

"SPACEARK'S MOON MISSION": by CLEANER OCEAN FOUNDATION

Genre: Speculative Space Alien Sci-Fi Adventure

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EXILE OF ELIAS VANCE

THE MEETING AT THE EDGE OF THE WATER

Scene: "REDEMPTION PROTOCOL"

INT. VANCE'S MARINE COMPOSITES SHOP - DAY

Salt-stained windows filter pale light into a cluttered, diesel-scented workspace. Tools hang like forgotten relics. A faded photo of the ODYSSEY VI launch vehicle sits beside a yellowed newspaper clipping:

FAILURE TO LAUNCH: SIX LIVES LOST NASA Engineer Elias Vance Blamed for Oversight

DR. ELIAS VANCE (60s), weathered and haunted, wipes grease from his hands as he eyes the only client in the room. He is five feet, eleven, muscular from manual work, with wild grey hair.

ANYA SHARMA (50s) stands poised in a charcoal suit, her presence surgical against the backdrop of industrial decay. She is five feet, four inches of pure intellect.

VANCE

You haven't touched your coffee.

SHARMA

I prefer tea. And I prefer speed, Dr. Vance. I won't waste your time.

She slides a tablet across the desk. On-screen: a sleek, futuristic trimaran—carbon fiber and polished aluminum.

VANCE (softly)

The Elizabeth Swann... Fastest thing on the water.

SHARMA

And I want you to make it the fastest thing off the water.

Vance leans back. The chair groans.

VANCE

You want to strap rockets to a sailboat? That's insane.

SHARMA

It's genius. No red tape. No oversight. Just engineering. That's what you miss, isn't it?

Vance zooms in on the schematic. His fingers tremble slightly.

VANCE

What kind of budget?

SHARMA

Blank cheque. Within reason.

Beat. Vance studies her, the weight of two years of failure pressing against the offer.

VANCE

And this has to do with John Storm?

SHARMA (smiling)

He's the key. His ship. His AI. His obsession.

She taps the tablet. A new schematic appears—HAL and the CYBERCORE GENETICA.

VANCE (reading)

Real-time structural tolerance in femtoseconds...

SHARMA

We leave Earth orbit in 180 days.

She slides a thick NDA across the desk.

SHARMA (leaning in)

And did I mention The ARK?

VANCE

The ARK?

SHARMA

Storm's DNA library. It doesn't just store genetic code—it recreates it. Bio-fabrication. Terraforming. Sampling alien DNA. It's the blueprint for life.

Vance straightens, the engineer in him awakened.

VANCE

So it's not just storage. It's feedstock.

SHARMA

Exactly. And then... there's the signal.

VANCE

Signal?

She taps the NDA.

SHARMA

A faint broadcast. Repetitive. Attached to it... an outline. Suggestive of—

Vance signs. The pen scratches across the paper like a blade cutting through the past.

VANCE

Now tell me. What is the outline suggestive of?

Sharma's eyes flicker with something between fear and wonder.

SHARMA (whispers)

A structure. Not natural. Not ours. And it's waiting on the Moon.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: JOHN STORM: SPACEARK™ MOON MISSION

THE ELIZABETH SWANN REBORN

The Challenge of the Trimaran

INT. NASA HANGAR – NIGHT

A cathedral of steel and silence. The hangar hums with magnetic resonance shielding. Overhead, robotic cranes glide like mechanical angels. In the center: the ELIZABETH SWANN V2, cradled like a relic from a forgotten future.

Its trimaran hull gleams under spectral lighting—sleek, ocean-born, now bristling with alien appendages: booster

mounts, ceramic plating, and folded solar wings.

DR. ELIAS VANCE (brilliant, disheveled) Stands before a holographic stress map, eyes flicking between red zones and quantum load simulations.

VANCE (muttering to himself)
We're bolting a rocket engine to a sailboat. It's not engineering—it's heresy.

A technician struggles nearby with a prototype solar wing—its articulated joints twitch like insect limbs.

VANCE (CONT'D)
The wings are a godsend. Lunar flux is high enough to cut hydrogen mass. That saves weight. That saves tiles. That saves lives.

He steps closer to the hull, running a gloved hand over the ceramic skin—next-gen tiles, laced with graphene and kinetic dampeners.

VANCE (V.O.)
She's not just reborn. She's reimagined. A vessel of Earth, retooled for the void.

THE CYBERCORE MANDATE

INT. NASA HANGAR – CONTINUOUS

A shadow moves through the haze. DIRECTOR ANYA SHARMA (50s, composed, formidable) enters, her boots echoing against the alloy floor.

ANYA
How's it going, Doctor?

VANCE

Structurally? It's lunacy. We're asking a hull designed for ocean spray to survive plasma shock and lunar recoil. Why not use a proper crew craft?

ANYA

Because we don't need a craft. We need this craft. For him.

She gestures toward the Swann's stripped electric thruster—now a relic of its sailing past.

ANYA (CONT'D)

John Storm. And HAL. The ARK changed everything. We need the decentralized brain. We need the entanglement.

VANCE

Entanglement?

ANYA

Storm's neural interface—CyberCore Genetica. BioCore. He doesn't fly the ship. He becomes it.

Vance stares at her, stunned.

VANCE

You're saying he's faster than HAL?

ANYA

He's faster than HAL with HAL. He's the only human who can run the ARK and the Swann's systems in tandem. He's not a pilot. He's a processor.

Beat. Vance exhales slowly, recalibrating his skepticism.

VANCE

We've added a splashdown parachute. In case Edwards goes dark. A nod to his sea legs.

He looks up at the Swann, now a hybrid of ocean grace and orbital menace.

VANCE (CONT'D)

But he must be mad to sit atop that much fuel.

ANYA

He swam with ravenous great whites. To save a humpback.

VANCE

No.

ANYA

And scaled the Shard. Protest banner. London skyline.

Vance pushes his glasses up, finally convinced.

VANCE

Brave or stupid. Either way, I'll give him a ship that might survive the trip. In spades.

ANYA

Good. The clock started ticking eight days ago.

She turns, her silhouette swallowed by the hangar's shadows. Vance remains, staring at the Swann—no longer a vessel, but a question waiting to be answered.

FADE OUT.

HYDROCARBON HORIZON

THE CONFINED CATHEDRAL

Elias Dynamics, LLC - Clear Lake City, Texas

INT. ELIAS DYNAMICS WORKSHOP - NIGHT

A cavernous aluminium warehouse hums with life. The air is thick with solvent fumes and the hiss of air compressors. Fluorescent lights flicker overhead, casting long shadows across cluttered benches and half-assembled tech.

Dominating the bay—wedged diagonally like a sleeping leviathan—is the skeletal frame of the ELIZABETH SWANN. Her trimaran hull is bristling with titanium welds, ceramic tiles, and the ghost of her oceanic past.

DR. ELIAS VANCE (grease-streaked) Stands beneath the hull, eyes locked on a holographic simulation. Stress vectors pulse red across the screen.

VANCE

Run it again. Two hundred percent margin. If that sealant fails on ignition... it's not an abort. It's a crater.

A TECHNICIAN nods, fingers flying across the console.

VANCE (V.O.)

Liquid Hydrogen was polite. Liquid Oxygen? It's a loaded gun. And I'm asking this hull to hold the bullet.

THE FENCE AND THE FUSION

EXT. ELIAS DYNAMICS COMPOUND - NIGHT

CHARLEY TEMPLE (30s, sharp, tenacious, athletic brunette) crouches behind scrub oak. She eyes a weak spot in the chain-link fence. With practiced ease, she scales it, drops silently, and moves toward the bay door.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Charley pushes the door open just enough to peer inside. Her breath catches. The vessel is monstrous—alien in its transformation. She recognizes the trimaran silhouette beneath the aerospace grafting.

She pulls out her phone. Begins filming.

VANCE (O.S.)

Ahem. Did I say you could film in here?

Charley turns. Vance looms—grease-streaked, glasses askew, voice like grinding steel.

CHARLEY

Are you Doctor Elias Vance, by any chance?

VANCE

That I may be. And who are you, Madam?

CHARLEY

I scaled the fence. Sorry. Got no answer.

Vance's eyes drift past her to the Swann. Recognition flickers.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm a friend of John Storm.

The name unlocks something. Vance's shoulders drop.

VANCE

He mentioned a few reporters. You one of them?

CHARLEY

Charley Temple. BBC World News.

Beat.

VANCE

Would you like a beverage?

THE INTERVIEW

INT. WORKSHOP - BREAK AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Charley sips a Solar-Cola[™]. Vance leans against a bench, wary but curious.

CHARLEY

Could you use a positive article on BBC World News?

VANCE

Could I. Look at this place. If I had the budget of a fourth-tier NASA vendor, I could turn the damn thing over.

Charley pulls out a mic. Vance begins to speak—rapid-fire, precise, passionate.

VANCE (CONT'D)

We're converting a yacht into a spaceship. Horizontal speed into vertical thrust. Ceramic tile density checks out. LOX stress vectors hold-on paper. But theory's just ink. We need a launch. A recovery. A miracle.

CHARLEY

And the astronaut?

VANCE

Brave. And a friend.

CHARLEY

I'll try to talk him out of it.

They laugh—a brief, human moment in the shadow of madness.

THE TRUTH BENEATH

INT. WORKSHOP - MAIN BAY - LATER

Charley walks beside Vance, recording ambient footage. The Swann looms above them.

CHARLEY

Why isn't NASA helping?

Vance's face hardens.

VANCE

Ask them. Official answer? Resource prioritization. Real answer? Fear. They want predictable. Repeatable. Factory-line engineering. I'm building what they won't touch.

CHARLEY

And your recent craft?

VANCE

Flawless, all. I'm doing the work they don't have the stomach for.

He places a hand on the cold alloy of the Swann. His masterpiece. His gamble.

FADE OUT.

THE ARTEMIS COMPROMISE

THE INCONVENIENT TRUTH

Genre: Sci-Fi Thriller / Political Techno-Drama Tone:
Tense, atmospheric, corporate noir meets lunar isolation
Visual Style: Stark lighting, analog tech, deep shadows,

retro-futurist interfaces, industrial realism

INT. NETWORK NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Montage of news anchors from CNN, FOX, CBS, and BBC. Each screen flickers with urgency. The same story, different spin.

ANCHOR 1 (V.O.)

"NASA's Artemis program, once the pride of American spaceflight, now faces scrutiny..."

ANCHOR 2 (V.O.)

"...while Elias Dynamics, a private firm led by disgraced engineer Dr. Elias Vance, prepares to launch a converted sailboat to the Moon..."

ANCHOR 3 (V.O.)

