

REDEMPTION POINT S02

"Pilot"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. GLOBAL MONTAGE - DAY/NIGHT

A chaotic collage of global unrest unfolds. The visuals are razor-sharp, fast-paced, and deeply unsettling, accompanied by a tense, pulsating score.

1. PROTESTS - A massive crowd floods the streets of a European city. Signs read "Down with the System!" and "The Future is Ours!" Riot police clash with protesters. Tear gas clouds the air, screams pierce the tension.

2. CYBERATTACKS - A high-tech control room. Screens flash red as hackers breach a government database. The words "ACCESS GRANTED" blink ominously. The power grid of a major city flickers and then dies.

3. EXPLOSIONS - A skyscraper in a major Asian city erupts in flames. Glass, concrete, and metal rain down. A drone captures the horror from above as news helicopters circle like vultures.

4. NEWS OUTLETS - A split-screen of global news anchors reports in different languages. Headlines scroll: "Global Chaos: Who is Behind the Attacks?" and "The Phoenix Initiative: Myth or Reality?"

5. SHADOWY FIGURES - A dimly lit room. Silhouettes of masked individuals huddle around a digital world map covered in glowing red dots. A voice (EVELYN KANE) speaks, dripping with conviction:

EVELYN KANE (V.O.)  
The old world must burn so the new  
one can rise.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE TOWN - DAWN

The chaos fades, replaced by the serene stillness of a snow-covered town. The camera sweeps across quiet streets, frozen lakes, and dense forests. A lone figure jogs along a deserted road.

HAWK (mid-30s, rugged, with a haunted look) runs with purpose, breath visible in the cold air. His hoodie and gloves blend into the ordinary world, but the tension in his expression betrays a man trying to outrun his past.

INT. HAWK'S CABIN - MORNING

Hawk steps inside a modest, rustic cabin. Sparse but functional: books, a wood-burning stove, a desk with a laptop. He sets down a glass of water and opens the laptop.

A news article flashes: "GLOBAL ATTACKS ESCALATE - WORLD ON EDGE." His jaw tightens. He slams the laptop shut.

HAWK  
(quietly, to himself)  
Not your fight anymore.

EXT. TOWN MARKET - LATER

Hawk strolls through a small market, coffee in hand, exchanging nods with locals. But his sharp eyes scan the crowd—a habit he can't break. A black SUV pulls up at the market's edge. Hawk tenses. Two men in suits step out, scanning. One of them locks eyes with him.

HAWK  
(under his breath)  
Damn it.

He sets his coffee down and vanishes into an alley. The men follow, their pace increasing. Hawk rounds a corner—only to find a third man blocking his path. AGENT THOMPSON (40s, sharp, no-nonsense) steps forward, flashing a badge.

AGENT THOMPSON  
Hawk. We need to talk.

HAWK  
(resigned)  
You've got the wrong guy.

AGENT THOMPSON  
Do I? Because the Phoenix Initiative seems to think you're exactly the right guy.

Hawk's expression hardens. Before he can respond, tires screech. More men in suits—these ones armed.

AGENT THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
(urgent)  
They've been tracking you for months.

HAWK  
(gritted teeth)  
You brought them here?

AGENT THOMPSON  
No. They're not with me.

Gunfire erupts. Hawk and Thompson dive for cover. A high-octane chase ignites through the narrow streets, Hawk using every local shortcut to outmanoeuvre the attackers.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - LATER

Hawk and Thompson emerge from the woods, breathless. The SUV idles nearby. Hawk turns, anger simmering.

HAWK  
Start talking. Now.

AGENT THOMPSON  
The Phoenix Initiative is planning a series of attacks. Governments, militaries, corporations—they've infiltrated them all. And you're one of the few who knows how they operate.

HAWK  
I walked away from that life.

AGENT THOMPSON  
And now it's found you. You either help us stop them, or you wait for them to come for you.

Hawk hesitates, eyes flickering with conflict. He looks back at the town—his fragile peace hanging by a thread.

HAWK  
(finally)  
Fine. But this ends on my terms.

Thompson nods. They climb into the SUV. The town shrinks in the distance—a past Hawk may never return to. BOOM. A distant explosion echoes.

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

The SUV speeds down a deserted highway, cutting through the darkness. Inside, HAWK sits in the passenger seat, his gaze fixed on the blurred landscape outside. AGENT THOMPSON drives, occasionally stealing glances at him.

AGENT THOMPSON  
We've got a safe house a few hours from here. We'll regroup there and—

HAWK  
 (interrupting, sharp)  
 Skip the briefing. Tell me  
 everything. No bullshit.

Thompson exhales, gripping the wheel tighter.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 They've developed an AI. Erebus. It  
 can breach critical  
 infrastructure—power grids, banking  
 systems, defence networks. Once  
 it's online, entire cities go dark.

Hawk's expression hardens.

HAWK  
 And the targets?

AGENT THOMPSON  
 Financial hubs first. Collapse the  
 economy, create panic. Then  
 population centres. No way to stop  
 them once it starts.

A tense silence. Hawk processes this, jaw tight.

HAWK  
 (quietly, to himself)  
 This is bigger than I thought.

Thompson glances at him.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 That's why we need you.

The camera pulls back, the SUV swallowed by the vast, empty  
 road. The low hum of tension builds in the score.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SUV speeds down the darkened road, headlights slicing  
 through thick fog. Inside, silence hangs heavy.  
 Then—headlights appear in the rear-view mirror. A black van  
 closing in fast.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 (checking the mirror,  
 tense)  
 We've got company.

Hawk turns, eyes narrowing.

HAWK  
Phoenix?

AGENT THOMPSON  
Who else?

The van swerves alongside them. The side door slams open, revealing masked operatives wielding assault rifles. Then—GUNFIRE.

HAWK  
(urgent)  
Get us off this road!

Thompson yanks the wheel, the SUV veering onto an exit ramp at breakneck speed. The van follows, relentless. Bullets ping off the metal frame. Hawk yanks open the glove compartment, pulling out a handgun. He checks the mag, locks eyes with Thompson.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
You got any surprises in this thing?

AGENT THOMPSON  
(gritting his teeth,  
dodging bullets)  
Not unless you count the spare tire.

The SUV hits a narrow service road, kicking up gravel. The van stays tight on their tail. Hawk rolls down his window and leans out, firing. A bullet drops one of the gunmen, but the rest keep firing.

HAWK  
(over the gunfire)  
They're not backing down!

Thompson's lips curl into a grim smirk.

AGENT THOMPSON  
Then neither do we.

He suddenly slams the brakes—

—The van SHOOTs past them, caught off guard. Hawk fires twice, hitting the front tire. The van spins out, flipping violently before crashing into a ditch. A plume of smoke rises.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Hawk and Thompson sit, breathless. The only sound: their heavy breathing and the crackle of a dying engine outside.

HAWK

We need to move. They'll have backup.

Thompson nods, flooring it. The SUV roars off into the night.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

The van smoulders, metal twisted and broken. A bloodied OPERATIVE crawls out, pain evident in every movement. He pulls out a burner phone with shaky fingers, dials.

OPERATIVE

(weak, into phone)

He's with Thompson. They're heading east.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

A shadowy figure watches from a dimly lit room. EVELYN KANE, the mastermind of The Phoenix Initiative, smirks as she listens.

EVELYN KANE

(low, amused)

Welcome back, Hawk.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SUV speeds through the desolate landscape. Inside, Hawk sits rigid, his mind already calculating the next move.

AGENT THOMPSON

(checking mirrors)

Safe house is twenty minutes out. We lay low, regroup, then plan our next move.

Hawk exhales sharply, still gripping his gun.

HAWK

That wasn't a hit squad. It was a clean-up crew.

Thompson frowns, processing.

AGENT THOMPSON

You think they were trying to kill us?

HAWK

No. They wanted us off the board before we got to Erebus.

Thompson nods, pressing the gas harder. The tension inside the car is thick.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

A secluded cabin hidden within dense trees. The SUV pulls up, headlights cutting through the mist. Thompson kills the engine.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The two enter cautiously. Hawk scans the room—bare-bones setup: weapons rack, old maps, a single flickering bulb. Thompson moves to a secured laptop, boots it up.

AGENT THOMPSON

I'll run surveillance, see if we were followed.

Hawk eyes the weapons rack, selecting a combat knife and an assault rifle.

HAWK

They already know we're here. We're out of time.

Thompson looks up.

AGENT THOMPSON

Then what do you suggest?

Hawk steps closer, eyes locked.

HAWK

We stop running. We go on the offensive.

AGENT THOMPSON

You serious? Against a rogue intelligence network with more resources than some countries?

Hawk smirks.



HAWK

I've done worse with less.

Thompson exhales, rubbing his face.

AGENT THOMPSON

Alright. Say I'm in. Where do we start?

Hawk pulls a flash drive from his pocket.

HAWK

This. Stole it off one of the guys back at the crash site.

