

Legacy Code

written by

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INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NARCOTICS - DAY

The Station Inspector CHEN [male, Chinese, 55], Sergeant RAMLI [male, Malay, 38] and BILL [male, Indian, 35] are gathered around the main desk.

CHEN

(to both)

We've been chasing this man
(points to a photo of Don
Diego on the main screen)
for more than two decades, since he
became CEO of Commonwealth Trading
Co. and nothing, not a single piece
of evidence of his shady dealings.
Same as his late boss, Walter "the
Old".

Ramli glances at the manifest backlog.

RAMLI

Every shipment's a question mark.
And this Diego? No fingerprints. No
favor trails.

(to Bill)

Bill, why is it so hard to find
anything on him?

BILL

Favor's not the issue. It's the
fact that his hands are always
clean. That's what bothers me.

CHEN

Plans for an upcoming raid on its
containers at the port are
underway.

Beat.

CHEN (CONT'D)

(soft)

Some men build insulation. Diego
built walls.

Ramli squints.

RAMLI

You sure it's walls, not mirrors?

Chen doesn't answer. Just stares at his phone's screen—
Steve's correctional file blinking faintly.

INT. DON DIEGO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SUPER: SINGAPORE, TODAY

DON DIEGO (late 50s), dressed in his usual elegant attire, seated in his comfortable big leather chair at that old oak wood table, holds an old photobooth picture of him young and Young Claudia. After a knock at the door, EVITA (early 30s) comes in.

EVITA
(from the door frame)
Ready?

Don Diego places the photo in his drawer and after staring at it for a few seconds stands up.

DON DIEGO	SUBTITLE
(in Spanish)	Let's go!
¡Vámonos!	

INT. BIG DIAPHANOUS BASEMENT - NIGHT

In the middle of this improvised arena made up of people and luxury cars gathered in a circle with their short beam on, STEVE (Eurasian, late 20s) fights against a huge guy, Brutus, using visually spectacular MMA techniques. The crowd cheers madly.

Bill, sitting on his motorbike from afar, watches the fight with a certain contempt on his face.

On the front line, from inside their limousine, Don Diego and Evita observe the fight with very contained emotion.

The intensity of the fight quickly increases to a very bloody level where Steve appears to be toying with his opponent. After a few powerful blows, Brutus falls to the ground bleeding profusely, unconscious.

The limo's window lowers a few inches to show only Evita's eyes looking at her BODYGUARD [35] nearby. After a very short exchange of glances, the Bodyguard walks towards Steve and together they return to the limo.

The back door of the limo opens and Steve enters.

INT/EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

As Steve wipes the blood from his hands and arms uncovering his tattoos, Don Diego looks at him silently with a slight proud smile as he hands him a thick envelope.

DON DIEGO
Steve... right?

Steve nods.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
Do you know who I am?

Steve nods again. Don Diego draws a subtle smile.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
You did good, kid, you did good.

Steve, taking the envelope with both hands, barely dares to look at Don Diego.

STEVE
Thank you, Don Diego.

EXT. FAIR - NIGHT

SUPER: Valparaiso, Chile. A few decades back

YOUNG DIEGO [18] and YOUNG CLAUDIA [18] have fun with the attractions. While Young Diego seems hooked looking at an attraction, Young Claudia calls him.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
Diego... ¡Diego!

Diego snaps out of his state.

YOUNG CLAUDIA (CONT'D)	SUBTITLE
(in Spanish)	Look, a photobooth! Let's
¡Mira, un fotomatón! Vámos a	take some pictures.
hacernos unas fotos.	

After four flashes, they exit the booth and after a few seconds a strip of four photos appears. Young Claudia happily picks it up and carefully separates the last one that she passes to Young Diego.

YOUNG CLAUDIA (CONT'D)	SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Toma, esa es para ti, para	Here, that's for you, so you
que me tengas contigo cuando	can have me with you when you
surcas estos mares lejanos.	sail these distant seas.

Young Diego takes the photo and after staring at it for a few seconds he puts it in his wallet.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Young Claudia and Young Diego, sitting on that cliff under the starry sky and with the fair in the background, share some romantic moments.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
(in Spanish)
¿Cuándo volverás, mi amor?

SUBTITLE
When will you return, my
love?

DIEGO
El barco tardará unos nueve
meses en regresar.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
The ship will take about nine
months to return.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
¿¡Nueve meses!? Como un
embarazo.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Nine months!? Like a
pregnancy.

EXT. PORT 1 - DOCK - DAY

SUPER: Port of Palparaiso

Young Diego boards the freighter "Eva del Mar" while Young Claudia greets him from afar. Young Diego also waves a couple of times and then disappears into the ship after being approached by a shipmate.

INT. CARGO - DIEGO'S STATEROOM - DAY

Young Diego and JOSE [21] unpack their bags.

JOSE
(in Spanish)
Oye, Dieguito, esa mamacita
no sería Claudia, la del
restaurante, ¿verdad?

SUBTITLE
Hey, Dieguito, that hottie
wouldn't be Claudia from the
restaurant, right?

Young Diego looks at him and draws a mischievous smile.

JOSE (CONT'D)
¡Venga ya, no mames! ¿En
serio?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Come on, don't suck! Really?

Young Diego widens his mischievous smile.

JOSE (CONT'D)
¡Que cabrón! To' Cristo
detrás de ella y va la
gachona y termina contigo.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch! Everyone's
been chasing her and she goes
and ends up with you.

Young Diego keeps smiling and silently shows him the photobooth picture.

JOSE (CONT'D)
¡Que mamón! Bien hecho,
fiera. Me alegro por ti.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
What a sucker! Well done,
dude. I'm happy for you.

Meanwhile Young Diego finished packing.

YOUNG DIEGO
¿Listo? Venga, vamos, que
debemos presentarnos al
servicio.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Ready? Come, let's go. We
must report for duty.

JOSE
(while finishing)
Relájate macho, que eso no es
el ejército, ¿vale?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Relax man, this is not the
army

EXT. STREET - DAY

YOUNG STEVE [10] runs down the street chased by other
children.

CHILDREN
Steve half breed! Steve half breed!

After a while, Young Steve turns onto a narrow, abandoned-
looking street and hides behind a dumpster. The group of
children passes by without noticing where he is hiding.
Hidden there, Young Steves gently touches his bruised face.

INT. SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

YOUNGER CHUN HUA [Chinese, 31] and Young Steve are sitting at
the table in front of the School Principal.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL
Miss Chun Hua, his grades are below
the minimum limit and he keeps
getting into fights. Honestly, the
chances of him straightening out
are very low.

YOUNGER CHUN HUA
He is a good kid. Only a bit lost.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL
I can only imagine how difficult it
must be for him to grow fatherless.
However, I cannot give him special
treatment. I must be fair towards
the other children.

YOUNGER CHUN HUA
Please give him another chance.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL
I'm very sorry, Miss Chun Hua, but
after long deliberation the board
sees no other option but to expell
Steve.

Younger Chun Hua and Steve stand up to leave.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)
He should really learn Mandarin.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Younger Chun Hua, with an angry face and holding young
Steve's hand very tightly, walks as if dragging him.

YOUNGER CHUN HUA
I don't know what else can I do
with you...

They keep walking.

YOUNGER CHUN HUA (CONT'D)
Why do you always have to get into
fights? Huh?

YOUNG STEVE
They always call me half breed.

Chun Hua stops in the middle of the street and crouches down
to Young Steve's level.

YOUNGER CHUN HUA
They teach you Mandarin at school.
Why aren't you learning it?

YOUNG STEVE
You also don't speak Mandarin...

YOUNGER CHUN HUA
When I was a little girl I had to
help my family to work at the
kampung. They couldn't afford to
send me to school.

YOUNG STEVE
Why your mum and dad never teach
you Mandarin?

YOUNGER CHUN HUA
Because most of the Peranakan
people don't speak Mandarin...

Chun Hua stands up.

YOUNGER CHUN HUA (CONT'D)
Come. Let's go home. Tomorrow we
settle this school thing.

They resume their walk towards home.

INT. PORT OF VALPARAISO. RESTAURANT - DAY

Young Claudia, a few months pregnant, serves tables at that restaurant full of merchant sailors. One of them, SAILOR 1, touches her butt when passing by him.

SAILOR 1
(in Spanish, very
hillbilly)
Hey mamacita, quien ha tenido
la suerte de dejarte preñada?

SUBTITLE
Hey beautiful, who was
lucSTAone that got you
pregnant?

Young Claudia turns around him with fiery eyes.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
¿Por qué no te guardas esas
manos en casa si no quieres
que te bañe con esta sopa?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Why don't you keep those
hands at home if you don't
want me to shower you with
this soup?

The sailors sitting at the table laugh out loud. Young Claudia continues doing her job. The restaurant owner, ANTONIO [40], from behind the counter, motions for Young Claudia to come closer.

ANTONIO
Claudia, quieres que eche a
esos gamberros?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Claudia, do you want me to
kick out those hooligans?

Young Claudia looks back at that table with a despise look.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
Nahhh, no vale la pena.
Cuando no son ellos son
otros. Ya me he acostumbrado.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Nahhh, it's not worth it.
When it's not them it's
others. I have already gotten
used to it.

Claudia enters the kitchen. Antonio stares at that table for a couple of seconds and then continues with his business.

INT. PORT OF VALPARAISO - RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

Claudia enters the kitchen, moves to a less crowded place seeking some privacy, takes out of her pocket the photobooth pictures and gazes at them for a few seconds.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
 (to the pics)
 En cuatro meses, cuando
 vuelvas, vas a conocer a
 alguien muy hermoso. No se
 aun si será niño o niña, pero
 seguramente que será muy
 hermoso, o hermosa, como tú,
 mi vida.

SUBTITLE
 In four months, when you come
 back, you're going to meet
 someone very pretty. I don't
 even know if it's a boy or a
 girl, but he or she will
 definitely be very beautiful,
 like you, darling.

INT. CARGO. TOILETS - NIGHT

Young Diego scrubs a toilet bowl. After a while he finishes and gathers his cleaning tools. Jose enters the toilet.

JOSE
 ¿Terminaste?

SUBTITLE
 Are you done?

YOUNG DIEGO
 ¡Esto nunca termina!

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
 This never ends!

JOSE
 El jefe nos llamó fuera.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
 The boss called us outside.

YOUNG DIEGO
 ¿Ahora? ¿Con este tiempo?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
 Now? In this weather?

Young Diego keeps his tools in a cabinet nearby and both leave the toilet.

EXT. CARGO - NIGHT

In the middle of that stormy night, José and Young Diego, accompanied by the big size HAWK [40], their supervisor, go out to the outside deck and stop under the cover of a shelter, near a burned-out light.

YOUNG DIEGO
 Sir, perhaps we should wait for the
 storm to pass before doing some
 electrical work.

HAWK
 Get up there and change the bloody
 bulb.

YOUNG DIEGO

But sir, it's not safe. Look at the lightning.

HAWK

Get the fuck up there, "dickhand"!

Young Diego, closing his fists, looks at Jose with an angry look. Jose looks back at him and shakes his head.

Young Diego punches the Hawk but not strong enough. Hawk, with an evil smile, grabs Young Diego by the throat and yells at him.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Get the fuck up there, fucking Spaniard, and change that bloody bulb if you don't want to have your neck snapped.

As Young Diego struggles under the Hawk's strong grip, José looks around, sees a shovel and goes to grab it. Hawk looks at Jose and yells.

HAWK (CONT'D)

You won't dare, you, faggot.

Jose gets near them and raises the shovel to strike but another sailor, JIMMY [25], coming from behind, grabs the shovel and immobilizes Jose. Hawk grimace grotesquely.

HAWK (CONT'D)

(at Young Diego)

If you want him to live, you will go up there and change the fucking bulb.

Hawk, with a strong push, frees Young Diego's throat. Young Diego looks at José who is on the ground, held tightly by Jimmy.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Move!

(very angry)

Now "dickhand"!

Young Diego grabs his tools and a light bulb handed by Hawk, unfolds the ladder and climbs in the middle of that merciless rain.

With a fearful expression, Young Diego takes out the defective bulb and with hesitant moves replaces it with a new one which does not light up before the astonished gaze of Young Diego and Jose.

Hawk starts laughing out loud.

HAWK (CONT'D)
I already turned off the power to
that bulb, you idiot. Hahaha.

Hawk makes a sign to Jimmy to release José and to follow him inside.

Young Diego, after climbing down from the ladder, goes next to Jose.

YOUNG DIEGO	SUBTITLE
¡Que hijo de puta el Hawk este!	What a son of a bitch this Hawk!

INT. CARGO - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Hawk, Jimmy and another sailor walk along the corridor.

