

FIRE IN MIAMI

BY

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STORY

BY

RAMPAGE FILMS

WRITTEN

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FADE IN:

EXT. MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

A dazzling sun hangs over the vibrant city, casting shimmering reflections on the turquoise waters below. The sound of bustling streets and maritime life fills the air.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

MIKE LAWRENCE, a rugged man in his 30's with a worn yet determined visage, carries a pair of paper bags filled with groceries.

He chuckles softly to himself, savoring the ordinary tranquility of the morning. He places the bags on the kitchen table and strides to the window, gazing at the sprawling skyline of palm trees and high-rises.

CUT TO:

A FEW HOURS LATER

The chill of foreboding suddenly shattered by the staccato bursts of MACHINE GUN FIRE. Mike bolts upright from the couch, adrenaline coursing through his veins. His heart races.

MIKE (whispering to himself)

What the hell?

He rushes to the window, eyes widening as swirling chaos unfolds on the streets below—members of rival gangs rush towards each other, guns drawn and tempers flared.

A cacophony of Muffled GUNFIRE comes from the hallway, echoing like thunder through the walls. Fear grips him.

He swings the apartment door open just an inch, catching a glimpse of frightened Neighbors sprinting past, eyes wide with terror.

MIKE (under his breath)

Stay calm, stay calm...

With purpose, he races back to the bedroom. He rips off his casual clothes, revealing a well-built body,

and dons fitted blue jeans, sturdy black boots, and a sleek black leather jacket. The mission is clear: survival.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Mike quietly approaches the fire escape, taking one last glance around the dim apartment. He opens a window and cautiously climbs out. He descends the fire escape, each step taken with deliberate care.

CUT TO:

STREET LEVEL - NIGHT

Mike drops down to the ground, landing silently. He swiftly darts under a parked car, hiding in the shadows as a group of GANGSTERS swagger past, guns glinting in the moonlight. The seconds stretch into eternities as Mike holds

his breath, his heart pounding like the drums of war.

EXT. THE STREETS OF MIAMI - NIGHT

Mike emerges from his hiding spot, shadows cast over his features as he stealthily moves along the sidewalk.

Suddenly, he glimpses an alley where THREE MEN loom menacingly, intent on shattering a mother and her child's fate. His gut twists with rage and a sense of duty.

MIKE (muttering)

Ah, shit.

He steps forward, muscles coiling with purpose. In one fluid motion, he grabs the closest thug by the collar, launching him aside and sending him reeling into a wall. The thud resounds like an echo of justice.

With fierce precision, he lands a powerful kick to another thug's chest, sending him crashing backward into a metal dumpster with a loud CLANG.

The third thug raises his gun, eyes filled with madness, but Mike's reflexes are sharper. He swipes the weapon aside, landing a brutal strike to the throat that

leaves the man gasping. Then, a knee to the face, a clean knockout.

The man by the dumpster stumbles to his feet, swinging a wild punch. Mike blocks it effortlessly,

countering with a bone-crunching blow to the nose: a geyser of blood erupts, painting the scene with stark reality.

MIKE

Run!

He nods at the terrified MOTHER, who scoops up her child and bolts to safety, heart racing.

EXT. DARKENED STREET - NIGHT

As adrenaline propels him forward, Mike hears the distant FOOTSTEPS of gang members approaching.

He ducks into a nearby BUILDING, pressing himself against the cold concrete walls, his breathing ragged.

Suddenly, a BRUTE FIGURE looms in the doorway, like a hulking shadow, the man lunges forward with a fist aimed straight at Mike's face.

MIKE (defensive)

Not today.

He smirks, ducking just in time, and counters with a quick strike to the man's throat, putting him on the back foot, gagging and gasping.

With sheer grace, Mike pivots, executing a fierce roundhouse kick that sends his assailant crashing to the ground in a heap.

As the man sprawls in defeat, Mike drives the heel of his boot into his face, delivering a knockout blow.

With one last glance around the dimly lit alley, Mike slips back out on to the chaotic streets, heart pounding, ready for whatever darkness may come next.

He then looks around back outside before heading back out.

EXT. THE STREETS-NIGHT

Mike walks down the street with almost masterful tactics. He uses the shadows to move without being seen.

This unfortunately doesn't last long as he is spotted by a gang member, this gang

member starts shooting at him with an AK-47;

Mike jumps behind a tree. The gang member reloads as he walks up to the tree, and to his surprise Mike is gone. Mike comes up behind him;

The man swings around and Mike knocks the barrel out of the way and with an open palm he hits the gang member in the nose.

He then grabs his neck and breaks it. He then picks up the AK and takes off.

He turns to go down another road and sees a large group of armed bad guys. It's almost like in "**STAR WARS**" When Han solo meets all the storm troopers.

They open fire on him. He gets behind a building and returns fire, unlike the bad guys who just spray bullets;

Mike actually takes his time and aims. He hits his targets. But, 30 rounds don't go very far with just one mag.

He grabs the barrel of the gun, it burns him a little bit but he holds it. When A guy comes around the corner Mike hit him in the gut with the butt of his gun;

This makes the gang member drop to his knees, Mike then smashes him in the back of the head. He then picks up the gang member's gun and starts shooting.

He kills the rest of the group and picks up another gun and walks away. He continues his journey.

EXT. A BUILDING-NIGHT

Mike walks up to the door, his gun at the ready. He goes to break the glass, but Then tries the door knob; the door opens and he heads in.

INT. THE BUILDING-NIGHT

Mike walks around checking the rooms, he doesn't find anyone. He walks to a room and puts his gun on a table.

He sits in a chair for a rest; he pulls out a wallet and pulls out a small photo, everything now falls into place.

The photo is of Mike, a woman and 2 kids. He turns it around and the writing on it says

"family vacation, 2018."

Mike puts it back in his wallet, now more determined than ever to get his family. He picks up the AK and walks out.

EXT. THE BUILDING-NIGHT

As he rounded a corner, a flicker of shadows caught his eye. A small group of gangsters lounged on the steps of a dilapidated building,

their laughter muted by the shadows of the grimy street. At that moment, the world seemed to hold its breath,

but it was just a heartbeat before chaos erupted. The gangsters exchanged glances, and in a flash,

their grins contorted into snarls. Gunfire erupted, the air splitting with the crack of gunshots as they unleashed a hailstorm of bullets.

Mike dove for cover behind a rusted dumpster, the metallic taste of adrenaline flooding his mouth.

As the bullets ricocheted off the structure, he instinctively reached for his AK-47. A calculated calm settled over him; he timed his move. Forcing his hands around the weapon, he rolled out from behind cover,

creating a swirl of dust and debris. He fired back, the roar of his rifle cutting through the chaos,

sending three gangsters sprawling backward. The satisfaction of each precision shot electrified his veins.

