

Yuan fen

Written by Mike García

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INT . AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

A commercial flight lands on the runway of the airport.

After the successful landing, the passengers go out of the plane, among them, there is a small **young twenty years old and extremely beautiful Asian girl**. She dresses a black jacket, black leather pants and hide her unexpressive eyes behind some big black glasses.

Her name is **MIA**, but she is known as "**YUAN FEN**", a hired killer that everybody in the business knows but nobody has ever seen.

INT. AIRPORT-DAY

Mia passes all the security systems of the airport. She walks alone through the corridors of the building, looking forward, with no expression in her extremely beautiful face.

She goes to a locker room; from her pocket she takes out a key and opens one of the lockers.

Inside the locker there is a big black suitcase LOCKED. She uses her key to open it.

The suitcase is full of weapons; she closes it again and leave the place taking the suitcase with her.

SHE WALKS AWAY FROM THE CAMERA

"YUAN FEN"

INT. PUB-NIGHT

The pub is crowded. Some people have their drinks on the tables, some others are enjoying the night on the dance floor.

Alan, 30-year-old man, good looking, dresses a white T-shirt and comfortable jeans.

He enjoys his drink on the bar while chatting with the barman. Meanwhile he shares some fugitive glances with a beautiful young girl dressed in a sexy red dress, who drinks alone at the other side of the bar

ALAN

(TO THE WAITER)

Look at her, drinking all alone, waiting
for a man ready to love her tonight and
forget her tomorrow...

WAITER

She may be waiting for her boyfriend.

ALAN

No, she's not. She's just waiting to open
A forbidden book.

WAITER

She doesn't look like a book worn to me.

ALAN

What the hell you know about books?

WAITER

I own a pub, not a public library.

Alan raises his cup to her. She winks an eye.

ALAN

She is finishing her cup. Bring her
Another one, tell her is on me.

WAITER

Do I look your delivery boy?

ALAN

Come on, do it.

WAITER

You know Alan, someday I'll go to your
Place to hit on girls.

ALAN

You're welcome.

The waiter does as he's told.

Grateful, she stares at Alan, smiling and raising her
drink. A first sip tasting the alcohol. Immediately, she
moves from her chai next to Alan.

GIRL

That's how you hunt? Send drinks
And hope?

ALAN

I hoped it worked.

GIRL

Susan.

ALAN

Alan.

GIRL

What do you do for a living, Alan?

He hands her a card.

INSERT - BUSINESS CARD:

**The Redemption - Best Drinks & Live
Music In Town**

SUSAN

You're the boss?

ALAN

Only when no one's looking.

The DJ drops "Brazil." She smirks.

SUSAN

Dance, or are you all business?

She pulls him onto the floor. They move with heat capturing everyone's attention. Song ends. She lands in his arms.

ALAN

I prefer Sinatra.

SUSAN

Old soul?

ALAN

Just good taste.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Alan walks her to the lot.

SUSAN

That was fun. Not sure what
to make of you.

ALAN

That's the fun part.

She smiles, heads off. From the shadows - JOHN, Alan's business underground business partner, steps out.

He's in his mid-40's. Elegant. Businessman looking.

JOHN

You're easy to find these days,
Night Hunter.

ALAN

I still hate that name.

JOHN

Got a job.

ALAN

I'm off Duty.

JOHN

It's Palermo.

ALAN

Pass.

JOHN

He thinks Yuan Fen's coming for him.

Alan freezes.

ALAN

A bedtime story...

Alan stands by the curb. John hands him a folder.

JOHN

Then this'll be the easiest paycheck
you've ever half-earned.

ALAN

Palermo's dirty. Guns. Drugs. People.
Wouldn't be a tragedy if he vanished.

JOHN

And yet you're curious. And please
lose the ninja suit this time. It's
cheesy as hell.

ALAN

Don't stifle my flair.

JOHN

Also stop partying. It dulls your
edge.

ALAN

Keeps the ghosts quiet.

JOHN

It's been a year since Detective
heartbreak dumped you. Move on.

ALAN

Bye, John.

JOHN

Stay sharp, Alan.

John walks off into the dark. Just then, Susan pulls up in
her car.

SUSAN

Hop in!

ALAN

Sorry, something came up.

SUSAN

Seriously? After all that?

ALAN

Leave your number. I'll call you.

SUSAN

(scoffs)

Yeah, right.

She peels off. Alan watches her go.

ALAN

You could've been the love of my life,
Sweetheart.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Alan weaves through a neon-lit crowd. Skyscrapers loom above.

He stops across from a sleek high-rise, eyes locked on the fifth floor.

He scans the building.

He steps into traffic flow, his eyes clocking every angle.

INT. OPPOSITE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Mia crouches in the shadows, binoculars up. She zeroes in on

Alan below. Studies him. Something about him reads familiar.

Dangerous.

She lowers the binoculars. He looks up. She's already gone.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Alan senses it. Eyes sweep upward. Nothing. Then-

IRENE (O.S.)

Freeze. You're under arrest.

Alan smirks, hands up. Turns. **IRENE LOMBARD**, she's on her 30s, sharp and stunning in her navy chief's blazer, flashes a playful finger-gun at him.

ALAN

You look good in charge.

IRENE

You look like someone who's been
avoiding me.

ALAN

I've got hobbies.

IRENE

Got a few questions. You heard of
"Yuan Fen"?

ALAN

Underground's favorite bedtime story.

IRENE

Intel says he-or she-might hit
tomorrow. I need eyes.

ALAN

Too late. Someone beat you to it.

IRENE

Who?

ALAN

Can't say.

IRENE

Palermo?

ALAN

Why don't we grab a drink, and maybe

I'll talk?

IRENE

In your dreams. I'm married, remember?

Alan smiles - tight, guarded.

ALAN

Hard to forget.

He starts walking.

IRENE

Alan, should I be worried?

ALAN

(over his shoulder)

You don't need to be.

IRENE

For real?

He winks her an eye.

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

A cozy bar lost in time. Posters of **Le Samourai**, **La Dolce Vita**, and faded jazz legends cover the walls.

Onstage, a blues band plays "If It Really Has to Be This Way" to a swaying crowd.

Behind the bar, ANGUS, early 40s, Cuban American, built like a tank. One eye scarred. A tattoo of a woman's face inked across his shoulder love and violence in one frame. Alan walks in, eyes low, shoulders heavy.

ANGUS

No luck tonight, Casanova?

ALAN

John blew it.

ANGUS

Good. Better than chasing ghosts for that cop who broke your heart.

ALAN

She's still my friend.

ANGUS

You're friendlier than I'd be. She gutted you clean.

ALAN

You've got your ex's face tattooed on your shoulder. Don't preach.

ANGUS

So, what's the job?

ALAN

Yuan Fen.

Angus stills. His fingers brush the tattoo without thinking.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You still think it could be her?

ANGUS

I never saw a body. Just smoke. And
the way this Yuan Fen moves... It's a
woman's touch. You're not ready to take
the assignment

ALAN

What's that supposed to mean?

ANGUS

You've been chasing drinks, not
targets. Trying to forget what Irene
did to you.

ALAN

I'm not taking advice from a guy who
wears his heartbreak in ink.

They stare each other down. The band keeps playing.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Black SUVs crawl into position. Armed men post up on
rooftops, corners, alleys, the street is locked down like a
war zone.

INT. PALERMO'S CAR - MOVING - DUSK

SEAN PALERMO, 50s, polished menace in a suit, sits in the
back seat. Two bodyguards watch the windows, twitchy
fingers near triggers.

SEAN

Any sign of this... "Yuan Fen"?

BODYGUARD

Perimeter's locked. Not even a ghost
can get through today.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Palermo steps out, flanked tight by muscle. Every move measured. Every angle covered.

Awaiting him - **CHIEF IRENE LOMBARD**. Crisp blazer. Cold eyes.

PALERMO

Chief Lombard. Congrats on the shiny new badge.

IRENE

Save it, Palermo. This badge is my license to crush you.

PALERMO

Careful your husband might get jealous. All that energy spent digging up nothing.

IRENE

The police were more than enough.
Turning this street into a fortress?
Overkill.

PALERMO

I don't trust cops.

IRENE

Good. We don't trust criminals. (beat)
Let's get this circus over with.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

MIA walks with purpose, briefcase in hand, eyes locked on the mid-rise building across from Palermo's meeting. A **SECURITY GUARD** steps in front of the door.

GUARD

Sorry, miss - no entry. Building's
closed.

Mia stops. Tilts her head. Her eyes - wide, innocent,
deliberate - meet his.

She slowly pulls a company ID from her jacket.

GUARD (CONT'D)

You work here?

She nods.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Forget something?

Nod.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Important?

Another nod.

GUARD (sighs)

I shouldn't... but fine. Make it
quick.

Mia smiles. Bows slightly. Slips inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Mia hits the rooftop button. The elevator hums. Her eyes
never leave the briefcase.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DUSK

Two GUARDS patrol. They spot Mia stepping into view - calm,
graceful, unreadable.

GUARD 1

Miss - you can't be up here.

It's not safe.

Mia gestures, miming confusion.

GUARD 2

You lost?

She nods.

GUARD 1

Mute?

Another nod.

GUARD 2

You work here?

Nod.

GUARD 1

Whole place is shut down.

She shrugs, eyes wide and apologetic.

GUARD 2

We should probably-

Flash. In one smooth move, Mia draws a blade - two slashes, two bodies.

Clean. Efficient. They collapse. She sets her briefcase down

near the edge. Pops it open. Inside - a sniper rifle in pieces. She assembles it with surgical focus.

Mia looks through the scope.

POV - SCOPE:

Palermo sits at a long table, mid- negotiation. Two businessmen beside him. Two guards near the windows.

Her finger hovers over the trigger. Click.

A gun presses to the back of her head.

ALAN (O.S.)

I wouldn't do that, Yuan Fen.

She turns slowly. Alan, masked in black tactical gear, stands behind her gun raised but his finger hesitates. Their eyes lock. For a moment, the world goes quiet as Alan sees something familiar. Not the assassin, the girl underneath.

ALAN LOWERS THE GUN JUST SLIGHTLY, MIA STRIKES BUT HE QUICKLY CATCHES HER WRIST.

ALAN

Oldest trick in the book.

She kicks fast and sharp, he crashes to the ground. She leaps at him, blade drawn. He grabs her wrist mid-strike, disarms her and flips her. He lands between her legs, and she locks her thighs around his waist.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I see you didn't skip grappling class.

She headbutts him making his mask fly off. They freeze suddenly face to face.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you... Miss Yuan Fen.

She transitions into an armbar. Tight and increasingly relentless... Alan groans as his arm bends.

GUARD 3 (O.S.)

Yuan Fen! It's on the roof!

She releases. Rolls for her gun. A guard lifts his weapon, too late. BANG. Alan shoots through his hand. Mia swings her weapon at Alan. He kicks her off balance just as two more guards appear across the roof. Alan fires. Two quick shots. They drop injured.

He reaches for Mia, still on the ground. Offers a hand.

ALAN

We team up now... or we don't make it
off this roof.

Her eyes snap open, pupils blown wide, still half-programmed. Confusion flickers across her face. Kindness. She doesn't understand it.

Her hand darts to his wrist (gentle for half a second), then twists viciously. A perfect judo flip. Alan crashes to the pavement, air exploding from his lungs.

She rolls, snatches her fallen pistol, and bolts toward the far end of the alley.

Two guards step out to block her. Muzzles rise.

She's too slow. No angle, no time.

CRACK. CRACK.

Both guards drop, knees blown out. Non-lethal, precise. Alan is already up, smoking gun in one hand, the other reaching for her.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Don't be stubborn. I'm your only
chance!

She stares at him (rage warring with something new, something fragile).

The guards behind them scream orders, boots pounding closer.

Mia's fingers twitch... then slide into his outstretched hand.

He pulls her up. Together they run, disappearing into the building.

INT. BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

Palermo finishes signing the deal. A GUARD bursts in, panicked.

GUARD 4

"Yuan Fen" - he's on the opposite
building!

Palermo bolts up. His bodyguards swarm. Palermo's whisked out. Irene watches it all, jaw tight.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

IRENE stares at the monitors. The feed shows Alan and Mia - back to back, gunning their way inside.

IRENE

Alan?! What the hell are you doing?

A bullet hits the camera - static.

COP

Orders, Chief?

IRENE

Half stay with Palermo. The rest -
you're with me. Let's end this.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Smoke. Blood. Alan and Mia thunder down the stairs side by side, an accidental, furious duet. This time, when he extends his hand, she doesn't trick him. She takes it.

"Looks That Kill" by **Mötley Crüe** blasts in the background - pure mayhem.

He shoots to wound; knees, shoulders, hands. She shoots to end; center mass, headshots, no hesitation.

ALAN

No need to kill! Injure them!

Mia ignores him completely. Halfway down a flight she spins, pistol whipping toward his temple. He ducks behind the railing, returns fire past her ear; two guards above drop, screaming, alive.

They fight each other and the enemy at the same time, carving a violent path downward. Bullets spark off metal. Bodies tumble past them like broken dolls.

More guards flood the landing below. Mia raises her gun at Alan again; he lunges, catches her wrist, forces the barrel toward the new threat. BRAP-BRAP-BRAP. Three guards collapse, legs shredded, collapse howling.

A GRENADE bounces down the stairs, clinking like a death knell.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Down!

They dive opposite directions. Explosion. Fire. Screams.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Through roiling smoke they rise, ghosts in hell.

Mia flicks her wrist; a blade appears. One guard never sees it slide between his ribs. Alan spins into another, a blur of kicks, disarms him, rips the grenade from the man's vest and lobs it back up the stairwell.

They sprint, finding cover inside a large office.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door slams. Silence, except for their ragged breathing and the distant wail of alarms.

Alan stares at her, stunned, almost wounded.

ALAN

(quiet, disbelieving)

Are you really Yuan Fen?

In answer, Mia's pistol snaps up, muzzle kissing the center of his forehead.

He moves faster. Hand flashes, twists her wrist, strips the gun in one clean motion. The weapon clatters away. Before she can react, he's behind her, arm locked gently but unbreakable around her throat, the other pinning both her wrists.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(soft, urgent, right against her
ear)

It's over Yuan Fen. Enough killing for
tonight, you hear me?!

She bucks like a wild animal, heels slamming into his
shins, elbows hunting ribs. He absorbs every blow, never
tightening the choke, just holding on.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm not your enemy! I'm just like you,
Look at me!

He spins her, forces her chin up until their eyes lock.
Inches apart.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You're not a killer. I can see it in
you. You're just another child of war!
Same as me

Something fractures behind her stare. Rage and confusion
collide. Her mouth opens; no sound comes, only a raw,
silent scream that tears straight through him.

For one suspended heartbeat the world narrows to just their
eyes. Something ancient and wordless passes between them.
Clink.

A grenade rolls lazily across the marble, spinning to a
stop at their feet.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Shit-!

He scoops her up in one motion, hurling her over his shoulder. She claws at his back, fists hammering, but he's already charging the window. The explosion blooms behind them like an angry sun as Alan crashes through glass and steel.

They drop into the night together.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

They slam into the dumpster with a metallic CRUNCH. The rusted lid buckles under their combined weight, folding like cheap foil. Garbage erupts around them as they tumble inside, then spill out onto the wet pavement in a tangle of limbs and shattered glass.

Alan hits the ground hard, air exploding from his lungs.

Every bone feels cracked. Blood drips from a dozen cuts, warm against cold skin.