HAWK
That Spaniard "dickhand" is so done here!

JIMMY
We should hurry. The helicopter will be here anytime.

The other sailor looks at him but remains silent as he walks half a meter behind.

When José stands up and they both begin to walk towards the door, Young Diego stops at a sudden, listening to a faint sound that seems to be coming from afar.

YOUNG DIEGO	SUBTITLE
Oyes eso?	Do you hear that?

The sound of an approaching helicopter intensifies until its lights become visible. The helicopter lands on the cargo ship's heliport platform and a few seconds later some sailors begin to load some big boxes into it.

YOUNG DIEGO (CONT'D)	SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Tio, que es eso?	Dude, what's this?

Jose looks at him and smiles.

JOSE	SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
¿Nunca lo has notado antes?	Have you never noticed it before?

Young Diego skaes his head.

JOSE (CONT'D)
 Pues en cada viaje hay uno de
 estos aterrizando sobre
 nuestra plataforma y se va en
 menos de 15 minutos.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
 Well, on every trip there is
 one of these landings on our
 platform and it leaves in
 less than 15 minutes.

Young Diego seems oblivious to Jose's words.

JOSE (CONT'D)
 ¿En serio no has oído estos
 motores antes? ¡Qué suerte
 poder dormir así!

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
 Have you seriously not heard
 these engines before? How
 lucky to be able to sleep
 like this!

After finishing loading the boxes, the helicopter takes off
 and disappears in the midnight rain.

JOSE (CONT'D)
 No deberíamos estar aquí.
 Vámonos antes de que alguien
 nos vea.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
 We shouldn't be here. Let's
 go before someone sees us.

The young Diego and José return inside the ship and after
 turning a corner they see Hawk and Jimmy in front of them,
 close enough to hear them talking. Young Diego and Jose hide
 behind the corner to avoid to be detected.

As José silently tries to get Young Diego to leave that
 place, Young Diego carefully peeks around the corner and sees
 Hawk showing a package to Jimmy.

HAWK
 You see this? It slipped from one
 of the boxes.

JIMMY
 And you kept it? Are you crazy?
 What if they find out?

HAWK
 Nobody will notice, c'mon. Once we
 can go out, we will sell it and
 make some good extra money.

Young Diego and José leave the place cautiously but quickly.

INT. PORT OF SINGAPORE - WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: PORT OF SINGAPORE

WALTER [Caucasian, 40's], sitting at his desk, reviews some
 papers. After knocking on the door, the Secretary [Asian, 25]
 enters and approaches the desk.

SECRETARY

Sir, Eva del Mar has docked. From on board, they sent these documents.

The Secretary hands the documents to Walter and leaves. Walter looks at them and one in particular catches his attention. Then he makes a phone call.

WALTER

Bring me this Diego Ibarra.

Walter hangs the phone and continues looking at that paper.

INT. CARGO - DIEGO'S STATEROOM - DAY

José and Young Diego are lying in their bunks, below and above respectively.

YOUNG DIEGO

Siempre lo mismo. Por lo menos un par de horas hasta que nos dejen salir a la ciudad.

SUBTITLE

Always the same. At least a couple of hours until they let us go out into the city.

One Cargo Security shows up in the stateroom door frame.

CARGO SECURITY

Diego, come with me.

YOUNG DIEGO

What's wrong.

CARGO SECURITY

Shut up and come with me.

JOSE

Dude, what the fuck?

Cargo Security points its finger at José and then signals to Young Diego to hurry up.

CARGO SECURITY

Faster, we don't have the whole day.

YOUNG DIEGO

Ya voy, joder, ¡que prisas!

SUBTITLE

I'm coming, damn, what a rush!

Young Diego jumps out of his bunk and makes to grab his backpack. Cargo Security cuts him short.

CARGO SECURITY

You won't need that.

Young Diego looks at Jose, who shakes his head, then gets out followed by Cargo Security.

INT. PORT OF SINGAPORE - WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

After hearing a knock at the door, Walter puts the paper down as the Secretary enters followed by the Cargo Security and Young Diego.

WALTER

Leave us!

Cargo Security and Secretary leave the office closing the door behind them.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(pointing to a chair in
front of him)

Have a seat!

Young Diego, although worried, remains confident and sits in the chair. Meanwhile, Walter lights a large cigar.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(looking at his cigar)

Do you speak English?

YOUNG DIEGO

I do.

WALTER

You do... what?

YOUNG DIEGO

I do speak English.

Walter lifts his eyes and looks at Young Diego with his piercing blue eyes.

YOUNG DIEGO (CONT'D)

I do, sir.

Walter looks back at his cigar and nods as he takes a drag on his cigar.

WALTER

Good...

(staresn again at Young
Diego)

Do you know who I am?

YOUNG DIEGO
Yes sir, the Big Boss.

WALTER
(smiling)
The Big Boss. That's right.

Walter takes the paper and, looking at it, continues.

WALTER (CONT'D)
It says here I should fire you.
(Walter puts the paper
down))
Should I?

YOUNG DIEGO
(full of confidence)
No, sir.

WALTER
(intrigued)
Really?

Young Diego looks at Walter directly in the eyes.

WALTER (CONT'D)
According to that
(points at the paper)
you punched your supervisor...

YOUNG DIEGO
I did, sir.

WALTER
May I know why?

YOUNG DIEGO
He asked me to change a fried bulb
during that heavy storm and he
didn't want to listen to my concern
regarding possible electrical
discharge.

WALTER
(wondering))
Electrical discharge... He had
previously cut the power!

YOUNG DIEGO
He failed to mention that, sir,
when I expressed my concern and
forced me to proceed instead.

Walter starts thinking while staring at Young Diego.

WALTER
Is there anything else you would
like to add in your defense?

YOUNG DIEGO
Yes, sir,

Walter gestures for him to continue.

YOUNG DIEGO (CONT'D)
That night, after changing the bulb
we saw a helicopter landing on the
helipad and a few men were loading
it with some boxes.

Walter frowns slightly, becoming more interested.

WALTER
(discreetly amused)
Ah! And?

YOUNG DIEGO
Then, when the helicopter took off,
Jose and I rushed back inside the
ship. While walking back to our
stateroom we saw Hawk showing a
package about this size
(mimics a small packet)
to Jimmy.

WALTER
So what?

YOUNG DIEGO
According to Hawk that package
slipped from one of the boxes they
were loading the helicopter with.

WALTER
(very serious)
And -- did he return it to the
captain or did he keep it?

Young diego hesitates to answer.

WALTER (CONT'D)
This is not the moment to be shy,
Dieguito.

YOUNG DIEGO
He kept it.

Walter takes a couple of seconds to think.

WALTER

Why didn't you wait to go to the police with this information?

Young Diego scoffs.

YOUNG DIEGO

They shot my dad, threw my mother in jail and sent me to some social services. Why would I go to those pigs?

Walter stands up and walks towards the door.

WALTER

(while leaving)

Wait here!

Walter leaves the office.

EXT. PORT OF SINGAPORE - EVA DEL MAR DOKING - DAY

Walter and two security guards, after getting down from a car, are invited aboard by CAPTAIN JAMES [52].

CAPTAIN JAMES

Welcome aboard Mr. Walter.

WALTER

Bring me to Hawk's stateroom.

CAPTAIN JAMES

Is there a problem Mr. Walter?

Walter raises an eyebrow.

CAPTAIN JAMES (CONT'D)

Sure. Please, follow me.

Captain James leads the way. Walter signals for the security guards to follow him.

INT. CARGO - HAWK'S STATEROOM - DAY

Jimmy paces back and forth across the room while Hawk sits on the edge of the bunk bed.

HAWK

Sit down, lad, will you?

Jimmy stops and looks up at the PA speaker.

JIMMY
Why the hell is it taking so long?

Hawk looks at him calmly, silently.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I told you this was not a good
idea... You shouldn't have taken
that stupid packet.

Hawk stands up quickly.

HAWK
(menacing)
Shut up, you hear me? Shut the fuck
up!

Jimmy resumes pacing back and forth across the room.

JIMMY
(mumbling)
You should have given it back.

HAWK
Zip it, motherfucker...

The stateroom door handle rattles for a couple of seconds and it bursts open. Walter comes in followed by the security guards and Captain James.

WALTER
(to Hawk)
I will give you one chance for
redemption... Where is it?

HAWK
(calmly)
Where is what?

Walter raises one eyebrow. While Hawk remains calm, Jimmy, getting very nervous, starts looking at a duffel bag on the bunk bed. Walter gestures for the security guards to search the bag.

HAWK (CONT'D)
Sir...

Walter raises one finger. The security guards remove the package from inside the bag.

HAWK (CONT'D)
(nervous)
Sir...

Walter raises again his finger.

WALTER
 You had your chance.
 (to the security guards)
 Lock him up... You know where.

One of the security guards brings Hawk out. The other one remains inside.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 (to Captain James)
 I take you didn't know anything
 about this!

CAPTAIN JAMES
 I swear to God I had no idea.

Walter nods slightly.

CAPTAIN JAMES (CONT'D)
 (pointing at Jimmy)
 What shall we do with him?

Walter remains silent for a couple of seconds, looking at Jimmy who couldn't stop shaking.

WALTER
 It's fine. Let him go.

CAPTAIN JAMES
 And what about the package?

WALTER
 We'll have to make it up to our
friends... I will think of
 something.

INT. PORT OF SINGAPORE - WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

While Young Diego looks at a painting on the wall, Walter enters the room.

WALTER
 You like it?

Young Diego looks askance at the painting with a grimace of disbelief. Walter smiles.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 I know, right? It's a Picasso.

Walter takes a seat at his desk and invites Young Diego to take a seat. Young Diego seats in front of him.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You did good, kid, you did good.

YOUNG DIEGO

Thank you, sir.

WALTER

What would you say if I took you out of that ship and offered you a job at the docks?

YOUNG DIEGO

Would I have to scrub latrines?

Walter laughs.

WALTER

No, that's what Hawk would be doing for the rest of his miserable life aboard that ship. No, boy. You would be my eyes and my ears on these docks. You will be the assistant manager at the port's restaurant.

YOUNG DIEGO

Thank you, sir.

WALTER

Now go and get your things from the ship and come back. I'll find you a place to stay for a while and after that, we'll see.

YOUNG DIEGO

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir!

Young Diego stands up and leaves the office.

INT. CARGO - DIEGO'S STATEROOM - DAY

Young Diego finishes packing as Jose looks at him.

JOSE

Que suerte tienes, macho.

SUBTITLE

How lucky you are, man.

YOUNG DIEGO

Ya te digo, por lo menos me quitado de encima al cabron aquel.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, at least I got that asshole off my back.

JOSE

Hawk?

Young Diego nods while zipping his bag.

YOUNG DIEGO

Lo que me entristece es no volver a ver a Claudia.

SUBTITLE

What saddens me is not seeing Claudia again.

JOSE

Quieres que le digo algo, si vuelvo a verla?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)

Is there anything you want me to tell, if I see her again?

Young Diego takes his photobooth picture out of his pocket and gazes at it.

YOUNG DIEGO

Dile que siempre llevaré su foto al lado de mi corazón.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)

Tell her that I will always carry her picture near my heart.

Young Diego puts the photograph back in his shirt pocket then leaves the stateroom.

EXT. CARGO - DAY

As Eva del Mar slowly sets sail towards the open sea, José, from that deck, waves to Young Diego who was standing on the edge of the dock.

INT. PORT OF VALPARAISO - RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Young Claudia, in an advanced state of pregnancy, enters through the door, with the difficulty inherent to her condition, carrying some dishes.

YOUNG CLAUDIA

Estos son los últimos platos.

SUBTITLE

These are the last dishes.

ANTONIO

Fantástico.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)

Fantastic.

Antonio approaches Young Claudia and when she finishes placing the dishes in the sink, he gently pats her on the shoulder.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Claudia, Cuando vas a dar a luz?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)

When is the little one coming?

YOUNG CLAUDIA
Buf, en un mes, mas o menos!

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Buf, one month from now,
roughly!

ANTONIO
¿¡Tanto!? ¿Hija, por qué no
me has dicho cuanto llegaste
al octavo mes?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
So far!? My child, why
haven't you told me when you
reached the eighth month?

Young Claudia shrugs.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
¡Pensé que se enojaría usted
conmigo!

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
I thought you would be angry
with me!

Antonio shows an empathetic expression.

ANTONIO
Pues mira, este ultimo mes
vas a estar solo en caja,
vale?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Well, look, this last month
you will only be at the cash
register, okay?

Young Claudia looks at him with grateful eyes.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
Gracias, patron.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Thank you, boss.

