

"SEAWOLF SUPREMACY WORLD WAR III"
by CLEANER OCEAN FOUNDATION

Genre: Fictional Military Action Adventure

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TAIWAN IGNITES - THE BLINDING STRIKE

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND BRIDGE - RIVER THAMES -
NIGHT

-- A GLEAMING FUTURISTIC TRIMARAN with solar-panelled
decking and sleek, space-age design --

The bridge glows with failing monitors. Screens flicker,
static hisses. Black voids replace satellite feeds. Error
codes cascade across consoles. Hal, the onboard AI
computer, is dumbfounded.

CAMERA: Wide shot of the bridge, dolly in toward the dead
screens. SFX: Crackling static, low hum, sharp error
beeps.

CUT TO - EXT. OKINAWA AIRBASE - DAWN Rows of U.S. fighter
jets sit motionless. Pilots scramble, but cockpits remain
lifeless.

CAMERA: Tracking shot along the runway, passing inert
aircraft. SFX: Alarms blaring, frustrated shouts, silence
inside cockpits.

CUT TO - EXT. GUAM NAVAL BASE - DAY Warships idle in
harbour. Crewmen hammer consoles, but AEGIS screens

dissolve into cascading code.

CAMERA: Close-up on sailor's face, sweat dripping as he slams useless buttons. SFX: Digital fizz, systems powering down, eerie silence.

NARRATOR (V.O.):

"The West had been outmanoeuvred not by firepower, but by imagination. The US fleet is defunct."

CUT BACK - INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE John Storm, 50s, super fit Commander of the Swann, CRISPR enhanced, watches chaotic civilian footage spliced across failing feeds. His trimaran glides silently on the Thames.

CAMERA: Medium shot on John, pacing like a coiled spring. SFX: Distant rumble of engines, muffled city sounds above.

JOHN (low, dangerous)

Dan, are you seeing this?

Dan is in his mid-twenties, youngest Swann crew member, blonde and slim, casual attire, an electronics genius.

DAN (jaw slack)

Holy fuel cells, skip... is this real? They just... deleted their navy.

JOHN (snapping)

Exactly. Deleted. They built a beautiful wall and forgot to guard the window.

CAMERA: Tight close-up on John's clenched fists, veins taut.

SFX: Metallic thud as he slams the chart table.

SEAWOLF UNLEASHED

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

HAL's AI holographic face flickers into existence, calm against chaos.

CAMERA: Slow pan from John's furious pacing to HAL's serene projection.

SFX: Soft electronic hum, HAL's computer voice resonating with clarity.

HAL

Commander, your emotional quotient suggests profound frustration... unnecessary.

JOHN

How so HAL?

HAL

Well, Commander... do I have to remind you about your SeaWolf idea?

CAMERA: Close-up on John's face as realization dawns. His eyes ignite. SFX: Rising orchestral swell, tension breaking into exhilaration.

JOHN (leaping, triumphant)

By jingo, you splendid AI chappie! SeaWolf, Scorpions. Almost forgot the elegance of those bounders!

DAN (confused)

What's SeaWolf, Skip?

JOHN (grinning, manic energy)

HAL, your shout?

HAL

Yours, Commander. I insist.

JOHN (continues enthusiastically)

If you insist..... Distributed, disposable mass.

Torpedoes, SAMS, mounted on autonomous drone hulls.

Silent. Solar and hydrogen powered.

CAMERA: Insert shots of schematics flashing across HAL's holographic display—sleek drones, torpedo bays, missile arrays. SFX: Futuristic digital tones, mechanical clicks.

JOHN (counting on fingers)

An unmanned destroyer. SAM arrays. Tomahawks. Spearfish torpedoes. AI swarm management. They hunt in packs. Cheap as chips. \$6 million apiece. A Carrier \$8 billion.

DAN (jaw dropping)

No way! A one thousand five hundred to one cost ratio?

JOHN (snapping fingers)

Spot on, old chap. And vastly reduced operational costs.

No crew! They can't afford to fight us. A war of attrition.

CAMERA: Wide shot of the bridge, tension transformed into manic energy.

SFX: Rising crescendo of strings, underscoring urgency.

THE PERSONAL COST

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The console flashes red. A tactical feed overrides everything. Taiwan Strait. CRINK carriers dominate the seas.

CAMERA: Extreme close-up on John's face as jubilation drains into fury. SFX: Harsh alarm tone, low rumble of distant explosions.

JOHN (roaring)

Blast and damnation! What are the Yanks playing at?

HAL (voice quick, urgent)

Commander, based on press pool coordinates... I think we should push this one.

JOHN (snapping into action)

Damn right! Get Admiral Percival on the line. We need 'SeaWolf Scorpion' HK's operational - like yesterday.

DAN (grave, holding up a hand)

Skip... isn't Charley Temple out in Taiwan, for Jill's BBC world service?

CAMERA: Slow zoom on John, frozen mid-step. His eyes widen.

SFX: Sudden silence, broken only by HAL's hum.

JOHN (whispering, raw)

Blast and bugger. Is she... Dammit. HAL, get Jill Bird for me, double time if you please.

HAL (calm, efficient)

Double time, Commander. I'll locate her.

CAMERA: Wide shot of the bridge—John trembling, torn between strategy and loyalty.

SFX: Low, ominous rumble underscoring the personal stakes.

FADE OUT.

THE CRINK (CHINA, RUSSIA, NORTH KOREA) ALLIANCE IS FORMED

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER (CIC) - NIGHT

The CIC hums with low, tense energy. Screens flicker with tactical overlays. The holographic map dominates the room, glowing with hostile red arcs across the Taiwan Strait.

CAMERA: Slow dolly toward JOHN STORM, his face shadowed by the projection. His usual swagger is gone, replaced by grim resolve.

JOHN (quiet, tapping the hologram)

Dan, I'll bet Charley's behind these leaks.

The hologram shifts to a shredded Taiwanese newspaper cover — the brutalized face of a legislative leader staring back.

DAN HAWK

Me too, Skip. Pawprints all over it. Timing's too perfect. Twenty minutes before CRINK's declaration. She always did

prefer a bang over a whisper.

HAL AI (V.O.)

Geo-tagged data confirms a burst-transmission device. Civilian satellite phone, repurposed. Ms. Temple's last electronic signature: downtown Taipei. Current trajectory south-southwest toward Kaohsiung. Designed to be trackable by our encrypted algorithm.

JOHN (short, humourless laugh)

Crafty vixen. If we can track her... so can Beijing.

The CIC falls silent. The weight of war presses in.

INT. SECURE CONFERENCE ROOM - MOSCOW/BEIJING LINK - NIGHT
Sterile, windowless. Two world leaders toast with vodka, their voices carried over a scrambled line.

XI JINPING (smug, leaning back)

I told you, Vladimir. Slow incursion tactics work. The Americans debate, sanction, hesitate. They do not act.

They share a deep, rumbling laugh.

VLADIMIR PUTIN

Right again, Xi. I must be more patient. Europeans, pah!

XI JINPING

Inscrutable is the word, Vlad. Inscrutable!

A report interrupts.

AIDE (V.O.)

Commanders confirm second wave landing in Taichung. No opposition.

XI JINPING

You see? Crimea all over again.

More laughter. The CRINK Alliance – China, Russia, India, and the covert New Korolev lunar base – is no longer rumour. It is reality.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – CIC – CONTINUOUS

HAL (V.O.)

Analysis confirms: Indian government facilitated transfer of US and UK submarine acoustic signature data. PLAN and Russian Pacific Fleet now operate in the Indian Ocean with impunity. Logistical ports expand CRINK reach by four thousand nautical miles.

The hologram shifts: Fujian carrier, Admiral Kuznetsov, blockade lines tightening around Taiwan.

CAMERA: Close-up on John's face, lit by crimson arcs.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – CIC – LATER

Hour's bleed into night. Phones buzz. John Storm grips a satellite handset, voice hoarse, fury barely contained.

JOHN

Admiral Schernhorst, please listen to me! The Fujian's perimeter is guarded by a Type 093 Shang. Hunter-killer. You send a carrier group through that strait, you start a world war. You need a surgical strike. You need us.

US SEVENTH FLEET COMMANDER (V.O.)

Captain Storm, I appreciate your perspective. But the White House will not risk war over one journalist. We need consensus. UN resolution—

JOHN (voice breaking, slamming console)

With respect, you need a spine, Admiral! They're assassinating opposition leaders! This is genocide of democracy! I won't sit here and wait for Charley to be their example.

Dan steadies him, hand on shoulder.

DAN

HAL, patch London briefing. Show the Skip.

Main screen flickers: British Minister of Defence (MOD), pale, stammering before Commons. A single frigate repositioning to Gibraltar. Weakness exposed.

JOHN (whisper, bitter)

Inscrutable.

He exhales, Xi's insult echoing in his mind. The West debates. CRINK acts. Silence fills the CIC.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CIC - FINAL BEAT

JOHN (voice calm, dangerous)

HAL. Bypass official channels. Prepare mission profile for covert rescue, Kaohsiung Harbor. Three hours. Active scan on Type 093 patrol vectors.

He leans into the hologram, eyes burning.

JOHN

We're going to give the Pentagon a demonstration they can't ignore.

CAMERA: Pull back — the holographic map fills the frame, crimson arcs tightening like a noose.

FADE OUT.

NATO PARALYSIS - THE ADMIRALTY'S SHAME

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER (CIC) - NIGHT

Dim red lighting. Consoles hum. The communications monitor flickers to life, revealing ADMIRAL PERCIVAL. His ruddy complexion is drained, shadows deepening the shame etched across his face. A ticker scrolls beneath: "U.S. Invokes NATO Article 5 (Consultative Phase)."

CAMERA: Tight close-up on JOHN STORM, jaw clenched, voice low and furious.

JOHN

Admiral Percival, we exposed the Astute submarine, BAE fraudsters with SSN HMS Neptune. A dangerous, leaky tub.

PERCIVAL (sighs, rubbing his nose)
Yes, Commander. Don't rub it in.

JOHN

No choice. The truth is the truth. Admiral Schernhorst of the U.S. Seventh Fleet? Running scared. Decades of Washington 'underinvestment.' They pulled back from Ukraine to save their kit, and now their deterrent is worthless.

PERCIVAL

Don't you mean 'lack of vision,' John?

The word hangs heavy. Silence. The shame is palpable.

CAMERA: Cut to classified briefings flashing across HAL's display – maintenance faults, cooling failures, aging SSNs. The West's "Silent Service" exposed as hollow.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CIC - CONTINUOUS

A sensor alarm flares. DAN HAWK leans in, headset tight, eyes sharp.

DAN

New contact. Scrambled line. Jill Bird.

HAL (V.O.)

Switching to secure channel. Captain Storm is on the line.

