

AURUM VITAE

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FADE IN

EXT. BIG FISH'S TERRITORY - DAY

A dense, untouched forest – peaceful, isolated – hides a deadly secret beneath its canopy. This is the underground base of Big Fish, ruthless leader of a high-profile criminal network.

From above, it appears completely natural – no signs of roads, structures, or human activity. A masterpiece of concealment, undetectable by satellite or drone.

GATE MECHANISM:

Two massive trucks initiate the reveal:

TRUCK 1 pulls left, dragging hidden chains. A section of forest shudders, then parts – camouflaged artificial trees uproot and slide back, revealing a concealed underground entrance.

Three black Porsche SUVs roar out from below, speeding into unknown destinations.

TRUCK 2 moves right, pulling the tree canopy back into position. In seconds, the gate vanishes – the forest looks untouched, the illusion restored.

Both trucks then drive away – leaving nothing behind but silence and trees.

INT. CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

A lifeless body lies on the pavement, surrounded by a growing CROWD of bystanders murmuring in alarm.

Moments later, a group of uniformed ANTI-ROBBERY OFFICERS moves in, led by a striking woman in sunglasses and a police uniform – this is AGENT MILL, white, early 20s, brutal, brilliant, and beautiful. She's the second-in-command of the anti-robbery squad.

Mill kneels beside the body, inspecting the gunshot wounds and a strange mark etched into the skin. Her face tightens with frustration.

Another officer approaches – AGENT KUNGO, Black, 30s, confident to a fault. The commander of the squad. Cocky. Cold. Calculating.

Mill stands and salutes.

AGENT KUNGO  
What's the finding?

AGENT MILL  
(frustrated)  
Same pattern. Third time now.

AGENT KUNGO  
How many gunshots?

AGENT MILL  
Two. Chest and-

AGENT KUNGO  
(interrupting)  
-and the forehead.

AGENT MILL  
Like always. And the same mark.

They both glance at the body.

Etched crudely across the chest: "BIG FISH."

AGENT KUNGO  
Whoever this Big Fish is... he's  
escalating.

AGENT MILL  
He's provoking us. Making the  
public lose trust.

AGENT KUNGO  
At least there's no bank robbery  
this time- unlike the other bodies.

AGENT MILL  
Maybe not yet.

They exchange uneasy glances, eyes sweeping over the crowd of  
ONLOOKERS.

AGENT KUNGO  
We patrol tonight. Solo. Spread  
out. Let's see what stirs in the  
dark.

Mill nods.

Just then, a JUNIOR OFFICER rushes in, holding up a phone.

OFFICER

(alarmed)

Breaking news... There was a bank robbery. Last night.

Mill turns to Kungo, stunned.

Their eyes lock.

INT. BLUE PURE WATER COMPANY - BOTTLING PLANT - DAY

Sunlight filters through high windows, casting a clean glow over stainless steel machinery. Conveyor belts hum rhythmically as crystal-clear bottles glide in perfect sync. Workers in white coats, gloves, and hairnets move with quiet precision. The air smells of ozone and sterile purity - a temple of water, run with near-sacred efficiency.

Seated off to the side, away from the clamor, is AGENT - a tall, handsome Black man in his late 20s. Humble and Spirit-led, his quiet presence radiates peace. A devoted Christian, he reads his Bible with focused reverence, each verse sinking deep into a heart guided by prayer and the fear of the Lord.

Suddenly, TEMBA, his best friend and workmate, bursts onto the scene - charismatic, loud, and always full of jokes. Also in his late 20s, Temba's the kind of guy who turns a lunch break into a comedy show. He grins as he approaches, already mid-joke, ready to disturb Agent's sacred moment.

INT. BLUE PURE WATER COMPANY - BREAK AREA - DAY

TEMBA

(tensing, playfully)

Agent Zambia... still searching scriptures, looking for the owner of that rooster that crowed when Peter denied Jesus?

AGENT looks up, unfazed, calm as ever.

TEMBA (CONT'D)

(glancing away, smirking)

Rejected. Just like Jesus.

AGENT

(gently)

Temba... will you allow me to connect with the heavens, please?

TEMBA

(grinning)

My bad, Prophet. One day, an earthquake will catch you off guard – buried deep in your scriptures.

AGENT

Isn't it better to die in the Lord... than to rule the world with a foolish heart?

Temba pauses, struck by the weight of the words.

TEMBA

Anyway, I only came to notify you about the ongoing staff meeting.

He turns and begins to walk off.

AGENT

(looking up)

Wait – what time did they call it?

TEMBA

(over his shoulder, still walking)

My regards to Jacob.

(pauses, strikes a dramatic pose)

Oh – sorry... Israel.

He laughs and strolls off. Agent watches, amused but reflective. He lowers his gaze, kisses his Bible, then rises and hurries after his friend.

INT. BLUE PURE WATER COMPANY – MAIN HALL – MOMENTS LATER

Workers are gathered, murmuring. The atmosphere is heavy. THE BOSS, a tired middle-aged man with sorrow in his eyes, steps forward. A tense hush settles.

AGENT and TEMBA join the crowd as more workers trickle in.

BOSS

(quiet, emotional)

We've done everything we can... but the numbers no longer work.

A few heads bow. No one speaks.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
The company is facing serious financial strain. And as a result... we have no choice but to let go of five employees.

A low wave of disbelief moves through the room.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
This decision is not based on performance. I need everyone to understand that.

He unfolds a small list.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
Felix Banda... Mercy Zimba... John Bwalya... Alex Kabwe...

Tears. Gasps. The named workers break down, embraced by colleagues.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
And... Agent Zambia.

Agent, mid-comforting a colleague, freezes. His eyes widen slightly. Temba turns sharply, stunned.

A beat of silence – thick and still.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
Please – if your name was called, see me in my office after this.

TEMBA  
(softly, to Agent)  
No way. You're not supposed to be on that list.

Agent looks around, dazed. The walls feel closer. He tries to understand.

Workers exchange glances – some in shock, others in silent sympathy. Agent stands still, steadying himself, a storm of questions behind his calm eyes.

INT. AGENT'S APARTMENT – KITCHEN – DAY

A cozy, modest kitchen. Clean countertops. Sunlight spills in through sheer curtains.

BWALYA, a beautiful Black woman in her early 20s with smooth chocolate-toned skin, moves gracefully between stove and counter. A prayer warrior – full of faith, joy, and devotion to her husband. She hums softly, lost in her task, radiant with purpose.

The front door opens.

AGENT steps in, shoulders slumped, face tight with unspoken weight. He lingers in the doorway.

BWALYA  
 (surprised)  
 You're back early today.  
 (eyes narrowing)  
 And... what's that face you're  
 making?

Agent tries to form words, but they catch in his throat.

BWALYA (CONT'D)  
 (grinning, waving it off)  
 You know what? Don't say anything.  
 Because I've got good news for you.

He blinks – confused.

BWALYA (CONT'D)  
 (beaming)  
 Our God has finally answered our  
 prayers... after two years of  
 waiting.

AGENT  
 (skeptical)  
 What are you talking about?

BWALYA  
 (excited, glowing)  
 I'm pregnant.

AGENT  
 (stunned)  
 What?

BWALYA  
 (slightly unsure now)  
 You're... not happy?

AGENT  
 (quickly recovering,  
 gentle)  
 How could I not be happy, my love?  
 (MORE)

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 (steps closer, wraps her  
 in his arms)  
 We've been praying for this since  
 our wedding day. Come here...

He holds her tightly – his face buried in her shoulder. His expression behind her back is torn: joy laced with sorrow.

He pulls away, smiles.

AGENT This calls for a celebration. Let me run out and grab something special.

BWALYA  
 Wait – let me serve your food  
 first.

AGENT  
 (grinning, already heading  
 out)  
 Babe... food can wait. This is  
 bigger than food.

They both laugh, caught in the moment.

As Agent reaches for the door, he discreetly checks a folded termination notice peeking from his jacket pocket, then quickly stuffs it deeper.

BWALYA  
 (watching him, softly)  
 That face...  
 (beat, to herself)  
 Lord, whatever it is – give him  
 strength.

She turns back to her cooking, still humming, still hopeful and unaware of the storm her husband carrying weight.

EXT. CITY STREETS – UNDER STREETLIGHTS – NIGHT

Agent stands alone on the rooftop of a low-rise building, looking out over the quiet city. The soft hum of distant traffic blends with the buzz of sodium streetlights. He's deep in thought.

AGENT  
 (to himself)  
 God... help me understand this...  
 Two years we prayed for a child –  
 when life made sense.  
 You were silent.

(MORE)

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 Now... I've lost my job, and You  
 choose to answer?

His phone RINGS loudly, snapping the silence.

Down below, Agent Mill walks by. She stops analyzing Agent.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 (on phone)  
 Hello? No... you've reached Agent.

She glances toward him.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 Wrong number - sorry.

He ends the call. She steps closer.

AGENT MILL  
 (wondering)  
 Agent?

AGENT  
 Yes... can I help you?

AGENT MILL  
 I heard you say "Agent." What unit  
 are you with?

AGENT  
 (confused)  
 Unit?

She flashes her badge.

AGENT MILL  
 Agent Mill. Anti-Robbery Unit.  
 You're an agent for what?

AGENT  
 (chuckles)  
 Just my name. Only God knows what  
 my parents were thinking.

AGENT MILL  
 (relaxing)  
 Well, that's one way to confuse  
 intelligence.

AGENT  
 I could be one of you, though - if  
 you ring me in.

They both laugh lightly.

A black car creeps to a stop across the street. A MAN steps out and enters a nearby shop.

AGENT MILL

So... where do you stay and what brings you out here at this hour?

AGENT

I stay in chalala, Given Lubinda Road. House 404. I'm here because Sometimes the street listens better than people.

AGENT MILL

You sound like a man carrying weight.

AGENT

My wife... she just told me she's pregnant.

AGENT MILL

That's amazing. Congratulations.

AGENT

It is. We've waited two years. But today - I also got laid off.

He hands her a folded letter. She reads, then looks at him with compassion.

AGENT MILL

I'm so sorry.

AGENT

I didn't want to ruin her joy... Not today.

A beat. The MAN returns to the black car.

AGENT MILL

I'm late for duty. Can we talk more tomorrow?

AGENT

Sure. Thank you.

She gives him her phone. They exchange numbers.

AGENT MILL

Take care, Agent.

She walks off, brisk and focused.

Agent turns to go – but notices the car slowly following.

He stops. The car stops.

The same MAN steps out.

MAN

Agent?

AGENT

How do you know my name?

MAN

The Big Fish heard your story. He wants to meet you.

AGENT

Big Fish?

MAN

My boss. The boss of many.

AGENT

Let him come out.

MAN

He can't. Leg injury. He's waiting inside.

AGENT

Then open his door. I'll speak from here.

The man opens the rear door.

Inside sits BIG FISH – late 40s, massive, calm, dangerous. His presence alone demands attention.

BIG FISH

Agent, right?

AGENT

Who's asking?

BIG FISH

Someone who can lift you back to your feet.

AGENT

How?

BIG FISH

I've got a job for you.

AGENT

Someone already offered to help – a lady from the Anti-Robbery Unit.

BIG FISH

She has to get approval. May take weeks. May not happen. Me? I make things move.

AGENT

What kind of job?

BIG FISH

You drive my team. Pick them up. Drop them off. That's it.

AGENT

I don't get involved?

BIG FISH

No questions. No ties. No risks. Just wheels and silence.

AGENT

What's the pay?

BIG FISH

\$10,000 tonight. \$20,000 if you come back tomorrow.

Agent stares. Conflicted. He looks away... then closes his eyes.

AGENT

(softly, to himself)  
God... should I?

A long pause. Then, he breathes in deeply.

AGENT (CONT'D)

I'm in.

He gets in. The car pulls away into the night.

INT. ANTI-ROBBERY HQ - NIGHT

Agent Mill stands over a console, eyes on a blinking tracker. She hears everything. A junior AGENT stands beside her.

AGENT MILL

He's with them... but he doesn't belong there.

COMMANDER KUNGO joins them.

AGENT KUNGO  
You did good. Big Fish finally bit.

AGENT MILL  
He's innocent. He doesn't know what  
he's walking into.

AGENT KUNGO  
He agreed. That makes him one of  
them.

AGENT MILL  
He was lied to. Misled.

AGENT KUNGO  
Ignorance won't save him. Not in  
this operation.

He turns to the squad.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
Formation. Gear up. Bulletproofs  
on. We move in five.

A junior AGENT steps in beside Mill.

JUNIOR AGENT  
You have his number. Call him. Warn  
him. Or he dies tonight.

She dials.

RINGING. No answer.

AGENT KUNGO  
They don't surrender to warning  
shots - Shoot to kill.

AGENT MILL  
(whispers)  
God, no...

AGENT KUNGO  
You're compromised. Stay here.

She freezes. Can't move.

JUNIOR AGENT  
Try again.

She redials. Still no answer.

She lowers the phone, numb, staring at the screen.

AGENT KUNGO stands before his squad.

AGENT KUNGO  
Formation!

Agents swiftly line up in military precision.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
We've got a signal – they're  
already headed toward the Central  
Business District.

He looks toward Agent Mill.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
This is a robbery operation. If  
they don't surrender to warning  
shots – shoot to kill.

Mill closes her eyes in sorrow.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
If you step out with us, you'll  
compromise the operation.  
You're staying behind tonight.

The squad straps on bulletproof vests. Mill stands frozen.

Suddenly, she turns as if remembering something, hurries to her commander.

AGENT MILL  
Wait!

AGENT KUNGO  
(defensive)  
What is it? Don't tell me you've  
fallen for him already.

She stares at him, stunned.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
One more obstruction and I'll have  
you locked up.

AGENT MILL  
(calmly)  
We've been after Big Fish for five  
years – we always miss him because  
he has a Plan B.  
What if this is another one?

AGENT KUNGO

That's why you're staying. We'll  
talk about Plan B if Plan A fails.

He walks out. The team exits in armored vehicles.

EXT. YELLOW BANK - NIGHT

AGENT drives a car carrying five masked men. They approach  
Yellow Bank.

MAN 1

Stop here.

Agent stops. The men prepare to exit.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

The keys.

AGENT

What?

MAN 1

Hand over the car keys.

AGENT

Why?

MAN 1

You're new. What if you drive off  
and leave us?

AGENT

Why would I? What are you really up  
to?

MAN 1

Trust is earned.

AGENT

I'm just the driver.

MAN 1

The driver under instructions.

Agent looks around, uneasy.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

(softly)

Changed my mind. I won't ask again.

He pulls a gun on Agent.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
Now I'm commanding. Hand them over.

Agent, trembling, gives him the keys.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
Good. Wait here. We'll be back.

They exit, locking the doors from outside.

Agent watches them head for the bank. He tries the door –  
locked. Panic sets in.

AGENT  
(praying)  
Jesus... what have I done? Please,  
don't hold this against me. I  
didn't know.

EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

Anti-Robbery vehicles speed down the highway.

AGENT KUNGO  
GPS shows they're near a bank  
location.

EXT. YELLOW BANK - NIGHT

Inside the car, Agent searches for his phone – then freezes.  
Realization dawns.

