

(CODEBREAKER)

by

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INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - OPERATION CODEBREAKER'S BUNKER  
- DAY

The hum of computer systems and the soft clacking of keyboards provide a rhythmic backdrop to a scene of intense focus. DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD, late 30s, her dark hair pulled back as she leans over a sprawling maze of monitors, each flashing streams of encrypted data.

EVELYN

(to her team)

Remember, patterns are the  
language of the enemy. Let's  
translate their whispers into  
screams.

JAMES CALLAHAN, rugged and watchful, stands by the door. His eyes scan the room before settling on Evelyn, a silent guardian amidst the sea of code.

MARA CHEN, young and sharp-eyed, types furiously, a frown creasing her brow as she deciphers lines of code.

MARA

Got something weird here. It's  
like they're not even trying to  
hide it.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON, mid-50s, approaches Mara, peering over her shoulder with an air of calm expertise.

LANGSTON

Don't underestimate them, Ms.  
Chen. Overconfidence breeds  
mistakes.

SASHA IVANOV, poised and enigmatic, observes from a corner, her fingers dancing across a tablet. She glances up at Evelyn and nods slightly, an unspoken exchange of trust and caution.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ, enthusiastic and focused, joins Mara and Langston, his gaze locked on the screen as he chips in with suggestions.

ANTONIO

Maybe it's a trap? A  
straightforward code to catch us  
off guard?

HANNAH O'CONNELL, reserved and vigilant, keeps to herself at another terminal, her MI6-honed senses alert for any anomaly.

(CONTINUED)

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EVELYN  
(adjusting her  
glasses)  
Let's not jump to conclusions.  
Review the protocols, cross-check  
every variable. We can't afford  
slips.

JAMES  
(steps forward)  
Evelyn, take a break. You've been  
at this for hours.

EVELYN  
(shakes her head)  
No time for breaks. This  
message... it's just the  
beginning.

LANGSTON  
James is right. Fatigue can cloud  
judgment. Even yours, Evelyn.

EVELYN  
(turns to face the  
team)  
Everyone, stay sharp. The lives we  
save could very well be our own.

The team members exchange looks of determination, each aware of the gravity resting on their shoulders. As they resume their work, the tension is palpable, but so is the sense of unity against a common threat.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER FACILITY - BUNKER - NIGHT

The team huddles around a large central monitor, the room's stillness broken by the soft hum of computers. A TRANSMISSION, composed of seemingly simple strings of code, scrolls across the screen. As DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD leans in, her fingers fly over the keyboard, translating segments with unsettling speed.

EVELYN  
(to herself)  
Too linear... no layers...

JAMES CALLAHAN watches Evelyn with furrowed brows, his instincts kicking in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES  
(under his breath)  
That's not right.

MARA CHEN glances at James, then back to Evelyn, concern etched on her face.

MARA  
Evelyn, you've cracked half this thing in minutes. This isn't like any cypher we've seen.

EVELYN  
(focused)  
Exactly why it's critical. I just need to find the pivot point.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ leans forward, his voice a mixture of admiration and doubt.

ANTONIO  
Dr. Blackwood, you're making it look easy. But shouldn't we consider—

EVELYN  
(cutting him off)  
Don't second-guess the process, Antonio.

HANNAH O'CONNELL shifts uncomfortably, exchanging a skeptical glance with Sasha Ivanov.

HANNAH  
If it's this easy for us, it's easy for anyone. That sets off alarms.

SASHA IVANOV steps closer, eyes narrowing as she studies Evelyn.

SASHA  
And if it is a trap? We could be walking into something far bigger than we realize.

EVELYN  
(ignoring Sasha)  
We proceed. It's our job to unravel what's given, not speculate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES  
(approaching Evelyn)  
You're pushing too hard. The team  
has a point, and you're not  
listening.

EVELYN  
(turning sharply)  
I am listening! And I'm telling  
you, there's more here. I can feel  
it.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON interjects with a calm authority,  
trying to diffuse the rising tension.

LANGSTON  
Let's all take a moment. Evelyn,  
perhaps a fresh set of eyes might—

EVELYN  
(spinning on  
Langston)  
No! My eyes are fine. I don't need  
a break, or help, or—

JAMES  
(interrupting firmly)  
Evelyn, stop. Something's off. We  
need to step back, reassess.

EVELYN  
(clenching her fists)  
You think I don't see what's at  
stake?

Silence falls heavily on the room. Evelyn's chest heaves;  
the team looks on, torn between support and suspicion.  
The code continues to scroll, innocent yet insidious.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - DAY

The tension in the bunker is palpable. The team huddles  
around their workstations, eyes glued to the flickering  
screens as they await instructions. COMMANDER MALCOLM  
STONE steps forward, his presence immediately commanding  
attention.

COMMANDER STONE  
(crisp and clear)  
Team, we've hit a critical  
juncture.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMANDER STONE (CONT'D)

This transmission isn't just another puzzle to solve—it's a threat that could compromise national security. I want this message decoded, yesterday.

Mara Chen bites her lip, tapping furiously at her keyboard. Antonio glances over at Evelyn, who stands rigid, her focus unyielding.

ANTONIO

(to Mara)

He's not messing around. Stone wants results.

Evelyn's hands fly across her console, her brow furrowed in concentration.

EVELYN

(hushed)

There's something here... Layers upon layers.

JAMES CALLAHAN approaches Commander Stone, concern etched on his face.

JAMES

Commander, there's a chance we're dealing with steganography—hidden codes within codes. It's deeper than we anticipated.

COMMANDER STONE

Then we dig deeper. We cannot afford to be outmaneuvered. If there are hidden messages, unearth them.

SASHA IVANOV

But sir, if the enemy is watching—

COMMANDER STONE

(ice-cold)

Then let them watch us outsmart them.

Evelyn suddenly pauses, her fingers hovering above the keyboard. She turns to face the team, her eyes alight with a fiery determination.

EVELYN

Everyone, sync your data. We cross-reference now. Look for patterns, anomalies, anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HANNAH O'CONNELL  
(determined)  
We'll find it, Evelyn. Whatever it  
is.

They refocus on their screens, the room a symphony of  
clicking keys and whirring machines.

ANGLE ON EVELYN'S  
SCREEN:

The code scrolls faster, becoming increasingly complex.  
Numbers and letters intertwine in an intricate dance of  
cryptic language.

EVELYN  
(under her breath)  
There you are...

She leans closer, decoding fervently as the pieces start  
falling into place.

JAMES  
(leaning in)  
What is it? What do you see?

EVELYN  
(excitedly)  
It's a cipher within a cipher. A  
trick to lure us into complacency.

COMMANDER STONE  
(approvingly)  
Excellent work, Blackwood. Now  
unravel it. All of you, this is  
the call to action. Our nation's  
safety depends on it.

The team nods in unison, the gravity of their task  
settling over them like a shroud. They work tirelessly,  
delving deeper into the labyrinthine depths of the code  
as Act 2 begins.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER FACILITY - DAY

The room hums with the quiet intensity of focused minds  
and ticking clocks. Dr. Richard Langston stands at the  
head of a long table, his piercing blue eyes scanning the  
faces of the elite team gathered around him.

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CONTINUED:

DR. LANGSTON

(softly)

It's not just about breaking  
codes. It's about understanding  
the mind behind them.

