

The Ronin Files
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ESTABLISHING SHOT — OPENING SCENE

EXT. LONDON — AERIAL — PRE-DAWN

A wide aerial sweep across London's sleeping skyline, cloaked in early morning fog. The Thames River cuts through the city like a dark scar. Lights shimmer on the water—serene, but cold.

The Tower Bridge comes into view, its steel ribs slick with drizzle, barely illuminated by sodium lamps. A military convoy crawls across it—black SUVs flanked by motorcycle outriders, tires hissing on wet asphalt.

Above, a news helicopter hovers quietly. Its lens slowly zooms.

SUPER: LONDON — 4:45 A.M.

The convoy snakes through deserted streets, gliding past CCTV cameras, silent watchtowers, and graffiti-stained walls—one reads:

“WHO WATCHES THE WATCHMEN?”

We descend...

CUT TO:

STREET LEVEL — POV THROUGH A WINDSHIELD

Inside the lead SUV:

JACK RONIN (50s), still as stone, eyes scanning reflections in side mirrors. No music. Just the low rumble of the engine. His hands, gloved and scarred, tighten slightly on the wheel.

ON THE REARVIEW MIRROR:

A worn photograph, clipped to the visor—faded edges, a boy's smiling face.

IN THE DISTANCE:

The glint of sunrise pierces the horizon, washing across the mirrored surface of a glass skyscraper—a tower where the summit will be held. A bird streaks past the frame.

The peace won't last.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SUV - MOVING - PRE-DAWN

Inside the lead security SUV, cocooned in silence except for the hum of the road. Rain taps against the windshield like a metronome.

JACK RONIN (late 40s/early 50s), lean, coiled muscle, eyes like steel. He stares straight ahead—but his mind is elsewhere.

Beside him sits CARRIE BISHOP (30s), sharp, MI6 liaison, professional but perceptive. She's been assigned to shadow Jack as part of "standard protocol."

She breaks the silence.

CARRIE
(softly, testing him)
You always this chatty before a
job?

JACK
Only when I know it's going to go
sideways.

Carrie chuckles. Jack doesn't.

CARRIE
You think it's a setup?

JACK
I think diplomats drink coffee and
shake hands.

They don't need three SUV units and a QRF team unless someone's selling death behind closed doors.

(beat)

And I don't like guarding people who lie for a living.

CARRIE
Then why take the gig?

Jack doesn't answer. He exhales, long and slow.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
 You're not a bodyguard, Jack. You
 were Tier One. Baghdad, Karachi,
 Montenegro.

Then you vanish. Now you're babysitting bureaucrats?

Jack pulls the photo from the visor. It's the same worn
 picture of a boy—6 or 7, smiling wide, missing a front tooth.

JACK
 Needed the paycheck.
 (beat)
 And I owe someone a cleaner legacy
 than the one I lived.

Carrie studies him. The weight behind those words isn't
 casual. Jack notices.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Let me guess. MI6 wants a profile.

You'll file a report tonight. "Ronin, Jack.

Unrecovered trauma. Instinct-driven.

Suffers from lone wolf complex. Potential liability."

CARRIE
 (quietly)
 No.

I'd file: "Won't die easy. Wouldn't let you either."

Their eyes meet. Mutual respect. Then—

SFX: STATIC CRACKLE ON RADIO.

"—Alpha team, gridlock at checkpoint Charlie. Advise reroute.
 Possible protest movement ahead."

Carrie picks up the comms. Jack never looks away from the
 road.

His fingers drum once—an old tell.

He smells it.

Something's wrong.

CARRIE (INTO COMMS)
 Copy that, Alpha. Confirm route
 Bravo. Maintain formation.

JACK
(slow, steady)
Tell your boys to keep their vests
zipped and their heads on a swivel.

CARRIE
Why?

Jack squints into the side mirror—
A motorbike appears. No plates. No lights.

JACK
Because this ain't a protest.

CUT TO:

INT. MI6 BLACK SITE - INTERROGATION CELL - UNKNOWN TIME

DARKNESS.

We hear the steady drip of water. The hum of distant
generators. A fluorescent light BUZZES to life overhead,
flickering like a broken memory.

JACK RONIN lies slumped in a steel chair, wrists zip-tied
behind his back. Blood crusts his temple. His jacket is
missing. Shirt burned at the sleeve. One eye swollen shut.
He's breathing—barely.

CCTV watches from the corner.

A door opens. Harsh boots on concrete.

AGENT DALTON (50s), MI6 internal security, all menace and
clipped vowels, steps in with CARRIE BISHOP, now in full
tactical garb. No trace of the casual camaraderie from
earlier.

DALTON
Glad to see you're awake, Ronin.
Saves us the trouble of reviving a corpse.
Jack tries to focus, but he's disoriented.

JACK
(gravelly)
You cuffed the wrong man.

Dalton tosses a tablet onto the table. It lights up – surveillance footage.

INSERT – FOOTAGE:

A grainy image shows Jack near the diplomat's armored car just before the blast.

He's reaching into his jacket...

Then–

STATIC.

Explosion.

CARRIE

You were caught on five angles.

You were the last one near the car.

You had motive. Your file reads like a blueprint for a fall guy.

Jack looks to Carrie – betrayed. But she avoids eye contact.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMBASSY PLAZA – EARLIER THAT MORNING

Slow motion.

The diplomat is shaking hands. Jack scans the crowd. A child drops a balloon. Jack moves toward it.

Suddenly, he sees the biker–no plates, reaching under the seat.

Jack's POV:

He lunges forward, grabs the diplomat, shoves him toward the SUV.

BOOM.

FLASH TO WHITE.

BACK TO BLACK SITE

Jack jerks in the chair—flinch from the memory.

JACK
There was a motorbike. It wasn't
me.

DALTON
No bike in the CCTV feed.

JACK
Then your feed's been scrubbed.

Dalton smiles thinly.

DALTON
You're not exactly MI6's golden
boy.

Contractors don't get tribunals—they disappear.

Jack stares at Carrie, bloody but defiant.

JACK
You think I set the charge.

Then why am I still breathing?

Carrie flinches. She doesn't believe Jack's guilty. But she's
trapped by protocol.

DALTON
Because someone wants to know what
you know...

before we burn you.

Dalton leans in.

DALTON (CONT'D)
Last chance, Jack. Who are you
working with?

JACK
You'll never believe me.

DALTON
Try me.

JACK
My son.

DALTON
You don't have a son.

JACK
That's what I told myself, too.

Dalton slams the tablet down and exits.

Carrie lingers.

CARRIE
Jack... if you are innocent...

You're already dead.

They just haven't written the report yet.

Jack leans forward.

JACK
Then I'd better rewrite the ending.

INT. BLACK SITE - AIR VENT SYSTEM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jack pulls a shard of glass from his waistband (hidden in the seam). Sawing at the zip tie behind his back. One eye swollen shut, but the other full of fire.