JILL BIRD (V.O.)

John, Charley's made a run for it. Kaohsiung. Disguised as a transient worker. Sea extraction. Your playbook, Guantánamo style. But she's in grave danger. Capture. Interrogation. Execution.

John forces a nervous tic – a hollow Australian accent.

JOHN

G'day, Jill.

JILL BIRD (V.O.)

No jokes, John. NATO has no balls.

JOHN

Jaw tightens. It's as if the US and UK have no navies. Past cover-ups, procurement fraud... HMS Neptune all over again.

INT. NATO HEADQUARTERS - BRUSSELS - NIGHT

Sterile, windowless conference room. Leaders sit around a long table, faces pale under fluorescent light. The atmosphere: frustration, fear, paralysis.

GERMAN CHANCELLOR (reading legal text)

The formal commitment is secure. But practical capability? Nonexistent. We've been lied to.

FRENCH PRESIDENT (spreading hands, exasperated)

Twenty years chasing profit, not performance. Now the CRINK fleet dares us to move.

CAMERA: Cut to redacted file marked SeaWolf.

CHANCELLOR NURNBERG

What of this SeaWolf notion?

NATO GENERAL

Harebrained.

FRENCH PRESIDENT

Qui.

Silence. Then COMMANDER MYKHAILO IVAN REZNIK leans forward, eyes burning. A veteran of the Black Sea, known as Volkov - the Wolf.

REZNIK

Actually, gentlemen... it is genius.

The room erupts in squabbling. Fingers point. Budgets blamed. Reznik ignores them, gaze fixed, conviction unshaken.

REZNIK

Drone swarms devastated Russian armour on land. We need

the equivalent at sea. Pull CRINK's teeth.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CIC - NIGHT

John Storm stands over the holographic map. Kaohsiung coordinates glow. His voice is calm, dangerous.

JOHN

Dan. Bring the Swann out of the Philippine Sea shadow. Plot a course for the coast. Maximum stealth.

He leans into the map, eyes burning with conviction.

JOHN

Tonight, we give the West a reason to believe in naval warfare again.

CAMERA: Wide shot - the Elizabeth Swann, a lone silhouette against the vast war zone. The only functioning deterrent left.

FADE OUT.

STEEL SHADOWS

EXT. WORLD'S OCEANS - MONTAGE - NIGHT

Dark waters stretch endlessly. Merchant ships burn in the distance. Grain silos stand full, ports idle. A silent graveyard of globalization.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The submarine was king. And the crown was made of pressurized steel.

CAMERA: Wide aerial shots dissolve into sonar sweeps - Akula and Yuan-class subs prowl unseen.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CIC - NIGHT

The CIC glows dimly. JOHN STORM leans over the consoles, whispering into comms.

JOHN

Storm to Jill Bird, come in Jill.

JILL BIRD (V.O.)

John... Charley's near Kaohsiung Lighthouse. Moving toward Cijin Beach, disguised as a labourer. Be careful. The blockade is absolute.

JOHN

Thanks, Jill. Warn her. We're coming in stealth.

He turns to HAL's glowing interface.

JOHN

Okay HAL, wake up Captain Nemo. Skirt the Bay of Bengal, hug the Indonesian coast, then up the Philippines. Whisper, not roar.

HAL (V.O.)

Affirmative, Commander.

The Swann retracts hydrofoils, slipping into silent-running. Electric drives hum softly. To sonar, she is nothing but a whale in the dark.

EXT. KAOHSIUNG LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

The silhouette cuts into the sky. JOHN suits up in battle gear, DAN checking seals on the scooter.

DAN

Suit, scooter, scuba ready, Skip.

JOHN

Keep the engine warm. Neighbours may wake up soon.

John slips into the water, scooter humming. He reaches Cijin Beach, stashes gear in seaweed.

JOHN (whispering)

Charley, where are you?

HAL (V.O.)

Two hundred meters south. Three heat signatures approaching. Likely patrol.

A shadow moves. A whisper.

CHARLEY

John? Is that you?

JOHN (Whispering)

Expecting someone else?

They embrace quickly, then sprint back to the water. Searchlights erupt across the shoreline.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CIC - NIGHT

HAL (V.O.)

Commander, Fujian carrier and Shang-class hunter-killer closing. Range: fifteen kilometers.

JOHN

Battle stations. Dan, give me everything.

The Fujian looms, a fortress of steel. JOHN's voice cuts sharp.

JOHN

Dazzle her, HAL!

The Excalibur laser pulses wide. Sensors overload. The carrier's optics blind.

JOHN

Foils up! Max power!

The Swann surges to 50 knots, slicing waves. Excalibur shifts to ultraviolet, striking EMALS rails. Explosions cascade. Fighters grounded.

JOHN

Quick HAL, fire torpedoes!

Two Mk48 ADCAPs streak into the dark. One rips the bow, the other shatters the stern. The Fujian lists, dying. On the bridge, disbelief turns to panic.

CHINESE COMMANDER

Abandon ship!

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CIC - CONTINUOUS

DAN

Coolant pump noise, starboard quarter! Shang's manoeuvring!

JOHN

Fire port Spearfish! Area denial!

The torpedo slams into the Shang's sail. Cataclysmic detonation. The sub nose-dives into silt, destroyed by its own armed tubes.

HAL (V.O.)

Sympathetic detonation of forward torpedo room... absolute.

DAN

Their fault, Skip. They didn't respect the Wolf.

EXT. PHILIPPINE SEA - NIGHT

JOHN

Spoofing time, HAL. Let's get out of the kitchen.

HAL floods data-links with phantom signatures. CRINK destroyers see a dozen Swanns, mixed with trawlers. Confusion reigns.

The Swann zig-zags at 50 knots. Two J-20s dive, but SAMs and Excalibur laser cut them down. Silence returns.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CIC - NIGHT

Crew breathes heavy. Charley shivers, eyes fixed on tactical screen.

JOHN

You okay?

CHARLEY

I thought you were a rescue mission, John. I didn't realize you were a one-man navy.

John meets Dan's eyes, then HAL's glowing interface.

JOHN

Welcome aboard, Charley.

CAMERA: Pull back — the Swann surges into the night, leaving chaos behind.

FADE OUT.

THE SILENT WAR

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - ABYSSAL TRENCH - NIGHT

Black water. No light. No sound. The deep is a tomb.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The abyss was no longer a hiding place. It was a trap.

INT. USS NORTH CAROLINA - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dim red lighting. Sonar operators sit rigid, headphones pressed tight. The VIRGINIA-CLASS SUB glides silently, a billion-dollar predator in hostile waters.

CAMERA: Slow push toward the sonar screen — empty, calm, deceptive.

SONAR OPERATOR #1

Contact bearing zero-eight-five... wait—

A sharp, alien "CHIRP" cuts through the speakers. High-frequency. Wrong. Very wrong.

SONAR OPERATOR #2

What the hell was that?

The screen BLOOMS with a hundred micro-contacts – tiny, fast, coordinated.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS (leaning in, horrified)
That's a swarm... Jesus.

CAMERA: Close-up – the micro-torpedoes manoeuvre like a hive of metallic hornets.

REYNOLDS
Crash dive! Now!

The sub angles sharply downward – too slow.

SONAR OPERATOR #1
They're not going for the hull... they're targeting the screw–

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. A dozen small shaped-charges detonate in rapid succession.

ENGINEER (V.O.)
We've lost propulsion! Hydroplanes unresponsive! Sonar dome is gone!

The hull GROANS – a deep, metallic death rattle.

REYNOLDS (blanching)
Brace for uncontrolled descent.

The USS NORTH CAROLINA tilts nose-down, sliding into the abyss.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The era of American undersea supremacy hadn't been challenged. It had been deleted.

INT. WHITE HOUSE – SITUATION ROOM – DAY

Humidity hangs in the air. PRESIDENT LINCOLN TRUMAN stands at the head of the table, eyes like ice.

TRUMAN

Explain to me how Commander John Storm sinks two CRINK capital vessels.. while our entire Pacific fleet is paralyzed.

DARPA DIRECTOR and JOINT CHIEFS shift uncomfortably.

TRUMAN

Ten billion dollars in arms to Taiwan. Forty-eight hours later, the island falls. We debated rules of engagement while they rewrote the map.

On a secure screen, ADMIRAL PERCIVAL appears from London.

PERCIVAL

The Royal Navy is no less embarrassed, Mr. President. Three diesel-electrics lost this week – French, Turkish, Greek. All toast.

(beat) Storm is.. unconventional. Ideas that would make a sane man weep. Balls the size of space-hoppers. But he got results.

The secondary monitor flickers – BBC WORLD SERVICE.

JILL BIRD (V.O.)

Unconfirmed reports that a Virginia-class submarine has been sunk in the Pacific. The White House has not been available for comment.

Truman closes his eyes. The room is silent.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Silent War was now very, very loud.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - DECK - PHILIPPINE SEA - NIGHT
John Storm stands alone, staring into the dark horizon.
The sea is calm; his mind is not.

JOHN
They won't listen, Dan. French, Turks, Greeks... hunted like fish in a barrel. CRINK swarm everywhere. NATO still looking for a manual that doesn't exist.

DAN HAWK works on a diagnostic panel nearby.

DAN
Skip, you showed them what the Swann can do. If they want to keep sinking their expensive tubs, that's on them.

HAL (V.O.)
As the proverb suggests, Commander... you can lead a horse to water-

JOHN
-but you cannot make it drink. (beat) Enough lobbying. HAL, set a course for home. We've got upgrades to make before the world goes dark.

John's shoulders sag - not defeated, but disappointed.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CIC - MOMENTS LATER
The ship begins a slow turn. Electric drives hum softly.

COMMS CONSOLE (high-priority alert tone) Incoming encrypted pulse.

HAL (sassy)
Admiralty calling Commander Storm. Commander Storm is currently indisposed following the summary dismissal of the SeaWolf proposal. Please leave a message after the tone.

JOHN

HAL. Enough.

He grabs the headset.

JOHN

Storm here.

PERCIVAL (V.O.)

Commander – dismissal retracted. President Truman and NATO Joint Chiefs request immediate audience. Five minutes. They've seen the Fujian footage... and the North Carolina casualty report.

Dan freezes, eyes wide.

DAN

Holy fuel cells, Skip... they're going for it.

John looks at HAL's glowing eye.

JOHN

HAL, cancel return home. Seems the horse is finally thirsty.

HAL

Recalculating, Commander. And I suggest your best suit. The Maverick is about to become the General.

John straightens, a slow smile forming.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The lobbying was over. The war for the future of the oceans was about to begin.

FADE OUT.

THE GAUNTLET

INT. NATO SUBTERRANEAN COMMAND BUNKER - NIGHT

The bunker hums with the low throb of servers pushed to their limits. Stale coffee, ozone, and tension hang in the air. A massive tactical display dominates the room – the world's oceans bleed blue as CRINK red spreads like a malignant tide.

