

Arctic Phoenix

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FADE IN:

EXT. SVALBARD ARCHIPELAGO - DAWN

Pristine Arctic wilderness stretches endlessly. Snow-capped mountains pierce a pink-orange sky. The sun hovers low on the horizon, casting long shadows across the frozen landscape.

Wind HOWLS across the tundra.

A small research station sits like a metal island in the vast white expanse. Solar panels and communication arrays dot its modular buildings. Smoke rises from heating vents.

SUPER: SVALBARD RESEARCH STATION - NORWAY

INT. SVALBARD RESEARCH STATION - LABORATORY - DAWN

DR. ERIK HANSEN (50s, bearded, focused) hunches over a microscope, examining a dark, ancient-looking ice core sample. The lab hums with equipment - centrifuges, computers, specimen containers.

His colleague, DR. SARAH NOVAK (30s, intense), monitors readings on multiple screens showing temperature, atmospheric data, and viral analysis.

HANSEN

Carbon dating confirms it - this
permafrost is over 30,000 years
old.

Novak checks her computer.

NOVAK

And, it's completely intact.
Whatever was frozen in there has
been perfectly preserved.

Hansen adjusts the microscope focus. On his monitor, we see microscopic organisms - ancient, alien-looking structures.

HANSEN

Incredible. These viral
structures... I've never seen
anything like them.

Novak joins him at the microscope. As she leans in, Hansen suddenly COUGHS - a sharp, violent sound that cuts through the lab's quiet hum.

NOVAK

You okay?

Hansen wipes his mouth.

HANSEN

Fine. Just, tired. Been working all night.

But his hand comes away with a small streak of blood. He stares at it, confused.

Hansen tries to stand but stumbles. Novak catches his arm.

NOVAK

Erik? Erik, what's wrong?

Hansen's eyes are bloodshot. Sweat beads on his forehead despite the cold lab temperature.

HANSEN

Something's, not right.

He collapses against the lab bench, knocking over sample containers. Alarms begin to BEEP.

NOVAK (INTO RADIO)

Medical emergency in Lab 3! I need help immediately!

Hansen convulses on the floor. Novak kneels beside him, but suddenly she starts coughing too - the same violent, bloody cough.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Oh God, the sample.

Both scientists writhe on the lab floor as their condition rapidly deteriorates. The ancient virus works fast.

Within moments, both are still.

EXT. SVALBARD RESEARCH STATION - DAY

The wind has died down. Unnatural silence.

Two sleek black helicopters approach from the south, their rotors cutting through the Arctic air. They bear no national markings.

INT. LEAD HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

DR. ELENA VOLKOV (42, beautiful but cold, wearing expensive Arctic gear) speaks into a headset. Her eyes are sharp, calculating.

VOLKOV (INTO HEADSET)
Approaching the site now. Thermal
imaging shows no movement inside
the station.

She studies a tablet showing building schematics and heat
signatures.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
Exactly as predicted. Phoenix-7 is
even more efficient than our models
suggested.

EXT. SVALBARD RESEARCH STATION - LANDING PAD - DAY

The helicopters land. Volkov emerges with a team of six
operatives in full hazmat suits. They move with military
precision toward the main building.

INT. SVALBARD RESEARCH STATION - LABORATORY - DAY

Volkov's team enters the lab wearing full protective gear.
They step over the bodies of Hansen and Novak without
emotion.

Volkov approaches the permafrost samples, now partially
melted in their containers.

Volkov turns to team leader, KOZLOV - 40, brutal face hidden
behind hazmat mask

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
Secure all samples. Every piece of
infected material.

Kozlov and his team begin systematically collecting the viral
samples, ice cores, and research data.

Volkov examines Hansen's research notes.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
Thirty thousand years of evolution,
and humanity stumbles upon its own
extinction.

She picks up a sealed vial containing dark, ancient ice -
Phoenix-7 in its raw form.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
Perfect.

KOZLOV
What about the bodies?

VOLKOV

Leave them. But make sure there's
no trace of our presence.

Kozlov nods and signals to his team. They quickly and efficiently erase any evidence of their visit while securing the viral samples.

EXT. SVALBARD RESEARCH STATION - DAY

Volkov's team loads sealed containers into the helicopters. She takes one last look at the research station.

VOLKOV (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)

Package secured. Initiating cleanup
protocol.

She boards her helicopter. Both aircraft lift off, disappearing into the vast Arctic sky.

EXT. SVALBARD RESEARCH STATION - WIDE SHOT - DAY

From a distance, the research station looks peaceful. Alone.

Then - a massive EXPLOSION rocks the facility. The main building erupts in flames and smoke. The blast echoes across the empty Arctic landscape.

Within minutes, the station is nothing but burning wreckage scattered across the snow.

The wind picks up again, beginning to cover the debris with fresh snow.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Polished floors reflect fluorescent lighting. Government employees move with purpose through secure hallways lined with portraits of former directors.

THOMAS STERLING (28, sharp-dressed, eager energy barely contained) walks briskly down the corridor, checking his watch. He carries a leather briefing folder and moves with the precise posture of someone trying to prove themselves.

He stops before a heavy oak door marked DIRECTOR REYNOLDS - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

Sterling takes a deep breath, straightens his tie, and knocks.

REYNOLDS (O.S.)

Come in.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DIRECTOR REYNOLDS (55, silver-haired, commanding presence) sits behind an imposing desk covered with classified folders and secure phones. American flag stands in the corner.

Sterling enters and stands at attention.

STERLING
Agent Sterling reporting as
ordered, sir.

REYNOLDS
Sit down, Thomas. Relax.

Sterling sits, but remains rigid. Reynolds studies him with experienced eyes.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
You know why you're here?

STERLING
My first field assignment, sir.
I've been preparing for this for—

REYNOLDS
Three years of training. Top of
your class in tactical analysis,
weapons proficiency, and foreign
languages. Impressive scores across
the board.

Reynolds opens a file folder.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
But test scores don't prepare you
for the real world, Agent Sterling.
Lives depend on your decisions out
there.

STERLING
I understand, sir. I'm ready.

REYNOLDS
We'll see.

The door opens. AGENT DAVID MARTIN (38, weathered face, confident bearing of someone who's seen action) enters. He moves with the easy grace of an experienced operative.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Thomas Sterling, meet David Martin.
He'll be your partner on this
assignment.

Martin extends his hand. Sterling stands and shakes it, perhaps gripping a bit too firmly.

MARTIN

Easy there, rookie. Save some energy for the bad guys.

Sterling flushes slightly but maintains composure.

REYNOLDS

Gentlemen, we have a situation.

Reynolds activates a wall-mounted screen showing satellite imagery of the destroyed Svalbard research station.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Seventy-two hours ago, the Svalbard Research Station in Norway went dark. When Norwegian authorities investigated, they found this.

The image shows the burned wreckage scattered across the snow.

MARTIN

Explosion?

REYNOLDS

That was the cover story. But we intercepted this transmission moments before the blast.

Audio plays: Static, then Hansen's voice: "...unknown viral structures... unlike anything we've seen... the permafrost samples are..."

The transmission cuts to static.

STERLING

Climate research facility studying permafrost. With global warming, they're finding all sorts of preserved materials in the thaw.

REYNOLDS

Very good. But here's what concerns us.

The screen changes to show personnel files.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

All research staff presumed dead.
Except one - Dr. James Chen,
visiting climatologist from the
University of Oslo. He was off-site
during the incident.

MARTIN

Lucky timing.

REYNOLDS

Maybe. Or maybe he knows something.
Chen's gone underground. We need
you to find him and determine what
happened at that station.

Sterling leans forward, engaged.

STERLING

Sir, if this was just an industrial
accident--

REYNOLDS

We don't think it was. Satellite
imagery shows unidentified aircraft
in the area just before the
explosion.

Martin and Sterling exchange glances.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Your cover: climatologists
investigating the station's
research for insurance purposes.
Martin will handle field
operations, Sterling will focus on
technical analysis.

STERLING

What about backup? Support teams?

Martin pats Sterling's shoulder.

MARTIN

Kid, on a good day, you ARE the
backup.

Reynolds stands and walks to the window overlooking the
Virginia landscape.

REYNOLDS

Given the environmental challenges,
our tech division has prepared
specialized equipment.

He presses an intercom button.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Send in Agent Park.

The door opens and AGENT SARAH PARK (30s, tech specialist, confident with gadgets) enters wheeling a metal cart covered with high-tech equipment.

PARK
Gentlemen, Arctic operations
require specialized gear.

She picks up a sleek black suit that looks more like advanced athletic wear than winter clothing.

PARK (CONT'D)
Thermal Suit Mark VII, enhanced
with ARIA - Arctic Response
Intelligence Assistant.

Sterling's eyes light up with interest.

PARK (CONT'D)
ARIA monitors your vitals, predicts
environmental hazards, and provides
tactical recommendations through a
heads-up display in your visor.

STERLING
Impressive. How accurate are the
predictions?

PARK
In testing, ARIA's threat
assessment has been accurate 87% of
the time. The AI learns and adapts
to your fighting style and decision
patterns.

Martin looks skeptical.

MARTIN
I'll stick with experience over
algorithms, thanks.

Park lifts an advanced-looking watch from the cart.

PARK
COMPASS tactical watch - Combat
Operations Multi-Platform Analysis
Support System.
(MORE)

PARK (CONT'D)
Voice-activated mission support,
encrypted satellite communication,
and environmental hazard
prediction.

She demonstrates the watch's holographic display.

PARK (CONT'D)
It can predict ice thickness,
weather patterns, even avalanche
probability. Plus standard features
- biometric monitoring with
emergency medical guidance.

STERLING (TO MARTIN)
Come on, you have to admit that's
useful.

MARTIN
Maybe.

Park moves to a weapons case, revealing sleek, futuristic-
looking firearms.

PARK
AI-guided weapons system. Smart
targeting compensates for Arctic
conditions - wind, visibility, cold
affecting ballistics. The
ammunition adapts explosive yield
based on environmental factors.

MARTIN
Now that I like.

PARK
And for transportation...

She gestures to a tablet showing a high-tech snowmobile.

PARK (CONT'D)
Polar Explorer with ATLAS -
Adaptive Terrain Locomotion AI
System. Autonomous navigation,
predictive route optimization,
defensive countermeasures.

STERLING
This is incredible. It's like
something out of science fiction.

REYNOLDS
The threat we're facing may require
science fiction solutions.

Martin steps closer to Sterling.

MARTIN

Listen, rookie. These gadgets are impressive, but they're just tools. What keeps you alive out there is training, instinct, and trusting your partner.

STERLING

I understand.

MARTIN

Do you? Because I've seen too many young agents get overconfident with fancy tech and end up dead.

STERLING

I won't let you down.

MARTIN

See that you don't. I'm not planning on bringing home a body bag on my watch.

An uncomfortable silence. Reynolds clears his throat.

REYNOLDS

You leave for Oslo in four hours. Find Dr. Chen, determine what happened at Svalbard, and report back.

STERLING

Sir, what if we encounter resistance?

REYNOLDS

Then you adapt and overcome. But remember - this is officially a fact-finding mission. Try to avoid creating an international incident.

MARTIN (TO STERLING)

Pack light, dress warm, and keep your mouth shut until you know what you're dealing with.

Sterling nods.

STERLING

Yes, sir.

REYNOLDS
Dismissed. And gentlemen? Be
careful out there.

As they prepare to leave, Martin places a hand on Sterling's
shoulder.

MARTIN
First mission nerves are normal.
Channel that energy into focus, not
recklessness.

STERLING
How do you know I'm nervous?

MARTIN
Because you've been clenching your
jaw since you walked in here. And
you're doing it again.

Sterling consciously relaxes his face.

STERLING
That obvious.

MARTIN
Let's get something straight,
rookie. You do what I say, when I
say. No questions asked. I can't
afford to have you get killed on my
watch.

STERLING
I'll do my best not to let you
down, sir.

MARTIN
Better. Stay loose out there,
rookie. Tension gets you killed.

They exit together, Sterling carrying the equipment case,
trying to match Martin's stride.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF OSLO - DAY

Modern glass and steel buildings rise against a backdrop of
snow-covered hills. Students hurry across campus pathways,
bundled in winter coats. The architecture blends Scandinavian
minimalism with academic grandeur.

A black sedan pulls up to the Environmental Sciences
building.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Sterling adjusts his collar, checking his appearance in the mirror. Martin observes him with amusement.

MARTIN
You look fine. We're climate
researchers, not diplomats.

STERLING
First impression matters. Chen's
our only lead.

MARTIN
Just follow my lead in there. Let
me do the talking until you get a
read on him.

STERLING
I know the protocol.

MARTIN
Protocol is one thing. People are
another.

They exit the car and approach the building.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF OSLO - ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCES BUILDING -
CORRIDOR - DAY

Sterile hallways lined with research posters about climate
change, Arctic ice studies, and environmental monitoring. The
smell of coffee and scientific determination fills the air.

Sterling and Martin walk purposefully toward a door marked
DR. JAMES CHEN - CLIMATOLOGY.

Martin knocks. No answer. He tries the handle - locked.

STERLING
His schedule said office hours
until 3 PM.

A YOUNG GRADUATE STUDENT (20s) approaches, carrying a stack
of papers.

MARTIN
Excuse me, we're looking for Dr.
Chen. Insurance matter regarding
the Svalbard incident.

GRADUATE STUDENT
Dr. Chen? He's been , different
since he got back. Barely leaves
the lab in the basement. Level B-2.

Sterling and Martin exchange glances.

MARTIN
Thank you.

They head toward the elevator.

INT. UNIVERSITY BASEMENT - LEVEL B-2 - DAY

Dimmer lighting, older facilities. The hum of ventilation systems and laboratory equipment creates an underlying tension. Signs point to various research labs.

They find a door marked PERMAFROST ANALYSIS LAB. Light spills from underneath.

Martin gestures for Sterling to position himself by the door, then knocks.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Dr. Chen? We'd like to speak with
you about Svalbard.

Silence. Then footsteps approaching cautiously.

DR. JAMES CHEN (O.S.)
Who are you?

MARTIN Insurance investigators. We have some questions about the research station.

CHEN (O.S.)
I already spoke to the Norwegian
authorities.

Sterling steps forward.

STERLING
Dr. Chen, we understand you were
studying permafrost samples. We're
particularly interested in any
unusual findings.

A long pause. The door opens slightly, revealing DR. JAMES CHEN (45, haunted eyes, several days' worth of stubble, lab coat wrinkled). He looks like a man who hasn't slept.

CHEN

You're not insurance investigators.

Martin's hand moves subtly toward his concealed weapon.

MARTIN

What makes you say that?

CHEN

Because insurance people don't know about the unusual findings. And they don't travel in pairs like federal agents.

Sterling glances at Martin, who nods slightly.

MARTIN

You're right. We're with the U.S. government. We need to know what really happened at Svalbard.

Chen studies them both, then steps back to let them enter.

INT. PERMAFROST ANALYSIS LAB - CONTINUOUS

The lab is a mess - papers scattered everywhere, coffee cups, computer screens showing viral structure models. Chen has clearly been working obsessively.

CHEN

I've been trying to understand it myself. What we found, it shouldn't exist.

Sterling moves to examine the computer displays while Martin focuses on Chen.

MARTIN

Start from the beginning.

Chen sits heavily in a chair, running hands through his hair.

CHEN

We were studying 30,000-year-old permafrost samples. Climate change is releasing all sorts of preserved materials - bacteria, viruses, organic compounds.

Sterling looks at the screen.

STERLING

These viral structures, they're incredibly complex.

CHEN

I called it Phoenix-7. Like the mythological bird - something ancient that rises again.

MARTIN

What made it special?

CHEN

Its targeting mechanism. Most ancient viruses are either harmless to modern humans or affect everyone equally. But Phoenix-7... it's selective.

Sterling turns from the computer.

STERLING

Selective how?

CHEN

It has a 72-hour incubation period, followed by rapid respiratory failure. But only in people lacking a specific genetic marker found in roughly 12% of the population.

