

FADE IN:

EXT. SACRAMENTO WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

A forklift BEEPS as it backs away from a stack of sealed tech shipments.

A WORKER slices open a box. Stops. Confused.

The box is empty.

He looks around the warehouse — suddenly aware something is wrong.

CUT TO BLACK.

KEVIN (V.O.)

People think the first bad decision

is the one that ruins your life.

They're wrong. It's the tenth.

The first one just feels like a shortcut.

TITLE CARD: PACKETS

EXT. WEST SAN JOSE – DAY – 1990s

A quiet middle-class street near Los Gatos. Kids skate. Sprinklers hiss.

A YOUNG KEVIN CUNNINGHAM, 13, walks toward a high school baseball field,
batting gloves tucked into his back pocket.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I grew up in West San Jose. Not rich,
not poor. Close enough to Los Gatos
to see money... but not close enough
to touch it.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD – DAY

A freshman game. Kevin steps into the batter's box — quiet, focused,
eyes locked on the pitcher.

From the dugout, his teammates start chanting:

TEAM (O.S.)

KC Mo! KC Mo! KC Mo!

Kevin smirks — shy but proud — as the chant grows louder.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the first time anyone ever
called me KC Mo. My initials... and a
Tech N9ne track the older guys blasted

during warmups. I didn't ask for it.

They just gave it to me.

The pitcher winds up. Kevin digs in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And for the first time in my life...

I felt bigger than I was.

CRACK — Kevin smokes a line drive into left field. The dugout erupts.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOME OFFICE – MORNING – PRESENT DAY

KEVIN CUNNINGHAM, 35, quiet, intelligent, coffee in hand, sits at his computer. Two monitors glow with remote IT dashboards.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I thought I left KC Mo behind after
high school. Turns out... he was just
waiting for the right opportunity.

INT. HOME OFFICE – MORNING – PRESENT DAY

A modest, lived-in room. Two monitors glow with remote IT dashboards.
Coffee steam curls from a mug. KEVIN CUNNINGHAM, 35, quiet and sharp,
types with calm precision.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I work remote now. IT for cancer clinics.

Not glamorous, but it matters.

And it pays the bills... most of them.

Kevin checks his phone. A glucose monitor app shows his daughter's
overnight numbers.

KEVIN (V.O.)

My oldest has Type One. Nine years old.

Strongest kid I've ever met.

You wanna talk about pressure?

Try sleeping with alarms that decide

if your daughter wakes up in the morning.

He exhales. Takes a sip of coffee. Focuses.

KEVIN (V.O.)

People think guys like me get into trouble

because we're greedy.

Nah. It's because we're scared.

Scared of not being enough.

EXT. CITRUS HEIGHTS SOFTBALL FIELD – EVENING

A chain-link fence rattles as a softball smacks into it. The OUTLAWZ — a gritty, diverse, competitive beer-league squad — warm up.

KEVIN jogs onto the field, glove in hand.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Tuesday nights. Spring through summer.

This is my church.

NICK, early 30s, talkative and intense, takes grounders at shortstop.

He's got young energy — fast hands, fast mouth.

NICK

(calling out)

KC! You're late, bro!

KEVIN (V.O.)

Nick's in his thirties. Runs a pool

business. Works hard. Talks harder.

Pushes himself like he's still trying
to make varsity.

RAY, early 40s, smooth, relaxed, takes a long drag from a vape pen.

Older, calmer, more seasoned — the guy who's seen some life.

RAY

You see the new listings in Folsom?

Market's stupid right now.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Ray's in his forties. Real estate agent.

Robotics engineer. Smokes enough weed

to tranquilize a horse, but somehow

he's always calm.

That's what makes him dangerous.

JOE JOE, 30s, funny, unpredictable, jogs over with a bat on his shoulder.

JOE JOE

KC Mo! You ready to hit bombs or what?

KEVIN (V.O.)

Joe Joe's the wildcard.

Loyal. Funny.

The guy you call when you need something
done fast... or done quiet.

Kevin takes his spot at third base. A hard grounder rockets toward him.
He snags it clean, fires to first.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Third base. Hot corner.

No time to think — just react.

I like that.

Thinking is where I get in trouble.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – DAY – FLASHBACK

Rows of servers hum like a mechanical heartbeat. Cold air. Blue LEDs.

KEVIN CUNNINGHAM, late 20s, in an eBay badge, wheels a cart stacked
with returned hardware.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't some warehouse guy.

I was the go-to IT support —

the Sys Admin they called when

something broke, something crashed,

or something didn't add up.

Kevin scans a barcode on a returned server. The handheld scanner BEEPS.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I handled everything.

Inventory. Returns. Refurbs.

Servers that needed imaging.

Laptops that needed wiping.

Anything with a serial number

eventually came across my desk.

He lifts a returned server. It's heavier than it should be.

KEVIN

(under his breath)

That's not right...

He checks the label.

"REFURBISHED – INTERNAL TRANSFER – DO NOT PROCESS."

KEVIN (V.O.)

That label didn't make sense.

Internal transfers don't go through returns.

Returns don't go through internal transfers.

Somebody screwed up... or something else was happening.

Kevin pops the top off the server.

Inside: a SECOND metal compartment — welded in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That's when I saw it.

A hidden compartment.

Not factory. Not standard.

Something someone built on purpose.

He taps the compartment. Hollow.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And here's the thing about IT —

we see everything.

We know what's normal...

and what's not.

Kevin sits at a terminal and pulls up the shipping logs.

The screen shows:

“RECEIVED → RETURNED → REFURBISHED → INTERNAL TRANSFER → RECEIVED → RETURNED”

A loop.

A perfect loop.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The package had been scanned six times...

without anyone opening it.

The system trusted the system.

Nobody checked the actual hardware.

He closes the server, thinking.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That's when the question hit me.

The one that changes everything.

He looks directly at the server — a long, quiet beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

If something can disappear inside the system...

what else could disappear with it?

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY — SHIPPING BAY — DAY — FLASHBACK

Kevin stands off to the side — not a warehouse worker, but the IT guy

checking inventory before it leaves the building.

Workers scan boxes without opening them.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't part of shipping.

But I had to sign off on hardware

before it went out.

And that meant I saw the flow.

The patterns.

The blind spots.

A worker scans a box and tosses it onto a pallet.

WORKER

This one's going to San Jose.

Internal refurb.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That's when KC Mo woke up.

Not the kid from the baseball field...

the part of me that sees patterns.

The part that asks the wrong questions.

Kevin watches the conveyor belt — the rhythm, the trust, the automation.

KEVIN (V.O.)

What if you gutted the hardware?

What if you hid something inside?

What if the system delivered it for you?

A forklift loads a pallet onto a truck.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And what if nobody ever checked?

CUT TO:

EXT. TECH COMPANY PARKING LOT – DAY – FLASHBACK

Kevin walks to his car, deep in thought.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't act on it. Not then.

I'm not stupid.

But once you see a blind spot...

you can't unsee it.

He stops, staring at the building.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And once KC Mo starts asking questions...

he doesn't stop.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD – NIGHT

The Outlawz sit on metal bleachers after the game. Beers crack open.

The field lights buzz overhead. The vibe is loose, tired, happy.

Ray sits with Kevin, stretching his legs, vape pen glowing in the dark.

RAY

Man... you ever have one of those clients
who just gives you a bad feeling?

Kevin smirks.

KEVIN

You're in real estate. That's all of them.

Ray laughs, takes another drag.

RAY

Nah, this dude was different.

Cash buyer. No inspection.

Wanted the garage more than the house.

Kevin raises an eyebrow.

KEVIN

Sounds like a grow op.

RAY

(shrugs)

Could be. Could be worse.

Guy said he needed “secure space.”

Didn't ask questions.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Ray always had stories like this.

Clients who paid in cash.

Clients who didn't want paperwork.

Clients who knew people he shouldn't know.

Nick walks over, beer in hand.

NICK

Yo, Ray — that the same dude who tried
to pay you in product last year?

Ray smirks, not denying it.

RAY

Hey, money's money.

Product's... product.

Joe Joe laughs loud.

JOE JOE

Man, you got connects everywhere.

You're like the weed whisperer.

Ray shrugs again — casual, unbothered.

RAY

I know people.

People know me.

Comes with age, KC.

Kevin takes a sip of his beer, listening.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the first time I realized

Ray wasn't just a stoner with a vape pen.

He had connections.

Real ones.

The kind that move weight...

and need ways to move it safer.

Ray leans back, looking at Kevin.

RAY

You ever think about how much money

moves around this city?

Like... real money?

Kevin shrugs.

KEVIN

Not really.

RAY

You should.

You're the smartest dude I know.

If you ever wanted to make real cash...

you could.

Kevin forces a laugh.

KEVIN

Yeah, okay.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't think much of it at the time.

Just Ray being Ray.

But the seed was planted.

And seeds grow...

especially in the dark.

The team laughs, drinks, talks trash.

Kevin sits quietly, thinking.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't know it yet...

but that conversation was the beginning.

The moment the two worlds touched.

The moment KC Mo started paying attention.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – KITCHEN – MORNING

A quiet suburban kitchen. Soft morning light. KEVIN CUNNINGHAM, 35, moves with practiced efficiency — coffee brewing, lunchboxes open, glucose monitor app glowing on his phone.

KEVIN (V.O.)

People think double lives start with

some big dramatic moment.

A gun. A threat. A bag of cash.

Mine started with mornings like this.

His 9-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER sits at the table, sleepy but smiling, wearing a continuous glucose monitor on her arm. Kevin checks her numbers.

KEVIN

You're steady. That's good.

DAUGHTER (9)

Can I have waffles?

KEVIN

Waffles it is.

KEVIN (V.O.)

My oldest has Type One.

Diagnosed last year.

Changed everything.

Every meal. Every night.

Every decision.

His 6-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER runs in, full of energy.

DAUGHTER (6)

Daddy! Daddy! Look!

She shows him a drawing — Kevin as a superhero.

KEVIN

(smiles)

That's me?

DAUGHTER (6)

You fix everything.

Kevin's smile falters — just slightly.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That's the thing about being a dad.

Your kids think you're invincible.

Meanwhile you're just trying not to
fall apart.

His WIFE enters, grabbing a travel mug, kissing Kevin on the cheek.

WIFE

You good today?

KEVIN

Yeah. Just tired.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I always said “tired.”

Easier than saying “anxious.”

Easier than saying “I’m scared we’re

one bad month away from drowning.”

Kevin packs the lunchboxes, checks the glucose monitor again.

KEVIN (V.O.)

People think ambition comes from greed.

Mine came from fear.

Fear of failing them.

Fear of not being enough.

EXT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – DRIVEWAY – MORNING

Kevin loads the kids into the car. Backpacks. Lunchboxes. Diabetes kit.

DAUGHTER (9)

Dad, are you coming to my game Saturday?

Kevin hesitates — work trip coming up.

KEVIN

I’ll try. I promise.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I hated that word.

“Try.”

It’s what you say when you already know
you’re gonna break their heart.

He closes the car door gently.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was my life.

Coffee at six.

Research before sunrise.

School drop-offs.

Work calls.

Softball on Tuesdays.

And a constant, quiet panic
that I wasn’t doing enough.

Kevin watches the car pull away.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn’t need to be rich.

I just needed to stop feeling like
everything could fall apart any second.

He stands alone in the driveway — thinking.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And that's the moment KC Mo started
whispering again.

Not loud. Not reckless.

Just a little voice saying...

A long beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

“There's a better way.”

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD – NIGHT

The Outlawz are mid-game under bright field lights. The sound of aluminum
bats cracking, gloves popping, and players shouting fills the air.

Kevin crouches at third base — focused, calm, locked in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Tuesday nights were the only time
my brain shut up.

No bills. No alarms. No fear.

Just the game.

A hard grounder rockets toward him. Kevin snags it clean, fires to first.

OUT. The team cheers.

NICK

(calling out)

KC Mo! Hot corner assassin!

Kevin smirks — the nickname still hits him in the chest.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I hadn't heard that name in years.

But with these guys... it felt right.

Like slipping into an old glove.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD – DUGOUT – LATER

The team sits on the bench between innings. Sweat. Laughter. Trash talk.

Joe Joe fans himself with his hat.

JOE JOE

Bro, it's hot as hell out here.

I'm sweatin' like I owe somebody money.

Nick laughs, pounding a Gatorade.

NICK

You always owe somebody money.

Ray leans back, relaxed, vape pen glowing.

RAY

That's why he's our wildcard.

Unpredictable. Dangerous.

Like a raccoon with a switchblade.

The guys crack up. Kevin shakes his head, smiling.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was my crew.

A pool guy. A real estate agent.

A wildcard.

And me — the quiet IT dude.

On paper, we made no sense.

But on the field... we were family.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD – OUTFIELD GRASS – POST-GAME

The game is over. The Outlawz sit in a loose circle on the grass,
passing beers, decompressing.

Nick is animated, telling a story with big gestures.

NICK

So I tell the dude — “Bro, if you want
your pool done by Friday, stop calling me
every five minutes like your water’s on fire!”

Joe Joe nearly spits out his drink laughing.

JOE JOE

Nick, you talk more than my ex.
And she never shut up.

Ray nudges Kevin.

RAY

You’re quiet tonight, KC.
What’s on your mind?

Kevin shrugs.

KEVIN

Just tired.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I always said “tired.”

Easier than saying “I’m thinking about
how to keep my family afloat.”

Easier than saying “I’m scared.”

Nick leans in, lowering his voice.

NICK

You know... Ray was telling us earlier
about that dude who tried to pay him
in product.

Ray smirks, unbothered.

RAY

Hey, man. Some people don’t trust banks.
Or taxes. Or laws.

Joe Joe raises his beer.

JOE JOE

To laws — the things we ignore
until they ignore us.

They all laugh.

Kevin doesn't.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't know it yet...

but this was the moment.

The moment the idea started forming.

Not a plan. Not a crime.

Just a thought.

Ray looks at Kevin — really looks at him.

RAY

You ever think about how much money

moves around this city, KC?

Kevin hesitates.

KEVIN

Sometimes.

RAY

You're the smartest dude here.

If you ever wanted to make real cash...

you could.

A long beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That's how it starts.

Not with a gun.

Not with a threat.

With a conversation on a softball field
after a Tuesday night game.

Kevin takes a sip of his beer — thinking.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And KC Mo...

he heard every word.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – NIGHT – FLASHBACK

The building is mostly empty. Fluorescent lights hum. A cleaning cart
squeaks somewhere down the hall.

Kevin sits alone at a workstation, staring at a stack of returned servers.

KEVIN (V.O.)

After that night with the guys...

I couldn't stop thinking about it.

Ray's connections.

The blind spot.

The loop in the system nobody checked.

He picks up a server — the same model with the hidden compartment.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't planning anything.

Not really.

I just wanted to know if the system
was as blind as it looked.

Kevin opens the server, removes the hidden compartment, and stares at it.

He reaches into his backpack and pulls out a ****small bag of Skittles****.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I grabbed the first thing I had.

Something harmless.

Something stupid.

He ****places the unopened bag**** into the hidden compartment.

No drama. No hesitation. Just a quiet test.

He reseals the compartment, closes the chassis, and wipes his fingerprints

off the metal — instinctively.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the first sign KC Mo

was waking up.

Kevin doesn't wipe fingerprints

off a server.

KC Mo does.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – SHIPPING BAY – NIGHT – FLASHBACK

The conveyor belt is still running — automated, unsupervised.

Kevin wheels the server toward the belt, heart pounding.

KEVIN (V.O.)

My hands were shaking.

Not because of the Skittles.

Because of what it meant if this worked.

He scans the barcode.

BEEP.

The system accepts it.

The conveyor belt pulls the server away.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was it.

No questions.

No flags.

No human eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – INVENTORY ROOM – NEXT DAY – FLASHBACK

Kevin checks the tracking logs on his terminal.

The server shows:

“RECEIVED → RETURNED → REFURBISHED → INTERNAL TRANSFER → RECEIVED”

A perfect loop.

KEVIN (V.O.)

It worked.

The system swallowed it whole.

No alerts.

No discrepancies.

No one even opened the box.

Kevin opens the returned server.

Inside the hidden compartment:

****the small bag of Skittles — untouched.****

He stares at it.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the moment.

The exact second everything changed.

He slips the Skittles into his pocket.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't think about money.

I didn't think about crime.

I thought about my daughters.

About bills.

About fear.

A long beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And then I thought about Ray.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – NIGHT – FLASHBACK

The server room hums like a mechanical cathedral. Kevin stands over a different stack of hardware — larger, heavier, more valuable.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The first test was harmless.

A bag of Skittles.

A joke.

But jokes don't keep the lights on.

Jokes don't pay for insulin.

Jokes don't fix fear.

Kevin opens a larger server chassis — a model used for high-value internal transfers. The kind nobody questions.

Inside: another hidden compartment.

KEVIN (V.O.)

If the system ignored candy...

what else would it ignore?

He reaches into his backpack again — this time pulling out something

slightly heavier: ****a small metal wrench****.

Not illegal.

Not dangerous.

But absolutely not supposed to be inside a server.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This wasn't a crime.

Not technically.

But it wasn't innocent either.

It was intent.

It was me asking the system a real question.

He places the wrench inside the hidden compartment and seals it.

This time, he doesn't wipe fingerprints.

He ****puts on gloves****.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That's when I knew.

Kevin didn't bring gloves.

KC Mo did.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – SHIPPING BAY – NIGHT – FLASHBACK

The conveyor belt moves faster tonight — a bigger shipment cycle.

Kevin wheels the server toward the belt, glancing around.

No one in sight.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This wasn't curiosity anymore.

This was a test of the system...

and a test of myself.

He scans the barcode.

BEEP.

The system accepts it instantly.

The conveyor belt pulls the server away.

KEVIN (V.O.)

No hesitation.

No verification.

No human eyes.

Just trust.

Blind, stupid trust.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – INVENTORY ROOM – NEXT DAY – FLASHBACK

Kevin sits at his terminal, watching the tracking logs update.

“RECEIVED → RETURNED → REFURBISHED → INTERNAL TRANSFER → RECEIVED”

A perfect loop.

Again.

KEVIN (V.O.)

It worked.

Again.

A metal wrench — heavier, louder,
impossible to explain —
and the system didn't blink.

He opens the server.

Inside the hidden compartment:

the wrench — untouched.

Kevin holds it in his hand, weighing it.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the moment I realized
the system wasn't broken.
It was designed this way.
Designed to trust itself.
Designed to be exploited.

He slips the wrench into his backpack.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And if I didn't exploit it...
someone else would.

CUT TO:

EXT. TECH COMPANY PARKING LOT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Kevin walks to his car — faster this time, adrenaline still in his veins.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't scared anymore.
Not like the first time.
This time... I felt something else.

He stops at his car door.

A long, quiet beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Confidence.

He looks at his reflection in the window —
and for the first time, he doesn't see Kevin Cunningham.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That wasn't me.

That was KC Mo.

And he was wide awake.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

The game is long over. The field lights buzz as they cool down. Cars pull out one by one. KEVIN and RAY linger near Kevin's car, both still in their jerseys, sweat drying in the cool night air.

Ray takes a slow drag from his vape, watching Kevin with that older, smoother, too-perceptive look.

RAY

You've been quiet lately, KC.

More than usual.

Kevin shrugs, leaning against his car.

KEVIN

Just thinking.

RAY

About what?

Kevin hesitates — the longest beat of his life.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was the moment.

The line between curiosity and intent.

Between Kevin Cunningham... and KC Mo.

Kevin looks around — the lot is empty.

KEVIN

You ever notice how much stuff
moves through this city?

Ray smirks.

RAY

KC... I'm in real estate.

I notice everything that moves.

Kevin nods, choosing his words carefully.

KEVIN

I mean... not houses.

Packages. Shipments.

Tech. Hardware.

Stuff nobody ever checks.

Ray's smirk fades — replaced by interest.

RAY

Go on.

Kevin doesn't.

Not yet.

He lets the silence do the talking.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't ready to tell him everything.

Not the tests.

Not the blind spot.

Not the Skittles or the wrench.

I just wanted to see how he reacted.

Ray steps closer, lowering his voice.

RAY

KC... you're not talking about
anything stupid, right?

Kevin meets his eyes.

KEVIN

No.

Just... patterns.

Things I've noticed at work.

Ray studies him — really studies him.

RAY

Patterns like what?

Kevin shrugs again, playing it off.

KEVIN

Just... how easy it is for things
to move around without anyone
actually looking at them.

Ray's eyes narrow — not suspicious, but intrigued.

RAY

You saying the system's sloppy?

KEVIN

I'm saying...

it trusts itself too much.

A long beat.

Ray exhales, slow and thoughtful.

RAY

KC... if you ever had an idea...

a real one...

you know you could talk to me, right?

Kevin nods — but doesn't speak.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was it.

The first hint.

The first crack in the wall.

I didn't give him the plan.

I didn't give him anything real.

Just a spark.

Ray claps Kevin on the shoulder.

RAY

You let me know when you're ready
to stop thinking...
and start doing.

Ray walks away, leaving Kevin alone in the dim parking lot.

Kevin watches him go.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't know it then...
but that was the moment Ray
became part of the story.

Kevin gets into his car, gripping the steering wheel.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And KC Mo...
he was the one driving home.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – LATE NIGHT – FLASHBACK

The room is dark except for the cold blue glow of server LEDs.

KEVIN sits at a workbench, a disassembled server spread out in front of him
like a mechanical autopsy.

KEVIN (V.O.)

