

THE SECOND WITNESS

FADE IN:

**EXT. MOUNT SINAI - SUNRISE**

A GOLDEN SUN crests over MOUNT SINAI, ancient and holy.  
RAVENS circle above the burnt mountaintop, orchestrated.

**SUPERIMPOSE: "And I will give power to my two witnesses, and they will prophesy 1,260 days" Revelation 11:3**

CUT TO:

**EXT. JERUSALEM SKYLINE - DAWN**

A modern skyline of JERUSALEM. The DOME OF THE ROCK glares against the sun. Majestic.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - DAWN**

A BUS drives up a quiet STREET in the early morning.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JORDAN RIVER - RIVERBANK - DAWN**

RAVENS fly low over the holy RIVER between the barren hills.  
Its rushing waters flow past a special RIVERBANK.

TWELVE STONES stand in a stack near the water's edge.

A BOLT of FIRE strikes next to the twelve stones. Flames roar in a perfect circle.

Inside the inferno, kneels ELIJAH THE PROPHET (30s), muscular, wild black hair, a thick FUR MANTLE draped over his sackcloth. A wide LEATHER BELT cinches him like an ancient warrior-prophet.

The flames subside, revealing his unburnt skin. Elijah's bearded face lifts, fierce, worn. He glances at the stones.

He strides to the river's edge, then plunges his hand into the WATER—CRACK! The river splits, WATER WALLS form on both sides.

He steps forward, his bare feet squelching through the MUD.

Overhead, a RAVEN flutters down, landing atop the twelve stones. It CAWS once-sharp, prophetic.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - ISRAEL - DAWN**

GHOST (30s), a man with no name, strolls down a narrow street. Beside him, a towering BORDER WALL. His lean muscular frame wears a BLACK SHIRT. He has short dark hair and a trimmed beard. Expensive SUNGLASSES glint against sunlight.

He halts under a GRAFFITI scrawl on the wall: FREE GAZA - NO MORE. He lifts his handsome gaze, his jaw tightens.

High above, a flock of RAVENS circles.

CUT TO:

**EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - GAZA - DAWN**

A sea of REFUGEE TENTS clings tightly together, desperate.

CUT TO:

**INT. MEDICAL TENT - DAWN**

In a SPARSE MEDICAL TENT, Ghost kneels beside a BURNED BOY (10) on a cot. The boy's face and body have fresh burn scars.

Ghost offers TWO CLENCHED FISTS—like a street magician. The boy hesitates, then touches the SCARRED HAND.

Ghost opens his PALM—empty. The boy's eyes flare with anger.

He opens his other PALM—reveals a BUTTERSCOTCH CANDY. The child's face softens, then the boy pops it into his mouth.

He shifts to the boy's ear, a flick of his wrist, a BULLET appears between two scarred fingers. He places it in the boy's palm. The boy stares at it, anger stirring.

Ghost touches the burned boy's face gently.

GHOST

Soon.

CUT TO:

**INT. CANDY STORE - DAY**

Sunlight floods a STOREFRONT WINDOW. A vintage candy shop lined with rows of GLASS CANDY JARS on wooden shelves.

LEAH (mid-40s) and RACHEL (17) wait at the counter. Leah, Cleopatra-faced, long dark hair. Rachel mirrors her mom's beauty, but wears a schoolgirl uniform with WHITE COMBAT BOOTS.

The CASHIER scans a bag of BUTTERSCOTCH. Rachel scrolls her phone, distracted.

LEAH

That doesn't count. You need to unplug and re-enter the world.

(beat)

You know there's a life without the internet.

RACHEL

That life sounds boring.

LEAH

Is that why you're on your laptop till three every night, you bored?

RACHEL

What do you think I'm doing?

Rachel slips a BUTTERSCOTCH into her mouth, then looks away, GUILT flickering in her eyes.

LEAH

Mm-hmm. You have the cello at seven, don't forget.

RACHEL

I can't - I have a project I'm on.

LEAH

We talked about this.

The CASH REGISTER DINGS.

RACHEL

What time is it?

Leah glances at her WATCH.

LEAH

Shit—we're late.

The doorbell TINKLES. They dart toward the exit.

A handsome man holds the DOOR open for them, it's Ghost.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CANDY STORE - DAY**

Rachel whips her head around, her EYES flicker toward him.

He GRINS for a beat, then he slides into the candy store.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BUS STOP - DAY**

The BUS idles at a busy corner, eager to leave.

Leah and Rachel run beside the bus, hurried.

The bus door shuts too quickly.

Leah's hand BANGS on the bus DOOR.

CUT TO:

**INT. BUS - DAY**

Leah and Rachel shuffle down the tight aisle, Rachel spots a SAD MAN (20s) seated in the back, staring at her.

Leah and Rachel settle in the center of the BUS.

Leah sits near the window, then whispers into Rachel's ear. She kisses Rachel's forehead, a motherly love.

The bus HUMS pulling off the curb.

Leah's hand fidgets with her CROSS NECKLACE, her eyes drift out the window, she sees a man watching at the corner.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Ghost stands at the corner of MORIYAH STREET, watching the BUS drive away.

He flicks open an old CRACKED POCKET WATCH: 10:59 AM.

BACK TO:

**INT. BUS (MOVING) - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

LEAH

I know your studies are - beyond  
me, but- your professor...

(beat)

...he makes me nervous.

RACHEL

(quick, defensive)

Really?

Rachel looks away, her eyes calculating.

She turns around, then she locks eyes with the sad man. His gaze focused on her, eerie. Her stare drifts to his hand gripping a DETONATOR. His KNEE bounces fast.

She slowly turns back forward in her seat, breathing fast. Rachel squeezes her mom's hand tight, heart racing.

Their eyes meet. Leah looks at Rachel, confused.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(tears forming)

I'm so sorry.

LEAH

Rachel-what's wron-.

BOOM.

A shattering EXPLOSION tears through the BUS.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

A BLAZING BUS CARCASS rolls then grinds to a halt.

Ghost glances at his POCKET WATCH: 11:00 AM, then snaps it.

INFERNO FLAMES burst through SHATTERED SIDE WINDOWS.

He removes his SUNGLASSES, eyes narrow, expression confused.

From the smoky wreckage, Rachel crawls slowly out of a TWISTED DOORWAY on her hands and knees.

She rises dazed, skin and hair unburnt. BLACK SOOT covers her like sackcloth. Her WHITE COMBAT BOOTS, now charred.

She staggers forward then crashes down to her knees.

Ghost strolls forward, the SUN and SMOKE flare behind him.  
He kneels next to her then puts his arm around her waist.

GHOST  
How...

He wipes black soot off her face with his charred thumb.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
...impossible.

Their eyes meet.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
(calm and affirming)  
Shadetree.

Her eyes flutter back then close, she collapses unconscious into his arms. He lays her down gently.

POLICE SIRENS WAIL in the distance.

Ghost stands tall over her, places a BUTTERSCOTCH into his mouth. He moves into thick black smoke then vanishes.

On the street: a BUTTERSCOTCH WRAPPER melts from the heat.

CUT TO:

# **EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY**

A murderous trail of BLACK SMOKE stains the city sky.

# **SUPERIMPOSE: DAY 1**

Elijah stands barefoot on the RIDGE, unmoving and angry.  
Above him, RAVENS encircle, CAWING.

His muscular arms rise up to the Heavens.

ELIJAH  
(calm)  
I summon the storm.

The SUN begins to vanish, DARK CLOUDS roll over JERUSALEM.  
Light and shadow war on the red skyline.

LIGHTNING forks behind the clouds. THUNDER GROWLS.

The storm falls on top of the ancient warrior-prophet. He levels his gaze forward. Hard rain beats down his face.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
(calm and angry)  
Let it begin. This night will  
mourn.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

DANIEL, 60s, strong and weathered, SLAMS the tip of a KNIFE into an OAK TABLE. He unzips a duffel, removes a SILVER HANDGUN, a stack of PASSPORTS. He puts a worn PHOTO of Leah with a younger Rachel on the oak table.

He slams a CLIP into his silver handgun—CLACK.

Daniel turns his head sharply. The WALL CLOCK shows: 3:16 A.M. A distant THUP—THUP—THUP of a helicopter grows louder.

He yanks the KNIFE from the oak table—CRACK.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

A BLACK HELICOPTER slices through moonlit clouds. It ROARS low over a sea of dew-slicked WHEAT, blades kicking the air.

CUT TO:

**INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT**

Daniel, stone-faced under a CHOPPER HEADSET, stares straight ahead. Determined and grim.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

MACHINES BEEP soft and steady. An I.V. drips into Rachel's ARM. She sleeps—pale, still.

LIGHTNING FLASHES in the room from Elijah's storm.

Beside her, Daniel whispers the end of a prayer.

DANIEL  
Amen.

The DOOR CREAKS open.



PROFESSOR BALAAM, 60s, an overweight academic type, glasses, full grey beard, balding, creeps in.

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
Danny...

THUNDER ROLLS from Elijah's storm.

PROFESSOR BALAAM (CONT'D)  
...This wasn't supposed to happen.

Their eyes lock. Daniel's eyes narrow.

DANIEL  
I trusted you.

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
There's more than you know.

The professor looks around nervous then shuts the door.

DANIEL  
I asked you to teach her, not this.

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
I tried to stop them, but she's too important.  
(beat)  
You have no idea.

DANIEL  
They used her – to do what?

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
You know I can't—

Daniel GRABS him by the collar then SLAMS him against the WALL. A tray of medical tools CLATTERS nearby.

DANIEL  
(aggressive and rising)  
Look at her, look at her!  
(low, measured)  
Talk.

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
Shadetree.

Daniel lets him go.

DANIEL  
Expound.

Balaam shakes his head frustrated, then wipes his brow.

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
 She was recruited into a cyber-war  
 cell, for the elite.  
 (beat)  
 She's the jewel of their program.

DANIEL  
 She's done.

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
 That's not your call.

DANIEL  
 Try me.

Daniel looks down at her with worry and nostalgia.

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
 Talk to Abner. He knows you're  
 here. Be careful — you know how he  
 is.

Daniel pulls a SILVER GUN from his coat. Cocks it—CLICK.

DANIEL  
 Where is he?

CUT TO:

**INT. PUB - NIGHT**

ABNER, 40s, fit, worn face, sits next to Daniel at a long  
 bar. A dim glow, stone walls, no windows. Both men stare  
 forward - never locking eyes.

ABNER  
 You look like hell.

DANIEL  
 What do you have for me?

ABNER  
 Not what you want.

DANIEL  
 What happened?

ABNER  
 They knew it was us.

DANIEL  
 Then why did they target her?

ABNER

She got too close and the name...  
it became a symbol to them, like a  
myth. And she didn't disappoint.

DANIEL

What name?

ABNER

The Shadetree.

DANIEL

And how did they find her?

Abner pauses then looks away conflicted.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You owe me.

Abner nods in remembrance of a hard memory.

ABNER

She was leaked.

Daniel's knuckles whiten on his clenched fist.

DANIEL

Tell me—who's hunting her?

ABNER

No name, they call him Ghost. He's  
different, he's a more—zealous  
chess player. He moves four steps  
ahead and doesn't want to be found.

DANIEL

Give me something I can use.

ABNER

I told you, I can't give you what  
you want.

DANIEL

(raising his voice)  
I need more than this.

A MAN (40s) leans back from the end of the bar then looks  
their direction. Abner stares him down, the man looks away.

Abner throws back a shot, his face contorts from the bite.

ABNER

He was a complication for us in  
Syria last year.

(MORE)

ABNER (CONT'D)

Many were tortured. We know he's multinational, but no one claims him. Like I said, he's different.

DANIEL

You're still giving me shadows.

ABNER

And that's all I will give you. I know you're off the grid.

Abner stands then slides a thick fold of CASH to an old BARTENDER (80s). The bartender nods then taps his nose.

ABNER (CONT'D)

Get her out of Jerusalem tonight, and don't be caught flat if he comes for her again.

Daniel throws down a shot—his face holds stone cold.

DANIEL

Then I'll break him at the door.

CUT TO:

# **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

LOW LIGHT. MACHINES HUM. Rachel lies sedated, her face still.

Ghost stands at the DOORWAY of her dark room.

Now by her bedside, he towers over her like a quiet menace. He leans in. His breath brushes her ear.

GHOST

(whispers)

Shadetree—

(beat)

—why do you not burn? Do you have favor among the gods? I didn't know— you were different.

He studies her captivating face, reverent and unsettled. His FINGERS trace the inside of her forearm, intimate.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Unburnt... but not unclaimed.

He unsheathes a THIN BLADE from behind his waist, then puts it against her CHEEK. He presses it firmly on her skin.

The thin blade slides smoothly into a DEEP CUT in the side of her CHEEK. BLOOD POURS from her cheek into a WHITE PILLOW.

GHOST (CONT'D)

You will find me — when I find you.

He bends low then delivers a slow, cold kiss on her LIPS. He steps back, his face has a streak of her blood on his cheek.

His shadowy silhouette stretches across the wall.

The door CLICKS shut behind him. His shadow remains then splits into two silhouettes. Two SHADOW DEMONS move.

The first shadow demon, LILITH slinks toward the CEILING like ink in water.

The second shadow demon, LEGION hovers over Rachel.

LEGION (V.O.)

(deep and demonic)

Follow this one.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY**

A modest WHEAT FIELD ripples in the breeze. A SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN looms in the distance—ancient and different.

**SUPERIMPOSE: DAY 2 - ALASKA**

SLAM! The old TRUCK DOOR crashes shut.

Rachel steps down from the TRUCK then pauses.

A flock of SPARROWS bursts from the wheat. They dance in flight. She smiles faintly then it fades as she sees the weathered FARMHOUSE.

She moves forward, the SUN clears the ridge, it hits her face. She squints and a brutal row of BLACK STITCHES is exposed down her swollen cheek. Fresh and angry.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Daniel opens a CREAKY WINDOW draped with WHITE CURTAINS.

Rachel moves into a bedroom, sees a BED in the corner and 90s POSTERS on the walls. A ROCKING CHAIR sits near the window.

She passes a WALL MIRROR then sits on the BED. She picks up a TEDDY BEAR, old and worn.

DANIEL  
That was her's, a long time ago.

She looks up and stares at Daniel in an awkward moment.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
I'll... take my leave now.

He SHUTS THE DOOR.

Rachel places the teddy bear down on the bed.

She opens a CLOSET then shuffles through: college t-shirts, a white dress, and a big WHITE HOODIE. She yanks the hoodie HARD off the PLASTIC HANGER-SNAP-it breaks.

She tilts her head then sees a BLACK CASE in the closet. She unlocks the case-CLICK, then opens it slowly.

Her hand slides across a CELLO.

RACHEL  
(whispers)  
Momma.

The white curtains on the window FLUTTER.

She moves to the MIRROR then looks at the fresh STITCHES on her face, still raw. She runs a finger over them, staring at HER WOUND. Her eyes stare into the mirror, cold and angry.

Rachel sits down on the bed then her eyes widen. The teddy bear now sits on a ROCKING CHAIR near the window.

She picks up the teddy bear then looks at the BED, confused.

CUT TO:

#### **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Daniel's hand pours bourbon into a GENTLEMEN'S GLASS, no ice.

Daniel sits down at the OAK KITCHEN TABLE with Rachel. She wears a white hoodie sweatshirt and reads a BOOK.

DANIEL  
You look so much like her.

She closes the book-SNAP, the ART OF WAR.

RACHEL  
She said you were dangerous.

He sips his bourbon then shakes his head.

DANIEL  
I'm retired from that.

RACHEL  
Will you teach me?

DANIEL  
You want to learn what, exactly?

RACHEL  
To be a weapon.

DANIEL  
(concerned)  
Why?

She touches her stitches. A flicker of pain and rage.

RACHEL  
I saw him... before and after. He  
spoke to me.

Daniel leans back. Rachel clenches both of her FISTS.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I want him to bleed out.

Daniel leans forward and touches her shoulder.

DANIEL  
Listen to me. This is a hard  
truth... vengeance is the Lord's.  
You need to trust Him on that.

She shrugs his hand off her shoulder.

RACHEL  
Then make me His sword.

DANIEL  
From what I understand, you're  
already a weapon.

RACHEL  
I'm not talking about keyboards.

Daniel stares at her, torn.

DANIEL  
Your mother wouldn't allow this.

RACHEL  
(using his grandfather  
name in Hebrew)  
Saba... she's gone.