Martin and Sterling exchange alarmed glances.

MARTIN

You're saying this virus could kill 88% of humanity while leaving the rest untouched?

CHEN

Theoretically. But the samples were destroyed in the explosion, so-

STERLING

What if they weren't destroyed?
What if someone took them?

Chen's face pales.

CHEN

That's impossible. The station's security protocols-

MARTIN

Dr. Chen, think carefully. Who else knew about Phoenix-7?

CHEN

Just the research team. And, Elena.

STERLING

Elena?

CHEN

Dr. Elena Volkov. Brilliant virologist, pharmaceutical heiress. We collaborated years ago before she left academia.

Martin leans forward.

MARTIN

When did you last speak with her?

CHEN

About a month ago. She was asking about my permafrost research, seemed very interested in any viral discoveries.

Sterling's COMPASS watch vibrates subtly. He glances at the display - ELEVATED THREAT PROBABILITY DETECTED.

STERLING (TO MARTIN)

We should go. Now.

MARTIN (TO CHEN)

Dr. Chen, we need you to come with us. If someone has weaponized Phoenix-7-

A window EXPLODES inward. Smoke grenades roll across the floor.

Martin draws his weapon.

MARTIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Sterling, get Chen out of here!

Dark figures in tactical gear pour through the window and the lab entrance. VIKTOR KOZLOV (40, brutally efficient, wearing military-style gear) leads them.

KOZLOV

Nobody moves!

Martin opens fire, diving behind a lab bench. Sterling grabs Chen and pulls him toward an emergency exit.

STERLING (TO CHEN)
Is there another way out?

CHEN
Service tunnel behind the
autoclave!

Gunfire erupts throughout the lab. Sterling's ARIA system activates, highlighting escape routes on his visor display.

ARIA (V.O.) (THROUGH STERLING'S
EARPIECE)
Tactical recommendation: northwest
corridor provides 73% probability
of successful extraction.

Sterling follows the AI's guidance while helping Chen navigate through the chaos.

MARTIN
Sterling! Three tangos moving to
cut you off!

Sterling spots the approaching operatives and draws his weapon, firing with assistance from his AI targeting system. His shots are precise despite his inexperience.

They reach the service tunnel entrance. Sterling pushes Chen through first.

STERLING (TO MARTIN)
Martin! This way!

MARTIN
Go! I'll cover your retreat!

Sterling hesitates, torn between following orders and helping his partner.

STERLING
I'm not leaving you!

MARTIN
That's an order, rookie! Complete
the mission!

Kozlov advances on Martin's position. Sterling realizes he has no choice and follows Chen into the tunnel.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Narrow, poorly lit maintenance tunnel. Steam pipes and electrical conduits line the walls. Chen moves ahead while Sterling covers their rear.

CHEN

This connects to the parking garage.

Behind them, gunfire continues. Sterling's earpiece crackles with Martin's voice.

MARTIN (V.O.) (OVER RADIO)

Sterling, do you copy?

STERLING (INTO RADIO)

Copy. We're heading for extraction point.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Chen is the priority. Get him somewhere safe and contact headquarters.

STERLING

What about you?

MARTIN (V.O.)

I'll handle things here and meet you at the rendezvous.

But Sterling can hear the strain in Martin's voice.

EXT. UNIVERSITY PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Sterling and Chen emerge from a service entrance. Sterling scans the area - his COMPASS watch shows multiple hostiles converging on their location.

STERLING

They're tracking us.

A motorcycle idles nearby - a student's ride. Sterling approaches the YOUNG OWNER (20s).

Sterling flashes credentials.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Government business. I need your bike.

STUDENT

What? You can't just—

Sterling peels off several large bills and hands them over.

STERLING

Consider it a rental.

The student steps back, confused but willing to take the money.

Sterling helps Chen onto the motorcycle.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Hold on tight, Doc.

Sterling starts the engine just as Kozlov's operatives burst from the building. They immediately spot the motorcycle and give chase on foot.

EXT. OSLO STREETS - DAY

High-speed chase through narrow Oslo streets. Sterling weaves between cars, using his AI assistance to predict traffic patterns and find optimal routes.

ARIA (V.O.)

Route suggestion: Akershus Fortress provides multiple exit strategies.

Sterling follows the AI's guidance while Chen holds on desperately behind him.

Two black SUVs join the pursuit, trying to box them in.

STERLING (TO CHEN)

How well do you know this city?

CHEN

Well enough! Take the next left - it leads to the harbor!

Sterling banks hard left, the motorcycle sliding slightly on the cold pavement. The SUVs have trouble making the tight turn.

EXT. OSLO HARBOR - DAY

Sterling drives onto the dock area. Fishing boats and pleasure craft bob in the partially frozen harbor.

He stops the motorcycle near a small motorboat.

STERLING Can you handle a boat?

CHEN

I grew up on the water.

They jump onto the boat. Chen starts the engine while Sterling casts off the lines.

The SUVs screech to a halt at the dock edge. Kozlov emerges, furious, and speaks into a radio.

KOZLOV (INTO RADIO)

The targets have escaped via watercraft. Dr. Volkov is not going to be pleased.

EXT. OSLO HARBOR - MOTORBOAT - DAY

As they speed across the harbor, Sterling tries his radio.

STERLING

Martin, do you copy? Martin, respond.

Static.

Chen notices Sterling's concern.

CHEN

Your partner?

STERLING

He'll be fine. Martin's experienced.

But Sterling's expression betrays his worry.

CHEN

Those men, they weren't Norwegian police.

STERLING

No. And they definitely weren't insurance investigators either.

Chen looks back toward the university, now distant.

CHEN

Dr. Volkov. It has to be her. She's the only one outside the research team who knew about Phoenix-7.

STERLING

Tell me everything you know about her.

CHEN

Brilliant scientist, pharmaceutical empire inherited from her father. Lost her family to a pandemic in Eastern Europe years ago.

Sterling's COMPASS watch receives an encrypted message: MARTIN COMPROMISED. PROCEED TO SAFE HOUSE. TRUST NO ONE.

Sterling stares at the message, his stomach sinking.

STERLING

Dr. Chen, how quickly could someone weaponize Phoenix-7?

CHEN

With proper facilities and resources? A few days, maybe a week.

Sterling looks grimly toward the horizon.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Then we'd better figure out how to stop her.

The boat continues across the harbor as Oslo fades behind them.

EXT. VOLKOV PHARMACEUTICALS HEADQUARTERS - ZURICH - DAY

A gleaming glass tower rises against the Swiss Alps backdrop. The building's modern architecture suggests wealth and cutting-edge science. Snow-covered mountains frame the corporate complex.

A brass nameplate reads: VOLKOV PHARMACEUTICALS - HEALING TOMORROW, TODAY.

INT. VOLKOV PHARMACEUTICALS - EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM - DAY

Floor-to-ceiling windows offer stunning Alpine views. A polished conference table seats twelve BOARD MEMBERS (50s-60s, expensive suits, old money confidence). Charts and presentations cover wall-mounted screens.

DR. ELENA VOLKOV (42, striking beauty with calculating eyes, impeccably dressed in a tailored suit) stands at the head of the table. She commands the room with quiet authority.

VOLKOV
Gentlemen, ladies, thank you for
your patience during these
unprecedented times.

She clicks a remote. The screens display pharmaceutical production statistics, stock prices, and profit margins.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
As you can see, our pandemic
preparedness initiatives have
positioned Volkov Pharmaceuticals
as the global leader in crisis
response.

BOARD MEMBER #1 (60s, Swiss accent)

BOARD MEMBER #1
The numbers are impressive, Elena.
But the World Health Organization
is questioning our vaccine
allocation strategies.

VOLKOV
The WHO asks many questions. We
provide solutions.

She clicks to the next slide - a map showing global distribution networks.

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Our rapid response capabilities now
span six continents. When the next
pandemic emerges, we'll be ready.

BOARD MEMBER #2 (50s, German accent)

BOARD MEMBER #2
When, not, if?

VOLKOV
History teaches us that pandemics
are cyclical, inevitable. The
question isn't whether another will
occur, but whether humanity will be
prepared.

BOARD MEMBER #3 (50s, British accent)

BOARD MEMBER #3

What about the regulatory concerns?
Several governments are
investigating our patent practices.

Volkov's expression hardens almost imperceptibly.

VOLKOV

Governments change. Patents expire.
But human evolution... that's
permanent.

The board members exchange confused glances.

BOARD MEMBER #1

I'm sorry, evolution?

Volkov clicks to a new slide showing genetic data.

VOLKOV

Our research has identified
fascinating patterns in pandemic
survival rates. Certain genetic
markers correlate strongly with
natural immunity.

She walks around the table, her presence commanding
attention.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)

What if we could predict, with 88%
accuracy, who would survive the
next great pandemic?

BOARD MEMBER #2

That's, that would be
revolutionary.

VOLKOV

Revolutionary. And profitable.

BOARD MEMBER #3

Elena, you're talking about genetic
screening on a massive scale.

VOLKOV

I'm talking about the future of
human survival.

She returns to her position at the head of the table.

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I'm announcing a new
initiative. Project Phoenix.

(MORE)

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
A comprehensive pandemic
preparedness program that will
ensure our company's... and
humanity's... continued prosperity.

BOARD MEMBER #1
What kind of timeline are we
looking at?

VOLKOV
Sooner than you might expect.

Her phone buzzes. She glances at the message - it's from
Kozlov: OSLO OPERATION COMPROMISED. CHEN ESCAPED WITH UNKNOWN
AGENTS.

Volkov's jaw tightens slightly, but she maintains composure.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
If you'll excuse me, I need to
attend to an urgent matter. My
assistant will provide you with the
detailed projections.

She gathers her materials and exits, leaving the board
members murmuring among themselves.

INT. VOLKOV PHARMACEUTICALS - ELENA'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Luxurious but sterile. Modern art decorates the walls
alongside framed photos of pharmaceutical breakthroughs. A
large desk overlooks the city below.

Volkov enters and immediately locks the door. She activates a
small device that emits a high-pitched whine - a signal
jammer.

She speed-dials a number.

VOLKOV (INTO PHONE)
How did this happen?

KOZLOV (V.O.)
American agents. Well-trained,
well-equipped. Chen was already
talking to them when we arrived.

VOLKOV
What did they learn?

KOZLOV (V.O.)
Unknown. But Chen had Phoenix-7
research displayed on his
computers.

Volkov's knuckles whiten as she grips the phone.

VOLKOV
Find them. Both Chen and whoever
he's working with.

KOZLOV (V.O.)
We're tracking them. But Elena,
they're not Norwegian intelligence.
These are Americans. CIA, possibly.

Volkov moves to the window, staring out at the Alps.

VOLKOV
Then we accelerate the timeline.

KOZLOV (V.O.)
How much acceleration?

VOLKOV
Phoenix-7 goes operational within
72 hours.

KOZLOV (V.O.)
Elena, that's impossible. We
haven't completed the delivery
system modifications.

VOLKOV
Viktor, my family died because
cheap medicine wasn't profitable
enough to distribute. Millions
perish every year while
pharmaceutical companies debate
profit margins.

She turns from the window, her face a mask of controlled
fury.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
I will not allow inferior genetics
to hold back human evolution any
longer.

KOZLOV (V.O.)
What about the antidote production?

VOLKOV

We have enough for the twelve percent who matter. The rest...

She trails off, moving to a framed photo on her desk. It shows a younger Volkov with a man and two children - her lost family.

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

The rest will make room for a better world.

KOZLOV (V.O.)

I understand. Orders?

VOLKOV

Return to base. Prepare the icebreaker for immediate deployment. And Viktor?

KOZLOV (V.O.)

Yes?

VOLKOV

No more mistakes. We're too close to let sentiment interfere.

She hangs up and picks up the family photo, her expression softening momentarily.

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (TO PHOTO)

Soon, my darlings. Soon the world will understand what I've learned.

She sets the photo down and activates her computer. The screen displays a world map with numerous red dots - target cities.

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (to herself)
Phoenix rising from the ashes of the old world.

She begins typing rapidly, sending encrypted messages to operatives around the globe.

EXT. VOLKOV PHARMACEUTICALS - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A black limousine waits in a secured section. Volkov emerges from a private elevator, her demeanor now completely professional.

Her driver, a former military operative, opens the door.

DRIVER
Where to, Dr. Volkov?

VOLKOV
The airport. The icebreaker is waiting.

As the limousine pulls away, we see the Volkov Pharmaceuticals building growing smaller in the rear window.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

Volkov reviews files on a tablet - Phoenix-7 production schedules, global distribution networks, target population centers.

She opens a secure video call. Multiple faces appear on screen - her operatives around the world.

VOLKOV (TO SCREEN)
Initiate Phase Two immediately. All assets are now active.

OPERATIVE #1 (ON SCREEN)
Dr. Volkov, the accelerated timeline presents significant risks.

VOLKOV
The only risk is allowing inferior genetics to continue contaminating the human gene pool.

OPERATIVE #2 (ON SCREEN)
What about government interference?

VOLKOV
Governments are temporary. Evolution is permanent.

She closes the tablet and stares out at the Swiss countryside rushing past.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
Forgive me, James. But you've forced my hand.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - ZURICH - DAY

A sleek private jet waits on the tarmac. Ground crew load cargo containers marked with pharmaceutical symbols - but the contents are far more dangerous.

Volkov's limousine arrives. She exits and walks purposefully toward the aircraft.

As she boards, we see the jet's destination displayed on a digital readout: "FRANZ JOSEF LAND - RUSSIAN ARCTIC."

The engines spool up as the aircraft prepares for takeoff.

INT. PRIVATE JET - AIRBORNE - DAY

Volkov sits alone in the luxurious cabin, reviewing final preparations on her laptop. Outside the windows, Europe passes below as they head toward the Arctic.

She opens a final encrypted message and types: THE PHOENIX RISES AT DAWN.

She sends the message and closes the laptop, her face set with grim determination.

VOLKOV (TO HERSELF)
Let them come. They're already too
late.

The jet continues north toward the frozen wasteland.

EXT. FRANZ JOSEF LAND AIRSTRIIP - RUSSIAN ARCTIC - DAY

Endless white expanse broken only by a small airstrip carved into the frozen landscape. Wind whips across the barren terrain, creating swirling snow devils. The sky is a pale, harsh blue.

A twin-engine cargo plane touches down on the ice runway, engines roaring against the Arctic wind.

INT. CARGO PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Sterling, Martin, and Chen sit bundled in heavy Arctic gear, their breath visible in the cold cabin. Equipment cases and supplies are strapped down around them.

Sterling checks his COMPASS watch - temperature reading: -32°F.

STERLING
Remind me why people choose to live
here?

MARTIN
They don't choose. They adapt.

The plane comes to a stop. The pilot, a grizzled RUSSIAN AVIATOR (50s), turns back to them.

RUSSIAN AVIATOR (HEAVILY ACCENTED
ENGLISH)

Welcome to Franz Josef Land. Try
not to freeze to death before
pickup.

EXT. FRANZ JOSEF LAND AIRSTRIP - DAY

The team unloads their equipment as the plane's engines continue running - the pilot clearly wants to leave quickly.

Sterling pulls his hood up against the biting wind. His ARIA system immediately activates.

ARIA (V.O.) (THROUGH STERLING'S
EARPIECE)

Environmental alert: Wind chill
factor -47°F. Recommend limiting
exposed skin to under ten minutes.

MARTIN (TO CHEN)

How far to the research station?

CHEN

About three kilometers northeast.
There should be transportation
waiting.

They scan the empty landscape. No vehicles in sight.

STERLING

I don't see any-

The sound of an approaching snowmobile cuts through the wind. A figure in Arctic camouflage gear drives toward them, moving with practiced skill across the uneven terrain.

The snowmobile stops beside them. The driver removes their helmet, revealing CAPTAIN NAIA SIKU (30s, striking features, confident bearing, eyes that suggest both warmth and steel).

SIKU

You're the climate researchers?

