

Montego Bay Heist

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**OPENING SCENE MONTEGO BAY HEIST****EXT. MONTEGO BAY - NIGHT**

The camera sweeps over the luxurious skyline of Montego Bay. The city is alive with neon lights from towering resorts, five-star hotels, and the glittering casino, THE ROYALE. The turquoise waters of the Caribbean shimmer beneath the moonlight, lapping gently against the shore. The nightlife pulses with energy—tourists in high-end clubs, locals selling handcrafted souvenirs, and high-rollers arriving at the casino entrance in sleek cars.

We ZOOM IN on **THE ROYALE**, a massive luxury casino perched at the edge of the beach. Opulent, flashy, and overflowing with wealth. Outside, a red carpet event is underway—celebrities and elites posing for photos, entering the casino, and mingling under the warm tropical breeze.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - PRIVATE ROOM - SAME TIME**

In a PRIVATE VIP LOUNGE, exclusive guests sip expensive cocktails, laugh, and toss chips at a blackjack table. A JAMAICAN HOST, mid-40s, charming in a white suit, watches over his guests with practiced ease.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - SECURITY ROOM - SAME TIME**

A wall of monitors shows every inch of the casino floor. A team of SECURITY GUARDS watches attentively. There's no blind spot in the place. It's a fortress—state-of-the-art tech, high-def cameras, motion sensors. Nothing gets in or out without being seen.

Except... it's about to.

**INT. ROOFTOP PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Under dim lighting, three figures in black tactical gear stand near a sleek, black SUV parked on the top floor.

**ROHAN "THE GHOST" ST. CLAIR**, late 30s, confident and calculating, checks the time on his high-tech wristwatch. He's the leader—calm under pressure, always a few steps ahead.

Beside him stands **KEISHA**, 20s, an expert hacker and adrenaline junkie. She works fast, setting up a laptop connected to an encrypted radio system. She flashes **ROHAN** a sly grin as the screen flickers to life.

**KEISHA**

(whispering)

All systems go. We're in.

Behind them, **ANDRE**, mid-30s, the muscle of the crew, loads his equipment—a black duffel filled with specialized tools and explosives. He grins at **ROHAN**.

**ANDRE**

It's gonna be a beautiful night.

**ROHAN** nods, focused. He pulls out a small **EARPIECE** and slides it in.

**ROHAN**

(into earpiece)

Omar, we're ready. You in position?

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - SAME TIME**

**OMAR**, 40s, a smooth-talking con artist disguised as a high roller, stands at the craps table, surrounded by tourists throwing dice. He's wearing an expensive suit, gold watch, and sunglasses that hide his eyes but not his confidence. He smirks, tossing the dice down the table.

**OMAR**

(into earpiece, low)

Like clockwork.

The dice land perfectly on a **seven**. The crowd erupts in cheers. The dealer passes Omar a massive pile of chips. He casually pockets them, flashing a grin at the cheering crowd, but his eyes remain cold.

**OMAR (CONT'D)**

(into earpiece)

Let's give 'em a show.

**EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING GARAGE - SAME TIME**

ROHAN adjusts his gear, the cool night breeze ruffling his hair. He looks out over the shimmering lights of Montego Bay, his mind racing, focused on every detail of the heist.

**ROHAN**

(into earpiece)  
Showtime.

Suddenly, the sounds of sirens BLARE in the distance, cutting through the tranquil night air. The team goes still. ROHAN tenses, scanning the streets below.

**KEISHA**

What the hell? We weren't supposed to trip anything.

**ANDRE**

(smirking)  
That's not us.

**ROHAN**

Stay sharp. This could be a distraction.

The sirens grow louder. Down below, several **POLICE CRUISERS** speed through the busy Montego Bay streets, heading toward the heart of the casino district. The team exchanges uneasy glances.

**KEISHA**

It's too early for them to be here.

**ROHAN**

(into earpiece)  
Omar, what's your status? You see anything?

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - SAME TIME**

Omar's eyes narrow as he glances around the casino. Tourists laugh, gamble, and drink, oblivious. But something feels off. He looks toward the entrance, where two plain-clothed men, clearly undercover cops, walk in. Omar's smirk fades.

**OMAR**

(into earpiece)  
We got company. Uninvited guests.

**EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING GARAGE - SAME TIME**

ROHAN's jaw tightens.

**ROHAN**

(into earpiece)

Abort. We're getting out.

But before Keisha can start shutting down her system, an encrypted message FLASHES on her screen. **"THEY KNOW. TRUST NO ONE."**

Keisha freezes, her eyes widening.

**KEISHA**

Rohan... this wasn't supposed to happen.

ROHAN looks at her, then back at the casino. His heart pounds as realization dawns.

Someone's made their move. Someone on **his team**.

**ROHAN**

(into earpiece, low and dangerous)

Omar. We've been made.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**SCENE TWO - MONTEGO BAY HEIST****EXT. THE ROYALE CASINO - ROOFTOP PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

The tension crackles in the night air as ROHAN stands frozen, his mind racing. Keisha stares at him, waiting for the next command, while Andre tightens his grip on the duffel bag, eager for action. ROHAN's face hardens, his decision made.

**ROHAN**

(quiet, decisive)

We go. No turning back now.

Keisha looks uneasy but nods, quickly stowing her laptop. Andre grins—this is what he lives for. ROHAN clenches his jaw and slips his earpiece back in.

**ROHAN** (CONT'D)  
 (into earpiece)  
 Omar, keep your cover. Stick to the plan. I'll deal with the rest.

**OMAR** (O.S.)  
 (calm but suspicious)  
 I hope you know what you're doing.

ROHAN's eyes flicker with unease—there's an edge in Omar's voice. A flicker of old wounds between them, buried but never forgotten. He knows that tone. Omar doesn't fully trust him. Not anymore.

**ROHAN**  
 (into earpiece)  
 We've got this.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - SAME TIME**

Omar walks away from the craps table, casually tossing a chip into the air and catching it as he strolls through the casino. The undercover cops are now stationed at the bar, scanning the floor, but they haven't locked onto him yet.

