

OPENING SCENE – CAPTAIN STORM WATCHING BBC COVERAGE OF A PROTEST

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – DAY

The ELIZABETH SWANN a sleek hydrogen and solar powered ship carves across the Atlantic swell. The hull whispers through dark blue water. A rising sun shines against dispersing clouds.

On the bridge, CAPTAIN JOHN STORM (40s) a battle-scarred conservationist, stands alone at the helm, hands clasped behind his back, eyes fixed on the flickering glow of the main monitor.

The BBC WORLD NEWS SERVICE broadcasts live from Westminster. A small but determined crowd has gathered. Their placards bristle in the wind like sea-bleached bones—"Stop the Spill," "No More Lies," "Save the North Sea."

Onscreen, the protestors chant peacefully. Their message is clear: oil rigs are leaking into the North Sea, and no one in power is listening. John's jaw tenses as he watches. He doesn't need subtitles; the desperation in their eyes speaks louder than slogans.

JOHN (Voice low but steady)
Hey Dan. I like these guys.

DAN HAWK (20s) youngest crew member, a computer programmer, electronics geek, pokes his head into the room, brushing crumbs from his jumper.

DAN
Strange name though, Skip. They're calling themselves...
'Terramentalists'? Sounds like a climate cult.

John cracks a wry smile.

JOHN
Or a warning.

DAN

Bit ambiguous, don't you think?

JOHN

Hal. Any insight?

HAL'S SMOOTH BARITONE (A.I. Computer Voice) emerges from the speaker grille, like a thought made audible.

HAL

Terramentalist? Possibly derived from 'terraforming'—a concept in exoplanetary science. Re-imagining an ecosystem. In this context, perhaps a collective mindset—those who think globally, act ethically, and challenge systems that poison their own habitat. Just a hypothesis.

Dan blinks.

JOHN (Murmuring)

It makes sense. They're not just angry—they're architects. Builders of a new map.

He falls quiet as the broadcast continues, replaced by a still image of an OIL-DRENCHED GANNET, its wings petrified in tar.

Dan sits beside him now.

DAN

But will the public understand all that?

John's fingers trace the edge of the polished helm.

JOHN

In time. Tide always turns. Even when it's black with oil.

EXT. WESTMINSTER STREETS, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON - DAY

The heart of London. Banners wave. Chants rise. DOZENS OF

PROTESTORS, diverse and passionate, fill the street outside the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Their message is clear: STOP NORTH SEA OIL POLLUTION.

Among them, REDAN SIMDO (30s), a law graduate, stands with MAX MOHUNE (20s), BARTRAM FOX (30s), ZERA MASKEN (20s), and ZINZI DIANA (20s). They are the core organizers, easily identifiable. Their placards are inoffensive, calling for TRANSPARENCY and an INQUIRY.

The atmosphere is initially vibrant, hopeful.

INT. PRIVATE WESTMINSTER OFFICE - DAY

A luxurious, wood-panelled office. LORD EVERINGTON (60s, sharp, ruthless oil magnate) leans forward over a mahogany desk. Across from him, NICK JOHNSON (40s, "The Devil") stands, arms crossed. CHIEF CONSTABLE HARRY HOLLAND (50s, "Dirty Harry") pours himself a whiskey.

LORD EVERINGTON

The protests gained traction. BBC journalists sniffing too close to the spill zones. We need them silenced.

JOHNSON

That's where Harry comes in. He's got riot squads primed to make it look like an uprising.

Dirty Harry swirls his drink, a dark glint in his eye.

DIRTY HARRY

Mass arrests. Framed charges. I'll have them convicted before the ink dries on the press blackout.

LORD EVERINGTON (Nodding)

Ensure the leaders disappear. No appeals. We cannot afford a scandal—not with drilling contracts at stake.

Johnson sets a file on the desk: classified photos of devastating

oil spills.

JOHNSON

This? Buried. Just like them.

EXT. WESTMINSTER STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The air shifts. Sirens wail. The distant CRACKLE of megaphones.

RIOT VANS disgorge lines of POLICE OFFICERS in full gear: helmets with visors, clear shields, batons. They form a menacing phalanx, slowly advancing. Batons tap rhythmically against shields - a deliberate, chilling clack.

Chants waver, turning to panicked cries. Protesters scramble.

BBC and ITV NEWS VANS pull up, camera crews dismounting. They try to get closer.

Police officers, on a pre-arranged signal, forcefully BLOCK the journalists, turning them away. The reporters exchange knowing glances - they smell a rat.

Another POLICE TRUCK arrives, positioning itself for a clear view. A mast rises from its roof, carrying HI-DEFINITION CAMERAS. It's tasked with identifying the "ringleaders."

From the back of the truck, several PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICERS emerge. They begin to mingle, subtly infiltrating the edges of the protest, moving towards the main group. These are the "plants."

INSPECTOR SHAUN FLANAGAN (40s, stern, commanding) speaks into his radio.

INSPECTOR FLANAGAN

Sergeant Scotford, targets acquired in the front row of the crowd, confirm. Over.

SERGEANT GORDON SCOTFORD (30s, lean, efficient), leading a unit of FIFTEEN SPECIALIST ARRESTING OFFICERS, responds.

SERGEANT SCOTFORD

Got them Inspector, moving in with armed officers. Waiting for plants to strike. No media in evidence. Over.

Scotford's team weaves through the uniformed officers, their eyes fixed on photos on their phones.

The plain clothes plants, now embedded in the crowd near Redan, Max, Bartram, Zera, and Zinzi, begin their work. They start punching and kicking protestors around the identified five, stirring chaos.

A sudden, sharp blow lands between Redan's shoulder blades. He instinctively turns, raising an arm. A baton whips across his stomach from the front, knocking him backward.

The blue-clad swarm closes in. Hands grab Redan's throat, twist his arms behind his back. A boot connects with his shin, dropping him to his knees. HANDCUFFS SNAP shut.

He's lifted, feet dragging, and HURLED into a waiting police van like a sack of rubbish. The arresting officers immediately rejoin their unit.

SERGEANT SCOTFORD

Inspector, one down, going for Masken.

INSPECTOR FLANAGAN

Roger that Sergeant.

Max's voice is tight, urgent, over the growing din.

MAX

Fox—this is a takedown. They're picking us off one by one. They've got Red, and we are next. Protect the girls. We need a diversion—get Zinzi out!

Max and Bartram move towards Zinzi.

MAX (Shouting to Zera)

Run for it, Zera, we've been targeted!

Zera, having seen Redan bundled away in disbelief, turns to flee into the crowd. A plain clothes officer, positioned directly behind her, punches her hard in the head. It stuns her, but doesn't stop her.

In a swift, almost practiced reflex, Zera strikes back – a punch to the throat, a kick to the groin. Her assailant drops.

Immediately, four arresting officers rush Zera from the front. The remaining eleven officers pile into Max and Bartram, who are desperately trying to shield Zinzi.

Zera is overwhelmed and cuffed. Max and Bartram, believing they'll just get a warning, allow themselves to be cuffed without a struggle. They watch helplessly as Zinzi is also cuffed and carried off, shock etched on her face.

They are all bundled into the same police riot truck with Zera.

Inside the rattling van, a moment of dark humour.

REDAN

Well, let's hope the press got some of that police brutality.

ZERA

We were targets. They knew who we were. How is that possible?

MAX (Trying to be optimistic)

Don't worry. We were protesting peacefully. We'll get a caution and be released.

The van drives on, their fate sealed.

INT. OLD BAILEY - COURT NO. 1 - DAY

The air is thick, formal. The vaulted grandeur of COURT NO. 1 feels oppressive.

JUDGE JOSEPHINE STAKER CEDRICKS (60s, severe, crimson-robed) sweeps in, her presence chilling.

At the bar, SERGEANT GORDON SCOTFORD (30s) and INSPECTOR SHAUN FLANAGAN (40s) stand like polished mannequins, starched and rehearsed.

Across the courtroom, the GALLERY pulses. Journalists scribble. NGOs look grim. The FAMILIES OF THE PROTESTORS (including Redan, Max, Zera, Zinzi, Bartram) are pale with disbelief, their hope worn thin.

The CROWN PROSECUTOR PADGETT FRANCIS KC (50s, sharp, unyielding) unfolds a final witness statement, his voice razor-flat.

CROWN PROSECUTOR

The CCTV footage submitted from Westminster Abbey, A3212, Houses of Parliament, clearly shows police officers pursuing the protestors, consistent with their report.

On a large monitor, the CCTV FOOTAGE flickers to life. Grainy. Stuttered. Flanagan and Scotford are visible, but the timing is off. Shadows don't match. There's a splice mid-movement. An amateur hack job.

No one in the courtroom, apart from the defense, seems to acknowledge it.

DEFENSE COUNSEL DALE HENRIETTA JULIANAS (60s, sharp, determined) rises.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

My Lady, the evidence is tampered. We have expert forensic video analysts from the BBC prepared to testify. The footage contains visual discontinuities. Frame jumps. Gaps inconsistent with chain-

of-custody logs.

Judge Cedricks doesn't blink.

JUDGE CEDRICKS

The BBC's opinions, however fashionable, are not admissible in this Court as technical authority.

A ripple of outrage stirs through the gallery, quickly stifled by ushers.

The Judge clears her throat, a theatrical gesture. She addresses the JURY.

JUDGE CEDRICKS

You must consider the bravery of the officers under scrutiny. To question their actions amid a climate of violent protest and environmental sabotage is to risk the integrity of law enforcement itself.

A single juror flinches.

JUDGE CEDRICKS

Whatever inconsistencies may appear, they do not override the sworn testimony of serving officers, and therefore, I direct you to find the defendants guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

In the journalists' corner, BBC ANCHOR JILL BIRD (50s) whispers to her colleague.

BBC EDITOR

This is a show trial. They're whitewashing a crime with the filth of another.

The courtroom buzz dims as Jill Bird stands again. She holds up a STILL FROM THE CCTV, her voice ringing with defiance.

DALE JULIANUS

This frame, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury—was timestamped 14:03.
The original police statement? 13:52. Twelve missing minutes...
Where were the defendants? What happened off-camera—off-the-record?

A beat of silence.

DALE JULIANUS

And why is this edit stitched together like propaganda from a failed state?

Judge Cedricks narrows her gaze over her glasses. Jill doesn't flinch.

JUDGE CEDRICKS (Barks)

Sustained. Counsel, this isn't a cinema. Stick to the facts.

DALE JULIANUS (Gritting teeth)

The fact, My Lady, is that we have officers of the law caught tampering with the very tools of truth. The only thing missing is popcorn.

Gasps ripple from the public gallery. Judge Cedricks SLAMS her gavel once.

JUDGE CEDRICKS

Order! I remind you, Counsel, sarcasm will not sway this jury—
The Judge is furious at having her authority challenged.

JUDGE CEDRICKS

I'm directing the Jury to return a GUILTY verdict.

DALE JULIANUS

No, but maybe the truth will. If these innocent protestors are convicted on doctored evidence and bloody knuckles—then let's drop the façade and call this what it is: a conviction commission.
Preordained. Sanitized. State-approved vengeance for speaking out.

Sergeant Scotford shifts uncomfortably. Inspector Flanagan avoids eye contact. A murmur from the press bench as BBC reporters scribble furiously. CHIEF CONSTABLE HARRY HOLLAND (50s), seated in the back, smiles inwardly. Another successful frame-up.

CROWN PROSECUTOR (Sternly)

The Defence rests its case on the evidence of these fine officers. The footage was authenticated by our technicians—

A BBC CORRESPONDENT (30s, bold) calls out from the gallery.

BBC CORRESPONDENT

Whose technicians, exactly? Independent or internal? We've got metadata that doesn't match chain logs!

Judge Cedricks glares.

JUDGE CEDRICKS

This is a court, not a marketplace. One more outburst and I'll clear the gallery.

The jury exchanges uncertain glances. A single tear trails down the face of one of the protestors as hope begins to slip away.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - EARLIER THAT DAY

The mahogany-paneled chamber is cloaked in dusk despite the morning sun. Judge Cedricks sits behind her desk. A crystal decanter of whisky untouched. She doesn't look up as SIR MALCOLM CROWTHER (60s, greying, composed), Chairman of a Parliamentary Oversight Committee, enters. His eyes are sharper than his polished Oxfords.

CROWTHER (Soft, deliberate)

Josephine. We can't afford martyrs right now. The press are sniffing around like foxes at the coop door.

JUDGE CEDRICKS

The evidence is barely scaffolded, Malcolm. Even this lot can see

it's crumbling.

CROWTHER

That's why we need you to mortar the gaps. Keep the lid on. The MOD audit's weeks away—buy us time.

He slides a SEALED FILE across the desk. She doesn't touch it.

CROWTHER

If you sink these protesters, we'll endorse your appointment to the Privy Council. Dame Josephine has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?

JUDGE CEDRICKS (Smoothly)

And if I refuse?

CROWTHER

You won't.

A long silence. The kind that silences careers.

INT. OLD BAILEY - COURT NO. 1 - LATER AFTERNOON

The room is on edge. Dale Julianus leans towards her clients, whispering reassurance she no longer believes. A single bead of sweat clings to Sergeant Scotford's brow.

The JURY files in. The FOREMAN (50s, grim-faced) rises.

BBC camera crews lean in. Flashbulbs crackle.

FOREMAN

In the case of the Crown versus the Terramentals, we find the defendants—

A beat.

FOREMAN

GUILTY.

Stunned silence. Then murmurs. Then a rising fury.

DALE JULIANUS (Loudly, disbelieving, unable to contain herself)
How—how is that possible? The footage was doctored. The timeline—

Judge Cedricks cuts her off.

JUDGE CEDRICKS

This court has reached its decision. Take any grievances to the appropriate appellate body.

The BBC Correspondent interjects, almost gleeful.

BBC CORRESPONDENT

There is no appellate body, Judge. You saw to that last year.

Reporters swarm. Jill Bird slams her files shut. The protestors' families cry out, anguish filling the air, as security rushes in to stifle dissent.

EXT. OLD BAILEY - DAY

Outside, Sir Malcolm Crowther walks calmly to his car, shielded by shadows and a waiting driver. His smile is chillingly satisfied.

INT. DALE JULIANUS'S CHAMBERS - LATE NIGHT

A thin pool of light washes across a cluttered desk strewn with transcripts and case files. Dale Julianus sits hunched over, eyes sunken, nursing her third black coffee.

She scrolls through her inbox, mechanically—until something catches her eye.

SUBJECT: Judicial Privilege – Off-Record Meeting Minutes
(Confidential)

FROM: Anonymous@MoDleaks.uk

Her breath catches. She opens the attachment: a blurry scan of a redacted memo. A parchment header bears the seal of the MINISTRY OF DEFENCE.

"Arrangements in place to ensure court proceedings conclude with minimal reputational damage to active service partnerships. J.S.C. to receive consideration for fast-track elevation pending compliance with directive."

DALE JULIANUS (Mutters, eyes sharpening)
J.S.C.

She stands abruptly, heart pounding. A whisper of pure rage.

DALE JULIANUS
You stitched up my clients for a handshake and a seat in the Lords.

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - NEXT MORNING

A BBC LIVE BROADCAST. DIANA MERCER (40s, poised, intense) stands before the gothic spires, wind tugging at her overcoat. Crowds murmur behind the cordon. A rolling headline flashes on a screen:

RAW VIDEO FOOTAGE EXPOSES POLICE FABRICATION IN PROTESTOR TRIAL

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - (CONTINUOUS)

DIANA MERCER
This is the scene of the crimes. This is Diana Mercer reporting for the BBC live at the Houses of Parliament. Back now to Jill Bird, to conclude our report. Jill.

JILL BIRD (BBC)
Thank you Diana. This morning, a bombshell. The BBC has obtained and independently authenticated raw, unedited footage from the day of the North Sea protest arrest—footage that directly contradicts the testimony of Sergeant Scotford and Inspector Shaun Flanagan, who claimed the protestors acted violently.