Above him, the faint sound of typing from a computer system.

CUT TO:

A figure in a hoodie - LEO (20s) - at a remote location, watching Jack on a hijacked security feed.

LEO
(to himself)
Come on, old man... time to vanish.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LISBON, PORTUGAL - NIGHT

A dim, cluttered underground tech bunker lit by flickering monitors and projection mapping. Screens line the walls—MI6 files, satellite feeds, live drone cams. A repurposed wine cellar, now a data war room.

Cables snake across the floor. Old whiskey bottles next to open laptops. A 3D printer clicks in the corner, assembling what looks like a false retina.

LEO RONIN (20s), shaggy hair, wiry frame, eyes like razors, types with relentless precision. He's a cyber dissident, known online only as "KidZero."

He's halfway through writing an anonymous data drop titled:

"Kestrel Dynamics - Classified Communications (Batch 1)"

On screen: a heavily redacted file about private military false-flag operations. At the bottom—his own watermark:

"Justice is a virus."

He takes a sip of stale tea, barely blinking.

VOICE (O.S.)

You're really going to burn them?

Reveal: A young woman, ILSA (30s), Portuguese street medic turned activist. She looks up from a whiteboard full of target names and locations.

LEO

Yeah.

They built an empire on lies. Time to collapse it—one truth at a time.

ILSA

But this file... it mentions your father.

Leo hesitates. A flicker in his armor.

LEO

He's dead to me.

Was dead the moment he chose the shadows over his family.

ILSA

So why save him?

LEO

(quiet)

Because they're using him.

Framing him means someone higher is still hiding.

And that... I need to see burn.

A ping sounds.

Leo's custom AI surveillance system flashes red. An alert appears:

"Black Site Interruption - Power Loop Detected"

He pulls up a live feed—Jack, zip-ties cut, crawling through a vent.

ILSA
What is that?

LEO
A stubborn bastard still breathing.

ILSA
He doesn't look like the devil you
always describe.

LEO
Even devils bleed.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SITE - UTILITY SHAFT / INFIRMARY - SAME TIME

Jack drops down into a dark medical storage room, landing with a grunt. He rips open a drawer, finds gauze, adrenaline injectors, and a small scalpel.

He pops his shoulder back into place with a sickening crack.

He's limping. Bleeding. But free.

JACK
(mutters)
No safe houses. No friends.

Just like the old days.

Suddenly, all the doors unlock. Lights flicker green.

Jack freezes—this isn't part of his plan.

MONITOR SCREEN ACTIVATES:

A text message flashes:

"KEEP MOVING. I'LL GUIDE YOU."

Another flash:

"YOU OWE ME. - L"

Jack stares at the screen.

JACK

Leo...?

Cut to Jack moving through security corridors with purpose now-doors unlocking as he nears, cameras redirecting guards just before he's spotted.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN YARD - NORTHERN FRANCE - NIGHT

A cold wind whips across a foggy train yard, the kind used for cross-border cargo bound for Spain and Portugal.

JACK RONIN, blood crusted to his collar, staggers between stacks of shipping containers. His hand clutches a plastic satchel with fake documents, a burner phone, and a small caliber pistol--courtesy of an old dead-drop Leo triggered remotely.

He reaches a cargo train just as the engine powers up.

ON THE LOUDSPEAKER

(heavily accented French)

"All security, prepare for eastbound inspection. Do not engage suspects alone."

Jack ducks behind a steel wheel well. Boots stomp nearby. MI6 agents in civilian garb, moving with authority.

?? INTERCUT: SECURITY HQ - AERIAL DRONE FEED

An operator circles infrared footage of the yard. They've narrowed Jack's location. A recon drone swoops in low, scanning containers with thermal vision.

BACK TO TRAIN YARD

Jack peeks around a wheel—sees the drone.

He checks his watch: 6 seconds to cross.

Then he runs—full sprint—jumps between two moving cargo cars, rolls hard, almost doesn't make it.

The drone whips back.

Too late. He's inside.

INT. CARGO TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

Jack pants in the dark, surrounded by crates of fertilizer and machinery parts. He tears open a toolbox, finds a metal spanner.

Suddenly—

A door opens. A silhouette enters.

AGENT HOLT, a younger MI6 operative with something to prove. Arrogant. Fast.

HOLT

You were always a ghost, Jack.

But every ghost leaves footprints.

Jack says nothing. He just eyes the spanner.

HOLT (CONT'D)

You really think your kid's gonna save you?

JACK

He already did.

BOOM. Jack moves. A blistering close-quarters fight in the rickety train car. Grunts. Steel on skin. The fight ends when Jack smashes Holt's head into a fuse box, electrifying him unconscious.

Jack breathes heavily. He looks out through a ventilation slit:

The Pyrenees rise in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING VILLAGE - PORTUGUESE COAST - DAWN

A rusty smuggler boat bobs in a rocky inlet. Jack—face bruised, knuckles raw—climbs off the boat and stumbles up a cobbled path toward an old church bell tower.

A figure watches from above.

LEO (O.S.)
Didn't think you'd make it.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - SHORTLY AFTER

The bunker door opens. Jack steps inside. It's warmer here. Smells like electronics, burnt coffee, and adrenaline.

LEO stands in the middle, arms crossed, guarded. Older now, but unmistakably his son. Jack stares at him, taking him in.

JACK
Still hiding behind screens.

LEO
Still hiding behind excuses.

Beat. The room is heavy.

JACK
Thanks for the exit.

LEO
You're not off the hook. I didn't do it for you.

JACK
I know.

LEO
I did it because someone wants you silenced.

And that means you know something.

Jack limps over, drops his satchel, opens it.

Inside: a data chip burned from Holt's drone console.

JACK

Let's find out what they didn't
want me to see.

They lock eyes. No forgiveness yet.

But for the first time, alignment.

LEO

Fine. But the moment you screw
me...

You go back in the box.

JACK

I'll bring my own nails.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The bunker hums with quiet energy. Monitors glow blue in the dark. Leo works on decrypting the data Jack recovered. Jack sits in the corner, nursing a bruised rib, staring into a cracked mug of black coffee.

Tension sits heavy between them—unspoken, decades old.

JACK

You built all this yourself?

LEO

(quietly)

No.

Mum helped design the first setup. Back in Brighton.

Before the cancer.

Jack flinches. That word hits like a round to the chest.

JACK

I didn't know.

LEO

You weren't there to know.

Beat.

LEO (CONT'D)
She waited, you know.

Every day, hoping the great Jack Ronin would knock on the door like some bloody movie hero.

Never did.

JACK
I wanted to.

But if I showed up, I'd bring a trail of bodies with me.

She deserved better than that.

Leo turns from the screen, eyes narrowing.

LEO
Don't flatter yourself.

You didn't stay away to protect us.

You stayed away because you couldn't face who you were.

Jack stands—painfully—and walks toward a shelf lined with photo relics: protest photos, newspaper clippings, war crimes evidence.