ANTONIO
¿Y el papa cuándo estará de
vuelta?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
And the father, when will he
be back?

YOUNG CLAUDIA
Unos 40 dias, mas o menos.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
In 40 days, roughly.

EXT. PORT OF VALPARAISO - DOCK - DAY

SUPER: ROUGHLY 40 DAYS LATER

As Eva del Mar docks in the port, Young Claudia stands nearby
holding in her arms a beautiful baby girl.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
Pronto conocerás a tu papá,
Evita.

SUBTITLE
Soon you will meet your
daddy, Evita.

Young Claudia continues standing there while Eva del Mar
continues docking slowly.

INT. CARGO - JOSE'S STATEROOM - DAY

Jose finishes packing his bag, looks at Young Diego's bunk,
sighs and leaves the stateroom.

EXT. CARGO - DAY

José sees Young Claudia standing near the freighter and is surprised to see the baby in her arms.

<p>JOSE (like realizing something) ¡Joder!</p>	<p>Fuck!</p>	<p>SUBTITLE</p>
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EXT. PORT OF VALPARAISO - DOCK - DAY

José approaches Young Claudia who at first does not notice his presence as she continues looking at the people disembarking.

<p>JOSE Claudia, ¿verdad?</p>	<p>SUBTITLE Claudia, right?</p>
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Claudia reacts surprised to José's call.

<p>YOUNG CLAUDIA ¡Si! ¿Y usted es?</p>	<p>SUBTITLE (CONT'D) Yes! And you are?</p>
--	--

<p>JOSE Soy Jose, amigo de Diego.</p>	<p>SUBTITLE (CONT'D) I'm Jose, Diego's friend.</p>
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<p>YOUNG CLAUDIA Ah, mucho gusto. Sabes por qué Diego tarda tanto en bajar? (pointing Evita) Tengo una gran sorpresa para él.</p>	<p>SUBTITLE (CONT'D) Ah, nice to meet you. Do you know why Diego takes so long to come down? (pointing Evita) I have a big surprise for him.</p>
---	--

<p>JOSE (indecisive) Diego ya no trabaja en el barco. El gran jefe lo sacó de ahí y le dio trabajo en el restaurante del puerto, en Singapur, como asistente del encargado.</p>	<p>SUBTITLE (CONT'D) Diego no longer works on the ship. The big boss took him out of there and gave him a job in the port restaurant as assistant manager.</p>
---	--

Young Claudia freezes for a couple of seconds.

<p>YOUNG CLAUDIA ¿Sabes si va a volver?</p>	<p>SUBTITLE (CONT'D) Do you know if he will be back?</p>
---	--

<p>JOSE No lo creo, por lo menos no en mucho tiempo.</p>	<p>SUBTITLE (CONT'D) I don't think so, at least for a long while</p>
--	--

Young Claudia starts tearing.

JOSE (CONT'D)
De verdad que lo siento.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
No se preocupe, no es su culpa... Bueno, tampoco es de Diego.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Don't worry, it's not your fault... Well, it's not Diego's either.

JOSE
Diego me dijo que le dijera que siempre llevará su foto consigo, cerca de su corazón.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Diego told me to tell you that he will always carry your picture with him, close to his heart.

Young Claudia clears her tears, turns around and starts walking.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
(to Jose)
Venga conmigo al restaurante y cuéntemelo todo.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Come with me to the restaurant and tell me everything.

They both start walking towards the restaurant.

INT. PORT OF VALPARAISO - RESTAURANT - DAY

Jose and Young Claudia, holding Baby Evita in her arms, are seated at a table.

JOSE
Y así es como pasó.

SUBTITLE
And this is how it happened.

Young Claudia looks at Baby Evita with sadness.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
Al final vas a tener que crecer sin conocer a tu papá.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
In the end you're going to have to grow up without knowing your dad.

They both remain silent for a couple of seconds, interrupted only by Baby Evita's coos.

JOSE
Seguro que Diego se va a alegrar mucho cuando oiga que es papá.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
I'm sure Diego will be very happy when he hears he is a dad.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
 No le digas nada a Diego.
 ¿Para que hacerle sufrir
 estando tan lejos?... ya se
 lo haré yo saber cuando
 llegue el momento.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
 Don't say anything to Diego.
 Why make him suffer being so
 far away?... I'll let him
 know when the time comes.

JOSE
 ¿En serio?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
 Really?

Young Claudia nods.

YOUNG CLAUDIA
 Lo que sí puedes hacer es
 mandarme una carta de vez en
 cuando contándome como le va.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
 What you can do is send me a
 letter from time to time
 telling me how he is doing.

José nods empathetically.

INT/EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

As Steve wipes the blood from his hands and arms, Don Diego looks at him silently with a slight proud smile as he hands him a thick envelope.

DON DIEGO
 You did good, kid, you did good.

Steve, taking the envelope with both hands, barely dares to look at Don Diego.

STEVE
 Thank you, Don Diego.

Don Diego looks at him for a couple of seconds.

DON DIEGO
 I have an open spot. I could use a
 fighter like you.

Steve remains silent, thoughtful.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, you won't have to
 fight like this.
 (point at the arena)
 Your roles will be more...personal.

STEVE
 Sure.

DON DIEGO

Perfect. Tomorrow, I want you to travel with Evita to the platform. Something showed up that requires our immediate attention.

STEVE

Is there anything I must do there, sir?

DON DIEGO

No. Evita will handle the situation. I just want you there as her escort. Evita will pass you all the information... Observe and learn.

STEVE

I understand, sir.

DON DIEGO

Have you ever been on a chopper before?

EXT. HARBOURFRONT FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

Steve carries his bag over his shoulder and pulls Evita's wheeled suitcase.

STEVE

Are we spending the night somewhere?

Evita looks at him out of the corner of her eye.

EVITA

Didn't you read the message I sent to you?

STEVE

Yes. It only wrote to bring my pajamas, meeting point and time.

EVITA

And if I advise you to bring your PJs isn't that clear that we will spend the night -- not at home? I thought you were smarter than that.

Steve swallows hard and keeps his mouth shut for a couple of seconds.

STEVE
So, where are we going?

EVITA
To Ranai Kota.

STEVE
(doubtful)
That city, if I'm not wrong, has an airport.

EVITA
Yes, it has.

STEVE
Then why don't we just fly there?

EVITA
Who says we are not going to fly there?

STEVE
Then why are we taking a ferry?

Evita stops walking and turns towards Steve.

EVITA
You are really dumb... There's no direct flight. We need to take the ferry to Batam, from Batam the plane to Ranai Kota and from the port of Ranai we take our chopper to the oil rig.

STEVE
I know there's no direct flight. But we could just take Don Diego's jet and get there faster.

EVITA
This is why you are dumb. The private jet is traceable. But changing public transportation is not...

STEVE
And did you just say something about an oil rig, and a chopper?

EVITA
How do you think we transport the coke? You think we bring it to Singapore and keep it there in the containers?...

(MORE)

EVITA (CONT'D)

Fuck, you've got so much to learn.
 (while she resumes
 walking)
 I still don't know why you are
 here.

STEVE

(following Evita)
 To keep you safe, I guess!

EVITA

Is that a line from some stupid
 movie?

INT. FERRIBOAT - DAY

Evita seats by the window; Steve, seated right next to her,
 checks his phone.

STEVE

So, what's your story?

EVITA

Excuse me?

STEVE

What's your story?

EVITA

Listen, ink boy...

STEVE

Ink boy!

EVITA

You look like fresh out of a
 printer with all these tattoos on
 your arms...

STEVE

What?

EVITA

Listen carefully. Just because my
 father, for whatever fucked reason,
 likes you, it doesn't mean I have
 to. You may fool others with your
 tattoos and fighting skills but I
 know you are not that tough. Deep
 down, right there, you're just
 another softie... You want
 to impress me?

(MORE)

EVITA (CONT'D)

Piece of advice: don't try, just do your job. Okay, cutie?

STEVE

I guess they're right to call you a RFB.

EVITA

A what?

STEVE

RFB, resting face bitch.

EVITA

They? Who?

Steve keeps quiet.

EVITA (CONT'D)

Let me guess, Bill.

Steve nods.

EVITA (CONT'D)

Can't expect any better from a crook cop!? He tried a few times to fuck me, you know? But he learned soon enough I'm not into men... Anyway, I've been called worse.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

Steve and Evita are sitting vis-à-vis.

STEVE

Resting face bitch is an understatement... Did you really had to cut that poor bastard's finger?

BEGIN FLASHBACK: INT. OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: EAST NATUNA FIELD OIL RIG, NATUNA ISLANDS, INDONESIA

TUSIMAN [Indonesian man, 45 years old], in clear pain, is being tightly held by Evita by his right-hand pinkie finger.

EVITA

(calmly)

Do you know how much it costs us your mistake?

TUSIMAN
 (whimpering)
 No.

EVITA
 (yelling)
 5 million dollars.

TUSIMAN
 (begging)
 I swear miss Evita, it won't happen
 again.

Evita takes out a knife with a rapid movement and cuts
 Tusiman's pinkie finger last phalanx.

EVITA
 I know it won't, pendejo. Next time
 it won't be a phalanx...

Evita takes the phalanx from the table and gives it to
 Tusiman.

EVITA (CONT'D)
 Wash it and seal it in one of those
 potatoe chips bags, put the bag in
 a container with ice and go to the
 doctor. They may be able to put it
 back.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHOOPER - DAY

Evita looks at Steve with a cold look.

EVITA
 And calling you a softie... another
 understatement.

STEVE
 5 million isn't that much money.

EVITA
 Neither is a phalanx... Imagine
 what I would have cut if it had
 been 5 billion.

STEVE
 But you can recover those 5
 million.

EVITA

If he does what I said he will have his phalanx back as well. In fact, the chances of his finger coming back whole are better than our chances of getting the money back... Just saying.

STEVE

(mumbling)
Chances!?

Steve then looks out the window and mouths "chances" as a voice echoes in the distance.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

(echoing)
Honestly, the chances of him straightening out are very low.

INT. CHUN HUA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Young Steve is sitting on the couch watching TV. Younger Chun Hua seems busy in the kitchen.

YOUNGER CHUN HUA (O.S.)

Tomorrow, we go to that school in Yishun. They are willing to give you one chance.

Young Steve stands up.

YOUNG STEVE

(voiced raised)
I don't want to go to another school.

Younger Chun Hua shows up in the frame.

YOUNGER CHUN HUA

Don't you dare to raise your voice at me... Tomorrow I'm going to enroll you in that school and that's it.

Young Steve sits back on the couch with an angry face.

INT. PRINCIPAL 2 OFFICE - DAY

Around the office desk are seated the School Principal 2, Chun Hua and Young Steve.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL 2
 (at Young Steve)
 I'm sure here you will make some
 friends.

YOUNGER CHUN HUA
 Thank you, sir.

School Principal 2 signals Jun Rong, a young man in his 20s who was standing near the door, to come closer.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL 2
 Jun Rong, bring this young boy to
 his new class and introduce him to
 his new classmates.

JUN RONG
 Yes, sir. Come, Steve.

Young Steve gets up and follows Jun Rong out of the office while younger Chun Hua watches him leave.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL 2
 (at Chun Hua)
 Don't worry Miss Chun Hua, he will
 be fine.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

In the middle of a circle of children, Young Steve, on the ground, struggles to free himself from the strong grip of a bully.

TONY (O.S.)
 (authoritarian)
 Leave him alone!

The children, scared, leave the place, including the bully. Young Steve, still on the ground, turns his head and sees TONY [boy, mixed race, 14] extending his hand to him.

Impressed by his sheer size, Young Steve, speechless, takes the offered hand and stands up.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Hey, I'm Tony.

YOUNG STEVE
 Steve... Thank you.

TONY
 Why they beat you?

YOUNG STEVE
Because I'm half breed and I can't
speak Chinese.

Tony laughs.

YOUNG STEVE (CONT'D)
Why you laughing?

TONY
(still laughing)
I'm also half breed and also cannot
speak Chinese.

YOUNG STEVE
But you're big size.

Tony stops laughing.

TONY
Exactly... Hey, you should meet my
brother and the rest of my friends.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY

BIG BROTHER [mixed race, male, 20 years old] sitting on an
old couch and surrounded by other teenagers aged 10 to 18,
stares at Young Steve as Tony introduces him.

TONY
Big Brother, this is my new friend,
Steve.

Big Brother, who continues to stare at Young Steve, breaks
the tense silence after a couple of seconds.

BIG BROTHER
Fuck, another stray bitch.... can
she bark?

The other kids start laughing.

YOUNG STEVE
I'm not a girl.