Mara Chen looks up from her laptop, her sharp eyes  
locking onto Dr. Langston.

MARA

So we're profiling the  
cryptographer now?

Dr. Langston nods, his hands clasped behind his back as  
he begins to pace slowly.

DR. LANGSTON

Exactly. We must think like they  
do, anticipate their moves.

He stops beside Antonio Ramirez, who is scribbling  
frantically on a notepad, equations spilling across the  
page.

DR. LANGSTON (CONT'D)

Antonio, what's your approach?

ANTONIO RAMIREZ

I'm thinking... algorithms. New  
ones. Collaborative filtering...  
maybe some machine learning.

Dr. Langston raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

DR. LANGSTON

Innovative. But remember, machines  
can't improvise. That's where you  
come in.

Mara shuts her laptop with a snap and turns to Antonio,  
determination etched into her features.

MARA

Let's combine forces. Your tech  
know-how, my code-breaking skills.

Antonio grins, energized by the challenge.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ

Now you're speaking my language.

They pull their chairs together, a makeshift war room  
forming as they dive into their collaborative project.  
Dr. Langston watches, a hint of pride in his gaze.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

DR. LANGSTON  
(to the team)  
This is good work. Remember, every  
pattern, every anomaly could be  
the key.

The team members nod, the weight of their responsibility  
fueling their resolve. They divide into pairs, huddled  
over screens and papers, their whispers a low murmur in  
the charged air.

ANGLE ON MARA AND  
ANTONIO'S SCREENS:

Lines of code flash by, interspersed with complex  
algorithms. The pair exchange quick-fire dialogue, their  
fingers flying over keyboards.

MARA  
(looping in data)  
That's it... cross-reference with  
the previous segment.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ  
(typing furiously)  
Got it. Now, if we apply this  
sequence here...

Their collaboration is a dance of intellect and  
intuition, each bringing their strengths to the fore.

CUT TO:

Dr. Langston, observing the hive of activity, nods  
approvingly. He steps back, allowing the team space to  
grow under his watchful eye.

DR. LANGSTON  
(to himself)  
They're ready.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - NIGHT

The bunker is dim, the tension palpable as DR. EVELYN  
BLACKWOOD scans the room, her eyes stopping on each empty  
workstation.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

Where's Richard?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA IVANOV, standing in the shadows, steps forward, her face a mask of concern.

SASHA IVANOV  
And Hannah... wasn't she just  
here?

EVELYN frowns, confusion giving way to a creeping sense of dread.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SASHA flicks on the light, revealing an array of surveillance monitors. She scans them efficiently, her gaze sharp.

SASHA IVANOV  
(to herself)  
Show me where you've gone...

She freezes as one of the screens flickers, showing a brief image of HANNAH O'CONNELL being dragged away by an unseen assailant.

SASHA IVANOV  
(urgent)  
Evelyn! Get in here!

EVELYN rushes in, eyes wide at the sight.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

My God, what's happening?

SASHA IVANOV  
(determined)  
Someone's taking us out one by  
one.

EVELYN pales, her analytical mind racing with possibilities.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

Could it be... No, we need to focus on the message.

SASHA nods, her former spy instincts taking over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASHA IVANOV  
I'll start investigating. Go  
gather the others.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN strides in, finds JAMES CALLAHAN, MARA CHEN, and  
ANTONIO RAMIREZ huddled around a screen.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(alert)  
We have a situation. Team members  
are missing.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(shocked)  
Missing? How?

MARA CHEN  
(skeptical)  
Is this part of the test?

ANTONIO RAMIREZ  
(scanning the room)  
No test does this. We keep  
working.

EVELYN nods, her resolve hardening as she addresses the  
team.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(urgent)  
We continue decoding. But stay  
alert.

As they turn back to their workstations, HANNAH O'CONNELL  
bursts in, breathing heavily.

HANNAH O'CONNELL  
(catching her breath)  
I've made contact with MI6.

Everyone looks up, hope mingling with anxiety.

HANNAH O'CONNELL  
(serious)  
They're sending intel on suspects.  
We're not alone in this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(relieved)  
Good. That's good.

MARIA CHEN  
(tense)  
We stick together. No one else  
goes missing.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ  
(resolute)  
Let's get back to it then. The  
code won't crack itself.

They rally, a united front against an unseen enemy, as  
SASHA slips away to begin her investigation.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The room is awash with the blue glow of computer screens,  
casting elongated shadows that flicker with each line of  
code that scrolls by. DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD is at the  
center console, her fingers flying across the keyboard as  
MARA CHEN stands behind her, watching intently.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(intensely)  
There... I think I've got  
something.

MARA CHEN  
(leaning forward)  
What is it?

EVELYN's eyes widen as she reads the decrypted text, a  
pale shadow of fear crossing her face.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(stunned)  
"Project Armageddon"...

MARA CHEN  
(confused)  
Armageddon? As in, end of the  
world?

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON steps up, peering over EVELYN's  
shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(calm but concerned)  
Let me see. Evelyn, what exactly  
does it say?

EVELYN hesitates, then recites from the screen.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
"Coordinates confirmed for Project  
Armageddon deployment. Prepare for  
cleansing."

SASHA IVANOV enters, her expression grave as she senses  
the shift in atmosphere.

SASHA IVANOV  
(urgent)  
What have you found?

MARIA CHEN  
(bitterly)  
The endgame. A bioweapon,  
apparently.

SASHA's gaze locks onto the screen, her jaw setting  
firmly.

SASHA IVANOV  
(steely)  
We need to understand the scale of  
this threat.

HANNAH O'CONNELL rushes in, papers in hand, slightly out  
of breath.

HANNAH O'CONNELL  
(panting)  
Intel from MI6... They've heard  
whispers of a weapon but nothing  
solid.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(gravely)  
"Nothing solid" has just become  
our reality.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ joins them, his eyes scanning the report.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ  
(skeptical)  
"Prepare for cleansing" doesn't  
sound like they're starting a  
hygiene campaign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVELYN slams her fist on the desk, frustration etched on her face.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(angry)

We need more than fragments. We  
need who, where, and when!

SASHA moves closer, her voice barely above a whisper but cutting through the tension.

SASHA IVANOV

(determined)

Then we keep decoding. Every  
second counts now.

MARIA CHEN nods, her earlier sarcasm replaced by steely resolve.

MARIA CHEN

(focused)

Back to work. We solve this puzzle  
before it's too late.

The team members return to their stations, the weight of their task heavier than ever. The stakes are clear—failure is not an option.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on EVELYN's hands as she types furiously, her focus absolute. The others mirror her intensity, united in purpose despite the fears that haunt them.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - DAY

EVELYN, eyes bloodshot from relentless analysis, deciphers streams of code on her screen. The cursor blinks in a hypnotic rhythm.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(hushed, to herself)

Just a little deeper...

JAMES CALLAHAN hovers nearby, his gaze shifting between Evelyn and the others. He clears his throat, breaking Evelyn's trance.

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CONTINUED:

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(seriously)  
We need to talk. It's about the  
mole.

Evelyn looks up, the blue intensity of her eyes meeting  
James's concern.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(distrust creeping)  
Inside... you think?

JAMES nods gravely, Mara Chen joining them with a data  
tablet clutched in her hands.

MARA CHEN  
(anxious)  
Patterns in communications.  
Someone is leaking our progress.

