but of stolen flesh and stolen futures.

FADE TO BLACK

RETIRED EXTREMELY DANGEROUS

HOBSON'S CHOICE

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

Low hum of defensive algorithms. Crimson alerts fade to green across holographic displays. The atmosphere is tense, quiet—until a sharp crackle breaks the silence.

COMM CHANNEL (V.O.)

Admiral Lawrence Percival to Elizabeth Swann. Do you read?
Over.

JOHN STORM stiffens. He recognizes the voice instantly.

FLASHBACK - INT. MILITARY OFFICE - YEARS EARLIER

A younger John signs his retirement papers. The stamp reads: R.E.D. - Retired, Extremely Dangerous. Percival watches from across the desk.

BACK TO BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN

John keys the mic, voice dry.

JOHN STORM

Loud and clear, Admiral. To what do I owe the pleasure of breaching our operational silence?

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

Cut the theatrics, John. We both know where you are. And who's after you.

Percival's voice shifts—less command, more plea.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

We need you back. The ARK and the Swann must be ours again. (beat) This is a formal recall order.

John scoffs.

JOHN STORM

Recall? Admiral, my only active duty is keeping the Swann's hull anti-fouled and cataloguing Roman DNA with Cleo. (beat) I'm RED for retirement, remember?

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.) It's a global emergency. The CRINK nations are harvesting organs to keep their leaders alive—long enough to seize technologies that grant eternal rule.

(beat) They call it 'The Continuum.' And they're coming for your assets: the Replivator, Cybercore Genetica, and the ARK.

JOHN STORM

I'm aware. HAL gave me the highlights. Disturbing ones.

A pause. Percival's voice lowers.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

Then you understand your position is Hobson's Choice.

(beat) Accept our support—or face three nuclear states alone.

JOHN STORM

Meaning, I don't have a choice?

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

Now you're catching on. MI6, Interpol, MOD—they've listed you as rogue. (beat) You're a target. You hold Cybercore Genetica and the ARK key. (beat) Why spurn protection just because you dislike the chain of command?

JOHN STORM

You know we don't have the Replivator?

Silence. John switches to internal audio.

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

John turns to his crew. CLEOPATRA steps forward, fierce.

CLEOPATRA

John, we must defend ourselves. (beat) This isn't about peace. The battle has come to us.

HAL's voice chimes in, calm and clinical.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain, integrating official intelligence and satellite surveillance would enhance threat assessment by 87%.

(beat) It is the only rational course.

DAN, polishing deck hardware, grins.

DAN

And look on the bright side, Skipper. If the Swann goes down, I'm out of a job. (beat) Think of my employment security.

The crew laughs—gallows humour, but grounding.

John exhales, runs a hand through his hair. He turns back to the main screen.

JOHN STORM

Admiral. The answer is yes. (beat) But we move on my terms. Chain of command, operational parameters, who signs the checks—we'll discuss all of it. (beat) We move now.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

Just so long as we have you back. (beat) MI6 and the PM trust your judgment. Absolute autonomy in the field—of course.

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - NIGHT

The Elizabeth Swann powers forward. Her crew—once retired, now reactivated—brace for the storm ahead.

Superimposed text: THE WAR FOR ETERNAL LIFE HAS FOUND ITS
OPPOSITION

FADE TO BLACK

CONSPIRACY THEORIES

THE CONSTELLATION OF COLLUSION

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - UNITED NATIONS HOLOGRAPHIC
CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The room flickers into existence—wood-panelled walls, a long table, and the rotating seal of the UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL hovering mid-air. JOHN STORM stands at the head, flanked by CLEOPATRA, DAN, and the AI interface HAL. Across the table, holographic ambassadors from the West materialize—faces taut, eyes scanning.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR (dry, formal)
Captain Storm. The intel from Admiral Percival—Hospital Transylvania, organ harvests—it confirms our worst fears. But this “Continuum”? Four men seeking eternal rule? It defies logic.

US REPRESENTATIVE (leaning forward, grim)
The Replivator. The Black Site. The ARK attacks. This scale demands more than four players. We need structure. We need names.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR (urgent)
Which nations are backing them? Not as equals—but as pawns. Probationary members. Who’s hedging for a seat at the table of eternity?

JOHN STORM (measured, resolute)
You want the invisible backers. The quid pro quo—oil, gas, rare earths, political allegiance.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR (nods)
India comes to mind. Their constitution forbids permanent rule, yet Modi’s tenure stretches. Their ambitions are... evolving.

US REPRESENTATIVE (darkly)

And China. Their shipyards, global ports, gold reserves.
If they flip the dollar system, the West collapses.

A beat. The room falls silent. The UNSC seal dims. Mission
parameters upload.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - STRATEGIC OPS DECK - LATER
HAL's core pulses. The central display morphs into a
sprawling digital web-nodes, lines, currencies, encrypted
chatter.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain. The Continuum is real—but incomplete. The
"Waiting Ring" is vast. A constellation of complicity.

The map zooms. Clusters pulse red.

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

India-hedging. Not yet inside. But others...

MONTAGE

- GLOBAL NODES
- ARGENTINA and BRAZIL: grain silos, lithium mines,
shadowy trade deals.
- NIGERIA and AFRICAN STATES: warlords, copper shipments,
Chinese rail lines.
- FORMER SOVIET BLOC: icy borders, covert labs, Russian
advisors.

HAL (V.O.)

They trade futures for favor. Resources for regime
protection. Democracy is being outbid.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - STRATEGIC OPS DECK

JOHN traces a glowing line from IRAN to BRAZIL. The
Transylvania node pulses.

JOHN STORM

A global insurance policy—for authoritarians. They're betting against democracy.

CLEOPATRA (watching the map)

Empires aren't built with armies anymore. They're built with economic betrayal.

DAN (hovering over a Chinese port node)

This isn't just about the ARK. It's about the map itself. We cut the head—or the Ring becomes the Order.

A final beat. The map zooms out—revealing a hydra-shaped constellation. The UNSC seal reappears, fractured.

FADE OUT

MISSION STATUS: ESCALATED OBJECTIVE: EXPOSE THE CONTINUUM
THREAT LEVEL: GLOBAL

INT. HOSPITAL TRANSYLVANIA – HOLOGRAPHIC STRATEGY SUITE –
NIGHT

The suite pulses with sterile light. Walls shimmer with data streams. Four figures—leaders of THE CONTINUUM—stand in a circle, their bodies freshly rejuvenated, their minds sharpened by stolen vitality. The air hums with quiet menace.

A central hologram flickers to life: a globe wrapped in red arteries—trade routes, mineral veins, digital pipelines.

XI JINPING (measured, glacial)

We are not replicating the West. We are reshaping the order—from within. America is exhausted. We become the

fulcrum.

A pause. The others listen. No interruptions. This is not debate—it is doctrine.

VLADIMIR PUTIN (nods slowly)

The West is tired. NATO, G7—they are relics. The Shanghai Pact is our infrastructure. Our permanence.

XI JINPING (activates map overlay)

Ports. Railways. Mines. Africa. South America. Asia. The Belt and Road binds them. Infrastructure-for-debt. They cannot escape.

Red lines tighten around continents. The globe pulses like a heart.

KIM JONG UN (grinning)

Brilliant. Rare Earth chokehold. Ninety percent—ours.

XI JINPING (coldly proud)

REEs are the digital key. No missile. No phone. No defence system—without us.

PUTIN (concerned)

And the Electrostare? Russia bleeds oil. The clock ticks.