Sterling stares for a moment, caught off guard by her beauty and the authoritative way she carries herself.

MARTIN

That's us. You're our local guide?

SIKU
Captain Naia Siku. I'll be your
liaison while you're in the area.

She dismounts the snowmobile with fluid grace, then notices Sterling still staring.

SIKU (CONT'D) (TO STERLING)
First time in the Arctic?

STERLING
Yes, ma'am. I mean, yes. Thomas
Sterling.

He extends a gloved hand. She shakes it firmly.

SIKU
You'll want to adjust your gear
before we move. Your jacket's not
sealed properly.

She steps closer to Sterling, reaching for his collar. The proximity makes him slightly nervous.

SIKU (CONT'D)
Arctic survival rule one: every gap
in your clothing is a potential
death sentence.

She efficiently adjusts his jacket seals and hood, her hands working with practiced competence.

SIKU (CONT'D)
Rule two: trust your equipment, but
trust your instincts more.

STERLING
And rule three?

SIKU
Don't die. It ruins everyone's day.

Martin watches this interaction with amusement.

MARTIN (TO STERLING)
Focus, rookie. You can flirt off
duty
We have work to do.

Sterling flushes slightly but maintains composure.

SIKU
I have sleds for your equipment.
The station is a short ride, but we
need to move before the weather
changes.

She gestures toward two additional snowmobiles with equipment sleds attached.

SIKU (CONT'D)
Can you handle one of these?

STERLING
I've ridden motorcycles.

SIKU
Motorcycles don't hit ice patches
at forty miles per hour.

She swings her leg over her snowmobile and starts the engine.

SIKU (CONT'D)
Follow my line exactly. The terrain
looks flat, but there are hidden
crevasses that'll swallow you
whole.

EXT. ARCTIC TERRAIN - MOVING - DAY

The three snowmobiles move in single file across the frozen landscape. Siku leads with expert navigation, Sterling follows in the middle, Martin brings up the rear.

Sterling's ARIA system provides navigation assistance, but he finds himself watching Siku's graceful handling of the treacherous terrain.

ARIA (V.O.)
Recommend maintaining 15-meter
following distance for optimal
safety.

Sterling adjusts accordingly. Through his helmet radio:

SIKU (RADIO)
Sterling, you're drifting left.
Stay in my tracks.

STERLING (RADIO)
Copy that.

He corrects course, trying to match her smooth riding style.

EXT. FRANZ JOSEF LAND RESEARCH STATION - DAY

A collection of modular buildings connected by enclosed walkways sits in a sheltered valley. Solar panels and communication arrays suggest modern scientific capability.

The team pulls up to the main building and dismounts.

SIKU

Welcome to what passes for
civilization up here.

She removes her helmet, shaking out her dark hair. Sterling finds himself staring again.

MARTIN (TO STERLING)

Remember what I said about focus?

INT. RESEARCH STATION - COMMON AREA - DAY

A central hub with computers, communication equipment, and a large map of the local area marked with research sites. The space is functional but comfortable.

Siku spreads out a detailed topographical map on the central table.

SIKU

Your target area is here - about
two kilometers from the original
Svalbard research coordinates.

CHEN

The permafrost in this region is
similar to what we were studying.

SIKU (TO STERLING)

What exactly are you hoping to
find?

STERLING

Evidence of what caused the
Svalbard incident. Unusual
permafrost samples, environmental
anomalies.

Siku traces routes on the map with her finger.

SIKU

The area's been more active lately.
Increased air traffic, new ice
roads that weren't here last
season.

Martin and Sterling exchange glances.

MARTIN

What kind of air traffic?

SIKU

Helicopters, mostly. No identification markings. They fly at night.

STERLING

That's unusual?

SIKU

Everything's unusual up here. The question is whether it's dangerous unusual or just strange unusual.

She rolls up the map.

SIKU (CONT'D)

I suggest we establish base camp here tonight, then move out at first light. The weather window looks good for the next 48 hours.

MARTIN

Agreed. We'll need to set up our equipment.

STERLING

I can take first watch tonight.

SIKU (STUDYING HIM)

You sure? Night watch in the Arctic isn't like standing guard at a base.

STERLING

I'm sure.

SIKU

Then I'll join you. Someone needs to make sure you don't freeze to death on your first night.

Martin grins at Sterling's obvious interest.

EXT. RESEARCH STATION - NIGHT

The Northern Lights dance across the star-filled sky in brilliant greens and blues. The Aurora Borealis creates an otherworldly canopy over the Arctic landscape.

Sterling stands watch near the perimeter, his thermal suit keeping him warm. His breath creates small clouds in the frigid air.

Siku approaches, carrying two steaming mugs.

SIKU
Coffee. Arctic blend.

STERLING
Thanks.

He accepts the mug gratefully. They stand side by side, watching the lights.

STERLING (CONT'D)
I've seen pictures, but this is...

SIKU
Different in person. My grandmother used to say the lights were the spirits of our ancestors dancing.

STERLING
You don't believe that?

SIKU
I believe in what keeps people alive. Sometimes that's science, sometimes it's tradition. Sometimes it's just hope.

Sterling looks at her profile in the ethereal light.

STERLING
How did you end up here? This isn't exactly a typical posting.

SIKU
Former military. Special operations. When I got out, I wanted somewhere quiet.

STERLING
This is quiet?

Siku laughs.

SIKU
Quieter than Kandahar.

They sip their coffee in comfortable silence.

SIKU (CONT'D)

What about you? You seem young for,
insurance investigation.

Sterling hesitates, caught between his cover story and a
desire to be honest with her.

STERLING

It's my first major assignment. Lot
of pressure to prove myself.

SIKU

First times are always hard. The
trick is not trying to prove you're
someone you're not.

STERLING

What do you mean?

SIKU

I've seen plenty of rookies come
through - military, civilian,
doesn't matter. The ones who try to
be heroes usually end up dead. The
ones who focus on the mission and
trust their training survive.

She turns to face him more directly.

SIKU (CONT'D)

Which one are you?

STERLING

I'm still figuring that out.

SIKU

I think you might surprise
yourself.

The moment stretches between them. Sterling is drawn to her
confidence and warmth.

STERLING

Can I ask you something?

SIKU

Sure.

STERLING

This traditional knowledge versus
modern technology thing - how do
you balance that?

SIKU

You don't balance it. You use whatever works. My ancestors survived here for thousands of years without GPS or heated suits. But that doesn't mean I'm going to ignore tools that can save my life.

She gestures toward the Northern Lights.

SIKU (CONT'D)

They knew this light meant the weather would change. Now we have satellite forecasts. Both tell you the same thing - pay attention to your environment.

Sterling nods, impressed by her perspective.

STERLING

Makes sense.

SIKU

The real skill is knowing which tool to use when.

They're standing closer now, drawn together by the conversation and the intimate setting.

STERLING

And, what does your instinct tell you about this mission?

Siku meets his eyes.

SIKU

That there's more to it than you're telling me.

Before Sterling can respond, his radio crackles to life.

MARTIN (RADIO)

Sterling, you copy?

The moment breaks, they step apart.

STERLING (INTO RADIO)

Copy, Martin.

MARTIN (RADIO)

Movement on the perimeter sensors. Southwest quadrant.

Sterling and Siku immediately shift into professional mode.

SIKU (INTO HER OWN RADIO)
This is Siku. I'm with Sterling on
the north watch. What kind of
movement?

MARTIN (RADIO)
Could be wildlife. Could be
something else. Stay alert.

STERLING (TO SIKU)
Should we investigate?

SIKU
Not in the dark. Not our first
night. We hold position and wait
for daylight.

She checks her sidearm and scans the darkness with practiced
eyes.

SIKU (CONT'D)
Whatever's out there, it knows
we're here now.

Sterling feels the weight of real danger settling over their
romantic moment.

STERLING
Welcome to the Arctic?

SIKU
Something like that.

They maintain their watch, but the easy intimacy of moments
before has been replaced by tactical alertness. The Northern
Lights continue their dance overhead.

EXT. FRANZ JOSEF LAND RESEARCH STATION - DAWN

The first light of dawn casts long shadows across the Arctic
landscape. The research station sits quiet in the valley, but
there's an underlying tension in the air.

Sterling emerges from the main building, fully equipped with
his thermal suit and AI gear. Martin follows, checking his
weapon systems.

MARTIN
Remember, we're just climate
researchers taking soil samples.

STERLING

Right. Innocent scientists with
military-grade surveillance
equipment.

Siku approaches.

SIKU

The target site is about two
kilometers that way.

She points toward a ridge line barely visible in the morning
light.

SIKU (CONT'D)

Ground's stable, but watch for
thermal vents. The permafrost isn't
uniform in this area.

CHEN

If there are active samples out
there...

MARTIN

We'll be careful, Doc. Sterling,
you handle electronic surveillance.
I'll do visual reconnaissance.

Sterling nods, activating his COMPASS watch. The device
immediately begins scanning the environment.

COMPASS (V.O.)

(through Sterling's
earpiece))

Environmental scan initiated.
Detecting multiple heat signatures
1.7 kilometers northeast.

EXT. ARCTIC TERRAIN - TARGET SITE - DAY

The team approaches a seemingly empty stretch of tundra. To
the untrained eye, it looks like any other piece of Arctic
wasteland.

Sterling's ARIA system overlays digital information on his
visor display.

ARIA (V.O.)

Subsurface anomalies detected.
Recommend deep terrain analysis.

STERLING (TO TEAM)
Something's not right here. The
ground temperature patterns are
off.

Martin uses binoculars to scan the area while Siku checks for
visual clues.

SIKU
Here. Look at this.

She kneels beside what appears to be natural rock formation,
but brushes away snow to reveal metal edging.

SIKU (CONT'D)
This is a ventilation shaft.
Disguised, but definitely man-made.

CHEN
Ventilation for what?

Martin continues his scan, then freezes.

MARTIN
Movement. Two o'clock, about 500
meters.

They all look toward a distant structure partially concealed
by snow-covered equipment.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
That's not on any of the official
site maps.

STERLING
My sensors are picking up
electromagnetic activity. There's
significant power consumption
underground.

SIKU
We need to get closer.

EXT. DISGUISED MINING FACILITY - DAY

What initially appeared to be a small research outpost
reveals itself as something much larger. Heavy equipment is
partially concealed under Arctic camouflage. Tire tracks and
equipment marks scar the snow.

MARTIN (INTO RADIO)
This is definitely not climate
research.

Sterling activates his suit's recording systems while staying concealed behind equipment.

STERLING

Large-scale excavation equipment.
This is a mining operation.

Chen examines equipment markings and takes photos.

CHEN

These are specialized permafrost
extraction units. Industrial grade.

SIKU

There. Service entrance.

A partially hidden entrance leads into the ground, with tracks leading in and out.

MARTIN

Sterling, can your equipment detect
what's down there?

Sterling adjusts his COMPASS watch settings.

COMPASS (V.O.)

Subsurface mapping initiated.
Detecting extensive tunnel network
extending approximately 400 meters
in multiple directions.

STERLING

It's huge. This isn't just a mining
site - it's a complex.

MARTIN

We need to get inside.

SIKU

I can get us in. But if we're caught down there...

MARTIN

We won't be.

INT. UNDERGROUND MINING FACILITY - ENTRANCE TUNNEL - DAY

The team descends through a maintenance access tunnel. Emergency lighting provides minimal illumination. The walls are reinforced with metal supports, indicating serious excavation work.

Sterling's ARIA system provides night vision enhancement.

ARIA (V.O.)
Air quality acceptable. Temperature
holding steady at -12°F.

CHEN
If they've been extracting Phoenix-
7 infected permafrost...

MARTIN
Stay focused, Doc.

They reach a junction where the tunnel opens into a larger
space.

INT. UNDERGROUND MINING FACILITY - MAIN CAVERN - DAY

The team emerges into a vast underground chamber carved from
ice and rock. Industrial mining equipment lines the walls.
Conveyor systems and processing stations suggest large-scale
operations.

But the facility appears abandoned.

STERLING
This is massive. How long would it
take to build something like this?

SIKU
Months. Maybe a year.

Sterling approaches one of the processing stations, his
equipment scanning for residual materials.

COMPASS (V.O.)
Detecting trace biological
compounds. Viral structures
consistent with previous samples.

STERLING
They've been processing Phoenix-7
here. Large quantities.

Chen examines extraction equipment and finds residue samples.

CHEN
Thomas, look at this.

He holds up a container with trace amounts of the dark,
ancient ice.

CHEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
This is concentrated viral
material. They've been refining it.

MARTIN
For what purpose?

Before anyone can answer, a low GROWLING sound echoes through the cavern.

The team freezes. The sound comes again - closer.

Siku draws her weapon.

SIKU
That's not equipment.

Sterling's ARIA system immediately alerts.

ARIA (V.O.)
Biological threat detected.
Recommend immediate defensive
posture.

A shape moves in the shadows at the far end of the cavern. As it comes into the light, they see a horrifying sight:

A POLAR BEAR, but grotesquely mutated. Its fur is patchy, eyes bloodshot, and it moves with unnatural aggression. Lesions and growths cover its body.

CHEN
Phoenix-7. It's been exposed.

The mutated bear ROARS, a sound of pain and rage. Its behavior is erratic, violent.

MARTIN
Everyone back away slowly. Don't
make sudden movements.

STERLING
It's suffering. The virus is
affecting its nervous system.

The bear stumbles but keeps advancing, clearly in agony but driven by infection-induced aggression.

SIKU aims her weapon.

SIKU
I Can put it out of it's misery.

MARTIN
Wait. Let's see if we can—

The bear suddenly CHARGES. Siku fires.

SIKU
Decision made!

Her shot drops the creature, but the sound echoes throughout the facility.

CHEN
If the virus can jump to Arctic
wildlife...

STERLING
The entire ecosystem could be
compromised.

Martin quickly examines the dead animal while Sterling takes readings.

MARTIN
Multiple injection sites. They've
been testing on wildlife.

STERLING
My sensors are picking up more
movement. We're not alone down
here.

More growling sounds emerge from different tunnels - other infected animals.

ARIA (V.O.)
Multiple biological threats
approaching. Recommend immediate
extraction.

SIKU
This way. Emergency exit.

She leads them toward a different tunnel as the sounds of more infected wildlife echo through the cavern.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - ESCAPE TUNNEL - DAY

The team moves quickly through a narrower tunnel as animal sounds pursue them. Sterling's equipment provides navigation assistance.

COMPASS (V.O.)
Exit located 50 meters ahead.
Multiple heat signatures converging
on your previous position.

CHEN

They're using this place as a testing ground.

MARTIN

Testing for what?

STERLING

To see how Phoenix-7 spreads through different species. To refine it.

They reach a service ladder leading to the surface.

SIKU

Up. Now.

EXT. ARCTIC SURFACE - EMERGENCY EXIT - DAY

The team emerges from a concealed exit point several hundred meters from the main facility. They're breathing heavily, shaken by what they've discovered.

MARTIN (INTO RADIO)

Base, this is Martin. We need immediate extraction.

CHEN

The scale of this operation, they're not just weaponizing Phoenix-7. They're perfecting it.

STERLING

And testing it on live subjects.

Sterling's COMPASS watch receives an encrypted message. He reads it, his face growing pale.

STERLING (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

We have a bigger problem.

MARTIN

What now?

STERLING

Satellite intelligence. Multiple facilities like this across the Arctic. This isn't the only site.

SIKU

How many?

STERLING

At least six. All coordinated.

MARTIN

Then we're not looking at a terrorist attack. We're looking at a coordinated biological weapons program.

CHEN

Elena. She's not just planning to release Phoenix-7. She's planning to release it everywhere, simultaneously.

The wind picks up, and in the distance, they hear the sound of approaching helicopters.

SIKU

Company's coming.

MARTIN

Back to base. Now. We need to get this information to headquarters.

As they prepare to move, Sterling takes one last look at the hidden facility.

STERLING

How do we stop something this big?

MARTIN

One step at a time, rookie. One step at a time.

