

(NARCO)

by

(Brian Leslie)

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INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A flickering fluorescent light casts a dim glow on the cracked concrete floor. Shadows loom in the corners of the vast, empty space. The silence is oppressive, punctuated only by the distant wail of sirens and the occasional scurrying of rats.

RICKY BLANCO (30s), dark hair matted with sweat, leans against a rusted pillar, his wiry frame tense. His eyes, sharp and calculating, scan the room. He's wearing a worn leather jacket, the collar turned up against the chill, and faded jeans that have seen better days.

A door CREAKS open, spilling a sliver of light from the hallway beyond. Three SHADOWY FIGURES enter, their features obscured by the darkness. Ricky straightens, alert.

RICKY  
(to himself)  
Showtime, Blanco.

The LEAD FIGURE, bulky under a heavy coat, steps forward. This is MIGUEL VASQUEZ, also known as "El Jefe" (40s), his salt-and-pepper beard a stark contrast to the pallor of his skin. His eyes, cold and unyielding, lock onto Ricky's.

MIGUEL  
You got the money?

Ricky reaches inside his jacket, slow, deliberate. Miguel's HAND hovers near his own concealed weapon. Tension crackles in the air like static.

RICKY  
Every penny, just like we agreed.

Ricky pulls out a thick envelope, tossing it to Miguel. It lands with a THUD at his feet. Miguel nods to one of his men, who picks it up, riffles through the cash.

MIGUEL'S MAN  
It's all here, boss.

Ricky's shoulders relax ever so slightly, but his gaze never leaves Miguel's.

MIGUEL  
You've been good for business,  
Ricky. I like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY  
I'm just looking to make my way,  
El Jefe. Like everyone else.

There's a hint of steel beneath the casual words. Miguel grins, but it doesn't reach his eyes.

MIGUEL  
"Make your way" too far, and you  
might find there ain't no way  
back.

Ricky's eyes narrow, a silent challenge. Miguel chuckles, darkly amused.

MIGUEL  
But for now, let's get you what  
you came for.

He signals, and another figure emerges from the shadows, carrying a duffel bag. It's dropped at Ricky's feet with a heavy clink of glass and metal.

RICKY  
Pleasure doing business.

As Ricky bends to collect the bag, he catches his reflection in a shard of broken mirror on the ground. There's a momentary glimpse of a BOY, no more than ten, eyes wide with fear. Ricky blinks, and the vision shatters, leaving only the hardened undercover agent.

Ricky hoists the bag over his shoulder, his movements betraying nothing of the turmoil within.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ricky steps into the cool night air, the weight of the duffel bag a comforting presence. The city sprawls before him, a tangled web of light and shadow.

RICKY  
(under his breath)  
One step closer, Bernardo. One  
step closer.

He melds into the darkness, disappearing between the dilapidated buildings of Harlem's Fort Apache precinct.

INT. SEEDY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The hallway is narrow, the air heavy with the stench of mold and neglect. Ricky moves with a predator's grace, scanning each numbered door as he ascends the staircase. His hand rests inside his jacket, close to the gun holstered there.

RICKY  
(whispering to  
himself)  
Come on, Danny. Where are you?

He reaches the fourth floor, pausing to listen. A faint SHUFFLE from behind a door marked "4C" catches his attention. He positions himself against the wall, ready to strike.

Suddenly, the door swings open. A FIGURE is thrown out, hitting the ground with a THUD. It's not Danny, but another UNFORTUNATE SOUL, gasping for breath. Carlos Mendez steps out, flashing that wolfish smile as he looks down at his victim.

CARLOS MENDEZ  
You tell Danny, time's up. Next  
time I won't be so generous.

Carlos turns, locking eyes with Ricky. Recognition flashes in his gaze, but he masks it with practiced ease.

CARLOS MENDEZ (CONT'D)  
(to Ricky)  
Blanco. You're slumming it  
tonight?

Ricky's jaw clenches. He forces a smirk, playing his part.

RICKY  
Just keeping an ear to the ground,  
Mendez.

Carlos chuckles, stepping closer. The tension is palpable.

CARLOS MENDEZ  
Well, listen closely. Maybe you'll  
hear the sound of rats scurrying  
off a sinking ship.

He pats Ricky's cheek mockingly before sauntering down the hall. Ricky watches him go, his expression turning dark once Mendez is out of sight.

INT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Papers are strewn across a makeshift desk. Photos pinned to a corkboard show various members of the syndicate, with strings connecting them like a web. In the center, one photo stands out: DANNY, Ricky's informant.

Ricky's phone BUZZES. He snatches it up, the caller ID showing "PRIVATE NUMBER." He answers with urgency.

RICKY

Danny?

VOICE (O.S.)

No, Ricky. But I've got news about your boy.

Ricky's grip tightens on the phone.

RICKY

Talk to me.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mendez grabbed him. Your friend's got a debt, and Carlos plans to collect.

A muscle twitches in Ricky's jaw. He's still as stone, save for his eyes, which blaze with a fire that wasn't there before.

RICKY

Where?

VOICE (O.S.)

You know the drill. Cash for info. You get the rest when you pay up.

Ricky ends the call, tossing the phone aside. He stares at Danny's photo, a silent vow passing between them.

RICKY

(quietly, determined)

Hold on, Danny. I'm coming for you.

He grabs his jacket and heads towards the door, his resolve as unyielding as the steel of the gun he retrieves from its hiding place.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Ricky emerges into the alley, the shadows enveloping him like a cloak. He moves with a sense of purpose that borders on recklessness. In his world, every second counts, and hesitation is a luxury he can't afford.

His breath forms clouds in the cold night air as he whispers a promise into the darkness.

RICKY  
(muttering to  
himself)  
Not on my watch, Mendez. Not this  
time.

He blends into the night, a ghost haunting the streets of Harlem's Fort Apache precinct, on a mission to save a life and settle a score.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The desolate structure groans in the wind, its bones creaking like an old man waking from a deep slumber. Inside, shadows cling to the walls, dancing with the occasional flicker of Ricky's flashlight.

RICKY  
(under his breath)  
Too quiet...

He moves with the grace of a panther, his wiry frame slipping between pillars and debris. Every step is calculated, deliberate; he knows these places are never truly abandoned.

Suddenly, a figure steps out of the darkness—Jasmine. Her fiery hair is pulled back, her face set in a grim line. She nods at Ricky, acknowledging the unspoken tension that crackles in the air.

JASMINE  
You sure about this?

Ricky turns to her, his eyes hard as flint.

RICKY  
Mendez won't stop until Danny's  
dead or worse. We don't have a  
choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another shadow detaches itself from the gloom—it's Victor, his posture radiating readiness.

VICTOR

We're with you, Ricky. Just say the word.

Ricky looks at them both, a silent thank you passing through his gaze. He then pulls out a crumpled piece of paper—an address, scribbled in haste.

RICKY

This is where they're holding him.

Jasmine steps forward, taking the paper and studying it closely.

JASMINE

(assessing)

It's going to be heavily guarded.  
We'll need a plan.

Victor cracks his knuckles, a ghost of a smile playing on his lips.

VICTOR

I say we give 'em hell.

Ricky's lips twitch in response, but his eyes remain deadly serious.

RICKY

No mistakes. We do this clean, we get Danny, we get out. Mendez doesn't even know we're there.

Jasmine folds the paper, tucking it away securely.

JASMINE

We've got your back.

The three share a look of mutual determination, their bond forged through countless trials.

RICKY

Alright. Let's gear up. Time to bring Danny home.

They move together, gathering the necessary tools—a symphony of clicks and snaps as weapons are checked and vests secured. The routine is familiar, almost comforting in its efficiency.

## EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER

The night has grown deeper, the moon a mere sliver in the sky. The building looms ahead, a fortress of despair. Ricky, Jasmine, and Victor approach, their movements synchronized, a trio of shadows amongst shadows.

RICKY

(low voice)

Eyes sharp. Remember, silence is  
our ally.

They split up, each taking a different path to the building. The tension mounts with each heartbeat, the stillness almost suffocating. Then, with a signal from Ricky, they converge on the entrance.

## INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The interior reeks of decay and something else... fear. Ricky's senses are on high alert, every nerve ending screaming danger. They press onwards, deeper into the belly of the beast.

Suddenly, a noise—a muffled cry for help. Ricky's head snaps towards the sound, his resolve steeling.

RICKY

(urgent whisper)

This way.

They quicken their pace, following Ricky as he leads them through a maze of corridors. The cry grows louder, more desperate.

And then they see it—the door behind which Danny is being held. Ricky signals for silence, his hand steady as he reaches for the handle...

FADE TO BLACK.

## INT. DETECTIVE JOHNSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door bursts open, a sliver of light from the hallway slices into the dim room, settling on DETECTIVE MARCUS JOHNSON's stern face. He sits behind an imposing oak desk, his fingers tented, eyes piercing through the semi-darkness.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RICKY  
(urgent, hushed)  
I need your insight, Marcus. It's  
about Mendez.

Johnson nods, motioning for Ricky to sit across from him. The chair squeaks under Ricky's weight as he leans forward, mirroring Johnson's posture.

JOHNSON  
Tell me where you're at.

RICKY  
We located the safe house, but  
Mendez is slippery. I'm close to  
getting to him, but—

JOHNSON  
(interrupting)  
But you can't blow your cover. You  
do that, you're dead in the water.  
And so are they.

Ricky swallows hard, the ghost of past failures reflected briefly in his eyes.

RICKY  
I won't let it come to that. But  
this goes deep, and I can't afford  
missteps.

Johnson's gaze softens slightly, recognizing the burden carried by his protégé.

JOHNSON  
You've always been one to dance  
with danger, Bernardo. Remember,  
it's not just about brute force.  
It's chess, not checkers.

Ricky nods, absorbing the advice like a parched sponge.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Mendez trusts you now, use that.  
Find out what makes him tick, what  
he fears. Exploit it.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on Ricky's clenched fist, a visual testament to his rising determination.

RICKY  
And if I find an opening?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNSON

Then you take it. But you keep  
your head down until then. We  
can't afford a war on the streets.

The office falls silent, save for the distant wail of  
sirens—a constant reminder of the chaos beyond these  
walls.

RICKY

(steely resolve)  
I'll bring him to his knees,  
Marcus. Without blowing my cover.

Johnson stands up, towering over Ricky. He extends a  
hand, a gesture of solidarity.

JOHNSON

Just make sure you don't lose  
yourself in the process.

They shake, a firm grip that seals their understanding.  
Ricky rises, turning towards the door.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Randy...

Ricky stops, looks back. Johnson's silhouette framed by  
the moonlight streaming through the blinds.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Be careful who you trust. Everyone  
has a price or a pressure point.

A somber nod is Ricky's only reply as he steps out into  
the hallway, the darkness swallowing him once more.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

A sliver of moonlight casts an eerie glow over the damp  
asphalt. The distant echo of footsteps approaches  
rapidly.

Ricky, eyes sharp and alert, leads Jasmine and Victor  
through the narrow passage between two derelict  
buildings. Their breaths are visible in the cold air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY

(whispers)

Keep it tight. We're on their turf  
now.

Victor scans the shadows, his hand resting on the butt of his concealed weapon. Jasmine's gaze flickers from one darkened doorway to another, her body tensed for action.

SUDDENLY, a bottle shatters against the wall ahead. A SHADOWED FIGURE steps into view, flanked by others—members of the rival gang.

GANG LEADER

(smirking)

Look what we got here. Rats  
sniffing around the wrong alley.

Jasmine steps forward, her voice steady.

JASMINE

We're just passing through.

The gang members LAUGH menacingly as they close in, brandishing makeshift weapons.

RICKY

(to Jasmine and  
Victor)

Non-lethal force. We can't draw  
attention.

Victor nods, pulling out a baton with a swift motion. He spins it expertly, readying himself.

The GANG LEADER lunges at Ricky, a knife glinting in his hand. In a fluid motion, Ricky sidesteps and delivers a precise elbow strike to the assailant's ribs, followed by a knee to the gut.

GANG MEMBER #1 charges Jasmine, who delivers a powerful kick to his kneecap, eliciting a CRACK and a howl of pain. She follows up with a fierce palm strike to his nose, blood spraying.

