**FADE IN:**

**INT. SECURE MEETING ROOM – NIGHT**

A dimly lit, highly classified briefing room deep within the Pentagon. The walls hum with the

glow of monitors, displaying live satellite feeds, encrypted documents, and schematics of a

prototype weapon. The tension in the air is thick.

At the head of the table sits GENERAL DAVID GREY (60s)—grizzled, hardened by decades of

warfare, his face a roadmap of past battles.

Seated beside him:

CIA DIRECTOR MARGARET TURNER (50s)—sharp, no-nonsense, always three steps ahead.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR CONRAD HALL (late 50s)—calm but visibly tense, his fingers

tapping against the table.

Other high-ranking officials observe in silence, their faces set like stone.

GENERAL GREY

(grim, leaning forward)

This is Project Nemesis—the most advanced prototype weapon we’ve ever developed. Satellite-

controlled. Energy-based. Completely undetectable.

A monitor flickers to an aerial schematic of the weapon, a sleek, lethal machine.

GENERAL GREY (CONT’D)

(steely)

One of these in the wrong hands… could wipe out an entire city before anyone even knows it’s there.

Silence. The weight of his words settles over the room.

TURNER

(skeptical, arms crossed)

And we’re trusting a field operation for this? A weapon this dangerous shouldn’t leave this building without a full military escort.

HALL

(exchanging a glance with Grey)

We can’t. If word gets out, it won’t just be our government at risk. This would set off a global arms race.

GREY

(nods)

This has to stay off the books. No convoy. No chatter. No trace.

A tense beat. Everyone knows what that means.

HALL

(measured, but wary)

Then we need a ghost for this mission. Someone who doesn’t exist on paper.

TURNER

(nods, intrigued)

Someone we can trust.

Grey exhales slowly, steepling his fingers. Then, with quiet authority—

GENERAL GREY

There’s only one man for this. He’s handled missions nobody else could. His team is off-grid. No

records. No loose ends.

HALL

(leaning in, cautious)

Who?

GENERAL GREY

(cold, certain)

Cole Harper.

A long, heavy silence.

TURNER

(narrowing her eyes)

Harper? He’s retired. Off the grid since—

(beat)

You really think he’s the right man for this?

GREY

(dead serious)

If anyone can pull this off, it’s him. And his team? Best of the best.

He presses a button. The main monitor flickers. A dossier appears—

**COLE HARPER – EX-SPECIAL FORCES OPERATIVE**

A grainy photo: late 40s, rugged, intense eyes—a man who’s seen war from every angle.

The screen highlights key details:

Codename: Shadow

Skillset: Infiltration, Counterintelligence, Black Ops

Status: Untraceable. Off the grid.

The room is silent, save for the humming monitors.

TURNER

(quiet, reading the file)

If he’s a ghost… how do you plan to find him?

Grey allows himself a small, knowing smirk.

GENERAL GREY

Just leave that to me

(beat)

He’ll find us.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. REMOTE CABIN – NIGHT**

A cabin in the mountains, buried deep in the wilderness. Snow falls lightly, covering the dense

treeline. The world here is silent. Isolated.

Inside, COLE HARPER (40s) sits alone at a wooden table, cleaning a disassembled M1911 pistol

with methodical precision. His movements are calm, practiced—the instincts of a man who’s

spent his life in the shadows.

A fireplace crackles, casting flickering shadows across the walls. On a nearby shelf, a collection

5of old military challenge coins and dog tags rest beside a half-empty bottle of bourbon.

Then—a distant crunch of footsteps on snow.

Cole stops. His hand hovers over the pistol. He listens. Stillness.

Then—another step.

He quietly reassembles the gun, sliding a silencer onto the barrel.

A KNOCK at the door.

Cole doesn’t move. His eyes lock onto the door, his grip tightening around the weapon.

A voice, low and firm.

VOICE (O.S.)

You gonna shoot me, Harper?

Cole exhales sharply. He knows that voice.

He unlocks the door and swings it open, revealing GENERAL GREY, standing in the snow,

bundled in a dark military coat, his breath visible in the cold air.

Cole doesn’t look surprised.

COLE

(gruff)

You’re a long way from Washington, General.

Grey steps inside, shaking off the cold.

GENERAL GREY

Didn’t think you’d pick up the phone.

Cole shuts the door, keeping his gun at his side. Grey removes his gloves.

COLE

(sitting back down, dry)

And I see you still haven’t learned to knock like a normal person.

Grey chuckles, but there’s no humor in his eyes.

GENERAL GREY

We’ve got a problem. One only you can fix.

Cole leans forward, pouring a drink.

COLE

(not interested)

I don’t do that anymore.

Grey pulls out a file, sets it on the table.

GENERAL GREY

(flat)

It’s Project Nemesis.

A beat.

Cole doesn’t react—but his grip tightens slightly on the glass.

Grey watches him. Measuring him.

GENERAL GREY (CONT’D)

It’s worse than you think.

He flips open the file, revealing classified schematics, satellite images, and bodies—too many

bodies.

Cole scans the documents, expression unreadable.

COLE

(flat)

Talk.

Grey exhales, rubbing his temples.

GENERAL GREY

Nemesis isn’t just a prototype. It’s a game changer.

(beat)

Imagine a weapon that doesn’t just strike from the shadows—it erases the battlefield. No heat

signatures. No traces. No survivors.

Cole flips through the pages. He sees the test data. The damage reports. Entire facilities wiped

clean.

GENERAL GREY (CONT’D)

Stealth capabilities. Energy-based payload. Autonomous targeting. It doesn’t miss.

(beat)

And we want you to transport it.

Cole leans back, thinking. Processing.

COLE

(scoffing)

Then send a military unit.

Grey shakes his head.

GENERAL GREY

We can’t.

(beat)

If the world finds out we built this? It’ll spark an arms race we can’t control.

Cole nods slowly. That part he understands.

But something doesn’t add up.

COLE

(quiet)

So who’s after it and what else did they take…?

Grey exhales.

GENERAL GREY

A classified black file. High-level research. And one more thing…

(beat)

A list.

Cole’s eyes flick up.

COLE

What kind of list?

Grey slides over a photo. Blurry surveillance footage. A masked operative executing a high- ranking official.

GENERAL GREY

A kill list. Ours.

(beat)

Whoever stole the list isn’t just is after the weapon.

(beat)

They’re cleaning up loose ends.

Cole stares at the image.

Something twists in his gut.

COLE

Who’s on it?

Grey meets his gaze.

GENERAL GREY

Its classified but we do know this

(beat)

The first three names? They’re already dead.

Cole looks at the image again. His expression hardens.

COLE

(low)

Who did this?

Grey exhales, flipping to the final page.

A black-and-white image. A shadowy figure. Cold. Precise. Efficient.

No name. No origin. Just a codename.

GENERAL GREY

Nexus.

Cole exhales slowly.

Not just any thief. A ghost.

A long silence.

Cole finally leans back, pouring another drink.

Grey watches him carefully.

GENERAL GREY

(low)

I need you on this.

Cole doesn’t answer. He just stares at the fire.

Grey steps back toward the door.

GENERAL GREY (CONT’D)

I’ll give you time to think.

(beat)

But not too much.

He exits, disappearing into the cold.

Cole sits alone in the firelight, staring at the file.

His past is calling him back.

And this time—he might not have a choice.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD – NIGHT**

A military-grade C-130 transport plane hums under the floodlights, its engines warming up. The

night is cold, silent, the air heavy with something unspoken.

Cole Harper steps onto the tarmac, a duffel bag slung over his shoulder. His boots crunch

against the pavement as he approaches a small group of operatives standing near the loading

ramp.

He recognizes them—but he’s never worked with them as a unit.

One by one, their faces come into view:

LENA VASQUEZ (30s) – Cyber-intelligence specialist. Brilliant. Tactical. Always two steps ahead.

KATIO (40s) – Heavy weapons and close-quarters combat. Built for war, speaks only when

necessary.

ZANE (30s) – Sniper. Cold, calculating, unshaken by anything.

Cole stops a few feet from them. A long, silent beat.

COLE

(flat)

So. This is the team.

A voice cuts through the night.

GENERAL GREY (O.S.)

(low, firm)

It’s the best you’re getting.

Cole turns as General Grey approaches, hands in his coat pockets.

GENERAL GREY

I never doubted you, Harper.

(beat)

But I wasn’t about to let you run this alone.

Cole exhales, his gaze shifting back to the team.

COLE

(scoffing)

I’ve worked with all of them.

(beat)

Just never together.

Grey smirks.

GENERAL GREY

Then it’s about time.

A brief silence. Then Lena speaks, arms crossed.

LENA

Alright, so are we getting to work, or are we standing around sizing each other up?

Zane shrugs.

ZANE

Let’s get to the part where we start shooting people.

Cole smirks, shaking his head.

COLE

Let’s get inside.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. C-130 TRANSPORT – NIGHT**

The cabin hums with low vibrations, the scent of metal and oil thick in the air. Weapons are

secured in lockers, crates stacked neatly along the walls.

