

THE LAST QUEEN

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TITLE:

"LA ULTIMA REINA" (THE LAST QUEEN)

OPENING SCENE:

FADE IN:

EXT. VILLA-NIGHT-OLD SAN JUAN

A Grand Villa BURNS in slow motion-orange and gold flames devouring the colonial arches, palms snapping in the wind. Sirens ECHO in the far distance. A scorched silence blankets the air.

The air hums with heat, smoke, and the distant crackle of gunfire.

OUT OF THE FLAMES... SHE WALKS.

MIRANDA CARTAGENA (LATE 20S)-bloodstained, barefoot, in a silk crimson dress torn at the waist. A black pistol in one hand. A jagged machete in another.

Her face is soft. Beautiful. Empty.

POV-BEHIND MIRANDA

Her silhouette framed by fire. Her long curls cling to her shoulders, soaked in sweat, ash, and blood.

CLOSE ON-MIRANDA'S FACE

She does not cry. She does not blink. Her eyes haunted. Her mouth twitches.

FLASH-BRIGHT LIGHT FLICKERS

Police lights, helicopter lights overheard. She does not stop. She keeps walking. Each step purposeful. Heavy. Final.

CLOSE ON-HER FOOT

A tiny gold anklet glimmers beneath with blood. It has a name engraved:

"Isabella"

Miranda clenches the machete tighter:

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

LA ULTIMA CENA (The LAST SUPPER)

EXT.COLD OPEN SCENE

EXT.COASTAL VILLA-GARDEN PATIO-THE GOLDEN HOUR-MAGIC HOUR
LIGHT

A warm Puerto Rican sunset spills across a lush garden overlooking the sea. The sound of the waves crashing on the rocks. A long wooden table is dressed in candles, linen, and flowers. A feast stretches across it-pernil, arroz con gandules, tostones, and empanadas. Everything smells like home sweet home. Salsa music, dominoes, men drinking medalla. Laughter echoes as Miranda's family gathers for dinner.

Characters present:

- MIRANDA, (late 20s), sharp but serene, sits composed with a tailored red dress that hugs her body.
- RAFA (late 20s), her brother-ex military, quiet eyes, loyal.
- ISABELLA, (8), Miranda's daughter, playful and bright.
- MIRANDA'S mother (60s) funny strong sings under her breath.
- MIRANDA'S father retired fisherman, grilling near the table.
- A Few cousins, aunties, family friends nearby drinking MEDALLA, playing dominoes.

RAFA
{raising his glass)
'To Miranda, raising his glass)
To the quiet moments between storms

MIRANDA
May they stretch long enough to
become a life.

They clink. Isabella crawls onto Miranda's lap stealing an olive from her plate.

ISABELLA
Mama, can I sleep in the hammock
tonight?

MIRANDA

Only, if you promise not to fall
into the sea like last time.

MIRANDAS MOTHER

She's got your fire, mija.

MIRANDA

(walking to an old jukebox
plays a lively music with
her dad)

Come on Papi. Let's show them how
is done.

They all laugh. They begin dancing a salsa tune as it turns
into a family dance competition. In the background, RAFA's
expression tightens. He scans the perimeter casually,
something catching his eye beyond the tree line.

INT.VILLA-KITCHEN-EARLY AFTERNOON

The sun spills through the window. Miranda is elbow deep in
masa helping her daughter Isabella shape empanadas. Her
mother Victoria, scolds playfully in the background telling
Isabella she's wasting good meat. The aroma of cooking fills
the air. Kids running in the yard. Victoria bustles with
around with a smile. Rafa, Miranda's brother arrives sweaty
from sparing outside with a cousin.

VICTORIA

(teasing Isabella) Spanish
Esa empanadita va a terminar
siendo mejor que la de abuela.

ISABELLA

(grinning)
Seguro?

RAFA:

MA' tell Miranda I almost broke his
jaw.

VICTORIA

That's not something to brag about.
But bring me ice.

MIRANDA

(laughs)
You break his jaw; you're the one
feeding him soup for a week.

ISABELLA

I'll make him baby food.

Miranda laughs, ruffling Isabella's hair.

Laughter and warmth. Pure life. Pure love.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Abuela, did my grandpa like pork?

VICTORIA

Yes, he loved it always
had seconds.

MIRANDA

We don't talk about him much.

Victoria folds her napkin slowly.

MIRANDA'S MOTHER (VICTORIA)

He was a soldier. Went on a mission
and never came back

ISABELLA

So, he died?

MIRANDA'S MOTHER

Maybe. Or maybe he's somewhere far
away. Some men. Can't come home,
even if they wanted to.

She forces a smile, ruffling Isabella's hair.

INT.VILLA HALLWAY LATER

Miranda follows Isabella, who tiptoes down the hallway.

ISABELLA

Come on, MAMA. I want to show you
something.

They stop at a closed door. Isabella pushes it open,
revealing-

INT.STUDY-MOMENTS KATER

A dim, untouched room. Heavy curtains. Dust, motes float in the air. On the wall: mounted blades, old rifles, and military medals. A glass case holds a curved dagger with an engraved handle.

Victoria steps in, her eyes scanning the relics.

MIRANDA

This... was my grandfather's?

ISABELLA

Abuela says yes. She says no one comes in here.

She runs her fingers along the glass case.

VICTORIA

Sometimes...I feel him in here.

MIRANDA

Feel him?

Victoria nods, very matter of fact-

VICTORIA

Like when I'm painting. I smell cigars...but no one is smoking.

Miranda's face tightens-a mixed of disbelief and something else she can't name.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

He used to carry that. I think...he's still watching us.

Miranda looks at the blade, and for a flicker-just a second-she thinks sees a shadow shift in the corner of the room.

Isabella runs her small fingers along the edge of the glass, eyes darting across the weapons.

She freezes.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Huh...

MIRANDA

What is it?

ISABELLA

There's a knife missing. See?

She points to a velvet-lined slot in the display-empty, its shape still outlined in dust.

MIRANDA
Maybe it was moved.

ISABELLA
Or maybe...he took it.

MIRANDA
Who?

ISABELLA
Your grandpa.

Miranda shrugs, almost dismissing it, and moves on to admire a curved dagger with an engraved handle.

VICTORIA
I smell him sometimes. Cigars.
Right here.

Miranda's hand lingers on the empty slot as her eyes narrow slightly...then she follows Victoria deeper into the room.

INT.CARTAGENA VILLA-NIGHT (PRESENT TIME)

The villa is alive with laughter that fills up like music and warmth. Everyone's seated.

Don Rafael, the patriarch carves the pork shoulder with surgical precision.

EXT.COASTAL VILLA-GARDEN PATIO-THE GOLDEN HOUR-MAGIC HOUR
LIGHT SLOW MOTION

Long table. Golden, Warm light spills over the villa stone walls. Laughter echoes from the courtyard as the family gathers for a photo glasses clink. Hints of old Spanish guitar playing in the background.

MIRANDA (LATE 20s) sharp, elegant adjusts her younger cousin's bowtie.

Isabella (8) holds a small bouquet standing next to her uncle Rafa.

A moment of peace. Then-

BANG!

CHAOS.

Men in balaclavas swarm the road, firing into the villa.

A single sniper shot cuts through the roar

CRACK!-one masked man drops instantly.

Another shot. Then another. Each one clean, precise-far from the sloppy gunfire of the attackers.

From deep in the dark tree line, a faint silhouette shifts. A gloved hand works the bolt of a rifle. For the briefest second, a glint of moonlight reveals the curve of a military watch.

A masked attacker spots her-but drops before he can aim. Another sniper kills.

Miranda stumbles into the night unaware of the unseen shooter tracking her escape.

The shadow disappears into the black.

A single shot pierces the silence. The wine glass in Don Rafael's hand explodes into shards. The pieces of shards ricochets into his face.

SCREAMS. CHAOS. BULLETS FLY.

SFX: DROPS OUT-FULL SILENCE SCENE

RAFA

(Eyes widen, mouth open slow scream
we don't hear
GET THE FUCK DOWN!

RAFA pulls out his weapon, firing into the tree line. He hits one masked figure blood fans into the dirt like spilled paint.

Miranda's father grabs a gun, firing but quickly overwhelmed, shouts, glass shattering, screams get shot right in the head blood fly of his head as he falls backwards right on the wooden kitchen table.

Miranda's mother ducks behind the furniture, crying out, gets shot in the back her lifeless body slumped on the side. As the grandmother tries to silently to slip away but gets shot by three mercenaries as she heads towards the courtyard.

Lifeless bodies of her cousins, aunts, uncles, and family friends lie there, some in pieces. Heads blown off, tore apart.

Slow motion takes over-every frame like a painting of tragedy.

INT.EL CONSEJO'S HIDDEN CHAMBER-MASSACRE-SAME TIME

The room is cavernous and dimly lit by flickering candles and screens displaying satellite images, surveillance feeds, and dossiers. Heavy shadows cloak a long table dark mahogany.

At the head of the table sits RAUL "EL CUERVO", the formidable patriarch of EL CONSEJO. His piercing eyes survey the room. Around him, five other figures-masked, gloved, and silent-wait for his command.

RAUL "EL CUERVO" (cold, deliberate)

He gestures to a screen showing footage of the massacre.

Her family was a liability we tolerated. He taps the table, the screens shift to show Miranda vulnerable. We cannot allow a thorn to become a dagger in our side."

He leans forward, voice low and menacing.

A figure steps forward-a ghostlike assassin shrouded in black, face hidden.

He turns to the masked council members.

It will be over soon; the war begins tonight. Bring me her head.

INT.EL CUERVO'S INNER CHAMBER-NIGHT

Stone walls. Dim candlelight. A faint, rhythmic hum of distant machines. This is the sanctum-no one enters without permission. El CUERVO stands in front of a blackened altar-part ancient war room, part shrine to chaos.

He lights a cigar, inhales slowly.

A figure emerges from the shadows behind him.

EL CONDENADO-silent, tall, draped in a faded trench coat. His eyes are unreadable. A scar cuts through one eyebrow. His hands gloved, but still twitching with tension. He does not speak. He wears no insignia. No expression. Just darkness. His hands are scarred. One of his eyes is milky white from a healed-over burn.

EL CUERVO
 (quiet, precise)
 She's not supposed to make it this
 far. She's fire. We made her fire.

EL CUERVO (CONT'D)
 (speaking without turning)
 She's a fire I should've smothered
 long ago.
 (beat)
 Now she burns across my empire.

A long pause.

EL CUERVO (CONT'D)
 They say you do not fail. That you
 do not stop.
 (smirking)
 I want her breathless. I want her
 unrecognizable,

He turns to face El CONDENADO now, pulling out a black velvet pouch from a drawer and placing it on the table. El CONDENADO opens it: inside, a single feather, a silver coin, and an old photograph-Miranda years ago, in training.

EL CUERVO (CONT'D)
 You know what this means. You'll
 make her bleed before she touches
 my door.

El CONDENADO nods once-slow, deliberate.

No words. He takes the pouch. Turns. Walks into the dark.

EL CUERVO (CONT'D)
 What do they say about you?
 That death walks in silence?.