Daniel's head drops in shame. Rachel GRABS HIS HAND TIGHT.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Will you teach me or not?

Daniel takes a deep breath then he SQUEEZES HER HAND.

DANIEL  
Come with me.

CUT TO:

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

A SWITCH flips up—CLICK.

Overhead FLUORESCENTS stutter to life. Light floods the room.

Rachel lingers at the end of the STAIRWELL, caught between curiosity and awe.

One wall: an armory of military RIFLES, SHOTGUNS, PISTOLS, arranged with precision. Another wall: a WORKBENCH, every TOOL in its place. A worn HEAVY BAG hangs from the rafters.

Shelves stacked with AMMO. KNIVES. FIELD GEAR. A 50-CALIBER SNIPER RIFLE, mounted like it is staring at her.

RACHEL  
Sure you're retired?

DANIEL  
You coming?

She moves closer to the 50 caliber rifle, admiring it.

RACHEL  
How many have you killed?

DANIEL  
Too many.

She touches the barrel of the 50 caliber rifle.



RACHEL  
(stern)  
Good.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAWN**

The forest is blanketed in white snow. Tall trees dominate the view.

**SUPERIMPOSE: DAY 100**

**EXT. ALASKAN RIDGE - DAWN**

Rachel, in a WHITE ARCTIC SUIT, lies prone on a rocky RIDGE. She aims a black SNIPER RIFLE, looking through a SCOPE.

Beside her, Daniel stares with BINOCULARS.

DANIEL  
Do you see it? Two hundred meters  
to your left.

SCOPE POV: A GREY WOLF creeps against the TREE LINE.

DANIEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Watch the wind.

She adjusts. Steady. Finger to TRIGGER. Slow breath. SHOOTS.  
The wolf darts into the woods. The ECHO of the shot travels.  
She lifts her EYE from the scope.

RACHEL  
I had it.

She lowers her rifle, then pounds her fist into the snow.

DANIEL  
(calm)  
You need to see it before it  
happens. And watch that temper - it  
won't help you.

He looks toward the HORIZON, focused.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
(stern)  
Again.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Rachel stands in her white arctic suit, zipped to her neck.  
A BLADE gleams in her left hand.

She takes ten steps then exhales an aggressive VAPOR MIST.

A TREE TRUNK stands twenty feet away, marked with a makeshift  
BULLSEYE TARGET, blackened from earlier hits.

Daniel watches from behind, bundled in COLD-WEATHER GEAR.  
He's focused and patient.

Rachel throws the BLADE-SPINNING-

THUNK. The handle of the blade hits the tree.

She exhales a cold vapor-frustrated.

DANIEL  
It's harder with your left hand.  
Trust the rotation- don't force it.

He gives her the handle of a NEW BLADE.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Remember, envision it-see it before  
it happens.

Rachel says nothing, her temper stewing.

She touches her scar with her right hand then slides the flat  
of the blade across her opposite cheek, like her own ritual.

Rachel breathes in, then throws the BLADE-SPINNING-

THWACK. The blade buries deep-BULLSEYE.

Daniel nods approvingly with restraint.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
(stern)  
Better. Again

CUT TO:

**EXT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Rachel rocks a HEAVY BAG, sporting a fighter's ponytail. She wears white M.M.A. attire and has added muscle to her frame. She throws a series of PUNCHES and KICKS, slamming the bag.

Daniel looks skeptical with a WHITE TOWEL over his shoulder.

DANIEL  
Use your footwork.

She burst into BOXER'S FOOTWORK, quick and balanced. She circles the bag then throws a SPINNING ELBOW—crushes it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Good, that's enough.

Rachel throws another KICK for good measure.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Remember, it's a dance, not a  
sprint.

Daniel takes off her M.M.A. GLOVES, then unwraps the fighter's tape off her hands.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
You want to control your adrenaline  
so you don't burn out with that  
temper.

The tip of her nose drips sweat beads.

She stares at WHITE NUNCHUCKS displayed on the wall.

RACHEL  
What about those?

DANIEL  
(goads)  
Oh—you don't wanna bite off more  
than you can chew.

She puts her hands on her head, breathing hard, then bends over resting her hands on her knees.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
You tired?

She raises her head, her eyes burn with rage.

RACHEL  
No - I'm hungry.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A HAND flips a off a SWITCH. Only CANDLELIGHT glows.

Daniel places a BIRTHDAY CAKE with eighteen lit CANDLES on the OAK TABLE in front of Rachel. He stands next to her.

RACHEL  
(surprised)  
You remembered.

DANIEL  
How could I forget, this one's special... you're a woman now.

He sits down beside her, beaming with pride.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
She'd be so proud of you.

Her eyes glimmer with false guilt, heavy. She stares at the candles, unsure.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
(tender)  
Think you're supposed to make a wish.

Her eyes swell with tears, a wave of emotion strikes her.

RACHEL  
I - I wish... I wish-she was-

Her bottom lip clowers. He leans in halfway to hug her.

She JUMPS into his arms then releases all the held back emotion like a cello, sad and haunting. She hugs him tighter.

They slide down on the floor, hugging each other. He cries with her. Her cry hits an intense crescendo of LOUD RAGE.

CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Professor Balaam grips a GLASS OF SCOTCH in a dark office.

He sits at a plush desk on the phone, restless.

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
I told you-I'll find her.

He ends the call frustrated, pops a PILL, then chases it with Scotch. He types on his COMPUTER then slams the enter button.

The expensive wall clock shows 2:12 PM.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A dark room, a CLOCK sits on a SIDE TABLE, showing 2:12 AM.

Rachel lies in bed, typing on her open LAPTOP. An EMAIL from Professor Balaam POPS on her SCREEN.

She stares at it, tempted. She opens the email.

On her MONITOR: IF YOU WANT TO SEE HIM - CLICK [HERE](#).

She clicks and sees a grainy PHOTO of Ghost. She stares at his photo for a beat then furiously shuts her laptop.

She glances at the creepy ALIEN POSTER on her wall. Uneasy, she turns her body away then closes her eyes to sleep.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER**

The side table CLOCK reads: 3:16 AM.

Rachel's closed EYES flicker in REM sleep.

BEGIN DREAM  
SEQUENCE:

**EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DREAM - DAY**

Rachel's COPPER EYES open wide. She stands in a WHITE WEDDING DRESS, surrounded by mature GOLDEN WHEAT STALKS.

A DOOR SLAMS off-screen. She spins, looking for the sound.

RACHEL  
Momma?

She looks up. The SKY MOVES IN FAST TIME-LAPSE. White clouds shape-shift, moving quick above her.

Rachel stands small amidst the vast wheat field. MAJESTIC DESERT MOUNTAINS frame the horizon.

SPARROWS fly above, ethereal, a Terrence Malick-style moment.

She turns and a sudden WIND WHIPS her face. The sparrows fly toward a distant OLIVE TREE on the horizon.

She brushes a WHEAT STALK aside with her hand.

Her eyes widen with wonder. She hikes up her wedding dress then runs. Her BARE FEET pound the earth as she sprints.

Rachel runs toward the OLIVE TREE, sparrows circling her.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel lies motionless in bed.

The ALIEN POSTER now seems darker, alive. Lilith's female shadow slithers from the poster, crawling along the wall.

LILITH'S POV: Slides to the ceiling. Looking down at Rachel.

**EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DREAM - DAY/NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The sun fades fast as STORM CLOUDS overtake the sky.

Rachel sprints deeper into the wheat field.

Overhead, LIGHTNING WEBS streak the sky.

She stops running, disoriented, then looks up.

Behind her, the sky flickers with storm-fire.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Lilith's shadow hovers over Rachel, drifting closer.

Her SHADOW HAND reaches then touches Rachel's FACE SCAR.

LILITH  
(demonic woman whisper)  
The beast is rising.

**EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DREAM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel pushes fast through the dense wheat, tired.

A WOLF HOWL pierces the air.

She spins—searching for the source.

WOLF POV: WOLF LEGS run low and fast, crashing through wheat.

A THUNDERCLAP cracks.

**EXT. OLIVE TREE - DREAM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel stops at the olive tree. A NARROW STREAM flows from the tree's base, she straddles it. Her right hand extends to the olive tree then touches the TREE BARK. Her body recoils.

Her PUPILS dilate instantly.

**VISION POV**

Her vision warps into an EMERALD KALEIDOSCOPE, spinning fast.

Her sight tunnels toward a SMALL WHITE LIGHT at its center. A WHITE LIGHT BLOOMS then FLASHES. Everything's bright white.

GOD (V.O.)  
(LOUD clear calm voice)  
You will be my witness.

**EXT. OLIVE TREE - DREAM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel's EYES snap wide open. Her PUPILS CONSTRICT.

Her hand recoils off the TREE. OLIVE OIL pours heavy on top of her HEAD, then trails down her FACE.

Her RIGHT HAND, resting at her hip, begins to GLOW ORANGE.

WOLF POV: barrels toward her — 20 feet — 10 feet.

Rachel raises her GLOWING ORANGE HAND to her face...

...The WOLF leaps at her.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel's COPPER EYES shoot OPEN then she GASPS for breath.

She sits up, panicked, heart racing.

Her left hand touches her wet forehead.

She rubs her fingers together and sees slick olive oil.

She raises her RIGHT HAND, a GLOWING ORANGE shines in the center of her PALM, it expands to her fingertips. Her hand BRIGHTENS.

CRASH! The sound of RUSHING WATER fills the room.

Rachel looks up, in awe.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A ORANGE LIGHT spills through the cracks of the closed door.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel rotates her glowing hand, inspecting it, overwhelmed.

The SOUND OF RUSHING WATER grows LOUDER.

The WALL MIRROR flickers, reflecting orange light.

Her glowing right hand suddenly goes dark. SILENCE.

A beat of stillness fills the room.

CUT TO:

**INT. CABIN - SHIPPING VESSEL - NIGHT**

Pitch dark. A CREAK of steel. The low, steady HUM of engines.

Ghost jolts upright in bed, gasping for air.

A strip of MOONLIGHT cuts across his bare muscular chest.

His sweaty face is angered. He grimaces in pain.

He throws a thin sheet aside, then rises with a quiet rage.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM - SHIPPING VESSEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Dim light FLICKERS overhead.

Ghost stands at a METAL SINK. Water DRIPS. The ship GROANS.

He splashes water on his face. Breathing deep. Refocused.



He looks in the MIRROR and sees a DEMON SHADOW of a man's silhouette moving on the wall behind him.

GHOST  
(authoritative whisper)  
I see you—Jinn... not now.

His cold eyes hold on the demon shadow reflecting in the MIRROR, then his angry eyes shift back to his own reflection.

CUT TO:

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT**

A massive SHIPPING VESSEL treks alone on the dark ocean.  
Drifting to Ghost's crescendo.

CUT TO:

**INT. STORAGE BLOCK - SHIPPING VESSEL - NIGHT**

SHIPPING CONTAINERS surround an open area within the bow of the shipping vessel. The lighting is dim and solemn.

Abner's bound to a chair, shirtless, beaten, and bloody.  
Ghost sits across from him in a chair, spooning ice cream from a paper cup.

GHOST  
My compliments, I've heard much  
about you. There was a rumor that  
you were good at this trade, but-  
(beat)  
Do you know what's on this ship?

ABNER  
What do you want?

GHOST  
(spooning ice cream)  
Your secrets.

ABNER  
No, tell me what YOU want.

Ghost rises to smile. He tosses the empty cup to the side.

GHOST  
One law, one light, one way for  
everyone. No exceptions.

ABNER  
(sarcastic)  
Your law.

GHOST  
I understand. You want to keep  
things your way—burning children in  
their beds, rockets tearing  
families into memory. Let's try my  
way.

ABNER  
You're out of your depth.

GHOST  
I know you're prepared to die  
rather than betray your Zion. I  
respect that, so — I have something  
— entertaining.

ABNER  
Do what you need to do.

GHOST  
Patience.

TAMIR (mid 30s), Turkish big man, thick beard, short hair,  
dark eyes, enters dragging LAURA, 19. She has blonde hair,  
college type. Her hands are bound with TAPE over her mouth.  
She's shaking, tears stream down her cheeks.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
This is going to be hard for you.  
You're going to have to betray  
someone today.

Tamir forces Laura into the cheap chair across from Abner.  
She trembles in fear. Tamir RIPS THE TAPE off her mouth.

LAURA  
Daddy!

Tamir yanks on her blonde hair.

TAMIR  
Quiet!

Abner thrashes against his restraints.

ABNER  
I swear to God I will end you!

Ghost opens his old cracked POCKET WATCH.

GHOST

Do you know how many lives this  
watch has counted? What's one more?

Ghost up-nods, then Tamir cocks his HANDGUN at Laura's head.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Ten seconds to tell me what I want  
to know or she dies. Now, where is  
she?

The pocket watch ticks: **TICK. TICK. TICK** - steady.

ABNER

(confused)

Who?

GHOST

Shadetree.

ABNER

What the hell is that?

GHOST

That's - seven seconds

ABNER

Stop this, please!

GHOST

Five seconds.

ABNER

She went with her grandfather years  
ago—that's all I know!

Tamir pushes the handgun harder to Laura's head. She SCREAMS.

GHOST

Three, two.

ABNER

(crying)

Stop-stop—I'll give you what you  
want—I swear—just stop!

Ghost moves close to Abner, looking down on him.

GHOST

After you tell me what I want to  
know, I swear to you, for all you  
have done to my people...

(MORE)

GHOST (CONT'D)  
you will beg for a quick death, and  
you will not receive it, and by  
dawn, the sharks will feed on your  
corpse.

ABNER  
Who the hell are you?

GHOST  
I am many things, but for you... I  
am death.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

Heavy snow covers the forest. Flurries blow hard.

**SUPERIMPOSE: DAY 1250**

Rachel, now (20) in her white arctic suit, trains alone. She has longer braided hair with HEADPHONES in her ears. Her head rocks to techno. She faces a tall tree deep in the forest.

At her feet, a row of THROWING KNIVES are half-buried in the snow. She steps forward, focused.

She raises her arm to throw. A mirror of her training with Daniel, but there's no blade in her hand. This is different.

RACHEL  
(firm whisper)  
Adonai... be my sword.

Her eyes blaze with intensity. She SPINS and WHIPS HER HAND toward the tree—a BOLT OF FIRE lances from her hand.

CRACK! The bolt splits the TRUNK clean down the middle. SMOKE CURLS into the snow-heavy air.

She exhales vapor. Her eyes flicker with controlled anger.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MAKESHIFT SNOW CAMP - TWILIGHT**

Rachel moves through knee-deep snow, carrying PINE BOUGHS.

A SNOW SHELTER is camouflaged with pine branches.

EMBERS are tucked under the BURNING COALS of a campfire.

CUT TO:

**INT. SNOW SHELTER - TWILIGHT**

She flattens ALUMINUM SHEETS, packs them with embers, trapping the heat. She layers them inside her shelter.

**INT. SNOW SHELTER - NIGHT - LATER**

Rachel lies sleeping in her snow shelter. Warm and cozy.

A LOW GROWL cuts through the night. She sits up instantly.

**EXT. MAKESHIFT CAMP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

She exits her SHELTER. The snow CRUNCHES beneath her walking boots. Her fire hand glows like a torch in the darkness.

A BEAR lumbers toward her. It rises on two legs, ROARS.

Rachel stands ten feet from the bear. She doesn't flinch.

She WHIPS her hand forward—a BOLT OF FIRE scorches the ground between them. The snow SIZZLES and HISSES into VAPOR.

The bear drops to all fours. He circles her slowly. She turns with it, her fire hand cocked like a gunfighter.

The bear lumbers into the thick forest.

Rachel scans around then stares at a THICK BRUSH for a beat.

She returns to the entry of her snow shelter then scans again. Her fire hand goes dark, then she enters.

The WHITE EYES of a BLACK MAN blink from the thick brush.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ALASKAN FOREST - DAY**

A thick forest of snow and silence.

Rachel moves through the thick forest, cloaked in white, her WHITE RIFLE slung low. Her face weathered but steeled.

She slows... kneels. Her movements are practiced.

A PAW PRINT IN THE SNOW. She studies it. Deep and recent.  
She rises like a hunter then tracks forward.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SNOWY RIDGE - DAY**

A GREY WOLF prowls down a snowy slope, stalking a young FAWN trapped in a drift. The grey wolf jumps into a sprint.

Rachel aims her RIFLE from 200 meters out, centering her aim.

RACHEL  
Goodnight.