SASHA IVANOV approaches, her former spy instincts kicking  
in.

SASHA IVANOV  
(curt)  
And they know we're close to  
cracking this. Whoever it  
is—they're trying to stay ahead.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ chimes in, scrolling through lines of  
encrypted text.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ  
(suspicious)  
So we're basically decrypting our  
own death sentence.

HANNAH O'CONNELL paces, frustration visible.

HANNAH O'CONNELL  
(impatient)  
But who? Everyone here has been  
vetted.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON, the voice of reason, interjects.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(calming)  
Let's not lose focus. We still  
have a job to do—stop Armageddon.

The team exchanges uneasy glances before returning to  
their terminals. Evelyn's fingers dance across the  
keyboard; she pauses, a line of code catching her eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(whispering)  
Wait... this sequence here.

The team gathers around her screen. Evelyn highlights a section of the transmission—a hidden layer beneath the encryption. Her breath catches as realization dawns.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(horrificed)  
It's... it's my work. My  
methodology.

The room falls silent. The implications are clear. Evelyn's face drains of color, the weight of betrayal evident in her expression.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(shocked)  
Evelyn... how?

EVELYN shakes her head, denial battling with the truth before her.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(stammering)  
No, I—I would never... They've  
used me.

SASHA IVANOV steps forward, her gaze intense.

SASHA IVANOV  
(grim)  
You've been compromised, Evelyn.  
Manipulated without knowing.

MARA CHEN reaches out, placing a hand on Evelyn's shoulder.

MARA CHEN  
(softly)  
We have to figure out how deep  
this goes.

EVELYN stands, a mix of defiance and fear etching her features.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(resolute)  
Then let's finish this. For all  
our sakes.

With renewed determination tinged with desperation, the team dives back into the web of codes and ciphers.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Evelyn leads them, her every keystroke a battle against the invisible puppeteer behind Project Armageddon.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - NIGHT

The fluorescent lights flicker overhead, casting an eerie glow on the faces of the elite team members huddled around their consoles. The bunker is alive with tension, a palpable current that buzzes louder than the hum of the computers.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(firm)

We need to stay rational.  
Accusations won't decode this  
message for us.

JAMES CALLAHAN is pacing, his gaze darting between the screens and his colleagues. He stops abruptly and turns towards DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD who's frantically typing away.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(pointedly)

Evelyn, you're the common  
denominator here. Who else had  
access to your work?

EVELYN doesn't look up, her fingers never ceasing their frenetic movement over the keys.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(defensive)

I've been careful. Always.  
Someone's framing me, can't you  
see?

SASHA IVANOV leans against the wall, arms folded, her eyes narrowing.

SASHA IVANOV

(coldly)

Perhaps. Or perhaps we overlooked  
the obvious.

MARA CHEN chimes in, her voice tinged with frustration as she stands shoulder to shoulder with Evelyn, trying to offer some support.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARA CHEN

(sarcastic)

Oh, great. So our leading  
cryptographer is a sleeper agent?  
That's comforting.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ, who has been silent until now, rubs at  
his temple.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ

(wearily)

Comfort has nothing to do with it.  
We're running out of time.

Dr. Langston moves to the main console, his demeanor calm  
but authoritative.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(commanding)

Focus! We have to dismantle this  
threat piece by piece. Sasha,  
review the security logs. Mara,  
Antonio, I want you on algorithms.  
Jim, check in with the outside  
teams. Evelyn...

He pauses, unsure. Evelyn looks up from her workstation,  
her eyes brimming with a mixture of fear and  
determination.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(intense)

I'll retrace my steps. Find the  
breach.

Jim hesitates before placing a hand on Evelyn's shoulder,  
a silent show of solidarity.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(resolute)

We're with you, Eve. Let's crack  
this thing wide open.

HANNAH O'CONNELL, who has been quietly observing the  
dynamics, finally speaks up from her corner.

HANNAH O'CONNELL

(determined)

And I'll dig deeper into intel.  
There must be chatter we've  
missed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The team members return to their stations, each one wrapped in their own thoughts but united by a single goal. They work with a feverish intensity, knowing that every second counts.

Evelyn pauses to tuck a lock of hair behind her ear, her blue eyes reflecting the code on her screen like a mirror to her tormented soul. The room is silent save for the clatter of keyboards and the murmur of low voices.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(to himself)  
One false move, and it all comes  
crashing down.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER FACILITY - NIGHT

The tension in the room is palpable as the clock ticks down. The team members are scattered around, focused intently on their screens, deciphering strings of code. Mara Chen types furiously, her fingers a blur over the keyboard.

MARA CHEN  
(frantic)  
We're running out of time!

Suddenly, an ALARM BLARES, startling everyone. Dr. Richard Langston steps up to a central monitor that flashes an ominous countdown.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(stern)  
Everyone, status report—now!

One by one, they relay their progress, or lack thereof. Evelyn's hands shake as she works, her mind racing with possibilities and dread.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(voice trembling)  
The code—it's mutating. Someone's  
playing us from the inside!

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(determined)  
No more games. We need to make a  
call.

Mara turns towards Jim, her face etched with fear and resolve.

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CONTINUED:

MARA CHEN  
(breathless)  
Jim, it's Eve. She's the key, but  
she's also a risk.

Jim looks at Evelyn, torn. His loyalty clashes with the  
crushing reality.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(to Evelyn)  
Eve, can you hold it together?  
Millions of lives—

Before he can finish, the POWER FLUCTUATES, plunging the  
room into darkness. Emergency lights kick in, casting  
eerie shadows. A LOUD BOOM echoes as all exits SEAL SHUT.

SASHA IVANOV  
(alarmed)  
Sabotage! We're locked in!

Panic sets in. Mara rushes to a security panel, trying to  
override the lockdown.

MARA CHEN  
(frustrated)  
It's no use! Whoever did this  
knows our system too well!

Antonio Ramirez looks through a cam feed, his face grim.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ  
(struggling with  
reality)  
Guys, we're cut off. They played  
us like a damn fiddle!

Jim grabs his comms unit, but it's dead. He clenches his  
jaw, fury mixing with desperation.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(furious)  
We stick to the mission. Mara,  
with me. We find another way out.

Mara nods, following Jim into a narrow corridor. They  
move stealthily, aware that every corner could be their  
last.

MARA CHEN  
(whispering)  
If we don't make it out—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(interrupts, firm)  
We will. Keep your head down and  
stay sharp.

They turn a corner and find themselves FACE-TO-FACE with  
a SEALED METAL DOOR. They exchange a look, knowing this  
was not part of the original design.

MARA CHEN  
(defeated)  
Trapped like rats...

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(thinking out loud)  
There has to be another  
way-ventilation, maintenance  
shafts...

He examines the walls, looking for any sign of hope. Mara  
watches him, her admiration for his unyielding spirit  
clear even in the direst of circumstances.

FADE OUT.

INT. NARROW MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jim and Mara's BREATHING is the only sound in the  
claustrophobic space, their faces illuminated by the dim  
glow of Jim's tactical flashlight. They pause at a  
junction, indecision etched on their faces.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(under his breath)  
We can't just wait for a miracle.

MARA CHEN  
There's no way forward, Jim. We  
need to think.

A tense beat. They're both acutely aware that time is  
slipping away.

