

"VAMPIRES": by CLEANER OCEAN FOUNDATION

Genre: Gothic Romance, Horror, Supernatural Thriller

Copyright © 16 May 2026. All rights reserved.

SILVER SALTS SECRET - THE PENTHOUSE IN THE STORM

FADE IN.

EXT. BUCHAREST - NIGHT

Rain doesn't fall so much as shatter against the skyscrapers—sharp, glittering impacts like liquid diamonds. Neon veins pulse through the city below.

CUT TO.

INT. ARCLAUD PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

- A cathedral of glass and obsidian.
- Ming vases beside DNA sequencers.
- Renaissance paintings of the Carpathians above sleek biotech workstations.
- A world where ancient bloodlines meet cutting-edge science.

The air hums with ozone, cologne, and the faint metallic tang of oxidized silver.

At the window stands EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD (40s)—predatory, elegant, dark hair, trimmed beard, a titan of industry

with eyes the colour of tarnished pewter. His reflection looks back at him like a ghost he no longer recognizes.

Behind him—

COUNTESS CARMINA ARCLAUD (30s) flowing auburn hair, lies on a chaise longue. Translucent skin. Mercury-sheened sweat. Beauty on the brink of breaking.

A ragged whisper:

CARMINA

Husband...

Armand turns—his composure fractures.

He rushes to her side.

CARMINA

(weak, trembling)

I'm having visions, Armand. Disturbing ones. Blood... a hunger that isn't mine. Something old is waking up.

Her body arches violently—an unnatural strength surging through her.

Armand grips her wrists, gentle but firm.

ARMAND

It's the mutation. The Covid variant—Strain-V. It's breaking down the salts. The pathogen is waking.

A beat. The weight of centuries hangs between them.

NARRATION / VISUAL MONTAGE (OPTIONAL)

- Silver salts dissolving in blood.
- Garlic extract binding to viral particles.
- Ancient Transylvanian cells suppressed by modern chemistry.
- Carfax Hall in London.
- The Arclauds living as "Cured Counts," hiding in plain sight.

BACK TO SCENE

Carmina's pupils blow wide-hazel swallowed by black.

She SNARLS-feral, hungry.

CARMINA

(voice distorted, primal)

Armand...

She lunges. Armand holds her, heartbreak in his eyes.

ARMAND

My love... I will find a cure. I will rewrite the code of life if I must.

He grabs a crystal decanter, pours a shimmering cloudy liquid.

ARMAND

Double dose. Fight it, Carmina. Do not let the shadow in.

He forces the bitter solution past her lips. She convulses, then collapses into trembling sobs.

Armand steps back—devastated, powerless. He exits and locks the heavy mahogany door. A digital chime seals her inside.

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY — CONTINUOUS

Waiting is IGOR LUPESCU (50s)—stone-faced, loyal, a hunchback, carved from Carpathian granite. He bows.

IGOR
Excellence.

ARMAND
Keep the Countess confined. No contact. No skin-to-skin. If she speaks with the beast's voice—do not listen.

Igor nods, grim.

IGOR
The salts... they are failing, are they not?

Armand stares at his own hands—steady, strong, and lethal.

ARMAND
No. The old ways are dying. We need more than alchemy. We need engineering. A miracle.

He turns toward his study—toward forbidden knowledge.

ARMAND
(under his breath)
If the blood of the Dragon is failing us... perhaps the blood of the Sphinx will save us.

The lights flicker.
A storm rages outside.
And something ancient stirs behind the locked door.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 2 - V-STRAIN PATIENT ZERO - THE AWAKENING OF CARMINA

FADE IN.

INT. ARCLAUD PENTHOUSE - MEDICAL WING - NIGHT

A cathedral of chrome and shadow.
Bio-monitors flicker like votive candles in a high-tech
crypt.
The air is cold enough to mist.

CARMINA ARCLAUD lies motionless on a medical bed, her skin
turning the color of moonlit marble.
Her heartbeat drops on the monitors - 30... 20... 10... then
flatlines.

The machines scream. The room exhales frost.

EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD, elegant and haunted, stands over her.
His face is lit by the sterile glow of the monitors - a
man watching the woman he loves slip into something
inhuman.

Behind him, IGOR, broad-shouldered and loyal, hovers in
the doorway, fear trembling in his voice.

IGOR

Master... she is becoming the creature.

Armand doesn't look up. He adjusts a centrifuge, preparing a syringe filled with shimmering silver-salt serum.

ARMAND

It's the V-Strain. The vaccine stripped away the firewalls we built into our bloodline.

It didn't weaken her... it showed the virus how to reach her soul.

Carmina's body drains heat from the air. Frost creeps across the steel rails of the bed. The temperature alarms shriek.

Armand turns toward a vanity mirror – Carmina's bed is reflected, but she is not. He injects the silver-salt serum into her IV.

A hiss.

A spark.

Slowly, her reflection bleeds back into the mirror, like a photograph developing in reverse.

Color returns to her cheeks.

Her beauty resurfaces – breathtaking, dangerous.

IGOR

The cook, Excellence... she nearly took him this morning.

She used your voice.

If I hadn't intervened–

ARMAND

Feed her only the rarest cooked meats.

Lace everything with garlic.

And raise the ultraviolet lamps.

If her heart stops for more than an hour, she'll be lost to the hunger.

Armand winces – a rhythmic pulse throbs behind his eyes. His own dormant strain stirs. He turns – and notices a golden ANKH hanging from Igor's neck, glowing faintly in the cold light.

ARMAND

What is that striking trinket?

Igor clutches it protectively.

IGOR

An Ankh, Master. The Egyptian sign of life.

When she turns... when the beast rises... she sees this.

And she stops.

As if it reminds her of a law older than hunger.

Armand steps closer, mesmerized. He hovers his fingers near the symbol – a faint static hum dances across his skin.

ARMAND

A symbol of life... for a woman trapped between life and death.

He straightens, urgency sharpening his features.

ARMAND (CONT'D)

Put one on her door.

And bring me my tablet.

I need to trace the molecular history of this symbol.

Igor nods and backs away, still gripping the Ankh like a lifeline.

Armand sits beside Carmina, brushing a strand of hair from her face. Her eyelids flutter – not waking, but dreaming of blood.

ARMAND (WHISPERING)

Hold on, my love.

I will find the blood that answers yours.

The moon outside swells, full and heavy over Bucharest. Carmina's fingers twitch – drawn to it like a tide.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 3 - THE MOLE'S MESSAGE

FADE IN.

EXT. FISHBONE ALLEY - LONDON - NIGHT

Rain falls like a cold shroud, clinging to the soot-stained brickwork.

The alley feels older than the city around it – a forgotten artery where the nineteenth century still breathes.

A lone streetlamp flickers.

EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD stands in the recessed doorway of a derelict shopfront, his charcoal overcoat blending into the gloom. His presence is elegant, predatory, and wrong – like a portrait that has stepped out of its frame.

Across the alley, the looming silhouette of CARFAX HALL rises like a gothic sentinel. Its windows are dark, its stones heavy with secrets.

A shape detaches from the fog.

JACK MASON, (40s) ex-CIA black ops, powerful build, moves with the silent precision of a man who has lived too long in the shadows. He stops a few paces from Armand.

ARMAND

You're late, Mr. Mason.

MASON

London traffic's murder when the world's circling the drain.

He pulls a cigarette from his pocket but doesn't light it. His eyes scan the alley – exits, heat signatures, threats.

MASON (CONT'D)

You're looking pale, Earl.

Family business keeping you up?

Armand steps into the streetlamp's glow.

His skin is too pale.

His eyes burn with a restless, unnatural intensity.

ARMAND

Are you certain your information is reliable?

I do not pay for ghost stories.

Mason leans against the wet brickwork, unfazed.

MASON

Since the Amazon fiasco, chatter's been spiking. Storm and Temple hit the Illuminatum hard, but Franco Francisco?
Guys like him don't die.
They relocate.

Armand's jaw tightens.

ARMAND

To Switzerland.

MASON

Bingo.

He pulls a small encrypted drive from his jacket.

MASON (CONT'D)

My analysts traced procurement orders – bioreactors,
liquid nitrogen by the ton, CRISPR rigs that could rewrite
a continent.

They've gone to ground in the Alps.

High altitude. High security. High insanity.

Armand's expression darkens – a flicker of fear, or
hunger.

ARMAND

Their progress?

Mason exhales, the cigarette still unlit.

MASON

They're playing God.

You hear about the Panamanian runner who vanished?
DARPA got him after the Illuminatum "optimized" him.
Too fast. Too strong.
Too... mythic.

Armand's eyes narrow.

MASON (CONT'D)

DARPA burned the evidence.

But the tech?

Francisco kept it.

And word is... they've tapped into something ancient.

Something from the Nile.

Armand reaches for the drive.

Mason flinches at the unnatural cold of his touch.

MASON (CONT'D)

Payment?

ARMAND

As agreed.

Five hundred thousand in untraceable crypto.

Another half-million monthly.

You are now a shadow on my payroll.

Mason smirks faintly.

MASON

This group makes Storm's ARK archive look like a school project.

They're not just editing life.

They're resurrecting it.

He steps back into the fog.

MASON (CONT'D)

Happy hunting, Earl.

Try not to let the shadows bite.

He vanishes.

Armand stands alone in the rain, clutching the drive like a relic.

He looks up at the dark windows of Carfax Hall – behind them, faint and distant, a woman's scream echoes through stone.

Carmina.

His voice is barely a whisper.

ARMAND

Igor... prepare the jet.

We're going to Switzerland.

The rain intensifies.

The streetlamp flickers.

The shadows seem to lean toward him – listening.

FADE OUT.

**SCENE 4 - THE NILE QUEEN'S BREATH - THE RESURRECTION OF
CLEOPATRA**

FADE IN.

INT. SWISS ALPINE BUNKER - PRIMARY LAB - NIGHT

A low, electric HUM vibrates through the steel chamber. The air is sterile, pressurized – tasting of filtered oxygen and cold machinery. The bunker feels less like a laboratory and more like a cathedral built for machines.

In the center stands the REPLICATOR – a towering cylinder of shimmering bio-glass, pulsing with ultraviolet veins like a heartbeat.