He touches a picture of Leo's mother, holding a young boy—Leo at 5, beaming.

JACK
She was stronger than I ever was.

And smarter.

Tried to make me quit the game more than once.

Said one day it would eat me whole.

LEO
Did it?

JACK
Not yet.

But it's hungry.

A long silence.

LEO
So what now?

You break a few necks, burn a few buildings, then disappear again?

JACK

No.

Not this time.

LEO

Why? Because now you need me?

JACK

Because they tried to erase me.

And the only person keeping my name alive...
is someone who hates it.

Leo leans forward, voice low but cutting.

LEO

I don't hate your name.

I hate that I share it.

Silence.

Jack doesn't argue. He simply nods.

JACK

Fair enough.

He walks back to his seat, slow, deliberate.

JACK (CONT'D)

But blood's not about names.

It's about the fight you choose.

Leo stares at him.

For the first time, something flickers in his expression—recognition.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIENNA - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

SIGNATURE AERIAL SHOT:

The gilded skyline of Vienna sparkles under the moonlight. The Danube River winds silently through the city like a ribbon of glass. We push in toward a grand 19th-century banking hall, lit up like a palace.

SUPER: VIENNA, AUSTRIA

INT. SAFEHOUSE - EARLIER THAT DAY

Jack and Leo hover over a blueprint of the Ostermann Trust, a private investment bank that launders money for Kestrel Dynamics.

LEO

The ledger's not digital. Analog.

Which means no firewalls, no remote theft.

JACK

Why would they keep it old school?

LEO

Because it's blackmail. They want physical proof—photos, signatures, voice-printed vault access.

He points to a section of the blueprint.

LEO (CONT'D)

They're hosting a closed-door gala for high-net donors tonight.

The bank director—Oskar Henning—keeps the ledger in a biometric vault beneath his office.

JACK

And he's paranoid.

LEO

Worse. Ex-Stasi.

Runs his floor like it's 1984.

JACK

So what's the plan?

LEO

We don't storm the building.

We walk in like we belong.

Jack raises an eyebrow.

JACK
You clean up nice?

LEO
Only when I'm stealing things from
the rich.

INT. OSTERMANN TRUST - GRAND GALA - NIGHT

A black-tie masquerade gala.

Strings swell. Champagne flows. Art, antique currency, and priceless war relics line the hall.

Jack-hair slicked back, tailored tux, a scar just barely visible on his neck-moves through the crowd like a coiled weapon.

Leo-clean-shaven, crisp suit, hidden earpiece, posing as a Euro-royalty trust fund brat-blends seamlessly, cocktail in hand.

Leo distracts the retina scanner with a 3D-printed prosthetic lens.

Jack slips past the side corridor, clocks the guards' rotation with precise timing.

LEO (IN EARPIECE)
Left in three... two... one-go.

That's your window. Don't be slow.

JACK
You get that from your mother too?

They descend into the restricted lower floor. Marble turns to steel.

Security thickens. Jack neutralizes a guard with a sleeper hold, hiding the body.

Leo hacks a control panel with a USB dongle disguised as a cufflink.

LEO
Okay, vault door's on a 90-second
loop once I trip this.

You'll have to be fast.

JACK
Always am.

They reach the vault—slick titanium, biometric handprint required.

JACK (CONT'D)
How do we bypass this?

LEO
We don't. We borrow the hand.

CUT TO: Jack dragging Oskar Henning unconscious, one hand in a latex glove.

JACK
Guy's a pervert. Caught him mid-handshake with a hostess.

Vault opens. Inside: a leather-bound ledger, black pages with names, payments, signatures, photos—a killbook of corruption.

CUT TO:

INT. EXIT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

ALARM SOUNDS.

Kestrel's security AI has flagged the vault breach. Red lights. Blaring klaxons.

LEO
That wasn't supposed to happen.

JACK
Welcome to my world.

They race up a hidden staircase as mercs in tactical gear flood the floor.

Jack covers their exit, taking out three guards with brutal, efficient violence—disarming one with a wine bottle, using another's head to break the glass railing.

Leo hacks a service elevator override, sweating bullets.

LEO
This isn't hacking—it's piano under fire!

JACK (FIRING)
Then play something sharp.

They dive into the lift as the doors close, riddled with bullets.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIENNA ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Leo emerge onto the roof. Below them: chaos.

A waiting helicopter rises into frame—Ilsa at the controls.

ILSA (VIA HEADSET)
You idiots always this loud?

Jack pulls Leo in.

JACK
He gets it from his mother.

As they lift off, the Viennese skyline glows below.

Leo holds the ledger. Jack clutches his side.

LEO
We just pissed off half the
intelligence world.

JACK
Then we're doing something right.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. BALKANS - MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - NIGHT - 14 YEARS AGO

Snowflakes spiral in the wind over a burned-out village, tucked in a war-ravaged mountain range. Smoke curls from shattered windows. Dogs bark in the distance. NATO isn't here yet.

SUPER: Kosovo-Serbian Border - 14 Years Ago

JACK RONIN (late 30s) and SOFIA LANG (mid-30s) crouch in the ruins of a half-collapsed barn. Both wear tactical gear, faces smeared with ash, breathing in sync like old predators.

Sofia peeks through a thermal scope.

LANG

Target's inside the chapel. Alone.

Thermal signature confirms.

Heart rate's spiked. He knows we're coming.

JACK

Then let's give him what he's
afraid of.

They speak with battlefield intimacy—no wasted words.

LANG

You do the drop. I'll prep the kill
feed for London.

Jack slides in a flash drive and checks his suppressed
sidearm.

JACK

And if he talks?

LANG

He won't.

CUT TO:

INT. ORTHODOX CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

A beautiful but desecrated chapel—icons defaced, bullet holes
through saints. Jack enters from the side. The target, a
Serbian warlord, kneels beneath a shattered crucifix.

Jack moves fast. Neutralizes two guards. Pistol against the
back of the warlord's head.

WARLORD (IN SERBIAN)

I have names. Americans. Deals you
don't understand.

JACK

Then start speaking.

LANG (OVER COMMS)

Jack, I'm in the uplink. London
says confirm kill. No capture.

JACK (INTO COMMS)
He's talking. Let me pull it.

LANG
Negative. Orders are final.

JACK
Then they're wrong.

LANG
Don't go soft now. This man
trafficked children. He doesn't
deserve a second breath.

JACK
And if he's sitting on evidence
about Langley black sites?

Silence.

EXT. CHAPEL - ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Lang stands in the snow, headset crackling. Her fingers
tremble on the transmitter—not from fear, but indecision.

JACK (V.O.)
If we kill him now, we bury the
truth.

That make us any better?

LANG
This isn't about truth. It's about
control.

JACK (V.O.)
And what happens when you get a
taste for it?

?? INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Jack lowers his weapon. The warlord stares at him, trembling.

JACK
Start talking.

