

## **COLD OPEN**

### **INT. HMS ARTFUL – CONTROL ROOM – NIGHT**

Low red lighting. Calm efficiency.  
A modern warship at silent alert.

#### **SONAR OPERATOR**

Bikini Black Special.  
Active ping — warning strength.

A deep **THOOM** rolls outward through the hull.

#### **CAPTAIN ELEANOR HAWKINS**

Single pulse only.  
Let them know we're present.

The return comes back... *wrong*.

#### **SONAR OPERATOR**

Ma'am. That echo isn't biological.

#### **HAWKINS**

Define "isn't."

#### **SONAR OPERATOR**

Symmetry.  
Whatever it is... it was built.

A beat.

#### **HAWKINS**

Hold course.  
Let's see what history left behind.

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## **THE ROCKSLIDE**

### **EXT. SEAFLOOR – VOLCANIC SHELF**

The sonar wave strikes a fractured ridge.  
Stone gives way.

A slow-motion underwater landslide.

Sediment clears—

Revealing a massive, elegant hull — curved, predatory, unmistakably intentional.

**THE NAUTILUS.**

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## **DIVE TEAM**

### **INT. HMS ARTFUL – DIVE LOCKER**

Silent preparation.

**LT. JAMES MITCHELL** checks seals.

**PO1 JOHN BAXTER** watches the monitor.

**BAXTER**

Tell me that's a wreck.

**MITCHELL**

Wrecks don't hide under volcanoes.

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### **EXT. NAUTILUS – CONTINUOUS**

The divers approach.

Lights sweep across the hull.

No corrosion. No damage.

Brass details gleam.

**BAXTER (COMMS)**

Control... this thing's maintained.

They locate a hatch — ornate, mechanical.

Mitchell touches it.

Warm.

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# ENTRY

## INT. NAUTILUS – ENTRY CHAMBER

The hatch opens with a mechanical sigh.

Darkness.

Then—

As Mitchell steps forward, the deck beneath his boot **glows softly**.

Lights bloom ahead — *only where he walks*.  
Sequential. Intentional.

### MITCHELL

Motion-activated lighting.

### BAXTER

Analog...

The ship wakes corridor by corridor.

Glass tubes loom on either side — tall, cylindrical, still.  
Brass gauges frozen at zero.

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# THE CABIN

A single room glows amber.

A man lies in a mechanical suspension berth.

A brass key hangs on a chain around his neck.

A plaque:

### REANIMATION TIMER — 100 YEARS

The mechanism is frozen mid-cycle.

### MITCHELL

Timer's failed.

## **BAXTER**

So... he never woke.

Mitchell steps closer.

The deck registers **two additional presences**.

A secondary system clicks on.

Deep within the ship, something stirs.

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## **REANIMATION**

Gears engage.

Steam exhales.

Fluid drains.

Glass tubes outside the cabin faintly bubble.

The man breathes.

Eyes open.

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## **NEMO AWAKES**

He sits up slowly.

No panic. No confusion.

He studies the divers.

Then the lighting.

Then the failed timer.

## **NEMO**

(disappointed, calm)

A century...

And I overslept.

## **MITCHELL**

Sir—

Can you tell us who you are?

Nemo's gaze sharpens.

**NEMO**

Captain Nemo.

A beat.

**BAXTER**

Right.

And I suppose I'm Poseidon.

Nemo ignores him.

**NEMO**

What year is it?

**MITCHELL**

Two thousand twenty-six.

Nemo closes his eyes.

A long breath.

Then — a faint smile.

**NEMO**

It worked.

The lights remain on only where the men stand.

Watching them.

**NEMO (soft, to himself)**

Even asleep...

She knew when guests arrived.

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## **THE BRIEFING**

### **INT. UN SECURITY COUNCIL – CONSULTATION ROOM – NIGHT**

No cameras. No press.

Chaotic sonar data fills the walls.

**AMBASSADOR STERN (USA)**

We've spent forty-eight hours dancing around the term.  
Let's stop.

He slams a folder down.

**STERN**

A USO.  
Unidentified Submerged Object.

**AMBASSADOR VOLKOV (RUSSIA)**

If your *Artful* lost contact, that is a British failure.

**REAR ADMIRAL VANCE (UK)**

You fired.  
We have the acoustic signature.

A murmur.

**VANCE**

Your torpedo didn't miss.  
It was ignored.

Thermal wireframes animate.

**VANCE**

Dead stop to sixty-five knots in under four seconds.  
No cavitation. No wake.

Silence.

**AMBASSADOR CHEN (CHINA)**

Is this American?

**STERN**

It's not ours.

**VOLKOV**

Nor ours.

A TECH rushes in, whispers.

Vance pales.

**VANCE**

The Nautilus just pinged us.

**STERN**

Where?

**VANCE**

Mediterranean.

Seventy knots through Gibraltar.

A beat.

**VANCE**

Rome.

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## **CONTROL**

### **INT. NAUTILUS – CENTRAL CORRIDOR**

The ship hums.

A faint **RED BLINK** pulses on Mitchell's belt.

Nemo notices instantly.

**NEMO**

Lieutenant.

Hand it over.

Mitchell complies.

Nemo dismantles the beacon with surgical ease.

Silence.

**NEMO**

Ingenious.

Antenna's always the giveaway.

(beat)

**NEMO**

I have my own wireless.

Older. Quieter.

He turns away.

**NEMO**

Change course.  
One-eight-zero. Speed three-zero knots.

The hum lowers.

**NEMO**

Pick a cabin.  
Out of those wet things.

(then, polite)

**NEMO**

We'll arrive tomorrow.

A beat.

**NEMO**

Welcome aboard.