**OMAR**  
 (into earpiece, low)  
 Better not be a setup, ROHAN.

His eyes linger on the security cameras, knowing full well that with one wrong move, everything could go sideways. He adjusts his cufflink—a subtle signal to the *inside man*.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - STAFF CORRIDOR - SAME TIME**

Inside a dim, narrow corridor behind the casino floor, a SECURITY GUARD, **\*\*MARCUS\*\***, is waiting. Late 30s, cool under pressure, and hardened by experience, Marcus is in on the heist—a double agent planted by Omar inside The Royale's security team. He adjusts his uniform nervously, stealing a glance at his phone where a single text message glows:

**"It's happening. Watch yourself."**

Marcus pockets the phone and takes a deep breath. He knows too well that things could go wrong, but he owes Rico—and he trusts him. Or at least, he used to.

**EXT. THE ROYALE CASINO - ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

ROHAN, Keisha, and Andre move swiftly through the shadows, exiting the parking garage and heading for the roof access of the casino. Andre pulls out a small device, attaches it to the locked security door, and with a quick click, the door swings open. Keisha enters first, slipping into the casino's top floor like a shadow.

As they move through the service corridors, Keisha pulls out a **tablet**, eyes locked on the layout. ROHAN walks beside her, focused but distracted—his mind still on Omar.

**FLASHBACK - EXT. MONTEGO BAY - DOCKS - FIVE YEARS EARLIER**

ROHAN and Omar sit on the edge of a dilapidated dock, a cooler of beers between them. They're laughing, bonded by years of loyalty. Partners in crime, but more than that—brothers.

**OMAR**

(grinning)

No one's got your back like I do,  
man. And no one ever will.

ROHAN cracks a beer, nodding, trusting. He doesn't see the storm coming.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - UPPER FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT  
(PRESENT)**

ROHAN snaps out of the memory, eyes sharp again. He can't afford to lose focus now. Keisha gestures ahead.

**KEISHA**

(into earpiece)

We're in position. Andre, get ready  
to hit the safe room.

Andre nods and readies his gear, setting explosives on the access panel to the security office. ROHAN watches him, then speaks into his earpiece.

**ROHAN**

(into earpiece)  
 Marcus, where are we?

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - SECURITY ROOM - SAME TIME**

Marcus is at his post, casually tapping buttons on his console. Around him, the rest of the security team is busy monitoring the screens. He clears his throat, trying to act normal as he speaks into his earpiece.

**MARCUS**

(into earpiece, low)  
 I've got the cameras looping.  
 You've got three minutes until the  
 next sweep. Make it count.

**EXT. THE ROYALE CASINO - ROOFTOP ACCESS - SAME TIME**

Andre finishes setting the explosives and steps back. He nods at ROHAN.

**ANDRE**

We're ready to blow.

But ROHAN holds up his hand, eyes narrowing. Something feels wrong. Too smooth. Too easy.

**ROHAN**

Wait.

He pulls Keisha aside, speaking in a low voice, his gut tightening.

**ROHAN (CONT'D)**

(into earpiece)  
 Omar, anything on your end?

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - SAME TIME**

Omar is sitting at a poker table now, keeping a low profile. He looks around, his instincts kicking in. He can feel eyes on him.

**OMAR**

(into earpiece)  
 Just play it cool. Stick to the  
 plan.

But ROHAN catches it—an extra beat in Omar's voice. A hesitation.



**ROHAN**

(into earpiece, cold)  
You wouldn't screw me, would you?

There's silence on the other end. Omar's fingers grip the poker chips a little tighter, and his eyes narrow. This moment has been brewing for years, unspoken tension finally surfacing.

**OMAR**

(into earpiece)  
Don't act like you didn't already screw me first.

**FLASHBACK - EXT. MONTEGO BAY - DOCKS - NIGHT (FIVE YEARS EARLIER)**

Omar watches from the shadows as ROHAN shakes hands with a **rival crew boss**, sealing a deal behind Omar's back. The betrayal is silent, but the pain on Omar's face is loud.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - UPPER FLOOR - PRESENT**

ROHAN's jaw tightens, the unspoken resentment rising between them. But he can't deal with it now.

**ROHAN**

(into earpiece)  
We finish this. Then we settle it.

Omar lets out a small, dark laugh, but doesn't answer.

**INT. SECURITY OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Andre is getting impatient, fingers twitching near the detonator.

**ANDRE**

Can we blow this or what?

ROHAN's eyes flick to Keisha, then back to the door. He makes the call.

**ROHAN**

Do it.

Andre presses the detonator. **\*\*BOOM.\*\*** The door to the security room blasts open, smoke filling the air. Alarms begin to BLARE across the casino.

**ROHAN** (CONT'D)  
(into earpiece)  
Move!

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - SAFE ROOM - SAME TIME**

In the chaos, Marcus locks eyes with the head of security, who's now frantically working at his terminal. The camera feeds start flickering back to life. The loop is breaking. The plan is falling apart.

Marcus pulls his gun. He hesitates for a fraction of a second, but then he fires taking out the head of security before he can reset the cameras.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - UPPER FLOOR - SAME TIME**

As the alarms blare and chaos erupts, ROHAN feels it deep in his gut.

**They've been set up.**

And someone on his team is pulling the strings.

**Scene Three - Montego Bay Heist**

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT**

Smoke billows from the blown door to the security room. Rohan, Keisha, and Andre move through the haze, their senses heightened by the sound of blaring alarms. Keisha pulls up the building's schematics on her tablet, desperately trying to regain control of the security systems.

**KEISHA**  
(into earpiece)  
The cameras are back online.  
Someone's breaking the loop!

Andre shoots a quick glance at Rohan, his expression tense but itching for action.

**ANDRE**

We still going for the vault?

Rohan doesn't respond immediately, his eyes narrowing as the weight of Omar's cryptic words hangs in the air: \*Don't act like you didn't already screw me first.\*

He glances at Keisha, then down at his earpiece. Omar's betrayal has been looming for years, and now, everything seems to be falling apart. He clenches his fists, shoving the doubt aside.

**ROHAN**

(into earpiece)

Marcus, hold them off as long as you can. We're hitting the vault.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - SECURITY OFFICE - SAME TIME**

The smoke begins to clear. Marcus stands over the dead security chief, hands shaking as he clutches his gun. The control panel buzzes and flickers—chaos on every screen. The entire casino is in lockdown, and guards are flooding the upper floors.