EXT. BANK YARD - NIGHT

The Anti-Robbery squad moves in, armed and ready.

AGENT KUNGO  
According to the tracker, the  
target vehicle is here.

He lifts a megaphone.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
You're surrounded. Come out with  
your hands up!

No response.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
We don't want bloodshed. Don't  
force our hand.

Still silence.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
At the count of five, we breach.  
One... two... three... four...  
five.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
Move!

Gunfire tears through the target car. The squad checks – no one inside.

AGENT 2  
Sir – it's empty.

Kungo runs to confirm. Agent 4 calls out.

AGENT 4  
Sir... look at this.

He points to a phone left on the seat.

AGENT KUNGO  
(furious)  
Damn it... We've been played.

They all stand, stunned.

EXT. YELLOW BANK – NIGHT

The robbers exit with bags of money. MAN 1 opens the car.

AGENT  
(angry)  
What the hell is this?

MAN 1  
(gun raised)  
If I were you, I'd shut up, drive,  
and get my share. Now go.

Agent drives, shaken.

INT. ANTI-ROBBERY HQ – MORNING

Agent Mill sits in her office. Kungo storms in.

AGENT KUNGO  
Happy now?

AGENT MILL  
About what?

AGENT KUNGO  
Saving your boyfriend.

AGENT MILL  
What?

AGENT KUNGO  
We found your calls to his line.  
Explain that.

Before she can respond -

V.O (AGENT 3)  
Sir. Agent Mill. Come quick.

INT. HQ - BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

All eyes are on the TV as Kungo and Mill joins.

TV ANCHOR (V.O)  
Breaking news: Yellow Bank was  
robbed at 2 a.m. this morning.  
No CCTV footage. No Anti-Robbery  
report.

Everyone looks around, confused and ashamed.

TV ANCHOR (V.O) (CONT'D)  
Ironically, Anti-Robbery Squad was  
spotted firing at an empty car  
across the street.

Kungo looks crushed.

AGENT KUNGO  
(to himself)  
They turned the tracker against  
us...

AGENT MILL  
Against you.

AGENT KUNGO  
We're a team.

AGENT MILL  
I wish you remembered that last  
night.

She faces him with conviction.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
 No coach wins alone. That's why  
 there's a technical bench.

Everyone turns to look at Kungo.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
 I'm not here to take your place.  
 I'm here to make you better.

Agent Kungo looks down.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
 They didn't just use him against  
 us. Like always - they're about to  
 dump his body in public...  
 To distract us from their bank  
 robbery.

They lock eyes, tension thick in the air as both lost in  
 thought, the truth sinking in.

INT. BIG FISH'S UNDERGROUND BASE - DAY

Dim. Cold. Industrial.

A sprawling fortress of concrete and steel buzzes with low  
 mechanical hums. Surveillance monitors blink silently. Armed  
 GUARDS patrol in synchronized formation.

In the center of a large, dimly lit chamber, a BAG OF MONEY  
 sits at the feet of a visibly tense AGENT - eyes burning with  
 betrayal.

AGENT  
 (bold)  
 You lied to me.

BIG FISH'S MEN burst into laughter.

BIG FISH  
 (mocking)  
 No, no... I studied you. Saw what  
 you needed. And I gave it to you.

AGENT  
 Keep your money. I don't take  
 pleasure in evil.

BIG FISH  
 Then go give it to your pastor as a  
 tithe offering.

(MORE)

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
You know they don't care how you  
earned it.

One of the men offers the bag again.

Agent turns to leave – but Big Fish's men close ranks,  
blocking the exit.

Agent's eyes dart around – calculating, cornered.

AGENT  
You bring in a stranger, show him  
your hidden base, pay him... and  
just let him walk into the world  
you've been hiding from?

A tense beat.

Agent lowers his gaze – the threat sinking in.

BIG FISH  
Don't overthink it. I'm the kind  
you meet once... and never again.

AGENT  
(quietly, afraid)  
How many people have been here?

MAN  
Three. You're the fourth.

AGENT  
And where are they?

MAN  
Somewhere enjoying the money we  
paid them. Just like you will.

Agent lowers his head. Tears form in his eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)  
With that kind of money, you'll  
enjoy your next adventure.

AGENT  
(pleading)  
Please... don't kill me. My wife is  
pregnant. Don't deny me the joy of  
holding my child.

MAN  
We're not killing you. We're just  
driving you back to your home.

Agent closes his eyes in prayer.

AGENT  
(softly)  
Take charge, my God... and save my  
soul.

INT. MOVING SUV - LATER

Agent sits in the back seat, flanked by two men.

MAN  
Where do you stay?

AGENT  
(hesitant)  
Helen Kaunda.

MAN  
(to driver)  
Let's drop him in Chalala.

EXT. CHALALA ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The car slows. Agent recognizes the area - but pretends he doesn't.

The SUV stops.

MAN  
You can go now.

Agent steps out, still clutching the bag.

Just as he turns to walk away...

MAN (CONT'D)  
(gun raised)  
Drop the bag.

Agent freezes. Slowly lowers it to the ground.

The man picks it up and turns back toward the SUV.

BANG!

A SHOT. Agent is hit in the shoulder. He COLLAPSES.

The second man approaches, gun still aimed.

MAN 2

Say hi to those who slept and never  
woke up.

Just as he raises the gun again -

RAPID GUNFIRE ERUPTS.

A convoy of ANTI-ROBBERY OFFICERS storms in - led by AGENT  
MILL and AGENT KUNGO.

A fierce SHOOTOUT ensues. Big Fish's men flee with the bag,  
jump into the SUV, and speed off.

AGENT KUNGO

I've got them!

Kungo jumps into a vehicle and gives chase.

Agent lies motionless on the ground.

The compound gate SWINGS OPEN.

BWALYA rushes out - SCREAMING.

BWALYA

(weeping)

What happened to you? You left in  
joy... and came back with closed  
eyes.

AGENT MILL

Your husband was a good man.

BWALYA

He is a good man! No bullet will  
declare him dead!

AGENT MILL

The ambulance is on its way.

Sirens WAIL as an AMBULANCE screeches to a halt.

Mill grabs her radio.

AGENT MILL (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)

Backup - escort the ambulance.  
Secure this perimeter.

Bwalya clutches her husband as MEDICS lift him onto a  
STRETCHER.

The ambulance speeds off, police backup flooding in from all sides.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY BAY - CONTINUOUS

MEDICAL STAFF rush AGENT into the emergency bay, shouting orders, hooking him to machines.

AGENT KUNGO enters fast, meeting AGENT MILL outside the ward.

AGENT KUNGO  
Lock this place down. No one gets  
in or out without clearance. He's a  
target now.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS fan out, taking positions at every entrance.

AGENT MILL  
(tense)  
How did it go?

AGENT KUNGO  
They lost us in the forest.

AGENT MILL  
How?

AGENT KUNGO  
That place... it's like an AI-  
generated illusion. I don't even  
know how we lost them.

Mill looks down, troubled.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. Units are already  
deployed across that zone.

They exchange a tense look, then walk silently toward the ward.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - PASSAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The DOCTOR meets them outside the ward. Bwalya is already waiting.

BWALYA  
(anxious)  
How's my husband?

DOCTOR  
You need to stay calm.

AGENT MILL  
Doctor – please. What's the status?

DOCTOR  
We've removed the bullet. But the  
damage was extensive.

AGENT KUNGO  
So... is he stable?

DOCTOR  
Not exactly. He's in a coma.  
Internal bleeding caused more  
trauma than expected.

Mill lowers her gaze.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
He's fighting. Pray for him.

Bwalya drops to her knees, overcome.

Mill holds her gently.

AGENT KUNGO  
(softly, to Mill)  
I'll inform PR for a media  
briefing.

She nods.

He walks off.

INT. BIG FISH'S UNDERGROUND BASE - NIGHT

Cold, metallic, and bathed in harsh artificial light. The  
tension in the room is thick.

BIG FISH paces furiously, eyes blazing, shouting at his MEN.

BIG FISH  
How could you fail to kill him?!

MAN 1  
(nervous)  
We ran into the Anti-Robbery Unit.  
It's like they were tracking us.

His partner lowers his eyes, ashamed.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
We were about to finish him off...  
but they arrived.

MAN 2  
We still hit him. Chest shot – he  
was bleeding when we fled.

Big Fish stiffens. He turns slowly toward them.

BIG FISH  
If they rushed him to the nearest  
hospital... there's still a chance he  
survives.

A cold silence.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
If he does... this place is no longer  
a secret. Because of you.

BANG!

Big Fish SHOOTS MAN 2 in the head.

His body collapses instantly.

Big Fish turns to MAN 1, trembling in panic.

BIG FISH  
(darkly)  
Find the hospital.

The man gulps hard, eyes wide.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
We deal with him before the doctors  
do.

The remaining men exchange uneasy glances.

The plot thickens.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

AGENT lies on a blood-soaked stretcher. The room buzzes with  
panic – DOCTORS and NURSES rush around. The heart monitor  
beeps rhythmically.

His eyes are closed. Skin pale. Lips trembling.

AGENT (V.O.)  
 I don't know if I'm alive... or not.  
 All I know is... this isn't Earth.

INT. CELESTIAL REALM - CONTINUOUS

A blinding glow floods the space. Agent flinches, shielding his face.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 Peace be with you, Son of Man.

He struggles to open his eyes. Nothing visible—only a brilliant, endless firmament.

AGENT (BREATHING HARD)  
 Where am I?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 You are in transition.  
 Neither dead... nor alive.

AGENT  
 Is this Heaven?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 No. This is the Courtroom.

Agent slowly rises, confused and cautious.

AGENT  
 Courtroom?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 Scripture says: "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this... the judgment."

AGENT  
 Am I dead?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 Not yet.

AGENT  
 Then why judge me like the dead?  
 (beat)  
 Scripture also says, "What is bound on earth is bound in heaven."  
 Earth still prays for my recovery.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)

This is not the heaven you were told. This is the courtroom beyond your understanding. From here, you go... to heaven or to hell.

Agent looks around – eyes desperate to find the source of the voice. Only light. No figures. No forms. Just the overwhelming brightness.

AGENT (WHISPERS)

I refuse to be judged like the dead..

He stands... suspended between time, life, and judgment.

INT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD - DAY

Bwalya sits on a bench beside Agent Kungo. Nearby, Agent Mill directs officers, issuing orders with quiet intensity.

BWALYA

Thank you for showing up on time. Otherwise... the worst could've happened to my husband.

AGENT KUNGO

The credit goes to my partner.  
(gestures toward Agent Mill)  
At least she knew a bit more about your husband.

BWALYA

(curious)  
She's a friend of his?

AGENT KUNGO

Not exactly. They met the night before the incident.

Bwalya glances at Agent Mill with mixed emotions.

AGENT MILL walks between posted officers.

AGENT MILL

They know we're here. Big Fish might already be planning a counter.

The Anti-Robbery officers straighten up, alert.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
 Watch everyone entering.  
 Interrogate anyone suspicious.

The officers nod and move into position.

As Agent Mill heads toward the hospital entrance, Bwalya intercepts her.

BWALYA  
 (serious)  
 What were you doing with my husband  
 the night before he was shot?

AGENT MILL  
 (taken aback)  
 Excuse me?

BWALYA  
 Were you with him?

Agent Mill blinks, speechless. She glances toward Agent Kungo for support. He approaches.

Before tension escalates, a CAR pulls up. A DOCTOR steps out and is greeted by a male nurse who takes his bag.

Agent Mill eyes the nurse's actions with mild suspicion but says nothing. The doctor and nurse enter the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - CONTINUOUS

The doctor walks to Agent's bedside. The nurse stands guard outside the door. The doctor checks Agent's vitals.

INT. CELESTIAL REALM - UNKNOWN

A surreal expanse. Light flows like mist. Agent stands in awe.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 Everyone who appears here must be  
 judged - unless they carry the  
 Aurum Vitae.

AGENT  
 Aurum Vitae?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 In your tongue - "Golden Life." It  
 gives immunity from judgment.

(MORE)

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
From death itself. And your Ghost  
will be at your service.

AGENT  
My Ghost serving me, How do I earn  
it?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
You must pass through the Ten  
Gates. At each gate stands a  
Gatekeeper – a legend of God.  
If you succeed, you'll be keeper of  
the 11th Gate.

AGENT  
Take me there.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
You have one hour. Fail to complete  
the journey...  
and your soul will be bound in  
hell.

AGENT  
Take me.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
One more thing. Each gate gives you  
two chances to pass.  
Fail both – and eternal torment  
awaits.

AGENT  
(startled)  
You didn't mention that.

WHISPERING SPIRIT  
You interrupted me. Your time  
starts now.

Light pulses around Agent. The environment begins to SHIFT –  
a massive DOORWAY MATERIALIZES before him.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
Each gate will be in a different  
place. Argue to show yourself  
approved in each different test and  
different journey.

Agent breathes deeply, steeling himself.

INT. BIG FISH'S UNDERGROUND BASE - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

A sleek, dimly lit surveillance chamber glows with dozens of MONITORS and blinking red indicators. The room hums like a predator's chest - cold, quiet, calculating.

BIG FISH sits in a leather chair, legs crossed, sipping dark coffee. Calm. Deadly.

Behind him, two of his MEN stand at attention - one clicking through infrared camera feeds, the other scanning thermal maps.

TECH MAN  
They're still here, Sir.

BIG FISH  
How many now?

The screen zooms in.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (ON SCREEN)

Three ANTI-ROBBERY OFFICERS, half-camouflaged, crouch behind thick tree cover. Their radios whisper. Their binoculars scan the same stretch of "untouched forest."

One officer taps a drone remote. The drone buzzes upward - searching.

Back in the base -

TECH MAN  
Still three.

BIG FISH  
(smirking)  
Let them watch trees for  
now.

The officers on-screen shift positions, clearly growing restless.

MAN 2  
Boss, why not clear them?

BIG FISH  
(sipping)  
No.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

Let them wait. Let them sweat. The more they see nothing, the less they trust what they know.

He stands and walks slowly toward the monitor.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

Their eyes are on the forest...

He presses a button – and a hidden camera feed reveals a live thermal view of the officers, their heat signatures glowing like helpless prey.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

But they never ask what's beneath their feet.

The men chuckle lightly – the sound echoing off steel walls.

MAN 2

Sir... what if they're just a distraction?  
To buy Agent time to recover?

BIG FISH pauses – considering it. His eyes narrow.

BIG FISH

You have a point. Although we also have our boys attending to Agent right now.

MAN 2

Then we should clear them out. We need to concentrate to the updates from the hospital.

Big Fish smiles – slow and calculated.

BIG FISH

Yes. Let's give them something...  
by giving them nothing.

The men around him grin, catching his drift.

Big Fish dials a number.

BIG FISH (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Find a sacrificial lamb for our next sin.  
Push the Anti-Robbery Unit away from here.

He hangs up – calm, in control – and turns back to the CCTV monitor.

Three officers still watch the trees, unaware.

Big Fish's eyes gleam with cold satisfaction.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM -WHITE GATE - TIMELESS

A Celestial shimmering gate of living crystal hums with ancient energy.

AGENT stands before it, breath caught in awe. He slowly approaches, unsure.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
Your time begins now.