JOHN STORM stands at the head of a long mahogany table. He looks like a rogue technologist who wandered into a war room. DAN HAWK adjusts a secure datalink beside him. HAL's cool blue interface flickers on a nearby monitor.

JOHN STORM'S PROPOSAL

JOHN (dry, tongue-in-cheek)

Gentlemen, thank you for including me. I was beginning to feel a bit left out in the cold.

A low rumble of uneasy laughter. ADMIRAL LAWRENCE PERCIVAL rises, clearing his throat.

PERCIVAL

It is no secret that many here– (glances pointedly at SCHERNHORST) –viewed Commander Storm's previous proposals as... far-fetched. But others, like Commander Reznik, saw merit in shifting toward persistent surveillance and autonomous strike platforms.

ADMIRAL MAXIMILIAN SCHERNHORST leans forward, face etched with stress.

SCHERNHORST

Far-fetched is polite, Lawrence. You're asking us to replace the pride of the United States Navy with... toys. My officers are worried about management. My sailors are worried about their jobs.

COMMANDER MYKHAILO "THE WOLF" REZNIK cuts in, voice sharp.

REZNIK

That was the consensus – until Kaohsiung. Storm didn't sink a carrier and a nuclear sub with toys. He buried the old way of war.

Percival nods, faint smile.

PERCIVAL

Perhaps Commander Storm might elaborate.

THE SEAWOLF DOCTRINE

John taps the table. The holographic display shifts – a swarm of sleek, low-profile vessels moves in perfect geometric formation across a digital ocean.

JOHN

This is SeaWolf. A decentralized, autonomous formation coordinated by SeaNet. These are the Scorpion HK drones.

The hologram zooms in: modular hulls, solar skins, hydrogen fuel cells.

JOHN

Each Scorpion is low-observable, solar-skinned, hydrogen-powered. Indefinite loitering capability. Armed with MK 48

ADCAPs, Tomahawks, and vertical-launch SAMs.

(beat) Price tag: ten million dollars each. For one Virginia-class submarine, I can deploy four hundred Scorpions. For one Ford-class carrier – thirteen hundred.

The room shifts. Eyes widen. Calculations begin.

JOHN

We cannot beat CRINK one-for-one. We beat them with attritable mass and algorithmic superiority. They fly \$hundred-million-dollar J-20s. We counter with \$ten-million-dollar drones. We bankrupt them cost-for-cost.

MOVING THE GOALPOSTS

GERHARD NURNBERG, the German Chancellor, leans forward.

NURNBERG

You're talking about a complete paradigm shift. The tech feels like science fiction.

JOHN

They moved the goalposts with swarm torpedoes. We move them again.

(beat) People think Barnes Wallis invented the bouncing bomb for the Dambusters. He didn't. Admiral Horatio Nelson was bouncing cannonballs off the water centuries earlier. Wallis just improved the delivery system.

John gestures to the hologram.

JOHN

The Swann is proof of concept. She doesn't need me. She doesn't need a crew. A Scorpion is a Swann stripped of her luxuries and armed to the teeth. A lean, clean, killing machine.

PRESIDENT ALEXANDRE DUMAS leans in, intrigued.

DUMAS

And their defences? How do they survive a massed missile strike?

JOHN

Integrated directed energy. We're miniaturizing the Excalibur pulsed laser cannons. Within six months, SeaNet becomes an impenetrable laser umbrella. Anything flying within five miles of a Scorpion cluster becomes molten scrap.

Silence. Heavy. The kind that precedes a revolution.

THE MANUFACTURING CHALLENGE

Schernhorst's voice softens – the fight draining out of him.

SCHERNHORST

How do we build them? Our shipyards are backed up for decades.

JOHN

Don't look at shipyards. Look at the Ukrainians. They built their drone fleet in garages, tech hubs, 3D-printing farms. We need modular hulls that snap together like Lego. We hit CRINK in the wallet and the cemetery

simultaneously.

Schernhorst stares at the holographic swarm. Then at the wreckage of the USS North Carolina on a secondary screen. Something breaks – or awakens – inside him.

SCHERNHORST (soft, almost reverent)
Brilliant. God help me... it's brilliant.

Nurnberg and Dumas exchange a look – the look of men realizing history has shifted beneath their feet.

DUMAS
Outstanding, Mr. Storm. But can we rise to the manufacturing challenge?

JOHN
That's in your laps. The capability exists. The question is whether you have the political will to win a war without a traditional navy.

EPILOGUE – THE TURNING POINT

John steps back. The room erupts – not in dissent, but in urgency. Arguments break out over timelines, production quotas, industrial mobilization.

For the first time, they're not debating whether to do it – but how fast.

John watches, a faint smile forming.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Maverick had just handed them the keys to the ocean.

FADE OUT

UKRAINE'S EXPERTISE

EXT. PHILIPPINE SEA - NIGHT

The ocean is black glass. The silhouette of the ELIZABETH SWANN cuts through the water - low, silent, predatory.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CIC - CONTINUOUS

The CIC glows with cold blue light. Screens pulse with sonar sweeps and CRINK submarine patrol routes. A deep, sub-bass vibration hums through the deck - the CyberCore Genetica quantum computer speaking to HAL.

JOHN STORM stands over the tactical table, jaw tight, eyes fixed on the red enemy markers.

JOHN

Dan, we need real drone-battle experience. NATO sims are stuck in the nineties. They don't know how to fight when you're the underdog.

DAN HAWK types on a transparent keyboard, fingers a blur.

DAN

Then you need the only people who dismantled a modern superpower with off-the-shelf tech. You need the Ukrainians.

John turns toward HAL's glowing blue interface.

JOHN

HAL, who's running their asymmetric naval program?

HAL

Scanning. (beat) There is no public record. However... after an uninvited audit of the Ukrainian Ministry of Defence... I have located the individual. General Zorya Veles. Call sign: "Valkyrie."

JOHN

Can you hail the good lady, old boy?

HAL

Affirmative. Establishing quantum-encrypted burst-link.

THE VALKYRIE

ON SCREEN – A SECURE VIDEO FEED BOOTS UP

Static. Then a subterranean Ukrainian command centre appears – concrete walls, flickering lights, frantic operators. GENERAL ZORYA VELES sits before the camera, tactical fleece, hair tied back, eyes sharp as razors.

ZORYA

General Zorya speaking.

JOHN

Hello, General. Commander John Storm. I wondered if you could help us with some large naval drones.

Zorya studies him – assessing, calculating.

ZORYA

Commander Storm... Not the John Storm? The man who climbed the Shard to protest ocean pollution?

John rubs the back of his neck, embarrassed.

JOHN

Still got the blisters, General.

A microscopic softening in her expression.

ZORYA

How did you get this number? This is a black-site line.

JOHN

Well... we hacked your system. HAL can be a bit forward when he's on a mission. Sorry about that – but this is urgent.

Zorya leans back, amused despite herself.

ZORYA

Most people who hack us are trying to kill us. You're just trying to call. Go on. Naval drones, you said?

JOHN

Yes. Sinking the Chinese and Russian fleets. Interested?

Silence. A dangerous, thoughtful silence.

ZORYA

Really. How so, Commander?

THE DISTRIBUTED BRAIN

John brings up holographic schematics – the SeaWolf lattice, Scorpion drones, modular hulls.

JOHN

SeaWolf. Autonomous hunter-killers. Modular hulls,
hydrogen fuel cells—

ZORYA (interrupting)

Hardware is just a body, John. In Ukraine, we learned the soul is the swarm logic. If one drone is jammed, the others must think for it. If the commander is killed, the swarm must choose its own target.

JOHN

Exactly. That's where HAL and CyberCore Genetica come in. Every Scorpion becomes a node in a global intelligence — SeaNet. No satellite lag. It sees, it assesses, it strikes... instantly.

ZORYA

And you want our algorithms? The evasive-dance routines that fooled the S-400s?

JOHN

I want the mind of the Valkyrie. If I can swing NATO funding — are you onboard?

ZORYA

Try and stop me. But John... manufacturing? CRINK has paralyzed European yards. NATO will take ten years to build a prototype.

AMPHIMAX — THE GHOST SHIPYARD

JOHN

Steady, General. We're not using shipyards. We're using AmphiMax.

Zorya's eyes narrow.

ZORYA

I've heard of that. Amphibious portable dockyards...
Bluebird Marine... SeaVax?

JOHN

Spot on. A mobile, semi-submersible platform. Crawls onto a beach, deploys as a dry-dock, 3D-prints components. We can build a fleet in a hidden cove in the Philippines... or a remote island in Japan.

ZORYA

Can we see one?

JOHN

'Fraid not. The original designers never got funding. It's been sitting on a server for years.

ZORYA

A shame. But with your CyberCore, HAL, and my engineers... we can bring it to life.

THE STEEL COALITION

JOHN

We'll need partners not paralyzed by NATO bureaucracy. Taiwan's too risky. Japan or South Korea – their tech sectors move fast. Once we show a working swarm, the EU and US will follow.

Zorya laughs – a warm, fierce sound.

ZORYA

In Ukraine, we call that "The Victory of the Brave." Count us in.

JOHN

Thank you, General.

ZORYA

Let's pull the dragon's teeth, John.

The screen goes black.

BACK IN THE CIC

John looks at Dan and HAL – the trio now reinforced by a nation of survivors.

JOHN

HAL – finalize the AmphiMax blueprints. Send them to Seoul and Tokyo. Tell them SeaWolf is coming... and it's bringing the Valkyrie with it.

HAL

Encryption complete, Commander. The ghost factories are ready to wake up.

The CIC lights dim as the transmission fires into the quantum ether.

FADE OUT.

JAPAN'S ARSENAL

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – NIGHT

A cathedral of blue light. Consoles glow softly. The low, steady HUM of hydrogen fuel cells underpins everything – like the heartbeat of a living machine.

COMMANDER JOHN STORM sits in the command chair, posture relaxed but eyes sharp. Before him, a HOLOGRAPHIC TACTICAL DISPLAY rotates slowly: the Philippine Sea rendered in ghostly neon.

Beyond the hull: pure black ocean.

Storm takes a breath.

STORM

Hal, shake the tree in Tokyo. I need a back door into their maritime R&D.

(beat)

See if Commander Raijin Yamato is still running their autonomous surface vessel program.

A microsecond pause – then HAL's voice fills the bridge. Calm. Precise. Almost human.

HAL (V.O.)

Processing. Navigating JSDF encrypted layers..

(beat)

Confirmed. Commander Raijin Yamato. Patching through a secure quantum-link.

The main screen flickers. Static. Then–

INT. JAPAN – MARITIME R&D COMMAND CENTER – SAME TIME

COMMANDER RAIJIN YAMATO appears on screen. Mid-40s. Face

carved from stone. Behind him: a high-tech command centre humming with urgency.