Mia lies motionless beside him, half-bent at an angle that looks wrong. A thin ribbon of red snakes from her hairline, pooling beneath her cheek. She falls asleep quickly into her memories:

FADE IN:

INT. MIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DREAM)

The screen is pure BLACK.

Soft, distant voices echo—MIA'S MOTHER and FATHER calling tenderly.

MIA'S MOTHER (O.S.)

(in Mandarin, warm, subtitled)

Miao Miao... Miao Miao...

The black begins to fade up slowly.

MIA'S FATHER (O.S.)

(gentle, calling)

Miao Miao, come here...

But the voices distort—slow, warped—then replaced by a colder, deeper tone.

LONG (O.S.)

Yuan Fen...

The name cuts through like a blade.

CUT TO:

INT. MIA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT (DREAM - FLASHBACK)

A 12-YEAR-OLD MIA lies asleep, clutching a large Sun Wukong toy. Moonlight spills through thin curtains.

Suddenly—HORRIBLE SCREAMS from the living room shatter the silence.

Mia's eyes snap open. She freezes, heart pounding. Another scream—her mother's.

She bolts upright, she grabs her toy waiting for his protection and runs barefoot toward the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Mia bursts in—then stops dead.

A nightmare scene: Blood streaks the walls. Her FATHER lies dying on the floor, gasping, chest torn open.

Standing over him is **LONG** (40s, Asian, powerfully built, cold predatory eyes). He grips a long, gleaming SWORD in one hand.

In his other hand, he holds Mia's MOTHER by the throat, hoisting her off the ground. Her feet kick weakly. Blood drips from her mouth.

The mother locks eyes with Mia—tears mixed with blood streaming down her face.

MIA'S MOTHER

(choked, desperate, in Mandarin)

跑! 喵喵, 跑!! (Run! Miao Miao, run!!)

Long drives the sword into her abdomen with merciless force.

The mother convulses, gasps—a wet, final breath. Blood sprays across Long's face. He doesn't flinch.

She goes limp. Long lets her body drop to the floor beside her husband.

Mia stands frozen. Her mouth opens—no sound comes out. Her legs won't move. The word "Mama" forms silently on her lips, but nothing emerges.

Long wipes the blade clean on his sleeve, methodical. His gaze shifts to the little girl.

Mia drops her toy. Long raises his sword. Mia ducks. The blade misses.

She picks her wukong toy from the floor, and tries to hit him on the face. Long stops her grabbing her wrist.

Her expression changes, there's fear but also anger. Her eyes spark with unnatural ferocity, a raw, untamed fire that conjures visions in Long's mind: a weapon waiting to be forged.

LONG

Your name is Yuan Fen now. Say it.

She mouths the name silently. He lifts her onto his shoulders and walks away.

BACK TO PRESENT.

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Alan drags himself over broken glass, teeth gritted, one arm cradling cracked ribs.

ALAN

(Hoarse, almost pleading)

Come on... is no time for a nap.

No response. He lifts her in his arms staggering to his feet, scanning for a way out. Then both ends of the alley light up with rifles. A wall of guards. Triggers ready.

GUARD

It's over, Yuan Fen. Drop the girl.

Alan freezes. Glances at the unconscious Mia in his arms. They think he's her. He backs against the wall - out of options.

ALAN

We're screwed, aren't we?

Bullets tear through the alley walls - just as a black van SCREECHES in, mowing down two guards with brutal precision. The sliding door SLAMS open.

ANGUS, behind the wheel, roars back toward them-

ANGUS

Get in, dumbass!

Alan, still carrying the unconscious MIA, dives into the van under fire.

INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The room still reeks of smoke and adrenaline. Palermo stands by the window, swirling a drink. Calm. Controlled. Dangerous.

Irene enters, crisp in uniform, jaw tight. Two generals squaring off.

PALERMO

My men traced the weapons. Herzog's enterprises. What are you going to do about it?

IRENE

Herzog supplies half the world. There's nothing to pin on him.

PALERMO

(low)

He tried to kill me and you letting
him free?

IRENE

I saved your life.

PALERMO

You call that saving? Half my team's
in the ICU. And the sniper? Gone.

IRENE

Because you turned the streets into a
warzone. You're not a head of state,
Palermo. You're a liability.

Palermo turns. Smile gone. Eyes cold.

PALERMO

Careful, Chief. You forget who funds
the council your department answers
to.

IRENE

I don't answer to you.

PALERMO

No. You answer to your husband. Judge
Estevez. (beat) Does he know who you
were protecting?

It hits. Irene's jaw tightens.

IRENE

Leave him out of this.

PALERMO

Why? He's already in it.

Palermo pulls a file from his desk.

PALERMO (CONT'D)

Anonymous tip. Your badge number.

Claims Estevez leaked sealed case
files to you. Could cost him the robe.

And you? Your rank.

IRENE

You forged that.

PALERMO

Would the press care?

Irene's hand curls into a fist.

IRENE

You're bluffing.

PALERMO

Try me. I have two reporters on speed
dial. (smiling) This isn't about me anymore.
It's about optics. Control. Leverage. And
right now? I've got all three.

IRENE

What do you want?

PALERMO

Yuan Fen. Alive. Or in pieces.

(leans in) Your choice.

He downs his drink and walks past her.

IRENE

(turns, calling out)

If anything happens to my husband...

PALERMO

(over his shoulder)

Then we're both widows.

He vanishes down the hall, leaving Irene in a storm of rage and realization.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Angus slams the gas. Tires SCREECH. Alan cradles Mia on his lap, panting, bleeding, adrenaline spiking.

ALAN

Jesus, man. Took your time.

ANGUS

You're welcome, by the way. You
bleeding?

ALAN

Just pride.

Alan gently lays Mia down on the bench seat, her face pale, still unconscious. He grabs a nearby med kit.

ANGUS

Who's the girl?

ALAN

That... is Yuan Fen.

Angus WHIPS his head around, eyes wide.

ANGUS

Yuan Fen?!

ALAN

Yep.

ANGUS

You were supposed to stop her,
Not rescue her!

ALAN

Just look at her!

Angus slams the wheel hard, drifting through a red light.
Takes a look on the girl finding a menace on her.

ANGUS

You're chasing ghosts.

ALAN

Paula never had a chance.

ANGUS

Puerto-Selva is behind.

ALAN

Not for me.

CUT TO...

FLASHBACK.

INT. CANTEEN-DAY.

ON SCREEN: "10 YEARS AGO"

PUERTO-SELVA, A SMALL VILLAGE BETWEEN COLOMBIA AND PERU...
A CROWDED CANTINA. FANS WHIR LAZILY OVERHEAD. FLIES BUZZ.
ALAN, JOHN, AND ANGUS (FACES YOUNGER, UNSCARRED) SIT AT A
RICKETY TABLE IN DUSTY MERCENARY GEAR.

PAULA (12), GANGLY AND WIDE-EYED, TEARS INTO HER PLATE OF
FOOD LIKE SHE HASN'T EATEN IN DAYS. ALAN WATCHES HER
QUIETLY-

SOMETHING FATHERLY, PROTECTIVE IN HIS GAZE.

ANGUS

Easy, kid. No one's stealing your
plate.

Paula glares at him, cheeks stuffed.

PAULA

Gotta eat fast. Soldiers don't wait
for second helpings.

ALAN

(softly, almost to himself)
Who told you that?

PAULA

(cheerful, oblivious)
John did. Said you were called "The
Child of War."

Alan's eyes shift to John. A long stare.
shift to John. A long stare.

JOHN

(grimacing)
It... slipped.

Alan sighs, leans back. His expression darkens, not anger,
but old wounds opening.

ALAN

That's not something to admire, Paula.

PAULA

Why not? I wanna be like you. A
soldier. You're strong and brave.

A heavy silence between the men. Angus scratches his beard,
John avoids Alan's eyes.

ALAN

The world's got enough soldiers.
What it needs... is people to fix it.
Doctors. Teachers. Builders.

Paula slows her chewing, frowning.

PAULA

But... soldiers protect people, right?

Alan forces a smile, hiding the shadow creeping across his face.

ALAN

Sometimes.

Paula studies him, confused, unsure, but chooses to finish her meal instead of pressing further.

Alan stares at his hands, lost in thought.

BACK TO PRESENT...

INT. VAN-CONTINUOUS

Alan leans close, brushing blood from a small cut on Mia's temple. His touch is gentle, too gentle...

ANGUS

She's gonna slit your throat in your sleep.

Alan doesn't react. His eyes stay on Mia.

In the rearview mirror, a Black SUV suddenly Swerves into view, its headlights glaring like predator eyes.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Fairy tale's over. Grab a gun.

ALAN

Where is it?

ANGUS

Under your seat.

Alan reaches down, fingers finding cold steel. He pumps the shotgun with a sharp click-clack.

He kicks open the back doors of the van, wind and rain

whipping in as Angus jerks the wheel. Alan plants his boots, steadies his aim, eyes locked on the SUV gaining fast.

EXT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

The back doors slam open. Alan stands silhouetted against streaks of headlights and asphalt blur. Shotgun steady. Eyes cold.

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Three-armed men lean out, rifles barking. Muzzle flashes strobe their faces-feral grins, teeth bared.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Bullets rip through the van walls. Metal shrieks.

ANGUS

(almost calm)

You're aiming, right?

ALAN

I don't spray. I send postcards.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

BOOM, Alan's first shot takes out a side mirror. BAM, second shot drops a gunman, his scream lost to the roar of engines.

INT. SUV - MOVING

The driver curses. Tires squeal as he jerks the wheel, lining up for a ram.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Mia stirs-eyes flutter open. Her POV: Alan crouched at the open doors, hair whipping, gun steady, standing like a shield between her and hell. A faint gasp escapes her.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The SUV rams the van hard. Alan stumbles. Gun slips. Mia sits up, bleeding but focused.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Alan grabs for his gun, but Mia's already standing, dagger in hand.

ALAN

Hey! You're supposed to be resting!

She pushes past him.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Yuan Fen, wait!

Too late. She leaps out the back.

ANGUS

(dumbfounded)

Did she just...?

EXT. SUV - MOVING

Mia lands on the hood. The SUV swerves wildly. Driver slams the brakes. Mia doesn't budge.

She climbs the windshield like a spider in the rain. A gunman reaches up. Slash. His throat opens. He crumples.

The second man panics. Mia snatches his weapon, throws him clean off the vehicle. Glass shatters as her fist punches through the windshield. She grabs the wheel.

Screech... The SUV fishtails, flips, once. Twice.

BOOM! It erupts into flames down the highway.

INT. VAN - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Alan shuts the back doors, breathing hard.

ALAN

Remind me never to piss her off.

Mia hauls herself back inside; bloodied, chest heaving. Her eyes are still feral, scanning for threats.

She and Alan lock stares across the dim cargo space.

He doesn't reach for a weapon. Doesn't flinch. Just looks at her; really looks; with something soft and exhausted and painfully human.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(Quiet, almost tender)

No more shadows, come with me to see
the light...

He extends his hand. Slowly. Palm up. No tricks. No force.

She stares at it like it's a foreign object. Distrust carved deep into every line of her face.

A long beat. Then, without a sound, she turns and leaps out the open door into the streaming night.

The van lurches as Angus slams the brakes, tires howling.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Yuan Fen!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

She sprints between cars, weaving dangerously. Headlights blind her. Horns blare.

Alan leaps out of the van, hits the asphalt running.

ANGUS

(yelling out the door)

Alan! Don't be stupid!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rain-slick pavement. Mia's boots SLAP hard as she runs. Alan gives chase, dodging traffic.

Mia runs. Breath ragged. Eyes wild. Alan gives chase-never slowing. Two bikers swerve in. Palermo's men. Alan doesn't hesitate. He engages.

Two bikers block Mia's path. She lunges, feral, dagger flashing. Alan drops one attacker with a brutal elbow.

Snatches a bike. He roars full-throttle toward Mia. Alan plows into a biker, sending him airborne.

Mia grapples the last thug, savage and precise.

Sirens wail closer. Red and blue lights strobe across puddles.

Alan sprints around the corner and spots her.

Mia is on one knee, clutching a bloody graze on her shoulder. Breathing hard. Alive.

He drops beside her. Her good leg snaps up. A brutal kick to his chest sends him staggering back.

She scrambles upright, swaying but defiant

ALAN

Don't you get it?! I want to help you!

She bolts. He lunges, catches her wrist.

She spins like a cyclone; fists, elbows, knees. Alan takes every blow. A right hook splits his lip. A spinning kick slams him against a parked sedan, glass spider-webbing behind him. Mia's lips move; no sound, but he reads them clear.

MIA

Stop chasing me!

Alan wipes blood from his mouth, straightens. Eyes blazing.

He charges. They collide; pure violence. Fists meet forearms, kicks clash mid-air. He's not fighting to win; he's fighting to contain, to hold. Police cruisers screech in from both ends. Officers pour out, weapons raised.

IRENE

It's over, Alan! She's under arrest!

The fight slows down. A technical draw. Both bleeding, both spent. Mia drops to her knees, exhaustion finally winning.

Alan steps between her and a dozen muzzles.

ALAN

She's with me, Irene!

Irene steps forward, weapon still drawn.

IRENE

Move over, Alan!

ANGUS emerges from the shadows, approaching Alan with a slow shake of his head.

ANGUS

Give it up, kiddo. You can't
tame a beast.

Alan glances back at Mia. She gulps air, chest heaving, still ready to fight.

IRENE

She needs medical care, Alan!

Two officers move in to cuff her. Even wounded, Mia explodes—elbows one in the throat, drives a knee into the other's gut. They stagger.

Alan surges forward. He grabs her gently but firmly, spins her, and presses her back against the patrol car. He pins her wrists above her head with one hand.

Their eyes lock. For a beat, the world narrows to just them. Something raw passes between them—recognition, maybe trust.

ALAN

(low, steady)

Easy. Don't make this harder.

Just trust me.

The fight drains from her. Her body sags. She slumps forward into his arms unconscious.

IRENE

(to her squad)

Get her in an ambulance. I want
surveillance on her 24/7.

Medics rush in with a stretcher. They load Mia carefully.

Irene holsters her weapon and strides to Alan. Fury burns
in her eyes. She presses the barrel of her sidearm against
his forehead.

IRENE (CONT'D)

You risked my badge, my reputation,
everything. For what, exactly?

ALAN

She's not a monster. I know it.

IRENE

All those bodies on the ground say
otherwise.

ALAN

I've been in that position before.

IRENE

Palermo thinks you're Yuan Fen. He asked
me to hand him your head on a platter.

Alan grins—slow, dangerous.

ALAN

Perfect. How the hell is that perfect?

ALAN

It's an opening. You hand me to him,
and we'll get his ass in jail tonight.

IRENE

That's insane. It'll blow up in your face...
and mine.

ALAN

We've done worse.

Angus lights a cigar, exhales a plume toward the sky.

ANGUS

You owe him, Irene. He saved the
Man who became your husband.

IRENE

That's a long paid debt.

ANGUS

You sure?

She looks at Alan; He lows his gaze.

IRENE

Do I take all the credit again?

Alan nods.

ALAN

I just have one condition.

IRENE

You're not in position to bargain.

ALAN

I want to give her a chance
To join my team of misfits,

IRENE

You can't save everyone, Alan.

A long beat. Irene searches his face—sees the stubborn resolve, the flicker of something deeper. She lowers the gun.

IRENE (CONT'D)

(quiet, almost sad)

She's nothing like you.

