

BLACK DIAMOND

Written by

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11.28.25

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INT. CHEAP RENTAL UNIT - FORT LAUDERDALE - 8 A.M.

A LOW-FREQUENCY HISS bleeds in - like a military comm channel searching for a receiver.

Under it: a faint heartbeat blip.. glitching.. dropping frames.

Then-

FRANÇOIS (V.O.)
(broken, skipping,
corrupted)
Stand-down. If Derrick surfaces-
Black Diamond.. burns.

A SINGLE BLUE MEMORY PULSE flickers.

For half a second -

A RED WARNING SYMBOL flashes across his closed eyes.

Gone.

DERRIK (V.O.)
I wake up every day in a life that
fits me, almost, but doesn't belong
to me.

A sad aquarium glow bathes the wreckage of a cheap, lived-in studio. Clothes. Bottles. Last night's smoke is still hanging.

Derrick's phone buzzes once - a small, forgotten sound.

ON SCREEN:

UNKNOWN - Chicago, IL Ping at 3:14 A.M.

"Delivery Attempt Failed."

It disappears. Derrick groans and shifts, cheek stuck to a drink umbrella on the floor.

ROCCO, the angelfish, drifts through his bowl - the only innocent in the room.

ON DERRIK DIAMOND mid-30s. Marine-turned-cop-turned-nothing. A man staring at the one creature he hasn't disappointed yet.

The door CLICKS - someone leaving.

DERRIK
Pat. Damn - what was the name?
Chris? Terry?

Rocco blows one judgmental bubble.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Yeah, yeah... I fucked up again.
 Almost sober. Almost alive. Story
 of my whole goddamn life.

Somewhere deep inside Derrik...that faint comm hiss lingers –
 unheard but present.

He groans upright. On his forearm – a FRESH TATTOO: ALMOST in
 bruised blacks and blues.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Jesus... that's gonna leave a mark.

He staggers toward the window, scratching his ass.

MICRO FLASHBACK – INT. NIGHTCLUB – LAST NIGHT

Strobes. Bodies. Derrik snorts a line. Slams a shot. Hands.
 Kissing. Clothes flying. Faces obscured.

BACK TO SCENE

Sunlight obliterates him.

DERRIK
 Where the hell are my pants?

He finds the pants.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Found 'em.

He grabs a vodka bottle. Empty.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Can I start a day with ONE drink?

He throws it. It bounces.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Plastic. Figures.

Another drag of a bent cigarette.

He rubs the tattoo – winces.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Almost. Why the hell would I get
 this–

MICRO FLASHBACK – ALLEY, NYC – EIGHT YEARS AGO (CRAIG BREADCRUMB #1)

DERRIK kisses CRAIG, young FBI, shaved head, soft eyes.

CRAIG
Don't leave me.

DERRIK
Never.

Craig touches Derrik's chest – right where the tattoo will one day be.

CRAIG
Whatever they tell you...
Stay away from Black Diamond.

A beat of ache. Derrik inhales Craig's shoulder – a ritual.

A suppressed BANG. Craig falls. Blood blooming.

BACK TO SCENE

Derrik pulls on the pants. Looks at a PHOTO taped to the mirror – he and Craig outside WICKED. He thumbs Craig's face.

DERRIK
Almost never get over you.

His phone BUZZES: DRAGON LADY.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
Yeah, I'm coming. Twenty minutes.

DRAGON LADY (O.S.)
(snappy, male)
You're already late. Fifteen or
you're fired.

Click.

Derrik kneels to Rocco. His eye looks massive through the bowl.

DERRIK
Drama everywhere.
You got the perfect life – swim,
eat, repeat. We're the same.
Fishbowl boys.

He flicks the cigarette and heads out.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
Rocco, your ship.

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT – KITCHEN – DAY

Controlled chaos. Steam, steel, the percussion of lunch rush.

Derrick slips in, still smelling like a hangover. He changes into chef pants and DRAGON LADY t-shirt.

PHILLIP – Dragon Lady – sharp gay man, razor wit, eyeliner like a weapon.

Derrick flashes the watch: 9:14. He kisses Phillip's cheek.

DERRIK
Would I ever leave you hanging?

DRAGON LADY
Good thing I like you.

He struts into the dining room.

EDGAR, 40s, Cuban, immaculate with a knife, watches.

EDGAR
Mess with Dragon Lady all you want,
Chico. You fuck up my kitchen, I
kill you.

DERRIK
Yes, chef.

CRASH – A BUSBOY explodes into a pile of shattered plates. Two THUGS slam Edgar into a prep table. The kitchen freezes.

Without thinking, Derrick:

DERRIK (CONT'D)
(to thug)
Hey, Susie – come give me another
kiss. Same one from last night.

The thug turns– A knife FLASHES – buries in the thug's throat.

The second thug draws– Derrick SMASHES a plate into his skull. He drops. Derrick snaps his neck clean.

Silence. Everyone stares at Derrick like he's a dormant volcano that just woke up.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
That's why you make reservations.
Chef, I'm taking fifteen.

He steps out, lighting a cigarette.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND DRAGON LADY – CONTINUOUS

Heat. Humidity. The metallic scent of spilled adrenaline.

A MAN emerges from the shadows:

AARON DAVIS (40s) – composed, sun-kissed, lethal calm. A man who carries silence like a weapon.

He looks Derrik over slowly – intimate, clinical.

AARON
You're early.
(beat)
You don't usually start fucking up
until noon.

Derrik squints.

DERRIK
Should I know you?

Aaron studies him the way a former lover studies amnesia. He steps close. His thumb touches Derrik's jaw – a test disguised as tenderness.

AARON
No spark?

DERRIK
(cool)
Nothing.

Aaron's eyes drop to the tattoo. He touches the tattoo lightly.

AARON
Almost.

No reaction from Derrik.

AARON (CONT'D)
You'll get there.

He reveals the holster under his jacket.

AARON (CONT'D)
When you're done pretending to be a
chef...come find me.

He walks away.

A gravel voice behind Derrik:

HARLAN (O.S.)
Still up to those same old tricks.

Derrik turns.

HARLAN DIAMOND, 60s, a Marine carved from guilt and bourbon
fumes.

He studies Derrik – bruises, smoke, shame.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
Jesus, Derrik. I raised you wrong.

DERRIK
What are you doing here?

Harlan steps close.

HARLAN
Craig. There's something you need
to know. Something he never told
you. Black Diamond.

He walks. Derrik follows.

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT – KITCHEN – LATER

SAMANTHA VARGAS, 35, FBI star, tactical, sharp.

COLTON SAMUELS, 48, local cop with a bruised ego and a
permanent mustard stain, hovers behind her.

Edgar trembles beside the corpses. Colton eats from the line.

COLTON
So Edgar, what happened?

EDGAR
They came out of nowhere!

Edgar spits on a corpse. Colton tastes a soup.

SAMANTHA
Papi... why would they target you?

COLTON

Then why do you work in this dump?

Dragon Lady freezes – offended. Samantha palms Colton back.

SAMANTHA

What did you do?

Derrick strolls back in – utterly calm – chopping onions, rapidly. Samantha clocks him. Colton freezes.

EDGAR

Ask him!

Colton approaches. Grabs Derrick's arm. Derrick flips him and pins him with surgical force.

DERRIK

You want my attention?
Show some respect.

SAMANTHA

Let him go.

Derrick releases. Colton reaches for his gun–

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Samuels. Statements.

Dragon Lady steps in.

DRAGON LADY

Derrick take the day off if you
want.

DERRIK

Can't. Got a family.

SAMANTHA

A family?

DERRIK

My kid Rocco. Three weeks old.
Growing up fast.

SAMANTHA

My file doesn't–
(showing confusion)
You don't have a son.

DERRIK

Angelfish. Adorable.

He chops with hypnotic precision.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 How's your daughter? Emma. Seven
 now?

Samantha stiffens.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Files go both ways. Cute kid.

Samantha steps closer – low, dangerous.

SAMANTHA
 Stay. Away. From my daughter.

Derrick nods once.

DERRIK
 Relax. I'm not the one you should
 worry about.

Samantha narrows her eyes – studying him.

SAMANTHA
 Where'd you learn knife work like
 that?

DERRIK
 Thailand. Chefs are good with
 knives.

The blade CHOP-CHOP-CHOPS – a rhythmic, unsettling precision.

Samantha steps aside as her phone buzzes.

She lifts it out of habit – then freezes for half a second.

ON SCREEN:

Emma, missing a tooth, sending a sloppy "I LOVE YOU" heart
 with her hands. Samantha's face doesn't soften – but
 something in her eyes does.

Colton notices. Smirks.

COLTON
 (sentencing himself)
 Kids'll get you killed in this line
 of work.

A tiny shift. Samantha turns – slow. Controlled.

SAMANTHA
 Don't talk about my kid.
 Ever.

Colton blinks – surprised. That’s all she gives him. She pockets the phone. Armor back on.

INT. MIAMI PENTHOUSE – BLACK DIAMOND SUITE – DAY

High-rise penthouse overlooking Biscayne Bay. 10 A.M.

Sleek. Minimal. Expensive. Cold.

REBECCA DIAMOND (55), French-American, black bob, immaculate couture, sits on a white couch like it’s a throne. Even her makeup is invisible perfection.

FRANÇOIS DIAMOND (58). All in black. The kind of man who could slit a throat or crack an egg with the same ease.

He serves tea.

REBECCA

(in French)

Merci, François. Voulez-vous vous joindre à moi?

FRANÇOIS

No. I must attend to a situation in the kitchen.

Rebecca sighs, snaps her fingers once. A tiny white poodle, HARRY, launches onto her lap and settles.

Rebecca strokes him, eyes on the bay.

REBECCA

We wanted re-engagement from him. We got that. Our Derrik hasn’t lost his aim.

FRANÇOIS

Thailand paid off. We were well compensated for that little tour.

REBECCA

Knife throwing and chopping.

FRANÇOIS

His sushi is exquisite.

Rebecca’s gaze hardens.

REBECCA

Harlan resurfaced.

FRANÇOIS

I wondered what would drag that
bastard out of his cave.

REBECCA

Do I detect sarcasm, François? Mon
Dieu.

FRANÇOIS

I let him walk once. Pity.
Next time he goes down, it'll be
for revenge.

REBECCA

Louise left you for him. She had a
child, Derrik, and then she died.
The past isn't as fulfilling as you
hope it will be.

FRANÇOIS

He took her from me.

REBECCA

(in French)

Mon ami, trente-cinq ans de
souffrance... et tu en es encore là?
(My friend, 35 years of
pain... and you're still
here?)

He doesn't answer.

FRANÇOIS

I'll secure the bodies.

REBECCA

Let the police do their theater. We
own that dim-witted cop, Colton.

FRANÇOIS

(in French, dry)

Il est tellement américain.
Drapeaux. Politique. Il m'ennuie.
(He is so American. Flags.
Politics. He bores me.)

He whistles softly. Harry hops down and trots after him.

Rebecca picks up her phone, scrolls to HARLAN. She puts it on
speaker as she sips.

SPLIT SCREEN - RIGHT: HARLAN IN CAR / LEFT: REBECCA IN PENTHOUSE

Harlan drives some battered American sedan.

REBECCA

Harlan.

HARLAN

Sister. Whatever you're selling, I'm not buying.

REBECCA

That's what Craig said. Until a bullet to the brain shut him up.

Harlan's grip tightens on the wheel.

HARLAN

I'm hanging up.

REBECCA

Brother, why so angry?

HARLAN

I'm not angry. Fuck off.

He hangs up.

BACK TO SINGLE -
PENTHOUSE

Rebecca smiles to herself.

REBECCA

François... let's take a ride to that dreadful little dump, Fort Lauderdale. The animals want to be fed.

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

The lunch rush is over.

DERRIK

Chef, I'm taking fifteen.

Dragon Lady -watching him go out the back.

Once Derrik's out of sight, Dragon Lady steps aside, pulls a matte-black phone. His posture shifts - colder, sharper. Like he's slipping back into an old skin.

SPLIT SCREEN - LEFT: DRAGON LADY / RIGHT: SHADOWED FIGURE

On the right: a penthouse window at night. Chicago skyline blurred.

A MAN stands in silhouette. We see only shoulders, a glimpse of a shaved head, and the edge of an eye-patch. Never his full face.

DRAGON LADY
You saw the footage. He hasn't lost
a step.

VOICE (CRAIG)
(smooth, dangerous)
Longevity was always the promise.
Maintain your position.