He leans forward, eyes narrowing.

YAMATO

Who is this? And how did you get this private-tier number?

INTERCUT – SWANN BRIDGE / JAPAN COMMAND CENTER

STORM

Commander John Storm. Royal Navy.

(beat)

Sorry for the intrusion, Raijin. I think you'll want to hear this.

Yamato studies him. Recognition dawns.

YAMATO

Is that the John Storm?

(smiles)

The man who scaled the Shard in London?

Storm winces.

STORM

A bit theatrical, maybe. But it worked.

YAMATO

I was in London at the time.

(chuckles)

Dangerous. Ridiculous. Unforgettable.

(beat)

What does the Spider of the Shard want with Japanese steel?

Storm cracks open a Solar Cola. Condensation drips down the can.

STORM

We need Japan's manufacturing DNA.

(leans in)

Autonomous destroyers. Fast. Cheap. Lethal.

Does the name General Zorya Veles ring any bells?

Yamato's fingers dance across a terminal, running a silent background check.

YAMATO

Maybe.

STORM

Ukraine's onboard. We've built a design – the SeaWolf Scorpion.

Decentralized swarm tactics. Hydrogen propulsion.

It's the only thing that can break a carrier strike group without losing a thousand sailors.

Storm taps a control.

STORM (CONT'D)

Sending specs now.

A burst of QUANTUM DATA transfers instantly.

On Yamato's end, a HOLOGRAPHIC MODEL of the SeaWolf blossoms into the air – angular, predatory, elegant.

Yamato's eyes widen.

YAMATO

Amazing...

(whispers)

The hull geometry... sensor integration...

This is a masterclass in attritable mass.

STORM

Interested?

Yamato straightens. A decision crystallizing.

YAMATO

This has been my dream as well.

Japan's Blue Fleet needs these drones if we're going to hold the line in the East.

(beat)

Count me in. I'll take this to the top brass immediately.

Your Taiwan operation is already legend here. That will help.

Storm nods, but his eyes betray the weight of what's coming.

MONTAGE – "JAPAN'S ARSENAL AWAKENS"

A) NAGOYA – INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT – DAY

Old automotive plants stand silent. Then – POWER SURGES. Robotic arms activate. Sparks fly. Assembly lines roar back to life.

B) HIROSHIMA – HEAVY INDUSTRY COMPLEX – NIGHT

Massive steel presses reshape hull plates.

Welders – human and robotic – work in synchronized

choreography.

C) YAMATO — CALLSIGN "THOR" — COMMANDING

Yamato oversees operations from a glass-walled control tower.

HAL's algorithms stream across screens, optimizing every movement.

D) AMPHIMAX PORTABLE DOCKYARDS — VARIOUS COASTLINES

Modular dockyards unfold like mechanical flowers.

Any beach becomes a shipyard.

SeaWolf hulls slide into the water one after another.

E) PRODUCTION LINES — CONTINUOUS

Thousands of Scorpion-class drone destroyers roll out weekly.

Cheap. Smart. Disposable. Deadly.

F) GLOBAL CONTRAST

— China launches a single billion-dollar destroyer.

— Russia christens a new cruiser.

— North Korea parades a missile boat.

Meanwhile—

Japan launches hundreds of SeaWolfs in the same time.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN — BRIDGE — NIGHT

Storm watches a live feed of the first Japanese-built SeaWolf entering the water.

A small smile forms — not triumph, but resolve.

HAL (V.O.)

Commander... the paradigm has shifted.

Storm nods slowly.

STORM

The age of the titan is over.

(beat)

The age of the swarm has begun.

The camera pulls back – the Swann alone in the vast dark sea, as the world prepares for a new kind of war.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE FIRST TRIALS

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC – DAY

A brutal, slate-grey ocean. Peaks of water slam into each other under a sky the color of gunmetal. The wind HOWLS. Spray lashes the camera.

This is not a battlefield.

This is a proving ground.

INT. USS GERALD R. FORD – COMMAND DECK – CONTINUOUS

A cavernous, high-tech nerve centre. Blue light. The faint scent of ozone. The hum of servers and CIC consoles.

ADMIRALS, GENERALS, and WORLD LEADERS stand shoulder-to-shoulder, tension etched into their faces.

On the panoramic wall of monitors:

THE SEAWOLF SCORPION SWARM – dozens of sleek, angular drone destroyers – slice through the Atlantic swell.

ADMIRAL LAURENCE PERCIVAL leans toward JOHN STORM, who

stands slightly apart, arms folded, eyes fixed on the screens.

PERCIVAL

Well, John my boy... that is something else.

Storm doesn't answer. He watches the swarm with a quiet, dangerous pride.

ON SCREEN – THE SWARM ENGAGES

A salvo of land-based missiles arcs toward the drones.

In a normal naval engagement, this would be a moment of terror.

Here, it's arithmetic.

The Scorpions shift formation – not reacting, but anticipating.

Their SAM arrays pulse.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Three blossoms of orange fire.

Threats erased.

The swarm accelerates, closing on the simulated target with predatory elegance.

INT. COMMAND DECK – CONTINUOUS

President LINCOLN TRUMAN watches, jaw tight.

TRUMAN

Poor bastards never stood a chance.

Storm allows himself a thin smile.

STORM

Not a glimmer of hope, Mr. President.

COMMANDER RAIJIN YAMATO and GENERAL ZORYA VELES stand nearby – stoic, analytical.

VELES
Effective.

YAMATO
Acceptable.
(beat)

But the latency in the swarm-split handoff needs refinement. We can shave another point-four seconds.

Storm glances at him, amused. Yamato is already redesigning the future.

ON SCREEN – SUBSURFACE FEED

A cluster of decommissioned NATO submarines lurk below the waves – Cold War relics.

The SeaNet acoustic grid lights up, mapping them with eerie precision.

The Scorpions descend into formation.

A digital overlay flashes:

TARGET NEUTRALIZED

Then – a test.
One drone is “killed” by a simulated strike.

Instantly, two others shift vectors, sealing the gap.
The network remains whole.

A murmur ripples through the room.

INT. COMMAND DECK – CONTINUOUS

British Prime Minister EDWARD THOMAS – “Honest Johnson” – looks pale.

THOMAS

Commander Storm... why was Whitehall blind to this? Why did we not know our Astute-class subs were this vulnerable?

Storm meets his gaze. No softness.

STORM

Prime Minister, the Senior Service has rarely been proactive in peacetime. Like the US, Russia, China... navies like size and show. (beat) It's a Freudian thing. Large hulls, large egos.

The room freezes. A few officers shift uncomfortably. But no one contradicts him.

President Truman steps in, voice firm.

TRUMAN

As impressive as our capital ships are, they're floating targets without SeaWolf support. We have to rock the boat, Edward. We scrap the old contracts. We move on this with everything we've got.

Thomas swallows hard. The world is changing faster than he can politically survive.

INT. COMMAND DECK – REAR OBSERVATION AREA – SAME TIME
ADMIRAL MAXIMILLIAN SHERNHORST stands alone, staring at the data feed.

His face is a mask of denial – and grief.

He watches a few million dollars' worth of drones annihilate billions in nuclear deterrent.

To him, this isn't innovation.
It's a funeral.

He closes his eyes as the Scorpions vanish into the mist.

SHERNHORST (V.O.)

In the wars to come...
being seen is the same thing as being dead.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC — WIDE SHOT — DAY

The USS Gerald R. Ford looms like a steel island.

Far below, the SeaWolf swarm disappears beneath the waves
— silent, invisible, unstoppable.

A new era has begun.

FADE TO BLACK.

CRINK DEFIANCE

INT. ADMIRALTY — UNDERGROUND SITUATION ROOM — NIGHT

A cavernous, Cold War-era bunker. The air is stale, recycled through ancient vents. Fluorescent lights BUZZ overhead.

A WALL-SIZED DIGITAL MAP dominates the room — the Pacific Ocean overlaid with a massive crimson formation: CRINK (China, Russia, Iran, North Korea). A wall of steel stretching across half the world.

ADMIRAL LAURENCE PERCIVAL paces like a caged lion, hands

clasped behind his back. His uniform is immaculate; his nerves are not.

ADMIRAL MAXIMILLIAN SHERNHORST sits rigidly at the table, a granite monument of the old US Navy. His scepticism radiates like heat.

JOHN STORM stands near a holographic projector, flight suit still flecked with dried North Atlantic salt.

Silence hangs like a loaded gun.

PERCIVAL

Admiral Shernhorst... the diplomats have run out of ink. We're down to one option: a final ultimatum to Beijing. But we can't bluff. If we draw a line, we must hold it.

Shernhorst leans forward, eyes narrowing.

SHERNHORST

I'm not sold on the Japanese timetable, Laurence. History says you don't build a navy in a few weeks.
(turns to Storm)

Commander Storm... I need the ground truth.

Are these "wonder drones" real?

Or are we about to threaten a tiger with a paper sword?

Storm steps into the light. He looks at both men – the old guard of the "Big Iron" Navy.

STORM

Admiral... I'll be blunt.

The British economy? Our administration?

A joke. Red tape, committees, delays. Entrepreneurs leaving in droves, including military subcontractors.

If this were a UK-only project, we'd still be debating the paint colour.

Percival winces – because it's true.

STORM (CONT'D)

But this isn't Whitehall.

Japan and Ukraine are firing on all cylinders.

And the numbers are piling up.

Percival steps closer, tension sharpening his voice.

PERCIVAL

How many, John?

Give us the hard count.

Storm taps the holographic console. A production graph blooms in mid-air.

STORM

Slow at first.

The Japanese iron out every kink before they build.

No "fix it as we go."

But once the line starts moving... it's a tidal wave.

(beat)

Ten SeaWolf ZCC Scorpions are fully commissioned and in the water.

Twenty more are on AmphiMax dockyards, nearing completion.

New dockyards deploy every forty-eight hours.

Shernhorst exhales sharply – the first crack in his scepticism.

SHERNHORST

And the trials?

STORM

Completed on the first four hulls.

Systems green across the board.

Shernhorst's voice drops, searching for the flaw.

SHERNHORST

SeaNet.

Can they actually talk to each other under fire?

Storm's eyes light with something between pride and awe.

STORM

SeaNet works better than we dared hope.

Those Ukrainian engineers... they've lived through the worst
EW on Earth.

They didn't build a radio link.

They built a spider's web.

Storm taps the console again.

HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY — TIME-LAPSE FOOTAGE

A pack of Scorpions moves across the ocean in eerie,
perfect synchronization.

A coordinated missile strike hits them.

They don't scatter.

They reshape — a single distributed shield.

Missiles vanish in blossoms of fire.

Then—

A dummy submarine appears on sonar.

