

SHADOWS OF CORRUPTION

By

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FADE IN

INT. UNIVERSITY PARTY HALL - NIGHT

A riot of color and chaos. Students in outrageous costumes, masks, and face paint swirl under flickering strobe lights. Smoke coils through the air, ghostly and thick.

The camera weaves through the crowd - a masked hand discreetly passes a packet, laughter erupts, glasses shatter, bass pounds from the DJ.

Amid the chaos, TOM (late 30s, sharp-eyed, tense) moves purposefully. His sleek mask with silver accents reflects the flashing lights. His eyes scan the crowd -- alert, uneasy.

He checks his watch: 11:57 PM. Stepping away from the dance floor, he heads toward a shadowed corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Flickering fluorescent lights cast harsh shadows. The muffled bass fades as Tom pushes open the bathroom door.

INT. UNIVERSITY BATHROOM - NIGHT

A grotesque tableau: shadows flicker over a lifeless body slumped over the sink -- a male student in his early 20s, eyes wide with shock. Blood spatters across the mirror and pools beneath him. A bloody knife lies discarded nearby.

Close-up: Blood stains the sink, the floor - stark and brutal. The distant chaos of the party feels like a nightmare.

Tom's face drains of color. He quickly drags the body into the corner, sealing off the scene with police tape, trying to contain the horror.

TOM  
(muttering)  
Jesus... what the hell happened  
here?

He glances at the bloody knife, pulls out a small flashlight, scans the scene - visibly shaken.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PARTY HALL - NIGHT

The crowd continues dancing, oblivious. Suddenly, Tom bursts out of the bathroom, pale but sharp-eyed.

He pushes through the crowd, searching desperately for the MC - a flamboyant masked figure with a microphone.

TOM  
(loud)  
Everyone, stop! I'm with the  
police!

The MC smirks, raising his microphone with a taunting glint.

MC  
Police? Yeah, right. Nice try,  
officer.

He gestures dramatically, mockingly. Panic spreads; students start throwing bottles, chairs, screams erupt.

Tom's hand trembles as he pulls out his gun - firing two shots into the ceiling. MUSE (30s), also masked but with his gun out, joins him, firing into the ceiling as well.

Sound: Echoing gunfire, shattering glass.

The crowd screams, stampeding for the exits. Chaos erupts - tables and chairs trampled. The DJ cuts the music, replaced by screams.

EXT. UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cars peel out in all directions, sirens wail faintly. Police cruisers screech into the lot. Tires squeal, engines roar -- chaos spilling outside.

Officers Tom and Muse step out, watching the scene fade into the night.

INT. POLICE MEETING ROOM - MORNING

The room is tense. COMMANDER MARK (50s), sits rigidly, eyes flickering with exhaustion and anger. Around him, OFFICERS - including Tom and Muse - sit uneasily. Newspapers spread across the table display headlines:

PEOPLE LOSE TRUST IN POLICE, COCAINE INFILTRATES  
UNIVERSITIES, YOUTH'S DEATHS RISE WEEKLY DUE TO DRUGS

Mark's gaze locks onto a headline, narrowing.

MARK  
(reading aloud)  
TWO UNIDENTIFIED DETECTIVES END THE  
PROM NIGHT IN TEARS.

He snatches the paper, voice rising with frustration.

MARK  
Storm a prom, find a dead kid, then  
harass students? Chaos. No  
suspects, no arrests. Just chaos.

He slams the papers on the table.

MARK(CONT)  
Is this what I'm leading? A bunch  
of amateurs?

He glares at Tom and Muse.

MARK  
Crimes happen, culprits walk free!  
I want arrests - with evidence. No  
more guesswork.

TOM  
(hesitating)  
Sir, maybe we arrest, delay, gather  
evidence, then deliver justice.

Mark's eyes blaze.

MARK  
(cutting him off)  
Foolish! How many walk free because  
we lack proof? No matter the  
time... what kind of detectives are  
you?

Tom's jaw tightens, annoyed but restrained. Muse clears his  
throat.

MUSE  
(respectfully)  
Commander... we'll improve.

Mark flicks his wrist impatiently, darkening.

MARK  
Too late for that. Both of you -  
patrol. Dismissed.

Tom and Muse exchange a glance, then rise, lowering their  
eyes.

MARK (CONT)  
(with an edge)  
Did I stutter? Get out!

They leave. Mark turns to the remaining officers.

MARK (CONT)  
(stern)  
Find the dealer. Clean up this mess  
- fast.

He pushes off the table and marches out, tension thick in the room.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NOON

Two cars screech into the campus: a RED and a BLACK. The RED arrives a second earlier. Inside are ARON and JESSY, early 20s, radiating youthful confidence and affection.

In the BLACK car sit EDDY, average build, with JOY and MONY, laughing and chatting.

EXT. UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT - NOON

CHRIS, in his 20s, patrols lazily, checking his phone. Aron pulls into a spot next to a "RESERVED PARKING" sign.

Jessy, eyes bright, hurriedly heads toward Eddy's car.

Chris notices her, shifty, smirking creepily. He moves to intercept.

CHRIS  
(rudely)  
Hey, stop!

He reaches behind her, grabbing her arm.

CHRIS (CONT)  
This space is reserved for guests.

Jessy, annoyed, stomps on his foot, raising a hand to slap him.

Aron yanks Chris's hand away, then shoves some bills into his chest.

ARON  
We won't be long.

Chris recoils, wincing, clutching the money.

CHRIS  
(begrudging)  
Alright.

Aron takes Jessy's hand. They stride quickly toward Eddy and the others.

JESSY  
You should've let me hit him.

ARON  
(calm)  
No trouble. Let's go.

Eddy approaches with Joy and Mony.

EDDY  
Another win, Aron?

ARON  
(smirking)  
You know it.

They all laugh and head into the building.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

ROBERT, early 20s, sharp but unsettling, arrives on a motorcycle. He parks precisely, removes his helmet, surveys the scene.

He approaches three men, wary but obedient.

ROBERT  
Wrap it up.

Hands produce cash. Robert begins counting, frustration flickering.

DAVIS  
Boss, one buyer's delayed.

Davis avoids Robert's intense stare.

Robert examines bills, picks a few, then opens his bag containing tightly packed packages of white powder. He nods, carefully folds some packages, and hands one to Davis.

Davis cautiously accepts it. Robert drops remaining packages into two duffel bags, zips his bag, shoulders it.

ROBERT  
Everyone must leave on time.  
Resistance? Deal with it.

The men nod, tense. Robert walks off, cold and confident.  
They exchange wary glances and disperse.

INT. UNIVERSITY REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - NOON

FRANK, 50s, weathered but once charismatic, sits behind a cluttered desk. A flickering TV and a framed photo of Jessie sit nearby. His eyes linger on the photo, longing.

Suddenly, the door opens briskly. Frank jerks, quickly shoves the photo into his desk locker - revealing a sleek, sinister pistol inside. He hurriedly clicks the locker shut, trying to compose himself.

ZANY, early 20s, confident and radiant, enters with a bright smile. She walks over gracefully.

Frank leans back, trying to appear nonchalant.

ZANY  
Students are waiting, Sir.

Frank groans softly, a flicker of disappointment. He rises, looping an arm around her waist.

FRANK  
(softly)  
Just a little longer...

Zany gently slides away, amused and slightly disdainful. She opens the door. Frank hesitates, then exits, lingering with a shadow of longing.

INT. UNIVERSITY MEETING ROOM - NOON

Thirteen students, 23-28, sit scattered. Among them: Aron, Eddy, Jessie, Mony, Joy, Robert, OLIVE, JANE, KENNETH, ERIC, JOHN, MOSES, IMMY.

Jessie lounges flirtatiously near Aron. Eddy drops a knife onto the table with a loud clink, then coughs loudly.

EDDY  
(grinning)  
Time management's key. But trust  
me, a mini skirt helps- every time.

Laughter erupts. Jessy and Aron share amused glances. The glass door opens. Frank enters, eyebrows raised.

FRANK  
(stern)  
What's so funny?

More laughter. Frank narrows his eyes.

FRANK (CONT)  
Check the notice board for  
transcripts and certificates. Come  
see me at your scheduled time.

JOY  
Why not now?

FRANK  
(sly)  
Conditions. You'll find out soon  
enough.

Mony glances at a sealed envelope on his desk.

FRANK  
Just some surprises. Nothing to  
worry about.

Jessy fidgets. Aron gently holds her hand.

INT. UNIVERSITY MALE TOILETS - LUNCH

Emma nervously approaches, glancing around. Davis and Junior block the door.

DAVIS  
This ends now, Emma.

Emma backs away, fearful.

EMMA  
Please, I don't have it. Just more  
time.

JUNIOR  
No excuses. We need what's ours.

Emma tries to shut the door, but they push back.

EMMA  
(pleading)  
Please! I'll find a way, I swear!



Davis grabs his arm, forcing him against the wall.

DAVIS  
Why take what you can't pay for?  
Think about that.

Emma struggles, desperate.

JUNIOR  
No payments, no peace.

Emma searches for hope.

EMMA  
(pleading)  
Check my underwear. There's money.

Davis pulls out notes, counts, nods.

DAVIS  
All here. Lucky you.

Emma slumps, relief mixed with dread.

EMMA  
What was that? What are you  
planning?

Davis and Junior exchange glances.

JUNIOR  
Just a reminder. Don't waste our  
time.

DAVIS  
Next time, it'll be harder.

Emma stays silent, eyes full of fear and anger as they leave.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT DINING ROOM - DAY

The room feels warm and lived-in, filled with family photos-snapshots of happier times. Frank sits at the table, enjoying a quiet lunch with his wife MARY (40s), and daughters NINA (20) and ANGELA (18). Despite the cozy setting, an undercurrent of tension lingers.

MARY  
(smiling warmly)  
Darling, thank you for everything.

Frank gently takes her hand, his expression tender.

FRANK

(softly)

You're the reason I keep going. I  
should be thanking you-- for being  
such a loving wife and mother.

Angela, mid-bite, accidentally spills her drink, drawing a  
quick glance from Frank.

ANGELA

Oops! Sorry, Dad.

Frank chews thoughtfully, then looks at Angela.

FRANK

What university are you thinking of  
applying to?

ANGELA

I'm not sure yet. Maybe somewhere  
close.

Frank nods, pondering.

FRANK

Any place you choose. Your future's  
yours.

NINA

(quietly, with a gentle smile)

Anywhere you want, sis.

FRANK

(smiling)

Exactly.

He picks at his food, then his face hardens slightly, tone  
shifting.

FRANK (CONT)

But- there's one I'd advise you  
avoid.

Mary's eyes widen, sensing the change.

MARY

(curious)

Why? Which one?

Frank's gaze lowers briefly before meeting theirs again,  
calm but serious.

FRANK  
The one I work in.

Angela's brow furrows.

ANGELA  
Dad? Why?

Frank's voice is protective.

FRANK  
For your safety, Angela. It's not a  
place for someone like you.

Angela's face shows concern.

ANGELA  
Enemies? Do you have enemies there?

Frank hesitates, then responds with quiet authority.

FRANK  
In this world, everyone has  
enemies- especially if you're good  
at what you do.

Nina's expression tightens.

NINA  
Dad, I don't think anyone's tried  
that again.

Mary abruptly places her fork sharply on the plate,  
silencing the room.

MARY  
(firm)  
Nina. That's enough.

The family exchanges tense glances. Angela looks from her  
mother to Nina, suspicion flickering.

ANGELA  
(softly)  
Sis... what aren't you telling me?

Mary quickly masks her concern, reaching for another dish.

Nina avoids Angela's gaze, nervously twirling her fork.

NINA  
(quiet)  
Nothing. Nothing I can't handle.

Angela eyes Nina with suspicion, her brow furrowing.

EXT. BEACH - NOON

A vibrant scene: Aron, Jessy, Eddy, Joy, Mony are carefree, playing, laughing, splashing in the water. The sun shines brightly.

Eddy discreetly pulls a small blade from his shoe, tucking it away.

Meanwhile, Aron and Jessy slip away to a quiet spot.

EXT. BEACH - PRIVATE SPOT

They sit on the sand, close together. Aron gently holds Jessy's hand.

ARON  
(softly, but with conviction)  
Jessy, you're so beautiful,  
trustworthy. I love you. I want you  
to be part of my future. I need  
you.

Jessy, overwhelmed, moves closer, resting her hand on his chest.

JESSY  
I feel the same. I love you, and  
I'd do anything to protect us. Ever  
since you saved me, I owe you  
everything.

Aron's face softens.

ARON  
For me, it was a price I paid - to  
show you how much I love you.

He hesitates, voice thick with emotion.

ARON (CONT)  
Even if I died, I'd see it as  
winning. Because I died for someone  
I loved.

Jessy rests her head on his chest, both lost in the moment.

FLASHBACK - NIGHT

EXT. REMOTE BUILDING - NIGHT

A fenced compound under moonlight. A black van pulls up. Masked men drag four women-faces covered, fighting and screaming-cuffed and helpless.

The GUARD stands guard, eyes alert.

GUARD

They're supposed to be three. Who's the fourth?

One of the men responds.

MAN

She's a special request. They have unfinished business.

He pushes one woman toward the guard; the others are led inside. The guard signals an escort.

INT. REMOTE BUILDING - NIGHT

Inside, dim romantic lighting. Jessy, Mony, and Joy are pushed onto a bed, terrified. Masks are removed, revealing their faces.

ONE OF THE MEN

(coldly)

Welcome abroad. It's a three-way - courtesy of Don.

He glares.

ONE OF THE MEN (CONT)

No escape. No reports. No one will hear you.

He signals. Jessy's eyes widen as her mouth is suddenly uncovered. A slap leaves her stunned.

ONE OF THE MEN (CONT)

(gripping her jaw)

Relax. I'll prepare you.

They approach swiftly. Jessy screams as they tear off her underwear; tears stream down her face. Mony and Joy are helpless, trembling, cuffs restraining them.