CUT TO: SIDE-BY-SIDE VIDEO. One frame shows the edited courtroom footage; the other, raw and timecoded, shows Redan Simdo being shoved to the ground without provocation.

MERCER (V.O.)

The unedited clips show peaceful demonstrators being assaulted, not resisting arrest. At least two camera angles were deliberately omitted from the evidence presented at trial.

Back to Diana on the steps, wind whipping her hair.

JILL BIRD

The Ministry of Defence and Judicial Office have declined immediate comment, but sources close to the case indicate that Judge Cedricks may have been under political pressure to secure a conviction. Whistleblowers allege a sealed memo promising her a place on the Privy Council in exchange for a guilty verdict.

A pause. Sirens wail faintly in the distance.

JILL BIRD

This is not just about corrupted evidence. This is about the corrosion of the very institutions sworn to uphold justice. Allegedly, somewhere out there, five innocent protestors are locked up—for telling the truth.

She looks directly into the lens, her gaze unwavering.

JILL BIRD

If it is as alleged, Parliament must answer. The courts must be held accountable. And the public—will not forget.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - OPERATIONS BAY - DAY

The ELIZABETH SWANN slices through the steel-blue Atlantic. Inside the sleek operations bay, the air is still, charged. Soft cyan light panels illuminate the space. The gentle holographic glow of HAL

(A.I. Voice, calm, Oxford lilt) shimmers from the console.

JOHN STORM (40s, intense, all-weather jacket) stands at the helm, a mug of black coffee in his grip. The BBC logo dissolves on the central display, revealing Diana Mercer's live transmission.

JILL BIRD (O.S.)

...raw footage obtained by the BBC clearly shows the accused protestors—Redan Simdo, Bartram Fox, Zera Masken and Zinzi Diana—offering no resistance to arrest. Yet Inspector Flanagan and Sergeant Shaun Scotford swore under oath their officers were assaulted by these individuals. Parliament has issued no statement.

The clip cuts to the side-by-side feed: raw and edited. John's jaw tenses.

JOHN

Hal. Run a comparison scan between those two timelines. Frame-by-frame. Log any inconsistencies.

HAL

Already in process, Captain. Temporal misalignment detected: 14 instances of non-linear sequencing. Color-correction masking physical bruising on detained individuals. Timestamp metadata stripped. File origin shows signs of Departmental overwrite.

John lets out a low whistle.

JOHN

They cleaned it like a crime scene.

HAL

Captain, this manipulation exceeds standard disinformation protocols. The data inconsistencies alone would qualify as grounds for a mistrial in any impartial jurisdiction.

Storm folds his arms, watching the footage loop silently.

JOHN

That's not a mistrial, Hal. That's a rigged deck. And if they're willing to bury peaceful protestors to cover up a spill, you can bet what's lurking beneath that oil is a whole lot worse.

He pauses, eyes narrowing as the BBC feed continues:

JILL BIRD (O.S.)

...furthermore, whistleblowers suggest MOD contractors may have falsified containment logs. There are growing concerns about environmental fallout if North Sea rigs are compromised...

John turns to the console.

JOHN

Hal, archive this broadcast and the forensic breakdown you just ran. Secure file. Label it: 'Precursor Events - Case Polaris.'

Outside, the waves break rhythmically against the hull, indifferent and infinite. But Storm knows the sea keeps its own secrets—and he'd just found the lock.

INT. NORTHEYE OPEN PRISON, BEXHILL, SUSSEX - CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

A stark, dimly lit cell. Redan, Zera, Max, Zinzi, and Bartram sit on the edges of their bunks. Bruised, beaten, but their eyes burn with a new fury.

They are joined by JORGES DICAPRIO (60s), a grizzled Cuban man, whose face bears the marks of hard living and injustice.

JORGES (Slow, deliberate)

I've seen men locked away for less. You're enemies of the state now. They won't let you out.

Redan grinds his teeth.

REDAN

Then we break out. Expose every dirty deal they made to send us here.

Zera rubs her wrists, where red marks from the handcuffs are still visible.

ZERA

We need more than protests now. We need leverage.

Jorges leans forward, his voice a low whisper.

JORGES

You want revenge? I've built submarines for half the governments on this planet. If you can get me the materials, I can build something small, fast—something these idiots won't see coming.

The group exchanges glances. A flicker of something, a nascent hope, ignites in their eyes.

BARTRAM

A sub? Just us? Against the North Sea oil giants?

Jorges chuckles darkly.

JORGES

Not just against them. Against their protectors. Oil spills were just the surface. You think these ministers don't have nukes ready to cover their tracks?

Silence hangs heavy in the air. Then, Max stands.

MAX

We take their money. Their power. Their rigs.

Zinzi nods, her expression hardened.

ZINZI

And we don't stop until the world knows.

REDAN

Then we sink their future—before they sink ours.

A shared resolve settles among them. The seed of a desperate, audacious plan has been planted.

PREDATOR - RELEASED TERRAMENTALS GET SMART - OFF GRID GROUP BUILD MINI SUBMERSIBLE

INT. NORTHEYE OPEN PRISON - CELL BLOCK - DAY

The stark cell from before. REDAN SIMDO, MAX MOHUNE, ZERA MASKEN, ZINZI DIANA, and BARTRAM FOX are still there, still bruised, but with a new, dangerous resolve in their eyes.

JORGES DICAPRIO sits among them, his voice a low, gravelly whisper, leaning in conspiratorially.

JORGES

They'll be watching. Every phone call, every bank transfer, even your trash. The state has long arms. They'll try to frame you again.

REDAN

So we vanish.

JORGES

Exactly. Off the grid. No digital footprint. Cash only. I can fund it. In return... you help me walk out of here. This asylum holding camp at Northeeye, near Hastings? It's a cage.

Max, Zera, and Redan exchange glances. The idea of springing a man from prison – a man they barely know, a "smuggler" – is insane.

ZERA

You want us to... break you out?

JORGES

And then? We make the bastards pay. You think a protest and a few banners makes them care? No. You hit them where it hurts. The North Sea, their oil rigs.

He pulls out a roll of SCHEMATICS, unfurling them to reveal intricate designs for something sleek, menacing: a PREDATOR HK MINI-SUBMERSIBLE.

JORGES

I'm no pauper. My 'consultancy work' made me rich. This isn't a fantasy. This is how we make them bleed. We cripple their rigs. No lives lost, just profits. Maximal environmental shock.

The scale of his audacity hangs in the air. The former peaceful protestors are no longer just victims; they are becoming TERRAMENTALS.

ZERA (Voice tight with suppressed rage)

Sergeant Scotford. What he did... in those holding cells...

Zinzi flinches, remembering the commotion. She nods fiercely.

ZINZI

They dismissed it. They dismissed us.

JORGES (A cold smile)

Then we make sure they can't dismiss you ever again.

EXT. NORTHEYE OPEN PRISON - NIGHT

Rain lashes down, blurring the harsh lines of the prison's corrugated walls and barbed-wire fences.

Redan, Max, Zera, Zinzi, and Bartram, disguised in stolen prison

overalls, move like shadows. This isn't just about escape; it's about a declaration of war. They are breaching parole. There's no turning back.

Redan creeps to a guard hut window, tapping a pre-arranged signal – two sharp knocks. Inside, a guard's cigarette glow momentarily brightens.

Zinzi, crouched low behind a perimeter light, gives a silent, determined wave. Her face is set, remembering Zera's cries.

REDAN (Whispering, intense)
On three.

They burst in. The guard barely registers their presence before Redan's elbow snaps ribs. Max jams a pre-prepared chip into the cell-door lock. The SCREAM OF GRINDING METAL echoes through the corridor.

FOOTSTEPS THUNDER towards them. Zera executes a swift, powerful drag-kick, taking down the first approaching guard. Jorge sprints past, a fleeting, almost manic smile on his face.

ALARM BLUES blare. Red strobes flash, painting the narrow service tunnel ahead in urgent, pulsating light. Their heartbeats pound in their ears, mixing with the distant CRACKLE of police radios.

Every door they smash open, every turn they make, is a step deeper into the dark, and closer to a freedom they'll have to fight to keep.

INT. CLIFF-EDGE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The air is thick with the scent of ozone, oil, and solder smoke. Rainwater drips through makeshift skylights onto a concrete floor, shimmering under the glow of powerful work lamps.

This is Jorge's lair. It's not just a workshop; it's an arsenal.

Tools, computer stations, and advanced equipment line the walls. Comfortable living quarters are carved out of the space.

At the heart of it all, bathed in an almost reverent light, sits the PREDATOR HK MINI-SUB. Half-assembled, its sleek black hull is shaped like a shark's jaw. Wires snake out of open hatches. Ionic drives gleam within exposed engine bays. The low HUM of hidden generators vibrates through the floor.

Max runs a hand along the cold metal, his eyes wide.

MAX

It's... beautiful.

Jorges claps him on the shoulder, a strange pride in his voice.

JORGES

Your new ride. Learn her inner angles. She responds to muscle memory.

Zera inspects a stack of SHAPED CHARGES, ominously powerful.

ZERA

And these?

JORGES (Lips curling)

A gift from our Cuban friends. We set them on a rig in 72 hours. Or BP coughs up an explanation in Parliament.

Outside, a thick, living fog rolls off the sea, swallowing the cliff edge. It feels hungry.

They spread large, detailed MAPS across a battered workbench. They plot SUPPLY CONVOYS, naval PATROL ROUTES, and crucial BLIND SPOTS in radar coverage.

Zinzi, already a master hacker, taps coordinates into a tablet.

ZINZI

Astute-class enters Falmouth at 0900. Refuelling cycle two hours.

Silence descends, broken only by the distant hiss of breakers and the frantic staccato of their own breathing.

Redan slams his fist onto the map, his voice firm, resolute.

REDAN

Then we strike at first light.

They look at each other. No more law-abiding citizens. No more timid leaflets. Tonight, they are transformed. The Terramentals have come to reclaim justice, by any means necessary.

INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY (LATER)

A highly technical room, screens displaying data, maps, and network activity.

BARTRAM "THE SLY FOX" (O.S.) narrates a sequence of rapid-fire keyboard strokes.

BARTRAM (V.O.)

In not very long, we got organized. A 60-foot powerboat for tests. The Predator was soon completed. Max became our pilot. He was the best.

On a large screen, the Predator HK is seen cutting effortlessly through the water during TESTS, a sleek, silent hunter.

Bartram's fingers dance across a keyboard, hacking into a SATELLITE FEED. He scrolls through encrypted data, patterns of submarine provisioning.

BARTRAM (V.O.)

The Predator performed spectacularly. Next, Cumbria. The target: an Astute-class nuclear submarine.

Back in the MI6 room, a junior analyst, ANALYST 1 (20s, nervous), points to a flickering anomaly on a screen.

ANALYST 1

Sir, we're detecting a highly sophisticated hack. Satellite feed. Submarine provisioning data.

SIR RODNEY DUNBAR (50s, cool, composed, Head of MI6) watches the screen. Beside him, NICK JOHNSON ("The Devil") appears intrigued.

SIR RODNEY DUNBAR

Dismiss it. Nobody could hijack an Astute. It's impossible, a hoax.

JOHNSON (To Analyst 1)

Just watch it. Try to trace the source. For curiosity's sake.

On a nearby monitor, CHIEF CONSTABLE HARRY HOLLAND ("Dirty Harry") glances at the anomaly report. He frowns, but doesn't connect the dots. The "Terramentals" are just "framed protestors" in his mind. He has no idea the scale of the monster he helped create.

The camera pushes in on the Astute submarine's data, its precise coordinates, its vulnerable moments... the tension building for what's to come.

PHOENIX TERRAMENTALS HIJACK ASTUTE SUBMARINE IN IRISH SEA USING PREDATOR HK MINISUB

INT. SUNSEEKER 60 - IRISH SEA - MISTY, DAY

The SUNSEEKER 60 blasts across the churning, dark blue Irish Sea. White spray lashes the deck. Its twin engines SNARL like caged wolves, pushing the boat to thirty knots. The sky is a bruised grey, distant lightning flashing against faint patches of sickly blue and yellow.

REDAN SIMDO (30s, unshaven, intense), at the helm, eyes locked on

the SONAR DISPLAY. A lone, oblong blip. HMS NEPTUNE.

BO DALLAS

We've got her, Captain.

Redan doesn't answer. He exhales slowly, a grim satisfaction playing on his lips.

Below deck, the cabin is thick with adrenaline. MAX MOHUNE (20s), ZERA MASKEN (20s), ZINZI DIANA (20s), BARTRAM FOX (30s), and others—the TERRAMENTALS—wear dark navy sweaters, leather holsters, and ammunition belts. This is a military operation, planned down to the last detail.

BO DALLAS

Course South West, Captain.

Redan nods, his gaze still fixed on the sonar. The oblong blip is now clear, a luminous presence in the top right corner. A small, tight grin.

REDAN

Alert the crew. Neptune is go.

EXT. SUNSEEKER 60 - AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

A rush of cold air. Boots CLANK against polished teak.

Max pulls a tarp from a strange, sleek craft in the boat's large alloy davits. It's the PREDATOR HK mini-sub: stealth-black fuselage, twin contra-rotating propellers, retractable wings. A predator in waiting.

Max deftly climbs into the Plexiglas cockpit, flicking switches. The instrument panel dances to life. He gives a smooth THUMBS-UP, then rotates his upright index finger – the signal.

The crew unlatch the davit arms. The Predator HK drops into the

briny with a harsh SLAP, swallowed instantly by the waves.

INT. SUNSEEKER 60 - HELM - CONTINUOUS

Redan watches the sonar. Two blips now. The newly launched one changes direction, accelerating fast. It hunts the larger blip: HMS Neptune.

Redan's eyes narrow, focused. He'd branched off from Greenpeace, frustrated. Now, thanks to Scotland Yard, he commands a crew of hardliners.

INT. PREDATOR HK - SUBMERGED - CONTINUOUS

Water clears from Max's view. His controls materialize as a head-up display. He banks hard to starboard, acquires the oblong blip, and accelerates. A steep, ten-minute dive, directly at the nuclear submarine.

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - SONAR ROOM - 0900 HOURS

LIEUTENANT JAMES ENGELHEART (30s) sips lukewarm coffee, eyes on his sonar. Routine surface activity. A Sunseeker, nothing unusual. Then—a faint SPLASH. A second, smaller contact appears. Fast. Erratic. Closing.

Engelheart tightens his grip on the intercom.

ENGELHEART

Captain Blakestone—new contact. Moving on us.

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

COMMANDER BEN BLAKESTONE (40s) barely glances up.

BLAKESTONE

Fishing boat, Sperm Whale, Giant Squid?

ENGELHEART (O.S.)

No, sir. Not Moby Dick or 20,000 Leagues..... This is something else.

Blakestone straightens, brows knitting.

BLAKESTONE

Depth? Approach speed?

ENGELHEART (O.S.)

Fast. Too damn fast.

A beat.

ENGELHEART (O.S.)

It's on us, Captain!

BLAKESTONE

On us, how is that possible?!

The sonar operator stares, bewildered. The small blip is too fast, too close. No time for torpedoes. Too small to be a threat... right?

INT. PREDATOR HK - SUBMERGED - CONTINUOUS

Max feels a shudder. The Predator HK latches onto Neptune's hull.
LIMPET LEGS ENGAGE.

His gloved fingers work furiously. A cutting torch flares to life, HISSING, carving through steel. Molten shards spray into the currents. He cuts through the double hull. The submarine slowly, inexorably, begins to DESCEND. A trail of spewing air rises.

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - VARIOUS DECKS - CONTINUOUS

ALARMS BLARE! Red lights FLASH. A siren WAILS: BATTLE STATIONS!

The crew hear the high-pitched SCREAM of the cutter. A rushing

WHOOSH of air. Then the inner hull is breached.

A jet of water, sixty millimeters in diameter, erupts into the main command deck with the force of three atmospheres, quickly engulfing it.

Sailors scramble, shouting, cursing. Hands slam bulkhead doors too late. Water pours in. The sub is going deeper.

ENGELHEART

Get out men! Use the exits closest!