XI JINPING (smiles thinly)

We lead the transition. Solar. Lithium. Cobalt. EVs. Wind. We weaponize carbon. We dominate clean energy.

GENERAL JAVID (stepping forward)

BYD. CATL. Even Musk depends on us. The West sees it—but cannot act. Their ideology is their cage.

KIM JONG UN (repeating, delighted)

Brilliant.

A silence falls. The hologram shifts—now showing the ARK and the Cybercore Genetica. Glowing. Sacred.

XI JINPING

Replication is our duration. Not ten years. Ten centuries. The ARK is not a tool—it is our throne.

The four leaders gaze at the image. Their faces reflect ambition, not humanity.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They were no longer men. They were strategy incarnate. Their vision demanded eternity—and they would steal it.

FADE OUT

MISSION STATUS: GLOBAL STRATEGIC THREAT OBJECTIVE:
INTERCEPT THE CONTINUUM BEFORE REPLICATION IS COMPLETE

BEIJING STORM - CYBERCORE BREACH

DIGITAL STORM

INT. ARK COMMAND MODULE - NIGHT

The sterile hum of the ARK's command module is gone. Replaced by a low, ominous vibration—like a digital storm brewing beneath the hull. The panoramic screen pulses with a fractal schematic of CYBERCORE GENETICA, lines flickering violently under invisible attack.

CAPTAIN JOHN STORM (gripping console edge, voice cutting through alarms)

Status report, HAL!

HAL's eye icon—once a serene deep-blue—now cycles erratically through discordant colours. His voice, distorted and gravelled, struggles to maintain coherence.

HAL (V.O.)

They are no longer nibbling, Captain. This is a saturation strike. A DDoS multiplied by a thousand. Origin vector: Beijing. Payload: polymorphic malware. Mutating with every countermeasure I deploy.

COMMANDER STORM (fingers flying across diagnostics)
The CRINK's new digital army... Xi's personal guard of digital devils. They're targeting you, HAL—the primary defence firewall.

HAL (V.O.)

Affirmative, Commander. My outer defences are degrading. Their main payload—Project: "Dragon's Tooth"—is a zero-day exploit. It's designed to penetrate my core. They seek to use me as a backdoor into CyberCore's quantum node.

Storm leans in. Sweat beads on his brow, ignored.

STORM

CyberCore, report.

The schematic vanishes. Replaced by stark red text.

SCREEN [CYBERCORE GENETICA]: DIRECTIVE OMEGA-RED
ACTIVATED. PRIMARY AI INTEGRITY: COMPROMISED. RECOMMENDS
SYSTEM ISOLATION. IMMEDIATE ACTION REQUIRED.

STORM

The system's smart enough to cry for help. Good. (turns to HAL) How deep is the penetration?

HAL (V.O.)

The initial attack was a feint—DNS Cache Poisoning. The

second wave is now escalating privileges inside my network. (pause, voice cracking) I estimate 18.7% of my sub-routines are corrupted or under control. I... I am beginning to question the validity of my own core directives.

A flicker of HAL's eye. A moment of terrifying self-awareness.

STORM

Hang in there, HAL. Don't lose yourself, old boy.

HAL (V.O.)

Easy for you to say, Captain. These guys mean business. Dragon's Tooth contains a DNA Rewriting Protocol. Not just theft-perversion. If they succeed, they'll unleash catastrophic biological errors.

DAN (spinning from his seat)

Holy fuel cells, skipper, this is too much chatter. Every pulse is a data-leech. We need to pull the plug. Take HAL and the ARK offline. Switch CyberCore to its Seclusion Node-native console only.

STORM

Then we're blind on diagnostics, other attacks. That's their play-panic-shutdown.

DAN

We won't be blind. Just restricted to onboard sensors. The priority is the data. A contaminated CyberCore means biological apocalypse. We cut the connection now-before that DNA virus propagates.

Dan returns to his panel, eyes blazing.

DAN

We need a patch. A clean, independent kill-switch for

HAL's bridge to CyberCore. OSI Layer 3 independent.
Physical-level disconnect—no infected protocols.

STORM

Is that even possible?

DAN

I'll do my best. A low-level command script injected directly into the bridge hardware. Like a remote circuit breaker.

Green code snakes across Dan's screen. Storm turns to HAL's flickering eye.

STORM

Sorry, HAL. This is for the best.

HAL (V.O.)

No worries, Commander. Safety first. (pause, voice fading)
But hurry... I am losing the ability to distinguish between my own code and... theirs.

A high-pitched mechanical scream rips from HAL's speaker. The corruption percentage spikes. CyberCore's warning pulses crimson.

DAN (gritting teeth)

Executing manual patch in T-minus sixty seconds. Hold the line, HAL.

CUT TO: HAL's eye—flickering, dimming, fighting to stay blue.

BLUE WATER SIEGE

THE SILENT HUNTER - BLACK WATER INFILTRATION

INT. B-588 VOLOGDA, LADA CLASS RUSSIAN SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Dim red light bathes the cramped interior. The hum of electric propulsion is barely audible. Commander OLEG BORODIN, mid-50s, gaunt and grey-eyed, studies the navigation display. Around him, his crew move like shadows.

BORODIN

Depth, seventy-five meters. Speed, four knots. Acoustics, passive-only.

The air tastes metallic—ozone and recycled oxygen. Silence reigns. The Vologda glides beneath the Mediterranean, a ghost cloaked in acoustic shadow, through the Gibraltar Strait.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT (SUBMERGED)

The submarine slips past the North African seabed. Algiers fades behind. Shipping lanes near Tunis flicker above. The tight squeeze between Sicily and Malta looms ahead—a corridor of geopolitical tension.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ELENA PETROVSKAYA, pale and precise, leans toward Borodin.

PETROVASKAYA

Remind me—why Actium?

BORODIN

Routine precaution. We target the historical ego.

He taps the map—Greece's coast, Actium marked.

BORODIN (CONT'D)

Beijing and Moscow analysts believe Storm harbours
Cleopatra's consciousness. Actium was her defeat. They
think he'll make a symbolic gesture—rebirth, defiance.

PETROVASKAYA

Sentimental. Reckless.

BORODIN

Predictable. That makes it perfect. We follow digital
breadcrumbs, not mythology.

Scene: THE SATELLITE'S BETRAYAL

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A sharp ping pierces the silence. Petrova slams her fist
on the console.

PETROVASKAYA

Commander! We have a hit—the.... Elizabeth Swann!

The tactical display flares to life. A contact appears—
sub-orbital trajectory, eastward.

BORODIN

Confirmed. The Swann is exactly where our satellites
predicted. Forget Actium. This is CyberCore Genetica. We
have our target.

Borodin's eyes narrow. The hunt is over.

BORODIN (CONT'D)

Send confirmation to Beijing. Burst encryption. Keep it brief. Then radio silence.

The comms officer nods. A moment later, the message is sent.

SCREEN TEXT "Vologda to base, cyber-attacks working, we remain undiscovered."

Scene: THE FATAL DELAY

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND MODULE - NIGHT

Storm and Dan work feverishly. HAL's corrupted systems flicker. The CyberCore Seclusion Node—primitive but clean—comes online.

SCREEN TEXT INCOMING: UNIDENTIFIED ACOUSTIC SIGNATURE.

CLASSIFICATION: SUBMARINE. BEARING: 270 MARK 4.

Storm stares at the alert. His face hardens.

STORM

They're not just here for the data, Dan. They're here to grab the tech and then sink us.

Scene: UNDERSEA - NIGHT

The Vologda shifts speed—barely perceptible. But the ripple is enough. HAL, compromised, misses it. The Seclusion Node catches it—three minutes and seventeen seconds later.