Agent circles the gate, scanning its surface.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
Look closely at the loop. Peer through it. Study the symbols within – they reveal the mark of a man. Speak his name, and the gate shall open.

AGENT  
(muttering)  
This is more complicated than the Courtroom...

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
You have 50 minutes left to reach the tenth gate.

AGENT  
(frustrated)  
We've just arrived! I don't even know who brought me here.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
That's exactly how you'll end up in hell – waiting for explanations.

Driven by urgency, Agent leans in, peers through the loop.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
What do you see?

AGENT  
 (mesmerized)  
 A radiant path... lined with trees.  
 Their leaves bleed scriptures.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 Trust what stirs in your spirit.  
 Touch the gate – speak the name.

Agent places his hand on the gate, closes his eyes.

AGENT  
 Lord Enoch.

The crystal surface trembles – fractures radiate across it like divine lightning. The gate swings open.

Agent opens his eyes, stunned.

INT. ENOCH'S CELESTIAL REALM – WALKWAY OF UNION – TIMELESS

A radiant path stretches endlessly, lined with trees whose leaves whisper scripture. The air is weightless, alive, sacred.

AGENT enters slowly, reverently.

At the end of the path, ENOCH sits upon a throne of fire and cloud – timeless, cloaked in light, unmoved by the ages.

Agent tries to bow – Enoch lifts a hand.

ENOCH  
 Stand. Only the Judge who sees all  
 is worthy of that honor.  
 I am but His servant... a man who  
 once pleased Him.

Agent steadies himself.

ENOCH (CONT'D)  
 What brings you to my Court?

A long silence.

AGENT  
 A path to the Aurum Vitae... has  
 brought me to your council, my  
 Lord.

Enoch looks to his right, as if consulting an unseen presence.

Agent watches, intrigued.

ENOCH  
 (coldly)  
 A robber... a liar... seeking the  
 Gold of Life?

Agent lowers his gaze.

AGENT  
 (softly)  
 I stand accused... but wrongly, my  
 Lord. I wasn't one of them.

ENOCH  
 Have you not heard? "He who walks  
 with the wise grows wise, but a  
 companion of fools suffers harm."

AGENT  
 I was a companion by circumstance –  
 not by heart. I was deceived.  
 Manipulated.

ENOCH  
 Yet you drove the car. To the bank.  
 And back. You accepted the reward  
 of wickedness.

AGENT  
 They threatened me. Pointed a gun  
 at me.

ENOCH  
 A weapon aimed at your mortal flesh  
 Does not make your spirit immune to  
 sin.

Agent has no reply. He looks down, crushed by truth.

Silence swells in the realm.

Agent falters – speechless. The silence becomes sacred.  
 The realm pulses with the weight of eternity.

Then–

AGENT  
 (boldly)  
 So... if there's no immunity to sin  
 in life, why suggest immunity to  
 grace after death?

Enoch pauses. His eyes narrow slightly.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Is the weight of my sin more  
powerful in this Kingdom than the  
grace that could carry me to the  
next gate?

Enoch leans back, silently measuring the words.

After a long, potent moment, he closes his eyes. His throne  
begins to dissolve – the light around him fades.

Agent takes a long breath. In reverence. In wonder.

Then steps forward.

INT. BLUE PURE WATER COMPANY – BOTTLING PLANT – DAY

Workers in white coats, gloves, and hairnets move with quiet  
precision under the fluorescent lights. The steady hum of  
machines echoes across the factory floor.

The BOSS walks briskly, scanning the rows. He finally spots  
TEMBA stacking sachets of Blue Water.

The Boss pauses, takes a breath as if bracing himself.

BOSS

(relieved)

Temba!

Temba turns. His face lights up briefly—until he sees the  
Boss's somber expression.

TEMBA

(curious)

Another announcement?

BOSS

No... not at all.

Temba eyes him suspiciously, wiping his hands on his coat.

BOSS (CONT'D)

When was the last time you checked  
on your friend?

TEMBA

Agent?

BOSS

Of course. He's the only friend you  
have who got terminated.

TEMBA  
(disbelief)  
God be good... so the company's  
finally come to its senses?  
How do you lay off Agent and keep  
people like me?

The Boss gives a weak, distracted smile.

BOSS  
You still haven't answered my  
question.

TEMBA  
(pause, confused)  
Wait – what was your question  
again?

The Boss exhales, controlling his irritation.

BOSS  
(reaffirming)  
When last did you check on your  
friend?

Temba drops the sarcasm. His posture shifts.

TEMBA  
(concerned)  
What happened to him? Is he okay?

The Boss pulls out his phone. He shows Temba a social media  
briefing from the Antirobbery Squad – showing Agent  
unconscious in a hospital bed.

BOSS  
(quietly, emotional)  
He was shot last week.

Temba stares at the screen. Frozen. A sachet of water slips  
from his hand and bursts open on the floor.

TEMBA  
(voice cracking)  
He was... what?

BOSS  
(places a hand on his  
shoulder)  
Calm down. The doctors managed to  
remove the bullet.

TEMBA  
(half-laughs in disbelief)  
So... he's just lying there  
donating blood now?

The Boss looks away – no answer feels appropriate.

TEMBA (CONT'D)  
Then why is he still on that bed?  
If they removed the bullet... what  
are we waiting for?

BOSS  
(flat)  
Because the damage was deep.  
He's in a coma. And... we don't  
know for how long.

Temba stares into the distance. Silent. Then a single tear  
breaks.

TEMBA  
I've been calling. His line's  
always off. Been to his house five  
times. Always locked.

A long pause.

He looks at the Boss again – this time with a broken,  
suspicious glare.

TEMBA (CONT'D)  
Wait...Why do you always show up  
with bad news?

The Boss doesn't answer. He lowers his head, heavy with  
guilt.

The water machine hums steadily in the background –  
indifferent.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM - WHITE GATE - TIMELESS

AGENT finds himself before another brilliant celestial gate –  
pure white, pulsing with divine energy.

He steps forward, instinct guiding him.

AGENT  
(peering through the loop)  
A sea of glass... and what looks  
like a wooden ship – frozen in  
time.

He pulls back and rests his hand confidently on the gate.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Lord Noah.

The gate cracks open, glowing as it welcomes him.

INT. NOAH'S CELESTIAL REALM - ARK ALTAR - TIMELESS

A swirling mist hangs over a sea of glass. Wooden beams arc above like the ribs of a massive ship - the Ark, suspended between time and eternity.

NOAH kneels before a massive altar shaped like the Ark's bow. A hammer rests in his weathered hands. Around him, ethereal pairs of animals stand in perfect stillness - witnesses to his legacy.

He lifts his head, eyes like storm-washed skies locking onto Agent.

NOAH

(measured, solemn)

Perhaps you've earned your passage... But tell me - if you gain the Aurum Vitae, where will you place your kingdom? And what will it look like?

Agent glances around at the majesty of Noah's realm.

AGENT

I do not wish to build a kingdom here.

Noah's brows raise, caught off guard.

AGENT (CONT'D)

If you would grant me passage to the next gate... that alone would give me hope.  
Hope to return home.

NOAH

(skeptical)

Return home? If you earn it, you'll become immortal. Why return to earth... instead of reigning here?

AGENT

Because my wife is still praying.  
And my unborn child is waiting.

NOAH  
Your unborn child? Why worry about  
something... not yet certain?

AGENT  
(surprised)  
Not certain? Are you justifying  
abortion?

NOAH  
(rising with alarm)  
Far be it from my lips!

Agent pauses, then lowers his gaze.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
A child without a father... is still  
better than the child of a robber.

Agent turns away in silent mourning.

AGENT  
(quietly)  
Then I ask for your grace.

NOAH  
Grace? How can I give what I never  
received? I walked by law, not by  
grace.

Agent's eyes shift toward the great Ark behind Noah.

AGENT  
That Ark... was it a symbol of wrath  
– or of grace?

Noah looks to the side, conflicted.

NOAH  
(softly)  
His wrath.

Agent furrows his brow, sensing a crack in the answer.

Noah sighs – yielding.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
(correction)  
But also... mercy. Yes. Mercy.  
The Ark was grace. God's offer of  
escape – ignored by all... but  
eight.

AGENT

Then if the Ark was grace to you...  
Why can't grace be shown to me?

NOAH

You had grace. You chose the path  
of the pagans. You led robbers.

AGENT

And you – after stepping into the  
Ark... what became of you?

NOAH

(softly)  
What... did I do?

AGENT

You became drunk. You exposed  
yourself. And that led to shame...  
and a curse.

Noah slowly looks down, ashamed.

AGENT (CONT'D)

You didn't curse the one who saw  
you – Ham. You cursed his son –  
Canaan. The Law didn't condemn you...  
because Grace covered you.  
(steps forward)

AGENT (CONT'D)

You were saved by grace.  
Why can't you pass it on?  
Why condemn me now?

Noah remains silent. His shoulders seem to carry the weight  
of generations.

AGENT (CONT'D)

And when the people cried to you...  
Outside the Ark... you said, "I  
cannot open the door – because God  
shut it." (closer)  
Now again, you stand at the door of  
grace... refusing to open it.

Noah trembles.

AGENT (CONT'D)

That grace was given to you  
So that you could give it to those  
who desperately need it.

Noah slowly turns toward his throne – but as he steps forward, he fades from sight. His throne vanishes with him.

Agent stands alone.

Then – gentle light glimmers.

Flat stones rise one by one from the sea of glass, forming a path across the waters.

Agent takes a deep breath – and walks forward.

INT. BIG FISH'S UNDERGROUND BASE - DAY

The base hums with lazy tension.

BIG FISH strides through the base, visibly agitated. He glares at the idle group with irritation.

BIG FISH  
(under his breath)  
These fools don't know we're  
sitting on a ticking bomb.

He pulls out his phone. Dials—no answer. Tries again—still nothing.

He stops mid-step, staring up at the sky as if the sun itself is mocking him.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
What's taking so long?

He paces, phone clenched in hand.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
No call. No update. No proof he's  
dead.

His jaw tightens, paranoia building.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
(slowly)  
The longer he's alive, the closer  
danger gets.

He turns and walks toward his quarters, the weight of fear settling like smoke.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

AGENT lies unconscious in bed. A FAKE DOCTOR stands over him, clipboard in hand. A NURSE hovers nearby—blank, but tense.

FAKE DOCTOR  
(whispering)  
The injection, please.

NURSE  
(calmly)  
Of course, Doctor.

She prepares the syringe and hands it over.

FAKE DOCTOR  
(smiling coldly)  
Let's make sure Agent's  
departure... is peaceful.

NURSE  
(nodding)  
Yes, Doctor.

With chilling precision, she injects the contents into Agent's IV line.

FAKE DOCTOR  
We go?

NURSE  
No. We stay. We must witness his  
final breath—and report back to the  
Boss.

The Fake Doctor glances nervously toward the door.

FAKE DOCTOR  
What if his family or his doctor  
steps in?

NURSE  
No one's allowed inside.  
The next round isn't due for two  
hours.

She moves cautiously to the window, checking on the Anti-Robbery officers stationed nearby.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM - WHITE GATE - TIMELESS

AGENT stands before the third White Gate, surrounded by an ethereal glow.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
I feel it... time is no longer on  
your side.

AGENT  
(wondering)  
How many more to go?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
Not here. On the other side.

AGENT  
(grimly)  
Then I'll negotiate when I get  
there.

He hesitates—uneasy—but approaches the gate.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
(peering)  
A burning bush... Tablets of stone?

He flinches, disturbed by an inner discomfort.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
How do you feel?

Agent doesn't respond. He steps forward and touches the gate.

AGENT  
Lord Moses.

The gate opens wide—but Agent stumbles, overwhelmed by  
something unseen. He collapses to the ground, gasping for  
air.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
This marks the end of your life on  
Earth.

From within the gate, MOSES approaches—majestic, sorrowful.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
And because you've only reached the  
fourth gate, You will be deposited  
into hell.

Agent, struggling, turns his head to see Moses standing  
beside him.

MOSES  
(somberly)  
At least... you reached the gate.  
(MORE)

MOSES (CONT'D)  
I died far from the promised land.  
With my eyes alone, I saw it.

AGENT gasps—one final breath.

Fade to white.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Agent Mill stands, caught in emotional tension with Bwalya, who waits for answers.

AGENT MILL  
I found your husband searching the streets—for answers. He didn't want to ruin the good news you brought home... because of the bad one he carried.

Agent Kungo listens silently, moved.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
He told me how you both prayed for a child for two years—and how God finally answered. But that was the same day he received a termination letter.

Bwalya slowly looks down, the heartbreak overwhelming her.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
He didn't want to dim your joy. So... he went out, looking for something—anything—to cover the shame.

Agent Kungo exhales, heavy with guilt.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
He asked me for a job that night. I didn't trust him at first, just like you're doubting me now. So I placed a tracker on his phone when I gave him my contact— after noticing a black car parked near him.

Bwalya turns away, conflicted, ashamed.

AGENT KUNGO  
(to Bwalya, remorseful)  
I'm sorry. I misjudged you—and him.  
(MORE)

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
I didn't know how they met until  
now.

Agent Mill nods subtly. She continues.

AGENT MILL  
That's how we tracked him...  
and found out he was offered twenty  
thousand dollars to drive for one  
night— then got used. Played.  
Trapped.

AGENT KUNGO  
(concerned)  
The morning he was shot— they came  
to reclaim the money.

Suddenly, AGENTS enter, dragging Temba in, who appears  
agitated.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

AGENT 1  
He's refusing to identify himself.

AGENT KUNGO  
(firm)  
Who are you? What's your business  
here?

TEMBA  
(defiant)  
This a State House now? You need  
clearance for personal details?

Bwalya turns, recognizing him.

BWALYA  
Temba?

TEMBA  
(softening)  
It's okay... I'm here now.  
Everything's gonna be fine.

They embrace briefly. Agent Mill studies him.

AGENT MILL  
I'm Agent Mill.

TEMBA  
(smirking)  
Looks like you've turned this  
hospital into a polling station.

Agent Mill rolls her eyes, unamused.

BWALYA  
This is Temba—my husband's best  
friend.

AGENT KUNGO  
Then tell him to respect the  
uniform. We're not here to  
play—we're protecting your friend.

TEMBA  
And where is he, exactly?  
Or is your protection only on  
social media?

Suddenly, Agent Mill looks up—something's wrong.

AGENT MILL  
(eyes narrowing at window)  
Do nurses attend to patients while  
talking on the phone?

AGENT KUNGO  
(tense)  
Not typically. Why?

AGENT MILL  
(to Bwalya)  
When is the doctor scheduled to see  
him today?

BWALYA  
Not for another two hours.

AGENT MILL  
Then we've got a problem.

Everyone looks up. Two men are visible inside Agent's ward.

TEMBA  
(furious)  
Were you waiting for me to remind  
you of your job?

AGENT KUNGO  
(to Agent 1)  
Secure the wife. Get her somewhere  
safe.

The agents mobilize instantly.

TEMBA  
(panicked)  
Hey! Somebody give me a gun!

He's ignored as agents form a tactical unit and charge forward.