Victor engages two attackers, using deft movements to deflect their blows before knocking them aside with swift, controlled strikes. His expression remains calm but focused, his actions a dance of controlled violence.

RICKY

(panting)

We need to keep moving!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They break through the encircling gang, their combat prowess clear. But more SHADOWS emerge from the darkness, a seemingly endless wave of aggression.

JASMINE

(grim)

There's too many!

RICKY

Then we make them remember us!

They fight back-to-back, a whirlwind of fists and feet. The gang hesitates, taken aback by the ferocity of these unexpected adversaries.

Suddenly, a LOUD SIREN wails in the distance. The gang members exchange nervous glances.

GANG LEADER

(yelling)

Scatter! Five-O's coming!

The gang disbands, disappearing into the labyrinth of alleys. The trio is left standing among the groans of the defeated, their heavy breathing the only sound.

JASMINE

(checking herself)

We're clear.

Victor gives a nod, his baton now retracted. Ricky wipes a smear of blood from his cheek, his gaze fixed on the path ahead.

RICKY

(determined)

Let's move. Mendez won't wait for us.

They sprint into the night, shadows among shadows, their mission far from over.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Ricky, Jasmine, and Victor emerge from the alley, blending into the urban tapestry. They disappear into the city's heartbeat, their resolve unshaken, their pursuit relentless.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A flickering fluorescent light illuminates the dank interior of a decaying warehouse. The air is thick with the stench of mold and stale water. RANDY BERNARDO, aka RICKY BLANCO, stands amidst a small group of determined faces. His eyes, hardened by resolve, scan the team he has assembled.

RICKY

We can't do this alone. We need someone who's got the streets in their veins, someone with ears to the ground.

JASMINE

And you've got someone in mind?

RICKY nods, pulls out his phone, and dials. The line trills once before it's picked up.

SAMANTHA "SAM" RUIZ (V.O.)

(Sam's voice,  
cautious)

Talk to me.

RICKY

(urgent)

Sam, it's Ricky. We need your help.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

SAM, clad in a leather jacket that hugs her form, stands beneath a buzzing streetlight. Her green eyes pierce the darkness as she responds into her burner phone, a half-smoked cigarette dangling from her lips.

SAM

(skeptical)

Why should I stick my neck out for you?

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

RICKY paces, the shadows casting long lines across his face. He stops, conviction steeling his voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY

Because Mendez took one of ours.  
And I know he's stepped on your  
toes too. This is our shot to even  
the score.

EXT. HARLEM STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

SAM exhales a plume of smoke, her expression unreadable.  
She flicks the cigarette away, crushing it underfoot.

SAM

(resolute)  
Alright, Blanco. I'm in. But we do  
this my way.

RICKY (V.O.)

Deal. Meet us at—

She cuts him off, savvy to the risks.

SAM

I know where to find you.

She hangs up, a wry smile playing on her lips. She's  
already moving, her stride confident as she disappears  
down an alley.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER

SAM strides into the warehouse, her entrance commanding  
attention. The team turns, evaluating this new ally.  
JASMINE sizes her up, a silent nod acknowledging SAM's  
reputation.

RICKY

(appreciative)  
Thanks for coming.

SAM

(gruff)  
Cut the pleasantries, Ricky.  
What's the play?

RICKY lays out a detailed map of the city on a makeshift  
table littered with empty coffee cups and crumpled  
papers. He points to a circled area, the tension  
palpable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY  
(explaining)  
Here. Mendez is holding our guy  
close to his chest, somewhere  
around these blocks.

SAM leans over the map, her fingers tracing routes only  
locals would know.

SAM  
(strategic)  
There's a network of tunnels, old  
bootlegger passages. They run  
right underneath. We can use them  
to our advantage.

VICTOR looks on, impressed.

VICTOR  
(to Sam)  
You sure about this?

SAM  
(cocky)  
Born and bred in these alleys,  
Victor. Trust me.

RICKY gathers the team closer, their heads bowing over  
the map like generals plotting a decisive battle.

RICKY  
(focused)  
It's risky. If we get cornered  
underground...

SAM  
(interrupting)  
It's the best shot we've got. And  
I've danced with danger more times  
than I can count.

The team exchanges glances, a silent agreement passing  
between them. They're all in.

RICKY  
(resolute)  
Alright. We move at dawn. Get some  
rest. Tomorrow, we bring the fight  
to Mendez's doorstep.

The team disperses, each lost in thoughts of the  
impending confrontation. SAM lingers a moment longer,  
studying the map with a predator's gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM  
(under her breath)  
Time to hunt.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

A faint light pierces the darkness as RICKY, JASMINE, SAM, and VICTOR move stealthily through the dank tunnel. The air is damp, and each step echoes ominously. They're a spectral procession in the gloom.

RICKY  
(whispering)  
Keep it tight. We don't know  
what's waiting for us up ahead.

Jasmine nods, her hand resting on her holstered weapon, eyes scanning the shadows. Sam moves with a quiet confidence, guiding them through the labyrinthine passages with ease.

CUT TO:

INT. HIDDEN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The team enters a small, concealed room branching off from the main tunnel. Ricky spots something in the corner—a stack of documents, carelessly left behind. He picks one up, his brow furrowing as he reads.

INSERT - DOCUMENT

"Payoff Schedule" is written across the top, followed by a list of dates and amounts. Several police precinct numbers are listed alongside initials.

BACK TO SCENE

Ricky passes the document to Jasmine, who skims it with growing alarm.

JASMINE  
(disbelief)  
Are you seeing this? Payoffs... to  
the cops?

Sam's eyes narrow, her lips set in a grim line.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SAM  
(snarling)  
I knew Mendez had some of the  
force in his pocket, but this...

Victor leans over to get a better look, shaking his head.

VICTOR  
(disturbed)  
"Shadow" is all over these. No  
wonder we've been hitting walls.

Ricky's hands clench into fists, the muscles in his jaw  
working as anger flares within him.

RICKY  
(fierce whisper)  
Corruption runs deeper than we  
thought. But why "Shadow"? Who is  
he?

Sam points to the initials next to the largest figures.

SAM  
(pointing)  
"MT" - Marcus Thompson. That's  
your "Shadow".

RICKY  
(realization)  
Marcus... He's been playing us all  
along.

The group exchanges a look of betrayal and determination.  
They have their target.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER

The team emerges from a hidden exit in an alleyway,  
squinting in the harsh daylight. They're behind a  
decrepit building marked with graffiti.

RICKY  
(urgent)  
This is it. Mendez's hideout.

They creep toward a rusted door at the back of the  
building. Ricky tries the handle—unlocked. They exchange  
a tense glance before pushing it open.

INT. MURKY STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stacks of crates and the musty smell of disuse greet them. A muffled voice drifts in from another room. They inch closer, weapons drawn.

RICKY  
(signaling)  
On three. One... two...

They burst through the door.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A startled CARLOS MENDEZ whirls around, his hand darting to his sidearm. But he's too late. The team has him surrounded.

RICKY  
(stern)  
Carlos Mendez, you're done.  
Where's the informant?

MENDEZ  
(smirking)  
You think you've won? You have no  
idea what's coming for you.

JASMINE  
(determined)  
We'll take our chances.

Sam moves to secure Mendez, her movements swift and practiced. Victor scans the room, locating a scared, bound figure in the corner—the informant.

VICTOR  
(relieved)  
Got him, Ricky!

Ricky moves to the informant, cutting him loose. The man's eyes are wide with gratitude.

RICKY  
(to the informant)  
You're safe now. Let's get you out  
of here.

As they usher the informant out, Ricky casts one last glance at Mendez, a silent vow that this is far from over.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The informant, now free, shuffles ahead of Ricky and the team, his footsteps echoing in the cavernous space. Jasmine keeps her weapon trained on their rear, ever vigilant.

RICKY  
(eyes scanning)  
We need to move. Fast.

Victor nods and gestures to a side door, signaling a route for a quick escape. The air is thick with tension, the weight of betrayal unseen but looming.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They file out into the alley, the city's distant sirens wailing like a forewarning. Suddenly, Victor slams the door shut behind them, trapping Jasmine inside.

JASMINE (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Victor, what the hell are you—

The click of a safety being released cuts through the air. Ricky whirls around to face Victor, who now points his gun directly at him, his expression cold and unreadable.

VICTOR  
(calmly)  
Sorry, Ricky. It's just business.

Ricky's heart races, adrenaline surges. Betrayal stings sharper than a knife's edge.

RICKY  
(voice strained)  
You're working with Mendez?

Victor's eyes flicker with a hint of regret before hardening once more.

VICTOR  
They made me an offer I couldn't refuse. And they have...persuasive methods.

Ricky takes a calculated step forward, searching Victor's face for any sign of the man he once trusted.

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CONTINUED:

RICKY  
(skeptical)  
And Jasmine? What's her price,  
Victor?

Victor smirks, a predator cornering its prey.

VICTOR  
She's my insurance. You're going  
to do exactly as I say if you want  
her out of this alive.

Ricky clenches his jaw, battling the urge to lash out. He knows he needs to keep cool, play along to buy time.

RICKY  
(coaxing)  
This isn't you, Vic. We're your  
family.

Victor hesitates, an internal struggle flashing across his features. But then the moment passes, resolve setting back into place.

VICTOR  
(firmly)  
Family doesn't pay the bills. Now  
drop your weapon, Ricky. Slowly.

Reluctantly, Ricky complies, placing his gun on the ground. He stands, hands raised slightly, his mind racing for options.

RICKY  
(negotiating)  
Let Jasmine go. Take me to Mendez  
instead.

Victor scoffs, his grip never wavering from the pistol aimed at Ricky's heart.

VICTOR  
(sneering)  
Nice try. But I'm not that  
sentimental.

Suddenly, the door behind Victor bursts open. Jasmine emerges, a fierce look in her eye, disarming Victor with a swift, practiced motion. She snatches his gun mid-air and aims it at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASMINE  
(breathing heavily)  
Sentimentality has nothing to do  
with it.

Ricky dives for his own weapon, leveling it at Victor  
once more.

RICKY

(to Jasmine)

You good?

JASMINE  
(resolute)  
Better now.

Victor looks between them, the reality of his situation  
sinking in. His plan unravelled, his leverage lost.

RICKY  
(to Victor)  
It's over, Vic. You chose the  
wrong side.

As sirens grow louder, approaching rapidly, Ricky and  
Jasmine exchange a knowing look. They can't  
linger--there's an informant to save and a traitor to  
confront.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rain pelts the corrugated roof as thunder rumbles in the  
distance. The place is a maze of stacked crates and  
forgotten debris. Shadows writhe along the walls, cast by  
the flickering light of a solitary bulb swinging  
overhead.

Ricky's breaths are steady despite the adrenaline  
coursing through his veins. He moves with purpose, each  
step calculated, silent -- a predator on the prowl. His  
eyes scan the dimly lit warehouse, searching for any sign  
of Jasmine or their elusive informant.

RICKY  
(under his breath)  
Come on, where are you...

He pauses to listen, hears a faint WHIMPERING from behind  
a metal door. It's bolted shut, locked from the outside.

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CONTINUED:

With a swift kick, Ricky shatters the padlock, bursting into the room.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is claustrophobic, the air thick with fear. Jasmine is there, hands bound, but her spirit unbroken. Beside her, the INFORMANT, pale and shaking, his eyes wide with terror.

JASMINE

(urgent)

Ricky, we don't have much time.  
They know—

Ricky cuts her off with a sharp gesture, quickly moving to untie her. As he works on the knots, he keeps his voice low and even.

RICKY

(focused)

I know. Victor's playing both sides. But right now, we need to get out of here and figure out who else is involved. Who's Shadow?

Jasmine rubs her wrists, her expression hardening.

JASMINE

(determined)

No idea. But whoever they are, they're pulling strings from the shadows.

The Informant coughs, drawing their attention. He's weak but manages to speak up, urgency lacing his hoarse whisper.

INFORMANT

(desperate)

Shadow... they said... it's someone we trust.

Ricky and Jasmine exchange a loaded glance. Betrayal stings, but it can't slow them down — not when lives hang in the balance.

JASMINE

(calmly)

Let's move. We'll sort the traitors from the true once we're clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They help the Informant to his feet, steadying him between them as they head back toward the main space of the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They slip between stacks of crates, moving toward the distant sliver of moonlight that marks the exit. Every shadow could be a threat, every noise a warning.