BIG BROTHER
Maybe, but you sure look like
one...
(to Tony)
Why the fuck did you bring this
pussy here?

Big Brother stands up and walks towards Young Steve and Tony.

BIG BROTHER (CONT'D)

(at Tony)

Hey, why the fuck did you bring this one here? You need a pet?

TONY

You brought me in when the other kids were bullying me.

Big Brother then looks at Young Steve.

BIG BROTHER

Did I, huh!

(to Young Steve)

And you want to be here, with us?

YOUNG STEVE

Yes.

BIG BROTHER

Yes, what?

YOUNG STEVE

Yes, sir.

BIG BROTHER

Yes... what?

Young Steve looks at Tony who mouths "Big Brother"

YOUNG STEVE

Yes, Big Brother.

Big Brother looks at Young Steve and bursts into laughter.

BIG BROTHER

Come here, little fuck.

(to the rest)

This is our new little brother.

(to Young Steve)

Welcome to your new family.

Young Steve breathes relieved.

BEGIN MONTAGE IN THE BROTHEL

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER

BIG BROTHER (V.O.)

We don't need parents. We make our own money. Here everyone does their part.

(MORE)

BIG BROTHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We don't steal in the street, only
at Geylang brothels and their
stupid and horny customers where
nobody would go to inform the
police.

- Tony lifts money from a customer wallet while this one is making love to a prostitute and Young Steve watches.

- Young Steve tries to extract some money but is caught by another customer and runs for his life out of the brothel.

- Young Steve tries again to steal some money, this time successfully. Young Steve has a big smile on his face.

END MONTAGE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Young Steve, with a sad face, stands up awaiting sentence.

JUDGE

Considering that this is not the
first time you have been in this
courtroom... five times to be
exact, this court has no choice but
to send you to a juvenile reform
institution until you come of age.

The judge's gavel falls like thunder on the support. Younger Chun Hua stands up, glances with dissapointment at Young Steve, then leaves. No words exchanged.

INT. RANAI KOTA - HOTEL - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

While Evita and Steve are dining in one corner of the restaurant, her phone rings. Evita picks up the phone to see Don Diego's phone number.

EVITA (ON THE PHONE)

Don Diego.

DON DIEGO (V.O)

Como va todo?

SUBTITLE

How's everything?

EVITA

Todo bajo control, Don Diego.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)

Everything is under control.

DON DIEGO (V.O.)
Que le hiciste a Tusiman...
espera, no quiero saberlo.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
What have you done to
Tusiman?... Wait, I rather
don't want to know.

Evita smiles mischievously in front of the inquisitive glance
of Steve.

DON DIEGO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
¿Como te va con Steve?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
How are you and Steve getting
along?

Evita looks at Steve with that naughty look.

EVITA
Es un poco parlanchín, pero
nada que no se pueda
manejar... Sinceramente, no
sé qué viste en él. Mucho
tatuaje y muchas peleas, pero
en realidad es un blandengue.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
He is a bit chatty, but
nothing I cannot handle...
Honestly, I don't what you
like about him. Many tattoos
and many fights but he is a
softie.

DON DIEGO (V.O.)
Dale un poco de cuartel,
¿quieres? Y confía en mí,
¿vale?

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Cut him some slack, would
you? And trust me on this,
ok?

EVITA
Vale, papa. Lo que tu digas.
Hasta mañana.

SUBTITLE (CONT'D)
Ok, dad. As you wish. See you
tomorrow.

Evita hangs up.

STEVE
Everything ok?

Evita nods and takes a deep breath.

EVITA
Alright. What do you want to know
about me?

STEVE
Oh, so now you want to talk! Do you
feel chatty or was I persuasive
enough?

EVITA
Dont flatter yourself. Don Diego
told me to cut you some slack and
we still have some time to kill,
so... Shoot.

STEVE

What's your story and why are you
always so angry?

Evita looks at him then out the window.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EVITA (V.O.)

I was born and raised in
Valparaiso, Chile. My mother, that
time, was working in a restaurant
in the port. I practically grew up
in that restaurant.

- Toddler Evita runs up and down the restaurant
- Child Evita (roughly 10 y.o.) helps washing dishes in the restaurant.
- Evita (20s) helps mother serving tables in the restaurant.

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

It wasn't bad. As a kid everyone
loved me. But when I grew older,
some of those brutes had other
intentions.

- In a dark alley, some masked men kidnap Young Evita.
- At some abandoned building Young Evita is being raped by these men while gagged and handtied.

END MONTAGE

INT. RANAI KOTA - HOTEL - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Evita moves her eyes from the window and looks at Steve right into his dumbfounded look.

EVITA

I was nineteen that time, 13 years
ago

STEVE

(very agitated)
Motherfuckers. What the fuck is
wrong with these people?

EVITA

That's why I am always "so angry".

STEVE

Have you told the police?

Evita bursts into laughter.

EVITA

Pfff, the police? Please!

STEVE

Then what have you done?

Evita looks again out the window.

INT. VALPARAISO - CLAUDIA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Evita, in her 20s, is sitting at the dining table with some leftovers. Claudia comes in with a metal box and sits at the table.

CLAUDIA

I need to tell you about your father.

And Claudia opens the metal box from which she takes out a thick stack of old letters and a stripe of three photobooth pictures of her young and Young Diego. She shows Evita the pics.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

This is your father, Diego.

Evita takes the photo strip with a shabby hand. After looking at the pictures she asks her mother with teary eyes.

EVITA

Why did he abandon us?

CLAUDIA

He didn't. I never told him you were born.

EVITA

And these letters?

Claudia grabs the stack of letters and hands them to Evita.

CLAUDIA

These were written from time to time by Jose, a friend of your father. They were both very young seamen.

INT. RANAI KOTA - HOTEL - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Evita moves her eyes from the window and looks at Steve

EVITA

My mother gave me some money, one picture from the photo strip and a letter she wrote and asked me to come to Singapore to look for my father as it wasn't safe for me anymore in Valparaiso.

Steve is speechless.

EVITA (CONT'D)

So I came. Thanks to the letters that José wrote to mom it was quite easy to find my father. When I entered his office I clearly saw his expression, a honest surprise as if he sort of recognized me... That was the only time I saw Don Diego tearing, when I showed him the picture and the letter my mom wrote for him.

A few seconds of tense silence falls over them both.

STEVE

My father was also a seaman.

EVITA

Was?

STEVE

Yes, he died before I was born.

EVITA

So you were raised by your mother!

Steve nods.

EVITA (CONT'D)

That explains why you are a softie.

STEVE

Hello, you know I did some time in juvenile and later in jail, right?

EVITA

That doesn't make you any tougher. You're still your mama's boy... and a half breed.

Steve looks at her like he wants to punch her.

EVITA (CONT'D)

There you go, growing that
backbone... Be careful with these
triggers.

Steve makes an effort to cool down.

STEVE

(mumbling)
Whatever!

Steve then takes a sip from his drink.

EVITA

And be careful with Bill He might
be in my father's payroll but he is
still a cop after all. A guy like
that can always switch sides
whenever it benefits him.

Steve nods.

INT. PORT OF SINGAPORE - DIEGO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

While Don Diego, standing by his desk, seems busy collecting
some papers from his desk, after two knocks on the door, Bill
enters with the face of bringing news.

DON DIEGO

What happened?

BILL

There will be a raid on your
containers.

Don Diego stops his activity and freezes his eyes on the
desk.

DON DIEGO

(surprised/amused)
Again?

Bill nods.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

When?

BILL

To be confirmed.

Don Diego shrugs and continues collecting papers from his desk.

DON DIEGO

What a waste of time--for them, not for me. They won't find anything... Anything else?

Bill opens his mouth as if about to say something then keeps silent for a couple of seconds. Don Diego stares at him patiently.

BILL

No, nothing.

DON DIEGO

Ok, thank you.

Don Diego makes a dismissal sign. Bill leaves the office. Don Diego finishes collecting his papers, places the stack nicely in one drawer, grabs a cigar and walks to the window.

After two knocks at the door Evita walks in and Steve tries to follow her but Evita blocks the door frame.

EVITA

I think I'm safe here. You may leave.

Don Diego from the window, while litting his cigar.

DON DIEGO

Let him stay. He's earned it.

Evita moves inside giving space to Steve to walk in. Steve closes the door behind.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

What's the most important thing in life?

Evita seems confused.

EVITA

Are you OK, dad?

Don Diego smiles.

DON DIEGO

Never better... What's the most important thing in life?

EVITA

Money, of course.

STEVE

Power.

EVITA

What I said, money. You can buy power with that...

Don Diego smiles again.

DON DIEGO

These are useful, indeed. But they mean nothing if you don't have love in your life.

Evita looks at Steve puzzled.

EVITA

I don't understand, dad.

Don Diego looks at her.

DON DIEGO

What good is wealth for if don't have anyone to share it with? What good is power for if you can't have anyone by your side?

Evita and Steve look at each other speechless.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

(changing tone)

They will raid the containers.

EVITA

(surprised)

Again?

Don Diego nods.

EVITA (CONT'D)

Bill told you?

Don Diego nods again.

EVITA (CONT'D)

I wouldn't trust that snake.

Don Diego puffs from his cigar and after glancing once more out the window, walks towards his desk and sits down.

DON DIEGO

I know, but as long as he believes I trust him, of sorts, he continues to be useful.

STEVE

Shall we move the metchanduse?

Don Diego drifts his eyes to Steve and smiles. Evita laughs.

DON DIEGO

There is nothing to move in there.

EVITA

Have you told Bill?

DON DIEGO

Sort of.

EVITA

Then they won't raid it.

DON DIEGO

(shaking his head)

Mmm. They **will** raid them. He has to. Otherwise his so-called cover will be blown. Not that it matters much, anyway... But it matters to them.

Pause.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

A guy like him needs to cover his ass with them and with me.

EVITA

So you trust him.

DON DIEGO

I know there is some truth in his information.

EVITA

How do you know he is not playing with you.

DON DIEGO

Oh, he is, or so he thinks. For as long as he drinks from this milky cow, he will keep feeding us information and we will learn of their way of thinking, eventually.

STEVE

I don't get it.

EVITA

It means Bill is a double fuck.

DON DIEGO
Language!

EVITA
Sorry. Double... whatever. He
informs us and the police.

Don Diego puts out his cigar.

DON DIEGO
So tell me boys, how was it with
Tusiman?

Evita and Steve look at each other. Steve makes the gesture
inviting Evita to reply:

STEVE
Ladies first.

Evita rolls her eyes.

EVITA
It cost us five million.

STEVE
And one phalanx.

DON DIEGO
Then let's consider it a cheap
lesson.

He collects his papers. Silence falls. Steve glances at Evita
— no hostility this time. Just calculation.

INT. CONTAINER OFFICE - DAY

Papers stacked. Fan hums against the humidity. Evita places a
port clearance file on the desk in front of Steve.

EVITA
You're one of us now. This one's
yours.

Steve flips through it. Nods.

STEVE
Looks legit.

EVITA
That's the point. No questions, no
prints. Just signatures.

Steve stares at the page. Pen hovers. It doesn't move.

EVITA (CONT'D)

You freeze now, you're out. Maybe permanently.

He doesn't respond.

INT. PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Steel chairs. Pale green walls. Steve, raw and silent, sits across from CHEN.

CHEN

You had talent. You wasted it. I'm offering a purpose.

Steve looks at him, doubtful.

STEVE

Under what name?

CHEN

No name. No badge. Just deep cover. You disappear, work alone, and report only to me.

Beat.

STEVE

Why me?

Chen studies him — paternal, precise.

CHEN

Because no one sees you. But I do.

He slides a slim file forward.

CHEN (CONT'D)

Inside: your mission.

(beat)

This is your one chance. Decide who you want to become.

Steve picks it up. Quiet. Decisive.

INT. CONTAINER OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Steve signs. Ink deliberate. Face blank.

Evita collects the file. Looks at him — unreadable.

EVITA

Welcome to the real port.

She walks out. Steve remains seated — hand still over the paper, breathing measured.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CITY BACKSTREETS - NIGHT

STEVE exits the train platform. Passes through crowd, then veers down an emergency stairwell. Cuts through back alleys. No tail.

He enters an abandoned building. Metal door creaks.

INT. ABANDONED COMMUNITY CENTER - STORAGE HALL - NIGHT

Dim light. Old shelves. Chen stands near a stack of sealed crates.

CHEN

You've gone quiet after your trip to Ranai Kota. What did you find?

STEVE

Ranai Kota was quiet. Nothing actionable — just re-routed manifests and a supervisor named Tusiman who talks in riddles.

CHEN

So why didn't you report?

STEVE

Because it smelled off, but not dirty. I didn't want to call a fire alarm over dust.