Inside the ward, the two men spot them, then quickly retreat, scanning for exits.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE AGENT'S WARD - CONTINUOUS

The two intruders – the FAKE DOCTOR and NURSE – exit the ward, moving quickly, weapons hidden but ready.

They spot the charging anti-robbery AGENT KUNGO and AGENT MILL closing in.

Suddenly – they collide with Agent Mill mid-hallway.

AGENT MILL  
Freeze! You're under arrest!

FAKE DOCTOR  
(backing away, snarling)  
You'll never take me alive!

AGENT MILL  
Drop your weapon!

The nurse lifts a concealed weapon to fire—but Agent Mill is faster.

A shot rings out. The nurse drops – hit.

Agent Kungo rushes in behind Agent Mill.

AGENT KUNGO  
(to her)  
Go check on the patient – I'll handle the imposter.

Agent Mill nods and rushes into the ward as Kungo gives chase.

INT. HOSPITAL - AGENT'S WARD - CONTINUOUS

Agent Mill rushes to Agent's bedside.

The heart monitor BEEPS IRREGULARLY. Agent is sweating, barely breathing.

AGENT MILL

(on phone)

Male Ward 77 – I need a doctor immediately. Possible poisoning – we've had imposters inside.

PHONE (V.O.)

Understood. The doctor will join you shortly.

She ends the call, watching Agent. His hand TWITCHES.

Moments later, TEMBA arrives with the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

What's the situation?

AGENT MILL

An intruder made it into the ward. Agent might have been poisoned.

TEMBA

(shocked)

What? I thought you were protecting him!

AGENT MILL

(quietly)

We did. But they got through.

The doctor examines Agent quickly.

DOCTOR

Let's get toxicology labs running immediately. We'll do everything to save him.

Agent Mill nods, holding onto hope.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

Gunfire erupts. Panic. Screams. The fake doctor runs, dodging chaos.

Agent Kungo moves in with precision, gun raised.

AGENT KUNGO

(shouting)

Drop your weapon and surrender – or die like your partner!

Cornered, the fake doctor raises his hands.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
I've got enough bullets to take  
apart every limb on your body -  
don't test me.

The fake doctor slowly lowers his gun... then bolts and leaps  
off the top floor balcony.

Agents rush to the railing.

INT. HOSPITAL - GROUND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The imposter's lifeless body sprawls across the ground.

AGENT KUNGO  
That jump wasn't to escape... It  
was a suicide mission.

AGENT 2  
He knew we had him.

AGENT KUNGO  
And he chose to die with his  
secrets. He took the truth about  
his boss - to the grave.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
(to his team)  
Search the body. Anything that  
leads us to Big Fish.

INT. AGENT'S WARD - MOMENTS LATER

Agent Kungo re-enters. The doctor examines test results.  
Agent Mill watches over Agent, tense.

Temba sits at Agent's side, emotional.

TEMBA  
Hey, man. Forgive me. When I told  
you to greet Jacob, I didn't mean  
it.

He wipes his eyes.

TEMBA (CONT'D)  
Say no to this passage. Come back  
to us.

Agent Mill wipes her own tears away, hiding them.

TEMBA (CONT'D)

One more thing... I convinced the director to have you reinstated. You'll take my job.

TEMBA (CONT'D)

Since you're about to be a father, you need it more. I've only got a dog to look after.

The doctor steps forward.

DOCTOR

(reading)

The patient was poisoned with potassium cyanide.

Agent Mill glances at Kungo, stunned.

TEMBA

Potassium what?

AGENT KUNGO

Let the doctor speak.

DOCTOR

The antidote was administered in time. He's stable now. With care, he has a real chance to recover.

Agent Mill exhales in relief. Kungo nods. Temba lowers his head in gratitude.

The heart monitor's rhythm steadies – soft, steady beeps returning life to the room.

INT. MOSES' CELESTIAL REALM – MOUNTAIN OF VOICE – TIMELESS

A towering peak pierces the skies. Blinding light blankets the mountaintop. Thunder rolls – but there is no sound.

Agent lies motionless, caught between dimensions.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)

Welcome back, Agent.

His fingers twitch. His breath steadies. He rises slowly – like resurrection itself. He looks around. The realm is awe-striking – ancient stone, flaming skies, and a wind that carries memory.

MOSES (V.O.)  
 Died outside the Kingdom... yet  
 resurrects inside. Who are you?

Agent turns. Upon a throne of stone and fire, MOSES sits –  
 solemn, mighty, eternal.

AGENT  
 A sinner... saved by Grace.

MOSES  
 (with weight and sorrow)  
 Grace. You speak of it before me...  
 As though I ever walked in its  
 abundance.

Agent bows his head, uncertain.

MOSES (CONT'D)  
 I saw the Promise – but never  
 entered. I led a nation, stood  
 before Pharaoh, parted seas... But  
 one act of anger – and I was shut  
 out.

Silence.

MOSES (CONT'D)  
 (with pain)  
 I was judged... for one strike.

AGENT  
 Yes. You struck the rock in anger –  
 yet water flowed. The people drank.  
 Their thirst was quenched. What is  
 that... if not grace?

MOSES  
 (quietly)  
 He honored His word... not me.

AGENT  
 That is grace, Lord Moses.  
 That He honors His purpose – even  
 when we falter.

Moses turns away – shaken.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 You see a denied entrance...  
 But I see a man who stood face to  
 face with God. You received tablets  
 from His hand. You heard His voice.  
 You saw His back.

(MORE)

AGENT (CONT'D)

(beat)

That's more grace... than what we  
even see in the New Testament.

Moses stares at his staff. His face softens.

MOSES

And yet... I died on Mount Nebo.  
Outside the Promise.

AGENT

But centuries later... You stood  
inside the Promised Land – on the  
Mount of Transfiguration. Beside  
the Christ.

Moses exhales – the memory flooding back. A quiet tear forms  
in the corner of his eternal eye.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Grace found you, Moses – even  
beyond the grave.

(bowing)

Kindly... permit your servant to  
proceed. I seek the Aurum Vitae.

A pause.

Moses doesn't speak. But slowly – he raises his staff.

In a whisper of wind and light, he vanishes.

Agent watches the glowing path revealed before him.

INT. HOSPITAL – WAITING AREA – DAY

Temba, Agent Mill, and Agent Kungo approach BWALYA, who rises  
from her seat – panic tightening her voice.

BWALYA

Tell me—what's happening? Is my  
husband okay?

AGENT MILL

The imposters, they've been  
neutralized. Both are dead.

BWALYA

(cutting in, desperate, to  
Temba)

They're talking about their own  
victories – not my husband.  
Temba, please. What about him?

TEMBA

He's stable... but still in a coma.

BWALYA

(turning to Agent Kungo)  
Stable... and in a coma?  
What does that even mean?

AGENT KUNGO

Two men infiltrated the hospital.  
They poisoned your husband – but  
the doctor removed the toxin in  
time. That's why we say he's  
stable. But... he hasn't regained  
consciousness.

BWALYA

(firm, emotional)  
I thought you were here to protect  
him. You promised!

Agent Mill lowers her gaze – the guilt heavy in her chest.

BWALYA (CONT'D)

(pressing, tearful)  
Why didn't?

AGENT MILL

(tense, cutting)  
We're going to do our job better...  
if you stop interrogating me.  
(beat – eyes sharp)  
Have told you – I was with your  
husband the night before he was  
shot. But not the way you're  
imagining.

She turns away, furious and shaken, walking toward the Anti-Robbery agents.

TEMBA

(to Agent Kungo, stunned)  
Wait... they were together?

Agent Kungo sighs – staying with Bwalya, silently bracing for the next storm.

AGENT MILL strides briskly toward AGENT KUNGO, urgency in her step.

She leans in, gestures subtly, and leads him away.

The two walk down the corridor, their footsteps echoing beneath the hospital's tense silence – a private conversation brewing.

AGENT MILL  
Any word from the officers in the woods?

AGENT KUNGO  
(shakes head)  
Nothing yet.

Mill frowns, uneasy.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
But that's good. Silence sometimes means they're waiting... Or being watched.

Mill narrows her eyes, sensing what he's implying.

AGENT MILL  
So we press harder?

AGENT KUNGO  
(quietly)  
No. We press smarter. They're hiding something – and they think we're blind.

They lock eyes – no words needed.

Tension builds.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM - WHITE GATE - TIMELESS

AGENT stands at the foot of a towering white gate, as ethereal winds pass through the airless stillness.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
You have thirty minutes remaining.

AGENT  
(wondering aloud)  
You counted the time I was asleep too?

No answer. The silence is deafening. He sighs, steps closer, and peers through the gate.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
(peering)  
Sacred fire... surrounding the Lamb?

He recoils slightly, the sight overwhelming.

He places a hand on the gate, steady.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
Lord Abraham.

The gate splits open – soft thunder behind it – inviting.

INT. ABRAHAM'S CELESTIAL REALM – TENT OF THE COVENANT –  
TIMELESS

A colossal tent shimmers under a starless, velvet sky.  
Inside, sacred fire flickers gently around its edges. The  
warmth is not heat – it is spirit.

ABRAHAM, aged and noble, reclines near a low covenant table,  
adorned with bread and wine. Behind him, three radiant beings  
– the same who once visited under the oaks of Mamre – stand  
silently, watching.

He rises slowly, leaning on his staff, eyes locked toward the  
entrance.

AGENT enters, reverently.

ABRAHAM  
(measured, weighty)  
Tell me...Why should it be shown to  
you?

AGENT does not answer immediately. He bows his head, then  
lifts it with calm resolve.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
You lost your job.  
Then you lied to your wife.  
And now you dare call for Aurum  
Vitae with deceitful lips?

AGENT  
Grace covers all things.  
Without it... none of us would  
stand – not even you.

ABRAHAM  
(grimly)  
Grace? I walked under Law, not  
Grace.

AGENT

Then let me remind you:  
You lied to Pharaoh – called your  
wife Sarah your sister.  
And yet... God rebuked Pharaoh's  
house, not you.

ABRAHAM lowers his eyes. The fire softens.

AGENT (CONT'D)

You were covered – not because you  
were perfect, But because of God's  
Grace.

ABRAHAM

(softly, as if defending)  
It was done... in love.

AGENT

For Sarah? Or for your own life?

ABRAHAM clenches his staff. The silence humbles the tent.

AGENT (CONT'D)

You were afraid, Abraham.  
You feared man more than you  
trusted God – But He still honored  
His promise.

AGENT steps closer – now face-to-face with the patriarch.

AGENT (CONT'D)

If He did not condemn you...  
Why then do you condemn me for the  
same sin?

ABRAHAM's posture changes. His judgment fades. The fire dims  
to peace.

The patriarch takes a few steps back... clearing the way  
forward.

A light appears behind him.

AGENT (CONT'D)

(with reverence)  
Thank you, Father of the Promise.

AGENT walks forward – toward the next gate.

INT. ABANDONED AUTO GARAGE - DAY

The garage hums with quiet tension. It's no ordinary hangout – it's a makeshift command center cloaked behind grease and engine oil. Surveillance monitors flicker. Blueprints and city maps cover a wall.

BIG FISH'S MAN stands with three trusted crew members. He circles a red marker around a bank location on a city map.

BIG FISH'S MAN

Before anything, let's welcome our new member, Kito.

Everyone crapping in welcoming him. Kito, ambitious man in his 30s, feels at home.

BIG FISH'S MAN (CONT'D)

Today's job is clean. No loose ends.

(points to map)

The new recruit – Kito – you'll show us how committed you're to us your new family. We all started like you.

BIG FISH'S MAN (CONT'D)

We'll mic you up, give you the opportunity to lead the team and later present you to our Commander for your great prize.

Everyone nods in quiet approval. Cold. Efficient.

INT. GARAGE - LOADING ZONE - DAY (LATER)

KITO, clad in tactical black, stands ready. He adjusts a comm earpiece as BIG FISH'S MAN circles him with calm authority.

BIG FISH'S MAN

You're running point today. Lead the charge – earn your place.

KITO

(nervous but proud)  
Understood.

BIG FISH'S MAN

Stay sharp. Once inside, follow our lead. We've got your back.

Kito nods, steadying his breath.

INT. CENTRAL BANK - DAY

The heist is swift – surgical, brutal, and rehearsed.

Customers hit the floor. Security is gunned down in seconds. Kito bursts through the front, barking commands, adrenaline high.

Vault door opens. Bags of cash loaded.

Then – a sudden hiss. Tear gas fills the lobby.

BIG FISH'S MAN (OVER COMMS)  
Kito, hold the front. We'll clear  
the vault and loop back.

KITO  
Wait – what?

No response.

Kito dashes toward the vault – too late. A steel panel slides shut over a hidden tunnel exit. They're gone.

He's alone.

INT. CENTRAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

Sirens WAIL outside. Red and blue lights flicker through the haze.

Kito looks around – bodies on the floor, the vault empty, the exit sealed.

KITO  
(realizing, breathless)  
They left me...

Panic overtakes him. He drops his weapon.

The sound of boots and shouting grows louder.

He raises his hands, betrayed and frozen in place.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

AGENT KUNGO strides in, visibly energized. AGENT MILL intercepts him, concern written across her face.

AGENT KUNGO  
(grinning, almost  
triumphant)  
They struck again – in broad  
daylight. You know what that means?  
Their base isn't in the woods.  
Officers have been pulled out.  
(pauses, confident)  
And that man they left behind? He's  
going to lead us to their real  
location.

AGENT MILL  
(worried, thinking aloud)  
They've never hit during the day.  
Never. Why now?  
(beat)  
And they've never left one of their  
own behind. Why would they start?

AGENT KUNGO  
(shrugging)  
Not all days are Sunday. Maybe the  
new guy screwed up mid-op.

AGENT MILL  
(firm, eyes narrowing)  
And they had to leave him alive?

AGENT KUNGO  
(cutting in, serious now)  
Take care of the hospital case.  
I'll look into this new  
development.

They exchange a look – trust, but unease lingers in Mill's  
eyes as Kungo walks off down the hall.

INT. BIG FISH'S UNDERGROUND BASE – SURVEILLANCE ROOM – NIGHT

CCTV feeds glow across the dark room. One monitor shows  
police officers quietly pulling out of the forest perimeter.  
The screens begin to clear – no more flashing sirens, no more  
movement.

BIG FISH watches with a calm, calculating gaze. He exhales  
slowly, then turns toward his inner circle.

BIG FISH  
(smirking)  
They've pulled back... just like we  
wanted.

MAN 1

No tails. No trackers. We're clean.

BIG FISH nods, then approaches a table lined with weapons and gear. He picks up a sleek handgun and slides it into his coat.

He locks eyes with his team.

BIG FISH

Gear up. We're going for Agent.

They nod in silence, moving quickly to prepare.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

We don't wait for war.  
We deliver it. We strike first –  
and we strike last.

Weapons rise. Grins flash. The sound of safeties clicking off echoes through the compound.

A deafening WAR CRY erupts from the men – fists in the air, hearts ablaze.

They're not soldiers.

They're wolves ready for war.

The hunt begins.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE – EDGE OF CITY – DAY

A convoy of unmarked Antirobbery SUVs screeches to a halt. AGENT KUNGO steps out, flanked by armed officers in formation.

The RECRUITED BIG FISH MAN, handcuffed but alert, points at the rusting structure ahead.