ONE OF THE MEN (CONT)

(threatening)

Next time, it gets worse. Just wait.

They leave. Jessy sobs, clutching the sheets, trembling. Mony and Joy try to comfort her, tears streaking their faces.

SHORTLY CHAOS ERUPTS

Suddenly, Aron, bleeding and weak, bursts into the room, dragging a masked man and shooting him dead before the girls' eyes. They scream.

ARON

(urgent)

Eddy! Help me! We have to save them. If you do, I'll be your friend for life.

EDDY

(calm but firm)

No, Aron. You just saved my life. I've called the police.

Eddy quickly takes Mony's earrings, tossing one to Aron.

ARON

(furious)

What about no police?

EDDY

We can't do it alone. We need backup.

They rush to free the girls, chaos echoing outside.

BACK TO THE BEACH

Laughter and splashing. Mony teases.

MONY

Let's go find the lovebirds!

They race toward Aron and Jessy's spot.

ARON AND JESSY'S SPOT

They turn, laughing, as friends arrive.

JOY

What are you hiding?

ARON

(smirking)

Even a blind man could see.

EDDY  
Come on, lovebirds. Join us. The  
day's too beautiful to spend alone.

Aron exchanges a glance with Jessy, who grins mischievously. He frowns slightly but then smiles. They splash into the water, carefree, joyful.

EXT. FRANK'S COMPOUND - AFTER LUNCH

The sun beams down on a lively yard. Frank tosses a ball with his daughters, NINA and ANGELA. Laughter and the sounds of nature fill the air.

NINA  
(tossing the ball)  
Daddy! Your phone!

Frank leaps, catching Angela's throw with a grin.

FRANK  
Nope! Play on. They'll call back.

Suddenly, a sharp ring cuts through the peaceful scene. Mary approaches, holding her phone with a knowing smirk.

MARY  
Honey, your secretary again?

Frank's smile falters. He drops the ball and quickly heads toward the house, glancing back at his family with concern.

ANGELA  
(teasing)  
Looks important!

PENNY, 20, energetic and bouncing, trots over.

ANGELA  
Hey Penny! Want to play? You can  
take Dad's place!

Penny's face lights up as she grabs the ball eagerly. The others watch as Frank disappears inside, a flicker of curiosity or concern crossing Angela's face.

INT. SITTING ROOM - AFTER LUNCH

A frantic, slightly anxious voice echoes from off-screen.

ZANY (O.S.)  
Honey, why weren't you answering my  
calls? I miss you so much.

Frank, tense, whispers sharply, glancing around to make sure  
no one overhears.

FRANK  
(whispering)  
You know not to call me here!

ZANY (O.S.)  
(playful but annoyed)  
I know, but it's too much. I need  
you here... I'm a woman, just like  
her!

Frank glances nervously over his shoulder, eyes flickering  
with worry.

FRANK  
Not today. Maybe tomorrow...

ZANY (O.S.)  
(snappily)  
Do you need her permission? Is that  
it?

Frank's jaw tightens, frustration brewing.

FRANK  
Baby, please. Don't be like this...

ZANY (O.S.)  
(cutting)  
Should I come and get you for a  
meeting, as usual? I miss you.  
You're mine too.

Frank exhales sharply, strained.

FRANK  
(hastily)  
Okay. At our place, 7:30 p.m.

He ends the call abruptly, annoyed. He pulls out his phone,  
types a message: "DEAL WITH THE SECRETARY ASAP," and hits  
send.



INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

The sharp tear of masking tape echoes in a dim, cluttered warehouse. Robert, Kenneth, and Eric move swiftly among open boxes filled with weapons and packages.

Suddenly, a text notification vibrates. Robert checks his phone, then looks up.

ROBERT

Boss has a job for us. Finish up first.

At the entrance, four armed men- one carrying a briefcase--appear, their eyes cold.

ERIC

Finally.

Robert steps forward, leading them to a cluttered table. Tension thickens.

DEALER BOSS

Time is money.

Kenneth retrieves two black duffel bags and dumps them on the table. The first contains dark weapons, the second, pristine packs of white powder- cocaine. The briefcase is pushed over, revealing stacks of cash.

Robert begins counting. The dealer reaches into the first duffel, pulls out a silenced pistol, loads it, and raises it toward Kenneth's head.

The room tightens with anticipation. All eyes are on the dealer.

Without warning, Robert and Eric raise their guns, aiming at the dealer.

He tilts his weapon, pulls the trigger- BANG! Four shots crack through the air, whizzing past Kenneth's ear and smashing into the back wall.

Silence hangs for a beat.

DEALER BOSS

(calmly)

Nice.

He nods, smiling, calming. Kenneth remains unmoved, eyes blazing. The dealer lowers his weapon, zips it up, and zips the duffels.

DEALER BOSS  
Just making sure of what I'm  
buying. Pleasure doing business.

He hefts the duffels and turns to leave, flanked by his men.

ERIC  
(whistles, impressed)  
That guy's crazy.

EXT. ROAD - EVENING

A sleek red car (Aron and Jessy) dangerously close behind Eddy's black vehicle, with Joy and Mony inside. Tension hangs thick.

Interchanging car scenes:

INT. ARON'S CAR

Aron glances at Jessy, love mixed with concern in his eyes. His hand briefly clenches the steering wheel.

ARON  
(softly)  
Thanks, babe. Today's been perfect.  
You make me feel like I can handle  
anything... as long as I've got  
you.

JESSY  
(smiling nervously)  
You always do. That's what makes me  
happy.

He notices her nervousness and reaches out, squeezing her hand.

ARON  
Hey, it's just us. Nothing's going  
to happen.

INT. EDDY'S CAR

Eddy smirks mischievously, eyes flashing with daring.

EDDY  
(shouting)  
Think we should give him a run for  
his money, Jessy?

ARON  
(shouting back, amused)  
The faster wins - but today, I've  
got patience.

Joy leans out, teasing with a sparkle.

JOY  
Come on! Show us who's got the  
guts!

Mony nudges Eddy, excitement bubbling.

MONY  
Jessy, tell him! Don't let him  
chicken out now!

Aron's grip tightens, jaw clenched as he exchanges a  
determined look with Eddy.

ARON  
Alright. Let's go - no holding  
back.

He takes a deep breath, fighting rising adrenaline.

ROAD SCENE - VARIOUS ANGLES

Engines roar, tires squeal - the thrill of the race,  
dangerous and exhilarating.

INT. EDDY'S CAR

Eddy slides a small knife from beneath the dashboard, eyes  
gleaming with danger.

EDDY  
(quietly)  
Let's see who's really got the  
edge...

He places the knife on the dash, a silent warning.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The cars surge side by side, engines pounding. The race is  
fierce, adrenaline surging.

INT. ARON'S CAR

Aron, calm but fierce, exchanges a quick, silent look with Jessy, filled with love and unspoken warning.

JESSY  
(softly)  
You've got this.

He nods, gripping the wheel tighter.

EXT. ROAD

Eddy grins confidently, eyes sharp.

EDDY  
(shouting)  
Eat my dust!

His car accelerates ahead. Aron and Jessy pursue.

HIGHWAY - EVENING

Two police officers lean against their patrol car, watching reckless drivers.

MUSE  
How long do you think he'll keep  
this up? I'm about done.

Tom smirks but then notices Aron and Eddy's cars racing toward him.

INTERCHANGING SCENES:

INT. ARON'S CAR

Aron spots the police blocking the road, signaling him to stop. His stomach tightens; dread flashes across his face.

ARON  
(murmuring)  
Of course. Just my luck.

He eases off the gas, music fading. Tension thick.

INT. EDDY'S CAR

Eddy leans toward the girls, voice husky.

EDDY  
Ever seen cops on this road?

INT. POLICE CAR - SIDE MIRROR

Muse approaches, authoritative.

MUSE  
License and registration. Slow  
down. What's the rush?

INT. ARON'S CAR

Aron hands over his permit, eyes flickering with suspicion  
and defiance. Jessy tenses.

ARON  
Here.

He tries to stay calm but is clearly anxious.

INT. EDDY'S CAR

Eddy nervously fumbles, glancing between police and girls.

EDDY  
(muttering)  
I swear I've got it somewhere...

The girls exchange nervous glances.

MONY  
You'd lose your head if it wasn't  
screwed on.

POLICE POV - SIDE MIRROR

Muse and Tom exchange impatient looks.

MUSE  
We need to see licenses. Or you're  
spending the night.

TOM  
And I mean now.

Joy leans out, confident.

JOY  
I'm single - if that helps.

She winks. Mony nudges Eddy.

MONY  
Trouble here?

TOM  
License, please.

Eddy finally pulls out his wallet, hesitating.

EDDY  
Got it.

ARON  
Sorry, officer. I don't have mine.

Muse's suspicion deepens.

MUSE  
Out of the cars. Now.

EXT. ROAD - EVENING

The girls step out cautiously. Muse inspects Jessy, hands firm but controlled. Jessy stiffens.

ARON  
(voice rising)  
Officer, what are you doing?

MUSE  
Just a quick frisk.

ARON  
No probable cause.

Muse smirks.

MUSE  
Actually, I do. Turn around, ma'am.

He begins patting Jessy down. She clenches her fists, tense.

Suddenly, Aron pulls a gun from his waist, voice trembling.

ARON  
Drop it! Hands where I can see!

Jessy exhales sharply, relief flooding her.

JESSY

Babe, don't. It's not worth it.

Muse eyes him with disdain but challenges.

MUSE

Surrender now, or I'll arrest you.

Joy snaps.

JOY

Shut up! Or I will.

POLICE CAR - BACK SEAT

Eddy slides out, crouching behind the car.

Tom begins frisking Mony. Eddy quickly pulls Tom's gun.

EDDY

(urgent)

Cuff him!

Joy quickly cuffs Tom, grim-faced.

EXT. ROAD - EVENING

Aron aims his pistol at Muse's head, trembling but determined.

JOY

Please, don't do this.

EDDY

Bro, he's not worth it.

ARON

(fierce)

He crossed boundaries. It ends now.

Jessy watches, torn between fear and admiration.

JESSY

Babe... please.

Muse shifts uncomfortably, eyes locked.

MUSE

Surrender now. You don't want it to go sideways.

Joy snarls.

JOY

Shut up!

FINAL SCENE - POLICE VEHICLE

Officers are cuffed, shoved in the back seat. Aron and Eddy retrieve their guns, hands trembling.

MONY

(triumphant)

Keys.

Aron starts the engine. Tension remains.

ARON

Let's go.

Muse glares with hatred.

MUSE

You'll regret this.

The girls slide into the car. Jessie leans over.

JESSY

You're my hero. But next time, be careful.

Aron squeezes her hand.

ARON

Always.

They drive into the night, heavy with what just transpired.

EXT. JUNKYARD - EARLY EVENING (7:00 PM)

Frank's car moves behind a pile of scrap. He steps out, holding a silenced pistol, moving quietly through debris.

He pauses, eyes scanning. Through gaps, two gangs are mid-deal - a duffel on each side, exchanging on a signal. Two shots ring out, then silence. Both men slump dead.

Gunfire erupts: bullets ricochet, sparks fly. Gang members risk moving toward the bags but are gunned down. Frank remains calm, observing.

Two survivors-JACK-20s and IVAN-20s run to their cars. Jack reaches a black sedan; Ivan a white car. Frank shoots the black car's rear tire, trapping it. The white car speeds away.



Frank walks away with two duffel bags. Ivan stumbles out, bloodied, glaring at Frank. Frank fires one final shot, and the black car explodes in flames.

EXT. STREET - EVENING (7:30 PM)

Zany walks unaware. Eric's car inches closer, then accelerates, knocking her into the street. She stumbles but stays upright.

Robert's car hits her again, knocking her into the road. She collapses. Kenneth, nearby, approaches, listens for faint breaths. Her chest rises slowly. He grabs her throat, squeezing until her eyes widen and go blank.

A crowd gathers. Kenneth, cold, murmurs:

KENNETH  
"Sorry she's gone... police are on  
their way."

He leaves on his bike as sirens approach.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

RECEPTION

Commander MARK, flanked by officers, watches as Muse and Tom approach in cuffs. Their faces show fatigue and frustration.

MARK  
(firm)  
Take those cuffs off. I'll see you  
in my office. Now.

MUSE AND TOM'S OFFICE

Muse and Tom shuffle in. Muse hesitates, then retrieves a set of keys, unlocking his cuffs and passing them to Tom. Tom does the same, then drops the cuffs on the desk.

MUSE  
(quietly, annoyed)  
This is ridiculous.

TOM  
(half-smirking)  
Tell me about it.

They share a tired glance.

MARK'S OFFICE

Mark sits behind his desk, a knock. He gestures for them to enter.

MARK  
(sarcastic)  
Well, look who decided to show up.

Muse and Tom step in.

MARK  
(eying them)  
You two are the definition of 'bad decision.' Putting you back on the streets wasn't enough punishment, huh?

TOM  
(muttering)  
Yeah, I get it. That word again.

Mark leans forward, voice sharp:

MARK  
What happened? Spill it.

TOM  
We walked into a drug deal. Tried to make an arrest. They... (glances at Muse) managed to grab our weapons.

Mark's eyes narrow.

MARK  
They took your guns? Did you shoot? Call for backup? Anything?

TOM  
Too quick. They caught us off guard. We barely reacted.

Mark studies them, unimpressed.

MARK  
How many? Did you get a look at their faces?

Tom looks at Muse. Muse shrugs, unsure.

A beat.

TOM  
Too many to count. Masks,  
gloves-standard stuff.

Mark slams his fist on the desk, voice rising.

MARK  
Son of a dam friend...

He catches himself, breathing heavily, then softens.

MARK (CONT)  
Alright. Fine.

He picks up a file and hands it to Muse.