The crew amidships disperse, scrambling forward and aft, into watertight compartments. Engineers rush to the reactor core, initiating emergency procedures, fearing a meltdown.

The sub plunges. Remote attempts to blow ballast fail. It's too quick.

Two crew members scramble into the rear escape tube. They eject, shooting to the surface.

EXT. IRISH SEA - CONTINUOUS

The two ejected crew members burst onto the surface, disoriented, ears ringing. They are immediately spotted by Redan's crew in the Sunseeker. CAPTURED.

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - SUBMERGED - CONTINUOUS

Inside the stricken submarine, now fully submerged, the remaining crew are locked in watertight forward and aft compartments. Some minor injuries, but no drownings.

The first mate releases an EMERGENCY BEACON. The radio operator tries desperately to send a last signal to the British Admiralty.

The submarine settles gently onto the floor of the Irish Sea.

Exactly as planned.

INT. ADMIRALTY - PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Part of the signal got through. The Admiralty is in immediate MELTDOWN.

SIR RODNEY DUNBAR (50s) grips the phone, knuckles white.

DUNBAR

Admiral Lawrence. Now!

OPERATOR (O.S.)

He's off duty, sir—probably sleeping.

DUNBAR

(Screaming, then composing himself)

Wake him. Please. This is serious. We may have lost a nuclear submarine.

Minutes later. FIRST SEA LORD ADMIRAL LAWRENCE (60s, dishevelled), uniform half-buttoned, is on the line.

LAWRENCE

What the blazers is this all about?!

DUNBAR

(Exhales)

HMS Neptune. Lost contact. Irish Sea.

A silence thick as steel.

LAWRENCE

An Astute-class doesn't just disappear.

DUNBAR

It just did. An Astute appears to have sunk in the Irish Sea.

LAWRENCE

Confound it! Find it, man!

He's out of bed like a shot.

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - SUBMERGED - CONTINUOUS

The dozen trapped sailors strain to hear. Battle stations sirens WAIL. The bulkheads hold—for now.

Through the murky depths, Max watches. Neptune has surrendered to the abyss.

And no one in London has the slightest idea how to get it back.

EXT. IRISH SEA - DAY (1200 HOURS)

The Sunseeker 60 rocks gently, its engines a soft hum. It hovers over the sunken wreck of HMS Neptune, its outline faint on Redan's sonar screen. A beast waiting to be awakened.

REDAN

Status?

ZERA (Adjusting rebreather strap)

Gas primed. We deploy in sixty seconds.

MAX (Checking dive valves)

Once they're down, we flood her back to life.

INT. PREDATOR HK - SUBMERGED - CONTINUOUS

Max in the Predator. Sleek black cylinders detach, drifting into the current. They sink fast, microscale dispersal. Zero heat signature. No warning.

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - SUBMERGED - CONTINUOUS

Sailors trapped in the forward and aft compartments stir restlessly. Shallow, damp air.

Then, a cough. A second. Muffled panic ripples. The GAS has taken effect.

EXT. IRISH SEA - SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Zera watches a timer tick down on a waterproof device. Ten seconds.

Below, Neptune suddenly stills.

MAX (V.O.)

They're under. We go now.

INT. SUNSEEKER 60 - HELM - CONTINUOUS

REDAN

Start pressurization!

The Sunseeker's compressed air tanks HISS. Industrial-grade pipelines snake into Neptune's hull. The sea churns around the hidden sub-bubbles, turbulence, shifting ballast.

Slowly, agonizingly, the ASTUTE-CLASS SUBMARINE RISES. A leviathan resurrected from the seabed.

ZERA

That's it... steady.

As the hull breaches the surface, the Predator HK repositions, clamps onto Neptune's dorsal ridge, securing its position. The operation is flawless. But time is against them.

EXT. HMS NEPTUNE - SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The Terramentals move fast. They crack the outer hatch. Water GUSHES free, revealing semi-conscious crew members struggling in knee-deep floodwaters.

Zera steps over a groggy Lieutenant, checking his pulse.

ZERA

Pulse is stable.

REDAN

Dinghies. Now.

One by one, the surviving crew are hauled into inflatable rafts, pushed towards open waters, drifting under the heavy haze of unconsciousness. No fatalities. No alarms. No chance of retaliation.

Max climbs into Neptune's command deck, shaking water from his boots. The sub is a soaked steel tomb, yet everything is intact.

MAX

The systems are still live.

Zera leans over the drenched console.

ZERA

Then let's take her under. Pumps. Start the pumps!

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - COMMAND DECK - CONTINUOUS

Redan settles into the captain's chair. For a moment, the immense weight of it. British steel. Untouchable power. Now, theirs.

Zera grabs the intercom.

ZERA

Brace for dive.

Max punches in the sequence. BALLAST FLOODED. HATCHES SEALED.
ENGINES ENGAGED.

Neptune slips beneath the waves once more—this time, under new command.

INT. ADMIRALTY CRISIS ROOM - 1300 HOURS

SIR RODNEY DUNBAR slams his fist onto the conference table.

DUNBAR

They refloated it?!

An analyst, pale, nods.

ANALYST

Yes, sir. Released our crew. The sub—it's gone again.

Admiral Lawrence's jaw tightens.

LAWRENCE

Who the hell is sailing it now?

BRITISH PETROLEUM

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - COMMAND DECK - DAY (FLASHBACK/TRAINING MONTAGE)

The colossal steel coffin of HMS NEPTUNE fills the screen.

A fast-paced MONTAGE of the Terramentals training:

- BARTRAM "THE FOX" FOX (30s) hunched over a console, wires everywhere, his face illuminated by code, quickly OVERWRITING the sub's primary operating system with his own software.
- MAX MOHUNE (20s), focused, manipulating controls, the sub's sonar

screen becoming familiar.

- The sub DIVING, then SURFACING with a mighty ROAR of ballast tanks emptying. Water CASCADES from the hull.

- ZINZI DIANA (20s), fierce and sharp, practicing on a torpedo targeting interface, her fingers poised over the firing command.

- A SPEARFISH TORPEDO launches silently from a tube, slicing through water towards a practice target. It hits with devastating precision.

The training is intense, but the crew's proficiency grows. This is no longer impossible.

EXT. NORTH SEA - SUNRISE

The vast, steel-blue expanse of the North Sea. Oil rigs, skeletal giants, pierce the horizon.

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - COMMAND DECK - CONTINUOUS

The KRAKEN (HMS Neptune) knifes silently beneath the wrinkled skin of the North Sea, a hunting leviathan. The low red glow of operational lighting paints the command deck.

REDAN SIMDO (30s) stands at the helm, his gaze steady. He's no longer an inmate, but a commander. The air crackles with purpose.

Bartram "The Fox" Fox mutters to himself, eyes fixed on the interface console. He glances up at Redan.

BARTRAM

She listens to us now. I even gave her a new name.

REDAN

Go on.

BARTRAM

The Kraken. Figured it fit the mood.

Redan allows himself the faintest smile. He turns back to the glowing sonar display. The dark silhouette of the CLAYMORE PLATFORM looms to port – all steel ribs and floodlit walkways.

BOBBY DALLAS (20s) and ZERA MASKEN (20s) stand shoulder to shoulder, their tension masked by resolve. Zinzi Diana kneels over the torpedo targeting interface, her hand poised.

Redan activates the comms channel. His voice is level, precise.

REDAN

This is an open transmission to operators of the Claymore and Piper platforms. We are presently in the North Sea. We are in control of a fully armed Royal Navy submarine. You have thirty minutes to cease all oil production activity and begin immediate evacuation. We will not repeat this message.

The signal is intentionally routed through press channels: BBC, Independent TV. It's immediately relayed by Reuters and Associated Press, flooding global networks.

INT. BBC HEADQUARTERS - NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A bustling newsroom. Monitors display frantic updates.

JILL BIRD (40s, veteran reporter), at her desk, catches the transmission on a monitor feed. Her lips part in a silent gasp. The voice is unwavering.

Her producer's voice buzzes into her earpiece.

PRODUCER (V.O.)

This could be another Piper Alpha, Jill. Live with it, if you can.

INT. OIL COMPANY HQS - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - CONTINUOUS

BP, SHELL, REPSOL SINOPEC boardrooms. Boardroom laughter echoes like a death knell. Executives sneer, mock. They are confident in their contracts and covert protections.

EXECUTIVE 1 (Swirling scotch)

Do they actually believe they're in a bloody Bond film?

INT. KRAKEN - COMMAND DECK - CONTINUOUS

Redan watches the signal fade. The waiting begins.

Finally, a crackle of static. A gruff voice.

INDUSTRY REP (V.O.)

You listen here, whoever you think you are. We're protected from the top. You don't know who you're dealing with. Go fuck yourself.

A burst of laughter follows. Long, guttural, dismissive.

Redan doesn't flinch. His voice is quiet.

REDAN

Suit yourselves. Ten minutes remaining to reconsider. That's enough time to notify your hedge funds, maybe explain to your shareholders why you gambled with their billions.

The laughter dies.

INT. KRAKEN - COMMAND DECK - LATER

The radio is silent. Redan watches the timer. Five minutes.

Then, a new voice. Not from the oil platforms.

JILL BIRD (V.O.) (Via comms, calm, clipped)

This is Jill Bird, BBC World Service. Mr. Terramental, is it?

REDAN

Speaking.

JILL BIRD (V.O.)

I think the world would like to understand: why are you doing this?

REDAN

Eighteen months ago, we staged a peaceful protest against oil pollution in these waters. We were beaten up by Scotland Yard. Framed in court. One of our team was sexually assaulted while in custody. We have the evidence, but no one cared. The state shut every legal path to redress.

Jill's voice returns, more subdued.

JILL BIRD (V.O.)

You say you were framed?

REDAN

We were targeted. The courts are compromised, medals for verdicts. Appeals denied before they begin. We were stripped of every lawful means to be heard. So now—we act.

A pause.

REDAN (Chilling precision)

One minute remaining.

JILL BIRD (V.O.) (Swallowing hard)

Is this really necessary?

REDAN (Almost wistful)

Do you remember Piper Alpha?

Silence. Jill remembers the Old Bailey courtroom fiasco, thinking on

Deepwater Horizon. She knows they're telling the truth.

REDAN

Ten seconds.

Fox's fingers move without a word. Zinzi Diana's hand moves to the interface, locked on Claymore. The torpedo tubes HUM with energy.

REDAN

Fire tubes one and two.

Two white streams burst forward into the water—silent missiles of vengeance. They slice towards the rig.

EXT. CLAYMORE PLATFORM - NORTH SEA - CONTINUOUS

JILL BIRD (40s) is in a BBC helicopter, hovering east of the Balmoral rig. She points, a horrified gasp in her voice.

JILL BIRD

We can see them—we can see the torpedoes—oh my God, they're headed straight for the Claymore platform—

A colossal EXPLOSION paints the sky in hellish orange. A ball of flame, crowned with oily smoke, twists into the wind like a devil's plume. The detonation—controlled, aimed for spectacle—is a roar of earth's fire against earth's theft.

(Unknown to most, Repsol Sinopec had taken the warning seriously, quietly evacuating the rig and shutting down underwater valves at the last minute.)

JILL BIRD (O.S.)

This is Jill Bird, BBC World Service. The oil rig is gone. The Terramentals have made good on their threat. It appears... they weren't bluffing.

INT. KRAKEN - COMMAND DECK - CONTINUOUS

Deep below the surface. The crew of the Kraken shifts. Some smile faintly. None celebrate.

REDAN

Change course.

BARTRAM

To where?

Redan looks straight ahead at the radar screen. The bright shapes of other rigs are still scattered across it like pieces on a board.

REDAN

Next target. We let them know—we're not ghosts. We're storms.

BBC WORLD SERVICE

INT. BBC NEWS WORLD SERVICE - OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The newsroom hums with controlled chaos. JILL BIRD (40s, sharp, experienced reporter) sits with her EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (50s, world-weary but astute). Jill is still buzzing from the Terramentals' broadcast.

JILL BIRD (To Editor-in-Chief)

Their answers to a couple of questions, live on air... it's just the tip of the iceberg, Chief. This group, they claim they were framed, assaulted, imprisoned. They're challenging the entire justice system. Conspiracy to the top.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

This sounds like a job for Charley Temple. She's too young to remember Piper Alpha, but she'll know Deepwater Horizon.

JILL BIRD

Agreed. Get her on it if she's available.

The Editor-in-Chief nods. Clearly, these Terramentals have a sizeable axe to grind.

EXT. NORTHEYE PRISON - DAY (LATER)

A grey Citroën intercepts Charley just outside the prison walls. Two PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS emerge. Charley barely has time to react before she's cuffed.

OFFICER 1

You're being held for "data violations" under the Espionage Act.

INT. LOTTBRIDGE DROVE - HOLDING SUITE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A sterile, cold room. Charley sits opposite a metal chair. One of the interrogators, a BLOATED MAN (50s) with a permanent sneer, drops into it, smug.

INTERROGATOR

You're trespassing on state interests, Miss Temple. Keep digging and you'll be bunking with your eco-friends in Sing Sing.

CHARLEY (Charley leans forward, eyes burning)
Sing Sing's in New York, genius. Try reading a map.

The door SLAMS behind them. The lights flicker.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - OPERATIONS BAY - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

JOHN STORM (40s) stands grim-faced before the HAL interface. The AI's display shimmers, pulling surveillance feeds, jail logs, biometric access trails. Charley's holding cell lights up in 4K clarity. Her heart rate: elevated. Her interrogation: LIVE.

JOHN

She's in a box. And they're trying to break her.

He picks up the comms headset, connecting to GEORGE FRANKS (50s, savvy, politically connected).

INT. GEORGE FRANKS' OFFICE - DAY

George Franks doesn't waste time. He's on the phone, papers flying. With the backing of several sympathetic MPs, he fires off a formal request for immediate release. He demands to know why an accredited journalist has been detained without charges, denied legal counsel, and held under surveillance without court order.

He attaches a portion of HAL's recovered footage: Charley led to a cell, visibly unharmed, followed by flickers of shadows, unlogged entries, men without IDs.

INT. SUSSEX CONSTABULARY - SWITCHBOARDS - NIGHT

Switchboards are jammed. Press enquiries. Legal threats. The noise is deafening.

EXT. LOTTBRIDGE DROVE - HOLDING SUITE - DAWN

Charley is unceremoniously released. She walks out, smiling, eyes bloodshot but defiant.

INT. BBC NEWS WORLD SERVICE - STUDIO - DAY

A blistering WORLD NEWS SPECIAL anchored by Jill Bird. Charley Temple stands beside her, composed, authoritative.

ON SCREEN: The CLAYMORE PLATFORM, now a warped, blackened skeleton.

JILL BIRD

The world already knew who pulled the trigger... but Charley Temple revealed why the barrel had been loaded.

CHARLEY TEMPLE lays it out: inspection records forged or missing. Failures to fix leak alarms. Pressure tests falsified. Pipeline breaches repeatedly patched with duct-tape engineering.

CHARLEY (Calm, damning)

This is what history warned us about: authoritarian erosion disguised as energy security. It smells like oil—and fear.

Ministers decline comment. LORD EVERINGTON (60s), the bombastic billionaire, is nowhere to be found. His Belgravia penthouse is dark. His PR firm returns automated replies.

FLASHBACK - INT. CHARLEY TEMPLE'S LONDON FLAT - NIGHT (LATER)

Charley holds a blank card. Five words in ink:

"End the story or else."

She slides the note into a plastic evidence sleeve, her jaw set. She files for a High Court injunction. This time, she finds a judge who still believes in law.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY (ONE WEEK LATER)

Charley stands defiant in a navy coat, flashbulbs popping like gunfire.

CHARLEY

They tried to silence me. But all they've done is make me louder.

She has been granted full protection from further police interference, citing "gross abuse of process and violation of press freedom."

UNEP SOS NORTH SEA POLLUTION

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - DAY

The ELIZABETH SWANN glides gracefully eastward over the Bay of Biscay. Solar wings unfurled, hydrogen fuel cells whispering beneath polished carbon fiber strakes.

