

KASIE DRIFT (SEASON 2)

"Pilot"

Written by

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TEASE

FADE IN

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

The city breathes in broken gasps. Flames from the explosion still flicker in the distance, licking the sky with orange streaks. Sirens wail, helicopters hover. The war has left scars, and the streets are bleeding.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A beat-up sedan screeches to a halt, tires skidding over gravel. The doors fling open. KHALID and KOOS spill out, sweat-soaked and battle-worn. They scan their surroundings like hunted animals.

KHALID
(pants, checks behind them)
We can't keep running.

KOOS
(checks his gun)
We don't have a choice, my broer.
That bounty's real.

He gestures to a wanted flyer plastered onto a crumbling wall—their faces, big and bold.

"DEAD OR ALIVE. REWARD: R1,000,000."

KHALID
(gritting his teeth)
And Jennifer?

Koos tenses, his fingers flexing at the mention of her name.

KOOS
She's alive. I know it.

KHALID
(sceptical, wary)
How?

KOOS
(looks away)
I just do.

A NOISE—footsteps on loose gravel. Both men spin, guns raised. A SHADOW moves in the darkness. Then—a voice. Smooth. Calculated. Dangerous.

ROCKET (O.S.)
Put those away before you do
something stupid.

A figure steps from the shadows—a rugged man in his late 30s, tall, broad-shouldered, ROCKET. His presence carries authority, his movements deliberate. He's flanked by two men, both armed but relaxed.

ROCKET (CONT'D)
You boys look like you need a
lifeline.

INT. UNCLE ZEE'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

A room dimly lit by a single, flickering bulb. The remnants of Uncle Zee's empire are scattered—men tending to wounds, loading weapons, whispering behind his back. At the head of the table, Uncle Zee sits in eerie calm, swirling a glass of whiskey. His right-hand man, SIZWE, stands beside him, scanning Zee's face for any cracks in his composure.

SIZWE
(cautious, reading the
room)
They think you're finished.

Zee lets out a dry chuckle.

UNCLE ZEE
Do they?

SIZWE
(nods)
The Numbers Gang ain't happy. Word
is, someone's stepping up.

UNCLE ZEE
(amused, slow sip of
whiskey)
Let them step.

Zee leans forward, placing his glass on the table.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
I'll cut them down.

Silence. Tension thickens. Sizwe shifts his weight, considering his next words.

SIZWE

They're saying the new player's got
connections. Someone called...
Rocket.

UNCLE ZEE

(low chuckle, barely
phased)
Rocket, huh?

He picks up his phone, casually dialling.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)

(into the phone, calm but
firm)
Get eyes on him. And when you do...
make him disappear.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

KOOS and KHALID follow ROCKET through a maze of darkened
streets. The distant city lights reflect off puddles of
blood, rain, and gasoline.

KHALID

(tense, suspicious)
Why help us?

ROCKET

(without looking back)
You got skills. You got guts. But
you're lost. I'm offering
direction.

KOOS

(flat, unimpressed)
And what's the catch?

ROCKET

(stops, turning to face
them)
We burn Zee's empire to the ground.

A beat. Koos and Khalid exchange a look.

KHALID

(measured, wary)
And if we say no?

ROCKET

(grins, casual)
Then you better start running
again.

Koos clenches his jaw, considering their already dwindling options. Khalid exhales sharply, rubbing his face.

KOOS
(mutters)
Shit.

EXT. CITY BRIDGE - NIGHT

A sleek black car rolls to a stop. The door swings open, and JENNIFER is shoved out—her hands tied, her face bruised, but her spirit unbroken. She stumbles forward, but steadies herself. Defiance burns in her eyes. A SHADOWED FIGURE leans against the car, watching her with an almost amused curiosity.

SHADOWED FIGURE
(smooth, calculated)
Let's see if your boys come
looking.

Jennifer meets his gaze, refusing to flinch.

JENNIFER
(low, cold)
They will. And when they do... you're
dead.

A smirk. The figure steps back into the car. The door slams shut. The car peels away, leaving Jennifer standing alone—wind whipping through her hair, a storm brewing behind her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

SMASH TO OPENING CREDITS

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

A dimly lit industrial wasteland. The air is thick with smoke, the distant echoes of sirens barely reaching these forgotten streets. A stolen sedan rolls into the lot, headlights off. Khalid and Koos step out, scanning their surroundings.

KOOS
(low, uneasy)
This place is too quiet.

KHALID
 (checks his gun)
 We won't be here long.

They make their way toward the factory entrance, but— THWIP!
 A suppressed shot WHIZZES past Khalid's head. BANG! BANG!
 Glass shatters. Bullets RAIN DOWN from above. Khalid and Koos
 DIVE for cover behind an old shipping container.

KOOS
 (gritted teeth, pissed)
 You tell me Zee's people found us
 this fast?!

KHALID
 (checking ammo, scanning
 the shadows)
 That ain't Zee's style.

From the rooftops, masked gunmen reposition. Their movements
 are too precise, too tactical for Zee's usual thugs. Then— A
 VOICE FROM THE DARKNESS. CONFIDENT. CONTROLLED.

ROCKET (O.S.)
 That was just a warning shot.

The gunfire STOPS. From the shadows, ROCKET emerges—flanked
 by men in Numbers Gang colours, but these aren't Zee's
 people. They move with military discipline.

KOOS
 (breathing heavy, gun
 still raised)
 Who the hell are you?

ROCKET
 (calm, almost amused)
 The guy keeping you from getting
 ventilated.

Khalid lowers his gun, studying Rocket.

KHALID
 You run with Zee's people?

Rocket smirks.

ROCKET
 I run the ones who left him.

He nods toward the masked shooters, who lower their weapons
 but don't holster them.

ROCKET (CONT'D)
 Zee's old-school. Too much noise,
 too much ego. But me? I'm building
 something better.

Rocket steps closer, voice lowering, eyes locked on Khalid
 and Koos.

ROCKET (CONT'D)
 You've got a choice.

KHALID
 (tense, cautious)
 I don't like choices that come with
 loaded guns.

ROCKET
 (grins)
 Then you're really gonna hate this
 one.

He takes a slow step forward.

ROCKET (CONT'D)
 Work for me. Help me burn Zee's
 empire to the ground.

A beat.

KOOS
 (flat)
 And if we say no?

Rocket gestures around.

ROCKET
 Then this parking lot becomes your
 graveyard.

Silence. The weight of the moment settles in. Koos looks at
 Khalid. Khalid clenches his jaw, scanning their options—there
 aren't any.

KHALID
 (low, measured)
 What's the first job?

Rocket smirks.

ROCKET
 Smart man.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

A METAL DOOR SLAMS OPEN. A dimly lit cell. Concrete walls. A single overhead bulb flickers. Jennifer sits on the floor, wrists tied behind her, blood trailing from her temple. She stirs, eyes blinking open, adjusting to the light. A figure stands in the doorway. Not Uncle Zee. Someone worse. A SHADOWED FIGURE steps forward, revealing a cruel smirk.

SHADOWED FIGURE
Welcome back to the land of the
living.

Jennifer glares, jaw tightening.

JENNIFER
(rasping)
You should've left me dead.

The figure chuckles. Steps closer.

SHADOWED FIGURE
Oh no, sweetheart. You've still got
work to do.

Jennifer's eyes flicker with both fear and fury.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The tension is thick enough to choke on. Khalid and Koos stand frozen, guns half-raised, eyes locked on Rocket. His smirk doesn't waver. Behind him, the masked gunmen wait—fingers on triggers, patience thin.