Inside, a FEMALE FORM floats in luminous amniotic gel.

FRANCO FRANCISCO (50s, brilliant but frayed scientist) and KLAUS VON KOLRUETER (60s, severe, haunted, scientist) stand at the console, bathed in sapphire light.

Both men tremble.

KLAUS

(whispering)

The CRISPR virus... it's finished the sequencing. Neural pathways are firing. We're not just building a body, Franco. We're loading the ghost into the machine.

Franco stares at the Replicator, breath shallow.

FRANCO

After everything in the Amazon... after Storm... this is it. Our redemption.

The Replivator HISSSES. The gel drains away.

Inside, the woman's body emerges – sculpted, perfect, impossibly alive. Her skin glows like sun-warmed silt. Her

form radiates a beauty that feels ancient, forbidden.

A faint, spectral MIST rises from her skin – pearlescent, swirling like incense in a forgotten temple.

The lights flicker.

Klaus steps back, shaken.

KLAUS

The soul-anchoring phase... it shouldn't look like this.

The woman's eyelids flutter.

Her eyes open – a hypnotic fusion of emerald and sapphire, glowing with predatory intelligence. She does not blink. She studies the room with the poise of a lioness.

The glass door slides open with a soft, ominous hiss.

She steps out – naked, regal, unashamed. Her presence bends the room around her, as if gravity itself recognizes her.

Franco and Klaus freeze, breathless.

CLEOPATRA (20s, replicated former Queen of Ancient Egypt)
(voice low, melodic, unsettlingly intimate)

Where am I?

Who are you?

Franco forces himself forward.

FRANCO

I... I am Franco Francisco. This is Klaus von Kolrueter.
You're in a sanctuary.

Cleopatra turns toward a polished steel panel. She studies her reflection – youthful face, ancient eyes. She touches her throat, feeling the pulse of blood reborn.

CLEOPATRA

You have brought me from the afterlife.

Klaus nods, entranced.

KLAUS

More or less.

Her smile is slow. Dangerous. Beautiful.

CLEOPATRA

Then tell me... what am I to you?

A relic?

A specimen?

A lioness in a cage?

Franco steps forward, desperate to maintain control.

FRANCO

We hope to learn from you. And you from us. You were meant to rise again, My Queen. The prophecy of the New World–

CLEOPATRA

(soft, remembering)

Yes... the temple. The asp. The darkness.

She looks around the lab – the cold lights, the humming

machines.

CLEOPATRA

And now this world... does it still burn for me?

The V-STRAIN DATA on a nearby monitor SPIKES violently.

The machines HUM in resonance with her heartbeat.

Klaus stares at the readings, in awe.

KLAUS

My Queen... your ancient bloodline, your living DNA carries secrets from the past, for our future.

Cleopatra turns to them slowly.

Her aura flares – moonlit, spectral, seductive and compelling.

CLEOPATRA

Yes.

Of that I feel sure.

She steps forward, eyes blazing with ancient power.

CLEOPATRA

Am I to be a queen again?

How may I help you?

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 5 - THE VAN HELSING DOSSIER - THE CARPATHIAN CALL

FADE IN.

INT. BBC LONDON HEADQUARTERS - NEWSROOM - NIGHT

A hive of digital chatter. Fluorescent lights BUZZ overhead. The modern world hums, cold and bright – a stark contrast to the shadows CHARLEY TEMPLE usually hunts.

CHARLEY TEMPLE (30s, athletic, sharp, stylish, haunted) sits at her desk, studying a high-resolution photo of the PANAMANIAN RUNNING MAN. Her eyes narrow – a predator scenting a trail.

JILL BIRD (50s, brisk, caffeinated) leans over the partition.

JILL

Charley, we've got a live one. A Swiss scientist – Professor Victor Van Helsing. Says Earl Armand Arclaud is running a bio-weapons op in the Carpathians.

Charley leans back, smirking.

CHARLEY

The Carpathians? Jill, please. The billionaire Arclaud? The one with the gothic fortress on the edge of town?

JILL

One and the same.

Charley LAUGHS – bright, sharp, disbelieving.

CHARLEY

Is Van Helsing on a quest? Tell me he didn't bring a wooden stake and a braid of garlic. Are we chasing

vampires now.

Jill doesn't laugh.

JILL

He's waiting in the lobby. And Charley... he looks like a man who hasn't slept since the genome was first mapped. Just meet him. Clear the slate.

Charley sighs, grabs her tablet, and heads out.

INT. BBC LOBBY - NIGHT

A cavernous, glass-walled space. The Thames glitters beyond like black mercury.

PROFESSOR VICTOR VAN HELSING (50s, lean, immaculately suited, haunted) stands waiting.

Tweed suit. Gloves. A scent of old paper and antiseptic. His eyes – piercing, analytical – evoke Peter Cushing in restored Technicolor.

He does not look like a man who believes in ghosts.

He looks like a man who believes in data.

VAN HELSING

Miss Temple.

He places a thick, physical DOSSIER on the table between them.

VAN HELSING

I am not here to discuss folklore. I am here to discuss the weaponization of human tragedy.

Charley flips the folder open.

Her scepticism lasts ten seconds.

Her eyes widen.

CHARLEY

These procurement orders... these are the same shell companies we tracked in Manaus. The Novus Illuminatum.

VAN HELSING

Precisely.

He leans in, voice low, urgent.

VAN HELSING

Arclaud has been funnelling billions into their Swiss and Romanian "sanctuaries." He is not seeking a cure for the world. He is seeking to stabilize a specific, predatory mutation. He calls it a "family ailment."
I call it an extinction-level event.

He slides a PHOTO across the table.

A grainy satellite shot of a Romanian mountain peak. Heavy equipment. An old WWII bunker being reactivated.

VAN HELSING

And look who was spotted at the Bucharest transit hub three nights ago.

Charley's blood runs cold.

The image shows JACK MASON.

CHARLEY

Jack...

If the CIA is involved, this isn't a hobby. It's a war.

She looks toward the Thames – the city lights flickering like dying candles.

Her mind flashes back to the Earl and Countess Carmina at the gala:

Armand's charm. Carmina's porcelain poise.

A couple too perfect. Too controlled.

CHARLEY

You think he's building something.

VAN HELSING

I think he has already built it. And now he is trying to control it.

He studies her, weighing her resolve.

VAN HELSING

I need someone with your reach to expose the funding.

And your friend – John Storm.

He has dealt with the Illuminatum's "revisions" to nature before.

Charley exhales, a mix of dread and adrenaline.

CHARLEY

Of course he has.

She pulls out her phone, opens an encrypted channel.

INT. BBC LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Charley stands silhouetted against the glass wall – London glowing behind her like a haunted painting.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Hal? Get John. Tell him the Carpathians are calling, and it's not a social visit.

We're going to need the ARK.

And Hal... tell him to pack the heavy-duty UV filters.

She ends the call. A cold wind rattles the glass – though the night outside is still. Van Helsing watches her, a shadow of grim respect in his eyes.

VAN HELSING

Miss Temple... welcome to the hunt.

Charley turns toward him, her expression a mix of fear and fire.

CHARLEY

Oh, I never left.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 6 - SILENCE IN THE CARPATHIANS

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON - THAMES EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

A thick, spectral fog coils over the Thames, swallowing lamplight and muffling the city's pulse.

A distant bell tolls – slow, mournful.

INT. CHARLEY TEMPLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A cramped London flat, cluttered with books, maps, and half-assembled field gear.

The only light comes from a flickering desk lamp and the cold glow of a smartphone screen.

CLOSE ON:

Charley Temple (30s), sharp-eyed, brilliant, and visibly shaken.

On her phone:

COORD 45.40 N / 25.50 E... LAB BREACHED... THEY ARE NOT-

The message ends abruptly.

A digital scream cut short.

Charley's breath trembles.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Temple calling Elizabeth Swann. Come in, HAL.

A beat.

Then a smooth, synthetic baritone fills the room.

HAL (AI), ships onboard computer, (V.O.)

Ms. Temple, how nice to hear from you again. Your heart rate is elevated by fifteen percent. Patching you through to Captain Storm.

Charley swallows hard.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

A sleek, futuristic trimaran interior — glowing consoles, holographic readouts, and the hum of solar engines.

The atmosphere is calm, almost cathedral-like.

CAPTAIN JOHN STORM (40s), rugged, intense, ocean adventurer, calibrates the hydrofoils.

DAN HAWK (20s), electronics guru, muscular and irreverent, unwraps a protein bar with unnecessary aggression.

The comms panel CHIMES.

John glances over.

JOHN

Uh oh. Not a social call, I'll wager. What ails thee, Charley?

Charley's voice crackles through the speakers.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

John, listen to me. I met this chap called Van Helsing—

Dan CHOKES on his protein bar, coughing and laughing.

DAN

The famed vampire slayer? Surely he passed over a hundred years ago! Did he bring his velvet cape?

Charley's irritation is palpable even through static.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

Yes, John, I can hear Dan laughing. Is he finished?

Dan raises his hands in surrender.

JOHN

Be serious for a minute, Dan.

Charley's voice wavers – a nervous giggle, then steel.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

He's a Professor. A scientist. And he's gone missing in the Carpathians.

John's expression shifts – the levity drains away.

HAL's holographic avatar materializes: a shimmering blue figure with glowing eyes.

Without speaking aloud, HAL transmits directly into John's mind.

HAL (V.O., TELEPATHIC)

Captain, this fellow is for real. A direct descendant of the 19th-century polymath. My scans show a localized EMP burst at his last known coordinates.

John stiffens.

JOHN

Okay, Charley. The jokes are over. What's the problem?

INTERCUT – CHARLEY'S APARTMENT / ELIZABETH SWANN BRIDGE

Charley paces, the fog pressing against her windows like a living thing.

CHARLEY

It's the Neuwelt Rittertum – the remnants. They're calling themselves Novus Illuminatum now. They've set up shop in Switzerland, and Jack Mason is right in the thick of it.

Dan freezes mid-chew.

The name Mason hangs in the air like a curse.

DAN

That guy doesn't do charity work.

CHARLEY

Van Helsing said it's all connected to Earl Armand Arclaud. The billionaire from Carfax Hall. He's seeking a cure for something – and he's desperate. The kind of desperate that leaves bodies behind.

