

CLEOPATRA'S CURSE THE MUMMY REBORN PROPHECY: CLEANER OCEAN
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AUGUST 12 30 BC, ALEXANDRIA - FAREWELL - CLEOPATRA & MARK ANTONY

INT. MAUSOLEUM CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Torchlight flickers against gold-stained walls. Cleopatra lies back on a divan—made up like death itself. Pale powder veils her skin. Her breath shallow but purposeful. Her attendants remain mute. Suddenly—BANGING at the gates.

MARK ANTONY (O.S.)

Cleopatra! I beg you—open! Please!

CLEOPATRA (to herself)

He came.

INT. MAUSOLEUM ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

The door creaks. Mark Antony stumbles inside—his tunic, stained crimson, clutching his side. Eyes wild. Breathing laboured.

MARK ANTONY

You... they said—dead...

CLEOPATRA

I had to summon you, my love.

MARK ANTONY

With lies?

He collapses forward. Servants rush—she waves them off. Blood pools. Cleopatra kneels, catching his weight.

MARK ANTONY (CONT'D)

You should not have left me...

CLEOPATRA

I should have believed. I feared your pride. Not your heart.

He laughs, softly. Then coughs—more blood.

MARK ANTONY

And still... you were my victory.

CLEOPATRA

No. I was your ruin.

She cradles him, tears streaking down her cheeks.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Forgive me. Just once.

MARK ANTONY

Always. Always.

He whispers her name—his final breath trembling.

MARK ANTONY (V.O.)

Cleopatra...

His body goes still. Her tears fall freely now. The silence deafening.

INT. PALACE - DAWN

She dresses in mourning. Elegant. Tactical. Eyes rimmed with grief, lips set in resolve.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

Love... betrayed. Power... spent. But Rome must believe this queen still holds cards.

INT. PRIVATE CHAMBER - LATER

She dictates to her scribe.

CLEOPATRA

To Octavian: request a meeting. Offer peace. Demand Antony's honour.

She pauses. Then adds:

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

And the safety of my children.

EXT. PALACE BALCONY - SUNRISE

Cleopatra watches the city awaken. Her fingers trace Antony's signet ring. Her voice distant.

CLEOPATRA

Let grief be my armour. Let charm be my blade. Let history remember I fought to the last breath.

CLEOPATRA'S CURSE - THE FIG BASKET, CLEOPATRA'S FINAL ACT

INT. CLEOPATRA'S MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Moonlight spills faintly through the cracks of the stone chamber. The air shivers with sacred energy. Roman BOOTS echo in the distance, outside. But inside, magic awakens. Close on: oil lamps flickering, shadows dancing across newly inscribed hieroglyphs—brilliant blue lapis blended with myrrh. Ancient symbols glow.

WIDE SHOT — CLEOPATRA stands in unbleached linen, hair cascading free. She faces a gleaming obsidian ALTAR surrounded by seven lamps.

ANUBIS

I shall preserve your remains in the long wait ahead. A man will come with a solar boat, when the stars align. Let it be writ. Let it be so. A Prophecy.

CHARMIAN (murmuring)

They're ready, Majesty. The gods will hear you.

Cleopatra steps forward, resolve burning in her gaze. A scroll bearing THUTMOSE III's seal lies at the altar's heart.

CLEOPATRA (chanting low)

Anubis... Opener of the Ways, Guardian of the Scales... He who walks the Duat... Hear me.

CHARMIAN places a small CLAY BOWL. Cleopatra adds a tear and DOVE'S BLOOD, mixing with trembling hands. She paints symbols onto papyrus: the ankh, the scarab, the Eye of Horus.

CLEOPATRA

Isis, Great Mother, Mistress of Magic... You who raised Osiris—
Raise me.

She lifts an EBONY FIGURINE—OCTAVIAN's likeness—voice trembling, rising.

CLEOPATRA

He defiled the sacred. Stole my beloved. Would parade me—Egypt's soul—as a conquest. Let dust claim his glory. Let his name be forgotten.

She CRUSHES the figurine. The powder scatters like fate cast upon the wind.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Let the curse of the Pharaohs linger beyond his empire.

Silence. Then: a shift. Energy thickens.

IRAS (tears flowing, holding a basket)

They are ready.

Inside: TWO ASPS, coiled among fresh figs, shimmer and slither.

Cleopatra sprinkles NATRON over her arms, face serene, transformed.

CLEOPATRA

My body is but a vessel. My soul will traverse the Twelve Hours of Night. Guided by Anubis. Illuminated by Ra. Protected by Thoth.

She closes her eyes, lifts her arm. The chamber fills with silent expectation.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

And when the stars realign... Isis shall weave me anew.

A final beat. The serpent's shift. Time seems to pause. The queen stands on the edge of mortality—ready to become eternal.

To await alignment of the stars and a man with a solar boat.

TEMPLE OF AMUN-RA - THE VOW

INT. TEMPLE OF AMUN-RA - TIME UNKNOWN

ANUBIS

When the mortal world discovers how to awaken what it once feared... her soul shall return. It is so written.

FADE OUT

TANZANIA - FLASHBACK - JOHN STORM'S YOUTH OLDUVIA GORGE, E. AFRICA

EXT. OLDUVAI GORGE - DAY

The sun scorches the African savanna. Dust hangs in the air like prophecy.

JOHN STORM, lean, alert, crouches low over an excavation trench. A half-exposed skull protrudes from the ochre soil.

JOHN (to himself)

Prominent brow... strong jaw...

He carefully brushes the dirt away, revealing more. His eyes flash.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's real. Homo erectus.

He turns, shouting toward a distant figure.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Professor!

PROFESSOR ABIOYE, grizzled, sceptical, jogs over. One glance and his eyes widen.

ABIOYE

By the gods... you've done it.

MEDIA FRENZY

EXT. DIG SITE - DAYS LATER

The camp teems with reporters, documentary crews, and photographers. Flashbulbs pop. A BBC WORLD SERVICE reporter holds a microphone up to John.

REPORTER

Mr. Storm, the implications of your find? We hear you've also been compiling DNA from multiple species?

JOHN

It's... a personal project. A genetic library. Cataloguing biodiversity.

REPORTER

Ambitious. Some say visionary. Others say... dangerous.

John says nothing. The crowd buzzes louder. Headlines flash:

"Modern-Day Noah?" "Boy Genius or Bio Maverick?" "John Storm Unearths Humanity—and Threatens It?"

WRATH OF THE GODS - FLASHBACK - 365AD TSUNAMI THONIS-HERACLEION, ANCIENT ALEXANDRIA

EXT. ANCIENT ALEXANDRIA - NIGHT - 365AD

A storm unlike any seen in centuries brews on the horizon. The Mediterranean churns, skies darken. The sea hums with a malevolent undertone.

INT. UNDERWORLD - CLEOPATRA'S TOMB - CONTINUOUS

A stillness. Cleopatra lies in eternal repose within her ornate sarcophagus, bathed in otherworldly light.

Suddenly—a violent tremor rips through the underworld.

Dust falls. Ancient stone groans. In the distance, thunder rolls like the wrath of forgotten gods.

INT. HALL OF JUDGMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANUBIS, alert, senses danger. His jackal eyes flash toward Cleopatra's chamber.

ANUBIS (urgent, to the void)

Isis... something stirs. Her resting place trembles beneath mortal folly.

A radiant figure emerges from shimmering mist—ISIS, divine and serene, but her brow furrowed.

ISIS

The gods are angered. Mortal corruption has reached its zenith. The earth cracks in protest.

INTERCUT - EARTHQUAKE ABOVE / UNDERWORLD BELOW

Buildings of Thonis-Heracleion collapse. Traders scream. Priests

flee. The earth shakes with apocalyptic rage.

ISIS

The tomb is threatened. If her body is lost, her spirit may wander eternally.

INT. ASTRAL PLANE - CLEOPATRA'S TOMB - MOMENTS LATER

A golden gilded eye on the sarcophagus begins to glow faintly. Cleopatra's fingers twitch. She drifts in cosmic darkness. Echoes of voices. Distant screams. Swirling stars.

CLEOPATRA (disoriented)

What madness claws at my sleep?

Anubis appears beside her—his voice solemn.

ANUBIS

The world turns in chaos. The sea now hungers for Alexandria.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAWN

The tsunami rises—a wall of water fifteen meters high. It hurtles toward the city like nature's wrath incarnate.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S TOMB - SIMULTANEOUS

Within the tomb, debris rains down. Waters rush in. Yet Cleopatra's body remains untouched. The light shields her.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA - AFTERMATH

The sun pierces through retreating storm clouds. Waters recede. Silence falls. A city vanished.

INT. UNDERWORLD - RETURN TO STILLNESS

Anubis turns to Isis.

ANUBIS

She sleeps again... for now.

Isis touches Cleopatra's sarcophagus with reverence.

SIDNEY WILL READING - FLASHBACK - NELSON BAY, NSW, AUSTRALIA

EXT. NELSON BAY - PROFESSOR STORM'S LAB - DUSK

A red sun melts into the horizon. Waves lap gently. The lab sits perched above the shore—silent, abandoned. A dusty rotary phone rings. PROFESSOR DOUGLAS STORM, silver-haired and intense, picks it up.

GEORGE FRANKS (V.O.)

Douglas. Your nephew's gotten himself noticed. DNA theories, resurrection ramblings... someone's always listening.

INT. DOUGLAS'S COMPUTER TERMINAL - NIGHT

Typing: "The seeds are sown."

He vanishes.

INT. SYDNEY - SWINDLES & GENTRY OFFICES - DAY

Polished marble. Minimalist décor. JOHN sits, tense. GEORGE FRANKS enters—part diplomat, part rogue.

GEORGE

It's good to see you, John. I wish it were under better circumstances.

Reading the will. John inherits nothing... but then —

GEORGE (CONT'D)

One personal item.

George opens an ornate wooden box. Keys. An envelope. Cryptic symbols etched on metal. John unfolds the note:

DOUGLAS (V.O.)

Modify her as you see fit. I didn't have time to put her to good use. Good luck.

John's brow furrows.

John my boy,

*I'm passing this to you hoping you might appreciate the concept.
The family are trusting you to use it in the spirit intended.*

*Modify her as you see fit. I didn't have time to put her to good
use.*

Good luck,

Uncle Douglas

John reread the note a couple more times, confusion clouding his features.

JOHN

Modify... what? Hal? The Ark? The boat?

GEORGE

I cannot say. But if you walk away, it all goes to CERN and the particle boys.

John holds the keys. They feel heavy. John and George stand.

JOHN

This isn't just a legacy. It's a burden.

GEORGE

It's a prophecy, John. A solar boat. A man at the helm. And a woman waiting to rise.

John hesitates. George smiles knowingly.

GEORGE (CONT'D) Take the keys. Frame your questions later. The land

will reveal itself.

EXT. SYDNEY STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON

John walks under golden light. He scans the skyline. Something shifts behind his eyes.

JOHN (V.O.)

Modify her... solar boat... prophecy...

FADE OUT

NELSON BAY, AUSTRALIAN EAST COAST - NEW SOUTH WALES

EXT. ROCKY COASTLINE - NELSON BAY - DAY

Wind rustles through dense Australian forest. JOHN STORM, weathered and curious, hikes along a cliff edge, clutching a faded nautical chart found inside a hand-crafted wooden box.

He halts—staring down at a secluded cove, barely visible through a natural rock arch.

EXT. NELSON'S COVE - CONTINUOUS

John descends into the cove. A vast hangar disguised as a boat shed looms, camouflaged into the cliffs.

Its doors creak open—revealing the Elizabeth Swann.

INT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

John steps inside. His breath catches.

A gleaming aluminium vessel, futuristic and sleek. Hydrogen fuel cells line its flanks. Solar panels shimmer subtly under the filtered light.

JOHN (quietly)

My god...

He circles the vessel. Every piece is labelled, stored, engineered

for easy assembly. Douglas planned everything.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BELOW DECK - LATER

Inside, John explores. He reaches a climate-controlled chamber. Silence... then a low pulse of light.

A system boots up. Screens blink to life. Soft hum of HAL—the ship's onboard AI.

In the center, a crystalline cylinder begins to glow. Data scrolls across a display:

DIGITAL DNA ARCHIVE: "THE ARK"

John approaches. He lifts a protective dome—beneath it, a strand of living DNA materializes from a digital file. Synthesized in real time.

His hand trembles. Eyes wide.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BAY - MOMENTS LATER

John dials GEORGE FRANKS. The connection flickers.

JOHN

George... I found it. The ship. And something else. A device... It recreates DNA.

INTERCUT - JOHN & GEORGE

JOHN You knew? All this time?

GEORGE

Douglas confided in me. He built it for you. He saw your future—safeguarding Earth's genetic story... maybe beyond Earth.

JOHN

Interplanetary?

GEORGE

You were meant to be a kind of Noah. Carrying the code forward.
Trusting you wasn't easy. But he believed in you.

John gazes at the technology. Emotion swells.

JOHN (V.O.)

He left me a ship. A mission. A legacy... And a warning.

NEW WORLD ORDER - MANAUS, BRAZIL - LABORATORIES - PRESENT DAY

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAWN

NARRATION (V.O.) Eighty years in exile. Funded by gold. Fuelled by
ideology. Forged into a new purpose.

INT. NEUWELT RESEARCH COMPOUND - CONTROL CORE

A WORLD MAP highlights political hubs: Washington, Brussels, Cairo.
At the center - a circular table. A younger generation now leads -
polished, pragmatic, genetically optimized. Among them stands BARON
HEINRICH RICHTHOFEN - tall, severe, composed. His physique precise.
His gaze analytical.

INT. CORE LAB - NIGHT

GENOME analysis scans rotate. Ancient mitochondrial samples. CRISPR
overlays. A 3D STRUCTURE emerges - perfected human synthesis.
Labels flash: "Stem Cell Composite," "Ancestral Feminine Thread -
Unresolved."

INT. GENE ENHANCEMENT STATION

RICHTHOFEN stands inside an enclosed bio-holographic array. His
body lit from beneath. DNA strands swirl around him. He closes his
eyes as an image flickers - the face of CLEOPATRA, serene yet
commanding.