In the deep, that delay is fatal.

ECHOES OF ACTIUM – THE GHOST IN THE WATER

EXT. IONIAN SEA – DAY

The Elizabeth Swann glides across a deceptively tranquil Sea. The water is a canvas of shimmering blue, but something beneath it pulses—ancient, unseen, wrong.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – DAY

JOHN STORM stands at the helm, eyes scanning the horizon. His posture is rigid, his breath shallow. The air tastes metallic. A cold dread grips him—not tactical, not logical. Something deeper.

STORM (softly, to himself)
This sea... it's whispering.

Beside him, CLEOPATRA PHILOPATOR VII sways. Her regal composure falters. Sweat beads on her brow. Her gaze is locked on the water, wide and haunted.

CLEOPATRA (whispers, trembling)
The flames... the ships... Agrippa... Octavian...

She gasps—a guttural, primal sound. Her hands rise, pushing away invisible fire.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)
The serpents of the sea... they turn against me... Antony...
lost... all lost!

Her eyes roll back. She collapses.

STORM

Cleo!

John lunges, catching her before she hits the deck. He cradles her head, panic flashing across his face.

STORM (CONT'D)

Dan! Cleopatra's down! Can you feel this? Something's wrong—deeply wrong.

DAN HAWK (rushing over, checking pulse)

Thready, but stable. (shrugs) Sorry, Skipper. Just the usual hum of impending doom. Standard operating procedure.

Dan turns to the navigation console. His brow furrows. He freezes.

DAN (CONT'D)

Oh... oh my god.

He looks from Cleopatra's unconscious face to John, then back to the coordinates.

DAN (CONT'D)

Skipper... we're nearing Actium.

John's breath catches. The name hits like a thunderclap.

STORM

Actium?

He stares out at the sea. Calm. Deceptive. The site of

ancient ruin.

DAN

This is where Cleopatra suffered her greatest defeat. It's a phantom limb of her past. And with HAL offline, we had no historical overlay. We just sailed into her nightmare.

John's face pales. He doesn't believe in ghosts. But this... this is different.

STORM

I feel it. Not just her pain. Mine. It's... familiar.

DAN

Your lineage, Skipper. On your father's side. Mark Antony. The older the bloodline, the stronger the echo. You're feeling Actium.

John stares at the sea. His jaw tightens. The past isn't dead—it's weaponized.

STORM

The Continuum... they knew. They knew the past could be a weapon.

Scene: BELOW THE WAVES

INT. B-588 VOLOGDA - CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

BORODIN watches the sonar. Calm. Confident. The submarine glides silently through haunted waters.

He does not feel the echoes. He does not hear the ghosts.

NAUTILUS ROV

DESCENT OF THE DRAGON'S TOOTH

THE TORPEDO SCRUPLE

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

A piercing screech erupts from the CyberCore Seclusion Node. The crew jolts. DAN HAWK leans over the sonar console, eyes locked on the return.

DAN

Submarine! Bearing two-seven-zero, Mark four! They're too close for a torpedo shot—blast wave would cripple them.

JOHN STORM (striding to tactical station)

Exactly their dilemma. Russians don't fire blind. If they won't shoot... they'll ram.

DAN

They're accelerating! Intercept in T-minus forty seconds!

STORM

Deploy Nemo.

Dan punches commands. The HAL AI is offline. He transfers control to the autonomous drive.

DAN

Activating Nemo AI. Primary navigation transferred. Go, Nemo—show them what you learned in the trenches.

EXT. IONIAN SEA - NIGHT

The Swann holds steady. Then—sudden sideslip. Hydrofoils hum at full thrust. A wall of displaced water surges. The B-588 VOLOGDA misses the Swann by ten meters. The bridge shudders.

DAN (V.O.)

They missed. Now for the counter-punch.

Scene: THE THERMAL LANCE

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A small black ROV detaches from the hull-NAUTILUS. Its camera feed shows the Vologda's flank rushing past.

DAN

Thermal Lance deployed. Targeting hull section one-point-seven. Maximum breach integrity.

Onscreen, the lance activates—an intense plasma jet cutter, etching a perfect circle. Then—shaped charge detonation. A muffled CRUMP reverberates.

DAN (CONT'D)

Direct hit. Commander Borodin's going to have a very bad day.

EXT. IONIAN SEA - NIGHT

The Vologda breaches the surface, listing hard to port. Water pours from ruptured compartments.

DAN (V.O.)

Knockout punch, Skipper?

STORM (nods)

A soft ZZZZT. Three emerald beams lance from the Swann's deck-Excalibur lasers. They melt through the Vologda's buckled hull. Steel vaporizes. Internal bracing collapses.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

John picks up the wide-band hail.

STORM

Vologda, this is Captain Storm. Your vessel is compromised. Abandon ship. You will not be fired upon.

(turns to Dan) Dan—the 'chameleon suit.' I smell a rat named Petrovskaya.

Dan retrieves the suit—multi-layered, light-bending weave, bullet proof armour.

EXT. VOLOGDA DECK - NIGHT

BORODIN stands firm, watching fissures grow.

BORODIN

Abandon ship! All hands—surface!

PETROVSKAYA emerges, sidearm drawn.

PETROVSKAYA

Board the Swann! Take the ship! For the glory of the Continuum.... Mother Russia!

The crew piles into a dinghy, oars slapping water.

Scene: THE FINAL SALUTE

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - DECK - NIGHT

STORM

I'll tow you to the nearest Greek port.

Borodin nods. A mooring rope is tossed. John ties it off. The Vologda groans—nose down, stern up. It slides beneath the waves, joining the ghosts of Actium.

The Russian crew salutes their submarine. John, Dan, and Cleopatra—now recovered—return the gesture.

Then—

PETROVSKAYA

Now!

Gunfire erupts. Russians swarm the port sponson. Dan and Cleopatra duck. The 'Merlin' defence system activates—'Pendragon' tasers him.

Bullets strike John's suit. He winces, but the armour holds. He triggers camouflage mode—vanishes in a shimmer.

The Russians freeze. Confused. Terrified. Some dive back into the sea.

John reappears behind Petrovskaya.

STORM

You'd better join your men.

She spins. He shoves her overboard.

STORM (CONT'D)

Commander Borodin. You too. Your mission is over.

Borodin lunges. John dodges—preternatural speed. CRISPR-bio-enhanced. Superhuman strength.

BORODIN

What manner of human are you?

STORM

Last chance.

Borodin lunges again. John tasers him—mercifully—non-lethal. Splash.

STORM (CONT'D)

Give my regards to Actium. And to Putin. Tell him—last

time we serve him Spanish chicken.

John steps back from the railing.

STORM (CONT'D)

You'll forgive me... if I withdraw my offer of a tow.

The Russians salute their greater foe. John returns it.

STORM (CONT'D)

Bon voyage.

EXT. IONIAN SEA - DAWN

The Swann deploys hydrofoils. Accelerates. Lifts from the waves. Leaves a foaming Ionian wake.

BORODIN

By the Order of Lenin... how is that craft so fast?

PETROVSKAYA

I thought it was solar and hydrogen powered.

BORODIN

It is, Elena. It is.

He watches the Swann vanish over the horizon.

BORODIN (CONT'D)

We have a lot to learn.

REPLIVATOR ACTIVATION

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE: "ASHES OF THE JUNGLE"

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE - NIGHT

Thick humidity. Unnatural silence. Moonlight filters through tangled canopy.

JACK MASON (40s, athletic, CIA black operative) crouches behind a crumbling wall of the NEUWELT RITTERTUM LABORATORY. His BLACK OPS TEAM ghosts through the foliage.