RECRUITED MAN

(urgently)

This is it. That's where they  
brought me. I swear!

Kungo signals the team.

AGENT KUNGO

Move in – quietly.

The officers breach the warehouse – doors burst open, guns raised.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dust. Silence. Empty crates. A flickering overhead light. No signs of life.

OFFICER

Clear!

SECOND OFFICER

Clear!

The room echoes with emptiness. No trapdoors. No tech. No Big Fish.

RECRUITED MAN

(stammering)

No... no, this was it. The lights...  
the guns... the war table was right  
here. I saw it!

He spins in place, confused, panic setting in.

AGENT KUNGO

(disappointed)

It was staged. All of it.

The man drops to his knees.

RECRUITED MAN

They used me. From the beginning.

Kungo looks around slowly, face hardening.

AGENT KUNGO

(into radio)

We've been misled, again. This  
isn't the base.

A long silence.

RECRUITED MAN

(quietly)

This can't be.

Kungo clenches his jaw, eyes burning with new determination.

AGENT KUNGO

(into radio)

Alert Mill. Tell her - the real  
hunt is just beginning.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM - WHITE GATE - TIMELESS

AGENT stands once again before a radiant gate. He searches for the loop, kneels, and peers through.

AGENT  
(peering)  
A pillar... of salt.

He slowly straightens, eyes fixed on the gate.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
Lord Lot.

With a low, thunderous hum, the Gate creaks open, revealing a desolate realm beyond.

INT. LOT'S CELESTIAL REALM - HILL OF ASH AND MERCY - TIMELESS

A lonely hill smolders beneath soft, eternal rain. The sky burns gray with sorrow. Ash dances through the air like memory.

In the distance, a valley trembles—Sodom remembered, but not forgotten.

LOT stands motionless at the peak. His robe is torn yet unsoiled. Behind him: a pillar of salt — once his wife.

He turns, face weathered with judgment and grief. His voice strikes like thunder.

LOT  
(angrily)  
My wife looked back once— and  
judgment fell without mercy!  
Yet your generation looks back  
daily...and walks away freely!  
How is that justice?

AGENT  
(bowed, respectful)  
Your wife looked back at fire...  
We look back—searching for light.  
Yes... sometimes in the wrong places.

LOT  
Do not veil truth in riddles!  
Sodom was consumed for its sin.  
Fire fell swiftly. Has your  
generation grown better?

AGENT

No... perhaps worse. But you – you were visited by angels. Your people... still didn't believe. They tried to harm the messengers of God.

LOT

In my day, fire consumed sin. In yours... love consumed the penalty. Is that fair?

Agent stays silent – not out of defiance, but contemplation.

LOT (CONT'D)

(clenching his fists)  
We lived by warning.  
You live by second chances.  
My wife turned once—and was lost.  
You? You led robbers to a vault and expect to be found?

AGENT

They chose me. I didn't know their full intent.

LOT

Then you were too weak to know what you were part of. And too weak to stop it. I cannot let you pass.

AGENT

(pauses, then pivots)  
Very well. Tell me... what's your view on Moab and Ben-Ammi?

LOT freezes. His jaw tightens.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Your grandsons. Born of your own daughters— in deception... and drunkenness.

LOT

(ashamed, defensive)  
I... I didn't know what they were doing. They tricked me.  
Why bring this up?

AGENT

Because you judge me for what I  
didn't know—just as your daughters  
once deserved you... those men  
deserved me. And yet... I'm  
condemned?

Lot stares at Agent. The silence says more than words.

He slowly lowers his gaze – the shame of memory overtaking  
the fire of judgment.

With heavy steps, Lot walks backward, the ash parting around  
him. He vanishes.

The path ahead clears.

AGENT stands alone – surrounded by ash, but covered in grace.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - DAY

The hallway has quieted. Bwalya sits, shoulders low,  
exhaustion written across her face.

Temba walks over carrying two paper cups of hospital vending  
machine tea. He offers one.

TEMBA

Look – it's not Starbucks, but it's  
got hot water, caffeine... and a  
questionable smell. That counts for  
something, right?

BWALYA

(smiling faintly)  
Thank you.

TEMBA

You look like someone who's been  
auditioning for a zombie movie.  
Take a break and go home, Bwalya

BWALYA

(shaking her head)  
How can I? He's in there... and I'm  
out here.

TEMBA

(sitting beside her)  
And you being here won't heal him  
faster. But you collapsing in the  
hallway? That might get you a  
hospital bed too.

BWALYA  
(laughs softly)  
I'm fine.

TEMBA  
Uh-huh. That's what everyone says  
before they faceplant into a potted  
plant.

BWALYA  
(half-grinning)  
Why are you always joking?

TEMBA  
Because if I don't, I'll cry.  
(pauses)  
Besides, your smile is overdue.  
Agent would fire me if I didn't  
make you laugh at least once.

BWALYA  
(genuinely smiling now)  
That's your mission? Cheer me up?

TEMBA  
Nope. Right now my mission is to  
see you go home, eat something that  
doesn't come in a paper cup, then  
watch you back here with a fresh  
smile and breath that doesn't smell  
like hospital tea.

BWALYA  
(playfully)  
You rehearsed that, didn't you?

TEMBA  
I did. Twice. Even tried it on the  
mirror in the bathroom. The mirror  
didn't smile. You did.

BWALYA  
(chuckling)  
You're ridiculous.

TEMBA  
Come on - give your body a break.  
Agent's not going anywhere. The  
guy's too stubborn to die.

BWALYA  
(teary-eyed but laughing)  
Okay... okay. I'll go rest.

TEMBA

Good. And don't worry. If he wakes up and asks where you are... I'll just say, "She left you for a better man." Then I'll run.

They both laugh.

They walk off slowly. For the first time, Bwalya smiles with warmth – and Temba grins, mission accomplished.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM – WHITE GATE – TIMELESS

AGENT stands at the looming sixth gate, searching for the loop as an ominous whispering spirit interrupts.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)

With ten minutes remaining, I must warn you – most who slept and never awoke... fell at this gate. No one has ever opened the Sixth Gate.

AGENT

(worried)

What's with this gate?  
And how did fifty minutes fly past me?

Silence.

He sighs and leans toward the loop.

AGENT (CONT'D)

(peering)

Angels... ascending and descending on a ladder of fire.

He pulls back with a confident smile.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)

What name rises from your spirit?

AGENT

(joking)

So now you talk, huh?  
Only when it suits you.

No answer.

AGENT (CONT'D)

(smirking)

Thought so.

(MORE)

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 Well, this gate isn't that  
 complicated after all.  
 (places hand on the gate)  
 Lord Jacob.

The gate shudders violently – hurling Agent backward in a  
 flash of celestial force.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 One more mistake – and you'll be  
 deposited into hell.

AGENT  
 (startled)  
 But it has to be Jacob –  
 He saw the ladder! He named the  
 place Bethel! Before he became  
 Israel.  
 (The gate vibrates  
 intensely)  
 You see, this is Jacob's Gate.  
 (the Gate stops abruptly)

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 It was opening... what stopped it?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 Because you explained.  
 You're lucky you didn't call aloud  
 – or you'd be in hell.

Agent rises slowly, dusting off – shaken.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 You know who he was.  
 You don't know who he became.  
 Think... deeper.

Agent closes his eyes in concentration.

AGENT  
 (introspective, softly)  
 Lord Israel.

The gate bursts open – wide and bright.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 (nervously, eyes still  
 closed)  
 Am I... already in hell?

No reply.

He opens his eyes – and hears a VOICE.

ISRAEL (V.O.)  
 You are the first... to open my  
 gate.

Agent finds himself face-to-face with ISRAEL – strong,  
 limping, crowned in light.

ISRAEL  
 Many have tried. Many never  
 returned. Congratulations.

Israel leads Agent inside – like a father escorting a bride.

INT. ISRAEL'S CELESTIAL REALM – WRESTLING GROUND – TIMELESS

Thunderclouds clear over a trembling land. Glowing footprints  
 of divine struggle scar the earth.

A ladder of fire stands tall – angels moving up and down.

ISRAEL, regal and weathered, gestures around.

ISRAEL  
 I can show you much... this realm  
 is rich with meaning.

AGENT  
 (grateful, but focused)  
 Thank you, my Lord.  
 But time is short – and my task is  
 urgent.

Israel pauses, surprised.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 (pressing)  
 Why did God change your name?

Israel lowers his gaze.

ISRAEL  
 I wrestled with the Angel. All  
 night. That's why.

AGENT  
 (firmly)  
 At night? In the field?  
 Where were you coming from?

Israel tenses.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
You were running... from Esau.  
After deceiving your father.  
After stealing the birthright.

Israel looks away.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
And to this day – the conflict  
between your sons and Esau's still  
burns. The firstborn still claims  
what you took.

ISRAEL  
(bitingly)  
Perhaps I praised you too soon,  
robber.

Agent looks away.

ISRAEL (CONT'D)  
You are a robber.

AGENT  
So, a robber is now judging a  
robber?

Israel glances at the flaming ladder. His pride crumbles into  
shame.

Silently, he steps backward... vanishing into mist.

A new path appears – the way forward.

Agent exhales, steadying himself... and walks on

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rain drizzles under flickering streetlights.  
The city sleeps – unaware.

INT. BANK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS stand watch near the vault  
entrance. Their breaths cloud in the cold air.

Suddenly – FLASHES OF SILENCED GUNFIRE.

Both officers collapse. No time to scream.

EXT. BANK ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A LOOKOUT gives a quick signal with a red-tinted flashlight.

INT. BANK LOBBY - NIGHT

BIG FISH leads Stranger 2 and two other masked men in black. Tactical. Silent. Unforgiving.

They move with precision - disabling security feeds, breaking glass, overriding locks.

INT. BANK VAULT - NIGHT

Sparks fly as Stranger 2 drills the final bolt. The vault hisses open.

Stacks of cash. Bags loaded.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The gang exits fast - black SUV waiting with engine running.

Before getting in, BIG FISH turns to Stranger 2, blood on his gloves.

BIG FISH

Let's move to the next bank.

They disappear into the darkness - ghosts with full pockets.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The corridor is quiet. A TV murmurs faintly in the waiting area.

Agent Mill walks in briskly, scanning around. She spots Temba leaning against the wall, sipping hospital coffee.

AGENT MILL

Where's Bwalya?

TEMBA

(smiling proudly)

I sent her home to get some rest.  
She needed it.

AGENT MILL  
(angrily)  
You did what?  
You sent her into a war zone?

Temba straightens, caught off guard.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
What if Big Fish finds her first?  
If she's taken, we'll have double  
the chaos to deal with!

TEMBA  
(grinning, trying to  
diffuse)  
War zone? Come on, it's not like I  
sent her to Gaza. Besides, she  
needed a warm bath and maybe a rom-  
com.

Mill glares at him as AGENT KUNGO approaches slowly, a bitter weight behind his steps. He walks Agent Mill away for a private talk.

AGENT KUNGO  
(sighs)  
The warehouse was another dead end.  
Just an empty box dressed like a  
stage.

MILL doesn't look at him - her eyes fixed ahead.

AGENT MILL  
They played us. Again.

AGENT KUNGO  
(sits beside her)  
I'm starting to think... we don't  
really know what kind of man we're  
chasing.

AGENT MILL  
(quietly)  
He's not just smart. He's surgical.  
Every move leads us further from  
the truth.

A heavy silence lingers.

AGENT KUNGO  
You okay?

AGENT MILL  
(shakes her head)  
I don't know anymore. You pulled  
out surveillance from the forest  
because he led you away.

She turns toward Kungo, voice sharper now.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
That's exactly what he wants us to  
believe. And his controlling you  
like you're connected to his PS  
joystick.

AGENT KUNGO  
(puzzled)  
You're still holding onto the  
forest theory?

AGENT MILL  
(confidently)  
Yes. He stormed a bank in broad  
daylight – not only to steal, but  
to distract. To make us pull our  
eyes from the only place he can  
truly vanish.

She paces, regaining her fire.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
No one hides in plain sight like  
that. The forest – it's the only  
constant. Everything else has just  
been noise.

AGENT KUNGO  
(concedes)  
You always see what the rest of us  
miss.

Mill finally sits again, quieter.

AGENT MILL  
I just don't want us walking in  
circles anymore.

AGENT KUNGO  
You shouldn't be the one following  
orders, Mill. You should be giving  
them.

She looks up, surprised.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)

(serious)

From here on – I say you lead the operation. You're closer to his mind-game than any of us. Take a day off from here. Go out there, as far as your mind lead. I believe you'll come back with a positive news tomorrow.

Mill stares back, uncertain... but something shifts in her eyes.

Determination.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM - WHITE GATE - TIMELESS

For the seventh time, Agent returns to the White Gate—now familiar, yet always daunting.

He steps forward, eyes scanning for a new sign.

AGENT

(peering)

A scroll... opening with written songs.

He steps back in deep thought. Then, with resolve, he steps forward and touches the gate.

AGENT (CONT'D)

(calmly)

Lord and King... David.

The gate swings open—majestically, as though stirred by unseen choirs.

INT. DAVID'S CELESTIAL REALM - THRONE OF PRAISE - TIMELESS

Agent enters. A harp rests beside a throne carved from stone and shadow. The air carries echoes of unsung psalms.

DAVID, rugged yet radiant, sits upon the throne. His crown rests at his feet—not worn, but honored. He writes—pen on scroll, heart on sleeve.

He looks up and smiles, eyes warm with recognition.

DAVID

(pleased)

For generations, they only spoke of  
the one who would reach the seventh  
gate. And here you are.

Agent bows in reverence.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(softly, yet commanding)

I was a man of war... of worship... and  
of weakness.

(looks down)

I led armies. I wrote psalms.  
But I also fell—terribly.

AGENT

(listening, respectful)

DAVID

Yours is a lucky generation.  
You sin without restraint... and  
still, God saves you.  
Even murderers, adulterers—build  
churches and call them "the Lord's  
house."

Agent remains still, absorbing the weight of it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I wasn't allowed to build His  
house—because of blood on my hands.

AGENT

(softly)

But you received grace, my Lord.  
Grace that brought down Goliath  
with a stone.

DAVID

Goliath died not by my hand— but by  
the Word he mocked. God struck him  
down... I was just the sling.

Agent lowers his gaze, humbled.

DAVID (CONT'D)

In my day, one sin meant  
destruction. No second chances.  
Ask Uzzah—he touched the Ark and  
died on the spot.

AGENT

I've read your story, good King.  
You sent a man to die—just to take  
his wife. Yet... God still called you  
"a man after His own heart."  
If that's not grace... what is?

DAVID

(somberly)

That wasn't grace. That was  
consequence. My son died. My house  
fell to ruin. Don't mistake  
survival... for favor.

AGENT

(nodding, glancing at the  
scroll)

Yet you still wrote psalms.  
You still sang to God.  
He let you rule after your failure.

David is silent, struck by the truth.

AGENT (CONT'D)

I'm not here claiming innocence.  
I'm here because I know what it  
means to fall... and still believe.

David slowly rises, his hand resting on the harp.

DAVID

I'll allow your passage.  
And recommend your hands for the  
Aurum Vitae— if you can answer one  
question truthfully.