"...a sailboat, yes, you heard that right."

Cut to:

INT. NASA - DEEP SPACE PROJECTS DIVISION - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Fluorescent lights buzz overhead. ANNA SHARMA sharp, composed, watches the news loop. Her jaw tightens.

ENGINEER (O.S.)

"They're calling it the Hydrocarbon Horizon. We're the glacier. He's the fire."

Sharma turns, eyes cold.

SHARMA

"Then it's time we stopped pretending we're not in the same race."

THE RELUCTANT PARTNERSHIP

INT. SECURE MEETING ROOM - HOUSTON - DAY

A sterile, windowless room. Fluorescent lights hum. DR. ELIAS VANCE gaunt, brilliant, sits across from SHARMA and DEPUTY DIRECTOR HAYES (60s, bureaucratic armour).

HAYES

"Your methods are... unconventional. But your results are undeniable."

VANCE (dry)

"Physics doesn't care about protocol."

Sharma slides a sleek tablet across the table. On it: schematics of the ELIZABETH SWANN MKII, now bristling with boosters and solar wings.

SHARMA

"Full access to the VAB. Cryogenics. Telemetry. No strings—except two."

She gestures. The door opens. CAPTAIN KAI LI (40s), slim, average height, silent, composed, steps in. His eyes scan Vance like a threat assessment.

SHARMA (CONT'D)

"Data transparency. And him."

Vance studies Li. No words. Just a nod. Then he signs.

VANCE

"Captain Li... welcome aboard the Swann."

THE LONDON REACTION

INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

JILL BIRD (50s), seasoned new anchor, poised, addresses the camera. Behind her, a graphic: "NASA JOINS PRIVATE MOON MISSION."

JILL

"In a stunning reversal, NASA has partnered with Elias Dynamics and the enigmatic John Storm. The Elizabeth Swann MKII is now the centrepiece of a joint lunar survey."

Cut to CHARLEY TEMPLE sharp, confident, standing by with a smirk.

JILL (CONT'D)

"Charley, you broke this story. What's the real win for NASA?"

CHARLEY

"Speed. And plausible deniability. If it works, they're visionaries. If it fails... well, it was never their idea."

THE ARTFUL DODGE

INT. MEDIA STUDIO - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE

JOHN STORM (late 40s), six feet, rugged, enigmatic, sits under harsh lights. His flight suit is pristine, but his eyes betray exhaustion. Interviewers fire questions. He parries with calm precision.

ABC INTERVIEWER

"Captain Storm, what's the mission's true objective?"

STORM

"Subsurface anomalies. Geological surveys. We're mapping the Moon's forgotten history."

Cut to:

BBC INTERVIEWER

"Is this an alien hunt?"

STORM (smiling)

"The Moon is alien enough. Every rock up there is a relic. We're just listening."

Cut to:

INT. BBC STUDIO - NIGHT Charley and Jill exchange a glance. They know the truth is deeper.

JILL

"He's good."

CHARLEY

"He's parrying. Beautifully."

FIRST CONTACT: CREW AND CORE

INT. VEHICLE ASSEMBLY BUILDING (VAB), KENNEDY SPACE CENTER
- NIGHT

A cavernous chamber of steel and silence. Overhead, gantry cranes hang like mechanical sentinels. The ELIZABETH SWANN MKII dominates Bay 3—no longer a trimaran, but a monstrous fusion of yacht and rocket.

Its hull is cloaked in ceramic heat-shield tiles. Chrome LOX boosters gleam under spectral lighting. The original twin hulls are barely visible beneath hydrocarbon tanks and structural grafts.

JOHN STORM introspective, stands on a gantry, staring at the vessel. His eyes find a strip of faded vinyl: "Elizabeth Swann." Beneath it, new lettering: "SpaceArk MKII."

A voice breaks the silence.

KAI LI (O.S.)

"Looks like a rocket ate a yacht, Captain."

Storm turns. CAPTAIN KAI LI precise and unreadable, approaches in a dark-blue NASA flight suit. A data tablet glows in his hand.

STORM

"Doctor Vance calls it a fusion of maritime and space-faring architecture."

LI

"It's effective. And complex. I'm here to ensure it meets NASA's standards—and to provide astronaut expertise. Geologist. Navigator. Failure analysis."

Storm studies him. The tension is palpable.

STORM

"On the Swann, we don't follow protocols. We adapt. We trust instinct."

LI

"Instinct is a liability in high-G. You follow the current. I follow the trajectory. We'll need common ground."

A beat. The hum of machinery underscores the silence.

INT. VAB - LOWER ACCESS HATCH - MOMENTS LATER

ELIAS VANCE brilliant, dishevelled, emerges from beneath the ship, wiping grease from his hands.

VANCE

"John! Don't mind Li. He's paid to scare us into obedience."

STORM

"He's right to be cautious. You've built a weapon out of a sanctuary."

VANCE

"And you're about to fly it. Final check is yours."

He gestures toward a shielded compartment in the ship's spine.

INT. SWANN MKII - MAIN CONTROL DECK - NIGHT

Storm climbs into the cockpit. It's stark—two holographic interfaces dominate the space. He places his hand on the console. A soft pulse spreads through his palm.

A synthesized voice fills the cabin, the onboard AI.

HAL (V.O.)

"Welcome back, Captain Storm. All systems are green and awaiting final initialization."

STORM

"HAL, status report on the ARK Core."

HAL (V.O.)

"The ARK genetic and data-synthesis array is fully cold-integrated. Lunar anomaly data secured. DNA fragments triangulated."

Storm closes his eyes. The ARK is more than data—it's a living entity, born from alien discovery. A signal bounced from Mars. A mystery buried in lunar dust.

STORM

"Crew compatibility?"

HAL (V.O.)

"Captain Kai Li: 78% probability of functional success. 45% probability of interpersonal friction."

Storm smirks. Leave it to HAL to quantify tension.

INT. VAB - GANTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Storm steps back onto the gantry. Li and Vance wait.

STORM

"The ship and the core are ready. I'll follow your launch protocols, Captain Li. But once we hit lunar orbit, Hal and the ARK call the shots."

LI

"Agreed, Captain. Let's get to the Moon."

No handshake. Just a nod. A silent pact beneath the
looming vessel.

The Swann MKII hums with latent power. Fuel lines hiss.
The countdown looms.

ARES CORPORATION AWAKENS

Genre: Sci-Fi Thriller / Corporate Espionage Tone: Cold,
calculating, atmospheric Visual Style: High-tech
minimalism, glass and steel, ambient hums, deep shadows,
digital overlays

INT. ARES CORPORATION - CEO OFFICE - NIGHT

A cavernous, glass-walled office on the 40th floor. The
skyline pulses with neon and drone traffic. MARCUS THORNE
(50s), sharp-suited, razor-eyed, military haircut, stands
behind a desk of obsidian and chrome. A holographic solar
system spins slowly above the desk—crystalline, cold.

Thorne doesn't look at Earth. He looks through it.

THORNE (quietly)

"The Elizabeth Swann."

He taps the hologram. A small icon near the Moon pulses—
SpaceArk MKII.

THORNE (CONT'D)

"It should have been ours. A custom trimaran. Tri-fuel.
High-efficiency hull. A perfect R&D platform."

Across the desk, ZARA CORNWALLIS (30s), composed, lethal, stands with a secure tablet. She doesn't speak. Thorne doesn't tolerate interruptions.

THORNE (CONT'D)

"Anya Sharma secured it with sentiment. Whales. Humpbacks. Dan Hawk and his romantic notions."

He snorts. Dry. Humorless.

THORNE (CONT'D)

"Sentiment is a liquidity risk, Zara. And that's what Storm's mission is—a risk to Ares's projected growth."

He zooms in on the SpaceArk icon. Data streams flicker: launch trajectory, crew manifest, HAL AI status.

THORNE (CONT'D)

"Storm sees the solar system as a frontier. We see it as a balance sheet. Control equals survival. And only those who take what they want truly succeed."

Thorne leans back. His chair sighs. The room hums with quiet menace.

INT. ARES OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Zara opens her tablet. A secure interface glows. She speaks for the first time.

ZARA

"The first leaks are prepped. Targeting core instability."

THORNE

"Good. The narrative must be simple. Damning. Storm is not a hero—he's a reckless adventurer. Not seeking peace. Running from disaster."

Thorne's eyes flicker. A memory: Storm rescuing Kulo-Luna,

the humpback whale. The media frenzy. The sentiment.

THORNE (CONT'D)

"Leak the metadata. Frame the Swann conversion as unvetted. A desperate escape. Brand it not as SpaceArk—but as a Rogue Vessel."

Zara's fingers fly across the screen. Algorithms deploy. Deep-web contacts light up.

ZARA

"'Rogue Vessel' narrative is propagating. We're reinforcing the Vance campaign. Linking his unethical research to the mission crew."

THORNE (smiling coldly)

"Vance opposed our ocean drilling. Now his legacy poisons Storm's mission. The public loves a conspiracy. Make Storm look panicked. Make the Swann look unstable."

INT. ARES OFFICE - WINDOW VIEW - NIGHT

Thorne walks to the window. The city below glows like a nervous circuit board. His reflection merges with the skyline.

THORNE (V.O.)

"The goal is a hostile takeover. Storm's weakness is sentimentality. That will be his undoing."

He turns to Zara. Final command.

THORNE

"Start planting the seeds. Make the SpaceArk a liability. Once it's devalued... we stabilize the asset."

Zara nods. The screen fades to black.

COUNTDOWN ON THE COAST

EXT. FLORIDA COAST - NIGHT

A colossal silhouette looms over the Atlantic. The Elizabeth Swann MKII rests within the skeletal remains of a repurposed offshore drilling platform—now fused into Kennedy Space Center's launch infrastructure.

Steam coils from custom conduits. Technicians in NASA gear, stare at baffling manifolds and energy nodes. The system hums flawlessly.

INT. SWANN MKII - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The helm glows with sterile blue light. Five shock-dampening seats line the retrofitted bridge. Nervous energy crackles.

CAPTAIN JOHN STORM Calm and precise, runs diagnostics.

STORM

Everyone secured?

DAN HAWK Electronics guru, leans back in his seat, eyes scanning the alien cockpit.

DAN

Reminds me of Alien, the Nostromo, Skip. All the blue lights and that deep, abiding sense something's about to go catastrophically wrong.

Storm's mouth twitches.

STORM

Thinking the same thing myself, Dan.

CLEOPATRA Former Egyptian pharaoh, replicated from ancient DNA, ageless, regal and composed, adjusts her harness.

CLEOPATRA

Comfortable though. Spartan, but efficient.