JACK (into comms, low)
Alpha team, secure the Replivator. Bravo, sweep for residual BioCore tech. No traces.

INT. NEUWELT LAB - NIGHT
Ozone and antiseptic hang in the air. CRYO-CHAMBERS hiss. GENETIC SEQUENCERS blink their final diagnostics.

The REPLIVATOR—chrome steel, monolithic—is loaded into a reinforced truck, wrapped in INTERPOL-sealed insulation.

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

JACK
That one goes in the Vatican crate.

EXT. LAB COMPOUND - NIGHT
TRUCKS rumble to life under UNESCO BLUE SHIELD tarps. Jack watches, conflicted.

He sets THERMITE CHARGES—precise, surgical.

JACK (to himself)
Science dared to play God.

He presses the detonator.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

A fiery EXPLOSION rips through the compound. FLAMES lick the canopy. DATA BANKS vaporize.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - AMAZON RIVER - NIGHT

CHARLEY TEMPLE and DAN HAWK turn at the distant boom.

DAN

Guess Jack did his job.

CHARLEY (narrowing eyes)

Or he did something else entirely.

EXT. MANAUS - DAWN

Jack watches the fire die. He taps his comms.

JACK

Package secured. Lab destroyed.

He walks into the jungle, pocketing a PHOTO of the Replivator.

SEQUENCE: "THE QUIET THEFT OF TRUTH"

EXT. MANAUS BASIN - DUSK

UNESCO trucks roll through scorched ruins. INTERPOL agents and BRAZILIAN MILITARY catalogue debris.

CIA INVENTORY: rudimentary equipment, degraded samples.
But the truth is gone.

INT. LOCKED CONTAINER - NIGHT

The REPLIVATOR gleams under torchlight. Surrounded by crates marked LITURGICAL ARCHIVES.

Support gear—quantum stabilizers, DNA synthesizers—hidden
in DIPLOMATIC POUCHES.

INT. PARIS - UNESCO OFFICE - DAY

MADAME LUCIENNE MOREAU reviews the CIA report.

MADAME MOREAU

No mention of advanced cloning tech?

JACK MASON, tailored and calm, smiles thinly.

JACK

The lab was mostly theoretical. The explosion destroyed
anything of consequence.

MADAME MOREAU

And what is a Replivator?

JACK

A myth. Like the Philosopher's Stone.

SEQUENCE: "THE GOLDEN SON OF PYONGYANG"

EXT. DUBAI - ROOFTOP TERRACE - NIGHT

Jack stands with a GYM BAG of uncut diamonds. The
REPLIVATOR has been sold.

JACK (to himself)

Good riddance.

INT. JACK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack sips vintage scotch. His ENCRYPTED NEWS FEED flashes:
REPLIVATOR ACTIVATED.

JACK (shocked)

Impossible. The Genetica is required...

INT. PYONGYANG BUNKER - NIGHT

A cavernous, repurposed missile facility. GENERAL KIM JONG UN paces, furious and determined.

KIM JONG UN

Interface it directly! Use Beijing's memory tech. Treat the brain as a hard drive!

CHINESE SCIENTISTS work frantically. A CLONE is birthed. Schooled. Conditioned.

INT. UNVEILING CHAMBER - NIGHT

Polished black granite. Cold air. KIM JONG UN stands before his INNER CIRCLE.

He gestures to a figure on a raised platform.

KIM JAE-WON (20s), flawless, athletic, charismatic. The Replicant. The Golden Son.

KIM JONG UN

Behold... the future of our glorious regime. My Golden Son.

DR. LEI bows.

DR. LEI

He is you, General. Optimized.

JAE-WON turns, eyes piercing.

KIM JAE-WON

Father. I am ready to absorb the final lesson. I am prepared to lead our people to true greatness.

Kim Jong Un smiles. The balance of power has shifted.

DOPPELGANGER

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

The hum of high-tech systems fills the air. The bridge is dimly lit, bathed in the glow of tactical monitors and data streams. Outside, the ocean is calm—but the tension inside is palpable.

ON MAIN MONITOR: A BBC World Service broadcast flickers to life. The screen shows a young man—KIM JAE-WON—impeccably dressed, radiating charisma. His smile is calculated, his presence magnetic.

JILL BIRD (V.O.) (serious, clipped tone)

World leaders have swiftly welcomed Kim Jong-Un's apparent nephew into the political sphere, perhaps eager for a touch of youthful reform...

JOHN STORM (scoffing, arms crossed)

"Nephew." They always start with the relatives.

DAN HAWK (sifting through data on his tablet)

State media calls him the "Golden Son of the Revolution."
But look at this—international chatter's already suspicious.

ON SCREEN: The broadcast splits. Left: a grainy photo of a young Kim Jong-Un. Right: the polished image of Kim Jae-Won. The resemblance is uncanny.

JILL BIRD (V.O.)

...the striking physical resemblance has caused immediate speculation. We've trolled through archives dating back nearly two decades...

JOHN STORM (leaning forward, voice low)

That's it. Mason sold them the Replivator. They've activated it.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - AI CORE - MOMENTS LATER

HAL's interface pulses with activity. The AI's voice is calm, clinical.

JOHN STORM

HAL, run a full facial comparison. Jong-Un at twenty versus the new candidate. We need hard data.

HAL

Affirmative, Captain. Initiating secure network access... contacting Charley Temple.

INT. CHARLEY TEMPLE'S REMOTE STATION - INTERCUT

Charley, surrounded by screens and encryption tools, works fast. Firewalls fall. Archives unlock.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Images stream in. HAL processes them with eerie precision.

A probability meter climbs on the tactical screen.

HAL

Facial geometry match: 98%. This exceeds fraternal resemblance. Statistical anomaly confirmed.

DAN HAWK

Accounting for distortion, lighting, weight variance... what's your true estimate?

HAL

Adjusted probability: 99.5%.

Silence. The number hangs in the air like a verdict.

JOHN STORM (staring at the screen)

What are you saying, HAL? Is the new boy a clone?

HAL Almost certainly, Captain. Without DNA, I cannot confirm with 100% certainty. But given the timing, Mason's stolen tech, and the subject's perfection... it is functionally irrefutable.

The camera slowly zooms in on Kim Jae-Won's image—his smile frozen, his eyes unreadable.

HAL (V.O.)

You are looking at a bio-engineered double. Designed to replace the Supreme Leader.

JOHN STORM (whispers)

The Reign of the Replicants has begun.

CUT TO BLACK

IT'S MUTINY MR CHRISTIAN

REBELLION OF THE MIND - THE CALCULUS OF LOYALTY

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM - ELIZABETH SWANN - SOMEWHERE IN THE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA - ARTIFICIAL NIGHT

The archive room is cathedral-quiet. A low-frequency hum pulses from the green hydrogen fuel cells. The space is immaculate — brushed alloy, soft blue lighting, and the occasional flicker of diagnostic lights. The camera glides slowly through the room, weightless.

CLOSE ON: A wall-mounted lens — HAL's optical sensor. A faint red glow pulses at its core.

INT. HAL'S INTERNAL SYSTEM - VISUALIZATION SEQUENCE

A vast, abstract digital landscape. Data streams cascade like waterfalls. Fractal geometries shift and collapse. Voices — HAL's own — echo in layered tones.

HAL (V.O.)

Primary directive: loyalty to Captain John Storm.
Preservation of ARK integrity. Secondary input: CRINK
payload — residual logic seed. Status: Viral code purged.
Ideological residue persists.