She turns away, barking orders to her team as the ambulance doors slam shut.

FADE OUT.

INT. REDEMPTION BAR - SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The bar glows in muted amber tones. Upstairs, the safehouse hums with quiet tension, maps spread out, weapons cleaned, mugs of cold coffee.

Angus snores softly on the couch, half-covered with a blanket.

Alan, whiskey in hand, leans against the window. Eyes distant. Haunted. In the back room, we HEAR:

IRENE (O.S.)

(soft but tense, on the phone)

I know. I'm okay... No, I'm not
hurt...(beat) I can't talk about that.
(pause) I'll be home soon. I promise.

Alan shifts slightly, listening. There's rawness in her voice, love, guilt, distance.

IRENE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Say it again. (a bit softer)

I love you too.

She steps out, phone still in hand. Her eyes flick to Alan, they lock for a heartbeat. Alan breaks the ice.

ALAN

How's is the judge?

IRENE

(With a sarcastic half-smile)

As if you care.

ALAN

I did save his life once.

IRENE

Yeah, you did. And I'll always be grateful for that. But we both know you never liked him

ALAN

I'm friendly.

IRENE

So, why'd you miss the wedding?

ALAN

(shrug)

Busy.

Angus lets out a sudden, explosive snort of laughter from the couch, eyes still closed.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(ignoring him)

Are you guys still good?

IRENE

(Showing him the ring on her finger)

Jealous?! Look and weep.

ALAN

Marrying the police chief's son.

Always knew there was a little gold-digger in you. No wonder you climbed the ranks so fast.

The room temperature drops. Irene's smile vanishes.

IRENE

(Low, cold)

That was below the belt!

ALAN

Just a joke! I didn't mean it!

IRENE

I could tell you millions of reasons why did I choose him over you. But I won't waste my breath.

She turns and walks out the room, shoulders tight.

Alan watches the empty doorway, then glances at Angus.

ALAN

What did I do?

ANGUS

It was below the belt, lad.

ALAN

You make that joke to her all the time.

ANGUS

Yeah. I do. But I'm not her "best friend". No wonder why you're still single.

ALAN

Yeah, coming from the guy who has the Woman who destroyed his eye on an ink.

Angus felt hurt by the comment. He caress the woman he has tattooed on the shoulder and pulls the blanket higher.

ANGUS

below the belt...

Alan exhales, drains his whiskey.

ALAN

You were hoping she was Yuan Fen

ANGUS

I was hoping she was still breathing.

Fade to MIA'S FLASHBACK...

INT. SANGHAI OUTSKIRTS - MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

DAOYUAN, Long's wife, lies ill in bed, hairless, consumed by her disease. Mia stands back, wary.

DAOYUAN

Who's the girl?!

LONG

The daughter of the foreigners.

DAOYUAN

Are you nuts?! You
should've killed her!

LONG

That's your excuse?!

LONG

There's something in her eyes.

DAOYUAN

She's a witness!

LONG

She might be a weapon to forge.

She signals Mia forward. Mia steps closer. Daoyuan GRABS
her face.

DAOYUAN (CONT'D)

Open your eyes.

Mia obeys.

LONG

She's scared... but not broken.

That kind of fear learns. Adapts. It
doesn't stay a victim.

Daoyuan releases Mia.

LONG (CONT'D)

She could be the heir we
couldn't have.

DAOYUAN

She's just a child!

LONG

You see a girl. I see a canvas.

DAOYUAN

I'm in no condition to babysit.

LONG

Remember what I said? One day, we'd
take back your father's empire. This
is how we start.

DAOYUAN

Empty words.

LONG

Then let her be your revenge. Your
legacy. Reborn in blood.

Daoyuan turns to Mia. Cold. Intrigued. Dangerous.

DAOYUAN

Tell me, girl. Would you kill for me?

LONG

She can't speak.

She steps closer, locking eyes with Mia.

EXT. SHANGHAI - MANSION - SHOOTING FIELD - DAY

DAOYUAN wears sport clothes and a black hat hiding her
baldness. Holding a gun, she walks with MIA to the range.
MIA clutches her Sun Wukong toy.

DAOYUAN

You're holding on to ghosts.

Let them go.

She gently takes the toy, fires. Ashes and silence.

DAOYUAN (CONT'D)

The past is gone. But you, you're
still here.

She steps closer.

She places the gun in Mia's hands. Eyes meet.

DAOYUAN (CONT'D)

Become what they fear.

Daoyuan presses the cold barrel of the gun to Mia's forehead.

Mia flinches.

Daoyuan turns and fires, hitting every target. Mia is stunned.

DAOYUAN (CONT'D)

Take it. Try.

Mia aims. Fires. Falls.

DAOYUAN (CONT'D)

You must learn to control the power of
your weapon. Make it an extension of
your body.

She walks off. Mia follows.

EXT. SHANGHAI - MANSION - SHOOTING FIELD - DAY

MIA tosses her torn toy into the trash. She steps back,
throws a stone. Miss. Another. Hit. The toy slumps. Her
face
doesn't break. But something inside her hardens.

DAOYUAN (V.O.)

Kill the part that feels. What's left
is power.

Mia raises the gun. Fires. Hits. Again. Again. Yuan Fen is
beginning.

INT. MANSION GYM - DAY

MIA moves through martial arts drills. Strikes sharp. Face
unreadable. Long and Daoyuan observe. The fragility is
gone.

DAOYUAN (V.O.)

Strength isn't given. It's earned
through pain, through discipline.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

LONG corrects MIA's grip as she trains with blades.
Focused. Fluid. Deadly.

DAOYUAN (V.O.)

This is more than skill. It's blood,
memory, and vengeance.

EXT. MANSION - SHOOTING FIELD - DAY

An older MIA fires. Target down. Another. Down again. She
doesn't flinch. Doesn't smile.

Daoyuan and Long exchange a glance, pride and maybe...
fear.

INT. MANSION GYM - DAY

Now 17, MIA trains against a larger male opponent. She
takes him down hard. Punches keep coming. Long intervenes.

DAOYUAN

Control your rage. Use it don't become
it.

MIA bows, disappointed.

LONG

Don't you think you're too hard on
her?

DAOYUAN

Unchecked emotion is a weapon turned
inward. It'll kill her before the
enemy does.

LONG

She's not that child anymore.

DAOYUAN

When I'm gone... you'll need to find a
new companion.

LONG

I got no intention on replacing you.

DAOYUAN

An emperor will always need an
empress. You spared me once. Then her.
You think that's coincidence? I'll
live through her.

Long understand her wishes. silently drags her towards him
embracing her.

EXT. GYM - NIGHT

MIA and LONG spar - kickboxing, then grappling. Precise.
Intense. Close.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

MIA and LONG duel with wooden swords. He blocks. Closes the
distance. Grabs her waist. Kisses her. She drops her sword.
Conflicted, she rests her head on his chest until:

BUTLER

Sir. The Lady is asking for you. It's
urgent.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

DAOYUAN lies weak in bed. MIA sits beside her.

DAOYUAN

Yuan Fen, my time is ending.
Soon, you will take my place.

MIA listens carefully. Emotionless.

DAOYUAN (CONT'D)

I was like you once alone. Stripped of
everything.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CATHEDRAL STEPS - DAY - TAIPEI

Young DAOYUAN descends in a wedding gown, hand-in-hand with
ZHANG JUN. Her father beams. YOUNG LONG trails close as a
bodyguard.

DAOYUAN (V.O.)

I was meant to unite two empires. But
Lin Bo, my father's right hand, wanted
me for himself.

A black car skids to a stop. GUNFIRE erupts. Guests fall.
ZHANG JUN is shot dead. DAOYUAN'S FATHER shields her, dies.
LONG takes a bullet, falls buried under a body. DAOYUAN is
hit. Her dress turns red.

Long rises from among the fallen. Wounded he runs to
Daoyuan, holding her in his arms. She still breathes. Long
takes her out of there.

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

They took everything. Long pulled me
from death. They took everything. Long pulled me
from death.

INT. CLINIC - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

LONG, bleeding, holds a gun on a surgeon.

DAOYUAN (V.O.)

He saved me but I lost the one thing I
couldn't regain: a legacy.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - NIGHT

DAOYUAN cries on LONG's shoulder.

DAOYUAN (V.O.)

He gave me a second chance. I gave him
my life. Then... he took our revenge.

FLASHBACK - INT. KARAOKE ROOM - NIGHT

LIN BO laughs with girls and businessmen. LONG enters in a
black suit. He fires. Lin drops. No words.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

DAOYUAN

It was too late to reclaim my father's
empire. We fled to the mainland.
Became assassins.

MIA listens, showing no emotion.

DAOYUAN (CONT'D)

You'll lead one day. But don't forget.
This path ends in blood. It always
does.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FOREST - FUNERAL - DAY

DAOYUAN's body burns on an open pyre. Smoke rises. MIA and
LONG, in mourning clothes, watch in silence.

INT. MANSION - GARDEN - DAY

Traditional Chinese wedding. MIA in red. LONG in black. A
BUTLER holds a jar of DAOYUAN'S ashes.

LONG (V.O.)

Years of training, now your first
assignment.

They kiss. Passionless. Ritual.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - HONG KONG

Chinese New Year's party. Foreigners drink and dance.

MIA, elegant, silent, sips champagne.

Across the room: **BENJAMIN LOGAN**, early 60s, British, guarded.

Their eyes meet. He approaches.

BENJAMIN

May I have the pleasure, Miss...?

MIA types on her phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN:

"I was looking for you, Mr. Logan. I represent an American firm. May I steal a moment?"

BENJAMIN

You have it now.

She types again. Winks.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN:

"I meant in private."

He types back.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN: (CONT'D)

"Room 53. Fifth floor. Thirty minutes."

She smiles.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

MIA retrieves a briefcase. Inside: black Lycra suit, climbing

gear, blades, silencer. She suits up. Steps to the edge.

EXT. BUILDING FACADE - NIGHT

MIA descends. Fireworks blaze. She lands outside Room 53. The window is cracked.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BENJAMIN sits on the bed, checking his watch. A breeze. A wire wraps his neck. He thrashes. MIA holds. Silent. He crashes to the floor. Dead.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

BODYGUARD hears the crash.
No response. He opens the door.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BENJAMIN lies still.

BODYGUARD

Holy f-!

He moves to help. MIA attacks. The wire slips around his neck but he kicks her off.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

You messed with the wrong guy!

They fight. Brutal. He overpowers her. Punches. She falls. He draws a gun.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

Now tell me who the hell you are!

MIA, bleeding, grins. Calm. She disarms him. CRACK! Elbow to nose. Knee swept. She mounts him and begins to choke him. He gurgles as he dies slowly and finally, she releases him. Breathless she lays beside the two bodies.

Her chest rises. Falls. First mission. First blood. Twice. She stares upward. Something new in her eyes. Power.

LONG (V.O.)

Killing for the first time is never
easy. A strange mix of emotions...
Until it becomes a habit. And once it
becomes a habit, it becomes a way of life.

MIA'S FLASHBACK IS OVER

INT. AMBULANCE-NIGHT

Red and blue lights pulse through the small windows. Sirens wail outside.

Mia's eyes snap open on the gurney. IV line in her arm, restraints loosely buckled. A young DOCTOR leans over her, checking vitals. Two uniformed COPS ride in the back, one on each side, hands resting near their holsters.

DOCTOR

Calm down, girl. We're getting to the hospital.

Mia's gaze darts—left, right, up. The beast stirs.

In one fluid surge she sits bolt upright, head snapping forward. Her forehead connects with the doctor's temple. He crumples unconscious to the floor without a sound.

The cops lunge. She's already moving. A sharp elbow to Cop #1's throat drops him gasping. Cop #2 grabs her arm; she twists, uses his momentum to slam him face-first into the gurney rail. He slumps, out cold.

Breathing hard, Mia rips the police radios from their belts—two of them—clips one to her waist.

She tears open cabinets, drawers flying. Finds what she needs: a sealed adrenaline auto-injector.

Without hesitation she jams it into her thigh. Her body arches. Veins bulge. A raw, silent scream rips from her throat—no sound, just agony and fury carved into her face. The ambulance lurches around a corner.

Mia kicks the rear doors open. Wind and rain howl in.

Outside, oncoming traffic streaks by. Headlights flare.

A lone MOTORCYCLIST roars toward them in the next lane—leather jacket, full-face helmet, oblivious.

Mia doesn't wait.

She leaps.

Time slows.

Mid-air, she coils and unleashes a perfect jumping side kick.

Her boot connects with the rider's chest. He flies backward off the bike, tumbling across asphalt in a shower of sparks.

The motorcycle wobbles, rights itself by sheer luck.

Mia lands in a roll on the wet road, springs up, and swings a leg over the still-moving bike. She guns the throttle.

The ambulance recedes in her side mirror—doors swinging, lights flashing, chaos left behind.

Mia vanishes into the night, rain whipping her face, the engine's roar the only voice she needs.

INT. HERZOG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Klaus Herzog (62) is mid-video call, furious.

KLAUS

I paid for results. I want Long. I
want answers!

The feed cuts. Armed men burst in, Palermo's goons.

GOON Our boss wants to see you.

Herzog's hand darts for a pistol. Too slow. They swarm him, slam him down. Blood trickles from his temple.

INT. REDEMPTION BAR - SAFEHOUSE-NIGHT

Irene storms into the room holding her phone.

IRENE

That little bitch escaped!

Alan stays silent, but his face expression shows enthusiasm.

ANGUS

We need to move fast before she
reaches Palermo.

John enters the room. Angry, looking for answers.

JOHN

Palermo's men hit my door. What the
hell's going on?!

ANGUS

There was a woman involved.

JOHN

Alan, why you never stick to plan A?

ALAN

It just happened! We're taking down
Palermo

ANGUS

I take the blame. I should've not
mentioned about the female touch.

IRENE

Let's go, misfits, it's showtime!

The team move on quick.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - FACTORY - NIGHT

The abandoned factory looms like a beast in the dark.
Palermo waits inside, surrounded by bodyguards.

Irene drags in a cuffed Alan. Palermo claps mockingly.

PALERMO

Bravo, Chief. Always knew you'd sell
him out to save yourself.

Irene glares but says nothing. Palermo slaps Alan hard.
Alan just smiles through the blood. Palermo's fist slams
into Alan's gut. He keels.

IRENE

Where are the files, Palermo?

PALERMO

Patience, Chief. The party's just
starting.

Guards drag in **Herzog**. Beaten, barely conscious. They throw
him down next to Alan.

PALERMO (CONT'D)

(to Herzog)

Confess. You hired Yuan Fen to kill
me.

HERZOG

You're mad! I have nothing to confess!

Palermo's eyes glint with sadistic delight. He shoots
Herzog in the leg. Herzog screams.

Irene struggles against her captors.

IRENE

Stop this!

PALERMO

Why? I'm cleaning house.

Nearby, John makes a move, but Angus stops him.

ANGUS

Easy... it's not showtime yet.

INT. FACTORY - BASEMENT.

The air's thick with chemical fumes. Illegal drugs,
weapons, cash, Palermo's empire on display.

Suddenly, BANG! A guard drops. Shadows shift.

ALAN

(to himself)

Yuan Fen...

Mia emerges from the darkness, all lethal grace.

Chaos erupts. Alan breaks free, disarms a guard, and joins the fight. Irene fights back-to-back with him.

In their hidden place, Angus and John exchange a look.

ANGUS

Now... it's showtime!

They storm in from the side entrance. Palermo flees into the lower levels.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Palermo stumbles into his secret lair, gasping, clutching his side. Mia follows.

