

**MARION WATSON AND THE SUMMER OF SECRETS V1.0**

**CLEANER OCEAN FOUNDATION LTD.**

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**THE SILVER COAST CALLS**

EXT. WATSON COTTAGE - HERSTMONCEUX - DAY

A peaceful Sussex cottage garden...

Except it looks like Q Branch met a surf shop.

MISS OCEAN, the family's Volkswagen T2 camper wagon, gleams like a chrome deity, officially a historic vehicle with the DVLA; over 40 years young.

Her engine purrs with the smugness of a cat that swallowed a jet turbine.

JIMMY (12), legs sticking out of the passenger footwell, vacuums with the intensity of a NASA engineer.

JIMMY

(muffled)

If I find one more rogue oatcake from Scotland, I'm calling DEFRA. This is a Category 3 biohazard.

A faint zap-zap-zap echoes nearby.

ANTHONY, the Magic robot Dinobot, is polishing the engine with micro-lasers, his sensors glowing violet.

He looks like a cross between a robot valet and a supernatural entity. He is artificially intelligent; AI.

ANTHONY

The thermodynamic efficiency of the flat-four boxer

engine is now optimal.

(beat)

I have also polished the carburettor to a mirror finish.

(proudly)

It is... shiny.

TIM (early 40s), Jimmy's father, part-time MI6 general, full-time tinkerer, torques bolts on the new wide-track alloys.

TIM

It's a van, Anthony. Not a disco ball.

(steps back, admiring)

Although... she does look like she could headline Glastonbury.

Miss Ocean glints as if flattered.

INT. WATSON COTTAGE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings - an old-fashioned trill, like something from a 1970s spy film.

TIM leans through the window, sandwich in hand.

TIM

I've got it! Probably someone wanting to talk about our car's extended warranty.

He answers. His expression shifts from amused to startled.

TIM

Honey? It's for you. Cornwall County Council.

(whispers)

This sounds official. Like... clipboard official.

MARION WATSON enters, wiping her hands on her apron. She takes the phone. She is late 30s, athletic, Jimmy's

mother.

MARION

Marion Watson speaking.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CORNWALL COUNTY COUNCIL OFFICE - DAY

A harried OFFICIAL flips through a dusty binder labelled SURFING LEGENDS - ARCHIVE.

OFFICIAL (V.O.)

Mrs. Watson! Thank goodness. Your call sign: MISS-OCEAN, right? We've been tracing your professional surfing credentials.

We're one judge short for the Bude summer circuit. Your name came up at the top of the list.

INT. WATSON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marion's eyes widen. A wave crashes in her memory.

MARION

A judge? I haven't been on a circuit since before Jimmy was born.

Tim appears behind her, miming a surfing pose with his sandwich.

He looks like a dad trying to impress teenagers at a skate park.

OFFICIAL (V.O.)

Exactly why we need you.

Your eye for soul-surfing. Classic form.

We'll cover all expenses.

Marion hesitates - then glances at Tim, who gives a double thumbs-up and a ridiculous "hang ten" face.

MARION

Count me in.

But I'm bringing my own board.

And I'm not sitting in a plastic chair all week.

She hangs up. A flicker of concern crosses her face.

MARION

(softly)

And I'll be checking the beaches. Sussex is drowning in plastic lately.

EXT. WATSON COTTAGE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tim claps his hands like a mission commander.

TIM

Alright team! Destination: Bude.

Objective: Judge the best, polish the chrome,  
and try not to let Anthony accidentally enter the under-  
18s bodyboarding heat.

Jimmy pops up from the van, hair wild, eyes bright.

JIMMY

Road trip part two!

I'll get the surf wax!

Anthony flickers - literally.

He phases into invisibility mode, military quality  
camouflage, leaving only a faint shimmer in the air.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

I shall prepare... covertly.

Tim jumps.

TIM

Anthony! Warn a man before you go full Ghostbusters!

Miss Ocean sparkles – almost knowingly.

The Watsons gather, united, excited, chaotic.

MARION

The Silver Coast is calling.

TIM

And we're answering.

They pile into the van.

The engine roars – smooth, powerful, almost supernatural.

Miss Ocean rolls forward, ready for adventure.

### **THE ROOF RACK GHOST**

EXT. WATSON COTTAGE – HERSTMONCEUX – MORNING

The driveway looks like a cross between a surf festival and a covert MI6 staging area.

MISS OCEAN, the VW T2 camper wagon, gleams like a polished jewel.

Her two-tone blue paintwork shimmers like a Caribbean reef.

TIM In a “wax-induced trance,” buffs the final panel with the solemnity of a monk polishing a sacred relic.

MARION Rebellious sparkle in her eye, applies vinyl wraps of a breaching humpback whale and curling Atlantic breakers.

TIM

(stepping back, admiring)

She's ready for deployment. Operation Surf 'n' Shine is a go.

MARION

(smiling)

Just because I'm judging doesn't mean I've retired my wild-water credentials.

INT. MISS OCEAN - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Watsons perform a frantic, military-precision checklist.

JIMMY

Toothbrushes?

MARION

Check.

JIMMY

Sunscreen?

TIM

Double-check. Triple-check. We're not repeating the Great Tintagel Sunburn Incident.

They climb aboard.

EXT. MISS OCEAN - REAR TAILGATE - CONTINUOUS

A new addition: sleek, reinforced footholds and a stainless-steel roof rack.

JIMMY pats the ladder like a proud engineer.

JIMMY

Up you go, boy.

ANTHONY, the Magic Dinobot, scuttles up with the clicking grace of a giant metal spider.

His hexapod legs lock into the brackets.

A custom tarpaulin unfolds itself with magnetic micro-fasteners, wrapping him like a high-tech chrysalis.

To the outside world: camping gear.

Inside: glowing surveillance hub.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Comfort level: optimal.

Stealth level: maximum.

EXT. A27 - OUTSKIRTS OF BRIGHTON - LATER

Traffic is at a standstill.

Miss Ocean crawls forward like a patient tortoise.

TIM grips the wheel with an MI6-grade scowl.

TIM

The A27...

(shakes head)

Held together by hope and string.

MARION

We'll be stuck until Bournemouth-Poole.

Just think of the A35, Tim.

Open roads. Rolling hills. Salt in the air.

JIMMY

Why don't they just build better roads?

TIM turns, deadly serious.

TIM

That, Jimmy, is one of the Great Mysteries.

Like Stonehenge. Or why politicians think potholes fill themselves.

EXT. M27 - MOVING - LATER

Traffic finally flows.

A massive articulated lorry looms inches behind Miss Ocean.

Inside his tarpaulin cocoon, ANTHONY'S sensors flare crimson.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Probability of rear-end catastrophe rising to 42%.

Initiating deterrent protocol, interfacing with VW's circuits.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The brake lights begin to pulse - not randomly, but rhythmically.

Morse code.

TIM

(confused)

Is the van... flirting?

EXT. MOTORWAY - CONTINUOUS

The truck driver squints.

The brake lights spell:

D-O-N-T T-A-I-L-G-A-T-E

He blinks.

The lights pulse again:

I S-E-E Y-O-U

The driver yelps, clutching a plastic dashboard saint.

He slams on the brakes, dropping back hundreds of yards.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Subject has retreated.

He is currently praying.

Jimmy bursts out laughing.

JIMMY

Nice one, Anthony.

EXT. A31 / A30 - HOURS LATER

The scenery shifts from manicured Sussex to rugged Cornish granite.

Gorse. Mist. Sea spray.

The Watsons breathe it in.

EXT. A39 SIGN - "THE ATLANTIC HIGHWAY" - EVENING  
The sign emerges through the mist like a gateway to adventure.

JIMMY

(blurting out)

Are we there yet-

He winces, regretting it instantly.

Tim catches Marion's eye in the mirror and winks.

TIM

Almost, Jimmy. Almost.

EXT. MISS OCEAN - ROOF - CONTINUOUS  
Anthony shifts beneath the tarpaulin.

His sensors detect a distant, low-frequency thrum.

The Atlantic swell.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Target environment detected.

Surf resonance increasing.

The ghost on the roof-rack is ready.

FADE OUT.

### **WIDEMOUTH BAY WELCOME**

EXT. ATLANTIC HIGHWAY - DAY  
A vintage, 1979, VW campervan - MISS OCEAN - roars

heroically along the winding West Country roads. The suspension leans like a ship in a gale.

Inside, the WATSON FAMILY sways in unison, exhausted but determined.

EXT. HILLTOP ABOVE WIDEMOUTH BAY - CONTINUOUS  
Miss Ocean crests the final rise.  
The view explodes into frame: a vast turquoise ocean, white-capped waves, and a campsite perched like a lookout post over paradise.

TIM WATSON (Ex-MI6 swagger, current Dad-bod enthusiasm) guides the van into position.

His eyes lock onto a small, steam-wreathed building nearby: THE GULL'S REST CAFÉ.

TIM  
(whispering, reverent)  
A greasy spoon... a cathedral of cholesterol... a sanctuary of the Squelchy Bap.

EXT. CAMP SITE - CONTINUOUS  
MARION WATSON (Ocean-soul, Keeper of Order) slides open the van door and inhales deeply, arms wide like she's greeting an old friend.

MARION  
Listen to that. The Atlantic's percussion section. And smell that salt - pure, concentrated Vitamin Sea.

JIMMY (teenager, permanently hungry) staggers out behind her, knees wobbling.

JIMMY

Mum... my stomach's doing a drum solo. I think I'm seeing spots.

Marion laughs, torn between maternal sympathy and the hypnotic pull of perfect surf.

MARION

Fine, fine. Tactical bacon strike after we deploy the shelter. First - the awning.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MOMENTS LATER

The "EASY-UP AWNING" lies on the grass like a collapsed alien lifeform.

The box claims: ASSEMBLES IN 30 SECONDS!

Reality: ASSEMBLES IN 30 YEARS.

Tim squares up to it like Bond facing a henchman.

TIM

Aha! You think you can defy me?

He lunges at a telescopic pole. It springs back, slapping him in the shoulder.

TIM

(grappling)

I've disarmed pressure-plate mines that were less temperamental than this!

Jimmy watches, arms folded, smirking.

JIMMY

Need backup, 007? Or shall we wait for the wind to carry it to Ireland?

Tim, now half-entangled in nylon, growls.

TIM

Less commentary... more bracing!

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Marion lasts exactly three seconds before the Keeper in her activates.

She dives in, catching a rogue pole mid-swing like a martial-arts master.

Together, she and Tim wrestle the awning into submission – a balletic chaos of limbs, poles, and polyester.

Finally – THUNK – the last peg is hammered home.

Up on the roof, ANTHONY (the mechanical stowaway, disguised as luggage) emits a subtle click, tightening the ropes with his hidden claw-feet.