KOOS
(mutters to Khalid)
This guy's worse than Zee.

KHALID
(low, grim)
But we ain't got a choice.

A beat. Khalid exhales sharply, then nods at Rocket.

KHALID (CONT'D)
Fine. We're in.

Rocket's grin widens. He spreads his arms like a preacher welcoming converts.

ROCKET
Smart move. Welcome to the winning
side.

Koos glares, but keeps his mouth shut. Rocket turns, snapping his fingers. One of his men tosses a burner phone to Khalid.

ROCKET (CONT'D)
First job's simple. Zee's got a shipment coming in tonight. You intercept it. Leave no witnesses.

KOOS
(scoffs)
So we're errand boys now?

Rocket's smile vanishes. He steps closer, voice dropping to a lethal whisper.

ROCKET
You're whatever I say you are. And right now? You're disposable.

The threat hangs in the air. Khalid grips the phone tighter, jaw clenched.

KHALID
We'll handle it.

Rocket nods, satisfied, and strides away. His men melt into the shadows, leaving Khalid and Koos alone in the eerie silence.

KOOS
(kicks a brick, furiously)
We just signed our death warrants.

KHALID
(pockets the phone)
Maybe. But we're still breathing.

A distant helicopter buzzes overhead, a reminder of the war they're now part of.

INT. UNCLE ZEE'S STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

The room is tense, electric. Uncle Zee sits at the head of a scarred wooden table, surrounded by his last loyalists. Maps, guns, and stacks of cash litter the surface. Sizwe leans in, voice urgent.

SIZWE
Rocket's got the Numbers Gang behind him. And now he's recruiting our own.

Zee swirls his whiskey, ice clinking. His expression is calm, but his eyes burn.

UNCLE ZEE
Let him recruit. Let him think he's winning.

He sets the glass down with a thud.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
(to a shadowy figure)
Bring her in.

The door opens. A woman steps forward—early 30s, sharp-eyed, a ghost from Khalid's past.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
(smirks)
Khalid's old flame. The one he left for dead.

The woman's lips curl into a cold smile.

WOMAN
Time to remind him why he should've stayed gone.

Zee leans back, steepling his fingers.

UNCLE ZEE
Rocket wants a war? I'll give him one.

INT. DARK CELL - NIGHT

Jennifer's breathing is ragged, her wrists raw from the ropes. The shadowed figure looms over her, gripping her chin, forcing her to look up.

SHADOWED FIGURE
You're gonna send a message.

Jennifer spits blood at his shoes.

JENNIFER
Go to hell.

The figure backhands her. She slams against the wall but grins through the pain.

SHADOWED FIGURE
(smirks)
Oh, I'll enjoy breaking you.

He tosses a phone at her feet.

SHADOWED FIGURE (CONT'D)

Call your boys. Tell them you're
alive.

Jennifer's eyes flicker. She picks up the phone—and types a sequence too fast for him to notice. A coded signal. The figure doesn't see it. But Koos will.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The silence after Rocket's ultimatum is absolute. Khalid and Koos stand in the dim glow of distant streetlights, the weight of their decision pressing down like a blade between their shoulders. Rocket's men have vanished, but their presence lingers—an invisible leash tightening around their necks.

Koos exhales sharply, kicking a loose stone. It skitters across cracked concrete, the sound too loud in the stillness.

KOOS

(low, venomous)

We just traded a lion for a snake.

Khalid doesn't answer. He's staring at the burner phone in his hand, its screen dark. A tool, a tracker, a noose—it's all three.

KHALID

(finally, quiet)

Snakes can be killed.

A flicker of movement in the shadows. Both tense, hands drifting toward weapons—but it's just a stray cat, eyes gleaming as it slinks past. Koos lets out a harsh laugh.

KOOS

Even the rats know to run.

Khalid pockets the phone. The first job looms ahead, a test of loyalty they can't fail. But beneath the surface, something else stirs—a plan, unspoken, taking root.

INT. UNCLE ZEE'S WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The air is thick with cigar smoke and tension. Zee's stronghold, once a place of unshakable power, now feels like a ship taking on water. His men murmur, casting glances at the door, the windows—anywhere but at him.

Sizwe leans against the wall, arms crossed. He's the only one who dares speak.

SIZWE
Rocket's got the docks. The
warehouses. Half your foot soldiers
are either dead or wearing his
colours now.

Zee doesn't react. He's studying a chessboard, fingers hovering over a black knight.

UNCLE ZEE
(softly)
You ever play chess, Sizwe?

Sizwe blinks.

SIZWE
Not really.

Zee moves the knight, sacrificing it.

UNCLE ZEE
Sometimes, you let them take a
piece. Makes them arrogant. Makes
them stupid.

He looks up, eyes like flint.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
Bring me the girl.

Sizwe hesitates.

SIZWE
She's not gonna help you. Not after
what happened.

Zee smiles.

UNCLE ZEE
Oh, she will. Hate's a better
motivator than loyalty.

The door creaks open. A woman steps in—lean, coiled like a spring, her gaze sharp enough to draw blood. She doesn't speak. She doesn't need to.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
(to her)
You remember Khalid, don't you?

Her lips curl. That's answer enough.

INT. THE CELL - NIGHT

Jennifer's world is pain and darkness. The ropes bite into her wrists, the concrete floor leeches warmth from her bones. The shadowed figure watches her, amused, as she struggles to sit up.

SHADOWED FIGURE
You're stubborn. I like that.

Jennifer spits blood.

JENNIFER
(hoarse)
You're boring. I don't like that.

He laughs, crouching in front of her. The phone gleams in his hand, taunting.

SHADOWED FIGURE
Call them. Tell them where you are.

Jennifer's fingers twitch. She takes the phone—and types. Not words. Numbers. A sequence Koos taught her years ago, back when they still trusted each other. The figure doesn't notice. He's too busy savouring his victory.

SHADOWED FIGURE (CONT'D)
They'll come for you. And when they do—

Jennifer cuts him off with a smile.

JENNIFER
They won't come the way you think.

The screen flickers. Message sent.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Gunfire cracks through the humid air as Khalid and Koos move like shadows between shipping containers. Rocket's orders were clear: intercept Zee's arms shipment, leave no survivors.

A bullet ricochets off metal near Koos' head. He ducks, swearing.

KOOS
(panting, reloading)
This ain't strategy—this is a slaughter.

Khalid doesn't answer. He's watching one of Zee's men—young, barely twenty—crawl toward cover, blood soaking his shirt. Their eyes meet. Fear. Recognition.

Khalid hesitates.

ROCKET'S MAN (V.O.)
(over comms)
Clean up the stragglers. Move!

Koos sees Khalid's hesitation. He knows what it means.

KOOS
(low, urgent)
We don't got a choice.

Khalid exhales. Pulls the trigger. The gunshot echoes too loud.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAWN

The aftermath is ugly. News vans swarm a block away, cameras catching the smoke rising from a torched liquor store—collateral damage. A woman sobs over a body covered in a sheet.

Koos watches from the car, jaw tight.

KOOS
Zee's people didn't even own that store.

Khalid grips the wheel, knuckles white.

KHALID
Rocket said this was about cutting Zee's supply lines. Not this.

A beat. The radio crackles—another order. Another hit. Koos turns it off.

KOOS
We're just swapping one monster for another, huh?