But the magazine ran dry too quickly. Catching sight of an approaching gangster, Mike tossed the empty weapon like a projectile—his aim true.

The rifle flew and collided with the man's face with a sickening thud, sending him crashing to the ground.

Mike wasn't done. Drawing from the well of his training, he propelled himself up from the ground with a deft leap,

spinning in the air to land a flying kick squarely into the chest of another gangster. The impact reverberated through the air like thunder, knocking the wind out of him.

As chaos unfurled around him, Mike shifted seamlessly into a low stance, dropping down to sweep the legs of an unsuspecting thug,

sending him crashing down like a rag doll. Before the gangster could react, Mike surged forward, fists flying; his punch struck like a hammer, knocking the man out cold.

In a blur of motion, he scavenged the fallen gangsters for weapons, his hands fast and precise. He seized their BERETTA M9s,

methodically stripping them of ammo—each pull of the trigger had left him yearning for more firepower.

Reloading, Mike felt an electrifying mix of dread and exhilaration surge through him.

With a fierce determination in his eyes, he stepped further into the fray, the streets now echoing with gunfire and the roars of men locked in a dance of violence.

Gotham's underbelly had nothing on Miami's relentless streets, but Mike was made of tougher stuff. It was time to reclaim control.

A sudden flurry of bullets whizzed past him as he dashed between parked cars, weaving

in and out with an agility honed by years of training.

The pavement trembled beneath his feet as another gang emerged from the shadows, their weapons raised,

but Mike was ready. He ducked low, slid under a car, and came up shooting, placing two perfectly aimed shots into the nearest thug.

Just as further waves of gangsters began to close in, Mike crouched behind a car, catching his breath for a split moment.

He could see them forming a line, a wall of chaos intent on closing him in. With a quick glance, he counted his remaining ammunition and flashed a determined grin.

MIKE takes a deep breath, his eyes narrowing on them. their laughter reverberating through the still night.

He steadies his aim, fingers twitching on the trigger. With a sharp exhale, he pulls the trigger.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on the gun as it recoils, sending bullets spiraling toward the gangsters. The first shot CRACKS through

the night, hitting a GANGSTER squarely in the head, his laughter abruptly silenced.

THE CHAOS ERUPTS!

GANGSTERS duck for cover, but MIKE doesn't relent, firing LIGHTNING-FAST with precision, each bullet finding its mark. They scramble, trying to return fire, bullets whizzing past Mike.

MIKE(gritting his teeth)

You wanted a war? You got one!

He empties the last round of his magazine. The gun makes a satisfying click as he reloads with practiced ease,

adrenaline coursing through his veins. His eyes dart, searching for a strategic advantage.

Suddenly, a bullet finds its target: a gas tank on a nearby car.

Mike looks down at the ground, the liquid glistening ominously under the moonlight. His heart races—time slows.

He spins and sprints down an alley, adrenaline pumping as he hears gangsters yelling behind him, attempting to regroup.

He risks a glance backward, raises his BERETTA, and fires off a single, calculated shot, hitting the leaking gas on the ground.

As the flame ignites, Blossoming into a fiery trail. The gangsters barely register the danger as the flames race toward the car.

The car explodes in a violent burst of flames and shrapnel, illuminating the night.

GANGSTERS are thrown to the ground, their chaotic forms silhouetted against the fireball.

Their world is consumed by flames, the heat rushing toward him.

MIKE (snarling)

That's what you get assholes!

He stands tall amidst the carnage, his silhouette framed by flickers of orange and red. He takes off running at a full sprint.

EXT. DESOLATE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

MIKE runs hard, the rhythm of pounding footsteps echoing in his ears. He pushes himself until his lungs burn and his

muscles scream for mercy, every stride leaving chaos behind him.

He skids to a halt, chest heaving. Shadows stretch across the concrete as he scans his surroundings,

each heartbeat a reminder of the fragility of life in this lawless hellscape. As he begins to walk, determination rekindled, he steps onto a deserted street—a clash zone littered with wreckage;

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED PARKING LOT-NIGHT

Before him, like wolves circling prey, 2 gangs face off. Tension crackles in the air, the two groups locked in a deadly stare-down, weapons drawn.

Mike watches, hidden in the shadows, a predator sizing up his next move. The gangs exchange hostile glares, their fingers trembling near triggers.

Guns erupt with a cacophony of violence, the sharply defined silhouettes of gang members exploding into frantic motion.

Mike ducks down, adrenaline flooding his veins. The scene morphs into a chaotic ballet of death—bullets tearing through flesh,

bodies crumpling to the ground, the ground painted red with the cost of their choices. Mike barrels into the fray,

a force of nature surging through the tempest. He emerges like a ghost from the smoke, his weapon raised.

He fires with ruthless precision, taking out the last Remaining gang members as they barely register his presence.

Amidst the thunderous chaos, Mike becomes a whirlwind of action—dodging bullets, weaving past fallen foes, his movements a blur of calculated destruction.

A gangster lunges at him, but Mike is faster; he sweeps low and delivers a crushing kick that sends the thug sprawling.

He grabs a fallen weapon, the cold metal feeling right in his grip. The remaining gang members look at him in confusion;

he's a specter rising from the ashes of their arrogance.

As the dust settles, only silence reigns. Mike stands amidst the wreckage, breathing heavily. Bodies litter the ground, He looks around and takes off.

EXT. A BAR-NIGHT

Mike looks around debating his next move. Shadows dance across his face from the flickering light.

He pulls out his BERETTA, its weight familiar and reassuring, and checks the magazine. Determined,

He strides toward the entrance.

INT. THE BAR-NIGHT

The smell of stale cigarettes and spilled beer hits Mike as he scans the room, not for drinks, but for a source of hydration. His eyes lock onto a neglected bottle of water sitting at the end of the bar on a sticky surface.

He strides over, grabs the bottle, and twists the cap off with urgency. He drains

it in seconds, his throat parched, glancing at the clock on the wall ticking ominously.

He gets ready to leave when a very large group of gangsters storms in with raucous laughter, tossing their arms back in boisterous camaraderie.

They're armed; their guns glint ominously under the bar lights. Mike sneaks back toward the rear exit,

but stops dead in his tracks—the doorway is obstructed, a pile of crates stacked precariously high.

MIKE (muttering to himself)
Fuck!

Heartbeat pounding, he stealthily retreats farther into the shadowy recesses of the bar. The gangsters settle in,

some leaning against the bar, others picking their weapons back up, surrounded by unwanted camaraderie.

Suddenly, one of the gangsters, JOEY, a six-foot-tall mountain of muscle, lumbers in Mike's direction, his gaze suddenly landing on Mike's glistening BERETTA.

JOEY
Look what we got here, boys! A little mouse caught in the trap!