They begin their retreat across the Arctic terrain as the helicopter sounds grow closer.

EXT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNEL EXIT - DAY

Sterling finishes planting a small surveillance device near the tunnel entrance while Martin provides security. Chen and Siku wait with their snowmobiles running.

STERLING (INTO DEVICE)

Recording all communications on this frequency. Upload to satellite relay.

His COMPASS watch confirms the device is operational.

COMPASS (V.O.)
Surveillance device active. Data
transmission in progress.

Martin checks surroundings.

MARTIN
How long?

STERLING
Thirty seconds.

The sound of approaching helicopters grows louder. Martin
uses binoculars to scan the horizon.

MARTIN
Two helicopters, military
configuration. Coming fast.

Siku revving her engine.

SIKU
Time to go!

Sterling completes the device installation and runs toward
his snowmobile.

STERLING
Done! Let's move!

EXT. ARCTIC TERRAIN - MOVING - DAY

The four snowmobiles speed across the frozen landscape in
single file: Siku leading, followed by Chen, Sterling, and
Martin bringing up rear security.

Sterling's ARIA system provides navigation and threat
assessment.

ARIA (V.O.)
Multiple aircraft approaching from
southwest. Estimated intercept in
90 seconds.

STERLING (OVER RADIO)
Siku, we've got company closing
fast!

SIKU (RADIO)
I know a route through the ice
fields. Harder to track, but
dangerous!

MARTIN (RADIO)

Do it!

EXT. ICE FIELD TERRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Siku leads them into more treacherous territory - pressure ridges, ice formations, and areas where the frozen surface meets open water.

The helicopters appear overhead - sleek, black, unmarked aircraft.

From the lead helicopter, VIKTOR KOZLOV (40, brutal efficiency, military bearing) speaks into his headset while rappelling operatives prepare to deploy.

KOZLOV (INTO HEADSET)

Target acquired. Four subjects on snowmobiles. Moving to intercept.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

KOZLOV (CONT'D) (TO OPERATIVES)

Remember - Dr. Chen alive. The others are expendable.

EXT. ICE FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

The helicopters drop operatives onto the ice ahead of the fleeing team. Eight heavily armed figures in Arctic gear take positions behind ice formations.

MARTIN (RADIO)

Ambush ahead! Take evasive action!

SIKU (RADIO)

Follow me through the ice maze!

She veers sharply left, leading them between towering ice formations. Gunfire erupts from the hidden operatives.

Sterling dodges bullets.

STERLING

They're trying to box us in!

His AI system calculates escape routes in real-time.

ARIA (V.O.)
 Recommend northeast vector through
 ice channel. 67% probability of
 successful evasion.

STERLING (RADIO)
 Siku! Northeast through that
 channel!

SIKU (RADIO)
 That leads to unstable ice!

STERLING (RADIO)
 It's our best option!

More gunfire forces their decision. Siku leads them into the narrow ice channel.

EXT. ICE CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

The team races through a corridor of ice walls. Behind them, some of Kozlov's operatives pursue on foot while others attempt to flank on snowmobiles.

MARTIN (RADIO)
 Sterling, your six o'clock!

Sterling glances back to see Kozlov himself on a pursuit snowmobile, gaining rapidly.

Kozlov raises an automatic weapon and fires. Bullets shatter ice near Sterling's head.

Sterling swerving.

STERLING
 This guy's good!

MARTIN (RADIO)
 Stay focused! Keep moving!

EXT. BREAKING ICE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Siku leads them onto a stretch of ice that's clearly unstable. Cracks spider-web beneath their machines.

SIKU (RADIO)
 The ice is breaking up! Stay light
 on the throttle!

CHEN (RADIO)
 This is insane!

Behind them, one of the pursuing operatives hits a weak spot. His snowmobile crashes through the ice into the frigid water below.

 KOZLOV (RADIO) (TO HIS TEAM)
Back off! Let them go onto the
unstable ice!

 MARTIN (RADIO)
He's trying to trap us out here!

The ice beneath Chen's snowmobile suddenly CRACKS. His machine tilts dangerously.

 CHEN (RADIO)
Help! I'm going through!

Sterling immediately turns back, despite the danger.

 STERLING (RADIO)
I've got him!

 MARTIN (RADIO)
Sterling, no! Too risky!

Sterling's already moving. He pulls alongside Chen's tilting snowmobile and grabs the scientist, pulling him onto his own machine just as Chen's snowmobile disappears into the dark water.

 SIKU (RADIO)
Sterling! Behind you!

Kozlov has used Sterling's rescue to close the distance. He's now only twenty meters back.

 MARTIN (RADIO)
Everyone off the ice! Now!

Martin deliberately falls back, placing himself between Kozlov and the others.

 MARTIN (RADIO CONT'D) (TO STERLING)
Take command! Get them to safety!

 STERLING (RADIO)
Martin, what are you doing?

 MARTIN (RADIO)
What I have to do. Complete the
mission, rookie!

Martin turns his snowmobile to face Kozlov directly, blocking the pursuit route.

EXT. ICE CONFRONTATION POINT - CONTINUOUS

Martin and Kozlov face each other across fifty meters of cracking ice. Both men stop their machines.

MARTIN
Viktor Kozlov! Heard you were in
the area!

KOZLOV
Agent Martin. Your reputation
precedes you.

MARTIN
Let them go. Your fight's with me.

KOZLOV
My orders are specific. Dr. Chen
must not leave this area.

Martin reaches into his gear and produces several explosive charges.

MARTIN
Then you'll have to go through me.

Kozlov realizes what Martin intends.

KOZLOV
You'll kill us both!

MARTIN
That's the idea!

Martin guns his engine, charging directly at Kozlov while arming the explosives.

Kozlov draws his weapon and fires, hitting Martin in the shoulder, but the veteran agent doesn't stop.

MARTIN (CONT'D) (INTO RADIO)
Thomas! Remember what I taught you!
Trust your training!

EXT. DISTANT ICE - CONTINUOUS

Sterling, Siku, and Chen watch from a safe distance as Martin's snowmobile collides with Kozlov's position.

STERLING
Martin! No!

The explosion is massive. Ice erupts skyward, creating a huge crater in the frozen surface. Water geysers up through the shattered ice.

When the debris settles, both snowmobiles are gone. The ice where they fought is now open water.

STERLING (CONT'D)

MARTIN!

Siku grabs Sterling's arm as he starts to move toward the explosion site.

SIKU

He's gone, Thomas. We have to move!

CHEN

He saved us.

Sterling stares at the open water where his mentor died, grief and rage warring on his face.

STERLING (TO HIMSELF)

I won't let this be for nothing.

SIKU

Sterling! The helicopters!

The aircraft are circling back, looking for survivors.

ARIA (V.O.)

Recommend immediate extraction via underwater route. Thermal suit rated for emergency submersion.

Sterling makes a command decision - his first as team leader.

STERLING

Siku, Chen - underwater. My suit can handle three people for short duration.

SIKU

That's insane!

STERLING

It's what Martin would do. Trust me.

He activates his thermal suit's emergency protocols.

ARIA (V.O.)

Emergency life support activated.
Maximum submersion time: 4 minutes,
30 seconds.

EXT. ICE HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Sterling leads Chen and Siku to an ice hole created by the explosion. The water is black and forbidding.

STERLING

Hold onto me. Don't let go no matter what.

CHEN

I can't swim!

STERLING

You don't have to. Just don't panic.

The helicopters close in. Kozlov's voice crackles over a loudspeaker.

KOZLOV

Dr. Chen! Surrender now and the others will be spared!

Sterling looks at his companions.

STERLING

On three. One... two...

They jump into the icy water just as gunfire erupts where they were standing.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The three figures sink into the dark, frigid water. Sterling's thermal suit glows softly, providing warmth and limited oxygen to all three.

Above them, the water's surface is lit by searchlights from the helicopters.

Sterling's HUD shows their air supply and body temperatures. All marginal but holding.

ARIA (V.O.) (THROUGH WATER-SEALED COMMS)

Proceeding to extraction point. 200 meters southwest.

They swim through the dark water beneath the ice, Sterling's suit providing guidance and life support.

EXT. UNDERWATER - EXTRACTION POINT - CONTINUOUS

Sterling's suit identifies a safe emergence point away from the helicopters. They surface in a small ice cave formed by pressure ridges.

All three gasp for air, Chen nearly hypothermic despite the suit's protection.

SIKU

That was the craziest thing I've
ever done.

Sterling checks on Chen?

STERLING

Doc, you okay?

CHEN

I think so. Your partner, he saved
all of us.

Sterling's expression hardens with resolve.

STERLING

And, we're going to make sure his
sacrifice means something.

Above them, they can hear the helicopters searching, but the sound is growing distant.

SIKU

They're moving away. We're safe for
now.

Sterling stands.

STERLING

No. We're not safe until we stop
Volkov.

He helps Chen to his feet.

STERLING (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Siku, how far to the nearest secure
communication facility?

SIKU

There's a Norwegian weather station
about ten kilometers north.

STERLING

Then that's where we're going. We need to contact headquarters and report what we've learned.

CHEN

Thomas, they'll want us to abort the mission.

STERLING

Then we won't give them that option.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Martin died to protect this intelligence. We're going to see it through.

Siku and Chen nod, recognizing the change in him.

SIKU

What's the plan?

STERLING

First, we survive. Then, we stop Phoenix-7 from being released.

He looks back toward where Martin died.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Whatever it takes.

EXT. NORWEGIAN WEATHER STATION - MURMANSK REGION - DAWN

A small, isolated weather monitoring station sits on a windswept ridge. Solar panels and meteorological equipment dot the facility. The building looks like a refuge against the harsh Arctic elements.

Sterling, Siku, and Chen approach on foot, having abandoned their remaining snowmobile several kilometers back to avoid detection.

All three show signs of their ordeal - exhaustion, minor injuries, and the thousand-yard stare that follows violent encounters.

INT. WEATHER STATION - SAFE HOUSE - DAY

The interior is spartanly functional but warm. Weather monitoring equipment lines one wall, while basic living quarters occupy the rest. A radio setup provides communication capability.

Chen collapses into a chair, still shaken. Sterling stands by the window, staring out at the landscape where Martin died.

Siku checks the equipment.

SIKU

Radio's operational. We can reach
your headquarters from here.

Sterling doesn't respond. He's lost in thought, guilt evident on his face.

SIKU (CONT'D)

Thomas?

STERLING

He's dead because of me.

CHEN

That's not true. Martin died
protecting all of us.

STERLING

I hesitated. When Kozlov was
closing in, I should have acted
faster.

Siku approaches Sterling.

SIKU

You saved Chen's life. If you
hadn't gone back for him, he'd be
dead too.

STERLING

And Martin would still be alive.

SIKU

Maybe. Or maybe all four of us
would be dead.

She gently touches his shoulder, turning him to face her.

SIKU (CONT'D)

You can't replay the past, Thomas.
You can only move forward.

Sterling looks at her, seeing understanding in her eyes rather than judgment.

STERLING

How do you deal with it? Losing people under your command?

Siku sits on a equipment crate.

SIKU

Afghanistan. My squad leader, Sergeant Rodriguez. We were clearing an IED when it went off early.

Her voice carries the weight of old pain.

SIKU (CONT'D)

I blamed myself for months. Should have spotted the trigger wire, should have called for EOD, should have done a dozen things differently.

STERLING

What changed?

SIKU

My CO sat me down and asked me a simple question: Would Rodriguez want you to honor his sacrifice by completing the mission, or by giving up?

Sterling considers this.

SIKU (CONT'D)

The answer was obvious. Rodriguez died doing his job. The way I could honor that was by doing mine.

She notices blood seeping through Sterling's sleeve where he scraped against ice during their escape.

SIKU (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You're injured.

STERLING

It's nothing.

SIKU

Bleeding is always, something. Sit down.

Sterling reluctantly sits. Siku begins examining his arm, rolling up his sleeve to reveal a nasty gash.

SIKU (CONT'D)
This needs cleaning.

She retrieves a first aid kit and begins tending to the wound. The intimacy of the moment creates a natural closeness between them.

Sterling winces as she cleans the cut.

STERLING
You're good at this.

SIKU
Field medic training. You learn to patch people up when there's no one else around.

She works with practiced efficiency, but her touch is gentle.

SIKU (CONT'D)
The thing about losing someone in combat is that you have two choices: let it paralyze you, or let it focus you.

STERLING
Which did you choose?

Siku meets his eyes.

SIKU
I'm here, aren't I?

The moment stretches between them. Sterling finds himself drawn to her strength and warmth.

STERLING
Naia...

Before he can continue, Chen speaks up from across the room.

CHEN
I've established satellite contact.
Your headquarters is requesting
immediate communication.

The moment breaks. Sterling looks reluctant to face what's coming.

Siku finishes banging his arm.

SIKU

You have to talk to them.

STERLING

I know what they're going to say.

SIKU

Maybe. But Martin trusted you to complete the mission. Don't let politics get in the way of that.

Sterling nods and moves to the radio equipment.

STERLING (INTO RADIO)

This is Agent Sterling requesting priority communication with Director Reynolds.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Stand by, Agent Sterling.

Static, then Reynolds' voice comes through clearly.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

Sterling, thank God you're alive. What's your status?

STERLING

We've lost Agent Martin, sir. But we've confirmed Volkov's operation. It's bigger than we thought.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

I'm sorry about Martin. He was a good agent. Now listen carefully - you're to extract immediately.

Sterling exchanges glances with Siku and Chen.

STERLING

Sir, with respect, we're close to stopping-

REYNOLDS (V.O.) (INTERRUPTING)

Sterling, you're not ready for this level of operation. Martin's death proves that. Come home.

STERLING

Director, Volkov has multiple facilities across the Arctic. She's planning coordinated releases of Phoenix-7. If we abort now-

REYNOLDS (V.O.)
That's an order, Agent. Extract
immediately. A recovery team is
being dispatched to your location.

Sterling's jaw tightens. He looks at Chen, who's shaking his
head, and at Siku, who nods encouragingly.

STERLING
Sir, Martin died getting us this
intelligence. We can't just walk
away.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)
Sterling, you're a rookie on your
first assignment. You're
emotionally compromised and
operating without backup. Extract.
Now.

A long pause. Sterling wrestles with the decision.

CHEN
Millions of lives, Thomas.

SIKU
What would Martin do?

Sterling looks at both of them, then back at the radio.

STERLING
Director, I understand your
concerns. But I'm going dark.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)
What did you say?

STERLING
I said I'm going dark, sir. This
mission isn't over.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)
Sterling, if you disobey this
direct order, you'll be finished
with the Agency.

STERLING
Then I guess I'm finished with the
Agency.

He reaches for the radio's power switch.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)
Sterling! Sterling, don't you dare—

Sterling shuts off the radio, cutting the connection. The room falls silent except for the wind outside.

CHEN

You just ended your career.

Sterling turns to face them.

STERLING

Maybe. But I won't let Martin's death be meaningless.

He stands straighter, and for the first time, there's real command authority in his voice.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Dr. Chen, you know Phoenix-7 better than anyone. Can we stop it?

CHEN

If we can locate Volkov's main production facility and destroy the viral stockpiles, possibly.

STERLING (TO SIKU)

And, you know the Arctic better than any of us. Can you get us there?

SIKU

Where exactly is, there?

Sterling activates his COMPASS watch, reviewing satellite intelligence.

COMPASS (V.O.)

Multiple signal sources originating from coordinates 81.2 North, 58.7 East.

STERLING

Franz Josef Land. There's a major facility there that's been hidden from satellite reconnaissance.

SIKU

That's deep in Russian territory. No official support, no backup, no extraction plan.

STERLING

Sounds like Martin's kind of mission.

Siku studies his face, seeing the determination there.

SIKU

What if we're wrong? What if we
can't stop her?

STERLING

Then at least we'll have tried.

Chen looks between them, then nods slowly.

CHEN

I'm in. Elena has to be stopped.

SIKU

My grandmother used to say the
spirits guide those who are willing
to walk the dangerous path.

STERLING

Is that a yes?