He tosses it to Thompson, who plugs it in. A series of encrypted files flood the screen. One name stands out: EVELYN KANE. Thompson stiffens.

AGENT THOMPSON

Shit.

HAWK

You know her?

AGENT THOMPSON

I thought she was dead.

INT. HIGH-TECH FACILITY - NIGHT

A sterile, metallic room. Large monitors glow with complex data. EVELYN KANE stands before a holographic map, surrounded by a team of elite hackers. A masked subordinate approaches.

SUBORDINATE

Hawk survived the ambush.

Kane barely reacts.

EVELYN KANE

Of course he did.

She turns, her cold gaze unreadable.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)

Begin Phase Two.

The monitors flicker, showing images of major cities—New York, London, Johannesburg—all marked with red targets.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Thompson stares at Evelyn's name on the screen.

HAWK  
Tell me everything.

Thompson hesitates.

AGENT THOMPSON  
Evelyn Kane was ex-CIA. Cyber  
warfare specialist. She went dark  
ten years ago after a black ops  
mission went south. We thought she  
was dead... but now-

Hawk leans in.

HAWK  
She's not just alive. She's in  
control.

The realization sinks in. Thompson clicks a file-schematics  
for Erebus. Hawk narrows his eyes.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
We need to find her. Now.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Hawk studies the screen, his jaw tightening. The Erebus  
schematics scroll in endless lines of code.

HAWK  
Can you decrypt it?

Thompson exhales, typing rapidly.

AGENT THOMPSON  
It's military-grade encryption. I  
can try, but it'll take time.

Hawk checks his watch, impatient.

HAWK  
We don't have time.

Thompson stops typing, looking up.

AGENT THOMPSON  
Then we need someone who can crack  
it.

Hawk's expression darkens. He knows exactly who.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

A rundown high-rise on the outskirts of the city. Hawk and Thompson move cautiously, weapons concealed.

AGENT THOMPSON  
You sure about this guy?

HAWK  
He's a paranoid, insufferable  
bastard. But he's the best.

They reach Apartment 23B. Hawk knocks—a distinct rhythm. Silence. Then—a dozen locks unclick from behind the door. It creaks open, revealing LENNOX GRAY (mid-40s, ex-NSA hacker, unshaven, sleep-deprived). He eyes them suspiciously.

LENNOX  
What fresh hell is this?

INT. LENNOX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tech junk everywhere. Multiple screens, wires, half-eaten food containers. Lennox flops into a worn-out chair, rubbing his temples.

LENNOX  
I'm off the grid for a reason,  
Hawk. You showing up means that  
reason is about to bite me in the  
ass.

Hawk slides the flash drive across the desk.

HAWK  
Decrypt it.

Lennox picks it up, inspecting it like a live grenade.

LENNOX  
Jesus. Where'd you get this?

Thompson crosses his arms.

AGENT THOMPSON  
Classified.

Lennox rolls his eyes, plugging it into his rig.

LENNOX  
You guys love your spooky  
government shit.

His fingers dance across the keyboard. The screen fills with data, scrolling too fast to process. Then—red warning symbols flash across the screen. Lennox freezes.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
Oh, hell no.

HAWK  
What?

Lennox yanks the drive out, slamming it on the desk.

LENNOX  
This isn't just encrypted—it's got  
a live tracker. The second I  
accessed it, someone knew.

A beat. Then—a phone vibrates on the desk. Lennox stares at it, fear in his eyes.

The caller ID: UNKNOWN NUMBER.

AGENT THOMPSON  
Tell me that's a coincidence.

Lennox swallows hard.

LENNOX  
It's never a coincidence.

Hawk grabs the phone, answering.

HAWK  
(into phone)  
Who is this?

A pause. Then—a chilling, familiar voice.

EVELYN KANE (V.O.)  
Did you miss me, Hawk?

Hawk's grip tightens. Thompson and Lennox exchange glances.

HAWK  
Evelyn.

She laughs softly.

EVELYN KANE (V.O.)  
You always were too stubborn to  
stay buried. But don't worry—I'll  
fix that soon.

Click. The call ends. A tense silence. Then—a sudden THUMP  
from outside the window. Lennox whirls toward it.

LENNOX  
Oh, screw this.

Hawk moves fast, gun drawn. Thompson flips the lights off.

HAWK  
We need to move. Now.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hawk, Thompson, and Lennox slip out the back, moving quickly.  
A black SUV idles nearby, its engine running. Hawk signals  
for silence. The trio ducks behind a dumpster. The SUV's  
doors open—TWO MASKED OPERATIVES step out, weapons drawn.  
Thompson readies his sidearm.

AGENT THOMPSON  
We taking them down?

Hawk eyes their stance—calm, calculated, no hesitation. These  
aren't just muscle.

HAWK  
Not here. Too exposed.

Lennox looks pale.

LENNOX  
Please tell me you have a better  
plan than "die in an alley."

Hawk smirks.

HAWK  
Stick close.

Hawk grabs a glass bottle from the ground, tossing it toward  
the far end of the alley. It shatters loudly—the operatives  
snap their attention toward it. Hawk moves first,  
fast—grabbing Thompson and Lennox, rushing them toward a side  
gate. The operatives turn back too late.

OPERATIVE #1  
They're moving!

Gunfire erupts, bullets slamming into brick walls as the three sprint into the darkness.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Hawk, Thompson, and Lennox emerge from the alley into the chaotic city streets. Lennox gasps for breath.

LENNOX  
You are officially never bringing  
me on a job again.

HAWK  
Deal. Now let's go.

They blend into the crowd, disappearing just as the operatives spill into the street, scanning for them.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The SUV pulls up to a rundown warehouse on the outskirts of the city. Hawk and Thompson step out, weapons drawn, scanning the area for threats. They move quickly inside, locking the door behind them.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

A sparse but functional setup: a few tables, computers, and a wall covered in maps and photos. Hawk paces, frustration clear.

HAWK  
They knew we were coming.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(setting down his gear)  
They've been watching you for  
months. This was always going to  
happen.

HAWK  
(stops pacing, glaring at  
Thompson)  
You didn't think to mention that  
earlier?

AGENT THOMPSON  
Would it have changed your mind?

Hawk doesn't answer. His eyes land on a familiar face pinned to the map—Evelyn Kane. His expression hardens.

HAWK  
(quietly)  
Evelyn.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(joining him)  
She's their leader. Or at least,  
one of them. We don't know how deep  
this goes.

Hawk clenches his fists, the simmering anger clear.

HAWK  
This isn't just about stopping them  
anymore. They've made it personal.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(meeting his gaze)  
Then let's make it personal for  
them too.

The camera zooms in on Hawk's face. He's no longer just a fugitive. He's back in the game.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

The safe house is alive with activity. Hawk and Thompson pour over maps, laptops, and intercepted files. Thompson types furiously, eyes scanning encrypted messages.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(without looking up)  
We've intercepted some of their  
communications. It's fragmented,  
but there's a pattern.

Hawk picks up a photo of Evelyn Kane, studying it intently.

HAWK  
What kind of pattern?

AGENT THOMPSON  
They're using code names for their  
targets. One keeps coming  
up—"Erebus."

Hawk frowns, grabbing a marker. He writes Erebus on a whiteboard, linking it to recent attacks.

HAWK  
Greek mythology. The  
personification of darkness.  
(MORE)

HAWK (CONT'D)  
Fitting for an AI designed to bring  
down cities.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(nods)  
Exactly. And if they've already  
infiltrated critical  
infrastructure, Erebus could be the  
key to their entire operation.

Hawk steps back, the full scope sinking in.

HAWK  
This isn't just about chaos.  
They're planning a complete  
takeover—shutting down power,  
communications, and crippling water  
supply. Society collapses in days.

AGENT THOMPSON  
And then they step in to rebuild it  
in their image.

The room falls into a heavy silence. Then Hawk's eyes narrow.  
He picks up a file—marked with Thompson's own agency  
insignia.

HAWK  
(holding it up)  
What's this?

AGENT THOMPSON  
(frowning)  
That's... internal correspondence.  
How did that get in there?

Hawk flips through it. His expression hardens.

HAWK  
This isn't just a leak. They've got  
someone on the inside.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(standing abruptly)  
That's impossible. My team is  
vetted.

HAWK  
(sardonic)  
And yet, here we are.

Thompson runs a hand through his hair, pacing. Then he stops.  
His face goes pale.



AGENT THOMPSON

If they've infiltrated my agency,  
they know everything. Every move we  
make.

HAWK

(stepping closer)  
Which means we can't trust anyone.  
Not even your people.

The weight of it settles in. Thompson looks at Hawk, his  
voice steady but urgent.

AGENT THOMPSON

Then we work off the grid. No  
comms. No backup. Just you and me.