With adrenaline surging through his veins, Mike takes a deep breath. It's time to make his move.

He bursts out from the shadows, stepping into the doorway where he's silhouetted against the bar's dim lighting. The gangsters turn, eyes widening in surprise.

MIKE

Not your night, fellas.

Before they can react, he draws his gun and opens fire. The Beretta roars—gunshots echoing like thunder as he takes out the closest targets with precision: two gangsters crumple to the ground.

With bullets whizzing, Mike dives behind a table just as a deluge of bullets rains down on him. He rolls to his feet,

but in the chaos, a GANGSTER lunges at him, tackling him hard, sending them both crashing into a nearby table that splinters under their weight.

The Beretta flies from Mike's hand skidding across the floor.

The gangster punches at him, but Mike swiftly sidesteps, delivering a fierce elbow strike to the man's ribs.

He then grabs the gangster's arm, twisting it behind his back in a classic judo maneuver.

While the gangster is momentarily stunned, Mike rear-ends a swift knee strike to his abdomen, causing his opponent to double over in pain.

In one fluid motion, Mike hops up and delivers a spinning back kick, sending the gangster crashing into two others who charge toward him.

Mike fights like a whirlwind, throwing sharp jabs and sidekicks as he ducks under another swing aimed at his head.

He steps behind a gangster, locking him in a chokehold, forcing him to the ground with a brutal technique borrowed from Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu.

He rolls away just as a second gangster's attempts a haymaker; Mike counters with an uppercut that snaps the gangster's head back.

The bar erupts into chaos—glass shatters, tables flip, and gangsters scramble for their weapons.

Breathing heavily, Mike sets his sights on Joey, who is now brandishing a crowbar, looking to finish him off.

JOEY

You think you can take me, punk?

MIKE

Maybe it's time you find out.

The two size each other up, and then it's on. Joey swings the crowbar. Mike ducks, grasping the end of the weapon and yanking it forward.

He uses Joey's momentum against him, flipping him over with a judo throw.

As Joey crashes to the ground, Mike swiftly transitions into a rear-naked choke. The big thug struggles, but Mike's determination is unyielding.

Mike releases Joey, who gasps for breath, scrambling away as he quickly retreats. Alone in the wreckage of the bar,

Mike leans against the splintered remains of a table, scanning the room for any remaining threats.

He wipes sweat from his brow, takes a deep breath, and retrieves his BERETTA from the ground.

The fight may be over, but in the shadows, the night still looms, and his real battle has just begun.

And from here on it's going to get bad, and the decision to let Joey live we'll come back to haunt him.

EXT. THE BAR-NIGHT

Mike walks out on the sidewalk. He looks both ways before walking down the street.

EXT. DOWNTOWN-NIGHT

The neon lights of flicker unpredictably against the smoky haze of chaos. The sky is a jagged canvas of red and orange,

lit intermittently by flames licking the dark urban landscape. A cacophony of distant screams and sirens harmonizes with the LOUD BANGS of GUNFIRE echoing down the slick streets like a warped symphony of destruction. In slow motion, he begins to advance, glancing over a LUXURY SUV engulfed in flames,

the heat waves distorting the air around it. His heart pounds like a drum signaling that every inch forward could mean life or death.

ANGLE ON: A group of GUNMEN erupt from an alley, wild and frantic—tattooed arms glistening with sweat, faces masked by shadows, they spray bullets in an indiscriminately violent manner.

Mike takes cover behind a charred taxi, its shattered windows resembling empty eyes that once offered refuge.

He eyes the chaos with military precision. From his vantage point, he can see the gang leader, a towering figure with a jagged scar running down his cheek, barking orders amidst the gunfire.

With a deep breath, he grips the Beretta tighter, feeling the familiar weight of duty settle in his chest.

He shifts his gaze to a burning billboard that reads "THE MAGIC CITY" – irony drips from it like melting paint.

The gang leader raises his weapon, aiming ruthlessly at a hapless bystander lying on the ground nearby.

In that moment, a surge of adrenaline courses through Mike's veins.

MIKE

Hey over Here!

The gang members swing their guns toward his voice, but Mike is already on the move, a blur of motion.

He rolls behind another INFLAMED VEHICLE, a tactical maneuver honed from years and just the recent hours on the streets.

He zeroes in on a worn out fire escape ladder against a nearby building.

CUT TO: Mike's feet pounding against the cracked pavement as he dashes toward the

ladder, glancing back at the chaos unfolding flames twisting higher in a dance of madness.

In that split second, one of the gang members spots him and fires. The bullet cracks past him, embedding into the taxi, sending shards of glass raining down.

MIKE

Not tonight, you piece of shit!

He leaps onto the ladder, hoisting himself toward the rooftop.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Mike emerges, sprawled against warm asphalt under a sky punctuated by the smoky remnants of gunfire.

He surveys the mayhem below—a tableau of urgency and violence. From this height, he can command the battlefield, using the chaos to his advantage.

With steady hands, he trains his Beretta's sights down at the gang leader,

who's now firing at a group of frightened citizens. Clenching his jaw, Mike steadies his breath.

BANG! The sound of Mike's shot slices through the night air. A crack of precise control, hitting the gang leader squarely in the shoulder.

He stumbles back, stunned, his men scattering like chickens, belatedly realizing the tides have shifted.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

With the gang leader out of commission, the remaining thugs begin to panic. Mike, now emboldened,

jumps down from the rooftop, his feet hitting the ground with silent grace. He moves quickly, gun raised, eyes flashing with conviction.

MIKE (determined)

Game's up, boys.

What follows is a ruthless ballet of bullets. the air thick with tension, sweat, and the acrid smell of smoke.

Mike is relentless. Mike's gun barks first, a precise shot that strikes the gang member square in the chest.

The man drops without a sound, eyes wide with shock. With sweat dripping from his brow, Mike darts in to a building;

Dust swirls in the air, illuminated by beams of light streaking through shattered windows. Mike feels the weight of the thugs closing in, their footsteps echoing ominously.

Another gang member pops up fumbling with his gun. Mike's instincts kick in. He takes a deep breath,

focuses, and fires off two shots in rapid succession.

The first hits the man in the arm, forcing him to drop his weapon; the second finds its mark, dropping him to the ground.

The remaining gang members recover from their shock and retaliate with a barrage of bullets. The whizzing of bullets fills the air, slamming into the walls around Mike. He flinches but, keeps his eyes locked on the threat.

A gang member goes to reload, but Mike's reflexes are faster. He spins, firing just as the thug pulls the trigger.

Their shots collide in the air, but Mike's bullet finds its target, sending the gangster sprawling backward.

They start to swarm through the entrance, firing their guns. Mike positions himself, using the architecture to his advantage.

As the gang members filter in, he lays BARELY MOVING, holding his breath.

