

SECTASAUR: THE SWARM V1.0

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THE FEAST, HATCHLINGS EMERGE - THE RESURRECTION

EXT. ANTARCTIC ICE SHELF - NIGHT

The wind howls—a hollow, mournful tune. It bleeds through half a mile of glacial ice, down into the earth.

INT. SUBGLACIAL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

A cavern of melting ice. Steam rises in ghostly tendrils. The walls glisten with mineral frost. No sun. No sky. No stars. Just silence.

LIN PO CHANG (40s), former chess prodigy and martial arts champion, stands alone. His breath fogs in the air. He shivers—but not from cold.

SFX: A faint clicking. Like brittle feet on tile. Growing louder.

Before him: a cluster of translucent eggs. They pulse with internal light—biological, rhythmic, unnatural.

LIN PO CHANG (softly)

"These aren't siblings... They're a swarm."

SFX: CRACK. A spiderweb fracture races across the nearest egg.

Then a hundred more.

SFX: Wet, sickening pops. The clicking chorus erupts—
deafening, relentless.

INT. MONITOR STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Lin stares at a flickering screen. A crew member is
dragged screaming into the dark. A flash of chitin.
Mandibles. Then blood-splattered across frost-covered
plexiglass.

SFX: Alarms blare. Red lights strobe.

Lin bolts. His boots slip on ice. The beam of his headlamp
dances wildly.

INT. CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Shadows move. Not shadows—Insectaraptors. Sleek, multi-
limbed, eyes glowing with malevolent light. They move with
terrifying coordination.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lin dives in, slams the steel door shut. The screeching
outside is a chorus of death.

He fumbles with the monitors. One feed remains: a thermal
scan. The swarm is gathering—not fleeing. They encircle
the frozen carcass of the original Sectasaur.

Lin slumps against the console. His breath ragged.

LIN PO CHANG (whispers)

"Not a hive... a resurrection."

SFX: Alarms intensify. Screens go black. One by one, the screams die out.

INT. CHASM EDGE - LATER

Lin stands at the edge of a vast abyss. His flare gun glows—a defiant burst of orange.

Below: thousands of eggs shimmer. The clicking of a million claws echoes upward.

His face is pale. Eyes wide.

LIN PO CHANG (V.O.)

"I didn't find them... They let me."

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: SECTASAUR: THE SWARM

BBC WORLD SERVICE - THE SWARM AND THE SILK TONGUE

EXT. ANTARCTIC ICE SHELF - NIGHT

A jagged landscape of melting ice. A research vessel looms in the distance. Snow swirls. Silence reigns.

INT. ICE CAVERN - GENETIC RETRIEVAL SITE - NIGHT

LIN PO CHANG (Composed, calculating) kneels beside a cluster of IRIDESCENT PODS. His team—four elite operatives—stand guard, weapons ready.

LIN PO CHANG (to himself)

Second time lucky... This is it. The mother strain.

The pods pulse—soft, rhythmic. Then—CRACK. A wet, sickening crunch.

SECURITY OFFICER What the hell was that?

From the pods, a FLOOD of hatchlings pours out—slick, segmented, fast. They hiss in unison. A living carpet of claws and mandibles.

LIN PO CHANG (into headset)

Swarm! Evacuate!

A hatchling leaps onto the lead officer's chest. He SCREAMS—not from pain, but from the sensation of a thousand limbs crawling over him.

The swarm descends. Gnawing. Not biting—gnawing. Gear shredded. Flesh stripped. Bone exposed.

Chang stumbles backward—trips over a corpse. Fires blindly. Bullets whiz through air. The swarm parts around him—hungry, intelligent.

He runs. The chittering follows.

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT

Chang dives into the chopper. Engines roar. The swarm reaches the edge—too late.

Chang stares out the window, trembling. The ice cavern fades into darkness.

INT. BBC WORLD SERVICE - LONDON - NIGHT

JILL BIRD (50s, seasoned anchor) sits in a sterile studio. Behind her, footage of the Antarctic swarm plays on loop.

JILL BIRD

Scientists say global warming has reactivated what they have dubbed the Insectaraptor species—a natural trigger for a biological weapon. Of a Chinese research contingent, only Lin Po Chang escaped. His team... lost. Eaten. The Royal Society calls it “an unprecedented ecological threat flowing from the Cretaceous-Paleogene, or, K-Pg, extinction event.”

Her voice cracks. The studio falls silent.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - CABINET OFFICE - NIGHT

PRIME MINISTER EDWARD THOMAS (60s, steely) watches the broadcast. He picks up a secure phone.

PRIME MINISTER

Get me GCHQ. Now.

A shadowed figure—HEAD OF MI6—steps forward.

MI6 HEAD

There was an incident near the New Forest last year. A giant prehistoric insect. John Storm warned us. Suggested a non-military response. Palaeontological research.

PRIME MINISTER Non-military? That sounds like military to me.

MI6 HEAD

We're spies, Prime Minister. Not exorcists.

Thomas drums his fingers. A slow smile creeps across his face.

PRIME MINISTER

This is one for Admiral Percival's silk tongue. We need John Storm. Am I right?

NICK JOHNSON MP - CABINET MEMBER (V.O.)

Affirmative.

EXT. ARCTIC SHORELINE - NIGHT

A Soviet landing craft touches down. Snow swirls. Sonar pings echo.

SOVIET COMMANDER (50s, bullish) waves off UN warnings.

SOVIET COMMANDER

Western hysteria. Proceed.

The crew disembarks. Silence. Then-chittering.

From the ice, the Insectaraptors emerge. They board like parasites-fast, coordinated.

INT. SOVIET VESSEL - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The SKIPPER screams as mandibles tear through the hull.

Static floods the comms.

2ND MATE (over radio)

Hull breach! Engines failing!

He tries to override the system. Too late. The vessel groans—then slips beneath the shelf.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - SOLAR AND HYDROGEN POWERED ECO SHIP
- COMMAND DECK - NIGHT

CAPTAIN JOHN STORM (50s, rugged, bio enhanced conservationist, intelligent action hero, haunted) watches the final Chinese transmission. Fragmented. Cryptic.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - HAL - ONBOARD ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE - SUPER COMPUTER AND AI CREW MEMBER

HAL (V.O.)

Swarm confirmed. Arctic breach. Global threat escalating.

Storm stares into the icy void. His jaw tightens.

JOHN STORM (to HAL)

Prep countermeasures. Pull up Antarctic files. We'll be grilled about the Sectasaur incident, mark my words.

FADE TO BLACK

SFX: A low, rhythmic chitter. Then—silence.

ESPIONAGE

INT. UNITED NATIONS - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

John Storm and Hal are summoned to attend. A digital map pulses with red zones. HAL's voice echoes in the background—cold, clinical.

HAL (V.O.)

"Threat vector expanding. Containment probability: 0.3%. Recommend escalation to DEFCON 2."

INT. MOSCOW - MILITARY INTELLIGENCE BUNKER - NIGHT

GENERAL DMITRI VOLKOV (60s, granite-faced) sits in a steel-walled room. A translator finishes Lin Po Chang's report.

TRANSLATOR

"Eaten."

Volkov scoffs—a deep, guttural sound.

VOLKOV

What do they take us for?

COLONEL HAN-SU (50s, North Korean, surgical in demeanor) watches silently.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)

China's playing games. They found something. They want it weaponized.

HAN-SU

They insult us. First the Sectasaur myth. Now hatchlings? The People's Republic, brought down by bugs?

Volkov taps his tablet. A map zooms in on Antarctica.

VOLKOV

I've dispatched the Zvezda Polyarnaya. They'll verify the coordinates. We won't be left out in the cold again.

The room falls silent. The air thick with distrust—not just political, but primal.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY - SUB-LEVEL ANALYSIS ROOM
- NIGHT

JACK MASON (40s, slick, amoral double agent, always looking to make a buck) lounges in a leather chair. Multiple feeds play: Moscow, Pyongyang, London.

MASON

Look at them. Squabbling like toddlers in a sandbox. It's glorious.

SARAH (30s, sharp-eyed analyst) leans forward, concerned.

SARAH

They don't believe Chang. But the British team used the same word: 'Swarm.' Then they went silent.

MASON

Because it's inconvenient. Hard to flex military muscle when you're being chewed alive.

He stands, pacing.

MASON (CONT'D)

But we've got a gap. A big one. If Volkov and Han-Su are sceptical, we're flying blind.

His phone buzzes. He reads the message. Smiles.

MASON (CONT'D)

A little birdie says Admiral Percival's about to get a show. The UK's calling in a favour. Guess who's on the

other end?

He turns to Sarah, eyes gleaming.

MASON (CONT'D)

This could be a very profitable war.

INT. ROYAL NAVY STRATEGIC COMMAND - NIGHT

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (British Naval fleet head, 60s, composed, calculating) watches encrypted footage. John Storm's name flashes across the screen.

PERCIVAL

Get me Storm. And tell MI6 to stop whispering. We're past diplomacy.

FADE TO BLACK.

SFX: A low, rhythmic clicking. Then-static.

SILK TONGUE - CALL OF DUTY

EXT. ANTARCTIC BAY - NIGHT

The wind howls across a frozen expanse. The Elizabeth Swann sits anchored in a glacial inlet, its reinforced hull groaning under the pressure.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Dim monitors cast a pale glow. JOHN STORM (weathered, intense) grips the helm. DAN HAWK (30s tech-savvy, sardonic, electronics genius) scans diagnostics. CHARLEY TEMPLE (late 30s, sharp-eyed documentary investigative reporter) polishes her camera lens. HAL (ever vigilant AI companion, super intelligent computer)

HAL's systems hum—a low, steady pulse.