(beat)

Thought I'd dig deeper first — see if the trail leads somewhere real.

CHEN

It always leads somewhere. Sometimes to ghosts.

STEVE

Then I'm chasing shadows with teeth.

(beat)

But I learned a lot about her.

CHEN

Evita?

STEVE

She'd stab me in my sleep. That's probably a compliment.

CHEN

And Diego?

STEVE

Measured. Moral. Surprisingly so.

Chen folds his arms, considering.

INT. POLICE STAGING WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Chen hands a burner phone to Steeve.

CHEN

You're going to go into Don Diego's operations. Your entrance will be that underground fight he likes so much. If you win, and **you must win**, he will offer you a job.

Beat.

CHEN (CONT'D)

No family. No visits. Not even across the street.

STEVE

My mother, she works at the port restaurant. I wouldn't talk to her.

CHEN

Doesn't matter. we cannot risk failure.

Beat.

CHEN (CONT'D)

This doesn't work if you're anyone's son.

Steve nods. Silent weight.

INT. ABANDONED COMMUNITY CENTER - STORAGE HALL - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

CHEN

Keep your distance.

STEVE
I just want her to know I'm not
dead.

CHEN
She knows.

Beat.

STEVE
So the raid, it's imminent!

Chen nods.

CHEN
Don't get caught.

Steve smiles.

STEVE
You trust Bill?

CHEN
He's... useful.

STEVE
He's tailing me.

CHEN
You're certain?

STEVE
Twice this week. He's not watching
them - he's watching me.

CHEN
Then how did you get here without
him on your heels?

STEVE
If I didn't know how to lose him...
what kind of undercover am I? I
lost him at the rails, back there.

Chen absorbs the line - a flicker of concern now sharpened by
admiration.

CHEN
Then stay clean. Don't provoke him.

STEVE
Not much to provoke anyway.

CHEN
We'll watch him.

STEVE
That would be good. He's not the
kind that flips. He dissolves.

Chen exhales. Faint tension in his jaw.

CHEN
Then make sure you're not the one
he cashes out on.

Chen walks out. Steve doesn't move.

His hand folds the receipt slowly. Quiet dread settles.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NARCOTICS OFFICE - DAY

Ramli hunches over intel reports. Chen reads quietly. Bill
stands - unusually alert.

BILL
We hit the port in forty-eight. The
Superintendent signed off.

RAMLI
Forty-eight? I thought we were
waiting on cargo ID confirmation.

BILL
Too late. It's moving. We either
follow or lose it.

Chen watches Bill closely - doesn't speak.

CHEN
Make sure your sources aren't
feeding you ghost manifests.

Bill doesn't flinch. He taps a clearance file.

BILL
This one's real.

INT. CONTAINER OFFICE - NIGHT

Evita flicks through documents. Steve sits nearby, silent.

EVITA
They'll raid. Doesn't matter when -
it's coming.

STEVE

Diego says there's nothing in there.

EVITA

There isn't. That's the point.

She looks up.

EVITA (CONT'D)

You want to know who wins in this game? Not the one with truth. The one who chooses when truth matters.

Steve absorbs it. She tosses him a set of keys.

EVITA (CONT'D)

Go and check container 83A. Make sure it's sealed.

INT. RAMLI'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Ramli reviews old internal affairs files. One marked BILL NARAYAN - flagged twice, cleared both times.

He circles a line: "Unaccountable earnings increase-Q4, year of Walter's death."

Ramli frowns.

INT. DON DIEGO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Don Diego burns an old manifest over an ashtray. Evita watches, arms crossed.

EVITA

You're too calm.

DON DIEGO

That's what makes them nervous.

A beat.

EVITA

Three more day for the raid.

Don Diego shakes his head, slowly.

DON DIEGO

No, they won't wait. If Bill is really plating both sides - they will raid tonight.

EVITA

Hoping that he might something on us?

Don Diego nods, slowly.

EVITA (CONT'D)

I sent Steve to check 83A tonight.

DON DIEGO

To test him?

Evita nods.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

He won't open it.

EVITA

Probably. But Bill might.

Diego nods, smiling faintly.

DON DIEGO

Good. Let him walk in first.

EXT. PORT YARD - NIGHT

Steel hum. Rain mist. CONTAINER 83A sits beneath halogen floodlights.

Steve walks around it, his eyes scanning it. Then leaves, not far. Bill lurks three rows away, watching.

Unmarked vehicles line the perimeter.

The night breathes — like something waiting to collapse.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - MOBILE COMMAND VAN - NIGHT

Floodlights flicker across a tactical map. Ramli and two OPERATIVES gear up. Chen watches a monitor fed by drone imagery.

RAMLI

We breach in thirty. Containers 83A and 47E simultaneously.

CHEN

83A stays quiet. No cameras. No spectacle. Let Bill take the spotlight.

Ramli nods. Chen eyes the GPS trace — Bill's already circling the site.

EXT. PORT YARD - CONTAINER ROW 83A - NIGHT

Bill creeps forward with two officers.

BILL

Stay back. No alerts. I open first.

He signals the officer. They unlatch the lock.

INT. CONTAINER 83A - NIGHT

Doors creak open. Dim interior. Inside: *sealed freezer units, unmarked.*

Bill steps in. The cold hits. He opens a freezer lid. Inside: a child's lunchbox. Empty. Spotless.

Another freezer — a stack of shredded newspapers.

Another — a rag doll.

Bill stares. Silent.

EXT. PORT YARD - SAME TIME

Chen's team approaches 47E in silence. No lights. No theatrics. Lock picked cleanly.

INT. CONTAINER 47E - NIGHT

Metal groans as the door creaks open. Chen steps inside alone.

No crates. No tech. Just dust, weather stains, and a broken seal marked: WLTRA2-HNDover

He runs a UV scanner across the floor. Nothing. No heat traces. No residual shipping codes.

He picks up a torn strip of crate tape near the corner. It reads: TRACES_NOT_TRUTHS.txt — handwritten.

CHEN

(soft)

Twelve years of routing... for this.

He opens his tablet – pulls up freight logs. Line after line: redacted, reassigned, retro-indexed. No signatures. No weight classes. Just ghost routes.

Chen exhales. Lowers the tablet. Doesn't take photos.

From his coat pocket, he pulls the manifest folder. Inside: old maps, route IDs, Walter's clipped postmortem signature.

He closes the folder. Tosses it back into the container.

CHEN (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Diego never stored. He vanished through the back doors – and built new ones.

Outside, thunder rolls. Chen steps out. Shuts the container. Doesn't look back.

EXT. PORT YARD - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Rain sharpens. Bill stands outside container 83A, unsettled.

The rag doll in his hand – now soaked – swings from his fingers.

BILL

(to officer, low)

Get forensics on this. No errors. I want the origin stamped.

Ramli approaches. Tense. Chen lingers near the outer cordon, watching both men – saying nothing.

RAMLI

You got played.

BILL

They stored *nothing*. That means something.

RAMLI

Or it means exactly nothing.

Chen meets Steve's gaze from afar, across the floodlights. Steve doesn't blink.

EXT. PORT YARD - NIGHT

Rain softens to a drizzle. The perimeter floodlights dim, shifting from search glare to idle glow.

POLICE UNITS retract cables. Gear stowed. The forensic techs zip up labeled kits. One officer signs off a manifest clipboard. Ramli leans on a post nearby, watching a drone power down.

RAMLII
(to officer)
Wrap it. If they buried anything,
it wasn't under our boots.

The officer nods. Officers begin to drift toward transport vans – boots splashing quietly in shallow puddles.

Chen stands at a distance, silent. Doesn't wave. Doesn't speak. Just watches the port breathe again.

INT. POLICE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Bill sits inside, coat damp, toy still clipped to his belt loop. An officer hops in beside him, rubbing his jaw.

OFFICER
Another dead route. Another memo.

BILL
(muted)
Yeah. Guess that's it.

The officer nods, unfazed. Door slams. Engine turns over.

Bill's eyes don't blink. He's not leaving.

EXT. PORT YARD - LATER

The vans roll out slowly. One light remains: Bill steps out of the idling van.

He scans the yard. Faint echoes of 47E creak in the distance. He leaves the scene – alone.

EXT. PORT YARD - WAREHOUSE WINDOW - NIGHT

Don Diego watches Bill pacing. Evita steps beside him – dry beneath an awning.

EVITA
He'll spin it into something.
Anything.

DON DIEGO
 (confident)
 Let him. He will be chasing ghosts.

EVITA
 Steve's holding.

Diego lights a thin cigar.

DON DIEGO
 He's holding until the past falls
 into place.

EVITA
 (intrigued)
 The past?

Don Diego remains silent, gazing out the window.

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - MAIN SPACE - NIGHT

Dim bulb. Rain against tin siding.

Steve sits alone, laptop open. The flash drive hums silently.

He opens the folder: EVA DEL MAR. Photos. Surveillance edits. A looping video fragment. He isolates metadata - timestamps reveal the footage was captured after Walter's death.

He clicks open "DON'T TRUST THE COW.txt". Re-reads the line: "You chose when truth matters." Steve exhales.

His reflection flickers in the laptop screen - fractured by pixels.

INT. PORT SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Evita scans Steve's shift form. Her eyes linger on the small print.

PORT CLEARANCE - NG, S.

She stares. Doesn't react. Just pockets the page without comment.

A flicker in her eyes - not quite recognition, not yet alarm.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CHEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chen flips through the recovered manifest folder. The photo slips loose: Walter, Diego, and a blurred third man.

CHEN

(quiet)

That's not absence. That's design.

Ramli enters, catching sight of the photo.

RAMLII

Half the shipments trace to a ghost. He never signed – but he moved.

Chen jots the CID: WLTRA2-C47. Places the photo facedown.

INT. PORT LOCKER - NIGHT

Evita unlocks an old steel cabinet tucked in the back of a cargo hangar. Inside: a faded ledger. One trinket. A photo of her and Diego – younger, unsmiling, standing beside Walter.

She touches the frame. A folded note slips from behind it: "What you carry, carry clean. Even in shadow."

She pockets the note. Eyes rimmed in thought - stillness.

She exits without closing the cabinet.

EXT. TRAIN YARD WALKWAY - NIGHT

Fog trails along rusted rails. A container crane hums above, distant and mechanical.

Steve and Evita walk shoulder-width apart, not touching, not looking.

STEVE

Walter... you ever really knew him?

EVITA

Not well. He passed before I understood what he was building.

Beat. She adjusts her coat, eyes scanning the yard.

STEVE

How was he?

EVITA

Silent, but kind... A bit like my father... I don't have many memories of him. He died shortly after I arrived.

She keeps walking. Steve stops. The light catches his breath, visible and unsure.

EXT. NG'S KITCHEN - SIDE WINDOW - NIGHT

Rain glosses the neon glow: NG'S KITCHEN - Home Port Meals

From the alley, Steve watches through the fogged window. Inside, CHUN HUA, (50s), composed, sharp-eyed, moves between steamers with practiced rhythm. She wraps noodles, seals boxes, never looks outside.

Steve doesn't move - just observes. Chun Hua stops for a second, as if thoughtful, then resumes her work. A junior cook slides open the takeout slot.

JUNIOR COOK

Take away?

Steve nods. No words.

The cook passes him a plastic bag. Inside, a receipt folded crisp atop the food. Steve glimpses the print: NG'S KITCHEN - Served by: Chun Hua

Steve stares at the name. Folds the paper slowly. Walks off into the dark.

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Steve enters slowly, drenched from the alley. Reaches into his coat. Pulls out a small envelope - worn, folded once. Steve looks at intensely.

EXT. HARBOUR UNDERPASS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Steel beams overhead. A rusted stairwell. Forgotten kiosk.

Chen, hood up, civilian coat zipped high, emerges from the shadows. No greeting. No badge.

CHEN

It's all Walter left behind. Use it
if it leads you to Diego.

Steve takes the envelope silently. Folds it once. Watches Chen vanish down the stairs.

BACK TO:

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

He opens the envelope. Inside: a flash drive and a folded note. He sets both on the counter.

Then pulls a second item from his pocket – the takeout receipt stamped: *“Served by: Chun Hua”*. He lays it beside the note and drive.

He looks at them, then shifts his eyes to the mirror. He stares into it – his reflection fractured by the steam.

He gathers the note and receipt. Returns them to separate pockets. The flash drive he keeps in hand.

He was towards the main space.

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - MAIN SPACE - NIGHT

Faint streetlight cuts through the blinds. Steve exits the entrance small hall – receipt folded, note tucked.

He opens the laptop again. Inserts the flash drive.