His phone vibrates. He glances down and sees a single message: "RUN."

**MARCUS**

(into earpiece, panicking)

They're coming. You don't have long.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - UPPER FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Rohan, Keisha, and Andre rush through the service corridors, heading for the vault. Rohan is on edge, thinking about every angle Omar could have planned. Andre is laser-focused, his hands already pulling out tools to crack the vault door.

**KEISHA**

I can't override the alarms from here. They'll have guards swarming us in two minutes.

Rohan's mind races, but he keeps his voice calm and authoritative.

**ROHAN**

We don't need two minutes.

They round the corner and stop in front of the imposing **vault door**—gleaming steel, state-of-the-art security, and heavily reinforced. This is it.

**ANDRE**

(grinning)

Let's crack this open.

Andre drops to his knees, pulling out a high-powered drill and a set of thermite charges. Keisha nervously checks her tablet, tracking the movement of security guards on the floors below.

**KEISHA**

They're moving fast. Omar's not responding.

**ROHAN**

He'll come through.

But Rohan doesn't believe his own words. Omar's voice is in his head again—*You didn't already screw me first.*

**FLASHBACK - INT. UNDERGROUND CASINO - NIGHT (FIVE YEARS EARLIER)**

A small, dimly lit room in an underground casino. Omar is at a poker table, playing against **\*\*ALONZO\*\***, a ruthless local boss. Rohan stands nearby, watching, while a few of Alonzo's men keep their eyes on them both.

The stakes are high. Omar's cool, confident, but when he pushes all his chips in, something in Alonzo's cold eyes shifts.

**ALONZO**

(smirking)

You've got nothing, man. Walk away while you can.

Omar hesitates, glancing at Rohan. Rohan subtly shakes his head—a silent warning. But Omar doesn't back down.

**OMAR**

Call.

Alonzo reveals his hand—an unbeatable straight flush. Omar's face hardens as the realization hits. He's lost everything. Alonzo stands, collecting his winnings.

**ALONZO**

(smiling)

That's the game, Omar. You're done.

Alonzo's men step forward, but Rohan stops them.

**ROHAN**

Let's just talk. We can figure something out.

Alonzo's smile fades.

**ALONZO**

You already have.

Rohan pulls out a **paper contract**, signed and sealed. Omar stares at it, confused.

**OMAR**

Rohan... what's this?

**ROHAN**

I didn't have a choice, man. I made a deal to clear our debt. But... it's gonna cost you your cut. I had to secure us an exit.

**OMAR**

My cut? You gave up my cut?

The betrayal is written all over Omar's face. Rohan's move saved their lives but shattered their partnership.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - VAULT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

**\*\*BOOM.\*\*** The thermite charges melt through the steel, and the vault door swings open with a grinding hiss. Inside, **\*\*stacks of cash\*\***, **\*\*gold bars\*\***, and **\*\*priceless jewels\*\*** are neatly arranged in rows. It's more wealth than they could have imagined.

**ANDRE**

(laughing)

We're rich.

Andre grabs a duffel bag and starts stuffing it with cash. Keisha hesitates, her fingers trembling on the tablet.

**KEISHA**

(into earpiece)

Omar... we're in. Where are you?

Nothing but static on the other end.

**ROHAN**

(into earpiece, more forceful)

Omar. Don't play games now. Where are you?

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - GAMING FLOOR - NIGHT**

Omar stands near the bar, watching the guards scramble through the casino. His hand hovers near his phone. He's sweating now, the weight of his decision finally crashing down on him.

His phone lights up with another message: **"Take your shot."**

Omar's jaw tightens, his loyalty to Rohan twisting with years of unresolved betrayal. He slips the phone back into his pocket and makes his move, walking casually toward a **hidden service elevator**.

**INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - VAULT ROOM - NIGHT**

Rohan knows something is off. It's been too long without hearing from Omar. Keisha's eyes are glued to the tablet.

**KEISHA**

(into earpiece)

Guards are on the way. We've got less than a minute.

Andre zips up the stuffed duffel bag, slinging it over his shoulder.

**ANDRE**

Let's move. We can still get out of here before they close us in.

But Rohan's eyes are fixed on the corridor beyond the vault. Something's wrong, and he can feel it in his gut. Omar has always been the wildcard, the one he could trust in the moment but never fully predict.

Suddenly, **a figure steps into the doorway**—gun drawn. It's **Omar**.

**OMAR**

(grimly)

Drop the bags, Rohan.

Andre instantly pulls his gun, but Omar doesn't flinch.

**ANDRE**

(angry)

What the hell is this?

Rohan locks eyes with Omar, the tension between them finally snapping into something tangible. The years of loyalty, the betrayal—both past and present—are all in this moment.

**ROHAN**

(low, seething)

What are you doing, Omar?

Omar's face is cold, but behind his eyes, there's a storm of conflicted emotion.

**OMAR**

(voice cracking)

You always knew this was coming.

Rohan steps forward, keeping his voice steady, his hands raised in surrender.

**ROHAN**

We had a plan. You were supposed to walk out of here rich, man. What changed?

**OMAR**

(laughing bitterly)

You did. The moment you cut me out five years ago. Now it's my turn.

The vault is closing in, and betrayal cuts deeper than any heist.

#### **Scene Four - Montego Bay Heist**

#### **INT. THE ROYALE CASINO - VAULT ROOM - NIGHT**

Rohan stares down the barrel of Omar's gun. The tension is suffocating, the hum of the casino alarms distant now, drowned out by the pounding in Rohan's ears.

Andre, still holding his weapon, shifts uneasily but keeps his gun trained on Omar. Keisha stands frozen, her tablet hanging limply by her side, eyes darting between the men.

**ANDRE**

(snarling)

You think you can just walk away with all of it? You're outnumbered.

Omar's smirk is unsettling—calm, as if he's already won.

**OMAR**

Don't make me use this, Andre. You have no idea how deep this runs.

Rohan takes a step forward, keeping his hands raised. His voice is calm, but underneath the calm exterior, he's boiling.

**ROHAN**

Omar... you don't need to do this. We had a plan, a way out for all of us. This doesn't have to go sideways.

Omar's grip on the gun tightens, his eyes flashing with years of pent-up rage.