After the second test...
I couldn't stop thinking about the inside
of these machines.
Not the software.
The guts.

He lifts a drive bay, turning it in his hands.

The metal catches the light.

KEVIN (V.O.)

People think computers are complicated.
They're not.
They're puzzles.
And puzzles have empty spaces.

He sets the bay down and picks up a different component — a cooling shroud.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Every part has a purpose.
Every part has a weight.
But here's the thing...

He taps the shroud lightly.

KEVIN (V.O.)

No two servers weigh exactly the same.

Different drives.

Different boards.

Different refurb cycles.

He checks a spreadsheet on his monitor — rows of weights, all slightly different.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The system didn't care about precision.

It cared about ranges.

"Close enough."

"Expected."

"Normal."

He picks up a refurbished drive — the label peeling, the screws mismatched.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Refurbished hardware was chaos.

Parts swapped.

Parts missing.

Parts replaced by whatever was lying around.

He sets the drive down, staring at the empty bay it came from.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That's when I realized something.

Something dangerous.

A long, quiet beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The outside of the server mattered.

The barcode mattered.

The serial number mattered.

He taps the metal chassis.

KEVIN (V.O.)

But the inside...

the inside was a story nobody checked.

He leans back, breathing slowly — the weight of the realization settling in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't thinking about crime.

I wasn't thinking about Ray.

I was thinking about possibility.

He closes the server carefully, almost reverently.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And possibility...
that's the most dangerous thing in the world.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – BREAK ROOM – LATER

Kevin sits alone, staring at his hands.

They're steady now. Too steady.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The first test was curiosity.

The second was intent.

The third...

the third would be something else.

He looks toward the server room door.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The third test would be the moment

I stopped being Kevin Cunningham...

and became someone else entirely.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – GARAGE – NIGHT

The garage is dim, lit only by a single hanging bulb. Tools on the wall.

Old softball trophies. Boxes labeled "CHRISTMAS" and "BABY CLOTHES."

Kevin stands at his workbench, staring at the disassembled server he brought home under the excuse of “diagnostics.”

KEVIN (V.O.)

I told myself I was just studying it.

Learning.

Understanding the system.

But that wasn't the truth.

He runs his fingers along the metal chassis — slow, deliberate.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The truth was...

I was looking for permission.

He picks up a component — not to modify it, but to feel its weight.

He sets it down. Picks up another. Sets it down.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't thinking about Ray.

Or money.

Or product.

I was thinking about my daughters.

About the nights I stayed awake

watching glucose numbers rise and fall

like a heartbeat I couldn't control.

He looks toward the door leading into the house —
the faint sound of his kids laughing inside.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Fear does something to you.

It makes you see the world differently.

Makes you see opportunities

where other people see rules.

Kevin sits on a stool, elbows on his knees, staring at the server.

KEVIN

(softly, to himself)

I can do this.

Not a boast.

Not excitement.

A confession.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the moment.

Not the first test.

Not the second.

Not the blind spot.

This.

He stands, pacing slowly.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The moment I stopped asking "Should I?"
and started asking "How far can I go
without getting caught?"

He stops pacing.

Breathes in.

Breathes out.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't cross the line that night.
But I walked right up to it.
Close enough to feel the heat.

He closes the server carefully, almost reverently.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And once you get that close...
the line stops looking like a warning.
It starts looking like a suggestion.

Kevin turns off the garage light.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't committed to a plan.

I was committed to the idea.

The garage door closes behind him with a soft click.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And that's all KC Mo needed.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – NIGHT – FLASHBACK

The server room is darker than usual. Only a few overhead lights are on.

The hum of machines feels louder. More alive. More aware.

Kevin stands at his workstation, a server open in front of him.

His hands hover over the hidden compartment — not touching it yet.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The third test wasn't supposed to happen.

I told myself I was done.

That two was enough.

That I proved my point.

He swallows hard, staring at the empty compartment.

KEVIN (V.O.)

But fear...

fear doesn't care about proof.

He reaches into his backpack — slowly, like he's afraid of what he'll find.

He pulls out a small, nondescript object wrapped in a cloth.

He doesn't open it.

He doesn't need to.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This wasn't candy.

This wasn't a wrench.

This was... something else.

His hand trembles.

He sets the wrapped object on the table — gently, like it might explode.

KEVIN (V.O.)

My heart was pounding so loud

I thought the servers could hear it.

He looks around the room — paranoid.

A cleaning worker pushes a cart down the hallway outside.

The wheels squeak.

Kevin freezes.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I should've stopped right there.

Walked away.

Gone home.

Pretended none of this ever crossed my mind.

The cleaning worker passes.

Silence returns.

Kevin exhales — shaky.

He unwraps the cloth just enough to see what's inside.

A beat.

He closes it again immediately.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't ready.

Not for this.

Not for what it meant.

He picks up the wrapped object — then sets it down again.

Picks it up.

Sets it down.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I kept thinking about my daughters.

About the bills.

About the fear.

And then I thought about Ray...

and how he looked at me in that parking lot.

Kevin closes his eyes.

KEVIN

(whispers)

I can't do this.

He steps back from the table — almost leaving.

Almost.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was Kevin talking.

The part of me that still believed

in rules and consequences.

He turns to leave.

Stops.

Turns back.

KEVIN (V.O.)

But KC Mo...

he wasn't scared.

He wasn't shaking.

He wasn't thinking about consequences.

He was thinking about opportunity.

Kevin stares at the server — the open compartment waiting.

A long, agonizing beat.

He picks up the wrapped object again — hands steadier this time.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't cross the line that night.

Not fully.

But I stepped over it.

Just enough to know I could.

He places the wrapped object into the compartment.

Not fully.

Just enough to feel the weight of the decision.

Then he pulls it back out — fast — like touching a hot stove.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't ready to commit.

Not yet.

But I was done pretending

I didn't want to.

He closes the server — empty — and wipes his hands on his jeans.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The third test wasn't about the system.

It was about me.

About whether I had the nerve.

He turns off the workstation.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And the truth was...

I almost didn't.

Kevin walks out of the server room — shaken, sweating, changed.

KEVIN (V.O.)

But “almost” only matters
when you still have a choice.

He closes the door behind him.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And after that night...
I didn't.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – NIGHT – FLASHBACK

The server room is still. Too still. The hum of machines feels like a
metronome — steady, controlled, clinical.

Kevin stands at his workstation, a server open in front of him.

His movements are slow, deliberate, almost surgical.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I told myself this was just another test.
Nothing more.
Nothing less.

He reaches into his backpack and pulls out a small, wrapped object.

He doesn't look at it. He doesn't need to. He sets it beside the server

with the same care he'd use placing a tool on a workbench.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The trick was staying calm.

Staying logical.

Staying Kevin.

He opens the hidden compartment inside the server — smooth, practiced, like he's done it a hundred times.

He pauses.

Not out of fear — out of calculation.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The first test was curiosity.

The second was proof.

This one...

this one was about control.

He unwraps the object just enough to confirm what it is — then wraps it back up immediately. No hesitation. No shaking hands.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't crossing a line.

I wasn't committing to anything.

I was gathering data.

That's what I told myself.

He places the wrapped object into the compartment — gently, precisely —
like he's measuring the idea, not the item.

He closes the compartment.

Closes the server.

Wipes the metal with a cloth — not out of panic, but routine.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Methodical.

Controlled.

Professional.

That's how I justified it.

He lifts the server, testing the weight in his hands — not to check
anything specific, just to feel the decision.

KEVIN (V.O.)

As long as I stayed calm...

as long as I treated it like a test...

I could pretend I wasn't doing

what I was doing.

He sets the server on the cart.

Pushes it toward the conveyor belt.

No rush.

No panic.

Just quiet purpose.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Fear makes noise.

Logic is silent.

He scans the barcode.

BEEP.

The system accepts it.

The conveyor belt pulls the server away.

Kevin watches it disappear into the maze of boxes — expression blank,
breathing steady.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't feel scared.

I didn't feel guilty.

I didn't feel anything.

A long beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That's how I knew I was in trouble.

He turns off the workstation, gathers his things, and walks out of the server room — calm, composed, convincing himself it was all harmless.

KEVIN (V.O.)

It was just a test.

That's what I kept saying.

Over and over.

Like a prayer.

Like a lie.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The house is dark except for the soft glow of a baby monitor and the faint hum of the refrigerator. KEVIN sits alone on the couch, elbows on his knees, staring at nothing.

A stack of medical bills sits on the coffee table. Insurance statements. Glucose sensor receipts. A letter marked "PAST DUE."

KEVIN (V.O.)

I kept telling myself I was fine.

That I could handle it.

That everything was under control.

He picks up one of the bills — looks at the number — sets it down.

KEVIN (V.O.)

But control is a lie.

A story we tell ourselves

to make the fear quieter.

He hears a soft cough from down the hall — his daughter's room.

Kevin closes his eyes.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Every night I checked her numbers.

Every night I prayed they stayed steady.

Every night I wondered what would happen

if they didn't.

He stands, pacing slowly, running a hand through his hair.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Fear doesn't make you reckless.

It makes you rational.

It makes you look for solutions

in places you never would've before.

He stops at the hallway, looking toward his daughters' rooms.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't thinking about crime.

I wasn't thinking about Ray.

I wasn't thinking about the system.

A long, quiet beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I was thinking about them.

He returns to the couch, sits, and exhales — a long, defeated breath.

KEVIN

(softly, to himself)

I can't keep doing this.

He picks up the bills again — not to read them, but to feel the weight.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the moment.

The exact second the idea

stopped being a possibility...

and became a decision.

He doesn't smile.

He doesn't panic.

He just... accepts it.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't excited.

I wasn't proud.

I wasn't scared.

He leans back, staring at the ceiling.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I was done pretending

I had any other choice.

Kevin closes his eyes.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And that's when I knew...

the plan wasn't a test anymore.

It was real.

CUT TO:

EXT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – FRONT PORCH – NIGHT

Kevin steps outside into the cool air.

He looks up at the sky — quiet, empty, indifferent.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't cross the line tonight.

Not physically.

Not with my hands.

He exhales — steady, resolved.

KEVIN (V.O.)

But in my mind...

I was already on the other side.

He pulls out his phone.

Scrolls to Ray's name.

His thumb hovers over the call button.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't ready to tell him everything.

Not yet.

But I was ready to stop lying to myself.

He doesn't call.

He just stares at the name.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The plan was real now.

And once it's real...

it doesn't go away.

Kevin locks the phone and slips it back into his pocket.

He stands there in the quiet night, breathing slowly.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the night Kevin Cunningham
made the decision.

A beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And KC Mo...

he was the one who would carry it out.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

The Outlawz are packing up after another late game. The lights buzz

overhead. KEVIN is loading his gear into his trunk when RAY approaches,
hands in his pockets, eyes sharp.

RAY

You've been different lately, KC.

Kevin doesn't look up.

KEVIN

Just tired.

Ray steps closer.

RAY

Nah. I know tired.

This ain't that.

Kevin closes the trunk slowly.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Ray always saw more than he should.

More than I wanted him to.

Ray leans against Kevin's car.

RAY

Look... I wasn't gonna say anything.
But I talked to someone.

Kevin stiffens.

KEVIN

Someone?

Ray nods.

RAY

You remember Marc?

Delgado?

Kid from Jersey who came out here
when I sold his cousin that duplex?

Kevin thinks — faint memory.

KEVIN

The tech guy?

RAY

Yeah. He works at some refurb place
back east. TriPoint something.
Big warehouse. Lots of hardware
moving in and out.

Kevin's heartbeat quickens — but his face stays still.

KEVIN (V.O.)

TriPoint.

Newark.

East Coast.

A mirror of my world.

Ray watches him carefully.

RAY

He said they get shipments from Cali
all the time.

Said nobody checks half of it.

Said the system's a joke.

Kevin swallows — slow, controlled.

KEVIN

Why are you telling me this?

Ray steps closer, lowering his voice.

RAY

Because he's looking for a way

to make extra cash.
And because you've been walking around
like a man with an idea he's scared to say.

Kevin looks away — but Ray doesn't let him.

RAY

KC...
if you're thinking about something...
you don't have to do it alone.

A long beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was it.
The moment the idea stopped being mine.
The moment it became ours.

Kevin finally meets Ray's eyes.

KEVIN

What exactly did Marc say?

Ray smiles — slow, knowing.

RAY

He said he's in...

if you are.

Kevin doesn't answer.

He doesn't need to.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't ready to tell Ray the plan.

Not yet.

But I was ready to stop pretending

I didn't have one.

Kevin closes the trunk.

KEVIN

Let's talk.

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Ray's backyard is massive — the kind of space that says “successful real estate agent” without him ever bragging about it. The old tennis court has been transformed into a full batting cage: turf, netting, pitching machine, buckets of softballs.

The place is lit by string lights and a couple of tall flood lamps.

It's quiet, private, familiar — the crew's unofficial headquarters.

Kevin steps inside the cage. Ray is already there, taking slow, easy swings, the kind that aren't about practice — they're about thinking.

THWACK.

Another ball smacks the net.

RAY

You're late, KC.

Kevin grabs a bat, rolling it in his hands.

KEVIN

Had to put the girls to bed.

Ray nods — he respects that.

THWACK.

Another ball.

RAY

You been thinking about what I said?

Kevin doesn't answer. He steps into the cage, takes a stance, and waits for Ray to feed him a ball.

Ray loads the machine.

RAY

Marc's solid.

Smart.

Knows the system back east.

Says TriPoint's a mess.

The machine fires.

Kevin swings — CRACK — sends the ball into the net.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't want to talk.

Not yet.

I wanted to feel something steady.

Something I could control.

Ray loads another.

RAY

He said they get shipments from Cali
every week.

Said nobody checks half of it.

Kevin swings again — CRACK — harder this time.

Ray watches him.

RAY

KC... talk to me.

Kevin steps out of the cage, breathing heavy — not from the swings, but from the weight of the conversation.

He leans on the bat.

KEVIN

You trust this guy?

Ray doesn't hesitate.

RAY

I trust him to want money.

And I trust him to hate his job.

That's enough.

Kevin nods slowly.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was Ray's gift.

He didn't trust people.

He trusted motivations.

Ray steps closer.

RAY

Look... I'm not asking for details.

I'm not asking for a plan.

I'm asking if you're in the headspace
to do something real.

Kevin looks around the cage — the nets, the turf, the lights.

This place has always been safe.

A place where he could think.

KEVIN

I've been... working through something.

Ray smirks.

RAY

Yeah. I can tell.

Kevin grips the bat tighter.

KEVIN

I'm not ready to talk logistics.

RAY

Good. I don't want logistics.

I want to know if you're serious.

Kevin meets his eyes.

A long, heavy beat.

KEVIN

I'm serious.

Ray nods — slow, satisfied.

RAY

Then we're halfway there.

Kevin steps back into the cage.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was it.

The moment the idea stopped being mine.

The moment it became a partnership.

Ray loads another ball.

RAY

Let's get to work, KC.

The machine fires.

Kevin swings.

CRACK.

The ball hits the net so hard it shakes the whole cage.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And for the first time...

it felt like KC Mo was swinging the bat.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The string lights hum softly. The pitching machine sits idle now, the bucket of softballs half-empty. The night air is cool, still, heavy with the smell of cut grass and pine from the surrounding trees.

Kevin leans against the netting, catching his breath. Ray stands near the pitching machine, arms crossed, studying him like a man reading a blueprint.

RAY

You know... you didn't say no.

Kevin wipes sweat from his forehead.

KEVIN

I didn't say yes either.

Ray smirks — the kind of smirk that says he already knows the answer.

RAY

KC... you don't come out here at ten at night
to say no.

Kevin looks away, staring at the turf beneath his cleats.

KEVIN (V.O.)

He wasn't wrong.
I didn't come here to back out.
I came here to see if I could live
with the version of myself
that said yes.

Ray steps closer, lowering his voice.

RAY

Marc's ready.

He's hungry.
He hates his job.
He wants out.
And he's already inside TriPoint.

Kevin's jaw tightens.

KEVIN

You talked to him?

RAY

I talked around him.
Enough to know he's open.
Enough to know he's not stupid.

Kevin nods slowly.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That mattered.
Stupid people get you caught.
Smart people get you paid.

Ray picks up a softball, tossing it lightly in his hand.

RAY

Look... I know you.

You don't jump into anything blind.

You think.

You plan.

You test.

You test again.

Kevin's eyes flicker — Ray doesn't know about the tests, but he feels them.

RAY

So tell me something, KC...

Ray stops tossing the ball.

Holds it still.

RAY

Are you thinking about this...

or are you already in it?

Kevin exhales — slow, controlled.

KEVIN

I'm... considering the possibilities.

Ray laughs — not mocking, but knowing.

RAY

That's KC Mo talking.

Kevin freezes.

KEVIN

Don't call me that.

Ray steps closer, voice low, steady.

RAY

Why not?

That's who you are when you're not scared.

Kevin looks away — but Ray doesn't let him.

RAY

KC Mo is the guy who sees the angles.

The blind spots.

The opportunities.

The guy who doesn't freeze

when life hits him in the mouth.

Kevin's breathing deepens.

KEVIN (V.O.)

He wasn't wrong.

And that scared me more than anything.

Ray tosses the softball back into the bucket.

RAY

Marc's waiting.

East Coast.

Clean pipeline.

No eyes.

No questions.

Kevin steps into the cage again — not to hit, but to think.

KEVIN

If I do this...

it has to be on my terms.

Ray nods.

RAY

Then set the terms.

Kevin grips the bat — not to swing, but to steady himself.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was the moment.

The moment I stopped pretending
I was being dragged into something...
and admitted I was walking toward it.

He looks at Ray.

KEVIN

I'm in.

Ray smiles — slow, satisfied, dangerous.

RAY

Then we're in business, KC.

Kevin doesn't smile back.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't feel excited.

I didn't feel proud.

I felt... inevitable.

Ray turns on the pitching machine.

RAY

Let's take a few more swings.

Big things are coming.

The machine fires.

Kevin swings.

CRACK.

The ball hits the net so hard it echoes through the backyard.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And for the first time...

I didn't feel like I was practicing.

A beat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I felt like I was preparing.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen is chaotic in the way only a family home can be. Cereal bowls, backpacks, a half-packed lunchbox. KEVIN moves through it all like a ghost — present, but somewhere else.

His wife, JESS, stands at the counter scrolling through her phone, brow furrowed.

JESS

They raised the price again.

Kevin looks up.

KEVIN

What?

She turns the screen toward him — a notification from the pharmacy app.

JESS

The insulin.

It's up another eighty dollars.

Kevin's jaw tightens.

KEVIN

We just refilled it last week.

JESS

And we'll need more in ten days.

Shayla, 9, runs in with her backpack bouncing.

SHAYLA

Daddy, my Dexcom's beeping again.

Kevin kneels, checking the glucose monitor on her arm.

Low battery.

Again.

Kolby, 6, appears right behind her — worried, clutching her stuffed animal.

KOLBY

Is she okay?

What's her number?

Kevin forces a smile for both of them.

KEVIN

She's fine. Just needs a new sensor.

Kolby leans in closer, eyes fixed on the Dexcom screen like she's reading a weather report that decides the whole day.

KOLBY

It said 82.

That's okay, right?

KEVIN

Yeah, sweetheart.

That's okay.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Kolby was six...

but she knew those numbers better
than most adults.

She watched them like they were
her sister's heartbeat.

Shayla nods and runs off. Kolby follows, still glancing back at the Dexcom.

Jess watches Kevin — really watches him.

JESS

We can't keep doing this, Kev.

Kevin looks at her — tired, worn, stretched thin.

KEVIN

I know.

JESS

I'm serious.

We're falling behind.

I don't know how much longer we can—

She stops herself, but the damage is done.

Kevin looks down at the counter — at the pile of envelopes he hasn't opened yet.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Every beep.

Every alert.

Every number on that Dexcom screen...

it wasn't just Shayla's life.

It was Kolby's worry.

Jess's fear.

My failure.

Jess softens.

JESS

I'm not blaming you.

I know you're doing everything you can.

Kevin nods — but he doesn't believe it.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Everything I can...

wasn't enough.

Shayla calls from the hallway.

SHAYLA (O.S.)

Daddy, hurry!

Kevin grabs his keys.

KEVIN

I'll figure something out.

Jess looks at him — hopeful, scared, trusting.

JESS

Please do.

Kevin forces a smile and heads for the door.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That Dexcom beep wasn't just a warning.

It was a countdown.

And time...

was running out.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR – PARKED OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE – NIGHT

The street is quiet. The house is dark except for a soft glow from the girls' bedroom window. KEVIN sits in the driver's seat, engine off,

hands gripping the steering wheel.

His phone rests on the center console.

Marc Delgado's number is pulled up — a number Ray texted him earlier that night with a simple message:

“Use this when you're ready.”

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't want to make the call inside.

Not with Shayla's Dexcom beeping every few hours.

Not with Kolby asking if her sister was okay every ten minutes.

He exhales — slow, steady — trying to calm the storm inside him.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Ray didn't pressure me.

He didn't push.

He just sent the number...

like he already knew

I'd dial it eventually.

Kevin picks up the phone.

His thumb hovers over the call button.

He hesitates.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Once I made this call...

there was no going back.

He presses CALL.

The phone rings.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then—

MARC (V.O.)

Hello?

Kevin freezes for half a second — the reality hitting him.

KEVIN

Marc? It's Kevin. Kevin Cunningham.

From Sacramento. Ray gave me your number.

A beat.

MARC (V.O.)