Crouched behind a pillar, he waits for the right moment. As one thug enters, Mike springs into action.

Silhouetted against the flash of gunfire, Mike moves through the shadows like a specter of justice.

Bullets continue to LOUDLY THUD against walls, but Mike dodges with unparalleled agility.

With every pull of the trigger, with every calculated move, Mike showcases not just skill, but a burning resolve.

Everything goes silent, Mike looks out to see everyone is dead. He reloads his BERETTA, jumps through the window and walks away.

EXT. A BAR/APARTMENT-NIGHT

He takes a resolute breath, then strides over to the door. As he reaches for the knob, he notices it's slightly ajar. an inner conflict brewing.

INT. THE BAR/APARTMENT-NIGHT

Memories from the past rush through him a flash of laughter, a girl's face, a night that changed everything.

MIKE

Some things never change.

He looks over and sees 2 dead gangsters on the floor. He smiles.

MIKE

Not change at all.

He hears the sound of a gun cocking. He instinctively raises his hands above his head.

VOICE

Don't fucking move, unless you want to end up like your buddies.

Mike clenches his jaw, squaring his shoulders. He turns slowly to face SAM, a heavyset young man in his 30's, dressed in a hoodie, a leather jacket and jeans. He stands with a 1911 COLT .45 aimed directly at Mike, a smirk plastered across his face.

MIKE (calm but fierce)

If you were so worried about it, Sam, you should have locked the door.

Mike takes a step forward. The tension thickens, Sam's grip faltering as he lowers the weapon, a smirk breaking the ice.

SAM

Well, well. Nice to see you, old friend. Come on. They proceed upstairs.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is spacious yet cluttered. Framed photographs of family and friends hang askew on the walls,

relics of happier times now overshadowed by chaos. Old pizza boxes crumble underfoot, and an ancient TV flickers silently in the corner.

Sam sets the 45 down on a counter with a heavy thud, echoing ominously through the dim space. Mike's eyes scan the disarray, hinting at a life unraveling.

SAM

What are you doing, man?

Sam ambles toward the bar area, pouring two glasses of whiskey from a nearly empty bottle. Ice clinks as the amber liquid fills the glasses.

He hands one to Mike who hesitates before knocking it back in one swift motion, the burn igniting his determination.

MIKE

Trying to get to my family.

He slams his glass on the counter, meeting Sam's gaze with steely resolve.

SAM

Thought you two divorced?

MIKE

Just taken a break.

Mike walks over to the window, peering out into the night, lost in thought.

MIKE

How did this happen?

SAM

I don't know, but every gang in the city is either working together or plotting against each other.

Mike turns, frustration layered in his voice.

MIKE

What made them do this? And where are the fucking cops?

SAM

Probably doing what you're doing. Putting their families first.

MIKE

What about the army?

SAM

Haven't heard anything. But the TV's not exactly helping. How did you get mixed up in all of this?

MIKE

I woke up, saw what was going on, and got out.

SAM

On the way to get the wife and kids, huh?

MIKE

Something like that.

Sam lights a cigarette, his 5th taking a long drag as he walks to a closet and flings it open, revealing a treasure trove of AR-15s and shotguns.

SAM

Well, I figured I'd help you. Beats sitting around here.

Mike glances over the weapons, considering.

MIKE

Are you sure?

SAM

No, but I've got nothing better to do.

Sam pumps a shotgun with a powerful *CLACK*, the sound reverberating in the silence of the room.

SAM

Let's go find your family, Mike. Show them we don't back down.

Mike takes a deep breath, his expression shifting from despair to fierce determination. Together,

they prepare for the uncertain battle ahead. Little do they know, the battles are over. The full war has begun.

EXT. THE BAR/APARTMENT-NIGHT

A small army of different gangs stop in front of the building. Joey walks out front and look up at the building.

INT. THE APARTMENT-NIGHT

As Sam loads up the guns, Mike looks out the window.

MIKE

Holy shit!

SAM

What?

SAM peers out the window, a smirk creeping across his face as he absorbs the sight of the gangsters gathering outside like vultures.

SAM

Oh, friends are here to play.

He turns back to the pile of weapons, picking up a menacing shotgun with a Beneath the adrenaline rush,

there's an edge of menace in his demeanor. Mike swallows hard, heart racing. He pulls his BERETTA.

SAM(pointing, steady)

Grab this, fill your pockets, and go stand below the stairs.

Mike reluctantly approaches the weapons stash. He picks up the shotgun, the weight both intimidating and exhilarating.

He then begins to stuff his pockets with handfuls of shiny 12gauge shotgun shells.

MIKE

Well wait, what if they come up here? What if—
Sam interrupts, locking eyes with MIKE, the gravity of the moment hanging between them.

SAM

We make sure they wish they hadn't.
Mike takes a deep breath, steeling himself. Adrenaline surges, cutting through his fear like a hot knife.

He cocks the shotgun, the sound resonating throughout the room like a thunderclap. SAM steps back,

locking eyes with Mike, who now appears resolute, determination igniting within.

SAM(grinning)

Let's give 'em a welcome they won't forget.
Mike grabs the shotgun gun and rushes down stairs. As he hits the second-to-last step, the heavy front door bursts open.

A group of gangsters barrels in, their faces masked, eyes glinting with malevolence.

Mike lifts the shotgun in one swift motion, the metal gleaming under the low light, and fires a deafening blast.

BANG! 2 gangsters in front of him collapse as the buckshot tears through their vests. The bar erupts into chaos.

Mike bolts back upstairs, the shotgun echoing in his ears as he reloads, heart pounding like a drum. The GANGSTERS scramble,

pulling out automatic weapons, shooting blindly as he disappears from view.

With the shotgun reloaded, he spins around, adopting a low stance. In one smooth movement, he fires again,

another explosive blast sending more thugs toppling.

INT. BAR-SAM'S APARTMENT-CONTINUOUS

SAM, cool and collected, peers through a cracked window as he hears the chaos below. He smirks, adjusting his stance, utterly unfazed.

SAM

Naughty boys.

He steps into the line of fire, AR-15 at the ready, and opens fire. RAKATATATAT! Bullets rain down on incoming gangsters, who are met with a flurry of lead.

Sam drops the empty magazine, a grin spreading across his face.

SAM(to himself)

Let's dance.

The gangsters duck and scramble, returning fire as Sam ducks behind the bar, the wooden surface splintering.

As bullets whiz past, he leans out, firing through the wall and hitting targets with precision.

INT. BAR-CONTINUOUS

Mike, meanwhile, has dawning realization that the fight won't end in gunfire alone. He exchanges his shotgun for hand-to-hand combat.

He encounters a gangster, their eyes wide with fright.