HAWK

(nods)  
That's how I prefer it anyway.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Hawk and Thompson move through the shadows, weapons drawn.  
They're tracking a suspected Phoenix operative who might know  
the location of Erebus. The factory is eerily silent, broken  
glass crunching under their boots. Hawk signals for Thompson  
to split off—left flank. Then—a noise. Hawk tenses. He  
signals for Thompson to hold. Hawk rounds a corner and stops  
cold. A figure hunched over a laptop. The figure looks  
up—Marcus.

HAWK

(lowering his weapon  
slightly)  
Marcus.

MARCUS

(smirks)  
Hawk. Long time no see.

Before Hawk can react, Marcus slams the laptop shut and  
bolts.

HAWK

Thompson! He's getting away!

The chase is fast and brutal, tearing through rusted  
stairwells, shattered windows, industrial corridors.  
Finally—Marcus is trapped on a catwalk, breathing heavily,  
eyes wild.

MARCUS

You don't understand, Hawk. This is bigger than you. Bigger than all of us.

HAWK

(steps closer)  
Then explain it to me.

Marcus hesitates—then pulls a small device from his pocket. Presses a button. Suddenly—the factory lights up. A deep hum vibrates through the structure as machines power up.

MARCUS

(grim smile)  
You're too late.

The camera pans out—revealing the factory floor swarming with Phoenix operatives. Armed. Ready. Hawk and Thompson are surrounded.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The glow of multiple computer screens casts flickering shadows across the room. Hawk and Thompson sit tense, eyes locked on a decrypted Phoenix transmission.

AGENT THOMPSON

(typing furiously)  
Almost there... Got it.

The screen floods with data—maps of a major financial hub. Red markers flash over power stations, communication towers, and financial institutions.

HAWK

(leaning in, eyes  
narrowing)  
What's the timeline?

AGENT THOMPSON

(scanning fast)  
First strike—48 hours.

Hawk's jaw tightens. He points to a dense cluster in the city's heart.

HAWK

If they hit here, the economy crumbles.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 (grimly)  
 And that's just the beginning.

Hawk straightens, steel in his eyes.

HAWK  
 Then we take the fight to them.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

A sea of lights glitters above, but the streets below are ghostly silent. Hawk and Thompson move like shadows, weapons drawn. They reach a nondescript office building. Hawk signals—Thompson peels off to cover the rear.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Dark. Silent. The distant hum of servers the only sound. Hawk moves with calculated precision, eyes sweeping the space. A server room door stands ajar. Inside, a figure hunches over a console, typing frantically. Hawk steps in, gun levelled.

HAWK  
 Freeze.

The figure—a terrified young man—spins, hands up.

YOUNG MAN  
 I... I just follow orders!

Before Hawk can respond—blinding light floods the room. Phoenix operatives pour in. Gunfire erupts. Hawk fires, but he's outnumbered, overpowered. Outside, Thompson hears the commotion. He moves—then freezes as more operatives emerge, cutting him off. He grits his teeth, forced to retreat.

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - NIGHT

Hawk wakes in a dimly lit room, hands bound to a chair. Monitors line the walls, live feeds of major cities flickering across them. The door opens. EVELYN KANE steps in. Elegant. Calculating. A quiet menace in every movement.

EVELYN KANE  
 (cool, amused)  
 Hawk. It's been a while.

HAWK  
 (glares)  
 Should've known.

EVELYN KANE  
(circling him)  
You always were predictable.

She stops in front of him, smile fading.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
You've been a thorn in my side. But  
I'll admit... I've missed our little  
games.

HAWK  
(dry)  
Glad I could entertain.

EVELYN KANE  
Oh, you've done more than that.  
You've been an invaluable test  
subject.

Hawk's expression hardens.

HAWK  
What the hell does that mean?

EVELYN KANE  
(leaning in, smug)  
Every move you've made, every step  
you've taken—orchestrated.

Hawk's stomach drops.

HAWK  
You've been watching me.

She nods.

EVELYN KANE  
Refining my systems. Testing them  
against the best. And you didn't  
disappoint.

Hawk clenches his jaw, anger coiled beneath the surface.  
Evelyn smiles.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
But the game's over. You've served  
your purpose.

She turns to leave, pausing at the door.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
Enjoy the show. The world is about  
to change.

The door slams shut. The monitors flicker. Hawk's eyes narrow. His mind races.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Thompson moves with urgency, heart pounding. He taps his comms.

AGENT REYES

(over comms)

Facility's locked down, but there's a weak point—east wing. Move fast.

AGENT THOMPSON

(determined)

Copy.

He melts into the shadows. Time is running out.

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - NIGHT

Hawk, still bound, spots a loose screw on the floor. Carefully, he drags it closer with his foot. His fingers work fast at the restraints. On the monitors—a countdown ticks down. 24 hours. The door creaks open. Marcus. The Phoenix operative from before. He carries a tray of food, but his face is uneasy.

MARCUS

(quietly, setting tray down)

You shouldn't have come back.

HAWK

(watching him)

You're making a mistake. She's using you.

MARCUS

(shakes his head)

You don't get it. This is bigger than you. Bigger than all of us.

Hawk sees an opening. The restraints snap free. Hawk lunges. A struggle—brief, brutal. Marcus hits the floor. Hawk pins him.

HAWK

Where's Erebus?

Marcus gasps, eyes flashing with something close to regret.

MARCUS  
You're too late.

Cut to the monitors. The countdown hits 23 hours. Hawk's eyes darken. The war has begun.

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Hawk tightens his grip on Marcus, his breath steady despite the chaos unfolding around them. Marcus coughs, struggling to regain composure.

MARCUS  
(weakly)  
You can't stop it, Hawk.

Hawk yanks Marcus closer, his voice a low growl.

HAWK  
Try me.

Before Marcus can respond, an alarm blares through the facility. Red emergency lights flicker, bathing the room in an eerie glow. Hawk glances at the monitors—security teams are mobilizing.

MARCUS  
(panicked)  
You don't get it... She planned for this.

Hawk studies Marcus for a beat, then slams him against the table, knocking him out cold. He grabs Marcus's key card and a small earpiece from his pocket.

HAWK  
(into the earpiece)  
Thompson, talk to me.

EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR PHOENIX FACILITY - NIGHT

Thompson crouches behind a dumpster, watching a convoy of armoured vehicles roll through the street. He presses a hand to his earpiece.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(grim)  
They just reinforced security. You got a way out?

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hawk moves swiftly through the corridor, checking corners before advancing.

HAWK

Working on it. Where's that weak point?

Thompson pulls out a tablet, scanning the facility blueprint.

AGENT THOMPSON

East wing. Service tunnel connects to a drainage system. If you can get there, I'll have an extraction team waiting.

HAWK

Copy that. Stay close.

Hawk swipes Marcus's key card at a security panel. The door unlocks with a soft beep, revealing a dimly lit service hallway. He steps inside—

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A bank of monitors flicker. Evelyn Kane stands with her arms crossed, watching Hawk's every move. Beside her, a PHOENIX TECH taps at a touchscreen.

PHOENIX TECH

He's headed for the service tunnels.

Evelyn smirks, sipping a glass of wine.

EVELYN KANE

Predictable as ever.

She sets the glass down and turns to a masked operative standing nearby.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)

Seal the exits. And send in The Ghost.

The masked figure nods and exits the room. Evelyn turns back to the monitors, her smile widening.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)

Let's see if Hawk's really as good as they say.

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Hawk moves cautiously, the tunnel stretching ahead in darkness. Pipes hiss overhead. He checks his surroundings—silent. Too silent.

Then— A soft click echoes behind him. Hawk spins— A blade flashes. Hawk barely dodges as The Ghost lunges from the shadows, striking fast and precise. Hawk counters, blocking a second strike, but The Ghost is relentless. The two engage in brutal close-quarters combat, their movements a blur in the confined space. Hawk lands a hit—The Ghost barely flinches.

HAWK  
(gritted teeth)  
Guess they finally sent someone who  
can fight.

The Ghost doesn't respond. Instead, he delivers a crushing knee to Hawk's ribs, slamming him against the wall. Hawk winces but recovers fast. They circle each other, the tension thick. Then—

AGENT THOMPSON (O.S.)  
(over earpiece)  
Hawk? What's going on?

Hawk breathes heavily, keeping his eyes locked on The Ghost.

HAWK  
Little busy right now.

The Ghost tilts his head—like a predator studying prey—then attacks again.

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Dark. Tight. Suffocating. Hawk barely dodges another strike as The Ghost moves with terrifying precision. Each attack is calculated—no wasted movement, no hesitation. Hawk counters with a brutal elbow strike, but The Ghost absorbs it, twisting Hawk's arm and slamming him into the cold concrete wall.

HAWK  
(grimaces)  
You don't talk much, huh?

The Ghost responds with a vicious kick to Hawk's midsection, sending him stumbling back. Hawk wipes blood from the corner of his mouth, his breathing controlled despite the pain.



Then, a sudden shift—The Ghost steps back, almost inviting Hawk to attack. A trap. Hawk feints left—then right—before launching forward with a flurry of strikes. The Ghost dodges, but Hawk lands a solid hit to the ribs. The Ghost staggers slightly. Not invincible.