No shit. KC?

Damn, man... it's been what, eight years?

Kevin forces a small laugh.

KEVIN

Something like that.

MARC (V.O.)

Ray said you might reach out.

Kevin stiffens — Ray moved fast.

KEVIN

Yeah... he said you're working at TriPoint now.

MARC (V.O.)

Inventory. Warehouse.

Basically babysitting hardware

nobody cares about.

Kevin nods to himself — that tracks.

KEVIN

You like it?

Marc laughs — bitter, tired.

MARC (V.O.)

Like it?

Man, I'm one broken pallet away
from walking out and never coming back.

Kevin swallows.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the opening.

The crack in the door.

KEVIN

Ray said you might be open to...
opportunities.

A long silence.

Not suspicious.

Not hostile.

Just... calculating.

MARC (V.O.)

Depends on the opportunity.

Kevin looks up at the house — at the window where Shayla and Kolby sleep.

KEVIN

Something that could help both of us.

Another silence — shorter this time.

MARC (V.O.)

I'm listening.

Kevin takes a breath — steady, controlled.

KEVIN

I'm not ready to talk details.

Not yet.

But I need to know one thing.

MARC (V.O.)

Shoot.

KEVIN

Can you keep your end quiet?

Marc doesn't hesitate.

MARC (V.O.)

KC...

I've been quiet my whole life.

Kevin closes his eyes — relief mixed with fear.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was it.

The moment the East Coast
became part of the plan.

MARC (V.O.)

When you're ready...

call me again.

I'll pick up.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

I will.

He ends the call.

Sits in silence.

Breathes.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't cross the line tonight.

But I put my foot on it.

And Marc...

he was standing on the other side.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The string lights glow warm against the cool night air. The pitching machine sits idle. A Bluetooth speaker plays low 90s hip-hop. The cage is alive with the familiar energy of the crew.

NICK is taking swings — fast hands, fast mouth, always moving.

JOE JOE lounges on a folding chair, sipping a beer, unpredictable as ever.

Kevin and Ray stand near the entrance, watching their friends.

RAY

You sure about this?

Kevin nods — steady, resolved.

KEVIN

If we're doing this...
they need to know something's coming.

Ray smirks.

RAY

Alright then.

Ray claps his hands loudly.

RAY

Boys! Bring it in.

Nick drops the bat mid-swing.

NICK

What's up?
We running drills or what?

Joe Joe leans forward, sensing the shift.

JOE JOE

This ain't about softball.

Nick looks between them.

NICK

Oh damn.

This is serious-serious.

Ray gestures for them to step inside the cage.

They do.

The four of them stand in a loose circle — the kind of circle that changes lives.

RAY

KC's been working on something.

Nick raises an eyebrow.

NICK

KC?

Since when do we call him that?

Ray shoots him a look.

RAY

Since now.

Kevin steps forward — calm, controlled.

KEVIN

I'm not gonna get into details.

Not yet.

But I need to know where you two stand.

Nick crosses his arms.

NICK

Stand on what?

Kevin meets his eyes.

KEVIN

Loyalty.

Joe Joe sits up straighter — the word hits him.

JOE JOE

You know I'm loyal, bro.

Always have been.

Nick nods.

NICK

Same.

Whatever you need.

Kevin takes a breath — steady.

KEVIN

Things are tight at home.

Tighter than I've let on.

Nick's expression softens — he knows about Shayla's Dexcom alerts, the late-night hospital runs, the bills.

NICK

Say less.

We got you.

Joe Joe nods — serious for once.

JOE JOE

Family comes first.

Always.

Ray steps in.

RAY

There's an opportunity.

Something big.

Something that could help all of us.

Nick's eyes widen.

NICK

Big how?

Ray shakes his head.

RAY

Not tonight.

Tonight's about trust.

Kevin looks at each of them — really looks.

KEVIN

If I bring you in...

there's no halfway.

No backing out.

No second guessing.

Nick steps forward.

NICK

KC...

you're my guy.

Whatever you're doing, I'm in.

Joe Joe stands too.

JOE JOE

Same.

No questions asked.

Kevin nods — grateful, but heavy.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the moment the circle closed.

The moment the crew became real.

The moment I wasn't alone anymore.

Ray grabs a softball and tosses it to Kevin.

RAY

Then let's take a few swings.

Big things are coming.

Kevin steps into the cage.

The machine fires.

CRACK.

The ball hits the net with a force that echoes across the backyard.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And for the first time...

it felt like we weren't practicing.

We were preparing.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The backyard is lit like a low-budget stadium — string lights, flood lamps, the soft hum of the pitching machine. The cage is closed off, nets drawn tight, giving the space a strange sense of privacy.

This isn't just a hangout tonight.

It feels... official.

Kevin, Ray, Nick, and Joe Joe stand inside the cage.

Four men.

Four different energies.

One moment that's about to change all of them.

Ray paces slowly, a softball in hand.

Nick leans against the net, restless.

Joe Joe sits on an overturned bucket, eyes sharp.

Kevin stands at the center — calm, steady, the quiet gravity of the group.

RAY

Alright...

this is it.

First meeting.

Nick raises a hand.

NICK

Meeting?

Like minutes and agendas and stuff?

Ray glares.

RAY

Shut up, Nick.

Joe Joe chuckles.

Kevin steps forward.

KEVIN

Look...

I'm not here to hype anything up.

I'm not here to sell you on a dream.

I'm here because things at home

are getting tight.

Tighter than I've let on.

Nick nods — he already knows.

Joe Joe leans in — listening.

Ray stops pacing.

RAY

KC's got something.

Something real.

Something that could help all of us.

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

Not something.

An opportunity.

And before we go any further...

I need to know we're solid.

Nick steps forward.

NICK

We're solid.

Joe Joe nods.

JOE JOE

Always.

Kevin takes a breath — steady, controlled.

KEVIN

I reached out to someone tonight.

Someone Ray connected me with.

Nick raises an eyebrow.

NICK

East Coast guy?

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Marc Delgado.

Works at a refurb warehouse in Jersey.

TriPoint Data Solutions.

Joe Joe whistles low.

JOE JOE

That sounds big.

Ray tosses the softball to Kevin.

RAY

It is.

And it's clean.

No heat.

No eyes.

No one checking anything.

Kevin catches the ball — holds it — feels the weight.

KEVIN

I'm not giving details yet.

Not until I'm sure we're all aligned.

But I need you to understand something.

He looks at each of them — one by one.

KEVIN

This isn't a hustle.

This isn't a quick score.

This is something that could change

all of our lives...

if we do it right.

Nick nods — serious now.

NICK

So what do you need from us?

Kevin steps into the batter's box — not to swing, but to anchor himself.

KEVIN

Loyalty.

Patience.

And silence.

Joe Joe stands.

JOE JOE

You got all three.

Nick bumps fists with Kevin.

NICK

Ride or die, KC.

Ray steps beside Kevin.

RAY

Then it's official.

This is the crew.

Kevin looks around the cage — the nets, the lights, the turf.

This place has always been a hangout.

Tonight, it becomes something else.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was the moment.

The birth of the operation.

Not the plan.

Not the product.

The people.

Ray turns on the pitching machine.

RAY

Let's take a few swings.

Big things are coming.

The machine fires.

Kevin swings.

CRACK.

The ball hits the net with a force that echoes across the backyard.

Nick steps in next.

Then Joe Joe.

Then Ray.

One after another.

A rhythm.

A ritual.

A beginning.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And just like that...

the crew was born.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The backyard is alive tonight. The string lights glow warm, the Bluetooth speaker bumps old-school hip-hop, and the pitching machine fires balls with a steady rhythm.

NICK is in the cage, swinging like he's trying to hit the moon.

CRACK.

The ball slams into the net.

NICK

That's right!

Somebody call ESPN!

JOE JOE, sitting on an overturned bucket, shakes his head.

JOE JOE

Bro, if ESPN ever saw you swing,

they'd cancel baseball.

Nick points the bat at him.

NICK

Say that again and I'll—

He swings at the next pitch and completely whiffs.

JOE JOE

—exactly. That.

Ray laughs from the side, loading more balls into the machine.

RAY

Nick, you got fast hands

and zero coordination.

You're like a raccoon on Red Bull.

Nick flips him off with both hands.

NICK

And yet I'm still better than you.

Ray steps into the cage.

RAY

Oh yeah? Watch this.

He takes a stance — smooth, confident — and smacks the next pitch dead center into the net.

CRACK.

RAY

That's how a grown man swings.

Joe Joe claps sarcastically.

JOE JOE

Wow. Incredible.

Truly inspiring.

Someone get this man a trophy.

Kevin stands just outside the cage, watching them — a small smile on his face. For a moment, the weight lifts. For a moment, he's just with his boys.

Nick notices.

NICK

KC! Get your quiet ass in here.

Kevin steps in, grabs a bat, rolls his shoulders.

KEVIN

Alright. One pitch.

Ray smirks.

RAY

One pitch is all you need.

The machine fires.

Kevin swings.

CRACK.

The ball hits the net so hard the whole cage shakes.

Nick's jaw drops.

NICK

Jesus, KC!

You trying to kill the net?

Joe Joe stands, pointing at Kevin like he's seen a ghost.

JOE JOE

That wasn't Kevin.

That was KC Mo.

The guys laugh — but Kevin doesn't deny it.

KEVIN (V.O.)

It felt good.

Too good.

Like the swing wasn't just a swing...

it was a release.

Ray tosses Kevin another ball.

RAY

Again.

Kevin steps back into the box.

CRACK.

Another violent hit.

Nick whistles.

NICK

Man's got demons.

Joe Joe nods.

JOE JOE

And we're about to meet all of them.

Kevin steps out of the cage, breathing steady — but his eyes are sharper than before.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This wasn't just bonding.

This was sharpening.

Preparing.

Becoming the crew we needed to be.

Ray claps his hands.

RAY

Alright boys — enough fun.

Big week ahead.

The energy shifts — still playful, but heavier now.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And for the first time...

I felt ready.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – NIGHT

The room is quiet. Cold. The hum of machines feels heavier now — like they're watching him.

Kevin stands at his workstation, a server open in front of him. But this time, he's not nervous. Not hesitant. Not curious.

He's focused.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The first time I opened one of these...

I was just exploring.

Testing.

Seeing what the system didn't see.

He removes a component — slow, deliberate — studying the empty space beneath it.

KEVIN (V.O.)

But now...

I wasn't looking for blind spots.

I was looking for patterns.

He checks the weight of the chassis.

The spacing of the brackets.

The looseness of a refurbished screw.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Every machine had a story.

Every refurb had a flaw.

Every flaw was an opportunity.

He opens a second server beside the first — comparing them.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The system didn't care about precision.

It cared about ranges.

"Close enough."

"Expected."

"Normal."

He taps the metal lightly — listening to the sound.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't guessing anymore.

I was learning the rhythm.

The heartbeat of the hardware.

He checks the internal logs on his monitor — not to manipulate them, but to understand the flow.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Marc was right.

TriPoint was chaos.

And chaos...

was predictable.

He closes the server — calm, confident.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This wasn't a test.

This wasn't curiosity.

This was preparation.

He wipes his hands on his jeans.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The crew was ready.

Marc was ready.

And now...

so was I.

Kevin turns off the workstation.

The server room hums behind him — unaware of what's coming.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The system had blind spots.

And for the first time...

I knew exactly where they were.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – LATE NIGHT

The cage is quiet tonight. No music. No pitching machine. Just the hum of the flood lamps and the soft rustle of trees.

Kevin stands inside the cage, rolling a softball in his hand. Ray enters from the patio, carrying two beers.

RAY

You're early.

Kevin shrugs.

KEVIN

Couldn't sleep.

Ray hands him a beer.

RAY

Good. Means you're thinking.

Kevin takes a sip — waiting.

Ray steps into the cage, closing the net behind him.

A subtle signal: this conversation is private.

RAY

Alright, KC...

it's time.

Kevin's grip tightens on the softball.

KEVIN

Time for what?

Ray looks him dead in the eyes.

RAY

The first move.

A long beat.

KEVIN

I'm listening.

Ray paces slowly, hands behind his back like he's presenting a pitch.

RAY

You've been studying the system.

You know the blind spots.

You know what gets ignored.

You know what gets tossed.

Kevin nods — he does.

RAY

So here's what I'm thinking...

Ray stops pacing.

RAY

We start small.

A test.

Something nobody will miss.

Something that proves the pipeline works.

Kevin swallows — the weight of the moment settling in.

KEVIN

And if it doesn't?

Ray steps closer.

RAY

Then we walk away.

No harm.

No heat.

No one knows anything.

Kevin looks down at the turf — thinking, calculating.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was the moment I'd been avoiding.

The moment the idea became action.

Ray taps the softball in Kevin's hand.

RAY

You're ready, KC.

I can see it.

You've been ready.

Kevin looks up — steady, resolved.

KEVIN

What do you need from me?

Ray smiles — slow, dangerous, confident.

RAY

Just one thing.

A beat.

RAY

Pick the piece.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR – PARKED BEHIND HIS WORK BUILDING – NIGHT

Kevin sits in the dark, engine off, phone in hand.

Marc's contact is open.

This time, he doesn't hesitate.

He hits CALL.

MARC (V.O.)

KC.

Been waiting on you.

Kevin exhales — steady.

KEVIN

I need to talk details.

Marc's tone shifts — sharper, more focused.

MARC (V.O.)

Alright.

What are we looking at?

Kevin glances around the empty parking lot.

KEVIN

Something small.

Something nobody will miss.

A test.

MARC (V.O.)

Good.

Smart.

What's the window?

Kevin thinks — not guessing, but calculating.

KEVIN

Soon.

I'll know more after tomorrow.

Marc hums — impressed.

MARC (V.O.)

You're moving fast.

KEVIN

I don't have the luxury of slow.

Marc pauses — then softens.

MARC (V.O.)

How's your little girl doing?

Ray mentioned the Dexcom stuff.

Kevin closes his eyes — the vulnerability hitting him.

KEVIN

She's... managing.

We all are.

MARC (V.O.)

Then let's make this count.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

When the time comes...

can you handle your end?

Marc doesn't hesitate.

MARC (V.O.)

KC...

I've been waiting my whole life

for something worth the risk.

Kevin breathes — steady, controlled.

KEVIN

I'll call you when it's time.

MARC (V.O.)

I'll be ready.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – EVENING

Kevin sits on the couch with Shayla and Kolby.

A movie plays softly, but neither girl is really watching.

Shayla suddenly tenses — her Dexcom alarm chirps.

SHAYLA

Daddy...

Kevin grabs her hand gently, checking the screen.

KEVIN

You're dropping.

Let's get you some juice.

Kolby jumps up immediately — already running to the kitchen.

KOLBY (O.S.)

I know where it is!

Kevin smiles — but it's a sad smile.

Shayla leans against him, tired.

SHAYLA

I don't like when it beeps.

Kevin kisses the top of her head.

KEVIN

I know, baby.

I know.

Kolby returns with a juice box, holding it out like it's a lifeline.

KOLBY

Here!

Drink it fast.

Shayla sips.

Kevin watches the Dexcom numbers slowly climb.

Jess enters from the hallway, worry etched on her face.

JESS

Another low?

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Yeah.

She's okay now.

Jess sits beside him — exhausted.

JESS

We can't keep doing this, Kev.

The supplies... the bills...

it's all piling up.

Kevin looks at his daughters — one recovering, one watching her sister like a tiny guardian.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This wasn't about money.

It was about time.

Time without fear.

Time without alarms.

Time where my girls could just... be kids.

Jess squeezes his hand.

JESS

We need help.

Kevin nods — but his eyes are somewhere else.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And I knew exactly where that help
was going to come from.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – AFTERNOON

Kevin stands over an open server — calm, focused, precise.

This isn't curiosity anymore.

This is preparation.

He checks the weight.

The spacing.

The internal logs.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't testing anymore.

I was confirming.

A faint sound — footsteps in the hallway.

Kevin freezes.

The footsteps get closer.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Not now.

Not today.

He closes the server — fast but careful — wiping fingerprints, aligning the screws.

The footsteps stop right outside the door.

A hand jiggles the handle.

Kevin's breath catches.

VOICE (O.S.)

Huh.

Thought someone was in here.

The footsteps fade.

Kevin exhales — slow, controlled — but his hands shake.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was too close.

Too damn close.

He looks at the server — the one he almost got caught with.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The window was closing.

It was time to move.

INT. TRIPOINT DATA SOLUTIONS – WAREHOUSE – NEWARK, NJ – NIGHT

A cavernous warehouse lit by flickering fluorescent lights. Rows of server racks, pallets of refurbished hardware, forklifts parked like sleeping animals.

MARC DELGADO, early 30s, hoodie up, AirPods in, moves through the space with the ease of someone who knows every blind corner.

He stops at a workstation — a cluttered desk with a half-broken monitor, a barcode scanner, and a stack of intake forms nobody reads.

MARC (V.O.)

TriPoint was a joke.

A warehouse pretending to be a tech company.

Nobody cared.

Nobody checked.

Nobody watched.

He scans a server chassis — the system beeps, logs it, moves on.

Marc doesn't.

He opens the chassis — quick, practiced — checking the internal space,

the weight, the looseness of the brackets.

MARC (V.O.)

KC wasn't wrong.

These things were held together
with hope and refurbished screws.

He closes it, slides it back onto the pallet.

Then he pulls out his phone.

A text thread with Kevin sits open:

****KC:**** "Soon."

****Marc:**** "I'll be ready."

Marc types a new message, but doesn't send it.

He pockets the phone.

MARC (V.O.)

I didn't know KC well.

But I knew Ray.

And Ray didn't vouch for people lightly.

He walks deeper into the warehouse, stopping at a row of unassigned

inventory — the stuff nobody touches.

MARC (V.O.)

East Coast was ready.

All we needed was the signal.

He looks up at the security camera — dead, unplugged, collecting dust.

Marc smirks.

MARC

Yeah...

we're gonna be just fine.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD - BATTING CAGE - NIGHT

The cage is closed off again — nets drawn, lights dimmed, the vibe serious. The crew stands in a tight circle: KEVIN, RAY, NICK, JOE JOE.

A whiteboard leans against the fence — Ray's idea — with nothing written on it yet.

RAY

Alright boys...

tonight we plan the test.

Nick cracks his knuckles.

NICK

Finally.

I was starting to think this was all talk.

Joe Joe elbows him.

JOE JOE

KC doesn't talk.

He calculates.

Kevin steps forward — calm, focused.

KEVIN

We start small.

Something nobody will miss.

Something that blends in.

Ray nods — he's already on the same page.

RAY

A refurb unit.

One of the ones they toss around

like it's scrap.

Nick raises a hand.

NICK

So what exactly are we doing?

Kevin doesn't flinch.

KEVIN

We're testing the pipeline.

West Coast to East Coast.

Me to Marc.

Joe Joe whistles low.

JOE JOE

Coast to coast.

Damn.

Kevin grabs a marker and writes one word on the whiteboard:

****TEST****

KEVIN

This isn't about money.

Not yet.

This is about trust.

About timing.
About seeing if the system
is as blind as we think it is.

Ray steps beside him.

RAY

KC picks the piece.
Marc receives it.
We watch the logs.
We watch the timing.
We watch everything.

Nick nods — starting to understand.

NICK

And if it works?

Kevin meets his eyes.

KEVIN

Then we scale.

Joe Joe leans forward.

JOE JOE

And if it doesn't?

Kevin doesn't hesitate.

KEVIN

Then we walk away.

Clean.

Quiet.

No one knows anything.

Ray claps his hands once — sharp, decisive.

RAY

Alright.

KC...

what do you need?

Kevin looks at the whiteboard — at the word TEST — then at his crew.

KEVIN

I need twenty-four hours.

Nick grins.

NICK

Oh, it's happening.

Joe Joe nods.

JOE JOE

Let's get to work.

Kevin steps into the batting box — not to hit, but to think.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This wasn't a plan anymore.

This was a countdown.

Ray turns on the pitching machine.

The first ball fires.

Kevin doesn't swing.

He just watches it.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Tomorrow...

everything changes.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – NIGHT

The hum of machines fills the room like a low, mechanical heartbeat.
Kevin stands in front of a rolling cart stacked with refurbished units.
But tonight, he's not looking for a blind spot.

He's looking for a sacrifice.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The test piece had to matter.
Too cheap, and the system wouldn't notice.
Too expensive...
and I'd be the one they noticed.

He opens a server — standard, predictable, safe.
Not good enough.

He moves to the next cart — the “high-value refurb” section.
The stuff that *should* be checked but rarely is.

He stops at a unit with a red tag:

****“R710-X SERIES — HIGH VALUE — DO NOT SCRAP”****

Kevin's breath catches.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This one hurt.

This one could get me written up.

Maybe worse.

He opens it — slow, deliberate.

Inside: pristine internals, upgraded components, a drive array worth thousands.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Perfect.

He checks the logs — it's scheduled for internal transfer, not customer shipment.

Less eyes.

Less risk.

More value.

He closes the chassis, wipes it clean, and places it on a separate cart.

A choice.

A commitment.

A point of no return.

KEVIN (V.O.)

If this made it to Marc...

the pipeline was real.

If it didn't...

I was done.

He scans the barcode — the system accepts it instantly.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And just like that...

the test piece was chosen.

INT. TRIPPOINT DATA SOLUTIONS – RECEIVING BAY – NEWARK, NJ – DAY

Marc stands near the loading dock, clipboard in hand, pretending to check inventory. Workers move around him, forklifts beep, pallets shift.