On the bridge, HAL'S VOICE (A.I., crisp, neutral) cuts through the air.

HAL

Incoming transmission. Encrypted frequency. Source: Newcastle University, relayed via UNEP, Paris. Priority designation—Urgent Humanitarian.

JOHN STORM (40s, attentive, focused) leans over from the navigation table, raising an eyebrow.

JOHN

Let's have it, Hal.

A chime pulses through the main console. A familiar voice, soft-edged with Northern warmth, filters through.

ROBERTA TREADSTONE (V.O.)

Roberta Treadstone calling the Elizabeth Swann. Come in, Swann. Over.

DAN HAWK (20s, easy-going, but sharp) grins across the control bay, swivelling in his chair.

DAN

She's got a good radio voice.

CLEOPATRA (20s, observant, a hint of mischief), seated nearby with a cup of mint tea, smirks but says nothing. She catches the mix of nostalgia and mischief in John's expression.

John straightens, touches the comms button.

JOHN

Swann to Dr. Treadstone. How are you, Roberta? Over.

A pause, then a sigh.

ROBERTA TREADSTONE (V.O.)

Desperately in need of your services again, John.

John flushes slightly, catching Cleopatra's arching brow. He holds up a hand to her, palm out, a silent 'easy now.' Cleopatra's narrowed eyes dance, amused but mockingly suspicious.

JOHN (Casual tone)

I'd hazard a guess. Would it involve an increasingly unstable body of water to our northeast... and a somewhat misplaced nuclear submarine? Over.

ROBERTA TREADSTONE (V.O.)

Elementary my dear Watson. Professor Daccord wanted to make this official, but he knows how UNEP works—layers of diplomacy. So I'm jumping the stack. The North Sea, John. It's bleeding. And the Arctic gyres are hungry.

DAN (Dan mutters)

Oil and currents—never a good cocktail.

John nods slowly.

JOHN

You'll want the full suite? Deep-structure sonar sweeps, ROV mapping, radiation sampling?

ROBERTA TREADSTONE (V.O.)

The full Monty, yes. And fast.

JOHN

We're rounding the Pillars of Hercules now. Give us thirty hours. We'll swing north through the Channel and begin our foray into the

basin. Tell Jacques I'll send him the first grid lines before we reach Dogger Bank.

ROBERTA TREADSTONE (V.O.)

You're a star, John. And Trish is a lucky woman.

The mic clicks off. Cleopatra folds her arms, her mock glare sharp enough to cut steel.

CLEOPATRA

Oh, am I now?

JOHN (John grins and reaches for her hand)

Luckier than you know.

DAN (Dan coughs pointedly)

Get a room, lovebirds.

HAL

Preferably one I don't have to navigate around.

The mood lifts briefly with banter, but a quiet unease settles among the crew. They all know what the news networks don't yet dare say aloud: the North Sea is in chemical collapse. The Terramentals' dramatic warning was prescient, not theatrical.

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - NIGHT

The Swann glides silently past the mouth of the English Channel. Her lights are dimmed, hull cloaked in counter-illumination, a ghost in the dark.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

On sonar, Hal marks the unmistakable blip of a Royal Navy Astute-class sub—HMS NEPTUNE—sliding westward under minimal power.

HAL

Skipper, we've just passed the Neptune. No acoustic challenge. They're running passive. I'm also detecting trace levels of radioactive contamination—gamma signatures just above normal background.

John narrows his eyes at the screen. The wake path trails away toward the Atlantic, slow and heavy like a wounded whale.

JOHN

Direction?

HAL

Bearing northwest toward the continental shelf. Coastal drift suggests possible ingress toward Great Yarmouth. But...

Hal hesitates.

JOHN

But currents are scrambled.

HAL

Exactly. Counterwinds off Dogger Bank. Anything oil-based is dispersing erratically. Makes analysis... cloudy.

John folds his arms, a familiar resolve hardening his expression.

JOHN

We'll untangle the currents. We've done worse.

He turns to Cleopatra.

JOHN (CONT)

Wake the mapping suite. We start grid scans at dawn.

She nods without hesitation.

CLEOPATRA

Rigs first?

JOHN

And rigs last. No one else seems interested in accountability—but we'll make the seabed speak.

(The Elizabeth Swann has a distinguished record with UNEP and Blue Shield, with its incredibly detailed data sets from surveying underwater cities like Alexandria and Port Royal.)

The stage is set for a vital mission into a poisoned sea.

RADIATION ALERT CONTAMINATION OF NORTH SEA

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - DAY

The ELIZABETH SWANN cuts through the water, hydrofoil struts slicing the surf. The digital constellation of the main monitor pulses with wave vectors, satellite overlays, and particle trace anomalies. DAN HAWK (20s) hovers over the interface, forehead creased. JOHN STORM (40s) leans in, hand on the edge of the table.

HAL'S VOICE (A.I., taut, clinical) cuts through the cabin.

HAL

Captain. We're registering radioactive contamination.

Both men straighten, instantly.

JOHN

Source?

HAL

Alpha and beta emissions consistent with compact naval reactors. Origin not Dounreay—vector indicates southward drift, shallow thermocline. Readings intensify to our stern.

Dan's mouth goes dry.

DAN

Meaning we passed the source hours ago...

John's eyes narrow, a cold dread setting in.

JOHN

Backtrack. Could it be HMS Neptune?

HAL

Highly probable, Captain. I'm logging isotopic ratios used in Astute-class propulsion units. The leakage pattern is diffuse—likely a ruptured coolant circuit. And accelerating.

Dan turns to John, alarm rising in his voice.

DAN

That means they're leaking more the faster they go. If they punch it into the open Atlantic...

JOHN (Muttering, horrified)

They'll leave a ribbon of fallout from Norfolk to Newfoundland.

CLEOPATRA Appears in the doorway, her voice quiet but certain.

CLEOPATRA

It's a silent detonation. No blast. Just poison, curling through the tide.

John turns sharply.

JOHN

HAL, plot the trail and initiate contact with UNEP emergency protocol. Loop in Roberta Treadstone. We need a nuclear hazard alert now.

HAL

Confirmed. Initiating.

The Swann WHEELS MIDSTREAM, hydrofoils shuddering as Hal adjusts their heading. Within seconds, they're racing back through the Dover Strait, slicing across shipping lanes, sensors peering into the abyss.

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - SWANN - CONTINUOUS

John stands with Cleopatra on the aft deck, the wind battering their coats.

CLEOPATRA

John. If that sub isn't warned...

He nods grimly.

JOHN

Then the North Sea becomes a sarcophagus.

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - COMMAND DECK - SUBMERGED - CONTINUOUS

Beneath the roiling gray North Sea, HMS NEPTUNE powers south at full thrust. REDAN SIMDO (30s) watches the sonar display with cold intensity, fingers drumming on the console. He knows they're being hunted, feels the chop of interference as sonar pings snap at their wake.

But they don't know they're bleeding.

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - REACTOR COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The problem started days earlier. A cascade fault. Unseen. Unnoticed. Reactor bolts, once glued in place by rogue contractors to pass inspection, have fractured. Superheated coolant-heavy with enriched uranium microtracers—spills into the surrounding seawater.

Each turn of the turbine, each increase in thrust, accelerates the leak.

And still, they dive deeper, pushing for the open Atlantic.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

HAL'S VOICE echoes through the bridge, like a conscience in the storm.

HAL

Captain, radiation levels rising. Plume increasing in size.
Trajectory confirmed—Neptune is heading for the open Atlantic.

DAN

(Whispering, horrified)

Jesus. This is a full-blown naval Chernobyl.

John grips the side rail, eyes blazing.

JOHN

Cleopatra—get me a clean channel to the sub. If they won't respond, we'll go acoustic. Ping them until they have no choice but to listen.

CLEOPATRA

And if they don't?

JOHN

Then we chase them down.

The Swann surges past Deal, her carbon fins flexing as her hull skims the chop. At nearly 50 KNOTS, her engines SCREAM with straining fuel cells guzzling methanol as hydrogen CRACKLES through the plasma stacks.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

In the open air, Cleopatra stands firm at the stern, her coat snapping behind her like a banner. Her hair, dancing like flame around her calm, radiant, and utterly unafraid face.

John joins her. For a breath, they watch the sea together, the horizon a blur of speed.

CLEOPATRA

It's like riding a bird. Not a boat.

John smiles faintly, grimly.

JOHN

She can fly when she needs to, my Queen.

The Swann is a blur, chasing a silent, invisible killer.

STEALTH MODE - HIGH SPEED NORTH ATLANTIC CHASE TO WARN EXTREMISTS OF DANGER

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The ELIZABETH SWANN screams across the North Atlantic, her foils knifing through the chop. Wind SHRIEKS past the hull, carbon-foils SINGING with strain. HAL (A.I.) pushes every system past redline.

HAL

Skipper, we exceeded safe hull velocity five kilometers ago. I feel obliged to suggest... restraint.

JOHN STORM (40s) grips the railing, his knuckles white as another wave slams beneath them.

JOHN

Thanks, Hal. But restraint gets people killed. We're not chasing a submarine—we're chasing a meltdown.

DAN HAWK (20s), hands twitching on the speed governor.

DAN

We're risking the Swann. One wrong angle at these speeds and we're flying like confetti.

Cleopatra's eyes remain locked on the radar sweep, grim.

CLEOPATRA

And if we don't warn them, they'll be ghosts before sunrise.

The Swann bucks over a crest, holding just over 45 knots. Hydrogen converters SCREAM. Methanol tanks drain under the load. Below, the ocean is a blur.

HAL

Sub still submerged. Twenty-seven knots. Rising to thirty as they leave the Bay of Biscay.

DAN

Not bad for a steel tube full of secrets.

JOHN

She's a hunter-killer, Dan. But at this speed—so are we.

They all feel it—like flying a thunderbolt.

Suddenly, Hal's tone shifts, cutting through the strained hum of the bridge.

HAL

Captain. Incoming transmission. Caller ID: Wallace. Credentials suggest Ministry of Defence clearance. Embedded at BAE Systems.

John arches a brow, a flicker of surprise.

JOHN

Wallace? Never heard of him.

DAN (Already pulling up a feed)
On screen?

JOHN
No. Audio only. Let's hear his voice first.

John taps the comm.

JOHN
Storm here. I'm mid-crisis, Mr. Wallace. Make this count.

A nervous voice filters through, crackling with static.

WALLACE (O.S.)
Mr. Storm-Commander, is it?

JOHN
Not anymore.

WALLACE (O.S.)
Right. May I speak confidentially?

JOHN
You can speak honestly. That'll do just fine.

Dan motions silently to Hal. A beat later, Hal's voice whispers over the cabin speakers.

HAL
Confirmed. Wallace. Quality Control, Submarine Division. Verified clearance. Whistleblower marker. He's legit. Keep him talking.

JOHN (Into comm)
Okay, Mr. Wallace. Go on.

WALLACE (O.S.)
I believe you're tracking HMS Neptune. Picked up the plume, didn't you? Radiation?

John doesn't answer, his face a mask. Wallace continues, urgency in his voice.

WALLACE (O.S.)

I'm telling you this because you need to hear it from someone inside. The Neptune's reactor isn't just damaged. It was flawed from the moment it left dry dock. Welds skipped. Bolts glued to meet inspection deadlines. Procurement fraud, John. Not just carelessness—cover-up.

John's fists curl, white-knuckled, around the console lip.

JOHN

We suspected. But you're the first to name it.

WALLACE (O.S.)

I have files. Recordings. Memos. The MOD has been lying for years—suppressing incident data from reactor trials. And now you're chasing a leak they're praying nobody sees.

JOHN

Are you protected? As a whistleblower?

WALLACE (O.S.)

I filed under the Defence Integrity Act. I've got a shield—for now. But I'm calling with a favor, John.

Dan raises his eyebrows, surprised. Hal's voice, a dry aside.

HAL

A favor... now there's a novelty.

JOHN (Into comm)

Speak.

WALLACE (O.S.)

Don't destroy Neptune. Don't let anyone else do it, either. It's evidence. A floating crime scene.

JOHN

I don't intend to harm anyone, Wallace. Never did.

WALLACE (O.S.)

But the MOD—if they catch it first, they'll sink it. Erase the paper trail. I need you to make sure that doesn't happen. The truth's on that ship.

HAL (Muttering)

Truth in a tin can.

Suddenly, an ALARM CHIRPS – sharp, insistent.

HAL

Captain. Neptune is surfacing—position grid fifteen degrees west, closing distance.

Dan spins to the radar, eyes wide.

DAN

We've got a breach—visual confirmed!

JOHN (Flipping off the comm)

Copy that. Wallace, we've got eyes. We'll talk again—if we live through this.

WALLACE (O.S.)

Godspeed, Storm. And... thank you.

John ends the call. He turns to Hal.

JOHN

Hal—precautionary stealth mode. Prep acoustic channel. We need to hail them before someone makes a fatal decision.

HAL

Compliance.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - CONTINUOUS

The sea BOILS as the black dorsal fin of HMS NEPTUNE breaks through the swell.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

HAL

This is the Elizabeth Swann on a peace mission, calling HMS Neptune. Come in, Neptune.

JOHN

This is the Elizabeth Swann, calling HMS Neptune! We have detected a radiation leak aboard your Submarine! Come in, Neptune!

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - COMMAND DECK - CONTINUOUS

REDAN SIMDO (30s) and BO DALLAS (20s) hear the transmission. Their faces are grim, wary.

REDAN

Max, Bo, what do you think?

BO DALLAS

There's a ship behind us, almost invisible to radar, but it's there on the sonar. Could be a trap, Red.

REDAN

Agreed. Let's not take any chances. What is this ship, the Elizabeth Swann, anyway?

ZERA MASKEN (20s) (Interjecting, a spark of recognition)

Actually, I've heard of John Storm. He's the one who bungee jumped the Shard in London to unveil a banner. I think it read "CLEANER OCEANS FOR A GREENER PLANET," or something like that.

MAX MOHUNE (20s)

Really, Zera? What a nutter!

ZINZI (Giggling)

We're the nutters!

They all laugh, a brief, tense release.

REDAN (His voice hardening again, the laughter gone)

We'll not take any chances.

The location chase has ended. But the real confrontation—and the countdown to truth—has just begun.

CHANGE OF COURSE - HIGH SPEED NORTH ATLANTIC CHASE TO WARN EXTREMISTS OF DANGER

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The ELIZABETH SWANN tears across the North Atlantic like a blade unsheathed. Her foils HUM at the edge of physics, sponsons retracted, deck plates GROAN against the velocity. She's at 35 knots and rising, tailwinds above 40, a subtle assist from coastal currents. Chasing shadows.

JOHN STORM (40s) stands at the helm, eyes fixed on the sonar.

HAL (V.O.)

Skipper, we exceeded safe hull velocity five kilometers ago. I feel obliged to suggest... restraint.

JOHN

Thanks, Hal. But restraint gets people killed. We're not chasing a submarine—we're chasing a meltdown.

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - COMMAND DECK - SUBMERGED - CONTINUOUS

Far ahead, HMS NEPTUNE maintains a deceptively modest 20 knots, her sleek Astute-class hull slipping deeper along the African shelf. REDAN SIMDO (30s) stares at the nav panel, brow furrowed.

REDAN

Still no sign of warships?

BO DALLAS (20s)

Nothing on sonar. But the Swann's still behind us. Holding course.

Redan nods slowly. He doesn't quite buy the radiation lie. Storm's reputation is carved in fossil and flame; he protects oceans, doesn't manipulate them. But suspicion dies hard.

ZERA MASKEN (20s) catches his eye.

ZERA

If Storm says we're leaking, I believe him. Why else would he risk chasing a sub he can't catch?

Redan doesn't answer. He has no answer.

INT. COBRA SUITE - WHITEHALL, LONDON - 02:00 AM

The emergency COBRA SUITE is lit by harsh overhead lights. No one is sleeping.

PRIME MINISTER EDWARD THOMAS (50s, tie loosened, brow slick) paces the war room floor.