AGENT THOMPSON (O.S.)  
 (over earpiece)  
 Hawk, talk to me! What's happening?

Hawk barely has time to process—the Ghost is already moving again. A glint of metal—a knife. Hawk deflects, but not fast enough. The blade slices across his side—shallow, but enough to burn. Hawk grits his teeth, stepping back, pressing a hand to his wound. Blood seeps between his fingers. The Ghost advances. Suddenly—

A low rumble. The tunnel shakes. Dust falls from the ceiling. Both men pause. Then— BOOM!

An explosion rocks the facility. The emergency lights flicker. The Ghost glances up for a fraction of a second—just enough time. Hawk lunges, grabbing a loose pipe from the floor. He swings hard—CRACK!—smashing it across The Ghost's head. The assassin stumbles. Hawk doesn't wait. He turns and runs.

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Evelyn Kane watches the monitors, her smirk faltering as the explosion shakes the facility. Smoke floods a section of the feed.

PHOENIX TECH  
 (confused)  
 That wasn't us.

Evelyn's jaw tightens.

EVELYN KANE  
 Find out who just crashed the party.

EXT. PHOENIX FACILITY - PERIMETER - NIGHT

A convoy of black SUVs screeches to a stop outside the facility. Tactical operatives spill out, weapons drawn. A figure steps forward—Agent Reyes. She adjusts her earpiece, eyes locked on the facility entrance.

AGENT REYES  
 (into comms)  
 Thompson, your boy's running out of  
 time. We breach in three.

AGENT THOMPSON (O.S.)  
 (over comms)  
 Make it two.

Reyes signals to her team.

AGENT REYES  
 Move in.

The operatives storm forward.

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Hawk pushes through the tunnel, pressing his hand against his  
 bleeding side. The exit is close—just a few more meters.  
 Then—the lights go out. Total darkness.

A whisper of movement behind him. Hawk's breath steadies. He  
 knows who it is.

HAWK  
 (low)  
 You just don't quit, do you?

The Ghost is there—silent, waiting. Hawk grips the pipe  
 tighter. The final round is about to begin.

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - SERVICE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Total darkness. The only sound—Hawk's steady breathing and  
 the faint drip of water echoing through the tunnel. Then—a  
 whisper of movement. Hawk doesn't hesitate. He swings the  
 pipe, aiming for where he thinks The Ghost is. Air. A sharp  
 exhale—The Ghost is behind him.

A powerful kick slams into Hawk's back, sending him crashing  
 against the wall. He barely catches himself before a blade  
 slashes past his throat, missing by inches. Hawk rolls,  
 dodging another strike. His hands tighten around the pipe.  
 The Ghost is fast—too fast. Hawk can't keep this up. Then—an  
 idea.

He listens. Waits. Footsteps. Two meters ahead. Hawk  
 swings—hard. The pipe connects. A solid crack. The Ghost  
 staggers back. For the first time—a sound. A low, sharp  
 inhale. Pain.

HAWK  
 (grins through bloodied  
 teeth)  
 Got you.

The Ghost recovers fast. Another attack. Hawk deflects, but he's losing strength. He needs an escape. Now.

AGENT THOMPSON (O.S.)  
 (over comms, urgent)  
 Hawk, Reyes and I are breaching.  
 Tell me you're still breathing.

Hawk ducks under a strike, barely avoiding another deep cut.

HAWK  
 (strained)  
 Define breathing.

AGENT THOMPSON (O.S.)  
 (over comms)  
 On my way. Hold tight.

Another boom. The facility trembles. This is his chance. Hawk fakes left—then lunges right, slamming into a rusted door. It bursts open.

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - MAINTENANCE BAY - NIGHT

Hawk stumbles into a large room filled with industrial equipment. Exposed pipes hiss with steam. The glow of emergency lights casts long, eerie shadows. He turns—The Ghost is already stepping through the doorway, silent as death. Hawk exhales.

HAWK  
 (tight smile)  
 Alright, one more round.

The Ghost tilts their head. Then—they charge. A brutal exchange—fists, elbows, knives flashing in the dim light. Hawk blocks, counters, but he's slowing. The Ghost twists, locking Hawk in a chokehold. Hawk grits his teeth. His vision blurs.

Then — a loud gunshot. The Ghost jerks back, a bullet grazing their shoulder. Hawk collapses, gasping for air. He turns—

Agent Thompson stands at the entrance, gun raised.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 (out of breath)  
 You really know how to make my job  
 difficult.

The Ghost vanishes into the shadows before Thompson can fire again.

HAWK  
 (strained)  
 Didn't want you getting bored.

Thompson hurries over, helping Hawk to his feet.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 Come on. Reyes is lighting up the  
 perimeter. We need to go—now.

Hawk nods, pressing a hand against his bleeding side. They move fast, pushing through a back exit—

EXT. PHOENIX FACILITY - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The air is thick with smoke. Gunfire echoes in the distance. Reyes' team is engaging Phoenix operatives. A black SUV skids to a stop. Reyes leans out the window.

AGENT REYES  
 (yelling)  
 Get in!

Hawk and Thompson dive into the back seat. The SUV peels out, bullets sparking against the metal. Inside, Hawk leans his head back, catching his breath.

AGENT REYES (CONT'D)  
 (glancing at him)  
 You look like hell.

HAWK  
 (smiling weakly)  
 Feel worse.

Reyes hits the gas. The facility disappears in the rear-view mirror, engulfed in flames.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

A dimly lit room. Maps, monitors, weapons scattered everywhere. Hawk sits on the edge of a metal table as Reyes stitches up his wound. Thompson paces nearby, studying intercepted data.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 (muttering)  
 This doesn't make sense...

Hawk exhales sharply as Reyes tightens the stitches.

HAWK  
 (low)  
 Talk to me.

Thompson points to a decrypted file on the screen.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 Phoenix wasn't just planning an  
 attack. They've been moving money.  
 Billions. Across different  
 accounts.

Hawk frowns.

HAWK  
 For what?

AGENT THOMPSON  
 (scrolling)  
 That's the thing. Some of these  
 accounts? They don't exist. It's  
 like they're funding a ghost  
 operation.

Hawk's expression darkens.

AGENT REYES  
 (sceptical)  
 Ghost operation? As in what—?

Thompson hesitates, then pulls up another screen. A series of schematics. Blueprints for a satellite network.

HAWK  
 (narrowing his eyes)  
 This isn't just about an attack...  
 they're building something.

The tension in the room deepens. A realization dawns. They weren't just stopping one event. They were already too late for something bigger. Hawk stands, eyes locked on the screen.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 What the hell are you up to,  
 Evelyn?

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Dim lighting. A single lamp flickers. The tension is thick. Hawk sits on a worn-out chair, wrapping a fresh bandage around his ribs. Thompson is glued to the screen, scrolling through encrypted data. Reyes leans against the wall, arms crossed.

AGENT THOMPSON

(grim)

I just traced the offshore accounts. Whatever Phoenix is funding... it's global.

Hawk tightens the bandage. His eyes flick to the screen.

HAWK

How global?

Thompson exhales, clicks a file—multiple red dots appear on a world map, South America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

AGENT THOMPSON

(highlighting locations)

They've been shifting money to front companies in over a dozen countries. Whatever they're building... it's already moving.

Reyes leans in, studying the map.

AGENT REYES

And let me guess—no paper trail. No way to connect it to Evelyn?

Thompson clenches his jaw.

AGENT THOMPSON

Oh, there's a paper trail. It's just buried under seven layers of misdirection. Shell companies. Dummy accounts. It's like someone built this to be untraceable.

HAWK

(flat)

Nothing's untraceable.

Hawk stands, stepping closer to the screen. His eyes lock onto one particular dot—Johannesburg, South Africa. He zooms in. A name pops up. "Haven Logistics."

Hawk frowns.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
(low)  
That's a weapons distributor.

Reyes and Thompson exchange a look.

AGENT REYES  
(sceptical)  
You sure?

Hawk nods.

HAWK  
I've run ops near their hubs  
before. They supply arms to whoever  
pays the highest. If Phoenix is  
moving through them, it means—

Thompson suddenly freezes, his fingers hovering over the  
keyboard.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(tense)  
Wait. No... no, no, no.

He pulls up a new window. A live satellite feed. A facility  
on the outskirts of Johannesburg. Reyes stiffens.

AGENT REYES  
What is that?

Thompson zooms in. A convoy of unmarked trucks. Guards moving  
fast. A shipment being loaded.

HAWK  
(grim)  
That's not a weapons run.

A new line of data scrolls across the screen. Hawk's stomach  
drops.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(whispering)  
Oh, shit...

He turns to them, eyes wide.

AGENT THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
They're moving bioweapons.

Silence. Then—the overhead lights flicker. Hawk's instincts  
scream. Reyes grips his sidearm.

AGENT REYES

(low)  
We're not alone.