EL CONDENADO
 (finally speaks-voice like
 dry stone)
 No.
 Death follows me.

And he disappears into the shadows.

As he exits, VIVIANA enters from a side corridor, blood on her knuckles.

VIVIANA
 You're unleashing him?

EL CUERVO
I'm unleashing the end of her
legend.

CLOSE UP-RAUL"EL CUERVO'S EYES NARROW, BURNING WITH COLD
RESOLVE.

CUT TO:

EL CONSEJO SYMBOL.(AN INTRICATE SERPENT COILED AROUND A
BROKEN CROWN, ETCHED ON A BLACK VELVET BANNER.

INT.MIRANDAS POV-FRAGMENTED SLOW MOTION

Her aunt spins, mouth open in a silent scream as blood fans
out behind her like a red veil.

A small child's balloon floats upward, ripped from their hand
by panic.

Two masked gunmen burst through the gates. More pour in.
Military style. Precision kills.

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE- MIRANDA SPINNING SLASH

The world around her slows to a crawl-every sound muffled,
every movement stretched in time.

Miranda's eyes lock onto her targets-cold burning with fire.

Her machete gleams under the flickering lights, catching a
single drop of blood that flicks off like a shiny ruby.

She pivots with deadly grace, the blade carving a perfect arc
through the air-a spinning slash that cuts clean through two
enemies in one fluid motion.

SFX: The sickening swish of steel slicing flesh echoes sharp
and clear.

Blood sprays out slowly, like crimson rain suspended in the
air, each droplet sparkling with promise.

The two men stumble, faces twisted in shock and pain, blood
streaming from the deep cuts across their chests and arms.

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE- MIRANDA SPINNING SLASH-CONTINUOUS

Without hesitation, Miranda draws her 9mm pistol with steady
hands and aims.

The last enemy's eyes widen in disbelief, a curse on his lips just before the bullet hits squarely in the forehead with a dull thud.

He collapses slowly, like a puppet with its strings cut, hitting the cold floor with a heavy finality.

EXT.COURTYARD-CONTINUOUS-SLOW MOTION

RAFA grabs Isabella pulling her behind the fountain. He reaches for the pistol at his waist.

He is fires-once-twice-taking down of one of the attackers.

Isabella sobs clinging to his shirt.

Another assailant flanks. RAFA sees it-too late.

BULLET RIPS THROUGH HIS SHOULDER. He stumbles but doesn't stop.

RAFA
(weak but steady):

Whispers to Isabella:
'Stay down. No matter what'.

A DRONE CAMERA SHOT SLOWLY ROTATES OVERHEAD

He shields her with his body as the wall explodes behind them-shards of concrete-bodies scrambling bullets tearing the garden to dirt the once beautiful dinner table flipping. another round bursts through the air-three, four shots.

RAFA JERKS. BLOOD MISTS THE STONE.

Isabella's scream is silent, the sound sucked from the world. RAFA falls against her, but manages to get up.

CLOSE ON ISABELLA-SLOW MOTION

Her hands press into his chest-blood soaks her white dress. Her eyes widen as his final breath escapes His body twitches, then stills.

A single tear rolls a down her cheek.

EXT.COURTYARD-CONTINUOUS-SLOW MOTION-RAFA'S DEATH

Bullets tear through marble. Fire licks the ceiling. Screams echo.

RAFA
 (to Isabella gripping her face)
 Go now Isabella, you hear me don't
 stop.

ISABELLA
 No tio, please-

RAFA
 Go!

Isabella is in shock.

RAFA spins, guns blazing. Two mercenaries fall; another
 rushes the hall-RAFA grabs a machete off the wall and buries
 it in his chest. Down the courtyard hallway more gunmen storm
 the entry. RAFA sees them first.

RAFA (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 Run, Isabella

Isabella runs and hides.

A grenade rolls down the stairs. RAFA's hurt from two-three-
 four shots.

BOOM.

Silence. Smoke. Blood.

OVERHEAD SHOT-CONTINUOUS-SLOW MOTION

Bodies are strewn across the courtyard. Blood runs like paint
 across the flagstones.

Miranda, crawling, eyes wide watches Isabella cradle Rafa's
 body as the men retreat, leaving ruin behind.

THEN-

A DROP OF RAIN HITS THE STONE. THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER.

Isabella runs to her uncle Rafa whose body is slumped in the
 steps.

THE MASSACRE ENDS IN A POOL OF BLOOD THAT DRIPS DOWN THE
 CONCRETE STONE. Gunfire stops. The house is eerily silent.

When it clears-Miranda whose almost buried under the rubble.
 RAFA lies motionless, riddled with bullets. His outstretched
 arm is burned, still Isabella is crying cradling him like a
 baby in her arms, she screams but nothing comes out.

MIRANDA
(screaming)
RAFA!!

INT.VILLA AFTERMATH-FAINT AUDIO RETURNS

Dust falls. Rafters groan. The air is heavy: Miranda's bleeding from her side, crawls to Isabella-whose holding RAFA's body Isabella unconscious, a gash in her forehead.

MIRANDA
(hoarse, shaking)
"Stay with me baby. Stay with me.
Come on Isabella, baby open your
eyes, baby."

She looks back RAFA'S body" slumped on the steps. Blood spreads.

The camera lingers on Miranda's trembling hands, then her eyes-wild, lost.

The slow motion finally breaks as she screams, primal and deep echoing across the ruined villa.

After Rafa's heroic death. Miranda escapes with young Isabella bloodied and traumatized, but the shock is too much for the little girl-she goes into a coma.

CUT TO BLACK

INT.PRIVATE HOSPITAL-SEPARATE SAFEHOUSE

A makeshift infirmary in one corner of the safehouse. Bandages, antiseptics, and medical supplies are scattered on a worn table.

Lucinda the medic, carefully tends to Isabella. Her touched is gentle but focused.

Miranda stands nearby, eyes cold.

LUCINDA
You need to get checked. You're
bleeding. I don't have the luxury
to slow down. Every son of a bitch
will pay, with their own blood.

MIRANDA
Just help my daughter, please.

Isabella lies still in a hospital bed. Tubes, monitors. The moonlight paints her face like porcelain.

Miranda bruised and still bloodied clothes, bleeding from a shot wound refuses medical attention, stands at the glass, hands pressed to it.

Her eyes burn. Not a fear left.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Shock like this. Sometimes when
that happens the mind protects
itself by shutting down.

NURSE WHISPERS:
She hasn't moved. Not a word. Just
that lullaby you mentioned. She
kept humming it when she first came
in.

Miranda turns.

Her fingers tremble, as blood runs through her leg. She
kneels beside her. Leaving by the monitor a picture of her
and the family at the beach.

She whispers: "Mi lunita, come back
to me."

CUT TO BLACK.

INT.SAFEHOUSE MIRROR SHOT TRAUMA REFLECTION-POST-AMBUSH

The storm howls outside. Rain drips from a cracked ceiling.
Drip. Drip. A candle flickers near the sink. Blood pools on
the tile floor like spilled ink.

Miranda enters slowly, barefoot, her clothes torn, blood
streaked across her arms. She doesn't blink.

Her breath fogs the mirror.

She stares at her reflection-but the face that looks back
isn't quiet her.

SFX:(Muted heartbeat. A ringing echo. Distant thunder).

Her eye twitches. Her hand trembles.

She lifts her hand to the crack in the mirror-a spiderweb
fracture that splits her face down the middle.

Like chards of memory spliced in randomly, out of order. No sound, just her breathing.

- Her entire family getting ambushed. Her daughter Isabella going into a coma .Her brother slumped on the stairs-blood spurting from his chest. Her mother dancing barefoot. The sound of laughter from her cousins, nephews, before the chaos.

BACK TO MIRANDA

She SLAMS her fist into the mirror-not hard but enough to shatter it, just enough to draw blood.

Her blood runs into the crack it looks like crimson river through her own reflection.

MIRANDA

(low, broken)

They slaughtered them like dogs. My cousins, My mother, and now? Every one of them will pay. I'll burn their world to the ground on the ashes of my family's blood.

MIRROR TRICK SHOT (SIGNATURE STYLISTIC MOVE)

Camera moves behind the mirror-now looking outward at Miranda from inside the glass.

But this time-her reflection isn't doing the same. It's her younger self, clean, innocent.

They stare at each other.

Then the younger self slowly smiles-but its twisted.

A knowing, vengeful smile.

CRASH!

She HEADBUTTS the mirror. It shatters. Glass rains down around in slow motion-blood mixing with the candlelight. she doesn't flinch, just stands there, breathing heavily, a queen reborn in blood.

INT.SAFE HOUSE-NIGHT

Miranda sits shirtless at a table; blood streaked across her ribs. A GUN lays in front of her.

RIOT (bare-chested, tattooed, tense) kneels beside her, cleaning the shrapnel wound in her side.

RIOT
You should be dead.

MIRANDA
I am.

He presses gauze harder than necessary.

RIOT
Don't talk like that.

MIRANDA
They killed everyone. My mother, my father, my entire family now my daughter lies in a coma.

She leans into his touch despite herself. He slows, fingers trembling.

RIOT
They declared war so we give them one.

She turns her face. Their foreheads almost touch.

MIRANDA
They want me dead why?, who?

Their lips almost meet-Miranda gets up and heads to the bathroom. Riot follows her.

INT.SAFEHOUSE-SHOWER ROOM-NIGHT

The old safehouse creaks under the weight of rain. Outside thunder rumbles. Inside, the light is low, flickering. Steam curls like smoke from the racked tiles. A door shuts footsteps echo. Silence

Miranda stands by the sink, bloodied hands trembling as she tries to breathe. Water runs in the open shower-hot, misting the mirror, fogging the glass.

Riot steps in. His ripped shirt, sweat streaking his skin. He stops behind her. She doesn't turn. But she feels him. The air thickens.

MIRANDA

(voice cracking)

We were not supposed to make it out
of there now my daughter lies in a
coma.

RIOT

But you did.

He steps closer. Their eyes lock in the mirror-not soft but
feral. She's lost everything. Rage, lust, grief, it all
blurs.

He slowly lifts her shirt over her head. Blood crusted
bruises flesh wounds fresh. She winces but holds his gaze. No
words.

She turns. Presses her hands to his chest. Pushes him, hard-
once, twice-then pulls him in.

They kiss-wild, violent, full of breath and bite. his hands
roam. Her claws at his back. Clothes fall. The sound of
fabric tearing. They stumble into the shower, steam
swallowing them.

INT.SLOW MO SEQUENCE SHOWER SCENE-SHOWER GLASS FOGGED

Their hands slam against the shower glass. Bodies writhe in
shadow and light.

Water pounds the skin like drums of war. Steam coils around
them like smoke from a burning house. She's crying. He's
breathing her name. They don't stop.

MIRANDA

(sobbing, biting his neck)

"They killed my family Riot"

RIOT

"Then let's burn every last one of
them."

THEY MOVED LIKE TWO WOUNDED ANIMALS SEEKING REFUGE IN EACH
OTHER. SURVIVAL, HEAT, FURY, NEED.INT.