John's jaw tightens.

CHARLEY

He went to a laboratory in the Romanian Carpathians. And now his signal is dead. Total silence.

A long, heavy beat.

JOHN

The Carpathians...

CHARLEY

Getting the picture, John?

JOHN

Wide screen. High def.

Charley exhales shakily.

CHARLEY

John... can HAL help?

John turns to HAL's glowing avatar.

JOHN

Well, champ? Can you help a lady in distress?

HAL's on-screen eyes pulse like twin stars.

HAL

I have already intercepted the satellite trail. There is a massive power signature emanating from an abandoned WWII bunker near the Borgo Pass. Shielded — but not from me. If the Professor is inside, he is effectively entombed in a high-tech sarcophagus.

John grips the pilot's chair.

JOHN

Charley, tell the BBC you're working on a lead.

Dan — prep the dive gear and the drone guard.

Dan snaps into action.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We're heading for the Black Sea.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

The trimaran pivots sharply, solar wings unfurling like the pinions of a mechanical angel.

Moonlight glints off her hull as she slices through the

dark waters.

The fog parts before her – as if something unseen is fleeing her approach.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 7 - HAL'S DIAGNOSTICS

FADE IN:

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

A vast, moonlit expanse.

The water churns with a low, predatory growl as a sleek trimaran – THE ELIZABETH SWANN – cuts through the swells like a blade.

Her solar-composite hull glimmers with an otherworldly sheen, shifting like the skin of a deep-sea creature.

A cold wind sweeps across the deck.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A cathedral of glass, steel, and blue holographic light. The air hums with electricity – a blend of salt, ozone, and high-end circuitry.

JOHN STORM Intense and battle-worn, stands over a holographic navigation table.

The shifting maplight casts ghostly shadows across his face.

A voice – smooth, polyphonic, almost choral – fills the bridge.

HAL AI (V.O.)
Captain Storm?

John doesn't look up.

JOHN
Go ahead, Hal.

A jagged, pulsing waveform materializes above the table – glowing a sickly, radioactive green.

HAL
I've intercepted a rhythmic bio-signal originating from a deep-spectrum relay near the Borgo Pass.
It is an exact harmonic match to the biological telemetry we recorded in Manaus.

John's eyes narrow.
The green light flickers across his features like swamp-fire.

JOHN
The Replivator incubator... Novus Illuminatum tech.

DAN HAWK Grease-stained and irreverent, steps onto the bridge wiping a drone lens.

DAN
No mistaking that for standard lab gear, Hal?

HAL's avatar appears – a floating sphere of shifting geometric light, pulsing with intelligence.

HAL

My confidence interval is 99.9%, Master Hawk.
However... there is a dissonance in the data, Captain.

The avatar shifts to a deep, cautionary amber.

HAL (CONT'D)

This is not merely a virus.
It is an inheritance.

A cold prickle crawls up John's spine.

JOHN

Explain.

HAL

The V-Strain lacks the random mutation of a natural
pathogen.

It behaves with... intent.

It is attempting to reclaim a dormant genetic
architecture.

Not to kill the host -
but to overwrite it.

A beat.

The ship seems to grow quieter, as if listening.

John turns sharply to the nav-table.

JOHN

We need to move.

Hal - plot the intercept. Aegean Sea, through the
Dardanelles, into the Sea of Marmara.

We pass the Maiden's Tower at Istanbul, then north along
the coast - Burgas, Varna - and dock at Port Constanța.

HAL

Course engaged. Nemo is adjusting the hydrofoils for maximum efficiency.

Dan leans against a console, eyes gleaming with a mix of dread and excitement.

DAN

Constanța... Romania.

The road to the Borgo Pass – that's heart-of-darkness territory.

Does it take us near the Count's old stomping grounds?

HAL's avatar flickers.

HAL

Earl Armand Arclaud maintains a high-security penthouse in Bucharest.

However, Bran Castle – the 1388 stronghold on the Transylvanian border – lies directly on your overland route.

Dan grins, half-awed.

DAN

Dracula's Castle.

Actually visiting the place. Unreal.

John's voice drops, low and commanding.

JOHN

Hal – you'll stand sentry in Port.

I need your eyes on the global net.

But no tasering the local port authorities unless it's
life-or-death.

HAL

Understood, Captain.

But be warned:

what they are synthesizing in that bunker is far more than
a cure for the Corona-Covid variants.

They are touching something primal.

John stiffens.

JOHN

A cure for cancer, then?

HAL's avatar dims — as if recoiling.

HAL

Way more, Captain.

It is the bio-logic of the abyss.

FLASH VISION — EXT. ANCIENT ALEXANDRIA — DAY (VISION)

A blinding sun over a city of white marble.

The GREAT LIBRARY burns — scrolls turning to ash.

The scent of lotus oil and smoke fills the air.

A shadowed figure watches from a balcony — indistinct,
ancient, familiar.

BACK TO SCENE — INT. ELIZABETH SWANN — BRIDGE

John GASPS, gripping the console.

His knees nearly buckle.

HAL

Captain? Your vitals just spiked.

John blinks hard — the vision dissolving like mist.

JOHN

I'm fine.

Just... a ghost in the machine.

He steadies himself, jaw tightening.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Let's get to Romania.

I want to see what Arclaud is so desperate to save.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

The trimaran pivots sharply, solar wings unfurling like the pinions of a mechanical angel.

Moonlight glints off her hull as she accelerates toward the dark horizon.

The sea parts before her —
as if something ancient and unseen retreats into the depths.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 8 - THE SOLAR INFILTRATION

FADE IN:

EXT. BLACK SEA - NIGHT

A moonless void.

The BLACK SEA lies still as hammered obsidian, swallowing the horizon.

A sleek silhouette glides across the surface – THE ELIZABETH SWANN – her alloy-carbon hull whispering through the dark water like a phantom blade. The ship's solar wings shimmer faintly, catching stray starlight like the scales of a deep-sea predator.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The bridge is a cathedral of cold blue holographic light. Every surface hums with quiet intelligence.

HAL's central interface pulses rhythmically – a heartbeat made of photons.

DAN HAWK leans over the nav-table, tracing the holographic contours of Romania's jagged terrain.

DAN

Holy fuel cells, Skip... you couldn't get more isolated if you tried. Look at those peaks. It's like the land that time forgot – but with better Wi-Fi.

JOHN STORM studies the charts, jaw tight, eyes shadowed.

JOHN

A snow-covered fortress of mountains... guarded by an organization with more money than small nations. They're not hiding, Dan. They're entrenched.

HAL's voice resonates – smooth, polyphonic, almost choral.

HAL (V.O.)

They have cameras and thermal sensors embedded in the rock faces surrounding the Borgo Pass.

I have mapped their positions.

A constellation of glowing red dots appears above the table – a ring of mechanical eyes.

Simultaneously, a data burst blooms in the back of John's mind via his BioCore implant.

He winces – the sensation is cold, metallic, invasive.

HAL (V.O.)

High-resolution. Photosensitive.

Linked to an automated defense grid.

John exhales slowly, letting the data settle.

JOHN

Knowing they're there is half the battle.

But the real problem is the Swann.

She's not exactly a fishing trawler.

If they see a high-tech solar trimaran heading for Port Constanța...

the Illuminatum will lock down their lab before we even tie a rope.

Dan crosses his arms, brow furrowed.

DAN

So we need seven hours of breathing room from the coast to the mountains.

How do we pull that off without lighting up every alarm from here to Bucharest?

HAL's avatar materializes – a sphere of shifting geometric light.

HAL

Master Hawk... we are entering "mission impossible" territory.

To facilitate your overland journey, I have initiated a Digital Wraith Protocol.

Dan blinks.

DAN

A what now?

HAL

We are broadcasting multiple ghost signals via the international Ship Identification System.

To any sensor between here and the Dardanelles... we appear to be a Panamanian-flagged bulk carrier named The Ceres.

Dan stares.

DAN

You spoofed an entire vessel?

John smirks – grim, impressed.

JOHN

Hal doesn't just calculate, Dan.

He reimagines the environment.

Go on, Hal.

What's the catch?

HAL pulses amber – a warning glow.

HAL

The deception is temporary.

Illuminatum analysts are paranoid.

They will notice the Ceres is moving with an efficiency that defies its registered displacement.

A countdown appears in the air: 05:00:00.

HAL (CONT'D)

We have five hours of ghost time.

We must reach Port Constanța and offload your gear before the signal collapses.

Dan swallows.

DAN

And the other two hours?

HAL

That... is up to the wiles of Captain Storm.

Once stealth mode disengages, you will have a 120-minute window of anonymity before they realize you are at their doorstep.

Dan exhales, awed and terrified.

DAN

Holy solar panels..

We're literally going to be shadows in the snow.

John steps toward the forward viewport – the horizon is a

black wall.

JOHN

And Hal will be our guardian angel.

Feeding us their movements in real time.

We'll know they're coming before they lace their boots.

He turns back to the controls.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hal - stealth mode.

Flood the central hull.

Lower the solar wings.

I want us invisible.

HAL's avatar flickers - already ahead of him.

HAL

Sequence initiated, Captain.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

The Swann's solar wings fold downward, becoming angled radar-reflective plates.

Her central hull sinks slightly as ballast tanks fill.

Thruster baffles deploy - muffling her signature to a whisper.

The ship becomes a shadow, a ghost, a myth.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

John grips the helm.

JOHN

Eat your heart out, Sea Shadow.

Dan grins nervously.

DAN

Or the Zumwalt.

The Swann accelerates – silent, predatory.

EXT. BLACK SEA – NIGHT

The ship vanishes into the darkness –
a needle aimed at the heart of the Carpathians.

Carrying:

two men,

one sentient machine,

and the only hope of stopping the nightmare of the V-
Strain.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 9 - THE ARCLAUD INVESTMENT

FADE IN:

EXT. CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS – NIGHT

A jagged crown of black peaks pierces a storm-heavy sky.
Snow swirls like ash from some ancient pyre.

A MATTE-BLACK HELICOPTER emerges from the darkness, its
rotors beating a low, predatory rhythm.