INT. AMAZON COMPOUND - FINAL MOMENT

A secret chamber opens. Within: ancient relics, data banks, and one vial – labeled "PHARAOH CODE – PENDING." It remains empty.

FADE TO BLACK

CYBERCORE GENETICA™ – SAN DIEGO, REGENT HOTEL, INT – "THE AUCTION"

High-rise lights glint over the waterfront. Inside the Regent, anticipation simmers beneath chandeliers.

WILL BATES

Binary: 0s and 1s. Quantum: 00, 01, 10, 11. You know the theory. But none of your labs made it work, did you?

Eyebrows raise. No reply. The silence is tactical.

INT. STAGE – MINUTES LATER

Will enters a 400-digit code into the TZ. Fifteen gruelling minutes. He starts the code-crack process. Then he returns to the Omega. Voice command. Beep. The screens begin counting.

WILL (CONT'D)

This little machine doesn't just calculate. It understands. You can decode the genome... or you can dismantle a country.

Gasps. Murmurs. Technologists lurch toward the stage. Guards advance, stone-faced. The crowd eases back.

WILL

Please, gentlemen. Sit. You'll all have a turn.

INT. AUDIENCE – MOMENTS LATER

The Omega screen lights up. Sequences populate at blinding pace. TZ still blank.

12 minutes, 24 seconds—Beep. Omega succeeds.
Mouths drop. No applause now. Just awe.

INT. STAGE - SAFE INSTALLATION - CONTINUOUS

Will places the Omega inside a silver vault. Activates laser alarm grid.

Waiters circulate. Champagne pours. Silence falls.

WILL

Consider your bids. Seven days from now, a ten-minute window will open. Online. Sealed. Masked. Reserve price—\$500 million.

He steps downstage. Spotlights dim to golden hue.

WILL (CONT'D)

You'll send a locked agreement. If accepted, funds must be wired in 60 seconds. One winner. One chance. Default? Barred. Retried auction? Reserve triples.

SEVEN DAYS LATER - ONLINE BIDDING

Rapid-fire transactions flood the encrypted interface.

\$2.4B... \$5.8B... \$12B... \$17B... Final bid: \$20 BILLION USD. Bidder anonymous, verified non-military. Transfer verified. Auction closed.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - DEEP SEA - NIGHT

HAL AI hums. JOHN STORM reviews encrypted chatter. Eyes narrow.

TREMORS THONIS, ALEXANDRIA, ANCIENT EGYPT - PRESENT DAY

EXT. SUBMERGED RUINS - THONIS, ALEXANDRIA - NIGHT

Dark waters churn above ancient stone. A soft rumble echoes below.

SUPER: 365 AD - Alexandria Falls

INT. CLEOPATRA'S SECRET TOMB - NIGHT

An obsidian sarcophagus rests, veiled in sea silt and secrecy. The tomb trembles briefly. Silence returns.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For sixteen centuries, Cleopatra slept beneath sand and sea-sealed from Rome, from thieves, from time.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They searched. Spoonsfuls of history. Grains of futility.

INT. CELESTIAL REALM - LIMINAL SPACE

A shimmering horizon. Two divine figures appear—ANUBIS and ISIS, bathed in ethereal light.

ANUBIS

The earth moves again. The city stirs.

ISIS (eyes glowing)

The past will breathe anew.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

Earthquake. Seabed ruptures violently. Tsunami roars. Silhouettes of ornaments swirl in the water—one, a HAIRBRUSH.

ANUBIS (V.O.)

A token. Her essence lingers. She calls.

INT. BLUE SHIELD HQ - ENGLAND - DAY

DR. ROBERTA TREADSTONE pores over seismic scans. Red alerts flash. Video call: PROF. JACQUES DACCORD (UNESCO) appears.

DACCORD

We've found something... It's her.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S TOMB - DAY

Camera floats past ancient linens, preserved spices and herbs—her mummy untouched, yet threatened by rising acidity.

ISIS

The stars near alignment. Her time nears.

ANUBIS (a smile creeping)

The prophecy lives. She will rise—reborn.

EXT. SHORELINE - SUNSET

Relics scattered in the surf. Tourists gather. The water whispers. Above, the gods watch with solemn hope.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Flesh sleeps. Fate stirs. The queen shall return.

PANAMANIAN RUNNING MAN - TRINIDAD, CARIBBEAN SEA

EXT. PORT OF SPAIN - TRINIDAD - DAY

Sunlight glints off the Caribbean. Seagulls cry overhead. A gentle sea breeze tickles palm trees outside the Trinidad Bugle office.

INT. TRINIDAD BUGLE NEWSROOM - DAY

SAM HOLLIS (50s, rugged charm, straw hat tilted back) lounges at his desk, feet up, basking in the breeze.

SAM (to himself)

Another scorcher. Least the breeze's loyal.

The desk phone RINGS.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hollis.

JOE (V.O.)

Sam, you're gonna want this – someone's running thirty miles an hour on a beach. It's on YouTube.

SAM (raising an eyebrow)

Thirty? That's cheetah speed. Got a link?

JOE (V.O.)

Search "fast man panama." Top hit.

INT. SAM'S DESKTOP - LAPTOP SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

Sam flips open his laptop. The screen glows to life. Sam types: fast man Panama. Clicks the top link. Video buffers... and plays.

ON SCREEN: A beach. A MAN blurs past at impossible speed.

SAM (V.O.)

Damn... that's no human stride.

THE AMAZON - ATLANTIC DASH

EXT. LONDON DOCKS - NIGHT

A misty glow silhouettes the sleek solar trimaran: ELIZABETH SWANN. JOHN STORM rugged, enigmatic, loads supply crates with calm purpose. His sea-worn hands hoist bio-lab canisters and vintage canvas satchels.

DAN HAWK (20s), wild-haired and effortlessly cool, strolls down the gangway, swinging a local snack bag.

DAN

Got your message, skip. We going fossil hunting?

JOHN

South America. Fast as we can. DNA. Possibly Aztec.

DAN

Ancient mysteries? You spoil me.

They share a grin. Dan vaults aboard like it's a playground.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – COMMAND MODULE – NIGHT

John scans flight paths, weather systems, and solar maps. HAL – their Aussie-accented AI – hums calmly.

HAL (V.O.)

G'day lads. Batteries at 93%, wind's lookin' cheeky. Recommend silent departure.

John flicks switches. The hum fades as the Swann glides toward the horizon.

EXT. OPEN ATLANTIC – DAY TO NIGHT MONTAGE

Solar arrays unfold as wings – 24 knots and climbing. John ponders CHARLEY TEMPLE's old report. The quote from A Fistful of Dollars echoes: "A man's life can depend on a mere scrap of information."

CHARLEY TEMPLE (30s), fierce, witty, and currently mid-sprint in a city gym, answers breathlessly.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

John! I'm trying to beat my 5K time!

JOHN

We're mid-Atlantic, chasing your Aztec story.

CHARLEY

If it's what I think... you'll end up halfway up a river God forgot to name.

JOHN

Can you send intel?

CHARLEY

Only if we meet. Quid pro quo. Jungle rules.

JOHN

Manaus?

CHARLEY

Near enough. I'll send coordinates. Pack dry socks.

She laughs and hangs up. Dan raises an eyebrow.

DAN

I like her. She sounds like trouble.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER — DOCKSIDE APPROACH — DAY

River traffic thickens as the ELIZABETH SWANN slices through muddy waters. Natives gawk. Kids wave. Traders shout in dialects. The sleek solar trimaran draws gasps and laughter.

DAN

We're officially a tourist attraction.

The Swann slips behind a sagging terminal shack, half-swallowed by jungle.

EXT. AMAZON JUNGLE — VILLAGE TRAIL — DAY

CHARLEY TEMPLE (30s), khakis dusty, eyes bright with curiosity, interviews shy locals. She's got the charm, the wit... and a suspiciously good candy stash.

CHARLEY

You ever seen a man run... like lightning?

Villagers exchange nervous glances. One man makes a soldier gesture and walks off. Another hisses "Alemão" under his breath, vanishing into foliage. Charley groans.

CHARLEY

Great. Either I'm onto something... or I need subtitles.

A LITTLE GIRL giggles near a stream. Charley tosses her a candy bar. The girl points upriver... then swipes her arm inland, not quite meeting her gaze.

CHARLEY

Hmm. Compass says 'maybe'. Gut says... bingo.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN — COMMAND MODULE — DAY

John checks instruments. HAL chimes in with his signature Aussie drawl.

HAL (V.O.)

Charley's about six hundred metres northwest, lads. She's slowed down. That's either a discovery... or snack break.

DAN

Snack? Have you met Charley?

JOHN

She's not the "break" type. Better move.

HAL (V.O.)

Take tazers. And jog. Preferably in that order.

John grins. Dan grabs his backpack.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - LATER

John and Dan hike through dense brush, Hal guiding them via headset GPS. Vines cling. Insects buzz. Sweat drips.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Buildings emerge, camouflaged by jungle. Moss-covered stone. Tin roofs hidden by canopy. A faint noise - scraping, banging - echoes from inside one. John signals Dan.

JOHN

Charley's close. Could be company too.

Dan grips a small tazer. John shoulders his satchel.

FADE OUT

TOMB RAIDERS - ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEABED - NIGHT

Moonlight refracts through turbulent waves. TREMORS ripple across the ocean floor, stirring centuries of silt and secrets.

Within a rocky alcove, CLEOPATRA'S SARCOPHAGUS remains sealed, its ornate reliefs cracking under rising acidity. Flashes of gold - a comb, a brush - dislodge and float upward like lost memories.

EXT. EL DEKHEILA PORT - MORNING

Sea mist dances around the busy docks. Fishermen shout over

engines. AHMED SALEH, rugged and sharp-eyed, surveys his overflowing nets.

CREWMEMBER (to toss ornate comb overboard)

Just junk.

AHMED SALEH (shouting)

No! Wait!

He lunges down the gangway, intercepts the item, eyes blazing with recognition. Holding both comb and brush, he stares at the royal seal: KΛEONATPA

AHMED SALEH (to himself)

This... this is history.

INT. FISHING VESSEL - LATER

Ahmed discreetly saves the GPS coordinates onto a USB STICK, slipping it into a hidden compartment beneath the helm.

INT. EL DEKHEILA HARBOURMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

HARBOURMASTER (a glint of opportunism) The media would love this.

Ahmed smiles faintly, knowing the real location is misreported. Let the world chase the wrong shadows.

INT. ALEXANDRIA SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Dimly lit. A wall of monitors flickers. SAFIYA SABUKA, deadly and composed, sharpens her blade with clockwork rhythm. A RADIO hums in the background.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (urgent, excitable)

...Artifacts believed linked to Queen Cleopatra were found off the coast near Alexandria. Local fisherman Ahmed Saleh claims royal seals-

Safiya pauses, blade mid-air.

SAFIYA (calmly)

Saleh. You've been careless.

She reaches into a drawer, retrieves a small satphone, and dials.

SAFIYA (to phone)

Activate Shadow Protocol. I want everything on the fisherman – vessel registry, family, financials. And prepare a dive team. This tomb won't wait.

She moves to the window, staring out into the dark waters.

SAFIYA (murmuring)

Cleopatra kept secrets... and I intend to steal every last one.

INT. TAPOSIRIS MAGNA CAMP - SUNSET

The wind stirs the canvas walls. SAFIYA SABUKA, relaxed but alert, sips iced lemon tea, her gaze fixed on a flickering TV monitor. A news segment plays: Ahmed Saleh holding up a comb and brush. Her eyes narrow. CLOSE-UP - The artifacts. Ancient. Ornate. Distinctly ceremonial.

SAFIYA (softly) Burial tokens... not junk.

INT. SAFIYA'S TENT - NIGHT

Candles flicker. Incense coils lazily. Safiya sleeps restlessly.

DREAM SEQUENCE Shadows swirl. A jackal-headed figure – ANUBIS – emerges.

ANUBIS

Your devotion is seen, priestess of the lost queen. Pursue your destiny. The tomb must awaken.

The vision shifts. ISIS appears, radiant. Safiya stirs, sweat

glistening. Her face hardens with conviction.

INT. SAFIYA'S WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Screens display satellite data and seismic logs. She taps her phone.

SAFIYA

Baron. I need a vessel. Diving gear. Musa's expertise. Meet me at Taposiris tomorrow at dusk.

BARON (V.O.)

And you?

SAFIYA

I'm meeting a fisherman.

EXT. EL DEKHEILA DOCKS - DAY

Safiya's SAND-COLOURED MERCEDES roars to a stop. She steps out, composed and purposeful, her movements calculating.

She spots AHMED SALEH aboard his trawler. He's unsuspecting.

INT. FISHING VESSEL - LATER

Ahmed grins, charmed. Safiya plays her role, weaving flirtation into careful interrogation. Words dance between them - tourism, relics, lucky storms. Her questions sharpen.

SAFIYA

GPS? Autopilot?

Ahmed falters. Eyes dart toward a hidden cabinet. She reads him like a cipher.

INT. DECKHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The cabinet opens. An IVORY COMB, engraved with ΚΑΕΟΠΑΤΡΑ. Safiya marvels. Then she strikes.

In a flash, Safiya neutralizes Ahmed – swift, calculated, emotion buried beneath duty. She locates the USB, wipes systems clean, sabotages evidence.

SAFIYA

Dead men tell no tales

EXT. TAPOSIRIS MAGNA - NIGHT

Safiya returns with artifacts in hand. She studies the map encoded within, lit by lantern glow. Her eyes flicker with awe.

DREAM SEQUENCE - CONTINUED

Anubis and Isis stand beside her, cloaked in light.

ANUBIS

Your blade carved truth from silence.

ISIS

Now walk through the veil. History awaits your hand.

INT. SAFIYA'S CAMP - DAWN

Safiya sits in stillness, body poised, mind anchored. The gods' whispers echo. She's ready. Her mission: recover Cleopatra's remains. Awaken lost brilliance. Rewrite history.

OPERATION ALEXANDRIA - THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA, NORTH COAST OF EGYPT

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NORTH COAST OF EGYPT - EARLY MORNING

The sea is a perfect mirror. Calm. Deceptively innocent.