Khalid doesn't answer. The silence says enough.

INT. ROCKET'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Rocket lounges in a leather chair, flipping through stacks of cash. His men count weapons, laughing like this is just another day. Khalid steps forward.

KHALID

We hit three of Zee's spots. When
do we go for the throat?

Rocket smirks, slow, like a cat with a mouse under its paw.

ROCKET

Patience. War's a chess game, not a
street brawl.

Koos scoffs.

KOOS

Funny. Zee said the same shit.

The room goes still. Rocket's smile doesn't waver, but his
eyes darken.

ROCKET

Difference is, I win.

Khalid exchanges a glance with Koos. Neither believes him.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - NIGHT

Koos stares at the decoded message on his phone—a string of
numbers, a location, a single word: "HURRY."

His hands shake.

KOOS

(whispers)

Jen...

Khalid looks up from cleaning his gun.

KHALID

What?

Koos hesitates. Trust is thin these days. But he turns the
screen.

KOOS

She's alive. And she's running out
of time.

Khalid's expression hardens.

KHALID

Rocket's got us on a leash. We
move, he'll know.

Koos pockets the phone, jaw set.

KOOS

Then we make sure he's too busy to notice.

INT. UNCLE ZEE'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Zee pours two glasses of whiskey. The woman—Khalid's ghost—takes hers but doesn't drink.

WOMAN

You want me to what? Walk up to Khalid and say "missed me"?

Zee chuckles.

UNCLE ZEE

I want you to remind him what happens when he picks the wrong side.

She swirls the liquor, her reflection fracturing in the glass.

WOMAN

And if Rocket kills him first?

Zee's smile is all teeth.

UNCLE ZEE

Then you get to kill Rocket. Either way... you win.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jennifer's wrists are raw from the ropes, her breath shallow. The door creaks open, and a silhouette steps into the flickering fluorescent light. Not the shadowed figure who's been taunting her. Someone worse.

JENNIFER

(hoarse, disbelieving)
...No. You're dead.

The man smiles—a jagged, broken thing. A scar runs from his temple to his jaw, a souvenir from the fire Khalid and Koos left him in two years ago.

VIC

(mockingly)
"Dead" is a flexible concept.

Jennifer's blood runs cold. Vic. The one they betrayed. The one who should've burned. And now he's here. And she's the bait.

INT. ROCKET'S WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Rocket spreads a blueprint across the table—not just a map of Zee's territory, but the entire city.

ROCKET

Zee's just the first domino. After him? The Russians. The Cartel. The crooked cops.

Koos frowns.

KOOS

You're talking full-scale war.

Rocket's grin is all teeth.

ROCKET

I'm talking a new empire. No more gangs. No more infighting. One hand on the throat of this whole damn city.

Khalid stares at the map. The scale of it hits him like a bullet. This isn't revenge. This is a revolution. And they're the foot soldiers.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Khalid grips the railing, the city sprawled below him like a wounded animal. Koos joins him, lighting a cigarette.

KOOS

We knew he was ambitious. Not this ambitious.

Khalid's voice is hollow.

KHALID

We help him do this, we're not just killing Zee. We're killing everyone who stands in his way.

Koos exhales smoke.

KOOS

And if we walk?

A beat. The wind howls between them.

KHALID

Then Vic kills Jennifer. Rocket
hunts us. Zee's ghost finishes what
she started.

Koos crushes the cigarette.

KOOS

So we don't walk. We run.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The air reeks of antiseptic and mildew, the kind of smell that clings to the back of your throat. Jennifer blinks against the sting of sweat in her eyes, testing her restraints again. The metal chair groans beneath her, its rusted legs scraping against cracked linoleum. Then—footsteps. Not the heavy boots of her usual captor. These are lighter, deliberate. Almost familiar. The door swings open. VIC stands in the doorway, backlit by the hallway's flickering bulb. His face is a patchwork of scars, his left eye milky with blindness. But the smirk? That hasn't changed.

JENNIFER

(breath catching)
Bullshit.

Vic tilts his head, amused.

VIC

Miss me, sweetheart?

He steps closer, dragging a finger along the edge of a rusted surgical tray. The metal sings.

VIC (CONT'D)

(mock pout)
Khalid and Koos really thought a
little fire would do the job? Tsk.
Should've made sure.

Jennifer's pulse hammers, but she keeps her voice steady.

JENNIFER

(Snorts.)
So what's the play? Torture me? Use
me to lure them in? Original.

Vic laughs—a sound like gravel in a tin can.

VIC

Oh, I don't need to torture you.
(Leans in, breath hot against her
ear.) I just need you alive enough
to scream when they find you.

Her blood turns to ice.

INT. ROCKET'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Floor-to-ceiling windows showcase the city like a glittering prize. Rocket pours three fingers of bourbon, the amber liquid catching the skyline's glow.

KOOS

(eyeing the glass)
We doing a toast now?

Rocket doesn't smile. Just slides the drink across the marble bar.

ROCKET

To new beginnings.

Khalid doesn't touch his glass.

KHALID

You said this was about taking down
Zee. Not... This.

The blueprint is a spider web of red lines—every rival faction, every dirty cop, every pipeline marked for demolition. Rocket sips his drink.

ROCKET

Zee's a symptom. The disease is the chaos. The infighting. The weak hands on the wheel. (Sets the glass down with a click.) I'm the cure.

Koos barks a laugh.

KOOS

Yeah, 'cause dictatorships work so well.

Rocket's gaze flicks to him. Dangerous.

ROCKET

You'd rather keep playing musical chairs with Zee? Watch the streets drown in blood over scraps?

(MORE)

ROCKET (CONT'D)
(Leans forward.) Or do you want to
own the whole damn table?

Silence. Khalid's phone buzzes. Unknown number. A single
word: "Vic."

His stomach drops.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The wind carries the scent of smoke from the docks. Khalid
grips his phone like it might explode.

KOOS
(reading over his
shoulder)
...No fucking way.

KHALID
If Vic's alive—

KOOS
—then Jen's not just a hostage.
She's leverage.

Khalid paces, the weight of it crushing.

KHALID
Rocket's about to start a war.
Vic's got Jen. And we're standing
in the goddamn crossfire.

Koos pulls out his own phone, taps a coded sequence. A map
appears—a pulsing dot in the industrial district.

KOOS
Jen's signal. Still active.

Khalid stares at it. A lifeline.

KHALID
We go after her, Rocket brands us
traitors.

Koos pockets the phone, jaw set.

KOOS
Then we don't let him find out.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

A fist slams into the wall. Plaster cracks. Koos' knuckles bleed, but he doesn't flinch.

KOOS
(seething)
We're wasting time. Vic's got Jen,
and you want to sit here playing
soldier for Rocket?

Khalid doesn't rise to it. He's cleaning his gun, methodical. Too calm.

KHALID
Running in blind gets us all
killed.

Koos snatches the gun from his hands.

KOOS
And waiting gets Jen killed!

Their eyes lock—rage versus reason. The air between them is a live wire. Then—gunfire outside. Both freeze.

KOOS (CONT'D)
(low)
...That ain't Rocket's crew.

A window shatters. Zee's men pour in.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Chaos. Rocket's convoy is ambushed—tires shot out, Molotovs hurled, gunmen materializing from alleyways. It's not a hit. It's a message. Zee's voice crackles over a hijacked radio frequency:

UNCLE ZEE (V.O.)
(mocks)
You boys miss me?