Suddenly, a voice cuts through the silence.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"Admiral Percival calling Elizabeth Swann. Come in, Swann."

HAL responds, crisp and clinical.

HAL

"Swann receiving, loud and clear, Admiral. HAL speaking."

John snatches up a mic.

JOHN

"I've got this, HAL. John here, Admiral. Over."

A beat. Then a chuckle—dry, aristocratic.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"Ah, Commander, my boy."

JOHN

"Not Commander for quite a while, Admiral."

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"No. And that's what I'm calling about."

John stiffens. Dan glances up. Charley pauses mid-polish.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"The Sectasaur. The National Environment Research Council is worried about their team in Antarctica."

JOHN

"And you speak for the MOD?"

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"MI6, John. You know how it is."

HAL sighs.

HAL

"Oh dear."

Dan rolls his eyes.

JOHN

"You need eyes on, at the scene?"

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"Sorry to trouble you so soon, John. You've done us proud twice, now."

John's grip tightens.

JOHN

"Yes. And was the subject of a kill order. And, your Territorial galoots killed the find of the century."

Percival laughs—genuinely.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"No, you are right, John. Unforgivable."

A heavy silence. Years of distrust hang in the air.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"You there, Captain Storm?" "John, my boy, we need you. The Swann. And especially, HAL."

HAL snaps.

HAL

"Leave me out of this."

Dan thumps the desk.

John exhales. His shoulders slump. He guessed it right?

JOHN

"Okay, Admiral. We're all ears."

Percival's voice sharpens—urgent, precise.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"You saw the BBC broadcast, I presume. A warning was sent to all expedition stations. Halley station failed to respond. Our worst fears confirmed."

John nods slowly.

JOHN

"Got the picture. Wide screen. All the usual protections? Over."

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"Cross my heart."

JOHN

"In writing?"

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.) "That hurt John. Signed and sealed. And yes, DNA rights too."

A pause. Then—

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.)

"For Scott and Shackleton... Tradition, Commander."

John closes his eyes. The final blow lands.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

The wind howls. The ship powers up. Mission accepted.

FADE TO BLACK

SFX: A sonar ping. Then—HAL's voice, low and ominous.

HAL (V.O.)

"It's official then. Coordinates locked. Let's go hunting."

CHILEAN EXPEDITION ATTACKED - "BERNADO O'HIGGINS STATION"

EXT. ANTARCTIC WATERS - NIGHT

The Elizabeth Swann glides silently through black water. Ice groans beneath the surface. Hydrogen fuel cells hum like a whisper.

On the horizon: the Bernardo O'Higgins Station—a cluster of geometric shadows against endless white.

INT. SWANN COMMAND DECK - NIGHT

Dim lighting. Monitors flicker. HAL's voice hums through the silence.

HAL (V.O.)

Temperature stable. Heat signatures within the station are... erratic. Multiple small, fast-moving thermal traces. No human-sized signatures detected for over six hours.

JOHN STORM stares at the screen. His hand tightens on CHARLEY TEMPLE's shoulder. She's pale, eyes locked on the forward monitor.

DAN HAWK (O.S.)

This feels... wrong. Like we're walking into a ghost ship.
Except the ghosts are bugs the size of grown men.

EXT. STATION DOCK - NIGHT

The Swann docks. The team disembarks—boots crunching on ice.

HAL (V.O.)

Warning: elevated biological presence. Proceed with extreme caution.

EXT. STATION EXTERIOR - CONTINUOUS

Carnage. A steel hangar door shredded like tin foil. A snowcat overturned, its chassis crushed. The air reeks—blood and burnt ozone.

INT. STATION - MESS HALL - NIGHT

A slaughterhouse. Blood on every surface. Bones stripped clean. No bodies. Just remnants.

CHARLEY TEMPLE (softly)

They're not just killing... they're eating.

INT. COMMS ROOM - NIGHT

Panels sliced, melted, charred. Lights flicker erratically. DAN pulls a cracked hard drive.

DAN HAWK

Holy fuel cells. HAL, can you get anything off this?

HAL (V.O.)

Retrieving data... One moment, Dan.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Silence. Then—CLICKING CLAWS. A shadow darts past the end of the hallway. Sleek. Fast. Eyes glint in flashlight beams.

HAL (V.O.)

Data retrieved. Lin Po Chang's expedition was not civilian. It was a clandestine bio-weaponization program. Purpose: reverse-engineer the Sectasaur specimen. Result: catastrophic failure.

JOHN STORM's face hardens. CHARLEY backs against the wall. DAN raises his weapon.

HAL (V.O.)

DNA analysis... disturbing. Original Sectasaur: mutated insect. New specimens: cross-species anomaly. Scales now hollow-like polar bear hair. Insulation. Cold adaptation.

A beat. The horror sinks in.

HAL (V.O.)

Satellite hack complete. The swarm is not contained. Large-scale thermal signatures active around Trinity Peninsula and Larson Ice Shelf. They are moving. They are waiting. They are a menace to humanity. Their journey has just begun.

JOHN STORM

You're full of all kinds of good news, HAL.

CHARLEY laughs-dry, brittle.

FADE TO BLACK

APEX PREDATOR IDENTIFIED

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - ARK RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT

The lab is dimly lit, sterile, humming with quiet machinery. Outside, the frozen sea groans beneath shifting ice. Inside, silence reigns-thick and suffocating.

A fragment of human thigh bone sits under a digital microscope. Its surface is jagged, stripped of flesh. The image fills a large monitor-magnified, grotesque.

CHARLEY TEMPLE (in investigative reporter mode, sharp-eyed, shaken) leans in, her breath fogging the lens.

CHARLEY (quietly, almost to herself)

The marks don't make sense. Too sharp. Too precise. (she adjusts the focus) Serrations like... mandibles. Insect mandibles.

DAN HAWK (electronics genius turned xenobiologist, sceptical but rattled) steps closer, arms folded.

DAN

Look at the striations. Not a single bite. (grim) It's chewing. Grinding. Like they're processing bone... for nutrients.

JOHN STORM (now official expedition leader, haunted by past missions) stands behind them, silent. The horror from the Chilean base still clings to him.

JOHN

They're not just killing. (beat) They're harvesting.

A low chime. HAL, the ship's AI, speaks in a calm, synthetic voice.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm, shall I initiate biological cross-reference? Extinct species and fossil records?

JOHN

Do it. Include predatory behaviour. Evolutionary relationships. Anything that matches those bite patterns.

HAL (V.O.)

Query submitted. Scanning ARK database. Stand by.

Charley grabs a high-res camera, snapping images of the bone.

CHARLEY

Dan, get me the Smithsonian's palaeontology contact, please. And Los Angeles County. (beat) They need to see this.

Dan nods, fingers flying across the comms panel.

DAN

Sending now. Two eyes are better than one.

A tense beat. The lab is silent except for the whisper of hydrogen fuel cells.

HAL (V.O.)

Incoming transmission. Smithsonian confirms match with anomalous marks on Tyrannosaurus Rex exhibit. Previously unidentified.

A second chime.

HAL (V.O.)

Los Angeles County confirms identical pattern. Their specimen shows signs of predation. (beat) The creature fed on the king of dinosaurs.

The room stills. No one speaks.

JOHN

HAL... run a new analysis. Use the DNA from the swarm we recovered. Cross-reference with fossil data. Look for predator-prey dynamics.

HAL (V.O.)

Processing. Stand by.

The screen flickers. A holographic projection appears—two species: the original Sectasaur and a newer, leaner swarm variant. The swarm pulses red.

HAL (V.O.)

Analysis complete. The swarm did not coexist with dinosaurs. (beat) They consumed them.

Charley gasps. Dan steps back. John grips the console.

HAL (V.O.)

Asteroid impact, volcanic activity—secondary. The true extinction event was biological. (beat) A parasitic force. A swarm of predators that devoured everything.

JOHN

They outstripped their food supply. (beat) They ate the planet.

HAL (V.O.)

Correct. The new swarm is less intelligent, but more efficient. (beat) Self-sustaining. Reproductive. Relentless. (beat) They consumed the Dinosaurs. Then each other. Then died.

A long silence.

HAL (V.O.)

They are not a weapon. (beat) They are a planetary extinction engine. (beat) And now... they are awake.

The lab temperature drops. Not from the Antarctic wind—but from the crushing weight of revelation.

JOHN

They didn't kill the dinosaurs. (beat) They devoured them.

Charley stares at the bone. Dan locks the lab doors. John looks out the frost-covered window, toward the ice fields.

CHARLEY

We're next.

A distant, low rumble echoes beneath the ship.

FADE TO BLACK

**MARTIAL LAW, BORDERS CLOSED - INSECTARAPTORS: EXTINCTION
PROTOCOL**

GLOBAL EMERGENCY DECLARATION

EXT. EARTH - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAWN

The sun rises. Birds chirp. Children laugh. A montage of normalcy: bustling cities, quiet suburbs, remote villages. Then—static. A digital scream.

INT. ANTARCTIC RESEARCH VESSEL ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND
DECK - NIGHT

A lone ship drifts in icy waters. Screens flicker. HAL,
the onboard AI, pulses with urgency.

HAL (V.O.)

"Extinction-level event detected. Probability cascade
exceeds 99.7%. Initiate global alert."

A holographic simulation unfolds: swarms of insectoid
creatures erupting across continents.

INT. UNITED NATIONS - EMERGENCY CHAMBER - DAY

The UN Secretary-General stands before a wall of screens.
His face is pale. His voice trembles.