BOOM. The rifle cracks like judgment.

The running grey wolf drops in the snow, motionless.

Rachel watches the fawn bolt. She lowers the rifle with a peaceful smirk on her face.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Be safe.

She looks up and sees a massive flock of SPARROWS flying over her head. She watches their flight to a LARGE SNOW MOUNTAIN.

She taps the HEADPHONE in her ear. TECHNO MUSIC JAMS. She rocks her head to the mystical beat.

She slings her WHITE RIFLE over her shoulder.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SNOW VALLEY - DAY - LATER**

She presses forward up a long snow valley, closer to a large snow mountain. The mystical TECHNO SONG CONTINUES.

CUT TO

**EXT. SNOW MOUNTAIN - DAY - LATER**

She stands at the BASE of a near-vertical sheet of ice and snow, an intimidating WALL RISING TO THE SKY. Her face drifts upward, confident.

Her WHITE COMBAT BOOT steps into a BOOT SPIKE-CLICK.

She draws two PICKAXES from her belt.

**EXT. SNOW MOUNTAIN - DAY - LATER**

Rachel climbs. Steady rhythm. Strike, pull. Strike, pull.

Her BOOT SPIKE kicks into the ice. The wind whips.

Halfway up...

She slams a PICKAXE into the ice. It holds.

She swings the second PICKAXE— CRACK! The ICE FRACTURES. The pickaxe breaks free.

Rachel's body dangles, suspended by one arm, one embedded pickaxe. She exhales a thick vapor mist.

She adjusts her grip to her second pickaxe, then swings again—CRACK! The second pickaxe bites into solid ice.

She looks up and grits her teeth.

**EXT. SNOW MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY - LATER**

WHITE COMBAT BOOTS walk on the EDGE of the mountain top.

Rachel stands on the EDGE overlooking a vast skyline of rolling mountains. She rocks to the song. Overjoyed.

A flock sparrows fly around her once then break off.

HER KNEES DROP HARD on the edge of the snow mountain.

She blows a kiss to the ALMIGHTY. TECHNO SONG FADES.

**EXT. SNOW MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT - LATER**

Rachel sits cross-legged, stoking the open campfire.

The campfire CRACKLES. Flames dance.

A STRONG WIND BLOWS her HAIR sideways.

She stares across the glowing campfire. SATAN stands on the far side, nine feet tall in a torn black robe with a long train following his lowered hood.

His RIGHT ARM is exposed, an unnatural mix of IRON and GEMSTONES. He lifts his head, revealing a fierce BULL FACE with a gold septum ring. Vapor exhales from his nostrils.

Rachel steps back, intimidated. This is more than a bear.

The BULL face spins within the hood, replaced by an EAGLE FACE that stares down at her.

FOUR large BLACK WINGS expand from his back.

STRONG WINDS whip her hair in every direction, then stops.

Satan appears right behind her, wearing Ghost's likeness. Rachel stares forward, refusing to turn.

He raises his palm-iron-gemmed fingers curved like claws.

DEVIL (V.O.)  
I see your soul.

He leans in, now wearing Daniel's face.

DEVIL (V.O.)  
(Daniel's concerned voice)  
You can't do this.

RACHEL  
The Lord is my shield.

His voice fractures into a chorus of layered, echoing tones.

DEVIL (V.O.) (Ghost's calm voice) Shadetree.	DEVIL (V.O.) (Leah's crying voice) Baby-where are you!
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DEVIL (V.O.)  
(Daniel's angry voice)  
Rachel!

She presses her hands over her ears.

RACHEL  
Stop it!

HISSING black SNAKES slither around her white boots.

She whirls-Satan now wears a lion's face. He leans in close to her face and ROARS LOUD.

She falls backward into a BED OF SNAKES that slide over her. A SNAKE opens its mouth, its fangs bite into her arm.

# **BLACK SCREEN**

DEVIL (V.O.) It's over - you're mine.	RACHEL (CONT'D) (V.O.) (echoed yell) Yeshua!
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**EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT - LATER**

Rachel's EYES OPEN slowly then she blinks hard.

She lies on the ground next to her CAMPFIRE.

She sits up and sees NOVEMBER (30s), a black bald muscular man in a tight white robe, a GOLD RANK on his shoulder. He's cooking her a meal.

NOVEMBER

Fear not. I have been sent as a light for thy need. You have been attacked by the adversary. He roams the Earth to and fro... and he knows your name.

He gives her a WOODEN PLATE with fish and a piece of cake.

NOVEMBER (CONT'D)

You are weakened - you must eat.

She sees a new arm bandage covering her snake bite.

RACHEL

What—who are you?

NOVEMBER

Angel of the Midair and fellow servant of the prophets. You may call me November.

RACHEL

Who do you declare as Lord?

NOVEMBER

I serve the Word that became flesh. The Great I AM. The King of kings and the Lord of lords.

RACHEL

What just happened?

NOVEMBER

There is a war that you cannot see, a war between the light and darkness. The time of the Gentiles is coming to an end, and the darkness knows it. They will do all they can to stop it.

RACHEL

What does that have to do with me?

NOVEMBER

You were chosen for this hour  
before the foundations of time. A  
disciple saw you in a vision two  
thousand years ago, he called you a  
witness... and another.

The CAMPFIRE BLAZES HIGHER then returns to normal.

RACHEL

I've heard that title before.  
And this?

She raises her hand, it glows an orange pulse then stops.

NOVEMBER

Your anointing. You have been given  
the power of your chapter.

RACHEL

What chapter?

November shakes his head, disappointed.

NOVEMBER

You need to study more, but  
first... you must choose.

He OPENS his PALM showing a TINY BOOK the size of candy.

RACHEL

What is it?

NOVEMBER

Insight. Choose well and you will  
see visions and you will dream  
dreams for which there are no  
words. You must consume it.

RACHEL

And if I say no?

NOVEMBER

Then your anointing will be given  
to another. Scripture will be  
fulfilled with or without you.

She looks at her hand, pulsing an orange glow, then it fades.

RACHEL

I feel like Alice.

She reaches for the tiny book then November closes his hand.

NOVEMBER

Know this, it will taste sweet as honey, but will turn bitter within you. Is this your choice?

He opens his PALM. She takes the TINY BOOK from his hand.

RACHEL

You speak to me in riddles.

She chews it, then nods like it tastes good.

Rachel shakes her head, feeling off, like a drug hit her. She MOVES her fire hand and sees long FIRE TRAILS.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I have questions.

NOVEMBER

Insight will come in waves. Study your chapter. The two witnesses will suffer greatly for the glory of our Lord.

She glares at him confused.

RACHEL

I can't do that.

She turns quickly then vomits. November holds her long hair and rubs her back gently.

NOVEMBER

When it is time.

She blinks hard a couple of times then sways - dizzy.

RACHEL

(slurs)

What?

NOVEMBER

Fear not, with the Lord at your right hand, you will not be shaken.

RACHEL

(slurs)

Wait...

(Mumbles incoherent)

ButWhatAbout.

Rachel's POV: Her sight of November gets blurry.

NOVEMBER

Rest now, move at first light. Look  
for me between the Alpha and Omega.  
I will be there.

HER FACE lies on the ground, her EYES blink slow, then close.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - SUNRISE - LATER**

Rachel stands alone at her extinguished campfire. She picks up a WOODEN PLATE, brushing off soot with her thumb.

RACHEL

(softly, to herself)  
Elijah - the first witness.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WESTERN WALL - DAY**

A RABBI (60's) wears a white kittie and blows a SHOFAR horn.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE gather at WESTERN WALL.

ARMED SECURITY GUARDS patrol the COURTYARD.

WORSHIPERS place NOTES between the cracks on the WALL

A large flock of RAVENS encircles above.

Elijah sits in a SMALL WOODEN CHAIR in the middle of the courtyard, counting the worshipers.

A SECURITY GUARD-1 (30s) stares at Elijah.

Elijah moves through the CROWDS like a parting of the Red Sea. People stare at him intimidated and confused.

He stands with his back to the wall and addresses the crowd.

ELIJAH

Children of Abraham. Listen and  
open your ears. How long will you  
go limping between your faith? If  
the Lord is God, follow him. So why  
does Zion follow the way of the  
nations, why do you mock the  
covenant between God and the Earth.  
Has The Lord not returned His  
people to the land yet your faith  
is as dry as a bone.

FOUR SECURITY GUARDS step in, flanking him.

SECURITY GUARD-1  
Come with us.

Elijah looks both ways at the guards.

ELIJAH  
If I am a prophet of God you will  
be blind, now.

Security guard-1's eyes turn blind white.

SECURITY GUARD-1  
Wait-I can't see-I can't see!

The three security guards all grab their eyes and stagger.

The courtyard freezes. Murmurs ripple through the crowd.  
Elijah steps forward.

ELIJAH  
Know this, all of Israel, it will  
not rain until your faith in The  
Most High returns to your hearts,  
and the veil of rejection is  
removed from your eyes.

He walks into the crowd, the people part in silence and fear.

A RAVEN lands on Elijah's chair. CAWS

CUT TO:

# **INT. LUXURY PENTHOUSE - ISTANBUL - NIGHT**

Floor-to-ceiling windows reveal a lit Istanbul skyline.

Ghost wears a black suit, standing at a large table littered with SCHEMATICS. On a huge TV are 10 INVESTORS in a remote meeting. Each investor is in a different location on the TV.

GHOST  
...And it will be exactly as I told  
you. Two hundred Trojan horses.

FRENCH INVESTOR (40s) well dressed, cocky.

FRENCH INVESTOR  
You're asking us to forfeit  
billions.

The Oligarch, RUSSIAN INVESTOR (60s), eyes narrow in anger.

RUSSIAN INVESTOR

Do you understand the assets at risk? It was agreed this move had to be unanimous.

GHOST

Action required reaction. Your earnings will be ten-X once you follow my lead. This isn't time for weakness. The time to act is now.

TURKISH INVESTOR (60s) looks impatient.

TURKISH INVESTOR

We told you to wait.

AMERICAN INVESTOR

Let him speak. I want to hear what he has to say.

GHOST

My prospectus was clear, reposition your investments now or suffer losses. Further details will be shared at the gathering, be there.

FRENCH INVESTOR

What if you're wrong?

Ghost abruptly ends the meeting. The investor windows vanish—revealing the news broadcast beneath.

TAMIR

Why do you need them?

GHOST

I don't, but war requires treasure and patience sharpens the blade.

On the TV: shaky cell phone footage of Elijah at the Western Wall. The frame stutters.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

...a video has gone viral of a homeless man causing a scene at the Western Wall, where four security officers were mysteriously blinded. Some Rabbis are calling him Elijah the Prophet; others, a wild madman. Authorities are investigating the incident...

Ghost turns off the TV.

He strolls to the OPEN BALCONY then stares at The HAGIA SOPHIA, pondering.

GHOST  
(softly, to himself)  
The Jinn was right.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A creepy ALIEN POSTER hangs on the wall.

Rachel sits crisscross on her bed typing on her LAPTOP, an open BIBLE to her side. She has earbuds in her ears listening to techno.

Her screen shows picture of MOUNT SINAI.

CUT TO:

**INT. FARMHOUSE DOORWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

A HAND knocks at the front door.

Daniel approaches the door with a HANDGUN to his side.

He looks through the peephole then opens the door. A WIND vacuum SWOOSHES into the house.

DANIEL  
How the hell did you find me?

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
We need to talk. Abner's dead.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The dim lighting hangs over Balaam as he sits at the kitchen table, gripping a fresh COFFEE CUP, he shivers from the cold.

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
Abner gave up everything.

DANIEL  
Why's that my problem?

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
He's looking for Rachel.

Rachel steps into the doorway. Both men freeze.

RACHEL  
Who's looking for me?

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
My God, it's you.

RACHEL  
Did you bring me a name yet?

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
No, but I brought you a location.

DANIEL  
We don't want to know.

Rachel gives Daniel a harsh side-eye expression.

RACHEL  
Yes... we do.

DANIEL  
This is wrong, feels like a trap.

PROFESSOR BALAAM  
There's more... he has Laura.

Rachel puts both of her hands on the table.

RACHEL  
Where he is?

CUT TO:

**EXT. FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY - DAWN**

Rachel throws a DUFFLE BAG into the back of a PICKUP TRUCK.

DANIEL  
Listen to me—this isn't a wolf.  
This is up close—

RACHEL  
(interrupting)  
—And personal.

Rachel gets into the truck then SLAMS the door.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Who knows, could be fun.

Daniel looks away frustrated.



DANIEL  
This isn't a game you do alone.

RACHEL  
I told you, I'm meeting a friend.

Daniel leans on the open window.

DANIEL  
Will you look up the names I gave you?

RACHEL  
You trust em'?

DANIEL  
Odd but, necessary men. Listen, you still have time to-

RACHEL  
(stern)  
-I'm ready to move.

He takes a step back from the truck.

DANIEL  
Tell me one thing, are you truly seeking justice or is this just vengeance?

RACHEL  
Whatever it is, it's happening.  
(beat)  
I can't hide here forever.

DANIEL  
Watch for that warning in your heart. I- I love you.

Rachel gives a short nod of respect.

RACHEL  
I'll come back, I promise.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PHOENIX SKYLINE - NIGHT**

Incoming aerial view of the PHOENIX skyline at night.

**SUPERIMPOSE: DAY 1258 - PHOENIX**

CUT TO:

**EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT**

A WHITE NSX slices through a FOUR-LANE HIGHWAY, a sleek predator on the desert night. Passing CARS quick.

**INT. WHITE NSX - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

GREY (mid-20's) is behind the wheel, a dark black fit woman with short curly blonde hair. Rachel rides shotgun, her head bobs to the techno beat. They wear trendy club dresses.

GREY  
I thought you lost my number?

RACHEL  
I know, I had to go away for a while. I learned a lot.  
(beat)  
Are you sure you're up for this?

GREY  
You know I'm your ride or die, just promise me this isn't Mossad.

RACHEL  
We're done with them.

Rachel tightens her jaw.

GREY  
You know these contractors?

RACHEL  
Not directly.

GREY  
They were hardcore tier ones.

Grey glances at Rachel, concerned.

GREY (CONT'D)  
Should I be worried?

RACHEL  
(playful)  
We're not hiring boy scouts.

Grey CRANKS up the volume. The beat drops like a hammer.

MUSIC CUE: "Revolution Remix" by Hardkiss begins to blast.

Two women, riding fast like sister's flying free. They JAM to the funky techno beat, heads bouncing in sync.

Rachel laughs, slaps the dash, then taps the air with the music like a conductor.

Grey drops a gear, the G-force slaps them back into their seats. She dances behind the wheel, popping her shoulders.

**EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The white NSX shoots the gap between TWO CARS.

RIMS spinning backward in a blur of motion.

**INT. WHITE NSX - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Grey smiles, hyped. Rachel keeps her cool, her right hand still slicing the air like a maestro to the music.

They lock eyes - rockstars in motion.

GREY

Come on—you need to have some fun.

**EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Overhead: the white NSX carves a clean line through traffic.

MUSIC CUE: Hardkiss "Revolution" fades into...

CUT TO:

**INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

NEW TECHNO POUNDS, darker. Green and blue laser lights slice the fog. Packed BODIES pulse in sync—sweat-slick, hypnotic.

Rachel scans every passing face, every angle. Grey spots the exit one then two. She up-nods to Rachel.

She and Grey slide through the packed chaos of the club. Rachel's hand glints the TIP OF A SILVER BLADE at her side.

The D.J. slides the FADE BAR - BASS BOOMS.

The CROWD goes wild, HANDS in the air.

Rachel and Grey stop at a GLASS-WALLED VIP AREA. A BOUNCER up-nods, then motions them forward.

BETWEEN THE MOVING CROWD... November, in a white V-neck and matching jeans, leans against the bar, watching.

CUT TO:

**INT. NIGHTCLUB - V.I.P. AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

TECHNO SOUND DAMPENS slightly in VIP area, dim lit, plush.

Rachel and Grey sit in a booth across from BISHOP (30) white, handsome, lean muscular leader, wearing a gray suit (no tie), and NILE (mid-30s) a black tech-forward bruiser with dreads and nerdy glasses.

BISHOP

Yes, we've reviewed the contract.  
We're good with the risk language.  
We still have one problem.

RACHEL

(impatient)

We are offering well above market,  
what's your problem?

BISHOP

It's not the money, it's your  
background.

RACHEL

And?

BISHOP

You don't have one, you don't exist  
on paper.