Rocket's men drop, one by one. No mercy. Khalid and Koos take cover behind an overturned car.

KOOS
(reloads)
Zee's not playing defence anymore.

Khalid risks a glance over the hood—sees a familiar face in the chaos. Zee's ghost. The woman from his past. Watching him. Smiling. His blood runs cold.

KHALID
We need to move. Now.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Rocket's safe house is now a war room. Maps are strewn with red X's—losses.

ROCKET
(to Khalid, icy)
You hesitated.

Khalid doesn't deny it.

KHALID
Your intel was shit. Zee knew we
were coming.

Rocket's hand twitches toward his pistol. Koos steps between them.

KOOS
We're not the enemy here.

Rocket's laugh is hollow.

ROCKET
Aren't you?

A beat. The threat hangs in the air. Then—Khalid's phone buzzes. Jennifer's signal. Moving. Time's up.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The single bulb flickers as Koos paces like a caged animal. His reflection fractures in the broken mirror across the room — just like his patience.

KOOS
(slams his fist again)
Two years ago we made a promise,
Khalid. No one gets left behind. Or
did you forget when it got
inconvenient?

Khalid finally looks up, his eyes dark with unspoken thoughts. He reaches into his jacket and slides a folded photo across the table — Jennifer, Koos, and Khalid, laughing outside their first garage. The edges are singed.

KHALID

Remember what Vic did to Tommy when
we crossed him?

(beat)

He'll do worse to Jen. We need a
plan, not a suicide run.

The radio crackles to life suddenly:

ROCKET'S MAN (V.O.)

All units, we've got a situation at
the docks! Zee's people are-

Gunfire drowns out the rest. Koos's phone lights up with a
new signal - Jennifer's tracker has moved to the meatpacking
district.

KOOS

(grabs his gear)

I'm done waiting. You coming or
not?

Before Khalid can answer, the windows explode inward. BULLETS
RIP THROUGH THE WALLS as Zee's hit squad opens fire. Khalid
tackles Koos behind the couch as a Molotov cocktail shatters
against the kitchen wall. Flames erupt, casting monstrous
shadows.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The ambush unfolds in brutal detail:

- A sniper's bullet takes out Rocket's driver - the car
swerves violently, crashing through a fruit stand.

- Zee's ghost watches from a fire escape, calmly directing
her team via hand signals.

- Innocent bystanders scream and scatter as a stray bullet
shatters a bus shelter glass.

Khalid drags a wounded Rocket's soldier to cover. The young
man's hands shake uncontrollably as he presses on his gut
wound.

WOUNDED MAN

I-I didn't sign up for this...

Khalid's hands are slick with blood when he spots the tattoo
on the dying man's wrist - the same one Jennifer has. This
isn't just some recruit - he's someone's brother, someone's
son.

ROCKET (V.O.)
 (over comms)
 Fall back to Grid Point Delta!
 Anyone still in the kill zone is on
 their own!

Koos appears at Khalid's side, face streaked with soot.

KOOS
 Jen's signal just went dark. This
 ends now.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

The war room is in chaos. Rocket paces behind a makeshift altar turned strategy table, his usual calm shattered.

ROCKET
 (to a lieutenant)
 Burn the records at the 42nd Street
 warehouse. If Zee gets those
 shipment logs-

He stops cold when he sees Khalid and Koos enter. The room falls silent. Blood drips from Koos's sleeve onto the marble floor.

ROCKET (CONT'D)
 (dangerously quiet)
 You disobeyed orders.

Khalid steps forward, his voice steady but his hands still stained:

KHALID
 (glances)
 Your orders got good people killed
 for nothing. Zee knew we were
 coming because someone talked.
 Maybe someone in this room.

A muscle twitches in Rocket's jaw. He nods to his enforcer, who blocks the door.

ROCKET
 Loyalty isn't a buffet, Khalid. You
 don't get to pick and choose.

Koos's phone pings - a garbled message comes through from Jennifer's number: "Silos. 1 hour." The screen goes black.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL YARD - NIGHT

The air reeks of gasoline and blood. Rocket's men lie scattered across the concrete—some dead, some dying, all betrayed. Khalid and Koos crouch behind a stack of rusted barrels, breathing hard. They're the last ones standing. Then—a spotlight blinds them.

UNCLE ZEE steps into view, flanked by his inner circle. His ghost—Khalid's half-sister, LIRA—stands at his side, her expression unreadable. Zee tosses a burned file folder at Khalid's feet. Photos spill out—a younger Zee, a woman who looks like Lira, and a child.

KHALID
(stares at the photo)
What the hell is this?

Zee smiles. The smile of a man who's waited years for this moment.

UNCLE ZEE
Your father wasn't just some low-level dealer, Khalid. He was my brother.

A beat. The world tilts.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
(softly)
And the night he died? You were supposed to burn with him.

INT. ROCKET'S STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

The place is a graveyard of ambition. Wounded men groan in the corners. Maps lie torn, plans reduced to ash. Rocket sits slumped in a chair, a bloodied bandage wrapped around his shoulder. For the first time, he looks beaten.

KOOS
(enters, voice hollow)
We lost the docks. The warehouses.
Half your men are either dead or switched sides.

Rocket doesn't look up.

ROCKET
Then it's over.

Koos grabs him by the collar, yanking him up.

KOOS
The hell it is. Jennifer's still
out there.

Rocket's laugh is broken glass.

ROCKET
You still don't get it, do you? Zee
let us find her.

Koos freezes.

ROCKET (CONT'D)
(pulls free)
It's a trap. And you're walking
right into it.

EXT. ABANDONED SILOS - NIGHT

Jennifer's signal led them here—a cluster of rotting grain
towers on the city's edge. The wind howls through rusted
metal, a chorus of ghosts. Khalid moves first, gun drawn.
Koos follows, his rage barely contained.

Then—a voice echoes from the shadows.

VIC
(mockingly)
Took you long enough.

Jennifer is chained to a support beam, bruised but alive. Vic
stands behind her, a knife glinting in the low light.

JENNIFER
(hoarse, desperately)
It's a setup—run!

Vic presses the blade to her throat.

VIC
Ah-ah. Let's not be hasty.

From the darkness, figures emerge—Zee's men, Lira at the
front.

LIRA
(to Khalid)
You should've stayed gone, brother.

Khalid's gun wavers. For the first time, he hesitates. Koos
doesn't.

KOOS
(raises his weapon)
Let. Her. Go.

Vic grins.

VIC
Or what?

A SHOT RINGS OUT.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL YARD - NIGHT

The spotlight's glare burns Khalid's retinas as the scattered photos seem to pulse on the wet concrete. A younger version of himself stares back from one image—maybe five years old, holding Zee's hand at some long-forgotten fair.

LIRA steps forward, her combat boots crunching glass.

LIRA
You really never wondered why Zee
never came for you after the fire?

Flashback:

- A CHILD'S POV of flames licking a doorway
- A MAN'S SILHOUETTE walking away
- LIRA'S VOICE (YOUNGER): "We have to go!"

KHALID
(voice cracks)
You're saying...he saved me?

UNCLE ZEE lights a cigar, the flame illuminating the deep scars on his neck.

UNCLE ZEE
I pulled you out before the gas
line blew. Then I watched you grow
up hating me...poetic, isn't it?

Koos grabs Khalid's arm—Jennifer's tracker just pinged 10 miles northeast.

LIRA cocks her pistol.

LIRA
Run to her. It changes nothing.