With swift feet, Mike assumes a karate stance, striking a fast kick to the gut, pivoting effortlessly into a throw,

using judo to send the thug sprawling. Mike grits his teeth, dodging another gangster's fist,

and with a fluid motion, applies a jujutsu lock, twisting the thug's arm and tossing him into a table, which splinters on impact.

INT. BAR-SAM'S APARTMENT- CONTINUOUS

Sam slams his AR-15 to the bar, grabbing his .45 pistol. He spins around the edge, firing shot after shot with deadly accuracy.

He hits a gang member in the leg, sending him crashing down as the others fall into panic.

Sam's gun is empty. In a moment of ludicrous desperation, he hurls the empty pistol at a gangster,

the gun hitting him square in the face, causing head-spinning confusion.

SAM(smirking)

you're out.

He rushes up and does a roundhouse that hits the gangster in the face knocking him out.

INT. BAR-CONTINUOUS

Mike, now overwhelmed but fueled by resolve, leaps over the bar top, snatching up a bottle of whiskey and smashing it over another gangster's head. The thug stumbles back, dazed.

Mike employs judo, fluidly throwing the man into a bar stool.

SAM

What's the story down there?

A fresh wave of gangsters come pouring in from both upstairs and down.

MIKE

I got trouble down here!

He starts punching and kicking.

INT. THE APARTMENT-CONTINUOUS

Sam does the same.

SAM

What like I don't got any up here!?

INT. THE BAR-CONTINUOUS

MIKE

Let's show them a party!

Mike delivers jiu-jitsu takedowns to using every old bar equipment as improvised weapons a lasso of bar stools, swinging wine bottles, and the raw strength of two skilled fighters clashing against the ambushing gangsters.

INT. BAR/APARTMENT-CHAOTIC MONTAGE

In a whirlwind of violence, they rain down strikes, throw and tumble, turning the bar into an arena of survival and chaos, the sound of barking gunfire and clashing bodies fills the air.

With each assailant that falls before them,
the bar becomes a testament to their
resolve,

the old wooden architecture bearing witness
to the fierce dance of fight and defiance.
In this chaotic ballet of survival.

INT. THE BAR-NIGHT

Sam Walks down. To the Bar to see Mike's work.

SAM

You did great man.

MIKE

Did you expect any less?

SAM

No, let's get out of here.

They step toward the exit, their
camaraderie tinged with urgency, a sudden
clatter from outside sends a chill through
the air.

MIKE

Look out!

Mike takes cover behind a wall, Sam is not
so lucky. He's hit in the leg, his gut and
shoulder.

A spray of bullets echoes, puncturing the
claustrophobic walls of the bar. Mike dives
instinctively behind a wall for cover,

but Sam, caught off guard, isn't so fortunate. He collapses onto the cold, sticky floor, blood oozing from his gut, shoulder, and leg—it's a nightmarish tableau. Mike, heart racing, peeks out, seeing the gangsters slowly advancing, their boots crunching against shattered glass.

MIKE(voice breaking)

Come on, man!

He rushes back to Sam, desperately trying to assess his injuries. Panic flickers across his face as Sam gasps for breath, each exhale a struggle against the gravity of pain.

SAM(fighting to stay conscious)

Mike... you need to go. Get the hell out of here. Save your family.

MIKE(shaking his head)

No. We're getting out together.

EXT. THE BAR-NIGHT

Outside, the gangsters pause, scanning the dimly lit street, no signs of life, but a sense of triumph hangs in the air.

Suddenly, from the shadows, Joey brushes past them. fate has drawn him in. He looks

around and sees the Carnage that took place.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike scrambles back and forth between the bathroom and the living room, grabbing a first aid kit,

but his eyes remain fixed on Sam. Each second feels endless, the weight of the world pressing down on them.

MIKE

Don't you dare close your eyes, Sam. Stay with me!
Sam struggles to keep his eyes open, fear creeping into his expression.

SAM(breathless)

You don't understand... they'll come for you... for your family.

MIKE(fierce determination)

I can't leave you. We're a team! We face this together.
Sam's gaze falters, his breaths shallow. He winces, pain flashing across his features.

SAM(struggling to maintain focus)

You need to go. I'll hold them here.

Mike's face twists in agony, tears threatening to spill over. He shakes his head,

denial enveloping him as tightly as the smoke from the burning buildings outside.

MIKE

How?

Sam knows he's going to die.

SAM(with intensity)

I know what to do. But... you need to head out the back,
down the alley. Promise me.

A moment hangs heavy in the air, a lifetime compressed into a heartbeat. Mike swallows hard, the sound echoing like a gunshot in the silence.

He knows he must make a choice. The fight within him battles the cold touch of defeat.

Mike doesn't want to leave but, he knows he has to go. Sam's gaze falters, his breaths shallow. He winces,

Mike's face twists in agony, tears threatening to spill over. He shakes his head,

denial enveloping him as tightly as the smoke from the burning buildings outside.

Sam's strength wanes, and he locks eyes with Mike, a deep sense of understanding passing between them.

It's the look of brothers forged in the fire of battle.

SAM(steadfast)

You're my brother, and brothers protect each other. You protect them, Mike. I'll make sure they don't find you.

Just go.

An agonizing pause. The sirens grow deafening, drawing ever closer. A flicker of resolve ignites in Mike's eyes.

He sees the man who's always had his back—now offering his last act of loyalty.

MIKE(voice breaking)

I'll come back for you.

Sam smiles faintly, a mix of pride and sorrow—the kind of smile that says “I love you,” even when the words aren't spoken.

SAM(almost a whisper)

Then run.

Mike hesitates, one last lingering glance at his brother, before scrambling to the back door and bursting into the night.

He vanishes into the shadows of the alley, leaving only the fading echo of his footsteps behind.

Sam makes his way over to the stove and starts turning on the gas. The room starts to fill up with gas,

Sam hears the sounds of a lot of footsteps
Coming up the stairs.

SAM

Hey!

10 gangsters rush in, Joey walks in to the front of the group. Sam pulls out a pack of cigarettes and his lighter.

He weakly puts a cigarette in his mouth. He then picks up his lighter. He smiles at the group;

Joey looks and takes a sniff of the air. He runs and jumps out the window as Sam sparks the lighter.

The whole building explodes killing not only Sam but the gangsters as well.

EXT. A FEW BLOCKS AWAY-NIGHT

Mike turns To see large smoke coming from where the bar was, he knows the place is gone.

The place where Mike met his wife, where he found his friends. It's all gone.

He takes off running down the street.

EXT. AN ABANDONED NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Mike arrives at the crumbling remnants of what used to be a vibrant street, now overshadowed by silence and decay.

He lurks behind a gnarled tree, its bark peeling like aged paint—an ancient witness to the horrors unfolding.