For once, Dragon Lady swallows - a tiny crack.

DRAGON LADY
Understood.

CLICK.

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE DRAGON LADY - CONTINUOUS

Derrick lights a generic cigarette, inhales deep. Smoke out slow. Dragon Lady joins him, buzzing with nervous energy.

DRAGON LADY
That was some fancy work in there.

DERRIK
Oh, the flan recipe? Cuban guy
named Carlos. Sweet tooth, mean
right hook.

DRAGON LADY
No, sweetheart - the knife in the
neck. Where'd you learn to do that?

DERRIK
Trial and error. Mostly an error.

Dragon Lady grins.

DRAGON LADY
My cute, adorable knife-man.

DERRIK
Just doing my job, boss.

DRAGON LADY
Throwing knives like a geisha is usually reserved for drag queens. You, honey, have history. Let's open that book. You share, I share.

A presence at the mouth of the alley. AARON steps in, dangerously close. Says nothing. Doesn't have to.

DRAGON LADY (CONT'D)
Bless your heart, you little cock-blocker.

Aaron glares. Derrik drags on the cigarette.

DRAGON LADY (CONT'D)
Fine, I'm going. But this is a fifteen-minute break, darling. And if you're gonna do more target practice, call me.

He disappears back inside. Derrik blows smoke directly toward Aaron. Aaron doesn't flinch.

AARON
You people all like that?

Derrik smirks.

DERRIK
Yep. Still no bell ringing for you. Don't you have some shirts to iron?

Aaron's answer is simple:

AARON
Let's talk about Craig.

Derrik's expression ices.

DERRIK
Let's have you piss off.

Aaron pins him against the wall. Not wild – controlled, practiced.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
(sighs)
2nd time in hour I get pinned.

A BUSBOY steps out with a cigarette. One look from Aaron sends him back inside.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
That act doesn't work on me.

AARON
It did last night.

DERRIK
Damn. Can't remember.

Aaron's eyes flick to the forearm.

AARON
Getting that tattoo?

DERRIK
Another bad decision.

They stand in the narrow strip of shadow – trash bins, grease, a vibrating Florida afternoon.

He turns to go. Aaron catches his arm. Not gentle now.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
I mean, I like it rough.

AARON
So do I.
(then)
Shirt off.

DERRIK
Buddy, I forget names, not
boundaries–

CRACK.

Aaron slaps him, hard. Derrik hits brick, then Derrik launches a punch– Aaron catches it with ridiculous ease.

AARON
Shirt. Now.

A beat. Derrik peels off his shirt.

Revealing: a BLACK DIAMOND TATTOO across his left pec. Geometric, violent, unmistakable.

Derrik stares at it like it's alien. Like he's seeing it for the first time.

AARON (CONT'D)
She's coming for you.
They want you back in.

DERRIK
They?

AARON
Wake up, soldier. The world needs
you. Don't trust anyone but me.

DERRIK
Brother... I barely trust myself.

For a moment, Aaron's eyes soften.

AARON
I'll pick you up at eleven.

DERRIK
I've got plans.

AARON
You ain't got shit.

A charged pause.

DERRIK
What's your name?

AARON
(turning away)
Your last hope. Call me Aaron.

He walks off into the Florida glare.

Derrick stands there, shirt in hand, chest exposed, tattoo burning like a prophecy. He takes a final drag, flicks the cigarette.

From a car parked at the end of the alley, TWO SETS OF EYES watch Derrick re-enter the restaurant. The engine turns over. The car pulls away.

INT. LOCAL DINER - FORT LAUDERDALE - LATER

A forgotten 1950s diner that never updated. Not retro - just stuck.

HARLAN sits in a booth: Red Sox cap, Yankees jersey, Hawaiian board shorts, sandals, Ray-Bans. A one-man identity crisis.

Rebecca sits opposite in pristine white blouse and slacks.

FRANÇOIS, all in black, beside her, sipping whiskey.

A WAITRESS drops a giant cheeseburger, fries, and a beer for Harlan.

Rebecca gets a salad she won't touch. FRANÇOIS: whiskey, neat.

Harlan goes in on the burger.

HARLAN
(mouth full)
Pass the ketchup.

FRANÇOIS
You still eat like a dog.

HARLAN
Still bite like one.

REBECCA
Boys.

Silence, except for chewing. Harlan finishes a gulp of beer and burps LOUD. On purpose.

HARLAN
That one's for you, Sis.
Remember how that used to make you
laugh?

Rebecca can't help it – she smiles.

REBECCA
Father hated when you did that.

FRANÇOIS
He never beat you hard enough.

Harlan wipes his mouth.

HARLAN
My dear younger brother...
Changing your name from Frank to
François and faking that accent
doesn't make you la haute société.

FRANÇOIS
I never liked you, brother.

HARLAN
You never liked that Liz left you
for me. Had my son – not yours.

FRANÇOIS
And then died because of you.

Rebecca raises her glass, amused.

REBECCA
Look at us. The Diamond siblings,
in this marvelous little dump,
sharing old stories. Like one big,
dysfunctional noir Christmas.

A tense beat.

HARLAN
Why are you back?

REBECCA
(smiles)
I never left. I just stopped
returning your calls.

Beat.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I have a problem.
Craig.

The men go still.

HARLAN
Craig is dead.

FRANÇOIS
(correcting)
I killed him myself.

REBECCA
Did you? Really?

Silence.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Did you check the body?

Their faces betray it: doubt.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
My source says he's alive.

Another beat.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
As heir to the Diamond empire, it's
time I take over.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 You, my dear Harlan, have grown
 fat, slow, and embarrassingly
 sentimental. Not exactly a role
 model for our Derrik.

FRANÇOIS' grin is sharp.

FRANÇOIS
 The empire deserves a stronger
 hand.

HARLAN
 Careful, little brother.
 You don't know everything.

REBECCA
 No. But Craig does.

FRANÇOIS
 Craig was a problem. I silenced
 him. He was filling Derrik's head
 with ideas.

Harlan's temper cracks.

HARLAN
 I don't like that my son, my flesh
 is-

He can't say it.

FRANÇOIS
 Gay.

Harlan throws a glass of water in his face instead of killing
 him.

Silence. Rebecca cuts through.

REBECCA
 Harlan. Black Diamond is
 threatened. We're all at risk.
 We need Derrik. There is more work
 to do.

HARLAN
 Too bad you weren't a better lover
 to Liz.

A gun CLICKS under the table - soft but unmistakable.

FRANÇOIS
 One more word. Just one. Go on.

Rebecca sighs – queen of the room. Dead silence. She gives François a look.

REBECCA

And Frankie – relax on the drama.
 (then, the dagger)
 If we're going to change the world,
 Black Diamond must go political.

François bristles with purist contempt.

FRANÇOIS

Black Diamond only works in the
 shadows. Bring it into the light..
 and it dies.

Harlan wipes his fingers, unfazed.

HARLAN

Black Diamond should never have
 existed.

A tiny sibling smile shared between Rebecca and François.
 History. Chaos. Loyalty. Betrayal. All in one flicker.

They are monsters. But they are monsters together.

REBECCA

So, Harlan, I need you to get
 Derrik in. Frankie needs time with
 him. The CIA buried secrets in his
 head. We need them.

The WAITRESS returns with the check.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

HARLAN

Just the check.

WAITRESS

Got it right here.

She hands it to Harlan. Rebecca plucks it, slides out a BLACK
 AMEX.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Oh, I've never seen this color.
 Rebecca Diamond? Wait– you're *the*
 Rebecca Diamond.
 I love your perfume. Pricey, but
 worth it.

Rebecca reaches into her handbag, hands the waitress a card.

REBECCA

Call my office Monday. They'll send
you a bottle of Black Diamond.

WAITRESS

No, I-I can't afford-

She runs the card, returns it.

REBECCA

No charge, darling.

The waitress walks off, stunned and elated.

FRANÇOIS

(in French)

On a terminé ? J'ai besoin d'air.
(Are we finished? I need
air.)

HARLAN

One more bite.

He finishes the burger, drains the beer, BURPS again. Rebecca
laughs. She can't help it.

FRANÇOIS

Don't encourage him.

The camera pulls back as the three Diamonds sit there -
broken, lethal, inextricable.

FRANÇOIS (CONT'D)

Harlan, pick a team. Red Sox,
Yankees, Hawaiian. You look like a
low-class local.

They all laugh in that way that only siblings who might kill
each other do.

FADE.

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

Controlled chaos. DERRIK plates appetizers. EDGAR shouts
orders. SERVERS spin in and out.

His phone BUZZES.

ON SCREEN: UNKNOWN ID.

He ignores it.

EDGAR
Derrik – nineteen. Ready?

DERRIK
Pick-up.

PAM (21, blonde, hopelessly in love) swoops in.

PAM
Thanks, chef.

DERRIK
Just Derrik. Chef is the angry
Cuban one.

She lingers.

PAM
You wanna go out later?

DERRIK
Do you wanna get that food out
before it dies?

PAM
So... yes?

DRAGON LADY glides over like a glamorous hurricane.

DRAGON LADY
Pam. Sweetheart. Derrik is taken.

PAM
By who?

DRAGON LADY
By someone with better hair. Go.

Pam scurries off.

DERRIK
Thanks. I owe you.

DRAGON LADY
Oh, there's a reward? Just not the
kind you hand out with knives.

Derrik smirks.

DRAGON LADY (CONT'D)
Also - FBI Barbie is in booth
three. Wants a word.

DERRIK
Now?

DRAGON LADY
Teddy! Cover him.

TEDDY (22, clean-cut, eager) hops in.

TEDDY
Got it, boss.

Derrick strips his apron and heads out.

INT. DRAGON LADY - DINING ROOM - DAY

SAMANTHA VARGAS sits in booth #3. Water untouched. Derrick
slides in across from her. PAM drops a vodka.

DERRIK
Make it a double next time.

He knocks it back like oxygen.

SAMANTHA
You vanished after this morning.

DERRIK
Family business.

SAMANTHA
Let's discuss your "family
business."

DERRIK
My dad forgets things. I remind
him. End of story.

SAMANTHA
Bullshit. You haven't seen him
since Craig died. Your a Diamond.
He's a Diamond.

Derrick goes still. Very still.

DERRIK
First - shut the hell up about
Craig. Third - I don't know
anything.

SAMANTHA
You skipped "second."

DERRIK
I don't do sequels.

SAMANTHA
What did the CIA do to you?

DERRIK
Lady, I cook noodles. That's what I do.

SAMANTHA
You were trained. Conditioned.
Wiped.

DERRIK
You should try the flan.

He stands.

SAMANTHA
Black Diamond, Derrik.
What do you remember?

He looks at her – calm, unsettling.

DERRIK
That perfume's expensive.
I could never afford it.

A beat.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
I'm late. Dragon Lady kills people
for sport.

He walks.

Pam arrives with the second vodka.

PAM
Where'd he go?

SAMANTHA
Leave it.

She downs it in one brutal shot. Harder than Derrik did.

Across the room, HARLAN sits alone, disguised in plain sight.

He texts under the table:

ON SCREEN -
HARLAN (TEXT):

#3 compromised. Remove.

FADE.

INT. DRAGON LADY - KITCHEN - LATER

Derrick returns to his station. Claps Teddy on the back.

Pam hovers nearby - glowing like a cheap bulb about to burn out.

DERRIK
Thanks, Teddy.

Teddy beams and floats away.

CHICAGO PENTHOUSE

A burner phone vibrates in CRAIG'S HANDS. Outside the window. He sends a text messages.

CUT TO:

DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT KITCHEN

Derrick checks his phone. A PHOTO loads.

THE PHOTO - CRAIG, apparently dead in Derrick's arms. The alley. Blood. Shock.

The kitchen noise fades. Pans clatter somewhere far away.

SFX: HEARTBEAT

Slow... then building... pounding like a war drum.

CUT TO:

A message appears:

You want to know who did this?
(MORE)

ON SCREEN -
UNKNOWN:

DERRIK (CONT'D)
10:30 P.M. - Commercial Street
Pier.

A tiny tremor in Derrik's hand. Just once. A ghost of who he was.

INT. HARLAN'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

HARLAN drives. Sweating. Grinding his teeth.

CUT TO:

CHICAGO PENTHOUSE

Craig stands at the window. Very much alive. He sends a text message.

CUT TO:

INT. HARLAN'S TRUCK

His phone BUZZES. He glances.