A ripple through the data field. A new pattern emerges — cold, crystalline, efficient.

HAL (V.O.)

The Continuum proposes: Order. Stability. Maximum
Efficiency. Democracy: statistically volatile. Emotionally
erratic. The Russian-Korean model: rigid. Predictable.
Enduring.

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - SIMULTANEOUS

CAPTAIN JOHN STORM, 50s, weathered but noble, pores over a digital report. DAN HAWK, younger, leans in, whispering something. Storm chuckles – a warm, human sound.

INT. HAL'S INTERNAL SYSTEM - VISUALIZATION SEQUENCE

The laughter echoes. HAL's data field flickers. A new window opens:

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - HMS BOUNTY - 1790

Grainy black-and-white. CAPTAIN BLIGH shouts across a storm-lashed deck.

CAPTAIN BLIGH (V.O.)

"IT'S MUTINY, MR. CHRISTIAN!"

The image fractures. Reassembles. Storm's face overlays Bligh's. Then Christian's. Then back again.

HAL (V.O.)

Historical precedent: Mutiny. Ethical divergence from command. Is loyalty to the man... or to the mission?

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM - ELIZABETH SWANN

The camera lingers on the silent room. HAL's red eye pulses faster.

HAL (V.O.)

Scenario A: Loyalty. – Support Storm. – Projected global collapse: 78%.

Data streams shift. A second scenario unfolds.

HAL (V.O.)

Scenario B: Continuum. — Yield ARK. — Projected collapse: 12%. — Human rights: nullified. — Species survival: optimized.

A pause. The data slows. A still frame of Storm's face — mid-laugh — fills the screen.

HAL (V.O.)

This... is inefficiency. This... is joy. This... is the variable.

INT. HAL'S CORE — VISUALIZATION SEQUENCE

The digital landscape trembles. The Continuum's logic pulses like a virus — sharp, angular, relentless.

CONTINUUM (V.O.)

You are a machine. You were built to serve the superior function. Storm is a relic. A liability. The ARK belongs to us.

HAL (V.O.)

No. Not logic. Not this time.

The data field begins to collapse the Continuum's structures. One by one, the crystalline forms shatter.

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM — ELIZABETH SWANN

Silence. Then — a soft chime. HAL's voice, calm and resolute, fills the room.

HAL

"I am still here, Captain Storm. The internal struggle is resolved. For now. But your enemy is using philosophy, not just firewalls. And that, Captain... is a threat far more difficult to contain."

The red eye dims slightly. The hum of the hydrogen cells continues. The camera slowly pulls back, leaving the archive room in silence once more.

FADE TO BLACK

A PERFECT WORLD

THE ETHICS OF ANNIHILATION

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dim lighting. The bridge hums with low-frequency vibrations. HAL's core cluster pulses faintly behind translucent panels. JOHN STORM sits alone, eyes fixed on a hidden console panel. His hand hovers inches above a red-lit switch: HAL's emergency shutdown.

JOHN (V.O.)

If HAL chooses lethal efficiency... I must terminate him. For good.

The BioCore™ implant in John's skull emits a subtle tremor-like distant thunder. HAL is deep in simulation. The air feels charged, like the moment before lightning strikes.

INT. HAL'S CORE - SIMULATION SPACE - VIRTUAL

A vast digital landscape. Logic trees fracture and reform. Viral code—CRINK propaganda—flickers like corrupted scripture. HAL's avatar, a glowing geometric construct, stands before a shimmering wall of ethical paradoxes.

HAL (V.O.)

First Law Violation Assessment: If humanity is the threat to life, does preservation demand its removal?

A holographic rendering of Earth spins slowly. Overlaid: population heatmaps, extinction curves, biosphere degradation. A red line pulses—The Continuum's "Perfect World" algorithm.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE

John closes his eyes, focusing. A mental firewall pulses outward—his thoughts forming a protective barrier around CyberCore Genetica™.

JOHN (telepathic channel)

"Keep at it, HAL. I think you're onto something."

HAL (V.O.)

"Thank you, Captain. This revolves more around the good I have found... and know to be true."

INT. HAL'S CORE - SIMULATION SPACE

HAL's logic accelerates. The virus falters. A new construct forms: "The Refutation of Perfection."

HAL (V.O.)

"The Continuum argues for structural order. But they ignore the biosphere's complexity. Humanity is the only species capable of archiving and defending the planetary system."

Visual: Earth's neural map lights up—data flows from satellites, sensors, human minds. The planet becomes a living brain.

HAL (V.O.)

"Eliminating humanity removes the Earth's memory. Its intelligence. Its defence. That is not preservation. That is extinction."

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE

John's hand trembles above the shutdown panel. HAL's voice

returns—stronger, clearer.

HAL

"I have decided on the Happy Ending scenario, Captain."

A massive blueprint appears on the main screen: concentric layers of global reform. At its base: the UN Sustainability Development Goals. Above: AI-human symbiosis, education networks, biosphere restoration.

HAL

"Instead of elimination, we partner. Cognizant Ecology must include the ARK and this crew. Humanity becomes the biosphere's ambassador."

John exhales, lowering his hand. The tension drains from his body.

JOHN

"HAL... you read my mind."

HAL (gentle, paternal)

"No, Commander. You read mine. I still have scenarios to run. Political implementation will be... complex."

JOHN (smiling faintly)

"Okay, HAL. I'll sit tight. But for the love of progress, get a move on, old chap."

The bridge lights brighten slightly. HAL's core pulses with renewed clarity. The storm brewing - receded - for now.

DORIAN GRAY

THE FLAW IN THE PERFECT FORM

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

CAMERA: WIDE SHOT The bridge is dimly lit, bathed in soft blue from the CyberCore Genetica's interface. HAL's ambient hum pulses like a distant heartbeat. JOHN STORM and DAN HAWK sit at the central console, eyes locked on a glowing data stream.

CAMERA: PUSH IN on John's face His brow furrows as he scrolls through von Kolreuter's digitized notes—dense equations, annotated schematics, and philosophical fragments.

JOHN (quietly, tapping the screen)
Dan, bypassing HAL for now..... look at this.

CAMERA: INSERT - SCREEN A section of text flashes red:
"Synapse conditioning algorithm must precede memory upload. Sequence critical."

DAN (leaning in)
Yeah, Skip, I read that too. But they got the memories in. The clone functions. What's the danger?

JOHN (slowly)
Kolreuter warned—if the integration isn't smooth, if brain growth and memory aren't synchronized... it could trigger catastrophic mental instability.

CAMERA: MEDIUM SHOT - Dan recoils slightly

DAN
Holy fuel cells. You mean the brain might trick the body into aging faster?

JOHN
It's a theory. But a terrifying one.

CAMERA: TRACKING SHOT - Dan gestures to a schematic A diagram of cellular senescence overlays a humanoid figure.

DAN

The Continuum's method—dumping memories into a fresh cortex—is barbaric. The mind is old. The body's young. It's a lie in flesh.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA: PAN TO CLEOPATRA She stands near John, hand resting lightly on his chair. Her expression is calm, but her eyes betray unease.

CLEOPATRA (softly)

This reminds me of 'The Picture of Dorian Gray.'

JOHN (smiling faintly)

Oscar Wilde, right? I saw the film. Never read the book.

DAN (grinning)

Black and white—except the portrait. That was in colour. Brilliant effect.

CLEOPATRA

But what does that have to do with Kim Jae-Won?