JIM'S POV  
He notices an almost imperceptible  
breeze and shifts the light to  
reveal a GRILL high up on the  
wall.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(pointing)  
Air flow. There's our ticket out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mara follows his gaze, hope flaring briefly in her eyes.

MARA CHEN

(realistic)

But it's a tight fit. And if it  
leads nowhere...

JIM'S HANDS grapple with the grill, muscles straining as he attempts to pry it open. The metal groans but holds firm.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(grunting)

Help me with this. It's our only  
shot.

Mara hesitates, then joins him, their combined effort slowly bending the metal. With a CLANG, the grill gives way, revealing a narrow duct.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Dr. Langston, Sasha, and Antonio hover over a console, the tension palpable. Dr. Blackwood stands apart, her fingers threading through her hair, a gesture betraying her inner turmoil.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(calming)

Focus. We need to stay rational.

SASHA IVANOV

(coldly)

Rational? When there's a knife at  
our throat?

ANTONIO RAMIREZ

(fidgeting)

What if they're already... What if  
we're next?

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(distantly)

This isn't random. It's  
calculated. Methodical.

Sasha eyes Evelyn, the distrust clear in her gaze.

SASHA IVANOV

(suspicious)

And how would you know? Unless...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Evelyn meets her stare, defiance warring with fear.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(defensive)  
You think I did this? After all  
we've been through?

Langston steps between them, the peacemaker even now.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(sternly)  
Enough! Accusations solve nothing.  
We work together or not at all.

The group falls silent, each lost in their own dread.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR DUCT - MOMENTS LATER

Jim crawls ahead, the space cramped and suffocating, Mara close behind. Dust particles dance in the beam of the flashlight.

MARA CHEN  
(voice quivering)  
Jim, what if it's a dead end?

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(gruffly)  
Then we keep looking until we find  
another way out.

Their progress is slow, the silence oppressive. Suddenly, the duct SHUDDERS ominously.

MARA CHEN  
(startled)  
What was that?

Jim halts, listening intently. Another tremor, followed by the distant sound of SCREAMING METAL.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(tense)  
It's the facility. This place is  
coming apart.

Mara's resolve falters, panic rising.

MARA CHEN  
(urgent whisper)  
We have to warn the others!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES CALLAHAN

(determined)

First, we get out. Then we bring  
the whole damn place down on the  
mole's head.

They push on, the desperation driving them forward into  
the unknown.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - COMMAND CENTER -  
NIGHT

Evelyn sits alone at her station, her eyes bloodshot as  
they flicker across the screen. The weight of recent  
events has etched deep lines of worry into her brow. She  
scans through lines of code, but her mind is  
elsewhere—haunted by the whispers of betrayal.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(mutters to herself)

Where did I go wrong?

She pauses, her hands hovering over the keyboard as a  
tear trails down her cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS HUB -  
CONTINUOUS

Sasha moves stealthily among the high-tech equipment, her  
senses on high alert. She connects a device to a console,  
her fingers working quickly.

SASHA IVANOV

(under her breath)

There has to be something...

The device beeps, and she zeroes in on an anomaly—a  
hidden frequency that shouldn't exist.

SASHA IVANOV

(excited whisper)

Got you.

She decrypts the channel with practiced ease, her  
expression hardening as she listens to the garbled  
transmissions.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN - The decrypted messages reveal coordinates and timestamps, along with a reference to Project Armageddon.

Sasha's eyes widen, a mixture of triumph and dread flashing across her face.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - COMMON AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The team gathers around Sasha, who presents her findings. Evelyn's gaze is fixed on the screen, disbelief and horror mingling in her eyes.

SASHA IVANOV

(firmly)

This channel—it's been active for months. It predates our current crisis. Someone here has been feeding information directly to the enemy.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ

(shocked)

Who? Who would do this?

Sasha locks eyes with Evelyn, the implication clear.

SASHA IVANOV

(coldly)

The mastermind behind Project Armageddon is one of us.

Evelyn recoils as if struck, her mind racing with possibilities.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(anguished)

No... it can't be. We've all sacrificed so much.

HANNAH O'CONNELL

(angrily)

Then explain this, Evelyn. How did we not see this coming?

Evelyn has no answers, only the gnawing guilt that claws at her from within.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(calming)  
Let's not jump to conclusions. We  
need to investigate further.

Sasha nods, already steps ahead.

SASHA IVANOV  
(determined)  
I'll trace the transmissions.  
We'll know soon enough who's  
responsible.

The tension is palpable, each member wrestling with their own doubts. Evelyn stands apart, isolated by suspicion and her own dark thoughts.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - STRATEGY ROOM - DAY

The bunker's strategy room is cast in the harsh light of overhead fluorescents, intensifying the grim determination on the faces of the remaining Codebreaker agents. The air hums with a newfound urgency as they huddle around a cluttered table strewn with maps and electronic devices.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(sternly)  
We need a way out—a plan that  
accounts for every variable. Time  
isn't on our side.

Evelyn, her eyes shadowed but resolute, steps forward, gripping the edge of the table. Her voice, though strained, carries the weight of command.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(focused)  
First, we secure all intel on  
Project Armageddon. Then, we find  
an escape route unseen by cameras.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(pointing at the map)  
Here. This maintenance tunnel—it's  
off the grid. We can breach it  
without triggering alarms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARA CHEN

(skeptical)

And if we're caught? We need contingencies.

SASHA IVANOV

(cutting in)

I've been studying the guard rotations. There's a two-minute window—enough to slip through unnoticed.

COMMANDER MALCOLM STONE

(approvingly)

Good work, Ivanov. Blackwood, take lead on encryption. Chen, Callahan, arm yourselves. It's time we end this.

Evelyn nods sharply, directing her piercing gaze to each member, silently rallying them to the cause.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(resolutely)

Once we're out, we broadcast everything. The truth about Armageddon, the mole—everything exposed.

Jim checks his weapon, a grim set to his jaw, while Mara downloads data onto a portable drive with swift keystrokes.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(tensely)

And if we encounter resistance?

SASHA IVANOV

(coolly)

We disable, not kill. We're not like them.

A beat passes as the agents exchange glances, the gravity of their task settling over them like a shroud.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(softly)

Remember why you're here. For justice. For peace.

They nod, a silent pact forged amidst the chaos. Evelyn takes a deep breath, steadying herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(determined)  
Let's dismantle this nightmare.

They move as one, a unit bound by purpose, slipping into the shadowed corridors of the bunker.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The team edges along the wall, Sasha leading with practiced stealth. The tension is palpable, each step a calculated risk.

MARACHEN  
(whispering)  
Almost there.

At the mouth of the tunnel, Evelyn inputs commands on a compact device, decrypting the lock with deft fingers.

Suddenly, red lights flash, an alarm blaring.

COMMANDER MALCOLM STONE  
(sharply)  
Go! Now!

They surge forward into the darkness of the tunnel, the sound of approaching footsteps echoing behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The cramped space forces them close, their breaths mingling as they navigate the labyrinthine network.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(grimly)  
Keep moving. We break surface in three minutes.

Despite the encroaching danger, their resolve does not waver; escape is within reach, and with it, the chance to foil a global threat.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - COMMAND CENTER -  
NIGHT

The agents burst into the command center, a cacophony of chaos greeting them. Sasha Ivanov is at the forefront, her gun raised and scanning for threats.

SASHA IVANOV  
(eerily calm)  
Eyes sharp. He's here somewhere.