SCREEN: A folder titled: EVA_DEL_MAR. He clicks it. A silent subfolder appears: JAVIER_TERMINAL

Files inside: Two clipped audio logs, three surveillance images – all timestamped *post-Walter's death*, one partially corrupted video file: CMANIFESTRAW_09.MP4

Steve drags the cursor – hesitates. Then plays the video.

SCREEN: Grainy warehouse footage. A man resembling Diego enters frame – lighter build, younger.

He places a ledger inside a cargo container. No audio. Just the echo of footsteps. In the background, faint signage reads: TERMINAL C - SINALOA

Steve leans closer. Pauses the frame. The ledger's spine: *Commonwealth, 2006*. He checks the metadata. TIME STAMP: Three days after Walter's death.

STEVE

(softly)

So who was still shipping him -
without saying who they are?

Steve clicks open the first audio file: J-Term_LogA.wav

A distorted male voice. Static on the edges.

VOICE
 (RECORDED)
 Manifest tagged. Route code held.
 Javier said no more Sinaloa
 crossbacks. They're watching Diego
 too closely.

Steve freezes.

Clicks the second file: J-Term_LogB.wav

VOICE (CONT'D)
 (RECORDED)
 Terminal C still logs under Walter.
 Nobody changed the routing name.
 Makes it harder to prove he's gone.

Static lingers – then silence. Steve leans back. Eyes narrow.

He reopens the terminal photo. Zooms in past the signage. In the far left corner: a faint seal. PORT ID: CID:JAV047-WLTRA2. Steve writes it down on the back of the receipt. Slow. Deliberate.

Steve places the receipt down beside the laptop. Opens one of the surveillance images – blurred, overexposed.

A man steps from a cargo crane into shadow. No timestamp on the frame. Just a tag: *WLTRA2-HNDover*

Steve frowns. Checks folder metadata. This file was last modified – not by Walter, not Diego – but by a routing protocol labeled: HNDover: Proxy7

He searches the subdirectory. One more item loads slowly – a shell file labeled: *TRACESNOTTRUTHS.txt*. File size: **0 KB**

Steve clicks it. Nothing opens. He tilts the screen toward the lamp. Light fractures across his face.

STEVE
 (soft)
 Empty files aren't empty by
 accident.

Steve places the receipt back beside the laptop. His thumb runs across the freshly inked CID code – *CID:JAV047-WLTRA2*

He opens one of the surveillance stills. A crane silhouette. Rain blurs the edges. A man – face hidden by glare – moves past a container marked *WLTRA2-HNDover*.

Steve zooms in. The timestamp corner is corrupted. He checks the file properties – last accessed four months ago. Not by Walter. Not Diego. By a terminal signature: HNDover.Proxy7

Steve frowns. Checks system logs. A ghost IP flashes on screen – then vanishes.

He opens another image – grainier than the last. Two dock workers exchanging something behind forklift #11. Steve magnifies the object: a small envelope, folded once.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Same fold. Same handoff.

He clicks open a text file: TRACES_NOT_TRUTHS.txt It opens – blank. Zero characters. No content.

He types a single word: **Why**. The file closes itself. Steve doesn't flinch.

Steve closes the laptop. Grabs the folded receipt and leaves.

Outside, thunder murmurs in the port sky.

EXT. HOSTEL - SIDE ALLEY EXIT - NIGHT

Steve disappears down the loading aisle – shadow swallowed by container rows.

He heads toward the container yards.

EXT. WLTRA2 CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Puddles ripple. Steve steps past a silent checkpoint, receipt folded in his palm.

Container 47E looms. A crane groans behind glass.

EXT. CONTAINER YARD - OVERPASS VIEW - NIGHT

Rain streaks the lens. Chen sits inside a surveillance van overlooking Terminal C – head tilted, headset crackling softly.

On screen: a paused frame. Steve, back turned, exiting WLTRA2 corridor. Timestamp: *12 minutes ago*

CHEN

(mutters)

He doesn't even know how deep he's
in.

A second monitor flickers – CID routing tags, blinking red:
WLTRA2-C47, HNDOver.Proxy7

Chen's hand hovers near the mic. Doesn't engage. Just
watches.

He exhales. Reaches forward. Monitor powers down.

Silence – just the rain tapping steel. Chen leans back into
shadow.

INT. NG'S KITCHEN - BACKROOM - NIGHT

The restaurant is dim – after hours. Steam clings to metal
racks. A fan clicks unevenly. Chun Hua wipes down a prep
counter with slow, practiced strokes.

Steve enters through the rear door, quietly. Plain clothes.
Damp from drizzle. He closes the door softly – doesn't speak.

She doesn't look up.

CHUN HUA

We're closed. You shouldn't be
here.

STEVE

I didn't come to eat.

She pauses for two seconds, then resumes wiping – same
rhythm.

CHUN HUA

I heard you've been released.
You've seen around. Back alleys.
Port lots...

STEVE

I'm fine. I just wanted...
(beat)
I don't know what I wanted.

She stops wiping. Sets down the cloth. Finally looks at him –
not warmly, not coldly.

CHUN HUA

You look tired.

STEVE

It's been years. I thought maybe—

She doesn't let the sentence finish.

CHUN HUA

No maybe.

Beat.

STEVE

I'm not in trouble.

CHUN HUA

You always say that before you disappear.

He steps closer, but not all the way. She leans against the counter. Arms folded.

STEVE

You used to pack me leftovers, even when I was already gone.

She nods once.

CHUN HUA

Even stray dogs need rice.

Beat.

STEVE

I just wanted you to know I'm still out there.

Her eyes soften — almost.

CHUN HUA

Then don't bring shadows to my kitchen.

She picks up the rag again. Begins wiping the same counter, slower now.

STEVE

Okay.

He watches a moment longer. Then turns toward the door.

Just before he exits:

CHUN HUA

You still eat sambal?

STEVE

Always.

She doesn't answer. Just wipes.

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Steve wakes slowly. Rain has stopped. Light seeps through uneven blinds.

The sambal bowl remains half-finished. The laptop is closed.

A knock. Not a heavy one. Rhythmic. Sharp.

STEVE

(mutters)

Too early for cops.

He opens the door. Bill stands there, damp coat, eyes unreadable.

BILL

Evita wants you. Docks. Now.

STEVE

What's happening?

BILL

Don Diego's having a surprise inspection there.

Bill tilts his head, studying him.

BILL (CONT'D)

Why are you still standing?

He walks off.

STEVE

Where're you going?

BILL

(from afar)

Gotta be elsewhere.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Don Diego, Evita and Steve reach a freight lot where containers sit half-stacked under rusted gantries. A port supervisor, RAFIQ, rushes over — clipboard in hand, nerves barely contained.

RAFIQ

Don Diego. We weren't expecting—

DON DIEGO

You weren't supposed to.

He passes a container tagged SBL-MED04. Diego pops the latch without asking. Inside: medical kits stacked wrong, expiration labels obscured.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

This was listed as outbound for Batam. Why?

RAFIQ

Shipment overflow. We logged it. Admin must've rerouted to clear backlogs.

EVITA

(sliding her tablet
across)

That reroute was denied.

(pause)

Two weeks ago.

RAFIQ

I didn't see that. We only got the clearance file last week—

Diego doesn't raise his voice. He steps aside. Points toward a covered area.

DON DIEGO

Unload it. Inspect each pack. Anything expired, you burn. Anything viable, reroute to Clinic B. And take names. If anyone buried this to pad figures... I want them reassigned.

Rafiq nods nervously, already calling for two crewmen to approach.

Steve watches Rafiq handling the situation.

Later, Diego crouches near a forklift where a teenage dockhand struggles with a jammed coupling. Diego doesn't speak immediately.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

You hurt your shoulder last month, didn't you?

The boy nods — eyes wide.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
Stay off heavy equipment until it's
healed.

Steve, stepping closer to Evita

STEVE
(softly)
Did he report that injury?

EVITA
No. You thinking he's faking it?

STEVE
No. I'm thinking he knew the kid's
injury without being here.

Evita remains silent. Steve looks over. Diego is already moving on. No smile, no speech. Just clarity.

EXT. DOCKS - SHADED LOADING BAY - AFTERNOON

Freight crews drift away, forklifts parked, tarps re-tied. Humid silence settles across rusted railings and chain-wrapped crates.

Steve and Evita lean against opposite sides of a support pillar. Neither speaks for a moment.

In the distance, Don Diego walks calmly through a container corridor, speaking with a foreman in low tones. His presence is felt, not announced.

STEVE
He doesn't talk much.

EVITA
He doesn't need to.

STEVE
That kid — the shoulder. How did he
know?

EVITA
Same way he knew the crates were
mislabeled. He sees what people
overlook.

Beat. Steve watches Diego helping the crew shift a faulty cable sling — quietly, efficiently.

STEVE

He's not what I expected.

EVITA

He's what this place needs.

STEVE

Most people use power to be seen.

EVITA

He uses it to see. Difference matters.

A port worker walks past them, gives Evita a subtle nod. She returns it – quiet familiarity. Nothing performative.

STEVE

You trust him.

EVITA

He is my father. Who else can I trust if not him?

Beat.

STEVE

You ever think he regrets any of this?

EVITA

Only the things he didn't fix in time.

Steve looks toward Diego again – no smile, no tension, just motion.

The port exhales around them – damp, slow, steady.

Evita steps away first. Steve stays – watching. Thinking.

INT. PORT OFFICE - LOWER FLOOR - EVENING

Filing cabinets line the walls. A dock clock ticks faintly. Plastic blinds flutter from a fan forgotten on.

Steve follows Don Diego inside. Evita remains by the door, not entering.

DON DIEGO

We keep paper backups here. Not everything wants to live on a server.

He steps past a desk, opens a drawer, pulls out a brittle folder. Pages inside – freight tallies, worker rosters, weather logs. The kind no one reads unless something breaks.

STEVE

You trust paper?

DON DIEGO

Paper doesn't crash. And ink doesn't rewrite itself.

He sets the folder on the desk and slides over a roster sheet.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

Write down who showed up today. Not just names. Eyes. Limp. Posture. Anyone who looked like they shouldn't be lifting crates.

Steve hesitates – then sits.

STEVE

You keep records on their pain?

DON DIEGO

Pain moves slower than injury. Slower than shame, too.

Beat. Steve begins writing. Names. Notes.

Don Diego, standing nearby, watches the window.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

There used to be birds around here. Seagulls. They'd swarm during offloads. Smart ones.

STEVE

They're no longer coming?

Diego nods.

DON DIEGO

Stopped showing up when the noise got mechanical. They don't come for sound. They come for the fish and quiet.

Steve glances up. Diego isn't looking at him – he's watching the sky through the blinds.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

People aren't so different.

Steve continues writing – slower now. More deliberate.
 Outside, a forklift hums past. No birds. Just motion.

EXT. WHARFSIDE CANTEEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Plastic chairs. Rusted fence. Workers eating quietly. Steve sits outside beside Don Diego. The sky bruises gently toward dusk.

DON DIEGO
 There's a man on 6th and C line.
 Retired. Name's Farid. Lost his
 eyesight two years ago.

He pulls a sealed envelope from his coat and hands it to Steve.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
 Give him this. No questions. Just
 tell him it arrived. He'll know.

STEVE
 What is it?

DON DIEGO
 Something that should've reached
 him before his sight left.

Steve studies the envelope. Faint smudge on one corner. Paper slightly soft – like it's been carried awhile.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
 You don't have to understand it.

Steve pockets it. Nods.

EXT. ROWHOUSE - C LINE - EARLY EVENING

The sun folds low across corrugated rooftops. A narrow alley breathes smoke from a nearby food stall.

Steve stands before a rusted metal gate – paint flaked, latch crooked. He carries the sealed envelope in one hand. He knocks once.

A moment passes. A voice calls from inside – steady, aged:

FARID (O.S.)
 Gate's open. Always is.

Steve pushes through. Steps inside.

INT. ROWHOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Low light. Old vinyl calendar stuck to the wall. Fan hums against faded curtains. FARID, mid-sixties, sits in a worn chair. His eyes are clouded, distant - blind but unhurried.

FARID
Evita sent you?

STEVE
Don Diego. I've got something for you.

Farid nods. Doesn't react beyond that.

Steve offers the envelope. Farid holds out his hand - confident in direction.

He takes the envelope. Presses it once, thumb tracing the seal.

FARID
Four years. I thought he'd forgotten.

Beat. Steve watches, unsure what's inside.

FARID (CONT'D)
He remembers differently. Always late, always precise.

Farid sets the envelope on the table - unopened.

FARID (CONT'D)
You new?

STEVE
Temporary.

Farid smiles faintly.

FARID
They say that until something breaks. Or binds.

Steve lingers. The room breathes slowly.