He squints through the shadows and notices a group of heavily armed MILITARY OPERATIVES,

clad in tactical gear, scanning the desolate surroundings. They hold M4 rifles like extensions of their bodies, eyes cold and calculating.

MIKE (muttering)

What the hell is going on?

Suddenly, a beat up sedan approaches. Its headlights slice through the darkness, illuminating the vacant street.

The car stops, windows rolled down. A low, tense exchange of words follows, punctuated by nervous laughter.

Mike leans in, straining to hear. The military operatives exchange glances, eyes narrowing. Time seems to freeze.

In a heartbeat, chaos erupts. The military opens fire—muzzle flashes lighting up the night like deadly fireworks.

Gunshots ring deafeningly. The sedan jerks under a hail of bullets, its metal frame crumpling like paper.

Screams are swallowed by the night. Mike stumbles backward, He glances around, searching for a way out,

desperate to keep his head on a swivel. He doesn't have time to process. He darts from the tree's cover,

his instincts driving him forward. He starts to sneak around, sticking to the shadows.

Mike climbs through a broken window of a dilapidated house, landing silently inside. The interior is thick with dust and smells of mildew,

remnants of a life once lived. He presses his back against the cold wall, listening carefully, every nerve on high alert.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

The military operatives storm toward the sedan, rifles at the ready. Mike peeks out through a shattered pane,

eyes narrowing as he scans the terrain several operatives are distracted, but one patrols too close.

MIKE (whispering, determined)

I can do this.

With a silent breath, he channels a mentor's voice echoing in his mind: "Focus, adapt, overcome." He bursts from the house, moving fluidly—a predator stalking its prey.

EXT. ABANDONED STREET - NIGHT

Mike charges the unsuspecting operative, executing a swift side kick to the

soldier's midsection. The soldier doubles over as Mike spins,

using the momentum to deliver a brutal ELBOW STRIKE to the head, sending the operative crashing to the ground, unconscious.

Gunfire erupts around him, ricocheting off walls. Mike swiftly dives behind a dumpster,

heart pounding, mind racing. He pulls a combat knife from his ankle sheath, eyes darting for the next opportunity.

He spots a pair of operatives near the sedan, their backs turned ignorant of the storm about to be unleashed. Mike emerges, a blur of motion.

He throws the knife, its blade SLIPPING through the air, embedding into the nearest operative's leg.

The soldier falls, howling in pain, while Mike closes the distance to the second operative, whose M4 snaps reflexively in Mike's direction.

With practiced precision, Mike ducks, executing a beautiful ROLL beneath the soldier's aim,

and comes up with a steal of the rifle. He drives a sharp elbow into the soldier's jaw, sending him sprawling.

As bullets continue to fly, Mike turns the M4 on the remaining soldiers two operatives sprint toward him,

rifles raised. He pivots, firing a precise burst that knocks one down, while the other dives to cover.

He rushes forward, launching into an astonishing FLIP OVER the dumpster, landing in a crouch.

The remaining operative fires wildly, but Mike darts from cover, rushing forward with primal ferocity.

In a flurry of fists each movement instinctual, honed from countless hours of training.

Mike unleashes a powerful combination of punches and knee strikes, incapacitating the soldier in a matter of seconds.

Suddenly, from behind, he hears the SWISH of fabric and the unmistakable clink of gear.

A formidable COMMANDER appears, emerging from the shadows with the atmosphere of a predator closing in on its prey.

COMMANDER(voice ice cold)

You've made a grave mistake, soldier.

Mike's heart races this is the final showdown. The commander charges, fist swinging.

With impeccable timing, Mike sidesteps, driving his shoulder into the COMMANDER'S gut,

knocking the wind from him. He follows up with a SERIES OF KICKS that send the commander sprawling.

But the commander isn't out yet. He rolls to his feet, drilling a knee into Mike's abdomen, sending him crashing against the debris.

COMMANDER(smirking)

You're good, but you're outnumbered.

MIKE(gritting his teeth)

Not for long.

Fueled by survival, Mike recovers, lunging forward as the commander throws another punch.

In an elegant counter, Mike catches the arm, flipping the commander over his hip and sending him flying into a stack of plywood.

The noise attracts the remaining operatives, who are now rushing toward Mike a horde of menacing figures.

He scans the area, mind racing, spotting an old shed nearby. He dashes toward the shed, entering through the creaking door and grabbing an old barrel.

With a heave, he tips it over, sending the contents—a mash of rusty metal—CRASHING into the street.

The operatives skid, surprised, as Mike bursts out of the shed, a whirlwind of fists and feet.

Smoke fills the air as bullets fly past. He ducks, spins, and counters, each movement faster,

Sharper. bruised but unyielding amidst the chaos.

MIKE

You picked the wrong fight!

OPERATIVE

We're the US military!

MIKE

You're not the army! You're just a piece of shit
militia!

The remaining operatives falter for just a moment, and in that instant, Mike unleashes a decisive barrage each strike he delivers a blend of raw power and relentless determination.

Finally, with one last maneuver, Mike disarms the last operatives. Gunfire subsides,

leaving only the echoes of his victories behind as he surveys the wreckage of both men and memories,

the silence now broken only by the distant howl of the wind. He takes off running.

EXT. THE STREETS-NIGHT

Mike walks down the street, he's being cautious as he moves. He sees a very large group of gangsters in front of him.

He hides up against a wall, He peeks around the corner. The gangsters are gathered around a low table strewn with a deck of cards and a stack of cash.

They're so absorbed in their game they barely notice the world around them a dangerous distraction.

Mike's eyes dart around, searching for an escape route.

Then he spots a rusty FIRE ESCAPE ladder clinging precariously to the side of the building. He takes a deep breath, steels himself, and moves quickly.

He breaks into a sprint, quiet but desperate. He reaches the fire escape and pulls himself up,

the metal creaking under his weight. He climbs, heart hammering in his ears, blending into the inky shadows that drape the rooftop.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Once on the roof, Mike takes a moment to catch his breath, peeking over the ledge. He sees the gang still oblivious to his presence, MIKE cautiously navigates across

the rooftop, leaping from one building to the next—a dance of agility and survival. The MIAMI SKYLINE stretches behind him; gleaming and indifferent.

He approaches another fire escape on the adjacent building and grips the rusted metal,

glancing over his shoulder once more. A sudden shatter rings out as a nearby grilled door flies open a petty criminal, high on nerves or a bad drug, stumbles out, attracting the gangsters' attention.

ANGRY GANGSTER

(barking)

Hey! What's going on over there?

Mike's eyes widen. He has to move. He lunges down the fire escape, his feet barely touching the rungs;

every breath feels like a countdown.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

He lands with a soft thud in a damp alleyway, swiftly blending into the shadows.

Just as he regains his bearings, behind him, the gangsters are in motion—shouting and hollering leading the charge after the commotion.