INT. ROCKET'S STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

Rocket's once-pristine war room now resembles a triage centre. A YOUNG SOLDIER (17, baby-faced) wheezes through a punctured lung.

KOOS
(kneels, apply pressure)
Where's your evac?

ROCKET kicks a medical kit across the floor.

"Gone. Like your common sense."

Close-up: Koos' hands tremble as he recognizes the kid—Jennifer's neighbour's brother.

WOUNDED KID
She...she used to bring us
tamales...

Rocket slams his fist on the map table—blood smears across the city grid.

REVELATION MONTAGE:

- Lira handing Rocket files earlier in the season
- Her fingers lingering on a security panel
- A whispered phone call in Episode 3

KOOS stands abruptly, leaving the kid to gasp:

KOOS
Then we're done here.

EXT. ABANDONED SILOS - NIGHT

The silos groan like dying beasts. Jennifer's chains rattle as Vic traces the knife along her collarbone—not to cut, but to savour her flinch.

VIC
Remember Tommy's last words, Jen?
'Tell Koos it—'

JENNIFER SPITS IN HIS FACE. Vic wipes his cheek slowly, then SNAPS HER PINKY FINGER. Her scream echoes through the metal caverns.

KHALID
 (from the shadows)
 You always were a pathetic little
 worm.

Vic whirls—but Khalid's not where the voice came from.

LIRA'S RADIO CRACKLES
 We've got movement in the—

GUNSHOTS. KOOS emerges from the opposite silo, his stolen
 Numbers Gang jacket still dripping from the men he drowned in
 the river.

JENNIFER
 (through tears)
 The east silo...it's rigged to—

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Khalid and Koos sit in the shadows, listening as Rocket's men
 argue outside. They've just been given an ultimatum: work for
 Rocket or die.

KOOS
 (low, bitter)
 That's the problem with this life.
 Always somebody new thinking they
 own you.

Khalid exhales, thoughtful. He's spent years fighting other
 people's wars. Maybe it's time to stop. He locks eyes with
 Koos.

KHALID
 No more.

KOOS
 What?

KHALID
 We break away. No Rocket, no Zee.
 We end this on our terms.

Koos hesitates, then nods. He's in.

EXT. ROCKET'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rocket's men drag Khalid and Koos inside. Rocket leans
 against a crate, smug.

ROCKET

Last chance, gents. Ride with me,
or get buried.

Khalid looks around—then HEADBUTTS the nearest guard. Chaos erupts. He and Koos fight their way out, brutal and efficient. They barely escape into the night, breathing hard.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Khalid and Koos regroup. They lay out a rough blueprint of a heavily guarded compound—Jennifer's last known location. An old associate, AMIR, a hacker and getaway driver, leans back, unimpressed.

AMIR

You two wanna storm that fortress?
You might as well dig your graves
now.

KOOS

Just tell us what we need to know.

EXT. PRIVATE ESTATE - NIGHT

Under cover of darkness, they infiltrate the compound. A silenced takedown here, a near-miss there. Inside, Jennifer is shackled to a chair. She looks up—shocked.

JENNIFER

You idiots came back?

Khalid smirks, cutting her loose.

KHALID

You're welcome.

Then—an ALARM BLARES. The place erupts in gunfire. They fight their way out, adrenaline pumping. Just as they reach the exit—BOOM! A grenade goes off, separating them.

INT. UNCLE ZEE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Uncle Zee swirls a drink, watching a LIVE SECURITY FEED of Rocket's warehouse. His men have infiltrated it.

UNCLE ZEE

(into phone)
Light it up.

BOOM! A controlled explosion ignites the warehouse. Rocket's empire crumbles. Meanwhile, Zee's men close in on Khalid and Koos's location...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Khalid, Koos, and Jennifer, wounded and exhausted, limp away from the battle. Koos stops, looking back at the burning skyline.

KOOS

We didn't escape anything, did we?

Khalid tightens his grip on his gun. The war isn't over. It's just changed shape.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Khalid and Koos sit in dim light, patching up wounds. Jennifer, freshly rescued, paces the room, rattled.

JENNIFER

You guys took your damn time.

KOOS

Didn't know you missed us that much.

JENNIFER

Don't flatter yourself. (beat) They weren't keeping me alive for nothing. Zee's got something bigger planned.

Khalid exchanges a look with Koos—this isn't over. A KNOCK at the door makes them all tense. Koos raises his gun. Khalid signals him to wait. He opens the door—it's Mandla, an old associate from Khalid's past. Scarred, rough around the edges.

MANDLA

Khalid. We need to talk.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mandla unfolds a map across the table, showing Uncle Zee's weapons storage facility. It's more than just a warehouse—it's an arsenal.

MANDLA

Zee's been moving military-grade stock. Rocket's already planning a hit on it, but he's too reckless. If we don't take it first, we all lose.

KHALID

Why should we trust you?

MANDLA

Because you don't have a choice.

Jennifer leans in, looking at the blueprint.

JENNIFER

This isn't just a hit... this is war.

EXT. ROCKET'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A tense meeting. Khalid, Koos, and Mandla stand before Rocket, who leans against a car, smoking.

ROCKET

So, let me get this straight—you want me to step aside, so you can take Zee's empire?

KHALID

I want him out of the picture. Period.

Rocket chuckles, shaking his head.

ROCKET

That's not how this game works. You take out a king, you become one. And I don't see a crown on your head.

Koos' temper flares.

KOOS

Maybe we don't need a king.

Rocket's men tense up. A moment of silence... then Rocket smiles.

ROCKET

I like you. You've got balls. But if you come for Zee and fail, you'll wish I killed you first.

Khalid stays silent. Decision made.

EXT. WEAPONS FACILITY - NIGHT

Khalid, Koos, Jennifer, and Mandla stake out the heavily guarded facility. Armed men patrol the perimeter. Khalid pulls out a tablet—live security feeds hacked by Amir. He points at a weak spot in the fence.

KHALID

We go in silent. One shot, and the whole block wakes up.

KOOS

Always the fun way with you.

They move in, swift and silent. Koos neutralizes a guard with a chokehold. Jennifer disables a camera. Khalid plants explosives near the weapons crates.

INT. UNCLE ZEE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Uncle Zee watches multiple screens, seeing his empire under siege. His jaw tightens, but his smile never fades.

UNCLE ZEE

(into phone)

Shut it down.

EXT. WEAPONS FACILITY - NIGHT

BEEP. BEEP. SYSTEM LOCKDOWN. Suddenly, gates slam shut, alarms blare, and spotlights beam onto Khalid's crew.

JENNIFER

Shit.

A FLOOD OF ARMED MEN emerge, guns raised. They're surrounded.

UNCLE ZEE (V.O.)

(over loudspeaker)

You didn't think I'd let you walk away, did you?

Khalid grits his teeth. Then—BOOM! A TRUCK CRASHES THROUGH THE GATES.

It's Rocket's men. A double cross? No—an opportunity. Bullets FLY. Chaos erupts. Khalid and Koos fight their way through, using the distraction to set off the charges. A MASSIVE EXPLOSION sends flames shooting into the sky.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LATER

Khalid, Jennifer, and Koos stumble into the alley, bloodied but alive. Mandla is missing. The city behind them glows from the explosion.

KOOS
That was close.

KHALID
It's not over.

Jennifer wipes blood from her face, looking between them.

JENNIFER
Then what's next?

Khalid looks out at the burning skyline.