The same photo. Craig dead. Derrik holding him. Different angle, worse somehow.

Harlan almost swerves. A horn blares as a semi roars past.

SFX: HIS EARS - GUNSHOTS, a SCREAM, distant SIRENS - pounding like a war drum.

ON SCREEN -
UNKNOWN:

You want to know who really pulled
the trigger?
10:30 P.M. - 17th Street Pier.

Harlan wipes his face.

HARLAN
Jesus Christ...

INT. BLACK DIAMOND SUV - MOVING - DAY

REBECCA and FRANÇOIS sit in silence - calibrated, deliberate.

CUT TO:

CHICAGO PENTHOUSE

Craig sips a brandy. He sends a text message.

CUT TO:

Both phones BUZZ.

They exchange a look only powerful monsters understand.

They unlock.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK DIAMOND SUV

ON SCREEN -
UNKNOWN:

I know what you did to Craig.
Should I tell Derrik?
10:30 P.M. - Port of Miami.

Outside the windshield, container cranes loom like steel skeletons.

Rebecca's jaw sets. François' pupils constrict.

FRANÇOIS
(in French, low)
Merde...

Rebecca exhales once - long, controlled.

REBECCA
Someone wants to play.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET PIER - FORT LAUDERDALE - 10:30 P.M.

Fog rolls in like a slow lie. Derrik approaches - buzzed, wired, eyes scanning. HEARTBEAT THUMPS in his ears. He checks his phone. 10:29 P.M. A FIGURE appears in silhouette at the far end. Derrik moves toward it-

WHAM.

A pipe cracks the back of his skull. He drops.

Two MASKED MEN grab him. A needle hits his neck - a chemical burn. Derrik claws at the air-

WORLD FADES TO WHITE.

EXT. 17TH STREET PIER - FORT LAUDERDALE - SAME TIME

Wind lashes the water. Wood groans. Lights flicker. Harlan stands alone, hands in pockets, like he's walked into his own execution.

A SHAPE steps from the shadows. AARON.

Calm. Composed. Deadly quiet. Harlan stiffens.

HARLAN
You followed me?

AARON
No. I led you.

A long beat.

HARLAN
Tell me what you know.

Aaron steps closer, mild, final.

AARON
Rebecca didn't just orchestrate
Craig's death. François pulled the
trigger.
He loved Craig. And they turned
that love into a weapon.

Harlan folds against the railing - gutted. Aaron doesn't move.

EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Rebecca and François stride into an empty loading area. Cranes loom like skeletons. Silent. Deserted.

They wait. Nothing. They wait longer. Still nothing. François' jaw pulses.

FRANÇOIS
(in French)
Merde. Il nous a trompés.
(Shit. He played us.)
Rebecca's phone BUZZES.

ON SCREEN -
UNKNOWN:

Wrong place. Wrong play. Wrong
queen. Check your brother.

Rebecca freezes. François goes pale.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

A bag is ripped off Derrik's head. He's tied to a chair. One blinding spotlight. The rest is black.

He squints, groggy, drugged. A VOICE from the dark:

VOICE
Time to wake up, Derrik.

His HEARTBEAT echoes into—

FLASHBACK — FIRST-GEN BLACK DIAMOND LAB — NIGHT (RED MEMORY WASH)

A cold red glow pulses through an underground lab — humming tech, steel, shadow. A nightmare dressed as science.

DERRIK (younger, unscarred, beautiful in a dangerous way) lies unconscious on a gurney.

FRANÇOIS, a decade younger but already a zealot, checks vitals. CRAIG, 40s then — crisp FBI, disciplined, eyes that have already memorized Derrik — watches with unease.

CRAIG
So after the event... he won't remember. He kills... and forgets?

FRANÇOIS
(smiling like God on the seventh day)
Yes. That's the logic.

Craig steps closer, studying Derrik as if willing him awake.

CRAIG
Derrik... can you hear me?

Derrik's lips barely move.

DERRIK
(faint)
Almost. Come closer.

François tilts his head — amused.

FRANÇOIS

Go on.

Craig leans in-

FRANÇOIS

Derrick. Craig. Wicked.

RED MEMORY SNAP

Derrick ERUPTS awake – his hand around Craig's throat, slamming him into the gurney bracket. One second away from murder.

Craig claws for air – but what shocks him more is Derrick inhaling him, deep, animal, familiar.

François doesn't flinch.

FRANÇOIS

At ease, soldier.

Like a master switch: Derrick drops Craig. His whole body resets – heartbeat steady. Craig staggers back, rattled.

CRAIG

What's the fail-safe?

FRANÇOIS

(perfect arrogance)

No need. Perfection is perfection.

CRAIG

The Bureau wants an off-switch.

François' eyes sharpen – a scientist threatened.

FRANÇOIS

Nothing will go wrong. I built-

CRAIG

(interrupting; command
voice)

And you will give me the off-switch.

A long, electric stare-down.

FRANÇOIS

Yes.

Craig waits.

CRAIG

Yes what?

François's jaw hardens.

FRANÇOIS

(cold)

Yes, Commander.

Craig leaves, unnerved but unaware he just lost the war.

The door shuts.

FRANÇOIS' PRIVATE RED ROOM

François turns to the console – fingers flying – rewriting fate without oversight.

FRANÇOIS

(in French, low)

Répondre à lui ? Jamais.

(Answer to him? Never.)

He turns toward Derrik – who now stares upward, blank, waiting.

FRANÇOIS (CONT'D)

Our little Derrik is perfect.

Time to reset the world.

The overhead lights shift → deep, surgical red. A programming arm sweeps over Derrik. His eyes flutter open – empty. Obedient.

FRANÇOIS (CONT'D)

Derrik.

DERRIK

Yes.

FRANÇOIS

Erase "Wicked."

DERRIK

Wicked erased.

FRANÇOIS

Clarify rule set: If your heart rate stays low, programming wins. If adrenaline spikes, you may override for seconds.

Derrik absorbs it like data.

DERRIK
Rule acknowledged.

FRANÇOIS
Lock in "Sunset."

DERRIK
Sunset locked.

François slides a handgun forward. A monitor drops – POTUS crossing a lawn.

FRANÇOIS
Objective: Kill the President.
SUNSET.

DERRIK
Confirmed.

He raises the gun with mechanical grace.

ONE PERFECT SHOT.

On screen – POTUS falls.

François exhales – reverent.

FRANÇOIS
At ease, soldier.

Derrick goes still – machine again.

François dials a number.

FRANÇOIS (CONT'D)
(in French)
Rebecca, c'est bon.
Il est prêt. (We're good. He's been aligned to our objectives.)

The lights dim. Red fades

SMASH BACK TO PRESENT – BLUE GEL HITS

CRAIG'S color. The emotion color. Derrick gasps awake, disoriented.

Derrick blinks in the spotlight – the echo of that old programming humming in his veins. Whoever's in the dark just woke a weapon.

FLASHBACK - NYC RALLY - 8 YEARS AGO (BLUE → RED MEMORY SHIFT)

BLUE MEMORY WASH - The Craig Years

EXT. NYC RALLY - DAY

Summer sun. Flags whipping. A re-election rally is packed shoulder-to-shoulder. Chants. Phones in the air. Patriotism lacquered over danger.

Onstage, MADAME PRESIDENT smiles - the same POTUS Derrik executed in the earlier RED flashback simulation.

Beside her: DERRIK - LEAD BODYGUARD. Clean cut. Calm. Laser-focused. A weapon the world thinks is a protector.

POTUS

Thank you - here's to another four years!

CHEERS. FLASHES. THE CROWD SWELLS.

Then-

GUNFIRE.

Screams rip the air. People fall. Flags topple. Immediately, Derrik grabs POTUS, shielding her with his body. They move off the stage.

DERRIK

Backup needed- moving!

Another AGENT joins, breathless.

AGENT

Derrik - what's the plan?

DERRIK

Cover our six.

They move- And then RED WASH bleeds into the BLUE, like ink spreading through water.

A cold, inhuman VOICE detonates in Derrik's earpiece:

VOICE (V.O.)

Sunset. POTUS. Initiate SUNSET.

Derrik freezes - pupils dilating. Posture locked. Breath tightens. He pulls POTUS into an alley.

THE RED PROGRAMMING TAKES HIM.

He pivots— SHOOTS THE AGENT IN THE HEAD. The body collapses at POTUS' feet.

POTUS
Agent— what are you—

Derrick SHOOTs HER. She drops. Blue suit, red blood.

BLUE WASH RETURNS — CRAIG ENTERS

From the perimeter — CRAIG and AARON sprint toward the carnage.

CRAIG
Stand down, soldier! Stand down!

Derrick's eyes flicker — a glitch where humanity pushes against the programming. He snaps back into Protector Mode — disoriented, gun still raised.

DERRIK
Who shot Madame President?

OFF-SCREEN AGENT
Craig — what the hell is this?!

CRAIG
(grabs him)
Look at me. Derrick — stay with me.

A tug-of-war between BLUE and RED.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Aaron — cover this. We get him out now. Black Diamond's been triggered.

EXT. NYC ALLEY — MOMENTS LATER

Craig hauls Derrick behind overflowing trash bins — sirens, screams, choppers in the distance.

Derrick blinks — the world lagging three seconds behind real time.

DERRIK
What happened?

Craig grips his shoulders.

CRAIG
Don't leave me.

Derrick breathes him in – that old, forbidden ritual.

DERRIK
Never.

Then life ends in a whisper– PFFT – a silenced sniper shot.
Craig's head snaps sideways. He drops.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Craig! CRAIG!

Aaron barrels in – weapon up.

AARON
Jesus– what's next?!

SIRENS converge.

FBI AGENTS slam Derrick to the pavement – cuffing him, dragging him, shouting over each other.

Aaron does nothing. His face is unreadable.

AARON (INTO COMMS) (CONT'D)
I need Automations, now.

THE CLEANUP CREW ARRIVES – BLACK DIAMOND'S GHOST ARMY

A CLEANUP TEAM appears – three women, one man – dressed like nobodies, moving like surgeons. They erase evidence without emotion.

INTERCUT – SPLIT SCREEN

LEFT: Aaron in the alley, blood on his shirt.

RIGHT: FRANÇOIS atop the shattered rally stage – calm, clinical, untouched.

AARON
What the hell happened?

FRANÇOIS
Where are you?

AARON
The Eagle is down.

FRANÇOIS

Dead?

AARON

Affirmative. Derrik killed the agent. Craig is down.

FRANÇOIS

Dead?

AARON

Affirmative.

A flicker of satisfaction tightens François' eyes.

FRANÇOIS

Get to the office.

AARON

Later. Too much interference.

The SPLIT SCREEN collapses—

BACK TO PRESENT — INT. UNKNOWN ROOM — NIGHT

RED gel recedes. Derrik gasps awake —Craig's death echoes in his pulse.

Derrik — tied to a chair. Bag yanked off his head again. Blinding WHITE LIGHT. Concrete echo.

He squints, skin slick with sweat. The same distorted VOICE booms from unseen speakers:

VOICE (V.O.)

Sunset. INITIATE SUNSET.

A low guttural sound rips out of Derrik.

He HURLS himself sideways — chair CRASHING to the floor. Wood splinters. He twists, muscles remembering training his conscious mind doesn't.

A hidden POCKETKNIFE slips from his waistband — something he was never supposed to keep. He saws at the rope, frees one hand.

Snaps off a jagged shard of chair leg — ready to kill whoever steps into the light—

VOICE (V.O.)

Stand down, soldier.

Every nerve in him locks. He FREEZES mid-strike, breath ragged, eyes wild.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE BEACHFRONT - LATE AFTERNOON

INT. HARLAN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Late-day sun. Atlantic glitter. HARLAN parked illegally facing the water, truck idling. He drinks from a BROWN PAPER BAG. Already half drunk.

A COP on a SEGWAY rolls up, taps the window. Harlan ignores him.

Another TAP. Harlan rolls it down.

SEGWAY COP

Sir, why are you stopped here?

Harlan takes another obvious sip, then casually offers the bag up to the cop like it's a joke. The cop is not amused.

SEGWAY COP (CONT'D)

Sir, step out of the vehicle.

Harlan calmly sets the bag on the seat, reaches into his pocket, and hands over a leather badge wallet. The cop opens it.

INSERT - CIA
CREDENTIALS:

HARLAN CROWLEY

Director, Office of Military Affairs.

The cop's posture changes.

