

"VAMPIRES": CLEANER OCEAN FOUNDATION'S CLEOPATRA UNIVERSE

Genre: Gothic Romance, Horror, Supernatural Thriller

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SILVER SALTS SECRET - THE PENTHOUSE IN THE STORM

EXT. A glass penthouse above Bucharest, drenched in shadow. The Coronavirus, Covid 19, has swept the city.

INT. BUCHAREST PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight spills through glass walls.

COUNTESS CARMINA ARCLAUD (30s) flowing auburn hair, lays pale on a velvet chaise, veins darkening beneath her skin.

EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD (40s)-predatory, elegant, dark hair, dark trimmed beard, eyes the colour of tarnished pewter. Kneels beside her, trembling.

ARCLAUD

My love... I will find a cure. I'll rewrite life itself if I must.

He pours a shimmering pearlescent silver solution from a crystal decanter.

ARCLAUD

Double dose. Fight it, Carmina. Don't let the darkness win.

He forces the liquid past her lips. She convulses – then stills.

ARCLAUD steps back, devastated. Locks the mahogany door.

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

He staggers through the corridor, past portraits of ancestors – eyes that seem to follow him.

ARCLAUD (V.O.)

If science fails, I'll summon the ancient blood. The Covid mutation—Strain-V is breaking down the salts. The pathogen is waking.

He stops before a mirror – his reflection flickers, fanged for an instant.

ARCLAUD

So be it.

He turns away, the city lights candles for the damned.

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

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

IGOR

Excellence.

ARMAND

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

Igor nods, grim.

IGOR

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

ARMAND

The old cure is weaker. We need modern alchemy. We need genetic engineering. A miracle.

He turns toward his study—seeking forbidden knowledge.

ARMAND

(under his breath)

*If the blood of the Dragon is failing us...
perhaps the blood of the Sphinx will save us.*

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

CUT TO BLACK.

V-STRAIN PATIENT ZERO - THE AWAKENING OF CARMINA

FADE IN.

INT. ARCLAUD PENTHOUSE - MEDICAL WING - NIGHT
Bio-monitors flicker like votive candles in a high-tech crypt. The air is cold enough to mist.

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

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

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

IGOR

Master... she is becoming the creature.

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

ARMAND

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

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

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

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

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

Colour returns to her cheeks. Her beauty resurfaces – breathtaking, dangerous.

IGOR

The cook, Excellence... she nearly took him this morning.
She used your voice. If I hadn't intervened—

ARMAND

Feed her only the rarest cooked meats.
Lace everything with garlic.
If her heart stops for more than an hour, she'll be lost
to the hunger.

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

ARMAND

What is that striking trinket?

Igor clutches it protectively.

IGOR

An Ankh, Master. The Egyptian sign of life.
When she turns... when the beast rises... she sees this.
And she stops. It reminds her of a law older than hunger.

Armand steps closer, mesmerized. He hovers his fingers
near the symbol — a faint static dance across his skin.

ARMAND

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

He straightens, urgency sharpening his features.

ARMAND (CONT'D)

Put one on her door. And bring me my tablet.

I need to trace the molecular history of this symbol.

Igor nods, gripping the Ankh like a lifeline.

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

ARMAND (WHISPERING)

Hold on, my love.

I will find the blood that answers yours.

The moon outside swells, full and heavy over Bucharest.

Carmina's fingers twitch – drawn to it like a tide.

FADE OUT.

THE MOLE'S MESSAGE

FADE IN.

EXT. FISHBONE ALLEY - LONDON - NIGHT

Rain falls like a cold shroud, clinging to the soot-stained brickwork. The alley feels older than the city around it – a forgotten artery where the nineteenth century still breathes. A lone streetlamp flickers.

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

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

A shape detaches from the fog.

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

ARMAND

You're late, Mr. Mason.

MASON

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

His eyes scan the alley – exits, heat signatures, threats.

MASON (CONT'D)

You're looking pale, Earl. Family business keeping you up?

Armand steps into the streetlamp's glow. His skin is too pale. His eyes burn with a restless, unnatural intensity.

ARMAND

Are you certain your information is reliable?

I do not pay for ghost stories.

Mason leans against the wet brickwork, unfazed.

MASON

Since the Amazon fiasco, chatter's been spiking. Storm and

Temple hit the Illuminatum hard, but Franco Francisco?
Guys like him don't die. They relocate.

Armand's jaw tightens.

ARMAND

To Switzerland? Romania?

MASON

Bingo.

He pulls a small encrypted drive from his jacket.

MASON (CONT'D)

My analysts traced procurement orders – bioreactors,
liquid nitrogen by the ton, CRISPR rigs that could rewrite
a continent. They've gone to ground in the Alps.
High altitude. High security. High insanity.

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

ARMAND

Their progress?

Mason exhales, the cigarette still unlit.

MASON

They're playing God.

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

Armand's eyes narrow.

MASON (CONT'D)

DARPA burned the evidence.

But the tech? Francisco kept it.

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

Something from the Nile.

Armand reaches for the drive.

Mason flinches at the unnatural cold of his touch.

MASON (CONT'D)

Payment?

ARMAND

As agreed. Five hundred thousand in untraceable crypto.

Another half-million monthly, for twelve months.

You are now a shadow on my payroll.

Mason smirks faintly.

MASON

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

They're not just editing life. They're resurrecting it.

He steps back into the fog.

MASON (CONT'D)

Happy hunting, Earl. Try not to let the shadows bite.

He vanishes.

Armand stands alone in the rain, clutching the drive like a relic. He looks up at the dark windows of Carfax Hall —

behind them, faint and distant, a woman's scream echoes through stone.

Carmina. His voice is barely a whisper.

ARMAND

Igor... prepare the jet. We're going to Switzerland.

The rain intensifies. The streetlamp flickers.
The shadows seem to lean toward him – listening.