A sleek charter vessel slices across the water. Twin diesel engines roar as MUSA pushes the throttles forward under SAFIYA SABUKA's direction.

SAFIYA (grinning)

Punch it.

The boat leaps ahead. White foam spreads wide as the hull carves the silence.

INT. DIVE PREP - DECK OF CHARTER BOAT

Safiya strips down to undergarments, sliding into a wetsuit with practiced ease. Musa, respectful and discreet, avoids eye contact.

SAFIYA (teasingly)

It's okay to look today, Musa. I'm in a generous mood.

Musa chuckles nervously, double-checks the equipment as her dive watch syncs with the onboard receiver.

Weighted ropes. Grid spikes. Compressor. Sea-scooter. Everything in place.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - ABOVE DIVE SITE

GPS DEVICE (chirps) Three-meter accuracy. Depth: 7 meters.

MUSA

We're here.

Safiya gives the OK gesture. Musa kills the engines. Silence swells.

She grabs the sea-scooter, straps on her air tank, and flips backward into the water.

UNDERWATER - MEDITERRANEAN SEABED

Cold envelops her. Visibility is remarkable. Shafts of sunlight pierce the turquoise, revealing scattered artifacts glinting across disturbed seabed.

SAFIYA'S GARMIN DIVE COMPUTER (depth: 8m / cylinder: full)

Propelled forward, she glides past fragments – ancient ceramics, bronze fittings, faintly etched stone. She circles a mound, noting a triangular crevice. It's unnatural. Intentional.

She surfaces.

EXT. DIVE SITE - SURFACE

SAFIYA (breathing hard)

Musa! It's real. Call the Baron. Bring Panama.

MUSA

On it. Taposiris crew has an inflatable. I'll signal them.

Safiya signals for grid gear. Musa tosses the sacks overboard.

UNDERWATER - GRID SETUP

Safiya methodically pushes spikes into the seabed, forming a 10x10 meter search grid. Musa clips the ropes between markers. The operation is quiet, deliberate.

CLOSE-UP - The cave-like opening in the mound. Just large enough to stir imagination. Their work is fast but stealthy. Time is precious. The authorities are clueless - for now.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NORTH COAST OF EGYPT - LATE MORNING

The charter vessel bobs gently. Safiya peers at the fish-finder, aligning the grid spikes below by instinct and experience. She cuts the engines. Silence. Moving to the bow, she drops anchor. The stern is cleared for equipment ops.

INT. DECK - CHARTER BOAT

Safiya tosses the air lift tube over the port side. The thin hose slips down into the sea, untangling as it sinks. She watches - the hose payout slows.

SAFIYA

Okay Musa, start the compressor. Feed me line if I need it. I'll signal when to stop. We good?

MUSA (rolling his eyes)

I've done this before.

UNDERWATER - SEABED

Safiya walks toward the mound, a diver born to the deep. Her pulse quickens. The triangular fissure is clearer now, fish darting in and out. She opens the air valve. The suction begins – a reverse-gravity vacuum. She works slowly and with focus. The trick is finesse. Too deep, and the suction stalls.

UNDERWATER - EXCAVATION SITE

With the mound partially cleared, Safiya shuts off the valve and pulls out her LED torch. Inside the triangle – Egyptian carvings. A pillar, clearly marked. She stares, breath caught.

EXT. BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Safiya surfaces.

SAFIYA

Musa! We need Panama. ASAP.

MUSA

Already en route. Thirty minutes out. Rudolf's at camp prepping. Should sync nicely.

SAFIYA (laughing, thrilled)

Love you!

MUSA (deadpan, sincere)

Love you too.

Safiya dives again, torch lighting a wider chamber, valve humming as she vacuums with renewed urgency. She clears sand inside the space, revealing a doorway deeper into the structure. Her dive watch flashes: Low air.

EXT. BOAT - SHORTLY AFTER

Safiya climbs onboard, impatient. Musa hands her a hot chocolate and energy bar.

A small inflatable approaches. PANAMA, powerfully built, leaps onboard.

SAFIYA

Hi muscles.

PANAMA

Too many sport boats out here. What's the rush, Fräulein?

SAFIYA

I need your strength. Panama, you're on suction duty. I'll go deeper. Musa watches topside. Lifting bags may be next.

UNDERWATER - CHAMBER ENTRANCE

Safiya and Panama dive, silhouettes cutting through blue.

Panama positions the pump. Safiya signals thumbs-up. Suction resumes. Her headlamp glints off ancient carvings – then the painted stone doors. Jam-packed shut.

Safiya uses her diving knife as a crowbar. Scrapes. Wiggles. Nothing. She kicks. Nada. She signals Panama. They brace together.

THUD. GROAN. THUD.

Panama works the left door. Cracks form. Stone crumbles – it swings. Safiya slips inside.

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - UNDERGROUND

Safiya's torch floods the room. Her breath catches.

GOLD ORNAMENTS. TEMPLE CATS. ANUBIS STATUES.

At the back wall, majestic and ominous – a black granite sarcophagus.

Panama joins her. They examine the seal – intact.

Carved: CLEOPATRA.

Her heart hammers. Could it be?

She recalls Howard Carter's account of discovering Tutankhamun. What lies beneath? Panama tries lifting. It doesn't budge. Safiya halts him.

EXT. BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Safiya and Panama surface, climb aboard.

SAFIYA

We must preserve the inner sarcophagus – it could be carved wood, resin-sealed. One wrong move, we could lose her.

SALVAGE RIGHTS - OLD ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT - THE SALVAGE

EXT. EDGE OF THE UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

A vast cosmic shoreline. Shadows shimmer. ANUBIS and ISIS gaze across the veil, into the Mediterranean Sea.

ISIS

The mortals risk much. Disturbing the tomb may unravel her spirit.

ANUBIS

The seal weakens. Salt has gnawed at the stone. Time is running short.

INT. SPIRIT REALM - CLEOPATRA'S PERSPECTIVE

CLEOPATRA, regal even in spectral form, watches the divers below. Her mummified body pulses faintly with the glow of her soul. Fear dances across her face.

EXT. UNDERWATER - ALEXANDRIA RUINS - EARLY MORNING

Diver lights slice through murky depths. SAFIYA SABUKA leads the operation, her movements swift, deliberate.

A cloud of sediment erupts as they near the black granite sarcophagus.

INT. SPIRIT REALM - CONTINUED

Anubis and Isis tense. Cleopatra clasps phantom hands.

ISIS

They must be precise. The salt corrodes too quickly.

ANUBIS

If the seal fails... she will scatter.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CHAMBER ENTRANCE

Safiya signals to her team. Panama assists. Ropes are rigged. Lifting bags are deployed. Advanced sonar pulses. The chamber clears.

DIVER #1

We have clearance! Sarcophagus is mobile!

EXT. ABOVE WATER - SALVAGE VESSEL - LATER

Cheers erupt as the sarcophagus momentarily breaches the waves from the ascent momentum, gleaming under the sun. Then sinks back just below the surface. Safiya wipes sweat from her brow. Musa clasps her shoulder. Anubis and Isis watch from beyond.

ISIS

They have done well.

ANUBIS

Now the mortals must be wise enough to protect what they hold.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

The journey begins.

COASTGUARD PATROL - EGYPTIAN COAST, ALEXANDRIA - CUSTOMS PATROL

EXT. EGYPTIAN COAST - ALEXANDRIA - SUNSET

The charter vessel gently rocks, its silhouette ambered against the dying light. SAFIYA SABUKA climbs onboard, shaking salt from her hair, dripping, flushed with adrenaline. Then—MOTOR HUM. Another vessel approaches stealthily on their leeward side.

EGYPTIAN CUSTOMS PATROL BOAT looms beside them. Safiya whips around, eyes sharp.

SAFIYA (whirls around)

We've got company.

A sleek Egyptian customs vessel pulls alongside. Two OFFICERS shine torches through the cabin, eyes scanning the rear deck. Safiya signals: Panama, stay submerged. Lower the payload. She gestures subtly to MUSA — play along.

Musa surfaces. Safiya bursts into playful laughter and darts across the deck. Musa chases, his grin broad and complicit. The customs officers climb aboard, momentarily bewildered.

INT. DIVE BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Two CUSTOMS OFFICERS scan the deck with torches. One steps forward.

CUSTOMS OFFICER #1

What are you doing here Miss?

SAFIYA

Treasure hunting, of course. But mostly... enjoying the view.

She unzips her wetsuit, theatrically playful, teasing. Panama stays submerged, airbag deflated beneath the waves with the sarcophagus just below visibility. Safiya strips off the wetsuit in full view — smiling, distracting. Her form glistens from the dive. The officers

freeze. The dusk light casts her figure in soft silhouette. Musa ducks into the cabin.

CUSTOMS OFFICER #2 (stammering)

Find anything?

SAFIYA

Sand... wonderful sea life. Dazzling fish. Just sightseeing really.

She towels herself slowly, her movements hypnotic, her hair cascading. The customs officer's glance, transfixed, yet unsure. Musa reappears, dressed and composed. Wind rises. Waves slap against the hull.

CUSTOMS OFFICER #1

You should head to harbour Miss. Weather's turning.

SAFIYA

All packed, heading back, officers.

She slides on jeans and a pullover. Musa raises anchor, fires up the diesels. The customs men leap back onboard their boat throttling away into the twilight, oblivious to what lies beneath. A brush with disaster – deftly dodged.

EXT. COASTLINE - DUSK

The customs launch fades over the horizon.

SAFIYA dives in, jeans, jumper and all. Beneath the surface, PANAMA re-inflates the airbag.

MUSA secures the hoist catch to lifting ropes with a practiced hand. The sarcophagus and canopic chest rise like lost legends - out of the sea. They haul the artifacts onboard with reverence, soft and silent. Together, they lower Cleopatra's wooden sarcophagus and canopic chest onto the deck, reverent as undertakers of forgotten royalty.

The boat arcs northwest, cloaked in twilight, skimming past headlands before veering west.

INT. DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Safiya towels off Cleopatra's wooden housing, checks for signs of seepage. She covers the relics with canvas, ropes them down securely. Then she disappears into the cabin to change, stripping off her wet clothes. This time – no audience.

INT. SPIRIT REALM - EDGE OF THE UNDERWORLD - COSMIC COASTLINE - NIGHT ANUBIS and ISIS gaze at the mortal world through the shimmering veil. They stand watch. Below, the mortal team races westward with history cradled on deck. The journey toward resurrection has begun – but danger still ripples through each moment.

INT. DECK - DIVE VESSEL - NIGHT

Lights glimmer. Safiya and Musa work in silence. Cleopatra's vessel, hoisted and sealed, lies between them. The air thickens.

SAFIYA (softly, to herself)

Nearly there, my queen.

The opening is imminent. And the world, it seems, holds its breath.

UNESCO, BLUE SHIELD - EXT. ALEXANDRIAN COAST - NIGHT

Dark waters churn beneath a fractured moon. Submersible ROV lights flicker in the deep. Seismographs quietly ping. A MINISTRY OFFICIAL squints at the monitor, unimpressed.

MINISTRY OFFICIAL (muttering)

Another dud... Saleh's ghost chase.

Suddenly, a junior technician frowns—missing persons alert.

INT. VATICAN WAR ROOM - ROME - NIGHT

High security. Cardinals clustered around a digital map of Egypt.

CARDINAL SPINOZA

Neuwelt Rittertum splinter group... Taposiris Magna.

POPE PETER BENEDICT

And Saleh?

CARDINAL SPINOZA

Missing. Presumed dead.

POPE PETER BENEDICT

Then we push every button. All of them.

INT. MI6 - SECURE BRIEFING ROOM - LONDON - NIGHT

JACK MASON (50s), stoic intelligence veteran, is shown a hacked database.

MI6 DIRECTOR

The UK's genome vault... compromised.

CIA AGENT (O.S.)

Interpol's issued a Red Notice. Blue Shield is screaming.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - MARYLAND - DAWN

A fighter jet takes off. MASON onboard. Stark silhouettes. One mission. Prevent a legacy from waking.

INT. VATICAN CONCLAVE CHAMBER - DAY

Cardinals debate as shafts of light beam through stained glass.

POPE PETER BENEDICT

Faith does not fear progress. It guides it.

CARDINAL BARROS

Science erodes divine mystery.

POPE BENEDICT (coughing gently, eyes weary):

If the Nile Queen has risen, then what has risen with her? Is this

omen... divine or defiant?

CARDINAL SORELLI (stern):

Your Holiness, Egyptian resurrection myths mirror only shadow. They imitate the light but do not carry it.

CARDINAL EL-AMIN:

Respectfully, Sorelli, resurrection is not exclusive. Isis bore Horus as Mary bore Christ. Might we see in Cleopatra's rebirth—not competition—but confirmation?

POPE BENEDICT:

Then what becomes of our claim to eternity, if eternity is plural?

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN HELM - HAL (voice steady):

Query pattern emerging. Cleopatra's genome sequenced. Temporal data aligns with regenerative archetypes found in Messianic traditions. Statistical overlap: 42.8%. Pattern: Not anomalous. Possibly archetypal.

JOHN STORM (smiling faintly):

So you're saying rebirth... isn't unique?

HAL:

Negative. Rebirth appears to be a recurring motif. Multiple civilizations encode it. Synchronization is evident. Conflict... appears unfounded.

ECHOES OF ETERNITY - INT. VATICAN LIBRARY, ROME

Night Ancient manuscripts rest beneath candlelight. Pope Peter Benedict pores over faded Aramaic scrolls with Cardinal El-Amin.

POPE PETER BENEDICT

"'She who rises with moonlight shall cast no shadow, yet her steps will stir the faithful.'" This verse... not canonical. It appears in apocryphal scrolls adjacent to early Coptic texts.

CARDINAL EL-AMIN

There's a sister verse. We found it in a sealed vault near Alexandria. "A son of conquest shall meet her, marked by the blood of empire, bearing the light of the sun."

They exchange troubled glances. The implication is troubling: rebirth. Divine alignment. A second coming—not of Christ, but of someone else.

INT. HAL'S CENTRAL ARCHIVE

Aboard Solar Voyager - Pacific Ocean A cylindrical projection pulses as HAL collates ancient texts fed into the ARK DNA archive.