RICKY

(low and intense)

Once we're out, we split up. Get him to safety, then we rendezvous and bring this whole thing down.

Jasmine nods, her resolve matching Ricky's.

JASMINE

(steady)

And expose the conspiracy. No matter who's involved.

Their path is a gauntlet, fraught with danger, but they press on. The weight of their mission bears down on them with every step. Save Jasmine. Save the informant. Expose the traitor. Unravel the conspiracy.

As they reach the edge of the warehouse, the night air hits them like a cold slap. The city looms beyond, lights twinkling deceptively peaceful in the distance.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HARLEM ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The city's pulse throbs with danger as Ricky leads Jasmine and the informant through a labyrinth of back alleys, their steps a staccato rhythm against the wet asphalt. The moon, half obscured by ominous clouds, casts an eerie glow on the trio.

RICKY

(whispers)

Keep it tight. We're not clear yet.

Jasmine's eyes are sharp, darting to every shadow that moves. The informant leans heavily against her, his breath ragged.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A DISTANT SIREN wails, a haunting soundtrack to the tension that coils in the air.

Suddenly, GUNSHOTS ECHO from a nearby street, punctuating the night with violent intent.

RICKY

(tense)

Shit! That's too close!

JASMINE

(intense)

Gang crossfire. We need cover!

They duck into a narrow space between buildings, pressing themselves against the cold brick as the sounds of conflict grow louder.

INFORMANT

(strained)

Can't... go much further...

Ricky scans the area, calculating risks with every shaky breath they take.

RICKY

(determined)

You won't have to. Just hold on.

He pulls out his phone, typing swiftly, coordinating with unseen allies.

INSERT: Ricky's screen shows a message being sent:  
"Extraction needed. Sector 4B."

The distant chaos creeps closer, the threat of a full-blown gang war simmering beneath the surface.

Ricky pockets his phone and turns back to Jasmine, his expression set in stone.

RICKY

(grim)

We gotta move. Now!

They emerge from their temporary refuge, sprinting down the alleyway as the wail of police cruisers joins the cacophony. Blue and red lights paint the walls, a disorienting dance of colors as they approach an intersection.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

JASMINE  
(forceful)  
Split up here. I'll take the  
informant south.

RICKY  
(nods)  
I'll draw them off. Go!

With a sharp nod, Jasmine veers left, disappearing into the darkness with the informant.

Ricky turns right, sprinting headlong into the fray. His heart pounds in his chest, a drumbeat urging him forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Ricky emerges onto a street where two rival gangs clash, bullets flying freely. He ducks behind a parked car as a window shatters above him.

GANG MEMBER #1  
(shouting)  
This is our turf now!

GANG MEMBER #2  
(returning fire)  
Like hell it is!

Ricky watches law enforcement swarm the perimeter, officers taking defensive positions. They're outnumbered, outgunned, and the tension could snap at any second.

OFFICER  
(yelling)  
We need backup!

Ricky slips away, unnoticed in the chaos. Each step he takes is another second Jasmine and the informant gain toward safety – and another second he loses in this deadly game of cat and mouse.

He rounds a corner and presses himself against the wall, closing his eyes for a brief moment.

RICKY  
(muttering to  
himself)  
Stay alive, Jasmine. Just stay  
alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The echo of gunfire fades as he steels himself for what comes next.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ricky scales a fire escape, reaching a vantage point over the war-torn streets. He peers down, searching for signs of Jasmine and the informant.

His phone vibrates. A text message lights up the screen.

INSERT: Text reads, "Extraction secured. Update?"

Ricky types back rapidly, his fingers a blur.

INSERT: Ricky's response, "Distracted them. Heading to rendezvous."

He sends the message and wipes sweat from his brow. There's no turning back now. It's do or die, and Ricky Bernardo doesn't plan on dying tonight.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ricky slips through a cracked door, his heart hammering against his ribs. The air is thick with the stench of mildew and old machinery. Pools of moonlight spill onto the concrete floor from shattered skylights above.

He moves silently, a shadow among shadows, every sense on high alert. Ahead, he spots an ominous flicker of light – an electronic glow in the darkened expanse.

RICKY  
(whispering)  
Come on, where are you?

He edges closer and discerns a bank of monitors, each casting a pale blue hue. The screens display various angles of the warehouse's interior, a surveillance hub left unattended.

Ricky's gaze fixates on one particular monitor. It shows Jasmine, bound and gagged, her eyes wide with fear. Beside her, the informant, equally restrained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY  
(breathing hard)  
Jasmine...

A SHADOWY FIGURE enters the camera's frame, moving with calculated grace. Ricky squints, recognizing the gait, the posture – Marcus Thompson, "Shadow."

Ricky clenches his jaw, a torrent of betrayal flooding his veins. He watches as Shadow leans close to Jasmine, whispering something that makes her stiffen.

Suddenly, static erupts from a two-way radio clipped to Ricky's belt. He fumbles to lower the volume, but it's too late.

STATIC VOICE  
(raspy)  
...Blanco, report your position.

The noise has drawn attention. Footsteps echo in the distance, growing louder. Shadow's head snaps up on the screen, his eyes locking onto the camera that oversees Ricky's position.

RICKY  
(mutters)  
Dammit.

Ricky ducks behind a rusted forklift just as Shadow appears in the flesh, flanked by TWO HEAVIES. Their guns are drawn, scanning the darkness.

SHADOW  
(calmly)  
Come out, Ricky. You've been quite the ghost.

Ricky grits his teeth, his hand hovering over his holstered weapon. He knows he's outgunned.

RICKY  
(loud enough to carry)  
What's the game, Marcus? Why the charade?

Shadow smirks, stepping into a shaft of moonlight. His face is a mask of chilling serenity.

SHADOW  
Because, my friend, deception is an art. And I am its master.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKY

(defiant)

You won't get away with this.  
They'll know it was you.

SHADOW

(smiling)

By then, I'll be long gone. And  
you... will be nothing more than a  
tragic casualty.

Ricky sizes up the men beside Shadow. He needs a  
diversion – something to even the odds.

RICKY

(to himself)

Think, damn it, think...

He spots a metal rod lying within reach. With swift  
precision, he grabs it and hurls it across the warehouse.  
It CLANGS against a distant wall.

The heavies turn, distracted. Ricky seizes the moment,  
rolling out from cover and sprinting towards a maze of  
crates.

SHADOW

(shouting)

After him! Don't let him escape!

BULLETS WHIZ past Ricky, splintering wood and ricocheting  
off metal. He weaves between the obstacles, desperate to  
put distance between himself and his pursuers.

His mind races, the betrayal eating at him. How could he  
have trusted Shadow? How deep does the treachery go?

RICKY

(internally)

Adjust. Adapt. Survive.

He rounds another corner, narrowly avoiding a spray of  
gunfire. Up ahead, a sliver of hope – an exit sign  
glowing red in the gloom.

RICKY

(panting)

There's no place for trust in this  
world. Not anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

With renewed resolve, Ricky darts towards the exit, ready to regroup and devise a plan to save Jasmine, expose Shadow, and end this deadly masquerade once and for all.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Ricky crouches behind a rusted assembly line, heart hammering against his ribs, the din of pursuit echoing through the cavernous space. His eyes are sharp, scanning for an advantage, any edge to give him a leg up on Shadow and Mendez.

He spots an old office, glass shattered, door ajar - a makeshift war room. He slips inside, movements cat-like and silent.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ricky's gaze falls on a dust-covered computer, its screen a dull glow in the murky gloom. He boots it up, fingers dancing across the keys with practiced urgency.

RICKY  
(to himself)  
Time to dig up some ghosts...

Images flicker on-screen, file after file opening like clandestine Pandora's boxes of the past.

RICKY'S POV - COMPUTER SCREEN

The first file is SHADOW's. Photos of Marcus Thompson in various guises, reports, and redacted documents scroll by. A name surfaces: OPERATION ECLIPSE - an undercover sting gone wrong years ago.

FLASHBACK - OPERATION ECLIPSE (V.O.)

A younger MARCUS, face less worn but just as unreadable, shaking hands with crime lords, his expression betraying nothing of the agent beneath the surface.

RICKY (V.O.)  
(narrating)  
"Marcus... 'Shadow' Thompson.  
Always playing both sides, but  
when Eclipse fell apart..."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quick cuts of gunfire, chaos, agents down. Marcus escapes unscathed, slipping away as if he were never there.

BACK TO:

Factory Office. Ricky leans back, the weight of revelation heavy on his brow.

RICKY  
(to himself)  
"Betrayal wasn't a one-time thing  
for you, was it, Shadow?"

He opens another file: MENDEZ's. The screen shows a series of brutal acts, surveillance photos of Carlos doling out street justice, climbing the ranks through sheer ferocity.

FLASHBACK - YOUNG MENDEZ (V.O.)

A teenage CARLOS MENDEZ, already hard-eyed, delivering a vicious beatdown to a rival on the streets of Harlem. Even then, a predator sensing weakness and capitalizing.

RICKY (V.O.)  
(narrating)  
"Carlos Mendez... From street thug  
to kingpin. You never did forget  
where you came from, or who stood  
in your way."

BACK TO:

Factory Office. Ricky's eyes narrow, the pieces falling into place.

RICKY  
(to himself)  
"Two sides of the same coin. Both  
forged in the fires of betrayal  
and brutality."

He pauses, reflecting on the irony – two men who should be enemies, yet bound by a mutual understanding of power and survival.

Suddenly, a SHADOW looms outside the door. Ricky tenses, preparing for confrontation.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
We know you're in there, Blanco!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricky quickly minimizes the files, leaving false records on display.

RICKY  
(calling out)  
"Come and get me then!"

He readies himself behind the door, every muscle coiled like a spring.

The door BURSTS open and TWO THUGS charge in. With swift precision, Ricky dispatches them with bone-jarring strikes, their weapons clattering to the floor.

Ricky grabs a GUN and a FLASH DRIVE, pocketing the latter as he exits the office.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Ricky moves through the shadows, blending with darkness as he's done a hundred times before. But now, armed with knowledge and resolve, he's not just evading; he's hunting.

RICKY  
(to himself)  
"Let's end this dance, gentlemen."

His voice is barely a whisper, but it carries the promise of reckoning. Ricky heads deeper into the factory, towards the heart of darkness where he will confront his betrayers.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The ominous clank of steel doors echoes through the cavernous space, sealing Ricky's fate. Silhouetted against the dim light, CARLOS MENDEZ strides into the room, a predatory grin etched on his face.

RICKY  
His back to the wall, sweat beads on his brow. The weight of his situation sinks in; every exit covered, every ally out of reach.

CARLOS MENDEZ  
"Ricky Blanco, or do you prefer Randy Bernardo? It's all the same in the end."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mendez circles him like a shark, his presence commanding the room. Beside him, a figure emerges from the shadows – MARCUS THOMPSON, aka SHADOW, his eyes cold and calculating.

RICKY

"Carlos... Marcus. You think this is checkmate?"

A flash of defiance sparks in Ricky's intense eyes, betraying no fear.

SHADOW

"More like a stalemate, Randy. Only one of us walks out alive."

JASMINE DELGADO enters the scene, hands bound, guarded by TWO ARMED HENCHMEN. Her fierce green eyes meet Ricky's, a silent plea for a miracle.

RICKY

"Leave her out of this. She's got nothing to do with our dance."

CARLOS MENDEZ

"Ah, but she's the perfect partner, isn't she? Your loyalty is touching, really."

Mendez's smile widens, revealing a row of predatory teeth.

RICKY

"Talk is cheap, Mendez. What do you want?"

CARLOS MENDEZ

"Justice, my friend. For your interference, for your betrayal."

Ricky assesses the room, the gears turning as he calculates his next move. Shadow's gaze never wavers, reading Ricky like an open book.

SHADOW

"Give us the flash drive, Randy. Then we can talk about who gets to leave."

Ricky's hand instinctively touches his pocket, confirming the drive's presence. His mind races – options dwindling, time running out.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

RICKY

"Fine. But Jasmine goes free first."

Mendez nods to the henchmen. They push Jasmine forward, her resolve unbroken despite the grim circumstances.