KHALID
We finish it.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT

The harbour is alive with chaos. Gunfire erupts. Flames lick the sky as containers explode, sending debris flying. Three factions collide—Uncle Zee's men, Rocket's crew, and Khalid's team, caught in the middle. Sirens wail in the distance, but no one's stopping now. It's all or nothing.

Khalid and Koos weave through the maze of shipping containers, dodging bullets. Koos reloads as he runs.

KOOS
I swear, next time we do this, I'm
picking the battlefield.

KHALID
You mean if we survive.

EXT. LOADING BAY - SAME TIME

Rocket's men move in formation, cutting down Zee's guards. But Zee? He stands tall, watching from above like a king overlooking his kingdom. He adjusts his cufflinks, then pulls out a custom gold-plated pistol.

UNCLE ZEE
(to himself)
Let's settle this.

Rocket emerges from the shadows, wiping blood off his lip.

ROCKET
Finally. Thought you'd hide in your
castle all night.

Uncle Zee smirks. He lowers his gun.

UNCLE ZEE
This? This isn't business, Rocket.
This is history.

Then—BOOM! Rocket lunges, tackling Zee. Fists fly, bones
crack. Two titans, neither willing to back down.

INT. CONTAINER YARD - NIGHT

Khalid and Koos reach the largest cargo container, its doors
slightly open. Inside, Jennifer sits bound to a chair. But
she's not alone. Standing beside her, holding a gun to her
temple, is VICTOR—the man who took her. A mercenary, cold and
efficient.

VICTOR
(smirks)
You're late.

Khalid and Koos freeze, guns raised. Jennifer glares at them,
a fresh cut on her cheek. Her eyes scream, don't do anything
stupid. Victor presses the barrel harder against her head.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
You know the drill. Guns down.

Khalid hesitates. Koos grips his weapon tighter.

JENNIFER
Don't.

VICTOR
Listen to the lady.

Beat. Then—Khalid lowers his weapon. Koos follows. Victor
grins.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Smart boys. Now, let's talk
business—

BOOM! An explosion rocks the yard. The shockwave sends Victor
staggering. In that split second, Jennifer SNAPS HER HEAD
BACK—smashing Victor's nose. He stumbles. Khalid and Koos
move fast—Koos tackles him, grappling for the gun. Khalid
cuts Jennifer free.

Victor rolls, kicking Koos off. He raises his weapon—BANG! Khalid SHOTS HIM FIRST. Victor drops, dead before he hits the ground. Jennifer exhales, rubbing her wrists.

JENNIFER
Took you long enough.

KHALID
You're welcome.

EXT. LOADING BAY - SAME TIME

The fight between Uncle Zee and Rocket is brutal. Zee's face is bloodied, but he's still standing. Rocket spits blood, eyes burning with hatred.

ROCKET
You should've stayed retired, old man.

UNCLE ZEE
You should've stayed dead.

Rocket lunges with a knife—but Zee is faster. He dodges, GRABS Rocket's wrist, and twists it brutally. A sickening CRACK. Rocket YELLS, dropping the blade. Zee grabs him by the throat.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
You're not built for this.

He drives Rocket's head into a metal crate. Rocket collapses, barely conscious. Zee pulls out his gold-plated pistol and cocks it.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
Any last words?

Rocket, barely breathing, grins through the blood.

ROCKET
Yeah... check your six.

Uncle Zee frowns—then BAM! A SHOT RINGS OUT. He staggers. Blood blooms across his chest. Behind him, Jennifer stands with a smoking gun. Eyes cold. Uncle Zee falls to his knees. Looks up at her. He chuckles—low, raspy.

UNCLE ZEE
Like I said... history.

And then, he falls. Dead.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - LATER

The gunfire fades. Rocket's men retreat. Zee's empire crumbles. Police sirens wail in the distance. Khalid, Jennifer, and Koos stand in the chaos, breathing hard.

KOOS
That's it, then?

JENNIFER
No.

Khalid stares at the city skyline, the fires still burning. The war is over... but another battle is coming.

KHALID
This is just the beginning.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT

Chaos reigns. Smoke curls through the air. The docks echo with rapid gunfire, the clatter of shells hitting pavement. Shadows flicker as men fall—some scream, others don't get the chance.

Khalid and Koos sprint through the carnage, ducking behind a stack of metal drums. A hail of bullets shreds the space they occupied just moments ago.

KOOS
This is insanity!

KHALID
No. This is war.

Koos peeks over their cover and instantly ducks as a bullet whizzes past his head.

KOOS
You keep saying that like it's supposed to make me feel better!

EXT. UPPER DECK - SHORTLY

Uncle Zee watches from an elevated platform, his face unreadable. Beside him, his second-in-command, MK, fidgets anxiously.

MK
Sir, we're losing men—

Zee lifts a hand, silencing him. His phone buzzes. He checks the screen, then slowly smirks.

UNCLE ZEE

Looks like the tide's about to turn.

He nods toward the shadows. A new contingent of armed enforcers slips into position—his last line of defense. Well-trained. Well-armed. And waiting for his signal.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer's eyes dart around the dimly lit room. Her wrists, now free, bear fresh bruises. Victor's men had been sloppy—giving her just enough slack to break loose. Her heartbeat pounds in her ears. She grabs a metal rod from the floor. Footsteps echo down the hall. One guard. Maybe two. The door creaks open—Jennifer doesn't hesitate. She swings with everything she has. CRACK!

A guard crumples. The second lunges, but she's already moving—ducking under his grip, shoving him into a metal cabinet. He reels, stunned—just long enough for her to grab his gun. BANG!

The shot is clean. The guard collapses. Jennifer breathes hard, gripping the weapon like her life depends on it.

JENNIFER

Never again.

She strides toward the exit.

EXT. LOADING CRATES - SAME TIME

Koos and Khalid push forward, cutting through enemy lines. Suddenly—a flashbang rolls to their feet. Khalid reacts instantly—he tackles Koos behind cover just as— BOOM!

A blinding white light engulfs the area. Khalid's ears ring. The world tilts sideways. Shadows move through the haze. A BOOT slams into his ribs—he gasps, rolling onto his back. Above him, Rocket looms, gun raised.

ROCKET

Told you to stay out of my way.

Khalid spits blood. Smirks.

KHALID

I don't take orders.

A SHOT rings out—Rocket jerks to the side, hit in the shoulder. He stumbles. Koos stands behind him, smoking gun in hand.

KOOS
You should really work on your
negotiation skills.

EXT. UPPER DECK - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Rocket, still bleeding, staggers toward the upper deck. Zee's waiting, gun in hand.

UNCLE ZEE
Looks like you've had a rough
night.

ROCKET
(shaky, grinning)
You should see the other guy.

UNCLE ZEE
I will. Right before I bury him.

Rocket laughs. Zee raises his gun— but Rocket moves first. He throws a knife, catching Zee in the shoulder. Zee grunts in pain but doesn't drop his weapon. He FIRES—Rocket ducks, grabbing a broken pipe.

They CLASH. The fight is brutal—bone-crunching punches, wild swings. They slam into railings, metal groaning under their weight. Zee—despite his injury—grabs Rocket by the throat, slamming him against the railing. He cocks his gun, pressing it under Rocket's chin.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
This is how kings are made.

ROCKET
Or how tyrants die.

A loud WHISTLE cuts through the air. Zee frowns—then—a SNIPER ROUND tears through his chest. He staggers. Looks down at the blood spreading across his crisp white suit. Looks up—sees Jennifer standing below, rifle still smoking.