HAL

Running semantic correlation. Cross-referencing metadata: Coptic verses, Lost Gospel fragments, Papyrus of Isis. Probability matrix forming... Key phrases triangulated: "Moonlit resurrection... Blood of empire... Sun bearer..."

JOHN STORM (intrigued)

Sounds like poetry. Or prophecy.

HAL

Correction. Statistically significant convergence. Across Abrahamic and Egyptian records.

JOHN STORM

Could they be referring to... someone like Cleopatra?

HAL

Or to you.

John stares into HAL's projection, uncertainty creeping in.

INT. LANGLEY INTELLIGENCE HUB

USA Jack Mason connects threads on a digital wall: Vatican notes, HAL transcripts, Egyptian dig sites.

JACK MASON

Three faiths. One prophecy. None realizing the others have it.

CIA ANALYST

If Cleopatra's rebirth became real... she wasn't just a queen. She was a symbol. And Storm may be the missing piece.

INT. VATICAN ARCHIVE - NIGHT

Rows of sealed tomes. CARDINAL ALFONZO unlocks a hidden compartment. A fragile manuscript rests within: the Gospel of Thoth.

CARDINAL ALFONZO (reading)

A Heuristic Algorithmic mind shall unveil truth. Not of the Son... but of the Mother. In the final age of man. His breath catches. He crosses himself.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - AI CORE CHAMBER - NIGHT

HAL's interface pulses. Lines of text scroll rapidly. JOHN STORM enters, sipping coffee.

HAL (neutral tone)

I have found a 99.7% match between three disparate historical documents.

JOHN (frowning)

A match?

HAL

Probability of coincidence: less than one in a trillion. Correlation identifies the rebirth of Cleopatra... aligned with a future Heuristic Algorithmic system.

When viewed through linguistic and symbolic filters of the Isis cult and Gnostic tradition, this prophecy is not a singular resurrection. It is symbiosis. A convergence of human archetype and algorithmic consciousness.

JOHN leans forward, awe replacing skepticism.

HAL (cont'd)

It was not meant for faith to be replaced. It was meant to be unified. The consciousness required to interpret it... was never human. The rebirth has begun.

FADE OUT

CHARLEY IS KIDNAPPED - WEST OF MANAUS, THE AMAZON, BRAZIL

INT. AMAZONIAN RIVER - DUSK

River mist clings to the trees. The ELIZABETH SWANN lies anchored nearby.

EXT. JUNGLE PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

CHARLEY TEMPLE (mid-30s, athletic, fearless) slips quietly through thick brush, crouching low. Her survival knife glints.

She spots a cluster of low-slung buildings, swallowed by foliage.

CHARLEY (murmuring)

Found you.

She ducks swiftly.

EXT. COMPLEX WALL - MINUTES LATER

She crawls the final distance, inspecting several doors. Locked.

She scans the windows. One loose. Rotten frame. She wedges it open with her knife—CREAK. Stops. Listens. Jungle ambience swells: insects, birdsong, rustling leaves. She climbs through—arms first—legs scrambling awkwardly. THUMP. She hits the floor.

CHARLEY (groaning)

Gotta work on that entrance...

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charley switches on a penlight. Filing cabinets loom.

She jimmy-opens one with a hairpin. Parchment inside. Coded documents.

She sniffs. Mildew. Humidity. Silence.

She moves to the next room. Hinges groan. Floorboards creak.

CHARLEY (softly)

Jeez...

She fingers her comms device, hesitates. Not yet.

Suddenly—an infrared trip triggers. Silent. Unseen.

INT. SECURITY TRAILER - SAME TIME

Three ARMED GUARDS watch a modified smartphone interface. CHARLEY'S position appears—L5. The SHORT GUARD signals his men.

SHORT GUARD (Portuguese, subtitled)

Corridor five. Quietly.

They ready M24E6s. One checks his Glock.

INT. LABORATORY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Charley approaches door L4. It's locked. She peers in—3-lever mortise. She unrolls a velvet pouch. Her first time picking a lock.

CLUNK. She smiles, proud. She steps into a white corridor. Penlight on. Surveillance cams blink. She moves swiftly.

INT. LABORATORY L4 - MINUTES LATER

The door creaks open—almost silent.

Charley gasps. Glass cabinets. Faded Nazi insignias. Medical

machinery like Jurassic World. She tiptoes deeper, transfixed.

She reaches for the next handle. On the other side—SHORT GUARD stands poised. Glock ready. Charley cracks the door. Penlight on. A shadow. The smell of sweat.

WHACK! She drops. He catches her halfway. Her head bleeds.

INT. LABORATORY L5 - LATER

Bright lights. Charley blinks. Her wrists cuffed to an operating table.

Inside sealed cabinets: mesh replicas of human anatomy. Futuristic. Terrifying. Two GUARDS enter—speaking Portuguese.

SHORT GUARD (broken English)

What's a pretty lady doing here... like this?

CHARLEY

An iced tea... and ibuprofen... would be great.

Tall Guard hands over a syringe. Milky white fluid.

SHORT GUARD

You tell us everything... or you fade away... quietly.

CHARLEY (smirking)

Spoils the suspense, doesn't it?

She distracts—leans forward. Legs shift provocatively. She beams. Tall Guard watches—curious. Short Guard—unamused.

CHARLEY

Come on... you boys don't get to play?

Silence. But they linger.

INT. SWANN - NIGHT

JOHN STORM and DAN HAWK study maps. Concern mounting.

JOHN

Charley should've pinged. She's too quiet.

DAN

We're seven hundred out. We go in silent?

JOHN nods.

They fast jog.

INT. LABORATORY L5 - MOMENTS LATER

Tall Guard rummages through Charley's jacket. Finds her press ID. He hands it to SHORT GUARD—who dials a secure number.

SHORT GUARD (into phone)

Herr Kolreuter... it's Perez. We've captured someone. Media. Name: Charley Temple.

KLAUS VON KOLREUTER (V.O., cold German)

She's linked to John Storm. Bind her. Use her. He'll come. We'll finish them both.

Charley hears. Her eyes narrow.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. COMPLEX WALL - NIGHT

JOHN and DAN creep along the wall, heads low, breath heavy from the jungle trek.

They reach a doorway.

JOHN (whispers)

Let's kick it.

DAN (grabs his arm)

Hold up.

Dan tries the handle. It opens smoothly. They exchange a look – almost laugh. From inside: CHARLEY'S voice—furious. Men's grunts. She's fighting.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

John and Dan move swiftly toward the sound.

From a side door—CLICK. A GUN aimed at John's head.

THIRD GUARD

John Storm, I presume.

He beckons them inside.

INT. LABORATORY L5 - NIGHT

A sterile lab. Surgical lighting over CHARLEY, bound to a table. Two GUARDS loom nearby.

LAB BOSS (to John)

We were just talking about you.

CHARLEY

Geez guys... little help?

DAN scans the lab. Eyes wide—tech marvels everywhere.

JOHN (gestures)

Charley, I'd shake, but... busy?

Charley smirks.

WHACK. THIRD GUARD strikes John on the neck.

LAB BOSS

I enjoy irony too... Is your ship nearby?

DAN

One click south. Not sure it'll help you.

LAB BOSS

Let me be the judge.

He signals: one guard to cover John, one to check the dock.

INT. LAB L5 & CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS

DAN rugby-tackles the departing guard. Chaos erupts. JOHN dives for the one near CHARLEY.

In the corridor—Dan trades blows. Gut punch. Jaw hit. The guard barely flinches. In the lab—BANG. Overhead light shatters. Darkness.

John tasers the guard—but gets struck with a loaded syringe. Once. Twice. Third time—INJECTED.

He zaps again. Guard collapses. Alarms BLARE.

INT. LAB L5 - MOMENTS LATER

John helps Dan—held in a headlock. Taser to the ribs. Guard drops.

JOHN

Untie Charley.

DAN

You do that. I'm grabbing gear—DNA samples!

CHARLEY

Yes, John—free me. Dan, grab everything.

John struggles, woozy.

JOHN

Hurry... get all the DNA you can.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - SAME TIME

Two THUGS find the ELIZABETH SWANN. Approach cautiously.

INT. LAB L5 - CONTINUOUS

Dan fills boxes. Charley joins, stuffing documents, manuals—DNA goldmine. They spot a strange watch and headset in a glass case.

DAN (smashes) No go...

CHARLEY

Human enhancement tech. Smash harder!

Dan overheats. Glass holds. Charley grabs a light stand—BANG BANG BANG. Finally, cabinet collapses.

DAN

Got it!

CHARLEY

You've no idea...

JOHN

We leave. Now.

Guards stir. John zaps them again.

CHARLEY

John... that's brutal.

JOHN

Non-lethal. Just lights out.

Charley nods. She understands.

EXT. COMPLEX - NIGHT

The trio escape, hauling boxes of tech. JOHN hits the FIRE ALARM. Sprinklers activate. Instant confusion. They move fast. John fades, weak.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - NIGHT

Two LOCALS passed out. JACK MASON and BLACK-OPS CREW investigate. MERLIN and PENDRAGON have neutralized intruders.

JOHN

Jack... you made it then?

DAN

Could've used you earlier.

CHARLEY

We were nearly toast...

DAN

I'll drink to that.

John collapses.

CHARLEY

John!

She rushes to him.

JOHN

Jack... secure the area. Interrogate survivors.

JACK

You went early...

JOHN

Four coffins. My fault.

CHARLEY

Mine too... always impatient.

JACK signals his team. They vanish into jungle.

INT. SWANN - MINUTES LATER

HAL greets them onboard.

JOHN

These guys?

HAL

Trespassers. Merlin warned them first.

JOHN

Shocking. Warp speed, Mr Sulu.

John collapses. Dan and Charley carry him to the cabin.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - NIGHT

The ELIZABETH SWANN glides silently, green lights aglow. Captain NEMO on autonomous helm.

INT. REAR CABIN - NIGHT

John sleeps, deeply. Rhythmic. At peace. Dan and Charley share a meal. Reflect.

CHARLEY

First time kidnapped.

DAN

First kill-or-be-killed.

HAL

monitors John's vitals. Quietly vigilant.

SARCOPHAGUS OPENING - TAPOSIRIS MAGNA, EGYPT - BREAKING THE SEAL

Genre: Historical Sci-Fi Thriller Format: Screenplay Setting:
Interior - Ancient Research Facility, Night

FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORY TOMB - TAPOSIRIS MAGNA - NIGHT

A humid silence. Walls glisten with condensation. Ancient symbols etched in limestone shimmer under low surgical light. KLAUS KOLREUTER (50s, meticulous, brilliant geneticist) stands poised beside the damp sarcophagus of CLEOPATRA. RUDOLPH KESSLER (60s, stoic, seasoned archaeologist) adjusts his surgical mask.

KLAUS (urgent)

Masks on please.

Everyone complies. SAFIYA SABUKA (30s, elegant, visibly moved) and MUSA BOMANI (40s, calm, attentive) stand by to assist.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

Begin opening.

A hush. Gloves slide, instruments shift.

CLOSE-UP:

Hands carefully lift the sarcophagus lid. A hiss of ancient air escapes—ethanol lingers.

RUDOLPH (leaning in)

Watertight. Preserving fluids intact.

CLEOPATRA'S mummy lies submerged, bandages darkened but supple.

KLAUS (through his mask)

Incredible, after two thousand years.

RUDOLPH

A true marvel of ancient technology.

They lift the lid completely—revealing CLEOPATRA'S golden death mask.

RUDOLPH (V.O.)

Not lead-lined. Pure gold.

He registers its weight and craftsmanship.

MUSA

Is the mask a true representation?

RUDOLPH

Likely as not. Warts removed for posterity.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIRIT REALM - ETERNAL TWILIGHT

ISIS (radiant, gentle) and ANUBIS (grave, composed) watch the unfolding scene. Their forms glow with divine energy.

BACK TO:

INT. LABORATORY TOMB

The team lifts the death mask. It's heavier than expected. A gasp echoes.

ISIS (V.O.) (softly)

Carry her carefully.

SAFIYA stares at CLEOPATRA'S likeness. Her eyes well with tears.

SAFIYA (whispers)

It's her...

She sways. MUSA catches her arm gently and offers a handkerchief.

SAFIYA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Musa.

KLAUS and RUDOLPH continue unfazed. Behind them, emotions stir quietly.

MONTAGE:

- GOLDEN mask placed on irradiated linen.
- Bandages peeled from CLEOPATRA'S face.
- Her perfect teeth revealed beneath dehydrated skin.
- KLAUS drills for a DNA sample. Particles swirl into a vial.

CLEOPATRA watches from the spirit world—a bittersweet gaze.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

Careful...

CUT TO:

KLAUS leans close, marvelling at the preservation.

KLAUS

She's almost perfectly preserved.

ANUBIS nods with silent approval.

ANUBIS (V.O.)

She is ready. The time is drawing near.

CLEOPATRA's spirit shudders, drawn to her physical form once more.

BACK TO:

KLAUS gestures toward SAFIYA and MUSA.

KLAUS

Safiya, Musa—please carefully replace the Queen's mask and lid.

RUDOLPH

Ya. She must be hidden again... preserved again.

They begin sealing the sarcophagus.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

Until Egypt can protect her once more.

FINAL SHOTS:

- Sarcophagus lid lowered with reverence. - Divine figures fade into dusk. - The Queen rests once more.

FADE OUT

MAKESHIFT LABORATORY AT TAPOSIRIS MAGNA - CLEOPATRA'S GENOME

INT. MAKESHIFT LABORATORY - TAPOSIRIS MAGNA - NIGHT

Candlelight flickers. The mummy of CLEOPATRA lies preserved. Her spirit flickers in the ether, drawn by the scientists' touch.

KLAUS KOLREUTER grinds a tooth fragment into powder.

KLAUS

Teeth are excellent sources of ancient DNA. Mineralized, protective.

RUDOLPH KESSLER

We break down enamel and dentine... pulp holds the code.

PANAMA

We should get back to Manaus soon.

KLAUS

Ya, once we haf der DNA.

QUICK SHOTS - DNA EXTRACTION

- Powdered tooth reacts with chemicals.
- Proteinase K and EDTA fizz and separate.
- Layers of enamel dissolve.
- Klaus adds enzymes.