Suddenly—a SHOT rings out.

The warlord drops—bullet through the eye.

Jack whirls around.

Lang stands in the doorway, pistol raised, emotionless.

LANG
You were compromised.

JACK
You made the call without command.

LANG
Command doesn't always know what's best.

Jack stares at her, stunned.

LANG (CONT'D)
We clean the messes, Jack. Not make more of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGELINE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jack walks away alone through the snow. Lang watches from above, eyes unreadable.

LANG (V.O.)
You had potential.

But you let morality get in the way of efficiency.

JACK (V.O.)
And you lost the last part of yourself that made you human.

LANG (V.O.)
That was the point.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. KESTREL DYNAMICS HQ - NIGHT

Lang stands at a giant glass table, lit from beneath. Vienna breach photos spill across the surface. Surveillance stills of Jack and Leo escaping the gala.

She places the old Kosovo flash drive on the table beside them.

LANG (TO HERSELF)
You never could finish a job.

But I will.

Her eyes flick to a monitor showing Leo's encrypted location pinging once—then vanishing again.

LANG (TO ASSISTANT) (CONT'D)
Prep a clean team. I want them
both, alive.

I want the boy to watch him break.

CUT TO:

INT. REMOTE SAFEHOUSE - PORTUGUESE HILLS - SUNSET

A small stone cottage nestled into the hillside, surrounded by wild rosemary and broken fences. The sun dips behind golden trees. Quiet. Peaceful. For now.

Inside: sparse but warm. Old wine bottles, patched walls, a humming radio tuned to some old Fado ballad.

LEO stands in the kitchen, burning eggs in a pan.

JACK sits at the table, shirt off, bandaging a bruised rib.

Leo watches him wince.

LEO
You're too old for this shit.

JACK
Been too old for ten years. Doesn't
change a thing.

Beat.

LEO
You didn't kill that warlord in
Kosovo.

Jack looks up—surprised.

LEO (CONT'D)
I read Lang's old field logs.
Scraped them from a ghost server
buried under a Baltic bitcoin farm.

JACK
You always did your homework.

LEO
Why didn't you pull the trigger?

JACK
Because monsters don't kill
monsters.

They let them rot and talk.

(beat)

Lang wanted blood.

I wanted leverage.

LEO
But you still walked away.

JACK
Because she crossed the line...

and I realized I'd drawn mine in sand.

Leo tosses the pan in the sink.

LEO
You ever think about coming back?

To us?

Jack exhales.

JACK
Every day.

But I thought showing up would put a target on your mum's
back.

LEO
It did anyway.

Only difference is—you weren't there to stop it.

Jack nods. No defense. Just shame.

Leo leans against the wall, arms crossed. Then—

LEO (CONT'D)
She told me once... you were a good
man who did bad things for worse
people.

JACK
She wasn't wrong.

LEO
Are you still him?

A moment.

JACK
No.

But I remember how he thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The moon rises. Owls echo in the trees. All seems still.

Then—a low HUM in the distance. Unnatural.

CUT TO: INFRARED POV - Lang's CLEAN TEAM moves through the trees in stealth gear, heartbeat dampeners glowing red.

A team of six elite operators, fanned out in silent formation. They're armed with non-lethal capture tech: stun rounds, sonic disorienters, pressure wave grenades.

One of them signs:

"TARGETS INSIDE. GO QUIET.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Leo is seated at his laptop, decrypting the next page of the ledger. Jack eyes the window. Something's wrong.

JACK
Power's too clean. Signal's spiking.

LEO
You paranoid, or—

Then:

POP.

All power cuts. Lights die.

Only screen glow remains.

JACK (LOW)
Too late.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - COMBAT SEQUENCE

DOORS BURST IN.

The Clean Team enters from two sides—silent, ghostlike.

FLASH GRENADE rolls in—Leo dives behind the couch. Jack throws the table forward as a barricade and yanks Leo down.

JACK
Move!

A clean agent tries to tase Jack—Jack grabs his wrist, flips him into the wall, breaks his collarbone with a chair leg.

Another agent pins Leo—almost injects him—until Jack throws a ceramic teapot with surgical aim. Cracks the helmet.

Leo scrambles, grabs a dropped shock baton, and fries another agent mid-lunge.

LEO
Why do they want me alive?!

JACK
Because breaking me in front of you
is better than killing me.

They fall back into the kitchen hallway.

Leo yells:

LEO
I've got a backdoor—two kilometers
west, through the ravine.

JACK
Then run.

LEO
What about you?

JACK
Go. I'll slow them down.

LEO
Not this time, old man.

Jack cocks an eyebrow—unexpected pride.

They launch together—Jack with a frying pan, Leo with a fire extinguisher.

Pure chaos. Improvised carnage.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORESTED RAVINE - NIGHT

Jack and Leo tear through the brush, panting, bleeding.

Gunfire behind them.

They reach an old concrete tunnel entrance—Leo pulls off a panel, revealing a hidden drop-box tunnel that leads to an underground smuggler route.

They slide in.

Above them, Lang's team arrives—seconds too late.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT - SAME TIME

SOFIA LANG watches it all from her surveillance rig.

She doesn't flinch. She just tilts her head.

LANG
Get eyes on where they're going
next.

And prep the Prague asset.

(beat)

If the boy won't break...

We'll use the father instead.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRAGUE - SIGNATURE AERIAL SHOT - DUSK

A golden haze settles over Prague's gothic skyline. The Charles Bridge stretches across the Vltava River. Cathedral spires pierce the clouds. Tourists below snap photos. But above them—the game tightens.

SUPER: PRAGUE - 48 HOURS LATER

INT. RIVERSIDE APARTMENT - EVENING

A modern loft overlooking the water—glass, stone, art. Sparse, controlled. Owned by Martin Straka, a Czech intelligence analyst who used to run ghost ops for NATO. He's the contact Leo reached out to before the Vienna job.

MARTIN STRAKA (50s), weathered but sharp, welcomes them in. He limps slightly. A cane by the door.

STRAKA

Ronin. The myth himself.

You were taller in the files.

JACK

And you were dead.

STRAKA (GRINS)

Almost. But too petty for heaven.

Leo shakes his hand.

LEO

Thanks for responding. The ledger's heating up. Kestrel's tracking us by scent now.

STRAKA

I've got an isolated terminal in the cellar.

Encrypted. Off-grid. It'll give us time.

Jack watches him closely. Something's off. Too smooth.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - CELLAR ROOM - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Old stone walls. Monitors rigged with analog relays and vintage comms gear.

Leo sits down, uploads a portion of the ledger data. Straka leans in.

STRAKA

These names... these aren't just clients.

They're governors. Judges. CEOs. You have no idea how many nations fall if this goes public.

LEO

That's the idea.

STRAKA

What if I said you had leverage now?

Real power? What if we used this—surgically?

Jack steps in, tense.

JACK

That wasn't the deal.