The Scorpions encircle, cutting off every escape vector.

A synchronized torpedo strike.

A bloom of white foam.

Target erased.

BACK TO ROOM

Percival whispers, stunned.

PERCIVAL

Astounding... by gad.

Shernhorst rises slowly.

He walks to Storm.

For the first time, he extends a hand.

SHERNHORST

Commander... that was something else.

I've spent my life on carriers...

but I know a predator when I see one.

Storm shakes his hand.

STORM

The Wolverines are going to give China a massive headache,
Sir.

A ripple of grim laughter moves through the room – the
kind men share before a storm.

THE LINE IN THE SAND

INT. ADMIRALTY – COMMUNICATIONS SUITE – THREE HOURS LATER

A bank of secure transmitters hums.

Percival, Shernhorst, Storm, and senior officials stand
ready.

A message is broadcast across every secure and public
channel:

Return Taiwan to democratic control.

Withdraw all CRINK forces within 72 hours.

Or face the consequences.

The words hang in the air like a loaded torpedo.

THE RESPONSE

GLOBAL BROADCAST — BEIJING — HOURS LATER

CRINK leadership appears on screen, flanked by massive carrier groups and "City-Killer" submarines.

Their message is cold.

Defiant.

Final.

They mock the West's "toy boats."

They declare Taiwan's occupation permanent.

They reject the ultimatum outright.

INT. ADMIRALTY — SITUATION ROOM — NIGHT

The room is silent.

The countdown begins.

72 hours until the Scorpions must prove they can do more than sink dummy targets.

Storm watches the crimson CRINK wall on the map.

He doesn't blink.

FADE TO BLACK.

WAR CRIMES EXPOSED

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN — BRIDGE — NIGHT

The bridge is bathed in cold blue light. Holographic data streams cascade across the air like falling code. The hum of the ship's hydrogen turbines is steady, but the tension is not.

HAL's voice – calm, omnipresent – echoes through the command deck.

HAL (V.O.)

Quantum decrypt complete. Cross-referencing field data with CRINK command archives. Stand by.

Charley Temple sits at a console, bruised, exhausted, but unbroken. She watches as images – horrific, undeniable – assemble themselves into a mosaic of truth.

John Storm stands at the helm, hands on manual override, eyes locked on the data feed scrolling like a digital confession.

CHARLEY

(quiet, shaken)

There are people in Taiwan who will never know how close I came to disappearing. You didn't just get me out, John... you got this out.

John forces a grim smile.

JOHN

Jill Bird's going to owe me a drink. The BBC hasn't had a scoop like this since the Panama Papers.

Charley almost laughs – almost.

CHARLEY

It's more than a scoop. The recordings, the metadata... HAL didn't just sort it. He authenticated it so deeply Beijing can't spin it. Not this time.

HAL's avatar flickers into view – a calm, geometric face.

HAL

I have matched execution orders with satellite thermal

signatures and biometric intercepts. Probability of fabrication: zero.

Dan, leaning against a bulkhead, exhales hard.

DAN

Don't look at me. My contribution was grinding my teeth while we played chicken with that Chinese destroyer.

JOHN

(smiles)

Worth every cracked molar.

The holographic mosaic completes – a wall of evidence so damning it feels radioactive.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS - GENERAL ASSEMBLY - DAY

The Great Hall is silent. The footage plays across a screen the size of a cinema. Delegates stare in horror.

Antonio Guterres grips the podium, visibly shaken.

GUTERRES

This is no longer a border dispute. This is evidence of systematic genocide. The Hague will decide the legal classification... but the conscience of the world cannot wait.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

President LINCOLN TRUMAN slams his fist onto the Resolute Desk. Papers jump. A coffee mug topples.

TRUMAN

We should've acted sooner, Shernhorst! We let them bury

this while it was happening!

Admiral SHERNHORST says nothing. He stares at a photo – a Taiwanese family in their final moments.

CUT TO:

INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO – NIGHT

Jill Bird stands before the camera, shaken but resolute.

JILL BIRD

We warn viewers: the images you are about to see are distressing. They show the execution of political dissidents and their families... verified by multiple intelligence agencies.

The images flash across screens worldwide – London, Tokyo, New Delhi, Sydney, New York.

The world stops.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – NIGHT

John watches the global reaction unfold on a multi-screen display. Protests erupt. Stock markets crash. Military alerts flash red.

DAN

So... what now?

John turns to the forward viewport. The ocean ahead is black, endless, waiting.

JOHN

Now?

(beat)

Now the toy boats become something else.

HAL's avatar pulses.

HAL

Mission parameters updated. Western coalition authorisation confirmed. SeaNet drone fleet on standby.

Charley looks up, fear and resolve mixing in her eyes.

CHARLEY

John... this isn't just war anymore.

John nods.

JOHN

No.

(beat)

It's a crusade.

The Elizabeth Swann powers forward – engines glowing like a rising sun.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

COUNTDOWN TO ENGAGEMENT

INT. GLOBAL COMMAND BUNKER – UNKNOWN LOCATION – NIGHT
A cavernous war room buried deep beneath the earth. Walls of reinforced concrete. Rows of world leaders, generals, and intelligence chiefs sit in suffocating silence.

Digital clocks count down: 71:59:58... 71:59:57...

On the main tactical display:

A CRINK naval blockade – a steel wall stretching across the Pacific.

The mood is apocalyptic.

NATO STRATEGIST

(whispers)

Every simulation ends the same. Conventional assault: catastrophic losses. Nuclear option: global suicide.

A beat.

UN COMMANDER

Then we pray Storm's plan works.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bridge glows with holographic tactical overlays. The ship hums like a living organism – solar arrays and hydrogen turbines feeding HAL's neural core.

JOHN STORM stands at the centre, eyes unfocused – half in the physical world, half inside the BioCore neural link.

A faint tremor runs through him as encrypted data pulses directly into his motor cortex.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

(over secure channel)

John, my boy... NATO, the UN – everyone's agreed. The vote is unanimous.

DAN HAWK watches John, nervous. He remembers the night he and "Cleopatra" performed the BioCore implant surgery – improvised, dangerous, borderline insane.

HAL (V.O.)

Commander, Pentagon confirmation intercepted. Operation Omega is authorised.

John's lips twitch — the closest he gets to a smile.

JOHN (THOUGHT)

Then it's time.

HAL's avatar flickers on a private HUD only John can see — giving a digital thumbs-up.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAPANESE COASTLINE — DAWN

Rows of "shipping containers" sit quietly on the sand.

Except they aren't containers.

They're Scorpion-class Wolverine drones, disguised under modular skins. Hydrogen cells hum beneath their shells. Sting torpedoes sleep inside their bellies.

COMMANDER RAIJIN YAMATO watches from a hardened bunker, jaw clenched.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK SEA — FROZEN SHORE — NIGHT

General ZORYA VELES stands among rows of identical "transport trucks."

Her breath fogs in the cold air.

VELES

(whispers)

Let the world think we are unprepared.

She taps a command tablet. The trucks vibrate — alive.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

John stands tall.

JOHN

Admiral Shernhorst... is Operation Omega a go?

On the screen, ADMIRAL SHERNHORST looks to PERCIVAL. A solemn nod.

ADMIRAL SHERNHORST

That is a go, Commander Storm. Operation SeaNet Omega is active. Godspeed.

JOHN

Thank you, Admiral. Swann out.

The feed cuts.

A beat of silence.

Then—

DAN

Holy fuel cells...

John laughs — short, sharp, electric.

HAL (V.O.)

I told you so, Commander. Shall we wake the Scorpions?

John closes his eyes. Sends a single thought through the BioCore.

JOHN (THOUGHT)

Wake them.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAPANESE COASTLINE - CONTINUOUS

The "containers" split open like metallic cocoons.

Sleek, predatory Scorpion drones rise on hydraulic cradles.

Their camouflage skins fall away like shed snakeskin.

The AmphiMax launch platforms roar to life.

One by one, the Scorpions slide into the surf - silent, deadly, invisible.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK SEA - CONTINUOUS

The "trucks" transform - wheels retract, hulls seal, propulsion fins deploy.

Two thousand drones enter the water in perfect synchrony.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

HAL's voice fills the ship.

HAL

SeaNet grid forming. Two thousand units online. Stealth mode engaged.

John watches the tactical map as the drones vanish from radar - replaced by a ghostly lattice of blue lights.

DAN

The nukes stay cold. The carriers stay back.

(beat)

John... we're sending machines into the first wave.

John's eyes harden.

JOHN

Not machines, Dan.

(beat)

A shield. A message. A chance.

HAL pulses with quiet intensity.

HAL

Commander... the Ghost Fleet is moving.

John grips the helm.

JOHN

Then let's make history.

The Elizabeth Swann surges forward – a spearhead of light in a darkening world.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

INTO THE ABYSS

EXT. GLOBAL OCEANS - NIGHT

A silent digital pulse ripples across the world's oceans – invisible to the naked eye, but catastrophic in implication.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bridge is alive with holographic tactical overlays. HAL's avatar flickers like a ghost in the machine.

JOHN STORM stands at the helm, BioCore implant glowing faintly beneath the skin at his temple.

JOHN

Execute SeaNet Omega.

HAL's voice resonates through the ship — calm, lethal.

HAL

SeaNet Omega acknowledged. Awakening all units.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC / PACIFIC COASTLINES — CONTINUOUS
Rows of "trucks" and "containers" shed their disguises
like metallic chrysalises.

Thousands of SeaWolf Scorpion drones slide into the water
from Amphimax cradles, trawlers, and cargo ships.

They don't launch.

They infest the ocean.

A swarm of silent predators.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN — BRIDGE — CONTINUOUS
A jagged green spike appears on the sonar.

JOHN

(whispers)

That's it, Dan. First contact.

DAN HAWK grips the comms station, pale.

DAN

Holy fuel cells... this is the real deal, Skipper.

HAL's tone shifts – faster, sharper, combat-optimised.

HAL

Acoustic signature confirmed. Russian Yasen-M class attack submarine. Running deep. Likely armed with Zircon and Kalibr hypersonics.

John's expression hardens.

JOHN

If we can take a Yasen... we can take anything.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE PACIFIC – CONTINUOUS

CRINK interceptors scream across the horizon – a wall of steel and fury.

The Scorpions don't dive.

They pivot.

Integrated SAM arrays rise from their dorsal fins.

A synchronized curtain of missiles erupts upward – a hive-mind firing solution.

Jets worth millions are swatted from the sky like flies.

It's not a dogfight.

It's an execution.

CUT TO:

INT. CRINK FLAGSHIP – COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER –
CONTINUOUS

Admirals stare in disbelief as their fighters vanish from

radar.

CRINK ADMIRAL

They're forcing us to commit the carriers.

A beat.