But Marc isn't watching any of them.

He's watching the clock.

MARC (V.O.)

KC said "soon."

Soon could mean anything.

But today felt different.

A truck backs into the bay — air brakes hissing.

Marc's pulse quickens.

MARC (V.O.)

West Coast shipments always came in waves.

But this one...

this one felt like a signal.

The dock door opens.

Pallets roll out.

Marc scans the labels — casual, practiced, invisible.

Then he sees it:

“R710-X SERIES — INTERNAL TRANSFER — SACRAMENTO”

His chest tightens.

MARC (V.O.)

There it is.

He keeps his face neutral, his movements slow.

He marks the pallet as “Received” with a bored expression.

MARC

(to himself)

Showtime.

He wheels the pallet toward the back — the quiet corner where nobody checks anything.

MARC (V.O.)

If this worked...

everything changed.

He rests his hand on the server chassis — the one Kevin chose.

MARC (V.O.)

Come on, KC.

Let's see what you've got.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Jess sits on the edge of the bed, folding laundry.

Kevin enters quietly, trying not to wake the girls.

Jess doesn't look up.

JESS

You're home late again.

Kevin freezes — the tone is soft, but sharp.

KEVIN

Just a long day.

Jess folds another shirt — slower this time.

JESS

You've had a lot of those lately.

Kevin sits beside her.

KEVIN

I'm just... tired.

Jess finally looks at him — really looks.

JESS

No.

You're somewhere else.

Kevin swallows — she's not wrong.

JESS

You're distracted.

You're quiet.

You're... different.

Kevin forces a smile.

KEVIN

I'm fine.

Jess shakes her head.

JESS

Don't do that.

Don't shut me out.

A long beat.

JESS

I can feel it, Kev.

Something's coming.

And I don't know if it's good or bad.

Kevin looks down — guilt creeping in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

She wasn't wrong.

Something was coming.

And I didn't know if it was good or bad either.

Jess touches his hand.

JESS

Just... don't lie to me.

Whatever it is.

Kevin nods — but says nothing.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't lying.

I just wasn't telling the truth.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The cage is quiet.

No music.

No pitching machine.

Just Joe Joe sitting alone on the bucket, staring at the turf.

Kevin enters.

KEVIN

You good?

Joe Joe doesn't look up.

JOE JOE

Yeah...

I mean...

I don't know.

Kevin steps closer.

KEVIN

Talk to me.

Joe Joe exhales — long, shaky.

JOE JOE

I'm in, KC.

You know that.

But this...

this feels big.

Kevin nods — he respects the honesty.

KEVIN

It is big.

Joe Joe finally looks at him.

JOE JOE

And if it goes wrong?

Kevin doesn't flinch.

KEVIN

Then it goes wrong.

And we walk away.

Together.

Joe Joe studies him — searching for doubt.

He doesn't find any.

JOE JOE

I just...

I don't wanna lose what we got.

The team.

The cage.

The games.

The... us.

Kevin sits beside him.

KEVIN

We're not losing anything.

We're building something.

Joe Joe nods — slowly, reluctantly.

JOE JOE

Alright.

I'm with you.

Just needed to say it out loud.

Kevin pats his shoulder.

KEVIN

I'm glad you did.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Doubt wasn't the enemy.

Silence was.

INT. TECH COMPANY - LOBBY - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Bright. Clean. Corporate. The kind of place that smells like new carpet and ambition. KEVIN stands at the front desk holding a folder, wearing a shirt that's a little too tucked in and a smile that's a little too hopeful.

He looks younger. Softer. Lighter.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Day one.

Before the blind spots.

Before the pressure.

Before KC Mo.

A RECEPTIONIST greets him with a practiced smile.

RECEPTIONIST

You must be Kevin Cunningham.

Welcome aboard.

Kevin nods, nervous but excited.

KEVIN

Thank you.

Really happy to be here.

She hands him a visitor badge.

RECEPTIONIST

Someone from IT will grab you in a minute.

Kevin steps aside, looking around at the framed posters on the wall:

“INNOVATION.” “EFFICIENCY.” “INTEGRITY.”

KEVIN (V.O.)

I believed all of it.

Every word.

I thought this place was a fresh start.

A MAN IN HIS 40s approaches — KEVIN’S FUTURE MANAGER.

Friendly, rushed, already juggling too much.

MANAGER

Kevin?

Hey, welcome.

Come on, let’s get you set up.

They walk through the office — rows of cubicles, whiteboards filled with scribbles, people typing like their lives depend on it.

MANAGER

We’re a little behind on inventory.

And by “a little,” I mean “a lot.”

But you’ll get the hang of it.

Kevin nods, eager.

KEVIN

I'm ready to learn.

MANAGER

Good.

Because we need someone who can keep things organized.

They enter the SERVER ROOM.

Cold. Loud. Intimidating.

Kevin's eyes widen — overwhelmed but fascinated.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't know it then...

but this room would change everything.

The manager gestures around.

MANAGER

This is where the magic happens.

And by magic, I mean chaos.

He laughs. Kevin laughs too — not knowing how true it is.

MANAGER

You'll be handling intake, tracking,

refurb logs, transfers...

basically anything nobody else wants to do.

Kevin nods — still optimistic.

KEVIN

I can do that.

MANAGER

Good.

Because nobody else wants to.

He hands Kevin a scanner.

MANAGER

Welcome to the team.

Kevin takes it — the weight unfamiliar in his hand.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't know the system yet.

I didn't know the shortcuts.

I didn't know the blind spots.

He looks around the room — the servers, the racks, the blinking lights.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I was just a guy trying to do a good job.

Trying to provide.

Trying to be enough.

The manager pats his shoulder.

MANAGER

You'll do great here.

Kevin smiles — hopeful, trusting.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I had no idea...

that one day I'd know this room

better than anyone.

Better than the system itself.

The lights flicker — a subtle foreshadow.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Day one...

before everything changed.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – EARLY MORNING

The building is barely awake. The hall lights are dim, the air cold, the

silence heavy. KEVIN enters the server room with a badge swipe that sounds louder than usual.

He pauses at the door — listening.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This wasn't a job anymore.

This was a mission.

He steps inside.

The test piece — the high-value R710-X unit — sits on a rolling cart, exactly where he left it. Too valuable to ignore. Too boring to inspect.

Kevin puts on gloves.

Not because he needs to...

but because it feels right.

He checks the hallway one more time.

Empty.

He moves.

Fast.

Precise.

Silent.

He wheels the cart to the intake station and logs into the system.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The system didn't care about truth.

It cared about patterns.

And today...

I was the pattern.

He scans the barcode.

****BEEP.****

The system accepts it instantly.

Kevin's pulse quickens.

He selects the internal transfer option — the one nobody double-checks.

A dropdown menu appears:

****DESTINATION: TRIPPOINT DATA SOLUTIONS – NEWARK, NJ****

Kevin hesitates — just for a second.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Once I clicked this...
the test was real.

He clicks.

****TRANSFER INITIATED.****

Kevin exhales — slow, controlled.

He prints the label, attaches it to the chassis, and wheels the cart to
the outgoing pallet.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was it.

The moment the West Coast let go.

He steps back, staring at the pallet like it's a ticking clock.

Footsteps echo in the hallway.

Kevin freezes.

A coworker passes by the open door — yawning, coffee in hand — never
looking inside.

Kevin waits until the footsteps fade.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Too close.

But close didn't matter.

Only done mattered.

He pushes the pallet toward the loading bay.

EXT. TECH COMPANY – LOADING DOCK – CONTINUOUS

A truck idles, the driver half-asleep, scrolling his phone.

Kevin wheels the pallet toward him.

DRIVER

Morning.

KEVIN

Morning.

The driver barely glances at the manifest.

DRIVER

Sacramento to Jersey.

Got it.

He loads the pallet into the truck.

Kevin watches — heart pounding — as the test piece disappears into the darkness of the trailer.

The driver closes the door.

****THUNK.****

KEVIN (V.O.)

And just like that...
the test was out of my hands.

The truck pulls away.

Kevin stands alone on the dock, the cold morning air biting at his face.

KEVIN (V.O.)

If it made it to Marc...
the pipeline was real.
If it didn't...
everything ended here.

He turns back toward the building.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The test run had begun.

INT. TRIPPOINT DATA SOLUTIONS – BACK CORNER OF THE WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

The warehouse is quiet — the kind of quiet that only happens after midnight. The overhead lights buzz faintly. A single lamp illuminates a makeshift workstation: a folding table, a screwdriver, a half-broken monitor.

MARC wheels the pallet into the corner, glancing around to make sure no one followed him.

He stops in front of the R710-X unit — the test piece.

MARC (V.O.)

KC said it would be small.

Simple.

Just a test.

He places his hand on the chassis — feeling the weight, the cold metal.

MARC (V.O.)

But this...

this felt different.

He grabs a screwdriver and cracks the case open.

The screws come out clean.

Too clean.

Marc lifts the lid.

Inside: pristine internals...

but something catches his eye.

A tiny piece of blue painter's tape tucked beneath the drive array.

Marc freezes.

MARC

No way...

He reaches in and pulls it out.

On the tape, written in small, neat handwriting:

"If you're reading this, the system didn't." — KC

Marc stares at it — stunned, impressed, almost laughing.

MARC (V.O.)

This wasn't just a test.

This was a message.

He checks the logs inside the chassis — everything matches perfectly.

Weight is within range. Nothing flagged. Nothing suspicious.

MARC (V.O.)

He hid a note inside a high-value unit...

and the system didn't blink.

Marc sits back, shaking his head — a grin spreading across his face.

MARC

Damn, KC...

you're good.

He looks at the tape again — the simplicity of it, the confidence.

MARC (V.O.)

Anyone can move hardware.

But this?

This was precision.

This was intent.

This was someone who understood the system

better than the people who built it.

Marc folds the tape carefully and slips it into his wallet.

A keepsake.

A signal.

A promise.

He closes the server, wipes it clean, and places it on a separate rack.

MARC (V.O.)

The test wasn't just successful.

It was a statement.

He pulls out his phone and types a message to Kevin:

"Received. Clean. You're a genius."

He hesitates...

then adds:

"Ready for the next step."

Marc hits send.

He looks at the server one last time.

MARC (V.O.)

East Coast was ready.

And KC...

KC was the real deal.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The cage is dark except for a single string of lights. The pitching machine is off. The bats are leaning against the fence. The whole place feels... still.

KEVIN, RAY, NICK, and JOE JOE stand in a loose circle. No jokes. No music. No swings.

Just waiting.

Nick paces like a caged animal.

NICK

How long does it take to text “got it”?

Ray leans against the net, arms crossed.

RAY

It's a cross-country shipment, Nick.

Not DoorDash.

Joe Joe sits on the bucket, bouncing his knee.

JOE JOE

I don't like waiting.

Waiting feels like something's wrong.

Kevin stands perfectly still — phone in hand, screen dark.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The test piece was out of my hands.

Out of my control.

All I could do was wait.

Nick stops pacing.

NICK

What if it didn't make it?

Ray shoots him a look.

RAY

Don't start.

NICK

I'm just saying—

RAY

Don't.

Joe Joe looks at Kevin.

JOE JOE

You okay, KC?

Kevin nods — but his jaw is tight.

KEVIN

Marc will text.

He said he would.

A long beat.

The tension is thick enough to choke on.

Then—

****BUZZ.****

Kevin's phone lights up.

Everyone freezes.

Kevin looks at the screen.

A message from Marc:

“Received. Clean. You’re a genius.”

Kevin exhales — relief flooding through him.

Nick throws his hands up.

NICK

Let’s goooo!

Joe Joe jumps up, grabbing Kevin in a hug.

JOE JOE

KC Mo!

First try!

Ray smiles — proud, controlled.

RAY

Told you.

We’re ready.

Kevin looks at the message again — the weight of it settling in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The test worked.

The pipeline was real.

And now...

there was no turning back.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – LATER THAT NIGHT

The energy is different now — electric, charged, dangerous. The crew stands around the whiteboard again. This time, the word TEST is crossed out.

Ray uncaps a marker.

RAY

Alright boys...

time for the real thing.

Nick rubs his hands together.

NICK

Finally.

Joe Joe nods, serious.

JOE JOE

What's the move?

Ray looks at Kevin.

RAY

KC picks it.

Kevin steps forward — calm, focused.

KEVIN

We start with something mid-tier.

Valuable enough to matter.

Common enough to blend in.

Nothing that triggers a manual check.

Nick whistles.

NICK

You already know what piece, don't you?

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

I've been watching the logs.

There's a batch coming through next week.

Perfect timing.

Perfect cover.

Ray writes on the board:

****MOVE #1 — MID-TIER UNIT — CLEAN TRANSFER****

RAY

Marc can handle the East Coast.

He proved that.

Joe Joe leans in.

JOE JOE

And us?

Kevin looks at each of them — steady, confident.

KEVIN

We keep it simple.

No noise.

No heat.

No mistakes.

Nick cracks his knuckles.

NICK

When do we start?

Kevin takes a breath.

KEVIN

Soon.

Very soon.

Ray caps the marker.

RAY

Then it's official.

The operation begins now.

The crew stands together — united, ready.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The test was the spark.

This...

was the fire.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – NEXT MORNING

Kevin enters the server room with a coffee in hand — calm, confident,
ready for the next step.

Until he sees it.

A clipboard on the workstation.

A stack of papers.

A bright red header:

****“INTERNAL AUDIT — RANDOMIZED INVENTORY CHECK”****

Kevin’s stomach drops.

KEVIN

(under his breath)

No... no, no...

He flips through the pages — scanning the list.

Then he sees it:

****R710-X SERIES — INTERNAL TRANSFER — FLAGGED FOR REVIEW****

Kevin’s pulse spikes.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The test piece.

The one Marc already has.

The one that’s gone.

Footsteps echo in the hallway.

Kevin snaps the clipboard shut.

A SUPERVISOR enters — cheerful, oblivious.

SUPERVISOR

Morning, Kevin!

Got a fun one for you.

Corporate wants us to run a quick audit.

Kevin forces a smile.

KEVIN

Yeah... I saw.

The supervisor hands him a scanner.

SUPERVISOR

Should be easy.

Just verify everything's where it's supposed to be.

Kevin nods — heart pounding.

KEVIN

I'll get started.

The supervisor leaves.

Kevin opens the clipboard again — staring at the flagged line.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The test worked.

But the system wasn't as blind as I thought.

He looks at the empty space on the shelf where the R710-X should be.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And now...

I had a problem.

INT. TRIPPOINT DATA SOLUTIONS – BACK CORNER OF THE WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

Marc sits at his workstation, the test piece closed and stored safely on a separate rack. He's relaxed — almost proud — until his phone buzzes.

A message from Kevin:

“Audit. They flagged the test piece.”

Marc's expression changes instantly — the grin fades, replaced by sharp, focused calculation.

MARC (V.O.)

Shit.

He stands, pacing between pallets.

MARC (V.O.)

KC said the system was blind.

But blind doesn't mean dead.

He rereads the message.

"Audit. They flagged the test piece."

Marc types back:

"How bad?"

Kevin replies:

"They want to verify it's still on-site."

Marc stops pacing.

MARC (V.O.)

It's not.

It's here.

With me.

He looks at the server — the one with KC's blue tape message hidden inside.

MARC (V.O.)

If they dig...

if they check logs...

if they ask questions...

He exhales — steadying himself.

MARC

(to himself)

No panic.

No noise.

No mistakes.

He texts Kevin:

"Stay calm. I'll handle my end."

Marc pockets his phone, eyes locked on the test piece.

MARC (V.O.)

East Coast wasn't the problem.

The problem was Sacramento.

He grabs a clipboard and walks toward the main floor — ready to improvise.

MARC (V.O.)

KC needed cover.

And I wasn't about to let the first move
be the last.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The crew is gathered again — but the energy is different.

No jokes.

No swagger.

Just tension.

Nick paces.

Joe Joe sits on the bucket, chewing his nails.

Kevin stands still, staring at his phone.

Ray enters from the patio — trying to look composed, but his jaw is tight.

RAY

Alright.

Everybody relax.

Nick stops pacing.

NICK

Relax?

KC just said the test piece got flagged!

Ray raises a hand.

RAY

It's fine.

It's a random audit.

Happens all the time.

Joe Joe squints at him.

JOE JOE

You don't look fine.

Ray's eye twitches — just once.

RAY

I'm fine.

Kevin finally speaks — quiet, controlled.

KEVIN

They want to verify it's still on-site.

Nick's eyes widen.

NICK

But it's not on-site.

It's in Jersey!

Ray snaps.

RAY

I know where it is, Nick!

Silence.

Ray takes a breath — trying to reel himself back in.

RAY

Look...

Marc's handling his end.

KC will handle his.

We just need to stay calm.

Joe Joe leans forward.

JOE JOE

You're sweating, Ray.

Ray wipes his forehead — annoyed.

RAY

It's hot out here.

It's not.

Kevin steps forward.

KEVIN

Ray...

what's the plan?

Ray looks at him — the mask slipping for a moment.

RAY

The plan is simple.

You cover your tracks.

Marc covers his.

And we don't panic.

Nick mutters under his breath.

NICK

Too late for that.

Ray glares.

RAY

Nobody panics.

Not yet.

Kevin nods — steady.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Ray was the leader.

But even leaders crack.

And tonight...

I saw the first fracture.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – NEXT MORNING

Kevin stands alone in the server room, the audit clipboard in his hand.

The fluorescent lights feel harsher today. The hum of the machines feels louder. The empty space on the shelf feels like a spotlight.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The test piece was gone.

Marc had it.

And the audit wanted it.

He flips through the audit list again — the red-flagged line staring back at him.

****R710-X SERIES — INTERNAL TRANSFER — FLAGGED FOR REVIEW****

Kevin checks the shelf again — as if the server might magically appear.

It doesn't.

Footsteps echo in the hallway.

Kevin moves fast — grabbing a similar chassis from a lower shelf.

Same model.

Different condition.

He places it in the flagged spot.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The system didn't care about truth.

It cared about patterns.

He scans the barcode of the replacement unit.

****BEEP.****

The system accepts it.

He updates the internal log — carefully, subtly — marking the unit as “verified.”

KEVIN (V.O.)

Not perfect.

Not clean.

But enough.

The footsteps get closer.

Kevin closes the shelf, straightens his shirt, and steps back just as the SUPERVISOR enters.

SUPERVISOR

Hey, Kevin!

How’s the audit going?

Kevin smiles — calm, controlled.

KEVIN

Smooth.

Everything’s where it should be.

The supervisor nods.

SUPERVISOR

Great.

Corporate will be happy.

Kevin's smile doesn't move.

KEVIN

Yeah.

Me too.

The supervisor leaves.

Kevin exhales — shaky, quiet.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I covered the gap.

For now.

He looks at the replacement unit — the one that saved him.

KEVIN (V.O.)

But the system wasn't blind anymore.

It was blinking awake.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The cage lights are on, but the vibe is tense. KEVIN stands near the pitching machine, staring at the turf. RAY storms in from the patio, energy sharp, jaw clenched.

RAY

We're not stopping.

Kevin looks up — surprised.

KEVIN

Ray... we just dodged an audit.

Ray waves that off like it's nothing.

RAY

Exactly.

And we dodged it clean.

That means the system's sloppy.

That means we're good.

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

Or it means we got lucky.

Ray steps closer — too close.

RAY

Luck is for people who don't know what they're doing.

You knew exactly how to cover that gap.

Marc handled his end.

The crew stayed solid.

Kevin doesn't respond.

Ray grabs a bat and points it at him.

RAY

KC...

this is the moment.

You don't slow down after a scare.

You push through it.

Kevin's jaw tightens.

KEVIN

We need to be careful.

Ray scoffs.

RAY

Careful doesn't change lives.

Moves do.

He tosses the bat aside.

RAY

The next piece is coming through next week.

We hit it.

No hesitation.

Kevin studies him — something in Ray's eyes is different.

More hunger.

More pressure.

More... something.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Ray wasn't scared.

And that scared me.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR – PARKED OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE – NIGHT

Kevin sits in the driver's seat, engine off, staring at his phone.

A call comes in:

MARC DELGADO — NEW JERSEY

Kevin answers.

KEVIN

Marc?

Marc's voice is low, serious.

MARC (V.O.)

We need to talk.

Kevin's stomach drops.

KEVIN

What happened?

MARC (V.O.)

Nothing yet.

But something's off.

Kevin leans forward.

KEVIN

Tell me.

MARC (V.O.)

After your audit scare...

I checked our logs.

TriPoint's been sloppier than usual.

But today?

Today they cleaned up everything.

Kevin frowns.

KEVIN

Meaning?

MARC (V.O.)

Meaning someone up the chain noticed something.

Maybe not the test piece...

but something.

Kevin exhales — slow, controlled.

KEVIN

You think they're onto us?

Marc pauses — choosing his words carefully.

MARC (V.O.)

I think the window is smaller than we thought.

Kevin rubs his forehead.

KEVIN

Ray wants to move next week.

Marc doesn't hesitate.

MARC (V.O.)

Then you need to decide if Ray's thinking with his head...
or his ego.

Kevin closes his eyes — the truth hitting him.

KEVIN

I'll handle it.

MARC (V.O.)

I know you will.
Just... be smart, KC.

The call ends.

Kevin sits in silence.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The East Coast was warning me.
The West Coast was pushing me.
And I was stuck in the middle.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – KITCHEN – LATE NIGHT

Jess stands at the counter, making lunches for the next day.