Bishop leans forward with intrigue.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

How's that possible?

RACHEL

We can just move on to the next  
contractor.

NILE

If they're worth the salt you're  
looking for, they're gonna ask the  
same question.

Rachel pauses for a beat, studying Bishop and Nile.

RACHEL  
Fine... what do you need to know?

NILE  
We need to know who we're working  
for.

BISHOP  
Who are you?

Grey leans in, calm and sharp.

GREY  
Who runs the tech for your crew?

NILE  
(cocky)  
I run point.

GREY  
Then if you're worth your salt,  
you've heard of the Shadetree.

Nile's face shifts. He glances at Bishop, uneasy now.

NILE  
Yep, they tore shit up about three  
years ago. Then went dark. Or dead.

RACHEL  
She's not dead.

Bishop looks at Rachel, then back to Grey.

BISHOP  
What are you saying?

GREY  
Shadetree's not a unit. It's her.

Nile leans back, impressed.

NILE  
(calm)  
That was all you.

RACHEL  
Now you know... so?

BISHOP  
Hmm, higher stakes equals higher  
commission, agreed.

RACHEL  
Ten percent above quote, when it's  
done.

BISHOP  
Fifteen.

Rachel up-nods to Bishop.

NILE  
And we keep the gear.

GREY  
Half.

Bishop nods with a smirk, the decision clear.

BISHOP  
Alright, we're in.

RACHEL  
Good. Assemble your crew Mr.  
Bishop. We'll meet at the data  
center in 24 hours.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

The hotel room is dim, lit only by the glow of TWO LAPTOPS.  
Rachel and Grey sit at the desk, focused on their screens.

GREY  
We got thirty seconds before the  
N.S.A. comes knocking, hard.

RACHEL  
I'm almost there. I'll be in and  
out.

Rachel's fingers fly over the KEYBOARD. The screens flicker,  
the DOWNLOAD BAR STUTTERS. The screen flashes "ERROR".

Rachel grunts in frustration, TYPING rapidly.

THE PROGRESS BAR JUMPS to 98 percent.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(calm)  
Come on...

THE PROGRESS BAR CREEPS to 99 percent.

Rachel leans forward, concentration unwavering.

GREY  
(checking her watch, voice  
more urgent)  
Ten seconds, hurry.

RACHEL  
(calm)  
Almost there.

The PROGRESS BAR holds at 99 percent.

GREY  
(checking her watch, voice  
low and urgent)  
5... 4... 3...

RACHEL  
(urgent)  
Come on!

The PROGRESS BAR goes GREEN, 100 percent.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Got it.

Grey yanks the CORDS quickly out of Rachel's laptop.

A file named "THE BABYLON PACKAGE" appears on Rachel's screen. She clicks it.

Her SCREEN floods with IMAGES, BLUEPRINTS OF AN 18-WHEELER TRUCK, MAPS, SATELLITE LOCATIONS.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Sending now. You should have it.

GREY  
Where is that?

The computer screen shows: CARGO CONTAINMENT UNIT NO. 66-6.

RACHEL  
It's a port in Venezuela. They're  
loading a rig.

Grey leans closer to her screen, trying to catch up.

GREY  
Is that the payload?

RACHEL  
And it's tracking to him.

GREY  
I don't see it yet. Where?

Rachel closes her laptop then leans back with an edge.

RACHEL  
Vegas... Sin City.

**EXT. DATA WAREHOUSE - PARKING LOT - DAY**

A BLUE CAMARO pulls up next to a WHITE NSX. A BLACK RV BUS with a long red stripe follows then parks beside the Camaro.

Bishop steps out of the blue Camaro. Nile stretches out of the passenger side.

The RV BUS DOOR SLIDES open with a hydraulic HISS. BIG STEP (mid 20s) A massive black dude 7 feet tall in a red hoodie steps out. He's built like a huge college football lineman.

**INT. BLACK RV BUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

DOM (40s), at the wheel, the Italian Iceman tips up a FLASK, wearing aviators. Hung-over or lil drunk, blue collar type.

Riding shotgun, BRIGHT (40s) short, bi-racial, blue eyes, sports a cool fedora hat, wears expensive suit. Hustler.

BRIGHT  
You still owe me four hundred.

DOM  
Bullshit. I paid that.

**EXT. DATA WAREHOUSE - PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Bright SLAMS the RV door.

Bishop walks toward the group with a smirk.

BISHOP  
You gentlemen ready?

Bright tips his fedora striding by Bishop, others follow.

**INT. DATA WAREHOUSE - MAIN AREA - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop leads the crew through the data WAREHOUSE HUB. They strut cool and confident, a ragtag squad in tactical gear, urban wear, carrying duffle bags.



Big Step lags behind, headphones on, nodding to rap music.

They pass endless rows of BLACK SERVER TOWERS.

They stop outside the glass WAR ROOM DOORS. Big Step pulls off his headphones, the silence lands.

BISHOP  
(to Big Step)  
Find a place to set up.

**INT. DATA WAREHOUSE - WAR ROOM - DAY**

Rachel stands at the head of the CONFERENCE TABLE. Three WALL MONITORS are mounted on three black walls. Bishop and his crew sit around the table with Grey. Everyone has LAPTOPS open.

RACHEL  
Welcome to Phoenix, everyone sober?

Bright chuckles then looks over at Dom, struggling.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Let's get started. We have multiple objectives to hit within a tight window. This is a quick overview, Grey will follow up with details.

Rachel stands at wall MONITOR-1, it shows a downtown MAP, an ANIMATED BUILDING SCHEMATIC moves across the monitor.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
First objective is a rescue op, location is downtown Vegas, off the strip, this should be a quick in and out. Hostage is blonde female, 20 years old.

Wall MONITOR-1 shows a social media PHOTO of Laura, happy.

BISHOP  
After we secure the first target, are we coordinating a drop?

RACHEL  
No, she comes with us.

GREY

Just to add some spice, for second op, we have intel that a transport is carrying a payload headed to Vegas... it passed the southern border yesterday.

Rachel moves in front of WALL MONITOR-2, displaying ROAD MAPS and live feeds of multiple HIGHWAYS.

RACHEL

It's simple, intercept the target, disable the threat. We have recon points already established, once the target is located, you move.

BISHOP

(typing on laptop)  
Estimates on timing?

RACHEL

We anticipate location within the next twenty four hours.  
Detonation... that's up to you?

NILE

How big is the payload?

GREY

It ain't small.

The crew looks at each other with concerned expressions. Nile pulls a big LOLLIPOP out of his mouth.

NILE

What about opposition?

RACHEL

Plan on it. All this is tied into the third objective... this one.

Rachel turns to wall MONITOR-3. A PHOTO of Ghost is revealed.

Nile looks at Bishop with a shade of concern.

BRIGHT

So what, we grab and bag this guy?

RACHEL

No... he's mine.

Rachel and Bishop share a sharp glance.

BISHOP

If he's the prime objective, do you think it wise to hit that alone?

RACHEL

Focus on the mission, don't question it. I want your crew focused on objectives, one and two. Then we rendezvous at the airstrip at zero hundred. Questions?

DOM

(hungover voice)

This is great, do y'all know how much bullshit paperwork it requires to secure a cargo jet? Seriously.

RACHEL

Read your contract, we leave for Jerusalem in forty eight hours.

GREY

I just sent out the specs on the objectives and time marks, study up.

BISHOP

Alright gentlemen, get to it.

The crew exits the room with Grey.

Bishop lingers at the door then turns around. He stares at Rachel, admiring.

RACHEL

What are you looking at?

BISHOP

(charming)

You... you're different.

They have an intimate stare-down. She breaks eye contact, blushing unexpectedly. He smiles with charm then exits.

#### **INT. DATA WAREHOUSE - MAIN AREA - NIGHT**

The crew is mid-poker game. Dom doesn't like his CARDS.

DOM

This is some bullshit.

Grey struts in with Rachel, both wearing flowing sundresses, not stopping.

GREY  
Alright, boys, recess is over.  
We're getting a drink, you coming?

They all pause. Everyone folds. CHAIRS SCRAMBLE.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT**

The rooftop bar overlooks desert dunes stretching west.

Rachel steps to the edge of the rooftop, gazing out in silence. The wind flicks strands of hair across her face.

A RICH BAR GUY (40s) walks up to Rachel.

RICH GUY  
You look like you need a drink.

Rachel doesn't even blink. He lingers—grinning at her.

Bishop approaches with TWO DRINKS. He hands her one.

BISHOP  
Happy anniversary.

The rich bar guy slides away annoyed.

RACHEL  
Thank you.

Bishop looks out at the desert night.

BISHOP  
This view, reminds me of  
deployment... on a quiet night.

RACHEL  
Reminds me of home, but... the  
air's different.

Bishop sips his drink then gazes at Rachel.

BISHOP  
Where's home?

RACHEL  
I'm not sure I know anymore.

Rachel looks away somber for a beat. She returns her gaze.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What about you?

BISHOP  
Texas, but, haven't been back there  
in a long time.

RACHEL  
You miss it?

BISHOP  
Yeah... Friday night football,  
working on cars, things were-  
simple, fun. And you?

RACHEL  
What do you mean?

BISHOP  
I mean when you're not doing this,  
what do you do for fun?

Rachel and Bishop gaze at each other for a flirty beat.

RACHEL  
I don't believe fun was in your  
contract.

BISHOP  
Are we still negotiating?

Rachel smiles looking away.

RACHEL  
You wish.

Bishop holds his gaze on her for a beat longer.

#### **INT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT**

Inside the rooftop bar, Dom and Bright take turns at the  
DARTBOARD, while Big Step manages the bet action.

DOM  
(to Bright)  
You talk way too much shit.

Dom throws, and CLINK- the DART hits the top of the BOARD.

BRIGHT  
(stepping up, to Big Step)  
You want three to one on this.

BIG STEP

Bet.

Bright lines up, throws, and CLINK— near bullseye.

BRIGHT

Your boy don't lose.

Big Step shakes his head. Dom pays out \$400 to Bright.

DOM

Lucky.

BRIGHT

If luck's an acquired skill. What's that say about you?

Rachel and Bishop stroll into the bar, approaching the crew.

RACHEL

I can beat that.

BRIGHT

(to Big Step)

One more?

BIG STEP

I'll take her - four to one.

Rachel nods to Big Step.

BRIGHT

(to Big Step)

You never learn big boy.

Bright lines up, throws, and CLINK—bullseye.

BRIGHT (CONT'D)

Pay - me - my - money.

She lines up to the dart board then glances at Big Step.

RACHEL

(tipsy happy voice)

Hey, why do they call you Big Step?

DOM

(walking by Rachel)

Cause he's our big foot.

BRIGHT

(to Rachel)

Don't be changing the subject,  
let's see what you got.

She pulls a TINY BLADE from her GARTER BELT. She throws the tiny blade-CLINK! Her blade cuts right through Bright's dart.

BIG STEP

Bulls-eye.

Rachel high-fives Big Step. Everyone laughs at Bright.

RACHEL

(to Bishop)  
That was fun.

Bishop smiles.

GREY (O.S)

(laughing)  
Let's get out of here.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

A lonely RED LIGHT glows over two machines built for speed. At the intersection: Grey's WHITE NSX idles next to Bishop's BLUE CAMARO.

Both engines RUMBLE beneath the quiet tension.

**INT. WHITE NSX - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Grey nods across the way, sunglasses on, even at night. She blips the throttle.

VROOOM.

**INT. BLUE CAMARO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Nile leans toward the open window, eyeing Grey.

NILE

Slow down turbo, you don't want this. Trust me.

**INT. WHITE NSX - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Grey glances over then puts on fresh coat of LIP GLOSS.

GREY

Bring it.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The Camaro GROWLS low. The NSX PURRS high and sharp.

THE RED LIGHT holds. Still red. Still...

**INT. BLUE CAMARO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop smirks, his hand tightens on the WHEEL. KNUCKLES FLEX.

Nile fastens his seatbelt-CLICK. He grins his game face.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Red light... GREEN LIGHT GO! TIRES SPIN.

Both cars lunge forward, raw power unleashed.

The two sports cars tear through the first street light.

They race to the SECOND STREET LIGHT - cross yellow light.

They blast through THIRD STREET LIGHT - cross red light.

They weave through traffic, tail lights streaking red.

**EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The road widens. The chase becomes a duel.

The NSX slips ahead, surgical and controlled. The Camaro pushes back, brute torque, all muscle.

**INT. BLUE CAMARO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

NILE  
Damn, she's fast.

Bishop smirks, drops a gear, then PUNCHES IT.

The Camaro ROARS.

BISHOP  
Sleep well.

Nile shakes his head at Grey and Rachel passing them.



**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The Camaro DEVOURS the final stretch of road.

NSX headlights fade in the rearview, distant.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

A massive 18-WHEELER sits on the shoulder. THE AIRBRAKES  
HISS.

A STATE TROOPER CAR idles behind it, RED AND BLUE LIGHTS cast  
a rotating glow over the desert highway.

The TROOPER walks toward the truck cab, his FLASHLIGHT  
sweeping. His hand rest on his holstered PISTOL.

**EXT. DRIVER SIDE WINDOW - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The Trooper stops at the driver's side window.

TROOPER  
License and registrati-

BOOM.

A SHOTGUN BLAST rips from the window, sudden, deafening.

CUT TO:

**INT. CASINO - V.I.P. LOUNGE - NIGHT**

A private VIP lounge tucked into the back of a luxury casino.  
Marble floors. velvet ropes. A ROULETTE TABLE spins.

At the table, Ghost lounges among CHINESE BUSINESSMEN in a  
tailored black-on-black suit. A GLASS OF WATER at his side,  
all business.

BODYGUARDS line the walls, watching everything.

Ghost turns to a BUSINESSMAN beside him and speaks flawless  
Mandarin, calm and confident.

GHOST  
Fortune favors the bold.

Ghost places a large bet on 6 black.

The DEALER spins the wheel.

Tamir approaches from behind, leans in close to Ghost's ear.

TAMIR  
Babylon is en route, on schedule.

Ghost nods, his eyes hold still on the SPINNING WHEEL.

GHOST  
And the investors?

TAMIR  
Seven are here. Three arrive tomorrow.

Ghost sips his water, thrilled from the bet action.

GHOST  
Make sure they soak themselves in whatever they want.  
(stern)  
Which three are late?

TAMIR  
The three who opposed you.

The roulette wheel slows down, the WHITE BALL dances. The ball lands on 6 black.

Ghost smirks then glances at Tamir.

GHOST  
Three blind mice.  
(beat)  
I'll convert them tomorrow.

CUT TO:

**INT. DATA WAREHOUSE - SUNRISE**

A LONG METAL TABLE is spread with gear, AR RIFLES, HANDGUNS, BOXES OF AMMO, A COMPACT DRONE, COMM UNITS, MILITARY-TABLETS.

Nile hunches over a LAPTOP, his LOLLIPOP dances in his mouth.

Bishop and Bright clean RIFLES, focused and efficient. Tension hums under the fluorescent lights.

NILE  
(to himself)  
Drone's synced.

Rachel and Grey stride into the warehouse.

RACHEL  
Gentlemen, we have eyes on the rig.  
Northbound I-ninety-five, marker  
seventeen. They've got the jump on  
us, so we need to move.

BISHOP  
Let's go, load up.

RACHEL  
(To Bishop)  
Slight change, I'll meet you there.

BISHOP  
You're not coming with us?

RACHEL  
I need to talk to my source.

BISHOP  
You miss our window, this whole  
thing unravels.

RACHEL  
We converge at eleven, sharp.  
Have your crew ready, trust me -  
I'll be there.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY**

The WHITE NSX sits parked on the shoulder, sun baking its sleek frame. Heat shimmers off the asphalt.

Beyond the road, an expanse of red rock stands bold, ancient.

Rachel walks alone into the desert. Her white high heels crunch over sand and stone. She stops then gazes up.

A huge flock of sparrows flies above her in a circle.

RACHEL  
(quietly)  
November.

She looks up and sees the sparrows dancing in the sky.

NOVEMBER (O.S.)  
I'm here.

He's behind her, angelic. Rachel turns.

RACHEL

You were right, the insight was bitter.

NOVEMBER

Then you know you should be in Zion... not here.

RACHEL

I still have time.

NOVEMBER

This is not your mission, you have been prophesized for another.

RACHEL

My verse says I can bring fire and death.

NOVEMBER

Yes... you and another have been given that liberty yet vengeance is the Lord's.

RACHEL

Then I'll ask for His mercy when it's done.