INT. CAMILO'S PENTHOUSE-NIGHT

Moonlight slices through sheer curtains. Reggaeton thumps
faintly from another floor. Camilo's lavish bedroom glows in
amber light-silk sheets, cigars, weed, money on the floor.

Two WOMEN lie curled beside him, asleep. He exhales smoke, relaxed, shirtless. There's a knock.

A shadow passes outside the door. Camilo frowns.

CAMILO

Carlos?

Nothing. Just silence and the faintest sound of wind.

Then-she's there.

From the dark corner, Miranda steps forward, slow and smooth like smoke.

Dressed in black, her hair wild. Blood snakes down her side, soaking into her waistband. Blood dripping on the floor. One boot glides forward, then the next.

Her eyes burning with rage.

CAMILO (CONT'D)

Madre de DIOS- You scared the shit out of me.

He scrambles for something, but her blade is already pressed against his throat before his feet touch the floor.

MIRANDA

Don't scream. I'm not here to kill you. Yet. I need answers.

CAMILO

You're bleeding.

She doesn't blink. Her voice is low, deadly.

MIRANDA

I lost my family tonight. And for some reason you're still breathing. So start talking. Who murdered my family?

She grabs his wrists and twists-hard-until he yelps.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

You have one minute, Camilo. Fucking talk. i don't have the patience. After that I stop being polite.

One of the women stirs. Miranda raises a finger to her lips, eyes locked on Camilo.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

You've spend your whole life in bed
with the devil. I'm the one who
comes first.

INT.CAMILO'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Miranda tightens a silk necktie around Camilo's wrist,
binding it to the bedpost, he's shirtless, breathing hard,
pulse visible. The second woman wakes, but Miranda flashes a
switchblade and she backs away silently, covering herself.

CAMILO

(panicking)
Miranda I swear- I didn't know
they'd hit your family. I would've
warned you.

MIRANDA

You know something. You always
fucking do. So start fucking
talking.

She grabs a corkscrew from the minibar, holds it up in the
light. Blood still drips from the waist.

CAMILO

Wait. I'll tell you but once I do,
we're both dead.

MIRANDA

(tight)
You breathe money, you sit here
protected. Someone is going through
bleed blood tonight Give me a
fucking name, NOW.
So tell me who was fucking behind
it.. or I start digging.

She shoves the corkscrew slowly into the mattress near his
thigh. Not stabbing him-just pressing. His scream is muffled,
more panic than pain.

CAMILO

Okay. Okay! It was ..my cousin. EL
CUERVO.

Beat. Her breath stills. The room seems to quiet.

MIRANDA

Whisper it again.

CAMILO

EL CUERVO. He's obsessed.
Possessive. Cold. He doesn't do
things for business. He does them
for pleasure. To punish. To own.
You think you lost your family by
chance? No? He did it, because he
believes someone betray him and
because he can.

MIRANDA

Why? Who the fuck is EL CUERVO?
What the fuck does he want with me?

CAMILO

Your mother. Your bloodline. He's
insane. A PSYCHOPATH. I heard
rumors at the family table. He used
to to be obsessed with your mother
followed her like a ghost, but her
father disapprove they said
rejected him and he became
vengeful. He took your family out
to flush someone out from the past.
You weren't supposed to survive the
massacre.

Miranda's hand shakes tightly, just one. She hides it.

MIRANDA

Where the fuck is he?

CAMILO

He's in the VILLA NEGRA. Armed like
a damn fortress. More than a
hundred men. Dogs. Surveillance on
every tree, every damn mosquito.
Once you go in-

MIRANDA

Let me guess, I won't come out.

CAMILO

Not unless he wants you alive.

She takes a long breathe. Moves closer. Blade hovering above
his throat again. Her voice is soft now. Ice cold.

MIRANDA

Then I'll bring the war to his
doorstep.

She yanks the tie lose, leaving Camilo gasping. She takes his phone, scrolls. She looks at his phone and sees an address.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Who's address? where the fuck is this place at "The Bishops Ruin".

CAMILO

That's an old abandon Spanish monastery is one of the "EL CUERVO'S" hideouts.

Miranda walks off quietly like a cat. Just the sound of the wind chimes.

INT.CAMILO'S PENTHOUSE-MIDNIGHT

Guards drink and laugh outside under floodlights. A stray dog whimpers from the shadows.

Then, the wind dies.

A faint whistle.

A humming, strange and rhythmic- Puerto Rican lullaby notes, twisted and eerie.

One guard stand-

GUARD:

Who the fuck is whistling?

POP!

He drops, blood pouring from a single shot between the eyes. No warning.

The others scramble, guns out-too late. Two more flashes from the tree line. Silenced. Clean.

INT.HIDEOUT-SAME TIME

CAMILO lies shirtless in bed with two women.

TV flickers.

Then static. Then-nothing.

The door creaks.

He groans, annoyed.

CAMILO
(on the phone)

"Papi, te dije que no me jodas-"

Camilo is pacing, paranoid. His two women are passed out from drugs. He locks the doors. Loads a pistol.

CAMILO (CONT'D)
Ok, ok.

CAMILO hangs up the phone.

A figure enters, slow and silent. Black linen shirt. A mask over his face only a few strands of silver hair. Gloves. Piercing eyes.

His name is EL FANTASMA. No one knows where he's from. Only that he kills for the highest bidder and never misses.

One woman screams.

"EL FANTASMA" draws two blades-curved, ancient-looking.

The scene turns into a ballet of blood.

Camilo lunges, naked and terrified.

"EL FANTASMA" slices his Achilles tendon without looking.

EL FANTASMA
(in spanish)
Tu pecado fue pensar que eras
importante.
Your family took my family, now I'm
taking yours.

Camilo screams, bleeding, crawling.

EL FANTASMA (CONT'D)
(to the women)
"Run"

They do smart.

EL FANTASMA kneels beside Camilo and drives the blade into Camilo's chest.

Clean. Deliberate. Slow.

EXT. ONE OF EL CUERVO'S HIDEOUT ROAD-NIGHT

Mirandas motorcycle engine dies. She steps off silently. Her body is bruised. A cut bleeds down her temple. She holds her machete tight.

Ahead: The Ruins loom in the moonlight. Vines drape from stone arches. A crow perches on a rusted gate.

INT.RUINA DEL OBISPO-MAIN HALL

She steps inside, slow motion. Her boots splash in puddles. The stained-glass windows shimmer with red and blue light.

The air is thick with burnt metal. Blood...smoke.

Suddenly-

The crumbling cathedral stands like a skeleton against the storm-lit sky.

Miranda moves cautiously, pistol low, machete on her back, eyes scanning the shadows.

Somewhere ahead, the metallic clang of steel-on-steel echoes.

Through a break in the fog. EL FANTASMA appears-locked in brutal, silent combat with two of El CUERVO'S enforcers. His movements are fluid, lethal.

One man drops, the other staggers back.

For the first time, Miranda takes a clear look at him.

Her breathe catches.

The dagger in his hand glints in the lighting-the same curved blade with the engraved handle Isabella showed her in the study. The one that was missing.

He spins it with expert familiarity, dispatches the second man with a quick thrust, then vanishes back into the mist.

She sees it. She turns-just as a flash of black slips out a crumbled archway.

EL FANTASMA. Gone like the mist.

MIRANDA
...That knife.

She races after him-

Out into the jungle-machete in hand-but finds the echo of frogs and distant thunder. She retrieves back to the ruins as footsteps get closer.

EXT.RUINS-NIGHT

Miranda's motorcycle bounces over nuts, headlights slicing through darkness. The looming silhouette of the BISHOP'S RUINS rises in the distance.

A flash of movement in the brush-then the road EXPLODES in a hall of gunfire.

She SWERVES hard, the truck skidding to a stop.

Four MERCENARIES emerge from the shadows, rifles leveled.

MERC#1
(Spanish)
Cuervo sends his regards-

Before he finishes, Miranda is OUT, mirrored machete flashing under the moon.

Her body moves like muscle memory-spinning SLASH, steel biting deep. Blood sprays.

Two mercs DROP before they even pull triggers.

The third catches a slash across the thigh, screams-

He cocks his rifle, muzzle pressing into the back of her head-

CRACK!

A single suppressed shot. The merc collapses on top of her, blood leaking from the neat hole in his temple.

Silence.

Miranda shoves the body off, breathing hard, eyes scanning the dark.

Bur somewhere, far off in the darkness...the faintest curl of cigar smoke drifts into the night air.

EXT.STONE GARDEN BEHIND THE RUINS-MOMENTS LATER

A glint catches her eye- a blade jammed between two stones in the altar.

She kneels, pulling it free. The hilt is worn, familiar, marked by a deep scratch running along it's length. Her eyes widen-its exactly like the missing dagger Victoria showed her in her father's study. She turns it over in her head. There's a faint burn mark near the guard...like someone once dropped a lit cigar too close.

From somewhere deep in the ruins, a shadow shifts.

She spins- nothing but wind and stone.

A message carved beneath it in Spanish; the dead don't talk, but they leave echoes.

EL FANTASMA...

INT.SAFEHOUSE-THE NEXT NIGHT

- Miranda wakes up from a nightmare. Her blade under her pillow. She hears something in the wind. A twisted whistle.

ANGLE ON MIRANDA'S FACE

Still, suddenly alert. Like an animal sensing a predator. A soft creak from the hallway. A gust of wind. Nothing visible. But something shifts in the air.

She slowly reaches for the blade under the table, her breath shallow.

MIRANDA
(whispers)
Not now.. not yet..

She moves toward the hallway. Her shadow stretches long across the wall as she presses herself to the edge of the doorframe.

Silence. Then-

She turns fast, weapon drawn-but no one's there. A single red feather floats down in front of her. It lands at her bare feet.

Her heart pounds. She kneels. Touches it.

Next to it-a polaroid of Isabella, with tubes, bound and blindfolded even though she's in a coma.

On the back:

One by one they've all fallen. I'm going to break you from the inside out.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
EL CONDENADO

A sound in the distance-a sharp whistle. By the time she rushes outside, the night is empty.

EXT.WIDE SHOT-EXTERIOR-NIGHT

Only darkness. A soft flutter of feathers caught in the moonlight.

EXT.BEACH-ONE WEEK EARLIER-OLD SAN JUAN-FLASHBACK

Miranda and Isabella gather shells at the beach. Isabella runs towards Miranda, Isabella's laughing. Miranda spins her and her pink little dress twirl. The sound of seagulls as they pass by, she kisses her. They enjoy the smell of the ocean, as the waves hits the rocks- swish-swish.

INT.HOSPITAL-ICU-NIGHT

A hospital outside of San Juan. Late at night. Storm winds howl through broken shutters. The generator flickers.

Dim fluorescent lights buzz overhead. A nurse hums softly as she adjusts Isabella's IV.

Isabella, hooked up to machines. Pale. Unmoving. A breathing mask over her face.

The nurse glances at a photo pinned to the monitor-Miranda Isabella, the family at the beach. It flutters in the breeze coming through the cracked window.

INT.HALLWAY-NIGHT

Two figures move like shadows-tactically dressed in black, silencers ready. One of them wears a crow mask-El Cuervo's men.