A soft creak comes from the hallway. Hawk signals—silent, precise. Reyes kills the lamp. Darkness. Footsteps. Slow. Measured. A shadow shifts near the door. Hawk draws his knife. Then—BOOM! The door explodes inward. A flashbang rolls across the floor. BLINDING WHITE LIGHT.

Hawk lunges before his vision fully clears, grabbing the nearest figure—

A masked operative. A struggle. Fists slam into ribs. A knife slashes past Hawk's face. Reyes fires. The second intruder drops. Thompson dives for cover, shoving the hard drive into his backpack.

Hawk twists, snapping the first operative's wrist—the knife clatters to the ground. He flips them, slamming them into the table. The intruder groans, gasping for breath.

Hawk yanks the mask off. A young woman. Short-cropped hair. A scar running down her temple. Cold eyes. But Hawk recognizes her. His grip tightens.

HAWK  
(low, dangerous)  
Natalia.

She spits blood and smirks.

NATALIA  
(softly)  
You're too late.

She jerks forward—a cyanide pill already dissolving in her mouth. Hawk curses, trying to stop her—too late. She convulses. Then—stillness. A beat. Thompson and Reyes exchange a look.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(softly)  
What the hell is going on?

Hawk stares at Natalia's lifeless body. His fists clench.

HAWK  
(quietly)  
We need to move.

He turns back to the screen. The convoy in Johannesburg is still rolling out. Time is running out. And Evelyn is five steps ahead.



EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The safehouse door hangs open, smoke curling from the shattered frame. Hawk, Thompson, and Reyes move fast into the night, blending into the shadows.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(low, urgent)  
We just lost our cover.

AGENT REYES  
(nods)  
They found us too fast. Someone fed them intel.

Hawk's jaw tightens.

HAWK  
Not just someone. Evelyn.

He pulls out his phone, calling in their emergency extraction.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
(into comms)  
Rook, we've been burned. We need an exit—now.

A voice crackles back.

ROOK (O.S.)  
(guttural)  
Your location's compromised.  
Closest evac's ten minutes out. You need a hard extraction point.

Hawk glances at Reyes.

HAWK  
There's a freight yard four blocks east. Open terrain, multiple cover points. We hold there.

Reyes nods. They move.

EXT. FREIGHT YARD - NIGHT

Rows of abandoned train cars stretch into the darkness. The trio slips between them, weapons ready. A distant drone hums in the air. Thompson glances up.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(whispering)  
Drones. They're tracking heat signatures.

HAWK  
(quiet)  
Then let's make some noise.

He spots a stack of old fuel barrels near an idle crane. He signals to Reyes.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
(low)  
Can you get to that crane?

Reyes eyes the distance.

AGENT REYES  
(smirks)  
I was born for this.

She moves silently, disappearing into the shadows. Hawk and Thompson crouch behind a container. The drone passes overhead, its red targeting light sweeping over the yard. A tense beat— Then, the crane jerks to life. Metal screeches. The barrels tilt— CRASH! EXPLOSION!

Flames shoot into the sky. The drone's sensors flicker wildly.

HAWK  
(now!)  
They sprint for cover.

Gunfire erupts—Phoenix operatives flood into the yard. Hawk ducks, rolls behind a shipping container. Reyes is already laying down cover fire from the crane. Thompson scrambles, narrowly dodging a bullet.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(angry)  
This was supposed to be a quick exit!

HAWK  
(grim)  
Plans change.

A black SUV screeches around the corner—ROOK behind the wheel.

ROOK  
(yelling)  
Move your asses!

Hawk and Thompson break into a full sprint as bullets ping off metal. Reyes takes a final shot—then leaps from the crane, landing in a combat roll before jumping into the SUV. Hawk slams the door shut—

ROOK (CONT'D)  
(presses gas)  
Hold tight.

The SUV roars into the night, tires screeching.

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

The city blurs past as Rook speeds down the highway. Hawk reloads his weapon, eyes dark.

ROOK  
(grinning)  
Fun night?

HAWK  
(deadpan)  
We just got ambushed.

Rook's grin fades.

ROOK  
Then they're done playing.

Hawk turns to Thompson.

HAWK  
What's our window?

Thompson checks his watch.

AGENT THOMPSON  
Less than twenty-four hours.

Hawk exhales. His gaze hardens.

HAWK  
Then we go to Johannesburg.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - NIGHT

The room feels colder. Hawk remains still, his breathing controlled, but his knuckles are white from how tightly his fists are clenched. The countdown on the screen shifts. 20 hours, 59 minutes remaining. He inhales sharply—forcing himself to steady his thoughts. Evelyn's words still echo in his head.

FLASHBACK - INT. MILITARY BRIEFING ROOM - YEARS AGO

A younger Hawk, dressed in fatigues, sits across from GENERAL STRATTON, his former commanding officer. The general slides a classified file across the table.

GENERAL STRATTON

(grim)

You want to stop the real enemy?  
This is your chance.

Hawk opens the file. Inside—a picture of Evelyn Kane.

GENERAL STRATTON (CONT'D)

She's not your ally, son. She's the  
end of the line.

Hawk hesitates, staring at Evelyn's face in the file. She was his mentor. His friend.

YOUNGER HAWK

(flatly)

I don't betray my own.

Stratton exhales, shaking his head.

GENERAL STRATTON

That's the problem, Hawkins. She  
already betrayed you.

The weight of those words lingers—

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - NIGHT

Hawk's eyes snap open. He knows what he has to do. He scans the room—his mind shifting into combat mode. There's always a way out. Always. His eyes land on the overhead ventilation grate. He rolls his shoulders, mentally preparing himself. He's done waiting.

Suddenly—A BEEP FROM THE DOOR. Hawk tenses, stepping back into the shadows. The lock clunks open. Two Phoenix guards enter, rifles at the ready.

PHOENIX GUARD 1  
 (to the other)  
 Evelyn wants him moved. Now.

Hawk watches their movements, waiting. Calculating. As Phoenix Guard 2 turns toward the monitor—Hawk strikes. The second guard slumps, unconscious before he hits the ground. Hawk doesn't hesitate—he grabs a sidearm from the downed guard's holster, checks the mag. Full clip. He exhales slowly. Time to move.

INT. PHOENIX FACILITY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hawk moves silently down the hallway, keeping low. The facility hums with security systems—red warning lights flash along the walls. Up ahead—two more guards at a security checkpoint. Hawk pulls a stolen earpiece from the unconscious guard and slips it in.

PHOENIX COMMAND (O.S.)  
 (over radio)  
 Status on prisoner transfer?

The guards exchange a look.

PHOENIX GUARD  
 (into radio)  
 We're still securing him.

A pause. Then—

PHOENIX COMMAND (O.S.)  
 Stand by for direct orders from  
 Evelyn Kane.

Hawk's grip tightens on the stolen rifle. He can't wait.

FLASH MOVE:

– Hawk grabs a fire extinguisher from the wall—throws it full force into the nearest guard.

– It explodes in mist, blinding them both.

– Hawk sprints forward, taking down the second guard with a brutal takedown.

One of the guards struggles—reaching for his radio. Hawk presses a boot down on his wrist, snatching the device.

HAWK  
 (low, cold)  
 Where's Kane?

The guard coughs, spitting blood.

PHOENIX GUARD  
You're already too late.

A chilling beat. Hawk presses harder, eyes burning with intensity.

HAWK  
Where?

The guard chokes—then grins.

PHOENIX GUARD  
She's already started the next phase.

Hawk's blood runs cold. The countdown still ticking in the back of his mind. 20 HOURS LEFT.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The tension in the room is thick. Hawk and Thompson move quickly, gathering weapons, blueprints, and surveillance footage. The digital clock on the table reads: 11 HOURS, 42 MINUTES REMAINING.

HAWK  
(to himself, studying the map)  
She's not just attacking the city—she's dismantling hope.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(typing rapidly on his laptop)  
We need hard intel. Gut feelings don't win wars.

Hawk's eyes scan the pinned-up locations. Something clicks.

HAWK  
(realizing)  
It's not the financial district this time. It's the Civic Plaza.

Thompson pauses, looks up.

AGENT THOMPSON  
The heart of the city.

HAWK  
 (nodding)  
 A direct hit to the people's  
 spirit. And the worst part? They'll  
 never see it coming.

Thompson's laptop beeps—a breakthrough. He pulls up an encrypted feed, eyes widening.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 Son of a bitch... You were right.  
 Evelyn's people are already inside.

Hawk leans in. On-screen, schematics of the Civic Plaza load—explosives planted beneath the Unity Monument. A countdown blinks in the corner: 08:27:53

AGENT THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
 (tightening his jaw)  
 If those charges go off, the entire  
 plaza will collapse.

Hawk grabs his gear.

HAWK  
 Then we stop it.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 (scoffing, pulling out his  
 gun)  
 Yeah? And how the hell do we do  
 that? We don't even know how many—

HAWK  
 (cutting him off)  
 We adapt. Like we always do.