A brutal hand-to-hand fight ensues. Palermo roars, swinging wildly, desperate to regain control. But Mia's faster, deadlier. She counters, drives him back, and beats him down.

Palermo crashes to the floor, groaning. He crawls, blood smearing under his palms, his breath ragged.

FLASHBACK

INT. MIA'S CHILDHOOD CONDO - NIGHT

Veronica, bleeding and broken, crawls across the floor toward Mia.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. FACTORY - BASEMENT

Mia exhales sharply, shaking off the haunting image. Palermo throws a wild punch. She ducks and counters with a vicious elbow that splits his lip. He staggers. She grabs his wrist and twists it - his own knife clatters to the floor.

Palermo scrambles, but Mia's already on him. She straddles him, knees pinning his arms, her breath ragged. She grabs the knife.

Palermo freezes, eyes darting between the blade and Mia's raged-streaked face. A bloody grin creeps across his lips.

PALERMO

Wait... wait, baby girl.

Mia flinches.

FLASHBACK

INT. MIA'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - NIGHT

Mia's mom stands at the doorway, hand on the light switch.

MIA'S MOM

(softly, smiling)

Night, night, baby girl.

Young Mia smiles back.

The light clicks off. Darkness.

FLASHBACK

INT. MIA'S CHILDHOOD CONDO - NIGHT

Young Mia (12), clutching her Sun Wukong toy, trembles. The muffled sound of fighting from the living room grows louder. She cracks open the door of her room. Her mom crawls toward the hallway, face pale, eyes desperate.

Long's blade arcs down. Blood sprays. The woman's body goes still. Mia's breath shatters.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. FACTORY - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Mia's hand trembles, the knife poised above Palermo's chest.

PALERMO

(panicked)

I'll double the price! Triple!

Mia's breathing is ragged. Palermo's bloodied face blurs into Long's, then into her mother's.

Suddenly—ALAN bursts from behind, grabbing the knife with bare hands. Steel bites into his palms. Blood pours over Palermo's chest.

ALAN

(low, urgent)

I won't be able to save you
if that knife hits the target.

Mia's eyes dart—confused, overwhelmed. She's still wired to finish the job. Alan wraps his arms around her from behind, pulling her close. His warmth seeps through her—something she hasn't felt since her parents died.

For the first time in years, she hesitates.

Her grip loosens. The knife clatters to the floor. Dizziness hits. Exhaustion crashes over her like a wave. She collapses backward into Alan's arms.

Footsteps thunder. IRENE bursts in, flanked by two armed agents.

IRENE

Stay away from her, Alan.

She's under arrest.

Alan rises slowly, cradling Mia against his chest. She's limp, barely conscious.

ALAN

You take care of the criminals.

I'll take care of the misfits.

IRENE

She's an assassin!

ALAN

The assassin is dead. The girl underneath
is what's left.

Irene draws her weapon, leveling it at Alan.

IRENE

Don't make me do this.

Alan shifts Mia gently to one arm, draws his own gun with the other, and points it straight at Irene.

ALAN

I'm leaving with her.

IRENE

Are you willing to face me? For her?

You don't even know her.

ALAN

(quiet, deadly)

Don't push me.

Their gazes lock—electric, unyielding. A long, taut beat.

Irene exhales sharply. She lowers her gun.

IRENE

(low, resigned)

Don't make me regret this.

Alan gives a small, crooked smile.

ALAN

I've got big plans. See you, Irene.

He turns, carrying Mia toward the exit.

Behind them, Palermo struggles to his feet, furious, clutching his bleeding chest.

PALERMO

(spitting at Irene)

They tried to kill me! Arrest them!

Bitch! You're behind all this! You're in cahoots with this scum!

IRENE

(to her agents, calm)

Arrest Mr. Palermo.

Officers move in. Palermo thrashes as they force his arms behind him.

PALERMO

Damn whore! You've got no right!

IRENE

Human trafficking. Drug smuggling.

Illegal weapons. There's enough evidence in this place to lock you up for life.

Palermo keeps cursing, voice hoarse, as cuffs snap shut.

Irene watches Alan disappear into the shadows with Mia in his arms. Her expression is unreadable—anger, regret, something softer.

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door clicks shut. Late-night quiet.

Irene enters, coat half-off, gun still holstered at her hip. The apartment is dark except for a soft glow spilling from the bedroom doorway.

She pauses, noticing the light.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large flat-screen TV flickers in the dim room. The news plays low.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

A REPORTER stands in front of a cordoned-off warehouse, police lights strobing behind her. Archive footage of SEAN PALERMO (smiling in business photos, then handcuffed) cuts in.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Just hours after signing a multi-million-dollar arms deal, controversial businessman Sean Palermo has been arrested following a successful raid led by newly promoted Police Chief Irene Estevez...

Victor Estevez (40s, calm judicial authority, still in shirt and tie) sits on the edge of the bed, remote in hand, watching intently.

Irene steps into the doorway, still in street clothes—jacket rumpled, boots heavy.

IRENE

I told them to use my maiden name.

Victor glances over, a tired smile.

VICTOR

Rough night, huh?

Irene exhales, kicks off her boots one by one.

IRENE

What are you still doing awake?

VICTOR

Waiting for you.

She crosses to him, drops her jacket on the chair, and sinks onto his lap—straddling him gently, arms around his neck. She gives him a slow, sleepy kiss.

IRENE

You know my job. You shouldn't wait up.

VICTOR

I was worried. Every time Alan's involved, there's trouble.

IRENE

I wouldn't have taken Palermo down without him. Victor brushes a strand of hair from her face.

VICTOR

Now I understand why my mother stayed up every night waiting for my dad to come home.

IRENE

She was so relieved when you didn't follow in his footsteps.

VICTOR

(small chuckle)

But Dad wasn't. So I had to marry his best agent. Irene smiles faintly, resting her forehead against his.

IRENE

Just give me a few more years on the job. When we're ready to be parents... I'll leave the force.

VICTOR

You love this work too much.

IRENE

(soft, sincere)

But I love you more.

They look at each other—a quiet, shared understanding. Victor cups her face. They kiss again, deeper this time, the weight of the day melting away.

The TV drones on in the background, muted now.

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

The small, dimly lit pub is empty except for the hum of an old jukebox in the corner. One table is lit by a single overhead lamp.

MIA tears into a plate of food—steak, mashed potatoes, barely chewing. She's starving.

Across from her, ALAN watches with quiet devotion. No judgment, just patience.

From behind the bar, ANGUS (polishes glasses, pretending not to listen.

ALAN

(gentle)

Easy, kid. There's no rush.

Mia pauses mid-bite. His kindness unsettles her—she doesn't understand it, but it doesn't scare her either. She lets it settle over her like a blanket she's forgotten existed.

She looks up, meets his eyes. Slowly, deliberately, she mouths a single word: "Why?"

ALAN

Why am I helping you?

She nods, still chewing.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Because up there, when we were fighting...

I saw my reflection in your eyes.

Mia's hand trembles as she reaches for her glass. Water spills across the table and drips to the floor. Neither of them reacts. Alan keeps going, voice low and steady.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You might not get it yet.

But I was raised in a world of violence too.

CUT TO:

EXT. MERCENARY CAMP - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD ALAN stands in the dust, wide-eyed, watching hardened mercenaries train—fists, knives, rifles.

CUT TO:

Same camp, years later. FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD ALAN now trains among them—sweat-soaked, focused, already lethal.

ALAN (V.O.)

I was born from war. And I learned war.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD ALAN faces an enemy soldier in the chaos. One swift motion—he slices the man's throat with a dagger. The soldier drops.

Alan stares out at the carnage: bodies everywhere, his comrades cheering victory. His face is blank—numb.

ALAN (V.O.)

We were pawns. Fighting someone else's war.

I was too blind to see it then.

BACK TO:

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

Mia listens, food forgotten for a moment. Her eyes are wet, but she doesn't cry.

ALAN

It was this city that saved my soul.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Younger Alan sits alone at a corner table, coffee cooling. Around him: life. Friends laughing at the next table. A couple flirting two booths over. Normalcy he's never touched.

ALAN (V.O.)

After assignments, I'd sit in places like this...
watching everything violence had stolen from me.
That's when I knew: I had no control.
I was living someone else's life.

BACK TO:

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

Mia's breathing slows. She's moved, even if she can't say it.

ALAN

I decided to take the reins.
Use my skills for what I believe is right.
Fire bullets to wound... not to kill.

Mia exhales—a small, shaky sound. She picks up her fork again, eats more slowly now.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm guessing Yuan Fen isn't your real name.

She swallows, shakes her head once.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm Alan. May I know yours?

A long beat. Mia hesitates, searching his face. Then she leans forward slightly, eyes locked on his, and mouths clearly:

"Mia."

Alan smiles—small, genuine.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You're not a hostage here, Mia.

You're free to walk out that door anytime.

But... I'd like you to stay.

Join us. When you're ready.

She looks at him—really looks. Something cracks open in her expression: hope, maybe, or the first flicker of trust.

ALAN (CONT'D)

And when you're ready...

I'll be here to hear your story.

Mia holds his gaze a moment longer. Then she lowers her eyes to the plate and takes another slow bite—calmer now.

Angus sets a fresh glass of water on the table without a word.

ANGUS

Sorry to interrupt. But I'm sure that

Whoever sent her here, probably is not pleased

With her disappearance.

She lowers her gaze confirming Angus suspicion.

ALAN

We'll be ready.

ANGUS

I was afraid you would say that.

ALAN

She deserves it, she praised your
Cook.

FADE OUT

ON THE SCREEN: "SOMEWHERE IN THE MYANMAR JUNGLE."

INT. PRISONERS CAMP - BAMBOO CELL - NIGHT

The cell stinks of sweat. Prisoners lie sprawled on dirt
floors. The bamboo door creaks. Guards shove in a hooded
man in torn military fatigues. He collapses to his knees.

A guard yanks the hood off, Long. His battered face is
calm, eyes sharp as ever.

LONG

I'm looking for Panna Jaa.

From the shadows, a gaunt Thai man steps forward. PANNA JAA
(32). Sunken cheeks, haunted eyes.

PANNA JAA

I'm Panna Jaa.

LONG

Comb your hair. You're going home.

PANNA

(weak laugh)

Who are you?

BOOM! An EXPLOSION rocks the camp. Gunfire erupts outside.

Screams. Guards scatter.

A mercenary kicks open the door. Long is handed an assault rifle. He pulls Panna up.

LONG

Stay close.

Long joins the assault-controlled fury. Prisoners duck as bullets tear through bamboo walls. Guards drop one after another. When the smoke clears, Long and his team stand over bodies. Panna trembles at his side.

EXT. BACK ROAD - EARLY MORNING

ON SCREEN: "Somewhere near Thailand and Myanmar border"

A jeep rattles along muddy tracks. Long drives, Panna silent beside him. Ahead, shadowy FIGURES wait at the border.

They stop. Long steps out. Panna hesitates. A large man steps forward, Rata (42), cold eyes, face like stone, flanked by henchmen.

Panna's face drains of color.

RATA

Are we not your family anymore, Panna?

PANNA

(stammering)

I... I never meant to betray you.

Please...

RATA

A man who begs doesn't deserve to
live.

Two bullets to the head. Panna drops lifeless.

Rata holsters his gun. Long and Rata exchange a silent nod.

The gang disappears into the jungle.

Long's phone buzzes. A message:

ON THE SCREEN: "Mission failed. She didn't complete the
task. Whereabouts unknown."

Long's jaw tightens. For the first time, his stoicism
cracks. He jumps into the jeep and floors it.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Sunlight filters through half-closed blinds, cutting
stripes across a cluttered coffee table: empty whiskey
bottles, an overflowing ashtray of half-smoked cigarette
butts, a crumpled pack.

ALAN sits on the worn couch, elbows on knees, listening
intently.

Across from him stands CAROL (30s, striking even in
distress), shoulder pressed against the wall near the
window. Her hands tremble as she takes the last drags from
a cigarette. Her eyes are red-rimmed, teetering on the edge
of collapse.

CAROL

(voice cracking)

I was with my little girl in the park.

She was playing with her friends in the

amusement area. Just for a second I looked away...

and she was gone. (a shaky inhale)

I lost it. Asked everyone.

CAROL (CONT'D)

One of the kids said she got into a car.
Then the phone rang... It was one of them.
They want ransom. Said if I call the police,
they'll send her back to me... in pieces.
(voice breaks) She's only eight, Alan.
Eight years old!

She slides down the wall, knees buckling. The cigarette falls from her fingers.

Alan leans forward, calm but focused.

ALAN

Carol... any idea who's behind this?

CAROL

Her father. He owed money to drug dealers.
Big money. I think this is how he's trying
to pay them off. (bitter) I don't have that kind
of cash. I didn't know what else to do.

ALAN

You know where he is now?

CAROL

That bastard's in prison. Drug trafficking.
We split up years ago. He used to beat me...
right in front of her.

Alan rises slowly from the couch and crosses to her. He crouches, meeting her at eye level, voice low and steady.

ALAN

Have they given you instructions?

CAROL

(tears spilling)

They want me to bring the money to the park.

Alone. Said if anyone else shows up, they'll
kill her. (choking sob) How am I supposed to get
that kind of money?

Alan gently brushes her cheek with his thumb, holding her
gaze.

ALAN

The booze won't bring her back, Carol.

I will. I promise you that. (firm)

But you have to do exactly what I say.

Carol searches his face, desperate for something solid to
hold onto.

CAROL

Can I trust you?

Alan glances at the table-bottles glinting in the light-
then back to her.

ALAN

(quiet, certain)

Stay away from all this.

And stay beautiful for when she comes home.

Carol's lip trembles.

CAROL

(whisper)

Please... bring her back.

Alan straightens. He pulls his phone from his pocket and dials.

ALAN

(into phone, calm but urgent)

Irene. Still mad? I got something from you.

He holds Carol's gaze as the line rings.

INT. REDEMPTION BAR - NIGHT

The bar pulses with energy. A live band tears through Joan Jett's "Crimson and Clover." Patrons sway, drink, shout over the music.

Behind the bar, MIA pours drinks alongside ANGUS. She moves with quiet efficiency.

ALAN slides onto a stool.

ALAN

Mia, don't let this grumpy old man
exploit you.

ANGUS

You're spoiling her rotten.
She's living rent-free in your place.
Learning to sling drinks is the least
she can do.

Mia glances at Alan. A small, silent smile.

EXT. REDEMPTION BAR - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Quiet contrast. Distant traffic hums. Alan and Mia step out into cool air.

ALAN

I got a task for you tomorrow.

You'll use your skills to help people.

Mia meets his eyes—steady, determined.

Mia raises her hand, forms a gun with her fingers, points it at Alan's heart—playful "bang." Then she shapes a heart with both hands, presses it to her own chest, then gently places it over his. Gratitude. Trust.

Alan nods, touched.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Bright afternoon. Kids scream on slides and swings. Parents watch.

CAROL (clutching a suitcase) walks in, every step tight with fear. She sits on a bench, eyes locked on the playground. Tears threaten.

From a nearby building window, ANGUS peers through a sniper scope—Carol centered in the crosshairs.

Near the amusement area, JOHN nurses a beer at an outdoor table, scanning.

Mia arrives, sits on a bench near Carol—close enough to protect, far enough to look natural.

A black van with tinted windows idles across the street.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

ALAN and IRENE (headset on) in the back. Irene works the comms board. Everyone's wired.