Siku gives Sterling a slight smile.

SIKU

That's a yes.

Sterling moves to his equipment pack and removes the
emergency satellite communicator - their only link to CIA
headquarters.

Without hesitation, he smashes it against the wall.

CHEN

No going back now.

STERLING

Good. Going back was never the
plan.

He gathers his gear with new purpose.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Siku, what's our best route to
Franz Josef Land?

SIKU

There's an abandoned Soviet
research station about 200
kilometers north. We can resupply
there and find transportation.

STERLING

How long?

SIKU

Two days if the weather holds.

Sterling checks his watch.

STERLING

Volkov said 72 hours until release.
That gives us time.

He looks at both of them - his new team.

STERLING (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Before we do this, I want you both
to understand something. I'm not
Martin. I'm young, I'm
inexperienced, and I'm probably
going to make mistakes.

CHEN

We all are.

STERLING

But, I won't quit. And, I won't let
either of you down.

Siku steps closer.

SIKU

We know.

She places her hand on his shoulder - a gesture of support
and something more.

SIKU (CONT'D)

Martin saw something in you. Trust
his judgment.

Sterling nods, feeling the weight of leadership settling on
his shoulders.

STERLING

Then let's go stop a global
pandemic.

He heads toward the door, then pauses.

STERLING (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

This one's for you, Martin.

EXT. WEATHER STATION - DAY

The three figures emerge from the building, moving with
purpose across the Arctic landscape.

Behind them, the weather station stands empty - the last official contact with their former lives.

Ahead lies uncertainty, danger, and a mission that will test everything they've learned about survival, trust, and sacrifice.

As they disappear into the vast white expanse, the wind erases their footprints, leaving no trace of their passage.

EXT. REYKJAVIK ICE HOTEL - ICELAND - NIGHT

A stunning architectural marvel carved entirely from ice and snow. The hotel glows with internal lighting, creating an ethereal blue luminescence against the dark Nordic sky. Luxury vehicles and helicopters dot the parking area.

Security personnel in expensive winter gear patrol the perimeter. This is clearly an exclusive, high-stakes gathering.

INT. STOLEN HELICOPTER - APPROACHING - NIGHT

Sterling pilots a commandeered helicopter with surprising skill, his AI training kicking in. Siku sits beside him as co-pilot, while Chen monitors communications equipment.

ARIA (V.O.) (THROUGH STERLING'S
EARPIECE)

Flight path optimized. Landing zone
identified 2.3 kilometers from
target.

STERLING (INTO HEADSET)

Siku, Chen - remember, I'm going in
alone. You're my extraction and
backup.

SIKU

I still don't like this plan.

STERLING

Neither do I. But it's the only way
to get intelligence on Volkov's
timeline.

CHEN

What if she recognizes you?

STERLING

She's never seen me before. And, according to her files, she's expecting arms dealers and corrupt officials tonight. I'll fit right in.

EXT. LANDING ZONE - NIGHT

The helicopter touches down in a sheltered valley. Sterling changes into an expensive winter suit - the kind worn by international arms dealers.

Siku helps adjust his gear.

SIKU

Remember, you're Marcus Webb, South African arms broker. Your specialty is biological weapons.

STERLING

Got it. How do I look?

SIKU

Like someone I wouldn't trust with my life.

STERLING

Perfect.

He checks his concealed weapons and surveillance equipment.

STERLING (CONT'D) (TO CHEN)

Doctor, monitor all communications. If Volkov mentions Phoenix-7 or any timeline changes...

CHEN

I'll alert you immediately.

Sterling turns to Siku. In the moonlight, she looks strikingly beautiful.

SIKU

Be careful in there. No backup means no mistakes.

STERLING

Martin always said the best disguise is confidence.

SIKU
Martin also had twenty years of
experience.

Sterling touches her face, gently.

STERLING
Then, I'll have to make up for it
with determination.

For a moment, they're close enough to kiss. The tension is palpable.

STERLING (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
If something goes wrong...

SIKU (INTERRUPTING)

NOTHING'S GOING WRONG. YOU'RE COMING
BACK.

He nods and heads toward the ice hotel.

EXT. ICE HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Sterling approaches the entrance with the confident stride of someone who belongs. Security guards check his forged credentials.

SECURITY CHIEF (50s, professional menace)

SECURITY CHIEF
Mr. Webb, welcome to Iceland. Dr.
Volkov is expecting you.

STERLING (SOUTH AFRICAN ACCENT)
Pleasure to be here. I understand
tonight's gathering is quite
exclusive.

SECURITY CHIEF
Indeed. Right this way.

INT. ICE HOTEL - MAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The interior is breathtaking - walls, floors, and ceiling carved from crystal-clear ice. Sculptures line the hallways, depicting various mythological and modern figures. The lighting creates a surreal, otherworldly atmosphere.

Well-dressed guests move through the corridors - arms dealers, corrupt politicians, pharmaceutical executives. Everyone radiates wealth and moral flexibility.

Sterling's COMPASS watch discretely scans faces, matching them against international criminal databases.

COMPASS (V.O.) (THROUGH STERLING'S
EARPIECE)

Target identification: 73% of
attendees on international watch
lists.

INT. ICE HOTEL - CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT

The main casino is carved from a single massive ice formation. Gaming tables made of ice, ice sculpture decorations, and a bar literally frozen in place. Despite the cold atmosphere, the room radiates warmth from heating systems.

Sterling surveys the room, noting exits and security positions.

ARIA (V.O.)

Twelve armed security personnel
identified. Multiple escape routes
available.

At the center of the room, a high-stakes poker game is in progress. The players are clearly the evening's VIPs.

Sterling approaches the bar, ordering vodka - appropriately themed for the location.

BARTENDER (40s, Russian accent)

BARTENDER

You're new.

STERLING (ACCENT)

Marcus Webb. South African
operations.

BARTENDER

Biological or conventional?

STERLING

Whatever pays best.

A voice speaks behind him - cultured, intelligent, with a slight Eastern European accent.

VOLKOV (O.S.)
A pragmatist. I respect that.

Sterling turns to see DR. ELENA VOLKOV (42) for the first time. She's strikingly beautiful, impeccably dressed, radiating intelligence and controlled power.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
Dr. Elena Volkov. I believe we have mutual interests.

Sterling shakes her hand.

STERLING
Mr. Webb. Your reputation precedes you, Doctor.

VOLKOV
As does yours. South African operations are becoming quite sophisticated.

STERLING
We adapt to market demands.

Volkov studies him with sharp eyes.

VOLKOV
Tell me, Mr. Webb, what's your position on, population optimization?

STERLING
Profitable markets require manageable populations.

VOLKOV
Exactly. Would you care to join our game? The stakes are quite interesting tonight.

She gestures toward the poker table.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
We're not playing for money. Information is the currency of choice.

INT. ICE HOTEL - POKER TABLE - NIGHT

Sterling sits at the hexagonal ice table with five other players, including Volkov. The cards are dealt on the frozen surface.

PLAYER #1 (60s, German accent)

PLAYER #1

The buy-in tonight is one piece of actionable intelligence.

VOLKOV (TO STERLING)

Mr. Webb, what do you bring to the table?

STERLING

South African bioweapons research. We've made interesting discoveries about viral targeting mechanisms.

Volkov's eyes light up with genuine interest.

VOLKOV

Targeting mechanisms? How specific?

STERLING

Genetic markers. Theoretical ability to affect up to 88% of a population while leaving the remainder untouched.

Volkov leans forward.

VOLKOV

Fascinating. And the timeline for such a theoretical deployment?

Sterling studies his cards.

STERLING

Depends on the delivery system. With proper preparation... perhaps 72 hours from activation.

Volkov's expression shifts almost imperceptibly - Sterling has just revealed he knows more than he should.

PLAYER #2 (50s, Middle Eastern accent)

PLAYER #2

Seventy-two hours seems optimistic.

Volkov's eyes remain on Sterling.

VOLKOV

Not if one has been preparing for years.

She raises the stakes.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
I'll see your information and raise
you something more current. Global
deployment within the next 24
hours.

The other players exchange alarmed glances.

PLAYER #3 (40s, American accent)

PLAYERS #3
Twenty-four hours? That's,
ambitious.

VOLKOV (TO STERLING)
What do you think, Mr. Webb? Is 24
hours possible for a coordinated
global release?

Sterling realizes he's blown his cover, but maintains
composure.

STERLING
Depends on the infrastructure.
Multiple coordination points,
synchronized timing...

Volkov stands slowly.

VOLKOV
You know, Mr. Webb, for an arms
dealer, you ask very specific
questions about my research.

The other players begin to move away from the table. Security
starts closing in.

STERLING
Just professional curiosity.
VOLKOV
Professional curiosity, or CIA
training?

The pretense drops completely.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
Agent Thomas Sterling, I presume?

Sterling's hand moves toward his concealed weapon.

STERLING
Dr. Elena Volkov. You're under
arrest for international terrorism.

Volkov laughs.

VOLKOV

By whose authority? You're
operating without backup, without
sanction.

STERLING

Sometimes that's the only way to
get things done.

VOLKOV (TO SECURITY)

Take him alive. I want to know what
he's learned.

Security moves in from all sides.

STERLING (INTO HIS EARPIECE)

Siku, Chen - I'm blown! Execute
extraction protocol!

Sterling flips the poker table, sending chips and cards
flying. The ice surface shatters, creating improvised
weapons.

He grabs a large ice shard and hurls it at the nearest
security guard, then dives behind an ice sculpture of a polar
bear.

Gunfire erupts throughout the casino. Sterling uses his ARIA
system to predict enemy movements and find optimal cover.

ARIA (V.O.)

Multiple threats converging.
Recommend northwest exit through
sculpture gallery.

Sterling moves from cover to cover, using ice sculptures as
both protection and weapons. He breaks off part of a frozen
warrior statue and uses it as a club.

SECURITY GUARD #1

He's heading for the gallery!

Sterling reaches a massive ice sculpture of a Norse god. He
pushes it over, creating a domino effect that topples several
other sculptures, blocking pursuit routes.

VOLKOV

Don't let him escape! He knows
about the timeline!

Sterling fights his way toward an exit, displaying newfound combat confidence. He's no longer the rookie who needed Martin's guidance.

A security guard with an automatic weapon corners him near the ice bar.

SECURITY GUARD #2
End of the line!

Sterling grabs a bottle of high-proof alcohol from behind the bar and smashes it. He lights the alcohol with a lighter, creating a improvised flame weapon.

STERLING
Actually, I'm just getting started.

He forces the guard back with the flame, then uses a bar stool to smash through a wall of decorative ice.

EXT. ICE HOTEL - MOTORCYCLE GARAGE - NIGHT

Sterling bursts through the ice wall into a heated garage containing several high-end motorcycles - including one with specialized heating elements designed for Arctic conditions.

He starts the heated motorcycle as security pours into the garage behind him.

The bike's heating system activates, melting the ice walls around the garage door.

STERLING (INTO EARPIECE)
Coming out hot! Be ready for
pickup!

He guns the engine and crashes through the rapidly melting ice wall.

EXT. ICE HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Sterling races across the frozen grounds on the heated motorcycle, leaving a trail of melted ice behind him. Security vehicles pursue, but the motorcycle's heating elements create treacherous conditions for followers.

Behind him, parts of the ice hotel begin to sag and crack from the heat damage.

Volkov watches from the hotel entrance.

VOLKOV
Clever. But not clever enough.

She speaks into a radio.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
All units, converge on extraction
coordinates. And prepare the backup
plan.

EXT. EXTRACTION POINT - NIGHT

Sterling reaches the helicopter where Siku and Chen wait with
engines running.

Sterling leaps off the motorcycle.

SIKU
Did you get what we need?

Sterling climbs into the helicopter.

STERLING
Twenty-four hours! She's
accelerated the timeline to twenty-
four hours!

CHEN
That's impossible!

STERLING
Not impossible. Just insane.

The helicopter lifts off as security vehicles arrive at their
previous position.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

As they fly away, Sterling looks back at the ice hotel, now
partially collapsed from the heating damage.

SIKU
You realize you just declared war
on one of the most powerful
pharmaceutical companies in the
world?

STERLING
Good. Let her know we're coming.

Chen monitors radio communications.

CHEN

I'm picking up encrypted transmissions. Multiple facilities reporting readiness status.

STERLING

How many?

CHEN

Six... no, eight separate locations. Thomas, she really is planning a coordinated global release.

Sterling's jaw tightens with determination.

STERLING

Then we'd better stop her before tomorrow night.

He turns to Siku.

STERLING (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

How fast can this helicopter get us to Franz Josef Land?

SIKU

Five hours if we push it. But we'll need fuel.

STERLING

Whatever it takes. Millions of lives are counting on the next twenty-four hours.

The helicopter disappears into the night sky.

EXT. ARCTIC OCEAN - DAY

Vast expanse of partially frozen sea stretches to the horizon. Ice floes drift like white islands on dark water. The landscape is desolate, beautiful, and utterly unforgiving.

Sterling's stolen helicopter flies low over the water, following satellite coordinates.

INT. HELICOPTER - MOVING - DAY

Sterling pilots with intense focus while Siku navigates and Chen monitors communication intercepts. All three show the strain of their 18-hour pursuit.

Chen checks equipment.

CHEN
I'm picking up encrypted
transmissions. High-frequency
bursts, military grade.

Siku studies charts.

SIKU (
Those coordinates should put us
right on top of the source.

Sterling checks his COMPASS watch.

STERLING
Twelve hours until global release.
We're cutting this close.

ARIA (V.O.) (THROUGH STERLING'S
EARPIECE)
Large metallic signature detected.
Bearing 047, distance 3.2
kilometers.

Sterling adjusts course. In the distance, a shape emerges
from behind a large ice floe.

STERLING
There. Do you see it?

EXT. ARCTIC OCEAN - VOLKOV'S ICEBREAKER - DAY

A massive, state-of-the-art icebreaker cuts through the ice
with brutal efficiency. The ship is painted in Arctic
camouflage and bears no national markings. Helicopter landing
pads, satellite arrays, and what appear to be missile systems
are visible on deck.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

SIKU
That's no research vessel. That's a
mobile command platform.

STERLING
And, our ticket to stopping Volkov.

He begins descending toward the ship.

CHEN

Thomas, that ship has enough
firepower to sink us before we get
close.

STERLING

Then we better not get detected.

He activates the helicopter's stealth systems - borrowed
technology from his CIA gear.

ARIA (V.O.)

Radar signature minimized.
Recommend approach from stern
quarter to avoid detection.

EXT. ICEBREAKER - STERN SECTION - DAY

Sterling brings the helicopter in low, using the ship's own
superstructure to mask their approach. The icebreaker
continues forward, unaware of the pursuing aircraft.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

STERLING

Siku, Chen - this is my
infiltration. You maintain position
and monitor communications.

SIKU

Absolutely not. I'm going with you.

STERLING

Someone needs to pilot extraction
if this goes wrong.

SIKU

And, someone needs to watch your
back in there.

CHEN

She's right, Thomas. You can't do
this alone.

Sterling looks at both of them, seeing the determination in
their eyes.

STERLING

Okay. But Chen stays with the
helicopter. We'll need fast
extraction.

CHEN
Understood.

Sterling and Siku check their gear - weapons, surveillance equipment, climbing apparatus.

STERLING (TO SIKU)
Stay close, follow my lead, and trust the AI guidance.

SIKU
What happened to trusting instincts over technology?

Sterling gives her a slight smile.

STERLING
Martin taught me to use whatever works.

EXT. ICEBREAKER - HELICOPTER DECK - DAY

Sterling rappels from the helicopter onto the ship's stern helipad. Siku follows immediately after. The helicopter immediately pulls away to maintain surveillance distance.

The ship's deck is surprisingly quiet - skeleton crew visible, most operations clearly happening below decks.

Sterling's ARIA system activates.

ARIA (V.O.)
Multiple heat signatures detected below deck. Recommend access via service hatch, section C-7.

Sterling and Siku move stealthily across the deck, avoiding the few crew members on watch.