The team sits on fold-out seats, strapped in beside their gear. Lena adjusts her wrist device,

Katio checks his sidearm, Zane leans back—calm, unreadable.

Cole stands near the holographic display, the blue glow flickering against his face.

Grey steps forward, his voice steady, commanding.

GENERAL GREY

Alright. Listen up.

(beat)

This is a straight transport op. No deviations. No outside comms.

The hologram shifts, revealing a sleek black case.

GENERAL GREY

Inside this container is the project nemesis

A charged silence.

KATIO

(flat)

And what exactly is it?

Grey’s jaw tightens slightly.

GENERAL GREY

Advanced weapons tech. Stealth capabilities. Highly classified.

(beat)

The kind of thing that changes wars before they start.

Lena leans forward.

LENA

So, we’re moving something so that the world doesn’t know exist

Grey nods.

GENERAL GREY

Exactly.

Zane adjusts his rifle strap.

ZANE

I assume we are not expecting company

GENERAL GREY

We always expect company

(beat)

That’s why you’re here.

A beat.

Cole looks over the team, gauging their reactions. No hesitation. No questions. They know the

stakes.

COLE

Alright. We keep this quiet. No screw-ups.

He glances at Grey.

COLE

Where’s the handoff?

Grey taps the screen. The map zooms in on a remote facility.

GENERAL GREY

Unmarked base. Neutral ground. We offload, confirm security, and we’re out

Lena exhales.

LENA

That’s if everything goes to plan.

Grey meets her gaze.

GENERAL GREY

That’s if we do our jobs right.

A long pause. Then Cole turns to his team.

COLE

Get ready. We leave in five.

They move—gearing up, loading weapons, strapping in.

Cole watches them for a moment, then looks at the holographic case.

Something about this doesn’t sit right.

But for now, there’s nothing to do but move forward.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY – NIGHT**

A desolate stretch of road, cutting through the wilderness. Moonlight spills over the wet asphalt,

the silence broken only by the rumble of engines.

A convoy moves fast.

A sleek black SUV leads the way, headlights slicing through the night.

A heavily armored transport truck follows, reinforced steel plating, thick tires built for endurance.

Another SUV trails closely behind.

Inside the middle truck, a highly classified briefcase sits locked in a secured compartment. It

contains Project activition codes.

But what no one knows—inside this truck, Cole Harper and his team wait in the shadows.

A layer of deception. The perfect trap.

Or so they thought.

**INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK – NIGHT**

The interior hums with low vibrations. Dim red lights cast eerie shadows over the reinforced

walls.

Cole sits near the rear doors, his eyes locked on the secured briefcase. Handcuffed to his wrist.

Zane, Katio, and Lena sit across from him, silent, waiting.

Katio cracks his knuckles.

KATIO

(low)

Feels too easy.

Zane adjusts his rifle, checking the chamber.

ZANE

It always does.

Lena watches the monitors, fingers hovering over her wrist device. The convoy’s GPS feed

flickers.

Something feels off.

Then—a sudden static BUZZ.

Lena frowns, tapping the screen.

LENA

Signal just went dark.

Cole’s gaze sharpens.

COLE

Here we go.

**EXT. HIGHWAY – NIGHT**

The front SUV driver grips the wheel, eyes scanning the rear-view mirror.

Then—HEADLIGHTS FLASH.

A shadowy black vehicle emerges from the darkness. No engine roar. Silent. Deadly.

Inside the lead SUV, the driver reaches for the radio.

DRIVER

(over radio)

We got a—

BOOM!

The lead SUV is rammed hard. Metal screeches as it fishtails, flipping violently off the road.

The convoy is compromised.

**INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK – NIGHT**

The impact shakes the truck. The team steadies themselves.

Cole tightens his grip on the briefcase.

KATIO

(gritting teeth)

That’s not good.

Then—a sharp THUD on the roof.

A shadow moves above them.

Lena’s monitor glitches.

LENA

(low)

We’ve got company.

Then—the roof is RIPPED OPEN.

**INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK – FIGHT SEQUENCE**

A masked figure DROPS INTO THE TRUCK.

Dressed in tactical black gear, fluid, lethal, inhumanly fast.

Cole’s team instantly reacts.

KATIO

(grinning)

Finally.

Katio moves \*\*first—\*\*a powerful right hook aimed at the intruder’s face.

The masked thief dodges. Effortlessly.

In a blink, the thief \*\*counters—\*\*a brutal elbow to Katio’s ribs. A sharp knee to his jaw.

Katio slams into the steel wall.

Zane \*\*fires—\*\*but the thief is already moving. The bullet misses.

Lena grabs a knife—lunges forward.

The thief catches her wrist—twists.

Lena yelps in pain. The knife clatters to the floor.

Cole watches all of this unfold in SECONDS.

This isn’t just some mercenary.

This is something else.

Then—a second masked figure enters.

And this one is after him.

**COLE VS. THE SECOND THIEF**

Cole doesn’t hesitate.

The second thief rushes him—silent, precise.

Cole blocks the first strike, counters with a brutal punch.

The thief doesn’t flinch. Instead, \*\*they roll with the hit—\*\*spinning into a brutal knee to Cole’s

ribs.

Cole stumbles, but holds onto the briefcase.

The thief \*\*moves again—\*\*fast, surgical. Their fist CRACKS into Cole’s jaw.

Cole grits his teeth.

Then, using the handcuff as leverage, he \*\*SWINGS the briefcase like a weapon—\*\*SMASHING it

into the thief’s ribs.

The thief falters.

A small, almost impressed pause.

Then—they strike again.

A blur of vicious blows. A brutal exchange.

Cole holds his own—but the thief is too fast, too refined.

Then—the thief SNATCHES the briefcase from Cole’s grip.

Cole’s eyes flash.

COLE

(gritted teeth)

Not a chance.

He \*\*lunges forward—\*\*grabs the thief’s wrist.

They struggle.

Then—the thief flips backward, twisting free.

In one swift motion, they slide the briefcase onto their back.

A silent beat.

The thief locks eyes with Cole.

A nod. Almost respectful.

Then—they’re gone.

**EXT. HIGHWAY – NIGHT**

The black vehicle peels away.

The two masked figures leap onto the roof mid-movement—disappearing into the night.

Cole’s team bursts from the truck, weapons raised.

Too late.

They watch as the thieves vanish, the stolen briefcase secured.

The convoy lies in ruins. The night is eerily silent.

Cole stands there, jaw clenched.

COLE

(quiet, pissed)

We just got played.

The camera lingers on the distant headlights fading into the dark.

A cold wind howls.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN**

**INT. BLACK SITE – BRIEFING ROOM – NIGHT**

A dimly lit tactical operations center, buried deep within an underground military facility. Screens flicker with aerial surveillance feeds, running a looped playback of the highway attack. At the center of the room, the empty briefcase sits on a steel table. Cole stands rigid, arms crossed, his eyes locked onto the screen. Silent. Still. Across from him, General Grey watches him carefully. Stone-faced. Unreadable. Lena, Katio, and Zane are seated, nursing their wounds. Lena presses an ice pack against her ribs, wincing slightly. Katio rolls his shoulder, testing the pain. Zane sits back, a fresh bandage wrapped around his arm. The air is heavy with frustration. They lost. And they know it. Then—the door creaks open.

CIA DIRECTOR MARGARET TURNER steps inside. Sharp. Unforgiving. A woman who deals in results, not excuses. She stops, scanning the room. Taking in the battered team. The empty case. Her expression hardens.

TURNER

(flat)

So, let me get this straight. (slowly) We deployed an off-the-books black ops team to secure the most dangerous prototype in existence… (turns to Grey, icily) …And it got stolen in under three minutes?

No one speaks. Turner scoffs, shaking her head.

TURNER

(smirking)

Hell of a track record.

Cole doesn’t respond. His eyes stay fixed on the screen. Lena shifts, adjusting the ice pack. Katio clenches his jaw. Zane just exhales.

TURNER

(scoffing)

Nothing to say?

Still, Cole says nothing. His eyes remain locked onto a specific frame of the footage. The moment when he and the masked thief locked eyes. Something about it lingers. A flicker of recognition. Grey notices.

GENERAL GREY

(low, measured)

Something you want to tell us, Harper?

Cole doesn’t answer immediately. His fingers tighten slightly on the table.

COLE

(low, almost to himself)

They knew

Turner folds her arms.

TURNER

(narrowing eyes)

what?

Cole finally looks at her.

COLE

(flat)

They knew I had the briefcase.

Lena glances at him, her brow furrowed.

LENA

That doesn’t make sense. We were running a ghost operation. No comms, no leaks.

Katio leans forward, his tone grim.

KATIO

like they trained for it. Like they knew every second before it happened.

Zane speaks, voice calm but sharp.

ZANE

(scoffing)

They weren’t just fast. They were precise. No wasted movement. No hesitation.

Lena shifts, staring at the screen.

LENA

(quiet, realizing)

That wasn’t mercenary work.

A tense silence. Turner exhales.

TURNER

(slowly)

Meaning?

Cole watches the footage one last time. His voice is low, firm. Certain.

COLE

Meaning we’re not dealing with a thief.

(beat)

We’re dealing with a ghost.

A long silence. Then—a screen flickers. Grainy drone footage appears—Nexous escaping into a remote industrial zone. Cole’s eyes narrow.

COLE

Zoom in.

Lena enhances the footage. The image pixelates, then sharpens—revealing a faint insignia on Nemesis’s glove. A symbol. Turner leans in, her expression darkening. TURNER (low, unnerved) No. That’s impossible. Cole looks at her.

COLE

(flat)

What?

Turner exchanges a look with Grey—one filled with unspoken history. Then, Grey sighs.

GENERAL GREY

(low)

That symbol belonged to Ghost Unit.

A sharp shift in the room’s energy. Zane leans forward, frowning.

ZANE

(raising an eyebrow)

Bullshit. Ghost Unit was shut down a decade ago.

Turner’s jaw tightens.

TURNER

(tense)

So we thought.

Lena’s fingers hover over the screen, processing.

LENA

(quiet, serious)

And now one of them is back.

Turner exhales, shaking her head.

TURNER

Not just one.

(beat)

If Ghost Unit is operational again, they’re working for someone.

Cole exhales slowly.

COLE

(flat)

And that someone has Project Nemesis.

A heavy silence. Zane calmly loads a fresh magazine into his sidearm.

ZANE

(dead serious)

So… where do we start?

Cole straightens, his voice razor-sharp.

COLE

We track the weapon.

(turning to Lena)

Nexus stole a prototype, not a finished system. Meaning—

Lena nods,already working.

LENA

They’ll need to power it up.

She swipes through data, pulling up classified maps of underground energy facilities. The holographic map zooms in.

LENA

There are only three places in the world with the energy capacity to boot that thing up.

(beat)

The nearest one’s in Eastern Europe. No official records. No known owner.

Cole exhales, staring at the screen.

COLE

(smirking, quiet)

Then that’s where we’re going.

Turner folds her arms.

TURNER

(skeptical)

You’re suggesting we drop a clandestine strike team into a private black site in a foreign country?

Cole turns to her, eyes cold, focused.

COLE

(grim)

I’m suggesting we get the damn weapon back before it disappears forever.

(beat)

Or would you rather sit here and wait for someone to level a city?

A long pause. Turner exhales.

Then—nods.

TURNER

(dry)

Fine. But don’t get caught.

Cole grins slightly.

COLE

We never do.

**CUT TO: --- EXT. MILITARY HANGAR – NIGHT**

A massive cargo plane hums on the tarmac, floodlights casting long shadows. Cole and his team approach—dressed in tactical gear. Weapons prepped. Armor locked in. Katio slings his rifle over his shoulder.

KATIO

(gruff)

If this is a trap, I’m shooting my way out. Lena smirks.

LENA

And I’ll be hacking the exits.

Zane loads a round into his sniper rifle.

ZANE

I’ll cover the headshots.

Cole steps onto the ramp, scanning his team. A silent beat. He exhales, adjusting his gloves.

COLE

(intense)

Ghost Unit or not—we find them, we end them.

(turning to the pilot)

We leave in an hour.

**CUT TO: AN HOUR LATER**

The engines roar as the ramp closes behind them. The camera lingers on the hangar as the plane ascends into the night. --- **FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. BLACK SITE – EASTERN EUROPE – NIGHT**

A fortified facility, buried deep within the Carpathian Mountains. No official records. No

government affiliation. Just steel, concrete, and secrets.

A single road winds up to the entrance, guarded by heavily armed mercenaries.

In the distance, Cole and his team watch from a ridgeline, clad in black tactical gear.

A satellite feed flickers on Lena’s wrist-mounted device.

LENA

(quiet, focused)

Thermal scans show fifteen hostiles on the perimeter. Another twenty-plus inside.

(turning to Cole)

This isn’t just security. This is a kill box.

COLE

(grim)

Then let’s break it.

He signals to Zane.

Zane takes position, adjusting his customized sniper rifle. He exhales, steadying his aim.

**EXT. BLACK SITE – PERIMETER – NIGHT**

A mercenary smokes a cigarette, rifle slung over his back.

CRACK.

A silenced round punches through his skull—he crumples.

Three more drop in rapid succession.

The guards barely react before Cole, Katio, and Lena move in—SILENT, PRECISE, DEADLY.

KATIO catches a guard by the throat, snapping his neck like a twig.

Lena hacks a security panel—the main gate unlatches.

COLE

(into comms)

We’re in.

They slip inside. The hunt begins.

**INT. BLACK SITE – INDUSTRIAL HALLWAY – NIGHT**

The interior is cold, metallic, and silent.

They move like shadows, clearing corners with military precision.

A pair of guards rounds a corner. Before they can react—

Lena ducks low, slicing a blade across one’s Achilles tendon.

Cole delivers a brutal elbow strike, crushing the other’s windpipe.

No noise. No alarms.

They advance.

**INT. BLACK SITE – SERVER ROOM – NIGHT**

Rows of humming servers line the walls. A glowing terminal flickers as Lena plugs in a drive.

LENA

(intense)

I need sixty seconds.

COLE

You’ve got thirty.

She types furiously.

Zane covers the door, his sniper rifle swapped for a suppressed pistol.

A low beep.

Download 70% complete.

Then—

**A SECURITY FEED FLICKERS ON.**

A shadowy figure in tactical armor appears on-screen.

Nexus

They turn, staring directly into the camera.

Then—the entire facility goes DARK.

An emergency siren HOWLS.

COLE

(tense)

We’re compromised. MOVE.

**INT. BLACK SITE – MAIN HALL – NIGHT**

A METAL DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

Red emergency lights flicker, casting long shadows.

Then—FOOTSTEPS.

Cole and his team brace for impact.

From the darkness, Nexus emerges—flanked by FOUR OTHER BLACK-CLAD OPERATIVES.

LENA

(low, realizing)

They’re not alone.

COLE

(grim)

They never were.

The Ghost Unit wasn’t disbanded.

They were waiting.

A long, tense moment.

Then—Nexus raises a hand.

**ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.**

**EXTENDED BRUTAL FIGHT SEQUENCE**

Cole vs. Nemesis

Nexus moves like a phantom. Every strike is precise, brutal, surgical.

Cole blocks a flurry of attacks, barely keeping up. Elbows, knees, knife swipes.

Nexus catches Cole’s wrist—twists it violently.

Cole counters with a headbutt.

CRACK.

Both men stagger, then clash again.

Katio vs. Two Ghost Operatives

A brutal, bone-crunching brawl.

Katio grabs one by the vest, using him as a human shield against gunfire.

He ducks low, flipping the second over his shoulder and stomping his knee backward.

Lena vs. Ghost Hacker

Lena and a masked hacker engage in a high-speed knife fight.

She slips under a swing, slicing clean through his side.

The hacker \*\*lunges—\*\*she counters with a spinning elbow.

Zane – Sniper in Close Combat

A rifle isn’t built for melee.

Zane smashes an enemy’s face with the stock, spinning into a chokehold.

He uses his suppressed pistol at point-blank range. One shot. One kill.

**THE TWIST: BETRAYAL**

Cole trades brutal blows with Nexus.

Then—Nexus stops.

A gloved hand presses their helmet release.

The mask CLUNKS to the floor.

And standing before Cole—

IS SOMEONE HE KNOWS.

A scarred face. Eyes cold, familiar.

COLE

(shocked, barely whispering)

No…

Nexus—is someone from Cole’s past.

The Ghost Unit betrayal runs deeper than they thought.

Before Cole can react—Nexus strikes.

A brutal knee to the gut.

A scarred jaw. Cold, calculating eyes. A face Cole once trusted.

And then it hits him.

Nexus

JASON CROSS.

Cole’s former teammate.

The one who died sixteen years ago.

Or so Cole thought.

A long, tense silence.

Then—Jason smirks.

JASON CROSS

(grinning)

What’s the matter?

(beat)

Look like you’ve seen a ghost.

A long beat.

Cole’s breathing steadies. He’s trying to process.

COLE

(quiet, dangerous)

You’re supposed to be dead.

JASON CROSS

(smirking)

I was.

(beat)

Until they brought me back.

Jason leans in slightly, his voice dropping.

JASON CROSS

You think you walked away clean, Cole?

(shaking head)

You left us to die.

Cole’s jaw tightens.

COLE

That mission went sideways. You know that.

JASON CROSS

(scoffing)

No, Cole. It Was a setup

(leaning closer)

We were the loose ends.

A dark silence.

Cole’s face hardens. He doesn’t respond.

Because deep down—he knows it’s possible.

JASON CROSS

I got left behind. Tortured. Broken.

(beat)

But they rebuilt me.

His gloved hand clenches into a fist.

JASON CROSS

And now? I get to burn it all down.

COLE

(low, cold)

That why you stole Nemesis?

61JASON CROSS

(grinning)

Not stole. Took back.

(beat)

Project Nemesis was never a weapon for defense. It was built for one reason—

(eyes darkening)

—to erase threats.

He straightens, looking down at Cole.

JASON CROSS

Like us.

Cole slowly rises, wiping the blood from his lip. His expression unreadable.

COLE

(quiet, deadly)

And what happens now?

Jason tilts his head.

JASON CROSS

Now?

(grinning)

Now I show you what happens when ghosts fight back.

Then—he moves.

**BRUTAL FIGHT – COLE VS. JASON CROSS**

This is not a clean fight.

Jason is FASTER. His training has evolved.

Cole is SMARTER. He knows how Jason thinks.

Each hit is raw, brutal. This is personal.

Highlights:

¦ Jason shatters a metal pipe over Cole’s back.

¦ Cole counters with a headbutt—blood spraying from Jason’s nose.

¦ Jason slams Cole into a concrete pillar—fracturing it.

¦ Cole uses Jason’s own knife—slashing deep into his side.

¦ Jason PISTOL-WHIPS Cole—knocking him into a pile of debris.

Both men are bleeding. Gasping for air.

Cole forces himself up. He’s taken worse beatings.

Jason grins through bloodstained teeth.

JASON CROSS

(grinning)

Still standing, huh?

Cole spits blood. Smirks.

COLE

Yeah.

Then—he EXPLODES forward.

Faster. Meaner.

Jason tries to block—but Cole’s attacks are UNRELENTING.

Elbow to the jaw.

Knee to the ribs.

A vicious backhand sending Jason reeling.

Cole grabs Jason’s pistol—turning it on him.

Jason freezes.

COLE

(steady, cold)

It’s over.

A long silence.

Jason laughs.

JASON CROSS

(soft)

No, Cole.

Then—he presses a button on his wrist.

A detonation countdown begins—

00:30… 00:29… 00:28…

Cole’s eyes flick to a nearby screen.

Nemesis isn’t just a weapon.

It’s a failsafe.

A dead man’s switch—set to wipe out the entire facility.

COLE

(under breath)

Son of a bitch.

Jason grins, staggering back.

JASON CROSS

(low, victorious)

See you in hell.

Then—he vanishes into the shadows.

Cole doesn’t hesitate. He turns to his team—bloodied but alive.

COLE

(into comms)

Lena—shut it down. NOW.

LENA

(frantic, hacking)

I need two minutes!

COLE

(looking at countdown)

You’ve got twenty seconds.

**THE ESCAPE**

Lena hacks furiously. Katio covers the entrance. Zane helps Cole stand.

The countdown ticks down.

00:05… 00:04…

LENA

(almost screaming)

Got it!

The explosives DISARM with one second left.

The team EXHALES.

A long silence.

Then—an overhead speaker CRACKLES to life.

JASON CROSS (V.O.)

(calm, amused)

Impressive.

The team tenses.

JASON CROSS (V.O.)

(quiet)

But it’s not over.

Outside—black helicopters begin to descend.

They’re surrounded.

Cole slowly exhales.

COLE

(flat)

Yeah. I figured.

A long beat.

Then—

COLE

(quiet, smirking)

Guess we do this the hard way.

**HARD CUT TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BLACK SITE – MAIN HALL – NIGHT**

The alarms SCREAM. Red emergency lights pulse like a heartbeat.

Cole stands bloodied, breathing hard, his team at his back. They’re trapped—Black Hawk

helicopters descending outside, armed operatives flooding in.

The Ghost Unit was never gone.

They were waiting.

COLE

(quiet, grim)

We’re not dying here.

He reloads his pistol, eyes burning.

COLE

Let’s move.

**EXT. BLACK SITE – COURTYARD – NIGHT**

The exit is blocked.

A squad of heavily armed operatives advances—tactical, precise, ruthless.

Cole and his team are outnumbered. But not outmatched.

**THE ESCAPE – BRUTAL FIGHT SEQUENCE**

ZANE – THE GHOST SNIPER

Zane goes silent, slipping into the shadows.

One shot. One kill.

A Ghost Unit soldier turns—Zane’s already behind him—blade through the throat.

KATIO – THE HUMAN WRECKING BALL

He rushes forward, dodging bullets, barreling into enemies.

Grabs one, SLAMS him into a steel crate—crushing ribs.

Ducks a knife swing, counters with a brutal elbow—shattering a jaw.

LENA – DEADLY AND PRECISE

She moves fast, firing clean shots, hacking security panels as she fights.

Jams a stun baton into a soldier’s throat—electrocuting him mid-scream.

COLE VS. JASON CROSS (Round 2 – Interrupted)

Jason reappears, gun aimed—Cole doesn’t hesitate, CHARGING straight at him.

Fists collide. Knives flash.

Cole catches Jason’s arm—twists viciously—DISARMS him.

Jason just grins—activates a hidden charge on the wall.

BOOM!

A controlled explosion separates them. Jason vanishes into the smoke.

COLE

(furious)

CROSS!

But he’s gone.

**EXT. BLACK SITE – HELIPAD – NIGHT**

Their extraction point.

A stolen Black Hawk helicopter is waiting—pilot dead inside.

Cole and his team race toward it—but Ghost Unit is closing in.

COLE

(into comms)

Zane—cover us!

Zane takes high ground, raining precision headshots.

Lena jumps into the cockpit, hands flying over controls.

LENA

We have a problem.

COLE

What now?

LENA

This bird is locked down. Encrypted start-up. I need—

BULLETS RIP THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

Lena ducks.

COLE

(into comms)

Katio—hold the line!

Katio takes a direct shot to the vest—grunts—but keeps moving.

Zane’s ammo runs dry. He pulls a knife, lunges at an enemy—twists the blade into their ribs.

LENA

Got it!

The rotors spin up.

COLE

Move!

They pile in, Katio barely making it, a blade still lodged in his shoulder.

Cole slams the door shut—

The Black Hawk LIFTS OFF, fire blazing beneath them.

Jason Cross watches from below, arms crossed.

He smirks.

**INT. BLACK HAWK – NIGHT**

The team is battered, bruised, and bloody.

KATIO

(grimacing, pulling the knife out)

That was fun.

LENA

(scoffing)

You’re insane.

ZANE

(reloading his weapon)

We need answers. Now.

Everyone turns to Cole.

COLE

(staring out the window, jaw tight)

Yeah.

(beat)

We’re getting them.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PENTAGON – GENERAL GREY’S OFFICE – NIGHT**

The door SLAMS OPEN.

Cole and his team storm in—still covered in blood, dirt, and fury.

General Grey sits behind his desk, calm.

COLE

(dangerous, low)

Talk.

Grey meets his gaze.

GENERAL GREY

(slowly)

I take it the op didn’t go as planned.

COLE

(ice cold)

Jason Cross is alive.

A beat.

Grey’s face doesn’t change.

KATIO

(furious)

You KNEW, didn’t you?

LENA

(pressing forward)

Ghost Unit never shut down. You’ve been lying to us.

ZANE

(arms crossed)

Start talking. Before I start shooting.

A long silence.

Then—Grey exhales slowly.

GENERAL GREY

You’re right. I didn’t tell you everything.

(beat)

Because if I had… you never would’ve taken the mission.

Cole’s jaw clenches.

COLE

(starting to pace)

No more games, Grey.

(turns back)

Jason said we were set up. That we were meant to die.

(beat)

Is it true?

A heavy silence.

Grey finally leans forward.

GENERAL GREY

Yes.

A gut punch.

Cole’s team exchanges dark looks.

LENA

(disbelief)

You’re saying the government wanted them dead?

Grey nods.

GENERAL GREY

Jason, his team—they were too good. Too lethal. Too dangerous to keep around.

COLE

(low, seething)

So you had them erased.

Grey holds his gaze.

GENERAL GREY

(quiet)

It wasn’t my call.

Cole slams his fist on the desk.

COLE

Then whose was it?

Grey’s eyes darken.

GENERAL GREY

(high tension)

The same people who ordered Project Nemesis.

A heavy silence.

Grey leans back.

GENERAL GREY

The same people who are still watching us right now.

The room goes cold.

Lena’s eyes flick to a security camera in the corner.

COLE

(quiet, deadly)

Who are they?

GENERAL GREY

(soft)

The ones who built the ghosts.

(beat)

And the ones who just let them off the leash.

Cole’s fists tighten.

COLE

(quiet)

Where do we find them?

Grey smiles faintly.

GENERAL GREY

(smirking)

That’s the question, isn’t it?

A long, charged silence.

Then—Cole turns to his team.

COLE

(quiet)

We find them. We end this.

Zane nods.

Katio loads his gun.

Lena pulls up a satellite feed.

The team is ready.

But the ghosts are already watching.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. SAFEHOUSE – UNDERGROUND BUNKER – NIGHT**

A dimly lit hideout. The team is scattered—bruised, silent, processing everything.

Cole stands near a window, staring out. His face is stone, but his grip on the whiskey glass is

tight.

The weight of his past is suffocating.

Lena, Katio, and Zane watch him from across the room.

LENA

(low)

Alright. Enough.

Cole doesn’t turn.

LENA (CONT’D)

We just fought through hell for a mission that was never what we thought.

(beat)

And Jason Cross—the guy you just tried to kill? He’s not just some rogue operative, is he?

Cole exhales slowly.

KATIO

(grim)

You knew him.

COLE

(flat)

I did.

Lena leans forward.

LENA

Then tell us.

A long silence.

Cole finally sets the glass down. Turns. His eyes are cold, but there’s something deeper.

Something raw.

COLE

(quiet, distant)

We were brothers.

(beat)

Jason, me, and two others—Tomas and Rigg.

ZANE

Ghost Unit?

COLE

No. Before that. We were a black ops kill team. The kind that didn’t exist on paper. We took

missions no one else could.

(beat)

And we never asked why. All we wanted was the money.

His hands clench into fists.

COLE (CONT’D)

Sixteen years ago, we were sent into a hostile war zone to recover stolen intel. Just another job. In,

out, no trace.

(beat)

Except… when we got there, we found something else.

A chill runs through the room.

COLE (CONT’D)

A black site. A research lab. Run by our own government.

Katio shifts.

KATIO

(tense)

What were they working on?

COLE

(beat)

Project Nemesis.

A dead silence.

LENA

(whispering)

The weapon? It’s been in development that long?

COLE

(nods)

Back then, it wasn’t a prototype. It was an experiment.

He turns, eyes dark with memories.

COLE (CONT’D)

They weren’t testing weapons.

(beat)

They were testing people.

A slow, suffocating tension fills the room.

ZANE

(quiet)

Explain.

Cole exhales, rubbing his jaw. His voice is heavier now.

COLE

They were augmenting soldiers—pushing human limits.

(beat)

We found files. Footage.

(beat)

They weren’t making better weapons.

They were making better killers.

His team exchanges uneasy glances.

LENA

You’re telling me this was some… experiment on super soldiers?

COLE

Yeah something like that but.

(beat)

It was worse.

(beat)

They weren’t trying to make us stronger.

(eyes dark)

They were trying to make us obedient.

A sickening silence.

KATIO

(low, realizing)

Mind control.

COLE

They called it behavioral reprogramming.

(beat)

Jason and I found the test subjects. We saw what they did to them.

His voice tightens.

COLE

It was supposed to be us next.

Lena covers her mouth.

ZANE

(quiet)

And that’s when you knew?

COLE

We were pawns. We always were.

(beat)

We tried to shut it down. We burned the lab, destroyed everything we could. But it was too late.

His jaw clenches.

COLE

The mission went bad. We got ambushed. We were supposed to extract clean. But

someone—someone high up—sold us out.

Lena, Katio, and Zane absorb that.

COLE

(soft)

Jason didn’t make it out.

(beat)

I thought he was dead.

(beat)

Turns out, he wasn’t.

A long silence.

ZANE

(leaning back)

So let me get this straight.

(beat)

They tried to wipe out your team because you knew too much. And instead of killing Jason,

they… what? Turned him into their weapon?

COLE

(nods, quiet)

And now he’s using Nemesis to finish what they started.

Katio exhales, shaking his head.

KATIO

No wonder he wants revenge.

Lena leans in.

LENA

But here’s what I don’t get.

(turning to Cole)

If they wanted you all gone…

(beat)

Why are you still alive?

A long, heavy beat.

Cole doesn’t answer.

His team watches him closely.

COLE

(quiet, intense)

That’s what I need to find out.

A slow tension builds.

Then—Lena’s laptop beeps.

She glances at the screen. Her face goes pale.

LENA

Guys… we have a problem.

(beat)

We’re being tracked.

Cole’s face hardens.

ZANE

By who?

Lena’s fingers fly over the keyboard. Her screen flickers.

Then—a message appears.

> "I see you."

A chill runs through the room.

Then—another message.

> "You should have stayed dead, Cole."

The screen glitches.

Then—it locks.

COLE

(low, dark)

Jason.

LENA

They’re coming.

Cole’s eyes burn.

COLE

(flat)

Then we go hunting first.

A long, charged silence.

Then—Cole loads his gun.

COLE

(into comms)

Grey. We need a location. Now.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. ABANDONED FACTORY – NIG**HT

A massive industrial complex, long abandoned. Rusted machinery looms like skeletons in the

dark.

Cole and his team move in silently, weapons drawn, senses razor-sharp.

Lena’s wrist display flickers, tracking a single heat signature deep inside.

LENA

(whispering)

He’s here.

KATIO

(grim)

Feels too easy.

COLE

(low)

Because it is.

They push forward, weaving through the metal labyrinth. Every step feels wrong.

Then—a sound.

A low, distorted hum.

They freeze.

Then—an overhead speaker CRACKLES TO LIFE.

JASON CROSS (V.O.)

(calm, mocking)

You really thought I wouldn’t be ready for you?

Cole’s jaw tightens. His grip on his weapon steadies.

COLE

(quiet)

Jason.

JASON CROSS (V.O.)

(smirking)

I was expecting you would show up.

A faint red glow illuminates the far end of the factory. A massive industrial containment

chamber—glass reinforced with steel, monitors surrounding it.

Inside—a figure kneels, trembling.

Cole and his team approach cautiously.

Then—the figure lurches upright.

The lights flicker—revealing Jason Cross.

But he’s different.

His veins pulse black. His eyes flicker with something unnatural. His muscles are shifting,

expanding—like his body is rewriting itself in real time.

Lena’s breath catches.

LENA

(whispering, horrified)

They’re still programming him.

Jason tilts his head—stretching his neck like a predator testing its fangs.

JASON CROSS

(low, dark)

They always said pain makes you stronger.

(beat)

Turns out… they were right.

His body shudders. The transformation finishes. He’s faster. Stronger. More deadly than ever.

Cole raises his gun.

COLE

Enough of this.

He fires.

Jason is gone before the bullet leaves the barrel.

A blur. A shadow.

Then—BAM!

Cole doesn’t even see the hit coming. Jason’s fist collides with his ribs, sending him crashing

into a steel column.

COLE

(coughing, in pain)

Shit—

Jason is on him instantly.

A knee to the gut. A ruthless elbow to the jaw.

Cole tries to counter—Jason catches his wrist mid-strike, twisting viciously.

JASON CROSS

(grinning)

Slower than I remember.

CRACK!

Jason slams Cole into the floor. Hard.

Cole groans, struggling to move.

Lena and Zane open fire—

Jason dodges every shot.

Then—Zane fires again.

Jason catches the bullet mid-air.

With his bare hand.

The team freezes.

ZANE

(stunned, whispering)

What the fu—

Before he can react, Jason hurls the bullet back.

Zena dodges….

LENA

(panicked)

Zane!

Jason turns, unimpressed.

JASON CROSS

(shaking head)

I expected more.

(beat)

This? This is disappointing.

Cole struggles to push himself up.

Jason watches him. Cold. Calculating.

JASON CROSS

(soft)

You don’t get it, do you?

(beat)

I was never the mission.

Cole’s breathing slows.

Something clicks.

COLE

(realizing, whispering)

They sent us here… to die.

Jason smirks.

JASON CROSS

(nods)

Now you’re catching up.

(beat)

They don’t need me anymore, Cole.

(beat)

They have something better.

Before anyone can react—a NEW presence enters the room.

A second enhanced soldier.

A woman. Cold, unreadable.

COLE

(soft, grim)

Shit.

Jason smirks.

JASON CROSS

(low)

Meet Revenant.

(beat)

She’s what I used to be. Before they fixed me.

Revenant’s eyes lock onto Cole.

JASON CROSS

(low)

Now let’s see if you survive her.

Then—she moves.

And the fight begins again.

**BRUTAL SECOND FIGHT SEQUENCE – THE RETREAT**

KATIO

(roaring)

I GOT HIM!

Katio charges Jason head-on.

Jason doesn’t flinch.

Katio throws a brutal punch—Jason blocks with inhuman speed.

A counter strike—Jason’s fist crashes into Katio’s ribs.

Katio grits through the pain, grappling Jason—

But Jason twists free, snapping Katio’s arm back.

CRACK!

Katio howls in pain.

Cole watches, helpless, as Jason brutally dismantles Katio.

Lena fires at Revenant—she dodges every shot with perfect precision.

Zane tries to get up—Jason slams a boot into his chest.

The team is losing.

Cole pushes up. He knows what’s coming.

COLE

(pained, but firm)

We need to move.

LENA

(struggling)

We’re not leaving Katio!

Jason grabs Katio by the throat, lifting him off the ground.

JASON CROSS

(cold)

Your team is weak, Cole.

Cole sees Katio choking, sees Zane bleeding out, sees Lena struggling.

He grits his teeth.

He hates this.

But he has no choice.

COLE

(low, brutal)

Zane—smoke. Now.