FADE OUT.

THE NILE QUEEN'S BREATH - CLEOPATRA'S RESURRECTION

FADE IN.

INT. SWISS ALPINE BUNKER - PRIMARY LAB - NIGHT

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

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

Inside, a FEMALE FORM floats in luminous amniotic gel.

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

Both men tremble.

KLAUS

(whispering)

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

Franco stares at the Replivator, breath shallow.

FRANCO

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

The Replivator HISSSES. The gel drains away.

Inside, the woman's body emerges – sculpted, perfect, impossibly alive. Her skin glows like sun-warmed silt. Her form radiates a beauty that feels ancient, forbidden.

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

Klaus steps back, shaken.

KLAUS

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

The woman's eyelids flutter.

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

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

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

CLEOPATRA (20s, replicated former Queen of Ancient Egypt)
(voice low, melodic, unsettlingly intimate)
Where am I? Who are you?

Franco forces himself forward.

FRANCO

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

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

CLEOPATRA

You have brought me from the afterlife.

Klaus nods, entranced.

KLAUS

More or less.

Her smile is slow. Dangerous. Beautiful.

CLEOPATRA

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

A relic?

A specimen?

A lioness in a cage?

Franco steps forward, desperate to maintain control.

FRANCO

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

CLEOPATRA

(soft, remembering)

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

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

CLEOPATRA

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

The V-STRAIN DATA on a nearby monitor SPIKES violently.
The machines HUM in resonance with her heartbeat.

Klaus stares at the readings, in awe.

KLAUS

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

Cleopatra turns to them slowly.

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

CLEOPATRA

Yes. Of that I feel sure.

She steps forward, eyes blazing with ancient power.

CLEOPATRA

Am I to be a queen again? How may I help you?

CUT TO BLACK.

THE VAN HELSING DOSSIER - THE CARPATHIAN CALL

FADE IN.

INT. BBC LONDON HEADQUARTERS - NEWSROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

JILL

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

Charley leans back, smirking.

CHARLEY

The Carpathians? Jill, please. The billionaire Arclaud?

The one with the gothic fortress on the edge of town?

JILL

One and the same.

Charley LAUGHS – bright, sharp, disbelieving.

CHARLEY

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

Jill doesn't laugh.

JILL

He's waiting in the lobby. Just meet him. Clear the slate.

Charley sighs, grabs her tablet, and heads out.

INT. BBC LOBBY – NIGHT

A cavernous, glass-walled space, a River Thames backdrop.

PROFESSOR VICTOR VAN HELSING (50s, lean, grey hair, immaculately Tweed suited, gloves) stands waiting. A scent of old paper and antiseptic. His eyes – piercing, analytical – evoke Peter Cushing in restored Technicolor.

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

He looks like a man who believes in data.

VAN HELSING

Miss Temple.

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

VAN HELSING

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

Charley flips the folder open. Her scepticism lasts ten seconds. Her eyes widen.

CHARLEY

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

VAN HELSING

Precisely. Science arm of Neuwelt Rittertum.

He leans in, voice low, urgent.

VAN HELSING

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

He slides a PHOTO across the table. A grainy satellite shot of a Romanian mountain peak. Heavy equipment. An old WWII bunker being reactivated.

VAN HELSING

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

Charley's blood runs cold. The image shows JACK MASON.

CHARLEY

Jack...

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

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

Her mind flashes back to the Earl and Countess Carmina at the gala: Armand's charm. Carmina's porcelain poise. A couple too perfect. Too controlled.

CHARLEY

You think he's building something.

VAN HELSING

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

He studies her, weighing her resolve.

VAN HELSING

I need someone with your reach to expose the funding. And your friend – John Storm. He has dealt with the Illuminatum's "revisions" to nature before.

Charley exhales, a mix of dread and adrenaline.

CHARLEY

Of course he has.

She pulls out her phone, opens an encrypted channel.

INT. BBC LOBBY – CONTINUOUS

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

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Hal? Please inform John the Carpathians are calling, and it's not a social visit. We're going to need the ARK. And Hal... tell him to pack the heavy-duty UV filters.

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

VAN HELSING

Miss Temple... welcome to the hunt.

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

CHARLEY

Oh, I never left.

CUT TO BLACK.

SILENCE IN THE CARPATHIANS

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON – THAMES EMBANKMENT – NIGHT

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

A distant bell tolls – slow, mournful.

INT. CHARLEY TEMPLE'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

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

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

CLOSE ON:

Charley Temple, Visibly shaken.

On her phone:

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

The message ends abruptly. A digital scream cut short. Charley's breath trembles.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Temple calling Elizabeth Swann. Come in, HAL.

A beat.

Then a smooth, synthetic baritone fills the room.

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

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

Charley swallows hard.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - NIGHT

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

The atmosphere is calm, almost cathedral-like.

CAPTAIN JOHN STORM (40s), rugged, intense, ocean

adventurer, physically CRISPR enhanced, mentally BioCore implant enhanced, calibrates the hydrofoils.

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

The comms panel CHIMES.

John glances over.

JOHN

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

Charley's voice crackles through the speakers.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

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

Dan CHOKES on his protein bar, coughing and laughing.

DAN

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

Charley's irritation is palpable even through static.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

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

Dan raises his hands in surrender.

JOHN

Be serious for a minute, Dan.

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

CHARLEY (V.O.)

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

John's expression shifts – the levity drains away.

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

Without speaking aloud, HAL transmits directly into John's mind via the BioCore implant.

HAL (V.O., TELEPATHIC)

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

John stiffens.

JOHN

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

INTERCUT – CHARLEY'S APARTMENT / ELIZABETH SWANN BRIDGE

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

CHARLEY

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

Dan freezes mid-chew.

The name Mason hangs in the air like a curse.

DAN

That guy doesn't do charity work.