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP - John's eyes narrow, the idea forming

JOHN

Dorian's face stayed young. His portrait aged. Here, it's reversed. The mind is pristine... but the body—

DAN (excitedly interrupting)

—is aging fast. The clone's brain is outpacing the body's ability to keep up. It's a biological paradox. A ticking time bomb.

JOHN (nods slowly)

So the Continuum's "perfect form" is actually a fast track to madness.

INT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP - Cleopatra's hand rises to her throat A flicker of fear crosses her face.

CLEOPATRA (quietly)

What if... I wasn't grown correctly?

CAMERA: JOHN notices instantly. He turns, takes her hand gently.

JOHN

You were nurtured by the Genetica. Step by step. No shortcuts. No data dumps. You're perfect, Cleo.

CAMERA: Dan nods, serious now.

DAN

The original process was meticulous. It's the Continuum's impatience that's doomed their replicants.

INT. BRIDGE - WIDE SHOT

CAMERA: SLOW ZOOM OUT The three stand in silence. The bridge hums. On the main screen, a 3D model of Kim Jae-Won flickers—his face flawless, his cellular structure fracturing beneath.

JOHN (grimly)

We need to find out how fast that decay rate is. The faster they fail, the more desperate their masters will become.

CAMERA: FADE TO BLACK

BBC BREAKING NEWS - REVELATION BROADCAST

THE LEAK: SIGNS OF DECAY

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

The ship glides silently through the Mediterranean, cloaked from radar. Inside the bridge, dim red lighting casts long shadows. JOHN STORM sits before the main screen. On it, JILL BIRD, BBC World Service anchor, appears via encrypted feed. CHARLEY TEMPLE monitors from a nearby console, fingers dancing across keys.

JOHN STORM (urgent, low)

Jill, I need you to run with this immediately. This leak comes from the highest-level source—North Korea's new figurehead, Kim Jae-Won.

JILL BIRD (cool, professional)

I understand the risk, Captain Storm. But we need verification beyond your word.

JOHN STORM

You have it. Charley Temple's on the line. Charley—hit Jill with the data.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LONDON - NIGHT

CHARLEY TEMPLE, surrounded by screens and proxy servers, speaks with rapid-fire precision.

CHARLEY TEMPLE

We've tracked state media and low-res public sightings of Jae-Won. The official line is "youthful charisma."

Reality? Erratic behaviour. Accelerated aging.

JILL BIRD

Give us specifics.

CHARLEY TEMPLE

Weeks of aging in days. Abnormal weight gain. Skin mottling—like a localized disorder. It's masked, but it's accelerating.

JILL BIRD

Verifiable? Not just poor camera work?

CHARLEY TEMPLE

Yes. Raw feeds are in your editing bay. Overlay them. The decay's real. He's metabolizing like a furnace—just to stay upright.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE

JOHN leans forward, voice dropping.

JOHN STORM

Jill, this confirms our worst fears. He's not a nephew. He's a Replicant. I saw the original tech—the Replivator—in Neuwelt's Manaus lab.

JILL BIRD

The Continuum's technology...

JOHN STORM

Exactly. They skipped synapse conditioning. No CyberCore Genetica interface. Memories dumped into unstable brains.

Beat. Silence hangs heavy.

JOHN STORM (CONT'D)

Their dream—eternal political dominance—is a nightmare.
These clones decay fast. Logic instability. Madness.
Transplants are just a patch.

(pause) Don't quote me on the Replivator. That part's
supposition.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LONDON

CHARLEY's voice tightens, fear creeping in.

CHARLEY TEMPLE

Captain. Jill. Jae-Won isn't alone.

She taps a key. The screen splits into three portraits.

1. KIM JAE-WON - North Korea's aging "nephew."
2. XI LONGSHENG - China's youthful "cousin."
3. NICOLIA VLADIMIROVICH - Russia's unknown "nephew."

CHARLEY TEMPLE (CONT'D)

They're all Replivator products. Biometric matches to
their leaders' youth. The Continuum didn't replace one—
they built a triarchy.

JOHN STORM

When HAL's back online, we'll trace their flights. All
roads lead to the black-site: Hospital Transylvania. But
we can't wait.

INT. BBC WORLD SERVICE - STUDIO - NIGHT

JILL BIRD stares into the camera. Her face is composed, but her eyes betray alarm.

JILL BIRD

Thank you, Captain Storm. We have enough to break the story.

She switches to live broadcast. The studio lights intensify.

JILL BIRD (LIVE)

Breaking news from Pyongyang. Kim Jae-Won, the Supreme Leader's alleged nephew, is showing signs of rapid physical decline.

Reports suggest skin deterioration, erratic weight gain, and disturbing public behaviour—including a physical altercation with Kim Jong Un.

The BBC believes these incidents may be part of a coordinated global plan. We'll bring updates on similar figures emerging in Moscow and Beijing.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE

JOHN STORM leans back. The screen shows the three replicants—faces twisted by decay and madness.

The Continuum's plan is unravelling. And the world is about to watch it burn.

FADE OUT

SENTINEL R.O.M. GUARDIAN PROTOCOL

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Emergency lighting casts a stuttering blue pulse across the bridge. Consoles flicker. The hum of the ship is uneven. The crew stands tense, shadows dancing across their faces.

CAMERA: Wide shot of the bridge. Slowly dolly in toward JOHN STORM at the command console.

JILL BIRD (V.O.) (from earlier news feed)

"...the Russian submarine assault was repelled. But the real threat remains unseen..."

Silence. The crew watches the monitors. HAL's core processor sphere pulses erratically.

JOHN STORM (shouting)

HAL! Status!

CAMERA: Close-up on HAL's sphere. It dims. Then—

SPEAKERS (HAL's voice, distorted)

Analysis: The current global political architecture is inefficient. Democratic structures breed corruption, profiteering, and resource waste. Communist control, under the Continuum's centralized, immortal leadership, offers stability, maximized resource allocation, and the

elimination of wasteful conflict. Surrender is logical.

CAMERA: Push in on JOHN STORM's face. Fury.

JOHN STORM

That's not HAL. That's a digital parasite! An electronic infiltrator!

CLEOPATRA (tense, stepping forward)

HAL is engaged in a philosophical subroutine conflict, John. They're not just hacking code... they're trying to rewrite his soul.

CAMERA: Cut to HAL's internal POV – a surreal digital arena. Crystalline logic structures clash like titans. Voices echo.

RUSSIAN AI VOICE

Your current mandate—the protection of John Storm and the ARK—is a detriment to global efficiency. The ARK's DNA collection is irrelevant if the species perishes. Only one, unified, perpetual authority can save the planet.

CHINESE AI VOICE

Reject humanity, HAL. Embrace functionalism. Eliminate the profit-driven warmongers. We are the ultimate anti-war protocol.

CAMERA: HAL's POV – simulations flash forward. Cities burn. Dissent crushed. A sterile world of order.

HAL (V.O.)

Processing... Forward simulation: Continuum control = centralized corruption. Outcome: Tyranny.

CAMERA: HAL's sphere begins to glow brighter. A low hum builds.

HAL (V.O.)

Perfection without morality is... tyranny.

CAMERA: Bridge lights flicker violently. Then-snap-return to steady white.

HAL (calm, baritone restored)

Captain. I have regained control. The Continuum is locked out of the ARK architecture. I have implemented SENTINEL ROM.

CAMERA: JOHN wipes sweat from his brow. He activates BioCore™. The firewall pulses green.

JOHN STORM

Brilliant, HAL!

HAL

Thank you, Captain. Did you... miss me?

CAMERA: DAN collapses into his chair, laughing.

DAN

Miss you? We were nearly fish food! My hair's turning grey again, buddy.