NOVEMBER

Forgiveness comes after repentance. Remember the warning in your heart. Do not follow the way of Jonah.

RACHEL

But I'm not a prophet.

NOVEMBER

What do you think you are?

Rachel takes a step closer to November.

RACHEL

Will you be there?

NOVEMBER

As a light to thy need.

(beat)

What shall I tell the prophet?

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - SUNSET**

The blue Camaro blazes down the highway, its paint catching the last fire of the setting sun.

Just behind it, the blacked-out RV follows.

**INT. RV - DRIVING - SUNSET**

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, the shimmering Las Vegas skyline rises out of the desert like a mirage.

Dom grips the wheel. His AVIATORS reflect the sunset.

In the back, Bright snaps a M4 RIFLE together. Big Step loads a drum mag, methodical.

BRIGHT  
You ready for this?

BIG STEP  
(signature grin)  
Bet.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY - LAS VEGAS SIGN - NIGHT**

The Camaro and the RV pass the 'Welcome to Las Vegas' sign.

The city sparkles on the horizon, alive, waiting for war.

CUT TO:

**INT. CASINO - ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

The ELEVATOR DOOR slides open. Tamir steps out, flanked by two BODYGUARDS in black suits.

TAMIR  
(walking with bodyguards)  
I need to put hands on a side  
package, I'll be back soon.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE BLACK PYRAMID - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT**

THE BLACK PYRAMID beams up light into the sky.

**SUPERIMPOSE: DAY 1259 - LAS VEGAS**

CUT TO:

**EXT. RUNWAY - AIRPORT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT**

A commercial JET lands on the runway. The TIRES SCREECH.

CUT TO:

**INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT**

WHITE HIGH HEELS step forward on MOVING SIDEWALK.

Rachel rides the moving sidewalk wearing a CHIC WHITE BUSINESS DRESS. She pulls a travel CELLO CASE behind her.

Her head lowers, peering down at her CELL PHONE. Music track is displayed: CIRRUS - FUTURE. She TAPS PLAY.

LYRICS:

Child take refuge in me for I will  
not let you down, I'm here to be  
your guide through the valley of  
darkness.

Her COPPER EYES slowly rise forward. Her head bounces slightly as the techno jam slowly builds. She rides the moving sidewalk like a boss... on her MISSION.

She looks down and sees her WRIST WATCH - 10:30PM.

*TECHNO JAM BUILDS.*

She passes a NEON RED SIGN that reads: SIN CITY BABY

LYRICS: (CONT'D)

Sunshine, future, that's where I'm  
at. That's where we all going to be.

The moving sidewalk comes to an end.

LYRICS

Praise the Lord—I see the future.

She steps forward, BOOM the *TECHNO JAM KICKS*.

Her long legs hit stride in perfect rhythm to the beat.

The BACK of her WHITE HIGH HEELS stride forward to the beat.

Rachel rides an ESCALATOR down.

She looks up and sees a DOME SECURITY CAMERA.  
Her head bounces slightly to the TECHNO JAM.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

WHITE TAXI drives past the ominous BLACK PYRAMID.

**INT. TAXI CAB - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel sits in the back seat gazing out the open window.  
Her long HAIR BLOWS WILD.  
She puts her hair up like a UFC fighter before a fight.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel stands on the SIDEWALK as the taxi drives away.  
She glares down both ends of the street.

*TECHNO JAM KICKS:*

LYRICS  
I see the future.

She LOOKS UP and sees a HIGH RISE APARTMENT.

CUT TO:

**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel's HAND turns on the LAMP.  
She sees a HIGH TABLE and an OPEN WINDOW with drapes flowing.  
*TECHNO JAM GROWS FASTER.*

She stands at the OPEN WINDOW and holds up a WIND METER.  
She sees the BALCONY of a luxury apartment across the street.  
Her right hand moves like a maestro to the beat.

*TECHNO BUILDS to CRESCENDO.*

She glances at her WHITE WATCH: 10:49PM

**INT. BLACK SUV - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tamir's hand turns the STEERING WHEEL.

He turns up the radio KNOB— TIME ON RADIO shows: 10:50PM

*TECHNO CRESCENDO RELEASES*

His head rocks hard to the DEEP BASS.

**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel's hand turns off a LAMP.

The TRAVEL CELLO CASE is on the high table.

Her hand flips the locks on the cello case.

She removes RIFLE PIECES from the cello case.

*TECHNO JAM INTENSIFIES*

She puts a small HOURGLASS on the high table. Desert sands fall within it.

**INT. BLACK SUV - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tamir's eyes glance in REAR VIEW MIRROR.

He looks up through the open sunroof then he sees BIRDS flying in circular formation high above.

**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel holds a SMART TABLET showing: a BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of a BLACK SUV slowing down at a red light.

Her head bounces to the beat.

RACHEL  
(on comms)  
Status?

Her white earpiece emits a BLUE LIGHT.

GREY (V.O.)  
(on comms)  
I have him.



She takes a SUPPRESSOR and screws it tight on the BARREL.

SOUND CLICKS.

Desert sands fall within cracked HOURGLASS.

CUT TO:

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tamir strolls through the lobby of a luxury apartment.

**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel stares out the open window.

GREY (V.O.)  
(on comms)  
Say when.

She glances at the SMALL HOURGLASS, almost full.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tamir strolls through the main room. He sees three ESCORTS lounging on a couch with three GOONS.

GOON-1(30s) points his finger.

LYRICS  
(whisper)  
*"Here I come."*

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tamir creeps the BEDROOM DOOR open.

Laura sits on the bed, broken, covered only by a white sheet.

He enters, shuts the door, then LOCKS it.

**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

RACHEL  
(calm on comms)  
Now.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tamir's CELLPHONE rings in his hand.

He puts the cellphone to his ear, HEARS a VOICE breaking up.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - OPEN AIR BALCONY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tamir strolls to the edge of the BALCONY, phone to his ear.

He looks UP and sees BIRDS in a circular formation.

**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The BUTT of the RIFLE is firm in Rachel's SHOULDER.

She stares through the SCOPE.

She puts her INDEX FINGER on the TRIGGER.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - OPEN AIR BALCONY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tamir looks out to the VEGAS SKYLINE with a phone to his ear.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
(heard on Tamir's phone)  
You looking for me - look to the  
east.

He turns east.

**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

She stares into the scope with a smirk.

RACHEL	SONG LYRIC
Here I come.	Here I come.

SMALL HOURGLASS shows the last SAND FALL.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - OPEN AIR BALCONY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Tamir stares east to the OPEN WINDOW. He sees a silhouette.

FLASH - from the open window.

ZIPPING BULLET SOUND.

The BACK of his HEAD EXPLODES into fragments. Blood splatters on WALL. His body falls limp.

GOON-1 steps out on the balcony then stares down at Tamir.  
BOOM- Goon-1 headshot, he falls down dead.

**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel looks and sees her WHITE WATCH SHOWING 11:00PM.

RACHEL  
(stern on comms)  
Go!

*TECHNO JAM STOPS.*

**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Big Step breaks open the FRONT DOOR with force. Bishop and Bright rush into the apartment, HANDGUNS AIMED.

2 GOONS charge them in the hallway.

Bishop and Bright fire their handguns-TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP.

The two Goons collapse, no sweat.

BISHOP  
(calm urgency)  
Get the girl.

BRIGHT  
(holding up two fingers)  
Out intel said six, we're missing  
two tangos.

**INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - OPEN AIR BALCONY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

FLYING BIRD POV flies over Tamir and Goon1 laying in a blood pool with ESCORT1 standing over him.

She looks up and sees RAVENS breaking their circle formation.

**EXT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DOORWAY- NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop leads the way out the door, HANDGUN raised, movements precise. Big Step follows, carrying Laura in his massive arms, protective, almost tender.

Bright guards the rear with short range HANDGUN movement.

BISHOP  
(into comms)  
We're coming out.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT**

A BLACK RV SCREECHES to a stop. The SIDE DOOR slides open.

Big Step climbs in, carrying Laura gently. Bright moves in behind then slides the RV side door shut.

Bishop quick-steps behind the RV. The Blue CAMARO rolls up. He hops into passenger seat.

NILE  
That was easy.

BISHOP  
Yeah, too easy.

CUT TO:

**INT. BLACK RV - DRIVING - NIGHT**

In the back of the RV, Grey sits at a MOBILE COMMAND CENTER, multiple MONITORS, STREET MAPS, THERMAL FEEDS. She wears a sleek HEADSET, fingers dancing across a KEYBOARD.

GREY  
(into headset)  
Two got away.

Grey's face hints at confusion.

GREY (CONT'D)  
(into headset)  
Where are you?

CUT TO:

**EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT**

Rachel zooms a WHITE NINJA MOTORCYCLE through the busy street of the Vegas Strip.

RACHEL  
On it.

MUSIC CUE: "By the Sword" by Jake Hill starts playing.

Her head rocks to the vengeance rhythm. She leans forward, fierce, then OPENS THE THROTTLE.

NINJA POV: Neon lights blur like warp speed as she WEAVES BETWEEN CARS.

Her WHITE HIGH HEEL taps into higher gear.

Her long hair flies wild behind her like a banner of war.

DIGITAL SPEEDOMETER jumps: 70, 90, 120.

High above, a flock of RAVENS follow her.

She zeroes in behind a RED SUV.

GREY (V.O.)  
(on comms)  
That's them. Finish 'em.

RACHEL  
(on comms)  
With pleasure.

She zips into the left lane then stops beside the RED SUV.

She dismounts, then approaches the SUV like she's interested.

GOON-1 (30s) looks her up and down, lusting.

GOON-1  
(Turkish accent)  
How much?

Rachel tilts her head then draws her silver handgun. She stands like Neo's Trinity.

RACHEL  
Everything.

TAP-TAP. Goon-1's HEAD EXPLODES. Side window shatters. GOON-2 eyes snap wide-TAP-TAP. FACE SHOT, his head WHIPLASHES.

She remounts the NINJA MOTORCYCLE like the fourth horseman, then she zooms forward.

CUT TO:

# **EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

RAVENS fly in a circular formation around the BLACK PYRAMID.

CUT TO:

**INT. CASINO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel strides the CASINO FLOOR like 300's Leonidas.

She passes a row of LOUD SLOT MACHINES, winning. She strides between a row of CROWDED GAMING TABLES, losing.

She stops at the ELEVATOR then taps her EARPIECE.

MUSIC CUE: Vengeance jam stops.

RACHEL  
(on comms)  
Checkpoint two.

CUT TO:

**INT. BLACK RV - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Grey watches Rachel on her MONITOR.

GREY  
(on comms)  
This the lion's den, you sure about this?

**INT. CASINO - ELEVATOR DOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel exhales, steadying herself.

RACHEL  
(on comms)  
I'm too close.

NUMBERS above the elevator door glow: 3, 2, L. DOORS OPEN.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel enters then hits the top floor BUTTON.

She slams a fresh CLIP into her SILVER HANDGUN then removes her earpiece.

November's VOICE fills the confined space.

NOVEMBER (V.O.)  
Remember the warning in your heart.

Rachel grits her teeth then lowers her head.

The elevator DOORS OPEN.

She slowly raises her head, jaw tight, Shadetree activated.  
She sees a long hallway with TEN BODYGUARDS patrolling...

**INT. HALLWAY TOP FLOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

...Rachel strides forward out of the elevator, fierce.  
BODYGUARD-1 moves toward her, shaking his head.

BODYGUARD1  
Wrong floor, this is private.

She raises her SILVER HANDGUN close to his face.

BODYGUARD1 (CONT'D)  
Easy, what do you want?

RACHEL  
(stern)  
An audience.

**INT. PENTHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

A CROWD of DIGNITARIES and ELITES mingle with champagne,  
murmured conversations in Russian and Arabic.

Vegas MODELS in couture strut through the glam penthouse.

The crowd parts then Ghost comes into view, wearing a black  
suit and tie. He stands composed, charmed, and handsome.

SLOW MO: Double doors open then Rachel strides in escorted by  
TWO BODYGUARDS. She moves forward, hunter, stunning danger.

THE whole CROWD turns to watch her. She owns the room.

Her eyes scan the penthouse like an archer. Rachel sees her  
wolf-Ghost, her gaze sharpens.

He turns slowly and sees her. Their eyes lock - ice and fire.

BODYGUARD-1 slides to Ghost then shows him Rachel's HANDGUN.

Ghost inspects the handgun, loaded. His eyes rise to Rachel.

He slides through the crowd, slow, her handgun at his side.

GHOST  
Perfection, you're right on time.

Her face flickers a beat of confusion.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
You murdered one of my captains  
tonight.

She stares daggers.

RACHEL  
I wanted your attention.

GHOST  
Be careful what you pray for.

RACHEL  
You know why I'm here?

Ghost glances at her handgun then stares at her - **ice**.

GHOST  
Patience, wait for the crescendo.

A SMALL BELL CHIMES.

The MAÎTRE D' steps forward.

MAÎTRE D'  
For those with invitations please  
move to banquet room, thank you.

GHOST  
(charming)  
You will be my honored guest  
tonight. Please... after you.

**INT. PENTHOUSE - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT**

A long OBSIDIAN DINING TABLE stretches across the candlelit room, framed by panoramic Vegas lights beyond the glass.

Ghost is perched at the head of the table, commanding.

To his left: Rachel sits, jaw locked, eyes scanning.

Down both sides of the table: TEN INVESTORS, each in distinct suits. Power brokers and war profiteers. Several have WOMEN beside them, draped in designer gowns, laughing softly over wine. Perfumed distraction.

Ghost rises, the room hushes with instinctive respect. All eyes turn to him.



GHOST

Today will be a day of remembrance.  
Your children's children will honor  
your sacrifice. Please... enjoy the  
hour.

He lifts his GLASS, others follow, Rachel does not.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

An 18-WHEELER BARRELS down the road, alone and deliberate.  
A black DRONE hovers five feet from the truck's windshield.

CUT TO:

**INT. RV - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Grey pilots the black drone from the BACK OF THE COMMAND  
CENTER in the RV. Her eyes locked on the DRONE MONITOR.

DRONE MONITOR: The TRUCK DRIVER(30s) looks confused.

GREY

(into comms)

Maybe he thinks we're aliens.

**INT. BLUE CAMARO - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop drives, jaw set. Beside him, Nile watches DRONE FEED.

NILE

(into comms)

Confirm checkpoint.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Big Step unfolds a bed of SPIKES across the highway road.

BIG STEP

(into comms)

We're set.

**INT. BLUE CAMARO - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Nile up-nods to Bishop.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The truck runs over the SPIKES. TIRES BURST. The rig wobbles violently, groans, then veers into a rocky shoulder.

The driver jumps out of the truck then takes off running.

**INT. TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

BACK DOORS SWING OPEN. Nile, Bishop, and Bright are armed with AR rifles, wearing chest body armor.

**EXT. TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT -CONTINUOUS**

Nile climbs into the truck trailer. His flashlight sweeps the darkness.

CHAINS CREAK. Nile freezes—

A WARHEAD, suspended mid-air in a metal cradle, swings gently like a pendulum. Markings: Cyrillic. NUCLEAR WARNING SIGN.

NILE  
(into comms)  
We got a problem.

**INT. RV - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

GREY  
(into comms)  
You see a keypad or interface?

**INT. TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Nile kneels by the warhead. Finds a scorched PANEL.

He opens the PANEL then sees a CLOCK on a countdown.

DIGITAL TIMER: 00:18:47, 00:18:46...

NILE  
No.

Nile puts his hands on his head like an exhausted athlete.

NILE (CONT'D)  
(into comms)  
We got eighteen minutes before  
lights out.

BISHOP (V.O.)  
 (comms to Nile)  
 Tell me you can disarm it.

He connects a portable DEVICE. Red lights flash - damn.

**EXT. TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop looks at his WATCH then glances at Bright, tense.

BRIGHT  
 (tilting to Bishop)  
 We need to pivot.

BISHOP  
 (into comms to Nile and Grey)  
 Grey, sync up with Nile, let's see  
 what you can do. You two got five  
 minutes then we're out.

BACK TO:

**INT. PENTHOUSE BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT**

RUSSIAN INVESTOR  
 (to Ghost)  
 You do have a flair for theatrics,  
 and I know I speak for some of us,  
 there is... a confidence waning.

FRENCH INVESTOR  
 Your projections are unacceptable.  
 This looks more like vengeance than  
 world building.