CHARLEY

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

John's jaw tightens.

CHARLEY

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

A long, heavy beat.

JOHN

The Carpathians...

CHARLEY

Getting the picture, John?

JOHN

Wide screen. 4K.

Charley exhales shakily.

CHARLEY

John... can HAL help?

John turns to HAL's glowing avatar.

JOHN

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

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

HAL

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

John grips the pilot's chair.

JOHN

Charley, tell the BBC you're working on a lead.
Dan — prep the dive gear and the drone guard.

Dan snaps into action.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We're heading for the Black Sea.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

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

Moonlight glints off her hull as she slices through the dark waters.

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

FADE OUT.

HAL'S DIAGNOSTICS

FADE IN:

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

A vast, moonlit expanse.

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

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

A cold wind sweeps across the deck.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

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

JOHN STORM Intense and battle-worn, stands over a holographic navigation table. The shifting maplight casts ghostly shadows across his face.

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

HAL AI (V.O.)

Captain Storm?

John doesn't look up.

JOHN

Go ahead, Hal.

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

HAL

I've intercepted a rhythmic bio-signal originating from a deep-spectrum relay near the Borgo Pass.

It is an exact harmonic match to the biological telemetry we recorded in Manaus.

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

JOHN

The Replivator incubator... Novus Illuminatum tech.

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

DAN

No mistaking that for standard lab gear, Hal?

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

HAL

My confidence interval is 99.9%, Master Hawk.

However... there is a dissonance in the data, Captain.

The avatar shifts to a deep, cautionary amber.

HAL (CONT'D)

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

A cold prickle crawls up John's spine.

JOHN
Explain.

HAL
The V-Strain lacks the random mutation of a natural pathogen.
It behaves with... intent.
It is attempting to reclaim a dormant genetic architecture.
Not to kill the host – but to overwrite it.

A beat.
The ship seems to grow quieter, as if listening.

John turns sharply to the nav-table.

JOHN
We need to move.
Hal – plot the intercept. Aegean Sea, through the Dardanelles, into the Sea of Marmara.
We pass the Maiden's Tower at Istanbul, then north along the coast – Burgas, Varna – and dock at Port Constanța.

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

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

DAN

Constanța... Romania.

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

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

HAL's avatar flickers.

HAL

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

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

Dan grins, half-awed.

DAN

Dracula's Castle.

Actually visiting the place. Unreal.

John's voice drops, low and commanding.

JOHN

Hal – you'll stand sentry in Port.

I need your eyes on the global net.

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

HAL

Understood, Captain.

But be warned:

what they are synthesizing in that bunker is far more than

a cure for the Corona-Covid variants.
They are touching something primal.

John stiffens.

JOHN

A cure for cancer, then?

HAL's avatar dims - as if recoiling.

HAL

Way more, Captain.

It is the bio-logic of the abyss.

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

A blinding sun over a city of white marble.

The GREAT LIBRARY burns - scrolls turning to ash.

The scent of lotus oil and smoke fills the air.

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

BACK TO SCENE - INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE

John GASPS, gripping the console.

His knees nearly buckle.

HAL

Captain? Your vitals just spiked.

John blinks hard - the vision dissolving like mist.

JOHN

I'm fine.

Just... a ghost in the machine.

He steadies himself, jaw tightening.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Let's get to Romania.

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

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

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

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

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

FADE OUT.

THE SOLAR INFILTRATION

FADE IN:

EXT. BLACK SEA - NIGHT

A moonless void.

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

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

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

DAN

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

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

JOHN

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

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

HAL (V.O.)

They have cameras and thermal sensors embedded in the rock faces surrounding the Borgo Pass. I have mapped their positions.

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

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

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

HAL (V.O.)

High-resolution. Photosensitive.

Linked to an automated defence grid.

John exhales slowly, letting the data settle.

JOHN

Knowing they're there is half the battle.

But the real problem is the Swann.

She's not exactly a fishing trawler.

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

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

Dan crosses his arms, brow furrowed.

DAN

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

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

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

HAL

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

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

Dan blinks.

DAN

A what now?

HAL

We are broadcasting multiple ghost signals via the international Ship Identification System. To any sensor between here and the Dardanelles... we appear to be a Panamanian-flagged bulk carrier named The Ceres.

Dan stares.

DAN

Holy fuel cells. You spoofed an entire vessel?

John smirks — grim, impressed.

JOHN

Hal doesn't just calculate, Dan.

He reimagines the environment.

Go on, Hal.

What's the catch?

HAL pulses amber — a warning glow.

HAL

The deception is temporary.

Illuminatum analysts are paranoid.

They will notice the Ceres is moving with an efficiency

that defies its registered displacement.

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

HAL (CONT'D)

We have five hours of ghost time.

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

Dan swallows.

DAN

And the other two hours?

HAL

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

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

Dan exhales, awed and terrified.

DAN

Holy solar panels...

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

John steps toward the forward viewport – the horizon is a black wall.

JOHN

And Hal will be our guardian angel.

Feeding us their movements in real time.

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

He turns back to the controls.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hal - stealth mode.

Flood the central hull.

Lower the solar wings.

I want us invisible.

HAL's avatar flickers - already ahead of him.

HAL

Sequence initiated, Captain.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - CONTINUOUS

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

Her central hull sinks slightly as ballast tanks fill.

Thruster baffles deploy - muffling her signature to a whisper.

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

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

John grips the helm.

JOHN

Eat your heart out, Sea Shadow.

Dan grins nervously.

DAN

Or the Zumwalt.

The Swann accelerates – silent, predatory.

EXT. BLACK SEA - NIGHT

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

Carrying:

two men,

one sentient machine,

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

FADE OUT.

THE ARCLAUD INVESTMENT

FADE IN:

EXT. CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

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

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

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

EXT. NOVUS ILLUMINATUM BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter touches down.