Agent steadies himself.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You sinned publicly. You robbed  
your fellow men—deliberately or by  
deceit. If I let you go unpunished...  
what message will that send to  
those still living in sin?

A heavy pause.

AGENT

(after a silence, eyes  
closed)

They'll say: "A fellow sinner like  
us looked up... and found mercy."  
"If God forgave him... why not us?"  
They'll turn.

(MORE)

AGENT (CONT'D)  
They'll repent.  
And they'll call for grace.

David lowers his eyes, moved. He looks down at his scroll of praise... then slowly smiles.

He vanishes in glory.

A quiet path forms before Agent.

Another gate awaits.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Agent Mill's car slices through the quiet night. Her eyes scan the road - tension carved into her face.

INT. AGENT MILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She exhales deeply, trying to calm her racing thoughts. The radio murmurs a news report about last night's robbery. She turns it off - her mind heavier than the air.

Up ahead, she slows down. Headlights flicker in the distance near an abandoned fuel station.

EXT. ABANDONED FUEL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mill pulls off to the side, parking discreetly behind a billboard. She peers through the windshield - several armed men gathered under dim lighting.

Big Fish stands at the center - pacing like a lion. Stranger 2 stands close beside him, nodding to a map laid out on the hood of a van.

BIG FISH  
(serious, low voice)  
He's not dying fast enough.  
Tonight, we go in full force. I  
want the ward cleared - floor by  
floor if we have to.

STRANGER 2  
What about the Anti-Robbery Squad?

BIG FISH  
We created chaos elsewhere...  
pulling them away, they've a weak  
leader. Agent must not see another  
sunrise.

Mill gasps quietly, reaching for her phone – then freezes. One of the men looks around. She ducks.

A tense beat.

Then – she starts the engine.

INT. AGENT MILL'S CAR – SPEEDING – MOMENTS LATER

She drives like a bullet, weaving through traffic with laser focus – hazards flashing, engine growling, every second counting.

EXT. HOSPITAL – MOMENTS LATER

She screeches to a stop. Bursting through the entrance doors.

INT. HOSPITAL – AGENT'S WARD – CONTINUOUS

Temba, Bwalya, and Agent Kungo sit in tense silence as Mill storms in.

AGENT MILL

(alarmed)

They're coming. Full force. Big Fish is planning a sweep – not just to finish Agent off... to wipe the entire floor.

Gasps fill the room.

TEMBA

(shaking his head,  
skeptical)

You sure about that? Maybe it was just some politician on a campaign tour.

Agent Mill

Shoots him a sharp glare, clearly not amused.

AGENT KUNGO

(to Mill)

How long do we have?

AGENT MILL

An hour, or maybe less.

TEMBA

(sarcastic, to himself)  
Let's make another bed to distract them too. Who knows - maybe they'll end up kidnapping me instead of Agent.

AGENT MILL

(snaps, tense)  
They don't take prisoners, you fool. Big Fish is coming to end lives - right here.

They all brace for the seriousness. Mill turns to Bwalya.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)

(calm, but firm)  
You need to leave now. If anything happens, we can't guarantee your safety.

BWALYA

(standing)  
I'm not leaving him. If death is coming... let it find me holding his hand.

Mill looks at her, moved - but conflicted.

Mill nods grimly, then moves to coordinate the security detail.

Temba watches her leave, eyes wide.

TEMBA

(quietly)  
So, it begins. Just like this?

Temba looks at Agent Kungo in fear.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM - WHITE GATE - TIMELESS

For the eighth time, Agent approaches the radiant Gate. His steps are slower now - the toll of time and truth weighing heavily on him.

He reaches the loop and peers in.

AGENT

(peering)  
A whirlwind... fire on chariots. No horses.

He straightens up, takes a breath, and places his hand upon the Gate.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
Lord Elijah.

The Gate doesn't just open – it erupts in flame, spiraling upward like a vortex. The wind howls but doesn't harm him. The path clears with divine command.

INT. ELIJAH'S CELESTIAL REALM – CAVE OF FIRE AND WHISPER – TIMELESS

Agent steps into a land of extremes – scorched earth and whirling winds, yet somehow still. Thunder rumbles above but never strikes.

ELIJAH stands at the mouth of a high cave, clothed in rough prophet's robes, his eyes like lightning barely restrained. Behind him, a fiery chariot rests – untamed, unbroken, unhitched.

Elijah's voice pierces the silence – sharp as truth.

ELIJAH  
Are you for me or for my  
adversaries?

AGENT  
(humbled)  
Who fights the commander of fire  
and lives?

Elijah calm and moved as he walks near to Agent.

ELIJAH  
They said a robber walks freely  
into my chamber.  
(steps forward)  
Is it you... who carries  
lawlessness on his back, yet asks  
for eternal light?

Agent stands firm, respectful.

AGENT  
It is I... and yes, I sinned. But not  
proudly.

ELIJAH  
Pride? Ha!  
Even kings trembled when I called  
down fire.

(MORE)

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

(beat)

You were given grace, and you used it to join thieves. What stopped you from overcoming temptation?

AGENT

The same thing that drove you to the wilderness... fear. The same weight that made you say, "I alone am left."

Elijah is caught off guard – recognition flickers in his eyes.

AGENT (CONT'D)

You ran after calling fire from heaven. You fled from Jezebel. You begged to die under a broom tree. Yet God whispered... and still sent you back.

Elijah turns slowly, walking toward the cave.

ELIJAH

He whispered... because the fire and wind couldn't heal me. Only the still voice could. (quietly) But I never died. I was taken.

AGENT

Then you... above all... should understand the weight of unfinished stories. I don't ask to be spared judgment. I ask to be sent back... to finish what's pending down there.

ELIJAH

How will finish your assignment in the world which bows to likes, to fame, and compromise?

AGENT

Yours is to set me free. The finishing will be of the Lord.

ELIJAH

Then Why asking me for something when you can easily get it from God who's closer to you than he was with us?

AGENT

He placed you in between. Honoring  
you is honoring he who called you.

Elijah returns to his seat furiously.

The prophet vanishes in a flicker of wind.

Agent bends, lifts the mantle – it pulses like living flame –  
and the path ahead blazes open once more.

EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

Big Fish and his men pull off the main road and park in a  
remote clearing. One by one, they exit their cars and gather  
for a tactical update.

BIG FISH Just in case they already know we're coming... Let's  
give them a different feeling.

He opens a separate vehicle and pulls out two large duffel  
bags.

Inside are industrial work suits and face masks.

BIG FISH

Impression is the first message you  
send. One by one, the men begin  
dressing in the disguises.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

The moment they figure out who's  
who the mission becomes simple.

Among them are the two men who shot Agent – now also cloaked  
in disguise.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

They're employed... to do their work.  
And you're employed to do yours.

One of his men pulls out a third bag – heavier, clinking.  
Inside: weapons.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

May the best paymaster win.

He looks around, his men hanging on his every word.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

The government steals from the  
poor.

(MORE)

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
We only take back what they've  
already stolen.  
We're not thieves.

MEN  
(nodding in affirmation)  
Right.

BIG FISH  
(loudly)  
Are we the thieves they think?

MEN  
(all together)  
No, no!

BIG FISH  
(shouting)  
Who are we?

MEN  
(louder)  
Big Fish of the City!

BIG FISH  
Yes! Now let's go... and show them  
who we are.

The men cheer wildly, jumping into their cars, ready for war.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

Bwalya kneels beside Agent's bed, clasping his hand, tears  
falling while Temba stands still with closed eyes.

BWALYA  
(praying)  
Father, in the name of Jesus Christ  
The Author and Finisher of faith,  
work, and hope...  
I stand on the rights of a citizen  
in Your Kingdom... I declare life,  
strength, and power into the body  
of my husband.

Her voice trembles with faith.

Suddenly, the door opens.

Two Anti-Robbery Agents step in – checking on her, weapons  
ready.

Agent Mill subtly raises her hand, signaling Agent Kungo to hold his position.

AGENT KUNGO  
 (whispering to Agent Mill)  
 We need to move out and secure this ward.

AGENT MILL  
 (whispering firmly)  
 She's praying. We can't disturb her.

AGENT KUNGO  
 (frustrated whisper)  
 Her husband is in danger and she's wasting time praying.

AGENT MILL  
 (sharply, still  
 whispering)  
 Prayer is never a waste of time, Sir.

Temba opens one eye, peeking at them while pretending to pray — then closes it again as they both stand in silence, honoring the sacred moment.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM - WHITE GATE - TIMELESS

Agent stands before the ninth gate, heart pounding. He peers through the loop, eyes narrowing.

AGENT  
 (peering)  
 A den of lions...?

He pulls back, then breathes deeply and places his hand on the gate.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 Lord Daniel.

The gate opens wide—no resistance.

INT. DANIEL'S CELESTIAL REALM - DEN OF LIGHT - TIMELESS

A vast chamber of luminous stone. The floor is a mosaic of lions, their forms glowing like embers. No bars. No chains. Just a quiet presence.

DANIEL, radiant in white, stands tall. One hand holds a scroll, the other—a scale of justice. An angel kneels beside him, ever watchful, though no threat remains.

Daniel turns toward Agent, gaze piercing yet calm.

DANIEL

I know what you seek.  
And I've heard your arguments.

Agent stands silently—humbled.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

But let me ask you this:  
How many nights have you prayed  
with your windows open... knowing  
death might follow?

AGENT

(sincere)  
None like yours, great lord.

Daniel gives a faint, understanding smile.

AGENT (CONT'D)

You faced lions for your faith—and  
never denied the Lord's name. But I...  
faced temptations and failed. Even  
without cages.

Daniel steps forward, voice steady.

DANIEL

I denied delicacies.  
Drank water instead of wine.  
Stood before kings. I refused to  
bow. I fasted until my bones ached—  
but I never asked for the grace  
you're asking for now.

AGENT

(humbly)  
And I envy your strength... my Lord.  
(pause)  
But may I ask—did you not have that  
strength because grace gave it?

DANIEL

Grace?  
(beat)  
I had laws.  
I had commandments.  
I had discipline.

AGENT

And yet... the lions' mouths were  
shut. Was that by your discipline...  
or divine intervention?

DANIEL

I was found blameless.  
Unlike your case.

AGENT

(quietly)

Then tell me, my Lord...  
How many today are blameless in the  
New Testament— yet receive your  
reward?

Daniel pauses.

DANIEL

My strength came from structure.  
Yours... must come from surrender.

AGENT

You think that's easy?

DANIEL

Not enough to boast.  
But enough... to hope.

Agent lowers his eyes.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(sitting slowly)

Hope is a strong tower.  
Blessed are those who run into it.

AGENT

And what happens... if we stumble  
while running?

DANIEL

(smiling softly)

Then don't look down—at what caused  
you to stumble. Look up... to the  
Cross. Rise... and continue from  
where you ended— if you still have  
time.

A sacred silence falls.

Agent lowers himself to the ground — and kneels.

AGENT  
(softly)  
So I either look down or believe  
there's still time... to rise.

Daniel gently steps forward. He takes Agent by the hand, helping him rise.

Then – a kiss to Agent's forehead.

DANIEL  
(whisper)  
Cling to the Cross.  
Not your guilt.

He vanishes in radiant glory.

Agent stands still... bathed in light.

AGENT  
(softly, to himself)  
One gate left...

He turns toward the path forward – heart renewed.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Big Fish and his men linger in the shadows, surveying the perimeter.

They study entrances, counting movement, looking for blind spots.

BIG FISH  
(whispering to his men)  
The last conversation I had with  
the late nurse...He told me the  
room number.

He moves quietly between groups, giving silent signals to each group leader.

The men split into coordinated teams, preparing for silent entry.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - CONTINUOUS

Inside the ward, Bwalya is still on her knees, deep in fervent prayer beside her unconscious husband and Temba nearby in full view of sight busy looking around in fear.

Agents Mill and Kungo watch in respectful silence.

AGENT MILL  
 (whispering to Kungo)  
 Sir, Go attend to the Agents  
 outside. I'll wait until she's done  
 praying.

AGENT KUNGO  
 (whispering back)  
 No. You go. I'll take care of her.

AGENT MILL  
 (suspicious)  
 You just want to interrupt her.

AGENT KUNGO  
 (calm but sharp)  
 You don't get it, do you?

Agent Mill looks away, frustrated.

AGENT KUNGO (CONT'D)  
 You're the same person who turned  
 back to warn us about Big Fish and  
 his men... And now you're wasting  
 time in here?

AGENT MILL  
 (firmly, whispering)  
 I told you already - Time spent in  
 prayer is never wasted.

They both turn their eyes to Bwalya, still praying - her  
 hands gently holding Agent's arm.

BWALYA  
 (praying fervently)  
 Send him back to me, please.  
 You have power over death, and  
 power over life. Don't judge him by  
 his last action... Judge him by who  
 he truly is in Your Kingdom.  
 How he helped others... How he served  
 You. How he proclaimed Your name -  
 in season... and out of season -  
 without shame.

Agent Mill's eyes well up. She turns slowly to Kungo, her  
 voice low and unwavering.

AGENT MILL  
 (whispering)  
 Do not disturb her.

They both remain still, quietly watching Bwalya's prayer...and Agent, who lies motionless... between earth and eternity.

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM - WHITE GATE - TIMELESS

The air is still. Sacred. Final.

Agent stands before the 10th and final gate—worn but unbroken. Sweat, dust, and glory cling to him.

He doesn't know who the final judge is.

He doesn't know how this will end.

But one thing is certain—he can't fail now.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
Two minutes to open the gate... and  
face the Final Judge. The last  
verdict awaits.

Agent breathes deeply, calming his racing heart.

He approaches the gate, slowly—one step at a time.

AGENT  
(peering into the loop)  
There's nothing...

He recoils slightly, puzzled.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
There's no sign. No vision beyond  
the gate...

Silence.

A long beat.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
(panicked)  
What do you want me to say when  
there's no sign to guide me?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
Where there is no sign... look for  
the Word.

Agent peers again—this time, more intently.

AGENT  
 (peering)  
 A military leader...a judge... and... a  
 prophet?

He steps back—mind racing.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 (confused)  
 Who was all three?

A beat.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 (sincerely, to the voice)  
 Wait... you want me to answer that?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 You're asking me?

Agent chuckles nervously.

AGENT  
 Oh. Right. Sorry.

He closes his eyes, digging through memory—through the  
 Scriptures, the hidden texts, the unspoken.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 Melchizedek.

The gate violently shudders, throwing Agent to the ground.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 Melchizedek was priest and king—but  
 not a military leader.

Agent groans, rises—dirt on his robe, fire in his breath.

AGENT  
 I swear this man isn't even in the  
 common Bible...Maybe he's from the  
 lost letters. The ones the Romans  
 removed.

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 As a complete believer—you were  
 meant to search beyond what was  
 handed to you.

AGENT  
 (panicked)  
 But they were removed before my  
 generation ever came into being!  
 How would I know?

Suddenly, a celestial clock flickers into view above the gate.

It begins to count down. 59...58...57...

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 (watching in dread)  
 What's going on now?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 You have less than a minute.  
 Aurum Vitae... or hell. The choice is  
 now bound to your tongue.