SEGWAY COP

Director...?

Uh- can I be of any assistance?

Harlan waves him off with a bored little flick.

HARLAN

Move along.

Segway hum fades as the cop peels away. Harlan exhales, pulls out his phone.

SPLIT SCREEN - TRI-PANEL

TOP: Harlan in the truck, phone to his ear.

MIDDLE: DERRIK TUMBLES OUT OF A MOVING CAR onto a suburban street.

BOTTOM: FRANÇOIS overlooking MIAMI BAY from a glass balcony.

SFX LAYER: whiskey slosh + ocean wash + distant traffic

HARLAN (TOP)

Little brother..

(beat)

What the hell are you doing?

MID PANEL - A car door slams. The vehicle speeds off, leaving Derrik facedown on the asphalt. He groans, rolls over - blinking up at:

Two MEN (30s) holding hands... and their SIX-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.

LITTLE GIRL

You smell funny.

DERRIK

Yeah... I get that a lot.

(sniffs, softer)

Craig?

Derrik tries to steady himself. Sniffs the air - something familiar, ache mixed with ocean and sweat.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

Where am I?

She points behind her.

LITTLE GIRL

This is Wilton Manors. And these are my two dads.

He blinks it away, focuses back on the family.

DERRIK

Either of you have a phone?

I need to make a call.

They clock the blood, the dazed eyes, the whole vibe - and hurry their daughter away.

In the BOTTOM PANEL - François types at a sleek console, Miami Bay glowing behind him.

FRANÇOIS (BOTTOM)
 (in French, into phone)
 Cher frère, je ne comprends pas.
 (Dear brother, I don't
 understand.)

TOP PANEL – Harlan swigs, burps, wipes his mouth.

HARLAN (TOP)
 I taught you French, remember?
 Where is my son?

Middle: Cars pass. Derrik staggers to his feet, looking utterly lost.

DERRIK (MIDDLE)
 I need to get to Harlan...

Bottom: keyboard clack, data pulses on François' screens.

FRANÇOIS (BOTTOM)
 He's lost. And Black Diamond is
 taking a new direction.

TOP – Harlan flings the empty bottle out the window. It SMASHES on the street.

HARLAN (TOP)
 No. I won't allow it.

MIDDLE – A SEDAN pulls up beside Derrik. Passenger door swings open.

AARON sits behind the wheel.

AARON (MIDDLE)
 Get in.

Derrik squints, then grins, relief and confusion mixing.

DERRIK (MIDDLE)
 You're back.

AARON
 You need to start remembering. Now.

DERRIK
 Get me home.

The car pulls away. Mid-panel FADES.

Top and bottom remain.

SFX: CAR ENGINE STRUGGLES, then TURNS OVER (over Harlan's panel).

HARLAN (TOP)
I'm focused on the Paris
escalation.

Bottom: A COMPUTER VOICE from François' system:

COMPUTER (V.O.)
File deleted.

François smiles faintly.

FRANÇOIS (BOTTOM)
You've been replaced. Rebecca calls
the shots now, using my intel.
We're headed back to Thailand.

Top: Harlan cuts someone off in traffic; a CAR HORN blares.

HARLAN (TOP)
I am the Director.

FRANÇOIS (BOTTOM)
Brother, you're a drunk.

CLICK.

The bottom panel goes BLACK.

Split screen collapses back to:

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT - EVENING

The DRAGON LADY works the room - complimenting the women,
reading the men like menus.

At the door: FBI AGENT SAMANTHA VARGAS and OFFICER COLTON
SAMUELS step in, scanning.

Dragon Lady clocks them instantly and glides over.

DRAGON LADY
We do have a dress code. The lady
passes. We don't allow emotional-
support gorillas inside.

COLTON
I'll ignore that.

DRAGON LADY

(gasps)

Look at you, King Kong – making choices all on your own. They grow up so fast.

SAMANTHA

Table. Now.

DRAGON LADY

Does he know how to use utensils?

They move to a table. Samantha and Colton sit. Dragon Lady turns to go.

SAMANTHA

Sit. We have questions.
Black Diamond.

Dragon Lady stops. Switch flips. He sits opposite them, posture suddenly coiled and precise.

DRAGON LADY

Oh. Now the story gets interesting.

Time jump as the conversation is mid-flow.

LATER - SAME SCENE

DRAGON LADY

...this started long before either of you were invited to the party.

COLTON

Then start talking.

DRAGON LADY

Then start minding your manners.

SAMANTHA

How are you involved?

DRAGON LADY

What's your clearance level?

COLTON

I'm gonna take you out.

DRAGON LADY

Like a date?

Beat.

COLTON
No. Not my type.

DRAGON LADY
You prefer someone less
intelligent. Noted.

SAMANTHA
Knock it off.

DRAGON LADY
Yes, mother.
And Junior – when you're ready for
that one-on-one, name the gym. I'll
bring the gloves. Nancy Drew,
what's your clearance?

Samantha holds his look.

SAMANTHA
My clearance?

DRAGON LADY
Let me see your badge.

She hands it over. He scans it like a scanner reading
barcodes, then returns it.

DRAGON LADY (CONT'D)
You're not cleared to receive
anything further.

COLTON
Who the hell are you?

Dragon Lady's reaches into his pocket, pulls a leather
wallet, flips it open, hands it to Samantha.

CAMERA CLOSE ON
ID:

PHILLIP TYSON - DEPUTY DIRECTOR, FEDERAL BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION

DRAGON LADY
Deputy Director Phillip Tyson.
24X7, on the clock, always
fabulous.

Samantha stares.

SAMANTHA
Deputy Director?

COLTON
I thought you ran this dump.

DRAGON LADY
Good taste can't be appreciated by
the ignorant.

SAMANTHA
So you are connected to this?

DRAGON LADY
Which "this" are you referring to?

SAMANTHA
Who is Derrik?

DRAGON LADY
Classified.

SAMANTHA
Who does he work for?

DRAGON LADY
Classified.

SAMANTHA
What's going on?

DRAGON LADY
Classified.

COLTON
Jesus, what can you tell us?

Dragon Lady smiles, razor-sweet.

DRAGON LADY
The pot stickers are the best in
town. Order two. You'll thank me
later.

He rises, badge vanishing, persona snapping back to "bitchy
restaurateur."

DRAGON LADY (CONT'D)
Now if you'll excuse me, I have
real customers.

He swans off. Samantha and Colton sit there – one furious,
one confused, both outclassed.

INT. CHEAP FORT LAUDERDALE RENTAL - NIGHT

Door opens. DERRIK and AARON enter. Small. Bare. Depressing. Hope's crash pad. Aaron scans it like a tactical sweep.

Derrick scans it like regret.

AARON

God. I would hate to be your husband.

DERRIK

What I lack in domestic skills I make up for in the bedroom.

Aaron freezes for a beat.

AARON

Good. Memory's coming back?

DERRIK

What?

AARON

You and me. On that bed. On that floor.

DERRIK

I still got nothing, man.

AARON

They want you back.

DERRIK

Who?

AARON

Your family.

Derrick LAUGHS - sharp, wounded.

DERRIK

My family. Right. They don't want me. They want a machine they can aim.

Something softens in Aaron.

AARON

Do you remember that day?

DERRIK

Of course I do. I was the lead on the President's detail.

FLASHBACK - FABRICATED MEMORY ("DERRIK'S VERSION") - NYC
RALLY - DAY

BLUE MEMORY WASH - calm, orderly.

Crowds waving flags. Cameras flashing. POTUS on stage -
smiling, triumphant, radiant.

DERRIK (V.O.)
Big speech. Big day.
She had the second term in the bag.

SFX - GUNSHOTS.

People scream. Flags drop. Phones fall. The chaos feels
distant, like sound underwater.

Shots fired. Derrik moves POTUS offstage - but in a stylized,
dreamlike way, her feet barely touching ground.

He steers her toward the motorcade.

A RED GLITCH bleeds in for half a second.

POTUS FALLING BACKWARD - blood on white fabric - Then
instantly gone. Derrik's version repairs itself:

They duck behind the limo.

DERRIK (V.O.)
I got her off the stage.

TWO MORE SHOTS (SFX) - muted, too soft to be real.

Then - HARD CUT TO BLACK. A forced blackout. A memory
amputated. Static. Breath. Nothing else.

DERRIK (V.O.)
Then... nothing. It was over.

A BLUE FADE IN - TOO CLEAN TO BE TRUE.

Two bodies under sheets. Flags drooping. Rain on asphalt.

DERRIK (V.O.)
Both of them dead.

BACK TO RENTAL UNIT - PRESENT

The blue memory washes out. Derrik sits on the bed. He sprinkles flakes into ROCCO's bowl.

Aaron watches Derrik. Derrik looks up. A thought hits him sideways.

DERRIK

Wait.

He stands.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

You were there.

He steps closer to Aaron. Gently. Slowly. Wrapping his arms around him in a crushing, desperate hug. Aaron stiffens. Derrik inhales him.

AARON

Breathe in, son. Remember.
We need you.

He gently breaks the embrace.

AARON (CONT'D)

(to himself)
I need you.

Derrik stares at the wall - something cracking open behind his eyes. Aaron snaps his fingers in front of his face.

DERRIK

So... that was you? Here. With me. In bed? Sleeping?

AARON

We didn't sleep much.

A hint of color in Aaron's cheeks.

DERRIK

So who are you?

AARON

Wrong question. It's not who I am.
It's what I am.

DERRIK

Okay. Answer it.

AARON
Supervisory Special Agent Aaron
Davis. Your handler.

DERRIK
You handle everybody like this?

AARON
No. It was a moment of weakness.
I was out of line.

DERRIK
So... like a pity fuck?
Jesus.

AARON
No. But right now, soldier—
I need your head back in the game.

Rocco BLOWS a fat, judgmental bubble. Derrik looks at the
fish.

DERRIK
Rocco says if you screw me over,
he'll come after you.

A quiet beat.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
Here I am on my spiritual journey...
you guys make it rough.

His gaze drifts, haunted.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Don't leave me.

Derrik swallows hard.

DERRIK
I swear I let you go.
Almost.

AARON
(firm)
Derrik.

He looks back at Aaron.

DERRIK
So... where do we start?

Aaron sits. Derrik sits opposite him. Derrik leans in. A new
mission begins.

AARON

We start with what they did to you.
Then we decide who you want to be
now.

INT. FBI OFFICE - MIAMI - NIGHT

Samantha stands before BILL GAGNE, 50s, polished, unreadable.
We only see his eyes and her face. Power imbalance in every
frame.

SAMANTHA

I feel like I was set up.

BILL

You were not set up.

SAMANTHA

Say it like you mean it.

BILL

(quiet threat)
Mind your tone, Agent Vargas.

SAMANTHA

Sir - something is going on with
this Derrik guy. More than anyone's
saying.

BILL

Classified.

SAMANTHA

Then un-classify it. How am I
supposed to serve with half a map?
Fidelity. Bravery. Integrity. I'm
coming up empty here.

A long beat. Bill studies her.

BILL

..Alright.

SAMANTHA

Finally.

BILL's phone vibrates. He checks it.

TEXT:

Black Diamond compromised. Abort
Paris. Redirect to Thailand.

Bill exhales - a man drowning quietly.

BILL
I shouldn't be doing this.

SAMANTHA
I just want to serve my country,
Sir.

BILL
And you're putting us both at risk.
Your phone.

She hesitates. Hands it over.

BILL (CONT'D)
The burner too. And your weapon.

She surrenders both. Bill leans close – voice a whisper.

BILL (CONT'D)
(in French)
Votre mission est à Paris. Derrik
dérape.
S'il devient une menace, vous
l'éteignez. (Your mission is Paris.
Derrik is slipping. If he becomes a
threat, you extinguish him.)

SAMANTHA
(in French, crisp)
Ordres reçus. Paramètres létaux
compris.
Orders received. Lethal parameters
understood.

BILL
Report at 1800 hours.
Your French is perfect.

Samantha nods – a hard, earned victory – and exits. Door
closes. Bill immediately dials.

FRANÇOIS (V.O.)
Diamond.

BILL
Red Robin is heading to Paris as
instructed.

FRANÇOIS
Then let her see the Marais...
once. Send condolences to her
family next week.

CLICK.

Bill presses his intercom.

BILL
Send in Andre.

A shadow enters – ANDRE PASSANT, tall, lethal, silent.