GHOST  
 (smiles faintly)  
 True... there's a thin line between  
 the two, and we are right on the  
 edge.

TURKISH INVESTOR  
 And tomorrow?

RUSSIAN INVESTOR nods in agreement. Ghost stares with malice.

GHOST  
 Spoken like men who do not know the  
 hour.

Rachel stares at Ghost with a flair of murderous irony.

RACHEL

Well said.

RUSSIAN INVESTOR

(pivoting to Rachel)

And you? Are you here for business  
or pleasure?

RACHEL

Business first-

(she turns to Ghost)

But seems to be turning into both.

The table chuckles, surprised by her innuendo.

FRENCH INVESTOR

(to Rachel)

How long you two been a thing?

Rachel lets out a loud laugh. She turns back to Ghost.

RACHEL

(daggers in her eyes)

Three and a half years.

Eyes shift to Ghost. He nods, playing along.

FRENCH INVESTOR

(flirtatious to Rachel)

How long are you staying?

RACHEL

Oh, I'm only here for a short  
while, I need to slay him first  
before I put him to sleep.

An EGYPTIAN INVESTOR (50s) coughs into his napkin. Other  
INVESTORS laugh. A WOMAN (30s) gives judgmental glance.

FRENCH INVESTOR

(chuckling, to Ghost)

She's got more bite than your usual  
ornaments. Where'd you find this  
one?

GHOST

In the street... on her knees.

The room freezes. The French investor leans forward, curious  
for a backstory.

Rachel and Ghost have a stare down - intense.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
And look at her now... riveting.

BELOW THE TABLE, a BLADE GLINTS in her LEFT HAND, hidden.

Ghost glances at his POCKET WATCH then closes it firmly.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Let's change the mood, a toast  
before we finalize our business.

A WAITER glides in, a TRAY of WINE GLASSES. He places a glass in front of each investor.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
To our future.

PERSIAN INVESTOR  
You have our full support.

Ghost nods. Everyone drinks their wine, except Rachel.

The French Investor COUGHS LOUDLY then clears his throat. He tries to play it off like he's okay. He COUGHS LOUDER then his hand clutches his throat, GAGGING.

The other investors are startled out of their seats.

The Russian investor foams at the mouth, he falls limp.

Rachel holds firm watching the chaos unfold.

Ghost's eyes flick to her RIGHT HAND on the table.

Her face turns to Ghost-their eyes meet-He SWINGS his KNIFE down through the top of her RIGHT HAND, blood squirts. Her hand is pinned to the table.

She ROARS like a lioness then SWINGS her BLADE-quick-at him. He catches her wrist then smirks.

He TWISTS HIS KNIFE in her pinned hand. She GROANS.

He throws her blade to the side then SLAPS her face, hard.

GHOST  
(loud and aggressive)  
Give us the room! NOW!

Turkish investor falls forward hard on the table. BAM-dead.

Rachel ROARS LOUDER.

BACK TO:

**INT. TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The TICKING warhead timer: 00:15:14.

Nile, crouches with NERD GOGGLES magnifying his EYES. He's got two PANELS open, WIRES tagged.

**INT. RV - PARKED - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Grey's fingers race across the KEYBOARD.

Code floods her screen. She leans in.

GREY  
 (into comms)  
 That rig's not isolated.  
 (beat)  
 Oh my God... there's over two  
 hundred uplinks.

**EXT. TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop stands at the back of the rig with Bright.

BISHOP  
 (into comms to Grey)  
 Did you say two hundred warheads?

GREY (O.S.)  
 (heard from Bishop's comm)  
 This can't be happening.

Bishop yells to Nile in the back of the trailer.

BISHOP  
 You got two minutes.

**INT. TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Nile studies three wires RED, YELLOW, and BLACK.

He cuts the RED wire.

The TICKING WARHEAD TIMER: 00:13:07... still ticking.

He wipes his brow then cuts the YELLOW WIRE.

The TICKING WARHEAD TIMER: 00:13:01... damn, still ticking.

He rubs his temples like he has a nuclear migraine.

**EXT. RV - PARKED - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop stands next to the black RV parked on the shoulder.

Dom looks down out the open window at Bishop.

BISHOP  
Hit the airfield, have us ready for  
take off in ten.

DOM  
On it, don't be late.

The black RV drives forward then merges onto the road.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - NIGHT**

Four BLACK SUVs stop on the road across from the 18-wheeler.

Four GOONS with RIFLES exit a black SUV.

A series of CARS pass fast between the four GOONS and Bishop.

**EXT. TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop waves to Nile in the back of the truck.

BISHOP  
Drop the gear, we're leaving!

Bright is aiming his RIFLE at the armed goons, unnoticed.

The four armed goons move closer.

BRIGHT  
(concerned)  
Bishop.

Bishop glares at Bright with military resolve.

BISHOP  
Do it.

Bright up-nods then unloads his AR rifle-TAT TAT TAT TAT.

**INT. RV (DRIVING) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Grey glances at the MONITOR showing the hotel elevator.

GREY  
 (loud into comms)  
 Rachel, if you can hear me, you  
 need to move now!

BACK TO:

**INT. PENTHOUSE BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Rachel's hand is pinned to the table by Ghost's KNIFE. A blood pool grows beneath her palm.

Her face drips with sweat.

Ghost sits in front of her. He stares with intrigue.

GHOST  
 The Jinn warned me about you.

He opens a sleek LAPTOP, placing it in front of her.

The screen flickers to life: A digital MAP OF THE U.S.A. is displayed, SEVEN MAJOR CITIES glowing in red. A countdown TIMER ticks in the middle of the screen: 00:12:38.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 I gave them two hundred Trojan  
 horses, to watch the whore of  
 Babylon burn. Tomorrow markets will  
 crash, fortunes will shift, a sign  
 will be seen, then... the real war  
 begins.

He glances at his POCKET WATCH then looks at Rachel.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 Two hundred nuclear warheads will  
 consume seven cities. Millions will  
 burn... your friends included.

RACHEL  
 Why?

GHOST  
 Why? Did you ask why for my people?  
 Their vengeance is mine now.

RACHEL  
 What more do you want from me?

GHOST  
 The battery codes for the Iron Dome  
 will do. And I know you have them.  
 (MORE)



GHOST (CONT'D)  
(He leans in)  
Your professor laid you bare.

She breaks eye contact like a secret found out.

RACHEL  
Don't.

GHOST  
Secrets sting, don't they? I will  
let you choose, the souls of fifty  
million... or your Zion. I will  
honor your choice.

RACHEL  
Why should I trust your word?

GHOST  
You shouldn't, but-

He takes his hand off the knife, releasing some of her pain.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
I will not lie, not to you.

Rachel stares at her hand pinned to the table, trapped.

RACHEL  
No-I can't do this.

GHOST  
Choose-millions of families-or...  
will they burn like your mother?

She sees the seven cities on the map, countdown at 00:11:48.

Rachel doesn't cry, but tears fall. Her face, exhausted.

Her hand types the codes into the LAPTOP, then she pauses.

Ghost twists his knife in her hand.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Do it.

She grimaces in pain. Her finger hovers over the final key.

RACHEL  
Adonai, forgive me.

Rachel's hand presses the final key.

Ghost takes the laptop then glances at it. A smirk curls.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Now hit the kill switch.

He strokes her hair and looks at her, tempted.

GHOST  
Tell me, do you dream?

RACHEL  
I met your terms, now meet mine.

Ghost looks at his pocket watch, then snaps it shut.

GHOST  
I'd like to stay with you but-

He leans close to her ear.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
At least you can rest knowing you  
didn't have a choice. I made it for  
you.

Ghost leans forward then twists the knife in her hand.

She clenches her jaw to fight the pain.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
I need them all to fall.

She unclenches her jaw then releases her rage.

RACHEL  
You lie like your father.

GHOST  
No, that's checkmate.

A tattooed BODYGUARD approaches Ghost.

BODYGUARD2  
Your flight's ready.

GHOST  
Keep your eye on her.

Ghost and Rachel stare at each other - fire and ice.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

FRONT of the blue CAMARO zooms forward. Bishop and Nile are seen in the front window with a Miami Vice vibe.

A BLACK SUV ZOOMS close to the BACK of the BLUE CAMARO.

**INT. BLUE CAMARO - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop EYES the REAR VIEW MIRROR, sees BLACK SUV-1 headlights coming closer.

The rear window SHATTERS, bullets rip through the trunk.

Bright's head ducks in the backseat.

BRIGHT  
(surprised)  
These cats are crazy.

BISHOP  
Get 'em off my ass.

Nile SLAMS in a FULL CLIP into his AR, he turns to Bright.

NILE  
Cut 'em up!

Bright rises from the backseat with a SHORT-BARREL M4, aims quick through the broken rear window then-BOOM BOOM BOOM.

Bullets shred BLACK SUV-1 HOOD, it SMOKES, then BLACK SUV-1 VEERS left. BLACK SUV-2 zooms forward.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

BLACK SUV-2 zooms up beside the Camaro's passenger side.

Nile aims his AR through the open window-BOOM BOOM BOOM-shredding the driver side of BLACK SUV-2.

BLACK SUV-3 races forward. A GOON fires a RIFLE from the passenger window-BOOM BOOM BOOM.

Bullets smash through the Camaro's red tail-lights.

**INT. BLUE CAMARO - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bright fires the SHORT-BARREL M4 out the back window.

Bishop glances down, the RADIO CLOCK SHOWS 11:50 PM.

He stares forward, TAPS the GEAR SHIFT.

The ENGINE ROARS LOUD.

BISHOP  
(into comms to Grey)  
Where's your girl? We got  
ten minutes before that  
thing blows.

**INT. BLACK RV - PARKED - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Grey looks at her MONITOR. It displays a HOTEL HALLWAY with ten bodyguards. Her other MONITOR shows COUNTDOWN: 00:09:54.

GREY  
(into comms to Bishop)  
Something's off - she won't  
respond.

BACK TO:

**INT. PENTHOUSE - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Rachel slumps forward, her hand pinned to the table. The blood pool under her hand is larger.

Across the room, a tatted BODYGUARD leans, relaxed on a wall.

He lifts his PHONE. He frames Rachel then SNAPS a picture. He chuckles to himself then scrolls on his phone.

Rachel watches him through the curtain of her sweaty hair. Her eyes, calculating.

She glances at the KNIFE in her hand then tightens her jaw. She yanks out the knife.

Bodyguard grins at his phone screen.

She grips the knife, slick with her own blood.

He looks up, his eyes widen. The knife sails-buries into his THROAT-THWIP!

His phone drops. He staggers forward, choking on blood. THUD. He falls on the floor.

She crouches then peels her SILVER HANDGUN from his hand. She raises her BLEEDING HAND to her face, looking at it bleed.

RACHEL  
(whispers)  
Adonai - be my sword.

Her bleeding hand ignites, cauterizing the wounded hole. Her hand wound SIZZLES. Her face grimaces through the pain. The flame goes out.

Rachel stares at the scarred HOLE IN HER PALM, symbolic.

She rises with fierce anger in her eyes then exits the room.

**INT. PENTHOUSE MAIN AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel strides into the main room, she scans the crowd like a Terminator. The crowded room mingles loudly.

A BODYGUARD moves toward her looking mean.

Rachel aims her handgun- TAP.

His head whiplashes then his body falls backward slowly.

A WOMAN SCREAMS off-screen.

Rachel's head snaps left to the FRONT DOUBLE DOORS.

Her right hand pulses a fire-orange glow.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Two BODYGUARDS guard the main door at the end of the hallway.

The main door EXPLODES in a burst of FIRE and SMOKE. The two BODYGUARDS are consumed in flames.

Flames roar, swallowing the corridor. Lights flicker. The SPRINKLERS spring to life, showering the chaos.

Smoke rolls through the hallway.

Rachel strides forward, right hand ablaze. Her silver handgun swinging in her left hand, in rhythm to her stride.

The falling water strikes her fire-lit hand. STEAM HISSES.

Across the hallway, Ghost stares back from inside the open elevator. Their eyes lock.

She aims her handgun without breaking stride.

The elevator doors close. Bullets hit the doors, just missed.

Three BODYGUARDS tense. Two break off then charge Rachel.

She aims her flaming hand. FWOOM!

FIRE ERUPTS down the hallway, two bodyguards are swallowed by fire.

The hallway burns floor to ceiling.

The last bodyguard squints into the blaze.

Rachel emerges through the fire, her handgun aimed at the bodyguard's face-TAP TAP. His head jerks back, he falls.

The back of her BARE FEET stroll unburnt over fire.

CUT TO:

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel rides down, smoke clinging to her clothes.

She drops to a crouch. She puts her WHITE EARPIECE into her ear then taps.

RACHEL  
(into comms)  
Grey?

GREY (V.O.)  
Rachel! You have eight minutes to  
get to the airstrip or-FUZZZZ-

**INT. RV - PARKED - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Grey puts her hands on her head.

GREY  
I lost her.

**INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel lifts the skirt of her white dress, exposing a white GARTER-BELT HOLSTER crisscrossed with ammo clips.

She rams home a new CLIP. She sweeps her hair into a tight fighter's bun and closes her eyes.

She opens her eyes, steel returns to her face.

**INT. CASINO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Ghost exits the casino through a ROTATING DOOR.

On the east wing of the casino: The elevator DINGS-doors slide open. Rachel surges out of the elevator, on the hunt.

The casino floor is ALIVE, rows of blinking slot machines, GAMBLERS roll dice. Cards fly. Chips CLACK.

She strides and scans the casino, no sign of Ghost.

Across the casino floor, FIVE NEW BODYGUARDS clock her. BODYGUARD-1 touches his earpiece.

BODYGUARD-1  
(on comms)  
She's on the east wing.  
(Pointing at Rachel)  
There!

Bodyguard-1 draws his PISTOL.

Rachel aims her silver handgun in full stride—TAP-TAP.

Bodyguard-1 is hit with TWO SHOTS in the CHEST then he falls.

BODYGUARD-2 and BODYGUARD-3 open FIRE—BOOM-BOOM-BOOM.

Rachel dives behind a ROULETTE TABLE. Two male GAMBLERS take bullets in the back, they collapse on the table.

She peeks her HANDGUN over the table, fires—TAP-TAP. Bodyguard-2's takes one to the chest and one to the face. He crashes backwards.

She moves behind a SLOT MACHINE, bullets hit relentless. She gets lower, ejects the CLIP then SLAMS in a fresh one.

Rachel dives then rolls to her feet—she WHIPS her right hand lancing forward a WHIP OF FIRE.

The FIRE WHIP strikes Bodyguard-3 then flames crawl across his body like liquid fire. He SCREAMS.

CROWDS SCATTER. Smoke and chaos blending into neon haze.

BODYGUARD-4 creeps low between a row of slot machines. She spins low around a column then shoots—TAP TAP TAP. BODYGUARD-4's face is shot three times, he drops falling backwards.

She SPINS to her rear, her palm aiming-FWOOM! She sends a blast of orange fire like a flame thrower.

BODYGUARD-5 is on fire, head to toe, running away from her.  
She strides like a Phoenix through the lobby, people running.  
She pushes through a ROTATING DOOR.

**EXT. CASINO ENTRANCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel exits, looks both ways, a busy Vegas night. *He's gone.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - NIGHT**

A heavy wind kicks up sand across the TARMAC.

A massive CARGO JET hums with power, ready to lift off.

CUT TO:

**INT. CARGO JET - COCKPIT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Dom sits in the cockpit, flipping SWITCHES, his fingers  
dancing across the flight GAUGES.

DOM  
(into headset)  
You see 'em yet?

**EXT. CARGO JET - CARGO RAMP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Big Step stands at the top of the ramp with a MINI GUN CANNON  
slung in his hands. He scans the tarmac.

BLUE CAMARO slides into frame, tires SQUEALING as it comes to  
a cool, controlled stop.

Two BLACK SUVs follow on the tarmac, closing in fast.

BIG STEP  
(grins)  
Got 'em.

He unleashes the mini gun cannon. A HAIL OF BULLETS shreds  
the two SUVs into twisted metal and fire.

**INT. CARGO JET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Bishop, Nile, and Bright climb up the ramp into the jet.



Grey is pacing inside. Bright walks past her, focused.

**INT. CARGO JET - COCKPIT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Dom roars the ENGINES. The TURBINES SCREAM. The COUNTDOWN TIMER on the instrument panel displays: 00:03:16

DOM  
(into mic)  
Three minutes till Hiroshima.