JENNIFER
History repeats itself.

Zee laughs—then topples off the railing. His body vanishes into the shadows below. Rocket coughs, barely standing. Looks down at Jennifer, nods in respect.

EXT. FINAL ESCAPE - LATER

Khalid, Koos, and Jennifer move through the wreckage. Sirens grow louder. The authorities are closing in.

KOOS
This is the part where we run,
right?

JENNIFER
Fast.

Khalid lingers for a second, staring at the burning yard. The end of one war. The start of another.

KHALID
Let's go.

They vanish into the night.

EXT. BOKSBURG CORRECTIONAL CENTRE - DAY

Somewhere far from the city, a prison gate slides open. A MAN steps out—his face obscured. He lights a cigarette. Watches the horizon.

UNKNOWN MAN
(to himself)
Looks like I got work to do.

He turns. We finally see his face—it's Victor's brother. Eyes burning with vengeance.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT

The place is a battlefield. Rockets light up the sky. Machine gun fire echoes across the water. The night is thick with smoke and the metallic scent of blood. Khalid and Koos sprint through the maze of shipping containers—guns drawn, adrenaline pumping.

KOOS
(ducks)
We're running out of real estate,
Khalid!

Khalid stops at an intersection, checking both directions. Shadows move ahead. The enemy is close.

KHALID
We're also running out of time.
Jennifer's inside that building.

A bullet clangs off a nearby crate. They dive for cover. More enemies swarm in, dressed in dark Numbers Gang insignias. This isn't Zee's crew—Rocket's men are here too. Suddenly—a car engine ROARS. A black SUV drifts around the corner, tires screeching.

The passenger window rolls down—Rocket leans out, holding an M16. He lets loose a burst of gunfire. Khalid and Koos flatten against the metal crates.

ROCKET
(calling out)
Told you, Khalid. You're either
with me, or you're part of the body
count.

KOOS
(sarcastic)
Real friendly negotiations.

Khalid grips his gun tighter, scanning for a way out.

KHALID
This isn't about us anymore. It's
about control.

KOOS
Yeah, well, I'd like to stay in
control of my life.

EXT. UPPER DECK - CONTINUOUSLY

Above the chaos, Uncle Zee watches through binoculars. His empire is crumbling, but he's not done yet. Beside him, MK reloads his gun.

MK
Rocket's men are pushing through
fast. We need to pull back.

UNCLE ZEE
We hold the line.

MK hesitates. Zee turns to him—his voice razor sharp.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
You pull back, MK, and you'll join
the bodies in the harbour.

MK swallows. Stays put. A security radio crackles. One of Zee's men sounds panicked.

RADIO VOICE
(breathless)
Boss, we got a problem! The
shipment—

UNCLE ZEE
(spits)
What about it?!

RADIO VOICE
...it's gone.

Zee's jaw tightens. His enemies weren't just attacking. They were stealing.

UNCLE ZEE
(muttering)
Clever bastards.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - SAME TIME

Jennifer grips the stolen gun tightly. Her breathing is steady now, the adrenaline settling into a cold focus. The hallway is dark. Footsteps approach—heavy, deliberate. Her captor isn't running. He's hunting.

VICTOR
(taunting)
You killed my men. That wasn't
smart.

Jennifer doesn't respond. She moves silently, staying low. A flickering light overhead buzzes faintly. Suddenly—a hand grabs her from the shadows! She struggles, twisting her arm free just as— BANG!

The gun goes off. Silence. Then—Victor stumbles back, clutching his stomach. His expression—shock, then anger.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
(gasps)
That's... that's gonna cost you.

Jennifer doesn't wait for him to recover. She runs.

EXT. LOADING CRATES - THE AMBUSH

Khalid and Koos inch closer to the office building when—a siren WAILS.

KOOS
Please tell me that's backup and
not—

Gunfire erupts behind them. Rocket's men cut them off.

ROCKET
(grins)
You should've taken my offer,
Khalid.

Khalid exhales sharply. This isn't going to be a fair fight.

KHALID
(smirks)
I don't do well with bosses.

Koos sighs.

KOOS
You really need to work on your
diplomacy skills.

The first punch is thrown. Then all hell breaks loose.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - LATER

Rocket and Zee finally come face to face—a long-awaited confrontation. But Zee doesn't reach for a gun.

UNCLE ZEE
You think you're ready for my
throne?

ROCKET
(smiling)
I already took your shipment. Now
I'm taking your city.

Zee steps closer. A knife flashes in his hand. Rocket's men raise their guns, but Zee lifts a single finger.

UNCLE ZEE
Not yet.

Rocket grins, cracks his neck. He tosses his own gun aside. Bare-knuckle fight. Old-school. The two men clash violently—trading brutal blows. Each hit sends shockwaves through the surrounding men, who can only watch.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jennifer reaches the stairwell—but the exit is chained shut. She curses under her breath, backing up. Think. Think. A loud CLANK echoes from above. Footsteps on metal. Victor isn't done yet.

JENNIFER
(muttering)
Fine. Plan B.

She pulls a fire alarm. The sprinklers erupt—soaking the place. The red emergency light flickers, creating a strobe effect. Victor lunges from the darkness— but Jennifer is ready. She sidesteps, grabs a metal pipe from the floor, and swings.

Victor crashes into the railing—his own momentum working against him. His feet slip on the wet floor, and— HE PLUNGES OVER THE RAILING. A sickening THUD. Silence. Jennifer breathes hard, staring down at his motionless body.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Stay dead this time.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - MIDNIGHT

Khalid and Koos finally make their move, breaking through Rocket's men. Jennifer bursts out of the building at the same moment. Khalid locks eyes with her. She's alive. They have their chance. But— A SINGLE GUNSHOT. Koos collapses. Blood pooling under him.

KHALID
(screams)
NO!

Jennifer freezes. Khalid races to Koos, grabbing him.

KOOS
(weak smile)
You know what I hate about
gunfights?

KHALID
(teary)
Don't. Don't do this.

KOOS
They always get messy.

His breathing slows. Jennifer grips her gun tighter. This isn't over. Not yet.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT

Smoke still lingers. The echoes of gunfire fade into the distance. Bodies litter the ground—some groaning, others still.

Khalid kneels beside Koos, whose blood stains the cracked pavement. His breath is shallow.

JENNIFER
(urgent)
We have to go.

Khalid grips Koos' jacket, shaking his head. He refuses to leave him behind.

KHALID
He's not—

Koos grasps Khalid's wrist weakly.

KOOS
(low, rasping)
Don't be stupid. Get out.

Khalid's jaw tightens. The moment stretches. Then—distant sirens wail.

JENNIFER
(sharply)
Now, Khalid!

Khalid closes his eyes for half a second—then he grabs Koos, hoisting him onto his back.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Khalid, Jennifer, and a barely-conscious Koos move through the maze of shipping containers. Behind them, Uncle Zee's remaining men scatter. From a distance, Rocket watches. He's leaning against his SUV, a bloody gash across his forehead, cigarette between his lips. Rocket's lieutenant, Bricks, stands beside him.

BRICKS
They're getting away.

Rocket exhales smoke. His eyes never leaves Khalid.

ROCKET
Let 'em. They won't get far.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Khalid kicks open a rusted metal door. Inside, a dimly lit storeroom. Jennifer rushes in, clearing a space on the floor. Khalid lowers Koos gently, pressing down on his wound. Koos winces but chuckles.