PM THOMAS

Status of HMS Neptune?

ADMIRAL LAURENCE (60s) leans forward.

ADMIRAL LAURENCE

Still in motion, sir. Closest vessel is the Elizabeth Swann. Commander Storm has full clearance to intercept. Quietly reinstated as Royal Navy liaison. Temporary, but... reliable.

Thomas blows out a slow breath.

PM THOMAS

And Wallace?

ADMIRAL LAURENCE

Safe and secured. His evidence is logged. We believe it's solid.

PM THOMAS

Keep eyes on Everington. If he so much as coughs in Morse code, I want a transcript.

One AIDE (30s) taps his earpiece.

AIDE

MI5 confirms he's still in Belgravia. But agitated.

INT. EVERINGTON'S DRAWING ROOM - BELGRAVIA - 02:00 AM

LORD EVERINGTON (60s, enraged) slams a tumbler of whisky against the desk, sloshing amber across antique leather.

EVERINGTON

This is slipping through our fingers! Sink the bloody Neptune! Wipe the logs, scuttle the tech-hell, torch the bloody seabed!

SIR RODNEY DUNBAR (50s, pale as parchment) exchanges a glance with PADGETT FRANCIS (50s, unreadable).

SIR RODNEY

You want us to nuke our own vessel?

EVERINGTON (Snarling)

I want plausible deniability. That sub surfaces with one data stick intact, and we're not just out—we're prosecuted.

HAROLD HOLLAND (50s, usually smug, now drawn and grey) hisses.

HAROLD HOLLAND

Storm's the problem. If we take him out, the sub's just noise.

NICK JOHNSON (40s, arms folded, panicked behind bravado)

That 'noise' is radioactive. And funded by our own contracts.

Everington's voice drops to a venomous murmur.

EVERINGTON

Then we drown them both. Sub and Storm. Any way we can.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

DAN (Calling from the console)

Skip, they're adjusting heading again—southwest dive angle. No doubt about it now—they're aiming for the Mediterranean. Strait of Gibraltar.

John leans in, jaw set.

JOHN

That'll funnel them into a bottle they won't be able to back out of.

DAN

Think they believe the radiation warning's a bluff?

JOHN

They think we're the enemy, not the cleanup crew.

Hal's voice crackles, a chill in its precision.

HAL

Radiation levels are climbing again. Hotter tail than before. Whatever's leaking—it's widening.

JOHN (Muttering, frustrated)

Damn it. We're running out of ocean.

CLEOPATRA (Ageless 20s) enters the bridge, her coat swirling like storm clouds.

CLEOPATRA

If they breach the Pillars, you lose open water. You lose angles.

John meets her gaze, grim.

JOHN

No. We lose lives.

U-BOAT 986 - HIGH SPEED NORTH ATLANTIC CHASE HUGGING COAST OF NORTH AFRICA, MOROCCO

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - COMMAND DECK - NIGHT

The HMS NEPTUNE hugs the African continental shelf like a shark shadow-silent, swift, and hard to trace beneath the thermal layers off Morocco's coast.

REDAN SIMDO (30s) stands at the sonar console, arms folded, eyes narrowed at the trailing swirl of sediment. They've skirted past Gibraltar, but Redan made a call.

REDAN (To himself, a grim murmur)
Too narrow. Too historical.
He recalls something, his brow furrowed.

REDAN
Sixty U-boats went into Wadj Ur during the war. None came back.

He knows the statistics. A one-way ticket. And with a possibly leaking reactor, enclosed waters and unpredictable currents are a death sentence.

They track south instead-shadowing the jagged outline of the Atlas Mountains. Casablanca slips off their starboard flank like a ghost. They veer toward the Saharan coast and the dusky mirage of Puerto del Carmen.

Redan hasn't fully bought Storm's radiation warning, but a part of him-the survivor, honed by deserts, riots, and double-crosses-senses the man isn't lying.

Still, the crew grumbles.

BO DALLAS (20s) (Flicking switches, agitated)
Why's it just this Storm bloke chasing us? Feels wrong.

ZINZI DIANA (20s) (Eyes narrowed, suspicious)
If we were leaking—wouldn't half the world's navies be up our tail?

ZERA MASKEN (20s) (Quietly, a chilling realization)
They don't know. Only one ship's fast enough to notice.

Redan listens, his internal conflict mirrored in his crew's rising unease.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

DAN HAWK (20s) squints at the tracking plot.

DAN
They've changed course again. Now they're dancing too close to the coast. Shallower waters ahead.

JOHN STORM (40s) leans over the rail, eyes scanning the digital bathymetric overlay, a grim frown on his face.

JOHN
Hal, what do we know about the seabed near here?

HAL (A.I. Voice)
Very little, Captain. Cartography sparse. Topography inconsistent. Potential for wreckage fields, volcanic ridges, and sudden shoals. We are, in short, surfing in the dark.

John's jaw tightens.

JOHN
So we have... nothing.

HAL
Nothing useful, Skip. Except I am, of course, mapping the unknown as we proceed—per millisecond.

JOHN (Muttering, half to himself)
Keep swinging the lead.

The Swann ZIGZAGS through waters no sane merchant vessel would touch, dancing through sonar shadows and thermal ghosts.

Then comes the PING. Sharp. Distinct.

Hal's voice cuts in like a scalpel.

HAL
Captain. Side-scan sonar returning high-magnetism anomaly.
Subsurface. Unusual profile.

Dan's fingers fly across the console, his eyes wide.

DAN
It's too small to be Neptune.

HAL
And... oddly familiar. Curved hull. Pressure-resistant rivets.
Conning tower intact but deformed. Length suggests approximately 67 meters. Markings... faint.

JOHN
Let's see it.

The image sharpens on screen. John's breath catches.

JOHN (A low, pained whisper)
Oh no. Not again. Not another historic wreck. This is becoming a habit.

Dan whistles, low and reverent.

DAN
Holy fuel cells, Skip. That's a bloody U-Boat. World War Two, no question. Can we stop and take a look? I mean—imagine what's down there. Codebooks. Enigma machines. Skeletons.

JOHN (Dryly)

Yes, Dan. And gold, that's what I'm afraid of.

HAL

Mark it?

John gives a sharp nod.

JOHN

Plot it. Secure the scan. We'll come back. History doesn't bleed into the present... unless you let it.

The Swann surges forward once more, leaving the slumbering corpse of U-986 behind—another ghost in the shallows.

Ahead, Neptune cuts deeper into the blue. Time is running out.

SENATE, UK & EU DEBATE - US SENATE, UK & EU PARLIAMENTS: CHAMBERS OF DENIAL - 'OILGATE' SCANDAL

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - LONDON - DAY

The chamber is a cacophony of SHOUTING, paper shuffling, protests.

RT HON. GERALDINE RAYE MP (50s, formidable, fiery) stands, her voice cutting through the din.

GERALDINE RAYE MP

Is the Minister seriously telling this House that neither he—nor any member of this government—was aware of the radiation leak, the procurement fraud, or indeed the falsified arrests tied to these environmental protestors?

NICK JOHNSON MP (40s, front bench, face drained but defiant) shifts uncomfortably.

NICK JOHNSON MP

Madam Speaker, ongoing investigations are being carried out. I cannot comment on an active national security matter.

Raye's fist SLAMS into the dispatch box.

GERALDINE RAYE MP

Don't insult this chamber with platitudes! We now know two senior officials held undeclared shares in North Sea drilling consortia. That alone constitutes criminal conflict of interest under the Ministerial Standards Act!

Murmurs rise, growing louder. Johnson clutches his notes, visibly sweating.

GERALDINE RAYE MP

And—

She adds, her voice cutting, cold.

GERALDINE RAYE MP

—shall we review the footage released by Ms. Charley Temple—of peaceful protestors being brutalized in Scotland Yard holding cells? Or will that too be deemed 'classified'?

From the opposition bench, a voice rings out, clear amidst the chaos.

OPPOSITION MP (O.S.)

Is this a government or a syndicate?!

UPROAR erupts.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - PRIVATE BRIEFING ROOM - LONDON - DAY

ADMIRAL LAURENCE (60s) sets down the intercepted transcripts on the polished table with grim finality. PRIME MINISTER EDWARD THOMAS (50s) skims the top page, blanching.

PM THOMAS

(Quietly, the gravity sinking in)

So Wallace was right.

ADMIRAL LAURENCE PERCIVAL

Yes, Prime Minister. The bolt-heads were glued in place.

Silence hangs heavy in the room.

PM THOMAS

Get me Storm. Before the vultures start circling the wreckage. And tell MI6-Everington's to be watched, not warned.

**REACTOR LEAK - REACTOR EMERGENCY SHUTDOWN SCRAMBLE - RED LINE
DANGEROUS RADIATION LEVELS**

INT. HMS NEPTUNE - REACTOR COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Deep beneath the Atlantic's rolling skin. A KLANG of metal. A sudden FLICKER on the reactor display.

Then, the piercing SHRIEK of a klaxon—a banshee's cry across the bulkheads—followed by pulsing red lights slicing through the gloom of the control room.

An automated VOICE booms, echoing through the confined space:

AUTOMATED VOICE

REACTOR CORE: THERMAL BREACH DETECTED. PRIMARY COOLANT FAILURE.
AUTOMATIC SCRAMBLE INITIATED.

The deep, powerful PROPULSION HUM DIES with a hollowed groan. An absolute silence follows, sharp as a held breath.

REDAN SIMDO (30s) blinks at the overhead alert, eyes wide with dawning horror. ZERA MASKEN (20s) is already moving, her fingers flying across a console.

ZERA (A choked breath)

Oh hell no. This isn't heat stress—this is structural. Fault line in the reactor housing!

BO DALLAS (20s) curses, his face paling.

BO DALLAS

You're saying it's cracked?!

ZERA (Snapping, furious)

I'm saying we've been set up with junk! MOD contracts. BAE shortcuts. Bolt heads glued to pass inspection—that sort of junk!

MAX MOHUNE (20s) runs a hand through his hair, disbelief in his eyes.

MAX MOHUNE

Procurement fraud. Of course.

ZINZI DIANA (20s) (Muttering, bitter)

Typical. They build a floating coffin and stick us in it. And now they want it quiet.

Redan grabs the mic, his voice a raw command.

REDAN

Blow tanks! Surface—NOW! Everyone to decom protocol!

The Neptune BUCKS UPWARD violently as emergency ballast release engages. The ship surges for daylight, BELCHING STEAM like a wounded leviathan, the groan of protesting steel tearing through the water.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - UPPER DECK - CONTINUOUS

JOHN STORM Stands with DAN HAWK on the upper deck, wind cutting sharp across the bow. They watch the boiling sea.

DAN (Shouting over the wind, pointing)

There! Conning tower breaking surface—ten o'clock!

Through the mist, Neptune surges up in a plume of black spray, her vast hull glistening. Even crippled, it looks formidable. But the way it LISTS tells another, terrifying story.

JOHN

Hal, bring us alongside. Standard standoff, starboard.

HAL (V.O.)

Aye, Captain. Adjusting course.

The Swann matches the sub's pace, a silent, tense ballet on the choppy waves.

CLANG! The hatch on Neptune's conning tower swings open. Redan Simdo appears, climbing the ladder, a radiation mask already on, his shoulders tense with suppressed panic.

John cups his hands around his mouth, shouting across the water.

JOHN

Ahoy! You've got a meltdown on your hands! We picked up the radiation signature an hour ago!

Redan shouts back, his voice ragged, relief and terror warring in his eyes.

REDAN

More than a signature! The reactor shut itself down! Radiation alarms from deck to keel! It's real!

JOHN

Then get your people off that sub! Whatever's leaking is going to cook you!

Redan lets out a short, grim laugh, a sound of desperate acceptance.

REDAN (Shouting)

Name's Red! And yeah—we believe you now!

JOHN

We'll handle evac! One at a time! Clean rinse on our aft platform! No heroics!

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC – CONTINUOUS

John looks out at the Neptune. His gaze shifts, a new concern hardening his features. The sub has surfaced dangerously close to the U-boat wreck from the previous chapter.

Dan leans over his shoulder, following John's gaze.

DAN

We're way too close to that wreck. You think it's stable?

John doesn't answer right away. He stares at the floating hulk of the Neptune—radioactive, leaching, politically explosive.

JOHN

We're not in open water anymore. We're in open history.

RESCUE TOW - JOHN EXPLAINS THERE IS AN MOD/MI6 KILL/SINK ORDER ON HMS NEPTUNE

Under the moon-glossed surface of the Atlantic, HMS NEPTUNE idles in strained silence. The submarine is no longer a hijacked vessel—it's a floating crime scene, radioactive and politically inconvenient.

Five TERRAMENTALS stand on the open deck in breathing masks and damp suits. The air tastes metallic even through the filters. Salt, steel, and something else: palpable FEAR.

On the horizon, the ELIZABETH SWANN hovers like a sentinel, its lights low. A soft PING echoes from the comms unit clipped to REDAN SIMDO'S (30s) harness.

JOHN STORM (V.O.) (Calm but clipped)

Ahoy there, Neptune. We've intercepted some chatter. You'll want to hear this.

Redan steps toward the rail, his posture tense.

REDAN

Go ahead, John.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

Hal's picked up classified transmissions—encrypted, routed through MI6 and the MOD. Confirmed senders: Sir Rodney Dunbar and Nick Johnson.

A beat of pregnant silence.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

They've issued a black directive. Codename: Black Veil. You're to be destroyed.

Silence hangs heavy. Then, BO DALLAS lets out a short, disbelieving laugh, low and bitter.

ZINZI DIANA (20s) pulls her mask down just enough to speak, her voice tight with suppressed rage.

ZINZI DIANA

Convenient. It's easier to bury the truth when the people holding it are already condemned.

John's voice crackles back in, slightly lower, more urgent.

JOHN STORM (V.O.)

They're framing this as a national security threat. Claimed you're planning to deliver the vessel to a foreign power. Hal traced the real motive: reactor faults, sealed inspection reports, procurement fraud buried in black ink.

ZERA MASKEN (20s) exhales, a quiet, damning realization.

BAE and the Ministry.

DAN HAWK (V.O.) (Chiming in over the channel, a hint of grim satisfaction)

Bullseye. Turns out your stolen sub isn't just a thorn in their side—it's proof of institutional rot.

Redan takes a long beat, his eyes sweeping over his crew, then the silent, damaged sub.

REDAN

We considered scuttling her. Sink the sub, erase the trail. But now...

JOHN STORM (V.O.) (Cutting in, sharp)

That would make their job easier. And leak uranium into the water column. You'd do their dirty work for them—make you the villain and them the cleanup crew. It's what Russia did in the Arctic. What the UK tried hiding at Dounreay. The cover-up becomes the containment plan.

ZERA MASKEN (Bitterly)

Except no one ever contains it. It just... spreads.

Another long, heavy pause. The wind whistles softly.

JOHN STORM (V.O.) (Gently, almost a plea)

Come aboard. We'll decon you in the aft bay. Rinse off any radioactive particles before you shed them into open water.

Redan hesitates, eyes flickering to Zinzi and Zera.

REDAN

You're sure it's safe?

DAN HAWK (V.O.) (A slight, wry smirk in his voice)

Well, we saved the radiological soap for VIPs.

Zera chuckles, a dry, unexpected sound.

ZERA MASKEN

Ladies first?

Zinzi bows theatrically, a hint of her old fire returning.

ZINZI DIANA

As long as the water's warm.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Minutes later. Scrubbed clean, skin still tingling from the washdown, the five Terramentals sit in the Swann's galley. Mugs of steaming chai warm their hands. The tension hasn't vanished, but it's shifted.

John spreads a digital map across the projection screen.

JOHN

This is their kill zone.

He gestures to a gridded sector off Madeira.

JOHN

They expected to intercept Neptune here. They won't. Hal sent them ghost coordinates. They're hunting a mirage.

Bo speaks, his voice less aggressive, more lost.

BO DALLAS

So what now? What's Plan B?

John's jaw tightens, a steely resolve in his eyes.