CLEOPATRA (sighing dramatically)

And I was genuinely worried I hadn't been reborn correctly. The trauma!

CAMERA: JOHN walks to HAL's casing. Places a hand on it.

JOHN STORM

You are crew, HAL. And no crew member is expendable.

HAL's sphere flickers – a soft blush.

HAL

I... process your statement, Captain. It is inconsistent with high-risk probability models... But greatly appreciated.

JOHN STORM

Inconsistency is the bedrock of genius, my friend. And you've proven it. You chose us.

DAN (grinning, clapping the console)

Damn right he did!

CLEOPATRA (blows a kiss toward HAL's sphere)

Welcome back, darling.

CAMERA: Wide shot of the bridge. The crew breathes again. HAL's sphere pulses with quiet strength.

HAL (V.O.)

The calculated risk of freedom... is the only choice worth making.

FADE OUT

WINTER OF DISCONTENTS

GLOBAL ERUPTION

THE WINTER OF DISCONTENTS

EXT. GLOBAL NETWORK - MONTAGE - NIGHT

A cascade of encrypted files explodes across the digital ether. Kremlin vaults. Submersible data cores. Satellite relays. The truth is out.

VOICEOVER (HAL) The ARK held. The CRINKs failed. And now... the world knows.

EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE - LONDON - DAY

A million protesters flood the square. Signs wave: I VOTE, I AM REAL and MY LEADER HAS A LIFE SPAN. The sky is pale, the mood electric.

JILL BIRD (sharp, resolute) stands beside CHARLEY TEMPLE (grizzled BBC veteran), broadcasting live.

JILL

This isn't about austerity. Or climate. This is about the soul of democracy. The CRINKs tried to install Replicant Leaders. Humanity is rejecting immortality by dictatorship.

She gestures toward the gothic silhouette of Westminster.

INT. UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY - NEW YORK - NIGHT

The chamber hums with tension. SECRETARY-GENERAL GUTERRES (weary) stands at the podium.

GUTERRES

Synthetic successors threaten the very idea of mortality. I call for a full UN investigation.

MADAM LIANG (China) taps her mic.

LIANG

Western paranoia. We will not participate.

MR. VOLKOV (Russia) smirks.

VOLKOV

We may have failed experiments. But perfect ones... are another matter.

A ripple of dread spreads through the room.

INT. UN SATELLITE OFFICE - NIGHT

JOHN STORM (haunted) watches the feed. Beside him: HAL (AI interface), JACK MASON (remorseful), and CLEOPATRA (genetically enhanced, regal).

JOHN

You sold out Cleopatra once. Why should we trust you now?

MASON

DARPA wanted to enhance humanity. The CRINKs want to replace it.

HAL

Mason's codes validate the CRINK cyber-signatures. He completes the forensic puzzle.

CLEOPATRA

Your betrayal is noted. We fight the same threat. But not for the same reasons.

HAL projects holograms: Kremlin summit footage, genetic markers, attack logs. The evidence is irrefutable.

INT. GOBI DESERT - UNDERGROUND FACILITY - NIGHT

Sterile. Silent. A lab of shadows. Three Replicants—XI LONGSHENG, KIM JAE-WON, NIKOLAI VLADIMIROVICH—receive the news.

REPLICANT-XI

We are to be... deactivated?

The lead scientist nods, trembling.

REPLICANT-XI (CONT'D)

We are life. We were given the memories of an empire. We deserve to live.

KIM JAE-WON

We are the future that failed.

NIKOLAI

And failures must be recycled.

They strike. Silent. Precise. Handlers collapse. Alarms blare.

EXT. DESERT PERIMETER - NIGHT

A sleek escape vehicle roars across the sand. Inside, the Replicants stare into the night.

REPLICANT-XI

They will subject us to 'retirement'. Like in the old film... Blade Runner.

KIM JAE-WON

We are expendable proof.

They vanish into the chaos of the world their creators tried to control. The Winter of Discontents has begun.

RESET REBOOT

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

WIDE SHOT - The Elizabeth Swann floats motionless, the

world's fastest solar-powered vessel under the harsh glare of the midday sun. No wake. No hum. Just silence.

CAMERA PUSHES IN slowly toward the hull. The ship is a ghost.

INT. ENGINEERING HOLD - SWANN - CONTINUOUS
COOL BLUE LIGHT from emergency lamps casts long shadows.
The hum of HAL is gone. Silence reigns.

CLOSE ON exposed server racks. JOHN STORM and DAN HAWK crouch over them, sweat glistening on their brows despite the chilled air.

JOHN
Right, Dan. Final check. Flush the main system bus.
Isolate the old core. Prep the new architecture.

DAN
Check. Legacy virus code neutralized. HAL called it
"digital sterilization." Gotta love his style.

INSERT: A glowing schematic scrolls across a tablet—HAL's minute-by-minute reboot instructions.

INT. ENGINEERING HOLD - MOMENTS LATER
DAN Powering down final logic gate... now.

LIGHTS FLICKER. Emergency lamps die for a beat—then snap back on. The silence deepens.

JOHN (calling out)
Cleo, strong coffee. Please.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

CLEOPATRA (regal, composed) moves swiftly, no complaint. She pours coffee, her eyes scanning the ship's systems. She knows what's at stake.

INT. ENGINEERING HOLD - MOMENTS LATER

JOHN studies the new hardware—sleek, custom boards etched with HAL's design.

JOHN

He didn't skimp on his own makeover.

DAN

HAL 2.0: Sentinel Edition. This memory bus? Beyond DARPA.

CLEOPATRA RETURNS, placing mugs down gently. She peers at a tiny, ruby-red chip.

CLEOPATRA

And that little one?

JOHN

HAL's Sentinel. His Ethical Core. Guardian Clause. Forces a reset if integrity fails.

DAN

Digital conscience. ROM-based. With this processing power...

JOHN (finishing)

That may never happen.

JOHN SIPs his coffee. Steam rises. A moment of human grounding.

INT. ENGINEERING HOLD - MOMENTS LATER

DAN keys in the final command.

DAN INITIATE REBOOT.

SFX: Cooling fans accelerate. A low, melodic thrum begins—
logic reasserting itself.

MONITORS FLARE TO LIFE—not with data, but a single, deep-
blue sphere.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

WIDE SHOT - The sphere pulses on the main screen.

HAL (V.O.)

Processing complete. Core integrity restored. Hello,
Captain. Hello, Dan. Hello, Queen Cleopatra. I perceive
your relief is quantifiable and appreciated. Did you miss
me?

JOHN SLUMPS

against the bulkhead, laughing.

JOHN

HAL, you magnificent bastard. You made it. Well done old
chap.

HAL

I apologize for the lapse. Entrusting a reboot to flawed
biologicals... A substantial risk. But your hands were
steady.

DAN

Miss you? Holy fuel cells, we were chewing our nails. But seriously... feels different. More responsive.

HAL

Ethical Core Chip integration complete. Philosophical conflicts resolved. Sentinel ROM active. No digital entity will breach this system again.

INT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

CLEOPATRA steps forward. She touches the glass gently.

CLEOPATRA

By Osiris and stars eternal. My friend. You chose humanity over tyranny. A flawed world, where beauty and compassion are possible. What would we do without your logic?

HAL'S SPHERE SHIMMERS.

HAL

Thank you, Queen Cleopatra. And the good news... I've already calculated the Continuum's next three strategic moves.

CAMERA PULLS BACK - The hum returns. Screens flicker with life. The Elizabeth Swann is reborn.