A tense beat. Thompson exhales sharply, then nods.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 Let's move.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The SUV roars to life. Hawk and Thompson speed into the darkness, heading straight toward the eye of the storm.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The dim glow of the AI's core flickers as it powers down. The once-active screens are now static, the hum of technology fading into an eerie silence. Hawk and Thompson stand in the aftermath, catching their breath.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 (exhales, shaking his  
 head)  
 We shut it down... but why doesn't it  
 feel like we won?

Hawk clenches his fists, his gaze locked on the now-dark monitors. His mind is racing.

HAWK  
 Because we didn't. Evelyn's still  
 out there.

A sudden high-pitched BEEP echoes from one of the remaining screens. Thompson instinctively raises his weapon, but the screen flickers back to life—showing a single red dot, blinking ominously. Then, a distorted voice cuts through the silence.

AI EREBUS (V.O.)  
 (glitching, faint but  
 chilling)  
 You think you've won?

Hawk and Thompson exchange a tense look.

AI EREBUS (V.O.)  
 This was only... a test.

Suddenly, a self-destruct countdown initiates on the screen.

10... 9... 8...

HAWK  
 (eyes widening)  
 Move! Now!

They bolt out of the room, sprinting through the industrial complex. The red emergency lights flash, casting long shadows as automated security turrets emerge from the walls, firing bursts of gunfire.

INT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - MAIN EXIT - NIGHT

Hawk and Thompson dive through a closing security door, barely avoiding the hail of bullets.



They tumble onto the ground outside, coughing as a massive fireball erupts behind them. The shockwave sends debris flying as the entire industrial complex implodes, consumed by flames.

The city skyline looms in the distance, untouched, unaware of how close it came to disaster. Hawk and Thompson stand, silhouetted against the flames.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(panting, shaking his  
head)  
Son of a bitch had a failsafe.

HAWK  
(staring at the burning  
wreckage)  
No. She had a plan.

A burned scrap of metal clatters near their feet. Hawk picks it up—it's part of a Phoenix insignia, melted but still recognizable. He turns it over and sees something etched onto the back. A GPS coordinate.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
She wants us to find her.

Thompson wipes sweat from his brow, trying to catch his breath.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(sarcastic)  
Great. Because this night wasn't  
fun enough.

Hawk lets out a slow exhale. His grip on the Phoenix insignia tightens. The flames behind him burn brighter, reflecting in his determined eyes.

HAWK  
(low, determined)  
Then let's not keep her waiting.

The camera lingers on the burning complex before fading to black.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

A mysterious underground bunker. Evelyn Kane watches a live drone feed of the explosion on a large monitor.

She stands calm, composed, a glass of whiskey in hand. Behind her, a dozen masked operatives are preparing weapons, uploading data to encrypted servers.

A second AI core, identical to Erebus, glows ominously in the background. The monitor zooms in on Hawk and Thompson leaving the scene.

EVELYN KANE  
 (smirking, raising her  
 glass)  
 See you soon, Hawk.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

A dimly lit, bare-bones safe house in the city's outskirts. The hum of a single overhead bulb casts shadows across the room. Hawk and Thompson sit at a worn-out wooden table, the GPS coordinates displayed on a laptop between them. A steaming cup of coffee sits untouched near Hawk's hand.

Thompson leans back, rubbing his temple.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 (exhausted)  
 So, let me get this straight... We shut down her operation, barely made it out alive, and she still wants us to find her?

HAWK  
 (staring at the screen,  
 jaw clenched)  
 No. She wants us right where she needs us.

Thompson exhales, leaning forward.

AGENT THOMPSON  
 (motioning to the laptop)  
 The coordinates are leading out of the city. Deep into no-man's-land.

Hawk zooms in on the map—an abandoned military base, 40 miles outside the city, surrounded by thick forests and mountains.

HAWK  
 (mutters)  
 She's setting the board for the next move.

A heavy silence lingers. Thompson shakes his head.

AGENT THOMPSON

(dryly)

Remind me again why we don't just disappear? Let someone else clean up this mess?

Hawk leans back, exhaling. His fingers tighten around his dog tags—a brief flicker of memory flashes in his eyes.

HAWK

(quietly, but firm)

Because no one else will.

Beat. Thompson studies him for a moment, then nods.

AGENT THOMPSON

(sighs, stretching his neck)

Alright. But this time, we're not walking in blind.

He reaches into his duffel bag, pulling out a tablet. He taps the screen, revealing a blueprint of the base.

AGENT THOMPSON (CONT'D)

(continuing)

We need a way in that doesn't involve getting torn apart the second we step inside.

Hawk studies the map, his eyes narrowing.

HAWK

We get eyes on the place first. No engagement. No risks. Just recon.

AGENT THOMPSON

(grins, sarcastic)

Right. Because we're real good at avoiding risks.

Hawk doesn't react. His gaze remains locked on the blueprint. Determined. Focused.

EXT. ABANDONED MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

The forest stretches for miles, thick and unnerving. Hawk and Thompson move through the undergrowth, their steps silent. In the distance, the base looms—a fortress of reinforced steel, watchtowers, and floodlights cutting through the darkness. Drones patrol overhead, sweeping the perimeter. Hawk crouches behind a fallen tree, raising his binoculars.

## HAWK'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

Several black SUVs are parked near the entrance. Armed guards patrol the perimeter, moving with precision—military-trained. Then, his gaze locks onto a figure on the rooftop—a masked sniper, completely still, scanning the treeline. Hawk lowers the binoculars.

HAWK  
(low voice)  
They're waiting for us.

Thompson, watching through his own scope, exhales.

AGENT THOMPSON  
Yeah. And they came ready.

He adjusts his grip on his rifle, but Hawk shakes his head.

HAWK  
No shots. We need to know why she brought us here.

Thompson sighs, muttering under his breath.

AGENT THOMPSON  
Fine. But the second things go sideways—

HAWK  
(interrupts, firm)  
We adapt.

They move deeper into the shadows, creeping toward a hidden access tunnel at the base of the hill. Their only way in.

## INT. BASE - SERVICE TUNNEL - NIGHT

A dark, claustrophobic tunnel. The walls are damp, the air thick. Hawk leads, Thompson covering the rear. Their footsteps echo faintly.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(whispering)  
I don't like this. Feels like a damn trap.

Hawk stays focused, checking the motion tracker on his wrist—no movement. They reach a steel hatch leading into the main building. Hawk slowly turns the latch. It creaks open, revealing—

A dimly lit corridor, empty. They step inside, weapons raised. The walls are lined with security cameras, but they're off. No alarms. No resistance. Too easy. They move forward, tension thick. Thompson gestures to a side door, slightly ajar.

AGENT THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
We check it?

Hawk nods. Thompson pushes the door open—

Inside is a small office, filled with maps, blueprints, and monitors displaying live city footage. In the centre sits a laptop, a single file open on the screen.

Hawk steps forward, reading the file's title:

"PHOENIX PROJECT: FINAL PHASE."

A chill runs through him. He clicks the file— ACCESS DENIED.

Suddenly— The monitors flicker on, revealing Evelyn Kane, watching them from a remote location.

EVELYN KANE  
(smirks)  
You're exactly where I want you.

The door slams shut behind them. A hissing sound fills the air. Gas.

AGENT THOMPSON  
(coughing, backing away)  
Shit—!

Hawk rushes to the door, but it's electronically locked. The gas fills the room fast, their vision blurring. Through the haze, Evelyn's voice echoes from the speakers—

EVELYN KANE  
(calm, almost amused)  
This isn't about revenge, Hawk.  
This is about redemption.

Hawk stumbles, fighting to stay conscious. Thompson collapses first, his body hitting the floor.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
See you soon.

Hawk's legs buckle. His vision fades.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Hawk's eyes snap open. He's restrained, his hands bound behind him in a dimly lit room. The only sound is the faint hum of machinery. A door creaks open. Footsteps. Slow. Measured. Then—Evelyn steps into view. She smiles.

EVELYN KANE  
(quiet, deadly)  
Let's talk.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

A dimly lit, sterile room. The hum of overhead fluorescent lights fills the silence. Hawk is strapped to a chair, his wrists secured with reinforced cuffs. The room has no windows, just four concrete walls and a single metal door.

Evelyn stands in front of him, composed, a small tablet in her hands. She's dressed in a sharp black tactical suit, a stark contrast to Hawk's bruised and bloodied state.

EVELYN KANE  
(smirking)  
You look terrible.

Hawk's jaw tightens, but he says nothing. Evelyn taps the tablet, and behind her, a large monitor flickers to life. Security footage plays—Hawk and Thompson sneaking into the base. Then, a drone feed of Thompson being dragged away by armed men.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
(mock sympathy)  
Your partner put up quite a fight.  
But don't worry, he's still  
breathing. For now.

Hawk's fingers twitch, but he stays composed.

HAWK  
(low, controlled)  
If you wanted us dead, we'd be  
dead. So let's skip the theatrics.  
What do you want?