**OMAR**

You think I care about the plan? Five years, Rohan. Five years, I've been waiting for my shot. You think I forgot what you did? The deal you made behind my back? I lost everything that night. You cut me out.

Rohan's jaw clenches, the weight of the past creeping in like a slow-burning fire.

**ROHAN**

I made that deal to save both of us. Alonzo would've killed you if I didn't act. You know that.

Omar's eyes flicker—there's a part of him that knows it's true, but the hurt and anger have twisted it into something darker.

**OMAR**

Save us? You saved yourself. Left me to clean up the mess. Now you want to play hero again, act like nothing happened.

(MORE)



**OMAR (CONT'D)**

But this time, it's different. I'm the one calling the shots.

Keisha finally snaps out of her frozen state, stepping in.

**KEISHA**

Omar, think about what you're doing! We're so close to getting out of here. You don't have to burn everything down.

Omar's eyes flick to Keisha, but his resolve doesn't falter. His mind is made up.

**OMAR**

(quietly)

It was never about getting out clean.

Andre shifts, his patience running thin. The tension between them is becoming combustible.

**ANDRE**

So what's your move, Omar? You gonna shoot us all and waltz out of here with the cash? How long do you think that's gonna last?

Omar's smirk falters, but only for a moment.

**OMAR**

(steely)

I don't need to walk out with everything. Just enough.

Rohan glances around the vault room—his mind racing for a way out of this standoff. He knows Omar too well. There's no talking him down at this point. He's not after the money anymore. He's after revenge.

Suddenly, the sound of heavy footsteps echoes through the corridor outside the vault. **\*\*Security guards\*\*** are closing in fast.

Keisha looks at her tablet, panic rising.

**KEISHA**

(into earpiece)

Marcus! We need that exit, now!

Marcus's voice crackles over the line, sounding just as panicked.

**MARCUS (V.O.)**

They're locking everything down. You've got thirty seconds before this place is swarming.

**ANDRE**

(gritting his teeth)  
We don't have time for this.

Rohan locks eyes with Omar, sensing the seconds slipping away. He knows what he has to do, but it kills him inside.

**ROHAN**

(intense)  
You were like a brother to me,  
Omar. If this is how it's gotta  
go... then fine. Take your shot.

He steps closer, defying the barrel of the gun aimed at his chest. Andre's eyes widen in shock.

**ANDRE**

Rohan, what the hell are you doing?

Rohan doesn't flinch, his gaze piercing into Omar's.

**ROHAN**

(softly)  
Go on. Do it. But know this—once  
you pull that trigger, there's no  
going back. You'll always be  
looking over your shoulder. And for  
what? For something that can't be  
undone?

Omar's finger twitches on the trigger, his eyes flickering with uncertainty. For a brief moment, the weight of their shared history and brotherhood presses down on him. He hesitates.

The footsteps grow louder. The guards are almost at the door.

**KEISHA**

(shouting)  
We need to go! Now!

Omar's face twists with inner conflict, his hand shaking. His grip on the gun falters just enough for Rohan to make his move.

**BANG!**

A gunshot rings out, deafening in  
the small space. But it wasn't from  
Omar's gun.

**\*\*ANDRE\*\*** pulls the trigger, shooting Omar in the arm, causing him to drop his weapon. Omar stumbles back, clutching his arm in pain, blood pouring between his fingers.

**OMAR**

(grimacing)  
You son of a—

**ROHAN**

(angrily)  
We didn't have a choice!

Andre grabs the duffel bags, and Rohan rushes to Omar, grabbing him by the collar and staring into his pained, furious eyes.

**ROHAN (CONT'D)**

(whispering)  
I never wanted this. But you forced my hand.

Rohan releases Omar, who slumps against the wall, breathing heavily and clutching his bleeding arm. He locks eyes with Rohan, a mix of betrayal and regret etched on his face.

The sound of the guards reaching the vault door forces Rohan to move. He grabs one of the bags and signals to Keisha and Andre.

**ROHAN (CONT'D)**

We're moving out. Now.

They sprint toward the back of the vault, slipping through a hidden service corridor just as the security guards burst into the room. Omar is left behind, glaring after them, his gun lying on the floor beside him as the guards rush in.

#### **INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Rohan, Keisha, and Andre race through the underground garage, their footsteps echoing off the concrete walls. Marcus is waiting by the van, engine running, face pale with fear.

**MARCUS**

(urgently)  
Get in! We gotta go!

They dive into the van, the heavy bags of cash thudding against the floor. The engine roars to life, and the van speeds off, disappearing into the night.

Inside the van, Rohan stares out the window, his mind racing. The heist wasn't over—not by a long shot.

And as for Omar... the real betrayal was only beginning.

**FADE OUT.**

End scene.

**Scene Five - Montego Bay Heist**

**EXT. MONTEGO BAY - COASTAL ROAD - NIGHT**

The van speeds along the dark, winding road that hugs the coast. The distant sound of waves crashing against the shore mixes with the fading wail of casino alarms from the Royale. Inside, the tension is thick, no one speaking as Marcus steers the getaway vehicle.

The moonlight casts shadows through the windows, illuminating the hardened expressions on Rohan, Keisha, and Andre. Rohan sits in the front, eyes fixated on the road ahead, while Keisha and Andre sit in the back, surrounded by duffel bags of cash and gold. The heist is done, but the fallout has only just begun.

**INT. GETAWAY VAN - NIGHT**

**MARCUS**

(glancing nervously in the rearview mirror)

We made it out. Barely. What's the plan now, boss?

Rohan doesn't respond right away, staring out the window at the passing shoreline. He feels the weight of everything bearing down on him—the betrayal, the blood, Omar left behind in that vault.

Keisha breaks the silence.

**KEISHA**

(quietly)  
Is Omar... alive?

Rohan's jaw tightens. He doesn't look back at her, still staring ahead, but his voice is low and cold.

**ROHAN**

(icy)  
He'll live. But he's not walking away from this clean.

Andre, still pumped with adrenaline, slams his fist against the seat.

**ANDRE**

(laughing bitterly)  
I should've finished him. Damn snake, pulling a gun on us like that. After everything we've been through? Should've put a bullet in his head.