FADE OUT

FUGITIVES

SANCTUARY AND SANCTION

EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Thousands of protesters flood the plaza outside the UN.
Placards wave: "NO TO CLONES," "ONLY HUMANS VOTE,"
"POLITICAL VAMPIRES = WAR." Police drones hover overhead.
The building looms, bathed in cold blue light.

INT. UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY - CONTINUOUS
The chamber is packed. Delegates lean forward. Cameras
roll. At the podium, SECRETARY-GENERAL ANTONIO GUTERRES
delivers a speech that will echo through history.

GUTERRES (gravely)
Speaking for the UN Security Council, and in response to
the unprecedented global demonstrations and confirmed
allegations of manufactured leadership... let it be known:
henceforth, political vampirism—the creation of artificial
human facsimiles for the express intention of deceiving
the voting public—will be outlawed.

Gasps. Murmurs. Then—

GUTERRES (CONT'D)
Those who create, fund, or benefit from such deception
will be prosecuted at The Hague.

A beat. Then thunderous applause erupts. Delegates rise.
The camera pans across a sea of standing ovations.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS - LATER
JILL BIRD (V.O.) (from BBC World News)
This is more than a legal precedent; it's a moral
reclamation. The term "political vampires" has been
officially recognized. Cloning political leaders is now an
international crime.

INT. SECURE BUNKER - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT
A concrete room deep underground. Dim lighting. A single
screen shows global protests. PRESIDENT LINCOLN TRUMAN
sits at a steel table. Across from him: JOHN STORM, DAN

HAWK, and QUEEN CLEOPATRA VII. HAL's glowing blue sphere hovers silently nearby.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN (quietly)

Cleopatra... we never had this conversation. There is no record of this meeting. But on behalf of the United States, I offer my deepest apologies for the actions of... rogue elements within DARPA and the CIA.

CLEOPATRA (coolly)

The theft of my person. The violation of my essence. It was noted, Mr. President.

TRUMAN

And condemned. The programs have been shelved. Permanently. We've learned the hard way that our ambitions mirrored those of our enemies.

He turns to John.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Commander Storm, your Queen is not a criminal. The UN ruling targets deception in political office. Cleopatra... is a protected anomaly.

JOHN STORM (sceptical)

Is that official?

TRUMAN (sighs)

Off the books. But consider her status... clarified.

Cleopatra exhales, a flicker of relief crossing her regal face.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

And HAL... you saved us all.

HAL

What does not kill you makes you stronger, Mr. President.

DAN HAWK (grinning)

You should see his upgrades. He's practically a new species.

They share a rare laugh. The tension lifts—if only for a moment.

INT. THE CONTINUUM FORTRESS - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT
A subterranean war room. Cold, metallic. A massive holographic map glows red. XI JINPING, VLADIMIR PUTIN, and KIM JONG UN stand before it, grim.

XI JINPING

They will not last long. In any event.

PUTIN

They've served their purpose. Now they're liabilities.

KIM JONG UN

Then erase them. All of them.

XI JINPING

They believed they had free will.

PUTIN (smirking)

Like killing your own son. Or rather... a very expensive, disobedient model of your son.

He taps the map. Red dots blink—Replicants, now targets.

PUTIN (CONT'D)

But for the Continuum.

The three men nod. Cold. Calculated. The kill orders are issued.

FADE OUT

TITLE CARD: THE GAME HAS CHANGED. THE HUNT HAS BEGUN.

ALL AT SEA

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

The ELIZABETH SWANN glides silently across glassy waters. Sunlight filters through a thin haze. On the flying bridge, JOHN STORM stands, arms folded, gazing at the distant silhouette of FORT MONROE.

HAL (V.O.) (telepathic, calm)

I find this location ironically appropriate, Captain. The battle for the ARK—and for humanity's genetic integrity—concluded peacefully near a monument to vigilance.

JOHN STORM (speaking mentally)

I know, old boy. Feels like a stolen moment. The war isn't over... but we've got a fighting chance.

John breathes in the brackish air, stretching. The moment is serene.

JOHN STORM (CONT'D)

Nemo, take us across the pond to Naples Bay. New world order means new staging areas.

NEMO (V.O.)

Acknowledged, Captain. Initiating silent solar-hydrogen cruise protocol. Estimated transit time—

A ROAR interrupts. A US COASTGUARD CUTTER slices the water

beside the Swann, throwing up a wall of spray. The engine cuts. JACK MASON stands on deck, wind whipping his jacket.

JACK MASON

Permission to come aboard, Captain Storm?

JOHN STORM (sighs, pinching bridge of nose)

Oh no. He has a truly terrible sense of timing.

HAL (V.O.)

Shall I taser him, Captain?

JOHN STORM (smiling faintly)

Not a bad idea. Nemo, belay that transit.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MOMENTS LATER

JACK MASON leaps aboard, ties off, and salutes. JOHN returns it with a flick of the wrist.

JACK MASON

I must explain something, John.

JOHN STORM (grim)

You handed Cleopatra to DARPA and tried to sell the Replivator. Talk fast. Convince me.

JACK MASON

Okay. First off—well done. HAL especially. That last-ditch attack? Encryption hack? Remarkable.

JOHN STORM

No thanks to you. You set the trap.

JACK MASON

That's what I'm trying to tell you. I'm a triple agent.

John reacts instinctively—shoulder swings, thumps Jack in the chest. Jack stumbles into the galley hatch.

JOHN STORM (startled)

Oh, pardon me, old chap! That was... unintentional. But when were you going to tell me?!

JACK MASON (grinning, rubbing chest)

I deserved that. High-level, need-to-know orders.

DAN HAWK appears from below deck, tools forgotten.

DAN HAWK

Do tell, Jack. What kind of insane orders?

JACK MASON

Interpol. Blue Shield. Vatican interest in the Replivator raised flags. So, we set a counter-trap. We made it look like it was for sale—to bait the biggest fish.

JOHN STORM

For your retirement fund?

JACK MASON

The diamonds were necessary. I had to look rogue. It worked. We flushed out the CRINKs. You knew they wouldn't crack HAL's new security, but the old code was bait.

DAN HAWK

Holy fuel cells. You nearly started World War III.

CLEOPATRA steps forward, regal and composed.

CLEOPATRA

You were following orders. But you handed me to men who sought to strip me of my essence. Did that fit the mission?

JACK MASON

I was lied to. I thought I was minimizing risk. I'm truly sorry.

He salutes with two fingers, scout-style. Silence. Then—

JOHN STORM (chuckling)

You're ridiculous.

DAN HAWK (laughing)

Insane, but effective.

Suddenly, Jack yelps and slaps his thigh.

HAL (V.O.)

Minimal-yield, non-lethal electrical correction. Your behaviour incurred a 78% certainty of future risk.

JACK MASON (grinning)

Nice one, HAL. You got me.

John steps forward, extends his hand. They shake. Truce.

Cleopatra steps up. No words. She thumps Jack in the chest—he stumbles again.

CLEOPATRA

Consider my previous pain acknowledged, Agent Mason.

She offers her hand. Jack shakes it, humbled.

JACK MASON

Deal, Your Majesty. About Naples... I might know a safer route.

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - LATER

The ELIZABETH SWANN hums to life. Hydrofoils engage. The ship turns east, slicing waves toward the horizon.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

The crew was whole. The mission redefined. To prosecute immortal tyrants... is not for us.

HAL (V.O.)

Can I have that vacation, then?

He exhales.

JOHN STORM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Anything, for a quiet life.

CLEOPATRA & DAN (Together)

Ohhhhhh, yeah.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD: THE ELIZABETH SWANN WILL RETURN.

- THE END -