Storm turns to DR. LENA HADID, focused, checking her gear.

STORM

Doctor Hadid, all equipment onboard?

HADID

Yes, Captain. Medical telemetry, sampling arrays—everything's secured and integrated with the ARK Core.

Storm nods, relieved.

STORM

HAL, are you fully linked into the Vance systems?

HAL (V.O.), warm and articulate.

HAL

Affirmative, Captain. Ms. Hadid's splice into the ancillary grid was elegant. The Vance protocols are, to use a human idiom, exquisitely logical.

Storm turns to his co-pilot, CAPTAIN KAI LI, composed, finishing pre-flight checks.

STORM

Captain Li, thoughts on the new ride?

Li grins—rare, genuine.

LI

Steep learning curve, John. But HAL and your CyberCore interface? Latency is zero. NASA's envious.

Storm smirks.

STORM

Envy's a powerful motivator.

He pushes thoughts of Ares Corp aside.

STORM (CONT'D)

Mission parameters—attainable?

Li meets his gaze.

LI

We're in capable hands. Numbers work. Energy expenditure is within tolerance. Only unknown is the human factor.

Hadid speaks firmly.

HADID

If HAL and the Swann get us there and back, I'm confident we'll secure the lunar data. Launch is the biggest hurdle.

Storm exhales—fractional relief. He thinks of Elias Vance, of Professor Douglas Storm. Genius runs in the blood.

He glances at the countdown clock.

STORM (V.O.)

The greatest ship ever built. And the only way out.

A successful journey won't just mean a lunar landing—it's the gateway to the stars.

LAUNCH, FIRE AND SEPARATION

EXT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - LAUNCH PAD 39A - PRE-DAWN

A steel monolith looms through Atlantic mist. The Elizabeth Swann MKII stands poised—its trimaran origins buried beneath ceramic plating and matte-black thermal shielding.

CHARLEY TEMPLE Raincoat flapping, speaks into her mic.

CHARLEY

Here we are at Kennedy Space Center, where rockets usually bear the logos of aerospace titans. But today... our subject is different.

She gestures to the vessel.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Once an open-water trimaran, now a futurist's Shuttle. The hull is barely visible beneath thermal armour.

INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO - LONDON

JILL BIRD Composed, speaks to camera.

JILL

Charley, the transformation is stunning. But the engineering community is divided. What's powering this

'rogue vessel'?

EXT. LAUNCH PAD - CONTINUOUS

Charley looks up at the towering booster.

CHARLEY

They're using a modified SpaceX Starship system. Super Heavy booster, Starship upper stage—capable of delivering 100 metric tons to the lunar surface.

JILL (V.O.)

Staggering statistics.

CHARLEY

Raptor engines. Methane and LOX. A scale of rocketry now co-opted for Captain Storm's brainchild.

Hydraulic arms retract. LOX boosters hiss. Vapor merges with sea mist. The sky bruises with dawn.

INT. HOUSTON MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Rows of engineers. Glowing consoles. A cathedral of tension.

FLIGHT DIRECTOR Edwin Reyes (50s), stone-faced, stands.

FLIGHT DIRECTOR

Final go/no-go. Propulsion?

PROPULSION OFFICER

Go.

FLIGHT DIRECTOR

Guidance?

GUIDANCE OFFICER

Go.

FLIGHT DIRECTOR

Payload?

PAYLOAD OFFICER

ARK Core stable. HAL confirms integration.

FLIGHT DIRECTOR

CapCom, patch me through to the Swann.

INT. SWANN MKII - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Soft blue glow. JOHN STORM, calm, focused. CAPTAIN KAI LI, tense, scanning instruments.

HAL (V.O.), serene.

HAL

All systems nominal. T-minus 120 seconds.

Storm places his hand on the console. A pulse of light spreads.

STORM

Swann is Go for launch, Flight Director.

FLIGHT DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Copy that, Swann. Godspeed.

Li tightens his harness.

LI

Here we go, Captain.

STORM

Our fight begins now, Kai. Not with physics—but with whispers.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD - MOMENTS LATER

Digital countdown ticks. Steam vents. A low growl builds into a thunderous roar.

COUNTDOWN (V.O.)

T-minus 10... 9... 8...

Global media holds its breath. CNN, FOX, BBC—all silent.

COUNTDOWN (V.O.)

3... 2... 1... ignition.

The Swann lifts off in a column of fire. Waves break golden. It climbs—slowly, then with terrifying grace.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Applause. Tears. Engineers exhale.

In the VIP room, DR. ELIAS VANCE, silent, fingers crossed.

VANCE (mouthing)

Go John.

FLIGHT DIRECTOR

Trajectory nominal. Booster separation in 30 seconds.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS

Super Heavy boosters detach in synchronized ballet. solar wings unfold mid-ascent. The Swann transitions to orbital burn.

INT. SWANN MKII - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Storm watches Earth shrink. Li monitors trajectory.

LI

Nice one Elias. Thank you, Anya.

INT. BBC STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Charley wipes a tear.

CHARLEY

Godspeed, John.

She turns to her cameraman.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

NASA, let's go find the signal.

MONTAGE - GLOBAL REACTIONS

- ARES CORP DRONES record the launch, hoping for failure.
- MUSKET MELONI sips whiskey aboard his yacht.

MELONI

Best launch I've seen. The crazy bastard pulled it off.

- MARCUS THORNE slams his desk.

THORNE

Storm isn't an acquisition. He's a threat.

- JILL BIRD closes her segment.

JILL

Elias Vance, long smeared, now vindicated. All of us at the BBC wish John Storm the very best.

EXT. SPACE - FINAL SHOT

The Swann glides into translunar trajectory. Earth fades.
The Moon awaits.

THE FIRST SILENCE

Scene: Deep Space — Interior & Exterior of the Elizabeth Swann MKII ("SpaceArk")

EXT. SPACE — THE VOID

The Earth hangs in the black like a sapphire crescent, distant and delicate. A jewel receding into memory.

The Elizabeth Swann MKII glides silently, its hull catching faint starlight. The starscape is vast, cold, infinite.

INT. SPACEARK — COMMAND MODULE

A soft hum. The ambient sound of life support. Inside, the crew floats in microgravity, each absorbed in their own silence.

HAL (V.O.)

Distance travelled: four hundred twenty thousand kilometers. Current velocity: seven-point-six kilometers per second. Estimated time to Lunar Insertion Burn: thirty-eight hours, twelve minutes. All systems nominal.

The voice is calm, clinical, disembodied. A lullaby for the void.

INT. COMMAND MODULE — FLIGHT DECK

CAPTAIN JOHN STORM, weathered and composed, nods slowly. He floats with practiced ease.

STORM

Solid report, HAL. Thank you. Li, keep an eye on the power consumption logs. I'm grabbing an hour. Wake me if the gravity compensators hiccup... or if Li makes coffee.

He drifts toward the sleep pod. No drama. Just protocol.

Just survival.

INT. OBSERVATION DOME

CLEOPATRA, ancient Egyptian Nile Queen, in another life, regal and wide-eyed, floats inches from the reinforced glass. Her perfect silhouette framed against the stars.

CLEOPATRA (whispers)

It is... a void. Where are the gods of the night sky? Why is there nothing but this cold, terrible distance?

Her voice trembles with awe and existential dread.

DAN HAWK, enthusiastic and bright, drifts beside her.

DAN

It's not a void, Cleo. It's full of things. Those tiny pinpricks? Every one is a sun. Most have planets. Just like Earth. Billions of solar systems, spinning in the dark.

Cleopatra turns, her golden eyes wide.

CLEOPATRA

More suns? More worlds? But... we worshiped Ra. The only Sol. Your ancestors... they have diminished the sacred to a multitude.

She turns back to the Moon, now a brighter speck. Her gaze locks onto it. Something ancient stirs.

INT. MEDICAL BAY — ADJACENT

DR. LENA HADID, analytical and empathetic, watches Cleopatra from a distance. She scribbles on a digital pad.

LENA (to herself)

That's not fear of the dark. It's recognition.

She frowns, sensing something deeper—mythic, unresolved.

INT. COMMAND MODULE — FLIGHT DECK

KAI LI, precise and grounded, works the holographic interface. His fingers dance across diagnostics.

LI

SpaceArk to Mission Control, this is Captain Li, reporting in. All systems green. Speed and approach vector nominal. Holding tight to predicted trajectory. Over.

A beat. Then Earth replies, distant but clear.

HOUSTON (V.O.)

SpaceArk, this is Houston. Copy that, Captain Li. Everything looks good at this end. Excellent work. Over and out.

Li leans back, satisfied. Smooth flight. Boring flight. Just the way he likes it.

INT. SPACEARK — WIDE SHOT

Storm sleeps. Dan gestures toward the Crab Nebula, still explaining. Lena watches Cleopatra. Cleopatra watches the Moon.

The ship floats onward, suspended in the black.

EXT. SPACE — THE MOON

The silver-grey orb grows brighter. Still distant. Still silent. But pulling. Beckoning.

INT. OBSERVATION DOME

Cleopatra's breath fogs the glass. Her eyes shimmer.

CLEOPATRA (softly)

I feel... something. Not gravity. Something older.

INT. SPACEARK — COMMAND MODULE

HAL's voice returns, low and steady.

HAL (V.O.)

Entering phase: The First Silence.

EXT. SPACE — WIDE SHOT

The SpaceArk glides deeper into the void. Alone. Silent.
Bound for the Moon.

FADE TO BLACK.

DEEP SPACE AND DOUBT

Scene: "The Sacred Breach" Genre: Sci-Fi Drama | Location:
Aboard the SpaceArk MKII "Elizabeth Swann" | Lunar Orbit

INT. SPACEARK — COMMAND BRIDGE — DEEP SPACE

Silence. The void outside is velvet black, speckled with
distant stars. The SpaceArk glides with serene majesty.

Suddenly—

ALARM A banshee wail pierces the calm. Control panels
flash arterial red.

HAL (V.O.)

- ALERT! SYSTEM INTEGRITY COMPROMISE.
- UNIDENTIFIED OBJECTS DETECTED.
- TRAJECTORY INTERSECTING LUNAR APPROACH.
- POTENTIAL DEBRIS FIELD OR CLOAKED VESSEL.

JOHN STORM, capable and composed, stares at the crescent
Moon. A low-frequency THUNK vibrates through the deck.

JOHN (into comms)

HAL, report!

HAL (V.O.) Impact confirmed. Oxygen leak—five percent per minute. Bubble Hull integrity compromised.

DAN HAWK, wiry computer genius, grips his console.

DAN

Holy fuel cells, Skipper! Could Vance have got his sums wrong?

JOHN

Ye of little faith.