It descends toward a hidden helipad carved into the mountainside – a slit of steel and shadow.

EXT. NOVUS ILLUMINATUM BUNKER – CONTINUOUS

The helicopter touches down.

Wind howls. Snow whips sideways.

The cabin door opens with a hydraulic hiss.

EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD steps out – tall, elegant, wrapped in a charcoal coat that snaps like a banner in the gale.

His eyes – pewter, predatory – scan the facility with cold calculation.

To the scientists watching from behind reinforced glass, he looks like a savior.

But his gaze is hunting.

INT. DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER – MOMENTS LATER

A steel chamber seals shut behind him.

FRANCO FRANCISCO, thin, eager, bows slightly.

FRANCISCO

Welcome, Excellence. Your timing is impeccable. The Replicator has exceeded all expectations.

Arclaud doesn't smile.

ARCLAUD

I am not here for pleasantries, Francisco.

I've invested billions.
I want to see the results.
I want to see the... Egyptian.

A faint tremor runs through him – a pulse in his blood,
rhythmic, ancient.

He hides it.

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

They walk through sterile, white-lit corridors.
The hum of machines echoes like distant chanting.

Arclaud's hand brushes his coat pocket – feeling the
silver-salt vials inside.

Nearly empty.

A flicker of fear crosses his eyes – quickly buried.

KLAUS VON KOLRUETER, severe and clinical, joins them with
a tablet.

KLAUS

Her DNA is a miracle, Earl.
The CRISPR virus we extracted from her ancient marrow is a
universal solvent for genetic decay.
It doesn't just repair...
it reinvents.

Arclaud's jaw tightens.

Carmina's face flashes in his mind – pale, fading,
slipping away.

INT. OBSERVATION CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

They stop before a massive pane of blast-proof glass.

Inside the containment suite:

CLEOPATRA sits on the edge of a clinical bed, wrapped in a simple white silk robe.

Her posture regal.

Her eyes — emerald and sapphire — fixed on a digital window showing the mountains.

She looks timeless.

Untouchable.

Alive.

Arclaud's breath catches.

ARCLAUD

(whispering)

She is... magnificent.

But his gaze is not adoration.

It is hunger.

To him, she is not a queen.

She is a vault — a living archive of the cure Carmina needs.

FRANCISCO

We begin harvesting the first stabilized serum tomorrow.

Arclaud's reflection stares back at him in the glass — his

pupils dilating, darkening, predatory.

He forces control.

CLOSE ON — ARCLAUD'S HAND

It grips the steel railing.

Knuckles white.

Desperation bleeding through the aristocratic mask.

ARCLAUD (CONT'D)

The investment will continue.

But I require a private audience with the subject.

To... assess the mental stability of my asset.

Francisco and Klaus exchange a glance — uneasy, but obedient.

They nod and step away.

INT. OBSERVATION CHAMBER — CONTINUOUS

Arclaud remains alone, staring through the glass.

Cleopatra turns her head slightly — sensing him.

Their eyes meet.

A silent, electric moment.

Ancient power.

Modern hunger.

Two bloodlines on a collision course.

Arclaud whispers to himself:

ARCLAUD

If I cannot steal the cure tonight...

I will be the last of my line to die as a man.

The lights flicker – as if the mountain itself heard him.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 10 - SHADOWS IN THE VENTILATIONS

FADE IN:

EXT. CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

A jagged wall of white and shadow.

The wind howls like a living thing, carrying ice that cuts like glass.

A battered DACIA crawls along a narrow mountain road, headlights swallowed by the darkness.

INT. DACIA - CONTINUOUS

The interior is cramped, smelling of diesel, cold metal, and old tobacco.

JOHN STORM adjusts the sleek, matte-grey fabric of his chameleon suit – a second skin that seems to drink the light.

DAN HAWK checks the power cells on the suit's gauntlet, the glow reflecting off his tense features.

DAN

It's called organic electroluminescence, Skip.

Micro-pixels mimic whatever's around you.

You're not just blending in – you're becoming the wall.

John smirks, but his eyes betray respect.

JOHN

Just a trick of the light.

DAN

Invisible to the naked eye and most cameras.

But you're still a heat source.

Infrared will see you as a blurry ghost.

And if someone shoots you –

the Kevlar and ceramic plates will stop the round..

but it'll feel like a sledgehammer to the ribs.

John nods once.

JOHN

Invisible to humans.

Bulletproof to cowards.

Got it.

The car rolls to a stop.

Silence presses in – thick, absolute.

No smartphones.

No GPS.

No digital footprints.

Only the mountain breathing.

EXT. MOUNTAIN FACILITY PERIMETER – NIGHT

John steps out into the cold.

The wind slices through him, settling into his bones like

a metallic whisper.

HAL's voice echoes inside his skull – calm, omnipresent.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain, three meters to your left.

Drop now.

John moves without hesitation.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT – CONTINUOUS

He lowers himself into a massive ventilation shaft.

The chameleon suit shifts instantly – snowy white to galvanized grey.

He becomes part of the ducting.

He descends like a spider, silent, controlled.

The hum of industrial air-scrubbers swallows every sound.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL – MOMENTS LATER

John drops lightly onto a steel grate.

The bunker walls close around him – rock and reinforced metal.

A dead zone.

No signals.

No outside world.

Only the faint pulse of the BioCore in his skull.

He moves down a service corridor.

The flickering fluorescent lights make the chameleon suit

shimmer like a dying candle.

A door hisses open.

A TECHNICIAN steps out, clutching a tablet.

John freezes – pressed flat against the wall.

The technician walks within inches of him.

The scent of antiseptic and stale coffee hangs in the air.

The man looks straight at John –
or rather, through him –
and continues on.

John exhales silently.

A ghost in the machine.

INT. LABORATORY WING – CONTINUOUS

John moves deeper.

The corridor grows colder.

Darker.

Wrong.

He peers through a quartz-glass observation port.

Inside:

A CONTAINMENT CELL bathed in harsh, strobe-like UV light.

A MAN – or what remains of one – crouches in the corner.

Skin translucent, bruised purple.
Fingernails elongated into jagged claws.

The creature lunges at the glass –
jaw unhinging far beyond human anatomy.

Its eyes are pits of photosensitive blackness that SHRIEK
at the light.

John's breath fogs the glass.

JOHN (V.O.)
The V-Strain...

Cold fury rises in him.

This isn't a cure.
It's a regression.
A stripping away of humanity –
leaving only the predator.

He moves on.

Cell after cell.

Each one a tableau of horror:

bodies in cold sweats

marble-white skin

veins like black vines

blood-starved rage

A gallery of the damned.

JOHN (V.O.)

Hal... I'm seeing it.

They're not cloning a Queen.

They're building an army.

HAL remains silent – recording everything through John's BioCore.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR – APPROACHING THE CORE

The lights flicker.

The air grows warmer – pulsing with a strange, rhythmic thrum.

John's suit struggles to keep up with the shifting shadows.

He presses forward.

Somewhere in this mountain of madness...

CLEOPATRA waits.

The only blood that can stop the rot.

The only hope against the V-Strain.

John steps into the darkness.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 11 - THE QUEEN IN THE GLASS

FADE IN:

INT. NOVUS ILLUMINATUM BUNKER - LOWER LEVELS - NIGHT

The deeper JOHN STORM moves into the bunker, the more the air changes.

The sterile, ozone-heavy scent of laboratories fades... replaced by something warm, floral, ancient - like a forgotten garden blooming beneath stone.

A sharp, electric tingling flares at the base of John's skull.

He winces, gripping the wall.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain, your heart rate has increased to one hundred and ten beats per minute.

There is no tactical reason for this spike.

Unless...

A pause - algorithms spinning.

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

John... be careful.

The proximity is triggering a dormant epigenetic response.

John barely hears him.

He's staring ahead - transfixed.

INT. OBSERVATION CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A reinforced glass partition stretches across the hall.

Beyond it, the bunker transforms into a dream –
a silk-draped sanctuary, lit by golden lamplight, styled
after Old Alexandria.

A surreal oasis inside a steel tomb.

And pacing the room with the grace of a caged goddess–

CLEOPATRA.

Her white silk robe flows like river mist.

Her emerald-sapphire eyes shimmer with ancient fire.

John's breath catches.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Cleopatra freezes.

A shadow falls across the glass.

She turns – slowly, reverently – and sees the shimmering
outline of a man in a chameleon suit.

Her heart slams against her ribs.

For the first time in two thousand years..

she feels.

She steps closer, trembling.

To her, he is not a soldier.

Not a spy.

He is a memory made flesh.

The jawline.
The shoulders.
The commanding gaze.

Mark Antony.

Her knees weaken.

INT. OBSERVATION CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS
John stands motionless, breath shallow.

The tingling in his spine becomes a roar – a biological
recognition older than nations.

Cleopatra presses her hand to the glass.
Her breath fogs the cold surface.

John lifts his hand – almost without thinking – mirroring
hers.

A heartbeat apart.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm.

Focus.

You are an uninvited guest in a hostile facility.

A keypad glows beside the door.

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

Security code: one eight zero six.

Move now.

John blinks – the vision of ancient marble dissolving.

He enters the code.

The heavy door slides open with a pressurized hiss.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Cleopatra rushes forward – regal poise cracking into raw, human longing.

She stops inches from him, breath trembling.

CLEOPATRA

(whispered)

I am Cleopatra.

And you...

are you a ghost sent to mock me?

John swallows hard.

JOHN

Storm.

John Storm.

Captain of the Elizabeth Swann.

I'm here to–

well... it's complicated.

Cleopatra blushes – a vivid, living rose-color.

Proof she is no V-Strain monster.

She studies his suit, eyes wide with wonder.

CLEOPATRA

I like your suit.

What cloth is this?

It moves like the Nile at dusk.

John almost smiles.

JOHN

No time to explain.

You're the descendant?

Cleopatra the Seventh's lineage?

She lifts her chin – queenly steel returning.

CLEOPATRA

No, Mr. Storm.

I am Cleopatra the Seventh.

Reborn, perhaps...

but the soul is the same.

John's pulse spikes.

He feels an overwhelming urge to pull her into his arms –
to shield her from the white-coated vultures outside.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain.

The mission.

The biological weapons.