Kevin enters quietly, trying to slip past her.

Jess doesn't turn around.

JESS

You're shaking.

Kevin freezes.

KEVIN

I'm fine.

Jess sets down a sandwich — too hard — and turns to face him.

JESS

No, you're not.

You're pale.

You're sweating.

And you're shaking.

Kevin tries to steady his hands — they won't stop.

Jess steps closer.

JESS

Kev...

what's going on?

Kevin looks away.

KEVIN

Work's just... stressful.

Jess shakes her head.

JESS

No.

This isn't work stress.

This is something else.

Kevin swallows — hard.

JESS

You're carrying something heavy.

And you're carrying it alone.

Kevin's eyes flick toward the hallway — where Shayla and Kolby sleep.

Jess softens.

JESS

Whatever this is...
don't let it break you.
We need you.
The girls need you.

Kevin nods — but he can't speak.

KEVIN (V.O.)

She didn't know the truth.
But she felt the weight of it.
And that was almost worse.

INT. TRIPPOINT DATA SOLUTIONS – WAREHOUSE – NEWARK, NJ – NIGHT

Marc stands alone in the dimly lit warehouse, the hum of old fluorescent lights buzzing overhead. He's staring at a terminal — logs scrolling faster than usual.

MARC (V.O.)

After the audit scare...
I needed to know exactly how close we came.

He scrolls deeper into the system — past the usual intake logs, past the

automated checks, into a section he's never bothered with before.

A new flag appears:

```
**"AUTO-RECONCILE: MISMATCH TOLERANCE = HIGH"**
```

Marc freezes.

MARC

What the hell...

He clicks it open.

A hidden subroutine reveals itself — a lazy patch someone wrote years ago to avoid manual work.

It reads:

```
**"If mismatch < 3 units, auto-correct to nearest expected value."**
```

Marc's eyes widen.

MARC (V.O.)

You've gotta be kidding me.

He scrolls further — seeing dozens of "auto-corrected" entries.

MARC (V.O.)

The system wasn't just blind...
it was correcting its own mistakes
without telling anyone.

He leans back, stunned.

MARC

KC...
you beautiful bastard...
you were right.

He pulls out his phone and types:

"Found something. Big. Call me when you can."

Marc looks at the terminal again — the blind spot glowing like a neon sign.

MARC (V.O.)

This wasn't a loophole.
This was a highway.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Kevin sits on the couch, staring at his phone — Marc's message unread.

His mind is spinning with Ray's pressure, the audit scare, the next move.

Then—

****BEEP-BEEP-BEEP.****

The Dexcom alarm.

Shayla's alarm.

Kevin jumps up instantly.

KEVIN

Shayla!

Jess rushes in from the hallway, panic already in her eyes.

JESS

It's low — really low.

Shayla stands in the doorway, pale, shaky, scared.

SHAYLA

Daddy... I feel weird...

Kevin scoops her up, carrying her to the couch.

KEVIN

It's okay, baby. I got you.

Kolby appears behind Jess, clutching her stuffed animal, eyes wide.

KOLBY

What's her number?

What's her number?

Jess checks the Dexcom.

JESS

Forty-eight.

Kevin's heart drops.

KEVIN

Juice. Now.

Kolby sprints to the kitchen — faster than any six-year-old should have to move for something like this.

Jess holds Shayla's hand, voice trembling.

JESS

Stay with us, sweetheart.

Kolby returns with a juice box, hands shaking.

KOLBY

Here! Here!

Kevin helps Shayla drink — slow, steady, controlled.

He watches the Dexcom numbers climb.

49.

52.

58.

Shayla's breathing steadies.

Kevin pulls her close, holding her like she's made of glass.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was why.

This was the reason.

Every risk.

Every move.

Every lie.

Jess looks at him — tears in her eyes.

JESS

We can't keep living like this, Kev.

Kevin nods — but inside, something breaks.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn't chasing money.

I was chasing safety.

For them.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

Ray is already in the cage, taking aggressive swings — each one louder than the last. He's amped up, wired, riding the high of the test run.

Kevin enters — drained, shaken, eyes still red from the Dexcom scare.

Ray doesn't notice.

RAY

KC!

Perfect timing.

I've been thinking about the next move—

KEVIN

Ray. Stop.

Ray freezes mid-swing.

RAY

What?

Kevin steps into the cage — not angry, but firm.

KEVIN

We need to slow down.

Ray laughs — loud, dismissive.

RAY

Slow down?

After everything we just pulled off?

Kevin doesn't flinch.

KEVIN

Yes.

After everything we just pulled off.

Ray lowers the bat.

RAY

What's going on with you?

Kevin takes a breath — steady, controlled.

KEVIN

My daughter almost passed out tonight.

Her Dexcom hit forty-eight.

I thought I was gonna lose her.

Ray's expression softens — but only for a moment.

RAY

Kev... I'm sorry.

Really.

But that's exactly why we need to move.

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

No.

That's why we need to be smart.

Ray steps closer — intensity rising.

RAY

Smart is moving now.

Smart is striking while the system's confused.

Smart is not hesitating.

Kevin meets his eyes — unblinking.

KEVIN

Smart is not getting caught.

A long, heavy silence.

Ray's jaw tightens.

RAY

You're scared.

KEVIN

I'm responsible.

Ray scoffs — but there's fear behind it.

RAY

If you slow down now...

we lose momentum.

Kevin steps even closer.

KEVIN

If we move too fast...
we lose everything.

Ray looks away — frustrated, conflicted.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Ray wanted speed.
Marc wanted caution.
Jess wanted safety.

Kevin turns toward the exit of the cage.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And I...
I had to choose.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – GIRLS' BEDROOM – NIGHT

The room is dim, lit only by a small nightlight shaped like a unicorn.
Shayla sleeps curled up, her Dexcom resting on her arm. The soft glow of
the screen shows her numbers steady.

Kolby sits awake beside her — knees pulled to her chest, watching the

Dexcom like a tiny guardian.

Kevin appears in the doorway, exhausted, still carrying the weight of the night. He watches Kolby for a moment before stepping inside.

KEVIN

Hey, kiddo... why aren't you sleeping?

Kolby shrugs without looking away from the Dexcom.

KOLBY

I'm making sure she's okay.

Kevin kneels beside her.

KEVIN

That's my job.

Kolby finally looks at him — eyes big, honest, too old for her age.

KOLBY

But you're tired.

Kevin's breath catches.

KEVIN

I'm okay.

KOLBY

You don't look okay.

She scoots closer to him, whispering like she's sharing a secret.

KOLBY

Mommy cried tonight.

Kevin closes his eyes — the guilt hitting him like a punch.

KEVIN

I know.

Kolby leans her head on his shoulder.

KOLBY

I don't want you to be sad, Daddy.

Kevin wraps an arm around her — gentle, protective.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was the reason.

Not the money.

Not the crew.

Not the thrill.

He looks at Shayla sleeping peacefully.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I was doing all of this...

so they could sleep without fear.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR – PARKED IN A DARK LOT – NIGHT

Kevin sits in the driver's seat, engine off. His phone buzzes — Marc calling. Kevin answers.

KEVIN

Marc?

Marc's voice is sharp, focused.

MARC (V.O.)

KC... we need to talk numbers.

Kevin stiffens.

KEVIN

Now's not the time.

MARC (V.O.)

It is.

Because the test run?

The one piece you sent?

Kevin waits.

MARC (V.O.)

It's worth more than you think.

A lot more.

Kevin's eyes widen.

KEVIN

How much?

Marc hesitates — then drops it.

MARC (V.O.)

Enough to change your life.

Enough to change all of ours.

Kevin grips the steering wheel.

MARC (V.O.)

KC... we're not talking pocket change.

We're talking real money.

Life-changing money.

Kevin exhales — the weight of it hitting him.

MARC (V.O.)

And that's why you need to take control.

Ray's pushing too fast.

Nick's too excited.

Joe Joe's too loyal to question anything.

Kevin stays silent.

MARC (V.O.)

You're the brain of this thing.

You understand the system.

You understand the risk.

You understand the stakes.

Kevin closes his eyes.

MARC (V.O.)

KC...

you need to lead.

Before someone else leads you into a mistake.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

Ray is already in the cage, taking violent swings — each one louder than the last. Nick and Joe Joe stand off to the side, unsure, watching him burn off frustration.

Kevin enters — calm but firm.

KEVIN

Ray. We need to talk.

Ray doesn't stop swinging.

RAY

If this is about slowing down again—

KEVIN

It is.

Ray slams the next pitch into the net so hard the cage shakes.

RAY

We're making money, KC.

Real money.

More than any of us have ever seen.

Nick nods — quietly.

Joe Joe looks conflicted.

Ray steps toward Kevin — bat in hand, not threatening, but intense.

RAY

You wanna slow down now?

When we're finally winning?

Kevin stands his ground.

KEVIN

I want to stay alive.

I want to stay free.

I want to keep my family safe.

Ray scoffs.

RAY

Money keeps your family safe.

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

Not if we get caught.

Ray's jaw tightens — anger rising.

RAY

You're scared.

And fear kills opportunity.

Kevin steps closer.

KEVIN

And ego kills everything else.

Nick and Joe Joe exchange a look — this is different.

This is dangerous.

Ray points the bat at Kevin — not as a threat, but as a line in the sand.

RAY

You either move with us...

or you slow us down.

Kevin doesn't blink.

KEVIN

I'm not slowing us down.

I'm keeping us alive.

A long, heavy silence.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the moment.

The fracture.

The first real crack in the crew.

Ray lowers the bat — but the damage is done.

RAY

Think carefully, KC.

Because the next move?

It's big.

Kevin nods — steady.

KEVIN

I know.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And that was the problem.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD - BATTING CAGE - NIGHT

The cage is lit up like a celebration — string lights glowing, music low,

the pitching machine silent. The crew stands in a circle: KEVIN, RAY,
NICK, JOE JOE.

Ray holds a small lockbox.

Nick bounces on his toes.

NICK

Come on, man. Open it.

Ray smirks, pops the latch, and flips the lid.

Inside: stacks of cash.

Neat. Clean. Heavy.

Joe Joe whistles.

JOE JOE

Damn... that's real.

Ray pulls out a stack and hands it to Kevin.

RAY

Your cut.

Kevin hesitates — the weight of it shocking.

KEVIN

This is... too much.

Ray shakes his head.

RAY

No.

This is what we earned.

Nick grabs his stack, eyes wide.

NICK

I've never held this much money in my life.

Joe Joe laughs — but it's nervous.

JOE JOE

We're really doing this, huh?

Ray closes the box.

RAY

We're not just doing it.

We're winning.

Kevin looks at the cash in his hands — the reality sinking in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

It wasn't theoretical anymore.

It wasn't a test.

It was money.

Real money.

More than I'd ever seen at once.

Ray claps Kevin on the back.

RAY

And this is just the beginning.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD - PATIO - LATER THAT NIGHT

The crew has gone home. The cage is dark now. Kevin stands on the patio, counting his cut again — not out of greed, but disbelief.

Ray steps out of the house with two beers.

RAY

Hell of a night, huh?

Kevin nods — but something's off.

KEVIN

Ray... how did we move that fast?

That much money?

Off one piece?

Ray takes a long sip — too long.

RAY

Connections.

East Coast moves quick.

Kevin studies him.

KEVIN

Marc said the same thing.

But he didn't sound surprised.

You did.

Ray's jaw tightens — just a flicker.

RAY

KC... don't overthink it.

Kevin steps closer.

KEVIN

Are you talking to someone else?

Ray freezes.

RAY

What?

KEVIN

Someone besides Marc.

Someone you didn't tell me about.

Ray looks away — a tell.

RAY

I'm just keeping options open.

Kevin's voice drops.

KEVIN

Options... or leverage?

Ray's eyes snap back to him — defensive.

RAY

Don't start that.

I'm doing what's best for the crew.

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

No.

You're doing what's best for you.

A long silence.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That was the moment I knew.

Ray wasn't just pushing.

He was hiding something.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR – PARKED OUTSIDE A GROCERY STORE – DAY

Kevin sits in the driver's seat, watching families walk in and out of the store. His phone buzzes — a call from Marc.

Kevin answers.

KEVIN

Marc.

Marc's tone is calm, controlled — the opposite of Ray's energy.

MARC (V.O.)

KC... I've been running numbers.

And I've been watching the logs.

Kevin waits.

MARC (V.O.)

We can scale.

But not the way Ray wants.

Kevin exhales — relieved someone else sees it.

KEVIN

Go on.

MARC (V.O.)

Slow.

Steady.

Predictable.

One piece at a time.

No spikes.

No patterns.

No noise.

Kevin nods — this is exactly what he's been thinking.

MARC (V.O.)

We're already making real money.

More than enough.

But if we get greedy...

the system will notice.

Kevin looks out the window — a mom holding her kid's hand.

KEVIN

Ray wants to move fast.

Marc scoffs.

MARC (V.O.)

Ray wants to be a king.

Kings get sloppy.

Sloppy gets caught.

Kevin closes his eyes — the truth hitting hard.

MARC (V.O.)

KC... you built this pipeline.

Not him.

You understand it.

You control it.

A beat.

MARC (V.O.)

So lead it.

Before Ray leads you off a cliff.

Kevin opens his eyes — clarity settling in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Marc wasn't just a partner.

He was the strategist.

The one who saw the long game.

Kevin grips the steering wheel.

KEVIN

Okay.

We do it your way.

Marc exhales — relieved.

MARC (V.O.)

Good.

Because the next move?

It has to be perfect.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The cage lights are on, but the energy is sharp, electric, dangerous.

KEVIN steps inside, expecting a normal night.

RAY is already there — pacing, jaw tight, eyes burning.

RAY

We need to talk.

Kevin stops — instantly on alert.

KEVIN

About what?

Ray steps closer — too close.

RAY

Don't play dumb.

Marc called me.

Kevin's stomach drops.

KEVIN

What did he say?

Ray laughs — bitter, mocking.

RAY

He said you're making decisions without me.

That you're planning moves behind my back.

Kevin stays calm.

KEVIN

I'm planning safe moves.

Smart moves.

Ray's voice rises.

RAY

Smart?

Smart is keeping your crew in the loop.

Smart is not going behind my back to Jersey.

Kevin doesn't blink.

KEVIN

I wasn't going behind your back.

I was making sure we don't get caught.

Ray steps even closer — inches away.

RAY

You think I'm reckless?

Kevin doesn't answer.

RAY

Say it.

Kevin finally speaks — quiet, controlled.

KEVIN

I think you're moving too fast.

Ray's jaw clenches — the truth hitting him like a punch.

RAY

You forget who brought you into this.

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

No.

I remember exactly who brought me in.

And I'm trying to keep us alive.

Ray looks away — hurt, angry, threatened.

RAY

Don't ever go around me again, KC.

Not unless you want a different kind of problem.

Kevin stands his ground.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That wasn't a warning.

That was a fracture.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR – PARKED BEHIND HIS WORK BUILDING – NIGHT

Kevin sits in the dark, laptop open, logs pulled up. He scrolls through inventory schedules, transfer windows, intake patterns.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Ray wanted speed.

Marc wanted strategy.

I needed survival.

He finds it — a perfect candidate:

“R620 SERIES — MID-TIER — HIGH TURNOVER — LOW OVERSIGHT”

Kevin studies the logs — predictable, clean, invisible.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was the move.

Not flashy.

Not risky.

Just smart.

He pulls out his phone and texts Marc:

“Found the next piece. Quiet. Clean. Perfect timing.”

Marc replies instantly:

“Good. Don’t tell Ray until it’s done.”

Kevin exhales — the weight of the decision settling in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I wasn’t betraying Ray.

I was protecting the crew.

Protecting my family.

Protecting the operation.

He closes the laptop.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The next move was set.

And Ray didn't know a thing.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – LATE NIGHT

Nick and Joe Joe sit on the bucket inside the cage, the lights dimmed.

They're alone — waiting for Kevin and Ray, but neither has shown up.

Nick tosses a softball in the air, catching it repeatedly.

NICK

Something's off, man.

Joe Joe nods — uneasy.

JOE JOE

Yeah.

Ray's been... different.

Nick leans forward.

NICK

You think he's mad about the Marc thing?

Joe Joe shrugs.

JOE JOE

Ray's mad about everything lately.

Nick stops tossing the ball.

NICK

KC's the one keeping us safe.

You know that, right?

Joe Joe looks at him — conflicted.

JOE JOE

Yeah... I know.

But Ray's the one who started all this.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

Doesn't matter who started it.

Matters who's thinking straight.

Joe Joe sighs — heavy, honest.

JOE JOE

So what are you saying?

Nick stands — decisive.

NICK

I'm saying if this thing splits...

I'm with KC.

Joe Joe looks down — torn.

JOE JOE

I don't want it to split.

Nick puts a hand on his shoulder.

NICK

Me neither.

But we gotta be real.

Ray's chasing something.

KC's protecting something.

Joe Joe nods slowly.

JOE JOE

Yeah...

I feel that too.

JOE JOE (V.O.)

And that's when I knew.

The crew wasn't one crew anymore.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – EARLY MORNING

Kevin moves with precision. Calm. Controlled. He selects the R620 unit —
the one he and Marc agreed on. Mid-tier. High turnover. Invisible.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This was the move.

Quiet. Clean.

No noise. No heat.

He logs it.

Transfers it.

Labels it.

Rolls it out.

Smooth.

Perfect.

No hesitation.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOADING DOCK – CONTINUOUS

The pallet is loaded into the truck.

The driver signs off without looking twice.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And just like that...

the second piece was gone.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S BACKYARD - BATTING CAGE - NIGHT

Kevin enters the cage expecting a normal night.

Ray is waiting.

Arms crossed.

Eyes cold.

RAY

You moved without me.

Kevin freezes.

KEVIN

Ray... listen—

RAY

Don't.

Don't insult me.

Nick and Joe stand behind Ray — unsure, uncomfortable.

RAY

You think I wouldn't find out?

You think I don't know the logs?

The timing?

The transfer window?

Kevin steps forward.

KEVIN

I did what was safest.

Ray laughs — sharp, bitter.

RAY

Safe doesn't make money.

Kevin's jaw tightens.

KEVIN

We're already making money.

Ray steps closer — inches away.

RAY

Not enough.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And there it was.

The truth.

The hunger.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – KITCHEN – NIGHT

Jess stands at the counter, holding an envelope.

Kevin enters, still shaken from Ray.

Jess doesn't look up.

JESS

Kevin... what is this?

Kevin's stomach drops.

KEVIN

What do you mean?

Jess turns the envelope around — it's filled with cash.

JESS

This.

Where did it come from?

Kevin freezes.

KEVIN

Jess... I can explain—

JESS

You better.

Because this isn't overtime.

This isn't bonuses.

This isn't normal.

Kevin swallows hard.

KEVIN

I'm doing what I have to do.

Jess steps closer — eyes full of fear.

JESS

No.

You're doing something dangerous.

Kevin looks away.

JESS

Kevin... I know you're scared.

I know you're trying to protect us.

But this?

This isn't protection.

This is a warning sign.

Kevin's voice cracks.

KEVIN

I'm trying to keep us afloat.

Jess shakes her head — tears forming.

JESS

Not like this.

Not if it means losing you.

Kevin looks at the envelope — the money that was supposed to save them.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The money was supposed to fix everything.

Instead...

it was breaking the one thing that mattered.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR – PARKED OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE – LATE NIGHT

Kevin sits in the dark, head in his hands.

His phone buzzes — Marc calling.

Kevin answers.

KEVIN

Marc... now's not a good time.

Marc's voice is urgent.

MARC (V.O.)

KC, listen to me.

Ray's making moves.

Kevin sits up.

KEVIN

What moves?

MARC (V.O.)

He called someone on my side.

Someone I don't trust.

Someone who doesn't know you.

Kevin's blood runs cold.

KEVIN

Why would he do that?

Marc doesn't hesitate.

MARC (V.O.)

Because he wants volume.

He wants speed.

He wants money.

And he doesn't care who he has to work with to get it.

Kevin grips the steering wheel.

KEVIN

He went around me.

MARC (V.O.)

Yeah.

And KC...

that's not just disrespect.

That's dangerous.

Kevin closes his eyes — the fracture widening.

MARC (V.O.)

You need to get ahead of him.

Or he's gonna drag this whole thing into the ground.

Kevin exhales — slow, controlled.

KEVIN

I hear you.

MARC (V.O.)

Good.

Because Ray's not leading anymore.

He's chasing.

Kevin opens his eyes — clarity settling in.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Ray wasn't just a risk.

He was becoming a liability.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The cage lights are harsh tonight — bright, cold, unforgiving.

NICK and JOE JOE stand awkwardly near the pitching machine.

They were told to come.

They don't know why.

RAY enters from the patio — intense, pacing, jaw tight.

RAY

Alright.

Let's cut the bullshit.

Nick and Joe Joe exchange a look.

NICK

Ray... what's going on?

Ray stops pacing and points at both of them.

RAY

I need to know where you stand.

Joe Joe frowns.

JOE JOE

Stand on what?

Ray steps closer — too close.

RAY

On KC.

On me.

On this crew.

Nick stiffens.

NICK

Ray... nobody's choosing sides.

Ray laughs — sharp, bitter.

RAY

That's exactly what you're doing.

You just don't want to say it.

Joe Joe shifts uncomfortably.

JOE JOE

Ray... we're all in this together.

Ray shakes his head.

RAY

No.

KC's been making moves without me.

Marc's whispering in his ear.

And you two?

You're acting like nothing's wrong.