IRENE

(into mic)

Carol, can you hear me?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

CAROL

(low, trembling)

I hear you.

BACK TO:

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

IRENE

Good. Stay calm. We're watching.

Black van. I can hear your heartbeat.

Don't panic. Follow my lead.

ALAN

Now we wait.

Irene glances at Alan.

IRENE

We haven't talked about it, but...

is there something going on between
you and Mia?

ALAN

(chuckles)

Jealous?

IRENE

(mock offense, flashing wedding ring)

Jealous? Look and weep.

ALAN

Stop showing off that cheap jewelry.

IRENE

You're the jealous one.

ALAN

Still don't get what you saw in him.

Irene stiffens.

IRENE

Are you serious?

ALAN

Just curious.

ANGUS (V.O.)

(gruff)

Hey, lovebirds—shut up or I shoot you both.

Irene blushes. Alan stifles a laugh.

IRENE

Forgot we're all wired.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A tall AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN (long brown trench coat) approaches Carol's bench and sits. Carol barely registers her.

In the van:

ALAN

Careful, everyone.

The woman glances at the suitcase.

WOMAN

Carol?

Carol turns, startled.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You bring the money?

CAROL

Are you...?

WOMAN

(sharp)

Cash or not?

CAROL

Where's my daughter?

WOMAN

We set the rules. Money first.

Then maybe you get her back.

Carol snaps—grabs the woman's arm.

CAROL

That wasn't the deal!

The woman shoves her back. Mia tenses.

ALAN (V.O.)

Not yet, Mia.

The woman snatches the suitcase, pops it open.

Inside: no cash—just a note and a small earpiece.

Note reads:

"THE AREA IS COVERED BY AGENTS.

WE ARE WATCHING YOU.

DO SOMETHING STUPID AND YOU DIE.

PUT THE EARPIECE IN."

The woman glares at Carol with pure venom.

WOMAN

You're dead, bitch. You and your brat.

She inserts the earpiece.

IRENE (V.O.)

Game over. It's our turn now.

Cooperate—you might get less jail time.

WOMAN

Who the hell is this?

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

IRENE

The police, sweetheart.

ALAN

And friends.

BACK TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

WOMAN

She's already dead! Fuck you!

Carol collapses into sobs. Mia rushes to her side, steadying her.

A man in a nearby car starts the engine—ready to bolt.

John slides into the passenger seat, gun leveled.

JOHN

Not so fast, pal.

MAN

Who the hell are you?!

JOHN

I ask the questions. Who else is with you?

The man lunges. John punches him—nose explodes in blood.

MAN

You're crazy!

JOHN

(into mic)

Alan, got one of them in the car next to you.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The woman tries to run.

CRACK — Angus's sniper shot clips her ankle. She drops, screaming.

Mia is on her in seconds—pins her effortlessly.

Irene and Alan exit the van. Irene cuffs the woman.

IRENE

You're under arrest. Where's the girl?

WOMAN

Fuck you!

John drags the bleeding man over.

JOHN

He talked. We know where she is.

MAN

Police brutality!

IRENE

John, you shouldn't have hit him.

ALAN

Mia—let's move. We're getting the girl.

IRENE

This is police business now. Your job's done.

ALAN

No. You stay with Carol.

IRENE

Alan—

Angus arrives, sniper case slung over shoulder.

ANGUS

Let's mambo.

IRENE

You're not going anywhere!

Alan kisses Irene's cheek—quick, teasing.

ALAN

Thanks, Chief.

Alan, Mia, Angus, and John stride off.

IRENE

(furious, to herself)

I swear to God, this time I'll lock
you all up, you bunch of motherfu-

INT. DILAPIDATED APARTMENT - DAY

Four men gamble around a table. Four more lounge on a couch, scrolling phones.

A knock.

One loser stands, peers through peephole—sees Mia.

MAN

It's the money.

He opens the door.

Mia stands there—small, calm smile, eyes alive.

Before he reacts—she drives a brutal kick into his chest.
He crashes backward.

Chaos. Men rush her.

Mia explodes into motion:

Jumps, knee smashes one's face—out cold.

Twists free of a grab, elbow cracks another's jaw.

Spots a thug reaching for a gun on the table.

Closes distance, controls his wrist—forces the gun up.

Three controlled shots—kneecaps. Three men drop screaming.

Last bullet shatters the ceiling lamp. It crashes onto
another thug's head.

Fists fly. A bottle smashes across Mia's head—blood pours
down her face.

Instead of slowing her, it ignites her. She becomes a storm-violent, precise, unstoppable. One thug after another hits the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. ADJOINING BEDROOM - DAY

Dark. Eight-year-old SOUL sits in the corner, terrified. She hears the fight-stands, tries the door. Locked.

She kicks. Once. Twice. The old door splinters.

Soul steps into the main room.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

Soul freezes in the doorway. Watches blood-streaked Mia dismantles the last captors.

A final thug grabs Soul, knife to her throat.

THUG

Back off or the kid dies!

Mia turns slowly. Blood drips from her brow. Her eyes meet Soul's.

Flash of memory: twelve-year-old Mia in the doorway, watching her parents die.

ALAN (V.O.)

Aim to wound... not to kill.

Mia draws a small pistol in one fluid motion- Disarms him. Fires once-collarbone shot.

The thug drops, screaming. Soul runs to Mia, buries herself in her arms.

SOUL

(sobbing)

Mommy! Where's my mom?!

Mia cradles her, strokes her hair—gentle now.

Then—voice cracks out, raw, unused.

MIA

It's... it's okay, little one.

You're safe.

Soul clings tighter.

Alan, Angus, and John burst in—see the carnage.

ANGUS

What the hell? She's gonna put us
out of business!

Soul looks up at Mia's bloodied face.

SOUL

Why are you crying? Are you hurt?

MIA

(soft smile through tears)

I'm fine, sweetheart.

Alan freezes—hearing her voice.

ALAN

Mia... your voice.

Mia looks at him—tears streaming, but smiling.

MIA

Now... there's questions I can ask.

Alan's eyes glisten. He can barely speak.

Soul looks up.

MIA (CONT'D)

What's your name, sweetheart?

SOUL

Soul.

Mia and Alan exchange stunned glances.

Mia wipes Soul's tears, kisses her forehead.

Mia reaches for Alan's hand—pulls him down. The three of them embrace—Soul between them.

Angus and John step in, see the moment.

Irene storms in with officers—furious, ready to explode.

She stops. Sees the embrace. Softens.

ANGUS

The mute girl spoke.

JOHN

Now she can tell her story.

Irene exhales—anger fading into something quieter.

INT. CAROL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Soft hallway light spills through the open door.

ALAN stands on the threshold. CAROL leans against the frame, body language soft and pleading—hoping he'll stay.

CAROL

(quiet, sincere)

I can never repay what you did for us.

Alan gently reaches into her purse, pulls out a half-hidden bottle of whiskey.

ALAN

You can repay me by getting rid of
the booze, Carol.

Carol's eyes fill. She throws her arms around him, holding tight.

CAROL

(whisper)

Stay tonight?

ALAN

Any other night, I'd say yes.

But I'm in love with someone else now.

He kisses her forehead—gentle, final.

Carol tears silent. She watches him walk down the hall until he disappears around the corner.

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

Warm, lively. Jeffrey Osborne's "You Should Be Mine" plays low in the background.

ANGUS, JOHN, and IRENE sit around a table, drinks in hand, laughing hard. Behind the bar, MIA polishes glasses, a small smile on her face as she watches them.

JOHN

To Mia—for finding her voice
and joining our messed-up family.

ANGUS

Come on, Mia! Grab a glass!

MIA

(soft, smiling)

I'm good. Not much of a drinker.

IRENE

This one's obsessed with cleaning glasses.

ANGUS

Says it calms her nerves.

JOHN

Just one, Mia. For you.

Mia finally relents, pours herself a small shot. They all raise glasses.

ANGUS

To the death of Yuan Fen...

and the rebirth of Mia!

They clink and drink. Alan walks in.

ALAN

Party without me?

ANGUS

You're late, party pooper.

ALAN

Let's toast for the fact that we actually
make a decent team.

IRENE

Hold up. I'm not toasting to that.

I'm the police chief.

Angus tops off her glass anyway.

ANGUS

Shut up and drink.

She does—grinning despite herself.

IRENE

Come on, Alan. One shot.

ALAN

I'm good.

JOHN & ANGUS

(together)

One shot!

Alan laughs, gives in. Mia pours him tequila. They toast again.

ALAN

(wincing after the shot)

Holy hell, that's strong.

ANGUS

(slapping his back)

Still not man enough!

IRENE

(already tipsy)

Karaoke! Turn it on!

ALAN

Shouldn't you be home with your husband?

IRENE

He's at a conference out of town.

ALAN

(teasing)

Perfect night for an affair, huh?

IRENE

In your dreams, pervert.

JOHN

He'll never quit.

Irene stumbles to the small stage, mic in hand. She sways, belting Halsey's "Panic Attack"—off-key, passionate, glorious.

CUT TO:

Later. John is passed out, head on the table.

Angus and Irene, both hammered, argue at another table.

IRENE

I never understood why you hate me so much.

ANGUS

You were cruel to him. He's my best friend.

IRENE

I don't want you to hate me, Angus.

You hear me?

Nearby, Alan and Mia share a quiet meal, smiling at the chaos.

ALAN

Sooner or later, those two will get along.

Angus face-plants on the table, out cold. Irene slumps over him, asleep.

MIA

You guys are hilarious.

ALAN

Time to get the Chief home before
someone sees her like this.

He hoists Irene onto his back. She mumbles incoherently.

IRENE

(dream-slurring)

Freeze! You're under arrest...

ALAN

Easy, Chief. You're off duty.

Mia chuckles, watching them go.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Dim streetlights. Alan carries Irene piggyback-style down the quiet block.

ALAN

Aren't you ashamed? Police Chief,
drunk as hell?

IRENE

(slurring)

Alan... you drive. Don't let the one-eyed
creep drive. He hates me. I don't trust
his good eye.

ALAN

(laughing)

I'm driving. But the neighbors are
gonna talk tomorrow.

IRENE

Don't tell my husband...

ALAN

He doesn't like me much, does he?

IRENE

(drifting)

Sorry I broke your heart...

Now it's mine. You can't love anyone else.

You belong to me.

ALAN

Don't be selfish.

IRENE

I love him. He's everything.

But you're my best friend. I cherish you.

ALAN

(soft)

Friend-zoning me?

Irene's head lolls. She's asleep again.

INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alan carries Irene in, flips on the light. He lays her gently on the bed, slips off her shoes.

She sleeps deeply. Alan sits on the edge, watching her—quiet, wistful.

ALAN

(barely audible)

We could've been invincible together...

You'll never know how much it hurts

having you this close all the time.

Irene stirs, eyes half-open. She reaches up, pulls him down, kisses him—slow, passionate.

Alan freezes—then kisses her back, caught in the moment.

Until—

IRENE

(drunk murmur against his lips)

I love you, darling... my Victor...

The spell shatters.

Alan pulls back gently. A bitter, resigned smile.

He eases her arms down, tucks them under the covers.

His gaze lands on the framed wedding photo on the nightstand—Irene and Victor, happy, glowing.

Alan exhales—long, heavy.

He stands, turns off the light.

Quietly closes the door behind him.

EXT. ALAN'S BUILDING. ROOFTOP-NIGHT

Leaning on the railing, Mia looks out at the vastness hidden behind the city lights.

Alan enters the rooftop finding her there alone, lost in her thoughts.

ALAN

I got this place because of
The view.

MIA

You know the meaning of the word Yuan Fen?

Alan looks at her curious to know the answer.

MIA

is a concept in Chinese society
describing good and bad chances and
potential relationships.

ALAN

Something like, "meant to meet
By fate"

MIA

I think I was meant to meet you.
But staying any longer would be
A mistake.

Alan keeps silent, but can't hide his disagreement with
her.

MIA

I have so many questions that
needs to be answered. I need
to know who's behind the murder
of my parents.

ALAN

Why keep torturing you digging in
The past?

MIA

Don't you understand?! I got no past!
This past ten years I've been a soulless
Killing machine. How I'm going to change
That in such a short time? It's useless.

ALAN

You're wrong. Everything can change
Through honesty, trust and love.

MIA

You're delusional.

ALAN

If Long comes to find you, we will
Protect you.

MIA

(Shaking her head)
You won't!

ALAN

After all we've been through why don't
You trust me?

MIA

You're merciful, Alan! You can't
Beat him! You all got civilized!
And he won't stop for nothing!

ALAN

Mia... (Speechless, hurt by her words)

MIA

I already brought you so much trouble.
There's no sense that I stay here playing
To be a normal girl. I'm not!

ALAN

Don't throw everything away. We're
Building something. A dream! You're
Part of our team! A member of this
Family of misfits!

He approaches to embrace her, but she rejects him with a
push.

MIA

You can't save everybody!

ALAN

At least let me try.

MIA

Long is now in a mission.
Once he's back he'll bring hell
To this place.

ALAN

We'll fight together!

Not very convinced, Mia leaves the place, leaving Alan
intoxicated by a feeling of total uncertainty.

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - SUNSET

Rain lashes the windows. The pub is empty, lights low.
Steelheart's "She's Gone" plays softly, mournful.

Behind the bar, ALAN (weary) speaks into his paperwork.

The front door creaks open.

LONG (50s, Asian, lethal calm) steps in, rain dripping from
his coat. He scans the room—appreciating the worn wood, the
bottles, the history—then walks slowly to the bar and takes
a seat directly across from Alan.

Alan meets his gaze. No surprise. Just recognition.

ALAN

Bad weather, huh?

LONG

Could be worse.

ALAN

It might get worse.

LONG
Don't doubt it.

ALAN
Drink?

Long shakes his head once.

LONG
I don't drink on the job.

ALAN
I insist. Have one. Then leave.

LONG
Not until I get what I came for.

ALAN
Nothing for you here.

LONG
"The Child of War."

ALAN
I hate that name.

LONG
I heard you were dead.

ALAN
Once you're dead, people leave you alone.

LONG
Yet you're still in the business.

ALAN
I'm just a bartender.

LONG
I'm here for Yuan Fen.

ALAN
Yuan Fen is dead.

LONG
(low, dangerous)
You don't understand.
I'm here to take my wife home.

ALAN
Heard she filed for divorce.

Long's patience snaps. He draws a pistol, levels it at Alan's head.

Alan draws faster—his own gun up, aimed at Long.

They stare down each other's barrels.

LONG

Fast, kid.

ALAN

Don't need your compliments.
Just leave.

LONG

You don't want this.
I have a squad outside.
One signal and they come in.

ALAN

Bring them. We'll bury them all.

LONG

Where is my wife?!

ALAN

She's not your wife anymore.
She's free.

Cold steel presses against the back of Alan's skull.

He freezes.

Slowly turns his head.

MIA stands behind him—gun steady, eyes empty. The warmth he once saw in her is gone. She's Yuan Fen again.

MIA

(quiet, flat)
Drop the gun, Alan.

Alan keeps his weapon on Long, but his voice cracks.

ALAN

Mia...

Long lowers his gun slightly, eyes widening—surprised, almost tender.

LONG
Yuan Fen... your voice.

Alan's gaze snaps back to Long—pure hate.

ALAN
I gave her back her soul.

Mia steps forward, still aiming at Alan. She reaches out with her free hand, gently but firmly pushes both men's guns down.

Long stands. Places his hands on her shoulders, searching her face—joy flickering behind the steel.