Zane groans, reaching into his vest.

A smoke grenade drops—EXPLODES into thick, blinding white.

Jason growls, releasing Katio.

Cole lunges, grabbing Katio and pulling him back.

JASON CROSS

(shouting through the smoke)

RUN, THEN! RUN LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO!

Cole’s face is stone. But something in his eyes breaks.

He drags Katio away, his team falling back.

They vanish into the night.

**EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY – NIGHT**

The team staggers outside.

Katio is barely conscious. Zane is losing blood.

Lena’s hands shake.

Cole stares at the factory—Jason’s silhouette barely visible through the smoke.

His chest rises and falls.

He doesn’t blink. Doesn’t speak.

They lost.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT**

The steady beeping of a heart monitor fills the dimly lit room. Machines hum softly, casting a

faint glow over KATIO, who lies unconscious in the hospital bed.

His body is bruised, battered, his arm wrapped in a cast, bandages covering his side and

forehead. The strongest fighter in the team, now looking fragile against the pale sheets.

Cole sits in the corner, elbows on his knees, staring at the floor. His face is a storm—anger, guilt,

regret—swirling beneath a blank stare.

After a moment, Katio stirs. A groggy breath escapes his lips as he blinks into consciousness.

His eyes land on Cole. Weak, but aware.

KATIO

(gravelly)

What the hell happened?

Cole lifts his gaze slowly, jaw tightening.

COLE

(quiet)

You almost died.

KATIO

(smirk)

Yeah? Feels like I did.

A strained chuckle—but Cole doesn’t laugh. Doesn’t even smile.

Katio reads his face, his expression sobering.

KATIO

Cole.

(beat)

You can’t blame yourself for this.

Cole exhales slowly, shaking his head. His voice is low, edged with something dark.

COLE

I brought us there.

KATIO

We all walked in. We knew the risks.

COLE

I should’ve known. I should’ve seen the setup.

Katio watches him carefully, his weak smile fading.

KATIO

That’s not why you’re mad, is it?

(beat)

You’re mad because you saw Jason—and you weren’t ready for what he became.

Cole looks away, his fists clenching.

KATIO

I know you, man. You’re not just mad at him.

(beat)

You’re mad at yourself.

Cole’s silence is heavy.

KATIO

(softly)

You’re afraid he might be right.

Cole flinches. His throat tightens, but he swallows it down.

COLE

I’ll fix this.

KATIO

You won’t do it alone.

Cole pushes up from his seat. The chair scrapes against the floor as he moves toward the door.

COLE

Get some rest, Katio.

Katio watches him go, his voice dropping—low, certain.

KATIO

You’ll find a way. You always do.

Cole pauses, just for a second. Then—he walks out.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. COLE’S APARTMENT – NIGHT( AFEW DAYS LATER)**

The place is a wreck.

Half-empty bottles litter the table. A disassembled pistol sits beside them. The lights are dim,

the air thick with tension.

Cole stands by the window, drink in hand, staring into the rain-soaked city.

A knock at the door.

He doesn’t answer.

The door opens anyway.

Zane steps inside, his face hard, unreadable. He glances at the bottles, then at Cole—his usual

sharpness dulled by something deeper.

ZANE

This how it’s gonna be now?

Cole takes a long drink, doesn’t turn.

COLE

Go home, Zane.

ZANE

Not happening.

Cole smirks, shaking his head.

COLE

You always were stubborn.

ZANE

And you were always reckless.

(beat)

But this? This isn’t recklessness. This is you giving up.

Cole finally turns, eyes sharp.

COLE

You don’t know what this is.

ZANE

I know exactly what this is.

(beat)

You blame yourself for Katio. For the mission. For Jason.

(stepping forward)

But drinking yourself into a hole doesn’t bring us any closer to stopping him.

Cole chuckles bitterly, setting his glass down.

COLE

You think I don’t know that?

(beat)

I know Jason better than anyone. I know what he’s thinking. And I know how this ends.

ZANE

Then tell me.

Cole’s eyes darken.

COLE

It ends with me killing him.

Zane’s jaw tightens.

ZANE

That’s not the plan.

COLE

It’s my plan.

Zane steps closer, his voice sharper now.

ZANE

You walk into this alone, you’re dead. You know that, right?

Cole shrugs.

COLE

Maybe.

Zane exhales, shaking his head.

ZANE

Dammit, Cole. We’re in this together.

COLE

No.

(beat)

Not this time.

Zane looks at him—long, hard.

Then—a new voice.

LENA

(behind them)

If you’re gonna go alone… you might wanna see this first.

Both men turn.

Lena stands in the doorway, holding a tablet. Her expression deadly serious.

**INT. SAFEHOUSE – NIGHT**

The room is dark, quiet. The only light comes from Lena’s screen.

She presses PLAY.

On the screen—footage of their last fight. Jason dodging bullets. Breaking bones. Moving like

something beyond human.

Cole’s eyes narrow.

LENA

I watched it over and over. And then I hacked his surveillance feeds.

She fast-forwards.

The footage shifts—this time, showing Jason after the fight.

He stumbles into a hidden facility. His body shaking violently. His veins turning black.

Zane leans forward.

ZANE

What the hell is happening to him?

Lena zooms in.

LENA

Every time he fights, he’s reprogrammed.

(beat)

His enhancements don’t just make him stronger. They make him better—every time he loses, he

adapts. He fixes his weaknesses.

(beat)

But look closer.

They watch as Jason collapses onto a medical table. His body convulsing, muscles locking up,

his breath ragged.

Lena pauses the footage.

LENA

It’s not perfect.

(beat)

They’re pushing his body past its limits. And it’s breaking.

(beat)

We can break it further.

Cole’s gaze hardens.

COLE

How?

Lena pulls up a diagram.

LENA

His nervous system is compromised. They’re enhancing his muscles, but they can’t reinforce

everything. There’s a window—a precise moment when his body overloads.

(beat)

We hit him then? We take him down.

Zane exhales.

ZANE

So there’s a chance.

Lena nods.

Cole looks at the screen. Then at his team.

A long silence.

Then—he nods.

COLE

Alright.

(beat)

We do this together.

Zane exhales, relieved.

Then—he smirks.

ZANE

Good.

(beat)

Now clean this damn room.

Cole shoots him a look.

Lena chuckles, shaking her head.

Cole scoffs, rubbing his face.

COLE

There’s something I need to do first.

Zane raises an eyebrow.

ZANE

What?

Cole leans forward, serious.

COLE

Do you remember when Jason said—“I’m not the mission”?

Lena nods slowly.

LENA

Yeah.

COLE

And that woman—Revenant.

(beat)

What do we know about her?

Lena swipes through her data.

LENA

Nothing.

(beat)

I’ve never heard of her before. No files. No records.

Cole exhales slowly.

Then—he stands.

COLE

Then we need answers.

(beat)

And I know exactly who to ask.

---

**INT. BLACK SITE – INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT**

A cold, sterile room.

Cole and his team stand across from General Grey, who sits behind a steel table.

His expression is calm. Controlled. But his eyes? They give away the tension beneath.

COLE

(low, firm)

Who is she?

Grey leans back.

GENERAL GREY

I don’t know what you’re talking about.

Zane rolls his eyes, stepping forward.

ZANE

Alright. We’re skipping the bullshit.

(leaning in)

We’re running out of patience.

Katio cracks his knuckles. The threat is clear.

Lena pulls up the footage of Revenant.

LENA

No records. No name.

(beat)

You’re telling me she doesn’t exist?

Grey finally exhales.

A long pause.

Then—he leans forward.

GENERAL GREY

(low, reluctant)

She was never supposed to.

Cole’s jaw tightens.

COLE

Explain.

Grey glances at the door—calculating. Then…

GENERAL GREY

Revenant wasn’t part of Ghost Unit.

(beat)

She was their fail-safe.

Lena frowns.

LENA

Meaning?

Grey exhales.

GENERAL GREY

Meaning if they ever lost control of Jason…

(beat)

She was designed to kill him.

The room goes still.

Zane runs a hand over his face.

ZANE

Jesus.

Cole stares at the footage.

His expression unreadable.

Then—his fist clenches.

COLE

(intense)

We find them. We end them.

The team nods.

**CUT TO:**

The team is in a dark room only one light flickers……… on the table are weapons guns knifes magazine bullets everything as They start preparing.

Weapons loaded. Armor reinforced.

This time—they’re ready.

**FADE IN:**

**INT. ABANDONED MILITARY COMPLEX – UNDERGROUND FACILITY – NIGHT**

A cold, sterile environment. The hum of machinery fills the air. Metal walls lined with monitors,

flickering with combat analytics and genetic data.

JASON CROSS stands shirtless under a dim surgical light, his body scarred, enhanced, and

restless. His veins still pulse faintly with dark energy, the aftermath of his latest reprogramming.

His face is calm, but his hands twitch subtly—like a predator waiting to strike.

Nearby, REVENANT watches from the shadows, arms crossed, her presence calculated, still.