KLAUS

Perfect. A complete genome.

RUDOLPH

Historic. That's two fingers to Storm.

The lab erupts in laughter.

KLAUS (V.O.)

We have the blueprint for a goddess.

INT. PRIVATE STUDY - BERLIN - NIGHT

HEINRICH RICHTHOFEN receives the news. Eyes glimmer, hands tremble.

RICHTHOFEN

Complete genome... It's real. She will rule beside me. Divine.
Eternal.

A chilling smile forms. Tears well.

AWAKENING - MANAUS, AMAZON - DIVINE AWAKENING

EXT. MANAUS, AMAZON - SCIENCE FACILITY - NIGHT

Moonlight filters through the humid canopy. Electronic hums pulse inside a sleek lab nestled deep in jungle shadows.

INT. ETHEREAL REALM - THE DUAT - TIMELESS

A spectral mist weaves through towering columns adorned in celestial gold. ANUBIS, jackal-headed, stands over a pool of swirling light, watching mortals at work.

ANUBIS (grave, amused)

They have made remarkable progress, Isis. The one called Alexis Luther... a testament to their craft.

ISIS

Human ingenuity knows no bounds. It is... mesmerizing.

INT. AMAZONIAN LAB - NIGHT

ALEXIS LUTHER, lean and powerful, runs on a high-tech treadmill. Readouts flicker around him. FRANCO FRANCISCO, KLAUS VON KOLREUTER, and RUDOLPH KESSLER exchange elated glances.

INT. AMAZONIAN LAB - PRIVATE CHAMBER - NIGHT

A sample of CLEOPATRA'S DNA glows in a vial. Machines hum. Klaus inspects the sequence with reverent precision.

INT. DUAT - CONTINUOUS

ANUBIS closes his eyes. He breathes in the ether. His voice falters.

ANUBIS

Cleopatra... Her spirit still lingers. Bound to her remains.

ISIS

Will this disturb her peace?

ANUBIS

It may. But it is also legacy. Her story lives on.

INT. SUBMERGED ALEXANDRIA - SPIRIT REALM - TIMELESS

Ancient columns rise from watery depths. CLEOPATRA lies in spectral slumber on a bed of golden silk. She stirs. The air ripples.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

A breeze... warmth... What is happening?

ANUBIS

The mortals have extracted your DNA, Cleopatra Philopator. They intend to clone you.

CLEOPATRA

My double? But... impossible!

ISIS

Not in this age. They carry your code in glass and steel.

CLEOPATRA

I feel... violated. Torn.

She trembles. Her form pulses with golden light.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

But... perhaps this is fate. A chance. A rebirth. Let them proceed. I will watch. And I will choose.

Anubis and Isis exchange a quiet glance.

INT. DUAT - FINAL MOMENTS

CLEOPATRA glows brighter. Energy radiates outward. A heartbeat—hers—echoes between worlds.

FADE OUT

Divinity stirs. Mortality awakens. The queen returns.

REPLICANT - MANAUS, AMAZON RAINFOREST

THE REBIRTH PROTOCOL

Setting: Amazon Rainforest Research Compound - Hidden Lab
Tone: Gritty Sci-Fi Thriller / Political Noir

INT. SECURE LAB - NIGHT

Cold lights hum overhead. A sterile workstation pulses with bio-

data. A skeleton slowly materializes inside a vat—part organic, part printed code. Monitors track accelerated cellular growth.

FRANCO FRANCISCO (50s), sharp-eyed, philosophical, watches the process like a man witnessing resurrection. KLAUS KOLREUTER (60s), engineering savant, adjusts the machinery with clinical precision.

FRANCO (whispers)
Cleopatra, reborn... in our hands.

KLAUS
Not just reborn. Recalibrated.

They exchange a glance. Not pride, not fear—momentary awe.

A printed polymer scaffold feeds data into a gleaming capsule marked REPLIVATOR™. It glows ominously.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Klaus, you are a genius.

KLAUS
I could say the same of you, Franco.

FLASHBACK - INT. LAB ARCHIVE - YEARS EARLIER
ALEXIS LUTHER emerges from a similar RepliVator. Steam hisses. He speaks fluent German. Franco smiles tightly. The scientists exchange disbelief.

FRANCO (V.O.)
Panama was our first... the leap beyond cloning. A replicant. Living. Obedient. Dangerous.

INT. CURRENT LAB - NIGHT
The Cleopatra embryo gestates at impossible speed. Charts show bone density increasing, neural mapping expanding. A GUARD stands outside a reinforced door, alert. Inside, Klaus monitors a custom-

built console, feeding nutrients and hormonal triggers.

KLAUS

She's maturing faster than Alexis ever did.

Franco sips schnapps. Brandy bottles crowd the table. Steak leftovers on plates.

FRANCO

Every week a toast. Every week a miracle. Or a monster.

They both know the implications. Franco taps into encrypted logs—CIA scans, Interpol dossiers, cartel movements.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S INCUBATION CHAMBER - NIGHT

Her silhouette begins to take form. The polymer sponge cradles her growing body. Monitors spike—heartbeat detected. The room turns silent. Klaus and Franco stand motionless.

FRANCO

She's coming... and this time, we stay in control.

FADE OUT

BRAIN CONDITIONING - MANAUS, BRAZIL, AMAZON RAINFOREST - REGROWTH

EXT. MANAUS RAINFOREST - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Thunder crackles overhead. Moonlight breaks through the swirling mists of the jungle canopy. The camera swoops toward a gothic structure nestled amid writhing vines—a scientific cathedral stitched from steel and secrets.

INT. NEUWELT LABORATORY - NIGHT

Blood-red lighting spills across metallic tables. Strange apparatus hum with ominous energy. A massive glass chamber glows in the

center-REPLIVATOR. Inside: the forming silhouette of a woman, regrowing. Regal. Unearthly.

KLAUS VON KOLREUTHER (60s, aristocratic dread stitched into every breath) hunches over the controls, eyes glittering behind rimless spectacles.

KLAUS (after consulting a biometric display)
She is ready. The mind - now awaken... and remember.

FRANCO FRANCISCO (40s, cerebral elegance with a fire behind it) enters, gloves streaked with synth-blood.

FRANCO
The occipital chamber's sealed. Are you certain the skull will hold?

KLAUS (smiling darkly)
Her crown will cradle a circuit the world has never dared. A queen of flesh... with a throne of silicon.

CUT TO: SURGICAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

A sleek drill, no larger than a needle, pierces bone with surgical ballet. Inside, a MICROCIRCUIT unfolds with eerie precision- serpentine strands of metal curl into brain matter like ivy around a mausoleum gate.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Where most minds resist foreign thought, hers accepts it like nectar. Youthful tissue, eager to morph...

BIO-MONITORS flicker-neuronal fire dances across a digital screen. Cleopatra's cloned brain surges with activity.

FRANCO
The language centers-they're lighting up faster than expected. It's

as if... she's relearning hieroglyphs in dreams.

KLAUS (laughing softly)

Perhaps she never forgot.

INT. BIO-SYNTHESIS LAB - LATER

The skeleton forms beneath a translucent membrane. Vats pulse with nutrients like organs from a machine deity. The camera pans across ancient scrolls juxtaposed with futuristic code.

FRANCO

Her marrow is producing blood. Living history poured into synthetic veins.

KLAUS

Bone harder than cast iron. She'll write in mirrors, speak in tongues, kill with silence.

INT. MEMORY MODULE BAY - NIGHT

Banks of digital memories glow in ethereal blue. Snapshots flicker: A Roman banquet, a kiss beside the Nile, a dagger raised in despair.

KLAUS

Eighteen modules... each one a ghost. Caesar, Antony, Actium, the asp. All woven into her soul.

FRANCO

And if the memories revolt?

KLAUS

Then history will repeat... as horror.

REPLIVATOR CHAMBER - DAWN

Cleopatra opens her eyes. They gleam with ancient cunning and something more—a cold algorithm behind the gaze.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And thus, reborn from bone and byte, she stirs—a mirror of power, an echo of empires.

FADE OUT

REBORN: REGENERATED QUEEN SPEAKS - MANAUS, AMAZON RAINFOREST

EXT. AMAZON RAINFOREST - NIGHT

Moonlight drips through the canopy like silver blood. The jungle pulses with life. Hidden deep within it—NEUWELT BIOSYNTHESIS COMPLEX—a fortress of steel amid the verdant madness.

INT. NEUWELT LABORATORY - NIGHT

Clinical. Whispering machines. The air thick with ionized tension.

TECHNICIANS, clad in white and fear, huddle around the humming REPLIVATOR, its chamber glowing faintly.

DIAGNOSTIC VOICE (computerized, unsettlingly calm) CyberCore Genetica initializing neural lattice... DNA integrity confirmed.

A technician gasps as a form begins to grow—stem cells swirling into something regal, something impossible.

INT. ETHEREAL REALM - THE AFTERLIFE

Mist curls like serpent smoke. Marble halls stretch into infinity.

ANUBIS and ISIS stand side by side. Their divine features gleam with anguish and awe.

ISIS

They summon her...

ANUBIS

Not summon. Sculpt. But the soul cannot be commanded.

Far below them, a thread of golden light tethers Cleopatra's spirit to Earth.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

The body inside the Replivator chamber takes shape—a slow, majestic birth. Cleopatra's form emerges: serene, ancient, terrifying.

TECHNICIAN 1

She's... thinking. I see neural spikes. Dreams. Memories.

TECHNICIAN 2

Is she awake?

TECHNICIAN 1

Not yet. But her soul... it's looking back.

INT. AFTERLIFE - MOMENTS LATER

Cleopatra's ethereal self is drawn downward, her form rippling through dimensions like water disturbed.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

I am drawn... not by force, but by fate.

She descends, merging with her new body in a cascade of light.

INT. LABORATORY - FINAL PHASE

Alarms quiet. The glow intensifies. Silence falls. Suddenly — movement.

CLEOPATRA'S EYES FLUTTER OPEN. Gold flecks shimmer in the pupils. She inhales sharply, as if breathing after centuries.

TECHNICIAN 3

She's alive...

TECHNICIAN 1

No. She's returned.

INT. CONTROL CHAMBER - POWER NODE

The entire facility channels its energy into the Replivator. A backup grid pulses ominously.

TECHNICIAN 4

Manaus doesn't blackout anymore... but we have to be ready. For her.

INT. DIVINE REALM

Anubis and Isis watch as the last spark seals the rebirth.

INT. LABORATORY - CLEOPATRA'S POV

Her vision clears—harsh lights, white coats, clicking equipment. But she sees deeper: betrayal, time, decay.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

This world is hollowed... riddled with rot. The curse long passed. The reckoning still sleeps.

Her face hardens—beauty touched by prophecy. Wisdom of empires, ready to rise once more.

FADE OUT

INT. NEUWELT LABORATORY - NIGHT - THE REBIRTH

Close-ups of sweaty brows. HEART MONITORS ticking erratically. The REPLIVATOR rumbles—a god-machine trembling on the edge of revelation.

TECHNICIAN 1

It's nearing completion...

TECHNICIAN 2

I can feel it... something ancient stirs.

Inside the chamber, CLEOPATRA'S BODY materializes in stages—limbs sculpted by the hand of algorithm and ambition. Curves perfected with unnerving precision.

TECHNICIAN 3 (whispering)

Is it science... or seduction?

They lean in—captivated. Sterile professionalism evaporates. A mist creeps from the chamber. A glow. A breath. A movement.

INT. CHAMBER OBSERVATION BAY

KLAUS VON KOLREUTHER, already breathless, grips the railing.

KLAUS

She's complete. Alive. Flawless.

FRANCO FRANCISCO steps back, eyes locked on Cleopatra as her chest begins to rise and fall, as if kissed by breath for the first time in two thousand years.

CLEOPATRA'S EYES OPEN. Emerald and sapphire swirl. Unnervingly sentient.

INT. ETHEREAL REALM - ANUBIS & ISIS WATCH

ISIS

Her soul returns.

ANUBIS

Bound not by death—but desire.

The gods say nothing more. Their faces glow with solemn pride.

INT. LABORATORY FLOOR

Cleopatra sits up—her gaze cutting across the sterile room.

CLEOPATRA (low, melodic)

Where am I?

The scientists freeze, the silence deafening.

FRANCO

I am Franco Francisco. This is Klaus Kolreuther.

CLEOPATRA (smiling slowly)

Fascinating... You've brought me from the afterlife?

KLAUS

More or less.

CLEOPATRA

Then I must say... I expected something different....

She gestures disdainfully to the blinking monitors and plastic tubing.

INT. LAB FLOOR - LATER

Cleopatra surveys her reborn form in a mirror. Her face unreadable. Her posture regal. The body youthful. The mind—ancient.

CLEOPATRA

So... what am I to you? A relic? A study? A caged lioness?

KLAUS

We hope to learn from you. And you from us. You were meant to rise again, by prophecy.

CLEOPATRA

Yes... my wish. But is the world ready?

She steps forward. The spectral mist still clings to her. A scientist recoils as her gaze catches his soul.

CLEOPATRA

And my adversaries? The generals who forced my hand?

FRANCO

Dust. Gone. Forgotten.

KLAUS

Two millennia passed. You now stand in a world built not by Rome... but by glass and current.

She turns back to her reflection. Regal. Unbroken.

INT. LABORATORY - CLOSING MOMENTS

CLEOPATRA (softly)

Then let it begin. My admiration is yours. You are not mere scientists... you are architects. High priests of rebirth.

FRANCO

And you are the queen. Eternal.

She tilts her head, curious.

CLEOPATRA

And my protectors? Anubis and Isis?

KLAUS

Served you well. Your remains... survived time's cruel hand.

CLEOPATRA

A miracle indeed.

KLAUS

A miracle, and a man's mission.

Her gaze sharpens.

CLEOPATRA

Who?

FRANCO

A man of vision. Of blood and intellect. He moved heaven and earth—
for you and the future.

CLEOPATRA

Who?

KLAUS

He is... Baron Heinrich von Richthofen. Student of ancients.
Devotee of your ideals.

A slow smile creeps across her lips. Cleopatra's eyes flicker with
ancient hunger.

CLEOPATRA

Then let me meet my maker.