DAN

Just... doubt.

The bridge dims. A crackle from the comms.

HOUSTON (V.O.)

SpaceArk, come in! Captain Storm?

JOHN

Hello Houston. We're venting oxygen. Stand by.

JOHN

Captain Li, take the helm. Dan, with me. Eyes on the breach.

INT. SPACEARK - CORRIDOR TO AFT MODULE

They pass through two airtight bulkheads. The third door reads: TEMP DELTA: -85.0°C.

JOHN

Suit time.

INT. LOCKER BAY - MOMENTS LATER

CLEOPATRA stands waiting. Regal, timeless, her gaze heavy.

CLEOPATRA

John, Dan... there is something I must say.

JOHN

Outer Space Treaty?

CLEOPATRA

No. In my time, the heavens were sacred. We aligned our temples to Sopdet-Sirius—and to Sah, soul of Osiris-Orion. Not coordinates. Prayers carved in stone in the Pyramids.

JOHN

You think we should turn back?

CLEOPATRA

No. But tread as pilgrims, not conquerors. The stars are the bones of gods... and the breath of eternity.

DAN

We're moving too fast. Talking too much.

INT. AFT MODULE - AIRLOCK CYCLE

The trio enters the de-pressurized module. Frost glitters. A jagged tear leaks oxygen into space.

JOHN (into helmet comms)

SpaceArk to Houston. Impact confirmed. Debris suspected. Awaiting observations before repair.

HOUSTON (V.O.)

Stand by. Elias is working on a Apollo 13 solution.

DAN (sealing system manually)

Module isolated.

HAL (V.O.)

Pressure stabilized. No further oxygen loss.

JOHN

Nice one, boy wonder.

John kicks the warped alloy gently.

JOHN

I'm welding this up.

DAN

Just... be careful.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - HOUSTON

DR. ELIAS VANCE, brilliant and panicked, tapes ceramic samples to a mockup hull.

HOUSTON (V.O.)

SpaceArk, Elias calling.

JOHN (V.O.)

Good to hear your voice, Doctor.

ELIAS (V.O.)

Simulated patch complete. John-welder and plates. Dan-ceramic tiles and adhesive. Locker four.

EXT. SPACEARK - OUTER HULL - SPACEWALK

John and Dan tethered to the ship's spine. Earth glows below.

DAN (awestruck)

It's... everything. And nothing.

JOHN

Just another pressure zone.

John welds the aluminium plate. Sparks burst silently. Dan bonds ceramic tiles. The repair is ugly—but solid.

JOHN (into comms)

SpaceArk to Houston. Repairs complete. Sealed. Safe to continue mission?

HOUSTON (V.O.)

Go, Captain Storm. Go! Houston out.

INT. SPACEARK - AIRLOCK - RETURN

John stares at the scarred hull. Cleopatra's words echo.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

Pilgrims... not conquerors.

John cycles back inside. The mission continues. But the doubt remains.

LUNAR BALLET

Sci-Fi Drama | Setting: Lunar Orbit, Earth Broadcast Studios, Mission Control Houston

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - ABOVE THE MOON - WIDE SHOT

A colossal spacecraft—the converted Elizabeth Swann, now the SpaceArk—drifts silently above the cratered lunar surface. Its solar sails shimmer, adjusting like wings in a cosmic breeze.

NARRATOR (V.O.) The SpaceArk was no nimble fighter, but a cathedral of civilization. And now, it danced.

EXT. SPACEARK - SOLAR SAILS - CLOSE-UP

Panels tilt with precision, catching solar radiation. No thrusters. No roar. Just the whisper of light steering mass.

INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO - LONDON - MEDIUM SHOT
JILL BIRD sits poised at a sleek desk. Behind her, a split-screen shows the Moon and the SpaceArk's live feed.

JILL BIRD
This is Jill Bird, live from London, as the SpaceArk prepares for an unprecedented lunar landing. We cross now to Charley Temple in Houston, with Dr. Elias Vance.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - HOUSTON - OVER-THE-SHOULDER SHOT
CHARLEY TEMPLE stands amid glowing monitors and murmuring engineers. DR. ELIAS VANCE leans into a mic, weary but alert.

CHARLEY TEMPLE
Dr. Vance, what are the technical challenges of landing a craft this size?

DR. VANCE
The Moon's gravity is one-sixth Earth's. No atmosphere to slow descent. Our wings are useless here. We rely on gyroscopes, HAL's AI corrections, and hypergolic engines.

INSERT - SCHEMATIC DISPLAY - CLOSE-UP
A digital schematic shows the SpaceArk's descent profile, engine specs, and landing gear.

DR. VANCE (V.O.)
Aerazine 50 and nitrogen tetroxide. Thrust: 60 to 70 kilonewtons. Crushable aluminum honeycomb legs—twice Apollo's capacity. We're landing a small city.

INT. SPACEARK - COMMAND CABIN - TRACKING SHOT
CAPTAIN JOHN STORM and CAPTAIN LI sit fused to their

consoles. Blue-white glow from proximity alerts bathes their faces.

CAMERA: PUSH IN ON STORM'S HAND Hovering over the master ignition control.

INT. SPACEARK - CREW MODULE - FLOATING SHOT

LENA HADID spins gracefully, securing loose items.

CLEOPATRA floats near the helm, gazing at the Moon—not as rock, but as prophecy.

CAMERA: OVER CLEOPATRA'S SHOULDER The lunar surface reflects in her eyes.

DAN HAWK (clinging to a handhold)
Console's steady. Numbers are good.

EXT. SPACEARK - VIEWPORT - POV SHOT

Crater rims rush upward. The Moon looms immense, textured, and terrifyingly real.

INT. COMMAND CABIN - CLOSE-UP ON STORM

JOHN STORM

HAL, final checks.

HAL (V.O.)

All systems green, Captain Storm. Preparing for landing gear deployment.

EXT. SPACEARK - LANDING GEAR - LOW ANGLE

A deep metallic THRUM echoes. Massive legs swing down, locking with three CLANKS.

INT. BBC STUDIO - LONDON - MEDIUM SHOT

JILL BIRD watches the feed, visibly moved.

JILL BIRD

Thank you, Charley Temple and Dr. Elias Vance. More on

this breaking story, as the space captains attempt to make history.

EXT. SPACE - ABOVE THE MOON - WIDE SHOT

The SpaceArk begins its descent. The ballet is over. The engines prepare to sing.

FADE OUT.

CRATER OF ORIGINS

Genre: Sci-Fi Mystery | Setting: Lunar Surface - Sea of Tranquility

FADE IN:

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - SEA OF TRANQUILITY - WIDE SHOT

The Elizabeth Swann, a colossal spacecraft, rests motionless in the regolith. Its landing legs are partially buried in the dust of an ancient crater. The silence is absolute.

INT. LUNAR MODULE - COMMAND CABIN - CLOSE-UP

CAPTAIN JOHN STORM, sweat glistening on his brow, slowly releases his grip on the master throttle.

JOHN STORM

HAL, confirm structural integrity and habitat seal.

HAL (V.O.)

Confirmed, Captain Storm. We are stable. Welcome to the Sea of Tranquility.

INT. COMMAND CABIN - WIDE SHOT

The crew exhales collectively. STORM and CAPTAIN LI begin

diagnostics. The hum of low-power systems fills the air.

INT. OBSERVATION BAY - TRACKING SHOT

CLEOPATRA floats toward the viewport, her silhouette framed against the Moon's monochrome surface. Craters stretch into shadow.

CAMERA: OVER CLEOPATRA'S SHOULDER A massive crater glows faintly under Earthlight.

CLEOPATRA

Lena. Bring up the topographical overlay. That crater—east of the terminator—it aligns perfectly with the Giza plateau.

INT. NAVIGATION STATION - MEDIUM SHOT

LENA HADID, skeptical but curious, taps her console. A holographic projection blooms.

CAMERA: INSERT - HOLOGRAM DISPLAY Moon surface mapped. Giza plateau highlighted. A crimson thread stretches toward Mars.

LENA

Cleo, all terrestrial features align with something if you draw enough lines.

INT. COMMAND CABIN - WIDE SHOT

HAL (V.O.)

Confirmed. Celestial vector intersects the centre of the Khufu pyramid and extends toward the Martian equator. Probability of random coincidence: 0.0003 percent.

INT. OBSERVATION BAY - CLOSE-UP ON CLEOPATRA

Her eyes gleam with ancient certainty. She turns, regal and resolute.

CLEOPATRA

This is no accident. The heavens were not coordinates—they were a map. The pyramids were beacons. They point to Mars because Mars was once... fertile. Alive.

INT. COMMAND CABIN - TWO-SHOT

LENA raises an eyebrow, skeptical.

LENA

Are you suggesting the builders of Giza were guided by extraterrestrials?

CLEOPATRA

Not guided. Instructed. The knowledge was seeded—an inoculation passed down through time.

INT. HOLOGRAM DISPLAY - INSERT

The base of the Khufu pyramid overlays the Martian Tharsis region. Geometries match.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

The crater here? It's not just an impact scar. It's a lens. A cosmic lens—positioned to focus energy... or signals.

INT. COMMAND CABIN - HAL INTERFACE - CLOSE-UP

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Li has detected localized magnetic anomalies in the crater basin. Data suggests non-lunar elements present in the geology.

INT. OBSERVATION BAY - LOW ANGLE ON CLEOPATRA

She grips the railing, eyes blazing.

CLEOPATRA

The crater is a receiver. The pyramids were transmitters. And Mars—Mars is the archive. Earth's DNA may have been encoded and sent from there.

INT. COMMAND CABIN - MEDIUM SHOT

LENA, stunned, tries to process.

LENA

You're saying panspermia wasn't random? It was... directed?
A targeted gift?

CLEOPATRA

Directed panspermia. The 'gods' of old were engineers.
Terraformers. They left clues in stone and orbit—for us.

EXT. SPACE - MARS IN THE DISTANCE - WIDE SHOT

Mars glows faintly, a red eye watching from the void.

INT. COMMAND CABIN - HAL INTERFACE - CLOSE-UP

HAL (V.O.)

Incoming telemetry from Mars orbit relay station. Spectral
data suggests complex organic compounds in Valles
Marineris match a subset of the SpaceArk's archived
genetic library.

INT. OBSERVATION BAY - CLOSE-UP ON CLEOPATRA

She smiles, ancient satisfaction settling into her
features.

CLEOPATRA

Then the archive is waking up. And we, the inheritors,
have finally arrived at the library doors.

FADE OUT.