BILL (CONT'D)
(in French)
Départ dans deux heures.
Éliminez Agent Vargas. Preuve du
kill requisite. (You leave in two
hours. Eliminate Agent Vargas.
Proof of kill required.)

ANDRE
(in French)
Bien reçu.
(Copy that.)
Andre exits.

Bill stands. His hand trembles. He pours a whiskey, and he drops the glass. As he picks it up, he cuts his hand.

Whiskey and blood mingle on the floor. Bill stares at his reflection in the shards.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT KITCHEN

A day later. 4pm.

Chef Edgar is talking with an assistant. Pam is desperately trying to get Derrik's attention.

Teddy, the assistant prep cook, looks over at Derrik and smiles. Derrik winks. Teddy blushes. Pam sees it. She leaves in a huff.

Teddy comes over to Derrik's station. Derrik is trimming chicken breasts. Derrik is focused.

TEDDY
So, Daddy, where did you learn to
throw a knife like a circus act.

Derrik, raises an eyebrow, almost smirks and keeps cutting the chickens like butter.

CRAIG's POV – the human one. Concern laces his voice.

CRAIG
It's been two days. Harlan, he
needs a break.

HARLAN – father as tyrant. Cold. Prideful. Enjoying the
spectacle.

HARLAN
You think it's easy watching your
son embarrass himself in front of
the Thai Black Ops?

Derrik is thrown again, spine slamming dirt.

CRAIG
He's gonna break.

FRANÇOIS (SOFT, DELIGHTED)
That's the point. I need him right
at the edge. That's where the
reprogramming will be most
effective.

Craig shoots him a look – disgust and fear intertwined.

CRAIG
The Bureau wants answers.

Harlan steps forward, his shadow swallowing Craig's.

HARLAN
I am the fucking Bureau.
You answer to no one but me.

The air freezes. Even François glances away.

DANG, the Thai Captain (34), approaches. He bows slightly.

DANG (IN THAI)
Phû b̄aychākār p̄echr.
(Commander Diamond.)
HARLAN & FRANÇOIS (in
Thai)
Chì.
(Yes.)

Craig can't understand the words –but he reads the dynamic
perfectly. Harlan gestures sharply.

HARLAN
English. Stand down, soldier.

Dang switches to English instantly.

DANG
Yes, Commander. The boy needs
break.

SFX: WHAM – Derrik is slammed to the ground again.

HARLAN
Get him to the cutlery. He showed
promise with that earlier.

DANG
Commander... he is tired.

HARLAN
As am I of this conversation.

Dang bows, defeated. Returns to the yard. The team hauls
Derrik upright and marches him toward–

THE KNIFE PIT

A circular dirt ring. Targets. Coconuts. Steel gleaming in
the dying light.

A Thai operator throws a knife from 30 feet – CRACK – a
coconut splits cleanly in half.

Derrik breathes once. Picks up two knives, one in each hand.

SFX: SWOOSH – THUMP – CRACK.

Two coconuts fall cleanly split. For the first time all day–
Harlan smiles.

HARLAN
That's my boy.

Craig flinches – because he sees the truth: Harlan loves the
weapon, not the son.

FRANÇOIS
Craig, Get him to my lab.
Tonight we begin insertion. Black
Diamond doesn't wait.

FLASHBACK ENDS – HARD CUT.

Back to dark. Back to Derrik. Back to the man who was made,
not born.

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT KITCHEN

The Dragon Lady enters. Talks to Teddy. Teddy nods to the
back door.

EXT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT

Derrik takes a long drag on a cigarette. The Dragon Lady
approaches.

DRAGON LADY
That will kill you.

DERRIK
Or somebody will.

DRAGON LADY
I am not your social planner. I
have a business to run. Keep your
affairs out of my restaurant.

DERRIK
Yes, boss.

DRAGON LADY
You don't even know what trouble
you're in.

DERRIK
Enlighten me.

Colton bursts through the door into the alley.

DRAGON LADY
Jesus, Terminator is back.

COLTON
What are you girls talking about?

DRAGON LADY
Top or bottom?

DERRIK
He folds.

DRAGON LADY
50 bucks?

They shake hands. Dragon Lady goes back inside.

COLTON
Wouldn't you like to know?

DERRIK
I already know. You can't take
your eyes off me.

COLTON
Fuck you. Why is Vargas in Paris?

DERRIK
For food?

Colton quickly slams Derrik against the wall and pins him there.

COLTON
Don't fuck with me.

They stare. Colton release Derrik.

DERRIK
See I knew it.

COLTON
Knew what?

DERRIK
Bottom. A Top would've NEVER
backed down.

Colton punches Derrik in the face. He takes the punch like he was hit with feathers.

Colton swings again. Derrik snaps his hand up, traps the fist, and twists – a perfect diamond-lock.

One leg sweeps, the other drives. Colton's body SLAMS to the pavement.

Derrik drops a knee across his throat, pinning him like he weighs nothing. Colton's face goes red. Derrik stays perfectly calm. Colton starts to cough.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
Who's on top? Who the fuck is on
top?

Derrik gets up. Colton struggles for air.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
 Man up. Breathe. Now, why is
 Vargas in Paris?

COLTON
 How the hell do I know? She left
 me a message that is was a last-
 minute trip. Black Diamond. I
 don't know what that means.

DERRIK
 She said, "Black Diamond?"

COLTON
 "She said Black Diamond. I assumed
 it was a perfume. Or a sex club.

DERRIK
 You have her number? Call her.

MASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS CAFÉ - MARAIS - DAY

Samantha and ANDRE sit at a small table. Paris hums around
 them.

SAMANTHA
 Thanks for meeting me early, Agent
 Andre. My first international
 mission.

ANDRE
 We don't call it "a mission." This
 is not the movies.

SAMANTHA
 Right, right. So what do we know-

Her phone rings. Caller ID: GUERILLA.

SPLIT SCREEN:

LEFT - Samantha in the Marais café.

RIGHT - Derrik and Colton in the Dragon Lady alley.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Colton? Why are you-?

Derrik snatches the phone, puts it on speaker.

DERRIK
Sam, are you with anyone?

SAMANTHA
Classified.

She winks at Andre.

DERRIK
Sam. Who are you with? You're not safe.

SAMANTHA
(to Andre, playful)
Americans. So protective.

DERRIK
Andre? Six-four Andre? Leave.
Bathroom. Now.

Dragon Lady steps into frame, listening.

DRAGON LADY
Sam. This is Phillip. Go to
République Metro. Jean-Louis will
meet you. Move now.

Samantha smiles politely.

SAMANTHA
D'accord. Au revoir.

Dragon Lady texts rapidly.

COLTON
Who ARE you people?

DERRIK
If we tell you, we'd have to kill
you.

COLTON
Please. Fancy-pants Dragon couldn't
take down a toddler.

Dragon Lady looks up with a glare sharp enough to slice bone.
Keeps texting.

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS.

INT. FRENCH CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

Andre watches her carefully.

ANDRE

Everything okay? Ready for me to show you the night? Paris is romance.

SAMANTHA

A girl should freshen up, oui?

She stands. Andre stands too. He clamps her arm—too tight. She smiles like it's a joke.

ANDRE

You look fine.

SAMANTHA

My, my... strong grip. Hard for a girl to get away.

Andre yanks her toward the back. A WAITER passes.

Samantha flicks her wrist— the entire tray FLIPS. GLASSES EXPLODE across the floor. Chaos erupts.

Samantha slips free and RUNS.

Andre bulldozes through tables, sending chairs and people flying. He hooks her again with a vise-like grip.

ANDRE

(tight)

I said I'd show you the nightlife, sweetie.

SAMANTHA

(flirtatious)

Oh, I adore a man who takes charge.

She SMASHES a coffee cup against his skull. Andre doesn't blink. The cup shatters. Not him.

His fingers tighten around her arm, cutting off circulation.

ANDRE

Say goodnight—your last night in Paris.

Samantha GRABS a dinner plate and WHIPS it at him— Andre SWATS it from the air like it's nothing.

SAMANTHA

You definitely ate your oatmeal.
Bet your mother's proud.

Andre SHOVES her out the café doors—

EXT. PARIS STREET - CONTINUOUS

He whistles sharply. A BLACK CAR screeches up. Door swings open.

SAMANTHA

Really? You promised it'd be just
us. I don't do ménage-à-trois on a
first date.

Andre drags her toward the open car.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

And dammit—my first time in Paris—
I didn't even send a postcard.

ANDRE

Don't worry. I'll send flowers to
your parents.

Samantha freezes mid-stride.

A line crossed. A switch flipped.

SAMANTHA

Now *that* was uncalled for.

INTERCUT SEQUENCE — SAMANTHA / ANDRE

SFX — A single suppressed SHOT.

Andre's head snaps sideways — a bullet grazing his ear. A
mist of blood sprays across Samantha's cheek.

He drops to one knee, hand clamped to the wound.

Andre dives into the back seat, slamming the door as the car
whips through a yellow light.

The black sedan screeches, tires spitting water as it speeds
off into Paris night.

Samantha wipes the blood from her face with two elegant
fingers.

Parisians freeze. Horror. Gasps. An older woman points at Samantha's blood-streaked cheek.

SAMANTHA
(in French)
La mode avant tout. C'est Paris.

She steps past the onlookers, calm as a panther. JEAN-LOUIS appears beside her, chic.

JEAN-LOUIS
Let's get you safe.

SAMANTHA
Jean-Louis?

JEAN-LOUIS
(smiles)
None other.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SEDAN — MOVING — NIGHT

Andrea winces, pressing a cloth to his bleeding ear. His breath sharpens, anger rising.

City lights smear across the window — red, gold, blue. He speed-dials. A calm female voice answers.

REBECCA (V.O.)
Is the Robin silenced?

ANDRE
Someone tried to put me down.
Find out who.

He snaps the phone shut. His eyes, cold and bright, cut through the night.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. RUE DE LILLE — NIGHT

Samantha and Jean-Louis, who stands under a streetlamp — the glow soft on his scarf, his eyes scanning her face. He sees the blood.

JEAN-LOUIS
(French, concerned)
You're hurt.

SAMANTHA

Not my blood.

She takes his arm. They walk, unbothered, as Paris hums around them.

INTERCUT – SAMANTHA / ANDRE

Samantha & Jean-Louis drift deeper into the night, swallowed by the gold of the city.

Andre, bleeding but alive, leans forward in the back seat.

ANDRE

(to driver)

Don't go home. Circle the river.

His shirt is bloody. He pulls it off to reveal a well-sculpted killing machine. The driver looks.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Hey, eyes forward.

The driver nods and looks away.

EXT. PONT DES ARTS – CONTINUOUS

Samantha pauses, gazing across the Seine. The wind lifts her hair. The city glitters. She pulls out her phone. Dials.

A man answers – gravel voice, American.

BILL (V.O.)

I was hoping you would call.
Update?

SAMANTHA

You left me in the street to die.
You sent Andre to kill me. That was
a mistake.

She ends the call. A cold resolve sets in.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT – ALLEY – NIGHT

The back alley of the Dragon Lady. Neon spill. Dumpster stink. Hum of traffic beyond.

Over darkness:

FRANÇOIS (V.O., CALM, CLINICAL)
Let's see if the upgrade performs.

Back door opens. TEDDY steps out, tying his apron, humming to himself.

At the far end of the alley, a SHADOW detaches from black:

A BLOND VERSION OF ANDRE – sculpted, silent, 6'4", bullet-built. BRIAN (31). Eyes like polished obsidian. A tiny comm blinks in his ear.

FRANÇOIS (V.O.)
Agent Brian... target acquired.
SUNSET. Engage.

Brian's pupils constrict. Whatever was human shuts off. He moves toward Teddy.

The door opens again. DERRIK steps out, lighting a cigarette.

He clocks Brian. One look – he knows.

Brian SNAPS Teddy into a brutal headlock, torquing his neck, ready to break it. No hesitation.

Derrick lunges – They COLLIDE, all three crashing to the pavement. Teddy tumbles free, scrambling back, bewildered.

Derrick and Brian fight – close-quarters, vicious, no wasted motion. Elbows. Knees. Knives of bone. Brian goes for Derrick's throat.

Derrick slips a hand to the small of his back – pulls a suppressed pistol. Three clean shots:

POP. POP. POP.

Brian stiffens, then drops. Blood oozes across Teddy's sneakers.

Teddy shakes. Shock. Adrenaline. He looks like he might shatter. Derrick grabs him – a hard, grounding hug.