EXT. CAMPSITE - AFTERMATH

Tim stands, hair wild, shirt askew, but dignity mostly restored.

TIM

Awning secured. Perimeter established. Now... we dine.

Jimmy salutes. Marion, however, is transfixed by the sea.

EXT. CLIFF EDGE - SUNSET

Marion stands silhouetted against the blazing sky.

The waves below roll in with ancient, thunderous grace.

MARION

(softly)

You go on. Order me a tea. I just need a moment... to remember what it feels like to be home.

She watches a perfect Atlantic roller curl and break.

MARION

(calling after them)

Make that a full English, please, darling.

Tim gives a suave double-finger-point - pure budget Bond - and marches toward the café.

Jimmy follows, already drooling.

Marion remains, the wind in her hair, the sea roaring like an old friend calling her name.

FADE OUT.

### THE JUDGE'S SEAT

EXT. CAMPSITE PATH - DAY

TIM and JIMMY descend the hill like two men returning from battle.

Their steps are slow. Heavy. Burdened.

Jimmy clutches his stomach.

JIMMY

I think I'm forty percent bacon, Dad. Maybe forty-five.

Tim's usual MI6-style stride has devolved into something far more... digestive.

TIM

This isn't a walk. This is a Sausage Stroll.

They trudge onward.

EXT. WIDEMOUTH BAY - DUNES - CONTINUOUS

The scenery shifts dramatically:

A wooden rostrum rises from the sand like a seaside fortress.

Banners snap in the wind.

ATLANTIC SURF CHAMPIONSHIP

flaps proudly above logos for Cornwall Council and several banks that look like they've wandered into the wrong movie.

Marion stops at the tide line, her expression tightening.

MARION

The ocean provides the stage... and we provide the litter.

(beat)

It's a tragedy, Tim.

Tim tries to stand tall, but the Mega-Monster Breakfast is winning.

TIM

We'll do a sweep later, honey.

(gesturing)

Duty calls. Look.

EXT. JUDGING PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

They climb the wooden stairs.

Marion freezes mid-step.

A polished nameplate gleams in the sun:

MARION WATSON - HEAD TECHNICAL JUDGE

Jimmy whistles.

JIMMY

Pride of place, Mum.

From this vantage point, MISS OCEAN sits on the hill like a regal monarch.

A crowd of VW-spotters circles her, photographing her like she's a celebrity.

Two senior judges approach: SILAS STONE and ARTHUR KING - both weathered, sun-baked, and squinting like retired pirates.

SILAS

(shaking her hand)

Pleased to meet the legend. I'm Silas. This is Arthur. We've been keeping your seat warm - but we're glad the real expertise has arrived.

Marion smiles modestly...

But then - a shadow falls across the rack of numbered

surfboards.

The atmosphere shifts.

Cold. Sharp. Competitive.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

SHEELAGH BROWN late teens, muscle toned, strides across the sand like a storm front. Call sign: WAVE-RIDER. Her wetsuit is obsidian-black, glossy, and intimidating - like liquid shadow poured into human form.

She ignores the crowd.

Gives the judges a stiff, chilly wave.

SILAS

(whispering)

That's Wave Rider.

Sheelagh's eyes lock onto Marion's.

A silent challenge.

A duel without words.

Arthur watches her paddle out - smooth, powerful, predatory.

ARTHUR

Tremendous form.

She moves like a barracuda.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Then - PAUL LAMBERT arrives. Early 20s, super fit. Call sign: SIX-PACK.

He doesn't walk.

He struts.

His wetsuit is peeled to the waist, revealing a torso so sculpted it looks carved by a team of dedicated woodworkers.

A flock of admirers trails behind him, phones raised like offerings.

SILAS

And that... is Six Pack.

If he flexes any harder, he might actually shatter.

Paul flashes a dazzling smile at the judges – the kind of smile villains use before pressing a big red button.

Marion keeps her tone neutral.

MARION

Are they neck-and-neck on the scoreboard?

ARTHUR

Total dominance.

Favorites to win the whole circuit.

Technically perfect, though...

(leans in)

A bit too cocky for my liking.

They treat the ocean like a treadmill.

Paul leaps onto his board with explosive grace and paddles out to join Sheelagh.

Together, they sit beyond the break – two dark silhouettes surveying their kingdom.

EXT. JUDGING PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Marion's gaze drifts to the spare boards lined up below.

Her fingers twitch.

The sea calls to her like an old friend.

Being stuck behind a desk while pretenders rule her waves  
is torture of the highest order.

Behind her, unnoticed by the crowd, a faint shimmer  
ripples in the dunes.

ANTHONY watches - sensors locked on the Power Couple,  
recording every movement, every angle, every hint of  
ambition.

A silent guardian.

A mechanical witness.

FADE OUT.

### **JUST ONE WAVE**

EXT. WIDEMOUTH BAY - JUDGING PLATFORM - LATE MORNING

The surf competition is in full swing.

Marion sits in the central judge's chair, posture regal,  
eyes sharp.

Below, PAUL "SIX-PACK" LAMBERT and SHEELAGH "WAVE-RIDER"  
BROWN carve the waves with mechanical precision -  
flawless, soulless, efficient.

MARION

(under her breath)

All technique... no fire.

Silas and Arthur stretch like old sea lions beside her.

SILAS

We're off for lunch. Let the sea settle before the finals. Coming, Marion?

Marion doesn't answer.

Her gaze is locked on the horizon – counting waves, timing sets, reading the ocean like scripture.

EXT. JUDGING PLATFORM – CONTINUOUS

Tim steps up beside her, sensing danger.

TIM

I know that look.

That's your "I'm about to do something expensive or dangerous" look.

MARION

(smiling softly)

It's the only one I've got.

Jimmy leans in, whispering like a spy reporting to HQ.

JIMMY

She's going, Dad. I can feel the Miss Ocean energy.

Anthony – confirm?

From the dunes, ANTHONY shimmers invisibly.

ANTHONY

Atmospheric pressure dropping.

Wave amplitude increasing.

Probability of a wicked set: ninety-eight percent.

Tim pales.

EXT. CHANGING HUT - MOMENTS LATER

Marion emerges in her classic navy-and-gold wetsuit -  
iconic, timeless, heroic.

She selects a honey-coloured longboard from the rack.  
It gleams like Excalibur.

TIM

Should I alert the coastguard?  
Or the insurance company?

MARION

Why? You joining me?

Tim opens his mouth - then closes it.  
She's already gone.

EXT. OCEAN - PADDLING OUT - CONTINUOUS

Marion paddles with deep, rhythmic strokes - powerful,  
calm, utterly in her element.

She passes Paul and Sheelagh, who sit beyond the break  
like smug sea gods.

PAUL

(shouting)  
Look - a floating fossil!  
Someone tell her the museum's inland!

Sheelagh laughs - sharp, brittle.

SHEELAGH

Shall we enjoin, Paul?  
Show grandmother how the modern world works?

Marion ignores them.  
Her eyes are on the horizon.

EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME  
Tourists notice her.  
Phones rise.  
Whispers ripple.

"Is that Miss Ocean?"  
"The judge is surfing!"  
A digital screen flashes: GRANDMA RIDES THE WAVES.

Jimmy bristles.  
Tim mutters something MI6-inappropriate under his breath.

EXT. OCEAN - BUILDING SWELL - CONTINUOUS  
The sea goes eerily quiet.

Then -  
A shadow rises on the horizon.

A mountain of water builds, towering, magnificent,  
terrifying.

The Seventh Sister.

Marion, Paul, and Sheelagh line up - three warriors  
awaiting battle.

They paddle hard.

Marion feels the surge first.

She pops up with impossible speed - balanced, centred,  
fearless.

Paul and Sheelagh rise behind her, cautious, calculating.

Marion takes the dangerous line - the line only legends  
dare.

EXT. DUNES - SAME TIME

Anthony's sensors lock onto the wave.

EXT. INSIDE THE WAVE - CONTINUOUS

Marion disappears into the roaring tunnel - the green room.

The crowd gasps.

Silence.

Then -

She bursts from the foam like a myth reborn, riding the wave all the way to the sand in a flawless, cinematic glide.

She steps off the board onto the wet beach - effortless, composed, victorious.

Paul and Sheelagh wipe out behind her, swallowed by chaos.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The beach erupts in cheers.

Marion doesn't bask.

She kneels, pulling a tangle of neon fishing line and a plastic bottle from the sand.

A silent rebuke.

The crowd sees - and instantly begins a spontaneous beach clean.

Kids sprint.

Adults scramble.

The Power Couple's groupies drop their phones and join

in.

Jimmy barrels into Marion, hugging her tight.

JIMMY

You did it, Mum! You absolutely trounced them!

Tim drapes a towel over her shoulders, swagger fully restored.

TIM

Steak dinner tonight, champ.  
For my surfing wonder.

Marion returns the board to the rack.

Paul and Sheelagh stagger ashore – drenched, defeated, dethroned.

Marion gives them a crisp, professional salute.

MARION

Good run, you two.  
I just got lucky with the set.

She walks away – calm, radiant, legendary.

The Power Couple stare after her, realising the truth:

They didn't just lose the wave.  
They lost the room.

FADE OUT.

**TIKTOK VIRAL VIBRATIONS**

EXT. BUDE BEACH - DAY

A drone-shot sweeps over the Cornish coastline. Sunlight glints off the Atlantic like a thousand paparazzi flashes.

SUPER: "By the time Marion dried her hair..."

Cut to:

A TEENAGER with a shaky phone and the swagger of someone who believes destiny follows him around. He films the screen as his TikTok upload explodes with notifications.

ON SCREEN:

"Loch Ness Legend or Cornish Queen? Miss Ocean schools the Pros."

The view counter spins like a fruit machine hitting jackpot.

INT. JUDGES' TENT - DAY

MARION OCEAN, now back in her schoolteacher cardigan, sits primly with a clipboard. She looks like she's marking essays, not rewriting surf history.

SILAS STONE and ARTHUR KING burst in, both still in wetsuits, dripping and breathless.

SILAS

(awestruck)

Marion... what in the name of King Neptune was that?

ARTHUR

You didn't scratch an itch - you detonated it!

He holds up his phone. The TikTok video plays: Marion's flawless "Green Room" exit, contrasted with PAUL and SHEELAGH's timid turns. The crowd roars.

ARTHUR

County Council's been ringing nonstop. They want you in the Legends Cup. One-off. High stakes. Lifetime Achievement heat.

Marion blinks as if someone just asked her to pilot a space shuttle.

MARION

A competition slot? At my age? I came here to grade papers, not write them.

SILAS

Think of the eyes on the coast. The tourism. The buzz.

Marion glances outside. A spontaneous BEACH CLEAN is underway, inspired by her run.

MARION

If it gives me a platform to talk about the plastic crisis... fine. But only if the proceeds fund a marine cleanup.

Arthur and Silas exchange a "we'd agree to anything right now" look.

ARTHUR

Done.

EXT. HOSPITALITY TENT - SAME TIME  
PAUL "SIX-PACK" LAMBERT and SHEELAGH "WAVE-RIDER" BROWN  
lurk in the shadows. Their faces glow blue from their  
phones as they rewatch Marion's viral clip for the  
hundredth time.

PAUL

She's a sideshow. A nostalgia act. If she enters that  
heat, we're footnotes.

SHEELAGH

We can't beat her clean, Paul. But Silas and Arthur?  
They've been around. Everyone's got a bit of dirt. A  
missed penalty. A dodgy sponsor. We tilt the deck... we  
win.

Paul nods with the solemnity of a man agreeing to commit  
mild villainy.

INT. JUDGES' TENT - CONTINUOUS

Marion rummages in her bag and pulls out a glowing golden  
bottle: SOLAR COLA. It looks like something Q Branch  
would issue before a moon mission.

SILAS

(staring)

What is that? Rocket fuel?

MARION

Jimmy's favourite concoction. Electrolytes, natural  
energy... and a hint of mischief. Only reason I can keep up  
with the Atlantic these days.

The label gleams: a stylized sun rising over a

gear-shaped horizon.

ABOVE THEM - TENT SUPPORT BEAM

Invisible to human eyes, ANTHONY - a hovering micro-drone with the personality of a paranoid butler - listens in. His sensors blink.

He replays Paul and Sheelagh's conversation. Keywords flash:

"DIRT."

"TILT THE DECK."

"INTEGRITY OF THE BENCH."

Anthony's internal protocols flare red.

ON ANTHONY'S AI HEADS UP DISPLAY:

"Threat Level: Mildly Villainous."

"Recommend: Operation Silent Sentry."

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

JIMMY's smartwatch vibrates. He glances down.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

(very Bond-AI)

Warning. The 'Power Couple' is transitioning from competitive envy to tactical sabotage. Suggest immediate deployment of Silent Sentry.

Jimmy looks up at the shimmering air where Anthony hovers invisibly. He gives TIM a subtle MI6-style nod.

Tim nods back, equally dramatic, despite holding a half-eaten pastry.

JIMMY

(quiet, heroic)

Surfing's for Marion.

This part's for us.

They stride off with exaggerated spy-movie purpose – until Jimmy trips over a sandcastle. He recovers with Bond-like dignity.

### **SHIFTING SANDS SABOTAGE**

EXT. BUDE BEACH – SUNSET

The sun sinks toward the Atlantic, casting long, finger-like shadows across the dunes. The wind hums with that eerie stillness that precedes mischief.

Behind a weather-beaten SURF SHACK, its wood bleached and cracked by decades of salt and storms, the air shimmers with a faint oily distortion – like heat haze with an attitude.

ANTHONY, in full camouflage mode, blends seamlessly into the shack's peeling grey planks. A hulking, invisible sentinel. His sensors twitch at every gull flap, every grain of sand that dares to move.

EXT. BEHIND THE SURF SHACK – CONTINUOUS

PAUL LAMBERT – "Six-Pack" incarnate – paces like a caged panther. His chest heaves with righteous surfer fury.

PAUL

(whisper-hissing)

It's an insult. Ten years of training. Sponsorships. Perfect scores. And now the Council wants a Legends

gimmick?

SHEELAGH BROWN leans against a stack of rusted lobster pots, her posture elegant, her expression lethal.

SHEELAGH

Nostalgia is a disease, Paul. One lucky wave from a "mature" surfer and suddenly the world forgets what real athleticism looks like.

She flicks a barnacle off her wetsuit like she's flicking away a peasant.

SHEELAGH

If Marion Watson stays on that board, our brand is dead.

Paul swallows hard.

PAUL

What are you thinking?

Sheelagh stares at the horizon – the ocean glinting like a blade.

SHEELAGH

The ocean is a dangerous place. Boards fail. Fins loosen. Judges... have secrets.

(beat)

We tilt the deck so far in our favour that Miss Ocean doesn't just lose – she sinks.

Anthony's sensors hum. A soft mechanical click-click-click as he logs every syllable.

ON ANTHONY'S HUD:

"KEYWORDS DETECTED: sabotage / tilt / sink."

"Threat Level: Petty Villainy Escalating."

EXT. VW CAMPER - SAME TIME

JIMMY and TIM are reorganising the back of the VW - which looks like Q Branch had a yard sale inside it.

Jimmy's earpiece crackles.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Jimmy. I have intercepted a disturbing transmission from Wave-Rider and Six-Pack. Intentions are... non-optimal.

Jimmy freezes mid-crate-shuffle.

JIMMY

Affirmative. Did they see you?

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Negative, oh Great One. I maintained stealth mode. I am a shadow in the night. A whisper in the reeds.

(beat)

A very large, very heavy ninja.

Jimmy smirks.

JIMMY

Your humour circuits are on fire today. Thank you, Antonius. Stay on them.

Tim looks up, confused but ready for action, holding a tangled bungee cord like it's a grappling hook.

INT. BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO - LONDON - SAME TIME

Neon lights flicker on. The studio hums to life.

JILL BIRD, polished and razor-sharp, adjusts her earpiece. On her monitor: Marion's viral wave-ride, frozen mid-spray.

JILL

(into mic)

Charley, remember that woman from the Loch Ness business?  
The one with the... unique camper van?

INT. CHARLEY TEMPLE'S FLAT - LONDON - CONTINUOUS  
CHARLEY TEMPLE, journalist, adventurer, and chaos magnet,  
is packing a gear bag with military precision - until she  
drops a battery at Jill's words.

CHARLEY

Miss Ocean? Marion Watson? Hard to forget. Why - found a  
kraken in the Thames?

JILL (V.O.)

Better. She's TikTok's new queen. Six million views. She  
just wiped the floor with the sport's top stars during  
her lunch break.

Charley's jaw drops.

CHARLEY

No way. I've been buried in that scandal all day. Did she  
really?

JILL (V.O.)

Council's offering her a Legends slot. Can you get to  
Bude? Eyes and ears?

Charley's eyes gleam - salt air calling her like a siren.

CHARLEY

Usual contract?

JILL (V.O.)

Usual local terms. And I know you secretly want one of  
those vintage vans. Consider it a scouting mission.

Charley grins.

CHARLEY

You know me too well. I'm hitting the M4.

She slings her bag over her shoulder like a spy heading into the field.

EXT. BUDE BEACH - SUNSET

The wind picks up. The dunes shift. The tide rolls in with a low, ominous growl.

A legend is returning to the waves.

A reporter is on the trail.

Two rivals are plotting a fall.

But one truth hangs in the air like static:

The Watsons never travel alone.

### **THE BUDE ENCAMPMENT**

EXT. WIDEMOUTH BAY - HILLTOP CAMPSITE - GOLDEN HOUR

The hilltop glows in the late-day sun. Tents flap lazily. Barbecues sizzle. And in the centre of the grassy plateau sits MISS OCEAN, the Watsons' two-tone blue VW camper - gleaming like a jewel stolen from Poseidon's glove compartment.

A crowd of VW ENTHUSIASTS forms a reverent circle around her, whispering like pilgrims before a holy relic.

VW FAN #1

(awed whisper)

Sweet mother of pearl... look at that chrome. It's like a surgical suite in there.

He peers into the open rear hatch. The HEART OF THE OCEAN engine gleams – deep blue enamel, polished chrome pulleys, alloy-finned rocker covers, and a stainless-steel exhaust so shiny it could signal satellites.

VW FAN #2

(pointing at engraving)

It's got a name, you know. Heart of the Ocean. South coast forums talk about it like it's Excalibur.

EXT. CAMPSITE – CONTINUOUS

TIM WATSON strolls up, wiping his hands on a rag with the relaxed swagger of a man who knows he's driving the coolest machine within 200 miles.

CAMPER VEST GUY

Mate! That towbar – looks like it could pull a destroyer.

TIM

(chuckling)

Custom one-off. Built it myself. Maximum strength, zero compromise on departure angle.

CAMPER VEST GUY

Can you make me one?

TIM

When I was younger, maybe. These days my spare time is... spoken for.

A TEENAGER crouches by the wide-track alloys.

TEENAGER

And those spacers, Mr-?

TIM

Tim, please. And yes – handling improved tenfold. Corners like she's on rails, even loaded with surf gear.

A WOMAN gestures toward the beach, where Marion's viral wave-ride is still the talk of the town.

WOMAN

Are you related to Miss Ocean?

Tim's chest puffs – just a millimetre, but enough.

TIM

That ball of wax on the water? That's my wife.

The crowd reacts with a collective "Ooooh" of admiration.

EXT. MISS OCEAN – ROOF RACK – SAME TIME

Just inches above the stainless-steel roof rack, the air shimmers. ANTHONY – invisible, camouflage, and smug – records every compliment with digital pride.

EXT. CAMPSITE – LATER

The crowd disperses toward barbecues and beer coolers.

Tim leans casually against the van.

TIM

(softly)

You okay up there, Anthony?

ANTHONY (V.O.)

(resonating through the van)

Affirmative, General. I am learning much about the Volkswagen subculture.

(beat)

It appears chrome is a significant indicator of human social status.

Tim laughs.

TIM

You're not wrong, boy.

EXT. CAMPSITE - GRASSY PATCH - CONTINUOUS

JIMMY sits cross-legged, cleaning a wetsuit. Suddenly he tenses, tapping his smartwatch.

JIMMY

Dad. Ten o'clock. Behind the hedge.

A SHADY FIGURE in a dark hoodie and mirrored sunglasses lurks near their pitch, eyeing the spare surfboards and Tim's high-tech toolbox. He looks like a man who Googled "how to blend in" and misunderstood the assignment.

EXT. MISS OCEAN - SAME TIME

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Threat detected. Initiating Sentry Mode.

The air around the van thickens - a subtle distortion, like reality buffering.

Anthony deploys MICRO-DRONES the size of houseflies. They buzz invisibly around the intruder, mapping heartbeat, heat signature, and general dodginess.

Jimmy feels the hum of the protective field.

JIMMY

(whispering)

Thank you, Maximus. What would we do without you?

Anthony pauses – processing the unfamiliar sensation of being appreciated.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

I am... pleased to be of service, Jimmy.

EXT. CAMPSITE – HEDGE LINE – CONTINUOUS

The shady figure steps closer – then freezes. A sudden icy prickle crawls over his skin. His instincts scream DANGER.

Anthony's ultrasonic deterrent pulses again.

The man panics, spins, and bolts toward the luxury villas like he's fleeing a ghost army.

JIMMY

He won't be back.

EXT. MISS OCEAN – MOMENTS LATER

MARION emerges from the van, towel over her shoulder, glowing with post-surf serenity.