DNA ARK, THE LUNAR ARCHIVE

Genre: Sci-Fi Mystery | Setting: Crater of Origins, Lunar
Subsurface Chamber, Observation Deck

FADE IN:

INT. CRATER OF ORIGINS - ROVER CONTROL STATION - CLOSE-UP
LENA HADID's eyes widen as the rover's sensor package
flashes red. Her fatigue vanishes.

LENA

Captain! HAL, bring up the spectrum analysis on Rover Feed
One!

INT. COMMAND CABIN - MAIN HOLOSCREEN - INSERT

A twisting helix appears—alien DNA. Four strands. Six
unknown nucleobases. Beautiful. Terrifying.

LENA (whispers)

It's too stable... too complex. It's alien. Not Martian. Not
Earth-derived. Panspermia wasn't random. It was a payload.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - WIDE SHOT

JOHN STORM, CLEOPATRA, and LENA descend into the crater in
lightweight suits, following the rover's path.

INT. SUBSURFACE CHAMBER - TRACKING SHOT

Crystalline data nodes pulse faintly in the walls. Cold
air. Stillness.

JOHN

HAL, scan these structures.

HAL (V.O.)

Scanning... Captain, these are archives. Planetary
histories. Earth's pre-Cretaceous climate cycles. Oceanic
shifts. Interplanetary warnings.

INT. CHAMBER - CLOSE-UP ON JOHN

He stares at a flickering wall—visualizations of ancient
seas.

DAN

Holy fuel cells, Skip... They've been studying us.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We're not alone. We've been monitored for millennia.

INT. CHAMBER - CLOSE-UP ON LENA

She's speechless. The foundations of evolutionary theory crumble in her mind.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - DATA LAB - OVER-THE-SHOULDER

DAN HAWK runs seismic scans. A 3D wireframe blooms—fractal, coral-like structures beneath the regolith.

DAN

Jeez, Captain, what do you make of this?

INT. CHAMBER - HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION - INSERT

The wireframe appears on the archive wall. Curved, repeating patterns.

JOHN

It's biomimicry. Oceanic systems. Living geometry.

DAN (V.O.)

Exactly. It's a language of conservation. They were marine scientists. Their world died. Earth was the experiment.

INT. CHAMBER - WIDE SHOT

Silence. Life support hisses. The builders were not gods—but desperate custodians.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER - CRYSTAL NODE - CLOSE-UP

The node nearest CLEOPATRA flares, bathing her in ethereal light.

HAL (V.O.)

Concentrated signal detected. Source: Valles Marineris basin, Mars. Spectral match with alien DNA.

CLEOPATRA

By Osiris. They are speaking to us. This is not a warning—it's a call. The archive holds the blueprints. The pyramids are antennae. Mars is the active archive.

INT. CHAMBER - CLOSE-UP ON CLEOPATRA

A tear glides down her cheek.

CLEOPATRA

All praise to Anya Sharma... Her hunch was an oracle.

JOHN

She sent us not to explore... But to answer.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - WIDE SHOT

The crew watches Earthrise. No suits. Just awe.

CAMERA: PUSH IN ON EARTH A fragile blue marble crests the lunar horizon.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - CLOSE-UP ON JOHN

He places his hand on the viewport glass.

JOHN

We came as conquerors... We found a library built by ghosts. I swear, by Marineris, by the bones of those who tried and failed— The oceans and climate systems will not be lost. We are the inheritors. We are the final custodians.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - CLOSE-UP ON CREW

CLEOPATRA and LENA nod, eyes wet. DAN places a hand on John's shoulder.

INT. HELM CONSOLE - MEDIUM SHOT

CAPTAIN KAI LI stands apart, eyes fixed on Mars telemetry. His expression unreadable. Focused. Troubled.

CAMERA: SLOW ZOOM ON LI'S FACE He sees not hope—but a price yet to be paid.

FADE OUT.

THORNE'S GAMBIT - SPACE PIRATE'S SHADOW LAUNCH

INT. ARES CORPORATION - EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM - NIGHT

A sleek black conference table gleams under cold light. Above it, a holographic projection shimmers: a lunar crater, crystalline and perfect, bathed in stark, ethereal glow. Silent. Deceptive.

Marcus THORNE, CEO of Ares Corporation, sits back in his plush leather chair. His eyes ignore the moonscape. Instead, they lock onto a small comms icon, glowing discreetly in the corner of the display.

AGENT X (V.O.)

They are in the crater at the coordinates provided, Mr. Thorne. Confirmation is solid.

The voice is smooth, neutral, stripped of accent. Corporate anonymity. Thorne's smile is thin, almost invisible.

THORNE

Thank you, Agent X. The reward will be delivered as usual.

A private key is already en route to your secure vault.

A beat. Hesitation. Nervousness leaks through the line.

AGENT X (V.O.)

Marcus—er, Mr. Thorne... I'd suggest disguising any shadow as a deep space probe. Doctor Vance will be looking out for anomalies. And John Storm... he has a reputation. He's not to be messed with.

Thorne leans back, fingers steepled beneath his chin. The mention of Storm pleases him. Reputation validates scale.

THORNE

Good advice, X. A deep space probe it shall be. Tell me, do they suspect anything? Anya Sharma, the crew?

AGENT X (V.O.)

No. They believe the Swann's data acquisition phase is complete. Preparing for return trajectory. They're celebrating. They think it's safe.

THORNE

Excellent. Keep us informed, X. They will come to no harm.

The connection cuts. The comms icon fades. Thorne's smile hardens—predatory, merciless.

CUT TO: INT. SPACEARK "SWANN" - CREW COMMONS - CONTINUOUS

The crew floats together, watching the crystalline lattice projection.

LENA HADID

Imagine what this means for medicine, for energy. A gift

from the Moon itself.

KAI LI

A map to the future.

LENA HADID

And proof that exploration is worth the risk.

Storm raises his glass, voice low but resolute.

STORM

To the risks we take... and the lives we protect.

CUT BACK TO INT. BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The hologram lingers. The crater glows. Thorne rises, pacing toward a floor-to-ceiling viewport. Beyond: the neon sprawl of a corporate megacity, pulsing like circuitry.

THORNE (V.O.)

No harm. Harm is the currency of ambition. Cleopatra, HAL, Anya Sharma, Dr. Vance, Lena Hadid, John Storm... all variables. All zero.

He gazes outward, the city reflecting in his eyes.

THORNE (V.O.)

Science believes it serves humanity. I serve power.

CLOSE-UP - THORNE

His voice drops, steel vibrating low.

THORNE

They have what I need. They are expendable.

He turns, addressing the air. Commanding.

THORNE

Activate Project Scythe. Remote launch sequence. No human pilot. Signature profile: Orion Deep-Scan Probe, NASA R&D Alpha-7. Give Vance a ghost to chase.

A synthesized female voice responds, calm and mechanical.

AI VOICE (O.S.)

Acknowledged. Project Scythe autonomous drone armed and launched. Disguise profile confirmed. Target coordinates uplinked.

EXT. EARTH ORBIT - SPACE - NIGHT

A sleek drone, cloaked in holographic shimmer, streaks away from Earth. Silent. Sinister. Its AI core pulses with directives:

1. Capture the SpaceArk's Data Core.
2. Neutralize the Crew. Zero survivors.
3. Self-destruct. Leave no trace.

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Thorne watches the stars beyond the glass. His satisfaction is palpable.

CUT TO: INT. SPACEARK "SWANN" - CREW COMMONS - SAME TIME

Warm light fills the cabin. The crew of explorers—Cleopatra, Dan Hawk, Kai Li, Lena Hadid, and John Storm—float in microgravity, laughter echoing.

A bottle of champagne spins gently, caught by Lena. She pops the seal, bubbles fizzing in zero-G.

LENA HADID

To science. To discovery. To proving humanity can reach beyond itself.

Glasses clink. Smiles. The holographic display shows their collected lunar data—a crystalline lattice glowing like a jewel.

KAI LI

This structure... it's beyond anything we've modelled. Proof that the Moon hides wonders we've only begun to touch.

DAN HAWK

And it's ours. For everyone. For humanity.

John Storm watches quietly, his gaze steady, protective.

STORM

Let's make sure it gets home safe.

CUT BACK TO: INT. ARES CORPORATION - BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Thorne's silhouette looms against the neon city. His satisfaction is palpable.

THORNE (V.O.)

John Storm... a legend. But legends fall. Machines endure.

He strides toward the exit.

THORNE

Let the stars claim their victims.

He strides toward the exit, shadow stretching across the polished floor.

The doors slide shut behind him. The holographic crater remains, glowing silently, awaiting its predator's shadow.

CUT TO: EXT. SPACE - WIDE SHOT

The SpaceArk Swann drifts peacefully, its hull gleaming against the stars. Inside: laughter, hope, discovery. Far behind, invisible in cloak, the Scythe drone streaks closer—silent, merciless.

SPACE RACE HOME, THE SCYTHE'S SHADOW

I. ALARM IN THE CRATER

INT. SPACEARK "SWANN" - CENTRAL MODULE - LUNAR SURFACE

The cramped module hums with recycled oxygen and victory. LENA HADID slides a titanium data cylinder into its shielded bay. CLEOPATRA cheers. DAN pours a synthetic drink. KAI LI hums tunelessly.

JOHN STORM, Captain, grins—rare, easy.

JOHN

That's it, crew. The science is in the can. Mission accomplished.

The moment shatters. A piercing priority alert tone cuts through the comms.

NASA (COMMS)

NASA to SpaceArk, come in Swann.

HAL, the ship's AI, responds, voice taut.

HAL

HAL to NASA. Go ahead Houston. Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

John's smile vanishes. He grabs a headset.

JOHN

What are you seeing, HAL?

The comms click. The Mission Director's deep voice fills the cabin.

MISSION DIRECTOR (COMMS)

Mission Director here, Captain Storm.

JOHN

Hello Houston. What are you seeing, Director?

MISSION DIRECTOR (COMMS) An unscheduled take-off. Not ours. Not Chinese, Japanese, or European. High-velocity burn. Cloaking field. Ninety minutes ago.

HAL cuts in, clipped, chilling.

HAL

Not a probe, Captain. Propulsion masked. True trajectory—
directly toward the Crater of Origins.

Dan drops his drink, eyes wide.

DAN

Skipper... someone's after our payload.

Kai Li sobers instantly.

KAI LI

We need to take off. Right now.

John slams his hand on the lift-off panel.

JOHN

HAL, evasive course back home. Immediate lift-off!

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - NIGHT

The SpaceArk Swann blasts off, shudders, struts
retracting, engines roaring, kicking up a blinding storm
of lunar dust. Its ascent is sharp. The return journey has
become a desperate flight.