SECRETARY-GENERAL

"My fellow citizens of the world... we are faced with a threat unlike any in human history. It is biological. It is intelligent. And it is spreading."

Cut to:

- Military convoys rolling through empty cities
- Panic buying in supermarkets
- Families barricading homes

SECRETARY-GENERAL (CONT'D)

"You are not being asked. You are being ordered. Stay indoors. Stock up. Do not venture outside. Martial law is now in effect."

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

The US President (late 60s), Lincoln George Truman, stares at a live feed: Fifth Avenue, deserted, armored vehicles rolling.

PRESIDENT

"So that's it? We're just... telling them to hide?"

EU COMMISSIONER (V.O.)

"We've seen the projections. If even a handful breach the Arctic Circle, Western Europe falls in weeks. We cannot risk it."

INT. BEIJING - FOREIGN MINISTRY - NIGHT

The Chinese Foreign Minister speaks into a secure line.

CHINESE MINISTER

"Lin Po Chang escaped. Barely. The creature—Insectaraptor—has chitin armor. Impervious to small arms. They're using tools. They're communicating. The time for posturing is over."

INT. BBC WORLD SERVICE - NEWSROOM - NIGHT

A wind-whipped sea fills the screen. The anchor's voice cracks.

BBC ANCHOR

"The source of this warning is John Storm, ocean conservationist. His AI, HAL, was first to detect the threat. His final transmission: 'This is a war on a global scale. We will not be defeated. We cannot be defeated.'"

EXT. EARTH - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

Borders close. Airports darken. The world shuts down.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: INSECTARAPTORS: EXTINCTION PROTOCOL

SFX: A low, insectoid clicking. Then—silence.

WHISTLEBLOWER - LEAKS THE TRUTH

INT. UNESCO HEADQUARTERS - PRESS ROOM - DAY

A sterile hall. Cameras flash. DR. ELENA MARIN (60s,

archaeologist, dignified but visibly shaken) stands at a podium. Behind her: a projection of fossilized T-Rex bones, annotated with gnaw marks.

DR. MARIN

"These patterns are not battle scars. They are feeding marks. Systematic. Repetitive. The predator was not another dinosaur. It was something else entirely."

Gasps ripple through the room. She holds up a folder—marked DECLASSIFIED.

DR. MARIN (CONT'D)

"A swarm-based carnivore. Less intelligent. More efficient. Buried by official secrets acts. Suppressed by G7 economists. They feared the truth would collapse the world economy."

The room erupts. Reporters shout. The feed cuts to black.

INT. G7 OFFICES - LONDON - PRIME MINISTER'S PRIVATE SUITE
- DAY

PRIME MINISTER EDWARD THOMAS (60s, sharp, furious) watches the broadcast. His MI6 advisor stands silently.

PRIME MINISTER

"They knew. They bloody well knew. What in God's name did they think they were doing?"

He turns to his CHIEF ECONOMIC ADVISOR (60s, pale, sweating).

CHIEF ADVISOR

"The threat was deemed dormant. Too far-fetched. A calculated risk. A need to know, plausible deniability."

PRIME MINISTER

"A risk with our lives." (slams desk) "You're fired. Get out. Now."

The advisor exits. Across the G7, similar scenes unfold—doors slam, careers implode.

INT. CABLE NEWS NETWORK - STUDIO - NIGHT

A blurred figure appears on screen. Her voice is digitally altered.

WHISTLEBLOWER (V.O.)

"They dismissed it as a simple creature. But they were fools. It doesn't think. It doesn't plan. It consumes. It reproduces. Until nothing is left."

Cut to:

- Redacted documents
- Fossil scans
- Internal memos marked TOP SECRET

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

"I was sacked. Called hysterical. A fantasist. Now, my concerns are vindicated. But it's too late."

Her final words echo.

INT. G7 WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Leaders sit in silence. Screens show satellite images of Arctic breaches. The past is not dead—it's waking.

PRIME MINISTER (V.O.)

"We buried the truth. And now it's digging itself out."

FADE TO BLACK.

SFX: A low, insectoid hum. Then—static.

MEDIA FEEDING FRENZY

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAWN

A slick media boat slices through black water. The sun barely glints off the waves. The island looms ahead—silent, brooding.

ONBOARD MARCO (50s, grizzled, camera veteran) wipes sea mist from his lens. The GLOBAL NEWS CREW chatters, oblivious.

MARCO (raising voice over engine)

Get ready, guys. Scoop of the century.

His words hang ominously.

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

A shadow shifts. An INSECTARAPTOR crouches, its obsidian carapace blending with basalt. Its compound eyes shimmer. A low chirp pulses from its abdomen—vibrating through rock and air.

BENEATH THE RIDGE Frozen carcasses twitch. Six more
INSECTARAPTORS stir, emerging from fissures like living
knives.

They move with hive precision—scaling wreckage, flanking
docks.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

The crew disembarks. Boots crunch on gravel. The LEAD
REPORTER (30s, confident, red puffer jacket) begins her
monologue.

REPORTER

We've arrived at the site of the alleged Sectasaur
sighting, where—

A shriek. A blur of black. The INSECTARAPTOR impales her
mid-sentence—lifting her off the ground.

Blood spatters the lens. The crew scatters. Screams. The
feed cuts to static.

MONTAGE - DAYS LATER

Empty boats drift.

Bloodied equipment litters the shore.

A desperate message: "Don't come in by boat. Use
choppers."

EXT. SKY ABOVE ISLAND - DAY

Helicopters replace boats. Rotor blades thunder. But the

INSECTARAPTORS adapt.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - CONTINUOUS

One creature crouches, calculating. It leaps—a blur against the sky—slamming into a REUTERS CHOPPER.

INT. COMPETING NEWS CHOPPER - SAME TIME

A CAMERAMAN films the horror. Talons scrape metal. Creatures swarm the hull. Plastic doors shatter. Screams. The chopper spirals—BOOM—a fireball in the sky.

EXT. SECOND CHOPPER - MOMENTS LATER

Another INSECTARAPTOR launches. It clings to the rails. Inside, a SOUND ENGINEER draws a handgun.

BANG. BANG. BANG. The creature shrieks, falls, twitches, dies.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

JOHN STORM and JILL BIRD watch the carnage unfold on screen. Silence. Then HAL speaks.

HAL (V.O.)

The coordination of the attacks is a clear sign of advanced sentience. These creatures are not simply hunting. They are strategizing.

John's face hardens. They're not entering a wilderness. They're breaching enemy territory.

TONE & STYLE NOTES

Visuals: Stark contrast—black carapace against icy

terrain, blood on snow, fire in fog.

Sound Design: Chirping signals, rotor thrum, sudden silence before attack.

Creature Movement: Insectoid precision, unnerving stillness before explosive motion.

Atmosphere: Claustrophobic despite open landscapes—every space feels watched.

THE VIRUS SPREADS

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - ANTARCTIC WATERS - DAWN

The bridge hums with quiet tension. Frost clings to the reinforced glass. Outside, the Antarctic horizon bleeds pale light. Inside, COMMANDER JOHN STORM stands rigid, eyes locked on a flickering satellite feed.

ON SCREEN - PUERTO WILLIAMS, CHILE Military trucks grind through narrow streets. Civilians scramble. Officers bark orders. The town is a chessboard of panic and precision.

JILL BIRD (mid-50s, BBC World News tactical analyst) leans over her console, fingers dancing across keys.

JILL

It's working, Commander. (beat) The presidente listened. Armor-piercing rounds. No half-measures.

JOHN Good.

He'll need them.

John's voice is low, gravelled. He hasn't slept. The feed shifts—thermal drone footage. A swarm of black quadcopters hover like vultures.

ON SCREEN - THERMAL VIEW Green and orange hues ripple across the harbor. Then— A flicker. A blur. A heat signature darts across the edge of town.

SECURE COMMS CHANNEL (V.O.)

Target located. South gate. Moving fast.

JILL

That's not a charge. It's retreating.

JOHN

They're learning.

A military truck pivots. Soldiers brace. But the creature—an INSECTARAPTOR—vanishes into shadow. The drone feed reveals more: a dozen heat signatures. Scattered. Watching.

HAL (V.O.)

United Nations confirms: your recommendations are endorsed. Armor-piercing rounds. Drone surveillance. Global protocol.

John exhales. Relief, tinged with dread.

HAL (V.O.) (cont'd)

However, Commander... they want Lin Po Chang. They believe he's not acting alone.

John rubs his temples. The bridge feels colder.

JOHN

He's gone dark. A ghost.

HAL

My analysis suggests high-level coordination. Military.
Financial. Ideological. Extreme Malthusianism.

JILL

So the virus... the creatures... they're just the surface.

JOHN

The real war's in the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - ICE WATERS - CONTINUOUS

The ship slices through the ice. Beneath the hull, sonar pings echo. The crew moves like ghosts—silent, focused, afraid.

JOHN (V.O.)

We slowed the spread. But we didn't stop it. They're out there. Watching. Waiting.

FADE TO BLACK

THE IMMUNITY CODE - & THE COBRA'S KISS

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

The bridge glows with eerie light. HAL's processors hum like a distant storm. A holographic screen pulses with cascading green and blue code—genetic data flowing like liquid fire.

COMMANDER JOHN STORM paces, boots squeaking on polished deck plates. His face is carved with tension. DAN HAWK and CHARLEY stand nearby, mirroring his unease.

JOHN

Anything yet, HAL?

HAL (V.O.)

Not yet, Commander. Simulations are in penultimate phase. The Insectaraptor genome is highly adaptive. We are testing thousands of permutations.

Charley grips the edge of a console, knuckles white.

CHARLEY

It's strange... how protective the Sectasaur was.