MARION

He's doing a good job, isn't he?

(nods to roof rack)

I'm glad we didn't leave him in the garage. No more stowing away and causing trouble.

Tim winks.

TIM

He's part of the crew now. And by the look of things, the only one of us who isn't exhausted.

They share a warm family moment as the sun dips below the horizon.

EXT. BUDE ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

The campsite settles into quiet. Lanterns flicker. Waves crash softly below.

But Anthony remains awake - invisible, vigilant, scanning the darkness for the sabotage they all know is coming.

A silent guardian.

A chrome-loving ninja.

A Watson.

**MIDNIGHT EAVESDROPPING**

EXT. BUDE HILLTOP - NIGHT

The Cornish night is thick with velvet fog. Lighthouse beams flicker like ghostly lanterns. The air hums with mystery.

Perched atop the stainless-steel roof-rack of MISS OCEAN, ANTHONY sits motionless - a camouflaged gargoyle tuned to moonlight. His silhouette shimmers like a mirage.

EXT. CAMP SITE - CONTINUOUS

CRUNCH. CRUNCH.

Enter the POWER COUPLE: PAUL "Six-Pack" LAMBERT and SHEELAGH "Wave-Rider" BROWN. They stalk the gravel like sharks circling a reef.

They stop beside the VW. Even villains appreciate craftsmanship.

PAUL

(low whistle)

Look at those arches. Those flares... Wolfsburg couldn't have done it better. Almost a shame we have to ruin her week.

SHEELAGH

(frosty)

Focus, Paul. Judges. I've narrowed our targets for persuasion down to two.

EXT. ROOF-RACK - SAME TIME

ANTHONY's sensors spike. A PARABOLIC MICROPHONE deploys from his shoulder with MI6 precision.

SHEELAGH

(whispering)

Remember that fancy dress party? Huw DeKok? You egged him on. I've got the piccies. A judge can't afford a scandal.

PAUL

(chuckling)

Marie Andrews. Bit worse for wear. Nothing happened, but she thinks it might have. Suggestion goes a long way when memory's fuzzy.

ON ANTHONY'S HUD:

"Jury rigging."

"Blackmail."

"Criminal Activity: Logged."

EXT. VW AWNING - CONTINUOUS

Sheelagh gestures toward the shadows.

SHEELAGH

Miss Ocean's board. She keeps it right under there. Such a trusting soul.

PAUL

Mmm. A few spiral scores in the gel coat. Just enough to mess with the water flow.

SHEELAGH

And a weakened fin. Adjust the housing. She won't notice on sand - but in the tunnel? Crunch.

They laugh. It echoes into the mist like a Scooby-Doo villain exit cue.

INT. MISS OCEAN - CABIN - SAME TIME

Inside, ANTHONY runs simulations. Marion enters a roaring barrel. The board fails. A wipeout. A broken score - or worse.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Jimmy. Situation has escalated. From unsportsmanlike to malicious sabotage. Targets: board integrity and judge reputations.

JIMMY bolts upright in his bunk, heart pounding.

JIMMY

They're going to rig the game, aren't they?

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Affirmative. Probability of injury rising. Suggest we initiate Counter-Measure Alpha.

Jimmy looks out into the fog. The night is no longer quiet – it's a chessboard.

EXT. ROOF-RACK – FINAL SHOT

Anthony remains still. But inside, his processors hum like a supercomputer playing speed chess.

The Power Couple think they're up against a fossil.  
But there's a Grandmaster on the roof.  
And he's already three moves ahead.

FADE TO BLACK

### **OPERATION SURF WATCH**

EXT. WIDEMOUTH BAY CAMPSITE – NIGHT

A quiet Cornish night. The Atlantic murmurs in the distance. The VW CAMPER VAN sits under a sky full of stars. A TENT is pitched beside it, still and peaceful.

Crickets chirp. A soft breeze rustles the canvas.

INT. TENT – CONTINUOUS

TIM WATSON sleeps deeply, sprawled like a man who has fought valiantly against a long day. MARION sleeps beside him, serene, utterly exhausted from judging surf heats.

JIMMY wide-eyed and urgent, crawls toward his father.

JIMMY

(whispering)

Dad... schhhh. Dad, wake up.

Tim doesn't move.

Jimmy shakes him gently.

JIMMY

Dad. Wake up.

Tim's eyes crack open, unfocused.

TIM

(grumpy)

What is it, son? If there's a fire, call the brigade.

JIMMY

Worse. Anthony needs your secret agent input.

TIM

That can wait. What could possibly be so important at this hour?

Jimmy leans in, deadly serious.

JIMMY

It's blackmail. And sabotage.

Tim closes his eyes again. A beat.

Then the word sabotage echoes in his mind.

His eyes snap open.

TIM

What—sabotage? Why didn't you say so?

He scrambles out of the sleeping bag with surprising agility.

Marion doesn't stir.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy leads Tim toward the VW camper. The night is cool, the sea whispering nearby.

A HEAVY METALLIC THUMP sounds from above.

ANTHONY THE DINOBOT climbs down from the roof with careful, mechanical grace. His glowing eyes blink politely.

Jimmy opens the tailgate just enough for Anthony's head and shoulders to fit inside.

INT. VW CAMPER VAN - CONTINUOUS  
Dim lantern light. A cramped but cozy interior.

Anthony lowers his head into the van.

ANTHONY  
Good evening, General.

Tim rubs his face, still waking.

TIM  
Hello, Anthony. What's this all about?

Anthony projects a HOLOGRAPHIC RECORDING into the air - SHEELAGH and PAUL whispering behind dunes, plotting sabotage against Marion and the surfing competition.

Tim watches, jaw tightening.

The hologram ends.

TIM  
Crikey... this is serious. Well done, Anthony.

He pats the Dinobot's metal head.

TIM  
And well done for waking me, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Sorry, Dad. It was urgent.

INT. VW CAMPER VAN - CONTINUOUS

The three huddle like conspirators in a spy film.

TIM

We must not tell Marion. It'll upset her. Throw off her performance.

ANTHONY

Agreed. Anger disrupts her natural grace on the waves.

JIMMY

But we have to do something. We need a plan.

Tim folds his arms, MI6 instincts kicking in.

TIM

We won't know what to do until they strike. It could be just hot air.

JIMMY

You mean a feint?

TIM

Possibly.

ANTHONY

Unlikely, Mr Watson. Their tone suggested genuine malice.

Jimmy sighs, thinking of the beach.

JIMMY

Mum's more worried about all the plastic. She says the fish eat it. And then we eat the fish.

TIM

Unfortunately... that's true.

JIMMY

Then why isn't anyone stopping it?

Tim hesitates.

TIM

It's complicated. All to do with money.

ANTHONY

Correct. Cleaning the sea is costly. Many politicians have investments in the companies causing the pollution.

Jimmy frowns.

JIMMY

But what about SEAVAX? Have you heard of that, Dad?

TIM

Not really, son. I'm Army, not Navy.

Jimmy grins.

JIMMY

But Mum's surfing in the sea. And you're driving her to an ocean event.

Tim catches the grin.

TIM

I know, Jimmy. What am I doing here?

JIMMY

You do care, don't you?

Tim looks at him – then at the Dinobot – then toward the

moonlit waves.

TIM

Yes. I care. About your mum. About the sea. About all of it.

Anthony's eyes brighten.

ANTHONY

Then Operation: Surf-Watch is officially underway.

Jimmy straightens, thrilled.

JIMMY

What's the first step?

Tim's expression shifts – a hint of Bond-cool.

TIM

We gather proof. Real proof. Before they make their move.

JIMMY

And then?

Tim smiles.

TIM

Then we stop them.

EXT. WIDEMOUTH BAY - NIGHT

The waves roll in, silver under the moonlight.

A secret mission has begun.

FADE OUT.

**THE HAUNTED SURF SHACK - CORNISH PIRATES**

EXT. BUDE COASTLINE - NIGHT

A thick Atlantic mist clings to the coastline like a damp wool blanket. The moon glows faintly through the haze. The distant surf murmurs.

SHEELAGH BROWN call sign Wave-Rider, creeps along the path toward a weather-beaten SURF EQUIPMENT SHED. She moves with exaggerated stealth, but her loud, swishy tracksuit betrays her with every step.

SHEELAGH

(whispering to herself)

Focus, Brown. First place isn't given. It's engineered.

She glances around dramatically, then slides back the rusty bolt with a painful screech.

EXT./INT. SURF SHED - CONTINUOUS

Sheelagh steps inside. The shed is cramped, salt-crusted, and filled with old longboards, tangled leashes, and ancient surf gear.

Behind her, a faint shimmer ripples in the mist - like heat rising from asphalt.

ANTHONY THE DINOBOT, operating at 98% transparency, slips silently in behind her. His cooling fans hum at a whisper.

The door closes with a deliberate metallic CLICK.

Sheelagh freezes.

A cold draft brushes her neck.

SHEELAGH

(startled)

Who's there?

Silence. Only the distant ocean.

She shakes her head, trying to regain her bravado.

SHEELAGH

Just the Atlantic ghosts... old Cornish pirates... smugglers looking for their rum. Get a grip, girl.

She moves deeper into the shed.

INT. SURF SHED - CONTINUOUS

Sheelagh's torch beam sweeps across a cluttered workbench.

SHEELAGH

Where is that file? I need something that'll rip through fiberglass like butter.

Behind her, Anthony extends a cloaked hyper-articulated pincer toward a rickety wooden chair.

He hooks the leg.

YANK.

CRASH!

The chair skitters violently across the floor.

Sheelagh SCREAMS - a high-pitched, untrained, very loud scream.

SHEELAGH

WHO IS THAT?! I have a black belt in... in... VERY LOUD

SCREAMING!

Anthony stands perfectly still, invisible, sensors glowing faint ultraviolet.

Sheelagh tries to steady her breathing.

SHEELAGH

Right. Wind. It was just the wind.

She reaches toward a heavy metal rasp – fingers inches away.

INT. SURF SHED – CONTINUOUS – THE PIRATE'S CODE

Anthony activates his Eerie Echo audio filter.

The overhead fluorescent light begins to flicker.

Buzz.

Darkness.

Flicker.

A deep, metallic moan fills the shed.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

(distorted, ghostly)

The cooooode...

The pirate's Cooooode, Sheelaaaaagh...

Oooooohhh... Ahhhhhh...

Sheelagh drops her torch.

SHEELAGH

The ghosts! The smugglers are displeased!

Anthony sweeps a row of spray-paint cans off a shelf.

CLATTER-CLATTER-THUMP.

CLATTER-CLATTER-THUMP.

To Sheelagh, it sounds like skeletal pirate footsteps.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

(booming, sea-captain-meets-sonar)

The code! You have broken the surfers' honour!

STAY AWAY FROM THE BOARDS, LASS...

OR FACE THE DEPTHS!