MARK (CONT)  
We'll investigate. Meanwhile, I'm  
giving you a shot to earn your  
badges back.

Tom's eyes brighten. Muse's lips twitch into a faint smile.

Mark glares, wagging a finger.

MARK (CONT)  
That's if you finish that case.  
There's been an incident on that  
street. You're heading there next.

TOM  
Which street, sir?

Mark's face hardens.

MARK  
Fool. Wish your dad was here. Ask  
at reception.

Tom mutters under his breath, irritated.

TOM  
I really hate it, how does fool and  
my dad relate.

INT. ARON AND FRIENDS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is filled with photos and trophies. Tension hangs  
in the air.

JOY  
(voice trembling)  
Aron... tonight was crazy. Were you  
really about to shoot that officer?

Jessy wraps her arm around Aron, worried.

JESSY  
(soft)  
Can we just leave that? It's too  
dangerous...

Mony moves toward the kitchen.

MONY  
We need food and sleep. We can't  
keep going like this.

Eddy approaches Aron.

EDDY  
(sober)  
Give me the gun. I'll lock it up.  
It's too risky.

Aron hesitates, then hands over the gun, eyes troubled.

ARON  
(strained)  
We should've gotten rid of it...  
Now they'll ID us.

Eddy puts a hand on his shoulder.

EDDY  
Relax. Staying calm is how we  
survive. Remember that night, years  
ago...

FLASHBACK - TWO YEARS EARLIER

INT. ARON AND FRIENDS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

A cluttered room. Aron, injured, clutching a duffel. Eddy,  
Jessy, Mony, and Joy are tense.

Eddy speaks sincerely.

EDDY  
Thanks, Aron. You saved my life  
tonight.

Aron, quiet, nods.

ARON  
I didn't really know you, but...  
thank God I did.

He glances at Jessy.

ARON  
I love you. You're my family now.

He opens the duffel, revealing cash. The mood shifts.

ARON  
This money's for silence. No  
police, no questions. We stay in  
control.

They nod.

Aron moves to a family photo, tips it down, sits back.

ARON  
My parents died in a farm house. No  
cause. Your girls are from South  
Africa. Eddy has a sister. From now  
on, we're family. We invest and  
move forward.

They agree.

EDDY  
You're my family now, too.

They nod, silent.

ARON  
No more drugs. No clubbing unless  
we're together. Keep low. Bury  
this.

BACK TO:

INT. ARON AND FRIENDS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The girls return with food. Eddy gently puts an arm around Aron.

EDDY  
(soft)  
We all have demons. Let's put this  
behind us.

Aron looks conflicted. Jessy squeezes his hand. Mony observes quietly. They eat in tense silence, the night heavy with unspoken fears.

INT. POLICE STATION - MARK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mark sits at a cluttered desk, tired but alert, flipping through files. The scent of stale coffee hangs in the air.

The door opens; Tom and Muse enter, exchanging guarded glances. Muse places a folder and photos on the desk.

MUSE

Sir, the photos from Zany's scene.  
She's the only one involved.

He slams the photos onto the desk. The images show Zany's bloodied, lifeless body amid wreckage.

Mark's expression darkens, eyes flicking over the brutal images.

MARK

(low)

She's barely recognizable.

He leans forward, voice low.

MARK

Good. That means the case's heating  
up. Do your jobs well, and you  
might get your old positions back.

Muse nods softly; Tom responds with a quick, nervous "Yes, sir."

Mark rises slowly, walks to a shelf, hesitating as he picks up a newspaper headline and a blood-red folder. His hand trembles slightly-years of guilt weighing him down.

He studies the items, as if weighing a heavy burden.

MARK

(quietly)

Am I doing the right thing? Or  
risking everything for redemption?

A beat. They wait.

MARK

(serious)

Be very careful with this case.  
Three years ago, we got a victim

MARK  
brave enough to come forward... and  
I didn't do enough.

FLASHBACK - TWO YEARS AGO

INT. COURTROOM. DAY

A judge pounds the gavel. Mark stands among officers. Across from him, Barbara, early 20s, sits defiantly with her parents. Frank, Nina, Mary, and Eddy are present.

JUDGE  
(booming)  
Mr. Frank, NOT GUILTY!

Murmurs ripple through the courtroom. Shock, outrage.

JUDGE  
(cont)  
Instead of damages, I propose a  
resolution.

Frank rises confidently.

FRANK  
I want a public apology. I want her  
and her parents to kneel and beg  
forgiveness.

Gasps. Barbara's father drops to his knees, furious. Barbara pulls him up, defiant. Her mother looks angry.

Frank smiles, satisfied. Mark watches with disgust as they leave.

BACK TO:

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mark feels the weight of silence, an unspoken apology--both to her and himself.

MUSE  
(leaning in)  
Why?

Mark walks slowly, distant.

MARK  
Because my life and my family  
mattered more than that case.

He's caught in a moral conflict-duty or self-preservation.

The officers sit silently, absorbing his confession.

MARK  
(low, trembling)  
Don't engage this guy. Not until  
you're sure you can handle it.

They nod, silent.

MARK  
(steely)  
The evidence must be undeniable.  
Anything less is useless.

TOM  
We might need a team, sir.

Mark considers, lips pressed tight.

MARK  
Watertight. No mistakes. Every slip  
could be fatal.

TOM  
(confused)  
Watertight?

MUSE  
Trustworthy. Untouchable.

Mark slaps the desk.

MARK  
Exactly. No room for error. Use the  
funds wisely.

He looks away, burdened.

MARK  
(softly)  
That's all.

The officers leave, exchanging serious looks. Mark remains,  
haunted.



INT. ARON'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

The restaurant hums with activity. Joy and Jessy work efficiently, focused. Aron enters, authoritative.

ARON  
Let's finish quickly. No delays.

JESSY  
(impatient)  
Just focus on the orders.

Aron joins Eddy at the counter. Mony assists nearby.

JOY  
Too many orders! Jessy, help serve?

MONY  
I can give a hand.

They work swiftly. Phiona, a striking woman in her 20s, approaches nervously.

EDDY  
Hello, sis.

PHIONA  
Where's Aron?

Eddy looks tense.

EDDY  
He'll be back soon.

Aron exits with the last order, locking eyes with Phiona. Jessy approaches, concerned.

JESSY  
Where's Aron?

EDDY  
He'll be back.

Jessy frowns, Eddy distracted spills coffee to a customer.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Aron runs down the sidewalk, scanning for Phiona. She spots him, voice trembling.

PHIONA  
Wait. Can we talk?

He stops, guarded.

ARON  
What's this about?

PHIONA  
A business deal.

ARON  
Your last deal was to save your  
brother for Jessy.

She gathers courage.

PHIONA  
I love you. I've loved you for a  
while.

Aron softens, conflicted.

ARON  
Phi, I care. But I'm with Jessy. I  
love her. Please understand.

Suddenly, Jessy appears, furious, grabbing Phiona by the  
hair. They fight-shouting, shoving.

Aron rushes to break it up. Phiona slips, hurt.

Eddy arrives, helping her.

EDDY  
Don't you ever touch my sister  
again!

Aron pulls Jessy away.

JESSY  
Next time, I won't hold back.

Aron sighs, torn.

ARON  
Sorry. Eddy, get her help.

He runs after Jessy.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Frank unlocks his office door. Officers approach.

FRANK  
Good morning.

TOM  
Morning.

Frank notices their serious tone.

TOM  
It's about your secretary.

His face tightens.

FRANK  
What happened?

TOM  
She died yesterday.

Frank's face falls. He clenches his fists, eyes unfocused.

FRANK  
(whisper)  
It can't be...

Muse watches, sympathetic but suspicious.

MUSE  
It's true. Her body's at the  
morgue.

Frank breathes deeply, trying to hold it together.

FRANK  
Thank you.

He steps inside, shutting the door.

INT. POLICE CAR - MORNING

Muse and Tom sit quietly. The footsteps of approaching officers.

MUSE  
Strange-her death was same as other  
secretary's.

TOM  
Coincidence?

Muse nods.

MUSE  
I think we're dealing with someone  
too smart to be caught.

Tom looks skeptical.

TOM  
  
Don't jump to conclusions. Maybe we're wrong. Maybe he's  
just that clever.

MUSE  
(Firmly)  
Fool. He is smart

Tom's jaw tightens, frustration bubbling.

TOM  
  
I hate that attitude. And I hate  
that I'm even listening to this.

Without warning, Tom pushes the door open and steps out,  
slamming it behind him. Muse watches him go, exhaling  
slowly.

MUSE  
  
Get back in. I know you need him in  
more than I.

Tom ignores him, crossing his arms, legs crossed comfortably  
as he leans against the car, lost in thought.

MUSE (CONT)  
Look, I didn't mean to offend.  
You're not a fool. Just... don't  
let your guard down.

Muse starts the engine. The engine hums to life as the car  
pulls away, leaving Tom standing in contemplative silence.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -AMORY. MORNING

Frank sits alone at his desk, eyes glued to the monitor. The  
room is quiet, save for the faint hum of electronics. He  
stands, moves to a nearby shelf, and unzips two black bags,  
one filled with gleaming, lethal weapons, the other  
overflowing with stacks of money. He surveys the items with  
a detached, calculating gaze.

He meticulously arranges the weapons, then counts and stacks the cash, a sense of satisfaction flickering across his face.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SECRETARY OFFICE - MORNING

Eric, Robert, and Kenneth stride in confidently, with them a large suitcase. They exchange quick glances, their faces a mix of anticipation and nervousness.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE AMORY - MORNING

Frank notices movement on his monitor, recognizes the group, and quickly rises from his seat. He walks briskly to the door, shutting it carefully behind him, it blends seamlessly into the interior, camouflaging within the office decor.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Frank appearance is composed, almost indifferent. On his desk: a large black book and a neat pile of brown envelope

KENNETH  
Briefcase, boss.

Frank nods, gestures for them to sit.

FRANK  
Sign here. Each gets \$1,000-already  
in your accounts.

ROBERT  
Boss, we agreed on \$2,000 each.

FRANK  
The rest is a fee for access. Pass  
it on.

They sign, then leave with envelopes. The scene is tense but professional.

**AFTER A FEW HOURS**

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - LUNCHTIME

Frank sits behind his desk, glancing at a photo of Jessy. He quickly tucks it away as the door opens quietly.

Immy enters confidently, locking eyes with him, a knowing smile.

IMMY

Hoping you kept your promise.

Frank smirks, a mix of nostalgia and amusement.

FRANK

Of course. First class, as promised.

Immy approaches, touches his chest, leaning in.

IMMY

Then let's not waste time.

They share a look-loaded with history-before kissing passionately. Hands unbutton shirts, shoes come off. Their bodies press together, rekindling old intimacy.

INT. ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY (LUNCHTIME)

The bleak, shadowy site is filled with tension. Sunlight filters through gaps, casting eerie patterns.

A makeshift table holds white powder-cocaine or heroin. Armed gang members move with practiced ease-snorting, lighting up.

Suddenly, a motorcycle screeches to a halt. Riders dismount, handing a backpack to the GANG BOSS, who nods. Another rider offers him more.

Without warning, gunfire erupts. Some gang members fall silently. Eric, grazed in the shoulder, kicks his bike into gear. Kenneth ducks behind cover, returning fire with precision.

Chaos spreads: ricochets, shadows darting, gang members scattering.

Officers burst in, guns drawn.

MARK

(shouting)

Freeze! Police!

Gang members are cuffed swiftly. Sirens wail. Rescue crews tend to the injured. The scene ends with police leading away the arrested gang, leaving wreckage behind.

INT. ARON'S RESTAURANT - DAY (LUNCHTIME)

The restaurant hums with activity. Aron and friends stand behind the counter, observing.

ARON  
(smirking)  
Business as usual.

Mony, clutching her phone, looks urgent.

MONY  
Campus news just dropped-big one.

EDDY  
What now?

MONY  
Students have to pay \$1,000 for transcripts.

EDDY  
(stunned)  
That's highway robbery.

ARON  
(serious)  
Worse is coming. We have a bigger problem.

The door opens- Muse and Tom enter, tense. Aron remains calm but alert.

ARON  
(mockingly)  
Well, if it isn't the police.

MONY  
(annoyed)  
Don't start, Aron. Last time.

JESSY  
(soft)  
Go to the back. I'll tell them we're out of food.

Aron stops her.

ARON  
No, I'll handle it.

She hesitates, worried.

JESSY  
Please-if they arrest you, I can't  
stay here.

He gently pulls away.

ARON  
They won't. I've got this.

Eddy watches, skeptical.

EDDY  
(muttering)  
Say that behind bars...

Jessy glares, then heads to kitchen. Aron steps forward,  
smiling.

ARON  
Officers! Welcome to lunch.

MUSE  
Aren't you the troublemaker?

TOM  
The chaos stirrer?

Aron shrugs, playful.

ARON  
Just got one of those faces. What's  
the evidence against me?

MUSE  
You took our service weapons.

TOM  
And yourself and your friends.

Aron raises an eyebrow, sarcastic.

ARON  
Losing your weapons? I wonder what  
your boss would say.

The officers exchange uncertain glances.



ARON  
Please, sit. Wouldn't want my  
customers to feel disorganized.

Tom glares.

TOM  
Your time's coming, Aron. I'll  
arrest you.

ARON  
When you get proof.

He gestures to the menu.

ARON  
Until then, enjoy your lunch.

Jessy approaches nervously.

JESSY  
(whisper)  
Be careful.

He offers a reassuring smile.

INT. ARON AND FRIENDS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is lively-laughter, murmurs, TV static. Shadows  
flicker.

Eddy leans back.

EDDY  
What a day. Nerves shot.

ARON  
We need to move the guns into the  
cars-fast.

MONY  
Is that safe? They could stop us.

Eddy mock-aims.

EDDY  
Gives us leverage. Always good.

Mony sighs.

MONY  
Playing with fire again.

Aron leans forward, serious.