Screens flicker with encrypted data as Mara Chen frantically types at a console, sweat beading on her forehead.

MARACHEN  
(anxious)  
I need time to send the  
transmission!

Dr. Richard Langston stands guard over her, his eyes betraying concern despite his steady voice.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(protectively)  
We'll buy you that time.

James Callahan moves tactically through the room, checking every possible hiding spot. Evelyn Blackwood follows closely, the weight of suspicion heavy in her narrowed gaze.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(urgently)  
Evelyn, stay focused. We can't  
afford any mistakes.

Suddenly, a shadow detaches from the wall—COMMANDER MALCOLM STONE, the mole, steps into the light, a twisted smile on his face.

COMMANDER MALCOLM STONE  
(derisive)  
Did you really think you could  
stop me?

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(burning intensity)  
It ends now, Stone.

Sasha lunges forward, engaging him in hand-to-hand combat. The others rally, but Stone is quick, disarming Sasha with brutal efficiency.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMANDER MALCOLM STONE

(taunting)

Come on, little mice, squeak for me!

Callahan tackles Stone, the two men crashing into equipment. Sparks fly as they grapple, the fate of millions hanging in the balance.

MARACHEN

(frantic)

Transmitting... now!

Chen slams her fist down, sending the decoded information racing across the globe.

Suddenly, Stone reaches for a hidden detonator. Evelyn catches sight of the device, realization dawning.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(horrified)

He's going to blow the bunker!

Without hesitation, she dives towards Stone, their bodies colliding. The detonator flies across the room, landing near Langston.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(resolute)

Get out! I've got this!

Langston covers the device with his body, his last look one of steely determination.

MARACHEN

(tearfully)

No, Richard!

But it's too late. The explosion rocks the bunker, a deafening roar consuming everything.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - NIGHT

The team emerges from the rubble, battered and bruised. The night air is filled with the wail of sirens as emergency services descend upon the scene.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(exhausted)

Is it done?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mara nods, her face pale with shock and grief.

MARACHEN  
(voice cracking)  
Global authorities have the  
mastermind's identity. It's over.

Sasha looks back at the destroyed bunker, a silent vow in  
her icy stare.

SASHA IVANOV  
(mournful)  
At too great a cost.

Evelyn stares at the chaos around them, her brilliant  
mind grappling with the enormity of their loss.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(whispering)  
Richard...

FADE OUT.

INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY

The room buzzes with the chatter of REPORTERS, their  
voices a cacophony of questions and excitement. At the  
front, a podium stands as an island in a sea of  
anticipation. COMMANDER MALCOLM STONE steps up, his face  
a mask of composure.

COMMANDER STONE  
(clearly)  
Ladies and gentlemen, thank you  
for gathering on such short  
notice.

Reporter #1 calls out, his voice slicing through the din.

REPORTER #1  
Commander Stone! Can you confirm  
the crisis has been averted?

Stone nods, his gaze sweeping across the sea of faces.

COMMANDER STONE  
(confident)  
Yes, I can confirm that Operation  
Codebreaker has successfully  
neutralized an unprecedented  
global threat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Whispers ripple through the crowd. Reporter #2 stands, notepad ready.

REPORTER #2

What about the casualties within your team? We've heard there was a sacrifice?

Stone's expression falters momentarily before regaining control.

COMMANDER STONE

(solemnly)

We have indeed paid a heavy price. Dr. Richard Langston, a hero among us, made the ultimate sacrifice to ensure the safety of millions.

A somber silence falls. EVELYN BLACKWOOD, standing off-stage, averts her piercing blue eyes, feeling the weight of loss heavy upon her shoulders.

JAMES CALLAHAN approaches her, his movements weary but determined.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(softly)

How are you holding up, Evelyn?

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(turning to him)

It doesn't feel real yet, James. It's like I'm waiting to wake up from a nightmare.

James offers a weak smile, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(sincere)

He won't be forgotten. None of this will be. We'll carry it with us forever.

Their attention is drawn back to the stage as Commander Stone continues.

COMMANDER STONE

(resolute)

Make no mistake, though we mourn our loss, we also celebrate our triumph over darkness. The members of Operation Codebreaker are heroes, each and every one.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

HANNAH O'CONNELL joins them, her strong build a stark contrast to the fragility in her eyes.

HANNAH O'CONNELL  
(under her breath)  
Heroes haunted by ghosts.

MARA CHEN interjects from the side, her voice tinged with sarcasm.

MARACHEN  
(dryly)  
Ghosts and secrets. It's what we  
do best.

Evelyn nods, acknowledging the truth in Mara's words.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(pondering)  
And now the world thinks it's safe  
again... if only they knew how  
thin that line really is.

CALLAHAN gazes at Evelyn, understanding mirrored in his own tired eyes.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(firmly)  
But we'll keep walking that line,  
won't we? For Richard, for all the  
Richards out there.

The team exchanges glances, a silent pact forming among them amidst the flashing cameras and probing questions.

COMMANDER STONE  
(finality)  
Today, we step out of the shadows  
to acknowledge the bravery and  
sacrifice made. Today, we remember  
those who gave everything so that  
others might live without fear.

As applause erupts in the press room, the CODEBREAKER TEAM stands united, their bond fortified by adversity, their resolve unyielding despite the scars they bear.

FADE OUT.

INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The room is stark and utilitarian, the air thick with tension and unspoken words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SURVIVING MEMBERS of Operation Codebreaker are seated around a metallic table, each lost in their own thoughts. DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD's fingers rattle restlessly against the tabletop.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
We've been through hell, and  
back... but what now?

JAMES CALLAHAN leans forward, his eyes carrying the weight of shared struggles.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
We rebuild. We learn from this.  
And we get stronger.

MARA CHEN scoffs, her defenses as sharp as ever.

MARA CHEN  
Oh, please. Stronger? We're  
hanging by a thread here, Jim.

SASHA IVANOV shifts slightly, her presence commanding silence before she speaks.

SASHA IVANOV  
Then it is that thread we must  
fortify.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON nods sagely, his voice a soft echo of reason.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
We have to be the bastion against  
secrets yet to surface. Our  
vigilance can't waver.

HANNAH O'CONNELL's chair scrapes against the floor as she stands, addressing the group.

HANNAH O'CONNELL  
We have a duty to those not  
present... to those we lost. They  
would expect us to carry on.

Evelyn runs a hand through her dark hair, the gesture betraying her fatigue.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(whispers)  
So many questions left  
unanswered...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARACHEN

That's the job, isn't it? To chase  
after ghosts in the data, hoping  
they lead somewhere real.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(sighs)

It's more than that. It's about  
making sure their sacrifice meant  
something.

SASHA IVANOV

(resolute)

And ensuring no one else has to  
make that same sacrifice.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(gently)

Let's start by sharing what haunts  
us. Truth in this circle may help  
heal wounds unseen.

One by one, the team members begin to open up, their  
voices intertwining in a tapestry of pain, hope, and  
determination. As the camera pulls away, their  
confessions become a murmured chorus, a testament to  
their resolve and the unbreakable bond forged in the  
shadow of conspiracy.

FADE OUT.

INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - TEAM BUNKER - DAY

The room is bathed in the soft glow of multiple computer  
screens. Each member of Operation Codebreaker sits before  
their own station, lost in thought as they embark on new  
personal quests for understanding and healing.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD types at her keyboard with renewed  
purpose, pausing to adjust her glasses before  
scrutinizing a line of code. Her focus is unwavering.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(muttering to  
herself)

A new cipher... a fresh start. But  
can we ever really start over?

JAMES CALLAHAN leans back in his chair, rubbing his  
temples as he stares at the ceiling. He exhales deeply,  
trying to let go of the tension that has been his  
constant companion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES CALLAHAN

(to himself)

They depend on me to stay sharp...  
to stay ready. I won't let them  
down again.

MARA CHEN scribbles furiously in a notebook, equations and diagrams spilling across the pages. She stops abruptly, looking around at her colleagues, a flicker of determination in her eyes.

MARA CHEN

(firmly)

We've been through hell, but we're  
still here. We're still fighting.  
That counts for something.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON studies an ancient language book, his finger tracing the lines of text as he whispers words of a forgotten dialect. He glances up at his team, pride evident in his weary smile.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(softly)

We've all grown... not just as  
cryptographers, but as guardians  
of truth.

SASHA IVANOV checks her equipment meticulously, each movement precise and calculated. She meets Evelyn's gaze and nods slightly, a silent pact between warriors.

SASHA IVANOV

(quietly)

Our past may haunt us, but it also  
teaches. We are stronger, fiercer,  
because of it.

HANNAH O'CONNELL stands by the door, watching her team with a protective gaze. She crosses her arms, the faintest smile playing on her lips.

HANNAH O'CONNELL

(reassuringly)

We forge ahead, together. There's  
no other way.

As the team members each settle into their tasks, the camera pulls away from the bunker, passing through the hallways of the facility until it reaches the exterior.

EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

A shadowy figure stands at a distance, obscured by the dim light and evening mist. Their eyes are fixed on the building, a phone pressed to their ear.

SHADOWY FIGURE

(into phone)

Yes, they're moving forward... but  
so are we. The next phase is ready  
to initiate.

The figure lowers the phone, their silhouette merging with the shadows as they turn and walk away. The chilling implication hangs in the air—Operation Codebreaker's fight against unseen enemies is far from over.

FADE OUT.

INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - JAMES CALLAHAN'S OFFICE -  
NIGHT

The office is sparsely decorated, functional, illuminated by the glow of a single desk lamp. Papers and photographs are scattered across the surface, each marked with strings of numbers and cryptic annotations. JAMES CALLAHAN sits hunched over a laptop, his fingers dancing across the keyboard with intense focus.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(intently, to  
himself)

If you're out there... I will find  
you.

He clicks on an image, zooming in on a blurred figure in the background of a surveillance photo taken from the aftermath of Project Armageddon.

INSERT: LAPTOP SCREEN

The grainy figure becomes clearer - someone in a hazmat suit, unidentifiable, but Callahan's eyes narrow as he notices a distinctive patch on the suit's arm.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(mutters)

That's not standard issue...

He reaches for his phone, typing a message rapidly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES CALLAHAN (CONT'D)  
(to phone)  
Mara, need your eyes on this.  
Could be something big.

CUT TO:

INT. CRYPTOGRAPHY LAB - CONTINUOUS

MARA CHEN, surrounded by banks of monitors, receives the message. She opens the attachment, her gaze sharp, analytical.

MARA CHEN  
(sarcastically, under  
her breath)  
"Something big" is Jim's middle  
name.

She scrutinizes the image, then starts cross-referencing it with an encrypted database she's been developing on her own. Her fingers fly over the keys, executing complex search algorithms.

MARA CHEN (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Langston, check this out.

Dr. Richard Langston peers over her shoulder, his expression piqued with interest.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(pondering)  
I've seen that insignia before...  
It's not just a remnant of  
Armageddon.

MARA CHEN  
(realization dawning)  
It's bigger than we thought?

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(nods)  
Much bigger.

Mara pulls up several encrypted files, her brow furrowed as patterns start to emerge. The screen fills with connections between various shadow operations.

MARA CHEN  
(excitedly)  
This isn't just one rogue element.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARA CHEN (CONT'D)  
There's coordination here, a  
network...

Her voice trails off as she continues to piece together  
the evidence, the magnitude of the threat becoming clear.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JAMES CALLAHAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Callahan receives a stream of data from Mara. He pours  
over it, connecting dots with a methodical precision born  
from years in intelligence.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(determined)  
We have work to do.

He stands up, grabbing his jacket, and heads out of his  
office with a new sense of purpose. His steps are  
measured, deliberate, as if he's already anticipating the  
battle ahead.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER BUNKER - DAY

Evelyn paces back and forth, the decoded insignia from  
Mara's discovery burned into her retinas. She halts mid-  
stride as the secure line blinks—a signal of an incoming  
call. With a cautious swipe of her hand, she accepts the  
transmission.

ON SCREEN, a familiar face materializes—BENJAMIN HAWKE,  
an ex-field operative who once worked closely with  
Evelyn. He carries the weariness of a man who has seen  
too much.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(tentatively)  
Benjamin... I didn't expect to  
hear from you.

BENJAMIN HAWKE  
(gruff)  
I've been keeping tabs. Heard  
about your little code problem.

Evelyn narrows her eyes, unsure where his loyalties now  
lie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(suspiciously)  
And?

BENJAMIN HAWKE  
(leans in)  
I have information. But it comes  
at a price.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(coldly)  
We don't negotiate with—

BENJAMIN HAWKE  
(interrupting)  
It's not money I want, Blackwood.  
It's redemption.

Evelyn hesitates, considering the implications. She exchanges a glance with JAMES CALLAHAN, who nods subtly.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(decisively)  
Talk.

Benjamin leans closer to the camera, his voice dropping to a whisper.

BENJAMIN HAWKE  
The mole... they're closer than  
you think. And there's a reason  
you can't crack the final layer of  
that code.

Evelyn's heart skips a beat, her analytical mind racing to catch up.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(confused)  
What do you mean?

BENJAMIN HAWKE  
It's personal, Evelyn. Tailor-made  
for you.

A chill runs down Evelyn's spine. Her breath catches as Benjamin reveals a string of numbers that only she recognizes—a sequence linked to her past.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(shaken)  
Where did you get this?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

BENJAMIN HAWKE

(somber)

From the one person who knew you  
best. Before... everything.

Evelyn's mind reels, connections snapping together like a  
lock tumbling open.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

My father...

BENJAMIN HAWKE

(nods)

He was involved in the early  
stages of Project Armageddon. Your  
work, your brilliance—it's all  
part of the legacy he left behind.

Evelyn staggers, her world tilting on its axis as the  
bitter truth dawns on her.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(breathless)

He... he set me on this path.

James steps forward, placing a hand on her shoulder—a  
silent gesture of solidarity.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(steadying)

Evelyn, we'll navigate this  
together.

Evelyn meets his gaze, her piercing blue eyes filled with  
a mix of resolve and dread.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(determined)

Then let's finish what he started.  
For better or worse.

Benjamin gives a grim nod and signs off, leaving the team  
enveloped in the gravity of their task.

Evelyn turns to her colleagues, her voice a steel blade  
cutting through the tension.

DR. EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(resolute)

Let's decode my inheritance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As they rally around her, the screen fades to black, their silhouettes a testament to their unwavering commitment.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER'S BUNKER - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit and filled with tension. Each member of the team is immersed in their work, yet the air is heavy with unspoken fears.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(rubbing his temples)  
Every decision we've made... it's  
led us here, to this damn  
precipice.