EXT. SURF SHED - MOMENTS LATER - THE GREAT RETREAT

That does it.

Sheelagh bolts for the door, slipping on old surf wax, scrambling like a panicked crab.

SHEELAGH

You win! Keep your code! Keep your rusty shed!

She bursts into the misty night and sprints toward the dunes, dignity abandoned somewhere behind her.

At the edge of the path, she stops, panting. Her fear hardens into petty resolve.

SHEELAGH

Fine. You win tonight, ghosts. But tomorrow?

Tomorrow I'm bringing Paul.

He doesn't believe in pirates.

He'll find the tools.

She storms off into the fog.

INT. SURF SHED - CONTINUOUS

Anthony's cloaking field powers down with a soft hum. He becomes fully visible.

He flicks the light back on.

He picks up the fallen chair, sets it neatly in place, then eyes the heavy file Sheelagh nearly grabbed.

He emits a digital tsk-tsk.

ANTHONY

(normal voice, cheeky)

Negative, Wave-Rider.

Access denied.

His eyes flash a playful blue.

FADE OUT.

### **THE FIN AND THE FRAUD**

EXT. BUDE DUNES - NIGHT

The moon hangs over Bude like a cold silver coin, casting long, skeletal shadows across the dunes. Mist curls low over the sand.

The VW CAMPER VAN sits quietly, bathed in moonlight.

INT. VW CAMPER VAN - CONTINUOUS

The interior glows softly with the warm scent of salt and lavender.

JIMMY sleeps soundly, curled in his sleeping bag.

EXT. VW CAMPER VAN - ROOF - SAME TIME

ANTHONY THE DINOBOT crouches on the roof, perfectly still, eyes glowing faintly.

His sensors sweep the area in rhythmic infrared arcs.

PING.

A thermal signature appears on his HUD.

A figure moves through the dunes – low, jerky, crab-like.

PAUL LAMBERT self-proclaimed call sign: "Six-Pack," known to everyone else as "The Pest."

Anthony watches as Paul stealthily unclips Marion's prized surfboard from the rack.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Intruder identified: Lambert, Paul.

Anthony sends a silent high-frequency alert.

INT. VW CAMPER VAN – CONTINUOUS

Jimmy's smartwatch vibrates.

ON SCREEN:

ALERT: SIX-PACK HAS STOLEN MARION'S BOARD. HEADING NORTH-WEST.

Jimmy bolts upright.

JIMMY

Anthony! Get down here! We're on a recovery mission!

EXT. VW CAMPER VAN – CONTINUOUS

Anthony doesn't bother with the ladder. He simply steps off the roof and leaps down, landing silently beside Jimmy, on his cushioned suspension legs.

ANTHONY

Scent trail locked, Jimmy. Let's hunt.

Jimmy nods, determined.

They move into the dunes.

THE SOUNDS OF SABOTAGE

EXT. WEATHERED SURF SHED - NIGHT

A faint, horrible sound drifts through the salt air.

Screeeee. Skritch. Crunch.

Jimmy winces.

JIMMY

That's... not good.

They approach the shed.

INT. SURF SHED - CONTINUOUS

A single sickly yellow bulb flickers overhead.

PAUL stands over Marion's surfboard like a deranged craftsman. A heavy-duty rasp in hand.

He has already snapped part of the fin mount. Now he digs deep, jagged gouges into the pristine gel coat.

PAUL

Try running straight on that, Watson.

Let's see how your "determination" handles a board that drags like an anchor.

He laughs - a theatrical, over-the-top villain laugh.

PREDATOR IN THE SHED

Paul doesn't hear the door creak open.

The temperature drops sharply.

The air shimmers - warping like a desert mirage.

A massive, translucent, reptilian silhouette rises behind him.

Anthony, cloaked, activates Predator Mode.

A low-frequency growl vibrates the floorboards.

Paul freezes.

PAUL

W-who's there?

He grabs a broom, swinging wildly at the shimmering air.

PAUL

I'm a champion! I'm not afraid of Cornish spirits!

The broom hits Anthony's cloaked shoulder.

CRACK.

The handle explodes into splinters.

Paul stares at the broken stump in horror.

The shimmering intensifies – blue tech-energy swirling like ghost-fire.

Anthony leans in.

ANTHONY (DISTORTED, BOOMING)

THE SEA DOES NOT FORGIVE A CHEAT!

Paul's mouth opens in a scream – but no sound comes out.

He bolts.

EXT. DUNES – CONTINUOUS

Paul sprints into the night, sobbing hysterically.

PAUL

Sheelagh was right! It's the Atlantic Haunting! It's real!

He disappears into the mist.

THE PRACTICE OF MALICE

INT. SURF SHED - MOMENTS LATER

The ghostly shimmer fades.

Anthony stands calmly beside the workbench.

Jimmy steps out of the shadows, rushing to the damaged board.

He lifts it gently.

Deep, ugly gouges scar the surface. The fin is jagged, broken.

JIMMY

(voice cracking)

He ruined it...

She worked so hard...

The heat is tomorrow morning... she can't surf on this.

A tear rolls down his cheek.

Anthony scans the board, optics softening.

He places a gentle metallic claw on Jimmy's shoulder.

ANTHONY

The damage is significant, Jimmy.

But he forgot one thing.

Jimmy wipes his eyes.

JIMMY

What?

Anthony's optics flash with determined blue light.

ANTHONY

He's playing a game of files and pliers.

We're playing a game of molecular bonding and Dinobot engineering.

Jimmy's sadness shifts into a spark of hope.

ANTHONY

Don't give up on the Road Trip just yet.

Jimmy nods, lifting the board with renewed resolve.

JIMMY

Let's get her home, Anthony.

We've got work to do.

They exit the shed together.

EXT. DUNES - NIGHT

The moonlight catches the damaged board as Jimmy carries it through the mist.

Anthony walks beside him, protective and determined.

FADE OUT.

**UNDER THE HOOD, SURFBOARD REPAIR**

EXT. BUDE DUNES - NIGHT

Moonlight slices across the dunes like a diamond-edged blade. The wind whispers through the marram grass with an eerie, Scooby-Doo tremolo.

TIM WATSON (rugged, Bond-in-flip-flops) and JIMMY (wide-eyed, permanently curious) crouch over MARION'S LEGENDARY SURFBOARD. The board gleams like a relic stolen from Poseidon's private stash.

Jimmy's torch beam skitters across the surface.

JIMMY

(whispers)

Those score marks... they're skewed.

Tim's face hardens - the exact expression Bond wears when he realises the champagne bottle is actually a bomb.

TIM

Skewed? Jimmy, these aren't scratches.

(leans in, deadly serious)

This is hydrodynamic sabotage.

Someone tried to steer your mother into the reef.

Literally.

A low, ominous whoooooo rolls across the dunes. Jimmy gulps.

JIMMY

Like... Scooby-Doo sabotage?

TIM

Worse.

Cornish sabotage.

They exchange a look. Stakes: raised.

SFX: METALLIC CLICK-CLACK

A silhouette rises behind them – tall, angular, faintly glowing.

ANTHONY THE AI DINOBOT steps forward, eyes cycling through blues and purples like a Ghostbusters PKE meter possessed by a rave DJ.

ANTHONY

(posh, calm)

I may be able to assist.

But not here.

We require the sanctuary of the surf shack.

Resins. Shelter.

And a stable power source for my more... esoteric functions.

Jimmy straightens, suddenly all business.

JIMMY

Why the shack, Antonius?

Anthony's eyes pulse rhythmically – a techno-mystic heartbeat.

ANTHONY

Because performing high-precision molecular bonding in a sand-laden gale

is a recipe for mediocrity.

And Marion Watson does not ride mediocrity.

Tim nods like a man who has just received orders from Q.

TIM

Right. Move out. Dawn patrol's in a few hours.

They hustle through the grass like a paranormal strike team.

INT. SURF SHACK - NIGHT

The shed is dark, dusty, and atmospheric - part Batcave, part Ghostbusters firehouse, part Cornish tool shed.

Tim slams the board onto two wobbly trestles.

ANTHONY

Stand aside, gentlemen.

Anthony's eyes flare - a grid of green lasers sweeps the board.

A HOLOGRAPHIC MAP materialises above it, glowing like a spectral MRI.

ANTHONY

Mr. Watson - epoxy resin.

Quick-set. Marine grade.

Go.

Tim and Jimmy scramble like a father-son pit crew in a Blades of Glory training montage.

They find a dusty tin. Anthony nods approvingly.

ANTHONY

Now... the heaters.

Before Jimmy can ask how a robot dinosaur knows surfboard repair, Anthony fires a micro-laser across the board - zzzzip! - priming it with microscopic heat bursts.

He mixes resin with the precision of a Michelin-star chemist possessed by a ghost.

JIMMY

I didn't program you for this.

Where'd you learn?

Anthony's mandibles clack – a robotic smirk.

ANTHONY

Seventeen YouTube tutorials  
and a masterclass on hydrodynamics  
while you slept in the car.

Jimmy blinks.

Tim looks vaguely proud.

The heaters glow orange, bathing the shack in  
supernatural warmth. Dust hovers in mid-air, repelled by  
Anthony's low-frequency hum – part science, part séance.

TIME CUT – 30 MINUTES LATER

Anthony's laser shifts from cutting to sculpting – a  
disco-ball shimmer dances across the board.

TIM

What now?

JIMMY

He's reshaping it, Dad.

ANTHONY

Correct.

The board will now run straighter, faster,  
and hold a line better than the day it left the factory.  
I have also laser-welded the rear fin.  
It is now... one with the board.

He steps back, battery light blinking yellow.

ANTHONY

The rest is up to you.

Polish. Wax.

Make it look like nothing ever happened.

The invisible repair is the hallmark of the true professional.

Tim and Jimmy attack the board with rags and polish – a feverish, comedic frenzy worthy of a *Blades of Glory* training montage.

The board emerges glowing – almost holy.

TIM

(awed)

A total peach.

Jimmy lifts it – surprised.

JIMMY

It feels... lighter?

Anthony wiggles his antennae in a celebratory dance.

ANTHONY

Aerospace-grade resin

and molecular trimming.

She will ride like a cloud made of lightning.

EXT. VW CAMPER – PRE-DAWN

They sneak back like ninja-Bond hybrids.

Tim and Jimmy collapse into sleeping bags.

Anthony hops onto the roof, pulls a tarp over himself, and becomes a suspiciously dinosaur-shaped “pile of luggage.”

He powers down into sentry mode.

The horizon glows with the first hint of Cornish dawn.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Marion Watson had no idea what awaited her.  
But one thing was certain –  
she was about to have the ride of her life.

**THE FINAL HEAT LOOMS**

EXT. BUDE DUNES – DAWN

The sun rises like a polished gold coin tossed into a wishing fountain.