ARON  
And the registrar's money? We can't  
leave it lying around.

JESSY  
Enough in the account. We're  
covered.

JOY  
Keeps it simple.

Aron frowns, skeptical.

ARON  
We need that money. And no written  
record. Just handshake.

Eddy scratches his head.

EDDY  
We could contest it, but he'll find  
a way.

Mony scoffs.

MONY  
Let's just pay and move on.

They nod. Aron pulls out his phone, scrolling.

ARON  
Let's do it. No delays.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The sounds of dinner-clattering, murmurs.

Mary looks at Frank.

MARY  
How was your day?

NINA  
(smirking)  
Fine. Can't you see it in his eyes?

Mary nods knowingly.

MARY

Some people are good at pretending.

Frank's phone buzzes. He checks.

MARY

Your secretary again?

Frank quickly answers.

FRANK

Sorry, love. Gotta take this.

Frank slides away, answering as his wife keeps an eye on him.

FRANK

Aron, why are you calling now?

ARON (OS)

Sir, five thousand deposited.

Frank pauses, then responds.

FRANK

Send me the names.

He checks his phone-photo of Jessy and the entire group.

FRANK (CONT)

Thanks. Good night.

He ends the call, stares at Jessy's face, then switches off his phone.

INT. POLICE CAR - MORNING

Tom and Muse drive through the city streets, engine hum blending with city sounds.

MUSE

Frank is clever. Getting evidence on him is tough.

TOM

What do you suggest?

Muse falls silent, tapping the steering wheel thoughtfully.

MUSE

We should raid his office.

TOM  
Without a warrant? Are you crazy?  
Boss said don't spook him.

Muse looks deflated, turning the wheel.

TOM (CONT)  
What about those guys at the  
restaurant? They work for him,  
right?

Muse shakes his head.

MUSE  
Just students.

TOM  
Even so, there's something about  
them.

Tom taps Muse's shoulder, excitement creeping in.

TOM (CONT)  
They have money. Maybe we can use  
them.

Muse's eyes light up.

MUSE  
Got an idea.

TOM  
Tell me.

Muse leans in, lowering his voice.

MUSE  
Are the restaurant group still his  
students?

TOM  
They're done now.

MUSE  
Disorganize to organize. That's the  
plan.

Tom looks confused.

TOM  
You lost me.

Muse grins mischievously.

MUSE

Ever heard: "In order to catch a thief..."?

TOM

Ah! Use a thief to catch a thief. I like it. But they've got money-they won last year's race.

Muse chuckles.

MUSE

What can I say? I'm the brains here.

Tom eyes him skeptically.

TOM

You better be.

They share a grin.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NOON

Frank stands by his desk, staring at Jessy's photo, dark intent in his eyes. A knock. He quickly hides the photo, straightening.

FRANK

Come!

The door opens. Aron and Eddy walk in. Frank's expression darkens.

FRANK

One at a time. You know that.

EDDY

Calmly. I'll wait outside.

Eddy steps out. Aron approaches; Frank slides a book forward.

Aron signs silently. Frank slides a brown envelope toward him, which he inspects carefully.

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S RESTAURANT - NOON

Joy and Mony are outside, nervously arranging tables. Two masked men slip in quickly. The girls freeze.

ROBBER 1  
(whispering)  
Get us to the money, and we're out.

MONY  
No money. We haven't opened yet.

Jessy peeks from the kitchen, sees them, and retreats, trembling, pulling out her phone.

JESSY  
(urgent)  
Robbery-call the police!

INT. EDDY'S CAR / UNIVERSITY - NOON

Aron, shaken, switches to speaker mode.

ARON  
What?! What do you mean?!

JESSY (V.O.)  
They're robbers! They want the money!

The call drops. Eddy's eyes widen.

EDDY  
Put on your seat belt!

ARON  
Let me drive!

EDDY  
No, we don't have time! The guns are in your car!

Eddy speeds through traffic, tense. Aron grips his seatbelt.

INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN

Robbers corner girls, guns aimed.

ROBBER 1  
No money here.

ROBBER 2  
Then get rid of them!

Robber 1 targets Joy.

JESSY  
(desperate)  
There's money on the shelf!

Robber 1 sees it.

ROBBER 1  
In the shelf?!

He turns to Robber 2.

ROBBER 1  
Stay with them.

He points gun at Jessy.

ROBBER 1  
Move! Don't mess with me!

Jessy, with a gun pressed against her back, walks out. Aron and Eddy slip in through the back.

Aron tackles Robber 2, grabbing his gun, passing it to Eddy. He silently takes a knife, moving toward the front.

FRONT OF THE RESTAURANT

Aron enters through the connecting door. Robber 1 has Jessy at gunpoint, reaching for a shelf.

ARON  
Drop it!

Robber 1 spins, aiming at Aron's head.

Aron drops his knife, sidesteps, grabs Robber 1's gun, and fights for control. A gunshot fires; the gun clicks.

Jessy screams.

JESSY  
(terrified)  
Aron! Ar...!

Aron catches his breath.

ARON  
Stay calm.

Robber 1 collapses, chest wounded.

KITCHEN  
Everyone hears the shot, panics.

ROBBER 2  
(nervous)  
Can I...

EDDY  
Shut up! On your knees!

Robber 2 drops. Eddy keeps aim.

EDDY (CONT)  
Aron! You okay?!

Aron takes the gun, fires, hitting Robber 1 in the chest.  
The body slumps.

He kneels, wipes the gun, places it in Robber 1's hand.

JOY  
(shocked)  
Aron, why?

ARON  
(calm)  
When you have to kill, never  
hesitate.

He looks at the wounded man.

ARON (CONT)  
Who are they?

Jessy rushes into his arms, trembling. Eddy pulls off Robber 2's mask-it's John. They exchange surprised glances.

He quickly removes Robber 1's mask-revealing Moses. The group is stunned.

Sirens wail in the distance.

EDDY  
Who called the police?

Aron rubs his forehead, deep in thought.



ARON  
We need to get statements. I  
suggest...

POLICE SCENE

Officers flood in. Tom and Muse arrive.

TOM  
What happened? Who murdered them?

ARON  
Self-defense.

Muse narrows his eyes.

MUSE  
Self-defense? Two armed men? Hard  
to believe.

He surveys the scene.  
Restaurant's shut down for now.

JESSY  
(angry, shaken)  
They attacked us. They wanted  
money!

TOM  
Come with us.

Jessy looks worried.

MUSE  
We need their statements.

Tom begins guiding Aron and Eddy out. Jessy insists.

JESSY  
We're coming.

Aron looks at her, determined.

ARON  
Get your transcripts. Meet us at  
the station.

Tom urges them out.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LUNCH

Mark faces a nervous, sweating GANG BOSS in a sterile room.

MARK

No more delays. Who's your  
supplier?

GANG BOSS

(breathless)

I don't know. I swear, I don't have  
a clue.

Officers watch silently through the glass.

Mark narrows his eyes, slowly reaching into his coat and  
pulling out his weapon. Tension thickens.

MARK

Let me remind you. Or you'll end up  
dead. Your choice.

The gang boss flinches, hands raised.

GANG BOSS

(panicked)

You wouldn't...

Mark presses the gun to his forehead.

MARK

Speak. Now.

GANG BOSS

(voice trembling)

It's the university. That's where  
it starts. That's all I know.  
Please.

Mark hesitates briefly, then withdraws the gun, sighs with  
contempt, grabs a file, and storms out.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NOON

Frank, holding Jessy's photo, watches cars pull into the  
lot. He places the photo on his desk, then answers a knock.

JOY

(polite)

Afternoon, sir.

FRANK  
(smiling)  
Good afternoon. Sign here.

Joy signs. Frank nods to an envelope with her name, then signals for Mony.

Mony enters.

FRANK  
Please sign here.

She signs, then Frank hands her the envelope.

FRANK  
Thank you. Ask Mony to come in.

Mony signs, takes her envelope, and exits. Frank retrieves a handkerchief, then Jessy enters quietly.

JESSY  
Good afternoon, sir.

He rises.

FRANK  
How are you?

JESSY  
Fine, sir.

He gestures toward the door.

FRANK  
Sign the book, then pick up your transcript.

Jessy signs. As she turns to leave, Frank swiftly wraps the handkerchief over her nose.

FRANK  
(softly)  
Shh.

Jessy's eyes widen. She struggles, stomping on his foot. He grimaces but holds firm, pressing the cloth tighter. She goes limp.

He quickly lifts her, moving her toward the bed, climbing on top.

INT. EDDY'S CAR - FRONT OF FRANK'S OFFICE - NOON

Mony and Joy wait anxiously outside.

MONY

Where is she? This is taking too long.

JOY

(peering inside)

Let's check.

They rush inside.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NOON

Frank adjusts his trousers, Jessy unconscious on the bed. He quickly tidies her clothes, then steps to the door.

JOY

Where's Jessy?

She sees Jessy on the bed.

FRANK

(calm)

She needs rest. Take her and her transcript.

They help Jessy up, uneasy.

MONY

(angry)

What did you do?

FRANK

(defensive)

Nothing. Watch your tone.

He opens the door wider.

FRANK

Now, go.

They exit with Jessy, Frank shutting the door firmly, watching them drive away.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Muse and Tom enter, spotting John and Moses with bulletproof vests.

MUSE  
Thanks for your help. Stay off the grid.

TOM  
Why help us?

JOHN  
(smirking)  
Self-interest. Career moves.

MOSES  
Speed things up.

Muse nods.

MUSE  
We're on it. Stay safe.

John grins.

JOHN  
The blood was a nice touch.

Muse grins back. Tom looks serious.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Mony and Joy pace anxiously. Dr. DAN-40s approaches.

JOY  
What's wrong with her? Please.

DR. DAN  
She's stable, but some things don't add up. She may have been involved in activities that are concerning.

They look shocked.

JOY  
Activities? What do you mean?

DR. DAN  
We did a full check-up. She had a lot of physical intimacy.

Mony and Joy exchange worried glances.

MONY  
(quiet)  
What if it wasn't consensual?

The doctor pauses, troubled.

DR. DAN  
No visible signs, but we'll  
investigate further. We'll monitor  
her closely.

JOY  
Thank you.

They leave quickly, distressed.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Tom and Muse approach the interrogation room, tense.

TOM  
I hope this helps.

They enter

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Aron and Eddy sit stiffly, eyes on the approaching officers.

TOM  
Good, you have our guns. Now, let's  
see some results.

EDDY  
(sarcastic)  
Good? For who?

MUSE  
(firm)  
For justice. We need your help.

Eddy nudges Aron.

EDDY  
These will come in handy.

Aron looks suspicious.

ARON  
They want us to do their dirty  
work. That's not happening.

Muse roughly pulls out a chair and slams it down.

MUSE  
If you want to clear your names,  
you'll cooperate. No excuses.

ARON  
(sneering)  
You've got nothing on us.

Tom exchanges a glance with Muse.

TOM  
In two days, we'll rearrest  
you-homicide, weapons, drugs,  
assault, the works. We're  
motivated.

A tense silence.

ARON  
(defiantly)  
You wouldn't dare.

Tom smirks.

TOM  
Without you, your restaurant goes  
under. And her, your lady,  
deported.

MUSE  
(dark)  
As an accessory.

Aron's face reddens; he slams the table.

ARON  
(yelling)  
Leave her out of this!

Eddy places a calming hand on Aron.

EDDY  
Relax. What do we need to do?

Muse looks at the documents.

MUSE  
Monitor Frank. Watch his movements.  
Find evidence of corruption-deals,  
misconduct, anything.

TOM  
Arm deals, drug transactions,  
harassment, embezzlement...

Aron scoffs.

ARON  
(mocking)  
If you can't get that, how do you  
expect us to?

Muse smirks.

MUSE  
Get creative. Think outside the  
box.

They stand.

TOM  
Two days. Think about it.

Aron and Eddy head for the door. Tom glances at Muse.

TOM  
(quiet)  
Will it work?

MUSE  
(calm)  
It's patience. Bait the trap, then  
wait.

EXT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Eddy's car screeches into the lot. They step out, tense.

EDDY  
We're in deep now.

ARON  
Not yet. We need a lawyer.

Suddenly, a car speeds in wildly. Joy jumps out, Mony close behind.

JOY  
(shouting)  
Aron! Aron!

She grabs his shoulders, worried.



ARON  
What's wrong?

EDDY  
(to Mony)  
What happened?

MONY  
(shaken)  
She was raped.

Both boys freeze.

ARON & EDDY  
(simultaneously)  
Who? What?

Joy hesitates.

JOY  
We're not sure, but...

MONY  
Jessy's in hospital. We think...

Aron's face hardens.

ARON  
(cold)  
Who did this?

JOY  
The Registrar.

Aron clenches his fists.

ARON  
Keys. Now.

EDDY  
Don't!

He snatches the keys. They stare at each other, furious.

ARON  
(menacing)  
Eddy, give me the keys.

EDDY  
(firm)  
I'll drive.

Aron steps forward. Eddy swings at him, knocking him out cold.

JOY  
(dismayed)  
Not again, Eddy!

Eddy kneels, trying to help.

EDDY  
It's for his own good. Help me.

Muse and Tom watch from afar. An officer approaches.

MUSE  
(quiet)  
That Aron's uncontrollable.

TOM  
(smirking)  
His friend keeps him in check.

INT. UNIVERSITY COMPOUND - EVENING

Frank walks confidently to his car, smirking. Students chat nearby. Suddenly, a screech of tires.

Eddy's car skids into the lot at reckless speed, stopping beside Frank. The crowd stares.

Eddy jumps out, furious.

FRANK  
(nonchalant)  
Can I help you?

Eddy throws punches. Frank's head snaps back, blood and bruises. Eddy drags him toward his car.

EDDY  
You predator. You won't get away  
with this!

Frank, battered, grimaces.

FRANK  
(through teeth)  
You'll pay dearly.