Ricky slowly retrieves the flash drive, holding it up for all to see – a beacon of power in the darkness.

Suddenly, Ricky flicks the drive into the air. In the momentary chaos, he launches himself at the nearest henchman. A flurry of blows, a gun wrestled free.

BANG! BANG!

Gunshots puncture the tense silence as Ricky dives behind cover, Jasmine following suit. The factory erupts into a cacophony of shouts and gunfire.

CARLOS MENDEZ

"Kill him!"

Shadow remains still, his expression unreadable. He watches as Ricky and Jasmine scramble for an escape route, their movements synchronized in desperation.

RICKY

"Jasmine, head for the back exit!"

He tosses her the gun, trusting her aim. Together, they make a break for it, weaving through machinery and ducking behind barrels.

The air crackles with tension and gunpowder. Bullets whiz past, ricocheting off metal surfaces, a deadly symphony orchestrated by Mendez's fury.

Ricky's mind races, his body moving on instinct. Each step brings new danger, each breath could be his last. But his determination is unwavering – he will save Jasmine, the informant, and himself, or die trying.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Ricky, his back against a rusted metal column, wipes a smear of blood from his cheek. Jasmine crouches beside him, her breathing labored. The staccato of gunfire reverberates around them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOS MENDEZ (O.S.)  
"Ricky Blanco! Or should I say,  
Randy Bernardo?"

Ricky's eyes dart to Jasmine, a silent question hanging between them. Jasmine shakes her head slightly, confusion etched on her face.

CARLOS MENDEZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
"Did you think you were clever? We  
always knew."

A metallic clang echoes as a bullet ricochets nearby. Ricky exhales sharply, the gravity of Mendez's words sinking in.

RICKY  
"Jasmine, stay down."

He peers around the column, spotting Mendez standing with an arrogant tilt of his head, flanked by armed henchmen. Shadow looms ominously behind him.

Ricky grips the cold metal beneath his palm, feeling the world he's built crumble around him.

CARLOS MENDEZ  
"Time to end this charade, Randy."

Mendez steps forward, a predatory grin spreading across his face. He raises his arm, signaling his men. The deafening chatter of assault rifles fills the air.

Ricky pulls back, pressing himself against the column as bullets spark and whine off the steel.

JASMINE  
"Ricky, what do we do?"

Ricky looks into Jasmine's eyes, the weight of defeat settling over him. He's led them into a trap, and now their lives hang by a thread.

RICKY  
"Stay with me. We'll find a way  
out."

The gunfire pauses. Footsteps approach, slow and deliberate.

CARLOS MENDEZ (O.S.)  
"Come out, come out, wherever you  
are..."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ricky tightens his jaw, a plan forming amidst the chaos. He signals Jasmine with a nod, readying himself for one last stand.

They spring from cover, sprinting towards a shattered window that promises escape. Bullets chase their every step, the air hot with danger.

CARLOS MENDEZ

"Fire!"

Explosions of glass and concrete erupt around them as they dash for freedom. But before they can reach the window, a bullet finds its mark, grazing Ricky's arm. He stumbles but doesn't fall.

RICKY

"Keep going!"

Jasmine hesitates, torn, but Ricky shoves her ahead, his determination unyielding even in the face of despair.

They leap through the window frame, landing hard on the gritty alley below. Sirens wail in the distance – salvation or damnation, it's unclear.

As they flee into the shadows, Ricky knows the truth has been his undoing. Carlos Mendez has played him from the start. Ricky's identity, his mission – all compromised.

And somewhere in the dark labyrinth of New York, the informant remains captive, their fate uncertain.

Ricky and Jasmine disappear into the night, their future uncertain, their safety forfeit.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ricky leans against the cold, damp wall of an abandoned warehouse, his breaths coming in short, ragged gasps. The dim light from a solitary, flickering bulb casts long shadows across his bruised face. He cradles his injured arm, blood seeping through the makeshift bandage.

Jasmine crouches beside him, her eyes scanning the darkness for any sign of pursuit. She's ready to fight or flee at a moment's notice, but Ricky remains motionless, lost in thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY  
(voice barely a  
whisper)  
We're outmatched... outgunned.  
It's over, Jasmine.

JASMINE  
(angry and defiant)  
No. We don't get to quit, Ricky.  
Not now, not ever.

Ricky's gaze drifts to the floor, where a single photograph lies amidst the debris – a younger version of himself, a reminder of who he was before the world became a battlefield of shadows and lies.

FLASHBACK - RICKY'S MEMORIES

A series of quick cuts: Young Ricky enduring hardship on the streets; the day he swore an oath to protect the innocent; his first undercover assignment; camaraderie with fellow agents; moments of triumph and agony.

BACK TO PRESENT

The memories flood back, igniting a fire within Ricky's chest.

RICKY  
(voice strengthening)  
I remember why I started all  
this... Why we fight.

Jasmine watches as Ricky's steely determination returns. His jaw sets, and the warrior within awakens.

JASMINE  
(softly)  
That's it, partner. Remember who  
you are. Remember why we're here.

Ricky rises to his feet, his body language shifting from defeat to defiance. He looks Jasmine in the eye, his resolve unbreakable.

RICKY  
(firmly)  
For every life we save. For every  
scumbag like Mendez we take down.  
For justice.

Jasmine nods, bolstering her own courage with Ricky's renewed spirit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASMINE

Let's do it then. Let's end this.

They share a silent nod, their bond stronger than ever, ready to face whatever hell awaits them outside the crumbling walls of their temporary refuge.

RICKY

We're not just surviving this night, Jaz. We're going to dismantle Mendez's empire, piece by damn piece.

Jasmine smiles grimly, her weapon at the ready.

JASMINE

And Shadow?

Ricky's eyes glint with a dangerous intensity.

RICKY

He'll never see us coming.

They exchange a look of mutual understanding and prepare to step into the fray once more, a united front against the encroaching darkness.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dim light flickers, casting long shadows across the decrepit interior. Concrete dust lingers in the air as RICKY scrutinizes a crudely drawn map sprawled over a makeshift table. The rhythmic drip of leaking water echoes in the silence.

RICKY

(pointing at the map)  
Here. This old sewage line runs right under the compound.

JASMINE, checking her equipment, looks over. Her eyes trace the route Ricky's finger follows.

JASMINE

It's tight, risky...

RICKY

(nods)  
But unexpected.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Mendez thinks in straight  
lines—guns, guards, power. Not the  
dirt beneath his feet.

Jasmine considers this, nodding slowly.

JASMINE  
Alright. Then we crawl through the  
muck.

Ricky's gaze shifts to a corner of the warehouse where  
various tools and gadgets are scattered. He picks up a  
compact device with antennas.

RICKY  
This jammer will buy us time. No  
comms in or out for ten minutes,  
max.

He hands Jasmine a second device.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
When I give the signal, you  
activate yours. That's when we  
move.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Ricky leads them through a narrow passageway, its walls  
scarred by age and neglect. Jasmine follows, her  
footsteps silent against the concrete.

JASMINE  
(whispers)  
And after the informant?

RICKY  
(softly)  
We split. You get him to safety. I  
handle Shadow.

JASMINE  
(firm)  
Not alone. We take Shadow down  
together.

Ricky stops, turning to face her. His expression is  
resolute, a quiet intensity burning in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY  
You've got the harder job. Getting  
our guy out alive. Trust me on  
this.

Jasmine's features soften slightly, understanding the  
weight of his words.

JASMINE  
Okay, Ricky. I trust you.

They exchange a look of steely determination before  
moving forward once more.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYNDICATE COMPOUND - NIGHT

The compound looms ahead, its outlines jagged against the  
night sky. Guards patrol the perimeter, their movements  
methodical and precise.

RICKY  
(voiceover)  
Mendez doesn't know it yet, but  
his fortress is about to crumble.

INSERT: Ricky's hand pressing a button on the jammer. A  
red light blinks to life.

CUT TO:

INT. SYNDICATE COMPOUND - SECURITY ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Monitors fill the room with glowing grids and figures.  
Suddenly, they flicker and die, plunging the room into  
darkness.

GUARD #1  
What the hell?

They scramble, reaching for radios that emit only static.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. UNDERGROUND SEWAGE LINE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Ricky and Jasmine, faces smeared with grime, emerge from  
the shadows. They slip inside the dank entrance,  
disappearing from view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY  
(whispering)  
Keep your head down, stay close.

Their silhouettes fade into the darkness as they begin their perilous journey beneath the enemy's stronghold.

FADE OUT.

INT. SYNDICATE COMPOUND - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ricky, tense and focused, creeps along the dimly lit corridor. The sounds of his footsteps echo off the cold concrete walls. He rounds a corner and pauses, pressing himself against the wall as shadows dance in the distance.

ANGLE ON RICKY'S HAND

as it grips the handle of his concealed weapon—a compact but lethal SIG Sauer.

He peers around the corner, eyes narrowing. The silhouette of Carlos Mendez emerges, flanked by two heavily armed GUARDS.

CARLOS MENDEZ  
(grinning)  
Looking for me, Ricky?

RICKY  
(face hardening)  
Just following the stench of betrayal.

Mendez chuckles, a sound devoid of humor. His guards raise their weapons, fingers twitching on the triggers.

CARLOS MENDEZ  
Bold words for a man outnumbered.

Ricky's gaze flicks to the ceiling where he had meticulously planted explosives earlier. His hand moves subtly towards the detonator hidden in his pocket.

RICKY  
(steely)  
I'm not here to talk numbers,  
Mendez.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Suddenly, from the shadows steps Marcus Thompson, aka Shadow. His presence is like a chill in the air, his eyes fixed on Ricky with an unnerving calm.

SHADOW

Neither are we, Blanco.

Ricky's thumb presses the detonator. A muffled THUMP vibrates through the room as dust rains from the ceiling, causing momentary disorientation among the guards.

Ricky lunges forward, disarmingly fast. Gunshots ring out, echoing deafeningly. He fires back, movements precise and calculated. One guard goes down.

Mendez snarls, ducking behind a pillar. Shadow remains still, almost amused, watching the chaos unfold.

RICKY

(shouting)

You think you're untouchable,  
Shadow? Mendez?

Ricky rolls aside as bullets chip away at the concrete where he just stood. He aims and shoots, taking down the second guard.

Shadow slips out from his observation point, closing in like a specter. Mendez reappears, enraged, firing wildly.

The standoff is electric, a deadly ballet as each man vies for control. Ricky ducks behind another pillar, reloading swiftly.

RICKY

(to Shadow)

You're the real problem here. I  
always sensed it.

Shadow advances, his face a mask of indifference.

SHADOW

(taunting)

And yet, here we are.

Ricky springs into action, bursting from cover. He tackles Shadow, sending them both crashing to the ground. Mendez hesitates, unsure who to shoot.

In the scuffle, Ricky wrests a knife from Shadow's belt, pressing it against his throat. Mendez finally makes his move, aiming at Ricky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKY  
(yelling)  
Shoot and he dies!

Mendez freezes, fury contorting his features. He lowers his gun, inch by inch.

RICKY  
(through gritted  
teeth)  
I came prepared, Mendez. Did you?

A standstill. Ricky's eyes betray nothing, his grip on the knife unyielding. Shadow's breath is shallow, the blade a whisper from his skin.

CARLOS MENDEZ  
(carefully)  
What do you want, Blanco?

RICKY  
(resolute)  
Justice. For all the lives you've  
destroyed.

ANGLE ON SHADOW

as realization dawns on him. Ricky can feel the tension in his adversary's body shift, a subtle sign of defeat.

SHADOW  
(defeated)  
Let's end this.

Ricky nods once, sharply. With lightning speed, he flips Shadow onto his back and cuffs him. Mendez, seeing his chance, raises his gun again.

But before he can fire, Jasmine bursts into the room, her own weapon trained on Mendisols. He hesitates, then drops his firearm with a clatter.

JASMINE  
(calmly)  
Game over, Mendez.

Ricky stands, breathing heavily. His gaze shifts between the cuffed Shadow and the defeated Mendez. It's done. Allies saved. Enemies outmaneuvered.

FADE TO BLACK.

## INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The room is a maelstrom of chaos, littered with debris and the echoes of confrontation. Jasmine stands resolute, weapon trained on Mendez, her green eyes ablaze with fierce determination.

Ricky, chest heaving from exertion, keeps Shadow pinned to the ground, cuffs glinting in the dim light. Mendez, cornered and desperate, eyes darting between Jasmine and Ricky, gauges his slim chances.

RICKY  
(to Jasmine)  
Secure him!

Jasmine moves swiftly, keeping her gun steady as she approaches Mendez. She kicks away his dropped firearm, then handcuffs him with practiced efficiency.

JASMINE  
(to Mendez)  
You're done causing harm.

With both adversaries secured, Ricky scans the room, spotting a hidden door partly ajar. He strides over, senses heightened, and rips it open to reveal the INFORMANT, bound and gagged, but alive.

RICKY  
(intense relief)  
Hang tight, we're getting you out.

He quickly unties the informant, who collapses into Ricky's arms, gasping for breath. Ricky offers a supportive nod, bolstering the informant's courage.

## ANGLE ON SHADOW AND MENDEZ

Both look deflated, their power stripped away. Shadow, ever enigmatic, meets Ricky's gaze with a chilling calmness.

SHADOW  
You think you've won, Blanco?

RICKY  
(snarling)  
It's not about winning. It's about justice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricky turns away from Shadow, his focus shifting back to the task at hand. Jasmine stands guard, her posture unyielding.

Suddenly, Ricky's RADIO CRACKLES to life, a voice breaking through the static:

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
All units, move in!

Doors BURST OPEN as SWAT TEAMS flood the warehouse. The officers are swift and efficient, taking custody of Mendez and Shadow, leading them away.

Ricky exchanges a knowing look with Jasmine. They've played their part; now it's time for the law to take over.

As the tension dissipates, Ricky retrieves a small RECORDER from his pocket, evidence of the traitorous conversations that will expose the corrupt officers within the department.

RICKY  
(to Jasmine)  
This ends tonight.

JASMINE  
(nods)  
Let's bring down the house of cards.

Ricky hands the recorder to DETECTIVE JOHNSON, who arrived with the SWAT teams. Johnson listens briefly, his expression turning grave.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
(grimly)  
We'll clean our ranks. Good work.

As Johnson moves away, coordinating the aftermath, Ricky watches Mendez and Shadow being escorted to squad cars, their reigns of terror concluded.

RICKY  
(under his breath)  
For every life you've tainted...

He trails off, the weight of their victory and the cost of their struggle etched into his rugged features.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FORT APACHE PRECINCT - DAY

The precinct is a beehive of activity, OFFICERS and DETECTIVES move about with a sense of purpose. There's a palpable air of relief as the dark cloud that once loomed has been lifted.

Ricky stands in the center of the precinct, his eyes scanning the room. The sea of blue uniforms parts for him, a silent respect given to the man who faced down the underworld.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON approaches, clapping a firm hand on Ricky's shoulder.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
(clearly proud)  
You did it, Bernardo. Took down  
some of the biggest fish in the  
pond - without becoming shark food  
yourself.

RICKY  
(nods, solemn)  
Wasn't just me. It was Jasmine,  
the informant... everyone who  
dared to stand up.

Detective Johnson hands Ricky a MANILA ENVELOPE.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON  
Your next assignment. But first,  
take a breather. You've earned it.

Ricky weighs the envelope in his hand, contemplating the never-ending cycle of crime and justice.

Around them, OFFICERS start to gather, forming an impromptu circle of admiration. A YOUNG COP steps forward, extending her hand.

YOUNG COP  
(awestruck)  
Sir, it's an honor. You're a real  
hero to us.

Ricky shakes her hand, his grip firm but gentle.

RICKY  
(slight smile)  
"Hero" is just a word. We're all  
just doing our job.

EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY

Ricky exits the precinct, the sun casting long shadows on the pavement. He breathes deeply, the crisp air a stark contrast to the tension-filled rooms he's often occupied.

A group of LOCAL KIDS play basketball nearby. One of them pauses, recognizing Ricky. The ball bounces away as the kid jogs over.

LOCAL KID

(excited)

Hey, aren't you the cop who took  
down those bad guys?

Ricky kneels down to match the kid's eye level, a warm smile spreading across his face.

RICKY

Yeah, but remember - it takes more  
than one person to make things  
right.

LOCAL KID

I wanna be like you when I grow  
up!

RICKY

(ruffling the kid's  
hair)

Then be better. Make this place  
even safer.

He stands, watching the kids return to their game, their laughter echoing off the buildings.

Ricky's gaze lifts to the streets of Harlem, where the chaos of sirens and crime had once reigned. Now there's a new rhythm, a melody of community and hope beginning to play.

RICKY

(to himself)

For every life we save, every  
family we protect... it's worth  
it.

He takes a moment, letting the scene etch itself into memory. Then, with one last look at the precinct, he walks away, ready for whatever comes next.

FADE OUT.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

The door swings open and Ricky steps inside, the sounds of children's voices replacing the din of city streets. The walls are adorned with colorful murals, each telling a story of hope amidst adversity.

Ricky approaches the RECEPTION DESK where a VOLUNTEER sits, typing away on a computer.

VOLUNTEER  
(with a smile)  
Can I help you?

RICKY  
I'm here to see about the  
mentorship program.

The Volunteer's eyes light up with recognition and respect.

VOLUNTEER  
You're Randy Bernardo, right? The  
whole neighborhood's been talking  
about what you've done.

RICKY  
Just doing what needed to be done.  
Now, I want to help in another  
way.

VOLUNTEER  
Well, you've come to the right  
place. Follow me.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MENTORSHIP HALL - CONTINUOUS

Posters line the walls, promoting peace and education. A group of TEENS circle around an older MENTOR, hanging onto every word.

Ricky stands at the threshold, observing. His eyes track a YOUNG GIRL struggling with a heavy stack of books. Without hesitation, he strides over and gently takes half the burden from her arms.

YOUNG GIRL  
(looking up at him)  
Thank you, mister...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY  
Call me Ricky. And you are?

YOUNG GIRL  
Maria.

RICKY  
(to Maria)  
You know, Maria, knowledge is heavy stuff - but it can lift you up higher than any building in this city.

Maria beams, a newfound lightness in her step as they walk together.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - ACTIVITY ROOM - LATER

Ricky stands before a group of eager YOUNGSTERS, holding a basketball. He spins it on his finger, drawing oohs and aahs.

RICKY  
This isn't just a game. It's about teamwork, respect, and looking out for each other. On the court and off.

The youngsters nod, absorbing the lesson beyond the sport.

BOY IN THE CROWD

What was it like... y'know, undercover?

Ricky locks eyes with the boy, his expression softening.

RICKY  
It was tough. But it showed me how strong people can be when they stand together against what's wrong.

He bounces the ball to the boy, who catches it eagerly.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Now, let's show that strength on the court. Who's with me?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

A chorus of cheers fills the room as Ricky leads the group onto the makeshift court.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - SUNSET

Ricky exits the building, the setting sun casting a warm glow on his face. He pulls out his phone, hesitates, then dials a number.

RICKY  
(into phone)  
Hey, Jasmine. Yeah, it went great.  
Listen, I've made a decision...

He pauses, a smile spreading across his face as if a weight has been lifted.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
I'm staying on. Not undercover,  
not as an agent. As a mentor, a  
friend. It's time for a new  
chapter.

The sound of children's laughter spills from the center behind him, merging with the hum of the city.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Harlem needs us. In  
different ways now. I'll see you  
tomorrow.

Ricky hangs up, tucks the phone away, and takes a deep breath. He looks back at the community center, its windows aglow with life and promise.

RICKY  
(to himself)  
A new beginning.

He starts walking down the street, blending into the tapestry of Harlem, ready to weave new stories of change and resilience.

FADE OUT.

INT. HARLEM BODEGA - DAY

The bell above the door jingles as RICKY steps into the bodega, a familiar haven of stacked shelves and the scent of brewed coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The aisles whisper stories of his former life. He navigates towards the back, his gait even, eyes scanning for more than just groceries—a habit hard-wired from years undercover.

Behind the counter, the OWNER, a middle-aged man with a kind face, nods at Ricky in recognition.

OWNER

Ricky! Long time, no see!

RICKY

Yeah, been busy changing gears.

He grabs a carton of milk, his movements deliberate, a stark contrast to his once frenetic lifestyle.

ANGLE ON: A shadowy FIGURE at the back of the store, half-obscured by a row of cereal boxes.

Ricky's hand pauses on a loaf of bread. His senses sharpen; something feels off. As he turns, the figure steps forward, revealing himself to be an OLD FRIEND, LEO, whose eyes carry the weight of the streets they once shared.

LEO

(softly)

Blanco?

Ricky's posture stiffens as memories flood back—the good, the bad, and the dangerous.

RICKY

(tense)

Leo. Didn't expect to see you here.

Leo approaches, his smile cautious yet genuine.

LEO

Neither did I. Heard you hung up your... what do they call it? Your wire?

RICKY

(nods)

Something like that.

CLOSE UP on Leo's hands as they fidget with a crumpled dollar bill, betraying an underlying nervousness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEO  
(sincere)  
You did good, Ricky. You got out.  
But...

Ricky's eyes narrow, picking up on the hesitation in Leo's voice.

RICKY  
But what?

Leo glances around, ensuring privacy, then leans in closer.

LEO  
(low)  
It's about your old case, the  
syndicate. There's talk, man.  
Someone's stirring the pot again.  
Thought you should know.

Ricky's jaw tightens, the past clawing its way back into his present.

RICKY  
(urgent)  
Who, Leo? Who's stirring it?

LEO  
(shakes head)  
Can't say much here. But it's  
someone you know.

A beat of silence hangs between them, heavy with unspoken truths.

OWNER  
(calling out)  
Hey, you two gonna buy something  
or just catch up all day?

They break eye contact as Ricky places the bread into his basket, his mind racing.

RICKY  
(defeated sigh)  
Guess some chapters are harder to  
close than others.

Leo gives a sympathetic nod before slipping out of the bodega, leaving Ricky with a cold sense of foreboding.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

Ricky exits the store, his expression one of a warrior reluctantly called back to battle. He looks off in the direction Leo disappeared, the city's heartbeat echoing the pounding in his chest.

RICKY  
(to himself)  
Here we go again.

He sets down the grocery bag, pulls out his phone, and dials.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Jasmine, it's me. We need to talk.

As he waits for her to answer, the weight of his new mission settles upon him—a blend of duty and dread.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dimly lit, cramped room. The walls are plastered with maps and scribbled notes. A corkboard filled with photographs of gang members and police reports takes up one side. The flicker of a dying light bulb casts long shadows.

Ricky sits at a cluttered desk, his hands clasped tightly together, eyes locked onto the screen of an aging laptop. The glow from the computer paints his face in shades of blue and white.

ON SCREEN: grainy surveillance footage of shadowy figures exchanging packages in an alleyway.

RICKY  
(mutters)  
Same MO... Can't be a coincidence.

The room is silent except for the tapping of keys as Ricky zooms in on a tattoo visible on one figure's neck—a serpent wrapped around a dagger, the syndicate's mark.

JASMINE (O.S.)  
(through phone  
speaker)  
Talk to me, Ricky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY

They're back, Jas. Or they never really left. It's like playing whack-a-mole with these guys.

He swivels in his chair, raking a hand through his hair, frustration etched into his features.

JASMINE (O.S.)

Any leads on who's running the circus now?

RICKY

It's someone from the old guard. This isn't some street-level scum; they're organized. Too organized.

He stands, pacing the confined space, every step echoing his growing agitation.

RICKY (CONT'D)

I thought I buried them deep, Jasmine. I thought—

He stops mid-sentence, staring at a picture pinned amongst many others. It's Miguel Vasquez, "El Jefe," but someone has drawn a red X over his face.

JASMINE (O.S.)

Ricky, it was always gonna be a hydra. Cut off one head...

RICKY

(determined)

Then we torch the body before it sprouts another.

Ricky grabs a worn leather jacket from the back of his chair, slipping it on. He reaches for a holstered gun, checking the clip before tucking it securely at his side.

JASMINE (O.S.)

You can't go back under. It nearly killed you last time.

RICKY

I don't have a choice. They're a threat to the whole city.