INT. ICEBREAKER - SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

They descend through a maintenance hatch into the ship's interior. The corridors are more sophisticated than expected - this is clearly a high-tech mobile facility, not just a ship.

SIKU
This is military spec. Someone spent serious money on this conversion.

Sterling's equipment scans as they move through the corridors.

COMPASS (V.O.)
Laboratory facilities detected.
Level B-3, forward section.

They follow the AI guidance deeper into the ship.

INT. ICEBREAKER - LABORATORY LEVEL - DAY

Sterling and Siku emerge into a corridor lined with laboratory windows. Through the glass, they see sophisticated viral research equipment, centrifuges, and containment systems.

STERLING
It's a floating bioweapons lab.

In one lab, they see technicians in hazmat suits working with samples of the dark, ancient ice - Phoenix-7 in its raw form.

SIKU
How much do you think they have?

Sterling checks readings.

STERLING
Enough to infect every major city
on the planet.

They move past the laboratories toward what appears to be a production facility.

INT. ICEBREAKER - PRODUCTION FACILITY - DAY

A massive chamber filled with industrial equipment for mass-producing biological agents. Dozens of sealed containers marked with biohazard symbols are being loaded into missile-shaped delivery systems.

STERLING (INTO HIS EARPIECE)
Chen, are you getting this
telemetry?

CHEN (RADIO)
Copy. This is industrial-scale
production. Thomas, there are at
least fifty delivery systems in
there.

SIKU
Fifty cities?

STERLING

FIFTY COUNTRIES.

A voice speaks behind them - cultured, intelligent, completely calm.

VOLKOV (O.S.)
Actually, fifty-three countries.
We're quite thorough in our coverage.

They turn to see Volkov standing in the doorway, flanked by armed guards. She's dressed in elegant cold-weather gear and radiates complete confidence.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
Agent Sterling. You're quite persistent for a rookie.

Sterling's hand moves toward his weapon.

STERLING
Dr. Volkov. It's over. We know about your global release plan.

Volkov laughs.

VOLKOV
Over? Agent Sterling, you've accomplished exactly what I hoped you would.

STERLING
What do you mean?

VOLKOV
You've eliminated the only people who could identify Phoenix-7's source. Dr. Chen's research data died with the Svalbard station. Agent Martin's investigation ended when Kozlov killed him.

Sterling's face hardens at the mention of Martin.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)
And, now you've delivered Dr. Chen directly to me, along with yourself - the last witnesses to our Arctic operations.

SIKU

You're insane.

VOLKOV (TO SIKU)

I'm practical. Agent Sterling, did you really think a rookie on his first assignment could stop a plan twenty years in the making?

STERLING

Martin stopped you before. I'll stop you now.

VOLKOV

Martin is dead because he underestimated the scale of what we're accomplishing. You're about to make the same mistake.

She gestures to the production facility around them.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)

Look around you. This isn't just a weapons program - it's evolution in action. In twelve hours, 88% of humanity will begin the process of extinction. The remaining 12% will inherit a cleaner, more sustainable world.

STERLING

You're talking about genocide.

VOLKOV

I'm talking about survival of the fittest. Darwin's principle applied with scientific precision.

STERLING

Darwin never advocated for mass murder.

Volkov steps closer.

VOLKOV

Darwin described natural selection. I'm simply, accelerating the process.

Sterling studies her face, seeing the twisted idealism that drives her.

STERLING

What happened to you? What turned a brilliant scientist into a mass murderer?

For a moment, Volkov's composure cracks.

VOLKOV

I watched my family die from a preventable pandemic because pharmaceutical companies found it more profitable to let them perish than to provide affordable treatment.

Her voice carries real pain.

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I realized then that humanity's problem isn't disease - it's inferior genetics holding back the species' potential.

STERLING

So you decided to play God.

Volkov regains her composure.

VOLKOV

I decided to play evolution.

Kozlov appears in another doorway, his presence menacing.

KOZLOV

Elena, we should eliminate them now.

VOLKOV (TO STERLING)

You know, Agent Sterling, I'm curious. What did Agent Martin teach you about sacrifice?

STERLING

He taught me that some things are worth dying for.

VOLKOV

Good. Because you're about to test that theory.

She signals to Kozlov and the guards.

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Kill Captain Siku. Let Agent
Sterling watch his partner die the
way Martin did.

Sterling draws his weapon.

STERLING
Like hell!

Sterling and Siku instantly move into combat formation.
Sterling's ARIA system activates, providing tactical
analysis.

ARIA (V.O.)
Multiple hostiles. Recommend
dispersal pattern Alpha-7.

Sterling and Siku split up, using the production equipment as
cover. Gunfire erupts throughout the facility.

Sterling moves with new confidence, applying Martin's
training while his AI system provides enhanced targeting.

He takes down two guards with precise shots, then uses a lab
cart as mobile cover.

SIKU
Sterling! Kozlov's flanking left!

Sterling spins and fires just as Kozlov appears from behind a
centrifuge. The shot forces Kozlov back but doesn't hit him.

KOZLOV (TO VOLKOV)
The rookie's learned some tricks.

Volkov evacuates.

VOLKOV
Stop them! I won't let twenty years
of work be destroyed by children!

Sterling fights his way toward the ship's critical systems,
his goal clear.

STERLING (TO SIKU)
Cover me! I'm going for the
navigation systems!

SIKU
What's the plan?

STERLING

Disable the ship, trap them here,
give the world time to prepare
defenses!

He reaches a computer terminal and begins rapid data access.

COMPASS (V.O.)

Navigation systems located.
Uploading virus to disable GPS and
steering.

Sterling's fingers fly over the keyboard as bullets spark
around him.

Kozlov advancing on Sterling.

KOZLOV

End of the line, rookie!

Kozlov emerges with a large automatic weapon, clearly
intending to finish what he started with Martin.

Sterling dives behind equipment as Kozlov's gunfire destroys
computer monitors around him.

STERLING

Siku! Distraction, left side!

Siku immediately provides covering fire, forcing Kozlov to
split his attention.

Sterling uses the moment to complete his sabotage, uploading
a virus that will disable the ship's navigation and
communication systems.

COMPASS (V.O.)

Upload complete. Ship's navigation
compromised.

STERLING (TO SIKU)

Time to go!

They fight their way toward an exit as alarms begin blaring
throughout the ship.

INT. ICEBREAKER - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Sterling and Siku reach the engine room, pursued by Kozlov
and remaining guards. The massive engines throb with power,
creating a industrial battlefield.

Kozlov corners Sterling near the main engine housing.

KOZLOV
Your mentor died screaming, rookie.
You'll join him.

STERLING
My mentor died completing his
mission. I plan to do the same.

Sterling uses the engine noise to mask his movement, then attacks Kozlov directly. They fight hand-to-hand among the massive machinery.

Kozlov is stronger and more experienced, but Sterling is faster and more desperate. His ARIA system provides combat analysis, helping him anticipate Kozlov's moves.

ARIA (V.O.)
Opponent favors right-handed
strikes. Recommend counter-attack
sequence Beta-4.

Sterling follows the AI guidance, landing several solid hits on Kozlov.

KOZLOV
You fight better than your partner.

STERLING
I had a good teacher.

Sterling uses a pipe wrench as a weapon, forcing Kozlov back toward the engine housing.

But Kozlov recovers and slams Sterling against the hot engine casing. Sterling's thermal suit protects him, but the impact is stunning.

KOZLOV
This ends now!

Kozlov raises a knife for a killing blow.

Siku appears behind Kozlov.

SIKU
Not today!

She strikes Kozlov with a pipe, sending him stumbling toward the engine intake. Sterling quickly activates emergency intake systems.

Kozlov realizes his danger too late. He's pulled into the engine housing - not killed, but trapped and unconscious.

STERLING (TO SIKU)
Nice timing.

SIKU
That's what partners are for.

Sterling completes sabotaging the engine controls.

STERLING
Ship's dead in the water. Volkov's
trapped here for now.

SIKU
What about the global release?

Sterling checks his watch.

STERLING
Ten hours left. We've bought some
time, but not much.

They head for their extraction point.

EXT. ICEBREAKER - DECK - DAY

Sterling and Siku emerge onto the deck to find the ship
already listing slightly - Sterling's sabotage is working.
Chen's helicopter hovers nearby.

In the distance, Volkov stands on the bridge, speaking into a
radio. Even from here, her fury is evident.

Volkov stands across the deck.

VOLKOV
You've accomplished nothing,
Sterling! Phoenix-7 launches in ten
hours whether I'm here or not!

STERLING
Then, I guess I'll have to stop it
somewhere else!

Volkov's response is lost in the wind, but her expression
promises this isn't over.

Sterling and Siku rappel up to Chen's helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

As they fly away from the disabled icebreaker, Sterling
reviews the intelligence they've gathered.

CHEN

The ship's communications are down,
but she has other ways to
coordinate the release.

STERLING

How many other facilities?

CHEN

At least seven that we identified.
But there's something else.

STERLING

What?

CHEN

The primary control facility. All
the others are just delivery
points. There's a master control
station that coordinates
everything.

STERLING

Where?

CHEN

Franz Josef Land. The iceberg
fortress we detected earlier.

SIKU

That's her real base of operations.

Sterling stares at the horizon where their target lies.

STERLING

Then that's where we end this.

SIKU

Thomas, we're three people against
a fortified position with no
backup.

STERLING

Those are better odds than Martin
had.

He activates his remaining communication equipment.

STERLING (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Chen, can you broadcast a warning
to international authorities about
the other facilities?

CHEN

I can try, but without official CIA backing...

STERLING

Do it anyway. Warn everyone you can about the ten-hour deadline.

He turns to Siku.

STERLING (CONT'D)

How long to reach Franz Josef Land?

SIKU

Three hours. But Sterling, even if we stop the master control, some of those facilities might launch independently.

STERLING

Then we better make sure we stop them all.

The helicopter flies away, as the disabled icebreaker grows smaller behind them.

EXT. REMOTE ARCTIC RESEARCH CABIN - TWILIGHT

A small, weathered research cabin sits in a sheltered valley, hidden from satellite surveillance by natural rock formations. Smoke rises from the chimney, and warm light glows from frost-covered windows.

The stolen helicopter sits nearby, camouflaged under Arctic netting.

INT. RESEARCH CABIN - NIGHT

The interior is spartanly functional but warm. A stone fireplace crackles with burning wood, casting dancing shadows on log walls. Basic furniture, scientific equipment, and emergency supplies fill the single room.

Sterling sits on a rough wooden chair near the fire, methodically cleaning his weapons. His movements are precise but mechanical - the routine of a soldier processing trauma.

Chen sleeps in a corner bunk, exhausted from their ordeal. Siku stands by the window, keeping watch.

Siku whispers, not to wake Chen.

SIKU

How long since you've slept?

Sterling doesn't look up from his weapon.

STERLING

Sleep's a luxury we can't afford.
Eight hours until global release.

SIKU

Eight hours until you collapse from
exhaustion.

Sterling sets down his weapon and finally looks at her. His eyes show the strain of leadership, the weight of millions of lives, and the haunting memory of Martin's death.

STERLING

I can't stop thinking about Martin.
About all the things I should have
done differently.

Siku moves away from the window and sits across from him.

SIKU

You saved Chen's life. You disabled
Volkov's command ship. You've
warned international authorities.

STERLING

But, Martin's still dead.

SIKU

Yes. He is.

Her directness catches him off guard.

SIKU (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

And, you can spend the next eight
hours torturing yourself about
that, or you can honor his
sacrifice by finishing what he
started.

STERLING

How do you make it look so easy? The decisions, the
leadership, the responsibility for other people's lives?

Siku moves her chair closer.

SIKU

Who said it was easy?

She reaches out and gently touches the bandage on his arm where she'd treated his wound earlier.

SIKU (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
In Afghanistan, I lost my entire squad in an IED attack. I was the ranking survivor, suddenly responsible for coordinating rescue operations while our base was under fire.

STERLING
How did you handle it?

SIKU
I didn't. Not well, anyway. I made mistakes, second-guessed myself, nearly got more people killed because I was paralyzed by fear of making the wrong choice.

She stands and moves toward the fire, her silhouette beautiful in the flickering light.

SIKU (CONT'D)
But my CO told me something that changed everything. He said, Leadership isn't about making perfect decisions. It's about making necessary decisions and living with the consequences.

STERLING
And, that helped?

Siku turns back to him.

SIKU
It helped me understand that the alternative to making hard choices isn't safety - it's letting other people suffer because you were too afraid to act.

Sterling considers this, then winces as he moves his injured shoulder.

SIKU (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You're hurt worse than you let on.

STERLING
It's nothing.

SIKU

Let me see.

She approaches him, and he reluctantly removes his shirt. His shoulder shows bruising and strain from their recent battles.

SIKU (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

This needs attention.

She retrieves the medical kit and begins examining his shoulder, her touch professional but gentle. The intimacy of the moment creates tension between them.

SIKU (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You know, when I first saw you at the airstrip, I thought you were just another rookie who'd get himself killed in the first week.

STERLING

What changed your mind?

SIKU

The way you went back for Chen on the ice. Most rookies would have followed orders and saved themselves.

Her hands work on his shoulder, cleaning and rebandaging the wound. Their faces are close in the firelight.

SIKU (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Martin saw something in you. I see it too.

STERLING

What do you see?

Siku meets his eyes.

SIKU

Someone who doesn't quit. Someone who fights for people he barely knows because it's the right thing to do.

The moment stretches between them. Sterling feels drawn to her strength, her warmth, her unwavering support.

STERLING

Naia... if we don't stop Volkov tomorrow...

SIKU
We will stop her.

STERLING

BUT, IF WE DON'T—

Siku places her finger on his lips.

SIKU
Then, we'll have tried everything
we could. No one can ask for more
than that.

She's still treating his wound, but now they're looking
directly into each other's eyes.

STERLING
I've never been responsible for
anything this important before.

SIKU
You're not responsible alone. We're
in this together.

STERLING
Why? Why are you risking everything
for this mission? For me?

Siku pauses in her work, considering the question.

SIKU
Because some fights are worth
having. And some people are worth
fighting for.

The implications of her words hang in the air between them.

STERLING
Naia...

SIKU
Thomas, you don't have to carry
this burden by yourself.

She's finished with his wound but hasn't moved away. They're
sitting close, her hands still resting on his shoulder.

STERLING
What happens after tomorrow?
Assuming we survive?

SIKU

I don't know. I've learned not to plan too far ahead in this line of work.

STERLING

Maybe that's wise.

Their faces are inches apart now. The fire crackles behind them, casting warm light over their intimate conversation.

SIKU (CONT'D)

Thomas, whatever happens tomorrow, I want you to know...

STERLING

What?

SIKU

You're not the same person who landed at that airstrip. You've become someone Martin would be proud of.

The emotional weight of her words breaks down Sterling's last defenses. He reaches up and gently touches her face.

STERLING

I couldn't have done any of this without you.

SIKU

Yes, you could have. But I'm glad you didn't have to.

They move closer, the tension that's been building between them finally reaching its crescendo.

STERLING

Are you sure about this?

SIKU

I'm sure about you.

They kiss - tentatively at first, then with growing passion. The kiss deepens as they hold each other, finding comfort and connection amid the danger surrounding them.

Sterling pulls back slightly, studying her face in the firelight.

STERLING

I've wanted this since that night under the Northern Lights.

SIKU
I know. So have I.

She kisses him again, more urgently this time. They stand together, their embrace becoming more intimate as they move away from the fire toward a quiet corner of the cabin.

Siku pulls back, between kisses.

SIKU (CONT'D)
Thomas, are you sure?

Sterling holds her face gently.

STERLING
I've never been more sure of anything.

They come together with the passion of two people who've faced death together and found life in each other's arms. Their connection is both physical and deeply emotional - a joining of two souls who've discovered something worth fighting for beyond duty or mission.

FADE TO BLACK as snow begins to fall outside the cabin windows.