They take out the security camera with a single suppressed shot.

SILENCE.

INT.ICU-MOMENTS LATER

The nurse Lucinda turns-a gloved hand clamps over her mouth.

THUG#1
(whispering in Spanish)
'SHHH. NO ES PERSONAL.
"Shhh...it's not personal"

He stabs her in the neck with a surgical tool. Blood sprays across Isabella's bed rail.

INT.NURSES STATION-CONTINUOUS

Two nurses laugh over cold coffee. One turns-a bullet through the forehead.

The other screams. Gunfire muffled by a pillow.

INT.ICU-MOMENTS LATER

They moved toward Isabella. One man hesitates.

THUG#2
(coldly)
She's leverage.

He unhooks her IVs and lifts her gentle, eerily tender.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-Machines shriek. Isabella's arm falls limply.

EXT.HOSPITAL PARKING LOT-NIGHT

A black van screeches away. Rain falls in sheets. The body of a doctor lies sprawled near the emergency entrance, eyes open to the sky.

INT-VAN-MOVING-NIGHT

Isabella lies in the back, still in a coma. Her head rests on a bloodstained blanket. Next to her: the photograph they took from her bedside.

THUG#1

Let's see if your mother fights
back when she has something to
lose.

CUT TO: MIRANDA

INT.SAFEHOUSE-NIGHT

She bolts upright in bed, clutching her chest-like she just
felt something tear loose inside her.

INT.SAFEHOUSE-BEDROOM-MORNING

Miranda sits on the edge of the bed. Disheveled. Sleepless.
Clutching the photo of her family-creased, bloody at the
corner.

The old rotary-style burner phone on the nightstand rings.

RIIING.

One ring. two

She doesn't move. A third, her hand trembles as she picks it
up.

MIRANDA

Who's this?

EL CUERVO (O.S.)

Que dulce.. You still answer the
phone like a princess.

MIRANDA

"If you touch her-"

EL CUERVO (O.S.)

(interrupting, calm)

She's alive, for now. Like a bird
in a glass box.

He let's that hang. We hear faint beeping-a heart monitor in
the background. Then...a childlike breath. Isabella's
breathing.

EL CUERVO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"You remember that sound don't you?

Miranda face twists. She closes her eyes.

MIRANDA

"Tell me what the fuck you want."

EL CUERVO (O.S.)

I already told you. What I want. I
want you, come home.

(pause)

"Let me look you in the eye before, I... don't make me send
her back one piece at a time,"

Miranda says nothing. We see her gripping a blade behind her
back-silent rage mounting.

He hangs up.

Click.

INT.SAFEHOUSE-MOMENTS LATER

Miranda stares into the mirror above the sink. Her hands
shake as she splashes water on her face.

She looks up-her reflection flickers, like a ghost version of
herself, stares back.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

"He took my mother."

"He took my brother."

"He took my entire family."

"Now he's taken the one thing that
still had my name on it, the only
sweet thing that reminds me of my
family."

EXT.SAFEHOUSE-BACKYARD-MOMENTS LATER

She walks outside, bare feet on the wet grass, carrying the
photo and a box of matches.

She turns the photo. Smoke rises.

Then she turns-Riot stands in the doorway, watching her
silently.

MIRANDA

"Tell me we still have those C4
bricks."

RIOT
(grim)
"Every last one of them."

CUT TO BLACK.

INT.SAFEHOUSE-KITCHEN-EARLY MORNING

Dim quiet. A single bulb flickers above the cracked tile counter. The rain is soft, like fingers drumming on a coffin lid.

Miranda's hands lay out weapons-methodical, unblinking:

- Glock, slide checked. Compact shotgun, cleared.
- Switchblade with a mother-of-pearl handle-her bother's.
- Her fingers pause over it. She closes her eyes. A memory flickers.

FLASH MEMORY-THE AMBUSH-NIGHT-OLD SAN JUAN

Her brother shielding Isabella. Blood. Gunfire. Screams. Her mother's helpless body, her entire family murdered execution style.

BACK TO SCENE

She grips the blade tighter. Breath shaking-but she doesn't cry.

She wraps the blade in black cloth, kisses it once, then tapes it to her thigh.

INT.SAFEHOUSE-LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

The wall behind her is covered in maps, photos, and red strings. One photo: Isabella in a hospital bed. Next to it. El Cuervo's file but no photograph to identify him.

Underlined in blood-red ink:

"DEATH"

Miranda pulls on a Kevlar vest, hides the photo of her family inside it.

MIRANDA

"You burned the world to keep her
in your eyes. Now you're going to
drown in what you started."

INT.SAFEHOUSE-BATHROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Fog on the mirror. She wipes it-half her face visible, the
other smudged in steam. Her reflection fractured.

She stares cold.

BOOM. A muffled THUD outside.

She doesn't flinch.

EXT.SAFEHOUSE-ROOFTOP-MINUTES LATER

Miranda emerges with a duffel bag over her shoulder, armed,
rain hitting her face. She lights a cigarette from the storm,
watching the distant hills.

Behind her RIOT.

RIOT

You sleep?

MIRANDA

"Didn't plan on it".

He watches her. She's all steel now. But something in her
grip trembles.

INT.VILLA NEGRA-SAME TIME

A skyline bleeds red under neon haze. Somewhere in the upper
floors of a fortified high-rise in San Juan, power sits
sipping 60-year-old-rum.

RAUL "EL CUERVO" DE LA ROSA, 60s, cartel heir with a
politician smile and a warlords temper, stares at a recorded
feed of the massacre on a massive wall of screens.

Blood. Smoke. Miranda walking out alive.

He clenches his jaw.

El CUERVO)

(low, sharp

(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

All my men dead, todos muertos, and
that cunt didn't even mess her hair
up.

He crushes the cigar in a crystal ashtray.

Beside him Viviana, early 30s, business black dress and eyes
like ice, cartel consigliere, leaning in the corner-EL
FANTASMA, unseen face, sharpening a blade methodically. One
eye gleams through a mask.

VIVIANA

"We underestimated her. That was a
mistake."

EL CUERVO

No, Viviana. Mistakes can be
forgiven. This... was a
declaration. PLUS I HAVE EL
CONDENADO IN HER TRACKS AS WELL.

VIVIANA

(surprised)

EL CONDENADO are you sure that's
necessary.

He turns to the shadows where EL FANTASMA stands.

EL CUERVO

Ve. Haz lo que tengas que hacer,
sin ruido, sin alma.
Go. do what you got to do. no
noise, no mercy.

EL FANTASMA sheaths the blade. Then disappears. No words, no
exchange.

They vanish into the darkness-no footsteps, no door sound.
Gone, like smoke.

INT.PENTHOUSE-LATER

Viviana pours herself a drink, watching Miranda's footage
replay.

VIVIANA

(to herself)

They think they made you soft when
they MURDERED your family and now.
Now you're something else, They
made you lethal.

She sips her whiskey.

VIVIANA (CONT'D)
 "Let's see what breaks first-your
 soul, Or your heart."

EXT.MOUNTAIN-DISTANT HILLS

A taxi drops a dark figure off a cliffside. Hiking the rest of the way.

In the distant-Miranda's hidden safehouse sits half-hidden in the hills.

The mysterious figure in a dark hoodie looks down at their arm revealing a tattoo-a faded symbol. Burned out now.

Dark figure walks off into the haze.

EXT.THE BISHOP'S RUIN

The crumbling ruins of an 18th century Spanish bishops ruin, overtaken by vines, salt, and shadows. Stained glass shards litter the floor. The roof has long collapsed. The moon beams in through broken arches. Statues of saints stand decapitated. It's a dead cathedral now perfect for a reckoning.

EXT.THE BISHOP'S RUIN-NIGHT

The wind snakes through hollow corridors. Footsteps echo faintly. Miranda dressed in black, slips back in through the crumbling arches like a phantom herself. Her eyes scan the cracked columns, altar fragments, and candle remnants.

A trail of half broken candles flickering on the filthy floor.

She follows it.

At the end of the trail at a broken altar, EL FANTASMA is kneeling, hands red bloody, wiping blood from the knife on a bishop's torn robe. He knows she's here.

EL FANTASMA
 It's fitting you'd find me here.
 Confession hour:

MIRANDA
 Who the fuck are you? Why are you
 following me?

She steps forward-moonlight slices across her face. She's still bleeding. The machete gleams. A small broken mirror fragment hangs from her belt like a charm.

EL FANTASMA
(smirking)
You're bleeding. You came to die.

MIRANDA
I came to return the favor.

But as soon as she lunges, he disappears in the dark.

EXT.BISHOP'S RUIN-NIGHT

She emerges. A storm begins to crack the sky.

MIRANDA (V.O.)
Ghosts can't hide in ruins forever.

She drops the mirror shard beside the gates and walks into the storm.

INT. EL CUERVO'S SAFEHOUSE-NIGHT

OLD WORLD Catholic relics, the wall lined with monitors showing compound footage, tracking feeds, infrared scans. The windows overlook the stormy ocean.

EL CUERVO sits in a leather chair behind a black marble desk. He wears a dark robe, freshly showered. A small photograph of Miranda's mother sits beside a half-empty glass of rum. He's perfectly still. A fly buzzes nearby. Kills it with two fingers. Calm.

A young soldier soaked, and trembling enters.

SOLDIER
(quiet, afraid)
She's getting close sir. She was seen at the bishop's ruin.

EL CUERVO
(leans back, eyes half-lidded)
Of course she was.

SOLDIER
Sir... she's coming for you.

EL CUERVO
She always was.

He turns to a monitor-a paused video frame of Miranda, mid-fight, blood on her face, machete in hand, captured from a drone camera earlier.

He zooms in. Studies her expression like a lover would. Or a father.

EL CUERVO (CONT'D)
(softly, to himself)
You have your mother's rage.

He lifts a rosary from the desk, slowly wrapping around his knuckles. One bead is missing.

EL CUERVO (CONT'D)
(to the soldier)
Double the guards. Lock every gate
send more men to go after her and
bring me the girl, NOW..

He slams his fist down on the marble desk.

SOLDIER
But sir, she's still on a coma.

EL CUERVO
She'll draw Miranda out. The way
blood draws the sharks,

The soldier nods and exits quickly.

EL CUERVO (CONT'D)
Blood speaks louder than bullets,
she doesn't know it yet...but my
legacy is her vengeance.

He kisses the missing bead space on the rosary and closes his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK

INT.EL CUERVO'S POV FLASHBACK-DOCKS,NIGHT-YEARS AGO

Rain pelts the wooden planks. EL CUERVO, younger but no less menacing, stands across EL FANTASMA, both men half-hidden by shadows and fog.

They exchange a briefcase. No words, just the metallic click of the latch. Inside-stacks of bills, and a black-and-white photo...of a woman we'll later recognize as Miranda's mother.

EL CUERVO
(smiling thinly)
She's more trouble than she's
worth.

EL FANTASMA'S jaw tightens. A flash of something-rage? Grief?
-flickers in his eyes, but he hides it.

EL CUERVO (CONT'D)
We understand each other,
viejo..until we don't.