Mike glances up, calculating his next move. He sees the flickering light of a door around the corner.

MIKE (under his breath)

Just a little further.

He races into the shadows, heart pounding into overdrive, determination etched on his face. The alley echoes with footsteps.

As Mike reaches the door, he fumbles for the handle, adrenaline coursing through him.

He bursts through just as the gangsters turn the corner, their echoes fading into the night as Mike steps into the darkness beyond.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The door SLAMS shut behind him as the night outside spills into silence. Mike leans against the door, breathing heavy, lit only by the faint glow of moonlight filtering

through cracked windows. He takes a moment to collect himself.

He's not safe yet. He scans the warehouse, searching for a way out or a place to hide, his mind racing with thoughts of the danger still lurking outside.

A danger that will soon be with him. The faint clatter of footsteps echoes from outside,

he shifts into action, eyes darting towards a set of old crates stacked haphazardly in a corner.

MIKE (urgently)

Think damn it think!

He dashes across the room, picking up a rusty pipe from the ground, gripping it tight like a lifeline.

The footsteps grow louder, the growl of engines outside rumbles. BANG! The heavy door bursts open.

The gang of hardened thugs move in and scatter, their movements choreographed and lethal. These are different than the regular gangsters that Mike has been fighting.

Mike watches from the shadows, adrenaline pumping. He spots a side door, his only chance but it's across an open space.

With a deep breath, Mike explodes into action, lunging toward the doorway. gunshots ring out, but Mike ducks, sliding under an old conveyor belt.

He scrambles to his feet, adrenaline and instinct guiding him. Two thugs move to cut him off,

one aiming a pistol, while the other approaches with a blade gleaming menacingly in the light.

Mike rolls to the side, narrowly missing a bullet. He rises, the rusty pipe now a weapon in hand.

He blocks the blade with a swift arc, then swings the pipe with precision, connecting with the thugs' heads.

They stagger back, momentarily stunned. The igniting urgency in Mike's chest. He spots a window high above, the only passage out.

As the thugs regroup, Mike charges. In seamless motion, he dodges bullets, using the pipes and crates as shields. He strikes

fast and hard, locking up Thug 1's arm, twisting it, using the thug's momentum to slam him.

Mike graining the pipe low to sweep the legs, bringing them both down. He quickly whips around to face the leader, who's close enough now, the profile of a man who revels in chaos.

VINNIE(grinning)

You think you're tough, huh?

Mike's jaw tightens. His hands grip the pipe with resolve, then he FEINTS to the left, tricking Vinnie into a rash move. The THUG pulls the trigger but misses.

In a flash, Mike lunges forward, using the pipe to disarm Vinnie with a swift jab to the wrist. The gun skitters away. Vinnie glares, now face to face.

VINNIE(snarling)

You'll pay for this!

Mike counters with a swift, well practiced blow to Vinnie's midsection, followed by a roundhouse kick that sends him crashing backward into a stack of crates.

The remaining thugs draw weapons, opening FIRE in desperation. Glass SHATTERS; bullets ricochet off steel beams.

MIKE

I'm not dying here!

Using the confusion, Mike bolts toward the window, his sole escape route. He leaps onto an office desk, then high onto a metal bar, climbing wildly as the thugs struggle to regroup. He FLINGS himself toward the window, CRASHING through the fragile glass with a roar of freedom, tumbling onto the rickety fire escape, rolling to his feet just as a thug appears behind him, gun raised. In Quickthinking, Mike grabs an old fire extinguisher, aiming it like a weapon, and discharges it into the thug's face. He capitalizes on the distraction, kicking the thug down the stairs while dodging incoming fire from the rest. He races down the rickety steps, heart racing, adrenaline surging.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Mike bursts into the cold night air,
panting, alive. He sprints away from
the chaos just as more gangsters erupt
from the warehouse,

guns blazing, but Mike is already
disappearing into the shadows,

A convoy of BLACK SUVs screeches to a
halt outside the warehouse. The doors
fling open.

A group of gangsters spill out, faces
hidden beneath dark hoods and
bandanas, A tense silence hovers
momentarily before BANG! BANG! BANG!

Gunfire erupts, a vicious storm of
bullets cutting through the still air
like angry wasps,

echoing against the steel and concrete
of the warehouse. The camera jerks
between chaotic movements,

the hooded figures some weaving like
serpents, others crouching low, all

entrapped in a deadly ballet of survival. A GANGSTER on the far left, his eyes sharp beneath a furrowed brow, spots movement. A RIVAL emerging from behind an assortment of neglected crates.

The gangster raises his automatic rifle, and without hesitation, pulls the trigger. RATATATAT!

A deadly hail of bullets carves through the darkness, striking true. The rival collapses backward, his body slumping like a discarded rag doll against the ground, swallowed by the shadows.

The atmosphere is thick with adrenaline, a violent predator's symphony. Another rival, emboldened by his comrades sustained assault, lunges forward, brandishing a CROWBAR. The strike finds its mark against a gangster's jaw, sending him staggering, stunned.

In an instant, the wounded gangster recovers, eyes blazing with fury. He draws a sleek knife, the blade glinting ominously, then spins with a visceral grace. The quick thrust buries deep into the attacker's side, causing the rival to crumple, a gasp of shock freezing on his lips as he hits the ground.

Across the chaos, another gangster finds refuge behind a crumbling WALL, loading a shotgun with methodical precision.

His eyes works tirelessly to scan the battlefield like a predator spotting its prey.

A flicker of motion catches his attention, and the moment stretches, pausing seconds before time resumes. With a tactical roll, he bursts from his cover, shotgun raised. BOOM!

The roar of the shotgun is deafening, a thunderclap that rips through the air. Two adversaries caught in the blast are sent sprawling, their bodies crashing against the concrete with finality, lifeless and broken. As the gunfight escalates, the night becomes an inferno of violence.

EXT. A FEW BUCKS AWAY-NIGHT

Mike having spirited, stops along a fence to rest. He doesn't quite get it, an SUV comes around the corner,

Mike drops to the ground, crawling under the nearby pick-up truck. The cold metal chills him as he scrambles to find a shadowy patch.

The SUV rolls by, its headlights sweeping the ground. Mike holds his breath, praying silently as the vehicle inches closer, the engine's growl vibrating through the ground beneath him. Its rumble fading into the distance.

He crawls out from under the truck, quickly glancing back to ensure the coast is clear. The night is eerily quiet,

but the comfort doesn't last long. He pushes himself up, every muscle in his body tense,

and sprints down the road, shadowed by the looming trees that frame the dark path ahead.

As Mike runs, the world around him blurs—flashes of rusty mailboxes, overgrown grass,

forgotten dreams. The oppressive weight of what he's running from seeps into his bones,

but he can't allow it to catch him. The ground, uneven beneath his feet, feels like the heartbeat of desperation; it propels him forward.