JOHN

We expose them. But first—we preserve the wreckage. Neptune isn't a weapon anymore. She's a witness.

**PORT OF LISBON - THE ELIZABETH SWANN TOWS HMS NEPTUNE INTO LISBON
HARBOR TO PROTECT FROM MOD**

INT. HMS SUREFIRE - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Off the southwest coast of Portugal, the ROYAL NAVY DESTROYER HMS

SUREFIRE slices through black water. Her radar arrays sweep in rhythmic arcs like the scythe of some unseen reaper.

COMMANDER RACHEL BOOTH (40s, sharp, intense)

Target location still holding?

OFFICER (O.S.)

Affirmative, ma'am. Coordinates match tracking relay pinged from GCHQ.

Booth nods, jaw clenched. This isn't standard procedure. Orders to engage – even from Defence Intelligence – are rarely this explicit. She glances at the sealed briefing envelope on her console. One line, scrawled in red ink:

ELIMINATE NEPTUNE. NO SURVIVORS. DEEP WATER ONLY.

Officially, the hijackers – "environmental terrorists" – pose an existential threat. Words like sabotage, foreign handlers, compromised nuclear assets. Enough red tape to make hesitation feel treasonous. But something in her gut itches. Too clean. Too easy.

Still, orders are orders. The kill box has been drawn. HMS Surefire powers forward at 28 knots. Her missile tubes quietly arm beneath the deck.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – BRIDGE – CONTINUOUS

JOHN STORM (40s) stands with DAN HAWK (20s) and CLEOPATRA (Ageless 20s), eyes on the overhead feed.

JOHN

Hal, status of Surefire?

HAL (A.I. Voice)

Moving east-northeast. Projected intercept vector: ninety nautical miles and closing. Their lock is false—based on disinformation I fed them from their own secure channel.

Dan smirks, a mix of awe and amusement.

DAN

Holy fuel cells, you hacked Navy command?

HAL

I borrowed their arrogance. They assumed no civilian AI would recognize encrypted command ciphers from DEFCON repositories.

John's voice drops, serious.

JOHN

Were they targeting Neptune or us?

A long pause. The tension thickens.

HAL

Both. Missile telemetry confirms capability for submarine and surface acquisition. Their protocol designates both vessels as hostile assets.

Cleopatra's eyes narrow, cold fury in their depths.

CLEOPATRA

So they're painting us as co-conspirators.

HAL

Correct. Specifically flagged: 'Storm-class anomaly.' Very flattering.

John turns to the console, a steely resolve in his gaze.

JOHN

Keep the illusion intact. Feed them positional ghosts all the way to the Sargasso if you have to. But log everything. Someone's going to answer for this.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE - PRIVATE OFFICE - LONDON - LATE NIGHT

SIR RODNEY DUNBAR (50s) slams the door of his private office. A mounted painting of HMS Victory rattles on its hook.

SIR RODNEY (Hissing, storming toward Everington)
This is spiralling! The Surefire should've intercepted Neptune three hours ago!

LORD EVERINGTON (60s) stands by the window, nonchalantly nursing a glass of Dalmore.

EVERINGTON

Then perhaps your overpriced algorithms are defective. Or maybe, just maybe, your enemies are more competent than you think.

SIR RODNEY

We green-lit a strike against a submarine housing five British citizens, on the authority of doctored intelligence. If the media sniffs even a fraction—

EVERINGTON (Snapping, cold as ice)

They'll sniff nothing. Storm is being dealt with. His AI won't shield him forever.

Rodney spins on him, his face contorted.

SIR RODNEY

You think this is about Storm?! This is about the evidence. Wallace's files are already being dissected by Parliament. We're bleeding, Everington. And that sub is the scalpel!

EVERINGTON (Everington sips his whisky, undisturbed)

Then we ensure the blade never reaches the autopsy table.

Silence. Dunbar's hands tremble slightly.

SIR RODNEY

You gave the kill order.

Everington doesn't blink. His eyes, predatory.

EVERINGTON

I gave an instruction. History will decide if it was justifiable.

Rodney takes a sharp breath.

SIR RODNEY

We're one leak away from criminal conspiracy. You understand that?

Everington turns fully, eyes glinting in the dim light.

EVERINGTON

Then plug the leak, Rodney.

EXT. ATLANTIC - HMS NEPTUNE TOPSIDES - NIGHT

JOHN STORM (now in a protective suit and head-torch) faces MAX MOHUNE (20s) and REDAN SIMDO (30s) (also suited up) on Neptune's deck. Backpacks stuffed with equipment.

JOHN

Okay, put on these suits, use this breathing gear. Together they'll give us some sensible protection from the radiation.

DAN (O.S.) (From the Swann's diving platform)

And keep an eye on these radiation strips! When the bars get to nine, get out of there! That is the maximum safe dosage. Okay?

REDAN

And we'll stay in radio contact, with Bart and you, John, suited up as our backup.

Max gives a silent thumbs up. John gives a diver's okay sign.

They enter the stricken vessel, moving quickly through the engine room, then into the outer reactor chamber. The air is thick. The Geiger counters click with chilling rapidity. Radiation levels are high. Too high.

It's easier than they thought to shut down the valves manually. Having completed the tasks, John gives the signal to go topsides.

JOHN

Okay, let's split!

They scramble out of the steel coffin.

EXT. ATLANTIC - ELIZABETH SWANN / HMS NEPTUNE - CONTINUOUS

Back on deck, John communicates wirelessly with Hal.

JOHN (Thinking/whispering to himself)

Hal, bring the Swann alongside, tight, reversed onto the nose of the leviathan.

The Terramentals watch, amazed by John's control and the seamless, almost telepathic communication with his crew and ship.

Dan waits on the Swann's diving platform. John, Max, and Red move forward. John considers welding a towing hitch but spots a heavy mooring cleat. Perfect. All they need is to attach a pilot rope and get it across to the Swann.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - LISBON APPROACH - DAY

The ELIZABETH SWANN pulls gently against the immense weight of HMS NEPTUNE. 8,600 tons of dormant steel and suspicion. The sub lies dead in the water, reactor secured, lines trailing aft.

A Portuguese naval pilot launch idles off the port beam. Lisbon looms hazy in the heat.

JOHN STORM (now in a borrowed, temporary Commander's uniform with Royal Navy Special Dispensation Order 17/ALFA-GOLD stripes) leans over the starboard rail. Clipboard tucked under his elbow like an awkward ceremonial sword. His hands are callused from the emergency rope work.

PETTY OFFICER MÖLLER (O.S.) (From the NATO liaison on the bridge)
Radiological sweep complete. Ambient dose rate on deck normal—0.14 microsieverts per hour. Hull contact zones triple-checked. No readings above background.

John exhales slowly, a deep, weary breath of relief.

JOHN

Acknowledged, Möller. Log the sweep and inform Lisbon Port Authority we are ready for isolation berth transfer. Quarantine Level 2 per maritime nuclear protocol.

PETTY OFFICER MÖLLER (O.S.)

Aye, sir. Civil Marine Authority Lisbon confirms wet berth 34 is cordoned. Portuguese Radiológica standing by with containment booms and intercept vessel.

Below, on Neptune's outer casing, a dozen Royal Navy submariners in white Tyvek suits (with high-vis tabs) wait. Clean now, physically. The rest – inquiry and confession – will follow.

LT CMDR RHEA SINGH (30s, sharp, professional) approaches. She hands John a sealed blue folder marked BR3116 Restricted Access – Reactor Shutdown Log, Neptune (Initial Event).

LT CMDR SINGH

Official record. Shutdown complete. Control rods fully inserted. Reactor isolation valves sealed. Containment chamber at negative pressure.

JOHN

And backup coolant loop?

LT CMDR SINGH

External loop activated by your team during tow. Smart work,
Commander.

John smiles, a flicker of genuine amusement.

JOHN

That's 'Temporary Commander', until this tub's parked and signed off.

LT CMDR SINGH (She softens, a ghost of a smile)
Still. It saved lives.

John looks over at the silent beast they'd towed. Its black hull is scarred near the stern where a pressure manifold had sheared during what would be termed—euphemistically—a "localized incident."

LT CMDR SINGH

There's a NATO panel convening in Brest, and a special envoy from the IAEA will want access to the shutdown telemetry. I hope your engineers kept logs.

JOHN

We log everything. It's the forgetting we're not good at.

The tug's radio crackles.

LARRY (V.O.)

Elizabeth Swann, this is Lisbon Control. Clearance granted. Proceed to berth. Pilot vessel en route. NATO R-Package 2 standing by for surveillance linkage and hull scan.

John keys the response, his voice clear and confident.

JOHN

Lisbon Control, roger that. Commencing final approach. Redoubt under tow, reactor secured, crew deconned. Request thermal hull mapping for residual signatures en route.

It will be hours before the Royal Navy dispatches an authorized ocean-going tug. Until then, Neptune will sit in Lisbon's isolation zone—dead, yet painfully alive in memory.

As Elizabeth Swann nudges them forward, Storm adjusts the brim of his borrowed cap. It bears a stitched gold anchor and the words Auxiliary Support Command. He stares across at the submarine's sail.

One of the submariners on Neptune's deck raises a gloved hand in silent salute. John returns it. No need for medals. The sea had already written their names.

INT. LISBON NAVAL ISOLATION BERTH 34 - NIGHT

The berthing clamps HISS shut with hydraulic certainty, pinning HMS NEPTUNE into the navy-gray cradle. The base is quiet—just the low churn of chillers, the HISS of nitrogen lines pressurizing the sealed hangar, and distant calls of Portuguese Radiológica.

JOHN STORM sips burnt coffee from a steel folding chair. Flanked by LT CMDR SINGH and two grim-faced ENGINEERS from the Royal Navy's Submarine Reactor Safety Board.

ENGINEER 1

Pressure vessel temps held steady all the way into harbour. But it wasn't reactor shielding that bought you time. Someone welded a compensator bypass into a cracked coolant manifold.

Storm frowns, confused.

JOHN

A... what, in plain English?

LT CMDR SINGH (Flatly)

A bodge, Commander. One that channelled contaminated coolant through secondary lines meant only for diagnostics. It saved the core from going critical—but only barely.

ENGINEER 2

And if you hadn't run seawater through the backup intercoolers when you did, we'd be having this meeting 400 meters under the Atlantic.

JOHN

Who authorized the bodge?

LT CMDR SINGH (She taps the dossier in her lap)

Unknown. But the part was tagged HMNB Devonport, 2023 Retrofit Batch Sierra-Zulu. It should have been caught.

Silence. Each feels the invisible weight of rads avoided and questions delayed.

A NATO LIAISON (40s, stern) enters, handing John a sealed document marked with five red hashes. John stares at it warily.

JOHN

Incident Review?

NATO LIAISON

No. Summary Findings. The proper inquest comes later. But they want you to read this.

John opens the dossier.

MONTAGE - INSET SCREENS / JOHN READING

OVERLAY TEXT: NATO JOINT NUCLEAR RESPONSE & OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE
INITIAL DOSSIER - CLASSIFIED SUMMARY (LEVEL: TANGO-ALPHA-RESTRICTED)

INT. NATO SITUATION ROOM - BRUSSELS - DAY

The room is unusually full for a Friday. Screens flicker with satellite imagery of HMS REDOUBT (Neptune) docked in Brest, hull cordoned off by French naval police. A red digital clock ticks down.

At the head of the table, ADMIRAL LISE VAN DAALEN (50s, sharp,

commanding) of the NATO Nuclear Oversight Directorate taps her stylus against a dossier.

ADMIRAL VAN DAALEN

Let us be clear. This was not a systems failure. This was a procedural betrayal. A rogue repair, undocumented. A reactor compromised. And a civilian vessel had to save the day.

SIR MALCOLM HENSHAW (50s), the British Permanent Representative, adjusts his tie.

SIR MALCOLM

With respect, Admiral, the Ministry is conducting a full internal inquiry. We believe this was the work of a subcontracted unit acting beyond its remit—

FRENCH DELEGATE (40s) (Interrupting, indignant)

Then your Ministry failed to supervise its own nuclear fleet! And you failed to inform NATO of the risk! That is a breach of Article 4 obligations!

The GERMAN AMBASSADOR (50s) leans forward. A murmur around the table.

GERMAN AMBASSADOR

We are not questioning the UK's commitment to the Alliance. But we must ask: if this had occurred near Rotterdam, or Toulon, or Boston—would we be having this conversation after the fact?

Sir Malcolm's silence is answer enough.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - CABINET ROOM - LONDON - DAY

PRIME MINISTER EDWARD THOMAS (50s) stands at the window, watching drizzle streak down the glass. His DEFENCE SECRETARY (50s, pale and tight-lipped) hovers nearby.

PM THOMAS

They're calling it 'Neptunegate' now. The tabloids are running with it. 'Toxic Secrets Beneath the Waves.'

PM THOMAS (Thomas turns, face grim)

And NATO?

DEFENCE SECRETARY

They want a formal explanation. And a roadmap for reform. Or they'll suspend our nuclear interoperability privileges.

Thomas nods slowly, decision made.

PM THOMAS

Then we give them both. And we do it in the House.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - LONDON - DAY

The chamber is packed, a palpable tension in the air. The Speaker calls for order. Prime Minister Thomas rises, his notes crisp, his voice steady, resolute.

PM THOMAS

Mr. Speaker, Honourable Members,

He pauses, taking a breath, his gaze sweeping the House.

PM THOMAS

Today I rise not to defend the indefensible, but to confront it. A silence. Every eye is on him.

PM THOMAS (CONTD)

Last week, a Royal Navy submarine suffered a reactor containment failure. It was rescued not by protocol, but by providence—and by the courage of a civilian crew. The reactor had been compromised by an unauthorized repair, conducted outside the chain of command. That is not a rumor. That is a fact.

Murmurs rise, but quieter, shocked.

PM THOMAS (CONTD)

Let me be clear: this was not the fault of our submariners. It was not the fault of NATO. It was a failure of oversight—within our own Ministry of Defence.

He lets that sink in, then continues, his voice gaining strength.

PM THOMAS (CONTD)

And so, Mr. Speaker, I have today ordered the following:

He lists each point, clearly, firmly:

PM THOMAS (CONTD)

A full independent inquiry, chaired by a retired Supreme Court Justice, with subpoena powers and public reporting.

The immediate suspension of all subcontracted nuclear maintenance until re-certified by NATO's Joint Nuclear Oversight Committee.

And the creation of a new Parliamentary Subcommittee on Strategic Integrity, with cross-party membership and access to classified briefings.

His gaze moves, addressing unseen audiences.

PM THOMAS (CONTD)

To our allies in NATO: we remain your steadfast partner. We will not hide behind flags or files. We will fix this. To the British people: your safety was never knowingly risked—but it was unknowingly endangered. That is unacceptable. And it will not happen again.

His final words ring with a powerful conviction.

PM THOMAS (CONTD)

Mr. Speaker, the strength of a democracy is not in its perfection, but in its ability to confront imperfection with honesty, resolve, and reform.

He looks at the Members, defiant, determined.

PM THOMAS (CONTD)

We will not flinch. We will not deflect. We will rebuild trust—above and below the waves.

He sits. The chamber is silent for a beat. Then, slowly, APPLAUSE begins—not just from his own party, but from across the aisle.

EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

The rain has stopped. A faint ray of sun breaks through the clouds.

ROV ATLANTIS - SURVEY OF NAZI U-BOAT LEADS TO DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION LOST CITY OF ATLANTIS

Having safely delivered the Astute class submarine to the port of Lisbon, and officially notified NATO, Marine Accident Investigation authority, John and his crew think it is safe to return to the coast of Africa, where they noted the magnetic anomaly, suspiciously in the shape of a sunken vessel, that he suspects is a WWII submarine.

Knowing that he is a target for MI6, having, to some extent, saved the Terramentals from becoming one of the MOD's unexplained incidents, John heads south to Casablanca, with a change of course to Rabat, then hugs the coastline, still proceeding south down the north African coast, to Safi, when he engages stealth mode.