STEVE
He didn't say what it was.

FARID
Then maybe it's not for you to carry. Just to deliver.

Steve nods. Steps back.

FARID (CONT'D)
Tell him I didn't open it. Not yet.
Tell him I listened first.

STEVE
Sure. You tke care now. I'm making
my move.

Farid nods once with a smiale. Steve exits quietly.

Outside, the smoke from the stall drifts. The city hums. The envelope stays sealed.

INT. PORT OFFICE - STORAGE ANNEX - NIGHT

Dim bulb overhead. Metal shelves lined with aging manifests and port inspection logs. A steady hum from the ceiling fan.

Evita stands over a ledger binder, flipping calmly. Bill leans in the doorway, arms folded, tone casual - but eyes sharp.

BILL
You didn't clear him with me.

EVITA
Didn't have to.

BILL
Don Diego trusts you. But this guy - Steve - he just showed up, quiet as a barcode. No ports, no past - *except for that correctional and prison time.*

Evita doesn't respond. Just turns a page and marks a freight batch with her finger.

BILL (CONT'D)
He says little. Moves like muscle memory. Eyes like he's recording. I've seen men like that - usually before something gets flagged.

EVITA
You want to chase phantoms, pick a different port.

BILL
I want to know if he's yours, or if he's his own.

Evita closes the binder slowly. Looks at him.

EVITA

My father offered him the job. That should be enough, even for you.

Beat.

BILL

You ever wonder why he came here, out of all the places?

EVITA

I rephrase: that should be enough, **especially** for you.

BILL

Precisely. I'm a cop, I'm paid to be skeptical. What if he's wired?

EVITA

First, you are a dirty cop. Second, is there anything we should know?

Bill steps into the room now, closer, lowering his voice.

BILL

He's careful. Too careful. Men that quiet either want something... or are protecting something they already lost.

Evita nods slightly – not dismissively.

EVITA

Maybe both.

BILL

That doesn't bother you?

EVITA

Not really.

Bill studies her. Lets the silence linger. Then:

BILL

You trust him!

EVITA

He does the work. He doesn't bend when the wind shifts and more importantly, my father trusts him. Around here, that counts.

She walks past him, binder in hand. Pauses at the door.

EVITA (CONT'D)

We don't hire ghosts. We just feed them until they remember they're still here. You should know better.

She exits.

Bill remains — watching the desk. A manifest page flutters under the fan's breeze. The name "S. Ng" faintly penciled in one margin.

INT. BASEMENT LAUNDRY - ABANDONED COMPLEX - NIGHT

Flickering fluorescent strips hum above broken washing machines. The tiled floor carries puddles from a leaky pipe. Steve steps in. Chen is already there, seated on a paint-cracked dryer, holding a folder.

Chen doesn't speak immediately. Just watches.

CHEN

You look rested.

STEVE

You sound surprised.

CHEN

That's the problem.

Steve stands across from him — not defensive, not comfortable.

CHEN (CONT'D)

When men start sleeping deeper, it's usually because they've stopped asking questions.

Beat.

STEVE

Diego isn't what you said.

Chen raises his brow — just enough.

CHEN

He's exactly what I said. You're the one changing lenses.

STEVE

He's not loud. Not theatrical. He's measured. He seems human - more than others.

CHEN

Your eyes lie. The mission doesn't.

Chen slides a sealed folder across the rusting metal surface.

CHEN (CONT'D)

He'll misdirect you with calm. He hides under empathy.

(beat)

Remember: character is what survives when the cameras stop rolling. Not the charm. Not the sling-wrapped shoulders.

Steve reaches for the folder.

STEVE

What do you want me to do?

CHEN

Exactly what you came here for. See past the skin.

Steve leans back slightly.

STEVE

Maybe I'm seeing the part nobody else bothered to watch.

Chen stands - not aggressive, not still.

CHEN

You weren't sent to admire. You were sent to measure.

(beat)

Your next report better weigh more than sentiment.

EXT. ABANDONED COMPLEX - STAIRWELL LEDGE - NIGHT

The laundry room hums below. A vent coughs steam across crumbling concrete.

Bill sits crouched on the rusted ledge of a fire escape, jacket zipped, eyes locked downward. His angle frames a broken window - just enough visibility to see silhouettes inside.

Inside: Steve, across from Chen. No sound reaches Bill. Just shapes, gestures, stillness.

Chen hands Steve something – paper? Folder?

Bill narrows his gaze. Steve doesn't argue. Doesn't flinch. He takes it.

The posture. The distance. The control.

BILL (V.O.)
He's not drifting. He's reporting.

A low wind rattles a nearby drainpipe.

Steve turns to leave. Chen doesn't follow.

Bill doesn't move. His breath fogs slightly as he watches Steve walk out the door, alone – precise steps, no hesitation.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Steve walks past dumpsters, avoiding puddles.

Bill steps back into shadow – doesn't approach, doesn't confront.

BILL
(softly to himself)
Son of a... I knew it.

He watches until Steve disappears at the end of the alley.

Only then does Bill reach into his coat and pulls out a faded agency access card. He turns it once in his fingers. Puts it back.

INT. PORT OFFICE - SECURITY DESK - NIGHT

Rain patters lightly outside. The desk lamp casts long shadows across faded paper stacks and cracked acrylic maps. Evita scrolls through crew clearance logs on a dusty monitor.

Bill enters, shaking droplets off his coat.

BILL
You said he could be trusted. That he was clean.

Evita doesn't look up.

BILL (CONT'D)

I've got news for you. He's not clean. He's a cop, or at least an informant.

Evita stares at him, scouting. Then looks back at the logs.

BILL (CONT'D)

You want proof? Kust now. That laundry complex he wandered into? He wasn't precisely picking up socks.

(pause)

Chen was waiting. Private. Silent. Precise.

Evita pauses the log. Her fingers rest on the mouse.

EVITA

You followed him?

BILL

No. I watched. There's a difference.

EVITA

There's also a line.

BILL

So draw it. But later don't blame if he's wired.

Beat.

Evita leans back slightly, still not meeting his gaze.

EVITA

You ever think you might be watching the wrong man?

BILL

The wrong man doesn't meet Chen in basements.

EVITA

The right man doesn't follow coworkers after shift.

BILL

(scoffs)

Sure. If "after shift" was a thing for us.

She stands, unbothered, and shuts down the monitor.

EVITA

Next time, bring facts instead of shadows. This port doesn't run on whispers.

She walks past him without waiting for response.

Bill, alone now, watches the empty monitor flicker once before going dark.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NG'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dim neon spills over damp concrete. Oil smoke drifts lazily into the alley from a side vent. Steve steps out of shadow, rounds toward a weathered steel door at the back of a small restaurant.

Evita, parked across the alley, engine off, watches from behind the windshield. Her eyes track Steve's movements — calm, familiar, routine.

Steve opens the door and slips inside without knocking. The door closes with a soft thud.

Evita waits. Lets a minute pass.

She opens her car door, steps into the alley, the soft crunch of her boots swallowed by the night. She walks up to the building's edge and looks up at the faint hand-painted sign above the rear entrance: "Ng's Kitchen".

She reads it twice. Something flickers behind her eyes.

EVITA

(softly)

Steve... Ng...

She lingers there for a while longer.

A cat darts out from under the dumpster. Steam from a nearby vent hisses briefly — like a breath held too long.

Evita steps back, returns to her car, opens the door and enters. She remains still, behind the steering wheel, gazing at the restaurant.

INT. NG'S KITCHEN - BACK PREP AREA - NIGHT

Dim bulbs overhead cast a golden haze across stacked bamboo steamers and trays of sliced chili. Steve stays still in the door frame.

Chun Hua doesn't turn. She continues slicing ginger with practiced rhythm.

CHUN HUA
Your shift ended hours ago.

STEVE
Is not that I have a shift...I was hungry. Thought I'd try my luck.

She pauses, sets down the knife, wipes her hands, and without glancing at him:

CHUN HUA
You never paid for food with luck.

Beat.

She opens a low cooler, pulls out a sealed container, begins spooning rice into a bowl. Sambal glows rich in the corner.

Steve stands still – not intruding.

CHUN HUA (CONT'D)
Still like it spicy?

STEVE
Yes, mum.

No answer. She finishes plating, sets it gently on the prep table.

CHUN HUA
Sit. Eat. I'll pretend the shift is still running.

Steve sits. Picks up the spoon, quietly grateful.

EXT. NG'S KITCHEN - STREET VIEW - SAME TIME

Evita leans forward, slightly, eyes fixed on the restaurant.

She sees Steve inside – head lowered, Chun Hua plating food with something close to grace.

Evita's gaze lingers not on Steve, but on Chun Hua's posture. Familiar. Not professional – personal.

Her fingers tap once on the steering wheel.

Then she starts the engine and pulls away, her face unreadable – except for a faint shadow in the eyes. Thoughtful. Possibly conflicted.

INT. HOSTEL - STEVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dim ambient light from a streetlamp bleeds through the blinds. The room is sparse - single bed, metal desk, worn chair. A duffel bag leans against the wall.

The doorknob rattles for a couple of seconds. Evita slips in with quiet hands.

She scans the room. On the desk: STEVE's laptop, closed, sleek, silent. She approaches. Lifts the lid.

Screen prompt: ENTER PASSWORD - 3 attempts remaining

She tries a simple keystroke - denied. Another. Access denied.

She stares at the screen for a beat, then closes the lid.

From her coat, she takes a phone and snaps two quick shots: the desk layout, the laptop brand and model.

Then she leaves.

SUPER: TEN MINUTES LATER

Door opens again. Evita enters, now with a duffel bag.

She moves with surgical ease. From the bag, she pulls out: a micro camera disguised as a ceiling cap screw, a small adhesive mount, and a bluetooth receiver the size of a coin.

She climbs onto the desk chair. Unscrews the fan casing slightly. Installs the device - lens angled perfectly toward the laptop and bed.

Feed light blinks once - live.

She plugs the receiver into a nondescript remote unit. Tucks it back inside the bag.

Before leaving, her eyes flick once toward the bed. Still made. She exits.

The fan resumes its quiet rotation.

The camera watches.

EXT. NG'S KITCHEN - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The door creaks open. Steve steps out, pulling his jacket tighter against the breeze.

Behind him, soft kitchen light spills across concrete for a moment before fading as the door closes.

He doesn't linger. No glance back. Just deliberate steps into the night.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - PIER 14 - MIDDAY

Steel containers stretch like stacked dominoes. Forklifts hum past. Seagulls trace invisible arcs overhead. Sunlight glints off rusted handrails and faded safety signs.

Steve and Don Diego walk side by side along the edge of the yard. A breeze carries salt and engine fumes.

DON DIEGO

One week from today. Morning tide.
Ship's called *Tian Zhen*. Quiet
flag.

Steve nods, scanning the rows.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)

Offload's tight. No ripple. No
eyes. Pier 14.
(signals ahead)
There.

Steve slows slightly.

Across that pier, a restaurant sign peeks out between shipping cranes: "Ng's Kitchen".

STEVE

That's right across the restaurant.

DON DIEGO

You know it?

STEVE

Used to eat there.

Diego doesn't press. Just watches.

DON DIEGO

This shipment - no leaks. Not to
Bill. Not to the loaders. Not even
to the foreman.

Steve doesn't answer immediately.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
 You report anything, report it to
 me. No middleman.

Steve nods once.

STEVE
 What's inside?

Diego pauses by a container. Runs his hand across the metal.

DON DIEGO
 Something the system forgot to
 protect. So now we do.

Beat.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
 If this goes clean, you won't be on
 the outside much longer.

Steve studies the pier. The view. The restaurant.

Sunlight glares off the container wall. Diego's shadow merges
 with his.

INT. HOSTEL - STEVE'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Bare light from the desk lamp spills over worn pages, a
 dented flask, and an open laptop. The room is still.

Steve enters quietly. Drops his jacket onto the chair. Slides
 into the seat. He lifts the laptop lid.

Prompt: ACCESS GRANTED

He pulls up a secure shell interface. Fingers glide with
 silent precision.

ON SCREEN: a dark console blinks. Steve inputs a sequence:

```
plaintext - to: C.745   msg: Tian Zhen | PIER 14 | Thurs 0830
| no internal chatter | hold Bill | full silence
```

He pauses. Adds a final line:

```
plaintext - note: Ng's Kitchen across. Personal ties. Stay
invisible.
```

He hits SEND.

Encrypted packet zips out. The screen pulses once.

INT. UNDISCLOSED ROOM - SAME TIME

A monitor glows in an undisclosed room.

Evita watches silently, standing. Don Diego sits behind her, eyes fixed on the same screen.