STRAKA (TO JACK)

You still think in exit wounds and cover IDs.

The game changed. Information is a scalpel now.

JACK

You want to bargain with snakes. I came to kill them.

Straka smiles again. He's stalling.

LEO

What's going on?

Suddenly—Jack's eyes catch a reflection in a wine bottle on the shelf. A micro-lens camera. Recording. Live.

JACK
Leo—DOWN!

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER - TRAP SPRUNG

The ceiling above them detonates inward. Tear gas floods the room. Doors seal.

STRIKA BACKS AWAY—hands up.

STRAKA
It's not personal, Jack.

Lang offered me immunity. She offered him a life.

LEO
You bastard.

STRAKA
She said you'd come here looking
for an anchor.

You're running out of rope.

Jack grabs Leo—smashes through a basement wall with an old battering ram Straka kept from Kosovo. They fall into a coal chute and vanish into darkness.

?? SCENE 29 - INT. FLOODED UTILITY TUNNELS - BELOW PRAGUE - NIGHT

Wet. Black. Endless.

Leo gasps for air. Jack helps him up.

LEO
I liked him.

JACK
That's how traps work.

They walk on in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jack and Leo walk in silence, their boots echoing through the flooded dark.

A beat of stillness.

The adrenaline fades.

Leo leans against the wall, exhausted. Jack watches him carefully.

JACK

She kept you strong, didn't she?

Leo doesn't answer.

He just looks away—eyes distant, unfocused.

FLASHBACK - EXT. SMALL COASTAL HOUSE - BRIGHTON - DAY (16 YEARS AGO)

Sunlight spills across a back garden. Wind chimes sing softly. Flowers bloom in cracked pots.

A 6-year-old Leo, with shaggy hair and a wooden toy sword, chases shadows across the grass.

His mother, LENA (early 30s), sits on a blanket, painting a birdhouse. She wears an oversized sweater, sleeves rolled up. Radiant, tired, beautiful.

YOUNG LEO

Mum! I found a knight's helmet in the garage!

LENA

Did you? Then we'll need a castle, won't we?

She tickles him as he collapses into her lap. He clutches a photo—a grainy, faded image of Jack in military fatigues.

YOUNG LEO

When's Dad coming home?

Lena freezes—just for a second. Then smiles, pulling Leo close.

LENA
He's out protecting the world,
love.

But he carries you right here.

She touches Leo's chest. Then his own hand follows hers.

YOUNG LEO
You think he remembers me?

LENA
Every day.

And one day, when the world's quiet...
he'll come home and tell you every story.
Leo's eyes shine with belief.

LENA (CONT'D)
Until then, you've got me.

And that's enough for both of us.

She kisses his forehead. The wind blows gently through the trees.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL

Leo exhales, eyes misted.

LEO
She never stopped believing in you.

Even when I did.

Jack lowers his head.

JACK
I didn't deserve it.

LEO
You didn't.

But that's what made it real.

A long pause. They sit side by side, backs against the tunnel wall.

LEO (CONT'D)
You're not the man she loved
anymore.

But you might still be the father I needed.

Jack looks at him.

JACK
I'll take that... if you'll let me
earn it.

Leo nods once.

LEO
Let's start by staying alive.

They rise-together.

CUT TO:

INT. KESTREL DYNAMICS - OPERATIONS CHAMBER - NIGHT

The war room is dark, lit by holographic maps and flickering intel streams. Lang stands alone before a digital wall showing Jack and Leo's current triangulated path through Eastern Europe.

A door opens behind her.

Enter LUCIAN KELLER (50s), once a field operative, now a living ghost. One eye white from nerve damage. Skin mottled with burn scars. Face sharp as a broken blade.

LANG
Mr. Keller.

They told me you were dead.

LUCIAN
Only the part that cared about
orders.

Lang walks toward him-unafraid.

LANG

You were Jack Ronin's second on the ground in Palmyra, yes?

LUCIAN

Until he abandoned me to die for a failed mission and a government that didn't want headlines.

LANG

You see the irony?

She taps a screen—images flash: Jack and Leo escaping the Vienna gala, evading the Prague trap, exposing the ledger piece by piece.

LANG (CONT'D)

He always thought he was the exception.

The soldier with a conscience.

The killer who loved just enough to suffer.

Lucian steps closer, eyes burning.

LUCIAN

And now he's dragging his bastard son into it.

Lang places a steel case on the table. Opens it.

Inside: custom weapons, nerve disruptors, and an injection device with bio-trigger tech.

LANG

I want them both alive. But I want Jack to think he's dying first.

Take away the strength, leave only the memory.

LUCIAN

I can give him that.

I'll peel back everything he thinks makes him a man.

LANG

Good. Because when you're done...

he'll look at that boy and see himself.

And it will be the last thing he ever regrets.

Lucian closes the case.

LUCIAN
When do I leave?

LANG
You already have.

CUT TO:

INT. KESTREL DYNAMICS - PRIVATE STRATEGIC CHAMBER - NIGHT

Low-lit. Private. A far cry from the sterile war room. This chamber is lined with screens looping Jack and Leo's most recent movements: Vienna, Prague, underground.

SOFIA LANG stands by the glass, staring out at a digital skyline simulation of future world instability.

A door HISSES open behind her.

Enter CASSIA VALE (mid-30s), dangerous, elegant, and stunning. A former British intelligence asset turned off-the-grid operative. Tight combat wear under a designer trench coat. Eyes like polished obsidian. She walks with too much grace to trust.

LANG
Cassia Vale.

Still know how to make an entrance.

CASSIA
I heard you were hiring old flames
with unfinished business.

Lang turns, a rare flicker of amusement on her lips.

LANG
He'll never trust you.

CASSIA
He never did.

But that never stopped him from wanting to.

Lang gestures toward a nearby monitor. It shows Jack and Leo escaping the Prague trap, bleeding but alive.

LANG
He's a wounded dog now. Cornered.
Stubborn.

But if anyone can get close—it's the woman who almost made him stay.

CASSIA
I lied to him once.

He nearly put a bullet in me.

LANG
And he still watched you bleed and
couldn't walk away.

(beat)
LANG (CONT'D)
We need the boy alive. Jack?

Break him. Or bring him in shattered.

Cassia closes the distance to the screen, watching Jack move on the footage—limping, tense, protective.

Her voice softens—half truth, half strategy.

CASSIA
He used to hum when he cleaned his
rifle.

Old Motown tunes.

That man's still in there. Somewhere.

Lang tilts her head, appraising.

LANG
You still in love with him?

CASSIA
I don't know.

But I know how he breathes when he's lying.

And I know what he regrets at 3 a.m.

LANG
Good.

Because I don't need a mercenary. I need a ghost from his past.

A face he can't kill, even when he should.

Cassia picks up a black keycard, an encrypted biometric access pass.

CASSIA
Where do I find him?

LANG
You won't have to.

He'll come to you.