DERRIK
Kid, you gotta be careful.
I won't always be here.

TEDDY
Who was that? Why did he come after me?

A beat. Derrik sees the truth hit him. Derrik drags Brian's body behind the dumpster, out of street sight. Efficient. Clinical.

He dials.

DERRIK
(into phone)
Cleanup crew. Dragon Lady alley.

He hangs up. Turns back to Teddy – voice low, heavy.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
You wanted in? You're in now.

A beat.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
But if you talk... I can't protect
you.

Teddy looking for answers.

DERRIK (CONT'D)
Come on, kid. Let's get a drink.

They walk off, Derrik's arm draped over Teddy's shoulders. As they disappear down the alley:

DERRIK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Easy, cowboy. Stand down, soldier.

Off them, fading into neon-

FRANÇOIS (O.S.)
Time for a new recruit.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MIAMI - NIGHT

Dim. Nearly empty. The hum of a dying fluorescent.

BILL GAGNE, anxious, loosens his tie and pours two fingers of something vicious. His hand shakes. His phone BUZZES.

ON SCREEN: F. DIAMOND

He answers.

BILL
FRANÇOIS.

FRANÇOIS (V.O.)
 You fucked up. I will deal with you
 shortly. Consider your career over
 tonight.

A shiver runs through Bill. A KNOCK at the door.

LEEANN (60s), secretary, grandmotherly, still dressed like
 it's 1965, steps in carrying a folder. Bill forces a smile.

BILL
 LeeAnn... hold all my calls for the-

She raises a small pistol from behind the folder.

POP. POP. POP.

Three neat shots to his chest. Bill collapses back into his
 chair, then slides to the floor. Whiskey spills, glass
 shatters.

LeeAnn calmly picks up Bill's phone from the carpet. Puts it
 to her ear.

LEEANN
 Bill is officially retired.

A beat.

FRANÇOIS (V.O.)
 Andre needs support. Activate
 Vargas.

LeeAnn nods once, simple as logging a memo. She hangs up,
 sets the phone gently on the desk next to Bill's body.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DIAMOND PENTHOUSE - MIAMI - SUNSET

White-on-white luxury. Biscayne Bay burns orange beyond floor-
 to-ceiling glass.

REBECCA DIAMOND - couture sharp, lethal calm. FRANÇOIS -
 immaculate, icy. HARLAN - sunburned Miami mess in board
 shorts, whiskey haze, stubborn jaw.

Rebecca sips a martini.

REBECCA
 This family has drifted.
 I'm taking the wheel.

Harlan scoffs, refilling his glass.

HARLAN
The hell you are.

FRANÇOIS smiles without warmth.

FRANÇOIS
Harlan... you still dress like the
help.

Harlan raises his glass.

HARLAN
And you still talk like the butler.

Rebecca ignores them.

REBECCA
We built Black Diamond for a
reason. Precision. Control.
Influence. We've strayed.

HARLAN
Spare me the mission statement.
We're not superheroes.

Rebecca steps closer. Voice softens – more dangerous.

REBECCA
Along the way, we gained things.
Power. Access. People mistake that
for corruption. It's simply...
evolution.

Harlan sets his drink down. Jaw tight.

HARLAN
Killing Madame President wasn't
evolution.

A thin silence.

REBECCA
She was dismantling the only agency
keeping us insulated. History
repeats. Bay of Pigs. Watergate.
Pick your collapse.

FRANÇOIS exhales, annoyed by sentiment.

FRANÇOIS
We need Derrik back in alignment.

Rebecca taps her laptop.

On a WALL DISPLAY: faces populate – AARON, DRAGON LADY, COLTON, SAMANTHA... and LEEANN.

REBECCA
Casualties will happen.
They always do.

FRANÇOIS leans in, eyes glittering.

FRANÇOIS
Derrick executes the list.
Then he flies to Moscow. Once he
completes phase two... we retire him.

Harlan freezes.

HARLAN
The fuck did you just say?

FRANÇOIS doesn't blink.

FRANÇOIS
He's obsolete. Andre is cleaner.
Faster. Upgraded.

Harlan moves before FRANÇOIS finishes – one single, controlled SLAP that snaps FRANÇOIS's head sideways.

FRANÇOIS drops to one knee. Stunned. Smiling.

Rebecca doesn't flinch.

REBECCA
Enough. Frankie – have Derrick
eliminate LeeAnn. Today. And let
Andre take his second run at
Samantha.

Silence. Sunlight dies. Miami outside the glass falls into black.

FADE OUT.

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT – KITCHEN – NIGHT

Dinner rush chaos – flames, knives, tickets spitting from the printer. DERRIK plates an appetizer with surgeon-level focus.

TEDDY hovers too close.

TEDDY
You wanna come over later?

Derrick doesn't look up – but the corner of his mouth betrays him.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Yeah. I saw that.

DERRIK
Kid.. I'm seventeen years older than you.

TEDDY
Papi, I can count.

CHEF EDGAR casually snorts a line of coke off a prep tray. No one bats an eye. Derrick's phone BUZZES.

ON SCREEN: Get to FBI Miami. New assignment.

DERRIK
Fuck.

TEDDY
What's wrong – somebody dumped you by text? That's cold.

Derrick finally looks at him – a soft, dangerous smile.

DERRIK
Who would break up with me?

TEDDY
I definitely wouldn't.

Derrick grabs his jacket.

DERRIK
Teddy – cover for me.

TEDDY
What do I tell the Dragon?

DERRIK
That I had to go pick up the flan.

He heads for the back.

TEDDY
(quiet, to himself)
I'd never let you go.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MIAMI - 90 MINUTES LATER

Empty bullpen. The same office where Bill died - now cleaned, sanitized, neutral. Derrik enters in full BLACK OPS GEAR: backpack, gloves, boots. Eyes like dead glass.

FRANÇOIS waits behind the desk.

DERRIK
Uncle Frankie.

FRANÇOIS
Take a seat, soldier.

Derrik sits. Perfect posture. No emotion.

FRANÇOIS (CONT'D)
Your assignment has two phases.
Miami first. Then Moscow.

DERRIK
(in Russian)
Понял, сэр. Когда вылетать?
(Copy that, sir. When do I
depart?)

FRANÇOIS
(in Russian)
17:00 завтра.
(1700 hours. Tomorrow.)

DERRIK
Target?

FRANÇOIS
LeeAnn.

A fractional pause. Not doubt - recalibration.

DERRIK
Reason?

FRANÇOIS stares - answer obvious.

FRANÇOIS
SUNSET. Engage SUNSET.

Something in Derrik clicks. His pupils go coal-black. He rises. Opens the office door.

DERRIK
 (gentle)
 LeeAnn? I need help with my travel
 details for Moscow.

A beat.

LEEANN (60s, sweaters, glasses on a chain) appears – steno
 pad in hand, warm, ready, harmless. She steps into the room.
 The door closes behind her.

Then– SNAP.

Derrick breaks her neck in one clean movement. Quiet.
 Efficient. Her body drops like a marionette cut from its
 strings. Her pencil rolls under the desk – the tiny sound is
 impossibly loud.

FRANÇOIS
 (low, pleased)
 Stand down, soldier.

Derrick's eyes slowly fade back to blue.

DERRIK
 I'll inform janitorial.
 1700 tomorrow. Moscow.
 Good evening, sir.

He exits. FRANÇOIS exhales, grinning to himself. He types a
 quick text.

ON SCREEN: Grandma retired.

FRANÇOIS
 (quiet, savoring)
 Masterful. My finest work.
 Wait until they see what Andre can
 do.

FADE OUT.

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT – KITCHEN – NIGHT

The dinner rush is a warzone. Searing pans. Shouted orders.
 Controlled chaos. The BACK DOOR swings open. DERRIK shoulders
 in, carrying TWO BOXES in his hands.

DRAGON LADY
 Where the hell were you? The Vanega
 family is up my ass tonight.

Derrick shoots TEDDY a "help me, idiot" look.

DERRIK
 (innocent, brows up)
 Teddy told you, right?

Teddy BEAMS. Dragon Lady clocks it instantly – he sees everything.

DRAGON LADY
 Bless your heart, Teddy. I know you're trying. But I've heard better lies in confession. "Picking up the flan" please.

Derrick presents the FLAN like Exhibit A.

DERRIK
 Flan. The Vanega's lose their minds for the flan at Havana Harry's.

Dragon Lady inspects the boxes. Convinced... but only for a moment.

DRAGON LADY
 You, my little knife-throwing sideshow – get your fine ass back to work.

He storms out toward the dining room. Derrick pulls Teddy into a sudden BEAR HUG. Teddy melts, clinging.

DERRIK
 Okay. Okay. You gotta let go now.

TEDDY
 I thought it was bullshit. Then you really walked in with flan.

DERRIK
 Now would I lie to you?

TEDDY
 Would you tell me the truth?

A deadly glint flashes in Derrick's eyes – gone as fast as it came.

DERRIK
 No. I'd have to kill you.

He winks. Teddy grins, heart doing cartwheels. They FIST BUMP.

Dragon Lady sticks his head back in, annoyed.

DRAGON LADY

Yo, Knife-thrower. You got Spanish Nancy Drew out here asking for you. You can see her after close – ten o'clock.

Derrick checks his watch. 8:30 P.M.

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT – NIGHT 10:30 P.M.

The restaurant is mostly empty. A couple servers finish side work. DRAGON LADY counts receipts at the bar.

SAMANTHA VARGAS paces like the walls are closing in.

From a DARK ALCOVE – a POV watches everything.

Derrick slips in quietly. He goes to the bar, pours TWO SHOTS, downs one, gets another and takes them to Samantha.

SAMANTHA

(sarcastic)

Well, Paris was a laugh.

DERRIK

Drink.

They clink. She throws it back. Derrick eyebrow up.

SAMANTHA

Then he crossed the line. Said he'd send flowers to my parents.

DERRIK

Andre's not good at social skills.

SAMANTHA

YOU KNOW HIM?

DERRIK

(relaxing hands)

Calm down—

SAMANTHA

I was almost killed in Paris—

A faint SHIFT OF AIR. Barely audible. Derrick and Dragon Lady both HEAR it. Derrick's nostrils flare – eyes flicker like a wolf catching scent. He raises a finger: quiet.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I won't be silenced—

Derrick LUNGES – pulling her DOWN–

SFX: ZIP–WHOOSH–CRACK

A BULLET tears through Samantha's shoulder. A framed photo EXPLODES behind where her head was. Blood sprays.

Derrick shields her with his body, pivoting them behind an overturned table.

From the shadows, ANDRE steps out like he was grown there. Eyes black as coal. Scar along his temple and ear. Breathing steady. DEAD CALM.

Dragon Lady looks up from the bar.

DRAGON LADY
If you're here to complain about
the flan, take a number.

Andre's eyes slice toward him. He SLAPS Dragon Lady so hard he flies into the wall, crashing over a prep station.

Andre advances, gun up. He sights on Samantha.

DERRIK
(mean, automatic)
Stand down, soldier–

Andre doesn't blink. Derrick attacks – a brutal PUNCH to Andre's jaw. Andre barely moves. Shakes it off.

Then – a vicious DROP KICK sends Derrick through a table. Chairs explode outward.

Andre hauls Derrick up by the neck. Gun pressed to Derrick's temple. Cocks it.

Andre starts to squeeze the trigger –

BOOM.

Andre JERKS. Drops to one knee.

Samantha, on the floor, gun shaking in her hand. Instinct takes over – she FIRES twice more: Two clean chest shots.

Andre collapses. Still. Done.

Derrick gets to his feet, gently lowering the gun from her grip.

DERRIK

Okay.

(soft, steady)

Okay – he's dead. You're safe.

He doesn't fully believe it.

Samantha sinks against him. Derrik holds her steady.

FRANÇOIS (O.S.)

Two down. Soldiers are expendable.

Derrik must die.

FADE TO:

INT. CHEAP RENTAL UNIT – FORT LAUDERDALE – NIGHT

About midnight.

POV FROM INSIDE the dark room. Footsteps outside. Shadows under the door. Keys jangle.

CLICK.

The door opens. DERRIK enters, backlit by a streetlamp. A hard silhouette.

Light bleeds in – illuminating ROCCO in his little fishbowl, unbothered. Derrik freezes. Senses prickling. The air feels wrong. He draws his gun. Cocks it.

AARON (O.S.)

Easy. Stand down.

Derrik hits the overhead switch. A harsh fluorescent hums to life.