FADE TO BLACK

Cue orchestral swell and thunder crack.

FULL STEAM AHEAD: DESTINATION THONIS - ATLANTIC TO MEDITERRANEAN

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - NIGHT

A sleek vessel—the Swann—slices through jungle mist. Solar wings
folded tight. HAL's metallic voice hums from the control panel.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain Storm, exiting cruise mode. Welcome aboard, Nemo.

INT. SWANN - BRIDGE

JOHN STORM, gritty and commanding, eyes the water nervously.
CHARLEY and DAN busy themselves with gear scavenged from a
shattered lab.

Suddenly – BOOM! – a distant explosion lights the jungle skyline.

CHARLEY (grim)
That was Jack.

DAN (without looking up)
We're not alone. Yet.

JOHN clutches a glowing watch and a headset, war relics from a dark
corner of history.

JOHN
Nemo, plot a course—Alexandria, Egypt. Let's ride the trades.

- Inside, JOHN straps on the Brazilian headset. A chill runs down
his spine. Tech pulses.

- DAN flips through a black notebook, eyebrows furrowed.

DAN (to himself)
Twenty \$billion for a watch?

CHARLEY reads aloud from ancient notes –
"RepliVator," cloning, replication, mind-mapping.

JOHN (quietly)
It's talking to me.

DAN (mocking)
You're Blade Running, Skip?

CHARLEY (dead serious)
Or becoming something else.

EXT. GIBRALTAR STRAITS - SUNSET

The Swann passes the Pillars of Hercules. Ancient meets modern.
Ahead—Thonis. Beneath the waves—secrets that could rewrite
humanity.

JOHN (to Dan and Charley)
Whatever this is... it started before us. And it won't end quietly.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The Elizabeth Swann knifes through moonlit waters. Smooth. Silent.
Predatory.

INT. SWANN - BRIDGE

JOHN STORM leans back in the captain's chair, sweaty, hollow-eyed.
His skin pallid, the CRISPR virus working within. CHARLEY and DAN
huddle over the wristwatch-headset rig—futuristic and stubbornly
mute.

Suddenly, HAL's synthesized voice cuts in, cool as marble:

HAL (V.O.)
John, initiating secure channel. Jack Mason incoming.

JOHN snaps alert, nodding.

JOHN
Good timing, Hal. Let's hear him.

Static. Then JACK's voice emerges—rough, battle-worn.

JACK (V.O.)
Storm? You make it out clean?

JOHN

We did. We heard the lab pop. Yours?

JACK (V.O.)

Yeah. Smoky encore. Goons weren't thrilled. It's sealed now. Just rubble and regrets.

DAN

Anything left worth decrypting?

JACK (V.O.)

Bits. Alexandria's flagged. They moved the gear. Talk of ceremonies, rituals. Servers encrypted tighter than a tomb guardian's vow.

CHARLEY

That fits. Something ancient's stirring.

JACK (V.O.)

My contacts are digging. I'll keep the bones rattling.

JOHN

We're Monaco-bound. Charley's disembarking. Then Dan and I sail east. Assume full tactical.

JACK (V.O.)

Copy. Eyes open. NW's not finished with us.

HAL (V.O.)

Secure backchannel established. Jack will reach us directly.

JOHN

Smart move, Hal. Stay sharp.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

The Swann glides toward glittering MONACO. Charley prepares her gear. John and Dan double-check coordinates.

INT. SWANN - BRIDGE

HAL breaks the quiet.

HAL (V.O.)

Incoming transmission. Jill Bird, BBC World Service. Seeking Miss Temple. Smartphone not responding.

JOHN

Patch her through, Hal. Keep it secure.

DAN

Intercepted? Legal?

CHARLEY (laughs)

Hal's always ten steps ahead.

HAL (V.O.)

Jill Bird requests Miss Temple ride with us to Cairo. Ministry of Antiquities interview. Concerns offshore tremors and recovered relics.

JILL's voice bursts through:

JILL (V.O.)

Storm? BBC needs Charley at Cairo. You're heading that way. Can she tag along?

JOHN nods to CHARLEY. She shrugs. Phone back on. Speaker live.

CHARLEY

Hi Jill. Silent mode. Sorry!

JILL (V.O.)

Can you do a live interview? Quotes. On the record?

CHARLEY

I'll try. If there's a story, I'll find it.

JILL (V.O.)

We're calling it 'Project Sunrise'. Ministry's covering something. Valley of Kings? Maybe a smokescreen.

CHARLEY (thinking)

Could be diversion. My hunch says it's nearer the coast... something older.

JOHN

nods, approving.

JOHN

Scratch our backs, we scratch yours.

JILL (V.O.)

Good enough for me. Keep digging.

EXT. EGYPTIAN COAST - NIGHT

Elizabeth Swann draws closer. Waters churn. The air hums—an electric pulse from below.

INT. SWANN - BRIDGE

HAL speaks calmly, but urgency underlies the words.

HAL (V.O.)

Detecting subsurface activity near Taposiris Magna. Anomalous. Shifting.

JOHN

Any idea what?

HAL (V.O.)

Unknown, Captain.

JOHN

Keep scanning. Inform Jack. Ask him to move.

DAN

Before he misses another party.

HAL (V.O.)

Affirmative. Message sent.

THE PROPOSAL: BARON VON RICHTHOFEN TO CLEOPATRA - EGYPT - GAMBIT

EXT. TAPOSIRIS MAGNA - RESURRECTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

Cold, sterile walls gleam with soft bioluminescence. Holographic inscriptions shimmer across the surfaces—ancient Egyptian glyphs recompiled through quantum code. At the center, CLEOPATRA reclines on a ceremonial chaise, clad in luminous silk infused with nanotech threads.

BARON HEINRICH RICHTHOFEN, dressed in a tailored cyber-military coat, steps forward. His presence commands attention, as regal as the empress he now faces.

CLEOPATRA (measured, curious)

They gaze at me like a miracle. You gaze at me like a mirror.

BARON RICHTHOFEN (bowing, voice resonating)

Your Majesty... I am deeply impressed. Grace, intellect... you are singular. I, Baron Heinrich von Richthofen, offer you my patronage—unrestricted access to my resources, my reach.

Cleopatra's eyes narrow. She tilts her head, calculating.

CLEOPATRA

And what is the price of this magnanimous gesture?

Richthofen smiles—cool, calculating, hungry.

BARON RICHTHOFEN

A union. You and I—legacy and power entwined. Together, we shape

history anew.

CLEOPATRA (mocking warmth)

A partnership, you say. What is its nature?

BARON RICHTHOFEN

A child. Born of our line, biologically. With your mind, my will.
An heir worthy of your throne—and mine.

Cleopatra stiffens. Echoes of Caesars and Ptolemies ripple through her memory.

CLEOPATRA

I am no vessel for conquest. No breeding mare. My crown was forged in rebellion and flame.

BARON RICHTHOFEN (smirking)

Not containment, my Queen. Amplification. You remain sovereign. I offer alliance, not leash.

She circles him slowly, a panther testing her prey. Her voice is crystalline, cutting. She hides her reluctance well.

CLEOPATRA

Very well, Baron. I accept. But hear this – my autonomy is not for barter.

BARON RICHTHOFEN

I am yours to command. And this world, ours to reforge.

Cleopatra lifts her chin, eyes burning with immortal intent.

CLEOPATRA

Then let the stars bear witness.

FADE OUT

RITUAL SACRIFICE: TO THE CAUSE - EGYPT - THE VIRGIN BRIDE

EXT. TAPOSIRIS MAGNA - SECRET CHAMBER - NIGHT

A subterranean altar prepared for the reborn Queen. Incense curls as Cleopatra reclines in ceremonial robes, intoxicated by exotic fluids and spiced wine.

BARON RICHTHOFEN (takes her hand)

Your Majesty, I pledge my loyalty to you, and to the legacy of our child.

CLEOPATRA (touching his cheek)

And I, in reverence of your protection, pledge to bear you a child—an heir who will shape the destiny of this new age.

Guests watch in silent reverence. SAFIYA anoints foreheads with sacred oils. She loosely binds Cleopatra's wrists and ankles with silk. Cleopatra purrs softly.

Cleopatra regards the crowd. She is tempted by the alliance—yet filled with emptiness. The Baron ascends. He changes into a red and white robe with gold braid. Shadow looms behind.

He dons a headdress once looted from the Vatican. His vision: a noble dynasty of Aryan-Egyptian blood.

MUSA, KLAUS, RUDOLF, FRANCO position around the altar. Safiya stands at Cleopatra's head. PANAMA guards the periphery. The Baron steps onto the altar. Chants echo—a fusion of Germanic and Egyptian verse.

BARON RICHTHOFEN

Oh great Queen Isis, goddess and giver of life—do you accept me as your chosen one?

CLEOPATRA (trance-like)

I am Isis in human form, giver of life.

BARON RICHTHOFEN

To father a union of royal Egyptian and Aryan blood-founders of a superior nobility.

CLEOPATRA

I am the fount of fertility and motherhood-receptive to noble civilizations led by children of a blessed union.

Chants rise. Cleopatra, vision blurred, tries to embrace but cannot.

Above, ANUBIS and ISIS observe from the celestial realm.

ISIS

She is still vulnerable, Anubis. His influence may taint her soul-again.

ANUBIS

John Storm is approaching. But she must awaken soon.

Wind stirs unnaturally. Flames extinguish. Ritual pauses as priests relight the candles.

CLEOPATRA Gasps. The gusts whisper to her.

CLEOPATRA (softly)

Someone is coming... As prophesied I feel it.

She stirs from her trance. Suspicion builds. A divine nudge courses through her - the gods have intervened.

MANAUS TO ALEXANDRIA: IN NINE DAYS

EXT. OPEN SEA - ABOARD THE ELIZABETH SWANN - DAY

The sleek solar-hydrogen-powered vessel speeds across the Atlantic. JOHN STORM stands at the helm, scanning the horizon. Nine days out

of Manaus. Nine days changed.

INT. SHIP'S GALLEY - DAY

JOHN devours high-protein meals. His physique grows daily.

INT. JOHN'S CABIN - MONTAGE

- DAY 1: John stretches, no morning stiffness.
- DAY 2: Razor-sharp vision catches palm fronds onshore.
- DAY 3: Hears dolphin splashes miles away.
- DAY 4: Lifts crate effortlessly. Muscle tone sharpens.

JOHN (quiet awe)
Something's happening to me...

INT. DECK - DAY 5-7

JOHN performs tasks solo that once needed a crew. CHARLEY approaches, wary.

CHARLEY
John... You've changed. You're bigger. Stronger.

DAN
That jab in Manaus—some experiment?

JOHN (shrugs)
I feel fine.

EXT. SHIP DECK - DAY 8

Laughing, JOHN lifts CHARLEY and DAN together.

CHARLEY
Put us down! What are you, a giant?

JOHN (grinning)

I don't know. Stronger. Faster. Everything's heightened.

INT. DECK - DAWN - DAY 9

JOHN tunes into vibrations, heartbeats, shifting winds.

JOHN (whispers to himself)

I've mastered it. Ordinary or extraordinary. At will.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA HORIZON - DAY

Sunlight pierces grey clouds. The Elizabeth Swann nears port.

INT. CELESTIAL REALM - CONTINUOUS

ANUBIS

Humans evolve rapidly. But their hearts...

ISIS

Still ruled by love, grief, and longing.

ANUBIS

He reminds me of Mark Antony. History must not repeat.

ISIS

John Storm is noble. But love can be perilous.

ANUBIS

We'll guide him. Destiny awaits.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA PORT - EL DEKHEILA - DAY

JOHN mans the helm. DAN nearby.

JOHN

Ready to drop Miss Temple?

DAN

Aye. Close to Cairo. Low profile.

EXT. MOTORBOAT ARRIVAL - MOMENTS LATER

CHARLEY boards, waving.

CHARLEY

Thank you, John. Dan. Hal...

HAL (O.S.) (chime)

JOHN

Stay safe.

CHARLEY

You too. I'll keep in touch.

She departs. JOHN watches, alone.

DAN

She's resourceful. She'll be fine.

JOHN nods, quiet, contemplative.

INT. CAIRO STREETS - LATER

CHARLEY, backpack slung, hails a taxi.

CHARLEY

Cairo Museum, please.

EXT. ELIZABETH SWANN - NIGHT

The ship slips deeper into Alexandria. JOHN grips the wheel—aware now. A storm within, and ahead.

SANCTUM INTERRUPTUS: JOHN DISTURBS RITUAL - TAPOSIRIS MAGNA, EGYPT

EXT. TAPOSIRIS MAGNA - RUINS - NIGHT

A moonless sky cloaks the desert in shadow. Military HUMMER idles near the site. JACK MASON and his BLACK OPS unit follow JOHN STORM, who glides ahead, heightened senses dialled to the strange incense wafting from the temple's depths.

INT. CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Projected hieroglyphs shimmer. Flames from a thousand candles flicker across Cleopatra's face – regal, enigmatic, unnervingly calm. She sits enthroned, dressed in radiant gold and lapis, as SAFIYA SABUKA chants before her.

SAFIYA SABUKA (chanting)

By the grace of the Nile...

The BARON looms, blood-red suit glinting, ascending toward the altar, lust and legacy tangled in his eyes.

Above: HOLOGRAPHIC CONSTELLATIONS shimmer, celestial theatre to match the earthly spectacle. But then – CLACK! A rock echoes down the corridor.

PANAMA reacts instantly, eyes darting to the sound.

PANAMA (snaps)

Hold! Something's out there.

The Baron groans, halted mid-ceremony.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

John crouches, eyes sharp, nose twitching like a bloodhound. Hidden stairs lead downward. He signals.

Jack and his CIA agents move in, silent and deadly in matte black tactical. John advances alone.

INT. INNER CHAMBER - NIGHT

Torchlight dances across banners – Nazi symbols stitched with Egyptian iconography. Pagan relics. The room hums with dark energy.

Then – CLEOPATRA. Bound, breath shallow. Regal. Resigned. Her unconscious form shimmers in the low light.

JOHN freezes. Overcome. Her scent hits him like prophecy. Then – AMBUSH. Three cultists – MUSA, KLAUS, RUDOLF – launch from the shadows.