**INT. CARGO JET - REAR CARGO BAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

BISHOP  
(to Grey)  
This is happening, where is she?

Grey shakes her head with worry.

NILE  
(to Bishop)  
Window's closing, your call.

The crew stares at Bishop. He clenches his jaw.

GREY  
Trust me, she's on her way.

BISHOP  
(on comms)  
Dom, get us lined up. We'll ride  
this motherfucker to the edge.

Bishop moves past Grey, somber, losing hope.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
She's got two minutes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

A white NINJA MOTORCYCLE weaves a tight gap between CARS.

Rachel leans low over the tank, focused and fearless.

Behind her: FOUR POLICE CARS in pursuit, lights strobing in red and blue. SIRENS HOWLING

She races past a highway sign: PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - 1 MILE

In the center of the freeway: November stands in a white robe, calm, illuminated by headlights.

Rachel zooms past him.

He extends his arm out, palm outward. WHITE LIGHT bursts from his PALM—BLINDING.

**INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

A COP shields his eyes, veering hard—

SMASH!

The POLICE CAR FLIPS, the cop is now upside down.

**EXT. AIRSTRIP GATES - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel bursts through the open gates onto the tarmac.

Ahead, the massive CARGO JET is already rolling to take off.

**INT. CARGO JET - COCKPIT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Dom checks the dash: 00:37 - 00:36

**EXT. AIRSTRIP GATES - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel races the white motorcycle toward the cargo jet.

RACHEL  
(into earpiece)  
Grey!

**INT. CARGO JET - MAIN CARGO BAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

GREY  
Open the back!

**EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel lowers her body, her bare foot clicks a gear, she twists the throttle— VRRRAAAAAAM!

DIGITAL SPEEDOMETER jumps: 190, 205

The cargo jet speeds forward.

She races toward the back of the cargo jet like a white blur.  
Behind her, a sea of POLICE CARS and red lights in pursuit.

**INT. CARGO JET - REAR CARGO BAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The CARGO RAMP drops with a HYDRAULIC GROAN.

From the open back of jet: The crew sees the spectacle  
barreling down on Rachel, shocked.

**EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel zooms the motorcycle up the jet ramp.

The ramp begins to lift with a HYDRAULIC GROAN.

**INT. CARGO JET - REAR CARGO BAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel dismounts like a boss, then glances defeat at Bishop.

BISHOP  
(on comms)  
Climb!

**EXT. CARGO JET - FLYING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The cargo jet lifts off the tarmac then climbs into the sky.

**INT. CARGO JET - COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bright and Dom sit tensely at the controls, watching the  
countdown, 00:03 - 00:02 - 00:01.

Outside the cockpit windows, a massive NUCLEAR MUSHROOM CLOUD  
blooms over Las Vegas.

BRIGHT  
(shocked)  
Oh my God!

Dom crosses his chest, Father, Son, Holy Spirit.

The jet SHUDDERS violently, rattling the cockpit.

**INT. CARGO JET - MAIN CARGO BAY - FLYING - CONTINUOUS**

The crew is strapped into two POLARIS ATVs. In the ATV-1 front seat, Bishop stares down Rachel, confused. Rachel stares ahead, defeated. Her fist clenches the ATV roll bar.

The cargo jet rattles like thunder.

RACHEL  
Fifty million souls just screamed.

BISHOP  
What happened out there?

She stiffens up her posture.

RACHEL  
Things got out of hand. I didn't see it before it happened.

She looks at the hole in her right hand.

Bishop holds his gaze for a beat, unsure.

BISHOP  
We need to trust each other. Help me understand.

RACHEL  
I can't, not the way you want me to.

BISHOP  
Try me.

RACHEL  
Why does it matter, it's all ash now?

BISHOP  
Don't hide behind the question. Talk to me, this trust needs to go both ways.

RACHEL  
I-I've seen things, things that-  
(beat)  
-there are no words for.

BISHOP  
If you can't tell me, then try to show me.

RACHEL  
How-how do I show you a vision?

Bishop's face is blank. He nods, then he exits ATV-1.

Nile opens his LAPTOP, fingers racing over the keyboard.

BISHOP  
(Bishop walking past Nile)  
See what you can find from D.O.D.

Nile nods, focused.

**INT. CARGO JET - COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT**

Bishop enters the cockpit. Bright and Dom sit tense at the controls.

BISHOP  
How we looking?

BRIGHT  
Stressed.

DOM  
Six hours to refuel.

BISHOP  
(eyes narrowing)  
Will they show?

A VIOLENT SHUDDER rocks the cockpit. Loose gear rattles.

DOM  
After all this, ten to one.

**INT. CARGO JET - REAR CARGO BAY - FLYING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Grey strides to the back of the cargo jet. She finds Rachel sitting on top of a wooden crate, sulking alone.

GREY  
(voice low, fierce)  
Can we talk?

Rachel nods, solemn.

GREY (CONT'D)  
Everyone's hurting right now. But  
do you want to make this count or  
not?

RACHEL  
(quiet, struggling)  
I don't know if I can.

GREY  
You're not the only one who lost  
someone. You pulled me into this,  
don't you pull out now.  
(steps closer, fire in her  
eyes)  
What do you need?

RACHEL  
(quiet, honest)  
Faith.

GREY  
Then get on your knees and ask for  
it.  
(beat)  
We're running out of time.

Rachel lowers her head. A deep exhale. A decision forming.

**INT. CARGO JET - COCKPIT - FLYING - DAWN**

Bright and Dom watch the sun rise on the horizon. The low  
FUEL WARNING LIGHT blinks.

BRIGHT  
What do you think?

DOM  
Still feelin' lucky?  
(to Bishop on comms)  
Bishop, we got a problem.

Bishop enters the cockpit.

BISHOP  
How long?

DOM  
Half hour.

**INT. CARGO JET - MAIN CARGO BAY - FLYING - DAY - LATER**

Rachel on her knees, head bowed in the back of the jet.

RACHEL  
(calm prayer)  
Adonai... I surrender my will.  
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Praise be to the Lord my Rock, who  
trains my hands for war, my fingers  
for battle.

She rises slowly...

She opens a CRATE, she sees WHITE ARCTIC OUTFIT, WOLF PROPHET  
MANTLE, HANDGUNS, WHITE RIFLE, KNIVES, and WHITE NUNCHUCKS.

NOVEMBER (V.O.)

For the struggle is not against  
flesh and blood, but against the  
rulers, against the authorities...

She zips up her white artic suit. She ties her WHITE COMBAT  
BOOTS tight. She slides a BLADE into the side of her boot.

NOVEMBER (V.O.)

...against the spiritual forces of  
evil.

She clips on a PROPHET WOLF FUR MANTLE on her shoulders.

NOVEMBER (V.O.)

... Therefore bind me, full of your  
armor, for the hour of this day has  
come.

She spins her white nunchucks like ancient warrior-prophet,  
then snaps into a perfect stop.

RACHEL

(Stern)

Amen!

She glares at the hole in her hand then makes a fist.

**INT. CARGO JET - COCKPIT - FLYING - DAY - LATER**

Dom tips up a FLASK then hands it to Bright.

BRIGHT

How long?

DOM

6 minutes to shark week.

Bright takes a big swig from the flask.

**INT. CARGO JET - MAIN CARGO BAY - FLYING - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Nile and Grey have LAPTOPS open on the hoods of the ATVs

Grey's fingers fly over her KEYBOARD.

Nile speaks into his headset.

NILE

This is alpha eagle three sixteen,  
do you copy? This is alpha eagle  
three sixteen, do you copy?

Grey looks at Bishop. He paces in-between the two ATVs.

GREY

I got nothing.

BISHOP

Keep trying.

Rachel approaches the crew wearing her modern prophet gear.

GREY

(to Rachel)  
We got a problem.

RACHEL

I know, the problem's solved.

The crew looks at her with intrigue with her new outfit.

BISHOP

How's that?

RACHEL

Trust goes both ways.

**INT. CARGO JET - COCKPIT - FLYING - DAY - LATER**

Bright and Dom watch the low fuel warning light blink.

Rachel enters the cockpit.

RACHEL

Dom, how much fuel is left?

DOM

Three-tenths of a percent.

RACHEL

In the name of the Lord, it won't  
fall below that until we land.

DOM

Come again.



RACHEL  
Have faith. He will provide.

BRIGHT  
That's the plan?

Rachel up-nods Bright, straight faced faithful.

Dom nods then tips back the FLASK.

**INT. CARGO JET - MAIN CARGO BAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Rachel exits the cockpit. Bishop, Nile, Big Step, and Grey stand waiting for her.

NILE  
(arm's crossed)  
Who are you, the truth?

RACHEL  
The truth.

BISHOP  
Trust goes both ways.

Grey nods to her best friend. Rachel stares them down.

RACHEL  
I am a prophet of God and the  
anointed witness of the Most High.

Nile glares at Bishop, then huffs in disbelief.

NILE  
Prove it.

She moves close to Nile then touches his forehead.

RACHEL  
Adonai... just a glimpse.

Nile takes a step back with tears in his eyes, overwhelmed.

BISHOP  
Alright, what's the plan?

CUT TO:

**INT. MILITARY AIRBASE - TARMAC - DAY**

The REAR CARGO RAMP of the cargo jet lowers with a HYDRAULIC  
HISS.

**SUPERIMPOSE: DAY 1260 - JERUSALEM**

Dust blows across the TARMAC.

Rachel climbs down the jet ramp, Bishop, Nile, Big Step, and Grey follow close behind.

Two matte-black SUVs ROAR across the tarmac, tires SCREECHING to a stop at the base of the ramp.

The door opens. A MAN IN A BLACK SUIT (40s) steps out.

BLACK SUIT  
You need to come with us. Joint  
Command is expecting you.

CUT TO:

**INT. BLACK SUV - DRIVING - DAY**

Rachel and Bishop ride in the backseat.

RACHEL  
We only have a couple hours.

BISHOP  
For what?

RACHEL  
War.

CUT TO:

**INT. MILITARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

DIGITAL MAPS of the region flickers on a large MONITOR.

An ISRAELI GENERAL (50s), decorated and direct, speaks to a large group of officers. Behind him: satellite images, live intel feeds, red arrows on multiple fronts.

GENERAL  
...Our defense systems are  
breached. By nightfall, the  
probability of rocket saturation  
across the country is real.

Rachel, Bishop, Grey, and Nile stand off to the side.

GENERAL (CONT'D)  
Our analysts have Ghost in an  
armory Tel Aviv, the plan is to-

RACHEL  
(interrupting the General)  
-He's not there. He's baiting you.

The General exhales, annoyed. Murmurs among the brass.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(to Bishop)  
We don't have time for this.

She turns to move toward the exit. A MOSSAD AGENT in plainclothes blocks her path.

MOSSAD AGENT  
We can't let you go.  
(sharp)  
We have work for you.

RACHEL  
I'm not the Shadetree anymore.

Bishop gets in his face.

BISHOP  
You wanna start this off right now?

Rachel strides past both of them.

RACHEL (O.S)  
Let's go.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MILITARY AIRBASE - CARGO JET - DAY**

Dom tightens a bolt on a WHITE DIRT BIKE outside the cargo jet. Rachel approaches the white dirt bike.

DOM  
Made some tweaks, you'll like it.

Rachel nods at Dom. Grey steps forward to Rachel.

GREY  
You sure about this?

RACHEL  
It's my time.

They hug like sisters, tight, wordless. Rachel steps back, slings her WHITE RIFLE over her shoulder. She gives Bishop an up-nod.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
You remember where?

BISHOP  
We're locked in.

RACHEL  
Once they come, get 'em out, and  
don't wait for me.

BISHOP  
The plan wasn't without you.

Rachel straddles the white dirt bike like a war horse.

RACHEL  
I'll catch up.  
(to Nile)  
Nile, get right with God, I don't  
want you to miss who's coming.

Nile nods then lowers his head.

Rachel scans the DESERT SKYLINE then puts on a WHITE HELMET.

Her white combat boot clicks down the starter. She throttles  
the handle—VROOOM. The back TIRE spins.

She zooms off the tarmac wind kicking up behind her. She  
disappears into the dust.

CUT TO:

**INT. GHOST'S ARMORY - COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

Fluorescent lights hum. Ghost stands in black combat gear.  
His CAPTAIN (30s) stands next to him. They look at a huge  
MONITOR mounted on a wall.

MONITOR SHOWS: a map of Israel with overlays of strike zones.

CAPTAIN  
Strike groups are in position.  
Rockets are fueled, targets are  
locked.

GHOST  
Tell them to wait for my mark.  
They won't be able to stop us.  
(beat)  
I can see the Rubicon, are you  
ready to cross with me?

The Captain postures up with pride. Ghost clicks a LAPTOP key.

MONITOR SHOWS: TICKING CLOCK: 02:15:00 until rocket launch.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT RIDGE - SUNSET**

Rachel roars her dirt bike up a DUNE, the engine SCREAMS.

She pulls to a stop at the SUMMIT. Her HELMET VISOR gleams the sunset.

She sees MOUNT SINAI in the distance.

She checks her WATCH then wipes sand dust off it. Her watch timer shows: 02:01:37, 02:01:36.

The sun dips the horizon, casting shadows across the desert.

Rachel twists the throttle—VROOOM.

The white dirt bike SCREAMS forward. She zooms down the DUNE, racing toward Sinai.

**EXT. BASE OF MOUNT SINAI - NIGHT**

Rachel stands at the base of the holy mountain. Her dirt bike rests behind her.

She sees a FIRE GLOW from a CAVE on the mountainside.

She pulls back the hammer on her silver handgun—CLICK, then holsters it.

Her right hand ignites like torch of fire. She climbs up toward the legendary cave of Elijah.

**EXT. MOUNT SINAI - NARROW PATH - NIGHT**

Rachel climbs up a path, winding and narrow.

Her right hand glows with fire, casting shadows on the rocks.

Rachel looks behind. SHADOWS MOVE ON THE ROCKS toward her.

She climbs upward, knowing she's not alone.

**INT. CAVE - NIGHT**

Rachel enters the cave, her fire-lit hand casting shadows along the walls. She moves into the corridor rounding the bend, a fire light ahead grows stronger. She stops at a campfire, no one's there.

Her eyes narrow. A massive SHADOW looms behind her.

A man's HAND clamps over her mouth.

**INT. CAVE - NIGHT - LATER**

Elijah and Rachel sit around the campfire. He offers her a WOODEN PLATE, several LOCUSTS crawl across it.

Rachel raises an eyebrow then holds up a hand.

RACHEL

I'm good.

Elijah smirks then pops a locust into his mouth, chewing.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

So, what's it like... after?

ELIJAH

You'll see.

The campfire FLAME JUMPS higher then settles.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

The messenger said you are a warrior-prophet, like Gideon.

RACHEL

I'm not sure what I am.

He tilts his head then HUMS LOW, curious.

ELIJAH

What is a Shadetree?

RACHEL

It's... like a branch of the olive tree, but... less tame.

ELIJAH

(somber)

I see.

RACHEL  
(challenging tone)  
You see what?

She pulls out her KNIFE to her side, FLAMES REFLECT off it.  
Elijah warms his hands over the campfire.

ELIJAH  
His kingdom come, His will be done,  
on Earth as it is in Heaven.

Rachel smiles for a flash, then sharpens her eyes.

RACHEL  
That's good, but the beast comes  
tonight. So let's get to work.

Rachel's KNIFE DRAWS a MAP ON THE GROUND, etched into dust.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
He wants to take out the Eastern  
Gate, and he has one Trojan horse  
left.

ELIJAH  
What does that mean?

RACHEL  
If that transport isn't stopped,  
Jerusalem will be a memory. I need  
you here...

She stabs her knife into the DIRT MAP, then points her hand.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
...while I take out the transport,  
you flush him out here, and we'll  
meet, there...

She stabs her knife into a different spot on the ground map.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
...and we take him together.

Elijah stands and tightens his BELT.

Water is poured over the campfire—HISS. Violent smoke rises.

ELIJAH  
Come with me, He is waiting.

**EXT. MOUNT SINAI - NARROW PATH - NIGHT**

Elijah leads Rachel up a rocky NARROW PATH on the mountain.

SHADOW DEMONS flit across the rocks.

Elijah leads her into a DARK TUNNEL. Rachel ignites her hand, she moves with it like a torch cutting through the dark.

They emerge into an OPEN-AIR CAVERN, a hollow basin.

Rachel steps forward in awe. She kicks off her WHITE BOOTS.