He snatches a set of keys from a hook by the door and strides out, determination fueling his steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN-SOAKED STREET - NIGHT

Rainwater reflects neon lights as Ricky emerges from the building. He pulls up the collar of his jacket, shielding against the cold drizzle. His eyes scan the darkened streets—once familiar territory, now a potential battlefield.

He walks with purpose towards a parked car, his silhouette merging with the night.

RICKY  
(to himself)  
Back to the shadows, then.

As he drives off into the murky depths of the city, the screen fades to black, leaving only the sound of rain and distant sirens.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The moonlight seeps through broken windows, casting long shadows across the dust-covered floor. The sound of footsteps echoes through the vast emptiness. RICKY moves with caution, his eyes darting to every corner.

He reaches a pre-arranged spot where the moonlight doesn't reach, and waits. His hand rests casually on the gun at his hip.

A door CREAKS open. Footsteps approach. Three silhouettes emerge from the darkness: JASMINE, VICTOR, and SAM.

RICKY  
(softly)  
Took you long enough.

JASMINE  
Traffic was hell. Plus, we had to  
make sure we weren't followed.

VICTOR approaches Ricky, clapping him on the shoulder.

VICTOR  
Good to see you, brother.

RICKY offers a stern nod, his gaze fixed on SAM who hangs back, her posture defensive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM  
(pointedly)  
So, what's this about, Ricky?  
Another stroll down memory lane?

Ricky meets Sam's challenging stare with a level look of his own.

RICKY  
We've got a new problem. Syndicate  
leftovers are cooking up trouble.

JASMINE  
(crossing her arms)  
And they're not just small fry  
either.

RICKY  
They're organized and armed. I  
need your help to stop them before  
they take over the streets.

Victor exchanges a glance with Jasmine, both  
understanding the gravity of the situation.

VICTOR  
You know we're in. But how bad is  
it?

RICKY  
Bad enough that I'm pulling you  
out of retirement.

Sam steps forward, her eyes narrowing with resolve.

SAM  
Let's hear it then. What's the  
plan?

RICKY  
(sighs)  
It's not just about taking them  
down. We need to send a message—no  
one messes with our city.

Jasmine pulls up a chair, flipping it backward to  
straddle it. She leans forward, all business now.

JASMINE  
Alright, lay it out for us.

Ricky unfolds a crumpled map of the city, spreading it on  
an old oil drum. He points to various locations marked  
with red X's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKY

These are their strongholds. We hit them hard and fast. Disrupt their operations, cut off their supply lines.

Victor examines the map, tracing routes with his finger.

VICTOR

We'll need gear. And intel.

SAM

(smirk)

Leave the intel to me. I've still got some contacts who owe me favors.

Ricky locks eyes with each of them in turn.

RICKY

(earnestly)

This won't be easy. We're going to be walking straight into the lion's den.

JASMINE

(stands up)

When have we ever looked for easy?

VICTOR

(nods)

We do it right, or we don't do it at all.

SAM

(steely  
determination)

Let's burn their empire to the ground.

RICKY

(grim smile)

Then it's settled. We strike at dawn. Get ready for war.

The four stand together, a united front against the impending threat. Outside, the sound of thunder rumbles, mirroring the storm brewing within the walls of the warehouse.

FADE OUT.



INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A single light bulb flickers above a table littered with photographs, newspaper clippings, and scribbled notes. RICKY (mid-30s), wiry and tense, pores over the documents, his fingers tracing lines connecting various faces and places.

JASMINE (late 20s), athletic and sharp-eyed, leans against a graffiti-scarred wall, watching Ricky work. VICTOR (early 40s), broad-shouldered and stoic, stands guard by the door, his gaze fixed on the darkened street outside. SAM (mid-30s), resourceful and determined, sits cross-legged on the floor, her laptop open in front of her.

RICKY  
(mutters to himself)  
Patterns... always patterns...

JASMINE  
(find humor in  
tension)  
You know, if this agent thing  
doesn't work out, you could always  
try your hand at conspiracy art.

Ricky shoots her a wry glance but continues working, unphased. Sam's fingers fly across the keyboard as she hacks into a secured network.

SAM  
(concentrated)  
Got it. Accessing police records  
now.

Ricky steps back from the table, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. The camera zooms in on an old mugshot of a scarred man with cold eyes—ANTONIO "TONY" MORETTI, a name that sends shivers down the spine of New York's underworld.

RICKY  
(revelation)  
Tony Moretti...

VICTOR  
(turns sharply)  
That name is bad news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM  
(glances up)  
The same Tony who disappeared  
after that bloodbath at the docks  
three years ago?

Ricky nods grimly, his eyes never leaving the photograph.

RICKY  
(intense)  
He's the link. It all leads back  
to him.

JASMINE  
(crosses arms)  
And let me guess, he's the ghost  
we've been chasing?

RICKY  
(nods)  
Exactly. He's back, and he's  
pulling strings from the shadows.

Sam's screen displays encrypted emails, bank transfers,  
and coded messages—all trails leading back to Moretti.

SAM  
(squints at screen)  
These transactions... they've got  
Moretti's fingerprints all over  
them.

Victor steps away from the door, joining the others at  
the table.

VICTOR  
(gruffly)  
So, the dead rise again. We need  
to move fast before he realizes  
we're onto him.

JASMINE  
(picks up a photo)  
We have to figure out his endgame.  
What's he planning?

Ricky starts pinning the new evidence onto a corkboard,  
connecting the dots with red yarn.

RICKY  
(determined)  
Whatever it is, it ends now. We'll  
dismantle his operation piece by  
piece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM  
(closes laptop)  
This goes deeper than we thought.  
Moretti's not just rebuilding;  
he's expanding.

The camera pulls back, showing the team huddled around their makeshift command center—a beacon of determination amidst the decay surrounding them.

RICKY  
(turns to face them)  
We've taken down big fish before.  
Moretti's just another predator in  
a pond that's gotten too small for  
him.

JASMINE  
(steely resolve)  
Then let's remind him who owns  
these waters.

Victor cracks his knuckles, a smirk playing on his lips.

VICTOR  
(focused)  
Time to go fishing.

Ricky gives a nod of approval, and together, they gear up for the impending storm. Their shared histories and past victories fueling the fire in their hearts.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The room's dim lighting casts elongated shadows against the walls, creating an eerie dance as RICKY and his team, loaded with tactical gear, move stealthily among stacks of crates. Each breath is a silent cloud in the cold air.

RICKY  
(whispering)  
Eyes sharp. Moretti's men could be  
anywhere.

SAM peeks through a gap between the wooden slats, her keen eyes scanning the perimeter.

JASMINE, gripping her weapon tightly, nods toward a rusted catwalk above.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASMINE  
I'll take high ground. Cover more—

BOOM! The deafening EXPLOSION rips through the air as the entrance ERUPTS in a fireball, throwing SAM to the ground. Splinters and debris rain down.

Ricky rolls behind a crate, pulling Sam with him. He checks her over quickly—she nods, still in one piece.

VICTOR opens fire from his position, the RAT-TAT-TAT of bullets echoing through the vast space.

RICKY  
(shouting)  
Ambush! Victor, fall back!

Victor ducks and weaves between the crates, returning fire. Jasmine returns fire from above, providing cover.

The ENEMY SHADOWS emerge from the smoke, silhouettes of menace bearing down on them. The exchange of gunfire is a chaotic symphony.

RICKY  
(intense)  
We need an exit! Now!

Sam points to a barely visible SERVICE DOOR obscured by darkness.

SAM  
(yelling)  
There! Service door, east side!

They move as one, synchronicity born from countless close calls. Ricky leads, firing controlled bursts. Jasmine sprints down a metal staircase, joining them on the ground.

The ENEMY advances, relentless. Bullets WHIZ past, embedding into wood and metal.

RICKY  
(to Jasmine)  
Flashbang on my mark!

Jasmine nods, pulling out the small cylindrical device.

RICKY  
(eyes locked on  
enemy)  
Now, Jazz!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She tosses it. A split-second later, a BLINDING LIGHT and DEAFENING SOUND erupts, disorienting their assailants.

The team makes a break for the service door, using the momentary chaos. They slip through just as the ENEMY regains composure and resumes fire.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

They burst into the alleyway, gasping for fresh air, the cold night slapping their faces. The sounds of pursuit are close behind.

VICTOR  
(panting)  
Dead end!

The alleyway offers no escape, boxed in by towering walls.

RICKY  
(urgent)  
Up! We go up!

Stacked crates and fire escapes offer a makeshift ladder. They scramble upward, the metallic CLANG of their boots ringing out.

INTENSE GUNFIRE follows them, SPARKS flying as bullets hit metal.

SAM  
(reaching the top)  
Come on, come on!

Ricky pulls himself over the edge of the rooftop last, turning to lay down covering fire as Victor and Jasmine make the final climb.

A bullet GRAZES Ricky's arm—a hot sting—but he doesn't falter, focus unbreakable.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

They regroup, catching their breath under the starless sky, the cityscape a jagged silhouette around them.

RICKY  
(checking wound)  
We're not clear yet. Keep moving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They start running across the rooftops, leaping over gaps, a ballet of desperation and survival instincts.

Behind them, the ENEMY emerges onto the roof. But Ricky and his team are already disappearing into the maze of buildings, vanishing like ghosts in the urban night.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Ricky leads the way, his disheveled dark hair sticking to his forehead. They move stealthily among rusted machinery and decaying infrastructure. The tension is palpable.

JASMINE

(whispering)

This place is a gold mine for cover.

SAM

(sarcastic)

Great. Let's start a scrap metal business if we get out alive.

Victor, gripping his sidearm tightly, nods at a faded sign above a heavy door.

VICTOR

"Records Room" -- might find something useful.

They cautiously enter. Dusty file cabinets and old computers litter the space. Ricky pulls open a drawer, rifling through files.

ANGLE ON FILE

The name "Mendez" catches his eye. He yanks out the folder, flipping it open. His eyes scan rapidly. A sharp intake of breath.

RICKY

(turning to the others)

This... this changes everything.

Jasmine and Sam gather around as Ricky lays out photographs and documents on a decayed desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT PHOTO  
Carlos Mendez shaking hands with  
an NYPD officer. The officer's  
face is obscured by shadow.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
(focused)  
Look at the uniform. That's not  
just any cop...

JASMINE  
(realization dawning)  
It can't be...

SAM  
(clenching her fists)  
What the hell is going on, Ricky?

RICKY  
(gaze hardening)  
Our friend Mendez has been playing  
both sides. And our very own  
department is in on it.

Victor steps closer, scrutinizing the image.

VICTOR  
That shadow... I've seen it  
before. At the precinct.

A SILENCE falls over them, each grappling with the  
implications.

RICKY  
(coldly)  
We need to dig deeper. Find out  
who else is involved.

SAM  
(bitter laugh)  
Trust no one, huh? Classic.

JASMine

(resolute)

We stick together. We expose them all.

Ricky nods. They begin searching through more files,  
their sense of betrayal fueling a newfound zeal. Ricky's  
rugged exterior masks a simmering rage.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Later. The team stands under the night sky, the city lights a distant glimmer. The weight of the revelations bears down on them.

RICKY  
(looking at the team)  
We've been compromised from the inside. It's not just about survival now.

JASMINE  
(steadfast)  
We take this to the top. Blow it wide open.

Victor looks off into the distance, his expression hard to read. Sam places a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

SAM  
(grim)  
We knew this job was dirty. But this...

RICKY  
(determined)  
We finish it. For every good cop and innocent life caught in the crossfire.

Their steely gazes lock in a silent pact. They are united, not just by duty, but by a shared sense of justice that transcends the chaos of their world.

FADE OUT.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

A web of street maps and surveillance photos cover the wall. The space hums with tension, a war room before battle.

RICKY, flanked by JASMINE and SAM, oversees VICTOR loading weapons into duffel bags. Each click of a magazine sliding home echoes determination.

RICKY  
We hit them at dawn. No margin for error.

JASMINE checks her pistol, her movements methodical, precise.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JASMINE

Dawn's good. Shadows to our  
advantage.

SAM, wiring explosives, nods without looking up. Her  
hands are steady, skilled.

SAM

Explosives in place. Just need the  
when and where.

VICTOR (O.S.)

Got contacts on the inside ready  
to flip. They're sick of the  
corruption.