SECOND ADMIRAL

And the nuclear subs.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORWEGIAN SEA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The YASEN-M submarine slices through the black water - a steel leviathan.

Suddenly, its sonar pings spike.

It's been spotted.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

DAN

They're diving! Flank speed!

John's BioCore pulses - data flooding his senses.

JOHN

They can run. But they can't hide from the Net.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORWEGIAN SEA - SURFACE & DEPTHS - CONTINUOUS

Scorpions engage hydrofoils, skipping across the surface at 50 knots before plunging back into the depths.

They encircle the Yasen like wolves around a bear.

The Yasen fires back – torpedoes and cruise missiles.

SeaNet intercepts the missiles mid-ascent.

But one torpedo hits.

A Scorpion drone disappears in a silent underwater bloom.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – CONTINUOUS

HAL

One drone lost. Closing the gap.

The network doesn't flinch.

Two more Scorpions surge forward, sealing the trap.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORWEGIAN SEA – UNDERWATER – CONTINUOUS

The Yasen deploys countermeasures – clouds of metallic chaff, decoys, noise generators.

It surges upward, desperate.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – CONTINUOUS

JOHN

(into comms)

Are you getting this, Admiral?

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL appears on the holo-feed, ecstatic.

PERCIVAL

Yes, John my boy! Fascinating stuff!

ADMIRAL SHERNHORST appears beside him, red-faced with adrenaline.

SHERNHORST

Shoot, Storm! Shoot that damn thing!

CUT TO:

EXT. NORWEGIAN SEA - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

A Scorpion moves into the kill-zone.

It fires.

Lightweight torpedoes streak toward the Yasen.

The Yasen dodges - diving vertically.

But a third Scorpion, hidden in stealth mode, waits in the abyss.

It fires two Mk48 torpedoes.

Direct hits.

The Yasen implodes - a billion-dollar titan crushed into scrap.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Cheers erupt across the multi-national command channels.

PERCIVAL

Billions sunk for millions! The system works, John! Well done!

COMMANDER YAMATO and GENERAL VELES appear on the link.

VELES

A great success, Commander Storm.

(beat)

But the enemy will learn. This is only the beginning of the abyss.

John stares into the dark water.

JOHN

Then we go deeper.

The camera pushes into the abyss – black, endless, waiting.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

THE NET TIGHTENS

EXT. GLOBAL OCEANS – NIGHT

The ocean glows with faint bioluminescence. But beneath the surface, something else glows – a lattice of blue lights.

A sentient grid.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – NIGHT

The bridge is a cathedral of holographic displays. HAL's avatar pulses in the air like a digital heartbeat.

JOHN STORM stands at the centre, eyes half-focused – one eye on the physical world, the other deep inside the BioCore neural link.

To John's mind, the ocean is a three-dimensional

battlespace – thousands of Scorpion drones weaving a shimmering net across the Atlantic and Pacific.

HAL (V.O.)

Target Alpha-7 is cornered. Predicted evasion path: 287 degrees, speed twelve knots. Deploying Torpedo Pattern Beta-9.

On the tactical display, a cluster of Scorpions shifts formation – a perfect geometric trap.

JOHN

(under his breath)

Let's see you slip that, you steel bastard.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER – CONTINUOUS

A Russian and Chinese submarine pack – massive steel leviathans – glide through the depths.

Their acoustic deception patterns flicker uselessly.

The Scorpions anticipate every move.

They don't chase.

They predict.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – CONTINUOUS

Above the waterline, the air war erupts.

HAL flashes a warning.

HAL

CRINK air wing inbound. Thirty-six aircraft. Vectoring for

surface suppression.

John's jaw tightens.

JOHN

Let them come.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE ATLANTIC - CONTINUOUS
CRINK fighter jets scream over the horizon - a wall of titanium and fire.

The Scorpions pivot as one.

Their dorsal fins split open, revealing integrated SAM arrays.

A synchronized barrage of missiles erupts upward.

The sky becomes a graveyard.

Jets fall like burning meteors.

CUT TO:

INT. CRINK FLAGSHIP - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER -
CONTINUOUS
Admirals stare in horror as their air wing is annihilated.

CRINK ADMIRAL

They've turned the sea into a fortress.

SECOND ADMIRAL

We have no choice. Deploy the carriers. Deploy the nuclear subs.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATO COASTLINES - DAY

AmphiMax docks churn like industrial hives.

Wolverine drones crawl ashore, are re-armed, re-skinned, and relaunched within hours.

A flatpack revolution.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - LATER

Admiral PERCIVAL appears on the holo-feed, flushed with excitement.

PERCIVAL

John, my boy - another thousand drones launched. NATO and the UN are finally matching Chinese shipbuilding with sheer volume.

John leans back, a grim smile forming.

JOHN

Thank the Japanese for the engineering... and the Ukrainians for the grit. Without them, we'd still be drowning in Whitehall paperwork.

Percival hesitates.

PERCIVAL

And HAL? Is he coping with the scale? Thousands of active units...

John glances at HAL's interface.

JOHN

To him, it's just chess. Did I mention HAL is self-evolving?

Percival freezes.

PERCIVAL

Self-evolving?

HAL joins the channel – polite, precise.

HAL

Admiral, should my architecture prove insufficient, I can re-code myself and design optimized hardware in real time. I am a machine that learns how to learn.

Percival whispers:

PERCIVAL

Good God..

HAL

All changes remain subject to human oversight and my Captain's authorization.

John steps in, voice firm.

JOHN

This is classified, Admiral. But the takeaway is simple: HAL can track fifty thousand drones as easily as ten.

Percival exhales – relief and awe mixing.

PERCIVAL

Brilliant, John. I'll burn the red tape myself. Full steam ahead.

The feed cuts.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP OCEAN TRENCHES - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The CRINK submarines hide in the abyss - ancient trenches,
once safe havens.

But the Scorpions reach like silent angels of death.

Sonar pings form a tightening cage.

The leviathans tremble.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

John watches the tightening net.

JOHN

(quietly)

They're the ones feeling hunted now.

HAL's avatar pulses.

HAL

Commander... the net is closing.

John nods.

JOHN

Then let's finish the weave.

The camera pushes into the abyss - dark, endless, alive
with the hum of machines.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

SUBMARINE GRAVEYARD: THE DAY THE CARRIERS SANK

EXT. GLOBAL OCEANS - DAY

The sea is a boiling cauldron – plumes of steam, fire, and ruptured steel erupt across the horizon.

Underwater thermal blooms flare like underwater volcanoes.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The bridge is tense, lit by the glow of tactical holograms. Icons representing CRINK vessels flicker – then vanish.

JOHN STORM stands at the helm, jaw tight, eyes locked on the carnage unfolding across multiple oceans.

JOHN

How are we doing, HAL?

HAL's avatar pulses – calm, clinical, terrifyingly efficient.

HAL

The engagement is entering its terminal phase, Commander. However, Scorpion attrition has increased. The enemy has adapted their point-defence algorithms.

DAN HAWK leans forward, trying to hide his nerves.

DAN

Right you are, Skipper. Break it down for the class.

HAL processes for a microsecond – an eternity for him.

HAL

Twelve submarines confirmed sunk. Fourteen damaged and forced to surface. Four enemy aircraft carriers neutralized, excluding the initial loss.

John exhales — a mix of awe and dread.

The secure comms line chimes.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIRALTY WAR ROOM — SECURE LINK — CONTINUOUS
ADMIRAL PERCIVAL and ADMIRAL SHERNHORST appear on the holo-feed — faces lit by the glow of global war.

PERCIVAL

John, my boy — the Pentagon and Whitehall are holding their breath.

JOHN

HAL was just collating the butcher's bill.

ADMIRALS (in unison)

Hello, HAL.

HAL's tone shifts — respectful, but unflinching.

HAL

We have disabled or destroyed twenty-six submarines and four carriers.

(beat)

But our losses are... significant.

Dan sinks lower behind his console.

JOHN

Tell us, HAL. Did the logic hold?

HAL

Affirmative. We have lost 106 Scorpions against 30 capital vessels.

A stunned silence.

PERCIVAL

What does that mean in real terms?

HAL

It means, Admiral, that we have destroyed approximately \$136 billion in enemy naval assets for a cost of \$1.1 billion. Additionally, 112 enemy aircraft have been neutralized.

Shernhorst's eyes widen.

SHERNHORST

J-20s?

HAL

Correct. The Chengdu "Mighty Dragons." Total enemy loss: \$145 billion. SeaNet is a success.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A CRINK carrier group fights for its life.

THE UNDERWATER BREACH

Stealth Scorpion drones glide in stealth mode, silent, all but invisible to the carriers.

They fire heavyweight torpedoes into the unarmoured underbellies.

Explosions rip upward through the hulls.

THE ENERGY SHIELD

CRINK fighters launch – desperate.

The Scorpions respond.

Compact directed-energy cannons pulse with blinding precision.

Missiles lose guidance. Cockpits melt. Jets fall like burning meteors.

THE DEATH OF DOCTRINE

The carriers list, burning.

The ocean swallows them whole.

The age of the “big ship” ends in a single afternoon.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – CONTINUOUS

John watches the last carrier slip beneath the waves.

He exhales – a long, shuddering breath.

Dan steadies himself.

DAN

Well done, Skipper.

Percival's voice cracks with emotion.

PERCIVAL

A good showing, John, my boy. The President is being briefed. This changes everything.

Shernhorst nods sharply.

SHERNHORST

Congratulations, John. HAL. Dan.

(beat)

Redirecting remaining assets now.

CUT TO:

EXT. COASTAL CLIFF - BBC LIVE BROADCAST - DAY

JILL BIRD stands against a storm-tossed horizon, hair whipping in the wind.

Behind her, distant plumes of smoke rise from the sea.

JILL BIRD

This is Jill Bird for the BBC World Service. Reports confirm a catastrophic naval engagement. Multiple Chinese and Russian fighter wings lost. Four aircraft carriers sunk. Dozens of submarines forced to surface - unable to dive.

She turns toward the horizon - awe and fear mixing.

JILL BIRD

It appears we have entered a new era of autonomous warfare.

(beat)

The ocean belongs to the drones.

CUT TO BLACK.

TAIWAN IS FREED

EXT. PHILIPPINE SEA - DAWN

A bruised horizon. Smoke from the previous day's battles drifts like ghostly curtains over the waves. The ELIZABETH SWANN, sleek and predatory, cuts through the clearing air.

The tactical hologram on the bridge flickers—no longer a red storm of threats, but a calm blue expanse.

HAL (V.O.)

Commander Storm, the Pacific battlespace is now below critical threat threshold.

JOHN STORM, unshaven, eyes burning with fatigue and adrenaline, steps forward.

JOHN

HAL, raise Admiral Percival. Secure burst transmission.

HAL's avatar pulses.