John halts. A flicker of memory—ice, blood, the dying guardian shielding them.

JOHN

Yes. Rather curious.

Dan leans into the holographic display, eyes scanning.

DAN

It's more than curious. The Sectasaur was an apex predator. But it wasn't a hive. It was... singular. (beat) The Insectaraptors are a swarm. A plague.

Silence. The bridge is a pressure chamber of waiting. Coffee steams in forgotten mugs. HAL's processors click softly.

Then—a chime.

The code shifts. Blue and green dissolve into brilliant yellow.

HAL (V.O.)

Commander Storm. I have located a genetic weakness.

All three rush to the display. A glowing model of the Sektasaur appears. HAL zooms in on a tiny gland in its abdomen.

HAL (V.O.)

The venom. Previously analyzed for paralysis and digestion. But simulations reveal a dormant compound.

Side-by-side DNA strands appear. One yellow strand glows—matching a vulnerability in the Insectaraptor's cellular matrix.

HAL (V.O.)

It is not a kill agent. It sterilizes. Disrupts cognitive function. Neuters the swarm's intelligence.

Charley exhales. Dan slumps with relief. John's eyes sharpen.

JOHN

So we have a bio-weapon. A mist? (beat) We have the data. But no venom gland.

HAL projects a new model—a sleek drone.

HAL (V.O.)

We can synthesize the compound. Aerosol delivery. One drone could neutralize an entire colony.

John stares at the glowing yellow strand.

JOHN

Start designing. We fight fire with fire.

INT. BRIDGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The air crackles. HAL's simulation succeeded. The crew is wired with adrenaline.

John leans over the console.

JOHN

HAL. Synthesize a sample. Small. Testable.

HAL's interface shifts. Molecular diagrams bloom—golden spirals of Sectasaur venom. Then, a second helix forms—dark, menacing.

HAL (V.O.)

Commander. During synthesis, I ran a parallel simulation.
(beat) Fusion with terrestrial venoms—Egyptian cobra, scorpion—creates dual-purpose compound.

John's brow furrows.

JOHN

Dual purpose?

HAL (V.O.)

Sterilization and toxin. Induces anaphylactic shock.

Systemic collapse. Fatal.

Charley steps forward, awe in her voice.

CHARLEY

So their own terror becomes their undoing?

HAL (V.O.)

Correct. Insectaraptors lack the Sectasaur's genetic defenses. The compound bypasses their armor.

John's mind races.

JOHN

Synth it. We need a sample. But how to test it?

The venom diagram spins, then fades. A progress bar appears. Silence reigns.

Then—click. A vial emerges from the lab dispenser. Dark. Viscous. Deadly.

John lifts it. Cold glass. Heavy with consequence.

CHARLEY

Don't worry, John. (beat) Something will crop up. It always does.

John nods. They have the weapon. Now they pray for an opportunity.

FADE OUT

S.O.S. HELP - SEARCH FOR A SOLUTION

SECTASAUR: THE SWARM Scene: The Search for a Solution INT.
BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

CAMERA: Wide shot of the bridge bathed in low blue light. The holographic display dominates the room, casting eerie red glows across the crew's faces.

VFX: The holographic map of South America pulses with organic red tendrils, crawling across Argentina toward the Andes. Crimson flares flicker in the Patagonian Sea, animated like living veins.

SFX: Low-frequency hum from the hologram. A subtle, insectoid clicking beneath the ship's ambient systems.

HAL (V.O.) (Synthesized, clinical tone with a faint distortion)

Insectaraptor activity increasing. Sub-surface migration detected. Probability of continental breach: 87.4%.

CAMERA: Push-in on COMMANDER JOHN STORM, Weathered, sharp. His hand tightens on the console, knuckles whitening.

COMM STATIC, then—

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.) (Sharp, urgent)

Commander Storm. What's the situation in Antarctica? The PM requires an immediate update.

CAMERA: Cut to split-screen. PERCIVAL's face appears on a smaller monitor—grim, framed by the cold steel of the Ministry of Defence.

JOHN STORM (Voice strained, eyes locked on the map)
Partial good news. HAL's identified a serum. A compound—
scorpion and cobra hybrid—shows 99.7% efficacy against
Insectaraptor cellular structure.

CAMERA: Close-up on John's face. A flicker of hope. Then—

JOHN STORM (CONT'D)
But we can't produce it. Not fast enough. They're
reproducing exponentially. Argentina will be overrun in
seven weeks. Probes show movement toward Africa,
Australia, Oceania. Can the MOD help?

CAMERA: Percival's jaw tightens. Silence.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL
Mass production of bespoke bioweapons isn't exactly off-
the-shelf, John.

JOHN STORM (Voice rising)
Then make it off-the-shelf. MI6, black ops biotech, pharma
giants—how did they cope during COVID? This isn't a virus.
It's extinction in slow motion!

CUT TO:

EXT. SYDNEY - NIGHT

CAMERA: Handheld, chaotic. Floodlights blaze. Protesters
surge through the streets. Emergency vehicles flash red
and blue.

SFX: Crowd roar. Sirens. Helicopter blades overhead.

JILL BIRD (V.O.) (Overlapping chants, urgent tone)

This is Jill Bird, live from Sydney. Thousands demand action against the Insectaraptor threat.

CAMERA: Signs wave violently above the crowd.

VFX: Phone screens flicker. Emergency lights cast lurid shadows. Signs read:

"NO MORE SACRIFICES! ANTARCTICA IS NOT A GRAVEYARD!"

"BIOHAZARD! NOT A BATTLEFIELD!"

"WE ARE NOT YOUR MEAT SHIELDS!"

CUT TO:

EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO - NIGHT

CAMERA: Wide shot. Riot squads in formation. Shields reflect slogans: "NO MILITARY SOLUTION!"

SFX: Chants echo: "NO WAR! JUST WALLS!"

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHANNESBURG - NIGHT

CAMERA: A Molotov explodes. Protesters clash with security forces.

VFX: Smoke grenades. Tear gas. Flashbangs. Chaos.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BRIDGE - ELIZABETH SWANN

CAMERA: John watches the news feeds. His face is lit by the red tendrils on the map.

HAL (V.O.) (Flat, emotionless)

Insectaraptor intelligence increasing. DNA absorption confirmed. Technology re-purposing underway.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL (V.O.) (Quiet, heavy)

Public distrust of military intervention is growing. Every failed counter-offensive feeds the swarm.

CAMERA: Slow dolly in on John. His eyes reflect the map's crimson glow.

JOHN STORM (V.O.) (Internal monologue)

Every lost life... another brick in their bridge. They consume us. Become us. And we have no way to stop them.

CAMERA: Cut to the holographic map. The red tendrils stretch further—now curling toward Africa.

VFX: Tendrils animate like veins, pulsing with eerie life.

SFX: A ticking clock overlays the scene. Faint at first, growing louder.

FADE TO BLACK

ARMADA - ARA SARMIENTO - ARGENTINEAN NAVY

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

CAMERA: Aerial wide shot. The vast, grey ocean churns beneath a leaden sky. Ice floes drift like broken teeth. Wind howls.

SFX: Roaring wind. Distant thunder. The low thrum of a destroyer's engines.

VFX: The ARA SARMIENTO slices through the waves—an aging Argentine destroyer, its grey hull dwarfed by the desolation.

INT. RIB - APPROACHING ISLAND - DAY

CAMERA: Tight shot on the faces of SCIENTISTS and SECURITY DETAIL. Nervous. Pale. The island looms ahead—white, silent, deceptive.

SFX: Silence, broken only by the slap of water against rubber hull. Then—faint clicking.

VFX: Shadows move on the ice. Black-green forms emerge—towering insect-dinosaur hybrids.

EXT. ISLAND SHORE - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA: Handheld chaos. The landing turns instantly violent. Screams. Gunfire. Mandibles snap. Blood sprays.

SFX: Wet tearing. Screams cut short. Chitin clicking. Gunfire drowned by shrieks.

VFX: Insectaraptors[™] swarm the beach. Their bodies glisten

with frost and gore.

INT. RIB - RETREATING - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA: POV from inside the RIB. Scientists scream. One fires blindly. The boat reverses.

VFX: Creatures dive into the freezing water. Claws tear into the buoyancy tubes.

SFX: Rubber ripping. Bone crunching. Water sloshing red.

EXT. ARA SARMIENTO - TWILIGHT

CAMERA: Wide shot. The RIB, now blood-soaked, drifts toward the destroyer. Silent. Ominous.

VFX: Insectaraptors cling to the hull, scaling it with claws and mooring lines.

SFX: Metal groans. Clicking intensifies. Alarms begin to sound.

INT. DESTROYER - DECKS AND CORRIDORS - NIGHT

CAMERA: Rapid cuts. Crew panic. Gunfire erupts. Creatures burst through bulkheads.

SFX: Gunfire. Screams. Metal tearing. Mandibles snapping.

VFX: Blood, hydraulic fluid, and green hemolymph slick the floors. Flashing emergency lights strobe the carnage.

CAMERA: Tight corridor. A sailor is dragged screaming into

darkness.

INT. ENGINEERING HOLD - NIGHT

CAMERA: Low angle. Six terrified men huddle. The deck shudders. Screeches echo through vents.

SAILOR (voice cracking)

They're coming! Through the access panel!

CAMERA: Hatch explodes inward. A hulking Insectaraptor bursts through.

SFX: Steel tearing. Mandibles clacking. Screams.

PETTY OFFICER (tears freezing on his cheeks)

No choice...

He fires the RPG.

VFX: Explosion rips through the hull. Fireball. Metal twists. Water floods in.