TIME CUT - LATER

The fire has burned low. Sterling and Siku lie together, wrapped in blankets near the dying embers. The intimacy of their position suggests their relationship has fundamentally changed.

Siku traces patterns on Sterling's chest as he stares thoughtfully at the ceiling.

SIKU
What are you thinking about?

STERLING
Tomorrow. The mission. How different everything feels now.

SIKU
Different how?

STERLING
Before tonight, I was fighting because it was my job. Because I wanted to honor Martin's sacrifice.

SIKU
And now?

Sterling turns to look at her.

STERLING

Now I'm fighting because I have
something to come back to.

She smiles and kisses his shoulder.

SIKU

That's a dangerous way to think in
this business.

STERLING

Maybe. But it's also motivating.

SIKU

Thomas, about tomorrow...

STERLING

I know. I know the odds. I know
what we're walking into.

SIKU

Just, promise me you won't take
unnecessary risks trying to be a
hero.

STERLING

I promise I'll do whatever it takes
to stop Volkov and come back to
you.

SIKU

That's all I can ask for.

They hold each other as the fire dies to glowing coals, both
knowing that tomorrow will test everything they've found
together.

EXT. RESEARCH CABIN - DAWN

The first light of dawn breaks over the Arctic landscape.
Snow has covered their tracks from the night before, and the
world appears pristine and peaceful.

INT. RESEARCH CABIN - DAWN

Sterling wakes to find Siku already up, preparing equipment
and checking weapons. Chen is awake, reviewing satellite
communications.

Chen looks up from his equipment.

CHEN

Good morning. I've been monitoring transmissions all night.

Sterling gets dressed.

STERLING

What's the status?

CHEN

Mixed news. Some international authorities are taking our warnings seriously, but Volkov's other facilities are still operational.

Sterling moves to Siku, who's checking her gear with military precision.

STERLING (TO SIKU)

Good morning.

Siku smiles.

SIKU

Good morning yourself.

She hands him a cup of coffee, and their fingers touch briefly - an intimate moment that speaks to their new connection.

SIKU (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Weather conditions are optimal for the final approach. If we're going to do this, now's the time.

STERLING

Then let's finish what we started.

He looks at both of them - his team, his friends, his family now.

STERLING (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Whatever happens at that fortress, I want you both to know... working with you has been the honor of my life.

CHEN

The feeling's mutual.

Sterling and Siku's eyes meet meaningfully.

SIKU

Let's go save the world.

They gather their equipment and prepare to leave the cabin - and the safety they've found there - for the final confrontation.

EXT. RESEARCH CABIN - DAY

The three figures emerge from the cabin and walk toward their helicopter. Their movements are purposeful, determined.

Sterling takes one last look back at the cabin where he and Siku found each other, then turns toward their aircraft and the mission that awaits.

The helicopter engines start, and they lift off into the Arctic morning.

EXT. ARCTIC OCEAN - APPROACHING FRANZ JOSEF LAND - DAY

The helicopter flies low over increasingly treacherous ice formations. Massive icebergs drift like frozen mountains, some reaching hundreds of feet into the air.

Sterling pilots with intense focus while monitoring his instruments.

INT. HELICOPTER - MOVING - DAY

Chen checks communication equipment.

CHEN

I'm detecting massive
electromagnetic activity dead
ahead. Whatever's out there, it's
running serious power.

Siku studies satellite images.

SIKU

According to these coordinates, we
should be right on top of it.

Sterling scans the horizon.

STERLING

I don't see anything but ice.

His COMPASS watch suddenly activates with urgent alerts.

COMPASS (V.O.)

Warning: Massive metallic structure
detected. Subsurface analysis
indicates artificial construction.

Sterling checks his readings, confused.

STERLING (CONT'D)

That's impossible. There's nothing
here but...

He looks more carefully at the largest iceberg in their path
- a massive formation that rises over 300 feet from the
water.

ARIA (V.O.)

Recommend detailed structural
analysis of primary iceberg
formation.

Sterling activates his suit's advanced sensors, and the truth
becomes clear.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

SIKU

What is it?

STERLING

That's not an iceberg. It's a
fortress.

EXT. VOLKOV'S ICEBERG FORTRESS - DAY

As they circle the massive ice formation, subtle details
become visible: concealed air vents, camouflaged antenna
arrays, and what appears to be a helicopter landing platform
carved into the ice.

The structure is a masterpiece of engineering and concealment
- a multi-level fortress completely hidden within what
appears to be a natural iceberg.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CHEN

How long would it take to build
something like that?

SIKU

Years. This isn't just a base -
it's a completely self-contained
facility.

Sterling circles the fortress, his equipment scanning for
weaknesses.

ARIA (V.O.)

Structure analysis complete.
Fortress extends approximately 400
meters below waterline. Multiple
levels detected, including what
appears to be a missile launch
facility.

STERLING

Missile launch facility?

COMPASS (V.O.)

Confirming: Twelve vertical launch
tubes detected. All showing active
readiness status.

STERLING (CONT'D)

She's not just planning to release
Phoenix-7. She's planning to launch
it globally from here.

CHEN

Twelve missiles could hit every
major population center
simultaneously.

SIKU

We need to get inside and stop
those launches.

Sterling continues his reconnaissance, looking for entry
points.

STERLING

There - underwater access port.
About fifty meters down on the
eastern face.

SIKU

That's beneath the ice line. Water
temperature will be lethal within
minutes.

STERLING

My thermal suit can handle it.

SIKU
For how long?

ARIA (V.O.)
Maximum safe diving time in current
conditions: 8 minutes, 30 seconds.

STERLING
Long enough.

He begins preparing his gear for underwater infiltration.

CHEN
Thomas, this is suicide. Even if
you get inside, how do you plan to
stop twelve missile launches?

Sterling checks his equipment.

STERLING
One step at a time, Doc.

Siku grabs his arm.

SIKU
There has to be another way.

Sterling meets her eyes.

STERLING
There isn't. And you know it.

STERLING (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Siku, I need you and Chen to
maintain position here. Monitor
communications, provide
surveillance, and if this goes
wrong...

SIKU
It won't go wrong.

STERLING
If it goes wrong, get word to
international authorities about the
other facilities. Make sure the
world is warned.

Siku touches his face.

SIKU
Come back to me.

STERLING

I plan to.

They kiss - brief but meaningful, carrying the weight of everything they've shared and everything they might lose.

EXT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - UNDERWATER ACCESS - DAY

Sterling rappels from the helicopter into the frigid Arctic water. His thermal suit immediately activates full environmental protection.

ARIA (V.O.)

Suit integrity optimal. Beginning descent to access point.

The water is crystal clear but brutally cold. Sterling swims downward, following his AI guidance toward the concealed entrance.

ARIA (V.O. CONT'D)

Access point located. Depth: 47 meters. Oxygen reserves: 7 minutes, 45 seconds.

Sterling reaches a sophisticated airlock system built into the ice. The engineering is remarkable - Volkov has created a fully functional underwater entry point.

He interfaces his equipment with the airlock controls.

COMPASS (V.O.)

Security system identified. Attempting bypass.

The airlock cycles, and Sterling is pulled into the fortress's entry chamber.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - AIRLOCK CHAMBER - DAY

Sterling emerges from the water into a high-tech decontamination chamber. Warm air circulates as his suit's systems adjust to the new environment.

ARIA (V.O.)

Environmental conditions stable. Fortress interior temperature: 68°F.

The chamber opens into a corridor carved from ice but reinforced with metal supports and lined with sophisticated lighting systems.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Sterling moves stealthily through corridors that defy belief. The fortress is a marvel of engineering - multiple levels carved into the iceberg, connected by elevators and staircases, all completely hidden from outside detection.

His equipment provides navigation guidance.

COMPASS (V.O.)

Multiple facility levels detected.
Recommend reconnaissance of Level
C-3: Primary operations center.

Sterling follows the guidance, moving deeper into the fortress.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Sterling reaches a vast chamber that serves as the fortress's nerve center. Multiple computer stations monitor global communications, track satellite movements, and coordinate the worldwide Phoenix-7 operation.

But what catches his attention are the missile launch tubes - twelve massive vertical shafts that extend upward through the heart of the iceberg.

Each tube contains a sleek missile topped with biological weapon delivery systems.

STERLING (INTO HIS EARPIECE)

Siku, Chen - I'm inside. Twelve
missiles, all armed and ready for
launch.

CHEN (RADIO)

What's the countdown status?

Sterling examines the launch control systems.

Sterling reads the display.

STERLING

Four hours, thirty-seven minutes
until synchronized global launch.

SIKU (RADIO)

Can you disarm them?

Sterling studies the complex control systems.

COMPASS (V.O.)

Missile guidance systems protected
by quantum encryption. Disarmament
requires administrative access
codes.

STERLING

Negative. I need Volkov's access
codes.

He continues his reconnaissance, moving toward what appears
to be a laboratory complex.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - RESEARCH LABORATORY - DAY

Sterling enters a sophisticated research facility that
surpasses anything he's seen before. The laboratory contains
advanced viral research equipment, massive storage tanks, and
production facilities.

But what horrifies him most are the storage units lining one
wall - hundreds of sealed vials containing antidote to
Phoenix-7.

STERLING (INTO EARPIECE)

I've found Volkov's antidote
stockpile. Hundreds of doses.

CHEN (RADIO)

How many people could that save?

Sterling does quick calculations.

STERLING

Maybe ten thousand. Out of seven
billion.

SIKU (RADIO)

She really is planning to save only
the "genetically superior."

Sterling photographs everything, documenting the scope of
Volkov's operation.

STERLING

I'm planting charges throughout the
facility. If I can't stop the
launch, I can at least destroy the
antidote production.

He begins placing explosive charges from his equipment pack.

ARIA (V.O.)
Warning: Multiple heat signatures
approaching. Recommend immediate
concealment.

Sterling quickly hides behind laboratory equipment as armed
guards enter the facility.

GUARD LEADER (INTO RADIO)
Perimeter sweep complete. No sign
of infiltration.

The guards move through the laboratory, conducting routine
security checks. Sterling remains hidden, counting the
seconds until they leave.

But one guard notices disturbance near the equipment Sterling
has been examining.

GUARD #2
Captain, someone's been here
recently. These terminals have been
accessed.

GUARD LEADER (INTO RADIO)
Control, initiate security
lockdown. We have possible
infiltration.

Alarms begin blaring throughout the fortress. Sterling's
cover is blown.

ARIA (V.O.)
Facility lockdown initiated.
Multiple hostile forces converging
on your position.

Sterling makes a run for the laboratory exit, but guards
appear from multiple directions.

GUARD LEADER (CONT'D)
Stop! Hands where we can see them!

Sterling raises his hands, assessing his options. His weapon
is drawn, but he's outnumbered six to one.

Viktor Kozlov enters the laboratory, his face showing the
bruises from their previous encounter but his eyes burning
with anticipation of revenge.

KOZLOV
Agent Thomas Sterling. We meet
again.

STERLING

Kozlov. I thought I left you
trapped in that engine room.

KOZLOV

I'm harder to kill than your mentor
was.

Sterling's jaw tightens at the mention of Martin.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)

Dr. Volkov is very interested in
speaking with you. She has
questions about your...
persistence.

STERLING

I'm sure she does.

KOZLOV

Remove his weapons and equipment.
But be careful - this one has
proven more resourceful than
expected.

The guards disarm Sterling, confiscating his weapons and
communication gear. However, they miss the small explosive
charges he's already planted throughout the facility.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)

Doctor Volkov is waiting for you in
her private laboratory. She's eager
to demonstrate the full scope of
what you've been trying to stop.

As they escort Sterling through the fortress, he mentally
notes the layout, counting exits and estimating the positions
of his planted charges.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - VOLKOV'S PRIVATE LABORATORY - DAY

Sterling is brought into an elegant laboratory that serves as
Volkov's personal workspace. The room combines cutting-edge
scientific equipment with sophisticated living quarters.

DR. ELENA VOLKOV stands before a large display showing a
world map marked with target cities. She's dressed in an
elegant lab coat, and her demeanor radiates calm confidence.

VOLKOV

Agent Sterling. Welcome to my
life's work.

STERLING

Impressive. I especially like the part where you murder billions of innocent people.

Volkov turns to face him.

VOLKOV

Innocent? Agent Sterling, are you familiar with the concept of genetic debt?

STERLING

Enlighten me.

VOLKOV

Every generation that survives with inferior genetics weakens the overall human gene pool. We've spent centuries using medicine and technology to keep alive people who would naturally perish.

She moves to another display showing genetic analysis data.

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Phoenix-7 simply corrects that imbalance. The 12% who survive will be stronger, smarter, more resilient. They'll build a better world.

STERLING

You're talking about genocide.

VOLKOV

I'm talking about evolution guided by intelligence rather than left to random chance.

She activates a control that shows the status of her global operation.

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

In four hours, twelve missiles will launch simultaneously from this facility. Each contains enough Phoenix-7 to infect entire continents.

STERLING

And. you'll be safe down here with your antidote.

VOLKOV

Not just me. Ten thousand carefully selected individuals around the world have already received the antidote. Scientists, artists, philosophers, leaders - the best humanity has to offer.

STERLING

Selected by you.

VOLKOV

Selected by genetic analysis and intellectual assessment. Merit-based survival, Agent Sterling.

She walks closer to him, studying his face.

VOLKOV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You know, your genetic profile is quite interesting. You actually qualify for survival under our parameters.

STERLING

Lucky me.

VOLKOV

I'm serious. Join us, Agent Sterling. Help build the new world. Your skills, your intelligence - they're exactly what the surviving population will need.

STERLING

And, all I have to do is watch you murder seven billion people.

VOLKOV

You'll be saving the human species.

STERLING

I'll be stopping a madwoman.

Volkov's expression hardens.

VOLKOV

I was hoping you'd be reasonable. Kozlov, escort Agent Sterling to detention. We'll give him some time to reconsider his position.

KOZLOV

With pleasure.

As Kozlov moves to take Sterling away, Volkov adds one final revelation.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)

Oh, Agent Sterling? You should know
- Phoenix-7 has already been tested
in several locations. Small-scale
releases to confirm effectiveness.

Sterling stops, horrified.

STERLING

Where?

VOLKOV

Rural communities in three
countries. The results were,
educational. Phoenix-7 works
exactly as designed.

STERLING

You're already murdering people.

VOLKOV

I'm conducting necessary field
tests. Science requires empirical
evidence.

Sterling stares at her, seeing the complete absence of
humanity in her eyes.

STERLING

You're insane.

VOLKOV

I'm practical. In four hours,
you'll understand the necessity of
what we're accomplishing.

Kozlov and the guards escort Sterling toward the detention
area.

Volkov calls after him.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)

Agent Sterling! When the new world
begins, remember - you had the
opportunity to be part of it!

As Sterling is led away, Volkov, returns to her control
systems with complete calm, preparing for the global launch
that will reshape humanity forever.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - DETENTION CELL - DAY

Sterling sits in a stark holding cell carved from ice and reinforced with metal bars. The cell is sophisticated but clearly designed to be escape-proof.

He examines the lock mechanism while his captors believe him defeated.

ARIA (V.O.) (THROUGH STERLING'S
EARPIECE)

Lock system analysis complete.
Electromagnetic pulse could disable
security protocols.

Sterling checks his remaining equipment. The guards confiscated his obvious gear but missed the small emergency device built into his watch band.

STERLING (TO HIS EARPIECE)

Siku, Chen, do you copy?

SIKU (RADIO)

Thomas! We've been trying to reach
you for twenty minutes!

STERLING (WHISPERING)

I'm in detention, Level B-2.
Volkov's launching in under four
hours. Twelve missiles, global
coverage.

CHEN (RADIO)

Can you stop the launch?

STERLING

Working on it. I've planted charges
throughout the facility, but I need
to reach the control room.

SIKU (RADIO)

We're going to create a
distraction. External attack on the
fortress superstructure.

STERLING

Negative. Too dangerous. This whole
structure could collapse.