Van Helsing is still unaccounted for.

John forces himself to step back.

JOHN

Right.

Thank you, Hal.

He meets Cleopatra's eyes – softening for a fleeting, dangerous second.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I have to go.

There's a missing man – a Professor – I need to find.

But I'm coming back for you.

Do you understand?

You're not their asset anymore.

Cleopatra watches him retreat, her hand drifting to her heart.

CLEOPATRA

(whispered)

John Storm...

The name is new.

But the eyes...

the eyes I would know in any century.

The door seals shut.

She stands alone in the silk-draped room –
a queen reborn,
a heart awakened,
a destiny rekindled.

FADE OUT TO **SCENE 12 - VAN HELSING'S FATE**

INT. NOVUS ILLUMINATUM BUNKER - LOWER LEVELS - NIGHT

A low, metallic hum reverberates through the descending corridors.

The aristocratic veneer of the upper bunker is gone – replaced by raw concrete, chemical stains, and the faint

hiss of malfunctioning UV lamps.

JOHN STORM, clad in a shimmering chameleon infiltration suit, moves like a heat mirage. The suit flickers, struggling to adapt to the harsh, strobing ultraviolet light.

HAL (V.O., inside John's skull)

Caution, Captain. Radiation levels increasing. Structural integrity of your suit is fluctuating.

John ignores the warning, eyes fixed ahead.

INT. ISOLATION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

A sterile, white chamber. Cold as an arctic tomb.

A man sits hunched on a steel cot, surrounded by a forest of IV stands.

Tubes snake into his arms like transparent leeches.

This is PROFESSOR VICTOR VAN HELSING — once a legend, now a ghost of himself.

John approaches the reinforced glass.

JOHN

Professor Van Helsing. Can you hear me?

Van Helsing stirs. His face is a map of burst capillaries, waxy skin, and half-healed lesions.

He squints at the shimmering distortion of John's suit.

VAN HELSING

(voice a wet rattle)

Who... who are you?

JOHN

A friend of Charley Temple's.

I'm John Storm. I'm here to get you out.

A flicker of recognition – a spark of the old fire.

VAN HELSING

The John Storm?

The one who scaled the Shard?

I thought you were... a myth.

He laughs – a brittle, bloody cough.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

You're too late.

I'm infected.

A laboratory rat for the Novus Illuminatum.

They're testing the V-Strain's resistance to every antibiotic known to man.

I'd be dead already if they weren't keeping me alive... just to watch me rot.

John's jaw tightens.

JOHN

We have medical tech on the Swann that—

VAN HELSING

(interrupting, slapping the glass weakly)

No. Listen to me.

His eyes burn with desperate urgency.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

You must save the woman.

Cleopatra.

She is the key.

The Universal Donor.

John freezes.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

Her blood doesn't just resist the strain..

It consumes it.

Two thousand years of dormancy have turned her into a living vaccine.

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - INTERCUT

John glances toward the upper levels - where Cleopatra waits behind glass, radiant and impossibly alive.

JOHN

She's in perfect health.

It's like the virus can't touch her.

VAN HELSING

Exactly.

Because she is the virus - perfected.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - INTERCUT

HAL's holographic avatar flickers above the console.

HAL

Captain, the Professor is correct.

My analysis confirms Cleopatra's cellular structure is the only barrier preventing the V-Strain from achieving global

pandemic potential.
She is not merely immune.
She is the antidote.

INT. SWANN - ENGINEERING BAY - INTERCUT
DAN HAWK leans over a console, eyes wide.

DAN
Skipper, if Cleopatra is the cure...
and Arclaud is hunting her...
we're not in a lab anymore.
We're in an ancient puzzle.
This is about bloodlines.

INT. ISOLATION CHAMBER - BACK TO SCENE
John steps closer to the dying Professor.

JOHN
Hang in there, Professor.
I'm going to finish this.

Van Helsing's eyes flutter.
The automated pumps hiss, forcing more chemicals into his
veins.

VAN HELSING
(whispering)
Save her, Storm...
Save the Queen...
or the world will become a tomb.

His eyes close.
The monitors flicker.
The chamber hums with sterile indifference.

John turns toward the corridor – toward Cleopatra – toward destiny.

CUT TO **SCENE 13 - THE BLOOD MOON BREACH**

INT. CARPATHIAN BUNKER - LOWER LEVELS - NIGHT

The air is dense, almost pressurized – as if the mountain itself is holding its breath.

The utility corridors are narrow, metallic, and trembling with distant machinery.

JOHN STORM, cloaked in a shimmering chameleon suit, moves like a ripple of liquid steel.

HAL (V.O., pulsing in John's mind)

Captain, the primary laboratory is forty meters left, then thirty right.

Security density: extreme.

Probability of armed contact: high.

Recommendation: prioritize extraction of the Queen.

John whispers into his sub-vocal mic.

JOHN

In for a penny, Hal.

HAL

In for a pound.

(beat)

Captain... I detect elevated emotional stress in your biometrics.

John smirks faintly – even now.

INT. MAIN LABORATORY - SAME TIME

A cavernous chamber bathed in blood-red emergency lighting.

The air hums with tension and the faint scent of antiseptic and fear.

EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD stands at the center – tall, elegant, but trembling with barely contained fury. His eyes glow with a subterranean fire.

Before him:

FRANCO FRANCISCO and KLAUS VON KOLREUTER, two scientists who now look like cornered prey.

FRANCISCO

A-Armand... are you pleased with the progress?

Arclaud steps closer, predatory.

ARCLAUD

I am past being pleased.

I need the source.

The CRISPR core you used to stabilize the Queen.

My wife is dying – and your “progress reports” will not save her.

Klaus’s hand twitches toward a red button.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

The alarm SHRIEKS – a piercing, metallic scream.

Red strobes flash.

Armored guards flood into the room.

One brushes past a shimmering distortion – John Storm, invisible in the corner.

Arclaud's voice drops into something no longer entirely human.

ARCLAUD

Help me...

or I dismantle this facility myself.

FRANCISCO

It's not portable!

Bring the Countess here – we can attempt a direct transfusion from the Queen!

Arclaud's face twists – grief, rage, desperation.

ARCLAUD

She's turning!

Infected by the very V-Strain you unleashed!

She is becoming one of them!

A guard reaches for Arclaud's shoulder.

In a blur – too fast for human eyes – Arclaud grabs the man by the throat and hurls him across the room.

He smashes into a bank of monitors, collapsing in a shower of sparks and glass.

The remaining guards freeze, rifles trembling.

John watches, jaw tight.

He has seen Arclaud at galas – refined, aristocratic.

Now he sees the monster beneath the silk.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

KLAUS

(over the sirens)

Bring her here!

We are on the brink of a breakthrough!

ARCLAUD

No more waiting!

He lunges for the central console – slamming his hand onto a massive black-and-yellow switch:

TOTAL RELEASE / PURGE

FRANCISCO

No!

What have you done?!

A deep, seismic CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK echoes through the bunker – magnetic locks disengaging.

The floor vibrates.

INT. CORRIDORS - INTERCUT

Somewhere below, something HOWLS – guttural, feral, hungry.

INT. LAB - BACK TO SCENE

John's hand moves to his sidearm.

JOHN (V.O., thinking)

Hal – what does that switch do?

HAL (V.O., urgent, almost frantic)
Captain – the Earl has initiated a Total Cell Purge.
He has not merely opened the lab doors.
He has unlocked every containment pen in the lower levels.

A beat.

HAL (CONT'D)

The failed experiments...
the hyper-aggressive V-Strain subjects...
are no longer contained.

A second howl – closer.

HAL (CONT'D)

We are no longer in a laboratory, John.
We are in a hunting ground.

John's eyes narrow.
The blood moon outside casts a faint glow through a
ventilation grate.

The monsters are awake.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 14 - DIGITAL EXORCISM

INT. CARPATHIAN BUNKER - MAIN LAB - NIGHT

The red strobe lights pulse like a dying heart.
The air vibrates with the metallic clunk-clunk-clunk of
magnetic seals disengaging deep below.

A low, inhuman howl echoes through the ventilation shafts.

HAL (V.O., sharp, urgent)

Captain – the Purge switch has deactivated the primary life-support grid. The Earl hasn't just opened the cages. He's suffocating the entire facility to destroy the evidence.

I am initiating a brute-force digital exorcism to keep oxygen flowing.

JOHN STORM stands in the center of the lab, shimmering like a mirage.

He toggles his chameleon suit – the distortion collapses, revealing him in full.

FRANCISCO

(startled gasp)

Storm? How did you—?

JOHN

Technology.

He steps forward, eyes hard, scanning the room – the wrecked consoles, the trembling scientists, the blood-red shadows.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now... exactly how much trouble are we in?

KLAUS

A heap of deep shit.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – INTERCUT

DAN HAWK leans over a console, sweat beading on his brow.

DAN

Skipper – can you seal the sectors holding Cleopatra and the Professor?

Hal needs time to reroute power before they run out of air.

JOHN (V.O.)

Do your best – but hurry, Hal.

INT. MAIN LAB – BACK TO SCENE

FRANCISCO

Who the hell is Hal?

JOHN

He's the dog's bollocks of the hacking world.

DAN (V.O.)

The cat's whiskers.

Even in terror, the humor is a thin lifeline.

Nearby, EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD stands amid shattered equipment.

His chest heaves.

His eyes burn with grief and something darker.

ARCLAUD

I... lost my composure.

The thought of Carmina...

John steps toward him – soldier to fallen noble.

JOHN

Never mind that now.

We need your strength if we're going to survive the next ten minutes.

Are you with us?

Arclaud's voice cracks.

ARCLAUD

Anything. Just save her. Save my wife.

JOHN

We'll get to that. But first - we neutralize the threat.

INT. LAB - ARMORY LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

Francisco slams a code into a heavy locker.

It opens with a hiss.

Inside:

A Van Helsing-style arsenal - wooden stakes, silver-jacketed rounds, cruciform blades, and revolvers that gleam like relics of a holy war.

KLAUS

Silver-jacketed hollow points.

Tipped with stabilized silver nitrate and blessed salts.

Holy Water 2.0.

He hands John a revolver.

DAN (V.O.)

Stake through the heart.