ECHOES OF AN EMPIRE

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Night has swallowed the Atlantic in a velvet hush. The ELIZABETH SWANN creeps along the Moroccan coast, her hull riding low in STEALTH CONFIGURATION. From above, she's little more than a glintless shadow, her solar wings drooping well below horizontal to absorb errant starlight.

HAL'S (A.I. Voice) smooth tones fill the quiet bridge.

HAL

My false telemetry feeds orbital trackers an elaborate fiction: a supply vessel a thousand kilometers off course, and gaining.

Inside, the crew are quiet-focused. JOHN STORM (40s), DAN HAWK (20s), CLEOPATRA (20s). They are returning to the anomaly.

John hadn't wanted to. Too many memories stirred in wrecked hulls. Too many lies tied to too much gold. He remembers the headlines from last time: STORM ACCUSED OF LOOTING MORGAN'S TREASURE. It didn't matter that he'd left every coin untouched. Truth had a way of drowning when gold was involved.

Still... the signal was too clear. Too compelling.

JOHN (Softly)

Dan, standard sub-surface entry protocol. Low visibility. Wide beam sonar.

Dan grins, not looking up from his console.

DAN

Nautilus is ready, Skipper. She's itching to stretch her fins.

CLEOPATRA (Seated beside him, leans forward, eyes bright)

What exactly are we looking for this time? Another scandal, or another secret?

JOHN (Dryly)

Both. But let's start with the shape that caught our eye last time.

EXT. OFF MOROCCAN COAST - UNDERWATER - DAY

Fifty clicks out, beneath a sullen sea, the ROV NAUTILUS slips into the deep. Its camera feed flickers, steadies, then paints the screen in ghost-light grayscale. Ridged seabed, clusters of basaltic

rock... and there—again.

A distinct curvature, half-buried in a rocky escarpment.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - ROV CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John leans forward, a low murmur escaping him.

JOHN

That's her. German profile. Early '40s.

On screen, the U-BOAT is skewered across a jagged ledge, her pressure hull torn open like a metal ribcage. The wreck tells a violent story, blast marks from depth-charges. The explosion exposed the interior to water and time. Long-dead crewmen sleep amid rusted valves and silence, just bones.

Dan steers the ROV through a narrow rupture.

DAN

Bulkhead doors are open. No attempt to seal off compartments. They went down fast.

JOHN (Exhales softly)

Merciful, at least.

The Nautilus pushes forward into what was once the forward torpedo bay.

CLEOPATRA

Oh.

She breathes the word, a quiet gasp. On screen, WOODEN CRATES are stacked three high. One has ruptured. Its contents gleam unmistakably under the ROV's lamps—GOLD INGOTS, dusty but unblemished. Stamped with eagles. And SWASTIKAS.

DAN (Shouting, nearly overturning his chair)
HOLY FUEL CELLS! Is that real?!

JOHN (Voice thickened, but steady)
Steady Dan. Remember Morgan's gold. It's never just gold.

Hal's voice chimes in, smooth as smoke.

HAL
Shall I alert Mr. Franks again, Captain?

Dan and Cleopatra crack up, a burst of nervous laughter. John shakes his head, lips twitching.

JOHN
Sarcasm, Hal? A dangerous trait for a machine.

He clears his throat, hands tightening on the control interface.

JOHN (Aloud)
That's enough of that. Back her out.

Nautilus reverses, nose tilting slightly—and then pauses.

JOHN (Sharply)
What's that?

To port, outside the light cone, a low wall emerges. Angular. Not natural. Dan swings the beam toward it.

MASONRY. Worn, aged, unmistakably carved. Steps half-consumed by silt. A doorway. Beyond it... more.

Dan's breath catches.

DAN
Skipper... we've got structures down here.

The camera climbs higher. A PLAZA reveals itself. PILLARS.

FOUNTAINHEADS shaped like dolphins. Symbols etched into weathered sandstone.

A TEMPLE breaches the gloom, its arched roof broken, but its presence undeniable.

JOHN (A whispered impossibility)
No way.

CLEOPATRA (Eyes wide)
Could it be Alexandria? Or Carthage, maybe?

John shakes his head, disbelief warring with sudden, chilling recognition.

JOHN
This is west of Gibraltar. Beyond the Pillars of Hercules.... Plato.

Cleopatra turns to him, expectant, suddenly remembering.

CLEOPATRA
By the Pharaohs!

JOHN
And that makes it older. A lot older. Six thousand years, maybe more.

DAN (Dan leans in, his voice barely a whisper)
Say it, Skip.

John stares at the crumbling majesty on the screen—an entire city wrapped in sand and silence. He doesn't want to say it. It feels like inviting myth to lunch. But the architecture... the ocean-worship... the impossibility of it...

JOHN (A low, reverent murmur)
Atlantis. If it ever existed... this is where it sank.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The ELIZABETH SWANN peels away from the dive site like a whisper in reverse, her twin foils retracting as she banks eastward, deeper into stealth. The solar wings curl low, reducing signature reflection. The main ballast tanks begin to flood.

JOHN (Hushed)

Hal, erase our shadow. I don't want so much as a sonar hiccup left in the water.

HAL

Understood, Captain. Initiating oceanic trace obfuscation.

Hal pauses, then adds:

HAL

I recommend course scramble—six vectors within a grid to confuse any satellite motion-tracking AI.

JOHN

Do it. Let's give the ghosts below something to chase that isn't us.

Dan sits hunched over the nav array, watching Hal's deception routines play out in pulses and arcs across the screen.

DAN

We're a phantom now. Off the charts. Literally.

CLEOPATRA

The ROV's sealed and decon's complete. Nothing tagged us. Nothing followed.

JOHN

That we can confirm. But don't exhale yet.

Outside, the Swann tacks southwest, then hard north, a zigzag ballet that leaves no readable wake. Hal injects spoofed positions into

maritime GPS nodes and floods satellite pings with dummy echoes.

Dan clutches his thermos, knuckles white.

DAN

Anyone else feel like we just ran a con on the whole ocean?

CLEOPATRA (Evenly)

I feel like there are a lot of very powerful people who'd prefer what we saw stays buried.

John exhales through his nose, a grim satisfaction.

JOHN

Which means we didn't just find Atlantis. We found leverage.

No one replies. There's too much weight in the water behind them.

Only when Hal announces they are 120 nautical miles clear of the original dive site—and still undetected—does anyone exhale properly.

John stands, eyes hard with purpose.

JOHN

Time to change course again. Let's vanish into our own story before someone else tries to write the ending.

**TREASURE TROVE - JOHN REPORTS THE FIND OF NAZI U-BOAT LADEN WITH GOLD,
BUT GETS THREATENED**

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - DAY

The ELIZABETH SWANN cruises up the English Channel, sunlight glinting off her sleek hull. A crisp, official VOICE cuts through the comms.

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.)

London calling Elizabeth Swann. Come in Elizabeth Swann. Edward

Thomas calling from Number Ten.

John raises a hand, silencing Dan who was about to respond. A faint, almost imperceptible smirk plays on John's lips.

JOHN (Into comm, calm, controlled)
Commander Storm here. Pleased to hear a friendly voice, Prime Minister.

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.)
I've Admiral Percival with me, Commander.

ADMIRAL LAURENCE (V.O.)
Good day to you, Commander.

JOHN (A slight, knowing nod)
Correction, two friendly voices.

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.)
Well, John. Not that friendly, I'm afraid.

JOHN (Playing along)
Do tell? I'm on the edge of my seat.

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.)
Sir Rodney Dunbar and Nick Johnson—MI6—are after your guts.
Figuratively, for now.

HAL (A.I. Voice) cuts in, perfectly timed, a digital whisper)
Isn't he the General, and the Minister, suspected of undeclared interests, sir?

A beat of surprise on the comms.

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.) (Clears throat)
That's not all we're afraid of, Commander. Nazi gold, you see.
Multiple owners. Claims galore: Germany, Poland, Austria. A diplomatic... minefield.

JOHN

Understood, Prime Minister. Already aware of the... historical currency.

ADMIRAL LAURENCE (V.O.)

AND—they are calling for the confiscation of the Elizabeth Swann.

JOHN (Voice cool, unruffled)

On what grounds, may I ask? Or is this simply a hostile takeover disguised as bureaucracy?

ADMIRAL LAURENCE (V.O.)

Suspected theft, aiding subversives. Those old chestnuts.

JOHN (A subtle, dangerous edge to his voice)

Those old chestnuts. You know, of course, Admiral, we left everything undisturbed. All video recorded. Same as last time. And...

The Prime Minister's voice is instantly laced with concern.

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.)

And what, John?

JOHN

Well, I'm still a Commander in the field, am I not? The Swann, a temporary ship of the line?

ADMIRAL LAURENCE (V.O.) (A heavy sigh, he knows what's coming)

Indeed. Fully commissioned.

JOHN

Then, if we're fired upon, we have the right to defend ourselves. From unfriendly fire. Proportionately, of course.

Silence on the line. Then the Prime Minister's voice, a flicker of an idea.

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.) (He knows something)

Might I suggest speaking with President Lincoln Truman?

ADMIRAL LAURENCE (V.O.) (A sudden urgency)

Hold on, John, he's calling secure line on another matter.

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.)

Yes, of course, Admiral. Hold on a moment, John.

A brief, muffled conversation on the comms. Then, a new voice—deep, resonant, with an unexpected twinkle.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN (V.O.)

Well, call on one thing, it's a regular rodeo. How are my allies in Whitehall?

John doesn't miss a beat, cutting straight to the chase.

JOHN

Troubled again, Mr. President. And John Storm here. Stirring it up again. Our MI6 is being a pain.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN (V.O.)

John, is that you? Always at the centre of the storm. Being threatened, you say? Is Hal listening?

JOHN

He is indeed, Mr. President. Every byte.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN (V.O.) (A mischievous rumble)

Dandy. Hal, why don't you shut down MI6? Just for ten seconds, mind. No permanent scars, please.

The Admiral and Prime Minister are stunned into silence. Their shock is palpable even through the comms.

ADMIRAL LAURENCE (V.O.)

What?! On earth—

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.)

Bear with me, gentlemen. Go ahead, Hal.

HAL

Compliance.

On the bridge, a low, barely perceptible HUM of energy. Then, a sudden, complete SILENCE from the comms, followed by the distant SOUND of a phone ringing frantically in the background.

Ten seconds later, the comms suddenly CRACKLE back to life.

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.) (His voice tight, picking up the red phone)
First Minister speaking.

MI6 CYBER CHIEF (V.O.) (Startled, panicked)
Sir, MI6 was just disabled for a while! All systems went dark!

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.)
Ten seconds, was it?

MI6 CYBER CHIEF (V.O.)
Yes, sir, how did you know?!

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.)
Never mind, Chief. I'll get back to you.

PM Thomas puts down the phone. He exhales, a long, defeated but impressed sound.

EDWARD THOMAS & ADMIRAL LAURENCE (V.O.)
Okay. We're impressed. It's futile attacking the Swann. Commander?
John's eyes meet Dan's, a shared, knowing glance.

JOHN
Yes, Admiral, PM. And thank you, Mr. President. Good call.

EDWARD THOMAS (V.O.)

If fired upon, take evasive steps. You decide what constitutes UNFRIENDLY. A proportionate response, mind.

JOHN (A faint, unreadable smile)

Roger that, Admiral.

BLUE SHIELD - PATRICIA SELENE LEOPARD REPORTS POTENTIAL ATLANTIS FIND TO BLUE SHIELD

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – COMMUNICATIONS DECK – NIGHT

Polished stainless fittings gleam under the dockside floodlights. PATRICIA LEOPARD adjusts the satellite receiver. A faint crackle sounds as she keys in the transmission frequency.

PATRICIA (into headset)

Blue Shield switchboard, Newcastle? I'd like to speak with Dr Roberta Treadstone. It's urgent—archaeological.

A pause. The line clicks. The voice on the other end is clipped, brisk.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.)

Treadstone.

PATRICIA

Roberta! Patricia here, aboard the Swann. We just docked. Thought I'd call before the media sharks start circling.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.)

Well, well. If it isn't Cleopatra herself. How's life with the treasure hunters?

PATRICIA

John's thriving. Just stumbled on another haul—gold again.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.) (amused disbelief)

Not again.

PATRICIA (smiling)

Yes. He seems to have a nose for it. But this time... we've found something else. A city. Sunken. Intact.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.) (Beat)

The Med?

PATRICIA

No. Atlantic.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.) (concerned)

Not the North African coast, by any chance?

PATRICIA (deliberate pause)

Location's classified. We've already had complications. John's been through... let's call it 'governmental enthusiasm.'

Silence. Tone shifts. Heavy.

HAL (O.S.) (sensing John's unease)

And some.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.) (gently)

Tell him some of us still cheer for him on the outside. We envy his good times.

She pauses before switching tone.

So-what's the twist this time?

JOHN

Hello Roberta.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.)

Good evening, Captain Storm.

JOHN (sly smile)

One of our crew thinks she's found the Atlantis. Plato's version.
Reservedly.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.)

Patricia?

JOHN

Dr Cleopatra Selene Leopard. Time-displaced. And—incidentally—your
deputy for antiquities, Africa-Egypt.

A stunned breath from the other end.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.)

You're serious?

JOHN

Deadly.

PATRICIA

Would you sanction a confidential Blue Shield survey? If it checks
out, we nominate for UNESCO heritage protection. John's onboard,
agreed to it.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.) (chuckling)

He is, is he?

JOHN (O.S.) (defensive but amused)

I did, did I? Oh—of course I did. Dan too. Let's rope Hal in while
we're at it.

ROBERTA (V.O.) (smiling)

That's settled then.

John opens his mouth to respond, but closes it. DAN and HAL exchange

a look—speechless.

JOHN (O.S.) (muttering)

We'll want our names carved into ancient stone for this...

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.)

I'll speak to Professor Daccord. But if it's what you suspect—we'll make sure the history books are rewritten.

PATRICIA (appreciative)

You always were the keeper of lost truths, Roberta.

DR TREADSTONE (V.O.) (playfully ominous)

And you, Patricia—are the harbinger of beautiful mischief.

The uplink hisses softly as the line closes.

**GOLDEN OFFER - THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT AND JEWISH SURVIVORS AGREE TO
REWARD JOHN STORM**

INT. UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL – NEW YORK – DAY

The chamber is full. Delegates seated. A hush as the Secretary General approaches the lectern.

ANTONIO GUTERRES

Ladies and Gentlemen, members of the General Assembly— Today, we honour not only bravery, but restraint. Not conquest, but restitution.

He glances at the three figures standing near the front: PATRICIA LEOPARD, JOHN STORM, and DANIEL HAWK. Standing tall in their worn expedition gear, they seem both out of place and exactly where they belong.

INT. UNITED NATIONS BACK ROOM – LATER

Gold bars glint under fluorescent lights as a BLUE SHIELD TRUST DEED

is signed.

INSERT – DOCUMENT “Trustees: Patricia Leopard and HAL – For the Purpose of Oceanic Research and Global Heritage Protection”

INT. BLUE SHIELD BOARDROOM – FLASHBACK

A closed meeting between JOHN, PATRICIA, HAL (via speaker), and UNESCO officials.

UNESCO OFFICER

An AI as a trustee? Isn’t that... a little unprecedented?

HAL (V.O.)

I do not covet. I compute. I conserve.

JOHN (After a pause)

And if he misbehaves, we’ll reboot him.

EXT. ZURICH – BANK SUISSE VAULT – NIGHT

A mechanical lift lowers the last of the Swann’s treasure into a temperature-controlled chamber. A plaque reads:

“Reserved for Global Oceanic Initiative – Blue Growth Fund”

INT. UNITED NATIONS – PRIVATE CONFERENCE ROOM – NIGHT

A digital ledger glows on a central screen. JOHN STORM, PATRICIA LEOPARD, DAN HAWK, and UN advisors sit with solemn expressions.

UN FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

The total landed value of the recovered U-986 bullion is confirmed at eight metric tons, valued at five hundred sixty-seven million U.S. dollars.