SIKU (RADIO)

That's the idea. If we can
destabilize the fortress while you
stop the launch...

STERLING
Siku, you could bring the whole
iceberg down.

SIKU (RADIO)
Better than letting Phoenix-7
launch.

Sterling realizes she's right. Sometimes the only way to win
is to risk everything.

STERLING
Okay. Give me five minutes to break
out, then hit the upper levels.

He activates the electromagnetic pulse device.

The lights flicker, and his cell door unlocks with a soft
click.

STERLING (CONT'D) (INTO EARPIECE)
I'm out. Beginning assault on
control room.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Sterling moves stealthily through the corridors, but without
his full equipment loadout, he must rely more on Martin's
training and his own developing instincts.

ARIA (V.O.)
Control room located: Level A-1,
central tower. Multiple security
checkpoints detected.

Sterling approaches the first security checkpoint - two
guards manning a reinforced position.

He studies their positions, then creates a distraction by
activating one of his planted charges in a distant section of
the fortress.

The explosion echoes through the complex. The guards
immediately move to investigate.

GUARD #1 (INTO RADIO)
Explosion in sector C-7! All units
respond!

Sterling slips past the abandoned checkpoint and continues
toward the control room.

EXT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - DAY

Siku pilots the helicopter in a dangerous low approach while Chen operates a commandeered military rifle from the aircraft.

SIKU (INTO RADIO)
Chen, target the upper antenna arrays. If we can disrupt their communications...

Chen fires.

CHEN
Got it!

Explosions erupt across the top of the iceberg as they systematically destroy Volkov's external communications equipment.

The fortress immediately responds with defensive fire - concealed weapons systems emerge from the ice.

Siku evades gunfire.

SIKU (CONT'D)
This place is armed like a battleship!

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - CONTROL ROOM APPROACH - DAY

Sterling reaches the final approach to the control room but finds his path blocked by Kozlov and four heavily armed guards.

KOZLOV
Agent Sterling. I was hoping you'd find your way here.

STERLING
Kozlov. Ready for round three?

KOZLOV
This time, there's no engine room to hide behind. No clever escapes.

The guards spread out, boxing Sterling in. But Sterling has learned to think tactically under pressure.

STERLING
You're right. This time, I'm not running.

Sterling activates another of his planted charges - this one much closer, in the level directly below them.

The explosion rocks the entire section. Ice and debris rain down as the fortress structure groans under the strain.

In the chaos, Sterling attacks.

He takes down two guards with precise strikes, using their own weapons against them. His combat skills have evolved dramatically since Martin's death.

Kozlov engages Sterling directly while the remaining guards provide support.

KOZLOV

You fight better than your mentor!

Sterling deflects Kozlov's attack.

STERLING

I had a good teacher!

They battle through the corridor as more explosions rock the fortress - both Sterling's charges and Siku's external attack taking their toll.

EXT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter's attack has caused visible damage. Large chunks of ice break away from the fortress's outer shell, revealing the metal superstructure beneath.

SIKU (INTO RADIO)

Thomas! The whole structure is destabilizing! We're seeing major structural damage!

Chen points.

CHEN

Look! The fortress is separating from the main iceberg!

The fortress section is beginning to break away from the larger ice formation - Volkov's base is becoming a floating island.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - CONTROL ROOM CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The battle between Sterling and Kozlov intensifies as the fortress structure becomes increasingly unstable.

Water begins seeping through cracks in the ice walls.

Kozlov steps back breathing heavily.

KOZLOV

This fortress will be your tomb,
Sterling!

Sterling is equally winded.

STERLING

Not today!

Sterling uses the unstable environment to his advantage,
causing Kozlov to lose his footing on the tilting floor.

He lands a solid hit that sends Kozlov crashing into a wall.

But Kozlov recovers and pulls out a knife.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)

Time to join your partner!

Kozlov lunges with the knife. Sterling barely dodges, and
they crash through a weakened section of wall.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - ICE BRIDGE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

They fall into a vast chamber where a narrow ice bridge spans
a deep crevasse that leads down to the dark Arctic waters far
below.

The chamber is magnificent but terrifying - a natural
cathedral of ice now cracking under the stress of the
fortress's destruction.

Sterling and Kozlov face each other on the narrow bridge.

KOZLOV

Nowhere to run now, rookie.

STERLING

I'm not a rookie anymore.

They fight on the narrow bridge, with death waiting below.
Each move must be precise, calculated.

Sterling has truly internalized Martin's lessons. His
movements are fluid, confident, deadly.

ARIA (V.O.) (THROUGH HIS EARPIECE)
Structural integrity of bridge
compromised. Recommend immediate
extraction.

But Sterling can't leave Kozlov free to interfere with
stopping the missile launch.

The fight continues as cracks appear in the ice bridge
beneath their feet.

Kozlov makes a desperate lunge, trying to push Sterling off
the bridge.

Sterling sidesteps and uses Kozlov's momentum against him.

Kozlov goes over the edge, catching himself by his
fingertips.

Kozlov hangs from the bridge.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)
Help me up! I have information
about other Phoenix-7 sites!

Sterling looks down at the man who killed his mentor.

STERLING
Martin sends his regards.

Sterling steps on Kozlov's fingers. With a scream, Kozlov
falls into the dark water far below.

Sterling doesn't watch him disappear. He immediately heads
for the control room.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - MISSILE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Sterling bursts into the fortress's nerve center to find
Volkov at the main control console. The room is filled with
screens showing global targets and launch preparations.

Volkov doesn't look up.

VOLKOV
You're too late, Agent Sterling.

She activates a sequence that begins the final launch
countdown.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Global Phoenix deployment
initiating. Missile launch in T-
minus sixty seconds.

STERLING
Step away from the controls!

Volkov turns to face him.

VOLKOV
Even if you kill me, the launch is
automated now. Phoenix-7 will still
deploy globally.

Sterling studies the complex control systems.

COMPASS (V.O.)
Missile guidance systems accepting
manual override. Recommend
immediate targeting adjustment.

STERLING
Maybe I can't stop the launch, but
I can change where those missiles
go.

He dives for the control console. Volkov tries to stop him,
but Sterling pushes her aside and begins frantically
retargeting the missiles.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)
T-minus thirty seconds to launch.

Sterling's fingers fly over the controls, redirecting each
missile away from populated areas.

VOLKOV
You're destroying twenty years of
work!

STERLING
Good.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)
T-minus ten seconds.

Sterling completes the retargeting just as the launch
sequence initiates.

EXT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - MISSILE LAUNCH - DAY

Twelve missiles burst from concealed silos within the iceberg, rising on pillars of flame and vapor.

But instead of heading toward major cities, they arc out over the empty Arctic Ocean.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sterling triggers his remaining planted charges simultaneously.

Explosions rock the fortress from multiple levels. The iceberg structure begins to collapse catastrophically.

Water pours in from multiple breaches.

VOLKOV

You've doomed humanity! Those missiles contained the cure for dozens of diseases!

STERLING

Those missiles contained genocide!

The control room floor tilts at a dangerous angle as the fortress loses structural integrity.

Volkov makes one last desperate attempt to salvage her work, trying to reach a backup control station.

The floor gives way beneath her.

Volkov falls.

VOLKOV

The Phoenix will rise again!

She disappears into the flooding lower levels of the collapsing fortress.

Sterling activates his emergency beacon.

STERLING (INTO EARPIECE)

Siku! Emergency extraction! The whole structure is coming down!

SIKU (RADIO)

On our way! Get to the surface!

Sterling fights his way through the collapsing facility as water and debris crash around him.

INT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - ESCAPE ROUTE - DAY

Sterling navigates through corridors that are rapidly filling with water. His thermal suit provides buoyancy and protection, but the structure is disintegrating around him.

ARIA (V.O.)
Multiple escape routes blocked.
Recommend emergency ascent through
missile silo seven.

Sterling changes direction, heading for one of the now-empty missile launch tubes.

INT. MISSILE SILO - DAY

Sterling climbs rapidly up the vertical launch tube, using the maintenance ladder as the fortress collapses below him.

Water rushes up the tube behind him, threatening to drown him even as he climbs toward freedom.

EXT. ICEBERG FORTRESS - SURFACE - DAY

Sterling emerges from the missile silo just as Siku's helicopter arrives overhead.

The fortress is in complete collapse - huge sections of ice breaking away and sliding into the ocean.

Siku drops a rescue line just as the section Sterling is standing on tilts dangerously.

SIKU
Grab the line!

Sterling catches the rescue line and clips in just as his footing gives way completely.

The helicopter pulls him clear as the iceberg fortress breaks apart and sinks into the Arctic Ocean.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Sterling is pulled into the aircraft, soaked and exhausted but alive.

Siku immediately embraces him.

SIKU
Are you hurt?

Sterling catches his breath.

STERLING
Kozlov's dead. Volkov's dead. The
missiles are down.

Chen monitors communications.

CHEN
Thomas, I'm picking up reports from
around the world. The missiles you
redirected are splashing down in
empty ocean.

STERLING
What about the other facilities?

CHEN
International authorities are
moving on all known locations. Your
warning got through.

Sterling slumps back, the adrenaline finally wearing off.

STERLING
Is it over?

Siku touches his face.

SIKU
It's over.

Sterling looks out at the Arctic Ocean where Volkov's
fortress has completely disappeared beneath the waves.

STERLING
Martin would have been proud.

SIKU
He was proud. That's why he chose
you as his partner.

EXT. ARCTIC OCEAN - DAY

The helicopter flies away from the destruction site as chunks
of ice continue to bob in the water.

In the distance, emergency response vessels approach to deal
with any remaining contamination.

EXT. NORWEGIAN COAST - RESCUE VESSEL - DAY

A Norwegian Coast Guard vessel cuts through the Arctic waters. Sterling, Siku, and Chen stand on deck, wrapped in thermal blankets, watching as emergency response teams coordinate the cleanup operation.

Multiple vessels and aircraft work to contain any remaining biological contamination from the destroyed fortress.

NORWEGIAN COAST GUARD CAPTAIN (50s, authoritative but kind)

CAPTAIN

The water samples are coming back clean. Whatever was in that facility, it's been neutralized by the salt water and cold.

CHEN

Phoenix-7 can't survive in that environment. We got lucky.

Sterling stares at the horizon where Volkov's fortress disappeared.

STERLING

Millions of people will never know how close they came.

Siku touches Sterling's arm.

SIKU

Maybe that's for the best.

A Coast Guard communications officer approaches.

COMMS OFFICER

Agent Sterling? Urgent communication from CIA Headquarters.

Sterling exchanges glances with Siku and Chen.

STERLING

I'll take it.

INT. COAST GUARD VESSEL - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Sterling sits before a secure video link. Director Reynolds appears on screen, his expression serious but pleased.

REYNOLDS

Agent Sterling. Congratulations.
The President has personally
commended your actions.

STERLING

Thank you, sir. But I couldn't have
done it without my team.

REYNOLDS

Which brings me to why I'm calling.
The Agency is restructuring
operations based on the success of
your Arctic.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Captain Siku has been offered a
permanent position heading NATO's
new Arctic Threat Assessment
Division. Dr. Chen will be leading
WHO's Biological Weapons Detection
Program.

STERLING

And my team?

REYNOLDS

Is being reassigned. Sterling,
you've proven yourself under the
most extreme circumstances. You're
being promoted to Senior Field
Agent.

STERLING

Sir, I'd prefer to keep working
with—

Reynolds interrupts.

REYNOLDS

However, given that you did disobey
direct orders during the mission,
you'll remain on operational
probation for the next six months.

STERLING

Sir.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

You'll be reporting directly to our
new Director of Operations,
Director Marshall. He'll be
overseeing your next assignment
personally.

STERLING
New director?

REYNOLDS
James Marshall. Twenty-year
veteran, excellent record. He
specifically requested to work with
you after reviewing your Arctic
operation.

Sterling nods, though he looks uncertain about the changes.

STERLING
When do I meet him?

REYNOLDS
Upon your return to Langley.
Sterling, this is a good thing.
You've earned recognition, but you
also need seasoned guidance.

EXT. COAST GUARD VESSEL - DECK - DAY

Sterling emerges to find Siku and Chen waiting anxiously.

CHEN
Well? Are we in trouble?

Sterling forces a smile.

STERLING
Actually, we're all being promoted.
And reassigned.

The mood shifts as the implications sink in.

SIKU
Reassigned separately?

STERLING
NATO wants you to head their Arctic
division. Chen, WHO wants you
running their bio-weapons program.

CHEN
And you?

STERLING
Senior Agent. But I'm staying with
the CIA. Under a new director.

An uncomfortable silence falls over the group.

SIKU

So this is where we part ways.

STERLING

For now. Maybe our paths will cross again.

They embrace, the bond they've formed evident despite the professional separation.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - VIRGINIA - DAY (ONE WEEK LATER)

A memorial service is in progress at the CIA's memorial wall. Dozens of Agency personnel stand in dress uniforms as Director Reynolds speaks at a podium.

REYNOLDS

Agent David Martin exemplified the finest traditions of intelligence service. His sacrifice in the line of duty saved countless lives and upheld the values we swear to defend.

Sterling stands at attention in the front row, wearing his dress uniform with new Senior Agent insignia. He stands alone - Siku and Chen have already departed for their new assignments.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Agent Martin's final mission report, filed posthumously by Agent Sterling, demonstrates the kind of courage and dedication that defines this agency.

Sterling steps forward and places Martin's service medal on the memorial wall alongside other fallen agents.

STERLING

Mission accomplished, partner.
Don't worry I'll make you proud.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DIRECTOR MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sterling enters a spacious office with Southern décor and hunting trophies. DIRECTOR JAMES MARSHALL (55, silver-haired, charming Southern gentleman) rises from behind his desk, extending his hand.

MARSHALL
Agent Sterling! The man of the
hour. James Marshall.

They shake hands. Marshall's grip is firm, his manner warm
but authoritative.

STERLING
Pleasure, sir.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
I've read every word of your Arctic
operation report. Impressive work,
son.

STERLING
Thank you, sir. Though I'm sorry
about the circumstances that led to
Agent Martin's death.

MARSHALL
David Martin was a fine agent. A
real shame what happened to him.

Sterling notices the accent but thinks nothing of it.
Marshall gestures to a chair.

STERLING
One of the best.

MARSHALL
Sit down, Sterling. Let's talk
about your future.

Sterling sits as Marshall moves to a wall map showing global
operations.

MARSHALL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You know, I requested to oversee
your probation personally. The way
you handled that Arctic situation
shows real potential.

STERLING
I appreciate the confidence, sir.

MARSHALL
Course, going rogue like you did...
that concerns some folks upstairs.
Can't have agents making up their
own rules.

STERLING

I understand, sir. It won't happen again.

Marshall studies Sterling.

MARSHALL

Won't it? See, I think what happened up there is you discovered something about yourself. Sometimes doing the right thing means breaking the rules.

Sterling looks surprised by this perspective.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

The trick is knowing when to break them and when to follow them. That's what I'm here to teach you.

He opens a classified folder on his desk.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, I have an interesting assignment for you. Seems we have a Russian agent who wants to defect. High-value target with intelligence on bioweapons programs.

STERLING

What's the situation?

MARSHALL

Her husband was murdered. She fears for her life and wants American protection in exchange for FSB secrets.

Sterling leans forward, engaged.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Think you can handle a simple extraction mission, Agent Sterling?

STERLING

Yes, sir. When do I leave?

MARSHALL

Soon as you're briefed and equipped. Oh, and Sterling?

STERLING

Sir?

MARSHALL

This time, you'll have a proper
team. Can't have you operating solo
anymore.

Sterling nods as Marshall closes the folder.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Welcome to the big leagues, son.
Don't let me down.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Sterling exits the building, walking with the confidence of
an agent who's proven himself but still has much to learn.
His phone buzzes with a text from Siku: Good luck with the
new assignment. Stay safe.

He smiles and types back: Always do. Take care of yourself.

Sterling gets into a black SUV, Marshall watches from his
office window.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: Thomas Sterling will return in 'Spy Killer'