He always does.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MONASTERY - EDGE OF SLOVAKIA - NIGHT

A crumbling 13th-century monastery, repurposed as a final staging ground. Moss creeps through the stones. A single camp lantern flickers, illuminating walls once painted with saints—now scorched with time.

JACK is meticulously cleaning his gear: sidearm, spare mags, silencer, throwing blade. Everything laid out with precision.

LEO works on uploading a corruption leak protocol from the ledger into a failsafe device. A military-grade flash drive glows red—encrypting.

Rain falls lightly outside.

Leo breaks the silence.

LEO
You ever think about walking away?

Jack doesn't look up.

JACK
More than I thought about surviving.

LEO
Before I was born...

Was there anyone else?

Jack stops. Slow breath.

JACK
Why are you asking?

LEO
Because you talk about war like it
was home.

But I've never heard you talk about love.

Jack sets his weapon down. Looks at Leo now.

JACK
There was no one before your mum.

Not like that.

(beat)

She saw through everything.

The masks. The lies. The blood.

LEO
And you left anyway.

JACK
I didn't leave her.

I left the man I was becoming.

Leo studies him.

LEO
She waited.

She thought maybe... one day you'd walk through the door.

JACK
I thought not being there would
keep her safe.

LEO
It didn't.

Long silence. The kind that hurts.

JACK (SOFTLY)
She was the only pure thing I ever
touched.

And I knew I'd poison it if I stayed.

Leo nods slowly.

LEO
She loved you anyway.

JACK
That's what broke me.
(beat)
I loved her more than anything.

More than country. More than duty.

And that terrified me.

Jack returns to the weapon. Hands shaking slightly now—not from fear. From memory.

LEO
If we don't make it out...

Is there anything you want me to know?

Jack pauses. Then slides something across the floor.

A folded piece of paper. An old photograph. It's Leo at five years old, in his mother's arms.

JACK
That stayed in my jacket. Every mission.

Even when the bullets didn't.

Leo stares at it, overwhelmed.

LEO
You kept it?

JACK
I never had the courage to come home.

But I never left you, Leo.

They sit in silence, father and son.

The storm begins to roll in.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD WOODED TRAIL - OUTSKIRTS OF THE MONASTERY - EARLY MORNING

Fog snakes low across the earth. The rain has stopped, but everything drips with silence.

LEO walks ahead of Jack, a small drone controller in hand, scanning for thermal signatures. Jack follows with a scoped rifle, eyes sharp, senses wired.

Suddenly—

MOVEMENT.

A figure steps into view from the tree line—calm, poised, hands away from her sides.

CASSIA VALE.

Rain-slick coat. Tactical boots. Eyes soft but unreadable.

Jack freezes.

JACK
That's not possible.

Cassia gives the faintest smile.

CASSIA
Hello, Jack.

Leo draws his pistol instantly.

LEO
Who the hell is that?

JACK
Hold fire.
(beat)
She won't shoot.

Yet.

Cassia tilts her head at Leo.

CASSIA
You must be the boy.

You've got her eyes.

But the fire? That's all him.

Leo doesn't lower the weapon.

LEO
You're on Lang's leash?

CASSIA
I broke that chain. For now.

Jack's voice sharpens.

JACK
Lang doesn't send ghosts unless she
wants blood or regret.

CASSIA
Maybe I came to make sure you don't
die with either.

A long silence. No one moves.

Jack takes a step closer.

JACK
Why are you here, Cass?

CASSIA
Because you're walking into a trap.

And I didn't come all this way just to watch you fall again.

LEO
How did you find us?

CASSIA
You taught me to think like you,
remember?

I just stopped pretending not to use it.

Jack stares at her. Old feelings flicker—heat, betrayal,
need, caution.

JACK
Why should we believe anything you
say?

CASSIA
Because if I wanted you dead..

I would've sent someone else.

(beat)

But I didn't. I came myself.

Leo lowers his gun slightly—but not fully.

LEO
She lies pretty. That doesn't mean
she's not poison.

Cassia steps closer—slowly—holding out a sealed drive.

CASSIA
Lang has a counter-measure embedded
in the ledger protocol.

The moment you upload it, it burns every device you've
touched in the last 48 hours—including this one.

She taps Leo's drone controller.

CASSIA (CONT'D)
This decrypts it safely.

You don't have to trust me.

Just survive long enough to hate me later.

She sets the drive on a tree stump and backs away.

CASSIA (CONT'D)
I'll be in the shadows.

You know where to find me if it gets loud.

She vanishes into the fog like smoke.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE THE MONASTERY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack stands alone at the edge of the forest, watching the
last wisp of Cassia's figure disappear.

LEO (O.S.)
You still love her?

JACK
Love's a luxury.

Right now, I need to know what she's playing at.

LEO
You didn't answer the question.

Jack doesn't turn around.

JACK

That's because I don't want to lie
to you.

CUT TO:

INT. LANG'S BLACKSITE - SUBLEVELS - SAME NIGHT

A brutalist concrete fortress beneath a decommissioned
hydropower plant in the Czech mountains. Kestrel Dynamics has
retrofitted it with bio-locks, drone patrols, and AI
surveillance nodes. No outside signal gets in. Or out.

CASSIA moves like vapor through narrow maintenance
corridors—dressed as a Kestrel operator, visor mask down,
fake ID chip flickering on her wrist.

She taps into a utility panel and speaks into her bone mic—to
no one in particular.

CASSIA

I'm inside.

Mainframe's two floors down.

Their timing's tighter than I expected.

She pulls a folded photo from her inner pocket:

Jack, years younger, standing beside her in Damascus. No
smiles. Just survival.

She stares at it for a beat. Then folds it again.

VOICE (O.S.) - LANG

(through comms, calm and
godlike)

You were always too sentimental.

Cassia freezes.

LANG (O.S.)

You think I wouldn't leave
breadcrumbs?

Come now. I trained your ghosts too.

Cassia whispers:

CASSIA
If you're listening...

then you know why I'm here.

LANG (O.S.)
Yes. To betray me.

And I intend to enjoy it.

Cassia cuts the channel. Her jaw tightens.

She deploys a hidden signal booster behind a fan duct.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED PATH - NEAR BLACKSITE - SAME TIME

JACK and LEO, both in stealth gear, crouch behind a ridge surveying the blacksite below.

The site is imposing and buried, lights sweeping like prison towers.

Leo clutches the drive Cassia gave them.

LEO
We use it?

JACK
It's clean. She made sure I saw her wipe it twice.

LEO
That doesn't mean she didn't leave something inside.

Something... waiting to turn on.

Jack doesn't answer. He's studying the patrol patterns.

LEO (CONT'D)
You gonna say anything?

JACK
I don't want to die doubting her.
(beat)
But I'd rather die than let her play me again.

Leo inserts the drive into his secure tablet. The decryption overlay unfolds—flawless. Efficient. Like Cassia.

LEO
She's either saving us..