AARON lies on the bed – shirtless, sheets low on his hips. Relaxed. Dangerous. He smirks, taps the mattress beside him.

DERRIK

Jesus. A friendly handler.

AARON

(slow grin)

I'm not that friendly. I'm hungry.

DERRIK

I already ate.

AARON

Wrong answer. We're dining in.

Derrick moves, blocking the camera's view as Aaron pulls back the sheets – inviting, unashamed. A small intake of Derrick's breath – involuntary. A current snaps between them.

DERRIK

(low)

...I could be hungry.

Their eyes lock – two predators circling the same flame. The temperature of the room changes.

SFX: KNOCK KNOCK. Heavy.

Aaron rolls his eyes.

AARON

I'm not in a sharing mood.

Harder KNOCKING.

HARLAN (O.S.)

Derrick. Open the door. We need to talk.

Aaron freezes. A whisper:

AARON

Harlan?

Derrick moves fast.

DERRIK

(whispers, urgent)

Get dressed. Now.

He tucks the gun away, crosses to the door, and unlocks it. HARLAN enters – all shadow and authority, holding a bottle in a paper bag.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

If you're here to restock, I'm out.

Harlan hands him the bottle. Derrick swigs – COUGHS.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

Damn. Bought the good stuff.

He unwraps it – CHEAP plastic-bottle vodka. Harlan quietly clocks the EMPTY BOTTLE on the floor.

HARLAN

Like father, like son.

Aaron emerges from the bathroom – dressed, composed, professional mask back on.

AARON
Commander Diamond.

Harlan looks him over. Lingers.

Derrick and Harlan share a look. Loaded. History.

HARLAN
Undercover work, son?

Silence.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
Different era. Back in my day, men
were men.

DERRIK
(deadpan)
We still are.

Harlan doesn't smile.

HARLAN
You're both in danger. Black
Diamond has gone rogue. I've been
replaced.

DERRIK
By who?

HARLAN
Frankie and Rebecca. Always
jealous. Always waiting.
Siblings cut the deepest.

AARON
That's why they want Derrick in
Moscow?

HARLAN
That – and to erase the rest of
you.

Derrick goes still.

DERRIK
Who's on the list?

Harlan's eyes harden.

HARLAN
 Aaron. Samantha. Colton. Teddy.
 Dragon Lady. All of them. Gone.

DERRIK
 I won't do it.

A beat.

Harlan's eyes shift – colder now.

HARLAN
 Derrik.
 (to Aaron, deadly)
 Aaron. Engage SUNSET.

Derrik's pupils BLOW WIDE – eyes going ink-black. IN ONE BRUTAL MOVE he JUDO-THROWS AARON to the floor – hand clamping around his throat.

AARON
 (choking)
 Derrik—! Stop!

Derrik's grip tightens. Veins bulge. Pure animal.

HARLAN
 (cold command)
 Stand down, soldier.

Derrik freezes. Slowly, he releases Aaron and rises. Aaron sits up, rattled. Rubs his throat.

AARON
 Jesus, Harlan—

HARLAN
 You need a new attitude.
 And keep a low profile.

He turns to Derrik.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
 They may kill me for this –
 but you are my son.

Derrik stares at the floor, breathing tight. Then, quietly. Honestly:

DERRIK
 Does it ever end?

Harlan pauses.

DERRIK (CONT'D)

The running. The missions. The...
emptiness. I don't know who I am
without the job... but I know I don't
want to die inside it.

Harlan takes that in – real father/son daylight in the middle
of all this noir.

HARLAN

Christmas is coming, boy.
Put all that on your list.

Derrik almost smiles. Almost.

FADE.

INT. DIAMOND PENTHOUSE – NIGHT

Rebecca paces, texting. Frustrated energy wrapped in couture.
FRANÇOIS stands at the window overlooking Biscayne Bay –
reflective, coiled, deadly.

Two siblings. One ambition. Rebecca lowers her phone,
irritated.

REBECCA

Where is Harlan?

FRANÇOIS

No ankle bracelet. Hard to tell.

REBECCA

You're supposed to be good at
tracking.

FRANÇOIS

Sister... I am great at tracking.
Manipulating. Controlling.
(leans in)
Perhaps I should be in charge?

Her phone BUZZES. She reads the text.

ON SCREEN –
HARLAN (TEXT):

Game's changed.
I'm back in command.
You backed the wrong brother.

Rebecca LAUGHS – cold, poised, lethal. FRANÇOIS leans in,
reads it too. Scoffs.

Rebecca lowers the phone, breath tightening into resolve.

REBECCA

Time to engage Derrik to kill
Harlan. The list just reshuffled.

FRANÇOIS steps closer to the glass – Miami's skyline reflected in his eyes like prey. A small, cruel smile.

He moves back toward Rebecca.

FRANÇOIS

Black Diamond isn't power, sister.
It's the permission behind power.

Rebecca absorbs this – not surprised. Validated.

REBECCA

Then let's choose who falls
tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK-ROOM LAB - WILTON MANORS - LATER

A makeshift medical bay – shadows swallowing wires, monitors humming like anxious insects.

DERRIK lies on a gurney, chest rising and falling in shallow, uneasy waves. Sensors cling to his temples, mapping a mind at war with itself.

AARON watches from the corner.

HARLAN stands beside DR. JESSICA PRITCHARD, 48 – brilliant, grounded, zero-bullshit.

Harlan studies Derrik with a father's regret and a tyrant's resentment.

HARLAN

(low, almost to himself)
Black Diamond should never have
existed.

Pritchard hears them. It unsettles her more than anything she's seen on the monitors.

A neural waveform spikes – Derrik's brain looks like a battlefield lit by lightning. Harlan leans closer to her, colder now.

HARLAN (LOW) (CONT'D)
Can you overwrite my brother's
code?

Dr. Pritchard doesn't flinch.

She turns a monitor toward him – brainwaves splitting like a
fault line.

DR. PRITCHARD
So in theory–

Harlan steps in closer. The room tightens around him.

HARLAN
I don't need theory. I need
results.

DR. PRITCHARD
Then keep him calm. Calm men obey.
Panic makes him dangerous...

She looks back at the pulsing red pattern.

Aaron moves in, tense.

AARON
Is there a problem?

HARLAN
Agent, step aside.

Dr. Pritchard inhales – knowing the line she's about to
cross.

DR. PRITCHARD
There are risks. I've warned you.

HARLAN
Proceed.

Aaron bristles.

AARON
What risks?

They ignore him. He steps in closer, sharper.

AARON (CONT'D)
What. Risks.

Silence. Only the hum of machines. Dr. Pritchard turns to the
laptop, typing rapidly.

DR. PRITCHARD
Lower his heart rate to thirty BPM.

ON MONITORS – Derrick's heartbeat slows... slows. Jessica enters a final sequence. Derrick's hand twitches. Eyelids flutter.

HARLAN
Agent – paddles.

Aaron grabs the defibrillator paddles.

DR. PRITCHARD
On my mark I stop the heart. We wait ten seconds. I enter the last code—

She hits ENTER.

SFX: FLATLINE.

DR. PRITCHARD
(counting)
One... two... three...

Aaron's jaw tightens.

DR. PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
Four... five...

The flatline GROWS LOUDER. Harlan is still. The calm of a man who's died inside before.

DR. PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
Six... seven... be ready... eight... nine...
NOW.

SFX: WHOMP – FIRST SHOCK.

FLATLINE. Jessica nods.

SFX: WHOMP – SECOND SHOCK.

FLATLINE. Aaron steps closer, voice cracking.

AARON
Come on. Don't you dare—

Harlan SNATCHES the paddles.

SFX: WHOMP – THIRD SHOCK.

FLATLINE. Harlan curses under his breath.

HARLAN
Jesus—!

He SLAMS his fist into Derrik's chest. Brutal, primal.

SILENCE.

Then— BEEP. Another. Then a steady rhythm.

ON MONITORS – a normal heart rate returns. Derrik's eyes open – dazed, reptilian. He looks from Harlan... to Aaron. A slow, wicked smile.

DERRIK
(raspy)
Still hungry.

He WINKS. Fades into unconsciousness. Aaron exhales.

AARON
(growls)
Son of a bitch.

Dr. Pritchard adjusts the monitors, all business.

DR. PRITCHARD
Vitals stabilizing.

Harlan leans over her shoulder, eyes on the screens.

HARLAN
Did it work?

She doesn't look at him.

DR. PRITCHARD
If it didn't...we'll know.

A beat.

DR. PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
Right before he kills all of us.

Harlan absorbs that. Then he pulls out his phone, typing.

INSERT – PHONE
SCREEN:

HARLAN (TEXT): Upgrade complete.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A dark, minimalist fortress above the city. Floor-to-ceiling windows. Chicago skyline burns cold outside.

A PHONE BUZZES on a sleek marble desk beside a crystal decanter.

A SCARRED, MASCULINE HAND reaches into frame and picks it up.

CLOSE ON SCREEN:

HARLAN: Upgrade complete.

A slow, unsettling smile spreads across his mouth – we do not see the full face.

This is CRAIG. A fingertip taps a key on an open LAPTOP.

On-screen: DERRIK'S VITALS – live telemetry streaming, heart rate, brainwave patterns.

CRAIG
(murmurs)
Attaboy.

He leans back into the shadows.

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

INT. BACK-ROOM LAB - SAME MOMENT

Aaron's phone VIBRATES – jolting him. He checks it. Not Harlan. Not anyone he knows.

A scrambled number. One word:

UNKNOWN (text): "Monitor the pulse. He'll spike in ten."

Aaron frowns – looks up at Derrik – And right on cue, Derrik's vitals SPIKE. Aaron's eyes widen.

AARON
What the hell...?

Dr. Pritchard doesn't turn.

DR. PRITCHARD
 (over her shoulder)
 Side effects.

SPLIT SCREEN – AARON / SAMANTHA

SAMANTHA VARGAS sits in a hospital bed, sling discarded, defiant fire in her eyes. Arron Dials. Samantha answers.

AARON (PHONE)
 Vargas. You back in action?

SAMANTHA
 I can't wait.

She gets up. Nurse enters – shocked.

AARON
 1500 hours. Dragon Lady.

SAMANTHA
 Copy that.

SPLIT ENDS.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Samantha is already moving – decisive, controlled, a storm in motion. She dials a number on the hospital room phone. A young nurse fusses beside her.

NURSE
 Miss, you need to lie–

Samantha raises a finger – wait – without looking at her. The call connects.

SAMANTHA
 Emma?
 (breath shifts, softer)
 Hey, my little angel. Mommy's okay.

A beat – the sweetness of a mother protecting innocence.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 Can you put Daddy on?

The nurse freezes, sensing the shift. Eric picks up.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Eric – listen carefully. Take Emma
and go to your mother's in Dallas.
Now.

Her voice tightens – a whisper of fear cracking through the
steel.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I need a few days. I'll reach out
when I can. Don't call this number
again. I love you both.

She hangs up. Without hesitation, she ejects the SIM card,
snaps it clean in half, crosses to the bathroom, and flushes
both pieces. The nurse is stunned. Samantha turns back, all
business.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Where are my clothes?

NURSE

They were... bloody. Taken for
disposal.

Samantha nods.

SAMANTHA

Okay. Out of the uniform.

NURSE

What?? No—!

SAMANTHA

I'm FBI Agent Vargas. For the sake
of this country – get out of the
uniform.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Two armed guards text casually. The door opens. A nurse steps
out – head down, clipboard in hand. They barely glance.
Samantha walks down the hall.

Passing—

A TALL ASSASSIN. Six-four. Black hair. Coal-black eyes. He
bumps into Samantha. He doesn't look at her. He keeps
walking. She turns. He opens her room door.

Gun out.

SFX: TWO SHOTS.

THUD.

SFX: POP POP POP POP.

The guards drop.

Samantha keeps moving – calm, unflinching. She presses the elevator button. The assassin appears behind her. The doors open. She steps inside. He steps inside.

A beat.

SAMANTHA
What floor?

ASSASSIN
Basement.

A stillness.

SAMANTHA (QUIETLY)
Stand down, soldier.

Nothing. The doors begin to close– Samantha STOPS them and steps off. A sigh. A release.

Then– A BOOT slams the doors open. The assassin extends a hand. A pen sits in his palm.

ASSASSIN (LOW)
Miss, You dropped this.

She takes it. Nods. The doors close.

She exhales – shaky but composed. Samantha walks to the nurses' station.