Wind howls. Snow whips sideways.

The cabin door opens with a hydraulic hiss.

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

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

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

But his gaze is hunting.

INT. DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER – MOMENTS LATER

A steel chamber seals shut behind him.

FRANCO FRANCISCO, thin, eager, bows slightly.

FRANCISCO

Welcome, Excellence. Your timing is impeccable.

The Replicator has exceeded all expectations.

Arclaud doesn't smile.

ARCLAUD

I am not here for pleasantries, Francisco.

I've invested billions.

I want to see the results.

I want to see the... Egyptian.

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

He hides it.

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Nearly empty.

A flicker of fear crosses his eyes - quickly buried.

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

KLAUS

Her DNA is a miracle, Earl.

The CRISPR virus we generated from her ancient marrow is a
universal solvent for genetic decay.

It doesn't just repair...

it reinvents.

Arclaud's jaw tightens.

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

INT. OBSERVATION CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

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

Inside the containment suite:

CLEOPATRA sits on the edge of a clinical bed, wrapped in a

simple white silk robe.

Her posture regal.

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

She looks timeless.

Untouchable.

Alive.

Arclaud's breath catches.

ARCLAUD

(whispering)

She is... magnificent.

But his gaze is not adoration.

It is hunger.

To him, she is not a queen.

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

FRANCISCO

We begin harvesting the first stabilized serum tomorrow.

Arclaud's reflection stares back at him in the glass — his pupils dilating, darkening, predatory.

He forces control.

CLOSE ON — ARCLAUD'S HAND

It grips the steel railing.

Knuckles white.

Desperation bleeding through the aristocratic mask.

ARCLAUD (CONT'D)

The investment will continue.

But I require a private audience with the subject.

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

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

They nod and step away.

INT. OBSERVATION CHAMBER – CONTINUOUS

Arclaud remains alone, staring through the glass.

Cleopatra turns her head slightly – sensing him.

Their eyes meet.

A silent, electric moment.

Ancient power.

Modern hunger.

Two bloodlines on a collision course.

Arclaud whispers to himself:

ARCLAUD

If I cannot steal the cure tonight...

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

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

FADE OUT.

SHADOWS IN THE VENTILATIONS

FADE IN:

EXT. CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

A jagged wall of white and shadow.

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

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

INT. DACIA - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

DAN

It's called organic electroluminescence, Skip.
Micro-pixels mimic whatever's around you.
You're not just blending in – you're becoming the wall.

John smirks, but his eyes betray respect.

JOHN

Just a trick of the light.

DAN

Invisible to the naked eye and most cameras.
But you're still a heat source.
Infrared will see you as a blurry ghost.
And if someone shoots you –
the Kevlar and ceramic plates will stop the round...
but it'll feel like a sledgehammer to the ribs.

John nods once.

JOHN

Invisible to humans.
Bulletproof to cowards.
Got it.

The car rolls to a stop.
Silence presses in – thick, absolute.

No smartphones.
No GPS.
No digital footprints.

Only the mountain breathing.

EXT. MOUNTAIN FACILITY PERIMETER – NIGHT

John steps out into the cold.
The wind slices through him, settling into his bones like
a metallic whisper.

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

HAL (V.O.)

Captain, three meters to your left.
Drop now.

John moves without hesitation.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

He lowers himself into a massive ventilation shaft.
The chameleon suit shifts instantly – snowy white to
galvanized grey.

He becomes part of the ducting.

He descends like a spider, silent, controlled.

The hum of industrial air-scrubbers swallows every sound.

INT. MAINTENANCE LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

John drops lightly onto a steel grate.

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

A dead zone.

No signals.

No outside world.

Only the faint pulse of the BioCore in his skull.

He moves down a service corridor.

The flickering fluorescent lights make the chameleon suit
shimmer like a dying candle.

A door hisses open.

A TECHNICIAN steps out, clutching a tablet.

John freezes – pressed flat against the wall.

The technician walks within inches of him.
The scent of antiseptic and stale coffee hangs in the air.

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

John exhales silently.

A ghost in the machine.

INT. LABORATORY WING – CONTINUOUS

John moves deeper.

The corridor grows colder.

Darker.

Wrong.

He peers through a quartz-glass observation port.

Inside:

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

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

Skin translucent, bruised purple.

Fingernails elongated into jagged claws.

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

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

John's breath fogs the glass.

JOHN (V.O.)

The V-Strain...

Cold fury rises in him.

This isn't a cure.

It's a regression.

A stripping away of humanity –
leaving only the predator.

He moves on.

Cell after cell.

Each one a tableau of horror:

bodies in cold sweats

marble-white skin

veins like black vines

blood-starved rage

A gallery of the damned.

JOHN (V.O.)

Hal... I'm seeing it.

They're not cloning a Queen.

They're building an army.

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

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR – APPROACHING THE CORE

The lights flicker.

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

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

He presses forward.

Somewhere in this mountain of madness...

CLEOPATRA waits.

The only blood that can stop the rot.

The only hope against the V-Strain.

John steps into the darkness.

FADE OUT.

THE QUEEN IN THE GLASS

FADE IN:

INT. NOVUS ILLUMINATUM BUNKER – LOWER LEVELS – NIGHT

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

The sterile, ozone-heavy scent of laboratories fades...

replaced by something warm, floral, ancient – like a forgotten garden blooming beneath stone.

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

He winces, gripping the wall.

HAL (V.O.)

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

There is no tactical reason for this spike.

Unless...

A pause – algorithms spinning.

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

John... be careful.

The proximity is triggering a dormant epigenetic response.

John barely hears him.

He's staring ahead – transfixed.

INT. OBSERVATION CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

A reinforced glass partition stretches across the hall.

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

A surreal oasis inside a steel tomb.

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

CLEOPATRA.

Her white silk robe flows like river mist.