Rohan finally turns, his gaze hard and unreadable.

**ROHAN**

No. We don't kill him. Not yet.

Andre shoots him a confused look.

**ANDRE**

(angry)  
Why the hell not? You saw what he did. You really think he's just gonna walk away after this?

**ROHAN**

(firmly)  
He'll come for us, but that's what I'm counting on.

Andre's anger simmers beneath the surface, but he bites his tongue. Keisha, sensing the brewing conflict, leans forward.

**KEISHA**

We don't need another enemy right now. We've got half the island looking for us already. And if Omar's out there, wounded and pissed, he could be even more dangerous.

Rohan rubs his temples, trying to process the tangled web of problems that's quickly unraveling.

The money, the betrayal, the guards closing in—it's all too much, but his mind is sharp, focused.

**ROHAN**

(intense)

We have to split up for now.  
Lay low until I can figure out the next move. Marcus, drop us at the safe house, and then you disappear for a while.

Marcus nods, his hands gripping the wheel tightly, tension showing in his face.

**MARCUS**

I'll be off the radar. But Rohan, this is getting out of hand. Omar's not gonna stop, and the cops... they're all over the Royale. Won't take long before they start tracking us down.

Rohan leans back in his seat, eyes narrowed as he thinks it over. His voice is calm, but there's a dangerous edge to it now.

**ROHAN**

Omar's gonna come for us, but not with bullets. He's gonna hit where it hurts—our contacts, our hideouts. He knows how we operate. So we change the game. We move faster.

Keisha looks at Rohan, a flicker of worry in her eyes.

**KEISHA**

How are we supposed to move faster when we don't even know who we're up against? It's not just Omar. You saw that message he got—someone's pulling his strings.

Rohan's expression hardens. He's thought about this, but the truth is, he doesn't have all the answers yet.

**ROHAN**

(intensely)

We'll find out who's behind him.  
But right now, we've got the upper hand. We have the money. That's leverage.

**EXT. SAFE HOUSE - OUTSKIRTS OF MONTEGO BAY - NIGHT**

The van pulls up to a secluded safe house nestled among the dense trees on the outskirts of Montego Bay. The place is quiet, almost forgotten by the world, with nothing but the sound of crickets and the distant roar of the ocean.

Rohan steps out first, scanning the area as Marcus turns off the engine. Keisha and Andre follow, their movements hurried but cautious. They've done this before—stashed away in hideouts after jobs—but this time, everything feels different. The stakes are higher, and the team is fractured.

**MARCUS**

I'll keep my head down. But when you're ready to move again, I'll be waiting.

Rohan gives him a curt nod, and Marcus pulls the van into gear, disappearing into the night. The safe house door creaks as they push inside.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT**

The room is sparse—just a few old chairs, a table, and a dusty couch. Keisha immediately sets up her equipment on the table, pulling out her laptop and phone, tapping into the network to monitor police activity and track Omar's movements.

Andre drops the duffel bags on the floor, letting out a breath.

**ANDRE**

(counting the cash)  
Not bad for a night's work.

But there's no satisfaction in his voice. He knows the money's not the only thing at stake anymore.

Rohan paces the room, his mind racing. Every step is calculated, but there's an underlying tension that even Keisha and Andre can sense. This isn't about the money anymore—it's personal.

**KEISHA**

(looking up from her laptop)  
Police are combing through the casino footage.  
(MORE)

**KEISHA (CONT'D)**

They've ID'd Omar, but we're still ghosts. We've got time, but not much.

Rohan nods, but his thoughts are already elsewhere.

**ROHAN**

We'll move out tomorrow. I'll call a meet with our people, see who's still loyal. We'll need new safe houses, new routes. Omar's got eyes on everything we know.

**ANDRE**

(cynical)

And if Omar's people get to us first?

Rohan stops pacing, turning to Andre with a look that silences him.

**ROHAN**

They won't.

**EXT. MONTEGO BAY HARBOR - NIGHT**

The scene shifts to **Omar**, standing on the docks of Montego Bay Harbor. His arm is bandaged from the gunshot wound, but his eyes are cold and full of fire. He's surrounded by a small group of men-tough, local enforcers who are loyal to him now.

Omar speaks quietly to **DWAYNE**, a hardened fixer and his right-hand man, who looks at him with a mix of respect and wariness.

**DWAYNE**

You sure about this? Rohan's not the type to forgive.

Omar smirks, his voice laced with venom.

**OMAR**

I'm counting on that. But this time, it's not just about payback.

He pulls out his phone, looking at a **text message** from the same mysterious contact who pulled his strings during the heist.



**TEXT MESSAGE**

"Deliver the money. Then take him out."

Omar slips the phone back into his pocket, his mind already made up. The betrayal was never just personal—it was part of a much bigger game.

**OMAR**

Rohan's always been two steps ahead. But he doesn't know who's really playing the game.

Dwayne nods, his face darkening.

**DWAYNE**

What's the plan, then?

Omar stares out at the water, the weight of the conspiracy settling on his shoulders. He knows this game is bigger than either of them now. There are forces at play that even Rohan can't predict.

**OMAR**

We let him think he's still in control. But once he's got nowhere to run... we bury him.

**FADE OUT.****Act 3: Escalation - *Montego Bay Heist*****Scene Six - The Fallout****EXT. MONTEGO BAY - SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT**

The safe house is silent, save for the faint hum of insects in the distance. Inside, the tension between Rohan, Keisha, and Andre is thick enough to cut with a knife. Keisha sits at the table, focused on her laptop, scanning the police scanners and Omar's potential movements. Andre, still agitated, paces back and forth. Rohan stands by the window, staring out into the darkness, deep in thought.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Keisha glances up from her screen, eyes narrowing.

**KEISHA**

"I'm picking up chatter from the cops. They're locking down every road heading out of town. They're making moves faster than I thought."

Rohan nods, barely reacting. His mind is elsewhere, still trying to piece together Omar's next move. He speaks quietly, more to himself than to the others.

**ROHAN**

"They're closing in... but so is Omar."

Andre can't take it anymore, turning to face Rohan.

**ANDRE**

(angry)

"What's the damn plan, Rohan? We sittin' here like fish in a barrel. Omar knows where we stash, and the cops? They're all over the island. We need to move."