The wind howls. Lighting. By the next flash, EL FANTASMA is
gone, swallowed by the dark.

EXT. ABANDONED BACK ROAD-NIGHT-SLOW MOTION

Moonlight flickers through jungle canopy. Rain threatens but
hasn't fallen yet. Wind rustles the sugarcane fields. The air
smells like copper and dirt.

A stolen motorcycle growls low as it cuts through the dark.

MIRANDA rides alone-helmetless, her hair wet with sweat and
blood. Her face is bruised, a long cut on her lip, and her
leather jacket is torn open, stained red. Her machete is
strapped to her back, blade dull with dried gore.

Her eyes stare forward-empty but burning.

A single hand rests on her stomach, trying to hold in the
blood still seeping from a side wound.

We see flashes:

The bishop's ruin. A mirror shard in her hand. Her own
reflection fractured. The ghost of her family.

INT.HER MIND-FRAGMENTED FLASHES-SLOW, DISJOINTED

Her family laughing around the dinner table. Rafa making
jokes, her mother's cooking. Dancing with her father and the
ambush.

BACK TO:

EXT. ROAD-NIGHT

The motorcycle skids slightly as she takes a sharp curve, breathing heavy now. She blinks. She's losing too much blood.

Her vision blurs, and for a moment, she sees a figure in the road, arms open like a father welcoming a child.

She rides through the illusion.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE ROAD

She pulls up in front of crumbling safehouse by the sea, hidden by palms. The bike sputters and dies beneath her. She steps off, barely standing. Collapses to her knees. The machete falls beside her in the dirt. She crawls to the front door, leaving a handprint of blood on the wall as she drags herself inside. She gets up, stumbles.

One hand pressed to a bleeding gash on her side, the other dragging her machete that scrapes across the wood floor.

Her breath comes in ragged bursts.

Every step is an argument with her body.

She kicks the door shut-

BANG! The wood splinters as the lock shatters from the outside.

Three MERCENARIES surge in.

Miranda's eyes flick to the kitchen table- two knives in reach. She lunges, but her leg buckles.

The first merc swings a rifle butt-

She ducks low, sliding on her knees, grabbing one knife mid-spin, slashing across his thigh.

The second drives her into the wall. Her shoulder CRUNCHES against plaster. She jams the knife into his ribs, twists.

Blood sprays the peeling wallpaper.

The third merc tackles her-machete skitters away.

They crash to the floor, rolling, fists pounding. She takes a blow to the jaw that sends sparks through her vision.

He's on top, hands crushing her throat-

Her free hand gropes along the floor... finds a shard of broken glass.

She slashes upward-deep, under his chin.

The weight collapses on her.

She shoves him aside, gasping, trembling.

The room is silent except for the shallow breaths.

She leans against the wall, eyes barely open.

And then-

From the hallway, a faint creak of a floorboard.

Her head snaps up.

The faint smell of cigar smoke drifts in...

INT.SAFEHOUSE MOMENTS LATER

She staggers to the mirror near the sink.

Stares at herself.

One eye swelling shut. Blood. Dirt.

She picks up a shard of mirror glass on the sink. Stares at her reflection in the fragment.

MIRANDA
(softly, ragged)
He wants a ghost. Then I'll become
one.

She slams the mirror shard into the wall.

Glass rains.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SAFEHOUSE-BATHROOM-DIM LIGHT

The door slams shut behind her. A flickering bulb overhead buzzes. Miranda staggers to the sink, one hand gripping her counter for balance.

Her reflection in the cracked mirror is almost unrecognizable-hair plastered with sweat, streaks of blood(hers and theirs)painting her face.

She turns the faucet-CLANG, SPLASH-rusty water spurts before running clear. She spalshes it over her face, but it only smears the red.

She rips her shirt away from the wound in her side-

A deep, jagged cut, still oozing.

She grits her teeth and yanks open the cabinet, pulling out an old whiskey bottle.

She pours it straight into the wound.

Her scream is muffled as she bites down a towel.

INT.SAFE HOUSE -BATHTUB-CONTINUOS

She climbs ino the old clawfoot tub, the bottom already slick with her own blood from the safe house floor.

Water hisses from the shower head, mixing pink swirls down the drain.

Her body sags against the porcelain-too-tired to sit up straight.

Blood tickels from her fingers into the water.

Her eyes flutter...

Through the steam, a faint shadow passes the doorway.

She jerks her head up-but the shadow is gone.

The only trace left...

A curl cigar smoke drifting into the room.

INT.SAFE HOUSE-BATHROOM-NIGHT

Miranda blink hard, fighting to keep her eyes open.

The steam clouds the mirror, the edges of her vision darkening.

Her hand slips on the rim of the tub.

She exhales one last shaky breath before everything goes black.

INT.SAFE HOUSE-BEDROOM-MORNING

Her eyes snap open.

She's no longer in the bathroom-

She's lying on an old bed, stripped of her blood-soaked clothes, wearing a faded T-shirt that isn't hers.

A crude but clean bandage wraps her ribs.

The whiskey bottle from the bathroom now sits on the night stand, half empty.

On the chair beside the bed-her machete.

Clean. Polished.

And next to it...

The missing dagger from her grandfather's collection.

She stares at it, her breath catching.

MIRANDA
(whispering)
Who the hell..?

Th faintest sound of floorboards creaking in the hallway.

She whirls toward the door-but it's already swinging shut.

A silver of light vanishes.

Silence returns.

INT.SAFE HOUSE-BEDROOM-MORNING

Miranda's fingers hover above the dagger, not touching it.

Her pulse pounds in her ears.

The faint scent of tobacco smoke lingers in the air.

It's faint, but unmistakable-not from this house, not from any of her allies.

She swallows hard.

Her gaze drifts to the doorway, half expecting someone to appear.

Nothing.

Her breathe shakes as she lowers herself back against the pillow, eyes fixed on the blade.

MIRANDA
(quiet, to herself)
Why..now?

A deep ache twists in her chest.

She knows what the dagger means- and the ghost it belongs to.

But she's too weak to chase it. Instead she closes her eyes, the smell of cigars wrapping around her like a memory she doesn't want to believe.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SAFEHOUSE-MOMENTS LATER

Miranda sits up, still breathing hard, dagger in hand.

The ache in her ribs protests, but her eyes burn with something colder now-resolve.

She garbs her phone, dials.

RIOT (V.O.)
(static, background
gunfire)
Yeah?

MIRANDA
Forget the safe drop. I need the
C4, rifles, and the sat phone.

RIOT (V.O.)
(intense whisper)
You alive?
...That's not a recon loadout.

MIRANDA
(gravel-voiced)
It's not a recon anymore.
Bring everything. The C4. The
crates. The 12s.

RIOT (V.O.)
Copy. Where the hell are you going?

MIRANDA
Hunting.Behind the mirrors.

She hangs up before the can answer.

Her knuckles whiten around the dagger's grip'

Outside, a storm wind rattles the shutters- or maybe it's just the sound of her heartbeat.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT.SAFEHOUSE PERIMETER-NIGHT

From the ridge above, barely visible in the foliage, a figure watches through night vision binoculars. Hooded. Silent. Holding a rifle with no scope. Breathing calm and slow.

THE MYSTERY FIGURE'S POV-NIGHTVISION GOGGLES:

RIOT'S black jeep approaches the coast.

RIOT steps out, checking his weapons.

The safehouse.

Miranda, barely visible, pacing inside like a caged wolf.

The figure zooms in on RIOT. Smiles faintly. Makes a call.

MYSTERY FIGURE
(quiet, to self)
There you are.

They melt back into the shadows.

CUT TO:

INT.SAFEHOUSE-LIVING ROOM-MOMENTS LATER

RIOT enters, breath caught when he sees Miranda-bruised, stitched, eyes blazing.

RIOT
You look like shit.

MIRANDA
I was busy not dying. I feel like
shit.

She opens one of the crates.

Guns. Knives. C4. A case marked "NO RETURN"

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(soft)

Let's end it.

She drops her gear, stepping toward him. There's no slow lead-up-just the magnet pull of relief and raw need.

Riot sets the pistol down.

RIOT

Come here.

She does.

LOVE SCENE(RAW, INTIMATE, NOT OVERLY ROMANTIC-BUILT FROM ADRENALINE)

- Riot pills her in, foreheads pressing together, their breathing syncing.
- Miranda kisses him hard-teeth, desperation.
- His hands find the small of her bac, pulling her close, like he's afraid she'll disappear.
- She peels off her jacket, his fingers tracing the fresh scrapes and bruises on her arms.
- They stumble toward the bed, boots thudding to the floor.
- Miranda shoves him down, climbing over hi-control in her eyes, but her hands tremble.
- Riot grips her hips, pulling her into him.
- The world outside disappear: it's just their breath, the sound of skin against skin, and the unspoken truth that either of them could be gone tomorrow.

EXT.SAFEHOUSE-BACK RIDGE-NIGHT(SLOW MOTION BEGINS)

The air is thick with smoke. The wind howls. Smoke rises, sparks falling like ash.

Miranda and Riot burst from the garage-guns blazing.

They stand back-to back-bruised, unstoppable.

RIOT
 (grinning)
 If we die here, at least we die
 together.

MIRANDA
 We're not dying. Not here, not now.

So let's fuck these mother fuckers up.

A beat. Then-

WHAM-the gates burst open. Mercenaries storm in-masked,
 armored, armed to the teeth.

Gunfire rips through the crumbling tunnel.

Miranda slams a fresh mag into her rifle, eyes darting toward
 the far stairwell-RIOT is there covering her brutal
 precision.

RIOT
 (shouting over the chaos)
 Get to the fucking tunnel! Now!

MIRANDA
 No, I'm not fucking leaving you-

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE BEGINS
 SOUNDTRACK: A HAUNTING INSTRUMENTAL-
 SLOW PIANO OVER DISTORTED SYNTHS,
 HEARTBEATS IN RHYTHM.

Riot charges first, shoulder-slimming into a merc, snapping
 his neck mid-spin, grabbing his rifle midair.

Miranda slides beneath a swinging blade, pistol-raised
 sideways-fires once, headshot-the blood hangs in the air like
 red mist.

They move in perfect synchronicity- she fires over his
 shoulder as he kicks a soldier into the wall. He grabs a
 machete from the ground, spins-slashes across two throats
 with one strike.

A mercenary lunge at Miranda. She traps his arm, breaks his
 elbow in slow motion slams his face into the stone wall.

● BULLET TIME MOMENT:

A grenade is tossed toward them-Riot throws himself over
 Miranda, tackling her behind a broken pillar.

BOOM-THE EXPLOSION rings out muffled-debris and flame swirl like a dance.

RIOT
(slow motion yell)
Get to the tunnel!

Miranda tries to stand up, He shoves her forward.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

Automatic fire tears the ground behind them.

One bullet grazes her side. She stumbles.

RIOT spins, firing his shotgun into a charging merc.

Blood sprays like mist-red in the moonlight.

INT.SAFEHOUSE-SIDE HALLWAY-SLOW MOTION CONTINUES

RIOT reloads.

Three men come through the smoke.