Or finishing what she started.

JACK
We'll find out in there.

They move.

INT. BLACKSITE - SUBLEVEL B - MOMENTS LATER

Cassia, heart racing, slips behind a crate of stacked micro-servers.

A patrol walks past.

She inserts her decryptor key into the wall. The entire surveillance grid flickers for exactly 12 seconds.

?? SCENE 38 - EXT. VENT ACCESS - SAME MOMENT

Jack and Leo crawl through an air vent shaft. It should've triggered motion alarms.

It doesn't.

JACK (QUIET)
She just opened the door.

LEO
Or the cage.

CUT TO:

INT. KESTREL BLACKSITE - CORE MAINFRAME - NIGHT

Slick walls. Pulsing lights. Electric tension.

Jack, Leo, and Cassia reach the heart of the fortress—a circular chamber containing the central data server, glowing with heat and humming with power. This is the only place the full ledger upload can go global.

Leo moves to the terminal. Cassia hangs back. Jack covers the door.

LEO
I'll initiate the upload.

Once it hits the secondary mirror in Iceland, it's done.

Cassia watches him. Her hand hovers over her belt—near a concealed transmitter Lang gave her.

FLASHBACK INTERCUT - INT. KESTREL CHAMBER - EARLIER

LANG (CALM)
The boy is the key. Jack's trigger.

If you let him live, you'll lose both.

But if you press this...

(holds up device)

...I'll make you vanish. Rich. Clean. Safe.

Cassia stared at it for a long time.

BACK TO PRESENT - CORE MAINFRAME

Suddenly—GUNFIRE erupts outside. Lang's operatives breach the perimeter.

Leo's upload stalls at 86%. The server whines. Alarms blare.

Cassia's comms crackle.

LANG (V.O.)
Do it now, Cassia.

This is your last moment of clarity.

Cassia's thumb presses on the transmitter trigger—

—BUT STOPS.

She looks at Leo—sweating, typing, vulnerable.

Then at Jack, protecting them both with a rifle at his side. Bleeding. Breathing. Still here.

And then—

Cassia SMASHES the transmitter against the wall.

CASSIA
Not this time.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINFRAME CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Jack turns in shock. Leo stares at her.

LEO
Was that...?

CASSIA
Lang sent me to finish you.

But I chose not to.

Because for once...

I wanted to do something worth remembering.

She steps toward Leo.

CASSIA (CONT'D)
You're smarter than your father.

But you've got the same damn soul.

JACK
You sure about this?

CASSIA
No.

But I'm sure about you.

Jack stares at her—for once, not doubting.

LEO
I believe her.

CASSIA
Took you long enough.

They share a flicker of a grin. Family tension... fading.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINFRAME - FINAL MOMENTS

Upload hits 100%.

Global flashpoints begin blinking across the screen: Zurich, Tokyo, D.C., Buenos Aires. The ledger has gone live.

The lights in the room flicker—system overload.

LANG (V.O.)

Cassia... you chose wrong.

CASSIA (INTO COMMS)

No. I chose free.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKSITE UTILITY PASSAGE - POST-UPLOAD - NIGHT

Low light. After the chaos of the upload, Jack is off clearing the escape route. Cassia and Leo wait together in a side corridor, catching their breath.

Sparks drip from a blown fuse box nearby. Sirens are still faintly wailing in the distance.

Cassia is leaning against a wall, wiping blood from her temple. Leo crouches on a broken crate, holding his shoulder—bruised but not broken.

They sit in silence for a moment.

LEO

You could've handed us to Lang.

Walked away with clean hands and a bigger bank account.

CASSIA

Yeah, well...

Turns out regret pays better.

Leo studies her. Not with suspicion—just quiet curiosity.

LEO

You really loved him?

She takes a long beat. Then nods.

CASSIA
Still do.

Not in a fairy tale kind of way.

In the kind where... you carry someone in the quiet places.

Even when they're long gone.

LEO
So why'd you lie to him?

Cassia's eyes flicker with old pain.

CASSIA
Because back then, survival looked
like betrayal.

And I thought love could wait.

I was wrong.

(beat)

He loved your mother, didn't he?

Leo nods. That part's no longer in question.

Cassia smiles—wistful.

CASSIA (CONT'D)
She must've been remarkable.

LEO
She was.

But not perfect.

She doubted herself a lot.

Tried to be both my mum and my dad.

And she never stopped defending him—even when I hated him.

Cassia looks away, emotional.

CASSIA
She sounds like the kind of woman I
was too scared to become.

Leo leans forward, wincing a little.

LEO

You know... when I first saw you, I thought: This is the kind of person who leaves a trail of broken hearts and high-value targets.

CASSIA

(genuine smile)

I used to.

LEO

But now... I think maybe you're just trying to clean up one.

(beat)

You're a lot like him, you know.

Cassia blinks. That hits deeper than expected.

LEO (CONT'D)

Same stare when you think someone's about to let you down.

Same fire when you know they won't.

A beat. A shared silence.

Cassia places her hand lightly on Leo's good shoulder—not forcefully. Just a gesture.

CASSIA

You remind me of him, too.

Not the fighter.

The believer.

LEO

Then maybe there's hope for both of us.

They hold that moment.

Then Jack's voice crackles over comms:

JACK (V.O.)

You two done bonding or do I need to come save you again?

Cassia stands, smiling.

CASSIA

Let's go, believer.

CUT TO:

INT. KESTREL BLACKSITE - MAINFRAME CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Red lights strobe. Alarm klaxons pulse. The upload is complete.

Jack re-enters the chamber, rifle at the ready. Leo and Cassia stand together, both changed—less guarded, more whole.

JACK
It's done?

LEO
It's out there. All of it.

They can't put it back in the box now.

Jack gives Cassia a long look—quiet, full of history.

JACK
You stayed.

CASSIA
You didn't give me a reason not to.

Jack nods once—emotion behind his stillness.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKSITE - SKYBRIDGE LEVEL - SHORTLY AFTER

The trio pushes through a skybridge—glass and steel, suspended over a deep generator chasm.

Suddenly—

MONITORS FLICKER TO LIFE.

Lang appears—live feed. Surrounded by downed security and flames licking behind her.

LANG (V.O.)
Touching, really.

The broken family reunion.

The bridge locks. Steel shutters slam behind and ahead.
They're trapped in a glass coffin.

Lang speaks with ice-calm control.

LANG (V.O.)
You never understood restraint,
Jack.

You were always muscle and conscience—two useless tools in a
surgical world.

JACK
You're bleeding power, Sofia.

You lost.

LANG
I shifted the battlefield.

The data dump creates chaos.

And in chaos... new contracts rise.

(beat)

All you did was burn down the house.

I sold the ashes.

CUT TO:

?? SCENE 45 - INT. SKYBRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Cassia steps forward, eyes narrowed.

CASSIA
It's over.

LANG
Oh, Cassia...

You were my finest experiment.