A group of scientists and operatives work frantically around them. One of them—a lead

technician named DRAKE—steps forward, reading from a tablet.

DRAKE

The neural recalibration is complete. Your reflexes, strength, and pain resistance have increased

by another thirteen percent.

Jason flexes his fingers, rolling his neck.

JASON CROSS

Good.

Drake hesitates before speaking again.

DRAKE

But there’s… a risk.

Jason’s gaze snaps to him.

DRAKE

Each cycle is accelerating your neurological deterioration. Your body is adapting, but breaking at

the same time.

Jason smirks.

JASON CROSS

What’s your point?

Drake swallows hard.

DRAKE

You won’t survive many more of these.

Revenant steps forward, finally speaking—her voice smooth, laced with something cold.

REVENANT

He doesn’t need many more. Just one.

Jason exhales, rolling his shoulders. Unbothered. Unconcerned.

JASON CROSS

Cole’s coming.

(beat)

And this time, I want him to see exactly what I’ve become.

Revenant watches him carefully.

REVENANT

You’re obsessed with him.

Jason chuckles.

JASON CROSS

I just want him to understand.

He turns to the monitors, where surveillance footage of Cole and his team plays on a loop. Their

last fight. Their retreat. Their regroup.

Jason tilts his head, watching Cole.

JASON CROSS

He’s not the same man he was back then.

(beat)

But neither am I.

Revenant leans against the console, arms still folded.

REVENANT

You think they’ve figured it out?

Jason smirks.

JASON CROSS

Of course they have.

(beat)

And they think that’s going to help them.

He turns back to the screen—Cole’s face frozen mid-fight.

JASON CROSS

That’s why they’re going to lose.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SAFEHOUSE – NIGHT**

The air inside the safehouse is charged. Weapons laid out on the table. Tactical gear prepped.

But the atmosphere is tense, unspoken emotions hanging thick.

Cole sits sharpening a combat knife, movements slow, methodical.

Zane loads his rifle, silent. Lena types rapidly on a tablet, eyes locked onto an encrypted data

stream.

Finally, Lena speaks.

LENA

I found them.

Cole stills.

Zane looks up sharply.

ZANE

Where?

Lena swipes a map onto the screen. A decommissioned military complex.

LENA

Eastern Europe. Underground facility. It’s one of their last operational sites.

(beat)

That’s where Jason and Revenant are waiting.

Cole nods slowly.

COLE

What’s their play?

Lena exhales.

LENA

They know we’re coming.

(beat)

And they want us there.

Zane scoffs, shaking his head.

ZANE

Great. Another trap.

Cole sets his knife down, voice calm but lethal.

COLE

Then let’s make sure we’re the ones who spring it.

A long beat.

Katio’s voice cuts through the air.

KATIO (O.S.)

Damn right you will.

Everyone turns.

Katio stands in the doorway, arm still in a sling, bruises fresh, but standing. His smirk is weak,

but there.

COLE

(quiet, serious)

You should be in the hospital.

KATIO

I’ve had worse.

Cole watches him for a moment—then nods.

Katio steps forward, looking at the map.

KATIO

So. What’s the plan?

Lena adjusts the screen.

LENA

Jason’s enhancements have a window—when his body reprograms itself, there’s a vulnerability.

(beat)

We hit him at the right moment? We take him down.

Katio nods.

KATIO

Sounds simple.

ZANE

It won’t be.

Cole stands, his voice low, steady.

COLE

Doesn’t matter.

(beat)

We end this.

The team exchanges looks.

Then—they start moving.

Weapons locked. Armor reinforced.

Cole closes his eyes briefly, inhaling.

His mind sharpens. Focuses.

His hands don’t shake.

This time, he’s ready.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. SAFEHOUSE – NIGHT**

The air is thick with tension. The team moves with precision, each action purposeful. No wasted motion.

The table is covered in weapons, ammunition, blueprints, and encrypted devices. This isn’t just

another mission.

This is the endgame.

Cole stands at the head of the table, eyes scanning the layout of the underground facility. His

jaw is tight, his grip on the map firm.

Lena, Zane, and Katio stand around him. Katio, still recovering, rolls his shoulder, testing his

movement. He winces—but doesn’t complain.

Cole notices.

COLE

(flat)

You’re not a hundred percent.

KATIO

(grinning)

Never been a hundred percent.

Cole doesn’t smile.

COLE

If you slow us down, you’re out.

Katio’s smirk fades. His eyes harden.

KATIO

Not happening.

ZANE

(scoffing)

Didn’t think it would.

Lena is focused on her laptop, fingers flying over the keys. Lines of code flash across the screen.

LENA

I managed to crack some of their encrypted data. There’s more than just Jason and Revenant in that facility.

COLE

How many?

Lena exhales.

LENA

Two squads. High-level operatives. Not mindless soldiers—trained killers.

(beat)

They’re expecting us.

Zane leans against the table, shaking his head.

ZANE

Of course they are.

Cole straightens, his voice low, calm, unwavering.

COLE

That just means we don’t give them what they expect.

A beat. The team listens.

COLE

Jason wants me to come at him head-on.

(beat)

So we don’t.

He points at the blueprint.

COLE

The facility has two primary entrances. Front and back. Both are death traps.

Lena swipes the screen, revealing a secondary route.

LENA

There’s an old maintenance tunnel leading into the lower levels. Not part of their active security grid.

ZANE

You’re saying we go in underground?

LENA

It’s our best chance of getting inside without setting off every alarm.

KATIO

And once we’re in?

Cole’s eyes darken.

COLE

We hit them fast. Hard.

(beat)

Lena controls the security grid. Katio keeps the close-range fights locked down. Zane takes high

ground—we need eyes everywhere.

Zane nods.

ZANE

I’ll find a perch. Give me a good line of sight, I’ll drop them before they see us coming.

Cole turns to Katio.

COLE

Can you keep up?

Katio grins.

KATIO

Guess we’ll find out.

A tense beat. Then—Cole turns to Lena.

COLE

Once we hit Jason, we take him fast.

LENA

(skeptical)

And if he’s already adapting?

Cole’s jaw tightens.

COLE

Then we don’t give him time to.

The team absorbs that. They all know the stakes.

They all know the risks.

They all know this could be the last mission they ever run.

Zane loads a magazine into his rifle. The click echoes in the quiet.

ZANE

Let’s get to work.

**INT. SAFEHOUSE – ARMORY – NIGHT**

Weapons laid out. Blades sharpened. Body armor secured. Each of them prepares in their own way.

Cole checks his sidearm, loads a fresh magazine. Zane double-checks his sniper scope, adjusting the sight. Lena secures a custom wrist-mounted hacking device.

Katio straps a knife to his leg, flexing his fingers.

No one speaks.

They don’t need to.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP – NIGHT**

The tarmac glistens under the floodlights. A military-grade blacked-out jet hums in the

background.

Cole and his team approach, silent, focused.

The pilot gives Cole a nod.

PILOT

You sure about this?

Cole doesn’t answer. Just steps onto the plane.

His team follows. The hatch closes. The engines roar.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**INT. JASON’S BASE – CONTROL ROOM – NIGHT**

Surveillance feeds. Combat simulations. A war machine in motion.

Jason stands in front of the monitors, watching every move Cole’s team has made.

Behind him, Revenant leans against the wall. Unreadable.

REVENANT

They’re coming.

Jason doesn’t take his eyes off the screen.

JASON CROSS

Of course they are.

He tilts his head, watching Cole’s face. The way he moves. The way he prepares.

Jason smirks.

JASON CROSS

He’s angry.

(beat)

He’ll make mistakes.

Revenant watches him.

REVENANT

Or he’s more dangerous than ever.

Jason finally turns.

A long, slow beat.

Then—he grins.

JASON CROSS

Good.

(beat)

I want him at his best.

He steps toward a table filled with weapons. His hand grazes over a sleek, custom-built combat knife.

He picks it up, twirling it between his fingers.

JASON CROSS

Let’s end this.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP – NIGHT**

The black ops jet hums on the runway, engines building power. Rain whispers against the

tarmac, the air charged with silent intensity.

Cole stands at the foot of the boarding ramp, staring into the darkness beyond the airfield. His

jaw tightens, fingers flexing at his side. This is it.

A voice cuts through the rain.

ZANE

(low)

You thinking about turning back?

Cole doesn’t turn.

COLE

No.

(beat)

I’m thinking about how many of us are coming back.

Zane steps beside him, arms crossed.

ZANE

We’ve beaten worse odds.

Cole exhales slowly.

COLE

Have we?

Zane watches him. No jokes. No smirks. Just cold reality.

ZANE

We go in smart. We go in together.

(beat)

That’s how we come back.

Cole finally meets his gaze. A long beat. Then—he nods.

The ramp rises behind them. Inside the jet, Katio tightens his gloves. Lena double-checks her surveillance feeds.

The team is ready.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SKY – HIGH ALTITUDE – NIGHT**

The jet cuts through the night, silent and deadly.