He throws his last flashbang.

FLASH!

Blinding light.

In silhouette:

He charges with a wrench and blade, takes one down with a throat shot-Blood arcs across the cracked tile floor.

EXT.SAFEHOUSE TUNNEL ENTRANCE-NIGHT

Miranda kicks open the floor grate-

She's seconds from escaping.

Then-a scream.

She turns. RIOT is surrounded.

They stab him. One. Two. Three times.

He falls to one knee, looking straight at her.

RIOT
(whispers)

A rocket hits the crumbling wall above him. The floor gives a way with a violent, deafening CRACK. A storm of fire, debris, and dust swallows RIOT whole.

RIOT (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Run...

A 9" blade punches through his back from behind.

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE-MIRANDA SPINNING SLASH

Miranda screams. No sound.

She watches through the smoke, frozen.

RIOT'S BODY DROPS

MIRANDA POV:

Adrenaline spikes.

She picks up her machete with the mirror shard still glowing from the firelight.

The mirror shows her own face-not broken. Not afraid. Just vengeance.

She charges into the last wave of men with:

- Machete in hand. Flash charge in the other. Blood on her face. The jungle behind her, fire in front.

SLOW MOTION COMBAT:

She ducks a blade, comes up slicing across a man's mouth.

Spinning back kick knocks one into the fire.

A man tries to run-she throws the mirror machete.

THWACK! Lodged in his spine.

Miranda stumbles forward, coughing, clawing at the rubble

MIRANDA
RIOT, RIOT answer me!

The comm in her ear hisses static-then cuts to silence.

INT. TUNNEL MOMENTS LATER

Miranda crawls in, bleeding, nearly unconscious.

She looks back through the smoke she sees it-Riot's combat knife, slick with blood, lying in the debris. No sign of him. Just the knife...and a growing pool of red seeping between the broken boards.

A mercenary's shout yanks her attention-they're closing in. Someone grabs her shoulder.

As she flees into the night, the camera lingers behind...

...and in the far shadows, barely visible through the smoke, a figure limps away down a hidden corridor.

INT. INSIDE EL CUERVO'S-SAME TIME

He watches live drone footage of the ambush. Smiles.

EL CUERVO
She relentless she's still alive.
Get ready to move out, bring the
girl.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE-TUNNEL EXIT

Smoke. Screaming walls. Miranda stumbles through the tunnel, ash sticking to her face. She's coughing, limping-half-dead.

Suddenly- a shadow.

VOICE (O.S.)
You really picked a dramatic night
to survive.

Miranda raises her knife. The figure steps into a shaft of moonlight.

CARMEN-older, hardened, dressed for combat, rifle across her chest.

CARMEN

Put that down before I shoot the
other leg.

Miranda lowers the blade, barely able to breathe.

MIRANDA

...CARMEN?

Carmen nods, steps forward, grab Miranda's arm and helps her
stand.

CARMEN

He held the line so you could crawl
out. Now let's finish what he
started.

EXT.RIDGE ABOVE SAFE HOUSE-NIGHT

Miranda and Carmen reach the top of the hill.

Behind them the house burns like hell itself.

Miranda turns back, tears streaming down her face,
illuminated by the flames.

MIRANDA

(whispers)

I'm going to burn his whole world
for this.

CARMEN

Then let's light the match.

Then disappear into the night.

EXT.SAFE HOUSE RUINS-NIGHT-POST AMBUSH

Miranda claws her way out of the burning tunnel, bloodied,
barely upright.

The smoke parts:

She turns back one last time-

Just in time she believes to see RIOT collapse under the
rubble.

Miranda screams, rage overtaking her-

She lunges forward-

BANG.

The mercenary's head jerks back violently.

Blood splatters across the beam like red paint on a canvas.

SLOW MOTION:

A dark figure lowers a rifle from a hill above.

CARMEN, backlit by firelight, wind tugging her jacket open, eyes locked on Miranda.

The gun smokes in her hand.

One shot. One death. No hesitation.

She begins walking toward Miranda.

BACK TO REAL TIME:

EXT.SAFEHOUSE RUINS-NIGHT-FLASHBACK/INTERCUT)

Gunfire echoes in the distance. Smoke curls through the night air. Riot lies sprawled in the dirt, blood pooling beneath him. His chest barely rises.

Boots crunch on gravel. A tall, spectral figure steps into the dim light -EL FANTASMA. Wide brimmed hat. Faded poncho black. Face hidden in shadows.

He kneels beside Riot, checking his pulse. Without a word, he slings Riot over his shoulder like dead weight. Riot's blood drips in a slow, rhythmic trail as they vanish into the darkness.

INT.UNKNOWN SAFE HOUSE-PUERTO RICO-NIGHT

Dark. Safe. Remote.

A concrete building tucked in the mountains. No signals no neighbors the hum of a generator somewhere outside.

Carmen drags Miranda in, bloodied and half-unconscious.

The door slams. Carmen locks three bolts behind them.

She moves quickly-no panic. Just purpose.

INT.SAFEHOUSE-BATHROOM-LATER

Dim light. Blood in the sink.

Miranda sits on the edge of the tub, shirt torn arm shaking as she holds a rag to her side.

Carmen stands behind her, stitching the gash shut with calm hands.

She pours whiskey over the wound. Miranda grits her teeth, no scream. Just hate.

CARMEN

You're lucky I followed RIOT when I did.

MIRANDA

He knew they'd come. He gave his life for me. Everyone around me seems to die or killed.

CARMEN

RIOT died fighting, protecting you he bought you this time.

(pause)

And I'm not wasting it, Miranda.

MIRANDA

(dry laugh)

You're still cleaning up after me?

CARMEN

Always. I've been tracking EL CUERVO since the ambush.

MIRANDA

You knew?

CARMEN

Not until a week ago. He's moved locations-no more penthouse. His got a fortress buried in the cliffs. Cameras. Kill zones. No one in. No one out.

MIRANDA

(dead quiet)

Good. Makes him easier to trap.

CARMEN

(locks eyes with her)

This isn't just war anymore, Miranda. it's a slaughterhouse.

(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)
You walk in wrong, and I'll be the
one zipping you in a bag.

MIRANDA
Then I'll better walk in fucking
right.

CARMEN
(hoarse)
I'm sorry.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
I heard what happened...your
family-

MIRANDA
Don't.

Carmen hesitates, but Miranda's voice cracks, softer now.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
They were all I had...and EL CUERVO
made sure I watched everyone i
cared about died.

Carmen's eyes glisten. She reaches out, resting a trembling
hand on Miranda's arm,

CARMEN
I'm sorry. I know what that holes
feels like.

Miranda's jaw clenches. She stares down at her hands-scarred,
shaking.

MIRANDA
It's not a fucking hole
anymore...its fire. And I'm going
to fucking burn him with it.

They lock eyes-two women bound now by blood and vengeance.

CARMEN
You need to get some rest we got
work to do.

INT.BEDROOM-NIGHT

Miranda sits on the edge of the bed, shirtless, suddenly a
memory.

FLASHBACK BEGINS SAFEHOUSE-A WEEK AGO-NIGHT

Dim lights. Riot's bare back. Her fingers tracing the scars down his spine.

They're on the bed, tangled in sheets and shadows.

Miranda straddles him, sweat glistening down her stomach, blood on her lip. Riot watches her with awe-like she's war and salvation.

RIOT

You were made for the end of the world.

MIRANDA

Then stay close. I'll walk us through it.

Their kiss is feral. Hungry. Slow.

Clothes come off like promises, he lifts her. She gasps.

His hands against the wall. Her legs around his waist.

They crash into the mirror. It shatters-

She laughs.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Don't you die on me.

RIOT

(panting)

Not tonight.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. SAFEHOUSE BEDROOM-NIGHT

Back in the room, Miranda clenches her jaw, swallowing the memory.

Her hand closes around RIOT'S dog tags-

Still around her neck, resting on her chest.

She lifts them. Kisses the metal once. Then stands grabs her cell phone and makes a call. Miranda listens to endless ring tone. Her eyes glassy, jaw tight.

MIRANDA
(low to herself)
Guess you're really gone.

She ends the call. Silence swallows the room.

EXT.DESERTED SAFEHOUSE-HIDEOUT-NIGHT

El Fantasma loads Riot into the back of a battered pickup. He glances over his shoulder-the brim of his hat hiding his eyes-then slams he tailgate shut. The truck disappears into the night.

EXT.SAFEHOUSE TRAINING IN BLOOD AND DUST-PRE-DAWN

A thick fog hangs low. The mill is rusted, half-eaten by vines. Metal beams groan in the wind. Miranda shirtless and stitched from battle, stands still beneath an overhead hook. Her body is bruised, blood oozes from a reopened wound on her ribs.

Carmen (hardened, calculating) circles her a like a wolf.

CARMEN
Every blow you take...should remind
you she's still breathing.

MIRANDA
I don't need reminding.

CARMEN
Then prove it.

BEGIN TRAINING MONTAGE-BRUTAL RAW

-MACHETE COMBAT-

Carmen SLASHES at Miranda with a dull machete. Miranda dodges, blocks with her forearm-blood. Carmen disarms her, presses the blade to her throat.

Miranda HEADBUTTS Carmen reclaims the blade with a vicious spin, eyes blazing.

-STRENGTH DRILLS-

Miranda's waist is tied to a rusted engine block. She GRITS her teeth and drags it across cracked cement. Her knees buckle. She vomits. Crawls. Keeps pulling. Blood and sweat streak the concrete.

-BARE-KNUCKLE SPARRING-

Blindfolded. Inside a wire cage. Two MERCENAIRES circle Miranda. She listens.

BAM. Fist to gut. Crack-hit to the mouth.

She counters. ELBOW to the throat. Knee to the temple. She roars like a feral animal.

MENTAL CONDITIONING-

Carmen holds photos of the men involved in Miranda's family's massacre. Miranda freezes on one.

CARMEN

Don't pause on him. You pause-you die.

MIRANDA

Then I die with a blade in his chest.

FINAL IMAGE

Miranda stands beneath the hanging floodlight, soaked in blood and sweat. She straps her machete to her hip like it belongs to her. Carves a fresh tally mark into the handle.

CARMEN

Now you're ready to kill a ghost.

MIRANDA

I'm not killing him. I'm erasing him for good.

INT. SAFEHOUSE-EARLY MORNING

Pale, blue light seeps through the slats of the boarded windows. The dust in the air catches it like ghosts mid-breath.

MIRANDA lies on a thin mattress; one arm tucked behind her head. The silence is too pure-unnatural.

She stirs. Open her eyes slowly. Something feels off. Miranda sits up slowly, heart pounding. She doesn't scream. Doesn't move right away. Just stares.

A chill run through her.

She picks up a feather. Rolls it between her fingers.

MIRANDA
(soft, dark)
He was here.

Carmen walks in groggily, rubbing her eyes.

CARMEN
What the fuck is that?

Miranda doesn't look up.

MIRANDA
He's calling card.

(beat)

He could've killed me. But he didn't.

CARMEN
Then what the fuck is he waiting for?

MIRANDA
He's hunting me. Like prey that's already wounded.

She looks out the window. Her face hardens. The soldier inside her is wide awake.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE-TREE LINE-

A dense thicket surrounds the crumbling safehouse. Just beyond the brush... he stands.

EL CONDENADO

Tall. Hooded. Motionless as a statue beneath the shade of gnarled trees. Face partially hidden behind a worn scarf. A long hunting knife rests across his chest-calm. Precise.

He watches Miranda through a slit in the boarded-up widow.

In his hand-a small metal switch. He flicks it once. Nothing happens. But the camera drifts downward.

INT.EL CUERVO'S OFFICE-DAWN

EL CUERVO watches footage of the fight near the tunnel.

EL CUERVO
(smiling, coldly)
She's still alive.

VIVIANA (O.S.)
You don't seem surprised.

Viviana enters wearing tactical black. Cold. Calculating.

EL CUERVO
They always do this-crawl out of
the grave for one last bite.

VIVIANA
Want me to end it?

EL CUERVO
No, I want you to remind her that
love is the real enemy.
That we kill it, before it kills
us.

He pours Viviana a drink. She doesn't touch it.

VIVIANA
Consider it done.

"BEFORE THE STORM"

She turns, pulling her machete of the wall. A twin to Miranda's, but before Viviana stands alone at a window. Looking out. In her hand-the faded Polaroid photo from the beach. Water-stained. Torn on the corner.

VIVIANA (V.O.)
We were sisters once.
Before she left my sisters to die.
(MORE)

VIVIANA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Before she became something I
couldn't forgive.

EXT.FLASHBACK SCENE-BEACH BEFORE YEARS EARLIER

The golden light shimmers across gentle waves.

MIRANDA, CARMEN, and VIVIANA sit barefoot in the sand, in
fatigues rolled to knee. Guns nearby, but untouched. For
once, they're just women-not soldiers.

CARMEN pops open a bottle of rum.

CARMEN
If we die tomorrow, at least we
have the ocean today.

She raises. Miranda and Viviana smirk and clink canteens.

VIVIANA
I'm not dying. I still haven't
kissed a Colombian singer or jumped
from a plane naked.

MIRANDA
In that order?

VIVIANA
Hell no. The second one takes
trust.

They all laugh-genuine, loud, free.

Carmen pulls out an old polaroid camera and snaps a photo of
them all, their arms around each other, sand in their hair.

The waves crash louder.

Viviana's fingers dig onto the sand like she's trying to hold
on to the moment.

Then-

INT.VIVIANA'S MIND: POV

Younger, hidden, bleeding from a shoulder wound. eyes filled
with tears and hatred.

In her arms-the lifeless body of her sister no older than 18.
She watches Miranda disappear into the black.

VIVIANA

She left her. Left us. Walked out
like the world didn't burn with
her.

Viviana rocks and forth, whispering her hands tremble with
rage.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

EXT. VILLA NEGRA-EL CUERVO'S HIDEOUT-NIGHT

The villa turned fortress is deep in the jungle. Half-buried
into the mountain. Concrete. Cameras. Men with rifles.
Floodlights sweep across razor wire fences. Dogs bark in the
distance.

CARMEN

(whispering)

Guard rotations every 11 minutes.
Cameras blind in 3... we go on my
mark.

MIRANDA

(checking her sidearm)

In and out?

CARMEN

No. In and burn everything down.

She gives Miranda a slight nod. Miranda slides on a hood,
black face paint drying under her eyes.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

(INTO COMMS)

Mark.

EXT. VILLA NEGRA WALL-NIGHT

They sprint through the tree line-shadows between the trees.

Carmen throws a device. EMP CLICK. Cameras go dark.

They vault over a small breach in the wall.

INT. VILLA NEGRA-HALLWAY-NIGHT

The halls are narrow, flickering lights.

Industrial metal.

Miranda holds her machete in one hand, silenced pistol in the other. They move in surgical silence.

SLOW MOTION:

A guard turns the corner-CRACK-Carmen shoots him clean through the forehead.

Another rushes from a room-Miranda slices through his throat with one clean arc of her machete. His blood paints the wall behind them.

She catches her reflection in a metal door-just for a second. Blood on her face. Eyes cold. She's already a ghost.

INT.CONTROL ROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Carmen tosses a flashbang. BOOM-doors burst open.

They storm in.

Miranda grabs a guard, slams his head against the console.

Another swings-she dodges, uses her elbow, drives her machete up under his chin.

Carmen pulls files.

CARMEN

El Cuervo lower level. Panic bunker.

MIRANDA

(wiping blood from her face)

Then let's fucking dig him out.

INT.MAIN HALL-NIGHT-STROBE LIGHTS-GUNFIRE

Alarms blare now.

Dozens of men rush in. Carmen tosses a smoke bomb.

SLOW MOTION CHAOS:

Miranda burst through the smoke, dual-wielding blades.

She SLASHES one man, spins, dodges a bullet-
Cuts a second man through the knee-
Kicks a third into the electric panel. Sparks fly.
Gunfire flashes like lighting through the smoke.
Carmen moves like death behind her, picking off survivors.

INT.BUNKER DOOR-NIGHT

Blood soaked and panting, they reach a steel-reinforced vault.

CARMEN
It's locked.

MIRANDA
(pulls c4 from her bag)
I came prepared.

She plants it. Lights the fuse.

BOOM

The door bends. Screeches open.

Inside... empty chairs. A still-burning cigar.

Half-finished whiskey glass.

El CUERVO is gone.

A monitor flickers to black and green comes to life.

EL CUERVO
(On SCREEN)
You should have come sooner, nina.
But don't worry you'll see me soon.

CARMEN
He was here. Minutes ago.

MIRANDA
Son of a bitch. We just missed him.

MONITOR BEEPS.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Green vitals. Tubes, a hospital bed.

CARMEN
(quietly)
Wait...

CLOSE UP TO THE MONITOR

The cameras feed shows Isabela, sedated. Breathing through a vent. IV lines in both arms. Her eyes fluttering, the screen in the corner: UNIT 13. Offshore.

Location unknown.

Miranda freezes.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
That's Isabella.

Miranda steps closer, her hand touching the monitor... Her breathing hitches.

The air is cold and sharp. Miranda and Carmen scale the perimeter as they approach the outer ridge through fog and trees. The perimeter fencing hums faintly with power.

CARMEN
This is it. No turning back.

MIRANDA
Then let's finish it.

INT. PERIMETER-NIGHT

They enter through a gap in the electric fence. Motionless guards litter the ground-

Throats slit.

MIRANDA
Something's wrong...this wasn't us.

INT.LOWER HALLS-MOMENTS LATER

Inside, eerie silence. Security systems are disabled. A red feather floats down from the rafters.

CARMEN
(elbows Miranda)
We're not alone.

They press forward, weapons drawn.

Miranda approaches, shaken. Carmen hangs back scanning.

SNAP. Carmen trips a wire.

The door slam shut.

EL CONDENADO emerges from the dark, blade in one hand,
suppressed pistol in the other. Masked, unreadable.

MIRANDA
You?.

CARMEN
It's him. Get ready.

They raise weapons-a gunshot rings out.

But it wasn't aimed at them.

EL FANTASMA STEPS OUT from the opposite entrance. Older,
slower, precise. Cloaked in black. He holds a long knife-
ceremonial-and moves like a ghost.

For a moment: two assassins two unstoppable forces.

Miranda and Carmen stand between them.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
We're dead.

But EL CONDENADO rushes-not at them-at EL FANTASMA.

A brutal, balletic fight erupts. Blades clash. Bones crack.
They're evenly matched. The firefight's echo through the
broken beams. Miranda, bruised but standing, stares down at
EL CONDENADO.

But before he can raise his gun- a SHADOW slides behind him.

EL CONDENADO slashes EL FANTASMA'S cheek.

FANTASMA nearly guts him.

EL CONDENADO
(gritting his teeth, to EL
FANTASMA)
You're going soft, viejo...maybe
you forgot what we're paid for.

EL FANTASMA doesn't answer. His gloved hand pushes the blade deeper.

Miranda yells.

MIRANDA
Stop! What the fuck?

Carmen pulls Miranda back a steel desk.

And just like that El CONDENADO vanishes into the shadows.

Their fight ends when El FANTASMA steps back, eyes gleaming beneath his hood.

Miranda's chest heaves. She takes a step toward FANTASMA-but he's already stepping back into the dark.

A thin beam of moonlight catches his wrist-a worn military watch, scratched but cared for. For just a second, his gaze drops to a small locket at Miranda's throat. His jaw tightens.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Wait-!

But he's gone.

INT.UNDERGROUND SERVICE TUNNEL-NIGHT

Miranda and Carmen move like shadows, soaked in shadows, weapons drawn, boots muffled by years of dust. Their faces are stone. They're close-sisters by blood or battle.

CARMEN
Third level-north wing. That's
where she is. Infrared picked heat
signature alone.

MIRANDA
(gritted)
Viviana is never alone.

They breach the inner hall. The air goes still. Something's wrong.

INT.INTERROGATION CHAMBER-NIGHT

A surgical light buzzes overhead. Strapped to a gurney. A DECOY. A woman in a wig, dressed like Isabella. It's a trap

BOOM!-Smoke grenades explode behind them.

CARMEN

Fall back!

They turn-Viviana emerges from the smoke like a phantom, dual blades in hand , face emotionless.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

You bitch-!

Fifty mercenaries circle in the shadows, tightening the noose.

SLOW MOTION:

Carmen exhales-the sound is deep, echoing like a drumbeat.

Miranda cocks her rifle, eyes steady, shoulders square.

FLASH OF MOVEMENT-

The first mercenary lunges.

BACK TO BACK

Carmen pivots left, elbow snapping into a merc's jaw-teeth fly through the air like tiny pearls.

Miranda swings right, blade flashing- a red arc sprays the moonlight.

WIDE SHOT-CHAOS IN SLOW MOTION

- Bullets streak by like glowing comets.
- Shell casings tumble in the air, spinning lazily.
- Dust plumes rise with each body hitting the ground.
- Carmen kicks a rifle from one man's hands, catches it mid-air, and fires without looking, mercenary down.
- Miranda drops to one knee, firing bursts upward into the charging line.

FROM THE SHADOWS-VIVIANA

She leans against a column, smirking, dual pistols in hands, watching them carve through the chaos like it's a dance she's seen before. Her fingers rest on the hilt of her blade-but she waits.

BACK TO THE FIGHT

Carmen ducks a machete swing-

Miranda's rifle jams-

Without missing a beat, Carmen tosses a spare clip. Miranda slams it in, and they turn in sync, mowing down another wave.

SLOW MOTION HIGHLIGHT-BOND UNDER FIRE

A grenade arcs toward them-spinning, glowing.

Carmen grabs Miranda by the vest, pulling her behind cover as the explosion rips the air apart.

The shockwaves send dust and fire rolling over them in a golden wave-hair, fabric, and embers caught in weightless suspension.

They rise together.

Viviana charges.

VIVIANA'S POV

They're surviving. Barely. But soon ...soon they'll be too tired to see what's coming.

Her smile widens.

The last mercenary crumples to the dirt.

Silence.

Only the hiss of embers and the ringing in their ears.

ANGLE-FROM THE SHADOWS

Viviana steps forward.

FLASH BLADE SPEED

A brutal three-way fight breaks out:

Miranda takes a blade to the shoulder.

Carmen shoves Miranda aside, takes the blade across her arm-
blood sprays hot into the night.

Viviana pivots on one heel, spinning into Carmen's gut with a
brutal knee.

The wind blasts out of Carmen's lungs.

Viviana slashes Carmen's thigh, then kicks her across the
room.

FIGHT SEQUENCE: MIRANDA VS VIVIANA-BRUTAL, BLOODY, ALMOST
SILENT

Viviana fights with grace and malice. Every strike meant to
kill.

Miranda is rage-no technique left, just fury and instinct.

Viviana slams her into the wall-Miranda spits blood.

VIVIANA
You're broken.

Viviana lunges-Miranda dodges and drives her machete into
Viviana's side-twisting it hard.

Viviana gurgles. Falls to her knees.

MIRANDA
(breathless)
Tell me where she is.

VIVIANA
(smiling, dying)
Already gone.

Viviana dies, laughing.

INT.EL CUERVO'S PRIVATE STUDY-NIGHT

Blood trails stain the marble floors. The walls are lined
with antique books, daggers, and relics of past kills.
Candles flicker.

Miranda enters, battered, covered in ash and dirt. Guns
drawn. Breathing heavy.

She staggers in, wounded, blood pouring from a gash near her
collarbone, carmen limps behind her.

A lone monitor beeps.

ON SCREEN: Isabella unconscious, in a hospital bed, tubes running through her: Date stamp 3 hours ago. In transit.

Miranda drops to her knees.

CARMEN
We're too late.

MIRANDA
No, not yet. He's still breathing.

CARMEN
So are you. That means we haunt the
bastard.

EXT.CLIFFSIDE-NIGHT

As lighting flashes, they burn the compound to the ground.

Miranda and Carmen-barely alive, silhouetted against the inferno.

INT.CARGO SHIP

EL CUERVO sits sipping on a glass of whiskey, watching the monitors.

He slams the phone down.

His lieutenant hovers, nervous.

LEIUTENANT
We can't find EL CONDENADO. OR EL
FANTASMA.
Both off the grid.

EL CUERVO
Find him.

As he stares of an old photo of a younger FANTASMA in uniform. The caption is blurred, a name blacked out.

The photo trembles in CUERVO'S hand as the camera pushes in on FANTASMA'S face-younger, sharper-a ghost from somewhere deep in Miranda's past.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT.OPEN WATER-NIGHT

A cargo ship vanishes into the fog.

FLASH CUTS-

-A safehouse door splintering under her kick.

-A machete slicing through a gunman's throat.

A pistol shot between two blinking eyes.

-Blood pooling under her boots.

She hasn't stopped since. Isabella was taken.

EXT.PACIFIC COAST-NIGHT

Waves slam against jagged rocks. A storm brews on the horizon. Miranda's boat-low, black, and fast-cuts through the water, spray hitting her face. Her eyes are locked ahead. In the distance, a SAFEHOUSE burns, sending sparks into the sky.

MIRANDA and CARMEN sprint down the dock, both breathing hard, weapons drawn.

Carmen's cheek is smeared with soot, but her eyes are sharp.

CARMEN

(urgent, scanning)

You sure he's on the yacht?

Miranda's hands grip the wheel. A duffel of weapons lies open at her feet-mirrored machete, compact submarine gun, extra mags, knives. She slaps a fresh mag into her pistol.

Suddenly-

WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP.

Boat engines behind her. Lights sweep the black water. Two speedboats give chase, their silhouettes lit by muzzle flashes.

BULLETS RIP through her hull. She drops low, grabs her SMG, and fires blind over the stem.

EXT.OPEN OCEAN-CONTINUOUS

The firefight explodes across the waves. Tracers arc through the rain. One merc boat swings wide, cutting to flank her.

MIRANDA
 (under her breath)
 Not tonight.

She yanks the wheel, slamming into the side of the flanking boat. Wood and fiberglass splinter. A merc tumbles overboard, swallowed by the dark.

But the second boat rams her from behind, sending her forward into the dash.

EXT.MID-OCEAN-NIGHT

The boat tears through dark water. The moonlight glints off Carmen's rifle as she scans the horizon. Miranda's hands grip the wheel, her mirrored machete strapped across her back, still wet from blood hours old.

Far ahead- a faint glow another boat. El Cuervo's vessel.

CARMEN
 (leaning forward)
 That's him his running dark, but I
 see his wake.

MIRANDA
 (voice low, cold)
 Then we cut the lights off and take
 him in silence.

Miranda kills the engine to a low rumble. They creep closer, the waves slapping against the hull.

Suddenly-MUZZLE FLASHES from Cuervo's boat. Bullets tear into the water around them, sending up sharp sprays.

CARMEN
 They see us!

They both dive for cover as gunfire rips the night. Miranda grabs the throttle and slams the boat sideways to use the wake as a shield. Carmen leans over the railing and returns fire, her shots precise.

From the darkness-two more speedboats roar in, cutting them off.

MIRANDA
 Trap.

The first boat pulls alongside. A mercenary leaps onto their deck-machete swinging. Miranda meets him mid-air, mirrored blade flashing, severing his attack in one spin.

A second mercenary fires from three feet away-Carmen drops him with a clean headshot.

EXT.OCEAN-CONTINUOUS

One of the enemy boats tries to ram them. Miranda swerves hard, slamming hull to hull

Carmen tosses a grenade into the open deck. It detonates, raining water and shrapnel.

The remaining mercs press from both sides, spraying them with gunfire Miranda dives into the water-disappearing beneath the chaos.

CARMEN
(yelling)
Miranda!

Suddenly, from under the other boat, Miranda surfaces, planting a magnetic charge on its hull. She dives away just as BOOM-the blast flips the boat in a violent spray.

The last of Cuervo's guards retreat, covering his escape into the mist.

Miranda pulls herself back aboard, drenched and panting, eyes locked on the dark trail where Cuervo vanished.

MIRANDA
(whisper)
I'm not done.

EXT.OPEN SEA-CUERVO'S SHIP-NIGHT

The massive cargo ship looms out of the mist-rusted metal, running lights off, hulking like a ghost on black water.

Miranda and Carmen pull up in silence, their small boat scraping against the steel hull. Miranda slings her machete. Carmen checks the last of her ammo-three mags left.

CARMEN
We go loud and kill everything.

MIRANDA
Then we go like shadows.

They hook a grappling line and climb, boots slipping on the wet metal. The hum of engines vibrates through their bones.

INT.CUERVO SHIP-LOWER DECK-NIGHT

They slip inside through a maintenance hatch. Dim red safety lights paint the corridor. The smell of diesel and sweat hangs thick.

A guard rounds the corner-Miranda catches him n a chokehold, blade pressed to his throat. One silence cut, and he's down.

Carmen takes point, motioning ahead. Voices echo from above-Spanish curses, boots stomping metal.

INT.CUERVO'S SHIP-CREW QUARTERS-CONTINUOUS

Two guards sit at a table playing cards. Carmen kneels, takes the first with a suppressed round to the temple. Miranda hurls her blade-it buries it in the second man's chest before he can stand.

Miranda retrieves her weapon without breaking stride.

INT.CUERVO'S SHIP-UPPER HALLWAY-NIGHT

The sound of monitors beeping. A locked steel door at the end of the hall.

MIRANDA

Isabella.

She runs forward-a burst of automatic fire shreds the wall near her head. Cuervo's men step out from side rooms, ambushing from both ends.

Gunfire erupts. Carmen drops two instantly. Miranda dives forward, sliding under a hail of bullets, coming up behind a guard-blade to spine.

The last one rushes her-she gras his rifle, turns it on him, pulls the trigger.

Silence.

INT.CUERVO'S SHIP-HOLD-NIGHT

Miranda kicks the steel door groans as she pushes it open with her last of her strength. Her mirrored machete drips blood. Carmen follows, gun raised, breathing hard from the battle outside.

Inside: a sterile room, lit by a single swinging bulb. Medical machines HUM. A hospital bed sits in the middle-tubes, restraints, but its empty.

Miranda freezes, her chest heaves. Her fury boils over. She takes a slow, shaking step toward the bed. On the pillow lies a single black feather and a photograph of Isabella, taped crudely to the rail.

MIRANDA
(voice breaking)
No... No...
Damn you...Cuervo

She slams her fist against the steel wall, a feral scream tearing from her throat.

Carmen grips her shoulder, steadying her.

CARMEN
Miranda-

MIRANDA
(whirls, rage burning)
He was here; he had her!

She rips the photograph off the bed, her hands trembling, the edges cutting into her palms.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
I'll burn the whole damn ocean if I
have to...

Carmen steps forward, steady but grim, loading another mag into her rifle.

CARMEN
Then we hunt him down. No more
waiting, we need to be a step ahead
of him. We don't stop until we get
her back.

She chambers a round with a metallic CLACK; her eyes locked on Miranda.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
The trail of blood starts tonight.

The camera follows Miranda.

Miranda stares at the feather, crushes in her fist, then drops it, her face a mask of fury.

MIRANDA
El Cuervo dies screaming.

The camera lingers on the empty bed as they storm out, setting the stage for their bloody hunt.

CUT TO:

EXT.OPEN OCEAN-THE SHIPDECK-LATER

The battle is over. Bodies lie everywhere. The rain pours. Miranda and Carmen stand on the deck, bloodied, exhausted watching the dark silhouette of another ship disappearing into the storm.

Miranda drops to her knees, screaming into the wind.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

SEQUEL-HOOK-INTERIOR, UNKNOWN LOCATION-NIGHT

The screen is black. The sound of faint breathing. Then... a rasping cough.

INT.DIMLY LIT SAFEHOUSE-UNKNOWN ISLAND-NIGHT

A lantern flickers, illuminating stone walls. A bed in the center of the room.

Riot lies there, pale, shirtless, bandaged across his chest where the bullets tore through. His breathing is shallow but steady.

A shadow shifts in the corner. EL FANTASMA sits silently, cigar ember glowing faintly. He sharpens a blade with slow, deliberate strokes.

Riot stirs, groaning. His eyes flutter open.

RIOT
(low, hoarse)
...Miranda?

No answer. Only the sound of steel against steel. Fantasma finally leans forward, the lantern light catching his scarred face-the same dagger Miranda once saw in her grandfather's study glints in his hand.

EL FANTASMA
(quiet, almost to himself)
Not yet, muchacho. Not yet.

He sets the dagger on the table beside Riot. A deliberate gesture-protection. Or ownership, it's unclear.

Fantasma takes a slow drag of his cigar, exhales into the shadows, the smoke swirls like ghosts.

He stands looking out the window toward the ocean horizon, where the faint silhouette of a ship drifts away into the night-El Cuervo's trail continuing.

EL FANTASMA (CONT'D)
(whispering in Spanish)
La guerra apenas comienza.

The war has only begun.

HARD CUT TO BLACK.