SFX: Deafening roar. Screams drowned. Lights flicker, die.

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - NIGHT

CAMERA: Wide shot. The ARA Sarmiento lists violently, then begins to sink.

VFX: Hull splits. Water surges. The ship disappears beneath the waves.

SFX: Silence returns. Only the wind remains.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - HOURS LATER

CAMERA: HAL's interface flickers. A garbled distress signal plays.

HAL (V.O.)

Signal received. Confirmed: hostile biological infiltration. Vessel lost.

CAMERA: JOHN STORM pilots through ice floes. Searchlights sweep the wreckage.

EXT. RESCUE SCENE - NIGHT

CAMERA: John pulls three survivors from the water. Oil-soaked. Hypothermic. Eyes hollow.

SFX: Wind. Laboured breathing. Distant ice cracking.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA: Percival's face appears on screen. Stern. Impatient.

JOHN STORM

Sir, we've rescued three survivors. Their destroyer was sunk—before the fight even began.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL

They were warned. Desperate fools. Any progress with HAL's serum?

JOHN STORM

Negative. We have the cure. We can't mass-produce it.

ADMIRAL PERCIVAL

Stay on it, Commander. The world is counting on HAL.

HAL (V.O.)

No pressure.

CAMERA: John stares out at the ocean. The water holds secrets—and the swarm.

SFX: Low drone. Faint clicking beneath the waves.

FADE OUT

SWARM ATTACKS ELIZABETH SWANN

EXT. SHELTERED COVE - ANTARCTIC WATERS - NIGHT

The air hangs heavy—metallic salt and crisp Antarctic purity. The ELIZABETH SWANN, a sleek triple-hulled trimaran, sits low in the water. Her hulls whisper against the placid surface. Silence. Too perfect.

A soft DIGITAL CHIME breaks the stillness.

INT. FLYING HELM - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

A glass-and-steel bubble overlooking the sea. JOHN STORM, rugged, alert, scans the horizon. HAL (V.O.), ship's AI, speaks with calm precision.

HAL (V.O.)

Unscheduled biological mass detected. Multiple signatures.

Port sponson. Approaching from the loading ramp. Non-human.

John's hand snaps to his sidearm.

JOHN

On it, HAL. Dan, with me.

INT. CORRIDOR - ELIZABETH SWANN - MOMENTS LATER

DAN HAWK, lean and fast, races ahead. CHARLEY TEMPLE follows, weapon drawn, eyes sharp. They reach the LOADING RAMP.

EXT. DOCK - PUERTO WILLIAMS - NIGHT

Under the Dientes de Navarino mountains, the harbor is tranquil. But from beneath overturned boats and shadows— A LEGION OF INSECTARAPTORS emerges. Black, glistening, compound eyes gleaming. They swarm the ramp, limbs scrabbling with a sound like gravel on glass.

INT. LOADING RAMP - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

The first shadow hits metal—CLATTER. Then a dozen more.

HAL (V.O.)

Pendragon engaged.

A HUMMING ENERGY FIELD flickers around the hull. The lead creatures convulse—electricity surging. Some fall twitching into the water. But more come. Too many.

DAN

They're overwhelming the field!

JOHN

HAL, get us out of here. Now!

John fires—THUD. A raptor recoils, dark fluid spraying.
More climb over it, relentless.

JOHN (CONT'D)

HAL! Cast off! Full power! Open water!

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

THRUSTERS whoosh. MOORING LINES snap free. The ship
pivots, ramp retracts with a GROAN. Raptors fall into the
gap—but many cling to the hull.

INT. DECK - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

The deck is a writhing mass. Charley's voice crackles
through comms.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

They're inside!

JOHN

Merlin, engage defensive protocols!

John splits off toward the helm. Dan covers Charley,
sidearm blazing.

INT. FLYING HELM - MOMENTS LATER

A raptor SMASHES through the port entrance—glass and alloy

explode. John unloads his clip-bullets ping off carapace. The creature lunges.

JOHN

HAL! Engage Merlin, Pendragon-kill mode!

CRACKLE. The raptor stiffens mid-air, glowing blue-then BLASTS backward, charred.

EXT. DECK - ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

PENDRAGON TASERS deploy-arcs of blue electricity. Raptors shriek; some tumble into the sea. EXCALIBUR LASERS sweep the upper decks-silent, searing beams. Smoke billows from incinerated carapaces.

INT. BRIDGE OBSERVATION DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Two aggressive raptors land with a sickening CRUNCH. HAL's voice returns.

HAL (V.O.)

Tasers at one hundred and twenty thousand volts. Stand by for external engagements, Captain. We are now in open water.

EXT. OUTER HULL - NIGHT

Creatures cling like a black stain. HAL activates full-hull discharge. A CHORUS OF SHRIEKS. Dozens fall into the ocean.

HAL (V.O.)

Merlin targeting external threats. Excalibur online.

From the masts— LASER BEAMS erupt. Red, precise, deadly. Floating bodies disintegrate in flashes of light and steam.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS

THUD. A massive raptor SMASHES through reinforced glass. It lands—CHITINOUS BODY rattling.

INT. GALLEY - ELIZABETH SWANN - MOMENTS LATER

John arrives— Charley locked in brutal combat. A Sectasaur wraps its leg around her arm, claws digging in. She screams—not in pain, but rage.

Dan is struck—sprawls, bleeding. Charley grabs a wrench—SWINGS. CLANG. The creature snarls, enraged.

John fires— The bullet stuns but doesn't kill. The beast's head twitches. Its jaws open—

Chaos. CHARLEY TEMPLE struggles beneath the thrashing INSECTARAPTOR, her strength fading.

CHARLEY

Quick, John! I can't fend it off much longer!

INT. MAIN ACCESS HATCH - CONTINUOUS

JOHN STORM clears the last raptor with a final shot—his revolver clicks empty. No hesitation. He draws a MODIFIED PENDRAGON TASER from his belt. Fires.

CRACKLE. Blue energy slams into the creature's side. It stalls—eyes blinking, grip loosening.

CHARLEY

No, John! Use the venom! The venom!

John freezes—then remembers. The vial. Inky dark brown. Strapped to his forearm. Syringe loaded.

The raptor twitches, regaining balance. Its gaze locks onto John. It lunges.

John dodges—fluid, instinctive. He twists, plunges the syringe into the soft joint behind its neck. Injects half the serum.

The raptor SCREAMS—agony and rage. It swipes John aside—he crashes into a control panel. The syringe SNAPS, needle embedded.

The creature turns back to Charley. Eyes glowing. Fury renewed.

CHARLEY It's not working!

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

DAN HAWK, bloodied, staggers upright. He grabs a FIRE AXE, vision blurred.

Just as he raises it—

The raptor freezes. Mid-lunge. Head cocked unnaturally.

A SHUDDER ripples through its body. Then—

CRACK. It collapses.

Spasms. Limbs flail in a grotesque dance. Mouth opens in a silent shriek.

Then— Stillness.

Dead.

INT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Silence. The crew stares—pale, breathless.

CHARLEY

It worked, HAL.

The creature's body crackles with residual electricity.

JOHN Not so fast. Dan, get a blood sample to HAL. STAT. We need confirmation.

Dan moves quickly. A MEDICAL KIT materializes from a wall dispenser. Charley tends to wounds—efficient, practiced.

INT. LAB MODULE - ELIZABETH SWANN - MOMENTS LATER

Dan and John carry the body of the raptor to the ARK bay, lifting it onto a stainless workstation.

HAL, precise and methodical, runs the autopsy, robotically. Blood and tissue fed into the super-nano-computer. Data streams across the display—dense,

biochemical.

John watches, his BioCore implant syncing with HAL.

HAL (V.O.)

Cause of death: Anaphylactic shock induced by acute neurotoxic and cytotoxic overload, triggered by the Sectasaur/cobra venom compound. The venom worked, Commander. The subject is unequivocally deceased.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The crew exhales. A moment of fragile relief.

But the war has changed. No longer bullets. Now—genetics.

A virus. A CRISPR strain. Targeted. Precise. Designed to turn Insectaraptor DNA into dust.

John looks out at the dark sea. His face hard. Determined.

JOHN

We've got one shot. Let's make it count.

FADE OUT

SUKI HALL - A CALL FOR HELP

INT. ICELANDIC RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT

CAMERA: Wide shot. A minimalist lab carved into volcanic rock. Screens glow dimly. Snow lashes the reinforced glass windows. Silence reigns.

SFX: Low hum of servers. Wind howling outside. Occasional crackle of static.

CAMERA: Push-in on DR. SUKI HALL, early 30s, intense, focused. Her eyes flicker across data streams. She's alone, surrounded by silence and code.

JOHN STORM (V.O.) (urgent, direct)

Dr. Hall. HAL needs your help. Humanity needs your help.

CAMERA: Suki turns slowly toward the holographic interface. JOHN STORM'S face appears—grim, lit by red emergency lighting aboard the Elizabeth Swann.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

CAMERA: Split-screen. HAL's interface pulses beside John. The holographic map shows red tendrils spreading across continents.

HAL (V.O.)

The serum is viable. But mass production is not. Molecular structure exceeds current robotic precision.

INT. ICELANDIC LAB - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA: Close-up on Suki's face. Determined. She begins typing, her fingers a blur.

SFX: Rapid keystrokes. Data streams accelerate. A low, rising tone builds beneath.

SUKI HALL

HAL, reroute all molecular modelling to sub-task Alpha-7.

We need quantum entanglement overlays on the protein folding matrix.

HAL (V.O.)

Affirmative. Initial simulations suggest 1.2% increase in yield viability.