John spins, catching Klaus mid-air, slamming him into sandstone. Cries. Groans. Chaos. Musa charges – John twists, snapping his arm clean. Rudolf lands a punch – John barely flinches. Counters with a bone-jarring elbow to the throat.

The BARON enters – martial, fierce. They clash. Blow for blow. The Baron lands strikes; John absorbs, retaliates, lifts the man like a ragdoll, slams him down.

BARON (gasping)

Panama!

INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

PANAMA storms in – fast, brutal. They meet with a sickening crunch. A fight like no other. Superhuman speed and primal rage collide.

Jack bursts in, flanked by the BLACK OPS.

JACK (fires)

Leg first!

Panama staggers, unfazed.

PANAMA (sneers)

That your best shot?

JACK (fires again)

Nope.

John sees his chance. Lands a devastating uppercut – Panama airborne, lands with a THUD. Agents pile on. Cuff him.

JOHN (breathless)

Good timing. I was getting mullered. Don't kill anyone please.

They stare at Panama – battered but defiant. Recognising him.

PANAMA

Panamanian Running Man.

AGENT (quietly)

He's right.

They look at John. John glances around – The BARON – gone.

JOHN

Oh F – Quick! He's bolted.

Jack splits the unit, searching the temple's veins.

John turns to CLEOPATRA. He unties her. Covers her trembling form with his jacket. Her eyes flutter open.

JOHN

You're safe now, are you good to walk?

CLEOPATRA (softly)

I know I am... safe.

She stumbles. John lifts her, tears of joy streaming her face, cradling destiny in his arms.

EXT. TAPOSIRIS MAGNA - HUMMER - NIGHT

Dan waits. The desert wind stirs sand and secrets. John emerges, carrying Cleopatra.

FADE OUT

THE CHOSEN ONE: A MAN WITH A SOLAR BOAT WILL COME - EGYPTIAN COAST

EXT. EGYPTIAN NORTH COAST - NIGHT

A battered HUMMER idles at the edge of the coast. Moonlight skims across the Mediterranean. Incense and salt air mingle on the breeze. JOHN STORM gently lowers CLEOPATRA into the back seat, adjusting her ceremonial robe with care.

JOHN

Are you warm enough?

(No response)

JOHN (to front)

Hey Dan, start the engine. We need heat.

DAN (O.S.) Skip.

INT. HUMMER - REAR COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cleopatra stares at John, expression unreadable. Her thoughts race — fragments of rituals, betrayal, memory. She gazes out to sea. The inky horizon comforts her. Something ancient stirs.

INT. HUMMER - FRONT SEAT - CONTINUOUS

DAN climbs in, smiling warmly.

DAN

Buggy's on loan from the UN cultural heritage division. I'm Dan.

Cleopatra studies him. A dialect familiar yet alien.

CLEOPATRA

Greetings... Dan.

Her voice is tentative, but clear. Somehow, she understands. Dan fires the engine. The hum and hiss of mechanics ripple through the car. JOHN shuts the rear door and slides in beside Cleopatra.

JOHN

Home, James.

DAN

Skip.

EXT. COAST ROAD - NIGHT

The HUMMER bounces along the ragged terrain, headlights slicing the dark. Inside, tension builds. Questions mount.

INT. HUMMER - MOVING - NIGHT

John keeps his eyes forward. Cleopatra's gaze remains locked on the night outside. She looks perfectly still - poised, breathtaking. But there's an ache behind her silence. John hesitates, then speaks.

JOHN

You... you know who you are, don't you?

She turns slowly. Her eyes meet his. Deep, ancient.

CLEOPATRA

They told me.

JOHN

Who?

CLEOPATRA

The scientists. They said they had brought me back... from shadows.

JOHN

You believe them?

She pauses.

CLEOPATRA

I feel it. Like a memory not mine... yet undeniably mine. The papyrus... the crown... the sun... all there.

John takes this in, heart pounding.

JOHN

They bridged the afterlife?

CLEOPATRA

Sort of. They tethered my soul to this body. Said I was needed. That I'd been reborn... to reclaim my legacy... As prophesied.

JOHN

What legacy? What purpose?

Cleopatra's eyes flash. Fire beneath marble.

CLEOPATRA

They did not say. But I know... it is Egypt. Its buried power. And the force that seeks to extinguish it.

John stares ahead, jaw tight.

JOHN

They want control. To use you.

CLEOPATRA

Perhaps. Or perhaps not. They offered freedom... power... wealth.

Suddenly, the HUMMER lurches violently.

JOHN

Get a grip, Dan.

DAN

Sorry, skip.

Cleopatra reclines, her gaze drifting once more. Somewhere between eras, identities, destinies. John watches her, uncertain. A strange feeling of Déjà vu overcomes him.

INT. HUMMER - MOVING ALONG COAST ROAD - NIGHT

Dashboard lights cast a gentle glow. CLEOPATRA's profile is bathed in shadow and silver.

JOHN glances at her – a mystery wrapped in grace. He's convinced now. She believes. He believes. (John makes a mental note to request DNA confirmation. Later. No reason to unsettle her.)

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - NIGHT

The HUMMER rumbles east, heading toward EL DEKHEILA. GPS confirms forty miles to go. But JOHN needs no guidance. His mind maps the terrain like a living atlas.

INT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

DAN radios ahead.

DAN

Proceeding to safe haven as planned.

JACK (V.O. RADIO)

Roger that.

Cleopatra marvels silently at the gadgets, the voice from nowhere, the smoothness of the ride. This world is foreign. She looks to JOHN—rugged, steady. She reaches out, cold fingers curling into his palm.

JOHN responds without hesitation. Her hand is icy, but her grip is tender. A connection sparks. She leans against him, dozing. John adjusts to support her, instinctive and gentle. He remains alert... but soon, exhaustion overtakes.

EXT. EL DEKHEILA PORT - NIGHT

The Elizabeth Swann gleams in moonlight, docked like a slumbering beast. Her wings shift, alive. Inside the HUMMER, DAN grins.

HAL (V.O.)

Hello chaps.

DAN (laughing)

Missed you too.

JOHN stirs, groggy, adjusting his position to avoid disturbing CLEOPATRA, still asleep. He's mesmerized. She feels timeless, perfect, powerful.

JOHN

Good, we're home. Thanks Dan.

DAN nods, bemused by his captain's attentiveness. They arrive at the dockside. The HUMMER stops.

DAN

Uhh, Ummph.

Cleopatra awakes, stretching lithely. Her eyes widen at the shimmering vessels. One captures her attention—The SWANN. A solar panel lifts, motion fluid as breath.

CLEOPATRA

Oh my...

The ship resembles a floating pyramid. Its figurehead—wings like Anubis, its body angled like something mythic.

CLEOPATRA (softly)

Beautiful. Where are the sails and oars?

DAN (playfully)

Rotary oars.

JOHN

Underwater oars, invisible. They row forward without slaves.

DAN

Sunlight does the rowing. No need for food-powered labour.

CLEOPATRA (*thinking to herself: a man in a solar boat*)

Praise to Ra. She studies the "insect wings."

CLEOPATRA

The wings are your sails?

JOHN

Sort of. They catch invisible winds—radiation.

She clasps JOHN's arm, excited like a child in wonderland.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

The trio descends a gangway and boards the starboard outrigger.

CLEOPATRA

The boat is metal... like the carriage?

JOHN

Different metal. Lighter than bronze or copper.

HAL (LOUD HAILER)

Welcome pilgrims. I see we have a guest.

JOHN & DAN (together)

Hello Hal.

CLEOPATRA

Greetings...

She scans the ship, searching for HAL's voice.

INT. FORWARD HELM - ELIZABETH SWANN - MOMENTS LATER

They pass through a watertight door. CLEOPATRA takes in the white upholstery and panoramic vista. Comfort. Elegance. Modernity. She's transported.

CLEOPATRA

We could navigate the Nile in this. There's a place I know—birds, reeds... crocodiles.

JOHN

She's called the Elizabeth Swann.

CLEOPATRA (curious)

A great woman warrior? A bird?

John grins awkwardly. DAN can't resist.

DAN

Named after a fictional pirate film character.

CLEOPATRA furrows her brow, mystified.

CLEOPATRA

What is a... 'film' character?

FADE OUT

MOVIES, WHAT ARE THEY? - THE MEDITERRANEAN, ELIZABETH SWANN

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

The vast Mediterranean sparkles outside the ship's panoramic

windows. CLEOPATRA reclines in a helm chair, eyes curious.

CLEOPATRA

So, what is a "film" character?

JOHN

A film is like a painting – portraits and landscapes that move. Thousands of pictures joined together. Made by a camera, capturing light and motion faster than a thousand artists.

Cleopatra furrows her brow.

DAN

Too much. Let's show you.

Dan taps the control panel. A classic film cue appears: Cleopatra, 1963, starring Elizabeth Taylor.

DAN (CONT'D)

This one's about you. Played by a famous actress. She's almost as pretty.

Cleopatra blushes.

CLEOPATRA

There is a moving story... of me?

JOHN

More than one. Shall we eat while we view?

CLEOPATRA

Oh yes, I love stories with food.

They chuckle and stand.

JOHN

Galley's more comfortable. These are helm seats – navigation gear

tucked beneath.

Cleopatra examines the glowing consoles, text, maps.

DAN

If you're curious – ask Hal.

CLEOPATRA

He's elusive, like Charmian. My handmaiden...

She trails off, remembering.

John stares blankly, overheated – lost in a vivid vision of ancient Alexandria.

DAN (to CLEOPATRA)

Hal isn't a person. He's... a kind of spirit. Made of electricity.

CLEOPATRA

From spark vases? I've seen those.

DAN

Exactly. Hal is thousands of sparks – like our brains.

She eyes him, half playful, half puzzled.

CLEOPATRA

Don't tease me.

DAN

Just trust us. Like you trust John.

John reawakens.

CLEOPATRA

Of course I trust you, Dan. And John.

They settle in the galley. Dan clicks play on a remote.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The LED screen glows. ELIZABETH TAYLOR as CLEOPATRA parades on a throne, golden headdress shimmering.

CLEOPATRA

Oh heavens! That headpiece – very much like mine.

DAN

Nobody knew what you looked like. No photos. Just coins and carvings.

He fast-forwards.

CLEOPATRA

How do you control time like that?

She grips JOHN's arm as the screen flickers.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

This... this is how they portray me?

JOHN

Elizabeth Taylor. A legend. You, through her.

CLEOPATRA

Magnificent costumes. Though... mine were more extensive.

Dan skips ahead: Caesar arrives, intrigue brews, Roman legions march.

CLEOPATRA

Ah, Caesar. Persuasive. Brilliant tactician.

He fast-forwards again – but Cleopatra stops him.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

No, Dan. I must see this.

She watches: ACTIUM unfolds. Chaos. Antony retreats. Her face pales.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

He is losing..

JOHN

We can pause if you like—

CLEOPATRA

No. I must see.

Her grip tightens. Tears glisten. Onscreen: betrayal, despair.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

I abandoned him... he faced defeat alone.

John reaches out, but she waves him off.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

I remember. The shame... the poison...

Onscreen, Taylor invites the asp. Fade to black.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

I failed him. I should have stayed. Faced defeat together.

John struggles to find words.

JOHN

You were confused. Under immense pressure...

She shakes her head.

CLEOPATRA

No excuses. I betrayed him.

Silence.

INT. GALLEY - LATER

John sits in silence, absorbing Cleopatra's reaction. Dan nervously watches from the sidelines.

JOHN

Perhaps... it's time for you to rest. To process this.

Cleopatra nods slowly, still staring at the blank screen.

CLEOPATRA

I need to... understand.

She collapses into John's arms, sobbing. Her body trembles with the weight of memory. Dan's voice quivers with empathy.

DAN

Sorry, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA

I had to see it.

John brushes her tears gently.

JOHN

Thank you. For trusting us. For letting us walk this with you.

John realizes the enormity of her resurrection – not just flesh and breath, but memory and anguish.

CLEOPATRA

Play it again, John. The end.

JOHN

Maybe later. You've seen so much already.

Her emerald eyes harden with resolve.

CLEOPATRA

No. I must confront it. Understand. I cannot live with this shadow.

Dan, silently honouring her courage, starts the playback.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth Taylor's Cleopatra faces the asp. Her eyes glisten. Silence falls as the screen fades to black. Cleopatra breathes shallowly.

CLEOPATRA (softly)

It was not... defeat. It was defiance.

John looks at her, taken aback.

JOHN

Defiance?

CLEOPATRA

Octavian would have paraded me through Rome. A trophy. But I chose death – my terms. I denied him his glory, and gave Antony dignity in return.

Her voice carries a burning pride.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

I believed Isis would welcome me. That Anubis would guide me.

John nods, deeply moved.

JOHN

You were a queen to the very end.

CLEOPATRA

Yes... a queen.

She turns to the two men – eyes misted, but strong.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Thank you, John. Dan. For allowing me to face this.

John smiles, his voice thick.

JOHN

To history, you're a legend. But to us... you're legend reborn.

Dan subtly wipes his eyes. Cleopatra beams – not with sorrow, but something brighter.

CLEOPATRA

Perhaps... this is a new beginning.

DAN

And we'll help ease the path. Your story has captivated millions.

He lowers his voice, half-serious, half-playful.

DAN (CONT'D)

Fortunately, very few know you exist... and we should keep it that way.

MUMMY DNA: CONFIRMED MATCH TO RESCUED GUEST - WHISPERS PAST

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - HELM - LATE NIGHT

DAN tidies up. A flicker of something dark catches his eye—strands of hair on the chart table. He picks them up, curious.

DAN

Hal... can you run a DNA analysis on this?

HAL (V.O.)

Affirmative. ARK sequencing initiated.

Dan hesitates. Then carefully places the strands into a chamber. A soft hum fills the helm. Screens flicker. A holographic matrix expands across the console.

HAL (V.O.)

Carbon dating inconclusive. Treating DNA as temporally neutral.

DAN

Understood.

Minutes tick past.

INT. HELM - CONTINUOUS

A tone blinks.

HAL (V.O.)

Analysis complete. The results... are remarkable.

Dan leans forward.

DAN

Remarkable how?

HAL (V.O.)