Ricky turns, eyes piercing, assessing Victor's resolve.

RICKY

You trust 'em?

VICTOR

As much as I trust us.

A beat. Ricky processes this, then nods, satisfied. He  
turns back to the armory, selecting gear with an expert  
eye.

RICKY

Armor-piercing rounds. They won't  
see it coming.

Jasmine steps up beside him, her voice low, urgent.

JASMINE

What about after? The syndicate  
won't just roll over.

Ricky locks eyes with her, a silent vow passing between  
them.

RICKY

After? We dismantle them. Brick by  
dirty brick.

She nods, accepting the unspoken promise of justice.

SAM

(sarcastic)  
Sounds like a Sunday morning.

They share a tight, humorless smile, their camaraderie  
hard-earned and unbreakable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VICTOR (O.S.)

Tech's ready. Bugs, trackers, the works.

SAM

Tech won't save us if we can't trust our own shadow.

RICKY

Then we stick to what we know. Each other.

Ricky slams a loaded magazine into his gun with finality, his jaw set. The sound reverberates, a call to arms.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Ricky steps into the night air, the city's pulse below an ever-present reminder of what's at stake.

JASMINE joins him, her silhouette sharp against the skyline.

JASMINE

This is bigger than any of us, Ricky.

RICKY

(turning to face her)

That's why we can't fail.

Their eyes meet, resolve mirrored in each other's gaze.

SAM (O.S.)

You two planning to admire the view all night?

Sam's voice cuts through the moment, grounding them. She tosses a Kevlar vest to Jasmine.

SAM

Or are we taking down some bad guys?

Ricky smirks, the ghost of a smile that doesn't quite reach his eyes.

RICKY

Let's go make a difference.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They turn as one, descending back into the safe house. The stage is set, the players ready. Dawn awaits, and with it, retribution.

FADE TO BLACK.

55

- 56

55

INT. ENEMY STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

A shadow against shadows, RICKY crouches behind a stack of crates, his breath steady despite the adrenaline coursing through his veins. Jasmine and Sam flank him on either side, their own breathing controlled and silent.

JASMINE

(whispers)

Entry point clear.

Ricky nods, signaling to proceed. They move with precision, synchronized in their training, each step a testament to their resolve.

They navigate a labyrinth of hallways, dimly lit by flickering lights that cast elongated silhouettes along the walls. The stronghold is a fortress within the city's underbelly, its façade as cold and unyielding as the criminals it harbors.

Suddenly, the WHIRR of a security camera pivoting. Ricky freezes, arm outstretched to halt the others. His eyes track the camera's motion, calculating the blind spot. He gestures – three fingers, two, one – then darts forward during the momentary lapse in surveillance.

SAM

(breathless)

That was close.

RICKY

Close doesn't count tonight.

They press on, deeper into the heart of darkness. Every corner holds potential peril, every door an unknown threat.

INT. STRONGHOLD - SECURITY HUB - NIGHT

Ricky presses a small device against the electronic lock. A series of BEEPS, then a green light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door swings open silently, revealing a room filled with monitors and blinking consoles.

VICTOR (O.S.)  
(earpiece)  
You're in the nerve center. Kill  
the power, and you'll have chaos.

RICKY  
Understood.

His fingers dance across the keyboard, lines of code scrolling rapidly. With a final keystroke, the screens go black. The hum of machinery dies down, plunging the stronghold into darkness.

EXT. ENEMY STRONGHOLD - COURTYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

The sudden blackout throws sentries into disarray, their SHOUTS and FOOTSTEPS echoing in the night. Flashlights sweep through the darkness, searching for answers that remain elusive.

INT. STRONGHOLD - MAIN CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Bathed in the glow of emergency lights, Ricky and his team advance, the silence now punctuated by the DISTANT SOUNDS of confusion.

SAM  
(smirking)  
Like roaches when the lights come  
on.

RICKY  
Stay sharp. This is when they're  
most dangerous.

INT. STRONGHOLD - UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A hidden passage snakes beneath the building. The air is stale, thick with the scent of mold and metal. Ricky leads the way, night vision goggles revealing the path ahead.

A SUDDEN CLATTER ahead. They pause, guns raised. A RAT scurries from the debris, its tiny heart racing as much as theirs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASMINE  
(whispering)  
Heart attack material.

RICKY  
Keep moving.

Their path converges with another tunnel. A junction. From the left, the MURMUR of voices. They press themselves against the wall, a trio of statues in the gloom.

SAM  
(listening)  
"East wing"... "shipment"...

RICKY  
We're close. Let's wrap this up.

They inch forward, the voices growing clearer. Strategy and instinct converge, guiding their movements. This is what they were forged to do – infiltrate, dismantle, prevail.

INT. ENEMY STRONGHOLD - EAST WING - MOMENTS LATER

The east wing looms before them, a massive steel door barring entry. High stakes behind high security. Ricky examines the lock, a complex keypad demanding a code they don't have.

SAM  
We could blow it.

RICKY  
And announce we're here? No.  
There's another way.

He removes a slim lock-pick set from his pocket, his hands steady as he works the pins. A tense minute passes. Then, with a soft CLICK, the door yields.

INT. ENEMY STRONGHOLD - TARGET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the room is a hive of activity. ARMED GUARDS patrol between crates stamped with ominous symbols. At the center, a large table covered with maps and documents – the epicenter of the new threat.

JASMINE  
(tense)  
Positions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They scatter, each taking cover, becoming part of the stronghold's anatomy. Ricky peers over a crate, eyes scanning for their objective.

RICKY  
(under his breath)  
Time to end this.

His hand tightens around his weapon, the familiar weight a promise of the battle to come. Ricky Bernardo, once a child of the streets, now its unlikely guardian, prepares to strike at the heart of corruption.

FADE OUT.

INT. ENEMY STRONGHOLD - TARGET ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room pulses with the low hum of whispered conversations and the clinking of weaponry. Shadows dance on the walls, cast by the flickering light of monitors displaying city maps and surveillance footage.

Ricky crouches behind a stack of ammunition boxes, his breathing controlled, his dark eyes locked onto the figure emerging from the shadows. The new enemy, a silhouette that now takes form, strides into the center of the room.

This is the man responsible for the resurgence of chaos in Harlem's streets. His face, once just a specter in Ricky's mind, is now illuminated by the glow of the screens - it's a face marked by time and cruelty, a face that has haunted the precinct's nightmares.

NEW ENEMY  
(sneering)  
You think you can come here and  
disrupt my operation?

Ricky rises to full height, stepping out from his cover. He levels his gaze at the new enemy, his voice steady and imbued with a cold fury.

RICKY  
Your operation is over. You've  
caused enough harm.

The guards tense, fingers hovering over triggers, but nobody moves. It's as if the air itself is holding its breath, waiting for the inevitable clash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEW ENEMY

(chuckling)

And you're the righteous one? You,  
who hides in the shadows?

RICKY

I'm not hiding now.

The new enemy steps forward, a calculated move to assert dominance. But Ricky doesn't flinch. Instead, he takes a deliberate step of his own, closing the distance between justice and its quarry.

NEW ENEMY

Do you even know what you're  
fighting for, Ricky Blanco? Or  
should I say, Randy Bernardo?

The name hits like a bullet, but Ricky's expression remains impassive, his cover blown but his mission crystal clear.

RICKY

I fight for the ones you've  
stepped on, the lives you've  
shattered. I fight to make sure no  
one else suffers at your hands.

The enemy's smirk fades as he recognizes the resolve in Ricky's tone. This wasn't a battle of brawn; it was a showdown of wills, fought in the heart of darkness.

NEW ENEMY

(voice rising)

You think you've won? You're  
alone, Bernardo! Alone!

RICKY

(grimly)

Justice is never alone.

With a swift motion, Ricky draws his weapon, the sound slicing through the tension. Guards raise their arms, but Ricky's allies emerge from their hiding spots, weapons trained with lethal precision.

A standoff ensues, every player acutely aware that the next seconds could erupt into chaos.

FADE OUT.

INT. ENEMY'S STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

The tension is palpable, a powder keg about to explode. Ricky's finger is firm on the trigger, his gaze unwavering as it meets that of the NEW ENEMY.

RICKY  
(to his team)  
Hold!

A BEAT. Silence stretches. Breaths held tight.

Jasmine catches Ricky's eye—a silent exchange of understanding, a mutual acknowledgment of what must be done.

NEW ENEMY  
(proudly)  
You think you're heroes? This ends now!

He reaches for a REMOTE DEVICE, thumb hovering over a red button—detonation imminent.

RICKY  
(to Jasmine, under his breath)  
Now!

In a fluid motion, Jasmine DIVES forward, her athletic frame propelling her towards the new enemy with unyielding resolve.

JASMINE  
Ricky, get out!

Her hand snatches the remote mid-air. She presses a button, not the red one—the blue one: EMP blast. Lights FLICKER and DIE, electronics FRY.

RICKY  
Jasmine, no!

But she's already there, grappling the new enemy, fighting for possession of the remote. The rest of the team springs into action, using the darkness to their advantage.

The sound of GUNFIRE erupts, echoes bouncing off concrete walls. SHADOWS dance in the strobe of muzzle flashes.

Ricky locks eyes with Jasmine one last time. The DETERMINATION in her green eyes tells him all he needs to know. She mouths a silent goodbye.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JASMINE

Go! Save them!

She PUSHES the new enemy back, pinning him against a wall, the remote crushed beneath her boot.

RICKY

(tearing up)

Dammit, Jasmine...

He turns and runs, following the path they planned. Behind him, an EXPLOSION roars—Jasmine's final act. The stronghold begins to COLLAPSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENEMY'S STRONGHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Ricky bursts out of the crumbling entrance, carrying the WEIGHT of sacrifice on his shoulders. He doesn't look back—can't afford to—as the stronghold IMPLODES behind him, a plume of smoke and dust billowing into the night sky.

His RADIO CRACKLES to life with the voices of his team.

RADIO

(filled with static)

Ricky, do you copy? We got 'em, we got the bastards!

Ricky falls to his knees, the ground shaking, eyes clenched shut. He takes a moment, just one, to honor Jasmine's bravery.

RICKY

(voice breaking)

We got 'em, Jas...we got 'em.

The SIRENS of approaching law enforcement mix with the distant cries of defeat from the new enemy's remnants. Ricky stands, his silhouette outlined against the flickering flames, a symbol of resilience amidst devastation.

FADE OUT.

INT. FORT APACHE PRECINCT - NIGHT

The precinct, once a cauldron of tension and disarray, now bathes in a quiet glow. Officers move about, their motions reflecting relief and newfound solidarity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The walls, scarred from the city's pulse, seem to stand taller tonight.

Ricky strides through with purpose, his face a map of fatigue and triumph. He passes officers who nod in respect, their eyes telling stories of battles fought and won.

DETECTIVE MARCUS JOHNSON  
(pointing at Ricky)  
That man... brought daylight back  
to Harlem.

At a cluttered desk, Victor Salazar looks up from paperwork, a bruise like a badge on his cheek. He catches Ricky's eye and manages a weary smile.

VICTOR SALAZAR  
Brother, you look like hell.

RICKY  
(chuckles)  
Feels like it too.

They share a silent moment, understanding the weight they've lifted off the city's shoulders.

SAMANTHA "SAM" RUIZ approaches, her step lively, a stark contrast to the weariness around her.

SAM  
I heard the good news. We did it,  
Ricky.

RICKY  
Wouldn't have been possible  
without you all.

An officer turns up the volume on a RADIO broadcasting city-wide news. The reporter's voice fills the precinct with words of victory.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)  
In an unprecedented operation,  
local law enforcement has  
dismantled a major criminal  
network...

The officers in the precinct exchange proud glances, their camaraderie palpable.

## EXT. HARLEM STREET - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Harlem breathes easier. NEON SIGNS reflect off puddles from a recent rain, painting the street in vibrant colors. The usual din of urban life is softer, as if the city itself exhales in relief.

A GROUP OF LOCALS gather around a food vendor, their laughter a melody rising above the hum of traffic. They talk animatedly, pointing at the headline of a newspaper: "HEROES OF HARLEM."

Ricky watches from across the street, his presence unnoticed. He leans against a wall, allowing himself a rare moment of contentment.