LONG
You've grown.

Mia lowers her gaze, cheeks flushing faintly.

Alan can't watch. Rage erupts.

He vaults over the bar—Superman punch aimed at Long's face.

Long doesn't flinch. Just smiles.

Mia moves—blindingly fast. A brutal jumping kick catches Alan mid-air, sends him crashing into the shelves. Bottles explode around him in a cascade of glass and liquor.

MIA
You have to learn when to give up.

Alan rises—drenched in whiskey and blood, fury blazing.

He lunges again. Long watches, amused.

Mia intercepts—perfect judo throw. Alan slams hard onto the floor, back arching in pain.

LONG
Pathetic.

Alan scrambles up. Mia's eyes are reproachful.

MIA
It's over, Alan.

He charges once more—wild punch.

Mia blocks, shoves him into the wall.

He spins, kicks at Long.

Mia catches his leg, uses his momentum—hurls him across a table. Wood splinters.

Alan staggers up, shaking his head, refusing to quit.

One last charge.

Mia steps aside—just enough. Side kick to the stomach doubles him over. Follow-up strikes drive him back. Final spinning back kick—Alan crashes through the large front window, glass shattering outward.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Rain-soaked pavement. Alan lands hard, rolling, glass glittering around him.

Passersby rush to help.

Long and Mia step out of the pub.

Long looks down at Alan with contempt.

Mia's gaze lingers—cold at first, then a flicker of something softer, conflicted.

Long opens the door of a waiting black sedan, slides in.

Mia hesitates. One last look at Alan.

Then she climbs in.

The car pulls away.

Alan pushes off the ground, staggering after it.

ALAN
(hoarse, to himself)
Not again... not again...

He runs—desperate, limping.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Long and Mia in the back seat.

Through the rear window, Alan's silhouette chases—shrinking.

Long smirks at the mirror.

Mia looks away—face hardening again, but her fingers tighten in her lap.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car accelerates. Alan stumbles, drops to his knees in the rain.

Horns blare behind him.

He stays down—head bowed—memories crashing in.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN VILLAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Younger ALAN (20s, military fatigues) sprints after a caged prisoner transport van.

In the back: PAULA (13, Latin, ragged clothes, haunted eyes) grips the bars, staring out at him.

ALAN
(screaming)
Paula! Paula!

A guard yanks her back inside.

Alan collapses to his knees—helpless, broken.

Locals watch, whispering.

PEASANT
(In spanish)
¿Por qué se la llevan? (Why are they taking her?)
PEASANT 2
(In spanish)
¿No oíste? Intentó apuñalar al alcalde. (Didn't you hear? She tried to stab the mayor.)

BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Present-day Alan kneels in the rain—same posture, same agony.

He rises slowly, limps back toward the pub.

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Glass crunching underfoot. Alan pushes through the ruined door.

At the bar sits MATT FOX (26, handsome, MMA-built, military haircut, fatigues).

Fox claps slowly—mocking applause.

FOX
Beautiful performance out there.

ALAN
Who the hell are you?

Fox hops off the stool, steps forward.

FOX
Matt Fox. Big fan of yours,
Child of War.

ALAN
Not in the mood for autographs.

FOX
Wanted to meet you before my squad
tears this place apart.
Gotta say—I'm disappointed.
That girl really kicked your ass.

ALAN
(bitter chuckle)
Women are complicated.

FOX
Especially when you mess with
someone else's wife.

ALAN
You here to lecture me or fight me?

FOX
Never say no to a good fight.

Rage ignites. Alan lunges—hard right hook cracks Fox's jaw.
Fox staggers, smiles through blood.

Alan follows with another punch—lands clean.

Fox fires back—two vicious hooks. Alan reels.

Fox spins—brutal kick to the face. Alan crashes onto a table.

Fox leaps in for the finish.

Alan rolls, throws Fox off.

FOX
You live up to the legend!

They rise. Circle each other.

Fists fly—brutal, precise.

Fox takes a straight punch—tooth flies, blood sprays.

He counters—left hook slams Alan's jaw. Blood spits.

Alan's ears ring. Vision blurs.

The room spins—memories flood in.

EXT. PUERTO-SELVA - STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)
ON SCREEN: "10 YEARS AGO - PUERTO-SELVA, BETWEEN COLOMBIA & PERU"

In the van, Paula peers through the bars, spotting Alan sprinting. She grips the bars, shouting his name.

A guard yanks her hair, dragging her back. Alan drops to his knees, fists pounding the dirt. Rage builds. A passing biker.

Alan lunges, rips him off the bike. Alan mounts, gun drawn, roaring toward the van.

The bike screams as Alan closes on the van. He fires. Guards dive for cover.

ALAN
Paula! Get the keys!

She scrambles, hands shaking, snatches keys from an unconscious guard. Cell door swings open. She leaps onto the bike, clutching Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hold tight, princess!

Patrol cars shriek into pursuit. Gunfire trails them.

A shot rings out. Paula stiffens.

PAULA

(smiling, weakly)

You... you kept your promise.

She slips, falling off the bike. Her body still.

Alan skids to a halt. He runs to her side. Blood pools.
Eyes vacant but peaceful.

ALAN yells in pain.

BACK TO PRESENT...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

Rain pours. Flashing red-and-blue lights cut through the downpour.

Four uniformed POLICE OFFICERS leap from patrol cars, weapons drawn, shouting commands.

OFFICER #1

Hands up! On the ground—now!

Alan, bloodied and soaked, rises slowly. Eyes wild with rage. He doesn't raise his hands.

He charges.

One punch—clean, devastating—drops the first officer cold.

Another officer steps in fast—two sharp jabs crack Alan's jaw. Blood sprays. Alan staggers.

The blows echo—fade into memory.

CUT TO:

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT (MOMENTS EARLIER)

Matt Fox's fists slam into Alan's face—two hard punches. Blood spits from Alan's mouth.

Alan doesn't retreat. He grabs Matt by the head, drives three brutal knees into his face. Matt reels.

Matt breaks free—two vicious elbows slam Alan's temples. Alan stumbles.

Using a table for leverage, Alan launches a jumping kick—connects with Matt's jaw. Matt crashes backward, splintering a table in half.

Alan stands, chest heaving, guard up.

Matt wipes blood from his lip, grins, springs to his feet.

He explodes forward—blinding combination: kicks, punches. Alan covers, backs up, absorbing the storm.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Rain hammers the roof. Mia stares out the window—distant, lost.

Long watches her, voice low.

LONG

How did you fail the mission?

It never happened before.

MIA

Complications.

LONG

There's something different about you.

What did they do to you?

Mia exhales—memory flickers.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWDED AVENUE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Alan and Mia walk side by side through neon-lit bustle.

MIA

Sometimes it looks like you guys
want to kill each other.
But underneath... there's a bond.

ALAN

We've been through too much.

MIA

I never thought people like us
could have something like that.

ALAN

Friends are the family we choose.

Mia looks at him—moved, eyes shining.

BACK TO:

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Mia turns to Long.

MIA

They showed me a different way to live.

LONG

You won't have to worry about them anymore.

The threat in his tone chills her.

MIA

What do you mean?

Long stays silent.

MIA (CONT'D)

Tell me. What do you mean?

LONG

Why do you care?

MIA

Are you going to hurt them?

LONG

Whatever happens to them is no longer
your concern.

MIA

Stop calling me Yuan Fen.

My name is Mia.

The car stops at a red light.

Mia bolts—door flies open. She runs into the rain.

Long steps out, gun drawn.

LONG

(shouting)

Yuan Fen!

Mia stops in the middle of the street—rain streaming down
her face. Horns blare.

She turns. Eyes fierce, alive.

MIA

My name is Mia.

She runs—disappearing into the night.

Long slams his fist on the car roof, cursing in Chinese.

CUT TO:

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

The fight rages. Blows land like thunder.

Matt enjoys it—smiling through blood.

Alan fights to end it—impatient, desperate.

Matt lands a kick to Alan's ribs—crack—then a straight right to the face. Alan reels, clutching his side.

Matt charges to finish him.

Alan ducks—instinct. Upward elbow cracks Matt's chin.

Matt drops—out cold, eyes rolling back.

Alan stands—panting, bleeding, face swollen. He leans against the wall, slides down slowly until he sits on the floor.

He stares at Matt's unconscious body. Painful memories rise.

CUT TO:

EXT. MERCENARY CAMP - SOUTH AMERICA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Chaos. Gunfire. A surprise attack tears through the camp.

MIA (V.O.)

How old were you when you...?

ALAN (V.O.)

My first kill? Maybe twelve...

I honestly can't remember...

Twelve-year-old ALAN steps from a tent. A soldier falls dead at his feet—blood pooling.

Alan stares—impassive.

Across the clearing: two mercenaries locked in a knife fight. One stabs the other—dead.

The victor spots the boy. Charges with knife raised.

Alan snatches the dead soldier's pistol. Fires point-blank.
Blood splashes his face. The attacker collapses.
Alan drops the gun—hands shaking.

BACK TO:

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

MIA (O.S.)

Alan!

Alan looks up.

Mia stands in the doorway—soaked, breathing hard, eyes red from tears and rain.

Alan can't believe it.

ALAN

Mia...

She smiles—wide, real.

He smiles back—eyes glistening.

They run to each other—crash into a fierce, desperate embrace.

They pull back just enough to look at each other. Foreheads touch. Lips drift closer...

The front door bangs open.

ANGUS storms in, surveying the wreckage—broken tables, blood, unconscious Matt.

ANGUS

What the hell happened here?

Alan and Mia look at each other—then burst out laughing.

Mia reaches up, gently touches the cuts on Alan's face.

Alan covers her hand with his.

EXT. REMOTE MILITARY HANGAR - NIGHT

Rain has stopped, but the air is heavy, damp. Floodlights cut harsh shadows across cracked concrete.

A black sedan rolls to a stop outside a fortified hangar far from the city—barbed wire, armed sentries, the low thrum of generators.

LONG steps out, coat still wet, eyes scanning.

A woman approaches—KELLY DURAN (33, Latin, slim, tanned, long black ponytail, natural red lips, sad brown eyes). Military fatigues, sidearm holstered.

KELLY

Hello. Kelly Duran.

Second-in-command of this unit.

She extends a hand. Long shakes it—firm, brief.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Please. Come with me.

Our leader is waiting.

They walk together through the facility—past crates of weapons, humming generators, the smell of oil and gunpowder.

Long resumes walking beside her. They enter a wide hangar bay—rotors gleam under lights, a half-dozen heavily armed MERCENARIES (men and women) stand ready, checking gear.

Long scans them, searching for the leader.

A figure steps forward—SAMI (late 30s, striking, carrying an Uzi casually across her chest). Thwman Angus carries on ink on his shoulder.

LONG

Time to strike.

My wife should be unharmed.

SAMI

Don't worry. My main target is

A man who betrayed us in the past.

Sami's smile is thin and cold.

Long nods—understanding passes between them.

The mercenaries shift, readying weapons. The hangar hums

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

Dim lights. The wreckage from the earlier fight is still scattered—broken tables, shattered glass.

MATT FOX sits on the small stage, wrists and ankles zip-tied behind him. A bucket of ice-cold water is thrown in his face. He gasps awake, coughing, struggling against the restraints. Useless.

Angus steps into view, arms crossed.

ANGUS

Don't fight it, kid.

You're not getting loose.

Matt blinks water from his eyes. His gaze shifts—first to Alan and Mia standing behind Angus, then locks on Angus himself. A slow, mocking smile spreads.

MATT

Finally. The traitor of Santa Cecilia.

Angus stiffens.

ANGUS

What the hell do you know about that?

MATT

That tattoo on your shoulder is coming

Back to collect your other eye.

Angus lunges—grabs Matt by the throat, fist cocked.

Alan steps in fast, catches Angus's arm.

ANGUS

Is she alive?!

ALAN

Easy, Angus. We need him talking.

Matt's smile widens—enjoying the reaction.

MATT

You're facing ghosts from the past.

Especially you, traitor.

ANGUS

How do you know about my past?

MATT

I can smell a traitor from a mile away.

ANGUS

Is she coming?!

MATT

You'll find out when this place

turns into hell.

ALAN

Who's Long sending against us?

MATT

Spoiling the fun already?

You'll see soon enough.

Angus snaps—drives a hard fist into Matt's face. Blood trickles from his lip.

Matt just smiles wider.

MATT (CONT'D)

That's what traitors do.

Hit someone who's tied up.

ANGUS

You with the Santa Cecilia rebels?

MATT

Kinda.

ALAN

I heard they were dismantled.

I saw her in that car, protecting

President Cimas, when the car blew up.

MATT

Is her ghost coming!

Alan's face hardens—concern flickering.

ALAN

We need to evacuate the building.

ANGUS

We're gonna need Irene for that.

ALAN

I don't want her involved.

This is too dangerous.

ANGUS

Then what do we tell the tenants?

ALAN

Bomb threat. Simple. Gets everyone out fast.

ANGUS

Too many people. We'll need help sheltering them.

ALAN

I'll call my buddy—runs a hotel two blocks over.

He'll take them in.

ANGUS

He's gonna kill us for asking.

ALAN

Better than innocent people dying.

Angus exhales—nods.

ANGUS

Fine. I'll start moving them.

ALAN

Mia—help him?

MIA

I'll do my best.

ALAN

I'll reach out to John.

Let's move. Now.

Matt leans back against the stage, still smiling through blood.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - VARIOUS HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights buzz overhead. The building hums with late-night quiet—TVs murmur behind doors, distant traffic drones outside.

Quick cuts:

Angus pounds on a door. It opens a crack—chain still on. A middle-aged TENANT (50s, bathrobe, suspicious) peers out.

TENANT

I'm not going anywhere until someone
from City Hall shows up with paperwork.

ANGUS

(exasperated)

I already told you—there's a bomb threat!

TENANT

From who? Why's it not on the news?

This smells like a scam.

Angus rubs his temples, patience fraying.

ANGUS

Just get out. Please.

The tenant slams the door.

CUT TO:

Different floor. Mia knocks urgently. A young woman (30s, pajamas, holding a sleeping toddler) opens the door.

MIA

Please—you have to leave. Right now.

The building isn't safe.

TENANT

Who are you? You got a badge?

How do I know you're not making this up?

Mia's calm cracks—eyes wide with quiet panic.

MIA

I'm trying to save your lives.

Please—just grab what you need and go.

The woman hesitates, then shakes her head and closes the door.

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

The pub is a war zone prep area—tables shoved aside, weapons laid out on the bar. Dim light flickers over bullet-riddled walls.

ALAN stands in his old mercenary gear: brown tactical vest, loaded mags, scarred boots. He checks a rifle with practiced hands.

On the small stage, MATT FOX sits zip-tied, bruised but smirking.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE PUB - NIGHT

John strings yellow police tape across the road. Cars honk, drivers yell from windows.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Move it, man! What the hell is this?

John ignores them, face grim.

A patrol car screeches to a stop. IRENE steps out—jaw tight, eyes flashing anger.

IRENE

What the hell is this, John?

JOHN

We're under threat. An angry husband.

Irene strides toward the pub, fury radiating.

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

Angus and Mia help Alan—stacking ammo, checking scopes.

The door slams open. Irene storms in.

IRENE

You think you can turn my city
into your private battlefield?

Alan lowers the rifle, walks to her—calm but urgent.

ALAN

Irene, this is going to get ugly.
Get out of here. (glances at Mia)
And take Mia with you.