Rohan turns slowly, his gaze hard.

**ROHAN**

"We will move. But we're not running."

Andre scoffs, frustrated.

**ANDRE**

"Then what? We sit and wait for him to show up? We've got the money, but Omar's not gonna stop. And you know it."

Keisha, sensing the rising tension, interjects.

**KEISHA**

"We need a diversion. Something to get both Omar and the cops off our trail."

Rohan's eyes light up. He steps forward, an idea taking shape in his mind.

**ROHAN**

(serious)

"Yeah. We set a trap for Omar. And we give the cops something else to chase."

Andre, still skeptical, shakes his head.

**ANDRE**

"Trap him how? Omar's not stupid. And if he smells a setup..."

**ROHAN**

(intense)

"He'll be expecting us to run. But if we control the situation, he'll walk right into our hands."

Rohan looks to Keisha.

**ROHAN (CONT'D)**

"We'll fake a money drop. Use the network to leak intel about a big payout at the docks."

Keisha nods, already seeing the plan unfold.

**KEISHA**

"If Omar hears that, he'll come running. He can't resist the idea of taking it all."

Andre folds his arms, finally starting to see the logic in the plan.

**ANDRE**

"And what about the cops? We can't have them crashing the party too."

Rohan smiles grimly.

**ROHAN**

"We'll make sure they're busy somewhere else."

**EXT. MONTEGO BAY - DOCKS - NIGHT**

The docks are quiet, lit only by a few dim streetlights casting long shadows over the stacked shipping containers. The ocean sloshes softly against the piers, the perfect cover for a trap. Rohan, Keisha, and Andre move quietly through the maze of containers, setting up for the confrontation.

Keisha places a discreet signal jammer near the water's edge, making sure that once Omar steps into their trap, he won't be able to call for backup. Andre checks the positioning, keeping an eye out for anything suspicious.

**ANDRE**

"Looks good. But if Omar brings more men than we expect..."

**ROHAN**

(calm)

"We'll deal with it. He's not walking away this time."

Keisha finishes her setup and glances around, scanning the shadows.

**KEISHA**

"We've got about thirty minutes before the intel spreads. Once Omar hears about the fake drop, he'll be on his way."

Rohan adjusts his gun, checking his weapon with methodical precision.

**ROHAN**

"Stay sharp. Omar's gonna be expecting something, but he doesn't know who's playing the real game."

**INT. MONTEGO BAY POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Meanwhile, back at the Montego Bay police station, the officers are scrambling. The lead **DETECTIVE** stands over a table littered with reports, a map of the city marked with various locations related to the heist. A rookie officer approaches with new intel.

**ROOKIE OFFICER**

"We've got a tip, sir. Anonymous. Says there's gonna be a large cash transfer happening tonight, down at the docks."

The detective narrows his eyes, suspicious.

**DETECTIVE**

"The docks, huh? Sounds like a trap. But we can't ignore it."

He grabs his radio, barking orders.

**DETECTIVE (CONT'D)**

"Get units down there, but tell 'em to keep it quiet. We don't need to spook anyone before we see what's really going on."

**EXT. MONTEGO BAY - DOCKS - NIGHT**

Omar arrives with a small crew of his own, stepping out of a black SUV. His arm still bandaged from the earlier wound, but he's not backing down. He scans the darkened docks, sensing something is off.

He motions to **DWAYNE**, his right-hand man.

**OMAR**

"Yuh feel it too, right? Rohan's here. This ain't no normal payout."

Dwayne nods, gripping his gun tighter.

**DWAYNE**

"We gotta be careful, boss. Could be a setup."

Omar grins, a dangerous glint in his eye.

**OMAR**

"If it is, I wanna see Rohan try an' pull it."

They move deeper into the maze of containers, creeping closer to the trap Rohan has set.

**INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - NIGHT**

Inside one of the containers, Rohan, Keisha, and Andre wait. Rohan peeks through the narrow crack in the container door, watching as Omar and his men approach.

Keisha taps into the signal jammer, making sure the cops won't arrive too soon.

**KEISHA**

"Cops are delayed. We've got some time."

Rohan nods, adrenaline pumping through his veins.

**ROHAN**

"Alright. We make our move when Omar gets in close. No mistakes."

The tension builds as Omar steps closer, his men spread out, covering all angles. Rohan watches, eyes narrowing as he spots Omar's crew creeping toward the "payout" spot.

Suddenly, Omar stops. His eyes flick to the side—he's sensed something.

**OMAR**

"Hold on..."

Rohan's grip tightens on his gun. For a moment, it feels like the entire world holds its breath.

Then—**CRASH!** One of Omar's men trips a wire, triggering a loud bang. In a flash, Rohan, Keisha, and Andre burst out of the container, guns drawn.

**ROHAN**

"Now!"

Gunfire erupts. Omar dives behind cover, his men scrambling. Keisha takes a shot, clipping one of Omar's enforcers. Andre moves with precision, using the shadows to his advantage.

Omar, bleeding from another graze, locks eyes with Rohan across the chaos. The two men stare at each other—there's no turning back now.

**EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT**

The sound of approaching sirens pierces the night air. The police are closing in. Rohan knows they have minutes at most before the whole place is swarmed.

**KEISHA**

(screaming over the  
gunfire)

"Rohan, we gotta move! Cops are  
here!"

But Rohan isn't listening. His eyes are fixed on Omar, watching as his former friend bleeds, cornered but still dangerous.

**OMAR**

(grimly)

"This it, Rohan? Yuh really think  
you gonna get outta this?"

Rohan steps forward, gun aimed at Omar.

**ROHAN**

"This ends tonight, Omar."

But just as Rohan prepares to pull the trigger, Omar smirks. In a flash, a hidden **DETONATOR** appears in his hand.

**OMAR**

(smiling)

"Yuh forget, mi always got a backup  
plan."

**CLICK.**

**CUT TO BLACK.**

*End of Act 3: Escalation*

**Act 4: The Fallout - Montego Bay Heist**

**Scene Seven - The Explosion**

**EXT. MONTEGO BAY - DOCKS - NIGHT**

**BOOM!** The explosion rocks the docks, a deafening blast that sends shipping containers flying. Fire and smoke billow into the night sky as debris rains down around Rohan, Keisha, and Andre. The entire area is chaos—screams, gunfire, and the wail of police sirens growing louder by the second.