RICKY  
(to himself)  
This is for you, Jasmine... for  
all of us.

A YOUNG BOY breaks away from the group, kicking a SOCCER BALL along the sidewalk. The ball rolls to a stop at Ricky's feet. He picks it up, tosses it back with a genuine smile.

The boy gives him a thumbs-up before rejoining his friends. It's a simple gesture, but to Ricky, it signifies more—an acknowledgment of peace reclaimed, of community restored.

## INT. FORT APACHE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Back inside the precinct, a CAKE with "Victory" written in icing sits on a table surrounded by exhausted but jubilant faces. Officers take turns cutting slices, sharing stories of close calls and brave deeds.

Ricky returns, an invisible mantle of leadership settling on his shoulders. He stands by the cake, knife in hand, ready to make the first cut.

RICKY  
(raising his voice)  
To those we've lost, to those who  
stood tall. To Harlem—our home.

He cuts into the cake as applause erupts. Glasses are raised, and cheers fill the room, echoing far beyond its walls.

FADE OUT.

INT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The city spreads out beneath them, ablaze with lights that twinkle like distant stars. The air is crisp, carrying a hint of winter. Randy Bernardo stands at the edge, overlooking the streets where his battles were fought.

Randy's face is bathed in the neon glow of a nearby sign, casting shadows that accentuate the weariness in his eyes. A gust of wind tousles his dark hair, and he pulls his collar up against the chill.

Jasmine leans against a protruding vent, her red hair a stark contrast against the night sky. She watches Randy, her expression one of concern mixed with admiration.

Victor paces behind them, his bulk seeming to absorb the cold rather than ward it off. He stops occasionally, looking out over the city or glancing toward his companions.

RANDY

(softly)

Never thought we'd see the end of it...

He trails off, his gaze lost in the horizon.

JASMINE

(smirking)

Wouldn't have bet on us either.  
But here we are.

Victor joins them at the ledge, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with Ricky.

VICTOR

(firmly)

We did what had to be done. For  
the city. For each other.

Randy gives a small nod, rubbing the back of his neck—a gesture born of countless sleepless nights.

RANDY

Yeah. But at what cost, Victor? At  
what cost?

JASMINE

(cutting in)

We paid it though, didn't we?  
That's what counts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Victor looks at Jasmine, then back at Randy, his eyes revealing a shared understanding.

VICTOR  
The world isn't black and white,  
Randy. Sometimes you gotta live in  
the gray to keep the darkness at  
bay.

Randy turns, facing them both. His eyes lock onto Jasmine's, then Victor's, seeking solidarity.

RANDY  
(earnestly)  
We've changed, haven't we? All of  
us. Can't unsee what we've seen,  
can't undo what we've done.

Jasmine steps forward, her hand finding Randy's arm, gripping it with a strength that belies her fatigue.

JASMINE  
(resolute)  
Changed, yeah. But not broken.  
We're still standing, Randy. Still  
fighting.

A silence falls over them, punctuated by the distant sounds of the city—sirens, laughter, life continuing unabated.

RANDY  
(sighing)  
I just hope it was worth it...

VICTOR  
(gruffly)  
It was. You know it was.

Randy nods slowly, accepting the truth in Victor's words. His gaze shifts back to the cityscape, contemplative.

RANDY  
(murmuring)  
To Harlem—our home. May we always  
be its guardians, in whatever form  
that takes.

Jasmine and Victor exchange glances, their faces set in determination.

JASMINE  
And may we never forget the price  
of peace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The three stand together in silent vigil, their bond forged through fire, their commitment to the city—and to each other—unyielding.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse is vast, echoes of their past battles still lingering in the cold air. Sunlight streams through broken windows, casting long shadows over the trio.

Randy stands apart from Jasmine and Victor, his back to them as he stares at a graffiti-covered wall. The mural tells a story—a phoenix rising from ashes—much like their own.

Jasmine approaches Randy, her footsteps deliberate on the concrete floor. She places a hand on his shoulder, causing him to turn and face her.

JASMINE

(softly)

Time to say goodbye, Ricky.

Randy nods, the weight of the moment heavy upon him. He turns to Victor, his eyes locking onto those of his comrade.

RANDY

(sincerely)

Victor, we've been through hell and back. I trust you with my life.

Victor steps forward, clasping Randy's forearm in a warrior's grip.

VICTOR

(gruff)

And I'd walk through fire for you, brother. We're bonded by more than blood.

They release their grip, stepping back but still connected by an unspoken understanding. Jasmine joins the silent exchange, forming a triangle of solidarity.

JASMINE

(teasingly)

I'm not hugging it out. You guys stink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all chuckle—a brief respite from the gravity of farewell. Randy looks between them, his throat tight with emotion.

RANDY  
(choked up)  
You two... you're the reason I  
kept fighting. Kept pushing.  
You're family.

Jasmine meets his gaze, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears.

JASMINE  
(warmly)  
Family doesn't end with blood,  
Randy. You're stuck with us.

Victor snorts, a smirk playing across his lips.

VICTOR  
Like gum on a shoe, Blanco.

A beat passes as they share a smile, each lost in their memories.

RANDY  
(turning to look at  
the city outside)  
We did good. Made a difference.

Jasmine follows his gaze, nodding.

JASMINE  
(resolute)  
Yeah. And we'll keep making it, in  
our own ways.

Victor steps beside them, his stance firm and resolute.

VICTOR  
(looking ahead)  
The fight never ends. But we take  
it one day at a time.

RANDY  
(finality in his  
tone)  
One day at a time.

They stand together, looking out at the city they've fought so hard to protect. The silence between them speaks volumes—of loyalty, sacrifice, and hope for the future.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Randy turns to leave, pausing to glance back at his partners in justice.

RANDY  
(firmly)  
Take care of this place.

JASMINE  
(with conviction)  
Always.

Victor gives a simple nod, his expression stoic yet filled with respect.

VICTOR  
You too, Ricky. Stay sharp.

Randy offers them one last grin, a mix of sadness and resolve etched into his features.

RANDY  
(nostalgically)  
See you around, heroes.

With that, Randy Bernardo strides out of the warehouse, his silhouette merging with the light as he steps into a new chapter of his life, leaving behind the echoes of a past filled with both darkness and redemption.

FADE OUT.

INT. RANDY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sunlight filters through the blinds, casting long shadows across the sparsely furnished room. The remnants of Randy's undercover life are boxed up, labeled in black marker: "EVIDENCE," "MEMORABILIA," "PERSONAL." He moves methodically around the space, sealing each chapter of his old existence.

Randy stands before a wall adorned with photos and newspaper clippings from his past operations. With a solemn breath, he begins to take them down, one by one. Each image elicits a silent memory—a sting of nostalgia mixed with relief.

RANDY  
(to himself)  
Time to let go.

He glances at a small, worn badge lying atop one of the boxes. Picking it up, he examines it—turning it over in his hand, feeling its weight and all it represents.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Randy places the badge into a box marked "KEEPSAKES" and seals it shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

A vibrant mural stretches along the outer wall of the building, depicting faces of hope and renewal. Children laugh and play in the adjacent park, their joyous sounds echoing in the air. Randy approaches the center, a palpable sense of purpose in his stride.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The interior buzzes with activity. Volunteers distribute food and clothing to lines of grateful people. Randy enters unnoticed, taking in the scene with quiet appreciation. He finds his way to a corkboard covered in flyers and job postings.

Randy pins up a new flyer, its bold letters announcing: "SELF-DEFENSE WORKSHOP - FREE." Below, in smaller print: "Taught by former law enforcement officer. Empower yourself and your community."

A YOUNG WOMAN, early twenties, eyes wide with curiosity, approaches Randy.

YOUNG WOMAN

Is this for real? It's free?

RANDY

(turning to her with  
a reassuring smile)

Every word of it.

YOUNG WOMAN

(skeptical yet  
intrigued)

What's the catch?

RANDY

No catch. Just looking to give  
back, that's all.

The Young Woman nods, considering his offer.

YOUNG WOMAN

I might just take you up on that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDY  
(nodding)  
Hope to see you there.

As she walks away, Randy turns his attention to a group of TEENAGERS huddled in a corner, clearly out of place. He approaches them with an easy confidence.

RANDY  
You guys need help with something?

The teenagers exchange looks, unsure.

TEENAGER #1  
We heard there's a program for...  
you know... getting out of gangs.

RANDY  
(resolute)  
You heard right. Follow me, I'll  
introduce you to the coordinator.

Randy leads the teenagers deeper into the center, passing by murals of community heroes, his own face absent by choice. The camera follows behind, capturing the beginning of his journey as a beacon of change.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN - EVENING

Randy stands alone amidst rows of greenery, the city skyline stretching out beyond. The sun dips low on the horizon, painting the sky with hues of orange and pink. In the distance, sirens wail—a stark reminder of the world below. But up here, there is tranquility.

RANDY  
(softly, to himself)  
New beginnings...

He pulls out a small seedling from a paper bag—carefully planting it in the fertile soil. He pats the earth around it lovingly, a metaphor for the life he's now cultivating—for himself and for others who dare to dream beyond the streets that once defined them.

RANDY  
(to the plant)  
Grow strong. Grow free.

The final rays of sunlight fade, enveloping Randy in twilight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands tall, his silhouette a testament to the resilience of the human spirit—the embodiment of hope reborn.

FADE OUT.

INT. HARLEM YOUTH CENTER - GYMNASIUM - DAY

A basketball THUDS rhythmically against the gleaming hardwood floor. Randy, now a mentor and coach, watches from the sideline as teenagers weave around the court with a palpable energy.

RANDY  
(shouting  
encouragement)  
Good pass! Watch your defense!

Randy's eyes track every move, his posture relaxed, yet attentive. He exchanges a knowing glance with Jasmine, who stands near the bleachers, her arms crossed, a proud smile on her face.

JASMINE  
They've come a long way since you  
started this program.

RANDY  
(nods, smiling)  
They're the real MVPs out here.

The BUZZER sounds, signaling the end of the game. The teens—sweaty and laughing—gather around Randy.

TEENAGER #2  
Coach, are we still on for the  
community clean-up this weekend?

RANDY  
Absolutely. We're making this  
neighborhood shine—one street at a  
time.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Randy and Jasmine walk side by side, their footsteps echoing in the quiet corridor.

RANDY  
(sincere)  
You know, I couldn't have done any  
of this without your support.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASMINE  
(teasingly)  
Oh, I know. But don't forget  
Detective Johnson—he's been  
pulling strings behind the scenes.

Randy's expression softens at the mention of his old mentor.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY

Randy strides down the bustling sidewalk, his former life as Ricky Blanco a fading shadow. He greets local shopkeepers with a nod and a firm handshake, their respect for him evident.

A mural catches his eye—a vibrant depiction of Harlem's transformation. Among the painted faces, he spots an artistic representation of Miguel Vasquez and Carlos Mendez, now serving community sentences—part of an initiative Randy helped implement.

Randy pauses at the mural, then continues on, content in the knowledge that justice has been served, not just in courts but on the streets where change matters most.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Randy sits at a corner table, sipping coffee and reviewing grant proposals for the center. Jasmine enters, a newspaper in hand.

JASMINE  
(grinning)  
Guess who made the front page  
again?

She slides the paper across to him. The headline reads: "Local Hero Transforms Lives in Fort Apache" with a photo of Randy speaking to a group of attentive youths.

RANDY  
(chuckles, shakes his  
head)  
"Local Hero" is a bit much.

JASMINE  
(smiling)  
To them, you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Randy looks up, catching Jasmine's gaze. They share a moment of silent understanding—all the hard work, the risks they took, it was all worth it.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN - DUSK

The sky is awash with brilliant streaks of purple and gold. Randy tends to the flourishing garden, each plant a testament to growth and renewal.

A gentle breeze stirs the leaves, and Randy looks out over the city—the clamor below softened by distance. He's found peace up here, above the chaos, nurturing something beautiful.

Randy carefully waters a robust plant, its leaves reaching toward the fading light.

RANDY

(softly)

For those we lost... for those  
we've yet to save.

He takes a deep breath, the air fresh and cool as night descends upon Harlem. This rooftop oasis, once barren, now thrives, mirroring the community it overlooks—a symbol of rebirth and resilience.

FADE OUT.