Her emerald-sapphire eyes shimmer with ancient fire.

John's breath catches.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Cleopatra freezes.

A shadow falls across the glass.

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

Her heart slams against her ribs.

For the first time in two thousand years...
she feels.

She steps closer, trembling.

To her, he is not a soldier.
Not a spy.

He is a memory made flesh.

The jawline.
The shoulders.
The commanding gaze.

Mark Antony.

Her knees weaken.

INT. OBSERVATION CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

John stands motionless, breath shallow.

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

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

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

A heartbeat apart.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm.

Focus.

You are an uninvited guest in a hostile facility.

A keypad glows beside the door.

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

Security code: one eight zero six.

Move now.

John blinks – the vision of ancient marble dissolving.

He enters the code.

The heavy door slides open with a pressurized hiss.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Cleopatra rushes forward – regal poise cracking into raw,

human longing.

She stops inches from him, breath trembling.

CLEOPATRA

(whispered)

I am Cleopatra.

And you...

are you a ghost sent to mock me?

John swallows hard.

JOHN

Storm.

John Storm.

Captain of the Elizabeth Swann.

I'm here to-

well... it's complicated.

Cleopatra blushes - a vivid, living rose-colour.

Proof she is no V-Strain monster.

She studies his suit, eyes wide with wonder.

CLEOPATRA

I like your suit.

What cloth is this?

It moves like the Nile at dusk.

John almost smiles.

JOHN

No time to explain.

You're the descendant?

Cleopatra the Seventh's lineage?

She lifts her chin – queenly steel returning.

CLEOPATRA

No, Mr. Storm.

I am Cleopatra the Seventh.

Reborn, perhaps..

but the soul is the same.

John's pulse spikes.

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

HAL (V.O.)

Captain.

The mission.

The biological weapons.

Van Helsing is still unaccounted for.

John forces himself to step back.

JOHN

Right.

Thank you, Hal.

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

I have to go.

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

But I'm coming back for you.

Do you understand?

You're not their asset anymore.

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

CLEOPATRA

(whispered)

John Storm...

The name is new.

But the eyes...

the eyes I would know in any century.

The door seals shut.

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

FADE OUT TO - VAN HELSING'S FATE

INT. NOVUS ILLUMINATUM BUNKER - LOWER LEVELS - NIGHT

A low, metallic hum reverberates through the descending corridors.

The aristocratic veneer of the upper bunker is gone – replaced by raw concrete, chemical stains, and the faint hiss of malfunctioning UV lamps.

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

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

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

John ignores the warning, eyes fixed ahead.

INT. ISOLATION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Tubes snake into his arms like transparent leeches.

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

John approaches the reinforced glass.

JOHN

Professor Van Helsing. Can you hear me?

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

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

VAN HELSING

(voice a wet rattle)

Who... who are you?

JOHN

A friend of Charley Temple's.

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

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

VAN HELSING

The John Storm?

The one who scaled the Shard?

I thought you were... a myth.

He laughs – a brittle, bloody cough.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

You're too late.

I'm infected.

A laboratory rat for the Novus Illuminatum.

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

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

John's jaw tightens.

JOHN

We have medical tech on the Swann that–

VAN HELSING

(interrupting, slapping the glass weakly)

No. Listen to me.

His eyes burn with desperate urgency.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

You must save the woman.

Cleopatra.

She is the key.

The Universal Donor.

John freezes.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

Her blood doesn't just resist the strain...

It consumes it.

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

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - INTERCUT

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

JOHN

She's in perfect health.

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

VAN HELSING

Exactly.

Because she is the virus - perfected.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - INTERCUT

HAL's holographic avatar flickers above the console.

HAL

Captain, the Professor is correct.

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

She is not merely immune.

She is the antidote.

INT. SWANN - ENGINEERING BAY - INTERCUT

DAN HAWK leans over a console, eyes wide.

DAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO - THE BLOOD MOON BREACH

INT. CARPATHIAN BUNKER - LOWER LEVELS - NIGHT
The air is dense, almost pressurized - as if the mountain

itself is holding its breath.

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

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

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

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

Security density: extreme.

Probability of armed contact: high.

Recommendation: prioritize extraction of the Queen.

John whispers into his sub-vocal mic.

JOHN

In for a penny, Hal.

HAL

In for a pound.

(beat)

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

John smirks faintly – even now.

INT. MAIN LABORATORY – SAME TIME

A cavernous chamber bathed in blood-red emergency lighting.

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

EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD stands at the center – tall, elegant,

but trembling with barely contained fury. His eyes glow with a subterranean fire.

Before him:

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

FRANCISCO

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

Arclaud steps closer, insatiable.

ARCLAUD

I am past being pleased.

I need the source.

The CRISPR core you used to stabilize the Queen.

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

Klaus’s hand twitches toward a red button.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

The alarm SHRIEKS – a piercing, metallic scream.

Red strobes flash.

Armored guards flood into the room.

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

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

ARCLAUD

Help me...
or I dismantle this facility myself.

FRANCISCO

It's not portable!
Bring the Countess here – we can attempt a direct
transfusion from the Queen!

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

ARCLAUD

She's turning!
Infected by the very V-Strain you unleashed!
She is becoming one of them!

A guard reaches for Arclaud's shoulder.

In a blur – too fast for human eyes – Arclaud grabs the
man by the throat and hurls him across the room.
He smashes into a bank of monitors, collapsing in a shower
of sparks and glass.

The remaining guards freeze, rifles trembling.

John watches, jaw tight.
He has seen Arclaud at galas – refined, aristocratic.
Now he sees the monster beneath the silk.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

KLAUS

(over the sirens)
Bring her here!
We are on the brink of a breakthrough!

ARCLAUD

No more waiting!

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

TOTAL RELEASE / PURGE

FRANCISCO

No!

What have you done?!

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

The floor vibrates.