II. THE SCYTHER AND THE SLINGSHOT

EXT. LUNAR ORBIT - SPACE

The ARES drone "SCYTHER" registers the ascent. Its
camouflage shroud flickers—harmless buoy outside, lethal
predator within.

SCYTHER PROFILE (V.O.)

- Hull: Carbon-nanotube composite.

- Propulsion: MPD drive, superior acceleration.
- Armaments: EMP cannons, plasma cutter arm.

AI Priorities: Data Core > Vessel Immobilization > Crew Elimination.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK - CONTINUOUS

The crew is slammed into couches, faces taut under brutal G-forces.

HAL

Lock-on maintained. Velocity optimal for interception. They're recalculating fast.

JOHN

Give them something new to chew on. Best escape trajectory?

HAL

Full-power slingshot around the dark side of the Moon. Immediate escape burn to Earth. Tight gravitational window.

JOHN

Do it.

Cleopatra grips his arm, fear and trust mingling. Lena transmits data redundancies to a deep-space satellite.

MISSION CONTROL (COMMS)

Brilliant strategy, HAL. That maneuver buys you time.

HAL

Acknowledged. Coming in hot.

John allows a fleeting, tense smile.

JOHN

First time a space mission had to say that, I'll wager.

III. THORNE'S RECALCULATION

INT. ARES CORPORATION - WAR ROOM - EARTH

A holoprojector displays the SpaceArk's corkscrewing path. MARCUS THORNE slams his fist onto his chair arm, fury vibrating.

THORNE

Blast. Lost the element of surprise. Slippery suckers.

He watches the Scythe AI struggle to match vectors. The disguise slows acceleration. The easy capture is gone.

THORNE (V.O.)

Storm... brilliant pilot. Better AI.

He paces, recalculating.

THORNE

Priority shift. Scythe to intercept escape window. Match slingshot velocity. Target propulsion array. Disable, don't destroy.

His plan crystallizes: force an emergency landing.

THORNE

Let them crash on Earth. Remote. Vulnerable. Out of NASA's

sight.

He leans into his console, voice cold.

THORNE

Prepare secondary retrieval team. Black Hawk assets. Boots on the ground the moment they touch atmosphere. The data will be mine. Storm and his crew will die on terra firma.

His cruel smile returns. The hunt is now a game. Hunter versus prey.

JOHN STORM

HAL, status on the pursuer?

HAL (AI VOICE)

Scythe drone recalculating. Lock maintained. Vector optimal for interception.

KAI LI

They're faster. We need a trick, Captain.

JOHN

HAL, slingshot trajectory. Dark side of the Moon. Full burn.

HAL

Confirmed. Gravitational window opening in ninety seconds.

EXT. SPACE - LUNAR ORBIT

The ARES drone "SCYTHE" emerges from cloak, shimmering like a phantom. Its hull bristles—EMP cannons sliding forward, plasma cutter arm twitching.

It pivots, engines flaring, acceleration brutal. The predator has sighted prey.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK

Alarms blare. Cleopatra grips John's arm, eyes wide. Lena frantically transmits redundant data packets.

MISSION CONTROL (COMMS)

Swann, Houston. That slingshot buys you time. Execute cleanly.

JOHN

Copy. Coming in hot.

EXT. SPACE - DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

The SpaceArk dives low, skimming the jagged lunar horizon. Engines flare, dust plumes trailing.

Behind, the Scythe drone mirrors the maneuver, its AI recalculating vectors in real time.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK

HAL

Trajectory locked. Warning: pursuer matching velocity.

JOHN

Options?

HAL

Deploy countermeasures: electromagnetic pulse scatter.
Risk: high.

JOHN

Do it.

EXT. SPACE - LUNAR ORBIT

The SpaceArk ejects a burst of electromagnetic scatter charges. They flare, creating false signatures across the void.

The Scythe drone's sensors flicker, momentarily confused. Its AI recalculates, hesitation costing precious seconds.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK

Dan exhales, relief fleeting.

DAN

Did we shake it?

HAL

Negative. Pursuer reacquiring. Ten seconds lost.

JOHN

Ten seconds is life. Push burn.

EXT. SPACE - SLINGSHOT ARC

The SpaceArk whips around the Moon's dark side, engines screaming. The gravitational slingshot hurls it toward Earth.

The Scythe drone follows, its acceleration profile stretched thin by disguise protocols. It claws at the trajectory, closing distance.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK

HAL's voice sharp, urgent.

HAL

Pursuer closing. Range: 1,200 kilometers. EMP cannons charging.

JOHN

Counter?

HAL

Recommend plasma shield modulation. Redirect power from life support.

Cleopatra gasps.

CLEOPATRA

That risks the crew!

JOHN

Do it. Better alive and gasping than dead and cold.

EXT. SPACE - EARTHWARD VECTOR

The Scythe drone fires a crackling EMP burst. The SpaceArk's shields flare, absorbing the strike. Lights flicker inside.

The drone closes, plasma cutter arm extending like a predator's claw.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK

Systems flicker. Oxygen alarms blare. Crew grips tight.

HAL

Shields holding. Pursuer range: 800 kilometers.

JOHN

HAL, give me chaos. Randomize thrust vectors. Make us unpredictable.

HAL

Executing evasive chaos pattern.

The ship jolts violently, thrusters firing in erratic bursts.

EXT. SPACE - CHASE CONTINUES

The SpaceArk corkscrews wildly, its path chaotic. The Scythe drone struggles, AI recalculating furiously.

For a moment, the predator falters.

INT. ARES CORPORATION - WAR ROOM - EARTH

Marcus THORNE watches the holographic chase, fury simmering.

THORNE

Storm... clever bastard. But chaos won't save you.

He leans forward, voice cold.

THORNE

Scythe, intercept escape burn. Disable propulsion. Force them down.

EXT. SPACE - EARTHWARD VECTOR

The chase tightens. The SpaceArk streaks toward Earth, battered but defiant. The Scythe drone closes in, weapons

primed.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK

John Storm's jaw is set, eyes locked on the stars ahead.
Strapped in, he eyes the rear view. His jaw is set.

JOHN (V.O.)

They want the Ark. They want us dead. But we'll finish the mission. Let's give them a run for their money.

PIRATE DRONE'S SHADOW

I. THE HUNTER'S ANTICIPATION

INT. ARES COMMAND SHIP - CONTROL ROOM - ORBITAL RELAY
DISGUISE

Marcus THORNE grips the twin yoke controllers of the Scythe drone console. Sleek, minimalist, terrifyingly responsive—like a combat simulator.

The targeting reticle pulses green over the retreating SpaceArk Swann.

THORNE (rasping, guttural)

Get ready to die, Captain John Storm.

Sweat beads on his temples. His thumb hovers over the EMP trigger stud.

But the SpaceArk isn't running straight. It corkscrews into slingshot orbit, throwing out erratic course corrections. The Scythe's AI strains to keep lock.

II. THE CALCULATED SLOWDOWN

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK - LUNAR ORBIT

The cabin shakes violently. HAL's voice cuts through, urgent.

HAL (AI VOICE)

Captain, drone preparing EMP strike. Closing fast.

JOHN STORM

Deploy Merlin. Excalibur at half power.

Merlin: ECM suite. Excalibur: pulse cannons, meant for debris—not war drones.

DAN (white-knuckled)

I'm on it, Skip! Two heads better than one.

MISSION CONTROL (COMMS) crackles. Professor ELIAS VANCE's voice, sharp.

VANCE (COMMS)

John, draw the drone in. Slow the Swann. Make it look unstable.

DAN

What?! No! That thing's armed—faster than us!

John's eyes narrow. He sees the gambit.

JOHN

No, Elias is right. HAL, slow us down. Make it look like we're failing.

HAL

We are failing, Captain.

III. HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER

INT. ARES COMMAND SHIP – CONTROL ROOM

Thorne sees the SpaceArk falter.

THORNE (laughing, crowing)

Ah, they're in trouble! Vance cocked up! They're mine.

He arms the EMPs.

THORNE

You're mine, Storm.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK

VANCE (COMMS)

John, pump fuel to onboard store. Jettison range tanks—
last second.

John mutters, working levers. Massive external fuel pods
detach.

VANCE (COMMS)

Mr. Hawk? Fire Excalibur at the tanks when they're close.

JOHN

Release tanks!

The pods tumble into the drone's path.

INT. ARES COMMAND SHIP - CONTROL ROOM

Thorne, focused on the kill, misses the separation
sequence.

THORNE

What the—?!

He fires EMPs. They splash harmlessly against inert pods.
The Scythe AI falters, confused.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK

VANCE (COMMS)

Now, Dan! Fire Excalibur!

Dan slams the control. Nothing. Capacitors undercharged.
Terror flashes.

JOHN

HAL, full power to Excalibur. High-speed burn, immediately after.

HAL

Compliance.

Twin bolts of energy slam into the fuel pods.

EXT. SPACE - LUNAR ORBIT

The pods detonate—a blinding eruption of high-energy propellants. Plasma and shrapnel rip across orbit.

The Scythe drone, too fast to veer, plows into the carnage. Its hull crumples, weapons vaporize, core melts.

The SpaceArk jolts into high-speed burn, barely outrunning the shockwave.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK

Dan slumps, trembling relief.

DAN

Holy fuel cells, Skip, that was close.

JOHN

It's not over yet, boy wonder. We still have to land.

IV. THE PIRATE'S FURY

INT. ARES COMMAND SHIP - CONTROL ROOM

Thorne's console goes to static. Red warning: ASSET LOST.
MISSION FAILURE.

His face drains, then floods crimson. He slams fists onto
the console until sparks fly.

THORNE

Storm! You cunning bastard.

His masterpiece lies in ruins, a debris field orbiting the
Moon.

He steadies, voice cold.

THORNE

Connect me to Black Hawk assets. Command priority one.

He leans into the mic, fury sharpening into calculation.

THORNE

Target coming in hot. Multiple ground teams. Secure crash
site before NASA pings.

His eyes burn.

THORNE

They wanted a race? They got one. The ground will be their
grave.

INT. SPACEARK - FLIGHT DECK

MISSION CONTROL (COMMS)

Well done, Captain Storm. Congratulations to the crew.

JOHN

What about re-entry, Professor?

VANCE (COMMS)

Working on it, John. Out.

The crew exhales. They've won a battle. But the high-speed landing looms—near impossible, deadly.

THE LONG GLIDE HOME

INT. SWANN COCKPIT - DEEP SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The cockpit hums with failing systems. The silence is deafening, broken only by the faint crackle of instruments. JOHN STORM grips the controls, eyes locked on the glowing Earth ahead.

JOHN STORM (into comms, steady but thin)
SpaceArk to Houston, come in Mission Control.