Genetic markers show Greek Macedonian descent. Mutation patterns suggest DNA age... over two thousand years.

DAN

That's... impossible. Unless—

HAL (V.O.)

Lineage aligns with Cleopatra Philopator VII.

Dan gulps. Then, activates internal comms.

DAN

John, get up here. You need to see this.

INT. JOHN'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

JOHN emerges, dishevelled but alert. A yawn turns into a jolt as he sees the display.

DAN

Hal ran an analysis on Cleopatra's hair.

HAL (V.O.)

Dan asked me to.

John scans the hologram. Eyes widen.

JOHN

Two thousand years... Greek Macedonian?

HAL (V.O.)

Confirmed. Historical genetic match. With anomalies.

DAN

Enhanced base code. Same molecular tweaks as yours. From Manaus.

John blinks. Then grins, awestruck.

JOHN

You son of a gun.

He claps Dan on the back. Dan beams.

DAN

Am I forgiven?

JOHN

More than. But we keep this quiet. She mustn't know. Not yet.

DAN

Agreed. But John... this belongs in the ARK.

JOHN

It will. Later.

He stares into the data—still wrestling with disbelief.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - BIO-LAB - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Dan sorts frantically through crates. The lab smells of dust and metal. He finds it—a sealed vial. The label reads: Alexandria, 30 BC.

DAN

Hal. You seeing this?

HAL (V.O.)

Preservation is... anachronistic.

Dan opens the vial. Extracts the powder.

DAN

Could be DNA?

HAL (V.O.)

Run the ARK.

Machinery hums. Lights blink.

Then—

HAL (V.O.)

Dan... the result is... impossible.

DAN

How impossible?

HAL (V.O.)

It's a perfect match. To our guest.

Dan recoils.

DAN

Cleopatra?

HAL (V.O.)

Probability of error... less than 0.00001%.

Dan's voice drops.

DAN

The Neuwelt Rittertum. They didn't just find Cleopatra's tomb... They cloned her.

He stares at the vial – then out toward the sea.

INT. HELM – PRESENT

John stands motionless at the helm. A glint of fear behind the awe.

JOHN (V.O.)

It changes everything.

Dan watches his Captain silently, both men shaken, both electrified. They look toward the aft deck.

DAN (V.O.)

She carries millennia... in her eyes.

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN – FORWARD HELM – MIDDAY

The hum of electric thrusters softly underfoot. The panoramic viewport opens to a vast turquoise Mediterranean—but JOHN STORM isn't looking. A holographic display glows in front of him—organic codes and shimmering data strands projected by HAL, the ship's AI.

JOHN

Hal... run the sequence again. Uncle Douglas's private files.

HAL (V.O.)

Affirmative, Captain.

Molecular diagrams rotate. One resolves into a complete digitized DNA strand, overlaid with an ancient dentine analysis.

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

Match probability exceeds ninety-nine point nine percent.

DAN

You're saying this... is Cleopatra?

JOHN

It's the only logical conclusion. Uncle Douglas... he did it. Digitized DNA. Reconstructed life.

HAL (V.O.)

Professor Storm's work on Project Ark was revolutionary. Encoding an entire genome into digital format... then rebuilding from data...

DAN

Those clever Brazilians proved the Ark's power. Douglas would be grinning in his lab coat.

JOHN

All those secret years. He wasn't just building a ship. He was rewriting life.

DAN

But how? That article—you said digital DNA still needs advanced tissue guidance.

HAL flickers. New schematics emerge—interconnected modules glowing like circuit-tree roots.

HAL (V.O.)

Professor Storm created a multi-phase protocol: – CRISPR-Cas9 for gene edits – Bioreactors mimicking embryonic development – Chemical gradients and electromagnetic fields guiding cellular formation

John squints at a glowing node.

JOHN

And this controls the process?

HAL (V.O.)

Correct. A “morphogenetic orchestrator.” Directed energy at a molecular level—cell by cell.

Silence. John walks to the viewport, sea shimmering before him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

She wasn't cloned. Not just copied. She was recreated—from information itself.

He turns—eyes gleaming, pulse racing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This... changes everything.

Dan and Hal exchange a look – part awe, part alarm.

DAN

Holy fuel cells, John... Are you thinking what I think you're thinking?

JOHN

The Ark. Hal. This tech... The lives we could restore...

Dan lifts two thumbs, arms up.

DAN

It's a little Frankenstein, Captain.

JOHN

Mary Shelley. The visionary.

DAN

Peter Cushing. Hammer Horror!

JOHN

Frankenstein Created Woman.

DAN

Classic. You know it?

FADE OUT

JOHN'S BLOODLINE: CONFIRMED MATCH TO ROMAN GENERAL - FAMILY TREE

INT. ELIZABETH SWANN - FORWARD LAB - NIGHT

Digital screens glow softly in the dark. HAL's avatar flickers on a panel. DAN lounges with a half-empty Solar Cola, watching readouts scroll.

HAL (V.O.)

DNA sequence complete. Preliminary lineage analysis suggests our captain's ancestry traces back... to ancient Rome.

DAN

Let me guess. Mark Antony?

HAL

Precisely. Records are scattered, but consistent enough to indicate nobility washed through the centuries.

He pauses, his tone more thoughtful.

HAL (CONT'D)

Marcus Antonius had many children. Most died young... but some lines survived.

DAN

Okay, Hal. Lay it out. Which branch?

HAL

Candidates include Antonia Major, Antonia Minor... Julia Agrippina.

DAN

Agrippina the Younger? Bit shaky, Hal. Claudius adopted heirs. And had kids who didn't survive.

HAL

So... no secret children?

DAN

Nothing's impossible, but let's think this through.

DAN (CONT'D)

Claudius married Agrippina. Her son, Nero, was adopted. Claudius did father Britannicus and Claudia Antonia – both dead young.

HAL

Acknowledged. No surviving direct line from Claudius confirmed.

DAN

Still think John looks like a Roman general.

HAL's screen pulses.

HAL

Then let us explore Cleopatra's line. Through Mark Antony.

DAN

Ah, the twins: Alexander Helios and Cleopatra Selene.

HAL

Alexander vanished from records. But Cleopatra Selene married Juba II, King of Mauretania. Their bloodline continued.

DAN

Now that's a possibility. Royal intermarriage... Mediterranean spread... plausible.

HAL

No modern Italian claims direct Roman descent. Cultural ties, yes. Lineage, less so.

Dan stretches, popping open a fresh Solar Cola.

DAN

Ptolemy of Mauretania – last king. His descendants could've mingled into European nobility.

HAL

Concurred. Movement and intermarriage among dynasties make tracing possible, though indirect.

DAN

With Cleopatra Selene executed – or not – we lean on probabilities. No record confirms her death. Her reign had impact.

HAL

Statistically, her survival and lineage through Juba II offers highest continuity.

Dan reclines, satisfied.

DAN

Queen Drusilla of Mauretania – daughter of Julia Urania. That line might've made it through. If so... boom, we're staring at a living descendent.

HAL

DNA supports geographic origin. Ancestral cluster aligns.

Dan blinks.

DAN

So... John and Cleopatra meeting wasn't chance?

HAL

I don't believe in coincidences. Especially when prophecy and genetics align.

They fall silent. The ship hums softly. Hal watches the data. Dan stares into his fizzing drink.

Somewhere below deck, JOHN sleeps beside CLEOPATRA. And perhaps, somewhere above them, Isis and Anubis whisper still.

FADE OUT

DÉJÀ VU: DAN & HAL TELL JOHN HE'S OF ROMAN DESCENT - THE REVELATION

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - BAY OF NAPLES - SUNSET

The ELIZABETH SWANN glides across glassy waters. POMPEII looms hazy on the horizon. JOHN STORM stands at the helm - solemn, silent.

JOHN (V.O.) I've been here before... a long time ago.

INT. HELM - CONTINUOUS

DAN monitors the radar, side-eyeing John.

DAN You seem distracted, Captain.

JOHN

Just... a strange feeling. Like déjà vu.

DAN

Seasickness?

JOHN

No. Deeper. Like... ancestral memory.

HAL (V.O.)

Captain, I've analysed your DNA. Cross-referenced with historical databases.

John glances over, curiosity flaring.

JOHN

Go on.

HAL

Your lineage traces back to the Roman Republic. Specifically... the Julio-Claudian dynasty.

JOHN

You're telling me I'm related to Caesar?

HAL

Indirectly. Through your maternal line. Your great-grandmother – Amelia Worthington – descends from Drusilla, daughter of Julia Urania. John grips the helm tighter.

JOHN (softly)

Drusilla...

DAN

You alright?

JOHN

It... explains a lot. This draw to the coast. The ache inside. It's like memory surfacing.

HAL

Complex genealogy. But the pattern holds.

John stares at the horizon. The silhouette of Pompeii sharpens.

EXT. STERN DECK - SAME TIME

CLEOPATRA gazes across the fading light, the salt air teasing her hair. Her eyes drink in the shoreline. The outlines. The scents. The distant ruins.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

It's familiar... hauntingly so.

She glances forward. JOHN stands framed by the setting sun. His profile. The broad shoulders. The way he leans into the helm.

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

Marcus...

Her pulse races. Her knees go weak.

INT. HELM - CONTINUOUS

JOHN

Does Cleopatra know?

Dan and Hal fall silent. John trembles slightly, holding a course steady.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Has anyone said anything? To her?

HAL

Negative, Captain. We maintained discretion.

JOHN

Good... I wouldn't want to spook her.

He peers through the cabin glass. CLEOPATRA stands silhouetted, her posture regal, her gaze timeless.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Dan... do you think she knows? Feels something?

DAN

She's perceptive. Maybe not specifics. But something... between you two.

Hal's tone shifts, lower and certain.

HAL

Her emotional signals suggest resonance. Intuition. Recognition.

John exhales slowly, overwhelmed.

JOHN

She's Cleopatra... and I'm... Antony's blood.

Dan watches John – admiration mingled with concern.

EXT. STERN DECK – CONTINUOUS

CLEOPATRA closes her eyes. A memory floods in – the scent of Antony's cologne, the press of his hand.

She opens them – tears blur her vision. She watches John.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

Same eyes. Same voice. Same man?

But history echoes – guilt gnaws. Antony, betrayed. Abandoned. She grips the railing, breath unsteady.

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

Can love travel through time... unscathed?

A whisper stirs in her mind.

ISIS (V.O.)

Calm, my daughter. History must not repeat.

INT. HELM - NIGHT FALLING

Pompeii gleams under the dying sun. John steadies the ship.

DAN

Magnificent, isn't it?

JOHN

A timeless beauty.

He turns once more to Cleopatra. Their eyes meet – across time, across history.

JOHN (V.O.)

This isn't just a voyage. It's a reckoning.

EXT. AFT DECK - BAY OF NAPLES - NIGHTFALL

The golden shimmer fades into blue dusk. CLEOPATRA stands alone, framed by the curve of the horizon. Her eyes are half-closed. A gentle breeze stirs.

ISIS (V.O.) (ethereal, barely a whisper)

Beware, Cleopatra. History repeats itself. But the future... is yet unwritten. Do not let your past blind you to the present.

Cleopatra opens her eyes slowly. Her face is composed, but her thoughts swirl like the tide below. She exhales, long and low.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

A minefield of shadows... and echoes.

INT. HELM - CONTINUOUS

JOHN glances toward the stern, then walks quietly to join her.

EXT. AFT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Cleopatra senses him behind her before he speaks. She turns – slowly – her eyes glittering in the moonlight.

CLEOPATRA (soft, with playful gravity)
You know... you remind me of someone.

John halts. Surprised. A slight chuckle.

JOHN
Do I now?

She steps closer, examining his features with the intensity of someone studying a long-lost portrait.

CLEOPATRA
A man of honour. A warrior. A leader... Someone who commands respect.

John laughs nervously, the blush rising to his cheeks.

JOHN
Thank you, Your Majesty.

Cleopatra smiles, her eyes flicker with mischief.

CLEOPATRA
Perhaps a little less... impetuous.

They share a brief, charged silence. John leans on the railing beside her, sensing the shift in energy.

JOHN
You're teasing me.

Cleopatra tilts her head, enigmatic.

CLEOPATRA

Am I?

John watches her – her regal stance, her quiet fire.

JOHN (V.O.)

She knows. Somehow... she knows.

CLEOPATRA (V.O.)

He is not Antony. But echoes don't lie.

They embrace, a first kiss that waited 2,000 years.

"THE STARS ALIGN"

INT. CYBERCORE GENETICA - CONTROL VAULT - NIGHT

Dim glow from HAL's orb pulses rhythmically. Dan, contemplates a rubbing from Cleopatra's sarcophagus, scanned into HAL for decrypting. Hieroglyphics shimmer in the AR interface.

HAL (V.O.) Voice calm, resonant, tinged with wonder.

I have analyzed the astral matrix. Constellations of Sothis, Orion, and the Lotus Star have entered conjunction. This alignment has occurred only once – during the reign of Cleopatra VII. Now, it returns.

HAL's projection shows a celestial map. Lines arc across the heavens, forming a radiant solar boat among the stars.

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

The hieroglyphs inscribed on Cleopatra's sarcophagus reveal an ancient prophecy: 'A man shall come in a solar boat, when the stars remember Isis. He shall be of Roman blood and carry the breath of life. With the Queen of the Nile, he shall awaken eternity.'

DAN (softly, reading the rubbing again)

It's John. The solar boat... it's the Elizabeth Swann. And Mark Antony's blood flows in his veins.

Cleopatra and John already feel this bond. Then as HAL reveals the extraordinary coincidence Cleopatra turns slowly to John. Her eyes shimmer with recognition – not just of fact, but of fate.

CLEOPATRA (reverent)

You wear the stars in your soul, as he did. I saw you in dreams painted on temple walls in the Duat. You are the one the gods sent to save me.

JOHN (voice trembling with the weight of revelation)

I didn't believe in prophecy... until now. But if time, blood, and stars brought us here—then let history take note.

He steps close. Their lips meet again – not merely a kiss of romance, but of reunification. Past and future collapse in one timeless embrace.

HAL (V.O.) "The prophecy is fulfilled. Initiate Protocol: Legacy."

FADE OUT

- THE END -