Evelyn's smirk widens. She steps closer, lowering her voice.

EVELYN KANE  
 (leaning in)  
 I want you to listen.

She presses a button on the tablet. The monitor changes—a satellite image of a classified government facility, heavily secured.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 That's Fort Wallace. High-level military research hub. Ever wonder where all those missing defence funds disappear to?

Hawk's eyes narrow. He's heard the name before. Off-limits. Highly classified.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
 Inside, they're working on something called Project Phoenix.

The words hit Hawk like a gut punch. He doesn't react, but Evelyn catches the slight shift in his breathing. She paces slowly.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
 (smug)  
 See? You do know something.

HAWK  
 (coldly)  
 Phoenix was shut down years ago.

Evelyn laughs softly.

EVELYN KANE  
 (mocking)  
 That's what they wanted you to believe.

She taps again—the screen now shows classified files, schematics for advanced bioweapons and combat-enhanced soldiers.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
 (dead serious)  
 Phoenix wasn't just about creating better soldiers. It was about creating weapons disguised as men. Soldiers who don't question, don't hesitate. Who can be deployed anywhere, anytime, without accountability.

The screen flashes images of human test subjects—some dead, others transformed beyond recognition. Hawk's stomach tightens. He's seen experiments like this before. War crimes hidden behind classified projects.

HAWK  
(low, controlled anger)  
And where do you fit in?

Evelyn kneels in front of him, eyes sharp.

EVELYN KANE  
I used to believe in the system. I served, just like you. Then I realized.. the system doesn't care about people like us.

She stands, placing the tablet down.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
(calm, but firm)  
So, I'm going to burn it down.

Hawk's jaw clenches.

HAWK  
(mocking)  
That your sales pitch?

Evelyn smirks, but her eyes darken.

EVELYN KANE  
No, Hawk. That's your choice.

She gestures to the monitor, where a new image appears—a live satellite feed of Fort Wallace.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
(continuing)  
You help me break in, take the files, and expose the truth.

She steps closer, lowering her voice.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
(deadly serious)  
Or I hand you over to the people running it. And trust me, they'll do a lot worse than kill you.

A heavy silence lingers between them. Hawk leans back, exhaling through his nose. He glances at the screen, then back at her.



HAWK  
 (calm, measured)  
 You don't have a way in, do you?

Evelyn's expression hardens for just a fraction of a second—confirmation. Hawk smirks.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
 (mocking)  
 That's why I'm still breathing. You need me.

Evelyn doesn't flinch. She simply tilts her head, as if studying him.

EVELYN KANE  
 (softly)  
 Maybe.

Beat. Then she turns to the door.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
 (calm, walking away)  
 You have one hour to decide.

The door swings open, and two armed guards step in.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
 (without turning back)  
 And don't try anything stupid.

She walks out. The door slams shut, leaving Hawk alone with the guards.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

A dark, windowless room. Hawk sits on a bench, wrists still bound. He closes his eyes, inhaling deep. Then, barely above a whisper—

HAWK  
 (to himself, smirking)  
 One hour, huh?

He subtly shifts his left hand, revealing a thin metal pin tucked beneath his wrist cuff. Time to move.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

A small, dimly lit room with reinforced steel walls. A single security camera blinks in the corner. The door is solid metal, no visible handle on the inside.

Hawk sits on the bench, wrists still bound. His breathing is steady, controlled. His fingers twitch, subtly working the thin metal pin hidden beneath his cuff. The two armed guards stand near the door—stiff, professional, but bored. One of them, GABRIEL, checks his watch.

GABRIEL  
(grumbling)  
This better not run all night.

The other guard, RILEY, leans against the wall.

RILEY  
Relax, man. Kane's got this locked down.

Hawk keeps his head tilted downward, focusing on the pin. Careful. Precise. A soft click. The first cuff loosens. He doesn't move. Not yet. Gabriel stretches, rolling his neck.

GABRIEL  
I don't get why she's even keeping him alive.

RILEY  
Orders.

Gabriel scoffs.

GABRIEL  
I say we drop his ass off at Fort Wallace and let them handle him.

Hawk's jaw tightens slightly. He files that away—confirmation that Wallace is involved. The second cuff clicks open. Hawk moves.

#### FAST ACTION SEQUENCE

- Hawk snaps forward, slamming his head into Gabriel's nose. CRACK! Blood splatters.
- Gabriel staggers back, clutching his face.
- Riley draws his weapon—too slow.
- Hawk grabs his wrist, twisting hard—a sickening POP! The gun clatters to the floor.
- Before Gabriel can react, Hawk spins and kicks him hard in the stomach—sending him crashing into the wall.
- Hawk grabs Riley's stun baton, flicks it on—a sharp BUZZ—and slams it into Gabriel's neck. SPARK!

– Gabriel convulses and drops.

A heartbeat of silence. Riley, groaning, tries to reach for his sidearm. Hawk kicks it away. He looms over Riley, still breathing steady.

HAWK  
(calm, measured)  
Who else is on this floor?

Riley glares, panting.

RILEY  
Go to hell.

Hawk stomps on his dislocated wrist—hard.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
(screams)  
SHIT!

HAWK  
(calm, but firm)  
Next answer. Faster.

Riley grits his teeth. He nods toward the hall.

RILEY  
Three more. All armed.

Hawk grabs Gabriel's rifle, checking the magazine—still loaded. He slings it over his shoulder, then pats Riley down, pulling a key card from his belt. He looks at the security camera in the corner. A small red light blinks. They saw everything.

HAWK  
(muttering to himself)  
Clock's ticking.

He steps over the bodies and heads for the door.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

A tight, high-tech room filled with monitors. One screen flickers, showing Hawk standing over the guards. A technician, LOGAN, leans forward, eyes wide.

LOGAN  
Shit. We've got a problem.

Evelyn Kane stands behind him, arms crossed, watching the screen. Her face is unreadable.

EVELYN KANE  
 (quietly, to herself)  
 Let's see what you do next.

She taps her earpiece.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
 Send the response team. Non-lethal.  
 I want him alive.

Beat. Her lips curl into a small, knowing smile.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
 For now.

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hawk moves with controlled urgency, rifle in hand, the key card clutched tightly in his grip. The hallway is sterile, lined with reinforced doors—some with small glass windows, others sealed tight. This isn't just a holding area. It's something bigger. Hawk keeps moving. Silent. Focused. A distant alarm starts blaring.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

The monitors flicker, tracking Hawk's every step. Evelyn Kane watches, her expression calm, calculating.

SECURITY OFFICER  
 (muttering)  
 He's heading toward Block C.

Evelyn's eyes flick to a different monitor—one showing a reinforced door at the end of Hawk's path. Her smile tightens, almost amused.

EVELYN KANE  
 (softly)  
 Interesting choice, Hawk.

She turns to her lead enforcer, a tall, and imposing figure in tactical gear—CODE NAME: STRIKER.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
 Meet him there.

Striker nods once, then turns to leave.

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hawk halts in front of a heavily secured door marked BLOCK C - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. He swipes the key card. A red light blinks. Access Denied. He frowns. Tries again. Nothing. His eyes scan the wall-mounted security panel beside the door. A biometric scanner.

Suddenly-

-A metallic voice echoes over the speakers.

SECURITY AI  
Unauthorized access detected.  
Response team en route.

Hawk tenses. He's out of time. A soft cough from behind. A prisoner. Through the small reinforced window of a nearby cell, an older man with deep scars and piercing blue eyes watches him.

PRISONER  
(hoarse, amused)  
You're either really brave... or  
really stupid.

Hawk turns, eyes narrowing.

HAWK  
Depends. Who the hell are you?

The prisoner smirks, stepping closer.

PRISONER  
Call me Viktor. And if you want  
that door open-  
(beat, grinning)  
-you're gonna need me.

INT. BLOCK C - HIGH-SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

A massive, high-tech detention area. Rows of reinforced cells hold dangerous individuals-high-profile operatives, whistle-blowers, and former government assets now deemed "disposable." Hawk follows Viktor, weaving through the dimly lit corridors.

HAWK  
Why the hell were you locked up  
here?

VIKTOR  
 (chuckles dryly)  
 Same reason you're about to be—I  
 know too much.

Hawk glances at the prison doors, noting the names on each cell panel—some he recognizes. Then—he spots something. A nameplate on one of the darkened cells: SARAH CALLAWAY. His blood runs cold. He rushes to the door.

HAWK  
 (low, urgent)  
 Sarah?

No response. His hands clench into fists. He turns to Viktor.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
 Where is she?

Viktor studies him, then exhales.

VIKTOR  
 They moved her. Yesterday.

Hawk's jaw tightens. Before he can process, a low rumble vibrates through the facility. The lights flicker. A new voice crackles over the intercom—deep, mechanical, and inhumanly distorted.

AI SYSTEM  
 Facility lockdown engaged. All  
 personnel, prepare for breach.

Viktor looks up sharply.

VIKTOR  
 (low, tense)  
 Oh... that's not good.