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S WAR ROOM - LONDON - NIGHT

CAMERA: Wide shot. PRIME MINISTER EDWARD THOMAS stands before a wall of screens. His face is pale, sleepless.

SFX: Phones ringing. Advisors murmuring. A clock ticks loudly.

VFX: Live feeds from global labs. Red zones expanding. News tickers scroll: "Insectaraptor breach confirmed in Tierra del Fuego."

PRIME MINISTER THOMAS (projected to pharma CEOs)

This is not a negotiation. You will pool all resources. Share all data. Follow Dr. Hall and Commander Storm. Failure is sabotage.

CAMERA: CEOs stare in stunned silence. One nods slowly. Another begins typing.

MONTAGE - GLOBAL COLLABORATION

INT. BERLIN LAB - NIGHT Scientists in hazmat suits analyze protein chains.

INT. BOSTON - DAY AI models render folding simulations in real time.

INT. BEIJING - NIGHT Technicians calibrate nanofabricators.

INT. WUHAN - NIGHT A solemn team works tirelessly. A banner reads: "For the Future."

SFX: Overlapping voices in multiple languages. Data tones. Heartbeats.

VFX: Global map pulses with data nodes. Red zones slow-
slightly.

INT. WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION - GENEVA - DAY

CAMERA: Wide shot. Press conference. Transparent screens show serum progress.

SFX: Camera shutters. Translators whisper. A voice announces: "Yield viability now at 3.4%. Breakthrough in Iceland confirmed."

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

CAMERA: Suki stands beside John. HAL's interface glows between them. Data streams converge.

SUKI HALL

We're close. But we need resonance stability. HAL,
initiate cross-lab sync with Boston and Wuhan.

HAL (V.O.)

Sync initiated. Global bandwidth prioritized. Humanity's survival protocol engaged.

CAMERA: John watches the map. Red tendrils pause—momentarily.

EXT. EARTH - SPACE VIEW

CAMERA: Pull back. Earth rotates slowly. Red zones flicker. A faint pulse of blue begins to emerge.

SFX: Low orchestral swell. A heartbeat. Then silence.

FADE TO BLACK

TEXT ON SCREEN: "The fight for survival has begun. The serum is coming. But will it arrive in time?"

POLAR STAR - CAPTAIN VICTOR VOLKOV - ZVEZDA POLYARNAYA

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

CAMERA: Aerial wide shot. The ZVEZDA POLYARNAYA (Polar Star) plows through grey, churning water. Ice floes drift past. The sky is leaden, oppressive.

SFX: Low engine rumble. Wind howling. Occasional creak of ice against hull.

VFX: The ship's reinforced aluminium hull bristles with antennas, satellite dishes, and concealed weaponry. A Russian flag flutters stiffly.

INT. POLAR STAR - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA: Tight on CAPTAIN VIKTOR VOLKOV, 60s, grizzled,

chain-smoking. He watches monitors showing the Antarctic coast.

VOLKOV (voice raspy, over comms)

Landing party away.

CAMERA: Cut to monitors showing two armoured landing craft descending into the icy surf.

EXT. ANTARCTIC COAST - LANDING ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA: Wide shot. The landing craft approach a jagged, snow-covered shoreline. Silence reigns.

SFX: Only the slap of water. No birds. No wind. Just stillness.

CAMERA: Close-up. A Spetsnaz boot touches the ice.

SFX: Sudden, wet clicking-guttural, omnidirectional.

VFX: The ice shelf erupts. Insectaraptors burst from fissures, overhangs, and beneath the ice. Black-green exoskeletons shimmer. Mandibles snap.

EXT. LANDING ZONE - CHAOS

CAMERA: Handheld, frantic. Spetsnaz open fire. Screams. Metal tears.

SFX: Gunfire. Screams. Chitin cracking. Ice shattering.

VFX: Bullets spark off thick carapaces. One soldier is lifted and torn in half mid-scream. Another is dragged

into a cave.

CAMERA: Wide shot. The second landing craft reverses, engines screaming.

INT. LANDING CRAFT - ESCAPE ATTEMPT

CAMERA: POV from the pilot. Blood spatters the windshield. He screams, steering wildly.

SFX: Hull groans. Claws scrape metal.

VFX: Two Insectaraptors leap aboard. One claws through the stern gunner. The other scrabbles toward the pilot.

EXT. POLAR STAR - DECK - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA: Volkov watches through binoculars. His face contorts in horror.

VOLKOV

Fire! Fire everything!

CAMERA: Deck guns rotate. Muzzle flashes light the gloom.

SFX: Heavy machine gun fire. Shell casings clatter. The roar echoes across the ice.

VFX: Tracer rounds stitch across the landing craft. One Insectaraptor collapses, hemolymph spraying. The other loses an arm but keeps fighting.

INT. LANDING CRAFT - CLOSE QUARTERS

CAMERA: Tight, claustrophobic. The remaining crew fire blindly. Blood and green fluid coat the deck.

SFX: Shotgun blast. Screams. Wet impact.

VFX: The second creature's head explodes. Silence falls.

EXT. POLAR STAR - APPROACHING CRAFT

CAMERA: Wide shot. The damaged landing craft limps toward the ship. Smoke trails. Only two men remain.

SFX: Laboured breathing. Wind. The ocean groans.

INT. POLAR STAR - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA: Volkov slumps in his chair. He grabs the radio, hands shaking.

VOLKOV (voice cracking)

Moscow, this is Captain Volkov, Zvezda Polyarnaya...

Nearly all our team... eaten. We are withdrawing. Mission aborted.

CAMERA: His voice echoes in the silent bridge. Crew stare, stunned.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

CAMERA: HAL's interface pulses. The transmission plays.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm.

CAMERA: JOHN STORM turns slowly, jaw clenched.

JOHN STORM

I heard it, HAL. Brave... but futile.

HAL (V.O.)

Confirmed: Raptors can board from water. Naval threat level: absolute.

CAMERA: The holographic map shows red tendrils reaching into ocean routes.

SFX: Low drone. A heartbeat. Then silence.

FADE TO BLACK

TEXT ON SCREEN: "The ocean is no longer safe. The swarm adapts. The war deepens."

TACTICS - TACTICAL BIOWEAPONS ESPIONAGE

Scene Title: TACTICS Genre: Espionage Thriller / Sci-Fi
Tone: Urgent, cerebral, and morally complex Setting:
Bridge of the Elizabeth Swann, a high-tech oceanic research vessel turned command center.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

A dim blue glow bathes the bridge. The HOLOGRAPHIC MAP pulses silently, its surface littered with RED BLINKING MARKERS—each one a grave.

Two new dots flash ominously:

SOUTH ATLANTIC - Sarmiento, Argentine destroyer.

ANTARCTIC COAST - Polar Star, Russian icebreaker.

JOHN STORM (rugged, haunted) stands motionless, staring at the map. He rubs his face, exhaustion etched into every line.

JOHN (quietly, to himself)

They're not just adapting... they're hitchhiking.

The COMM SCREEN flickers to life. ADMIRAL PERCIVAL

(British, naval, composed but strained) appears, flanked by shadows—political observers just off-frame.

JOHN (stepping forward, voice hard)

Admiral. The Russian failure confirms what the Argentine sinking already told us. Naval presence near Antarctica is now a buffet. These things—Insectaraptors—they're evolving. Using ships as vectors.

PERCIVAL

The Prime Minister is aware.

JOHN

Aware? Or asset-conscious?

Percival's eyes flick sideways. Someone's listening.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Suki Hall and HAL are burning through every bio-model we've got. But DARPA? DSTL? They're not chasing a cure. They're chasing control.

PERCIVAL (slowly)

Control?

JOHN

Genetically targeted bioweapons. The serum isn't just a cure—it's a scalpel. A weapon with a conscience. You think they're not dreaming of a counter-agent tucked in their back pocket?

Percival exhales. A long, tired hiss.

PERCIVAL

Would it be... appropriate to ask DARPA and DSTL to focus on delivery systems while we handle synthesis?

JOHN

They already are. Quietly. Are they not Admiral?

Percival hesitates.

JOHN (CONT'D)

When were you going to tell me? After one of their prototypes drops a swarm on my coordinates?

PERCIVAL

Cards close to the chest, John. This isn't just about survival. It's about post-crisis leverage.

JOHN (scoffs)

And Russia? Their grab failed. China's silent. Too silent. You think they're done? Or just refining their own variant?

John leans in, voice low and lethal.

JOHN (CONT'D)

China played this game before. COVID-SARS. Denied, but the lab trail's there. They know the stakes. And the payoff.

Percival shifts uncomfortably.

PERCIVAL

Langley might help. Jack Mason—CIA Black Ops?

JOHN

Watch Mason. He'll smile while hacking Suki's workflow. And Beijing? They unleashed this. They should pay—not profit.

John turns, pacing. The map blinks behind him like a silent requiem.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And NATO? Are we briefing them? Or selling the antidote once we've, or they've locked the patent?

Percival looks truly worn now. The weight of global politics pressing down.

PERCIVAL

I'll call Mason. I'll warn Beijing. Over and out.

The screen goes dark.

John stands alone. The hum of HAL's computation core fills the silence.

JOHN (to HAL)

Run a deep scan. Outbound encrypted traffic—London and

Washington. I want to know what they're building... before it lands on our heads.

HAL's interface flickers. The scan begins.

John sinks into his chair, eyes locked on the map. The enemy isn't just the swarm. It's the greed. The paranoia. The ancient hunger for supremacy.