Inside the cabin, the team gathers around a holographic display, the underground base outlined

in glowing red.

Lena gestures at a tunnel access point.

LENA

This is our way in. Old maintenance shafts. Not wired into their primary grid.

Zane studies the map, nodding.

ZANE

They’ll still have motion sensors.

LENA

I can loop them for a few minutes. After that, we’re exposed.

KATIO

We won’t need minutes.

(beat)

We go fast, we go quiet.

Cole nods.

COLE

Once we’re inside, we move in pairs. Zane, you take overwatch. Lena, you kill their comms.

(beat)

Katio and I will find Jason.

Lena hesitates, eyes flicking to Cole.

LENA

And if he’s already evolved past what we can handle?

A long silence.

Cole’s jaw clenches.

COLE

Then we put him down before he has time to prove it.

No one argues.

Katio loads a combat knife into his vest. Zane tightens his grip on his rifle.

Lena closes her laptop.

The team is locked in.

A red light flashes—THIRTY SECONDS TO DROP. Cole breathes in deep. Steady. Focused.

COLE

(quiet)

Let’s finish this.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FOREST – OUTSKIRTS OF THE UNDERGROUND BASE – NIGHT**

The team moves through the treeline, shadows against the rain-soaked terrain.

Lena crouches near an old service panel, hacking into the grid. The others hold position,

weapons ready.

A soft beep.

LENA

We’re in. Five minutes before the system resets.

Cole motions forward.

COLE

Move.

They slip through a rusted access hatch, descending into darkness.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY – SERVICE TUNNELS – NIGHT**

Silent. Stifling. The air is thick with mechanical hums and distant voices. Cole leads, weapon raised. The corridor ahead is empty—but it feels wrong.

Katio scans the darkness, his body coiled like a loaded spring.

KATIO

(low)

They know we’re here.

ZANE

(low)

Let’s make it official.

Lena cuts the lights.

Total darkness.

The team slides on night vision.

Footsteps echo ahead. Then—a whisper over a speaker.

JASON CROSS (V.O.)

(smirking)

You are late I was expecting you.

Cole stops. The team freezes.

Jason has been waiting.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JASON’S CONTROL ROOM – SAME TIME**

Jason stands in the center of a war room of monitors, watching Cole’s team navigate the tunnels.

Revenant stands at his side, arms crossed.

REVENANT

They came armed for war.

Jason smirks.

JASON CROSS

Good.

He gestures to a group of elite soldiers behind him. Enhanced. Faster. Rebuilt like him.

JASON CROSS

Let’s give them one.

He turns to the cameras—eyes locking on Cole through the monitor.

His voice drops to a whisper.

JASON CROSS

Let’s see if you’ve gotten any better.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY – MAIN HALL – NIGHT**

The team advances—silent, calculated. Then—the lights flicker back on.

A dozen red targeting lasers snap onto their bodies.

ZANE

(low)

Shit.

A voice booms from above.

JASON CROSS (O.S.)

Welcome to hell.

**THE AMBUSH BEGINS.**

Bullets rain down. The team darts for cover, returning fire.

Cole rolls behind a steel crate, barking orders.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. JASON’S BASE – NIGHT**

A storm brews. Thunder rumbles in the distance, the sky a dark, swirling mass. The facility stands like a fortress, cold and unyielding.

This is it. No retreat. No backup.

Cole’s team moves through the storm, weapons primed. Lena’s fingers fly over her wrist device.

LENA

Shutting down external defenses… now.

BZZZT.

The outer security grid dies.

Zane moves to high ground, sniper rifle locked in.

Katio tightens the straps on his vest, cracking his knuckles.

KATIO

No way we’re walking out of this clean.

Cole exhales, his gaze hard, unshaken.

COLE

Then we make sure they don’t either.

They move. Silent. Deadly. This is the last stand.

**INT. JASON’S BASE – MAIN CORRIDOR – NIGHT**

The lights flicker. Shadows stretch across the walls.

The team advances through the hall—silent, weapons raised.

Then—a voice over the intercom.

JASON CROSS (V.O.)

(smirking)

Back for another round

A low chuckle.

Then—BOOM.

The walls EXPLODE outward.

Gas floods the hallway.

Lena immediately activates thermal vision.

Then—SHADOWS MOVE.

**JASON’S ENHANCED SOLDIERS ATTACK.**

**THE LAST FIGHT – BRUTAL AND FINAL**

¦ ZANE – THE GHOST SNIPER

Fires headshots with surgical precision.

Knifes an enemy mid-strike—spins and shoots another in the head.

¦ KATIO – THE UNBREAKABLE

Ducks a punch, counters with a brutal knee strike—ribs CRACK.

Grabs an attacker, SNAPS his arm, then drives a blade through his chest.

¦ LENA – THE STRATEGIST

Moves between cover, scrambling enemy comms while firing deadly shots.

Slides under an enemy strike—fires point-blank into their skull.

Cole fights like a demon, every movement ruthless.

Then—the air CHANGES.

A presence steps into the hall.

JASON CROSS.

He moves slowly, deliberately. Cole locks eyes with him.

Everything else fades.

Jason grins.

JASON CROSS

(low, amused)

Still standing, huh?

Cole raises his gun.

Jason moves.

A BLUR.

Cole fires—Jason DODGES every bullet.

Then—BAM.

Jason strikes first—HARD.

Cole crashes into a steel wall, coughing blood.

Jason stands over him, calm, confident.

JASON CROSS

(low, disappointed)

You’re still too slow.

Cole \*\*pushes up—\*\*Jason KICKS him back down.

Katio sees Cole fall.

Something SNAPS inside him.

He charges Jason.

KATIO

(roaring)

Cole

Jason turns—grinning.

JASON CROSS

You again you just don’t quite..

Katio throws a punch—Jason CATCHES IT MID-AIR.

Then—CRACK.

Jason twists Katio’s arm brutally. A sickening snap.

Katio drops to his knees, gasping in pain.

Cole watches—helpless.

Jason crouches beside Katio, voice low, almost amused.

JASON CROSS

I expected more from you.

Zane fires a shot—Jason dodges.

Zane fires again—Jason CATCHES THE BULLET MID-AIR.

The team FREEZES.

Cole hates it.

But he grabs Katio—and the team fights forward.

THE FINAL SHOWDOWN – COLE VS. JASON

The team battles through the base. Cole chases Jason deeper inside. A dark, industrial chamber.

Steam hisses from the walls. A place built for war.

Jason stands there—waiting.

A cold grin.

JASON CROSS

(quiet)

No one’s coming to save you, Cole.

Cole rolls his shoulders.

COLE

I don’t need saving.

Then—THEY CLASH.

A fight like no other.

Bone-shattering strikes. Brutal, merciless combat.

¦ Jason SLAMS Cole into a steel beam.

¦ Cole counters—elbows Jason’s throat, twisting into a backhand strike.

¦ Jason KNEE STRIKES Cole’s ribs—Cole spits blood.

¦ Cole dodges, PUNCHES Jason’s jaw—CRACK. Jason STAGGERS.

Then—Jason GLITCHES.

His body isn’t keeping up.

Lena’s words echo in Cole’s head.

"He’s breaking down."

Jason growls—his body recalibrating.

Cole sees his opening.

A gunshot—point-blank.

Jason grits his teeth, dropping to a knee.

Then—a hand grabs Cole’s wrist.

REVENANT.

THE FINAL TWIST – COLE’S SACRIFICE

Revenant moves like a ghost, knocking Cole back.

Jason staggers to his feet.

COLE

(breathless)

She’s your backup… is she?

Jason chuckles, wiping blood from his mouth.

JASON CROSS

(low)

She’s my replacement.

A beat.

Then—Revenant attacks.

She is faster. Stronger.

Cole blocks, barely keeping up.

Jason watches, smirking through the pain.

JASON CROSS

(low, amused)

Now you see it, don’t you?

(beat)

I was just the prototype.

Cole dodges a blade—counters with a pistol whip.

COLE

(gritted teeth)

And what? You’re just accepting that?

Jason laughs, weak but genuine.

JASON CROSS

Cole…

(beat)

I never had a choice.

Jason grips the detonator on his wrist. A dead man’s switch.

Cole sees it.

Jason smirks.

JASON CROSS

Guess I finally made the right choice.

Then—Cole LUNGES.

He grabs Jason, activates the switch—

And TACKLES HIM INTO THE CORE OF THE BASE.

A FINAL SACRIFICE.

The explosion IGNITES BEHIND THEM. Cole and Jason vanish into the fire.

A long silence.

Then—Lena’s voice, breaking.

LENA

(into comms, desperate)

Cole?!

Nothing.

The team watches the base collapse. Smoke and fire consume everything.

Cole Harper is gone.

**EXT. SAFEHOUSE – LATER**

The survivors sit in silence.

Lena wipes away a tear.

Katio stares at the table, lost in thought. Zane loads his rifle.

A new mission begins. Because Cole may be gone…

But his war isn’t over.

**FADE TO BLACK.**