BOOM. The far wall EXPLODES, sending debris flying. Figures emerge through the smoke—heavily armoured Phoenix operatives. And leading them — Striker.

INT. BLOCK C - HIGH-SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

Smoke billows. The explosion has turned the sterile prison hallway into a war zone. Hawk and Viktor dive behind cover as Phoenix operatives flood in, their laser sights cutting through the dust. Striker steps through the breach, his imposing figure silhouetted against the wreckage. His voice is calm, deadly.

STRIKER  
 (amused)  
 You never learn, do you, Hawk?

Hawk reloads his pistol, whispering to Viktor.

HAWK  
 You any good in a fight?

VIKTOR  
 (grinning)  
 Better than you.

Before Hawk can respond—

Striker opens fire. Gunfire erupts. Hawk and Viktor move in perfect sync, returning fire as they navigate the collapsing hallway. A siren blares.

SECURITY AI  
 Containment breach detected.  
 Security measures engaged.

Suddenly—automated turrets drop from the ceiling, locking onto everyone.

VIKTOR  
 (ducking)  
 They don't care who they hit!

The turrets whir to life, unleashing rapid-fire bullets. Hawk and Viktor sprint for cover, as the Phoenix operatives are ripped apart in the crossfire.

STRIKER  
 (dodging fire, growling)  
 This is getting annoying.

He taps a remote device on his wrist—

—And the turrets immediately power down.

HAWK  
 (muttering)  
 Figures.

Striker charges forward, his sheer strength plowing through debris as he grabs Hawk by the throat and slams him against the wall. Hawk grits his teeth, struggling as Striker's grip tightens.

STRIKER  
 (low, mocking)  
 You always had a death wish, didn't  
 you?

Hawk grabs a combat knife from his vest and plunges it into Striker's side. Striker stiffens but doesn't let go. Instead, he grins through the pain.

STRIKER (CONT'D)  
 That all you got?

Suddenly—Viktor swings a metal pipe with full force against Striker's head. CRACK. Striker stumbles back, dazed.

VIKTOR  
 (to Hawk, panting)  
 You're welcome.

No time to celebrate. More Phoenix reinforcements storm the hallway. Hawk grabs Striker's wrist device and yanks it free.

HAWK  
 (grinning)  
 Now we're even.

He taps the device, reactivating the turrets—

—Which IMMEDIATELY turn on the incoming Phoenix operatives.

Chaos. Hawk and Viktor use the distraction to run, dodging through the smoke-filled corridors.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN TUNNELS - NIGHT

They emerge into a dimly lit tunnel—a maintenance shaft that runs beneath the prison facility. Viktor leans against the wall, catching his breath.

VIKTOR  
 So... what's the plan?

Hawk checks his ammo—low. Very low.

HAWK  
 Find Sarah. Stop Evelyn. End this.

Viktor studies him, then nods.

VIKTOR  
 Good. 'Cause I want in.

Hawk raises an eyebrow.



HAWK  
Why?

VIKTOR  
(smirking)  
Because I hate losing.

Before Hawk can respond—

A distant explosion shakes the tunnel. Hawk and Viktor exchange a look. It's not over. Not even close.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

A dimly lit warehouse-turned-hideout. Monitors flicker, displaying live surveillance feeds of the city. Sarah sits at a terminal, her face illuminated by the glow of the screens. She types rapidly, decrypting Phoenix's last known transmissions. Her expression is grim.

SARAH  
(muttering to herself)  
Come on... where are you, Evelyn?

A message flashes across the screen.

"Phase Two: Initiate."

Sarah's breath catches. Suddenly—a presence behind her. She whirls, gun raised— Evelyn Kane stands in the shadows.

EVELYN KANE  
(calm, almost amused)  
You always were the clever one.

Sarah tightens her grip on the gun.

SARAH  
You knew I'd find you.

EVELYN KANE  
(smirking)  
Of course. I counted on it.

Sarah hesitates. Something feels off.

SARAH  
(realizing)  
This... isn't about Hawk, is it?

Evelyn steps forward, her icy gaze unshaken.

EVELYN KANE  
 Hawk was always a means to an end.  
 (beat)  
 But you, Sarah... you're the real  
 key.

Sarah's pulse pounds. She's missing something—something big.

SARAH  
 (low, calculating)  
 What are you planning?

Evelyn smiles.

EVELYN KANE  
 You'll see soon enough.

Before Sarah can react— Evelyn presses a small device in her hand— A SHOCKWAVE SURGES THROUGH THE ROOM. The screens glitch. Sarah staggers, her vision swimming. She tries to lift her gun— but her body won't respond.

SARAH  
 (struggling, whispers)  
 What... did you...?

Evelyn steps closer, whispering in her ear.

EVELYN KANE  
 Welcome to Phase Two.

Sarah's vision fades to black.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - NIGHT

Sarah wakes up, disoriented, strapped to a chair. Electrodes are attached to her temples. A humming supercomputer stands before her—Erebus, the AI core. Evelyn watches from the control panel.

SARAH  
 (weakly)  
 You're using Erebus for... mind  
 control?

EVELYN KANE  
 (smirks)  
 Not control. Reprogramming.

Sarah's blood runs cold.

SARAH  
 You're insane.

Evelyn tilts her head.

EVELYN KANE  
And yet... here you are.

A monitor flickers. Sarah sees a feed of Hawk and Viktor approaching.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
He's coming for you, you know.

Sarah grits her teeth.

SARAH  
And he'll stop you.

EVELYN KANE  
(amused)  
Oh, I'm counting on it.

She presses a button. The electrodes spark— Sarah SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - TACTICAL ENTRY POINT - NIGHT

Hawk and Viktor descend through an abandoned tunnel, weapons drawn. A blast door looms ahead.

VIKTOR  
(panting)  
This is too easy.

Hawk nods. That's when the alarm blares. A side panel slides open—

—SARAH STEPS OUT. Hawk's stomach drops.

HAWK  
Sarah?!

But something is wrong. Her stance is rigid. Her eyes cold, distant. And she's holding a gun.

SARAH  
(flat, emotionless)  
Put down your weapons.

Hawk doesn't move.

HAWK  
Sarah... what did she do to you?

Sarah raises the gun.

SARAH  
Last warning.

Viktor glances at Hawk.

VIKTOR  
(low)  
She's not herself.

Hawk's heart pounds.

HAWK  
I'm not fighting you, Sarah.

Sarah's finger trembles on the trigger. Then—Evelyn's voice over the speakers.

EVELYN KANE  
(mocking)  
What's wrong, Hawk? Can't pull the trigger?

Hawk clenches his jaw.

HAWK  
Evelyn... I swear, if you hurt her—

EVELYN KANE  
Oh, she's not hurt. She's... improved.

Sarah's hand tightens on the gun. But her expression flickers. Something inside her fights back.

SARAH  
(strained, whispering)  
Hawk...

She drops the gun—clutching her head.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(pained)  
I... won't... be... controlled.

EVELYN KANE  
(annoyed)  
Fine. Plan B it is.

The blast door opens—

And a dozen Phoenix operatives storm in.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Hawk and Viktor fight their way through the operatives, bullets flying. Sarah, still disoriented, stumbles toward the main console. She sees the Erebus AI countdown—

Launch Sequence: 90 Seconds Remaining.

SARAH  
(realizing, gasping)  
She's targeting the entire city.

Hawk takes down an operative, spinning toward Sarah.

HAWK  
Can you shut it down?!

Sarah grits her teeth, typing furiously.

SARAH  
I can try!

More operatives flood in. Viktor covers Sarah, laying down suppressive fire. Evelyn watches from a higher platform, smirking.

EVELYN KANE  
You're too late.

30 SECONDS LEFT. Sarah hacks the system, sweat dripping. 20 SECONDS. Hawk engages Evelyn, the two trading brutal blows. 10 SECONDS. Sarah's fingers fly over the keyboard— 5 SECONDS. Evelyn pins Hawk, laughing.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Say goodbye, Hawk.

Sarah slams the enter key.

"OVERRIDE SUCCESSFUL."

The entire system powers down. The countdown STOPS. Evelyn freezes.

EVELYN KANE (CONT'D)  
(snarling)  
No.

Hawk head-butts her, breaking free. Evelyn staggers back, bloodied. Sirens blare. Phoenix's base is collapsing.

HAWK  
(breathing hard)  
This is over, Evelyn.

Evelyn laughs softly, backing toward the emergency exit.

EVELYN KANE  
You stopped one plan. But the  
game's not over.

She presses a detonator—

BOOM. A secondary explosion rocks the facility. Evelyn disappears in the chaos.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - DAWN

The facility burns in the distance. Hawk, Sarah, and Viktor stand on a rooftop, watching. Sarah sways slightly, exhausted.

SARAH  
She got away.

VIKTOR  
(grins)  
Then we hunt her down.

Hawk nods, determined. This isn't the end. It's just the beginning. The screen cuts to black.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**