MARA CHEN  
(sarcastically)  
Oh, the joys of hindsight.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(intently staring at  
her screen)  
It's not just about looking back.  
It's what we do now that counts.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(gently)  
But we can't ignore the weight  
these choices carry, Evelyn. We've  
all crossed lines we never thought  
we would.

SASHA IVANOV  
(eyes narrowing)  
Some lines are there for a reason.  
To remind us who we are... and who  
we're not.

Evelyn pauses, absorbing Sasha's words. She scans her teammates' faces, seeing the shadows of doubt and guilt mirrored in their eyes.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(firmly)  
Our demons won't define us. Not  
when we have so much left to fight  
for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Mara slams her hand on the desk, startling everyone. She swivels her monitor around to face the group, revealing a complex web of data.

MARA CHEN  
(excitedly)  
Guys, you need to see this!

They gather around Mara's station, their personal struggles momentarily set aside by the urgency in her voice.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(concerned)  
What is it?

MARA CHEN  
(pointing at the  
screen)  
I've been cross-referencing the  
decrypted data from Project  
Armageddon with international  
incidents. Look at this pattern...

The team pores over the information, connecting dots between various global events.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(realization dawning)  
My God... it's a larger strategy.  
Destabilization.

SASHA IVANOV  
(coldly)  
A chess game with nations as  
pawns.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(determined)  
We need to expose this. Now.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(grimly)  
And hope we're not too late to  
stop whatever hell they're  
planning next.

They exchange looks of resolve, knowing the path forward is fraught with peril but necessary to prevent catastrophe.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(resolute)  
Let's get to work.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVELYN BLACKWOOD (CONT'D)  
No more secrets, no more lies.  
Just action.

The team nods in unison, each member steeling themselves for the challenges ahead.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER - MAIN BUNKER - DAY

The cavernous room hums with the undercurrent of tension. Maps and monitors line the walls, each screen a portal to an ally or adversary. The team assembles around a large central table littered with papers and open laptops.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
We're not alone in this. It's time  
we widen our circle.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(nodding)  
I've reached out to my contacts in  
Delta. They're on board.

HANNAH O'CONNELL  
And MI6 is standing by. We'll have  
their full support.

MARA CHEN  
(eyes on her screen)  
I'm patching into Interpol's  
database now.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
We must tread carefully. Any leak  
could jeopardize everything.

Each member exchanges coded messages and encrypted files across the globe. Lines on digital maps start to form a network—nodes of solidarity against the looming threat.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(sighs)  
This is good. Together, we're  
stronger than any one of us alone.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER - BREAK ROOM - LATER

The stark room is silent except for the soft buzz of a vending machine. Team members sit apart, lost in thought, sipping coffee or staring at nothing.

James leans against the wall, eyes closed, mentally rehearsing tactical scenarios. Mara taps her fingers rhythmically on the table, equations dancing behind her eyes. Hannah reviews dossiers, her expression unreadable. Richard rubs his temples, fatigue creasing his forehead.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
(softly, to himself)  
So many years... And still, the  
world teeters on the brink.

Evelyn sits alone at a window, watching the sky darken. She draws a deep breath, letting the quiet wrap around her like armor.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(to herself)  
No matter what comes, we'll face  
it. We're not just codebreakers;  
we're guardians.

The others glance at Evelyn, finding a measure of peace in her resolve. As night falls outside, the break room becomes a sanctuary—a brief respite before the storm they all know is coming.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The room buzzes with the soft hum of computers. Mara, her eyes sharp and focused, types furiously on her keyboard, coding lines flowing across her screen like a digital river.

MARA CHEN  
(under her breath)  
Come on, come on...

Richard stands behind her, peering over her shoulder at the complex algorithms.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON  
Are we close to bypassing their  
security layers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mara nods without looking up, deeply engrossed in her task.

Suddenly, Evelyn slams her fist on the table, causing everyone to startle. Her face is pale, disbelief etched into her features.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

No... It can't be.

James strides over, his posture tense.

JAMES CALLAHAN

What? What is it, Evelyn?

Evelyn holds up a printout, her hand shaking slightly. The team gathers around, a collective breath held.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

It's a backdoor signal... A mole  
has been transmitting our  
positions. To them.

Sasha steps forward, her stare icy.

SASHA IVANOV

"Them" who, Evelyn?

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

Our enemies. The ones behind  
Project Armageddon.

A heavy silence falls. Accusatory glances dart among the team members, suspicion poisoning the air.

MARA CHEN

(sarcastically)

Great, just what we need. A  
traitor in our midst.

James scans the faces of his teammates, his jaw set.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(firmly)

We find out who. Now.

Evelyn turns to her screen, her fingers flying over the keys, pulling up logs and access records. Richard leans in, assisting with the analysis.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

I'll cross-reference the data  
timestamps with our activity logs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mara's hands freeze on the keyboard as realization dawns on her.

MARA CHEN

Wait... That doesn't make sense.

She looks up, meeting Evelyn's gaze.

MARA CHEN

The only one who had access to all  
of our movements was—

The accusation hangs in the air. Evelyn's eyes widen in shock, the implication hitting her full force. Suddenly, the fire alarm blares, red lights flashing, adding chaos to the mix.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(shouting)

This is no drill! Move!

The team scrambles, files in hand, rushing towards the emergency exits. James grabs Evelyn by the arm, pulling her along.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(yelling over the  
alarm)

We have an imminent attack to  
stop, remember?

EXT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER - EVACUATION AREA - CONTINUOUS

The team bursts out into the cool night air, gasping for breath. In the distance, sirens wail—a haunting echo of urgency.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(panting)

The codes... We need to counteract  
the launch sequence!

SASHA IVANOV

(urgently)

Give me the transmitter. I'll send  
a jamming signal.

Mara hands Sasha a small device, her brow furrowed with concentration.

MARA CHEN

Do it fast. Every second counts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sasha works deftly, adjusting frequencies. The others huddle close, watching intently as she hits the final button.

A moment passes—the longest in their lives.

Finally, Sasha nods, relief washing over her features.

SASHA IVANOV  
Done. The signal is jammed.

Evelyn exhales sharply, her shoulders sagging with the weight of the world they've just saved.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(gratefully)  
Thank you, Sasha.

James surveys the team, pride and fear mingling in his eyes.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
We're not clear yet. Whoever  
betrayed us is still out there—and  
they won't stop.

He locks eyes with each team member, a silent vow passing between them.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(solemnly)  
We end this. Together.

They nod, a united front against the shadows that threaten to engulf them.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CLANDESTINE LOCATION - DUSK

The sky bleeds orange and purple as the Operation Codebreaker team approaches a dilapidated warehouse, the epicenter of their enemy's operations. Silhouettes move furtively within, their shadows thrown by the dying light.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(whispering)  
Positions, everyone. This is it.

Dr. Evelyn Blackwood flanks him, her eyes sharp and hands steady despite the adrenaline coursing through her veins.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Mara Chen checks her weapon, her movements precise and deliberate.

MARA CHEN  
(quietly)  
Comms check. Are we all connected?

A series of affirmative murmurs crackle through their earpieces as they spread out, forming a tactical perimeter around the structure.