Guards rush over, students record. Eddy continues assaulting him, fists flying. Frank slumps against the wall.

Eddy kicks him.

EDDY  
You mess with the wrong girl.

He steps back, breathing heavily.

Frank, bloodied, fumbles toward his car.

FRANK  
(muttering)  
You'll regret this.

He drives off into the night.

INT. HOSPITAL - JESSY'S WARD - NIGHT

Eddy, Joy, and Mony follow Dr. Dan.

MONY  
Has she said anything?

DR. DAN  
She's stable, but some things don't  
add up. She's been involved in  
activities that concern us.

JOY  
What do you mean? Did something  
happen?

DR. DAN  
We did a full exam. She has signs  
of physical intimacy.

They react with shock.

MONY  
(quiet)  
What if it wasn't consensual?

The doctor looks troubled.

DR. DAN  
No visible injuries, but we'll  
investigate further. We'll monitor  
her.

JOY  
Thanks, doctor.

They move closer to Jessy.

EDDY  
Can she rest at home?

DR. DAN  
No. We need to assess her further,  
and if we suspect abuse, we must  
report it.

Joy's face tightens.

JOY  
Are you serious? We need proof.

DR. DAN  
It's complicated. We'll do our  
best, but we have to follow  
protocol.

Eddy gently lifts Jessy.

EDDY  
We'll handle it.

They leave, worried as Dr. Dan trying his best to stop them.

INT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eddy, Joy, and Mony load Jessy into the car.

EDDY  
Where's Aron?

JOY  
He might have left.

MONY  
Or he's still around.

Eddy drives off into the night.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dark, cluttered. Erik, Kenneth, Robert work efficiently.

Through a window, Robert spots Frank, limping and battered.

ERIC  
Boss? Everything okay?

Robert watches him.

ROBERT  
That's Frank... He's hurt.

Eric reaches for the door.

Frank pushes it open, stepping inside.

FRANK  
(calm, cold)  
Find anyone close to Aron and Eddy.  
Bring them here.

Kenneth leans forward.

KENNETH  
That's risky. What if...

Frank cuts him off.

FRANK  
No more excuses. Handle it.

Frank leaves, clutching a bag and pistol, determined.

INT. ARON AND FRIENDS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is dim. Eddy and the girls sit anxiously, each holding their phones, tense.

Jessy lies asleep on the sofa, exhausted.

MONY  
(worried)  
What are we going to do? he's not answering.

Her voice trembles as she glances at Jessy.

EDDY  
(calm but tense)  
We wait. She'll wake up.

They watch Jessy breathe steadily, unaware of the chaos outside.

JOY  
(fidgeting)  
He'll have to answer soon enough.

The silence thickens, each lost in thought.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Aron grips the steering wheel tightly, eyes burning with focus. His phone rings; he sees Joy calling, then silences it, turning it off.

He reaches beneath the passenger seat, retrieving a pistol with deliberate caution.

Frank's car pulls into a dimly lit club basement parking lot. Aron follows at a distance.

INT. CLUB PARKING BASEMENT - NIGHT

Frank parks, gets out with a duffel bag. He checks his watch.

Two men in dark suits approach, briefcases in hand. Aron emerges from shadows, gun aimed at Frank's head.

ARON  
Drop the bag. No tricks.

Frank hesitates, then pulls out a package from the duffel. The men open their briefcases-cash, weapons, or both.

ARON  
Give me the case.

Frank lifts the duffel; Aron fires-then a shot rings out.

FRANK  
(turning)  
What?!

The bullet hits one of the men in the neck; he drops, blood spraying.

The other man draws his weapon. Guns blaze. Aron ducks, returns fire.

Frank dives into his car, grazed shoulder. He fires back, shooting out basement lights, plunging the scene into darkness.

INT. BASEMENT - DARKNESS

Aron fires toward the fleeing car - bullets strike tires. The car crashes into a wall.

Suddenly, the car jerks forward, barreling directly at Aron. He dives aside just in time.

Frank fires shots, grazing Aron's thigh.

ARON  
(yelling in pain)  
Damn!

Frank speeds away, headlights flickering, chaos behind him.

Aron hobbles, secures his injured leg with his belt, grabs the briefcase, and limps toward his car.

The chase resumes into the night.

INT. ARON AND FRIENDS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mony and Joy hold Jessy, trying to restrain her as she thrashes.

EDDY  
She's dreaming.

Jessy's movements slow, then she opens her eyes, dazed.

JOY  
Jessy?

She looks at them, suspicion growing.

JESSY  
(croaky)  
Where is he?

They exchange tense glances.

JESSY  
(panicked)  
What did Frank do to me?

No one responds. Jessy grips Mony tightly.

JESSY  
(desperate)  
Tell me!

Mony hesitates, voice strained.

MONY  
Jessy, it was assault.

Jessy's face contorts; she pulls her knees to her chest, shaking.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Two sleek black vehicles chase a white car. Their speeds are superhuman.

The white car swerves violently, colliding with others, tearing through wreckage.

INT. WHITE CAR - NIGHT

Jack grips the wheel, eyes darting. He speeds past wreckage; black cars match his pace, trying to box him in.

INT. BLACK CAR - NIGHT

A man in a suit twists the wheel, focused on Jack.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jack's bulletproof car is under fire. Bullets ping off harmlessly. Jack accelerates, weaving through wreckage.

Ahead, a truck and roadblock. Jack slams the brakes.

Collision erupts - metal screeches, glass shatters, smoke billows.

GOD-30s and PAUL-30s arrive, pulling Jack from the wreckage.

Mark arrives as chaos unfolds.

MARK

Thanks. Where's he?

The driver points toward the black vehicles.

Mark hurries over.

MARK

Thanks. I'll handle cleanup. Join you at the station.

They drive off, leaving wreckage behind.



INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank's daughters sit quietly watching TV. Frank enters, face bruised but healing. His movements are subdued, burdened.

Mary watches him, concern flickering.

FRANK  
(soft)  
Just a moment, love.

He heads to the bedroom, leaving her worried.

She studies him, conflicted, unsure whether to ask questions.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Frank inspects his shoulder, bruised and bandaged. He looks at himself in the mirror, heavy-hearted.

FLASHBACK:

INT. COLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Young Frank, tied to a chair, bloodied and scared.

COLIN-50s, furious, holds knives. SARAH-30s, pregnant, tears streaming, stands nearby. EDITH-17, silent, distressed.

SARAH  
(pleading)  
Please, enough...

Colin's voice cold.

COLIN  
He stole my daughter's honor and  
ran. Now he needs discipline.

Frank, trembling, pleads.

FRANK  
Please... I love your daughter.

Edith steps forward.

EDITH  
Dad, don't do this. You'll lose me.

Colin pushes her aside, revealing a knife. Sarah tries to intervene.

Suddenly, FRED-60s storms in, wielding a gun, shooting Colin and Sarah. They fall dead.

Edith screams.

Frank, untied, is handed a gun by his father.

FRED  
(gruff)  
Clean up your mess. Shoot her, or  
go to jail.

Frank hesitates, overwhelmed.

Gunfire erupts-"POP! POP! POP!"-bullets ripping through the scene.

BACK TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank, trying to appear composed, enters. The family sits at the table, tense.

Frank approaches Mary.

FRANK  
How was your day?

MARY  
(frustrated)  
Missed lunch, came home late.

Nina tries to lighten the mood.

NINA  
Maybe he was busy.

Frank gently squeezes Mary's hand.

FRANK  
Sorry, love. Won't happen again.

Angela grins mischievously.

ANGELA  
You happy now, mum? He promised.

Mary softens, nodding.

The mood remains fragile, heavy with unspoken worries.

INT. ARON AND FRIENDS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tense. Eddy, Joy, Mony sit anxiously. Jessy on the couch, crying silently.

EDDY

(soft)

Jessy, you're stronger than you think. You'll get through this.

Jessy wipes her eyes, then sharply.

JESSY

Joy, give me his address.

Joy quickly scrolls on her phone. Outside, a car approaches. Everyone looks toward the door.

Aron enters, injured, clutching a briefcase. Eddy rushes to him. Jessy looks alarmed.

JOY

He needs a hospital!

ARON

(shaking head)

No. Police. Bullet grazed me. It's not serious.

MONY

We should get a doctor.

JESSY

I'll handle him. Help him to the bedroom.

Eddy and Joy support Aron. Mony watches, worried.

MONY

Are you sure? You're still...

JESSY

(firm)

Stop fussing. I'll get through it.

They move to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aron lies on the bed, Jessy dressing his thigh.

ARON  
(fuming)  
He'd be dead if I'd just shot  
left...

JESSY  
(distant)  
First aid. Online course. My mom's  
a nurse.

ARON  
(half-joking)  
That's why it hurts.

She stays silent, distracted.

ARON  
(concerned)  
How are you really doing?

JESSY  
(quiet)  
Stronger than I look.

Aron reaches out, but Jessy pulls away.

ARON  
I'm sorry. You okay?

She nods, her eyes distant.

Joy and Mony enter.

MONY  
Got his address. We need to act.

ARON  
His family?

JOY  
Wife and kids. Think about that.

Eddy steps in.

EDDY  
He's a monster.

Aron grabs a second gun.

ARON  
I want to finish this.

Eddy shakes his head.

EDDY  
Not now. You're injured.

Jessy gently presses on his thigh, causing him to grimace.

ARON  
(annoyed)  
What was that?

JESSY  
(cold)  
You're not a killer.

He stares, angry and pained.

ARON  
He has to pay.

They sit in silence. Eddy looks at the case of cash.

EDDY  
This is ours-for now.

Joy approaches Jessy.

JOY  
Can I talk to you in private?

Jessy nods, Momy guiding her out.

ARON  
(to Eddy)  
Is she saying anything?

EDDY  
No. She's strong.

ARON  
That's what worries me.

He sits up, wincing.

ARON  
(quiet)  
This stuff messes with your head.

Eddy nods.

EDDY  
Let's get her some vengeance-it  
might help.

INT. MONY AND JOY'S ROOM

Jessy reclines on the bed, holding water. Mony and Joy stand nearby.

MONY  
Seventy-two hours. After that, it's  
too late.

Jessy looks at them, tears forming.

JESSY  
I trust you.

Mony gently hands her a pill.

Jessy takes it, drinking water.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

God and Paul escort a bruised, bandaged Jack to a cell. They gently push him inside.

GOD  
(firm)  
You've got 24 hours. After that, I  
won't be so lenient.

Jack slumps, eyes closed. From nearby cells, prisoners jeer and mock.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Frank lies awake beside Mary. He checks the time-midnight. His phone rings softly in silent mode.

He looks at Mary, then reaches under her pillow, pulls out a cloth, and presses it over her face. He picks up the phone.

FRANK  
(quiet)  
Be there in ten.

INT. ARON AND FRIENDS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

JOY AND MONY'S ROOM

Joy and Mony sleep peacefully. Eddy quietly enters, holding a lit phone torch and a pistol. He gently pecks Mony's forehead, then slips out.

ARON AND JESSY'S ROOM

Jessy rests on Aron's chest, his hand playing with her hair.

JESSY

(bitter)

I can't wait. I need to punish him.

ARON

(restrained)

It's coming. Just hold on.

Jessy sits up, eyes flashing with determination.

JESSY

I need to find him myself. Show him pain.

ARON

(calm)

Tomorrow, I promise.

She suddenly tenses, listening.

JESSY

Did you hear that?

ARON

Relax. It's probably Eddy and Mony outside.

He pulls her close.

ARON

(sincerely)

I'm here. No one will hurt you again.

She looks at him, then relaxes into his embrace.

INT. ROBERT'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Eric and Kenneth pack supplies. Phiona, unconscious, lies on a table.

Frank storms in, eyes cold.

FRANK  
Right on cue.

Eric opens the door. Eddy forces his way in, gun pressed to Eric's back.

EDDY  
Let my sister go, or he dies.

Everyone freezes. No movement.

EDDY  
(fuming)  
Let her go, now!

ROBERT  
(mocking)  
Or what?

Eddy senses Robert behind him. He doesn't turn.

ROBERT  
You won't save her with your brains  
splattered.

Eddy glances at Phiona's still body, then at Frank's cruel face. He's about to react when he notices a pistol behind him.

EDDY  
(desperate)  
Okay! Don't shoot. Just let her go.

He drops his gun, kicks it away. Eric swiftly decks Eddy. Robert joins, punching and kicking him.

FRANK  
(impatient)  
Tie him up.

Robert fetches rope. Eric drags Eddy to a pole, binds him.

Frank steps over, grinning.



FRANK  
Glad you made it. I've got a treat  
for you.

EDDY  
(pleading)  
Please-don't hurt her...

Frank raises an eyebrow, amused.

FRANK  
You're here to watch.

Robert retrieves a camera. Eddy looks confused.

FRANK  
Let the games begin.

Frank approaches Phiona, caressing her face, then moves  
downward toward her chest.

EDDY  
(desperate)  
Stop! Please, no!

Frank unzips himself and assaults the unconscious girl. Eddy  
screams.

EDDY  
(horrificed)  
No! Stop! Please!

Frank continues, cruelly.

Eddy struggles and screams, tears streaming.

Frank then wraps his hands around Phiona's neck, twisting.

Eddy's scream turns to vomiting.

The others are stunned. Silence.

ROBERT  
(cold)  
What about him?

FRANK  
(calm)  
Keep him alive. We still need him.  
Do it tonight.

They nod; Eddy, shaken, cries silently. Frank laughs as he  
leaves.

INT. ARON AND FRIENDS' APARTMENT - MORNING

Kitchen Jessy and Aron cook breakfast.

JESSY

Do you think working with police is  
a good idea?

ARON

(setting table)

It's the best way for revenge-and  
protection.

JOY

But can we trust them? Has Eddy  
checked in?

ARON

His phone's off. He's stressed.

Muses and Tom arrive with files.

TOM

We're with you. But we do it our  
way.