JOHN

Or just blast them back to the hell they came from.

He checks the action – smooth, deadly.

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR – MOMENTS LATER

The corridor is a vision of the abyss – flickering lights, drifting smoke, distant screams.

A guttural shriek erupts from the darkness.

The Purge subjects emerge – pale, hyper-metabolic nightmares with black, sightless eyes.

They don't run. They blur.

John moves first – a soldier forged in fire.

He drives a wooden stake upward through the ribcage of the first creature.

It hisses – steam rising – its body collapsing into grey ash.

Beside him, Arclaud is a whirlwind of supernatural violence.

He fires three silver rounds into a lunging female subject – each impact erupting in a flash of blue light.

The corridor becomes a storm of:

- chrome
- wood
- ash
- blood-red light

John's heart hammers.

One scratch, one bite – and he's finished.

INT. MAIN LAB - INTERCUT

Klaus and Francisco barricade the doors, hands trembling around their stakes.

INT. CORRIDOR - BACK TO SCENE

The last creature falls, dissolving into ash.

John wipes ichor from his brow.

HAL (V.O., breathless with digital strain)

Captain - I have bypassed the mainframe.

Cleopatra and Van Helsing's cells are sealed.

Life support is stabilized.

A beat.

HAL (CONT'D)

But the remaining subjects are retreating.

They are not fleeing, John.

They are regrouping...

at the oxygen hubs.

John exhales - a slow, grim breath.

JOHN

This isn't over.

Not by a long shot.

He looks at Arclaud - the ancient shadow beside him.

Together, they turn toward the deeper darkness.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 15 - THE HUNGER OF THE QUEEN

INT. CARPATHIAN BUNKER - CORRIDORS - NIGHT

The air has turned a bruised, hazy purple, swirling like a sentient fog.

The V-Strain - aerosolized, alive - drifts through the vents with predatory intent.

John Storm sprints through the corridor, lungs burning.

HAL (V.O., taut, urgent)

Captain - air filtration is failing.

V-Strain concentration exceeds safety parameters by four hundred percent.

Immediate evacuation of your patients is advised.

John coughs, wiping a smear of violet mist from his visor.

JOHN (V.O.)

Anything else useful, Hal?

HAL

Trust your feelings, Captain.

In the absence of data, your instincts are your only calibrated instrument.

John feels it - a pull, electric and ancient - drawing him toward the high-security sector.

A bond.

A resonance.

A heartbeat that is not his.

INT. HIGH-SECURITY SECTOR - CLEOPATRA'S SANCTUARY -
CONTINUOUS

A silk-draped chamber glowing with soft amber light.
Behind quartz-glass, CLEOPATRA stands poised, regal,
already watching the door.

She knew he was coming.

John slams his shoulder into the reinforced steel.

JOHN

Hal - the code! Or blow the locks!

HAL

Working. Dan is bypassing the secondary relays.

DAN (V.O.)

Skip - I'm killing ventilation in your sector.
It'll stop the virus spreading, but you've got five
minutes of oxygen. Move!

John hits the door again - metal groans.

HAL (V.O., low, serious)

Captain - analysis complete.
Cleopatra is not merely a donor.
She is the cure.
Her blood contains apex-predator antibodies the V-Strain
cannot overcome.

A sharp CLICK - the magnetic locks disengage.

John bursts inside.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Cleopatra steps forward, emerald eyes blazing with ancient fire.

CLEOPATRA

Stranger to my heart...

you must trust me.

The air is poisoned, and your mortality is a flame in a storm.

She extends her wrist - golden-brown, flawless, pulsing with life.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Bite me, Captain Storm.

Take my blood.

Now.

John freezes - modern logic recoiling from primal instinct.

HAL (V.O.)

Do it, Captain.

It is a biological necessity.

Your system requires the graft.

CLEOPATRA

Bite - quickly!

Before the shadow takes you.

John grips her wrist.

Her skin is warm - scented with desert resins and ancient oils.

He lowers his mouth and bites.

The taste hits him – copper, sunlight, eternity.

A surge of energy explodes through him – a solar flare racing through his veins.

His vision sharpens.

His lungs clear.

His strength multiplies.

JOHN

(breathless)

That... feels incredible.

Cleopatra smiles – soft, knowing, tragic.

CLEOPATRA

We have no more time for wonders.

INT. SANCTUARY – CONTINUOUS

John sweeps Cleopatra into his arms – effortlessly.

CLEOPATRA

(smiling, breath against his ear)

Stronger than Mark Antony.

Many times over.

JOHN

I'll take that as a compliment.

A distant skittering echoes through the corridor – the Purge subjects closing in.

John moves – not running, but predatory, faster than human.

INT. MAIN LABORATORY – MOMENTS LATER

Franco and Klaus shove open the heavy doors, terror etched on their faces.

John barrels inside with Cleopatra in his arms. They slam the bolts behind him.

JOHN

Dan – we've got the Queen, but the air in here is turning. We need an Apollo-style scrubber, now.

Franco points to a wall of industrial lockers.

FRANCO

Secondary stores!

Emergency lithium hydroxide canisters!

John sets Cleopatra down gently.

She stands in the center of the chaos – calm, regal, luminous.

She gave him her blood.

She saved his life.

And in the flickering red light, John realizes:

This mission is no longer an extraction.

It is a crusade.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 16 - ARCLAUD'S DESPERATION

INT. CARPATHIAN LABORATORY - NIGHT

The bunker has shifted from chaos to a high-tension limbo. Red sirens fade into a low amber pulse, casting long, trembling shadows across flickering monitors.

A cold blue glow illuminates EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD, standing rigid at the far end of the lab, clutching a satellite phone.

On the tiny screen:

IGOR, breathless, shirt torn, recounts a savage attack at Carfax Hall.

Behind him, the elegant London manor looks like a crime scene.

IGOR (ON SCREEN)

My lord... the Countess... she attacked without warning.

I barely contained her.

She is... not herself.

The feed crackles.

Arclaud's face collapses into grief - bloodshot eyes, trembling jaw.

He looks up.

Across the room, CLEOPATRA stands close to JOHN STORM, their hands almost touching.

A bond radiates between them - ancient, magnetic, undeniable.

Arclaud's grief curdles into rage.

ARCLAUD

You saved this woman.

Why can't you save mine?

Why must Carmina rot while you play the hero?

His voice cracks – a man breaking.

Then he moves.

Not like a man – like a shadow unbound.

He crosses the room in a blur of charcoal wool and supernatural fury, striking toward John's chest—

But John is no longer merely human, long ago CRISPR, enhanced.

Cleopatra's blood sings through him – sharpening his reflexes to predatory precision.

He sidesteps with liquid grace, leaving a ghost-image in the air.

JOHN

Hey – take it easy, Armand!

Arclaud stumbles, shocked.

ARCLAUD

(breathing hard)

What are you, Mr. Storm?

No mortal moves like that.

JOHN

Just a man like you.

With problems.

Arclaud lunges again – claws out, grief-mad.

John taps his suit – vanishes.

Arclaud claws at empty air.

A moment later, he's lifted off the ground – hoisted effortlessly from behind.

JOHN (O.S.)

Steady, Armand.

I'm putting you down now.

Don't make me do it twice.

John sets him down gently.

Arclaud leaps away, spinning, searching for the invisible threat.

John flicks the suit back to visible mode.

JOHN

If you'll calm down – we have an idea.

One that will save your wife.

Cleopatra steps forward, her presence a balm of ancient serenity.

CLEOPATRA

Sir... please.
Listen to Captain Storm.
Do it for the sake of your wife.

The name Carmina hits Arclaud like a blow.

His shoulders slump. The monster drains out of him,
leaving only a grieving husband.

ARCLAUD

I am listening.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Across the room, FRANCO and KLAUS stare, mouths agape.

They've just witnessed:

- a man vanish
- a vampire noble thrown like a rag doll
- Cleopatra glowing like a resurrected goddess

Klaus steps forward, scientific awe overtaking fear.

KLAUS

Earl Arclaud...
we can synthesize a cure.
The V-Strain is a lock -
and Cleopatra's DNA is the key.

FRANCO

But the processing power needed to stabilize a CRISPR
cure...
our servers would take months.
Time the Countess does not have.

John steps in.

JOHN

Time we can cut down.

Hal and the Ark on the Elizabeth Swann can handle the load.

Klaus's eyes widen.

KLAUS

You have an Ark?

And the CyberCore Genetica module?

John winces – remembering Manaus.

JOHN

Let's just say... I have the tools.

And I have Hal.

Cleopatra places a hand over her heart.

CLEOPATRA

We have the Captain.

And we have his spirit-guard, Hal.

The scientists exchange a look – half confusion, half reverence.

FRANCO

If we combine our data with your CyberCore...

we could have a serum in hours.

John extends his hand to Arclaud.

JOHN

Shall we cooperate, then?

A truce?

Arclaud looks at John's hand.

Then at the frozen image of Carmina on the screen – fangs bared, eyes wild.

He grips John's hand – a crushing, silent pact.

ARCLAUD

Pax, Captain Storm.

Save her... and the Arclaud fortune is yours.

Save her... and I am your debt-slave for life.

John shakes his head.

JOHN

I don't want your money, Armand.

I just want to stop this nightmare before it leaves this mountain.

Arclaud nods – humbled, desperate, determined.

The alliance is forged.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 17 - THE LABORATORY PYRE

INT. ALPINE GENETICS BUNKER – MAIN LAB – NIGHT

A cold, surgical chamber. Stainless steel. Frosted glass.

Humming machines.

Then—

A VIOLENT STROBE ignites the room: a blinding, clinical WHITE that pulses like a heartbeat on the brink of arrest.

A SYNTHETIC ALARM thrums beneath it — not a siren, but a countdown.

KLAUS VON KOLREUTER, gaunt, trembling, stares at the lights as if seeing ghosts.

KLAUS

(whispers)

The Scorched Earth protocol...

A DISPASSIONATE FEMALE VOICE fills the corridors, eerily calm:

MAINFRAME (V.O.)

This facility will self-destruct in T-minus one hundred and twenty minutes. Evacuate immediately.

JOHN STORM lunges, grabbing Klaus by the coat, fury burning behind his eyes.