**INT. DOCKS - NIGHT**

Rohan is thrown against a container by the force of the blast, the wind knocked out of him. His ears ring, and for a moment, everything is a blur. He struggles to his feet, dazed, his vision clouded by smoke.

**ROHAN**

(half to himself)

"Omar... what the hell..."

Through the smoke, he can see Omar limping away, using the confusion to escape. His crew is scattered, either dead or too wounded to fight. Rohan's eyes narrow—this is his chance.

**EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT**

Keisha pulls herself out from behind cover, blood trickling down her face from a gash on her forehead. She grabs her gun, scanning for Andre. Through the chaos, she spots him a few feet away, pinned under a fallen metal beam.

**KEISHA**

(yelling)

"Andre! Hold on!"

She runs toward him, struggling to lift the heavy beam off his leg. Andre winces in pain but manages to crack a smile.

**ANDRE**

(grimacing)

"Not how I planned to go out, but thanks for the save."

Keisha grits her teeth, using all her strength to push the beam off. She grabs his arm, pulling him to his feet.

**KEISHA**

"Come on. We gotta get outta here!"



Andre limps but keeps up, the two of them heading for the exit as the sirens close in.

**EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT**

Rohan stumbles through the smoke, hot on Omar's trail. His face is set in a grim mask of determination—he's not letting Omar slip away this time. The explosions have thrown the plan into chaos, but he knows this is his last shot.

He spots Omar ahead, limping toward a black SUV parked near the edge of the docks. Rohan breaks into a sprint, his gun raised.

**ROHAN**

(yelling)

"Omar!"

Omar turns, his face twisted in pain and anger. Blood drips from a gash on his arm, but he still has that dangerous glint in his eye. He pulls out a gun, firing a wild shot at Rohan, who dives behind cover.

**OMAR**

(breathless, snarling)

"Yuh still think yuh can take me,  
Rohan? This island belongs to me!"

Rohan grits his teeth, rolling out from behind the container and firing back. His bullet grazes Omar's shoulder, and the man stumbles but stays standing. Omar backs up toward the SUV, desperate.

**ROHAN**

(cold)

"This ends now, Omar."

Omar laughs, a bitter, hollow sound.

**OMAR**

"Yuh too late. By di time yuh stop  
me, it nah matter. Di money... it  
gone."

Omar reaches for the car door, ready to make his escape, but Rohan's faster. With a quick step, Rohan fires, hitting Omar square in the leg. Omar falls, dropping his gun, writhing in pain.

**EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT**

Omar lies on the ground, clutching his leg, unable to run any further. Rohan approaches, standing over him, gun still raised. For a moment, they just stare at each other—former partners, now bitter enemies.

Omar spits blood, glaring up at Rohan.

**OMAR**

"Yuh can kill mi now. But it nah change nothing. Yuh still in dis deep, same like me."

Rohan tightens his grip on the gun, but hesitates. The sound of police sirens grows louder. Keisha and Andre come running up behind him, bloodied but alive.

**KEISHA**

(breathless)

"Rohan, we gotta go! Police are almost here!"

Rohan stands frozen, torn between finishing Omar and making his escape. Keisha grabs his arm, trying to pull him away.

**KEISHA (CONT'D)**

(firm)

"Leave him. He's done. This isn't worth it!"

Rohan looks down at Omar, his finger hovering over the trigger. But finally, he lowers the gun. He can't bring himself to pull the trigger—not like this. He nods to Keisha.

**ROHAN**

(coldly)

"Let the cops deal with him."

Keisha pulls Rohan away, and the three of them sprint toward the far side of the docks, disappearing into the night as the police swarm in, guns drawn, lights flashing. Omar watches them go, blood pooling beneath him, a twisted smirk on his face.

**EXT. MONTEGO BAY - HILLSIDE - NIGHT**

Rohan, Keisha, and Andre stop at a secluded spot on a hillside overlooking the city. They're battered and bruised, but alive.

The distant glow of the explosion lights up the night sky, a haunting reminder of the chaos they've just escaped.

Rohan stares out at the city below, deep in thought. Keisha leans against a tree, breathing heavily.

**KEISHA**

(sighing)

"We did it. Barely. But we did it."

Andre, still nursing his leg, grins through the pain.

**ANDRE**

"Yuh think Omar's really done? Man had more lives than a cat."

Rohan shakes his head, still lost in his thoughts.

**ROHAN**

"Doesn't matter. He's not the real problem anymore."

Keisha frowns, confused.

**KEISHA**

"What do you mean?"

Rohan turns to face them, his expression grim.

**ROHAN**

"Omar was working for someone. Someone bigger. This whole thing... the heist, the betrayal, it was all a setup. And we walked right into it."

Keisha's eyes widen in realization.

**KEISHA**

"Who?"

Rohan looks back at the city, his jaw clenched.

**ROHAN**

"I don't know. But I'm gonna find out."

**EXT. MONTEGO BAY - NIGHT**

The camera pans over the city, the distant lights twinkling under the starry sky.

Somewhere in the shadows, the real mastermind behind the heist is watching, waiting for the next move. Rohan, Keisha, and Andre have escaped for now - but the game is far from over.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**Act 5: The Revelation - *Montego Bay Heist***

**Scene Eight - The Shadow's Move**

**INT. HIGH-END OFFICE - NIGHT**

The scene opens in a sleek, dimly lit office, high above Montego Bay. The floor-to-ceiling windows offer a panoramic view of the city's coastline, with the distant docks still glowing faintly from the explosion. The office is impeccably modern-polished wood, leather chairs, expensive artwork.

A man, known only as **MR. KINGSTON**, sits behind a grand mahogany desk. He's in his mid-50s, sharply dressed, with a calm and calculating demeanor. His face is expressionless as he watches the news coverage of the dock explosion on a wall-mounted TV.

Behind him, a bodyguard stands silently, arms crossed.

Mr. Kingston picks up a crystal glass of whiskey, swirling it before taking a slow sip. He barely reacts to the chaos unfolding on the screen. His phone buzzes. He picks it up, eyes narrowing as he reads the message.

**TEXT MESSAGE**

"They got away. Omar's in custody."