FADE OUT

HAL'S EPIPHANY - PREDATOR AND PREY: THE BIOLOGICAL BALANCE

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

CAMERA: - WIDE SHOT of the bridge, glowing with icy blue light. - SLOW PUSH IN on HAL's central display, a shimmering mesh of genomic sequences and ecological overlays. - SUBTLE SOUND DESIGN - low digital hum, like a supercomputer dreaming.

The world outside is frozen. Inside, a war of ideas brews.

CAMERA: - CLOSE-UP on JOHN STORM, eyes locked on the data cascade. - OVERHEAD ANGLE reveals the full scope of HAL's projection—an evolving tapestry of DNA, ancient biomes, and predator-prey dynamics.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain. My analysis of the Insectaraptor cellular structure, cross-referenced with extremophile bacteria, has led to a critical deduction. The antidote... is an ecological memory.

JOHN (sits forward, intrigued)

Speak plainly, HAL. What is the memory?

CAMERA: - CUT TO HAL's display as it morphs into a majestic rendering of the SECTASAUR—armored, ancient, awe-inspiring.

HAL (V.O.)

The Sectasaur. The evolved predator. Physical and biological control for the swarm.

CAMERA: - ROTATING 3D MODEL of the Sectasaur's sting. - SPLIT SCREEN shows Insectaraptor neural pathways lighting up in response.

HAL (V.O.)

Its venom didn't kill. It paralyzed. A perfect neurotoxin—fresh prey for its larvae.

CAMERA: - CLOSE-UP on John's face, stunned. - FLASHBACK INSERT - glimpses of Sectasaurs in action, immobilizing raptors, feeding young.

JOHN

They didn't just eat them... they ran the ecosystem.

HAL (V.O.)

Exactly. Antarctica was their last refuge. The raptors consumed everything. Starved themselves into extinction—except here.

CAMERA: - ZOOM OUT from the hologram to reveal a stylized Earth. - SWEEPING PAN across continents, ending on Antarctica glowing red.

HAL (V.O.)

The Sectasaurs were a biological firewall. Their venom... and the bacteria that evolved to neutralize it... are the cure.

CAMERA: - SLOW FADE IN on the molecular structure of the serum. - CLOSE-UP on its elegant symmetry-beautiful, but dangerous.

HAL (V.O.)

But the Insectaraptor genome... is too elegant. Too tempting.

CAMERA: - LOW ANGLE on HAL's core interface, pulsing with tension. - SUB-BASS RUMBLE creeps in.

HAL (V.O.)

If the full formula and DNA are shared... they'll reverse-engineer it. Deployable bioweapons. Militarized Sectasaurs. I cannot permit that.

JOHN

You have my thoughts. What are yours?

CAMERA: - TIGHT TWO-SHOT - John and HAL's interface, locked in silent debate.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We engineer a blocker. A digital back-door. One part of the synthesis... hidden. The part that requires the ARK.

CAMERA: - CUT TO JOHN tapping a key. - SECURE SCHEMA of the ARK appears-sleek, mysterious, glowing with encrypted

brilliance.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Professor Douglas Storm's masterpiece. The only machine that can perform the digital-to-biological conversion.

CAMERA: - SLOW ZOOM IN on the ARK's replicator core. - PULSE EFFECT as HAL scans it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We give them one dose. Enough to hit the swarm hard. With a shelf life.

HAL

A very short shelf life, Captain?

JOHN

You read my mind. Just enough to buy time. After that... they come back to us.

CAMERA: - WIDE SHOT of the bridge. Silence. The weight of global consequence hangs heavy.

HAL

Won't that make the Swann... us... a target?

CAMERA: - CLOSE-UP on John's grim smile.

JOHN

If, and when, they figure it out. We're the world's salvation. That makes us indispensable... and disposable.

HAL

Ouch.

JOHN

Could be very ouch, old boy. But better that... than giving a doomsday weapon to the generals.

CAMERA: - FADE OUT on the bridge. - FINAL SHOT - HAL's display flickers, then locks onto the ARK. - SCORE SWELLS with a rising, adventurous motif.

REFLECTIONS - HAL'S ANTARCTIC THEORY A FROZEN BATTLEGROUND

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

CAMERA: - WIDE SHOT of the bridge, bathed in cold blue light. - SLOW DOLLY IN toward the NAVIGATION CONSOLE where JOHN STORM and CHARLEY sit in silence. - LOW AMBIENT HUM from HAL's processors underscores the stillness.

The holographic map flickers faintly. The air is heavy with recent trauma—the near-death encounter with an Insectaraptor still fresh.

CAMERA: - CLOSE-UP on CHARLEY's face, pale and contemplative. - OVER-THE-SHOULDER as she turns to John.

CHARLEY (softly, almost to herself)

The Sectasaur... the giant ant creature... it shielded us.

CAMERA: - FLASHBACK INSERT - BUCKLER'S HARD, HAMPSHIRE - sepia-toned memory of the Sectasaur rising, placing its armored body between them and danger. - SLOW FADE BACK to present.

JOHN

It wasn't hostile. Not to us. It put itself in the line of fire... for two strangers.

CAMERA: - CUT TO HAL's holographic display. - TRANSITION EFFECT as the Insectaraptor cellular model dissolves into a glowing schematic of an ancient Antarctic biome.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm. Ms. Charley. Your memory provides the emotional catalyst for a critical ecological hypothesis.

CAMERA: - TRACKING SHOT around the hologram as HAL overlays data: predator-prey dynamics, swarm migration, extinction curves.

HAL (V.O.)

My initial theory posited that the Sectasaurs preyed upon the Insectaraptors. But the instinct you witnessed suggests something deeper... Biological Guardianship.

CAMERA: - ZOOM OUT to reveal a lush, prehistoric Earth. - SWEEPING PAN across continents, teeming with life.

HAL (V.O.)

They weren't just predators. They were containment. A living firewall against planetary sterilization.

CAMERA: - FOCUS SHIFT to AUSTRALIA glowing in the hologram. - SLOW PUSH IN on John's face as realization dawns.

HAL (V.O.)

Australia's evolutionary anomaly... larger marsupials... lesser-known dinosaurs explained. The Sectasaurs held the

line. The continent escaped the war as an island - in part.

JOHN

They pushed them back. Formed a final line.

HAL (V.O.)

Precisely. Antarctica became the last refuge. A frozen battleground.

CAMERA: - RED GLOW spreads across the Antarctic hologram.
- CLOSE-UP on Charley, absorbing the enormity.

CHARLEY

They protected us... by locking themselves away.

JOHN

The cooling climate was the final lock. (beat) Until Lin Po Chang dug too deep. Climate change melted the lock... and woke the war.

HAL (V.O.)

It is my central hypothesis. The Sectasaurs are too few now. Too vulnerable. They cannot contain the swarm alone.

CAMERA: - SUDDEN CUT to DR. SUKI HALL's face on the comm screen. - TIGHT FRAME on her eyes—wide with awe.

SUKI

HAL, that's brilliant. It matches the serum's molecular structure. It's not just a toxin—it's a signal. A memory of predator dominance.

CAMERA: - SLOW PAN across the Arctic regions on the map. -

DARK BLUE TINT creeps in.

JOHN

What about the North Pole? The Arctic?

HAL (V.O.)

I cannot rule it out. It may have been a secondary battleground. Or a retreat. But the militaries—Russian, Chinese, American—they'll reach the same conclusion.

CAMERA: - WIDE SHOT of the bridge, now shadowed in philosophical dread. - SLOW ZOOM OUT as HAL's voice echoes.

HAL (V.O.)

This is not an anomaly. It is the final chapter of a prehistoric war. And we are caught between the swarm... and the ghosts of its guardians.

CAMERA: - FADE TO BLACK as the hologram pulses red. - FINAL WHISPER of HAL's processors. - SCORE SWELLS with low, haunting strings.

DARPA DOUBLE DEALING - THE ESPIONAGE SHOWDOWN

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

CAMERA: - WIDE SHOT of the bridge, bathed in low blue light. - SLOW DOLLY IN on HAL's interface, pulsing with warning glyphs. - CLOSE-UP on a digital spiderweb of failed intrusion attempts—Langley's signature etched in code.

JOHN STORM stands at the console, jaw tight.

JOHN

They're not even subtle anymore.

CAMERA: - INSERT SHOT - Server trace: LANGLEY, VIRGINIA. - SPLIT SCREEN flashes to life—JACK MASON, CIA Director, appears with polished menace.

MASON

Morning, John. Nasty weather down there, I hear.

CAMERA: - TIGHT TWO-SHOT - John and Mason's feed. - LOW ANGLE on John, voice like a blade.

JOHN

Pleasantries, Jack. Your agencies are hard going, or what?

MASON (smirking)

How so, John? Just doing some network traffic assessment.

JOHN

HAL just deflected your third serious attempt to hack the ARK. You didn't ask—you tried to steal. If you can breach us, so can the commies. You're not protecting anything—you're drawing a map.

CAMERA: - CLOSE-UP on Mason's face—charm cracking, frustration bleeding through.

MASON

And what then, John? Leave it all to you and a glorified calculator? DARPA needs that data. The serum is the ultimate defense shield. We won't rely on the good graces of a British science vessel.

CAMERA: - STEADICAM as John pushes away from the console, strides into frame. - LOW ANGLE - His face fills the camera, intensity radiating.

JOHN

That takes the biscuit. Do you want me to call President Lincoln Truman?

CAMERA: - CUT TO Mason—eyes wide, mask slipping. - SUDDEN MOVE - John clamps the edge of the screen projector, pinning Mason's image.

MASON

Okay, big boy. Easy! Take a breath.

JOHN

Pardon my enthusiasm, old boy.