JOHN

Stop it, Kolreuter! Override the damn thing! You built this tomb!

Klaus gestures helplessly at the LOCKED-OUT TERMINALS – every screen flashing white.

KLAUS

I can't, Captain Storm! Zurich initiated it. Once they confirm a breach, they.. cleanse.

(beat)

We must leave or we'll be vaporised with the rest.

FRANCO FRANCISCO is already moving, his face set in grim resignation.

FRANCO

The Illuminatum never leaves loose ends. They'll burn the mountain to bury the evidence.

John's jaw tightens.

JOHN

Not without a cure. I'm not walking out of here empty-handed.

MAINFRAME (V.O.)

T-minus one hundred and fifteen minutes. Secure all biological assets and evacuate.

John turns to Franco, voice sharp as a blade.

JOHN

Franco – sample Cleopatra's blood. Sequence it. Burst-transmit everything to Hal.

A low hum vibrates through the BioCore. John's eyes flicker – HAL is listening.

HAL (V.O.)

Standing by, Commander. High-bandwidth uplink established. But John... the data load is colossal. Any power loss and the cure dies with it.

A soft rustle of fabric.

CLEOPATRA steps forward – regal, composed, illuminated by the strobe like a resurrected goddess.

Her presence stills the room.

CLEOPATRA

Take what you require.

(bares her arm)

My blood was the shield of Egypt. Let it be the shield of this new world.

The extraction machine's needles descend, glinting like silver fangs.

Armand Arclaud watches, breath held, eyes shining with desperate hope.

His fists clench — white-knuckled, trembling.

ARMAND

(under his breath)

Carmina... hold on...

The shimmering red of Cleopatra's blood flows through transparent tubes, into the DIGITAL SEQUENCER.

A holy relic feeding a machine.

HAL (V.O.)

DNA acquired, Captain. Analyzing and transmitting.

MAINFRAME (V.O.)

T-minus one hundred and ten minutes. Internal seals will engage in six hundred seconds.

A deep metallic CLUNK echoes through the bunker – the first of the seals locking.

John snatches the portable sequencer as it finishes its work.

JOHN

That's our cue.

(looks to the others)

We've got the blueprint. Now we get out before this place becomes a crematorium.

The strobe intensifies.

The hum deepens.

The countdown continues.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 18 - HAL'S CALCULATION

INT. CARPATHIAN BUNKER - SUBLEVEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The bunker shakes with distant detonations. The air is thick – ozone, smoke, and the metallic tang of blood. White strobes pulse like a dying heartbeat.

John Storm sprints through the corridor, boots skidding on FROZEN ICHOR.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain, you do not have time to dawdle.

JOHN

Tell me something I don't know, Hal!

He rounds a corner, nearly colliding with CLEOPATRA, whom he instinctively steadies – a warrior's grip softened by reverence.

HAL (V.O.)

The quickest route to the surface avoids three active turrets and thirty-two V-Strain inmates feeding in the main atrium.

(beat)

Also: logic dictates you cannot leave without Professor Van Helsing's research notes.

John grimaces.

JOHN

Alright... I didn't know that.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

DAN HAWK watches the chaos through the neural uplink, pale and sweating.

DAN (V.O.)

Heh... well that's comforting—

JOHN (V.O.)

This is no laughing matter, Master Hawk!

BACK TO BUNKER

John pulls Cleopatra close, guiding her with urgent precision.

JOHN

Everyone, follow me! El rápido, if you please!

The corridor is a graveyard of transition — GUARDS sprawled in grotesque poses, some twitching with early-stage infection.

Franco and Klaus struggle to keep pace, lungs burning. Armand Arclaud lingers at the rear, a dark sentinel guarding the scientists — his only hope of saving Carmina.

HAL (V.O.)

Next stop: Van Helsing's cell.

JOHN

Can we save him, Hal?

HAL (V.O.)

Improbable... but not impossible.

Arclaud steps forward, voice low, controlled.

ARMAND

I have a concentrated silver-nitrate compound. It may suppress the viral replication long enough to reach your ship.

HAL (V.O.)

That may save the day. But move with all haste.

INT. VAN HELSING'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

The door SLAMS open.

PROFESSOR VAN HELSING sits slumped, eyes glassy, skin grey.

VAN HELSING

(weak)

No... leave me. Save the Queen...

John doesn't hesitate - a swift, merciful strike to the jaw.

Van Helsing collapses.

JOHN

We'll argue about it later.

He hoists the frail professor over his shoulder.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Grab his notes and the hard drives! Pronto!

Franco scrambles, sweeping up data pads and encrypted drives.

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - ESCAPE ROUTE - CONTINUOUS

They run.

HAL (V.O.)

Path is clear forward, Captain.

But the V-Strain subjects are closing from behind. They can smell the Professor's decay.

A distant, guttural HOWL confirms it.

MAINFRAME (V.O.)

T-minus one hundred minutes. Seals will engage in three hundred seconds. Evacuate immediately.

JOHN

Nag, nag, nag...

He pushes harder, enhanced muscles straining.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Klaus! Shortcut! Now!

KLAUS

(panting)

Fifty yards ahead! Emergency escape pod – keyed to my executive pass!

INT. ESCAPE POD CHAMBER – MOMENTS LATER

A steel hatch. Klaus swipes his card.

The sensor blinks RED.

Everyone freezes.

Then - GREEN.

Hydraulics THUD.

JOHN

In! Everyone in!

They cram into the narrow pod - limbs tangled, breath ragged.

John shoves Van Helsing into a corner and slams the control panel.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We've got three minutes before this floor becomes a furnace. Hit the eject!

Klaus SMASHES the glass and yanks the manual lever.

Nothing.

JOHN

You have got to be joking..

DAN (V.O.)

Is this the part where the alien eats us, Skip...?

FRANCO

Pull it again! Hard!

Clawed, pallid HANDS appear at the porthole – scraping, tapping, hungry.

Klaus ROARS, throwing his full weight into the lever.

A violent CLUNK reverberates.

Then—

A BLAST of G-force SLAMS them into their seats as ROCKET BOOSTERS ignite.

The pod SHOOTs upward through the extraction shaft – a steel bullet fired into the night.

EXT. CARPATHIAN SKY - CONTINUOUS

The pod bursts from the mountain, trailing fire.

Moments later, the violent shaking softens.

A massive ORANGE-AND-WHITE PARACHUTE deploys, billowing above them.

They drift toward the snow-dusted forest below.

Behind them, the mountain GROANS – the first stage of the pyre awakening.

Inside the pod, dim emergency lights flicker.

John meets Cleopatra's gaze.

Her eyes reflect ancient sorrow... and something new.

A bond forged in fire.

JOHN

(soft, breathless)

We're not out of this yet.

CLEOPATRA

No.

(beat)

The hunt has only begun.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 19 - THE SYNTHESIS

EXT. CARPATHIAN MOUNTAIN SLOPE – NIGHT

A violent IMPACT.

The escape pod SLAMS into the snowy incline, skidding through pine needles before lurching to a crooked halt.

Silence.

Then—

JOHN STORM kicks the hatch open, rifle raised.

JOHN

Shaken... not stirred.

HAL (V.O.)

Focus, 007. Thermal imaging shows a Novus Illuminatum tactical squad closing on your landing site. They followed the parachute's descent.

John's expression hardens.

JOHN

Quietly now. Everyone out — fast.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE - CONTINUOUS

The group spills out into the snow.

EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD lands with feline grace, turning immediately to help CLEOPATRA.

Despite his supernatural strength, he handles her with reverence — a knight escorting a queen.

But his eyes are distant. Haunted.

Carmina's face flickers in his mind like a dying candle.

CLEOPATRA

(soft, perceptive)

Thank you, Lord Arclaud.

He bows his head, unable to speak.

EXT. ESCAPE POD - CONTINUOUS

John gestures sharply.

JOHN

Keep the Professor inside. He's a beacon for their sensors – they'll hit the pod first.

(to Franco, Klaus, Arclaud)

You three take Cleopatra. Move for the tree line. Shadows are your friends tonight.

They obey.

Moments later, the Illuminatum strike team sweeps in – silent, predatory, laser sights slicing through the dark.

They spot VAN HELSING through the porthole.

Weapons rise.

John vanishes – his CHAMELEON SUIT flickering into perfect camouflage.

JOHN (V.O.)

Like taking candy from a baby...

EXT. FOREST EDGE - CONTINUOUS

John becomes a phantom.

He hits the first squad with invisible precision – guards dropping like marionettes with cut strings.

Further up the ridge, backup units panic as their comrades fall without a sound.

They fire wildly into the trees – muzzle flashes strobing the night like a Hammer Horror lightning storm.

John can't resist.

He unleashes a primal, bone-shaking ROAR.

JOHN

Ahhh-EEE-ahhh-EEE-AHHHHH!

The sound echoes off the granite peaks – ancient, feral, terrifying.

The guards freeze.

John picks them off one by one, non-lethal but devastating.

EXT. ESCAPE POD – MOMENTS LATER

John returns, breath steaming in the cold.
He pulls VAN HELSING'S NOTES from his vest.

JOHN

Hal, these notes confirm everything. Can the Ark replicate the markers from the code we sent?

HAL (V.O.)

Working on it, Captain Storm. Processing at maximum capacity.

JOHN

Hurry. If we don't get a green light, I'm going back into that bunker for the hard copies.

Arclaud stares at him, incredulous.

ARMAND

You cannot be serious. The pyre will consume the mountain.

JOHN

Klaus – how long until the lab goes kaputski?

KLAUS

Seventy minutes. The vents are sealed. The fire-storm is building.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - LATER
The cold is merciless.

CLEOPATRA shivers, silk robes no match for the Romanian blizzard.
Even Arclaud looks brittle, frost clinging to his lashes.

John pulls Cleopatra close, wrapping her in the radiant warmth of his chameleon suit.
She leans into him - ancient dignity yielding to human need.

The others huddle together, a fragile circle of breath and hope.

Time crawls.

Ten minutes.
Twenty.

Only the wind speaks.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - CONTINUOUS
Suddenly-

HAL (V.O.)

Captain.