Nick steps forward — calm but firm.

NICK

KC's keeping us safe.

That's what's happening.

Ray's eyes narrow.

RAY

So you're with him.

Nick doesn't blink.

NICK

I'm with the person who's thinking straight.

Joe Joe looks between them — torn, scared.

JOE JOE

I don't want to pick sides...

Ray cuts him off.

RAY

You already did.

Joe Joe's voice cracks.

JOE JOE

Ray... don't do this.

Ray steps back — hurt, angry, betrayed.

RAY

I built this crew.

I brought KC in.

I started this whole thing.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

And KC's the one keeping it alive.

Ray's jaw tightens — the fracture complete.

RAY

Then I guess I know where you stand.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR – PARKED BEHIND HIS WORK BUILDING – NIGHT

Kevin sits in the dark, laptop open, logs pulled up.

His phone buzzes — MARC calling.

Kevin answers.

KEVIN

Marc.

MARC (V.O.)

KC... we need to move.

But not with Ray.

Kevin exhales — he knew this was coming.

KEVIN

I agree.

Marc's tone sharpens — strategic, focused.

MARC (V.O.)

Good.

Because I've got a window.

A clean one.

No oversight.

No flags.

No noise.

Kevin scrolls through the logs — sees the same window.

KEVIN

I see it.

MARC (V.O.)

We hit it together.

Just you and me.

No Ray.

No surprises.

Kevin nods — the decision made.

KEVIN

What about the crew?

MARC (V.O.)

Nick and Joe Joe will follow you.

Ray's the only variable.

Kevin closes his eyes — the weight of leadership settling in.

KEVIN

Okay.

We do it quiet.

Clean.

No one else needs to know.

Marc pauses — then speaks with absolute confidence.

MARC (V.O.)

KC... this is the move that sets the tone.

You lead this one...

and the whole operation becomes yours.

Kevin opens his eyes — steady, resolved.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't want power.

I wanted control.

Control meant safety.

Safety meant my family.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jess sits on the edge of the bed, hands clasped tightly.

Kevin enters quietly — exhausted, conflicted, carrying the weight of the crew, the money, the danger.

Jess doesn't look at him.

JESS

We need to talk.

Kevin freezes — those words hit harder than anything Ray ever said.

KEVIN

Jess... I'm tired.

Can we—

JESS

No.

Not this time.

Kevin sits beside her — cautious.

Jess takes a breath — steady, heartbreaking.

JESS

I found more money.

Kevin closes his eyes.

JESS

And I don't care where it came from.

I care what it's doing to you.

Kevin looks at her — guilt written all over him.

KEVIN

I'm doing this for us.

Jess shakes her head — tears forming.

JESS

No.

You're doing this alone.

And it's tearing you apart.

Kevin swallows hard.

JESS

I love you.

But I can't watch you destroy yourself.

I can't let our girls lose their father.

Kevin's voice cracks.

KEVIN

Jess...

Jess finally looks at him — eyes full of fear and love.

JESS

So here it is.

My line.

My boundary.

A long, painful beat.

JESS

Whatever you're doing...

it stops.

Or we do.

Kevin's breath catches — the ultimatum hitting like a punch to the chest.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I could handle Ray.

I could handle Marc.

I could handle the system.

He looks at Jess — the person he's trying to save.

KEVIN (V.O.)

But this...

this was the one thing I couldn't lose.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The cage is dark. Quiet. Empty.

Kevin steps inside — not to fight, not to argue, but because he knows this is where everything started.

Ray is already there, sitting on the bucket, staring at the turf.

He doesn't look up.

RAY

You here to tell me I'm out?

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

No.

I'm here because I miss my friend.

Ray finally looks at him — eyes tired, not angry.

RAY

You went around me, KC.

KEVIN

And you went around me.

A long silence.

KEVIN

We both messed up.

Ray exhales — the fight leaving his body.

RAY

I just...

I didn't want to lose this.

Lose us.

Kevin sits beside him.

KEVIN

Then don't.

We're better together.

We always were.

Ray nods — slow, emotional.

RAY

So what now?

Kevin stands, offering a hand.

KEVIN

Now?

We do this right.

Together.

Ray takes his hand.

RAY

Together.

INT. TECH COMPANY – LOADING DOCK – LATE AFTERNOON

Kevin stands near the loading bay, clipboard in hand, pretending to check inventory. His mind is elsewhere — Jess's ultimatum, Marc's warning, Ray's anger.

A TRUCK DRIVER approaches him — nervous, sweating.

DRIVER

Hey... uh... you Kevin?

Kevin frowns.

KEVIN

Yeah. Why?

The driver glances around, lowers his voice.

DRIVER

I got a pallet that wasn't supposed to come back.

Kevin's stomach drops.

KEVIN

What pallet?

The driver points to the truck.

DRIVER

The one from Jersey.

It got flagged at the hub.

They rerouted it back here.

Kevin's blood runs cold.

KEVIN

That's impossible.

DRIVER

Look, man... I don't know.

But it's on my truck.

And someone's gonna notice.

Kevin steps toward the truck — panic rising.

KEVIN (V.O.)

If the wrong person saw that pallet...

everything was over.

He climbs into the trailer — and freezes.

The pallet is there.

The one Marc received.

The one that should never have come back.

Kevin's hands shake.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This wasn't a mistake.

This was a warning.

He pulls out his phone — dials the one person he never thought he'd call today.

Ray.

Ray answers instantly — breathless, angry.

RAY (V.O.)

What do you want?

Kevin swallows hard.

KEVIN

I need you.

Now.

A long beat.

RAY (V.O.)

Where?

KEVIN

Loading dock.

And Ray...?

RAY (V.O.)

Yeah?

KEVIN

Come alone.

Ray hangs up.

Kevin stares at the pallet — the danger, the threat, the truth.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Whatever this was...

I couldn't face it without him.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Jess stands at the sink, washing dishes.

Kevin enters quietly — shaken, pale, rattled from the loading dock.

Jess doesn't turn around.

JESS

You're late again.

Kevin tries to steady his voice.

KEVIN

Jess... I'm handling it.

Jess sets a plate down — too hard.

JESS

No.

You're drowning in it.

Kevin steps closer.

KEVIN

I'm fixing things.

I promise.

Jess turns — eyes full of fear and exhaustion.

JESS

You can't promise that.

You can't even look me in the eye.

Kevin tries — but he can't.

He looks away.

Jess's voice softens — but it hurts more.

JESS

Whatever you're caught up in...

it's bigger than you.

And it's killing you.

Kevin's breath shakes.

KEVIN

I'm doing this for us.

Jess shakes her head.

JESS

No.

You're doing this alone.

And you're shutting us out.

Kevin reaches for her hand — she pulls away.

JESS

I need you to choose us, Kevin.

Before there's nothing left to choose.

Kevin's voice cracks.

KEVIN

I'm trying.

Jess looks at him — heartbroken.

JESS

Then try harder.

She walks past him — leaving him alone in the kitchen.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I couldn't lose her.

I couldn't lose them.

But I was losing everything at once.

EXT. TECH COMPANY – LOADING DOCK – NIGHT

The dock is quiet.

Cold.

Dimly lit.

Kevin stands beside the returned pallet — the symbol of everything that's gone wrong.

Footsteps echo.

Ray appears from the shadows — tense, guarded, but present.

RAY

You said it was urgent.

Kevin nods — eyes tired, voice low.

KEVIN

It is.

Ray steps closer — sees the pallet.

His face changes instantly.

RAY

No...

no way...

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

It came back.

Someone flagged it.

Someone's watching.

Ray circles the pallet — panic rising, but controlled.

RAY

This is bad, KC.

Really bad.

Kevin exhales — shaky.

KEVIN

I know.

Ray stops — looks at Kevin.

Really looks at him.

RAY

Why'd you call me?

Kevin meets his eyes — honest, vulnerable.

KEVIN

Because I trust you.

Because you're my brother.

Because I can't do this without you.

Ray's breath catches — the anger melting.

RAY

You should've said that sooner.

Kevin steps closer.

KEVIN

And you should've trusted me sooner.

A long, heavy silence.

Then Ray nods — slow, emotional.

RAY

Alright.

Enough bullshit.

We fix this.

Together.

Kevin nods back.

KEVIN

Together.

Ray grabs the pallet jack.

RAY

Let's move this thing before someone sees it.

Kevin grabs the other side.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The fight didn't matter.

The money didn't matter.

The power didn't matter.

They lift the pallet — united again.

KEVIN (V.O.)

What mattered...

was that we were back on the same side.

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT - NEWARK - NIGHT

Marc sits at his cluttered kitchen table, laptop open, logs scrolling.

He's mid-analysis when his phone buzzes.

A text from Kevin:

"Me and Ray are good again. We're moving together."

Marc leans back — surprised, skeptical, but not angry.

MARC

Huh... look at that.

He types back:

"You sure?"

Kevin replies instantly:

“Yeah. We handled it. He’s back in.”

Marc rubs his jaw — thinking.

MARC (V.O.)

Ray was unpredictable.

Emotional.

Dangerous when cornered.

He types again:

“If he’s solid, I’m solid. But KC... keep your eyes open.”

Kevin replies:

“Always.”

Marc closes the laptop, staring at the ceiling.

MARC (V.O.)

If KC trusted Ray again...

then I’d trust KC.

But I wasn’t trusting Ray.

EXT. RAY’S BACKYARD – NIGHT

Ray's backyard is alive — lights reflecting off the pool, steam rising from the hot tub, the zip line stretching across the yard like a dare.

Kevin walks through the gate and sees Ray in his outdoor office — a glass-walled shed with LED lights, a couch, and a faint haze of smoke.

Ray waves him in.

RAY

KC!

Get in here, man.

Kevin steps inside — the smell of weed thick but familiar.

Ray hands him a cold drink.

RAY

Alright.

Let's talk business.

Kevin sits across from him — calm, focused.

KEVIN

We need a move that's clean.

Predictable.

No noise.

Ray nods — surprisingly aligned.

RAY

Agreed.

No more cowboy shit.

We do this the right way.

Kevin pulls out his laptop.

KEVIN

Marc found a window.

I found the piece.

It's perfect.

Ray leans forward — excited, but controlled.

RAY

And we do it together this time.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Together.

Ray grins — the old Ray, the loyal Ray, the brother.

RAY

Then let's plan it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – LATER

Kevin and Ray stand by the pool, looking at the whiteboard Ray dragged outside. The hot tub bubbles behind them. The zip line sways in the breeze.

They map out the move — timing, logs, transfer windows.

KEVIN (V.O.)

It felt like the old days.

Before the money.

Before the tension.

Before the cracks.

Ray taps the board.

RAY

This is it, KC.

This is the one.

Kevin nods — confident.

KEVIN

Yeah.

It is.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The cage lights flicker on — bright, warm, familiar.

Nick and Joe Joe stand inside, unsure, waiting.

Kevin enters first.

Ray follows.

Nick raises an eyebrow.

NICK

So... we good?

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

We're good.

Ray steps forward — owning it.

RAY

I messed up.

I pushed too hard.

I got in my own head.

Nick and Joe Joe exchange a look — surprised but relieved.

RAY

But we're a crew.

And I'm done acting like we're not.

Joe Joe smiles — the tension melting.

JOE JOE

So we're back?

Ray grins.

RAY

We never left.

We just got stupid for a minute.

Nick laughs — loud, genuine.

NICK

Alright then.

Let's get to work.

Ray fires up the pitching machine.

Kevin steps into the box.

Ray tosses him a bat.

RAY

Show me you still got it, KC.

Kevin smirks — the brotherhood restored.

The first pitch fires.

Kevin swings.

CRACK.

The ball rockets into the net.

The crew erupts — cheering, laughing, alive again.

KEVIN (V.O.)

We weren't perfect.

We weren't clean.

But we were together.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And together...

we were unstoppable.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – EARLY MORNING

Kevin moves with calm precision — the kind that only comes from mastery.

He selects the target unit, logs it, transfers it, labels it. Every

motion is smooth, practiced, invisible.

KEVIN (V.O.)

When the crew was aligned...

everything clicked.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOADING DOCK – CONTINUOUS

The pallet rolls into the truck.

The driver signs off without hesitation.

DRIVER

Easy one today.

Kevin nods — steady, confident.

KEVIN (V.O.)

No flags.

No audits.

No noise.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – NIGHT

The crew gathers around the pool — lights reflecting off the water, steam rising from the hot tub, the zip line swaying overhead.

Ray opens the lockbox.

Stacks of cash.

Nick whistles.

Joe Joe laughs.

Ray grins like a man reborn.

RAY

Boys... we're back.

Kevin takes his cut — heavy, real, life-changing.

KEVIN (V.O.)

It wasn't luck.

It wasn't chance.

It was teamwork.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SECURITY OFFICE – NIGHT

A lone SECURITY ANALYST sits at a desk, sipping stale coffee.

He scrolls through automated logs — bored, half-asleep.

Then something catches his eye.

A pattern.

Not obvious.

Not loud.

But consistent.

ANALYST

Huh...

He clicks deeper — cross-referencing transfer windows, intake logs,

weight variances.

A small discrepancy appears.

Then another.

Then another.

ANALYST

That's weird.

He leans forward — interest piqued.

ANALYST

Someone's moving smart.

He prints the logs, tucks them into a folder, and stands.

ANALYST

Gonna have to show this to someone.

CUT TO:

EXT. TECH COMPANY – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

The analyst walks to his car, folder under his arm.

ANALYST (V.O.)

Something's off.

And I'm gonna find out what.

He drives off.

KEVIN (V.O.)

We weren't the only ones paying attention anymore.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin enters quietly — late again, but calmer than before.

Jess sits on the couch, folding laundry, watching him carefully.

JESS

You look... lighter tonight.

Kevin nods — trying to keep it simple.

KEVIN

Things are... better.

Jess studies him — searching his face.

JESS

Better how?

Kevin hesitates — not lying, but not telling the whole truth.

KEVIN

I fixed something with Ray.

We're good again.

Jess softens — relieved, but cautious.

JESS

I'm glad.

Really.

You two needed that.

Kevin sits beside her — closer than he has in weeks.

KEVIN

I'm trying, Jess.

I'm trying to make everything right.

Jess touches his hand — gentle, loving.

JESS

I know you are.

I can feel it.

A beat.

JESS

But I'm still scared.

Kevin's heart sinks.

KEVIN

Why?

Jess looks at him — eyes full of love and fear.

JESS

Because you're calmer...

but you're not safe yet.

And I can feel that too.

Kevin swallows hard.

KEVIN (V.O.)

She didn't know the details.

She didn't need to.

She could feel the storm coming.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – NIGHT

The backyard is alive — music thumping, pool lights glowing, steam rising from the hot tub. The zip line cuts across the yard like a drunken dare.

Ray is in the hot tub with Nick and Joe Joe, a drink in one hand, a cigar in the other. He's laughing too loud, too hard — the kind of laugh that comes from adrenaline and denial.

RAY

Boys! We're untouchable!

You hear me? Untouchable!

Nick forces a smile — but he's watching Ray carefully.

NICK

Ray... maybe chill a little.

Ray splashes him.

RAY

Chill?

I *am* chill!

Look at this place!

He gestures around — the pool, the zip line, the outdoor office glowing with LED lights and smoke.

RAY

We built this!

We earned this!

Joe Joe laughs nervously.

JOE JOE

Yeah, but maybe keep it down, man.

Ray stands up in the hot tub — water cascading off him — and yells toward the sky.

RAY

KC!

You better get over here!

We're celebrating!

Nick and Joe Joe exchange a look — this isn't confidence.

It's a warning.

NICK (V.O.)

Ray wasn't just happy.

He was high on the win.

Too high.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SECURITY OFFICE – NIGHT

The SECURITY ANALYST sits alone, the glow of multiple monitors lighting his face. He has the printed logs spread across the desk — highlighted, circled, annotated.

He types rapidly — cross-referencing timestamps, weight logs, transfer patterns.

A new window pops up:

****“UNUSUAL CONSISTENCY DETECTED — FLAG FOR REVIEW?”****

The analyst leans back — eyes narrowing.

ANALYST

Someone’s good.

Really good.

He clicks deeper — pulling up Kevin’s department, Kevin’s shift times, Kevin’s transfer logs.

A pattern emerges.

Not enough to accuse.

But enough to suspect.

ANALYST

Alright...

let's see who you are.

He prints more pages, stacks them neatly, and places them in a folder labeled:

"ANOMALY INVESTIGATION — PRIORITY"

He locks the folder in his desk drawer.

ANALYST (V.O.)

This wasn't random.

This was intentional.

And I was going to find out who.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR – PARKED IN A DARK LOT – NIGHT

Kevin sits in the driver's seat, laptop open, logs pulled up.

His phone buzzes — Marc calling.

Kevin answers.

KEVIN

Marc... we've got a problem.

MARC (V.O.)

I know.

I can feel it from here.

Kevin scrolls through the logs — noticing small inconsistencies.

KEVIN

Someone's watching.

Not corporate.

Someone lower.

Someone curious.

Marc exhales — steady, calculating.

MARC (V.O.)

Then we need to get ahead of them.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

We need a counter-move.

Something that throws off the pattern.

Marc's tone sharpens — the strategist emerging.

MARC (V.O.)

Good.

We create noise.

Controlled noise.

A fake anomaly that leads them nowhere.

Kevin thinks — fast, precise.

KEVIN

A decoy transfer.

Something that looks suspicious...

but isn't connected to us.

Marc snaps his fingers.

MARC (V.O.)

Exactly.

Give them something to chase.

Something that wastes their time.

Kevin closes his laptop — decision made.

KEVIN

I'll build the logs.

You handle the East Coast side.

MARC (V.O.)

Done.

And KC...?

KEVIN

Yeah?

MARC (V.O.)

Keep Ray out of this one.

He's too hot right now.

Kevin looks out the windshield — thinking of Ray yelling from the hot tub.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Marc was right.

Ray was celebrating.

But I was preparing for war.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – OUTDOOR OFFICE – NIGHT

The LED lights glow purple inside Ray's hotbox office. Smoke hangs in the air. Ray sits on the couch, scrolling through logs on his tablet — bored, buzzed, relaxed.

Then he sees it.

A transfer window.

A decoy anomaly.

A move he didn't know about.

Ray sits up — instantly sober.

RAY

What the hell...

He scrolls deeper — sees Marc's digital fingerprints on the East Coast side.

Ray's jaw tightens.

RAY

KC... what did you do?

He storms out of the office, across the yard, past the pool and hot tub, into the batting cage where Nick and Joe Joe are hanging out.

RAY

Where's KC?

Nick freezes — he knows that tone.

NICK

Ray... chill.

It's not what you think.

Ray steps closer — hurt, not angry.

RAY

He made a move without me.

Again.

Joe Joe stands — nervous.

JOE JOE

Ray... he's protecting us.

That's all it is.

Ray looks away — breathing hard.

RAY

I thought we were back.

I thought we were good.

Nick puts a hand on his shoulder.

NICK

You are.

But KC's carrying a lot right now.

He's trying to keep everyone safe.

Ray swallows — the betrayal stinging, but not breaking him.

RAY

Then why didn't he tell me?

Nick answers softly.

NICK

Because he didn't want you to worry.

Ray closes his eyes — the anger fading, replaced by something deeper.

RAY (V.O.)

I wasn't mad at KC.

I was scared of losing him again.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin sits on the edge of the bed, staring at his phone — Marc's messages open, Ray's name flashing in his mind.

Jess enters quietly, sits beside him.

JESS

You're somewhere else again.

Kevin sighs — exhausted.

KEVIN

I'm trying, Jess.

I really am.

Jess studies him — softer this time.

JESS

I can see that.

You're different lately.

Calmer.

More... present.

Kevin looks at her — surprised.

KEVIN

You think so?

Jess nods.

JESS

But you're still carrying something heavy.

And you're still trying to carry it alone.

Kevin's voice cracks.

KEVIN

I'm trying to protect everyone.

Jess takes his hand — gentle, supportive.

JESS

Then let someone protect you too.

Kevin exhales — the weight shifting.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Jess wasn't pushing me away anymore.

She was pulling me back in.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SECURITY OFFICE – NIGHT

The SECURITY ANALYST sits in front of a wall of monitors, the room lit by cold blue light. He has multiple windows open — logs, timestamps, transfer histories.

He narrows the search.

A new result appears:

“ANOMALY SOURCE: DEPARTMENT 4B — HARDWARE INTAKE”

The analyst leans forward — eyes widening.

ANALYST

There you are...

He clicks deeper — pulling up employee schedules.

Kevin’s name appears.

ANALYST

Kevin Cunningham...

let’s see what you’ve been up to.

He prints the file, places it in the folder labeled:

“PRIMARY SUSPECT”

He locks the drawer.

ANALYST (V.O.)

I’m close.

One more piece...

and I’ll have you.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – ZIP LINE PLATFORM – NIGHT

The backyard is quiet for once.

No music.

No hot tub jets.

No zip line screams.

Just Ray, standing at the top of the platform, staring out over his kingdom — the pool glowing blue, the batting cage lit softly, the outdoor office hazy with leftover smoke.

Kevin enters through the gate.

Ray doesn't turn around.

RAY

You made a move without me.

Kevin stops at the bottom of the platform.

KEVIN

Ray... let me explain.

Ray finally looks down at him — not angry, not yelling.

Just hurt.

RAY

I'm not mad, KC.

I'm not blowing up.

I just... need to know why.

Kevin climbs the steps slowly.

KEVIN

Because I didn't want you in the line of fire.