ARON

(assertive)

Exactly. No more mistakes.

They review Frank's file.

MUSE

If he reported this, he'd be in  
jail already.

ARON

(confused)

What do you mean?

MUSE

The students recorded the incident.  
We know what happened.

Everyone looks at each other, tense.

JOY

He's probably jogging now, routine.

INT. GROUP'S WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Eddy, chained to a pole, is battered but alive. His eyes flicker with resolve.

Robert, Kenneth, and Eric hurriedly pack their drugs. Phiona's body is gone.

Eric drops his bag, suspicious.

ERIC  
(low, threatening)  
Move. No mistakes.

Eddy's eyes flutter open. He sees the lock, then forces himself upright, grimacing.

He pulls a knife from his shoe, works at the ropes. They give way.

He breathes heavily, blood on his fingers, eyes burning with purpose.

He looks at the phone, pistol, and camera beside him.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MORNING

The room is sleek but tense. Frank sits behind his desk, flanked by four sharply dressed men who look displeased.

GENTLEMAN ONE  
(stern)  
This can't happen again.

FRANK  
(nervous)  
It won't. I promise.

They exchange glances, gather briefcases, then leave. Frank presses his forehead to the window, watching Aron's car arrive.

He sighs, then turns on the TV and plays a video-him violating Phiona, Eddy's sister. His expression flickers between guilt and satisfaction.

Suddenly, Aron storms in, pistol drawn.

FRANK  
(smirking)  
Perfect timing. I was expecting you. Think you're here to threaten

FRANK  
me? (laughs coldly) You'll be the  
last to laugh.

Aron's glare hardens as he sees the video.

FRANK (CONT)  
(cruel)  
Hope you didn't eat yet.

He hits play again. Aron's face contorts with rage, grip tightening on his gun.

ARON  
(voice trembling)  
You'll regret this.

Frank lunges, knocking the gun from Aron's hand. They fight fiercely-punches, kicks, chaos.

Aron manages to grab his gun, but Frank twists his wounded thigh. Aron yells in pain and falls back. Frank punches him, then snatches a weapon, aiming at Aron's face.

FRANK  
(sneering)  
You thought this would end well?  
You're no match.

Aron, eyes blazing, glares back.

ARON  
(cold)  
This isn't over. I've got plans for  
you.

Frank approaches, furious, dragging Aron toward the armory.

FRANK  
(mean)  
Ghosts are dangerous. I'll kill  
yours too.

He leans close, smiling cruelly.

FRANK  
Your girl made my day. Your ex, my  
morning. You and your friend? The  
icing.

He smacks his lips. Aron's eyes stay defiant.

Suddenly, Eddy appears, pistol raised.

EDDY

Drop it!

Frank freezes. Eddy disarms him with a quick shot, then beats him with the pistol.

Eddy grabs nearby weapons, disables what he can. Frank, trembling, watches.

Aron, already standing, grabs a large gun. Eddy intervenes, firing-clip empty.

Frustrated, Aron snatches his own gun. Eddy strikes him, forcing him to drop it.

Eddy secures Aron's weapon, then steps over Frank, who cowers.

Frank mocks.

FRANK

You fools think you've won?  
Should've let him finish. You  
better run before I call the  
cops-and don't forget my briefcase.

Eddy, expression cold, walks over, hoists Aron on his shoulder.

FRANK (CONT)

(mocking)

You're making a mistake. You don't  
know what you've started. You'll  
regret it.

Eddy ignores him, leaving. Frank watches from the window as Eddy loads Aron into his car.

EXT. BUSY STREET - MORNING

Traffic, pedestrians, vendors. A police cab pulls over.

INT. POLICE CAB - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Muse step out, surveying the scene.

TOM

(frustrated)

Waking someone over a parking  
ticket? We've got bigger problems.

MUSE  
(shrugs)  
We follow orders.

KESS-20s, a parking enforcer, approaches briskly.

KESS  
This way, officers.

Tom sighs.

TOM  
(muttering)  
One day, I'll be the boss.

MUSE  
(smirking)  
Fool's dream.

They reach the car, Kess peering inside.

KESS  
She's not responding.

Muse knocks. No movement. He inspects her closely.

Kess searches nearby, picks up a stone.

KESS  
I can't afford to lose my job. This  
girl's gotta pay her ticket.

He raises the stone to smash the window.

MUSE  
(firm)  
Don't do it. Breaking the window  
isn't worth it.

Tom steps forward.

TOM  
(calm)  
Open the door.

He unlocks the car. Feels her neck-dead silence.

TOM  
(flat)  
She's stone cold dead.

EXT. KIDNAPPING COMPOUND - MORNING

Remote, surrounded by trees. A winding road leads in. A car arrives, kicking up dust.

Eddy, tense, steps out. Jessy watches Aron, slumped in the back seat, unmoving.

JESSY  
(worried)  
You hit him again? We'll get into  
real trouble.

Eddy's jaw clenches. He turns away, shoulders tense.

JESSY  
(urgent)  
What's going on? Talk.

Joy gently pulls Jessy back.

JOY  
Leave him for now.

Jessy's frustration and fear show.

JESSY  
I need answers. Whatever it is,  
it's messing us up.

Eddy suddenly shouts.

EDDY  
Frank killed my sister! And am to  
blame.

He storms toward the garage, voice broken.

They follow, urgency pushing them.

INT. GARAGE - NOON

Dark, empty aquarium. Eddy, fists pounding, screams in anguish.

EDDY  
(voice breaking)  
No! Why?! Why is this happening?!

Mony rushes to him, holding him.

MONY  
(soothing)  
Calm down. I'm sorry.

Jessy and Joy watch, stunned.

EDDY  
(choking)  
He killed her. She's gone.

Mony hugs him, tears falling.

JESSY  
(shocked)  
Oh my God...

Eddy cries. Aron enters, grimacing.

ARON  
(cold)  
Eddy, stop hurting yourself. Next  
time...

He sees Eddy's tears, pauses.

EDDY  
(quiet)  
Thanks. Frank's mine now.

Jessy steps forward.

JESSY  
No. Frank's mine.

Eddy's eyes narrow.

EDDY  
(firm)  
He's mine.

Jessy looks at Aron.

JESSY  
Aron promised Frank is mine.

Aron raises his hands.

ARON  
(calm)  
Let's focus. First, we get Frank.  
Do you trust her?

Eddy frowns.



ARON  
Barbara sent her here. Our safe  
house.

EDDY  
She wants justice. With her, we can  
take Frank down.

Eddy's phone rings.

EDDY  
Eddy here.

VOICE ON O.S.  
Officer Muse. Come to the station  
ASAP.

Eddy nods grimly.

EDDY  
We're heading there now.

They prepare to leave. Eddy turns to Mony.

EDDY  
Are the girls secure?

Mony nods.

INT. POLICE STATION - MARK'S OFFICE - NOON

Mark sits behind his desk, irritated. Photos of Phiona's  
body spread out.

MARK  
(disappointed)  
You mishandled the scene. What kind  
of officers are you?

MUSE  
(defensive)  
We didn't realize she was dead.

MARK  
(cutting)  
That's no excuse.

TOM  
(trying)  
If we'd known...

MARK

(cold)

Quiet. Sometimes I wonder if you're  
cut out for this.

An officer enters with Eddy's team.

Mark assesses them.

MARK

Her car was found on the street. If  
you know who harmed her, tell us.

EDDY

(tense)

Right now, no suspects. We'll let  
you know.

He closes the case file.

MARK

Take them to the waiting room.  
We'll handle the paperwork.

He softens slightly.

MARK

(gently)

Sorry for your loss.

Eddy nods silently, grief in his eyes.

INT. ROBERT AND GROUP'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse is in chaos: shelves overturned, boxes torn,  
debris scattered. Eddy is missing. The team moves  
frantically, desperation mounting.

ROBERT

(voice cracking)

The entrance was still locked!

ERIC

(urgent)

He slipped in through the back.

Kenneth frantically searches shelves, eyes wide with fear.

KENNETH

(panicked)

We're dead. He took our leverage.  
Our ace. Boss...

The team exchanges tense glances, anxiety thick in the air. Robert hesitates, then pulls out his phone, trembling.

He inhales deeply, dials.

INT. HOSPITAL MORTUARY - DAY

Bright, sterile. Rows of sealed fridges. A covered body on a table.

The group stands around, tense. Aron yanks the sheet away-Phiona's face, pale and serene, eyes open.

Shock washes over everyone. Aron punches the fridge in grief.

DOCTOR  
(stern)  
Respect the dead.

Aron glares, then storms out, Eddy following. The doctor opens a folder.

DOCTOR  
Evidence shows drugs, extensive  
bruising, sexual assault.

Everyone's faces fall; Jessy crumples, clutching the folder, then gently pulls the sheet back, tears in his eyes. He leaves quietly.

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S KIDNAPPING APARTMENT - DAY

MONITORING ROOM

Walls lined with monitors showing live feeds: hallways, rooms, exteriors. A table holds evidence-CDs, drives, Frank's briefcase.

Barbara enters silently, carrying food. She connects a drive, the screen flickering to disturbing footage of Frank with a student.

Her face tightens with contempt. She focuses on the monitor:

BEDROOM ONE - LIVE FEED

Nina sits on a bed, anxious, eyes darting.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
Eat. Your rapist father isn't  
coming soon. Your actions  
matter-don't waste time talking.

Barbara begins eating her meal, eyes fixed on the screen.

BEDROOM TWO - LIVE FEED

Angela glares at the camera, defiant, eating her food.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
Your sister's fate depends on what  
you do. Stop talking-I won't  
listen.

Barbara types: "They've had lunch."

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A coffin at the front. Aron and friends sit among officers  
and detectives. The priest leads a prayer.

Suddenly, everyone gets a text: "They've had lunch." They  
check their phones, exchanging glances.

MUSE  
(leaning to Tom)  
They might know who did it.

TOM  
(narrowing eyes)  
Likely. Or at least suspect.

Muse studies the group-two boys, three girls-suspicious.

MUSE  
They could be involved. We need to  
watch them.

The priest's voice brings focus.

PRIEST  
Let us now lay her to rest.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits at his desk, exhausted. The door opens; Robert  
and crew step in.

FRANK  
(pissed)  
Why the delay? Did you clear the  
mess?

ROBERT  
Not yet, boss. (pauses) They're  
missing.

Frank's face hardens.

FRANK  
First, clean up the scene. Then  
wait for my instructions.

They nod and exit. Frank slumps, eyes dark with rage and  
fear.

EXT. SOLITARY PARKING LOT - DAY

Mourners stand in silence. Among them, PADDY, mid-30s,  
watches intently, whispering into his phone.

Aron notices. He quickly takes a photo of Paddy with his  
phone.

Suddenly, they see their cars-doors open, belongings strewn.  
Tension spikes.

JOY  
(trembling)  
Who did this?

ARON  
(focused)  
The guns are gone.

He zooms in on Paddy's image.

ARON  
Recognize him? Who is he?

They shake their heads. Aron clenches his fists.

ARON  
He watched us. We need to find out  
who he is-fast.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jack, bruised and cuffed, sits at the table. Paul and God enter.

PAUL  
Time's up. Spill what you know.

JACK  
My lawyer first.

Paul leans in.

PAUL  
No one knows you're here. Your family reported you missing. Cooperate, or you stay that way.

JACK  
(defensive)  
Never worked for Frank. Wrong guy.

GOD  
Then why did you lead officers to their deaths?

JACK  
I'm just a citizen. Don't know what you're talking about.

Paul slams the table. God slaps Jack.

GOD  
Talk.

They watch through a one-way mirror.

INT. POLICE VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Mark, Muse, Tom watch the interrogation.

MARK  
They're good. We need to crack him.

MUSE  
Let's see what he's hiding.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jack's eyes widen as Ivan enters with photos of Jack with armed colleagues.

GOD  
Is this your twin? Or do we have  
the wrong guy?

Jack studies his reflection, swallowing.

PAUL  
Again-do you work for Frank?

JACK  
(desperate)  
I was kidnapped before the deal. I  
didn't even know his name.

GOD  
Did you give him details?

Jack nods.

JACK  
Yes. But I had no choice.

Ivan's anger erupts; God and Paul pull him back.

Mark turns to Muse and Tom, surprised.

MARK  
He's lying. We need to get Frank.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LATE EVENING

Dimly lit. Mary sits anxiously on the sofa, clutching her phone, glancing at the wall clock. Silence hangs heavy.

KNOCK. The door opens. Muse and Tom enter, professional and alert.

DINING ROOM

They sit around the table. Mary's anxiety is palpable.

MARY  
(trembling)  
They left for the market this  
morning. They haven't come back.  
I've called everyone-they're not  
answering.

TOM  
Any argument before they left?

MARY  
No. Nothing.

Muse takes notes.

MUSE  
Closest friends? Any details on  
their routines or car services?

Mary gives contacts. Muse nods, then shows a photo of the girls.

MUSE  
We'll put their pictures out.  
Should find them by tomorrow.

Frank interrupts.

FRANK  
(hesitant)  
Before you do that... please hold  
off. Don't publish my daughters'  
pictures yet.

Mary looks sharply at him.

MARY  
Why?

TOM  
What's going on, Frank?

Frank glances at his phone, then turns it off.

FRANK  
(firm)  
No pictures of my daughters, yet.  
Please.

A tense silence.

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The scene is a war zone: clothes, furniture, papers  
scattered wildly.

Eddy enters, stunned.



EDDY  
They're gaining on us.

Aron kneels, inspecting files.

ARON  
Good. Means what we have is  
valuable.

EDDY  
We need a new strategy. This isn't  
just running anymore.

Aron clutches papers, eyes narrowed.

ARON  
We need to know more about his  
team. Starting with the guy at the  
funeral.

Eddy nods, impatient.

EDDY  
Leave that to me. The rest-Eric,  
Robert, Kenneth-they're his  
enforcers.