He sees a small convenience store, He veers towards the store, lungs burning, heart racing.

INT. THE SMALL CONVENIENCE STORE-NIGHT

He bursts through the door of the store,
the bell above tinkling innocuously as if
nothing were wrong.

The place is dark, most of everything is
still on the shelves.

Mike takes a second to catch his breath,
but the tension is almost too palpable. He
knows he can't linger here,

but hunger gnaws at his insides a primal
reminder of mortality. With the light in
hand,

he trudges over to a shelf filled with
candy bars, a fleeting grin breaking
through his apprehension at the sight of
his favorite treat a SNICKERS.

He rips open the wrapper, and the rich
chocolate smell envelops him as he takes a
hefty bite.

The flavor explodes in his mouth, a rush of
sweet nostalgia that temporarily calms the
storm inside him.

He savors it, then washes it down with a bottle of water, the cold liquid soothing his throat,

reminding him of ordinary moments that precious, fleeting sense of normalcy. Suddenly,

the store feels heavier, as if it holds its breath alongside him. The faint sound of the SUV.

It speeds past the store, He watches through the long narrow window of the counter,

a shadow stretching over the pavement outside. The SUV is coming back his pulse thunders in his ears.

With instinct born from desperation, he dives behind the counter, the cool metal surface a pitiful barricade against whatever fate awaits him.

After about 10 minutes, the SUV pulls out and drives off. A sense of relief comes over him.

MIKE

Fuck me!

He jumps out from behind the counter, he looks around and heads out.

EXT. A ROAD - NIGHT

he scans his surroundings, recognition flashing across his face. A visceral determination ignites within him, and without hesitation, he breaks into a desperate sprint.

CUT TO:

EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

The horizon blushes with shades of orange and blue, casting a soft, hopeful light over the quiet suburb.

Birds begin to chirp, heralding the dawn of a new day. Mike strides through the familiar neighborhood where his wife,

Tara's, parents live. The weight of exhaustion tugs at him, but the urgency in his heart propels him forward.

As he ventures deeper into the neighborhood, he spots the house he's been yearning for amidst the quiet streets.

His heart races as he approaches the front door, his breath visible in the cool morning air. He raises a fist and begins pounding on the door.

MIKE (voice breaking, urgent)

Tara! Tara, it's Mike! Open the door if you're in there!

Silence hangs thick in the air, wrapping around him like a shroud. Doubt creeps into his mind as he glances at the rising sun, but then—

Suddenly, the door creaks open.

A beautiful young woman, **TARA** stands there, her eyes wide with shock and disbelief. The world seems to fade around them, and in that moment, all that matters is the connection between them.

TARA (choking on her emotions)

Mike?!

Overcome with relief and love, Tara leaps into Mike's arms, burying her face against his shoulder.

Tears of joy stream down her cheeks while Mike holds her tightly, unwilling to let go. They share a moment suspended in time,

a cocoon of warmth and familiarity amidst the chaos. But suddenly, the tranquility shatters.

The roar of an SUV approaches, headlights piercing the dawn as it skids to a stop. The sound is a menacing overture to their blissful reunion. The door swings open, and one figure emerges none other than Joey.

A rush of disbelief comes over Mike.

MIKE(eyes wide, incredulous)

No! You? Sam killed you!

JOEY smirks, a pitiless glint in his eyes.

JOEY(taunting)

Oh, was that fat boy's name? No. He took out a bunch of dumb fuckers. Blew up that nice bar where you spent your last evening of bliss.

Mike's fists clench, rage igniting in his veins. He jumps off the porch, stepping into the fragile morning light.

MIKE(voice steady, defiant)

You think this ends well for you, I won't let you take another thing from me!

Joey's laughter echoes, dark and twisted. The sun rises, but shadows grow longer. As dawn breaks fully,

illuminating the tension, Mike takes a step forward, his resolve firm while Tara watches, horror dawning on her face. THIS IS THE FINAL CONFRONTATION!

Mike explodes into action, launching a flurry of precise punches and kicks his strikes are perfection.

Joey barely sidesteps a powerful right hook, countering with a swift kick, but Mike spins, executing a perfect hook kick that connects sharply against Joey's jaw.

Joey staggers but laughs bitterly, fueled by madness.

JOEY(coughing, but smirking)

You've still got that fire... but fire burns out!

Mike pivots smoothly, lunging in with a series of devastating front kicks, striking with calculated precision.

Each hit echoes, with THUMP and the dragging sound of feet scuffing against the pavement. He channels years of pain into every blow.

Tara watches, terror mixed with awe this isn't just a fight; it's a reckoning. Joey counters swiftly and unexpectedly, using a low sweep to knock Mike off balance.

TARA(screaming)

Mike!

Mike rolls back to his feet, breathing heavily, instincts kicking in. He recalls the lessons from his past, the fights that carved him into who he is. This isn't the same Joey he faced before; this is a man fueled by desperation.

CLOSE-UP on MIKE - determination chisels his features like a warrior readying for the final clash.

With a roaring shout, Mike slips under a CRAZY UPPER CUT from Joey, transitioning effortlessly into a powerful UPPER CUT that sends shockwaves through the air.

Joey recoils but retaliates, wild and unrelenting. He lands a THROAT PUNCH, but Mike absorbs the pain,

igniting his momentum as he drives his knee into Joey's midsection, sending him CRASHING to the pavement.

CUT TO:

Mike-Standing over Joey, the rising sun glints in his eyes, illuminating the tension between rage and resolve. Tara watches, her heart in her throat, realizing the stakes.

MIKE(voice low, steely)

This is for Sam!

With a fierce growl, he summons every ounce of strength within him. He unleashes a FINAL, DEVASTATING ROUNDHOUSE KICK that sends JOEY spiraling through the air.

SLOW-MOTION as JOEY falls, a look of terror washing over his face, the dawn light cascading around them, a symbolic end to the chaos.

CRASHING SOUND - JOEY hits the ground hard, the impact shaking the earth beneath them. Silence follows, the fight concluded, weighty with finality.

Mike stands over him, breathing heavily. The sun rises, casting a golden glow over their shattered conflict, marking the beginning of a new chapter.

Tara rushes in, relief flooding her features, but she stops short, taking in the scene.

TARA (breathless)

Mike... you did it.

Mike looks down at JOEY, his chest heaving, a storm of emotions brewing beneath the surface.

MIKE

It's over.

Tara helps Mike walk over to the porch steps, they sit on a step just in time to see and hear a few military helicopters fly overhead.

Mike puts his arm around Tara a new sense of hope washes over him.

FADE OUT.

TEXT OVER BLACK:

"Every battle fought carries deeper scars, but
with each dawn, healing begins anew."

FADE TO BLACK.