Ray's eyes soften — the truth hitting him.

RAY

You were protecting me?

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Yeah.

I was.

Ray looks away — swallowing hard.

RAY

I thought you didn't trust me.

Kevin steps beside him.

KEVIN

I trust you more than anyone.

That's why I didn't want you caught in the crosshairs.

Ray exhales — long, shaky.

RAY

KC... I don't need protecting.

I need partnership.

Kevin nods — understanding.

KEVIN

Then let's talk.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – OUTDOOR OFFICE – LATER

Kevin and Ray sit inside the glass-walled office.

The LED lights glow soft blue.

The smoke is faint — Ray hasn't lit anything.

Kevin pulls up the logs on his laptop.

KEVIN

Someone's watching.

Not corporate.

A security analyst.

Smart.

Persistent.

Ray leans forward — serious now.

RAY

How close?

Kevin shows him the highlighted patterns.

KEVIN

Close enough to be dangerous.

Not close enough to accuse.

Ray nods slowly.

RAY

So the counter-move...

KEVIN

Was to throw him off.

Give him something to chase.

Something that leads nowhere.

Ray studies the logs — impressed.

RAY

This is clean, KC.

Really clean.

Kevin shrugs — humble.

KEVIN

Marc helped.

Ray smirks.

RAY

Of course he did.

A beat.

Ray closes the laptop gently.

RAY

Next time...

tell me.

Even if it's dangerous.

Especially if it's dangerous.

Kevin nods — sincere.

KEVIN

I will.

No more secrets.

Ray extends his hand.

RAY

Then we're good.

Kevin shakes it.

KEVIN

We're good.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The cage lights flicker on as Kevin and Ray walk inside.

The turf glows under the LEDs.

The pitching machine hums quietly.

Ray picks up a bat — not to swing, but to hold.

RAY

So what's the move?

Kevin steps beside him.

KEVIN

We stay ahead of the analyst.

We tighten the pattern.

We keep the crew aligned.

And we don't panic.

Ray nods — steady, focused.

RAY

And we do it together.

Kevin smiles — the real kind.

KEVIN

Together.

Ray fires up the pitching machine.

Kevin steps into the box.

Ray tosses him a ball — underhand, symbolic.

RAY

Let's show this guy he's not the only one watching.

Kevin swings.

CRACK.

The ball slams into the net.

Ray grins.

RAY

That's my brother.

Kevin resets his stance.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The threat was real.

The pressure was rising.

But for the first time in a long time...

He looks at Ray — solid, loyal, unshakable.

KEVIN (V.O.)

...I wasn't facing it alone.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – NIGHT

The backyard is alive — but not with partying.

This is business mode.

The batting cage lights glow bright.

The pool is still.

The hot tub is quiet.

The zip line hangs motionless overhead.

KEVIN, RAY, NICK, and JOE JOE stand around a folding table Ray dragged onto the turf. On it: a whiteboard, a laptop, a stack of printed logs, and a few beers.

Ray taps the board with a marker.

RAY

Alright boys... this is the big one.

Nick nods — focused.

NICK

Clean window.

No audits scheduled.

No manual checks.

Joe Joe flips through the logs.

JOE JOE

And the intake team's short-staffed this week.

Perfect timing.

Kevin stands at the head of the table — calm, confident, in control.

KEVIN

This move sets the tone.

If we pull it off, we're invisible for months.

Ray grins — but it's a controlled grin now, not reckless.

RAY

And we're doing it together.

No secrets.

No solo missions.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Together.

The crew leans in as Kevin outlines the plan — timing, logs, transfer

windows, fallback options.

KEVIN (V.O.)

We weren't just a crew anymore.

We were a machine.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SECURITY OFFICE – MORNING

The SECURITY ANALYST sits at his desk, folder labeled “PRIMARY SUSPECT” open beside him. He sips coffee, eyes locked on his monitor.

He pulls up Kevin's schedule.

Then his department's logs.

Then the last three weeks of transfer data.

A pattern emerges — subtle, elegant, intentional.

ANALYST

Got you...

He prints a report and walks down the hallway toward a supervisor's office.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

The SUPERVISOR looks up as the analyst enters.

SUPERVISOR

What's up?

The analyst places the report on the desk.

ANALYST

I found something.

Something big.

The supervisor flips through the pages — confused.

SUPERVISOR

These are just intake logs.

ANALYST

Look closer.

The supervisor scans again — slower this time.

SUPERVISOR

Huh...

ANALYST

Someone's manipulating transfers.

Someone smart.

The supervisor frowns.

SUPERVISOR

You think it's intentional?

The analyst nods.

ANALYST

I know it is.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – HALLWAY – MOMENTS LATER

The analyst walks away — determined, energized.

ANALYST (V.O.)

I'm not stopping until I find you.

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT – NEWARK – NIGHT

Marc sits at his kitchen table, staring at the logs Kevin sent him.

He's seen enough.

He knows what's coming.

He grabs his phone and calls Kevin.

Kevin answers immediately.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Marc?

Marc's voice is low, urgent.

MARC

KC... I'm coming out there.

Kevin stiffens.

KEVIN (V.O.)

What? Why?

MARC

Because this isn't small anymore.

Someone's digging.

Someone smart.

And you're too close to the fire.

Kevin exhales — the weight hitting him.

KEVIN

You don't have to—

MARC

I do.

You're my partner.

And Ray's your brother.

And if this thing's gonna survive...

we need to be in the same room.

Kevin closes his eyes — grateful.

KEVIN

When do you land?

MARC

Tomorrow morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. SACRAMENTO AIRPORT – NEXT DAY

Marc steps off the plane — duffel bag over his shoulder, eyes sharp, focused, ready.

MARC (V.O.)

If the system wanted a fight...
it picked the wrong crew.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – LATE AFTERNOON

The sun is setting over Ray's backyard — the pool glowing turquoise, the zip line stretching across the yard, the hot tub steaming lightly, and the outdoor office pulsing with LED lights.

Ray stands near the batting cage, arms crossed, pacing with nervous energy. Nick and Joe hang back, curious.

The side gate opens.

Marc steps in — duffel bag over his shoulder, East Coast swagger, eyes sharp and scanning everything.

Ray freezes.

RAY

You're Marc?

Marc smirks.

MARC

And you must be the guy with the zip line.

Ray grins despite himself.

RAY

Damn right.

Kevin steps forward — relieved, grounded.

KEVIN

Marc.

Welcome to Sacramento.

Marc drops his bag and pulls Kevin into a quick, brotherly hug.

MARC

Had to see this circus for myself.

Ray gestures around proudly.

RAY

Circus?

Nah, man.

This is HQ.

Marc looks at the pool, the hot tub, the zip line, the batting cage.

MARC

Yeah... I can tell.

Nick and Joe Joe approach.

NICK

East Coast in the building.

JOE JOE

Finally.

Marc nods at them — respectful, sizing them up.

MARC

KC told me you boys were solid.

Ray steps closer — extending a hand.

RAY

We are.

And now that you're here...

let's get to work.

Marc shakes his hand — firm, equal.

MARC

Let's.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – NIGHT

The cage is lit up like a war room.

A folding table sits in the center with a whiteboard, laptops, and printed logs. The pool lights shimmer in the background.

Kevin stands at the head of the table.

Ray on his right.

Marc on his left.

Nick and Joe flanking.

KEVIN

Alright.

This is the biggest move we've ever attempted.

Marc taps the logs.

MARC

The window is perfect.

Intake is understaffed.

Oversight is automated.

And the analyst hasn't connected the dots yet.

Ray nods — focused, serious.

RAY

We hit this clean, we disappear for months.

Nick leans in.

NICK

What's the piece?

Kevin flips the whiteboard.

"R740XD — HIGH VALUE — LOW VISIBILITY — PERFECT COVER"

Joe Joe whistles.

JOE JOE

That's a monster.

Marc smirks.

MARC

And it's sitting right in KC's lane.

Kevin outlines the plan — precise, surgical.

- Transfer window

- Log manipulation
- Weight matching
- East Coast intake timing
- Fallback routes
- Decoy noise

Ray watches Kevin and Marc work together — impressed, proud, relieved.

RAY

This is tight.

Real tight.

Marc nods.

MARC

Because we're doing it together.

No weak links.

No surprises.

Kevin looks at Ray — sincere.

KEVIN

We're locked in.

All of us.

Ray nods back — the brotherhood solid.

RAY

Then let's make history.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SECURITY OFFICE – NIGHT

The SECURITY ANALYST sits alone, the glow of multiple monitors lighting his face. He has Kevin's department logs open, cross-referenced with transfer windows and weight variances.

He zooms in on a cluster of anomalies.

ANALYST

There you are...

He clicks deeper — pulling up employee schedules.

Kevin's name appears again.

Then again.

Then again.

The analyst leans back — eyes narrowing.

ANALYST

Cunningham...

you're too clean.

Too perfect.

He prints a new report — thicker, more detailed — and places it in a folder labeled:

“PRIMARY TARGET — ESCALATE”

He stands, grabs the folder, and walks toward the supervisor's office.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

The supervisor looks up as the analyst enters.

SUPERVISOR

More logs?

The analyst places the folder on the desk.

ANALYST

Not logs.

A suspect.

The supervisor opens the folder — sees Kevin's name.

SUPERVISOR

You sure?

The analyst nods — confident, hungry.

ANALYST

Oh yeah.

I'm sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. TECH COMPANY – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

The analyst walks to his car — folder under his arm.

ANALYST (V.O.)

I'm coming for you, Cunningham.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – NIGHT

The backyard is quiet but alive — the pool glowing blue, the hot tub steaming, the zip line swaying gently in the breeze. The batting cage is lit like a command center.

KEVIN, RAY, and MARC stand in a triangle around the whiteboard.

Ray taps the board.

RAY

We're not a crew anymore.

We're a unit.

Marc nods.

MARC

East Coast.

West Coast.

And KC in the middle.

Kevin looks at both of them — steady, confident.

KEVIN

We move as one.

No weak links.

No surprises.

Ray smirks.

RAY

And if someone comes for one of us...

Marc finishes the sentence.

MARC

They come for all of us.

Kevin nods — the bond sealed.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This wasn't a hierarchy.

It was a triangle.

Balanced.

Unbreakable.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SMALL INTERVIEW ROOM – DAY

Kevin sits across from the SECURITY ANALYST and a SUPERVISOR.

The room is plain, cold, fluorescent.

The analyst places a folder on the table — thick, organized, confident.

ANALYST

Kevin... we've noticed some irregularities in your department.

Kevin stays calm — almost too calm.

KEVIN

Irregularities?

The analyst opens the folder — showing logs, timestamps, transfer windows.

ANALYST

These patterns... they're unusual.

Too consistent.

Too perfect.

Kevin leans forward — curious, not defensive.

KEVIN

So you're saying I'm doing my job well?

The supervisor hides a smirk.

The analyst pushes harder.

ANALYST

These transfers... they all happened on your shift.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

I work a lot of shifts.

The analyst flips to another page.

ANALYST

And the weight logs—

Kevin cuts him off gently.

KEVIN

Are automated.

And accurate.

And audited weekly.

The analyst frowns — this isn't going how he expected.

He pulls out the “smoking gun” — a list of units he believes were manipulated.

ANALYST

These units.

We want to inspect them.

Kevin nods — calm, almost amused.

KEVIN

Go ahead.

The analyst stands — confident.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – STORAGE AREA – MOMENTS LATER

The analyst opens the first unit.

Empty.

Clean.

Perfect.

He opens the second.

Same.

Third.

Same.

He starts sweating.

ANALYST

What...?

Kevin stands behind him — arms crossed.

KEVIN

Something wrong?

The analyst flips through his notes — confused, frustrated.

ANALYST

They were here.

I saw the logs.

I saw the weights.

Kevin shrugs.

KEVIN

Maybe you misread something.

The supervisor steps in.

SUPERVISOR

If there's no evidence, we're done here.

The analyst stares at Kevin — defeated but suspicious.

ANALYST

This isn't over.

Kevin smiles politely.

KEVIN

It sure looks over.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – OUTDOOR OFFICE – NIGHT

Kevin sits with Marc and Ray in the hotbox office.

The LED lights glow purple.

The air is hazy.

Marc leans back, impressed.

MARC

You knew he was coming.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

I saw the pattern in his access logs.

He was checking my department every night.

Ray whistles.

RAY

So you moved everything?

Kevin smirks.

KEVIN

Not everything.

Just everything he could find.

Marc laughs — proud.

MARC

You ghosted him.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

I shifted the entire operation to a different intake path.

Different weights.

Different windows.

Different logs.

Ray shakes his head — impressed.

RAY

So when he went looking...

Kevin finishes the sentence.

KEVIN

He found nothing.

Because there was nothing to find.

Marc leans forward — serious.

MARC

KC... that was genius.

Kevin shrugs — humble but confident.

KEVIN

I'm not trying to outsmart him.

I'm trying to stay alive.

Ray claps him on the shoulder.

RAY

And you're doing a damn good job.

Kevin looks at both of them — the triangle of leadership solid.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The analyst thought he was closing in.
But I'd already moved the board.

KEVIN (V.O.)

He wasn't hunting me.

He was chasing a ghost.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – OUTDOOR OFFICE – NIGHT

The LED lights glow soft blue. The air is hazy. Kevin, Ray, and Marc sit around the small table inside the glass-walled office.

Marc spreads out a new set of logs — cleaner, tighter, more elegant.

MARC

KC... we've been playing defense.

It's time to evolve.

Ray leans forward — curious.

RAY

Evolve how?

Marc taps the logs.

MARC

We stop moving pieces through your department entirely.

No more predictable windows.

No more patterns.

No more trails.

Kevin nods — he's already been thinking the same thing.

KEVIN

We decentralize.

Spread the operation across multiple intake paths.

Rotate windows.

Rotate weights.

Rotate everything.

Ray whistles — impressed.

RAY

So even if someone's watching...

Marc finishes the sentence.

MARC

They're watching the wrong place.

Kevin leans back — calm, confident.

KEVIN

We become invisible by never being in the same place twice.

Ray grins — the old fire in his eyes.

RAY

Let's evolve.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – POOL AREA – LATER THAT NIGHT

The pool lights shimmer. The hot tub bubbles quietly.

Ray stands at the edge of the pool, drink in hand, energized by the new plan.

Nick and Joe hang nearby, relaxed but alert.

Ray raises his glass.

RAY

Boys... we're ghosts!

We should celebrate!

Nick laughs nervously.

NICK

Ray... maybe not tonight.

Ray waves him off.

RAY

Come on!

We just leveled up!

We're untouchable!

Kevin steps out of the outdoor office — calm, steady, in control.

KEVIN

Ray.

Ray turns — still hyped.

RAY

KC! Tell me we're not celebrating this.

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

Not tonight.

Not now.

Ray frowns — confused.

RAY

Why not?

Kevin steps closer — voice low, serious.

KEVIN

Because the analyst isn't done.

Because we're not safe yet.

Because victory laps get people caught.

Ray's expression shifts — the excitement fading, replaced by respect.

RAY

You're right.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

We celebrate when the system forgets we exist.

Ray raises his glass — but this time, quietly.

RAY

Then here's to staying invisible.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SECURITY OFFICE – NIGHT

The SECURITY ANALYST sits alone, surrounded by monitors.

Kevin's name is highlighted on multiple screens.

He scrolls through logs — faster, more frantic.

But something's wrong.

The patterns he saw before...

are gone.

ANALYST

No... no, no...

He pulls up more logs — nothing.

He checks weight variances — nothing.

He checks transfer windows — nothing.

Everything is clean.

Too clean.

ANALYST

He changed something.

He shifted something.

He slams his fist on the desk.

ANALYST

You knew I was coming...

He opens a new file:

“CUNNINGHAM — HIGH PRIORITY — CONTINUE SURVEILLANCE”

He prints it, adds it to the growing stack, and locks it in his drawer.

CUT TO:

EXT. TECH COMPANY – PARKING LOT – NIGHT

The analyst walks to his car — folder under his arm, eyes burning with determination.

ANALYST (V.O.)

You're good, Cunningham.

But I'm better.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – SAME NIGHT

Kevin stands in the batting cage with Ray and Marc — united, calm,

prepared.

KEVIN (V.O.)

He wasn't better.

He was predictable.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And I'd already moved the entire operation out of his reach.

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – NIGHT

Kevin's backyard is calm, organized, strategic — the opposite of Ray's wild setup. A large GAZEBO sits in the center, lit with warm string lights. The OUTDOOR OFFICE glows softly behind it, screens visible through the windows.

The crew gathers around the gazebo table — KEVIN, RAY, MARC, NICK, and JOE JOE. Laptops open. Logs displayed. The plan ready.

KEVIN

Alright.

This is the evolved run.

No repeats.

No patterns.

No noise.

Marc taps his screen.

MARC

East Coast intake is ready.

They'll never see it coming.

Ray cracks his knuckles — focused, disciplined.

RAY

Let's make this one clean.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – EARLY MORNING

Kevin moves with surgical precision.

He selects the unit.

Logs it.

Transfers it.

Labels it.

But this time — the logs route through a different path.

A different window.

A different weight class.

Invisible.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOADING DOCK – CONTINUOUS

The pallet rolls into the truck.

The driver signs off without hesitation.

DRIVER

Smooth one today.

Kevin nods — calm, confident.

CUT TO:

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – NIGHT

The crew gathers again under the gazebo.

Ray opens the lockbox.

Stacks of cash.

Nick whistles.

Joe Joe laughs.

Marc nods — impressed.

RAY

Boys... we're ghosts.

Kevin smiles — the quiet kind.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The operation wasn't just working.

It was evolving.

INT. TECH COMPANY – CORPORATE SECURITY OFFICE – DAY

The SECURITY ANALYST stands in front of a long conference table.

Two CORPORATE INVESTIGATORS sit across from him, reviewing his report.

The analyst points to the logs.

ANALYST

Look at the patterns.

Look at the timing.

Look at the consistency.

One investigator flips through the pages — unimpressed.

INVESTIGATOR #1

These are clean logs.

ANALYST

Too clean.

The second investigator leans back.

INVESTIGATOR #2

You're asking us to open a formal investigation based on...
what? A feeling?

The analyst clenches his jaw.

ANALYST

Not a feeling.

A pattern.

INVESTIGATOR #1

A pattern you can't prove.

The analyst slams the folder shut.

ANALYST

Because he's hiding it.

He's shifting it.

He knows I'm watching.

The investigators exchange a look — skeptical.

INVESTIGATOR #2

Bring us evidence.

Real evidence.

Then we'll talk.

The analyst storms out — frustrated, obsessed.

ANALYST (V.O.)

He's slipping through my fingers.

But I'm not letting go.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – KITCHEN – EVENING

Jess stands at the counter, prepping dinner.

Kevin enters — relaxed, steady, lighter than he's been in months.

Jess notices immediately.

JESS

You look... different tonight.

Kevin smiles — genuine.

KEVIN

Things are going well.

Jess studies him — searching for the truth.

JESS

You seem more sure of yourself.

More... grounded.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

I've got good people around me.

We're working together.

We're doing things the right way.

Jess steps closer — softening.

JESS

I can feel it.

You're not carrying everything alone anymore.

Kevin exhales — relieved she sees it.

KEVIN

I'm trying to be better.

For you.

For the girls.

Jess touches his hand — warm, supportive.

JESS

And I'm proud of you.

Just... stay safe.

Kevin nods — the weight of her words grounding him.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Jess didn't know the details.

She didn't need to.

She could feel the shift.

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD - GAZEBO - NIGHT

The gazebo glows with warm string lights. The outdoor office behind it hums softly, screens flickering with logs and diagrams. This is HQ #2 — clean, organized, strategic.

KEVIN, RAY, and MARC sit around the gazebo table. Laptops open. Printed logs spread out. The air is tense but focused.

Marc taps a highlighted section on his screen.

MARC

The analyst isn't backing off.

He's escalating.

And he's smart.

Ray leans forward — serious, disciplined.

RAY

So what's the play?

Kevin takes a breath — calm, confident.

KEVIN

We build a contingency.

A full fallback route.

If he gets too close...

we shift everything again.

Marc nods.

MARC

I can reroute East Coast intake.

New windows.

New weights.

New logs.

Ray cracks his knuckles.

RAY

And I'll keep the crew tight.

No slip-ups.

No noise.

Kevin looks at both of them — the triangle of leadership solid.

KEVIN

This isn't panic.

This is preparation.

Marc smirks.

MARC

And preparation is how we stay invisible.

Ray raises his drink — not in celebration, but in solidarity.

RAY

To staying ahead.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Always.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – HALLWAY – NIGHT

Jess walks quietly toward the back door, carrying a basket of laundry.

She hears voices drifting in from the backyard — low, serious, urgent.

She pauses.

Through the window, she sees Kevin, Ray, and Marc in the gazebo — laptops open, logs spread out, all three leaning in.

She hears Kevin's voice — muffled but clear enough.

KEVIN (O.S.)

If he gets any closer, we shift everything again.

Jess freezes — fear creeping in.

MARC (O.S.)

He's not letting this go, KC.

Jess's breath catches.

RAY (O.S.)

Then we stay ahead.

We don't give him anything to find.

Jess steps back from the window — shaken.

She sets the laundry basket down and leans against the wall, eyes watering.

JESS (V.O.)

He said things were better.

He said he was safe.

But something is still chasing him.

She wipes her eyes — steadying herself.

JESS (V.O.)

And I don't know how much longer I can pretend I don't hear it.