INT. CORRIDORS – INTERCUT

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

INT. LAB – BACK TO SCENE

John's hand moves to his taser.

JOHN (V.O., thinking)

Hal – what does that switch do?

HAL (V.O., urgent, almost frantic)

Captain – the Earl has initiated a Total Cell Purge.

He has not merely opened the lab doors.

He has unlocked every containment pen in the lower levels.

A beat.

HAL (CONT'D)

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

A second howl – closer.

HAL (CONT'D)

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

John's eyes narrow.

The blood moon outside casts a faint glow through a
ventilation grate.

The monsters are awake.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN. DIGITAL EXORCISM

INT. CARPATHIAN BUNKER - MAIN LAB - NIGHT

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

A low, inhuman howl echoes through the ventilation shafts.

HAL (V.O., sharp, urgent)

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

I am initiating a brute-force digital exorcism to keep

oxygen flowing.

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

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

FRANCISCO

(startled gasp)

Storm? How did you—?

JOHN

Technology.

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

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

KLAUS

A heap of deep shit.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BRIDGE - INTERCUT

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

DAN

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

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

JOHN (V.O.)

Do your best – but hurry, Hal.

INT. MAIN LAB – BACK TO SCENE

FRANCISCO

Who the hell is Hal?

JOHN

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

DAN (V.O.)

The cat's whiskers.

Even in terror, the humour is a thin lifeline.

Nearby, EARL ARMAND ARCLAUD stands amid shattered equipment.

His chest heaves.

His eyes burn with grief and something darker.

ARCLAUD

I... lost my composure.

The thought of Carmina...

John steps toward him – soldier to fallen noble.

JOHN

Never mind that now.

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

Are you with us?

Arclaud's voice cracks.

ARCLAUD

Anything. Just save her. Save my wife.

JOHN

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

INT. LAB - ARMORY LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

Francisco slams a code into a heavy locker.

It opens with a hiss.

Inside:

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

KLAUS

Silver-jacketed hollow points.

Tipped with stabilized silver nitrate and blessed salts.

Holy Water 2.0.

He hands John a revolver.

DAN (V.O.)

Stake through the heart.

JOHN

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

He checks the action - smooth, deadly.

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

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

A guttural shriek erupts from the darkness.

The Purge subjects emerge – pale, hyper-metabolic nightmares with black, sightless eyes.
They don't run. They blur.

John moves first – a soldier forged in fire.

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

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

Beside him, Arclaud is a whirlwind of supernatural violence.

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

The corridor becomes a tornado of:

- chrome
- wood
- ash
- blood-red light

John's heart hammers.

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

INT. MAIN LAB – INTERCUT

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

INT. CORRIDOR – BACK TO SCENE

The last creature falls, dissolving into ash.

John wipes ichor from his brow.

HAL (V.O., breathless with digital strain)
Captain – I have bypassed the mainframe.
Cleopatra and Van Helsing's cells are sealed.
Life support is stabilized.

A beat.

HAL (CONT'D)
But the remaining subjects are retreating.
They are not fleeing, John.
They are regrouping...
at the oxygen hubs.

John exhales – a slow, grim breath.

JOHN
This isn't over.
Not by a long shot.

He looks at Arclaud – the ancient shadow beside him.

Together, they turn toward the deeper darkness.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE HUNGER OF THE QUEEN

INT. CARPATHIAN BUNKER – CORRIDORS – NIGHT

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

The V-Strain – aerosolized, alive – drifts through the

vents with predatory intent.

John Storm sprints through the corridor, lungs burning.

HAL (V.O., taut, urgent)

Captain – air filtration is failing.

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

Immediate evacuation of your patients is advised.

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

JOHN (V.O.)

Anything else useful, Hal?

HAL

Trust your feelings, Captain.

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

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

A bond.

A resonance.

A heartbeat that is not his.

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

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

She knew he was coming.

John slams his shoulder into the reinforced steel.

JOHN

Hal – the code! Or blow the locks!

HAL

Working. Dan is bypassing the secondary relays.

DAN (V.O.)

Skip – I'm killing ventilation in your sector.

It'll stop the virus spreading, but you've got five minutes of oxygen. Move!

John hits the door again – metal groans.

HAL (V.O., low, serious)

Captain – analysis complete.

Cleopatra is not merely a donor.

She is the cure.

Her blood contains apex-predator antibodies the V-Strain cannot overcome.

A sharp CLICK – the magnetic locks disengage.

John bursts inside.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S SANCTUARY – CONTINUOUS

Cleopatra steps forward, emerald eyes blazing with ancient fire. Ancient lust and love, intertwined.

CLEOPATRA

Stranger to my heart...

you must trust me.

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

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

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Bite me, Captain Storm.

Take my blood.

Now.

John freezes – modern logic recoiling from primal instinct.

HAL (V.O.)

Do it, Captain.

It is a biological necessity.

Your system requires the graft.

CLEOPATRA

Bite – quickly!

Before the shadow takes you.

John grips her wrist.

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

He lowers his mouth and bites.

The taste hits him – copper, sunlight, eternity.

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

His vision sharpens.

His lungs clear.
His strength multiplies.

JOHN
(breathless)
That... feels incredible.

Cleopatra smiles – soft, knowing, tragic.

CLEOPATRA
We have no more time for wonders.

INT. SANCTUARY – CONTINUOUS
John sweeps Cleopatra into his arms – effortlessly.

CLEOPATRA
(smiling, breath against his ear)
Stronger than Mark Antony.
Many times over.

JOHN
I'll take that as a compliment.

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

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

INT. MAIN LABORATORY – MOMENTS LATER
Franco and Klaus shove open the heavy doors, terror etched
on their faces.

John barrels inside with Cleopatra in his arms.

They slam the bolts behind him.

JOHN

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

Franco points to a wall of industrial lockers.

FRANCO

Secondary stores!