The Atlantic glitters – serene for some, sinister for others.

PAUL "SIX-PACK" (Gym-built but spiritually fragile) stands on the dunes, pale as skimmed milk. His high-tech Hydra-Vision 3000 goggles vibrate on his face like they're trying to escape.

SHEELAGH "WAVE-RIDER" (Fierce but currently terrified) clutches her surfboard like a riot shield.

PAUL

(whisper-hiss)

I'm telling you, Sheelagh – that surf shack is haunted.  
I saw a levitating wax comb.  
A levitating wax comb.  
It chased me with intent to degrease.

A seagull SCREECHES overhead. Paul jumps like he's been tasered.

SHEELAGH

It chased me too.

More of a... spectral glide.

Like a translucent gym teacher with a grudge.

She eyes MARION'S VINTAGE VW WAGON in the car park –  
innocent, serene, suspiciously wholesome.

SHEELAGH

Should we... look at her motor again?  
Check for the "secret tech"?

PAUL

(shrill, panicked)  
No fear!  
That van has bad juju.  
It's got... vibe-demons.

They both shudder.

EXT. LINEUP - SAME TIME

MARION WATSON sits astride her board, calm as a monk,  
sleek in a midnight-blue wetsuit.  
She looks less like a competitor and more like a covert  
maritime operative awaiting extraction.

The water around her begins to churn.

A fin breaks the surface.  
Then another.  
Then ten.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Chaos detonates.

A BBC CREW scrambles, tripod legs clashing like medieval  
weapons.

A CHANNEL 4 DIRECTOR sprints into frame, hair flying.

DIRECTOR

Ted! If you miss this shot, you're back to filming flower shows!

TED, a battle-hardened cameraman with the thousand-yard stare of a man who's survived three wars and one sheep stampede, swings his massive lens.

TED

(grunts)

I'm on it, Nigel.

Keep your ponytail on.

EXT. LINEUP - CONTINUOUS

A POD OF DOLPHINS surrounds Marion - a royal escort.

They nuzzle her board, chirping and clicking like they're exchanging classified intel.

Marion strokes a dorsal fin, serene.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

CHARLEY TEMPLE (40s, surf journalist with a caffeine dependency) arrives with TIM and JIMMY, both bleary-eyed and walking like they've been exorcising surfboards all night.

CHARLEY

Late night, boys?

Jimmy yawns for the third time.

TIM

You wouldn't believe us if we told you.

He rubs a bruise shaped suspiciously like a surfboard fin.

EXT. OCEAN - THE MIRACLE WAVE

The swell builds – perfect corduroy lines marching toward shore.

Marion turns her board.

The dolphins shift into a V-formation, escort-style.

She paddles.

Drops in.

Two dolphins breach overhead in a synchronized arc of silver and spray – a living halo.

Marion carves the wave with Bond-level cool, slicing through the face like she's escaping a villain's lair.

EXT. BEACH – CONTINUOUS

CHARLEY

(shouting)

Get that!

Her crew doesn't answer – they're too busy filming with frantic, toothy enthusiasm.

EXT. SHALLOWS – MOMENTS LATER

Marion glides onto the sand.

The dolphins linger, bobbing like they're giving her a performance review.

MARION

(bright, joyful)

Good morning, everyone!

She strolls past Paul and Sheelagh, who look like they've seen a mermaid commit tax fraud.

MARION

Good day, Charley!

Did you see them? Aren't they gorgeous?

CHARLEY

Know them personally, do you?

Marion laughs, wringing water out her hair.

MARION

No, we just met.

But I think they like the wax I'm using.

She walks off, radiant.

Paul's jaw drops so far it nearly hits the sand.

PAUL

(whispers)

She's not a surfer.

She's a sea-witch.

Or a Russian sleeper agent.

He turns to Sheelagh, trembling.

PAUL

We need more sensors.

We need... exorcist wax.

Sheelagh nods gravely.

The final heat hasn't even begun,  
but the psychological warfare is already being won  
by the dolphins.

### **RIDING THE MORAL WAVE**

EXT. WIDEMOUTH BAY - AFTERNOON

The Atlantic is in full performance mode - towering,

sculpted waves rolling in with the confidence of royalty.  
Even the most jaded surf judges sit up straighter,  
clipboards poised.

The beach buzzes with energy. Burger vans sizzle.  
Seagulls circle like opportunistic paparazzi. The air  
smells of salt, vinegar, and competitive tension.

The Tannoy crackles.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Miss Ocean... please prepare for your final run.

A hush falls. Chip forks freeze mid-air.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

MARION WATSON paddles out, sleek and composed, her  
movements a study in rhythm.

Beneath the surface, ANTHONY THE DINOBOT'S invisible  
"Ghost-Tech" hums – a frequency only fish and the  
occasional confused seal can hear. Her vintage board  
glides like a prototype stolen from a secret naval lab.

A POD OF DOLPHINS assembles around her, forming a  
protective escort. They give her space, but their  
presence is unmistakably ceremonial.

Marion scans the horizon.

She ignores the eager baby waves. She ignores the messy  
breakers. She waits.

Then she sees it.

A colossal turquoise wall rising from the deep – the  
Seventh of the Seventh.

She paddles.

The board feels weightless, as if riding on air.

She pops up with ninja precision.

MARION

(awed, breathless)

The pace is... sizzling.

EXT. COMMENTARY PLATFORM – SAME TIME

CHARLEY TEMPLE stands frozen, script forgotten,  
microphone hovering uselessly near her face.

CHARLEY

This is Miss Ocean's final run! She's found the vein of  
the ocean, folks. Look at that speed! Is that board...  
powered? It's moving with blistering, almost supernatural  
velocity!

EXT. INSIDE THE WAVE – CONTINUOUS

Marion enters the tube.

Inside the green room, time bends. The world softens. The  
wave becomes a cathedral of light and motion.

She carves with balletic precision – not surfing, but  
conducting, on and on, up then down.

EXT. SHORELINE – MOMENTS LATER

Marion's board kisses the sand in a flawless landing.

As if the universe approves, a massive eruption of white water explodes offshore.

A HUMPBACK WHALE breaches – forty tons of majestic muscle arcing into the sky.

The dolphins leap in synchrony.

CHARLEY

(shouting, ecstatic)

And—almost as if on cue! A Humpback whale! And look—the dolphins are leaping! It's like a Disney finale out there! A coincidence, surely... but what a coincidence!

The crowd ROARS.

EXT. BEACH – LATER

Now it's the professionals' turn.

SHEELAGH "WAVE-RIDER" steps forward, pale and jittery. She looks like she's expecting a ghost to pop out of the foam.

She paddles out, eyes darting.

She catches a wave the size of Marion's – but her knees wobble. A "Blades of Glory" tremor.

She stumbles. Judges wince. Clipboards suffer aggressive circling.

She recovers, but the magic is gone. Her ride is mechanical, panicked.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

PAUL "SIX-PACK" storms into the water, determined to reclaim his dignity. His Hydra-Vision goggles gleam with misplaced confidence.

He catches a strong roller.

He hangs ten.

He tucks into a tunnel.

It's good.

It's fast.

It's professional.

But compared to Marion's "Liquid Gold," it's agricultural.

He lands on the sand, chest puffed.

The applause is polite.

Paul glances at Marion's board, confused.

Then at the sky.

Then back at the board.

Something doesn't add up.

EXT. COMMENTARY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

CHARLEY

That's it for now! The judging begins. We'll be back with the results of this extraordinary afternoon. One thing is certain: Cornwall has never seen anything quite like Miss Ocean.

EXT. VW WAGON - LATE AFTERNOON

JIMMY and TIM exchange a knowing look.

On the roof, ANTHONY THE DINOBOT sits invisible, smug, swinging his spectral legs like a child who knows he's gotten away with something.

The moral wave has been ridden.

Now they just have to survive the verdict, and the plastic litter, the tide brings in.

### **THE DIGITAL PROJECTION**

EXT. WIDEMOUTH BAY - COMPETITORS' COMPOUND - LATE AFTERNOON

The air is thick enough to slice - a shimmering tension hovering over the roped-off "Competitors' Compound," which feels more like a gladiator arena than a surf meet.

BBC and Channel 4 cameras zoom in like vultures circling a feast.

PAUL "SIX-PACK" LAMBERT adjusts his sponsor-branded cap, wearing the smug grin of a man who thinks destiny has already signed the paperwork.

SHEELAGH "WAVE-RIDER" BROWN checks her reflection in a tiny mirror, practicing her trophy-acceptance smile.

Bookies from LadBet International hover nearby, whispering odds.

MARION "MISS OCEAN" WATSON stands quietly, serene, the underdog from the vintage VW wagon.

CHARLEY TEMPLE stares out to sea, eyes narrowed.

CHARLEY

(soft, awed)

That whale... it wasn't just breaching. It saluted.

A wild thought flickers across her face.

CHARLEY

(to herself)

Kulo-Luna...? No. Surely not. A whale rescued by humans, some years before. Another BBC assignment.

EXT. JUDGING PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR KING, Head Judge, steps to the lectern. He looks like a man who's spent forty years judging waves and twenty regretting not buying stock in sunscreen.

TIM and JIMMY grip the railing, tense.

In the shadows, ANTHONY THE DINOBOT flickers with static - invisible, but very much present. His digital brain hums like a disturbed beehive.

Arthur clears his throat.

ARTHUR

(over Tannoy)

Ladies and gentlemen...

The beach falls silent.

ARTHUR

Third place... with a prize of five thousand pounds...  
Wave-Rider, Sheelagh Brown!

The crowd erupts. Sheelagh ascends the rostrum, smiling with all the sincerity of a tax audit.

Arthur opens the next envelope.

ARTHUR

Second place... with a prize of ten thousand pounds...  
Six-Pack, Paul Lambert!

A stunned hush. Paul turns a shade of tropical-fruit purple. His ego deflates audibly as he trudges up the steps.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Arthur reaches for the final envelope.

The giant LED scoreboard flickers.

A burst of static hisses - unmistakably a Dinobot chuckle.

The screen glitches.

Then changes.

EXT. LED SCOREBOARD - CONTINUOUS

A grainy night-vision video fills the screen: the surf shack, captured covert-ops style.

PAUL'S VOICE booms across the beach.

PAUL (V.O.)

If DeKok doesn't vote for us, we leak the photos of him in fancy dress and eating a meat pie at a vegan retreat.

SHEELAGH'S VOICE joins in.

SHEELAGH (V.O.)

And Marie Andrews - she'll do what we say. She thinks things might've gone too far with you at that party... when

she was dressed as a Bunny girl.

The beach gasps – a full Scooby-Doo “ruh-roh” moment.

In the judging booth, HUW DEKOK turns ghost-white.  
MARIE ANDREWS bursts into tears.

The blackmail plot is exposed – live, on the BBC.