EXT. TECH COMPANY – PARKING LOT – MORNING

Kevin walks toward the building, coffee in hand, calm and focused. The sun is barely up. The air is cold.

A figure steps out from behind a row of cars.

The SECURITY ANALYST.

Kevin stops — surprised but composed.

ANALYST

Kevin Cunningham.

Kevin nods — polite, unreadable.

KEVIN

Morning.

The analyst steps closer — too close.

ANALYST

We need to talk.

Kevin raises an eyebrow.

KEVIN

About what?

The analyst holds up a folder — thick, worn, stuffed with printed logs.

ANALYST

You know what.

Kevin stays calm — almost amused.

KEVIN

If this is about yesterday's questioning, I thought we were done.

The analyst shakes his head.

ANALYST

No.

We're not done.

Not even close.

Kevin takes a slow sip of his coffee.

KEVIN

Then you should bring this to corporate.

The analyst steps even closer — eyes burning.

ANALYST

I did.

Kevin's expression doesn't change.

KEVIN

And?

The analyst's jaw tightens.

ANALYST

They want evidence.

And I'm going to find it.

Kevin nods — calm, confident, unshaken.

KEVIN

Then good luck.

The analyst stares at him — frustrated, obsessed.

ANALYST

You're hiding something.

I know you are.

Kevin smiles — the quiet, dangerous kind.

KEVIN

Then prove it.

The analyst steps back — thrown off by Kevin's confidence.

Kevin walks past him toward the building.

KEVIN (V.O.)

He wasn't intimidating.

He was desperate.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And desperate men make mistakes.

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – OUTDOOR OFFICE – NIGHT

The outdoor office glows with cool LED light. Multiple screens show logs, graphs, and shifting intake windows. The gazebo outside is lit softly, the perfect blend of calm and strategy.

KEVIN, RAY, and MARC sit inside the office — the triangle of leadership.

Marc stands, pacing slowly, thinking out loud.

MARC

We've evolved the operation twice.

But the analyst is adapting.

He's not giving up.

Ray leans back — serious, focused.

RAY

So what's the next move?

Marc stops pacing — eyes sharp.

MARC

We stop being a pattern entirely.

Kevin looks up — intrigued.

KEVIN

Meaning?

Marc taps the screen.

MARC

Meaning we go fully dynamic.

No fixed windows.

No fixed weights.

No fixed paths.

Every move is unique.

Every log is custom.

Every transfer is a one-off.

Ray whistles — impressed.

RAY

So even if he watches every second...

Marc finishes the thought.

MARC

He'll never see the same thing twice.

Kevin nods — the brilliance sinking in.

KEVIN

We become noise.

Pure noise.

Marc smiles.

MARC

Exactly.

The final form.

The kind of system you can't track...

because it doesn't repeat.

Ray stands — energized.

RAY

Then let's build it.

Kevin looks at both of them — the bond unbreakable.

KEVIN (V.O.)

We weren't just staying ahead.

We were disappearing.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Jess sits on the bed, knees pulled up, staring at the wall.

She's been quiet all evening.

Kevin enters slowly — gentle, careful.

KEVIN

Jess... talk to me.

Jess looks at him — eyes tired, worried.

JESS

I heard you last night.

In the backyard.

With Ray and Marc.

Kevin freezes — but stays calm.

KEVIN

What did you hear?

Jess shakes her head.

JESS

Enough to know something's still chasing you.

Enough to know you're still in danger.

Kevin sits beside her — close, steady.

KEVIN

Jess... listen to me.

I'm not spiraling.

I'm not drowning.

I'm not alone.

Jess looks at him — searching for truth.

JESS

Then what are you?

Kevin takes her hand — sincere, grounded.

KEVIN

Prepared.

Focused.

Supported.

Jess softens — but the fear remains.

JESS

I just want you safe.

I want us safe.

Kevin nods — the weight of her words hitting him.

KEVIN

And that's exactly what I'm working toward.

I promise you that.

Jess leans into him — trusting, but still scared.

JESS

Just don't shut me out again.

Kevin holds her — gentle, protective.

KEVIN

I won't.

INT. TECH COMPANY – SECURITY OFFICE – LATE NIGHT

The SECURITY ANALYST sits alone, surrounded by screens.

Kevin's name is highlighted on multiple monitors.

He hasn't slept.

He hasn't eaten.

He's consumed.

He zooms in on a new set of logs — but they're different.

Chaotic.

Non-repeating.

Impossible to track.

ANALYST

No... no, no, no...

He pulls up more logs — same result.

ANALYST

He changed everything again.

He slams his fist on the desk — frustrated, unraveling.

He opens a new file:

****“CUNNINGHAM — PERSONAL SURVEILLANCE NOTES”****

Inside are pages of handwritten observations:

- Kevin's shift times
- Kevin's parking spot

- Kevin's walking routes
- Kevin's break schedule
- Kevin's habits

He's crossed a line.

He doesn't even realize it.

ANALYST

I'll find you.

I'll find the pattern.

I'll—

The SUPERVISOR appears in the doorway — watching him.

SUPERVISOR

What are you doing?

The analyst jumps — startled.

ANALYST

I'm close.

I'm so close.

The supervisor steps inside — concerned.

SUPERVISOR

These aren't work logs.

These are personal notes.

The analyst freezes — caught.

ANALYST

I... I needed context.

SUPERVISOR

This isn't context.

This is obsession.

The analyst's face falls — panic rising.

ANALYST

No.

You don't understand.

He's hiding something.

He's—

SUPERVISOR

Enough.

The supervisor takes the folder from his hands.

SUPERVISOR

You're off this case.

The analyst's world collapses.

ANALYST

You can't do that.

SUPERVISOR

I just did.

The supervisor walks out with the folder.

The analyst sits alone — shaking, furious, defeated.

ANALYST (V.O.)

He thinks he's safe.

He thinks he won.

He stands — eyes burning.

ANALYST (V.O.)

But I'm not done.

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – GAZEBO – NIGHT

The gazebo glows with warm string lights. The outdoor office behind it hums with quiet power — screens showing shifting logs, randomized windows, and dynamic routing.

KEVIN, RAY, MARC, NICK, and JOE JOE gather around the table.

This is HQ #2 — calm, strategic, surgical.

Kevin taps the screen.

KEVIN

Every move is unique.

No repeats.

No patterns.

No trails.

Marc nods — impressed.

MARC

This is the cleanest system we've ever built.

Ray grins — but it's a disciplined grin now.

RAY

Let's run it.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – EARLY MORNING

Kevin moves with absolute precision.

He selects a unit.

Logs it.

Transfers it.

Labels it.

But the logs route through a randomized path.

The weight class shifts.

The intake window changes.

Every move is a one-off.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOADING DOCK – CONTINUOUS

The pallet rolls into the truck.

The driver signs off.

DRIVER

Smooth as always.

Kevin nods — calm, confident.

CUT TO:

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – NIGHT

The crew gathers again under the gazebo.

Ray opens the lockbox.

Stacks of cash.

Nick whistles.

Joe Joe laughs.

Marc nods — proud.

RAY

Boys... we're ghosts.

Kevin smiles — the quiet, dangerous kind.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And the system couldn't track what didn't repeat.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Jess sits on the couch, knees pulled up, staring at the floor.

She's been quiet all evening.

Kevin enters — calm, steady, lighter than he's been in months.

Jess looks up — eyes full of fear and love.

JESS

Kevin... I heard you again.

In the backyard.

With Ray and Marc.

Kevin sits beside her — gentle, grounded.

KEVIN

Jess... I'm okay.

I promise.

Jess shakes her head — not angry, just scared.

JESS

Something is still chasing you.

I can feel it.

Kevin takes her hand — sincere.

KEVIN

I'm not running.

I'm not hiding.

I'm preparing.

Jess studies him — searching for the truth.

JESS

You're different now.

Stronger.

More sure of yourself.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Because I'm not alone.

And because I'm not blind anymore.

Jess softens — trusting him despite the fear.

JESS

Just... don't let this take you from us.

Kevin pulls her close — protective.

KEVIN

I won't.

I promise.

INT. ANALYST'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The SECURITY ANALYST sits at his home desk — laptop open, logs pulled up, eyes bloodshot. He's off the case, but he's not stopping.

He types furiously — pulling up Kevin's department, Kevin's logs, Kevin's patterns.

But something's wrong.

The logs glitch.

The windows shift.

The data loops.

ANALYST

What the...?

He tries again.

The screen freezes.

Then flickers.

Then displays a message:

"ACCESS DENIED — UNAUTHORIZED QUERY"

The analyst's eyes widen.

ANALYST

No... no, no...

He tries to bypass it — frantic.

CUT TO:

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – OUTDOOR OFFICE – SAME NIGHT

Kevin sits at his desk — calm, focused, typing quietly.

Ray and Marc stand behind him, watching.

On Kevin's screen:

A live feed of the analyst's computer.

Ray's jaw drops.

RAY

KC... you've been in his machine this whole time?

Kevin nods — steady.

KEVIN

Since the first time he checked my logs.

Marc laughs — impressed.

MARC

You're a monster.

Kevin smirks.

KEVIN

I'm a network engineer.

CUT TO:

INT. ANALYST'S APARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

The analyst's screen flickers again.

A new message appears:

"STOP LOOKING."

The analyst stumbles back — terrified.

ANALYST

Oh my god...

CUT TO:

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – OUTDOOR OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Kevin closes the terminal — calm, controlled.

KEVIN

He's done.

He won't risk touching anything now.

Ray shakes his head — amazed.

RAY

KC... you're playing a different game.

Kevin leans back — confident, unshaken.

KEVIN (V.O.)

He thought he was hunting me.

But I'd been watching him the whole time.

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – GAZEBO – NIGHT

The gazebo glows with warm string lights. The outdoor office behind it hums with screens showing dynamic logs and shifting windows.

KEVIN, MARC, and RAY sit around the table — laptops open, focused.

KEVIN

This is it.

The last big move before we go dark.

Marc taps the screen.

MARC

East Coast intake is ready.

No overlap.

No repeats.

No trails.

Ray nods — serious, disciplined.

RAY

And the crew's tight.

No noise.

No slip-ups.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – SAME NIGHT

The cage lights blaze bright. Nick and Joe Joe stand inside, reviewing printed logs and timing sheets.

Ray enters — energized, confident.

RAY

Boys... this is the one.

The last one.

Nick nods.

NICK

We're ready.

Joe Joe grins.

JOE JOE

Let's make it clean.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – GAZEBO – CONTINUOUS

Kevin draws the final diagram on the whiteboard.

KEVIN

Once this hits...

we disappear.

No more patterns.

No more windows.

No more anything.

Marc smirks.

MARC

The system won't even know we existed.

Ray raises his drink — not in celebration, but in solidarity.

RAY

To the final move.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

To the endgame.

INT. ANALYST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The SECURITY ANALYST sits in the dark, surrounded by monitors.

Kevin's name is highlighted on multiple screens.

He scrolls through logs — frantic, desperate.

But the logs don't make sense anymore.

Randomized windows.

Non-repeating patterns.

Chaotic routing.

ANALYST

No... no... this isn't possible...

He slams his fist on the desk.

ANALYST

He's doing this on purpose.

He's mocking me.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – HOT TUB AREA – SAME NIGHT

Ray sits on the edge of the hot tub, talking with Nick and Joe Joe.

RAY

He's losing it.

KC's got him chasing ghosts.

Nick laughs.

NICK

Poor guy never stood a chance.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ANALYST'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The analyst opens a folder labeled:

"CUNNINGHAM — PERSONAL NOTES"

Inside:

- Kevin's schedule
- Kevin's parking spot
- Kevin's walking routes
- Kevin's break habits

He's crossed a line.

ANALYST

I'll find you.

I'll find the pattern.

I'll—

His voice cracks.

ANALYST

I have to.

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – KITCHEN – NIGHT

Jess stands at the counter, staring out the window toward the backyard.

The gazebo glows softly. She sees silhouettes — Kevin, Ray, Marc — leaning over the table, planning something big.

Her breath catches.

JESS (V.O.)

Whatever this is...

it's almost over.

I can feel it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – ZIP LINE PLATFORM – SAME NIGHT

Ray stands at the top of the platform, looking out over his chaotic kingdom — the pool glowing blue, the hot tub steaming, the batting cage lit like a stadium.

Kevin joins him.

RAY

You ready?

Kevin nods — calm, steady.

KEVIN

Yeah.

It's time.

Ray looks at him — proud, loyal.

RAY

Whatever happens...

we ride it together.

Kevin smiles — the real kind.

KEVIN

Always.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CUNNINGHAM HOUSE – KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS

Jess watches Kevin and Ray through the window — two silhouettes standing side by side.

She whispers to herself.

JESS

Please come back to me.

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – GAZEBO – NIGHT

The gazebo glows with warm string lights. The outdoor office behind it hums with screens showing randomized logs and shifting windows.

KEVIN, MARC, and RAY stand around the table — calm, focused, ready.

KEVIN

This is it.

The last one.

After tonight, we go dark.

Marc taps the screen.

MARC

East Coast intake is synced.

No overlap.

No trails.

Ray nods — steady, disciplined.

RAY

Let's finish this.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – BATTING CAGE – SAME NIGHT

Nick and Joe Joe stand inside the cage, reviewing timing sheets and transfer logs. The cage lights blaze bright.

Ray enters — energized but controlled.

RAY

Boys... this is the final run.

No noise.

No mistakes.

Nick nods.

NICK

We're locked in.

Joe Joe grins.

JOE JOE

Let's make it perfect.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – EARLY MORNING

Kevin moves with surgical precision.

He selects the unit.

Logs it.

Transfers it.

Labels it.

But the logs route through a randomized path.

The weight class shifts.

The intake window changes.

The routing is dynamic — untraceable.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOADING DOCK – CONTINUOUS

The pallet rolls into the truck.

The driver signs off.

DRIVER

Smoothest one yet.

Kevin nods — calm, confident.

CUT TO:

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – GAZEBO – NIGHT

The crew gathers again.

Ray opens the lockbox.

Stacks of cash.

Nick whistles.

Joe Joe laughs.

Marc nods — proud.

RAY

That's it.

We're done.

Kevin smiles — the quiet, dangerous kind.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The final move wasn't loud.

It wasn't flashy.

It was perfect.

INT. ANALYST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The SECURITY ANALYST sits in the dark, surrounded by monitors.

He scrolls through logs — frantic, desperate.

But the logs don't make sense anymore.

Randomized windows.

Non-repeating patterns.

Chaotic routing.

ANALYST

No... no... this isn't possible...

He slams his fist on the desk.

ANALYST

He's doing this on purpose.

He's mocking me.

He grabs his jacket — shaking — and storms out.

CUT TO:

EXT. TECH COMPANY – PARKING LOT – MOMENTS LATER

The analyst sprints across the lot, badge in hand, heading for the building.

ANALYST (V.O.)

I'll catch him.

I'll catch him tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH COMPANY – SERVER ROOM – CONTINUOUS

The analyst bursts in — sweating, frantic.

He pulls up Kevin's logs.

Nothing.

He pulls up weight variances.

Nothing.

He pulls up transfer windows.

Nothing.

ANALYST

WHERE IS IT?!

He slams the keyboard.

ANALYST

WHERE DID YOU PUT IT?!

CUT TO:

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – OUTDOOR OFFICE – SAME NIGHT

Kevin sits at his desk — calm, steady — watching the analyst's meltdown through a remote session.

Ray and Marc stand behind him.

RAY

KC... he's losing his mind.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

He's looking for something that doesn't exist anymore.

Marc smirks.

MARC

Because you moved everything before he even knew to look.

Kevin closes the terminal — calm, controlled.

KEVIN

He's done.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – ZIP LINE PLATFORM – NIGHT

Ray stands at the top of the platform, looking out over his chaotic kingdom — the pool glowing blue, the hot tub steaming, the batting cage lit like a stadium.

Kevin joins him.

RAY

That's it, KC.

We're out.

Kevin nods — calm, relieved.

KEVIN

We did it right.

Clean.

Together.

Ray looks at him — proud, loyal.

RAY

Whatever comes next...

we ride it together.

Kevin smiles — the real kind.

KEVIN

Always.

CUT TO:

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – GAZEBO – SAME NIGHT

The gazebo lights glow softly.

The outdoor office is dark — powered down for the first time in months.

Kevin stands alone for a moment, breathing in the quiet.

Jess steps outside — gentle, warm.

JESS

It's over... isn't it?

Kevin nods — peaceful.

KEVIN

Yeah.

It's over.

Jess wraps her arms around him.

JESS

Come inside.

You're home.

Kevin holds her — grounded, safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD - BATTING CAGE - SAME NIGHT

Ray turns off the cage lights — one switch at a time.

The hum fades.

The yard goes quiet.

The operation is done.

RAY (V.O.)

We weren't ghosts anymore.

We were free.

FADE OUT.

PACKETS — EPILOGUE

CS) Where Everyone Ends Up

Switching between your backyard and Ray's backyard — two worlds, one brotherhood.

EXT. KEVIN'S BACKYARD – SUNSET

The gazebo glows in the warm evening light.

The outdoor office is dark — powered down, retired, peaceful.

Kevin sits at the patio table with Jess.

The girls play in the yard — laughing, chasing each other.

Jess leans her head on Kevin's shoulder.

JESS

You're here.

Really here.

Kevin smiles — calm, grounded.

KEVIN

I'm not going anywhere.

He watches his daughters — safe, happy, whole.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I didn't win because I outsmarted the system.

I won because I protected what mattered.

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD - EVENING

Ray stands at the top of the zip line platform, looking out over his chaotic kingdom — the pool shimmering, the hot tub steaming, the batting cage quiet.

Nick and Joe grill burgers near the pool.

Ray takes a deep breath — peaceful for the first time in months.

Kevin enters through the gate.

Ray grins.

RAY

KC... you made it.

Kevin smirks.

KEVIN

Wouldn't miss it.

Ray hands him a beer.

RAY

We did it, brother.

Kevin clinks bottles with him.

KEVIN

Yeah.

We did.

They look out over the yard — two kings surveying a kingdom they built together.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Ray wasn't just my partner.

He was my brother.

And we walked out of the fire side by side.

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT - NEWARK - NIGHT

Marc sits at his kitchen table — laptop closed, logs deleted, everything wiped clean.

He pours himself a drink.

MARC (V.O.)

KC and Ray... they're good.

They're safe.

My part's done.

He raises his glass toward the empty room.

MARC

To the crew.

He drinks — satisfied, loyal, at peace.

EXT. SACRAMENTO – VARIOUS SHOTS – NIGHT

A truck pulls away from the tech company loading dock — just another night.

The server room hums quietly — nothing unusual.

The security office sits dark — no analyst, no obsession, no threat.

KEVIN (V.O.)

The system forgot about us.

Just like we planned.

★ **The world moves on.

The crew moves forward.

And the story settles into peace.**

But prestige dramas always leave one last ember glowing...

EXT. RAY'S BACKYARD – LATE NIGHT

The yard is calm now.

No music.

No chaos.

Just the soft glow of the pool and the hum of the hot tub.

The batting cage lights are off.

The zip line sways gently in the breeze.

The outdoor office sits dark — the smoke long cleared.

KEVIN and RAY sit on the edge of the pool, shoes off, feet in the water.

Two beers between them. No celebration. No victory lap.

Just peace.

Ray takes a slow sip — thoughtful, not hyped.

RAY

You know...

we didn't win because we were loud.

Kevin nods — quiet, steady.

KEVIN

We won because we were smart.

Because we stayed together.

Ray smirks — not cocky, just honest.

RAY

Real pimps don't gotta talk about it.

Kevin chuckles — low, genuine.

KEVIN

Yeah.

We just do the work.

A long, comfortable silence.

The kind only brothers share.

Ray looks out over his backyard — the kingdom that saw every high and low of the journey.

RAY

Crazy thing is...

nobody will ever know what we pulled off.

Kevin shrugs — content.

KEVIN

They don't need to.

Ray nods — satisfied.

RAY

As long as we know.

Kevin leans back on his hands, looking up at the stars.

KEVIN

And we walked out clean.

Ray taps his beer against Kevin's — soft, subtle.

RAY

Cleanest there ever was.

Kevin smiles — not proud, not boastful.

Just real.

KEVIN

We did good, Ray.

Ray nods — eyes steady.

RAY

Yeah, KC.

We did real good.

They sit in silence again — two men who beat the game without ever needing to brag about it.

The camera pulls back slowly — the pool glowing, the zip line swaying, the batting cage standing tall in the background.

Two silhouettes.

Two brothers.

Two quiet kings.

FADE OUT.

INT. ANALYST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is dim.

Boxes are stacked near the door — he's been removed from the department.

The SECURITY ANALYST sits alone at his desk, staring at a blank monitor.

He looks exhausted.

Defeated.

But not broken.

He reaches into a drawer and pulls out a single folder:

****“CUNNINGHAM — CLOSED CASE”****

He opens it slowly.

Inside:

- A few printed logs
- A photo of Kevin’s employee badge
- A handwritten note:

“NO EVIDENCE. CASE TERMINATED.”

The analyst exhales — long, shaky.

He closes the folder.

He stands.

He walks to the trash can.

He hesitates.

Then—

He drops the folder in.

It lands with a soft thud.

He turns off the light.

ANALYST (V.O.)

He beat me.

Fair and square.

He walks toward the door.

Pauses.

Looks back at the trash can.

ANALYST (V.O.)

But damn...

he was good.

He smiles — just a little.

Then he leaves.

The door closes behind him.

FADE OUT.