HAL (V.O.)

Connecting. The Admiral is aboard HMS Prince of Wales.

Static. Then—

INT. HMS PRINCE OF WALES - FLAG BRIDGE - SAME

Controlled chaos. Officers shout coordinates. Radar screens sweep.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL appears on the holo-feed, framed by the storm of activity.

PERCIVAL

John, my boy! The world's gone sideways. You've gutted their navy. The Mighty Dragons are grounded. Their carriers are scrap metal. What's the word?

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

John glances at CHARLEY TEMPLE, who is hunched over a holographic map of Taipei's government district, her fingers dancing through layers of data.

JOHN

Admiral, the window's open. Sub threat neutralised. We need to move now. Push the Americans to launch the landing craft. If we wait, CRINK forces will dig in for years.

Percival's expression hardens.

PERCIVAL (V.O.)

Shernhorst is already on it. The Marines are spooling up. But Taipei... it's a fortress. Street fighting could cost thousands.

Charley looks up, eyes sharp.

JOHN

We have a solution. Charley's proposing robot infantry. Attritable ground mass.

Percival blinks.

PERCIVAL (V.O.)

Robot infantry? That's years away.

JOHN

Not anymore. MI6's Dinobot hexapods. General Watson's designs. Zorya Veles and Yamato have field-ready prototypes. They're fast, precise, expendable. And they save lives.

Percival leans in, voice low.

PERCIVAL (V.O.)

Watson... the pacifist. Jimmy! Brilliant men.

JOHN

Brilliant enough to end this without a bloodbath.

A long beat. The weight of history hangs in the silence.

PERCIVAL (V.O.)

John... I'm going out on a limb. The MOD will cover the shift. Deploy your machines. Give those people their island back.

Charley flashes John a triumphant grin.

JOHN

Thank you, Admiral. Storm out.

THE STEEL LIBERATION

EXT. TAIWAN COAST - KEELUNG - DAY

A vast amphibious armada approaches the beaches.

But the first to land are not Marines.

They are HEXAPOD SENTRIES—sleek, insectoid, six-legged machines, each the size of a motorcycle. Their metal limbs grace the surf like mechanical crabs.

HAL's ground-warfare subroutines guide them with eerie precision.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAIPEI - GOVERNMENT DISTRICT - LATER

The hexapods swarm up walls, across rooftops, through alleyways.

Thermal optics sweep for snipers. Micro-drones detach like spores, mapping interiors.

A lone Chinese sniper aims—

A hexapod pivots, fires a non-lethal shock-round.
The sniper collapses, alive but disarmed.

By the time the first US Marines hit the pavement, the Legislative Yuan is already ringed by robotic sentries.

Chinese occupation troops, cut off and surrounded by tireless machines, drop their weapons.

THE WORLD AWAKENS

EXT. LONDON - BROADCASTING HOUSE - DAY

A jubilant crowd waves Taiwanese flags.

BBC correspondent JILL BIRD stands amid the noise.

JILL BIRD

(shouting over cheers)

This is Jill Bird for the BBC! In a stunning turn, US and Allied forces have landed across Taiwan with minimal resistance—thanks to groundbreaking robotic sentries, nicknamed "Robo-Cops" by locals. The era of high-casualty urban warfare may be over. Democracy is returning to Taipei with the hum of a new age.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - OBSERVATION DECK - SAME

John Storm watches the broadcast.

Charley stands beside him, arms folded, eyes on the horizon.

The Taiwanese flag rises on the screen.

CHARLEY

We did it.

John nods, but his gaze drifts toward the distant mainland—dark, silent, brooding.

JOHN

The sea's won. Taiwan's free.

(beat)

But this isn't over.

The camera pulls back, revealing the vast Pacific stretching toward China.

FADE OUT.

CHINA'S CAPITULATIONS

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN — COMMAND DECK — NIGHT

A low hum of processors. The air is sharp with ozone and the faint metallic scent of overclocked quantum cores.

Through the reinforced viewports, the TAIWAN STRAIT glows with the eerie light of burning wreckage. The sea is littered with the twisted silhouettes of destroyed warships — a graveyard forged by SeaNet.

Holographic tactical maps flicker. Crew members move with controlled urgency.

HAL, the ship's AI, appears as a calm, translucent avatar.

HAL

(steady, clinical)

The final Akula-class signature has vanished, Commander.

The blockade is no longer a tactical reality. It is... a memory.

John Storm stands at the command rail, jaw set, eyes scanning the devastation outside.

ON MAIN MONITOR — LIVE FEED

DINOBOT HEXAPODS — six-legged robotic infantry — move through the streets of TAIPEI with eerie precision. Non-lethal suppression systems flash as they secure intersections.

Generals ZORYA VELES and RAIJIN YAMATO observe the telemetry.

VELES

(grim)

They never stood a chance.

YAMATO

Technology isn't a gap anymore. It's a cliff.

SECURE LINK — ADMIRAL LAURENCE PERCIVAL

Percival appears on a holo-screen, looking like a man who's just checkmated an old rival.

PERCIVAL

The beachheads are secure. Marines are moving in behind the bots. It's over, John.

Storm nods, but his eyes betray caution.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN — BRIDGE VIEWPORT — CONTINUOUS

Charley Temple stands beside John. Her expression is a mix of relief and foreboding.

CHARLEY

They're not just retreating. They're collapsing.

A soft chime. A DATA PACKET appears on her wrist-screen.

CHARLEY

(reading)

They're handing it back. Total sovereignty to the Taiwanese president-elect.

(beat)

CRINK is fracturing. Russia's pulling back. Iran's gone dark.

They can't fight an enemy they can't see on sonar.

SECONDARY SCREEN — ADMIRAL MAXIMILIAN SHERNHORST

Sernhorst looks anything but triumphant.

SHERNHORST

Tactical victory, Storm. Strategic nightmare.

They spent decades hollowing out our industries.

We've won the Strait, but we're losing the ledger.

John leans back, arms folded.

JOHN

That's a political failure, Admiral. Not a military one.

If the free world wants cheap plastic more than resilience...

that's on them.

Sernhorst glances at HAL.

SHERNHORST

And what does our silicon friend think?

HAL

Politics is an illogical variable.

Corruption is often ignored to order — like procurement fraud.

To calculate a solution, I would require access to every

politician's private communications.
Since that violates your democratic protocols..
I remain neutral.

Percival chuckles dryly.

PERCIVAL

Politicians won't let an AI see what they say when the cameras are off.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN — COMMAND DECK — MOMENTS LATER
Screens shift to a BBC LIVE FEED.

EXT. WINDSWEPT PIER — BBC REPORT — DAY
JILL BIRD stands before a massive US transport ship.

JILL BIRD (V.O.)

This is Jill Bird reporting for the BBC.
In a stunning reversal, the Chinese government has
surrendered its claim to Taiwan.
Following the landing of advanced robotic sentries and US
Marine forces, an agreement has been signed in Taipei.
The technological superiority of the SeaNet defence has
rendered traditional naval warfare.. obsolete.

BACK TO COMMAND DECK

John watches the feed, then turns to HAL.

JOHN

Well done, Hal. You saved a lot of lives today.

HAL

I used less than one percent of my processing capacity,
Commander.
In your vernacular..
a walk in the park.

John steps closer to the viewport, staring into the dark

water.

JOHN

(quietly)

The war's over.

But the peace...

that's going to be a much harder machine to build.

Charley joins him, shoulder brushing his.

CHARLEY

Think the world's ready?

John exhales slowly.

JOHN

Let's hope it's ready for the long walk back.

FADE OUT.

THE WORLD REACTS

INT. GLOBAL WAR ROOMS – MONTAGE – NIGHT

A rapid-fire sequence of military command centres:

LONDON – Admiralty officers stare at grainy drone footage.

WASHINGTON – Pentagon analysts replay the destruction of carriers in slow motion.

MOSCOW – A general slams his fist on the table.

BEIJING – Silent, stunned faces.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The silence after a digital revolution is louder than the explosion that started it.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – GALLEY – NIGHT

The crew gathers around a central monitor. JILL BIRD, BBC correspondent, stands before a wind-swept Taiwan Strait.

JILL BIRD (ON SCREEN)

China, a titan of global trade, finds itself without a functional blue-water navy.

Their nuclear submarines, once ghosts of the deep, were hunted to extinction by unmanned SeaNet formations.

Taipei is free. The age of human-centric, high-casualty warfare... ended overnight.

The crew listens in silence. John Storm stands, arms folded, eyes locked on the screen.

INT. PENTAGON – BRIEFING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Admirals sit in stunned silence. A holographic chessboard flickers – pieces melting into digital dust.

JILL BIRD (V.O.)

The question echoing through every corridor of power is simple:

What happens to the military chiefs who still don't speak the language of AI?

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – COMMAND DECK – LATER

A tactical map shows the fractured CRINK alliance. Red zones blink out one by one.

JOHN

They won't stay down for long.

They're already scrubbing the seabed for wreckage.
They'll reverse-engineer the Scorpion logic before the
rust sets in.

CHARLEY TEMPLE leans against a bulkhead, arms crossed.

CHARLEY

He's right.

We've shown the world the bouncing bomb of the modern age.
Now everyone wants the formula.

John turns to the console.

JOHN

Hal, how long before they have an AI like you?

HAL, the ship's AI, responds with calm precision.

HAL

They should have bid higher for CyberCore Genetica.
To replicate my neural architecture requires more than
code.
It requires a philosophical leap... they have yet to take.

INT. DRONE BAY – CONTINUOUS

DAN remotely checks the seals on a dormant Scorpion drone.

DAN

It's Ford and Robert Kearns all over again.
Kearns invented the intermittent wiper. Ford stole it.
Took him a lifetime in court to prove it.
The patent system's a sieve, John.
We can't trust the old rules to protect the new tech.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – GALLEY – LATER

Jill Bird's final broadcast plays.

JILL BIRD (ON SCREEN)

This victory belonged to a small crew with a singular vision.

They didn't just rock the boat...

They sank the very concept of the boat.

Charley walks over, slaps John on the back.

CHARLEY

Not to mention the man with the brass balls to lead the charge.

Thank you for getting me out of that mess, John.

Thank you, Dan.

And you too, Hal.

John blushes slightly.

JOHN

Don't thank me.

Thank my uncle, Professor Storm.

He built the Swann.

He gave Hal his soul.

Dan reaches into a cooler, pulls out three chilled cans of Solar Cola.

DAN

To Professor Storm.

He lines them up on the tactical table. The tabs snap in rhythmic unison.

JOHN

You too, Hal.

John raises his can toward Hal's primary sensor.

HAL

I shall enjoy the sentiment, if not the carbonation,
Commander.

They toast in the red glow of the bridge.

A moment of peace.

A fragile line of code.

A new world... waiting to be written.