INTERCUT - HOUSTON MISSION CONTROL

ELIAS VANCE leans forward, headset tight, voice strained by the delay.

ELIAS VANCE

Houston here, John. HAL will know re-entry isn't possible without retro-rockets. We're looking at a catastrophic failure profile.

BACK TO COCKPIT

DAN stares at the temperature gauges, crimson glow

reflecting in his eyes. He swallows hard.

DAN (under breath)

Flying a brick... through a blast furnace.

HAL (V.O.)

Affirmative. But with my AI, and the fuel diverted before jettisoning the return tanks, there is a chance.

LENA HADID grips her armrests, knuckles white. She closes her eyes, flashes of her daughter's laugh haunting her.

LENA (V.O.)

A chance? What is a chance... when failure means vaporization?

JOHN STORM (dry sarcasm)

Do tell, professor?

CAPTAIN LI wipes sweat from his palms, eyes fixed on the trajectory screen.

CAPTAIN LI

We're too fast. Angle's too shallow. We'll skip out... or we'll cook.

Behind them, CLEOPATRA touches her scarab pendant, whispering silent prayers to Isis and Osiris. The flashing lights reflect in her eyes.

ELIAS VANCE (V.O.)

John, you're going to glide home. Alter attitude. Use control surfaces, solar wings, stabilizing fins. Prevent overheating failure of the ceramic tiles.

JOHN STORM

Like US Airways 1549? (beat) Gliding into the Hudson River?

ELIAS VANCE (V.O.)

Yes, John. Something like that. But... you have HAL.

CAPTAIN LI scoffs quietly.

CAPTAIN LI

Sullenberger had atmosphere and a river. We've got vacuum... and an inferno.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm. Professor Vance's theory is 55% likely to succeed. Differential thrust plus controlled surface articulation provides sufficient micro-adjustments to maintain attack angle.

The crew exchange stunned looks. Silence. Fifty-five percent. Better than nothing.

JOHN STORM (as resolve hardens)

As much as that? We'll take it.

He settles his hands firmly on the controls. Determination fills the cabin. The choice is clear: fight the 45% or accept certain death.

INT. NASA CONTROL - EARTH - SAME TIME

MARCUS THORNE watches data scroll across his screen. Engineers whisper grim numbers: 15% survival chance. Thorne's lips curl into a cold smile.

MARCUS THORNE (to himself)

A crash... inevitable. And the systems mine to recover.

EARTHBOUND SPECTACLE

INT. NASA WAR ROOM - MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT

The room hums with chaos. DR. EDWIN REYES, Mission Director, stands before a wall of monitors, orbital data conflicting across the screens. The roar of voices is a dull, agonizing hum.

CUT TO: PRESIDENT LINCOLN TRUMAN - VIDEO LINK His voice is sharp, commanding.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN

Explain yourselves. Is the crew alive? Is the ship intact?

Reyes closes his eyes for a beat. Numbers flash across his mind: grim projections of unpowered re-entry. A stone skipping across a turbulent lake. A heat shield praying to hold.

On the landing field monitors: foam lines, emergency vehicles, cleared zones. Preparations scream disaster. Reyes exhales, knowing the world sees the Swann not as triumphant, but wounded.

REYES (V.O.)

A fiery disintegration... live on global television. The end of human spaceflight.

MONTAGE - GLOBAL FRENZY

- News anchors shout headlines.
- Scientists pore over genetic sequences.
- Social media explodes with speculation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hours before the Scythe attack, the Swann transmitted the Partial ARK DNA data. Not a photograph. A sequence. Non-terrestrial. Harvested from lunar subsoil.

Images of pyramids, lunar craters, energy signatures flash across screens.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Life that was here first. Conspiracy theorists link the ARK to Egypt. The pyramids as markers, not monuments.

Cleopatra's face flickers in shadow, unseen by the world. The secret passenger who could shatter sanity.

INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

REYES straightens his uniform, face neutral. Dozens of cameras surge forward. Reporters bay like hounds.

REYES (reading from teleprompter)

We know there is life out there. The data harvested from the Moon proves it.

CHARLEY TEMPLE (sharp, cutting through)

And what of the explosion in space? Are the crew of the SpaceArk okay?

The air thickens. Reyes steadies himself, voice projecting competence, not confidence.

REYES

As you can see on the ground, we are preparing for the landing of this extraordinary craft, and the brave crew piloting it. Preparations are extensive, as befits a vehicle of this size returning from deep space.

He emphasizes "landing" and "brave crew." A seed of hope planted. He exits swiftly, racing back to the razor-thin

margin of survival.

INT. SWANN COCKPIT - SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The press briefing audio crackles over comms. DAN shakes his head, whispering.

DAN

If the press knew what was coming...

CLEOPATRA shivers, clutching her pendant.

CLEOPATRA

By Osiris... will those preparations save us, John?

JOHN STORM's eyes stay locked on HAL's telemetry, ignoring the noise.

JOHN STORM

Ask HAL. He's better equipped to guess our chances. Those preparations... best-case scenario of a bad landing.

CAPTAIN KAI LI leans forward, pragmatic, voice steady.

CAPTAIN LI

If we make it through the atmosphere, those precautions have saved other shuttles. Foam, recovery crews... it means they haven't given up on us yet.

The crew exchange silent looks. The truth hangs heavy: the world celebrates discovery, while the seven who brought it home glide toward their own funerals.

DESCENT THROUGH FIRE

The Orange Embrace

INT. SWANN COCKPIT - ORBITAL ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

The cabin vibrates with tension. JOHN STORM leans into the comms, voice clipped and final.

JOHN STORM

Houston, re-entry mission is a go. Confirmed. Over and out.

He turns to the AI interface.

JOHN STORM

HAL, you have the com.

HAL (V.O.)

Affirmative, Captain.

The solar wings fold inward, locking flush against the hull. The ship transforms into a blunt arrowhead of ceramic and steel. A deep vibration rattles the cabin, like tearing metal. Through shielded ports, the nose glows orange, then white-hot.

INT. HOUSTON MISSION CONTROL - SAME TIME

Telemetry screams across monitors. DR. EDWIN REYES clutches his chest, pain stabbing as he watches temperatures spike in forbidden zones.

ELIAS VANCE (V.O.)

Returning a winged spacecraft through Earth's atmosphere is a tightly choreographed energy-management problem. Even

with ceramic tiles, success depends on flying a precise corridor.

JOHN STORM (V.O.) Okay, old chap, we read you.

His fingers hover over the manual override, resisting the urge to intervene.

CLEOPATRA (whispering, terrified)
Speak for yourself, John.

HAL (V.O.)
Sorry about that, Miss Cleopatra. It gets worse.

DAN (grim humor)
Yes HAL... but spit it out anyway.

INT. SWANN COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

HAL (V.O.)
Key phases of descent: One, Deorbit burn—unavailable. Two, Entry Interface—dangerously fast. Three, Hypersonic S-turns—our only tool. Four, TAEM and landing.

JOHN and CAPTAIN LI exchange a look. The plan is desperate but sound.

JOHN STORM
That plan is acceptable, HAL. Kennedy shuttle runway 15/33?

HAL (V.O.)
Affirmative. Edwards or White Sands are safer, but impractical. Kennedy has the infrastructure.

REYES (V.O.)
Our thinking also. Full foam and crash response readiness.

HAL (V.O.)

Wings will deploy during final approach. Stowed at hypersonic speeds, gradually extended in TAEM. Increased drag aids descent control.

REYES (urgent, into mic)

Lift improves, but so do risks—flutter, structural loads, heating. Too early, they'll shred. Too late, you'll overshoot.

Stress points flash across his screen. His heart pounds.

LENA HADID (muttering, shaken by vibration) I'll stick with astro-biology.

INT. SWANN COCKPIT - DEEP ATMOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS

The ship bucks violently. Hull temperatures exceed tolerances. Wind shear twists yaw moments beyond design limits. HAL's voice is stripped of calm, now pure calculation.

HAL (V.O.)

Hull temperature exceeding limits by 4.3%. Yaw moments at 1.8 times design. Objective: survival. Probability of successful wing deployment: 55%. Initiating Phase Three S-turns.

The Swann rolls sharply. G-forces crush the crew into their seats. Thrusters pulse, rudder twitches—digital spasms fighting chaos. The cabin air grows hot, acrid with ozone and burning ceramics.

EXT. EARTH SKY - NIGHT

From below, the Swann is a streak of fire carving arcs across the heavens, rolling violently in S-turns, clinging to the corridor of survival.

INT. PRIVATE COMMAND CENTER - MARCUS THORNE - SAME TIME

MARCUS THORNE watches NASA feeds, lips curling into a cold smile. His private monitors show coordinates south of Kennedy.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Thorne's firm, Ares, had already deployed assets. Black Hawks, painted in civilian colours, staged offshore.

Helicopters idle in the dark, waiting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They weren't there for rescue. They were there for salvage.

Thorne leans back, calculating.

THORNE

Even wreckage will yield the lunar samples... and the flight recorder. Their failure will be my triumph.

LANDING KENNEDY SPACE CENTER

EXT. EARTH ATMOSPHERE - NIGHT

The Swann streaks across the sky, rolling violently in hypersonic S-turns. Plasma engulfs the hull, a fiery cocoon. Inside the cockpit, ozone stings the air, heat presses against the crew. Communications are dead—Mission Control silenced by the blackout.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MEDIA TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Reporters huddle, eyes fixed on static screens. JILL BIRD of the BBC speaks into camera, lips tight with anxiety.

JILL BIRD

We are waiting for news of the SpaceArk moon mission. NASA cannot confirm, but it is understood the former Elizabeth Swann has entered the atmosphere without difficulty.

She turns to CHARLEY TEMPLE, veteran correspondent, who forces authority into his voice despite the silence in his earpiece.

CHARLEY TEMPLE

Nothing confirmed yet, Jill. The craft should be banking in hypersonic S-turns—roll reversals to bleed energy.

JILL BIRD

So, gliding techniques?

CHARLEY TEMPLE

Yes. They spread heat, control deceleration. If all goes well, we'll see the SpaceArk below Mach 3, approaching Kennedy.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - MARCUS THORNE - SAME TIME

MARCUS THORNE leans forward, listening to the void. His own feeds track Ares assets. He mutters, cold and certain:

THORNE

You're not going to make it, Captain Storm.

INT. NASA MAINTENANCE OFFICE - SAME TIME

MUSKET MELONI

stares at a static monitor, fingers crossed.

MELONI

Come on, HAL. We need your research... the ARK.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, a weak radar signature blinks alive. Air Force jets transmit live feeds. The room erupts.