COMMANDER MALCOLM STONE  
(via comms)  
Remember, we need that intel intact. No heroics—just get in, get the data, and get out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The interior is a hive of activity. Men and women work frantically at consoles littered with maps and screens displaying complex data streams.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(whispering)  
There. The mainframe room.

She points to a reinforced door at the far end of the warehouse, guarded by two imposing figures. James nods, signaling to Sasha and Antonio, who begin a silent approach.

Suddenly, alarms blare. The guards snap to attention, reaching for their weapons. The team is compromised.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(shouting)  
Go, go, go!

Gunfire erupts. Bullets ricochet off steel columns as the team exchanges fire with their adversaries. Mara dives for cover, returning fire with lethal precision.

MARA CHEN  
(yelling over  
gunfire)  
We're pinned down!

Evelyn scans the chaos, searching for a way to turn the tide in their favor. She spots a control panel on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(shouting)  
Cover me!

She dashes towards the panel under a hail of bullets. Jim provides cover, his marksmanship impeccable.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the battle rages on. From her vantage point, Sasha picks off enemies one by one, her face set in grim determination.

SASHA IVANOV  
(breathless)  
Jim, the east side is clear!

Inside, Evelyn reaches the control panel, her fingers flying across the buttons. With a final push, the warehouse lights flicker and die, plunging the room into darkness.

Instantly, the team dons night vision goggles. The tide turns as they use the blackout to their advantage, moving like wraiths among the disoriented foes.

INT. MAINFRAME ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door blasts open, and the team storms the mainframe room. Evelyn quickly locates the central server, downloading the critical intel they need.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(anxious)  
Almost got it...

But then, a grenade rolls into the room, its pin ominously absent.

Without hesitation, James throws himself onto the grenade, shielding his team from the blast with his body.

JAMES CALLAHAN  
(grimly)  
Get out! Now!

EVELYN BLACKWOOD  
(screaming)  
Jim, no!

The explosion roars, and the room shakes. Mara grabs Evelyn, pulling her away as debris rains down upon them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARA CHEN

(tearfully)

He knew what he was doing! Move!

They flee the disintegrating room, clutching the precious hard drive against their chests. Commander Stone's voice comes through the comms, fraught with tension.

COMMANDER MALCOLM STONE

(demanding)

Status report!

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(voice breaking)

Intel secured... but we lost Jim.

Mara's eyes meet Evelyn's, a silent understanding passing between them. They've won, but at an unimaginable cost.

FADE OUT.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

The team, battered and weary, stands in the dimly lit room, surrounded by scattered documents and glowing computer screens. Evelyn hunches over a terminal, her face illuminated by the soft light as she decodes the last fragments of data from the hard drive.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(voice shaky)

I've pieced it together... Project Armageddon, it's not just a bioweapon. It's... it was a joint operation.

Dr. Langston leans in, his expression somber, as he reads the screen over Evelyn's shoulder.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(gravely)

My God. The signatures here are from multiple agencies... across different nations.

Sasha steps forward, her eyes narrowing as she absorbs the information.

SASHA IVANOV

(icy calm)

We were chasing ghosts. This was orchestrated from within--by those we thought were allies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mara slams her fist on the table, her frustration palpable.

MARA CHEN

(angrily)

And they played us like puppets!  
All this time, our own people...

Evelyn turns to Mara, her blue eyes fierce yet filled with pain.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(cutting in)

But now we know. And knowing is  
our weapon.

The room falls silent, the weight of their discovery hanging heavily in the air. Trust has been shattered, but they must find a way forward.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(resolutely)

We have the truth on our side.  
Let's use it to clean house,  
starting with the mole among us.

Sasha interlocks her fingers, cracking them as she prepares for what's ahead.

SASHA IVANOV

(determined)

First, we secure every entry  
point. No more surprises.

Evelyn nods to Mara, an unspoken truce between them after their heated exchange.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(to Mara)

Can you set up a surveillance  
network? We'll need eyes  
everywhere.

Mara brushes back her ponytail, a spark of resolve in her eyes.

MARA CHEN

(sharply)

Already on it. I'll patch into the  
security system. We'll see  
everything.

Sasha moves closer to Evelyn, her posture protective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SASHA IVANOV

(calming)

Evelyn, we will get through this.  
Together.

Dr. Langston places a reassuring hand on Evelyn's shoulder, his voice a steady anchor amidst the chaos.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(supportively)

We've survived so far because  
we're a team—even when we forget  
that. Let's remember who we are  
and why we do this.

Evelyn looks around at her team, at the faces marred by loss and betrayal, and then back at the data unveiling the treachery of Project Armageddon.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(firmly)

Then let's begin. If trust is to  
be earned again, we start with  
transparency. Full access to all  
files—no more secrets among us.

Mara nods, setting to work on the computers, while Sasha checks her weapons, ready for any threat. Dr. Langston oversees the operations, steady as ever. A new chapter begins for them, one where they will rebuild the broken trust and face the daunting task of exposing the conspiracy that nearly destroyed them all.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATION CODEBREAKER COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The command center buzzes with activity, blueprints and data screens illuminating the otherwise dim room. The team is huddled around a central table, where a map dotted with various points of interest lays sprawled out.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(pointing at the map)

These locations correlate with the  
encrypted transmissions we  
intercepted. They're our starting  
points.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(scrutinizing the  
map)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

We'll need teams on the ground for recon. I can lead one of the units.

MARA CHEN

(typing furiously at her workstation)

I've cross-referenced the coordinates with satellite imagery. There's unusual activity in these sectors.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(deep in thought)

The patterns are too deliberate. It looks like a network... possibly a new form of communication between them.

Evelyn moves closer to scrutinize the images that Mara has pulled up on the display. Each site is marked with a distinct signature - a sign they're on the right track.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(determined)

This is bigger than any one of us. If we're going to stop whatever's coming, we need to act fast and together.

SASHA IVANOV

(checking her gear)

I have contacts who can provide intel. I'll reach out discreetly.

HANNAH O'CONNELL

(from a corner of the room)

And I'll ensure our findings get to the right people without tipping off the wrong ones.

ANTONIO RAMIREZ

(looking over the equipment)

Our tech needs to be top-notch. No glitches or surprises this time.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(resolute)

Operation Codebreaker resumes now. We've got a new mission and it's clear-uncover the conspiracies and neutralize the threats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Everyone nods in agreement, their faces set with determination. Evelyn turns to look at each member of her team, feeling the weight of responsibility and the bond that ties them all together.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(earnestly)

We've been through hell. Trust was our casualty, but we're still standing—because of our commitment to the truth and to each other.

Mara gives a small, affirmative nod from her station, her eyes never leaving the screen as she deciphers streams of data.

MARA CHEN

(focused)

I'll keep the surveillance net running 24/7. Nothing slips by us.

JAMES CALLAHAN

(clapping his hands together)

Let's gear up. Time is not on our side.

Dr. Langston steps forward, his gaze sweeping across the team members as if instilling a silent strength into each one.

DR. RICHARD LANGSTON

(encouraging)

Remember, every code broken, every truth uncovered, brings us closer to saving lives. We do this together.

The team disperses, each to their respective tasks. Evelyn remains at the head of the table, watching them with pride and renewed hope.

EVELYN BLACKWOOD

(to herself)

Let the new mission begin.

FADE OUT.