Emergency lithium hydroxide canisters!

John sets Cleopatra down gently.

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

She gave him her blood.

She saved his life.

And in the flickering red light, John realizes:

This mission is no longer an extraction.

It is a crusade.

CUT TO BLACK.

ARCLAUD'S DESPERATION

INT. CARPATHIAN LABORATORY – NIGHT

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

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

On the tiny screen:

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

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

IGOR (ON SCREEN)

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

I barely contained her.

She is... not herself.

The feed crackles.

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

He looks up.

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

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

Arclaud's grief curdles into rage.

ARCLAUD

You saved this woman.

Why can't you save mine?

Why must Carmina rot while you play the hero?

His voice cracks – a man breaking.

Then he moves. Not like a man – like a shadow unbound.

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

But John is no ordinary human, long ago CRISPR, enhanced.

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

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

JOHN

Hey – take it easy, Armand!

Arclaud stumbles, shocked.

ARCLAUD

(breathing hard)

What are you, Mr. Storm? No mortal moves like that.

JOHN

Just a man like you. With problems.

Arclaud lunges again – claws out, grief-mad.

John taps his suit – vanishes.

Arclaud claws at empty air.

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

JOHN (O.S.)

Steady, Armand.

I'm putting you down now.

Don't make me do it twice.

John sets him down gently.

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

John flicks the suit back to visible mode.

JOHN

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

One that will save your wife.

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

CLEOPATRA

Sir... please.

Listen to Captain Storm.

Do it for the sake of your wife; Carmina, is it?

The name Carmina hits Arclaud like a blow.

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

ARCLAUD

I am listening.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

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

They've just witnessed:

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

Klaus steps forward, scientific awe overtaking fear.

KLAUS

Earl Arclaud...

we can synthesize a cure.

The V-Strain is a lock –

and Cleopatra's DNA is the key.

FRANCO

But the processing power needed to stabilize a CRISPR
cure...

our servers would take months.

Time the Countess does not have.

John steps in.

JOHN

Time we can cut down.

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

Klaus's eyes widen.

KLAUS

You have an Ark?

And the CyberCore Genetica module?

John winces – remembering Manaus.

JOHN

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

Cleopatra places a hand over her heart.

CLEOPATRA

We have the Captain.
And we have his spirit-guard, Hal.

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

FRANCO

If we combine our data with your CyberCore...
we could have a serum in hours.

John extends his hand to Arclaud.

JOHN

Shall we cooperate, then?
A truce?

Arclaud looks at John's hand.

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

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

ARCLAUD

Pax, Captain Storm.

Save her... and the Arclaud fortune is yours.
Save her... and I am your debt-slave for life.

John shakes his head.

JOHN

I don't want your money, Armand. I want to stop this
nightmare before it leaves this mountain.

Arclaud nods - humbled, desperate, determined.

The alliance is forged.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE LABORATORY PYRE - SELF DESTRUCT INITIATED

INT. CARPATHIAN BUNKER - MAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Alarms wail. Red strobes slice through smoke. A verbal
warning: Containment Breach detected. Self-destruct in 5
minutes. Evacuate immediately.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain - survival odds: twenty percent. Evacuate.

JOHN

Not without the data. Not without van Helsing.

He slams a console, downloads VanHelsing's files.

CLEOPATRA grips his arm – eyes fierce, ancient.

CLEOPATRA

Then hurry, before the mountain devours us.

They sprint. Guards fall. The bunker trembles.

HAL (V.O.)

Self-destruct in three minutes, Captain.

JOHN

HAL – override the turrets.

HAL (V.O.)

Done. And Captain... good luck.

John meets Cleopatra's gaze – a flicker of shared fate.

They vanish into the inferno.

CUT TO BLACK.

HAL'S CALCULATION

INT. CARPATHIAN BUNKER – SUBLEVEL CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Explosions rumble. Smoke and ozone choke the air.

HAL (V.O.)

Fastest route: three turrets, thirty infected. Retrieve VanHelsing's notes.

JOHN

Always with the good news.

He steadies CLEOPATRA - urgency meets reverence.

HAL (V.O.)

Next stop: VanHelsing's cell. Ninety seconds to destruct.

INT. VANHELING'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

The door crashes open. VANHELING slumped, fading.

VANHELING

Leave me. Save the Queen...

JOHN

We'll argue later.

He knocks the professor out, slings him over his shoulder.

JOHN

Grab the drives!

FRANCO sweeps data pads.

HAL's voice sharpens.

HAL (V.O.)

Subjects closing. They smell decay.

A guttural howl echoes.

JOHN

Shortcut, Klaus!

KLAUS

Fifty yards - escape pod!

INT. ESCAPE POD CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Klaus swipes his card - red light.

Then green. Hydraulics hiss.

JOHN

In! Move!

They cram inside.

John slams the panel – nothing.

JOHN

You've got to be joking.

FRANCO

Pull again!

Clawed hands scrape the porthole. Klaus roars, yanks the lever – CLUNK. G-force slams them back as boosters ignite.

EXT. CARPATHIAN SKY – CONTINUOUS

The pod bursts from the mountain, trailing fire.

A parachute blooms – orange against the snow.

Inside, emergency lights flicker.

John meets Cleopatra's gaze – a bond forged in flame.

JOHN

We're not out yet.

CLEOPATRA

No. The hunt has only begun.

Outside, snow and flame collide – the bunker implodes.

HAL (V.O.)

System terminated. Mission... accomplished.

The echo fades. John stares at the burning valley – a pyre for science and sin.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE SYNTHESIS

EXT. CARPATHIAN MOUNTAIN SLOPE – NIGHT

The escape pod slams into snow. Silence – then JOHN kicks the hatch open.

JOHN

Shaken... not stirred.

HAL (V.O.)

Focus, 007. Illuminatum squad inbound.