Suddenly, Aron's eyes widen.

JOY  
(alarmed)  
Oh God! They know us!

ARON  
(grim)  
We need to change plans.

EDDY  
Not necessarily. Just shift the  
flow. Follow me.

They head out, ready.

INT. POLICE STATION - MUSE AND TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Neat, organized. Photos and notes cover the walls. Frank's  
picture is prominent.

Tom pins a photo of Frank's daughters below.

TOM  
Frank's up to something. We need to  
find out what.

MUSE  
They're not giving us much. But  
we'll get there.

TOM  
(frustrated)  
Time's running out.

Muse stands, determined.

MUSE  
Let's move.

They leave together.

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank approaches his apartment, headlights slicing darkness.  
The yard is wrecked: pots smashed, debris everywhere.

He parks, clutching a pistol, cautiously approaching.

Inside, chaos. Overturned furniture, shattered glass.

He finds a note: "REGRET AND PAYBACK TIME! INVOLVE THE  
POLICE AT YOUR OWN PERIL."

Frank's shoulders slump. He grabs his wife's phone, visibly  
shaken.

He places items on the table, sitting silently.

Muse and Tom enter cautiously.

TOM  
Is anyone home?

MUSE  
He's here.

Frank, startled, pulls his gun. After a tense moment, he  
lowers it.

TOM  
What's happening?

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK  
Nothing.

TOM  
Pointing guns won't help. What's  
with the mess?

Frank rips apart the note.

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The dimly lit room feels tense. Aron stands, eyes burning with resolve. The others sit silently, phones and scattered paraphernalia on the table.

ARON  
(calm, commanding)  
We all have issues with Frank. My  
plan's the best way to handle him.

No response.

ARON  
Come on. Are you with me?

JESSY  
(smirking)  
As long as I get my shot at him.

Joy and Momy glance at EDDY.

EDDY  
(leaning forward)  
Before we finish him, I need my  
turn.

Aron clenches his fists, frustrated.

ARON  
We're not killers. The police want  
him. We need to play smart.

Eddy begins to object. Just then, Muse and Tom enter. Joy quickly steps aside.

MUSE  
Sorry for your loss, but your  
safety's the priority now.

TOM  
Any idea who might've killed her?

Eddy shifts, avoiding eye contact.

EDDY

Not exactly. But we have something  
for you.

He gestures to the scattered photos: Robert, Kenneth, Eric,  
warehouse shots.

MUSE

Frank isn't in these.

TOM

We need more.

EDDY

Those guys work for Frank. If you  
want to find him, they're the  
trail. Get them out of the way by  
tomorrow-live on air.

Muse nods.

MUSE

Alright. Do it quickly. His  
daughters are still missing, but  
he's trying to hide that.

Aron exchanges a quick look.

ARON

Fine. We'll get you what you  
need... soon.

INT. ROBERT AND GROUP'S WAREHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Frenzied activity. Goons pack weapons, boxes sealed quickly.

ROBERT

(firm)

No contact unless I say. Paddy's  
arrested. We don't know what the  
police know. Act fast.

KENNETH

(urgent)

They'll be here soon. We leave now.

He hefts a bag and a box.

KENNETH

Backup plan's set. It'll buy us  
time.

ERIC  
(smirking)  
Let them come. Their graves wait.

At the door, Robert pulls out bundles of cash.

ROBERT  
Don't access your accounts for a  
while. Contact me if you need more.

They load their gear and leave.

EXT. ROBERT AND GROUP'S WAREHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

They open the car, stash the gear. Robert and Kenneth close the warehouse.

ERIC  
(revving engine)  
Let's go.

Suddenly, sirens wail. Police cars pour in from all directions. Kenneth dives into the car, slamming the door. Robert and Eric scramble.

ROBERT  
(desperate)  
Drive! Never mind the damage!

Eric screeches into police cars, sliding through a gap, smashing his side mirror. They speed off, chased by police and a burst of the warehouse follows.

INT. POLICE CAB - EARLY MORNING

Mark, tense, on radio.

MARK  
Everyone, they'll be on the main  
road. Don't shoot unless fired  
upon. Five officers injured.  
Proceed with caution.

INT. ERIC'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Speeding wildly, sirens behind. Kenneth and Robert grip their weapons. Eric focuses.

ROBERT  
The blast will keep them busy. Head  
for the bridge.

He looks back, frowning.

ROBERT  
Why are they just following us?

They spot a news helicopter with YTV and Cody-20's camera  
lenses.

EXT. ROAD/JUNCTION - MORNING

Police block both ends: a truck diagonally across, officers  
ready.

ERIC  
(confused)  
No way through.

Officers aim weapons.

MARK (OS)  
Move out of the car! We won't harm  
you.

KENNETH  
(frantic)  
Can't we bulldoze through?

ERIC  
(dark)  
Bullets will tear us apart.

MARK (OS)  
Five minutes to surrender. No harm  
if you comply.

Eric glances at his friends.

ERIC  
Better prison than the grave.

Snipers aim at Eric's car. Officers approach.

MARK  
Out of the vehicle! Hands up!

Eric and Robert step out, hands raised. Kenneth hesitates,  
then pulls Robert's pistol, aiming it at Robert.

KENNETH  
(shouting)  
Safe passage, or he dies!

A sniper fires-Kenneth drops, shot in the head. Eric and Robert look stunned. Officers cuff and arrest them.

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S KIDNAPPING APARTMENT - DAY

The TV screen reflects her calm face as she watches the news reporting Robert and Eric's arrest. She switches it off swiftly and heads for the door.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is cluttered-papers, overturned chairs, hurried activity.

ARON  
(urgent)  
We need to get into position now.

MONY  
(nervous)  
Are you sure they won't crack? He might slip away.

EDDY  
(sharp)  
Depends how long it takes. We have to stay ahead of the police.

ARON  
(steely)  
It's on us when we decide to give him up.

EDDY  
(smirking)  
No, bro. That's all me.

Aron sighs, irritated.

ARON  
Fine. Let's move.

BARBARA  
(firm)  
Don't forget, I'm in this too.

Aron runs a hand through his hair, trying to stay composed.

ARON  
Everyone gets a cut. Let's finish  
this.

Jessy motions Barbara into a room, then the others scatter.

Eddy begins packing electronics into a large duffel.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dimly lit, cluttered with evidence of recent chaos. Frank's face shows anger, fear, and shock as he watches the TV coverage, sweat beads forming.

Suddenly, he swipes everything off a cluttered table-papers, mug, remote-and knocks his phone loose.

The phone rings loudly. Frank hesitates, then answers trembling.

ON PHONE: UNKNOWN NUMBER

ARON (V.O.)  
(cheery, mocking)  
Hello, Frank.

Frank's jaw tightens. His fists clench.

FRANK  
(strained)  
What do you want?

ARON (V.O.)  
Take a look at this.

A disturbing video flickers to life: muffled sobs, a pistol dragging over a woman's body-his daughter. Frank's face drains of color.

He stumbles back, eyes wide in horror, then collapses to his knees, trembling.

FRANK  
(pleading)  
Please... don't hurt her. I'll do  
anything. Just don't harm my girls.

Tears threaten to spill. The room feels suffocating.

ARON (V.O.)  
Fifty million. Sixty million in  
your account. No police. Pay up, or  
she's gone.



Frank's voice cracks.

FRANK  
(broken)  
I swear. I'll do it. Just-please.

He sinks further, clutching the phone as chaos consumes him, tears streaming down his face.

The line goes dead.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Mark arrives with Robert and Eric in cuffs. Paul and Goddy wait nearby.

MARK  
Thanks. Hand them over.

Paul and Goddy escort Robert and Eric away.

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark, confident, sits at his desk. Tom and Muse burst in unannounced, tense.

TOM  
What's going on?

MARK  
(stern)  
Watch your tone. I want Frank. Not his minions. Shut the door. You're dismissed.

Mark resumes studying a folder. Tom and Muse exchange angry looks, then leave quietly.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Frank, shadows on his face, grips his phone tightly.

FRANK  
Where are my daughters?

ARON (O.S.)  
Hold on. There are levels to this.

Frank's suspicion rises.

FRANK  
(outraged)  
I paid you. What more do you want?

ARON (O.S.)  
The CD. Of your murder of my  
friend's sister. I need to destroy  
it myself.

Frank's face drains, trembling.

FRANK  
Fine. Where?

He hurriedly retrieves a small CD, slips it into his jacket,  
then heads for the door.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - FRANK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Frank rushes out, locking the building behind him. Aron  
appears behind him, gun pressed to Frank's back.

ARON  
The CD?

Frank's sweating, reluctant.

FRANK  
(hesitant)  
My girls?

ARON  
Move. Keys.

Frank hesitates, then slowly reaches into his jacket, hands  
trembling. He hands over the CD and car keys.

They approach his car. Aron signals.

ARON  
Want to see your girls?

Frank, trembling, lowers himself into the trunk. Aron slams  
it shut.

He starts the engine and drives off.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Paul and Eric sit cuffed across from each other.

PAUL  
Don't make me lose my patience.

ERIC  
My lawyer first.

PAUL  
(mocking) Why are we handling  
you?

Eric shrugs.

PAUL  
Start talking, or it's all over.

INT. SECOND INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Goddy faces Robert, cuffed.

Paul shoves Eric in next to Robert. Paul and Goddy sit nearby.

GODDY  
What's your answer?

ROBERT  
(defiant)  
My legal team...

Goddy cuts him off, slamming his hand down.

GODDY  
(menacing)  
No more games. Move on.

Goddy and Paul roughly remove them.

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S KIDNAPPING APARTMENT - MONITORING  
ROOM - EVENING

Nina, in bra and knickers, is strapped to a chair, a cloth loosely around her neck. Mony, Joy, Jessy, and Eddy are present. On monitors, Angela lies distressed in another room.

Eddy tries to comfort Nina.

EDDY

Hang in there. You'll be home soon.

Jessy sneers, leaning closer.

JESSY

Your father's responsible for this.

Nina spits at her angrily.

NINA

No, he's not. I know your type.

JESSY

My type?

(venomous)

Your father's a rapist, a  
dealer-shut your mouth or I will.

Nina's eyes darken with defiance.

NINA

Gold diggers like you target  
innocent men. You'll get nothing  
from my dad.

Jessy raises her hand, about to slap her, but Aron storms in with Frank. Jessy quickly covers Nina's mouth as Nina struggles.

FRANK

(pleading)

Please! Stop, she's my daughter...

Aron and Eddy hold Frank back. Jessy begins hitting Nina violently. Her muffled grunts and blood drip as Jessy's fists land.

FRANK

(desperate)

Stop her! Please! No, no!

Frank struggles helplessly. Jessy's face is bloodstained, eyes blazing.

JESSY

Mr. Registrar, does it hurt?

Frank, shattered, stares at his silent daughter.

Jessy whispers close.

JESSY  
How about this?

She kicks Nina in the stomach. Nina's chair tips over, blood pooling. She hangs limp.

JESSY  
Told you I'd shut her up. Want to see more?

Nina grimaces, trembling. Aron steps toward Frank, cold.

ARON  
No approaching her. Stay back.

Barbara enters, leading Angela, gagged but dressed. Frank's eyes widen in shock.

FRANK  
You...

BARBARA  
Yeah. It's me.

Her face is hardened.

BARBARA  
Justice never came. I carried that pain long enough. Now, it's time.

INT. REMOTE BUILDING - NIGHT

A young woman in a dress is cuffed and masked. Frank, with a pistol, enters with a masked man.

MASKED MAN  
Boss, she's separated.

Frank nods, then pulls off her mask-Barbara, terrified.

He pulls out Jessy's photo.

FRANK  
(furious)  
Is this her? Are you joking?

MASKED MAN  
Sorry, boss. She's with others.

Frank's face darkens. He pulls out his pistol and shoots the man dead.

FRANK  
No witnesses.

He approaches Barbara, removing her gag.

FRANK  
No more protection. It's over.

He exposes her, tearing her dress.

BARBARA  
(pleading)  
Please... don't do this.

He ignores her, weapon between her legs, then undresses himself and assaults her. Screams echo as the scene cuts.

BACK TO:

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S KIDNAPPING APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barbara's voice cold and fierce.

BARBARA  
Justice never came. I dropped out  
of school. But now, my time's come.

She turns sharply to Nina, Angela, and Frank.

BARBARA  
They don't know who you really are.

Frank, desperate, pleads.

FRANK  
Are you crazy? Look at Nina-she's  
hurt. Leave them out of this.

Eddy smirks.

EDDY  
Let's see how crazy she gets.

Barbara points at Frank.

BARBARA  
Want your daughters safe? Kneel.

Frank, defeated, kneels. His daughters watch, tears in their eyes. Eddy and Aron step back.

FRANK  
Please-don't hurt them.

Eddy nods toward the door.

EDDY  
Mony, let me know when it's done.

EXT. ARON AND FRIEND'S KIDNAPPING APARTMENT- NIGHT,  
MOONLIGHT

Eddy and Aron stand outside, tense.

EDDY  
What do you think they'll do?

ARON  
Your guess is as good as mine. I  
planned to bankrupt him first.

EDDY  
He's too rich to kill. His family  
needs him alive. But he must lose  
everything-reputation, respect,  
confess.

They walk toward the water, purposeful.

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S KIDNAPPING APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank, chained to the bed, naked, trembling. Jessy and  
Barbara, in gloves, hold surgical instruments.

Frank's eyes dart wildly, panicked.

FRANK  
(pleading)  
What are you doing? Please!

JESSY  
Relax, Frank. Save your strength.

Mony peeks in.

JESSY  
Time to start.

Jessy lifts a scalpel; Frank screams.

FRANK  
No! Please!

JESSY  
Louder, Frank.

He screams.

Jessy turns to Barbara.

JESSY  
Time to begin.

Barbara locks the door. Mony slips away.