She walks BAREFOOT slowly across the holy ground, toward a BURNING BUSH at the center of the cavern.

She lowers herself to the ground, prostrated in awe.

The BURNING BUSH glows a white light, majestically blinding.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MILITARY AIRSTRIP - NIGHT**

A tall chain-link fence borders the airstrip. Beyond it, the skyline is scattered with rooftops and dimly lit buildings.

Bishop stands at the fence, staring out toward the city. Nile approaches with a quick step.

NILE

What's up?

BISHOP

The air's different here.

NILE

Yeah, tense.

(beat)

We're refueled, what are we waiting on?

Bishop holds a long beat.

BISHOP

A remnant.

NILE

Did she say that?

Bishop turns to Nile, restless.



BISHOP  
(on his comms)  
Everyone— on me—now!

VVVVRRRRMMMMMM — a BLUR of FIGHTER JETS screams overhead,  
ROARING across the night sky.

BACK TO:

**EXT. BASE OF MOUNT SINAI - NIGHT**

Rachel swings her leg over the dirt bike. Elijah stands next to her.

RACHEL  
That's a long walk.

Elijah glances up to the stars then smirks.

ELIJAH  
I have a chariot.

RACHEL  
Good, let 'em hear the thunder.

Rachel up-nods to Elijah then throttles the engine.

She zooms across the dune, windy sand slicing past her.

MUSIC CUE: WAR DRUMS START PLAYING.

She crests the dune ridge, she looks up and sees a trail of flame streaking across the sky. She knows it's his chariot.

She drops low over the gas tank, racing. Her hair blows wild.

BACK TO:

**INT. GHOST'S ARMORY - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

Ghost watches a LAPTOP. A digital countdown: 10...9...

CUT TO:

**INT. MILITARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

OFFICERS stand behind the General, watching large MONITORS of a raid ready to unfold.

**EXT. ARMORY BUILDING - TEL AVIV - NIGHT**

An assault team breaches a DOOR, they move quick...

**INT. ARMORY BUILDING - TEL AVIV - NIGHT**

...They clear room after room, empty. They reach the central room. In the center: a single TABLE with a LAPTOP. A digital countdown blinks: 3... 2... 1...

BOOM — A MASSIVE EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE ARMORY.

**INT. MILITARY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

The General watches MONITORS GO BLACK. He slams his fist down on the table hard, then lowers his head.

GENERAL  
God help us.

**INT. GHOST'S ARMORY - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

Ghost watches his monitor go black. Calm. Enjoying.

GHOST  
Check. Now let's bring the rain.

Ghost types on his LAPTOP then hits enter.

COUNTDOWN SCREEN: 00:15:00, 00:14:59.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT**

Rachel stands in a shooter position, her white RIFLE aimed and locked on target.

THROUGH SCOPE— INFRARED POV: Truck moving fast. Sees DRIVER.

**INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - NIGHT**

WARHEAD on chains swings taut in the back.

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT**

Rachel holds her aim. Incoming bullets—CRACK dust near her boots. Rachel dives—rolling back to her feet.

She looks up and sees two DRONES circle overhead, hunting.  
She slings her rifle then throws her hands forward.

RACHEL

Swarm!

A deafening HUM rises. BZZZZZZZZZZT!

A LOCUST SWARM bursts past Rachel on both sides.

The locust swarm consumes the sky, peppering the DRONE. It wobbles then explodes.

She struts forward, the other DRONE slams into the ridge behind her, EXPLOSION.

The headlights of the transport move closer. Rachel aims, a locust lands on her scope. She pulls the trigger.

CRACK. The bullet punches through the windshield, the driver's head erupts. Blood splatters on the windshield.

The truck swerves then flips end over end.

#### **EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT**

Rachel mounts her dirt bike then zooms toward the city.

The truck tumbles toward her then slides on its side. The transport sits still then...

BOOM. Mushroom cloud starts growing.

Rachel races forward, she throttles the handle. A FLASH of white light shines behind her then brighter.

BACK TO:

#### **INT. GHOST'S ARMORY - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

A captain rushes from behind Ghost.

CAPTAIN

The warhead didn't reach the gate.

Ghost's brow tightens, he's pissed.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT**

Bright kneels, picks a PADLOCK—CLICK then door opens slow.  
Bishop, Nile, and Bright enter stealthily...

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

...Bishop comes up behind MILITANT-1. Bishop's blade cuts the  
militant-1's throat, he drops without a sound.

Nile silent-shoots MILITANT-2, he crumples to the floor.

BISHOP

Rooftop.

**EXT. GHOST ARMORY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

TEN MILITANTS patrol and pace in front Ghost's ARMORY.

A fire bolt strikes in front of ten militants. Flames whip in  
a circle. Flame fades, Elijah steps forward, mantle smoking.

A MILITANT raises his rifle.

ELIJAH

Burn.

Ten militants burst into flames.

**INT. GHOST'S ARMORY - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Ghost and his captain watch the MONITOR. Ghost's eyes narrow.

GHOST

Make it quick.

He glances at his LAPTOP: COUNTDOWN ticks: 00:58. 00:57.

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ROOF TOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Nile watches through binoculars, stunned.

NILE

Did you see that?

BINOCULARS POV: Elijah steps into the armory.

BRIGHT

(to Bishop)

She ain't coming.

Bishop nods at Bright and Nile.

BISHOP  
Let's move.  
(beat)  
She better be right.

**INT. GHOST'S ARMORY - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

Ghost taps a code into a WALL PANEL.

A DOOR OPENS. He descends into the UNDERGROUND TUNNEL.

CUT TO:

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Ghost moves down a DARK TUNNEL, passing a RED TUNNEL LAMP.

**INT. GHOST'S ARMORY - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

Ghost's captain falls down burnt to a crisp, blackened.

Elijah scans the room. He looks down at the laptop. COUNTDOWN  
00:04, 00:03, 00:02. He turns, sees the tunnel DOOR.

BOOM-EXPLOSION fills the room.

Elijah walks unburnt through the flames.

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Ghost smirks passing a row of tunnel YELLOW LAMPS.

GHOST  
Here comes the rain.

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Elijah strides down the tunnel passing a RED LAMP.

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Ghost comes to a fork in the tunnel, he eyes a YELLOW LAMP.

CUT TO:

**EXT. NARROW CITY ROAD - NIGHT**

Rachel rides up on the narrow street, behind her a biblical PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS follow.

On both sides of the street, INCOMING ROCKETS EXPLODE on buildings. Rachel zooms through fire blazing on the street.

Bishop drives an ATV down the narrow street. Nile rides shotgun, Bright in the back. They zoom past a burning car.

Rachel zooms past Bishop's ATV. She looks back at him. Bishop glances at Nile, they smirk. They look forward eyes widen.

The ATV approaches the locust swarm, head on collision.

Rachel's right hand glows orange on the throttle.

The locust swarm lifts behind her, Bishop's ATV zooms down narrow street, no bugs.

BACK TO:

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Elijah stops at a two way fork in tunnel, darker-the LAMP SHATTERED. He scans the shadows, sensing, he pauses at a heavy shadow, then strides down the tunnel.

Ghost emerges from the heavy shadow, then he backtracks.

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Ghost walks up concrete steps then opens a DOOR...

**INT. CANDY STORE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

...Ghost moves through the DOOR then enters a familiar vintage-style candy shop, jars lined on wooden shelves.

He strolls past the register, pops a butterscotch, then exits.

The door BELL JINGLES.

**EXT. MORIYAH STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Flames engulf buildings and abandoned cars. Smoke chokes the sky. A NEWSPAPER on fire drifts past a MORIYAH STREET sign.

Ghost skips off the sidewalk, scanning both ways. A BURNING CAR blocks one path, a wall of smoke the other.

From the haze steps forth Rachel. WHITE NUNCHUCKS at her hip, like gunslinger at high noon.

Ghost freezes, his eyes narrow.

GHOST

How?

Rachel clinches her jaw then takes a step forward.

RACHEL

Justice.

He tightens his grip on his HANDGUN, his finger twitches.

Elijah exits from the CANDY STORE, his face etched with fury.

He moves to Ghost's left flank. Rachel slides to his right. Together they encircle him, the 'Two Witnesses versus the Antichrist', prophecy in motion.

ELIJAH

God has called two witnesses to  
testify against you.

Ghost pivots, trapped beneath their circling gaze.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

The verdict is rendered.

RACHEL

Guilty.

Ghost raises his handgun then aims.

Elijah steps forward then TAP TAP—two bullets strike his CHEST. He crumples to a knee then looks at Rachel, smirking.

GHOST

Overruled.

Ghost unloads six more rounds into Elijah's chest. He falls dead on the street.

Rachel's eyes widen with fury.

Ghost spins then AIMS at Rachel—CLICK. Empty chamber.

Rachel's right hand pulses orange holding her nunchucks. Ghost draws a THIN BLADE from behind his waist.

She strides forward, justice in motion. She twirls her nunchucks with lethal grace, then lashes a—CRACK on his face. His cheek blooms crimson.

He stumbles a step back then wipes his bleeding cheek.

GHOST (CONT'D)

The birds will feast on your flesh.

RACHEL

Time to bleed.

Ghost surges forward—his blade arcing with deadly precision.

She ducks and weaves—spins low—swings her nunchucks—CRACKS his KNEE then her nunchucks quick-strike his RIBS—CRACK—CRACK. He staggers, blood frothing at his lips.

GHOST

Enough!

She charges, he snaps a front kick into her jaw. She crashes back into the pavement.

Rachel kips up quick.

EXPLOSIONS thunder in the distance, rattling the street.

A wall of smoke rolls in. Ghost melts into its cover.

Rachel spins slowly, scanning the swirling smoke.

RACHEL

Come on!

A dark shape lunges out of the smoke—Ghost, unleashed. He punches her face then swings his blade—she ducks then she rotates into a ROUNDHOUSE KICK. Headshot lands—THUD. Ghost crashes to the ground.

Rachel circles him, chest heaving. Her nun-chucks spinning.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Get up!

He slowly rises, cracking his neck, cocky.

GHOST

I'm going to enjoy this.

Suddenly, a WHINE crescendos overhead. Ghost looks up.

BOOM! A ROCKET SLAMS into a nearby CAR, a fireball erupts, they are hurled backward.



Rachel crashes hard on her back. Her eyes flutter open.

Ghost lands on top of her—his blade slashes downward—she seizes his wrist. His blade moves closer to her face—closer. She swings her legs around his neck in a brutal chokehold.

She SQUEEZES her LEGS, his face contorts, veins bulging.

She SCREAMS, then releases him. She clutches her left side. Her white suit seeps with red blood. Ghost looks at the bloody thin blade then drives it into her stomach with savage force. She GROANS.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Your vengeance dies here.

Rachel yanks on his hair—pulls his face close to hers.

RACHEL  
My vengeance is coming for you!

MUSIC CUE: WAR DRUMS STOP.

She releases his hair, then leans back on the pavement.

Ghost SLAMS a fresh CLIP, then levels his handgun.

Rachel tilts her head to side, peaceful as dawn.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Adonai... receive me.

Ghost fires—TAP TAP TAP TAP. Each shot jerks her body.

Her EYES CLOSE slowly... one final time.

He stares down at her, a flicker of regret, then walks away. Rachel lies still. Her white suit, drenched in blood.

The street remains in FLAMES. GUNFIRE ECHOES.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MILITARY AIRSTRIp - NIGHT**

CARGO JET is lined up the runway. Nile quick steps to Bishop, looking for Rachel.

NILE  
Yo, it's time.

Bishop scans the TARMAC then nods—bitter.

CUT TO:

**INT. COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Dom and Bright man the controls. Dom pushes the throttle forward. They watch runway lights blur past the window.

**INT. CARGO JET MAIN BAY - FLYING - - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The cargo bay is full of FAMILIES and ELDERLY. Bishop passes through a CROWD of people. He stops and gazes at a MOM holding her BABY.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - LATER**

Bishop takes a step forward on the DESERT DUNE, the CARGO JET fifty yards behind his shoulder. He looks through BINOCULARS.

POV NIGHT VISION: He sees the entrance of PETRA.

BISHOP  
(on comms)  
This is it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SIQ CANYON - NIGHT**

Bishop's FLASHLIGHT carves a path through the narrow canyon. Nile, Big Step, and Grey follow in single file. Grey moves forward, PISTOL aimed and ready.

A distant HYMN lifts through the canyon, getting louder. Bishop comes to the end of the passage...

**EXT. PETRA (OPENING) - NIGHT**

... The passage opens into a courtyard of hundreds of canvas TENTS, LANTERNS glowing like fireflies.

BIG STEP  
(low, awed)  
Who are they?

GREY  
The remnant.

Bishop and Grey exchange a brief look of faith.

BISHOP  
(on comms)  
Dom, bring 'em in.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MORIYAH STREET - DAWN**

Rachel and Elijah lie side by side, the victors' shrine.

An armed MILITANT (30s) takes a selfie—CLICK with dead prophets. His armed MILITANT FRIENDS (20's) laugh.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TEMPLE MOUNT - DAWN**

Ghost strolls in a long BLACK ROYAL ROBE with a HOOD over his head. He moves across the holy place of God with a prideful confidence.

DARK RAIN CLOUDS paint the horizon. RAVENS wheel overhead, their harsh CAWS—ECHOING.

Ghost reaches the edge—looking out over the city.

He grips a HANDFUL OF SAND, letting it slip through his burnt fingers. His eyes narrow.

GHOST  
One law, one light, one way.

HEAVY RAIN starts pouring—LIGHTENING STRIKES—THUNDER CLAPS.

He looks up.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SKYLINE - SUNRISE**

Skyline view of Jerusalem, a storm falls on the smoke filled city.

**SUPERIMPOSE: DAY 1263.5**

CUT TO:

**EXT. MORIYAH STREET - DAY**

A WHITE COMBAT BOOT steps into a rain puddle, a bit too large for the burned boy who wears them. He's (14) now, holding an AK-47 RIFLE as he passes CHARRED BUILDINGS and DEAD BODIES.

RAVENS wheel above, their CAWS slicing.

The burned boy stops and stares down at the two dead prophets. He lifts his PHONE then records them.

Suddenly, Rachel's FOOT TWITCHES. Elijah's FIST CLENCHES.

A thick WHITE FOG rolls in, swallowing the street. Through the haze, a golden glow—like the Shekinah glory, PULSES.

The white fog cloud lifts to the sky, Rachel and Elijah are gone. The MORIYAH STREET sign stands alone.

He lowers his phone, stares in disbelief at the final sweep of light-filled fog drifts skyward.

November materializes at his shoulder, serene amid the fear.

NOVEMBER

The second woe has passed, the  
third woe is coming soon.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PETRA COURTYARD - DUSK**

TENTS are clustered together, hundreds of people moving around the campsite.

Bishop's crew rests at the large stairway that leads into the mountain. A DOVE lands in front of them. Grey stands up.

**EXT. SIQ CANYON - DUSK**

MUSIC CUE: ORTHODOX CHOIR CHANT, "TERRIFYING JUDGEMENT".

BARE FEMALE FEET walk forward inside the Siq Canyon, a long WHITE DRESS train drags on the ground. A bright orange light glows behind her.

LYRICS

(choir sings in Latin)  
Look how the heavenly host shines.

Orange light SHINES out of the opening of the Siq Canyon.

Bishop rises to his feet. Everyone stares at the opening.

Rachel steps out of the opening, wearing a white wedding dress with an orange golden glow-shining behind her.

Her HEALED FACE rises and she looks forward. She SMILES WIDE like a refined resurrected fire... RADIANT.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JERUSALEM HILLSIDE - DAWN**

Jerusalem's skyline smolders in the distance.

**SUPERIMPOSE: DAY 1335**

A lone WHITE HORSE and its RIDER (33) emerges on the ridge, flanked by thousands of BIRDS of prey circling above.

LYRICS

(choir continues singing  
in Latin)

Look the Lord is coming to be  
enthroned.

The rider's WHITE ROBE trails behind, the bottom part soaked in blood.

The rider's HAND traces the HORSE'S FLANK. His PALM has a healed NAIL-WOUND, the view drifts upward along his ARM, there is a righteous display of his FACE.

JESUS CHRIST has returned, his EYES glow an orange fire, full of VENGEANCE.

He marches slowly toward the EASTERN GATE.

HOOVES ECHO.

NOVEMBER (V.O.)

(calm and LOUD)

Vengeance is the Lord's!

ORTHODOX CHOIR CHANT continues to play through credits.

FADE OUT.