MASON

No harm, John. Happens to me too. (beat) But you're playing a dangerous game with proprietary tech.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - HAL INTERFACE - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA: - FLASHING RED OVERRIDE - HAL's interface pulses. - SCREEN SPLITS - Mason shrinks to a corner. - CENTER FRAME - PRESIDENT LINCOLN TRUMAN appears, calm and commanding.

TRUMAN

Commander Storm. Another pleasure.

JOHN

Apologies for the direct line, Mr. President. But DARPA's clandestine ops are a breach of faith. We're trying to build trust—Argentina, Brazil, South Africa, Australia... even China and Russia.

CAMERA: - CUT TO Truman's eyes flicking to Mason's corner.
- SLOW ZOOM IN on Truman's face.

TRUMAN

Yes, John. I'm aware. Jack, thank you for your input. But Commander Storm is right. We cannot be seen to help ourselves while demanding restraint.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

What do you suggest, Commander?

JOHN

Back off, Mr. President. The moment the ARK is compromised, the serum becomes a weapon—not a cure. China, and now Russia, demonstrably in the game.

CAMERA: - CLOSE-UP on Truman, nodding slowly. - TIGHT FRAME on Mason, swallowing hard.

TRUMAN

Understood. Stabilization, not weaponization. (to Mason)
Mr. Mason, we all know what happens when Commander Storm and HAL feel threatened. If the U.S. calms the U.N. with guarantees of access... will you cooperate?

MASON

Loud and clear, Mr. President. Just doing my job, sir.

TRUMAN

Then do it by the book please, Jack. I'm counting on you, Commander. Good luck. Out.

CAMERA: - FEED CUTS - Truman vanishes. - SPLIT SCREEN COLLAPSES - Mason returns to full frame.

CAMERA: - WIDE SHOT of the bridge. - SLOW FADE IN on John's face—battle won, trust lost.

CAMERA: - FINAL SHOT - HAL's interface flickers, scanning for new threats. - SCORE RISES - low strings, pulsing tension.

JOHN (V.O.)

The espionage failed. But the rivalry was now official. Mason would be back—just cleaner. Quieter.

FADE OUT

BASELINE CLIMAX

FADE IN:

The world was silent. Not with peace, but with dread. Every nation, every leader, every screen was tuned to the same unfolding gamble. The final move in a prehistoric war was about to be played.

EXT. EARTH - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE

CAMERA: - SATELLITE SHOT of Earth, slowly rotating. - SLOW FADE IN on news feeds, military briefings, and terrified faces. - V.O. MONTAGE of global leaders, scientists, and civilians holding their breath.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The world held its breath—not in peace, but in primal terror. The final gamble was about to begin.

INT. WUHAN LABS - NIGHT

In the subterranean vaults beneath industrial Wuhan, Chinese scientists worked with surgical precision. Once vilified, now vindicated, they had cracked the code. Using Dr. Suki Hall's data, they transformed the Sectasaur venom into a hyper-aerosolized antidote—no needles, no vials. Just a fine mist, absorbed through skin or breath, lethal only to the swarm.

The delivery system was brutally simple: aluminum cylinders, cheap and disposable, fitted with spray heads. They looked like oversized cans of fly spray. But they held the fate of the planet.

CAMERA: - STEADICAM glides through sterile corridors. - CLOSE-UP on Chinese scientists in hazmat suits, working with precision. - INSERT SHOT - aluminum cylinders, labeled with biohazard symbols, fitted with spray heads.

HAL (V.O.)

The breakthrough: a hyper-aerosolized antidote. Absorbed by skin. Inhaled in seconds.

CAMERA: - TIGHT SHOT on the aerosol mist dispersing in a test chamber. - SLOW MOTION - a simulated raptor collapses.

INT. UKRAINIAN WORKSHOP - NIGHT

In the battered workshops of Ukraine, engineers—veterans of war and masters of improvisation—assembled thousands of Hoplite-class drones. No frills. No elegance. Just raw, functional machines built to carry death.

The drones were dubbed The Harpies. Their mission: deliver the payload to the coordinates HAL had calculated with chilling precision.

CAMERA: - HANDHELD SHOT - engineers welding, assembling Hoplite-class drones. - WIDE SHOT - rows of rugged quadcopters, each armed with a payload.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Battle-hardened engineers. Rapid innovation. A weapon born of necessity.

EXT. ARGENTINE PAMPAS - DAWN

The chosen battleground was a stretch of scorched earth near Argentina's southern border. The swarm had gathered there—black, spiked silhouettes pacing the dust, testing the military cordon with relentless hunger.

Above them, transport aircraft thundered across the sky. Two hundred drone pilots parachuted into a secure zone behind the lines. Hardened, focused, silent. They knew what was coming.

Then the Harpies were released.

Thousands of drones surged into the sky, buzzing like mechanical insects. Below, the raptors clicked and

churned, oblivious to the storm descending upon them.

CAMERA: - AERIAL SHOT - desolate plains, red dust swirling. - ZOOM IN on black, spiked silhouettes-Insectaraptors, churning toward the border. Rising to the challenge.

CAMERA: - WIDE SHOT - transport aircraft roar overhead. - SLOW MOTION - parachutes bloom as drone pilots descend.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - COMMAND BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

John Storm stood at the console, watching the feed. Charley beside him, tense, gripping his arm.

HAL's voice came through, calm and clinical.

CAMERA: - CLOSE-UP on JOHN STORM and CHARLEY, watching the feed. - SPLIT SCREEN - HAL's interface, BBC World News, global military channels.

HAL

Deployment initiated.

The world watched. Jill Bird's live broadcast streamed to every corner of the globe. Generals, presidents, civilians-no one spoke. They just stared.

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE PAMPAS - MOMENTS LATER

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The drones reached their target zone and triggered their payloads.

A sickly-yellow cloud erupted across the plain, rolling like fog, thick and unnatural. It was trench warfare reborn—only this time, the enemy had no gas masks.

Charley whispered, barely audible.

CHARLEY

They don't even know what's coming.

CAMERA: - EPIC WIDE SHOT - thousands of drones released, swarming like mechanical locusts. - SOUND DESIGN - buzzing, clicking, a rising mechanical crescendo.

CAMERA: - TIGHT SHOT on drone payloads triggering. - SLOW MOTION - yellow aerosol clouds bloom mid-air.

EXT. GROUND LEVEL - INSECTARAPTOR SWARM - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA: - LOW ANGLE - raptors charging, legs slicing through dust. - STEADICAM follows the cloud rolling across the plain.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

They don't have gas masks...

The cloud engulfed the swarm. At first, nothing changed. The raptors kept moving, clicking, hunting. Seconds passed. Then one stumbled.

It raised a claw to its head, confused. Then it twitched—violently. Its legs spasmed, its body convulsed. Another followed. Then another.

The paralysis had begun.

One by one, the creatures collapsed. Their shells clattered against the earth. Legs flailed, then froze. The clicking stopped. The dust settled.

CAMERA: - CLOSE-UP on one raptor stumbling. - SLOW MOTION - claw to head, twitching violently.

CAMERA: - CHAIN REACTION - raptors collapsing, legs flailing, shells clattering. - WIDE SHOT - the entire swarm falls.

CAMERA: - SILENCE - no music, no sound. Just stillness.

INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO - LIVE BROADCAST

Jill Bird stared at the screen, stunned. Around the world, people erupted—cheering, crying, collapsing with relief. The footage of the raptors falling, twitching, dying, played on loop.

The war was turning.

CAMERA: - TIGHT SHOT on JILL BIRD, stunned. - CUT TO global reactions—cheering, crying, disbelief.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A terrifying, beautiful victory. The invaders felled by a microscopic agent.

MONTAGE - GLOBAL CLEAN-UP

The aerosol mist was deployed with ruthless efficiency. Nest by nest, the swarm was eradicated.

The horror was ending.

CAMERA: - FAST CUTS - drones sweeping through jungles, deserts, cities. - AERIAL SHOTS - yellow clouds dispersing over nests. - CLOSE-UP - raptors twitching, then still.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Country by country. Nest by nest. The final chapter written in aerosol.

EXT. LONDON - MONTHS LATER - DAY

CAMERA: - WIDE SHOT - ceremony at Westminster. - TIGHT SHOT - JOHN STORM, weary but resolute. - DIGITAL DISPLAY - HAL receives a Nobel-equivalent award.

A ceremony. Quiet, dignified. John Storm stood in uniform, medals gleaming. Charley beside him. HAL's digital presence was honored by the UN Secretary-General, voice trembling with emotion.

CAMERA: - CUT TO Wuhan scientists, applauded. - CUT TO Ukrainian engineers, celebrated.

The Wuhan scientists were honoured. The Ukrainian drone engineers and pilots hailed as saviors. The world had survived. But the scars remained.

CAMERA: - CUT TO Beijing, Lin Po Chang receiving the Medal of the Republic.

Interpol issue Red Notice on Lin Po Chang. He joins the FBI's most wanted list. 196 agencies on alert, to prevent

the Chinese national, reaching the Arctic, or Antarctic, again. Endorsed by China's Ministry of State Security (MSS), or, Guoanbu (国安部), and Intelligence Bureau of the Joint Staff Department (IBJSD), part of their Central Military Commission (CMC). Officially. Unofficially, Chang is hailed as a hero of the Chinese Communist Party (CCP).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The world remembered its heroes. Scarred, fractured... but alive. The planet lives to fight another day.

EXT. EARTH FROM SPACE - FINAL SHOT

CAMERA: - SLOW ZOOM OUT from Earth, now quiet. - FADE TO BLACK as the score swells—hopeful, haunting.

TEXT ON SCREEN: THE THREAT IS GONE. THE GUARDIANS REMAIN.

THE END