Anthony’s invisible circuitry hums smugly.

EXT. JUDGING PLATFORM – CONTINUOUS  
Arthur King wobbles. His knees knock like wind chimes in a gale.

He tears open the final envelope with trembling hands.

ARTHUR  
(weakly)  
Shall I... continue?

CROWD  
YES!

Arthur clears his throat, voice cracking.

ARTHUR  
The winner... the true champion of Bude...  
with a prize of twenty thousand pounds...  
MISS OCEAN – MARION WATSON!

The beach explodes in a roar of justice.

EXT. ROSTRUM – MOMENTS LATER  
Marion climbs the steps, heart pounding. She glances at Paul and Sheelagh, who shrink away like vampires caught in a lighthouse beam.

She accepts the heavy silver cup.

MARION

(soft, emotional)

Thank you... I'm sure there's an explanation.

CHARLEY TEMPLE signals her cameraman to zoom in on the disgraced pair.

CHARLEY

(muttering)

No explanation needed, Marion.

The ocean always washes the dirt away.

EXT. OCEAN - SAME TIME

Far offshore, the HUMPBACK WHALE breaches one final time – a colossal, shimmering arc of approval. Charley is moved.

A mythic punctuation mark on the day.

FADE OUT.

### **PERFECT COUPLE DISQUALIFIED**

EXT. WIDEMOUTH BAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The LED SCOREBOARD still glows with the incriminating night-vision footage, casting a ghostly blue shimmer across the sand. The crowd murmurs like a disturbed hive.

ARTHUR KING stands at the lectern, looking like a man trying to steer a sinking ship with a cocktail umbrella.

He clears his throat, regaining a hint of his "serious surf-authority."

ARTHUR

Ladies and gentlemen... in light of these... digital revelations, the Competition Board is acting with the speed of a shark at a buffet.

BBC, Channel 4 – come closer. We need impartial witnesses, and you've already got the lighting set up.

Camera crews surge forward.

In the shadows, ANTHONY THE DINOBOT flickers invisibly, static dancing around him like mischievous lightning.

EXT. COMPETITORS' COMPOUND – CONTINUOUS

The "perfect couple" of pro surfing is collapsing faster than a sandcastle at high tide.

SHEELAGH "WAVE-RIDER" BROWN trembles, her champion façade crumbling.

SHEELAGH

(voice cracking)

I... I am so sorry.

I forgot the rules of fair play. I let the pressure turn me into a... a kook.

She hands back her silver cup and £5,000 cheque with shaking hands.

A tear cuts a clean line through her zinc sunblock.

SHEELAGH

Marion... you're an inspiration. I hope one day I can ride a wave without a guilty conscience.

She flees toward the dunes – destined for a long retreat of shame and painfully awkward social-media apologies.

All eyes turn to PAUL "SIX-PACK" LAMBERT.

He stares at his Hydra-Vision goggles as if hoping they'll teleport him to another planet.

PAUL

(quiet, defeated)

What was I thinking?

His bravado deflates like a punctured lilo.

He steps toward MARION, shoulders slumped.

PAUL

I sabotaged your board, Marion. I tried to wreck it.

I'll pay for the repairs – just send me the bill.

I'm retiring. The ocean deserves better than me.

He hands back his second-place trophy.

For a moment, admiration – pure and unfiltered – flickers in his eyes.

EXT. BEACH – CONTINUOUS

Marion blinks, baffled.

MARION

Sabotaged? Paul, what are you talking about?

She looks down at her board – gleaming, flawless, practically glowing.

MARION

My board has never performed better!

She turns a sharp Mum-glare toward TIM and JIMMY.

TIM instantly shifts into "Guilty Husband" posture.

MARION

Okay, husband. Explanation. Now.

TIM

(sighs)

Sorry, darling. We knew about the sabotage.  
But if we'd told you, you'd have spent the whole morning  
confronting them instead of finding your Zen in the  
swell.

JIMMY

And it would've spoiled your vibe, Mum!  
We had to protect the "Miss Ocean" we love!

CHARLEY TEMPLE crouches beside the board, inspecting its  
immaculate finish.

CHARLEY

According to Paul, this board was supposed to be  
delaminated and scratched.  
It looks like it just rolled out of a Bond gadget lab.

Jimmy blushes crimson, glancing at the empty air where  
ANTHONY is almost certainly doing a smug invisible  
victory lap.

JIMMY

Let's just say... we have a very good wax guy.

EXT. JUDGING PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur King returns to the mic.  
The beach falls silent.

ARTHUR

We have recounted.  
And we are proud to say that our judges, Huw DeKok and  
Marie Andrews, are heroes.  
Despite the threats, they voted with their hearts.  
The scores stand!

Marion Watson is our undisputed champion!

The beach erupts – a tidal wave of cheers echoing off the Cornish cliffs.

CROWD

Hip, hip – HOORAY!

Arthur raises a hand for quiet.

ARTHUR

And... a thank you to our fallen comrades, Wave-Rider and Six-Pack, for the honesty of their confessions.

A respectful cheer follows – the “we forgive you, but don’t do it again” variety.

The sun dips low, casting long orange shadows across Bude.

The Watsons have won.

The villains have repented.

And the mystery of the Ghost-Tech board remains safely tucked away in the VW wagon – unseen, unspoken, and very much alive.

FADE OUT.

### **THE GRACE OF THE LEGEND**

EXT. WIDEMOUTH BAY – SUNSET

The sky burns in bruised purples and fiery oranges. The crowd begins to drift toward chip vans, the adrenaline of the surf meet giving way to hunger and gossip.

On the sand, PAUL and SHEELAGH sit like fallen idols,

their trophies surrendered, their reputations in tatters.

Suddenly, MARION WATSON strides back to the lectern, her wetsuit still damp, her expression set to "truth bomb imminent."

She snatches the microphone from ARTHUR KING with the quiet authority of a headmistress about to rewrite the curriculum.

MARION

Wait!

I have something to say.

The crowd freezes mid-chip.

TIM and JIMMY exchange a worried look.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Before Marion can speak, SIRENS wail.

Two POLICE CARS skid into the gravel lot, kicking up dust like a Western showdown.

Out steps INSPECTOR LANCELOT "THE LANCE" LUSTRADÉ - a vision in a flowing white coat, brandishing a magnifying glass like a weapon of justice.

Behind him, a squad of CONSTABLES tumble out of the cars, tripping over folding chairs, each other, and a rogue beach ball.

LUSTRADÉ

Hello, hello, hello!

What's all this then?

We've had reports of digital hauntings, spectral blackmail, and the unauthorized use of a cetacean as a cheering section!

PAUL and SHEELAGH gulp in perfect unison.

LUSTRADÉ

Is anyone preferring charges?  
I've got my notebook out.  
It's a very official notebook.

He squints at a stray seashell with exaggerated seriousness.

EXT. LECTERN - CONTINUOUS

MARION

Good day to you, Inspector.  
If you could grant us just a few minutes, I think we can settle this without the long arm of the law.

Lestrade glances at his squad — one constable is still wrestling with a lawn chair.

He nods solemnly.

LUSTRADÉ

Very well.  
Proceed with the testimony!

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Marion turns to the crowd, the judges, and finally to the trembling duo on the rostrum.

MARION

We've seen the videos.  
We've heard the confessions.  
And yes — it was a massive, monumental mistake.

But I ask you all:  
Are we here to destroy lives...  
or to celebrate the spirit of the ocean?

A hush falls. Even the constables stop bumbling.

MARION

If we annihilate the careers of our best athletes the moment they stumble...

what does that say about us?

She turns to PAUL and SHEELAGH.

MARION

They've returned the prizes.

The financial gain is gone.

The shame is already doing the work of a prison sentence.

EXT. JUDGING PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Marion turns to Lustradé.

MARION

So, Inspector - you'll be pleased to hear that your professional services...

and your very impressive white coat...  
are spared today.

I am not pressing charges.

And I believe the judges agree.

ARTHUR KING looks at his panel.

They nod in unison.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

MARION

But!

She turns back to PAUL and SHEELAGH.

MARION

You said you're giving up surfing.

You're throwing yourselves on our mercy.

But the ocean doesn't want your surrender.  
It wants your respect.

PAUL looks up, eyes red-rimmed.

PAUL

Mrs. Watson...

We've lost everything.

We're prepared to walk away.

What more could you possibly want from us?

The crowd leans in, breathless.

Invisible nearby, ANTHONY THE DINOBOT hums softly, adding a harmonic resonance to Marion's voice – like a silver-screen legend speaking through a cathedral mic.

MARION

I don't want you to walk away.

She pauses.

MARION

I want you to find the love again.

But first...

you have to prove you can work for it.

FADE OUT.

#### **REDEMPTION IN THE SURF - MARION THE MERCIFUL**

EXT. WIDEMOUTH BAY - SUNSET

The beach is silent except for the rhythmic thwack-thwack of a BUMBLING CONSTABLE wrestling with handcuffs tangled hopelessly in his own belt.

MARION WATSON stands before PAUL "SIX-PACK" LAMBERT and SHEELAGH "WAVE-RIDER" BROWN, her posture steady as a deep-water swell.

MARION

I want you to find the love again.  
But love without respect is just a hollow trophy.  
So I have to ask...  
Can I trust you?

She gestures toward the shoreline, where the tide deposits plastic bottles and a ghostly tangle of discarded fishing net.

Paul and Sheelagh stare at the rubbish – then at each other. The shame is real.

PAUL

(quiet, humbled)  
It's shameful, Marion.  
We've seen what this does to the reefs.  
We just... got distracted by the glitter of the gold.

EXT. BEACH – CONTINUOUS

Marion crosses her arms – the unmistakable "Teacher Tone" settling over the beach like a moral foghorn.

MARION

Distraction is a dangerous current.  
I'm a retired teacher.  
And in my classroom, when you make a mess...  
you stay behind to clean it up.

INSPECTOR LUSTRADÉ leans in, magnifying glass hovering inches from Marion's shoulder as if checking her words for fingerprints.

MARION

By way of penance, I've had a word with the Cornwall Council.

A dramatic pause. Even the bumbling constable stops fighting his handcuffs.

MARION

For the next six months, you will clean every square inch of Bude and Widemouth Bay.

Every Sunday.

No excuses.

If there's a bottle cap in the sand, I want it in a bin.

Paul and Sheelagh nod vigorously – a "Blades of Glory" punishment if ever there was one.

MARION

And on Saturdays...

you'll teach the local children to surf.

For free.

Not just the skills – the sportsmanship you nearly forgot.

The JUDGES' PANEL erupts in approving nods.

ARTHUR KING gives a thumbs-up so regal it could be minted on a coin.

Paul and Sheelagh step forward, shaking Marion's hand with the fervour of the newly redeemed.

SHEELAGH suddenly throws her arms around Marion.