Mr. Kingston's calm remains, but there's a glint of irritation in his eyes. He presses a button on his desk, and a hidden door in the wall slides open. **\*\*VIVIAN\*\***, his top lieutenant, steps inside. She's sharp, professional, and always two steps ahead.

**VIVIAN**

(smoothly)

"They escaped. Rohan, Keisha, and Andre."

Mr. Kingston sets down his glass and leans back in his chair, unbothered by the news.

**MR. KINGSTON**

(quietly)

"Omar was a useful pawn, but ultimately expendable. Rohan did exactly what I expected."

Vivian raises an eyebrow, curious but cautious.

**VIVIAN**

"Did we underestimate him? He's starting to look like a bigger problem than Omar."

Mr. Kingston smiles, almost amused.

**MR. KINGSTON**

"No. Rohan is not the problem. He's the solution."

Vivian looks puzzled.

**VIVIAN**

"The solution?"

Mr. Kingston stands, walking toward the window, gazing down at the shimmering lights of Montego Bay below.

**MR. KINGSTON**

"Rohan will lead me to what I really want. He has no idea who he's really fighting against, and that's how we'll control him."

Vivian steps forward, intrigued.

**VIVIAN**

"And what happens if he doesn't cooperate?"

Mr. Kingston turns to her, his smile fading into a cold, hard look.

**MR. KINGSTON**

"Then we'll make sure he has no choice."

**EXT. MONTEGO BAY - HILLSIDE - NIGHT**

Rohan, Keisha, and Andre sit quietly, trying to recover after the events at the docks. The adrenaline is wearing off, and the reality of their situation is sinking in. They've escaped Omar, but the city is still crawling with cops, and there's a bigger threat looming over them.

Keisha finishes bandaging a cut on Andre's leg, her hands steady despite the exhaustion.

**KEISHA**

(serious)

"If Omar was working for someone, we're in even deeper trouble than we thought. The cops aren't just after us—they're part of something bigger."

Andre, wincing in pain, looks over at Rohan.

**ANDRE**

(serious)

"Whoever it is, they're playin' us like a chess game, and we're just movin' pieces. What's the next move, Rohan?"

Rohan stares out over the city, his jaw clenched. He's trying to process everything—Omar's betrayal, the heist, the explosion, and now the idea that someone even more dangerous is pulling the strings. He knows they're running out of time, but they can't keep running forever.

**ROHAN**

(thinking out loud)

"We can't go back to the streets. Not until we know who's behind this. But if Omar was just the middleman..."

Keisha leans forward, her voice low.

**KEISHA**

"We find out who Omar was answering to. Someone in Montego Bay's underworld. Someone big enough to use Omar as a puppet."

Rohan nods, his mind already working through the possibilities.

**ROHAN**

"And we know one thing—they're watching us. They wanted us at the docks tonight. Whoever it is, they're keeping tabs on every move we make."

Andre shakes his head, frustrated.

**ANDRE**

"Then how the hell do we move without them knowin'? They're probably watchin' us right now."

Keisha looks at Rohan, her eyes sharp with determination.

**KEISHA**

"We need to do something they won't expect. Find someone they've already crossed."

Rohan meets her gaze, understanding what she's suggesting.

**ROHAN**

"Someone with a grudge. Someone who knows how they operate."

**INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - NIGHT**

The scene shifts to an underground nightclub hidden in the backstreets of Montego Bay. It's a dark, grungy place filled with shady characters, loud music, and a haze of cigarette smoke. This is where the city's underbelly comes to relax—and where Rohan, Keisha, and Andre have come to find answers.

They push through the crowd, heading toward the back where a heavy-set man named **BIG TONY** sits in a private booth, surrounded by women and bodyguards. Big Tony is one of Montego Bay's most notorious crime lords, but he's kept a low profile since Mr. Kingston's operation muscled into the city.

As they approach, the bodyguards move to block them, but Big Tony waves them off with a lazy grin.

**BIG TONY**

"Well, well. If it ain't Rohan. Didn't expect to see yuh in my part of town."

Rohan sits across from him, keeping his voice steady but direct.

**ROHAN**

"I need information. About Kingston."

Big Tony raises an eyebrow, genuinely surprised.

**BIG TONY**

(casual)

"Kingston? Yuh lookin' for trouble, Rohan. Man like dat don't leave loose ends."

Rohan leans in, his expression deadly serious.

**ROHAN**

"Loose ends like Omar?"

Big Tony's grin fades. He waves his entourage away, leaning forward, suddenly interested.

**BIG TONY**

(quietly)

"So yuh found out about Omar. Hm. That man Kingston got the whole city in his pocket, Rohan. But yuh didn't hear that from me."

Keisha steps in, her voice sharp.

**KEISHA**

"We need more than rumors, Tony. We need to know how Kingston operates. How we take him down."

Big Tony sighs, looking between them. He clearly knows more than he's letting on but isn't eager to get involved in a fight against Kingston.

**BIG TONY**

(slowly)

"Yuh want to take him down? Then yuh better be ready for war. Kingston's got eyes everywhere. He don't trust nobody—but if yuh can find his weak link..."

Rohan's eyes narrow.

**ROHAN**

"Who?"

Big Tony hesitates for a long moment, then finally leans back with a sigh.



**BIG TONY**

"His lieutenant, Vivian. She's his right hand, but she's got ambitions of her own. Play it right, and she might be di one to help yuh bring him down."

**EXT. MONTEGO BAY - STREETS - NIGHT**

Rohan, Keisha, and Andre leave the club, their minds racing with the new information. The night air is thick with humidity, and they walk through the quiet streets, trying to figure out their next move.

**ANDRE**

"So now we gotta get close to Vivian? That sounds like a damn suicide mission."

Rohan glances at him, determined.

**ROHAN**

"We don't have a choice. If we don't move first, Kingston's gonna come for us."

Keisha nods in agreement.

**KEISHA**

"We get to Vivian. Make her think we can offer her a way out. And then we take Kingston down."

Rohan looks ahead, the weight of what they're about to do settling in.

**ROHAN**

"We're in the endgame now. One wrong move, and we're finished."

The three of them walk into the night, ready to face whatever comes next.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

*End of Act 5: The Revelation*