EXT.ARON AND FRIEND'S KIDNAPPING APARTMENT-NIGHT

Mony runs to the others.

MONY  
Castration.

Aron bursts into laughter.

ARON  
She's my match. Same level.

Eddy looks serious.

EDDY  
He'll die if they don't anesthetize  
him.

ARON  
Let's go in.

INT.ARON AND FRIEND'S KIDNAPPING APARTMENT - NIGHT

Inside, Frank screams and trembles, bloodied. Jessy and Barbara, gloves covered in blood, continue.

JESSY  
Good practice. One side's done.

BARBARA  
Finish the other, then suture.

Frank's tears flow as he screams.



JESSY

Close enough. This will teach him.

Suddenly, pounding at the door.

BARBARA

He's out cold. Too much pain.

JESSY

Pain was the point. Let's fix him.

More pounding.

EDDY (OFF-SCREEN)

Jessy, don't kill him. We need him alive.

They rush to the monitor room, watching Frank unconscious, on a drip. Nina and Angela watch, terrified.

Jessy finishes stitching. Eddy approaches Aron.

EDDY

Be careful with her. She's dangerous.

ARON

(smiling)

My feelings grow stronger.

Nina, gagged, weeps silently. Aron unbinds her, face swollen.

She slaps him hard. Eddy and others react, annoyed, but Aron signals calm.

To the sisters:

ARON

Sorry for dragging you into this. Cooperate, no more harm.

Nina glares, lips curled.

ANGELA

Nothing you say will change that you're criminals. My dad's innocent.

ARON

By the time we're done, you'll see who your father really is. Take them back.

They leave, tension thick.

**FIVE DAYS LATER:**

INT. POLICE CELL - MORNING

Robert and Eric sit weak and disheveled in a dirty, oppressive cell. Their stomachs growl.

Tom and Muse enter with water and snacks.

TOM  
Where is your boss hiding?

MUSE  
Maybe you're not interested in food. What about your stomachs?

Eric looks longingly at the water.

ERIC  
We swear, we don't know...

TOM  
(mocking)  
That's not enough.

Tom sips mockingly. The door opens-Goddy, Paul, and Mark enter, looking serious.

Robert and Eric pull away.

GODDY  
No cooperation, no food.

MARK  
Leave this to us.

Tom and Muse exchange irritated glances and leave.

Goddy confronts Robert and Eric.

GODDY  
They won't talk. Waste of time.

They start to exit.

ERIC  
(desperate)  
I'm ready to talk...

Robert grabs Eric's shoulder. Paul pushes him off.

PAUL  
Confess?

Eric hesitates.

ERIC  
We don't know where he is.

Goddy scoffs.

GODDY  
Waste of time. They won't say  
anything.

Robert, after a pause, speaks to Eric.

ROBERT  
Frank will get us out. We don't  
need to admit anything.

ERIC  
(resigned)  
How long can I hold on? Why not  
negotiate?

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S KIDNAPPING APARTMENT - DAY

Frank, gaunt and trembling, grips a battered knife. His daughters hide behind him.

He opens the door cautiously; hallway is empty.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Frank signals his daughters.

FRANK  
Get in the car. The spare key's  
there. I'll be right behind.

NINA  
(panicked)  
Dad! No!

FRANK  
Just go. If I'm not back, drive  
away.

They nod and rush to the car. Frank hesitates. Nina starts the engine. Suddenly, he freezes, eyes locking on a gun barrel-Eddy's.

EDDY  
(smirking)  
Nice try, Registrar.

Frank frantically signals the girls.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPOUND - DAY

The car suddenly reverses, then stops. Jessy and armed escorts emerge.

EDDY  
(mocking)  
Did you really think it'd be that easy? Stop wasting time and you healed faster than I thought.

Eddy drags Frank inside with the girls following.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Frank and his daughters are shoved to the floor. Eddy, furious, points his gun at Angela.

EDDY  
Going against me? You lose one.

Frank raises his hands.

FRANK  
Please! Don't kill her! I swear I won't try again!

Eddy's eyes flash with rage. He aims at Angela.

EDDY  
Then bring back my sister. You don't want to lose your daughter.

Frank drops to his knees, crying.

FRANK  
(pleading)  
Spare them. Just me. Please.

Nina and Angela cling to each other, tears falling.

EDDY  
She's the daughter of a monster.  
You're the reason this happened.  
Why shouldn't I end her?

Frank sobs uncontrollably.

FRANK  
I swear, I'll do anything. Just  
don't hurt them.

Eddy, disgusted, lifts the gun.

EDDY  
For now, they're safe. Follow my  
orders. Return to the university.  
Fail, and I'll show you what I'm  
capable of.

Frank, broken, nods.

FRANK  
Anything. Please...

The girls turn away, avoiding his gaze. Frank's shoulders slump.

Eddy pulls back, turns, and exits with Jessy. The daughters are left trembling.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

Mary, bound and tear-streaked, stares at the monitor showing her daughters. Eddy and Jessy enter.

JESSY  
Proud of your husband?

Mary fights tears.

Eddy calmly holds his phone, watching the screen.

EDDY  
Untie her. Reunite her with her  
children.

Jessy quickly frees Mary's hands, guiding her out silently.

EXT. UNIVERSITY COMPOUND - DAY

A sleek car pulls in purposefully.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Aron unbuckles Frank, who is hooded and exhausted.

ARON  
We're here. Do what he says. Keep  
your family safe.

He steps out. A police cab nearby observes.

EXT. POLICE CAB - DAY

Tom and Muse watch Aron, exchanging questions.

TOM  
Is he working with Frank? Where's  
Frank?

MUSE  
No. We follow him, stay hidden.

Muse sheds police gear and drives off.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Frank, looking worn, approaches students. His phone rings.

FRANK  
(cautious)  
Hello?

EDDY (V.O.)  
Open the trunk.

Frank walks to the back of his car, opens it, revealing a cane.

EDDY (V.O.)  
Take the cane. Walk toward the  
students. Make it convincing.

EXT. SIDE OF UNIVERSITY BUILDING - DAY

Aron observes from afar as Frank approaches the crowd, cane in hand. He pulls out cash, waves it.

FRANK  
(voice wavering)  
Whoever can cane me twenty times  
gets this money. No consequences.

Davis steps forward.

DAVIS

Lie down.

The crowd cheers.

Davis swings the cane, gradually gaining confidence. Cameras flash, reporters arrive, capturing the scene.

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S KIDNAPPING APARTMENT. DAY

Bedroom 1

Mary and her girls sit in stunned silence, eyes glued to the TV. The screen shows Frank being humiliated, his caning still fresh in their minds.

MONITORING ROOM

Jessy and Eddy watch with intense focus, eyes locked on the footage of the university.

EDDY

(grim)

It's working.

JESSY

Step two?

Eddy pauses, voice steady.

EDDY

Not yet. We wait. He'll ask soon enough.

The footage cuts to Frank, sheepish and defeated, walking toward his office, dodging jeering reporters and students. Davis, meanwhile, is being celebrated.

CODY (V.O.)

It's been a surreal moment. Mr. Frank refused to be interviewed...

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. DAY

Students scatter, sharing clips of Frank's humiliation, some approaching reporters.

BUILDING-SIDE BLOCK

TOM  
(impatient)  
We didn't interfere. Where's the evidence?

ARON  
(calm, cryptic)  
You'll have it at 8:00 p.m. sharp.

TOM  
Where?

ARON  
At the biggest TV station in the city.

MUSE  
Why that station?

Aron sniggers, eyes gleaming.

ARON  
Take it or leave it, officers. Come get him.

Joy, Mony, and Barbara walk up, tense but determined.

JOY  
Aron, it's time.

ARON  
Officers, evidence, and him-be punctual.

He fake salutes and walks off with the girls, leaving an ominous air hanging.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank, visibly shattered, sits behind his desk. His gun and scattered papers reflect his turmoil. His phone rings; he glares at it and answers grimly.

EDDY (V.O.)  
Killing yourself isn't an option.

Frank frowns, eyes darting around desperately.

EDDY (CONT.)  
It won't save them. Just play the game.



A video appears on his phone: Mary and the girls trapped in a rising water tank, muffled screams.

FRANK  
(voice trembling, furious)  
You bastard!

EDDY (V.O.)  
Letting them die?

FRANK  
No! Stop! What do you want?

Pause.

FRANK  
Tell me. I'll do it.

EDDY (V.O.)  
At 8 p.m., go to the biggest TV station. Confess everything. Make it public.

Frank swallows hard.

EDDY (CONT.)  
Leave nothing out. We're watching. Understand?

Frank nods, voice thick.

FRANK  
Yes.

EDDY  
When it's over, your family will be waiting.

Eddy disconnects. Frank stares at his phone, then suddenly yanks his gun from the desk and smashes the TV. The gun clatters. He sinks into his chair, watching the clock: 2:00 p.m.

INT. POLICE STATION - MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark, annoyed, sits at his desk. Tom and Muse stand before him.

MARK  
What the hell was that mess at campus?

TOM  
We were told not to--

MARK  
Not to?! By whom?

TOM  
It's complicated. But we plan to  
arrest him at 8 p.m., with  
evidence.

Mark leans forward.

MARK  
Where? And how confident?

TOM  
YTV station.

Mark raises an eyebrow.

MARK  
Why there?

TOM  
Our CI told us.

Mark considers, then nods.

MARK  
Good. Be there on time. Keep me  
updated.

Tom and Muse leave. Mark watches them go, thoughtful.

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING

Mary and her daughters sit tense on the bed, watching TV.  
Eddy and Jessy enter.

JESSY  
Madam, I'm sorry to drag you into  
this. It's time...

MARY  
(cutting her off, panicked)  
For what? More torture?

Jessy softens.

JESSY  
No, madam. I'm sorry for everything  
you've endured. But it was the only  
way.

Mary's expression softens, touched.

MARY  
I'm sorry too. For what he did.

EDDY  
Madam, that's the truth about your  
husband.

A heavy silence. Jessy breathes steady.

JESSY  
It's over now. In ten minutes, I'll  
drive you home.

The girls exhale in relief. Angela looks grateful.

EXT. YTV STATION - EVENING, 7:30 PM

Officers in plain clothes blend into the station perimeter,  
observing the entrance.

Tom and Muse's police cab pulls up. Inside, Cody appears on  
a large screen.

CODY (ON SCREEN)  
Tonight, we uncover the truth  
behind Frank's behavior.

Footage shows Frank being caned at the university earlier.

CODY (CONT.)  
What kind of role model is this?  
Stay tuned at 8 p.m. for the truth.

INT. YTV STATION - MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATE EVENING, 7:50 PM

A young female manager, tense, oversees her team.

MANAGER  
It's time for the big reveal.  
Keep it hush-hush. If Dad  
finds out... (threatening)

She hands a CD to a young man.

CODY  
Here's what you need.

He nods and leaves. She picks up her phone, tense.

EXT. YTV STATION - NEARBY CAR - SAME TIME

Tom and Muse monitor the screen. Mark's car pulls in.

Mark approaches.

MARK  
Any updates?

MUSE  
Their phones are dead. They'll be  
here soon.

Mark nods.

MARK  
Make sure everything's ready. No  
delays.

The scene shifts to the broadcast.

ON SCREEN - 8:00 PM

Cody stands with Frank.

CODY  
Mr. Frank, what do you have to say?

Frank hesitates, then speaks shakily.

FRANK  
I want to confess... everything.

Cody's eyes sparkle.

CODY  
Did you hear that? Stay tuned for  
the full story.

Officers exchange glances, tense.

INT. HENRY AND GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT

GEORGE-50s and HENRY-50s ready their radios.

GEORGE

Frank must be apprehended, dead or  
alive, before he shames us.

They race toward the scene.

EXT. YTV COMPOUND - NIGHT

Two police cars arrive. Officers prepare.

Eddy, in civilian clothes, raises his hand.

EDDY

Stop! That video is fake.

George and Mark approach.

GEORGE

Who are you?

EDDY

We are. The evidence is staged.

George signals officers.

GEORGE

Stand down. He's at the university.  
Someone's watching him.

Mony and Joy arrive with evidence.

MONY

No more excuses. Arrest him now.

JOY

Here's proof.

Eddy and Tom exchange knowing looks.

TOM

We got our station back. Thanks.

Mark takes the evidence.

MARK

Make sure the program doesn't air.

Security disarms Mark as he approaches the building.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank, tense, hears something. He grabs a bag and pistol and slips out.

EXT. UNIVERSITY REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank peeks out, spotting police cars. Officers shout.

GEORGE

Mr. Frank! Drop your weapon!

Frank raises his hands, shoulders slumped. Aron stands behind him, pistol aimed.

GEORGE(CONT)

Drop it!

Frank drops the gun, complying.

Officers swarm in. Henry finds a stash of guns, eyes wide.

Mary rushes forward, furious.

MARY

You're a monster!

She slaps him, crying. Her daughters gather around her.

Aron and Eddy approach, victorious.

ARON

Thanks. We're done here.

Frank is loaded into the police vehicle, bitter.

FRANK

(seething)

Heartless...

ARON

Says the man. You're no longer a man.

They drive off. Mary sobs as her daughters are taken away.

Mark approaches Tom and Muse, offering a handshake.

MARK

Good work. You exceeded expectations.

George, watching from afar, turns to Mark.

GEORGE  
Who are those guys?

Mark smirks.

MARK  
That's for the station to find out.  
Time to leave.

Police cars disappear into the night. Silence falls.

INT. ARON AND FRIEND'S RESTAURANT - DAY

A lively celebration. Students laugh and dance. Mark, George, and Henry enter, drawing cheers.

George joins the dance floor, leading an energetic dance.

Eddy and Mony share a tender moment, exchanging smiles and a kiss.

Aron and Jessy embrace, laughing.

Tom and Joy dance together, sharing a quiet smile.

Muse leans against the bar, relaxed.

The scene captures joy, friendship, and new beginnings.

FADE OUT