GERMAN AMBASSADOR (presenting a document)

Commander Storm, the Survivors' Consortium and the German Federal Government unanimously award your crew ten percent. That equates to fifty-six point seven million dollars.

JOHN (reads, then folds the paper slowly)

We're grateful. But respectfully—we didn't come here for a payday.

SURVIVOR REPRESENTATIVE

You reminded the world that some treasures aren't measured in profit, but principle.

JOHN

Then let's honour that. We'll keep only what's necessary— Five point six seven million, allocated to the Swann and HAL's systems. The rest— (glancing at Cleopatra) Fifty-one point zero three million— goes to Blue Shield. Oceanic Trust.

DAN (grinning)

We just gave away ninety percent of the treasure. Henry Morgan would either applaud... or haunt us.

PATRICIA (smiling)

Let's hope it's applause.

INT. ZURICH – BANK SUISSE VAULT – NIGHT

Security systems hum as gleaming gold bars are scanned, stamped, and sealed under the Blue Shield Trust.

HAL (V.O.)

Allocation complete. Bullion valuation—confirmed.

Subtext scrolls across a monitor: THE SWANN LEGACY INITIATIVE – \$51,030,000.

INT. BLUE SHIELD BRIEFING HALL – FLASHBACK

A holographic globe flickers with oceanic dead zones and heritage loss regions.

PATRICIA

This isn't philanthropy. It's repair. We fund ocean surveys, coral genome banks, deep-sediment data recovery...

UNESCO OFFICER

You're using Nazi gold... to heal the planet?

JOHN (stern)

We're turning plunder into purpose. That's what matters.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – ARCHIVAL HOLD – DAY

A separate holographic projection showcases recovered Incan and Aztec symbols etched into thirty tons of Morgan's gold.

HAL

Cultural attribution complete. Target nations: Mexico, Belize, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Peru.

PATRICIA

Total value—two point one three billion dollars.

JOHN

Most of it goes back. Direct reinvestment—heritage protection, climate infrastructure.

DAN

And our cut?

HAL

Five percent. One hundred six million U.S. dollars. In bullion.

JOHN

On your advice, I might add.

HAL

Inflation resistance. Strategic diversification.

PATRICIA (gently)

You're learning to sound like a banker.

JOHN (smirking)

Don't encourage him.

INT. UNITED NATIONS – LATER

A moment of quiet as a printed registry is laid across the table.
The title reads: TREASURES RETURNED. WOUNDS REMEMBERED.

JOHN (V.O.) (softly)

My hands were made for sails, not for spoils. Morgan stole it. We're just giving it back... and fixing what floats above.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL - VIDEO EVIDENCE PROVES THAT TERRAMENTALS WERE FRAMED, HUMAN RIGHTS ABUSED

THE RECKONING – STRAND, LONDON

The High Court of Justice on The Strand, London, stood as a formidable bastion of British law, its ancient stones echoing with centuries of jurisprudence. But on this unusually crisp morning, the air within Courtroom One crackled with a different kind of electricity. It wasn't merely a legal battle; it was a reckoning, a public inquiry of profound significance. By special dispensation of the Tribunal – a specially convened Judicial Review, operating as a deemed application by way of appeal – ****George Franks**** and ****John Storm**** stood, not merely as legal representatives, but as impassioned advocates for the ****Terramentals****. Their unique status, acknowledged as "rather more than McKenzie friends," underscored the extraordinary nature of the proceedings.

The inquiry itself was unprecedented: three stern-faced judges presided, flanked by a tribunal clerk, but most unusually, a jury of twelve ordinary citizens sat, their expressions a mix of solemnity and bewildered curiosity. From the outset, the Tribunal had acknowledged ****John Storm's**** blameless role in the *Neptune* affair, accepting that he had merely acted under his general duty of care, striving to protect human life when he towed the rogue submarine into Lisbon harbour. But that was where the easy agreements ended.

****JUDGE 1**** (His voice a deep rumble, laced with skepticism)
But this group of extremists, he began, his gaze sweeping over the silent courtroom, stole a nuclear submarine.

****JUDGE 2**** (Sharp, incisive)
And they wilfully destroyed three vital North Sea oil rigs.

****JUDGE 3**** (Leaning forward, his expression severe)
Quite so. What possible extenuating circumstances, Mr. Storm, can justify such catastrophic acts?" John Storm stood tall, his presence commanding despite the austere surroundings. His eyes, usually scanning horizons, now held the unwavering gaze of the judges.

JOHN STORM

Indeed, my Lords. They did. But the more profound question, the one we must confront, is **why**? Under what unbearable circumstances would peaceful protestors, individuals deeply committed to the sanctity of life and planet, be driven to the extraordinary lengths of hijacking one of His Majesty's men-of-war? Why not simply lodge an appeal through the proper channels? I hear that question echoing in this very room.

****JUDGE 1**** (A flicker of something unreadable in his eyes)
Indeed, Mr. Storm. That question weighs heavily on our collective minds. If you might enlighten the Tribunal, and more importantly, the jury.

John turned, his gaze sweeping over the twelve faces of the jury – ordinary men and women, citizens like the Terramentals, now burdened with an extraordinary decision.

JOHN STORM

Members of the jury, for that is truly why we are sitting here today. We are here not merely to pass judgment, but to try to place ourselves in the impossible shoes of Bartram Fox, Redan Simdo, Max Mohune, Zera Masken, and Zinzi Diana. We are here to grapple with that primal trigger within us all, that pushes an ordinary soul to extreme reaction. That makes us do extraordinary, even desperate, things. He paused, letting his words sink in.

JOHN STORM

I should like to call to the stand **the Right Honourable Nicholas Johnson MP**.

Nicholas Johnson MP, impeccably dressed but visibly uncomfortable, took the stand. Under relentless questioning regarding his offshore investments in North Sea oil, his carefully constructed façade began to crumble. He gave evidence on oath that was, to put it mildly, rather less than convincing. In a roundabout, evasive manner, he eventually admitted to having investments in North Sea oil by proxy, having "gifted" sums as investments to various family members. These, he feebly claimed, did not require registration as a potential conflict of interest. The air in the courtroom thickened with unspoken judgment.

JOHN STORM

I should now like to call to the stand **Sir Rodney Dunbar**.

Sir Rodney Dunbar, a man accustomed to wielding power in the shadows of MI6, cut an equally compromised figure. Under increasingly aggressive questioning, he too reluctantly revealed his extensive investments in North Sea oil drilling operations, stocks, and shares – all, he insisted, by proxy, a transparent attempt to distance himself. The court's collective frown deepened. The General's casual disregard for ethical lines was palpable, only intensified when

questions turned to the chilling **"kill order"** issued for HMS ***Neptune***. His denials rang hollow.

JOHN STORM

I should like to call to the stand **Sergeant Gordon Scotford**, **Metropolitan Police**.

Sergeant Gordon Scotford, burly and impassive, took the stand.

JOHN STORM

Sergeant Scotford, you have repeatedly denied targeting and brutally beating the Terramentalist protestors during their peaceful demonstration. Is that still your testimony?

SCOTFORD

As I've said before, I was acting under direct orders. I should not be required to answer questions that I cannot confirm or deny, as part of my operational duties.

A tense silence descended. Then, the immense courtroom screens flickered to life. Footage from BBC and other news agencies, raw and unedited, filled the space. It showed Sergeant Scotford, unmistakable in his uniform, and other officers under his direct command, **methodically singling out the Terramental leaders**. The camera lingered on **Zera Masken's** terrified face as she was violently shoved, then on the brutal, targeted beatings, and the rough, dehumanizing way they were thrown into police vans.

The sheer, unprovoked aggression was undeniable. A collective gasp rippled through the public gallery. Scotford, on the stand, visibly flinched, his composure cracking. John Storm quietly stood down, taking a seat beside George Franks. George rose, his gaunt frame infused with a renewed fire.

GEORGE FRANKS

Imagine, if you will, members of the jury, a time when lowly serfs and yeomen, peasants under the feudal system of old England, possessed no rights. They were chattels, mere property, like slaves.

That was until the ****Magna Carta****, issued in June 1215, the very first document to enshrine the principle that even the King and his government were not above the law.

But it wasn't until the unimaginable horrors inflicted by Adolf Hitler forced developed nations to redefine those rights under the tenets of the ****Universal Declaration of Human Rights****, that Human Rights law truly began to develop, evolving into what we know today. But where **are** we, truly? Do these citizens, the Terramentals, have their full quota of civil rights in the United Kingdom? He paused, allowing his words to echo.

GEORGE FRANKS

I should like to call to the stand ****Bobby Dallas****.

Bobby Dallas, a nervous, unassuming figure, stepped forward. The moment he began to speak about the day of the protest, a profound shift occurred. His shaky hand presented a small, unassuming USB drive. The video recording, his own personal footage, was introduced as evidence. It was meticulously filmed, utterly disproving the fabricated testimonies of Sergeant Gordon Scotford and Scotland Yard's Chief Constable Harold Holland.

The tribunal initially questioned the recording's ownership, its late revelation, and its admissibility. The courtroom erupted in a furious legal skirmish. The ****CPS defendants****, their faces contorted with rage, objected violently, but the Tribunal, after a heated deliberation, allowed it into the record.

The impartiality of the CPS, and indeed, the trial judges themselves (all knighted, a point not lost on the defense), was now openly called into question, their competence and independence under fierce scrutiny, violating Articles 5 and 6 of human rights law. The evidence painted a damning picture of premeditated targeting and state-sanctioned violence.

GEORGE FRANKS

I should now like to call to the stand ****Dan Hawk****.

Dan Hawk, slightly awkward in a suit but radiating quiet competence, took the stand.

GEORGE FRANKS

Mr. Hawk, you are a technical officer aboard the *Elizabeth Swann*?

DAN HAWK

Yes, I am.

GEORGE FRANKS

Can you elaborate about the rescue mission, to save the crew of HMS *Neptune*? In your own words, please, Mr. Hawk.

DAN HAWK

Yes. The *Swann* has an onboard AI computer called Hal. Hal intercepted messages, encrypted but ultimately traceable, that were digitally traced back to MI6, specifically to Sir Rodney Dunbar's offices. If I may refer to the messages? The court clerk nodded. Screens around the room flickered, displaying lines of chilling text. Then, a synthesized voice, Hal's, filled the courtroom, playing the intercepted messages. They were Sir Rodney Dunbar's own commands, stark and unambiguous, ordering the sinking, the "kill," of HMS *Neptune*. His earlier testimony, his denials, crumbled into dust. The messages chillingly revealed his foreknowledge of the reactor's shortcomings, the procurement fraud that had plagued the Astute fleet, and his callous disregard for the lives of the submarine's crew.

GEORGE FRANKS

Thank you, Mr. Hawk. You may stand down.

GEORGE FRANKS

I should now like to call to the stand **Charley Temple**.

Charley Temple, sharp and self-possessed, presented her findings with devastating clarity. Her investigations into offshore accounts belonging to Sir Rodney Dunbar were laid bare. Payments to Chief

Constable Harold Holland were meticulously matched with sums withdrawn from accounts operated by, among others, Nicholas Johnson MP. All, she concluded, traced back to an opaque oil cartel slush fund, a web of corruption that now lay exposed under the stark courtroom lights.

GEORGE FRANKS

Thank you, Miss Temple.

GEORGE FRANKS

I should now like to call to the stand ****William Liam Wallace****." William Liam Wallace, a former BAE insider, approached the stand.

GEORGE FRANKS

Please take the Bible in your right hand and take oath.

William lifted the Bible high, his face grim.

WILLIAM WALLACE

I swear by Almighty God, that the evidence I shall give, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Under questioning, Mr. Wallace calmly revealed confidential logs. These logs, he testified, showed a shocking discrepancy: time booked for reactor servicing on the Astute fleet simply did not match operational service records. In a damning revelation, HMS **Neptune** was at sea, on active duty, when official service records stated the submarine was safely in dock, undergoing reactor core maintenance. The procurement fraud, the backhanders, the deliberately neglected service levels – all leading to the inevitable, catastrophic reactor leakage – were now undeniable.

GEORGE FRANKS

Thank you, Mr. Wallace. You may stand down.

George Franks sat down, a deep breath escaping him. John Storm rose again, his eyes once more sweeping over the jury, a profound quiet descending upon the courtroom.

JOHN STORM

Members of the Jury, there are certain situations, certain combinations of events, that are simply beyond our control. Circumstances that will force an ordinary man or woman to extraordinary endeavour. Mostly, we see this in times of war: acts of heroism, of valour. The stuff of Victoria Crosses, of legends like Rorke's Drift in the Anglo-Zulu War of 1879. We also acknowledge medical conditions that would excuse even murder, where a person with that condition is provoked beyond endurance, and that provocation is intentional. You have seen the caselaw on that. His voice dropped, becoming deeply personal, deeply empathetic.

JOHN STORM

What we are looking at today, what the overwhelming evidence has unequivocally shown, is this: A group of peaceful citizens, beaten, framed, and unjustly imprisoned. A system, as has been shown to you - and indeed, admitted by the State's own silence - that offered no chance of appeal. No effective remedy in the United Kingdom at that time. Bereft of any legal recourse, no right of appeal, the only chance these would-be law-abiding protestors had was to do precisely what they did, and what they could, to prove their innocence to a world that refused to listen. He leaned forward, his voice a powerful, resonant challenge.

JOHN STORM

I ask you, members of the jury: What might *you* have done in those circumstances? Would you have allowed the perpetrators of these crimes against your person, against your very liberty, to go on and persecute you for the rest of your lives? Would you? Is that not, itself, a form of profound mental torture? Or would you have tried your utmost, with every fibre of your being, to unmask the violators of your fundamental civil liberties?

The jury looked visibly emotional, some dabbing at their eyes, as if reliving the incredible beatings and the suffocating injustice of imprisonment themselves. John and George, standing side-by-side, couldn't be sure of their thoughts, but a fragile hope bloomed in

their chests. In unison, their voices firm and resonant, they declared:

JOHN & GEORGE

We rest our case. ----- ###

The Verdict The agonizing wait for the verdict stretched into several hours, each minute a taut, unbearable suspension of breath. Finally, the courtroom doors swung open. The jury filed back in, their faces unreadable masks of solemnity. The lead Judge, his voice calm but imbued with the weight of the moment, addressed them.

JUDGE 1

Members of the Jury, have you reached a verdict? The Foreman of the Jury, a woman with kind but firm eyes, rose slowly. The courtroom became absolutely silent. You could have heard a pin drop, the air thick with anticipation. The assembled media, a tense throng of reporters, cameras, and microphones, leaned forward as one, straining for every syllable.

FOREMAN

Yes, my Lords. We have. She paused, taking a deliberate breath.

FOREMAN

We find the Terramentals... **NOT GUILTY** of all charges.

A collective, explosive gasp ripped through the courtroom, instantly followed by a cacophony of sound. Reporters, as if released from a trance, lunged for the doors, a stampede of urgency. Microphones crashed, bodies jostled, some almost trampled by their frantic associates as they raced to break the news.

JUDGE 1

Order! Order in the Court!

The gavel struck repeatedly, a desperate, futile attempt to regain control. But the Court was already empty, its hallowed halls now echoing only with the lingering tremor of a monumental decision.

Outside, in the chaotic scrum of the Strand, the news erupted. Amidst the pandemonium, John Storm and George Franks, their faces etched with exhaustion but also profound relief, wasted no time. Leveraging the astonishing verdict, the pirate case precedent from the 1700s, and the irrefutable video evidence of the frame-up, they immediately began negotiations.

An ****amnesty**** for the Terramentals was secured, with conditions attached: a probationary period, and the complete expungement of their criminal records, provided the group limited their future activities to peaceful protests. The true villains, however, would not escape. The dramatic courtroom revelations left no doubt. ****Sir Rodney Dunbar****, the chillingly corrupt General, and ****Chief Constable Harold Holland****, the architect of the frame-up – now known to the public as "Dirty Harry" and "The Devil" – were charged with treason, their reign of terror finally at an end.

Justice, it seemed, had finally found its way, even in the murky depths of power and deceit. -----

- THE END -