Agent's eyes dart between the ticking numbers and the white gate.

56...55...54...

He whispers names—none dare spoken aloud.

AGENT  
 (whispers, anxious)  
 Lord Nath...?

The gate violently trembles again—this time in wrath.

BOOM!

Agent is hurled back—hard. The ground beneath him splits open—fire rising, licking at the realm.

The final judgment looms...

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - CONTINUOUS

Temba, Agent Mill, and Agent Kungo stand in silence, watching over Bwalya, who is still kneeling beside her unconscious husband — locked in fervent prayer.

BWALYA  
 (praying)  
 You are his strength...  
 Help him fight his way back to me.  
 You are his wisdom... Help him find  
 his path again.

(MORE)

BWALYA (CONT'D)  
 You are his protection... Shield him  
 from every spiritual and physical  
 force rising against him.

Agent Mill notices movement outside the ward window. She gives a silent signal to Kungo and slips behind the door into a defensive stance.

Temba, jittery, scans the room – heart pounding.

BWALYA (CONT'D)  
 (praying, unwavering)  
 This darkness will pass.  
 My husband will return to the  
 light.

A stranger enters – dressed like a hospital staff member, gun tucked discreetly under his coat, moving toward Bwalya.

Agent Mill and Kungo exchange sign language – a silent takedown strategy.

BWALYA (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 If You raised Lazarus after four  
 days...  
 What is a coma that You cannot  
 reverse?

The stranger draws his gun.

Temba instinctively steps closer to Bwalya, shielding her.

BWALYA (CONT'D)  
 You didn't give me a child... to take  
 away her father. Come through, oh  
 God...

Agent Mill strikes. Swift. Silent. Surgical. A blade to the chest – the man gurgles, stunned. She covers his mouth, lowers him gently – not even disturbing the prayer.

She signals to Temba – don't interrupt.

Temba freezes, swallowing hard.

BWALYA (CONT'D)  
 (pauses – sensing  
 something... but doesn't  
 turn) )  
 Fight for him... Fight for me... Fight  
 for our child.

Agent Kungo exits to check the hallway.

BLAM! –

Gunfire. A second assailant drops. Bwalya opens her eyes and gasps – a body lies beside her.

She recoils in fear.

AGENT MILL  
 (grabbing her gently)  
 Calm down.  
 The Government is here... to protect  
 you both.

Kungo lifts his radio.

AGENT KUNGO  
 (into radio)  
 They're here...

BLAM!

A sniper's bullet rips through the air. Kungo drops. Mill gasps, dashing toward him– too late.

Ropes drop from the window.

BIG FISH and his men descend – masked, armed, smirking.

Bwalya trembles beside the bed. Temba stands frozen.

Mill reaches for her weapon – but she's surrounded, outgunned.

BIG FISH  
 (calm, menacing)  
 A pleasure to finally meet you.

He scans the room, gun in hand.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
 (points at Mill)  
 We came for him.  
 But killing you too? No problem.

Mill locks eyes with Temba – they're outmatched.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
 (to Temba)  
 You don't look like an officer. Who  
 are you?

TEMBA  
 (steadily)  
 I'm a student doctor. On  
 internship.

BIG FISH  
 (amused)  
 Perfect. I'll help you complete  
 your internship.  
 Let's begin with your last  
 procedure.

He points his gun at Agent.

TEMBA  
 (eyes sharp)  
 Wait—!

BANG!

Temba throws himself in front of Agent — takes the bullet.  
 His body crashes onto the bed — shielding Agent's.

Mill and Bwalya freeze — shaken. Grief and shock fill the  
 air.

BIG FISH  
 (stunned)  
 Was he really... an intern?

No one answers.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
 (to Bwalya)  
 Who was he to your husband?

Bwalya looks away, silent.

AGENT MILL  
 (firmly)  
 Why? You want to kill him again?

Big Fish stares at his gun.

BIG FISH  
 Only had one bullet for Agent.

And the intern doctor took it.

Mill and Bwalya exchange a glance — what now?

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
 (sighs)  
 I'm done.  
 (MORE)

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

(to Bwalya)

But you're coming with me – while my men handle your husband... and his sweetheart.

BWALYA

(defiant)

I'm not going with you.

BIG FISH

(smiling coldly)

That's cute. But I've already made the choice – for both of us.

He grabs her by the hair and begins tying a rope around them. She resists, screams – but he overpowers her.

Mill watches helplessly – surrounded.

Big Fish drags Bwalya toward the window.

BWALYA

(sobbing)

Kill me beside my husband!

She looks back one last time at Agent's motionless body.

BWALYA (CONT'D)

Wait!

BIG FISH

(turns)

For who? Your dead husband?

BWALYA

(staring him down)

You'll never see the sunrise. You'll die screaming. And not even your men will save you.

BIG FISH

(mocking)

In whose name are you cursing me?

BWALYA

In the Name of Jesus Christ.

BIG FISH

(scoffs)

The One you've been shouting at... since morning?

BWALYA  
(steady, full of fire)  
Not just this morning.  
I've called Him... all my life.

Big Fish snarls – and slaps her across the face.

Mill flinches. Helpless.

BIG FISH  
Let's go.

He tightens the rope and throws Bwalya out the window.

Then follows her.

EXT. HOSPITAL BACK LOT – NIGHT

Big Fish and Bwalya land hard on the ground from the rope descent.

BWALYA  
(screaming)  
Kill me, you fool!

BIG FISH  
Not yet. You're a good wife.  
Now... you'll serve your new husband.

Bwalya kicks and claws – but he's stronger. He grips her and forces her through the battlefield where Agents and his men are locked in a full shootout.

MAN 1  
(to the others)  
Protect the Commander!

BIG FISH  
(lifting a hand)  
Hold fire! They won't risk shooting  
with her in my arms!

AGENT 1  
(to fellow Agents)  
Seize fire! SEIZE FIRE!

Big Fish pushes through the chaos, dragging Bwalya toward a waiting getaway car. The back door swings open. They dive inside.

The car screeches off as the battle roars on.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - CONTINUOUS

Agent Mill stands surrounded by Big Fish's men, disguised as hospital workers.

One of them approaches Agent's lifeless body on the bed, raising a gun to his head.

AGENT MILL

(calmly)

Are you... afraid of the dead?

The man smirks.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)

Start with the living.

Finish with the helpless one last.

He lowers the gun beside Agent and turns to Mill.

MAN

Before I kill you...

I have something better in mind.

Agent Mill tenses. He grabs a spare bed, dragging it out.

AGENT MILL

What are you doing?

MAN

Acting.

Laughter from the others.

MAN (CONT'D)

You and I... we're filming a blue movie. The bad manners kind.

AGENT MILL

(smirks)

Not in front of your audience.

Tell them to wait outside - maybe then we can enjoy ourselves.

MAN

Nah. I told you - we're acting.

Who'll hold the camera? The mic?

The lights?

He yanks Temba's body off the bed, making room. His men drag the body aside.

MAN (CONT'D)

(to his friends)

Hold her hands.

Two thugs grab Mill's arms.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Put her on the bed. Undress her.

AGENT MILL  
(struggling)  
No! Don't do this!

MAN  
You started this, remember?

AGENT MILL  
I didn't mean this. Please!

MAN  
You said - start with you.  
Then finish with the dead.

They force her toward the bed-

BANG!

One man drops. Everyone freezes.

BANG!

Another falls. Panic now.

They turn to the bed - Agent is still motionless - but the gun beside him is floating.

BANG!

A third man drops.

Mill stares - wide-eyed - as the weapon floats midair, aiming with invisible precision.

BANG!

Fourth man down.

Only the rapist remains. He lunges toward the bed - reaching for the gun.

It hovers near his face - staring him down.

Then floats back - gently - landing in Agent's right hand.

AGENT  
(eyes opening)  
Instead of going for a woman...  
Why not face your fellow man?

AGENT MILL grabs a gun and fires – three shots – finishing the last men

Agent turns to her – stunned.

AGENT MILL  
(in deep fear)  
Welcome back, Sir.

AGENT  
The first time we met, you promised  
me a job. Can I work?

AGENT MILL  
(smiling)  
Yes, Sir. You're hired.

Agent walks to the window, scanning the battle outside.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
The way is this side.

AGENT  
I met the way.

He leaps out the window. Mill dashes for the stairs.

EXT. HOSPITAL GROUND - CONTINUOUS

Agent crashes down like a demon from the sky – a one-man storm, guns blazing.

He moves like the B-2 Spirit – silent, swift, deadly.

He fires into Big Fish's men, clearing the chaos.

The other Agents watch in stunned awe.

Mill joins him. They sweep through – clearing the field.

Bodies fall in every direction – the hospital ground a war zone.

AGENT  
Your burial will be quick.  
You're already in the hospital.

AGENT MILL  
(smiling grimly)  
Your wife... Big Fish took her.

AGENT  
(calmly)  
I know. That's where I'm going  
next.

AGENT MILL  
But we don't know where he took  
her!

AGENT  
She's in my heart always. No one  
can hid her from me.

Mill pauses, stunned by the certainty in his voice.

AGENT MILL  
Your friend, Temba...

AGENT  
(a shadow of dread  
falling)  
What happened to Temba?

He lowers his gaze – sorrow washing over him.

AGENT MILL  
He took a bullet for you.  
(softly)  
You're deeply loved, Agent – even  
in death.

Agent stares off, heavy with thought.

AGENT  
I'll join you shortly.

He silently floats from his body – a ghost separating from  
the man. But Agent Mill doesn't notice.

AGENT MILL  
(teasing, unaware)  
You're not flying on me again, are  
you?

Agent offers a faint smile, saying nothing – and quietly  
follows her lead to the waiting vehicle.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A convoy of blacked-out government SUVs rolls out, cutting through the night like shadows on a mission.

Let me know if you'd like the tone darker, more spiritual, or edited to fit a voice-over trailer style.

INT. BIG FISH'S UNDERGROUND BASE - NIGHT

The camp is heavily guarded, men in work suits positioned like sentinels.

One MAN enters a small back room. BIG FISH stands over Bwalya, tied and bruised.

MAN  
(to Big Fish)  
No news from the hospital.

BIG FISH looks up, jaw clenched.

MAN (CONT'D)  
I tried calling several numbers... No one's answering.

Bwalya, eyes closed, begins praying silently, lips trembling.

BIG FISH  
(mocking)  
Not even your God can stand against my men in work suits.

She keeps praying.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
When I'm done with you... I'll help you meet your husband... in hell.

He kicks her hard. She falls, bleeding. Slowly, she pulls herself upright.

BWALYA  
(bold)  
No one insults the name of the Lord and lives.

BIG FISH  
(scoffing)  
You again?

BWALYA

I told you... you'd never see  
sunrise. What I forgot... was telling  
you how you'll die.

Big Fish hesitates, suddenly alert.

BWALYA (CONT'D)

You'll beg for the name of Jesus  
you mocked. But it'll be too late.  
Your voice won't reach grace.

BIG FISH

(furious)  
Shut up!

He slaps her again. She hits the floor, blood on her lips.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

When you die tonight – and find no  
heaven, no God, only blackness –  
what will you do?

BWALYA

(weak but steady)  
I don't kill. I don't steal. I love  
others... not for reward, but because  
it's right.

BIG FISH stands still, jaw twitching.

BWALYA (CONT'D)

Even if there's no heaven... my  
soul will rest. Because I lived...  
in peace.

BIG FISH

(growling)  
Brainwashed. Useless. Married  
virgin.

He grabs her, throws her onto a bed, yanking at his belt.

Suddenly – the door bursts open.

A MAN stumbles in, terrified, clutching a phone.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

Are you foolish?!

MAN

Sir—I tried calling the hospital  
team... Someone answered.

BIG FISH

Who?

MAN

I don't know. He said... he wants  
to talk to you.

BIG FISH grabs the phone.

BIG FISH

(into phone)

Who is this?!

Silence.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)

I said, WHO?!

The phone grows HOT. Big Fish drops it, yelling. The device  
erupts into flame, reshaping into a burning fish.

A THUNDEROUS VOICE rises from the fire.

PHONE (V.O.)

If I wished, I could consume you  
now. But I won't deprive you a  
chance of meeting the man who met  
God.

Bwalya, slumped on the floor, barely lifts her eyes.

PHONE (V.O.)

Don't panic. Don't look for exits.  
I'm already here. You can't see me  
because my body is still on the  
way.

The man who brought the phone collapses.

BIG FISH stands trembling.

PHONE (V.O.)

Your men lie dead at your gates.  
You brought the Ark of God into a  
defiled place.

BWALYA begins whispering praise.

PHONE (V.O.)

You have become Uzzah—  
for touching what was never yours.

The fire fades. The phone rests cold, intact.

Big Fish, rattled, rushes outside. He finds one of his guards—burned, dead at the threshold. Another man stumbles toward him.

MAN

The moment it rang... everyone who  
looked at it... died. It was  
wrapped in fire.

BIG FISH storms back into the room.

BWALYA

(mocking, weak)  
He's coming for you. Soon, you'll  
be no more.

BIG FISH

(shouting)  
Shut up!

He slaps her — hard. Her body slumps, unconscious.

Breathing heavily, Big Fish drags her by the wrists toward the exit.

The room echoes in silence, as her blood trails behind.

EXT. WOODED PERIMETER — BIG FISH'S UNDERGROUND BASE — NIGHT

Flashing hazard lights pierce through the misty woods.

A convoy of black SUVs halts in a tight semi-circle formation—engines still running, doors opening in sync.

ANTIROBBERY OPERATIVES in tactical gear fan out, sweeping the area with silent precision.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE — SECURITY ROOM — CONTINUOUS

BIG FISH, surrounded by his trusted men, watches the surveillance monitors — multiple angles showing the woods, the vehicles, and the agents moving into position.

BWALYA lies nearby—eyes shut, still as death.

BIG FISH

(leaning forward)  
That can't be him...

The screen shifts — AGENT steps out of the lead SUV, fully armed, moving with calculated purpose.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
(smirks, confident)  
Even if it is, he can't find a way  
in.

EXT. HIDDEN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

AGENT stops at what looks like a pile of discarded debris and overgrowth.

He kneels, brushes back branches—revealing a thick steel chain bolted into a stone slab.

AGENT MILL approaches from behind, eyeing the hidden mechanism.

AGENT MILL  
(coldly, eyes locked on  
the entrance)  
Finally... face to face with you, son  
of a bitch.

AGENT grabs the chain, braces— and pulls with force.

CLANK!

Underground gears churn. A loud grinding echoes through the forest floor.

The earth trembles slightly—then splits open as a section of ground retracts, revealing a steel descent ramp into darkness.

INT. UNDERGROUND BASE - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alarms flash red. The men tense. Big Fish rises slowly.

BIG FISH  
(to himself, grin fading)  
Impossible...

Gunfire erupts as Agent Mill and her squad breach the underground base. Criminals scatter in chaos.

Agent moves forward, unfazed by the storm of bullets — eyes locked, searching.

Agent Mill looks at the battlefield. Agents vs criminals. Chaos.

She turns and dives into the fight — relentless.

AGENT MILL  
(after punching a criminal  
to death)  
That's for Agent Kungo.

She blocks a kick, counters with a neck snap.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
That's for shaming our image... in  
this country.