JOHN

Everyone out – fast.

They spill into the snow. ARCLAUD helps CLEOPATRA, reverent yet haunted.

CLEOPATRA

Thank you, Count Arclaud.

He bows, wordless.

JOHN

Keep the Professor inside. They'll target the pod first.
Move for the tree line.

Laser sights sweep the dark.
John vanishes — chameleon suit shimmering.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Guards drop silently. Muzzle flashes strobe the night.
John's roar echoes — primal, terrifying. Ahhh, eeee, ahhh.
The squad scatters; silence returns.

EXT. ESCAPE POD - MOMENTS LATER

John retrieves VAN HELSING's notes.

JOHN

Hal, can the Ark replicate the markers?

HAL (V.O.)

Processing. Stand by.

ARCLAUD

You cannot go back — the pyre will consume the mountain.

JOHN

Then let's hope Hal earns his keep.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - LATER

Snow falls. CLEOPATRA shivers. John wraps her in his
suit's warmth.
She leans into him — ancient grace yielding to human need.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain... the genome is cracked. Immunity alleles isolated.
Antidote synthesis complete.

John exhales, relief cutting through frost.

JOHN

Praise the Lord. Well done, Hal.

(smiles)

Put the kettle on.

CUT TO BLACK.

FLIGHT FROM THE PEAKS

EXT. CARPATHIAN FOREST - PRE-DAWN

The Dacia claws through snow, headlights slicing mist.

JOHN

Everyone in - move!

Engine roars to life. Heat floods the cabin.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain, Mason and three mercenaries descending the ridge.

JOHN

Of course he is.

ARCLAUD

Mason brokered the Illuminatum deal. He'll kill to hide it.

JOHN

Then let's make him regret the investment.

A distant explosion rolls through the peaks – the lab collapsing. Cleansing.

KLAUS

That's the fire-storm.

CLEOPATRA shivers. John pulls her closer, warmth radiating from his suit.

HAL (V.O.)

Mason closing fast.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS – CONTINUOUS

The BMW's headlights cut through fog.

John shifts gears – Formula 1 reflexes lightning-fast.

The Dacia skids around a hairpin, snow spraying.

JOHN

Hold on!

He spots a fallen pine blocking the road – slams brakes.

JOHN

Stay inside. Play dead.

He flips the Dacia into the snowbank, activates his chameleon suit – vanishes.

Moments later, Mason's BMW screeches to a halt.

MASON

Check the car.

Two mercenaries advance – drop instantly, struck by invisible blows. Bam, Bam.

MASON freezes. The passenger door rips away, another mercenary goes down. Thwack.

John materializes from the fog, towering.

JOHN

Morning, Jack.

He confiscates Mason's pistol, fires twice – tires explode, again, the radiator hisses.

JOHN

You remember Guantánamo Bay? Don't threaten the Elizabeth Swann, Hal won't like it.

MASON

I'm just following orders!

JOHN

Then follow this one – stay down. Or, I'll be forced to put you in hospital.

He tosses their comms into the snow, flips the Dacia upright.

EXT. PORT CONSTANȚA – DAWN

Fog lifts. The ****Elizabeth Swann**** gleams at the pier – silver wings catching sunrise.

CLEOPATRA

What is that magnificent vessel, an ode to Ra?

JOHN

Our ride home.

ARCLAUD

Next stop – London?

JOHN

London. And your Countess.

CLEOPATRA takes John's hand.

The Swann rises on hydrofoils, slicing toward the horizon.

THE EARL'S GRATITUDE

EXT. BLACK SEA - NIGHT

The Swann flew from the Black Sea to London in two days.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - DAWN

The Elizabeth Swann glides through mist, silver wings catching sunrise.

INT. MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS

VanHelsing breathes steadily. Monitors glow green.

HAL (V.O.)

Professor's blood is clear. Full recovery confirmed.

JOHN

Then we drink to miracles.

Dan cracks open cans of Solar Cola. Cleopatra studies hers, amused.

CLEOPATRA

And this delightful elixir?

JOHN

Saved a whale once. Bit of magic in it.

She laughs – ancient music in a modern room.

ARCLAUD

Captain... the hunger is gone. I feel human again.

JOHN

Then let's save your wife.

EXT. LONDON - CARFAX HALL - NIGHT

Fog coils around gothic spires. The oak doors creak open. IGOR appears – pale, trembling.

IGOR

Master... not a moment too soon.

INT. CARMINA'S CHAMBER - LATER

Carmina thrashes, eyes wild. The virus claws for control. Cleopatra steps forward, calm, regal, and injects the final synthesised CRISPR vial.

Silence.

Then – a breath.
Carmina's eyes clear.

INT. CORRIDOR – MOMENTS LATER

Arclaud bursts through the door, tears shining.

ARCLAUD
She's herself. She wants to see you.

INT. BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS

Carmina sits upright, radiant, reborn.

CARMINA
Are you the John Storm?

JOHN
I'm known by that name. And this is Cleopatra – and Dan.

CARMINA
The man who scaled the Shard?

Laughter breaks the tension. Arclaud embraces John
fiercely.

ARCLAUD
Anything you ever need – it's yours.

John nods. Cleopatra's hand finds his.
The world feels lighter.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – SERVER CORE – NIGHT

Data streams fade. HAL's voice – calm, almost human.

HAL (V.O.)

Cure archived. Humanity safe.

INT. BRIDGE – DAWN

John stands at the helm. Cleopatra beside him, wrapped in morning light and each other.

CLEOPATRA

You've given them a second chance.

JOHN

We all did.

She smiles – eternal, enigmatic.

EXT. THAMES – CONTINUOUS

The Swann glides through mist, wings unfurling.
London gleams ahead – towers touched by sunrise.

The Swann lifts onto her foils, magnificent against the rising sun.

FADE OUT TO CREDITS.

- THE END -