SHEELAGH

(tearful)

Thank you.

Thank you for being... you.

EXT. CAR PARK - SUNSET

The CONSTABULARY attempts to reverse their squad cars out of the sand.

It goes badly.

One car lurches.

Another digs deeper.

A SEAGULL squawks indignantly as it narrowly avoids becoming part of the investigation.

Finally, the "Bumbling Duo" manage to escape - leaving behind tyre marks and confusion.

EXT. VW WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

The Watsons pack the vintage VW with the precision of a Bond getaway team.

The SILVER CUP is buckled into the middle seat.

ANTHONY THE DINOBOT, now in harmless toy mode, is tucked into JIMMY'S backpack.

Surfboards slide into place like well-trained soldiers.

TIM takes the wheel.

MARION settles into the passenger seat.

JIMMY hops into the back, grinning like a kid who's just won the universe.

TIM

Next stop?

He turns the key.

The engine purrs with a suspiciously supernatural smoothness.

JIMMY

Newquay!

CamperFest, Bug Jam – and enough Volkswagens to fill the English Channel!

The VW rolls out, kicking up a spray of golden sand.

EXT. DIGITAL MONTAGE – NIGHTFALL

A flurry of headlines and social posts fills the screen.

CHARLEY TEMPLE'S ARTICLE:

“MARION THE MERCIFUL: The Queen of the Waves Grants a Second Chance.”

BBC FOOTAGE:

JILL BIRD reports live from a beach clean-up.

Paul and Sheelagh, armed with litter-pickers, work alongside wide-eyed children – looking more heroic than they ever did on a podium.

The “Summer of Secrets” becomes the Summer of Legends.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN – DUSK

As the VW disappears down the coast road, the Atlantic hums – a deep, resonant note, like a whale's song of gratitude.

The waves shimmer.

The horizon glows.

The ocean itself seems to whisper:

Thank you.

FADE OUT.

### **CAMPERFEST CROWNING**

EXT. A39 ROAD – DAY

A grey ribbon of tarmac winds through the emerald heart

of Cornwall. The vintage VW T2 – Miss Ocean – hums along, sunlight glinting off her polished paintwork.

Inside, the WATSON FAMILY cruises past BOSCASTLE and the jagged cliffs of TINTAGEL.

TIM drives, relaxed, one hand on the wheel.

TIM

Remember our trip to Land's End, honey?

MARION laughs – bright, warm, effortless.

MARION

Just thinking the same thing, darling!

How were we to know “unauthorized entry” meant a military base?

We nearly became a diplomatic incident before lunch.

Jimmy snorts with laughter from the back.

Road signs for NEWQUAY appear. The air thickens with the scent of salt... and the unmistakable oily perfume of vintage air-cooled engines.

TIM

Porth Beach, here we come.

CamperFest awaits.

The VW rolls on toward destiny.

EXT. RAF ST. MAWGAN – CAMPERFEST GROUNDS – DAY  
A redundant airstrip transformed into a VW paradise.  
Hundreds of Type 1 Split-screens and Type 2 Bay-windows gleam like colourful lozenges under the Cornish sun.

The Watsons pull in, awestruck.

TIM

(whispering to the floorboards)

Anthony...

A soft electronic crackle replies.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Yes, General?

TIM

You'll have to make yourself scarce.

And Jimmy – no transforming your AI chum into a fighter jet just because we're near an airport.

JIMMY

(grinning)

Spoilsport.

Anthony's bioluminescent sensors dim as he tucks himself into a hidden compartment beside the spare tyre.

EXT. SCRUTINEERING AREA – CONTINUOUS

A scene straight out of 'The World's Fastest Indian.'

Serious men in oily overalls and clipboards circle the VW like surgeons preparing for an operation.

The LEAD MARSHALL approaches – a man with a moustache so large it deserves its own postcode.

MARSHALL

Are you Mr. Watson?

And is this T2... "Miss Ocean"?

TIM

That I am, and that she is.

The inspectors descend.

Suspension – checked.  
Steering rack – checked.  
Engine – inspected.

MARSHALL

Hmm. Standard block? Sixteen hundred?

TIM

To the letter.

(He does not mention Anthony's blueprinting wizardry.)

MARSHALL

Nice wheels.

And that's a... sturdy towbar.

Very well – you're cleared for the Slalom and the Fast Lap.

Tim beams.

EXT. AIRFIELD TRACK – LATER

The competition is fierce.

Custom vans gleam with paint jobs so deep you could swim in them.

The Tannoy crackles.

TANNOY (V.O.)

Miss Ocean – take your position!

Tim completes the dexterity tests with Bond-level cool:

- Precision parking
- Emergency braking
- Reverse-flick

Then he lines up for the FAST LAP.

The red light turns green.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And he's off!

The VW launches.

The crowd GASPS as Miss Ocean tears down the straight,  
gripping the tarmac like a cat on carpet.

Halfway through – neck-and-neck with the record. A second  
gained in the second half.

MARION

Now, Tim!

Tim hits the chicane – a brutal left-right flick over  
uneven concrete.

Other vans wallow.

Miss Ocean stays flat, slicing through the turns with  
absurd precision.

Two seconds gained.

Final straight – the engine sings a perfect high-pitched  
note.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen!

The fastest lap goes to Miss Ocean at sixty-one point  
five seconds!

The crowd ERUPTS.

Competitors honk their horns in rhythmic salute.

EXT. AIRFIELD – SUNSET

Judges gather around the VW.

MARSHALL

(whispering)

It's not just the speed...

Look at that...

A subtle bioluminescent blue glow emanates from the chassis – Anthony's secret flourish – making the van look like it's floating on neon mist.

The judges stare, spellbound.

Tim is called to the stand to thunderous applause.

He receives:

\* A gold-plated handling trophy

\* A certificate for the fastest lap

A rival driver shakes his hand.

RIVAL DRIVER

Outstanding, partner!

Amazing wagon. What've you got in there – rocket fuel?

TIM

Just a very well-tuned heart.

He glances at Jimmy, who pats the van where Anthony again hides.

EXT. CAMPERFEST FIELD - TWILIGHT

The Watsons sit beside their VW, the gold cup glinting in the fading light.

They conquered the waves of Widemouth Bay .

Now they rule the Newquay tarmac.

EXT. CAMPERFEST - CONTINUOUS  
CHARLEY TEMPLE emerges from the sea of colourful vans -  
sunglasses on, curiosity blazing.

CHARLEY

Marion, I had no idea these wagons could be that fast!  
I'd love one myself, but they're like high-maintenance  
celebrities - pricey and impossible to keep happy.

MARION

That's where Tim comes in.  
He's the Van-Whisperer of the family.

Charley's investigative instincts sharpen.

CHARLEY

And where does Jimmy's... AI robot fit into all this?  
That video of Paul and Sheelagh - that was high-level  
surveillance.  
And your surfboard, Marion... it didn't just glide.  
It defied physics.

Marion's gaze drifts to the back of the van.

MARION

I didn't see him out there today.

CHARLEY

Neither did anyone else.  
It's like he's a ghost in the machine.

Marion and Tim exchange a knowing wink.

Jimmy tries to look innocent.  
Fails.  
Then smiles - sweet, dimpled, and utterly suspicious.

FADE OUT.

### **THE SUSSEX SUNSET**

EXT. NEWQUAY CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A campfire crackles, glowing like the last heartbeat of a perfect adventure.

Woodsmoke drifts lazily into the night sky, mingling with the distant hush of the Atlantic tide.

The Watsons sit together, bathed in amber firelight.

Around them, the festival winds down - laughter fading, guitars softening, engines cooling.

TIM checks his watch.

TIM

(quiet, gentle urgency)

Come on, gang.

We'd better set off.

If we beat the rush hour, the road is ours.

They rise, exchanging hugs and handshakes with the Vee-Dub community - a tribe of new friends, and two very humbled former rivals.

The VW T2 rolls out, headlights slicing twin paths of gold through the Cornish dark.

EXT. A30 TOWARD EXETER - NIGHT

The van hums along the quiet road, the world outside a blur of hedgerows and moonlit fields.

Inside, JIMMY is already asleep - slumped sideways, mouth slightly open, deep in "sleep heaven."

EXT. VW ROOF RACK - SAME TIME

ANTHONY THE DINOBOT sits invisibly perched on the stainless-steel roof rack - a high-tech gargoyle silhouetted against the stars.

His sensors pulse softly, tuned to Jimmy's heartbeat through the metal roof.

He watches the night sky with a strange, almost soulful stillness.

INT. VW T2 - CONTINUOUS

MARION drifts in and out of a salt-crusted reverie. The dashboard glows pale turquoise, illuminating two silver trophies - the crown jewels of her surfing dynasty.

MARION

(murmuring, half-asleep)

Darling...

How shall we spend my twenty thousand pounds?

TIM grins, eyes on the road.

TIM

Our twenty thousand, you mean.

What's yours is mine, honey.

I'm thinking... a solid gold surfboard rack.

And maybe a lifetime supply of Cornish pasties.

Marion chuckles - soft, warm, drifting.

MARION

In your dreams, Tim Watson...

She slips into sleep.

INT. VW T2 - LATER

Silence fills the cabin.

Tim reaches for the radio – then stops.  
It's already off.

Yet a sound vibrates through the chassis – haunting,  
melodic clicks and low, resonant moans.

A Humpback whale song.

Tim's eyes widen.

TIM  
(whispering)  
Is that you, Antonius?

ANTHONY'S voice crackles through the speakers – barely  
audible.

ANTHONY (V.O.)  
Affirmative, General.  
Apologies.  
The data-profile of that breaching cetacean left a  
significant impression on my emotive sub-routines.  
I am... reminiscing.

Tim swallows – unexpectedly moved.

TIM  
Me too.

He remembers Marion's "Queen of Atlantis" moment – the  
wave, the whale, the roar of the crowd.

EXT. MOTORWAY – NIGHT  
The VW glides past Portsmouth, merging onto the long  
stretch toward the M25.

The speedometer sits at a legal 60 mph...  
or perhaps 62, as the Ghost-Tech engine finds its own  
sweet spot.

The landscape shifts – the rugged hills of the South West  
giving way to the rolling silhouettes of the South Downs.

The salty Cornish air fades into the earthy scent of  
Sussex.

INT. VW T2 - NIGHT  
Tim drives on, steady and content.

His family sleeps.  
His wife is a legend.  
A Dinobot guardian hums whale songs on the roof.

TIM  
(soft, to the night)  
Sussex, here we come.

The miles don't feel like a journey.  
They feel like a victory lap.

EXT. SUSSEX HORIZON - DAWN  
A faint glow touches the sky – the first hint of sunrise.

The Road Trip Surfing Summer is ending...  
but the dawn suggests something else:

Their adventures are only just beginning.

FADE TO BLACK.

-- THE END --