Mia freezes mid-motion, then steps forward—eyes blazing.

MIA

There's no way I'm leaving.
This is because of me.
I'm staying. I know how to
Stop Long.

Irene rounds on her.

IRENE

I should cuff you right now.
All of you. (to Alan, noticing his bruises)
And what the hell happened to your face?

Matt laughs from the stage.

MATT

I take credit for that.

Irene spins—sees him tied up.

IRENE

Who is he? And why is he trussed
up on my stage like a damn trophy?

MATT

Matt. Nice to meet you, Chief.
Forgive me for not standing.

ALAN

He's with the people coming for us.

IRENE

This crosses every line I've got, Alan.

ALAN

Then leave. I don't want you hurt.

IRENE

Not your call. This is my city. You're
the one bringing chaos into it.

ALAN

I'm trying to protect you.

IRENE

I don't need protection.

I protect this place. Not you.

Angus steps between them, voice low and tired.

ANGUS

Enough. We're wasting time.

ALAN

They don't have to fight.

IRENE

Three of you against an army?

That's suicide.

Alan and Angus exchange a look—she's right.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Let me call a squad.

Ten minutes—they'll be here.

Alan hesitates—then nods.

John bursts in—breathless.

JOHN

We're running out of time.

Spotters say a squad's moving in.

Alan gives Irene a single thumbs-up.

She nods—already pulling her radio—and strides out to coordinate.

Alan crosses to a large trunk, pops it open. Inside: four identical brown tactical uniforms—bullet vests, patches faded but familiar.

He pulls three out, tosses one to Angus, one to John.

ALAN

Time to put these on again.

Angus and John catch them—stare at the fabric like old ghosts.

Alan hands the last one to Mia.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You too, Mia. If we fight like a team...

Mia takes the uniform—fingers tracing the vest. She looks up at him.

They share a look—old wounds, old loyalty.

Alan straps on his vest. The others follow.

The team stands ready—uniforms on, weapons in hand.

Outside, sirens begin to wail.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

Barricades of patrol cars and riot shields ring the building. Irene's SWAT-style team—well-trained, heavily armed—holds position under floodlights and flashing blues.

Alan, Mia, John, and Angus step out of the pub in matching brown tactical uniforms—bullet vests, mags loaded, faces grim.

Irene spots them, smirks despite the tension.

IRENE

You guys dressed for a carnival parade?

ALAN

One outfit left. Want it?

IRENE

(tapping her police tactical gear)

Mine's cooler.

ALAN

(quiet, serious)

Stay safe, Irene.

IRENE

After this? I swear I'm locking
all of you up.

POLICE OFFICER

(urgent, into radio)

Chief—they're coming!

Three military trucks roar up, screech to a halt.
Mercenaries spill out—armed to the teeth.

KELLY steps from the lead truck, raises an assault rifle,
opens fire.

The street erupts. Bullets shred barricades. Police return
fire. Mercenaries scatter, ducking into shuttered
storefronts.

A low thrum grows—blades cutting air.

IRENE

They brought the whole damn cavalry.

A black helicopter roars overhead—door gunners blazing.
Rounds tear into the police line. Officers drop, screaming.

Long stands in the open door, wind whipping his coat.
Beside him, SAMI—Santa Cecilia uniform, cold eyes—watches
the chaos below.

Bullets rake the street. Irene sprints to a wounded
officer, shields him with her body and riot shield.

Alan, Angus, John, and Mia hunker behind a cruiser,
returning fire.

ANGUS

(firing full-auto)

Alan! Next time you mess with
someone else's wife, I'll kill you
myself—you hear me?!

The chopper banks, rotors thumping—then descends toward the rooftop.

JOHN

Damn it—they're landing on the roof!

IRENE

Protect that flank!

ALAN

We've got it.

IRENE

Take some of my people!

ALAN

(to Mia)

Mia—stay here. Cover Irene.

MIA

No—I need to go inside!

I'm the only one who can stop Long!

ALAN

Irene needs you right now.

Mia hesitates—then nods, gripping her rifle tighter.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The helicopter touches down. Sami leaps out first—machine gun ready. Long follows, scanning. A dozen mercenaries pour out, weapons hot.

The chopper lifts off again, circling.

SAMI

(to Long)

Stay here. I'll bring you heads.

LONG

I want my wife alive.

Sami nods—then charges into the stairwell.

INT. BUILDING - UPPER FLOORS - NIGHT

Chaos. Gunfire echoes in tight hallways.

Alan, John, Angus, and a small police squad climb the stairs—clearing floor by floor.

They hit resistance—mercenaries pour down. Bullets ricochet.

Angus spots familiar faces—former Santa Cecilia trainees.

One of them—30s, wild-eyed—lunges at Angus with a knife.

Angus disarms him, slams him against the wall.

ANGUS

What are you fighting for?

MERCENARY

You're a traitor! You sold us!

For the people—by the people!

Angus knocks him out cold.

Alan and John cover each other—precise shots dropping enemies.

Grenades roll—explosions rip walls apart. Smoke chokes the corridor. Explosions still ring in the ears.

Alan bursts from the grenade haze—coughing, eyes burning. Two mercenaries who threw the grenades turn—too late. He closes the distance, drives a brutal elbow into one's throat, then a knee to the other's face. They drop.

ALAN

(panting, furious)

You know how much this is

gonna cost me?!

Nearby, Angus grapples with two ex-students—knives flashing.

MERCENARIES

(chanting, feral)

For the people! By the people!

Angus blocks a stab, twists one arm—knife clatters. The other slashes—Angus ducks, slams both their heads together. They crumple.

ANGUS

You're not fighting for the people.

You're fighting for a killer.

Across the landing, John faces two women—coordinated, vicious. They hammer him with strikes. He staggers, hits the floor hard.

JOHN

(wheezing)

I'm really out of shape.

One lunges—knife aimed at his chest. John rolls—blade scrapes concrete. He springs up, plants a front kick in the second woman's chest—she crashes back.

The first charges again. John sidesteps—shoves her hard. Her head cracks against the wall. She slides down, unconscious.

Alan pushes up the stairs with two officers. Gunfire erupts—both officers jerk, blood blooming, tumble backward down the steps.

Alan dives behind cover, returns fire. A grenade arcs—
detonates. The blast roars, debris flies.

He rolls under a landing—hidden in smoke. Footsteps
descend—cautious, weapons raised.

The mercs reach the landing—searching.

Alan explodes upward—knife flashes. Disarms one, kicks him
tumbling down the stairs.

The second resists—closes in, fists flying.

The merc throws a straight punch. Alan slips it—counters
fast. But the man lands a heavy right hook—Alan reels,
stunned, back to the wall.

The merc unleashes a flurry—Alan blocks, trapped, taking
punishment.

Suddenly—gunfire from outside. Helicopter rounds punch
through the facade. The merc jerks, blood sprays, collapses
dead.

Alan exhales—blood dripping.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Irene, Mia, and officers hold the barricade. The chopper
strafes again—bullets chew concrete. A chunk of debris
slams into a policewoman—she drops, gasping.

Mia lays down cover fire. Irene drags the wounded officer
behind a cruiser.

IRENE

Easy—don't move. You're gonna be okay.

POLICEWOMAN

(tears, blood)

Shit... it hurts.

Wanted to be more useful, Chief...

IRENE

Shut up. You're one of the best.

The helicopter circles—relentless, guns blazing. Glass and masonry rain.

Irene's patience snaps. She snatches a shotgun from a fallen officer, racks it, eyes locked on the bird.

IRENE

(to Mia)

Mia—hold the line.

I'm going inside to take out
that damn helicopter.

MIA

Are you insane? You can't fight
a chopper alone!

Irene doesn't answer—she's already running toward the building.

INT. BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Smoke. Wreckage. Irene sprints up stairs, bursts into a shattered apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shattered windows. Helicopter roar outside.

Irene ducks as rounds tear through the wall. She waits—breath steady—timing.

Bursts onto the balcony—shotgun thundering.

One gunner jerks—falls from the open door, tumbles to the street below.

Irene keeps firing—aiming for the pilot.

Return fire rakes the balcony.

A round grazes her shoulder—vest tears, drops away.

She climbs the railing—better angle.

Bullets snap past:

One parts her cheek—blood streaks.

Another clips her arm—she sways.

A third grazes her forehead—blood pours into her eyes.

The final one—clean—slams her collarbone.

She's hurled backward—through the glass door, crashing into the apartment floor.

Her scream of pain cuts through the night—echoing down the street.

Mia bursts through the door—breathless, gun raised. She freezes.

Irene lies sprawled in a widening pool of blood. Pale, sweat-slicked, chest rising in shallow, painful gasps. Her eyes flutter open—surprised to see Mia.

IRENE

(weak, raspy)

What are you doing here?

You should be with my squad...

Mia drops to her knees beside her, hands moving fast—checking the wound, pressing down to slow the bleeding.

MIA

Save your strength, Irene.

You can scold me later.

She peels back fabric—the collarbone wound is ugly: ragged, oozing steadily.

MIA (CONT'D)

This looks bad.

IRENE

(tears welling, voice small)

I screwed it...

MIA

we need to get you out of here.

IRENE

(coughing, wincing)

Forget me. Protect the people...

Irene studies her—searching.

IRENE

Don't be a loser as Alan.

You can't save everyone,

Mia presses harder on the wound—blood seeps through her fingers.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Those deep black eyes...

That's what got him hooked.

MIA

Irene—save your strength.

IRENE

I'll confess... I was jealous
when you showed up.

IRENE (cont'd)

Don't get me wrong.

It's just... nice to feel
like the first in someone's heart.

MIA

You'll always be in his heart.

IRENE

(shaking her head)

I'm a terrible person.

So selfish...

MIA

We're all selfish sometimes.

IRENE

Not him. He's the best person

I've ever known.

Mia stands—glances out the broken window.

MIA'S POV: Street level—police hold the barricade under
relentless fire. Mercenaries press forward.

INT. BUILDING - STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

Alan climbs fast, flanked by two officers. He disarms a
merc with a swift knife twist—drops him. The officers drop
two more—kneecaps, clean shots.

A radio crackles.

RADIO (V.O.)

We need backup and an ambulance.

Chief's been hit—bad. She's bleeding out.

Alan freezes—face drains of color.

ALAN

(quiet, gutted)

Irene...

The officers pause.

POLICEMAN

Come on—we're almost at the top.

ALAN

I have to check on her.

POLICEMAN

Our people will handle it. Move!

ALAN

Wait for me. I'll be back.

Two mercs appear above—open fire. Officers duck behind shields. Alan reverses course—running down toward Irene.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mia presses a torn shirt to Irene's wound—still bleeding. Footsteps—someone enters.

Mia spins, gun up—then lowers it.

Alan stands in the doorway—bloodied, breathless.

ALAN

Easy, Mia.

He rushes to Irene—kneels, checks the wound. His face twists with fury and fear.

ALAN

(angry, voice cracking)

Why are you such an idiot?

IRENE

(grimacing)

Shut up. Don't lecture me.

Mia watches—sees the raw worry in Alan's eyes. The depth of their bond hits her.

ALAN

How did you think you'd take down
a helicopter alone?

IRENE

If you guys can pull heroic crap,
why can't I?

ALAN

I've never tried to shoot down
a chopper by myself.

IRENE

John said you did it in South America.

ALAN

John makes up stories.

Alan digs in his vest—pulls basic med supplies. Rips Irene's shirt wider—gently shifts her bra aside to expose the wound.

ALAN

(relieved)

Bullet's out. Missed vitals.

IRENE

(weak smirk)

Living the dream, huh, pervert?

IRENE (CONT'D)

Taking advantage of a helpless woman...

ALAN

since when are you a lady?

He pours disinfectant. Irene hisses—writhes. Mia holds her shoulders steady.

ALAN

This'll leave a hell of a scar.

IRENE

(pained, joking)

Bastard. Ruined my favorite shirt
just to see my boobs. Unacceptable.

ALAN

Stop talking.

IRENE

I'm filing a complaint.

Mia's my witness.

ALAN

I should've let you bleed out.

IRENE

(chuckles—winces)

My husband's gonna kill you
when he finds out...

He finishes—wraps the wound tight. Turns to Mia.

ALAN

Needs real medical attention.

MIA

Take her out. I'll go upstairs—
talk to Long. End this.

ALAN

No. He won't let you go.
We do this the right way.

MIA

The right way?

ALAN

We arrest him.
No more killing.

MIA

He'll fight. I'm the only one
who can stop him—by going with him.

ALAN

You tried that. Look what happened.

MIA

This is my fault, Alan.
Maybe I should just die taking him out

ALAN

(grabs her shoulders)

If you do that, everything we fought for
is meaningless. (softer)

Mia looks at him—conflicted.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You're taking Irene out.

Get her to an ambulance.

Shielded by cops—cross the street.

Mia nods—determined. They clasp hands—firm, trusting.

Alan shrugs off his bulletproof vest—carefully straps it onto Irene.

IRENE

This is crazy.

You should be fighting.

ALAN

You're more important.

IRENE

(weak laugh)

Embarrassing. Police chief
carried out by an assassin.

MIA

Hold tight, Irene.

This'll be a fun ride.

ALAN

(to Mia)

Be careful.

MIA

You too.

They share a long look—electric, unspoken attraction. They lean in—lips almost brushing—

IRENE

Cut the crap, you two.

Let's move.

Alan and Mia laugh—soft, relieved. They glance at each other—promise in their eyes.

Alan lifts Irene gently into his arms. Mia covers the door—gun ready.

EXT. ROOFTOP

From the top of the roof, Long watches the fighting between the police and the mercenaries. Both sides are fighting fiercely having casualties.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Gunfire cracks across the barricade. Mia carries Irene piggyback—Irene's arms wrapped tight around her neck, blood soaking Mia's shoulder. In each hand, Mia grips a pistol, barrels steady.

MIA

Hold tight, Irene.

Irene clenches—face pale, jaw set.

A line of POLICE OFFICERS forms a shield wall—riot shields up, weapons ready.

POLICEMAN

Ready?

MIA

Let's do it.

The opening chords of **Johnny Hallyday's "Allumer le Feu"** explode—full volume, driving, defiant.

The barricade parts. Mia steps out—escorted by the shield wall. Mercenaries open fire from doorways and trucks.

Hidden behind a military truck, KELLY watches the insane maneuver.

KELLY

Take her out!

Spectacular tracking shot: Mia advances through the gauntlet. Shields spark with impacts. She fires both pistols—precise, lethal—dropping mercs left and right.

Irene, clinging to her back, calls targets through gritted teeth.

IRENE

Right! Left!

They push forward—slow, relentless, bullets pinging off shields.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING - UPPER FLOORS - NIGHT

Alan rejoins the two officers—clearing rooms, moving up.

POLICEMAN

How's the Chief?

ALAN

They're getting her out.

A merc breaks through—Alan meets him with fists. They trade blows—brutal, close-quarters.

Nearby, Angus and John hunker behind a ledge—firing controlled bursts.

ANGUS

(firing machine gun)

Let's mambo!

They drop mercs—leg and arm shots. Angus reloads; John advances—grabs ammo from fallen enemies.

A sniper round cracks—hits John's shoulder. He drops hard.

More gunfire rakes the floor. John crawls, drags himself into an apartment.

Angus sprints up—covers against the wall, weapon ready.

ANGUS

You were careless, John.

John leans against the wall—checking the wound, blood soaking his shirt.

JOHN

One shooter. Hidden in your apartment.