The lights dim behind him.

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## **DINING SALON**

### **INT. NAUTILUS – NIGHT**

A cathedral of brass and wood.  
A massive PIPE ORGAN dominates the wall.

A lavish, impossible meal.

Baxter eats, stunned.

**BAXTER**

I'm never eating an MRE again.

Nemo eats calmly.

**NEMO**

The surface world has forgotten how to taste.

Mitchell watches him.

**MITCHELL**

You slept a century.

Nemo leans back.

**NEMO**

I was tired of blood.  
Of empires.

A beat.

**NEMO**

I hoped to wake to poets.

His eyes harden.

**NEMO**

Instead... efficiency.

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## **THE HIDDEN WORLD**

**INT. NAUTILUS – BRIDGE**

Ancient ruins drift past the viewport.

A shattered **POSEIDON STATUE**.

**NEMO**

There.

A cave. Too tight.

**MITCHELL**

We won't fit.

Nemo smiles.

**NEMO**

Oh yes we will.

Ballast blows.

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## **EXT. VOLCANIC CAVERN – CONTINUOUS**

A hidden world.

Black sand. Palms. Smoke.

People watching.

### **BAXTER**

...There's a whole world down here.

### **NEMO**

My people.

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## **THE GHOST WAR**

### **INT. NAUTILUS – READY ROOM**

Maps. Silence.

A tanker blinks red.

### **ADMIRAL VANCE**

A hijacked Russian prototype.

A nuclear drone beneath Ukraine's breadbasket.

Nemo studies the map.

### **NEMO**

Extinction by patience.

A pause.

### **UN ENVOY**

We need you.

Nemo turns.

### **NEMO**

No flags.

No command authority.

A beat.

**UN ENVOY**

Accepted.

Nemo nods.

**NEMO**

Bring me your Ghost Hunter.

A faint smile.

**NEMO**

Let us go hunting in the dark.

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**FINAL MOVEMENT**

**INT. NAUTILUS – BRIDGE – BLACK SEA – NIGHT**

Depth charges explode.

A hostile submarine breaks free.

**NEMO**

Take out the freighter.

The Nautilus rams through steel like a blade.  
Harpoons fire. Electricity surges.

The enemy sub limps away.

Nemo watches the darkness.

**NEMO**

Then we continue the hunt.

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**INT. POSEIDON SUB – CONTROL ROOM**

Alarms scream.

The captain stares at the rear cam.

Something ancient is coming.

And it is not finished.

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## **INT. NAUTILUS – BRIDGE – BLACK SEA – NIGHT**

Nemo leans close to the helm.

**NEMO**

(whispered)

Be ready.

(beat)

**NEMO**

It's about to happen.

Mitchell's hands tighten.

**NEMO**

We are too exposed. Get us out—now.

**MITCHELL**

Aye.

Thirty-five knots.

Not fast enough.

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## **INT. KHABAROVSK – COMMAND DECK – SAME**

Volkov rises. Slowly.

**VOLKOV**

Up.

Very slowly.

**TORPEDO OFFICER**

Weapons loaded.

**VOLKOV**

Ping.

A brutal ACTIVE SONAR PING tears through the sea.

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## **INT. NAUTILUS – BRIDGE – SAME**

The ping hits like a hammer.

### **SONAR**

Contact! Two in the water!

### **NEMO**

Hard about! Change cores—now!

### **MITCHELL**

Captain—  
(beat)  
Trust me.

Two torpedoes streak in.

Seconds.

Mitchell slams throttles.

### **MITCHELL**

Flank speed!

The Nautilus lunges *straight at them*.

IMPACT.

Metal shrieks.

Then—silence.

Fragments drift past.

### **BAXTER**

...They didn't detonate.

### **MITCHELL**

They never armed.

A flicker of respect crosses Nemo's face.

### **NEMO**

Brilliant.

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Harpoons fire.  
The KHABAROVSK is snared.

**SONAR**

New contacts! Poseidon drones!

Two NUCLEAR DRONES peel away.

**NEMO**

Damn him.

**MITCHELL**

Those are nukes!

Nemo doesn't blink.

**NEMO**

I have an idea.  
And I don't like it.

He keys the PA.

**NEMO (PA)**

All hands—brace hard.

He flips a brass cover.

A red button.

**NEMO**

Brace.

He presses it.

**WOMP.**

A spherical EMP shockwave blooms.

The drones go dark.

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**INT. NAUTILUS – BRIDGE – CONTINUOUS**

Total blackout.

Then chaos.

The ship tumbles violently.

A minute of hell.

Then—

A low hum.

Systems return.

Nemo rises.

**NEMO (PA)**

It's over.

(beat)

**NEMO**

Damage reports in ten minutes.

Injured—report to my clinic.

A faint smile.

**NEMO**

Good work.

He turns to Mitchell.

**NEMO**

Lieutenant... I am also a doctor.

And I dislike paperwork.

A beat.

**NEMO**

Will you accept a field promotion?

**MITCHELL**

...Yes, Captain.

**NEMO**

Good.

You are my Number One.

He gestures to the chair.

**NEMO**

Bring us up for repairs.

And—

(smiles)

Call home.

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## **EPILOGUE**

### **EXT. BRITISH NAVAL YARD – DAY**

The Nautilus glides in. Silent. Majestic.

Crowds. Cameras.

Nemo steps onto the pier, sovereign.

A REPORTER shouts.

**REPORTER**

Captain Nemo! Will you help again?

Nemo turns once.

**NEMO**

If the world truly needs me—

I will help.

(beat)

**NEMO**

On my terms.

Behind him, the Nautilus rests.

Waiting.

**CUT TO BLACK.**