(beat, triumphant)

The CyberCore has cracked the genome. I have isolated the immunity-triggering alleles in Cleopatra's blood. The CRISPR antidote synthesis has begun.

John rises, frost cracking off his suit like breaking glass.

He had already begun walking toward the bunker – doubt gnawing at him – when Hal stops him.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain... we have it.

We can manufacture the serum.

We have the antidote.

John exhales, a plume of steam drifting into the night.

JOHN

Praise the Lord.

(smiles, weary)

Well done, Hal.

We're coming home...

put the kettle on.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 20 - FLIGHT FROM THE PEAKS

EXT. CARPATHIAN FOREST - PRE-DAWN

The battered DACIA sits half-buried in snow beneath towering pines.

The group stumbles toward it, teeth chattering in a chaotic, almost musical rhythm.

John throws open the doors.

JOHN

Quick, everyone – in.

He wedges his large frame into the driver's seat and turns the key.

For a moment, nothing.

Then - a harsh, metallic RATTLE.

The diesel engine coughs, sputters... and roars to life.

John slams the heater to maximum.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain, you'd better get a move on.

JOHN

Don't tell me we have company, Hal.

HAL (V.O.)

Affirmative. Jack Mason and three high-tier mercenaries descending from the upper ridge.

John's brow furrows.

JOHN

Jack Mason... how the hell does he fit into this?

From the cramped back seat, ARMAND ARCLAUD speaks, voice tight.

ARMAND

Mason is the broker. He introduced me to the Illuminatum
directorate... for a price.

John snorts.

JOHN

Selling out to a cult for a paycheck. Classic Mason.
But why chase us? He knows I'm enhanced.

He shifts into first gear, steering onto the icy mountain
pass.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

A distant, muffled THUD rolls through the valley.
Snow shakes loose from the pines.

KLAUS

(softly)

That will be the laboratory.

The finality in his voice is almost funereal.

Inside the warming cabin, VAN HELSING breathes easier –
the silver compound working its quiet miracle.

John pushes the Dacia hard.

The road is a nightmare – black ice, slush, death on either side.

To their left: a sheer drop into the abyss.

Behind them: HEADLIGHTS slice through the mist.

A BMW 5 SERIES – heavy, fast, predatory.

HAL (V.O.)

Mason is desperate. The Illuminatum wants Van Helsing's notes... the data... and Cleopatra.

John's jaw tightens.

JOHN

How far to Port Constanța?

HAL (V.O.)

Four hours at your current velocity.

John shifts gears – lightning fast, CRISPR-enhanced reflexes turning him into a one-man Formula 1 team.

The BMW gains on the straights.

But the Dacia's thin tires bite into the slush like claws.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - LATER

A massive FALLEN PINE blocks the shoulder ahead.

John's eyes narrow.

He slams the brakes - the Dacia skids to a halt.

JOHN

Right. Everyone stay in the warmth.

I'm going to simulate a crash. Play dead.

He steps out into the freezing air.

With a grunt of enhanced strength, he FLIPS the Dacia onto its side into a snowbank.

Then - he activates his CHAMELEON SUIT.

He vanishes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - SIX MINUTES LATER

The BMW skids to a stop.

JACK MASON steps out, breath steaming, eyes locked on the

overturned car.

MASON

(to his men)

You two – check it. Careful.

Two mercenaries approach.

BAM.

BAM.

They drop instantly – jaws shattered by invisible strikes.

Mason spins, panicked.

MASON

They must've been shot! But I didn't hear a silencer!

The passenger door of the BMW is suddenly RIPPED OFF.

The remaining henchman is yanked out and knocked cold before he hits the ground.

Mason's terror spikes – he's being hunted by a ghost.

He scrambles for his door – but a cold, powerful hand grabs his vest and SLAMS him onto the tarmac.

John materializes from the fog – towering, lethal, calm.

MASON

John... I thought that might be you.

His hand twitches toward his holster.

John confiscates the pistol with a smooth, practiced motion.

He raises his own weapon – fires twice into the BMW's front tires.

A third shot into the radiator.

Steam erupts.

JOHN

If you catch up with me again, Jack, I'll put you in a hospital bed.

MASON

Okay, okay – I'm just following orders.

John leans in, voice low, dangerous.

JOHN

You remember what happens when someone threatens the
Elizabeth Swann.

Mason pales – memories of Guantánamo Bay flickering behind
his eyes.

MASON

I'll stay put. Radiator's dead anyway.

John gathers their comms and tosses them into the snow.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS – MOMENTS LATER

John flips the Dacia upright with a heave.

The group piles back in.

They drive – fast – dawn breaking over the Carpathian
peaks.

EXT. PORT CONSTANȚA – MORNING

Fog rolls over the harbour.

And there – rising from the mist –

THE ELIZABETH SWANN.

Her sleek trimaran hulls gleam like polished silver.
Solar wings lowered, radar-deflecting, futuristic,
beautiful.

CLEOPATRA gasps – awe softening her ancient features.

CLEOPATRA

What... what is that magnificent vessel?

Arclaud is equally struck.

ARMAND

A marvel...

John smiles, pride warming his voice.

JOHN

That's our ride.

And for you, Professor – a proper medical bay.

Arclaud turns to John – hope breaking through his grief.

ARMAND

Next stop... London?

John claps him on the shoulder.

JOHN

London.

And don't worry, Armand – she can do fifty knots on her hydrofoils.

We'll reach your Countess.

Arclaud exhales – a rare, fragile smile.

ARMAND

I'd bet my fortune on that.

Beside him, Cleopatra reaches out – her fingers sliding into John's hand.

The ancient Queen and the modern Captain stand together on the misty dock – bound by blood, destiny, and a future neither yet understands.

The Swann waits – ready to fly across the waves.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 21 - THE EARL'S GRATITUDE

EXT. BLACK SEA - NIGHT

The ELIZABETH SWANN cuts through the dark waters like a silver blade.

Her solar wings shimmer, catching moonlight like the feathers of a celestial bird.

She rises onto her HYDROFOILS – lifting, flying – a futuristic phantom racing across the waves.

MONTAGE – THE SWANN’S JOURNEY

– Black Sea

– Past the glowing sprawl of ISTANBUL, minarets piercing the night sky.

– Through the MARMARA SEA, slicing through storm-lit waters.

– Into the AEGEAN, sails unfurled like wings of light.

– Out into the MEDITERRANEAN, roaring at 55 knots.

– Up the RIVER THAMES, London’s gothic skyline emerging through the mist.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – MEDICAL BAY – NIGHT

A sterile, futuristic chamber bathed in soft blue light.

PROFESSOR VAN HELSING lies on a medical bed, pale but alive.

ARCLAUD, FRANCO, and KLAUS stand vigil as the CRISPR SERUM is administered.

Machines hum.

Data streams.

The cure flows like liquid starlight.

Dan Hawk draws a final blood sample, feeding it into the

Ark's diagnostic matrix.

The screen flashes VIBRANT GREEN.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm?

JOHN

Go ahead, Hal. What's the verdict?

HAL (V.O.)

Professor Van Helsing's bloodstream is clear of the V-Strain.

Cellular decay halted.

Full recovery expected.

John grins – a rare, unguarded joy.

JOHN

Well now... that calls for a round of drinks.

Dan cracks open cans of SOLAR COLA, handing them out.

Cleopatra turns the can in her hands, fascinated.

CLEOPATRA

And what modern elixir is this?

JOHN

This life-restoring fluid?

Let's just say it once helped us save a whale after it was harpooned.

Bit of magic in it.

Cleopatra laughs – warm, melodic, ancient and new all at once.

CLEOPATRA

Then I shall gladly drink to that.

Arclaud steps forward – transformed.

The feral hunger is gone.

His eyes are clear.

ARMAND

Captain Storm... I feel reborn.

The burning hunger – it's vanished.

I no longer need the stabilizing salts.

John clasps his hand.

JOHN

Then let's go tend to your wife.

EXT. LONDON – CARFAX HALL – NIGHT

Fog coils around the gothic spires of the Earl's ancestral home.

Carfax Hall looms – ancient stone, iron gates, a mansion steeped in centuries of secrets.

The massive oak doors creak open.

IGOR stands there, gaunt and trembling.

IGOR

Master... you are not a moment too soon.

INT. CARFAX HALL – UPPER CHAMBERS – NIGHT

The Countess CARMINA lies in a grand, shadow-draped bed. Her skin is translucent, her eyes wild with predatory panic.

The virus claws at her mind.

It takes all five visitors to hold her gently but firmly.

CLEOPATRA steps forward - calm, regal, resolute.

She administers the final vial of the serum. Carmina gasps - a sound between agony and rebirth.

INT. CARFAX HALL - CORRIDOR - LATER

Tension thick enough to cut.

Arclaud paces like a caged beast.

Igor serves refreshments no one touches.

The clock ticks with cruel slowness.

Then-

The bedroom door opens.

Arclaud stands in the threshold, transformed by joy.

ARMAND

Carmina is sitting up.

She is herself.

And she wishes to see her saviors.

INT. CARFAX HALL - COUNTESS'S CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

The trio enters.

Carmina sits upright against silk pillows – breathtaking,
serene, radiant.

Her midnight hair cascades like a waterfall of shadows.

Her eyes lock onto John.

CARMINA

Are you... the John Storm?

JOHN

That I am.

And this is Cleopatra – and our tech genius, Dan.

Carmina smiles – luminous.

CARMINA

The legendary John Storm who scaled the Shard?

Laughter fills the room – warm, human, healing.

Arclaud crosses to John and embraces him fiercely.

He pulls back, gripping John's shoulders.

ARMAND

Thank you, John.

Anything I can ever do – any resource, any favour, any
protection – it is yours.

John nods, glancing at Cleopatra.

She returns a knowing, regal smile.

The threat is contained.

The lovers are reunited.

The ancient Queen stands safe beside the modern Captain.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - SERVER CORE - SAME TIME

Silent. Cold. Humming with power, awaits John's next adventure, Hal AI ready to assist.

HAL executes a final command.

Lines of code vanish. Sequences dissolve.

The CRISPR cure is erased from the global network.

The world will see only a tragic laboratory fire.

The true secret of the vampire cure remains locked in the bloodlines of the past.

FADE OUT TO CREDITS.

- THE END -