The message stream appears. They see every word.

Diego doesn't flinch. Evita's fingers twitch once near her hip - an instinct unsheathing itself.

The laptop pings quietly.

ON SCREEN - LAPTOP

RECEIVED - C745 > Understood. No trace.

Evita steps forward. Moves to unplug the monitor.

EVITA
(increasing anger)
This is it. He's a cop. He's a
fucking cop!

DON DIEGO
Language!

EVITA
He needs to be eliminated.

DON DIEGO
No.

Evita turns.

EVITA
We wait?

DON DIEGO
We observe.

EVITA
Observe? Observe what? He sent it.

Beat.

EVITA (CONT'D)
I say we eliminatte him.

DON DIEGO
(energetic)
Under no circumstances he is to be
touched.

Evita looks at him puzzled.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
 (very serious)
 Is that clear?

Evita doesn't answer.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
 (slowly, menacing)
 Is-that-clear?

Evita nods.

EVITA
 Yes.

DON DIEGO
 Good.

Diego's voice carries weight. Evita freezes. Doesn't argue.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - BEHIND NG'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

A series of UNMARKED VANS roll in quietly. No sirens. Just tire hiss and the hum of engines cut quickly.

Chen steps out first. Ramli follows. Behind them - Bill, already geared, badge visible. A team of TACTICAL OFFICERS fan out efficiently.

CHEN
 Keep eyes low. No movement until
 they step aboard.

Ramli nods. Signals silently to the unit.

POLICE take positions behind dumpsters, loading bays, and containers stacked near the rear fence - a full perimeter forming around PIER 14.

EXT. PIER 14 - LATER

The cargo ship TIAN ZHEN now inches toward final alignment. CREW MEMBERS toss ropes. CHOCKS thump against concrete.

The ship docks with a dull shudder.

Don Diego stands near the gangway, calm, coat zipped tight. Evita beside him, scanning with instinctive care.

Steve adjusts his grip on a manifest folder. The LOADERS prepare behind them – ready to board.

CREW MEMBER
(calling out)
Dock secured. All clear for entry.

Diego steps forward – one foot onto the gangway. Evita follows. Steve flanks them.

EXT. BEHIND NG'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chen watches through binoculars – sees the move.

CHEN
Now.

He strides forward toward the pier, flanked by Ramli, Bill, and the entire UNIT.

They emerge from behind cover – quick, sharp, purposeful.

INT. NG'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Chun Hua stands by the front window, drying a tea cup. The quiet hum of morning prep surrounds her – distant clatter of pans, low hiss from the back burner.

Suddenly, muffled sounds drift in:

- tires skidding.
- distant shouting.
- walkie chatter.

Chun Hua walks to the window. Wipes condensation with her sleeve. Looking out the window she sees the ship docked. Figures gathering. A flash of tactical gear.

Then her eyes focus sharply–

- Diego stepping onto the gangway.
- Steve beside him.
- Evita tense, scanning.
- Chen, Ramli, and POLICE UNITS moving in fast.

CHUN HUA
No...

She drops the cup into the sink – it doesn't break. She unties her apron quickly, rushes toward the front door.

EXT. PIER 14 - CONTINUOUS

Evita turns just in time – sees tactical silhouettes breaching the open.

Don Diego pauses mid-step on the gangway.

Steve holds still – no reaction, just recognition.

CHEN

Diego Fernandez! Steve Ng! Evita Fernandez! Step away from the vessel!

Tactical officers converge, rifles low but ready.

CHEN (CONT'D)

You are under arrest. All of you.

Chaos swirls – OFFICERS cuffing Diego, Evita, and Steve. Forklifts stalled. Port workers watching from afar.

Across the street, the front door of NG'S KITCHEN bursts open.

Chun Hua steps out – apron still tied, hair slightly tousled from the steam. Her eyes fix instantly on the scene.

She sees:

- Diego, restrained.
- Evita, silent but burning.
- Steve, cuffed.

CHUN HUA

(shouting)

No! Stop!

Her voice cuts through the pier's noise. Officers pause, momentarily jarred.

CHUN HUA (CONT'D)

Chen! Haven't you carried this long enough? You swore you let it go – years ago!

Chen stops mid-step. Turns.

CHUN HUA (CONT'D)

You let your bitterness write your orders. Is that all you ever were?

CHEN

I was everything you wouldn't
choose.

He steps forward, face taut with anger – and something else.

CHEN (CONT'D)

You should've picked me. I would've
given you everything. Instead – you
sheltered a criminal, had a child
with him, and now? You'll lose
both. Together.

A silence drops. Don Diego, Evita and Steve stand motionless.

STEVE

Mum?

Chun Hua looks at him, breath shallow.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What is this?

CHUN HUA

It's the part I never wanted you to
know.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE – VARIOUS

EXT. RAIN-SOAKED STREET - NIGHT

YOUNG DIEGO (20s) and YOUNG CHEN (20s) sit under a flickering
streetlamp. Laughing. Trading cigarettes. Friendship solid.
Undeniable.

INT. TEA HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Younger Chun Hua stands between them – Diego and Chen. Her
eyes linger on Diego. Young Chen watches, waiting for her to
choose. She turns gently toward Young Diego. Takes his hand.

Young Chen doesn't speak. Just nods once – wounded, and
leaves.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - MORNING

Young Chun Hua rocks a BABY – STEVE, swaddled. Young Diego
sits beside her, brushing strands from her forehead. Sunlight
pools around them.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Walter stands behind a desk. Young Diego, seated across, clenches a whiskey glass.

WALTER

Stay with her - and you'll raise a child without protection. Stay with me - and you, and probably him too, inherit everything when the time comes.

Diego doesn't answer. Just stares into the amber swirl.

INT. CHUN HUA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Young Chun Hua and Young Diego sit side by side. Tension heavy.

CHUN HUA

He deserves more than we can give like this.

DIEGO

He'll have it. I'll see to it - from wherever I have to stand.

They hold each other. Cry silently. Determined.

Next second - he leaves with a suitcase in his hand. One last glance from the doorway.

EXT. CITY STREET - YEARS VARIOUS - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

- AGE 7: Steve drops a soccer ball. A man pays the vendor nearby-Diego's wrist flashes with the same ring Evita now wears.

- AGE 14: Steve flees a fight. A silhouette lifts a garbage can lid-inside: a folded photo, untouched.

- AGE 16: At the pier. Steve sketches ships. Diego's car idles nearby. He doesn't approach. Just leaves a packet on the bench. Unclaimed. Unread.

EXT. PIER 14 - BACK TO PRESENT

Steve stands frozen. His cuffs tight. Chun Hua quiet beside him. Diego's eyes closed. Chen watching, jaw locked.

The air around him shifts.

Evita watches Steve – like someone who's seen a truth land before the words.

Don Diego lowers his gaze. A subtle inhale. Something breaking inward.

Chun Hua steps closer to Steve. Her voice low.

CHUN HUA

He did watch you. Every year. From afar.

STEVE

He's... my father?

She nods. No tears. Just a slight quiver.

CHUN HUA

He stayed out so you could stand tall.

A beat of silence.

STEVE

And Chen? He knew?

CHUN HUA

He always knew.

Steve looks at Chens. Not with rage. Something deeper.

STEVE

I looked up to you. You weren't just a handler. You were the only father I ever knew when we visited me in prison.

CHEN

And that's your mistake.

STEVE

You trained me. Guided me. Every move I made – it was patterned after you.

CHEN

Because you needed purpose. Structure. You were a stray.

STEVE

You saw me that way?

CHEN

I saw what you came from. Criminal blood. Soft hands. Absent spine. It was only a matter of time before you landed where you are.

Steve flinches.

STEVE

You didn't save me. You used me to get to him.

He nods toward Diego.

CHEN

And it worked.

STEVE

You built me out of blame.

Chen leans in, colder now.

CHEN

I built you into something useful. Until you broke, again.

Evita steps forward, voice calm, sharp.

EVITA

You broke him the moment you made him chase a ghost.

Chen looks at her. Tightens.

EVITA (CONT'D)

He's not your weapon. And he never was.

CHEN

(to Evita)

Exactly.

(to Steve)

For your information, you were never a cop, remember? No badge. No number. You were a mere asset... until you weren't.

INT. PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Steel chairs. Pale green walls. Steve, raw and silent, sits across from Chen.

CHEN
 You had talent. You wasted it. I'm
 offering a purpose.

Steve looks at him, doubtful.

STEVE
 Under what name?

CHEN
 No name. No badge. Just deep cover.
 You disappear, work alone, and
 report only to me.

EXT. PIER 14 - BACK TO PRESENT

Steve gazes in void.

STEVE (V.O.)
 (echoing)
 No name. No badge. Just deep cover.
 You disappear, work alone, and
 report only to me... report only to
 me. No badge. No number.

STEVE
 (realizing)
 I was never a cop.

Chen laughs - malicious.

CHEN
 You really thought you were a cop?
 You? An ex-con?

Steve turns to Don Diego - meeting his eyes for the first
 time without mission in the way.

STEVE
 All these years... you weren't the
 enemy.

Diego says nothing. Just stands - accepting, not demanding.

Evita watches Steve. No longer a hired muscle. Not yet a
 brother. But no longer a stranger.

CHEN
 So much drama.
 (to Steve)
 You think **I** am the problem?
 (scoffs)
 Yours are just about to start.

He looks at Ramli and nods.

Ramli signals various officers toward the cargo hold.

CHEN (CONT'D)
Search the vessel. Top to bottom.

Two POLICE OFFICERS ascend the gangway, stepping over the point where Diego paused moments before. Another pair move toward the aft quarters.

Chen watches – not impatient, just waiting to be proved right.

Evita, still cuffed, stands beside Diego. Her eyes follow the officers as they vanish into the ship.

Steve breathes slow.

INT. TIAN ZHEN - CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Boxes. Crates. Logged manifests. Everything stacked, secured.

OFFICER #1 opens the first. Inside: textiles, neatly folded. Tags match the manifest.

OFFICER #2 scans with a handheld device. No alert.

They move to the next.

INT. CREW QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Another team flips mattresses, opens lockers, checks panels behind the shower stall. Nothing suspicious. Nothing unregistered.

INT. COMMAND DECK - CONTINUOUS

Captain logs checked. Navigation clean. Engine signatures logged – no anomalies.

OFFICER #3
Nothing irregular. Not even fake walls.

EXT. PIER 14 - MOMENTS LATER

The teams re-emerge. Ramli approaches Chen – subdued.

RAML I

Clean. No contraband. No illegals.
Paper trail matches the load
manifest.

Chen's jaw flexes.

RAML I (CONT'D)

Only thing missing is a reason.

Silence.

Chen scans the ship again. Then looks at Steve. Then Don
Diego.

No one speaks.

STEVE

So what do you charge us with?

Chen doesn't answer, clenches his fists, turns around and
leaves.

Evita glances at her father — a look shared, sealed.

Police officers release the Diego, Evita and Steve.

RAML I

(to police units)

Let's go.

(to Diego)

You gentlemen, have a good day.

The wind rises. Forklifts resume in the background. Even they
seem indifferent now.

INT. NG'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steve, Don Diego, Evita and Chun Hua sit at the small table.
No words yet — just the creak of wood, the hum of a back
burner.

In the center: a steaming bowl of sambal rice. Four spoons. A
shared silence.

Steve picks at the edge of the table — not the food. Eyes on
Diego.

STEVE

You could've come back. All those
years. You had power. You had
reach.

DON DIEGO
I had both. But not clarity.

STEVE
Was it the money?

DON DIEGO
No.
(looks at Chun Hua)
It was the flame. It faded... And
your path... it was yours and yours
only to decide.

Beat.

DON DIEGO (CONT'D)
If you became me – it had to be by
your own compass, not my shadow.

Steve nods slowly.

Evita smirks, pushing her bowl forward.

EVITA
Fuck... I have a softie for a
brother.

She knocks her spoon against his gently.

DON DIEGO
(smiling)
Language, please!

Evita smiles.

EVITA
Don't worry. I'll toughen you up.

Chun Hua chuckles softly – first sound from her in minutes.

She nudges the rice forward. Everyone serves. Hands move
slowly. Nobody rushes.

Fading dialogue fills up the atmosphere.

DON DIEGO
This might have been his biggest
failure in his entire career.

EVITA
He will definitely retire after
this bust.

DON DIEGO

Confirmed.

STEVE

Are you not worried he, or someone else, will come after you?

DON DIEGO

They were fed with the stories about Walter. I switched business long time ago. They won't catch me...

EVITA

Because...

CHUN HUA

There is nothing to catch.

STEVE

Mum!?

The steam rises into the air between them. Quiet. Full. Home.

THE END