And like every good lab rat—you chose love over logic.

(beat)

So predictable. So... human.

LEO
And that's why we'll win.

Lang turns toward him.

LANG
You're the virus, Leo. Not the
cure.

Your father bred you in silence and rage.

You'll grow into him.

Into me.

Leo stares her down.

LEO
No.

I'll grow into who she was.

He reaches into his jacket. Pulls out the faded photo of his
mother. Holds it up to the screen.

Lang finally blinks. Unnerved. Slightly.

LEO (CONT'D)
She taught me something you never
will:

Strength doesn't need to destroy.

It needs to protect.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE SHUTDOWN PANEL - MINUTES LATER

Jack tears open a control panel under the bridge floor.

CASSIA
You're gonna drop us.

JACK
Only halfway.

LEO
Please define "halfway."

JACK
Underground water duct. Fifty feet.

Give or take a bruise.

CASSIA
And Lang?

Jack looks up at the monitor—Lang watching, unreadable.

JACK
She gets the view.

He flips a breaker. Bridge begins to rumble.

Lang speaks one last time.

LANG (V.O.)
You'll always be chasing ghosts,
Jack.

Even when you stop running.

JACK
Then I'll chase them somewhere you
can't follow.

He yanks the final lever.

INT. UNDERGROUND DUCTS - NIGHT

CRASH.

The glass bridge shatters—Jack, Leo, and Cassia fall through a narrow vertical shaft, slamming into a cascading duct that redirects them into rushing water.

They're swept down a pitch-black hydro tunnel, tossed like rag dolls—shouting, coughing, laughing through the chaos.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIVERBANK - DAWN

They wash up in a quiet stream beneath the forest.

Jack coughs, rolls over. Cassia stumbles onto her knees, soaked and alive. Leo lies on his back, panting, laughing weakly.

LEO
We made it.

CASSIA
Barely.

Jack leans back on a rock, sky pink with sunrise.

JACK
That's always enough.

A long silence.

Cassia turns to Leo.

CASSIA
You okay?

LEO
For the first time in a long time...
yeah.
(beat)
You saved me.

Cassia looks away—emotional.

CASSIA
You reminded me who I used to be.

?? SCENE 49 - EXT. ROADSIDE LOOKOUT - LATER THAT MORNING

A beat-up van waits on a lonely road.

Cassia steps back as Jack and Leo load supplies.

CASSIA
This is where I vanish.

JACK
You sure?

CASSIA
I'll resurface when the world's
ready for someone who almost did
the right thing.

Leo steps forward. He hands her a second flash drive.

LEO
This has proof you helped us.

Use it to buy some peace.

Cassia takes it. She kisses Leo on the forehead—soft, maternal.

CASSIA
You really are the best of him.

Jack walks to her.

JACK
Cass... thank you.

CASSIA
Don't wait another twenty years to say it next time.

He smiles. She vanishes into the fog.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - DRIVING - LATER

Jack drives. Leo rides shotgun.

Silence. Then—

LEO
So...

What now?

JACK
We drive.

LEO
And after that?

JACK (SMIRKS)
We see who comes looking for us next.

They drive off into the pale light.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SEASIDE COTTAGE - SOUTHWEST FRANCE - SUNRISE

Birds chirp. Calm water laps at the shore. Jack digs in the earth with his hands, planting wildflowers.

Leo sips coffee on the porch. Cassia stretches in the doorway.

The trio looks finally at peace.

CUT TO:

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE - SAME MORNING

Leo opens a laptop—just to check the weather.

A system override hijacks the screen.

A message appears:

"YOU TOOK DOWN A WOMAN. BUT YOU LEFT A SYSTEM."

Suddenly:

BOOM.

A distant blast shakes the air. From the nearby village.

Jack is on his feet instantly.

JACK
That wasn't thunder.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Chaos. Smoke. Sirens.

A data hub has been firebombed. People scream.

On a wall, spray-painted in red:

"L = LEGACY"

Leo stares.

LEO

She had a successor.

CASSIA

No... she has an army.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

They pull out everything they've hidden: maps, burner phones, encrypted archives.

Leo traces the source of the broadcast.

The override came from Berlin.

JACK

Who the hell is running it?

CASSIA

No one we knew.

LEO

Or someone we thought we buried.

CUT TO:

INT. BERLIN - ABANDONED DATA CENTER - NIGHT

A sleek black ops base glows under strobe light.

At the center sits a young woman:

ISLA LANG, late 20s. Calm. Dressed in red.

Elegant, terrifying. A silent room of analysts waits for her command.

ISLA

You thought you were fighting a person.

You were fighting a blueprint.

She types:

"PHOENIX PROTOCOL - ENGAGE"

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN STATION - BERLIN - NEXT DAY

Jack, Leo, and Cassia arrive off-grid. They blend into the crowd. No gear. No allies.

LEO

She's not after a cover-up.

She wants to relaunch the system we destroyed—only cleaner, faster, anonymous.

CASSIA

She's not reviving Lang's legacy.

She's perfecting it.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH-SPEED DATA CENTER - BERLIN - NIGHT

The team infiltrates a brutalist cube beneath Berlin. Inside: live command center, biometric towers, next-gen surveillance tools.

They reach the control nexus. Jack sees her.

ISLA LANG.

She looks like Sofia. Stands like Jack.

ISLA

You took my mother's life.

But not her idea.

I didn't inherit her pain. I inherited her plan.

Jack raises his weapon.

JACK
You're not your mother.

ISLA
Exactly.

She failed. I won't.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVER FLOOR - STANDOFF

Isla activates a distributed drone signal, relaunching surveillance on 20 major cities.

Cassia hacks furiously. Leo races to plant a signal jamming virus. Time is running out.

ISLA
You can shoot me...

But the system goes live anyway.

JACK
Then we end the system, not you.
(beat)
JACK (CONT'D)
Leo. Pull the trigger.

Leo slams the drive into the core.

SYSTEM CORRUPTED.

Drones collapse mid-flight. Servers melt. Lights die.

Isla's calm breaks. The illusion shatters.

She slumps into a chair. Smoke rising.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP - DAWN

Rain falls over the skyline.

Jack, Leo, and Cassia stand at the ledge.

LEO
She was right about one thing.

JACK
What's that?

LEO
Ideas survive longer than people.

CASSIA
Then we just keep showing them
better ones.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S NEW HOME - WEEKS LATER

A modest cabin overlooking a lake.

Cassia brings groceries. Leo's on a call with journalists in
Colombia.

Jack sharpens a blade—then stops.

He picks up a piece of wood... and begins carving.

Cassia sees him smile—really smile—for the first time.

?? FINAL IMAGE - EXT. LAKE - SUNSET

Jack and Leo sit on the dock. No weapons. No secrets.

They stare into the water as the sky turns orange.

JACK
You saved me.

LEO
You showed up. That's more than
most get.

They say nothing else.

Peace at last.

FADE TO BLACK