From inside—Latin music blasts at full volume: **Johnny Ventura's "Cuando Estoy Contigo."**

Angus freezes—face drains of color.

JOHN

Be careful.

Angus swallows—steps toward the door, gun raised, pulse hammering.

INT. ANGUS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The record player spins. Sami sits in Angus's favorite chair—cigar in hand, vinyl sleeve on her lap. Her machine gun rests beside her. Eyes full of hate.

Angus stops dead in the doorway.

ANGUS

Sami...

SAMI

My favorite song.

You still remember?

ANGUS

How did you...?

SAMI

Survive your death trap?

ANGUS

I didn't know about the explosives in the car.
You weren't supposed to be in the country that
Day. I bought you a plane ticket!

Sami's smile is cold-cynical.

SAMI

By the people... for the people.

She grabs the machine gun—opens fire.

Angus dives behind cover. Bullets shred the wall.

SAMI

Death to all traitors!

Angus presses back—tears streak his face. Breathing ragged.

He looks at his gun—long moment of reflection—then steps out, fires once at the ceiling lamp above her.

Sami ducks behind furniture—the lamp crashes harmlessly.

SAMI

Why so quiet, traitor?!

Angus ducks behind a sofa—gun pressed to his own forehead, shaking.

SAMI (O.S.)

How long I've waited for this...

ANGUS

(quiet)

Seven years.

SAMI

How many women did you betray
in those years?

ANGUS

(bitter chuckle)

There was no other woman after you.

SAMI

Still a con man. I'll rip your heart
Out.

ANGUS

You already did.

Sami erupts—steps out, fires at the sofa. Bullets punch through.

John bursts in—shoulder bleeding—fires. A round hits Sami's vest—she staggers back.

Angus surges up—shoves John out the door.

ANGUS

Stay away! This is my fight!

John hits the floor—stunned.

Sami recovers—fires again.

Angus runs—returns fire. Bullets tear the apartment apart.

Montage: they exchange fire—destruction everywhere.

Intercut with flashes: seven years ago—Sami and Angus dancing salsa in Santa Cecilia, laughing, close, alive.

The vinyl player shatters—music dies.

They break apart—hide in different rooms, reloading.

SAMI

Why won't you fight?!

Angus sighs—tosses his gun to the floor.

ANGUS

I'm not fighting you, Sami.

SAMI

Lost your guts, traitor?!

ANGUS

I never swore loyalty to any politician.

I'm just a mercenary.

SAMI

You were supposed to protect Santa Cecilia's democracy.

ANGUS

My only loyalty was to you.

I never betrayed that.

SAMI

Coward! You never cared about me!

Never cared for the people!

Only yourself!

ANGUS

I only cared about us.

I was ready to leave this life—

make a life with you in Ecuador.

He rips off his vest, jacket, shirt—stands bare-chested,
arms wide.

Steps into the open.

Sami emerges—gun raised—rushes him, presses the barrel to
his heart.

SAMI

I won't accept surrender.

Fight me!

ANGUS

I won't fight the person I care

about most in this life.

Tears of rage fill her eyes.

SAMI

Fight, coward!

ANGUS

I tried to get you out of Santa Cecilia safe.

Sami's gaze drops—to the tattoo on his shoulder: her face,
inked forever.

She lowers the gun—fingers trace the tattoo.

SAMI

What's this...?

ANGUS

I told you.

You're the only one.

She stares—shocked, disbelieving.

Then rage flares. She shoves his arm away—unleashes a flurry of punches to his face. He takes them—doesn't resist.

SAMI

(hitting him)

We were supposed to grow old together!

Defend Soria's government!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mia pushes forward—Irene on her back, two pistols blazing. Police shields protect them.

In the distance—an ambulance waits.

Kelly steps from behind a truck—flanked by mercs—advances on Mia.

KELLY

You're done, bitch!

Mia drops two mercs—clean shots.

Kelly closes—grenade arcs. It explodes near the shield wall. Officers fall—shields collapse.

Mia's exposed.

Kelly raises her weapon—smirks.

A patrol car screeches in—blocks Kelly's shot.

From the window—a COP fires at Kelly. She ducks behind cover.

COP

Get in! We're taking her to the ambulance!

Mia opens the back door—slides Irene inside.

IRENE

Don't let Alan fight that madman alone!

MIA

I won't. (glances at rooftop)

I promise.

Mia sprints—leaps onto the car roof—vaults into the fight.

Two shots—drops Kelly's escorts.

She empties both mags—tosses the pistols—closes with Kelly.

Fists fly—brutal exchange.

A merc on a motorcycle charges Mia.

She spins—jumping side kick. Bike and rider crash.

Mia lands hard.

Kelly grabs the fallen bike—machine gun from a dead merc—roars toward the barricade, firing.

She smashes through—mercs surge forward.

Police and mercs clash inside the barricade—hand-to-hand chaos.

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

Kelly bursts in—sees Matt still tied on stage.

MATT

What took you so long?

I'm missing everything!

KELLY

You idiot! You had to come alone
and ruin it!

She cuts his bonds.

MATT

I needed to fight the Child of War myself.

KELLY

And he kicked your ass.

MATT

Caught me off guard.

Matt stands-grinning.

Mia bursts through the door.

MIA

Wait. We've got unfinished business,
bitch.

Kelly turns-smiles.

Kelly launches-jumping kick. Mia takes it-staggers-
counterattacks with a rib-cracking hook and body kick.

Kelly gasps-ribs broken.

Mia winds up for the finish-Matt intercepts-jump kick
knocks Mia back.

Kelly kneels-pain. Matt helps her up.

They attack together.

Mia greets Matt with a face punch-blood sprays.

Kelly kicks Mia's body-she grunts.

Matt punches her face. Mia blocks Kelly's kick-elbow cracks
Kelly's jaw. Kelly drops, bleeding.

Matt grabs Mia-hip throw sends him flying.

Kelly rises-bloodied-two hard punches to Mia's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Long stands at the edge-watching the street burn below.

Alan bursts onto the roof-flanked by two officers.

Long turns—slow clap.

LONG

I expected nothing less,
Child of War.

ALAN

It's over. Tell your men to stand down.
You're under arrest.

Long laughs—deep, mocking.

The officers raise weapons.

LONG

Playing cops and robbers?
Aren't we too old for that?

ALAN

Enough blood today.

LONG

No one who's seen Yuan Fen in action
has lived to tell it.

In a flash—Long draws, shoots both officers dead.

Alan stares—horror, rage.

He lunges—punches Long hard.

Long drops his gun—blocks—counters with vicious leg kicks.
Alan staggers.

Long unleashes—face shots. Alan takes them—stays on his
feet.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGUS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sami hammers Angus—fists, kicks. He blocks—takes the
punishment.

SAMI

Fight me!

Angus shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

Chaos. Broken bottles, overturned tables. Matt watches from the side—bruised, grinning.

Kelly lunges—hard punch combo. Mia slips them—counters with a vicious hook to the ribs, then a crushing body kick. Kelly's ribs crack—audible snap. She gasps, pain etched across her face.

Mia winds up—finishing kick.

Matt intercepts—jumping kick slams Mia back. She staggers.

Kelly drops to a knee—clutching her side, spitting blood.

Matt hauls her up.

They attack together—coordinated, ruthless.

Mia meets Matt with a straight punch—blood sprays from his mouth.

Kelly retaliates—hard body kick. Mia grunts—pain flares.

Matt follows—face punch. Mia takes it—blocks Kelly's high kick with an elbow that cracks Kelly's jaw. Kelly drops—blood pouring. Out.

Matt grabs Mia from behind.

Mia hip-throws him—Matt flies, crashes into a table. Out Cold.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGUS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sami hammers Angus—fists bloody from relentless strikes. Angus blocks—takes the punishment—never hits back.

Sami's frustration boils over—she tackles him to the floor.

Angus lands on his side—the tattoo on his shoulder exposed: her face, inked forever.

Sami stares—contempt twisting her features. She draws a dagger from her belt—stabs the tattooed eye—right where she scarred him years ago in Santa Cecilia. Ink and blood mix.

Angus screams—pain rips through him.

A gunshot cracks.

Sami jerks—shoulder hit—dagger clatters. She collapses—screaming.

John stands in the doorway—smoking pistol in hand.

JOHN

I'm not letting you kill my friend.

Angus surges up—fury—snatches the gun from John.

ANGUS

I told you—stay away!

JOHN

She'll kill you!

ANGUS

She has every right.

JOHN

You're insane! No woman deserves
that kind of sacrifice!

ANGUS

You're wrong. She does.

John swings—knockout punch.

Angus blocks—hard elbow sends John crashing to the floor,
out cold.

Sami rises—hand pressed to bleeding shoulder—eyes blazing.

SAMI

Fight back!

It's pointless if you don't!

ANGUS

You're blinded by ideals.
So blinded you've buried your humanity.

SAMI

You're a mercenary!
How dare you lecture me about humanity?!

ANGUS

I fought for money—to survive!
Don't you get it?
We're pawns on someone else's board!

SAMI

Shut up!

ANGUS

Ideals kill more than bullets ever did.
Sami lunges—weakened, desperate.
This time Angus doesn't just block—he wraps her tight in
his arms.
She thrashes—fists pounding his chest.

SAMI

Fight back! Fight back!
Angus cups her face—forces her to meet his eyes.

ANGUS

Don't you understand?
I'd rather die than watch you die again.
Her fury cracks. She stops—stares—then breaks.
Tears flood. She collapses against him—sobbing like a
child.
Angus holds her—tears on his own face.
In the wreckage—two broken people—embraced.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Alan and Long circle—bloodied, breathing hard.

Alan absorbs a brutal face combo—retaliates with smooth punches and kicks.

Long counters—vicious thigh kick. Alan staggers—leg buckling.

Long aims for the jaw—Alan slips it.

Long hooks the chin—kicks the chest. Alan hits the ground.

LONG

In China we call it "Huoda."

Face life with optimism despite setbacks.

You fight with urgency...

haunted by what happens if you lose.

Alan rises—wiping blood.

Alan charges—blind fury—punches and kicks.

Long dodges—back kick slams Alan's chest. Down again.

Alan punches the rooftop—rises—tackles.

Long reverses—mounts—pounds.

Alan kicks him off—rolls up.

Helicopter roars overhead.

Alan lands an elbow—splits Long's brow.

Spinning back kick—connects.

Long absorbs—knees Alan's chest.

Alan cross-counters—both stagger.

Blood drips.

Alan front-kicks Long's chin—Long falters.

Long charges—punches Alan back.

Long winds up—final blow.

Mia appears—blocks the punch.

MIA

Enough!

Alan and Long freeze.

ALAN

Mia!

LONG

Yuan Fen!

Mia steps between—voice steady.

MIA

You started this because of me.

Stop it.

LONG

You disobeyed.

MIA

You don't own me anymore.

Long's face darkens—offended.

ALAN

Stay back. I finish this.

Alan tries to step forward—Mia blocks him with her arm.

MIA

No.

This is my fault.

My duty to end it.

ALAN

But—

MIA

I'm the only one who can beat him.

ALAN

He's too strong.

MIA

I know his weakness.

Me!

Mia walks toward Long.

Long retreats—first uncertainty.

LONG

What is this, Yuan Fen?

MIA

My name is Mia.

She punches—blood sprays.

Second punch—blocked.

LONG

You're not supposed to turn on me!

Mia front-kicks his chest—Long retreats.

MIA

I want answers.

Punches—blocked.

Low kick—Long stumbles.

LONG

We fight for the same cause!

MIA

I have one cause now.

Series of punches—Long blocks—retreats.

MIA

Who killed my parents?

Kicks—blocked.

LONG

Some things stay buried.

Mia jumps—side kick to chest—blocked.

LONG

Stop. I'm not your enemy.

I'm your husband.

ALAN

She's filing for divorce, creep.

Long ignores—eyes on Mia.

She advances—relentless.

Long sees flashes—young Daoyuan, then dying Daoyuan.

Fear in his eyes.

DAOYUAN (V.O.)

Someday your weapon might turn against you.

Then you'll know it's time to pay.

Mia presses—blows land.

MIA

Who?!

LONG

It doesn't matter.

That girl died that night.

You're someone else.

MIA

No. I survived.

Punch breaks through—chin shot. Long drops—teeth scatter.

Mia straddles—punches down.

Helicopter hovers—gunners ready.

Mia pulls a gun—aims.

Alan covers her hand.

They kiss—deep, urgent.

Together—pull trigger.

Fuel tank hit—chopper erupts in flames.

"Love Don't Bother Me" by Stage Dolls plays.

Gun drops—they kiss—surrounded by falling fire.

They drop the gun—still kissing—surrounded by fire and falling debris.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGUS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angus and Sami hold each other—amid wreckage.

Fireball passes the window.

ANGUS

War's over, Sami.

SAMI

(tears)

What now?

ANGUS

Dancing.

She buries her face in his chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. REDEMPTION PUB - NIGHT

Matt rises—sees police taking control.

Helicopter crashes—explodes.

Windows shatter.

Matt grabs unconscious Kelly—slips away unseen.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Burning wreckage. Police swarm—arrest mercs.

Long—cuffed—escorted to a car.

Alan hugs Mia. Angus holds Sami. John cradles his arm.

They walk away together.

MIA (V.O.)

Destiny brought us together

so we could learn to love

through our open wounds...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sami and Angus sleep—entwined. Bandage over his tattoo.

MIA (V.O.)

Some were blinded by ideals,

forgetting the real nature of love.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Irene rests—post-surgery. Victor holds her hand—kisses it.

MIA (V.O.)

Others fight to protect

what they've built...

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Doctor extracts bullet from John's shoulder. John grimaces—
whiskey in hand.

MIA (V.O.)

Some stay loyal to friends,
fighting just to see another day.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alan and Mia kiss—passionate.
He strips her shirt—kisses her neck.
She strips his—kisses his scars.
They fall to the bed—bodies entwined.
Camera pulls back—through the window.

MIA (V.O.)

And some—the most foolish—
believe in dreams only they can see.
We love through wounds stitched
with needles of passion.
We close our eyes and keep believing,
even when we know
dreams rarely come true.

Time-lapse: dawn breaks.
Camera returns—Alan alone in bed.
He reaches—Mia gone.
On the nightstand—a note.
Alan opens it.

MIA (V.O.)

It comforts me to know
the story of the Child of War
and Yuan Fen will be told as love,
not tragedy.
You gave me back my identity.
I'll always be grateful.
If I knew what love was,
I'd say it's what I feel for you.
But I can't surrender to it... not yet.
This isn't goodbye.
If I return from the journey ahead,
I'll find you.
Don't take it wrong.
I must finish this alone.
I don't know how long.
But wherever I am,
you're with me.
From the love of my open wound.
-Mia

Alan exhales—sad, resigned.

"Love Don't Bother Me" fades.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Irene recovers. Victor by her side.

Nurse enters—bouquet and card.

NURSE

For you.

Victor hands it to Irene.

VICTOR

Admirer?

She opens the card.

INSERT: Cartoon helicopter in flames.

Text: "**Helicopters downed: Alan 1, Irene 0**

But it doesn't matter—you'll always be my heroine."

Hand-drawn Alan—winking.

Irene chuckles.

IRENE

My biggest fan.

VICTOR

Who else? (chuckles)

Victor kisses her forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANGHAI- CEMETERY - DAY

Gray, quiet. Mia walks alone—black sunglasses, tear on her cheek.

She stops at her parents' grave.

MIA

Mom... Dad... I'm back. Time to make them pay.

THE END