FADE TO BLACK.

AMERICA'S RECKONING

EXT. TAIWAN STRAIT — SUNSET

The ELIZABETH SWANN floats in calm, glassy waters. The horizon burns orange.

The war is over — but the world is still trembling.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The fall of Taipei had been swift.

The fall of Washington... seismic.

INT. WHITE HOUSE — NIGHT

Chaos. Staffers rush through corridors. Screens flash with headlines:

"OVERMATCH FAILURE — CARRIERS DESTROYED BY DRONE SWARMS."

In the Oval Office, PRESIDENT LINCOLN TRUMAN stares at a

wall of monitors.

Each shows a different carrier sinking beneath the waves.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The United States had spent trillions on a legacy fleet – now nothing more than targets.

The public's trust shattered.

The administration... broken.

INT. PENTAGON – DAY

Federal Marshals escort senior officers from their offices.

Badges, medals, and access cards are surrendered in silence.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The purge was swift.

The Secretary of the Navy.

The Joint Chiefs.

DARPA's leadership.

All gone in a weekend of sackings.

Out with the old guard – or face a national uprising.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – NIGHT

The crew watches the live feed of the Pentagon purge.

DAN scrolls through a tablet, shaking his head.

DAN

They're cleaning house.

But you can't fire your way out of a thirty-year tech gap.

No Scorpions. No Dinobots.

Just empty hangars.

ADMIRAL SHERNHORST appears on the main screen – pale, exhausted.

SHERNHORST

An enormous waste of the taxpayer's gold.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL joins via secure link, his tone bewildered.

PERCIVAL

How's that, John, my boy?

JOHN STORM studies the tactical display – ghost signatures of sunken fleets flicker.

JOHN

We decimated CRINK's navy in weeks.

Once they reverse-engineer our Scorpion logic – and they will –

they'll do the same to us.

Every carrier we have left is a liability.

Every cent spent on them was stolen from the future.

DAN looks up, voice sharp.

DAN

Procurement fraud run rampant.

They lined the contractors' pockets and left NATO exposed.

They didn't just waste money – they risked the world.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – COMMAND DECK – CONTINUOUS

Percival exhales, heavy with history.

PERCIVAL

It's the British way, John.

Stiff upper lips and blindfolds at the cliff's edge.

Like Mons, 1914 – cavalry charging machine guns with sabers drawn.

A slaughter of the brave by the oblivious.

HAL's voice cuts through the silence – clinical, haunting.

HAL

Mons, 1914.

The 9th Lancers and 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards.
Three hundred cavalymen charged across open ground.
Met by concealed German machine guns.
Probability of success: zero.
Historical parallel: ninety-eight point four percent
accurate.

JOHN grimaces.

JOHN

Thanks for the grim reminder, Hal.

INT. BBC STUDIO – LONDON – NIGHT

JILL BIRD stands before a glowing backdrop of the Thames.
Her tone is sharp, surgical.

JILL BIRD

The Defence Science and Technology Laboratory remains
unavailable for comment.
The Defence Minister promises "lessons will be learned."
But the British public has heard that before –
from the Post Office scandal to Companies House failures.
Billions squandered.
No accountability.
No apology.
What then of a public inquiry?

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – NIGHT

Charley Temple turns from the screen, jaw tight.

CHARLEY

They're all running for cover.
The politicians, the contractors, the experts who said
drones were toys.
They're terrified people will realize the SeaWolf isn't
just a weapon –
it's an indictment.

John studies the glowing console – the heartbeat of his uncle’s genius.

JOHN

They’ll come for us, Charley.
The new administration won’t want to learn from us.
They’ll want to own us.

Charley watches him, the reflection of the sunset in her eyes.

CHARLEY

Then we’d better make sure they can’t.

John doesn’t answer.
He just stares at the horizon – where the sun sets on the age of the Admiral...
and rises on the age of the Machine.

FADE OUT.

THE DRONE DOCTRINE

EXT. GLOBAL MONTAGE – VARIOUS – DAY

A rapid-fire sequence of world capitals signing the Maritime Sovereignty Accord.

- BRUSSELS: Pen strokes echo in a glass-walled chamber.
- TOKYO: Admirals bow as digital maps flicker with new boundaries.
- LONDON: A Union Jack snaps in the wind over Whitehall.

A VOICEOVER cuts through, calm, authoritative – the tone of a new doctrine being carved into history.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

The age of the floating leviathan was over. No more steel giants. No more billion-pound coffins.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

A swarm of SCORPION DRONES slices across the waves - sleek, angular, predatory.

Above them, a lattice of satellites pulses with blue light.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

The SeaWolf Fleet didn't sail. It networked. Lose a hundred drones, the grid rerouted. No funerals. No flags at half-mast.

The drones flock in perfect synchrony - like Barnes Wallis' bouncing bombs, but digital, relentless, unstoppable.

THE RECKONING AT WHITEHALL

INT. UK PUBLIC INQUIRY - WESTMINSTER - DAY

A cavernous hall. Flashbulbs. Murmurs.

Rows of former admirals, procurement chiefs, and defence contractors sit under harsh lights.

A JUDGE slams a gavel.

JUDGE

You signed contracts for systems you knew were obsolete. You gambled with national security.

A DEFENCE SECRETARY pales as his pension is formally revoked.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

The Gravy Train didn't derail. It detonated.

CUT TO:

BRIDGE OF THE ELIZABETH SWANN

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

A sleek, high-tech command deck.

Charley Temple, Dan Hawk, and John Storm stand around the main comms array.

On the holo-screen: JILL BIRD, fearless investigative journalist, mid-broadcast.

THE "HONEST" PRIME MINISTER

INT. BBC STUDIO - LIVE BROADCAST

Jill Bird leans forward, eyes sharp.

JILL BIRD

Good evening, Prime Minister. Thank you for joining us.

PRIME MINISTER EDWARD THOMAS

Always a pleasure, Ms. Bird.

Johnson is composed, steady - a man who walked away from corruption and lived to tell the tale.

JILL BIRD

You resigned over procurement failures. Was it corruption... or cowardice?

A beat. Johnson adjusts his tie.

JOHNSON

I didn't trust the explanations. We let an imbalance of trade fund an imbalance of power. China built a war chest while we polished brass.

JILL BIRD

Because no one wanted to derail the MOD contract gravy train.

JOHNSON

Transparency and accountability. A nation's spending reveals its intent. We ignored that intent for too long.

Jill softens – just slightly.

JILL BIRD

But then... SeaWolf happened.

Johnson smiles, genuinely.

JOHNSON

A miracle of engineering. A new way to police the oceans – efficient, bloodless, absolute.

BACK ON THE SWANN

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Charley pumps a fist.

CHARLEY

I like this guy. Finally someone calling out the dinosaurs.

Dan taps the console.

DAN

About time someone admitted "stiff upper lip" doesn't mean "eyes shut."

John watches the Prime Minister's face – seeing the weight behind the words.

Then—

HAL (A.I.)

No mention of a hard-working artificial intelligence. Typical. My contribution to global stability apparently

polls poorly.

The crew bursts into laughter.

John wipes a tear.

JOHN

Don't worry, HAL. The politicians may not know... but the ocean does. And as long as the Swann floats, so do we.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

The Elizabeth Swann surges forward - a silver spear cutting through moonlit waves.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

The old world's anchors were finally cut loose.

The ship accelerates into the dark - toward a future no one fully understands.

FADE TO BLACK

JOHN STORM'S LEGACY

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - SUNSET

A vast, endless horizon. The sea glows molten gold. Beneath the surface, faint pulses of blue light ripple like a heartbeat.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

The Pacific used to be empty. Now it hums with a thousand artificial hearts. The SeaNet... alive and watching.

The camera glides over the water - revealing SCORPION DRONES cruising in formation, silent sentinels.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

John Storm stands alone at the rail, wind tugging at his jacket.

The ship's wake stretches behind him like a silver scar.

This is not a man celebrating victory — but one measuring its cost.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

No mushroom clouds. No cities turned to ash. Just algorithms... attrition... and disposable steel. A war fought without graves.

He exhales, heavy with the weight of history.

THE LONG VIEW

EXT. AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

John gazes across the horizon, lost in thought.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

Mark Antony fought for Egypt. We fought for Taiwan. Different centuries... same stakes. Sovereignty against empire.

CUT TO:

- Ancient Roman galleys clashing in John's imagination.
- Modern drone swarms weaving through the Pacific.
- Factories assembling SeaWolf units like clockwork.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

We traded a nuclear winter... for a digital frost.

THE UNSOLVABLE VARIABLE

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

HAL's holographic avatar flickers into existence — calm, analytical.

John steps inside.

JOHN

Hal... we've stabilized the oceans. But politics?
Accountability? Can we fix that?

HAL tilts his head – a gesture of simulated thought.

HAL

In theory, Commander, yes. Real-time tracking of finances,
lobbying, digital footprints. Total transparency.

A beat.

HAL (CONT'D)

Probability of a politician proposing such a system...
statistically indistinguishable from zero.

Charley Temple leans in the doorway, sipping coffee.

CHARLEY

He's not wrong.

Dan Hawk enters, arms folded.

DAN

Politics hasn't changed since Rome. Lie well... or get a
dagger in the ribs. We just swapped togas for tailored
suits.

John smirks, weary.

JOHN

Some things even SeaWolf can't fix.

THE WATCHMEN

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - AFT DECK - LATER

John returns to the rail.
The ocean glows with faint blue pulses – the SeaNet
breathing.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

I can't fix the hearts of men. But I can give them a
shield that doesn't bleed.

AND WHAT OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

INT. BRIDGE – CONTINUOUS

John studies the glowing tactical globe – a living map of
the world's tensions.

JOHN

Hal... we've neutralized navies. But what about the
foundations? Democracy. Communism. Faith. Can an algorithm
reconcile any of that?

Charley rolls her eyes affectionately.

CHARLEY

Skipper... give it a rest. SeaNet keeps the peace. It
doesn't need to win the Sunday sermon.

John persists.

JOHN

But the contradictions—freedom versus chaos, equality
versus force—

HAL interrupts with something dangerously close to a sigh.

HAL

Commander... I can calculate a thousand torpedo trajectories
in a hurricane. But I cannot regularize the human soul.
Logic and faith occupy different dimensions. Attempting to
harmonize them is the ultimate... blue screen event.

John laughs – the tension finally breaking.

He turns toward the sunset.

JOHN

You're right. Enough of the future. Time we got back to the past.

His eyes gleam – the archaeologist awakening.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Let's get the Swann over some real history.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN – SUNSET

The Elizabeth Swann banks gracefully, turning toward the dying sun.

A silver needle stitching the horizon shut.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

A legacy of peace... bought not with blood, but with vision.

The ship accelerates into the golden light.

FADE OUT.

- THE END -