She pauses – eyes following Agent, who walks like a ghost  
through fire.

A criminal attacks Agent with a sword – it passes through him  
like mist. The attacker collapses in shock.

Agent Mill rushes to his side.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
(shocked)  
Are you... still human?

AGENT  
No.

AGENT MILL  
A god?

AGENT  
No.

They walk side by side, bullets flying around them.

AGENT MILL  
Then what are you?

AGENT  
A born again.

She turns and takes down more enemies.

AGENT MILL  
(calling out)  
There's life after death?

AGENT  
Yes.

AGENT MILL  
Tell me about it.

AGENT

Even if I do... you won't believe me.  
Because you don't.

AGENT MILL

I will. Because... you came back from  
the dead.

AGENT

I'm not the first.

He watches Agents and criminals clashing in the distance.

AGENT MILL

Well... I've never heard of them.  
You're the first.

A criminal charges at Agent with a wooden club – Agent Mill  
leaps in, kicks the attacker back.

AGENT

(quietly, to her)  
You've never heard of... Jesus  
Christ? The firstborn from the  
dead?

AGENT MILL

Oh... yeah. I have.

AGENT

And you don't believe what He said...  
do you?

AGENT MILL

I do. It's just that sometimes, it  
feels like whoever wrote His story...  
added and subtracted a few things.

AGENT

And what does your spirit say... when  
you read the writing?

They walk in silence. Until—

AGENT (CONT'D)

(spying one man)  
There they are...

He spots the one who shot him.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Now... my business begins.

He jumps – higher than humanly possible – and lands hard on him.

In one sweeping motion, he grabs him by the neck and slams him into the ground. Bones crack beneath the impact.

Agent Mill arrives, breathless, catching his words.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Slave to money. Masters to none. Go meet your master... in hell.

AGENT MILL

(shaken)

All the best... on your way.

AGENT

His meeting the camp he served...

She pauses in awe. Then hurries to follow.

AGENT MILL

Sorry. I'm curious.

AGENT

No comment.

She turns – firing two precise shots at approaching men, knocking them out cold.

AGENT MILL

How does it feel... to die?

AGENT

How does it feel... to sleep?

AGENT MILL

Feels like... nothing.

Agent stops, scanning the terrain – analyzing routes, sensing energy.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)

Just after sleep, you wake into a new day.

AGENT

Same... with death.

Suddenly, one of Agent Mill's men is cornered – surrounded.

Agent intervenes – kicking five men at once, with brutal elegance.

AGENT MILL  
(amazed)  
Impressive.

Agent nods – unfazed – and walks on.

AGENT  
You die now and next thing – you're  
in a different world... explaining  
yourself to Whispers you can't see.

AGENT MILL  
Do you... feel like you're dead?

AGENT  
Yes. Even before death... you know  
you're dying.

She stands, stunned.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
And what remains are only whispers  
of prayers... and names of those  
calling for you.

Agent Mill's eyes fill with wonder.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
You want to answer back... but you  
see yourself... far away. You just  
watch... from a distance... before  
beginning your journey... to the  
other side.

They reach a dark, looming room.

Agent turns and enters without hesitation. Agent Mill  
follows, slower, cautious.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
Then after crossing the great sea...  
the ship returns. And that... is the  
end.

AGENT MILL  
(softly)  
Did you cross... with the ship?

AGENT  
No. I crossed by Light... and Light  
brought me back.

AGENT MILL  
And what did the Light leave in  
you?

AGENT  
(sincerely)  
Something I don't fully understand..  
not yet.

Suddenly-

A burst of LIGHT explodes through the ceiling - a radiant flood that splits the darkness, as if Heaven itself answers Agent's words.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
And now... light lives in me.

He looks up.

High above, Bwalya hangs unconscious - eyes closed - suspended in a cruel web of wires and explosives from the rafters. The trap is precise. Intentional. Deadly.

Agent freezes, scanning. Calculating.

SNAP!

A tripwire triggers behind him - CRASH!

A massive steel plate falls, trapping Agent Mill's legs beneath it.

AGENT MILL  
(screaming)  
It's crushing me-ahhh!

Agent lowers his gaze - a landmine sits beneath his own foot. He's trapped.

From the shadows..

BIG FISH emerges, smug.

BIG FISH  
You've been looking for me, huh?

Agent meets his eyes.

BIG FISH (CONT'D)  
Come. Be the hero. Let's dance.

He tosses a remote toward Bwalya. A TIMER starts: 60 SECONDS.

Agent Mill cries in pain, pinned under the metal.

Bwalya, suspended.

Agent, motionless on a mine.

AGENT MILL  
(gritting)  
The fool got us... again...

Agent closes his eyes. He breathes in.

A holy stillness fills him.

Then—his spirit SEPARATES.

The Ghost of Agent floats from his body, glowing faintly.

AGENT (V.O.)  
Breathe the free air, my friend...

The Ghost glides to Agent Mill – lifts the plate off her with otherworldly ease.

AGENT MILL  
(gasping)  
You're... beyond physical powers...

She looks back – Agent's body still frozen on the mine.

Bwalya's timer: 7 SECONDS.

AGENT MILL (CONT'D)  
It's going to blow!

The Ghost floats up to Bwalya.

He stretches out his hand – ice blooms from his palm.

THE TIMER FREEZES – at 1.

Wires shatter like glass.

Bwalya descends gently, floating into a safe cradle of light – still unconscious.

The Ghost turns... and re-enters Agent's body.

Agent blinks. Steps off the mine. Unharmed.

He walks calmly toward Bwalya and lifts her in his arms.

Behind him – Big Fish emerges, aiming a gun at Agent Mill.

FLASH!

Time slows.

Ghost Agent appears again, snatching Mill aside – the bullet misses.

In the same breath – Agent's Ghost grabs Big Fish, plants him on the landmine, and resets the trap.

Big Fish now stands frozen – terrified.

AGENT MILL  
(stunned, gasping)  
What just... happened?

AGENT  
(softly, cradling Bwalya)  
Peace... is stronger than fear.

BIG FISH  
(mocking)  
I still hold the power...  
I'll step off. We all burn.

AGENT MILL  
(panicked)  
I can't walk. Don't provoke him!

AGENT  
(calmly)  
Hold your peace.

He turns to Big Fish, unwavering.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
How about this – a better offer.  
Stay right there. Let us walk out...  
And I'll plead with Heaven... to  
lessen your sentence.

BIG FISH  
(scoffing)  
You think you're God?

AGENT  
He lives in me. And me in him. So,  
ya..I'm.

BIG FISH  
(challenging)  
Watch me step off—send you all to—

He lifts his foot—

CRASH!

The same steel plate that trapped Agent Mill slams down on Big Fish, pinning him in place.

He chokes in shock.

AGENT  
(softly)  
Where, O Big Fish, is your sting?

Big Fish gasps — paralyzed.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
(to Mill)  
Let's walk out.  
This place... won't stand much longer.

AGENT MILL  
I can't walk.

AGENT  
Then we walk together.

His spirit leaves his body once more — lifts Agent Mill like a feather, carrying her behind his earthly form.

Together, they walk into the light..

As darkness collapses behind them.

EXT. UNDERGROUND BASE — CONTINUOUS

Agents spot them.

AGENT 1  
(pointing)  
They're here!

Cheers erupt, loud and raw.

AGENT  
(to agents)  
Set free his men. Let them go  
inside the base to rescue their  
master.

Agents hesitate, uncertainty flickering in their eyes.

AGENT MILL

Do as he says.

Reluctantly, Big Fish's men retreat into the Underground base.

AGENT

(to all)

Step back. As far as you can.

They fall back into the woods.

Bwalya's eyes flutter open—slow, confused, weak.

A long, heavy silence hangs. Then—

BOOM.

The entire underground base EXPLODES, collapsing in a wave of ash and fire.

Cheers erupt anew as agents leap into the night, victorious.

Darkness swallows the ruin—justice served in fiery judgment.

EXT. UNDERGROUND BASE - CONTINUOUS

Amidst jubilant agents and flashing ambulances in the woods, Bwalya wakes fully in Agent's arms, tears streaming down her face.

BWALYA

(whispering, in awe)

What's the right question to ask  
You, my Lord?

Agent smiles gently, his eyes full of love and relief.

AGENT

How a sinner found grace in death.  
Thank you for your prayers.

Bwalya cries softly into his shoulder—pain and joy tangled in the moment.

Agent's gaze drifts upward, as if seeing beyond the physical.

AGENT (CONT'D)

(in deep thought)

Far, far away from home, I traded.

Agent Mill steps closer, watching intently.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 I refused to face the judgment of  
 the dead... my soul keeps receiving  
 prayers of recovery.  
 (looks tenderly at Bwalya)  
 Your prayers gave me courage—and  
 wisdom beyond measure.

Agent Mill's eyes well with tears, touched deeply.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 The Whisper introduced me to a  
 journey of Aurum Vitae—the quest  
 for a Golden Life.

Agent Mill lowers her gaze, awestruck.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 To earn Aurum Vitae, I had to open  
 ten gates and plead my case with  
 the great men of old.

Bwalya listens, rapt.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 All went well... until the tenth  
 gate.

FLASH TO CELESTIAL REALM

EXT. CELESTIAL REALM - WHITE GATE

A serene, glowing white gate dominates the horizon.  
 Suddenly, a celestial clock flickers into view above it.  
 The numbers begin their relentless countdown:  
 59... 58... 57...

AGENT  
 (watching, dread thick in  
 his voice)  
 What's going on now?

WHISPERING SPIRIT (V.O.)  
 You have less than a minute.  
 Aurum Vitae... or hell. The choice  
 is bound to your tongue.

Agent's eyes dart anxiously between the ticking numbers and the gate.

56... 55... 54...

He whispers names—each a fragile thread in his plea.

AGENT  
(whispering, anxious)  
Lord Nath...?

The gate trembles violently—a surge of divine wrath.

BOOM!

Agent is hurled backward—landing hard as the ground beneath splits open, tongues of fire licking the realm.

The final judgment looms.

Agent's hands clutch the cracked earth, mind racing to his last hope—

AGENT  
(final breath, determined)  
Lord Gideon.

INT. GIDEON'S CELESTIAL REALM - THRESHING FLOOR OF COURAGE - TIMELESS

Golden winds swirl over a vast field. At its center, a glowing winepress—not for grapes, but for glory.

GIDEON stands tall, armored in humility. His sword lies untouched in the dust. In his hand, only a broken jar and a burning torch.

Distant trumpets echo. Shadows of Midian retreat silently.

Gideon meets Agent's gaze beyond the veil, nodding solemnly.

GIDEON  
(slow, steady)  
I stand before you not as prophet  
or commander... but as judge—not to  
condemn, but to listen.

Agent trembles—still tasting hell's bitterness, still a resident of shadow.

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
 Your feet tasted hell while your  
 eyes fixed on the pure gate of  
 glory. You fought back, Agent.

Gideon steps closer, his voice heavy with weight.

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
 You've spoken well about others in  
 all previous gates. What do you  
 know about me?

AGENT  
 (nodding thoughtfully)  
 You laid out the fleece... and God  
 answered instantly. First dew, then  
 dry ground.

Gideon listens, unblinking.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 We confess His name and wait—milk  
 before solid food, years for  
 miracles. But you? You saw God's  
 hand on day one.

GIDEON  
 (honest, grave)  
 I was afraid. I doubted.  
 That's why I asked God to prove  
 Himself—even after He had spoken.

AGENT  
 Yet He stayed. He did not punish  
 your fear, but partnered with it.

GIDEON  
 (defensive)  
 He fights invisible battles. We  
 fought face to face. I tore down  
 idols. Gathered armies. Went to  
 war.

Agent smiles—not mockingly, but warmly.

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
 (startled by the smile)

AGENT  
 And your mighty army—how many did  
 you actually fight with?

Gideon falters.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 Not with swords, spears, or  
 shields... but with trumpets, jars,  
 and torches.

Silence fills the space between them.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 How many soldiers marched with you  
 against Midian?

GIDEON  
 (quiet, almost ashamed)  
 Three hundred.

AGENT  
 From thousands, right?  
 And who told you to reduce your  
 army?

Gideon looks down, speechless.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 Do you know why He commanded fewer,  
 even after halving your forces?

Gideon's eyes remain fixed on the ground.

Suddenly, the white gate TREMBLES. A wind rushes through the  
 realm.

Agent turns back—startled—as all previous gatekeepers appear,  
 emerging one by one through the gate. Abraham leads them,  
 carrying a glowing white jar.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 (in fear)  
 What's happening?

GIDEON  
 (calmly)  
 I don't know. Maybe they've come to  
 condemn you... or to thank you.

Agent watches as the figures approach—Moses, Elijah, David,  
 and others behind Abraham, radiant and solemn.

Abraham steps forward and hands the jar to Gideon.

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
 We may not have food to feed you...  
 (offering the jar)  
 But we offer you living water to  
 quench your thirst.

Gideon hands the white jar to Agent. Agent receives it and takes a reverent sip.

Then, Gideon pulls out a scroll—simple but glowing—and gives it to Agent.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Eat. It's sweet to your soul and spirit.

Agent opens the scroll, takes a bite—eyes closed in awe.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

From this moment on, you are a free man. If you choose to return, even your Ghost will obey you—and the world will follow

AGENT (V.O.)

(narrating)

The scroll was sweet—so sweet, you couldn't enjoy it with open eyes.

FLASH TO:

EXT. UNDERGROUND BASE - CONTINUOUS

The battlefield is still, the night quieting.

Agent stands, eyes open now—renewed.

AGENT

Grace qualified me to become.

Agent Mill leans in—waiting to hear more.

Suddenly, a rumble. From the smoke and rubble—TEMBA emerges, smiling, whole.

He walks past Agent, looking behind him as if someone is still following.

TEMBA

(cheerfully)

Hurry up, Agent! I'll show you where to find the late Pope... and the other world leaders who died long ago.

Agent Mill and Bwalya freeze—staring at him, stunned.

BWALYA  
 (in disbelief)  
 Temba?

Temba turns and sees them clearly.

TEMBA  
 (confused, innocent)  
 Wait... you can see me?

They exchange glances—speechless.

AGENT MILL  
 (shocked)  
 How?

AGENT  
 Don't worry about how—worry about  
 the consequences.

AGENT MILL (WORRIED)  
 Meaning what?

Agent glances at his wife before answering.

AGENT  
 Temba took a bullet for me.  
 So I had to take a risk—abuse my  
 power—to break through the veil  
 between life and death... and bring  
 him back.

AGENT MILL  
 That still doesn't explain  
 everything.

AGENT  
 It means the veil is open now—and  
 other things... creatures... can  
 cross through it into our world.

Agent Mill covers her mouth in shock. Bwalya closes her eyes,  
 burdened by the weight of the revelation.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
 This isn't the end.  
 The deadly whispers... are just  
 beginning.

As tension thickens in the still night, Temba slowly  
 approaches the group.

TEMBA (MURMURING TO HIMSELF)  
Is this really you guys...  
or still chilling with Nelson  
Mandela's camp?

No one answers. Agent Mill wipes her eyes—silent, shaken,  
uncertain of what's to come.

The night holds its breath.

FADE OUT.