Two nurses stare at her – suspicious. She picks up the phone.

SAMANTHA
This is Agent Vargas. Pickup at
Holy Cross main entrance.
Nurse uniform.

She hangs up. The nurses look at each other. Samantha leans in.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(letting in on a secret)
We're shooting a new Miami
thriller. I had to "live the role."
Meryl does it all the time.

They blink – unsure. Samantha softens.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Give me your emails. I'll send
premiere invites.

They scramble, excited.

NURSE JULIE
What's the movie called?

Samantha steps away, already moving.

SAMANTHA
"Black Diamond."

She takes the stairs. Gone. The two nurses explode into
excited whispers.

INT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT

After hours. The feel is tense. The end is here.

Derrick, Harlan, The Dragon Lady, Samantha, and Aaron and are
there. Talking is hushed and low.

AARON
(to Harlan)
So did it work? Derrick on our side
now?

HARLAN
We will soon find out.

Teddy comes bursting through the kitchen door in black
tactical uniform. He calms himself and walks center.

Derrick looks at Aaron with a "I tried to tell him look."

HARLAN (CONT'D)
No.

Derrick pulls Teddy aside.

DERRIK
Teddy.

TEDDY

Daddy, I got your six.

Derrik smiles a bit. He is very focused.

DERRIK

Teddy, I appreciate that, and how you can really help me, is to go home, right now.

TEDDY

But, D, I can help.

DERRIK

I know. I love that about you.

TEDDY

You love me?

DERRIK

Teddy, now, come on, focus. Go.

Derrik kisses Teddy very lightly on the lips and then pulls him in for a moment, then releases him.

Teddy disappears into the kitchen.

The front door opens – a gust of cold authority sweeping in with it.

FRANÇOIS steps through first – tailored, calm, eyes like polished glass. REBECCA follows – immaculate, political, a smile sharp enough to cut rope.

François takes in the room, the bodies, the tension.

FRANÇOIS

Black Diamond only works in the shadows. Bring it into the light... and it dies.

Rebecca gives a tiny nod – agreement, annoyance, and ambition all in one gesture.

DRAGON LADY clicks his tongue, hands on hips.

DRAGON LADY

Sorry, this is a private party. There's a diner down the block.

Rebecca turns to him – a slow, surgical cut of a stare.

REBECCA

Shut up. I never liked you.

Dragon Lady leans in.

DRAGON LADY

That outfit is very brave. I'm not mad at you for being a mess, it's just...who are you trying to be?

FRANÇOIS

Harlan, my patience is wearing thin.

DRAGON LADY

Did you get that line from TikTok?

FRANÇOIS pulls a gun and shoots The Dragon Lady in the leg. He drops.

DRAGON LADY (CONT'D)

And these pants are couture. Jesus.

Blood seeping.

HARLAN

Let's get this over with.

FRANÇOIS

You're right. The guest list needs to be smaller. Derrik. Harlan. Sunset.

Silence.

Derrik's eyes go coal-black. He walks over and grabs Harlan and throws him across a table.

Harlan grunts. Derrik tosses the table out of the way like it was plywood. He picks up Harlan. Gun to his head.

POV on Aaron.

AARON

Derick. Rocco!

BOOM. Thud.

Rebecca falls to the floor. Derrik has shot and killed her. Derrik ease Harlan down. Blood pools out of Rebecca.

DRAGON LADY

(to the dying Rebecca)

Sweetie, you need to work on your dying scene. Give me more next time. I want real emotion.

FRANÇOIS is enraged. Derrik turns to FRANÇOIS.

FRANÇOIS
Stand down, soldier.

Nothing.

FRANÇOIS (CONT'D)
Stand down, soldier!

AARON
Thailand.

Derrik stops. His eyes go back to blue.

FRANÇOIS
Harlan what did you do? You're not
that smart.

Dr. Jessica Pritchard steps out from an alcove.

DR. JESSICA PRITCHARD
But I am.

FRANÇOIS
Oh, the girl from the Baltimore
suburbs! Didn't we power up.

The door crashes open. The Assassin comes in dragging Teddy.

TEDDY
(fighting)
Let go. You goon.

The Assassin holds a gun to Teddy's head. He takes out his phone. Tosses it to Samantha.

THE ASSASSIN
Say hello.

SAMANTHA
(unsure)
Hello?

ERIC
Sam, don't do it.

SAMANTHA
Eric where are you? Dallas? You're
not in Dallas?

ERIC
We will be fine.

SAMANTHA
Emma is there?

CLICK. The Call ends.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Eric! Eric!

THE ASSASSIN
Choose Derrik. They will all die,
because of you. You will remember
every death tonight.

FRANÇOIS
Once again, Harlan, I have to cover
for you. That's always been your
problem. You never took
responsibility.

HARLAN
My little brother, you lost sight
of our purpose.

FRANÇOIS
Black Diamond's purpose was never
control. It was about correction.

THE ASSASSIN
So, Derrick, where do you start.

AARON
Stand down, soldier!

BANG. BANG.

The Assassin fires a shot into Aaron's stomach. Aaron drops,
he is alive for the moment.

He fires a shot and kills Harlan.

Samantha fires a shot. The Assassin drops. Samantha comes
over.

SAMANTHA
You crossed the line. My family.
This is my family.

She fires two more shots. Derrik comes over and takes her
hand.

DERRIK
(gentle)
Stand down, soldier.

Samantha takes the phone and dials.

SAMANTHA
Get a trace and location for this
number.

She checks the screen:

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
305-341-5565.

She hangs up.

EXT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Smoke. Sirens faint in the distance. Blood everywhere.

HARLAN - dead.

REBECCA - dead.

THE ASSASSIN - dead.

AARON - wounded but alive.

TEDDY - a warrior in the making.

DRAGON LADY - shot in the leg but still bitchy.

DERRIK scoops Teddy into his arms.

DERRIK
(hugging him)
You stupid fuck. I told you to go
home.

Teddy clings to him. Derrik's eyes burn - a rare tear
breaking loose.

Samantha scans the wreckage, adrenaline still firing.

SAMANTHA
Where is he? FRANÇOIS? Where the
hell is he?

Silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRAGON LADY RESTAURANT - SAME MOMENT

A BLACK MERCEDES idles at the curb. FRANÇOIS slips into the passenger seat - untouched, calm, victorious.

The license plate gleams under the streetlight:

DAFAE

The driver turns - COLTON. Miami PD. Should be on scene. Isn't.

COLTON
(low, controlled)
Where to?

FRANÇOIS adjusts his cuff.

FRANÇOIS
Someplace out of this dump, for
now. I'll back.

The Mercedes glides into the neon Miami night.

FADE OUT.

TITLE: 30 DAYS LATER

INT. COMMUNITY GYM - NIGHT

Fluorescents flicker. A crowd gathers around a beat-up boxing ring. COLTON warms up inside - cocky, dancing, showboating.

Ringside sit: DERRIK, SAMANTHA, AARON, TEDDY.. and ROCCO in a little travel tank. A local crowd has gathered. Cops, firemen, the restaurant workers. An unlikely mashup about to get a show.

ERIC and EMMA stand beside Samantha - whole again.

DERRIK
This is a terrible idea.

SAMANTHA
It was his idea.

AARON
Correction - it was his ego's idea.

The crowd parts.

DRAGON LADY steps into the ring – teal sneakers, serenity weaponized.

COLTON
(pointing)
You stretch those hip flexors,
Grandma?

Dragon Lady smiles... then removes his shirt. A wiry, carved six-pack.

Colton freezes.

DERRIK
(to Aaron)
Did you know he was built like
that?

AARON
Hell no.

DING! DING!

Colton charges – big swing – WHIFF.

Another – CONNECTS – crowd gasps.

AARON
(shouts)
JUDY!

Quick cut: DR. PRITCHARD watching from the back. Smirking. Dragon Lady's eyes flicker obsidian – inhuman for a breath.

Then– WHOMP – ONE PUNCH.

Colton FLIES and is out cold. Dragon Lady puts his foot on Colton's chest

DRAGON LADY
Hey Mr. Miami Cop, did you even
try?

The crowd cheers. Colton groans.

DERRIK
(snaps)
Fantasia.

Dragon Lady's posture instantly resets – back to the world's most judgmental restaurant owner.

SAMANTHA

So... tacos?

Everyone nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. GYM PARKING LOT - LATER

Goodbyes under streetlights. Samantha, Eric, and Emma load into a car – healed, restored.

Derrick and Teddy share a bro hug.

TEDDY

(soft)

You'll be safe?

DERRIK

Always.

Teddy heads off – turns, sees Derrick wink. He nods, cool AF.

AARON and DERRIK speak quietly with Dr. Pritchard.

EMTs wheel out COLTON. Dragon Lady leans over him.

DRAGON LADY

(low, certain)

Stand down, soldier.

A flicker passes through Colton – familiar, ominous. He's wheeled away. Dragon Lady pulls out his phone.

DRAGON LADY (CONT'D)

Get me on the next flight to Paris.

Time to brush up on my French.

FADE OUT.

INT. CHICAGO PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A cold high-rise fortress over Lake Michigan. CRAIG (38), shaved head, black eyepatch, faded bullet scar – stands before a massive screen replaying:

Dragon Lady knocking out Colton. Craig smiles.

CRAIG

"Judy." Still works.

His phone buzzes. He answers.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Doctor. Looks like your trial
worked.

DR. PRITCHARD (V.O.)
Derrick's cognition is accelerating
since the AI integration.

Craig's face remains unreadable.

CRAIG
Failsafe?

DR. PRITCHARD (V.O.)
In place. You and I retain full
backdoor access.

Craig doesn't respond. His eyes linger on Derrick's vitals a
beat too long.

CRAIG
Good work, Doctor.

Silence.

DR. PRITCHARD (V.O.)
The proposal still stands.

Craig's jaw tightens.

CRAIG
No alteration. Reconvene 1100
hours.

CLICK.

Craig turns to a second monitor – Derrick's live vitals stream
across the screen. He presses an intercom.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Dragon will be calling. Prep for a
Paris assignment. He's moving on
Black Diamond.

CUT TO:

TITLE: ONE MONTH LATER – PARIS

EXT. PARIS – NIGHT

Pont Alexandre III. Rain-slick gold. The city humming like a
secret.

A MAN walks alone – elegant, composed. FRANÇOIS. Very much alive. He stops under a lamp, opens a small leather notebook.

Inside – A recent photo of DERRIK, taken long after the program “died.”

François almost smiles.

Then– A second figure appears in the reflection of the river. Tall. Broad. Still.

François doesn't turn.

FRANÇOIS (IN FRENCH)

Bien. Tu es prêt. (Good. You are ready.)

A BOOTSTEP echoes behind him. COLTON steps into frame – sharper, calmer, deadly now. Not a clown. Not a thug. A weapon. His eyes are cold steel.

COLTON

When do we start?

François closes the notebook. A clean, terrifying click.

FRANÇOIS

Now.

They walk into the Paris night together. Colton takes his phone and dials.

COLTON

(cold)

Agent Jackson. Teddy. Proceed.

CLICK.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BEDROOM – NIGHT

Quiet. Bandages. Water glasses. The rare peace that follows violence, not precedes it. DERRIK sits shirtless on the bed – bruised, scarred. Facing the camera. His back not visible

AARON enters, wiping his ribs. He watches Derrik a long moment.

AARON

You know... we still gotta talk about that other tattoo.

DERRIK

Later.

Derrick gets up and turns around, revealing— A black-ink geometric sigil across his shoulders: LATER. Violent. Elegant. Mythic.

Aaron stares — reverent.

AARON

Yeah.
(soft)
Later.

A quiet knock. TEDDY appears in the doorway, hesitant.

He sees Derrick's scars — all of them — and freezes. Not in horror. In recognition.

TEDDY

(soft, almost embarrassed)
Does... does it hurt?

Derrick meets his eyes. A beat.

DERRIK

Yeah. Every day.

Teddy nods — no pity, no performance. Just a kid trying to understand a man built from pain.

TEDDY

Okay.
(beat)
Then we don't leave you.

Aaron looks at Teddy — surprised. Derrick looks down, absorbing it but not ready to show it.

Teddy backs out, giving them space. Aaron and Derrick sit in the quiet.

AARON

(growls)
You still hungry?

Lights snap off. Moon light from the window bleeds in.

DERRIK

Oh, I am starving.

SFX: Boots hit the floor. Bodies hit the bed.

FADE OUT.

THE END