EDWIN REYES

There! Thermal signature dissipating faster than predicted. They're still in one piece.

On the big screen, a silver dot flickers against the blue sky.

CHARLEY TEMPLE (V.O.)

Okay, we can see the SpaceArk transitioning below Mach 2.

INT. SWANN COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

HAL (V.O.)

Phase Four, Captain Storm. Terminal Area Energy Management. Gliding in unpowered flight, intercepting the Heading Alignment Cylinder near the runway.

CREW (shouting together)

Thanks, HAL!

Buffeting winds shake the cabin. HAL extends the solar wings—now massive drag flaps. The ship steadies.

HAL (V.O.)

Deploying landing gear.

Silence. Nothing happens.

INT. SWANN COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

A chilling alert flashes across HAL's console.

HAL (V.O.)

Landing gear deployment sequence initiated. No structural response. Error source: External Power Relay 47A.

Probability of successful landing without undercarriage: 0.1%.

HAL

Skipper, the landing gear is stuck.

EDWIN REYES (V.O.)

Houston to SpaceArk, your landing gear is not down!

JOHN STORM

Affirmative Houston, we're on it!

John unbuckles, diving into the maintenance hold. DAN follows with a lamp. The ship plunges, wind screaming outside.

JOHN STORM

Ahh, we lost a tile, old chap. Quick, Dan—a jumper cable!

Dan throws him the cable. John forces his fingers into the scorched relay, grunting, wrestling connectors apart.

Clip. Clip. The ship rattles—the gear drops with a thunderous clunk.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

EDWIN REYES

Landing gear good to go! The Swann streaks home on a tight glide path.

EXT. KENNEDY RUNWAY - FINAL APPROACH

HAL's voice is calm, precise.

HAL (V.O.)

Final TAEM phase. Meeting the runway with just enough energy for controlled final.

The runway rushes toward them. KAI LI braces, tense.

KAI LI (V.O.)

Too fast. Too steep.

CLEOPATRA squeezes her eyes shut, whispering prayers. LENA HADID stares at the ground accelerating, clutching the thought of the ARK DNA vault.

The rear bogies slam down—screeching rubber, smoke. The nose crashes onto the tarmac. HAL deploys braking chutes. Violent snap. The ship slows—but the gear buckles.

Metal groans. Nose dives into rescue foam. Rear struts collapse. The Swann skids, belly scraping, slewing to a halt in a blinding spray.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

EDWIN REYES (V.O.)

Houston to SpaceArk, are you okay?

EXT. KENNEDY RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

Charley Temple, breathless, speaks live to the world.

CHARLEY TEMPLE

This is Charley Temple reporting live in Florida for BBC World News. The Swann has landed!

Military vehicles swarm the runway, surrounding two civilian-painted Black Hawks. Ares assets are neutralized before they can lift off.

INT. ARES HQ - SAME TIME

Thorne's CEO slams his desk, furious.

ARES CEO

No crash. No confusion. Shit!

EXT. KENNEDY RUNWAY - FOAM-COVERED SWANN - CONTINUOUS

The world watches in silence. The ship lies motionless, drenched in foam. No movement inside. No sound. The climax hangs unresolved.

CHARLEY TEMPLE (V.O.)

We are not sure what all that hullabaloo was about. More on this breaking story as it unfolds. This is Charley

Temple live at Kennedy Space Centre, signing off. Back to you, Jill.

THE HATCH OPENS

EXT. KENNEDY RUNWAY - DAY

The Swann lies motionless, entombed in a mountain of firefighting foam. The air reeks of ozone and burnt ceramic. Rescue crews hover at a distance, waiting. Silence dominates the scene, deeper than the vacuum of space.

INT. SWANN COMMAND MODULE - CONTINUOUS

The crew hang suspended in their harnesses, stunned. The silence breaks with a manic laugh from LENA HADID. She unbuckles, leans forward, and kisses the cold console.

LENA HADID

Thank you, HAL, you bloody marvel!

HAL (V.O.)

You are welcome, Doctor Hadid. Crew survival achieved. All systems reverting to minimum power state.

Relief floods the cabin. Lena hugs JOHN STORM and DAN HAWK, kissing their cheeks. They embrace her back, overwhelmed.

CAPTAIN KAI LI

Loving your work, HAL. Absolutely loving it.

HAL (V.O.)

Thank you, Captain Li. Pleased to be of service.

John stretches, pain in his shoulders eclipsed by euphoria.

JOHN STORM

Time to face the music. NASA will be waiting.

CLEOPATRA

And the media. Oh, Charley is out there!

John shoulders the warped hatch. With a grunt, it yields. He leads the crew out, exhausted but triumphant.

JOHN STORM

Catch up shortly, HAL.

HAL (V.O.)

I'll be here, Captain Storm.

EXT. KENNEDY RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hatch opens. LENA steps into the Florida sun, blinking against the glare. CLEOPATRA follows, regal even in exhaustion. DAN and KAI LI emerge, grinning. Finally, JOHN closes the hatch behind them, severing their link to the battered ship.

They are greeted by flashing lights, a massive fire truck, and MISSION DIRECTOR EDWIN REYES—relief etched across his face.

The world holds its breath. China watches. NASA's Artemis program hangs in the balance.

EXT. KENNEDY RUNWAY - PRESS PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

Reporters shout over the roar of fire trucks. Cameras flash. The crew smile, alive and victorious.

JOHN STORM

Hello all, we're pleased to be back home. Sorry for the delay.

CHARLEY TEMPLE

And bearing proof of life beyond Earth?

LENA HADID

Yes, Miss Temple. We have proof of other-world DNA, gathered from our own Moon.

CNN REPORTER

Is it another giant leap for mankind?

LENA HADID

We cannot answer that at this stage.

JOHN STORM

What we need right now is a shower and some sleep.

DAN HAWK

I could murder a burger.

EDWIN REYES

Indeed. And we need to secure this site, debrief the crew, and begin technical investigation.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - PRIVATE CORNER - SAME TIME

ANYA SHARMA clutches a mug of hot chocolate, tears of joy streaming. PROFESSOR ELIAS VANCE sips his own, savouring calm for the first time.

ANYA SHARMA

I never doubted you for a moment, Professor.

VANCE

Maybe, Anya. But I doubted myself a few times. Great chocolate.

They toast quietly, a victory of improbable science.

INT. NASA OFFICE - MUSKET MELONI - SAME TIME

MUSKET MELONI puffs a cigar, watching live feeds.

MELONI

You crazy bastards, I love you all.

He leans back, already plotting the next mission—Mars.

EXT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - CREW TRANSPORT - CONTINUOUS

The astronauts board a secure van, whisked away into the inner sanctum. Military police escort captured Black Hawk pilots into interrogation rooms—Ares Corp's sabotage laid bare.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - MARCUS THORNE - SAME TIME

MARCUS THORNE watches the news, face thunderous. His plan failed. He leans forward, eyes cold, already scheming his next move.

THORNE

Next time... more ruthless.

A NEW AGE BEGINS

INT. NASA SECURITY OFFICE - DAY AFTER LANDING

Rows of analysts' pore over data. Screens flash with Kai Li's engineering log: "Scythe drone attack... retro-rockets

lost." Intelligence officers cross-reference with captured Black Hawk pilots. The Ares Corp shell company is exposed. The evidence is irrefutable.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Breaking news: Marcus Thorne, CEO of Ares Corporation, has been arrested on charges of espionage, attempted murder, and high treason.

Global headlines erupt. The villain is unmasked. The conspiracy is shattered.

INT. NASA COMMITTEE ROOM - TWO WEEKS LATER

Packed with dignitaries, scientists, and media. DR. LENA HADID stands at the podium, pointer in hand. Silence grips the room.

LENA HADID

Madam Secretary-General, distinguished delegates, colleagues, and citizens of Earth – thank you for granting me the floor. Today, I present findings that challenge not only our science, but our understanding of ourselves.

Professor ELIAS VANCE watches from the front row, hands clasped, a slow smile forming. The gift was not the machine, but the knowledge.

LENA HADID

The SpaceArk mission has returned with DNA fragments recovered from the Moon and corroborated by Martian regolith samples. These fragments are not terrestrial. Their isotopic signatures trace back to a stellar system now extinguished, its sun swollen into a red giant. What

we hold is the genetic echo of a civilization that
perished, but whose legacy endures – within us.

Cut to CLEOPATRA in a viewing room, transfixed. The gods
were not magic. They were memory.

LENA HADID

Alien retroviral DNA integrated into early primate
genomes, catalyzing the leap from survival instinct to
symbolic thought. The 'intelligent spark' that defines
humanity may be the inheritance of a vanished species.

The room is electric. Media analysts fall silent, stunned.

LENA HADID

Why invoke Egypt? Because cultural memory encodes truths
science later uncovers. The pyramid alignments, the myths
of Ra and Osiris, the concepts of ka and ba – humanity's
first attempt to articulate the alien inheritance: the
divine spark embedded in our DNA.

Her voice rises, passion igniting the room.

LENA HADID

Humanity is not an isolated phenomenon, but the custodian
of an interstellar legacy. The divine spark is real – not
mystical, but biological. And with it comes
responsibility. Let us ensure their spark does not die
with us, but ignites the stars anew.

Thunderous applause. A visceral roar. Humanity has been
given a new birth certificate, written in starlight.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER – CEREMONY – WEEKS LATER

Professor VANCE receives a lifetime achievement award. Vindication at last. His designs saved the crew and changed the world.

CAPTAIN KAI LI stands tall as the NASA Distinguished Service Medal is pinned to his chest. Quiet pride fills him.

LENA HADID accepts her medal, heavy with responsibility. Mars is waiting.

CLEOPATRA receives a UN diplomatic citation, her journey now cosmic.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GRAND CEREMONY - DAY

JOHN STORM stands before PRESIDENT LINCOLN TRUMAN. Cameras broadcast worldwide. The President's voice rings out.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN

Captain Storm, for your leadership, courage, and the discovery that redefines humanity's place in the cosmos, I award you the Congressional Space Medal of Honor.

The medal gleams as it is pinned. John looks up at the vast flag. His irreverent grin flickers.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

A burger. Definitely in order.

But beneath the humour, a deeper shift. They fought for survival. They delivered truth.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - EPILOGUE

The camera pans upward from the White House dome to the stars. The Moon glows, Mars burns red on the horizon. The cosmos beckons.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Moon Mission was over. Humanity's understanding of life — and its place in the universe — had shifted forever. The stars, once distant, were now calling them home. Pointing to Mars... and beyond.

Fade to black. Title card: "A NEW AGE BEGINS."

- THE END -