KOOS
(smirks)
Feels like old times, huh?

Khalid's face is unreadable. He pulls out a small first-aid kit. Jennifer crouches beside him, helping as best she can.

JENNIFER
We need real medical supplies.

KHALID
We need a lot of things.

A long beat. They all know the truth—Koos might not make it through the night.

KOOS
(grins weakly)
So... what now?

Khalid doesn't answer. His mind is already moving ahead.

INT. UNCLE ZEE'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Across the city, in a luxury penthouse, Uncle Zee sits in front of a broken mirror. Blood drips from a wound on his temple. He stares at his reflection—rage burning behind his eyes. MK stands behind him, shifting uncomfortably.

MK
What now, boss?

UNCLE ZEE
(grit teeth)
Rocket thinks he's won. He hasn't.

Uncle Zee reaches for his phone. Dials a number. A voice on the other end answers.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (O.S.)
Is it time?

Uncle Zee smiles coldly.

UNCLE ZEE
It's time.

INT. ROCKET'S CLUB - NIGHT - PRIVATE BOOTH

Rocket leans back in his chair, enjoying a whiskey on the rocks. Music pulses in the background. A woman sits across from him—a sleek, calculating presence. She stirs her drink lazily.

MYSTERY WOMAN

So, you really think Khalid's out of the picture?

ROCKET

(smirks)

Nah. That fool's too stubborn to die.

He swirls the whiskey, studying its golden hue.

ROCKET (CONT'D)

But next time? I'll make sure he does.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE ROOFTOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Khalid stands alone on the rooftop, staring at the city lights. His hands rest on the railing—blood on his knuckles, but his grip is steady. Jennifer steps up beside him.

JENNIFER

We should leave the city.

Khalid exhales sharply. Shakes his head.

KHALID

Not yet.

JENNIFER

You're still thinking about revenge?

Khalid turns to her, his expression unreadable.

KHALID

I'm thinking about finishing what we started.

Jennifer studies him for a long moment. Then—she nods.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

A rundown apartment complex on the outskirts of the city. Dim streetlights flicker.

Khalid and Jennifer step outside for air, leaving Koos inside, resting. Khalid leans against a rusted railing, deep in thought. Jennifer lights a cigarette, her hands still shaking slightly.

JENNIFER

(low)

How long are we staying here?

KHALID

Until we figure out our next move.

JENNIFER

And after that?

Khalid doesn't answer. He stares into the distance, watching the headlights of a lone car creeping down the street. Jennifer follows his gaze, tensing.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

We expecting company?

Khalid watches as the car slows. His hand moves subtly to his waist—where his gun is tucked. The vehicle idles. Windows tinted. Then—the engine revs, and it speeds off. Khalid exhales slowly. Jennifer takes another drag of her cigarette, masking her nerves.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

We won't last here long.

Khalid knows she's right. But there's one more loose end.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Inside, Koos shivers despite the heat. His wound has stopped bleeding, but his breathing is shallow. Sweat glistens on his forehead. Khalid steps inside, taking in the sight. Jennifer follows, frowning.

JENNIFER

We need a doctor.

KHALID

We can't risk it.

KOOS

(weakly, smirks)

Don't look at me like I'm already gone.

JENNIFER
(scoffs)
You look half-dead, Koos.

KOOS
Yeah, but the better half's still
kicking.

Khalid kneels beside him, checking the wound. Koos grips his wrist suddenly.

KOOS (CONT'D)
(seriously)
You need to listen, Khalid. You
think this ends with Uncle Zee and
Rocket?

Khalid doesn't respond. Koos tightens his grip.

KOOS (CONT'D)
It doesn't. You walk away now,
they'll hunt you for the rest of
your life.

Khalid meets his gaze. A long, tense beat.

KHALID
Then we make sure they can't.

Jennifer glances between them, realizing what Khalid means.

JENNIFER
You want to end this for good.

KHALID
(nods)
No more running.

A weight settles over them. This fight isn't just survival anymore—it's about taking control.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

A weathered church, half-burned and forgotten, stands at the edge of the city. Inside, dim candlelight flickers through shattered windows. A figure waits in the shadows. Khalid steps inside cautiously, Jennifer trailing behind. The figure emerges—a man in his late 40s, rugged, battle-worn. This is REVEREND THABO, once a gang enforcer, now a man of faith.

THABO
(soft chuckle)
Didn't think I'd see you again,
Khalid.

KHALID
Didn't think I'd come back.

THABO
Yet here we are.

Jennifer watches them carefully as Thabo gestures toward a crate of weapons in the corner.

THABO (CONT'D)
I hear things. Word is Rocket's consolidating power fast. And Uncle Zee. He's not just fighting back—he's making calls outside the city.

Khalid and Jennifer exchange a glance. This changes things.

JENNIFER
(to Thabo)
Who's he calling?

THABO
Numbers Gang.

Khalid's jaw tightens. The bigger war is coming faster than they thought.

INT. ROCKET'S CLUB - NIGHT

Rocket sits in his private booth, flanked by two lieutenants. He swirls his whiskey, watching as a man in a suit sits across from him. This is VUSI, a high-level facilitator for the Numbers Gang.

VUSI
Uncle Zee thinks he's still in control.

ROCKET
He's not.

VUSI
But he's making moves. Big ones.

Rocket leans forward, intrigued.

VUSI (CONT'D)
Your little war? It's about to turn
into something much worse.

ROCKET
(smirks)
Then let's make sure I'm the one
left standing.

Rocket raises his glass, and Vusi does the same. A silent agreement is made.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Khalid and Jennifer return. Koos is worse—his breathing uneven. He tries to sit up but winces hard. Khalid kneels beside him, looking him in the eyes.

KHALID
(quietly, firmly)
We're ending this.

KOOS
(grins weakly)
Took you long enough.

Khalid stands, gun in hand. Jennifer watches him, something shifting behind her eyes. There's no turning back now.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - PRE-DAWN

Khalid and Jennifer stand near the entrance, the faintest light creeping over the horizon. The weight of what's coming lingers between them. Koos, pale and barely able to stand, leans against a wooden pew inside.

JENNIFER
(softly)
Are we ready for this?

Khalid watches the sun slowly rise.

KHALID
We have to be.

Jennifer exhales, gripping her gun tighter. She looks at Koos, who nods weakly.

KOOS
(chuckles)
Just don't let me die for nothing.

Khalid places a reassuring hand on his shoulder before stepping outside. The world outside is silent, but they all know it won't stay that way for long.

INT. UNCLE ZEE'S COMPOUND - DAWN

Uncle Zee stands in his fortified office, watching the sunrise through bulletproof glass. His second-in-command, BALEKA, approaches, phone in hand.

BALEKA
Rocket's making moves.

UNCLE ZEE
So are we.

Baleka hesitates before handing him the phone. Zee takes it, his expression unreadable.

UNCLE ZEE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Make sure they don't leave the city
alive.

He hangs up. The war is officially underway.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - DAWN

Khalid, Jennifer, and Koos step out onto the street. The air is thick with tension. Koos steadies himself, his resolve firm despite his failing body.

JENNIFER
What now?

Khalid looks ahead, as if he can already see the battlefield forming.

KHALID
Now... we finish what we started.

The three of them walk into the sunrise, heading toward the inevitable war. The camera lingers as the city around them awakens, oblivious to the storm coming.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE